



Elgin Groseclose, '20 arts-sc., contributing editor of this magazine, has been appointed an associate editor of «Fortune». Doctor Groseclose has had a varied career, as missionary, as financial expert for the department of commerce and later with the Guaranty Company of New York. Several times he has had «close calls», once when the Bolsheviks imprisoned him for three weeks at Tiflis

## Fortuneditor

**F**ew men of his age have achieved such distinction so young or have had such a varied and interesting life as has attended Elgin Groseclose, '20 arts-sc., one of the most brilliant graduates of the University of Oklahoma.

His life of achievement reads like a romance. He began life, following college, as a missionary. He has heard bullets fly in revolution; he has been in narrow enough scrapes in Persia and Russia to satiate any adventure lover; he has held important position after position, climaxed late in November by being named the financial editor of *Fortune*, the magazine *Time* launched in February, 1930.

He is a native Oklahoman, being born in Waukomis November 25, 1899. His career at the University of Oklahoma was like most of his life, meteoric. He was a varsity debater, a Y. M. C. A. officer, a Rhodes scholar nominee from the university, a Phi Beta Kappa, being elected in the first class on installation of Phi Beta Kappa in the university. Following his graduation, he went to Persia as a missionary, and then returned to the university for more study. He was made a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity. Leaving Norman he went to Washington, where he obtained his doctor of philosophy degree from the American university.

For two years, following his gradua-

tion from the university in 1920, Mr Groseclose was stationed in Teheran, Persia, as a missionary. He was in Persia during stirring times, when revolution disturbed the government.

He was in Tabriz when that city was besieged. One day, while seated in his room in the mission, a bullet splintered through the window and lodged in the wall a few inches from where he was seated. He got up and dug out the bullet as a memento of a close call. That night, he stood guard in the mission compound to prevent the victorious and looting army from digging through the mud walls into the compound.

His service as missionary finished, Mr Groseclose joined the Near East Relief, then engaged in the herculean task under Nansen of saving thousands of starving Russians. He was in Russia at the time the Relief had the world's largest orphanage,—25,000 children in the old Russian army barracks at Alexandropol. On leaving Russia via Georgia he was stopped at Tiflis by the Red guard. Some gold was found in a shoe and for a while, it seemed as though Mr Groseclose was doomed. He was imprisoned and expected momentarily to be shot. Through the officials of the Near East Relief, he was released, to continue homeward through Turkey, Greece, Egypt and through Europe.

After a short while at the university,

he lectured for the Near East Relief, then came to Washington to accept a government position with the department of commerce. During this period he wrote a number of studies on financial subjects, chief being a study of currency problems of the Orient.

He was under assignment as assistant trade commissioner to India, which country he had visited on his way to Persia, when he resigned from government service to take a position with the Guaranty Company of New York, the investment banking affiliate of the Guaranty Trust Co. In this connection Mr Groseclose worked on some of the large interesting pieces of foreign financing of this period. The Guaranty Company is, with J. P. Morgan & Co., the fiscal agent for Belgium, and has been leader in important Japanese utility financing—the largest piece being a \$125,000,000 issue of bonds for the Tokyo Electric Light Co., issued in 1927.

Last November, he resigned from the Guaranty Co., to become an associate editor of *Fortune*, published by *Time*. He has charge of the financial news of the magazine.

He also was appointed late last year as a lecturer in economics in the College of the City of New York.

Mr Groseclose, who is a contributing  
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On the opposite page is perhaps the most famous view of Constantinople, taken from Eyub, the thousand-year old cemetery and looking towards Constantinople. Below is a typical Turkish street, with its cobble stones, gardens behind walls, streets where no traffic save a heavily laden donkey can pass. Miss Reinhardt, who is a secretary in the American embassy at Constantinople, finds this cross-roads of the world city interesting and charming



is Asia even though it is only about twenty minutes by ferryboat across to the Asiatic side.

There are little villages all the way to the Black Sea (two hours boat ride) on each side of the Bosphorus. On the European side there are cafes with jazz and classic music . . . on the Asiatic side the quiet of trees and low hills. But over the water and both sides the moon pours the same soft beauty and the air is full of the same dreamy hush.

The Bosphorus is a fickle body of water whose currents change from day to day, whose colorings change hourly, which is as grey and forlorn in winter

as an untended grave in the melting snows of late winter . . . whose waters are as blue and lilted in summer as the full blown white sails that deck its surface. The Bosphorus is ever alive. It deepens one's melancholy and heightens one's joys.

The Golden Horn has no mood save peace and sadness. Its unchangeable beauty is intensified at close of day when the whole length is a placid lake of gold. It carries its greyness in winter with the grace of one long accustomed to sadness but not bitterness. It is somehow never depressing.

It challenges one to patience. The

Horn is dead . . . no coursing currents here . . . no leaping waves.

What is so rare as a day in October in Constantinople. It is then rather than in June that Allah lends an ear and I think that he must find it all peculiarly in tune for in spite of its modernity in spots . . . in spite of all the reforms . . . in spite of street cars, taxis and new apartment buildings there is a misty mellowness pervading all the crevices. Three Octobers the writer has seen in the King's city and each one has been more beautiful than the one before. In the mellowness of age there is beauty and in the mist there is sadness . . . it is a sad mist sent to soften decay, tumbling walls and broken stones.

There is a bond between all people who have lived here momentarily or extendedly . . . there is a light that comes across the face . . . a quiet smile tinged with nostalgia. And no one has expressed it better than the Spaniard who said . . . "Turkey . . . unchanging Turkey, so beautiful and sad."



## FORTUNEDITOR

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editor of *The Sooner Magazine*, contributes to various magazines, principally *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Asia*.

Six foot two, Mr Groseclose remarks facetiously that his chief problem in life is "getting shoes big enough and suits long enough."

His most interesting experience was the three weeks he spent in the jail at Tiflis, with men being shot in the courtyard daily, and expecting his turn to come next. The most impressive sight he has seen was the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

His most interesting occupation is keeping his babies in shoes. He has two children, both girls, Sarah Jane, two and a half years old, and Nancy Margaret, one year old. Mrs Groseclose was Miss Louise Williams of Washington, D. C. The Grosecloses were married June 25, 1927.

Interested in the Y. M. C. A. while in the university, Mr Groseclose has continued with it as his hobby. He is a member of the national Y. M. C. A. council, the New York state committee and the board of managers of Prospect Park Branch in New York City.

Active in the New York City Sooner club, Mr Groseclose wants to make a class reunion at Norman.

A distinguished Oklahoman himself, Mr Groseclose has an Oklahoman for his hero—Will Rogers.