

Spring 2012

The LEGACY

A Publication of Watson Brown Foundation, Inc.

BUILDING
BRIDGES

A PATHWAY TO THE PAST

BENEATH
The
WRINKLES

GOODRUM GETS MORE THAN A FACE-LIFT

— the —
MODERN
MUSEUM

JAPONICA
To
SASANQUA

CAMELLIAS OF IMPORTANCE



“Time has softened the asperities of those ante-bellum eras, and we are trying to accustom ourselves, philosophically, to the revolutionary consolidation which has monarchized our Republic. Our forefathers tried hard to stop the progress of the usurpations of the Central Government — but they failed; and now there is nothing left to us, except submission to that which was unpreventable, and endurance of what can’t be helped.”



—Thomas E. Watson, *The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson*, 1912

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Cover photo: *Camellia Japonica, Alba Plena* by *Athos Menaboni*. Courtesy of the Cherokee Garden Library, Atlanta History Center

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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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SAWINGUNASEKERA

CAMPUS NOTES



Watson-Brown Scholars in Action

Sawin Gunasekera, Junior, Furman University: “Coming to Japan has been a longtime dream for me and has brought me countless opportunities for my future career and friendships. I don’t think that I’ll ever have another chance to make friends from places as different as Australia and Saudi Arabia. But it’s not just my future that’s changed: I myself have begun to grow and gain a much wider perspective on life. I’ve studied Japanese for more than two years now, and as I gain a better grasp on the language, I’ve come to not only see a different culture but a fundamentally different way of perceiving the world. In my time here, I’ve also studied Asian psychology and philosophy, which have both opened my eyes to what I’ve come to think is a much more accurate worldview. I still have some time left until the end of my semester abroad, but when I do finally return home I’ll be leaving with more than I came with. For this I would like to thank Watson-Brown for their continued support in my education and growth as a human being. The picture is of myself (far left) and friends at the famous Kiyomizu-dera (dera meaning temple) in eastern Kyoto.”



ANDREW PAK

Andrew Pak, Senior, Georgia Institute of Technology: “I just finished an amazing semester abroad in Lund, Sweden, studying Industrial Design. To me, Sweden is the home of modern industrial design and the perfect place to study. During my stay, I was exposed to some incredible design exhibits and had the opportunity to collaborate with very talented young designers. I spent the majority of my time hiking through the dense forests along the coast. I hope that one day I can return to Sweden to enjoy more of its natural beauty and great design aesthetic.”



PAUL VAN PEURSEM

Paul Van Peurse, Junior, Davidson College: “Junior year at Davidson College means study abroad! Juniors leave the Davidson workload behind in exchange for traveling the world. So, for my fall semester, I studied and interned in Geneva, Switzerland. Besides the economics-related courses, I worked as an editorial intern at the International Centre for Trade and Sustainability, publishing articles for Bridges Weekly, a news outlet focused on international trade news and events. This afforded me the chance to meet the EU Trade Commissioner, discuss the European crisis with the chief economist at the World Trade Organization, and see presentations by several chief negotiators. During my free weekends I got to travel all over Europe—Munich, Florence, Salzburg, Amsterdam, Paris, Aix-en-Provence, and many other cities. Hiking around the Swiss Alps (pictured) was probably the most unforgettable view.”



DANA WENGER

Dana Wenger, Junior, Berry College: “This past fall, I got the awesome opportunity to spend four months living in Florence, Italy, while studying art at an international art school. I cooked Italian food, lived in an apartment in the historic center of the city, explored Tuscan towns, and learned new things everywhere I went. I learned how to speak Italian and make friends with people from all over the world, and I spent time learning new techniques and trades

in art, like metalworking and jewelry making! I took a class in illustration (the concentration of my major) and created a children’s book that I read to a class of Italian third-graders and images for the advertisements of a music school there. And of course, being in the home of the Renaissance, I experienced living alongside the masterpieces of countless famous artists, from Michelangelo to da Vinci. Studying abroad dramatically changed the way I make and enjoy art in my major, and I consider myself so fortunate!”



CHRISTOPHER FLOWERS

Christopher Flowers, Senior, University of Georgia: “I am a senior at the University of Georgia, currently working towards my BBA in Accounting and MAcc in the five-year program through Terry College of Business. At UGA, I have been very involved in my campus ministry, serving on the leadership team and leading a weekly Bible study. In my spare time, I enjoy rooting on the Bulldogs in all sports! I am currently doing an accounting internship in Atlanta with Dixon Hughes Goodman, working in both audit and tax. So far, I have already had an opportunity to provide tax and audit services for clients in several different industries. I hope to decide which area I would like to pursue through this experience.”



ALANNA WALKER

Alanna Walker, Senior, Clemson University: “This summer, I studied abroad

in Pamplona, Spain. That city is the host of the San Fermin festival (more commonly known as the Running of the Bulls festival). I studied bioethics from a European perspective, which opened my eyes to the differences in Spanish and American life. I was able to travel to many different parts of Spain on the weekend and the experiences I had changed my life. I learned so much about Spanish culture, specifically how much more laid-back Spaniards are when compared to Americans. The slow pace took getting used to, but it taught me how to enjoy living in the moment. Even when there were so many apparent differences between myself and the Spaniards, I discovered for myself that people are people, no matter what country you live in or what language you speak. I connected with my host family even though I didn't speak a word of Spanish and they spoke very little English. I will always treasure the time I spent in Spain, particularly the time I spent with my host family. Someday, I will go back and surprise them with how much Spanish I have learned in their absence! The picture was taken in front of the Town Hall in the center of Pamplona. My roommate is on the far left, my host mom, Carmen, is in the center, and I am on the far right."



Kayla Morgan, Senior, North Greenville University: "I have been able to participate in an internship in my last semester at the elementary school that I attended as a child, Tigerville Elementary. I want to pursue a career as a counselor. I have already had several rewarding experiences while working here. During all the hours of studying and reading about different situations you may encounter and actually being able to put these skills to work is just beyond words. I have also learned in this type of environment working with children, you have to be really careful with confidentiality. It was hard at first knowing I couldn't talk to anyone about anything I

find out from a child, other than the guidance counselor or principal. The main goal is to help these children and be there for them. I have also found that being there just to listen to whatever may be bothering them is a big part of a counselor's job.

"I also went to this elementary school in December 2009 to shadow the guidance counselor. I greatly enjoyed this experience of going to the different classrooms and watching as the counselor gave a first-grade class a lecture on compassion and how to be kind to each other.

"I think when I really realized I had chosen what God wanted me to pursue was December 2010. My family received a Christmas card from friends we had known five years ago. The oldest daughter was going to have her first middle school strings concert and we were invited. I had worked with this young lady five years ago teaching her the basics of the violin and had hoped I had made a difference in her life. I went to that concert and she performed so well, and I was so proud of her. I knew after I attended that concert that I wanted to work with children and apply what I have been taught for the past four years while working toward my master's degree in psychology. If I could help only one child as a guidance counselor, then I would have fulfilled my dreams of helping children respect others and be kind to one another. I feel I am well on my way to making that dream come true."



Rickey Jones, Senior, Wofford College: "As graduation approaches, I realize that I have truly had a great experience at Wofford College. Throughout my college career, I have had opportunities to do some amazing things. As a freshman I was able to travel to Washington, D.C., with a group of students to discuss the disparities in the education system with a few South Carolina congressmen. As a junior, I was given the opportunity to represent the Bonner Scholars Program of Wofford College at the annual National Bonner

Congress in Topeka, Kansas. However, my most memorable moment is perhaps my most recent. Since the second semester of my freshman year, I have spent much of my free time recording music and performing at many open mike events around campus. As more people learned of my passion for music, many opportunities resulted. Just before the 2011 holiday season, I was asked by the Wofford College admissions office to write, produce, and record an original holiday song that would later be made into a music video to be featured on the college's holiday card. With the help of a few fellow Wofford students, we were not only able to create an original holiday song, but also able to make an amazing music video. This opportunity was by far one of the best experiences of my college career and will undoubtedly be one that I will never forget.



Dylan Johnstone, Senior, Northeastern University: "For my second co-op, I worked as a Community Biking Programs intern at Boston Bikes, the bicycle planning division of the City of Boston. I developed, administered, and reviewed the 2011 Community Biking Survey to better understand ways to promote cycling in low-income and minority communities. As I move forward into my last semester at Northeastern University, I plan on incorporating this work into my Senior thesis focusing on barriers to cycling in low-income communities and 'invisible' riders. In addition, I compiled and edited an instructor handbook for the Youth Cycling Program, which will act as a resource for new cycling instructors. Over the past year I've found that my interest in social justice intersects wonderfully with bicycling advocacy and planning. After graduation I am looking to continue working as a youth cycling instructor and environmental educator in Boston. I've seen the importance of empowering our youth through leadership training and experiential



ABIGAIL JONES

learning. Observing growth in my students and helping them to bring about the change they want to see in their communities has been extremely fulfilling. It continues to motivate me through stressful times, and I'm grateful to have the opportunities to work with such amazing youth."



SIMON KIGWANA

Simon Kigwana, Senior, Johns Hopkins University: "I entered Johns Hopkins in the fall of 2008. I am pursuing a degree in natural sciences with an emphasis on neuroscience and biology. I have been on the dean's list for the last seven semesters, and I received The David G. Sandberg Award for Campus Leadership for the 2011–2012 school year. This award

recognizes one Junior at the Johns Hopkins University that has displayed cross-departmental leadership and involvement that supports the mission of the Johns Hopkins University and cultivates an environment that is in alignment with that mission. Outside of academics, I have been acting and directing for the Dunbar Baldwin Hughes Theatre Company since spring of 2008, and I am currently the president of the organization. Through the organization, I have been able to meet Denzel Washington and Viola Davis on Broadway, as well as serve as a mentor for many underclassmen. I have also started an after-school basketball program for inner city Baltimore youth. Probably one of the most rewarding experiences of all, because watching the young guys improve in character, moral, and skill level encourages me to push them harder in order to achieve their goals. Post graduation, I intend to matriculate to medical school. I have been accepted to the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, which I plan on attending."

Abigail Jones, Sophomore, Wesleyan College: "I was honored to be selected as a Watson-Brown Scholar in 2010, as

I prepared to attend Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia. I was excited that I would be able to attend and knew that great things were in store for me as one of my dreams was already coming true. Now in the second semester of my Sophomore year, I have accomplished a number of things I could not even have dreamt of doing. I am a full-time student majoring in biology/nursing, and I also maintain a part-time job at GEICO. But my greatest accomplishment yet is being crowned Miss Cherry Blossom Queen for the 2012 Cherry Blossom Festival. Macon's International Cherry Blossom Festival is one of the country's biggest festivals held each March. As the festival celebrates its thirtieth year, I am elated to have been chosen to represent the city's finest and welcome the numerous visiting dignitaries as we all honor the beauty of Yoshino cherry trees in the "Cherry Blossom Capital of the World." I am pictured in the center, along with the Cherry Blossom Festival Princesses.

PETER TOMLIN



Alumni Spotlight

BY SHANNON FRIEDMANN HATCH

The ground that we walk on is shifty—not seismically per se, but rather in a clandestine, slight-of-hand, you-never-know-what’s-beneath-your-feet sort of way. It could be water, bones, coal, gold, pottery, lava, dinosaurs, stalagmites, or diamonds.

Often what’s below the surface began above. On May 2, 1865, 150 Union cavalymen from Gen. George Stoneman’s Cavalry division marched through Greenville, South Carolina, in pursuit of Confederate President-turned-refugee Jefferson Davis. Despite the fact that the ink was one-month dry on the surrender document at Appomattox, tensions still ran high in this Southern town at the foothills of the Appalachians. As the Yankees walked Greenville, gunfire rained. If you visited that battleground today, you’d see trees kowtowing to peaceful sidewalks. The only evidence of the fray: Every so often, a resident of the Alta Vista neighborhood, the oldest neighborhood in Greenville, will unearth a musket ball from one of the last skirmishes of the Civil War.

Peter Tomlin grew up in Alta Vista. While he’s never dug up any such artillery, he spent his childhood in the historic area, practicing layups and three-pointers with his older brother. By high school, he towered above six feet tall and played forward for

the basketball team, winning the state championship his junior year. An injury his senior year kept him from playing, but he took his discipline as an athlete to the classroom, excelling in classes like AP calculus. Since sophomore year, he had

been drawn to the sciences after taking class from a teacher named Dr. Whisenhunt. “He taught me how to think—no one really liked him because his methods were different but it showed me what I was capable of,” Peter remembers. “A couple of his students, myself included, had never thought of being an engineer until we took his class.”

So in his senior year at Greenville High School, Peter decided to study chemical engineering, a decision he stuck with when he entered Vanderbilt University after graduation. “Mostly because I was good in chemistry and math, but also because I was too stubborn to change,” he says. In Nashville he pursued good live music, college athletics, and his diploma. But the rockabilly cowboy town was not exactly his scene. “I’m not a boot type of person,” he says. “I wear shorts too much.”





The summer of his junior year at Vandy, he put his training to work as an intern with Schlumberger, the world's largest oilfield services company. Peter says he chose oil because he knew that he "wanted to work outside in the field in real-time operations, not stuck inside designing reactors."

During his internship, he oversaw a multimillion-dollar project in Williston, North Dakota. The blip of a Western town earned its nickname "Kuwait on the Prairie" after a deposit—estimated at nearly 20 billion recoverable barrels—was discovered there a few years ago. "Basically, I acted as a QC to monitor what we were pumping and figure out a solution if anything was broken," he says. The rigs are loud and Peter definitely got his hands dirty. "Grease, mud, dirt, oil. I'd go to work in a blue uniform, and I come home covered in black or brown," he recalls.

This hands-on training, coupled with 12- to 16-hour days, primed Peter for his future career. Just two weeks after his internship, Schlumberger offered him a full-time job upon graduation. Peter accepted. Classified as an "international mobile" he could've been sent anywhere from Wyoming to Abu Dhabi to Australia. In the end, he was assigned to Argentina.

The things that the earth covers can be accidentally kicked up by garden trowels, like the artifacts of Alta Vista, or must be pumped from the depths by rigs as they do just outside of Neuquén, Argentina. Every day, Peter goes out into the field and helps control the drill bit, taking measurements of inclination and azimuth. When he's not in the field, he's polishing his Spanish with a tutor. "I started at zero, so I guess my Spanish is getting better.

Too bad my English is getting worse," he says with a laugh.

For the next five years, Peter will likely hopscotch from Argentina to another international assignment, "probably Brazil, hopefully not Siberia." It may be only once a year that he rides a plane that touches down on Southern soil, bringing him back to Greenville—a place that he'll always call home. And perhaps out of everything that hides below ground, roots run the deepest. "It's God's country," Peter says of his home. "I don't claim that it's the greatest place in the world, but it's close."



"This is one of the most beautiful spots, adorned by nature with forest trees, with vines covering hillsides, clinging to rocks and climbing sombre pines, while at the foot of the hills the Oconee murmurs between banks redolent with honeysuckle and Jassamine."

—Augustus Longstreet Hull, *Annals of Athens*, 1909



SEEING IS BELIEVING



BY SHANON HAYS

Every once in a while in the historic preservation profession, a project comes along that provides an unusually stunning example of just how beneficial preservation philanthropy really is. So many times, preservation projects beg for practical needs that are not necessarily seen outright—at least, not without cutting into walls or ceilings or viewing items under a microscope or black light.

Of course, preservationists know that just because a project cannot be physically observed does not negate its importance. So the Athens chapter of the Junior Board seriously took a grant request from the Friends of Oconee Hill Cemetery to restore an iron truss bridge. The cemetery itself is a physical gem stuffed with history. Unless you're a pontist, however, the bridge that provides access between the two sections of the cemetery has all the sex appeal of a concrete block.

An excellent example of the 19th-century natural landscape cemetery movement that began in Europe, Oconee Hill possesses all of the hallmarks of this notable movement: wooded areas, grassy and rolling terrain, flowing water, meandering paths, and scenic vistas. In fact if it were not for the funerary statues and monuments, the cemetery would likely hint more of an arboretum or botanical garden. Designed in 1855 by Franklin College (now University of Georgia) mathematics professor James Camak, the cemetery reflects the Victorian "park cemetery" movement and likely was inspired by the recent closing of the college's first botanical garden. T.R.R. Cobb was the first president of the board of trustees of the cemetery.

The cemetery was a popular final resting place for many Athenians—so attractive that by 1896 most of the original lots had been sold and the cemetery desperately needed expansion. In 1898, the trustees acquired eighty-two acres of land directly across the Oconee River from the original cemetery site. With financial assistance from the city of Athens, the cemetery erected an iron truss bridge to span the 150-foot-wide Oconee River that separated the two sections. This bridge, built by the George E. King Bridge Company of Des Moines, Iowa, was now the

sole physical connection between the old and new sections of the cemetery.

The bridge has never received new paint since its installation in 1899, and the City of Athens and the Georgia Department of Transportation discontinued repairs and maintenance decades ago. In 2009, the Friends of Oconee Hill Cemetery planned a structural survey of the bridge to assess the bridge's condition and necessary repairs, and for recommended repairs and restoration to be made.

In 2009, the Athens Junior Board awarded a \$7,500 grant to the Friends of Oconee Hill Cemetery for an engineering analysis of the bridge. The report provided the Friends with the load rating of the bridge and recommendations for its rehabilitation. While the bridge was structurally sound (the weakest section still carried a load capacity of 9.4 tons), the most pressing of the repairs—cleaning and painting—became the subject of the second grant application. In 2011 the Junior Board awarded a second grant to clean and paint the bridge, maintenance that would control rust and limit deterioration. The grant was augmented by significant donations by the current Oconee Hill Cemetery Board members and other donors.

What a difference it has made! The bridge was properly cleaned, painted, and preserved so that the less urgent repairs outlined in the original structural evaluation can be made over time—in fact, the Friends are currently busy again, raising funds for those very repairs and for the routine maintenance of the work that has already been completed.

To the eyes of its knowledgeable beholders, the Oconee Cemetery bridge is among the best examples of its type in Georgia and is a thing of beauty. According to Eric DeLony, chief of the National Park Service's Historic American Engineering Record, the Oconee Hill bridge "is a stunning bridge" of rare "quality and vintage."

Perhaps more importantly, the bridge provides pedestrians, genealogists, and historians a chance to visit the entire cemetery and thus creates a pathway to the past.

That's beautiful!



RESTORING LADY GOODRUM



Stripping Eighty Years Off a Masterpiece Might Get Ugly

BY THE LEGACY STAFF

Although most of it passes through a series of residential neighborhoods, West Paces Ferry Road in Atlanta is a busy, often congested thoroughfare.

So it wasn't terribly unusual that a spirited Buckhead matron, sitting in traffic in front of the Goodrum House, had time to roll down the passenger window of her Mercedes to offer her unsolicited opinion to the construction crew charged with restoring the Philip Shutze masterpiece.

"I drive by here every week and think to myself, 'Surely they can't make that property any uglier,'" she yelled. "You've proved me wrong again!" Thus exorcised, our beady-eyed heroine sped off to duties of more consequence.

In all fairness to Madame Sardonic, the Goodrum House job site looks like, well, a job site. Derelict trees have been removed. A chain link fence now envelops the property. Scaffolding climbs the house's exterior. Much paint has been stripped, windows and doors have been removed and replaced with plywood, and part of the exterior masonry wall is demolished. It's not exactly Dresden sixty-seven years ago, but our newest historic house museum is something less than lovely in its current state of undress. The gray of winter that frames its leafless backdrop helps not at all.

But that's part of a detailed restoration, and the demolition phase of a tired and neglected home that was built in 1932 can get (ahem) ugly.

Beneath the wrinkles, though, we think she's beautiful. Take a peek at the details.



REAR VIEW OF THE GOODRUM HOUSE



STONE CRAWL SPACE BENEATH REAR PORCH OF THE COTTAGE



STONWORK OF THE CRAWL SPACE



GRANITE SPALLS FROM THE QUARRY IN LITHONIA AWAIT THEIR NEW LIFE AS A DRIVEWAY



TRIM STRIPPED IN MAY GOODRUM'S BEDROOM



MASON'S MOCK-UP



MASON'S TYPICAL MOCK-UP TO DEMONSTRATE MORTAR JOINTING



PAINT STRIPPED FROM MASONRY WALL



DETERIORATED CLAPBOARD SIDING ON THE COTTAGE



UNCOVERED PANTRY SHOWS GLASS AND WOOD



OLD PAINT SCHEME SHOWS BENEATH THE SILL OF THE KITCHEN DOOR, NOTE CAMELLIA IN THE FOREGROUND

CAMELLIAS' LEGACY



Forest for the Trees

BY DEXTER RHODES

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUGUSTA MUSEUM OF HISTORY

Like so many plants of the South, camellias originated in Asia and came to North America via Europe. The genus *camellia* includes many species, but two have special importance to Southern plantations: *Camellia japonica* and *Camellia sasanqua*.

Of the two, *C. japonica* tended to be more prominent in Southern gardens, perhaps because its blossoms were more robust and complicated. Of Japanese origin, the *C. sasanqua* has individual flowers less showy than those of the *japonica*. The *C. sasanqua* is fall-blooming whereas the *japonica* blooms in late winter or early spring.

The *C. japonica* arrived in North America in 1797. Around 1800, Michael Floy, a New York nurseryman, brought from England a white, double-blossomed *C. japonica* specimen named 'Alba Plena.' It remains among the more desired camellia cultivars and among the finest of the white varieties.

In England and in the North, camellias were grown in hothouses. Boston actually was the first American center for camellia cultivation. In the South, camellias often were grown in the open. Most camellias in the South came from growers on the New England coast, although some were imported from Europe. Camellias soon populated private collections and became part of traditional Southern landscapes.

One reason camellias can still be found around antebellum Southern homes is they have a tendency to naturalize when left alone. Camellias drop seeds and, in overgrown areas, soon form thickets of volunteer young

camellia plants. Also, camellias are hardy, and, if grown under the protected canopy of our Southern pines, can live for centuries.

Such is the case with a *C. japonica* on the southeast lawn of Hickory Hill. Likely purchased by Tom Watson in 1906, this camellia is in fact many: four camellia varieties originally planted together. Their blooms range from white to variations of pink. At this writing, they stand more than twelve feet tall and undoubtedly were heavily pruned in earlier years.

Watson bought his camellias from Berckmans Nursery, also known as Fruitland, in Augusta. Prosper Jules Alphonse Berckmans and his father, Louis Mathieu Edouard Berckmans, were Belgian immigrants who formed the famous nursery in 1858. The bulk of Fruitland's camellias were imported from Belgium, a center of camellia propagation throughout much of the nineteenth century. Following the Civil War, Berckmans was the sole source for camellia plants in the South.

Classifications of camellia flowers include six main types arranged by the numbers and arrangements of flower petals. Flowers include singles such as the 'Yuletide' variety, semi-doubles called 'Nicky Crisp,' peony-form or informal doubles such as the famous 'Debutante,' anemone forms like 'Elegans Champagne,' rose-formed doubles named 'Harold L. Paige,' and formal doubles such as the 'Alba Plena.' Flowers can be ruffled, fluted, or curved. They can be broad, round, narrow, or long. Camellias range in color from white to shades of pink to deep red.

In fact, most any shade combinations exist within colors of red, pink, and white.

I began propagating camellias from cuttings here in 2005. The best time to take cuttings is when the new growth hardens off: late summer. Cuttings should be taken with four leaves and a bud. Make the cut at a forty-five degree angle and remove some of the bark. This will increase the cambium area for callusing and root development. Remove the lower leaves and all but one bud at the top of the plant. This is where new growth will appear.

Proper rooting media includes sand or pumice (use pine bark sparingly) with a little bit of peat or small portion of vermiculite to allow for drainage. Don't forget to use a rooting-hormone powder.

Shelter these plants in a rooting box. In six to seven weeks, when roots are about two inches, they can be transplanted into small two-inch pots. Keep the soil moist and spray weekly with a mild fertilizer of bone meal and liquid fertilizer to stimulate root development.

Currently, my plants are now more than three feet tall. I thought of branding them the 'Dexter Rhodes' variety, but momma always said vanity didn't become me. Even so, somehow 'Cool-looking japonicas that Tom Watson bought from Adolphus Berkman and I found near Hickory Hill' seems to lack the sort of ring conducive to good marketing.

If you come up with a good name, pass it along. I'll be in the front yard of Hickory Hill, talking to my camellias.

Season
1937-38



Hermie
(SWEET SCENTED)

FLORAL LIFE OF THE DEEP SOUTH

FRUITLAND NURSERIES
AUGUSTA — GEORGIA
ORIGINATORS AND GROWERS SINCE 1856

THE ART OF NOVEL WAR



Historian Stephen Berry on book prizes and the field of Civil War scholarship

BY THE LEGACY STAFF

In 2009, the Watson-Brown Foundation created a \$50,000 annual book prize in memory of its late chairman, Tom Watson Brown, who died in 2007. A Harvard-trained lawyer, Brown was an exceptionally well-read student of many disciplines. His first love, however, was history. He adored the study of the Civil War.

Administered by the Society of Civil War Historians, the Tom Watson Brown Book Award is presented annually to the author of a single title that makes an outstanding contribution to the field of study of the Civil War.

Recently, The Legacy caught up with Dr. Stephen Berry, Professor of History at The University of Georgia and a juror of the 2010 prize committee, to get his take on the prize deliberations, the current field of Civil War scholarship and what influence any book prize has on scholarship.

LEGACY: You recently completed your service as one of the jurors of the prize committee for the Tom Watson Brown Book Prize. What was your take on the experience?

BERRY: I thoroughly enjoyed it. As I said to others, that much intensive reading in a tight period of time made me feel like I was taking my comprehensive exams again. Certainly, I feel more current in my field than I have ever been or am ever likely to be again. It was also absolutely delightful to see all those new books coming over the transom. I suppose it was somewhat grueling in the sense that we were reading a lot of books quickly. They are all on related subjects, too, which means that even as you're seeing these great points of tangency, the books are also melding together. But the cream did rise to the top, I'll say that.

LEGACY: How many books did the jury consider?

BERRY: I believe the final number was forty-four—after we eliminated those books that obviously weren't within the wheelhouse. We also decided that edited collections,

according to a rule established last year, should not be considered. Once we thinned the herd to single-author monographs, we were down to forty-four, all of which were good, but some of which were especially good.

LEGACY: To put that in context for our readers, considering forty-four published works in any given year for a prize, is that an unusual amount? How does that reflect on Civil War history and the scholarship that is coming out on the War?

BERRY: That's actually a pretty high number. Now it is true that presses try to squeeze in books they know aren't quite within the boundaries of the award, especially when it's an attractive prize that will be a feather in the cap of the press that wins it. Then, too, this is only the second year of the prize, so we're all still probing the boundaries of what exactly this award is going to be. So we end up with quite a lot of viable entries. Again, it may not seem like a large number to readers, but when you imagine forty-four books, all based on original research, published on the War every year, it really adds up. What—there are 65,000 titles now on the Civil War? That's more books



than there were days of the war itself. There are 7,000 titles on Abraham Lincoln alone. So, it's a lot of books, a lot of material. Forty-four viable entries is a big number.

LEGACY: The Tom Watson Brown Book Prize is different both in its aspirations and its methodology in contrast to other major book awards. Can you touch on that a bit for our readers?

BERRY: Absolutely. In one sense, the prize's sweet spot is narrow—a four-year time span from 1861 to 1865. But what the prize and the committee tries to do is seek out and reward new methodologies—truly new—because Civil War history is a field in which we sometimes seem to be saying more and more about less and less. I really think there's a little bit of navel-gazing when it comes to the Civil War historiography. So the Watson Brown Book Prize is designed to create a stage for those bolder, broader, more original perspectives.

LEGACY: Obviously, this past year's prize went to Mark Geiger for his *Financial Fraud and Guerrilla Violence in Missouri's Civil War, 1861–1865*. Can you tell us a bit about the book?

BERRY: Sure. Basically, Mark Geiger is a former forensic accountant, which allowed him to see and document something no one had ever seen before: a vast financial scheme—I'm not sure it was a fraud, but it certainly was a scheme—by which the private citizens of Missouri funded Confederate army units expecting that they would be repaid, ultimately, by the Confederate government when Missouri left the Union. Of course, that didn't happen; instead the Union Army captured the banks after the bankers had fled and found empty vaults and a sea of promissory notes. The Union bankers then turned around to these (mostly) planters, and said, "Actually, we do want that money." So a raft of planters go under, and all of their land goes under the hammer, and their sons become captains of a guerrilla insurgency that roils the state and wrecks the planter class. For purposes of comparison: In Kentucky, you have a state that remains in the Union but remembers itself retroactively as having joined the Confederacy and has a very Southern flavor, where Missouri's planter class is largely destroyed. So it doesn't have that Confederate or Southern flavor when you go there today. Geiger explained something that no one had adequately explained before, but getting at that explanation required not merely historical skills, but the skills of a forensic accountant. That combination, as you might guess, is very, very rare.

LEGACY: And that's what made it so compelling?

BERRY: I think so. As Geiger's award is being digested by what I call the "Civil War world"—the watercooler world of academics and popular historians who write on and talk about the war—there are some who think, "Oh, well, the guerrilla war has won the Brown prize two years running." (Last year's winner was Dan Sutherland's *A Savage Conflict*.) But I don't think that is what is really happening. That may be part of the story, but the real story is that Mark Geiger knows how to follow the money. Because the truth about academe is that while we are somewhat preoccupied by matters of class, we don't actually know a lot about money. Indeed, to some degree it has taken the current financial downturn to wake us up to the fact that money really does make the mare go, and it always has. So the truth is, academics need to become savvier in how we track money and its flow. We're great at tracking other things—political change, social change, etc.—but we've got a long way to go when it comes to following the money. And this is the lesson of Geiger's book. Not only did he write all of this up, but he made all of his research available at the Yale University Press Web site, which is a model for how scholarship should be done in the digital age. So that's the real story. Is it a book about guerrilla violence? Yes. But it was Geiger's financial insights and methods, I think, which really "wowed" the jury. This guy did so much work in so many records that no one else had ever even noticed, let alone been able to make heads or tails of. That's what made it such a phenomenal book.

LEGACY: Is it remarkable for a newly minted PhD to walk away with a major book prize for what, in essence, was a published dissertation?

BERRY: Absolutely. The jury debated this, and we decided that the Brown Prize is not a lifetime achievement award. It's a book prize, and, as such, it doesn't really go to a person; it goes to a book. Geiger's book was bold, it was new, it reframed the war. And perhaps most important, it planted a flag, issued a challenge really, for the rest of us to do that kind of work. A whole layer of historical experience, not just in the Civil War era but in all eras, has been all but ignored. So, yes, it is absolutely unusual for (effectively) a dissertator to win a book prize of this magnitude, but it's unusual too for a forensic accountant to have a second career as an historian and then unearth all this new information and present it so well. So the prize committee decided that, in Geiger's spirit, we would do something

bold, too. We would send a signal to all the other dissertators: Don't give us more of the same. Give us something new. Take a chance. Honestly, once we realized we had a chance to send it, we were all glad to send that message. And we felt like it was a great moment to send that message.

LEGACY: Why is it a great moment?

BERRY: Because it's just the second year of this prize; the profession is still digesting what this prize is, what it will be, and who can win. And now we've sent this early signal that this prize is about the best book period; it doesn't just go to the known people, it doesn't go to the usual suspects, and it doesn't go to people who are articulating and rearticulating the same things over and over again. This prize is about opening things up. It throws down the gauntlet and challenges scholars to take chances. And it shakes things up, and I think that's great for my field.

LEGACY: What do you see as the role of a book prize generally? That is, does a book prize make a meaningful difference in any given field?

BERRY: I really think it does. Prizes are important. When recent PhDs go out on the market, if they've won a dissertation prize, it's a huge advantage. More advanced scholars, if their book wins a prize, it's the key to tenure, promotion, and resources, especially at research-intensive schools. Because the question at those schools is not just: Have you written a book, have you negotiated your way through the peer-review process at a reputable press? That's good; that's important, but the bigger question is: Have you written a book everyone is talking about? And the way you measure that—indeed the way you get people talking about it in the first place—is that it wins a prize. You can bet that everybody now is talking about Mark Geiger's book, and that's what this prize has done. It has shone a spotlight on a book that, because it was a dissertation, because it was published by a press that doesn't necessarily specialize in Civil War era studies, people might not have focused on. It has given the book, its subject, and particularly its methodology a platform that it would not otherwise have had. So people are paying attention, and I think this award will change for the better the way we investigate Civil War era history.

LEGACY: Thank you for your candor and your time.



MUSEUMS 2.0



BY MICHELLE L. ZUPAN

Hickory Hill just received an online face-lift (not to be confused with its online Facebook!)

The new Web site “presence” (to employ the proper jargon) immersed our Web developers and us in the World Wide Web nonsensical nomenclature dominion of Tumblr, Digg, Twitter, Flickr, Yelp, QR, and blogs. Dr. Seuss never had it so good. Welcome to Museums 2.0.

Curators are supposed to curate: They care for artifacts, research, and reverently create exhibits. Few tweet, and as far as I recall, tumbling and yelping are *strongly* discouraged in galleries. Or so I once thought.

The museum visitor is rapidly changing. Once upon a time, the “build it and they will come” model was very much a reality. When catering to visitors born during the 1930s and 1940s, museums existed as paragons of cultural virtue. They presented their collections and told stories with a sort of IBM top-down reality. “We have prepared the following cultural meat-and-three today,” they might say, “if you’re interested, come and get it.”

The baby boomers audience slightly altered that dynamic. Visitors seemed to want to be courted, so museums added behind-the-scenes tours, “sip & see” tours, and other out-of-the-glass experiences to their repertoire.

Demands by Generations X and Y wrecked all of that. With the millenials, all bets are off — they want to interact with the museum, not to visit it. It’s a whole new world, most of it handheld.

The current generation is connected as no generation before them could possibly envision. The smart phone is de rigueur, social networking is paramount, and the ladder of participation has transformed into the network of participation. A recent survey of American adults and youth discovered that the vast majority of visitors identify museums to visit through the Internet. They spend more time on museum Web sites and interact with online content more than ever before.

If the visitor does arrive to a museum in person, he also is quite likely to post commentary on sites such as Yelp.com, or to submit photos of his visit on Flickr, or to blog about it on Digg. Assuming the museum passed muster, what digital notation that followed a rewarding visit become so much populist marketing.

In an apoplectic fit, and at great risk of embracing transitory technologies and questionable trends in cultural studies, the otherwise conservative Hickory Hill built a new Web site. So long informational Web page, hello interactive. We now have an educator’s e-newsletter and a blog feature (oh dear!). An interactive floor plan of the house links visitors to our very own YouTube page (more sighs!) and a vibrant photo gallery. And we are now featured on Historypin.com where visitors can virtually tour most of the world through historic photographs posted by users. No telling what aspects of Hickory Hill will pop up there.

We’ve resisted Digg-ing, Tumblr-ing, and Tweeting, but have entered the digital twenty-first century. So the next time you are online via Android, slow down for a moment at www.hickory-hill.org.

Who knows, you might be inspired to request online a paper brochure. We rebuilt those too—and they’re lovely!

THE FLIP SIDE



The Roadside

BY TAD BROWN

*“By political and cultural inheritance
it might as well be next door.”*



The spot on which you stand is, by historical memory, so remote and imprecise that it is best arrived at by numerical assignation. Come here by contemporary electronic device informed by satellites, and you stand on or about latitude 33° 57' 23.57, longitude 82° 28' 39.80. By road map, you are just off South Carolina State Route 81, around the corner from New Bordeaux, a dozen miles northwest of McCormick, South Carolina.

You are forty meandering miles from your office in McDuffie County, Georgia, although as a crow flies, it is half that distance. By political and cultural inheritance it might as well be next door.

Mostly undeveloped, the land here is high and more Piedmont than fall line. This side of the Savannah River is steep, red clayed and forested—timbered at least in a contemporary sense that is defined by planted pines and prescribed burns; parceled by forest service roads and trees occasionally splashed with demarcations of blue or red paint. Below these intrusions hide nooks of hardwoods: white oaks and beeches and hickories that fill valleys too steep to cut and surely designated as streamside management zones; long, ragged crevices that fall into Clarks Hill Reservoir and remind the lake of the spirit of the river from which it sprang.

You are in present-day McCormick County, formerly the Old Abbeville District, near a map dot called Willington. In front of you a granite marker discreetly relates a brief history of a school and a church that once populated this place and gave to the South the finest statesmen she ever threw into battle. The church that doubled as a school is gone. Look here and there to find physical reminders that tell of the little log huts that students erected around the tiny schoolhouse where they pursued individual classes in classical studies, language, and oratory. You find none.

Down the drive is the tiny cemetery where lie in peaceful repose the founders of this place—Giberts and Nobles, Moragnes and Calhouns. This town was named, so legend says, when Huguenot

and Scots-Irish settlers cordially bumped into one another on the bluffs far above the banks of the Savannah River, and agreed to worship and to labor mutually in a wild land they valued as “high and healthful.” In time, agrarian prosperity followed hard work, cotton grew and Willington thrived. When the call for a preacher and schoolmaster went out, a pious, thirty-five-year-old man named Moses Waddel answered.



Born in North Carolina of Irish parents, six years before the Declaration of Independence, Waddel was versed well enough in Greek, Latin, French, the Bible and the classics by age fourteen that he began to teach school. In 1786, he came to Georgia. Denied the opportunity to instruct at Richmond Academy in Augusta, Waddel settled in Greene County. His Presbyterian faith grew strong. After a year of additional training at Hampden Sydney College, he was licensed to preach. He returned to Georgia in 1794 and established a school at Carmel Church in Columbia County. From there he moved to Vienna, South Carolina, a prosperous trading center at the confluence of the Broad and Savannah

Rivers. By 1805, when he responded to the offer from Willington, Moses Waddel was a teaching legend.

But that is narrative history and not what you came to discover, anymore than you drove forty miles to learn that Forest Service Road F563A leads to a family graveyard two centuries old.

You came to visit something beyond commemorative markers, to touch some spirit informed by the land from which it partly sprang. You came to see what kind of a place takes young boys, opens their minds with classical learning, wets their tongues with Cicero and Milton, and sets them loose upon the world to become patriots; what sort of land created in their minds an image of beauty and order so powerful that they would risk everything—family, friendships, health, historical legacy—to see it understood as they understood it and loved as they loved it; what concept of territory convinced them to believe in a compact that presumed to govern the relationship and powers between governmental boundaries.

You came to ask why those young men, reared in such a humble, organic environment, pledged loyalty to a political philosophy and in its name hurled themselves against a stone machined from superficiality, expediency, and greed. You wonder if they knew they could not hold out forever, and that despite their efforts the stone would crush them and all those who followed.

And you came to see what sort of legacies informed another man almost a century distant with such powerful notions of honor and truth that he would readily take his life with his own pen, rather than stake a position on convenience and false pretense.

Look where you will but it is not here. Nowhere in Willington or any place between can you find a talisman that grants entry into the past anymore than you can point to a tree that shaded their youth, or a river that connected families and states, or dirt paths upon which walked the then-tender feet of McDuffie and Calhoun.

Back down the road, on what once was the postbellum railroad, stand two historical markers. One broadcasts the following:

“Two miles southwest is the site of this famous classical academy, which was established in 1804 by Rev. Moses Waddel, D.D., one of the greatest educators of his day. Here from 1804 to 1819 he taught hundreds of ambitious boys of great potentiality who became some of the South’s most notable men. Their record is his greatest monument.”

Those are the monuments you came to see; to witness the days when those records were populated, when elected officials were eloquent and learned and when all the drama of the early tragic fights between the South and New England were debated and fought and cried over. A few were won.

That record is not on these markers, nor could it be on a thousand—it is too lengthy, too complex, too corrupted by a truckload of historiography as sectional as the struggles it presumed to depict. You close your eyes to listen beyond the rush of trucks and humanity headed to no place in particular, hoping the dramatic voice of history cries out:

“I was the banquet throng in the summer of 1828 that gathered to hear the eloquence of the ordinary and the taciturn who, fresh from the goading of the newspapers, ‘Lay on, McDuff!’ appeared at the political supper in Columbia thrown in his honor. We pressed him to speak, and when he finally rose, awkward at first, he grew inspired, picked up momentum like a storm, exploded in violent eloquence on the wrongs done us, and at the exact moment we grasped ‘nonconsumption,’ threw his coat in a rage toward the heavens and cried, ‘Doff this golden tissue!’

“And I was the sight weeks later of the well-to-do men who had been in attendance, and who now refused to wear their northern finery, opting instead for the simple clothing woven in their homeland.”

Or,

“I was the packed gallery of this tribunal that gathered to witness the greatest battle of our time, to see him go up against the

elitist and to accomplish with finality what his disciple did not fully do; breathless, knowing that he had chosen the ground and drawn Black Dan to it, and then with plain language and impeccable logic took up his claymore, and ripped the seams off the sophistry to reveal the tissue frame; and then, stick by stick destroyed it with such precision and occasional wit that it moved the aged but still fiery John Randolph, on the floor but whose view of the battlefield was blocked, to whisper in excitement:

*“I want to see
Webster die,
muscle by
muscle”*



“Take away that hat. I want to see Webster die, muscle by muscle.”

“And I was the thunderous silence when no reply came, even days later, because he could not; his lips on that position did, in fact, close forever; and then I retired, giddy with the knowing that we had won again.”

And then:

“I was the Georgia jury that served with excitement and wonder, waiting for a glimpse of the legendary lawyer; the only barrister whose courtroom skill, erudition, and oratorical magic could save this Jew; the one who came, finally, and with a quiet, sincere

voice that parted the stifling summer heat of the country courtroom told me, ‘You know who I am, and that I am one of you, and that whatever I say to you will be the truth,’ and thus, before the first witness was called, saved the life of his client.”

“And I was the voice that dared to rebel against its own party, a party that had erected strange statues in the places of Jefferson and Jackson, a party that turned away from its origins to pursue a political course that ran to the cities. And I called to the farmers:

‘Demand of your rulers that the law shall treat your industries as it treats others, equally as to burdens and equally as to benefits...I would that I could see the gullied fields throw off the sedge and the briar, and take once more to their grown bosom golden grain. I wish I could see the old folks come back from town, re-shingle the ‘big house’ and reset the flower yard. I wish that I could see every old parlor re-hung with the family pictures, and the weeds and grass cleared away from the graves of those who sleep under the trees in the garden. Would that this country could be built up again, and built up by those who love it most.

“Rise up and strike your enemies! Your homes and your liberties are being lost!”

Like the honesty of ’92 and ’96, these voices never come—the spoken words that question records, that craft a devil from a courteous, original political thinker, a taciturn crank from the most eloquent of congressmen, a bigot and a demagogue from a Southern reformer.

And though you would like to believe they quietly hide in the ragged edges of the ravines that spill into the river, or under the roots of the slow-growing beech, you know fully that the reservoir swallowed the murmurs forever, and left you shrill echoes of “a lot of cranks, fanatics and hoodlums, whose alleged principles were unworthy of serious consideration.”

So you leave this place, unsatisfied, and take the highway home.

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Email your responses to: tbrown@watson-brown.org



The six Ionic limestone columns that stand in repose on the main campus of the University of Missouri are all that remain of Academic Hall, the school's first building. Completed in 1843, Academic Hall burned fifty years later. Its columns stand today in the foreground of Jesse Hall.

Congratulations to Shanteria Lowe, Kayla Morgan, David Peltier, Doug Slaughter, and Dixie Lee Trimm for correctly identifying the historic structures!