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BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

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Reprinted from the *Journal of Negro Education*, October, 1936

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Mr. Chairman, President Patterson, Members of the Board of Trustees, Officers, Teachers and Students of Tuskegee Institute, Friends:

I last stood upon this platform fourteen years ago to this very date, and this exact hour. We had gathered to celebrate Founder's Day, and to present to the Trustees of the Institute the Keck Memorial which stands within the shadow of this edifice.

Probably no more notable, or cosmopolitan, audience had previously assembled anywhere in the United States. Statesmen, educators, representatives of great philanthropic boards, representatives of the educational departments of the great denominations among us, members of the Honorary Unveiling Committee from twenty-four states and the District of Columbia, representatives of the several social service boards of which the Founder had been a member; Trustees and friends who had come in special cars from New York, Chicago, Washington, Atlanta, Hampton, New Orleans, and nearer points, and last, and not least, hundreds and hundreds of that group of people whom he most loved—men and women who are "farthest down,"—made up that assembled audience. Mr. and Mrs. Willcox, Dr. Schieffelin, Mr. William M. Scott, Mr. Charles E.

Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenwald and their friends, Mr. Wickersham, Judge Thomas, Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Dr. George Cleveland Hall, the Honorable Josephus Daniels, C. C. Spaulding, Bishop Robert E. Jones, Dr. John Hope, Victor H. Tulane, Miss Charlotte Brown Hawkins, J. R. E. Lee, Perry W. Howard, Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, Fred R. Moore, Judge James A. Cobb, Charles Banks, Claude Barnett, E. P. Booze, J. O. Thomas, J. Finley Wilson, Dr. Moton and Mr. Logan, of course, and others of similar note, renown and achievement, were here. It was an occasion of significant importance.

We were then so close to the date of the Founder's passing that gaping wounds still were open and flowing. It was to be expected that the expressions of that hour should take the form of funereal regret and sorrow. But, today, we come with no crepe upon our arms, or the heaviness of mourning in our hearts, to give voice to effusions of tearful sentiment. Instead, we come to celebrate the incomparable purity of a life that was filled with inspiration, whose sympathy with mankind was universal, and who was "the delight of nobility and gentry alike." We now come to celebrate the life of one whose diffusive happiness was communicated to all with whom he came in contact, and whose marvelous humor and witty speech "played like summer lightnings

¹ Founder's Day Address at The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, April 5, 1936.

over far horizons." Such men do not die. As proud legacies their lofty character and ideals live after them.

I have said such men do not die. A few weeks ago I read in a Washington newspaper a tribute to an old newspaper man who had died. The newspaper had chronicled the "death" of this newspaper man. The writer of the tribute took exception to the statement. He wrote:

So you think my friend is dead. Anyhow, that is what you said in your newspaper yesterday. Well, you are wrong. Some people never actually die. They may go through all the motions just like the rest of us ordinary folks, but they don't really die. They are like institutions. Of course, something happens to them just as it does to all of us mortals. They put off what the poet called "this muddy vesture of decay" and actually are seen no longer, but they leave behind them an essence, a sort of pervasive, psychic influence that makes you vaguely aware that they are always, somewhere, very near. And they just keep on and on, in the hearts and minds and consciousness of those who knew them. My friend dead? Don't be ridiculous. Perhaps we'll never again see his beloved old figure nor the twinkle in his eye and never again hear the sound of his voice. But what does that signify? There are lots of things you can't see, but you know they are there all the same. You just feel their presence near.

Is it not true that we, too, feel that the Founder is not dead? Is it not true that he, too, has left behind him "an essence, a sort of pervasive, psychic influence" that makes us aware he is always very, very near, and do we not know he will always "keep going on and on and on" in the minds and consciousness of those of us who knew and trusted and followed and loved him?

Well, that is the man of whom I am expected to speak for a few min-

utes today. During the last twenty, and more, years I have spoken so often, formally and informally, of him in various parts of the country that I shall have to beg your indulgence if perchance I give utterance to some sentiment you have already heard from my voice or read from my pen.

In coming to Tuskegee for these exercises, in response to the cordial invitation of President Patterson and the Executive Council, I find myself overcome by an overwhelming sense of responsibility in attempting to evaluate his life and work. I think I need not undertake to express my deep sense of appreciation of the invitation, and of the many kindnesses and attention I have received ever since I reached the grounds of this internationally-known institution. To me, it is as though I am again visiting "the old home."

And what memories have come unbidden to my mind as I have walked among these scenes—many old, some new, but all reminiscent of the presence of that magnificent figure that, for more than thirty-four years, moved among them, giving grounds and buildings alike something of the majesty of his own sturdy life and character.

As I speak here today, I do not find myself tempted to engage your attention with oratorical, or rhapsodical, eulogy of that simple man who came to be, to all of us, guide, philosopher, and friend.

For twenty-two years I was connected with this institution, and for eighteen of those years I was his close confidant, his willing and enthusiastic helper, his associate, his secretary. If I choose to speak of him in simple

terms, I feel I shall have paid him and his memory and his tireless labors not so much "A Perfect Tribute" as the tribute he would most desire and appreciate.

First of all, I would have my generation and the one that has followed, and succeeding generations, as well, recall him, not as a legendary figure, but as a man of great simplicity, honesty and efficiency; a tireless executive who successfully guided the destinies of a great experiment in education; a thoroughgoing thinker; a doer of the word; one who hated pretense, bombast, and all forms of hypocrisy and make-believe; a deeply religious man who believed in God with a childlike faith; and finally, as one who triumphed over great, almost insurmountable difficulties, and reached the highest pinnacle of fame and success by reason of his strength of character, his skill, his endurance, his extraordinary energy, and his eyesingleness in the prosecution of a great mission. I would give you as best I can an intimate picture of that man who went among us, day by day, doing his work with most determined, never-flagging, indomitable industry. I would, if I can, have you see him as I saw him, day by day, in the close intimacy of personal and official relationship, and in moments of storm and stress, as he went about his self-appointed task of making enduring contributions to human progress, helping to lift a race from the miasmatic swamps of ignorance and superstition, while always hoping that, in some small way, he might help forward the common good of all the people of our America.

Whittier best describes him:

Formed on the good, old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest
man!

He blew no trumpet in the market place,
Nor in the church with hypocrite face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian
grace;

Loathing patience, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were
still.

FIRST CONTACTS WITH DR. WASHINGTON

I first reached here Sunday morning, September 10, 1897. There may be some slight mistake in my recollection of the date, but none with regard to the day. It was the first Sunday after the opening of the new school term.

I had given up the publication of a little four-page newspaper in Texas through whose columns I had attracted his attention, to accept his invitation to come here as one of his helpers. I wish there were time to give you some idea of my impressions of the man during those first few months as I sought to adjust myself to the duties of the position to which I had been called. I can only mention in brief outline some of my thoughts and reactions as I communed and worked with that magnetic personality. I had met him once before, three months previously, when he came to Texas to address the white and colored citizens of my home town, Houston. I had read of him, written of him, and, from a far-away distance, admired and supported him. Awe, I think, best characterizes the feeling I had upon that first meeting.

Eleven days after I had presented him to that audience of my fellow citizens, upon which occasion, I need not tell you, he had captured their hearts,

their minds, their imaginations, he wrote from Chicago asking if I would consider a proposition to come to Tuskegee as a member of his administrative staff.

He seemed then, as I think of him even now, as a being set apart, a figure of majesty and power, baffling, almost inscrutable, and yet, in his marvelous simplicity, as transparent as truth itself.

He greeted my arrival without any of that hearty fervor and effusiveness I had half-way expected. He was matter of fact—too much so, I almost disappointedly confessed to myself.

The regular Sunday morning chapel exercises were about to begin. His wife was away. He asked me to accompany him. We sat far up near the platform of the Old Pavilion—this beautiful building had not then been finished, or dedicated. He entered into the worship of the hour in a deeply reverent way. During the whole service I noticed he was the cynosure of all eyes, his students and teachers alike seeming to view him with idolatrous eyes as they cast furtive glances in his direction.

The next day I reported at his office. With but short preliminaries, he began to advise me of what he would expect, and then pushed toward me a huge pile of diversified correspondence, and remarked most casually, without even going over it with me, "I wish you would dispose of these letters as rapidly as possible," and walked from the office.

I was aghast. I had never up to that time dictated a letter. Two stenographers sat quietly by waiting for me to begin the day's work—measuring me, studying me, I felt. I had to make a beginning somehow, and so I did, first

with one and then the other of his helpers. In the afternoon, with beating heart and much trepidation of spirit, I passed the correspondence to him for review and signature. Promptly he signed that sheaf of letters, reserving only two of them, as memory now serves me, for re-dictation. Naturally, I was a very happy young man that I had seemed to translate his thoughts and ideas in the replies made.

Later, I came to recognize his action in my case as a distinguishing characteristic. Having chosen an assistant for a given task, he trusted him; put him upon his own resources, and held him to strict accountability without needless nagging or interference. Once he had selected members of his staff for trusted posts, he gave them his complete trust and confidence. In this respect he was not unlike his great friend, Theodore Roosevelt, who so often boasted of the high caliber and capability of the members of his Cabinet, and of his dependence upon them.

No wonder we all came to love him, and to honor him with a loyalty untarnished by even the suspicion of faithlessness, or disloyalty. His enthusiasms became our enthusiasms. His restless, tireless efforts energized and galvanized us. His faith in men, white and black, became our faith. His firm belief in the truth of the philosophy of the education for which Tuskegee stood and stands became our firm belief. The chart of action he proclaimed for raising a dependent race out of the ashes of despair into the bright sunlight of hope and achievement became our chart of action. His appeal for just consideration of his race at the hands of the dominant

group in the United States became ours. His insistence that opportunities carry with them corresponding responsibilities we accepted and preached as earnestly as he did.

We, his associates and helpers, felt no envy of his growing influence and power; instead, we sought to add strength to his labors, modestly feeling that by loyally supporting him, we were helping to make more effective his labors, and that we were helping to add to his stature and to his power for good for race and country.

FOUNDATION OF THE "GREATER TUSKEGEE"

Those were the days when were being laid the foundations of what we, at that time, called the "Greater Tuskegee." The new chapel, a gift of those truly God-like saints, the Misses Caroline and Olivia E. P. Stokes, was being completed, to be dedicated March 22, 1898, to give the institution an assembly room to take the place of that beloved, thatched "Old Pavilion" in which so many notables had been welcomed.

The famous Atlanta Exposition Speech had been delivered, and also the Robert Gould Shaw address at the dedication of the deathless monument which stands on Boston Common. The deliverance at Cambridge upon receiving the honorary degree, Master of Arts, the first of his race to receive an honorary degree within the classic shades of Old Harvard, had also electrified the nation.

He had been hailed as the spokesman of his race, the apostle of industrial education, the great conciliator, the prophet of a new day. Clark Howell, Editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*,

had commended him as having enunciated a platform upon which both races in the South could stand with equal justice to all. Henry Watterson, militant editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*; Colonel W. W. Screws, Editor of the *Montgomery Advertiser*, and his associate, Honorable F. P. Glass, and the responsible press of the South supported him and made easier his way with the Southern people. Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, had warmly congratulated him, and became to the day of his death, a warm and never-failing friend. The electric sensation of the hour was the modest Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.

Other buildings followed the new chapel in quick succession—the former Trades' Building, so much needed at that time; new dormitories for girls and boys, White Hall, Douglass Hall, Tantum Hall, Huntington Hall, Rockefeller Hall; and the four Emery buildings; a new Office Building (the Founder would never permit us to call it by so high-sounding a name as the Administration Building); a new Hospital Building, the gift of that lover of Tuskegee, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Mason, of Boston, granddaughter of John A. Andrew, War Governor of Massachusetts, who had commissioned and sent to war during the Civil Conflict of the 60's, the first colored regiment, the famous 54th, commanded by Robert Gould Shaw, to whom I have already referred; a new Academic Building, a new Library Building, the Millbank Agricultural Building, Dorothy Hall, the stately Dining Hall, and many others, including also modern up-to-date residences for members of the ad-

ministrative and teaching staff. These were a part of that building program.

The donors of buildings and sustaining friends represented the "Who's Who of Philanthropy in America": Collis P. Huntington, the Misses Stokes, to whom I have referred; William H. Baldwin, Jr., Andrew Carnegie, John Wanamaker, Robert C. Ogden, Joseph H. Choate, Henry H. Rogers, George Foster Peabody, the Whites of Brooklyn, Morris K. Jesup, George Eastman, the John D. Rockefeller, father and son; Francis and William Lloyd Garrison, Jacob H. Schiff, the Warburgs, Paul and Felix; the Misses Mason of Boston, General William J. Palmer; Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts; later, also, those princes of philanthropy and sympathizers with the under-privileged and the disadvantaged—Julius Rosenwald, Seth Low, Frank Trumbull, Wm. M. Scott, Edgar A. Bancroft, William Jay Schieffelin, and hundreds and hundreds of others, North and South, constituted the Roll of Honor of those who sought to honor themselves in helping him and sustaining his work.

No story of his career should omit reference to that sweet character, Dr. Hollis Burke Frissell, successor of General Armstrong at Hampton, who counted it a privilege and responsibility to work in sympathetic coöperation at all times with Hampton's most famous graduate.

A record of those who helped and encouraged him in his work would also be incomplete if it failed to refer to the visits to Tuskegee of President William McKinley in December 1898, and President Theodore Roosevelt in 1905. Their visits served once again to center the attention of the civilized

world upon Tuskegee Institute and its Founder, and drew from these two statesmen and members of their cabinets encomiums which were echoed and re-echoed in every part of our country.

As great as was the help and support of these I have mentioned, I must not fail to mention two other friends of that early day—one white, the other colored—who had written General Armstrong at Hampton for a teacher. Those first days of struggle were the hardest, the most discouraging. His own tribute to them is more impressive than any words I can supply. In *Up From Slavery*, he thus refers to them:

In the midst of all the difficulties I encountered in getting Tuskegee started, and since . . . there are two men among all the many friends of the school upon whom I have depended constantly for advice and guidance, and . . . from whom I have never sought anything in vain,—Mr. George W. Campbell, a former slave-holder, and Mr. Lewis Adams, a black man, a former slave. . . . From the first, these two men saw clearly what my plan of education was, sympathized with me, and supported me in every effort.

Mr. Campbell's sympathy, interest and support were left as a legacy to his son, Mr. W. W. Campbell, who was his father's successor on the Board of Trustees, and for many years Vice-Chairman of the Board. Other helpers during those early years were the substantial citizens of the town, the State, the South. To mention only a few: Doctor J. L. M. Curry, of the John F. Slater Fund; Doctor John Massey, of the Alabama Female College, whose daughter spoke so feelingly, challengingly, and courageously from this platform a few years ago; the Drakefords, the Johnstons, the Varners, the Hares, the Wrights, and every governor of the

state, from the beginning of the establishment of the institution, and practically every state superintendent of education, not only of Alabama, but of nearly every other Southern state, as well.

And now, so much for historical reminiscence.

WASHINGTON—MAN OF THE WORLD

I have referred to that electric hour, after delivery of the Atlanta Exposition Address, when the Founder found himself with the pitiless flood-lights of publicity and national prominence focused upon him. How did he react to his new-found eminence, as his counsel and advice were sought by the mighty of the earth, not only of America, but of England, Germany, South Africa, the West Indies, Liberia, Hayti, and other countries?

With honors heaped high and adulation lavished upon him, did he become vaunted, puffed up? Let his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, the incarnate evangel of the Square Deal, answer. Said Mr. Roosevelt at the Memorial Exercises held by the Trustees here at Tuskegee, within a month of his passing:

If I were obliged to choose one sentence out of all the sentences that have been written in which to sum up what seems to me to be the deepest religious spirit, I should take a phrase from the Prophet Micah, which says: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with his God." And Booker Washington did justice, and he loved mercy, and he walked humbly with his God. He spent his life in service, in serving the people of his own race, and in serving the people of my race just as much. He did justice to every man, and no injustice done him could swerve him from the path of

justice to others; and he not only loved mercy, but he lived the love he felt for mercy; and finally, he walked humbly with his God. There was not in him a touch of the servile spirit; there was not in him a touch of unworthy abasement, but there was the genuine humility of spirit that made him eager and anxious to walk humbly with his God for the welfare of his race.

There have been those who often have sought to read into the Founder's life a spirit contrary to the estimate pronounced by President Roosevelt, and that is why I am venturing to bring to your attention this just evaluation of the spirit which characterized his life and his work. Humility, with him, was not servility. He continued the even tenor of his way. He was unspoiled by the great honors which came to him. There was in him no room for personal vanity. Clearly he saw fundamentals. Seeing his way, he could not be deflected into by-paths either by criticism, or unreasonable reviling. He continued to hold, and to proclaim, that the members of his race, each individual thereof, must seek to acquire basic character, those qualities and fundamental virtues which contribute to make men and women useful members of society through practical, purposeful work. He was not ashamed to preach the gospel of industry and thrift. He felt that only through them could men and women of his race permanently win their way.

From the very beginning, his educational program was more or less revolutionary when contrasted with the traditional scholasticism of the time, for he placed his emphasis upon and paid more attention to forming character than to the precocious aptitudes of his pupils. This was, for that period, education of a new kind, and a radical

departure from the academic formalism of the usual school-room.

He was a constructive force for good. Best of all, he always had a program. The public believed in him, in his sincerity, and in the practicability of his plans and programs.

He indulged in no labored processes of rationalization in the working out of his educational philosophy. Intuitively he felt the needs and necessities of a race, and devoted himself with all his powers of mind and heart to making effective a program of race advancement. As a result he contributed more fundamental principles to the present-day pragmatic philosophy of education than any other single individual, or school of thought.

I have said he was a practical, constructive force. Mirages did not attract him. Rainbows could not lead him to seek mythical pots of gold at their end. With Cavour, who brought about national unity in Italy, he had "great enthusiasm for the possible." He knew, as Daniel Webster once said, "There is nothing so powerful as truth."

He fashioned and inspired the organization of supplemental agencies for the well-being of his race. To mention only a few: The nation-wide influence of the National Negro Business League, with its affiliated organizations; the National Negro Teachers' Association, afterward re-named the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools; the National Medical Association, then composed of Negro physicians, dentists, and pharmacists; the celebration of Negro Health Week, now supported and directed by the U. S. Public Health Service; the Tuskegee Negro Conference, composed of

Negro farmers and planters. He was associated with the National Urban League, with the organization of which he was associated with Mrs. Ruth S. Baldwin, wife of his friend and counsellor, William H. Baldwin, Jr.; and the Anna T. Jeanes Foundation, of which he was a trustee from the date of its establishment to the day of his death. He was primarily responsible in interesting and influencing Miss Anna T. Jeanes to provide this philanthropy of one million dollars in support of rural Negro schools, and in helping to select the members of its first Board of Trustees—the Honorable William H. Taft, then President-elect; Mr. Carnegie, Hon. Walter H. Page, Editor of *The World's Work*, who later became Ambassador to Great Britain; Dr. Frissell, Mr. Peabody, Mr. Talcott Williams, noted editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, afterward Director of the Pulitzer School of Journalism; and also that beloved, unflinching friend of Negro education, that Southerner of Southerners, that prince of gentlemen, who has devoted all of the succeeding years to its work, Dr. J. H. Dillard, who surrendered a prized berth at Tulane University to devote his mellow wisdom and wonderful talents to the work of an under-privileged group of his fellow-citizens. Of course, I must not fail to mention also that wonderful group of colored publicists and leaders who also were members of the Jeanes Fund Board at its organization—Bishop Grant, Doctor Moton, who later came to Tuskegee as Principal; Mr. Napier, afterward Register of the U.S. Treasury, and that indefatigable, rare soul, Mr. R. L. Smith, who had up to that time, and since,

devoted his life to advancing the educational interests of the colored people of Texas.

The Founder was also a Trustee of Fisk University at Nashville, and of Howard University at Washington.

He was a trusted adviser of the officials of the General Education Board, a Rockefeller benefaction, as Dr. Buttrick testified when he delivered the Founder's Day address here in 1922. And who is it that does not know that it was through him Mr. Rosenwald was led to undertake with passionate devotion and beneficence the effort to make the South blossom as a rose by making possible more than 5,000 rural schools for colored children in nearly 1,000 counties of practically all the Southern states, at a cost, including his contributions, those from colored people, and from public funds, of nearly \$30,000,000; thereby providing for the education of nearly three-quarters of a million children, and giving employment to approximately 1,500 teachers, not to mention other philanthropies well known to you who gather here today.

This philanthropy was so princely in conception and execution and so staggering in helpful usefulness as to challenge universal praise and gratitude. What these rural school houses have meant in the life of the colored people of the South, and to the South itself, it is impossible to estimate or adequately describe. And yet, despite the Founder's labors in many fields of activity, his enduring fame, in my opinion, will rest chiefly upon his work in the field of education, and his program of seeking to promote and to cement interracial understandings in

the South and throughout the nation—equitable, fair and just to all.

I have referred to his fame in the field of education. His books—*Up From Slavery*, *The Future of the American Negro*, *Working With the Hands*, *My Larger Education*, *The Man Farthest Down*, *Putting the Most in Life*, *Character Building*, to mention only a portion of his literary output, emphasize, over and over again, his educational philosophy. Deeply bedded therein are pearls of wisdom, nuggets of thought, setting forth "the dignity, the beauty, and the civilizing power of intelligently directed labor"; and also programs of race adjustment, race advancement, and economic and spiritual development.

He was favored by God with the rare gift of oratory, but he seems to have recognized a fact, recently expressed by Ernest Sutherland Bates, in *Current History*, that "oratory is an emotional rather than an intellectual activity," and so his eloquence was always of a restrained quality. He addressed himself to the reasoning and reasoned intelligence of his hearers instead of seeking to play, as well he might, upon easily stirred and unstable emotions. As was said of Abraham Lincoln, "he wrote and spoke the language of literary simplicity."

I have said his claim to fame in the world of education is secure. Several years ago, a Commission of the Department of Superintendence, composed of superintendents of education throughout the United States, affiliated with the National Education Association, reported, after a long-time study, the names of the ten persons it considered as having contributed most to

the development of education in America—living educators not being considered. After a survey of the whole field of education, this Commission named the following as having contributed most to educational effectiveness in the United States: Henry Barnard, the early organizer of State public schools; Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University for 40 years; Thomas H. Gallaudet, Founder of the first school for the deaf at Hartford, Connecticut; James M. Greenwood, Kansas City, Missouri, Superintendent of Schools for 40 years; William T. Harris, who helped to establish in St. Louis the first permanent kindergarten; Horace Mann, pioneer in behalf of universal education; William H. Maxwell, the first Superintendent of Schools of Greater New York; Francis W. Parker, exponent of democracy in the schools; Emma Hart Willard, leader in behalf of education for women; and then, to these nine was added another, the Founder of Tuskegee Institute—Booker T. Washington.

Professor Merle Curti, of Smith College, in his book, *The Social Ideas of American Educators*, published last year, included all except one of those chosen by the National Education Association as outstanding American educators. The Founder still retains his rank in this select list. Dr. Curti asserts that it was "Booker Washington's emphasis on the social significance of a purposeful education which lies at the heart of his social philosophy and which made him a great American educator."

Dr. William T. Harris, influential American educator of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, declared in 1904 that Booker Wash-

ington's program for Negro education was of "so universal a character that it applied to the downtrodden of all races, without reference to color."

Feeble as my words may be in seeking to bring to your attention what this high recognition means, I am sure you appreciate its full and deep significance. He has taken his place among the immortals in the field of American education.

I have not sought in this hasty review of his life and work to tell of those days of dirt floors and rags for carpets; of hard, bitter struggle and suffering; of working in salt mines and walking from West Virginia to Hampton, of which he had heard as a miracle place where boys and girls could secure an education by working for it; of his first examination at Hampton which consisted of being directed to clean a class room, and of how triumphantly and successfully he passed it. But there is one thing, in this connection, I would have you remember. He never lamented, or was ashamed of his early beginnings and privations. He always seemed to have a conscious pride in recalling how he had thwarted circumstance, and overcome obstacles; and he never ceased to teach his pupils the enduring qualities of perseverance, self-reliance, self-sacrifice, and honorable ambition. He recognized the fact that qualities such as these contribute to the "durable satisfactions of life."

He found himself, upon graduation from Hampton, an educational and spiritual grandchild of Mark Hopkins who had inspired Samuel Chapman Armstrong, and who in turn passed on to the Founder of Tuskegee some portion of the spirit of Hopkins and of himself.

It would not be difficult to bring before you the picture of the newly-freed slave, sleeping under wooden pavements in Richmond, Virginia; a waif keeping body and soul together as best he could, with a burning thirst for education and a desire to get ahead in the world, together with the achievements of his lifetime, and the triumphs of his marvelous career. They prove, if they prove anything, that in truth his life was a triumph of democracy in America. And it is this man, our Founder, whose life-story reads like some stirring romance, who having drunk to its very lees all that poverty and servitude, with their discouraging handicaps, could offer, who is enrolled among the first ten of American educators in America.

In the field of race relations he was also a dominant figure, the keystone of his philosophy being that historic sentence of his: "*No man shall drag me down so low as to make me hate him.*" Well is this sentiment graven upon yonder monument along with others from his voice and pen; for it was in truth the very touchstone—the secret, if there be any secret, of his great success in interpreting black men to white men and white men to black men.

He had a knack of getting close to people, of overcoming racial prejudices; and was always fired with the desire and determination to overcome racial misunderstandings and, if possible, to obliterate racial bitterness. He believed in America; he believed in its opportunities. He was willing to share his portion of its responsibilities. He felt, with all of his heart, that to achieve a sure economic foundation, the race must pay the price—"the price

of sleepless nights; the price of toil when others rest; the price of planning today for tomorrow; the price of planning this year for next year." Two of his most notable slogans were "*Freedom is not a bequest but a conquest.*" "*An ounce of application is worth a ton of abstraction.*"

These quotations sum up all of his thinking with respect to race advancement, and were, in very truth, the guiding principles which played so large a part in pushing him to places of high leadership in the world of education, and in the world of public affairs.

He never sought to stir feelings of acrimony and hate, but instead sought to ameliorate misunderstandings. He knew that the spiritual history of civilization indicates that the path of mankind is ever, ever upward, and that minorities must win their way not by platitudes and shibboleths, but by hard, unceasing work.

He was a student of the Bible; he believed in It with all of his heart and with all of his soul, and he adapted It to all his relations in life; in fact, in the words of the Apostle James, he was "swift to hear, slow to speak, and slow to wrath." And yet, lest one is tempted to believe that he was "soft," it may be well for me to remark that, while amiable and tolerant, he could, upon occasion, become sublimely positive, wrathful and righteously indignant when face to face with incompetence, or injustice, or any semblance thereof.

DR. WASHINGTON'S SUCCESSORS

And now, and finally, that day long dreaded, arrived. The wasted, weakened body could no longer carry the burdens which had been imposed upon

it. And with it also came that second period in the history of the school. "Major" Moton, as he was affectionately known, was called by the Trustees as successor to the Founder. He took up the burdens and the responsibilities of the institution with zest and courage, and carried on the work in the devout spirit of the Founder. He strengthened and expanded courses of study, won new friends for the institution, added new buildings to the already large number adorning the campus, and increased the endowment funds of the institution. Honors also quickly came to him as the result of his own earnest endeavors, and institutions of learning throughout the country honored him with their highest honorary degrees. The title, "Major" Moton, gave way to the title, "Doctor" Moton, and most worthily has he worn these honors. At the end of 20 years, he retired with the affectionate regard of all with whom he had been associated.

And now we enter upon the third epoch of the school's history. Frederick Douglass Patterson, master of clear thinking and forthright speaking, comes to the helm. He signalized his advent as the third President of the Institute with a bold declaration of educational policy. "There are to be no changes in the fundamental educational policy of the Institution," he said, "because there is an increased rather than a decreased need for a technical program of education for Negroes." He recognizes Tuskegee, not only as "the exponent of sound and unique philosophies," but also as "the barometer of the fundamental progress of the American Negro," and as "a tribute to high motives of philanthro-

py." This new leader, raised by God to continue this great work, recognizes the fact that "Tuskegee began with a practical philosophy of education, and must be able to continue contributing in a definite and tangible way to the general welfare of our country." He recognized, in his first official statement as President, that "the practical demands made on education, especially technical education, require that institutions of learning keep their programs in a state of flexibility and sensitive to external changes." In this he finds himself in company with the great Founder who was quick to recognize progressive changes in education, and to coördinate them with the primary principles of the Institute's history and traditions.

The destiny of the great institution is in safe and capable hands.

It is fortunate for the youth of the land, and especially the young men and women who come to Tuskegee, as they face the social dilemmas of the hour, that so gallant a knight has been called to the headship of this great institution. With the active and sympathetic support of a Board of Trustees, as devoted as any in the land, guiding its destinies, it is bound to go on from strength to strength.

The great Founder, secure in the affections and memory of millions of people throughout the world; secure in the fame of one who was willing to lose his life that he might find it, looks down, I am sure, with approving eyes upon the progress of the institution, in the knowledge that the great work he founded and carried on will continue to redound to the glory of God and of man.