

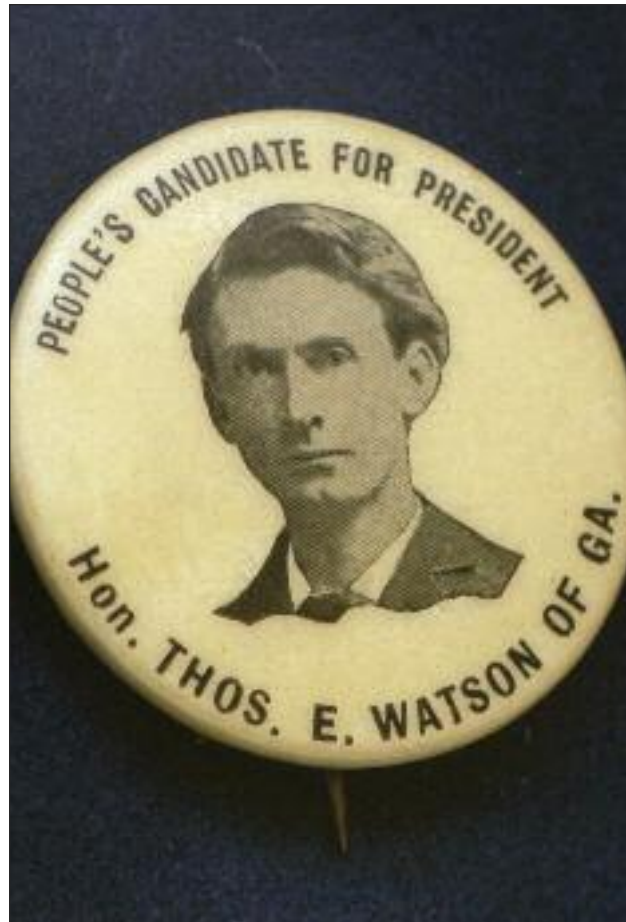
# *The Legacy*

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*“As long as selfish and dishonest leaders could make the South believe that Democracy, as they practiced it, was identical with the integrity of southern life—social, political, and commercial—it was utterly impossible to awaken the public conscience to a sense of the dangers of ballots suppressed, majorities manufactured to order, election returns cooked to suit the taste of the wire puller, and the laws of the land bent into supple instruments of political intrigue.”*

– Thomas E. Watson, 1894

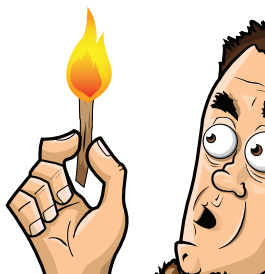




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On our cover: Antique postcard of Wall Street,  
New York City, c. 1913

## 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



After attending the University of Georgia for two years, **Chris Hearon** decided to pursue a career in pharmacy. He applied to the College of Pharmacy at UGA, and, after a few weeks of nervous anticipation, found out he had been accepted. His first semester in pharmacy school confirmed that he had chosen the right path, and Chris has since been elected to leadership positions, such as corresponding secretary of Kappa Psi Pharmaceutical Fraternity and social chair of the Academy of Student Pharmacists (ASP). He says, “A lot of this success is due to the dedication and support I’ve received from Watson-Brown over the past four years (dating back to the Junior Board!). Thanks, Watson-Brown!”



*Chris Hearon (left)*

Sophomore **Katie Guillot** has been dancing her way through Brigham Young University. This fall, she was accepted as a dance major, participated on the college’s International Folk Dance Team, and competed at BYU’s DanceSport Championships for waltz, tango, and triple swing. Along with majoring in dance, Katie is also pursuing a nursing degree with the intent on becoming a physician assistant. To gain experience in the field, she worked as a nursing assistant at a local doctor’s office and as a volunteer in the intensive care unit at a Provo, Utah, hospital. When school is not in session, Katie pursues other passions. “This past summer after my freshman year, I had the opportunity of visiting Key West, Florida, to go swimming with dolphins and stingrays, something I have always wanted to do!” This summer, she plans to volunteer at an orphanage in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia (and also travel throughout Europe). “I am so excited to be able to utilize my skills for a Third World country and be humbled by their hospitality and love. I cannot believe how fast time is flying, but I love every moment of it!” says Katie.

**Ruth Miller** has an active volunteer schedule, whether at school at Wheaton College in Illinois or in her hometown of Greenville, South Carolina. At Wheaton, she works for World Relief, an organization that takes care of refugees from all over the world, primarily from Africa, Iraq, Burma, and Bhutan. World Relief finds housing for them and helps empower them to live in America. Ruth works with high school students, tutoring them once a week for three hours. She either assists them with their homework or helps them with their English. “My student, Ayestar, is 15 years old and knows hardly any English,” says Ruth. “When we first met, she could only say ‘My name is Ayestar’ and ‘I’m good!’ She’s improving, but slowly!” Building relationships is key to the success of the program.

When Ruth is home in Greenville, she works with inner-city kids through the Frazee Dream Center, an organization that offers structure and resources (academic, emotional, spiritual, and physical—dinner every night) to children who are from families below the poverty line. She has volunteered there for almost two years now. “This is my heartbeat and where I spend almost all of my time when I’m at home!” says Ruth. She is pictured with one of her second graders there.



*Ruth Miller*



**Bonnie Keel, in her own words:** “It’s crazy to think about how far I have come since first setting foot on Mercer’s Campus four years ago. As a senior looking back, I have had so many opportunities because of the support of my family, friends, professors, mentors, and, of course, the financial support from the Watson-Brown Foundation. After declaring my major in business-event planning, I started searching for an internship to get a first-hand look at the field I wished to enter. My junior year, I took a semester-long internship with the International Cherry Blossom Festival in Macon, Georgia. I learned about the many facets of event planning, while contributing to the organization of the ten-day annual festival. My duties included designing a map to encompass the entire park, including all attractions, vendors, parking, and traffic flow, I was able to hire and manage the talent that filled our stage every hour the park was open, as well as interact with vendors, city officials, and our many volunteers. After that internship, I began to expand my interests in film and media. The campus minister from the Wesley Foundation at Mercer informed me about another internship in Macon with Good News Television Media Ministries. GNTV is an organization associated with the United Methodist Church that sets up and runs media production equipment for events all over the world. This past summer through my internship with GNTV, I was able to travel to seven new states and experience a side of event management that I had never seen before. I greatly expanded my knowledge of audio, video, and lighting equipment and was able to gain valuable experience in the area of video production. Upon completion of my internship, I decided to extend my education through a second major in media studies, while remaining on track to graduate in May 2010. These two internships have been extremely rewarding and have taught me so much about myself and the industry I now wish to join. I’m not sure where I will be in after commencement on May 15, 2010, but I know that I am more prepared to enter my field due to the valuable knowledge and experience I have gained.”

**Kelsey Brookie, in her own words:** “Over the past year, I have learned a lot about myself and caught a small glimpse of what my future as a nurse will look like. I participated in an eight-week-long externship at Regency Hospital of Greenville, South Carolina. It is a long-term, acute-care facility made up of half medical-surgical patients and half high-observation critical-care patients. At Regency, I worked twelve-hour shifts and handled the responsibilities and workload of a full-time nurse. After my internship, they offered me a PRN (as needed) Nurse Tech position, which I work part-time while I am in school.

Another area of health care that I have been fortunate to work in is home health. I currently work for a family who has had a family member suffer from a stroke. I visit with her a few days a week, performing physical therapy, occupational therapy, life skills, and personal hygiene.

With working, planning a wedding, and preparing for graduation, I feel as though my last year at Clemson has flown by. My favorite class senior year was OB, where I got the opportunity



*Kelsey Brookie*

to care for high-risk pregnant women; help with delivery; and provide care, such as monitoring fetal heart tones, taking the first vital signs, and bottle-feeding babies.

Also this year, I have been given many opportunities to use my Spanish skills. In OB, I got to use it often, as I sometimes assisted doctors and nurses with communication between them and the patient. I will also get to use it soon in an upcoming community class medical mission trip: A group of nursing students and professors will be traveling to Ecuador during our spring break to open a five-day clinic in the middle of the jungle.

As you can see, I am very blessed to be receiving this Clemson education, and I once again have to thank the Watson-Brown Foundation for giving me this experience.”

**Caroline Bowman, in her own words:** “I spent almost four months in Europe (mainly in Ireland and the United Kingdom, but visited eight countries total) this past fall with a group of students and professors from Furman University. Our studies included political and economic institutions of the European Union, political structures of the United Kingdom, national identity as perceived through art and literature, and cultural diversity. As I had never been out of the United States prior to August, this was a unique and wonderful opportunity. My fall term in Europe was the experience of a lifetime, and it has given me a wider appreciation for European economic and political issues and a genuine love of travel.”



# Campus Notes



**Timothy McClimon** has recently had unique opportunities to give back to Wofford College. This past fall, he worked with seven other students to digitize the forms for Wofford Health Services as part of a software engineering class. "The digitization will help the nurses greatly, as it will make their jobs easier, and it contributes to Wofford's efforts to become paperless

and environmentally friendly," says Timothy. Since the summer, he has also been working with the Wofford Department of Information Management as a student Web developer. Some of his responsibilities with this internship include updating Web content and using his programming knowledge to create new Web pages. In addition, he is excited to participate in an on-campus-interim project this January called "Who's Your Number One?". In this class, students learn about and rank the 100 most influential people of the twentieth century. "Most of us do not even know the names of some people who greatly affect our daily lives, while we have heard about people who do not make as much of an impact on society," says Timothy.



*Above: Mandi Haroldson with a camper.*

*Below: Ryan Clegg*

A psychology major at Berry College in Rome, Georgia, **Mandi Haroldson** spent the past summer working at Camp Ramapo in Rhinebeck, New York. Located in the beautiful Hudson Valley region of the state, Ramapo is a not-for-profit camp that serves children with a range of emotional, behavioral, and learning problems. Mandi was assigned to work with boys, ages 13 to 15. With each challenge came rewarding successes as the boys learned to make better choices and developed confidence and concern for others. Mandi will be graduating from Berry in December 2010 and plans to pursue graduate studies in occupational therapy.

**Ryan Clegg, senior at Florida Institute of Technology, in her own words:** "I spent last summer interning at NASA's Kennedy Space Center (KSC), where I researched compaction and magnetic-flow properties of lunar soil and lunar simulants. I worked in a lab designing and performing experiments, and got to compare my results with some actual lunar soil from the Apollo 16 mission. It was a very exciting moment for me, since I got to see and hold real lunar soil and discover properties of simulants that had not yet been determined. NASA has asked me to go to Germany this summer to present some of my research, and I have already been to one conference, with two others possibly lined up in the next few months.

This summer, I also took a summer class after work,





volunteered with a local youth group, and visited grad schools. I have decided to study planetary science in graduate school and spent the last semester and Christmas break filling out applications and making visits to talk to professors. I have applied to nine schools and am now in the waiting process to find out where I will end up. It's an exciting yet scary time of transition, especially since right now I don't know where I'll be or what I'll be doing in the fall. But I have discovered many exciting fields of research available and feel that I have been given great opportunities throughout college to learn how to work in the scientific field."



*Stephen Dominey*

**Stephen Dominey, in his own words:** "I'm currently attending Georgia Southern University in Statesboro, Georgia. I am working for my bachelors of science biology degree, and I am a pre-dental student, hoping to attend the Medical College of Georgia School of Dentistry in the future. One of my favorite things about GSU is my ability to perform undergraduate research for the university. This past summer, some of my fellow classmates and I worked for

the chemistry department with two of my professors acting as mentors. I am continuing my research for this spring 2009 semester, and I hope to gain more academic and real-world experience through the work. In my spare time, I work for my local Catholic church, and I help lead the pre-confirmation student's youth group. I also am a part of the Catholic college youth group here in Statesboro, the Catholic Eagles. Being a part of this group is such a rewarding experience. I get to meet and have fun with many new people all the time, and I have many peers encouraging me and helping me in my walk of faith. My Watson-Brown scholarship has helped me so much in my academic career, and I greatly appreciate all the help so generously given to me."

**Jasmine Williams, in her own words:** "My college experience has been great! I attend the University of West Georgia in Carrollton. However, college is totally different from high school. Entering college, you may think you are the best writer, but after the first paper you will be surprised. I was very shocked, but I did not let that discourage me. There are various programs and centers open to students in need of assistance. I have taken major advantage of almost all the services provided. This has tremendously helped me in my courses, which resulted in high grades. The staff and faculty are always willing to lend a helping hand. My professors are deeply committed and caring to all students. Anytime I do not understand

something, I am never afraid to ask. One thing that I advise to upcoming college students is have fun, but not too much fun. Time management is the key to success!"



*Cynthia Kibler*

**Cynthia Kibler, in her own words:** "My first semester of college wasn't as easy as I thought it was going to be, and I found out the hard way that you cannot just coast through a class and expect to make a decent grade. However, even though my first semester did not go as well as I had hoped, gradewise, it taught me a very valuable life lesson, that it's impossible to achieve something great if you do not believe in yourself. Since then, I have been trying extremely hard to not only live up to Clemson's high expectations but to achieve my own goals."



*Avery Hensley*

**Avery Hensley, in her own words:** "So apparently, college isn't high school—who knew? I went away for my first semester of college and I got drop-kicked through med school the next day! I entered into a pre-med learning community, and apparently that is a game they play to see who they can force to spontaneously combust first: the freshmen or the freshmen professors. I was pulling all-nighters in my first week of class; in fact, my entire suite of eight girls were,

and my professors were trying to learn the names of 300-plus students each! We were in it together, thank goodness, but by golly our brains were certified mush when Friday finally came trudging along. I came to appreciate having every class with the entire first floor of my dorm, because I knew they were tired as well from memorizing the book cover to cover in order to prepare for the possible plague known as the pop quiz. Needless to say, I quickly decided I wanted my mommy to hold me after I saw what the next eight-plus years of my life would look like, but boy, oh boy, is it going to be worth it in the end. So basically, here's to all you med-school aspirers: I feel your pain and excitement, and I hope that the future motivates you as it does me!"



## Jean Lopez: Scientific Conclusions



*Jean completed his undergrad at Yale in religious studies and now is enrolled there as a first-year med student.*

There's snow falling outside Jean Lopez's window in New Haven, Connecticut, as the first-year medical student studies a picture of a skull in Hamletesque contemplation. He's one step ahead of Shakespeare's tragic hero, though, answering the question "to be [a doctor], or not to be [a doctor]" in the affirmative when he enrolled in the Yale School of Medicine last fall.

Jean's interest in the field can be traced to photosynthesis—the simple result of botanical arithmetic: light + water = energy. Of course, he was familiar with the process by which plants make food by the time he took AP Biology at Augusta Christian, a nondenominational Christian school just outside Augusta,

Georgia. But as his teacher delved into the pathways of plants, chloroplasts, and stomata, Jean recalls, "I was awed."

Add to the fact that his father is a plastic surgeon, and it seems that a similar career equation—genuine interest in life sciences + (exposure to a successful doctor x 18 years) = biology degree—would follow. However, life does not always adhere to such a predictable formula, and when Jean enrolled as an undergrad at Yale in 2004, he chose religious studies as his major. "I already had an idea that I would go to med school, so I thought I wouldn't have another chance to explore these types of questions," he explains. So instead of pouring over chemical compounds and





anatomical drawings, Jean spent his time grasping ancient Judaism, exploring Eastern philosophy, and reflecting on questions of bioethics (a favorite subject of his).

Upon graduation and with medical school applications looming, Jean decided to use the next year to take his interest in psychiatry to real-world study, and four years of relentless New England winters spurred him toward the West coast. "I had never been to California before," he says, "and it has a sweet reputation for nice weather." He took a position as a researcher at UCLA. Using a computer test to determine impulsivity, his team studied whether having such a personality is a precursor to addiction.

***"Education is a silver bullet, and the fact that the Watson-Brown Foundation is committed to it is a powerful thing. The scholarship changed my life, and I'm grateful."***

By the time Jean received his acceptance letter from Yale School of Medicine, he had decided that psychiatry was not for him, which opened the door to such questions as: *Private practice or academic medicine? What specialty do I want to pursue? Neurology? Pathology?* And this is where we find him today, studying away in search of the answer.

So far, his journey has surprised him. As an undergrad, he took one lab, which he dreaded. "I thought I was just taking a small bit of liquid from one tube to the other," he remembers. Flash forward to the present, and if Jean isn't hunched over a scientific tome, he's probably in lab. "Turns out, I just didn't know enough science before, which made research seem tedious. Now, I think it's fun to ask questions and figure out ways to solve them," he says. And there really is a sense of general excitement in his voice when he talks about what he's currently researching, an effort to learn about the inner workings of tumors associated with Tuberous Sclerosis Complex, a rare disease. If his team is successful, it could lead to drugs to target this type of cancer.

And so Jean, for whom the growth of plants once held so much wonder, could consider a new equation about his own journey:

persistence + hard work = infinite possibilities. What he learns and discovers along the way is sure to leave him awed.



*Jean once dreaded lab, but now finds research rewarding—and even fun.*



#### **About The Author**

*Shannon Friedmann Hatch is a Watson-Brown alumna and a 2003 graduate of the University of Georgia's Grady School of Journalism and Mass Communication. She has been published in national magazines and Web sites, including Southern Accents and ELLEgirl.com, and worked in book publishing at Oxmoor House, a division of Southern Progress. She currently works for Health magazine and lives in Birmingham, Ala.*





## Vagabond Yankees and Other Fun Finds



*Maynard carbine carried by J.R. Phillips. We can only speculate as to the purpose of the Xs.*

### A Yankee Gun in Dixie

Building on its collection of Civil War artifacts relevant to Athens, Georgia, or its namesake, the T.R.R. Cobb House recently acquired a First Model Maynard carbine, serial number 5010.

The Maynard carbine was named for Dr. Edward Maynard, a New York native who attended the United States Military Academy at West Point and then practiced dentistry in Baltimore and Washington, D.C., in the 1840s and 1850s. Although he became known for numerous dental inventions, Maynard was famous for his firearm patents, some two dozen in all. In 1851, he patented a lever-operated, breech-loading rifle. Six years later his company, Maynard Arms, contracted out its manufacturing to the Massachusetts Arms Company, and Maynard carbines soon came off line. Success followed when Maynard was awarded a military contract by the U.S. Army Ordnance Department.

Because of its cartridge and loading system, the Maynard was rather novel for its day. Traditional rifles of the time were muzzle loading, that is, a charge of powder was poured into the barrel from the muzzle, followed by a patch and ball or a miniball. The shooter seated the ball with a ramrod. A percussion cap was then placed on a nipple found on the rifle's lock. The shooter then cocked the hammer and pressed the trigger. The hammer fall caused the percussion cap to explode, which in turn ignited the larger powder charge in the barrel.

Operation of the Maynard and other breech loaders was not so tedious. On the Maynard carbine, a lever beneath the rifle action, which also formed the trigger guard, "locked" the barrel to the

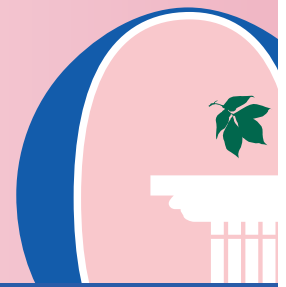
action. When the lever was operated forward, it allowed the barrel to pivot on a hinge in its action and fall forward, thus exposing the breech for loading. The Maynard used a metallic cartridge, similar to today's rifle and handgun cartridges, that contained both powder and bullet. Having inserted a cartridge into the chamber, the shooter then snapped the barrel back into place and cocked the hammer. First Model Maynards used the patented Maynard Tape Primer, a paper primer of mercury fulminate, rather than a percussion cap. Appearing much like a paper cap for a child's gun, the primer was placed on the nipple beneath the hammer. The Maynard fired a .50 caliber bullet from its 20-inch barrel.

The Massachusetts Arms Company produced roughly 5,000 First Model Maynards before the outbreak of the Civil War, many of which were purchased by state militias. Georgia, Mississippi, and Florida appear to have purchased the majority. A fire destroyed the Massachusetts Arms Company in January 1861, which halted production for two years. In 1863, the rebuilt factory began production of the Second Model Maynard. By the end of the Civil War, the federal government had purchased more than 20,000 rifles.

Because it was accurate, light (barely six pounds) and could be reloaded from horseback, the Maynard was particularly sought after by cavalry units. The carbine could also fire the newer cartridges produced for the Spencer and Henry rifles.

Now, on to Georgia. On June 28, 1861, an enlistment notice announcement for the "Richmond Hussars" appeared in Augusta's *Daily Chronicle & Sentinel*: "Each member will be





*Close-up of Maynard carbine stock.*

furnished with a Sharpe's [sic] carbine, revolver, sabre, belt, saddle, bridle, martingale, bit, and canteen." The Richmond Hussars became Company A of T.R.R. Cobb's Georgia Legion Cavalry, more commonly referred to as Cobb's Legion Cavalry. Although speculation, it is plausible that instead of issuing the similar Sharps, Georgia provided the men of Cobb's Legion Cavalry with Maynard carbines. That information alone, however, did not compel our acquisition of the artifact—it was the name.

Carved on the stock of the Maynard was the name "J.R. Phillips" and "Co. A." A bit of research in *Tutcher's Augusta City Directory* revealed that in early 1861, James R. Phillips was a salesman at Charles P. Ramsen's (a hat-and-cap store) on Broad Street in Augusta. On August 17, 1861, Phillips, age 16, enlisted from Columbia County, Georgia, as a private in Co. A of Cobb's Legion Cavalry. This company became part of Lt. Col. William G. Delony's squadron. Lieutenant Colonel Delony was an Athens lawyer and friend of T.R.R. Cobb's. The squadron saw hard fighting in the Seven Days battles, during the Antietam Campaign, and also fought at Brandy Station, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and Bentonville until its surrender at Greensboro, North Carolina, on April 26, 1865. J.R. Phillips died on March 3, 1922.

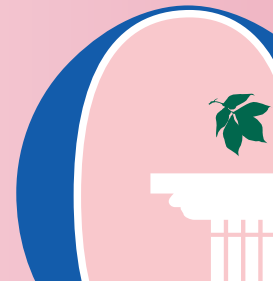
Other evidence supports the notion that Maynards were issued to Cobb's Legion. A recent article in *North South Trader's Civil War*, a periodical devoted to Civil War artifacts, documented the fight between the 3rd Indiana Cavalry and Cobb's Legion at the September 13, 1862, battle of Quebec School House in Maryland. During the fight, Union Pvt. Thomas Day was unhorsed and disarmed. Seeing the Confederate cavalry return, Private Day grabbed a "dead Confederate's gun" and jumped in nearby bushes. He survived the battle—and the war—as did the rifle. Private Day's family still owns that Maynard carbine.

Now with two known examples of Maynard carbines being carried by members of Cobb's Legion Cavalry, the evidence seems to be adding up that the Maynard carbine was the rifle with which the legion was initially armed.

### **A Yankee Turtle in Athens**

During the mid-nineteenth century, New York City was a center for high-style furniture. The French-inspired Rococo Revival style (1840-1870) was introduced in America in about 1840 and quickly became the prevalent fashion of the midcentury.





*Rococo Revival center table owned by Howell Cobb.*

Rococo Revival exhibits a strong feminine quality, with ornament carved in higher relief and decorative detail. It features richly carved motifs such as roses, leaves, grapes, scrolls, and shells. Favored woods included rosewood, mahogany, and walnut. Although rosewood was considered the wood of choice, mahogany furniture was more prevalent in the South. Rococo Revival was the style most often selected for parlors. Many parlors of the period included a center table with a scalloped marble top in the shape of a turtle. The tables are known as “turtle-tops.”

In June 2009, the Embury Cobb Rucker family of Atlanta donated to the T.R.R. Cobb House a period center table. Provenance indicated it belonged to Howell Cobb, Tom’s older brother, during his service as governor of Georgia. Aside from its history, the piece is a lovely example of Rococo Revival furniture. The table is laminated rosewood, supported by curving cabriole legs with a central stretcher bouquet of fruits and nuts.

More interesting yet was a hidden identification mark. Etched into the underside of the marble top is the letter M. Given the year, style,

and construction technique of the table (laminated wood), it seemed likely the top was made for the Meeks furniture company in New York. One of the most prolific furniture makers of the period, J. & J.W. Meeks distributed its furniture throughout the country. By the mid-nineteenth century, the firm was among the largest furniture makers in the United States with offices in New York and New Orleans. It operated a warehouse in Savannah, Georgia.

Consistent with our efforts to build a Southern regional decorative arts collection within the museum, this center table is a wonderful addition. As an artifact, it further reminds visitors that antebellum Southerners did not simply collect regional furnishings, but also purchased fine pieces in keeping with the most current fashion of the day.







By Dexter E. Rhodes, Groundskeeper

## A Walk in the Park

The Georgia Forestry Commission (GFC) is the agency charged with conserving the state's forest resources. That's a big mission, given the expansive timber stands, public and private, across Georgia.

Practically, GFC is best known for issuing burn permits when a homeowner wants to torch yard debris or a landowner decides its time to control burn unwanted vegetation beneath a pine stand. Drop a match without your official burn permission and unwittingly start a wildfire, the folks from GFC will promptly rush to the scene, cut firebreaks around the affected area to contain the blaze, pat you on the back, and just as quickly issue a handsome fine for your pyromaniacal efforts. Don't ask how I know this.

They do other cool stuff, too. If you pester them enough, a team of foresters and wildlife biologists will develop a Forest Stewardship Plan (FSP) for your property. The plan will balance your programming needs against general conservation goals for your undeveloped land. I requested an FSP recently for the 253-acre tract around Hickory Hill. I don't know why the commission responded with such enthusiasm, but they walked me and talked me to near death, and after many months of research and writing presented me a bound copy of the plan. If ever a tornado visits my office (again), I've got a formidable doorstop.

If you can lift it, the plan is most helpful. I've gradually implemented the legion of suggestions for healthy hills and dales. For instance, we discussed the environmental learning possibilities for schoolkids at a pond-site-viewing area. During the biologists' visit, I showed them the overgrown banks and fallen timber around a neglected two-acre-farm pond. I told them we lost an elementary student there some years back and didn't locate him again until he appeared in our college scholarship database as a freshman at UGA.

"Was he a forestry major?" they wanted to know.

I was joking. They weren't—they're very serious people, the GFC staff. So last year, I graded and Bush Hogged and reseeded and debeavered the pond until the mint green reflection of the new grass on the gently sloped bank shimmered off the water. We haven't lost a student since, though I have caught several of my employees who completely misplaced their sense of time at our beautiful water hole.

The GFC also made practical recommendations for erosion control. At a sandy field where we routinely grow watermelons, the GFC folks suggested sound conservation tillage practices. Rather than allowing the land to stand fallow, or, worse, keeping the ground tilled between annual planting, the commission argued I should plant cover crops in the off-seasons to control erosion and to feed and house wildlife.

So out came the tractor and the disk harrow and the grain drill, and in went a crop of winter wheat. Would you believe that the soil stays in place now and the wildlife is fat and happy? The field also looks relatively tidy, which pleases the neighbors to no end. Chalk up another victory for our loquacious land lovers from Dry Branch.



And for our pine-and-hardwood stand, some of which has been around since Tom Watson wrote *Bethany*, our forestry friends understood our objective was educational—not commercial—and proposed an extensive health regimen that appeared stolen from the governor of California. This section of the plan was exhaustive: I now leave alone the bottomland hardwood-and-pine mix, which provides a mast-and-travel corridor for critters. Removal of certain pines was discouraged, because the methods threatened to damage the bottomland.

As for our mature upland stands of loblolly and shortleaf pines—some 30 inches wide—apparently the GFC collective mouth watered. It was time, they pointed out, for certain mature trees to be removed. They face immediate natural death otherwise, the report noted, and some were already in decay.

The kicker was the strange written passage that followed the detailed description of the thinning recommendation. Perhaps the word-processing software went berserk, who knows, but the subsequent language was printed in bold type, underlined, and italicized. I'm still gnawing on its full meaning:

"This stand should be divided into three twenty-acre compartments, each surrounded by firebreaks. Each compartment should be burned on a three-year rotational pattern, where one compartment is burned each year. This will create a diversity of plant ages of growth, each offering a unique habitat type. The new vegetation from the burn provides an excellent food source as well as various types of cover for wildlife. **COORDINATE WITH YOUR LOCAL GEORGIA FORESTRY OFFICE BEFORE INITIATING PRESCRIBED BURN.**

Anyway, my new friends have been most helpful, and for those of you who are looking for professional advice, don't hesitate to call them.

I'd give you the phone number, but I seem to have misplaced it.

But you know where to find me: in the forest beyond the trees. Just look for the smoke!



Dexter

By Michelle Zupan, Curator of Hickory Hill

## Wish You Were Here...



In December, I received a postcard from our veterinarian, whose duties at Hickory Hill include the annual peafowl vaccination in what is generously termed the “Great Peacock Roundup.” It was a Christmas card. This simple piece of cardstock, bearing a colorful image of cats, dogs, and ferrets gazing at the star of Bethlehem like a motley collection of four-footed magi, got me thinking about postcards.

Postcards are ubiquitous souvenirs. We all buy them (and sometimes even mail them) to tell friends and loved ones about the beauty of The Bahamas, or the snow in Aspen, or the amazing height of the Eiffel Tower. Museum collections from coast to coast are packed to the gills with cards depicting Niagara Falls, ladies on bicycles, children waiting for St. Nick. Some are not suitable for polite company.

The first private postcard was copyrighted in 1861. It was replaced in 1873 by prestamped cards issued by the U.S. Postal Service. Neither type bore a picture, just a border and a place for a written message. The Austrians are credited with creating the first picture postcards in 1870. It was illegal, however, to write anything other than an address on the back of the card, so white space was left on the front, around the image, for a very brief (and

small) message. This oddity remained until 1907 when divided-back cards were created, leaving space on the left side of the back for a note. In the early twentieth century, postcards were the equivalent of social media in America.

During World War I, American printers dominated the postcard market. They saved ink by not printing to the edge of the card, leaving a white border. The image on the front was described in more detail on the back of the card during this time. After World War I and into World War II, cards were often printed on rag paper, something not seen today.

Hickory Hill’s postcard collection, more than 200 in all, came from the estate of Tom Watson Brown and originally belonged to his grandmother, Agnes. It represents an exciting period in her life from just before her 1904 wedding to Oscar Lee to her death in 1917. Agnes traveled widely with her father, Tom Watson, on his speaking engagements and political campaigns. She commemorated the adventures by purchasing cards in faraway locales such as Texas and New York. But she, her husband, stepsons, and daughter each received dozens of cards from friends and relatives all across the country—Minnesota, Colorado, California. The Watson family also sent cards to each



# Sticks & Stones



other: pictures of men picking oranges in Florida, Jefferson's Monticello in Virginia, the courthouse in Macon, Georgia ... the list goes on.

In 1908, a survey by the U.S. Postal Service indicated that 677 million postcards had been mailed in America, a huge quantity given that the country's population was only 88.7 million people. By 2008, only 1.6 million postcards were mailed. The golden age of the postcard seems to have passed, relegated to an album in

favor of social networks and e-mail.

Not here! In case you need a hit of nostalgia, Agnes's collection is on exhibit at Hickory Hill in 2010.

They were not just sent from vacation spots, but also to mark holidays and social occasions, to keep in touch, and to announce the birth of a child. Agnes Watson Lee, Tom Watson's daughter, was an avid user of this Facebook-forerunner.





# The Flip Side

**The academy is an unlikely place to engage self-sufficiency, certainly at its most practical level.** The familiar adage that “Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach” is admittedly disrespectful and generally unfair. Yet the stereotype lingers, especially among cocky students on the verge of failing any given course at the hands of a tough professor. Reach back to your collegiate experience. How many professors of management honestly could take command of a Detroit assembly line without provoking immediate mutiny? Can you recite the name of a military history PhD who practically understood the technological advance of rifling and its impact on internal, external, and terminal ballistics?

I’m not pondering the broader philosophical consideration of Jeffersonian self-sufficiency and its balance of individualism and a moral sense of community. I’m thinking about questions ten rungs down that metaphysical ladder such as, “What does a farmer do when he breaks the share off his moldboard plow while turning under his crop of winter wheat?” I’m wondering if the current educated generation has outsourced virtually every problem in its way and, by doing so, cannot fathom the plow question. Have we betrayed our forebears, not to mention denied our children a rich education in survival?

In Jefferson’s day and mind, the farmer, whose very existence rested on the success of his plow, would also be part blacksmith. He would repair to his barn, stoke a substantial fire, and somehow forge-weld the broken point onto the moldboard. He would rely only on his own resourcefulness and his practical education to solve his predicament.

Today’s farmer would discard the entire plow, its repair probably being cost-prohibitive. He would retreat to his office, fire up the computer, kick up his feet, and access the World Wide Web. He would order on credit an entire plow from China and, if the season demanded, have it shipped FedEx to his barn the next day.

I’ll give you the modern farmer has, in fact, displayed a degree of self-sufficiency, has handled his predicament through rational consideration, and likely has beaten his 200-year-old ancestor back to the field. Still, it seems, there is something not entirely satisfactory about his answer. Something tells us he has cheated; there was something too easy about his solution. Smugness is no healthy substitute for sincerity.

There was a time when some argued Southerners had a corner on

the market of self-sufficiency. At the beginning of the Civil War, many Southerners unfortunately preached and believed their agrarian lifestyle would translate into military success. A life spent on horseback and afield pursuing game would make for a superior military force, certainly one that might face an army of Yankee shopkeepers. In the early days of the War, there was some truth to the argument, as the men under Stuart and Jackson and so many other Confederate commanders attested.

But in that particular, things didn’t turn out so good for the South. Given the outcome of the ordeal, I wonder if a degree of self-sufficiency was subconsciously ceded at Appomattox on the altar of mechanization and expediency and subservience. Is it possible Southern men have taken leave of their practical education and become, dare I say it, lollipops? A few incidents recently witnessed in what appears to be the unending Lollipop Parade support this terrible New South thesis.

A few months ago my son and I took close friends—also father and son—fishing in the tidal creeks of Coastal Georgia. Imagine my dismay when the father, a learned man and a proud Southerner, attempted to operate a spinning reel downside up. My first mate was more than amused, and only a glare and swift plant of my right foot on his kept Boy Wonder from bursting out with laughter (in the civilized South, laughing at guests is a greater sin than fishing incompetence).

As even a novice fisherman knows, a spinning reel is designed to hang *below* the rod. Hold it in your hand and gravity takes it there: nature at work. Attempt to force it upwards—that is, rotate the rod so the reel is awkwardly perched above it—and the fisherman can only operate it by reeling *backwards*. This makes even less sense than it appears natural. If you don’t understand the gravity of this situation, visit the fishing pier during your next beach vacation and witness all the dopes attempting to catch fish upside down.

Heaven above, but the handling of guns has degenerated as well. Not long ago firearms, being tools, were ubiquitous to Southern homes—largely farmsteads. They dispatched marauding henhouse foxes, brought down the occasional deer, and offered security for the castle. Folks—male and female—knew how to use them. As for educating the young, practical use dismissed curiosity while fostering respect for destructive power.

Just two generations ago, young Southern hunters were brought up on Robert Ruark’s *Old Man and the Boy* stories and learned



manners and firearm safety at the sage heels of Captain Ned Adkins. If ever there was a hero carved from Jeffersonian marble, it was the barely fictional grandfather of the boy: part philosopher, part hunter, part fisherman. For eight serialized years in *Field & Stream* magazine, grandfather and grandson swashbuckled through a humorous array of outdoor episodes without leaving tidewater North Carolina. Upon the death of the grandfather, the reflective boy admits the sublime: "All he left me was the world."

I'm beginning to doubt such lofty tutorials exist today. Just go to Ruark's outdoor venue of choice, the Southern quail field, to discover mindless use of shotguns. Alas, Hapless Harry Whittington is not alone.

There is a certain choreography to bird hunting too detailed to explore in these pages, but was once well known to thoughtful hunters. It revolves around two intersecting planar clock faces that determine safe zones of fire, there typically being two hunters abreast and at least two dogs in front. When a covey rises, the safe swing of each shotgun is determined by the imagined horizontal and vertical planes of the clock faces.

For example, the hunter on the left should never swing right past twelve noon, lest he invade the field of fire of his partner to the right or, God forbid, pull a Cheney. Similarly, each hunter never allows his barrel to subtend below the line determined by the nine o'clock, three o'clock parallel. If he did, he would risk shooting a dog, *the* unpardonable sin in the world of bird hunting.

Not two weeks ago, Boy Wonder and I joined a well-educated man from Atlanta on a quail hunt in central Georgia. We were accompanied by three dogs and a guide/dog handler. Sure as yesterday's sunset, our Atlanta nimrod hastily swung far right on a bird and pressed off. The guide, stationed to the hunter's right rear, was temporarily deafened by the shot, so close was the muzzle to his face. The only one in the field not disconcerted by the near disaster was the hunter, who blithely continued ahead while the rest of us cleaned our undergarments in the wiregrass.

Oh, but if the incompetence was limited to rural pursuits. What happened to Southern males' knowledge of basic construction techniques? Take the lowly urban tree house for example, that haphazard structure in the backyard oak. Thrown together by an inventive child, it traditionally consisted of a floor, a trap door and, a wall or two.

Tree houses aren't built by kids anymore. Maybe it's out of sensitivity to the tree, or maybe it's because kids think trees are protected by the U.S. Constitution. Or maybe it's simply because the dads, who are put on earth to encourage and to supervise such educational feats, no longer know a claw hammer from a garden hose.





# The Flip Side

The job superintendent who ran the T.R.R. Cobb House restoration—a most capable gentleman who oversaw the disassembly, move, and restoration of a 10,000-square-foot antebellum mansion—was hired after that job, you guessed it, to build a tree house. It must have been a helluva tree. I have no doubt at this very moment somewhere in northeast Georgia there is a neglected child starving to death in an oak because he can't find the elevator to the ground. If young Chauncy succumbs, we'll pass the hat and chalk one up for Darwin.

'Twas not always so. In another life long ago, a city teenager spent his afternoons, weekends, and summers working in a hardware store in northwest Atlanta. One of his fellow red-vested clerks was a patient, ingenious, old-school Southern gentleman named L.G. White.

L.G. was known reverentially as “Mister White” by a devoted congregation of Buckhead customers—largely lawyers, doctors, and investment bankers—that called upon him faithfully to solve their home-repair problems. So respected was his vast knowledge of things mechanical that L.G. ascended in store hierarchy to an amorphous rank somewhere between general manager and God Almighty. The store's owner, a prick of a fellow as I recall, moved out of the way for L.G. when he walked down the aisle.

But L.G. was noncommissioned. He drove a battered orange Toyota pickup that he had converted to run on liquid propane. The roof of his Buckhead home was irrigated. The neighbors thought it curious when the sprinklers came on in the blazing summer afternoons to water the house shingles. L.G. just laughed when the monthly power bills came.

There wasn't a pressing need for the frugality—L.G. had acquired a modest fortune as a franchisee of numerous electronics stores. He was just naturally curious and endlessly resourceful. He chose to clerk at the store to enjoy his retirement.

So one day a customer arrived, deposited his broken lawnmower in the teen's lap, and sternly promised to return for his repaired machine before closing time (people often behave that way in Buckhead). During the subsequent autopsy, the youth discovered a broken bolt that store inventory could not replace, the bolt being proprietary to the manufacturer of the engine.

At this moment L.G. passed by and, sensing the boy's frustration, quietly discerned the problem. He soon returned from the store floor with a steel dowel, a hacksaw, and a die set. “You're going to have to make one,” he said.

With his guidance, the teen did. For a kid who was being force-fed a diet of trigonometry and Spanish at a prep school a mile away, the construction of a machine bolt in the bowels of a hardware store was as thrilling as the discovery of fire to his hominid ancestors.

So where have the Mister Whites and the Captain Adkins of the South gone? I fear they have gone the way of the buffalo. They have gradually been replaced by Wharton-trained investment bankers who, while being able to plan on a cocktail napkin the hostile takeover of a Fortune 500 company, would starve to death in a collard patch.

So to stem this desperate tide, your favorite Foundation gathered the brightest minds in higher education and public policy to research and propound a new field of study to save the modern Southern man. After thorough consideration, we fed the white paper to a goat and now turn to you, thoughtful Southern reader, for guidance on a practical curriculum to augment today's college experience. To stimulate ideas, a few suggestions from our draft course catalog follow. Check out these doozies:

**FMK 101: Ouch!** Basic firemaking skills. Learn the difference between “fat lighter” and seasoned hardwood. Learn how to start a fire with a match, sparks, and a magnifying glass. Learn how to organize a “teepee” and “log cabin” fires. Learn why igniting fires with artificial accelerants (such as gasoline) is a bad idea.

Capstone project: In ten minutes or less, students construct and successfully torch the homecoming bonfire.

**FAT 101: Bang!** Basic firearms training. Learn firearm safety. Learn the difference between handguns, rifles, and shotguns. Learn four positions of basic riflery. Learn to shoot moving objects with a shotgun.



Capstone project: Teach the ROTC drill team to safely conduct its razzle dazzle with loaded rifles.

**FAT 501: Bang! Bang!** Graduate level. Learn to operate a metal lathe, a milling machine, and a surface grinder. Learn to disassemble a Model 1911 in sixty seconds. Study biographies of industry geniuses, such as John Moses Browning and Peter Paul Mauser. Visit the home of Carlos Hathcock.

**FSH 101: Go Fish!** Basic fishing. Learn difference between basic fishing tackle and how to tie basic fishing knots. Learn to catch bait, bait a hook, catch a fish. Learn the difference between “trash” fish, sport fish, and “good eatin’ ” fish. Learn why catfish aren’t to be grabbed carelessly. Capstone project: Conduct a fish fry for your college professors and argue how beer and its close relation, cornmeal, are fundamental elements of the food pyramid.

**AUT 101: Vroom!** Basic car repair. Students will learn to change flat tires, motor oil, and coolant per manufacturer’s recommendation. They will learn the fundamental difference between the internal combustions systems of gasoline and diesel engines.

Capstone project: Drive twenty fellow students to Mardi Gras in the University’s 1977 Chrysler station wagon armed only with a roll of duct tape and a crescent wrench.

**AUT 501: Vroom! Vroom!** Graduate level. Students will learn to conduct brake jobs and tune-ups. Research paper will explore why the Chevy 350 prevails in Saudi Arabia.

**WG 101: Yum!** (Interdisciplinary course team-taught with instructor of FMK 101) Preparation and consumption of wild game. Learn how to field dress, skin, and quarter a whitetail deer. Learn how to broil venison liver over open flames. Capstone project: Survive a week on the college

quad armed only with a slingshot and a soup can.

**WG 501: Yum! Yum!** Graduate level. Learn to prepare Brunswick stew. Learn what part of the squirrel Granny ate with a spoon.

We’ve even come up with a catchy slogan for our new school of thought, “Beat a Path to the Future,” which we think decidedly superior to that of our nemesis, “Where a Sucker is Born Every Minute.”





WATSON BROWN

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## Where In Our World?



Correctly identify the historic structure and the college campus on which it resides, and we will issue a \$20 credit to your account at your respective university bookstore.

Awards will be made to the first five e-mails received in our office with the correct information.

E-mail your responses to: Florence Ann Story  
[fstory@watson-brown.org](mailto:fstory@watson-brown.org)



Founded in 1889 as the Decatur Female Seminary, Agnes Scott College was renamed a year later in honor of a Scots-Irish immigrant and mother of the college's primary benefactor. Agnes Scott (Main) Hall, the first building on campus, was built in 1891. The private, female college is informally considered among the "Seven Sister" colleges of the South. Its campus and surrounding homes were included in 1994 as a district in the National Register of Historic Places.

Congratulations to: **Katie Beene** and **Joanna Hair** both of whom won gift cards at Barnes & Noble for correctly identifying the Main Hall.

