

OCTOBER 30, 1967

CHARLES S. ADAMS

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1 The Literary Club

Our Anniversary programs have been of many forms. The President is the boss of the affair and in recent years has shared his moment of grandeur with your Historian. Tonight Charlie Adams ordered me to repeat my own presidential address and even I could not find the modesty to refuse the honor.

Ten years ago, despite the numerous duties of our President I had the modern presidential urge to make the office even more important. I suggested that at each anniversary celebration, the President, like the guest of honor at the gimcrack dinner, have the privilege of freely speaking his mind about the Club or about the world of letters. I was confident he would do so, not with the boorishness of Sir Alfred Munnings, but rather with the charm of Joe Sagmaster in his memorable centennial address.

That night, innocently ignorant that I was to be the new Historian, I also suggested more historical papers, conspicuously lacking since the passing of Robert Rolston Jones and James Albert Green. Happily, since then we have had the excellent papers of Ed Alexander on the Club property, Carl Vitz on the Tafts in the Club, Charlie Cellarius on Mr. Livingood, Murray Seasongood on the Club in 1910, Ernie Miller on our famous Librarians, Roudy Wadsworth's presidential address all of which stimulate and indoctrinate our younger members. We have barely scratched the surface. Research on secretary's reports, old papers, and the

lives of the many illustrious and individualistic citizens among our 200 members, provide fine material for Club papers.

Now, following my own advice and with apologies to those who heard it, I shall speak of the Club almost verbatim as I did 10 years ago.

If tritely, it is for the record and if hopeful statements are represented as factual, if I moralize and pontificate, it is in a good cause.

First off, I deny the canard that the Club is merely a place where one old man tries unsuccessfully each week to keep 40 old men awake for 40 minutes, or that today we are the greatest group of living fossils yet extant. For one brief period we might have been subject to a bit of geologic inquiry but today I think our Club ranks with the best in this country and England. What has made for its permanency and vigor? If you will permit a touch of "car knocking", not the least of many reasons, I suspect, is the character of the membership which has been of such class and intelligence that it has renewed itself by adding members (a) who have respected its traditions, (b) who have had the ability to add to these traditions without making expeditious or frivolous changes, (c) who have been broad enough to accept and absorb prickly or off-beat personalities that had enough to offer, and (d) who have never allowed the Club to become either a stage or a forum.

There are other reasons for the continued health of the Club: the absence of a Rotarian spirit (fine though such spirit is in its proper place), and its materially non-competitive atmosphere where one's trading activities are left behind, where a man is stripped of his outside attainments and accoutrements and weighed naked, and where a convolvulaceous cordiality is the dominant motif.

The Club wears well because it is a place where one can have many friendships without fear of obligation, a place that neither attracts nor tolerates phonies, and an environment that provides a continuing post graduate course which is easy to take and has no annoying responsibility.

In this modern world, made up of men in gray flannel suits, of managers of business who must constantly smile and compromise, of professors burdened by teaching and leading civil rights parades, of doctors harassed by internal revenue agents and medicare, of writers forced to sell a viewpoint to make a living, sometimes actually believing what they write, of politicians convinced that demagoguery is the sine qua non; for all such citizens, hiding places like the Literary Club are hard to find.

Of course, the real secret of its charm has been that the Club has provided a pleasant male atmosphere and a guileless thought center for its group of gentlemen whose excuse for assembly is the hope of a good paper, but each of whom can abide the rare lesser offering in the anticipation of soon hearing his own voice at the refreshment table. For, I submit that, though we are not merely a gentleman's club, all Literary Club members are gentlemen. This is what Charlie Wilby meant when, backing a proposed candidate, he said that his man would be "clubbable", a manufactured word of multiple meanings. If, in a rare instance, a blustery, or supercilious personality has crept in, he has been automatically smitten by the invisible but powerful corrective Club atmosphere and has either reformed or withdrawn.

The background of the Club, up to modern times, was New English and Ivy League--or worse. For 75 years most of the members were graduates of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, in that order, and the Club was originally patterned after the prevailing academic Literary society. The Club blossomed in the latter half of the 19th Century, the great club period both in this country and England, and naturally much of its aura was and still is derived from the best of the Victorian era. One evidence is our tolerance, not to deny a certain admiration for a becoming stuffiness. This manner, now rare in the present egalitarian day, we have not tried to strip from a member whose accomplishments and background naturally produced it. Who shall forget the dignity and pleasant austerity of Judge John Weld Peck, the forced, if only momentary, tolerance of Louie More for small talk, the delightful, frank pedantry of Gerrit Sykes, the urbane cleverness of Alfred Cressler, the geniality of that beau ideal of all club men, Charlie Wilby, the deep voiced, poker faced, unbending graciousness and wit of

Nevin Fenneman, the formal and perpetual charm of Frank Chandler, the saintly agnostic, my father-in-law Arthur L. Knight, or the south at its best in Harry McCoy and Shelley Rouse? If you look around, you will see hale and hearty men, members of both the near past and present era, and second to none in our history: Murray Seasingood, Ralph Carothers, Joe Sagmaster, Dale Osborne, Bart Shine, Bill Werner, Eddie Wood and Duchy Wadsworth. They speak for themselves for each has made his own niche in Club history.

The greats of the past and the present were great individualists but they had much in common. They loved the Club and gave liberally of themselves to it both by their meticulously prepared papers and by their regular attendance, whoever the essayist. When they died they left a bit of themselves and occasionally some of their money as a permanent part of the Club. These men also left traditions, the strongest of which is seniority in the conduct of Club matters. Your speaker is living proof of that seniority can make you President or Historian of the Club, just as the drabest political hack becomes chairman of the Ways and Means Committee if reelected to Congress often enough. In defense, I submit that this is a workable custom; that the turtle is more con-
servative and therefore more reliable than the hare; that the dull, long lasting glow of an oil lantern may smell but is of more practical value than the most brilliant flash in the pan.

NEW MEMBERS

Our approach to electing members is also conservative and simple unlike the complicated system used by the Athenaeum or Royal Academy, where a man may be proposed in order to black ball him. With us it is the custom to ask any member, who wishes a man considered for membership, to bring him as a guest to at least three meetings. Now I am sure that no one has the fond illusion that, in this day, when everyone is taught the pragmatic ways of making friends and influencing people, he could size up a man thoroughly by meeting and speaking with him for a few minutes. Nevertheless, it is a good custom, preventing precipitate proposals, simulating general inquiry if the person is not well known, and finally helping the potential member to decide whether he wants to be a member of the Club.

A few years ago, the Board of Managers began to require sponsors to submit to them the names of proposed members for recommendation as to the wisdom of allowing their candidates to come up for a vote. Your officers wanted to be convinced that a man would make a dedicated member, and if so, whether the moment was opportune for submitting his name. The board felt that by such consideration each candidate would have a fair ballot, a high standard of balanced membership could be maintained and ill deserved embarrassment of sponsors and their candidates could be avoided.

Possibly I have been remiss in my guardianship of club membership, but I confess to have never cast a black ball. It is my feeling that when a man is strongly backed by a large group of sponsors and passed on favorably by the board that he should be elected. I do not deny the right of the whole membership to veto a proposed member, yet I feel that this is a power which should be kept in being rather than used, except upon direct provocation.

It has been rare indeed that a proper candidate has failed of election. In such a case, as after a horse race with obvious reversal of expectations, saliva tests would seem to be in order. Seriously, I feel that the Board of Managers, acting as stewards, should conduct a quiet inquiry and if admitted injustice has been done, that is, if the failure of election was based not on the qualifications of the candidate but on misinformation, spite, or ideology, resubmission of the candidate's name should be considered after a judicious length of time. Fortunately, our Club has been almost entirely free of narrowness and of clique control, accounting for the fine feeling between the members, their enthusiasm to sponsor high class candidates and the willingness of proposed members to allow their names to be considered.

We have never found it necessary to put on membership drives nor to define qualifications for membership. However, I should like to see intensified the tradition that the Club as a whole is a membership Committee; that each member consciously and detachedly be on the lookout for men of attainment who are sympathetic to the arts and scholarship and who are not bored by serious discussion.

We have chosen well. Rarely has a man left the Club except by emigration and only once in my time has the Club left a man. One fine night in 1926 the audience included myself and two others. When the reader obligingly resigned, one old timer remarked that next to obtaining high grade new members, the greatest accomplishment of the Club had been certain resignations. In the old days, the job was assigned to the secretary. It would seem preferable that the Board ask the original sponsor to swallow his pride and relieve the hard working secretary of the burden.

I have often reflected that one of the factors in the quality and longevity of the Club has been its wise selection of secretaries who have set the literary tone and enlivened many an otherwise dull business meeting. Gerrit Sykes held the job 11 years, Bill Hessler 7, and Joe Sagmaster 6. Many other able men have graced the position in my time including Walter Draper, Bill Stiegler, Henry Bentley, Alfred Cressly, Lucien Wulsin, Ed Merkel, George Ford, George Stimson, Bob Allen and ranking with the best, our present, Jim Brodhead.

Among their duties has been a monthly review of the papers upon which appropriate comment is sometimes difficult. Though cleverer writers than most of us, they never offend merely for the sake of a witty epigram. Our secretaries have wisely and honestly met the situation by praising the style and quality of the best papers and simply stating the content of the rare lesser offerings. At all times they have been astute in reporting any opinions voiced by authors without comment realizing writers might ask for equal time for rebuttal and thus bring back open debate which once almost disrupted the Club. As for literary criticism itself, our secretaries have fortunately felt about it the way Mark Twain felt about chastity, "a fine thing if not carried too far!"

CLUB PAPERS

Looking back over Club offerings, I should say that the job of the secretaries has grown easier because through their gentle prodding over the years the papers are better. In this day of hurry, of technological

training, of de-emphasis of the liberal arts, of the vast increase in distracting competition for people's leisure, this improvement must be classed as a major miracle. The modern trend is toward the formula of Time and/or the New Yorker. While these magazines, along with the Kentucky Irish American, contain some of our best writing and reporting, often they have a sameness of literary provincialism, of gimmicks of phrase, of over-cleverness, and of sly propaganda. It is to the credit of our members, including our professionals, that they have not conformed to this fashion.

During the summer, I examined many old Club papers of the last century and found them amazingly interesting, well written and not mere sentimental victorian verbage. Fittingly for a club of its age and type, the offerings continue to reflect our inherited tendency to formality and conservatism and there is evidence that we have developed a certain style of our own.

Of all papers read before the Club, first papers are the most intriguing. The neophyte looks around, sees the professor of English and well known writers and almost always feels under compulsion to outdo himself. He presses! Unfortunately, the result is likely to be a paper that is over long, over serious and over the head of both author and audience. There have been many fine exceptions (Grant Cannon's Mormon Story), but my own first paper illustrates the point. Its title, "The Sport of Kings", fooled the audience. It was written not about the turf but about deformed court jesters and the psychology of the cripple. My delivery of this laborious effort was not made easier by the presence of Dr. Breese, professor of Psychology, to whom I have always been thankful for his kindness and tolerance on that occasion.

As a member grows older, he learns not to try to imitate the professionals. In fact, he is amazed that some of the best papers are read by amateurs and that, though a great rarity, it is possible for a top writer to commit Literary Club immorality by waiting until the last moment and then resurrecting a pot boiler, compounding the veniality by reading more than forty minutes.

A members first papers may be shaky, but if he loves to compete, if he can stand the loss of blood, he studies Strunk's "Little Book", he masters the simple declarative sentence and finally discovers he has a secret weapon which he alone possesses, himself; that all he has to do is to write (and rewrite) from his inner self, usually about something he knows, remembers he has two years to do the job, and when finished is content to say with Shakespeare, "it is an ill favored thing but mine own".

The reward is unjealous approbation, even your betters applaud, you are king for a night and the result is a powerful ego build up and an explanation of the long health of the Club.

Another factor which has made for permanence of the Club has been the absence of open political arguments. In a practical sense the Club has been a sanctuary of neutralism, a place where strong views have been held in abeyance, a place where the sheep for the moment can safely admire the mane of the lion and the lion the fleece of the sheep, indeed, where the roar of the lion is silent when the lamb bleats. Our political tolerance, one suspects, stems from the lessons learned from our near disastrous pre-civil war debates which almost ended the Club in its infancy. Owing to the proximity to the South and the important trade with that area, there was naturally much sympathy in Cincinnati with the South. However, the round heads outnumbered the copperheads and in a burst of patriotism the Club formed its own civil war company (The Burnet Rifles) and started to drill soon after Fort Sumter was fired upon. After the war, the Club resumed its activities, a few members having resigned, and to this day formal discussion of papers and political pleading have been taboo. It is true that we have always had essays on political philosophy; for example, papers on conservatism, but this discussion soon died because the conservatives defined themselves as liberals and vice versa. With the final impression that, except for political expediency and forensics, there is little difference between our extremes.

Given 100 men of mature age, of superior intelligence and similar education, men raised in the

same environment where neither tyranny nor starvation is ever seen, one cannot conceive that among such men there could be any fundamental ideological differences. If, in such a group aberrant doctrines should crop out, I submit that the cause would have to be either (1) malice, (2) self-interest, (3) or inexperience. Since, in a broad sense, such faults are unthinkable in Literary Club members, we have had no wide variation in our outlook on life and politics. In fact, we are a bit un-American, like the English, we respect without rancor normal differences of opinion. Only once in my 43 year membership have I seen politics play a part in Club affairs. It was really more a reflex than a conscious action when the members divided along political lines during the long debates as to whether to retain our old Eighth St. quarters or to accept the trade-in for our present house from the Taft estate, Bob Taft agent. As you know, the deal, though a bit complicated, was obviously all in our favor, it meant a gift of 50,000 to the Club and most of us were mystified that the plan did not receive immediate and unanimous acceptance. Instead, there were endless discussions pro and con which were sometimes very entertaining. John D. Ellis and Judge Peck, good democrats, brought up fine legal points upon which they based their doubts and joined the die hard traditionalists who granted the physical advantages of the move, sympathized with the Tafts in their effort to make a little Russell Square out of the Lytle Park area, but didn't believe the atmosphere of the old Club could be transferred.

Finally, one night, Dr. Fenneman, our lone academic Democrat, opposing the move, got the floor and the blackboard. He asked for all the figures, feeling he could prove that the Club was being had on the deal. Now, as some of you remember, Dr. Fenneman was one of our most beloved members, and a fine scholar, but he was not a business man. The more figures he wrote, the more befuddled he became until, what with the heckling of Louis More, Walter Draper and Otto Geier, the whole thing resembled a Robert Benchley demonstration. Dr. Fenneman sat down in confusion and the move was voted that night. Actually the opposition was not serious, as on many less important matters, the discussions had been prolonged because they were litigiously entertaining. Mr. Elzner, who had designed the Eighth Street meeting

room and later resigned, was hastily reelected to plan the new quarters, mollifying everyone by reproducing the old room, and Presidential addresses notwithstanding, the Club lived happily ever after!

* Reread with slight changes on October 30, 1967

Eslie Asbury

2

The Kentuckians

The papers read by our Presidents at the yearly Commemorative Dinners of the founding of The Club have been widely divergent. Most all of them have been excellent, such as those of my last two predecessors, George Stimson and Bill Werner. But, mind you, I am a Kentuckian and as such have to try to compete with the classic of all President's papers, that of Eslie Asbury of ten years ago, 1957. However, he is a native Kentuckian while I am only an adopted son of the Great Commonwealth. Thus, while his paper had the bell ring of true silver, mine will probably have the dull clang of our present debased coinage. I have the advantage, however, that the members of The Club are all gentlemen, and thus, while one or two may doze here and there, I am certain to get your undivided attention except for such as may have, like I on previous occasions, imbibed too much of the strong libations before, and the wine during dinner.

After rereading Dr. Asbury's 1957 paper and remembering his delightful delivery of it, I concluded that the best thing for this occasion was to ask him to read it again, as he has been kind enough to do tonight. After all, since 1957 we have some fifty new members, and this paper of Dr. Asbury's, like Frederick Hinkle's "Throw Down, Jezebel", is part of the warp and woof of this unique and wonderful Club.

I shall content myself with giving recognition to one facet of the Club which has added greatly to its individuality. That is the many and varied Kentucky gentlemen with whom the Ohio members have been privileged to associate, in the several aspects of the Club functions. In so doing I may be thought to be usurping the duties of the Club Historian, but this will not be a detailed,

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 complete and fully accurate naming of all the Club's Kentucky members from its inception, such as Carl Vitz might give us, or as our Historian himself would do; but he, as the sympathetic soul he is, and having had his own opportunity to read to you the classic President's peper, will, in his goodly Kentucky way, forgive me, I am sure.

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 Chiefly I recall my late Kentucky mentor and partner, Shelley D. Rouse. A Kentuckian of the old school, a rugged individualist, a charming conversation- alist, with an inexhaustible fund of stories, mainly about the area of his birth, Crittenden, Grant County, he was a delightful companion on any social occasion. Rugged of visage and with deep-set piercing eyes that seemed to drill into your soul, and short, sharp and taciturn of speech in his business and professional matters, he frightened many people at first, but they soon learned that at heart he was a kindly, generous gentleman. That is, unless one offended against his personal code of conduct becoming a Kentuckian. In such case, then his honor required he act accordingly without resorting to legal remedies. At one period he was subjected to malign and libelous articles by the editor of a Northern Kentucky paper. His patience exhausted and his honor and self-respect at stake, he sent word to the editor that if one more such article appeared he would kill the editor on sight. No more articles appeared.

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complete and fully accurate naming of all the Club's Kentucky members from its inception, such as Carl Vitz might give us, or as our Historian himself would do; but he, as the sympathetic soul he is, and having had his own opportunity to read to you the classic President's paper, will, in his goodly Kentucky way, forgive me, I am sure.

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It remained for another great member to do so. This was Harry Brent Mackoy, whose friendship I had made through mutual interests in the Bar of Kentucky. Tall, dignified, genteel and inclined to aloofness, Harry Mackoy was a true Kentucky gentleman. I was privileged at my then young age to be the recipient of his friendship, which had grown on various auto trips to meetings of Kentucky Bar committees, and to which I looked forward to the return when he would graciously invite me into his home -- "Crestwood" on the old Dixie Highway -- and serve me a Kentucky toddy of some of his rare old Kentucky bourbon.

Harry Brent Mackoy was a member of the Club from a young age, being elected in 1894 and being a member for more than fifty years. His father, William H. Mackoy, of Covington, Kentucky, was a member before him. Harry was President of the Club in 1922-23, and wrote for the anniversary meeting of October 27, 1923, a paper entitled "Fathers and Sons of the Club". Our Northern Kentucky Mackoys were not the same breed of men as those of the legend of Kentucky Mountain feuds, the Hatfields and the McCoys; they were of a gentler, more gracious character, and our Club has been richer for their membership.

Other Kentucky members who have graced the Club but now have passed beyond, were:

Charles J. Davis of Covington, Kentucky, also elected in 1894 with Harry B. Mackoy. Davis was undoubtedly a self-denying, hardworking soul since he was a Trustee for twelve years, from 1907 to 1919. If he had the problems some of the more recent Trustees have had and still have, my heart bleeds for his memory.

Richard P. Ernst of Covington was probably our most notable political Kentucky member. He served as United States Senator from Kentucky from 1921 to 1927. He was a small man and, as I recall him, quite a dandy, always with a boutonniere, gloves and a cane. I don't believe Mrs. Browning was the Club Stewardess in his day; if she was, he undoubtedly would have held her hand from time to time, as some of our members were wont to do.

John Uri Lloyd was probably the Kentucky member

who could lay best claim to being literary. As the author of "Stringtown on the Pike", and many other Kentucky novels and stories, he published unceasingly. Whether or not he was a great American writer, he was certainly a great American pharmacologist, and with his brother, Curtis, and through the business acumen of his brother-in-law, John Rouse, accumulated and left to the Queen City one of the world's finest libraries on pharmacology.

Another of our finest members, who started a family line of good members, was Dr. Robert Carothers. I well remember him as a strikingly handsome, tall man of erect bearing, with a shock of snow white hair. As the acting coroner of Campbell County, Kentucky, he was a leading figure in the shocking Pearl Bryan murder case around the turn of the century; and him too I recall with affection because of his kindness and courtesy to me as a young member. Need I add that his son and grandson, Drs. Ralph and Charles Carothers, carry on in the Club the same tradition of this kindly Kentuckian. Dr. Ralph has served the Club well, as a Trustee for ten years from 1925 to 1935, and as President in 1944 - 1945. Dr. Charles undoubtedly will do as much in the years to come.

Another Kentuckian whom those that knew him miss greatly was D. Collins Lee. Collins (as he was known to his intimates) had a tremendous store of poetry which he could recite whenever the occasion called. He was a literate man who became one of the Club's few recent poets, at one time writing an entire paper in verse. He loved the Shakespeare controversy and was firmly convinced that Marlowe was the real author, giving the Club two good papers on this. Here again we have a son as a member to carry on in his father's footsteps, although John has fallen from grace and now inhabits the Ohio village of Indian Hill.

Other Northern Kentucky members were John R. Schindel and Stephens L. Blakely, each of whom was devoted to the Club.

In referring to former Kentucky members, we must not overlook one of the most notable. This was Henry F. Farney, of Covington; and while the Club has a number of sketches and one painting of his, it is to

be regretted we do not have more of his fine Western paintings, such as the one that hangs in the cocktail room of The University Club. Farney, like many of us, at times liked to drink with his friends. Two of his particular cronies were John G. Carlisle and Theodore Hallam of Covington. Carlisle was a gifted lawyer, orator and politician, who became United States Senator from Kentucky and Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland. Hallam, also a fine lawyer, was a master wit. A story which may be apocryphal is that, late one night, Mrs. Carlisle was awakened from her sleep by the loud banging of the front door knocker of their residence on Greenup Street. Throwing open a front window she looked down and could discern a hansom cab at the curb and three male figures on the front porch. "Yes, yes, gentlemen, I hear your knocking like the crack of doom. What is it you want?" She received the reply, "It's Hallam, Farney and Carlisle. We want you to come down and let Carlisle in". To this she tartly replied, "Mr. Carlisle has his key; he can let himself in" -- only to receive the plaintive reply, "We know, but we want you to tell us which one is Carlisle".

Of our present membership we now have few actual Kentuckians. Beside myself there are only two. However, we have a number who in reality are Kentuckians. Every time I walk into the Kenton County (Kentucky) Courtroom I see the photograph of Judge M. J. Shine. Judge Shine was the father of our Bart J. Shine, and Bart was born in Kentucky. So was John A. Kiely; and John, like Bart, has all the attributes of one born in the great Commonwealth. Nixon Denton learned a great deal of his inimitable writing style from his association with the Louisville Courier-Journal in its salad days with Marse Harry Watterson; and our extremely able and conscientious secretary, James E. Brodhead, pursues in Kentucky his vocation of keeping the beermakers happy.

But of our present membership, certainly, insofar as the Club is concerned, our finest Kentuckians are Dr. Eslie Asbury and Randolph Wadsworth. Both "Dr. As." and "Ducky" exemplify and keep kindled the spirit of the Club with all its vagaries counterbalanced against ancient traditions. They can do this because they are Kentuckians, who are accustomed to the feel of the good but yet proper life. I say "feel" because there is no proper word in English; it is the instinctive

knowledge which comes from within, the E. S. P., the Extra Sensory Perception. In other words, gentlemen, it is a gift of the Gods, the ability to sense and know the inner rightness of an action.

And yet they do it in such a gentle way. For example, at the first meeting in September this year, and the first meeting at which I was to preside, the day had been particularly hectic for me -- the beginning of a new term of our Federal Court, with burdens cast upon me unexpectedly, numerous long-distance calls, all on a day when I was trying to clear my desk for a vacation three times postponed. As a result I did not arrive home until 7:15, and by the time I had a bite and drove to the Club it was 8:25. Our new Steward was on hand and I hurriedly received from him a weak bourbon on the rocks. Then checking with George Stimson's unfailing chronometer, I noted I had a minute and a half to open the meeting. Taking a hasty sip of my drink (which was not sipping whiskey), I walked to the rostrum, glass in hand, and called the meeting to order at exactly 8:30, placing my toddy glass on the Secretary's desk. After the meeting "Ducky" Wadsworth gave me a quizzical look and stated, "No more of that, young man; we don't take our drink to the rostrum". I forget my reply, but I know I did not try to justify my action, because in the tradition of the Club I knew I had done wrong and there was no justification. I also appreciated that "Ducky" was only reminding me in a kindly Kentucky way of my new responsibilities. I thank him for doing so, and hold myself open to any of you for comments on any infringement I may make of the Club's traditions. As one who voted against having the members' ladies in the Club Rooms on the Centennial Celebration, I would be the last to want to do anything to erode in any way, no matter how small, the Club's unwritten common law. I trust you will keep me from so doing.

And now I give you a toast:

"The Club!"

Charles S. Adams

GREETINGS TO THE NEW PRESIDENT,-
AND POETIC LICENSE FOR A PAST ONE
IN THE 100th YEAR OF HIS BIRTH

The Club has eighteen years on him,
We hope his memory's not grown dim,
And while it's just a few months late
His century to celebrate,
Surely he's there with you tonight,
Content to see that all is right,
That learned phrase and merry quip
Still live with long-tried fellowship.
Though redwoods fall, bulldozers range,
What you have built can never change.
And so with blessings on the house,
A toast, good sirs, to Shelley Rouse!

IN MEMORY OF
Her Father
SHELLEY ROUSE
by
Shelley Rouse Aagesen