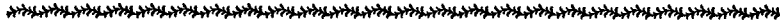


CHAPTER XIII



THE following resident members, besides the four already named in the previous chapter (Boller, Douglas, Hamilton, and Thorne), went into War Service, their names having been retained on the Club roster: George W. Ball, now a non-resident living in Washington, D. C.; Ross J. Beatty, Jr., Seward H. Bowers, Ward E. Guest, Max Rheinstein, Dr. Michael L. Mason, Elbridge B. Pierce, Dr. Charles B. Puestow, Dr. Everett Lee Strohl, and Dr. Arthur R. Turner, the last named now residing in Washington, D. C. Six of these War Service men have returned to resident membership, namely, Ross J. Beatty, Jr., George Boller, Ward E. Guest, Dr. Mason, Elbridge Pierce, and Dr. Strohl. Still to return, or otherwise to be accounted for, are Seward Bowers, Dr. Puestow, Max Rheinstein, and Paul H. Douglas. Of Seward Bowers we have had no word yet; Dr. Puestow, we understand, is in Chicago, but has not yet reinstated himself; Max Rheinstein is expected to return eventually to his position in the University of Chicago Law School; Paul Douglas, severely wounded, has been convalescing in a Washington, D. C. Hospital.

(This is being written just after the close of our 1945-1946 season.)

The 1942-1943 season began under the presidency of Dr. Arno B. Luckhardt, whose Inaugural address was entitled, *Collector's Items of a Medical Historical Bibliomaniac*. The record states that

"On a table before the speaker were many of these 'Items,' rare medical incunabula, books and engravings, ivory figurines, and other curios, which, after the reading, were demonstrated and explained by Dr. Luckhardt."

Ralph Horween's second paper read before the Club in October, 1942 (it will be remembered that his first was on

The Battle of Jutland), Sir William Sydney Smith . . . *An Episode in the Eastern Mediterranean*, was another historical contribution of importance, well conceived and thoughtfully worked out (as was his *Jutland*) in such a manner as to hold our undivided interest and win enthusiastic applause.

Stephen Hurley's *Chance* was delightful; Mr. Hurley always packs his contributions with closely woven thought, almost Emersonian, we might say, but never obscure. When Charles Yeomans comes forward with one of his all too rare papers, as he did on November 9 of this season, and read *Clergyman in Conflict*, we know it is to be a real occasion. A choice, delicate humor, of the Yeomans brand, pervaded this paper. Theodore Buenger's paper on *Gregory the Great* gave us a fine touch of the author's classical, or post-classical in this case, and well known scholarship. On a night in January, 1943, Horace Bridges gave us a clever *Sherlock Holmes Misadventure*, an original story in the familiar Doyleesque manner and style, an imitation that would deceive any but the most expert Doyle fan. Mr. Bridges favored us (and the ladies) in the autumn following with another of these *Holmes* take-offs, which the ladies found very much to their taste.

When, on March 29, 1943, we held our *first* Ladies' Night in the University Club, far more meet for such entertainment than any place we had hitherto found, the pleasure and peculiar satisfaction we felt were quite similar to the feelings of Odysseus, when, entertained at a banquet given him by Alcinous, King of the Phaeacians, he began his story thus:

"Lord Alcinous, it is indeed a lovely thing to hear a bard such as this man with a voice like a god. I myself feel that there is nothing more delightful than when the festive mood reigns in people's hearts and the banqueters listen to a minstrel from their seats in the hall, while the tables before them are laden with bread and meat, and a steward carries around the wine he has drawn from the mixing bowl and fills their cups. This, to my way of thinking, is something very like perfection."

The ladies all said it *was* perfection. At last we were able to serve wine without let or hindrance, and the dinner was sumptuous, for because of a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel,

the menu had been arranged and ordered just *before* new and drastic Government Food restrictions went into effect. The "bard" with the "voice like a god", to wit, Wilfred Puttkammer, regaled the audience with a brilliant paper, *A Famous Family of Old Augsburg*, which was loudly applauded. That meeting registered a new high water mark in Ladies' Night annals.

Joseph Adams joined the Club January 3, 1876. He was on our resident member list for sixty-seven years. He died March 30, 1943. The Secretary remembers having seen this elderly member present at the Club but once during the last twenty-three years of his membership. On that occasion Mr. Adams found the tobacco smoke so objectionable that he refused to come again. We recall one or two attempts made by the Club to interdict smoking during the exercises, but they were futile; the majority favored this restful habit and so ruled. Too many of us were devotees of Nicotina and refused to abandon her cult when we were assembled.

Governor Frank O. Lowden, both a resident and non-resident member for fifty years, died March 20, 1943, at his country estate in Oregon, Illinois. On December 15, 1942, a sad accident, causing immediate death, removed Charles True Adams from our resident list. His father, of the same name, was an early member of the Club.

Three or four excellent papers and a Book Night brought the season to a successful close. Among these was George Dyer's *Is Sociology a Science?*, George Powers' *Lowdown on Cousin George*, and Harry Robinson's *Mr. Dooley*.

"To one who has observed for many years at close range the personnel of this Club the most amazing thing is the high morale, which continues to hold its own year after year during every variety of vicissitude, national prosperity, national depression, prohibition, Calvin Coolidge, the Decline and Fall of Big Business, Union Racketeering, a World War and now a Global War—whatever the situation or condition, the Literary Club flourishes therein. Its solidarity and loyalty are truly unique."

(From the Secretary's report of May 10, 1943.)

Our seventieth season, 1943-1944, which opened on October 11 at the usual place, the University Club, had for its President Francis Howard Eldridge, whose Inaugural Address, *Mars and the Daughters of Mnemosyne, 1918-1943*, proved to be his valedictory, though we knew it not, for he died the following summer, the victim of a shocking accident. Howard Eldridge was a personage, a man of distinguished character and ability, quiet, modest, a clear thinker, a keen lawyer and student of law, with a remarkable command of both the spoken and written language, a man of steadiness, of philosophic bent, fond of elucidating the recondite, of interpreting intricate thought. The Club has had few men of his stamp, of his mental integrity, of his power of analysis.

Seldom does the work of members of this Club fall below the minimum of excellence long established and familiar to all; and there are always a few who attain the maximum or exceed it. Of the men who composed the program for this season most have already been characterized, and, after a fashion, evaluated—fairly, we hope. A general summation of the year's "produce" might be described as follows, disregarding names and merely alluding to titles indirectly; as is nearly always the case the topics have varied widely—variety of subject and treatment being one of our reasons for being—biographical, autobiographical, analytical, scientific, descriptive, detective, humorous, witty, political, exciting, educative, mythical, mystical, practical, stimulating—ranging from Sewers to Submarines, from Tennyson to Twins, from Douglas to Dives, from Eggs to Aesculapius, from Music to *Maga*, from Schoolcraft to Stained Glass, from Long to Law, from Peace to Pessimism—papers and essays seldom inducing somnolence, interest-awakening, stylistically individual, rarely smelling of the lamp, written and composed for the most part under the watchful gaze of the goddess of Wisdom. An Olympian program, if there ever was one.

During this season we lost three resident members, Edward Thomas Lee, Dr. Sanford R. Gifford, and Dr. Bever-

idge H. Moore. The first two have already been eulogized in this narrative. The third, Dr. Moore, was an orthopedic surgeon of skill and ingenuity, friendly, genial, modest, popular, who, as head of the Crippled Children's Hospital for years, greatly relieved the suffering of those poor unfortunates and was held by them in deep affection. His contributions in lighter vein and his companionship are sorely missed.

Of our non-resident members three died during 1943 and 1944, Judge Julian W. Mack, of New York, Theodore C. Hume, and Walter L. Bullock. Some of us older members will remember Judge Mack as an able, honest, impartial Judge, much given to philanthropy, a lover of literature, a writer of acceptable papers, always active and much interested in our Club affairs.

If *Science and the Future* had been the title of a paper read on March 13, 1874, the date of the founding of this Club, one wonders what the point of view of the writer would have been compared with the point of view of Professor Carey Croneis, who read a paper with that title on the *seventieth* anniversary of the Club, March 13, 1944.

Under the vigorous leadership of Earle A. Shilton we opened our seventy-first season on October 9, 1944. In the Book of Fate it was written and decreed that we were to enjoy several essays of special merit worthy of mention, and were to witness the complete surrender of Germany, the death of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the accession of Harry S. Truman to the Presidency, a series of world-shaking events, taken all together—including the exercises of the Chicago Literary Club. Of course we were all very much concerned with world happenings outside of the Club, but this narrative deals only with our internal Club affairs, and therefore passes lightly over *Welt-Politik*, except as some member deals with it, or with a particular phase of it. This is what Professor Max Rheinstein did on October 23 in his paper *Birth of a Nation*. He had just spent the previous year on a special mission to Puerto Rico, and gave us the story of

that mission including details of the troublesome political situation in that island, and its struggle for independence.

An intrepid young mine superintendent's experience in his younger days before he became a full-fledged lawyer was thrillingly told by George W. Gale in his first paper *Silver Creek*. John Leonard Hancock scored a perfect philological bulls-eye in his dissertation on *Words*. An expert classicist, Mr. Hancock proved beyond the shadow of a cavil that to evaluate properly our great English language one should be able quickly and easily to determine its sources, which we all know are the ancient languages in large measure, especially Latin. Leonard Hancock has read five papers before the Club. Wit and humor flow naturally from his pen.

At a special Directors' meeting on November 28 the Chairman of the Finance Committee, Frederick B. Andrews, was empowered to make an arrangement with Gregory, DeLong and Holt, Investment Advisers, to supervise the Club's finances. Two weeks later Mr. Andrews reported that such an arrangement had been satisfactorily made.

Meyer Kestnbaum, the head of a large manufacturing concern, made his initial appearance before us with a well considered paper, *Six Days Shalt Thou Labor*, a subject he was well qualified to discuss as a sympathetic industrial leader. John Nuveen, Jr.'s fifth paper *Plaint of a Bureaucrat* made a hit with us all. We learned at first hand of the intricate twists and turns of Red Tape which Government Bureaus bind and wind around some poor Gulliver unfortunate enough to be in their toils. Mr. Nuveen's papers are always full of intellectual nutriment well mixed with humor. Dr. Bailey's fourth Armenian paper *Musa Dagh*, illustrated, met with great favor. Dealing with a section of the world with which most of us are not familiar, Dr. Bailey serves us goodly portions of information of value and interest. Other papers of the year deserving a very high rating were Louis Leon Thurstone's *Three Theories of Intelligence* (another *first*); Puttkammer's *A Man-made Colossus*, on the origin, rise, and fall of the British

East India Company; William H. King, Jr.'s keen critique of the Supreme Court; Willard King's biographical chapter on Chief Justice Fuller (a small portion of a definitive biography of Fuller, which Mr. King is still working at assiduously); Dr. Warren S. McCulloch's *One Word After Another* (also a *first*), an intimate interview with one poet (Edward Arlington Robinson) by another (the author), and published by the Club in December, 1945; Nathan S. Blumberg's *Eighteen Cases*, a query as to how rigid or how elastic is our Constitution; Casper Ooms' delightful *American Dreyfus*, one of the best, if not the best, of all his contributions to Club literature; Anan Raymond's *A Logistic Parallel*; and Robert A. Mowat's *Life and Letters in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*, which was the final paper of the year. Mr. Mowat is well versed in English and Scottish literature and had read previously before the Club carefully written papers on Burns and Tennyson. Unfortunately he was suddenly taken ill while reading this final meeting paper, and was unable to finish it. Dr. Bailey, who was sitting nearby, assisted Mr. Mowat to a chair, and, always ready for any emergency, read the remainder of the paper.

Constantly shifting circumstances during the year had thrown the prearranged program out of order; but the patience, skill, and tact of the Program Chairman, Theodore Buenger, had restored an order that brought us the fine grist of papers mentioned above.

George G. Powers was one of the four choice members we had lost during the year. (The other three have been duly memorialized in these pages.) He was a business man endowed with unusual literary ability. He had successfully fought the depression, and had come through with his happy disposition unimpaired. His presence always radiated good cheer; his hearty greeting was an uplift, and his Club papers were ingenious, novel, and fine examples of American humor, humor which he relished in the reading as we did in the hearing.

The Club had been confronted the year before with the necessity of showing cause why it should not pay an income tax. We had no evidence of exemption, so we set about obtaining it. Through our skillful attorney, George W. Gale, such evidence of exemption was carefully prepared and sent to the Internal Revenue Department. On December 14, 1944, we received a letter from Washington, D.C., which gave us assurance that we should be free from income tax payments as long as we continued to be an unadulterated source of culture and literature; but we were warned that we must beware lest our dugs suckle bastards.

The Club had voted to have an audit made of our finances at the close of this 1944-1945 season. This was done by one of our own members, Mr. Edward B. Wilcox, a certified public accountant. This was gratifying to the Treasurer, and relieved him of a responsibility that he was glad to have shared. A year later it was voted to have the audit an annual affair, and to have copies of the audit distributed to members at the final meeting of the year.

An esteemed active member of the Club since 1941, Professor Carey Croneis of the University of Chicago was called to the presidency of Beloit College and duly inaugurated in September, 1944. The Literary Club's reputation as a feeder for high positions of honor outside of the city was greatly enhanced thereby, as it was also by the appointment of Casper Ooms to be Commissioner of Patents at Washington, D. C. in the summer of 1945. We were sorry to lose these two good men from our active list, but felt highly honored vicariously. In September, 1945, Charles Yeomans received Letters Patent signed by Commissioner Ooms, and wrote to a fellow member that he was wondering whether any other member of the Literary Club would care to dispute his claim to the distinction of being the first member of the Club to be so honored by the new Commissioner!

Hon. William H. Holly was elected President of the Club for 1945-1946. There was no other candidate. The Judge was

in Washington when notified by Chairman John Heath that he, the Judge, was the choice of his "party" for President. There must have been some spoofing between the two, but the Judge had the last word. He wired Heath as follows:

"I cannot refuse my country's call. I appreciate the valiant fight my friends must have made for me and will not forget them in the distribution of patronage."

Judge Holly had the misfortune to suffer a leg fracture during the winter of his incumbency so was absent from the Chair for several weeks, but he has fully recovered.

At the end of the season, May, 1946, the Club finds it imperative to change its location after thirty-six years in the Fine Arts Building, sixteen of which have been spent in its present quarters. Our lease expires June 30, 1946. Unable to negotiate with the new owners of the building, we regarded ourselves as having been rather unceremoniously excalci-trated, and immediately looked for new quarters. Thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Earle Shilton, Chairman of the Rooms and Finance Committee, new rooms have been found in the building at 84 East Randolph Street, owned and controlled by the John Crerar Library, whither we expect shortly to go.

During the spring of 1946 the Club came to the realization that its By-Laws had accumulated too much rust, were too antiquated to serve our changing and latter day needs. Consequently a Committee of three was appointed, headed by Irwin T. Gilruth, to scrutinize the By-Laws carefully and revise them or cast them in a new mould. This Committee had not time to do this work and report to the Club before the close of the season. Its report, therefore, will not be made until some time next season. The story of this report and of the changes or alterations it may suggest, as well as the story of our move to East Randolph street, will have to be left to the next historian of the Club.

We buttressed the Club with new and sturdy material by receiving into our fellowship nine new members during 1944-1945, and eleven during 1945-1946. On May 6, 1946 we had

155 resident members, 50 non-resident members, and 3 Associate Members, a total membership of 208.

Three members died during this latest season. George Steele Seymour was taken by death September 7, 1945. He was a veritable literary addition to the Club. He was a clear and forceful writer, a collector of rare books, and a true poet. Though a member but for two short years, he made his worth apparent to us all. He had a wide acquaintance among literary people, both professional and lay. George Seymour was a man of parts whom we could ill afford to lose.

Herman L. Matz, who died in December, 1945, was a member for fifty-one years, and in his prime was devoted to the Club. Howard Van Sinderen Tracy also left us in December, 1945. He was hampered by ill health but was loyal to the Club to the very end. Billy E. Goetz is now connected with Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio; and Horace Bridges, one of our highly valued stand-bys for years, suffering from ill health, has been compelled to live in retirement in Greenport, L. I.

As we are now at the end of the period which this historian is supposed to cover, he desires to express his gratitude to the Club for having honored him by keeping him in office for so many years, and by assigning to him the pleasant duty of compiling this narrative history. The months spent in its preparation have been happy ones. It has been his endeavor to set forth events and minor happenings, trivial though they often may seem, which are of record and a human part of our Club experience; also to appraise fairly and impartially the personalities, characters, and literary accomplishments of both the dead and the quick. His readers, if any there shall be, may differ with him in some of his estimates, but he hopes not in all.

The question may at times be asked by an inquiring new member how it is that this Club, against materialistic odds, achieves so well its primary object of literary and aesthetic culture, maintains its traditions, binds to itself with hoops of steel the loyalty and devotion of its members, and enjoys an

atmosphere of distinction so different from all other Clubs. The answer is simple and easy: let the inquirer glance at our long and distinguished list of members, deceased and living; there he will find the "Greate & Goode," the names of the foremost men in all the professions and in business, who have adorned Chicago and the nation for nearly three generations, leaders of the bar, of medicine and surgery, of the pulpit and the rostrum, judges and justices, ambassadors, cabinet members, University and College professors and presidents, men of prominence in commerce and banking—all of them men who have valued greatly the purposes and customs of this organization and were proud to belong to it. Of such has been, still is, and will continue to be the Independent and Democratic State known as the Chicago Literary Club.

Experience has shown that friendships, for the most part, formed in this Club have proved to be untarnishable assets, non-defaulting, non-taxable, dividend-paying, corruption-proof, impervious to decay.

MARY GREEN

For nearly forty years the most popular and most valuable "member" of the Club; caretaker and guardian of our physical property and welfare; who sees that all things, chairs, official table, lectern, lights, papers, periodicals, ballot box, gavel, and other appurtenances are in order and in readiness for each meeting; who wards off trouble and defends us against imposition; who arranges in their proper place and labels our unused or superfluous publications; who has been our cateress for many a Reunion and Ladies' Night dinner; who brews the most delicious cup of coffee in Chicago and serves the tastiest of delicacies to sustain us on our homeward journeys; who remembers and can call by name every member of the Club; who listens with interest to our exercises and can comment intelligently upon them; always modest and unassuming; to her its true and tried friend the Chicago Literary Club pays affectionate homage.