

Summer 2012

The LEGACY

A Publication of Watson-Brown Foundation, Inc.

Foreign
POLICY
SPOTLIGHTING DR. LEWIS McMILLAN

Appealing
to the
TREE COURT

SEE THE
Pattern
COBB GETS SOME NEW THREADS

WE LOVE
Sommie
WATSON

WATSON  BROWN
FOUNDATION



“I never could enjoy music in a room full of gabblers. Melody and silence must be sisters, I think.”



—Thomas E. Watson, *Bethany*, 1904

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Cover photo: Thomas E. Watson,
People's Party presidential candidate, 1904

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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BONE HOLT

CAMPUS NOTES



Watson-Brown Scholars in Action

Bone Holt, Rising Senior, Wofford College: "I am studying in Wollongong, Australia, this semester, a city of 250,000 that lies just below Sydney on Australia's southeastern coast. With mountains on one side and beaches on the other, there's 'heaps' to do in the 'Gong!"

"As for the educational component of my study abroad, my classes are focused on Australian economics, Australia's indigenous peoples, and an independent research project in the field of computational chemistry. I have found the University of Wollongong to be an excellent fit, even though it contrasts with my home institution in terms of size and the nature of Australian academics.

"I feel that I have greatly benefited from my study abroad experience thus far. Adapting to life in an unfamiliar environment has been both exciting and challenging. I find that, through learning about and engaging Aussie culture, I have grown in understanding myself and developed a more mature view of the world. I appreciate that my education has allowed me the opportunity to travel and live as I have this semester, and I thank the Watson-Brown Foundation for their support."



Laura Jackson, Senior, College of Charleston: "As a Senior at the College of Charleston, I recently completed the requirements for a B.S. in biology and am preparing for graduation. I have had many amazing experiences as an undergraduate but my favorite would have to be the research experience I participated in during my senior year. Working with sea urchins was a topic I never foresaw, but the experience not only taught me so much about science but also prepared me for graduate school. I am the first person in my family to graduate college, thanks to the support of scholarships like the Watson-Brown Foundation. I am proud to say I will continue my education at the University of Alabama at Birmingham in the fall."



Lindsay Ridlon, Rising Senior, Georgia Institute of Technology: "The past year has been nothing short of exhilarating! When my third co-op semester ended in August 2011, I decided to return in January 2012 for a fourth and final semester with tech sales and marketing at Delta Air Lines. I have thoroughly enjoyed every aspect of my co-op and was delighted to be asked back for a fourth term.

"The fall semester was both fun and exhausting; I was a part-time intern at a local real estate company in Atlanta, while also taking a full load of classes. However, I did manage to have a little bit of fun between interning and school, with home football games and still traveling with my Delta flight benefits. In November, I traveled to Dakar, Senegal, to visit a friend studying abroad and had an incredible experience. To this day it is still one of my favorite places.

As soon as fall finals were over, I backpacked through Thailand for three weeks and got to see an amazing and untouched part of the world. During one of the few moments I had access to Internet while in Thailand, I logged on to check my fall grades and saw that I earned a 4.0 for the semester. I was extremely proud of myself because at the beginning of my semester I made earning a 4.0 my goal. Despite how busy I had been all semester, I knew I deserved a 4.0 and was so excited to see it in print!

"Upon returning to the 'real world,' I spent most of my free time applying for summer internships. I stumbled upon a full-time position with Delta Air Lines in commercial strategy and immediately knew the job was for me. After a lengthy interview process, I finally got the phone call I was hoping for! I accepted the position and will be starting as a Commercial Strategy Analyst after I graduate in December. My co-op with Delta has been an incredible experience and has made my entire time at Georgia Tech unforgettable.

This summer, I will take a full load of classes and work as a nanny for a family here in Atlanta. I will then continue nannying and take my final semester of classes in the fall. Although I am sure I will miss Georgia Tech, I am very excited to start the next chapter of my life and see what else is in store for me!"



Angela Kao, Sophomore, University of South Carolina: "Who knew that after two years, it is only just the beginning. Although high school seemed so long ago, the college application process is something engrained in our memory—a time where we held our breath until it was all over. And then college began. Four more years of rest until that time of frenzy begins again when applying for graduate school. But for me, that time ended prematurely when I found myself applying for pharmacy school all of last fall. Only after a year in, I felt like I was back at square one—studying for the PCAT, taking the PCAT, writing essays, chasing people down for recommendation letters, the nerve-racking interviews, the agonizing wait . . . and before I knew it, the exalting breath of relief as I held the crisp pages of my acceptance letter in my hands: "Welcome to the South Carolina College of Pharmacy, Class of 2016." Lyrics to my eyes!

"After four invigorating semesters of college, I cannot believe my undergraduate years have come to a conclusion. Needless to say, each semester has a story of its own but all tell the tale of a growing young woman tucking new experiences under her belt. For one thing, as a fairly shy person, my role as a background dancer in a cultural show progressed into being one of the main dancers and performers of the show. As someone who once had no knowledge or experience in any sport whatsoever, I later developed my skills and strove to become better after playing various intramural sports, including flag football, floor hockey, ultimate frisbee, dodgeball, and basketball. As someone who is not a runner, I participated in the happiest 5K in the world: the Color Run.

(Angela Kao, continued from page 5)

I faced challenges I normally would never seek out, and I endeavored. However, I could not have done these things without the people I've encountered throughout my college career and their support. Although one chapter of my life is ending, another is just beginning. I welcome the challenges to come and the new people and experiences to encounter."



Kensey Barrett, Senior, University of South Carolina Aiken: "My Senior year at the University of South Carolina Aiken was extremely busy and difficult. The most memorable class of my final semester was Senior seminar, where I wrote a twenty-page paper on the detective novel, which I then had to defend in front of numerous members of the English faculty. It was nerve-racking, but my fellow seminarists were there the entire time and were a great support and source of constant encouragement. Also during my senior year, I studied for the LSAT and was accepted into various law schools but decided on attending the University of South Carolina School of Law. I am extremely excited and looking forward to starting law school this fall."



Leigh Sundem, Senior, Georgia Southern University: "The day I have been waiting for has finally arrived—graduation! Graduating with a B.S. in chemistry is one of the most rewarding and exciting life experiences I have had to date. I have been an active part of my university from the

start by participating in the University's Honors Program, teaching Supplemental Instruction for General Chemistry, and conducting research on potential inhibitors of Alzheimer's Disease. This past academic year has been the most exhilarating one so far, as I had been going through the process of applying for medical school. I ended up setting the record for highest MCAT score made by a Georgia Southern student with a 39R, which is the 99.1–99.4 percentile. This has enabled me to interview at some of the most prestigious medical institutions across the country and visit places that I have never been. Next year, I will be attending University Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry in Rochester, New York. I am so excited to begin this next chapter in my life. Thank you Watson-Brown for assisting me in my academic and personal endeavors!"



Brandon Robinson, Senior, Wofford College: "I have accomplished more than I ever thought was possible while I have been at Wofford College. I will be graduating in May summa cum laude and enrolling in Clemson University's Master of Accountancy program with a graduate assistantship. While at Wofford College, I have been named to the Dean's List every semester and received the Accounting Student of the Year award. In addition to the Watson-Brown Foundation scholarship, I received the Francis M. Hipp scholarship, which recognizes academic success and potential for leadership in business. These scholarships have made my success at Wofford possible and brightened my future in accounting.

"I have performed numerous internships while at Wofford College, which include PricewaterhouseCoopers, one of the big four accountings firms, and Gosnell, Menard, Robinson, & Infante CPAs, a local accounting firm. Both of these internships have enabled me to gain a significant grasp on the expectations, the responsibilities, and the careers available to me in both

of these accounting settings. I had the pleasure of participating in some of Wofford College's organizations, which included Twin Towers, a service organization, Student Alumni Association, and the Finance, Accounting, and Business Club. Through these organizations I was able to serve my community, disadvantaged children, the Wofford Alumni, and my fellow business-related majors. After Clemson, I plan to move to Charleston and begin my accounting career, while obtaining my Certified Public Accountant license. I thank the Watson-Brown Foundation for aiding me in making my dreams a possibility, and I will continue to do my best in hopes of proudly representing those who supported me in my endeavors, while never forgetting the importance of giving back."



Erin McMullin, Rising Senior, Brigham Young University: "This past year marked my Junior year in college. I'm over halfway through with my college career. It's odd to think that I have five more classes and I'm done. It seems like just yesterday that I graduated from high school, looking forward to all that I was going to accomplish in college. I went to a high school for artists, where art was emphasized and taught within the classroom. When I left high school and came to college, I chose not to continue with my specialized art form that I had studied in high school. I felt that I was abandoning my art, leaving behind all that my teachers had done for me in high school. But this past year I have learned that I have not abandoned my art—I am still an artist. Every single class that I take, I learn how to create, how to take my thoughts and opinions and put them on paper. I take nothing and make something new. This past year, I took a very basic graphic design class in which we learned how to use computer programs such as InDesign, Illustrator, and Photoshop. I learned how to take a blank sheet on the computer and create something completely new—a logo, an advertisement, a newsletter, a book; to put color on a blank page. In my other classes for my English major, I read new



literature and study other people's thoughts and cultures. This past year, I studied Edgar Allan Poe and Seamus Heaney. I studied art and architecture, philosophy, science. And after I study all of this, as a writer, I take a blank page and write my thoughts down, communicating and creating. This is why I am an artist. I create. I am learning every single day how to be an artist, how to create, how to think and imagine and wonder about life. I am an artist."



Kalyn Kitchings, Senior, University of Georgia: "In June 2008, I made the journey from Thomson, Georgia, to the Classic City. I must admit that I experienced a pretty severe case of culture shock. I went from being one of a few hundred students to being one of 35,000. In fact, the first chemistry class that I took that summer had more students than were in my graduating class. Needless to say, I was forced to adapt. I started to branch out of my network of friends, and soon I rarely had a class in which I did not see a familiar face.

"In August 2011, I began my Freshman year at the University of Georgia College

of Veterinary Medicine. Since that time, I have completed the requirements of my first year of veterinary school while simultaneously concluding the final year of my undergraduate degree. I am ecstatic to receive a B.S. in Agriculture with magna cum laude academic honors, as well as Honors distinction from the UGA Honors program.

"My time at UGA has provided me with vast opportunities for unique, life-altering experiences. From memories made with my sisters in Sigma Alpha Professional Agriculture Sorority to founding UGApostolics, a campus ministry for Apostolic students that my friends and I worked to have recognized as an official student organization, every moment has served to strengthen my faith, build my character, and inspire me to move forward in the pursuit of my dreams to become proficient in veterinary medicine.

"This summer, I have been blessed to be one of four students selected to travel to Kruger National Park in South Africa to assist our professor in conducting research on some of Kruger's wildlife. I am incredibly excited about this trip, as I know that it will not only allow me to make many new memories while furthering my knowledge of veterinary medicine, but it will also allow me to expand my network of friends and colleagues that will last throughout my professional career.

"I am truly thankful for everyone in my life who has helped bring me to this moment. I could not ask for better parents, siblings, teachers, and friends. I would never have made it without their unending love and support. I thank God for all of the doors that He has opened in my life,

and I look forward to the opportunities and experiences that are revealed during my next three years at the University of Georgia College of Veterinary Medicine."

Chelsea Hagood, Senior, Savannah College of Art and Design: "I'm getting ready to graduate from the Savannah College of Art and Design with my bachelor's degree in historic preservation. I somehow managed to do it in three years, and they flew by so fast! I have been very involved as an officer in the Student Preservation Association and Reformed University Fellowship. Whatever time I had left over, I spent studying in Savannah's beautiful squares and Forsyth Park. Last summer, I had the wonderful experience interning with Historic Augusta, Inc., our nonprofit historic preservation organization. I was able to get some very valuable field experience and work with amazing people!

"I'm so fortunate to be finishing up my time at SCAD by spending this spring semester studying international preservation in Provence, France! I'm planning the rehabilitation of a Protestant church from the 16th century and having so much fun traveling and sightseeing. I'm so grateful to the Watson-Brown Foundation for helping make all of this possible! I'll be starting this fall in Georgia Tech's Master of City Planning program, where I will be researching integrating downtown revitalization and preservation into urban economic development plans. I am so excited to see what this next chapter of my life holds!"

LUCAS McMILLAN



Alumni Spotlight

BY SHANNON FRIEDMANN HATCH

The National Security Council, the president's close circle of advisors on domestic and foreign affairs, is on red alert. A possible terrorist hideout has been identified in a volatile region of the Middle East. Should the United States attack the compound and signal that they're in the region? What if the intelligence is incorrect and civilian casualties are incurred? If it's accurate, could this be the military's only chance to apprehend dangerous enemies before they strike?

This discussion is happening behind closed doors, but not those of the Oval Office. Instead, students in Dr. Lucas McMillan's American foreign policy class are meeting in a simulation. This is Lucas's fourth year as Assistant Professor of Political Science at Lander University in Greenwood, South Carolina. While wars will not be won or lost based on the students' recommendations, the stakes—a portion of their final grade—are high.

Lucas, himself, has been interested in politics from an early age. "I remember making yard signs for George H.W. Bush when I was eight and watching the map of the Electoral College results on TV on election night," he says of the 1988 event. Even if he had grown up in the suburbs of Washington D.C. or in the shadows of a

state capital, this early involvement would have been understandable but uncommon. But considering that Lucas was born and raised in Mullins, South Carolina, a rural, agrarian town, population 6,000, in the Pee Dee region of the state, it was exceptional. Young Lucas was surrounded by verdant tobacco fields and can still

remember the smell of the crops in the warehouse where he worked for nine summers, the breeze flowing through its open doors with as much efficiency as a hand fan at an August tent revival.

While in ninth grade at the area's only high school, Lucas was introduced to world geography and world history. It literally changed his worldview. He later went on to attend academic camps at Wofford College and spent a week there as part of Palmetto Boy's State, a camp sponsored by the American Legion to encourage civic engagement. Not surprisingly instead of archery and kayaking, Boy's State activities included sessions on politics and government, mock debates, and even a mock election. "I ran for Attorney General and lost," he recalls with a laugh. "Life goes on."





Indeed it does. Lucas's path led him back to Wofford for undergrad, where he concentrated in Government and Economics. During his Junior year, he studied abroad at St. Andrews in Scotland. "I was studying international politics not only with classmates from the rest of Europe but also Asia and Africa—one of my good friends was raised in Nigeria. This experience changed my interests," he says. The shift led him to apply for a Rotary Ambassadorial Scholarship; he was selected and pursued a graduate degree at University of Warwick in England. "I'm a huge promoter of study abroad. It's life-changing, sure, but you also build long-lasting self-confidence."

And if any profession requires confidence, it's that of college professor. In August 2008 (the same year he completed his PhD from the University of South

Carolina), Lucas accepted a position at Lander University. "There's a lot of on-the-job training," he says with a laugh. Four years later, his experience includes teaching introductory and upper-level courses in everything from Introduction to American Government to The Politics of Globalization.

When he was not in the classroom, he was working on his recently published book, *The Involvement of State Governments in U.S. Foreign Relations* (Palgrave Macmillan, 2012). "A lot of people don't think about it, but the fifty states are really world economies, Texas and California being in the top ten economies in the world," Lucas says. Since the 1950s to current day globalization, state governments have been actively involved and affected by international economic

development, whether it's attracting foreign automakers within their borders or impacting immigration policy. After researching and writing on the topic from 2004–2011, he says jokingly, "When I finally held a copy it was really satisfying, but—unlike a child—it cannot love you back."

Lucas ended the academic year on a high note when he was named as the recipient of the Monica Martin Stranch Endowed Professorship at Lander University, which "is given to a current full-time tenured or tenure-track Lander faculty member who represents, in an exemplary manner, the University's commitment to teaching and learning." The accolades will surely invigorate his passion for teaching, but this summer he looks forward to spending time with his wife, Lisa, and sons, Will and Henry. "My two boys are my greatest gifts," he says.





CARPETS: THE SEQUEL



BY SHANON HAYS

Period-appropriate carpets have finally arrived for two sitting rooms on the main floor of the T.R.R. Cobb House.

Our regular readers and visitors might remember our discovery of a small notebook kept in the early 1850s by John Basil Lamar, brother-in-law of Howell Cobb. Lamar oversaw the construction of Howell and Mary Ann's second home in Athens. He recorded the construction materials and processes in his notebook.

Not long after that discovery a local collector appeared with another of Lamar's notebooks. Because so little specific information is available on the actual furnishings of this house, we have relied substantially on these two notebooks as de facto furnishing guides.

Working closely with our historic carpet specialists

in Massachusetts and Maine, we identified two probable carpets: one for the parlor and one for Marion's sitting room. The patterns were forwarded to the manufacturers in England. There, the correct size (twenty-seven-inch) looms were located and the proper colors selected. Then they went to work.

Due to several months of holdups at customs in England and New York (the carpets are made of wool—an organic material), the carpets did not arrive at our installers until late January. Finally a few short weeks ago, our new carpets and three members of the Gfroerer Company, a sixth generation carpet company, appeared on our steps. They then assembled the carpet strips on the floor and sewed each into place.

Have a peek.



RESTORING LADY GOODRUM



Stripping Eighty Years Off a Masterpiece Might Get Ugly

BY CONNIE SKRIPKO



Trenches excavated for lines to connect twenty-eight geothermal wells



Reveal on south elevation shows generations of paint



Garage and service entrance being stripped of paint



Preliminary grading of front drive



Arrangement of granite spalls for front drive



Sections of original decorative iron fence



Geothermal excavations filled in



VOTE UNDER THE LIBERTY BELL



Sticks & Stones

BY MICHELLE L. ZUPAN

Populists of 1890 (top left, pages 14–15): In the election of 1890, the supporters of the People's Party movement secured several vital political offices, including in the United States Congress. Most were Western populists, with the exception of Tom Watson, elected to the U.S. House of Representatives.

The Farmer Pays for All (top right, page 15): Propaganda has long been a staple of the American political system. The Farmer's Alliance used this image as a tool to recruit members and to pressure politicians into creating farmer-friendly legislation.



*"I love the Bible. I love Jesus Christ. I love the People's Party,
and I love Tommie Watson."*

—Populist voter, quoted in *The Augusta Chronicle*, August 22, 1895

“Vote Under the Liberty Bell”, the People’s Party slogan of 1904, is also the title of a temporary exhibition showing through September at Hickory Hill. Among the artifacts on display are campaign ephemera from Tom Watson’s 1904 and 1908 Presidential campaigns, a ticket for the 1892 convention, and an 1891 Farmer’s Alliance songster.

In the late summer of 1889, a severe drought in the West devastated crops, ended the western land boom and ruined farmers. In the Midwest, bumper crops caused dramatic plunges in corn and wheat prices and bankrupted farmers. In the South, the price of jute bagging increases sixty percent, railroad freight rates skyrocketed, and farmers suffered accordingly. The Farmer’s Alliance, a social and economic vehicle, began to agitate a new political force in America.

Founded in 1875 in Lampasas County, Texas, the Farmer’s Alliance was a fraternal organization dedicated to helping farmers obtain financial independence through economic cooperation. Membership was closed to lawyers, bankers, store clerks, cotton mill agents, grain merchants, warehouse operators, and African-Americans. Black

farmers founded their own organization in 1886, the Colored Farmer’s Alliance. One-fourth of all Alliance members were women.

In 1887, the Alliance reached Georgia, and by 1890 claimed 100,000 members statewide. Alliance members started cooperative stores, cotton warehouses, and cotton gins. In Atlanta, a state cooperative exchange was established to allow farmers to purchase supplies at a discount. Thomas E. Watson, along with his fellow Georgia agrarians, encouraged a boycott against the jute-bagging cartel to force down prices. The boycott was successful. Soon Tom Watson was identified as the new leader in the statewide Alliance movement.

In December 1890, 100 delegates from twenty-five state Farmer’s Alliances met in Ocala, Florida, to craft a political platform. The Ocala Platform was endorsed at a larger convention in Cincinnati on May 18, 1891, and a new political party, the People’s Party, was created. A nominating convention was held in Omaha the following year, with a formal adoption of the platform. The Kansas delegation coined the nickname “populist” from the Latin term *populus* meaning “people,” to describe the fledgling party.

Initially, the Georgia Farmer’s Alliance did not support the creation of a third party. *The Augusta Chronicle*, long a Bourbon Democrat newspaper, declared a People’s Party would “destroy white supremacy, bring death to our civilization . . . [and] spread socialism, communism, and anarchy!” Before the 1892 Alliance convention in Omaha, a group led by Charles Ellington, Charles Christian, and Columbia County farmer Mell Branch met in Douglasville, Georgia, to establish the Georgia People’s Party.

In 1890, Tom Watson was elected to Congress as a Democrat, but on a Farmer’s Alliance platform. His loyalty to the Alliance earned him the enmity of the Democratic Party. He was counted out of office in 1892 and 1894. In 1896 he ran as vice president on the Populist Party ticket with William Jennings Bryan. Watson ran for president on the People’s Party ticket in 1904 and 1908.

Although the People’s Party never regained the national political momentum it had in 1896, it forever changed American political, social, and economic history. Accordingly, Tom Watson is forever identified with the struggles of the farmer and common man.

LUCK, LUCK

Forest for the Trees

BY DEXTER RHODES



Michelle, curator of Hickory Hill, once told me that Tom Watson let squirrels and woodpeckers have the run of his house. “He used to feed squirrels from his second story office window,” she said, “and let the woodpeckers punch holes in the fascia and soffits of Hickory Hill.”

Tom Watson sure loved nature. I was thinking that when Michelle called me and said that a deranged woodpecker was attacking Hickory Hill. She asked for help.

“That’s a nostalgic woodpecker,” I told her. “Nothing to worry about.”

She said nostalgia was not a part of the interpretation or preservation of a historic site and that I would be doing material culture a huge service if I would help remove the nuisance bird.

I said I would, just as soon as I completed all my proper job duties. Truth be told, I thought Michelle was over-reacting. That, and I sure didn’t want to hurt a woodpecker. Momma used to tell the neighbors in Jenkins County I was tenderhearted and wouldn’t harm a flea. I played football, and they couldn’t believe all that. But it’s true. I really do love animals.

So I stalled. A day later Michelle started in on me again. “Your woodpecker attacked the side-view mirror of Sydney’s car,” she said. Sydney is the educator at Hickory Hill. She loves birds. “He broke it all to pieces.”

I don’t know how the title to the woodpecker was transferred to me, but I said that I would pay for a new mirror. “No,”

she said, “we want the woodpecker gone.”

I told her I’d get to it just after I finished cultivating the corn.

The next day she called me on my cell phone. She was not happy. “Dexter, the air-conditioner repairman is up here doing routine work,” she said. “Your bird just pecked out his side-view mirror and is working on the other one. Now the serviceman is chasing the woodpecker around with a clipboard!”

That did it. I couldn’t let my bird get attacked by a deranged repairman. So I ran up to Hickory Hill to save it.

When I got there, sure enough I saw the repairman picking up glass in the parking lot and sayin’ naughty words. I found my bird. He—a Pileated Woodpecker—was working on the attic windows of Hickory Hill. I’ve seen a lot of Pileated Woodpeckers in my day, but this was the first time I’d seen one attack his own image. He had broken three windows and was working on the fourth. “Dexter,” Michelle screamed, “do something!”

Just then my bird took out the fourth and flew into the attic. “OK,” I said, “Get me into the attic.”

Michelle took me upstairs and unlocked the attic door. When I walked up the stairs my bird was perched on a sash just pecking away.

Pileated Woodpeckers (*Dryocopus pileatus*) are sights for sore eyes to a boy from rural Jenkins County. With their flaming-red crests and imposing stature, they look exotic and ancient. I know they’re common, but I love to think of them as close

cousins to the Ivory-billed Woodpecker, which they are. Listen closely in the woods sometimes and you’ll hear the “luck, luck, luck,” vocalization when they fly from one tree to another. They sound kind of like the siren of a small fire truck with a weak battery. With all the mature loblolly pines around Hickory Hill, you might say we’ve got a Pileated Woodpecker natural preserve. They’re everywhere.

This one was everywhere, too. After I’d watched him a while, I tried to grab him. I chased that bird around the attic for what must have been half an hour. Finally, I caught him and stuffed him under my jacket. He startled me with a shrill cry so loud I thought I’d go deaf, and I let him go. Then, I had to chase him around the attic for another thirty minutes.

I caught him again (it had to be a boy—would a girl act that like that?) and put him into a cage we use to transport chickens. When I carried him downstairs Michelle clapped. The air-conditioner guy scowled.

I relocated my bird on the far side of the property, away from valuable property at Hickory Hill and the cars in the parking lot.

When I opened the cage he made a break for it and flew off like he was headed to Florida. I don’t think we’ll see him again.

That’s a shame. I’d like to think the bird came from another time and was trying to build a house in the attic of Hickory Hill.

Tom Watson would have let him.

THE FLIP SIDE



Sublime Meets Absurd

BY TAD BROWN

From a conversation while sitting hot and motionless in Atlanta traffic: “What is Thomson like?” “I suppose like other places. A small town that wants to be big.” “Oh.”

“Despite its best efforts to the contrary, there is still rural land, much of which is held by relatively few large landowners. There is an equestrian element to Thomson—foxhunting is big there.”

“That’s nice.”

“What?”

“To know there are spaces large enough for horses to run.”

From a bumper sticker on a friend’s 1968 Ford pickup:

“I only have thirty seven dollars, but I have a bag full of clothes pins. I’m set.”

Friend John Bell, Jr. writes in response to our musing about the dubious origins of Georgia’s bovine statute in the spring 2009 *Legacy* that his sober father, John Bell, Sr., was the legislator responsible for what we affectionately know here as “Elsie’s Law.”

Regular readers might recall the grave situation that arose when a cow and her calf wandered onto my farm and took up residence in my tractor shed. To this day the sheriff of McDuffie County dismisses my claim that state law dictates he train a Bovine Extraction Team to rid landowners of trespassing livestock.

“Dad’s concern was for the safety of the motorists and not the cows,” says counselor



Bell. “It was a controversial piece of legislation opposed by many rural legislators.”

I can understand that.

Representative Bell conjured the statute in 1952 during a trip to the beach when he realized almost too late that cows and cars had equal footing on Georgia’s highways.

From Dexter’s garden:

“The peaches are nearly ripe.”

“Good.”

“Not good. It’s not even May.”

Candler Crim chimed in recently to inform *The Legacy* his mother’s people were descended from Moses Waddel.

We directed him to *Memorials of Academic Life: Being An Historical Sketch of the Waddel Family* for additional reading and genealogical research.

Long out of print and costly in rare bookstores, *Memorials* happily is available free at the Internet Archive (archive.org).

The Internet Archive recently considered pulling Tom Watson’s reprint of *The 4th Degree Oath of the Knights of Columbus* because of the threat of a defamation claim by the Knights of Columbus.

The times they ain’t a changin’.

We prevailed in Tree Court recently.

Tree Court is where Atlanta landowners wind up if they attempt to take the life of a six-inch or larger diameter tree without permission from the city arborist.

We were denied a removal permit from the arborist in due course of our restoration of the Goodrum House, a home designed by Philip Trammell Shutze in 1929. Shutze also designed the gardens, which are being restored. Six volunteer trees stood in the way of the recreation of historic garden features.

So we appealed to Tree Court.

To our amazement, the Senior City Arborist took the stand and urged the Tree Justices to consider the Watson-Brown Foundation a hardship case and to extend

what city ordinance could not: a variance.

They did, we restored the garden and now have to figure out an ethical way to offer sincere thanks to the arborist for his remarkable surprise testimony on our behalf.

The 2012 scholarships have been awarded to 231 exceptional students.

One Watson-Brown Scholar will attend Simmons College, another McDaniel College, firsts for us.

If anyone knows where either college is located, please e-mail Sarah Katherine Drury, our Director of Scholarships.

Sydney Peden, educator at Hickory Hill, is leaving us for Jackson, Mississippi.

Actually, Syd is about to marry the love of her life, Christian Pinnen, a newly minted PhD who will teach American history at Mississippi College. She is leaving us for him, not a bad decision.

Sydney was responsible for an educational outreach program that annually ran thousands of kids through our Thomson historic homes and across our lawns and woods.

She has landed at the Mississippi Children's Museum. Keep an eye out for her and tell her we miss her.

We need two Standard "Pembroke"

alcove tubs, c. 1930, for the Goodrum House restoration. If you know of one, drop a line.

A lonely friend with a staff and brim
Under a doorframe pulled my ear:
Nary a bird falls that escapes Him who calls
Mankind to love Him dear.

What Grace affords touches the chords
Of souls aloft so high.
While stewards nearby watch mortal time fly
And lend aid before they die.

We received a kind note via e-mail from Hugh Peterson, fulltime friend and sometime attorney who recently descended upon the T.R.R. Cobb House in Athens.

Hugh escorted his lovely wife to a Colonial Dames "do" hosted at Chez Cobb.

Anything but a dame, Hugh soon lost Mary Jane but found comfort in manly conversation with Sam Thomas, curator of said house.

"I told him of our relationship and was relieved that he made no sign of holding that against me," pokes Hugh. "I was very impressed with him."

We are too, and more impressed that Sam had the good judgment to bite his tongue.

*"Michael Leggett,
Wayfaring Warhol
of Welding, reports
his 140-pound
mongrel Max has
learned to operate
a cell phone."*



Also need two c. 1930 toilets—tankless, side fill Thomas Maddock and Sons potties. Like hen's teeth, these ones. Find us one (or two or three) and name your price.

We enjoyed lunch recently with Harry Cashin, one time Augustan and fulltime Irishman of diminutive proportion and substantial wit.

Colonel Cashin swears the crab salad at Atlanta Fish Market is the best around.

Among other nostalgic musings we recalled woodland romps and good bird hunts long ago at Harry's "Quailco" operation in the bowels of South Georgia.

Junior Management reminds me that the Boykin spaniel we hunted with was named Sable, Harry.

Like an obnoxious neighbor, the drought doesn't seem to ever want to leave us.

Water levels on Clark's Hill reservoir are dangerously low, with humps and otherwise flooded timber poking their heads to the waterline, waiting for unwary boaters.

Unfortunately, we've not seen where they've claimed any Jet Skis or pontoon boats.

Why do fat people with tattoos pose for photographs? There are two under my office window right now ensuring all that ugly will be saved for the generations.

Marty Daniels spoke at this year's Scholar's Day.

Marty is the great great grandniece of Mary Boykin Chesnut. Known for her many fine qualities and accomplishments, Marty moved forcefully on the discovery of Chesnut's long-missing photograph albums, published them, and then donated to actual albums to the University of South Carolina's South Caroliniana Library, where they join the acclaimed diary and now are available for researchers.

Occasionally, the best of the human spirit prevails. Thank you for so many things, Marty.

Chris Curtis, Foundation friend and fine scholar, has published *Jefferson's Freeholders and the Politics of Ownership in the Old Dominion* via Cambridge University Press.

Congratulations, Chris.

On a barely related note, when you're finished with Watson's *Socialists and Socialism* please return it to our library.

Clovis Brown wants to know where he can obtain 10,000 fingerling silver carp for his lake in northwest Florida.

Silver carp are the insane trash fish that leap into the air after a motorboat passes. We think somewhere down the line they were genetically tied to fainting goats.

Anyway, weary of swatting bumblebees with his badminton racquet, Clovis is ready to tackle shuttlecock fish with a wiffle ball bat.

Send him your leads:
clovis@flyingcarp.com

Spring gobbler season
has come and gone.

After years of shouldering abuse from shooting two-ounce turkey loads from a 3" 12 gauge, we switched this season to a 3" 20 gauge firing Hevishot #7s.

It defies physics: soft on recoil, devastating on birds. Our third bird was absolutely wrecked by the tiny twenty at 37 yards. A belated thanks to Mike Orlen for outstanding turnaround time: less than a week to extend and polish a forcing cone and thread a barrel for choke tubes.

That included shipping to and from Massachusetts.

Joe Lesesne lost his smart phone at the
bottom of Lake Kiowee, then miraculously found it.

The phone, not bright enough to wear swimmy's, is on life support. Better to call Joe's office number. Best to track down Ruth.

If you are careless enough to lock your
keys in your car at the Atlanta History Center, pray that you were thoughtful enough to pack a lunch and a cooler of beer.

The Society of Civil War Scholars has
selected the 2012 winner of the Tom Watson Brown Book Prize. Stay tuned for the public announcement.

If Jim Kibler asks you to visit Ballylee,
think twice.

Professor Kibler, forever kind, recently horns-noggled us into a speaking gig at USC Union and then prevailed upon us to drop by his lovely antebellum digs afterward for a tour and a cold beer. Hard to turn down the latter.

Ballylee is somewhere to the left of Sumter National Forest and smack dab in the middle of nowhere.

As the sun set we asked, "How do we get home, Jim?"

"Damned if I know. How'd you get here?"
"We followed you."



Sumter National Forest gets lonely in the dark.

Michael Leggett, Wayfaring Warhol of
Welding, reports his 140-pound mongrel Max has learned to operate a cell phone. Sez Brother Leggett:

"I live on a dirt road near Graham, Alabama, and we all know one another. Larry is our postman.

One day Larry calls me and says, 'Michael, did ya git a new dawg?'

'Yup,' I sez. 'He was advertised on Craigslist. When I went to pick him up I found him chained to a lawnmower. You want the mower?'

'Nup. I want you to git yer dawg away ferun me. I got a package to put on your porch but he's growlin' and won't let me outamuh truck.'

'Larry,' I sez, 'you ain't gonna believe this, but that dawg's smart. I want you to put yer phone on speaker and hold it up to his ear.'

'Michael, I need muh fingers to deliver mail.'

'Trust me, Larry,' I sez.

So Larry does like I tolem, and I speak all sincere-like inter the cell phone:

'Max, this here is Deddy. That man yore growling at is Larry. He's our mailman and he needs to git to the porch. He's our friend. He's yore friend. Now let 'im be.'

And do you know Larry sez ole Max went from growlin to wigglin his tail after that?"

An edgy friend who hitched a ride with
us recently asked if we'd ever cleaned out

the interior of our truck. Taking the subtle hint, we grabbed the trash bags and went to work. The inventory of treasures we discovered included:

Mechanical pencil no longer mechanical (1), small hose clamp (1), discarded camera battery for son's rangefinder (1), six-ounce bottles of contact lens solution/lubricant, dated 2001, 2004, (2), petrified stick of chewing gum, still in wrapper (1), impressive miscellany of live small arms ammunition, various calibers/gauges (23), radar detector, c. 1980, long since divorced from its power cord (1), audio CD of Joel Chandler Harris's Uncle Remus Stories (1), brochure for Thomas Jefferson's *Poplar Forest*, c. 2004 (1), tattered road map of the Southeastern United States, c. 1990 (1), parking ticket, City of Atlanta, 12/5/2011 (1), cassette tape, *Greatest Hits*, Merle Haggard (1), key, 1969 Glassmaster tri-hull, (1).

All those discoveries brought on a terrific fit of road trip nostalgia. We threw all the stuff in the back seat.

David Moltke-Hansen, General Editor
of the five-volume *Selected Writings of Elizabeth Fox-Genovese*, recently completed that labor of love. University of South Carolina Press published the collection, which is affectionately known here as the "Betsey Project."

There are dozens of people whose efforts merit resounding applause, including a host of press staffers and diligent contributing editors, but most of all we have the late Elizabeth Fox-Genovese to thank for sharing her life with us.

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Correctly identify the historic structure and the college campus on which it resides, and we will send you a \$25 bookstore gift certificate.

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

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



Built in three stages from 1822 to 1833, Cushing Hall is among twelve buildings that make up the Hampden-Sydney College Historic District listed in the National Register of Historic Places. The Federal-style building remains a residence hall and claims the title of the oldest four-story dormitory in the country.

Congratulations to Doug Slaughter and Kayla Morgan for correctly identifying the building!