

Summer 2015

# *The* LEGACY

A Publication of Watson-Brown Foundation, Inc.

ALUMNI SPOTLIGHT

*Lanisha*  
**BLOUNT**

*Bark*  
at the  
**MOON**

HICKORY HILL'S WOLF TREE

**BURIED**  
in  
*History*

*Love*  
**THE BIRDS**





Is the South now producing higher types of men than George Mason, Edmund Pendleton, John Marshall, James Monroe, Charles Carroll, John and Henry Laurens, Archibald Bulloch, Thomas Nelson, Nathaniel Macon, William Lowndes, Hugh Legare, John Forsyth, Edward and John Rutledge, George M. Troup, Chancellor Wythe, Peyton Randolph, William Cumming, Alexander H. Stephens, Henry A. Wise, Albert Sidney Johnson, Bishop Pierce and Jesse Mercer? These are just a few of the names, strung on at random: there are hundreds of others, borne by slave-owners whose “heads were great and whose hearts were true.” Will the South ever see their like again? I doubt it. The capitalists of the North have commercialized us, and the olden standards wane and sink.



—Thomas E. Watson, *Socialists and Socialism*, 1910

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## OUR MISSION

The Watson-Brown Foundation, through creativity, diligence and financial support, labors to improve education in the American South by funding its schools and students, preserving its history, encouraging responsible scholarship and promoting the memory and values of our spiritual founders.

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# CAMPUS NOTES

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## Watson-Brown Scholars in Action



MAI HO

**Mai Ho**, Senior, Harvey Mudd College:

“I’m currently a computer science and mathematics major at Harvey Mudd College. This past year I’ve been taking a ton of interesting computer science courses such as Artificial Intelligence and Natural Language Processing. I’m also the vice-chair of my school’s ACM-W chapter (Association of Computing Machinery - Women’s chapter), which promotes women in tech. I had the chance to go to last year’s Grace Hopper Conference, which is the largest conference for women in computing.

“Outside of that, I was a software-engineering intern at Google last summer on the Travel Availability team within Google Flights working on automating data conversion. This summer I’ll be interning at Facebook on their Search team in their Menlo Park office, which I’m very excited about since it’ll be my first time in the Bay area and I’m sure I’ll be learning a lot. Overall, this past year/semester has been the hardest but most fulfilling!”





**Shelly Rowan**, Senior, Presbyterian College: “What a whirlwind this past semester has been! Junior year at Presbyterian College has certainly flown by. Between my internship, spring break adventure, capstone project, and involvement with Student Government, it has made for an exciting semester. Through my interest in education and politics, I have been able to intern at the Palmetto State Teachers Association and at the South Carolina State House this

past semester. Through the internship, I was able to see how bills affecting our educational system are created and how they are influenced through different organizations and individuals. I have had the opportunity to sit in on education committee meetings in the House and in the Senate, as well as the opportunity to meet several influential leaders in education like State Superintendent of Education, Molly Spearman. This experience with PSTA has broadened my knowledge of education and politics

within South Carolina and sparked a passion for educational issues in politics.

“This past spring break, I was able to join the political science department for a trip to Havana, Cuba, to explore the differences in government and economic structure between the two societies. The differences between our capitalist economy and the Cuban socialist economy creates significant differences in our countries. I had the opportunity to witness these differences firsthand through meetings with the Women’s Federation of Cuba and the Workers Union, tours of medical clinics, and discussions with faculty and students from Havana University’s Center for Study of the United States.

“This semester, I have been able to conduct research with two classmates on how children perceive characters with disabilities in children’s literature. We read books featuring children with disabilities to different classrooms and evaluated the students’ responses. Overall, reading the books to students broadened their understanding of disabilities. We were able to determine four key influences for teachers to be aware of in order to promote the highest level of critical thinking and understanding for their students. If this semester hasn’t been exciting and busy enough, I was honored to have been elected Student Body president this past February. I am looking forward to this opportunity to serve PC and work with administration and fellow students in the upcoming year. This has been an amazing semester and I look forward to the opportunities that arise my Senior year.”

**Jorge Garcia Mesa**, Junior, Stanford University: “So far I’ve had a great experience. To be part of the Stanford community is such a privilege. I am surrounded by some of the most exciting and brilliant students in the country. They all have great goals and abilities. The diversity and talent of Stanford students was what attracted me to Stanford, relative to other universities of similar academic reputation. At times my classmates’ achievements can leave me star-struck, but I soon remember that they are simply my friends and they remind me of how I, too, belong. The all-





JORGE GARCIA MESA



KRYSTLE WILBURN

night studying and finishing problem sets are easier knowing there is light at the end of the tunnel. Part of the light is the belief that the effort will result in skills that will enable me to change the world. The other part is knowing that friends will be there to go on our next adventure: San Francisco, a football game, or simply hanging out."

**Krystle Wilburn**, Senior, University of West Georgia: "The Watson-Brown Scholarship has helped me become such a successful student. I've been gaining much experience with working as a supplemental instruction leader and a tutor to learn multiple skills. I've also taken advantage of tutoring at-risk students during intervention tutoring to understand the difference in the way the

mind works when faced with different adversities. I am getting closer every day to my goal, which is to become a high school chemistry teacher. I am more than thrilled to graduate in Spring 2016 and begin touching the lives of the students that enter my classroom."

**Megan Smith**, Junior, Georgia College and State University: "GCSU extended the opportunity for me to participate in the Summer Bridge Program following graduation from high school. The Bridge Program gave me a head start on my college education and allowed me to get ready for college life in the fall. This program helped me to get to learn the campus and gave me the opportunity to get to know other students and faculty that were interested in my success. I did





MEGANSMITH

really well during those summer classes and I highly recommend this program to prospective students.

“My Freshman year was filled with lots of science classes. This meant lots of studying! When I did have some free time, I enjoyed participating in intramural sports and nature walks along the Green Way on the Oconee River near campus.

“My Sophomore year has been a year of change as I have begun to figure out the path I wish to take in life. I have changed my major to community health

and am looking forward to the many opportunities which that field of study can offer. I became a member of Young Life, which has proven to be one of the most rewarding challenges for me this past year. I am a volunteer mentor to local middle school students at John Milledge Academy. I meet with them weekly at their school just to talk to them about what going on in their lives. As a Young Life leader, I believe that the power of presence is so important for them to know that I’m there for them because I

genuinely care about their joys, triumphs, heartaches and setbacks. By sharing my time with them and listening to them, it gives me a chance to share God’s love with them and tell them how great their lives can be if they learn to make good choices today. I am so thankful to have had this experience working with young people. It has helped me grow as a person. I love GCSU and look forward to my Junior and Senior years. I am so grateful to the Watson-Brown Foundation for helping me achieve my goal of higher education.”

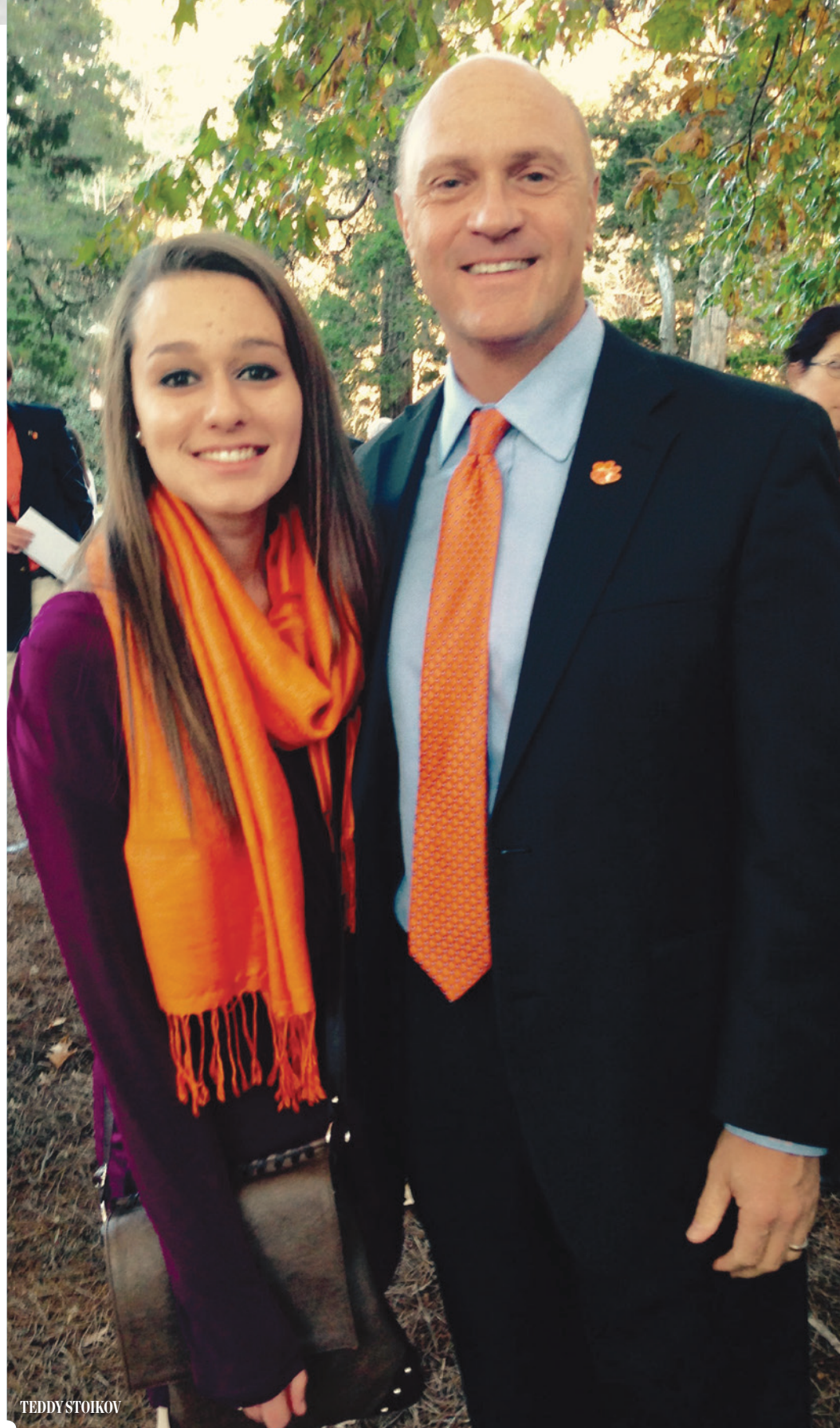


**Teddy Stoikov**, Senior, Clemson University: “My spring semester of my Junior year at Clemson was by far one of the most incredible semesters I have experienced thus far in college. It is hard to believe that my Junior year is over and I only have one more year at this amazing college.

“My hopes for the future are to attend medical school. This semester I focused on preparing myself for the upcoming medical application process. I was extremely fortunate to be one of twenty students to be accepted into the Clinical Applications and Medical Practice course this semester. This is one of the most amazing courses offered at Clemson if one is interested in a career in the medical field. Every week, we had several physicians from different specialties come and talk to us about their careers and give us advice for the future. In addition, we were required to complete over sixteen hours of shadowing. The course coordinates with Greenville Hospital System and Spartanburg Regional Hospital to allow us to do several rotations through different specialties of our choice. Of the twelve rotations I did, I found my favorites to be obstetrics and gynecology (OB/GYN) and pediatric neurosurgery. During my OB/GYN rotation, I was extremely fortunate to get to witness three live births and a Caesarean section, while in my pediatric neurosurgery rotation I got to watch the surgeon perform a surgery on a child with a Chiari malformation. These shadowing experiences were absolutely incredible and they further solidified my desire to one day be a physician.

“This semester I also continued my research experience by working in the Microbiology department for one of my professors. My research project focuses on analyzing the microbial activity and chemistry levels of the Reedy River in downtown Greenville, South Carolina. I hope to continue working on this project throughout my Senior year.

“Lastly, I am an active member of Kappa Delta sorority, and we annually hold a golf and tennis tournament to help raise money for the organization Prevent Child Abuse America. However, this year we decided to change the tournament to a 5K run. The run was overwhelmingly



TEDDY STOIKOV

successful and we had more than 200 participants. This was an incredible semester and I cannot wait for my upcoming Senior year!”

**Thomas Caldwell**, Sophomore, Washington and Lee University: “In the fall and winter semesters of 2015, I was named a Scholar Athlete and placed on the Washington and Lee Honor Roll. I was also inducted into the Phi Eta Sigma





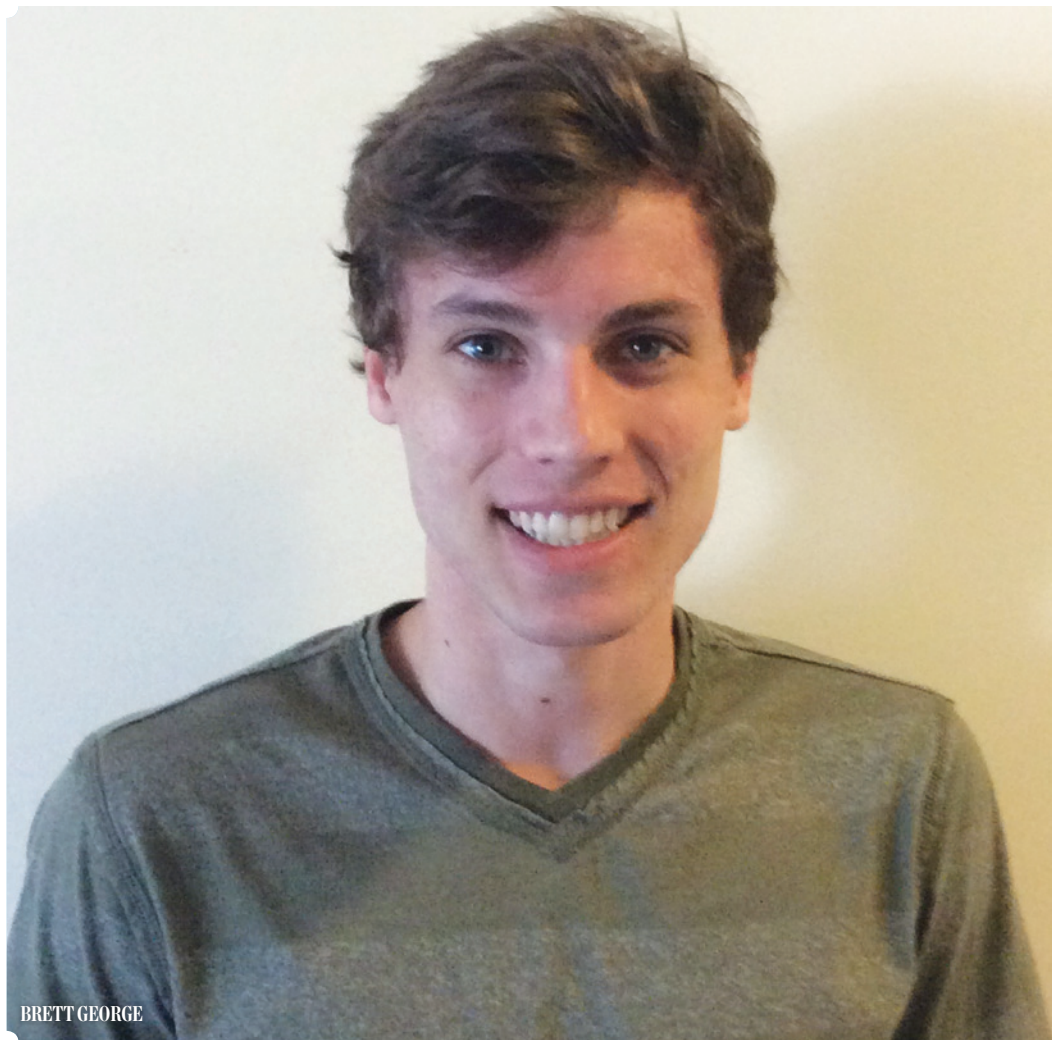


THOMAS CALDWELL

Honor Society. Athletically, I made the All-ODAC First Team in Men's Swimming and placed first at the ODAC Conference Championships in the 500 and 1650 yard freestyle. The men's team captured the conference championship overall which was exciting to be a part of.

"This past semester, I was able to volunteer twice a week for the Washington and Lee Campus Kitchen, delivering lunch to a local occupational center that provides jobs for people with intellectual disabilities. During this summer, I am fortunate to be a part of a research team that is investigating the impact that a high-fat, high-sugar diet has on the reproductive fitness of rats."

**Brett George**, Senior, Clemson University: "I can say I've officially started my professional career. Up to this point, industry has been a distant and scary prospect. Now it is real and very close. I polished my résumé and headed to the career fair. There, I networked with several companies, of whom Vanguard Financial was my top choice. In November, I drove up to Charlotte, North Carolina, for interviews, and by the end of the month I had secured a position for the summer. Vanguard boasts a ninety-nine percent turnover rate from interns to full-time position. This was welcome news. As long as I perform well during my internship, I will be guaranteed a middle-class position at a large company. Indolence is tempting, and for the early part of spring semester I succumbed. Then I realized something: that I will never be happy long-term at a large



BRETT GEORGE

company. To be a small gear in a large machine will not bring me the sense of accomplishment I crave. I need something more. So I started Regio, my own software initiative dedicated to creating sleek iOS applications. I created a Website ([regiodevelopment.com](http://regiodevelopment.com)) where I will recount my experiences. Now I'm on the brink of summer, ready to begin real work. I start at Vanguard in two weeks, and I know the experience will do me good. But I also know that in the long run I need my own work — something I can point to and say, 'I did this.'"

**Jonathan Hobson**, Senior, Georgia State University: "From volunteering to working to doing homework, my friends and I stayed pretty involved this past semester. Giving back to the Atlanta community and taking advantage of the GSU location, I was able to broaden my horizon. As I met people from all across the world, I seemed to have picked up a few cultural souvenirs along the way: their friendships. Since my roommate is from Egypt, I was able to get a firsthand

account of what is going on across the oceans and an ethnocentric approach to how he adapted to the American lifestyle. At work, my coworker is from Spain, and as the year progress he would tell me the differences between the food and lifestyle here than back home in Spain."



JONATHAN HOBSON



**Coralia Balasca**, Senior, Furman University: “Wow, another busy year! I think one of the things that tied for biggest accomplishment was seeing Relay for Life, of which I was the chair, come together this April. It was a rainy day and I was afraid about attendance, but we somehow ended up having more people than ever before. There was more than a year’s worth of work before my eyes, and as I gave my thank-you speech to what turned out to be more than half of my university, and we revealed that we had managed to raise more than \$67,000, I could not be happier or prouder of my fellow students, faculty, and university in general.

“The second event that tied in my eyes, was TEDXFurmanU. This was our second year putting on a TEDX independent conference and our topic was ‘Stories.’ We had wonderful speakers that came down from all around the country to speak to us and the four-day event was a huge success within the Greenville, South Carolina, community and beyond. As the last few receipts were added up and the speakers checked in to their paid hotels, I held my breath as sponsorship chair that the more than \$25,000 in support that I had garnered for the event would cover things. When it did and when the conference came together at the Peace Center downtown, I took a breath of relief and could not be happier. I think that these will always remain such pleasant memories, as I prepare to help others take over my positions next year. As for the summer, I am looking forward to going to Romania (my home country) to visit friends and family along with my best friend. We are also looking forward to working with an alcoholism program in Cluj, throughout the national Orthodox Mission offices. I cannot wait to see what the last year of my college career brings!”

**Linda Gaida**, Senior, Washington and Lee University: “As my Junior year comes to a close, I believe I reverberate the nostalgia, the gratefulness, the awe, and the confusion of every college student. The experiences I have had at Washington and Lee University, both on campus and abroad, have profoundly and creatively shaped who I am today.

“I came to Washington and Lee thinking I would be a biology major.



CORALIA BALASCA

Then I considered religion. Now, I am planning to double-major in romance languages and environmental studies. The possibilities offered by this small, red-bricked-and-columned liberal arts college are impressively vast. Even as I pursue my majors, I have taken courses like Ancient Animal World, Eco-writing, The Poetics of Food, and The Arts of China.

“I have become immensely involved with Washington and Lee’s Outing Club over the past year and have particularly

enjoyed bouldering with our team, Crux. My love for the outdoors has grown since living on a campus that is embedded within the Shenandoah Valley and since being a part of the Outing Club. Subsequently, I am the recipient of the S. Bryant Kendrick Award and will be venturing the Gila Wilderness in New Mexico in June, writing eco-poetry and meditating on the power and strength within nature and myself.

“My experiences at Washington and



Lee has also taken me to Lisbon, Portugal, where I lived with a host family and studied language and culture. I enjoyed my time abroad and believe the experience will verily enhance my final year in college and the years beyond.

“Upon returning to campus, I proposed to undertake a summer research project pertaining to the infamous Portuguese poet, Fernando Pessoa. My research investigated how Pessoa and his four main heteronyms embody the facets of the Portugal populace’s unique mentality. I feel there’s no better way to learn about a culture than to exist with it and being surrounded by the Portuguese populace to learn about Portugal was truly educational and enriching. So, for my fall term of Senior year, I will be abroad again with The School for Field Studies, studying biodiversity and development in the Amazon. I will fulfill credits for both my environmental studies and romance language major, while living in the Andean-Amazon region of Peru.

“With every opportunity, a heightened consciousness of the many, many reasons I have to be grateful percolates



through every aspect of my life. I am so excited for the year to come, with all its challenges, rewards, and travels. I echo the appreciation of all Watson-Brown scholarship recipients when I say that these opportunities have been made more achievable with the great aid of the Watson-Brown Foundation.”

**Mattea Koon**, Junior, Oberlin College: “I can hardly believe that my second year at Oberlin is already over! The past nine months have practically been a blur. I’ve met new friends from across the country and abroad, dabbled in a variety of departments, and chosen two majors, English and Anthropology. I’ve had a chance to explore Obie culture, from meeting our unofficial mascots (the albino squirrels of Tappan Square), to trying endless combinations of the college cafe’s signature smoothies. And, yes, I’ve attended class. My professors guided me from Aristotle to Barnum and Bailey to Chomsky. I got back to the basics—spelling, cursive, and long division—when I became a tutor at the local elementary school. The ABCs took on a new look in my linguistics class with the International Phonetic Alphabet. They’ll change even more next fall when I start building a Hiaki dictionary as a research assistant for my linguistics professor. Until then, I’ll spend the summer relaxing, traveling, and volunteering.”





# LANISHA BLOUNT



## Alumni Spotlight

BY SHANNON FRIEDMANN HATCH



There are no elevators to the top of the rock faces at Kentucky's Red River Gorge. Most people standing on solid ground would look up at the area's canyons and see a tower of vertical sandstone; rock climbers like Lanisha Blount spy nooks that offer footholds and cracks just wide enough to grasp. Whether on a spring-break trip to the gorge or at the rock wall at her Somerville, Massachusetts, gym, Lanisha seeks out such obstacles. "It's how I keep a semblance of balance with school," says the first-year Master's student at Harvard, who dedicates 80 hours a week on average to her landscape architecture program.

A first-generation college graduate who already holds a Master's in City & Regional Planning from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Lanisha is used to scaling insurmountable heights. She began her academic climb as an undergraduate at Emory University, majoring in Political Science. In Atlanta, she discovered a tight network of friends. "It feels the most like home," says the Augusta, Georgia, native. "There are people I value there." There she also discovered her ultimate trajectory through trial and error. "Trying different

things is what college should be about," she says. So she studied international diplomacy in Geneva, Switzerland, and spent a summer learning what it takes to get a PhD. Neither proved to point in a promising direction. Then the summer of her Senior year, she landed an internship locating a planning site for an eco-village in south Atlanta. She worked with architects, city planners, and developers. "Every day was like a history lesson," Lanisha recalls.

When that opportunity ended, she tried a conventional internship at a law firm, but it wasn't long before she traded in the corporate ladder for a riding lawnmower and a horticultural internship at Piedmont Park. "Finally, I had found a tangible experience," Lanisha says. She landed next in a Forest Service regional office in Atlanta. There she was asked to make a recreational map for the Chattahoochee National Forest. Combining her love of open spaces with design was a natural fit. "Everything came full circle," she says.

Her time at UNC studying city planning built upon her undergraduate degree. "It's almost like studying policy," Lanisha explains. "When you're place-making, you consider real estate, transit, feasibility.



*“Don’t worry about being the most gifted—it’s about wanting it the most and being willing to struggle to make it happen. The worst thing you can ever hear is ‘no.’”*



You deal with where things should go but not the design of it.” One of her professors and mentors encouraged her to apply to design school and guided her through the process. “Planners have the bold ideas and designers say what it will look like. I wanted to be involved in both parts of the process,” she says.

So far during her first year at Harvard, she and her classmates are focusing on the fundamentals such as learning the design

software, perfecting contour and grading, and committing to memory tree species and plants. “With urban planning,” she says of her first graduate degree, “I had an understanding of cities and politics, so I was just adding terms to my dictionary. Now with design, I have to learn a whole new language from scratch. It’s quite hard!” What keeps her motivated is her deep belief that “everyone deserves profound public spaces, spaces that inspire.”

No matter how many hours she spends working on her models in the studio, she always carves out time to clamp on her climbing shoes, dust her hands with climbing chalk, and scale the rock wall at the nearby gym. Her professional aspirations—to one day own her own business and work on large urban projects—are lofty, but Lanisha is used to reaching for her goals and not stopping until she’s at the top.







# FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE



## Sticks & Stones

BY MICHELLE L. ZUPAN

**H**ickory Hill, in many ways, is an archaeologist's dream come true. There is virtually no spot on the entire 256 acres that a spadeful of soil can't be turned without an artifact or twelve coming up with it. In archaeological parlance, Hickory Hill sits atop a midden, actually several middens, all eroding into one another.

What is a midden, you may ask. According to *The New World Dictionary*:

A midden, also known as a kitchen midden or a shell heap, are terms used by archaeologists for a dump for domestic waste. One of the universal signs of human settlements, middens vary from convenient, single-use pits created by nomadic groups or, as in more modern times, long-term, designated dumps used by sedentary communities that accumulate over several generations.

That about sums it up — Hickory Hill has generations of accumulated domestic and agricultural trash residing just below the surface.

As historians, we can glean information about the big-picture items from written records such as journals, account receipts, letters, newspapers, and so on, but the day-to-day minutia are always invisible in the written record. So every summer, the staff and lots of sweaty middle and high school students work to peel back those layers to discover the minutia of day-to-day living. Over the years, we've shared through "Sticks & Stones" some of the fascinating finds from Delco batteries to printing plates. This time it was one particular bottle that sparked our interest. With the unusual name of "Budwine." The name on the bottle was so intriguing—and slightly disturbing—that it sparked an hours-long

research project. Just what was Budwine?

The nineteenth century was the origin for the world's soda habit, with circa 1890 being the zenith for soft drink development. Doctor Pepper came out of Waco, Texas, in 1885; Dr. John Pemberton developed Coca-Cola in 1886; Pepsi-Cola came along in 1898, each with its own claim to promoting health and vitality. Soft drinks were the beverage industry's nod to the temperance movement and the new trend in physical fitness. In 1894, Henry Claude Anderson of Oconee County, Georgia, a temperate man, developed a drink that he called "G.D." for good digestion. The name was discarded in favor of "Bludwine" with the tagline of "For



Your Health's Sake." The cherry-flavored concoction was crafted from wheat, oats, lemons, oranges, ginger, peppermint, and grapes. Apparently no cherries were harmed in the making of Budwine.

Bottling of Budwine began commercially in 1906 in Athens, Georgia. With the 1908 passage of Prohibition in Georgia, it became a wide seller, even for a time outselling Atlanta-based Coca-Cola. By 1917, the company had one hundred plants in twenty-six states including Hawaii.

*"Hickory Hill  
has generations  
of accumulated  
domestic and  
agricultural trash  
residing just below  
the surface."*



By 1921, the Food, Drug, and Insecticide Administration was investigating unproven health claims in foods and forced Budwine to change its name to Budwine and cease any reference to health benefits in its advertising. The company's slogan became "Makes You Glad You Are Thirsty."

According to the Athens-Clarke County Library, the Budwine Company was sold in 1929 to the Costa family who operated a popular Athens ice cream parlor. The soda's popularity continued to decline and by the 1980s the company closed entirely. Though, I am told, that as late as 1986, UGA students in the know would head down to the local Dairy Queen and ask for the Budwine Milkshake, an off-menu concoction of soft serve and Budwine.





# THE LONE WOLF



## Forest for the Trees

BY DEXTER RHODES

I have a hard time with city language. Last month I traveled to Atlanta and stopped by a fast food restaurant you probably know well: The Varsity.

I haven't seen that many people in such close proximity to one another since the Jenkins County Fair of 1973 when Mable (MAY-bel) Ledbetter was crowned Miss Sweet Potato. Folks used to love to gaze at Mable. After she placed the tiara on her pretty blonde head and said her thank yous, people crowded so close around her they looked like yellow jackets on spoiled fruit. For a moment I thought Mable would faint. She didn't. I guess that's how she got her job at the Jenkins County Correctional Facility; that and the fact she was the only girl in our county to simultaneously win Miss Sweet Potato and letter in varsity wrestling her Senior year. Like I said, Mable was one tough tater.

Which gets me back to my food. I was in what appeared to be a line, waiting to place my order, and finally the clerk stared at the ceiling and yelled: "Whaddya Haaaaaaave?!" I thought she was going to fall over, like she was possessed. I didn't say anything, for one thing because I didn't know she was addressing me. The other was that I had no idea what she was caterwauling about. Have you ever heard a lost calf calling for its momma? That's what the clerk sounded like.

Then she did it again: "Whaddya haaaaAAAVE?! This time she threw so much emphasis on the tail end of her last word I just knew she'd fall backwards into the fry vat. Then we'd all hear some real yellin'. So as to save her from third degree burns and what likely would have been a

swell grease fire, I cupped my hands around my mouth and hollered back, "Lunch!"

That did it. There was a construction worker next to me in what appeared to be another line who just busted out in laughter. The clerk rolled her eyes and waved a hand at the lighted menu above her head. That part I understood. She was asking me to place my order.

"Number two with a co-cola and a side of diced onions for my chili dogs, please ma'am."

Crazy people, city folks.

Now you take country people, like Tater Mable, and consider their language and how they talk. They tend to be thoughtful, even when they're yelling. And if a country person doesn't know a name of a given place or object, they just come up with one that makes sense. Country folks aren't shy about proper, proper nouns. Let's see if we can do a little bumpkin vocabulary: I bet you don't know what a wolf tree is.

A wolf tree is a lone tree often found at the edge of a field or fence line or in the middle of a young forest that by happenstance or sympathy survived the clearing of the land. You've passed dozens if you've ever traveled the country. Wolf trees tend to be large, often gnarly and alone. When disciplined forestry came along as a science and taught us how to clear cut, it called for the removal of wolf trees. I guess some foresters have hearts, because they left what otherwise were worthless trees. Those trees today tend to be huge. They capture my imagination.

They also tend to have all sorts of knots and holes and cavities where critters den. Show me a wolf tree and I'll show you a

home for raccoons or flying squirrels. When I was knee high to a grasshopper, I dragged an old broken ladder to an ancient red oak at the edge of our farm. I propped it against the tree trunk and climbed up to put a small bag of treasured marbles in a hole that was dead center of that big tree. Guess I was playing like a pirate. Anyway, about the time I got my marble bag in the hole, out busted a half dozen flying squirrels. Funny how you can count those little critters sailing in the sky when you're looking up from the ground.

Anyway, back to my lunch. Wolf trees also tend to have signs. Their ugly prominence makes them prime real estate for folks to tack signs. "Posted: No Trespassing" is a typical wolf tree sign. "No Hunting" is another. Back home there's a huge beech tree near Oak Cane Branch on the Ogeechee River. It's all alone in that river bottom and I'm sure it's still there. Somewhere on it is carved the shape of a heart and the letters ML and DR. That's a swell sign on a swell wolf tree, both of which are full of swell memories.

We've all sorts of wolf trees around here. We have an old willow oak below the maintenance shop that is guarded by tall towering loblolly pines. There are stones near the base of the tree. It has a diameter at breast height (DBH) of six feet and a canopy spread of 110 feet. It's a whopper! We also have an old swamp chestnut white oak close by at the head of a spring. Every year workers from the Georgia Forestry Commission visit to gather its acorns for their seedling nursery.

Come see me! I'm the one in the forest caterwauling with the trees!





*“I guess some foresters have hearts, because they left  
what otherwise were worthless trees.”*





# THE FLIP SIDE



BY TAD BROWN

Not long ago a delightfully ragged sharecropper cabin stood in a grove of majestic loblolly pines on a farm in the fall line of east central Georgia. For nearly twenty years my hunting buddies and I called the three-room shack home every fall and spring when deer and turkey seasons opened, respectively.

The clapboards sagged and the tin roof was freckled with rust holes that sieved rainwater on our heads. The unfinished, random-width pine floor was broken by gaps that showed the red clay on which the house was built. Flying squirrels and mice cohabited the walls. Taken as a whole, the cabin was drafty and uncomfortable and wonderful for the communion, adventures and stories it cultivated. Simplicity has an uncanny way of nurturing what is noble in the human spirit.

Below the primitive mantle in our bunk room, one friend attached with thumb tacks a quotation reverently clipped from a magazine: “I hunt so as not to have played golf.” We thought it at once hysterical and profound, and, given our logistics, reveled like rebellious schoolboys in all that it rejected.

We hunted a nine iron from Oglethorpe’s second city that sprang from the Savannah River rapids where his boats could travel no more. Two hundred years later Roberts and Jones recognized some of the beauty that fueled so much of Bartram’s reflections and, around a plantation house, they designed a winter golf course. Together they built a Mecca, whose rigid protocols strained a friendship and simultaneously beckoned a country only then coming to terms with the

extravagance of the Twenties and the lessons of the Great Depression. It took an Atlanta lawyer and a Yankee speculator to establish golf firmly in the South.

The first full week in April marks the closing days of that course with an invitational tournament now considered among the finest of its kind. For all its manicured glory, Augusta National Golf Club has unsurprisingly produced at least as many wives tales as champions. Stories of ice on azaleas, greens clipped by scissors or Roberts’s suicide a murder are passed around under towering pines and over beer like so many pimento cheese sandwiches. How could such garish beauty fail to encourage wild speculation?

*“I hunt so  
as not to have  
played golf.”*



Yet it grows, physically, as if fed by its own exhaust. Over the past decade, Augusta’s wonderland has gobbled up a neighborhood and soon will move a city road. On a historic course now spans a putting green where for-the-fun-of-it patrons can try their short game skills on mock holes. Even the daily pin placements perfectly mimic their eighteen-hole inspirations. I understand that last year the procession of putting patrons were presented their clubs from a Stanford professor and former Secretary of State.

The week is a chamber of commerce dream come true. So many Augusta families rent their homes to corporations, law firms and players, and subsequently flee to the beach, that the local school systems designate Masters week spring break. Restaurants burst at their seams, bars overflow and caterers take over neighborhoods. Passenger vans stuffed with madras and Izods have the run of Augusta’s streets. Private jets suddenly stuff Augusta Regional Airport and Daniel Field and spill over to municipal airports thirty miles away. The change of complexion is completed by increased visibility of the local constabularies, who will quietly confide how many brands of sin follow the golfing horde.

Simultaneous with crowd cheers erupts another beauty around our town. The first week in April ushers in spring gobbler season, the time when bearded boys cavort and fan for the rights to continue their legacies. The woods now are just yawning from the slate gray dormancy of winter. The misnomered red bud is purple with excitement and wild dogwoods stretch in cruciform bloom. Newly





fallen yellow bells dot the forest floor. Frisky pines belch clouds of pollen that dust all below them so that intruders' every footsteps create moonwalk puffs of yellow. This is the world of the wild turkey, a mint green haze of tiny leaves speckled by multicolored bloom. By aesthetic standards cast on a twelve-month calendar, only October bests the colors of April.

Those unfamiliar with nature would be reminded that chivalry is lost on the bird kingdom. In the turkey woods, the male bird commands his harem with gobbles. From his roost at the glow of dawn a tom will call his girls for a morning of debauchery. All things equal, the hens will dutifully gather nearby and our frisky boy will flop from his lofty perch to drum and strut for the girls. He is anything but monogamous, mind you, and his morning will be filled with as many partners as will have him. While not exactly a Roman orgy, the sexual life of a tom turkey approaches adolescent male fantasy for all its apparent ease and availability.

Of course, the gobbler's very arrogance is what makes pursuing him as game so difficult. To bag a tom, a hunter must flirt like

a girl of unusual modesty. If a gobbler can be translated as, "Come here, I'm ready," the hunter's response must feign a headache and inquire the location of the aspirin. In the abstract, the conversation between a gobbling tom and a reluctant hen beggars audible belief. Gobblers are traded for purrs, clucks and cutts until one of two things happens: the gobbler comes to investigate the nature of the modesty or he wanders off with a girl of less pristine morals.

This is nature: perfectly colored, frank with its management of relationships, plain in its lust to propagate. It is timeless and resilient, and observed from a macro perspective amazing in its constant rhythm. What dishonesty appears in the wild must be introduced by man.

So it is this Sunday, Masters Sunday, that I strain to hear the calling of an amorous tom in order to try my luck at deceiving nature. While a handsome boy just old enough to drink legally holds off the best golfers in the world, I wander the quiet woods in gaudy camouflage and match my wits against a bird with a brain smaller than a walnut. In this contest nature typically wins.

But this overcast morning even the gobblers don't come. I have covered fifty acres of oak bottoms and creek sides and now work my way to the edge of the field where the cabin once stood in hopes a midday turkey might quietly troll for hens among the clover and broom sedge. When repeated crow calls fail to elicit a gobbler, I rest under the trees and allow my mind to drift to thoughts of cold beer and perhaps even the heresy of watching the final round from the couch. Given the memory of the site on which I sit, I rationalize that I will be watching the damn game, not playing it.

And just as that ridiculous thought exits my head an unthinkable symbiosis occurs. A private jet, surely returning its corporate owners to concrete and steel reality, screams overhead as its engines claw for altitude. The sound is unnatural, clear and high-pitched, like smooth fingernails on a chalkboard, and as the plane passes overhead an unseen male turkey in a bottom two hundred yards distant gobbles in protest.

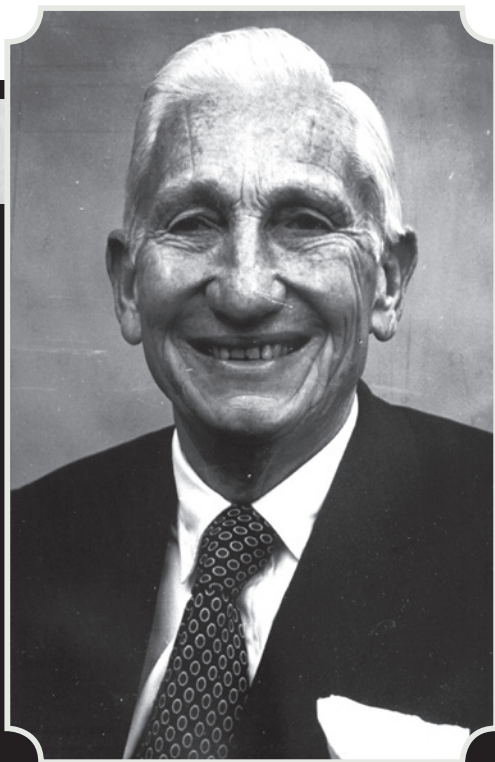
I am laughing in disbelief as I grab my gear and head for the bird. It is Masters Sunday: Game on!



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## OUR FOUNDER

Walter J. Brown was a journalist and a broadcast pioneer who built and chaired what would become Spartan Communications, Inc., one of the larger privately held TV companies in the country.

Early in his career, Brown had an office in the White House when he served on the staff of Secretary of State James F. Byrnes. Brown's enduring love for politics was eclipsed only by his respect for Jimmy Byrnes. Inspired in part by Byrnes's philanthropy—which in 1948 established the James F. Byrnes Foundation—Brown created his own private Foundation in 1970. Named for Thomas E. Watson and J.J. Brown, the men to whom Brown attributed his success, the Watson-Brown Foundation today continues to ensure that hundreds of deserving students are provided the opportunity to excel at the college of their choice.