Volume 12 / Issue 3
The LEGACY
A Publication of Watson-Brown Foundation, Inc.

SARAH BEATY'S
Pop QUIZ

SCHOLARS’
Day
HICKORY HILL

WRECKS
and
SPECKS
OF FISHING AND FLOUNDERING

HUNGRY
for
ADVENTURE
HICKORY HILL’S FOODWAYS CAMP

Watson Brown FOUNDATION
“But if the purpose of any system of society and education be to produce men, there was virtue in the colonial system somewhere. Stronger, better men no system has ever produced. The private tutor, the parsonage teacher, the private school, William and Mary College, fireside instructions, home training, association with high-minded people, the reading of a few standard books—accompanied with the manly support of fox-hunting, boat-rowing, horse-back riding, hunting with gun and dog, dancing at country parties—this was the system which formed the men who, in the day of trial, were able to do all that was necessary for their country, both in the council-room and on the field of battle.”

—Thomas E. Watson, *Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson*, 1903
SCHOLARS’ & ALUMNI DAY

BY SARAH KATHERINE DRURY

The initial glimpse of students arriving at Hickory Hill for our annual Scholars’ Day is always stunning. After months of evaluating students’ scholarship applications, reading about their triumphs and misfortunes, learning about their passions and goals, the Foundation is finally presented the opportunity to see shining eyes and to hear tinkling voices that appealed for aid. In our world of grades and statistics, the humanizing practice of matching faces with names and stories is poignant. Scholars’ Day is a powerful time of celebration when we welcome new members into the Watson-Brown family.

This year, the Foundation received over 1,000 applications from amazing students from sixteen counties in Georgia and South Carolina. We awarded 231 new scholarships to a very talented and deserving pool of students. This year’s Watson-Brown Scholars performed extremely well academically. Their average SAT scores (math and verbal) exceeded 1200 and as a whole they graduated in the top seven percent in their high school class. Watson-Brown’s scholarship mission is a delicate balance. It recognizes students with academic merit and also looks for students with sincere financial need. If the Foundation can lift a piece of the financial burden college imposes on a family—or make college attendance a reality—then it has accomplished its philanthropic goal.

The Watson-Brown Foundation will be awarding at least 200 new scholarships for 2013–2014, and online scholarship applications will be available this fall. Be sure to tell the students in your family and community about the opportunity and remind them that the deadline is February 15, 2013. Both high school seniors and current undergraduate college students may apply if they are from the eighteen eligible counties (Elbert and Hart counties are new additions for this year). For more information, please do not hesitate to contact me (Sarah Katherine Drury) at sdrury@watson-brown.org or 706-872-6972 (direct). I look forward to another great scholarship year and am already excited about seeing the new faces at Scholars’ Day 2013!
CAMPUS NOTES

Watson-Brown Scholars in Action

Jessica Forbes, Junior, Clemson University: “This year was a very challenging year. I was primarily in all animal veterinary science classes, and I became involved in several more clubs and honor societies. One honor society I really enjoy being a member of is Golden Key. I participated in the Golden Key Relay for Life team. As a part of the team, I raised money for Relay for Life and participated in the all-night event of walking the track and raising even more money for the American Cancer Society. I also became a member of the Clemson Dairy Club. One of the most memorable events that I participated in was the student labor auction held in order to raise money for the club. Families in the area bid on two students, and then those two students go work for three hours, doing whatever the family needs. My partner and I showed up for two hours and, in all honesty, it was the best fun I had all week. Being able to be out of the library, not studying, and enjoying the outdoors was a wonderful break from the stress of upcoming exams. This past summer, I worked as a veterinary technician at a local animal clinic. In addition, I worked at the local animal emergency clinic exploring that end of the veterinarian field.”

Anna Cope, Junior, University of North Carolina Chapel Hill: “Another incredible year at the University of North Carolina, finished! As a Sophomore, I loved going through the school year with my majors finally declared, after much deliberation and indecision as a Freshman! I am currently studying art history and international studies, with a concentration in Western Europe. One favorite experience of the year was seeing President Obama speak at UNC in the spring, which was definitely worth the five-hour-long line! However, the highlight of my year was taking a coral reef ecology class that culminated in a trip to the small Caribbean island of St. John over spring break to snorkel and study corals and other marine life. I had never snorkeled before the trip or even traveled much further south than Disney World! Each day, the class explored a new bay or reef, and although our professor gave some tips, we were given a lot of independence to explore and study whatever especially interested us. On my trip, I was lucky enough to swim with reef sharks, an amazing variety of tropical fish, barracuda, and, of course, sea turtles. I also enjoyed seeing the islands way of life in the Caribbean that it is so different from the scheduled lifestyle in the United States. “This picture shows me on the boat after an afternoon snorkeling in caves where some of Blackbeard’s hidden treasure has been found!” Reflecting on my adventures this year also makes me excited about my plans to study abroad in Montpellier, France, in the fall. I have studied French for many years, and, as an international studies major, I am thrilled for this opportunity to immerse myself in the fascinating French culture and become fluent in the language.”

Lilly Eslser, Junior, Wellesley College: “My Sophomore year at Wellesley has been tough but truly spectacular. It began with challenging new courses outside of my math- and science-oriented comfort zone when I took political science and philosophy. I quickly became enamored with philosophy, as it is really everything more than what I have ever wanted in an academic discipline. Concise, logical arguments must be sound and valid, readings are short but incredibly dense, and it gives me something to think about and challenge myself with as I prepare answers and solutions, pour over plates, and tend to animals at my on-campus job in Wellesley’s biology department. Thus I have found my passion this past semester, as a philosophy major, biology minor, and have adored every moment of all of my classes since. I credit this, in part, to my trip I took with Wellesley’s Peace and Justice Department this January. I applied and was accepted to take a course on the ‘Legacy of Gandhi in Modern Grassroots Organizations,’ which entailed traveling to India and meeting with organizations ranging from the directors of the World Bank in Delhi, to UNESCO supported programs at the Banaras Hindu University in Varanasi, to the isolated Seedi tribes, descendents of the African Diaspora in Karnataka. I got to directly interact with women belonging to many different social strata and interviewed them about their perspectives on Gandhi, the state of affairs in India regarding women, sources of poverty, and what they perceive is the best life that they can live. I could go on for hours, discussing how this amazing opportunity profoundly changed my perspective on my life, as well as the way I hope to serve my community. “As a resident of Due West, South Carolina, population 1,206, I had no idea what the scale of a population as large as India’s would really look like. The sights I saw, all astounding—some beautiful and some harrowing—gave me perspective as to what conditions like those described in textbooks are really like and put many faces to those situations. Some of the poverty I saw, sadly, mirrored some of the poverty I see in the United States, mostly in terms of healthcare access (the American uninsured and disabled, versus the residents of the unauthorized settlements of Delhi). This disturbing realization led me to the pursuit of a Wellesley Summer Service Corp grant, which provided me with funding to work at the Greater Greenwood United Ministries Free Medical Clinic this summer. “I have participated with and learned from the health-care providers and patients about the ways the clinic serves, as well as understanding why people would need a free clinic at all in America. I must say that I feel as if I am really living a full, rich, and blissed life, as I find that I am never bored nor lacking for something to ponder. I am extremely grateful to thank the Watson-Brown Foundation with all my heart for helping me reach such a fabulous and fulfilling part of my life.”

Zidisha Dambura, Junior, University of Georgia: “This year I feel as if I have really grown as a person and solidified my interests for the future. I got to know some really great instructors who have helped introduce me to new opportunities and point me in the right direction whenever I have questions or concerns.”

Richard Droghini, Junior, Vanderbilt University: “I had a great Sophomore year. For my pre-med requirements, I took the infamous organic chemistry. I enjoyed the challenge and even enjoyed the subject. My other classes included music theory (form and structure, then twentieth-century music), sight singing and ear training, keyboard training (pianing proficiency on the piano), Western music history, and global music. I listened to the music on the buses—and saw significant improvement, placing as principle tube in the spring semester and playing in the Blue School of Music Orchestra—and on jazz guitar.
Starting jazz guitar lessons was probably my favorite activity of this past year. The nearly infinite possibilities for solo improvisation and accompanying are incredibly daunting, but learning and practicing has been extremely rewarding.

Another very rewarding activity I started this past year was volunteering as a guitar teacher at WO Smith, a music school for low-income children. I was also involved in the student-led marching band, and acted as Sophomore representative in Tau Beta Sigma, an organization that serves the band, and in Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia, national men's music fraternity, for which I have been elected to the position of fraternal education officer for the upcoming school year. I also played for the club water polo team, coached the team at our annual game and enjoyed playing in tournaments.

"Academically, I continued working in a research lab studying laughter. Our lab analyzed laughter samples, and I helped run data collection using electrode sensors and cap.

"For housing, I lived in a Mayfield, which is a ten-person house that works on a year long project; we researched different genres of music and their impact on place in American culture. I am living in another Mayfield this coming year, a project focused on educating the campus on food choice and sustainability. I also decided that I want to pursue medical school following undergraduate study. Goals for this upcoming year include advancing my education and looking towards graduate school, I plan to continue to learn something new and enjoyable moments of clarity."

Joon Koh, Sophomore, Georgia Institute of Technology: "My Freshman year has gone by so quickly! It was filled with lots of laughter and countless all-nighters at the library. I feel like I have become best friends with Georgia Tech Library! But being in the library this year, I achieved the magic number: 4.0, both the fall and spring semesters. My name was even on The Augusta Chronicle for being the highest academic honors, the Faculty Honor. Although it took lots of dedication of time to achieve this honor, I believe that I could not have done it without my friends. Whenever I am struggling to stay focused on my assignments, my friends were always there. Whenever I did not know how to approach problems, they would be there. When I needed to relieve stress from all the work, my friends were there for me. Who knows, with all the progress I have made, I might have gone cuckoo from stress and get a lower GPA. Moral support from friends is indispensable to my college life. To help me maintain the magic number, I am planning on studying for classes that I will be taking during fall semester over the summer. I will be taking my first chemical engineering class during the summer semester. This important group of undergraduates, led by the Associate Chaplain, is charged with caring for the secularization of the church, and all the materials contained therein. I feel privileged to be able to serve in this role. I loved the meaning behind evangelism and the name of everything involved in the Exhortation.

"This summer, I volunteered at Solomon House, a non-profit organization of the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany in New Iberia, Louisiana. Solomon House is a food pantry that gives out more than 100 bags of groceries weekly to needy families. Solomon House points to the intersection between service and faith that has come to be the theme of my Sophomore year. I hope to continue to serve the Solomon community, whether it be beyond the Mountain. Thank you Watson-Brown for helping to make my time at Solomon House possible."

Jennifer Dandron, Sophomore, Valsadosta State University: "My first year of college was an experience like none other. At Valsadosta State University, I discovered something beautiful. I went in to VSU having declared my major in mass media. Through taking the media courses throughout the year, I realized that I absolutely love the direction my future is headed! Nelson Mandela said, 'Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world.' Media influences the way people think, and the way a person thinks changes the world; no major exists that can change the world as much as a mass media degree—so, precisely, is what I found so beautiful!

"Beyond realizing my passion for my future, my first year was also full of various accomplishments. In August, when I began my journey, I set a goal to maintain a perfect GPA for the entire year, which was accomplished through hard work and dedication. I joined the Honor’s College at VSU and the Honor’s Student Association, I was elected as a Freshman representative for the organization. Likewise, I was elected as a Freshman representative for the upcoming year. At the end of the year, I was awarded the President’s Award. I was so honored to receive such an award. Also, I was inducted into the honor society Alpha Lambda Delta. I was able to learn enough to have at least a 3.5 GPA and be in the top twenty percent of his/her class. Another accomplishment which I worked hard to obtain is the fact that I am one class away from being classified as a Junior! I accomplished this feat because I completed twenty-six hours of college classes thanks to passing my advanced placement exams. However, I would not be so close to being a Junior had I not taken seventeen hours during my spring semester. I am very proud of the fact that I have, basically, skipped a year of college.

"My plans for the summer are to continue with my education on my own. I chose not to take summer classes as a way to reward my hard work. However, I do not plan to let summer derail my education. I am currently learning the Russian alphabet so that I will be prepared next semester for my Russian 100 class. Moreover, I have a summer reading list of fifty books so that I can stay well read.

"A college place is where valuable educational experiences are offered. It is up to the student to capitalize on such opportunities—so, I am confident when I say that my first year at Valsadosta State University was two semesters worth of each day being seized."
In an attempt to reach a healthy balance between my academic pursuits and social endeavors, I found time to take advantage of all that USC and the city of Columbia have to offer. Shortly after arriving on campus, I made many friends, and, as the year progressed, this list grew longer. This enhanced my first-year experience, because it made my transition a lot smoother.

"During the fall, the biggest attractions in the city were the Carolina football games. Over 80,000 people converge on the campus daily with hopes of a Gamecock victory. I attended every home game except one, and I believe that these events were the highlight of my fall semester. I was able to bond with my friends and even many people that I did not know well, even in the stands cheering on the Gamecocks.

"Before coming to college, I knew that I wanted to become very involved on my campus and in my community. Once I got to the University of South Carolina, I started persevering towards this goal. I volunteered throughout the year by taking part in Martin Luther King Day of Service, Adopt a Highway, a clothes drive, and being of assistance at a local nursing home. I became active on campus and started making many friends. These organizations include the Minority Assistance Peer Program (MAPP), Gamecock United, and the Alpha Lambda Delta National Honor Society for First Year Students. Along with these organizations, I also became a member of the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority.

"Over the summer, I have already begun settling in to my new home. Moving into the upper division nursing program at USC, become a mentor for incoming students, and being active on campus have pushed myself to be successful in all that I attempt.

By serving in this capacity, I am the liaison between the university's policies and student body and am in contact with all other sororities on campus.

"The University of Georgia has so much to offer me. Participating in some of those opportunities, like the Panhellenic Council, was part of the driving force that made me rethink my major. College is a time for thinking, planning, and exploration. It would be a disservice to the world and myself without exploring my options for a future career.

"The University, I will further explore my future as a camp counselor at Rock Eagle 4H Center. As a Cloverbelt Adventure Program counselor, I will spend fifteen to twenty-six hours after school and weekends helping to teach younger children in a more hands-on environment.

"I am very excited for this upcoming year as I continue on this journey that I have taken. I am determined to make the most of my college years here at the University of South Carolina.

---

Sareen Ali, Senior, University of Georgia: "This year, as always, was even better than the last. I continued my job at the Deans Office, served on the Student Government Association, and worked closely with the director of the office in his research, as well as helping the director of international student affairs with global internships with preparing materials for study-abroad programs in China, Brazil, and Germany. I also became president of the Muslim Students Association. In our organization, we initiated numerous new events and programs that members and nonmembers alike responded to with great enthusiasm. We held several interfaith panel fundraisers for international relief efforts, and Muslim Culture Fest—a daylong festival promoting Muslim culture and identity around the world. This summer, I will be interning with the Department of Justice in the Office of Public Affairs. In the fall, I will also be completing my Arabic degree at the Qasid Institute in Amman, Jordan. I am extremely excited about all of these opportunities and am confident that the Watson Brown Scholarship will help in easing the financial burden and allowing me the full funding experience."

---

Xavier Brown, senior, Georgia Southern University: "Upon entering my junior year of college, I realized how fast my college career has progressed. I decided to challenge myself to the best that I could academically, while also keeping my social life intact and making new friends. I was asked to be on another leadership team for Christian Campus Fellowship and decided to take the opportunity. The name of our leadership team was FLAVA. It stands for Freshman, and LAVA is for outreaching to the Georgia Southern community of students. Our goal was to provide a home away from home and love to as many Freshmen as possible. In addition, I embarked on my third spring break mission trip. This trip was a part of the experience, as usual, and I learned a lot about service, leadership, and the importance of community.

"As an incoming senior, I plan on making the most out of my last year as an undergraduate student. I will be joining the senior leadership team for Christian Campus Fellowship and trying to continue my involvement with all those involved with the Watson-Brown Foundation for even giving me the chance and opportunity to graduate from Georgia Southern. The support is truly appreciated and without you I would not have had the opportunity presented to me this year. I pray that you continue to help common people who deserve the opportunity to an education but otherwise would not be able to afford it."

---

John Christopher, senior, Clemson University: "My Junior year has been full of many exciting things. From the beginning of my junior year, I was selected as a Dixon Global Policy Scholar through the Calhoun Honors College. I was sent on a trip to Strasbourg, France, in May to study the European Union and went on another in July to study architecture in New Orleans.

"During the summer, I was selected as one of three Clemson students as an ACCA (American Institute of Certification and Academic Collaborative) Fellow. I have been awarded a grant to research campus sexual violence at Clemson University. Clemson’s department of sociology and anthropology is fully backing my research. They also awarded me the Larson-Krupka Award for Excellence in Sociology. A gathering I organized to protest gender-based violence in the fall received an outpouring of community support as well as media attention. (You can Google ‘gender-based violence plus Anderson independent’ to see the article)"

---

Maranda DeBusk, Senior, Furman University: "This year I took courses in scenic design, theatre history, education, philosophy of religion, costume crafts, and an independent study in advanced lighting design. I learned how to draw and draft how the public education system operates; how to design, pattern, and construct clothing; how the universe operates, and have learned an important aspect of religious debate: not a bad year.

"By the way, I am a very course work, I designed the lights for the Furman University Theatre Arts Department’s production of ‘The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee.’ My other design credits this year include the lighting design for ‘Spider Players’ ‘Once Upon a Mattress’ and ‘A Christmas Carol’. I managed the Theatre Arts Department’s production of ‘Beyond Therapy,’ as well as working on the set for ‘Space Odyssey’ at the United States Institute for Theatre Technology’s annual conference. I have also been accepted to study aboard in the UK, with the Theatre Arts Department and the English Department, as we begin the sixth graders down the zipline and other high ropes elements. If that does not inspire change and exploration, I do not know what will."

---

Michael Harpe, Sophomore, Wofford College: "My Freshman year at Wofford College was one of academic challenges and triumphs. Throughout the past year, I played an important part in achieving my goals. First semester, I was a little overwhelmed playing football, trying to study, volunteering as a big brother, and just learning the ropes as a freshman. After first semester exams, my GPA was 2.92 and this was a surprise to me because of my success in high school. I realized that college is a lot harder than I thought and I had to work even harder to obtain my academic goals. Second semester, I knew that my scholarships were riding on my GPA being above a 3.0 for the year, and I studied countless hours to reach this goal. For my high school student who was in the top three percent of his graduating class to come to an academically challenging school, I failed to reach my potential. I think that I responded to the challenges and received a wake-up call to manage my time more effectively, and hopefully I will use this knowledge to achieve academic excellence for the remainder of my three years at Wofford."
SARAH BEATY
Alumni Spotlight
BY SHANNON FRIEDMAN HATCH

The last thing I played on my iPod was ...
Bolero

Number of stamps in my passport ...
forty six, plus three visas (China, Brazil and an Italian student visa)

If I had a free round-trip ticket for anywhere in the world, I'd go to ... India

For me, the biggest challenge to adjusting to life in China was ... the lack of special awareness and utter lack of respect for personal space. Also, the food has been disappointing, and it is quite totally considering I am a vegetarian and they put mixed food in everything and I can't communicate my dietary preferences. (Tofu is not a common option here like I was expecting.)

I often feel like I work at (circle all that apply):
A. Disneyland
B. a circus
C. a typical office

To me, it is the culmination of all great art forms combined into one (music, drama, dance, visual art, literature).

Visitors are offered complimentary:
A. tea or coffee
B. alcohol
C. Coca-Cola

In one month, the Venetian Macao makes ...
A. the same amount of money as the Las Vegas Venetian in a month
B. half as much as the Las Vegas Venetian in a month
C. more money than the Las Vegas Venetian makes in a year

Section 3: True/False
True or False: I never could have made it to where I am today if it weren't for my parents who always believed in me and told me I could pursue whatever I wanted.

True or False: I also have a special place in my heart for my church family at St. Paul's Lutheran church. They helped me find my voice and grow comfortable with it.

True or False: Wherever I travel, I like to hike and experience the wilderness of a new country. It helps me clear my mind and is very refreshing to me. Just this past summer, I climbed Mount Fuji.

Section 4: Essay
When you think of the Watson-Brown scholarship, what thoughts come to mind? Gratitude and respect. I am so grateful to have had this support from Watson-Brown, and I truly adore the opportunities you have given to students from the South. Not only is it a scholarship organization, it is also a community. WB is always diligent about keeping in touch with our alumni and planning reunions and continuing their relationship well after the scholarship period has ended.

WATSON-BROWN ALUMNI POP QUIZ
Section 1: Fill-in-the-blank
The biggest misconception about opera is ...

Section 2: Multiple choice
While gambling at the Venetian Macao,
T.R.R. COBB HOUSE OPENS HISTORY
“SWEATSHOP”

BY SAMUEL N. THOMAS, JR.

Toby Graham, director of the Hargrett Library, traded access to the collection and strategic advice in return for whatever our workers produce, plus one lunch a week for the next ten years. Investor Graham ultimately will reap the benefit of the sweatshop labor because The Howell Cobb Family Collection will have a deeper index than any other in the Hargrett. Graham is a speculator and a “plunger,” because he has no idea what the finished product will look like or if he can staff it into any extant library format or protocol. He will eat well, however.

MoWorks, an Athens-based educational software company, dropped from the sky into our midst an additional laborer. MoWorks pays her, too. MoWorks is interested in building a 3D antebellum map of Athens at some point in the future and hopes the letters will shed light on homes and venues and names. Randy Reid, Ph.D., Chair of the Humanities Department at Athens Academy, a local college prep day school, is our primary investor. He gave the project his 3,000 handwritten 5.5-by-8 notecards from his graduate-school days when he researched the collection to produce his 1,400-page dissertation on Howell Cobb. His school is interested in crafting future courses from the experiment in research and technology.

Our sweatshop manager is Dr. Christopher Lawton, a wildly enthusiastic historian of the antebellum South, who also is interested in instructional research methods. Lawton’s classroom performances can inspire the dead, and he continues to amaze with the prodigious output of his three worker bees.

Finally, our proletariat are interns Caroline Alex, Kiersten Rom, and Chelsea Cain. The history department of the University of Georgia donated them. Between laughs about college social life and groans about reading Reid’s bones of cards, our terrific transcribing triumvirate is producing a reference base of every letter in the collection under such categories as “Slave Life,” “Social Life,” “Politics” and “Business.” The computer groans under the ever-increasing weight of the Excel spreadsheet.

Delighted to say that their job is almost complete, one worker irreverently sighed, “Thank God that Howell Cobb died in 1864.”

At 42 linear feet and more than 3,000 letters, The Howell Cobb Family Collection is among the larger manuscript holdings at the University of Georgia’s Hargrett Rare Book and Manuscript Library. Our experts estimate that perhaps ten percent of the correspondence in the collection is from Cobb’s younger brother, Thomas Reade Cobb (TRR). Problem is, the collection is arranged chronologically and does not have subject headings. The files are simply organized by year. For those attempting to glean tantalizing morsels from brother Tom’s writing to Howell over a span of three decades, they have to pick up all the substantial symbols, even if by trained researchers, would take months. Those of us charged with interpreting Tom’s life obviously consider the trove of letters invaluable.

So at the risk of upsetting the ghost of Tom Cobb, we took a cue from New England history and built a sweatshop whose workers would build a subject and topical index to the collection. Our thoughtful partners—capitalists all—heartily blessed our mission and salivated over dreams of future dividends.

(left to right) Chelsey Cain, Caroline Alex, and Kiersten Rom build the Howell Cobb Collection database.
几件卫士文物比任何其他卫士旗帜都多。这些卫士旗帜是历史的象征。重要的收藏品包括那些在博物馆的联邦军，南卡罗来纳州的联邦军旗，以及白旗。联邦军在南卡罗来纳州和军事历史上都有其地位。联邦军旗帜早期在英格兰和苏格兰有其地位。它是在1712年，俄罗斯国旗设计的。在英国国旗中，其设计是作为其官方的军旗。英国国旗非常复杂，其设计有三个部分。在1801年，大西洋，南卡罗来纳州通常被设计为苏格兰的旗帜，其设计是其在国家的旗帜设计。British

The recognition of the Christian symbol found its way from Celtic strongholds into the Confederate battle flag in 1864. In the Confederate version, the blue saltire was dotted with thirteen white stars. One for each of the Confederate states, one star for Kentucky and another for Missouri—broader states of powerful Confederate sympathies. The battle flag was square.

After the Confederate War Department approved Milos's design, volunteer sewing circles in Richmond sewed the battle flag into the fabric of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Silk, however, did not hold up well in combat, and within months most regiments were in need of replacements. The new flags, issued in the summer of 1862, were made of high-quality, durable English wool bunting. They were available in three different sizes—48 inches for the infantry, 36 inches for the artillery, and 20 inches for the cavalry. Furnished with a canvas hoist edge and eyelets for attaching to a staff, the flags were hemmed on three sides with a contrasting border sewn in sandwich fashion over the outer edges. The stars and stripes were polished cotton. These flags became known as the second Richmond Depot flag.
A few years back we hatched an idea to plant a garden containing heirloom plants to supplement our summer camp offerings. “Wouldn’t it be neat,” our staff offered, “to teach children where their food comes from?” The subsequent summer we were met with howls of derision and confusion from our campers. “What do you mean a pickle is actually a cucumber?” they yelled through the otherwise serene halls of Hickory Hill. The concept that cucumbers, zucchini, and gourds are all from the squash family nearly caused a riot. Clearly we had a long row to hoe.

Many of Georgia Watson Craven’s memories about her grandfather, Thomas E. Watson, included mealtimes: what was served, who attended, and the nature of conversations. “As I think of him in the home,” she recalled, “I think of him mostly at the table—I think of mealtime, at dinnertime, which was in the middle of the day.” In an effort to drive ourselves slightly closer to insinuity, we created Hungry for Adventure, a historic foodways summer camp, using the garden as a starting point. But we wanted the experience to be tied to history and thus to Tom Watson.

Realistically, there are many historically accurate foods that modern children (and to be fair, modern adults) simply will not abide. Squash comes to mind. The Fannie Farmer recipe for Potted Squah begins, “clean, stuff, and trans six pigeons.” Oh, dear. While we have a lovely dovecot at the Hill, we don’t intend to fill it with prey. First, we had to locate recipes that did not involve housing or cleaning birds or trussing anything.

Most visitors to Hickory Hill’s replicated kitchen find it expansive, but it magically shrinks when three camp counselors try to keep eight middle schoolers from cutting off limbs or setting their hair on fire. We needed simple recipes. As luck would have it, Georgia’s memories included foods she didn’t like: Campbell’s soup.

Tom Watson had that vegetable soup that Grandma had, I think, 265 days a year. It was Campbell’s Tomato Soup, and I didn’t like it because Mommy always put sugar in it.

—Georgia Watson Craven

The soup led to bolder foods. By the end of the week, we had successfully produced chocolate zucchini cupcakes with yogurt frosting, zucchini-raisin cookies, a tomato-cake with cream cheese frosting, blueberry-peach jam (canned in a water bath), summer squash pickle relish, herb cheeses, herbal vinegars, chocolate-cherry tamales, a Three Sisters soup, corn sala, candied mint leaves, baked potato chips, and soft pretzels. Through discussions of cooking chemistry, the campers learned what reactions cause bread to rise, how rennet curdles milk to make cheese, and why a hot water bath kills bacteria that would normally cause foods to spoil.

Will we attempt a cooking camp again? Hmmm, it bears consideration. Perhaps we might try etiquette classes along with it. After all, Tom Watson provided some fascinating food for thought:

It may drive this Dought home, if I tell you that I attribute my eternal youth and inexhaustible vitality to the fact that I eat so little. Last fall, when making two or three speeches a day, riding sometimes more than a hundred miles in an open car to reach the next appointment, besides doing my usual amount of work on The Jeff, a glass of milk and a soft-boiled egg constituted my regular meal. Often, it was the milk, without the egg. Never forget this.

—Thomas E. Watson, Short Talks to Young Men, 1912

Don’t crumble bread, or crackers, in your soup. You can season it, if you like, with salt, pepper, Tabasco, or any other sauce on the table, but you take your bread with the soup, and not in it. Don’t mix a dog’s mess in your soup-plate.

—Thomas E. Watson, ibid.

The table at which the preacher and the soldier sat down to dine with the family of the Squire was graced with the substantial array of home-raised victuals once so common, now so rare in the South. Served in the usual country style, the whole of it was on the table at the beginning of the meal, so that one’s first mouthful could be taken with reference to all that was to follow. The food did not come to the guest, dish after dish, as it does at one of those formal dinings, which most people praise in public and heartily damn in private. No, the food was all there at one and the same time, your plate remained unchanged until you reached the pastry. Thus, you could systematize your eating, and get a dinner to suit your individual tastes.

It has happened to me several times in my life to be arrested, convicted, and sentenced to dine in company with other well-dressed convicts, male and female, at a swell dinner—one of those formal functions where solemn flunkies bring you one thing, only to eat at a time. When you have peeked a while at one thing, whatever it may be, some solemn flunkies take it away, and bring you another plate, and some other thing to peek at a while. Sometimes it happens that this one thing is a big, defiant-looking tomato. To sit in one’s chair, gazing [at] at the last course which the flunkies has just put on; to realize that this entire course consists of a solitary tomato, looking fiercely red and run to glance along the table and to realize that all the convicts, male and female, have one tomato-slice, and are trying to look cheerfully at the convict mess—the heat has overwhelmed me every time it got the chance. The scene is heartrending.

—Thomas E. Watson, Bellevue, 1904
WEEVIL WOES

Forest for the Trees

BY DEXTER RHODES

n the wall behind my desk is a cartoon image of a boll weevil. Every morning when the guys come in to get their marching orders, we play a game. I point to the bug on the poster and say: “Repeat after me: ‘It’s:’” They all say, “Ees.” Then I say, “No.” “No.” “Good.” “Good.” Then I say, “Let’s try that all together. From the top, now: ‘It’s No Good.’” The chorus responds, “‘Ees no good.” “Great!” I exclaim. Then, still pointing to the wall, “This bug is no good.” “Dees bug ees no good!” Then we all nod together, clap each other on the back in congratulations, and adjourn to the cotton field to have a big ol’ time checking the boll weevil traps. We call that quality entertainment in Thomson, Georgia.

In another life, I worked for a cotton broker and I know a thing or two about boll weevils, certainly more than I know about teaching English. The boll weevil is a nasty rascal with a big snout that almost ruined the South in the early twentieth century. Heck, it wasn’t until the early 1900s that Georgia finally eradicated the little cotton crunker.

Probably of Mexican or Central American origin, the boll weevil appeared in Texas about 1892 and soon spread to most cotton-growing regions of the United States. In short order, the weevil was destroying about ten percent of the annual U.S. cotton crop. Boll weevil devastation was a major reason for diversification of the South’s historic cotton economy. Ever wonder why the ugly boll weevil is memorialized with a monument in Enterprise, Alabama? It forced farmers to diversify their crops—a good long-term practice.

But just because he’s cost in metal doesn’t mean we have to wrap our arms around him. The weevil is really a bad little dude. Almost half of his body is a snout crafted to poke holes in a cotton boll. For you Yankees out there, a cotton boll is what becomes of the cotton plant’s flower after it’s pollinated. Anyway, weevils feed on the cotton fiber inside the boll. Girl weevils (yes, you peckers) are sexed by laying their eggs in the bolls. When the larvae hatch, they gobble up the cotton fibres inside. Those little weevils make up one hungry family, and that family can decimate a cotton crop. In 1978, the U.S. Department of Agriculture began a concerted eradication campaign, and Georgia cotton farmers had to participate in the Boll Weevil Eradication Program (BWEPP). By the end of the century, the weevil had disappeared from most of the nation except for Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi, where the campaign continued. This involved the intensive use of broad-spectrum insecticides. But there was a hitch: Boll weevil control often caused outbreaks of other insect pests, because these insecticides destroyed natural enemies, such as parasites and predatory insects that fed on weevils. In time, farmers began using selective insecticides.

When it comes to controlling boll weevils, farmers place traps at the perimeters of their cotton fields. I don’t need to describe boll weevil traps to you because you’ve seen them in the summertime all along rural highways: bright green canisters hung waist-high from posts along the field edges. Inside the trap is a pheromone attractant designed to lure the male boll weevil. If a farmer finds a weevil in the trap then, as groundskeeper Robert Bergamy says, it’s time to drop the bomb.

The weevil’s resistance to some poisons and the removal of some poisons from the market has encouraged integrated pest management. That’s a fancy-sounding term for the use of safer insecticides, synthetic growth regulators, and pheromone traps. Also helpful is the elimination of field litter, especially cotton stalks, which controls weevils because that’s where they “over winter.” Short-season cotton, bred to mature early, escapes much damage from weevil larvae. Some experiments even released sterile males to frustrate reproduction.

Truth is, today’s farmers are more likely to encounter the bolworm or tobacco budworm—caterpillar pests that feed on squares and bolls—than they are the boll weevil. A little science and a lot of research have largely kept Mr. Weevil at bay.

Our cotton crop is looking swell, or as we now say in the cotton patch, “Ees berry good.” Come see me at the field edge, bombing bugs and speakin’ Spanish!
A long time and several dreams ago, I fished the green waters of the Hill Lake with my grandfather. Moderate in most things, Puritanical in all others, he allowed only one afternoon of any given weekend for fish. I was bound during the week by Atlanta asphalt, women, and school, but when Friday afternoons arrived I squirmed and clawed my way back to boyhood and McDuffie County to test his waters of self-discipline.

My grandfather was a character of some renown but not a great or passionate fisherman. He spent time on the water, in the same relaxed manner he enjoyed international travel or eighteen holes of golf. They were tonics, ways to balance stresses of work, one executed on behalf of the other, and he pursued them with similar muted enthusiasm, as his other tasks in life. That is not to suggest my grandfather was heavy hearted or beyond humor, simply that he ordered his time in sorts of numerical quadrants, only a portion of which might be devoted to leisure. All boy and then some, I could not understand for the life of me why anyone with the means would pursue something in this world besides fish.

So on odd weekends, my grandfather and I would hunt heads in Thomson: I hoping to fish with passion and impunity, he trying for all the world to craft a man from a restless boy. “You can’t fish all the time,” he would insist into my dull eyes. “You must tackle your work and school.” I was impatient and unmoved. Between our metaphorical divide lay 71,000 acres of water transcended by a natural force that christened with absurdity our time together.

In those days Clark Hill appeared as lonely and ragged as I was. Much of the lake still showed flooded timber above its waterline, not unlike what stands now at the extreme north end just below the Russell Dam. To enter a cove and encounter another fisherman was a rarity. I do not recall ever seeing a skier. Of course, that was also a halcyon era before personal watercraft polluted the world and pontoon boats appeared on the lake like crabgrass in an unkempt lawn. No, the primary recreation of the lake then, at least on the upper end of Little River, was quiet fishing. To my grandfather’s mind, that meant the pursuit of crappie.

It unfortunate name to the contrary, Pomazic nigromaculatus is a fish of understated beauty that captured my imagination even as a boy. Silver and speckled black, its shoulders reflecting iridescent green, pectoral and anal fins huge and delicate like fans, the crappie shares the same aesthetic as hounds tooth or gray tweed. Those who have hunted belted white quail or perhaps ruffled grouse understand when I say God perfectly resolved the lines, patterns, and colors of their environment in plumage and proportion so that even to the untrained eye each bird makes natural and beautiful sense. They are works of art, built not just to reflect their world but to rise slightly above it in visual refinement, simply and modestly, alive and dignified. By contrast, one might point to a pheasant or a mallard, lovely but garish, and argue their appearances indicate The Almighty had just returned to His post at the holy assembly line having endured a particularly raucous Mardi Gras. Not so with the crappie. Its creation was sober and perfect and because it mostly resided in large reservoirs, exotic to a city boy.

My grandfather revered crappie on the plate. Not one necessarily given to ethereal considerations, and certainly not an early advocate of catch-and-release conservation, he cherished them dredged in cornmeal by ebony hands, fried deeply in a number ten skillet, and set with care next to coarse grits, scrambled eggs, biscuits, and fresh sliced tomatoes. They were breakfast food, mind you, reserved for Sunday mornings and among the few appearances in this natural world capable of eliciting an excited “Hot ziggity!” from his mouth. Fish were meant to be caught and eaten, he argued, and consummately eaten.

So on Saturday afternoons we would descend on the Thomson Boat Club in desperate attempts to land enough fish for Sunday breakfast. If we brought home a dozen crappie we considered the trip successful. Something near twenty bordered the miraculous. There were reasons for those modest expectations, and ones I am now convinced were supernatural, because however innocently conceived, our trips always blossomed into adventures, and if we did not recognize it at the time each moment of alarm and hilarity on the water subtly winched our ages closer until we were neither boy nor man, but a curious and ordained stage of development that existed somewhere between the two.

Nor was my grandfather a mechanic, and a carbureted boat irregularly run was a recipe for immeasurable frustration. At the helm on any given Saturday, he was one sweaty germination of khaki-clad activity innovatively manipulating the throttle back and forth, lifting the choke, simultaneously cursing and turning the ignition key. Invariably, the motor’s failure led to a trip astern to till back the engine cover and check the points or poke a screwdriver into the carburetor followed by a return to the controls to start the process anew. Always there was the last desperate effort that separated fishing from a dejected trip home: the use of starter fluid.

So it was on this day, where we struggled to wake the boat from dockside slumber, that I was called upon to fetch the precious aerosol can of ether from the side panel of the boat. “Give her a shot,” my grandfather growled. “She’s got asthma.”

I dutifully squirted a blast into the carburetor. He turned the key, and the motor started just long enough to burn the ether, only to bog down again. We repeated the process and were rewarded with similar results.

But my grandfather was not one to accept defeat lightly. “This time don’t stop,” he ordered, and then he turned the key, spinning the motor, while I aimed the spray can at the carburetor and held down hard.

What happened next is likely the reason for the safety warnings that adorn so many boathouses on the lake. The cantankerous motor fired, naturally and simultaneously igniting that which gave it life. One moment I held a can of starter fluid, the next I wielded an incendiary weapon that shot a five-foot yellow flame across the top of the engine. Shrieking with horror, I dropped the blowtorch, which landed on the spinning top pulley key of the motor, ricocheted off with impressive speed and an audible “ping” into the tin roof of the boathouse, from which it clanged in relaxed cartwheels out into the lake. The
musical sequence alone was enough to garner the attention of other boaters. “What the hell’s going on back there?!” my grandfather cried, staring at his saucer-eyed first mate, who was now huddled in terror against the transom of the boat. “Lower the cover on that motor. Can’t you see she’s running?”

Navigational difficulties complicated mechanical ones. In the days before GPS and sophisticated sonar devices, mariners relied on maps, buoys, channel markers, and the like to navigate the lake safely. My grandfather’s nautical world existed entirely on the portion of the Little River above the Georgia Highway 43 bridge, and if he read the charts that were stowed in the glove box our performances disproved it. How many times we ran aground while attempting to cross a previously unknown route I cannot remember, but in each event I wound up wet.

The drama began and ended the same every time: the boat slammed into an underwater shallow, followed by cussing at the helm, a quick shift into neutral and agitated manipulation of the trim switch, followed by a shift into reverse. This was followed by a predictable cloud of red mud in the water as the propeller tried in vain to extricate the heavy boat’s center hull from the mud flat. A few stabs at the bottom with a paddle confirmed the obvious. Then my grandfather would look to his first mate: “Get in the lake.”

I would bail off the bow, heave and wiggle the middle vee of the hull until she was floating again, then knowing all too well my grandfather’s deficiencies behind the wheel, frantically board the vessel before he found the throttle. Barely one foot would hit the deck and he would go full bore, sending me tumbling from bow to stern as he desperately tried to clear the shallows and get the boat on plane. Once back on course he would yell into the wind: “I don’t know why they don’t mark those damn places!”

At length we would make our destination. My grandfather’s crappie fishing technique was simple: Locate standing timber, tie off to a trunk or limb, and submerge a minnow threaded through the back with a number one Aberdeen hook. He always fished from the bow, nearest the structure that held the fish, while I was generously left the rest of the boat. If the hole failed to produce a fish in thirty minutes, the lines came in and we would go in search of another tree. Often times, while the first mate was slowing the tackle, his grandfather would impatiently throw the boat in reverse, forgetting for the moment the method by which they moored the vessel. Over the years, the violent results marked our fishing spots all along the Little River: mangled aluminum bow cleats that dangled at the waterline from frayed scraps of rope.

When sundown arrived, despite my efforts to contrary, my grandfather would command I slow the tackle for the run back to the boat house. I hated the act of ceasing to fish. The only mitigating circumstance that could lift my spirits was the chance to run the boat back to the dock.

To a boy, running a boat is an exhilarating slurry of conflicting senses: responsibility, freedom, and power, all mixed by the wind across the calm, non-threatening surface of the water. It is a feeling that has no peer on land, and when my grandfather silently entrust the helm to me, I would nearly burst for all the pride.

Typically, he would relieve me when we passed at idle speed beneath the Highway 43 bridge. Only once did he allow me to take the boat all the way into the no-wake zone of the boat docks and into the slip. Perhaps it was the one Lowenbrau he allowed himself each fishing trip or maybe a silent test of my abilities. Either way, when I lined up the bow with the slip and made my approach, he knew he had made a mistake.

“Howa there!” he yelled from the bow, “slow down!” My shift into neutral did precious little to slow our momentum, and when it appeared I was going to wreak into the dock, I did what came naturally: I frantically threw her in reverse.

My grandfather might have anticipated a crash landing, but he was not prepared for reverse at half throttle, which instantly and decisively separated him from his boat. By the time I regained control and shut off the boat in fear, I was thirty yards into the lake looking for my captain, who just then surfaced amidst his poppin’ golf hat, wallet, and eyeglasses case, all of which were merrily bobbing around their owner in the slip.

The ride back from the lake was nearly silent. Sensing my embarrassment and remorse, my soggy grandfather attempted to break the mood. “Where the hell did you learn to drive like that?”

Then, just as quickly as the words left his lips, he added, “That was a rhetorical question.”

And with hints of smiles we made our way home, secure in the knowledge that above all else, a crappie really was a damn fine fish.
Correctly identify the historic structure and the college campus on which it resides, and we will send you a $25 bookstore gift certificate.

Awards will be made to the first five e-mails received in our office with the correct information.

Email your responses to: tbrown@watson-brown.org

Completed in 1876 and declared a National Historic Landmark in 1974, Jubilee Hall is the oldest permanent building on the Fisk University campus. Its construction was famously funded by the Jubilee student singers tour that began in 1871.

Congratulations to James S. Bonds, Brian Edwards, Sebastian Gray, Doug Slaughter, and Kendall Briscoe, who correctly identified the building and college campus!