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THE  
CLIFF  
DWELLERS



Hamlin Garland

HENRY REGNERY



THE  
CLIFF  
DWELLERS

*The History of a  
Chicago Cultural  
Institution*

CHICAGO HISTORICAL  
BOOKWORKS

1990

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## PREFACE

What astonishes one about the Cliff Dwellers' history is that the original charter remains very much intact. It calls for "a congenial place for artists and writers, a rallying point for the Midland arts." When the euphoria of the 1893 World's Fair abated and many of the artists left Chicago, patrons of the arts became members of the club. Post-fair Chicago remained a huge muddy marketplace but as the marketplace eventually changed so have the arts. Today the arts are part of that market. The patrons have changed too. While individuals still pledge large gifts to the cultural institutions, the role of private foundations and public endowments has grown. The Cliff Dwellers provide a forum where givers and users of grants meet. As the realm of the arts has expanded to include the television and radio industries, these new arts are represented in our membership by television personalities, a motion picture producer and a laser light sculptor. The traditional arts remain heavily represented by writers, musicians, painters, and architects. The subtle changes in membership reflect society's changes with a Chicago accent.

The appearance of Henry Regnery's *The History of a Chicago Cultural Institution* is particularly timely, with the Cliff Dwellers club currently coursing through one of those periods of critical self-examination and renewal. A portion of the club's quarters has just been renovated, with a review underway of the remainder, including seemingly endless conversations about the menu.

Mr. Regnery's careful survey of the club's archives at the Newberry Library coupled with his judgment of the

material has resulted in an essay on the endurance of this institution. Like art itself, the club is "a joy forever—it will never pass into nothingness" (Keats, 1818).

Walker C. Johnson  
President 1990

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### WHY THIS BOOK

It has now been more than eighty years that the club originally incorporated in 1907 as the Attic Club and in 1909 became the Cliff Dwellers has occupied the penthouse on the top of Orchestra Hall, its fine view of Lake Michigan overlooking Grant Park still unimpaired. While the Cliff Dwellers never became the center of a middle-western literary movement its founder had hoped for, it has over the years served as a congenial place to bring people professionally engaged in music, art, literature and architecture together with others seriously interested in such matters as non-professionals, which was one of its principal purposes. In so doing the Cliff Dwellers has made a distinct contribution to the life of Chicago. The history of the Cliff Dwellers is an integral part of the cultural history of Chicago.

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### THE CLIFF DWELLERS

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# I

## The Chicago of the World's Columbian Exposition

A history of the Cliff Dwellers must necessarily begin with the 1893 World's Fair. For it was the creative ferment caused by the fair's preparation that brought Hamlin Garland, the founder of the club, to Chicago. Garland had been born in 1860 on a farm near La-Crosse, Wisconsin. After growing up on frontier farms in Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota and spending several years in Boston he established himself as a writer and came to Chicago in 1892. At the time when, as he later put it, it seemed that Chicago, "from having been a huge, muddy market-place, was about to take its place as one of the literary capitals of the world."

Garland's father, who came originally from a farming community in Maine, was attracted to Wisconsin, as were many others in the 1850's, by the lure of open land. This took him successively from Wisconsin to Minnesota, then to Iowa, and finally to South Dakota. By this time his son Hamlin had had enough of frontier farming and made his way to Boston with the hope of becoming a teacher.

A wonderfully stimulating winter in Boston, living on \$5 a week, often hungry and cold, but listening to some of the great lecturers of the day, reading in the Boston Public Library, and seeing many of the tragedies of Shakespeare played by Edwin Boothe, gave Garland his start as a writer.

A chance meeting with Moses True Brown, the head of the Boston School of Oratory, led to an invitation to give a lecture on Boothe, which in turn resulted in meeting the literary editor of the Boston *Transcript* and an invita-



tion to review books for him, one of which, of William Dean Howells's *The Minister's Charge*, attracted the attention of the author. Howells, then the leading literary critic in the country, invited Garland to come to see him.

Howells encouraged him to continue with his writing. After many rejections, Garland was able to sell a number of stories describing middle-western farm life to a new magazine, *The Arena*, which was considered to be "radical" at the time because it supported the populist movement then sweeping the prairies. Six of these stories were published in 1891 by the Arena Publishing Co. under the title *Main-Travelled Roads*. This was Garland's first book. By the time he came to Chicago, he was an established writer.

Besides the artists who had been attracted to Chicago by the World's Fair, such writers were at work as Harriet Monroe, Peter Finley Dunne, Henry B. Fuller, George Ade, and Eugene Field. Garland decided to join them, convinced that "Chicago was destined to become a literary market-place second only to New York . . . more progressive than Boston and more American than Manhattan." He rented rooms on Elm Street, a few doors from Lake Shore Drive, and arranged to have three of his books published by two of the new Chicago publishers, Stone & Kimball and Francis Schulte.

Not long after he had settled in Chicago he was invited by Franklin Head, a prominent merchant active in the cultural life of the city, to give a lecture in his large house on the North Side on "Impressionism in Art," a controversial subject in those days. It was following this lecture that he met Lorado Taft, which was the beginning of a long and fruitful friendship, one result of which was Garland's marriage in 1899 to Taft's sister, Zulime.

Lorado Taft, as his work testifies, was a gifted, creative sculptor, and also, from all accounts, an outgoing, genial man and inspiring teacher. By the time Garland met him

Taft's large studio, then on Van Buren Street had become a gathering place for the rising young artists and writers of Chicago as well as a haven for artists down on their luck. Garland speaks of Taft's studio as "our center of aesthetic exchange." He mentions Bessie Potter, Edward Kenneys, Oliver Denner Grover, and Herman MacNeil among the artists of "high endowment and marked personal charm" he met at that time.

"We were all equally poor," he goes on to say, "and equally confident of the future. Our doubts were few and transitory as cloud shadows, our hopes had the wings of eagles."

With the addition of several writers, including Henry B. Fuller, Harriet Monroe, Emerson Hough, Francis Hackett, and Eugene Field, the group began to meet regularly in the studios of first Bessie Potter and later Ralph Clarkson in the Fine Arts Building. They took the name "The Little Room," from an intermittently vanishing chamber in a contemporary story by Madelaine Yale Wynne. This informal, creative group of friends was the beginning of the Cliff Dwellers.

The creative euphoria which swept Chicago with the 1893 fair soon ebbed away. Of the numerous painters, sculptors, and architects the fair had brought to Chicago, ". . . as the glow of the exposition faded," Garland was to write in his *Roadside Meetings*, "only a handful lingered on and the city fell back into something like its former drabness of business enterprise." The new publishing firms which had been launched with so much hope and enthusiasm, Way & Williams, Francis Schulte, Stone & Kimball, (the latter to become Herbert S. Stone & Co.) by 1905 were gone. The *Chap-Book*, the "little magazine" of Stone & Kimball, which had launched the aesthetic revolt of the 1890s, the "revolution in pianissimo" as Mencken called it, had already been swept away in the aftermath of the Spanish-American War.

In trying to explain why Chicago, contrary to his expectations, was unable to support an active literary life of its own, why its authors left the city, Garland later wrote:

Because there are few supporters of workers in the fine arts, Western men do not think in terms of art . . . Until Chicago has at least one magazine founded like a university, and publishing houses like Scribners and Macmillan our authors and artists must go to New York.

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## II

### *The Time Has Come . . .*

FOR all his realistic acceptance of the situation of Chicago as it was but still having decided to live there, Garland was determined to do what he could to make it a more congenial place for artists and writers.

"The time has come," he remarked to his brother-in-law Lorado Taft, "when a successful literary and artistic club can be established and maintained." What he had in mind was a club which would be like the Players in New York, "a meeting place for artists and writers, a rallying point for Midland Arts."

Besides Lorado Taft, Garland discussed the idea with other friends from the Little Room, including Henry Fuller, Charles Francis Browne, and Ralph Clarkson. All thought well of the idea except his good friend, Henry B. Fuller, whose novel, *The Cliff-Dwellers*, is said to have provided the name for the new club.

One of the early members of the club, Charles Collins, who succeeded Bert Leston Taylor as editor of the *Tribune* column "Line O' Type or Two," referred on April 23, 1947 to the title of Fuller's novel as the source for the name of the club as "a standard legend of Michigan Avenue—a persistent distortion of the facts in the case." He goes on to say:

The Club's name was intended to point a finger toward the ancient cliff-dwelling Indians of the Southwest, who perched their communal homes on ledges and precipices. They were picturesque Americans of the remote past whose peaceful ways of life found expression

in art work. For Indians, their cultural level was high. Therefore, the name by which they are commonly known was chosen as appropriate for a social group of art-minded, modern Chicagoans, also addicted to perching on high ledges during their working hours in art studios, music conservatories, etc.

Henry Fuller was third generation Chicago, a rare distinction in those days, and had written two successful novels, *With the Procession* and the already-mentioned *The Cliff-Dwellers*. In Fuller, Garland wrote, "... the Mid-West owned a stylist of continental rank and quality, but few knew it."

While the witty Fuller was a welcome addition to any gathering of the Little Room, he took a thoroughly pessimistic view of the future of the arts in Chicago, refused to endorse Garland's plan for a club and never became a member. Fuller was of the opinion, according to Garland, that Chicago "was a pestilential slough in which he ... was inextricably mired, and though he was not quite so definite with me, he said to others, 'Garland's idea is sure to fail.'"

With the encouragement of his friends from the Little Room, Garland sent a letter to a larger group of men he thought might be interested in his plan and suggested that they meet for lunch in the City Club on June 12, 1907. Those who attended this meeting were the landscape painter Charles F. Browne, the portrait painter Ralph Clarkson and the sculptor Lorado Taft. Like Garland, all three were members of the Little Room. Also at the meeting was the banker Charles L. Hutchinson, one of the great cultural benefactors of Chicago. He was a founder of the Art Institute, its president from 1882 to 1924 and a trustee and treasurer of the University of Chicago from 1890 to 1924. Another at the gathering was I. K. Pond, a

much respected architect (Hull House, Chicago Commons, the Union Building at the University of Michigan) and civic leader. Robert Milliken and A. A. Michelson were both present, both distinguished, later to become world-famous professors of physics at the University of Chicago. Yet another was Wallace Heckman, financial administrator of the University of Chicago, and Rollin D. Salisbury, head of the department of geology at the University of Chicago and one of its great teachers. Herbert S. Stone, founder of the publishing firm Stone & Kimball and later of the magazine *House Beautiful*, was in attendance, as was the organist Clarence Dickenson.

At this meeting Garland described his plans for a club and read a letter setting forth what he had in mind. He recommended that a letter, signed by those present, be sent to a representative list of men asking them to serve as members of the organizing committee. The essential points of this letter were the following:

Broadly speaking, this club will bring together men of artistic and literary tastes who are now widely scattered among the various social and business organizations of Chicago and unite them with artists, writers, architects and musicians of the city in a club whose purposes are distinctly and primarily aesthetic, taking hints from the Players, The National Arts and the Century Association of New York. The membership is to be composed of, first—men concerned with some form of creative art,—that is to say, painters, sculptors, novelists, poets, musicians, architects, historians, illustrators, and those who make handicraft and art. Second—distinguished men in other professions who are patrons of art, or sympathetic with the fundamental purpose of the club.

This letter was approved. Garland was made chairman of the organizing committee and authorized to secure other men to serve on the committee with him.

At a second meeting of the organizing committee held a few weeks later, Mr. Garland reported a gratifying response to his proposed new club, which included the promise of support from Frederick Stock, director of the Chicago Symphony. At this meeting, the original organizing committee was joined by Hugh Garden, a prominent architect and member of the firm of Schmidt, Garden and Erickson; Robert Herrick, writer and professor of English at the University of Chicago; Robert M. Lovett, like Robert Herrick originally from Massachusetts and Harvard University and a professor at the University of Chicago; Charles D. Norton, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Co. and prominent in civic affairs; Roswell Field, editorial writer for the *Chicago Evening Post* and author of a number of books; and finally, Dwight Perkins, a prominent architect and a leader in the development of the Cook County Forest Preserve.

The founders of the Cliff Dwellers represented the artistic and cultural leadership of Chicago. The group included leading artists, architects, writers, men who had been attracted to Chicago by the new university founded by William Rainey Harper, and with Charles L. Hutchinson among them, several who had taken a decisive part in the founding of the cultural institutions of the city. That Hamlin Garland could bring such a group together demonstrates not only the respect he enjoyed, but the need these men must have felt for such a center as he had in mind, a "rallying point," as he once described it, "for Midland Arts."

### III

## The Cliff Dwellers is Formally Organized

THE formal organization of the new club was completed at a meeting held November 6, 1907 in the Fine Arts Building, attended by some 85 or 90 of the charter members. At this meeting, the name was changed from The Attic Club, as it had originally been incorporated, to the Cliff Dwellers.

A constitution was adopted which provided that the membership be limited to 250, of whom three-fifths "shall be professionally engaged in literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, or the drama, and two-fifths shall be lay members comprising persons who are connoisseurs and lovers of the fine arts."

For resident members the initiation fee was fixed at \$50 and the annual dues at \$40, payable in four equal installments. The management of the club was placed in nine directors, three to be chosen each year, of whom two were to be from the professional class and one from the class of laymen.

The first annual meeting was to be held the first Monday after Twelfth Night, 1908, at which time the members would elect directors. Until then the affairs of the club were to be conducted by the twelve directors chosen by the preliminary executive committee.

Of the first directors, five—Clarence Dickenson, Hamlin Garland, Charles L. Hutchinson, Irving K. Pond, and Lorado Taft—were present at the founding lunch held June 12, 1907. The additional directors chosen by the preliminary executive committee were: Arthur T. Aldis, a leading real estate man, a director of the Art Institute, an enthusiast for "modern" (French impressionist) art,

and an early supporter of *Poetry* magazine; Frederick C. Bartlett, a son of a prominent hardware merchant, a generous supporter of cultural institutions and himself a painter; the writer Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor; Allan B. Pond, architect and partner of his brother Irving K. Pond; Howard Van Doren Shaw, architect, whose work includes the Market Square in Lake Forest, the Goodman Theatre and the Lakeside Press Building; Alfred Hoyt Granger, another architect whose buildings include the old LaSalle Street Station and the Northern Trust Building on LaSalle Street.

At a meeting of the directors of the club held at the Tip Top Inn on January 20, 1908, the following officers were elected:

President	Hamlin Garland
Vice-President	Howard Shaw
Treasurer	Charles Hutchinson
Secretary	Ralph Clarkson

The club was now officially organized but lacked a home of its own. From the beginning, Garland had favored the roof of Orchestra Hall, his second choice the Fine Arts Building. Consideration had also been given to the Harvester Building at the corner of Michigan and Van Buren and there had been preliminary negotiations with the owners, but on March 30, 1908 the club agreed to enter into a lease with the Orchestral Association for 1,500 square feet on the eighth-floor and all available space on the roof for twenty years at \$3,000 per annum.

With the experience and talent available from its membership, putting a building committee together presented no problem. The committee was made up of Charles L. Hutchinson, Howard Shaw, I. K. Pond, Arthur T. Aldis, and Alfred Granger. Daniel Burnham, who had designed Orchestra Hall, agreed to take the responsibility for the facade of the penthouse which was to be the home of the

Cliff Dwellers and Howard Shaw for the interior. The new quarters were ready for occupancy on January 6, 1909, almost exactly two years after the formal organization of the club and two and one-half years after Hamlin Garland's letter proposing the formation of such a club.

The penthouse, reached by a flight of thirty-one steps from the eighth floor, is almost exactly as Howard Shaw planned it, except for a few rather minor changes made necessary by alterations to the building. It is an inviting room some 70 by 28 feet, which one comes into from the west to face a row of handsome windows with a fine view of Lake Michigan.

The west wall includes a large fireplace toward its south end with a portrait of Hamlin Garland above it, painted by his friend and co-founder of the club, Ralph Clarkson. A much-used grand piano stands in this corner which has been the center of innumerable, memorable evenings of music, most of them provided by members.

A door on the south wall, provided with hardware designed by Louis Sullivan, an early member, leads to a room which serves for private functions and contains a library, many of the books by members. The south wall also includes a magazine rack, a tall clock which looks as though it might have been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright but doubtless was not, and a display of particularly fine Indian pottery, given to the club by early members.

The remaining walls are wainscoted in oak and provide space for the art exhibits which have long been a feature of the Cliff Dwellers. The line of the vaulted ceiling is broken by four handsome curved beams, which rise from a support which acts as an unobtrusive division between the dining area on the north side. The kitchen is located on the north end and the lounging area on the other.

The impression is of a comfortable open room, in no way elaborate or obtrusively elegant, but conducive to

friendly conversation and good fellowship. The interior proved fitting for the club which was to become a center for literature and the arts in the "huge, muddy, windy marketplace" Hamlin Garland had found when he came to Chicago in the 1890s.

## IV

### *The Lighting of the Fire*

THE inauguration of the "khiva," as the quarters of the Cliff Dwellers are traditionally called, was done on January 6, 1909 with great ceremony. It included poetry and songs composed for the occasion, a pageant symbolizing the position of the club in Mid-America, and, as a climax, the ceremonial lighting of the fire. It must have been a dignified, impressive occasion and was doubtless much enjoyed by those who took part, difficult as it may be for those of our more prosaic generation even to image such an event taking place today.

Those privileged men in attendance that January night were most of them in their forties and fifties, and therefore of the generation born in the 1860s and 70s. Hamlin Garland, for example, was born in 1860 as was Lorado Taft, Charles Hutchinson in 1854. They had grown up in a society which was sure of itself and looked to the future with confidence, accepting traditional standards and morals without much question. In the boyhood of these men the memory of the frontier was still alive—the last great Indian dance had taken place in Chicago in 1835—as was the memory of the Civil War.

The Chicago of 1909 was a different city than the Chicago we know. It was much smaller, both in extent and population. There were cars, but they had not yet taken over. Life moved more leisurely and complacently without TV or radio, and newspapers were of manageable size and less oracular than today. The neighborhoods were still largely intact. The cultural life of the city, as Helen Horowitz demonstrates in her book *Culture and the City*, was still dominated by descendants of the families, many

of them from New England, who were largely responsible for Chicago in the first place. When we marvel at the time, care, and attention devoted to making the formal inauguration of our club rooms a unique occasion, we should remember also that it was undoubtedly done to demonstrate that the Cliff Dwellers was to occupy a unique place in the life of the city.

The following account of the Fire Lighting Ceremony is taken, in much reduced form, from the "Cliff Dwellers Year Book of 1910" which appears to be the work of Ralph Fletcher Seymour, an artist, a writer and publisher. As a charter member, he was responsible for the Indian motifs which decorate the club china, menus, and announcements. He was an active, devoted member of the club until he was killed by a car in 1966 at the age of 89. With the Indian motifs he supplied to the club, his reminiscences of its early days, some of them perhaps colored by time and imagination, but all of them amusing, he made his own contribution to the special quality of the Cliff Dwellers.

The festivities marking the inauguration of the club rooms begin with the members massed against the east side of the club room under two blue lights. The Master of the Pageant recites a verse to evoke the "shades," which includes the lines,

We call to the dwellers of the ancient dusk  
Call to the finders of the golden way,  
And the stern spirits, furrowing wintery deeps,  
Who hither fled from alien tyrannies.

In response to this evocation, the Cliff Dwellers sang a song written by Hamlin Garland and set to music by Olaf Anderson, which begins with the refrain "From Si-pa-pu We Come, We Come" and ends with the lines,

Ghosts from the dim gray morn of time, we greet you:  
For our high name, and for this meager spark,

Hard won from whirling wood and stricken flint,  
We give you thanks.

Four plains Indians then appear bearing a peace pipe,  
to whom the Master gravely speaks:

And you, grave warriors,  
Stubbornly yielding what you could not rule,  
We welcome you as well. For in this hall  
Shall dwell no strife; from you this Calumet,  
The peace-pipe, and the azure clouds that rise  
Into the still air when the songs are mute.

There follow Spanish explorers, then French missionaries, Cavaliers of Virginia, Puritans in grey cloaks and peaked hats, each greeted with an appropriate verse. Finally come pioneers, soldiers of the American Revolution, other Americans and later settlers, who are greeted with the verse:

So all the strong forerunners of our race,  
The finders of the way, the nation-makers,  
Bring brands alight, and in this symbol fling  
Upon our fire the glamour of their deeds,  
About our hearth their history; the past  
Bespeaks in these gathered sparks: no weary word,  
No drowsy song of legend or of spell,  
But the keen triumph of the harvest tide.

The procession now moves in silence before the hearth,  
and in "shadowy file" vanishes back to "Si-pa-pu," the  
Cliff Dwellers underworld, singing the words

We must away,  
Vanishing below  
To Si-pa-pu, to Si-pa-pu

As the voices die away, the Master of the Pageant kindles  
the fire and the club quartet sings the Cliff Dweller hymn,

written by Wallace Rice and set to music by Frederick Stock.

This part of the program was called "Traditional," and symbolizes the Club's location in Mid-America. The last part begins with Hamlin Garland taking the peace-pipe from the Master of the Pageant and placing it on the mantel above the fireplace which stood at the north end of the dining area. He then recites verses of his own announcing the gift of driftwood from the Atlantic from the Tavern Club of Boston which end with the lines:

Grateful to all who sailed the seas before us,  
Glad to claim a kinship with New England's lofty names,  
Ancestral in our turn, we raise this inland temple  
And hopefully confront the challenge of your flames.

Not to be outdone by the versifying Cliff Dwellers of Chicago, M. A. DeWolfe Howe of the Tavern Club of Boston accompanied their gift of driftwood with a charming four verse quatrain, of which the last two verses are the following:

The altar fires of all the arts  
Shall glow on hearth stones new;  
The life that fellowship imparts—  
Long may it quicken you!

So let the fiery letters spell  
A greeting warm and free  
To you in beetling Cliffs who Dwell,  
From a Tavern by the sea.

The Bohemian Club of San Francisco also sent driftwood, which President Garland again acknowledged with appropriate verse ending with the lines:

To our bare hearth your generous hands have given  
The romance of the galleon, the glamour of the sea,  
Beyond Harte's Poker Flat and Joaquin's high Sierras,

Past John Muir's parks and Markham's cedars tall,  
We send an answering cry of middle-western greeting  
And bid you share the plenty of our hall.

Otis Skinner brought greetings from the Players, properly embossed on a card, and added a few words of his own in explanation of the purpose of the Players, which Hamlin Garland acknowledged with a verse which gave him an opportunity to express his everlasting gratitude to Edwin Boothe:

At the still center of Manhattan's frenzy,  
On a small plot which fronts upon a tree,  
Stands the Players' house, by Edwin Boothe provided,  
To be the central fane of modern minstrelsy.  
No other of our clubs exceeds it in tradition,  
Just as no other player o'ertops its founder's fame,  
Taught by his words, by his example guided,  
We seek the Players' blessing on our name.

Hamlin Garland read letters expressing the good wishes to the new Club from President Theodore Roosevelt, from Edward Everett Hale, William Dean Howells, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, James Whitcomb Riley, among others, and read a poem written for the occasion from Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University which concludes with the verse:

May your culture go on humming!  
May your notions keep on coming!  
May your scribbling and your strumming  
Both excel!  
May your shadow ne'er diminish!  
May your atmosphere get thinnish!  
May you fight fate to a finish!  
Fare you well!

The Century Club of New York, of which Garland was a member, sent greeting and good wishes (in prose), but



the Franklin Inn Club of Philadelphia sent their greeting in rhyme, ending with the following verse:

So that, Cliff Dwellers of the West,  
In these gray greetings that we send,  
Beneath the Quaker's coat and vest  
You'll find the heart-beats of a "Friend"—  
And as we clasp you by the hand,  
Just take a little nearer view,  
And you will recognize our brand—  
We're jolly youngsters just like you!

The president of the Cliff Dwellers, not one to let such a challenge go unanswered, replied with the following:

From staid Philadelphia, from the home of old-time  
Quaker,  
From the Franklin Inn, a meeting house of friends,  
Comes this fair scroll, so quaint and curt and seemly,  
A writ of admonition where wit with humour blends.

May their plain speech and brotherly intending  
The closer knit our little band of men,  
Well may we take from Pennsylvania manners  
The tolerance of Franklin, the courtesy of Penn.

The evening concluded with two addresses, the first by Robert Herrick, a founding member, an author and professor at the University of Chicago, and the second by Charles L. Hutchinson who was later to succeed Hamlin Garland as president. To confirm the earlier remark that those early Cliff Dwellers were satisfied with the present and looked to the future with confidence, a line or two from the address of Mr. Hutchinson would seem appropriate:

Let us rejoice that we live in the present age.  
The world has never seen a better one.

The last paragraph of Robert Herrick's address is an eloquent statement of what the founders intended the club's purpose to be and of what they thought it should stand for in the community:

I take it, that our meeting tonight, that the opening of this club has very real significance for the community of Chicago. It means that those of us who are engaged in the practise of the arts, who are interested in the expression of our national life in something other than material accomplishments and mere efficiency, are to have a home, a gathering place where, in true fellowship, with sympathy and understanding and mutual helpfulness, we may meet together, and help create that life of the arts which will make future creation of real worth and significance more possible, if not for ourselves, for those others who are to come after and take up our work.

The fire in the khiva had been lighted with appropriate ceremony. Congratulations and good wishes had come from other clubs and prominent people in all parts of the country, including the president of the United States. There were a total of 195 members, which included many of those prominent in the cultural life of the city. The membership broke down into the following categories:

Laymen	75
Architecture	36
Music	33
Writing	17
Painting	29
Sculpture	4
Theatre	1

By January 1910 the total had increased to 220. The club was off to an auspicious start.

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## V

### The First Six Years: The Reign of Czar Hamlin

**H**AMLIN Garland, as the foregoing makes clear, had a definite idea of what the club should be he had taken a leading part in founding. Now the challenge faced him to make reality conform with conception. In his book *Daughter of the Middle Border*, which has his mother as the central figure but is largely autobiographical, he has this to say about those first years of the Cliff Dwellers:

Being president of the Cliff Dwellers was an honor, but the distinction carried with it something of the responsibility of a hotel-keeper as well as the duties of a lecture agent, for one of our methods in building up attendance at the Club, was to announce special luncheons in honor of distinguished visitors from abroad, and the task of arranging these meetings fell usually to me. In truth, the activities of the club took a large part of my time and carried a serious distraction from my work, but I welcomed the diversion, and was more content in my Chicago residence than I had been for several years.

It is difficult to know who all the guests may have been President Garland introduced to the club, but the minutes record the names of Vachel Lindsay, John Drew, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, George Santayana, Edward N. Bok, Theodore Dreiser, Edwin Markham, Lady Gregory and the Irish Players. With such guests

coming to the Club, the members no doubt felt much honored and intellectually stimulated.

The reading by Vachel Lindsay of his poem "The Congo" was something of an historic event. A contemporary newspaper account has this to say about it: (This story is signed by Frances Hooper and appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* in 1916.)

The lights were low; Mr. Lindsay was swaying to and fro with the pulsating, vital verse, shouting with piercing realism the din of his "Boom! Boom! Boom!" and telling about the dead and the killed, and then more "Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The emotional impact of it all, according to this account, was so great that a waiter, who was new to the club, collapsed in a dead faint.

It will be remembered that when Garland first talked to Lorado Taft about his idea, he reports having described it as "an artistic and literary club," and this, apparently, is exactly the sort of club he wanted it to be. It was not to be a place for business lunches, but a place for stimulating, high-minded conversation. Significantly, during the Garland administration no alcoholic beverages were served at the Cliff Dwellers. Hamlin Garland didn't drink and apparently saw no reason why anyone else should. But drinking or not, it was quite definitely a men's club, and in view of what has happened since, it is amusing to observe that at a directors' meeting in 1912 mention was made that there appeared to be "some misunderstanding regarding the use of the club for ladies afternoon teas." In response to this threatening development, the minutes go on to say, "The House Committee desires to notify the members that ladies are not invited to the club until 6 P.M."

While ladies may not have been welcome in the club unattended and before evening, they were very much a

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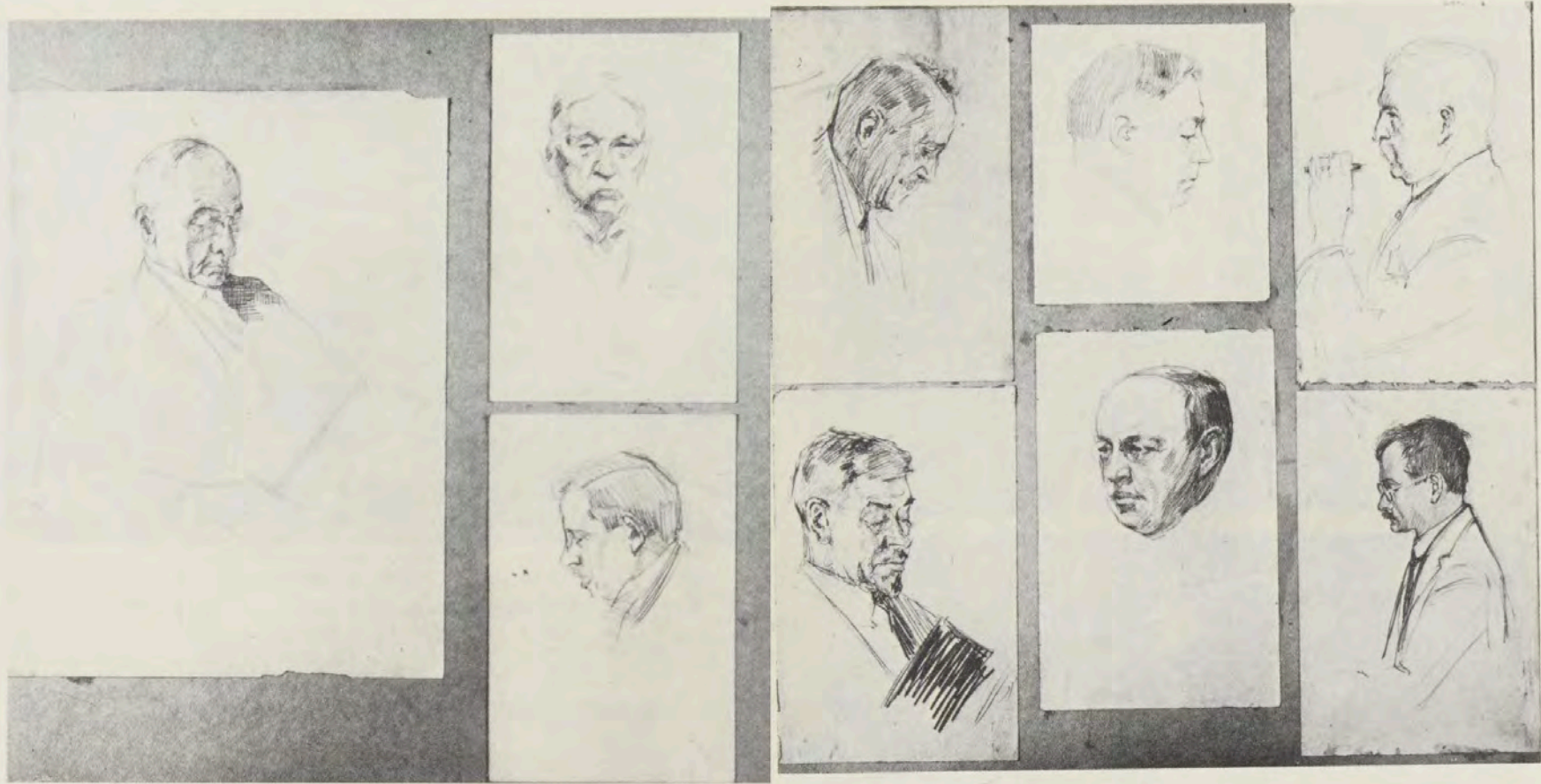
## ILLUSTRATIONS



Bert Leston Taylor, Edwin Markham, Theodore Dreiser,  
Hamlin Garland.

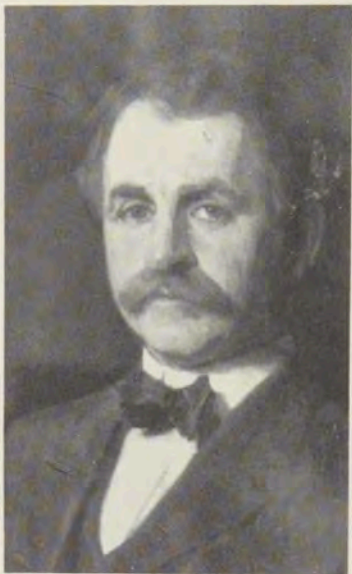


Howard Shaw, Oliver Dennett Grover, Hamlin Garland,  
Loredo Taft, Arthur Bissell, Charles Hutchinson.



Louis H. Sullivan, Harry Pratt Judson, Frederick A. Stock.

Slason Thompson, Frederick L. Wells,  
William O. Goodman, H. Leon Roecker,  
Thomas E. Talmadge, Leonard Crunelle.



Hamlin Garland, Charles L. Hutchinson, Frederick A. Stock, Carter H. Harrison (Portraits by Ralph Clarkson).



Walker C. Johnson, Guest, John Thomas Buck, Henry Regnery.

Warren Ingersoll, Charles F. Harding III.



Walker C. Johnson, Jack Witkowsky, Guest,  
Chester L. Blair.

The terrace on a summer day in 1990.

part of its social activities. There were dinners during the winter of 1915 with lectures by Prof. Paul Shorey, Mme. Strindberg, Prof. Shailer Mathews, and an entertainment by the Aldis Players. There was a New Year's Eve Dance and a Harvest Home Dinner, both of which were regular features of the Cliff Dweller season for many years.

In the booklet issued to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the club, which gives every indication of having been put together by Ralph Fletcher Seymour, one of the invitations for a Harvest Home Dinner is quoted in full (it is over two pages in length) as a particularly fine example of Cliff Dweller prose. The first sentence will give the flavor of the whole:

Happy now are the Cliff Dwellers for it is the season of song and dancing, of feasting and joy. Heavy hangs the golden corn, laden the boughs, too fat the pig for safety. In the night sky sits the moon, that old Spider-Woman, and spins her web of mystery and romance. Now shall each Brave paint for the Harvest Dance, now shall he tell his Squaw to purify herself and paint herself for the Harvest Moon.

In 1910 Mr. Hutchinson, presumably at the annual meeting, presented a handsome silver punch bowl to the club, which still stands above the kitchen on the north wall, and at the directors' meeting of March 10, 1911, Karleton Hackett spoke of the gift of butter to the club by Mr. Hutchinson from his Wisconsin farm—"What other gathering of men in Chicago has such butter?"—as well as flowers and occasional fish, no doubt from Lake Geneva. The gift of the punch bowl was acknowledged by a poem by President Garland of which the first and last verses seem particularly appropriate, even to Cliff Dwellers of this more worldly age:

Far in the mountain west a spring once rose,  
Whose sparkling waters held such charm,

That those who came to drink, though foes,  
Feared neither hand of man nor any spirits harm.  
For Manitou, the mighty one, had laid  
Upon this desert fount a mighty spell—  
"Whoso shall drink in peace and unafraid,  
Shall of his deepest wounds at once be well."

Warriors are we, but in another fashion,  
Rivals for wealth and happiness and fame.  
Down in the city's deeps we meet in savage fashion,  
And play as best we may the selfish, sordid game.  
But here, at peace, before these glowing embers,  
Meeting this ample bowl's hospitable design,  
Man greets his fellow-man, and only then remembers,  
Art's magic bond of light, and beauty's bloodless shrine.

On a more prosaic level, the arrangement with Tip Top Inn to supply meals to the club by a door made for the purpose through the common wall proved to be impractical and a kitchen was added in 1911 using space at the north end of the dining room.

The minutes of the club during those years and the year books that have survived give the impression of a friendly, congenial group, but President Garland's rather strict management may have caused some dissent, particularly the "no drinking" rule. It is possible that Chicago, in 1910, was no more ready for the austere club Hamlin Garland had in mind than it would be for "reform" in the opinion of Alderman Paddy Bauler.

In any case, Hamlin Garland was succeeded as president at the annual meeting on January 11, 1915 by Charles Hutchinson, an event which was anticipated on December 14, 1914 by a change in the articles of incorporation to the effect that no one should be eligible to serve as president for more than two terms in succession. Mr. Garland did not attend the annual meeting.

In his book, *My Friendly Contemporaries*, he speaks of

having made up his mind at this time to move to New York, something he had contemplated for several years, had delayed for various personal and family reasons, and now found more and more pressing: Chicago offered little to him in the way of association with other writers—most of them had left or were contemplating leaving—but the most serious consideration of all, the magazines and publishing houses on which he depended for a living were all in New York. "In preparation for my removal," he remarks in his book, "I resigned the presidency of the Cliff Dwellers, a club which I had organized some seven or eight years before."

Whether he resigned voluntarily or not, it can be assumed that the separation from the club he had founded at the expense of so much time and effort, and doubtless had become strongly attached to, was a blow to his pride. It may have been done without any great degree of tact.

Charles Hutchinson, the new president, seems to have done everything he could to mollify Garland's feelings and to express his appreciation of Garland's contributions to the club. In his annual report for that year he remarks,

Perhaps the most significant event in the history of the club during the past year has been the abdication of the first and only President, 'Czar Hamlin the First,' and the accession to the vacant throne of 'Czar Charles the Bold'—bold for being willing to follow Czar Hamlin.

He concludes his report:

The club is conscious of its obligation to its founder, Hamlin Garland, and appreciates his undying devotion to its welfare. As a token of their appreciation, the members of the club presented a loving cup to Mr. Garland when he retired from the presidency.



The "no drinking" rule, apparently, was soon suspended. A story is told, and often repeated, that when Garland returned to the club after these events, a bar had been installed with a sign above it, "This place is under new management." It is a rather typical Cliff Dweller story, and told in different versions, but it seems doubtful that the event it describes ever happened. It apparently didn't take the members of the club long, however, to accustom themselves to the new regime. At the annual meeting on January 13, 1919, with the prospect of Prohibition before them, a motion was passed authorizing the appointment of a committee to secure and store an adequate supply of "alcoholic beverages to provide for as many years as may be against the arid season which faces us." Messrs. Hutchinson, Aldis and Eddy were appointed to the committee.

In *My Friendly Contemporaries* Garland speaks of visiting the Cliff Dwellers the following May for the first time after these events to be presented with a silver bowl—this could well be the "loving cup" Hutchinson speaks of in his annual report. The dining room was filled, he tells us, and he was "cheered lustily" as he came in, all of which seems to have been most gratifying to him.

Several years later, on November 10, 1931, when he visited the club again on the occasion of a special luncheon in his honor, he wrote the following note, which, properly framed, hangs on the east wall of the stairway:

I expected and predicted that the Cliff Dwellers would bust up when I relinquished the helm much against my will. But I admit I'm wrong.  
Ham Garland

It would seem that neither the Cliff Dwellers nor Chicago fully appreciated what they had in Hamlin Garland. With the Cliff Dwellers, the Society of Midland Authors and a resident theatre company, all of which he took the

initiative in launching, he tried manfully to further cultural life in Chicago, but more than that, as a successful and much respected author he brought distinction to Chicago by the mere fact of his being there. He seems to have been far more recognized in New York than in Chicago, in spite of the fact, or perhaps because of it, that he was a native of Wisconsin and grew up in Iowa and South Dakota and for the most part chose middle-western subjects for his books.

He was not one of the great American writers, not a Melville, Hawthorne or Mark Twain, but he was a competent, productive, and above all, an honest writer. His autobiographical *Son of the Middle Border*, which is one of his best and most characteristic books, gives an unforgettable picture of life on the American frontier as it moved West:

Late in August my father again loaded our household goods into wagons, and with our small herd of cattle following, we set out toward the west, bound once again to overtake the actual line of the middle border. This journey has an unforgettable epic charm as I look back upon it. Each mile took us farther and farther into the unsettled prairie until in the afternoon of the second day, we came to a meadow so wide that its western rim touched the sky without revealing a sign of man's habitation other than the road in which we travelled. The plain was covered with grass tall as ripe wheat and when my father stopped his team and came back to us and said, 'Well, children, here we are on the Big Prairie,' we looked about us with awe, so endless seemed this spread of wild oats and waving blue-joint.

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## VI

### *The Post-Garland Years to the Great Depression*

**D**URING the immediate post-Garland years, which included the two years of Charles Hutchinson's presidency, the Cliff Dwellers seems to have prospered and, in spite of the Great War, to have continued serenely along the path envisioned by its founders.

A rather peremptory request in June 1917 from the "Women's Committee for National Defense" for information concerning "the sale of liquors to the members of the club," could be answered no doubt with a slight smile, that "the Cliff Dwellers maintains no bar and never sells liquor to its members." The members of the Cliff Dwellers at that time had custody of their own supply.

President Hutchinson, judging from an interview which appeared in 1916 in the *Tribune*, seems to have been satisfied with the status quo. While the Cliff Dwellers, he said, was fashioned to some extent after the Players, "as a whole it is like nothing but itself . . . It is the most enjoyable club in the city."

He goes on to say:

What should I say as president that gives me the greatest pleasure in the club? There are a lot of independent minds there, and they like the luncheon hour. I take special delight in the guests we have for luncheon. Any well known intellectual who comes to the city is pretty apt to come to the Cliff Dwellers for luncheon. When we know long enough in advance we send out notices telling the members of the distinguished visitor and the day on

which he will dine with us so that all who can may meet him and hear what he has to tell us.

When the author of the above article asked several members what gave them the greatest pleasure in being a member of the Cliff Dwellers, almost to a man, we are told, they replied "the atmosphere—the congenial spirits—the food."

The following account from this same newspaper article gives us an appealing and probably authentic picture of the Cliff Dwellers in those days:

The "khiva" or main room to which the stairs lead is a dining-room and lounge. The dining room is at the south end (sic), with eight or nine small oak tables. Conversation is better when tables are not too large; and then there are certain groups who enjoy taking their luncheon together and sitting at the same table every day. One well-known group is that composed of Thomas E. Talmadge, the architect; Charlie Collins, dramatic critic; Guy Hardy of the Chicago Opera Company; Arthur Bissel, patron of the arts and man about town; William Morton Payne, poet and writer, who is the Dr. Johnson of the party and always sits at the head of the table; B. L. T. and Roswell Field. Another group of notables is the so-called writers group with Wallace Rice, Arthur Aldis, Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, Kenneth Goodman and Henry Kitchell Webster. The musicians form another group with Adolph Weidig, the composer; Frederick Stock, the head of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Peter Lufkin, Alan Spencer, Violinist, and Leon Marx, the pianist.

The B. L. T. referred to above was Bert Leston Taylor who, for fourteen years until his death in 1921 conducted

the popular column, "A Line O'Type or Two," which appeared in the center of the editorial page of the daily *Chicago Tribune*. It might be said that he was the quintessential Cliff Dweller of those years—witty, friendly, cultivated, and thoroughly competent in his profession. At the meeting in his memory held under the joint auspices of the Cliff Dwellers and the *Chicago Tribune*, the following tribute of Karleton Hackett described the effect of his presence on his fellow members:

He was a tonic. When he drew his chair up to the luncheon table you could feel a bracing of the fibres all about, our slack speech drew taut, the man with the platitude on the tip of his tongue swallowed hard and gazed out of the window, and there was talk, a play of wit upon wit; at times there was a flash; out came Bert's little book; he would make a pencil jotting, and we knew that some one had "made the line."

The following from the tribute of Horace J. Bridges refers to Taylor's qualities as a man:

... there was in him a certain high quality that nowadays is all too rare. I mean that absolute, unqualified, unpurchasable self-respect and independence that made him care less for anything in the world than he cared for the integrity of his own mind and conscience. That, friends, is why he was a great newspaper man.

An amusing, rather Cliff Dweller-like incident occurred during the administration of Ralph Clarkson. (It was in his studio in the Fine Arts Building, it will be remembered, where many meetings of the Little Room were held.) His views on the subject of alcohol were, if anything, even more extreme than those of his friend Hamlin Garland. The Eighteenth Amendment, on Janu-

ary 9, 1922 was then in force. Clarkson, as president of the club, issued an order that "members shall not keep intoxicating liquors and employees shall not serve intoxicating liquors in the club rooms." To enforce this rather drastic order, the president gave instructions that all glassware used for "drinking" be removed to the basement and be replaced by "fudge sundae" glasses.<sup>1</sup> The response of the membership seems to have been prompt. At the February 17th meeting, a petition signed by 53 resident members requested "that the glasses, serving table, and other utensils, recently removed from the club's rooms be restored to their original places or others convenient" was referred back to the House Committee with power to act.

The availability of "demon rum" to the members of the Cliff Dwellers during the Prohibition years was due not only to having provided for "the arid years which face us," but also, so we are told, to the fact that former Mayor Carter Harrison II was a member and made a habit of coming to the club for lunch. In a letter from William A. Nitze, who followed Carter Harrison as president of the club, to Edward Thomas Hill, he recalls that when he suggested to Harrison that it might be wise, in view of Prohibition, to call a halt to drinking in the club, the former mayor replied, "The police will never interfere because of a little liquor that raises our spirits."

Before leaving the subject of Carter Harrison, it seems appropriate to mention that on November 11, 1928, the board passed a vote of thanks to "Carter H. Harrison for the loan to the club of the mounted Gaur head," which must be the formidable looking animal still on the north wall above the kitchen.

Looking back from the vantage point of the 1990s, it would seem that the years from the "abdication of Czar

1. The reference to "fudge sundae glasses" comes from Edward Thomas Hill's M.A. Thesis, written for DePaul University, "The Cliff Dwellers of Chicago," February, 1953.

Hamlin" in 1915 to the Great Depression may well have been a golden age for the Cliff Dwellers. Hamlin Garland had set it on its course and had given up the helm, whether willingly or not, before his rather rigid conception of the club could stand in the way of its further unfolding. The club in those years enjoyed great prestige: membership was sought after and was regarded as a mark of distinction, with the result that there was usually a waiting list.

The club had become exactly what its first announcement had proposed, a gathering place for those professionally active in the arts with those who, in one way or another, support the arts—lay the golden egg, as Charles Hutchinson once described them.

It seems clear that the membership loyally supported the club and wished to keep it exactly as it was.

Besides the silver punch bowl, butter, flowers, and fish Charles Hutchinson had given to the club over the years, he included it in his will with a legacy of \$5,000 and one-tenth of the income from a trust of \$250,000, which now amounts to about \$4,000 a year.

George Porter gave a new grand piano, which must be the rather battered Steinway which has served the club for many years. The 1926 minutes record the gift of \$5,000 from Mrs. Wentworth G. Field, and the minutes of 1931 a bequest of \$5,000 by Horace S. Oakley, a lawyer, who was president of the club in 1924. There may well have been other bequests, but the above were most helpful to the club in weathering the Great Depression.

These various gifts reflect not only loyalty to the club, but also recognition of what it stood for.

A major contribution to cultural life made possible by the Cliff Dwellers was the autobiography of Louis Sullivan, who became a member of the club in 1912. During his career, according to his biographer Willard Connely, Sullivan had designed 126 known buildings, five-sixths of them from 1880 to 1897, the years of his partnership with Dankmar Adler. His best known surviving building

is probably the Auditorium, now Roosevelt University, but the most emphatic expression of his architectural convictions may well have been the Transportation Building of the 1893 Chicago World's Fair, made all the more emphatic by its proximity to the vast array of classicistic buildings which characterized the rest of the fair.

When he became a member of the Cliff Dwellers he was nearing the end of his career, having received no substantial commissions after 1900. His last architectural assignment came in 1921, to design the front of a modest music store on an obscure street in Chicago. By then he was living in a single room in a run-down hotel on the South Side of Chicago and had long since given up his office.

It was two architect members of the Cliff Dwellers, Max Dunning and George Nimmons, both in private practise, who took steps to be helpful to their colleague, whom they greatly admired and respected. They were younger than Sullivan, but as Connely puts it, old enough so that "the Transportation Building clung to their memory like an unchanging sunset." They were aware that Sullivan not only needed money, but something to occupy his time and talent.

Early in 1922, therefore, they suggested two projects: that he design a set of twenty plates to illustrate his philosophy of architectural ornament, and write an account of his life. For the first project they were able to induce the Burnham Library of the Art Institute to make a grant of \$500 and to raise a similar amount from architect members of the club.

Because he was no longer able to keep a drafting table, the owner of the American Terracotta Company, where many of his designs had been modeled, was pleased to provide him with a desk and drafting table in their quarters at 1701 Prairie avenue, where he finished the twenty plates for what he described as *A System of Architectural Ornament According with a Philosophy of Man's Power*.

For the autobiography Dunning and Nimmons arranged for initial publication in the Journal of the American Institute of Architects. It was to appear in at least twelve monthly installments, and the author was to receive \$100 for each. None of these payments seems particularly generous, but it must be remembered that these were pre-New Deal dollars and made a great difference to Sullivan, who found it difficult to find the \$9 a week he needed for his room in the Warner Hotel. He worked on his plates during the day, and then, according to Connely, following dinner at the Cliff Dwellers with an old friend, would spend the evening writing his memoirs, to which he gave the name *The Autobiography of An Idea*. The club provided him with a desk and a comfortable place to work, and a group of architect members paid his bills.

His book ends, appropriately it would seem, with the World's Fair. Whatever some may have thought, Sullivan regarded the Fair as an unmitigated disaster, for the reason that it stifled the development of an indigenous architecture worthy of the American spirit and experience. Sullivan's strong feelings about the Fair are characteristically expressed in the following from the last pages of *The Autobiography of An Idea*;

These crowds were astonished. They beheld what was for them an amazing revelation of the architectural art of which previously they in comparison had known nothing . . . A vast multitude, exposed, unprepared, they had not had time nor occasion to become immune to forms of sophistication not their own, to a higher and more dexterously insidious plausibility. Thus they departed joyously, carriers of contagion, unaware that what they had beheld and believed to be truth was to prove, in historic fact, an appalling calamity. For what they saw was not at all what they be-

lieved they saw, but an imposition of the spurious upon their eyesight, a naked exhibitionism of charlatanry. . . .

Sullivan was able to finish his books, and his two loyal friends gave him the great pleasure of seeing them in well produced finished copies before he died. It is perhaps worth mentioning that one of the architects who came to see him several times during his last illness was his former draftsman, Frank Lloyd Wright.

In preparing the M.A. thesis previously referred to, Edward Thomas Hill on December 27, 1951, sent a letter to each of the 350 members of the club asking for answers to the following questions:

Who were the ten or fifteen most influential members, and what did each contribute to the club and society?

What was the influence of the Cliff Dwellers upon writers, musicians, and others in the fine arts?

In what way did your association with fellow members add to your own artistic appreciation and development?

Mr. Hill received 133 replies to his letter, many of which are quoted in his dissertation and are of the greatest interest. He also interviewed a number of the more active members, including Franklin J. Meine, Marx Oberndorfer, Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Charles Collins, Glenn McCracken, and Charles Fabens Kelley. Enoch Glover Matthews, employed by the club since 1911 and chief steward from 1928 to 1950, was also interviewed.

The replies Mr. Hill received give unique insight into the activities of the club and particularly what it meant to its members, as, for example, that from Philip Greely Clapp, at that time director of music at the State University of Iowa. He speaks of the opportunity membership in

the Cliff Dwellers gave him to know Dr. Frederick Stock, Bert Leston Taylor, Adolph Weidig, and Leo Sowerby. "All of these men," he wrote, "were of the greatest personal and artistic stimulus to me."

Robert Macdonald, who was then a teacher of music at Balboa University in California, mentioned what a privilege it was as a member of the Cliff Dwellers to associate with Frederick Stock, Marx Oberndorfer, and Allen Spencer. He went on to write,

The little parties after the orchestra concerts, too, made a social contact which was unusual, being informal and providing a chance to see many celebrities at close range without the usual 'lionizing' of other organizations.

Non-professional members spoke of the stimulating conversations around the lunch table.

Meyer Kestenbaum, a businessman, wrote "the best place in which to engage in a discussion of music, art, or literature was at the appropriate table at the Cliff Dwellers."

Edward D. McDougal, Jr., remarked, "I happen to be a lawyer and amateur musician in a small way. The association with professional musicians is a constant source of inspiration and pleasure to me."

A banker and another amateur musician Lewis L. McArthur, Jr. said that he "was honored many years ago by an invitation to join the Cliff Dwellers, where he renewed his acquaintanceship with various musical friends and met many an interesting person."

Dudley Crafts Watson, for many years connected with the Art Institute, remembered with nostalgia the days at the Cliff Dwellers when writers, painters, musicians and others sat at a round table in the middle of the dining room until its sixteen places were filled. This custom, he thought, was more pleasing than the later habit of the separate professions gathering around their own tables.

Edward C. Porter, a businessman and the "only mountaineer in the Cliff Dwellers" did not feel that the club had the slightest influence on what went on in Chicago, but as for himself,

It is an escape from the everyday struggle with the jungle. At the Cliff Dwellers one can more or less say what he thinks. One does not have to do a lot of toadying for the sake of business. One can bring a negro friend to the Club without bringing down the wrath of the powers that be.

Frederick Stock was a member of the club from its founding until his death in 1942. Dr. Stock was not one of those jet-propelled modern conductors. He lived in the city, conducted the orchestra, with the help of an assistant, from the beginning of the season to the end. He also founded and himself conducted the training orchestra of the Symphony, the Civic Orchestra.

An active and much beloved member of the Cliff Dwellers, Dr. Stock was president in 1927–1928. At the Gay 90's ball on February 26, 1928 "Freddie Stock's Silver Cornet Band" provided Sousa marches, waltzes and two-steps. Carter Harrison recalled an occasion when, sitting with the great musician at lunch one day at the club, he spoke of a particularly pleasant waltz he remembered having been played at the Old Vienna Restaurant at the 1893 World's Fair and did his best to whistle the tune. Dr. Stock recognized it immediately. "That is the *lustige Brueder* waltz—Karl Ziehrer, conductor of the Old Vienna Orchestra composed it. He was a fine musician."

The following eulogy of Dr. Stock appeared in the Cliff Dwellers Yearbook:

As Dr. Stock grew in artistic stature through these years, making musical history as conductor and composer and rising to national

and international eminence in his art, his great natural talent for friendship developed no less. The world knew him on the podium and admired him. Chicago came to regard him as perhaps its First Citizen. Cliff Dwellers knew him also at the luncheon table, in the informal comradeship of the lounge, in the give-and-take conversation—and we loved him as a friend.

The second most popular member during those years, according to Edward Hill, was Irving Pond, who was president of the club from 1934 to 1935. Like his brother and partner in the architectural firm bearing their name, Pond was a bachelor. He was a big man, but according to Charles Collins, accomplished in acrobatics. To demonstrate his skill, one day at lunch he walked along the ledge of the balcony outside the club windows, and on his eightieth birthday performed a standing somersault.

Having brought the Cliff Dwellers happily and in the full flush of success through the 1920s, we now reach the much different world of the 1930s.

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## VII

### *From the Depression through the Fifties*

THANKS to skillful management, the loyalty of its members, and the soundness of the original idea of its founders, the Cliff Dwellers came through the Depression years unscathed and its original purpose still intact. The Friday afternoon teas following the symphony concerts, to which the ladies and their daughters were invited and were often honored by the presence of Dr. Stock and the soloist of the afternoon continued without interruption, as did such traditional Cliff Dweller events as the Harvest Home Dinner and the New Year's Eve Dance for which the charge during those Depression years was \$1.50.

There were lunches to honor distinguished visitors, among others for Walter Damrosch, Igor Stravinsky, Ferdinand Leger, Otis Skinner, Andre Geraud, the Pertinax of *Echo de Paris*, John Erskine, Thornton Wilder, Walter Hamden, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, William Craigie, editor of the Oxford Dictionary, and John Leighton, president of Yenching University in China.

There was a special lunch to welcome Robert M. Hutchins, the new president of the University of Chicago, and a dinner to honor Jacques Gordon upon his retirement as concert master of the Chicago Symphony, following which he gave a recital of compositions by members of the club.

There were lectures, by Frederick Stock on the art of conducting, by Walter Blair of the University of Chicago



on American humor, by Ralph Fletcher Seymour on the technique of etching, by Daniel Catton Rich of the Art Institute on Picasso, by Emil Zeitler on the technique of sculpture, and by Leo Sowerby on composing.

Besides all this, the members of the club were offered numerous musical evenings of the highest quality, many by fellow Cliff Dwellers. The Amy Neil Quartet as well as the Amy Neil Trio played a number of times, as did the Jacques Gordon Quartet and the Mischakoff Quartet. On January 18, 1948, there was a Composers Evening, which included music by Rossiter Cole, and by members Edward Collins, Irwin Fischer and Leo Sowerby.

On May 14, 1949 Rudolph Reuter, who was always generous in his willingness to play for his fellow members, performed the Brahms Quintet with the Chicago Symphony Quartet, and on March 15, 1949 with Louis Crowder gave the club an evening of piano music for four hands by Mozart, Brahms, and Debussy. On March 29, 1941, there was a memorable program by the Cliff Dwellers String Ensemble, conducted by George Dasch, which included arias sung by member Fred Wise accompanied by Marx Oberndorfer, and piano solos played by Leo Heim.

During the years of the Depression there is frequent mention in the minutes of unpaid dues and the need for additional members, the waiting list of the 1920's having become only a memory. In the minutes of November 29, 1932, for example, it was suggested that consideration be given to asking members in arrears to sign promissory notes. In some cases, back dues were forgiven if the member agreed to remain active and current.

For all that, however, the financial statement of the club at the end of 1931 was strong, which is doubtless one of the reasons the club survived. Total assets were \$34,347.00, which included investments of \$29,112.00, and there was virtually no debt. The president from 1933 to 1934, during the worst years of the Depression, was

the much respected architect, Thomas Tallmadge. His devotion to the club and the quality of his leadership is evident in the following excerpts from letters he sent to the membership:

Don't give up the Cliff Dwellers. If you find it impossible to pay the dues—a misfortune like a hole in one's sock, possible in the life of any gentleman these days, the club, the good old club, will moratorium you until easier days—but don't resign. Use the club to its fullest extent—I have been a member for twenty-one years and never has the food been as savory, the prices as pre-war, nor the companionship more delightful.

To emphasize the kind of club the Cliff Dwellers should be, he wrote:

We want to fill the club with men who are friends, close friends. The Cliff Dwellers is the origin of an extraordinary number of friendships, but just as important, on its hearthstone and around its board, should be perpetuated friendships already formed.

On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding he let himself go:

For while experience has demonstrated the treachery of material possessions, the Cliff Dwellers has dried our eyes, staunched our wounds, and shown us that riches of heart and mind are better than raiment of fine gold, and that old friendships and loyalties never default.

During the turbulent years from the early thirties to the late fifties, which included the most severe economic cri-

sis in the history of the country, the social and political upheavals of the New Deal, intervention in the Second World War, and the turbulent events which followed it, the Cliff Dwellers stood for something enduring and substantial, and never relaxed its standards.

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## VIII

### *Years of Change— From the 1950s through the 1980s*

FOR older members, the familiar, pleasant atmosphere of the Cliff Dwellers, with its friendly staff, its scrubbed tables, big leather sofa, comfortable chairs, the fireplace and tall clock, and above all the view of Lake Michigan, remained an unchanging refuge in a world which seemed obsessed with change for its own sake. Even the frantic traffic on Michigan Avenue, viewed from the balcony of the club, seemed to take on a semblance of order, but basic changes were taking place in the city from which even the seemingly unchanging Cliff Dwellers could not remain immune.

The flight to the suburbs during the years after World War II gained in momentum as the problems of the city became worse, and this involved not only people moving their residences to the suburbs as in the past, but businesses moving out of the city. In many cases this meant that their offices went with them.

The rapid development of the Loop which began in the 50's, after the suspension of building occasioned by the Depression and the war, meant that many older loft buildings on such streets as Wabash, Van Buren, Dearborn and Clark, which, with their low rents, had attracted artists' studios, architects' offices, music schools, violin repair shops, book stores and small shops of all kinds, were demolished to make way for great steel and glass office buildings, for which only such tenants as lawyers, stock brokers, investment bankers, auditing firms could afford the rent. All this began a process which not

only changed the character of the downtown area, but of the membership of the Cliff Dwellers as well.

This is not to say that this development meant a deterioration in the membership of the club, but it did mean a different kind of membership. The original plan, which provided that a majority of the members were to be professional writers or otherwise professionally engaged in the arts, held up for the first few years, but then the writers, Hamlin Garland among them, began to leave Chicago. Bernard Duffy described all this in his book *The Chicago Renaissance in American Letters*:

There can be no doubt that Chicago, by 1926, had been superseded as an advanced creative center . . . In that year Harry Hansen moved to New York and the *Herald Tribune*. Sell had gone to *Harper's Bazaar* in 1920. Rascoe departed in the same year as Sell. The Little Theatre was finished in 1917, the *Little Review* had moved east in 1916, and the *Friday Review* had long been impotent as a liberating force . . . Herrick had left for the East in 1913 and Garland in 1915. Masters departed in 1919. Anderson in 1920, and Lindsay was little in the city after 1921. Ben Hecht left in 1924. Bodenheim had been much out of Chicago for some years. All of the chief personnel of the Liberation, in effect, were gone, and, most significant, no younger figures appeared to take their place.

With the changes in the structure of the Loop that followed the Second World War, many others professionally engaged in the arts, even if they still lived in Chicago, were no longer situated where they could take advantage of the Cliff Dwellers. In 1909 the club had 195 resident members, of whom 75, or 38 percent, were classified as "laymen," while at the end of 1974, according to the

minutes of January 25, 1975, the club had 364 resident members of whom 229, or 62 percent, were classified as laymen. In 1909 there were 29 painters and four sculptors, in 1988 only seven painters and no sculptors. The number of architects, fortunately, has remained about the same, 36 in 1909 and 33 in 1988, as has the number of musicians, 33 in 1909 and 29 in 1988, but their proportion of the total in both cases has dropped significantly.

While lawyers are not given a separate classification—they are "laymen" in the Cliff Dwellers—anyone coming fairly frequently to the club for lunch is aware that their number has increased significantly. This is fortunate, for they have made it possible for the club to survive, but the large increase in the proportion of laymen members has undeniably changed the character of the club. Would the young musician referred to earlier who later became director of music at the State University of Iowa have received the same "personal and artistic stimulus" he speaks of if he had sat at a table of lawyers, or book publishers for that matter, instead of with Frederick Stock, Adolph Weidig or Bert Leston Taylor?

With some two-thirds of its membership "laymen," including the present writer, the Cliff Dwellers has become a different place than the one the founders had in mind, not necessarily either less desirable or less stimulating, but different. For all that, thanks particularly to our lawyer friends, it must be said that the conversation at the members' tables remains lively.

The most drastic change in the history of the Cliff Dwellers, that bastion of male chauvinism in the eyes of some, was still to come: the admission of women as full-fledged members in 1984. From the beginning of the club, it will be remembered, ladies were welcome after six in the evening, were invited to the afternoon teas that for years followed the Friday afternoon symphony concerts, and, of course, were always included in the parties, lectures and recitals which have played a major part in the

activities of the club. This was not enough, particularly, it seemed, for the women who were invading the Loop as lawyers, stock brokers, bank officers, investment advisors, etc. The very fact of it being a men's club made it a target for those who are opposed to discrimination in any form. If women can climb telephone poles as linemen, work in coal mines, enter West Point, why should they not be free to join the Cliff Dwellers?

Not surprisingly, opinion among the members was sharply divided, and there were several resignations by members who either themselves felt strongly that they didn't wish to belong to a club which discriminated against women or had wives who had strong opinions on the subject, even if the wives in question might have belonged to the Fortnightly, which doesn't admit men. A less ideological reason advanced for the admission of women was the need for additional members and greater use of the club facilities.

For a club as tradition conscious as the Cliff Dwellers, the decision to surrender its all-male status was difficult, and required some seven years. The process included petitions, questionnaires, directors meetings, and two general meetings before, finally, on April 25, 1984, at a general meeting, the members voted overwhelmingly to amend the by-laws so that women could become members of the club.

It began in 1977 when several members felt strongly enough to defy tradition by petitioning the directors to amend the club rules to permit women guests to come to the club for lunch. No action was taken, but on June 21, 1977 a questionnaire was sent to the 311 resident members asking for their views on the subject. Of the 228 who voted, 167 were in favor and 61 opposed. A brief summary of the replies will give a reasonably accurate picture of how the members of the club felt about this issue, although it should be remembered that the questionnaire

was concerned not with admitting women to the club as members, but only as luncheon guests.

The most frequently mentioned reason for change was that society had changed, that women were no longer confined to home and the care of children, but were coming into the world on the same level as men. As one member expressed it, "It is, after all, the 20th century." Another replied, "Many of my associates in business are women and I find I have been unable to use the club because of this restriction." One member felt that it was a moral issue, another an ethical issue. As he put it, "Not only the right thing to do ethically but it also makes good economic sense—an all too rare combination." "Let us go gracefully, as gentlemen," one member advised, "not screaming and kicking."

The position of most of those opposed to the admission of women was well expressed by the member who wrote, "Let's keep the Cliff Dwellers as it was intended to be and as it has always been—a club for men." Another member wrote, "Let us preserve one oasis where, for an hour or two a day, we can have our bread, our wine, and our book of verse without thou." Another member was of the opinion that "The tradition and cultural inheritance of the Cliff Dwellers should avoid current fashions. Feminism is a fashion; the Cliff Dwellers represent 'style!'"

On January 26, 1978 the first step was taken when the directors approved a motion to change the house rules to permit women guests at lunch, but this was only to continue until the end of the following June.

Although this change in the rules was only temporary, the ice had been broken. Following a second petition submitted by "pro-women" members, President Heim called a general meeting for June 27, 1978 to consider a change in the by-laws to admit women as members to the club. President Heim, knowing how strong feelings were on both sides, began the meeting with the reminder "to

observe the friendly spirit that is characteristic of the club," and it was in this spirit that he conducted the meeting. The final vote was 55 for the amendment, 41 against, and since a two-thirds vote is required for such a change, the amendment did not pass. It was only a matter of time, however, before those in favor of a change would be able to muster sufficient votes, which is what happened at a general meeting held on April 25, 1984. The result of the meeting, to the dismay of some of the members, was announced in the papers, in consequence of which several younger women invaded the club demanding to know how and when they could join.

It took a little time, it must be said, for some of the members to adjust themselves to sharing their noon-time privacy with women. One club member, who for years had been accustomed to settle himself in a comfortable chair near a window, there to enjoy a quiet martini to prepare himself for lunch and the exigencies of the afternoon, was dumbfounded, upon coming into the club, to find his regular place occupied by a determined looking, middle-aged lady. He adjusted himself to the situation by standing in front of the fireplace, hands behind his back, gazing wistfully at the blue waters of Lake Michigan.

But this, unfortunately, was not the end of the changes he had to face. A few weeks later a rather liberal member was insufficiently aware of Cliff Dweller traditions to have an office party in the club, ending with the singing of "Happy Birthday." This was too much for our friend, who burst into the directors' meeting then in progress in the privacy of the Sullivan Room exclaiming, "This is obscene! What are you going to do about it?"

The admission of women has changed the general atmosphere of the club at noon, many would say for the better. The club has survived and the financial situation appears to be less precarious than it had been during the previous years. How much the women themselves may have gained by breaking down the barriers to the Cliff

Dwellers they themselves may sometimes wonder. Now that they have gained access to what was once an all-male sanctum, does it still have the appeal it seemed to have when women were not admitted? A function in the evening at the Fortnightly has a unique appeal for male guests from the very fact that it is a ladies club, with the special quality its feminine membership gives it, which would soon be lost if men were admitted on a regular basis, filling the place at noon with cigar smoke and boisterous conversation and making it necessary to replace the present elegant furniture with leather chairs. There is much to be said for leaving well established institutions as they are. With that observation, we will go on to consider the further development and present state of the Cliff Dwellers.

The issue of women members led to differences of opinion and two lively general meetings. After agreement was finally reached, the club relaxed and went along about as before, with members settling themselves in the comfortable chairs along the windows in preparation for lunch and conversation around one of the members tables.

One noticeable change from earlier years, and a distinct loss, was the almost complete disappearance of the special luncheon meetings which were once an appealing feature of the Cliff Dwellers. During the Garland years, it will be remembered, such distinguished writers as John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Theodore Dreiser, and George Santayana were guests of the club. During the thirties, there were lunches for Robert Hutchins, Thornton Wilder and Walter Hamden, among others. Whether the club is no longer able to attract such guests or whether the members don't wish to take the time to hear "what they have to tell us," as Charles Hutchinson put it, is hard to say.

One of the special lunches that is remembered with particular pleasure was for Lawrence Perkins, the son of a founding member who had himself been a member since

1932. Following lunch he spoke about his father's successful efforts to found the Cook County Forest Preserve, of the family driving into the country following Sunday dinner—this was in the early 1900s—to find suitable tracts, and of his father's many trips to Springfield to get the legislation passed which was needed to set up Forest Preserve Districts with the authority they would need to function. It was an inspiring account of the accomplishment of a public spirited citizen who was also a busy architect.

Another interesting luncheon talk was given by member Walter Netsch who, in one of Chicago's periodic spasms of reform, which usually follow a scandal of some kind, had been made head of the Park Board. His talk, describing some of the experiences he had encountered was informative and amusing, but by the nature of the subject, the realities of Chicago politics, less inspiring than that of Lawrence Perkins.

The teas which for years had followed the Friday afternoon symphony concerts were another casualty of change. Fewer and fewer people, it seemed, wished to take time for such pleasant amenities.

There were other changes. For years the club managed without a liquor license, which involved various bureaucratic formalities, including the finger printing of the officers and directors in a police station. An ingenious alternative arrangement worked out by a distributor involved billing the members individually, so that the club was not a party to the sale. Kurt Stein, who for years enlivened one of the members tables with his quick, dry humor wrote an amusing little song in gratitude to Otis & Lee, the devisors of the system.

On June 25, 1975, however, Judge Dunne put a stop to all this by ruling that the club was required to have a license. Although the board decided to appeal the ruling, steps were taken to conform, and a license was issued on January 28, 1976.

As its members well know, the Cliff Dwellers is an ideal place for chamber music: an evening recital of fine music following a pleasant dinner is an experience to be long remembered. For all the changes the years of the seventies and eighties brought to the club, it was a time particularly rich in music. This was doubtless due to the club's good fortune in having a number of distinguished and generous musicians among its members, including Frank Miller, principal cellist, Edgar Muenzer, violinist, Richard Ferrin, violist, and Warren Benfield, string bass, all were members of the Chicago Symphony; Leo Heim, pianist, for many years teacher and president of the American Conservatory; Robert Conant, internationally admired harpsichordist, and Charles Garland, head of the Theory Department of the Music College of Roosevelt University.

It was Charles Garland, as chairman of the entertainment committee, who made arrangements and was directly responsible for the high standards of the music program during those years.

Particularly memorable were the performances of the Chicago Symphony Quartet, the members of which were Victor Aitay, Edgar Muenzer, Milton Preves, and Frank Miller. To hear one of the great classics of chamber music played by these musicians in the surroundings of the Cliff Dwellers was a great privilege. It was an especially memorable evening when the Symphony Quartet played the Schubert C-Major Quintet, the demanding second cello part beautifully played by Margaret Evans, also from the symphony.

There were many such evenings during those years: Edgar Muenzer and Frank Miller with Andrea Swan playing trios of Schubert and Mendelssohn; William Schoen, violist from the symphony and his violinist wife with Leo Heim playing Bach, Mozart and contemporary music; Edgar Muenzer with Mary Sauer and Dale Clevenger playing the Brahms horn trio and a trio by Wilfred Josephs, a

young English composer; the Symphony Quartet in an evening of Richard Strauss and Dvorak; the Gamba Trio from Basel; the Baroque Ensemble from Roosevelt University; an evening of music for the cello by Frank Miller and his wife, also a fine cellist. To paraphrase Karleton Hackett's remark about the butter from Charles Hutchinson's farm, What other club in Chicago has such music?

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## IX

### *The Arts Foundation*

A history of the club would be incomplete without an account of the Cliff Dwellers Arts Foundation, which was established in 1958 by a group of members who felt that the club's commitment to the support of the arts should take a more concrete form than conversation, lectures, and recitals. Incorporators were Jay Beidler Camp, Joseph R. Shapiro, and Joseph A. Matter. The founding directors, in addition to the above, included James V. Sallami, B. Fred Wise, Daniel Catton Rich, and DeForest Sackett. Its purposes are to foster the fine arts, to sponsor public exhibitions and competitions, to provide scholarships, and to administer gifts of money, manuscripts, etc.

In its early years, the Foundation established a rather ambitious program called "Awards of Merit," which involved the yearly selection of several local citizens who were deemed to have made unique contributions to the cultural life of the city, and, at a formal dinner, presenting each with a handsome medal. The idea had much to be said for it, and the awards, at first, attracted some attention. After a few years interest waned, both on the part of those to be honored—called "lauriates" in the rather inflated language of the club member who worked out the program—as well as on the part of the club. There are still a few medals left in the club store room if the program should ever be revived.

The competitions the Foundation has sponsored have been more successful and enduring, perhaps because they are more in keeping with resources available and with the style of the Cliff Dwellers. The Foundation on

several occasions has sponsored competitions in the Chicago public schools in cooperation with the art department, and for six successive years has sponsored competitions for music students. These are done on a rotating basis from strings, then to piano, then to woodwinds, and brasses. Professional musicians are invited to do the judging, the winner is given an award of \$500 and is invited to give an evening recital at the club. There is also a \$300 award for the contestant judged to be second best, and \$200 for the third. The prizes are not overwhelming, but are meaningful to a young music student and a recognition for excellence, as is demonstrated by the high quality of the performance of those who have participated.

The Foundation is financed entirely by contributions from club members on a voluntary basis. As money becomes available, the Foundation has made grants to various organizations which, it was felt by the directors, are making a contribution to the cultural life of the city and for which the modest amount the Foundation can give is meaningful. The organizations supported include the Bach Society, The William Ferris Chorale, Chicago Chamber Choir, The Savoyaires, Society of American Musicians, and the Chicago Chamber Orchestra.

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## X

### The Cliff Dwellers after Eighty Years

SOME eighty years after the formal lighting of the fire in the khiva, what can one say about the place of the Cliff Dwellers in the cultural life of Chicago? Is it more than a pleasant place to meet with friends for lunch, to have dinner before the symphony concert on Thursday evening, or to hear recitals from time to time?

Hamlin Garland, it will be remembered, when he described his plan to his brother-in-law Lorado Taft spoke of it as "a literary and artistic club," and another time as "rallying point for Midland Arts." The one purpose of the club that seems to have been generally accepted was that it was to be a place which would bring people professionally engaged in artistic and cultural pursuits together with non-professionals who have a serious interest in such matters.

But not only has Chicago changed since then, the world has changed. In 1909 there were four sculptors in the club, now there are none, but how many sculptors are there now in the entire city? How many professional writers there might now be in the club is hard to say, but probably not many, certainly far less than in Hamlin Garland's day. But how many are there now in Chicago? When the club was first organized, three-fifths of the membership were to "be professionally engaged in literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, music or drama." It is much less than that now, not because the Cliff Dwellers has changed, Chicago and American society have changed. For all that, there is a great need in a commercial city such as Chicago for just such a club as the Cliff Dwellers, where talented but not established musi-



cians have a chance to perform, where young artists can show their work, where musicians, artists, writers and architects come to find pleasant and stimulating conversation with lawyers, businessmen, and even publishers.

The Cliff Dwellers on the roof of Orchestra Hall, with its associations with such men as Hamlin Garland, Frederick Stock, Daniel Burnham, Lorado Taft, Charles Hutchinson, Louis Sullivan, Howard VanDoren Shaw, Bert Leston Taylor, Thomas Tallmadge, is a vital part of the cultural tradition of Chicago. If some day a second volume should be published to the book *Lost Chicago*, which is made up of photographs of those houses and great buildings destroyed to make way for progress, let us hope that that second volume will not include a photograph of Daniel Burnham's Orchestra Hall and of the club which once graced its roof and provided a "rallying place for Midland Arts."

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## PRESIDENTS

Hamlin Garland, 1907–14  
Charles L. Hutchinson, 1915–16  
Karleton Hackett, 1917–18  
William O. Goodman, 1919–20  
Henry Kitchell Webster, 1921  
Ralph Clarkson, 1922–23  
Horace S. Oakley, 1924  
Karl E. Harriman, 1925–26  
Frederick A. Stock, 1927–28  
Carter H. Harrison, 1929  
William A. Nitze, 1930–31  
Thomas E. Tallmadge, 1932–33  
Irving K. Pond, 1934–35  
Herbert E. Hyde, 1936–37  
Elmer A. Forsberg, 1938–39  
Ralph Fletcher Seymour, 1940–41  
Charles Fabiens Kelley, 1942–43  
Winfred E. Garrison, 1944–45  
Ralph Horween, 1946–47  
W. W. Kimball, 1948–49  
Franklin J. Meine, 1950–51  
Kellogg Fairbank, Jr., 1952–53  
B. Fred Wise, 1954–55  
R. Vale Faro, 1956–57  
J. Beidler Camp, 1958–59  
Paul D. McCurry, 1960–61  
Leo Sowerby, 1962  
Rolfe Renouf, 1963–64  
Addis M. Osborne, 1965–69  
Roy Berg, 1969–72

Manly W. Mumford, 1973–74  
Henry Regnery, 1975–76  
Irl Marshall, 1977  
Leo E. Heim, 1978–79  
Charles F. Harding, III, 1980  
J. Wm. Cuncannan, 1981–82  
William J. Isaacson, 1983  
Wilbert R. Hasbrouck, 1984–85  
Jerrold R. Zisook, 1986–87  
Gertrude Lempp Kerbis, 1988–89  
Walker C. Johnson, 1990–

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Leo Heim, as Chairman of the Archives Committee, suggested that I write this history of the Club. He has been a member of the club since 1941, a former president and perennial member of the Nominating Committee. It has proved to be a rewarding and stimulating undertaking, and I thank Leo for getting me into it.

The records of the club had been entrusted to the care of the Newberry Library. It was Diana Haskell, as curator of Special Collections, who made it possible for me to find my way through this mass of material. It included the Minute Books from the beginning, letters, the Year Books which were issued from time to time, invitations to parties and recitals, programs, newspaper clippings, books about the club, photographs and much else. For her patient, expert help I am most grateful.

The recollections of many long-time members were also most helpful; it would have been impossible to have written an adequate history without them. I especially want to mention several persons: Lawrence Perkins, whose father was a founding member and he himself has been a member since 1932; Paul McCurry, a member since 1941; and Roy Berg, who was an active and effective president from 1969 to 1972.

I also want to thank Susan Houston and Warren Ingersoll for their editorial suggestions, not all of which, stubborn man that I am, I accepted, but those that I did include have made the book far more agreeable than it would have been without them.

Finally, I want to remember Cameron Poulter, who designed the book, and Kenan Heise, who generously

agreed to publish it. Both of them are professional bookmen of high standards.

#### The Author

Henry Regnery has been a member of the Cliff Dwellers since 1946. He was born and grew up in Hinsdale and attended the Hinsdale public schools. He graduated in mathematics from MIT, spent two years at the University of Bonn in Germany, and was granted an MA in economics at Harvard.

He has written papers for the Chicago Literary Club on the history of book publishing in Chicago and on Chicago writers, the last of these on Hamlin Garland. Several have appeared in the quarterly, *Modern Age*.

In 1947 he founded the publishing firm Henry Regnery Company. It was succeeded by Regnery Gateway, which operates in Washington, D.C. under the direction of his son. His experiences in publishing are described in the book, *Memoirs of a Dissident Publisher*, Harcourt, Brace, 1979.



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by [Regnery, Henry, 1912-1996](#)

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