

CARVER OF TUSKEEGEE

The Story of the Life of George Washington Carver

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Present Address:
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CARVER

Outline of Chapters

*Biography outline as
planned in 1933-1938*

PART I
Childhood and Early Youth

- I - December 31, 1934
- II - Diamond Grove
- III - Neosho
- IV - Fort Scott and Minneapolis
- V - Highland, Beeler, and Winterset
- VI - College Years - Simpson and Ames

PART II
Tuskegee

- VII - Early Days at Tuskegee
Beginning his work in Agricultural Chemistry; Contacts with students and with people of both races in the surrounding community; teaching; Building up the Agricultural department of the school...etc.
- VIII - Extension Work and Unusual Discoveries
Studies of soils, crop production, plant diseases, markets, problems faced by southern farmers, possibilities for southern farming, etc...
Extraordinary discoveries of products, commercially valuable, to be derived from peanuts, sweet potatoes, clays, etc...
- IX - "Messenger Extraordinary"
Lectures and demonstrations, with exhibits of new products, in towns, cities, colleges, legislatures, Congressional committees, etc. thruout the United States...
Growing recognition of his significant contributions...Spingarn medal; Fellow of British Royal Society of Arts and Sciences; Silver Cup; School Buildings named for him; Invitation from Edison to work with him in his laboratory, declined; Invitation from the Soviet Government to come to Russia to work; One of his paintings secured for gallery at Luxembourg; Referred to by Einstein as one of the ten "greatest living scientists"....Use of his discoveries, as potato flour, during the World War.... etc, etc.
- X - The "Little Family"
The intimate and ever-growing fellowship of his close friends, drawn from both races, which comprises his "Little Family"--chiefly young men who have come under his influence in various ways, and who keep in constant touch with him thru correspondence, visits, requests for help in various forms of creative work, etc....
- XI - Further Experiments
With particular emphasis on experiments in the use of certain peanut oils with massage in the treatment of post-infantile paralysis cases-- work which has brought thousands of letters to him, and

constant streams of visitors, in addition to the already amazingly large volume of correspondence he carried on, and the daily receptions of visitors from all over the United States and from other parts of the world...A period of work once referred to by Dr. Moton as "the most significant piece of interracial work being carried on in America today"...

XII - December 31, 1938

The celebration of his 40th anniversary at Tuskegee... His contributions to Science, Art, Religion, Human relationships... The significance of his discoveries in Agricultural Chemistry to the south... His work with his young assistant at Tuskegee today; their joint plans and dreams....

Suggestive List of Illustrations

- 1 - Frontispiece - Recent picture of Dr. Carver
- 2- Photostatic copy of his Mother's Bill of Sale
- 3- Picture of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Carver
- 4- Picture of him made with one of his paintings--while at Simpson
- 5- Pictures of him during his ~~stud~~ent days at Ames, alone or in groups
(These may be obtainable from college year-books - 1890-1896)
- 6-Picture of the first Agricultural Bldg. at Tuskegee
- 7-Photographs made during various periods of his Tuskegee life
- 8-Pictures of him made at various times at Tuskegee--In his Laboratory;
On field trips; in his office ; with various visitors--"Henry Wallace,
for instance(There is a good one of these two) Very good pictures of
him have been used during the past two years in Life, N.Y.Times, and other
papers and magazines.
- 9-Pictures made of his living room in the apartment in Rockefeller Hall
- 10- Photostatic ~~exp~~ copies of illuminating passages from one or more of
the letters written in his own hand.
- 11- Pictures of Mr. Curtis, his young assistant
- 12- A good campus picture of Tuskegee

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- I - December 31, 1934 - *Prologue*
II- Diamond Grove
III- Neosho
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V - Highland, Beeler, and Winterset
VI - College Years - Simpson and Ames

PART II - Tuskegee

- VII - Tuskegee Origins*
VII - Early Days at Tuskegee -
Beginning his work in Agricultural Chemistry; Contacts with students and people in the community; Teaching; Building up Agricultural Department; etc., etc.
VIII
VIII - Extension Work and Discoveries -
Studies of soils, crop production, plant diseases, markets, etc.
Extraordinary Discoveries, products from peanuts, potatoes, clays, etc.
IX - "Messenger Extraordinary" -
Lectures and demonstration of products before groups in towns, cities, colleges, legislatures, expositions, ~~clubs~~; Congress Com.
Special recognitions: Spingarm medal, Fellow of British Royal Society for Encouragement of Arts and Sciences; Silver Cup; School buildings named for him; Invitations from Edison and the Soviet Government; ~~xxxx~~ A painting secured for Luxembourg - Etc.
X - The "Little Family" -
The gradual building up of a constantly increasing group of young men--a few women--of both races who constitute his so-called "Little Family", students and others whom he has aided in various ways--spiritually, financially, inspirationally-- with whom he keeps in constant touch by visits, letters, prayer, etc....
XI - Experiments in Therapy(?) -
His daily stream of visitors; special experiments in the use of certain oils from peanuts combined with massage in the treatment of post-infantile paralysis cases--referred to once by Dr. Moton as "the most significant piece of interracial work being carried on in America today"; Celebration of his 40th anniversary at Tuskegee.

- XII - December 31, 1938 - *Epilogue*
This may come in here instead

MESSENGER EXTRAORDINARY

Approximately 1915 -- 1933

The period of public lectures north, east, south, west; recognitions; offers of other positions; criticisms; tremendous acclaims; increasing demands and in the midst of it all, continued quiet work and research in his chosen fields...

Death of Booker T. Washington

Special work during the war in food conservation program--appearance at

Washington to advise concerning flower from sweet potatoes

1917- Made a Fellow of British Royal Society of Arts

1923- Awarded Spingarn medal

Offered position by Mr. Edison

Invited by Russian Soviet Gov. to come to Russia for work in cotton

Lectures -- with exhibits and demonstrations- in cities, schools, colleges

1921- Appearance before Ways and Means Com. in connection with placing a tariff on peanuts- Questioned for hour and a half --

1927- Awarded honorary doctorate degree by Simpson College

Criticisms by scientists; members of his own race; various groups

"He is not a scientist"; "he is a quack chemist"; "he says he depends on 'inspiration' rather than information"

"He cares more for white people than for his own race"

"He will not commercialise his discoveries--what good are they?"

"He is too secretive-- who will carry on his work when he dies?"

"His products have no real commercial value"

"He has discovered nothing scientists did not know before"

Development of an ever-wider circle of friends--black and white--

Continuing recognition of the ultimate value of his achievements

Increasing demands

Bronze plaque of him presented to Tuskegee

School buildings names for him in various places

ETC.

THE " LITTLE FAMILY "

Being an account of the spiritual fellowship very dear to him which has developed from contacts made during his lecture trips... A fellowship including many young men and boys, a few women, from whom he hears frequently, for whom he has a great affection and in whose creative endeavors he has an immense interest....

Selected excerpts from letters to him from the members of his "Little Family"--(Most of whom are white) and from his letters to them.

Many of his maxims, ideas, habits of thought, and teachings appear in these letters as they do not appear elsewhere.... And many intimate pictures of him in his everyday life at Tuskegee, as well as ~~the~~ events happening to him on his lectures trips...

UP IN THE SEVENTIES

Approximately 1933 - to the Present

Beginning with the date Dec. 31, 1933, when the AP carried the first story of his experiments with peanut oil and massage in the treatment of post-infantile paralysis cases... the amazing story of the thousands of letters that poured in upon him; the many calls-- and of his response to it all--- the whole thing being once spoken of by Dr. Moton as "the most significant piece of interracial work being carried on in America today".....

Break-down and severe illness -- from over-work in response to the increased demands

Celebration of the 40th anniversary of his coming to Tuskegee, running thru the School year- 1936-37 -- culminating in the presentation to Tuskegee of a bust of him made by Steffen Thomas

Appearance on radio programs--- Movies made of him ---

Another severe illness and almost complete break-down in the spring of 1938 -- Months in the school hospital--

Removal to more comfortable quarters in an apartment in Dorothy Hall- fall, 1938 -- and the beginning of work on the permanent housing of his collections, laboratory, paintings, in a building near Dorothy Hall..... Working with his young assistant-- Mr. Austin W. Curtis, a Cornell man discovered by Pres. Patterson and greatly loved by Dr. Carver....

July 25th, 1939 -- A painting on which he had worked for years unveiled at Tuskegee, with a lecture before 2,000 people-- a six-foot canvas portraying yucca and cactus....

Roosevelt Award - Oct. 27th, 1939

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December 31, 1933

It was long past his usual nine o'clock bed-time when Professor Carver said good-bye to his last visitor, stood for a moment watching the car disappear in the star-lit Alabama night, then turned and walked across the porch of Rockefeller Hall, on across the corridor, and opened the door into his own rooms. He had scarcely had a moment alone all day, for before he ^{had} finished breakfast, his first visitor ~~had~~ appeared, and there had been a steady stream of them to be received all day long.

Not that visitors were rare with him, for no day passed without bringing someone to Tuskegee to see Dr. Carver, and it was nothing uncommon for a big bus to arrive at Rockefeller Hall filled with an eager, excited group of students who had come to see him. He was very patient with them, and very generous. Sometimes he showed them his collections of micas; his paintings; his books; the plants in the windows of his rooms. Sometimes he took them over to his laboratory -- "God's Little Work-shop" -- and discussed with them the many and astounding products which, he had found, could be derived from peanuts, clay, slag from coal mines, muck from the swamps; from almost any everyday thing, for that matter.

He loved these "little fellows", as he was wont to call these boys and young men who often came to visit him. It seemed that something within him rose up immediately and went out to meet them on this own light-hearted ground, for the eager gaiety of his own inherently youthful heart found swift companionship in such congenial company. And here and there, in every such group, there were two or three, or one, perhaps, to whom he felt almost instantly drawn by a more than casual

bond. That dear little fellow (He would find himself thinking ~~of~~ though the "dear little fellow" might actually measure up to a height of six feet two!) Now that little fellow is different from the rest; he has a creative mind. I would like to tell him some interesting things about himself; he can make something more than the usual out of life.

Not all of his visitors came in bus loads, nor all from schools and colleges, but from all over the country and even from the remote corners of the earth, yet it was his habit to give the same careful attention to one as to many, at times spending hours with one of his "boys" who had come for a visit, or with some young lad who had brought some gewgaw invention of his own to show to Dr. Carver. There were rare instances-- as his friends would tell you -- when his usual patience and cordiality were suddenly displaced by an impenetrable aloofness. Now and then some curious caller would walk into an atmosphere of icy coolness as uncomfortable as it was inexplicable. And the rank and calling of such hapless visitors apparently had nothing to do with it. There was the legendary story of a notable bishop who came to the Professor's office one day and was received so coldly that he made a most precipitate departure, clerical coat-tails flying. And this was not the only oft-told tale of how somebody or other found himself obviously persona non grata to Professor Carver. Questioned by anxious friends as to the reason or wisdom in such display of inhospitality, he would simply remark that he didn't like the look in the man's eyes -- and it would have to go at that.

And then there were the letters that came every day -- letters and letters and letters. From India, requesting suggestions for a suitable menu for Mahatma Ghandi. From California, or any other state, inquiring if he were available for a series of lectures. From an Art Society ask-

ing if he would lend a group of his paintings for the coming exhibit. From a mission station in Africa, wanting to know more about the powdered milk he had made for babies of missionaries. From a school board in Kansas, notifying him that the new school building was being named for him and inviting him to speak at the dedication. From a Boy Scout Executive, inquiring when the Botany manual would be ready. From a farmer; "I am sending the diseased plant about which we talked. I hope you can find out for us what the trouble is and what to do about it". From one of his "boys": " I am coming to Tuskegee next week to see you; there is something I want to talk over with you "..... So many, many letters !

He usually wrote the answer to each one himself, early in the morning long before anyone else was awake. Of late he had noticed that his hand had grown unsteady with the writing, but so far he had steadily refused the proffered stenographic aid. Now that he was ^{neary} ~~in~~ the seventies -- just how ^{near} ~~far~~ ^{near} ~~up~~, he himself did not exactly know, but somewhere ^{near} ~~up~~ the seventies -- Tuskegee authorities left him practically free from all routine duties to give his time to the visitors and letters and to anything that he chose. Not because he was ^{almost} ~~seventy~~, but because there were so many things demanding his time and attention: Experiments and explorations requiring long hours in his laboratory; trips into fields and woods to gather specimens for his experiments; writing, for there were many bulletins needing to be written, as well as the Botany text book; the endless stream of letters and visitors; lecture tours; demonstrations-- and ^{a daily current} ~~an endless~~ of requests and inquiries for a thousand and one things no one else would ever take time to consider save George Washington Carver.

Giving up his regular class-room work, even the Sunday evening Bible class, had not withdrawn him from the main stream of the ongoing life of Tuskegee Institute. Indeed in some ways he seemed more an essential

part of it than ever. On mornings when there was need for him to be at his office or laboratory early, he had found it necessary to take a little-used path across the campus from Rockefeller Hall to the Agricultural building, rather than the main avenue. Otherwise, with first one person and then another stopping him, there was no telling how long he would be delayed. Some would stop him merely to see what kind of flower he was wearing in his coat lapel; there was always a flower there. And some would stop to joke him about his cap, usually carried in a wad in his left hand. Some of the women of the faculty, in particular, were concerned about that cap. A disreputable looking thing, they called it, and sometimes said such definite things to him concerning it that he would appear for several days thereafter humbly carrying-- if it were summer -- his stiff straw sailor dyed a deep purplish black with a crepe myrtle dye of his own concoction. But the cap would soon reappear.

And now, today, it seemed that there would be something else added to all these other things that already ~~so~~^{now} filled his time; something else to be worked out, now that he was up ~~to~~^{near} the seventies and better equipped for such working. He closed the door behind him and stood still for a long moment, apparently looking at the rows of books lining the walls of the room, but actually seeing them not at all. The day's visitors passed in swift procession again before him. Quickly brushing aside the merely curious -- "We just wanted to see what you look like" -- he gathered the remaining ones with infinite tenderness into his memory. What sorrow and suffering and clutching at a straw of hope he had seen in their tired, searching eyes! Well, he would do what he could, promising little. The issue of it all, as he had long since discovered, was not his responsibility; Some One else would see to that.

Turning to the table, he took up the paper he had found no time to read. There was the Associated Press story, just as they had said; "Discovery of a mineral oil in peanuts that has aided in the recovery of infantile paralysis victims and in the rejuvenation of tissues was announced today by Dr. George W. Carver, noted Negro scientist and head of the research department of Tuskegee Institute.

'It has been given out that I have found a cure,' said Dr. Carver.
'I have not, but it looks hopeful.....' "

Here was the story that had started the procession of special visitors that day, a procession destined to go on and on far out beyond the borders of anyone's imagining.

Had he looked back ^{might} across the years, Professor Carver ~~would~~ have seen another ^{long} procession, a long line of hours and months and days, of events and happenings and circumstances, that had brought him during these ^{Sixty} ~~seventy~~-odd years from a slave cabin on a Missouri farm to his present place among ~~the~~ scientists, artists, seers, and prophets and the exemplars extraordinary of a new World Order. It is the story of these hours and days, the story of the life of George Washington Carver, that these pages set out to tell.

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DIAMOND GROVE

On a morning in early autumn, a decade after the close of the Civil War, a strange little figure in jeans and homespun came trudging down a hilly country road near Diamond Grove, Missouri. The bundle he carried slung over his shoulder gave a certain air of purpose to his trudging, but other than that, there was nothing in the outward appearance of the incident to indicate the far-reaching culmination and significance it was ultimately to attain. Anyone in the neighborhood, watching from a window, might have dismissed the little figure with a casual, "There goes Little George Carver. They say he is going away to school, and he is not much more than ten years old; small for his age, too".

It was true. Little George Carver was leaving home and going away to school. Not very far away, to be sure, as miles are usually measured, for he meant to go no farther than Neesho, a small town eight miles distant from the little Cross Roads settlement at Diamond Grove. But for him it was a long journey, and especially long on that particular day when he was leaving home for the first time alone, and--he felt certain-- to stay.

He had known a pleasant home these ten years, there on the farm with Mr. and Mrs. Moses Carver, the elderly couple to whom his mother had belonged in the days before the War had come and given the slaves their freedom. It was commonly said of the Carvers that they were people of Dutch descent, and that their purpose in purchasing slaves had been not so much to acquire them as property as to provide for them a home and kind treatment. Of his parents Little George had no recollection at all, for his father, Moses Grant, who had been a slave on an adjoining plantation, had died before George^e was born,

trampled to death by an ox team. And his mother, Mary Carver, had been stolen by a band of the scalawag night raiders who appeared in many sections of the south during the closing days of the War. George himself had been stolen with her, and had heard from the Carvers many times the story of that dreadful happening.

When the news ^{Came} that raiders were in the vicinity ~~came~~-- so the story was told to him-- the Carvers set about hastily hiding away property that might be seized by the marauders. But there was only time to conceal what money there was in the house, and James, and older brother of George, before the raiding party appeared. Mary Carver was seized and carried away, clutching her three-months-old baby close in her arms. And always, later, when the story was told, someone would point out the tree to which Moses Carver was tied and tortured in a futile attempt to make him disclose the whereabouts of the hidden money and James.

Mr. Carver sent out a rider to search for, and if possible to repurchase, the lost Mary and her child. Conflicting reports later surrounded the actual incidents of this rescuer's journey, but his own report-- and the one commonly accepted as true -- was that Mary Carver had mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace whatsoever of her whereabouts. Long afterward it was rumoured that this rider had actually found Mary Carver, bought her, and re-sold her with a margin of profit for himself, returning with a false report to the Carvers. Another fragment of rumour held that some one had seen the lost Mary in the midst of a small group of soldiers traveling northward. Whatever may actually have happened to her, it is certain that on that terrible night Mary Carver disappeared forever from her home at Diamond Grove.

The baby was found by the rider with a family in Arkansas, his survival being almost as much of a mystery as that of his mother's disappearance, for in his three short months in the world, this baby had been suddenly snatched away from home, and then had lost his mother, and now was ill with a bad case of whooping cough. Actually, there was only a small spark of life left flickering in the tiny black body to be sold back to Moses Carver, and the deal was soon completed. The Arkansas family let the baby go in exchange for a horse brought along by the rescuer, a horse then valued at \$ 300. Back at Diamond Grove, under the care of Mrs. Carver, the feeble spark of life was fanned into flame, and the baby came safely through the drastic disasters that had attended his first three months. The two orphaned boys, George and his brother James, lived on then with the Carvers, cared for more as actual children of the household than as sons of a former slave.

For some reason George, or Little George, as everyone called him, failed to grow and develop in a normal manner physically. The shock of his experience with the raiders may have had something to do with it, or it may have been the effect of the whooping cough. Whatever the reason, it seemed that nothing could induce him to grow. A droll, stunted, dwarfed-looking little creature, it appeared for a while that he was destined to be almost an actual hunchback. But as time went on, by dint of persistently carrying across his back a strong straight stick, hooked in some fashion under his elbows, he was able to smooth out the unsightly hump.

Unfortunately, no such simple remedy was found for the trouble in his throat. He spoke and laughed and sang in a shrill falsetto whisper, and was addicted to stammering under the stress of the slightest excitement or amusement. The stammer he was able to overcome, but it

was years before his voice took on a quality even slightly resembling the normal.

The fragments of his recollections of these early years spent with the Carvers and his brother James, present him as a strangely paradoxical child, but one who was obviously the object of affectionate care and training and concern on the part of Mr. and Mrs Carver. At times he appears as a gay little elf, capering about the place in high glee; stealing forbidden rides on the sheep when Mr. Carver was not around; or slipping out of doors on a snowy night when he was being kept in on account of his croup, to run off with James for a feast of luscious pease simmons; or singing in his queer falsetto voice the gay songs that bubbled up within him. Surrounded by the atmosphere of unquestioned security existent in the Carver home, he was blessedly free to laugh his elfin laughter, sing his gay songs, untroubled by any sense of oppression or insecurity.

Yet it is not in his pixie role that he most frequently appears during these childhood years, for a minor strain of wistfulness and loneliness sounds again and again in the music of his early memories. Though he had never known either his mother or his father, and although the Carvers made a home for him in a way that probably has few parallels in all American history, he yet somehow strangely missed his own parents, particularly his mother. There must have been a quality in his childish sadness resembling the nostalgia so poignantly expressed in the old spiritual, "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child, far, far from home." As soon as he was old enough to understand the story of his father's death and his mother's disappearance, he would ask again and again about his mother: how she looked; what she said and did; and whether she would ever return. Vaguely he gathered that Mary Carver

had been an extraordinary woman, in the opinion of all who knew her. He was certain that Mrs. Carver had loved her sincerely, for whenever she began to speak of Mary, she invariably burst into tears. Two relics of his mother were given him by the Carvers, ^{her Bill of Sale and her Spinning Wheel,} relics which he has treasured through the years, visible evidences of an inner devotion offered continually at a shrine created in his childish heart for a mother he never knew.

Down in the barn lot one winter day a tragedy occurred that the boy was never to forget. He was amusing himself by throwing rocks and pebbles at snow birds feeding on the grain strewn about on the ground, his shrill laughter rising high above the whirr of wings as the startled birds rose in flight. Eventually a pebble actually hit a bird, and this, too, at first was a matter of glee to Little George. He ran to find the wounded bird where it had fallen on the ground, but the sight of blood on its head sobered him instantly. Taking the little body gently up in his hands, he felt a feeble flutter in its breast, and then the bird was still. In that moment it seemed to him that all the misery in all the world was somehow gathered together in him, for, with no excuse whatever, he had taken away life from something he loved, and could never give it back again. There was no consolation for grief like this, and for days he went about the place a forlorn little creature, weeping bitterly at the thought of the dead bird his own thoughtless hands had killed..... And in later years he often repeated the story of this childhood tragedy, invariably ending, "I have never forgotten that poor little dead bird".

Being so little and frail, and thus unfit for much out-door work, George spent much time about the house with Mrs. Carver, a habit which eventually came to be of much value to him, for she taught him to

to cook and to sew; to scrub and to clean; to keep a house and yard in spotless order. Too spotless, to the boy's way of thinking at that time, for it meant that he was not allowed to bring flowers or plants into the house; no bouquets must clutter up the place. And there was no room for his rocks, which was a matter for much concern indeed, for as soon as he was old enough to go around by himself, he was forever going out to the nearby fields and woods and bringing back flowers or rocks or plants of some kind.

Long, quiet hours he spent in the woods and fields, watching the birds and imitating their calls; or gazing for a long while at a leaf or a flower; or finding all manner of curious things and wondering about them. What made one rock white and another one brown? And why was this flower small while another beside it was large? And this leaf-- how was it made in the beginning, and could he ever, when he was grown, make anything that would be like it? Question after question took form in his mind during the long quiet hours he spent alone, roaming the fields and woods, finding and gathering his plants and rocks to take home.

The day finally came when Mrs. Carver told him he would have to get rid of his rocks-- they were all over the house to be stumbled over, and she simply could not have it any longer. Considerably troubled, he went out to try to think what he could do. Just a few days before he had found a wonderful rainbow-colored rock, broken into two pieces, so that the marvelous colors showed all through. He had brought both pieces home, and to give them ^{both} up now seemed utterly impossible. Finally he took one piece in each hand, went far out from the house, closed his eyes, and threw one piece as far as he could fling it, then ran in the opposite direction to find a place somewhere to hide the piece he had kept.

There was difficulty with Mrs. Carver over his frogs, as well. He had made a wonderful collection of frogs in graduated sizes, each one a little different in size from all the rest--an enviable collection indeed. But trouble came when he took to carrying the collection around in his pockets, for Mrs. Carver, who probably shared little of his enthusiasm for frogs in the first place, certainly could not put up with having frogs of all sizes go hopping about the house at night. And so it was that the hard law was laid down: Little George would have to turn all his pockets out whenever he entered the house.

It was after these experiences with his rocks and frogs that he made a little secret garden down in the edge of the woods, a place to which he could bring the plants he was constantly finding in his rambles here and there -- finding and wanting to keep. Here he brought his beloved plants and cared for them with a wisdom based partly upon the knowledge to be expected of a Missouri country boy of his day, and partly upon a strange, intuitive understanding but poorly explained by any human logic or reasoning.

The Carvers taught him to read and to write, and gave him a copy of Webster's Blueback Speller -- a book whose pages he searched eagerly but vainly for answers to the questions that buzzed incessantly back and forth in his mind. James had been to school at Neesho, the town eight miles away, riding horseback back and forth each day. But James was not able to tell his little brother the things he most wanted to know, particularly the things he wanted to know about his rocks and plants; nor was he able to get much help in this matter from the Carvers. So it was that the thought, and then the conviction, grew in his mind

that he, too, must go to school; that he must go somewhere to find the answers to his questions for himself.

Talking over the matter with Mr. and Mrs. Carver, he found them willing, though somewhat reluctant, to have him go. He was much too small to ride the eight miles each day as James had done, and besides, there was no other horse for him to ride. It would be necessary for him to find some place to stay in Neeshe. The Carvers had no money for his schooling, but if he wished to go and try to make his own way, they said they would raise no objections. He might go and try it for a while, and then, if he wished to, he could come home again.

He had been to Neeshe before, for twice each year the wagon was made ready for the trip to town, the purpose of the journey being the purchase of a half year's supply of the household necessities it was impossible to raise at home. James went on one of the trips each year, Little George on the other; and it was always a great day. Mrs. Carver never went with them; in all her life she never went out of the county in which she was born. But Little George had been to Neeshe, and had seen the school there. How he would live or what he would do he did not know, but that would take care of itself when the time came. All that he knew for certain now was that he was going.

Thus he set about making his plans, and finally the day for his departure came. Mrs. Carver helped him tie up his clothes and his Blue-back Speller and some food in a little bundle. He put in some of his precious plants, and the piece of rainbow rock. Then he was ready to go. Taking up his bundle, he said good-bye, and his diminutive figure was soon lost to the sight of the Carvers and James as they watched him go trudging down the road and disappear over the hill. Drell, stunted

Little George Carver -- the strangely gifted but strangely handicapped son of two slaves -- was leaving his home to go away to school and to make his own way in the world.

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NEOSHO

It was an exciting journey, the eight-mile walk to Neosho on that early autumn day; there were so many new things to see and to think about. Familiar landmarks George had seen before on his trips with Moses Carver assumed a new aspect now as he walked along by himself; there was a new glamour and enchantment about them, for he was going to school. He would soon know, now, many of the things that had puzzled him for so long; the answers to the questions that had buzzed about in his mind. School, school, school.... the word sang itself over and over within him as he walked along, stopping now and then to examine a plant, or to listen to the call of a bird.

He would manage to get along somehow; of this he was quite confident. He knew how to do so many kinds of work: he could cook, clean house, milk cows, cut firewood -- many, many things. The people in Neosho must have someone to do such things for them, and they would pay him for his work. Then he could take the money and buy food to eat, and books to read; someday he meant to have a hundred books; perhaps even more than that. And he would find some place to live; someone would let him have a home in Neosho, and he would work and pay for it. If he should be sick so that he could not work, he could go back to the Carvers again; he could always be sure of that. It was a warm, encouraging certainty.

So he went on his way to Neosho, confident, happy, excited, the eagerness in his heart giving wings to his feet so that he felt little tiredness from the walking. Neosho was not a large town, but to Little George it seemed large, accustomed as he was to the comparative isolation of life at Diamond Grove. Yet he was not afraid. He had been to

some of the stores with Mr. Carver, and knew his way around the town a little; why should he be afraid? The first matter of importance was to find a place to spend this first night. It was too late to look for any work today; that must be left until tomorrow. But what should he do tonight?

It turned out to be very simple. On the edge of town he found an old barn that looked as if no one used it anymore; he could stay there. Certainly no one would mind, and it would be a good shelter in case a rain should fall. He had spent too many happy hours in the woods alone to be afraid to stay by himself, even in so strange a place. And whatever tugs of homesickness he may have felt were soon overcome by the natural exhaustion of the eight-mile walk and the excitement of the day, so that it was not long before he lay fast asleep in the old abandoned barn, his head pillowed on the precious little bundle that held all his earthly possessions.

For several days he was busy looking for work, coming back to the barn to sleep at night. Some of the store-keepers recognised him as the queer-looking little boy they had seen with old Mr. Carver on his rare visits to town, but George had little notion of needing or of asking for help from anyone. What he wanted was work to do by which he might earn his own living. From house to house he went, an eager, confident, though at times tired little boy, inquiring if there were any odd jobs which he might do. And finally he did find people who had such jobs and were willing for him to try them. He looked far too small to be able to do the things he said he could do, but when given the chance, he made good his promises in a remarkably efficient manner.

Actually, these little house-and-yard jobs were quite easy for him; he had been doing such things at the Carvers almost ever since he could re-

member. It was harder having to look for them, but people were paying him for them now, in money or clothes or food. If he could find some place to stay...that was the main problem. The old barn would serve for a little while, but winter would come, and he could not live in a barn. And then it was too lonely to be always by himself at night, with no one to whom he might talk...He wanted a home and a family.

Then one day he found them. In his rounds of job-hunting he came to a neat, three-roomed frame cottage on the edge of town where a Mr. Watkins and his wife lived, people of his own race. Mrs. Watkins was a nurse, and was often away from home nursing sick people for days at a time. They found that George could cook, and keep a house clean, and work a garden-- at least he said that he could. They had no children of their own, so if this boy could actually do the things he said he could do, he would be just what they had needed--a handy boy to have around for company as well as for work. They felt very drawn to the strange little fellow, and the matter was soon settled. He would come and live with them, working about the house and yard for his board and keep; and when school was in session, he could go to school.

As the weeks went by it was more and more evident that the arrangement was wisely made; George did the cooking, milked the cow, and looked after the garden with the meticulous care demanded by his own sense of beauty and order as well as by the habits instilled in him back in the Carver household. He found both Mr. and Mrs. Watkins sympathetic with him in his eagerness to learn, and willing to give him all the help that they could. They both could read and write fairly well, but their help came chiefly through their understanding and encouragement and care.

Mrs. Watkins was touched, as Mrs. Carver had been, by his physical frailty, and did all in her power to make him more vigorous and healthy. They were delighted with his little garden, for he had begun

a new garden just as soon as possible after he knew where he was to live. It was not long before he was spending all the time he could in the woods and fields again, among the flowers and rocks and wild things he so loved. News drifted about that the little boy living with the Watkins family knew a lot about plants and could make them grow, and before long the neighbors were bringing him their sickly plants. He seemed to know how to find the trouble, and to start them growing again.

He could scarcely wait for the time for school to open, but the day did finally come. A disinterested onlooker might have found little of beauty in the one-room log house to which George went so eagerly. But to him, during those first days at school, there was a mystic enchantment about it. Here he was to learn, learn, learn. What did it matter that the miracle was to take place in an ugly, uncomfortable log hut! He sat, with the fifteen or twenty other pupils, on backless wooden benches, holding his slate on his knees; and with the other fifteen or twenty, paid more or less heed to the wisdom unfolded by the man who was their teacher. They were studying not only Reading and Writing and Arithmetic, but Geography, Spelling, and Grammar. Intriguing vistas opened up before George as the days went along, for ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{his creative} mind was able to make of the stray crumbs of knowledge he received each day nourishing bread for his imagination and dreams. Still, though grateful for these crumbs, he grew more and more hungry for the real bread. It was a hunger that deepened and grew as time went on and he found so many of his ceaseless questions still unanswered, by either his books or ~~by~~ his teacher.

There were times when he was very lonely. It was fun to romp and play with the other boys at recess time at school; but none of them, he discovered, liked to go with him to roam the fields and woods, in search

of plants for his garden. So, again, he went to the woods alone. The birds and little woods animals came to seem as much at home with him as he was with them, for he had practised until he could whistle their notes almost as well as they themselves could.... If he could only understand what they said !

Now and then, when Mrs. Watkins could spare him, he went back home for a week-end visit. One Saturday afternoon as he walked along the road on his way to Diamond Grove, a man overtook him and offered him a ride. He was scarcely settled in the rickety old buggy when the man began to beat his bony, weak old horse with constant, cruel blows. To George it seemed that each blow fell upon his own sensitive body, and finally, unable to stand it any longer, he explained to the man that he was almost home, and getting out of the buggy, climbed a little cliff beside the road to walk the remaining way home. Perhaps, he thought, among his friends of the woods, he could forget that poor, poor horse .

At times there were opportunities for him to work at various jobs for people of the town: sawing wood, beating carpets, going on errands here and there. It was a good way means of earning a little extra money for his needs now and then. In his contacts with some of the people for whom he worked he sometimes sensed what to him was a very strange attitude; he had never known anything like it in the Carver home, and at first was greatly puzzled. Some of these people seemed to think that he was very different from them; they spoke to him in tones they never used when talking among themselves; tones that brought a big lump into his throat and a baffling question into his mind. Gradually it began to dawn upon him that this manner and attitude were somehow connected with the fact that his skin was dark, a fact that seemed in some peculiar way to make a great difference to these people. His color

had never seemed to make any difference in the years at Diamond Grove; at least he had never been made aware of it. But it seemed that now, to some of the people with whom he had dealings, it did. Gradually realising that this was something he probably would always have to face, he made up his mind that he would try each day to forget these incidents that hurt him, remembering only those that made him feel happy. It was a child's decision, but one he was faithfully to adhere to insofar as it was humanly possible all the days of his life.

On a day in late spring a covered wagon stopped at the Watkins home and a ^{colored} man and his wife came in to ask for lodgings for the night. They were on their way back to their home in Fort Scott, Kansas, and wished to stop for a rest. It turned out that they stayed on for several days, finding the hospitality of the Watkins home very much to their liking. They were also interested in the little boy, George, and were not long in discovering his eager hunger and thirst for new knowledge. Presently they suggested that he go to Fort Scott with them. They were unable to give him a home, or to help him financially, they said, but they would be glad to give him the trip with them, and he would find a good school at Fort Scott.

What should he do? It was a big decision for a boy so small to make, but from the first George was almost certain that he would go. Fort Scott was a much larger town than Neesho, and he would have no family or friends there to whom he might go if something terrible should happen to him; some immediate need arise. He might not find any work to do; he might even go hungry until he starved. But he had no intention of letting that happen; he had made his own way here in Neesho, and he could do it again in Fort Scott.

The school there, he imagined, would be wonderful, and there would

be new people to tell him things; many new places to see. For some time before the school session in Neesho was over, he had felt that there would be little use in his going back to school there again; he felt rather certain that this teacher had already told him about all he would be able to tell. And there was something else to be considered: The doctor had told Mrs. Watkins that George might be more strong and healthy in some other climate. He had continued to be very frail, and still had not started to grow at all; she had been very anxious about the child at times. Perhaps the climate in Fort Scott would be exactly what he needed.

All in all, it seemed best for him to go; George himself was sure of it. In a vague sort of way it seemed to him that it must have all been planned somehow that he was to have this chance to go on. Just where he was to go, or even where he wanted to go, he was not sure at all, but somewhere farther on.

And so the decision was made. His little bundle, a ~~little~~ bit larger this time, was packed and tied up again. And again he said good-bye to the comfortable security of a home and, obedient to an urgent, inner Command, set off with two strangers in a covered wagon, westward into the Unknown.

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FORT SCOTT AND MINNEAPOLIS

Fort Scott lay to the west and north of Neosho a distance of little more than 75 miles, a mere commuter's journey today. But to the man and woman and eager little boy making their slow way in the covered wagon, setting up camp in the open at night, sixty-odd years ago, it was a trip of memorable magnitude consuming the greater part of two weeks. The way led through rolling country, woodlands, isolated areas, a few small settlements, and fertile farming sections. Little George was entranced with it all, drinking in the sights and sounds of the strange new country with all the excitement of a little boy going on his first long journey coupled with the deeper excitement of finding new food for his hungry young mind, fresh fuel for the fires of his dreams. Writing of the trip long afterward, he said, "My chief recollections of this journey are of the beautiful wild flowers, the marvelous rocks, and the beautiful birds we saw."

Arrived at Fort Scott, the county seat of Bourbon county and a town of some importance as a railroad center, George began again his search for work and for a place to live. Years later, trying to piece together his fragmentary recollections of the seven years he spent at Fort Scott, he remarked, quietly, "I don't remember many actual incidents of those days, And you see, a little colored boy living about in first one place and then another, expecting to be kicked around and being somewhat surprised when he isn't, doesn't set down data for future reference."

By and large his Fort Scott life followed the pattern he had set for himself during the year at Neosho. He lived for a part of this period with a Negro family by the name of Payne,

doing work about the house and yard to earn his board and lodging, with additional work for other families in town as a means of earning the extras of livelihood.

The school was good here -- a well-organized graded school housed in a five-room frame building, with instruction that was much more satisfying and stimulating than that experienced in the log school house at Neeshe. Here again he was studying Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, and Grammar, enjoying them all except Arithmetic, which was a subject upon which he expended little affection-- and probably as little work-- in Fort Scott or anywhere else. He was beginning now to draw, however, and to give to his drawing the time and attention that some of his teachers might have considered better spent on Arithmetic. He liked to sing, in his queer high falsetto, but in these years he had yet to see his first piano or organ.

Many hours during all these years, as at Diamond Grove and Neeshe, he spent in the eu-of-doors, engrossed in discovering and pondering the mysteries he found all about him. "I literally almost lived in the fields and woods", he wrote of these years later. And the countryside about Fort Scott, rich in mineral deposits, provided a wealth of material for his curious mind to investigate. The Payne family, like Mr. and Mrs. Watkins in Neeshe, were interested in the gardens he was always planting and tending out in the yard, or in his windows, or in boxes and various containers he kept around him in the house. His plants were almost like people to him, close and intimate acquaintances to be thought of constantly and tenderly cared for.

But he had many human friends as well, of his own and of the white race, among children of his own age and among his elders also. Like any normal child, he enjoyed the daily play and pranks of his

companions of his own age, but he liked at times to spend some time with elder people, as he had done at Diamond Grove and Neeshe; proud when he could do some errand for them; interested in their comments and conversations. Some of these friends he found in the churches to which he went on Sundays.

"I loved to go to church and often went", he has said of these days, "but the denomination made no difference to me-- a statement which was true of him not only in these days of his childhood, but through all his ensuing days.

The climate at Fort Scott, slightly older than that at Neeshe, seemed to agree with the boy and he grew much stronger in physical strength during his seven years there. But he still was a small, dwarf-life creature, showing little appreciable growth of body as the development of his inner perceptions and appreciations went at rapid pace. It would seem that a physical difference of this kind might have set him apart from companions of his own age, making him sensitive concerning his size, shutting him off from the interests and occupations of normal adolescence. But his recollections deny the existence of any such actuality.

"My school-mates never seemed to notice any difference", he observes. "I had many friends old and young who encouraged me to go on. I cannot remember now the name of any particular person who was of greatest help to me, but there were those, both white and colored, who took an interest in me and did much to make me feel like other children with homes" "I had no particular sense of calling or mission in those days. I just hungered to know about everything, real or artificial : How did this get to be this way ? Why can't I make it ? I must learn how".

One horrible recollection out of the Fort Scott years was destined to lie, like a livid scar, across his memory ever afterward: The recollection of a lynching. The house in which he was living at the time was near the jail, near enough that he saw the crowd come, batter down the jail door, and drag away the Negro prisoner--his head scraping along the rough street until the skull was broken-- drag him away to the place where he was killed. This was a happening too terrible to be held within the bonds of the childish decision George had made in the Neeshe days -- the decision to forget, as far as possible, the incidents that hurt him, remembering only the experiences of joy. There was no forgetting this; and years later, when he was sought as a lecturer in many schools and cities and colleges, and a controversy arose one day around the fact of his race, this early horror returned to haunt him with a swift and nameless terror, recalling for a moment in the mature man the agony of fear born years before in the heart of the sensitive boy.

After seven years in Fort Scott George finally yielded to his growing desire to see the Carvers and James and Diamond Grove again. He went home for a summer vacation. And so small was he in stature even yet that he bought a half-fare ticket for the trip, only to learn that even that was unnecessary. For the conductor on the train, when the ticket was proffered, said in astonishment, "Why, child, you didn't need to buy a ticket. You are small enough to ride for nothing".

It was a happy summer at Diamond Grove. George had kept in touch with the Carvers and James by occasional correspondence, but there was a great joy and satisfaction in actually being back with them again,

exchanging experiences, visiting again the places he had loved; going occasionally to see the Watkins family at Neosho.

At the end of the summer, for some reason long since forgotten, George did not return to Fort Scott as he had intended, but went on farther north and west to Minneapolis, a small town in Ottawa county in north central Kansas. Here he spent the next two years, earning his own living as before, and completing his High School work.

Two major happenings stand out in sharply etched design against the background of these Minneapolis years. First, a major loss. A letter came one day from the Carvers bearing the sorrowful news that James was dead. He had ^{Not} recovered from an attack of small pox. For George this meant that no living relative, no person of blood kin, was left him in the world. Two daughters had been born to Mary Carver and her husband, but these had died in infancy, leaving only the two boys, James and George. And now James was gone, and George was left with no living kin, no family ties whatever. To the sensitive heart of the young boy there in Minneapolis, this realization brought a sense of unspeakable loneliness from which he was never to be quite free.

The other major Minneapolis experience was one of much joy, however, for finally, after all the years of being a little dwarf, George Carver began to grow. And so rapidly did the long-delayed growth take place that, after a little more than two years, he stood a little more than six feet tall, somewhat stooped, but--at long last--in actual physical height, a man. Along with this amazing development in size, there came also a more normal voice, high-pitched and of peculiar quality in speaking, but with a clear, treble-like tenor for singing.

As he came near the end of his High School work, his desire to go on to college deepened, finally crystallising into definite purpose and plan. His choice of a college

fell upon Highland University, a school owned by the Presbyterian church and located at the little town of Highland, in Doniphan county up in the northeastern corner of Kansas. Here at Highland, in a school owned and operated by a church, and located in a small town whose life centered around its college, its several stores, and its four churches, he expected to find the simple, kindly, religious environment for which his heart hungered.

His application for admission was sent in and accepted, with the usual tentative reservations, and throughout the summer his plans made struggle to keep pace with his dreams as he looked on ahead into the days to come when he should actually be in College. He expected to study Science, as a matter of course, particularly those sciences that dealt with soils and plants. But along with his Science he would study Painting and Music-- the prospect was almost breath-taking in its entrancing possibilities, and constantly filled his mind with eager anticipations as he went about his work during the summer days, endeavoring to make the money essential for the trip and for the first few weeks' requirements. His means of support thereafter was a matter he would work out after he had reached Highland, at that time a village of about 600 inhabitants, four miles from the nearest railroad. Thus the summer drew on to its close, and the day finally dawned when George carver found himself actually arrived in Highland, his heart and mind flooded with high hope, and confident, courageous dreams.

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HIGHLAND, BEELER, AND WINTERSET

At the time appointed for registration, George, along with ^{the} 150 other young men and women who made up the student body of Highland at that time, presented himself on the campus to complete the matriculation requirements -- a tall, extremely slender, eager youth keenly aware of the high significance of the day. Then fell the incredible blow: He was refused admission to Highland University. His written application had been tentatively accepted, it was true, but that was before his racial heritage was known. The tentative acceptance was cancelled now; he was a Negro. He would not be admitted as a student to Highland University.

There is of course no record of the days immediately following this sudden staggering crash of his long-cherished plans. But an intimation concerning them appears in the fact that half a century later -- when his memory was quite clear concerning incidents happening both earlier and later than this Highland experience -- it took him some time to dig up from its ~~deep~~ burial place in his mind even the name of the college that once had refused to admit him. Some deep-seated impulse of preservation from pain had evidently seen to it that such an experience was buried deep ^{down beneath the flow of memory.} A long while afterward he once made to a student group, in a different set of circumstances, a suggestion which he himself must have followed in those empty hours in Highland, Kansas, immediately after a great ~~one~~, which he seemingly had no power to remove, had been rolled across the path of his hopes and plans and dreams.

"Proceed," he said to this student group, "from the Known to the nearest related Unknown." The Known for him in those bleak days was the fact that his

a carefully-planned purpose of going to college lay in fragments now about him, leaving him face to face with the stark, immediate question : What shall I do now ? The nearest related Unknown obviously was the two-fold problem of earning his living and finding some way, outside college walls, to realise the urgent, invincible dream the years had deep-rooted within him.

The habit of independence hard-won during the years at Neesho, Fort Scott, and Minneapolis stood him in good stead now. With no funds sufficient to take him elsewhere, he was obliged to stay on in Highland, in daily proximity to constant reminders of the bitter frustration of his plans. Turning to fine laundry and house-and-yard work as a means of livelihood, he set out to study alone, for imbedded within the sensitive spirit of this tall, quiet-seeming youth, there was something that was not to be defeated nor denied, even in the face of such shock and disappointment as had now befallen him. The story of what had happened to him spread about the little town, and there were these, particularly a few church women, who saw to it that he had the work by which he could at least earn a living. For a part of the time during his stay in Highland, he lived alone in town. Later he was employed at the John Beeler homestead, about a mile southeast of town, for various types of work about the house and farm. With Frank Beeler, a son of the family, George became fast friends. Writing later, in the "Highland Vidette", Frank Beeler give this picture of George during his Highland days :

" He applied for admission to the University but for some cause or other, never very clear to me, he was never accepted. Not discouraged, he went diligently to work with his studies, meanwhile

doing fine laundry work, knitting, tatting, embroidery, and painting, vocal and instrumental music. Exceptionally bright, quite, modest, he was a general favorite at many social functions. Mrs. Wilson Baird, Mrs. Dr. Hammond, my mother, and others took an interest in the boy... Next he went to Ness county, Kansas, and filed on a homestead two miles south of the little town of Beeler (About 525 miles southwest of Highland) built a sod house on his claim, and put in crops. He also got a job with the Gregg-Steeley Livestock ranch doing house work and cooking, carrying on in the meantime his music, painting, and studies. Mr. Steeley was a fine violinist, Mr. Gregg a good guitarist, George organist, and myself B flat cornet. I look back with a great deal of satisfaction to the concerts we pulled off in the sod houses and also¹ in my store after business hours. Those were the days of real joy".

A little further look at the school boy pranks played by these young men on each other, as well as on their sod house neighbors, is provided by Frank Beeler in his story of George and the roasting corn episode. About half-way between Georg's house and the little village of Beeler -- so the story goes -- lived a settler known as "Cyclone Munn". Flowing near the Munn house there was a small creek, making possible a garden, ~~which was~~ ^{and in this} garden, at one time, there were rows of Green corn, a rare sight on those dry Kansas acres in those days of the eighties. George and Frank kept careful watch on the growing corn, gaily laying their plans for that day when the ears should be ripe for roasting. When the time finally came, according to plan George waited for a cloudy night, then made his way to the Munn garden, transferred the juicy corn ears from the stalks to the gunny sack he had brought along for the purpose, and was on his way to the store

when suddenly there were shots , and bullets came singing by him. Frightened almost out of his senses, he broke into a run and stopped only when he fell exhausted in the door of the Beeler store. But he still had the gunny sack of corn, and when he had recovered sufficient breath, he began the business of cooking the tender ears of corn in an old tin can over a fire built in a shallow hole in the ground. Inside the store, Frank Beeler managed to eat the roasted ears almost as fast as George brought them in, until finally poor George found himself with only three ears of the delectable corn to pay for all his pillaging!²

The painting, music, and laundry work mentioned in the Beeler sketch might have been expected in any comment concerning George Carver during those years, but "tatting, knitting, embroidery"...these seem strange words to connect with him. And yet ^{not so} ~~like~~ strange, actually, for out of his early lessons with Mrs. Carver had come the ability not only to "sew a fine seam", but also to work out intricate designs in tatting and crochet. The "fine seam" knowledge had been of practical value to him all during the years when he looked out for himself, which naturally had meant not only caring for his bodily wants but seeing to his clothing as well.

And as for the tatting, knitting, and crocheting, throughout his life these were to provide for him a pleasant recreation and hobby. An inkling of what these may have meant to him is found in a letter he once wrote to a young artist in regard to the need for frequent relaxation from artistic efforts: "Sometimes the very best thing to do it to work out a design in crochet or tatting, as they require very high concentration along that particular line." He has found his designs in many places -- dew-wet, fresh-spun spider webs being a favorite

source of inspiration. It is not so strange, after all, to find George Carver, in his early twenties, in a lonely sod hut on the plains of Kansas, working out intricate and beautiful designs in tatting and crochet. As far back as he could remember he had looked upon things about him with two incessant questions in his mind: How was this thing made? And can I ever make anything like it? Now, as a young man, with his two-fold artist-scientist nature deepening and developing, these constant questions apparently were at work even in his recreation -- the scientist seeing, observing, comprehending the design in a new-spun cobweb; the artist recreating the design in tatting and crochet.

It is in this two-fold role of artist-scientist that we frequently find him out on the plains around his "Dry Claim" near Beeler, observing the soil, the vegetation, the rocks. Few of the things of Nature about him escaped his minute attention. But he brought to his investigations and conclusions, even in these early years, something more than the keen observations and interpretations characteristic of the usual so-called "scientific mind". He brought also the artist's out-pouring of tenderness and love for the beauty he found in them; the artist's desire to reproduce in something of his own creation this fragile, fleeting beauty. So we find him painting in oil, on smooth boards, or pieces of tin, or any useable surfaces -- painting landscapes, at times, but more often the portraits of flowers and plants he came upon in his tours of investigation; cactus plants, and yucca -- flowers struggling for life against great odds, even as he himself had done.

There can be little doubt, moreover, that in these lonely, somewhat silent years that followed close upon the terrible shock of being denied entrance at Highland, George Carver's intuitive understanding and grasp of the laws at work in the invisible universe deepened and

grew, along with his growing understanding of the physical laws ~~xxxxxx~~ governing his visible environment-- understandings out of which there later came his habitual consciousness of his own intimate association with an invisible Creator in working out an eternal purpose vibrant in the heart of the universe. It seems probable, also, that during these years following the Highland incident there came to him, in some measure at least, a sense of the responsibility he must ultimately assume for helping to secure for his own people the reality of that emancipation and freedom which had been proclaimed for them at the end of the Civil War.

Having finally come to the conclusion that farming was an almost inevitable failure on his "Dry Claim", and probably longing, moreover, for companionships and opportunities not to be found in Beeler, George acted on the suggestion of a friend, sold ~~out~~ his claim, and made his way east and north to the little town of Winterset, Iowa, a little southwest of Des Moines. It was his intention to begin a green-house here, but when he had arrived and looked over the situation, it did not seem to him that there was much chance for success at such a venture in Winterset, so he gave up his original idea and found a job as cook in the Schultz hotel. Later, purchasing a small hand laundry, he set himself up in business as a laundryman, living alone in a tiny cottage near the edge of town, and baking special cakes for the women of the town as a side-line industry-- again bringing into practical use the lessons in cooking and cleaning begun with Mrs. Carver at Diamond Grove.

On a memorable Sunday night, according to his usual custom he went into a church for the evening service. Coming in quietly, he took a seat near the door and joined the congregation in singing the hymns with that joy and child-like satisfaction he always experienced in

singing. In the choir the leading soprano, Mrs. J.M. Milholland, wife of a doctor of the town, heard the high, sweet tenor voice, identified it with the young man singing with such evident pleasure from the rear of the church, and set out after the service to find out who he was. Learning that he was George Carver, and employed at the hotel, Mrs. Milholland the next day sent her husband, the doctor, to the hotel to enquire about George and to invite him to come and talk with her.

The outcome was a friendship which lasted until the day of Mrs. Milholland's death in 1935, and one which proved to be of extraordinary significance to the boy. Mrs. Milholland knew something of singing, and wished to learn to paint. George, self-taught, knew something of painting and wanted to know better how to sing. So it was that their agreement was made : They would exchange lessons. George would give Mrs. Milholland instruction in painting, and she would teach him to vocalise. She must have been an extraordinarily discerning woman, for she evidently saw in this boy possibilities of which he himself was only half aware; and not only saw them but had the insight and devotion to provide the constant stimulus of understanding interest and confident encouragement that would bring into fuller growth and fruition these latent capacities. As the acquaintance went along, she would have him come at the close of each day to talk with her and with her husband, telling them what he had done during the day; commenting on its occurrences. It is impossible to measure the value of such a companionship to George Carver in those days; impossible to estimate its significance for all his ^{coming} ~~coming~~ days.

But there is ample evidence of the fact that this friendship was mutual in its values not only while George was in Winterset, but for many following years. Mrs. Milholland herself has made this very

clear in a manuscript concerning George Carver, written from her memoirs several years before her death, but never published. "His experience in our Iowa town with no higher school of learning", she wrote, "was far from what his nature craved. For this reason he very soon started what might be called a private school for himself, and the hours for each branch were as rigidly enforced as in schools where there are many students During these days there were many who greatly enjoyed being permitted to see his collection of Nature's stores, and were made to marvel at the beautiful specimens which resulted from his method of polishing ... His gift for placing upon canvas reproductions of ~~the~~ beautiful flowers and plants was a joy not only to himself but to those who saw in them the perfect likeness to the study from which they had been taken. This was one of his pastimes on his Kansas claim, we judged from the large number of nature studies he had when he came to Winterset.. These were given later to friends in our town While he may have been an enigma to many from his boyhood days, he certainly was such to those who appreciated something of his rare character and abilities in his first days in our state... Even in these days before collegiate doors had opened to him, one of man's greatest faculties, the power of observation, had been very well developed so that he had a wonderful fund of knowledge. Those who expected little or nothing were astonished at the ready answers which came to the most complicated questions, and found it a pleasure to be in his company. He was ever alert to lend from his resourceful powers to his friends, and many were his acts of kindness in the matter of placing plants--something which only those who have learned the secrets of plant life can successfully do. And no effort seemed too much for him to obtain for a friend a coveted fern or bulb

3

Other intimate glimpses of George's life during his days in Winterset have been given by another woman who knew and was interested in him then. "I first met him", writes Mrs. J. M. Robbins, "in the home of Dr. Milholland when he was engaged in giving Mrs. Milholland lessons in painting. I had known him by sight before, for he lived all alone in a small cottage at the edge of town on the street by which I came in from the country. I frequently would see him seated at the table with the door open. I could not help noticing how nicely everything was arranged, just as precise as though he were entertaining company. Then, too, I frequently passed him on the streets carrying very carefully an armful of fine white shirts which he had laundered (This was when shirts had to be polished very shiny and stiff)

"The second time I met him was in Sunday School in the Methodist church. I was a visitor in the class and I well remember how amused he was at a remark I made; he made allusion to it afterward when he was spending a few days in our home... I had a son in his late teens at home then; I think he found Carver rambling in the woods in the hill above the house and invited him in. Anyway he had a basket ^{on} ~~under~~ his arm and said he was looking for botanical specimens. He was suffering from a bad case of tonsillitis and I asked him to remain until he was better as I had a good remedy that I used with good results. So he remained until he was well. Being a very busy housewife, I left his entertainment to the boy who seemed to be greatly interested in him. I remember one conversation they had in particular. He was trying to get my son to go with him to college and my son said he was too old. Carver said, "Look at me". The boy had found a huge petrified tooth of some prehistoric animal, and Carver told him he would take it and have it classified and find out what it was. When he sent it back he said it was the tooth of a mastodon; it seemed big enough for a whole

jaw bone.

"How did he look ? Tall, angular, and somewhat stooped. He dressed plainly, and was neat and clean. His voice was very peculiar, almost feminine. He was interested most in Botany and painting in oil. I shall never forget the expression of disgust on his face when he saw the plight Mrs. Milholland had her brushes in. He could not help exclaiming : "O, your brushes ! Your brushes ! " ⁴

Mrs. Milholland may not have kept her brushes clean , but she did continue to prod George daily with the idea of going back to school. "She kept after me about it all the time", he said with a reminiscent chuckle when discussing it afterward. "She would say, 'Now George, you've got to go back to school. You know you ought to be in school.'" And I would answer, "Yes, but how CAN I ? I've just gotten a start with my laundry here. I still owe \$ 49 on the laundry equipment I bought . How CAN I go back to school ? "

"The idea kept bothering me, though, until it came to be an almost continual voice, ding-donging in my mind : "You ought to go back to school; you know you ought to be in school." Finally one day in mid-summer, I suddenly stopped in the midst of a piece I was ironing, left my ironing board and went over to the window and stood looking out for a while. Then I suddenly heard my own voice speaking, aloud and with definite determination: "Well ,I'll GO back to school then."

Thus for George the matter⁴ was settled, and from the decision made on that summer afternoon there was to be no turning back. From that time on he began to plan again for college, and to find extra ways of making the money essential for the plan's beginning. In the adjoin-

ing county of Warren there was a school that would raise no racial barrier against him -- Simpson College, in the town of Indianola. And so it was to Simpson that his thoughts and plans now turned, his years of drifting done.

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COLLEGE YEARS -SIMPSON AND AMES

Simpson College, an endowed co-educational institution organized under the auspices of the Des Moines Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, had, at the time of George Carver's arrival on its campus in the fall of 1890, a faculty of 17 and a student body of approximately 300. According to the college catalogue for 1891-1892, three buildings comprised the entire plant: College Hall, containing the chapel, society halls, and recitation rooms; Science Hall, which housed the laboratory, museum, study and recitation rooms of the Normal School, music rooms, and "an elegant Art room immediately under the sky-light"; and a Ladies' Hall, which afforded "good facilities for accommodating young ladies with rooms and board". Men students found rooms in private homes or in club groups, sometimes boarding themselves "in companies of two to six". Tuition fees for the three terms, Fall, Winter, and Spring, were \$15, \$12, and \$10 in the College; slightly less in the Preparatory School.

Concerning the town of Indianola, this catalogue states "the last general census gave it 2,400 inhabitants... It has two railroads, is easy of access... is unusually quiet and pleasant, presenting to the students as few unworthy attractions and allurements to vice as any town in the state." Three courses -- Philosophical, Scientific, and Classical -- were offered in the College. In addition, there were Schools of Music, of Art, of Business; the Normal School; and the Preparatory School. The president of the College, Rev. Edmund M. Holmes, was also professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.

The chemical laboratory is described as containing an abundance of apparatus not only for demonstrations before the class but also for "individual work on the part of the students". The museum contained extensive collections -- geological, botanical, zoological, and Mineralogical -- which were used "not only for illustrations before the various classes, but in individual and original work by the students". The Art rooms are pictured as "large, airy, and pleasant, furnished with casts, a large number of colored studies, objects for still life study, easels, etc., with a system of steam heating and sky lights making work possible at all times". There were Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations; daily services of worship in the chapel;; "The Simpsonian", a fair-sized student monthly publication; four Literary societies; lectures during the year by "prominent men". In the statement of the general purpose of the College, there is this significant declaration: "The faculty regarded the true function of teaching to be to help the student think, observe, and investigate for himself."¹

This, then, was the college to which George Carver came in the autumn of 1890, to enrol as a special Art student, an undergraduate in the School of Music; and a special student in the Preparatory School. It was a congenial and nurturing environment for a youth who for a number of years already had been "thinking, observing, and investigating for himself;" who wished to study Art; who loved Music; and who greatly desired to live in an atmosphere of simple, kindly religious thought and feeling.

George had been able, following his mid-summer decision to return to school, to earn enough money to pay the \$ 40 still due on his laundry equipment, and to take care of the essential tuition payments and fees incident upon his registration at Simpson. When all the

necessary requirements had been met, he found himself with a balance of exactly ten cents. Half of this went for corn meal, the other half for beef suet, and on this incredibly meagre supply of food he lived for about a week.

"It took about that long", he afterward remarked, "for people to know that I wanted and was equipped to do their laundry. After they found that out, things were much easier."

"Had his Winterset friends known of the very slender purse he carried to Indianola," Mrs. Milholland wrote, "his first days there might have been very different. But because of his constant resourcefulness, his friends did not dream but that the college laundry work, which had been promised him, would amply provide for all his needs".²

Further information concerning his early days at Simpson is given by Mrs. W.A. L. Ston, who lived in Indianola at that time and was one of his fellow students in the Art School: "One morning soon after Mr. Carver's arrival, Miss Etta Budd, who was the Art teacher, came to me and said, 'I have a talented boy who wants to study Art. He has asked to saw my stove wood for his tuition, and will you find him a room?' He is a very promising young man, and we must help him".

"I found that he had secured permission from the president of the college to occupy an old abandoned shack, and so I started out to look for him there. When I rapped at the door, and the young man timidly opened it for me, so modest was his demeanor that I scarcely knew how to approach him. Something in his quiet manner made it difficult for me to state my real errand, but a sudden thought came to me and I found myself asking if he could do some sketching for me. I wanted to paint my flower garden, and needed some help with the sketching. This proved to be an entering wedge for our long acquaintance and continued friendship. Noticing in one corner of the room an old black bread pan half filled with corn meal and water, and an old stove on

which was a boiler filled with shirts and collars he was laundering for the students, I finally came around to stating my real errand, and told him of an available room he might secure near our home. Later he moved to this room and was there throughout the year. I frequently saw him there, since the people from whom he secured the room were friends of mine whom I often visited.

" He was a constant surprise to me and to all who knew him. He had a number of interesting collections of geological and botanical specimens, which he would show and explain to anyone he found to be interested in such things. He also had many of his own ~~paintings~~ paintings, mostly in oil and all done from life. There was one very fine portrait of a yucca; he loves especially to paint novel flowers, it seemed. One day I found Mr. Carver working on some crochet patterns he was copying from a magazine, and, seeing my interest in his lace work, he brought out a large box of samples of designs he had found in many places. I looked at him in amazement and asked, 'But what are you going to do with all those patterns? Why all this work?'

" 'I am going back south to my people later on', he said, 'and I expect to use all these things in my teaching in the schools of the south.' "

"He was a popular boy with the students, his excellent tenor voice making him much sought after as a singer, particularly in the Y M C A, an organization of which he was an interested and active member. I still have a picture of four boys who were leaders of the student Y M C A in our section at that time: Mr. Carver; a white American; a Chinese; and a Japanese. They met at our home during a convention." 3

Having no actual family of his own to whom he might ^{write} the usual student letters home, George wrote frequently to his close friends, Dr.

and Mrs. Milholland, in Winterset. In the spring of his first year at Simpson we find him writing ~~when~~ school-boy letters telling of his progress in his studies, especially his beloved painting; of his teacher's favorable comments on his work; of his plans; of his plants and their care -- comments interspersed with humorous references to jokes evidently mutually shared and enjoyed. In March, 1891, he writes:

"Dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Milholland:

I shall try to write you a few lines in answer to yours of sometime ago. I was very glad to hear from you, and had begun to think you had forgotten where I was. My health is very good except for a very bad cold I contracted yesterday --working in the studio when there was a draft blowing through. However, I will take some quinine tonight and hope to feel better in the morning. I have trebble the work I had last term and it keeps me very busy, and I beseech you, Doctor, to wait until I come up and I will tell you the joke I have on you; it is very good indeed, better than the key. I am getting along very well with painting, will begin flowers soon and then I will send the model for yours. I am painting independently now and have been for some time. My teacher said today that in all her contacts with people she had never met anyone like (---) and that I was going to excel in flowers. I am doing a great deal of her fancy designing and when the other pupils want to arrange the flowers they are painting, they call on her, and she calls on (---). She farther told me that she had been watching my arrangements of flowers in my drawings and she had never seen me get them stiff and ungainly, and she is not going to let me copy a thing, but make my own designs and paint from Nature. She paid me two very pleasing compliments today. She is painting a large panel from one of my original drawings, it is cactus and the yucca of the plains. I have done all the cactus --ta

that is, all that has been done, and she says she firmly believes she could not do them at all to look like as I have them and she wants me to finish them for her ...

" Well, here it is nearly 11 o'clock Sunday evening of the next week and your letter not finished. I hope to be able to finish it this time. I have been trying to write ever since I received your letter as I was so very glad to hear from you. I have been quite sick since you wrote and had to be excused from school one afternoon but I am better now. I get a scolding nearly every day from my teacher about working so hard. We will have vacation in a week for a week. I want to go up to Des Moines during that time. I have been waiting to paint or rather get an idea of the transparent work in flowers before sending you the copy... I have nearly finished one very large marine and am painting on an original design of the cactus and yucca like my teacher's only very much larger, the canvas is 22 by 48 inches.

"The people are very kind to me here and the students are wonderfully good. They took into their heads that I was working too hard and had not home comforts enough and they clubbed together and bought me three real nice chairs and a very nice table. They left them for me while I was at school. I have the name unjustly of having one of the broadest minds in school. My teacher told me the other day that she is sorry she did not find me out sooner so she could have planned differently for me. Well, this subject is getting very monotonous and was before I began it but I thought you would like to be interested in knowing what they thought of me. Please don't let anyone see this letter but the homefolks.

"The Scott Brown and the Eclectic are very highly recommended, the Eclectic especially. I don't know anything about the former but

presume it is good for the president recommends it. If you are thinking of investing much in orchids I think you will regret it as they are very hard to raise and you will meet with failure on every hand almost. I will send you the names of two of the cheapest, they belong to the butterfly family, they come very highly recommended and are said to be of easy culture. One is spotted and the other is a beautiful purple, very fine, this one is 50 cents and the other 35. You can get them of Wm. H. Maule, 1711 Filbert st., Philadelphia.

"Well, Dr., you may expatiate as much as you please on the key question, I hope you enjoy it and will keep right after your turkey as you will not when I come up again for my joke on you is so good that it will monopolise all the time. Nearly 12 O'clock. Please excuse me and write sooner than you did before. My best respects to all, I remain your humble servant of God. I am learning to trust and realise the blessed results from trusting in Him every day. I am glad to hear of your advancement spiritually and financially. I regard them also as especial blessings of God.

Sincerely yours,

George W. Carver "

The "key" referred to several times here was an Arithmetic "Key" which George had evidently used or tried to use in his struggles with his Mathematics, and ^{apparently} ~~evidently~~ the subject for considerable teasing on the part of the Doctor. Again in April, 1891, George writes to the Milhollands:

"Dr. and Mrs. Milholland, dear Friends:

Since you wrote me I have been to Des Moines and back again. It was very muddy, but I had a nice time. I was to see your sister, Mrs. Maley, and took dinner with her. I intended to have gone and seen her the next day but could not get my business
 done

closed soon enough. She was very anxious to have me tell you what I thought of her sick boy. I really think it is a severe throat trouble and not his lungs and with the proper care of himself I think he will get well. When about his age I was in almost ~~the~~^{ex-}actly the same condition if not worse with my throat which resulted in the loss of my voice, partially, for a number of years. I thank you very much for the seed, part of them are up. I lost all of my foliages during the holiday vacation by putting them in a cellar that was too damp for them. My roses are just beginning to grow again. I want to try to root one of each for you if I can. I am getting along with my painting quite nicely, have not yet finished that very large piece I was working on when I last wrote you. My teacher send her best respects to you and also send repeated invitations for you to come down.

"I am taking better care of myself than I have. I realise that God has a great work for me to do and consequently I must be very careful of my health. You will doubtless be surprised to learn that I am taking both vocal and instrumental music ^(Piano) ~~this~~ term. I don't have to pay any direct money for my music, but pay for it in paintings. They heard me sing several times and then they gave me no rest until I took it, or rather consented to. They are very kind and take especial pains with me; I can sing up to high D and three octaves below, and I have had only one lesson. He told some of his students that he thought he could develop some wonderful things out of my voice, or words to that effect.

I hope your orchids are doing well. I saw some of that variety in bloom while in Des Moines, they are very pretty indeed. I wish you would send me a bulb of that oxalis like we got from Miss Siders last fall. You can put it in a tiny box and send it by mail;

I lost mine. I have two double fringed petunias(slips) I think they are both growing, if you haven't any I will send you one. You can't imagine how much good the reading of your letter did me, and tell the Doctor that I enjoy his preaching very much and that I will finish Arithmetic this time key or no key. I would like to come up a day or so before I go to Ames and then you could see and copy some of the flower work as I would bring some with me. Mrs. Maley wants/ to be htere too if she can should I come.

"I am glad the outlook for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of Christ is soo good. We are having a great revival here, 40 seeking last night and 25 rese for prayers at the ~~chese~~ of the service. I did not go tonight. My best regards to all and to your nephew also as I suppose he is there now. Shall be glad to hear from you soon .

Geo, W. Carver "

The statement in the April letter, " I realise that God has a great work for me to do", was not an idly made remark but a declaration of a deepening conviction. George had come to college with the desire to make painting his major field of study. He wanted to be an artist -- to paint the plants and flowers and things of Nature he had come to know with such intimate and abiding affection . But with the broadened horizons of knowledge and understanding that were ntural outcomes of his college experiencies, he came more and more to feel a sers e of responsibility to his own race. His own experience had shown him something of the bonds by which his people still were enslaved; something of the tremendous difficulties to be met in transforming such bonds into the rights and responsibilities of free-born men. H₁s increasing knowledge of History, as well as of human

nature, coupled with his intelligence and plain common sense, seemed to indicate that the most promising way out of bondage into freedom for his own people-- most of whom lived and would live for years to come in the agricultural south -- lay in ^{an} ~~an~~ increasingly ~~by better~~ knowledge and practise of better methods in the whole field of farming.

By this time he was also somewhat aware of his own peculiar gifts of discernment in the so-called mysteries of soils and plants-- those mysteries with which Agriculture is eternally concerned. And gradually, the simple but ^{powerful} ~~powerful~~ religious faith, which more and more permeated all his thought and feeling, caught up together the two ^{potent} ~~powerful~~ elements of his knowledge of the needs of his own people and his intimations concerning himself, fusing them into an inescapable conviction.

He wanted to be an artist. But if, by becoming a scientist, discovering and teaching more scientific and productive methods of agriculture, he could be of more help to his own race than by becoming an artist, then he must study Science. Thus, having come to his decision, he began to shape his college courses to accord with it, and to major in Chemistry.

It was not an easy decision. Dr. Holmes, then president of Simpson, has said that when George told him of his determination not to continue in Art as his major field, he spoke of having put away his paints and brushes, adding, with indescribable pathos, "I couldn't do anything else that day". ^{all} ⁴ It was impossible for him to keep his paints and brushes locked up in disuse, of course. The urge in him to paint was too fundamental and too strong. But the main conclusion held; the main sail was set, and its course lay now toward Science rather than toward Art. But it was then, and has always been for George W. Carver, the Science not only of a scientist but of an artist-- and

of

of an artist, moreover, who first of all was a man of simple but profound religious insights and ^{devotions.} ~~motivations.~~

In spite of his difficulties with Arithmetic, jokingly referred to in his letters to the Milhollands, Georg was rated by his teachers at Simpson as "an excellent student, with perseverance, clear insight, and amazing patience".⁵ In his contacts with his fellow students, it appears that he ^{was} equally ^{esteemed.} ~~respected.~~ Frank Crawford, one of his friends among the student group, has told of long walks he used to take with Carver on Sunday afternoons, and of other extended conversations they would have in George's room while the laundry work went on. Mr. Crawford asserts that he never knew a man so intimately acquainted with Nature as this boy, nor one who was a better conversationalist on almost any subject in which he was interested-- and these were many and various.⁶

These days at Indianola were undoubtedly happy ones for George, filled with fun and friendships as well as with hard and constant work and fascinating study, and with ever unfolding vistas of thought and imagination. Yet the time came when he realized that in some other school he might find courses of study more definitely suited now to his needs in Agricultural Science than were those offered at Simpson. Consulting with his friends and teachers, he began to think of going on to Iowa Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa (Now Iowa State College) --hence his reference to "going to Ames" in his April letter to the Milhollands. Ames was north of Indianola a distance of about 50 miles, and the Agricultural College there, a state-supported school. To Miss Budd, his Art teacher, probably belongs much credit for George's choice of Ames, for her father was at that time professor of Horticulture on the agricultural faculty there, and thus she was familiar

with the special facilities and opportunities for scientific study ~~xxx~~ available for a student of George's abilities and interests.

"I will take him to Ames to my father", Mrs. Liston quotes Miss Budd as saying. "Carver will fit in beautifully there".⁷

This she did, and thus we find George W. Carver registered as a student at Ames in September, 1891, although he was still registered as a special student in Art at Simpson both in 1891 and 1892. Among others on the agricultural faculty at Ames at that time there were certain professors who ~~xxx~~ became intimately interested in George and gave ~~xxx~~ evidence of their interest in most practical and helpful ways: Prof. Budd, beforementioned; L.H. Pammell, professor of Botany; James Wilson, professor of Agriculture and H.C. Wallace, assistant professor of Agriculture, both of whom later served as United States Secretary of Agriculture.

"Miss Etta Budd interested herself in the boy because of his artistic ability," wrote Prof. Pammell, commenting on George's arrival at Ames. She came to me one morning and asked if I could give Mr. Carver some employment. I told her the only job I had was a janitor's job, but I would be glad to give this to him, which I did. The next thing was to find a rooming place for him, for rooms were hard to get at Ames then. I allowed Mr. Carver to use my office downstairs on the first floor of old North Hall, now demolished, and I moved back to the second floor. Mr. Carver had this room during the entire time he was connected with the college."⁸

Professor Budd placed him in charge of the green houses, and instructed him to go to the commissary department to arrange for his admission into the boarding hall. Here the discouraging problem of racial discrimination arose to confront him again. "No colored boy comes into this college," he was told. "You cannot eat with the white boys".⁹

Writing his friend, Mrs. Liston, of the matter, George asked her advice as to what to do. There seemed to be feeling against him because of his color, he said, yet he greatly desired to stay on in school here at Ames. What should he do ?

Receiving his letter, Mrs. Liston lost no time in putting on her best hat and dress and taking a train for Ames. There she found Miss Budd and told her what had happened.

"Stand by him", Miss Budd is quoted as saying. "My father is going to keep him where he is."

And stand by him Mrs. Liston did. She had dinner with ~~him~~ ^{the} head carpenter's wife(a graduate of an eastern college) in the basement room where George was having his meals with the hired hands. Afterwards she walked with him on the campus, staying until evening.

"The following day", he reported to her later, "everything was different. The ice was broken, and from that time on, things went very much easier."
9

At Ames, as at Simpson, it was of course necessary for George to provide his own means of livelihood, and here again he found original and unique ways of meeting this continuous need. To the janitor's job and the supervision of the green houses he added the work of masseur for the college football teams, gaining experience thereby which was to be of value to him later when he began his experiments in the use of massage in the treatment of limbs wasted and dwarfed by disease. And now and then, when special need arose, he sometimes made and sold "lye hominy", a food made of kernels of corn and by many considered quite delicious.

The suspicions and antagonisms arising out of prejudice against his color, which had made his first days at Ames discouraging and difficult, could not for long stand in the ^{continuous} presence of his kindly,

humorous, somewhat child-like spirit; his unassuming endeavors to do his work well; his obvious endowment of distinctive and unique abilities. It is no doubt true that for many of his fellow students he remained an oddity and a curiosity. No other Negro student was at Ames at that time; and for many of the students, coming as they did from communities with small, if any, per centage of colored people in their populations, even the sight of a Negro was a rare experience. In spite of this fact, however, George found warm ^{genuine,} friends among both students and faculty, and entered into the extra-curricular affair~~s~~ of student life on the campus with zest and keen enjoyment.

In the college cadet corps he attained the rank of second lieutenant, and later of cadet captain, and was with the battalion accompanying Governor Boise to the World's Fair in Chicago in 189 - . (When jokingly brought to task later by his friends about having once been such a military man, he was accustomed to reply, rather sheepishly, that he liked the uniforms and the music !) In the Y M C A here, as at Simpson, he found congenial companions and interests, becoming president of a Prayer and Mission group which was one of many ^{Similar groups} ~~found~~ on many campuses across the country linked together in the Student Volunteer Movement, a vital force in the religious life of American campuses for many student generations. A small group of these students was ~~was~~ accustomed to meet regularly as a reading and prayer group in the office of Professor Wilson. Concerning the work of ~~this~~ group and of George in particular, Professor Wilson has written: "A great work was accomplished at Ames during those years, and now that ~~this~~ college is famous for the firm stand taken by its students along Christian lines. Carver and I would sit down and plan how to get boys who were Christians to go to the depot to meet new students,

come up with them, help them get registered and find rooms, and ~~all~~ that would establish acquaintance with them and enable young men of Christian leanings to get them into the prayer meetings. Along these lines George Carver was my greatest help ⁹". It is not surprising, ~~there~~ then, to find that for two summers George was sent as a delegate from Ames to the summer conference of the student Y M C A held annually at Lake Geneva in Wisconsin.

In addition to these various activities he carried on along with his studies and work, George yet found time for his habitual long excursions of investigation about the countryside, and for quiet communion with his silent friends of the woods and fields. On some of these walks he had with him friends and acquaintances, sharing with them his stores of information, whetting their curiosity concerning the mysteries at hand, sometimes even succeeding in sending them out on discovery jaunts of their own. A small boy named Henry sometimes accompanied him, the son of Professor Wallace -- a small boy who later, as United States Secretary of Agriculture, speaking to a group of scientists and educators at the Waldorf -Astoria hotel on Feb. 23, 1939, declared: " When I was a boy, George Carver introduced me to the mysteries of botany and plant fertilisation. Later on I was to have an intimate acquaintance with plants myself, because I spent a good many years breeding corn. Perhaps this was partly because this scientist who belonged to another race had deepened my appreciation of plants in a way I could never forget."

In the meantime, Carver was deepening his own understanding and appreciation of plants constantly. He still always had a garden of his own, and in it, among other things at this time, there were various varieties of Amaryllis with which he was carrying on experiments in cross-breeding " in partial fulfilment of the requirements of his

" My dear Friends;

I was indeed more than pleased to hear from you; had you not written you would have received a letter from me soon as I intended writing I am glad to know that you are all well and that the Lord is blessing you so unsparingly ... The Lord is wonderfully blessing me and has for these many years. I cannot begin to tell you all. I presume you know that I had some paintings at the Cedar Rapids Art Exhibit, was there myself, and had some work selected and sent to the World's Fair, and was also sent to Geneva twice to the Y M C A Summer conference as a representative from our college.

"And the many good things the Lord has entrusted to my care are too numerous to mention here. The last but not least I have been elected assistant Station Botanist. I intend to take a post graduate course here, which will take two years, one year of residence work and one of non-residence work. I hope to do my non-residence work next year and in the meantime take a course at the Chicago Academy of Arts and the Moody Bible Institute. I am saving all the pennies I can for that purpose and am praying a great deal. I believe more and more in prayer all the time.

" I thank you for your kind invitation to visit you; nothing would give me greater pleasure and I will do so if I can but I will have to cancel some other contemplated visits. There are so many that are so determined that I shall make them a visit this winter. But I think I will get to see you as I have much to tell you and ask your advice about.

" I have been to a reception nearly every night last week

work for his master's degree. The subject for his thesis was 'The Im-
 provement of Plants by Man'.¹⁰ These experimnts with cross-breeding
 Amaryllis have gone on continuously ever since these days at Ames ,
 having developed into a life-long piece of study and experimentation.
 Symbolic of his love of plants, even in his student days, Carver wore
 always in his coat lapel a flower or leaf or sprig of some kind of plant,
 a habit which came to be ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{in time} a beloved symbol to ~~xxx~~ his
 friends ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ and acquaintances.

During vacations, especially at Christmas, he went to visit friends
 in Indianola and Winterset. "His abilities were equal to almost any
 occasion, " writes Mrs. Milholland. "Once when he was with us at Christ-
 mas time, we asked him to be master of ceremonies in the arranging of
 presents, and in the morning the grotesque figure in our dining room,
 with the gifts artistically arranged, afforded a time of much merriment.
 His power of adaptability was a great factor in the making of friends.
 Mr. Carver was with us over the Sabbath once when the president of
 Simpson College preached at the Methodist church, and through the happy
 greeting exchanged by president and student, one could readily recog-
 nise the warm friendship existing between them."¹¹

Of his work as a student, Professor Pammel said, "He was the most
 wonderful collector I ever have known, much interested in collecting
 fungi, among other things".¹² The most significant testimony to the
 estimate placed by his teachers upon his work, however, lies in the
 fact that when he received his B.S. degree on November 14, 1894, he had
 already been offered a place on the Agricultural staff at Ames as
 Station Botanist. In a letter to the Milhollands, dated October 15,
 1894, George writes:

and the cards are out for part of this week, one given by the xx president of the college and several downtown that are not connected with the institution. I don't pretend to go to all of them ...

"Enclosed please find catalogue and classification of our Mission library which has been secured and paid for this year. Our band two years ago was organized as a reading circle with 3 members including myself. We now have a membership of about 29 with 2 volunteers * . God bless you.

George W. Carver "

Mrs. Liston went up to Ames from Indianola to see him receive his degree of Bachelor of Science, in November, 1894. She found a situation very different from the one she had discovered on her first visit to him there. He came to the train to meet her wearing a fawn-colored suit, with new hat, gloves, and shoes -- an outfit which was a graduation gift from a number of his student friends. Mrs. Liston had brought a bouquet of red carnations, the class flower; another bouquet came from his Art class; and still another from three girls who were former fellow students in the Art School at Simpson. "He was very happy", Mrs. Liston writes, "and very proud of his new suit". During the exercises he read the class poem which he himself had written. Afterwards he took Mrs. Liston to dinner, not in the basement this time, but in the student dining room, where they sat at a professor's table, with the young Bachelor of Science pouring tea.

Two years later, on November 10, 1896, George W. Carver was granted the degree of Master of Science, the first of its kind ever awarded a student at Ames. He had not carried out his idea of spending one of his

* Volunteer for Christian Mission Work

graduate years in Chicago, studying at the Art Institute and at Moody Bible school, but had stayed on at Ames, teaching and carrying on his independent research work and painting, while fulfilling the requirements for his master's degree.

Although he had been assured the continuation of his place on the college faculty, he was somewhat concerned as to what he should do when he had completed his work for the new degree. An offer came to him to take a position with a florist. His reply was brief, and couched in the crisp, emphatic terms which came to be characteristic of his replies to queries or comments he considered somewhat ridiculous. "I told them", he said, "that I hadn't gotten my education to learn to arrange flowers for the dead". No, not for the dead; it was the living for whom he was concerned. There was now in his heart a great longing to return to the south, to work among his own people who had once been slaves but were now trying to become in reality free men. It was for this that he had prepared himself -- Now would the chance come?

In the spring of his last year of graduate study, it did come. In 1881, by a legislative Act carrying a small annual appropriation for maintenance, a Normal School for colored teachers had come into being in the village of Tuskegee, Alabama, with Booker T. Washington, who had been born a slave, as its Founder and first Principal. The school under his inspired leadership had grown incredibly in its fifteen years of life, and now Dr. Washington needed a well-equipped man to become head of a department of Agriculture, one of the most important divisions of the school's total program. In his search for such a man, his attention was directed to George Carver, a graduate student at Ames, a young man

recommended as highly qualified for the place by his teachers, Professors Wilson, Wallace, and Pammel. So it was that in April, 1896, correspondence destined to be of lasting significance began between Dr. Washington and young Carver. The replies of the latter to Dr. Washington's letters give the gist of the story :

Iowa Agricultural College
Department of Botany
Ames, Iowa

Office of Botanist

L.H.Pammel, professor

C.B.Weaver

Emma Sirrine Assistants
 in
 Collecting

George W. Carver,
Station Assistant
Robert Combs,
Collection in Cuba

April 12, 1896

Pres. Booker T. Washington
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

My dear Mr. Washington:

Yours of April 1 just received, and after a careful consideration of its contents, I now venture a reply. It is certainly very kind of you to take the interest you have in me.

Of course it has always been the great ideal of my life to be of the greatest good to the greatest number of 'my people' possible, and to this end I have been preparing myself for these many years, feeling as I do that this line of education is the key to unlock the golden door of freedom to our people.

Please send me catalogues and any other data you may have with reference to your Institution, so I may get some idea of the present scope of your work and its possible and probable expansion. I should consider it a great privilege to have an interview with you, but cannot say if I will be in the West or no

I am so glad you met our dear Brother Marshall. I dearly love him. Should I not accept the position above mentioned I will be here at the college all summer except when my occupation calls me away. At the next writing I hope to give you a more definite answer.

May the Lord bless and prosper your work.

Geo. W. Carver "

April 21, 1896

" Yours of the 17th inst. received and the contents carefully noted. I hasten to reply because I must decide very soon whether I am to stay here, or go somewhere else in the south, or come to you.

I am very much pleased with the spirit of your letter, and assure you if I come money will not be the sole object, only secondary I ~~XXXX~~ already have a position here as you will see by the letter head, and one of the professors told me today they would raise my wages here if I would stay. But I expect, as I have already stated, to go to my people and I have been looking for some time at Tuskegee with favor. So the financial feature is at present satisfactory. I shall be pleased to do all I can to cooperate with you in the broadening of the work and making it far-reaching in extent.

Enclosed please find the four years' course of Agriculture from which I graduated in 1894. I had special training in the ones I have marked aside from the regular course. I would like to know if your course in Agriculture will be something of this kind, and what I will be expected to teach. I have been for several years making large collections along economic lines and should I come to you I will bring my collections and cabinets with me for use.

When would it be necessary for me to come? I will finish my post graduate work this fall. If the course of study is not something out of my range, I will accept the offer. I shall await an answer with a considerable degree of anxiety as I must decide soon. May God bless you and your work.

Sincerely yours, Geo. W. Carver "

May 8, 1896

" It affords me great pleasure to be identified as one of the faculty of Tuskegee..... My post graduate work has been arranged to run through the college year which closes in November....However, if vitally important, I can arrange to come to you at your opening or shortly after.....

Geo. W. Carver "

June 21, 1896

" I have arranged to meet you at Waterloo on July 3rd and will be there Providence permitting. Two of my professors will endeavor to meet you at Spirit Lake. Professors Wilson and Wallace hope you can see them there "

September 12, 1896

" Yours of a few days ago awaited me upon my return and should nothing prevent, I will leave here about October 7th, sooner if I can arrange to do so.

Very respectfully yours,

Geo. W. Carver

"

Thus, for George Carver, the chance ~~he~~ long ~~had~~ sought had come, and coming, had found him ready -- well-equipped, eager, filled with buoyant confidence and faith. He would begin his work at Tuskegee, Alabama, in October, 1896.

II - TUSKEGEE

Lucy Cherry Crisp
319 Hardeman Ave.
Macon, Georgia

TUSKEEGEE ORIGINS

During the years when George Carver -- on the lonely plains of Kansas; in a small town in Iowa; and on college campuses at Indianola and Ames -- dreamed of the day when he should return to the south and worked to prepare himself for it, certain potent factors, facts, and circumstances, in those strange ways indicative of an invisible Pattern and Design, were bringing into being the environment essential for his dream's eventual fulfillment.

"In the Spring of the year 1881 -- just after the close of that period of some achievements and many tragic blunders known as the Reconstruction -- four factors were effectively united for the first time in the lower south in an educational movement to help the Negro. These four--all of vital importance -- were the Negroes themselves; the southern white people; the government; and northern philanthropy. Substantial elements in all these groups wanted to advance the cause of Negro education, and equally important, they agreed on the main lines of a policy." ¹ Thus spoke the Reverend Anson Phelps Stokes in an historical address on the occasion of Founders' Day at Tuskegee Institute, in April, 1931.

"The negroes were represented by Lewis Adams, a former slave of Tuskegee. He was highly regarded by all the best elements in the community and it was he who first urged the establishment of a normal school for his race in the town. He had never had a day's formal schooling, but he could read and write, and had learned in slavery to be a tinsmith.

" The government of Alabama was represented by two members of the State Legislature from Macon county -- W.F.Foster, in the Senate, and Arthur L. Brooks in the House -- who secured the passage of an Act establishing the school, the bill being passed by the House in December, 1880, and by the Senate in February, 1881. It proposed 'to establish a Normal school for colored teachers at Tuskegee and to contribute \$ 2,000 a year for this purpose

"The white citizens of the south--descendants of the old-time slave-holding aristocracy -- were represented by Geo. W. Campbell, a merchant and banker of Tuskegee....

" The philanthropy of the North--deeply interested in the education of the freed Negroes-- was represented by Samuel Chapman Armstrong, a former General in the Union army. He was born of pioneer New England stock in the Hawaiian Islands, where he had seen the value of industrial training, and was educated at Williams College. During the Civil War, as commander of Negro troops, he had become specially interested in the Negro, and at its close as superintendant of the Freedman's Bureau of the Ninth District of Virginia, and with the aid of the American Missionary Association, he had opened up in 1868....a school at Hampton for the moral and industrial training of Negro youth. This was formally incorporated as the Hampton Normal and Industrial Institute under a charter of the General Assembly of Virginia in 1870

" Such were the four 'conspirators' , representing four different groups, in one of the most pregnant movements in educational history. They were all at one in believing the Negro people of Alabama ~~XXXXXX~~ -- only 16 years out of slavery -- needed education, and that the problem of properly ~~XXXXXX~~ educating the former slaves of the State,

who at the time of Emancipation numbered 435, 132 , or about one-third of the total population, could only be met by training Negro teachers.

"The state had passed through troubled waters as a result of the aftermath of the Civil War, but during the previous decade there had been substantial progress..... public education was beginning to be in the air, and although the white population was receiving the greater share of attention, the Negroes were not entirely overlooked. In the year 1880, just prior to the founding of Tuskegee Institute, 72,007 of them averaging 50,184 daily, were in public schools, albeit the average school term was only 67 days and the total appropriation for all public schools in the state both white and colored was only \$397, 465 It was under these conditions that the Legislature passed the Act ' to establish a Normal School for colored teachers at Tuskegee ' " - An Act which provided also for an annual appropriation of \$ 2,000 for the maintenance and support of the School, and for a board of three commissioners who should have the "direction, control, and supervision" of the School. "

"It is specially interesting to note that this Board named by the State of Alabama under its new constitution, 1875, and after the close of the Reconstruction period, included a Negro--Lewis Adams--as well as two white men... Thus provision was made for that happy cooperation between the races in the final determination of all policies which has always marked the Institute....."

"The stage was now set for the first attempt on the part of the State government in Alabama, or in any one of the Gulf states, to tackle seriously the problem of Negro education through the training

of teachers. A cooperative spirit on the part of the four groups was assured, but nothing could be done without a leader. In the providence of God the leader appeared in the person of Booker Washington ...!

This man, Booker T. Washington, had graduated at Hampton Institute in 1875; taught school and Sunday School in his former hometown of Malden, West Virginia; studied for a winter at Wayland Seminary in Washington; and had returned to Hampton as a member of the staff, in charge of Indian students and director of the newly-established night school. Born a slave near Lynchburg, Virginia, he had known in the childhood the hard privations of utter poverty; had begun his own education in a Blueback speller; had gone to school at night after long days of work in the salt and coal mines; and had made his own way through Hampton Institute, resolved--as he later declared-- to let no obstacle prevent him from putting forth the highest effort to fit himself to accomplish the most good in the world.

In the vivid, moving story of his life, "Up from Slavery", Booker T. Washington has left a stirring narrative of the circumstances surrounding his appointment as head of the new school at Tuskegee, and of the incredible difficulties met and overcome in the founding of the school :

"In May, 1881, near the close of my first year in teaching the night school, in a way I had not dared expect, the opportunity opened for me to begin my life work. One night in the chapel, after the usual chapel exercises were over, General Armstrong referred to the fact that he had received a letter from some gentlemen in Alabama asking him to recommend someone to take charge of what was to be a normal school for the colored people in the little town of Tuskegee in that State. These gentlemen seemed to take it for granted that no colored man suitable for the position

could be secured, and they were expecting the General to recommend a white man for the place. The next day the General sent for me to come to his office, and much to my surprise, asked me if I thought I could fill the position in Alabama. I told him that I would be willing to try. Accordingly he wrote to the people who had applied to him that he did not know of any white man to suggest, but if they would be willing to take a colored man, he had one he could recommend.....

"Some time afterward, one Sunday evening during the chapel exercises, a messenger came in and handed the General a telegram. At the end of the exercises he read the telegram to the school. In substance, these were its words : 'Booker T. Washington will suit us. Send him at once' .There was a great deal of joy expressed among the students and teachers.....and I began to get ready at once to go to Tuskegee." ⁴

Arriving at Tuskegee in June, 1881, the young Principal, then 25^v years of age, found no buildings, no apparatus, but "hundreds of hungry, earnest souls who wanted to secure knowledge". He spent a month traveling through Alabama, studying the conditions among the people whom the school was to serve, advertising the new school, and making arrangements for its opening. What he saw during the month left him "with a very heavy heart", and served to strengthen his conviction that something more was needed than an imitation of "New England education as it then existed". "Mere book education", a few hours at the time, would not do for the children in the homes he had seen --- of this he was quite certain. ⁵ And it was out of this conviction, coupled with his knowledge of the theory and practise of Industrial education as carried on at Hampton under General Armstrong's direction, that the sturdy foundations of the Tuskegee

~~Idea~~ of idea of the meaning of education were hewn -- foundations, eventually, for one of the most significant and distinctive contributions yet made to American education.

On July 4, 1881, with 30 students and Washington as teacher, the school was opened in an old~~d~~ church and a tumble-down shanty beside it. After six weeks Miss Olivia Davidson, a graduate of Hampton and Framingham, came to the school as co-teacher and co-consultant with the Principal in all matters concerning the future as well as the immediate needs of the school. In a letter to his friends at Hampton, the earnest young Principal describes his school, his immediate plans, far-reaching ideals, his gratitude for various encouragements:

"I opened school last week. At present I have over forty students, anxious and earnest young men and women. I expect quite an increase in September and October. The school is taught at present in one of the colored churches, which they kindly let us have for that purpose. This building is not very well suited to school purposes, and we hope to be able to move to a more commodious place in a short time. The place referred to is on a beautiful and conveniently located farm of 100 acres, which we have contracted to buy for \$ 500. The state pays for tuition. The farm I hope to pay for by my own exertions and the help of others here. As a rule, the colored people of the South are not and will not be able for years to board their children in school at ten or twelve dollars per month, hence my object is, as soon as possible, to get the school on a labor basis, so that earnest students can help themselves and at the same time learn the true dignity of labor. An institution for the education of colored youths can be but a paryial success without a boarding department. In it they can be taught those correct habits which they fail to get at

home. Without this part of the training they go out into the world with untrained intellects and their morals and bodies neglected. After the land is paid for, we hope to get a boarding department on foot as soon as possible.

"The good will manifested towards the school by both white and colored is a great encouragement to me to push the work forward. I have had many kind words of encouragement from the whites, and have been well treated by them in every way. The Trustees seem to be exceptional men. Whether I have met the colored people in their churches, societies, or homes, I have received their hearty cooperation and a 'God bless you'. " 6

Despite these various encouragements, there were many staggering difficulties to be met and solved in the launching of such an adventure, not the least of which was the fact that Washington's idea of industrial education was received with extreme disfavor and deep distrust by many of his own race who wanted merely "book-learning", "associating ordinary manual labor with the degradation of slavery". This, however, was a discouragement which, like many others, was eventually dispelled by the warm fervor and amazing outcomes of the Principal's consuming conviction.

The farm of 100 acres was purchased and paid for within five months, "the greater part of the money having been gotten from the white and colored people in the town of Tuskegee --... by holding 7. festivals and concerts, and from small individual donations". The plantation house on the farm had burned down, but four old buildings still were standing-- a cabin, and old kitchen, a stable, and a hen-house. These were repaired as much as possible, and the School lost no time in moving into its new quarters.

"Our next effort⁸, writes the Principal," was in the direction of the cultivation of the land, so as to secure some return from it, and at the same time give the students training in Agriculture... We began with farming because we wanted something to eat ...the first animal possessed by the school was an old blind horse given us by one of the white citizens of Tuskegee"⁸. And with another gift of \$ 100, Mr. Lewis Adams went out on a purchasing trip and, in his own words, "made it go so far that when I came back to the school I had a good horse, a second-hand lumber wagon, harness, a plow, and a sack of corn to begin⁹ to feed the horse on."

As the need for a new building became imperative, brick-making was introduced on the campus, the first three burnings--in kilns constructed by the students themselves--ending in utter failure. But the dauntless Washington, having not a penny left to invest in more materials, went to the town of Montgomery; pawned his watch for \$15; rallied his "discouraged and rather demoralised forces", and set to work again. This effort was blessed with success, the bricks were made, and the erection of Porter Hall-- by student labor--began.

"From the very beginning at Tuskegee", wrote Washington, "I was determined to have the students do not only the agricultural and domestic work, but to have them erect their own buildings. My plan was to have them, while performing this service, taught the latest and best methods of labour, so that the school would not only get the benefit of their efforts, but the students themselves would be taught to see not only utility in labour, but beauty and dignity; would be taught, in fact, how to lift labour up from mere drudgery and toil, and would learn to love work for its own sake. My plan was not to teach them to

work in the old way, but to show them how to make the forces of nature-- air, water, steam, electricity, horse-power--assist them in their labour".¹⁰

Thus, from inauspicious and apparently insignificant beginnings, there came into being, under the leadership of a man whose far vision had the constant support of ~~xxx~~^{an} invincible courage and a boundless faith, a great Experiment. "On that day, in July, 1881, when the modest, quiet, unassuming young man, Booker T. Washington, reported with a letter from General Armstrong, his former teacher, and was cordially received and welcomed to this community by Mr. George W. Campbell, then it was that a form of cooperation began, the scope and effectiveness of which was destined to command the respect and admiration, not only of this country, but also of the entire civilised world."¹¹

Thus, moreover, was "launched a program of educational practise based upon the theory of learning by doing, with the idea of making economically independant, self-respecting citizens. The fundamental conception of the whole program in this institution was that of learning to do more effectively society's work. This practise was opposed not only by the current educational theory but also by outstanding members of the Negro race who evidently were influenced by the dominant theory of education prevailing at that time.....

"It is interesting to note that the practise of Tuskegee, as sponsored by its leader, was to afford the best example of a new educational theory beginning at the end of the nineteenth century and developing up to the present time in the twentieth century. The extent to which this incomparable leader was conscious of the fact that he was making a contribution of profound significance to educational theory as well as practise,

we do not know, but his wisdom in other respects leads us to believe that he saw farther than the immediate practical problem of equipping¹² young men and women better for the responsibilities of life".

Fifteen years passed --fifteen hard but rewarding years for Tuskegee Institute and its Founder. New buildings stood on the campus; new industries were a part of its program. Almost a thousand students were now enrolled, representing 24 states. A night school was in session for students who had to work by day for a living. The Farmers' Conference had been organized and annually brought to Tuskegee hundreds of colored farmers who took home with them not only new knowledge of agriculture, but something of the Tuskegee spirit. A hospital and nurses' training school, as well as [~]Bible Training school, had been added to the curriculum. The U.S. Congress had made a gift to the school of 25,000 acres of mineral lands in northern Alabama.

And now, in 1896, there was urgent need for the presence on the faculty of an expert in Agricultural Science-- a man well-equipped to teach the students the mysteries of the soil and its mastery. And, even more, there was need for a scientist whose vision would be at one with the vision of the Principal, and whose abilities could be counted on to measure up to the continually increasing opportunities for service that came knocking at the doors-- the hospitable doors-- of Tuskegee Institute.

And once again, "in the providence of God", a man amazingly endowed and equipped to meet the need was found and brought to Tuskegee, this ~~time~~ time in the person of George W. Carver.

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EARLY DAYS AT TUSKEEGEE

Traditional in the annals of Tuskegee is the story of the arrival of the new professor on a Sunday afternoon in October, 1896. The student sent to the train to meet him, arriving a little late, found Prof. Carver quietly examining some plants near the railroad station. It is a likely story, for the soil and plants of this southern state were different from the soil and plants of Iowa, and the alert curiosity of the young scientist undoubtedly went swiftly out to investigate the unfamiliar surroundings.

Arrived at the Institute, he established himself in Porter Hall, one of the residence halls for men, getting his meals with the students and other faculty members in Alabama Hall. About 32 years of age, the new professor was a striking-looking figure as he went about the campus. A photograph made of him during his late student days portrays him holding brushes and palette and standing beside an easel on which was one of his flower portraits -- dark-skinned, tall, straight, slender; a sensitive, somewhat wistful mouth beneath a neatly-trimmed mustache; a broad high forehead above the far-looking, comprehending eyes of an artist and a seer -- an appealing face of intermingled gentleness, discernment, and strength.

Insofar as actual laboratory equipment was concerned, Prof. Carver found that he had little to begin with. But there were things he did find provided which were of much more importance to him. Nowhere else in America, certainly, and probably nowhere else in the world at that time could have been found an environment more ideal for his own tastes and purposes than he found at Tuskegee Institute. In the first

place, it was in the south, and among those who, while not of his actual blood kin, were yet of his own race. In the second place, in Booker T. Washington he found not only a wise counselor and rare friend, but a man of like mind and faith, vision and understanding, though vastly different endowments; a man, moreover, who had lasting confidence in the contributions this new teacher brought, and would bring, to Tuskegee. Here ~~in the south~~ ~~at Tuskegee~~ he found also an urgent need for the very stores of information, understanding, and skill he had spent a quarter of a century acquiring-- need not only urgent and immediate, but of far-reaching, accumulative import. Agriculture in the south was in great need of the help which Science, if interested, could give; and the Agriculture of the south was a matter of national and even international significance. Here at Tuskegee were the "raw materials" for the experimental research and demonstrations essential to any plan or program involving such scientific aid: soils, plants, students, teachers, contacts with the outside world-- channels already provided for the fresh and vitalising flow of the now much needed knowledge. Over and above and around all these tangible provisions, Prof. Carver found also that nameless, intangible reality sometimes spoken of jestingly as "campus atmosphere" -- that enervating mixture of care-free gaiety and poignant concern; failures and achievements, discouragements and devotions; the intimate impact and interplay of ideals and emotions, maturity and youth forever incident upon the relationships involved in the daily life of a campus. It was a congenial air for the young professor; for seven years he had lived in it, breathed the breath of its life. He was at home in it now at Tuskegee.

He was at home, moreover, with the necessity for securing tools and equipment for his work with little financial aid, hence was undismayed by the absence of the conventional laboratory supplies. Sending his students out to hunt for old bottles, hollow reeds, cracked pieces of pottery--old cups and saucers and the like-- he declared that the equipment in the head of a man was more important than that in the laboratory. Near at hand he gathered also the specimens for study and experiment. With the dawn each day he was out on the hills, carrying his botany can and returning loaded down with various samples of soils, clays, diseased or unusual twigs and branches;~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ insects found preying on plants. These he took back to his makeshift laboratory--practical, useful specimens for his own and his students' study.

These hours out-of-doors at dawn were ~~xxxxxx~~ more, however, than trips for gathering laboratory specimens ; they were for him hours of quiet communion as well-- communion with the invisible Creator whose presence he felt all about him , out here on the hills in the dawn, amid the lovely ^{interesting} things of His creation. This practise of outdoor communion ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ at the beginning of the day became a life-long habit with Prof. Carver, and one never broken except for illness or inescapable demands or interruptions.

The sight of this man with his arms filled with branches, his botany can slung over his shoulder, was a strange one to the residents of the Tuskegee vicinity in the early days of his residence there. Some of them thought he must be a "herb doctor" out gathering his supplies ! Dr. Washington relates that, noting the increasing number who came to the Institute to ask Prof. Carver questions about plants, he asked him one day, "How do all these people find out that you

know about plants ?"

" ' Well, it was this way', Carver answered. ' Shortly after I came here I was going along one day with my botany can under my arm, looking for plant diseases and insect enemies. A lady saw what she thought was a harmless colored man with a strange-looking box under his arm, and she stopped me and asked if I was a peddler. I told her what I was doing; she seemed delighted and asked me to come and see her roses which were badly diseased. I showed her what to do for them, in fact, sat down and wrote it out for her. In this way, and several other ways, it became noised abroad that there was a man at the school who knew about plants. People began calling upon me for information and advice' ".

"I myself remember", Dr. Washington continues, " that several years ago a dispute arose downtown about the name of a plant; no one knew what it was. Finally one gentleman spoke up and said that they had a man out at the Normal school by the name of Carver who could name any plant, tree, bird, stone, etc. in the world, and if he did not know there was no use to look any farther ! A man was put on a horse and the plant brought to Prof. Carver. He named it and sent it back. Since then Prof. Carver's laboratory has never been free from specimens of some kind".¹

Nor were diseased plants and soils and peculiar insects the only "specimens" brought to the professor for diagnosis, information, and help. Mr. Davidson Washington, son of the Principal, was fond in late years of relating the story of his pet goose. "All of the children about the campus thought that Dr. Carver could do anything", he declared. "So, when my pet goose got sick one day, I thought that I would take it to Dr. Carver and he would make it well again. But

I kept putting it off until one morning Father said, 'It's too late now; your goose is dead'. And with absolute confidence, I quickly replied, 'Well, I'll take it to Dr. Carver anyway.' "

At the urgent request of Dr. Washington, the Alabama Legislature in the session of 1896-97 passed a Bill " to establish a Branch Agricultural Experiment Station for the colored race and to make appropriations therefor -- to be located at Tuskegee and run in connection with the Normal and Industrial Institute". The Board of Control included the state commissioner of Agriculture, the president of the A and M College ~~xxxxxx~~ and the Director of the Experiment station at Auburn, and members of the Tuskegee Institute Board of trustees who resided in Tuskegee. This Board was charged to "cause such experiments to be made at said station as will advance/ the interests of scientific Agriculture, and to cause such chemical analyses to be made as are deemed necessary". \$ 1500 out of the Agricultural fund was appropriated for equipment and improvement, Tuskegee Institute to furnish all necessary lands and buildings for the use of the said station and school." ²

Prof. Carver was made Director and consulting chemist for the new Experiment Station. Thus, during his first year at Tuskegee, another channel was opened through which he might come into intimate touch with the needs he had prepared himself to meet. The Institute catalogue for 1897-98 has this item concerning the Station : "A bulletin showing the experiments made and the results obtained, as well as giving more detailed information respecting the Station, will be prepared during the coming year by the Director, Prof. Carver".

The title of this first bulletin, published as promised in 1898, is significant : " Feeding Acorns ". Plainly, it was the purpose of

the Director of this Experiment Station to bring together the knowledge of Science and the actual needs of the farmers. A farmer who owned nothing, who had not an extra penny to spend, was free at least to gather up the acorns that fell from oak trees upon the ground. And there was food value for livestock in acorns. Hence, first, a bulletin off "Feeding Acorns". A second bulletin in 1898 was concerned with "Experiments with Sweet Potatoes". Thus began a series of such pamphlets coming out from the Tuskegee Experiment Station which has grown during a period of 41 years to a sizeable bulletin library, bulletins which, with but few exceptions, have been written by the Station's Director.

The purpose of the Agricultural Department, as set forth in the School catalogue for 1897-98, was "to make the instructions practical as well as scientific, that the knowledge acquired by the student shall be of direct material aid to him in his future vocations as farmer, dairyman, or teacher. Geo. W. Carver is listed as Director and Instructor in Scientific ~~Raising~~ Agriculture and Dairy Science. Five assistants were responsible for Practical Agriculture and Farm Management; Stock raising; truck gardening; horticulture; and the Dairy Herd. 975 students were enrolled at the Institute, representing 24 states.

November, 1897, saw the Slater-Armstrong Agricultural building stand ready for occupancy, and it was a matter for much gratitude to Prof. Carver that his former teacher, Hon. James Wilson, ^{then} ~~now~~ U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, came down to make the address at the formal opening of the building. It was probably an occasion of no less gratification for the Secretary as well. It is of interest to note that the next year, 1898-99, the following courses were offered in

the Agricultural Department :Horticulture, Shop Work, Live Stock, Market Gardening, Drawing, Economic Entomology, Botany, Bacteriology and Vegetable Physiology, Botany Cryptogamic, Agricultural Chemistry, Principles of Heredity, Seeds and Grasses, Practical Agriculture, Applied Botany, Vegetable Pathology, and Dairying. No more revealing commentary on the work of the Director of the department could probably be found than that which lies inherent in a comparison of ~~XXXXX~~³ courses available in 1897-98 and in 1898-99.

During Prof. Carver's second year at Tuskegee there came one of those "great occasion days" that have characterised the Institute almost since its origin. Booker T. Washington had early formed a secret resolution that he would endeavor "to build up a school that would be of so much service to the country that the president of the United States would one day come to see it."⁴ This desire was realised on December 16, 1898, when not only Pres. McKinley himself, but Mrs. McKinley and all the Cabinet officers except one, most of them with their wives or some other members of their families, came to see Tuskegee Institute. Learning that the President would come to Atlanta for the Peace Jubilee celebrating the close of the Spanish-American War, the Principal went to Washington to invite Mr. McKinley to come and see his school. The invitation was accepted, and "the morning of the 16th brought to the little city of Tuskegee such a crowd as it had never seen before" -- Citizens for miles around; the President's party; the Legislature of Alabama (Then in session at Montgomery) headed by the Governor and other State officials -- Parades, speeches, music, toasts.... And George Carver, with other members of the faculty and the student body, heard the President say: "Tuskegee Institute is ideal in its conception, has already a large and growing reputation in this country, and is not unknown abroad.

I congratulate all who are associated in this undertaking for the good which it is doing".⁵

Carver knew many such "great occasion days" at Tuskegee, but for him the ordinary in-between days were continuously full and interesting. His work demanded long hours of concentrated study and experiment, ceaseless and patient daily devotion to his tasks. Requests and queries came to him in gradually increasing numbers-- to all of which it was his habit from the first to give careful and painstaking attention. Yet he was in no sense withdrawn from the main stream of campus life, but became more and more a well-loved part of it. An individualist in his peculiar endowments and main interests; and by his very nature-- as well as by the demands of his work -- compelled to walk a somewhat lonely way, he yet loved congenial companionship and thrived in its atmosphere. Having comparatively few very close and ~~many~~ intimate friends, he yet ~~within~~ within himself felt constantly and intimately ~~close~~ close to many, ^{for} "The Fatherhood of God (was not a glibly-quoted phrase, but) and the Brotherhood of Man" [^] was a daily reality to him.

On the faculty at Tuskegee, not long after his arrival, there was a young woman to whom he was strongly drawn, and a dream of ultimate companionship began to take form in his mind. During a group conversation one day, however, he chanced to hear her give expression to certain ideas, certain attitudes, so completely at variance with his own that nothing was left him of his half-formed dream but a rude shock and a wound in his sensitive spirit. He had always felt a deep pride in his own race; this young woman, obviously, did not. There could be no ultimate companionship on such a basic difference as this. Her death within a few years led him to the conclusion, expressed long afterward, that perhaps it was well that "things came out as they did". And he sometimes said, when an intimate friend

had
would ask why he never married, "Well, I believe in 'What God hath joined together.....' But what God doesn't join had better be left unjoined".

In 1903, when Rockefeller Hall was erected, the gift of John D. Rockefeller and a residence hall for men students, Prof. Carver moved to more comfortable quarters on the first floor there, continuing to get his meals in the School dining hall-- the meals, that is, that he did not prepare for himself in his rooms, from his own menus and recipes ! ~~Landscapes~~ Soon after his removal to Rockefeller Hall, landscape panels in oil appeared in the corridor leading to his rooms; books lined portions of the walls of his living room; glass cases containing collections of stones, micas, etc., stood on the the beloved rainbow rock of his boyhood among them; tables; paintings and pieces of handiwork hung on the walls ; his mother's spinning wheel stood by the fireplace; plants bloomed in ~~patented windows~~ the windows--- They were the rooms of an artist, a scientist, a teacher; rooms that gathered unto themselves a great treasure of memories as the procession of years went by.

Students were free to come to him here, or in his office, or on the street, for that matter. "Perhaps one of the finest things about his life at Tuskegee is the constant access the students have for personal contact with him", one of them wrote. "When advice is sought by the humblest student there is no 'red tape' to encounter in entering his office, no hesitancy in approaching him on the street once you have met him. One of his characteristic pastimes is teaching the students how to train the wrinkles in their foreheads: 'Always lengthwise, never up and down' ".
6

Upon occasion he could be as gay as the gayest of them, and knowing that they could count on this, his students concocted many pranks to play on him from time to time. A group of them one day, for instance, took the ~~body~~ body of one bug, the legs of another, the wings of another, a head from yet another, and, ^{pasting} ~~putting~~ them carefully together on a bit of cardboard, evolved a very strange-looking new insect which they took to the next class with them. Just before the recitation began, the most pious-appearing student in the group came up bearing the new bug, and with seemingly serious concern, asked the Professor to identify this new insect they had found. Equally serious, Prof. Carver looked at the bug carefully, thought for a moment over the problem, then turned to the class and said, "Well, this, I think, is what we would probably call a humbug".

These gay pranks, sometimes even instigated by the Professor himself, were likely to break out even in the Sunday evening Bible class, a volunteer group with Carver as teacher that met for years just before the evening chapel service, sometimes with an attendance of 200 or more. Science and the Scriptures, he would often say, agree fundamentally for those who have thorough knowledge of both, but may appear quite contrary to those who are lacking in such knowledge. "Many revelations were made by his detailed explanations and scientific demonstrations", said one of his students. Such a demonstration took place on the night when the lesson concerned the destruction of the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, a demonstration which added another incident to the beloved lore of campus life at Tuskegee. The story of the wicked cities had been told, explanations made, time given for questions, etc. Prof. Carver toyed with certain articles on the table, carrying on a running line of comment the while. "These wicked cities -- and what became of them?" Suddenly fumes and

and flames and seeming fury rose up in wrath from the table before them, and the youthful Bible students, choking and coughing from the chemical ~~fumes~~ fumes that had quickly filled the class room, took a precipitate departure. But they were unlikely ever to forget the lesson of Sodom and Gomorrah !

"He understood boys as few men do", one of his former students said. And girls, perhaps, as well...there are stories told of the prizes he offered to girls for the most artistic flower arrangements. "His accuracy in ~~all~~ everything he did impressed us all as students, especially his accurate observations. More than that, he was like a father to many of us ..." thus were they accustomed to speak of him.

Dr. Washington was by no means unaware of these and other distinctive contributions Prof. Carver was making to the Institute, and gave him constant support and encouragement. Commenting on the man himself and on his work, he declared: "One of the most gifted men of the Negro race whom I have ever happened to meet is George W. Carver... As a result of his work in breeding cotton and of the bulletins he has prepared on experiments in building up wornout soils, he has become widely known to both colored and white farmers throughout the south. When some years ago the State secretary of Agriculture called a meeting at Montgomery of the leading teachers in the State, Prof. Carver was the only colored man invited to that meeting. He was at that time invited to deliver an address to the convention and for an hour he was questioned on the interesting work he was doing at the Experiment Station.... A few years ago ^{when} the colonial secretary of the German Empire, accompanied by one of the cotton experts of his department, traveled through the south in a private car, he paid a visit to Tuskegee largely to study, in connection with the other work of t

the school, the cotton-growing experiments that Prof. Carver has been carrying on for some years. In his book, 'The Negro in the New World', Sir Harry Johnston says, 'Prof. Carver, who teaches scientific Agriculture, Botany, Agricultural Chemistry, etc., at Tuskegee, is, as regards complexion and features, an absolute Negro; but in the cut of his clothes, the accent of his speech, the soundness of his Science, he might be professor of Botany not at Tuskegee, but at Oxford or Cambridge'.

Continuing, Dr. Washington says, "Although Prof. Carver impresses everyone who meets him with the extent of his knowledge in the matter of plant life, he is quite the most modest man I have ever met. In fact, he is almost timid. He dresses in the plainest and simplest manner possible; the only thing he allows in the way of decoration is a flower in his button-hole.... He learned from books when he could get them; learned from experience always; and made friends wherever he went."

In the midst of his busy life at Tuskegee, we find Prof. Carver writing to his old friends back in Iowa. In a letter which bears out his Principal's statement concerning the innate modesty of the man, as well as his generous appreciation of the help given him by his friends, to the Milhollands on October 2, 1901, he writes:

"Your esteemed favor of July 23rd reached me a few days ago and I was indeed glad to hear from you I think of you often and shall never forget what you were in my life, how much help and real inspiration you gave me. You, of course, will never know how much you did for a poor colored boy who was drifting here and there as a ship without a rudder. You helped me to start aright, and what the Lord has in his kindness and wisdom permitted me to accomplish is due in very great measure to your real genuine Christian spirits. How I wish the world was full of such people; what a different world it would be.

"Should I ever come so near you again, rest assured I am coming to see you, and I plan to come to Iowa during some of my vacations. Our school opens on the 10th of this month. We have already admitted over a thousand students. I am glad for your words of

cheer and good-will. These from those we love always make life much easier.

Must close as I have about 20 other letters to answer aside from my other duties. May God continue to bless and help you...Love to all..

Yours very gratefully,

Geo. W. Carver "

In 1906 the 25th Anniversary of the School was celebrated -- another great occasion on the campus. President Eliot, of Harvard; Mr. Andrew Carnegie; Bishop Galloway of Mississippi; President Abercrombie of the University of Alabama; Secretary of War Taft; and other notable figures in American life were present as speakers and guests. It was for this occasion that Paul Laurence Dunbar, the celebrated Negro poet, wrote the now well-known "Tuskegee Song". Reports at this time indicated that the School was now an institution of 156 teachers; 1590 regular students; 83 buildings; 2300 acres of land near Tuskegee; an endowment of \$ 1,225, 664 in addition to the 22,500 acres of saleable land granted by the U.S. Congress. Indicative of the ~~extent~~ scale of the school's farming operations, it was reported that during the previous year 195,261 pounds of beef and hogs were slaughtered, and 8,000 bushels of sweet potatoes raised.

of

Impressive also was the report Prof. Carver of the work carried on in the Research and Experiment Station during its first ten years of existence. Included in this there were reports on experiments with sweet potatoes; feeding acorns; peas, beans, and corn for forage; 13 varieties of cotton; Irish potatoes; onions; vetch and crimson clover; cotton; and peanuts. Seven bulletins and sixteen leaflets had been issued; school gardens and distributions of seed samples among farmers carried on; monthly Farmers' Institutes held on the campus with an

average attendance of 75; 20 trips made through the county, reaching 1,000 persons; Annual Farm Fairs held; newspaper articles written and published in county and national papers; bulletins sent to 10 foreign post offices; 115 samples of soil analysed for farmers and ~~at~~ written instructions given as to quantity and kinds of fertilizer needed. Concerning work out of the state, "the Director this year has had 7 calls in Georgia; 1 in Tennessee; 1 in Florida". An agricultural wagon was being fitted up in which "lecturers, demonstrations, and exhibits would be carried around".⁹ A vivid and revealing narrative is this report, even though it is told in the ^{brief,} terse ~~words~~ words of unadorned statistics!

The agricultural wagon mentioned was an outgrowth of the Annual Farmers' Conference, organised by Dr. Washington in 1892. "To Dr. Washington's surprise this first conference brought 500 farm people to Tuskegee Institute.... At this and subsequent conferences, Dr. Washington always conducted the program and discussions in such an informal and simple manner that the farmers were assured of their welcome to the school and were made to feel that they were an integral part of the meetings. Usually someone was called upon to lead in an old time plantation melody. Soon all present joined in, humming, nodding, and softly patting their feet. Many times when the climax of a spiritual was reached, the atmosphere was surcharged with that oneness of spirit which so completely characterises the Negro rural church gathering. The constraints of fear and self-consciousness were swept away, and kindred souls felt only the stir of emotion which served to open their hearts and minds to the inspiration that was to follow. Dr. Washington, in his tactful way of approaching the most delicate subjects, would launch into his program, calling the attention of the people to the vital facts affecting their lives, without offending or

embarassing them.

"At the fourth annual meeting Dr. Washington definitely outlined the purpose of the conference, in his statement that 'The aim will be, as in the three previous years, to bring together for a quiet conference, not the politicians, but the representatives of the common, hard-working farmers and mechanics -- the bone and sinew of the Negro race, and its ministers and teachers. Two objectives will be kept in view. First, to find out from the people themselves the facts as to their conditions and to get their ideas as to the remedies for the present evils. Second, to get information as to how the young men and women now being educated can best use their education in helping the masses'. This conference was the forerunner of the many modern farm congresses held at numerous agricultural colleges for both white and colored people in various parts of the country."

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As follow-up extension work among the farmers, in those early days it was Prof. Carver's custom "in addition to his regular work, to put a few tools and demonstration exhibits in a buggy and set out, in the manner of Dr. Washington, on Saturday afternoons to visit rural areas near Tuskegee. There, during week-ends, he would give practical demonstrations. Dr. Carver laid much stress on Sunday demonstrations. The church was, and still is, the biggest influence in the life of the rural Negro. On Sundays it was always possible to find them in numbers at their respective places of worship".

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So eager was Dr. Washington "to extend helpful information and inspiration throughout this and adjacent counties that he conceived the idea of itinerant demonstrators, or 'The Movable School of Agriculture'/. He appointed a committee, headed by Geo. W. Carver, to

draw up definite plans for a demonstration wagon, including the kind of equipment it should carry to the very door of the Negro farmer who did not or could not attend an agricultural school. With these plans, Dr. Washington was able to interest a friend, Morris K. Jesup, of New York, in the project. Mr. Jesup made a donation with which to purchase and equip a vehicle to carry exhibits and demonstrations to the homes of Negro farmers..¹²"

"The Jesup Agricultural Wagon, the first 'Movable School', started from the grounds of Tuskegee Institute on its mission of usefulness May 24, 1906, under the guidance of Ge. R. Bridgeforth of the Agricultural Department", reports the "Tuskegee Student" in November, 1906. "After the wagon had been operated three months under Mr. Bridgeforth, and the success of this type of work seemed assured, the idea was presented by Dr. Washington to the Federal Government and accepted".¹³ Thomas M. Campbell, a recent Tuskegee graduate, was placed in charge of the Movable School, with the title of "Agricultural collaborator for the U.S. Department of Agriculture". Thus the Jesup wagon, designed by Geo. W. Carver, "became the vehicle of the first Negro demonstration agent in federal employ, and went forth from Tuskegee on a regular schedule to the surrounding communities".¹⁴.... and once again Tuskegee Institute, through its Founder, its Scientist, and its friendly Philanthropist, had made a significant contribution to American education.

In the summer of 1908 Prof. Carver had the pleasure of making a visit to his childhood home at Diamond Grove, and of seeing his mother's master, Moses Carver again. And not only of seeing him, but the added pleasure of presenting him with a suit of clothes--

a suit in which Mr. Carver was buried when death came to him not long afterward. Mrs. Carver had already passed on. Writing to Dr. Millholland of his Diamond Grove visit, Prof. Carver says, "I was to my old home in Missouri in last summer, and a white lady who knew me as a boy was laughing and telling me how I used to doctor her sick plants for her. I have much of that same reputation here

By this time the Agricultural department and the Experiment Station had long since out-grown the Armstrong-Slater building. The active supervision of the Agricultural department had been placed in the hands of Prof. Geo. R. Bridgeforth, with 18 assistants, in order that Prof. Carver might be free to give his time entirely to the Research and Experiment work, the increasing demands and requests for lectures, demonstrations, research, and experiments that came in from an ever-widening area. In 1909 another milestone was set up with the erection of the Milbank Agricultural building, the gift of George Eastman. On the second floor of this four-story, well-equipped building there were rooms set apart for Prof. Carver: a spacious laboratory, which came in time to be known far and wide as "God's Little Work-Shop", and a comfortable office just across the corridor.

Symbolic of the widening horizons of his work, the broadening scope of his service, was this new building to which Prof. Carver now transferred his headquarters. The Institute catalogue for 1910-1911 has to say of the work of the Agricultural department and the Experiment Station: "This department seeks to give, in a technical and experimental way, scientific facts which will lead to a better knowledge of Agriculture in all its branches... Both physical and chemical analysis of soils, fertilisers, forage plants, milk, butter, cheese, food adulteration, dietaries, etc., are given special attention.

" In the Experiment Station numerous experiments are attempted in the improvement of the soil, cotton and corn breeding, inoculation of the soil, experiments with fertilisers, tests of forage plants, various garden vegetables, etc.... In the poultry yard the student has opportunity to see several kinds of incubators in operation and various experiments in feeding, breeding, etc. being conducted." The School farm now included 2,400 acres, with 1,000 of them under cultivation. 1,702 students were enrolled in the School representing 38 states and 15 foreign countries. Courses offered now in connection with Agricultural Chemistry included Composition of Properties and Matter; Laws of Combination of elements and compounds; Chemistry of Milk and Milk products; Chemistry of soils and fertilisers; Agricultural chemistry for post graduates.

In addition to his regular work as Director of the Station, Prof Carver was constantly carrying on various other experiments and scientific research on his own initiative and out of his own concern. From the day of his coming to Tuskegee he had continually taught the need for crop rotation, endeavoring to show the folly and waste involved in the vicious one-crop system prevalent in the south. Even in the midst of experiments with cotton, he was saying, "Plant something else besides cotton. Plant peanuts; plant sweet potatoes--they are easily and cheaply grown in the south and are good for the soil".

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When the boll weevil began to make its appearance in southern cotton fields, there were farmers who began to take more seriously the advice of Prof. Carver, and to plant potatoes and peanuts. But there was little market, they found, for these things. Letters began to come in to the Director of the Station: "You advised us to plant these crops. Now what are we to do with them?"

Science had taught these farmers how to raise abundant crops of peanuts and sweet potatoes; Science must now find a way to make peanuts and potatoes pay. With this conviction Prof. Carver went into his laboratory to see what could be done. Could commercially valuable products be made from peanuts and sweet potatoes? It was his belief that they could be. And, as the weeks and months went by, his experiments began to offer ^{proof} ~~that~~ to his own mind, at least-- ~~that his~~ ~~theory might be true.~~ Now and then to groups of farmers he began to speak of products which he was finding could be made from peanuts, or from potatoes; products which he believed would be of widespread commercial value. Demands and requests for his lectures increased; people began to sense in these strange things of which he spoke -- these peculiar exhibits with which ^{usually} he illustrated his talks -- undreamed-of possibilities. ^P These were busy, busy days with Prof. Carver, as Tuskegee Institute, along with the rest of America in those days, was swept along on the hurrying tide of Progress, unaware of imminent world catastrophe, or of its own impending grief and loss. The World War-- and the death of Tuskegee's Founder and Principal, ^{had} ~~was~~ yet to come.

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EARLY DAYS AT TUSKEEGEE

Traditional in the annals of Tuskegee is the story of the arrival of the new professor on a Sunday afternoon in October, 1896. The student sent to the train to meet him, arriving a little late, found Prof. Carver quietly examining some plants near the railroad station. It is a likely story, for the soil and plants of this southern state were different from the soil and plants of Iowa, and the alert curiosity of the young scientist undoubtedly went swiftly out to investigate the unfamiliar surroundings.

Arrived at the Institute, he established himself in Porter Hall, one of the residence halls for men, getting his meals with the students and other faculty members in Alabama Hall. About 32 years of age, the new professor was a striking-looking figure as he went about the campus. A photograph made of him during his late student days portrays him holding brushes and palette and standing beside an easel on which was one of his flower portraits -- dark-skinned, tall, straight, slender; a sensitive, somewhat wistful mouth beneath a neatly-trimmed mustache; a broad high forehead above the far-looking, comprehending eyes of an artist and a seer -- an appealing face of intermingled gentleness, discernment, and strength.

Insofar as actual laboratory equipment was concerned, Prof. Carver found that he had little to begin with. But there were things he did find provided which were of much more importance to him. Nowhere else in America, certainly, and probably nowhere else in the world at that time could have been found an environment more ideal for his own tastes and purposes than he found at Tuskegee Institute. In the first

place, it was in the south, and among those who, while not of his actual blood kin, were yet of his own race. In the second place, in Booker T. Washington he found not only a wise counselor and rare friend, but a man of like mind and faith, vision and understanding, though vastly different endowments; a man, moreover, who had lasting confidence in the contributions this new teacher brought, and would bring, to Tuskegee. Here ~~in the south~~ ^{in the south} ~~xxxxxxx~~ he found also an urgent need for the very stores of information, understanding, and skill he had spent a quarter of a century acquiring-- need not only urgent and immediate, but of far-reaching, accumulative import. Agriculture in the south was in great need of the help which Science, if interested, could give; and the Agriculture of the south was a matter of national and even international significance. Here at Tuskegee were the "raw materials" for the experimental research and demonstrations essential to any plan or program involving such scientific aid: soils, plants, students, teachers, contacts with the outside world-- channels already provided for the fresh and vitalising flow of the now much needed knowledge. Over and above and around all these tangible provisions, Prof. Carver found also that nameless, intangible reality sometimes spoken of jestingly as "campus atmosphere" -- that enervating mixture of care-free gaiety and poignant concern; failures and achievements, discouragements and devotions; the ^{constant} intimate impact and interplay of ideals and emotions, maturity and youth forever incident upon the relationships involved in the daily life of a campus. It was a congenial air ^{atmosphere} for the young professor; for seven years he had lived in it, breathed the breath of its life. He was at home in it now at Tuskegee.

He was at home, moreover, with the necessity for securing tools and equipment for his work with little financial aid, hence was undismayed by the absence of the conventional laboratory supplies. Sending his students out to hunt for old bottles, hollow reeds, cracked pieces of pottery--old cups and saucers and the like-- he declared that the equipment in the head of a man was more important than that in the laboratory. Near at hand he gathered also the specimens for study and experiment. With the dawn each day he was out on the hills, carrying his botany can and retuning loaded down with various samples of soils, clays, diseased or unusual twigs and branches;~~and xxxxxxxxxx~~ insects found preying on plants. These he took back to his makeshift laboratory--practical, useful specimens for his own and his students' study.

These hours out-of-doors at dawn were ~~xxxxxx~~ more, however, than trips for gathering laboratory specimens ; they were for him hours of quiet communion as well-- communion with the invisible Creator whose presence he felt all about him , out here on the hills in the dawn, amid the lovely ^{interesting} things of His creation. This practise of outdoor communion ~~early in the morning~~ at the beginning of the day became a life-long habit with Prof. Carver, and one never broken except for illness or inescapable demands or interruptions.

The sight of this man with his arms filled with branches, his botany can slung over his shoulder, was a strange one to the residents of the Tuskegee vicinity in the early days of his residence there. Some of them thought he must be a "herb doctor" out gathering his supplies ! Dr. Washington relates that, noting the increasing number who came to the Institute to ask Prof. Carver questions about plants, he asked him one day, "How do all these people find out that you

know about plants ?"

" ' Well, it was this way', Carver answered. ' Shortly after I came here I was going along one day with my botany can under my arm, looking for plant diseases and insect enemies. A lady saw what she thought was a harmless colored man with a strange-looking box under his arm, and she stopped me and asked if I was a peddler. I told her what I was doing; she seemed delighted and asked me to come and see her roses which were badly diseased. I showed her what to do for them, in fact, sat down and wrote it out for her. In this way, and several other ways, it became noised abroad that there was a man at the school who knew about plants. People began calling upon me for information and advice' ".

"I myself remember", Dr. Washington continues, " that several years ago a dispute arose downtown about the name of a plant; no one knew what it was. Finally one gentleman spoke up and said that they had a man out at the Normal school by the name of Carver who could name any plant, tree, bird, stone, etc. in the world, and if he did not know there was no use to look any farther ! A man was put on a horse and the plant brought to Prof. Carver. He named it and sent it back. Since then Prof. Carver's laboratory has never been free from specimens of some kind".

Nor were diseased plants and soils and peculiar insects the only "specimens" brought to the professor for diagnosis, information , and help. Mr. Davidson Washington, son of the Principapl, was fond in later years of relating the story of his pet goose. "All of the children about the campus thought that Dr. Carver could do anything", he declared. "So, when my pet goose got sick one day, I thought that I would take it to Dr. Carver and he would make it well again. But

I kept putting it off until one morning Father said, 'It's too late now; your goose is dead'. And with absolute confidence, I quickly replied, 'Well, I'll take it to Dr. Carver anyway.' "

At the urgent request of Dr. Washington, the Alabam Legislature in the session of 1896-97 passed a Bill " to establish a Branch Agricultural Experiment Station for the colored race and to make appropriations therefor -- to be located at Tuskegee and run in connection with the Normal and Industrial Institute". The Board of Control included the state commissioner of Agriculture, the president of the A and M College ~~xxxXXXXXX~~ and the Director of the Experiment station at Auburn, and members of the Tuskegee Institute Board of trustees who resided in Tuskegee. This Board was charged to "cause such experiments to be made at said station as will advance/ the interests of scientific Agriculture, and to cause such chemical analyses to be made as are deemed necessary". \$ 1500 out of the Agricultural fund was appropriated for equipment and improvement, Tuskegee Institute to furnish all necessary lands and buildings for the use of the said station and school." ²

Prof. Carver was made Director and consulting chemist for the new Experiment Station. Thus, during his first year at Tuskegee, another channel was opened through which he might come into intimate touch with the needs he had prepared himself to meet. The Institute catalogue for 1897-98 has this item concerning the Station : "A bulletin showing the experiments made and the results obtained, as well as giving more detailed information respecting the Station, will be prepared during the coming year by the Director, Prof. Carver".

The title of this first bulletin, published as promised in 1898, is significant : " Feeding Acorns ". Plainly, it was the purpose of

the Director of this Experiment Station to bring together the knowledge of Science and the actual needs of the farmers. A farmer who owned nothing, who had not an extra penny to spend, was free at least to gather up the acorns that fell from oak trees upon the ground. And there was food value for livestock in acorns. Hence, first, a bulletin of "Feeding Acorns". A second bulletin in 1898 was concerned with "Experiments with Sweet Potatoes". Thus began a series of such pamphlets coming out from the Tuskegee Experiment Station which has grown during a period of 41 years to a sizeable bulletin library, bulletins which, with but few exceptions, have been written by the Station's Director.

The purpose of the Agricultural Department, as set forth in the School catalogue for 1897-98, was "to make the instructions practical as well as scientific, that the knowledge acquired by the student shall be of direct material aid to him in his future vocations as farmer, dairyman, or teacher." Geo. W. Carver is listed as Director and Instructor in Scientific ~~Experimenting~~ Agriculture and Dairy Science. Five assistants were responsible for Practical Agriculture and Farm Management; Stock raising; truck gardening; horticulture; and the Dairy Herd. 975 students were enrolled at the Institute, representing 24 states.

November, 1897, saw the Slater-Armstrong Agricultural building stand ready for occupancy, and it was a matter for much gratitude to Prof. Carver that his former teacher, Hon. James Wilson, ^{then} ~~now~~ U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, came down to make the address at the formal opening of the building. It was probably an occasion of no less gratification for the Secretary as well. It is of interest to note that the next year, 1898-99, the following courses were offered in

the Agricultural Department :Horticulture, Shop Work, Live Stock, Market Gardening, Drawing, Economic Entomology, Botany, Bacteriology and Vegetable Physiology, Botany Cryptogamic, Agricultural Chemistry, Principles of Heredity, Seeds and Grasses, Practical Agriculture, Applied Botany, Vegetable Pathology, and Dairying. No more revealing commentary on the work of the Director of the department could probably be found than that which lies inherent in a comparison of ~~XXXXXX~~ courses available in 1897-98 and in 1898-99. ³

During Prof. Carver's second year at Tuskegee there came one of those "great occasion days" that have characterised the Institute almost since its origin. Booker T. Washington had early formed a secret resolution that he would endeavor " to build up a school that would be of so much service to the co untry that the president of the United States would one day come to see it." ⁴ This desire was realised on December 16, 1898, when not only Pres. McKinley himself, but Mrs. McKinley and all the Cabinet officers except one, most of them with their wives or some other members of their families, came to see Tuskegee Institute. Learning that the President would come to Atlanta for the Peace Jubilee celebrating the close of the Spanish-American war, the Principal went to Washington to invite Mr. McKinley to come and see his school. The invitation was accepted, and "the morning of the 16th brought to the little city of Tuskegee such a crowd as it had never seen before" -- Citizens for miles around; the President's party; the Legislature of Alabama (Then in session at Montgomery) headed by the Governor and other State officials -- Parades, speeches, music, toasts.... And George Carver, with other members of the faculty and the student body, heard the President say: "Tuskegee Institute is ideal in its conception, has already a large and growing reputation in this country, and is not unknown abroad.

I congratulate all who are associated in this undertaking for the good
5
which it is doing".

Carver knew many such "great occasion days" at Tuskegee, but for him the ordinary in-between days were continuously full and interesting. His work demanded long hours of concentrated study and experiment, ceaseless and patient daily devotion to his tasks. Requests and queries came to him in gradually increasing numbers-- to all of which it was his habit from the first to give careful and painstaking attention. Yet he was in no sense withdrawn from the main stream of campus life, but became more and more a well-loved part of it. An individualist in his peculiar endowments and main interests; and by his very nature-- as well as by the demands of his work -- compelled to walk a somewhat lonely way, he yet loved congenial companionship and thrived in its atmosphere. Having comparatively few very close and ~~very~~ intimate friends, he yet within himself felt constantly and intimately ~~very~~ close to many, ^{for} "The Fatherhood of God (was not a glibly-quoted phrase, but) and the Brotherhood of Man" ~~was~~ a daily reality to him.

On the faculty at Tuskegee, not long after his arrival, there was a young woman to whom he was strongly drawn, and a dream of ultimate companionship began to take form in his mind. During a group conversation one day, however, he chanced to hear her give expression to certain ideas, certain attitudes, so completely at variance with his own that nothing was left him of his half-formed dream but a rude shock and a wound in his sensitive spirit. He had always felt a deep pride in his own race; this young woman, obviously, did not. There could be no ultimate companionship on such a basic difference as this. Her death within a few years led him to the conclusion, expressed long afterward, that perhaps it was well that "things came out as they did". And he sometimes said, when an intimate friend

1 page missing here

and flames and seeming fury rose up in wrath from the table before them, and the youthful Bible students, choking and coughing from the chemical ~~fixxxx~~ fumes that had quickly filled the class room, took a precipitate departure. But they were unlikely ever to forget the lesson of Sodom and Gomorrah !

"He understood boys as few men do", one of his former students said. And girls, perhaps, as well...there are stories told of the prizes he offered to girls for the most artistic flower arrangements. "His accuracy in ~~xxxx~~ everything he did impressed us all as students, especially his accurate observations. More than that, he was like a father to many of us ..." thus were they accustomed to speak of him.

Dr. Washington was by no means unaware of these and other distinctive contributions Prof. Carver was making to the Institute, and gave him constant support and encouragement. Commenting on the man himself and on his work, he declared: "One of the most gifted men of the Negro race whom I have ever happened to meet is George W. Carver... As a result of his work in breeding cotton and of the bulletins he has prepared on experiments in building up wornout soils, he has become widely known to both colored and white farmers throughout the south. When some years ago the State secretary of Agriculture called a meeting at Montgomery of the leading teachers in the State, Prof. Carver was the only colored man invited to that meeting. He was at that time invited to deliver an address to the convention and for an hour he was questioned on the interesting work he was doing at the Experiment Station.... A few years ago ^{when} the colonial secretary of the

German Empire, accompanied by one of the cotton experts of his department, traveled through the south in a private car, he paid a visit to Tuskegee largely to study, in connection with the other work of

the school, the cotton-growing experiments that Prof. Carver has been carrying on for some years. In his book, 'The Negro in the New World', Sir Harry Johnston says, 'Prof. Carver, who teaches scientific Agriculture, Botany, Agricultural Chemistry, etc., at Tuskegee, is, as regards complexion and features, an absolute Negro; but in the cut of his clothes, the accent of his speech, the soundness of his Science, he might be professor of Botany not at Tuskegee, but at Oxford or Cambridge'.

Continuing, Dr. Washington says, "Although Prof. Carver impresses everyone who meets him with the extent of his knowledge in the matter of plant life, he is quite the most modest man I have ever met. In fact, he is almost timid. He dresses in the plainest and simplest manner possible; the only thing he allows in the way of decoration is a flower in his button-hole.... He learned from books when he could get them; learned from experience always; and made friends wherever he went."

In the midst of his busy life at Tuskegee, we find Prof. Carver writing to his old friends back in Iowa. In a letter which bears out his Principal's statement concerning the innate modesty of the man, as well as his generous appreciation of the help given him by his friends, to the Milhollands on October 2, 1901, he writes:

"Your esteemed favor of July 23rd reached me a few days ago and I was indeed glad to hear from you I think of you often and shall never forget what you were in my life, how much help and real inspiration you gave me. You, of course, will never know how much you did for a poor colored boy who was drifting here and there as a ship without a rudder. You helped me to start aright, and what the Lord has in his kindness and wisdom permitted me to accomplish is due in very great measure to your real genuine Christian spirits. How I wish the world was full of such people; what a different world it would be.

"Should I ever come so near you again, rest assured I am coming to see you, and I plan to come to Iowa during some of my vacations. Our school opens on the 10th of this month. We have already admitted over a thousand students. I am glad for your words of

cheer and good-will. These from those we love always make life much easier.

Must close as I have about 20 other letters to answer aside from my other duties. May God continue to bless and help you...Love to all...

Yours very gratefully,

Geo. W. Carver "

In 1906 the 25th Anniversary of the School was celebrated -- another great occasion on the campus. President Eliot, of Harvard; Mr. Andrew Carnegie; Bishop Galloway of Mississippi; President Abercrombie of the University of Alabama; Secretary of War Taft; and other notable figures in American life were present as speakers and guests.

It was for this occasion that Paul Laurence Dunbar, the celebrated

Negro poet, wrote the now well-known "Tuskegee Song". *Reports at this time indicated that the School was now an institution of 156 teachers; 1590 regular students; 83 buildings; 2300 acres of land near Tuskegee; an endowment of \$ 1,225, 664 in addition to the 22,500*

acres of saleable land granted by the U.S. Congress. Indicative of the ~~xxxxxx~~ scale of the school's farming operations, it was reported that during the previous year 195,261 pounds of beef and hogs were slaughtered, and 8,000 bushels of sweet potatoes raised.

Prof. Carver, reporting on the work of the Research Station, said
Impressive also was the report Prof. Carver of the work carried on in the Research and Experiment Station during its first ten years of existence. Included in this there were reports on experiments with sweet potatoes; feeding acorns; peas, beans, and corn for forage; 13

varieties of cotton; Irish potatoes; onions; vetch and crimson clover; cotton; and peanuts. *Seven bulletins and sixteen leaflets had been issued; school gardens and distributions of seed samples among farmers carried on; monthly Farmers' Institutes held on the campus with an*

average attendance of 75; 20 trips ^{he had made} made through the county, reaching 1,000 persons; ^{there had been} Annual Farm Fairs held; newspaper articles written and published in county and national papers; bulletins sent to 10 foreign post offices; 115 samples of soil analysed for farmers and ~~xx~~ written instructions given as to quantity and kinds of fertilizer needed. Concerning work out ^{side} of the state, "the Director, ^{had been} "this year has had 7 calls in Georgia; 1 in Tennessee; 1 in Florida". An agricultural wagon was being fitted up in which "lecturers, demonstrations, and exhibits would be carried around". ^{"He said} 9 A vivid and revealing narrative is this report, even though it is told in the ^{brief,} terse ~~xxix~~ words of unadorned statistics !

The agricultural wagon mentioned was an outgrowth of the Annual Farmers' Conference, organised by Dr. Washington in 1892. "To Dr. Washington's surprise this first conference brought 500 farm people to Tuskegee Institute.... At this and subsequent conferences, Dr. Washington always conducted the program and discussions in such an informal and simple manner that the farmers were assured of their welcome to the school and were made to feel that they were an integral part of the meetings. Usually someone was called upon to lead in an old time plantation melody. Soon all present joined in, humming, nodding, and softly patting their feet. Many times when the climax of a spiritual was reached, the atmosphere was surcharged with that oneness of spirit which so completely characterises the Negro rural church gathering. The constraints of fear and self-consciousness were swept away, and kindred souls felt only the stir of emotion which served to open their hearts and minds to the inspiration that was to follow. Dr. Washington, in his tactful way of approaching the most delicate subjects, would launch into his program, calling the attention of the people to the vital facts affecting their lives, without offending or

embarassing them.

"At the fourth annual meeting Dr. Washington definitely outlined the purpose of the conference, in his statement that 'The aim will be, as in the three previous years, to bring together for a quiet conference, not the politicians, but the representatives of the common, hard-working farmers and mechanics -- the bone and sinew of the Negro race, and its ministers and teachers. Two objectives will be kept in view. First, to find out from the people themselves the facts as to their conditions and to get their ideas as to the remedies for the present evils. Second, to get information as to how the young men and women now being educated can best use their education in helping the masses'. This conference was the forerunner of the many modern farm congresses held at numerous agricultural colleges for both white and colored people in various parts of the country."

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As follow-up extension work among the farmers, in those early days it was Prof. Carver's custom "in addition to his regular work, to put a few tools and demonstration exhibits in a buggy and set out, in the manner of Dr. Washington, on Saturday afternoons to visit rural areas near Tuskegee. There, during week-ends, he would give practical demonstrations. (Dr. Carver laid much stress on Sunday demonstrations.) The church was, and still is, the biggest influence in the life of the rural Negro. On Sundays it was always possible to find them in numbers at their respective places of worship".

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So eager was Dr. Washington "to extend helpful information and inspiration throughout this and adjacent counties that he conceived the idea of itinerant demonstrators, or 'The Movable School of Agriculture'/. He appointed a committee, headed by Geo. W. Carver, to

draw up definite plans for a demonstration wagon, including the kind of equipment it should carry to the very door of the Negro farmer who did not or could not attend an agricultural school. With these plans, Dr. Washington was able to interest a friend, Morris K. Jesup, of New York, in the project. Mr. Jesup made a donation with which to purchase and equip a vehicle to carry exhibits and demonstrations to the homes of Negro farmers.."¹²

"The Jesup Agricultural Wagon, the first 'Movable School', started from the grounds of Tuskegee Institute on its mission of usefulness May 24, 1906, under the guidance of Ge. R. Bridgeforth of the Agricultural Department", reports the "Tuskegee Student" in November, 1906. "After the wagon had been operated three months under Mr. Bridgeforth, and the success of this type of work seemed assured, the idea was presented by Dr. Washington to the Federal Government and accepted".¹³

Thomas M. Campbell, a recent Tuskegee graduate, was placed in charge of the Movable School, with the title of "Agricultural collaborator for the U.S. Department of Agriculture". Thus the Jesup wagon, designed by Geo. W. Carver, "became the vehicle of the first Negro demonstration agent in federal employ, and went forth from Tuskegee on a regular schedule to the surrounding communities"¹⁴.... and once again Tuskegee Institute, through its Founder, its Scientist, and its friendly Philanthropist, had made a significant contribution to American education.

In the summer of 1908 Prof. Carver had the pleasure of making a visit to his childhood home at Diamond Grove, and of seeing his mother's master, Moses Carver, again. And not only of seeing him, but the added pleasure of presenting him with a suit of clothes--

a suit in which Mr. Carver was buried when death came to him not long afterward. Mrs. Carver had already passed on. Writing to Dr. Milholland of his Diamond Grove visit, Prof. Carver says, " I was to my old home in Missouri in last summer, and a white lady who knew me as a boy was laughing and telling me how I used to doctor her sick plants for her. I have much of that same reputation here »

By this time the Agricultural department and the Experiment Station had long since out-grown the Armstrong-Slater building. The active supervision of the Agricultural department had been placed in the hands of Prof. Geo. R. Bridgeforth, with 18 assistants, in order that Prof. Carver might be free to give his time entirely to the Research and Experiment work, the increasing demands and requests for lectures, demonstrations, research, and experiments that came in from an ever-widening area. In 1909 another milestone was set up with the erection of the Milbank Agricultural building, the gift of George Eastman. On the second floor of this four-story, well-equipped building there were rooms set apart for Prof. Carver: a spacious laboratory, which came in time to be known far and wide as "God's Little Work-Shop"; and a comfortable office just across the corridor.

Symbolic of the widening horizons of his work, the broadening scope of his service, was this new building to which Prof. Carver now transferred his headquarters. The Institute catalogue for 1910-1911 has this to say of the work of the Agricultural department and the Experiment Station: "This department seeks to give, in a technical and experimental way, scientific facts which will lead to a better knowledge of Agriculture in all its branches... Both physical and chemical analysis of soils, fertilisers, forage plants, milk, butter, cheese, food adulteration, dietaries, etc., are given special attention.

" In the Experiment Station numerous experiments are attempted in the improvement of the soil, cotton and corn breeding, inoculation of the soil, experiments with fertilisers, tests of forage plants, various garden vegetables, etc.... In the poultry yard the student has opportunity to see several kinds of incubators in operation and various experiments in feeding, breeding, etc. being conducted." The School farm now included 2,400 acres, with 1,000 of them under cultivation. 1,702 students were enrolled in the School representing 38 states and 15 foreign countries. Courses offered now in connection with Agricultural Chemistry included Composition of Properties and Matter; Laws of Combination of elements and compounds; Chemistry of Milk and Milk products; Chemistry of soils and fertilisers; Agricultural chemistry for post graduates.

In addition to his regular work as Director of the Station, Prof. Carver was constantly carrying on various other experiments and scientific research on his own initiative and out of his own concern. From the day of his coming to Tuskegee he had continually taught the need for crop rotation, endeavoring to show the folly and waste involved in the vicious one-crop system prevalent in the south. Even in the midst of experiments with cotton, he was saying, "Plant something else besides cotton. Plant peanuts; plant sweet potatoes--they are easily and cheaply grown in the south and are good for the soil".

menace of the
When the boll weevil began to make its appearance in southern cotton fields, there were farmers who began to take more seriously the advice of Prof. Carver, and to plant potatoes and peanuts. But there was little market, they found, for these things. Letters began to come in to the Director of the Station: "You advised us to plant these crops. Now what are we to do with them?"

[illegible]