Crisp - Carver

Illustrations of chapters written in the early thirties - when book was first planned

FOREWORD

My first meeting with George Washington Carver is a clear and cherished memory in my mind. On a morning in May, 1933, I sat in the Y.W.C.A. office on the campus of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, at Greensboro, awaiting the arrival of the speaker for the chapel convocation. As General Secretary for Religious Work at that college then, I was at times responsible for securing speakers for the chapel programs. Some months earlier Mr. James T. Hardwick, of the Southern Student Y.M.C.A. staff, had written me, saying "We are arranging a series of lectures by Dr. George W. Carver in colleges and universities in the East and South. He is a very unusual speaker, as you know, and one whom students long remember. I am writing to inquire if you would like to have him speak for your students while he is on this tour." As a result of this inquiry, the engagement had been made, and the date for Dr. Carver's coming to our campus arranged.

And now, today, he was to come. As we sat waiting, I was conscious of the sense of uneasiness I always felt when I had scheduled a chapel speaker whom I myself had never heard. And of Dr. Carver I knew little except ,vaguely, that he was a famous Negro scientist and lecturer who had made from peanuts and sweet potatoes a number of extraordinary products. But now Mr. Hardwick was at the office door,saying,"Well, he's here. Come out and meet him--we're parked near the auditorium" . As we walked down the drive I saw the venerable-looking "chariot", as they called it-- a car of very ancient lineage which they had acquired for transportation on this particular tour; and as we came nearer, there was our speaker, sitting quietly waiting for us on the front seat of

the "chariot", behind him the high-piled seeming confusion of collection cases, boxes, branches of trees and shrubs, rocks, and slabs of earth which formed, I was to learn, his customary traveling equipment.

"This is Dr. Carver", Mr. Hardwick was saying, and a voice peculiarly high in pitch was replying, with a gentle sort of deference and dignity, "I am so very pleased to meet you".

I shall never forget him as he sat there, quietly expectant, as if placing himself fully in our hands, listening to our conversation as we spoke of the chapel program, and making occasional brief comments or suggestions. He looked almost feeble, his broad shoulders slumped a little, his words soft-spoken, his hair white above his brown-tinged black face, when he had taken off his natty-looking checked traveling cap. So feeble, indeed, that when Mr. Hardwick jokingly asked "Do you think it's about time we started to get him out of here?" I quite innocently answered "Well, how long does it take to get him out ?"

An immediate shout of laughter from both of them greeted my question, leaving me considerably abashed at having been so completely taken in. But as our speaker-to-be continued to laugh, even when he had descended quite agilely from the "chariot" and we were walking toward the back-stage door-- continued to laugh in spontaneous, irrepressible bubbling-over cascades of high-pitched laughter-- I began to feel something of definite alarm. This man was our chapel speaker. Would he recover himself and return to his dignity in time ? And what sort of chapel speech was this man likely to make?

I might have spared myself any such concern, for now we were back-stage in the auditorium, and the presiding professor was coming to meet us. Turning to make the introductions, I found our speaker dignity personified-- and a moment later, just before time for him to

appear on the stage, Mr. Hardwick turned to me and said" He likes to have prayer Before he talks, if you don't mind". I closed my eyes, and heard my name spoken --"Miss Crisp" -- in the quiet high-pitched voice I was to come to know so well. Too startled actually to pray, I must have said some words, for then I heard "Mr. Hardwick", in the same voice, and Mr. Hardwick offered a petition. Then in a simple sentence or two Dr. Carver had spoken his own prayer, the presiding professor was returning, and I was going down the corridor to take my place out in the audience with the 1800 students gathered there for chapel, my mind at ease now concerning the speaker for the day.

I saw them several times during the next few days, when he was speaking in and around Greensboro, and again when they came through on their return from the tour ,which had taken them up into New York City and several eastern universities. They took me with them when he went to speak in Salisbury, 50 miles away. On our way over, the"chariot" broke down, and while Mr. Hardwick and the student who was with us attended to the essential repairs, I walked with Dr. Carver along the edges of the field.

"This", he would say, bending down to pick a small flower or weed I never had noticed before, "is a most remarkable little plant. You will note the brilliant purple of its flower. Now that is what they are using in the manufacture of (So-and-so-and-so) ... A very useful little plant." He was completely at home here--on intimate, appreciative, friendly terms with these little grasses, weeds, stones, and flowers among which I, who had seen them a thousand times, moved a total stranger. It was a memorable hour for me.

Returning home after the lecture, someone started a song, and the

four of us sang, then, song after song: old hymns of the church, long familiar folk songs, fragments of tunes only half-remembered-- the high tenor voice of our speaker sounding clear and true with the others. "That song always reminds me", he would say now and then, and go on to tell us of some cherished recollection connected in his experience with that particular bit of music. As bit by bit these fragments of his life story appeared, and I began in my mind to piece them all together, I was increasingly excited over the astonishing nature of the story as a whole-- the story of the 70 years this man had known, from his birth as a little black slave child on a Missouri plantation during the closing year of the Civil War, to his present status among the most well-known living scientists of the world.

Discussing it with Mr. Hardwick the following day, I inquired if there were biographies of him already available or being prepared, and was told that there were none. Many newspaper and magazine stories, and a brief story of his life, but as yet, no real biography. Somehow we came around to the conclusion that this piece of work should certainly be begun, and begun now, and that we might start out to work on it ourselves, ill-equipped though we knew ourselves to be for any such undertaking. Dr. Carver's own warm and enthusiastic endorsement of the idea served to vitalise our conclusion-- and definite details for the initial stages of the project took form, the first item being that I should go to Tuskeegee Institute when I was free to do so to begin work with Dr. Carver on the story.

So the idea for this book was born, and so it was that on a Sunday afternoon in June, 1934, I found myself on a train out of Atlanta with a ticket that read "Chehaw, Alabama". As I left the train at the diminutive Chehaw depot, a student in the blue uniform of the Tuskeegee Institute cadets approached, touched his cap, and said "You are Dr.

Carver's guest ? The car is waiting here". The drive was brief, and we were soon passing through the gates of the Institute campus and drawing up before Dorothy Hall, one wing of which is the Guest House. Graciously received and assigned a room by Mrs. Martin, the hostess, I was told that I had arrived just in time for tea, and was invited to come directly into the dining room. Here, where we were served by Home Economics students, several other guests were already assembled-- this Guest House, as I was soon to discover, being a place where one may count on meeting interesting people from all parts of the world. It is a delightful experience to be a part of this group, as I have realised time after time .

Dr. Carver, or Professor Carver, as many on the campus still call him, lived in Rockefeller Hall, they told me, and had been busy receiving visitors all day long. Greeting him by telephone, I made an appointment to come and see his laboratory and office early the following morning, then walked for a while in the June twilight on the broad peaceful campus. Faced with the immediate reality of actually beginning this venture we had planned, I was suddenly overwhelmed by my own smallness and inadequacy for the task.---But something of the peace of this lovely campus, upon which the man of whose life I was to write had walked among his students for 35 years, must have flowed into my troubled mind, for I was asleep early, eager for the morning to come.

At nine the following morning I was at Milbank Agricultural Hall, enquiring from a student whom I met in the corridor where I might find Dr. Carver, and being shown into his office. And if I had been concerned over his seeming loss of dignity just before his chapel talk in Greensboro , I was even more concerned now with the awful preponderance of it ! This solemn elderly man who rose from behind his littered

desk to greet me with such distant formality and chill reserve could not possibly be the same Dr. Carver who had walked with me so recently in the edges of the field, calling the weeds by name; who had lifted his voice with ours in song above the rumblings of the old chariot ! For a moment or two I was panic-stricken, but happily some casual remark brought laughter to the surface, and the ice of shyness and self-consciousness was completely gone, melted in the sun of laughter. Back again now was the sense of mutual understanding and confidence, the fundamental feeling of mutual inner surmise -- and we were ready to begin our work.

I have spent many hours at Tuskeegee Institute during the years that have passed since that June morning, for I have returned for visits of a week or longer whenever responsibilities elsewhere would permit it. During the earlier visits we talked frequently of Dr. Carver's early childhood and youth, some of his recollections-- dim at first-- becoming clearer as we discussed them. He gave me also names and addresses of people still living who had known him during his student days in Kansas and Iowa, and from these--his early friends and acquaintances-- have come many of the incidents related in the chapters dealing with that period in his life. On the campus at Tuskeegee there have been those who have told me of his life there in the Intitute community. Often in giving me the name of some person who might give information concerning him, he has said "Now go and talk with him. He can tell you a lot more about me than I can tell you about myself." I have found many such people here and there-- though none, of course, who could quite live up to this preidction. Some of them have been his "boys", who count themselves fortunate to be numbered among the members of his so-called "little family". Some were his former students; some have known

him only as they have heard him present his lectures and demonstrations; some have known him as a neighbor and as a colleague on the Institute faculty.

It is from such sources as these that the materials for the story in the following pages have come: From Dr. Carver himself, during my trips to Tuskeegee and in between times through the letters which have come to me wherever I have gone these past seven years, treasured letters which begin "My esteemed friend, Miss Crisp"; from his acquaintances and friends; from the excellently ordered files and records bureau in the Institute library; from clippings and various fragments of fact and comment sent me by my own friends here and there who have been, from the first, deeply interested in seeing the story come to its present completion.

It would have been a better story had George W. Carver himself written it. This, however, he has had neither the time nor the inclination to do. But because of his deep and abiding interest in the endeavor, his generous and constant assistance with it, perhaps through even such an inadequate portrayal as this must inevitably be, something of the life of this extraordinary American, and something of its meaning, may eventually stand clear.

There has been no attempt, no purpose, here to write an exhaustive analytical study of his life. That will come later, and will be written by those qualified to make such an analysis, such authentic evaluation. Here the purpose and design has been simply to write of him as I myself have come to know him during these past seven years; to tell the story of his life as I have learned it from his own words, his work, and his daily life as I have observed it as Tuskeegee; and as I have heard of it from others who have known him -- some intimately, some with little

or no understanding.

It is my cherished hope that through these pages some who read may come to feel that they,too, have knwon George W. Carver; that they,too, have felt themselves in the presence of an unusual but profoundly simple man-- a man with answers for many of the perplexing problems that haunt our hearts today; and that they,too, have come away, as many in truth have come, with new vision and faith; new insights and devotions; newly-discovered and full-flowing wells of confidence and courage.

Revision II (begun 1955)

On the morning of January 6,1943, I awoke unaware that any break had occurred in my cherished inner circle of friends. I remember that on that morning I overslept my usual hour of rising and dressed hurriedly and left for work without taking the usual time for a breakfast-table glance at the headlines in the morning news. Fortunately I had not far to go to reach the Community Art Center where I worked. It was housed not many blocks away in the civic library, a friendly,many-windowed red brick building in the hospitable town of Greenville, North Carolina. ~~On the morning of January 6, 1943, when I arrived at the~~

~~As I hurried up the steps a member of~~ the library staff came to ~~meet me,~~ On the morning of January 6, 1943, the morning papers carried the headline the morning newspaper in her hand.

"Have you seen the paper?" she asked, and from the look in her eyes I knew that something must be wrong.

"No", I replied. "What is it?"

She handed me the folded paper, pointing to a story on the front page. I looked, and read..... And so it was that under the white-columned portico of the Shepherd Memorial Library, I learned the grievous news of the passing of my friend, Dr. George W. Carver.

NEGRO SCIENTIST DIES. RECOGNIZED AS ONE OF
OUTSTANDING AGRICULTURAL SCIENTISTS OF THE WORLD

These were the headlines, and underneath was the story from the ~~wires~~ wire of the Associated Press, the story beginning "Tuskegee, Ala.,Jan. 5. Dr. George Washington Carver,the noted Negro scientist, died today at his home in the Tuskegee Institute.

"Dr. Carver had been in failing health for some time," the news went on," and was confined to his bed for the past ten days.

"Born of slave parents,at Diamond Grove,Mo., he never was sure of his birthdate, but once estimated it was 'about 1864'....He will be buried ~~xxxxxxxx~~ in Tuskegee cemetery, where also lies Booker T. Washing-

ton,founder and first president of the school....."

There were many other words:"Best-known for his contributions to Southern agriculture, he also was a noted artist...He was an humble man who passed up worldly gain to 'work among the trees and ferns and the grass of God's green earth...." Many words.

Finally, I took the paper in my hands and went silently into the building and down the steps to the Art Center office and workshop in the basement. Here,alone in the workshop or at my office desk, perhaps I could better comprehend the fact that my friend was gone.

It seemed incredible, as death inevitably does. And yet I should have been prepared for it, for I knew that he had been ill. On my desk ~~at home~~ lay a letter that had come from him only two days before, a letter dated December 30,1942. He had told me of his illness, and of the fall that had preceded it.

"My beloved friend,Miss Crisp", the letter began, with the characteristic salutation he frequently used in his letters to his friends. "This is to extend you greetings and to thank you for your splendid letter. I have been wondering how you were getting along since I had not heard from you for quite some time."

Characteristic also were the paragraphs that followed, paragraphs that need,perhaps, to be read against a brief background of preceding days and events. I had met Dr. Carver in North Carolina, in the Spring of 1933, when he was on a lecture tour that took him to a number of Southern and Eastern College and University campuses. Jim Hardwick, of the staff of the Southern Student Y M C A Council, was with him on that tour, and the three of us had spent considerable time talking together of commonly shared interests and concerns. All three of us were constantly with students:Jim traveling throughout the South, Dr. Carver at Tuskegee Institute, and I at Woman's College in Greensboro,North Carolina. Out of these hours of discussion together, and out of our many similar interests and

ideas, had come the friendship with Dr. Carver that almost from the moment of our meeting, served to enlarge the horizons of my thinking, and to open to me new vistas of vision, new depths of understanding,and new possibilities of spiritual achievment.

Early in our acquaintance I inquired whether I could find anywhere a written story of Dr. Carver's life. It seemed to me such a remarkable story, from the crumbs of information I had been able to gather from him. I was eager to know more of it,more of his life and of his thought. One brief biography had been written, I learned, but in it I found not much more than the meagre information I already had secured. It seemed to me that a much more complete story now was needed and should soon be begun. Discussing it with Jim Hardwick, I found him in immediate agreement.

"Why don't you get to work on such a book," he said. "I can help you get the information you will need at the beginning. I have known him for about ten years, and can tell you of his work during that period. The next time I am near enough to Tuskegee, I will go and see him and find out what he thinks of the idea,"

It seemed a presumptuous idea to me,as of course it was. By what far stretch of imagination could I consider myself equipped to record the life of such a man ! But ~~it was not long before~~ eventually I found myself actually agreeing to undertake it. The report from the conference with Dr. Carver was that he would be glad to have us write the story of his life if we wished to do it;he would help us all he could. In reality, he had no interest whatever in having his biography written by anyone then, but he did have a definite,habitual interest in encouraging any kind of work he considered creative, when he found any "dear young people", as he was accustomed to speak of them, ready and eager to undertake it. In our proposal to write of his life, he saw what he felt to be an urge toward the kind of creative endeavor he was always eager to find and to further, no matter how busy he might be with his own much more important work.

That was how it happened that by early in the summer of 1934, when the college year ended and my vacation began, arrangements had been made for me to go to Tuskegee to begin definite work on our book. During the next five years I was there a number of times, staying for a week or more at the time in the Guest House maintained for visitors on the Tuskegee Institute campus; working in the library files, and talking with Dr. Carver and with some of his friends and associates among the Institute faculty and students. We planned a book of twelve chapters, an unpretentious chronological narrative of the story of his life. At first I would send him pages of questions, with spaces left blank for his answers. And he would take the time out of his busy, crowded days to fill in brief answers and return the pages to me. As the first draft of each chapter was completed, I would send a copy to him for his personal comments and suggestions. This was our plan of procedure, not an ideal one, to be sure, but the best one we could devise at the moment. And ten of the proposed twelve chapters were actually written in this fashion.

Many things intervened to delay the completion of the book: Extended illnesses, lack of funds for essential travel and research, professional demands that must of necessity come first; many obstacles such as these. There was never any thought of giving up the project short of its completion, however, until we learned in 1939 that a Carver biography had been commissioned by a publisher, to be written by Rackham Holt.

Dr. Carver wrote me about this when he learned of it, and I replied at once to ask if he did not think we should give up the idea of our proposed story, now that a full and definitive biography was to be written. His answer was an immediate No.

"You will write the book we had in mind some day", he wrote. "It will be different from this one."

There the matter seemed to rest for a while, but always there was

in my mind a sense of obligation to fulfil eventually his expectation and his confidence, and I continued to work at intervals as I could on the manuscript we had begun, always with his encouragement.

In March,1940, he wrote "I think it is better for you to hold up on the writing of your book and profit by some of these others that will come out,as I am very confident that you have data that none of them have, and it may be that later on your book will be even more valuable than one that comes out now."

In the Autumn of 1942, however, aware of his illness and his increasingly tenuous hold on life, and filled with an urgent desire somehow to portray him as I had come to know him,while he yet lived, I suddenly decided to try a clay portrait. I had done some amateur work in sculpture, but nothing approaching professional status, nothing in the nature of a life-size bust of anyone. Spurred now by an inner compulsion stronger than logic or reason, I determined to see if,in the medium of clay, I could bring into being any suggestion of the likeness of the Carver whom I knew. The kind,compassionate,patient yet alert face, with its reflection of both gentleness and strength, both wisdom and wistfulness. A sensitive face,serene in repose like a mirror of a deep inward peace. Even as I made the decision to try it, I was conscious of the familiar oldsaying that "Fools rush in where the angels fear to tread". No better example of such a saying could be found than this attempt I was about to make. But I recalled also another familiar saying, one that declared "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." This one, I thought, would be Dr. Carver's own choice of the better one of the two to follow, the one that he would choose for himself. Then it should also be mine.

There was clay at hand ready for use,North Carolina clay that we kept on hand for use in the children's art classes. We found it in abundant supply on the creek banks and hillsides nearby, an excellent,plastic clay,gray in color with veins of beautiful brick red running through it

like an old-fashioned "marble cake". We prepared it for us by the simple expedient of moistening it and running it through a large food grinder and packing it away in large metal cans. Emerged from the grinding, it was no longer marbled, but an overall warm bright red. The children loved to work with it, and so did I. And it seemed a suitable material to use for a Carver portrait - a congenial material, for he had enjoyed working with native clays himself, and had derived a number of useful products from his studies of them. One of his most popular lectures was on various clays and the possibilities he had found within them. In his office at Tuskegee I had seen a number of small clay pieces, bowls and vases and the like, that he had made in his tests of various clays for their possible ceramic values. He had also made paints from clays, and some of his own paintings had been done with clays of different colors, used in the manner of pastels. One of these, a glowing still-life of three luscious peaches, had been sought for the Luxembourg Museum in Paris.

"I had no intention of letting it go", he told me once, when we were discussing it. "It will never go as long as I am here. It would break up my collection and spoil the exhibition as a whole. You wouldn't take one bar of music out of a symphony or an oratorio and send it away somewhere."

Assembling clay and tools and pictures of him I had saved from magazine and newspaper articles, and summoning my own many memories of how he looked, I started to work to see if clay could now be persuaded to yield for me a likeness of my friend. Long hours were spent in the endeavor, and finally some semblance of a likeness did begin to appear. I had written Dr. Carver what I was trying to do, but he was away from Tuskegee at that time. During the summer of 1942 he was far from well. In early July he had written "I have been much below par for two or three weeks, in fact have been unusually indisposed..

"It is most important now that people see me as little as possible... I do hope that arrangements can be made for you to come this way at some time, as I want you to see my art collection while I am here." Later in July he accepted an invitation from his friend, Henry Ford, to come and spend some time in Dearborn, Michigan, at Greenfiled Village where Mr. Ford had had constructed a "George Washington Carver Cabin", in tribute to his friend.

When he returned to Tuskegee early in the Fall, I sent him several "work in progress" snapshots of the portrait bust as it then appeared, asking what he thought of it. His reply, on October 5, confirmed my fear that the summer trip had brought no sizeable increase in his strength.

"I wish to say with reference to the pictures," he wrote, "that my eyes are not sufficiently strong to judge just what they look like, and I am sure you are sufficiently well acquainted with eyes 80 years old to know they have lost their power of discerning, and it is all I can do to discern figures at all. Therefore I regret that I am not able to pass on your work...Again, if my eyes were stronger, I do not know how I look."

On October 22 he wrote again: "I have not been so well lately and had a very severe spell of illness a few days ago and came very near leaving, but I am here yet. I am wondering how you are getting along with your sculpture."

I sent another snapshot, and he replied on October 29: "I am sorry my eyes will not permit me to pass upon it. Then, too, you wouldn't expect me to judge it correctly because I don't know how I look, and in my present condition would have little interest, as it is all I can do at the present time to keep breath enough to keep going. We all have to come along the same road and must accept it just as it comes."

When this letter came, I knew that I must soon send the bust to Tuskegee if it was to arrive in time for Dr. Carver to see it, as I had hoped it might. I thus hastened to complete it as best I could, and took it to the Cosiminis, an Italian firm in Raleigh, North Carolina, where casting into plaster was done, being unable myself to do this kind of casting. It would have been better fired into terra cotta, as I knew, but I was not sure the clay would fire well, and rather than risk losing it altogether, I decided to have it cast in plaster, with several reproductions.

As sculpture, it was not good work; I was keenly aware of this. And in the plaster reproductions, something of the life and warmth of the clay original was lost. But some resemblance apparently was left, for the Cosiminis, who cast it, told me of travelers who stopped by their workshop and seeing the bust exclaimed "That's Carver". His public lectures, as well as the frequent appearance of his picture in the newspapers in connection with his lectures and his scientific achievments, had by this time made his face familiar to many Americans, and the popular reference to him was simply his surname. "That's Carver", the people would say, upon seeing him or his photograph. I was glad that in the portrait bust I had made there was at least enough resemblance to the man to call forth from travelers this sign of recognition.

In December, I shipped the bust to him, knowing it fell far short of being the portrait I had hoped to achieve, yet wanting, nevertheless, to provide for Dr. Carver a tangible evidence of my continuing efforts to justify the confidence he had reposed in me.

I sent him, too, in the letter accompanying the sculpture, a check for two dollars as a contribution to the Carver Foundation he had established to carry on his research after he was gone. A young Negro principal of a school near Greenville N.C. had purchased for his school one of the reproductions of the bust, paying $10.00 for it. And since from the beginning

of our work on the proposed biography, I had meant upon its completion to arrange for a percentage of all royalties to go to the Carver Foundation, I wanted to carry out this idea also with this purchase of the clay portrait. Small token though it was, it would constitute at least a symbol. This check for $2.00 was, I suppose, the smallest contribution ever received by the Carver Foundation, but to Dr. Carver it was,as as I had hoped it might be, a token of remembrance received from a friend during the closing days of his life on the earth. This was how it happened that in his December 30 letter, after his opening paragraph of greeting, he continued:

"I wish to thank you for the check for two dollars. I am so happy for you as you have worked so long and faithfully, and this is just as it should be----history in the making, and I am so glad.

"I have not seen Dr. Patterson since the bust arrived as he has been out of town a great deal and had to leave us Christmas day on account of the death of Mrs. Robert R. Moton at her home in Virginia.

"I have not been at all well for the past three months and two weeks ago suffered a severe fall which has kept me in bed for the holiday season.....

"With much love, and the hope that the New Year will bring you much happiness and prosperity in spite of the war and general turbulent condition of the world.

So gratefully yours,

G.W.Carver "

I thought of this letter as I sat reading the Associated Press story of his death, on the morning of January 6,1943. And the thought came that this would be his last letter. For almost ten years wherever I had gone, now and then in my mail I could count on seeing an envelope from the Research and Experiment Station at Tuskegee, bringing a letter

from him. Now they would come no more.

But one more letter did come, for that very day I was startled to find in my mail the familiar Tuskegee envelope, bringing a letter from him. It was dated December 31,1942, the day on which he had dictated it, but postmarked January 4. " My esteemed friend,Miss Crisp," this one began, and read,in part - again with his characteristic exaggeration of even the smallest tokens of friendship and of creative inclination and endeavor - "This is to acknowledge again the receipt of what I consider one of the most remarkable letters that has come to my desk. Just to think that you have gone to work and stuck to it all of these years and turned out a bust,and from the sale of the first one given a donation to the Foundation at Tuskegee. I think it is perfectly remarkable. It was such a beautiful thing to do and I know that Dr. Patterson, the Foundation,and all wish to extend to you and all those who have helped you so faithfully to turn out a worthwhile product their sincere thanks. I think it is perfectly marvelous for you to do a thing like this and in the way you have... I am so anxious to see the bust I can hardly hold myself down sufficiently.

"With every good wish and most hearty congratulations, I am

So sincerely yours,

G.W.Carver "

I was glad that he never saw the bust,knowing,as I did,that it was not good. But I have always been glad that I made the effort, and that he was aware of it.

From the reading of this last letter, I turned to the immediate task of preparations for the long war-time journey to Tuskegee to join his many other friends in the farewell service now being arranged for him.

Chapter II

It was a long, slow overnight trip to Tuskegee for the funeral of my friend. An overnight journey by day coach, for ~~my~~ pulman reservations were not always available for civilian travel during those war-time days, ~~especially on such short notice as I could have given then~~. But there was something ~~It seemed~~ ~~somehow~~ ~~should~~ But it ~~was fitting that I~~ travel by day coach, sitting up all night ~~long,~~ on my way to Dr. Carver's funeral. He had traveled many miles ~~sitting up all night~~ sitting up all night about my traveling on my way to a day coach ~~himself~~; few pulman reservations were ever available for him.

During the long night hours, as the train moved Southward toward Atlanta, I found myself thinking of the journey toward Tuskegee that George W. Carver had made, a journey of a little more than 30 years. For, from the perspective that ensuing years provide, it is evident that the days of his childhood and early youth were indeed a journey toward Tuskegee; a period of preparation for the 47 years of unique service he was to ~~give~~ contribute to his own race and to the world, through the avenues he found or created for himself at Tuskegee Institute.

His gradually ~~achieved~~ awareness and strong conviction of the presence of ~~an~~ ~~invisible~~ Creative Power in the universe that determined the direction of his journeying found expression eventually in the passage from the Bible he adopted as his motto - a passage from Proverbs that declares "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." He often quoted these words in his letters to his friends. "Remember our motto", he would say, and then go on to quote the words of the passage. Once, when I had written him of some perplexity with which I then was ~~concerned,~~ struggling he suggested that I remember this motto. Quoting it, ~~and then~~ he added: "A direct promise; why not face the issue and do it ? By and by all things will be made clear. You will understand and be so very happy because you do understand."

He was wise enough to know, however, and honest enough to admit, that not always does such understanding come. On another occasion, when he had quoted his motto, he went on to write "These paths often lead

me into places and conditions I do not understand,but when it is made clearmI see the wisdom of it. Some things have never been made clear,I am sure never will be. No doubt just as well that they are not."

The paths of his childhood and youth - the visible paths - began in Missouri and took him here and there + yonder into towns and communities in the neighbroing states of Kansas and Iowa.

Carver Biography
Chronological Outline

A- Early Life

I- Diamond Grove, Mo. - First ten years of his life spent here, in home of Moses Carver, who had owned his mother

II- Neosho, Mo. - One year here, his first year "on his own"

III- Fort Scott, Kansas - Seven or eight years here, in school, making his own way

IV- Summer Vacation back at Diamond Grove

V- Minneapolis, Kansas - 2 years - Finished High School here, and applied for admission to Highland University, was accepted- Saw his first lynching here -

VI- Highland, Kansas, and Beeler, Kansas - About three years- Refused admittance to Highland U. when his race was known, worked at odd jobs, etc for a time, then took up dry claim in Beeler; spent two years there -

VII- Winterset, Iowa - One or two years - Ran hand laundry; worked in hotel-

VIII- Indianola, Iowa--Simpson College - Approx. 3 years, studying Art, Music, Sciences - Paying his own way by work -

IX- Ames, Iowa- Iowa State College - Received B.S. and M.S. here, and was working as Assistant in Botany when Booker T. Washington offered him a place at Tuskeegee

B- Tuskeegee

X- Early Days at Tuskeegee -Beginning his work in Agricultural Chemistry- Contacts with students and people in community; teaching; building up laboratory equipment , etc.

XI- Extension work among farmers--carried on along with his teaching- Stdies of soils, crop production, plant diseases, etc.

XII- Period of Discoveries- Extraordinary products that may be derived from peanuts, potatoes, clays, etc.

XIII- "Messenger Extraordinary" - Lectures and demonstrations of products before groups in various towns, cities, colleges - Special recognitions of his unique contributions; Spingarn medal; Fellow of Royal College of Arts and Sciences; Offer from Edison; Invitation from Soviet Government--etc.

XIV- His "Little Family" - The gradual building up of the group of young men of both races who constitute his so-called "family"--students whom he has aided financially, spiritually, inspirationally--in various ways.

XV- The Present - His daily and constant stream of visitors; his special experiments with the use of certain oils from peanuts with massage in the treatment of infantile paralysis cases -- spoken of by Dr. Moton as "the most significant piece of interracial wokok being carried on in America today" -

Part I -

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Cha pter II- Neosho

Chapter III- Fort Scott

Chapter IV- A Summer Vacation

Chapter V- Minneapolis

Chapter VI- Highland and Beeler

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Chapter IX- Indianola - Simpson College

Chapter X- Ames - Iowa State College

Part II - Tuskeegee

Chapter XI- Early Day s

Chapter XII- Agricultural Chemistry - First period at Tuskeegee

Experiments with crops and soils
Extension work among farmers
Teaching
Methods
Relationships with students
His place in the general campus life
Relationships in the community around him

Chapter XIII- Strange Discoveries - Second period at Tuskeegee

Period of discovery of unusual products fro peanuts, sweet potatoes, clays, etc., etc.

Cha pter XIV- Messenger Extraordinary - Third period at Tuskeegee

Lectures and demonstrations of discoveries in colleges, cities, etc.

Chapter XV- The "Little Family"

Development of the "Inner Circle" group, his spiritual "family"

Chapter XVI - "Working Out Something " - Fourth Period at Tuskeegee

(Beginni ng with the AP article Dec. 31,1934)

Experiments with oils with massage for treatment of infantile paralysis, with race barriers down

Chapter I- Diamond Grove

Chapter II- Neosho

Chapter III- Fort Scott

Chapter IV- Summer Vacation, Diamond Grove(?)

Chapter V- Minneapolis (Kansas)

Chapter VI- Highland (?)

Chapter VII- Winterset

Chapter VIII- Indianola, Simpson College

Chapter IX- Ames, Iowa State College

Undergraduate
Graduate student
Instructor

Chapter X- First days at Tuskeegee

Chapter XI- Agricultural Chemistry

Teaching
Experimentswith crops and soils
Extension work among farmers

Chapter XII- Strange Discoveries

Period of discoveries in peanuts, potatoes, etc.

Chapter XIII- A Messenger Extraordinary

Lectures and demonstrations in colleges, towns, etc.

Chapter XIV- The"Little Family"

Chapter XV- "Working Out Something"-

(Beginning with AP article Dec. 31, 1934)

Experiments with oils for medical purposes
The healing of spirits as well as bodies,
Chasms between classes and races removed, etc., etc.

Present working Outline of Chapters -

Chapter I- Diamond Grove

Chapter II- Neosho

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Chapter IV- Summer Vacation, Diamond Grove(?)

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Chapter IX- Ames, Iowa State College

Undergraduate
Graduate student
Instructor

Chapter X- First days at Tuskeegee

Chapter XI- Agricultural Chemistry

Teaching
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Extension work among farmers

Chapter XII- Strange Discoveries

Period of discoveries in peanuts, potatoes, etc.

Chapter XIII- A Messenger Extraordinary

Lectures and demonstrations in colleges, towns, etc.

Chapter XIV- The"Little Family"

Chapter XV- "Working Out Something"-

(Beginning with AP article Dec. 31, 1934)

Experiments with oils for medical purposes
The healing of spirits as well as bodies,
Chasms between classes and races removed, etc., etc.

Lucy Cherry Crisp

PLANS FOR WORK

(1) CARVER BIOGRAPHY

I-Preliminary Statement: I became interested in working on a biography of Dr. Carver soon after I met him four years ago. Many newspaper add magazine stories have been written concerning him, but there is only one so-called biography published so far, and that is a work which seems inadequate in almost every respect. With the help of several of his friends, and with his own interest and consent, I began gathering material for a book about his life and work. It is my hope that it can be one which will appeal to the general reading public, and yet a book done with that high degree of artistry and scholarship which its subject demands. The material gathered thus far has dealt mainly with the outline facts of his life story, as suggested in the chronological outline attached hereto, sketched from materials gathered to date. I have gathered this from his own statements, given during my two ten-day visits at Tuskeegee, and from conferences and correspondence with him and with some who have known him in various periods of his life. Since he is now in his middle seventies, and increasingly frail in physical strength, there is need to gather much more material in the near future if much that is valuable in his own memoirs and observations is not to be lost. The necessity to earn a living has made it impossible for me to give the needed time to this. Hence my application for a stipend that would free me, financially, for a year's work. Thus far I have no plan for the eventual publication of the book.

II-Actual plans for the Year's Work:

A-As I see it now, the preparation of such a work would demand:

1-Accurate knowledge of the story of his life

2-Acquaintance with the places where he has spent his life--as they are today; their historical backgrounds

3-Knowledge of his work-(a)From his own viewpoint;(b)From the viewpoint of those associated with him

4-Evaluations - gathered from many competent to judge - of the significance of his contributions in the fields of Science; Art(Painting); Human Relationships; and(perhaps) Religion

B-In order to meet these obvious demands, the year's work would include:

1-Much time spent at Tuskeegee, with him and with his associates

2-Travel -(a) To the places where her has lived (b) For conferences with people who know him or his work

3-Residence for part of the year in a place where there would be adequate library facilities(For reading and studying historical backgrounds, etc.) and also opportunity for conference with people qualified to discuss his importance in various fields--probably New York City or some University center

4-A "brooding" and writing period -- I should like very much to spend one period of the year in the Lake Country of England--though this might not be desirable nor practical as the work progressed.

(2) Creative Writing in the field of poetry

It is my hope and belief that work and study in the field of poetry would go along hand in hand with the year's work on the Carver book. I think that two basic needs I feel deeply now would be met: 1. The need for a certain sense of leisure of mind; and (2) The need for much study and practise in craftsmanship.

Crisp- Carver MSS

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X- Lecturer Extraordinary, cont. - 1924 - 1933

XI- Experiments in Therapy - 1933 - 1937

XII- Up in the Seventies - 1937 - The Present

May, 1941

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS
(Suggestive)

Frontispiece - Recent photograph of Dr. Carver

Photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Carver (Dr. Carver has one, I think)

Mary Carver's Bill of Sale (Photostatic copy)

Photograph of Carver with one of his paintings, made about the time he came to Tuskegee

Several pictures of Carver made in his laboratory, or on the Tuskegee campus

Photograph of Austin W. Curtis, now assistant to Dr. Carver

C O N T E N T S

FOREWORD

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New Outline as Planned Now

I INTRODUCTION to CARVER
A. First meetings, in Greensboro, May, 1933
B. His letters to me, first year, and decision to begin work with him on a biography
C. My first trip to Tuskegee, June, 1934, to begin work

II THE CARVER STORY
A. Childhood and Youth (Thru his college years)
B. The Tuskegee Years
C. Wider Fields, during the later years at Tuskegee

III THE CARVER STORY CONSIDERED
His basic philosophy, controlling motives, personal habits of thought and action, central teachings, etc.

A. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths"
B. "Be yourself. Don't be somebody else. Ninety-nine per cent of us are trying to be somebody else."
C. "You can't harbor bitterness; it clogs the channel... I can't do my work if my heart is bitter..."
D. "You will learn to walk and talk with the Great Creator thru the things He has created..."
E. "God's Little Workshop " - the real work and significance of George Carver in American life

Lucy Cherry Crisp
116 East Jones Street
Raleigh, North Carolina

It was on a morning in May,1933,that I first met George Washington Carver; a memorable morning, it was destined to be. I had, of course,heard of him long before that day, for "Carver of Tuskegee" was a familiar name in newspaper headlines then. And any mention of him in public parlance,during those years of the early thirties, was likely to be followed by the identifying phrase "the man who has made so many things from peanuts." For it was through his public lectures on the products he was evolving from such humble source materials as peanuts and sweet potatoes, swamp muck and clays, in his laboratory down at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, that he first became known to the general American public.

From a mutual friend I had also heard of him. Jim Hardwick, of the Southern Student Y.M.C.A. Council in Atlanta, Georgia,had on several occasions spoken to me of his friend, Dr. Carver. "I first heard him speak when I was a student at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute in Blacksburg, Virginia," Jim had said, with a tone in his voice closely akin to the wonder and warmth of a boy's words when he speaks of a well-loved hero. "I can't describe him to you,"Jim had declared. "He is different from anybody else I have evr known. And nobody else has ever meant to me what he has meant. You'll have to meet him someday; th n you will know what I mean."

This day of meeting finally came in the Spring of 1933. One of the lecture tours made by Dr. Carver during that year took him to a number of colleges and universities in the South and East. At the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, at Greensboro, we had scheduled him for two talks. He was to speak briefly at the noonday chapel convocation of faculty and students, and then, in the even-

ning, he would present for both students and the general public his popular lecture on the Peanut, a lecture in which he discussed this so-called "lowly" product of Southern soil, and illustrated some of the discoveries he had made concerning its not-so-lowly nature and its manifold possibilities. He was traveling by car on this tour, with Jim Hardwick as his tour manager and traveling companion, this series of lectures being uder the sponsorship of the Southern Student Y.M.C.A. Council.

On the scheduled day in May, along about noon, Jim appeared at my office door to announce their arrival. Dr. Carver was waiting for us in the car, he said, parked near the college auditorium where he was to speak. "Come out and meet him", Jim continued."He is expecting you". That was how it happened that my earliest recollection of George Washington Carver, the first of many memories of him etched deeply in my mind during the nine years that followed that morning in May, is the sight of him as he sat that day on the front seat of the faded old blue touring car of very "ancient lineage",to borrow a phrase from Little Lord Fauntleroy's description of his old applewoman friend; an antiquated car they had purchased for travel on the tour. "The Chariot", they had immediately named it, motivated,no doubt, by both affection for the "museum piece" look of its high-slung design and faith that eventually it would carry them home again. It was a car that obviously would require a large measure of both affection and faith from those for whose transportation it was held responsible.

As we approached the "Chariot", I could see at first only the head and shoulders of our speaker, for he was sitting low in the front seat, leaning back in utterly relaxed fashion against the

back of the seat,apparently resting while he awaited our arrival. When we came near, he sat up straight, took off his plaid tweed traveling cap, and held out his hand to me through the open window.

"I am so very pleased to meet you", he said, and I found myself looking into deepset eyes strangely light in color against the dark, black-bronze background of his face,gray-blue eyes that were filled with an ancient wisdom and a warm compassion,welling up from somewhere in their depths; welling up and flooding his deeply wrinkled face with a light that was wonderful to see. His voice was surprisingly high in pitch, but soft in tonal quality; his words gently spoken and deliberate. I sensed in him, even in those first moments of our meeting, a certain indefineable quality of quietness that brought to my mind immediately an old Biblical phrase:"In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength". There was something more here, I somehow knew, than a mere surface calm; such quietness as this came only out of a constant central confidence somewhere within a man.

He was wearing a worn but neat-looking suit of some plain dark worsted material, with a tiny white flower,unfamiliar to me, fastened in his coat lapel; a flower that repeated the white of his hair that lay on his head like a close-fitting white skullcap fitted low in a scallop at the center of his wrinkled dark forehead,but receding far back at eith side. His four-in-hand tie was of some loosely woven stuff and wider than the type then worn by most men, a tie that he had woven for himself,I later learned.

I found it impossible not to take special note of his hands, even as I had of his eyes. Long, supple, slender-fingered hands,with a deep inward curve on the outer side of each thumb;unusual-looking hands. Both sensitive and strong,they became an eloquent medium of communication in themselves, in the simple gestures he sometimes used to punctuate or emphasize his words.

Behind him, as he sat there in the old blue car that morning, there was an extraordinary array of suitcases,packing boxes,branches and twigs from a variety of trees and shrubs apparently seen along the way, and even some rocks and large lumps or slabs of clay; a strange assortment of luggage, but one which, I later learned, was his usual accumulation when his tours were made by car. That day it seemed to me a suitable setting for him; he was obviously a man who could be counted on to carry unexpected luggage.

He could also be counted on for a quick change of mood, as I suddenly discovered. We had been talking for a quarter of an hour or so, Jim and I, standing by the car,discussing the chapel program that was soon to follow, with Dr. Carver putting in a question now and then. It was a serious conversation, not a solemn one by any means, but in serious vein, having to do with the plans we had made for the Carver lectures on our own campus and at other places in the vicinity of the City of Greensboro . Then, following a pause in the conversation, Jim suddenly looked at his watch and said, with a change into a tone of affectionate humour, "Don't you think it's about time we started to get him out of here ? "

Without thinking how silly such a remark would sound, and actually, half-serious - after all, how could I be certain of Dr. Carver's state of health ? Sitting there in the car, he seemed quite frail, and as ancient as the hills or the pyramids ;without thinking,then, I answered "Well, how long will it take to get him out ? "

A sudden shout of laughter went up from both of them,loud,boisterous laughter in which I was obliged to join, even though I had put my question half-seriously, and felt considerably abashed at having been so taken in by a question apparently spoken in jest. It was some time before their laughter subsided. Finally it did, and then Dr. Carver

opened the car door, and stepping out with the agility of a sixteen-year-old lad, stood up to his full broad-shouldered height of six feet or more (even with the slight shoulder stoop that made his coat collar stand up in a hump in the back) and began walking in long, vigorous strides toward the stage door of the auditorium.

CARVER

Outline of Chapters

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I - December 31, 1934

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IV - Fort Scott and Minneapolis

V - Highland, Beeler, and Winterset

VI - College Years - Simpson and Ames

PART II - Tuskeegee

VII -Early Days at Tuskeegee -
Beginning his work in Agricultural Chemistry; Contacts with students and people in the community; Teaching; Building up Agricultural Department; etc., etc.

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 buildins named for him; Invitations from Edison and the Soviet Government; ~~Kxxx~~ 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 Tuskeegee.

XII - December 31, 1938

this may come in here instead

Lucy Cherry Crisp

FOREWORD

This book about George Washington Carver had its beginning on a morning in May, 1933, when I s at in an office at The Woman's College of The University of North Carolina (Greensboro, N.C.) awaiting the arrival of the chapel speaker. As ~~secretary~~ Counselor for student religious activities at that college then, I was at times responsible for securing speakers for the chapel convocations, and for that particular day ~~in May, 1933~~, I had scheduled a speaker ~~concerning~~ of whom I personally knew very little -- ~~risky business~~, a considerable risk as anyone acquainted with student opinion on the whole matter of chapel speakers well can testify to talking.

On several occasions ~~Jim~~ J. T. Hardwick, then a member of the field staff of the Southern student Y.M.C.A. Council, had said to me "There is a man I want you to meet someday -- George Washington Carver. ~~Maybe~~ You may have heard of him as 'the man who has made so many things from peanuts'. He has done a lot of lecturing on college campuses, and still makes a tour now and then. I hope you get him at Woman's College sometime. He's great !" So, in the winter of 1933, when Mr. Hardwick had written us that another lecture trip was being arranged for Dr. Carver, we had scheduled him for a chapel talk on our campus.

~~And~~ Now, today, he was to come, and I was conscious of a feeling of definite uneasiness as I sat awaiting his arrival, for a much-heralded speaker who turns out to be, in student language, a "flop", is a hard matter to live down on a college campus, as I knew from too many experiences..... But now Mr. Hardwick was at the office door, saying"Well, he's here! Come out and meet him. We parked down at the auditorium".

As we walked down the drive, I ~~got~~ had my first glimpse of the venerable-looking car of very "ancient lineage" which they had purchased for transportation on this particular tour, and there-- on the front seat of the "chariot", as they called it -- was our speaker, enthroned among the high-piled seeming confusion of packing cases, bags, slabs of earth, sticks and stones and branches which formed, as I later learned, his customary travel equipment when the journey was made by ~~"chariot"~~ car.

"This is Dr. Carver", Mr. Hardwick said, and a voice peculiarly high in pitch replied, with a gentle sort of deference and dignity, "I am so very pleased to meet you".

I shall never forget him as he sat there, quietly alert, listening to our conversation as we spoke of the chapel program, and making occasional inquiries or suggestions about it. There was a quality of quietness about him, sensed immediately, even in the midst of the gay banter and repartee of the moment -- a quality of quietness for which I have never found more descriptive language than the words of the ancient Biblical phrase, "In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength..."

Outwardly, he looked quite feeble, his broad shoulders slumped, his words soft-spoken, his hair white above his brown-tinged black face when he had taken off his natty plaid traveling cap. So feeble that when Mr. Hardwick jokingly asked "Is it about time we started to get him out of ~~the chariot~~ here?" I thought perhaps he spoke seriously, and answered, "Well, how long does it take to get him out ?"

A spontaneous shout of laughter from both of them greeted my silly ~~question~~ remark, leaving me considerably abashed at having been so taken in. A few moments later, however -- when our speaker-to-be had descended quite agilely from the chariot, a tall, strongly-built figure, and was walking toward the auditorium in long vigorous strides -- he continued to laugh in cascade after cascade of

delighted,high-pitched laughter, I became a little alarmed. This man was our chapel speaker-- would he recover himself and return to his dignity in time ? And what kind of speech would this strange man be likely to make ?

I might have spared myself anysuch concern, for now we were at the back-stage door, the presiding professor was coming to greet us, and turning to make the introductions, I found our speaker dignity personified. A moment later Mr. Hardwick said "He likes to have prayer befor he speaks, if we can". I closed my eyes and heard my name,spoken in the quiet, high-pitched voice I was to come to know so well: "Miss Crisp". Too surprised actually to pray, I said a sentence or two, and then the quiet voice spoke again"Mr. Hardwick". A brief prayer by Mr. Hardwick, Dr. Carver's own simply-spoken petition, and the presiding professor was returning. Going down the corridor ,then, to find my place out in the auditorium among the 1800 students gathered there for chapel, I found my mind at ease concerning our speaker for the day.

I saw them several times during the next few days, when Dr. Carver was speaking in and around Greensboro. They took me with them when he went to speak in Salisbury, 50 miles away, a young man from another college also accompanying us. On the way to Salisbury the "chariot" broke down, and while Mr. Hardwick and the student attended to the essential repairs, I walked with Dr. Carver along the edges of the field.

"This", he would say, bending down to pick a spray from a weed or some kind of little grass or flower, "is a most remarkable little plant. You will note the brilliant purple of its flower. Now, that is what they are using in the manufacture of so-and-so-and so.... A most useful little plant." He was completely at home here, on intimate,appreciative terms with all these tiny weeds and flowers and plants among which I,

who had seen them thousands of times, yet walked an utter stranger. As we turned to go back to the repaired chariot, he stopped a moment, arranged into a quaint little bouquet the sprays he had been gathering, looked at it for a long moment, then handed it to me, saying "I'D like to paint that someday...Perhaps I shall". It was an unforgettable hour for me.

On the way home from Salisbury, someone started a song, and the four of us sang, then-- old folk songs, spirituals, hymns of the church, fragments of tunes only half-recalled,- the high tenor voice of our speaker sounding clear and true with the others. Now and then, with a little chuckle he would say "That song always reminds me", and so on to tell us of some experience linked in his memory with that particular piece of music, some incident of his life story.

Later, beginning to put together these bits of incidents, and others I had gathered in conversation with him, I found myself growing greatly interested in the extraordinary story of this man's life-- in the remarkable pattern of the sixty-odd years that had brough him from the Missouri slave cabin into which he was born on up to the distinguished place he now held among the living scientists of the world. Discussing it with Mr. Hardwick, I inquired whether there were any biographies of him already written or being prepared, and learned that as yet there were none. A brief book about his life, and numerous newspaper and magazine articles and stories, but as yet, no adequate biography.

Agreeing that this was an important matter, and one that should have immediate attention, we came to the conclusion that we would begin work on it ourselves, ill-equipped though we knew ourselves to be for any such undertaking -- a decision undoubtedly another excellent example of

"fools rushing in where angels fear to tread" .Dr. Carver's own warm enthusiasm and endorsement of the idea served to vitalize our conclusion, however, and initial plans for carrying out the idea were made, the first step being that I should go to Tuskegee Institute as soon as possible to being work with Dr. Carver on the story.

So it was that the idea for this book was born, and so it was that on a Sunday afternoon in June, 1934, I found myself on a train out of Atlanta with a ticket that read "Chehaw, Alabama". As I left the train at the diminutive Chehaw depot, a student in the blue uniform of the Tuskegee Institute cadets approached, touched his cap, and said "You are Dr. Carver's guest ? The car is waiting here". The drive was brief, and we were soon passing through the gates of the Institute campus and drawing up before Dorothy Hall, in which is the Guest House. Graciously received and assigned a room by Mrs. Martin, the hostess, I was told that I had arrived just in time for Tea, and was invited to come directly into the dining room. Here ,where we served by Home Economics students, I found several other guests already assembled-- ~~for~~ this Guest House, as I was soon to discover, ~~is~~ being a place where one may count on meeting ~~most~~ interesting people from all parts of the world.

Dr. Carver, or Professor Carver, as many on the campus still call him, lived in Rockefeller Hall, they told me, and had been busy receiving visitors all day long. Greeting him by telephone, I made an appointment to come and see his laboratory and office early the next day, then walked for a while in the June twilight on the broad, rolling campus. Faced with the immediate reality of actually beginning this venture we had planned, I was suddenly, overwhelmed by own smalness and inadequacy for the task.....Gradually, something of the ~~peace~~ of this ~~beautiful~~

Who has I to write of the Honorable Dr. Washington Carver!

however calm peaceful

campus, upon which the man of whose life I was to write had walked among his students for 35 years, somehow flowed into my troubled mind, and I was asleep early, eager for the morning to come.

Nine the following morning ~~I was~~ at Milbank Agricultural Hall, inquiring of a student whom I met in the corridor where I might find Dr. Carver, and being shown into his office. And if I had been concerned over his ~~seeming~~ loss of dignity just before his chapel talk in Greensboro, I was terrified now by the awful preponderance of it ! This grave-faced, solemn, elderly man who rose from behind his littered desk to greet me with such distant formality and chilling reserve could not possibly be the same Dr. Carver who had walked with me recently in the edges of the fields, calling the weeds by name; who had lifted his voice with ours in song above the rumblings of the old chariot ! For brief but long-seeming moments I was ~~panic-stricken~~, until happily some casual remark brought laughter to the ~~rescue~~ (As it has done on many occasions since) and the awful ice of shyness and self-consciousness on the part of both of us was completely gone, melted in the sun of laughter. Back again now was the sense of mutual ~~understanding~~ and confidence, the fundamental assurance of mutual inner surmise --- and we were ready to begin our work.

I have spent many hours at Tuskegee Institute since that June morning, for I have returned for visits of a week or longer whenever responsibilities elsewhere would permit it. There, talking with Dr. Carver in his office, his laboratory, his museum, or out on the campus or at Dorothy Hall, I have heard from his own lips much of the story that appears in this book, particularly that part of it comprising the earlier chapters, for to no other source save his own memory could we go for the story of his early childhood. During my earlier visits at Tuskegee

we spoke frequently of his boyhood and early youth, some of his memories, dim at first, becoming clearer as we discussed them.

As for the later chapters -- now and then ~~Dr. Carver~~ he would give me the name and address of some person who had known him at some time of his life, saying, "Now, you go and talk to him. He can tell you a lot more about me than I can tell you about myself." I have found many such people here and there, though none who could ever quite measure up to that prophecy. Some of them have been friends of his early manhood -- from Iowa, Colorado, California , and Tennessee their letters have come in response to my request for help, letters describing the young Carver as they knew him. At Tuskegee Institute I have talked with staff and faculty members who most generously have told me of his life among them there. And here and there in many places I have come across his "boys" and others who have known him, some intimately and some only through his public lectures, who had added their own particular contributions to this story of his life. Among the excellently ordered files in the Tuskegee Institute Research library I have spent many hours, reading the hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles and items written of the man himself and of his work during the past half century. It is from sources such as these -- and from his letters that have come to me regularly wherever I have been, these last nine years -- that I have gathered the materials for this story of the life of George Washington Carver.

It is not a complete story, and makes no pretense of being. ~~Its purpose is simply to portray the George Washington Carver whom I myself have come to know during the past nine years, and to tell the story of his remarkable life as I have learned it from the sources available to me.~~

It is simply a portrait of the Geo. Washington Carver, whom I have come to know during the nine years since that day morning when I first saw him enthroned in the old "Chariot".

There ~~are~~ may be many significant and important things omitted-- of this I am keenly aware; omissions growing out of incomplete knowledge on the one hand, and out of immature and inadequate concepts and understandings on the other. Those things that I have seen, have learned, have known, and have believed to be true -- those things I have written.

Today, at ~~76~~ 77, Dr. Carver is still busily at work, ~~still~~ insofar as his failing strength will allow him to be; still an important and influential part of the ~~main flow of the~~ ~~current~~ mainflowing currents of ~~America's~~ his country life. There will undoubtedly be many books written about him as the years ~~go along~~ pass. This one will well fulfil its purpose if, in the end, it can add even a small minute contribution to the full portrayal, the eventual understanding of the measure and the meaning of the life of this extraordinary American, George Washington Carver.

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Lucy Cherry Crisp

FOREWORD

This book about George Washington Carver had its beginning on a morning in May, 1933, when I s at in an office at The Woman's College of The University of North Carolina (Greensboro, N.C.) awaiting the arrival of the chapel speaker. As secretary for student religious activities at that college then, I was at times responsible for securing speakers for the chapel convocations. For that particular day in May, 1933, I had scheduled a speaker concerning whom I knew very little -- risky business, as anyone acquainted with student opinion on the whole matter of chapel speakers well can testify .

On several occasions Jim Hardwick, then a member of the field staff of the southern student Y.M.C.A. Council, had said to me "There is a man I want you to meet someday -- George Washington Carver. Maybe you have heard of him as 'the man who has made so many things from peanuts'. He has done a lot of lecturing on college campuses, and still makes a tour now and then. I hope you get him at Woman's College sometime. He's great !" So, in the winter of 1933, when Mr. Hardwick had written us that another lecture trip was being arranged for Dr. Carver, we had scheduled him for a chapel talk on our campus.

And now, today, he was to come, and I was conscious of a feeling of definite uneasiness as I sat awaiting his arrival, for a much-heralded speaker who turns out to be, in student language, a "flop", is a hard matter to live down on a college campus, as I knew from too many experiences..... But now Mr. Hardwick was at the office door, saying"Well, he's here. Come out and meet him. We parked down at the auditorium".

As we walked down the drive, I got my first glimpse of the venerable-looking car of very "ancient lineage" which they had purchased for transportation on this particular tour, and there-- on the front seat of the "chariot", as they called it -- was our speaker, enthroned among the high-piled seeming confusion of packing cases, bags, slabs of earth, sticks and stones and branches which formed, as I later learned, his customary travel equipment when the journey was made by "chariot",

"This is Dr. Carver", Mr. Hardwick said, and a voice peculiarly high in pitch replied, with a gentle sort of deference and dignity, "I am so very pleased to meet you".

I shall never forget him as he sat there, quietly alert, listening to our conversation as we spoke of the chapel program, and making occasional inquiries or suggestions about it. There was a quality of quietness about him I sensed immediately , even in the midst of the gay banter and repartee of the moment -- a quality of quietness for which I have never found more descriptive language than the words of the ancient Biblical phrase, "In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength..."

Outwardly, he looked quite feeble, his broad shoulders slumped, his words soft-spoken, his hair white above his brown-tinged black face when he had taken off his plaid traveling cap. So feeble that when Mr. Hardwick jokingly asked "Is it about time we started to get him out of the chariot?" I thought perhaps he spoke seriously, and answered, "Well, how long does it take to get him out ?"

A spontaneous shout of paughter from both of them greeted my silly question, leaving me considerably abashed at having been so taken in. A few moments later, however -- when our speaker-to-be had descended quite agilely from the chariot and was walking toward the auditorium a tall, strongly-built figure, in long vigorous strides -- he continued to laugh in cascade after cascade of

delighted,high-pitched laughter, I became a little alarmed. This man was our chapel speaker-- would he recover himself and return to his dignity in time ? And what kind of speech would this man be likely to make ?

I might have spared myself anysuch concern, for now we were at the back-stage door, the presiding professor was coming to greet us, and turning to make the introductions, I found our speaker dignity personified. A moment later Mr. Hardwick said "He likes to have prayer befor he speaks, if we can". I closed my eyes and heard my name,spoken in the soft-toned, high-pitched voice I was to come to know so well: "Miss Crisp". Too surprised actually to pray, I said a sentence or two, and then the quiet voice spoke again"Mr. Hardwick". A brief prayer by Mr. Hardwick, Dr. Carver's own simply-spoken petition, and the presiding professor was returning. Going down the corridor ,then, to find my place out in the auditorium among the 1800 students gathered there for chapel, I found my mind at ease concerning our speaker for the day.

I saw them several times during the next few days, when Dr. Carver was speaking in and around Greensboro. They took me with them when he went to speak in Salisbury, 50 miles away, a young man from a nearby college also accompanying us. On the way to Salisbury the "chariot" broke down, and while Mr. Hardwick and the student attended to the essential repairs, I walked with Dr. Carver along the edges of the field.

"This", he would say, bending down to pick a spray from a weed or some kind of little grass or flower, "is a most remarkable little plant. You will note the brilliant purple of its flower. Now, that is what they are using in the manufacture of so-and-so-and so.... A most useful little plant." He was completely at home here, on intimate,appreciative terms with all these tiny weeds and flowers and plants among which I,

who had seen them thousands of times, yet walked an utter stranger. As we turned to go back to the repaired chariot, he stopped a moment, arranged into a quaint little bouquet the sprays he had been gathering, looked at it for a long moment, then handed it to me, saying "I'D like to paint that someday...Perhaps I shall". It was an unforgettable hour for me.

On the way home from Salisbury, someone started a song, and the four of us sang, then-- old folk songs, spirituals, hymns of the church, fragments of tunes only half-recalled, the high tenor voice of our speaker sounding clear and true with the others. Now and then, with a little chuckle he would say "That song always reminds me", going on to tell us of some experience linked in his memory with that particular piece of music, some incident of his life story.

Later, beginning to piece together these bits of incidents, and others I had gathered in conversation with him, I found myself growing greatly interested in the extraordinary story of this man's life-- in the remarkable pattern of the sixty-odd years that had brough him from the Missouri slave cabin into which he was born on up to the present distinguished place he held among the living scientists of the world. Discussing it with Mr. Hardwick, I inquired whether there were any biographies of him already written or being prepared, and learned that as yet there were none. A brief book about his life, and numerous newspaper and magazine articlesand stories, but as yet, no adequate biography.

Agreeing that this was an important matter, and one that should have immediate attention, we came to the conclusion that we would begin work on it ourselves, ill-equipped though we knew ourselves to be for any such undertaking -- a decision undoubtedly another excellent example of

"fools rushing in where angels fear to tread" .Dr. Carver's own warm enthusiasm and endorsement of the idea served to vitalize our conclusion, however, and initial plans for carrying out the idea were made, the first step being that I should go to Tuskegee Institute as soon as possible to begin work with Dr. Carver on the story.

So it was that the idea for this book was born, and so it was that on a Sunday afternoon in June, 1934, I found myself on a train out of Atlanta with a ticket that read "Chehaw, Alabama". As I left the train at the diminutive Chehaw depot, a student in the blue uniform of the Tuskegee Institute cadets approached, touched his cap, and said "You are Dr. Carver's guest ? The car is waiting here". The drive was brief, and we were soon passing through the gates of the Institute campus and drawing up before Dorothy Hall, in which is the Guest House. Graciously received and assigned a room by Mrs. Martin, the hostess, I was told that I had arrived just in time for Tea, and was invited to come directly into the dining room. Here ,where we served by Home Economics students, I found several other guests already assembled-- for this Guest House, as I was soon to discover, is a place where one may count on meeting most interesting people from all parts of the world.

Dr. Carver, or Professor Carver, as many on the campus still call him, lived in Rockefeller Hall, they told me, and had been busy receiving visitord all day long. Greeting him by telephone, I made an appointment to come and see his laboratory and office early the next day, then walked for a while in the June twilight on the broad, rolling campus. Faced with the immediate reality of actually beginning this venture we had planned, I was suddenly overwhelmed by own smalness and inadequacy for the task.....Gradually, something of the peace of this beautiful

campus, upon which the man of whose life I was to write had walked among his students for 35 years, somehow flowed into my troubled mind, and I was asleep early, eager for the morning to come.

At nine the following morning I was at Milbank Agricultural Hall, inquiring of a student whom I met in the corridor where I might find Dr. Carver, and being shown into his office. And if I had been concerned over his seeming loss of dignity just before his chapel talk in Greensboro, I was terrified now by the awful preponderance of it ! This grave-faced, solemn elderly man who rose from behind his littered desk to greet me with such distant formality and chilling reserve could not possibly be the same Dr. Carver who had walked with me recently in the edges of the fields, calling the weeds by name; who had lifted his voice with ours in song above the rumblings of the old chariot ! For brief but long-seeming moments I was panic-stricken, until happily some casual remark brought laughter to the rescue (As it has done on many similar occasions since) and the awful ice of shyness and self-consciousness on the part of both of us was completely gone, melted in the sun of laughter. Back again now was the sense of mutual understanding and confidence, the fundamental assurance of mutual inner surmise --- and we were ready to begin our work.

I have spent many hours at Tuskegee Institute since that June morning, for I have returned for visits of a week or longer whenever responsibilities elsewhere would permit it. There, talking with Dr. Carver in his office, his laboratory, his museum, or out on the campus or at Dorothy Hall, I have heard from his own lips much of the story that appears in this book, particularly that part of it comprising the earlier chapters, for to no other source save his own memory could we go for the story of his early childhood. During my earlier visits at Tuskeegee

we spoke frequently of his boyhood and early youth, some of his memories, dim at first, becoming clearer as we discussed them.

As for the later chapters -- now and then Dr. Carver would give me the name and address of some person who had known him at some time of his life, saying, "Now, you go and talk to him. He can tell you a lot more about me than I can tell you about myself." I have found many such people here and there, though none who could ever quite measure up to that prophecy. Some of them have been friends of his early manhood -- from Iowa, Colorado, California , and Tennesee their letters have come in response to my request for help, letters describing the young Carver as they knew him. At Tuskegee Institute I have talked with staff and faculty members who most generously have told me of his life among them there. And here and there in many places I have come across his "boys" and others who have known him, some intimately and some only through his public lectures, who have added their own particular contributions to this story of his life. Among the excellently ordered files in the Institute Research library I have spent many hours, reading the hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles and items written of the man himself and of his work during the past half century. It is from sources such as these -- and from his letters that have come to me regularly now, wherever I have been, these last nine years -- that I have gathered the materials for this story of the life of George Washington Carver.

It is not a complete story, and makes no pretense of being. Its purpose is simply to portray the George Washington Carver whom I myself have come to know during the past nine years, and to tell the story of his remarkable life as I have learned it from the sources available to me.

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Today, at 77, Dr. Carver is still busily at work, insofar as his failing strength will allow him to be; still an important part of the main flow of the currents of America's life. There will undoubtedly be many books written about him as the years go along. This one will well fulfil its purpose if, in the end, it can add even a minute contribution to the full portrayal, the eventual understanding of the measure and the meaning of the life of this extraordinary American, George Washington Carver.

Carver

George Washington Carver was in his early sixties, and in the midst of some of the busiest years of his life, when I first met him and became one of the close circle of friends he called his "Little Family".

Our meeting occurred at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, at Greensboro. It was on a morning in May, 1933, that Dr. Carver came to speak on our campus. He was to speak twice that day, first at the noonday convocation of students and faculty, and again in the evening, when he was to present his already famous lecture on "The Peanut and Some of its Uses". The evening lecture was too be open to the general public, as well as to students and faculty.

During the period of the twenties and thirties this extraordinary American , then Director of the Agricultural Research and Experiment Station at Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, was frequently called away from his laboratory and classroom at Tuskegee to go out to lecture all across the country, taking with him, to show and to discuss, some examples of the incredible conglomeration of products coming out of his Tuskegee laboratory; products which, to his way of thinking, had high potential value commercially even though they were born of such commonplace parentage as peanuts, sweet potatoes, and soybeans from the fields; wood shavings he picked up from the wastes at sawmills; or richly colored clays dug up from Alabama hills. Touched by his keen, informed scrutiny, his creative mind, his sensitive highly-trained hands, such commonplace things had a way of being transformed into products calculated to stagger some of their e beholders, to amuse others, and to stir the imaginations of yet others into investigative and creative action of their own.

It was this third group, made up of those who would see,

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hear,"catch the spirit", and go out on their own far voyages of discovery and schievment that Professor Carver considered potentially important enough to justify his leaving his laboratory, his classroom, his hours of quiet search and contemplation at Tuskegee for the exhaustive physical and emotional strains involved in his traveling, lecturing,mingling with crowds of strangers, and all the other discomforts and disruptions of his accustomed way of life on the campus which was, for most of his adult days,his home,his workshop, and,in some respects, his native habitat.

That spring of 1933, when I first saw him, Carver had agreed to a lecture tour sponsored by the Southern Student Y M C A Council. He was to speak in a dozen or more colleges and towns in the South and along the eastern seaboard. Jim Hardwick, a young Virginian who had graduated some years before from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg and was then a member of the Southern Council's staff in Atlanta, had made the advance arrangements for the lectures and would serve as the speaker's assistant and traveling companion. Such an assistant was essential, if for no other purpose than to act as baggage man, for the large, carefully designed cases in which Carver's provocative samples of his"products" were packed and carried(packed in bottles which in turn were stacked,each in its own place, in rows within the case) were heavy and hard to handle. An assistant from the Institute or from the sponsoring organization usually went along on all the journeys of any length.

There was no swift plane service available for public transportation in the years of the twenties and thirties. Train service, yes, but no first class service on many of the public travel facilities in America then for George Washington Carver, who was an American Negro. When possible, he traveled by car,and this was what he planned to

do on his 1933 spring journey for the YMCA Council. To Jim Hardwick, then, fell the multiple role of tour manager,lecturer's assistant, baggage man, and chauffeur.

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Lucy Cherry Crisp
116 East Jones Street
Raleigh, North Carolina

Note/ This is a fragment of the new beginning of the book, as now planned. 1956

It was on a morning in May,1933,that I first met George Washington Carver; a memorable morning, it was destined to be. I had, of course,heard of him long before that day, for "Carver of Tuskegee" was a familiar name in newspaper headlines then. And any mention of him in public parlance,during those years of the early thirties, was likely to be followed by the identifying phrase "the man who has made so many things from peanuts." For it was through his public lectures on the products he was evolving from such humble source materials as peanuts and sweet potatoes, swamp muck and clays, in his laboratory down at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, that he first became known to the general American public.

From a mutual friend I had also heard of him. Jim Hardwick, of the Southern Student Y.M.C.A. Council in Atlanta, Georgia,had on several occasions spoken to me of his friend, Dr. Carver. "I first heard him speak when I was a student at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, in Blacksburg, Virginia," Jim had said, with a tone in his voice closely akin to the wonder and warmth of a boy's words when he speaks of a well-loved hero. "I can't describe him to you,"Jim had declared. "He is different from anybody else I have ever known. And nobody else has ever meant to me what he has meant. You'll have to meet him someday; then you will know what I mean."

This day of meeting finally came in the Spring of 1933. One of the lecture tours made by Dr. Carver during that year took him to a number of colleges and universities in the South and East. At the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, at Greensboro, we had scheduled him for two talks. He was to speak briefly at the noonday chapel convocation of faculty and students, and then, in the even-

ning, he would present for both students and the general public his popular lecture on the Peanut, a lecture in which he discussed this so-called "lowly" product of Southern Soil, and illustrated some of the discoveries he had made concerning its not-so-lowly nature and its manifold possibilities. He was traveling by car on this tour, with Jim Hardwick as his tour manager and traveling companion, this series of lectures being under the sponsorship of the Southern Student Y.M.C.A. Council.

On the scheduled day in May, along about noon, Jim appeared at my office door to announce their arrival. Dr. Carver was waiting for us in the car, he said, parked near the college auditorium where he was to speak. "Come out and meet him", Jim continued."He is expecting you". That was how it happened that my earliest recollection of George Washington Carver, the first of many memories of him etched deeply in my mind during the nine years that followed that morning in May, is the sight of him as he sat that day on the front seat of the faded old blue touring car of very "ancient lineage",to borrow a phrase from Little Lord Fauntleroy's description of his old applewoman friend; an antiquated car they had purchased for travel on the tour. "The Chariot", they had immediately named it, motivated,no doubt, by both affection for the "museum piece" look of its high-slung design and by faith that eventually it would carry them home again. It was a car that obviously would require a large measure of both affection and faith from those for whose transportation it was held responsible.

As we approached the "Chariot", I could see at first only the head and shoulders of our speaker, for he was sitting low in the front seat, leaning back in utterly relaxed fashion against the

back of the seat,apparently resting while he awaited our arrival. When we came near, he sat up straight, took off his plaid tweed traveling cap, and held out his hand to me through the open window.

"I am so very pleased to meet you", he said, and I found myself looking into deepset eyes strangely light in color against the dark, black-bronze background of his face,gray-blue eyes that were filled with an ancient wisdom and a warm compassion,welling up from somewhere in their depths; welling up and flooding his deeply wrinkled face with a light that was wonderful to see. His voice was surprisingly high in pitch, but soft in tonal quality; his words gently spoken and deliberate. I sensed in him, even in those first moments of our meeting, a certain indefineable quality of quietness that brought to my mind immediately an old Biblical phrase:"In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength". There was something more here, I somehow knew, than a mere surface calm; such quietness as this came only out of a constant central confidence somewhere within a man.

He was wearing a worn but neat-looking suit of some plain dark worsted material, with a tiny white flower,unfamiliar to me, fastened in his coat lapel; a flower that repeated the white of his hair that lay on his head like a close-fitting white skullcap fitted low in a scallop at the center of his wrinkled dark forehead,but receding far back at either side. His four-in-hand tie was of some loosely woven stuff and wider than the type then worn by most men, a tie that he had woven for himself,I later learned.

I found it impossible not to take special note of his hands, even as I had of his eyes. Long, supple, slender-fingered hands,with a deep inward curve on the outer side of each thumb;unusual-looking hands. Both sensitive and strong,they became an eloquent medium of communication in themselves, in the simple gestures he sometimes used to punctuate or emphasize his words.

Behind him, as he sat there in the old blue car that morning, there was an extraordinary array of suitcases,packing boxes,branches and twigs from a variety of trees and shrubs apparently seen along the way, and even some rocks and large lumps or slabs of clay; a strange assortment of luggage, but one which, I later learned, was his usual accumulation when his tours were made by car. That day it seemed to me a suitable setting for him; he was obviously a man who could be counted on to carry unexpected luggage.

He could also be counted on for a quick change of mood, as I suddenly discovered. We had been talking for a quarter of an hour or so, Jim and I, standing by the car,discussing the chapel program that was soon to follow, with Dr. Carver putting in a question now and then. It was a serious conversation, not a solemn one by any means, but in serious veing, having to do with the plans we had made for the Carver lectures on our own campus and at other places in the vicinity of the City of Greensboro . Then, following a pause in the conversation, Jim suddenly looked at his watch and said, with a change into a tone of affectionate humour, "Don't you think it's about time we started to get him out of here ? "

Without thinking how silly such a remark would sound, and actually, half-serious - after all, how could I be certain of Dr. Carver's state of health ? Sitting there in the car, he seemed quite frail, and as ancient as the hills or the pyramids ;without thinking,then, I answered "Well, how long will it take to get him out ? "

A sudden shout of laughter went up from both of them,loud,boisterous laughter in which I was obliged to join, even though I had put my question half-seriously, and felt considerably abashed at having been so taken in by a question apparently spoken in jest. It was some time before their laughter subsided. When Finally it did, Dr. Carver

opened the car door, and stepping out with the agility of a sixteen-year-old lad, stood up to his full broad-shouldered height of six feet or more (even with the slight shoulder stoop that made his coat collar stand up in a hump in the back) and began walking in long, vigorous strides toward the stage door of the auditorium.

Lucy Cherry Crisp

This Foreword, and the following ten Chapters, were written while Dr. Carver was still living. Two more Chapters were & have been added.
Note: These chapters now would constitute only some material for the new book.

FOREWORD

This book about George Washington Carver had its beginning on a morning in May, 1933, when I sat in an office at The Woman's College of the University of North Carolina (Greensboro, N.C.) awaiting the arrival of the chapel speaker. As counselor for student religious activities at that college then, I was at times responsible for securing speakers for chapel convocations, and for that particular day I had scheduled a speaker of whom I personally knew very little -- a considerable risk to take on a college campus, as anyone acquainted with student opinion on the whole matter of chapel lecturers can well testify.

On several occasions J.T. Hardwick, then a member of the field staff of the Southern Student Y M C A Council, had said to me, "There is a man I want you to meet someday-- George Washington Carver. You may have heard of him as ' the man who has made so many things from peanuts'. He has done a lot of lecturing on college campuses, and still makes a tour now and then. I hope you get him at Woman's College someday. He's great ! " So, in the winter of 1933, when Mr. Hardwick had written us that another lecture trip was being arranged for Dr. Carver, we had scheduled him for a chapel talk on our campus.

Now, today, he was to come, and I was conscious of a feeling of definite uneasiness as I sat awaiting his arrival, for a much-heralded speaker who turns out to be, in student language, a "flop", is a hard matter to live down on any school or college campus, as I knew from too many experiences..... But now Mr. Hardwick was at the office door,

saying "Well, he's here ! Come out and meet him. We parked down at the auditorium."

As we walked down the driveway I had my first glimpse of the venerable-looking car of "very ancient lineage" which they had purchased for transportation on this particular tour. And there, on the front seat of the "chariot", as they called it, was our speaker -- enthroned among the high-piled seeming confusion of packing cases, bags, slabs of earth, sticks and stones and branches which formed-- as I later learned-- his customary travle equipment when the journey was made by car.

"This is Dr. Carver", Mr. Hardwick said, and a voice peculiarly high in pitch replied , with a gentle sort of deference and dignity, "I am so very pleased to meet you".

I shall never forget him as he sat there,quietly alert, listening to our conversation as we spoke of the chapel program, and making occasional inquiries or suggestions about it. There was a quality of quietness about him, sensed immediately, even in the midst of the gay banter and repartee of the moment -- a quality of quietness for which I have never found more descriptive language than the words of the ancient Biblical phrase "In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength."....

Outwardly, he looked quite feeble, his broad shoulders slumped, his words soft-spoken, his hair white above his brown-tinged black face when he had removed his natty-looking plaid traveling cap. So feeble that when Mr. Hardwick jokingly asked "Is it about time we started to get him out of here?" I thought perhaps he spoke seriously, and answered "Well, how long does it take to get him out ?"

A spontaneous shout of laughter from both of them greeted my silly remark, leaving me considerably abashed at having been so taken in.

A few moments later, however, my embarrassment turned into something of alarm, for when our speaker-to-be had descended quite agilely from the chariot, a tall, strongly-built figure, and started walking toward the auditorium in long, vigorous strides, he continued to laugh in cascade after cascade of delighted high-pitched laughter. This man was our chapel speaker-- would he recover himself and return to his dignity in time ? And what kind of speech would this strange man be likely to make ?

I might have spared myself any such concern, for now we were at the back-stage door, the presiding professor was coming to greet us, and turning to make the introductions, I found our speaker dignity personified. A moment later Mr. Hardwick said "He likes to have prayer before he speaks, if we can". I closed my eyes and heard my name, spoken in the quiet, high-pitched voice I was to come to know so well: "Miss Crisp". Too surprised actually to pray, I said a sentence or two, and then the quiet voice spoke again: "Mr. Hardwick". A brief prayer by Mr. Hardwick, Dr. Carver's own simply-spoken petition, and the presiding professor was returning. Going down the corridor, then, to find my place out in the auditorium among the 1800 students gathered there for chapel, I found my mind at complete ease concerning the speaker for the day.

I saw them several times during the next few days, when Dr. Carver was speaking in and around Greensboro. They took me with them when he went to speak in Salisbury, 50 miles away, a young man from another college also accompanying us. On the way to Salisbury the "chariot" broke down, and while Mr. Hardwick and the student attended to the essential repairs, I walked with Dr. Carver along the edges of the field.

"This", he would say, bending down to pick a spray from a weed or some kind of little grass or flowring shrub, "is a most remarkable little plant. You will note the brilliant purple of its flower. Now, that is

whatbthey are using in the manufacture of so-and-so.... a most useful little plant".He was completely at home here, on intimate,appreciative terms with all these tiny weeds ans flowers and plants among which I, who had seenthem thousands of times, yet walked an utter stranger. As we turned to go back to the repaired chariot, he stopped a moment, arranged into a quaint little bouquet the sprays he had been gathering,looked at it for a long moment, then handed it to me,saying "I'd like to paint that someday,.... perhaps I shall." It was an unforgettable hour for me.

On the way home from Salisbury, someone started a song and the four of us sang, then -- old folk songs, spirituals, old hymns of the church, fragments of tunes only half-recalled-- the high tenor voice of our speaker sounding clear and true with the others. Now and then with a little chuckle he would say "That song always reminds me", and go on to tell us of some experience linked in his memory with that particular piece of music; some incident of his life story.

Later, beginning ot piece together these bits of incidents, and others I had gathered in conversation with him, I found myself growing greatly interested in the extraordinary story of this man's life; in the remarkable pattern of the sixty-odd years that had brought him from the Missouri slave cabin into which he was born on up to the distinguished place he now held among the living scientists of the world. Discussing it with Mr. Hardwick, I inquired whether there were any biographies of him already written or being prepared, and learned that as yet there were none. A brief book about his life, and numerous newspaper and magazine articles and stories, but as yet, no adequate biography.

Agreeing that this was an important matter, and one that should have immediate attention, we came to the conclusion that we would begin work on one ourselves, ill-equipped though we knew ourselves to be for any such undertaking -- a decision undoubtedly another excellent illustration of "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread ". Dr. Carver's own warm enthusiasm and endorsement of the idea served to vitalise our conclusion, however, and initial plans for carrying out the idea were made, the first step being that I should go to Tuskegee Institute as soon as possible to begin work with Dr. Carver on the story.

So it was that the idea for this book was born, and so it was that on a Sunday afternoon in June, 1934, I found myself on a train out of Atlanta with a ticket that read "Chehaw, Alabama". As I left the train at the diminutive Chehaw depot, a student in the blue uniform of the Tuskegee Institute cadets approached, touched his cap, and said "You are Dr. Carver's guest? The car is waiting here". The drive was brief, and we were soon passing through the gates of the Institute campus and drawing up before Dorothy Hall, in which is the Guest House. Graciously received and assigned a room by Mrs. Martin, the hostess, I was told that I had arrived just in time for Tea, and invited to come directly into the dining room. Here, where we were served by Home Economics students, I found several other guests already assembled, this Guest House, as I was soon to discover, being a place where one may count on meeting interesting people from all parts of the world.

Dr. Carver-- or Professor Carver, as many on the campus still call him -- lived in Rockefeller Hall, they told me, and had been busy receiving visitors all day long. Greeting him by campus telephone, I made an appointment to come and see his laboratory and office the next day, then walked for a while in the June twilight on the broad rolling campus

Faced by the immediate reality of actually beginning this venture we had planned, I was suddenly overwhelmed by my own smallness and inadequacy for the task. Who was I to write of the life of George Washington Carver ! Gradually, however, something of the peace of this memory-laden campus, upon which the man of whose life Iw as to write had walked among his students for 35 years, must have flowed into my troubled spirit, and I was asleep early, eager for the morning to come.

Nine o'clok the following morning found me at Milbank Agricultural Hall, inquiring of a student whom I met in the corridor where I might find Dr. Carver, and being shown into his office. And if I had been concerned overhis loss of dignity just before his chapel talk in Greensboro, I was terrifed now by the awful prependernace of it ! This grave-faced, solemn elderly man who rose from behind his littered desk to greet me with such distant formality and chilling reserve could not possibly be the same Dr. Carver who had walked with me ~~so recently in~~ among the flowers the edgesof the fields, calling the weeds by name; who had lifted his voice with ours in song above the rumblings of the old chariot ! For brief but long-seeming moments I was panic-stricken, until happily some casual remark brought quick laughter to the rescue(~~As it has done~~ did on many following occasions ~~since~~) and the awful ice of shyness and self-consciousness on the part of both of us was completely gone, melted in the sun of laughter. Back again now was the original sense of mutual understanding and confidence, the fundamental assurance of mutual inner surmise~~s~~-- and we were ready to begin our work.

I have spent many hours at Tuskegee Institute since that June morning, for I have returned for visits of a week or longer whenever responsibilities elsewhere would permit it. There, talking with Dr. Carver in his office, his laboratory, his museum, or out on the campus ~~or at Dorothy~~ Hall, I have heard from his own lips much of the story that

appears in

this book, particularly that part of it comprising the earlier chapters, for to no other source save his own memory could we gom for the story of his early childhood. During my earlier visits at Tuskegee we spoke frequently of his boyhood and youth, some of his memories, dim at first, becoming clearer as we discussed. There remained much vagueness at some points, however, particularly as to dates and exact lengths of time spent at one place or another. He has never known the exact date of his birthdafor instance -- only its approximate time.

As for the later chapters-- now and then he would give me the name and address of some person who had known him at some time of his life, saying "Now, you go and talk to him. He can tell you a lot more about me than I can about myself." I have found many such people here and there, though none who could ever quite measure up to that prophecy. Some of them have been friends of his early manhood-- from Colorado, Iowa, California, and Tennessee their letters have come in response to my request for help,letters describing the young Carver as they knew him. At Tuskegee Institute I have talked with staff and faculty members who have most generously told me of his life among them there. And here and there in many places I have found his "boys" and others who have known him, some intimately and some only through his public lectures, who have added their own particular contributions to this story of his life. Among the excellently ordered files in the Institute Research library I have spent many hours, reading the hundreds of newspaper andmagazine articles and items written of the man himself and of his work during the past half century.It is from sources such as these, and from his own letters that have come to me wherever I have gone these nine years that I have known him, that I have gathered the materials for

this story of the life of George Washington Carver.

It is not a complete story, and makes no pretense of being. It is simply an effort to portray authentically the George Washington Carver whom I myself have come to know during the years that have passed since that memorable May morning when I first saw him enthroned in the old "chariot"; the story of his life as I have learned it from the sources available to me.

Today, in his seventy-seventh year, Dr. Carver is still busily at work insofar as his failing strength will alow him to be; still an important and influential part of the onflowing currents of his country's life. There will undoubtedly be many books written about him as the years pass. This one will well fulfil its purpose if, in the end, it can add even a minute contribution to the full portrayal, the evantual understanding of the measure and the meaning of the life of this extraordinary American, George Washington Carver.

VII - First 10 yrs. at Tuskegee

Traditional in ~~the annals of~~ Tuskeegee ~~Institute~~ campus lore is the story of the arrival oft the new Professor Carver, on a Sunday afternoon in October, 1896. The student sent to the train to meet him--so the familiar story goes--reached the station to find the train arrived and gone. No anxious-looking newcomre was anywhere to be seen, but a little distance down the tracks a tall, ~~very~~ slender, well-dressed man strolled casually, along stopping to examine the shrubs, the soil, the general aspect oft things around the little railroad station depot..... It is a likely story, this being exactly the kind of thing that this new professor had long been accustomed to do wherever he happened to be, whether the surroundings were new and strange, or long familiar. A casual-seeming event, indeed, this Sunday afternoon arrival -- ~~certainly~~ with giving no prophetcc hint that ~~actually~~ it was bringing to the south " a great scientist who was to give to chemistry a new meaning, to agrivulture a new outlook, and to industry a new alliance".

Arrived at the Institute, a mile outside the little town of Tuskeegee, Professor Carver established himself in Porter Hall, ~~one of the~~ a residence hall for men students and faculty members, getting his meals with faculty and students in Alabama Hall. A little more than 30 years of age ~~at this time~~, he was a striking-looking figure as he went about the campus, ~~in those early days~~. A photograph made during his ~~late~~ student days portrays him standing beside an easel on which is one of his flower paintings, his palette and paint brushes in his hands -- a dark-skinned, tall, very stright, slim slender figure with ~~the~~ slender long, supple-fingered hands ~~of artist~~; a sensitive, somewhat wistful mouth beneath a neatly-trimmed mustache; a strong jaw; ab broad high forehead above the far-looking, comprehending eyes of an artist and a seer-- a distinctly appealing face in which gentleness, discernment, and strength are plainly intermingled.

There was no Agriculture building on the campus as yet, no laboratory equipment for agricultural science. But with this kind of situation Professor Carver was well able to cope, having had long experience in the necessity for practically "making something out of nothing". With an office in Hall, he set about working with his students to set up laboratory equipment adequate for their needs. "The equipment in the mind of a man", he told them, " is vastly more important than that in his laboratory"-- a saying typical of the teachings many generations of students were to hear from Carver the lips, and to deduct from the activities, of this new professor. Of old bottles, hollow reeds, pieces of wire cracked ~~pieces of~~ pottery, old cups and saucers and the like, brought in by the students from searching trips instituted by their teacher, was the first laboratory equipment created; of cast-off bits of junk they made their first green-house -- but the results served ~~their purposes~~ until better facilities could be attained-- the correct aim ~~purpose~~ of this department of agriculture being "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, ~~dairmmx~~ dairyman, and teacher." In addition to being the director of the department, Carver was instructor in Scientific Agriculture and Dairy Science, with five assistants who were responsible for courses in Practical Agriculture and Farm Management; Stock Raising; truck Gardening; and Horticulture ~~,~~ and for the dairy herd. Such was the organization of Agricultural Department when Carver came to Tuskeegee --worthy of note here as the point of departure for his work, but soon to ~~xx~~ experience an expansion and growth that transformed it almost beyond recognition. ~~almost incredible.~~

It is doubtful that anywhere in America at that time could Carver have found an environment better more suited to his needs, nor ~~a piece of~~ work more likely to develop to their full fruition his unusual endowments and extraordinary training, than he found here at Tuskeegee Institute. In the first place, it was in the South, a fact which in itself was the fulfilment

of one of his dreams. He had long wanted to return to the South, to live among members of his own race who, altho not of his own actual blood kin, were yet, he felt, closer to him in those intangible realms of ~~spiritual~~ backgrounds and inheritance than ~~even~~ his closest friends of the white race could ever be. Linked with this ~~fundamental~~ desire simply to be among "his own people" was the gradually acquired determination to be of help to them in their long struggle upward from ignorance and poverty.

In the second place, here at Tuskeegee he found himself surrounded by stark, tragic instances of the very needs he had long since envisioned and set out to help overcome. Here, within walking and driving distance, were Negro families living in the conditions that had left Booker T. Washington with "a very heavy heart", conditions not unusual but typical of poverty-stricken farm families thruoughout the entire South. Nor was the need for the help which Science could bring to Agriculture confined to Negro families alone-- ~~By no~~ not by any means. Worn-out and depleted soil, and meagre starvation harvests were common ~~as well~~ on the farms of once-wealthy plantation owners--the ~~inevitable~~ out-come not only of the war but of the ~~vicious~~ depleting one-crop system ~~then~~ prevalent in the South. It was inevitable that the presence of such need all about him should act as a continual spur to a scientist ~~xxxxxxxx~~ of Carver's nature-- a man who had added to his inborn love of the soil and its fruitage, ~~long~~ careful years of patuent study of its nature, its needs; its diseases, and their treatment--its ~~potential~~ possible harvests and their potential value in terms of economic ~~potential~~ ~~value~~ human bondage and freedom.

Another factor of prime importance for Carver ~~at this time~~ was the fact that here at Tuskeegee he found already organised and functioning channels thru which his stores of knowledge, skill, and understanding ~~in the field of scientific agriculture~~ might be made ~~immediately~~ available to farmers in need of ~~them~~ it, as well as to southern agriculture as a whole. Thru his classes and general direction of the department's work he was in direct

daily contact with students from many farm homes, many of whom would themselves go back into rural communities to teach. Th Annual Farmer's Institute, already established by Dr. Washington, gave opportunity for lectures, demonstrations, exhibits, and personal talks with hundres of Negro farmers, many of them influential in their home communities.

Moreover, Tuskeegee Institute was already widely known in America, by reason of the earnest, effective eloquence and clear, far-seeing vision of Booker T. Washington. From his speech before the National Education Association in Madison, Wisconsin, and his great "Let down your bucket where you are" address at the Atlanta Exposition in 1895, Washington had emerged as a man of giant stature, a leader of his race, and a man whose leadership could be confidently trusted by white and colored races alike-- a man of whose Atlanta address newspapers had said " A Negro Moses stood before a great audience of white people and delivered an oration that marks a new epoch in the hisotyr of the South. " Inevitably such acclaim for its Founder and Principal awakened interest in his school, and set up a constant stream of visitors interested in observing it at first hand, and brought about a wide-spread familiarity with the Institute's ideals, its purposes, its work, and its desire to be of service to both races.

Added to all these , during his firt year at the Institute, Professor Carver saw yet another channel of communication established for him, one whichwas to come to be, in many respects, the most important one of them all. At the request of Washington, the Alabama Legislature in its 1896-97 session passed a Bill " to establish a Brach Agricultural Experiment Station for the colored race and to make appropriations therefore----to be located at Tuskeegee and rin 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 at Auburn and the director of the Experiment Station there, and members of the Tuskeegee Institute Board

of Trustees who resided in Tuskeegee. This Board was to "cause such experiments to be made....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, Tuskeegee Institute to furnish all necessary lands and buildings for the use of the said station and school." Carver was made Director and consulting chemist for the ne Experiment Station -- a position which was to open up to him the lines of communication through which he was to make ~~some of~~ his major contributions ~~xx~~ not only to Science Agriculture, but to ~~the World~~. Various other fields of human endeavor and Concern achievement.

Over and above and around these ~~undoubtedly~~ highly desirable ~~significant~~ factors in the Tuskeegee Institute environment, there was yet another which should by no means go unnoticed here not be omitted, an intangible factor, yet one of much importance to George Carver-; namely, that indescribeable reality sojetimes referred to in jest as "campus atmosphere"--the ~~invigorating~~ stimulating mixture of care-free gaiety and poignant concern, of failuers and achievments, discouragements and devotions; the constant impact and intimate interplay of ideals and emotions, maturity and youth that are forever incident upon the concerns and the relationships ~~involved~~ activities ~~in the~~ of daily life on of a campus. It was a congenial air for the new professor; for seven years he had lived in the midst of it, breathingt the breath of its life. He felt at home in it now at Tuskeegee.

In the friendship and constant confidence and support of Booker T. Washington ~~Professor~~ Carver found at Tuskeegee yet another factor of immense importance to him, not only in his professional work at the Institute and elsewhere, but in his own personal growth and development. From their first acquaintance to the day of Washijgton's death there existed between these two men a basic sense of spiritual kinship and fundamental understanding which made their association a steady source of mutual stimulation and encouragement. Differing greatly in their dominant traits and native endow-

ments, and at wide variance in their individual fields and methpds of work, they yet were in close accord in their foundational concerns, their basic conceptions of the meaning of life and its purposes, their unswerving dedication to the practical applications of the teachings of the Christian religion. They were in complete accord, moreover, in their conceptions of the needs of their own race, their convictions concerning the beauty and dignity of common daily toil, their own habits of ceaseless industry, their steadfast devotion to the ideal of service to their fellow men, of whatevere race or society.

A year ~~after his arrival at Tuskeegee, Carver saw~~ the Slater-Armstrong Agricultural Building stand ready for occupancy, and had the distinct pleasure of having his former professor James Wilson, now U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, come down to make the dedicatory address, in November, 1897. It was undeoubtedly an occasion of gratification to the Secretary no less than to his former student. The Institute Department of Agriculture and the new Research and Experiment Station ~~new~~ had an actual home on the campus, a much-needed home, obviously, for the following year's bulletin from the Institute describes this department as offering 17 courses, among them such subjects as Economic Entomology, Botany Cryptgamic, Principles of Heredity, Agricultural Chemistry, and Vegetable Pathology--in addition to such immediately practical courses as Dairying, Live stock, and Market Gardening.

Indicative of the rapid expansion not only of this particular department, but of the school as a whole, and of ~~ixx~~ widening ~~spheres of the~~ recognition ~~being accorded~~ its ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ national importance, is the fact that in 1898 it was visited by no less a personage than the president of the United States. Booker T. "ashington 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". Thus, learning that the President would come to At-

lanta for the Peace Jubilee celebrating the close of the Spanish-American War, he invited Mr. McKinley to come and see his school. The invitation was accepted, and "the morning of December 16, 1898 brought to the little city of Tuskeegee such a crowd as it had never seen before"-- the President and Mrs. McKinley and all the Cabinet members except one, most of them with their wives or other members of their families; the entire Legislative Assembly of the State of Alabama--then in session at Montgomery; Citizens for miles around, both white and black; the Governor and other State officials. It was a great occasion, with music, parades, toasts, and speeches, and Professor Carver, with other members of the Institue faculty and student body, heard President McKinley say "Tuskeegee 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."

There were many such "great occasion days" at Tuskeegee Institute-- other presidents came: Theodore Roosevelt(later a member of the Institute Board of Trustees) in 1905; Coolidge , as vice-president, in 1923; FDR in 1939. Almost from its origin the school has frequently known "great occasion days". For Professor Carver, however, the ordinary in-between days were from the first continuously full and interesting. His work demanded long hours of concentrated study and experiment, patient daily devotion to his various tasks. As director of the Experiment Station and consulting chemist, he received requests for aid and information in such constantly increasing volume that it became necessary to have an assistant take over the active direction of the School Agricultural department, leaving Carver more free to devote the major portion of his time to the Research and Experiment work. There has always, however, been a close and organic connection between the wotk of the Station and the Institute'S Agricultural department-- the activities being interwoven and interdependant.

Out on the red Alabam hills and into the surrounding fields and woods he went at dawn each day, carrying his botany can, gathering specimens and practical materials for his own and ~~for~~ his students' study. Samples of soils for analysis and experiment; specimens of plant diseases and insects ~~enemies~~--practical ,useful, near-at-hand illustrative materials for his class room and laboratory. This strange man striding acorss the hills and fields, his arms filled with branches, his botany can slung over his shoulder, stopping now and then to stand for long moments gazing intently at a leaf or a lump of clay, was a strange sight to the residents of the Tuskeegee vicinity during his early days there. Who was this man, and what was he doing ? There were various speculations--perhaps he was one of those "herb doctors" out gathering his supplies ! But it was not long before Tuskeegeer esidents came to know who this strange man was, and not only to understand what he was doing out there on the hills, but to avail themselves of the results of his activities.

Noticing the number of people who came to the school to a sk Prof. Carver questions concerning plants, Booker Washington said to him one day "How do all these people find out that you know so much about plants ?"

"Well, it was this way", Carver replied."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 ladysaw 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 he her. In this way, and several other ways, it became noised abroad that there was a man at the school who knew about plants, and people began calling upon me for information and advice".

"I myself remember", Washington continues, in his narrative of the incident," 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. int hew orld, and if he did not know there was no use to look any further! 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".

An interesting little sidelight on the habit even the campux children had of "bringing their problems to Carver" is given in a story that Mr. Davidson Washington, son of the Principal, was fond of relating. ~~The children in the Institute community, he said--~~ "All of the children around the campus, ~~--~~--children of faculty members and other families in the Institute community-- were convinced that Professor Carver could do practically anything, ~~and~~ that he knew almost everything, and could remedy anything that was wrong. He himself once had a pet goose of which he was very fond. One day it was discovered that this goose was sick.

"Father told me that I had better take the goose to Professor Carver and let him find out what was wrong", he said. " I meant to do it, but kept putting it off and forgetting. Finally one morning Father came in and said that it was too late to do anything now;the goose was dead. 'Well, I'll take him to Professor Carver anyway', was my confident reply.' I know he can ~~fix~~ make him alive again'. And I was perfectly certain that he could ! "

For a dead pet goose there was probably little that Professor Carver could do, ~~but there were "problems" and questions brought to him, in one way or another, about which he could do something~~ But ~~every~~ day brought ~~to him~~ problems concerning which he could, and did, do something.

but there were many problems and questions-- and important ones--about which h e could, and constantly did, do something. The problem of poor land, for instance .Soon after his arrival Washington had expressed the hope that something could be done to beautify their campus. "The land is very poor here,"he said. "We haven't been able to get grass to grow at all on some parts of it. Do you suppose you could ?" The beautifyl rolling green slopes on the campus today offer their perenially verdant testimony to the fact that this land would bring forth grass when a man who knew what to do for it took it in charge.

Ths probelm of poor soil and worn-out land being a basic one in ~~southern~~ agriculture, it was toward soil building and renewal that Prof. Carver directed much thought and experiment when he first came south. Using 19 acres of soil so poor that for years, even when highly fertilised in the method considered ~~most~~ most productive in that day, it had consistently produced a net loss annually of $16.25 per acre, he experimented with crop rotation and practical fertilisers composed largely of leaves and swamp muck and various similar porvisions of Nature usually left to waste,unused. At the end of his first year's work on this soil, its net gain per acre was $ 4. A few years later he had grown a 500 pound bale of cotton on one of those acres, and had made one of his "poor-land" acres yield 80 bushels of sweet potatoes, with another crop as well.

Continuously carrying on such practical demonstrations of what could be done with soil when its nature and needs were understood and fulfiled, Prof. Carver had actual tangible evidence of the truth and ~~the~~ efficacy of the theories and suggestions he was constantly ~~making~~ setting forth to his students in the alass rooms ~~and~~ or ~~and~~ at work~~ing~~ with him on in these experiments; to the farmers who came to the Annual and monthly ~~Farmers~~ Southern Institutes held on the campus; and to the wider circle of farmers and agriculturists ~~outside~~ who made use of the service

available at the Reasearch and Experiment Station, a group which from the establishment ofh the Station knew no "color line"--queires and requests for service coming in from whiate as well as Negro farmers.

In his insistent teaching and demonstrations of the needs and values inherent in building up worn-out soil, Professor Carver added as a constant and urgent corrolary the neccessity for crop rotation and diversification -- obvious and widely practised teachings in this day,but new enough to seem somewhat "strange doctrines" in the agricultural practises of the south offorty years ago. Strange doctrines, perhaps, but timely teachings, preceding, as they did, the disastrous attack of the deadly boll weavil on southern cotton fields.

"Plant something else besides cotton", Carver said."Plant sweet potatoes. Plant peanuts. These are easily grown, and will help build up your land. It is worn out with growing cotton." It was a teaching greatly needed when the boll weavil came !

But there is more to farms and farming than these matters of the soil and its maintenance, plants and their yields, important as these things undoubtedly are. There are also the concerns of family and household--the ugliness or beauty of a home and its surroundings; the right kinds of food for the growth and sustenance of human bodies--proper clothing to cover and adorn them. And such questions as these, along with the broader-scaled farming activities, were included in the work of the agricultural dept., especially in the monthly Farmers' Institutes, and in the larger Annual Institute which has been one of the big events of the School year since Booker T. Washington planned and inaufurated the first one in 1892. In the Carver museum on the campus today there is a colorful exhibit of canned fruits and vegetables used in his demonstration work at these In-

stitutes early in the century-- still delectable to look at, and significant as evidence of some of the first farm demonstration work actually carried on in America.

In these Institutes ~~Professor~~ Carver found opportunity also to make use of the tatting and crochet patterns and designs he had shown to Mrs. Liston and other friends of his Kansas and Iowa days. Farmer's wives found them interesting, especially as Professor Carver discussed these and other possibilities that might make a great difference in the appearance of home interiors. Having actual samples and illustrations, he could show these women them how ~~easily~~ attractive center pieces or curtains could be made from such humble materials as ~~tan burlap~~ old tow bags, for instance-- when a few touches of handwork were added as border or embroidery. Nor were object lessons in clothing and "fine feathers", moitted ! Visitors in the museum on the campus today see an exhibit of the actual feathers used--feathers from common farmyard fowls, but dyed,or curled, or artistically arranged to be used for adornment ~~xxxx

To reach the wider circles of farmers and agriculturists who neiter came to the Institutes on the campus nor could be reached by such week-end demonstration trips, Carver began even as early as 1898 to send out from the Experiment Station bulletins and leaflets containing suggestions and advice to farmers based on tests and experiments made at the station or in connection with the school agridultural department. Obvious in the first bulletin, was his intention that this Station should give information and suggestions of sound, practical, workable nature, useful to the most humble farm family as well as to agriculture as a whole. The title of the first bulletin, published in 1898, was "Feeding Acorns". Any farmer, no matter how poor, had access to the acorns that fell from the trees upon the ground. And acorns were good food for livestock. Hence, first, a bulletin on "Feeding Acorns". The second, also published in 1898, was concerned with "Experiments with Sweet Potatoes", a crop easily grown and valuable for food not only for livestock but for the famer's family.

Since the appearance of the firsts two pamphlets, a long series of similar ones, written with few exceptions by Professor Carver himself, and printed by students in the Institute department of printing, have been sent out from Tuskeegee Institute, fidning their way to remotest corners of America and to various countries abroad. The one on "How to Grow the Peanut and 105 ways of preparing it for human consumption", probably the most popular of all the series, has gone thru six editions and revisions. Written in simple, direct, scientifically accurate language, these bulletins have been a major means of communication between Carver, the agricultural chemist, and the farmers and agriculturists of the south. Logical and clear in outline, practical in intent, thet afford useful information on farm + household ~~agricultural~~ concerns not only, but interesting insights into the habits of thought and trends of mind of the man who wrote them, as well.

"How to grwo the Cow Pea and 40 ways of preparing it as a table delicacy" begins, for instance, by saying "Among the many rish blessings especially given to the south, there are but few, if any, that stand out more porminently thsn the Cow Pea, for the following reasons :----" Then follow ten reasons having to do with the cow pea's value as a soil-builder and as a food for man and beast; its adaptability, its dependability, and the other desirable characteristics, ending with this eleventh reason :"The cow pea rightly handled is both a bank and a mortage lifter to the poor man." The history and origin of the cow pea then are given, its varieties listed, and then there is consideration of climate, soil, selection of seed, planting, inoculation, cultivation, and harvesting . The middle section of the bulletin is devoted to the cow pea as food, with discyssion of its values, and instructions for its preparation for both the livestock in the stables and the family around the dining table. "As food for man", the reader is told,"it(the cow pea) may be prepared in a sufficient number of ways to suit the most fastidious palette," and Forty recipes are then given, with explicit instructions in the art of satisfying the "fastidious palettes" by means of the cow pea--recipes ranging from "Hopping John" and "Pea Bouillon" on thru fritters, salads, soups, "Chatruese of peas", "Dried Peav Roast(Very fine) and "Cow pea custard pie".

By way of conslusion, this Cow pea bulletin discusses diseases which may attack the pea, with suggested remedies. Here we come ipon such botannical terms as -------- andothers; but in parenthesis following these botannical names there is invariably their tranalation into the common idiom ,as (Root Knot); (Smoky Spot), etc. There is a word concerning "Insect Enemies" of the cow pea, and what to do about them, and then the expressed hope that farmers will begin to plant more and more acres each year in this valuable crop.

Not all of the bulletins follow this particular out-line, of course;

not all are concerned with particular crops, for that matter. They deal also with such things as the pickling of meat, how to build up soil, the raising of hogs and other livestock, various products which may be derived from farm crops, and on thru a lon list of titles. Now and then, tucked away in a paragraph of one of these little pamphlets, there will appear an intimate back-stage glimpse of Professor Carver as he carried on the work of experiment and testing which preceded the publication of the bulletin. In the popular one on the peanut, for instance, there is this interesting paragraph:"Below are given 105 ways of preparing the penut for human consymption, with the hope that every farmer will learn to appreciate them and raisx large quantities for his own consumption; and also with the hope that the city folk will find the diet not only wholesome, satisfying,helathful, and appetizing, but very economical. Fourteen recipes were selected from this number, and a five course luncheon served to ten food specialists; and each one without exception was enthusiastic over it, and said that it was the most satisfying luncheon he or she had ever eaten". But little imagination is required to visualise the ten "food specialists" sitting down to their five-course luncheon of peanut dishes prepared from Carver recipes, and exclaiming upon the deliciousness thereof ! It must have been anninteresting occasion.

It is not strange that these little,unpretentious bulletins have been in constant demand during the more than forty years since the first two they made their first public appearance. Valuable as reports from a Research and Experiment Station, and helpful as sources oftested, ~~practical~~ information and suggestions for better and happier living in both rural and urban household s, they are something more. They are, in fact, direct personal messages from a humanitarian-minded scientist intimately acquainted with

the resources of Nature on the one hand, and ~~on the other~~, with the daily needs of men; direct personal messages to anyone who may read them. Intimations of the fact that Professor Carver himself has felt in the preparation of these bulletins a sense of intimate personal authorship beyond the mere duty of professional reports and suggestions, appear now and then-in his "Dedication" found in the bulletin on the Tomato, for instance-- a dedication which reads

"To my esteemed friedn and co-worker, Mrs. Adella Hunt Logan, who was tireless in her efforts to help the farmer and his family; and who saw in the tomato a panacea for many of his ills; and who contributed more data of real value along this line than any ne else with whom I have come in contact, I affectionately dedicate this bulletin."

These were no idle words, for Mrs. Logan was one of Professor Carvers most cherished friends in the Institute community. As the wife of Mr. Warren Logan, who was the school's first treasurer and its acting Principal in the absences of Washington, she was among the group of earnest devoted members of the faculty and staff who labored tirelessly with Booker T. "ashington to bring his dream for the school into reality. In her, Professor Carver found a friend of kindred artistic discernment and appreciation--a woman to whom he could bring his paintings for sincere and sensitive appreciation and criticism.

"Sometimes she would make no spoken comment at all", he has said, "when I showed her a painting I had just finished. She would just stand and look at it for a long time, and say nothing. And then I would see that there were tears in her eyes. She didn't need to say anything."

Such a friendship meant much to George W. Carver, for, while he was friendly with many people, his circle of actually intimate friends was closely drawn and small. In the midst of this small and intimate group he was freely himself--gay, entertaining, and witty; or quiet-spoken and thoughtful, sharing his dd

his deepest conclusions, according to the mood or the demands of the occasion. But in crowds or among strangers he was shy and withdrawn, seldom of his own accord aggressively active in the matter of going out to make friends or new acquaintances, ~~personal ones, that is. In his trade, of course, it was different matter; it was different.~~ Professionally, of course, it was different matter; it was different.

"Although Professor Carver impresses everyone who meets him with the extent of his knowledge in the matter of plant life", Booker T. Washington said of him, " he is quite the most modest man I have ever met. In fact, he is almost timid."

Being by the very nature of his unique gifts and interests, as well as by the constant demands of his work, destined to spend much time alone, he has never overcome this timidity and shyness in the presence of strangers or of crowds-- which is not to say that he has not made friends. He has. "He learned from books when he could get them", to quote his friend, Washington, again;" he learned from experience always; and made friends wherever he went". Yet the friends came not as a result of his aggressive seeking, but as concomitants .... drawn to him by his distinctive gifts and interests and activities, by the magnetic appeal of his unusual personality.

Not long after he came to Tuskeegee, there was a young woman to whom he felt strongly drawn, and a dream of ultimate companionship began to take form in his mind. But he happened one day, in the course of a group conversation, to hear her express certain ideas and attitudes so completely at variance with his won that there was nothing left of his dream but its shattered fragments and a wound in his sensitive spirit. He had always felt a keep sense of pride in being a member of his own race; this young woman, obviously, did not. There could be no ultimate companionship built on so basic a difference as this. Her death, a few years later, led him to the conclusion, expressed long afterward, that perhaps it was well that "things came out as they did". ~~and he has remained a bachelor~~. "I believe in 'What God has joined together, etc.'"he has said to close friends now and then. "But", he continues, after a brief pause, "what God doesn't join had better be left unjoined". And he has never married .

In the midst of his busy life at Tuskeegee, he found time to keep in touch with his Iowa friends by occasional correspondence. To the Milhollands, on October 2, 1901, he writes:

"Youresteemed 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 in his kindness and wisdom permitted me to accomplish is due in vert 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 now as I have about 20 other letters to ~~xxxxx~~ answer ~~xxxxxxx~~ asied from my other duties. May God continue to bless and help you...Love to all....

Yours very gratefully,

Geo. W. Carver "

would ask why he never had married, "Well, I believe in 'Wnat 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 an apartment ~~more comfortable quarters on~~ the first floor there, consisting of living room, bedroom, bath + kitchenette, 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 ! 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 his collections of stones, micas, etc., stood on the tables; (the beloved rainbow rock of his boyhood among them) paintings and pieces of handiwork hung on the walls ; his mother's spinning wheel stood by the fireplace; plants bloomed in the windows--- They were the rooms of an artist, a scientist, a teacher; rooms that were gathered unto themselves a great treasure of memories as the busy procession of the 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 Tuskeegee 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 of one bug, the legs of another, the wings of another, a head from yet another, and, ~~xxxxxx~~ pasting them carefully together on a bit of cardboard, eveolved 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, a sked 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, smetimes 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 oneof 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 Tuskeegee. 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 that had quickly filled the room, took a precipitate departure. But it is unlikely they every forgot the lesson of Sodom and Gomorrah !

"He understood boys as few men do", one of his former students has said of him. "And his accuracy in 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. Those, that is, who actually knew him. There were many who never did, who never came close to him at all, for among his students, as among members of the faculty and his wider acquaintance as the years went on, there were many to whom he remained an enigma, a very peculiar person with a strange high-pitched voice-- an oddity and a curiosity--even as he had to many of his fellow students at Ames.

Any form of dishonesty or deceit, or any attempt at "grand airs", consistently drew from him a stinging rebuke delivered in no uncertain terms. So was it also with laziness and slipshod habits of work -- facts which undeoubtedly kept some of his students from coming to him freely, or from feeling comfortable in his presence. But any sincere need, any honest effort, was certain to received his careful attention, his understanding help and encouragement. And any evidence of creative artistic effort, scientific curiosity, or inventive turn of mind found in him a quick and spontaneous enthusiasm and generous nurturing. Students giving evidence of possessing even a small spark of such trends of mind or effort were immediately within the inner circle of Professor's. Carver's keen interest;--- to the duller minds there remained [redacted] and - as a rule - his patience his compassion --- to the slipshod or the dishonest, his contempt. It is not amazing, then, that the recorded opinions spoken of him by his students should exhibit a wide

variance-- that there should be many who remember today gratefully the many hours spent in talking or working with him; many who say " he was like a father to us, and more"; ~~and~~ many, on the other hand, who say "I never did really know him." Comments which have their counterparts in the wider circle of his acquaintance extending far out beyond the Institute campus.

Despite the long hours required of him by the daily demands of his various tasks, he yet found time, as at Simpson and Ames, to take part in the extra-curricular affai s which figure so largely in the total content of life on any school campus . In general outline, the pattern his days assumed dur g the fist years at Tuskeegee was ~~to~~ characterise hia habitual daily regime for many years to come. One practise in particular was of such paramount importance and became so essential a part of his day that nothing was allowed to interfere with it unless some emergency entirely beyond his own control arose. This was his habit of rising at dawn to spend the early hours of the day in quiet, thoughtful, prayerful communion with the Great Creator, ~~his Heavenly Father,~~ out among the silent woods and fields among the lovely, interesting, extraordinary things of His on-going creation. Trees, rocks, red clay earth, leaves, flowers -- newly-wakened birds, shy ~~little~~ woods animals, minute forms of life-- ~~all children of Nature~~ ~~whose~~ still small voices, rarely heard at all by the rank and file of their human kin, were distinctly audible in the dawn to George W. Carver, speaking to him of their common father, invisible Creator, God. "A Nature mystic" some have called him, seeking to explain Professor Carver's unusual gifts of spiritual discernment and power. He himself would be the last person to think of his religion as being in anyway "mystic"-- it is so intimately and naturally a part of him. Foundational in every area of his life for years has been the simple but profound basic assumption that back of all

visible creation there is a loving invisible Creator who is constantly working out His infinite purposes in the world thru human minds and hands. Religion with him, then, becomes the natural but compulsive matter of trying to understand what the Great Creator wants done, then doing it with all the knowledge, intelligence, understanding, and skill one may possible command. But the human partners in this eternal enterprise must keep in close touch with the ~~Great~~ Creator if they are to understand His purposes and have power to work them out.

There are many ways in which men may come to know the Creator's purposes for them, may come to have a sense of working in partnership with God, Professor Carver often has said. But as for himself, the most natural pathway leading directly into a stimulating and sustaining certainty of the presence of God is the daily early dawn ~~communion,~~ contemplation, and investigation study of God's visible out-of-door creation. Thus it was that when Tuskeegee residents saw Professor Carver returning from his morning walks, his hands filled with twigs, his botany can under his arm, they saw something more than a scientist and teacher with specimens for laboratory and class-room experiment and study. They saw also a man equipped for the day with a sustaining assurance that the Great Creator, his invisible Partner, would work through him that day to carry on to further fulfilment some portion of an eternal purpose that for the world doth through all the ages run". It was a powerful equipment for a teacher and a scientist to bring back to a class-room and laboratory -- or anywhere, for that matter - as the years were abundantly to prove.

On thrut the day's schedule, then, he would go, wherever his work might call him, into class room, laboratory, green house, farm; or to chapel exercises, committee meetings, entertainments -- sometimes for an hour or two with his painting. AFter supper it was his custom to read his mail for the day, attending to any that needed immediate replies, writing the answers in

his own hand. Then to sleep, as early as possible, to be ready to rise again with the dawn.

So went the genral pattern and plan of Professor Carver's days on the campus, and in 1906 there came another of the "great occasions" at Tuskeegee--this time the celebration of the school's 25th Anniversary. Many notable figures in American life were present to take part in the celebration--President Eliot, of Harvard; Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Bishop Galloway of Miss., Pres. Abercrombie, of the U. of Alabama, Secretary of War Taft, and other distinctive men of the generation - all present as speakers or guests. There was abundant cause for celebration, for the school which had started 25 years before in an old church and shack, with one teacher, was now an institution of 156 teachers;1,590 regular students; 83 buildings; 2300 acres of landnear the campus ; and en endowment of $ 1,225,664 in addition to the 22,500 acres of saleable land granted by the U.S.Gongress.

Professor Carver, reporting on the work of the Research and Experiment Station for its first decade, said that experiments had been carried on with sweet potatoes;feeding acors;peas,beans,and corn for forage; 13 varieties of cotton; Irish potatoes; onions; vetch and crimson clover; cotton; and peanuts. He had issued 7 bulletins and 16 leafl ts; had distributed seed samples to farmers and to school gardens; held monthly Farmer's Institutes on the campus with an evarage attendance of 75. On 20 trips theu the county he had reached 1,000 people. There had been annual Farm Fairs, newspaper articles written a dn publlshed in county and national papers; bulletins sent to 10 foreign post offices; 115 samples of soil analysed for farmers and written instructions given as to quanity and kinds of fertilisers needed. As to work ourside Alabama, "the Director", he said, "has this year had 7 calls from Georgia;1 from Tennessee; and 1 from Florida." An agricultural wagon was being fitted up im whcih "lecturers,demonstrations, and exhibits would be carried around."

"Our two most urgent needs ", he wrote, in concluding his report", are a small barn where tools could be kept,grains, grasses, and forage stored, cotton ginned, etc. Now our tools are of necessity kept in a dark wet basement where they constantly rust, where We cannot dry anything, and where it is too dark to weigh with much accuracy. The other thing wen need is a wire fence around the field so the crop would be seeen to much better advantage along the road. Such a fence in the end would be much cheaper than the cumbersome boards which now surround it and are nearly always out of repair".

Modest requests., indeed, to follow such a report -- a small barn and a wire fence ! But they were characteristic of the man who made them. A man whose sense of thrift and economy was out-raged to see good tools going to rust and ruin for the simple lack of a dry shelter to house them; a scientist whose habitual accuracy demanded a work-room light enough to make accurate weights and measurements; and an artist whose love of beauty and order was constantly offended by the sight of a tumbledown board fence surrounding the lovely fields whose growing crops and harvests should be visible to passersby. A man, and scientist, and an artist, whose first ten years in the south were to be but as a brief prelude, but a brief announcement of the major themes and motifs which were to charaterise the developing scope and increasing significance of his work and his influence in the years yet to come.

ten years which were to be but as a brief prelude, but a brief announcement of the major themes and motifs of the developing symphony of the developing symphony of his

VIII - Discoveries -

Three years after the celebration of Tuskeegee's 25th Anniversar the agricultural department and the Research and Experiment Station had completely our-grown their quarters int the Slater-Armstrong building, and ~~in~~ 1909 saw a new building ~~for the agricultural department go up~~ Agricultural erected on the campus--Milbank Hall, the gift of Geore Eastman. On the second floor of this four-story bldg. there were rooms set apart for Professor Carver, a confortable, roomy office and a spcaious, well-equipped laboratory which came in time to be affectionately known referred to all across America as "God's Little Work-Shop" -- a title justified by the extraordinary things which came out of it.

The active supervision of the agricultural department was now in the hands of Professor Geo. R. Bridgeforth, with 18 assistants, in order that Professor Carver might be free to give his time more fully to the Research and Experiment work, the increasing requests for research, and for lectures, demonstrations, that were coming in from an ever-widening area. The School farm now included 2,400 acres, with 1,000 under cultivation. The enrolment of the Institute had now reached 1,702 -- a student body representing 38 states and 15 foreign countries. The wagon which Carver had mentioned in his 25 anniversary report as being fitted up for carrying "lecturers, demonstrations, and exhibits around" had been out on the roads and around in the various communities withing reach of the Institute for several years, the Tuskeegee "Movable School of Agriculture". Determined to do everything possible to extend the school's benefits to those unable actually to come to itsv campus, Dr. Washington had conceived the idea of having a "school on wheels", equipped with practical demonstration materials and traveling teachers, to go about among the people and teach them in their homes and communities, as he and Professor Carver had done for years on their week-end trips through out the vicinity. With plans for such a wagon drawn up by Professor Carver, Washington was able to interest a firend, Morris K. Jesup, of New York, in prodiding the mony to purchase and equip

with 2 strong mules to pull it

such a vehicle. So it was that the "Tuskeegee Student" in November, 1906, reported that "The Jesup Agricultural Wagon, the first 'Movable School', started from the grounds of Tuskeegee Institute on its mission of usefulness May 24, 1906, under the guidance of Prof. Geo. R. Bridgeforth of the Agricultural deoargment. "After the wagonb had been operated three months under ~~xxx~~ Mr. Bridgeforth, and the success of this tyoe of work seemed assured, the idea was presented by Dr. Washington to the Federal Government and accepted". Thomas M. Campbell, a ~~recent~~ Tuskeegee graduate and one of Professor Carver's out-standing students, 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, d esigned by George Carver, "became the vehivle of the first Negro agent in Federal employ, and went forth from Tuskeegee on a regular schedule to the surrounding communities"... Tuskeegee Institute ~~having~~ and again, through its Founder, its artist-scientist, and its friendly philanthropist, had made a significant contribution to American education. The Movable School continues today-- in its new motorized "vehicle" -- to be a valuable means of extension education, and Mr. Campbell one of the most widely useful members of the entire Tuskeegee staff.

A pleasant interlude for Carver came in the summer of 1908, when he went back to his childhood home at Diamond Grove for a brief visit with ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Moses Carver, now a man well along in years. Mrs. Garver had already passed on. During this visit he had the distinct pleasure of presenting to his former master a new suit of clothes -- a suit in which Mr. Carver was buried when ~~his~~ death came shortly not long afterward. Writing to Dr. Milholland from Tuskeegee later, Professor Carver mentioned this visit, saying "I was to my old home in Missouri last summer, and a white lady was laughing and telling me how I used to doctor her sick plants for her. I have much of that s ame reputation here....."

A reputation ~~undeoubtedly well deserved, in both instances-- but now~~ no doubt

He was "doctoring sick plants" on a wider scale now, howevere--as a bulletin from the Experiment Station in 1909 indicates-- a bulletin entitled "The San Jose Scale in Alabama". He had been "doctoring sick agriculture" for more than a decade, for that matter, diagnosing and prescribing for its basic ills ~~as revealed~~ in poor soils, low yields, unscientific methods of planning and cultivation. In these basic conditions there was beginning to appear here and there some sign of improvement; some active putting into practise of the sound scientific theories of soil conservation and improvement, crop diversification, home gardens, and homegrown meats and dairy products. But now another basic ill appeared -- one which demanded scientific diagnosis and prescription beyond anything concerned merely with the production of crops and harvests, no matter how diversified and abundant they might be: The question now was not so much how to raise plentiful crops of sweet potatoes, for instance, or of peanuts or forage, but what to do with them when they were raised. Science, Professor Carver now saw, must ~~not only help~~ Agriculture do better farming; it must also discover ~~for Agriculture~~ how to make farming pay.

Of what value abundant harvests of sweet potatoes or peanuts if there was to be no market for them ? A farmer must of necessity raise a "money crop" of some kind. How, then, to make "money crops" out of farm produce never before considered in any such light ? It was a problem whose solution involved the hope and despair, the comfort and poverty, the eventualfulness or emptiness of life for countless Americans, black and white, living in the potentially abundant, but agriculturally and industrially undeveloped areas ~~of the rural~~ south. Of this George Carver was aware. ~~Of this George Carver was aware.~~ Here was a problem requiring of Science something more than analytical and remedial research; there must be creative research as well. And who should be better equipped for creative scientific

research than a scientist who was also -- if not, indeed, primarily-- an artist, with an artist's gifts and skills and habits of creative activity ? It was a problem peculiarly ~~and~~ ------- his own, and George Carver knew it. He must find an answer to ~~this~~ question for the South he deeply loved.

Into his laboratory, then, he went with working samples of farm products--peanuts, sweet potatoes, cotton, etc. -- and " the application of creative research to farming (which) marked the beginning of a new era for the south and for the evolution of agricultural policies " had begun. Professor Carver was not alone in his laboratory there in Milbank Hall--- of this he was continually certain. Working with him, using his mind, his hands, his understanding, his resources of acquired skill-- was God. The work he was to do was the Great Creator's work; the answer must be His answer. Intimately ~~xxxx~~ personal and vitally real to Carver in these hours in his laboratory were the ancient words "the Father worketh in me". ~~The~~ ordinary looking laboratory in ~~a campus~~ agricultural building had indeed become "God's Little Work-shop".

To a mind skilled in scientific research as Carver's mind was skilled, and equipped as his was equipped with an extraordinarily broad and intimate knowledge and understanding of plant life and Nature lore, the initial steps in the search for an authentic answer to this problem were immediately clear. Here, for instance, was a peanut, easily grown in southern soil but one of the lowliest of all farm products. What hope did a peanut hold for a southern farmer, beyond ~~xxx~~ its already somewhat accepted values as a soil builder and a food for livestock ? The answer to this question of course involved first an accurate knowledge of the actual make-up of a peanut---of what, actually, was it composed ? "Puuling a peanut apart" in his laboratory, Carver the chemist soon knew exactly what was in a peanut, what amounts of protein, starch, sugar, oli, fat, gum, pentose ,

pentosan, arachin, corarachin, amino-acids, etc., etc., and more he was ready for the next question : What can be made from these contents of a peanut, in new combinations or combined with other compatible elements, that will be marketable products, meeting essentialdemands of human existance--commercially valuable products ?

Here the actual "creative research" began. Food -- that was one of the fundamental needs of human existence; what food products could be made from the lowly peanut ? And presently the answer began to appear in the Carver laboratory, to appear in the visible, tangible, edible forms of such things as powdered milk, butter, cheese, candies, coffee, pivkles, sauces, breakfats foods, flour and ~~a list which has lengthened with the years and is yet by no means complete~~ and there were many others. And what other commodities, useful and of potential commercial value, might a peanut be induced to produce ? Again the tangible answers came : wood stains, ink, insulating boards, paper, plastics, creams, massage oils, dyes, blemish removers, etc., etc.... The list goes on and on — mounting to more than 300 eventually, ~~with possibilities still not exhausted~~

Turning from the peanut to the sweet potato, Professor Carver drew forth such interesting replies to this query as flour, breakfast food, syrup, tapioca, starch, fuel alcohol, stains, stock food, glue, etc., etc. From cotton, another southern farm product, came such additionla answers as paper, rugs, cordage, insulating boards, and asphalt road paving blocks. Not content to limit his search to the plants ~~xxxx~~ grown mostly on southern farms, Carver turnef the spot-light of his imagination upon the natural resources provided by Nature, the revealing operations of his chemical pursuits and offered freely to anyone for the taking, ~~almost~~--the clay in the hills, for instance, in all its lovely varieties of shades raging from a pale yellow on through orange, grey, saffron, rose, and a mellow red. What could come of clay ? Color, of course, and so they came — paints and pigments, dyes and stains, ~~as well as~~ There washing powders, shoe polish, materials for plastics and pottery. Yet another untouched area of resources material for authentic answers to

Professor Carver found in the waste materials not only of farming but of industry, and from these began to appear such suggestions as a synthetic marble from wood shavings-- There are benches made of it on the Institute campus today ; insulating boards from peanut shells; valuable fertilisers from swamp muck; paint from waste crank case oil -- on and on goes the incredible list, assuming more and more siginficance thru the years as a definite and dependable answer to the initial problem which Carver, the ~~agricultural chemist and~~ creative research chemist ~~scientist~~, took into his laboratory ~~on the~~ at Tuskeegee Institute ~~campus.~~ thirty odd years ago.

As the days went along, and more and more of these actual evidences of commercially valuable possibilities appeared in his laboratory, Professor Carver bagan to feel and assurance that in such products eventually would lie a sound and workable solution to the problem of how to make farming pay -- and, even farther on, perhaps, "the mapp of the furure greatness of the South." And when the accumulation of evidence reached the pojht of offering to his own mind valid and sufficient proof of the truth of his theory that products from farm crops, natural resources of the land, by-products and wastes , could be made to undergird, support, and a sound sustain Agriculture, economy, he began to speak now and then of his "discoveries" to the groups or individuals with whom he talked, offering the actual samples products in support of his spoken statements. Such "discovery", he was sure, was no "light to be kept under a bushel"; it must ~~gradually~~ in time be "plaved upon a candlestcik" where it might "~~give~~ have a light ~~to all~~ unto men".

Dr Washington was by no means unaware of these and other distinctive contributions Professor Carver was making to the Institute and to an ever-widening area beyond the bounds of the campus, and gave to him his constant support and encouragement. Commenting on the man himself and on his work, Washington declared "One of the most gifted men of the Negrp 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 of the State, Professor 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 departments, traveled thru the south in a privated care, he padi a visit to Tuskeegee largely to study, in connection with the other work of the school the cotton-growing experiments that Professor Carver has been carrying on for some years. In his book, 'The Negro in the New Word', Sir Harry Johnston says "'Professor Carver, who teachers scientific Agriculture, Botany, Agricultural Chemistry, etc. at Tuskeegee, 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 Tuskeegee, but at Oxford and Cambridge".

Having known such support and encouragement from his friend, Washington, thru all his early years at Tuskeegee, Professor Carver, with other members of the school faculty and in common with hundreds of people thruout America, heard with a sense of overwhelming loss the news of the death of Booker T. Washington. Stricken ill in New York City, and taken to a hospital there, Washington insisted that he must come home-- a plea to which his physicians, much against their professional judgment, finally gave consent. Knowing his grave condition, they doubted that he could reach home alive. But reach home he did , and there on the campus of the school to which he had literally given his life, Booker T. Washington's great spirit took leave of his tired body, on November 14, 1915.

"The South as well as the nation mourns the loss of a great man", the

governor of Alabama wired Mrs. Washington. "He had won the confidence of our people, and no man since the Civil War did more to create harmonious relations between the races." In the local paper appeared this tribute: "Locally almost to a man our own Tuskeegee and Macon county citizens are realizing as never before how wonderfully this man wrought for himself a place in the confidence and esteem of this community and country. In a thousand ways his influende for helpfulness has been felt and everybody mourns his going away.." In Tuskeegee, all stores were closed at the hour of the funeral; in Boston all flags on municipal buildings flew at half-mast; ...A great man had passed on.

Acting as promptly as possible, a committee appointed by the Trustees with Ex-president Low, of Columbia University, as Chairman, took up the work of finding a man to be Tuskeegee Institute's second Principal. To Hampton again Tuskeegee turned, this time to bring to Alabama Booker T. Washington's able successor -- Major. W.W. Moton, a close friend of the first Principal, and like him, a member of the staff of Hampton Institute. In his inaugural address Major Moton gave reassurance to any who may have needed it that the committee's choice had been wisely made a reassurance which the coming years were increasingly to renew.

"In order", he said, "that this institution shall continue to carry on forward the ideas and ideals of its great Founder ; in order that we shall not cease to render large service to humankind; in order that we shall keep the respect and confidence of the people of this land, we must, first, every one of us, principal, officers, teachers, graduates, and students, use every opportunity and strive in every reasonable way to developn and strengthen between white and black people, North and South, that unselfish cooperation which has characterized the Tuskeegee Institute from its very beginning. Second , we must patiently and persistently and in the spirit of unselfish devotioj follow the methods of education which, in this school, have been so distinctive, so unique, and so helpful. Third, we must consecrate and re-

The year 1916 brought to Professor Carver not only signal recognition from abroad. There came also in this year an opportunity to leave Tuskegee to work ~~alongside~~ with one of the ~~greatest~~ most renowned scientists of this ~~or any other day~~ Era in American history--Thomas Alva Edison. Mr. Edison sent his personal representative to Tuskeegee to talk with Carver and to invite him-- at a huge salary-- to come to New Jersey to carry on research work in the Edison laboratories there--an offer and invitation which Carver immediately, though with sincere thanks, declined.

"But you didn't even consider it at all", his astonished friends asked him, when the news of it got around, "a chance at a big salary like that, and work with Edison ?"

"No", Carver replied. "I knew what I was going to do, so there wasn't any need to consider it. ~~My place is here in the South~~".

"But turn down all that salary?"

"Well, I have all the money I need. What would I do with any more ? It doesn't take much for me. No, I shall stay on in the South. I belong here".

In his letters to Dr. Washington concerning his coming to Tuskegee from Ames, Carver had said "Money will not be the sole consideration; only secondary". Now, 20 years after at the school, this statement was still true, and remained so. It was true that Little money was required for his simple everyday needs; he was still wearing, and quite contentedly, wearing suits of clothes he had brought with him upon his arrival in 1896, kept clean and neat-looking by his own personal care. He had no dependants. He often loaned out some money to needy students, but that took little, comparatively speaking, out of the accumulation of years of salary checks. Frequently he put ~~his salary~~ these checks in his pockets and left them there, forgotten, until a routine auditing of the Institute's books sent someone to him with a "searchwarrant" for the missing undeposited checks. So the idea that he needed more money seemed ridiculous, to his way of thinking, and certainly no reason for leaving his established home and work at Tuskegee.

Thus the only visible result of the visit from Edison's representative to Tuskegee was the appearance of two autographed photographs of Mr. Edison on the walls of Professor Carver's office-- one given when the invitation was presented, and the other sent to him when the news was received that by Mr. Edison his American offer was declined. But there remained between these two scientists a mutual respect and appreciative admiration to which the two photographs bear ~~visible~~ witness ~~to this day,~~ even as they bear witness ~~also~~ to Carvers ~~understanding and~~ conviction concerning his own particular field of work-; his lifelong lack of conern for the accumulation of material wealth and possessions.

Despite his decision to remain in the South, and his determination to maintain at Tuskegee Institute his home center of professional and personal activities, the strong currents of needs he was now equipped to help with meeting ~~aid~~ surged about His Tuskegee's scientist more and more demandingly, drawing him out into a widening tide of national problems and concerns. Upon America's entrance into the World War in 1917, the Institute campus, like other school and college campuses all a cros America, was busy with the various activities thru which such institutions sought to carry on their parto of the task of a country at war "make the world safe for Democracy". From the student cadet crops young men went out ot camps in America and to battlefields in France; from the nurses' training school went well-trained nurses. On the campus there was the Red Cross work, the knitting, the conservation of vital food supplies common to all American communities in those days. Major Moton was sent to France to look into and insure the welfare of Negro American soldiers; and Professor Carver ,called to Washington for consultation , contributed to the now emergent needs for food conservation, substitutes for foreign dyes, and utilization of wastes, the information on these matters which he had been gathering over a and lecture long period of years.

In February, 1918, newspapers carried a story from Denmakr, S.C., ~~concerning his visit there,~~ saying, "The feature of the 9th Annual session of

the Farmers Conference here at Voorhees Institute was the address of Prof. Geo. W. Carver, eminent agricultural scientist of Tuskegee Institute.... Prof. Carver came to Voorhees after having spent s everal days in Washington where he had been called by the government todemonstrate his famous sweet potato flour whichthe Tuskegee Institute has been using since last Fall as a substitute for wheat flour. Prof. Carver stated that the government made a very exhaustive investigation into the possibilities of his sweet potato flour with a view of using same in the army, and to give official recognition . ....(and he) decided that the sweet potato flour offered probably the greatest possibilities in the way of saving wheat flour of anything that had yet been discovered in America; that the drying of the sweet potato ... points about it ... durability, and ... than any other ... discovered..... ... Negro farmers..Prof. Carver urged the Negro farmers — them to go back to their homes, organise, and not let one single potato go to waste;to erect community and individual s.p. driers and dry their sweet potatoes, (and) sack them...in this way they would be rendering an invaluable service to the nation in its efforts for conservation."

So in consultation with government experts, in Farmers8 Institutes here and there, as well as thru bulletins sent out from the Research Station, did Carver bring to bear upon the problems brought into focus by the War the light of his wonderful chemical and botannical reaearch. Of particular value at this time when the customary supply of dyes from Europe was cut off were his discoveries concerning dye materials which could be secured from plants native to the South. The value of suitable substitutes for wheat flour during those war-time days is obvious ... discussion.

When the War was over the need and demand for the informing and practical contributions of Professor Carver were by no means lessened, but increased. "Many thoughtful ,progressive men and women,"reported the Hampton 'Journal and Guide' in March, 1919," have become familiar during the past few years with some of the

the wonderful discoveries of Dr. G eo.W. Carver..... From long distances visitors come to consult this quiet, hard-wrokingm resourceful, extraordinary black man, ~~and~~ Dr. Carver is a man of genius. Recently he gave convincing, positive answers to those who are seeking in these after-war days to find new industrial outlets for the growing population of the South and the region's rapidly developing prosperity, due, in large measure, to the South's concerted effort to feed itself as well as furnish large food supplies for the starving people of thr world. At the recent Tuskeegee Negro Conference, Dr. Carver exhibited several hundred products that he had developed from the native materials of Macon county, Alabama. This exhibit showed beyond the shadow of a doubt that this black scientist had caught the vision of a greater industrial South. True research student that he is, Dr. Carver has not been attempting to develop his discoveries for the s ake of individualr eputation or money profit. He is chiefly interested in doing the basic work of finding numerous uses for for everyday ever-ready materials. His commercial exhibit, made up of fibres, dyes, toilet powdersm and other products developed by him in his special laboratort by unique methods, included : Potash from china berry ashes; china berry meal;tonic stock food; dehydrated lye hominy; okra fibre for paper, rope, cordage, strawboard, matting, and carpets; ultramarine dyes made from Macon county clays and used for cotton, wool, silk, and leather; cotton-stalk fibre for rope; furniture stains made from native clays and vegetables; ~~xxxxx~~ artificial ribbons from poplar bark; mallow,cactus, and bear grass fibres; dyes made from dandelion, black oak; sweet gum, wood ashes, willow, swamp ~~x~~ maple, sweet potatoes, pomegranite, peanuts, osage orange, muscadine grapes, onions, velvet beans, ~~onions,~~ and tomato vines; dressing for canvas shoes made from clay; scouring powders; white and color washes; wisteria for basketry work; feathers for millinery purposes,secured from native and barnyard fowls; and laundry blues, 20 varieties."

In January, 1921, when the Congressional Ways and Means Committee had under consideration the inclusion of peanuts in a protective tariff provision, peanut growers invited C arver to appear as one of their spokesmen before the com mittee, and the story of that committee meeting, and of Professor Carver's arrival in Washington to attend it, have become classic in the mass of Carver anecdote and legend. He Arrived at the Washington station, the Professor, then in his middle fifties, gave little appearance of a person on important mission bent. A description of him written by a Boston minister who spoke at Tuskegee about that time gives a good idea as to how he must have looked as he left the train at Washington... allowing for a little "slicking up" for the occasion. It is said that his reply to friends' congratulations of a new hat for the trip was a "Humph!"

" Beside me on my right", says this minister," was a tall, lean, lanky colored man...a pure African, who seemed to have no connection with the rather well-dressed group--but who wore a shabby suit, dusty boots, and by way of contrast, a delicate flower in his worn button hole.. His whole attitude was that of a very plain, humble, unassuming townsman. when the service was over, and I was shaking hands with the men, this lanky fellow moved up and gave me his hand.

"Good morning, sir", he said, in a high-pitched voice. "I'm Professor Carver". " Carver, the peanut wizard !"

But he had no look of a peanut wizard to the red-cap whose services he sought to engage for help with directions, that day in the Washington station.

"Sorry, can't help you now, Pop", called the hurrying porter, over his shoulder. "Got to find a big scientist up here from Alabama ".... and the "big scientist", in person, was left to find his own way to the committee meeting , managing his baggage as best he could.

Arrived there, he waited his turn to speak, which was the last turn on the allotted list of 10-minute speeches granted by the committee. "Down at Washington the committee on Ways and Means surprised itself the other day",

reported the newspapers", when members, as well as spectators, for the first time in recent history applauded a speech at one of the sessions. Geo. W. Carver.... had delivered a discourse on peanuts and their by-products, and the committee, burdened with aonsideration of many dry as dust tariff figures, agreed it had a delightful time in listening to the professor's remarks and in examining the exhibits he had brought along...."

Excerpts from the hearings before the Committee ~~paint~~ a ~~revealing~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~sketch~~ of what actually happened ~~there that day~~.

"Chairman: All right, Mr.Carver, we will give you 10 minutes".

"Carver: Mr. Chairman: I have been asked ...to tell you something about the possibility of the peanut and its possible extension. I comefrom Tuskegee, Alabama. I am engaged in Agriculturalresearch work and I have given some ~~xxxxxxx~~ attention to the peanut, but not as much as I expect to give...I am especially interested in southern crops and their possibilities, and the peanut comes in, I think, as one of the most remarkable crops that we are acquainted with. It will tell us a number of things we do not already know, and you will observe that it has possibilities that we are just beginning to find out. This is the crushed cake(Taking a specimen cake from his exhibit case) which has a great many possibilities. The crushed cake may be used in all sorts of~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ combinations--for flours and meals and breakfast foods and a great many ~~xxxxx~~ things that I have not tome to touch upon just now. Then we have the hulls which are ground and made into a meal for burnishing tin plate. It has a very important value in that direction. More of it is going to be used as the tin-plate manufacturers understand its value. This is another confection.It is peanuts covered with chocolate. As I passed thru Greensboro, N.C. I noticed in one of the stores this was displayed..and as it is understood better, more of it is going to be made up into this form. Here is a breakfast food. I am very sorry that you cannot taste this...Now this is a combination,and,by the way, one of the finest breakfast foods that you or anyone else has ever seen. It is a combination of the peanut and the sweet potato. And if you will pardon a little digression here, I will state that the peanut and sweet potato are twin brothers and can not and should not be separated. Here is the original salted peanut, for which there is an in creasing demand, and here is a very fine peanut bar. ...Then we have the peanut stock food. This is No. 1, which consists of the ground hay,ground into meal, much the same as an alfafa hay. Here is peanut meal No. 2. That can be used for making flours and confections and candies,doughnuts, Zu Zuz, gingerbread, and all sorts of things of that kind. Here is a sample of peanut hearts. It is not necessary for me to say that the peanut hearts must be removed from the peanut before many of the very ~~fine~~ articles can be made, such as peanut butter and various confections that go into candies, etc. Now these peanut hearts are used for feeding pigeons. Pigeon growers claim that it is one of the very best foods they have found....Now here is an entirely new thing in the way of combinations. It is for making ice cream..a powder made largely from peanuts, with a little sweet potato injected into it to give it the necessary consistency. Here is another thing that is quite

interesting. This consists of the little skins that come off ~~of~~ the peanuts. These skins are used in a great many ways. They are used for dyes. About 30 different dyes can be made from the skins, ranging from black to orange yellow, and in addition to that they contain a substance very similar to quinine.. They are using a good bit of this now as a substitute for quinine and physicians find it quite attractive.... Here is another breakfast food..Here is a stock food, consists of a combination of peanut meal and peanut hay, together with molasses and chinaberries. The chinaberry has a great many medicinal propertiesm such as sapavin and mangrove, and many other of those peculiar complex bodies that make it an especially valuable product thatwe are going to use as soon as we find i s value."

~~Here~~ The ten-minute period was up, and Professor Carver closed his exhibit case, thanked the chairman, and preparing to take his place again in the rear of the room. Astonished committee members, however, left breathless and almost literally speechless at what they had seena dna heard in the brief ten minutes, roused to indictae their desire that he should go on. Theyw anted to know what else was in that bulky looking case; what else this amazing scientist could tell them concerning the peanut and its possibilities. So the hearing ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ was continued:

Chairman: We will give you more time, Mr. Carver.

Carver: Thank you.

Mr. Garner: (D-Texas) Yes, I think this is very interesting. I think his time should be extended."

Then Professor Carver, opening his exhibit case again, discussed for the Committee ~~more values of the chinaberry, and~~ another phase of the peanut industry which ~~might well~~ included such products (And he produced samples made in his laboratory) as powdered milk and cream from peanuts, instant coffee, Worcestershire sauce, pomade, massage oil for the anemic, and ink. In ~~bringing this discussion to a~~ closing he said "War has taught us many things. Science has touched these things in a way that is bringing to light whatwas intended should be brought to light, and there is scarcely a vegetable product that we have not learned something about. ...If you go to the first chapter of Genesis, we can interpret very clearly, I think, what God intended when He said "Behold, I have given you every herb that bears seed upon the face of the earth, and every tree bearing a seed. To you, it shall be meat.' That is what He means about it, 'It shall be meat'. There is everything there to strengthen and nourish and keep the body alive and healthy."

Chairman: What school did you attend?

Carver: The last school I attended was the Agricultural College of Iowa. Secretary James Wilson was my instructor for 6 years."

Garner: I think he is entitled to the thanks of the Committee

Here came a spontaneous and prolonged burst of applause. Professor Carver had spoken for more than an hour-- an unprecedented occurrence in a Ways and Means Committee meeting-- as was the burst of applause. The Committee lined it. The peanut was written into the protective tariff measure, and peanut growers have persistently allotted to the Tuskegee "peanut wizard" the major share of credit for bringing the peanut up from its original status of a lowly goober to the $ 60,000,000 industry it eventually came to be.

A few months after this appearance before the Ways and Means Committee, Professor Carver was back in Washington again, this time to discuss with experts the conservation of by-products he had observed going to waste at government power projects. In a letter to an editor, dated May 6, 1921, he mentions this trip, saying: "I want to express my appreciation of the very fine cartoon you were kind enough to send me. (The artist's original drawing of a cartoon of Carver used by the editor) It is very good indeed. .... I have just returned from a trip to Washington, D.C., being called there as a result of an inspection made of the air nitrogen plant and the Wilson dam at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. I noticed from by-products going to waste what I thought could be turned into profits, so I thought I ought to go up and discuss the matter with the authorities on the manufacture of air nitrogen. This I did. ...."

The following year, 1922, saw Professor Carver setting out from Tuskegee for further lectures and demonstrations of his products. A typical picture of the interest and curiosity engendered by these appearances is given in a news journal's report of his exhibit at "The greater 4-county Fair" held in Suffolk, Va. that year:

"Geo. W. Carver's exhibit of products extracted from the lowly peanut attracted more attention than any other feature of the Greater 4-County ...Fair(white) held at Suffolk last week. Every day farmers, peanut growers, chemists, manufacturers, merchanst, and people in all walks of life gathered around Prof. Carver's unique exhibit and marveled at the wonderful discoveries of the colored man who has shown the world the wide range of possibilities possessed by the peanut.

"Carver himself attracted almost as much attention as the 100 or more products he has discovered in the peanut. A full-blooded Negro, tall,elderly, dressed just about like the average farmer dolls up when he goes to town, Professor Carver was rather disappointing in appearance to many.... Two middle-aged white farmers came along Thursday..One had not seen Carver, and when he was pointed out to him, ~~exclaimed~~ ~~"xxxxxxxxx~~ Is that him !"

Such evidence of interest in the man and his work grew out of something sounder and more lasting that ~~mere~~ surface curiosity, however. Following a lecture tour through North Carolina in that same year, he was presented a ~~beautiful~~ lovely silver loving cup by the N.C. Negro Farmers' Congress, "in token of the esteem"--the citation declared--" in whichthe farmers of the South hold him and his service". Nor were the farmers of the South alone in their appreciation of the values inherent in the service this scientist from Tuskegee was rendering, ~~his country,~~ for in 1923 came a national honor when he was selected as recipient of the Spingarn medal, given by Joel Elias Spingarn to be awarded each year to that American or Africandescent who had,during the year, made the "highest achievment in the field of human endeavor".

As might have been expected, the announcement of this award served to increase the invitations extended Professor Carver for public lectures and addresses, and 1924 proved to be a most full and interesting year. At both the Atlanta Exposition and the Alabama State Fair his exhibits were on display, and--as at Suffolk-- were features of extraordinary interest. These

On the committee making the award were Bishop John Hurst, Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy; Dr. James H. Dillard, Oswald Garrison Villard, Dr. W.E.B. Dubois, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and Dr. John Hope. Newspaper announcements stated that it was made in ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ "consideration of his service in agricultural chemistry, his recent recognition by a British Royal society, and for lectures during the last year before white and Colored audiences ~~xxxxxx~~, particularly in the South, where his clear thought and straightforward attitude have greatly increased interracial knowledge and respect."

Almost coincident with this announcement (June, 1923) Professor Carver was entering into an experience which was a validation--if one had been needed-- of the committee's conclusions concerning his ability to "increase interracial knowledge and respect." At the invitation of the Southern Student Y M C A Council, he was a special speaker on the program of the summer conference of Southern ~~student~~ white college Y M C A groups ~~xxxxxxx~~ held annually at Blue Ridge, a stately white pillared hotel with surrounding cottages, conference halls, and recreation grounds set high amid a panorama of surrounding blue hills not far from Asheville, N.C. Here each summer select groups of young men from colleges and universities of the entire South have gathered for years for their YMCA conferences. To this conference in 1923 ~~George~~ Carver came went with a ~~certain~~ sense of misgiving and apprehension. To be sure, he had spoken to many white audiences, and had been well received. But this group was somewhat different; this conference was different. How would these young college men, steeped in all the racial traditions of the South, and accustomed to hear on their conference programs ~~xxx~~ out-standing leaders of religious thought in America, respond to the presence at their conference of a Negro man who would speak to them of peanuts and sweet potatoes?

Arrived at Blue Ridge, and heart-heavy with an oppresive sense of uncertainty and loneliness, Carver set out for a walk up one of the mountain trails, seeking the peace and assurance he invariably found in Nature's

companionship. On this trail he met one of the students, a young man from a college in Virginia, and they began to talk. This student fortunately had the insight to sense immediately something of the extraordinary qualities of mind and spirit inhabiting the body of this humble-looking, strange-voiced elderly Negro man, and responded warmly to his friendly words. ~~Thus simply~~ So simple an incident was the cloud of uncertainty lifted, the initial basis of understanding and introduction into the student group accomplised, ~~and~~ the powerful surrents of George Carver's eventual influence upon white Southern students set in motion -- ~~the~~ and channel opened for the inflow of his teachings. ~~This student happened to be a~~ Speaking later to the group as a whole, Professor Carver found himself drawn to these young men, and they to him, in a mutual understanding and admiration ~~far~~ surpassing the hopes and expectations of those leaders who had planned his coming. Before he left the conference grounds, there had been numerous requests that he return the following summer -- not only but that he come to speak on the campuses from which these presentative students came ~~xxxx

in visiting thru S.C. I literally fell in love with those fine young men, so full of possibilities, and so full of the love of Jesus Christ. I suffered terribly with my throat all the way, and at every point I could see really that they synpathised and wished they could do something to help me.....

I certainly thank you for your kindness and shall endeavor to do as much of your work as possible, and do hope the good Lord will enable me to do it."...

The trouble with his throat referred to here preceded a severe illness, which turned out to be not an unmixed evil, for it on an avalanche of testimony to the place he was beginning to hold in the affection and esteem of many Americans. In January he wrote to one of his Blue Ridge student friends: "Since my illness, I am more convinced than ever that Divine love will one day conquer the world. O, the letters, telegrams, whole churches over 2,000 miles away praying for my recovery! My, how little it makes me feel. These came from all classes and nationalities. I am not so good, no better than others except they pull me up to it. My, what a responsibility !" !... I am yet not well by any means, but very much better. My doctor says Is shall have to give up all public speaking for at least two months more. My next trip then I presume will be to Los Angeles, Cal., then to Indianapolis, Ind, then I am booked for New York City next fall. The So. Division of the YMCA wants me to give them four or five weeks in thr white schools, they say the students are asking for it, but of course I cannot do it now."

Later in this year, however, Professor Carver did make a lecture tour in Southern colleges, speaking to appromimately 3 ,500 students, under the sponsorship of the Southern Interracial Commission. This Commission had grown out of conferences in France soon after the signing of the Arnistice, when Major Moton, Thomas Jesse Jones, and other concerned Americans discussed the idea and tentative plans which led to definite orgainzation in early 1919. With headquarters in Atlanta, and supported and

directed by men of such strength and influence as Major Moton and Dr. Will Alexander, this Commission has played a major part in the progress made toward interracial understanding and good-will in the South during the difficult after-war decades of the twenties and thirties which saw the pseudo revival of the Ku Klux Klan, the increased tension between the races resulting from widespread unemployment. Wise indeed was the Commission's decision in 1924 to sponsor Carver lectures on college campuses, as subsequent outcomes have shown. To Professor Carver these lectures were gratifying experiences despite the fact that he labored part of the time under the handicap of a throat trouble that made public speaking painful, and in spite of the difficulties and discomforts to which he was constantly submitted in the matters of travel and lodging, due to the prevalent Jim Crow laws and lack of decent hotel accomodations available for a member of his race.

They were astonishing lectures these students heard, as astonishing as the man who made them, the products made in his laboratory with which he illustrated them. Seldom could he be persuaded to lecture without some such tangible and visible illustrations, "I can do so much better with something in my hands to talk about", he would insist, "I'm not much at home with the pure abstract".

For the 3,500 students who heard him, as for their teachers and townsmen, the Carver lectures were like nothing heard or seen before on land or on the sea ! Gathered in their chapel or class room groups, they saw an elderly looking, broad-shouldered Negro man seated in a relaxed slump -- a box or case , or several of them, on the table or down on the floor beside it. (Invariably these exhibit cases were there, for seldom could Professor Carver be persuaded to lecture without some such tangible and visible illustrations around which to center his remarks. "I haven't much to say along the lines of theories and the pure abstract", he would insist.)

The introducions done, this quiet looking man arose, a tall strong-looking fellow who was apt to stride vigorously back and forth across the stage during the early portion of his talk-- a habit whichwas ~~xxxxxxxx~~ emphasised on those occasions when his shoes happened to ~~xqeak~~ squeak, as they sometimes did ! Nor were his first words likely to add anything to the gravity of the moment--"I like to hear myself introduced", the startling high-pitched voice was apt would begin. "I learn so much about myself I never knew before. I have gathered considerable inspiration, aspiration, and a few more-ations from this introduction.... Now , we shall try to hit a few high places here and there, mostly there--"

An almost inevitable wave of laughter greeted these observations, which was, of course, exactly as the professor intended!

"Now", he would continue," I want to take you with me on a little journey. We will walk and talk for a little while with the Great Creator, and get some information from Him. To do this, we must get ourselves in condition to hear what he has to say to us. Once when I was speaking in a distant city, my hostess left the living room after saying to me that I might find something of interest on the radio. When she came back, she asked if I disliked listening to radio programs.

"No", Is aid, " but I didn't know how to tune in" .

" There are a good many of us like that-- we don't know how to get in touch with the source of information; don't know how to tune in with the Creator. Now I am going to show you how I tune in. If you have some better way, that's all right. But this happens to be the method I lyself use. I am going to quote some verses of Scripture-- now, don't be alarmed. I'm not going to preach. I'm simply going to do what many of the ministers do--take a text and then depart from it, never to return. (Laughter !) Our first verse is"Behold"--which means,look --"I have given you every herb that bears seed upon the face of the earth , and every tree bearing seed. To you it shall be meat". Second:"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me"; next, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths". Now for the

fourth verse: "there is much food in the tillage of the poor".Now we are ready for two verses that are to bring us into closer tune with the Creator: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea"; "Behold, I show you a mystery".. Now for the final turn of the dial that is to put us into tune:"Open thou mine eyes that I might see wondrous things out of thy law".

"We are ready now to see and behold the mysteries out of his law."

Taking a simple rubber band out of his pocket, he would stretch it between his hands. "Here is a mystery. Nobody knows why rubber stretches. With all our profound profundities we don't know that. A freshman, of course, would say that it's just Nature ! I once had a letter from a Canadian in China--76 pages long--explaining his theory of why rubber stretches, and sking what I thought. I replied, 'I don't know.' There are many mysteriesin the world. We are beginning to understand some of them. And Now we are ready to say,'Mr. Creator, I want to know all about the creation story.'

'I'm surprised. At you. This belongs to the infinite. The finite cannot grasp the infinite. Suppose you narrow the extent and increase the intent.'

'Well, then, Mr. Creator, I'd like to know this: Why did you make the peanut?'

'I've given you a few brains. I won't say how many, but some. Here is a peanut. Take it into a laboraotory and analyse it. That's the easiest way to find the answer to your question.'

"So we take the peanut and analyse it and find ou that it is made up of oil,fat,resin,gum, pentose,-pentosin,-arachin,-aorarachin,-amino-acids,-protein,-starche,-sugar..... (Words said in swift succession) Now you know exaclylwhat is in a peanut !"

(A wave of laughter invariably here)

"Now the Creator says "You look puzzled."

' I am'.

'Well, you know what you've taken out of a peanut. You know what Dr.

Slosson and other chemists are saying about adding a fourth kingdom the synthetic to the familiar three--the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. Before many years chemists will be able to reproduce in the laboratory almost everything Nature has made..."

'I see now, Mr. Creator, what you mean. I am to take these things and make what I can out of them.'

'Yes, but be careful about compatibility. Don't put thinsg together that swear at eachother.'

'You know, Mr. Creator, so many people never touch reality. They ~~even~~ say when they pray: O Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more. I want to make something that has a humanitarian use. I'd like to make something to help fill the empty dinner pail. Can I make milk out of peanut ?'

'What kind of milk do you mean, rich Jersey milk or the boarding house ~~xxristy~~ kind ?---- And with this, he would reach down in his exhibit case, bringing out a bottle of powdered milk, displaying it and setting it on the table."Here we have a very delicious milk which is being used with good results for the babies of missionaries in Africa. And here is another that Mr. Ghandi in India has fouund very helful in building ~~xx~~ up his strength ~~ins his frail body~~"..... As each product was taken from the case, and mentioned, it was placed beside the others on the table.

"Let us now for a few moments", he would continue, " explore the creative mind. This mind dares to break away fro set rules and regulations and blaze out a trail ofn its own. In our present systme of education a mind like that is usually in trouble-- but by and by, if you let that mind alone, it'll accomplish something. I am glad some of out insitutions are beginning to recognise the singularity of such minds and make provision for them. A creative mind is the most illogical you ever heard of, yet it has a type of logic of its own .....The human mind goes by groups, if permitted. See how Some of our curricula scatter it too much

my mind stays now in the emulsion group this group, . We have been thinking of milk-it takes no mental gymnastics to think next of cream. Here is a bottle of rich cream; it can be made to produce butter. And here is a nice bottle of buttermilk. These are fruit juices combined with milk--wild plum and blackberry. Mr. Ghandi is now using both the peanut and soy bean milks in his diet. Here is another very interesting product, "Penol", a medicine for bronchial colds--creosote and peanut oil in a combination that does not disturb the most delicate stomach.

Now we come to a tangent-- no relation except in a subsidiary way. This is vinegar and here we have a group of wheys, orange, lemon, and cherry. This is worcheshire sauce. Here is a postum coffee, and this is an instant coffee with sugar and cream already added; needs only water and heating--a very delisiou drink. This is chop suey, and this is peanut pickle.... You see, I am now answering my own question. This, to me, is why God made the peanut.... Here is a dandruff cure, and here some more pickles. These are beauty preparations-- I am told that they will dothe work. I myself have not used them. (Laughter) "

Thus the lecture proceeded for an hour or more, with product after product lifted from the case and set in its place until the table held a most astounding and unbelievable array of them. And all the while the even more astounding comments concerning them went on--Science and Religion, Dietetics, Industry, and Education mingling in a most unheard-of manner, with scintillant flashes of humour and curiosity-provoking side remarks playing across and around the whole strangely wrought tapestry of thought and words and un-dreamed-of ~~visible tangible illustrations~~. Finally, at the close, he would say "We haven't even begun yet to explore the possibilities, but I hope I have said enough now to show you that we can truly walk and talk with the Creator." Sometimes he would quote, as conclusion, some lines of verse which began "Study it out for yourself, my lad

You have all the equipment the equipment have had...."

--- and the lecture was over. But often large groups from the audience stayed on for another half-hour or so toask questions and to examine the display of products at closer range.

There were other lectures that went along with exhibits of products from clay, or miscellaneous groups. And there were, of course, many variations from the general outline and procedue as here given. But by and large this peanut lecture was the most popular and most sought after, and contained the essential gist of the message this unusual scientist brought time and again in the twenties and thirties to a udiences all across the continent. To Professor Carver it was a natural and logical thing tp spealkof Science and the Scriptures, peanuts, and potatoes, and the creative mind whever you happened to be lecturing, be it a great metropolitan church in New York City, a State legislative ASsembly, a University campus, or an annual Macon County Fair.

But to most of those who heard him it was an extraordinary thing, and to newspapers it was head-line news. Strange indeed were some of the titles bestowed upon him by the head-line writers-- the trail-blazer, the miracle man, the goober wizard, a prophet of science, beneolent chemist, apostle of interracial appreciation-- titles which , with one exception, he never would have thought of bestowing upon himself. The exception was "the trail blazer". "That is what I hope to be", he would say. "I want to blaze a trail and point out a way that those who come after me may follow."

Typical of the more thoughtful responses to his lectures was that of an eminent sociologist who arote, after hearing Professor Carver speak, "He combines in the most surprising way the simplicity of a child, the humility od devout faith, and the confidence of scientific certainty . His first words are apt to impress you as almost childish. Then you become conscious of an unfathomable vein of mysticism and faith. Finally you yield to speechless wonder as he opens for you a few windows into the scientific maze where hie feet are so much at home.....Asked how he has made so many dis-

coveries, he promptly tells you 'I didn't do it. God has only used me to reveal some of His wonderful providences.' All his work has been done in that spirit. Chemistry is its physical basis, but faith is its inspiration, prayer its atmosphere, and service its motive. To Geo. Carver, there is no conflict between Science and religion."

And there was the little boy who heard the Professor speak, ~~and who~~ came to his mother the following day, carrying a walnut and a hammer from his toy tool chest in his diminutive hand. "Mother", he said, "if that mand can find all that many things in a peanut, there must be a lot more than that in a walnut, and I'm ~~gonna~~ going to find out right now."..... a type of response that , needless to say, was a delight to Carver when he chanced to run across it, as he sometimes did, particularly among student audiences. ~~Of xxxxxxxxxxitx xxxxxxdxlxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ And naturally so-- for ~~ixxxxxx~~ this to the Tuskeegee scientist's mind, was the chief reason why the lectures should be made, the products exhibited-- mainly that there might be some here and there whose own minds and imaginations would be fired to exploration and creation of their own..... in Science, and Art, and Religion, and Industry, and in the great broad field of constructive human relationships.

In college groups he frequently found them. After his week-end stay at Blue Ridge in 1924 (By student request he had been secured for a second summer for the Southern YMCA Conference) he wrote, in his report to the sponsoring Council:" I had a most wonderful time. Was the guest of the Virginia delegation, as you knowl ~~Without any attempt at exaggeration~~, I have never met a finer group of young men-- truly Christian gentlemen. The first afternoon I arrived, the personal interviews began with some of those I met last year. There were so many that... I would begin at four in the morning and have my last interview at twelve at night. Sometimes several would come and I would answer their questions as best I could. More frequently, only one would come who desired information along the lines in which he was msost

interested, i.e., one desired to be a food chemist, another research chemist, others desired to find Jesus more definitely than they had done before. All wanted to know how it was possible to read God out of Nature's great Book as I swemed able to do. These interviews were most wonderful and refreshing.... I was asked to visit and talk to two orth three other State delegations, but owing to the fact that immediately after supper was the only time at their disposal for a delegation, I could not accept as the Georgia delegation had already engaged my services for the two evenings. The second evening Dr. Britton, President of the George Tech, joined us and made it very pleasant indeed. Those were truly fine young men. One volunteered to take me to the train at Biltmore in order to get in his fifteen minute interview. He had some chemical problems that were troubling him. Many of the Georgia boys urged me that when I come to Atlanta, I come out to see them at the school.,.... I have before me forty-one letters from those dear boys. May I quote a paragraph, from one in Kentucky, which is characteristic of all of them: 'I sure have profited greatly bu the Blue Ridge Xonference. I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life. I shall never forget that morning when we stood on the bridge before breakfast and talked of the wonderful God and how He has planned the universe. We looked at the trees, shrubs, flowers, and weeds, as you told us of their uses. It has made a better man of me.' I have forty-one pictures from them and quite a number have asked for ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ mine.... I met a young man there from North Carolina, who is making a spcialty of food chemistry . He asked for the privilege of coming to Tuskeegee and getting me to help him with his chemistry. H e stayed 10 days. He went a way very,very happy; I was equally happy to render him this little service. Since his return, this expression comes from his mother:'I can't express in words the appreciation I feel in my heart to you for all you have done for my son. You made his trip so pleasant and profitable, too. You have given him wonderful inspiration...'

They consult me about health, physical development, and it seems like every conceivable thing. Two have sent me pictures of their lady friends to see what It think of them ! ....At Blue Ridge, one stepped on something while bathing in the pool and ran a thorn in his foot; he came to me and I removed it. Another got poison oak and I had to apply an old fashioned remedy to it; another had a badly sprained ankle and I showed him what to do for that.... The whole atmosphere seemed saturated with Christ's spirit of helpfulness. The dear boys seemed to take special delight in making me very happy. This was equally true of the professors.... Divine love is destined to ruel the world. I believe despite thi many things that often irritate and depress us this condition is being brought about faster than many of us realise.....

P.S. Just from the Post Office with a peck of fine apples from one of the North Carolina boys.... The same mail brought a cap from an Alabama boy...

Two years later one of these "fine young men", then at Princeton, put into written form a statement concerning ~~a Carver~~ the Fellowship Group, -known to Dr. Carver himself as his "Little Family"-- which grew out of the 1924 Blue Ridge meetings and has added unto itself new members as the years have gone along; "At the first meeting(Blue Ridge) conference Dr. Carver spoke for well over an hour to a spell bound group of interested students. He spoke of the oneness of Gpd and Nature and showed thru the products he had with him how God had permitted him to pierce behind the veil and bring to light some of the hidden mysteries of Nature. To many men life took on a new and deeper meaning that day, and they went forth witht eh words of the Psalmist on their lips:'Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law'. The fellowship begun at Blue Ridge was destined to go on thru the years and a small group who were captivated not only by the powerful conception of the universe represented by Dr. Carver, but by the charm and beauty of his character, corresponedwith him regularly.... The Fellowship will seek to stimulate and

encourage original research and creative genius among its members in whatever lines they may manifest themselves, seeking thereby to make every member a producer for the common good of mankind....." With this "Little Family "group Professor Carver has kept in touch ~~over a period of years~~; the "dear boys" are now mature men, at work in their various professional fields. But as often as they can, they still make ~~hurried~~ visits to Tuskeegee to see and talk with the man who brought to them one day a ~~gripping~~ creative & stimulating new vision of the meaning of life and its purposes. To Carver, this "Little Family" has been a source of great joy and faith and comfort; in his letters to "his boys" he has often poured out the ~~sincere~~ great flow affection and concern, as well as the admonitions, ~~he would have bestowed upon his family~~ ~~xxxx

Following a lecture in Fifth Avenue's Marble Collegiate Church in New York city, in November, 1924, a wave of such criticisms spread through the news journals, followed by considerable journalistic debate on the question of the validity of this man's science. The "Baltimore Sun" observed "Carver...has astonished New York where he recently delivered a lecture, by 2 things. One is the large number of simple products of the soil, such as peanuts and sweet potatoes, for which in his laboratory he has demonstrated new possibilities. And the other is his ascription of his success to divine inspiration. As to the latter, it is refreshing to find a chemist who does not feel it necessary to bar God out of his work-shop. And as for the field which he has chosen for research, it is plesant to find a scientist who is not engaged in the devil's own work of producing destructive combinations, but devotes himself tod eveloping new means of ministering to human needs..."

The focal point at which criticisms following this particular lecture were aimed was Carver's assertion (As reported by the press) "No books ever go into my laboratory. The things I am to do, and the way of doing it, comesto me. I never have to gropw for methods; the method is revealed at the moment I am inspired to create something new. Without God to draw aside the curtain I would be helpless..." That words like these, coming from a scientist, should immediately draw fire, is obviously what in 1924 America, And might have been expected. The New York Times administered editorial rebuke in no uncertain terms : "It is for chemists to determine whether Carver is worthy of recognition...It is..to be regretted...that Dr. Carver in discussing his own achievments, should use language that reveals a complete lack of the scientific spirit....."

"Science", another journal came back in reply, " is so jackassical that it cannot even stand for religious reverence to interfere with it ...."

Professor Carver's own reply to the "Times" editorial was in a letter to the editor -- a reply so typical of both the thought and words of this scientist then under editorial fire as to merit complete quotation:

With the writing of this letter the controversy, so far as Professor Carver was concerned, was over. His days were far too full, he was much too busy to take time out for d iscussion as to whether he was "worthy of recognition",nor was possessed of the true "scientific spirit"--even had such questions been a matter of great concern to him--which they obviously were not.. Excerpts from his letters to his "boys" indicate something of the fulness of his days on the campus in between lecture trips that now called him so frequently away from home:

" ... I am working now on micas. I have gotten 17 different things out of one of the samples I had at Blue Ridge. The micas were the ones I had in the little bottles. Two new peanut products came to my mind Sunday. I want to work them out right away...

Oct. 29-1923

" . ...I had such a wonderful day all day yesterday. One of the most inspring sermons I ever listened to was delivered by our chaplain on "Thought". My volunteer Bible class in the evening numbered nearly 100. I had as my subject 'How the persimmon trees talk'. This was suggested Sat. by a young man coming to me with four types of persimmons, some ripe, some green, some flat, some long. I tried to show what God meant in making them that way. It seemed to have stirred them up wonderfully, they say they never heard anything like it ....."

Nov . 7- 1923

" .... I really love to paint...My ambition is to paint a flower or a fruit so that you can see God in it. Some say I have attained to some degree of success...." I am making up enough paint now for a box car .This is to be used for an advertisement. I shall begin making up food products as samples as soon as I can get to it...."

Jan. 25,1924

" ...You ask me now what I am doing ? Well, it is hard to say, I have so

 many things going on, and people from the N.E.S. & W. are coming for information. One man representing the Great Coosa River Power Co. was here and spent the day Mon. with the hope of enlisting my interest and help in working out some of their complex problems. R---- Chocolate Co. has also a multiplicity of problems they have submitted. A big manufacturing plant in Chicago who manufacture slate products have many problems they want me tow rok out. Another man from Atlanta was here and spent the day to see if he could not purchase my services in connection with their immense plant in which they make, bleach, dye, full, and size cloth of various kinds on a gigantic scale. They say just name your price,money is no object to us, we want your services. I could not do it because I do not think God wants me to sell out in that way. I am going to straighten them out on some knotty ppoblems....O,how I wish the young people could get a vision of what the world is demanding ....." Then every day someone is begging me to please come and talk.... I cannot go now as much as I used to as you know I am getting along in years and cannot sit up and ride all night, like I used to do....."

1923

" ....Such a wonderful thing happened to me last Sunday while listening to a soul stirring sermon from an Afrixan clergyman. He related such a pathetic story of a native girl who became a Christian, became ill, and soon her gentle spirit went to the God who gave it. As I sat and listened I said to myself,'Poor child, she probably died from tuberculosis...Make a peanut product that will be a boon to suffering humanity. Church was out by 12, we had dinner at once.I went to the laboratory immediately after dinner and in a short time I had a product that our two leading physicians say is very remarkable. It is a food and medicine combined,made from the peanut. It is creosote,perfectly emulsified with the peanut products. I have had a slight cough since my break-down in Nov.,a bronchial trouble. I took it freely and regularly and it has actually stopped the cough.I do

not have it any more, thank God....."

April 22, 1924

" ... I tried to speak at a joint meeting of our Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. yesterday on the meaning of Spring. I got all of my illustrations from the woods. I thought of and longed for you while I was collecting them. I am persuaded that the best way to grow in grace and in knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ is to grow in the knowledge of the things He has created .....I am working now with orange, lemon, and grape fruit peelings(rinds) and getting some wonderful things out of them. 25 or 30 precious stones have been sent to me from Michigan. Stone cutters and geologists, they say, are puzzled to know what they arem, and thought I might tell them...It will take some time to work them out, but I am sure I can do it. They are not diamonds as they think. They are wonderfully brilliant when cut.

April 24,1924

" ... Shortly after you were here I received several packages of precious stones for identification.... I did the best I could, God directing me. I made two very full and careful reports, describing the strata in which each gem was found, tracing them to an ancient river bed. I also named each gem. ....geologists have taken my statements,searched the State geological records and found them absolutely correct. Of course I never was in the State and know absolutely nothing about the geology of the state,except as the rocks told me. Job advises that we get in ~~xxxxx~~ league with the rocks, meaning that God will speak thru them to you...."

This man to whom the rocks speak an understandable language was then in his sixtieth year-- an age at which some men begin toretire in some measure from the most strenuous pursuits in whivh they have engaged. But there

was to be no such retiring from the ~~main~~ mid-stream ~~xxxxxxxx~~of affirs ~~for~~ so far as Professor Carver was concerned for many years yet to come. Although he had spoken of himself as "getting along in years", and thus unable to travle as widely as he had done, the coming years were to prove him equal to an extent of travle, and to demands for public appearances, beyond any he had yet envisioned. Late in 1924 we find him, as eager-hearted as a youth of 25-- ~~xx~~ making plans for his work for the coming year, and for other years ahead, writing to the "Manufacters' Record", in November, 1924 :"I believe that the South is the richest section of the entire United States, on account of its undeveloped resources. I believe, with the Manufacterers Record, that the time is now ripe for the development of a number of them.... I want to make my Exhibit at the Southern Exposition in New York next January, which is strictly a Southern Commercial one, of the highest type. I should like to show you a few things that are really astonishing, casuing one to wonder why they have not beend eveloped before." -- ~~"And xxxxxx And xthere"xx~~ "There", observed the Asheville NC Citizen ~~(Asheville,N.C.)~~ quoting the letter in its columns, " is the map of much of the South's future greatness".

IX Lecturer Extraordinary - 1916 - 1924

X Lecturer Extraordinary, cont - 1925 - 1933

XI Experiments in Therapy - 1934 - 1938

XII Up in the Seventies - 1939 - 1941

Post mort - May, 1941

D E D I C A T I O N

To

MARY CARVER

Slave Mother of a Free Man

Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.
November 24, 1924

To the Editor of the New York Times
Times Building
New York City

My dear Sir:

I have read with much interest your editorial pertaining to myself in the issue of November 20th.

I regret exceedingly that such a gross misunderstanding should arise as to what was meant by "Divine inspiration." Inspiration is never at variance with information; in fact, the more information one has, the greater will be the inspiration.

Paul, the great Scholar, says, Second Timothy 2-15, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a Workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Again he says in Galatians 1-12: "For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Many, many other equally strong passages could be cited, but these two are sufficient to form a base around which to cluster my remarks. In the first verse, I have followed and am yet following the first word " study.

I am a graduate of the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, located at Ames, Iowa, taking two degrees in Scientific Agriculture. Did considerable work in Simpson College, Indianola, along the lines of Art, Literature and Music.

In Chemistry, the following persons have been my inspiration and guide for study; Justin Von Liebig, Dr. Leroy J. Blinn, Dr. Ira Remsen, Drs. L. L. De Koninck, E. Dietz, Robert Mallet, William G. Valentin, J. Meritt Matthews, Edwin E. Slosson, M. Luckiesh, Harrison E. Howe, Charles Whiting Baker, Helen Abbott, Michael, Mad. Currie, Geo. J. Brush, Charles F. Chandler, G. Drágendorff, Frederick Höffman, Josef Bersch, Arthur C. Wright, M. W. O'Brine, Lucien Geschwind, Stillman, Wiley, Dana, Richards & Woodman, Harry Snyder, Coleman and Addyman, Meade, Ostwald, Warrington, Winslow, and a number of others, all of which are in my own library with but few exceptions. In Botany, Loudon, Wood, Coulter Stevens, Knight, Baily, De Candole, Pammel, Bessey, Chapman,

Editor, New York Times,

Gray, Goodale, Youmans, Myers, Britton and Brown, Small, and others. These books are also in my own library. Dietaries, Henry, Richards, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Miles, Wing, Fletcher Berry, Kellogg, Nilson, and others.

In addition to the above, I receive the leading scientific publications. I thoroughly understand that there are scientists to whom the whole world is merely the result of chemical forces or material electrons. I do not belong to this class. I fully agree with the Rt. Rev. Irving Peake Johnson, D. D., Bishop of Colorado in a little pamphlet entitled "Religion and the Supernatural." It is published and distributed by the Trinity Parish of your own city. I defy any one who has an open mind to read this leaflet through and then deny there is such a thing as Divine inspiration.

In evolving new creations, I am wondering of what value a book would be to the creator ~~if~~ he is not a master of analytical work, both qualitative and quantitative. I can see readily his need for the book from which to get his analytical methods. The master analyst needs no book; he is at liberty to take apart and put together substances, compatible or non compatible to suit his own particular taste or fancy.

An Example

While in your beautiful city, I was struck with the large number of Taros and Yautias displayed in many of your markets; they are edible roots imported to this country largely from Trinidad, Porto Rico, China, Dutch Guiana, and Peru. Just as soon as I saw these luscious roots, I marveled at the wonderful possibilities for their expansion. Dozens of things came to me while standing there looking at them. I would follow the same or similar lines I have pursued in developing products from the white potato. I know of no one who has ever worked with these roots in this way. I know of no book from which I can get this information, yet I will have no trouble in doing it.

If this is not inspiration and information from a source greater than myself, or greater than any one has wrought up to the present time, kindly tell me what it is.

"And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." John 8 - 32.

Science is simply the truth about anything.

Yours very truly,

Director of Research and Experiment Station.

GWG:H

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A MAN WITH ANSWERS

The Story of the Life

of

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

By

Lucy Cherry Crisp

B I B L I O G R A P H Y

A MAN WITH ANSWERS

The Story of the Life

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Chapter X - Lecturer Extraprdinary, cont.
1924 - 1933

This chapter, begining with the Southern Exposition in New York City in 1925, will deal with

1- Further public lecture work by Dr. Carver, sponsored mainly by the So. Interracial Commission and the Southern YMCA Student Council -- lectures taking him back and forth across America during the years 1925- 1933

2- Further honors and recognitions
Honorary Doctorate conferred by Simpson College, 1928
Bronze Bas Relief of Carver presented Tuskegee , by Tom Huston Peanut Company
Invitation from Soviet Government to come to Russia to carry on experiments in cotton there - 1931 -

3- Gradually increasing recognition of, and respect for him among scientists - Continually growing popularity and esteem among "laymen" groups -

4- Criticisms of his lack of interest in commercial developments of his "discoveries" - especially among members of his own race -

5- His widened influence on southern and Eastern white student groups, following college and university lectures in 1932 and 1933 -

6- Further excerpts from his letters to his personal friends, portraying his more intimate life on the campus and on the lecture trips during this period.

Chapter XI - Experiments in Therapy
1933 - 1937

On December 31, 1933, the Associated Press carried a story beginning " Discovery of a mineral oil in peanuts that has aided in the recovery of infantile paralysis vistims was announced today by Dr. Geo. W. Carver, noted Negro scientist ..... etc". Before the day was over, cars were lined up before his rooms in Rockefeller Hall, and a new period in his work as a man with answers had begun.....

This chapter will deal with his activities during the years immediately following this AP announcement -- a period of work which turned out to be not only experiments in physical therapy, but of significance in the areas of mental and spiritual therapy as well --

1- Experiments with certain peanut oils combined with massage in the treatment of post-infantile paralysis cases-
   a-The astonishing response to the AP story, with hundreds of people wiring, writing, coming to see him for help,etc.
   b-His theory concerni g the oil-massage treatment; his belief in its efficacy in certain cases
   c-The significance of the work in other than medical areas-- "probably the most significant and important piece of interracial work going on in America today"- (Dr. Moton)
   d-Carver's complete and tireless devotion to this work
   e- Medical skepticism concerning it, and other coments

2- Lectures and Recognitions during this period

3- Year-long celebration of his fortieth anniversay at Tuskeegee, culminating with unveiling of bust of him at Tuskegee, May, 1937

4- His severe illness and break-down,beginning in autumn of 1937

Chapter XII - UP in the Seventies

This chapter will deal with the years 1938 - to the Present, and will discuss

1- Long, slow recovery(partial) from the breakdown of 1937-38 making necessary curtailment of practically all public lectures, etc.

2- Removal from Rockefeller Hall to apartment in Dorothy Hall

3-Preparations for housing permamently his collections, exhibits, paintings, laboratory, etc. - Building set a side for this purpose, with green house, laboratory, offices, etc. ,near Dorothy Hall -- His work, as his strength permitted, in connection with these preparations, which go forward continuously now.

4- Plans for, and present work on, the plans to e stablish the Carver Creative Research Laboratories at Tuskegee, designed to carry on, under the direction of his present assistant, the work to which Dr. Carver has devoted his time and energies for years.

5- His continuing work in his laboratory today

6- Recent awards, recognitions, honors

a-School at Ways, Ga., dedicated to him by Henry Ford
b-Theodore Roosevelt Award for distinguished service in the field of Science - Presented in New York City, Fall of 1939
c- Speaker on 9th annual Herald-Tribune Forum - "Chemistry and Peace" Fall of 1939

7- Excerpts from his letters to his friends during this period

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May, 1941

This concluding chapter is designed to be somewhat in the nature of a "Postword", similar to the "Foreword, May, 1933", in that here the author comes back into the story in person -- the opening paragraphs to run something like this:

"It is now eight years since that morning in May, 1933, when I sat awaiting the arrival of the chapel speaker at Woman's College in Greensboro, North Carolina. During the eight years that have come and gone since that May morning, I have come to know George W. Carver, who was merely a name to me then, not only as a genuine and greatly cherished friend, but as a man of lasting significance and importance in the life of America; a man who set out to find answers to the questions in his own unusual mind, and found them -- not alone for himself, but for many of his own generation and for generations yet to come.....

"Today a letter arrived from Tuskegee Institute-- a letter beginning 'My esteemed friend, Miss Crisp' -- and with it, a wealth of treasured recollections overflowed in my memory; scenes and words and incidents were again fresh and new in my mind.....

Here will follow first-hand stories of conversations I have had with Dr. Carver at Tuskegee--in his laboratory, his office, on the campus, at Dorothy Hall... chosen to portray, in simple direct manner the tenor of his days during these past 8 years; the simplicity of his daily life; certain characteristic oddities and eccentricities of his nature; his response to the honors, publicity, etc. heaped upon him; his joy in his close friends; the enduring values of his unassuming personal influence; the very human and practical --yet inherently profound nature of his "answers".....

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For: Mr. Ryerson

Notes concerning Carver MSS, materials, sources, etc.

Concerning source materials:

For chapters I thru III, I have depended almost entirely on Dr. Carver's personal recollections, as he has told them to me. The vagueness concerning dates, lengths of time spent in certain places, etc., grows out of his own lack of certain knowledge about these things. He does not know for sure, for instance, when he was born; nor is he sure just how long he remained in Neosho -- just how long he lived out in Beeler, Kansas. I have endeavored as best I could to "check and double-check" on such matters -- but there is bound to be a vagueness here. Probably some statement concerning this should be made in the Foreword, when it is written into ~~his~~ its final form.

I have so far omitted foot-notes of any kind; I hope it will not be necessary to use them. My idea was that for a book of this kind, designed for popular reading yet aspiring to be an authentic source book as well, foot-notes might be omitted, and a Bibliography at the end, with the "Acknowledgements" in the beginning, be counted on to take care of quotation sources, etc.

For chapters IV and V, I have used materials which are not, I think, available to anyone else thus far. Both Mrs. Milholland and Mrs. Liston, who furnished basic first-hand information for these chapters, are now dead. The Milholland MSS was sent to me, to use as I saw fit, by Mrs. Milholland's daughter-- after Mrs. Milholland's death. In every story of his life I have seen, except one brief sketch by Frank Beeler, all mention of his years in Highland and Beeler is omitted. The statement is made that it was a college in Iowa that refused to admit him-- which is, of course, untrue. When I first began to talk with him about these early years, he had forgotten the name of the college. After I ran across the sketch by Frank Beeler, and mentioned it to him, he was able to recall much that, I judge, he had long since forgotten concerning the Highland and Beeler period. The point of this here is that the materials used for these particular chapters are perhaps of unusual value , in that they have not heretofore been made available to the reading public...

Materials for Part II have come chiefly from these sources:

1- Personal observations and conversations on the Tuskegee Institute campus, during my visits there during the years 1934- 1940

2- Study of the materials in the Institute Library, concerning
   The history of the school
   The life and work of Dr. Carver

3- Letters -
   A file of letters from Dr. Carver to Mr. Hardwick, covering the period 1923 - 1934
   My own letters from Dr. Carver - 1933 - the present

Copies of(And some originals) letters to Dr. Carver, a miscellaneous group furnished me by Carver

4-Conversations with various people I have found here and there--people who have known Dr. Carver in some way or other; some who have not known him personally, but know of his work, etc.

5- All written material I have been able to discover, in magazines, newspapers, brief sketches in books, etc., etc.

6- Concerning Chapter VI - A brief discussion of Tuskegee Institute--its origin, nature, atmosphere, etc., seemed to me necessary to a real understanding of Dr. Carver's work, and of his daily life there. I think that the fact that this School is the kind of place it is has had much to do with the kind of contribution he has been able to make in the various areas of American life where his influence has been, and will be, felt. This explains the inclusion of Chapter VI as an introduction to Part II.

7- The partial out-lines for the un-written chapters - X thru the "Postword"-- are intended as purely suggestive, and are not to be taken as actual outlines. These may, in the writing, shape up differently from the suggestions as here given. But these suggestions will indicate the nature of the remainder of the story.

8- The article enclosed was written as a part of class work last summer. It is enclosed here as additional suggestion of the nature of the last few years of Dr. Carver's life- and as indication of what is "yet to come" in the unwritten chapters.

9- The "Postword" idea may not be a good one, and could easily be dropped out. The idea was that I could here say more vividly, perhaps, thru the medium of conversation, some of the things about him that it is difficult to get into a narrative about him . I have thought,too, that it could be made to round out the whole work--being balanced against the Foreword, chapters outside the main body of the narrative, yet actually an important part of it. But I may be wrong about this.....

NOTE:

These pages should have gone along with the MSS, but were accidentally left behind. They follow Chapter IX -

Concerning Dr. Carver in Highland and Beeler

1- What was the size of the town of Highland at this time -- about what was its population ? 600 population

2-Was the life of the town centered chiefly in the University, or were there other major interests that held the town together ? University and 4 Churches & Several good Stores-

3-If there were others, what were they -- mining, etc., etc. ?

4-Was Highland University a church-endowed and controlled college ?
If so, what church or denomination ? Presbyterian - small Endowment
Or privately owned and controlled ? no

Or a State- owned and controlled institution ? no

5-What was the approximate enrolment of the University at this time ? 150.

6-Was it co-educational, or a college for men students only ? Co-Ed

7-Did the students live in the town or in dormitories ? Town - Country & Dormitories

8-Is this University still in existence ? yes

9-Did you recall ever having heard Dr. Carver say why it was he happened to choose Highland University as the college to which he would apply for admission ? yes - said religious school & Community-

10- He was probably the first negro who had applied for admission ? no - Sallie Lee, negro, attended school - afterward taught the negro public school - Later married B. K. Bruce, Registrar U.S. Treas

11-It was the decision of the Board rather than of the president alone that he should not be admitted ? Board I think - Source Ex-relatives my people were abolitionists, strong-

12- Do you recall how it came to be known that he had been refused admission to the University ? He told it to his friends-

13- Was there a great deal of discussion about it in the town and in the University itself, with groups siding strongly either with him or against him ? Discussed some as is usual in small towns- He had a strong following of friends, largely Christian ladies-

130
22
108
310
1080
324
33,480

14-Do you recall anything of how the students and the faculty thought about it ? Faculty divided- Students thought it an outrage-

15-Where did Dr. Carver stay while this was going on --- with someone in the town, or in some little shack by himself, or did he leave the town immediately ? He stayd about a year afterward living at my old home the John Beeler farm a mile south East of town, keeping house for father & mother & in town batching while doing laundry work & keeping up with his studies

16-Were you at home when this happened, or were you in Des Moines at Drake University then ? I was in Highland University part time and then graduated in Drake University-

17-Do you happen to remember how it was that Dr. Carver came to work on your father's farm-- Did your father and mother, in protest against the decision of the Board, make an effort to get in touch with him and help him by giving work, or did he happen to apply to them in his search for something to do ? We all felt sorry for him and father & mother got him and put him to work- Protested against such unfair treatment-

18-What kind of work did he do for your father ? Farm work, but mostly house keeping & Laundry work

19-Were there many colored people living in or around Highland at that time ? yes, a good many-

20-Did colored and white children go to the same public schools in and around that vicinity then ? No - we had a Colored public School taught by a white teacher most of the time -

21-After Dr. Carver had worked for your father, your family was very much interested in him and tried to help him in any possible ways ? yes-

22- You often saw and talked with him when you were at home on vacations from Drake ? Yes

23- What would you say seemed to be his most unusual characteristics at that time ? He learned to scientific research, music, Fine Arts. painting & helpful of his race -

24-How far from Highland is Beeler ? Beeler was surveyed by myself & started and is in Ness Co. Ks. 83 miles west of Great Bend - probably 325 miles from Highland
(In what county is Highland ? Doniphan)

25-Do you recall how he happened to come out to you at Beeler-- was it at your suggestion, or his, or whose ? yes, he seemed to think a good deal of me and simply followed me out onto the frontier also Bird Lee & family, Colored, & a Colored woman from Topeka Ks.

26-What size town was Beeler then ? 50 population - 100 now And what was its principal interest ? Farming & grazing & oil

It was given your name because you surveyed it ? yes-

27- With whom did Dr. Carver study painting, music, etc. while he stayed on in Highland, after he was not allowed to matriculate at the University ? Simply by himself, or under the instruction of some of the University faculty, or aided by other people in town ?
By himself -

28- What was a "dry Claim" ? Unimproved 160 acres, no water on same

What did it mean to "take up a dry claim " ? File with the U.S. Govt. Land office at Wakeeney, Ks.

29- Are any people still living for whom he worked on the Gregg-Steeley Live Stock Co. ? If so, who are they ? Dead & moved away -
Ranch

30- Do you happen to know why he decided to leave Kansas and go to Winterset, Iowa ? no -

31- Were there other families like your own in Highland especially interested in him and who were his friends as your people were ? yes -

If so, who were they, and do they still live in Highland ?
Mrs Wilson Baird, Mrs Jno. P. Johnson, Mrs Dr W.G. Hammond - Mr Josiah Reeber, my father, Banker & stock man & farmer -

32-What was the country surrounding Highland like at that time-- flat plains ~~Some~~ forests. ~~Yes~~ mountainous. ~~Bluffs~~ hilly and rolling.. ~~Yes~~ Well populated... ~~Yes~~ - comparatively isolated section of country ~~Rich~~ Good farming country ~~Yes~~ No Rail Road - 4 miles on East, & 7 miles on South, St Joe & Grand Island Ry -