

Summer 2011

The LEGACY

A Publication of Watson-Brown Foundation, Inc.

MONARCHS *across* GEORGIA FOREST FOR THE TREES

150

YEARS of HISTORY

BARN AGAIN

A UNIQUE REUSE

IS THERE A *Doctor* IN THE HOUSE?

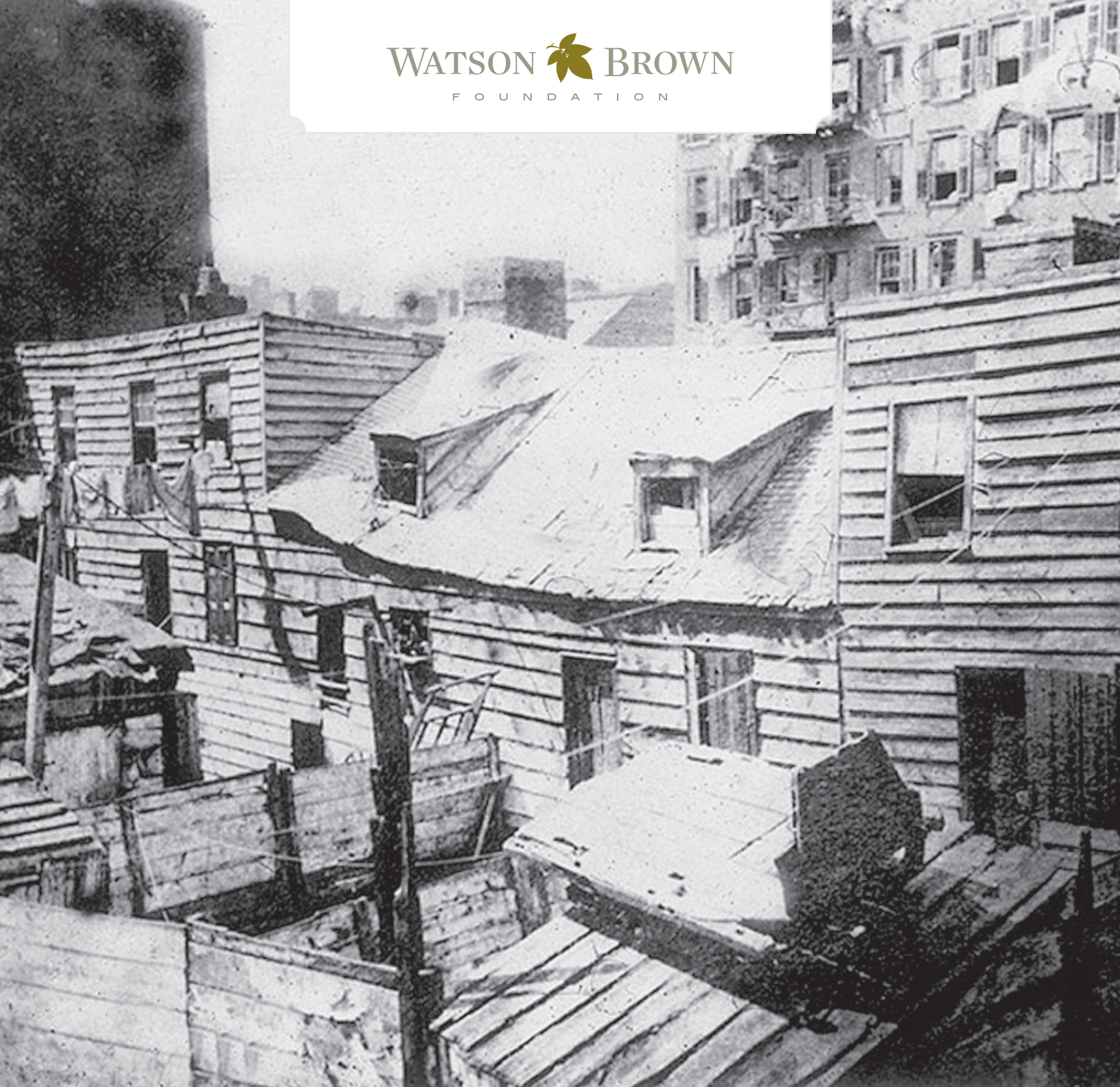
INTERVIEW WITH DR. PAQUETTE

the STING

RETURN OF THE BOYKIN



WATSON  BROWN
FOUNDATION



“*WE HAVE NO POOR!*” cried Legare, McDuffie and Calhoun.
They told the God’s truth.



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

Legacy

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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



Watson-Brown Scholars in Action



Krystal Kvailheim, Senior, Georgia College and State University: “Wow. I’m still in disbelief that I am in my last semester of college and nursing school. It has been a crazy ride that I would have been unable to accomplish without my Watson-Brown scholarship over the past four years. I finished up fall semester the second week in December and went straight to Ashburn, Virginia to spend time with my former boss that I worked for at Waldenbooks in Milledgeville. I was able to go to Washington, D.C., and visit the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History or Smithsonian Museum of American Art, Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum, and the Washington Monument. The most powerful and awe-struck museum I was able to tour was the Holocaust Memorial Museum. It was difficult for me to read, walk through, and visualize what happened to the thousands of innocent people when I was in a city that stands for freedom. While I was in Virginia I got to delay my trip home to play in snow there while Georgia was getting rain. After the trip in D.C, I spent some time in Atlanta

at the Georgia Aquarium, World of Coca-Cola, ice-skating in Olympic Park, and at the Georgia Dome for a Falcons game. Needless to say, after being able to see and do and spend time with family and friends over the break, I was not ready to give my freedom back to GCSU’s school of nursing a couple of weeks ago. Attending classes may have been delayed the first week because of ice and snow, but nursing professors got the work rolling as always.

“For my final semester, I’ll be working three twelve-hour shifts with a Registered Nurse each week for two months at the Medical Center of Central Georgia in Macon to help wrap up my clinical experience. In the midst of being in the hospital, I still have to pass my senior exit exam, apply for a job, and take my N-CLEX to be a licensed nurse after I graduate in May. I am so excited, nervous, and anxious to see where life takes me and the people I will encounter with the fulfilling career I have chosen.”



Jennifer Vickers, Senior, Wofford College: “For the past semester I was studying in

Copenhagen, Denmark, one of the smallest nations in the world. Although it is a small nation of only 5 million people, Denmark had a lot to teach me. When I am asked how I liked Denmark, or ‘over there’ as many people say, my response is, ‘It was the best semester of my life.’

“As a biology major, English minor, and pre-optometry student, finding time to study abroad during my college career was not easy, but with a lot of planning (and some summer school) I was able to study abroad for fall semester of my senior year. It was hard to leave all of my friends and the Terrier football team, but I knew my choice to study abroad would be one I would not regret, and I was right!

“The program I chose to study with is called the Medical Practice and Policy program through the Danish Institute of Study Abroad (DIS). Through the program I learned some clinical skills such as IV insertions, clinical ophthalmology skills, and suturing. In addition to my main program, I took electives: History of European Ballet, Hans Christian Andersen and the Danish Golden Age, Social Context of HIV/AIDS in Africa, and Danish Language and Culture. All of the classes I took through DIS were wonderful and very educational. But, more than anything, I learned about myself and different cultures through experiences outside of the classroom. I lived with a host family, which I felt was a wonderful choice for me. Living in a family, I felt that I received first-hand cultural experiences. Also, having a nurturing family (not to mention good food) to go home to was nice in the new environment of a foreign country.



AMY HORTON

“I also had the opportunity to travel while I was in Denmark. Through my program at DIS I traveled to Stockholm and Estonia to learn about health-care systems in different countries. DIS also provides a two-week travel break for their students during which I went to Madrid, where I ate all of my money away, and Paris, where the architecture is absolutely fabulous. I also took a few weekend trips—one to Prague to visit a friend and another to Cologne, Germany, to see Shakira in concert (only the best concert I have ever been to!).

“My semester spent in Denmark was so wonderful! It really was a once in a lifetime experience, and I do not regret a moment of any of it. Now I am back at Wofford, enjoying my last semester. It is hard to believe I will be graduating this spring, but I am looking forward to attending optometry school for the next four years!”

Amy Horton, Junior, Wofford College: “My name is Amy Horton. Through Watson-Brown’s generous scholarship, I am able to attend Wofford College in beautiful Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Over the past three years, Wofford has fostered my love for art, particularly the discipline of art history. This semester, I have had the wonderful opportunity to study abroad in Barcelona, Spain. As an art history major, I have fallen in love with all the art this city has to offer — architecture by Gaudi and the interesting artwork by Miro, Dali, Picasso, and other artists of Spain.

“Along with expanding my art knowledge, my semester in Spain has brought many first-hand experiences with the Spanish language and Catalan culture. I have also been able to travel to many neighboring countries such as France, Germany, Andorra, and Italy. The opportunities that have been brought to me through Wofford are irreplaceable and would not have been possible without Watson-Brown Foundation!



EMILY DAVIS

Emily Davis, Senior, University of Georgia: “I’ve been attending college at UGA for the past four years in an attempt to obtain a Bachelors of Science in Agriculture and a minor in Animal Science. Well, I am happy to announce that the time has come for me to graduate from college! I wanted to tell everyone what I’ve been up to these past four years, and I also wanted to alert everyone of my updated plans for my future.

“During college, I worked at the UGA stables, joined a local Christian girls’ small group, mentored an inner-city child from Athens-Clarke County, taught fellow UGA students how to show beef cattle for UGA’s annual Little International Livestock Show, and I was Livestock Chairman for the 2011 Great Southland Stampede Rodeo, which is the only student-produced professional rodeo in the world! As for what’s to come next ... the last many of you had heard, I was planning on pursuing a career as a pediatric surgeon, but after my summer internship at Memorial Hospital in Savannah, I decided that nursing would be a better fit for my personality. Well, it turns out that I can’t enter nursing school straight out of UGA because I haven’t taken some of the required prerequisite classes. So now I’m going to participate in the Peace Corps Masters International Program which will allow me to continue pursuing agriculture academically. The Peace Corps will pay for my Masters of Animal and Dairy Science (MADS) degree from UGA, and while I am in school getting my MADS degree, I will complete the prerequisites required to enter nursing school. After a year or so in graduate school, I will serve two years in a foreign country teaching rural farmers how to feed and breed livestock and farm more efficiently.

“After graduate school and my time spent volunteering, I plan to get my Masters of Science in Nursing from the Medical College of Georgia’s Nursing School at their local campus here in Athens. This new plan is not only much more exciting, but it

is also a more complete, all-encompassing path that incorporates agriculture, world-travel, serving the underprivileged, and medicine—all of my greatest passions!

“I am so excited about where God is leading me, and it gives me great joy to share this with all of you! Please e-mail me or write me a letter if you have exciting updates of your own or if you’d like to learn more about my new plan and what all it entails for me! I love and cherish each and every one of you and your families! I covet your thoughts and prayers and your support during this new and exciting time of my life!”



William Prater, Sophomore, Oxford College: “During the past year, I decided that I would take time to really get to know my school as a whole. I spent time with a lot of amazing people and took really informative and interesting classes that had nothing to do with my course of study (like Number Theory and Anthropology of Death and Burial). I took a plunge into the heart of Oxford College, and I really felt a connection to the students who came before me. It really culminated when I was invited to go into the bell tower and signed my name where decades of students had signed before me. Standing in the alcove, I could see the whole of the campus — both spatially, in that I could see from one end to the other and over the tops of trees, and temporally, in that I was there with the memories of former students. As our dean of student life calls it in the title of his book, Oxford College is an ‘uncommon place.’ As I graduate to continue my bachelor studies at Emory College, I’ll never forget the time spent at that school.”



Zachary Collier, Sophomore, Winthrop University: “My second year of college was a lot different than my first year. I was a resident assistant in my residence hall, the treasurer of a Greek council, and the vice president of my fraternity. These experiences have better prepared me for the education field postgraduation and has allowed me to be a positive impact on the lives of the freshman class. I have a job working with students with autism, and these students have been the highlight of my school year. I have also just been elected as the President of the National Pan Hellenic Council, and I look forward to this opportunity to take Greek Life to the next level at Winthrop University. This summer I will be attending summer school until the beginning of July. I aspire to be as successful during my summer schooling as I have been since I started college. Although I was unable to achieve my goal of a 4.0 GPA this year, I have not given up and plan to have a 4.0 next semester.”

Maranda DeBusk, Sophomore, Furman University: “I believe that I grew tremendously during my sophomore year at Furman University. When the majority of my department went to study abroad in the United Kingdom, I was able to accept a large amount of responsibility within the theatre. I designed the lights for two Mainstage Productions and one Pauper Players production, and I was active in all of the productions. I directed my first two shows, I acted, and I learned. I learned that not everything is perfect when you learn it and that the basis of learning is practicing. I learned not to worry as much about my grades and to focus on garnering as much from the experience as I possibly can. I learned how to paint and how to make paint. I learned how to balance two jobs and school simultaneously. I learned how to overcome the adversity of illness in order to persevere while still knowing my limitations and my need for rest. I tried new many new things like calculus and



children’s theatre. I drank a lot of coffee because it’s something simple that makes me happy and makes the day better. This summer I am spending the first seven weeks as an apprentice electrician at the Spoleto Festival USA in Charleston, then I plan to spend time with my little brother and my mother whom I miss dearly.”



Lena Roper, Senior, Clemson University: “Hóla from South Carolina! I am enjoying

a return to American life after a semester spent abroad in Barcelona, Spain. An immersion in a dense urban environment and a foreign culture — what a privilege for a self-declared “small-town girl” invested in the study of architecture! I thoroughly enjoyed traveling in Europe, whether guided by my extremely knowledgeable professors (Madrid, Berlin) or by an adventuring spirit and a borrowed iPhone app (Paris, Sevilla). I got to witness world-famous works of art and architecture in person, as well as being a part of a studio led by accomplished Barcelona architects. Every moment was action-packed and adventure-filled. I cannot overstate the growth and depth that my study abroad experience has given to my undergraduate education. And Watson-Brown made it possible!

“I have one more semester of study here at Clemson University before a December graduation. This summer, I will be beginning the long (and *extremely* important!) process of assembling my undergraduate portfolio, to be completed in the fall semester along with my final studio course. Then “real life” begins—working, paying bills, accumulating IDP hours, and ... applying to grad school? “Many thanks to Watson-Brown for the excellent opportunities I have been offered through the scholarship program. Wherever I go from here, and whatever I accomplish, I will owe a great debt of gratitude to Watson-Brown.”



Elizabeth Schlaudt, Freshman, Furman University: “My first year of college was as exciting as it was challenging. Somewhere between volunteering at the YWCA with the after-school program and working as a studio aid in the art department, I somehow found time to enjoy many of the exciting things Furman had to offer—such as the Fall carnival or Seth Myers performance. I was a member of the Engaged Living community at Furman University, a residential learning community for first-year students where students live

together in a residence hall and participate in one of four academic programs taught by Furman faculty. In conjunction with the Engaged Living community program, I helped build a denitrification column for the Solar Aquatic System—a “living ecological machine” that uses natural processes to clean the water used in the Charles H. Townes Science Center and then recirculate it into the building as ‘grey’ water. I was also a member of the Environmental Action Group and Furman University Outdoor Club. Both organizations are extremely active on campus in informing students about environmental issues and giving them the opportunity to experience South Carolina’s natural beauty.

“In April, I was invited by DePauw University to share a paper I had written on the ethics of commercial surrogacy at their annual ethics symposium. I also attended the biannual Powershift Conference in Washington D.C. Powershift is the largest student-leadership conference on alternative energy in the United States. Currently I am working to restart the biodiesel facility at Furman University with the intention of turning it into a self-sustaining work-study program for students.

“This summer I am participating in the HHMI Undergraduate Fellows Program where I will work with my mentor, an environmental science professor, to conduct research on the behavior of iron in water systems. I will continue my research through the following school year and will present it at a conference in the spring.

“I am extremely grateful to the Watson-Brown foundation. Without their generous financial aid I would not have been able to have these unique experiences offered to me by Furman University.”



Dan'Talisha Deans, Senior, Alabama A&M University: “This year has been an amazing year for me. I had the opportunity to intern all semester with the Madison County Department of Human Resources, which is a child-protective agency. I am a

social work major. So of course, this was an awesome learning experience for me. I dealt heavily with child abuse and neglect cases. I started off just working physical-abuse cases and then eventually started working only sex-abuse cases.

“I had the opportunity to work directly with Forensic Interview Specialists and County/City police officers. I was able to view defendants get interviewed by police officers through the glass window, similar to interviews you see on the television show, CSI. I’ve witnessed accused persons get arrested. These events truly brought reality to my eyes. It truly made me feel great to work on behalf of children who are in need. Now, as I move forward in my future endeavors, I have knowledge of what is needed by children experiencing abuse and neglect.

“Fortunately, I will be graduating from Alabama A&M University on May 13, 2011, and have been accepted to the University of Pittsburgh’s Master of Social Work program. I will begin my journey there in the fall. I had the opportunity to visit Pittsburgh this semester and meet many successful MSW students and graduates there. The University invited me and other prospective students and provided our meals and hotel stay. It was an awesome opportunity and was also the decision maker for my next step in life.

“My year ended in a very unique way. Tornadoes came through Alabama causing students on my campus to have to evacuate the city for safety. Many lives were lost and many homes were destroyed. However, I am thankful that God allowed me to make it out safely and still standing strong. I am truly grateful to have made it this far and look forward to all that is to come in my future. As I get ready to embark on the graduate experience, I would like to encourage all undergraduate students to reach for the stars, never stop being determined, and know that your life will only equal out to the amount of faith and perseverance you align with your goals and dreams.”

SONNY BANDYOPADHYAY



Alumni Spotlight

Making a Difference

BY SHANNON FRIEDMANN HATCH



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SALDIVIA-JONES PHOTOGRAPHY

Coca-Cola was discovered in 1886 by a curious Atlanta pharmacist. More than a century later, the company serves 1.7 billion beverages a day, and even though the remote village of Calhuitz, Guatemala, is surrounded by jungle and mountains and at least 1,200 miles away from the Georgia capital, the sodas are easy to find.

A 2007 graduate of Emory University and an economics major, Sonny Bandyopadhyay can appreciate the company’s ability to distribute to the farthest corners of the Earth; however, what occupies his mind—and much of his free time—is figuring out how the people of the region can also have easy access to health care and education. Currently, one doctor serves 10,000 people, and even if someone from Calhuitz was to journey to the nearest clinic, they would likely be discriminated against as they speak a foreign dialect.

Some people ponder the problems of developing countries and write a check; others sign up for mission trips or medical internships. Sonny and his friend Zain Ahmend founded a non-governmental organization. Since 2008 their NGO, Global H.E.E.D. (that is, Global Heath, Education, and Economic Development), has organized volunteer trips to Calhuitz; helped build a school and pharmacy there; and, in April 2011, hosted a Global Summit in Atlanta.

“Even though I had always felt a responsibility to the community, I had never done anything on the scale of Global H.E.E.D.” Sonny says. However while interning for Pricewaterhouse Coopers in Mumbai during his senior year, he was struck by the sight of skyscrapers next to slums. “I came back with a strong need to alleviate these types of conditions,” he says. At about the same time, Zain was completing a medical internship in Guatemala, and he also felt compelled to do more.

The duo had the desire but lacked the know-how. Their first step? “Hard work,” Sonny says. “You have to be willing to make mistakes—and then correct them.” Of course, you also have

to have the time to correct them. A recent grad, Sonny had just accepted at position with Amdocs as a consultant and Zain was finishing up his undergrad degree (he is now at the Lerner School of Medicine at the Cleveland Clinic). “A sense of idealism doesn’t always end well,” Sonny says. “You can promise a clinic in the poorest area in the poorest country and even build it, but it doesn’t end there. It takes a lot of planning.” Through Zain’s experience in Calhuitz, they partnered with Dr. Mario, the village’s only physician, two nurses, and Curamericus Global, an organization that had been working in Latin America for five years at that point.

From the outset, Sonny realized that a

key to Global H.E.E.D.’s success was to figure out how he could keep the momentum of goodwill going—while working a full-time job and figuring out how to run an NGO. While it’s not uncommon for him today to Skype with the executive board on weeknights or weekends or to e-mail with Dr. Mario, it took time to find the experts and assemble the teams that could help run the organization. “The first few years were a struggle,” he recalls. “Now my role is largely to motivate and give ownership to the people who are working with us.”

His approach seems to be working. Calhuitz, which is part of what is known as the “Triangle of Death” for its high infant mortality rate, now has access to hygiene and nutrition programs, and Global H.E.E.D. is planning programs on importance of breast-feeding (soda is often fed to babies instead of milk); a one-room schoolhouse was completed; a pharmacy allows locals to easily receive medication in a centralized location, and a community health-care center trains workers to operate within the constraints of the village. Currently, Global H.E.E.D. is also laying the groundwork for a health-care clinic. (With no dedicated facility in the remote area, Dr. Mario is still making house calls.)

But Global H.E.E.D.’s work doesn’t end in Guatemala. Chapters in universities across

the country from Brown to UCLA (and, of course, Emory) organize projects that benefit their local communities (see “Get Involved” at right). And the organization’s first Global Summit in Atlanta this past April was, in effect, a large-scale open mic for the 1,000-plus attendees to share their stories and ideas for NGOs. Sonny’s ultimate goal is to expand their work to other countries, including the one that is close to his heart, India.

It’s fair to say that given the fact that Global H.E.E.D. was begun by two college students with no credentials except a desire to alleviate suffering and bring a better life to alienated corners of the world, many are surprised by its success. “I just have middle-of-the-road skills,” Sonny admits, “but I take advantage of my strengths and I’m willing to learn.” Prior to 2008, the people of Calhuitz were thirsty for change, and Global H.E.E.D.’s efforts have given the village a healthier, brighter future, proving there’s power in passion and perseverance. Now that’s the real thing.

*“The Watson-Brown
Scholarship helped make
my dream to attend a
school like Emory possible.
If I didn’t attend Emory,
I wouldn’t have met Zain,
and who knows if we’d
be doing something like
Global H.E.E.D.?”*



GET INVOLVED

Sonny Bandyopadhyay and his friend and Emory colleague Zain Ahmed founded Global H.E.E.D. in 2008 after they experienced third-world poverty first-hand and felt compelled to make a difference. Their organization was largely formed to give students the same opportunity, and groups travel to Guatemala four times a year to assist with all aspects of community building in the remote, mountainous village of Calhuitz. This summer, the volunteers are beginning construction on the much-needed health clinic and meeting with Grameen Bank to learn about micro-credit. In addition to these trips, six universities across the country (Emory, Brown, Northwestern, Berkeley, USC, and UCLA) have formed chapters, where they contribute to their local communities and Global H.E.E.D.’s mission by sponsoring projects such as food drives, teaching English to non-native speakers, and campaigning for clean water. If you would like more information on how you can become involved or how to start a local chapter, visit www.globalheed.org.



CONSTRUCTS AND REALITIES



*Dr. Robert L. Paquette on acquiring knowledge
in the academy of the 21st Century.*

BY THE LEGACY

Bob Paquette has been teaching American history at Hamilton College for more than a generation. An outspoken conservative, Paquette is the cofounder of the Alexander Hamilton Institute for the Study of Western Civilization, an independent scholarly organization dedicated to the exploration of the Western tradition.

The Legacy recently caught up with Paquette on the campus of Princeton University where he was leading a symposium on the scholarship of Eugene Genovese. In the quiet moments following the program, Paquette spoke out on intellectual diversity, the current state of higher education and the future of liberal education.

LEGACY: I thought we'd start with a kind of a snapshot of your classroom. You teach history on the campus of a liberal arts college that boasts an open curriculum. Has that approach to curriculum change changed the makeup of our classes in the decade since its adoption

and have you had to retool your approach to teaching history?

PAQUETTE: The open curriculum is a recent introduction to Hamilton College. I have taught at Hamilton for 30 years. When I first arrived in 1981, we had disciplinary requirements. I am probably the most outspoken critic on my campus of the open curriculum because I see it as a great betrayal of the meaning of a liberal arts education.

The move to the open curriculum occurred because a mandatory sophomore seminar requirement was in shambles. At a meeting of the faculty where we had a bare quorum and nobody knew exactly what to do, an unenthusiastic bare majority voted in the open curriculum. Now, as it turned out, the administrators have come to embrace the open curriculum more than the faculty, I believe. The admissions office has found that the open curriculum is a great pitch to high school students.

LEGACY: It's marketing?

PAQUETTE: It's a marketing technique. The Communications and Development Office, which markets the college, has found something that they can brand the college with: this wonderful open curriculum. Well, what does it mean? It means when parents come on the campus with their students to do tours, the student tour guides sell them on the idea that they specialize from the get-go, and if you have any weaknesses, you can avoid them. I do not exaggerate, because I decided to test this theory by following tour guides on the Hamilton College campus.

LEGACY: Did you really?

PAQUETTE: Yes, and I heard them say this. I pretended to be a parent, and I heard them market the college. I was appalled by what I heard. What the open curriculum has meant is that there is more self-selection in courses to be sure, but we have a case now where at an elite liberal arts college with a proud 200 year tradition, we have students who are valedictorians graduating — and I do

not exaggerate — without one English class, without one history class. We have a spike in double majors. And the spike in double majors may mean that during a four-year college career, 70 percent of all a student's courses will be in, say, two disciplines as closely allied as English and Comparative Literature or Math and Economics. To me, this is a great betrayal of liberal arts. I can speak if you want about the meaning of liberal arts, but I am obviously very unhappy with the open curriculum.

LEGACY: That being the case, are there, for instance, fewer kids in your classroom, because you happen to be a history professor? Does this marginalize, for example, history department or the English department or the philosophy department?

PAQUETTE: I wouldn't say marginalize. I think that from a very early time there was a grapevine in operation, and students know which courses are the gut courses and which courses are the demanding courses. I tend to be a very demanding teacher both by anecdote

and empirical evidence. I am one of the hardest graders in my department. I also teach an 8:30 morning class, so that tends to keep the numbers down. I do have, I think, a fairly substantial number of students, because I do get a number of students who are very serious about their work. They come to me because they know they not only learn history, but I'll also give them a great deal of criticism on their prose. Many of my courses are writing-intensive.

Now a word to the wise parents who are investigating classes: I draw a very important distinction between a writing intensive course and a course in which the writing is graded intensively. There may be all these courses on a campus where they say they are writing intensive, the key is whether the professor, whether English professor or history professor, grades the paper intensively to give serious instruction to the student. Most professors, if polled, will tell you the worst part of our job is grading papers. I don't like it, I must say, but it's a professional obligation. Am I suggesting that many of my peers do not live up to their professional obligations? Oh, yes.

LEGACY: Are colleges living up to their obligations? Are graduates as able as they were a generation or two ago?

PAQUETTE: One of the battles I've been fighting for a number of years at Hamilton College is to try to get faculty and students, alumni and trustees to think more intensively about the line between scholarship and activism. I think the modern college campus is affected a great deal by intellectual fashion. If you go to college Web sites, you can see Web pages with multiple links devoted to such issues as diversity and sustainability. To give you an example on diversity, I've spent more than ten years of my life trying to get somebody in the administration to define to me what they mean by the word, and the best that I could ever get from a former president was: "Well, it means different things to different people." Now stop for a second. It means different things to different people. Yet, you are spending millions and millions of dollars on diversity when you admit that it is a fairly ambiguous term. Now I think that the administrator was being less than honest; we know what diversity means on a college campus, and it is a diversity that is seen through a left-wing ideological lens for the most part.

In a faculty of 200, I am the only outspoken, self-identified conservative faculty member. I think that is a problem that some people have been ringing the alarm bell about: the lack of intellectual diversity.

I can explain why I think this happens on a college campus. People ask me all the time, how do you draw the line between activism and scholarship? How do you prevent shared biases from coming in? It seems to me the way you draw the line becomes most important. How do you, as a scholar, respond to evidence that does not comport with your own interpretation of things? We are not sports agents; we are not trial lawyers. When overwhelming evidence is presented to you to indicate that your interpretation is deeply flawed, then as a scholar you respond to that feedback and you change your model or interpretation to comport with the evidence. What we have now on the faculty are people who have these, what I call almost "intellectual blinders" on, because for them the most important thing is not the intellectual work, but to reach the political goal.

LEGACY: Let's cast the net a bit wider. In an

era that is so focused on a global relationships and global participation, is teaching Western civilization jeopardized because of that? Is teaching Western civilization, which you do, as relevant as it was, say, 100 years ago?

PAQUETTE: Well, in correcting one thing that you said, I think will answer the question. At Hamilton College I no longer teach Western civ because Western civilization was abolished as a mandatory course in my department by a vote of 5-4. The argument against teaching Western civilization was that we dared not privilege Western civilization at the expense of other cultures. Let me give you a statistic.

In 2007, one-third of all Hamilton history majors, and I underscore history majors, graduated without one course in American history. Now I have tried with several other members of our department to change that; we have met resistance. We now have a requirement where they must take at least one American history course, but they are required—they are mandated—to take three non-Western courses. What I find frightening about this is that whether you like it or not, Western civilization has produced ideas that have ended up being world capturing. I would just give you three ideas—in fact they’re the three ideas to which the Alexander Hamilton Institute is devoted—and I think most people would agree they’re important: freedom, democracy, and capitalism.


Let me underscore the idea of freedom. You don’t have to take my word for it; take a left-of-center Harvard sociologist by the name of Orlando Patterson who did a book called *Slavery and Social Death*, in which he points out that the word “freedom” itself is a Western construct, and to the extent to which it exists in any other country today it is by import. Any education that leaves out Western civ invariably leaves out ideas that have been world capturing. How can we understand what might be going on in the Middle East at this very moment without understanding freedom, democracy, and capitalism?

LEGACY: As recently as the State of the Union address, we hear prominent public figures issuing a kind of call-to-arms for educational training that is scientific and engineering-based. It suggests a prevailing concern that the educational system in America is somehow being left behind by the rest of the world because its graduates are not being trained adequately in engineering and mathematics. What does that say about the future of the humanities? Does that argument threaten the tradition of liberal education?

PAQUETTE: What I would say is that a good educational system has to have variety. There are places where students should, I think, specialize in high-powered mathematics and science. The problem that I have is that there

are elite liberal arts colleges out there who have betrayed their mission. The purpose of a liberal arts education is not to get a student to concentrate during his or her freshman year in mathematics and science. You might ask me, what is the purpose of a liberal arts education? And here I would say something that is very concerning when it comes to ruling elites in this country and elsewhere. The purpose of a liberal arts education should be to acquaint students with different approaches to the acquisition of knowledge. At one level there are only three ways that we know things: reason, history, and experience. We have students at liberal arts colleges today who are graduating with no history. All disciplines to some extent

“The purpose of a liberal arts education should be to acquaint students with different approaches to the acquisition of knowledge.”



reflect a mix of those three ways of knowing things. When a student takes a good liberal arts education, they should graduate being prepared with these multiple approaches to the acquisition of knowledge to deal with a very complex reality, with the freedom to choose. That is the most important thing; it is to have that ability to choose how you engage that complicated reality.

LEGACY: You come back two hundred years from now and step on a liberal arts college campus. What do you see?

PAQUETTE: Maybe I would see a museum. I think I agree with a man name Richard Vedder, an economist, that there is a coming crisis in American higher education. We have places now where students are paying \$50,000 to \$55,000 a year for higher education. In many ways the parents are buying a reputation, and in many cases an inflated reputation. I think

with the new technologies there are going to be new ways to become educated that are far better and far cheaper, that will force places like Hamilton, or even Ivy League schools, to change their ways.

Look, you don’t need a lot of fancy buildings and fancy equipment to get a first-rate liberal arts education. Science is a different matter, because you do have to buy the technology and the labs, etc. But it seems to me that if you get some very bright people who get financial backing and have very skillful use of the Internet and broadcasting, etc., that the potential exists for people to buy in, at a very reasonable rate, to a first-rate liberal arts education where you do learn those different approaches to the acquisition of knowledge, where you do read seriously, and study seriously what the best and brightest have had to offer over millennia.

LEGACY: This hasn’t been exactly a sanguine look at the field of battle right now. What is the hope for higher education, certainly insofar as it leads to both civic engagement and, really, the future of the United States?

PAQUETTE: Here’s my hope: To be honest with you, and I say this without flattery, the hope lies in institutions like yours, the Watson-Brown Foundation. It lies in the programs like the James Madison Program. It lies, we think, in places like the Alexander Hamilton Institute, although understand: we’ve only been in existence for three years but we’re very ambitious. So I do think that in the country there are these kindred-spirit organizations. Some of them are on campus, some of them are off campus, and they are reaching young minds. I think the hope is in the younger generation. Can you reach them? That’s what we’re trying to do. We’re also trying to reach not just young minds, but senior citizens. We have continuing education, we have book clubs, and things like this, so we cast our net broadly. I find that young and old, if you present the material fair-mindedly and have civil discussions, that it raises in their minds questions that perhaps they have not thought about before. They recognize that there are some problems out there that need to be addressed. So that’s where I have the hope.

I do think that these kindred-spirit organizations that are out there are reaching people and doing good work. I think that they, coupled with both domestic and international crises, are focusing the attention particularly of middle class people on the future, because they feel pressured, they feel squeezed, they know they are not going in the right direction. They’re out there looking for people who intelligently can plot some reform.

LEGACY: Thank you very much.



SESQUIHOOPLA



The Presentation of Slavery in Public History

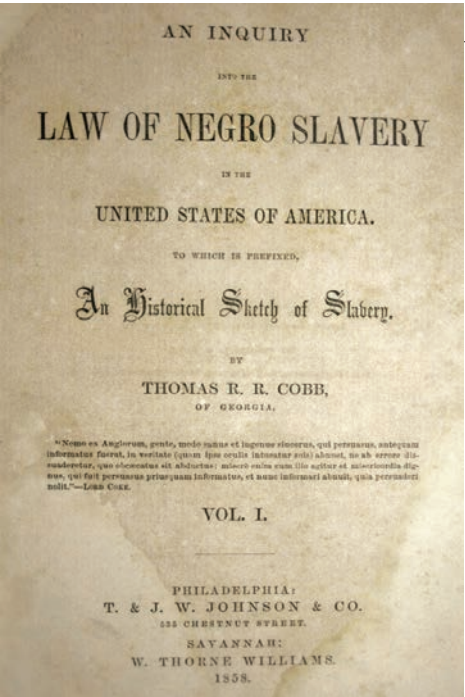
BY SAMUEL N. THOMAS, JR.

The beginning of most important marker in the history of the United States, the Civil War, is now 150 years old. The manners in which the sesquicentennial will be observed by those charged as stewards of public history has predictably erupted in loud controversy. Prominent critics point rearward to the atmosphere of the centennial of the war, an “event” some contemporary historians dismiss as a maudlin celebration, notably in the South, that failed to take seriously its complexities, and especially the legacy of slavery.

In few areas of American life is our historical memory so charged with politics as that of slavery. Even in the abstract, the topic is difficult to discuss. In *Slavery and Public History*, Ira Berlin points out that, “What makes slavery so difficult for Americans, both black and white, to come to terms with is that slavery encompasses two conflicting ideas — both with equal validity and with equal truth, but with radically different implications. One says that slavery is one of the great crimes in human history; the other says that men and women dealt with the crime and survived it and even grew strong because of it. One says slavery is our great nightmare; the other says slavery left a valuable legacy.”

Historians study memory as part of their attempt in the reconstruction of an event or events. “History is what trained historians do,” writes David Blight, one of the country’s prominent public historians, “a reasoned reconstruction of the past rooted in research; it tends to be critical and skeptical of human motive and action, and therefore more secular than what people commonly call memory ... Memory is passed down through generations; history is revised.” How should interpreters and educators present their historic sites to a wide constituency of visitors? The answer is through responsible scholarship and by demonstrating historical context.

For those attracted to controversial figures, T.R.R. Cobb presents a striking example of the



intellectual and ethical challenge. To be sure, Thomas Reade Rootes Cobb was a patriot: He loved his God, his family, his state, and his country; possibly in that order. He was a slaveholder. When war erupted, Cobb served as an officer in the Confederate army.

In the immediate years leading to the Civil War, Cobb became one of the strongest proponents for Southern nationalism, served as a member of the Georgia secession convention, and was chief architect of the Confederate Constitution. On the battlefield, Cobb commanded ably. He died at the battle of Fredericksburg not yet forty years old.

Cobb also was a prominent legal scholar. In 1858, he published his opus, *An Inquiry into the Law of Negro Slavery in the United States*, a formal study eight years in the making that forcefully argued slavery’s natural, historical, and legal legitimacy. The tome’s expanse is as impressive as is its patent racism, and its

publication won Cobb national acclaim as a legitimate authority on slave and property law.

These facts are pretty clean. Now for the complicated mix of context: Cobb was Southern and he was human. Consider the following quotation from Cobb’s *Inquiry*:

“The history of the negro race then confirms the conclusion to which an inquiry into the negro character had brought us: that a state of bondage, so far from doing violence to the law of this nature, develops and perfects it; and that, in that state, he enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, and arrives at the greatest degree of perfection of which his nature is capable.”

Now square that with an excerpt from a letter Cobb wrote his wife from the battlefield:

“Two negroes ran away from the Ala. Regt. (8th) today, one belonging to Col. Winston. They have doubtless gone to the Yankees. I told Jesse about it and said to him that if he wanted to go, come to me and I would give him a pass.”

Jesse, a slave, was Cobb’s personal servant. The referenced pass would have allowed free passage through the Confederate lines. Was Cobb, tireless advocate of slavery, consciously offering Jesse his freedom? Or was he simply extending a de facto furlough, with the hope that the “faithful slave” would return after a weekend romp?

History will never know. Obviously, the two were close. Jesse remained in Cobb’s company until his death at Fredericksburg. Jesse returned to Athens, Georgia with his master’s casket and walked with the family and most of Clarke County in the funeral procession.

The bottom line is that history needs to be confronted and questioned. For the next four years, millions of visitors will tour and read, listen to and touch the precious threads of Civil War-era historical sites across the country.

If they walk away scratching their heads, then public history has done its job well.



MAKING HISTORY COME ALIVE



Sticks & Stones

Barn Again: A Unique Adaptive Reuse

BY MICHELLE L. ZUPAN

“Close the eye a moment and look at the picture fancy paints. Every field in Georgia is there, every field in the South is there. And in each, the figures are the same—the steady mule and the steady man, and the pattering feet of the children dropping corn. In these furrows, lies the food of the republic; on these fields depend life, and health, and happiness.”

Thomas E. Watson, *Planting Corn*, Prose Miscellanies, 1912

Hickory Hill boasts a lovely red barn — high peaked roof over a hayloft, tin roof, all of the trappings of a fine old barn. It once housed Charolais cows and calves. However, it was not Tom Watson who raised the calves. The barn is a “new” structure on the property, constructed by Walter J. Brown in the 1950s as part of his growing cattle operation.

The red barn today sits where Tom Watson’s barn once did. Watson purchased his log barn from the Methodist Church after it had served its purpose for a very fancy tent revival. When Watson died, the barn logs were sold yet again. But what is a historic site without a barn? Cows and horses were unrealistic given the time involved in their care; goats would eat Dexter’s beautiful gardens so they were out — but what to do with this nonhistoric barn to manage it as a vibrant part of Hickory Hill’s interpretation? Then the “aha” moment — restrooms, of course!

It seems that when we need to build something around the Foundation restrooms always float to the surface as the suitable project. The barn would make dandy facilities to accommodate both small people here on field trips and tall people here for special events. But a barn would host a lot of potties. What to do with all the extra space? It could contain a large exhibition space for farm implements and a space between the two for field trip programming. As our landscape team exclaims, “Perfecto!”

Over the past year, the barn has undergone a dramatic transformation. The north side of the barn morphed into the fanciest barn potties around, or so we have been told. The south side is now a large exhibition space devoted to the history of Rural Free Delivery and the agricultural history of the Tom Watson Watermelon. In between is a long space suitable for handmade Hickory Hill benches and tables to seat small people

working on nature or history projects.

The Barn Exhibit is open during the hours when the mansion is open for tours. To honor Tom Watson’s role in the creation of Rural Free Delivery, a horse-drawn mail delivery wagon is on exhibit along with other artifacts related to RFD and the changes it brought to farmers across America. In 1900, a Florida farmer developed the Tom Watson Watermelon variety. In McDuffie County, most of those watermelons were grown by Watson’s brother William “Top” Watson and his family. Top’s grandson, Paul Watson, donated many pieces of machinery and artifacts from the family seed operation, including a seed thresher, a fanning mill, and a seed dryer. These pieces, and others, are on long-term exhibit in the Barn. The corn shucker used at Hickory Hill over the 108 years is also on exhibit. Oh, and the barn potties will be available during your visit, should nature call.

Forest for the Trees

Green Thoughts on Flitting Philanthropy

BY DEXTER RHODES

My mother used to say no good deed goes unpunished. I seem to remember her mumbling this while she cleaned dishes after our Baptist minister would visit on Sundays and stay right through supper. He liked to eat. My sisters and I held him in awe, not for the power of his word but for that of his jaws. He could do something fearsome to a plate of fried chicken, pole beans, rice and gravy, sliced tomatoes and biscuits. Shaking his head, my father would later call the preacher’s performances “damned miraculous.”

I must take after my mother, because I have a hard time saying “no” to folks. I’m forever doing chores for the neighbors whose property abuts the Foundation’s. I cut downed limbs in Mrs. McCorkle’s yard and help Ms. Thomas prune her camellias. They seem to know my work routine, because every time I’m poised to set about my weekly tasks that border their property, they pop up at our fence. “Dexter, dear,” they always say, “would you mind”

I never mind. My boss, who has a particular affinity for the word “no,” once squeezed my mouth softly in an attempt to help me pronounce the word. “It is the easiest word to pronounce in the English language,” he said. “Try it.”

It never took. Besides, critters don’t understand people-speak anyway. Ever tried to say “no” to a butterfly? Let me get at my meaning.

I maintain a butterfly garden here along the back forty, because years ago the Foundation got all tangled up in Monarchs Across Georgia, a program that fosters education about the habits, travels, and biology of Monarch butterflies. When the boss wasn’t looking, I built a butterfly

garden, a butterfly rearing house, and milkweed host plant habitat. Then, so pleased with my accomplishments, I landscaped the area and built seating for kids. Guess what? We now claim the first Certified Pollinator Monarch Garden (say that fast) in our area!

All that work attracted students and teachers long before the first butterfly showed. Then we started hosting teacher workshops. That’s when I met Jenny Landrum.

Like me, Ms. Landrum got all worked up about butterflies — she “saw the light,” as our old preacher used to say — and asked if I would design and help build one at her school. I looked around the room, and seeing that my boss wasn’t present, I whispered, “Yes!”

So I visited her school, met with administrators, and drew up some plans. They included a plant list, an irrigation plan, and instructions for building raised beds. Ms. Landrum and her principal were so impressed with my work that they asked if the Foundation would help install the garden. “Are you kidding?” I asked. “Sure we would!”

So I set about purchasing plants and lumber and soil amendments, then hauled my equipment and all the stuff to Augusta to install the garden. With a little time and money invested, we built her the prettiest little garden you ever saw. We planted foxglove, verbena, pansies, lantana, dianthus, black-eyed Susans, Shasta daisies, tall verbena, and narrow-leaf sunflower, blazing star, phlox, and all kinds of milkweed. I even located some rotting wood on which the butterflies could lay eggs. Large wax myrtles around the garden perimeter block wind so our pollinators can

flutter about. The garden now has birdbaths, water features, and an herb bed. Halleluiah, but it’s a regular oasis in the desert of the inner city!

Then Ms. Landrum said something about today’s kids not knowing about proper dietary habits. “We can fix that!” I said. So we staked out another small portion of land behind her school and dedicated it for vegetable gardening. I planted tomatoes and peppers and prepared beds for squash and okra. I even designed a worm-casting bed to be installed in the future.

Jenny Landrum sure is sweet. She said in return for all my hard work she was going to invite me to what she called a “formal dedication.” “Aw shucks,” I replied. “It wasn’t nuthin’.”

But I can’t wait to go. When I ask for the time off, I know what my boss is going to say.

“Dexter,” he’ll start, all serious like, “is this a personal day off?”

“No,” I’ll reply, “it’s work related!”

And he’ll be so floored that I used his favorite word he won’t ask nothing further about Ms. Landrum’s garden he helped build!

See you in the garden. And if you can’t find me, I’m likely in Augusta playing with butterflies.



THE FLIP SIDE

Part II: The Sting

BY TAD BROWN

In the South—our part of the South, the one that teeters on the ragged line between the Piedmont and the Coastal Plain, where pines and oaks are forced to fight one another for territory of sand and clay, the one bounded on the east by what remains of the once mighty and free flowing Savannah River and on the west by that man-made postbellum disaster known as Atlanta — snow rarely falls.

This day was an anomaly. On this December day, snow poured from the heavens in mournful, wet clumps as large as handfuls of Baby’s Breath. So rare was such a natural display, the kind that questions daily routine and shocks societal order so that otherwise intelligent people nervously flock to grocery stores and mutinous children head to the streets and hillsides to test gravity with cookie sheets and trash can lids, that I, too, was seduced into challenging the fragile boundaries of a normal workweek.

The Weather Channel told it all: light sleet turning to snow, no wind, high temperature of perhaps thirty degrees. “Son,” I said selfishly, “if ever there was a time to kill a duck at our farm, that moment has come. Whadya say we play hooky, grab the shotguns and the dog and hit the second pond at daybreak?” Junior Management just smiled.

At five the next morning we gathered at the coffee pot and assembled our gear in the darkness: rubber boots, facemasks, wool all

over, a Model ’97 in sixteen for me, a twenty automatic for him, a single leather leash for the dog. Calls and decoys were pointless, inasmuch as we were deer hunters whose combined



experience at proper duck hunting amounted to one weekend during early teal season in the reclaimed phosphate pits of balmy northeast Florida. Besides, I figured we’d have at best two

passes of woodies and mergansers at daybreak before the hunt ended.

As I finished my coffee the boy nodded to the dog, whose docked tail indicated wild anticipation of fun with the boys. “Do you think he’s up to it?” He asked. The question was worth sober consideration.

Bergamy Brown had arrived in our family’s life two winters back with the full knowledge that his master had cruelly kidnapped him from the familiarity of a warm mother and six playful siblings. He had barfed all the way to his new home (“Remember,” warned Joni, “puppies are prone to car sickness during their first ride ...”) and upon delivery to my wife looked woefully sodden. Somewhere between Gresham and Evans our perfect puppy had regurgitated all shine and frolic that was in him and what I deposited into the lap of my better half looked for all the world like a weary old man: heavy lids covering dull eyes, lifeless ears, impossibly large genitalia all of which seemed to droop and run like water through her gentle hands. A loose sack of marbles had more consistency than our new best friend.

The sudden arrival of my children, who fought one another off the school bus to get to the dog first, barely improved his disposition. In fact, it was weeks before our tender-hearted Boykin begrudgingly accepted as his own the new family and its environs.

We named him with respect and without conscious irony for a family that shared with mine a life etched from history around a big white house. For at least three generations and likely more, Bergamys had been with Browns, each family balancing with apparent ease loyalty with opportunism, hard work with mischief in a wonderfully complex world barely two steps removed from those recognized at a distance by Phillips, Genovese, Scarborough and others. In my teen years, I longed to trade my urban shackles for rural work detail and when allowed would flee to a hereditary farmstead in McDuffie County where I was taught to fish and to shoot, to skin game and to cook, to drive and to laugh at the able ebony hands of two Bergamy brothers. Our shared existence was bounded only by property lines, kitchen walls, and the myriad needs of my grandfather. Mundane chores around the house held similar humorous delight as did our romps for squirrels in the autumn woods or quests for bream and bass in the farm ponds. It is difficult now to reflect upon that fraternal past without invoking nostalgia for that which teetered mostly on tradition. As surely as we grew, fate and fickle climate strained understandings and relationships that had been forged for centuries and with the stroke of a pen ran into the swamps forever all the richness of those days.

So with memory alone guiding my decision, I exercised appropriate paternal will and ordained the dog “Bergamy.” The children, who initially had other ideas, capitulated in the belief that there was something melodic to the name. For his part, the dog seemed agreeable.

Training followed naming. I set out to teach a puppy to be a dog, a ticklish proposition given my general dearth of experience and my newfound sappy fondness for things fun and furry. I soon discovered how quickly the tables turn.

Our lessons began with frozen bird wings hidden in the bushes of the front yard. “Hunt dead,” I commanded, then pointed firmly into the shrubbery. On the third try Bergamy, to my amazement, stuck his nose into the bush, smelled something that genes and instinct identified as prey, and extracted the wing with his mouth. He then set about eating the wing.

This canine Easter egg hunt lasted for weeks in various locations of our yard. It was successfully followed by lessons of “sit” and “heel.” The dog took to hand signals with

admirable enthusiasm. However, the train completely ran off the tracks at the lesson on retrieving.

Presumably like all puppies, Bergamy believed the game of chase was far more enjoyable than that of fetch, and no amount of coaxing or discipline from his master would get him to retrieve. I read books on dog training. I tried the hot dog trick, the fishing rod trick, but in the end neither mattered: Bergamy would locate, pounce,



and sit. If I approached, his tail would begin to wag, and at the moment of truth, Bergamy would explode into a shuck-and-jive game of dodge. Refusing to chase, I would ultimately retreat to the house, where, of course, the dog would follow sans retrieval dummy.

In time frustrated training gave way to matters of more import, and I resigned that my dog would waddle happily through life with the equivalent of an eighth grade education. We nevertheless hunted him. Bergamy scored As on enthusiasm and attitude, Bs on scenting and flushing, C+s on locating downed birds. Retrieving, all hunters and guides agreed, would require remedial education.

The other problem was water. If it is true that Boykin spaniels were initially bred for

work in the swamps of the Pee Dee, Bergamy’s specific lineage was anchored in Arizona. At a young age, our Boykin showed an unusual ambivalence towards things wet. Wading along the pond was fine; swimming something else again. I attributed this stage of canine retardation to an unfortunate fishing trip, where young Bergamy suddenly plunged off the boat in an attempt to nab a bobber. When the shiny liquid surface gave way beneath him, only swift action by his master and a fish net brought him back to solid foundation. Once in the boat, he shook off the liquid terror and gave me a look that said, “That was a dirty trick.”

Boykins have long memories. Perplexed over the water challenge, I hauled him to a friend’s lake house to play with the owner’s Lab. My dog was fully content to watch the Lab exhaust itself in the water from the safety of the dock. In fact, the only time Bergamy took the plunge was when his master joined the host for a boat ride and took off across the lake. Only then did my loyal dog wade in the water and begin to swim after the boat. The pitiful sight had me believing the dubious history of the Boykin, the dark legend that the origin of the breed was nothing but a hapless mutt that had fallen off a circus train in Spartanburg, South Carolina.

So now at the coffee pot we skeptically discussed the likelihood that our fluffy landlubber might perform as a duck dog. “I don’t know,” I answered the boy, “but perhaps if he sees birds falling from the sky he’ll get inspired. Shoot straight.”

For once, we did. Thirty minutes before dawn we crunched through the snow and took up concealed positions around the water. In the darkness we could hear pairs of woodies whistling overhead and splashing in the pond, which was just beginning to ice at its edges. When the gray gave way to enough light to illuminate the snowflakes, the boy and I unloaded.

A group of four flew low to the pond, then circled and climbed in one huge loop. For a moment I thought they had spooked, but then watched as they joined another small group I had not seen, completed one more circle above the pond together and then quickly descended. As they made the pass six feet from the water, I yelled, “Now!”

The boy fired as boys do: three shots in rapid succession. One duck splashed. His fire flushed the ducks already on the pond, and when they raced past just inches from the water I wrecked one with a full choked load of number 6s then

swung on another, this one now rising with speed, pasted the bead a half a bird length ahead and, still swinging, fired again. To my amazement, that duck cartwheeled. Literally not a minute into the hunt and our shooting had ended.

We gathered our belongings and made our way through the snow down the bank. Three wood ducks, white tummies up, serenely floated on the pond. The boy stacked our guns and gear against two pines. I gravely ushered to the water’s edge our leashed Boykin. His tail vibrated furiously.

I released the clasp, placed my hand down on the forehead of the dog, pointing to the closest bird, and said, “Bergamy, hunt dead.”

The command was unnecessary—the dog could plainly see the bird. For a moment, nothing happened. Then he gingerly made his way to the water, whined, and looked back.

“Now, Bergamy. Dead bird.”

My Boykin put two feet in the water, smelled it, whined some more and then slowly committed the rear two. When he got chest high, his eyes fully trained on his target, tail still wagging, instinct suddenly collapsed into common sense. He turned, climbed out of the pond, ascended the hill to my feet, sat in the snow and looked straight at me. His eyes seemed to say, “OK, Dad, give it to me. Any reprimand is better than the wet and the cold.”

*“He’s not defective,”
I said. “Like the
rest of us he needs
a mentor. He needs
a lead dog.”*



Junior Management regarded the dog. “I think it’s defective,” he said, invoking a line from a favorite movie.

I looked down at our furry mess, which now sensing that punishment was not immediately at hand, contently rolled into a ball at our feet. “He’s not defective,” I said. “Like the rest of us he needs a mentor. He needs a lead dog.”

“We seem to be all out of those,” quipped the boy as he gazed at the ducks that even now were collecting a fine dust of snow.

I thought for a moment. “Maybe not.” And with an air of insane determination, I began to disrobe.

“You’re not ...” he said.

When I was down to my long johns, I turned seriously to the boy, who was now taking on the complexion of a valet stand for all the clothing I had draped over him. “If I have a heart attack and drown, lie to your mother. Tell her I was doing something heroic.” With that I plunged into the pond.

There are rare moments in life when perceived good ideas, hatched on impulse, mature in a fraction of a second into events of alarming consequence; times when a second state of consciousness, one completely devoid of emotion, takes hold of the mind and broadcasts erstwhile romantic notions in high definition fidelity. In my life, these crystalline moments always followed the heels of transgression.

I remember an evening after a high school football game when a celebratory race down a campus sidewalk in a dilapidated convertible seemed like quality entertainment. My exuberance was cut short quite suddenly when I squealed around a corner and nearly flattened a pedestrian who turned out to be my Bible teacher. Only a barely controlled slide prevented him from an untimely meeting with his Savior. After more than twenty-five years of reflection, I still do not know how I might explain that event to Saint Peter.

In my adult life, I gasp for air when I recall an otherwise noble attempt to forestall injury to an aged member of the construction crew charged with restoring Hickory Hill. On a whim, I volunteered for his mission to clean out a 100-year-old, 45-foot well. When I was manually lowered to the bottom, perched on what amounted to a wooden child’s swing, the block-and-tackle failed. One sees life differently (and recalls with less enthusiasm the short stories of Edgar Allen Poe) while gulping

dwindling oxygen and staring at moss-covered bricks that are slowly excreting water drop by drop while hushed voices forty feet above casually debate whether the situation warrants a call to 911.

So it was with the retrieval of the ducks. When the frigid water shocked the air from my lungs, all blood racing inward, I suddenly recalled reading in outdoor magazines dire warnings about capsized boats and sailors and hypothermia. For a moment I thought I better leave manhood on the pond and breaststroke a hasty retreat to shore.

Then something strange happened. From another bizarre place in my brain, perhaps one of hope, I saw YouTube videos of so many pale Muscovites, members of so-called Polar Bear clubs, who seemed to enjoy splashing around the numbing waters of frozen Russian lakes. Of course, they were fat and drunk, two valuable assets I did not possess at the time.

So I swam quickly. The first duck was close, maybe twenty yards, and I grabbed him with my right hand, then abruptly changed course and headed twice that far to retrieve the next one. Any thoughts that exercise would warm my extremities were dismissed as fiction, because my marathon wasn’t getting any easier. I was simultaneously shivering and panting. I made the second bird, snatched it with my left hand, then turned 45 degrees to the third point of my nautical triangle. I raced to this one and, all out of hands, did what came naturally: I grabbed the bird’s neck with my mouth. I then turned to head home.

Anything but graceful, I made it to shore, where Junior Management was teary-eyed with laughter and Bergamy wiggled with pride in his master. Shaking beyond control, I dropped to the ground two birds from my hands, let the third fall from my mouth on top of my dog, and shouted at him, “Hunt Dead!” Then barefooted and nearly naked, I ran through the woods to the heater in the truck.

Later that evening, beyond the hilarious recounting of our adventures to family and friends, after satisfying to my long-suffering bride that I had not begun a premature and precipitous mental decline, I retreated with a drink to the quiet and the fire in the family room. Bergamy watched from the kitchen, rose and slowly followed. He put his head in my lap. We looked at one another for a long time.

“I’ll be damned but you’re one hell of a dog,” I said as I rubbed his head, all the while searching the reflections in his eyes for the shadows of time.

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The Lyceum Building at the University of Mississippi was completed in 1848 and remains the oldest building on campus. Originally the only academic building of the university, the revival style Lyceum still shows marks of time, from its service as a Confederate hospital to the violence of the Civil Rights era.

Congratulations to Shannon Theobald who won a \$25 gift card to Barnes & Noble for her correct answer!