

Winter 2010

The LEGACY

A Publication of Watson-Brown Foundation, Inc.

the
BATTLE
for Cobb's
LEGION

COMPETITION FOR COMMAND

CRUSADE
against
CHILD LABOR

LEWIS HINE AT HICKORY HILL

A NEW
LEAF

NOTES ON A NEW IDENTITY

**BOTANICAL
BANDITS**

GARDENING ON THE EDGE

From Student to
**MASTER
TEACHER**

WBF SCHOLAR ALUM LONNIE LEDGER





“Many of the pregnant facts of our early history have been purposefully omitted from the books: the origins of things have been misrepresented: the very compromises and principles upon which our complex Government was built, have been so willfully suppressed and blotted from the record, that the generation now crowding toward the open fields of busy life know little of the real truth of the political strategy which transformed a league of sovereign States into a consolidated Republic.”



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

Contents



4 **Campus Notes**
WB Scholar updates

10 **Alumni Spotlight**
by Shannon Friedmann Hatch

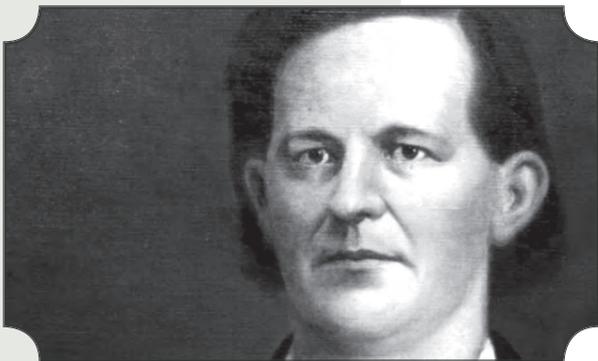
12 **T.R.R. Cobb House**
by Sam N. Thomas, Jr.

14 **A New Leaf**
by Steven Uhles

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

16 **Sticks & Stones**
by Michelle Zupan

18 **Flip Side**
by Tad Brown



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



EESHWAR CHANDRASEKAR AND FAMILY

Eeshwar Chandrasekar, Sophomore, USC Columbia: “This past summer, I had the opportunity to conduct research at one of the top cancer research institutes in all of Asia. I was working in the beautiful city of Bombay during my tenure of two months, where I finished a project on Retinoblastoma at Tata Memorial Hospital’s Advanced Centre for the Treatment, Research, and Education in Cancer. In my project, I attempted to find the mutation that caused a patient to have Retinoblastoma through amplifying various exons of a specific gene. Through this opportunity, I was able to use cutting edge technology that I’ve read about in textbooks to make positive contributions to the scientific community. I was also fortunate enough to get further in touch with my Indian roots during my stay with

frequent trips to temples and visiting relatives whom I haven’t seen in years. I really have to say this has been an absolutely wonderful summer—one I’m sure to never forget.”



ERIN ABERNETHY

Erin Abernethy, Senior, Appalachian State University: “Study abroad! It will be the most exciting, delicious, and breathtaking experience of your life so far. You will learn how to survive and thrive in a foreign country, and afterwards it’ll take quite a lot to stress you out. Honestly, if you take on the challenge of moving to a place halfway around the world and live there for six months, writing a research paper for class back in the USA is no longer a big deal!

“I studied abroad in Lund, Sweden, last semester from January to May. I now have thirty new best friends from my biology class that live all around the world! These are the kind of friendships where we might not talk for ten years, but when we get the opportunity to visit each other, it’ll only take a phone call and a bottle of wine and we’ll be back to where we were in Sweden in 2010, telling stories and planning adventures!

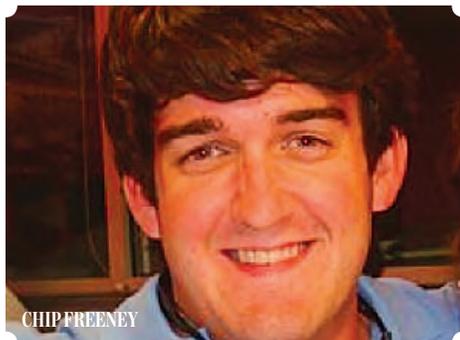
“During my time abroad, I was able to travel all over Europe. I enjoyed the chocolate and fries of Belgium, the macarons of Paris, the Pyrenees mountains of the French-Spanish border, the nude beaches of Barcelona, the wienerschnitzel of Austria, the Alps of Switzerland, the beer gardens of Munich, the clubs of Prague, and, most of all, the fjords of Norway. I focused my traveling on finding amazing food, landscapes, and animals. I traveled a lot by myself, meeting up with friends and family at certain points along the way. It was a truly amazing experience to train hop around Europe! Wherever you decide you want to go, go study abroad!”

Chip Freaney, Junior, Georgia Institute of Technology: “I am a third year computational media major at Georgia



WHITNEY BRIDGES

Tech. I plan on entering into the Human Computer Interaction (HCI) program at Georgia Tech. So far, I have taken many interesting classes from visual design, to history of media, to Game Boy game programming. I am currently enjoying a great semester filled with interaction design, computer graphics, and photography. Aside from classes, I work as an undergraduate teaching assistant for intro to computer science. I really enjoy teaching, and I especially enjoy helping freshmen understand and learn about the subject that I am most passionate about.



CHIP FREANEY

“Outside of my studies, I am involved in several student groups. I am the social chair of the Theta Xi fraternity. I have found that this job is as rewarding as it is fun. Through the fraternity, I have also

gotten plugged into a Bible study and been involved in many philanthropy projects. It really has been a great experience. I have also been a part of the leadership team for the Student Alumni Association—a newly formed organization.

“I am still deciding what exactly I want to do after school. I have had a few exposures to different career paths. Over the summer, I spent a week at Apple headquarters in Cupertino, California, at Cocoa Camp—an invite-only, weeklong training session for college students. Aside from touring the campus and meeting several influential people at Apple, I learned about application development and user interface design. It was a truly enriching experience. I am very grateful to Apple for asking me to come.

“Outside of that, I am currently working with a few friends on a Web start-up company. We plan to enter into the Inventure Prize competition at Georgia Tech in the spring. The contest is for up-and-coming inventions. It is judged by venture capitalists, and the winners get \$15,000 to help get going. Whether or not we win, it is a great experience and will help us develop our ideas and make progress on our site. I am really excited to enter.”

Whitney Bridges, Senior, Clemson University: “My journey of attending Clemson University has been pure joy. I have had the opportunity to expand my knowledge of nursing and meet countless amazing people who have touched my life in so many ways. As a nursing major, not only am I able to form relationships with students and professors, but I also have the joy of interacting with the community through my clinical experiences. Clinicals have been the most amazing experiences for me during my college journey. They have served as a glimpse of the future for me as a registered nurse. I also love being able to practice the skills I have learned in the classroom in the hospital setting and to give back to the community by providing care for those in need.”



SARAH SMITHERS

Sarah Smithers, Senior, USC Columbia: “I’m a senior at USC Columbia and am majoring in marketing and human resources management with a sociology minor. My freshman and sophomore year I was involved in the Capstone Scholars Program and was named a Capstone Scholars Fellow in April 2009. Following this recognition, I was able to participate in a Maymester course in Italy where we experienced ‘A Taste of Tuscany,’ visiting Florence, Lucca, Pisa, Fiesole, and Cinque Terre. I have also held a part-time job with USC’s Office of Annual Giving since sophomore year, where I have been promoted to supervisor and have had the opportunity to individually raise more than \$50,000 for the university. I will be graduating in May 2011 and will spend my last semesters focusing on my studies and looking for a job.”

Anneke Wilder, Sophomore, College of Charleston: “I am working at a restaurant in downtown Charleston called World Oriental Kitchen. It is the only certified ‘green’ restaurant in Charleston. Since



ANNEKE WILDER

the restaurant business is the leading producer of wastes, the owner wanted to contribute to the new movement of environmentally friendly restaurants. All of our food is either local, organic, or all-natural. Blue-jean insulation, low-pressure faucets, recycling rainwater, and recycling plastic and paper are all different ways that the restaurant is trying to cut back on its carbon footprint. I love my job, because I am a biology major interested in conservation and it has helped me realize that there are many ways that businesses can cut back on their resource use. Hopefully, our success will prompt other businesses to follow the World Oriental Kitchen's example."

Jonathan Brazeal, Sophomore, Clemson University: "To put it mildly, my college experience has been above and beyond what I ever imagined it to be. I came into school very naïve about what it



really means to be independent. I soon found out that I could do almost anything imaginable if I just put my mind to it. Besides the fact that I have met so many friends, professors, and even some athletes as a Clemson student, I have also made memories to last a lifetime!

The best thing about my college experience so far is that I was hired as an Orientation Ambassador for my university this past summer. These are recognized

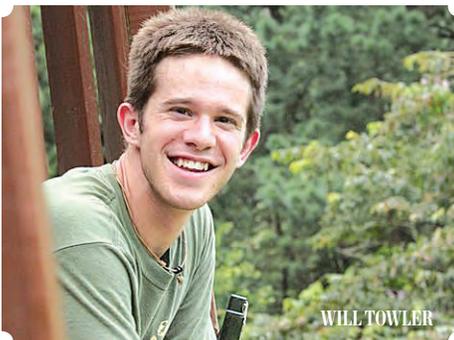
'student leaders' on campus who orientate the freshman each year. I loved it so much that I applied to do it again. I am now one of five selected as Team Leader Ambassadors for the upcoming summer! I am so excited about all the opportunities I have at Clemson and being an Ambassador really opened up the door for me. Want to know the really scary part? I have two-and-a-half years to go still!"

Taylor Guido, Sophomore, Honors College, College of Charleston: "My first year of college was challenging but always exciting and filled with new experiences. I went to my first silent protest, took yoga, learned a how to skateboard, and went to my first college party. Of course, with all the fun aspects of college came the difficult yet rewarding ones as well. I discovered that my passion was in communications, and unfortunately for me, not in calculus or chemistry. But all of the experiences from last year have



TAYLOR GUIDO

brought me to where I am now, and I could not be happier! I have declared a major in communications with a concentration in organizational and corporate communication, as well as a minor in Italian. I am currently working as a delivery girl for a local printing company, and I also help clean a yoga studio downtown once a week. Last year, I missed out on a lot of Honors College activities, so this year I decided to be a part of the planning committee and love being involved on campus! I moved off campus this year, which has been an amazing experience in itself. I recently started helping promote different exercise classes offered at the college and that has been great practice in marketing and PR work, two things I would love to go into after college. Sophomore year has been exhausting, my classes are definitely more demanding, but I love the challenge and am so happy with my college experience thus far. It makes me so grateful to have received the Watson-Brown Scholarship so I can continue to achieve my goals here at the College of Charleston!”



WILL TOWLER

Will Towler, Senior, Furman University: “This past spring and summer have been the most entertaining and educational of my entire undergraduate experience. As part of Furman University’s May Experience in Tropical Biology program, I travelled to Costa Rica for three weeks, visiting San José, Palo Verde, Monteverde, Vulcan Arenal, La Selva, and Cahuita.

At Palo Verde and La Selva, we stayed at research stations to carry out various projects, both individually and in groups, such as how leaf-cutter ants decided what types of leaves to harvest or which birds were most active during what times of day. At Monteverde, we explored the breathtaking, almost otherworldly beauty of a tropical cloud forest. Mammoth trees entangled by creeping vines and carpeted in moss housed a stunning array of songbirds, hummingbirds, and the majestic ‘resplendent quetzal.’ Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your point of view), among the mammalian fauna we saw were none of the big cats known to inhabit the area. Maybe next time!

“A mere two days after my arrival back in the States, I rushed off to the University of Kentucky for an National Science Foundation—funded Research Experience for Undergraduates program with their department of biochemistry. Each of a group of nine students from different parts of the country was paired off with professors in the department to aid in research and develop laboratory skills. Each week, we met with different professors who shared their experiences in the scientific field and described the various career paths we could take in the sciences. We also explored Lexington, went hiking, and visited Cincinnati’s Kings Island theme park, which was, to me, eye-popping.

“Right now in my studies I am preparing a seminar and research paper to present about the summer’s research, I have taken the general GRE (and happily did better than I anticipated), and will soon enough be taking the Biology subject GRE. I’m in the process of applying to graduate schools and summer programs, including a summer position at the Lille Institute in France, but I always make sure I have time to stay active in the marching band, lead the Furman Madrigals (a small a cappella ensemble) and run Poetic Noise along with my fellow officers. This semester, I’m running a tight schedule, but it’s all in preparation for spring term: as my final semester before graduating and hopefully entering the high-stress world of graduate study, I plan on taking it easy.”

Bonnie Antosh, Sophomore, Yale University: “After the phenomenal excitement and chaos of freshman year at Yale, I was lucky enough to spend the summer traveling, matching my studies

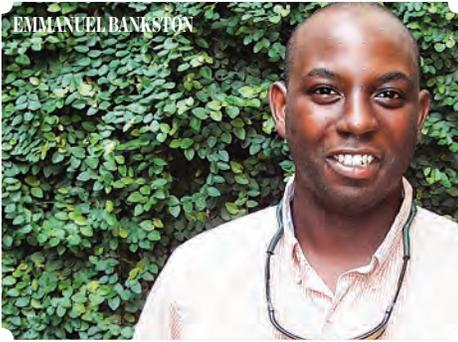


BONNIE ANTOSH

with practical adventures. To conclude a semester-long anthropology seminar on Inca culture and civilization, I traveled with my classmates to Peru, and for nine days, we journeyed throughout the country, from the metropolitan centers of Cuzco and Lima to smaller villages and, of course, to the ruins of Machu Picchu. Visiting each site not only as a casual tourist, but also with such an extensive background of historical knowledge and with the ability to speak Spanish, completely transformed my experience. I felt infinitely more able to engage in and appreciate the history of Peru. Somewhere amidst daily llama encounters, mountain climbing, stargazing in the Andes, and eating as many local pastries as possible, I fell completely in love with the landscape of the country and the warmth and kindness of the Peruvian people.

“During the middle months of the summer, I interned at home with the Children’s Advocacy Center (a local nonprofit that provides counseling and legal support to young victims of sexual, physical, and emotional abuse), and finally, I spent the final month of the break studying Shakespearean theatre at London’s Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts (LAMDA). More than any place I’d experienced before, London fused an aura of tradition and ancient grandeur with a driving force of modern excitement; I took every opportunity to explore the artistic paradise of theatres, museums, parks, and galleries in the city.

“Now, I’ve begun my sophomore year at Yale by officially declaring my major in Theatre Studies—probably an inevitable development after performing in seven shows over the past year. Through my academic work, I’ve simultaneously begun to explore other dimensions of the dramatic process, from playwriting to historical dramaturgy. The creative environment at school and the constant passion and excitement of the people around me continue to make Yale feel not only like a whirlwind, but also like a home.”



Emmanuel Bankston, Sophomore, Clemson University: “I am from a beef cattle farm in Crawfordville, Georgia, and am currently a sophomore at Clemson University, majoring in agricultural education with a minor in beef production. My college experiences have been amazing. I will never forget the first time I came to Clemson as a freshman, and I did not know anyone in my dorm. However, I made friends very quickly, and I think that my favorite thing about this university is meeting many different people. I love being an agriculture student here. I have a job at the university beef cattle farm, which is a very modern, high-quality beef production facility. I learn so much being a cowboy there. I have traveled the country also as an employee and agriculture student. I just recently got back from a trip to Rapid City, South Dakota, where I competed for the honor of being the National Beef Ambassador. College has been a life changing experience for me and I love every second of it. I thank the wonderful people of the Watson-Brown Foundation for the scholarship, which makes the college experience happen.”



Weston Olencki, Freshman, Northwestern University: “Daily life changed tremendously as I left my small town high school in South Carolina and arrived in Evanston, Illinois (a suburb of Chicago), as a freshman at Northwestern University. Although I traveled the U.S. performing and competing with my music

over the last four years, I did not know what to expect from this huge change to my daily life. How exciting it has been! Without Watson-Brown, attending Northwestern would not have been possible.

“Last June, I was selected as a performer at the Pokorny Low Brass Institute in Redlands, California, where I studied and performed under the tutelage of Chicago Symphony low brass musicians Gene Pokorny and Michael Muchahy and Detroit Symphony trombonist Randy Hawes. From there, I studied on scholarship for six weeks at the Tanglewood Music Institute in Lenox, Massachusetts, with students from around the world, both in the trombone workshop under Boston University trombone professor Don Lucas and as part of the Tanglewood Youth Artist Wind Ensemble.

“Arriving this fall at Northwestern as a trombone performance major in the Bienen School of Music, I love my weekly access to performances of the Chicago Symphony, other world-class classical music venues and Chicago art museums. I now find myself part of a music studio comprised of the finest student trombonists in the country. Excited to be part of Northwestern freshman music group, the Zenith Trombone Quartet, I perform classical/pop music. I also perform with the Northwestern Symphony Band. Presently, I am in rehearsal for two exciting upcoming solo trombone competitions, the national Eastern Trombone Workshop (I won second place the last two years—auditioning for first this time!) and in the student division of the International Trombone Association. It is such an honor and privilege to work daily with such prestigious and accomplished professional classical musicians as professors. Thank you, Watson-Brown. I am living my dream.”



Max Wolfe, Freshman, University of Pennsylvania: “I’m about two months into my freshman year of college, and I

am overwhelmed! I don’t mean that in a negative sense at all—I am overwhelmed by the amazing opportunities offered, the interesting people I am meeting, and the fun I am having. My classes are everything that I hoped for, and I’m learning a lot. My favorite class is definitely my seminar about the history of capitalism. It is discussion based and the wide variety of opinions represented always makes for an interesting class.

“I’ve also been able to get involved in a number of activities outside the classroom. I’m a member of the swing dance troupe, the microfinance club, and the Japanese Student Association—an interesting mix by anyone’s standards! I have a lot of fun with each group and they definitely keep me busy. With all the meetings, rehearsals and events I attend for these groups, it’s a wonder I get any homework done!

“So far, college has definitely exceeded my expectations. I hope to experience much more during my four years here and I look forward to finding out what the future holds!”

Jessica Watson, Senior, University of Georgia: “I am in the home stretch now, entering my final year at the University of Georgia. I’m literally speechless about where to begin in describing the magnitude of the change my life has taken. My last school year ended on a dull note. Sure, I enjoyed my English classes. The subject matter was not what bored me, but it was the growing anticipation for what was to come that made the present seem dim. A few days after my last final, I was to travel to Cortona, Italy to study Viticulture and Enology. Then, I was to become a student teacher.

“I could barely concentrate on my Shakespeare final. It was the day before I departed the United States and headed to wine country. I had been going through the horrific process of studying for finals, packing for travel, attempting to find a new place to live and moving out all at once. Life had picked up the pace and I was hurrying to keep up.

“When I boarded the flight, life did not slow down. For the next three weeks I made new friends, saw new things, met new people and really lived. I don’t know how to explain study abroad other than you learn a lot about yourself and about the goals you have for yourself. Being isolated from your regular environment gives you time for this. I learned that I definitely want to travel, take time





JESSICA WATSON

for the finer things in life and that I want to take my home and family with me wherever I go. I never want to miss the opportunity to learn something new and experience culture. Although this was the second time I had been to Italy, it was the first time I had experienced the culture, specifically in Cortona, Italy. I could walk through the marketplace on a Saturday morning and the locals would greet me by name. I also left with a good deal of knowledge about how to grow and cultivate a vineyard and how to really taste and pair wine with food. I left knowing once again that Italian food is the best there is.

“I returned to Georgia on the day of my twenty-first birthday. I had really hit the benchmark then. I am twenty-one. I am not a young adult anymore. I am not just twenty. I am twenty-one. Soon I will get married and get a job and have kids and explore life outside of the experiences of being a student.

“Now, I am a teacher. This past year I was accepted to UGA’s English Education Cohort Program with twenty-four other students. We are “teacher candidates.” Although this is what I am called, it is not a great descriptor for me. At Oglethorpe

County High School, I teach eleventh grade American Literature students every day. My mentor teacher encourages me to stand up in front of the students daily, and I do not hold back. I am passionate about teaching students to love reading and to learn how to write. I enjoy cultivating healthy relationships with my students in each of my three classes. After teaching, I go to my own classes at UGA and learn more about teaching. Soon I will enter graduate school to study speech language pathology, hopefully at the University of Georgia.



LONNIE LEDGER



Alumni Spotlight

*Early Watson-Brown Scholar
continues to succeed in school*

BY SHANNON FRIEDMANN HATCH

If you had met Lonnie Ledger during his first quarter at Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College in 1983, you may not have believed that he was one of the Watson-Brown Foundation's earliest scholarship recipients. Like many freshman who move away from home and get their first taste of freedom, Lonnie recalls that he was just "playing." This behavior was quite different from his previous scholastic performance. By all accounts he was a good student, although with his father on the school board and the fact that he grew up in the small, rural town of Bartow, Georgia, where neighbors observe each other's actions with the care and attention of cultural anthropologists, he almost had to be.

You also may not believe that he would go on to graduate from the University of Georgia with a degree in Animal Science in 1987 and eventually pursue a career in education, distinguishing himself as one of the state's best teachers with a 2010 Master Teacher award.

But someone did believe, and that someone was Robert E. Knox Sr., an original trustee of the Foundation, who called Lonnie to his office to discuss his poor grades. "That was the worst meeting of my life," Lonnie remembers, "but he gave me another chance, and that heart to heart changed my attitude."

Flash forward to the present, and not only has his attitude changed about school but he says he lives for it. "I can't wait to be in class," he

admits. As a math teacher at Wrens Middle School, he stands in front of a roomful of eighth graders everyday. Pause long enough at the door, and you're likely to hear laughter. "My kids have fun," Lonnie says. (And they're learning: The Master Teacher award is given out for consistently high test scores.) After the final bell rings, he walks the halls—stopping students to say hello, asking them about their day, making sure they're staying out of trouble. "I've learned over the years that you've got to get to know your students and let them know you care," he says. And often, his actions speak louder than words: As Athletic Director, Lonnie drives the bus to nearly every away game; he's taken kids who've never left Jefferson County to Sanford Stadium

to watch the Bulldogs play; and even knee replacement surgery last year didn't keep him away from the school. "I didn't miss one football practice or game," he says.

There is nothing he could even imagine doing with his life other than teaching; however, he says, "if you had asked me twenty years ago, I wouldn't have given you a nickel for me being a teacher." Growing up on a farm, Lonnie was immersed in the 24-7 responsibilities of raising market hogs. "Crops depend on the Lord," he says. "Livestock depend on us." That meant Sundays and Thanksgiving were still filled with chores, and Lonnie recalls that he even worked the day of his wedding. But after graduating from UGA and buying his parents' farm, the hogs commodity bottomed out, and he, like many farmers, had to file for bankruptcy. "We were being as efficient as we could be, and we still were making 25 cents less a pound than we put in," he remembers.

So Lonnie tried his hat at agribusiness, but found that it was far from the right fit. "I had to call on farmers to pay [up on loans] when I knew they didn't have the money,"



he says. "I had been in their shoes, and it was too much." Then one day, the Assistant Superintendent, who happened to be one of Lonnie's former high school teachers, called and told him that they had an opening at the middle school and she thought he should apply. "I had nothing to lose," he says. He interviewed and was asked to start immediately. "My only regret is that I didn't do it sooner."

If you met Lonnie Ledger today, it would be easy to believe that this is a man who drives kids home after practice; who cooks smoked pork chops, mashed potatoes, and peas for his wife, Gail, and two kids, Kaitlin and Jarrett, before heading to church to pack shoeboxes for Operation Christmas Child; and who considers the ultimate compliment to be considered like his father. You'd also believe him when he says that he hopes that ten years from now he's still teaching at Wrens Middle. "I consider it my community, my school, and I have a vested interest," he says. "There's no better place to live than here. I guess you could say that I'm a little like Dorothy."

*"If you had asked me
twenty years ago,
I wouldn't have given
you a nickel for me
being a teacher."*





DUELING LEGIONNAIRES



The Civil War rivalry of Tom Cobb and Wade Hampton

BY SAMUEL N. THOMAS, JR.

Shortly after the Civil War, South Carolina Governor and former Lieutenant General Wade Hampton III observed that T.R.R. Cobb's Legion cavalry was "the best regiment of either army, North or South." That was mighty high praise from a distinguished Confederate veteran who inherited command of J.E.B. Stuart's cavalry corps after his death at the Battle of Yellow Tavern.

On paper at least, Wade Hampton and Tom Cobb (pictured at right) shared much in common. Born five years apart into distinguished Southern families, Hampton and Cobb received a classical education at their respective state colleges, studied law and were active in state politics. They were wealthy. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Cobb was a noted intellectual who had devoted much of his career to legal scholarship and the defense of slavery. Hampton, on the other hand, managed his plantations in two states, enjoyed a vigorous outdoor life and articulated more moderate views of the institution of slavery. Neither was formally trained for the military.

When the South seceded, both Cobb and Hampton ultimately volunteered for Confederate service and received commissions as colonels. Hampton raised a legion and used his wealth to outfit it. Likewise, Cobb formed the Georgia Legion (better known as Cobb's Legion) and purchased some of its military equipment.

By virtue of experience and physique, the robust Hampton was a superb horseman and a natural cavalryman. Cobb, on the other hand, was slightly built and likely would have been chided as a "city boy." What came more naturally to Hampton



initially eluded Cobb, and the duties of commanding a legion (a regimental-sized unit comprised of infantry, cavalry, and light artillery) created more challenges yet. "I have to study hard, utterly inexperienced as I am, to maintain myself in the drill," admitted Cobb to his wife, Marion, in the fall of 1861. "It is doubly hard on me because, having both Cavalry and Infantry, I have to prepare myself in both, while a Colonel, ordinarily, can confine himself to the one, in which his regiment is drilled. The commands differ so much and the maneuvers are so variant, that I find my mind confounding them, and hence it is with difficulty I avoid using for the one arm of the service the words of command prescribed for the other."

Through discipline and perseverance, however, Cobb made a place for himself as an infantry commander. Simultaneously, Hampton's reputation increased among the cavalry branch. But Cobb, who craved attention, fumed at the growing size and influence of Hampton's Legion.

"You ask me if [Confederate superiors] do not treat Hampton Legion the same as mine," he responded to his wife in June 1862. "They do not, hence my complaint. Until the last week they have never separated his cavalry from him. For more than six months they had attached Georgia regiments to his legion and thus given him command of 2,500 infantry when his legion is not as large as mine by fifty percent But to swell his command, Georgians are attached to his legion and all pass as the Hampton legion. While for more than ten weeks I have been reduced to a Major's command. My wife, my blood boils when I think of the treatment I have received."

Robert E. Lee took over command of the Army of Northern Virginia on June 1, 1862, and quickly began its reorganization. Legions, by then recognized as structurally ineffective, were dismantled. At the time, Hampton was impressively commanding brigades in Thomas J. Jackson's division. On July 28, 1862, Hampton was transferred to J.E.B. Stuart's cavalry division as Stuart's senior subordinate. He took with him all the cavalry of Cobb's Legion.

Predictably, Cobb recoiled.

"Today, I am informed that my cavalry is placed under Hampton," Cobb wrote home in early August. "In plain English my legion is to be swallowed up and lost in his. If the war lasts much longer, I expect my degradation will satisfy the malice of even Jefferson Davis."

What enmity Cobb held for Jefferson Davis, however, was not formally felt for Hampton, whom he found "particularly kind and attentive." Cobb was delighted to find that Hampton had an equally poor impression of the Confederate president, and the mutual disdain seemed to assuage Cobb's

incipient jealousy of Hampton. He still longed for recognition, however. The numerous cavalry skirmishes of November, as Stuart screened Longstreet's movements through upper Virginia, did little to calm the anxious Cobb.

"The Cavalry have seen hard service lately," he wrote Marion, "and it makes me mad to see the Richmond newspapers speaking of the work of my men and saying 'a part of Hampton's Legion' did so and so. I want to get them to Georgia, where we will be responsible for our own acts and get the credit due for our successes."

Despite his constant, often indiscriminate criticism of superior officers, Cobb earned his commission as brigadier general on November 1, 1862. What had been Cobb's Legion Infantry joined Philips' Legion Infantry along with the 16th, 18th and 24th Georgia Infantries to become the newly reformed, and all Georgia, Cobb's Brigade.



That same month U.S. President Abraham Lincoln replaced George B. McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac, with Ambrose Burnside. Determined to be aggressive, where his predecessor repeatedly chose undue caution, Burnside planned a fall offensive against the Confederate capital of Richmond via the town of Fredericksburg. What resulted was one of the most decisive Confederate victories of the war.

Lee anticipated Burnside's offensive and directed the entire army to Fredericksburg. By late November, Longstreet's corps had arrived and took positions on the high ground called Marye's Heights overlooking the Rappahannock River. Lafayette McLaw's Division, which included Cobb's Brigade, occupied the Sunken Road on the heights.

On November 27, with the Union army taking up positions around Fredericksburg, Hampton dashed across the Rappahannock behind enemy lines towards Yellow Chapel to engage a Union cavalry force. At dawn the following morning, his command captured a force of nearly 100 men of the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry, including five officers. The daring move gained immediate praise from Stuart and Lee.

Stuart's cavalry continued to harass the enemy and on December 12, Hampton repeated his daring performance near Falmouth with a raid on the Federal depot at Dumfries. Hampton's men captured another fifty Union troops there and returned to Confederate lines with an additional seventeen Union supply wagons. Lee and Stuart were elated.

While Hampton was winning praise in battle, Cobb was digging in, eager for a fight he was sure he could win. He got his wish. The following day, Burnside made his infamous frontal attack on the main Confederate positions along Marye's Heights. Hampton was positioned on the Confederate left flank, but saw little action. Such was not the case with Cobb, who was positioned nearby. When the federal troops advanced against Cobb's protected position in the Sunken Road, his brigade leveled five repeated Union advances with withering rifle fire. Cobb's men fired until they were nearly out of ammunition. It was their day—no Union soldier ever reached the rock wall that lined the Sunken Road.

Cobb finally had the victory and praise he sought, but the moment was cut short by Union artillery fire. Cobb was wounded by shrapnel during the battle and died at an army hospital. Following Cobb's death, his legion infantry was placed under William Tatum Wofford. The Hampton Legion Infantry became a part of Micah Jenkins' Brigade, receiving their own fair share of battle laurels as part of the Army of Northern Virginia. Cobb's Legion Cavalry remained a part of Hampton's Cavalry for the remainder of the war, taking part in numerous battles and escapades.

The men of Cobb's Legion continued to take great pride in not only their service to their state, but also their service under both T.R.R. Cobb and Wade Hampton. When the Confederate Army was again reorganized in 1863, Cobb's Legion Cavalry was redesignated as the 9th Georgia Cavalry. The men, however, refused the title and continued to be known as Cobb's Legion until their surrender at Greensboro, North Carolina, on April 28, 1865.

They were, after all, Legionaires.



A NEW LEAF

*The Watson-Brown Foundation's
new look is inspired by its past*

BY STEVEN UHLES

You've probably already noticed the new face on this old friend. The new model *Legacy* is single small part of a fairly comprehensive face-lift going on at the Watson-Brown Foundation. We've got a new logo, a new Web site—even new stationary for firing off encouraging missives to our many scholars. And we have Tom Watson to thank for it.

Previously, the logo for the Foundation was a single cluster of hickory leaves—a nod to the Hickory Hill house Watson owned and the Foundation operates. It seemed an obvious and appropriate choice.

Tom Watson was also beech man.

Despite living in a house he named Hickory Hill, Watson planted a substantial allee of the slow-growing shade trees near his Thomson, Georgia home. The distinctive beech leaf inspired the new Watson-Brown logo and, in turn, everything that has followed.

The all-inclusive makeover, which lends a sense of consistency to everything from education programs to the historic homes, took its cues from the history that informs everything the Watson-Brown Foundation does. Not only were the beech trees incorporated into the new public face of Watson-Brown, but also old photographs from our collections, architectural elements—even the custom wallpaper patterns found at the homes.

As connected as the Watson-Brown Foundation is to the past, it was also founded with an eye toward the future. That was also considered in the design process. You'll be seeing a lot more of the Watson-Brown Scholars. Not only will they continue to appear in the pages of *Legacy*, but also on correspondence sent from Watson-Brown concerning the program.

Of course, all the ornamentation in the world is pointless if there's not a certain measure of functionality. Every new design, from business cards to the logo itself, was executed with functionality in mind.

Nowhere is this more evident than on the new Watson-Brown Web site. The redesigned digital home of all things Watson-Brown was built with not only the Foundation's new look in mind, but also functionality. The new site is more intuitive, making it easier to navigate. It also eliminates redundant information and highlights pertinent information that had previously been difficult to access. It's a case of looking, feeling, and working better and more efficiently.

And there's nothing wrong with that.

FLORAL CONFESSIONS



Forest for the Trees

True stories of landscape larceny

BY DEXTER RHODES

Our therapy session begins in a close circle. To my right is a grandmother of four who, though neatly dressed, wears an enormous straw hat. On my left is an affluent jeweler wearing a gold bracelet and a snazzy tie. We are seated in plastic cafeteria chairs in a public building, solemnly waiting on our leader, a reformed professor who arrives in a flurry of hellos and with an armful of to-die-for blue hydrangeas. We all help arrange the flowers in a big vase at the center of the table and, on cue, take our seats.

We begin the same way every time. “My name is Dexter Rhodes. I am a plantaholic.” My colleagues softly clap.

“Through discipline and your continued support, I am learning to rebuild a wholesome life around my addiction.”

More applause. This is such a great group.

Today, though, I add a new revelation. “I have stolen to feed my addiction.”

“Ooh,” they murmur, but the collective tone indicates intrigue rather than disapproval.

My situation is suddenly the focus of the meeting. We discuss my moral dilemma and decide on philosophical grounds that my problem is semantic. The grandmother, a hard-charging Machiavellian, takes the lead. She suggests to the group that my actions have a positive result: I am saving flora from an abusive owner relationship and giving it new

life. I am not a thief, she forcefully argues, but a “plant rescuer.” The term begs for a definition.

We decide a plant rescuer is one who saves with prompt and vigorous action a living plant from eminent danger or death (a subsequent discussion indicates tools of the trade should include shovels, quiet wheelbarrows, and fast cars). The jeweler, who knows something about theft, says little but pats me on the back in approval. I blush.

The power of confession is seductive, and I’m on a roll. I turn to the jeweler.

“I have a further apology,” I say to him. “Two years ago I rescued forty cuttings from your heirloom camellias on Lee Street.”

He pulled his hand off my shoulder as if it just touched fire. The look on his face was one of utter contempt—one that you would give your neighbor’s teenage son when you discovered he ran over your cat and left it in the street to collect flies in the summer sun.

At this point, I’m figuring my mouth probably has run ahead of my brain again, and I’m looking for the door. Just then while my mind is planning a hasty retreat, it gets all tangled up in my conscience. I freeze. Scorching memories of past indiscretions now speed across the inside of my head like the convoluted cinematography of *Citizen Kane*. The jeweler was not alone.

Over the years I had rescued all sorts of plants from all manner of derelict humanity. A pair of crepe myrtles once came to work



with me, having escaped a bad home life with an ill-equipped architect in east Georgia. And there was the lady on Tom Watson Way who was doing yard work one day when I drove by. She was bent over in her garden, posterior to the street, when I spied a wagon full of irises she obviously had put up for adoption. They love their new daddy. And once while visiting a tree nursery in Jacksonville, Florida, I slipped among the historic trees and cut shoots from a half dozen heirloom varieties while the salesperson was busy arranging the delivery of a prize Robert E. Lee magnolia. Who knew little Swiss Army knife scissors and Ziploc bags could save so many lives?

But just as those blinking images merge into Rosebud in the fire, my mental remote control clicks to reality TV and I’m watching the Run! Channel. I make my dash from the therapy session. Wouldn’t you know, my feet spin out on the slick linoleum floor and I fall headlong into the table—Dexter and hydrangeas everywhere. I’m now looking at the drop-tile ceiling, wearing the flower arrangement like a funeral wreath, when the jeweler appears overhead. I can see him draw his penknife. I start to cry.

Just then our leader intervenes.

“Dexter, dear heart,” she says softly while she plucks blue flowers from my body, “I’ve got a confession, too. These prize hydrangeas were rescued from Hickory Hill.”

She hands the collection to the jeweler, who pockets his knife with a smile. I am saved.

We gathered the next week like always, and that meeting went much better. All the sublimity of the hydrangea incident had swelled up in my head and I came armed. I showed up with 3-foot heirloom camellias for everyone to admire—and to take home. The jeweler hugged me. My rescuer asked me if I’d learned anything from last week.

“Yes ma’am,” I said with a smile. “I learned that reformed professors are as trustworthy as dress shoes.”

Come see me. And if it’s after dark, you know where to find me: in the neighbor’s yard wearing sneakers, working on the rose garden.



SHUCKERS TO DOFFERS



Sticks and Stones

*New exhibition focused on the history of child labor
opens at Hickory Hill*

BY MICHELLE L. ZUPAN

We are devouring our own children.

—Tom Watson, Jeffersonian Magazine, Vol. 13, no. 1, 1911



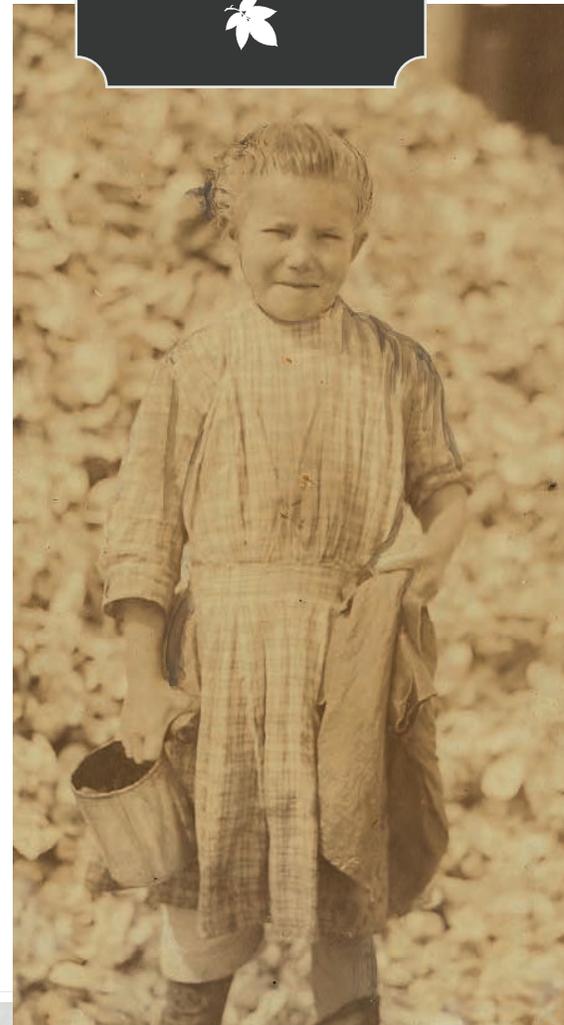
The Faces of Child Labor

From Shuckers to Doffers: Child Labor & Politics in the South opens at Hickory Hill in January and features many images captured by Lewis Hine on his Southern travels, as well as commentary from Tom Watson and his fellow Populists.

Watson's hyperbole aside, images of turn-of-the-century child laborers are startling: emaciated girls hunched over weaving looms; barefoot toddlers toting buckets of oyster shells at seafood canneries; boys covered in the dust of the coal mine. The photographs haunt the viewer, as they were designed to do. They haunted Watson and many of his contemporary reformers.

In the South, children as young as three years old worked in oyster canneries and coal mines, glass factories and steel mills, tobacco plants and shrimp processors. They were employed as greasers, doffers, shuckers, trappers, breaker boys, and weavers. Textile mill child laborers started to work at age five and had a life expectancy of about 40 years. "Newsies" worked street corners in every major American metropolis. Messenger boys carried notes and money for everyone from shopkeepers to ladies of the evening at all hours of the day and night. Since the 1850s, laborers in factories and canneries were, by and large, poor and white. By 1913, Georgia had an estimated 4,000 children under the age of sixteen working in its textile mills.

Critics of child labor had pressed for reforms since the mid-1800s. It would be fifty years before they became a significant political thrust. In 1904, the Populist Party included a plank in its platform that called for the abolition of child labor. The Democratic Party did likewise. That same year clergy and private citizens created the National Child Labor Committee in New York to advocate for the rights of child workers. To document their conditions, the NCLC hired sociologist and photographer Lewis Hine to tour the country, expose child labor and publish his findings. Hine traveled from the mill towns of Massachusetts to the coal mines of West Virginia, from the cotton mills of Georgia to the oyster canneries of Louisiana, from the sugar beet fields of Colorado to the cotton fields of Texas. His work was meticulous. He documented what he saw with not only camera but also pen, interviewing his subjects and taking careful notes and often dodging mill bosses to complete his work. His images fueled the political debate, which, in 1916, gave rise to the Keating-Owen Act, the first child labor law.





THE FLIP SIDE



Recollections of an ink-stained South

BY TAD BROWN

At last count our house was one of three on a street of thirty that subscribed to the local daily newspaper.

There was a self-conscious moment when I suspected the dwindling subscription numbers were due to the nearly *au naturel* manner in which I made the five a.m. trek to the street to grab the tidy scroll. I reasoned that the neighbors, aghast at my boxer shorts-and-coffee cup jaunt to the head of the drive, assumed newspaper ink caused brain damage and hence refused to take the *Augusta Chronicle*. This perception was reinforced last December when I received on the doorstep an anonymous Christmas gift of a bathrobe and an online subscription to the *New York Times*.

By that time, I was far from offended by the implication of my naked provincialism and was given to a more rational consideration of declining readership. Ultimately, I gave a nod to the legion of unfortunate evidence acknowledged by the publishing world generally. Work schedules, no longer traditional, allow precious little time for a morning read. Electronic, largely free media has increasingly supplanted its printed form. Kindles and iPads and a host of other portable devices have replaced the bulk of newsprint. People read less than they once did. The quality of the news media has declined. Health conscious families don't fry fish.

But ours is not among those families and besides, as my children will readily attest, I am a hereditary Luddite. Newsprint and

coffee in the morning is a healthy diet I find less offensive than clicking and scrolling and scanning a computer. Then, too, it's difficult to tote the computer to the bathroom.

As journalism changes, catering itself to the market and its apparent taste for "give it to me quick," I wonder if the new world order of 0s and 1s has inadvertently deleted the meaningful way we digest and disseminate news and culture. In Augusta, I am charmed by the implication of regional distinctiveness in the slogan beneath the *Chronicle's* masthead that boasts its paper is "the South's oldest newspaper." Truth be known, precious little Southern ink can be found in its pages. Declining ad revenue, anemic subscriptions, and a recent bankruptcy mean dwindling operating budgets, which inevitably translates into fewer journalists, which means content is grabbed from cheap places far away. Glib Associated Press reports clutter pages that take on the anonymous complexion of Anywhere, USA. The grandson of a journalist, I look for something else, and at the breakfast table, half-naked and partially caffeinated, I shake the newspaper in hopes a southern morsel will clatter out like a toy from a Cracker Jack box. No luck.

Nostalgia and second-hand knowledge tell me southern newspaper pressrooms used to be full of characters—hard driving, hard drinking, mischievous columnists whose diet of cigarettes and gin fueled penetrating, occasionally ribald pieces. They knew where they were from and for whom they wrote.

I grew up in Atlanta, and though its paper was owned by a Midwest company, Lewis Grizzard's columns still drove subscriptions. It has been more than fifteen years since Grizzard passed into the humorous beyond, and long gone from the paper's Marietta Street offices are names like Tarver, Minter, Sibley, Gulliver, Shipp, and Bisher. Come to think of it, now gone are the offices on Marietta Street.

Memories hit close to home. The founder of the Foundation began his serious journalism career in 1929 as a Washington correspondent for Southern newspapers. Lord knows he was a character and a conscious Southerner. His path in Washington crossed with several newspaper luminaries, not the least of whom was Turner Catledge. The two became fast lifelong friends, which Walter Brown attributed to common regional inheritance.

The son of the mayor of the "one Republican town" of Philadelphia, Mississippi, Catledge grew up balancing his proud Confederate ancestry with a New South segregation he seemed to mistrust. Like Brown, Catledge was poor but bright and determined, and he received a fine education "by Mississippi standards." He graduated from Mississippi A&M with honors in 1922 and soon found himself writing for small Mississippi newspapers.

Catledge was more fascinated with political rogues than heroes, and he happily fought and editorialized his way to the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* and then rode the *Mississippi Flood* of 1927 to the

Baltimore Sun. Two years later, Catledge was with the Washington bureau of *The New York Times*. Except for one brief, “ill-fated” absence, Catledge remained with *The Times* for nearly forty years, ultimately ascending through the ranks to serve as Executive Editor and later Vice President.

Gregarious and sly, Catledge’s personality blended nicely with what he termed “the rip-roaring newspaper style of the twenties.” No amount of Manhattan management could rinse from Catledge the Southern staple of oral tradition. He was a raconteur of the first order whose innate ability to spin a yarn found enduring appeal in the halls of Congress. With New Deal stories on every street corner, Catledge’s keen wit gained access to surprisingly open Washington news sources.

In those days Southern politicians commanded a great deal of power in Congress, and Catledge, “a Democrat for the same reason the Pope is a Catholic,” gravitated towards that side of the aisle. Besides, he admitted, “Democratic rascals [were] more colorful.” While he distrusted the cynicism and frequent dishonesty of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and many of his New Dealers, Catledge stayed close to abundant Southern sources like John Garner, Pat Harrison, Joe Robinson, Cordell Hull, and Alben Barkley. He trusted with his life the “rugged integrity” of Senators Jimmy Byrnes and Sam Rayburn.

Brown had overlapping sources in Congress and soon he and Catledge were collaborating on stories. When FDR attempted his purge of the senators who opposed his efforts to pack the U. S. Supreme Court, Brown and Catledge shared information and joined forces to report on the reelection struggles faced by Walter F. George and Ellison D. “Cotton Ed” Smith. To close in on the prospects of Smith’s reelection, they took to the rural highways of South Carolina in a memorable road trip to interview rank-and-file South Carolinians. Brown recalled their antics:

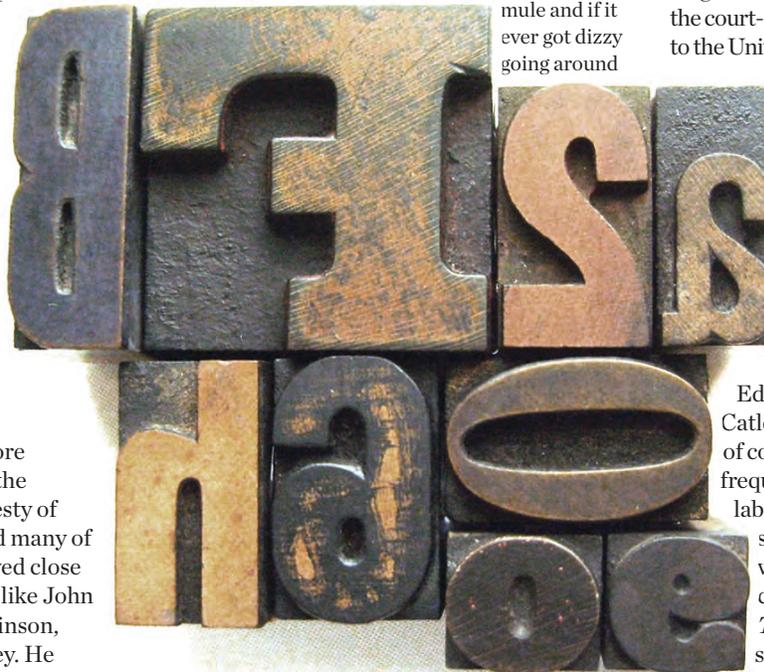
About three weeks before the South Carolina primary, we set out from Caesar’s Head, near the North Carolina line, early one morning for Charleston, to do what we called a “gallop” poll. We truly galloped across South Carolina, seeking out all classes of people, from the textile worker in the hills of the Piedmont, to the aristocrats of Charleston and the low country [sic].

As we passed through rural Lexington County, not too far from Columbia, Turner spotted a farmer and his wife making syrup. He

asked me to drive over, saying they would be a good test of the farm vote. When we drove up, the farmer had tied up his mule, after pulling the cane mill sweep sufficiently to get one kettle of cane juice boiling, and both the farmer and his wife were busy skimming off the foam from the vat as it cooked and putting it in a large barrel nearby. These skimmings, if they sit out a night or two, ferment and become high in alcoholic content.

These farmers did not welcome intruders on their premises, and neither Turner nor I could get the farmer or his wife to say one word about the Smith campaign. Finally, Turner began asking the farmer about his

mule and if it ever got dizzy going around



and around the cane mill. This brought a terse “No.” And then Turner started telling how, as a boy, he helped his grandfather grind cane and make syrup on their Mississippi farm.

One morning, he said, his grandfather did not tie up his mule and he got into the fermented skimming barrel, and before he knew it, the mule was drunk. Well, as Turner, in his characteristic way, described the antics of his grandfather’s drunken mule, he had the farmer and his wife in stitches. After that they could not tell us enough about how Roosevelt had done “Cotton Ed” wrong and that they and their neighbors were going to send him back to Washington. They became so friendly that they even asked Turner to stay for dinner.

Turner Catledge would later write and perform at the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club a hilarious skit he titled “Purging Time Down South.” Playing the role of “Cotton Ed” Smith, Catledge reportedly had both Smith and FDR guffawing until they nearly fell out of their chairs.

Catledge, of course, was capable of a good deal of seriousness, especially when news focused on

race relations in the South. “Being a Southerner, loving the South, and knowing all too well its sins against the Negroes,” recalled Catledge, “I think I had a special feeling for, and concern about, the unfolding racial drama.” Despite his revulsion to the violence of the Civil Rights era, Catledge was cautious to run wild exposes or to agitate an already tense climate with “[n]orthern interference” In 1947, after the lynching of Willie Earle in Greenville, South Carolina, an outraged Catledge sent a reporter to cover the subsequent murder trial. Sensitive about the reaction to “[N]orthern interference,” he tactfully selected Virginian John Popham. During the riots over the court-ordered admission of Autherine Lucy to the University of Alabama in 1956, Catledge was exceedingly careful to send Gay Talese, a native of New Jersey but an alumnus of the university. When civil rights workers James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner disappeared in 1964 near Catledge’s hometown, he personally briefed and debriefed his carefully selected team of reporters.

Social change was only one element of Catledge’s full career. Editing the *New York Times* earned Catledge vast experience and a degree of cosmopolitanism. His job took him frequently to Europe and Asia. He fought labor strikes and James Eastman’s subpoenas. Catledge redesigned the way his newspaper covered art and culture. But when he retired from *The Times* in 1970, Catledge looked south to New Orleans. He continued to speak, to write, and to reconnect

with Southern friends his career sometimes separated. The last article Catledge penned for the *New York Times* was a lighthearted piece, “The Meaning of True Grits,” published in 1982. “[T]his would be a much happier world,” he concluded, “if more of its millions had grits.” Turner Catledge died in 1983.

What’s all that got to do with anything? Nothing, except that my naked local newspaper subscription provides me less hominy than the *New York Times*. That’s a shame.

At my office is a cherished photograph of Turner Catledge, attorney Robert McCormick Figg, and my grandfather attending a nondescript meeting of civic organization in Thomson, Georgia. The date of the photograph was April 1949.

History does not formally recognize the quiet meeting that surely took place in the wee hours at Hickory Hill between Catledge, Figg and Brown against the remarkable backdrop of *Briggs et al. v. Elliott et al.*

Today, no visitor from our neck of the woods recognizes Figg or Catledge.

Why would they?

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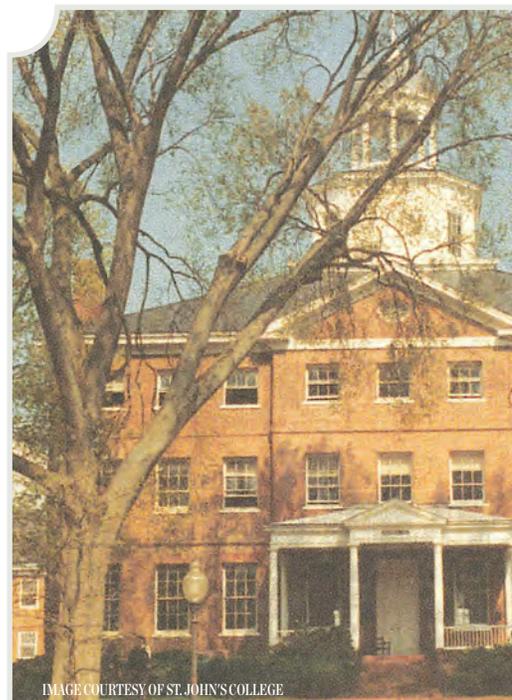


IMAGE COURTESY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

Completed in 1789, McDowell Hall is the oldest building on the campus of St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland. It was originally designed in 1742 as Colonial Governor Thomas Bladen's mansion but was not completed until the college acquired it forty-two years later.

Congratulations to Kelly McCahee and Eli Arnold who won gift cards to Barnes & Noble for correctly identifying the building!