

COME ONE, COME ALL, TO OGLETHORPE

Dr. Thornwell Jacobs Has Built His University by Headlines, Persuasion and Degrees

By Rufus Jarman

"BY VIRTUE of the authority granted us by the Commonwealth of Georgia and in the name of the board of directors of Oglethorpe University, I confer upon you the degree of doctor of laws, with all the rights, privileges and high dignities customarily associated therewith."

Using these solemn words, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, of Atlanta, has created one of the most distinguished groups of men and women in America—the honorary alumni of Oglethorpe University. He is the

president and founder of Oglethorpe. During the school's twenty-one commencements to date he has handed out approximately 160 honorary degrees to a group of citizens selected from the upper stratum of Who's Who, Dun & Bradstreet and the New Deal—with a sprinkling of Georgia politicians and Southern ministers.

Mr. Roosevelt is an honorary alumnus of Oglethorpe. So is William Randolph Hearst. James A. Farley, Mrs. Ogden Reid, Walter Lippmann and the late Gutzon Borglum have journeyed to Oglethorpe for honorary degrees. So have Joseph P. Kennedy, William Green, John Golden, Gov. Herbert H. Lehman and the late Amelia Earhart Putnam. And Homer S. Cummings, Dorothy Dix, the late Charles Edwin Mitchell, Bernard M. Baruch, T. S. Stribling, the late Sen. Royal S. Copeland, Jesse H. Jones and Caroline Goodwin O'Day. Also Frank E. Gannett and the late Paul Block, newspaper executives; David Sarnoff, the radio executive; J. Robert Rubin, the motion-picture executive; Charles R. Hook, the steel executive; John Harvey Kellogg, of Battle Creek; and Eugene ("Ole Gene") Talmadge, Georgia's red-gallused governor from Sugar Creek. The first degree Oglethorpe ever issued was honorary, to President Wilson.

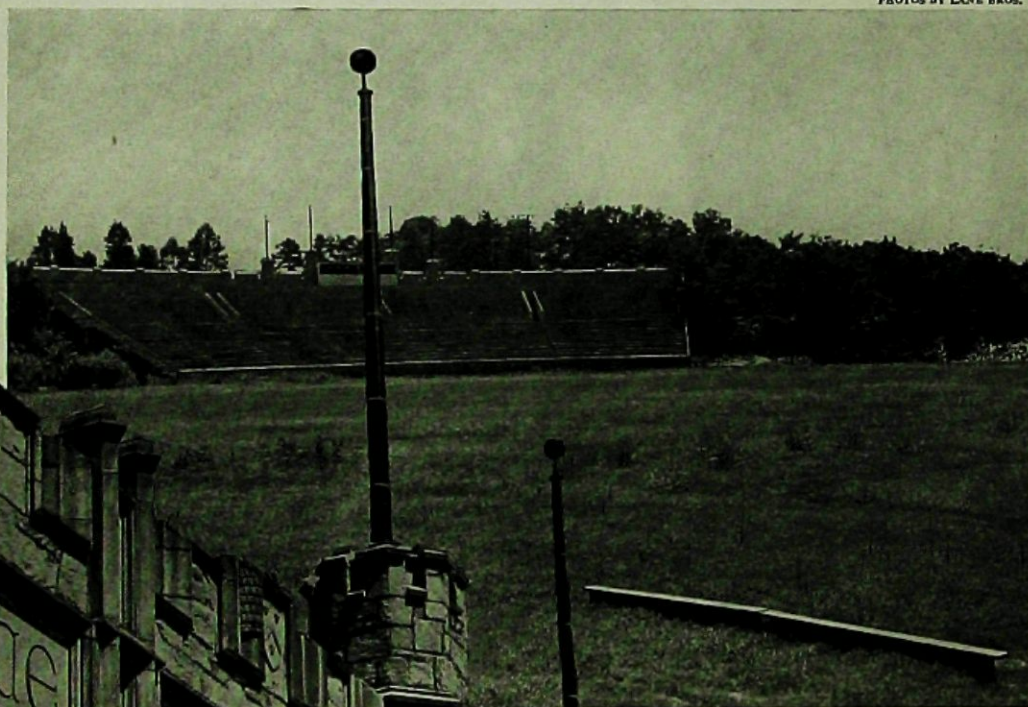
It is naturally supposed that any school must be big, or wealthy, or ancient to command such a group. Oglethorpe has none of these quali-

fications. The school has only three buildings, sitting in a huge campus ten miles north of Atlanta. There are, perhaps, 250 resident students. During its twenty-five years of life, Oglethorpe has undergone more financial difficulties than the Confederate Congress. What has Oglethorpe got that other small and poor institutions haven't got? The answer is: Dr. Thornwell Jacobs.

Each commencement Oglethorpe makes the front pages with her honorary graduates. Doctor Jacobs usually can be counted on to produce several other newsworthy ideas every year. These announcements usually cause Atlanta editors to comment that Doctor Jacobs could make a million as a circus impresario. They count him a publicity genius.

Doctor Jacobs has devoted the last thirty years to making the world Oglethorpe-conscious. For the sake of Oglethorpe he invaded England several years ago. His mission was to dig up a corpse, usually a secretive affair. But before his trip was over he had wrung more publicity from the corpse snatching than was ever realized from a similar project, except for the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb. He put Oglethorpe in the news with the "first radio school in the world." He started the world's first class of "mental supermen," with the idea of teaching them about everything there is to know in six years. He hit the domestic headlines again when he began building a football stadium to resemble the Colosseum at Rome, and of course the name of Oglethorpe rang round the world when

PHOTOS BY LANE BROS.



Passers-by see only "the finest stadium gate in America," as far as Doctor Jacobs got on his dream of duplicating the Roman Colosseum. The upper photograph shows what lies behind this imposing façade.





Dr. Thornwell Jacobs with a notable non-conquest, Asa G. Candler (right), founder of Coca-Cola. Philanthropist Candler gave millions to Emory University, instead of Oglethorpe.



On his knees, William Randolph Hearst receives an honorary degree from Doctor Jacobs, who collected many a dividend on the investment.

he created a Crypt of Civilization to preserve the twentieth century's scientific and cultural progress and the name of Oglethorpe for the dwellers on earth 6172 years from now.

Doctor Jacobs started to build a university without the support of a church, or the state, or an endowment fund. He relied principally on his powers of promotion, but it has required more than that to pull Oglethorpe through. It has taken some fantastic business manipulations, but Doctor Jacobs has never failed. He managed by delaying creditors, reducing faculty salaries to little more than room and board, and by cutting the very trees from the campus and selling them for lumber.

That happened when a real-estate firm was threatening to foreclose on a woodland park of some 400 acres, including eighty-acre Silver Lake, presented to Oglethorpe by Mr. Hearst. He had purchased the tract for the school, agreeing to pay \$135,000 in annual installments of \$25,000. The payments continued until hard times hit the Hearst newspaper empire. The publisher's installments ceased. With \$30,000 still owing in principal, interest and fees, the real-estate firm took steps to foreclose.

With characteristic persuasiveness, Doctor Jacobs induced the firm to accept \$10,000 cash for the \$30,000 debt. He then borrowed \$10,000 on his life insurance, paid the debt and had the title of the property transferred from the university to his own name, as further protection.

Doctor Jacobs next acquired a sawmill and put workmen to sawing trees. He sold \$10,000 worth of lumber, paid off the debt to himself, and deeded the estate back to the university. It was the shrewdest lumber deal around Atlanta since the time of Scarlett O'Hara.

Out of the Ashes

THORNWELL JACOBS was born in 1877 at Clinton, South Carolina. His father, a Presbyterian minister, organized Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton, and built it into the largest Presbyterian orphanage in the nation. Legend says he founded it with fifty cents. Later he founded Presbyterian College, also at Clinton. Doctor and Mrs. Jacobs reared their five children at the orphanage, where Mrs. Jacobs was matron. There was one daughter, now the wife of W. J. Bailey, president of both the Clinton Cotton Mills and the Bailey Bank, of

Clinton. The eldest son, William States Jacobs, built the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church, of Houston, into probably the largest of any Presbyterian church in America—and then resigned to found an independent church. Another son was the late James Ferdinand Jacobs, an advertising man. Another was Dillard Jacobs, who has become wealthy in Atlanta as an advertising and patent-medicine executive. The youngest was Thornwell.

Doctor Jacobs enjoys telling how, as a child, he listened to stories about old Oglethorpe University related by his grandfather, a one-time teacher of mathematics in that defunct institution. Old Oglethorpe, founded in 1835 at Milledgeville, then capital of Georgia, was named for General Oglethorpe, who had landed in Savannah with some 120 followers approximately 100 years before and established the British colony of Georgia.

Old Oglethorpe died during the War Between the States, when its student body to a man marched away behind the Stars and Bars. "The money went into Confederate bonds," Doctor Jacobs relates. "The buildings were used for barracks and later a hospital, and finally burned. Oglethorpe alone, of all the standard institutions in the nation, had died for her ideals."

With this romantic story in his heart, and impressed by the building program at Princeton while he was a student there, Thornwell Jacobs resolved to build in the South—which he calls the "home of ideals and beauty and romance and courage"—a university whose architecture would compare with the best of the East. "So it came to pass," he writes, "without invitation, save from within, and without authorization, save from above, on September 13, 1909, we came to Atlanta to refound Oglethorpe University."

As far as Atlanta knew then, he had come to help Agnes Scott College, a Presbyterian girls' school, in raising \$250,000. The trustees had been looking for a promoter. Doctor Jacobs was employed after one of them had recalled "a fellow named Jacobs who was by my office the other day raising money for Thornwell Orphanage. He got fifty dollars I never intended to give."

Doctor Jacobs did not complete the campaign for Agnes Scott, but began founding his own school. He was thirty-two, ten years out of Princeton Theological Seminary. He had, and still has, the face of an actor, set off with curling hair, a scholarly

demeanor, quick, sharp eyes, and one of the most persuasive voices in America. With these assets, he set to work to raise \$150,000 from Southern Presbyterian churches and \$100,000 from Atlanta businessmen. He collected double that.

Forty Students, Four Teachers and a Book

ORIGINALLY, Doctor Jacobs wanted his school listed as a Presbyterian institution, like Princeton, and not under control of the church courts, wishing to be free to teach scientific theories not in conformity with literal construction of the Bible. Presbyterian leaders who knew Doctor Jacobs to be a believer in evolution balked at waiving control over a university that "proclaims itself 'the lighthouse,' and 'the temple,' and 'the shrine,' and 'the capstone'" of the Presbyterian educational system. Furthermore, they objected to Doctor Jacobs' methods of raising money.

They accused him of commercializing on their prayers for Oglethorpe, engaging in real-estate promotion and using "a persistence in getting into the pulpits of the church that has possibly never been equaled in the past" to carry on his campaign.

Though the Presbyterian General Assembly refused to list Oglethorpe as Presbyterian, Doctor Jacobs already had raised \$250,000 from Presbyterian churches. Atlanta businessmen contributed another \$250,000. Doctor Jacobs began building his university on land donated by an Atlanta real-estate man who owned other residential property in the vicinity. Doctor Jacobs spent half of his funds on the Oglethorpe Administration Building, an edifice of granite and limestone valued at \$400,000. It cost only about \$250,000, since Doctor Jacobs managed to get his stone and other materials free. The institution opened its doors in September, 1916, with forty students. There was a faculty of four, and a library consisting of one Bible, contributed by Doctor Jacobs.

Almost everybody who gave \$1000 or more was made a member of the university's Board of Founders, a group that at one time numbered 250, from seventeen states.

For years the school's annual football banquet and the Board of Founders' meeting were held together. A feature was the introduction of New Founders. Oglethorpe cheerleaders would bring the gathering to its feet with shouts for the new donors.

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Make a Picture Story of your Halloween Party!



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"You got her in yo' lap, boy," croaked Mr. Tuppy gleefully; "she's resting easy in yo' lap!"

No further word was uttered until Sparke, having completed the round of the field, slowed the Lady to a walk and guided her into the barn. Only then did Thunder cut loose.

"Of all the golhorniest, smellshidderin' luck," he whispered hoarsely, "this beats all."

"Hunh?" grunted One-eye. "Ain't de boy druv good?"

"That's it," muttered Thunder. "He has 'em, dodblast it! Fifteen years too late, my own gran'nephew comes along with hands!"

At those words Sparke felt as if a sword had touched him, admitting him into a mystic brotherhood. He swelled with importance as he groomed the mare and put her away, and he was still lifting his knees high when he went into the house. But the moment he entered the big kitchen he came to a halt. Thunder was sitting with his elbows planted on the table, his head buried in his hands, and as for Ma, she was so transformed as to be scarcely recognizable. All jollity gone from her face, she was regarding Thunder with massive sorrow.

"It's no use, Ma," muttered Thunder; "give me the key."

"Then come and take it!" She spoke so sharply, coming from her, it was as startling as if she'd cracked a whip. She fished around inside her dress, seized a string and dragged a key to light. "But not here, Mr. Bolt," she continued; "not in the presence of this innercent boy. Upstairs in the

dark, and don't you dast come down ag'in until the dust of prayer is ground into your repenting knees."

"Aw right, Ma," said Thunder mildly.

He took the key, unlocked a corner cupboard, reached down a jug labeled APPLE, and disappeared up a narrow flight of stairs. Sparke felt uneasy and wished he hadn't come in. He stood rubbing one heel against the other, waiting for Ma to speak. But she said nothing; she just sat there, dark as a thunderhead loaded with rain. Feeling an urge to comfort her, he fetched a well-thumbed schoolbook from his room and ostentatiously set himself to study. Presently he glanced up to see how it was working. It had worked all right; Ma's eyes were bubbling with laughter.

"My, my," she said, "first time I ever seen you study, Sparky. But leave it for later, because now I want you should help me get supper, just for us two."

That was a strange evening. Ma ate off her board and Sparke did all the cleaning up. Afterward he didn't pretend to study; he just fooled around watching gloom creep back into her face. She was like a summer cloud, soft and warm, that reached out until it enveloped him, drawing him closer to her than he'd ever been before. Up to the present he had thought of himself as a small boy and of Ma as a huge woman, two separate things, wide apart. But now there was no boy and no woman, no size to anything; just this feeling of being together in a cloud.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COME ONE, COME ALL, TO OGLETHORPE

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Within another year or so, Jacobs had raised another \$325,000 in cash and pledges. When some of the elect defaulted on their pledges, he sued them—sound business, but a social error. The suits had a depressing effect upon future pledges for a time. Oglethorpe began his third year with about 100 young men who were being constantly confounded by their president's visions. He was a dreamer, they learned, who could cash his dreams. The boys had laid left-over building stone as steppingstones across the raw, red-clay campus, and they laughed when he arose in chapel to promise a handsome driveway and walk, but a donor shortly provided a curving concrete drive with ornamental lampposts.

Neither did the students believe him when he promised a "magnificent new building" on the south side of the campus, yet within six years of the founding of the school a stone structure with a clock-and-chimes tower, looking like something out of Sir Walter Scott, rose there, a gift of the late John Thomas Lupton, Coca-Cola and patent-medicine millionaire from Chattanooga. Lupton made his first gift to Oglethorpe three years before the school opened, handing a check for \$10,000 to Doctor Jacobs after listening to him deliver an impassioned sermon in the First Presbyterian Church in Chattanooga. Before his death in 1933, Mr. Lupton had contributed more than \$1,000,000, winning the title of Godfather of Oglethorpe.

One of his last gifts was \$40,000 to purchase a radio station from a bankrupt broadcasting concern in Tifton,

Georgia. Doctor Jacobs said he was about to revolutionize education with the world's first radio school. The station was named WJTL—the last three call letters for Mr. Lupton's initials. To obtain a degree, the student had to enroll in Oglethorpe, listen to the radio lectures, take notes and stand examinations. The lectures were broadcast directly from the classroom, where the instructor sat separated from the students by plate glass. The students there, like those sitting at home, heard via radio. When they wished to ask a question, students in the classroom wrote it and slipped it through a slot to the instructor. When the more remote radio students desired a point cleared up, they telephoned. Their call was relayed to an instrument at the elbow of the instructor, who would turn from the microphone, answer the ring, and then explain all over the air. Among the early radio students to enroll were a ninety-year-old woman, a prize fighter and a debutante.

But after three years, Oglethorpe sold the station. Doctor Jacobs still believes people may be educated by remote control, but WJTL just wasn't big enough. Its voice did not reach far enough for the school to sell advertising profitably.

After Lupton Hall, Oglethorpe's third—and, so far, the last—building was not long in coming. It was a surprise from the estate of the late Colonel Robert J. Lowry, Atlanta banker. When he died and left his property to his wife, she made a will leaving \$200,000 to Agnes Scott College for a science building. Later, Mrs. Lowry



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To Dealer: The new Model "VC" Rain-Master Arm fits all cars and trucks, including 1941 models. Also ideal replacement for curved arms. Extensible — 6" to 12". Order from your jobber today the new Rain-Master All-Car Service Set-Up — complete authorized Blade and Arm service with 7 items. Your cost under \$10. The Anderson Company, Gary, Ind.

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became very ill. Since she was an aged woman, her attorneys met with Dr. F. H. Gaines, the then president of Agnes Scott, and selected a site for the building. However, Mrs. Lowry did not die. She lingered, while Agnes Scott grew more and more in need of the new building. Finally that school's officials proposed that she turn over the \$200,000 to their college at once, and promised that the school would bear the expenses of her illness until her death. Mrs. Lowry was outraged. She summoned her attorney and added a codicil leaving the \$200,000, not to Agnes Scott but to Oglethorpe.

Lowry Hall, home of Oglethorpe's school of business and public administration, was built to resemble Corpus Christi College at Oxford, alma mater of General Oglethorpe. Doctor Jacobs had an opportunity to study the architecture of Corpus Christi, since he was in England about the time of the Lowry gift on one of the most spectacular exploits of his career.

His mission was to locate the bones of the man for whom his college was named, and bring them back to Georgia to be enshrined on the Oglethorpe campus. The exact resting place of General Oglethorpe was not known. He had been buried 138 years before in a vault beneath the chancel of All Saints Church at Cranham, a hamlet in Essex. But the old church had burned and no one knew whether the new church had been constructed on the foundations of the old one.

Doctor Jacobs arrived in England at an inopportune time for exhuming the dead. Only a few months before, some Americans had dug among the graveyards of Kent in search of the bones of Pocahontas, with the hope of bearing them back home to Virginia. They were unsuccessful in finding the princess, but they did succeed in infuriating many an Englishman who protested that the bones of Britons were disturbed in the search for a dead Indian. So, when Doctor Jacobs announced his Let's-dig-up-General-Oglethorpe movement, a good portion of the British press and public leaped upon him, saying that Americans, not content with carrying off England's old art treasures, were now out to rob her graves.

Making History

"It is an outrage to drag his honored bones from Essex to Atlanta to decorate an obscure college quadrangle," huffed the London Daily Express. "The American people do not want them. The whole affair is an Atlanta college stunt." One London daily quoted "curst be he that moves my bones" from Shakespeare's tomb, and commented: "We dug up Tutankhamen, and his curse is coming home to roost."

The three councilors of Cranham Parish, Mr. J. Hollowbread, Mr. A. J. Brierbach and Mr. J. Anderson, by name, met to consider whether they should approve the Oglethorpe hunt. Mr. Hollowbread, according to one London newspaper, declaimed, "The whole thing is against the teachings of the Church of England. Here is a man who has lain at rest with his wife for a century or more, and they want permission to dig for the body. If they get it, you can take for granted that they will pull the church practically to pieces."

Councilor Brierbach felt persecuted, saying, "We are setting ourselves against a great power. America says she has a right to this body in preference to a Parish Council, and I think it is a question of who is the stronger. We have something like four hundred parishioners—opposed to a population that cannot be less than sixty million."

The Cranham Parish Council never reached a decision, but Doctor Jacobs finally obtained permission from the chancellor of the diocese to excavate under the floor of All Saints Church. Workmen spent two days tearing up the chancel floor. Night was falling on October tenth and the work was proceeding by the fitful light of sputtering candles as Doctor Jacobs and the Rev. Leslie Wright, rector of All Saints, stood by.

Suddenly one of the workers cried, "There it is!"

Doctor Jacobs called to ask if he could read the name plate.

"Yes," replied the worker. "It says, 'The Honorable General Oglethorpe. Died first July, 1785.'"

"You have made history," exclaimed the rector, turning to Doctor Jacobs.

A New Civil War

Doctor Jacobs responded in a manner that would have done credit to John C. Calhoun, "The wish of ten million people in the Southland is now realized. Their father and founder is located. I am sure the British ecclesiastical authorities will allow the body of the general to be borne across the seas to the bosom of Georgia."

The mayor and city council of Savannah and the Society of Colonial Wars now adopted resolutions pointing out that Savannah was the outpost of empire at the time of Oglethorpe, and contended that Savannah had more claim to the Oglethorpe dust than Atlanta. These views they dispatched to the State Department. Meanwhile the Right Rev. Frederick F. Reese, Episcopal Bishop of Georgia, complained to the Church of England that the bones could not be reinterred in unhallowed ground. The Right Rev. H. J. Mikell, Bishop of Atlanta, promptly journeyed out to Oglethorpe and consecrated the entire front area of the campus. Bishop Reese then responded from Savannah with a telling blow. He cabled the Archbishop of Canterbury: "As a citizen of Georgia and as Bishop of Georgia, I respectfully protest the removing of General Oglethorpe." This convinced British church authorities that something like a new Civil War was brewing over the Oglethorpe bones.

In the face of this mighty opposition, Doctor Jacobs withdrew and sailed back home *sine corpore*. This detracted nothing from Atlanta's enthusiasm. His train was met by a band, the university's student body and a crowd of citizenry. There were dinners in Doctor Jacobs' honor for weeks.

When college football became a big business in the mid-1920's, Oglethorpe University took a seat on the athletic stock exchange. The university catalogue, which in the past had spoken modestly of water sports under its heading of athletics, now blared:

"American college football is the most interesting, most exciting, most manly, most instructive and most profitable game ever played by men. As we watch the ever-increasing enlargement of interest, finance, equipment, and importance of this part of college work, it must be perfectly apparent that the very life of college depends, and will more and more depend,

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*but Jim Barton's selling job
was already half done!*

ANOTHER day's work ahead, but *this* time it was going to be easy. Prospect Number 1 had already read about the product in that new booklet the factory sent out. He was ready to talk when Jim called. The second prospect said, "Your booklet gave me just the facts I wanted. Smart thing you people are doing, sending that out."

When you sell *in print* as well as *in person*, you pave the way to better business both for the present and for the future. Never were good printed pieces more vital to the future welfare of business. Today with many companies oversold, the danger is that unsupplied customers will forget their old sources of supply. Every business needs friends and this need will be even greater when the inevitable period of readjustment arrives. In the meantime, good business literature is good business insurance.

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consult him *at the start* so that he can help you make the most effective use of modern printing processes.

Your printer may suggest new ways of dramatizing your sales story with pictures. He may also suggest that the pictures be printed on one of Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Pictures print to particular advantage on Warren's papers because the papers possess a unique characteristic that makes them peculiarly receptive to printing inks. This unusual receptivity can be demonstrated. It is beneficial in the printing of pictures in black and in colors.

Write for these books today. S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston, Mass.

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Warren's
STANDARD

Printing Papers

for Letterpress Printing, Lithography, Book Publishing, Magazine Publishing, Converting.

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upon handling this fact, which is at once a challenge and an opportunity."

With Doctor Jacobs thus solidly behind football, the fame of Oglethorpe's eleven, the Stormy Petrels, increased. They won the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association's championship two successive years, and in the late 20's crowned themselves with two diadems—victories over Georgia Tech, 7 to 6, in 1926, and over the Georgia Bulldogs, 13 to 7, in 1929. The latter triumph came a week or two before Georgia trounced Yale, 15 to 0.

Doctor Jacobs became almost as enthusiastic over football as he had been over General Oglethorpe. He began to talk of a \$1,000,000 stadium of native granite, seating 50,000 spectators and patterned after the Colosseum at Rome. The late Harry Hermance, ten-cent-store executive, announced a gift of \$50,000 for the stadium fund, to be paid \$5000 each year. With his first \$5000 in hand, the university, jubilantly started building the first block of 5000 seats. Then Harry Hermance went broke.

The university was forced to shell out \$45,000 to complete the already-started block. This, together with an estimated expense of \$30,000 per year for players, began to make football very expensive, particularly since the customers had Georgia Tech and University of Georgia leanings. The Stormy Petrels took the road for intersectional games, but still the deficit mounted. Hermance Stadium has never been completed, except for the original block of seats.

The outside walls of this section are of granite, with a central ornament, Bailey Gate, which alone represents a \$10,000 contribution and which has been billed as the "finest stadium gate in the country." The stadium is so situated that passing motorists may see its stately walls without being able to observe that behind the façade most of the playing field is surrounded by a sagging board fence and red-clay gullies.

Oglethorpe canceled all football scholarships early in the depression. Now her players render their services

out of love. Recently the squad did not have enough players to make two full teams for scrimmage. The school catalogue talked less enthusiastically about football, stating: "Oglethorpe University will not, under any circumstances, permit the payment of moneys for the services of athletes, either by alumni, friends or by the university itself."

Football wasn't the only headache. About that time the university suffered a terrible blow when the monthly checks of Mr. Lupton fell off, along with the gifts of Hearst. The publisher made his first gift to Oglethorpe in 1913, a check for \$5000 presented through his newspaper, the Atlanta Georgian—not then being too well received in Atlanta.

In 1927 he traveled to Atlanta in a private car to receive the degree of doctor of laws from the eager hands of Doctor Jacobs. Mr. Hearst gave the commencement address. A few months later he gave Oglethorpe \$25,000 and his second son, John Randolph, as a student. John achieved the scholastic record of passing a year of work by seldom going nearer the campus than his apartment in the Atlanta Biltmore.

Two years later Mr. Hearst gave Oglethorpe the big Silver Lake Park, which later was to ring to the woodsman's ax, and in 1930 pledged \$100,000 to be paid in installments on an endowment fund of \$2,000,000. However, the endowment fund was never raised. The publisher has sent Oglethorpe one check since his regular gifts ceased. To celebrate, when this arrived, Doctor Jacobs marched the student body down to Silver Lake and rechristened it "Lake Phoebe," in honor of Mr. Hearst's mother.

Perhaps the worst financial jam of all for Oglethorpe came in 1933, but again there was a good angel on the side line in the shape of Honorary Alumnus Bernard M. Baruch. The school found itself obliged to default on a bonded indebtedness which had been outstanding for a number of years. A bondholders' committee was speedily organized in New Orleans to foreclose on the university property.





Pencils are like friends—good ones wear longer



I used to know a fellow named Bill. Fine looking chap, but whenever I called on him for help he stalled. And finally, under the pressure of a real emergency, he let me down . . . hard.



Cheap pencils are like that, too. Nice polish, slick appearance, but the heart just isn't there. They drag and scratch . . . and the points snap off when you really bear down.



Well, I've changed friends and I've changed pencils, and I'm sticking to those that are tried-and-true. Take *Eagle *("Chemi-Sealed") *MIKADO, for instance. No matter how fast I write or how hard I bear down, the point never fails me. They tell me that every MIKADO lead will make a smooth, black line over 35 miles long, and it's easy to believe. I know mine wears . . . and wears!



The way I figure, a \$4 MIKADO pays its little extra cost in a lot of extra writing, and the time and energy it saves me are pure "gravy." In a big office with plenty of people, it ought to work out about the same, only more so.



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Oglethorpe went into action. Judge Edgar Watkins, president of the school's board of trustees, secured agreements from a majority of the bondholders to sell out to the school at a fraction of their bonds' face value. Meanwhile, Doctor Jacobs was in New York conferring with Mr. Baruch, who consented to purchase a majority of the bonds and hold them for the school. He bought approximately \$240,000 of the \$375,000 issue at a rate of 52.08 cents on the dollar, a cash outlay of some \$125,000. After holding the Oglethorpe paper several years, Mr. Baruch finally sold it at twenty-five cents on the dollar to a relative of Doctor Jacobs. In 1937 Mr. Baruch was awarded the Oglethorpe Distinguished Service Medal.

Oglethorpe suffered another blow when the Atlanta school board threatened to withdraw recognition of the Oglethorpe diplomas held by many teachers. About the same time Oglethorpe was dropped from membership in the Association of Georgia Colleges—thereby leaving it unrecognized by any standard accrediting body. But Doctor Jacobs appealed for recognition by the State Board of Education—an unprecedented request, which, nevertheless, was granted. The Atlanta school board agreed that state recognition of Oglethorpe was satisfactory. Since, Oglethorpe has continued to educate its share of teachers, and Doctor Jacobs has continued battling accrediting associations, terming them one of education's great handicaps. He has managed to maintain cordial relations with officials in charge of hiring teachers. The Atlanta superintendent of schools, for example, has been awarded an honorary degree by Oglethorpe. So has the Georgia state school superintendent. And so have educational heads of Florida, Alabama, Virginia and New York.

Dancing to Degrees

Despite financial stress, campus life at Oglethorpe managed to maintain a carefree flavor. The school was founded for men only, but by the early 30's girls constituted about a quarter of the student body. Atlanta's better social families contributed not a few debutantes. Oglethorpe became known as "Doctor Jacobs' Country Club." The Oglethorpe Players, producers of original drama; the Lord's Club and the Duchess Club, leading campus social organizations; and the Petrel Follies, annual school musical show, were renowned. A feature of campus life was lunchtime dancing. The school's large dance orchestra held forth for an hour or so each noon in the Oglethorpe dining hall. Students were unanimous in condemning the food, but they did enjoy the dancing. Some epicureans rushed off at lunchtime to a near-by roadside restaurant, operated by an individual known as "Gabbie Gertie." There they gobbled hamburgers, and hurried back to the campus to join the dance.

One campus group during this era of fun was not entirely happy. Oglethorpe's financial difficulties were reflected drastically in instructors' salary checks, which tumbled as low as ten dollars, to five dollars, to nothing per week. Doctor Jacobs gave the teachers food and lodging free as a recompense for the reduced salaries, with apartments in the Administration Building for them and their families. All meals were served in the school dining hall. The ages of the teachers varied from twenty-two to eighty, and their tastes

ranged from reading Greek to sipping cocktails. Some of the younger faculty members and their wives spent their evenings drinking in their schoolhouse apartments, unknown to university officials, and occasionally went out to make a night of it, arriving back in time to get to bed before the students awakened. Salaries became no larger and no more regular as the years passed, and resentment grew stronger. The lid finally blew off in the summer of 1934.

A Scholastic Storm

That spring Doctor Jacobs had sailed again to England to present a portrait of General Oglethorpe to the president of Corpus Christi College. Some of the instructors muttered that their president was spending their money on an unnecessary junket. Particularly annoyed was Dr. D. Witherspoon Dodge, a former Presbyterian and Congregationalist pastor who had been teaching Bible, sociology, economics and philosophy at Oglethorpe for four years. During Doctor Jacobs' absence, Doctor Dodge borrowed \$200 for an operation. When the president returned, the professor began trying to collect his back salary. Doctor Jacobs pointed out that the university had informed the instructors it could not pay them any guaranteed amount, and contended he was not obligated.

A day or so later Doctor Dodge entered the president's office and announced, "I am going to beat you right here, and then I am going to beat you again next fall on the campus in the presence of your entire student body." There followed a great stomping and crashing as the two writhed in a classic imbroglio that resulted in little physical injury to either, but which built up a legend of battle that exceeds, in Atlanta, at least, the defense of the Pass at Thermopylae. It is second only to Sherman's March to the Sea.

By severe economy, the school has managed since to place its faculty on a regular, although modest, salary basis. Oglethorpe now cuts the expenses of educating each student. Doctor Jacobs declares that Harvard spends an average of \$1000 per student per year over and above the amounts the student pays the institution. He says the deficit per student per year at Emory University, in Atlanta, is \$250, while Oglethorpe has cut the deficit per student to only \$40.

The orchestra plays no more in the dining hall. It was supplanted by a juke box, and finally that was removed. Society girls turned to other schools. Campus life quieted, and the accent shifted to plain living, scholarship and intramural sports.

This era at Oglethorpe is reflected in that well-publicized educational experiment known as "Doctor Jacobs' Brain Team," a group of serious-minded young men who have agreed to deny themselves most of the pleasures of life and concentrate on running the gamut of all knowledge in a concentrated course requiring six years. Doctor Jacobs selected his brain team from among outstanding graduates in high schools from Vermont to New Mexico, and from Florida to Idaho. The school offered them free rooms, board and tuition. They were to become authorities on, Doctor Jacobs declared, "everything from shorthand and swimming to philosophy and Greek."

The idea for the brain team occurred, Doctor Jacobs reports, while

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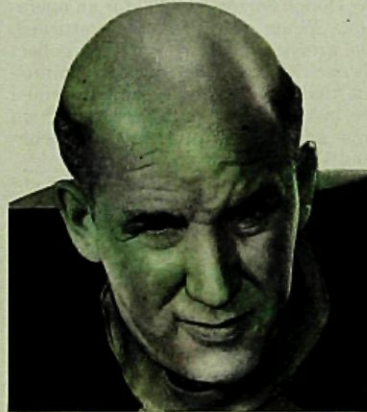
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"FUZZY" scored on the field, but he couldn't "score" with Betty. Constant water-soaking had washed the natural oils out of his hair, left it dry, wild, unruly. KREML could keep his hair neatly groomed, remove loose dandruff scales, relieve that itchy scalp.



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REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

he was observing the Oglethorpe football team in training. Why could not the old I'd-die-for-dear-old-Rutgers spirit be made to work with learning? He organized his brain team to show that "if relieved of the country-club type of life, the student can carry twice the normal load of study, and do his work better."

He proposed that his brain team should study twenty-five to thirty hours per week. They were to live on a diet prescribed as best for brain-work, and dwell together in a segregated part of the dormitory.

The fall term of 1939 saw the appearance of the chosen eleven, red-hot to do or die for dear old Plato. Their ranks were soon thinned. One boy's parents took him home before class-work started. Others dropped out because of sickness or family complications, and marriage took one. At the last commencement only five had finished the work required for a bachelor's degree after a year and a half on the assembly line of knowledge. They are slated to finish master's-degree work this Christmas, two years and four months after they began the course. After that they will have three years and eight months to go before completing the program. If they do it, they are likely to receive A.B., M.A. and Ph.D. degrees, and the school may have to originate some new degrees. But that should not be difficult for Dr. Thornwell Jacobs.

During three recent commencement seasons the honorary graduates have been privileged to participate in ceremonies centering around Oglethorpe's Crypt of Civilization, which Doctor Jacobs describes as "the greatest historical project in the world today." Press agents admit it is one of the greatest college-publicity stunts of all time.

The Crypt of Civilization is a room twenty feet long, ten feet wide and ten feet high, beneath the Oglethorpe Administration Building and enclosed by granite three feet thick on all sides. In it have been stored nearly a million pages of literature, ranging from the Corpus Juris Civilis to the Improved American Joke Book. It contains working models of trains, ships, airplanes and automobiles, miniature models of clothing styles of 1940, bottles of Coca-Cola and beer. Also in the crypt are recordings of all the speeches of President Roosevelt, eleven hours of them; addresses by Mussolini and Hitler, and motion-picture films of various present-day events, such as

the German army entering Austria and some of the recent Oglethorpe commencements. There are musical recordings of grand opera and sweet swing. The book pages have been reduced to microfilm to save space, and sealed in glass jars, surrounded by asbestos and placed in stainless-steel cylinders.

The crypt was stored by Oglethorpe students under the direction of one T. K. Peters, a believer in reincarnation. Mr. Peters expects to be present in some form when the crypt is opened. Doctor Jacobs has set that date for May twenty-eighth, in the year 8113, at high noon. The school has offered for sale tickets, printed on stainless steel, which may be bought for one dollar each. They entitle the 187th generation of descendants of the purchasers to attend the opening.

Doctor Jacobs has sent a description of the crypt and its contents to institutions of learning throughout the world, in the hope that some of them may preserve the crypt story until opening time.

Not long ago he astounded medical leaders by announcing that Oglethorpe was starting a medical school—the first new one in America in ten years. He says this idea of an institution spending great sums of money to educate a medical student is unnecessary. He asserts that Oglethorpe is going to train doctors at little cost and develop a medical school on a par with Harvard or Tulane. A medical student may attend Oglethorpe for \$930 a year, including tuition, all fees, room and board, according to Doctor Jacobs' plan. The first class, of some thirty members, matriculated this fall.

Doctor Jacobs has brought his oldest son, John Jacobs, from Tufts Medical School in Boston to head the school of medicine, and possibly to succeed him as president. There is widespread opinion, however, that Oglethorpe University will never have any president but Thornwell Jacobs. Some hold that Oglethorpe will die with Doctor Jacobs because no other man could make it go. Officials of the school believe differently. Oglethorpe is now in the best financial condition in its history, with an indebtedness of less than \$100,000.

Perhaps Oglethorpe will live for ages, perhaps it will die with Doctor Jacobs. Whatever the case, those buildings of blue granite have been constructed to last a thousand years. They will remain there north of Atlanta for generations as a monument, possibly, to an educational experiment, but certainly to Thornwell Jacobs.

MOUNTAIN-COUNTRY MERCHANT

(Continued from Page 35)

To this day Mr. Jones looks back on that moment as the high point of his life. He says he was so astonished that he nearly fell off the wagon. He accepted the offer without even asking what the pay would be. But forty dollars a month was enough to get by on. And the dream of his life had come true. He was going to learn the store-keeping trade.

It is hardly to be wondered that Mr. Jones has a small opinion of young fellows nowadays who say there aren't opportunities to get ahead any more. "The main thing," he tells them, "is to grab the first job you can get, no matter what the pay is or if it is the kind of work you like. From then on, it's up to you. If you've got some brains and a little imagination, opportunities will turn up."

Storekeeping in Old Soldier wasn't exactly what you would call scientific. Credit was wide open, coming and going. Sheepmen wintered their flocks in valleys farther south, and in the spring, when new grass began to appear, grazed them up through Camas County to the public grazing lands in the mountains farther north. Sheep owners bought large quantities of store food for their herders. But it was mostly on credit. Generally they paid about once a year, when they sold their lambs and wool.

An Old Soldier merchant had to buy his stock on long terms to be able to carry these accounts. Mr. Housman sometimes had \$50,000 on his books. Boise and Salt Lake City were the main sources of supply; in October a

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