

Spring 2013

# The LEGACY

A Publication of Watson-Brown Foundation, Inc.

ALUMNI SPOTLIGHT

*Drew*  
**HESS**

*You Weren't*  
**BORN**  
*in a*  
**BARN**

*New York*  
**CITY?**



“The South gained Washington city, and what the national capital  
has ever been worth to us it would be hard to say.”



—Thomas E. Watson, *The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson*, 1903

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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

**Mary Elsa Tomlin**, Junior, Auburn University: “This past semester, I was privileged to be a third-year student at Auburn’s School of Architecture Rural Studio in Newbern, Alabama. During this time, I worked with my fourteen classmates to continue construction on a greenhouse and design its other components. This greenhouse is part of a multiphase third-year project for the redesign of Rural Studio’s campus. The greenhouse structure, designed by a previous semester, consists of galvanized steel and hundreds of recycled fifty-five-gallon metal barrels. During the construction, I learned how to stick weld, plasma cut, and use a wide variety of power tools. More importantly, I gained hands-on knowledge of building materials and strategies, and explored the process of turning architectural blueprints into a physical reality. In studio, we worked together to design a greenhouse-shading system, raised beds, and rainwater collection, storage, and irrigation systems. We challenged our initial nice-sounding architecture ideas with case studies, testing, and mountains of research. Working towards real, buildable solutions, I realized firsthand how difficult it can be to reconcile aesthetics and function within architecture, and the benefits and frustrations of working in a team setting.

“In addition to the greenhouse work, we aided in the construction of the thesis students’ community-oriented projects and completed

projects focused on fine craft for our history and woodshop classes. The history class took us all over West Alabama to learn more about Southern vernacular and building techniques. For this class, I hand-drafted and watercolored a scale drawing of Gaineswood, an antebellum plantation home, in Demopolis, Alabama. In our woodshop class, we learned fine woodworking techniques and researched and built historic chairs. My teammate and I successfully built a walnut replica of Gerrit Rietveld’s Zig Zag Chair. Through the entire experience, I found that with enough hard work, daring, research, creativity, and craft, architecture students can go beyond the studio to design, build, and ultimately make a difference within a community. Perhaps this important lesson can be best summed up by the late founder of the Rural Studio, Sambo Mockbee: ‘Proceed and be bold.’”

**Jen Harlan**, Junior, Wofford University: “As a Spanish and English double major at my college, I’ve known since my Freshman year I would be spending at least one semester in a Spanish-speaking country. (At Wofford, it’s part of the required work as a foreign language major.) So last January when I started filling out my paperwork to spend four months in Alcalá de Henares, Spain, it was almost like going through the expected motions. I remember telling everyone that I was going as if it was no big deal.



Now, words cannot describe what I experienced just by “going through the motions.” I lived in a small pueblo thirty minutes outside of Madrid with one of the most caring, thoughtful, and funny families I’ve ever met. We sat together every day after lunch, drinking tea (to help the digestion, as my host parents never failed to tell me) and watching *La Casa de Juicio* (the show “Love It or List It” on HGTV but dubbed over in Spanish) and arguing over if they were going to *quedarse* or *venderla*. I spent four months completely immersed in a beautifully different culture, trying my best to blend in as a true *Española* and, for once, be as un-American as possible. I found that through that challenge I learned so much about myself: I realized I can not only survive but thrive in a culture where they eat lunch at three and an “early” dinner starts around nine that night. I saw breathtaking



MARY ELSA TOMLIN

buildings older than America itself and read the first words ever written in Spanish. I lived every day surrounded by a language I'd only spoken in a classroom and found myself able to express myself within its intricacies. In short, the fulfillment of a simple major requirement ended up forcing me to step outside of myself and truly appreciate who I am, what I have, and what is waiting right outside of me, just waiting to be discovered. Living in Spain didn't change me, it bettered me in every way possible, and honestly isn't that what college should be doing for all of us?"



HARMONY MORKVE

**Harmony Morkve**, Sophomore, Wake Forest University: "These past two years of college have been an exciting jumble of extracurricular activities and interesting classes. When I came

to college, I knew that I wanted to do something with film, but I never thought that I would actually have a chance to work on two features. I am co-starring in an untitled feature about beauty through the eyes of many women, and I also helped with pre-production of a film titled, *4Gosh*.

"Wake Forest has many student opportunities such as Student Union and Wake Radio that cater to my interests. In Student Union, I have helped plan concerts, guest lectures, and weeklong events. Wake Radio has given me the opportunity to play my own music on an international level with online streaming. Last year, I had a show that featured YouTube artists.

"I am now currently studying abroad in Venice, Italy. I am taking classes on Italian film and art. I have already seen five films, and they are all worth re-watching. One of the highlights of my experience so far is being able to live in such a beautiful place and learn about the culture that has flourished in this wonderful lagoon.

"This summer, I am most looking forward to volunteering for film and music festivals. I have found my passion! I want to coordinate festivals for the masses. I plan on volunteering at VidCon and KaBang this year. Volunteering at these events brings joy to so many, and I love being a part of that. Now I wear a plastic badge titled 'volunteer,' but soon I will have a badge of my own that says 'VIP' or 'coordinator!'"



KATELYN LANFORD

**Katelyn Lanford**, Freshman, University of South Carolina: "This semester has definitely been one that has taught me more than just chemistry and statistics. I moved away from a small town, you know, the kind where everyone knows everyone and where I was looked at as a pretty smart and well-rounded kid, to a big city and big school of 20,000-plus students where I constantly felt so small and so insignificant to the world. Then in September, I was struck by the loss of my father after a long battle with cancer. In just a matter of a few months, my life turned a complete 180 degrees, and I felt so lost. But through every draining battle and every time I felt like I was at rock bottom, I slowly started to discover more and more of the kind of person I aim to be. I am thankful for the obstacles that I have had to face, because they have made me a much stronger and abled person. I may still not have all of the answers, and, hey, maybe I never will, but every day I am growing and learning just how truly beautiful and remarkable life is with all of its little imperfections. There are so many things I want to do now! So many dreams I want to live out! I can't wait to see what the future holds for me and to continue learning about myself and to continue in my studies at the University of South Carolina."



KRISTY DURHAM

**Kristy Durham**, Junior, Clemson University: "I am majoring in wildlife and fisheries biology. This summer, I had the opportunity to work as a wildlife biologist technician on the Savannah River Site in Aiken, South Carolina. During the internship, I helped to manage and maintain the population of Red Cockaded Woodpecker (RCW), which is an endangered species. I also helped to manage the population of wild

boar, an invasive species, while also collecting flora and fauna samples throughout the site. I received my red card while working with the Forest Service, which allowed me to serve as a wildland firefighter and help with prescribed burns on site. I have been able to help with several prescribed burns since getting certified and hope to help fight wildland fires this summer out West.

“Here is a picture of me with a Red Cockaded Woodpecker chick. Part of the process when attempting to maintain the woodpecker’s populations includes banding the chicks before they fledge so, as adults, their movements can be tracked. The population of RCWs in the area are now higher than ever before.”



PRICE KINNEY



BRITNEE GOLDMAN

**Britnee Goldman**, Sophomore, Presbyterian College: “Throughout my two years at such a beautiful college, I have acquired much knowledge about life, people, and the world around me. Going to a liberal arts college allows me to widen my horizons and learn about a variety of different topics and cultures that are seen around the world. The small school size has allowed me to get involved in many different organizations. I am a member of the sorority, Alpha Delta Pi. I also hold a position within Alpha Delta Pi in which I plan tailgates and show my Bluehose spirit at every football game. This position allows me to increase my sisters’ support of their fellow Bluehose. I am also involved in the Stirling’s organization, where I give tours to potential freshmen. I participate in open houses held throughout the year and the annual Accepted Students Day. I love sharing my stories and my love of PC to potential freshmen, because I want others to be able to share the same great experiences that I have had at PC. One of the most important organizations that I am involved in would have to be the Thornwell Learning Center. Here I tutor students who have been placed in an orphanage because their home lives are not suitable. Throughout my year at Thornwell, I have learned how lucky I am to have a family who loves and cares about me and how lucky I am to go to a great school. Each day I thank God for the lessons my kids teach me because they make me a better person.”

**Price Kinney**, Senior, Carnegie Mellon University: “Balancing life as a student athlete at Carnegie Mellon University (swimming and studying chemical engineering) has proven to be quite the challenge over my past three-and-a-half years. This past semester, I took the capstone chemical engineering course, Chemical Process Systems Design, as well as stepped into a leadership role on the swim team, comprised of almost thirty incoming freshmen. The CPSD course, taught by my advisor, was by far the most difficult course I’ve taken, but helped me realize how much I enjoy process engineering. Working with my advisor, world renown in the field, as well as a professor retired from Eastman Chemical, offered a unique perspective and exciting environment, despite the demanding course material. Getting to work on a real-life problem involving the use of shale gas discovered just outside of Pittsburgh to develop other materials such as aromatics was practical, considering the developing technology. Our group was tasked with proposing a process from basic to detailed design and evaluating the economic feasibility to model the real-life design process taken by engineers in consulting firms. Pitching the process to Bayer and other industry professionals was the final test. It made all the work worthwhile and the knowledge gained throughout the process invaluable.

“While dealing with the demands of class, long nights in the computer cluster, and constant meetings with professors, the swim season was in full swing. Practicing in the pool and the weight room up to eight times a week and going to meets on the weekends was surprisingly a nice escape from the classroom. I’ve benefitted from the Freshmen and their fresh perspective and eagerness during practice. Over Christmas break, we traveled to Miami to train for ten days. This trip, being my last, really made me appreciate the bond I’ve gained with my team through all the tough training. I look forward to finishing my swimming career at our conference meet in Chicago in February.”



DONOVAN HICKS

**Donovan Hicks**, Freshman, Wofford College: “I hate false hope; however, given my few months here at Wofford, hope has been a major commonality throughout my activities—hope to make a difference, become liberal-minded, and culturally sound.

“Starting my tenure here at Wofford, I was incredibly blessed to join a network of Gates Millennium Scholars in Washington, D.C. Five hundred of the East Coast scholars came together for a weekend of inspirational speeches and networking bonanza. We compared aspirational goals and similar desires that left me with a network of associates extending from the University of Miami to Yale. To be among an elite group of individuals fostered the hope that I can make a difference.

“Joining the Bonner Scholar program—an institution that encourages community engagement of ten hours per week, as well as 280 hours for two summers—transformed my mind. Social change was the focus of my liberal arts education this past semester. Such teachings, paired with the activity I was committing in my community, opened my mind to the deficiencies and assets present all around me. Thus, I have hope that I can possess a liberal mind for my community, not just rose-colored glasses.

“Lastly, Wofford offers a unique opportunity to get involved in more than 200-plus organizations campus-wide. My choice led me to IFYC (InterFaith Youth Core)—an organization that encourages religious acceptance among all cultures. I am able to learn about religions that I otherwise would have been blind and unlearned

towards. For the better, I have hope that I am becoming culturally sound and not narrow-minded. The possibilities are endless for my upcoming years at Wofford!”



ANDREA CULPEPPER

**Andrea Culpepper**, Senior, University of West Georgia: “During my stay here at West Georgia, I have been taking between twenty and twenty-three credit hours every semester to satisfy my performance and education degrees. For my Senior year, I made sure that I took a load off to get more involved in extracurricular activities and write more music.

“I participated in three ensembles last semester: Concert Choir, Chamber Singers, and UWG Jazz Ensemble. The Concert Choir and Chamber Singers had an annual concert, where we performed *Stabat Mater* by Karl Jenkins. *Stabat Mater* reflects on the suffering of Mary, mother of Jesus, at the time of the Crucifixion. I had the privilege of singing the Ethnic solo. The Concert Choir will travel to New York in January 2014 to sing *Stabat Mater* for composer Karl Jenkins at his seventieth birthday celebration concert.

“The UWG Jazz Ensemble also had an annual concert where we performed charts from Tom Kubis to George Gershwin. I entered my second year as Jazz Vocalist for the Jazz Ensemble as well. The Jazz Ensemble will have its Twenty-Eighth Annual Sunbelt Jazz Festival in April with famous trumpet player Marvin Stamm.

“As far as writing compositions, I wrote and arranged five pieces (three for large ensemble, two for chamber ensemble): *Perdido* and *Le Groove* for Jazz Ensemble, *Booked for Two* and *Messin’ Around* for Jazz Nonet, and *The Resurrection* for Wind Symphony. *The Resurrection* won the UWG Wind Symphony’s Annual Composition Competition that will premiere on March 14 at the UWG Wind Symphony’s ‘Go West’ concert. The Resurrection tells the story of the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

“I only have two semesters until I graduate from West Georgia with a Bachelor’s in music education and performance with emphasis in jazz studies.”

**Jodie Searles**, Junior, Georgia Regents University: “Last semester was, without a



JODIE SEARLES

doubt, the most exciting semester I have ever had. I am a communications major with a focus on television and cinema, so it was incredibly exciting when I was named head writer for my television production class. I, along with my team, wrote a complete script for a thirty-minute late-night talk show. The show was actually shot in our on-campus studio. This was my first experience collaborating and actually finishing an entire shooting script that included interviews, a man-on-the-street segment, skits, and very artfully done cold open. I was surprised how slick the finished product ended up looking. All the actors we used had previous experience and did well in their roles. Creating the show not only gave me practice in my chosen field, but it also allowed me to meet and get to know others who want to be in the same industry. As an aspiring television writer, making the show gave me my first taste of what I hope to be a long and fruitful career.

“Currently, I am working on my honors thesis, which will also be a television script. But this time it will be a sixty-minute dramedy that I am writing entirely on my own. Hopefully my experiences from last semester will aid me in this ambitious project. I’m looking forward to the challenge.”



SHAUNTECA SIMMONS

**Shaunteca Simmons**, Sophomore, Clemson University: “I came into my Sophomore year at Clemson determined I was going to become more focused and studious. I wanted to have a more well-balanced, organized lifestyle. My Freshman year was all about adapting to my new environment, making new friends, finding study methods that were most befitting to my learning abilities, and establishing myself. I quickly learned that college was a lot more difficult than

high school. I had to learn that it was a necessity to study, and I must force myself to do so. This year, I knew the tools I needed to do better with my academics and was ready to put them into action. So far this year has gone extremely well, and my study habits have improved. However, I want to be even more structured.

“Besides just being structured and studious, I have also been in Tiger Band for the past two years. I am a color guard in band, and I have enjoyed both years of it. Band has allowed me to make new friends and acquaintances and really become part of the ‘Clemson Family.’ I have gotten involved with two community-service-based organizations during my time here, Clemson Community Scholars and Civics and Service House (CASH). I obtain at least fifty-six hours of community service a semester. This has led me to meet some very interesting people and volunteer with many different organizations. I have been volunteering at the Clemson Childhood Development Center the past two semesters, but more recently I have helped with a Latino health clinic, St. Jude’s Children’s Hospital Up Til’ Dawn event, and clean-up at the local Helping Hands. I have gotten involved with two community-service-based organizations, Clemson Community Scholars and Civics and Service House (CASH), during my time here. The mission of CBSU is ‘to promote, celebrate, and embrace Black culture.’ Currently in CBSU, I have been helping to plan events for Black History Month. I have also learned a great deal of history about Black students at Clemson University and CBSU. Though all of these organizations, I have been able to establish myself and make true connections with many different people. They have also allowed me to experience Clemson not only as a student but from many other aspects of the community. I have truly become part of the ‘Clemson Family.’”

**Emily Conrad**, Senior, Wofford College: “Flashing my badge to the guards at the opera house of the Gran Teatre del Liceu, I was instantaneously reminded of the extraordinary opportunities that I was provided as an intern at the Francisco Viñas International Singing Competition, one of the most prestigious and well-known contests for young singers in the world.

“When I was seven years old, I developed an interest in opera. I started voice lessons at this early age, which I still continue today. After starting undergraduate studies, I interned with the production department of Opera Carolina in Charlotte, North Carolina. It was at this point in time that I decided that my passion may be artistic administration. In short, it is my desire to create new audiences for opera.

“Having spent the Fall 2011 semester studying economics at the Univesitat Pompeu Fabra, I made many contacts in Barcelona’s operatic community, one of whom provided me with the

opportunity to intern for the Francisco Viñas Competition. Working in a Castilian Spanish and Catalan language immersion environment, I was given many important responsibilities.

“Working long hours and weekends, I played an important role as a translator (more than 400 singers from more than forty-five countries participated in the competition). I attended every audition, performing the duties of a stage manager. I also had the opportunity to work closely with two of the competition’s famed judges, conductor Richard Bonyngne and tenor Rockwell Blake.

“I will spend my final semester of undergraduate study in Berlin, engaging in German language studies. I hope to work in another internship in the operatic field while I am there, based on recommendations from my contacts in Barcelona. By summer 2013, I will have graduated with a Bachelor of Arts in economics, German, and Spanish from Wofford College.”



RYAN EYRICH

**Ryan Eyrich**, Freshmen, Belmont Abbey College: “Starting your college career has its ups and downs. Well, from my experience, mostly ups. You finally get a taste of the ‘real world’ that your parents and teachers have been warning you about ever since you can remember. You discover the freedoms that this new world has to offer, and you learn that these freedoms have a price tag called responsibility. My first semester here at the Abbey has been filled with these new freedoms and responsibilities. I have been given the challenge of juggling this duo while enjoying my college career.

“This past semester has been filled with fun, excitement, and books. I have made new friends, visited the beautiful city of Charlotte, and listened to talks given by important figures in today’s politics such as Speaker of the House John Boehner, Florida Senator Marco Rubio, and former presidential candidate Mitt Romney’s son Craig. I have also been an active leader in the Abbey’s Crusaders for Life club. I have helped plan pro-life activities, such as motivational talks and living rosaries. On top of all these activities, I have managed to stay focused on my studies. I have joined the Honors Institute, so it is important for me to continue to work hard academically. As my College Career starts, I look forward to the many challenges that it brings.”



VICTOR QUINTERO

**Victor Quintero**, Sophomore, Clemson University: “During this past summer, I was able to go to Santa Cruz, California, with Cru (formerly known as Campus Crusade for Christ). There, I participated in a summer project that lasted ten weeks. The purpose of a summer project is to go to a certain place in the U.S. or abroad, live with a body of Christians, develop a deeper walk with Jesus, and share the Gospel with the people that live in the local communities. During this summer project, I was able live with fifty-seven students from all across the country and a small number of full-time staffers with Cru in a small motel known as the Peter Pan Motel. During my ten weeks there, I worked at the Santa Cruz Beach Boardwalk, which is an amusement park on the beach. At the Boardwalk I was a ride operator, and I came into contact with thousands of customers every week. In my free time I went to the Monterey Bay Aquarium, San Francisco, Yosemite National Park, the Redwoods, skydiving, and surfing. My relationship with God became stronger, because I was involved in a small group Bible study and a discipleship. Our project put a heavy emphasis on sharing the good news of Jesus Christ with our co-workers and the people of Santa Cruz; this was one of the hardest parts of the summer but it was the most rewarding. After five weeks had passed during the summer project, the Cru staffers left Santa Cruz and put a certain number of students in charge of the summer project. After this occurred, I learned what it meant to live by myself and depend on the Holy Spirit. I made lifelong friends who I will keep in contact with for the rest of my life.”

**Danielle Capps**, Sophomore, Clemson University: “It is hard to put into words the many experiences I have already had here. The life lessons, new perspectives learned, and stories of new friends during my Freshmen year alone are enough to take up this entire page. To add all of the new experiences from this past semester, to this already unending list . . . it is quite the challenge. But every minute has been an absolute blessing.

“A highlight of the semester was the work I was able to do in my cultural anthropology course. Aside from all of the intriguing aspects of various world cultures we studied,



DANIELLE CAPPS

we also learned the details of completing an ethnography. Most important, we were given the opportunity to do our own, ‘miniature ethnography.’ This process involved working with a foreign exchange student studying at Clemson and meeting with them many times to develop establish rapport, do interviews, and learn about their culture. I cannot express how amazing it is to have someone share his or her life and culture and know they trust you to accurately portray it. The ethics and cultural relativity I learned through this project are values that I will take with me throughout my life. Not to mention the blessing of a new friendship that I gained in the process.

“Another highlight to the semester was the chance to join a psychology research team on campus, studying obesity. I am looking forward to working with them this spring semester. I know this experience too will offer many new lessons, values, and friendships that I can carry with me for many years. I am so grateful for all of these opportunities, and I am so thankful for Watson-Brown and the part they have played!”



KAYLEE BOALT

**Kaylee Boalt**, Junior, Converse College: “Over Christmas break, I traveled to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. Before this, I had never even been outside of the United States! I’m a member of my school’s Model Arab League, which allowed me to apply for the study visit to Saudi Arabia. The National Council on U.S., Arab Relations, along with the Saudi Arabian Cultural Mission to the U.S. and the Saudi Arabian Ministry of Higher Education, sponsored ten U.S. students to tour the Kingdom for eleven days. As a foreign woman visiting Saudi Arabia, I was required to wear the *abaya* and the *hijab*—a black, all-encompassing cloak and a headscarf,



respectively—in order to blend in with the rest of society.

“We toured universities, visited malls and marketplaces, met with government officials, and even ate dinner with the American Ambassador to Saudi Arabia in Riyadh! In the city of Dammam, I watched the sun rise over the Arabian Gulf and also traveled to the Jubail City, an oil hub in the desert that was literally built out of nothing. In Jeddah, the most liberal city in the Kingdom, my group went boating on the Red Sea, and we ladies even had the chance to take off our abayas and swim.

“As a political science major with a particular interest in Islamic feminism, I was surprised by Saudi Arabia’s evolving progressivism. Attitudes towards women within the Kingdom are rapidly changing and the entire country is making an effort to diversify its oil-dependent economy. Riyadh remains the most conservative city, but in Dammam and Jeddah, I rarely wore the hijab to cover my hair and my co-ed group did not have to split up when we had our various meetings. Most importantly, the day after we left the country, Saudi Arabia’s monarch, King Abdullah, appointed thirty women to his Consultative Council: a true landmark in the country’s history.

“Saudi Arabia was not what I expected it to be. Its culture is thriving and blossoming, not stale and stagnant. Education has always been a powerful tool, but the Kingdom has transformed it into a formidable weapon. Not only will the influx of new university graduates serve to diversify Saudi Arabia’s economy, they will also catalyze social change. I really do believe that the time to be a woman in Saudi Arabia is now. I’m so thankful for the chance I had to visit, and I cannot wait to see what the next few years will bring to the Kingdom!”



CHARMAINE MARSHALL

**Charmaine Marshall**, Freshman, Emory University: “My first semester has been filled with exciting opportunities, challenges, and surprises. As of the 2012–2013 academic year, I was elected Freshman Representative of Emory’s Pre-Law Society. I have had a passion for a career in the legal field since I was in elementary school, and seeing my dreams play out right before my eyes has been rewarding. Along with my involvement with the Pre-Law

Society, I also attended the Fall 2012 Law School Admissions Council forum where there were approximately 200 law schools in attendance. This event gave me a first-hand opportunity to network with fellow admission’s deans, officers, and students to gain an inside look at law-student life and the law-school-admissions process. I have also participated in philanthropy events hosted on and around campus: I participated in the Gamma Phi Color Dash, a 5K run around Emory’s campus and Emory Care’s Day. For that event, Emory-affiliated persons from all over the world select a site within their immediate vicinity to conduct volunteer work. My site choice was the Historic Oakland Cemetery, where approximately fifty other Emory-affiliated persons and I planted greenery to bring color and seasonal ambience to the site. While there I also had the chance to view the final resting place of Margaret Mitchell, the late and well-renowned author of *Gone With The Wind*. All in all, my first year experience was an incredible one, and I see myself contributing even more to the Emory community for the remainder of my undergraduate career.”



CAROLINE COPE

**Caroline Cope**, Junior, University of North Carolina: “I spent the Fall 2012 semester studying in the beautiful city of Montpellier, in the south of France. Before I left for my four-month program, I was nervous at the thought of living abroad with a host family, my first time leaving North America, and speaking only French. Even though my program was through my university, it is one of the smaller programs, and I only knew two of the ten students there before arriving in Montpellier. My first day across the Atlantic was an exhausting blur of navigating the Charles de Gaulle airport, meeting my host mom and my program director, and understanding maybe one in five words spoken to me that night. My host mom and I later laughed to remember me nodding and saying “ah, oui!” to anything said to me in my dazed and exhausted state. Looking back now, it is incredible to realize how much I learned and experienced between August and late December when I said my bittersweet good-byes.

“My program consisted of two French classes through UNC, a conversational French class and a writing methodology class, which I took with

the other students in my program. I also took two courses at the university in Montpellier, which were an Italian Renaissance art history class and a class on the history of feminism in France. I quickly got used to riding the brightly colored city tram from my house into the center of the city to go to my classes, visit the museums and shops, or meet up with new friends at outdoor cafés. One of my favorite aspects of my study-abroad experience was living with a French host family. It seems ironic now that the part of my study abroad that I was the most nervous about ended up being one of the most interesting, comforting, and culturally enriching aspects of my time in Montpellier! My host mother was so warm and outgoing and really made me feel at home. My delicious nightly dinners with her, my host brother, and another foreign student who lived in my house were the perfect opportunity to practice my French and learn more about French culture and life. Our interesting discussions were always a highlight of my day, and we also often watched films or the news together after dinner. It was also nice to feel like I really was going home to a family at the end of each day, and gave me such a sense of belonging, le sentiment d’appurtenance in French. I also loved the traditional course style of our meals and developing a taste for foods than I was unaccustomed to eating in the United States, such as mushrooms and strong cheese!

“Another part of my study abroad that I enjoyed was traveling on weekends and fall break. As a girl who had never left North America before this past August, I was thrilled to realize how easy and inexpensive it can be to travel around Europe! I was able to travel to Switzerland, Italy, Spain, London, Prague, and many cities and villages in different regions of France by train, plane, and car. This only increased my love of travel and also made me eager to learn more languages. I loved living in the south of France, because the region has so many beautiful historic and cultural sites, including the famous Pont du Card, the medieval walled city of Carcassonne, and the gorgeous Mediterranean coast. It was amazing to see so many different countries and cultures, but I also felt that I was able to really immerse myself in the rich culture of southern France. Studying abroad gave me a new perspective on travel and what it means to be an engaged citizen of the world. I am now interested in living and working abroad at some point after I graduate UNC. I am so grateful for this amazing experience, which gave me a chance to develop my independence and adapt to living in another country with exciting cultural and linguistic differences.”

# DREW HESS



## Alumni Spotlight

BY SHANNON FRIEDMANN HATCH

**I**t's not an uncommon sight in Evans, Georgia: a broken-down farm truck, its body a patchwork of three different paint jobs joined at rusty seams, hood popped and yawning like a hound dog on a front porch in July. At the wheel is a teenage Drew Hess, trying to crank an engine that won't turn.

A pocket-sized guide to driving a clunker: Rule #1 Know how to fix it when (not if) it stalls.

Rule #2: Never forget Rule #1, especially if your eighth-grade sister's track record at fixing said clunker is better than yours.

Drew learned these rules the hard way when his dad and younger sister, Holly, arrived at the scene and she made starting the car look like child's play. "I immediately appreciated the importance of problem-solving and not depending on other people," he says with a laugh.

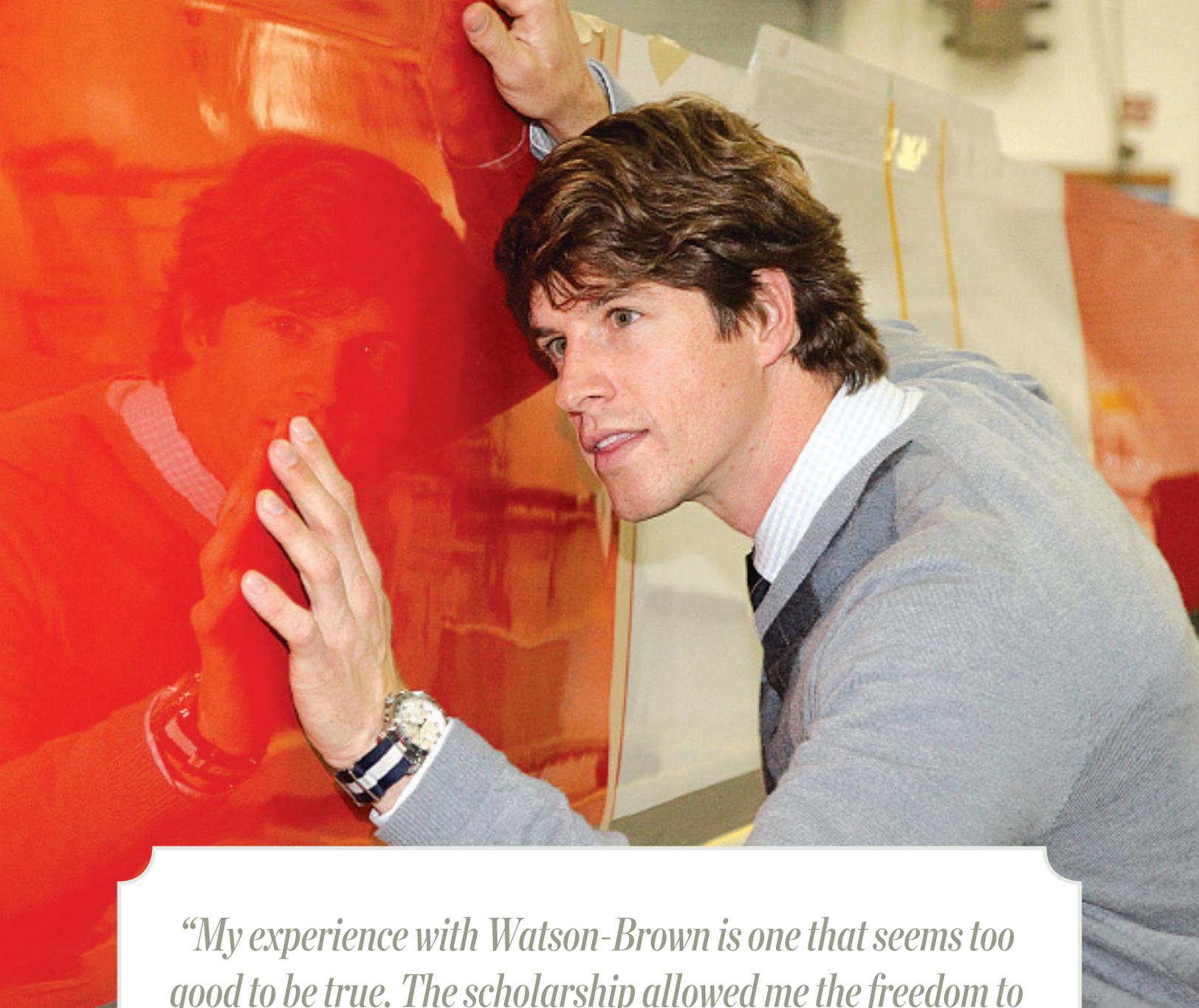
Today a blades engineer for Sikorsky Aircraft in New Haven, Connecticut, Drew has literally come a long way from that rural road and making things (specifically helicopters) work is his job. "Generally, I help to develop the next generation of rotor blades that will enable helicopters fly further, faster, and last longer in the future," he explains. Currently, his team is completing a government-funded

research-and-development project that identifies materials that can be applied to helicopter blades to prevent erosion. Testing is done on the miniature—1- by 1-inch squares. Next, the candidate coatings are applied to airfoil shaped coupons in a test rig, where they are "rained" on from hypodermic needles, belted with sand, and saturated in salt fog to simulate the various conditions a helicopter might experience during its thirty-year lifespan. The hardest coatings could one day be applied to 26-foot-long Black Hawk blades.

Even though he grew up launching model rockets at local baseball fields, Drew probably never thought he'd help develop ground-breaking aviation technologies for a pioneering, world-renowned helicopter company. He did realize, however, that a larger world existed outside of the Georgia state line, much to the credit of his world-traveling grandfather. "He instilled in me at a young

age the intrigue of learning about people and landscapes in other places," Drew says. The two whitewater-rafted down the Green River in Utah when Drew was only in middle school. On another trip, they camped in a desert overlooking San Ignacio Bay on the Baja Peninsula. "I unzipped my tent and a mother whale and calf where only a twenty yards away!" he remembers. Solo, Drew has studied abroad in Australia and has spent month-long stretches in South America, Mexico City, and Madrid. (He combined a Spanish minor with his mechanical engineering major at Georgia Tech.) "Being from the South still plays a large role in my identity," he says. "Even after three years in the Northeast, I still say I'm from Georgia." After all, you don't find things like hot weather and wide open spaces everywhere, and sweet iced tea, hush puppies, and fried okra stick to your ribs and seep in your bones.

Luckily, working at Sikorsky has given him opportunities to pay it forward and show the next generation how a degree in engineering can expand your horizons. He's run learning activities at air shows, teaching thousands of kids about



*“My experience with Watson-Brown is one that seems too good to be true. The scholarship allowed me the freedom to explore my passions and take advantage of opportunities.”*



composites and why they are used in helicopters. Recently, he and a co-worker led a lecture at a local middle school, trying to translate concepts like force and torque into the youngsters’ language. “We showed up in Top Gun shades and flight suits but then stripped down to our engineering garb to illustrate that pilots are cool, but we [engineers] make it happen,” he says.

This spring, Drew’s team will officially wrap up their project and finish their thousand-page report. He’ll then present how they developed the rotor-blade coating to the American Helicopter Society in Phoenix in May. By then, the frozen ponds of New England will be beginning to thaw, and he’ll take the first chance to grab his fishing pole from his car and cast a line. Perhaps he’ll imagine

himself on a boat in a quiet cove at Clarks Hill Lake back home under blue skies. He says, “I’ve been lucky enough to travel a good amount and can be a bit of a chameleon, but you can never take the Georgia out of the boy.”





GOBB



# A “MOURNFULLY INTERESTING” FUNERAL



BY SAMUEL N. THOMAS, JR.

“His sun set in meridian splendor,” wrote Baptist minister Samuel Burney of T.R.R. Cobb in 1893. “No purer life than his was laid on the alter of his dear Southland he so much loved. No better blood than his e’re flecked the red field of battle. He was a man without a stain, a soldier without fear, and a Christian without reproach. Up from the smoke and carnage of battle, he passed through the gates, into the City of God.”

News of Cobb’s death at the Battle of Fredericksburg shocked Athenians. Though determined and endlessly agitated, Tom Cobb was accomplished, well respected, and considered one of the city’s most ardent movers and shakers. Reflecting on Cobb’s death in January 1863, Linton Stephens, half-brother of Confederate Vice President Alexander Stephens, remarked, “Of all the men I ever knew I don’t think of one who . . . had a stronger conviction than he did that things went right only when he [Cobb] directed them.” Alexander was a bit more reserved. “[W]ith all [Cobb’s] characteristic faults I liked him more than . . . the average man of his class.”

The entourage that formed to accompany the casket back to Georgia included Reverend Rufus Porter, Charles and Edward Lumpkin (members of Cobb’s Legion and brothers of Cobb’s wife, Marion), assistant adjutant general of Cobb’s Brigade John C. Rutherford, and Jesse, Cobb’s body servant. Nowhere along their long journey home did they find the coolness exhibited by Stephens, whether by rank-and-file Southerners, or even other members of the Confederate cabinet. When he saw Cobb’s body at the mortuary in Richmond, Confederate Treasury Secretary Christopher Memminger “wept over him as a brother.” When the group arrived in Charlotte, North Carolina, and were forced to spend the night, their hotel bills were graciously settled by respectful residents of the city. Arriving in Augusta, Georgia, the entourage found a large assemblage of town elders that

included the mayor, the town council, and a detachment of the Richmond Hussars of Cobb’s Legion cavalry assembled to greet the casket. Delayed trains forced another overnight stay, and Cobb’s body laid in state under guard in the Augusta Council Chamber. Hundreds of respectful Augustans filed past during the night to view Cobb’s remains. The following morning, Cobb’s coffin was drawn through the streets as church bells tolled.

On Thursday, December 18, Cobb’s remains finally arrived in Athens, five days after his death. A large group met it at the depot and accompanied it to Cobb’s residence on Prince Avenue. Despite the travel delays, Cobb’s body was still presentable to lie in state. All day Thursday, hundreds of townsfolk filed through the library of his house to pay respects to a favorite son of Athens.

The funeral commenced at ten o’clock at the First Presbyterian church, conducted by Reverend N. Hoyt, Reverend Scott of the Methodist church, and Reverend Mr. Porter, chaplain of Cobb’s Legion. *The Southern Watchman* reported, “The exercises were grand and solemn, and mournfully interesting.” The funeral procession that moved from the church to the cemetery included all manner of Athens trustees. “Never, in the history of our town was such a funeral procession seen.”

In the days that followed, solemn memorials were traded among Georgia’s notables. “What shall I say of him,” wrote Confederate soldier and future U.S. Senator from Georgia, “I want to see you and talk about him for I cant [sic] write my thoughts and feelings. High indeed would have been the price of victory at Fredericksburg if none other had fallen. Georgia, in his death, sustained the greatest loss which has yet befallen her. Considered in every relation of life he was truly the greatest man I ever met and few countries can boast his equal. I yield to no man in my admiration

of him.” Rufus Porter wrote Howell Cobb, “He was my tentmate, messmate, bedfellow for sixteen months. He was the noblest man I ever knew. My heart was his as no other man can ever have it forever. He needed no dying testimony. His life of holy duty done, of high honor, done evermore to Christ, of faithful work, is enough for that.” Samuel Burney, a private in Cobb’s Legion, recalled, “Among all the princely men of Georgia, Gen. Thos. R. R. Cobb shown resplendent. He was a star of the first magnitude. . . . He was truly great, because he was truly good. . . . He was a grandly handsome man, having a brilliant, masterful intellect, and a heart as gentle and tender and loving as a woman’s.”

*The Southern Watchman* published perhaps the best memorial to T.R.R. Cobb on December 17, 1862:

“The deceased was of an ardent, enthusiastic, and impetuous temperament. Of rare mental endowments, a mind well cultivated and untiring industry, he was distinguished for his usefulness. Whatever he undertook, he went at it with all he might and consequently was enabled to accomplish what, to most men, would have been impossibilities. He was, emphatically, *a working man*.

“As a lawyer, Gen. C. leaves no superior behind—while as a military man, he was fast building up an enviable reputation and had endeared himself to the men under his command. But better than all, Gen. Cobb was a pious man—having been for many years a member and, we believe, an elder in the Presbyterian Church.

“His death will be regretted by the entire community, and his memory cherished by all our people. Among the long list of martyrs who have fallen in the cause of Southern independence, the name Thomas R. R. Cobb will shine conspicuously on the pages of history.”



# A PLAGUE OF BEETLES ON YOUR HOUSE!



## Sticks & Stones

BY MICHELLE ZUPAN

**W**ell, the carpetbagging snowbirds arrived more than a month early this year. No, I'm not talking about Yankees headed to Miami to escape Ohio winters, not even golfing New Englanders coming to play in the sunny South. No, I'm talking about ladybugs. Much like kudzu and those annoying smart phones that make generally sane people wander out into traffic, these little buggers are an import from across the Pacific. They are more precisely known as Asian multicolored lady beetles *Harmonia axyridis*.

Asian multicolored lady beetles are not easily distinguished from the 4,000 other ladybug species worldwide. These have a white area behind the head and can be red, orange, or yellow-orange back-dotted with anywhere from zero to twenty dark spots. They tend to cluster and migrate in the fall. Normally they arrive in the Hickory Hill neck of the woods around the end of December; this year, it was the beginning of November. They are seeking warm places to overwinter.

According to the University of Kentucky agricultural department, from the 1960s through the 1990s, the U.S. Department of Agriculture attempted to establish the Asian



lady beetle to control agricultural pests, especially of pecans and apples. However, the current “infestation,” as it is being called, is thought to have begun when the beetles stowed away on a Japanese freighter bound for New Orleans. Again, according to the science guys, the critters are attracted to contrasting light and dark features, such as dark shutters on a light building (check), illuminated structures (check), and structures near woods (and check)—thereby making Hickory Hill the ideal resort home for the vacationing Asian beetle.

It may sound as if I am making a multicolored Asiatic mountain out of a cute buggy molehill, but I assure you that the thousands, perhaps millions, of dead and dying beetles that I’ve vacuumed up this season are a serious threat. When confronted by such threats, I turn to Tom Watson for guidance. Sadly,

Tom Watson addressed ladybugs only twice: once in a criticism of wasteful spending in President Woodrow Wilson’s government (something about surveying ladybugs and hogs with bowel complaints) and in the following:

“Out in Texas they are using lady bugs to kill the destructive green bugs. Lady bugs have killed many a ‘green’ goldbug.” *Weekly Jeffersonian*, May 16, 1907

Clearly these critters are a recent addition to the halls of Hickory Hill.

The little beasts put off a noxious smell and leave a yellowish-brown stain (called reflex bleeding) everywhere they wander. The stains are particularly bad for fabrics and wallpapers, not good for a house-museum that prides itself on its wall coverings and draperies. When the

bugs die, they attract other pests such as carpet beetles, also bad for historic houses. The experience of crunch-crunch-crunching across a floor littered with beetle carcasses can be rather off-putting to visitors as well. What’s worse—they are becoming a major concern to the wine industry, because when they are crushed into vats of grapes, that noxious odor will ruin an entire batch!

I was going to pen something intellectual about the rise of political cartooning in America to go along with our current exhibition, but that will have to wait for next time when the lady bugs/beetles/evil critters have migrated their way back above the grit-line and left us Southerners to our sweet tea and summer indolence. But for now, arm yourself with a vacuum, and once more into the breach!

# NATURAL VOCABULARY



## Forest for the Trees

BY DEXTER RHODES

**M**y mother had a curious way about her. When I was young, it seemed she never ceased to ask if I was raised in a barn. Sometimes it seemed my wearing muddy boots in the house prompted these questions, but mostly it was the ragged appearance of my bedroom. “Mamma,” I’d respond, “why do you always ask me that? You know we ain’t got no barn.”

Later in life, when I went to college in Athens, I learned those questions were called rhetorical. That meant Momma didn’t expect an answer, she was really trying to tell me to clean my room.

If God ordained me to be messy from the start, I have been a faithful disciple to this day. Let me give you a for instance. The Foundation owns one honest-to-God work truck. I operate it daily. You might say it’s my second home. The Foundation logo is painted on both doors, I guess that’s so folks in Thomson know when I’m coming. Anyway, about a week after we bought it, my boss hitched a ride to town with me. The whole time he sat in the passenger seat he gawked at the dashboard: It was covered with dusty feed bills, gas tickets, sprayer parts, work gloves, my toothbrush—you know, all the things folks normally leave on

their dashes. His face turned red and his jaw dropped open, and for a moment he looked like my granddaddy used to when his dentures got sideways. I thought he was going to drool on his suit.

“Dexter,” he finally blurted out, “where the hell’s the new truck we just bought?!” He seemed kind of agitated. I’m not sure if he was being rhetorical.

My way of keeping the grounds here follows that general pattern of vehicle hygiene. Some people call my landscaping casual. I beg to differ. I call it natural.

Come look at my flower beds. You’ll notice I have a habit of dropping in rocks or logs among the annuals. To me, they break up the tight clusters of color with something familiar and woody. It’s what artsy types call contrast. Some folks think that’s a bit contrived. That means I’m forcing the issue. I call it getting natural.

That doesn’t mean I let the formal grounds go to hell in a handbasket. I do collect the fallen leaves every winter. Since I’ve been with the Foundation, I suppose I’ve collected five tons of leaf litter. That’s 10,000 pounds of organic material that can help plants grow. Inasmuch as I’m fond of litter, I won’t let my crew burn the leaves. Rather, we erect enormous compost piles in our hardwood

bottoms. In the winter, when the leaves are off the trees and you can see clearly through the woods, my piles vaguely look like Indian mounds. I do revere them, but the only thing that’s buried underneath are worms and bugs. Some folks might call my mounds eyesores. I call them natural beauty.

And time was when our fields around Hickory Hill were almost manicured. By that, I mean we’d cut ‘em with a finish mower so you could almost play golf on them. Then I met a neat and tidy lady named Susan Meyers who runs butterfly workshops for teachers. She visited one weekend and toured our fields. One was thick with pinkish-purple flowers we call weeds. “You’ll have to excuse me, Susan,” I started in on my apology. “I wasn’t raised in a barn. We’ll have that cut by the time of your workshop.”

Turns out Susan wasn’t as polished and trim as I thought. “Dexter!” she shrieked. “That’s colony of *Cirsium carolinianum*, commonly known as purple thistle. It’s a natural larval food plant for the painted lady butterfly. Don’t mow that.” At that very moment I fell in love with the butterfly lady.

Now our fields shine purple and are also thick with *Andropogon virginicus*

(broomsedge) and *Schizachyrium scorparium* (little bluestem). I have noticed when I let fields lay fallow, they also provide bluebirds and indigo buntings strong stems to land and snag an insect or two. I can't wait until we find a bird lady I can impress with all that.

Which gets me to Tom Watson. He wasn't a lady, but he was natural. Have you ever seen the photograph of him sitting at his library desk in his office? Wow! A man after my own heart. I bet his Momma asked him about barns.

But Tom Watson was messy outside, too. He built brush piles to attract songbirds. Following his lead, I now gather old limbs and tree stumps and rather than dump them on the burn pile I place them in bundles throughout the woods around Hickory Hill. You wouldn't believe all the wrens and warblers and sparrows that land around Hickory Hill!

So you see, one man's trash is another bird's home. Beauty is in the hand of the beholder. Messy is as messy does. That's natural. That's me.

Come see me in the piles of debris. And remember our natural English lesson for next time, Malapropisms and Metaphors: What Momma Didn't Tell You About Bull-Bat Hour!



# THE FLIP SIDE



## Departures

BY TAD BROWN

*“The street light changes and the voices  
mock behind in chorus: ‘No! No! No!’”*



To a father and a Southerner, New York City is primarily a hostile world. Its land mass and the size of its population bulge in marked opposition to one another; its buildings and residents are formed of hard surfaces and angles; its alleyways, streets and tunnels all buffeted by strong winds that roll in off the gray Hudson and East Rivers. The rushed pace of life in that city appears like a thousand ball bearings poured onto asphalt: each excited, unrelated element working towards an inexplicable end that lacks harmony or consideration. Jostle Manhattan for a long winter weekend and memories become staccato events unrelated to one another, scraps of paper with fragmented notes, songs without melodies, stories with no master narrative.

Alone in a pub, I spin a cocktail napkin on its corner, wait for a beer, and try to square the events that led me here. I don't know this place, either, except that it is pleasantly different; a refuge from the wind identified by the green, white, and orange tricolor hanging above its doorway a block away from the New York Public Library. Dark paneled, it is clean, quiet, and warm. The barkeep is polite and handsome and sports a deep brogue. In the corner, a television broadcasts feet chasing a ball: European soccer. Directly across from me, sandwiched between Bushmills and Jameson, Yeats and Wilde and Joyce play peekaboo in sepia silence.

With the pint arrive uninvited two-dimensional memories of the immediate past that spill over the rim of consciousness. Tour Battery Park, pictures of Liberty. The wind howls. Stock exchange, photograph. Tourists on big bronze bull. Federal Hall, photograph. Bitter cold—must trade modesty for warmth on the subway. Times Square, breathless and electric colored. Madison Avenue minds paint enormous lighted boards and LCD screens with sex appeal and soft drinks. Pepsi, red and full lipped. Everywhere hustlers: nameless, faceless folks on street corners that shove handbills at pedestrians. Plays, shows, bus tours. Now. At first the attention amuses, then gradually annoys. A stern “no” holds them off, but then is twisted and teased. The streetlight changes and voices mock behind in chorus: “No! No! No!”

Next the M&M store: tall clear plastic tubes of the tiny colored candies running vertical along the walls. A friend calls M&Ms “weemies.” How many peddled weemies equals the monthly rent here? Outside an eight-foot furry red muppet bounces around, flapping its arms in hysteria, then stops dead still and turns its head skyward, mouth agape. Good thing it isn't raining. Furry Red is then the single motionless object in Times Square: too many weemies for Elmo.



Just shy of Central Park memories at the touch of faux fur of stuffed animals in FAO Schwartz. Off the lobby of the Plaza is the warmth of hot chocolate.

From a bus across the Hudson River are the marshlands of New Jersey: a dead palette of grays, taupe, and rust. Ship and train yards, steel cargo containers, cranes, power lines, oil storage tanks. Cold marsh grasses. The landscape is beyond worn-out; it is desolate. Olmsted didn't have to come South to file that scene of decay. Not until New Brunswick does the scenery improve. After that, all was quaint for the colored clapboards across from carefully arranged walks on solemn pathways through Gothic arches and verdigris statues.

There is a break in the match, which brings another pint and a fuller, more familiar dimension: statues. Tom Watson had been here, chasing votes in 1904 and to dine with Brisbane in the shadows of Wall Street. New York City had been unusually kind to him then, and he had packed Cooper Union more than once. For a short time, he worked with a pen just two blocks from this barstool.

Those were mostly good years for Watson. His memories of New York were fluid and lighthearted. His landmarks—Pennsylvania Station, the Hoffman House, Delmonico's—were pleasant enough to overshadow the mechanical bustle of a Northern town. Although he quipped, “If ever you fall into the hands of a New York cab driver, may the Lord take compassion upon you!” it was simply that. More generously, he allowed that “[C]ity people sometimes appear to us to be selfish, inhospitable, and neglectful of the genial courtesies of life, when they don't mean to be so at all.”

One wonders if full sincerity had briefly demurred to artistic license. Of course, it would have been hard for Watson to be critical when Hearst was making overtures, when there was some political demand and when the family was healthy. By 1918 everything was gone, and the lighthearted moments of Tom Watson's life drifted away on the wind.

The empty glass pulls the bartender's attention from the match. “No one to muck around with, eh?”

“I've lost my children.”

From the darkness above the din of the soccer match: “You'll find them another way,” he says. Then turning back to the screen: “You'll begin to talk with them.”

I pay the tab and enter the cold. Behind me on a paneled wall, athletic feet trample frail green grass in a bar on East Forty-First Street.

# WATSON BROWN

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In 1909, Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson designed Rice University's Lovett Hall to be "Southern in its spirit." Completed in 1912, the administration building today hosts a variety of campus traditions and is remembered as the backdrop of the notorious late night 1988 prank where select members of the student body lifted and rotated the statue of William Marsh Rice 180 degrees using nothing more than two homemade A-frames.

Congratulations to Mary Grace Hager, Josh Martin, Christian Neal, Jessica Kaczmarek, and Kendall Driscoll who were the first readers to identify the historic structure and to claim their gift cards!