

The Front Hall

has delighted to honor (two magnificent Sargents, other notable ones by Charles Hopkinson, '91) . . . photographs of Harvard dignitaries, of athletic teams and other groups, historic documents, scenes of Cambridge old and new, enough to make a pictorial history of Harvard over a century or more . . . these alone are enough to stamp the character and meaning of the place.

But the Harvard Club of New York City is not a static thing—not just a place, however impressive and inviting. The clubhouse was built for use, and the measure of its usefulness may perhaps be suggested by a glance at a few of the activities of a typical day.

Morning. Some non-resident members arriving to be assigned to rooms. (There are sixty-two bedrooms in the house, about half of them the gifts of individual classes). . . . A dozen groups of two or three, deep in discussions arranged for this convenient meeting place . . . an individual here and there glancing through a magazine as he waits for the man who was to meet him here at 10:30 . . . a few members with an hour or two to spare immersed in books in the Library.

In the various offices, quite unheard outside, a continuous ringing of the telephone... members wanting good seats for the theatre tonight, asking whether a certain non-resident member has arrived from Cleveland, making an appointment to play squash, giving a message to be delivered at lunch time, saying it will be impossible to keep that appointment this after-

[11]

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