

Spring 2015

The LEGACY

A Publication of Watson-Brown Foundation, Inc.

GAME *of* THRONES

HOWELL COBB'S UNCOMMON CHAIR

Ocean SPRAY

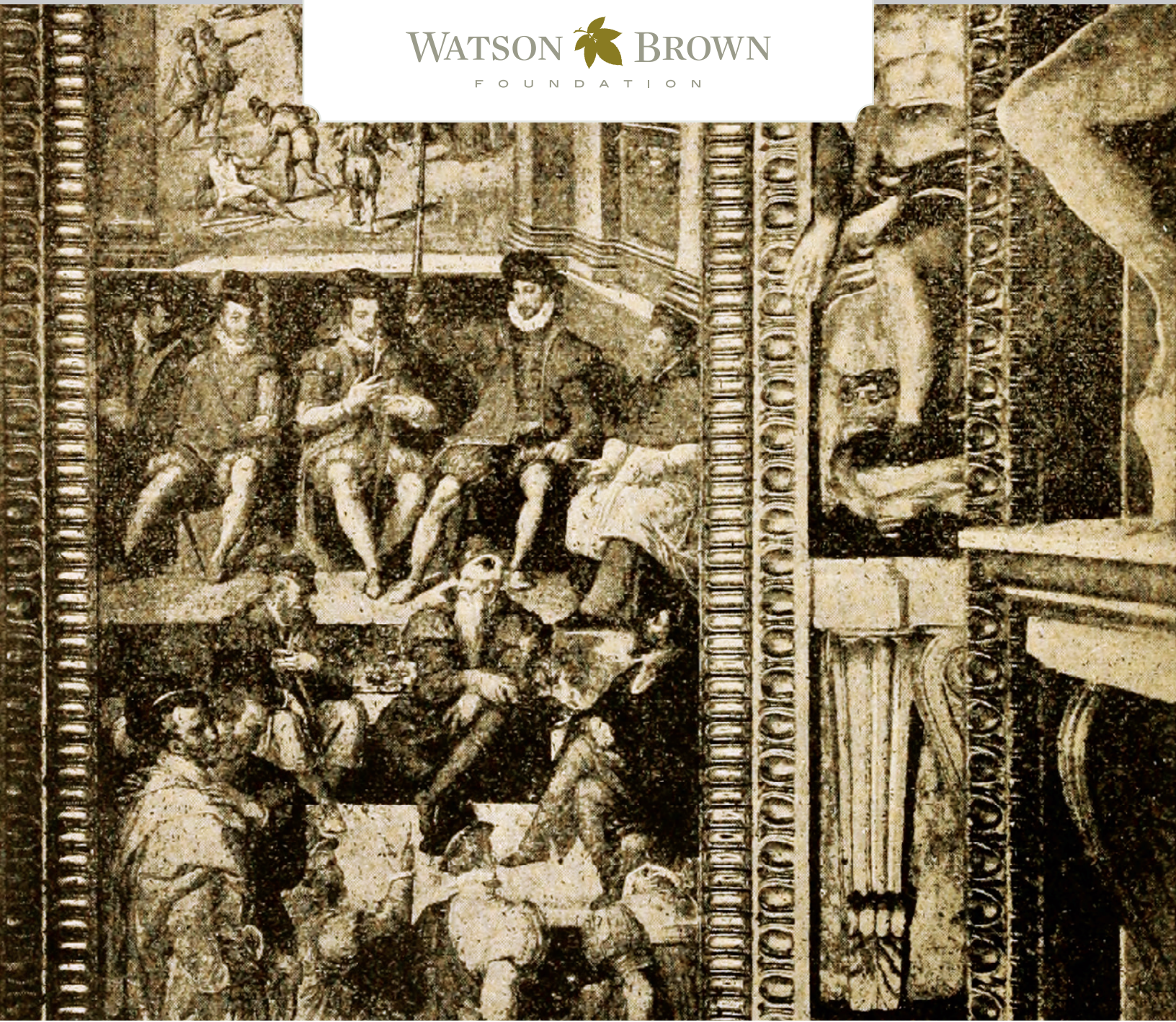
THE FLORIDA CRANBERRY

ANCHORED

in

Historic CHARLESTON

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“When the writer of these lines was a penniless youth of eighteen, and in search of a school to teach, he went [to Ebenezer]. He remembers how the broad German accent of the men, and certain peculiarities of language and manner, impressed him at the time; and, also, how highly these descendants of the original refugees were spoken of by the people of the adjacent communities.

There isn't a burial ground in America that excites a nobler veneration than that wherein the old Salzburgers sleep. Every tomb-stone marks the grave of a hero—a stalwart, God-fearing soul that would not bend his conscience to emperor and pope, and... forsook home and country, rather than desert the scared Cause.”



—Thomas E. Watson, *The House of Hapsburg*, 1915

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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



KERSTIN WRIGHT

Kerstin Wright, Junior, Berea College:
“Berea always gives me an unexpected semester! I have had so many great opportunities that I owe to Berea. This past semester, Berea College became the first undergraduate institution to offer The Women in Public Service Project as a course. Hillary Clinton founded this foundation, which is usually a course offered to mid-career women. I was able to take the course as a sophomore in college. It was such a great opportunity. As a result, I will publish an executive summary of a policy brief I wrote. I will also be getting a mentor through the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars. I was also singled out and will be featured on the Wilson Center’s Web site as part of their 50x50 Changemakers series. These are opportunities that people dream of that Berea has afforded me.”

Eli Scott, Junior, University of Georgia:
“Thanks to the support of the Watson-Brown Foundation, I have had the opportunity to travel to three continents while also pursuing my interests in



international policy. In Argentina, I was able to study conservation and sustainability policy while on a winter study abroad program. I also had the privilege of traveling through Europe after a Maymester at the University of Oxford and a study abroad at London School of Economics in International Political Economy; during my journey, I enriched my knowledge of global issues in an experiential manner. I saw first-hand the effects of a national liberation moment in Northern Ireland. I witnessed the epicenter of global finance and the future of academic thought on international development, and I also was able to indulge in my love of outdoor expeditions along the way by mountain biking in Rostrevor, Northern Ireland, and hiking the Tour du Mont Blanc through the Alps. But the third and final continent I explored was the one that I will remember the most. After a three-day amalgamation of transportation means via bus, plane, and ship, I reached the Western Antarctic Peninsula, where I spent two weeks exploring the landscape, playing with penguins, and giving a presentation on how international regulatory bodies can face the future demand of Antarctic tourism. I am extremely grateful for the generosity of the Watson-Brown Foundation, and I doubt that I would I be able to supplement my studies in international policy with global travel without such generosity!"

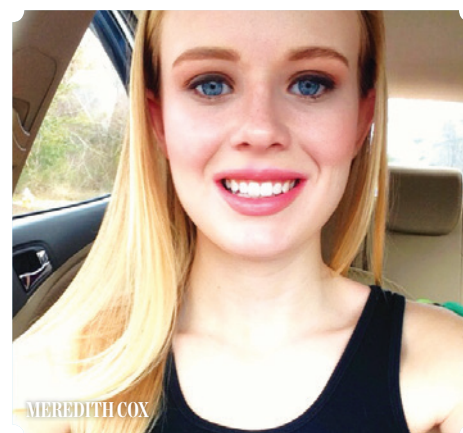
Meredith Cox, Junior, College of Charleston: "My first year of college was quite an experience. This past year

has given me plenty of opportunities to grow. This year I joined a sorority, where I had the pleasure of becoming the resident assistant of the house. Through the sorority, I have volunteered my time to Race for the Cure, the Lowcountry Foodbank, the James Island Connector Run, and Project Cinderella, where girls donate makeup, prom shoes, and dresses to other girls who would not be able to afford a prom themselves.

"My first semester, I played club volleyball and got to travel to many other colleges in the South and meet some great athletes. I also had the great experience of helping out with the model casting for Charleston Fashion Week (and even got to be a hair and makeup model myself)! This was a great experience and—even better—a résumé builder, as I hope to become an event planner.

"Spring semester, I took my first intro class for my major, where I learned so much and truly built a relationship with my professor who is a Fulbright scholar. I submitted a ten-page research paper on the tourism analysis of Greenville, South Carolina. He later personally mailed my A+ paper back with comments about the possibility of doing research together in the fall. I am extremely excited about this possibility! Second semester, I joined the Charleston Hospitality and Tourism Club, where I hope to become more of an active member in the next year. I will be applying for my dream internship late this fall. My Hospitality and Tourism Management professor has put me in contact with a recent graduate who is an event planner for the Jacksonville Jaguars pro football team. I hope to move to Jacksonville next summer in order to pursue my career goals of becoming a sports event planner."

Samuel Harrison, Junior, University of Chicago: "I cannot imagine a school that would feel more tailor-made for me than the University of Chicago. There's a phrase that gets tossed around, often by upperclassmen to underclassmen: UChicago is not a college, it's a research institution. Until recently, I had always taken it as a joke, a sort of jab at the school for catering more to its graduate student population of 15,000 than its undergrad population hovering around 5,000. But as your classes get more intense and you get to know your professors better, the University of Chicago does begin to feel



like a place where you are doing more than liberal arts learning. And that's a good thing. There is a drive to the campus culture that propels everyone, no matter their field, to not be satisfied with learning theory and to instead aim to progress the theory as soon as they possibly can. It's not every school that tells its students that they are capable of real research and, even further, the creation of new, valid theories, but I am so grateful that mine does.

"I came into the school thinking I was going to be a math major, quickly struck out of that field, and continued as a physics and economics double. Two years later, some of the faculty I am closest with are in the math department, and I'm looking at possibly applying to financial math programs. In hindsight, I'm not now drastically more capable of being taught abstract math than I was, I just now found the pleasure in putting the math to use and I now realized how much a single person, much less an entire mathematics department, can expand the field.

"I started my second year by enrolling in classes at the Booth School of Business and continued to take classes there throughout the year. I also joined one of the campus's more prominent economic groups, ILC, and was promoted to associateship within the year. With ILC, I competed in a trading competition and did well enough to earn an internship with a hedge fund as an analyst, where I look for small but deep-seeded problems in popular macroeconomic views. More specifically, I spend a lot of my time reading about certain parts of the Canadian housing market and writing about how this is affected by energy prices. It's been hard to tell whether it's boring or fascinating work, but I know I really enjoy working for and with such smart people."

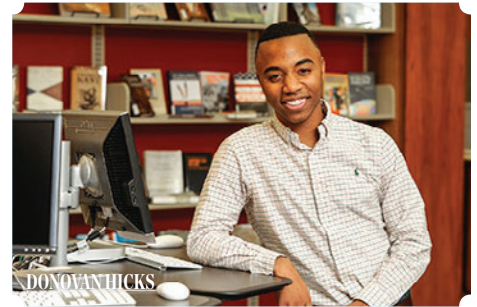


DANIELA MESA SANCHEZ

Daniela Mesa Sanchez, Sophomore, Furman University: “I had the chance to participate in Furman’s Japan Summer Experience. This program is for incoming freshman and offers a free faculty-led, two-week excursion through various Japanese cities. The trip was awesome! I met Japanese students, who later came to spend the year as exchange students at Furman. I got to tour Nara, Kyoto, and Tokyo and visit many temples, shrines, museums, and even a castle. The other students that came on the trip became great friends and we stayed this way

all through our freshman year. During my freshman year, I took two Japanese language courses and a freshman seminar as per agreement of the trip. Although Japanese language was challenging, it was also fun and rewarding. This trip and the language courses I ended up taking as a result of the trip were a defining characteristic of my freshman year.

Donovan Hicks, Junior, Wofford College: “I am double majoring in Government and Finance with a minor in Accounting. As a National Gates Scholar and Bonner Scholar, I work weekly with



South Carolina Legal Services, which is a nonprofit legal aid for low-income residents in the Spartanburg Community. As an intern, I have been inspired to not only start my own community initiative, Student to Student (S2S), but also pursue a career in public policy this year. On campus, I currently serve as the student body vice president of Wofford’s Campus Union, where I chair several committees and work closely with all chartered organizations on campus. I’m also the President of the Pre-Law Society and serve on the Ministry Team of Reformed University Fellowship (RUF), which is a Christian outreach organization on campus.

“This summer I will travel to India with four other Wofford students to intern in the International Law Department of a large conglomerate business. I’m incredibly stoked about this opportunity, as I’ll be abroad this for two months! This is just another great opportunity that Wofford offers!”

MaryBeth Cooper, Sophomore, Ithaca College: “My freshman year of college was surprisingly ordinary yet still challenging and exciting. Being nine hundred miles from home, I was able to experience a level of independence that, I believe, is a bit more demanding than that of students who are still in-state. I couldn’t go home for a weekend whenever I got homesick or when things got tough. I couldn’t support my high school band by flying to see their marching competitions each weekend. I had to let go of my high school years completely and experience the raw reality of college-level mandates.

“My first semester, I took the hardest class I had ever taken and probably will ever take. It was a film studies course, in which we analyzed films aesthetically, thematically, and historically. However, the class set me up for success for my film major and allowed me to want to work harder. Improvement was key for me, and

I was thrilled that I reached my goal of three A's and three A-'s, as well as making the Dean's list for my spring semester. Overall, I have really enjoyed my classes, and I feel so lucky to be a part of the film program at Ithaca College, where I am exposed to the coursework of my major from day one.

"The snow was a highlight, too. While residents across South Carolina and Georgia were experiencing the rumble of an earthquake, I was wrapped up in layers of clothing to shield myself from negative-eleven-degree weather. Stairs suddenly became quite terrifying. It even snowed in April. One morning, when rain finally took the place of snow, the roads weren't salted, and I practically ice-skated to my morning class. People were falling like toothpicks. Luckily, I never fell during my freshman year at IC, but, with three more years to go, I'm sure that my epic blizzard-fall is only within a matter of time."



CHARLOTTE HOW

Charlotte How, Junior, Vanderbilt University: "This spring break, I went on Vanderbilt's Alternative Spring Break, a weeklong service trip. My site, called Help!, was in Washington, D.C., and focused on the issue of homelessness. After a few days serving at the Father McKenna Center, the twelve of us went on what is fondly referred to by D.C.'s Homeless Coalition as the 'Homeless Challenge.' In order to gain a better understanding of the lives of those suffering from homelessness—to be educated, to reach a new level of empathy, and to distinguish myth from reality—we took to the streets of D.C. and, for forty-eight hours, were homeless. With the clothes on our backs and a sleeping bag, we panhandled, slept in the below-



NICHOLAS CULPEPPER

freezing cold, waited in the lines of soup kitchens, and interacted with our fellow homeless men and women.

"The experience was life-changing. It was so much tougher, lonelier, and more frightening that I could have possibly anticipated. We received countless dirty looks, feared for our lives, and went hungry. It was only the compassion of strangers, which provided us the strength to bring us through those frosty winter hours. As the forty-eight hours came to a close, my friends and I retreated to the warmth, taking long, hot showers, and assuming our typical college-student attire. We resumed our normal appearances, however, inside, we were forever changed. I can say with confidence that the twelve of us will never wordlessly walk past a homeless man or woman again. We will always spare a kind word, a smile, a dollar or two.

"I am so thankful to have had this experience, and I encourage everyone who has a few days to spare to step outside of their comfort zone. Live in the world of someone else for a week. It will change how you treat your fellow human beings—I know it has for me."

Nicholas Culpepper, Senior, Georgia Tech: "Junior year was the busiest year so far, but it was also the most rewarding. I started it off by changing my major so that I could take more computer science classes. Once the change was complete, I turned my focus on the fall career

fair and started looking for a summer internship. I went to résumé critiques, practiced interviewing, and even bought a suit, all with the hopes that I would get an offer so that I could have some work experience before graduating. After about a month, I was offered a software engineering internship with Cisco in the Raleigh-Durham area, which I graciously accepted. The rest of the fall semester was relatively quiet, which allowed me to catch up on all of the schoolwork that I had put off while looking for a job. In the spring, I took a class called Introduction to Information Security and also joined Greyhat, a club at Georgia Tech. While they are somewhat opposites of each other, the class teaches how to secure things while the club teaches how to hack things, they both emphasized the same thing; that security should be the highest priority when developing technology. Through both of these, I decided that I not only wanted to work in computer science after graduating, but I wanted to focus on security. As the summer approached, I got ready for my internship and was even flown out to the Cisco headquarters in San Jose for orientation. My manager and team have been really great to work with, and my mentors have already taught me so much about networks."

ALIX ADAMS



Alumni Spotlight

BY SHANNON FRIEDMANN HATCH



The wheels of Alix Adams's red bicycle spin over the cobblestone streets of Charleston, South Carolina, like a movie reel in a projector. She glides past close-up-ready historic homes cast more than a century ago by antebellum architects setting the city's stage. Tourists snap pictures from horse-drawn carriages and gape and gaze at facades as flawless as a Hollywood starlet. Five years in the city and you would think Alix would be immune to the scene. However, quite the contrary is true. It's not unusual for her to brake at a curb, take out the architectural detail handbook from her bag, and look for clues in the pitch of a roofline, tint of the paint, panes of the windows. It's like reading a script, and even the off-the-beaten-path vernacular houses have stories to tell.

Alix moved to Charleston in 2009 to pursue degrees in Art History and Historic Preservation and Community Planning from the College of Charleston. She had an eye tilted toward design, even at an early age. "I have always looked at things from an aesthetic point of view before I even knew I was," she says. A native South Carolinian, Alix grew up in North Myrtle Beach. Nine

generations of her family have called the once-small fishing town home. Her roots also reveal a familial penchant for beautiful things: Her grandmother owned an antique store and her mother is an interior designer. She shone in her studies but filled her free time with her true passion. "When other kids were playing sports, I was taking private art classes," she recalls.

It's not surprising, then, that she had zeroed in on her future courses of study even before high school. And upon arriving at the College of Charleston, wrapped up in the History of American Interiors or immersed in Modern Art History, Alix was finally in her element. She shared many of her classes with future architects or urban planners. "They were the hammer-and-nails people, but I was more interested in the cultural side," she says.

After graduation, she considered—and even applied to—graduate school. But in the intervening window of time when the acceptances came in and their deadlines loomed, Alix found she had "a heavy heart at the prospect of leaving the city I really love." When she came across an opportunity to anchor herself in Charleston—literally—working for the





“Financial support from Watson-Brown saw me through four unforgettable years at the College of Charleston. Thank you, Watson-Brown, for being a part of my journey!”



Yorktown Association, she jumped at it. (She now works for the recently formed Yorktown Foundation, which funds the fleet of National Historic Landmark ships at Patriots Point Naval & Maritime Museum.)

Alix's office is aboard the USS Yorktown, which bobs in the harbor as much as a 28,000-ton aircraft carrier can possibly bob. The ship acted in the Pacific Theatre during World War II and was also active during the Korean War and Vietnam. But since 1975, the decommissioned ship has

been stationed off Patriots Point, serving as a floating museum. Despite the fact that she walks down a half-mile pier (“not so far unless it’s raining”) to her desk on the boat, she works on typical office to-dos: managing the membership base, executing fundraising strategies, and planning events. A particular highlight: speaking with former crewmembers. “The best part is the oral history,” Alix says. “Once I spoke with the first person to ever land a plane at night on the Yorktown.” And eating lunch on the flight deck overlooking downtown

Charleston, isn’t that bad either. “It occurs to me every day that I’m in a very, very special place,” she says.

Alix hasn’t ruled out a master’s degree in the future, as it would help her reach her goal to one-day curate an art museum. But for now, this Southern port, with its tilted steeple piercing the Lowcountry sky, candy-colored facades, and house-length porches stationed to catch the Atlantic breeze, offers more than enough to behold. Peddling along, she’s a student of the city, taking it all in.



It's no small feat (but a small seat) that accounts for this pair's remarkable condition.



RARE CHAIRS



BY SAMUEL N. THOMAS, JR.

When is a chair more than simply a chair? When it also tells a story.

The T.R.R. Cobb House has two very significant chairs on loan and on display that originally belonged to Howell Cobb, T.R.R.'s older brother. Both chairs are rather unique for the Georgia Piedmont. Both are generally referred to as 'common' chairs. Riding chairs, sitting chairs, easy chairs,

common chairs, side chairs, table chairs, and Windsor chairs, are often found in nineteenth-century inventories of folks from every rung on the economic scale. Although commonly documented, "chairs are the rarest form of early Georgia furniture," wrote Henry D. Green, the preeminent collector of Georgia decorative arts. "They are the most nonexistent." The reason for their dearth is possibly due to the fact that they were so

common, so utilitarian, so unadorned, that they were overused, abused, and discarded. This makes the two that we have on display that much more significant.

Both chairs are made of hardwood, possibly hickory. They were skillfully constructed locally using a greenwood technique from materials readily at hand. Certain parts of the chair were made from seasoned wood, while other components were fashioned out of green wood. The

slats were cut in rectangular shapes and notched on the ends to form a tenon that was inserted into a mortise on the still green posts. As the posts shrank, they locked the tenons into place. To get the concave shapes to the back slats, they were seasoned (dried) over a rack to achieve the desired curve. The seats were probably originally made of white oak splints or river cane, which was always plentiful. When harvested, the splints were placed in water to keep them green and pliable to be woven in the same way that Native Americans made baskets. The present seats are twentieth-century replacements.

Dale Couch, adjunct curator with the Henry D. Green Center for the Study of the Decorative Arts at the Georgia Museum of Art, has studied common chairs for years. Couch maintains that their basic design originates “directly from the Franco-Germanic traditions of Europe ... The flat out-flared arms entered the vernacular from Continental sources as early as 1710. The overhanging turned arm even earlier, conceivably as early as 1620s from Dutch influence from traders.”

However even with outside influences, both chairs, according to Couch, are included in “a large group of chairs made over an extended period of time in the Georgia Piedmont” and both arm styles moved through migration as they “exhibit aspects of the Southern vernacular.”

The earlier chair, with its acorn finials is an early variation of a feature seen in known Walton County chairs and is an indicator that the chair is a Georgia Piedmont-made example. The second chair has a style at the top of the back posts called mule ear.

It would seem that both chairs were made in Walton County. Howell and Mary Ann owned Hurricane Plantation in the county and, since these two were intended to be used for official county functions, Howell probably commissioned them to be made in an attempt to patronize a local craftsman.

But there's more to the story that just the decorative-arts aspect. There is also a personal story that goes along with the chairs. During the mid-nineteenth century, people who were “robust” (a bit on the hefty side) were considered very healthy. The better well-off a person was, the more food they were able to afford, which tended to contribute to a fuller frame. In February 1861, Tom Cobb wrote home to Marion from Birmingham that, “I astonished Lizzie by telling her of

your weight, she was bragging of having fattened and weighing 100 pounds.”

Tom, himself, was perceived as a healthy individual. As for Howell, he was seen as always having been a very healthy individual, perhaps too much so which contributed to the nickname of “Fatty” he earned while attending Franklin College.

In 1837, Howell was elected as the state solicitor general for the Western Judicial Circuit, a position he held until 1841. At that time, Howell was obliged to preside over an eight-county circuit that included the present counties of Clarke, Franklin, Gwinnett, Habersham, Hall, Jackson,

Rabun, and Walton. In each of these county seats there was an assigned chair for the solicitor general. The common chair with the acorn finials was the assigned chair, and he had one of these chairs in each of the courthouses.

According to family history, however, Howell was too healthy for that particular chair and so he went out and commissioned the construction of eight of the mule ear chairs to better accommodate his healthy frame. Howell died in 1868 of a massive heart attack in New York City while on a shopping trip with Mary Ann. He was healthy right up to the end.



Thomas R. R. Cobb's older brother, Howell Cobb.



THE FLORIDA CRANBERRY



Sticks & Stones

BY MICHELLE L. ZUPAN



Hibiscus sabdariffa

This summer at Hickory Hill we've been engaged in an horticulture experiment that we were told probably would, at best, not thrive, and, at worst, fail miserably. I am pleased to report that neither has occurred! Hope I haven't jinxed it.



Florida Cranberry Sauce



The experiment involved the small-scale cultivation (six plants) of *Hibiscus sabdariffa*, known south of the Georgia state line as the Florida cranberry. The plant is neither native to Florida nor a relation of the cranberry, but we all know that things can go a bit sideways in the Sunshine State.

H. sabdariffa, aka roselle, is native from India to Malaysia and made its way to West Africa prior to the colonial period. Flemish botanists were studying its properties in the sixteenth century. Enslaved West Africans transported seeds to Brazil and Jamaica in the eighteenth century. By 1887, seeds were introduced into central Florida. Evidently all of the plants in Eustis, Florida, were killed by frost, so cultivation was moved to southern Florida. Bags of dried hibiscus flowers were a common sight in south Florida markets by 1907.

From the early twentieth century until World War II, roselle was a common landscape plant in south Florida. It's possible the Watson gardens at Hobe Sound may have had roselle growing amongst the oleander, agave, and pygmy date palms. The

“We have great hopes for the ‘Hickory Hill’ cranberry as harvest begins!”



canes of the plant grow to about 8 feet in height and are a deep red color, while the dark green leaves shade out weeds. They were typically grown as privacy hedges.

Throughout the world, roselle was used culinarily and medicinally and for fiber. In Africa, Burma, and the Philippines, its leaves and flowers are often fried with garlic and cooked with chicken or lentils as favored meals. Elsewhere it is the calyx that is prized. The calyx is harvested after the bloom has closed and before the seed pod is fully developed. The calyx is dark red and has many medicinal uses. It was this use on which Florida hoped to capitalize.

Florida touted the roselle calyx as the South's answer to the cranberry. Juice produced by boiling the calyces contains high levels of vitamin C and phytochemicals. It can be sweetened with sugar, turned into jellies, sauced, added to pies, or (as they've done for three centuries in Jamaica) mixed with rum and ginger for a festive holiday libation. Sadly, the Florida cranberry fell out of favor. We have great hopes for the “Hickory Hill” cranberry as harvest begins!

HIDDEN FRUIT



Forest for the Trees

BY DEXTER RHODES

The holidays have come and gone, and I've eaten enough sweet potatoes to turn orange.

Really. After Christmas my skin turned a shade of orange. I got scared because I thought I had come down with a case of jaundice. I felt fine, I just looked peculiar. I'm not exactly a hypochondriac, so rather than run to the emergency room I went to our local veterinarian. He's real smart and makes house calls for animals. We have him visit Hickory Hill once a year to give the peacocks shots. (Remind me another time to describe the peacock roundup at Hickory Hill. It's wild. No critter likes going to—or being visited by—the vet.)

Anyway, I stopped in the vet's office to get medical attention. Our talk went something like this:

"How are the peacocks, Dexter?"

"Coming along real good, Doc, coming along real good. Thanks for helping us with the shots. And my lacerations healed up nicely, too. Say, Doc, do I look strange to you?"

"No more than usual, Dexter."

"Well, I was thinking my complexion was a bit off-color. Momma used to say I had a 'ruddy' complexion. Looks like I'm less ruddy than normal."

"Well, it is winter, Dexter. How's your diet?"

"Doc, I'm funny looking not fat."

"No, son, I mean have you been eating properly?"

"Well, come to think of it, I've been on something like a sweet potato-binge. Love them things."

"There you have it: You've ingested so much beta-carotene you've turned orange. It'll work its way out of your system, fear not."

Have you ever heard of such? I laughed all the way home. The doc's talk had me thinking back to when I was a kid and used to watch the movie *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* at Christmastime. Don't you remember what happened to Violet Beauregarde?

Anyway, I bet you're wondering what this has to do with horticulture. Nothing, actually, except that the only fruit on this planet I like as much as a sweet potato is a pawpaw. I'm betting you don't know anything about a pawpaw. Around 1541, Hernando de Soto claimed to have seen Indians eating pawpaws (*Asimina triloba*) near the Mississippi Valley. A pawpaw looks kind of like a cucumber and is the largest edible fruit native to North America. Some country folks call them Hoosier Bananas or Poor Man's Bananas or Custard Apples. We just call them pawpaws.

The fruit is highly sought-after by roaming Dexters and other plant enthusiasts. It has more vitamin C than an apple and is full of other stuff like riboflavin, niacin, potassium, phosphorus, magnesium, zinc, and iron. It tastes like a cross between a banana and a mango—kind of custardy. They are super-yummy. All sorts of commercial varieties exist, including the Sunflower, Sunglow, Wells, and Zimmerman pawpaw.

If you don't grow one in the backyard, the trick is locating one in the wild. A pawpaw tree is an understory plant that likes rich humus soil with a pH of around 5 to 5.7. It prefers deep, well-drained soil. Look near

creek bottoms and flood plains. It is dark green and has droopy, tri-lobed leaves. The small trees grow in clusters, so if you find one you will find many. The tree flowers in late spring and produces mature fruit by August.

Half of the states in American grow pawpaws. This plant has a little problem when planted from a seed or a graft: Some varieties need shade for a couple of years to shield them from ultraviolet light. Once it builds tolerance to the sun's rays, it can start to produce fruit. It needs one more thing: The Zebra Swallowtail butterfly. The butterfly likes to use pawpaws as a larval-host plant and will pollinate the pawpaw flowers.

So if you want to eat a yummy fruit that is not available at Winn-Dixie, take a walk in the woods now while the leaves are off the trees. The pawpaw is deciduous, but you'll be able to find them by looking for waxy trunks whose average size will probably be about the diameter of a broomstick. Again, look under other hardwoods and look for patches of them. Mark the spot. Visit again in the summer and check the trees for fruit. In late August, you should be able to shake the tree and catch the fruit as it falls. Then eat.

On the other hand, if you locate a pawpaw patch, you can just notify me. I'll take the fruit off your hands. You wouldn't want to eat them anyway. I hear they'll turn you green.



*“So if you want to eat a yummy fruit that is not available
at Winn-Dixie, take a walk in the woods...”*





OUR FOUNDER

Walter J. Brown was a journalist and a broadcast pioneer who built and chaired what would become Spartan Communications, Inc., one of the larger privately held TV companies in the country.

Early in his career, Brown had an office in the White House when he served on the staff of Secretary of State James F. Byrnes. Brown's enduring love for politics was eclipsed only by his respect for Jimmy Byrnes. Inspired in part by Byrnes's philanthropy—

which in 1948 established the James F. Byrnes Foundation—Brown created his own private Foundation in 1970. Named for Thomas E. Watson and J.J. Brown, the men to whom Brown attributed his success, the Watson-Brown Foundation today continues to ensure that hundreds of deserving students are provided the opportunity to excel at the college of their choice.



Calvert Hall of St. Mary's College was originally called the Seminary and School Building and is part of the oldest state-owned college in Maryland's history. Completed in 1845, the building burned in 1924 and was reconstructed on its original foundation a year later. St. Mary's College shares its National Historic Landmark designation with St. Mary's City.

Congratulations to Rickey Jones, Jr. for correctly identifying the structure!