

Last November, we were fortunate in hearing Dr. Orville Bailey speak to us on an aspect of life at Harvard University. I am sure that you were as impressed as I was with the caliber of the faculty and the students who make up that august body, the Society of Fellows, to say nothing of its unusual curriculum, if it can be called such.

It would be a mistake, however, to leave the members of the Literary Club with the impression that Cambridge, Massachusetts (or that part of it occupied by Harvard University) is the habitat of scholars exclusively. It is not. I spent seven years there, and I know. This brings me to the topic of my paper, a men's club, usually referred to by its members as the IQ.

The IQ, or as it is known officially, the Iroquois Club, has no formal purposes unless promotion of good fellowship among its members can be called a formal purpose. Good fellowship was certainly promoted, but this phrase, "good fellowship", seems inadequate to me as a description of the bonds that can exist between

members of a men's club. Not all the members will be friends; some may even be bitter enemies. Yet even the bitterest of enemies will be willing to set aside some animosities for the benefit of the club, and usually fellow members are willing to concede that their enemies who are not members are worse people than their enemies who are members. At any rate, all men are to at least a slight extent allies in the war between the sexes, and perhaps this is the simple explanation of why men's clubs have existed so long, and, I am sure, will continue to exist.

To turn from idle psychological speculation on what makes men's clubs, in general, such idyllic places, this is the story of one of them, the Iroquois Club of Cambridge, Massachusetts:

When I arrived at Harvard College, in 1951, I had heard vague references to undergraduate clubs which existed for purposes other than those political, religious, literary or scientific. Most people have heard, for example, of the Hasty Pudding Club, which puts on an annual dramatic show, usually of the light musical comedy

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sort. The Iroquois Club, however, is not well known, and is probably not known at all to the majority of Harvard College graduates.

The IQ is one of some eleven clubs at Harvard which are collectively known as the "final clubs". There was a period in Harvard's history when there were "waiting clubs" and "final clubs" but the distinction has now disappeared, and the eleven surviving social clubs are all final clubs. I do wish to emphasize that they are not fraternities; none has had any connection with a national fraternity for at least fifty years. Their names are probably sufficient indication of their independent status. The Iroquois, the Fly, the Owl, the Fox, the Phoenix S.K., the Bat, the Porcellian, the Delphic (also known as the Gas), the A.D., the Spee, and the D.U.

All the final clubs are located between Harvard Yard and the Charles River, most of them on Mt. Auburn Street, between the Yard and the various Houses where all Harvard students except freshmen live. The Hasty Pudding is not a final club, but nearly all members of the final clubs are also members of the Pudding. Its full name, incidentally, is the Hasty Pudding Club - Institute

of 1770. Its principal function is that of a social club where ladies may be entertained at dinner. The significance of this function will shortly become apparent.

I have referred to the IQ as a men's club - this is meant literally. Ladies are ordinarily admitted to final clubs only on two occasions during the year, once at a luncheon before the Harvard-Yale Game, and the other on Commencement Day. The luncheon party on the day of the Yale Game is a recent innovation for most of the clubs. It is said to have been made necessary by the complaints of wives who were forced to fend for themselves on this most significant of Boston occasions, for, traditionally, the graduate members of final clubs had lunch at their clubs before the Game.

As a freshman at Harvard College, I gradually became aware of the existence of the clubs. Some of my friends, who lived in Boston or New York or who had attended school in the East, would

mention them from time to time. However, they were never mentioned in the student newspaper, the Crimson, and there was no reference to them in the abundance of student handbooks, catalogs and other materials which the Dean's Office provided to all freshmen. The House system was a much greater source of interest to me and my classmates. Since Harvard is a fairly large college, with over 4,000 undergraduate students, the University in the 1930s ~~is~~ had eagerly accepted Mr. Harkness' generous offer to finance the building of a number of self-contained "Houses" as residences for sophomores, juniors and seniors. I was treated to large doses of administration propaganda on the advantages of the House system over those vulgar institutions known as fraternities. The Houses do serve similar functions, since membership in a House is permanent, while one is an undergraduate, and ^{each} ~~all~~ undergraduate upper-classmen ^{is} ~~are~~ compelled to live in one of them. Each House has its own dining hall, library, and, to some extent, its own social life, including intra-mural athletics, dramatic groups, dances and so forth. I, like all freshmen, spent many anxious hours wondering what House would accept

me. Almost every sophomore is able to go into one of his first three choices among the Houses, but there is no guarantee of this, and if one has a strong preference, it is necessary to put some thought and effort into the application for House membership.

I was very pleased, at the beginning of my sophomore year, to being accepted by my first choice among the Houses. My feelings of pleasure faded somewhat when I discovered that the House was, to me, little more than a dormitory with a dining hall appended.

At this point in my college career, one of my father's friends, who had graduated from Harvard College a few years before, asked if I were interested in ~~gax~~ joining a final club. I had by then heard enough about them to be interested, and, in due course, I received a formal invitation requesting my attendance at a dinner on a date within the next week. This was in October of my sophomore year. The invitation specified black tie and said that I would be called for. On the appointed evening, two formally attired men appeared at the door of my room and introduced themselves. One was a senior and the other, a friend of the man who spoke to my father

about my joining the club, was an undergraduate about thirty years old. He later became one of my closest friends, and I learned that he remained as an undergraduate largely by choice, taking and retaking French courses in a prolonged attack on the College's requirement that each graduate possess at least some knowledge of one foreign language. He supported himself as a copy writer on one of the Boston newspapers and had spent two years in Egypt on a grant from some foundation. While there he had become ~~flk~~ fluent in Arabic, but refused to use this knowledge to pass his language requirement. Harvard didn't seem to mind.

My two escorts took me to a car where I met two or three other sophomores, also candidates for membership, and we drove off to one of Boston's suburbs. The dinner party was held at the house of one of the graduate members of the club. It developed that he had been married for only about three weeks, and had just returned from his honeymoon. His bride seemed to find nothing strange about cooking her first company dinner for 20 young men. She and a female friend greeted the guests and then retired for

the rest of the evening, since they did not eat dinner with us. The host served cocktails to his guests, who were about equally divided between members of the club (graduates and undergraduates) and prospective members. Everyone accepted the drinks except for two or three who were in training for athletics. The conversation was interesting and on a wide variety of subjects. The subject of the Iroquois Club, however, was never mentioned.

The effect that all of this had on me was nothing short of astonishment. I considered myself brought up in an atmosphere of taste, refinement and elegance (after all, my father had been a member of the Chicago Literary Club for some years) but formal dinner parties, à la Boston, were something new to my experience. I later got to know a member of the Club from New York, who told me, in all seriousness, that he had been invited to and had attended, a formal dinner party in Boston every single night for three months during his freshmen year. Unfortunately, he had then flunked out and, after a stint with the Army, had returned to find himself too old for the current debutantes' eligible list. He still managed to

make more frequent use of his tuxedo than I had ever considered possible.

Our dinner party broke up at about 11:00 P.M. and I was driven back to Cambridge, still wondering what the Iroquois Club was all about. My escorts accompanied me back to my room and came in for a few minutes of conversation. They explained that the "punching season" was nearly over but that they would see to it that I was invited to several more dinners, in order to meet more of the members, if this was agreeable to me. I said that I would be happy to attend more dinners, and during the next few weeks I did, in fact, go to three or four more.

Meanwhile, I looked up a friend from freshman year, whom I knew to be a native Bostonian and a proper one at that. He explained that the "punching season" had no relation to Tap Day, a now abolished institution at a small college in Connecticut, of which you may have heard. Its name escapes me. On Tap Day, people were physically tapped as a sign of being asked to form secret societies, with ridiculous names. Skull and Bones comes to

mind as one example (Pause) Nobody getting up to leave?

My friend explained that nobody is punched during the punching season. In the 1800's each club had a secret recipe for an alcoholic punch, and prospective members were invited to punch parties, usually called, simply, punches. Martinis and formal dinners have long since replaced the punches, but the name remains. My friend also told me that he was being punched by four clubs and he expressed some surprise that only the IQ had shown any interest in me. He then said, "Oh well, you're from Chicago; that's probably why." By this time I was inured to being regarded as a backwoodsman, so my friend's attitude did not seem surprising at all. This same friend, on being shown Lake Michigan on a subsequent visit to Chicago, said, "You mean there's no salt in it, at all?"

I also learned that all the final clubs are bound by an agreement between themselves and the college to seek their members only from the sophomore, junior and senior classes, that they do not

canvass freshmen, that a man can belong to one final club and one only, and that the initiation fees are usually about \$100, and that dues vary from \$5 to \$20 per month during the school year.

After my first experience with the punching season, the remaining dinners of the season were not so much of a shock to me. There ~~WERE~~ was one more dinner at a graduate member's house in one of the suburbs of Boston and two in men's clubs in Boston, one at the Somerset and one at the Union. The pattern was the same, black tie, club members in about equal numbers with the candidates and conversation on every topic except the Iroquois Club. By this time I had learned that the IQ was located at 74 Mt. Auburn Street, ^Iand/had looked at the clubhouse, from the outside, with some curiosity. Its architecture was 18th Century English, and I later learned that it is a slightly scaled down copy of Boodle's in London, which was designed by Adam. It was impossible to tell what the ~~ingex~~ interior was like, and there never seemed to be many lights at night. I decided that the building must be used only

occasionally and presumably on very formal occasions. I thought this odd, but remembered that, in Boston, what seems odd to a Chicagoan may well be an old tribal custom. Naturally, I did not want to betray my ignorance by asking questions of the members at the punching dinners. I later learned that I was totally wrong about the clubhouse, for it was very much in use every day.

At about six o'clock in the morning on a day in December, after the fourth and largest dinner, which had taken place the night before, I was awakened by loud knocking on the door of my college room. I struggled out, quite annoyed at being dragged out at such an early hour, and was confronted by one of my last night's dinner companions, still in his evening clothes and looking a little worse for the wear. I knew that he was one of the club members, but I was not prepared to hear him say, "Congratulations, David, you have been elected to membership in the Iroquois Club." I was so sleepy that I don't recall what I said, but I do remember being steered to my desk, under the eyes of my startled roommates, and

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being told that I could write out my acceptance of membership then and there if I wished. Since I had already decided to join, if asked, I did not protest, and, as far as I know, wrote something like "I accept with pleasure my election to membership in the Iroquois Club".

Parenthetically, my roommates were not being punched by any of the clubs, and, as it turned out, none ever joined a club. However, we continued to room together until the beginning of our senior year, when I moved in with a fellow IQ member.

On the day of my election to the club, I had my first taste of club activities. It was -- another punch, this time, milk punch in the early afternoon with all the other newly elected members in someone's college room. By this time, I felt bold enough to ask when, if ever, I would be allowed to see the inside of the clubhouse. I learned that that privilege would come on the night of the initiation dinner which was a week or two off. In the meantime, I ran into my Bostonian friend, my expert consultant on club activities. We exchanged news of our election -- he had

joined the Gas, since his father and older brother had belonged. He also asked if I had had my fitting. I said, "No, what fitting?" It developed that members of the Gas wore special waistcoats, in the club colors, under their tuxedos at initiation dinners and at all other formal club dinners thereafter. He obviously thought less of the IQ when I told him that I had heard of no such custom among IQ members. He also told me that the new members of the Porcellian wore white riding habits, complete with knee length riding boots for their initiation. This I flatly refused to believe, until I saw it with my own eyes. It turned out to be quite literally true.

In due course, the time for the initiation dinner arrived. I dressed formally for the occasion, was called for, was led to the clubhouse, and was taken inside, into the basement. The basement was the guest room and was comfortably furnished complete with bar and television set. All the undergraduate members of the club were present, numbering about 25 together with the 10 or 11 new members and at least a dozen graduate members. Cocktails were

served and served and served. After all the new members were suitably anesthetized, we were blindfolded, one by one, and led up the stairs. About all I really remember is that people were shouting, "Throw him in the swimming pool", and I thought, "Good Lord, they have a swimming pool in this building." They did not, in fact. I was led up two or three flights of stairs into a small candle-lit room where I was told to kneel and repeat a solemn oath to the effect that I would be a worthy member of the Iroquois Club. Then my blindfold was removed, I stood up, was congratulated on being a member, given a key to the front door and a silver medal on a ribbon was hung around my neck. After this ceremony was repeated for all the new members, dinner was served in the club's main dining room. I recall that it was a very good dinner, but my attention was chiefly directed to the interior of my club. I cannot do it justice by describing it in words except to say that no building I know of could be better suited to its function. There was a large living room, a bar, a small dining room and kitchen on the first floor, a library and study on what might be called a mezzanine, and a large

formal dining room on the top floor. The walls of the formal dining room were hung with framed posters bearing the signatures of the members who had attended the club's annual dinners over the years since its founding in 1906. The other rooms were furnished in a variety of styles, which could be best described as battered but comfortable. The main living room had, among other things, a number of leather sofas and chairs, some of which usually needed repairs. The overall effect, which I came to appreciate more and more as I spent more time in the club, was totally comfortable. There was privacy, if needed, for studying, there were places to sit and talk. The library was almost entirely functional. Most of the books were those required to be read as part of Harvard's General Education courses and had been donated by graduating members. These included, however, a selection of the world's great literature, since that was the substance of the required reading lists.

There was also a carefully preserved collection of class notes taken by members. Most of the notes were from Harvard's famous "gut" courses, "gut" being the then current word for easy

courses.

My other memories of my initiation dinner are a little hazy. I know that a group of us went into Boston, where we visited a Near Eastern type night club, famed for its belly dancers, and I also recall spending some time at a party in an apartment on Beacon Street. It was there that I ran into my Bostonian friend, resplendent in his newly-fitted waistcoat, together with a sampling of new and old members of other clubs. Sure enough, the new Porcellian members wore white riding habits. The members of the other clubs, like me, were happy enough to make do with tuxedos and with a medal hung around each new member's neck. I still have my medal; it makes a fine key-chain ornament.

Another notable feature of my initiation dinner, although I did not realize it at the time, was that I met the club's steward for the first time. The steward was the club's only full-time employee, and the IQ was particularly fortunate in having for its steward one of the last of a now vanishing breed, a native Irishman who regarded the club with a proprietary eye, and looked upon the

members as his own "byes". Only two or three clubs still had stewards like our Jim Hynes, and I felt truly sorry for my friends in other clubs who did not have someone like Jim to advise them, lend them money in times of dire necessity, intercede for them at the Dean's office, tell them tall Irish tales and generally see to it that the club was a smooth-running place of rest, relaxation and refuge.

Jim and I became very close friends and I was very pleased when at my request, he agreed to act as my son's god-father. Jim always had coffee brewing in his kitchen, and we had many long conversations in the mornings when I had an hour or so to spend between classes. Jim claimed to have left Ireland in the time of its troubles, because, he explained, both the Black and Tans and the IRA were after him. No one I know ever~~y~~ sorted out the embellishments from the truth in his story, but it did seem to be a fact that he had some minor ~~past~~ in the then British-run civil service which made him suspect to both sides. He claimed to have left Ireland with a price on his head and gunmen searching for him. It may even be true.

Jim had been with the IQ since about 1935, when he was in his early thirties. It was from him that I learned most of what I know about Harvard's clubs and their history. He was particularly proud of one of his "byes", FDR, Jr., and he must have told me at least a dozen times about his function at young Roosevelt's first wedding, at which I was led to believe that Jim did everything but give the bride away.

Jim and his fellow stewards of the other final clubs were a close-knit group and apparently met several times each week to exchange shop talk and, presumably, swap lies. Because of this, Jim became my best source for information about the final clubs as an institution and about the IQ in particular.

When I appeared at the club for lunch one Friday, soon after my initiation, I, together with one or two other members ordered fish, and Jim thus learned that there was at least one Catholic among the new members. Jim's paternalism included a strict watch on the religious observances of his fellow Catholics, and I think that from then on, I could not have procured meat for lunch on Friday without a written dispensation from Cardinal Cushing/

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The fact that we were co-religionists automatically made me one of Jim's favorites among the new members, and from then on, I began to learn what it means to belong to a well-run club. Jim never considered himself a mere employee, and I later found that there was no better way to deflate a pompous sophomore than to remind him that the club's Graduate Council had elected Jim an honorary member of the club.

One of the first things that I learned from Jim about the history of the clubs was that they had once been very prejudiced organizations. In the 30's and before, Catholics and Jews were generally excluded. However, after World War II, things changed, and membership is now open to anyone whom the members choose to elect. Jim regarded this as very definitely a good thing, but I did notice that, in our conversations, he never referred to our Burmese fellow-member except as "that heathen". It seemed to be Buddhism that really bothered Jim. One of his favorites among the members was a Moslem, and adherence to Islam, Judaism or any Protestant sect did not put one outside the pale of Jim's paternal

affection. But Buddhism -- there he drew the line. Fortunately, Mr. U, the Burmese Buddhist member in question, did not seem at all troubled by this state of affairs.

After receiving my key to the front door of the club at the initiation dinner, I discovered that I was welcome to use it at any hour of the day or night. This was quite contrary to my earlier beliefs about the club's activities but it turned out that the building only looked dark from the outside, because, like any well run men's club, it had heavy curtains to keep outsiders from looking in.

Lunch was served every day, and dinners were held about once every month. Most of the members would come to the dinners, which were black tie affairs (naturally, in Cambridge), but usually only about 10 or 12 ~~men~~ appeared for lunch. The problem of getting a good attendance at lunch stemmed from the College's policies. Harvard decided, when the Houses were built, that all undergraduates would live in the college dormitories, without exception, and that all undergraduates would at least pay for three meals a day, seven

days a week. Attendance, of course, was not compulsory, but payment was. The IQ, and most other final clubs charged about a dollar for lunch and this obviously put a crimp on regular attendance. In fact, the only ones who regularly ~~xxx~~ appeared for lunch were graduate members who either worked in Cambridge or attended one of the graduate schools.

The lunches at least did not require black tie. Members returning from classes ending at noon would appear at 12:15 or so and generally gather in the bar or the main living room. About half would have either sherry or beer and lunch was then served by Jim shortly after 1:00, to accommodate the members who had classes from noon to 1:00. Jim served the lunch, which was cooked by a woman who was hired to come in each morning.

The bar was operated on an honor system and there was never a bartender except at large dinner meetings. You may well ask how the club could be permitted to make alcohol available so freely to its members who were almost all minors. The answer is that the University took the broad-minded view that undergraduates

will drink regardless of University regulations; since they will do so, it is better to treat them as adults in the first place and impose any necessary disciplinary measures when the privilege is abused. This was the general rule in the College. There were no rules against liquor or drinking in the rooms, and there were no rules about drinking in the clubs. I assume that an excess of drunken parties might have led to a change, but so far as I know the policy has been a successful one for at least 50 years. In the clubs, such as the IQ, liquor was more readily available to minors because there was no need to lie about one's age or produce false identification (which every undergraduate had). On the other hand, the College knew that stewards and graduate members in the Clubs could be relied upon to exert a steadying influence which, to some extent, they did.

At the IQ, as in the other final clubs, there was a separate unincorporated association, with a membership identical to that of the club, which bought the liquor and then sold it at a slight profit which was used to cover occasional bad debts and supply liquid refreshment for the punching season. Members poured their

own drinks and simply signed for them on a pad of paper which Jim kept track of from day to day. Bills were then sent out at the end of every month by the undergraduate officers of the club, who were held responsible by the graduate officers for enforcing collection. The system worked well, partly, I am sure, because few undergraduates relished the prospect of a letter being sent home to father informing him that his son's bar bill amounted to so many dollars and was past due.

The Hasty Pudding, which I joined at the beginning of my junior year, had more formal bar and dining room arrangements than the IQ. The Hasty Pudding, as I said earlier, is known for its annual musical stage show, but only a small percentage of its members participated in that. Most, like myself, joined because, *at* the Pudding, ladies were allowed as guests. The Pudding did not serve lunch but its bar and dining room were open for dinner every evening and ladies were welcome. All drinks were 50¢ and a respectable dinner cost \$1.25 or \$1.75 if you wanted steak. To these prices, of course, the thoughtful undergraduate member would mentally add what he was paying for his uneaten meal back at the

House dining hall. I personally regarded the food in the Houses as swill for the most part. The fact that the House food was served on G-I trays did not help. The Pudding looked very good by comparison.

One interesting fact about the Hasty Pudding was that it had gone bankrupt during World War II and the physical plant had been taken over by the College. The College, however, allowed the graduate trustees to reopen the club after the War and it is said that only one condition was set down for its continued operation as a club. The condition specified by the College was that all racial and religious restrictions on membership be dropped. In true Boston fashion, however, no one in College officialdom expected the Club to open its doors to all comers, and 80% of those attending Harvard College never passed the doors either of the Pudding or of any final club. There was, of course, a certain amount of snobbishness in choosing members but there was no exclusion of any group, and the president and Fellows of Harvard College are apparently perfectly satisfied with the present arrangement. Most of them, of course, were Pudding members.

The selection of members for the clubs was a matter which I, as a foreigner in Boston, found to be fascinating. Upon joining the IQ, I discovered that I was one of very few members from west of the Hudson River. Most of the members were from New England, especially Boston and its environs or from New York, and most were graduates of the various private boarding schools in New England. Many were from the group of schools sometimes referred to as "St. Grottlesex", "St. Grottlesex" is the collective name for Groton, Middlesex, St. Paul's, St. Mark's and some other schools having Episcopal church ties. Other schools, such as Exeter, Andover, Choate, Portsmouth Priory and Kent were also represented. In my freshman year, I had met a number of fellow Chicagoans who had attended these schools. I noticed that many of them did not join any club at the time I joined the IQ in the first part of my sophomore year. This surprised me because presumably they should have been friends with their Boston school-mates who were joining clubs. It later developed that the very fact of

friendship was what led them astray. They assumed that the mere fact of being a St. Grottlesex alumnus, for example, would enable them to pick and choose among the clubs. This was not true. The rule in Boston is once a Middle-Westerner, always a Middle-Westerner, and attendance at a New England school turned out to be a two-edged sword. One made friends and one also made enemies. I was in the peculiarly fortunate position of having made no enemies.

I am happy to report that most of these Chicagoans were able to settle for their second choice in clubs in their junior or senior years.

The longer I belonged to the IQ, the more I enjoyed it. There were some members who rarely came into the club except for special occasions such as dinners or Yale Game parties. There were others who made the club their home, and I was in the latter group. There were no sleeping facilities, of course, so that there was some limitation on the amount of time that could be spent there. However, I generally went to the club in the morning either between or after classes, and then stayed for lunch, when the budget

could stand it, or went back to the House Dining Hall when money was getting low. In the afternoon, I could do about half my studying in the club. When trips to the library were necessary, I found a corner of Widener which was as close to being club-like as possible. Widener is the University's main library and has a central reading room which is like central reading rooms in any other large library, with one exception. There was a pick-up desk, not for picking up books, but for picking up Radcliffe girls. I used this room on occasion, but my favorite spot in Widener was what I called the "club within a library". Since I was majoring in Latin and Greek, I had a key to a separately endowed Classics library which occupies several rooms in Widener's top story. The main room was comfortably furnished with huge leather chairs and similar club-type comforts. Thus, between the IQ, the Hasty Pudding, and the Classics Library, I was never far from the comforts of a club, and the rigors of scholarly pursuits were never, in fact, very rigorous.

When I became engaged to a Radcliffe girl who happened

to be a chemist, it turned out that one of the minor frictions that arose was the fact that she had to spend her afternoons in a chemical laboratory, while I took my ease, reading poetry or writing essays on the bee simile in Vergil in one of my comfortable refuges from the real world.

The solution to this problem was not difficult. When my fiancée and I were planning to have dinner together, I picked her up at 5 o'clock at the Mallinckrodt Laboratories, said not a word, and took her to the Pudding, where in silence, or near silence, we each had a Manhattan. When that ritual was accomplished, we could proceed to dinner and converse like ordinary people. The system worked so well that we were married when we were seniors and have lived happily ever after.

On an ordinary evening, if I was not being distracted by Radcliffe, or after a date, if I was being distracted by Radcliffe, I nearly always headed for the IQ, where I generally stayed until 11 or 12, sometimes studying and sometimes involved in other things.

Off the main living room of the club, and up half a level was a card room, which was frequently used by bridge players. When it was not so used, two of my friends and I found it an ideal place for practice sessions of our recorder trio, since the room also contained one of the clubhouse's four pianos. Our trio consisted of soprano, tenor and alto recorders, and we spent many enjoyable hours on everything from Handel Sonatas to arrangements of Greensleeves.

One member of our trio was among the most interesting people I met at the IQ, or for that matter during the whole time I was in Cambridge. He was from Iran and was the son of a former Premier of that country. Fereydeun had come to Harvard from Harrow, where I gathered that he had not been entirely happy. The IQ became his home, however, as it was mine, and he was one of the most popular members.

One of the less popular members, but every bit as interesting was a young man who was the sole beneficiary of a large trust fund. He loved cars, and had a special weakness for Bentleys.

At one point he had three of them, together with a Mercedes, a Chrysler and some others. I imagine that his garage bill exceeded my total living expenses. His most notable feat was to order a Bentley Continental, which is made in part to the customer's specifications, take delivery on it, and then send it back to England because the gear shift knob was in the wrong position. That was not all. He sent the car back by boat and then flew over to London for a weekend to have the gear shift knob fitted to his dimensions. The car was duly returned several weeks later, and it turned out he still didn't like it. Back it went, back he went. The second time, he was satisfied. I don't know whether he still has the car. He was also notable as the only undergraduate who had special permission to live outside the House system. He had a suite at the Ritz in Boston and commuted by Bentley every day.

While most of my fellow IQ members were not so eccentric as my friend with the mania for Bentleys, the membership of the club included diverse personalities.

In looking back, I think that one of the great advantages of my membership in the IQ, was that I was able to meet people whom

the ordinary backwoodsman, as I was, would not get to know at Harvard. Harvard is not a friendly place. Most undergraduates never get to know more than a small number of people who share some common interest, be it an academic field, politics, the student newspaper, the Glee Club, the French Club or what have you. Comparing the IQ and its membership to other groups which I might have joined, I am convinced that I made the right choice in my sophomore year.

Among other things, I probably would never have learned to like oysters if it had not been for the IQ. At one of the first formal club dinners I attended, I was seated next to a very dignified old Bostonian who remarked, when the oysters were served, "Ah, oysters, I love them, don't you?" I not only didn't love them, I had never tasted one, but I decided that this was neither the time nor the place to betray my freshwater background. I then and there learned to like oysters.

Cucumber sandwiches also come to mind. I had known about cucumbers as something you put in salad, but to put cucumber

between two small slices of bread was something new. My introduction to this delicacy came on the day of my election as undergraduate secretary of the club. One of the graduate members who lived in Cambridge invited the newly elected officers to his ~~par~~ apartment for tea, where his wife served delicious cucumber sandwiches, and I was then and there enlightened.

Not surprisingly, the final clubs at Harvard have left their stamp on a portion of the great volume of literary works from and about Harvard. Marquand alludes occasionally to the clubs but his son, who writes under the name of John Phillips, has written what I would consider the best account of what the final clubs mean to the Bostonian at Harvard. His novel, "The Second Happiest Day" is a very interesting story about ~~k~~ his experiences in the Fly Club.

While I was an undergraduate, one of our graduate members, Charles Flood, published a novel which deals indirectly with the IQ, and after I graduated, one of my classmates, who was not an IQ

member, wrote a well received first novel,, entitled "Miri" which concerns two IQ members and is set in the time when we were undergraduates.

I have spoken this evening of graduates and ~~undergrads~~ undergraduate members of the IQ. It is perfectly clear that the IQ exists as a club for undergraduates at Harvard, yet it is equally clear that the bond of membership is not broken by graduation. I am still a member of the IQ. I do not have the privilege of voting ~~f~~ at the election of new members, but I do vote for the graduate officers and I have served on the Graduate Council. The seriousness of this is illustrated by an anecdote told by Cleveland Amory in the "Proper Bostonians" about Senator Leverett Saltonstall. The Senator was told by his campaign advisers that serious adverse publicity would result and he might even lose his next election if he accepted the Grand Marshalship of his final club, the Porcellian. It is reported that, without hesitation, he became Grand Marshal of the Porcellian. Similarly, 20 years after his graduation from Harvard, John F. Kennedy listed the Spee as one of his clubs in his

biographical note in Who's Who.

I may never be able to fill out a list of club memberships for a biographical note in Who's Who, but I can understand the sentiments of the Senator and our late President. The IQ is my club, and I'm proud of it.