

# College Humor

H. N. SWANSON, *Editor*J. M. LANSINGER, *Publisher*

## The Campus Prize Novel

A STORY about the American undergraduate, written by a representative college girl, plucked from the wealth of campus novels submitted in the COLLEGE HUMOR-Doubleday, Doran contest. Of Miss Betty White, one of his protégées, Bernard De Voto says: "She has worlds of stuff and the best of it is her fiendishly accurate penetration of sham nobilities. A kind of realism that is very tonic. It's the only presentation of college life from the woman's point of view I've ever seen that was worth reading."

There is sweetness as well as spice in Betty White's novel, making its bow in the June issue of this magazine.

I lived this story  
by  
**Betty White**  
with Illustrations by  
Arthur William Brown

## I N · T H I S · I S · S U E

<b>Cover Design</b>	<b>THOMAS WEBB</b>
<i>Once in a Garden</i>	<b>H. N. SWANSON</b> 7
<i>Illustrated by F. R. Gruber</i>	
<b>Our Collegiate Hall of Fame</b>	<b>PICTORIAL</b> 8
<b>Technique</b>	<b>MARGARET CULKIN BANNING</b> 10
<i>Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell</i>	
<b>What Next?</b>	<b>JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS</b> 16
<i>The Hemingway of All Flesh</i>	<b>H. W. HANEMANN</b> 24
<i>Illustrated by Herb Roth</i>	
<b>The Born Organizer</b>	<b>DON HEROLD</b> 36
<i>Woolly Boy (Novel)</i>	<b>ERIC HATCH</b> 44
<i>Illustrated by Wallace Morgan</i>	
<b>The Art of Drinking</b>	<b>GILBERT SELDES</b> 50
<i>Decorated by Nat Karson</i>	
<b>The College Widow</b>	<b>W. THORNTON MARTIN</b> 52
<i>Illustrated by Raymond Thayer</i>	
<b>Monday (Poem)</b>	<b>CARL SANDBURG</b> 54
<b>Grinnell</b>	<b>RUTH SUCKOW</b> 56
<b>A College I Love</b>	<b>GARY COOPER</b> 56
<b>Along the Grandest Canyon</b>	<b>WALTER WINCHELL</b> 58
<i>Illustrated by Russell Patterson</i>	
<b>I'll Be Seein' Ya</b>	<b>DONALD FAIR MORGAN</b> 60
<b>The Movie Finger Writes</b>	<b>H. W. HANEMANN</b> 62
<b>Styles for Sorority Row</b>	<b>RETA COWLES</b> 65
<b>College Humor Shopping Service</b>	<b>DEPARTMENT</b> 66
<b>What the College Man Is Wearing</b>	<b>ROY WESTON</b> 68
<b>At New Haven</b>	<b>HARRY McGuIRE</b> 70
<i>Illustrated by Jeff Tester</i>	
<b>College Degrees via Work</b>	<b>JULIA PEGLER</b> 72
<b>Colossus (Novel)</b>	<b>HOLWORTHY HALL</b> 74
<i>Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg</i>	
<b>Book Looks</b>	<b>KERRY SCOTT</b> 79
<b>All-American Basketball and Hockey Selections</b>	<b>LES GAGE</b> 80
<b>This Outboard Racing</b>	<b>EUGENE F. MACDONALD, Jr.</b> 82
<b>Calendar of Sports for April, 1930</b>	84
<b>The Last Word</b>	<b>THE EDITOR</b> 130

Published monthly by the COLLEGIATE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, at 1050 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. M. LANSINGER, President

H. N. SWANSON, Vice-President

V. S. MAY, Secretary

C. T. RANKIN, Circulation Director

The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission. Reprinting rights granted exclusively to all recognized college comics. One-half of monthly price entitles to one copy. Subscriptions by the year, \$5.00. Single copy, 25c. Canadian postage, 50c per year. Foreign postage, \$1.00 per year. All subscriptions payable in advance. Entered as second class matter March 31, 1922, at post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the Collegiate World Publishing Company in the U. S., in Canada and Great Britain. Title and corporation name registered U. S. Patent Office; title registered in Canada, Great Britain, France and Australia. "Campus Comedy," title registered in U. S. Patent Office. Messageries Hatchette, European distributors, 16 King William St., Charing Cross, London. All manuscripts and drawings must be addressed to the Editorial Department and be accompanied by return postage. Decision is reached within one week on all submitted material.

C. W. FULLER, Advertising Mgr., Graybar Bldg., New York.

S. R. KUDNER, Western Advertising Mgr., College Humor Bldg., Chicago.

May 1930

# GRINNELL

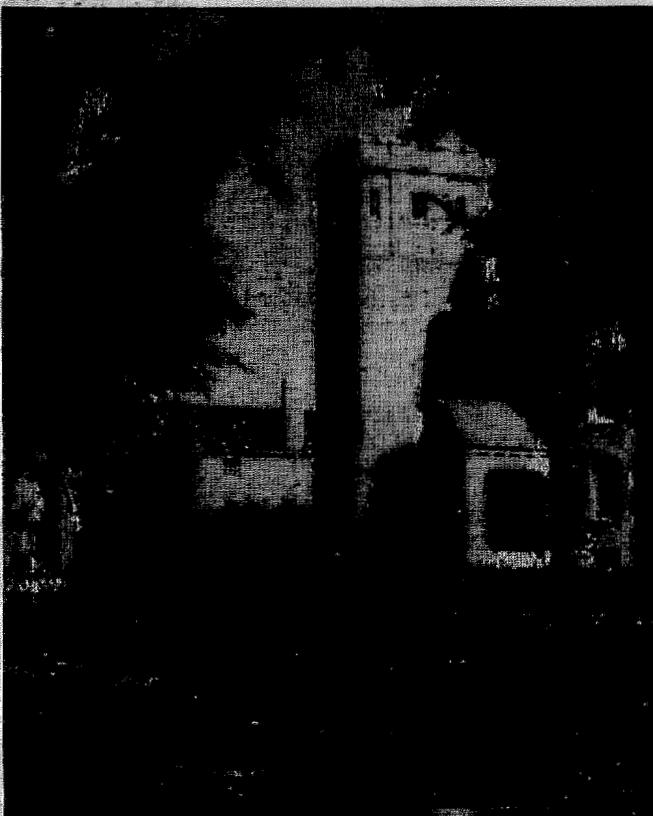
By  
RUTH  
SUCKOW

ALL through my childhood, there was a glamour about the name Grinnell. My older sister went there and came back with "the Grinnell fever." For three summers, we washed and wiped dishes to the tune of *Come Ye Back to Old Grinnell*. College girls visited us and once the Glee Club came to town. They all talked about nothing but Grinnell. Like many younger sisters and brothers, I pored over annuals for years back, knew the prominent college characters, could tell the story of every picture and souvenir in the memory books and lived for the day when I should go to Grinnell.

I knew, of course, from *When Patty Went to College*, from *Betty Wales* and the Barbour books and the Merrifield concoctions that there were Eastern colleges. I knew from all the Grinnellians that the state university was a bad, rough place without culture, where the boys went into saloons and did not understand how to take defeat in athletics. But there was no other school like Grinnell. It alone had a Spirit.

I was well through my own college course before the heretical thought occurred to me that other schools might offer something—even the bad university. I was entirely through before I realized that Grinnell, even as a small college, was not unique. It has its individual qualities, but the chief reason for a study of Grinnell really lies in the fact that it is so artlessly representative of small colleges in general—at least, of the small co-educational colleges of the Middle West. Each of these has its Spirit. None other has the Grinnell Spirit of course, (and I fear that this might be answer enough for Grinnellians), but the colleges themselves do not seem to realize their misfortune in this respect. Every one has its own small monopoly.

A set notion about these small



Mathematics Building at a college fashioned upon the plan of the old New England academies.

colleges seems to be forming outside them, as their own notion or "vision" has long been formed from within, and quite as mistaken in its own way. They are pictured as very dreary, hopeless places. I find it impossible, for instance, to describe to my university friends the Grinnell that I knew—totally impossible if they are the graduates of Eastern schools. They insist on their own cartoon of a religious institution ruled sternly by the dark principles of fundamentalism. I admit that dancing and smoking (in public) were not allowed, that drinking was little known, that there were no fraternities. They see a life of terrible inhibitions with all the students either attending prayer meetings or yearning for the splendid sins of the great university. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The college was almost unaware of

engrossed in its zealous, secluded life, so satisfied and in general so happy in it, that they did not think of doing any yearning. Within its small boundaries, it offered a life of an innocent freedom that could scarcely be matched elsewhere.

I know no better way of inquiring into the truth of these opposing pictures—one so dismal and one so very glowing—than by attempting a description of the past and present Grinnell. In essentials, it might stand for nearly any of our small colleges.



by Gary Cooper

## A College I Love

"COOPER, are you a college man?"  
Not once, but dozens of times interviewers have shot that question at me.

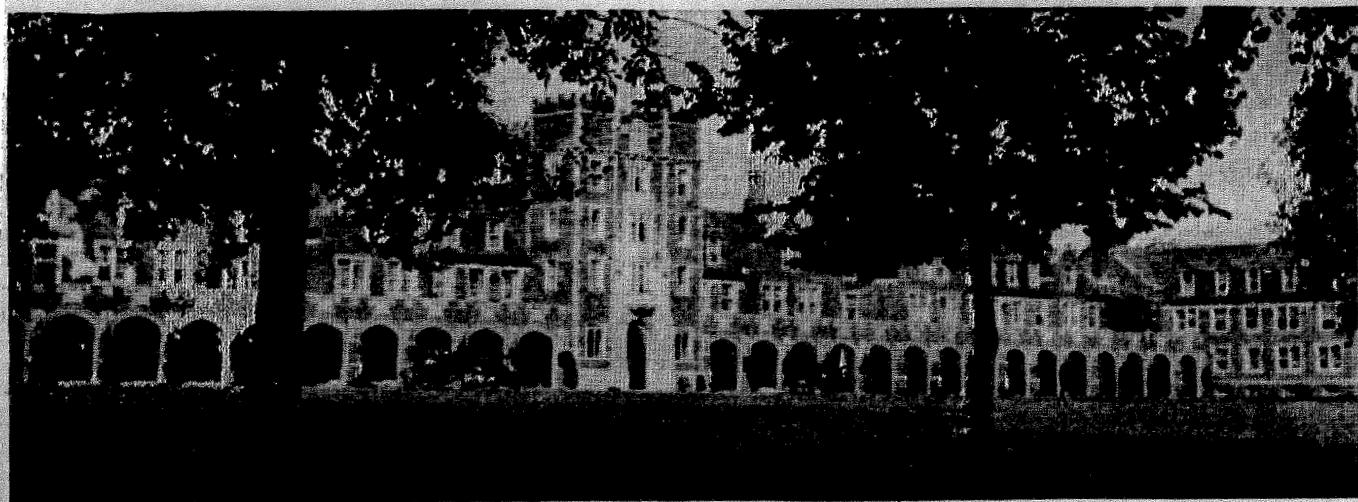
"Well, that's a matter of opinion," I always answer. "I spent two years at Grinnell."

I say that with no idea of humor, but in all sincerity. It has never been clear in my mind whether or not one can claim to be a college man if he hasn't received a degree. But one thing is clear to me. I wouldn't trade that two years I spent in Langdon Hall at my alma mater for—well for a good many things that the world seems to set a high price upon.

My only regret is that the exigencies of life forced me to leave college two years too soon. It isn't the loss of a degree that I regret so much—although I would have prized a Grinnell sheepskin as much as the next fellow—but the loss of two years of association with men whom I had come to know as brothers.

I find it difficult to believe that the undergraduates of these great [Continued on page 109]

I actually had a sight of Grinnell in those old glamorous days. It was a fine time first to see the college, early in May when light dresses were appearing on the campus, green leaves on the many shrubs and trees, lilacs in the wide yards of the large frame houses, and the stickiest mud in the world, now pretty well conquered, was not yet dried in the broad streets under the tall trees. It was a festival time. We went first to the May luncheon in the girls' gymnasium, filled with the enthusiasm of students showing the college to visitors and with the odor



With the erection of the quadrangles, one for men and one for women, Grinnell's new history began.

attended the annual literary society play in the Colonial Theater, *L'Aiglon*, a very ambitious attempt, my sister playing the little duke and wearing the very boots that Maude Adams had worn. After that, the cast and its followers and families adjourned to the Vienna Café, in that simple day the sole place of refreshment where, served by one of the best boy-friends of the star, they ate bun sandwiches under dingy festoons of red and green tissue paper. They went home across the wet, dark, fragrant campus, talking about how wonderful the play was and how they adored Mr. Ryan and how no other college but Grinnell could have done it, and they scorned sleep.

The visiting families needed sleep. They had all reached Grinnell, located in the rich but muddy southern central portion of Iowa, by dreadful little branch routes with long waits at infinitesimal junctions where they couldn't amuse themselves by singing college songs or getting engaged, as the students did when they had to sit around on the baggage trucks at vacation time. They were in for a great deal of entertainment, too, in the town as well as in the college. They all knew people there, most of them nice Congregational families who had moved to Grinnell in order to educate their children, and state missionaries and supervisors who had visited in their own homes and spoken in their churches. The college may even at that time have been listed as undenominational, but the town of Grinnell was and is the headquarters of Congregational Iowa.

There was no separating of town and college then, at any rate. Grinnell is a residence town of about five or six thousand people, many of whom are college families, old grads, prospective students and retired ministers, and all of its streets north of the tracks center about the college. The frame houses were built large in order to take student roomers. Many of them housed boarding clubs as well. College plays were more popular in the Colonial Theater than any of the shows that came to town. Even the big stone church, with its imposingly large membership everlastingly divided between the modernism of the professors and the die-hard policies of the ancient saints, was united about the college. It was turned over to the students for Baccalaureate and Commencement morning and concerts. For the other festivals—Class Day, May Day, the outdoor Glee Club singing—the townspeople went over to the campus.

In the streets at any time might appear a trotting football team, plucked-looking youths in run-

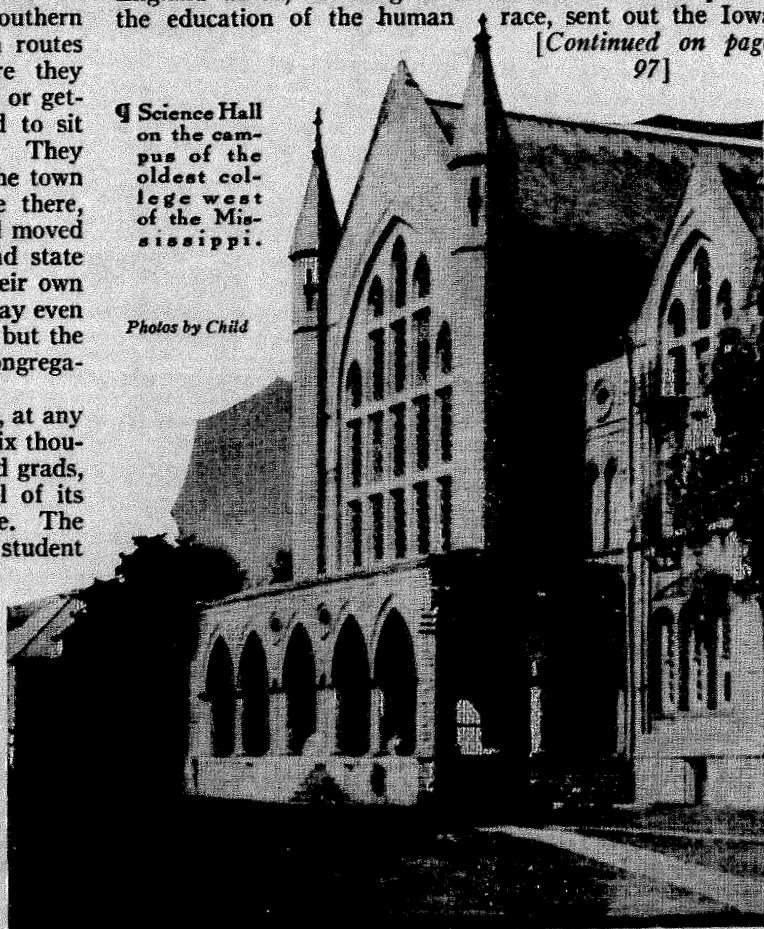
ning trunks, strolling couples, a hay-rack jammed with picnickers, a snake dance or a shirt tail parade. The townspeople complained when the college bell rang hours on end for victory, or students overdrew their bank accounts, but the college was their glory. It brought to town musicians and lecturers who might otherwise have made no stop between Chicago and Denver. It gave the social life of the town a special genteel and cultured aspect.

Everywhere the New England atmosphere was visible, but translated into Middle Western terms. It was the mild, bright atmosphere of later Puritanism, with its Calvinistic rigor softened by the substitution of the New Testament for the Old—*Christo Duce* the college had taken for its motto. The founding of Grinnell belonged to that ardent home missionary movement of Congregational New England which, believing in the abolition of slavery and the education of the human race, sent out the Iowa

[Continued on page 97]

Science Hall  
on the campus of the oldest college west of the Mississippi.

Photos by Child



ity of the topic. He went on and on. "Well, then suppose I didn't get the nom' and I ran on petition and maybe split the class ticket. What about that?"

A month ago, the question of splitting a class ticket would have mattered to her, and absorbingly. Tonight, nothing could matter much less.

"And the only other thing," he said, "is for me to back out altogether. But I hate to do that, because, in the first place, I want that job, and in the second place, the senior president's entitled to it—and in the third place, I'd like to sock 'em with some ideas. So what's your opinion? I told you I didn't know how you'd take it."

She was taking it valiantly. "Oh, why don't you just do what you think you ought to do?"

He looked discomfited. "Is that the most you can say? I thought you'd have an opinion."

Marion stood up. "Bryan, you just do what you think you ought to do—and that'll be right."

Reluctantly, he also rose. "You won't give me your opinion, then?"

"I can't. I haven't any. It's one of those things that's between you and yourself. I can't change your ambition or your—or anything else. But I know that whatever you do will be right. And I think you ought to make your decision yourself, out of your own brain, out of your own wishes and ambitions and loyalties, and not be influenced by anybody. That's what I think."

He moved his shoulders in depreciation. "Well—"

They stood face to face. He said again, with back-spin in his voice, "Well—I didn't mean to bother you, old lady, and I guess you've probably hit it."

She went with him to the outer door, where their parting was not too prolonged. But she stood there listening to his every footfall, as he went away. (Concluded next month)

## GRINNELL {from page 57}

Band of twelve young men to establish churches and a seat of culture in the wilderness west of the Mississippi. Grinnell's early traditions, therefore, were religious, except for that of the big cyclone of 1882 that destroyed the buildings, twisted the trees, blew love letters around the country and furnished a name for the junior annual.

Grinnell seemed to have been fashioned in the beginning more upon the plan of the old New England academies than of the colleges. The culture which it held out to all who came had a mingled simplicity and moral elevation. Grinnell prided itself on being a poor man's college. Plain living and high feeling existed there—of thinking, there was always less. The buildings were conglomerate and many of them shabby. They were barely sufficient to house that young and enthusiastic life.

The college did not even pretend to provide living quarters for all its students. It relied upon the town. There was no dormitory for the men. But the girls, who needed greater cherishing and more watchful attention, had one big old dormitory building across the railroad tracks from the campus, which was affectionately termed the Shack. It had become chiefly a resort for freshman girls, offering their parents a feeling of security. After freshman year, when "bunches" were formed and literary society affiliations decided, the girls lived in groups of from four to twenty, in boarding houses that had given the names of their owners a local fame.

According to the Grinnell tradition, the popularity of these houses was not due to their desirability as mere material dwellings. Some of the most comfortable houses in Grinnell were without glory and had to beg for roomers, while several dark, dismal little



## THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS HIS ONLY "GYM" . . . YET HE HAS



# "ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

THE only game he knows is the market. His daily exercise is a stiff work-out on the floor of the Exchange. His muscles are strangers to "gym" routine and he wouldn't know the difference between a "back-hand" and a "birdie."

Yet this fast-stepping floor trader has been futilely fighting an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot" for six months and—he doesn't even know what it is!

An unpleasant, soft moistness with itching between the toes of his left foot worries him and bothers him more than a ten-point drop in one of his favorite stocks.

And the thing that bullies this man in the game of bulls-and-bears is a tiny ringworm germ called *tinea trichophyton*—hardly noticeable at first, but stealthy, persistent and terribly annoying later on.

### \*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease— So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,\* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In

### \* WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

## Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED  
SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR  
ACHE, CRUISING, BURNS,  
CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.

spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply everywhere. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds "It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time." And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

### *It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ*

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteric counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it kills the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals\* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." Don't be fooled by mild symptoms. Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is persistent. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of any one of these distress signals\* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.,  
271 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.



*along the scenically supreme route to the*

## NORTHWEST WONDERLAND

Picture yourself "on top of the world"—bubbling over with excitement, thrilled by the grandeur of nature... bills already paid, guides looking after your travel details.

How marvelous is this new, carefree, escorted, all-expense tour idea. So many places to go, so many things to see, so much to do. Along the scenic route of the new *Olympian*, electrified for 656 sootless, cinderless miles over four mountain ranges. There is Yellowstone through the thrilling new Gallatin Gateway (170 mile motor trip without added cost), Inland Empire (Spokane), Rainier and its mighty glaciers, Seattle and Tacoma, world ports, Olympic Peninsula, America's last frontier, Puget Sound cruises to old-English Victoria and Vancouver, challenging Mt. Baker. And your tour can include Alaska, Canadian Rockies, California or Colorado.

You can travel for a fortnight, all expenses paid, for as little as \$250 from Chicago. Just like a happy house party. Other tours, 10 days to 3 weeks, \$145 and up. Let us tell you in detail about "Top-of-the-World" vacations.

*Mail  
this  
coupon*

### MILWAUKEE ROAD

Electrified over the  
Rockies to the Sea

Geo. B. Haynes, Passenger Traffic Manager  
The Milwaukee Road, 728 Union Station  
Chicago, Illinois

Send me full information about tours to  
 Yellowstone;  Inland Empire (Spokane and  
Lake Region);  Rainier National Park;  Puget  
Sound Country;  Olympic Peninsula;  Alaska;  
 Black Hills.  Escorted all-expense tours.

I have \_\_\_\_\_ days vacation and about  
\$\_\_\_\_\_ to spend.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

201-302

haunts with ancient parlors and unheated bathrooms kept their social distinction year after year.

Houses where men roomed were more variable in their reputation since callers went out from them instead of going to them. What the boys wanted chiefly was a good natured landlady who didn't kick about the lights and hot water and tobacco smoke.

But the rent of many old Grinnell houses was paid by the boarding clubs that overflowed their shabby rooms. These clubs were manned and managed by students. Boys and girls ate together. The first carefully guarded mingling of the sexes in the old New England academies flourished here in characteristic Middle Western exuberance.

That absorbing social life of the college, which caused the subject of college dances to be voted down for years even by students who adored dancing at home, depended of course upon this easy association of boys and girls. The social year began informally with the shrieks of welcome at the little brick station where the one lank baggage man, now become one of the grand old characters of Grinnell, tried to keep track of the piled-up trunks. It began formally with the general reception in the men's gymnasium. This derived its entire interest from the assignment of girls' names to escorting youths—"new" girls to "old" men and "new" men to "old" girls—by a student committee. Like a card game, chance and science were mingled in these assignments. Invitations gave a thrill to all but the heavily engaged. "Whose name did you get?" was the first great question of the year. All the other formal college affairs—class parties, junior-senior banquets—used the same device for shaking up alignments, helping out the unchosen and leaving no maiden without proper escort.

But the great social event of the year for which girls bought long white gloves and men ordered flowers, and the one Grinnell hack called into use for the really élite couple, was the Glee Club concert. It had no assignments. Girls could go without men, but they seldom did. And men, as in England, have always been in a minority at Grinnell. Youths who didn't want to take girls and send flowers and who still wanted to retain their popular standing as good fellows and non-slackers got jobs as ushers. Town matrons walked up and down before the chapel to see the dresses and to discover who had been asked by whom.

But most of the Grinnell social life was enacted through the college activities. Because of the lack of much formal social life, these held even a stronger place in Grinnell than in the average college—and because, also, of the Grinnell Spirit. Students entered them, not for their own glory or amusement, but for the sake of the school. The zeal in their pursuit was highly religious. "Pep" was entirely too small a word for this holy enthusiasm. All strove to uphold Grinnell ideals by service. It was a crime against the Spirit to hold back even a vestige of one's self, and a good number of the boys and girls who shone so brightly in those college annuals came out of school physically and nervously depleted. In fact, not to be overworked in junior year was a sign of selfishness, lack of enthusiasm and lack of ideals.

Of these activities, the Men's Glee Club was perhaps the most glorious. The Girls' Glee Club was comparatively new and unimportant. The Junior Annual Board was another hot-bed of couple formation. There was a great new interest in the Dramatic Club, chiefly due to Mr. Ryan who had come to Grinnell with a love of the drama so vigorously secular that students actually entered into it for their own enjoyment. Athletics were popular, however, chiefly for their exemplification of the Grinnell Spirit.

Grinnell, even then, was a small school in comparison with the state university and agricultural college. But being "the oldest

college west of the Mississippi," it was unwilling to give up rivalry with these. In basketball and track, where lightness and verve counted against the huskiness of the corn-fed Aggies and the popularly reported brute strength of the university men, it had a good chance. But in football it often had to be contented with the glory of the conquered.

The New England origin of the school showed in the importance of the literary societies. The men's societies offered chances for debate although that was less popular and important then than now, but the girls' societies were social institutions, although designed of course to uphold the ideals of Grinnell. Compared to the highly organized rushing of sororities, the society rushing was mild indeed. But it did manage to worm itself pretty well into the traditional Grinnell democracy, to dictate the big-sisterly devotion of the "old girl" who met the lonely little "new girl" at the train and took her to the first Y. W. afternoon reception, and to add another "for the sake of" to the duty of going in for activities—"for the sake of Ellis," "for the sake of Calico." Loyalty to the societies, however, could never get beyond a certain point, could never really interfere with loyalty to the college as a whole.

In spite of all its little hypocrisies and limitations, there was a quality of idyllic simplicity about this earlier life of Grinnell. That it was a college where a poor man had as good a chance as a rich one was no idle boast. In fact, he had a little better. For a man to work his way through college was a social asset because it upheld a Grinnell tradition, and many a youth stoked a furnace or carried in gravy or rustled trade for Jack the presser as a fine democratic gesture in spite of the size of the checks from home.

I remember my astonishment at an Eastern professor's admiration for a young man who had worked his entire way through college. Many of the boys I knew had done that. Boys in white jackets who rustled grub at the boarding clubs strolled over to the campus with their girls before they went back to wash the dishes, and girls on their way to parties waited outside on the street while their swains delivered pressed pants at house doors. In the summer, the boys went all through the Mississippi Valley selling maps, aluminum ware and compendiums of knowledge. This simplicity was not felt in general as an inhibition but as a thing for pride. The students themselves did not want to dislodge this cherished tradition. Sub rosa fraternities were formed, but they never had much popular student support. The literary societies ministered sufficiently to all the social snobberies that existed in Grinnell. And the girls themselves were willing to cut down on rushing when they found it getting out of bounds.

The life of Grinnell had something of that combination of cultured companionship in the midst of idyllic surroundings which is the charm of small colleges and which grows increasingly rare in America. The country about flat, muddy Grinnell is not so beautiful as the oak woods about the state university on its winding river, but all of the Iowa countryside has its characteristic plain, pastoral loveliness. There are more beautiful campuses in Iowa, too—even the campus of the unidealistic, uncultured Aggies—but no one could fail to sense the charm of this sloping patch of ground with wide cinder paths under tall elms, the clump of dark evergreens on the south forming the background of a natural theater and the lovely little birches standing alone in the center. It is both apart from and in the midst of the quiet town.

There has never really been a faculty row. The professors belonged to the town almost as much as to the college. At Commencement time it was nothing strange to see a doctor's gown slashed with brilliant silk,

flung negligently over a lilac bush beside the door.

Freshman life began with a picnic at Jones Grove, with coffee and toasted "wienies" and autumn leaves, and senior life ended with another picnic at Madison Grove with summer leaves and long summer grass and many engagements. There were all day picnics in the spring and bonfires in the autumn. There was a freedom and an innocence about all this, peculiarly American and Middle Western, belonging only to that continent called the New World. In a day when chaperonage was scarcely known, it was almost unneeded. It was, in fact, purely complimentary, a sort of testimonial of affection for a favorite instructor.

This outdoor atmosphere is the very happiest side of a college on the prairies, where, contrary to the popular conception of a bleak and unrelieved flatness, the woods play such an important part. It is the great charm that such a college has to offer in opposition to the varied opportunities of a city school, and often it seems that no other advantages can make up for the lack or loss of it.

Indeed, there was some reason beyond the glowing romanticism of childhood for the glamour that surrounded this Grinnell that I first saw. It had a halcyon air. Its shining enthusiasm was still untroubled by thought and its simplicity almost uninhabited Idealism and service, so the students believed, had been created in Grinnell and were still confined in their pristine radiance within the boundaries of its pretty campus. In fact this was, although it would have shocked Grinnell to perceive it, a halcyon time for all such small colleges.

SINCE then, Grinnell, in spite of its unique quality, has shared in the problems that have beset all those little colleges scattered throughout the country with such abundant trust in the value of an education, and nowhere more lavishly than in Iowa. It has to face with the rest of them that question: How can the small college compete with the big university? For the University of Iowa, once not considered seriously as a rival by Grinnell, was growing immensely in size and importance and if it could not offer true culture, some few little advantages could no longer be denied. The small college seems to have about three answers to this question. One, and perhaps the most valid, is its emphasis upon the personal rather than the impersonal factory method in education, and this means a concentration upon its faculty. Another is to be "more exclusive," a rather difficult argument for Grinnell, one might think, considering its traditions. The third answer is to grow bigger. Grinnell tried to make all three answers at once.

Vision came to aid of its re-birth, as of its foundation. It was a vision of a glorified Grinnell, the most beautiful college west of the Mississippi, as well as the oldest. And still feeling the old New England influence, still looking two ways, there seemed no better way of realizing this vision, of keeping Grinnell unique among Western colleges, than by making it as much like an Eastern college as possible.

The means of realization came when Grinnell had a chance to profit by the Rockefeller Foundation fund. This necessitated one of those endowment campaigns immediately followed by another which have dictated the chief events of latter Grinnell history and have incidentally helped to advance the popularity of state supported institutions. Money, that mere material thing always held in scorn at Grinnell, played some little part also in this history. The night when the first great million dollar endowment campaign was completed in Grinnell, when professors and graduates and townspeople tossed silver dollars upon the platform until the campaign was brought to triumph, marked the end of one era in Grinnell and the beginning of another.

"It used to be fun to go shopping"



## "Why should I be so tired?"

TOO tired to go shopping! Too tired for the bridge invitation in the afternoon! Too tired to feel like getting dinner and to be a real pal to him in the evening!

The energy that gives zest to the day's activities must be protected. It arises from a well-cared-for body and from good health. Feminine hygiene is modern science's great safeguard. Do you know the facts about it?

For 40 years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard anti-septic depended upon by women throughout the world for feminine hygiene. Likewise, for 40 years, doctors and hospitals the world over have depended on it at childbirth—when any possibility of infection or injury to tender tissues

must be prevented. "Lysol" has been proved safe, effective.

Do not be misled by the extravagant claims of so-called "non-poisonous" preparations. "Lysol" itself is *non-poisonous* when used in proper dilution. "Lysol" gives you many times more for your money because it is a *concentrated* germicide, while some of the so-called "non-poisonous" preparations contain 90% or more of water.

Get a bottle of "Lysol" today. Specific rules and advice come with each bottle. Send for the booklet offered below. It is by a prominent woman physician and is for women. It is enlightening. And it is free.

*Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being sold. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."*



© 1930, L. & F., Inc.



LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. 407  
Bloomfield, N. J.

In Canada, address Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited  
8 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8.

Please send me, free, your booklet,  
"The Facts about Feminine Hygiene"

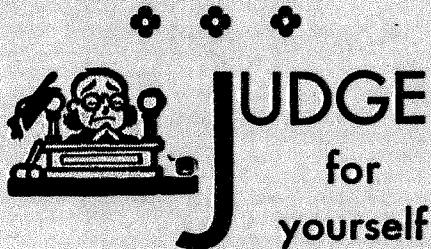
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# 214

UNDERGRADUATES  
LAST YEAR EARNED  
AN AVERAGE OF  
\$575 A MAN!



**O**N the one hand...the bills for your next college year; on the other...the summer vacation lies just ahead with its opportunity for earning the necessary money to cover them.

**W**HAT the other man has done can be duplicated by you. 214 undergraduates earned an average of \$575.00 per man as Delineator representatives during eleven weeks of their vocation last summer...an average of \$52.26 per week...plus a sound training in the fundamentals of business—a personal asset of immeasurable value.

**A**PPLICATIONS for 1930 summer positions now being received. Descriptive booklet mailed on request. Address .....

COLLEGE DIVISION

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO.  
161 Sixth Avenue  
NEW YORK, N.Y.



\$  
**575**

Grinnell had been gradually adding to its old conglomeration of buildings a Carnegie library, a chapel that had much beauty although irreverently described in a freshman theme as resembling a "gentleman's cow barn," and a stadium that answered a hope as much as a need. It added now a really badly needed Administration Building. The need was admitted even by those students who hated to give up the grotesque charms of ugly old Chicago Hall, where, after transacting business in the little Annual Board room or in Mr. Ryan's popular "roof garden," they could drop solemn-looking hats down the awful well of the stairway to a thrillingly invisible rest on the first floor, and then slide down the three flights of banisters to find them. But it was with the erection of the two quadrangles, one for men and one for women, that new history actually began. The other buildings marked a continuation. These marked a break. They separated town from gown, segregated men and women more definitely, called for more rules and red tape and supervision, raised the flat expense of the college course and put its advantages upon a new basis.

The social life has changed somewhat to fit these changed conditions. Dancing is at last a recognized recreation. A touch of elegance, even a bit of dash, is no longer quite outside the best college tradition. There is considerably less, however, of the old innocent, easy, trustful freedom. Grinnell still has fewer rules than most colleges, but they are more in evidence than they used to be. Naturally, too, there is more effort to guard and cherish the greater frailty of the girls. The feminine portion of the school is now all one. The Dean of Women has her residence and offices in the quadrangle. Much of the present popularity of Grinnell with well-to-do parents comes from its reputation for "safety." To the visiting graduate, there seem to be two schools now where there used to be one. I don't know about the men's school. But the girls' school, with the charming living-room in the quadrangle, the cloister walk, the announcements and cheering and songs at dinner in the great Gothic dining-hall, the atmosphere of femininity in the mass, resembles nothing in the world so much as a little Wellesley with a dash of Vassar. But, like all hybrids, the Eastern school in the West seems to be neither one nor the other. In spite of its elevated social tone and its badly needed flavor of elegance, the Grinnell of today seems rather a tamer place than the Grinnell of yesterday.

There are signs that it will change much more than it has changed so far. Already it is in some danger of being regarded chiefly as a safe two years' way station for the daughters of wealthy Des Moines families, enroute for Wellesley. It is admitted with some complacency that Grinnell grows "more exclusive." In fact, it is likely to become exclusive of that very "poor student desiring an education" to whom it so ardently offered itself. Whether this is advance or retrogression for such a college, two factions will always disagree.

For there is a certain, unmistakable dubiousness with which the present Grinnell is regarded in Iowa. Some of this is due to the sentimental attachment and mental inertia which sees any change as for the worse. But it goes deeper than that. It is possible that the body of Grinnellians took the lesson of the spirit above the flesh a little too seriously. Or it may be that Middle Western Americans are not such complete dupes of externalities as they are credited with being. At any rate, the chief dissatisfaction is an underlying, ungovernable suspicion that the inner life of Grinnell has done little to keep pace with its outer growth; that while the "reach" of Grinnell went far enough, its "vision" was not, after all, remarkably fresh or clear.

Worst of all, there is a feeling that the teachers have been swallowed by the buildings. Perhaps, too, Grinnellians learned too well that lesson of the advantage of the personal element in education. There was as little artificial barrier between faculty and students as between boys and girls. The students knew their teachers, not as classroom figures but as men and women, and whether they admire them intellectually or not—although there was plenty of this admiration—they nearly always felt great affection for them.

The proportion between the professors' salaries and the other college equipment was pretty badly upset from the start of the new era. Until the last very few years, the loyal main body of the Grinnell faculty remained little changed, however. Death has done something to deplete the ranks. But financial errors and ambitions and petty politics have done even more. Old Grinnellians are not so easily diverted from grief and indignation over these losses by contemplation of the glorified Grinnell as might be supposed. When they have heard that Grinnell, participating in the financial depression of Iowa, has proposed to cut its expenses by reducing the more than well-earned salaries of their oldest men, a great desire has sometimes come over them to scrap some of the furnishings, even, perhaps, the famous marble fireplaces, for the sake of the people. It has seemed to them that this might have something to do with the Grinnell Spirit.

But whatever Grinnell has lost and gained, and no matter in what direction it may be facing, the Spirit is still with it. Even the phraseology has scarcely altered. "Hasn't Grinnell changed?" is asked of alumni on every visit. One scarcely knows whether to agree after reading in the college paper that of the three representative freshman girls interviewed on their choice of the three leading literary societies, each based her selection upon the grounds that "the — Society best upholds the ideals of Grinnell." That has a familiar ring. When one hears, too, that a very interesting student is "not the Grinnell type" and that a brilliant instructor is "too radical for Grinnell," one feels at home. "The Grinnell type," like the old terms "lady" and "gentleman," must be taken for granted, and the Grinnell Spirit is almost too sacred to be defined in mere words.

**T**HE Grinnell Man must be everything just enough but nothing too much—good looking enough, religious enough, athletic enough, able enough. He must measure up to a standard of what has been called "a handsome mediocrity." He is a sort of youthful, highly idealized portrait of a Rotarian. The Grinnell Girl is all this likewise, in milder, sweeter, feminine mould. Girlishness is her predominant quality. In a word—specific description is unnecessary—she is the ideal mate of the Grinnell Man.

It can be seen that to maintain the eminent niceness of this aristocracy, there is not much room for difference. The student who differs leaves at the end of the sophomore year, goes into a kind of four year period of shadow, or becomes a convert in the end. About the deepest-dyed Grinnellian of whom I know entered as a rebel set upon "revolutionizing Grinnell." There is something in this mild, sweet leniency that tends to acquiescence. In fact, the danger of becoming "the Grinnell type" has sent many an interesting youngster hot foot out of Grinnell. It should be added, however, that several highly interesting scandals have come bursting through this smiling surface.

The other great hostile force in a Grinnell education is the Grinnell Spirit. About the greatest task which confronts the Grinnell graduate when he steps out into that larger

arena described by the Commencement orator is the necessity of getting over Grinnell.

Just what is the Grinnell Spirit is a question lay friends ask with a slightly timid skepticism. The answer can never be exactly given. But it appears to them as a vague radiance, confident of an undefined mission, utterly untested, utterly innocent, tragically absurd in an ancient world—and sometimes as tragically lovely as the trustfulness of a child.

Grinnell is fully accredited and has the Harvard exchange professorship. Among its men who are nationally known have been Professor Jesse Macy in political science, Dr. Edward A. Steiner who writes on immigration and Professor George Herron who helped to found the Rand School of Social Science of New York.

Over its much talked-of culture, however, there lies an ethical cast which tends to crowd out the aesthetic that takes no thought of humanity. A club of Grinnell graduates, a year or so ago, was still discussing widely different types of literature on the basis of "which gave the most benefit to mankind." The seclusion and fervently cherished self-satisfaction of Grinnell, too, keeps it out of the stir of thought. It is for both these reasons, I think, that Grinnell has had so small a part in the development of a fresher native literature in Iowa in which the state university has been so active, and even the little Methodist rival, Cornell, has so far out stripped Grinnell. There have been a few Grinnell writers. The college points with special pride to Dr. Albert Shaw of the *Review of Reviews* and to Norman Hall who wrote *Fairy Islands of the South Seas*. But the college has had little definitely to do with any literary development.

In music and the drama, which may be supposed to delight rather than to serve or instruct mankind, Grinnell does better. It has never been a center of playwriting, but in acting under Mr. Ryan and in stage craft under Mrs. Flanagan (now lost to Vassar), it has done exceptional things. The Glee Clubs have won local and national prizes.

Until a very few years ago, it had the benefit of the pipe organ improvisations of Professor Scheve in chapel—a small, gentle, bearded German, one of the most lovable of all the Grinnell characters. I remember the chickens of which he was so proud—he had never been an agriculturist before—and which he had named *Allegretto*, *Largo*, *Scherzo*, and his little cabin in the wild, huge midst of the Colorado Rockies. Mr. and Mrs. Scheve always had a watchful student looking after them, rescuing them when the walls of their cement house leaked moisture and rushing in with their little outdoor wooden breakfast table when it rained . . . feeding their musical hens, too, who were said to have been named from the character of their cackles.

Grinnell is not the place in which to look for eagerness of inquiry, youthful audacity of thought or action, really stirring intellectual currents. But it has always had and does still have a personal and intimate charm.

## BASKETBALL [from page 80]

guards were Werber (Duke), Magner (Pennsylvania), McGinnis (Kentucky), Grayson (Oregon State), Rothert (Stanford), Boots (Purdue), Baker (Pittsburgh), Mills (Illinois), Dowler (Colgate), Cox (Kansas), Corcoran (Creighton), Newblatt (N. Y. U.), McCall (Dartmouth), Smith (Notre Dame), Lehners (Southern California), Rees (Texas), Mulligan (Fordham), Monahan (Drake), Lewis (Cornell), Spindell (C. C. N. Y.), Waldorf (Missouri), Fish (Chicago) and Nagleby (Brigham Young).



**M**OST assuredly . . . in a FIAT shower! That's the swanky new shower bath compartment, you know. The joyous sting of the "needles," the tingle of the gentle spray—why shouldn't a fellow in his FIAT burst into rapturous song?

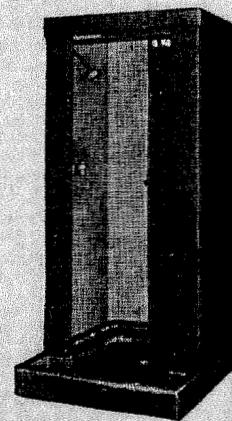
FIAT shower bath compartments are taking college men . . . the girls, too . . . by storm. Attractive, complete shower bath equipment, easily installed in fraternity and sorority houses at the very lowest cost.

# FIAT

Shower bath compartments are not a component part of your building—no contraction or expansion, no settling can affect them. This explains why they are absolutely leakproof and will remain

so permanently. They will outlast your building. Repair and redecorating expense due to leakage is eliminated. No wonder students want them in fraternity and sorority houses.

Floor of compartment is of polished pre-cast terrazzo. Walls are in vitreous enamel (like ordinary bathtubs) or specially prepared galvanized steel finished in prime coat or various colors. Compartments come in various sizes with or without doors. Knocked-down construction. Easily handled and easily installed:



THE ADMIRAL—with extended receptor and curtain

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG AND PRICES

**FIAT METAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
1207 ROSCOE STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS