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The LEGACY

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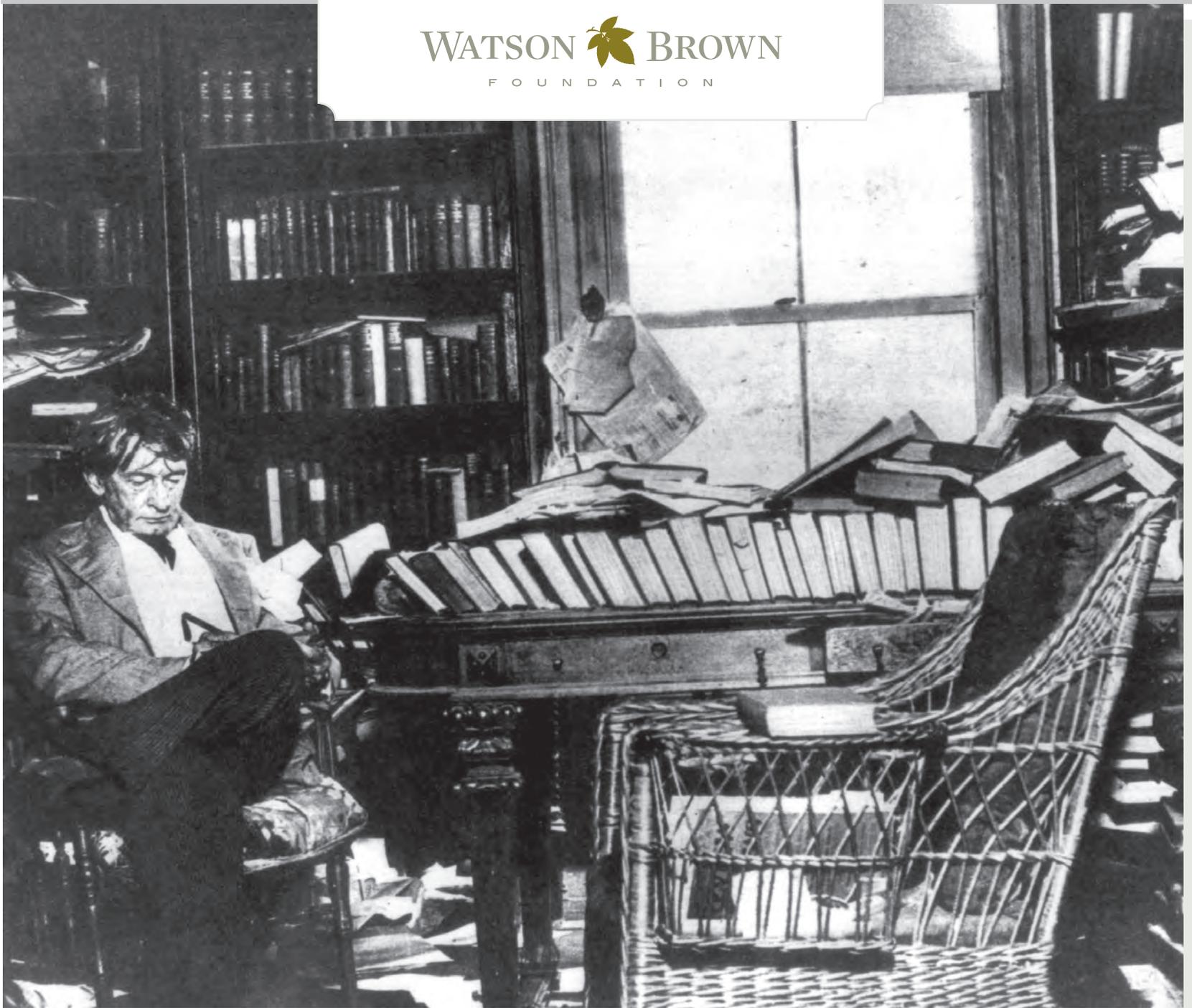
GOOD GRACES
RESTORING THE GOODRUM HOUSE

BACKING *the* BOYKIN
POINTERS ON SPANIELS

Voices
— from the —
PAST
LEVERAGING PRIMARY SOURCES

CONSIDERING *the* TREES
FOR EVERYTHING A SEASON





“Give us the purpose that never turns, and the hope that never dies. And, Father Time, should the New Year, into which you are taking us, have upon its calendar that day in which the few that love us shall be bowed down in sackcloth and ashes, let that day, like all other days, find us on duty—faithful to the end.”



—Thomas E. Watson, “The New Year,” *Prose Miscellanies*, 1912

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OUR MISSION

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

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CAMPUS NOTES



Watson-Brown Scholars in Action



SHANNON THEOBALD

Shannon Theobald, Freshman, Columbia College for Women: “The first few months of college life have flown by! I am attending Columbia College for Women in Columbia, South Carolina, and I love it! The adjustment from high school to college, while daunting, went very smoothly, and I am proud to say that I am well adjusted. I am now the class president of Columbia College’s class of 2014 and am extremely busy coordinating class meetings and events. While maintaining my grades, I was also able to participate in homecoming activities as a cheerleader and my class won the parade float competition, as well as the class advisor dress-up competition for homecoming. I am a member of the Columbia College Honors Program and am also involved in the Pre-Med Club. I am one of twenty McNair Scholars, a special program that incorporates leadership opportunities, as well as community service. We are currently organizing a fundraiser for the United Way and a school art fair.

“I am a double major in biology and public

health, a new program at Columbia College which includes health-specific classes and ‘service learning.’ Service learning requires students to go out into the community and learn, while we complete community-service hours. This program has been an awesome experience thus far. I am involved in a diabetes study and a vitamin D deficiency study and also am working at the Waverly Family Practice, which is one of the Eau Claire Cooperative Health Centers in Columbia that serves underinsured and uninsured patients.

“I look forward to my future years at Columbia College as I continue in my leadership positions and anticipate studying abroad at the University of Salamanca in Spain my junior year.”



MATT COWART

Matt Cowart, Freshman, Georgia Southern University: “As I prepared to enter my freshman year at college, I was focused on two things: to succeed in making good grades and to play baseball. The good grades were not much of a struggle, but the dream of playing college baseball was

quickly diminishing. As the semester began, I realized that the possibility of playing for the varsity baseball team was out of reach for the time being.

“However, my desire to play baseball was not gone. I then heard about the club baseball team, but was hesitant on inquiring about a spot. I am pursuing a major in electrical engineering in the GTREP (Georgia Tech Regional Engineering Program) and, therefore, wanted to make sure I had things under control first. I wanted to have a set schedule for study time and establish above-average grades before I took on any more responsibilities. I have recently joined the club baseball team and see that playing with them and maintaining adequate grades is not a problem. Now, I am even looking into joining other clubs and organizations such as IEEE (Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers) and the robotics club. Overall, this experience of adapting to college has been a tough yet enjoyable one.”

Britney Robinson, Freshman, Spelman College: “I have been a student at Spelman for almost ten weeks and already I can feel myself evolving. From me and my beloved Spelman sisters being woken up out of our sleep by our resident hall assistants at five in the morning to march outside in the rain so that we could sing the Spelman hymn, to taking the required first-year student course African Diaspora and the World, which requires me to critically examine the notions of race, gender, and intersectionality, the African diaspora, and my position in this world as an African-American woman, summaries the beginning of my experiences as a college student.



MOLLY NEWSOME



BRITNEY ROBINSON

“As a Spelman student, I am expected not to just learn and acquire information, but to become a critical- and free-thinking woman who uses the information given to her to interact with and improve the world and her community. I have completed volunteer work through Spelman and am searching for a company or hospital to intern at during the summer. College life, for me, is challenging and calls for me to alter my perspective of the world and to reexamine what I have already learned. However, if I complete the challenges that are sure to come my way, then in the next four years I will be transformed into the new and improved Britney.”



AYME CRANFORD

Ayme Cranford, Senior, Augusta State University: “As a senior at Augusta State University, classes and clinicals—though academically and sometimes emotionally challenging—have given me the opportunity to grow in ways I never dreamed possible. My rotations through the VA Hospital on the nursing home floor, Doctors Hospital in labor and delivery, as well as the orthopedics floor, and the Heart and Vascular Institute at University Hospital have given me experiences and knowledge way beyond anything I had imagined coming into nursing school.

“As a member of GANS (Georgia Association of Nursing Students), I have had the opportunity to volunteer at the free health clinics that we offer to our fellow students,

as well as the public. I was also shocked and honored to be invited to become a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. I cannot wait to see what the future holds for me. Last but not least, I want to take this opportunity to thank God for giving me the ability to do what I do and my family for being there for me through the thick and thin.”

Molly Newsome, Senior, University of Georgia: “Last semester I had an internship with the Georgia Natural History Museum under Dr. Garrison of the anthropology department, working to preserve the artifacts recovered from the excavation of New College on North Campus. I learned to use electrolysis to stabilize metals and also worked with ceramics, glass, and various other materials. Some of the artifacts I helped preserve are going to be on permanent display in New College. It was a really rewarding experience, considering I’m thinking about attending graduate school for historic preservation.

“This summer I had an internship through the UGA Honors Program in Congressman Jack Kingston’s office. I worked full-time for nine weeks and attended congressional hearings and various meetings, and performed research duties on legislative

issues for Rep. Kingston. I learned so much about the legislative process and topics and the interworkings of Congress. It was rewarding to meet so many influential people within our government and hear firsthand their thoughts on current events and issues. Being able to be a tourist on the weekend was great, too!

“This semester I am studying abroad in Oxford through Keble College. I have already taken British Common Law and Tudor Stuart England and am currently taking Renaissance and Reformation, as well as People of the World. It has been a wonderful experience so far. I have really enjoyed my studies and am having the opportunity to travel as well. While studying here is an academic challenge, I know it will be something I will never forget and that will have a lasting impact in my life. I’m graduating in May with degrees in both history and anthropology.”



MIGNON BAKER

Mignon Baker, Junior, Pepperdine University: “This school year started off with a blast. Last semester, I studied abroad in Florence, Italy. I saw so many iconic landmarks and cities. I went to Rome and saw the Colosseum, the Vatican, St. Peter’s Basilica, and my favorite, the Trevi Fountain. I visited the Valley of the Temples in Sicily, swam off the coast of Ischia, walked along the canals in Venice, and shopped in Milan.

“I also travelled to London and fell in love. I will definitely be going back. I love it there. It’s so diverse and just awesome. It reminded me of D.C. It gave me a little piece of home. I was sad the guards in red jackets and big black hats do not actually stand outside of the gate of Buckingham Palace. I kind of wanted to heckle them! As I was walking through Hyde Park to get to the palace, the coolest thing ever happened. In Hyde Park there are tons of trees and a big lake so they have huge beautiful swans, ducks, birds, and squirrels. People like to go there and feed them. The ducks even walk up to the gates and open their mouths. So then I saw this man feeding—you ready for this—a squirrel.



TRACI JONES

I couldn’t believe it. The squirrel crawled up his leg! I asked him to do it again and the squirrel ate right out of his hand. So of course I had to try it. I stuck my hand out like I had food and then he crawled up my leg! Then I put my hand back out and it came back and just sat on the gate and stared at me. I think it would have jumped on me but I was too far back so it didn’t make the leap. London is so big so I have to go back and see so many things.

“In Florence I made friends and polished my Italian. I am still not fluent, but I am very functional. I ate my fill of pizza, pasta, and gelato, but I could never get enough pesto. Currently, I am back at Pepperdine in Malibu and I miss Italy, but it is important that I crack down because graduation is in a year and a half. I am also excited to take more of my major classes. As a film major I will be taking many production and theory classes. Next fall, my schedule will be comprised solely of film classes, a moment I have been waiting for. Last semester was full of lifelong

memories; I am looking forward to making some new ones in the coming semesters.”

Traci Jones, Junior, Tennessee Technological University: “Since graduating from South Aiken High School and receiving the Watson-Brown Scholarship, my life has been pretty crazy! The first thing I did was get my license (I know, it’s a little late!) so that I could drive to my first job as a Lab Technician at the Savannah River Ecology Lab in the Analytical Chemistry Department under Dr. Gary Mills. Since June 2008, I have been a summer employee there and have loved every minute of it. We have been in a long-term study of manmade wetlands and are seeing how effective they are in removing harmful heavy metals, such as copper, from the water released into them. I help with water and core sampling and prepare organic matter and bio tissue samples for analyzing by acid digestion. I also was blessed with being allowed to

help in the capture of American alligators for some studies that are being done in the SREL Herpetology Lab.

“Not only have my summers been busy with work but also with intense training as well. I accepted an athletic scholarship to Tennessee Tech to run on their Division I cross-country and track and field teams. Running on a college team has been such a blessing. I finally reached my personal goal of running a 2:19 in the 800m in track last year, and I was truly ecstatic and excited and told my high school coach, Coach Busbee, right away, because he always believed in me. This past cross-country season my teammates voted me team captain. It is such an honor to be voted by my peers to lead them through the season.

“I am now a junior at Tech and am still a Pre-Vet student with plans to go off to vet school at either UT or UGA. I look to the future with extreme faith, hope, and optimism. I plan to graduate from vet school and eventually own my own practice.”



HEP PLATT

Hep Platt, Junior, Clemson University: “The year 2011 has started out great so far. I just got back from the International Builders Show, which was hosted in Orlando this year. I was able to meet and see hundreds of construction suppliers’ and contractors’ exhibits from around the world. My construction management studies have intrigued my interest in the construction industry, and I have begun to do quite a bit of research into possible businesses to enter. I have one-and-a-half years before I enter the real working world and hopefully will have a plan to be on a successful path by then.

“I am currently involved with project management on a basement expansion in Aiken, South Carolina. The scope of work includes excavation under the house, installing steel poles in place of old brick foundations, concrete and finishing work for an art gallery, library, movie theater, gym, and indoor swimming pool. This project has helped teach me how the construction business works, and my skills of problem

solving have also been sharpened. Managing subcontractors and ensuring quality are sometimes difficult but are the most important part of completing a job. Working while in school is time-consuming but having the experience will be worth it when I graduate next year.”



WILLIAM SESSIONS

William Sessions, Freshman, Georgia Institute of Technology: “As a first year student, I am living my dream! For as long as I can remember, I have always wanted to attend Georgia Tech and major in biomedical engineering. Georgia Tech is one of the best technological universities in the world and ranks third in the nation in my major field of study. I also have the privilege of being a Georgia Tech President’s Scholar and a member of the Honors Program. These programs provide unique opportunities to further develop my leadership skills and to pursue special-topic courses that encourage critical thinking and an interdisciplinary approach to problem solving.”

“Courses at Georgia Tech are certainly challenging, but I love what I am learning and I feel fortunate to study under such eminent professors. In addition to my academic pursuits, I am also involved in a number of extracurricular activities. This semester I am serving as vice president of technology for MOVE (Mobilizing Opportunities for Volunteer Experiences), Georgia Tech’s largest community service organization, where I am responsible for updating and maintaining the organization’s Web site. MOVE is the umbrella organization for thirteen committees that provide opportunities for students and groups to participate in service activities such as tutoring, providing assistance to children and adults with disabilities, organizing blood drives, and addressing hunger and homelessness. This has been a great opportunity for me to serve the campus, students, and our community. I also serve as a sound engineer for Under the Couch, Georgia Tech’s student-run all-ages concert venue and as a photographer for

The Pioneer, Georgia Tech’s biomedical engineering department magazine. I am also a member of the American Medical Students Association as I hope to pursue an MD/PhD upon graduation.

“As much as I enjoyed my Christmas break, I actually looked forward to getting back to school and beginning a new semester of classes. Although I have a full schedule this term, the work doesn’t seem so overwhelming because the classes are so interesting. I have found Georgia Tech to be a diverse community of exceptional students and professors who are united in the pursuit of educational excellence. I cannot imagine studying and living with a more exciting group of people. I appreciate the opportunity the Watson-Brown Foundation Scholarship has afforded me to be a Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket!”



DAVIS GRIFFIN

Davis Griffin, Senior, University of Georgia: “‘Time flies.’ It is such an innocent sounding phrase when standing on the doorstep of a new college experience that awaits you with open arms and gleaming opportunity. Yet somehow nearly four years later, I stand almost at the end of the path that doorway led to looking back with my head spinning, hearing myself say those words I have heard at least a thousand times, ‘It seems like yesterday I was beginning my first day of class as a freshman.’ Nevertheless, a few jobs, countless papers and standardized tests, a couple soulmates, several spring break trips, a million friends, and one senior thesis later, here I am pondering how those two words ‘time flies’ gained so much weight over the years. But when I sit and think about what I have gained over that time it slows those clock hands down enough for me to gain a full appreciation for the investment I have put forth.

“Never could I have imagined standing on the doorstep of my college career how much I would grow. My character has grown tremendously. I have broadened my vision and perspective of the world around me to an enormous degree. Every talent I possess has been sharpened, and new skills have been

discovered. College is not a place designed to beat you down, rip away your idealism, and churn you out to the working world only to become another face in the crowd. It is, or at least has been for me, a place to become who it is that you want to be. I have had friends acquire prestigious internships, become fellows for a foundation, get their dream job in Los Angeles or New York City, make music they love, write award-winning stories and film them, join the Peace Corps, take over the family business, and even fly off to Ghana to work in a gold mine. All those people found themselves during this amazing experience that I've been lucky to participate in for the past four years called college.

"This doesn't come to everyone though; I have also seen people squander their time and follow a path that wasn't right for them without thinking. If there is one thing I can take away from my experience and pass on to others it would be to live with your eyes open and be proactive. My personal mission statement is a simple one: go and do. As president of the professional broadcast society here at the Grady College of Journalism and Mass Communication, I have the privilege of frequently addressing our members who are all trying to take those steps and be proactive for themselves. I remind them as often as I can of that mission statement to go and do. Because in today's market, and especially in our field of media and communications, 'who you know' can take you places. Those people, however, will not just approach you and say, 'Hey, I think you should know me.' It is up to you to go out, meet people, talk to them, be interested, be interesting, and make every second of this college experience count, because one day, we will all be standing at the end ready for the next big step.

"The Watson-Brown Scholarship has allowed and encouraged me to take chances and be proactive. I've been proud to be a Scholar, because I can look back now on the four years I've spent in Athens and smile, knowing that it gave me so much more than a scholarship. It gave me the chance to go and do. Now as I prepare to continue my journey into law school, I stand at another doorstep with familiar feelings. I cannot wait to get started, because time flies."

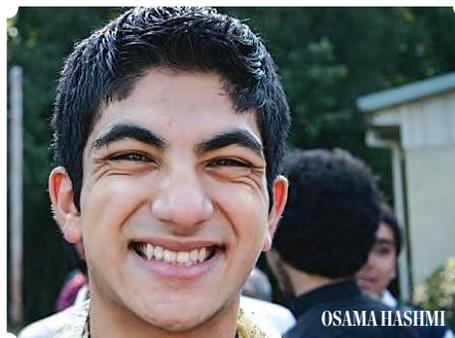
Sean Kirkland, Sophomore, Fort Valley State University: "During my time at Fort Valley my college experience has been one of a kind. I've made many friends who have been a positive influence upon me and had the opportunity to participate in some wonderful events. As a member of the Blue Machine Marching Band, I've had the opportunity to meet many different people

from all walks of life and build wonderful relationships that will last me a lifetime.



SEAN KIRKLAND

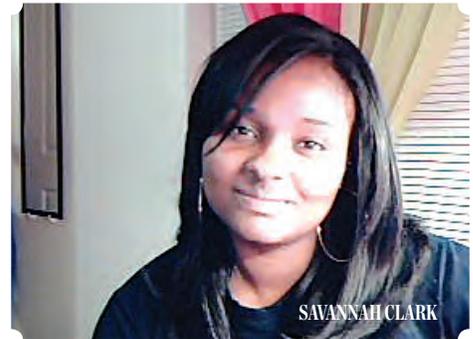
I have had the chance to travel all over the country as apart of the band, creating memories that will keep me entertained for years to come. I am also a member of the university's MANRRS (Minorities in Agriculture, Natural Resources, and Related Sciences) chapter, and I've had the chance to participate in volunteer work and attend conferences focused on educating students about agriculture and opening up potential job opportunities for the future. I look forward to the remaining time I have left at the university and the many positive experiences that are to come, and I am proud to be a member of the graduating class of 2013 at THE Fort Valley State University! Go Wildcats!"



OSAMA HASHMI

Osama Hashmi, Freshman, University of Georgia: "College has been great! My freshman year has been amazing in more ways than one. Since August, I've been involved with research in the Department of Health Policy and Management in the Department of Public Health. I've also started working with the Roosevelt Institute, a campus-wide organization dedicated to policy analysis. Overall, every faculty member I've met (from my calculus professor to various department heads) has been warm and encouraging of my goal to be a physician-policy maker. Of course, besides school, there is still the great city of Athens, Georgia! No matter what day it is, Athens always has great

food and entertainment to offer. With all of these options, I definitely have had to learn how to budget my time and find a balance between fun and studying. It seems like doors are open left and right, and I've learned enough not to let the right doors pass me by."



SAVANNAH CLARK

Savannah Clark, Senior, University of North Carolina, Greensboro: "After four long years of dedicated study, I am finally in my senior year of my undergraduate degree. As I prepare for graduation, I reminisce about the past and daydream about my future. While in school I have been able to join a lifelong fraternity, meet numerous new people, and study abroad in Madrid. There are honestly too many experiences to write about. I know that having the opportunity to attend the college of my choice was only made possible through scholarships like those awarded through the Watson-Brown Foundation. Senior year seems to be flying by in record speed, and I now have to get ready for the real world. I cannot give enough thanks to those at the Watson-Brown for financially allowing me the opportunity to pursue my dreams."



SARAH WATSON

Sarah Watson, Freshman, Davidson College: "As a stranger on campus last fall, I was terrified of the intensive workload that I kept hearing about from the upperclassmen. I have always wanted to be on top of my game and learn everything I possibly could and make the best grades





possible to prove it. Here at school, I was unsure as to whether or not I could do that.

“But I started classes, just like anyone else. I loved them, of course: fascinating subject matter, enthusiastic professors, equally matched classmates, and even the absurd amount of work and the high frequency of tests. It all was amazing to me. Invigorating, really. Each day I enjoy sitting down to do my reading with a fervor that not many other students, let alone my parents, understand.

“So, how can I explain it? I love learning. Everything put in front of me I look at as subject matter that I either know or do not know, and if I don’t know it, I learn it. The drive inside of me to want to know every interesting thing about this world that we live in pushes me to learn as much as I can.

“Being at Davidson is one of the best experiences of my life because it provides me with the perfect place to learn everything I can, whether it’s about people, cultures, politics, or chemistry. And here, I am surrounded by people who share my interests. College is truly my personal paradise.”

Cara Sullivan, Junior, Winthrop University: “With great pleasure, I’ve found that reaching junior-hood means more stability, and, consequently, more time for exploration! With most of my foundational art courses under my belt, I can delve into courses that will help orient me as an artist, while reinforcing basic design concepts. I also have the freedom to zero in on my creative writing minor now. Though at first apprehensive, I’ve come to love the poetry classes required for the minor that force me to be open with myself and others. At the same time, it’s been refreshing to break out of the mold of formal academic writing and discover creative ways to enhance my writing skills.

“In addition to my minor courses, I’ve begun learning my third language, German, and hope to take as many of these courses as possible before saying ‘*Bis bald!*’ to my undergraduate studies. Not all the newness resides in academia—I’ve taken to cooking dishes of my own and others’ creation. I can only imagine my mother’s thoughts when she saw her kitchen overtaken by such a sloppy, enthusiastic novice and the amusement of

my roommate when she saw me chopping garlic at my school desk. Another new experience—playing with friends in the snow that made Winthrop history by burying three consecutive days of classes!

“While being an exciting time of exploration, the year has also been a time when I’ve returned to past loves. Last semester I made time again for pleasure reading, clothing design, and the annual student art auction. I also rediscovered the joys of having a good roommate—three cheers for photo shoots in costume and laughing about the same nothing! From school to social life, I look forward to more novelties and familiarities with anticipation as I finish my third year at Winthrop.”



Abigail Minor, Junior, University of Illinois: “This semester I am studying abroad at Universidad San Francisco de Quito in Ecuador! I am a junior in Spanish teaching at the University of Illinois, so for right now, I am focusing on becoming fluent in Spanish and immersing myself in Latin American culture, while taking classes for Spanish, indigenous literature, anthropology, and *andinismo* (mountaineering). I am living with a host family and will soon begin teaching English classes to children in a nearby village. This photo was taken on a weekend excursion with my exchange program to an indigenous community where the primary language is Quichua. We helped a family carry bushels of grass for their animals up the mountain from the river, which they have to do at least once a day. They served us their meal of honor: *cuy* (guinea pigs!) with potatoes, avocado, and corn.”



QUYNH & CHARLIE SPICER



Alumni Spotlight

The Power of Two

BY SHANNON FRIEDMANN HATCH

If you grew up in the rural South, you can easily imagine Charlie Spicer's childhood in Hephzibah, Georgia. Swap his city limit sign for your own, place your friends on the baseball field behind the rec center or on bikes speeding down a hot blacktop road, the thick Southern air filled with a mixture of fresh-cut grass and honeysuckle.

At first, it may seem more difficult to envision Phuong Quynh Spicer's life in Vietnam, although the air there too is heavy with suspended water and carries the scent of home cooking. Like a Sunday supper stuck on replay, family is everpresent, and young Quynh's lullaby each night was the din of the marketplace below her grandparents' home, her grandparents, mother, older sister, aunt, uncle, and cousins all sleeping alongside on a smattering of beds and mats.

Born oceans apart, Charlie and Quynh's lives eventually dovetailed in Augusta, Georgia, and the pair—both Watson-Brown scholars and University of Georgia alums—were married in 2009. Cliché as it may sound, their romance began under the fluorescent lights of a Winn-Dixie, where Quynh worked as a cashier.

"I was nineteen, visiting my mom who worked in the store's pharmacy, when I first saw Quynh," Charlie remembers. "I thought she was beautiful, but I was too shy to just go up and talk to her."

Quynh with her mother and sister had moved to the area when she was five to join her father, who had

come to America before she was born, hoping to begin the process of helping his family immigrate. "My mom is the traditional Asian mom," Quynh says. "We were expected to study all the time." That studying paid off, as both sisters were accepted to Davidson Fine Arts Magnet School, which has been ranked number one in the state of Georgia and named one of *Newsweek's* best American high schools. (Quynh's sister, Phuong Tram Le, also a Watson-Brown alumna, was class valedictorian in 2003.) By the time Quynh and Charlie started dating, Quynh had been offered a scholarship to Corcoran College of Art and Design in Washington, D.C.,

but decided instead to pursue dental medicine at the University of Georgia.

Charlie, already taking classes at Augusta State University, eventually joined Quynh at UGA, and the two have been inseparable since. Both biology majors, they took as many classes together as possible, and on the weekends they drove home to Augusta to work back-to-back shifts at local restaurants, Charlie at Chili's and Quynh next door at Romano's Macaroni Grill. Intense discipline and self-motivation came easy to Charlie, who in high school was the co-captain of the ROTC rifle team and dreamed of attending the United States Air Force Academy. "I wanted to be an all-star jet fighter pilot," he recalls with a laugh.

But as a young man with his feet firmly on the ground, he instead set his sights on another goal: to become a dentist. "My dad has been a mechanic for thirty years, so I've always wanted to work with my hands," he says. "Plus, I've always been a 'teeth guy.'" But straight out of college, he accepted a job at Plant Vogtle, a division of Georgia Power. Working his way up from a laborer,



PHOTOGRAPHY BY COLLEEN PARR

he currently is a nuclear chemist, sampling water from around the site to ensure quality and safety. (Quynh also works at Vogtle as a health physicist.) However, the next few months will prove to be life-changing for the couple: They are expecting their first child in early June, and Charlie, recently accepted to the Medical College of Georgia School of Dentistry, is slated to start working toward his new degree in the fall.

When thinking of the future, Charlie and Quynh have no trouble imagining the shape of their own: running a family dental practice (Quynh plans on applying to MCG this fall) in rural Georgia; traveling to Vietnam to work in volunteer clinics. If their past is any indication, then their hard work and determination will pay off and they'll achieve these goals and more—together.

“Being a Watson-Brown scholar makes you feel like part of a big family.”





MECHANICS OF TIME



The Cobb House Winds up Athens

BY SAMUEL N. THOMAS, JR.

Tom Cobb's internal clock ticked like a bomb. Looking at his adult life, even a casual researcher would conclude Cobb strictly governed his days as if his own mortality were just beyond the next endeavor. His biographer called him "exceedingly active." Linton Stephens, half brother of Alexander, thought Cobb meddled like a Yankee. Contemporaries commented that his demeanor reflected an "anxious state of mind."

Except for the Sabbath, Tom Cobb rarely embraced "down time." Rather, he worked like a fiend. He complained that days lacked the hours to accomplish his chores—scholarly, legal, and religious. Cobb recorded court proceedings and decisions and codified laws at an astonishing rate. He zealously converted Athenians to Presbyterianism by the bucketful. And when his substantial career included Confederate military duty, he dove into his command with an impatience that bordered on recklessness. In battle, Cobb appeared calm, even serene. In camp, however, he complained privately of an "unpleasant excitement." If ever there was an antebellum poster child for Zantac, Tom Cobb was it.

For all his racing and hectic pursuit of order, surely Cobb owned a clock. The "true arbiter of time," the device, as historian Mark M. Smith notes, that was naturally associated at the North with an effort to regulate the wage labor workforce, as well as the pious and moral home. In the antebellum South, the clock time became the "weapon of choice" for profit-minded planters to follow and to enforce timed labor.



The instrument itself—whether in a pocket or a hallway—was a statement of fashion, luxury, education, order, and modernity. So surely as the sun rose, Cobb the lawyer, the slave owner and the pious head of a household must have purchased clocks for his home. Judith Flanders, authority on the Victorian period succinctly observed, “Good housekeeping meant good timekeeping.”

As absurd as that sounds to contemporary ears, timepieces were not ubiquitous machines in antebellum American society—certainly not in rural communities whose more circadian rhythm followed the sun and the delicate cadence of the seasons. Public time was recorded and expressed from church bells and courthouses and clock towers, and that sufficed (ahem) for a time. But in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, the industrial, market, and transport revolutions created changes in all manner of life including fashion, architecture, and mechanical innovation. Gas lights, sewing machines, steam hammers, steam engines, refrigerators, the telegraph, and thousands of other wondrous advances in technology transformed everyday life and, ultimately, society itself. Even Southern farmers, like their city brethren, flocked to buy manufactured goods: textiles, candles, ready-made clothes and shoes, and all manner of foodstuffs. These new technologies included clocks.

Of course, these manufactured goods were distributed by train, the advent and reliance on which underscored the abstract notion of time itself. The need for standardization in train schedules—printed and posted tablets of arrivals and departures—relied on mechanically recorded time that was publicly and prominently referenced by station clocks. Inasmuch as trains transported mail as well as people and goods, antebellum America increasingly became wed to their schedules. In the South, especially the rural South, that reliance was problematic because of the remoteness of the infrastructure, the lack of technological support, and the unwelcomed intrusions by livestock. Frequent delays and tedious travel, argues Smith, appeared to increase Southerners’ desire for punctuality.

Prior to 1800, most clocks were made in Europe. The inner workings of clocks were made of brass, the manufacture of which was a tightly controlled industry in Britain and France. Not until the 1840s did America have the rolling mills to produce brass sheet from which gears were stamped. Before then, some

American clockmakers used local woods to create the necessary plates and gears. In 1816, Eli Terry, clockmaker of Bristol, Connecticut, patented a wood-gear, thirty-hour, weight-driven movement for his mantel clocks. His ability to mass produce interchangeable parts created more affordable clocks. By the 1820s, clocks were within the financial reach of middle-class families. Over the next two decades, hundreds of thousands of wooden shelf clocks were produced by more than one hundred different American manufacturers.

About 1840, Seth Thomas began building clocks in Plymouth, Connecticut, with relatively cheap, domestically manufactured brass gears and arms. Thomas’s mass-production of inexpensive timepieces transformed a craft trade into a factory industry. Bristol became



a hub for clockmaking, as hundreds of manufacturers began turning out hundreds of thousands of timepieces per year. Clocks became a significant American export to Britain and other European countries. By the 1850s, American clock makers had cornered the world market. Two types prevailed: hall clocks, the tall cased furniture that contained long pendulums and gold or silver dials, and shelf clocks, the more modest timepieces meant to rest on mantles and shelves of “public” household rooms.

Often called the small case clock, short case clock, mantel clock, or OG (ogee) clock, shelf clocks generally shared the same characteristics. They were simply made and operated, attractive

and small. Nearly all physically divided their rectangular shape in two sections. The upper featured a painted clock face. The lower displayed either a mirror or an artistic, reverse glass-painted scene. Most shelf clocks employed eight-day movements; they ran on one winding for seven days and a few forgiving hours. Eight-day clocks were easily recognized by two winding holes in the face, each of which controlled a “train” that wound either the striker or the winder. Both trains were propelled by internal weights.

Collectors today consider clocks with reverse-painted scenes on the door, or tablet, more sought after, especially those whose scenes were hand painted. Eventually, production demand led to shortcuts and images were screen printed onto the tablet. Common themes included floral, pastoral, and hunting scenes. Marketing appeal also forced changes in the tablet art. As clocks were ordered from specific areas, tablet art took on recognizable scenes of the locale of the designated market.

The furnishing plan for the T.R.R. Cobb House calls for a period shelf clock in Marion’s sitting room. The clock we purchased was made by Johnathan Clark Brown at his Forestville Clock Manufactory in Forestville, Connecticut. Although the clock does not have a printed date of manufacture, it likely was built in 1854 or 1855, the final years of production before Brown sold the company to E. N. Welch.

The reverse glass image on the tablet—a painted scene of Franklin College (the University of Georgia), Cobb’s alma mater—further indicates the year of manufacture. The earliest known image of the college appeared in the May 1854 issue of *Gleason’s Pictorial*, a magazine published by Frederick Gleason in Boston.

The shelf clock in Marion’s sitting room is one of three known “Franklin College” shelf clocks in Athens. The other two are found at the historic Lyndon House at the Lyndon Arts Center and at the Georgia Museum of Art. Interestingly, each was made by a different New England clockmaker, which indicates competition by Northern clockmakers to capture a Southern market.

Insofar as it cannot speak specifically to the life of Tom Cobb’s orderly household, our clock and its origins are of questionable value.

But it is no more illusory than any other snapshot of time.



RESTORING FAITH



*Mary Catherine Martin on preserving
(Goodrum's) good graces.*

BY LEGACY STAFF

At the end of a street that dies into an urban park, two unruly white spirea guard a sagging hundred-year-old mustard yellow clapboard house.

Inside, preservation architect Mary Catherine Martin quietly works from its second-story office.

A native Alabamian, Martin has practiced her trade from Atlanta for twenty years. Her portfolio of notable restorations in the city includes the Georgia State Capitol, the historic Fox Theatre, and author Joel Chandler Harris's Wren's Nest. Martin currently leads the restoration efforts for the historic Goodrum House, an English Regency-style home designed by Philip Trammell Shutze in 1929. The Watson-Brown Foundation purchased the home in 2008.

Recently, the Legacy invaded Martin's world to get her read on historic preservation, the work of classicist Philip Trammell Shutze, and getting back to things that matter.

LEGACY: You once remarked, "Architects should not be allowed to design new structures without having spent twenty years in historic preservation work." You meant it and you stand by that now. Would you expand on that?

MCM: There are many different levels of understanding that come from working on historic structures, and there's a practical level which I'll touch on in a minute. But I think the most important thing that would result from it is an understanding of your place in the sequence of history. Suddenly when you work on a building that is two hundred years old and you know that all of the people that were involved in it—either the construction of it, the design of it, the habitation of it, the ownership of it—are long gone, you are obviously confronted with your own mortality.

LEGACY: So this is about appreciation.

MCM: It is about appreciation, but it's a lesson in stewardship. It's a lesson in knowing that whoever was involved in this building that was meaningful or significant enough to have withstood the test of time; that whoever originally participated in the creation of this building was thinking way down the line. They were thinking not of their own lifetime, they were not about the "me" generation, they were about: "I'm going to make a contribution that

is going to be here several centuries. What I do with my life is not about me and not about my lifetime, it is about a much larger sequence of time." I think the first lesson for architects is understanding that whatever they were thinking as a second-year architecture student is probably as permanent and valuable as the paper on which that magazine article was printed. [Historic preservation] teaches you about permanence; teaches you about development of community over a long period of time. Was it Jefferson who said, "If you don't see the graves of your ancestors every day, you have really lost something"? It's that kind of a thing that I think historic preservation teaches you, a really strong sense of your mortality. A really strong sense of, "My life is this long. What am I going to do with it? Am I going to make a meaningful contribution?" And that doesn't mean being superlative, it means contributing to this cultural community in a meaningful if not modest way.

LEGACY: Of course, the likelihood that any architect actually spends twenty years in historic preservation, exclusively, before designing a structure is unlikely.



MCM: Oh, it's terribly unlikely.

LEGACY: So, that being the case, what are we dealing with in terms of architecture today?

MCM: Well, let me go back to the original question for just a second, because there's another aspect of it that's really critical and that is the practical point of view. In doing historic preservation, in dealing with buildings that are old, that are deteriorated, that are tired, that have been deferred maintenance, you get a clear understanding as an architect of what works and what does not; what materials stand the test of time. It gives you a tremendous appreciation. You know you and I have talked a little about metals—we've had a discussion about incompatible metals. Wow, is that clear after you put twenty years on it! After you put a hundred years on something, you really begin to understand why traditional architecture—and I'm not saying any specific style whether it's classical, Victorian, or whatever—addresses the issues of wear and tear and weather. And they do so in a way that has stood the test of time and I think architects need to understand that. You know, I see a lot of post-1940s-1950s

buildings that defy, or were intended to defy, the effects of weather and wear and tear and of course were totally unsuccessful. You look at them and you go, "Well, of course that didn't work." But someone had the idea that there was this miracle product out there that was going to completely overcome time, space, and matter, and do something miraculous when in fact it can't. I mean the reason there are certain buildings that are around for three hundred, four hundred, five hundred years are basic considerations like you keep the rain off of it. I mean it really is. You don't build it in a hole where the water drains into it; you put it on a rise. There are certain basic things that were understood in traditional architecture that I just don't think that people take into consideration any more. But if you see the effect of something like that over a thirty- to forty-year period you clearly understand, "Wow, I should never do that in designing a building, and if I do, this building is going to fail."

LEGACY: So the lessons of the past a preservation architect absorbs and later employs in his or her own work. God knows [architect

Philip Trammell] Shutze was dialed into that and understood the lessons of the past—not simply aesthetically, but also in terms of permanence. When you look at the Goodrum House, which [architect Philip Trammell] Shutze considered one of his favorite designs, do you see that he brought those elements of permanence to a house that was built in 1932? Was he building that house with the owner's lifespan at the forefront of his mind or was he doing something else?

MCM: I can't say in a house with an internal parapet gutter and little to no overhang on the roof—just those two architectural solutions to rainwater management—he is relying on the fact that she is going to have maintenance. That is not a low-maintenance approach.

LEGACY: In that particular case, you are saying is that he is focused more on aesthetics than he is on the practical solution.

MCM: Yes, I think that the Goodrum House is a remarkably disciplined approach to geometry, and I think that was really borne out when we started to understand the flue of the library



chimney and the extraordinary acrobatics that occur in order to not disrupt the symmetry on the exterior of the building. You know the hoops that he jumped through so that the massing of the east wing and the west wing would be exactly the same, that there would not be a chimney on the rear side of the east wing which you're really not even going to see from the front of the house. But he jumps through all these hoops to make sure that that's not going to happen.

I think that [the] Goodrum [house] was an exercise in geometry and proportion. It's certainly not only that, it's a lot of other things as well. But there is sort of perfection that he achieved in those areas. In the south he does have a southern portico, so he's protecting the house from sun exposure to a certain extent. But I think he's anticipating that this house is going to have maintenance to it which for a couple of decades, maybe three decades, we know that it really has not had the kind of maintenance that an interior gutter especially is going to require. Maybe that wasn't that much of a consideration for him. Maybe he just made that assumption, and it is a reasonable assumption to make. If you have a client like May Goodrum, it would be reasonable to assume that she's going to properly maintain this house and that she's going to deal with the issues, particular in terms of water management that are going to be a little bit problematic.

The materials that he used are very fine, I mean he's got very permanent materials. You have stucco, you have the masonry, clay tile, and stone, so he's certainly thinking in terms of permanence. The windows are very good quality. He has the shutters, and as we studied the [historic] photographs the shutters are a really wonderful way in making them operable—you know you see them all over Italy and people really use them there.

I lived with an Italian family once, and I remember summertime. I went and I opened a window and opened the shutters, and three people came running up and closed the shutters. I wondered what happened, but they had a series through the day at certain times these shutters are open and these shutters were closed. There you have a set of exterior shutters, you'd have the window and you have a set of interior shutters and then usually curtains or something like that on top of that. Depending on which side of the building this was facing certain times of the day the interior shutters and the windows would be open, but the exterior shutters would be closed. It was this whole process of either gaining or preventing heat gain.

I think that Shutze with the amount of time that he spent in Italy he would have understood that, because they certainly never had air-conditioning in Italy, but they also had walls that were [this] thick, exterior walls, so it was all

this layering at the window. But something like a shutter, which is a very low-tech solution, is really a significant one if you know how to use it. In one of the photographs, I see the shutters on the south side of the building closed, which is where I would anticipate them being used the most. I don't know how much May used them, but he obviously went to some pains to put in an operable shutter. So I think that's a move toward longevity as well, because it is a conservation measure.

LEGACY: Shutze was a Southerner and he was cosmopolitan. His appreciation of European architecture, in particular Roman architecture, is remarkable. He practices virtually his entire career in Atlanta. When you look at the Goodrum House, do you find that to be very Southern structure?



MCM: Yes.

LEGACY: Would you explain that?

MCM: I think it responds quite beautifully to the climate in the way that he masses the building. He makes this very thin slip of a building—when it was built it didn't have air-conditioning—to take advantage of ventilation through the house with the windows as they open on the south and on the north side. The way in which he locates certain rooms: I'm thinking of May's library and May's living porch, which are on the east side of the building, so that she could be out there in the evening, outside of that living porch which is screened, you have a garden area that's heavily treed, and overlooks

a sunken garden. That says everything to me about understanding what the climate is like in this area. Certainly the way the plan is done responds to a very patrician lifestyle. If you just look at the house as a bubble diagram, not think in terms of how that bubble diagram is sort of pulled into reality, it's a response to a patrician lifestyle. But the way that it's realized, I think, is pretty Southern. I just can't see that house in New England, I can't see the house in Oregon, I can't see it in Texas.

LEGACY: Is that because of its marriage to the natural landscape?

MCM: Well certainly that is a contributor. That is absolutely a contributor. There's something about it that is so delicate and so dreamy.

LEGACY: And you find that Southern?

MCM: Uh-hum. Uh-hum.

LEGACY: You say it's delicate and dreamy. Shutze designed it for a widow. Do you find it feminine, aesthetically or otherwise?

MCM: Uh-hum.

LEGACY: For the benefit of our readers [laughter], could you point out anything that specifically indicates that it might have been built for a woman?

MCM: I can't just say, "Uh-hum?"

LEGACY: "Uh-hum" works, but...[laughter]

MCM: Well, this is two questions, because we first have to define what's feminine, then we have to say how the Goodrum House fits into that. So that is a really hard question. Why is it feminine? Or how is it feminine and what do we mean by feminine? It is light as opposed to heavy, and heavy almost is too reductive. Maybe light is too reductive. [Sigh] It is feminine, but it is not the kind of inconsequential fragility that some people associate with femininity. I do think it's feminine. It's just—you wouldn't put a football team in there.

LEGACY: Would you put a football team in the [Shutze-designed] Swan House?

MCM: Well, I certainly think that the massing and certainly the substance of the exterior of the Swan House is much more kind of massive and solid, and I'm not saying that Goodrum House is not solid. Somehow Shutze made this thing that was very, very feminine, but at the same time incredibly substantial and permanent, and it reminds me of May Goodrum. I remember when you first came to me about the project and

my immediate thoughts were, “OK, great. I’m doing a house for a really superficial rich lady.” And that does not appeal to me. But the more you look at May Goodrum, the more you realize that she was not superficial. There was nothing superficial about this woman. She was not your run-of-the-mill, self-absorbed rich lady with a sense of entitlement.

LEGACY: Nor was her architect.

MCM: No, not at all. So on face value, you’re kind of thinking one thing, but then you start looking at it and you go, “Wait a second, this is a different thing than the prejudices that I had actually brought to it.” So what could have been a very superficial manifestation of femininity was actually something with enormous depth and permanence.

LEGACY: You live in Atlanta. You have not been shy with your accusations about the thoughtless, perhaps reckless growth that has taken place over your lifespan here. Thirty years ago, Shutze was critical about the expanding skyline, particularly of downtown. Are your arguments—your complaints about the growth of Atlanta—the same as Shutze’s?

MCM: Shutze is one of those people that I would love to spend an afternoon with. We could probably kvetch to each other about the plight of modern civilization, but I think that in his time abroad and spending time in cities that were centuries and centuries old, if you’re confronted with that and you really give it some thought, you realize that the great American cities right now are essentially Paris in the ninth century. What kind of decisions were being made at that point to eventually turn Paris into this remarkable place on this planet? Same issue for Rome. Same issue for Florence.

There are people who are really thinking long term, and it seems that if I just look at Atlanta, if I don’t know anything about the politics, if I landed here from outer space and I looked around and I saw the amount of sprawl and I saw the amount of tragic development—tragically ugly buildings and tragically ugly areas—I don’t know what sort of an impression I would get. It would certainly be one that says this is a civilization that does not have any sense of their environment or places such a low value on it that they’re willing to spew out multiple versions of really ugly horrible things and leave them there.

Drive down Lawrenceville Highway. Go anywhere in Atlanta. Look at the absolute stupidity of the development and planning and you just want to scream. My nerves are

so raw by the time I’ve been in places like that for about five minutes, and I’m wondering, “Does everyone else not see this? Does everyone else not see how truly horrible this is? What an assault to our sensibilities we’re creating!” And our processes for making these decisions are so terribly undeveloped. They’re bogged down in bureaucracy. I’m not saying that there’s not enough bureaucracy in the way. But I guess what I’m saying is what is the vision behind making these decisions. I would love to see everyone who gets a building permit have to say what is the purpose of this building in the next one hundred years. I’m serious, I would like for people to have that kind of a timeline in



their head when they’re consuming natural resources, when they’re consuming land, when they are creating something that is going to simply be a lot of cubic footage in a landfill in fifteen years. It needs to be thought about, and it’s not.

LEGACY: Historic preservation as a discipline, then, has powerful similarities with conservation work. Could you expand on that generally?

MCM: I guess where I want to start with that, if I’m not misinterpreting the question, is with my father’s sense of being a conservative, which is not what these people who are running around today saying that they’re conservatives are. They’re not conservatives. I think that his sense of being a conservative goes back to what we talked about earlier, which is a sense of the longevity of culture, understanding that you’re a part

of this thing for a limited amount of time, and that you have certain responsibilities of cultural stewardship during your lifetime.

I remember my father saying to me one time that the primary responsibility of a conservative is to create a good—I can’t remember if he said good society—for the blue-collar workers. He saw them as the backbone of our entire society—the working class. If you were in any way shortchanging them, cheating them, not providing for education, not providing for health care—and my father was certainly not a Democrat, I mean, he was a Republican before anyone heard of that in the South. But you know it instilled in me this sense of kind of everybody at every tier of society has a set of responsibilities. If you are in a “privileged” set, that means that you were also in a kind of heavily burdened and responsible set—there are enormous obligations that go along with that privilege.

So conservation for me always meant literally conserve whether it’s people, or land, or some geegaw. It comes down to being if you simply don’t need it, don’t buy it. If you don’t need it, don’t use it up. Waste is waste. Waste is waste is waste. If you build a building, if you’re consuming all this stuff—time, energy and materials, natural resources, land—and you’re doing it to make a buck for ten years, you have just wasted a lot. You can’t get that stuff back. It’s gone, it’s just flat gone. Again, what historic preservation does is it instills that sense of permanence, that sense of longevity.

LEGACY: So the sensibility that is brought to bear on conservation and historic preservation is quite the same. Is that fair?

MCM: I think they’re certainly along the same lines, but maybe it’s not fair for me to start relating conservatives and conservation, though they are the same root word.

LEGACY: You can’t take it back, it’s out there [laughter].

MCM: No, no, no. You know what I’m saying. There’s this group of people that I would consider to be radical right-wing Republicans who have started to own that word conservative, and they’re not conservatives. And what I see in business as in business leadership today is not taking care of the blue-collar worker, is not understanding a very long-term contribution to society. It is not understanding that here you step into this slot for ten, twenty, thirty, forty years and either you contribute to this ongoing cultural development or you go in and you bleed the entire pension account for all of your



employees dry. You rob everyone within sight of you. You destroy the company and walk off with a \$14 million bonus. To me, that's really no different than building your fifty-sixth Wendy's and destroying another acre of land and putting up absolute crap. Tell me what's different about that. It's the exact same thing. It's just exploitation in this one area or this other area. It's all about my immediate needs. It's all about me, me, me.

LEGACY: This has been a remarkable interview. You've covered a wide swath in fascinating and delightful ways. Have you any thoughts on this project or any thoughts on historic preservation generally that you feel the need to address?

MCM: On the Goodrum project, you know what I feel is my challenge and certainly on every restoration project, my job is to resuscitate the soul of that thing and that's not strictly a physical and tangible thing. You certainly do it through a physical and tangible means, and if I'm going to breathe life back into Shutze's intent, that means a

*"...my job is
to resuscitate
the soul..."*



really clear understanding of his intent. You would certainly blow it if you miss that, right? I feel like I will be successful if I am totally invisible, in the end if my work is invisible, and it's clear that Shutze's intent is what is brought out, I think that's the same with every project. With this particular project we have talked about the tautness of beauty. I think that we see in the [historic] photographs that was absolutely there. That house was—the only thing I can compare it to is a very fine musical instrument that is perfectly in tune. You have tweaked it to that point, and I think that's what Shutze did. That is my challenge, getting it back to that point. It's in materials, it's in color, it's in the transparency and opaqueness of things. It's in what [landscape architect Spencer Tunnell] is going to do in the landscape. That's going to be absolutely critical that we get those darks and lights and those textures on the exterior, senses of depth. There's something about the building, it's so beautifully poised, or was so beautifully poised on that piece of land. How in the world do we [get back to] that?

TREE TIME

Forest for the Trees

Pruning, planting, and prepping for spring

BY DEXTER RHODES

My people and I come from a rural Georgia county time forgot. Inasmuch as it was so inhospitable, most of us country folks, in turn, forgot it.

Eye for an eye; minute for a minute—that was our thinking. We were mostly Old Testament people, powerfully moved by holy brimstone and the threat of human retribution. Cross our people, Lord, and you better fill your hands. Of course, by the time we got around to dealing with the infraction, we usually forgot what it was all about.

So it was with time. But that didn't mean our hands were idle. No, sir. My barefoot-and-overalls days were spent climbing tall trees, tumbling in meadows as broad as oceans, and wandering endless dirt roads to no places in particular learning about things as they came to me. We country folks were always doing and watching something. It was just that we, well, took our time about it.

Thinking back, our approach to the rising and setting of the sun was not shared by the business folks in our county seat. The merchants and the mill hands and the two lawyers in town ran their lives around a clock: store hours, lunch breaks, and time sheets. On the rare occasions when my family would go to town, I'd gape in amazement at townsfolk scuffling around the sidewalk looking at their pocket watches. If they couldn't afford a watch, it seemed like they were always looking over their shoulders at the huge clock at the top of the courthouse. We used to joke at church that the reason light poles were never installed in downtown Seventy Nine was because the store clerks would run into them.

But I'm wandering again. I was getting at time, and what it means for those of us

who have the pleasure of calling gardening an occupation. Global winter, the climatic-warming phenomenon from which we are just now emerging—the same one that gave Georgia record cold temperatures this year and more snow and ice than Duluth, Minnesota, sees in November—is a time of reflection for thoughtful gardeners. It is not a time, for instance, to get all agitated and race down Tom Watson Way in a permanently borrowed car right after a snowstorm. Do that, beady-eyed non-gardener, and you stand a good chance of ignoring an ice patch that formed overnight and will unpleasantly discover that white picket fences were not put on this Earth to protect automobiles from the intrusions of *Magnolia grandiflora*.

No, winter is a time to consider trees, most of which sleep deeply from December to March, on foot. If you attempt to wake them, say with the bumper of a car, you will discover trees will ignore the intrusion, roll over, and go back to sleep. Visit them on their own terms, however, and they will converse solemnly about the coming spring and the appropriate manners in which to propagate their kin. Have this conference slowly: Trees don't get excited about much.

Winter is the time to scout your garden for volunteer trees. Dig these up by their delicate bare roots and transplant them into pots. Mid-March is the cutoff for bare-rooting plants since the sap is rising in plant cell walls.

Winter is also a great time to propagate trees and woody plants from cuttings. Hardwood cuttings taken in January from seven- to ten-inch branches should be placed in hormone-rooting powder. By March, the cuttings will be ready to be transplanted into larger pots so more fibrous roots can develop. Fill the pot

with loosely prepared soil. Keep the cuttings watered and well-drained—never allow them to dry out. Easily propagated woody plants around here include crepe myrtles, forsythia, buddleias, and kerria.

Trees can be planted from January through March. Push the planting farther into the spring, when trees wake up and their sap rises, and the gardener will become a hauler of water. Awakened trees are serious drinkers. When transplanting trees, remember to dig the hole twice as large as the root ball. Backfill with normal topsoil if it looks fertile. More sandy areas, like the Coastal Plain region where I'm from, might need soil amendments to add nutrients and to retain moisture. Plant your tree no deeper than the original soil line. If the specimen tree is particularly large, prune back approximately a quarter of the growth to overcome the loss of roots.

Check your fruit trees in the winter for frost damage, such as the splitting of bark and cambium damage. By March all the old growth of smaller trees and shrubs like yaupon and dwarf Buford holly and overgrown pittosporum should be cut back. This allows for an adequate spring green-up. Remove crossing branches and unsightly shoots. Be real careful on crepe myrtles and vitex before making any cuts: These plants can be pruned to any specification, but remember the more you prune the more blooms they produce. Crepe myrtle and vitex are most accommodating that way.

Finally, make sure to write down what the trees say in your garden journal. Record plants that perform well and note those that do not. Take a walk in the woods, crumple up a fistful of wintry leaves, and smell the earthy aroma. Jump in a leaf pile. I've never seen a merchant jump into a leaf pile.

It's all about reflection in the winter. But there I go again, and I'm now reminded that you won't read this until early spring. Time got away from me again.

Oh well—I never had much use for it.





MAKING HISTORY COME ALIVE



Sticks & Stones

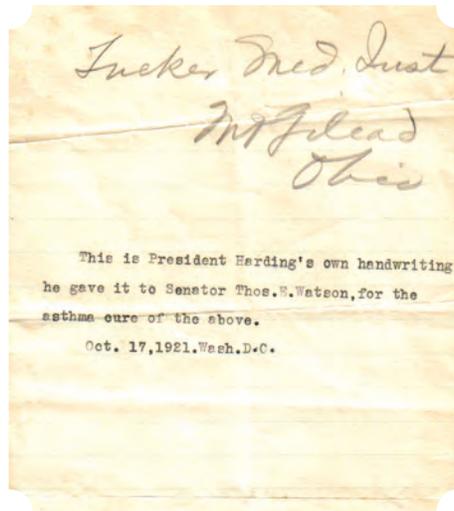
Telling history's tales one artifact at a time

BY MICHELLE L. ZUPAN

When beginning a lesson, history professionals know the predictable student protests: “History is boring!” Or, more in line with contemporary vernacular, “This is lame. It’s just like social studies class.” Gasp! A palpable hit straight to the heart.

Turning history into something more than memorization of names and dates takes creativity and resources. History museums and historic sites are rich in the latter asset and sometimes the former. The role of the museum in combating this ennui toward history is simple: Combine inherent strengths, and liven up the lesson.

Museums have primary sources—those firsthand documents, photographs, and artifacts created at the time an event occurs—in great supply. Students love primary sources because, irrespective of their historical importance, they are naturally exciting. They were really there. For example, Thomas Jefferson’s draft of the Kentucky Resolutions can evince awe not necessarily because of its political philosophy, but because it was literally written by Jefferson’s hand. The same is true of more prosaic notes, say a letter from Tom Watson to President Theodore Roosevelt concerning a minor issue of local political patronage. Big historical names on “real” letters are intriguing to even the densest student, and natural intrigue helps lead discussion and introduce thoughtful questions. Why was



Jefferson secretive about his draft? Why did Watson think his relationship with Roosevelt justified such a letter? In short, primary sources help to create an inquiry-based learning process.

Sam Wineburg, author of *Historical Thinking and Other Unnatural Acts: Charting the Future of Teaching the Past*, asserts that teaching students to think like historians helps them tolerate complexity, adapt to new situations, and resist the first answer that comes to mind. Cool. So by having students interact with even copies of primary sources, they can more fully appreciate the documents or images and thereby become more curious about the people pictured or involved.

In 2004, the Library of Congress initiated an educational program that gets at this very argument. The Teaching with Primary Sources Program (TPS) is a professional-development initiative that offers assistance to educators in their use of the Library’s vast store. The Library works with partner institutions—colleges, universities, and educational facilities—to deliver training, and classroom-ready lesson plans, featuring sets of primary sources, are regularly uploaded to the Library’s Web site.

Hickory Hill has joined forces with Waynesburg University to offer this program in east-central Georgia. Beginning in June 2011, Hickory Hill will host educator workshops to explore inquiry-based learning and primary sources that focus chiefly on Georgia history. These sources will be incorporated into hands-on activities that can be translated into virtually any grade. Educators will learn how to access similar archives of the Library of Congress, the Georgia State Archives, the Hargrett Library at the University of Georgia, and other repositories.

The TPS program hopes to engage students by literally changing the way they look at history. For more information about the program or primary sources available through Hickory Hill, please contact Michelle Zupan at mzupan@hickory-hill.org or (706) 595-7777.

THE FLIP SIDE



Part I: The Setup

BY TAD BROWN

Our dog days began on a cold, drizzly dawn in the South Carolina Pee Dee Wednesday, January 11, 2006. Since I couldn't act it, I dressed the part of a knowledgeable bird puppy picker: tired blue jeans, cowboy boots, starched white oxford, and tweed blazer. I looked like a cross between George Strait and Howdy Doody, and if I had gotten pulled over by the local authorities I'd still be in jail for impersonating a redneck drug dealer.

Joni had told me "anytime after dawn" would be fine. Her voice on the phone sounded like a homegrown girl gone slightly bohemian. I found her a half hour before sunrise by driving the dirt roads off Highway 9 with the truck windows down to listen for the barking of dogs. Pee Dee bohemians live far beyond MapQuest.

She laughed when she greeted me at the door: "You look mighty nice to be playing with puppies." Joni was a pleasant thirtysomething who, I learned over coffee, supplanted the family coffer and her own full-time job with the satisfaction and money from raising dogs. Her husband, in his spare time, trained retrievers. She pointed to a small pen in the backyard that barely contained seven rolling furry brown lumps. "Do you know anything about dogs?" she asked suspiciously.

I paused. "No."

"Well, go on outside and get acquainted. You can't fall off the floor. Their daddy, Tinker, is a champion that runs about forty-five pounds.

Their momma is Lady, she's at thirty-two. You'll find they're big for Boykins and have longer snouts than most. Helps 'em get their mouths around ducks. We raise bird dogs, Tad."

*"Don't want a dog,
don't need a dog,
ain't gonna have
no damn dog!"*



I headed out the door to face the unknown having lied to Joni. What I knew about Boykin Spaniels, or any bird dog for that matter, was that every half-ass bird hunter

that ever stumbled over broom sedge or slogged through the cattails claims to know something about picking the next National Field Trial winner. The impractical advice shoved down my ears before my trek to the soggy bowels of South Carolina could have filled a truck bed. "Bring a frozen bird wing," one hunter insisted. "Tuck it into your pants and pay attention to the first puppy that finds it." Another suggested I throw a tennis ball into the kennel to determine which dog was naturally prone to fetch. Yet another told me to identify the biggest male that no other puppies would wrestle. The roughest advice sounded plagiarized from a fraternity bathroom stall: "Just grab the first bitch you find, and go."

The impossible circumstances that got me to the kennel in the first place were as ludicrous as the selection advice. A month earlier a troubled friend called from Florida with the revelation that his younger boy had requested a puppy from Santa Claus. My friend was bound and determined to comply with the emotional ask and wanted my unqualified advice on a dog breed that was good with kids and, if called upon to serve in official capacity, could naturally perform as a hunting companion.

"Why are you asking me?" I protested. "I don't know a damn thing about dogs."

"That's more than I know," he fired back. "What should I get?"

"Buy a Lab. Everyone I know who has one loves it. Besides, you live on a pond."

"Too big," he quickly replied.
"OK. How 'bout a beagle?"
"I hear they're stupid and prone to running away."
Sigh. "A springer. Get the boys a springer spaniel. Great-looking dogs."
"A customer tells me they're hyper."
"Damn, Chris. For someone who doesn't know anything about dogs you sure are particular." I hesitated for a moment.
"Well, since your people are from South Carolina and you have some appreciation for its culture and history, maybe you need a Boykin."

"What the hell's a Boykin?"
At that precise moment I knew instinctively I was being dragged into serious trouble, which is one thing I know a great deal about. If I had half the brains God gave a dog I would have hung up the phone right then.

I didn't. I gave my friend the lecture on the Boykin, the state dog of South Carolina, the compact, curly-haired spaniel found in the Upstate by Alexander White, cultivated by Whit Boykin, and trained on the Wateree River. I told him about ducks and small boats and how the dogs wouldn't swamp them when they dove in the water. Boykins were supposed to be pure hell on turkeys, I said, and they were becoming commonplace in the pheasant prairies of the Midwest. Knowledgeable folks said they could be trained to hunt anything that flew or ran. I told my friend Boykins adored families, were loyal to a fault, and were as South Carolina as Archibald Rutledge and the Palmetto flag.

And I told him that in the field a Boykin, standing alert, full-chested with its ears cocked and yellow eyes on fire, was so striking an image as to convince a preacher that God, rested and lucid on the seventh day, having considered all He had built, then gathered the scraps of noble life, blew on them, and sent to earth the salvation of man in the form of a dog.

"Perfect," he said excitedly. "Now who do I call?"

My situation was deteriorating from bad to worse. "Nobody yet. I got to find Joe Lesesne in order to get to Teeny. I'll call you back when I know something."

"Hurry."

My journey from Joe to Teeny to Joni and

back to Chris took dozens of phone calls and two agonizing weeks. The pain was moral. I was cheating, committing a heinous form of adultery, investing sincere effort to locate the perfect dog for another family while denying the same to my own. My children, then seven and nine, had pleaded for a dog for years, only to be icily rebuffed by their grumpy father. So routine were my rejections that family friends—dog owners—created a musical chant with which they mimicked me at weekend barbecues: "Don't want a dog,



don't need a dog, AIN'T GONNA HAVE NO DAMN DOG!" So when Chris called me at the office a week before Christmas to tell me that Lady had whelped a litter of seven pups, three of which were not spoken for, and now half in jest wouldn't I love to claim one, too, I simply sighed and said, "Yes."

My children couldn't believe the Christmas stocking that contained the letter from the dog that informed them with a paw print of his impending arrival. They marked the days off the calendar. At the appointed moment, I took two days off work, drove until I crossed

the Lynches River, and spent the night at a motel. The following morning I met Joni and then suddenly found myself standing alone in a dog pen marking time in the early morning mist of a South Carolina winter.

What happened next I swear was the closest imaginable real-life event to the Pepsi television commercial of 1975. Not knowing fully what to do, I introduced myself to the dogs, sat down in the pen, and was immediately and delightfully set upon by seven wet noses and twenty-eight fat furry

feet. I do not know if Joni was watching from the kitchen and, at the time, I certainly didn't care, because in an instant of crossing over that small wire boundary that separated canine from human all adult pride fled in the face of a furious torrent of what I think was childlike joy. Puppies seemed to emerge from everywhere. One got in my jacket and determined to make a home in my sleeve. Another concentrated on a mouthful of boot while two others were burrowing in my pants legs. I felt one scaling my back. The remaining siblings I had in each hand, softly rolling them around on the ground, sacrificing my fingers to their needle teeth. I stayed trapped in that pen with all that happiness for at least one lifetime.

Of course, when pride ran he took reason with him, and during the lengthy rumpus in the pen I'd no more begun logging hunting instincts or dominant personalities than I had checked genitalia. My analysis of the Boykin brood, whose history I had authoritatively recounted a month before, now amounted to an emotional, egalitarian and wildly naive consideration of the communal domain of puppies: They were playful and furry and, by God, I was for them. All of them.

Just then Joni emerged from the house and announced that she needed to get to work. I nodded, rose, stepped back over the fence and walked across the yard.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" she asked.

Blushing, I returned to the pen, stood, and stared down at the puppies. I looked back to Joni. She glanced at her watch. I quickly plunged my hand into the pen, grabbed the first thing my fingers identified as fur, and walked like hell back across the lawn and to my truck with a handful of dog. It was time to go home.

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