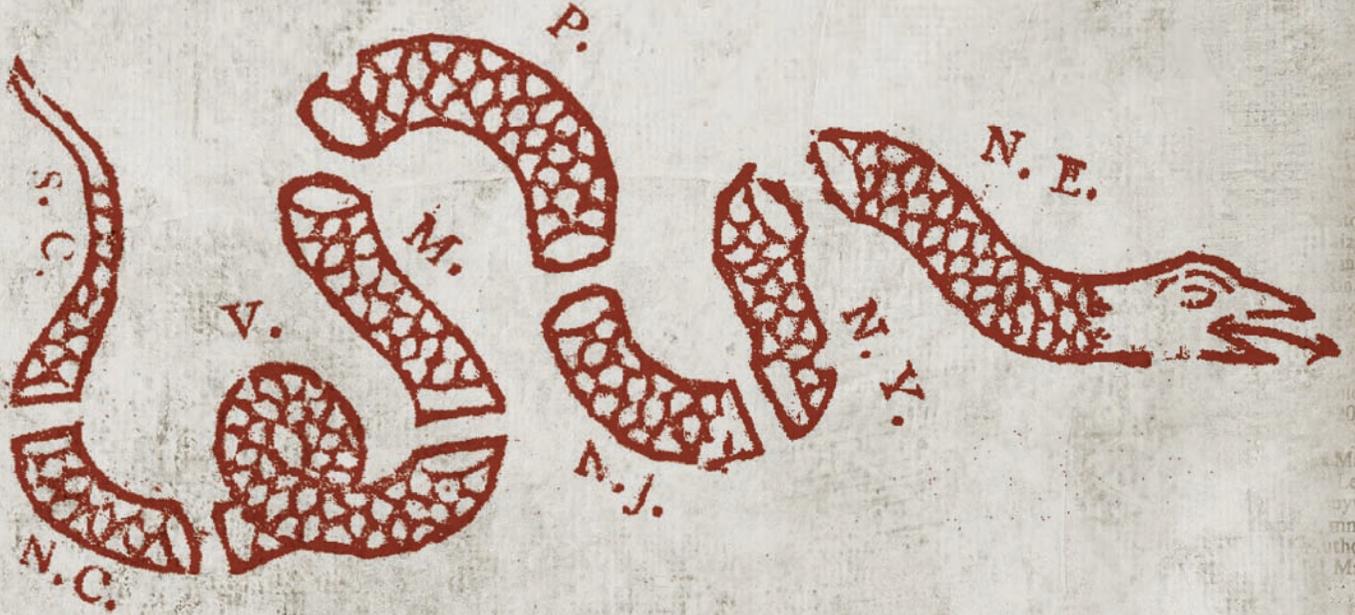


Summer 2013

The LEGACY

A Publication of Watson-Brown Foundation, Inc.



Cobb's **CODE**

SOUTHERN JURISPRUDENCE

Goodrum **UPDATES**

MORE THAN A MAKEOVER

ALUMNI SPOTLIGHT ON

SHERRIE *Hines*

KIMBREL

Scholar **NAMED**

JOHN THOMAS PAVES THE WAY

WATSON BROWN
FOUNDATION



“Environment is the father of us all
— environment and heredity.”



— Thomas E. Watson, *The Story of France*, 1899

Contents



4 **Campus Notes**
Watson-Brown Scholar updates

8 **M. Monroe Kimbrel Scholar**
by Sarah Katherine Drury

10 **Alumni Spotlight**
by Shannon Friedmann Hatch

12 **T.R.R. Cobb House**
by Samuel M. Thomas, Jr.

14 **Goodrum House**
Progress Photos by Connie Skripko

18 **Sticks & Stones**
by Michelle L. Zupan

20 **Forest for the Trees**
by Dexter Rhodes

22 **The Flip Side**
by Tad Brown



OUR MISSION

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

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CAMPUS NOTES



Watson-Brown Scholars in Action



Lee Broxton, Junior, Georgia Southern University: "This year, I became a Supplemental Instruction Leader. I absolutely love getting the chance to help students gain a deeper understanding of historically difficult courses here at Georgia Southern University. I have instructed sessions in U.S. History, World Civilizations II, and American Government. It has

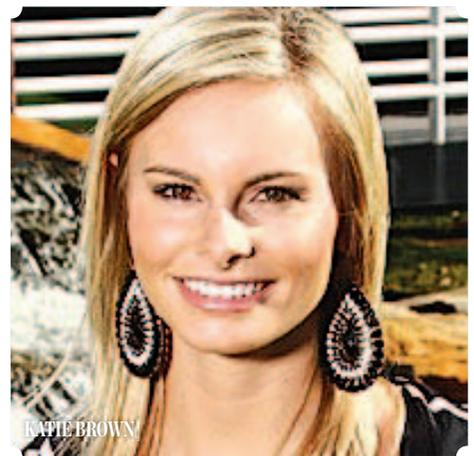
given me great experience and has further solidified my passion for teaching.

"I was also given the opportunity to participate in the Georgia Partnership for Excellence in Education's twentieth annual Bus Trip Across Georgia. We traveled across the state, taking a look at some of the most innovative uses of technology and the best practices on how schools create pathways for student success. It was a great experience that I hope to be invited to each year!"

Katie Brown, Junior, Wingate University: "Everyone has always told me that college will fly by, but I never really believed that until this year. My Junior year just ended, and I feel like it just began. It's bittersweet, but I am looking forward to all that my Senior year will hold.

"This past year I have had many great experiences through athletics, academics, and student organizations. This spring, my track team won the Southeast regional women's title for the second year and in a row. My cross-country team took second place at the South Atlantic Conference meet in the fall, as well. Outside of cross-country and track, I was able to make straight A's the entire year and earned two President's List honors.

"For two years, I have enjoyed working



as a Presidential Ambassador for Wingate University. With this job, I am able to serve and work alongside our university president, Dr. Jerry McGee. I also meet and greet many school donors, trustee members, and visitors. This year, I also started working as a graphic designer for the AdTeam. As a designer, I work with many students, faculty, and staff that are in need of posters, flyers, shirt designs, and much more. With this job I am able to express what ideas my clients have for their upcoming event or clubs. I have had an awesome Junior year that has flown by, and I am looking forward to



COREY ANDREWS

staying on campus this summer to work and prepare for my Senior year at Wingate University!”

Corey Andrews, Sophomore, Ohio State University: “This year has been quite the eventful one for me. Moving from a small town in Georgia to a huge city in Ohio was a growing process that I still am going through nearly a year later. On top of trading a rural lifestyle for an urban environment, I also had to adjust to college life on my own. Somehow, though, I managed. I am still keeping my musical abilities sharp by playing in the Ohio State athletic band. I was lucky enough to get the chance to travel to Chicago to play in the Big Ten Women’s Basketball Tournament in March. I have also pledged and been initiated into Pi Kappa Phi fraternity, which has helped immensely in transitioning socially to college. It has given me the chance to meet many great people and participate in volunteering and donation raising for PUSH America charity: a fraternity-sponsored philanthropy dedicated to helping people with disabilities.
“I got my first job with Ohio State

Recreational Sports, keeping score for a handful of different basketball leagues at Ohio State and even getting the chance to help out at the Ohio Basketball Special Olympics. I have been active with the Ohio State Arts Scholars program, which has given me the opportunity to create art across several disciplines in the Collaborative Art-Making Intensive program, travel to Nashville for a fun-filled weekend where we went sight-seeing and learned about the famous music scene there, and perform a set of my recorded hip-hop songs in front of a theater with at least a hundred people.

“In a week, I will be leaving for Dublin, Ireland, for a study-abroad program that pertains to medieval Ireland and includes three-week-long training at an archeological dig in Trim, one of the places that the movie *Braveheart* was filmed. In addition, I am currently lining up jobs for the summer and will be taking a three-credit-hour class once I return from being abroad. College so far has been exhilarating at times, stressful at others, but nonetheless absolutely extraordinary and unlike any experience I have ever had.”



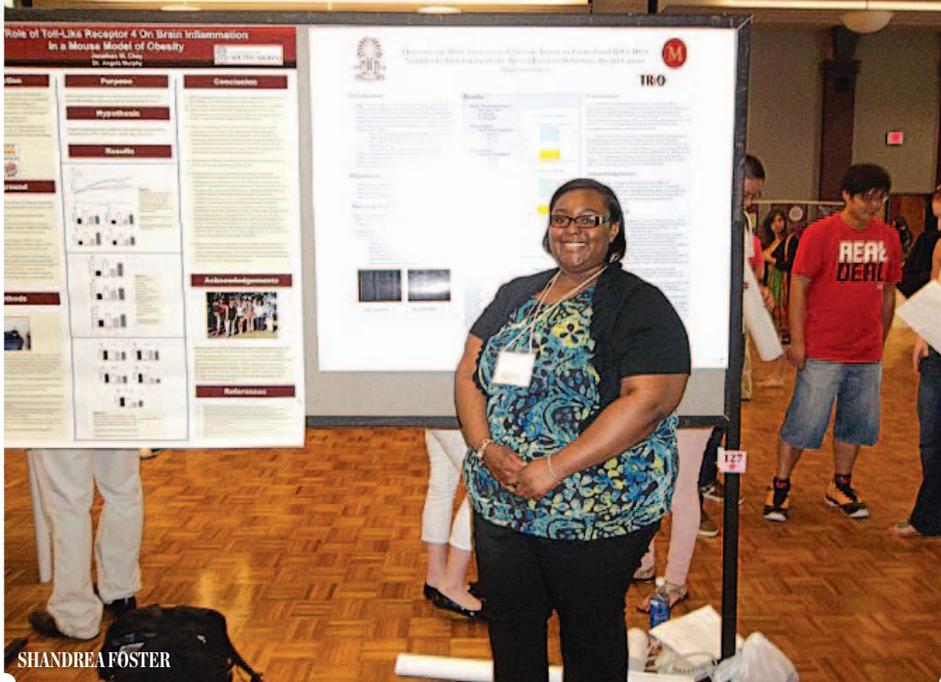
TRAE BONDS

Trae Bonds, Sophomore, University of South Carolina-Columbia: “After completing my second internship with American Credit Acceptance, I went into my Sophomore year determined to study hard and seize every opportunity. In the fall, I walked-on the track team. It was very exciting to participate in a sport that I have come to love and to train with some big-time athletes! In the spring, I attended the Morgan Stanley Early Insights program, which involved traveling to the company’s headquarters in New York City to learn about their internships and career opportunities. I had never been on a plane before, so the overall experience was thrilling. I finished up the year with a 3.828 cumulative GPA and I’m heading into my third internship with Spartan Financial Partners.”



HANNA BURNETT

Hanna Burnett, Junior, King College: “My Junior year at King College has been one of many challenges and opportunities. I have now successfully completed all the English Literature classes required for my major field of study. I have also gained a new interest in the field of philosophy, having taken my first course on biomedical



SHANDREA FOSTER

and ethical moral dilemmas. We recently had awards day at King College, and I was humbled to receive an award honoring the fostering of the English language. Also, I have been selected to be the student lecturer for Fall 2013 on behalf of the Buechner Institute at King College. This is a great honor, as the faculty selects only two students each school year. I look forward to preparing a lecture and doing some serious studying on my prospective topics this summer.

“This summer, I am studying abroad in Austria and then returning to the States to work at a special needs camp in the mountains of Asheville, North Carolina. While in Europe, I will be attending the Salzburg Global Seminar, which is an institute funded by Harvard University that seeks to encourage young people in academics to gather and talk about current issues that influence the future. I look forward to these new opportunities and hope that I may be found worthy of the challenge.”

Tyler Silvers, Junior, Clemson University: “I traveled with twenty of my classmates to Genova, Italy, a semester-long exploration of the mesh of classic and modern architecture that engulfs the country. We took weekly day trips to close-by cities, seeing things such as the Swiss border along Lake Como, the Carrara marble quarry where Michelangelo would have selected his next stone, and a tower in Pisa that seems to be off ... just a bit. We took two ten-day trips: one up North to Venice, Verona, and Mantova, and another down south to Rome, Florence, and Tuscany. Throughout our travels, we came to understand the unique characteristics of each city—how they effected the architecture and, ultimately, the lives of the people.

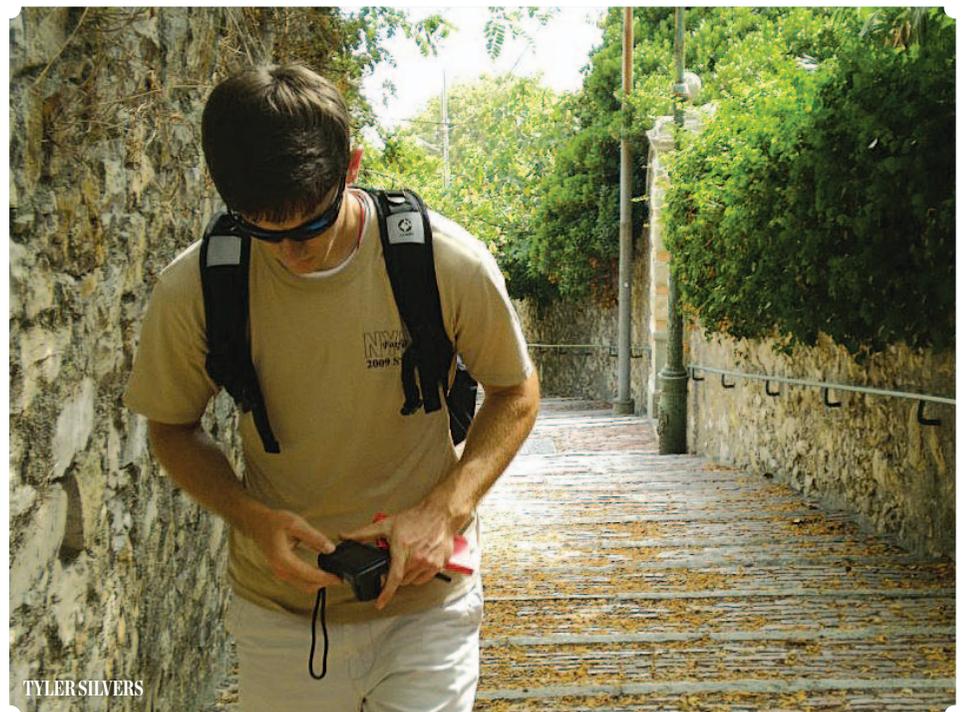
“This past semester was equally as memorable as the last, although a bit less exotic. In our architecture studio class, our last project was to design an emergency shelter for homeless families. The design was challenging – coordinating the flow of people between public and private areas, incorporating a piece of the puzzle that we defined (I chose to incorporate a food pantry into to my design), and designing a space that was welcoming but offered protection to the families during this tough time. The design, I felt, was uniquely my own, one of the first projects that I’ve completed in school that I can call such. It is with this project that I finally begin to understand what architecture is all about, how important it is to those who occupy our buildings and to those who are passing by; how much of a statement the design of

a building makes on the street and on the buildings around it; how influential we can be, really.

“This summer may prove to be equally as exciting. I’m moving into some more real-world projects by working with my father, a residential contractor, to help clients realize their goals through design and construction. I’m looking forward to where the road leads me next!”

Shandrea Foster, Sophomore, University of South Carolina-Columbia: “My greatest accomplishment was participating for another year in undergraduate research. This year and as a Freshman, I did my research on breast cancer and associating certain alleles with breast cancer aggressiveness at specific gene loci. My experience with research helped me become a Magellan ambassador at USC-Columbia for the fall 2013 school year. I will talk to Freshmen students and try to get them interested in research while in their undergraduate studies.

“My favorite organization is my honor society, Alpha Lambda Delta, because I have a lot of opportunities to volunteer and meet people. What has surprised me most about college is how mature I have become. Even my family can see that I have become more responsible. This summer I plan on taking physics, along with volunteering and studying for the MCATs.”



TYLER SILVERS



Dylan Green, Freshman, The Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina: “The Citadel is an experience unlike that of other colleges. The college prides itself in the development of principled leaders in both civilian and military fields. The process of developing a principled leader begins with the challenges of what is known as ‘knob year,’ or a cadet’s first year as a student at The Citadel. The fourth-class system, as it is called, is a strict, disciplined environment where the ‘knob,’ or first-year cadet, is subjected to tough military training and very limited freedoms. As a knob, I was not allowed to be friends with any upperclassmen and all of the close bonds I made this year were with other fellow knobs as we pushed forward to Recognition Day, the day we dropped the ‘knob’ designation and were treated as equals to our upperclassmen, bar rank, and year.

“Even as knobs, involvement in campus activities is strongly encouraged. I joined The Citadel’s Regimental Band Company, playing pipe snare drum in the bagpipe band we have on campus. We perform nearly every Friday for the military parades on campus, as well as at Scottish traditional competitions and other various gigs.

“My greatest accomplishments this year were finishing with a solid GPA in the Honors Program on campus as a Physics major. It is very easy for a cadet (especially a knob) at The Citadel to become distracted with shining shoes or brass, intramural sports, or other campus activities. I was able to focus and achieve Dean’s List both my fall and spring semesters. In further dedication to my studies, I am taking classes two summer semesters in June and July in order to get ahead.

“I was most surprised with the camaraderie and life lessons taught by

the South Carolina Corps of Cadets. I’ve become stronger, smarter, and more responsible because of my dedication to making it through the nine-month-long fourth-class system and have made the first steps along the road less traveled with every intent to become a principled leader.”



Kendall Driscoll, Freshman, Furman University: “As an intended music education major at Furman University, I joined the Paladin Regiment as a piccolo player last fall semester. I earned chairs in Furman’s Symphonic Band and Wind Ensemble (the top ensemble). I volunteered my time at two elementary schools in the Greenville area and fortunately got a small dosage of field experience in the public school classroom.

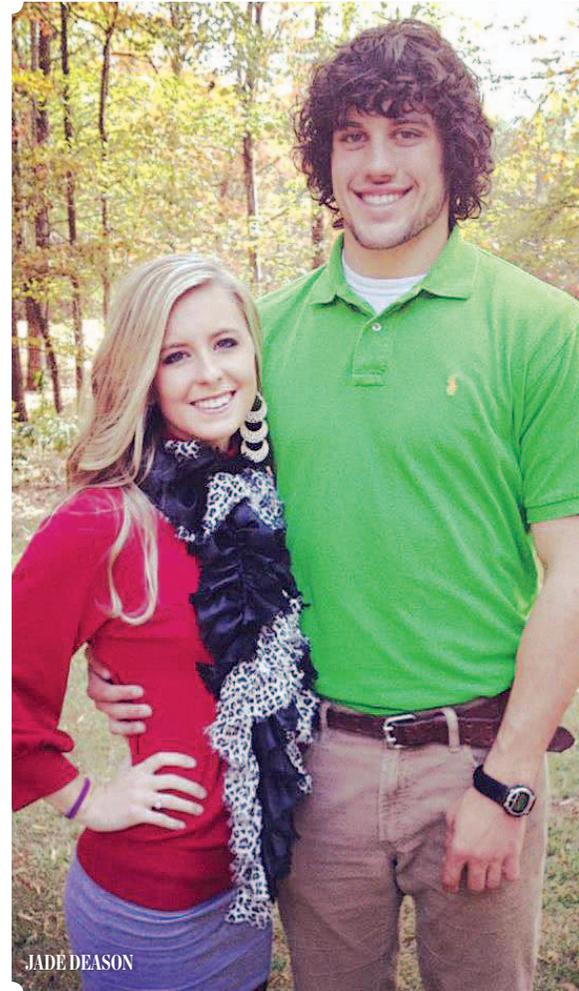
“Outside of my musical life, I enjoyed writing poetry and painting landscapes in my free time. This year, I entered a painting in a local art contest and exhibition. Surprisingly, it sold for \$180! (In fact, it was the only painting in the entire gallery that sold.) Throughout Freshman year, I continued to write stories and poetry in between classes and rehearsing. As a fun challenge on the side, I signed up for National Novel Writing Month and successfully achieved my goal of writing a 50,000-word novel during the month of November. In the spring, I submitted a few poems to Poetry Matters Competition and won first place in the CSRA Adult Division. My poem, ‘Get Me Some Flowers,’ will be published in the next poetry anthology that will hopefully be released next year.”

Jade Deason, Junior, Lander University: “My Junior year as a Lander University nursing student has been an exciting one. I had the opportunity to give my first intramuscular injection as well as start an IV for the first time. I was able to watch the birth of a baby and care for new moms and their newborns. I was inducted into the Blue Key Honor Society this semester. I was also inducted into the Alpha Chi Honor Society. I remain an active member in the Lander University Student Nurses

Association.

“I volunteered with the Lincoln County Middle School this past semester and coached a Middle School Softball Team. I am currently coaching a recreational softball team through the Lincoln County Recreational Department.

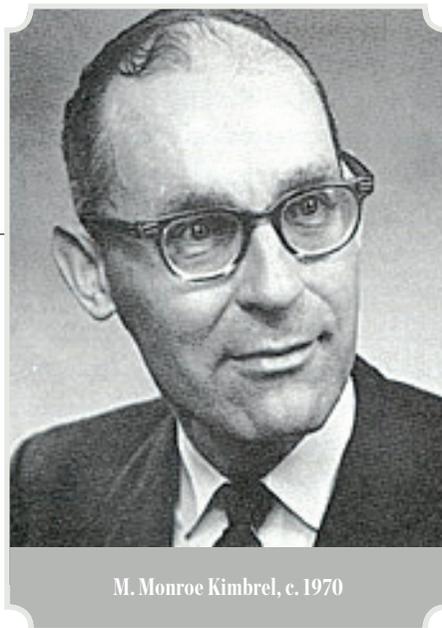
“This summer, I will work as a patient care technician at Self Regional Hospital. I look forward to graduating next spring and starting my career as a registered nurse!”



M. MONROE KIMBREL SCHOLAR NAMED



BY SARAH KATHERINE DRURY



M. Monroe Kimbrel, c. 1970

Students researching the history of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta through its Web site might be amused by a section titled, “Kimbrel Cracks the Whip.” Without further reading, the uninitiated might infer that this Kimbrel fellow was a stern dictator. In fact, Monroe Kimbrel was a gentle, beloved country banker from southwest Georgia. Today, he is remembered in part by an endowed MBA scholarship at the University of Georgia that bears his name.

Every two years, officials from UGA’s Terry College of Business nominate an MBA student for the M. Monroe Kimbrel Scholarship. Created in 2000 by the Watson-Brown Foundation, on whose board Kimbrel sat for nearly three decades, the scholarship is the largest of its kind at Terry. It provides the recipient full-tuition and a paid summer internship at the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta. The M. Monroe Kimbrel scholarship was deliberately designed so that generations of exceptional students could walk in the footsteps of Kimbrel, who was a 1936 honors graduate of Terry. He later served

as president of the American Bankers Association and for twelve years as the president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta.

The 2012–2014 M. Monroe Kimbrel Scholar, John C. Thomas III, is a native of Marietta, Georgia. Thomas earned his BS in economics from Terry College in 2009. After graduation, he worked at a motion-capture technology company, which developed a virtual simulator for military and sports training and evaluation. Thomas is currently enrolled in the joint JD/MBA program, concentrating in finance and corporate law. This summer, he will intern at the Atlanta Fed in the

Large Bank Supervision and Regulation department.

On April 26, officials from the Terry College, the Atlanta Fed, and the Watson-Brown Foundation gathered in Thomson, Georgia, to honor Thomas. The evening began in the Monroe Kimbrel Gardens for the “brick drop” ceremony—a cocktail reception where Thomas placed a brick paver inscribed with his name alongside those of previous Kimbrel scholars. The reception was followed by a supper on the porch at Hickory Hill.

Just as we welcome Thomas into our family with convivial moments, we are reminded via the Fed’s Web site that not all bankers are humorless. In fact, the “Kimbrel Cracks the Whip” article was a tongue-in-cheek piece that highlighted Kimbrel’s gentle management style: “If popularity could run a Reserve Bank,” the article reads, “Kimbrel would have come in first.” Anyone who knew Kimbrel (or “Bones” as he was often called due to his slight frame), would not disagree.



Scholarship Director Sarah Katharine Drury presents Thomas with inscribed brick paver.



John Thomas with his parents, John and Susan Thomas, and friend Katie Bergsmith.

SHERRIE HINES



Alumni Spotlight

BY SHANNON FRIEDMANN HATCH

Daughter. Snake handler. Community leader. Sensei. All of these words describe Sherrie Hines.

By trade, Sherrie is a public defender in Athens, Georgia, and a 2009 graduate of the University of Georgia School of Law. (Add “Bulldog” to that list.) She worked as an attorney in State Court until 2012, balancing a constant caseload of 150 or more misdemeanor cases, before switching to juvenile public defense. Clocking forty-plus hours a week leaves little room for additional adjectives ... unless, of course, like Sherrie, you were named one of the *Athens Banner-Herald*’s 2012 “Exceptionals.”

Born in Tennessee, she spent the latter part of her childhood in Tifton, Georgia. Prying pecan meat from the shells that fell from her family’s orchard; tracking down her wily goat, Peggy; riding her horse through the pine forest—all are idyllic scenes from her rural upbringing. However, Sherrie’s recollection is a little less rose-colored, “Living on a 15-acre farm is a lot of work. Country folk would recognize my way of life.”

But in fact, Sherrie’s early experiences were anything but typical. Her father has a PhD in veterinary medicine and taught at various

universities; her mother was an equestrian (her parents met at an Arabian horse farm). Her family’s ties to academia meant their doors were open to professors from far-flung countries. This exposure to various cultures and traditions expanded young Sherrie’s worldview. Not surprisingly, she initially considered a career in medicine, specifically genetics. “My father always told me that if you think you want to do something, then get in the field and see if you like it,” Sherrie says. She spent a summer in a lab as a middle schooler, observing the running and re-running tests. “It was so incredibly boring, but I definitely glad I did it,” she says with a laugh.

This try-it-on-for-size approach served her well again when she participated in the UGA pre-law shadow program at Georgia Legal Service, a law office that does civil work for people who can’t afford attorneys. This time, the profession stuck. “I discovered that I liked working with those that didn’t get a bite of the apple,” Sherrie says. “It also made me recognize that I’m so lucky to have all that I have.” Sherrie didn’t wait until she passed the bar to pursue this passion: She interned in the Western Judicial Circuit Public Defender Office for five years prior to taking the exam. She started with a commitment to at least 10 hours a week—by

the time she earned her degree, she had put in at least 3,500 hours. Not surprisingly, they offered her a full-time position upon graduation.

Sherrie admits that the work is tough. “Juvenile court is emotional. Many people are in terrible situations without good support systems.” She considers a victory when her client gets an appropriate charge (or dismal, where warranted) and is able to get the help they need via counseling or other channels, be successful, and move on. This is one of the primary reasons she co-founded YOUTHserve in May 2012. The program facilitates hands-on service opportunities for middle and high school students, regardless of whether they have been through the justice system. “It gives them ownership, a purpose, and a sense of their value in the community,” Sherrie says. “It’s an outlet for them to feel loved and worthwhile.” The YOUTHserve Leadership Project is an additional arm where young adult offenders, over the course of four months attend life-skill workshops and ultimately complete a service project.

Outside of law, Sherrie takes defense quite literally as founder and head instructor of Clarke County Youshukai Karate. A friend introduced her to martial arts in college, and she earned her black belt the same year she



“My father always told me that if you think you want to do something, then get in the field and see if you like it.”



graduated from law school and was awarded a second-degree black belt in 2012. She opened the school in 2011 and decided it should be free. “Karate teaches perseverance, determination, control, and respect,” Sherrie explains. “I believe that it should be available to anyone.”

When she’s not working as a lawyer, coordinating YOUth Serve projects, or teaching karate, Sherrie can be found at Bear Hollow

Zoo, where she volunteers as a docent. The zoo is a sanctuary for Georgia wildlife and is home to wounded bald eagles and orphaned black bear cubs. Sherrie handles an owl, opossum—and yes, snakes—during her tours. She also is the creator, editor, and chief writer for the organization’s newsletter, “The Zoo’s News.”

Currently, a copy of *Ethics on the Ark*—a “serious read” on zoos and animal welfare—

shares coffee table space with her latest fantasy novel guilty pleasure. Sherrie says that in her downtime she likes to play ultimate Frisbee and “that my boyfriend has totally gotten me hooked on Halo.” An attorney who plays video games? In the end, it turns out the best adjective to describe Sherrie is “Super Human.”





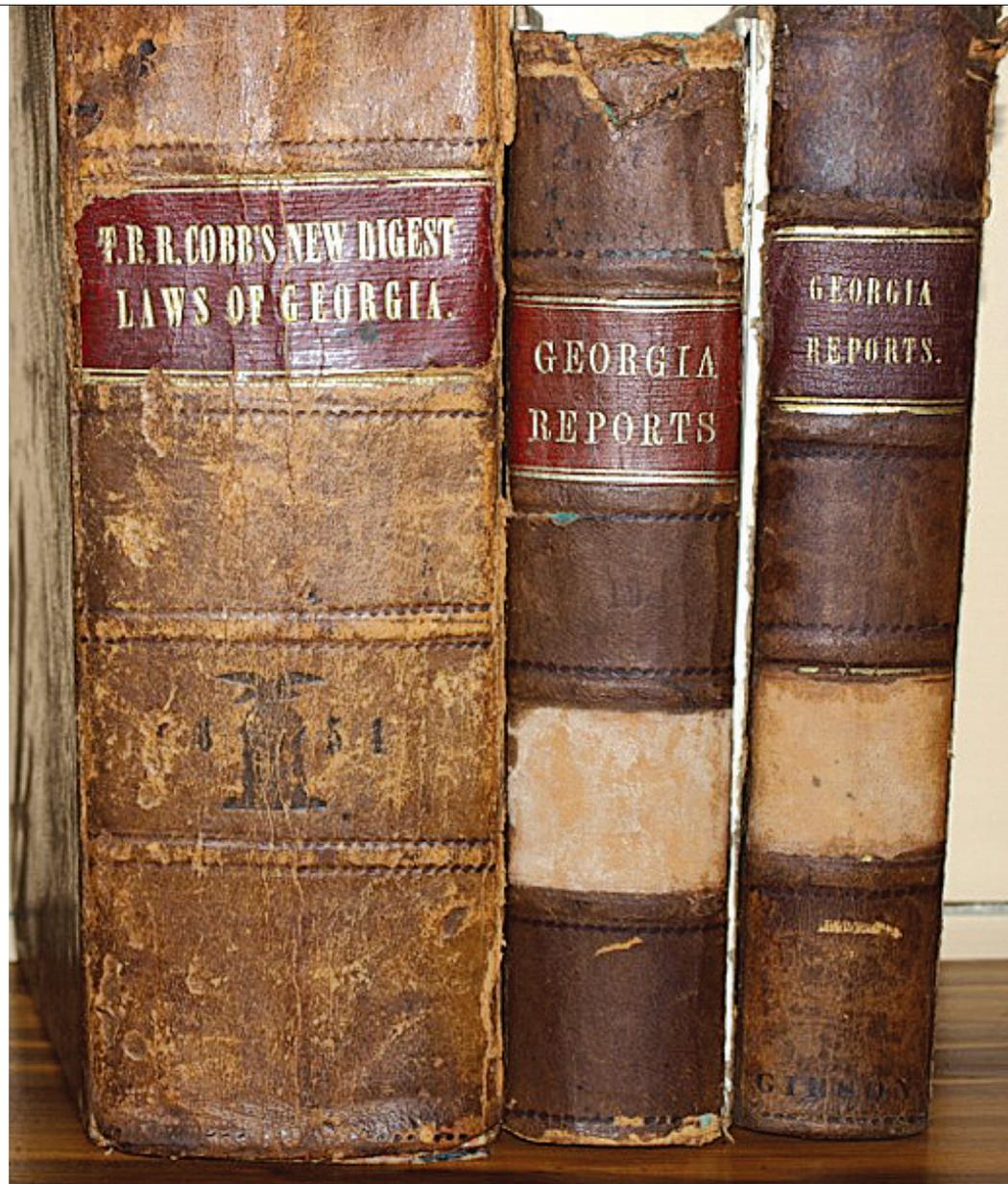
T.R.R. COBB & SOUTHERN JURISPRUDENCE

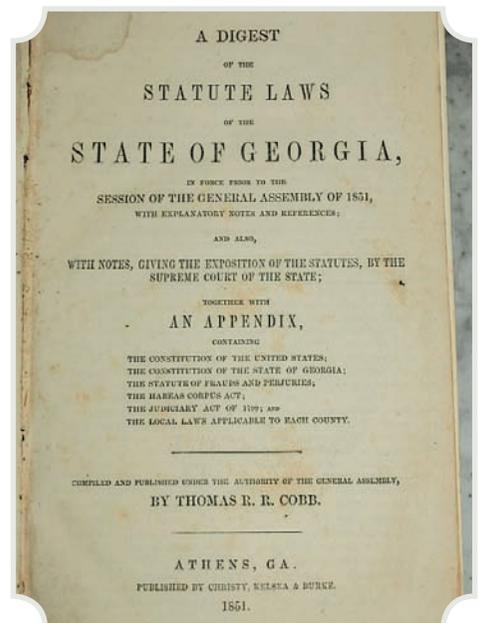
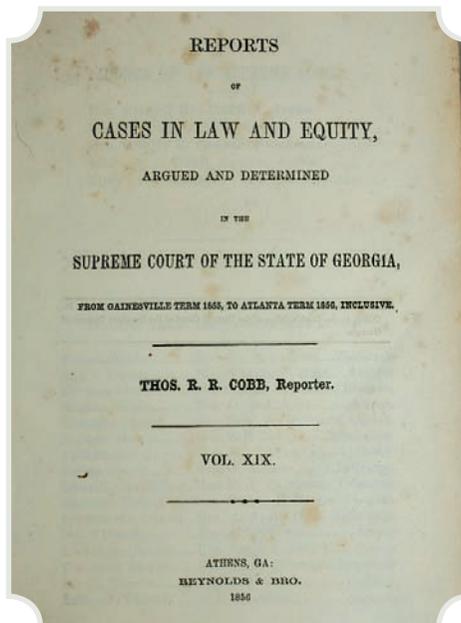
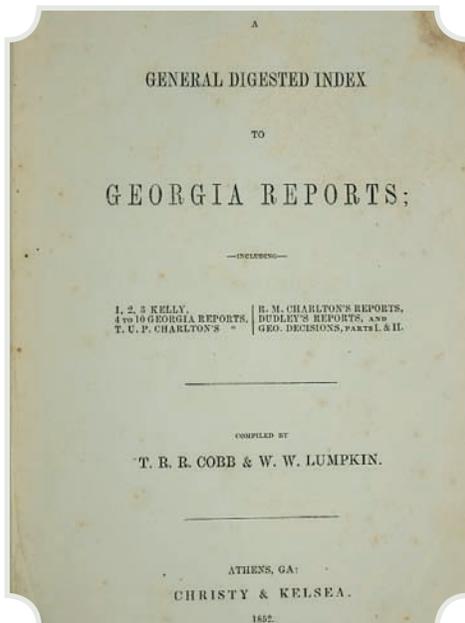


BY SAMUEL N. THOMAS, JR.

In the 1840s and '50s, decades sometimes referred to as the “Golden age of American law,” the states of New York and Massachusetts were commonly cited for their early attempts to codify state civil law. In fact, Georgia wore the crown as the first state in American history to codify its law. The effort to reduce common and statutory law into a code was a monumental feat in the field of American jurisprudence, and it was Georgian T.R.R. Cobb who was singularly responsible for the work. The code is considered Cobb’s most brilliant achievements in the arena of law, so much so that even today the Georgia Code is commonly referenced by lawyers and jurists as “Cobb’s Code.”

Three notable Georgia lawyers influenced Cobb’s legal scholarship. Howell Cobb, his older brother by eight years, had established a prominent law practice by the time Tom passed the bar in 1842. The two maintained a close professional association over the years, and, in time, Tom would manage the cases of his older brother, whose political career carried him to Washington in various capacities beginning in 1843. William L. Mitchell, an Athens lawyer who later served as professor of law at Franklin College, mentored Tom for five months as he prepared to sit for the bar. No doubt the most influential legal presence, however, was Cobb’s own father-in-law, Joseph Henry Lumpkin. Georgia’s first chief justice of the state Supreme Court, Lumpkin enjoyed a reputation far beyond the Georgia borders as a brilliant jurist and trial lawyer and was largely responsible for streamlining Georgia’s penal code. Cobb adored him, and the substantial body of legal scholarship he produced from 1842 until 1860 was attributed, by influence and patronage, to Joseph Lumpkin.





Lumpkin made sure Cobb was appointed assistant reporter of Georgia Supreme Court in 1845. Three years later, Cobb had moved into the role of full reporter. Over the ensuing eight years, Cobb published fifteen volumes of *Georgia Reports*, texts that detailed the court's legal decisions. If his duties as reporter were not enough, Cobb also found time to publish *A Digest of the Statute Laws of the State of Georgia* [1851] and *A General Digested Index to Georgia Reports* [1852]. It was enormous and exacting work that precious few legal minds had the stamina to tackle.

To be sure, Cobb worked tirelessly, enough to concern his family. "Tom does not look well," his mother wrote in 1850, "he labors too hard." The following year she urged Howell to intervene. "[Tom] looks thin and pale ... Dr. Simms says ... [he] is over studying ... & if he does not quit he will be broke down before he is thirty. I want you to give him a good talk when you come home. It keeps me very unhappy; he sits up too much at night writing."

Even as he wrote, Cobb rode Georgia's Western Circuit. He had a reputation as an "aggressive courtroom orator and a clever legal tactician." His biographer recalled that "Cobb combined forensic skill with a devastating style of cross-examination and underpinned all with sound and meticulously researched briefs. His fiery speeches and relentless interrogation of witnesses won praise from some but angered others." Years later, Cobb would bump into witnesses and opposing counsel, few of whom failed to recall his brutal style and strategy.

Cobb's scholarly interest in the law ultimately prodded him into his most expansive study: *An Inquiry into the Law of Negro Slavery in the United States*. Published in 1858, the work was nothing shy

of groundbreaking. Frustrated by a dearth of meaning work on the subject and moved by a passionate sectional response to abolitionism, *Inquiry* not only defended the institution of slavery but also promoted it. "Stroud's 'Sketch of the Law of Slavery' is, and was intended, only as an Abolition pamphlet," wrote Cobb, "[and] Wheeler's 'Law of Slavery' professes to be only a compend of abridged decisions on prominent questions. An elementary treatise, purporting to define the Law of Slavery as it exists in the United States, has not been brought to my notice." Clearly Cobb was thrilled at the prospect of penning an original work. "I enter upon an untrodden field."

Part history, part legal handbook for practicing lawyers, Cobb's *Inquiry* ran nearly 600 pages and surely would have been placed in every law library in the country except for the publication's unfortunate timing. Despite the outcome of the Civil War that made the import of the text academic rather than practical, *Inquiry* was unique for its breadth and scope and enjoys the rare distinction of being in print today. Contemporary praise of Cobb's scholarship read like dust jacket blurbs. "It remains the most important and most comprehensive treatise ever written on the law of slavery," writes legal scholar Alfred Brophy. "... [Cobb] gathered together in one place the key elements of Southern thought on the history and law of slavery ... [and his] synthesis is illustrative of the Southern legal mind and it is also the high point of it." Law professor Paul Finkelman notes *Inquiry* was "[a]n important practical manual for attorneys and judges ... and a vital tool for scholars of slavery and legal historians ever since" and reminds readers that it was being cited in legal opinions forty years after its author's death. Slavery expert Robert

Paquette notes that "though flawed by racial prejudice ... [*Inquiry*] represents nonetheless a monumental effort to understand the legal history of slavery in the United States through the lens of global history. [Cobb's] erudition on the historical, moral, philosophical, and theological understanding of slavery in Western culture stands virtually without peer during the nineteenth century."

The immediate years following *Inquiry's* publication revealed that Cobb had achieved the pinnacle of his career. In 1859, Cobb provided the guiding force to establish a law school at the University of Georgia. The following year Georgia officially adopted his *Code of the State of Georgia*, which brought the state the "distinction of being the first to provide ... a complete codification of the law, both substantive and adjective." In 1861, Cobb recorded the new Georgia State Constitution, which included his twenty-eight point "Declaration of Fundamental Principles." That was followed shortly with his chief authorship of the Confederate Constitution. His tireless work on that amazing document, written in just four months, produced the most recent American Constitution and one still heavily studied by scholars today. When Cobb completed the Confederate Constitution, he was just thirty-eight years old.

Thomas Reade Rootes Cobb is heralded as one of the founders of the historical school of jurisprudence in the United States. "If he had lived," writes Brophy, "he most certainly would have at least been considered for an appointment to the United States Supreme Court." That said, surely the greatest monuments to Cobb's legal brilliance reside in print, and even today command considerable attention on bookshelves across the country.



RESTORING LADY GOODRUM



More than a Makeover

BY CONNIE SKRIPKO



Granite spall drive apron at West Paces Ferry Road entrance.



Boxwoods installed for Italian theatre garden.



Front portico restoration begins.



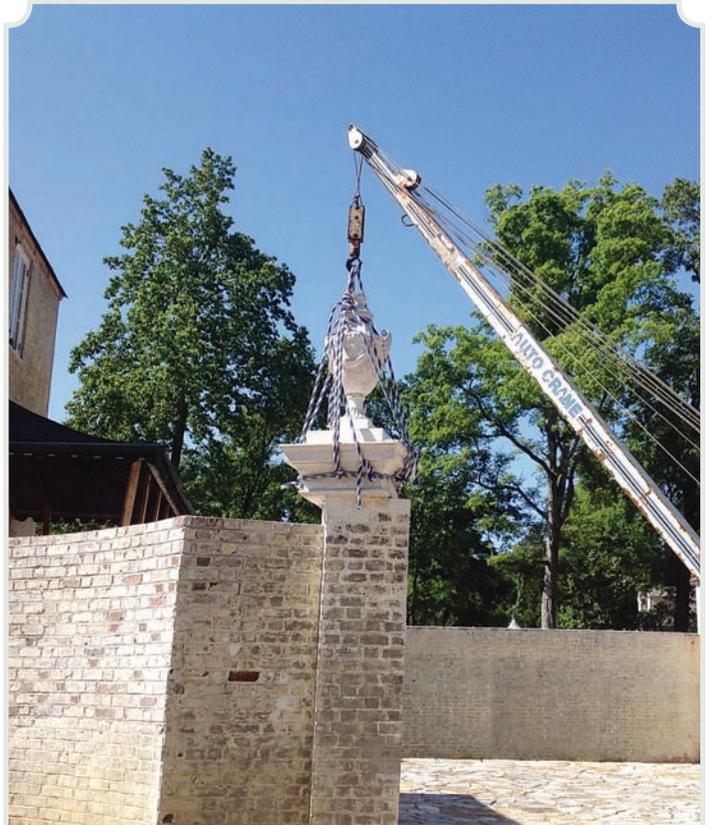
Prime coat applied to west wall.



Individual bricks from arch at serpentine garden entrance dismantled and numbered in proper sequence.



Rear patio stone wall prepared for installation of iron gate.



Cast decorative urn at service drive removed for evaluation and restoration.



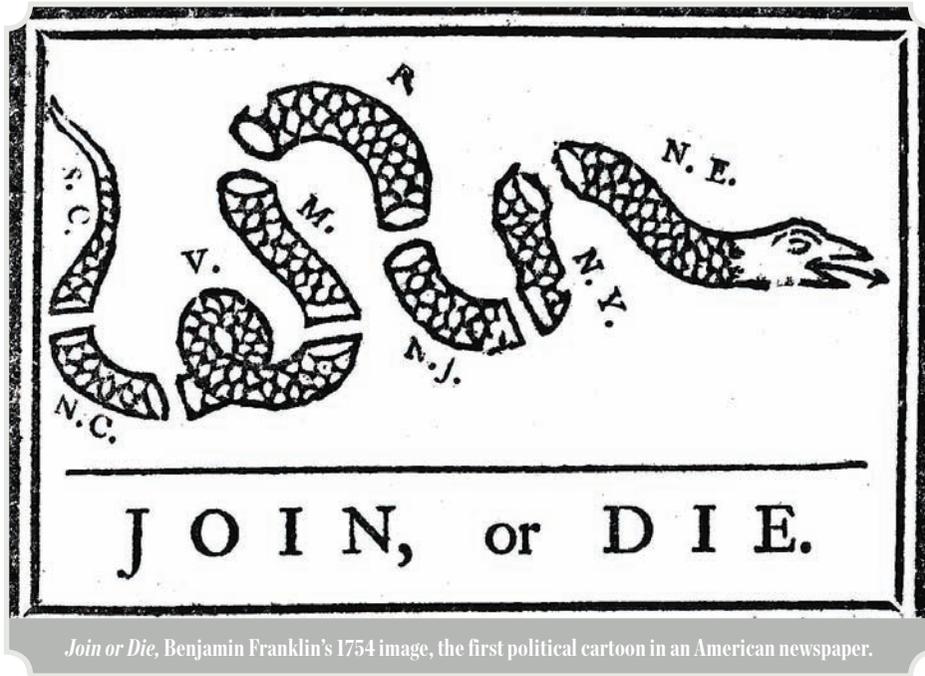
Goodrum drive spalls.



National Register certification.



Front facade painted.



Join or Die, Benjamin Franklin's 1754 image, the first political cartoon in an American newspaper.



AN UNGENTLEMANLY ART



Sticks & Stones

BY MICHELLE L. ZUPAN

In 1517, German monk Martin Luther began using woodcuts and metal engraving to create the first printed cartoon images of the Roman Catholic Pope. The images presented serious issues in a humorous manner, which provoked reactions (often violent) from readers and church officials. Luther's woodcuts, recognized as the first political cartoons, combined the key elements of caricature and allusion. Symbolism was also an important element. Many subsequent cartoonists, such as Thomas Nast, used symbolism to convey political perspectives or to force pointed arguments.

American statesman and printer Benjamin Franklin is credited with publishing the first political cartoon in an American newspaper. The "Join or Die" image ran in *The Pennsylvania Gazette* on May 9, 1754, with Franklin's editorial about the "disunited state" of the American colonies. By the 1750s, France and Great Britain had been at odds and at war over lands they each controlled in the



Americas. Franklin considered the American colonies to be dangerously fragmented over the issue. Through cartoon and article, Franklin hoped to convince the colonists that they would have greater political power if they united against the threat of French expansion in North America.

By 1900, political cartoons appeared in most daily newspapers printed in America, often on the front page. Prior to 1917, many American newspapers were printed weekly, which gave cartoonists time to draw elaborate images and incorporate literary, scientific, and historical allusions into their work. These references are often puzzling to modern readers. National syndication and a daily print schedule forced cartoonists to be more obvious with their irony and rely on black-and-white sketches rather than color lithographs. Most cartoonists were male, and the profession was considered an “ungentlemanly art.” Not until the women’s suffrage movement would females significantly voice public political opinions through essays, news articles, and political cartoons.

Besides his own editorials, Thomas E. Watson regularly published nationally syndicated columnists in *Watson’s Jeffersonian Magazine*. Gordon Nye drew for the “Jeffs” early numbers and shared Watson’s populist views. Nye was born in 1881 in Pennsylvania. He worked as a machinist until a strike closed the plant, sending Nye into unemployment and homelessness. After a long illness, he found a job and took evening art classes at the Philadelphia School of Industrial Arts. By 1901, Nye was illustrating for the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*. He cartooned for newspapers in Chicago before being chosen as the cartoonist for the Democratic National Committee in 1904. Newspapers around the country carried Nye’s work. He lived in New York when Watson hired him in 1905, and he remained with the “Jeffs” until 1909. He later worked for the Hearst papers in New York, and then began his own newspaper in Knoxville, Tennessee. Nye finally moved to Florida, where he worked for newspapers in Miami, Palm Beach, and Kissimmee, eventually founding a real estate paper. Nye died in 1950.



Nye Bryan 1911, Gordon Nye drew this image of the perennial Presidential candidate, William Jennings Bryan.



Nye Farmer Image, Watson and his fellow Southern populists saw farmers being crushed by the forces of Cotton Factors, Speculators, and Commercial Farms. Gordon Nye drew this for *Watson’s Jeffersonian Magazine*.



Puck 1908, A terminal thorn in Watson’s journalistic side was the staunchly Republican *Puck Magazine*, founded by Joseph Keppler. This image ran in 1908 and depicts the presidential candidates trying to figure out what to do with the reactionary voter. Figures are exaggerated (caricature) and the topic being criticized (allusion) should be understood by most readers. Oglethorpe’s Georgia colony was, curiously, absent from the image.

NATURAL LAWS



Forest for the Trees

BY DEXTER RHODES

It ain't been that long since I was a towheaded boy plowing the sandy fields of Jenkins County. I remember the first time I actually volunteered to do farm labor: when Daddy bought our 9600 Ford tractor. As a child I was trained on a tired 8N Ford, a cantankerous twenty-seven horsepower gas burner, whose dubious mechanical health kept me frustrated and forever late for supper. When "Big Blue" came home—a diesel with five times the gitty up of the 8N—I knew the Rhodes family finally made the big time! I wanted to participate in our newfound social status in any way possible, even if that meant plowing and cultivating row crops. (Later in life, this act of naiveté led me to compile Dexter's List of Natural Laws. **Number 1: Young boys are foolish.**)

In those days my sole summer task was to maintain, in immaculate condition, sixty acres of soybeans. Mind you, chemicals were not as sophisticated or in as wide use as they are today, and most farmers relied on mechanical means of tackling weeds in their crop fields. The Rhodes farmstead was no different.

Removing nutrient-thieving weeds from our precious soybeans meant cultivating. Cultivating meant Dexter was on a tractor from dawn to dusk.

Perhaps I should take a step back for our city readers. A cultivator is a farm implement designed to rake the soil and remove weeds in the furrows between rows of crops. It attaches to the three-point hitch at the rear of the tractor. The uninitiated might imagine a fork raked across mashed potatoes. The taters that are undisturbed represent the soil where the good plants grow. The little lines the fork left in the taters are the furrows in the soil where the weeds would be. My cultivator was a four-row Pittsburgh whose sweeps (think points on the ends of those fork tines) were set three inches on either side of the soybean plant. To cultivate, I would gingerly place the tractor tires in the furrows, aim dead ahead, and ease the cultivator in the soil about three inches deep. In low gear, I would creep down the rows, jerking my head from front to back to make sure I was cultivating the weeds out of the furrows and not running over or cultivating the

soybeans into an early grave. Most of the time my efforts were great for the soybeans, tough on the weeds, and pure hell on my neck.

But as I learned later in life, weeds are like humans: **Not all are created equal (Dexter's Natural Law #2)**. Some weeds are tougher and nastier than others. One weed that got me into more trouble than throwing bubble gum in my sister's hair was from the genus *Passiflora* (the pretty plant you folks know as the blue passionflower, or maypop.)

Young Dexter Rhodes hated maypops, mostly because maypops were tougher and nastier than my big sister Rhonda (**Dexter's Natural Law #3: Women are meaner than men**). Those suckers forever populated my otherwise tidy soybean patch. Worst of all, they couldn't be cultivated out of the furrows. Maypops grow on tough vines and, when introduced to a cultivator, embrace it with the tenacity of young lovers. One minute I was making a healthy soybean patch, the next I was dragging a load of raggedy vines down my plant rows, uprooting and banging up all the soybeans. Off the tractor I'd jump,



into the dust and hot sun, to fight the vines off the cultivator, tearing my hands all to pieces, and then to trudge row-to-row to locate all the others. Maypops, even with their pretty vines of white, blue, and pink, were bad dreams, pure and simple.

Best I can find, maypops came here from England. Given their lack of humor and gaiety and the senseless pain they inflict on others, I'm guessing a dour, vagabond Puritan hauled a sack of them to the outskirts of Boston to frustrate otherwise happy people. ***(Dexter's Natural Law #4: Most bad things in this life owe their origin to New England.)*** In any event, some carpetbagger brought them South, and they've been making life miserable for young farmers ever since.

But like I was sayin', maypops were the bane of my youthful existence. So you might say I was a wee bit taken back when I learned butterflies like them. I'm forever screwing around with my gardens to attract monarch and other butterflies so that our field trippers can play with bugs. Guess what? If you introduce a *Gulf Fritillary* to a *Passiflora caerulea*, you will create a love affair unlike any in the Old

Testament ***(Dexter's Natural Law #5: Underneath most pretty things lurks a monster)***. Lord, those two get together and the rest is R-rated history.

So, just call me Cupid, because I've done it: To please the butterfly lovers, I planted invasive maypops for our bugs. And sure as yesterday's sunset, the maypops have consumed a cyclone fence, several small mammals, and more Weed Eater blades than I care to count. As I pen these words, they are blooming and playing the host plant for butterflies to lay eggs on. Our native vine variety has the bluish color on the outside of the plant, a white center circled in red. If anything, it is mean and showy. Reminds me of Rhonda.

You know I'm going to have to keep a keen eye on my ostentatious love plant so it won't gobble up an acre or two. I've written reminders to myself on my calendar. But I'm still nervous, because it's easy to get sidetracked and forget a monthly pruning. And once headed down that slope, it's all over but the crying. ***(Dexter's Natural Law, #6: If the American experiment is any example,***

mankind is incapable of eternal vigilance.)

And remember, if you cannot find me in the forest, I'm cussing my maypops and penning pearls of wisdom (a few morsels below).

DNL #219: Don't relieve your bladder from a tractor while it is under power.

DNL #47: Anything in a field you didn't plant will bite you, stick you, or sting you.

DNL #9: "All things in moderation" in Greece today applies only to their notion of work.

DNL #23: Nothing that grows in a soybean patch is as ugly as Walmart on a Friday night.

THE FLIP SIDE



Inheritance

BY TAD BROWN

I never knew the exact age of the little house we used for a hunting cabin for two decades. It was plenty old, and by best accounts it dated at least to the dusty days of tenant farming in a South struggling to become new.

Perched on a slight knoll overlooking a seven-acre field in which its occupants farmed cotton, the little clapboard house, even in its dotage, gave every appearance of peaceful, if slightly uncomfortable living. It was shaded on east and west by tall pines. A large pecan tree guarded entrance from the north. On its rear flank, immediately behind the privy, encroached a hardwood bottom that ran to a creek. The immediate grounds were contained by a rail fence that struggled in vain to keep the deer from an enormous persimmon tree that dropped prodigious amounts of fruit every fall. Clothed in modesty and dovetailed into its natural environment, the tiny dwelling nevertheless had a dignified presence. It had been, after all, a home.



The structure was made mostly of pine and brick. Its sills rested on field rocks that were stacked strategically but without benefit of mortar. A tin roof, laid atop a failing shake roof, covered its two front rooms. The rooms were accessed by two front doors, set symmetrically, one apiece, that opened onto a substantial front porch. A smaller room, jutting off the rear of the house, formed an el to the main structure. This was the kitchen.

The floors throughout the cabin were heart pine—unfinished, rough hewn, and random width. Through the years, countless feet, fretting over rain or money or children or a thousand country heartaches, had paced the edges and grain smooth. Two fireplaces that backed up to one another, served by a common chimney that poked through the center of the roof, gave

warmth and evening light to each of the main rooms.

These provided the primary charm of the house. When built for proportion rather than aesthetics, a fireplace is a wonder of practical physics. Its forgotten purpose was to give heat, and the masons of old, however simple, knew how to create space and dimension that would draw air in mighty gulps. The fireplaces in the cabin amazed us by the volume of their air intake, and consequently, of the heat they threw. As long as the wood held out we never got cold.

The only other source of warmth was the wood-burning stove in the kitchen. When the weather turned particularly cold we saluted nostalgia by stoking and firing the beast, which protested with audible clanks, burps, and spasms as iron expanded and it came to life. If the exercise was impractical it was ultimately effective, and the heat that finally roared from the kitchen forced all the denizens from the house. There was no safe harbor when the stove was lit, and more than a few winter nights

found us huddled in the chill of the front porch, racing through heaping portions of collard greens and fried venison before they chilled in the frigid air. Presented with the options of sweating in December or risking hypothermia outdoors, we cheerfully opted for the latter.

In those days we hunted hard and with rifles. At the end of any given weekend, the porch of our little abode would be a wonderful clutter of firewood and clothes, guns and coolers, axes and mauls, and the occasional rack of a buck. Muddy Jeeps and four-wheel drive pickups were scattered about the front yard. Through the spectacles of hindsight, the winters then were colder, the shots longer, the deer more plentiful and bigger. The subsequent songs of the hunt around our castle were full and lusty, and their melodies were carried by precious themes of pursuit, death, and companionship. Beneath those always were memory and the presence of the house, so that to tell a complete tale a hunter could not ignore its mention either by inference or invocation. In this manner history casually wove through our weekend lives the way the autumn woods perfumed our clothes, and we knew implicitly that place wed our yarns with countless others many decades old.

As we grew we multiplied, and in time our young sons joined us at the cabin. Then we were like squirrels in a nest, packed tightly together, literally and figuratively stepping on one another. Nighttime calls of nature were precarious invitations to squash a child in a sleeping bag or to crash into the cot of a hunting buddy. We confused our gear and clothing and deprived one another of precious sleep. Although the boys were amused by gaps in the floorboards that blew frigid, outside air like so many vents, they were less enthusiastic about trips to the outhouse or the “shower”—a garden hose that spewed cold, orange water from a finicky jet pump over a shallow well. It was no wonder that colds spread among us like medieval contagions. Sunday departures from

the cabin were marked by exhausted hugs and handshakes, invariably accompanied by red eyes, bruises, and intermittent coughing. The melancholy of departure was always tempered by the anticipation of clean sheets in a warm bed at another home.

“Through the spectacles of hindsight, the winters then were colder, the shots longer, the deer more plentiful and bigger.”



When I had the means, I thought of runny noses and the comfort of other places. Combined with a man’s unrelenting need for projects, imagination seduced sympathy and bred excuses to build something that didn’t leak rain through the pinholes in the tin roof or harbor in its attic flying squirrels that scampered across the ceiling joists at all hours of the night. I rationalized that boys needed indoor plumbing and running water. I argued that hot showers would encourage early rising. I said that clean hunters would be successful hunters. Then I tore down the little home.

I constructed another house in another place to build new memories. Two stories tall, the house has six rooms, two fireplaces, bookshelves,

and Oriental rugs. Two freezers and a refrigerator await venison, fish, and birds. A washer and a dryer stand ready to clean blood and sweat from hunting duds. There is a real bathroom with a shower, a toilet, a mirror, and a sink. Ceiling fans on the porch and in each room make bearable the pain of summer and early fall. In the kitchen resides a stove that is moderately and accurately powered by an underground propane tank. The house is painted.

That was five years ago. Now our boys are setting sights on college and still the house is too young to tell its stories. By the time it has sheltered life and fostered tears and laughter and a thousand tall hunting yarns, I will just as surely be a memory.

In a small college town seventy-five miles from home, I navigate a sidewalk past shop windows in stern conversation with a colleague. At one point, I toss my head and am jerked stock-still by a portrait in an art gallery. Framed in gold is a tiny pen-and-ink sketch of a house. In that house are set two front doors and one chimney. A front porch provides shade and a large tree dots the front yard. The roof sags ever-so slightly. A fence frames the house.

My inquiries of the store clerk reveal little: A local artist had captured in ink the memory of his grandparents’ house in which he spent his boyhood days. I suppose he hoped that through the glass would whisper the stories of thousands of nameless tenant farmers across the South. His and mine, virtually identical, were two of hundreds of thousands of vernacular houses, generic in appearance only, that sprang from the red soil to provide dubious shelter for their owners until time, nature, and progress tore them down.

I eagerly pay seventy dollars for the picture and rush home to set those stories on a wall next to the door of the house I built five years ago.

I would have paid seven thousand.

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Preserved now as a historic house museum on the campus of Johns Hopkins University, Homewood House was completed about 1808 by Charles Carroll, Jr., son of the last signer of the Declaration of Independence. In 1902 it was donated to the university and became the center of "Homewood Campus." It was designated a National Historic Landmark in 1976.

Congratulations to Jessica Kaczmarek, Pamela Theobald, John Sheftall, and Kayla Morgan who correctly identified the building!