

THE ROAD TO BAGDAD

A little more than a year from now- on the seventh of June, 1927, to be exact- those of us to whom fell the pleasant and somewhat unusual task of bringing the Phi Delta Kappa Fraternity into being, will be able to look back upon a quarter of a century of achievement.

I say "achievement" unreservedly and without the slightest feeling that I am indulging in what, to many, might appear as vain glory. When I think that a small group of boys, none more than eighteen years of age, formed an organization which has endured for twenty-five years, which has grown from a membership of less than ten to an active membership of 2,500 (inactive membership of more than 16,000), which has seventy-six chapters and which flourishes in five states. I feel that the foundation of this organization was indeed, an achievement. I, for one, am proud of it and no honor that might come to me were I in a position to merit honors, could possibly equal that of being one of the Founders of Phi Delta Kappa.

How little did any of us dream, on that bright June day of 1902, that we were building for the future; that we were laying foundations upon a solid rock for the rearing of a beautiful structure in which brotherly love was to abide and which was to engender strength of purpose and nobility of character in a mighty army of worthy young Americans. I am afraid that our own purpose in that hour of the Fraternity's birth was not definite. If we all looked to the future at all, it was to a future of weeks and months, not of years. I am sure we had no idea that the influence of our little society ever would extend beyond the confines of Marion, Indiana.

But now, as the silver jubilee of our foundation draws near, I am asked to write my recollections of those early days of our Fraternity's life. This invitation comes from the National officers of Phi Delta Kappa, young men whom at the time of writing I have never seen and whose very names were unknown to me a few weeks ago, I make this point to emphasize the facts that times have changed and that miracles have been wrought within these two and one-half decades.

Never was greater truism than that of the Latin poet who said "tempus fugit" (time flies) and as I take up my pen in an effort to set down some facts for the information of those who now constitute the active membership of the fraternity, I can scarcely bring myself to believe that I am about to begin a record of deeds accomplished a quarter century ago. This record should have been written long since; data should have been kept that unfortunately passed into oblivion years ago, if indeed, it ever existed. These present memoirs must be written almost entirely from memory and as this task confronts me I am grateful for the years of newspaper training which have made my mind keen for names, dates and incidents.

It is likely that I may get my facts mixed from time to time and that some of the older men may be inclined to trip me up. If so, it must be borne in mind that this is only a tentative effort to write a history of Phi Delta Kappa and that perfection or absolute accuracy is not to be so much as hoped for until such data as I may be able to present is subjected to the scrutiny of those who were my companions and compared with that which may come forth from the storehouses of their minds.

If, through this brief record I can bring to light any details not generally known; if I can create in the hearts of my brothers wherever they may be, a more intimate regard for the Fraternity and I can inspire them to put their shoulders to the wheel in the resolve to extend the Fraternity's field of endeavor as much during the coming twenty-five years as it has been extended during the last, then I will not have written in vain. I take up my present task with the same enthusiasm that urged me on as I wrote the first draft of the ritual or the initial constitution and by-laws. Time and all thought of time vanishes and I am a boy again about to start on an adventure that promises much.

The school year of 1901-1902 had been eventful for several youths, all residents of Marion, Indiana, and friends of many years standing. For some it marked the completion of the year's courses in the Marion High School. For others it brought football honors on the first notable football team that the city of Marion had produced in many years. For myself it brought graduation from the Preparatory Department of Notre Dame University. There was much ahead- college for at least two of us; more football honors for others and

for several the beginning of real work, the sort of work that turns a boy into a man and marks him as a self-supporting member of society. Naturally, all of those things were much in mind in early June, 1902, but there was likewise something else that was more important at that moment than any of these things. This was the summer vacation, a period that is bound to bring joy to the heart of every real boy who has been confined to the school room for nine months and who, with the first warm days of spring begins to find text books rather dull companions. What to do with that summer in order to extract the greatest amount of pleasure from it? That was the question to which we were giving thought.

Marion was not exactly a good "summer town". It was not large enough to supply the diversions of a city, and yet it was too large to afford the intimate sociability of a smaller town. Summer sports were virtually unknown as the river was covered with oil, thus making fishing and swimming equally impossible. Matter's park in those days was rather a sorry place and there remained only the Soldier's Home with its band concerts. Taken all in all, there was little opportunity for wholesome fun, but plenty of mischief if energy was not properly directed.

Let my younger readers bear in mind that in those days no automobile had made its appearance on Marion streets, the motion picture theatre was unheard of and dancing was confined to formal balls.

I should go a step further and express the opinion that the young people of the day were not as sophisticated as are those of the present and that they were satisfied with less pretentious amusements, I would perhaps, only be giving vent to that narrowness which all too often marks the advance of age.

Be that as it may, the boys of Marion, or at least those forming the little coterie of which I was a part, needed something with which to entertain themselves during the summer, but just what it was to be was a question unanswered at the time school closed and the various commencement activities were events of the past.

June 7, 1902 stands out clearly in my mind as though it were yesterday. It was a gorgeous day with a bright sun and the sort of warmth that must have inspired James Whitcomb Riley when he wrote his famous poem beginning: "Long about knee deep in June". I had just arrived home the day before from Notre Dame and was anxious to go "down town", as we called the business district of Marion, to see some of the friends I had not seen since the previous Christmas holidays. I drove to the public square in a small, rubber tired runabout, behind a yellow Welsh pony I had owned since childhood. With me was Albert E. Andrews, who had long been one of my closest friends and who had just been graduated from Marion high school.

"Abe" Andrews, as he was called, partly because at a certain age he was unusually tall and slender and partly because his outlook on life was not unlike that which distinguished the immortal Lincoln in his younger days, had made a scholastic record in the high school and was a recognized leader in school affairs.

On the south side of the square we were hailed by Loftus Jones who had just been graduated from the high school. I drew up at the curb and Jones stopped for a chat. The conversation had to do largely with summer plans and finally Jones said: "I tell you what lets do, let's start a club."

The suggestion met with the instant approval of Albert Jones and myself, and before we left Jones the names of some likely members had been suggested. We had agreed to get in touch with these boys during the day and to meet that night at the old Y.M.C.A. building, a ramshackle structure which occupied the site upon which the modern building now stands. That afternoon Andrews and myself drove around town interviewing some of the boys whose names had been mentioned and that evening according to agreement, we assembled at the Y.M.C.A. However, the place was crowded and the only available room for the meeting was upstairs under the roof. It was unbearably hot and Zach Sanderson, who was destined to become prominent in the early days of Phi Delta Kappa, suggested that we walk out Fourth street and hold our meeting on the steps of the high school building.

To go from the stuffy room in the Y.M.C.A. building to the open air was a vast relief, and it was also

gratifying to find the vicinity of the school as quiet as a tomb. The plans we had in mind were surrounded with secrecy and mystery and we did not care for interruption. As I remember, those who gathered on the high school steps that night were George Nottingham, Zach Chandler Sanderson, Albert E. Andrews, T. Loftus Jones, James L. Reed, Ward Davis, and myself.

It was like all meetings held by boys. Parliamentary law was totally disregarded, everybody tried to talk at once and no two held ideas that were alike. The only point upon which we agreed was that we were to have a club. Its purpose was undefined, but Zach Sanderson insisted that the organization must have a summer camp where we were to live next to nature wearing nothing but bathing suits. The summer camp never materialized, but Sanderson's "bathing suit" idea furnished us with something to laugh about for years to come. It wouldn't be so much of a joke in these days when the bathing suit has become a garment of everyday summer wear. Brother Sanderson's notion was not as eccentric as we deemed it then, but merely somewhat in advance of the time.

Some semblance of order finally came out of the chaos and at the suggestion of Loftus Jones a name was adopted. This name was to be one of the "secrets" of the society and as far as I know it remains so to this day. Therefore it will not be divulged here. However, it may be said that this name consisted of three English words, the initial letters of which were I.T.K. It may also be said that this name was sheer nonsense, having its origin in the spirit of fun which was the sole idea in forming the organization.

This much decided upon, further plans were left in abeyance until we could hold another meeting which was scheduled for a date in the immediate future. But a seed had been planted and in the space of a few hours had germinated to our complete satisfaction. We had formed a club, adopted a name, and were to hold another meeting. With these weighty matters settled, eight boys, seven of whom were to become the foundation members of Phi Delta Kappa, went down the Fourth Street hill, all unknowing that they had launched a nationwide movement.

Just what ideas may have come to the minds of my companions during the interval that elapsed between the first and second meetings of our newly-formed club. I am unable to say, I do know however, that to my own mind our action had significance. I felt that in this organization we had something that would serve as a mutual bond, something in which we could center our interest and therefore keep alive, during the days of our building manhood, the friendship that had been formed during our youthful school days. It is likely that these ideas came to my mind because for several years I had spent most of my time away at boarding school and could sense that the home ties were being lessened each year. This was a condition which I felt was deplorable, for I attached great sentimental value to the early friendships.

As I set forth in the beginning of these memoirs, our club at our initial meeting had been given a name which was purely nonsensical and to be considered to be jocular. However, for the moment this was immaterial. The principal thing was that a group had united in one purpose and this is to organize a society in which there would be community interest. In the Preparatory School at Notre Dame I had long belonged to an organization which we called a "fraternity", although it was purely local in character and existed without the knowledge of the authorities. It occurred to me that the club we had just founded in Marion would have more dignity if we would give it something of the academic aspect by calling it a fraternity.

Brother Sanderson, I will remember, was all for establishing a new order of Knighthood, and indeed, the minutes of our earlier meetings written in flamboyant boyish style, spoke of Sir Knights and had all the flourish of heraldry. As the full name of the organization was to be secret and, to me at least, there was no element of appeal in such a prosaic title as I.T.K. Club, it was my firm conviction that something more distinctive should be chosen. Having studied Greek at school. I concluded that our club should become a Greek letter society, and that, instead of being known to the world by its English initials, we should use the Greek letters, Iota Tau Kappa.

At our second meeting, which, like the first, was held on the steps of the high school building. I explained all of this to my fellow club members and the suggestion was unanimously adopted. At this meeting it was also decided that it would be necessary to provide ourselves with a club room, and a committee of the whole was resolved for the purpose of looking around the next day for suitable quarters. Naturally, we were

limited as to choice, for although that was long before the era of high rents, there were few available in Marion that came within the reach of pocketbooks which for the most part were supplied with spending money by parents who were more or less indulgent.

The quest upon which we set forth remains with me as a vivid recollection. It presented one of the earliest discouragements that ever loomed large on the horizon of an organization which was doomed to experience many discouragements. We found two or three places we believed we could afford, but the owners did not relish the idea of turning their premises over to a crowd of irresponsible boys, and we remained roomless. Several meetings were held at the homes of the members and it was at one of these meetings that we opened the fold to receive another sheep- Lewis Elliott, cousin of Jim Reed.

Brother Elliott proved to be a happy addition to our ranks for he was a lad of many talents. He had a genius for paper-hanging, which was one day to solve a problem for us, but best of all he had a power of persuasion. In fact, "Puss" Elliott at the age of sixteen, was what would be called today a high pressure salesman. He was an orator, who, by the exercise of this gift, could hypnotize an intended victim, causing him to his bidding. Once he sold soap- but that was another story. What Lewis Elliott did the day after his initiation was to go out and get a room.

It was a room of considerable size and was located in a building at the corner of Fifth and Washington streets. Below it was the sales-room of the Butler Music Company, and Thad Butler, evidently being kindly disposed towards boys, listened to Brother Elliott's impassioned plea. He consented to rent the room to us for \$6 a month. Each of us contributed a share to a common fund with which we paid the first month's rent.

One may take it for granted that of the thousands of clubs which have been organized by young boys in as many thousands of towns and cities throughout these United States. All have gone through the same process of "furnishing" rooms. Our group was no different from the rest and parental attics, cellars and stables were ransacked for old pieces of discarded furniture that would serve our purpose. No interior decorators were called into consultation, no color schemes were employed and periods were totally disregarded. We piled into that big, bare room - which had been spared all inroads of mop or broom - an assortment of odds and ends that must have been a nightmare to discriminating adult eyes. To us it represented the very acme of comfort and refinement.

From a stable loft came an old rug large enough to cover most of the floor. It was not only soiled, but tattered around the edges and ripped in the middle. Brother Sanderson it was, who donated a monstrous chair with broken springs. There were smaller chairs of all shapes and sizes, a table and an array of battered pictures. All of these were appreciated, but our particular pride was a "cozy corner" built by James L. Reed, who then, as now, was a genius in the art of construction. Cozy corners were considered elegant, and the elegance of ours was not dimmed in our eyes because its draperies had seen better days or its pillows and upholstery were worn and faded. It added much to the attractiveness of our room and I mad add that later it served as a sort of throne for the presiding officer during initiations.

It is likely that during the time we were busied with fixing up our room, we were also discussing plans for our organization. We no referred to it as "the fraternity", and began to evolve some social event which was to be our first activity.

Although at one of the earliest meetings we had elected officers., we had elected officers, we had given little thought to rules and regulations. These were brought into being as the need arose and when someone would make a suggestion it was either accepted or rejected according to whether its supporters or its opponents could talk loudest and longest. By the end of the week, however, we settled down to a business meeting and made a determined effort to establish our affairs on a solid basis.

There was only the rough draft of a constitution and there were no formal by-laws, but we did draw up a little code of rules which was concerned largely with attendance at meetings and fines for this or that offense. There were some other regulations, but what they were I have long since forgotten. I suppose they had to do with the payment of our modest dues, the time of meetings and the selection of new members. I

do remember that membership was to be extended by invitations only, and that such invitation should be given those unanimously elected. The reception of new members was important; first, because we wanted the association of other boys who had not been of our original group: second, because we needed more money with which to support our club room and finally, because we must have someone to "initiate".

Shakespeare says that "men are but boys grown tall" and there is reason to believe that the ritualism of adult lodges and societies is nothing more at bottom than a perpetuation of the youthful spirit of play. At eighteen years of age, we had laid aside the make-believe games of childhood and we were attempting to supply the vacant place in our natures by the play of our fraternity. We must "do something"; we must indulge in play-acting, and consequently we formulated a sort of ritual which, although only a burlesque consisting entirely of horse-play, satisfied us completely and made us avid for candidates upon whom we could try it out. There was no idea of making this ritual impressive or symbolical. We did not seek to inculcate, by means of dramatic lesson, any fine or uplifting sentiments in the minds or hearts of those we were to receive into our little fold. No, it was all devised for our amusement and the paddle and slap-stick composed the most important parts of our ritualistic equipment.

There is one thing, however, that should be known to every member of Phi Delta Kappa, and this the fact that the ancient ritual of Iota Tau Kappa has not been entirely lost. Indeed, none of it was lost, for several years after Phi Delta Kappa was nationalized, the constitution permitted two initiations, the first of which was to consist of horse-play and was to be given a night or so before that set aside for the ritualistic work. Most of the early chapters, in submitting their candidates to the burlesque initiation, used many of the "stunts" which formed the whole of the Iota Tau Kappa ceremony and which still existed as oral tradition.

I have said that the ancient ritual of Iota Tau Kappa has not been entirely lost. I doubt whether any chapters use the horse-play initiation at this time, or if they do, it is scarcely possible that the old tradition yet remains, but it may surprise many of the present membership to know that a remnant of the old ritual is to be found in the present solemn initiatory ceremony of Phi Delta Kappa. This is a matter which cannot be explained publicly, but I can say this: It is the most important part of the ritual through which the candidate is impressed with the lesson set forth in the word for which we use the Greek letter "Phi".

Having determined upon some form of initiatory ceremonies the original members of Iota Tau Kappa submitted the names of several boys whom they regarded as promising candidates. Most of these were elected, although a few were rejected. It is no longer a violation of secrecy to make known here that the first president of Iota Tau Kappa was George Nottingham; that the secretary was Zach Sanderson; the treasurer, Albert E. Sanders, Loftus Jones was given an office of which he was exceedingly proud and which was to continue throughout his life. This was Grand Flunkey. It figures no longer as an office on the rolls of the fraternity, but be it known to all Phi Delta Kappas that the fraternity has a Grand Flunkey, and Loftus Jones is it. He will remain so until he leaves this mundane sphere for good and all, and when that day comes, the office will depart with him. Guards became necessary after we began to hold meetings at the club rooms and I believe that James Reed and Lewis Elliott were appointed to this position. Initiations gave rise to the need of a master of ceremonies, a position which fell to my lot. However, this was a matter of accident rather than design.

There was never any thought of writing the ritual of making it a permanent affair. It was made up on the spur of the moment, although like titles of the chapter officers, some little part hinged on the name of the organization. This is the part which, given seriousness, dignity and real meaning, I retained when I wrote the ritual of Phi Delta Kappa. With the exception of this part- and may I say to the youthful members of Phi Delta Kappa that in its original form it was by far the most amusing portion of our initiatory work- the rest was variable and more or less free for all. Just prior to an initiation someone would think of a ludicrous stunt and it would be woven into the ceremonies. Occasionally, these stunts would be thought of during a ceremony and tried out without further ado. One may readily imagine the noise, the confusion and the hilarity that prevailed during these initiations likewise the discomfiture of the candidates.

We fondly believed these ceremonies to be secret, but surely they could not have remained secret from anyone having ears to hear, for the smack of the paddle and the loud voices of those conducting the initiations must have carried a city block. And this brings to mind an incident that to this day is often

mentioned whenever any of the foundation members of the fraternity chance to meet.

One hot summer night several candidates were being put through our strenuous initiatory ceremony. We had not taken into consideration that it was Saturday night and the music store in the room below us was open for business. The noise may have been even greater than usual, and so engrossed were the guards in participating in the riotous fun that vigilance at the portals was entirely relaxed. Suddenly, in the midst of the confusion, someone discovered that a clerk from the music store, having come up to remonstrate because of the noise. No sooner was he discovered than someone- Loftus Jones, I believe- shouted; "Bring on the next candidate", and suiting the action to word, he shoved the luckless music store clerk into the position before the cozy corner, which was officially being occupied by Brother Nottingham. The clerk was quickly tripped up into the regulation position for paddling, and two paddles were lustily applied.

Even now I have to chuckle as I think of how we pretended to mistake this clerk for one of the candidates being initiated and subjected him to paddling which formed the most important part of this "impressive" ceremony. This was the final straw which broke the patient back of Thad Butler, our landlord, and, as our first (perhaps it was our second) month had about expired, and as we had no lease on the premises, we were asked to move, which came near spelling the end of Iota Tau Kappa and preventing the foundation of Phi Delta Kappa. But in telling all this as I did, I anticipated matters by several weeks, for many interesting events occurred to us during the time that this room was our chief pride and possession.

Many of Marion's best known young men became members of the fraternity during those few weeks. In fact, it became rather a distinction to be asked to join, and so proud were we of our organization that, if our initiation was refused, the boy making the refusal was promptly crossed off our lists for further consideration in any way. I remember two boys, brothers, whose names were suggested by someone as being likely candidates. They seemed to be in favor with the majority of our crowd, but did not stand so high with others, including myself. Debate on their merits waxed strong during the greater part of a hot afternoon, and finally those of us who were not in favor of their admission waived our objections and when the vote was taken there was not a black ball in the ballot box. Consequently the "spiking" committee approached those young men and offered to decorate them with the pledge ribbons of red and black, which we had chosen to be the colors of the fraternity and which continues as the Phi Delta Kappa colors to this day.

But those young men were evidently particular about their associates. They may have had the regard of certain members of Iota Tau Kappa, but it was evident that some of our members did not enjoy the esteem of these young men. Be that as it may, our offer of membership was turned down flatly and the spiking committee, despite its most eloquent arguments in behalf of the newly organized society, could not move them from their purpose of remaining outside the fold. The committee returned much disgruntled, for, this was the first time that our invitation had been refused. But this spirit of dejection was not universal in our group, for the minority which had voted against these men, and who refrained from doing so merely out of consideration of those who wanted them, openly rejected. This I believe, taught us a lesson, and the fact that if any member had any good reason for not wanting a man in the organization it was better to vote against him, for in a society organization as intimately as is a fraternity, absolute peace and harmony must reign.

We had planned some social affair with which to mark our entry into the world, but it was something but it was more than a couple of weeks before our ideas on this subject took tangible shape. It was finally decided that this affair should be a picnic to be held on the Fourth of July at Pierson's Mill, then the most popular picnic grounds in the vicinity of Marion. The picnic party was, of course, to include girls, and, although I don't believe that any of our boys had a regular girl at the time, there seemed to be no apprehension on the score, and they set about making their dates for what gave promise of being a joyous event. In the meantime a circus was billed for Marion and an impromptu stag party was arranged which was to enable us to enjoy the favorite small town summer amusement of getting up to see the circus unload. How little I dreamed then that the time was not so far distant when my principal concern would not be to see a circus unload, but to remain in bed long enough to escape this ordeal, for I was destined to become a member of the publicity staff of Ringling Brothers' Circus, with every day circus day for me throughout a long period of something like thirty-five weeks.

But in the early days of Iota Tau Kappa a circus had a great appeal for all of us, and we resolved to spend the night in our fraternity room, sleeping as best we could, and arising about 4 o'clock in the morning that we might go over to the Big Four railroad tracks with the arrival of the circus trains and see the big wagons trundled off to the circus lot near by. It was a hectic night, and during the early part of it the room was hot and stuffy. Later it became chilly that all of us wished ourselves at home beneath suitable bed covering. Lewis Elliott, who was our youngest member and therefore even more playful than the rest of us, insisted on raising a rough house, for which the rest of us soundly rebuked by his cousin Jim Reed. "Scrubby" Nottingham dozed quietly on the cozy corner which during meetings served as his throne, and occasionally awoke to partake of the Mail Pouch tobacco which he was just beginning to chew. Most of us smoked at the time, and long about midnight we decide we were hungry, so we went to the Bachelor Café, which occupied a hole in the wall on Fourth Street, near Washington, and ate fried ham sandwiches, cooked by the lanky and droll Ben Webster, who was popular as a caterer with the young men of Marion who at that time were getting their first taste on night life.

The circus party, despite the grumbling, the bickering and the poor attempts we made at sleeping on the floor or on the chairs put together, was considered a great success. Later such parties became known as "slumber parties" although I am sure this term was unused at that particular time. About the time that we should have been up and getting our first glimpse of the elephants, we had become so fatigued that we were enjoying a fairly good snooze, but we did arrive at the railroad track in time to witness most of the unloading. The remainder of this day is a blank to me, for I was so completely tired out by the vigil of the night before, that I spent the day sleeping at home, perfectly content to let the circus go its merry way without further assistance from me.

But the Fourth of July was to be the red letter day in our calendar, and finally it came. What happened on that day I shall relate as a distant onlooker, for I did not go to the picnic. I had been away at school for so many years that my acquaintance among girls was slight, so I gave up all ideas of the picnic rather than risk a turn-down from some girl whom I might ask without being well acquainted with her. All of which goes to prove that at that time my knowledge of women's nature was even slighter than it is now, and that I was unaware of the fact that, to a girl of high school age, it is the picnic itself, and not the escort, that is the principal attraction. Naturally, I was rather ashamed of the fact that I didn't have a girl whom I thought would be glad to go with me, so for the benefit of the fellows I trumped up a wild tale about some girl in South Bend who would be frightfully jealous if she thought I had been so inconsistent as to take another girl to a picnic. If I even knew a girl by name in South Bend at that time I have forgotten all about it now, and it is likely I didn't know one at all, for in those days Notre Dame students, and particularly those in the preparatory department, knew about as much about the people of South Bend as today we know about the inhabitants of Tibet.

I do know however that the picnic party started off without me on the early morning of July Fourth. They had engaged a tally-ho, which was a recent acquisition of one of the livery stables, and it was gaily decorated with flags and the Fraternity colors. There was every promise of a day of perfect enjoyment, for the weather was fine and youthful spirits ran high. The tally-ho was laden with baskets and these baskets contained an abundance of good food.

There is also reason to believe that during the greater part of the day, all expectations were realized. There was boating and there were other enjoyable sports, although swimming played no part in mixed parties at the time. There was a bountiful lunch spread under the trees. This lunch eaten, the festivities of the morning were continued until some time in the late afternoon.

It was then discovered that youthful appetites had again been sharpened and that a lot of good food was left over. No one could see any possible reason why this food should be wasted when it could just as well be eaten, so again the table cloth was brought forth, the baskets were opened and the party sat down to refreshments. But somebody had blundered. Among the food left over from lunch were some canned baked beans which had been opened and permitted to remain in the can during that hot afternoon. The party ate beans, and when they were ready for the homeward trip several good cases of ptomaine poisoning had developed. Naturally this was all unknown to me, as I was safe at home, but here is what I read in the

News- Tribune the party of young people who went to Pierson's Mill to picnic yesterday were poisoned by eating the contents of a can of beans which they had with them for lunch. The members of the party ate from the can at dinner time and some of them ate from it again in the evening just before starting for home. All those who ate the beans in the evening were affected by the poisoning.

"The first member of the party to become sick was Forney Behymer, who was attacked on the way home about five miles west of Marion on the Delphi pike. In a short time others began to suffer. The pain was very acute, and as none of the young people knew what the trouble was, they became very badly frightened. At one time four of the boys were laid out in the barge, the others were doing the best they could do to assist them.

"Just when the trouble was at the worst Dr. F. A. Priest happened to drive along the road, and stopped to see what was causing all the excitement. The girls were almost in hysterics and the boys were much frightened. Already about six of the crowd had been sick. As soon as one got better another was seized. At the time the physician came up with the barge there were four suffering horrible agonies. The worst case was Ward Davis, who Dr. Priest believes would have died had not had medical assistance.

"After the sufferings of the young people had been in some measure alleviated the journey to town was resumed. Loftus Jones left the party at the square and was taken sick in the same manner as the others. Dr. H. W. Cory was sent for and Dr. Priest again summoned. They administered emetics and in a short time the worst of his pain ceased.

"All those who suffered with the poisoning are for the most part over the effects. Their names are: Misses Marie Morris, Mary Vangorder, and Sylvia Carmichael, Ray South, Ward Davis, Loftus Jones, and Forney Behymer."

Luckily, everybody recovered, but the existence of the Iota Tau Kappa Fraternity had been seriously threatened even at this early stage of its life, for had that ptomaine not been checked when it was, it is likely that all of our members with the exception of myself, might have been wiped out by death.

(To Be Continued Next Month)

The Road to Bagdad

Part II

Although time has a way of getting jumbled in the mind when regarded over a space of more than twenty years, still it seems to me that it must have been something over a month from the time of the Fourth of July picnic and its near-tragedy, of which I told in the last chapter of this informal history, to the precipitate exodus of the only existing unit of the Iota Tau Kappa Fraternity from its rooms, of which mention was made earlier. The night when our landlord sent one of his clerks into our rooms to put a damper on the hilarity that attended upon an initiation almost spelled our doom. There is no telling what that clerk may have told Thad Butler, the landlord, when he made his way down the stairs. A much-paddled, and perhaps a wiser man, but what Mr. Butler told us is still fresh in mind. He was sententious to say the least, and directed us to pack up our moth-eaten furniture and move without further ceremony.

But where to move? That was the principal problem that confronted Iota Tau Kappa on that desolate summer day. We had canvassed the town in the search for rooms before we were finally admitted to Mr. Butler's upstairs warehouse, and deep in our hearts we knew that only a miracle could provide us with other quarters. Besides, the treasury had been sadly depleted and there was no money with which to pay another month's rent in advance. Of course, this same problem would have arisen had we remained above the music store, but it had been given no thought. However, we set out bravely on our quest for new quarters, but to no avail. We might have had better luck in Zanzibar or Timbuctu.

Mr. Butler had said move, and move we did. The furniture was divided, some of us taking certain pieces while others took what remained, and it was put into storage. I know our stable got a lot of it, and there were some odds and ends in the attic. Jim Reed had made a table on the mission style, which was our particular pride and joy, and that table, by the way, was still rendering active service as late as four years ago, if it isn't still in use. But our fraternity with its club room had, even in the short space of something more than two months, brought a tangible and lasting result. It had created a bond of warm brotherhood, especially among the members of the little group that had brought the organization into being that night on the high school steps. Ray Neal and Gilbert Bainbridge had been initiated and were destined to be among the founders of Phi Delta Kappa. So, despite the fact that we continued holding occasional meetings in the homes of the members, and forming a little clique of our own in those down-town places where boys of our age were accustomed to gather.

That autumn became memorable in the history of the Marion high school, for it had a football team that won the undisputed high school championship of Indiana and Kentucky. I returned to boarding school a little later than usual that fall, so had the pleasure of seeing several of the games which attracted the attention of sporting writers throughout the entire middle west. Iota Tau Kappa was particularly proud of the fact that several of its members were on the team, George Nottingham was not only the center-and what a sturdy center he was- but he also managed the team, arranging all the schedules and giving close attention to every business detail. Gilbert Bainbridge, Walter Tukey, Ward Davis, Paul Gage, Earl Virtue, Harry Mook, Horace Myers- all of these were on the team either as regular players or substitutes.

It is impossible for me to relate what happened during the winter that followed. I spent most of that time away at school, as did Zach Sanderson, and as I remember the correspondence that passed between some of the members and myself, I don't believe there was any great amount of activity; but the summer of 1903 brought a renewal of interest. Several of us had jobs that summer, and, with a little money of our own, we could aspire to heights undreamed of before. In fact, we were so rich collectively, that, after some deliberation, we rented a room in the Glass Block, at that time Marion's finest office building.

The room, to say the least, was small. In fact, it must have been the smallest room in the entire building, for it couldn't have been more than eight feet wide by twelve feet long. A little of our furniture was brought from storage and installed, and then, by crowding, it was possible to assemble most of our chapter at one time. But this room was of little use to us, for it was impossible to use it even as a meeting place in the heat of the summer, and after paying rent for a couple of months we gave it up. Then came another period of

what may be called active inactivity, by which I mean that while we did not function as a chapter we retained a common interest and most of us remained close together.

Summer soon slipped into autumn and back to school went Brother Sanderson and myself. Shortly before the Christmas holidays I had a letter from George Nottingham informing me that the boys who were still in Marion had been holding meetings, as several of them had joined a newly formed national guard company and at certain times were able to get privacy in a sort of ante-room at the armory.

“We hope to put the Fraternity back into an active condition,” he wrote, “and have made the acquaintance of some new fellows who have recently come here whom we believe would make good members. We also have one or two who were never in our crowd but with whom we have become friendly. When you and Sanderson come home for the holidays we plan to give a smoker at which you can meet these fellows, and we can talk things over.”

In due time both Sanderson and myself reached Marion and the smoker was held according to plans. Each of us was provided with a corn cob pipe, the stem of which was decorated with red and black ribbons. There were refreshments and we all had a good time. Interest in Iota Tau kappa was greatly revived and I went back to school filled with ideas.

Perhaps my interest in making something more of Iota Tau Kappa than it had been before was stimulated by the fact that among my Kappa Sigma brothers at college was a young man named William E. Marsh the son of a newspaper publisher at Columbus, Indiana. “Bill” Marsh was a prominent member of the Kappa Alpha Phi Fraternity and at that time was its national secretary. I was profoundly impressed with the fact that he was frequently busily engaged in Kappa Alpha Phi business, writing letters to this chapter and that, giving the general appearance that Kappa Alpha Phi was only a little less important than Kappa Sigma, the big college fraternity into which both of us had just been initiated.

Naturally, I did considerable talking about Iota Tau Kappa, and surely, according to my story- and I stuck to it Iota Tau Kappa was just as large, just as active and just as important in every way as Kappa Alpha Phi. After our Christmas smoker in Marion and the subsequent talks that I had with the brothers during the holiday season, I made up my mind to make good on my words and to put my shoulder to the wheel in the effort to nationalize Iota Tau Kappa. After my return to school I devoted hours to studying out plans. I realized that the nonsensical ritual we had would never do if we expected to make anything of Iota Tau Kappa. Besides, we were all older than we were when we invented that nonsense and naturally our minds took a more serious turn. And so I devoted myself to the task of engineering things in some way, until the first thing I knew spring had arrived and departed, and it was time to go home for the summer vacation.

Just why or how it all happened I can't say, but on a hot June day- Iota Tau Kappa was born in the heat and so was Phi Delta Kappa- an idea suddenly came into my mind. The Greek letters Iota Tau Kappa looked just like the English letters I. T. K. I thought that on emblems something more distinctly Greek would be more imposing. I had studied Greek for several years and the word for which our letter Phi stands came to mind and suggested itself as being appropriate for the first word of a motto. Likewise came Kappa, but Kappa in Greek also looks like English. I needed a third letter and couldn't think of anything suitable to fill in the motto. Then I turned to my book shelves and took down a copy of White's "First Greek Book." It had a vocabulary, alphabetically arranged, in the back. Delta seemed a promising letter and I glanced through a list of words beginning with the letter. I found what I wanted, and there was the name of our new Fraternity- Phi Delta Kappa.

With a name which was likewise a good motto, Phi Delta Kappa had made a start that was promising. This name came by miracle, and there is reason to believe that it was little short of inspiration that brought the ritual into being. It was in June, 1905, that the idea which had been in my mind for months took definite shape, and to me this will always be the birthday of Phi Delta Kappa- a sort of Pentecost which I shall privately celebrate every time mid-June rolls around. It is a source of deep regret that there are no existing records showing the exact date, but like so many other documents connected with the early days of the fraternity, this has been lost. Had we known then what we know now- had we realized for a moment that an organization which was destined to be nation-wide was being founded, we would have treasured every

memorandum that contained even the slightest reference to our activity.

After the vocabulary in the back part of my Greek book had completed the name I sought, it was less than an hour until I was seated at my desk in my room, writing the ritual. As I remember it now, there was never a moment of hesitancy. I have written considerable fiction since then, not to mention enough fact articles to fill a good many large volumes, but I never wrote anything as easily as I did that ritual. It unfolded itself step by step in my mind, and I don't believe that I found reason to make a single change in it before I submitted it to the others who were perhaps surprised to learn that they were about to cease being Iota Tau Kappas, and to become Phi Delta Kappas.

The first draft of the ritual was written in long hand on newspaper copy paper, a supply of which I always kept on hand. Its writing consumed the greater part of one morning, and that afternoon I copied it on the typewriter. Filled with enthusiasm, I could not bear the thought of delaying before I submitted it to the leading members of Iota Tau Kappa. I thought it entirely to good to keep, and just as soon as the typewriting was finished, which was about mid-afternoon, I rushed down to find some of the fellows. To James L. Reed belongs the distinction of being the first person, after myself, to have a look at this ritual. I found Brother Reed busily engaged in doing nothing in the cigar store in the Indiana Theatre building. I called him to the sidewalk and confided what I had done. Brother Reed was as much interested as I was, and failing to find any more of our crowd, we went over to the Elks Club on Boots Street, to which I has entry by right of membership, and in the absolute privacy of the lodge room on the second floor of this building, I read the ritual aloud to Brother Reed.

This was the first time that I had heard it aloud, and I got a new thrill as I solemnly declaimed its more solemn parts. Brother Reed was profoundly impressed and agreed with me that we had what we long wanted- a serious ritual which would make an ideal foundation for a fraternity which we could nationalize. We determined to submit it to the remainder of Iota Tau Kappa chapter at the first opportunity, and I told Brother Reed that in the meantime I would write a tentative constitution which would form a basis for our future action. That night I kept my word, and the constitution which governed Phi Delta Kappa up to the time the first meeting of the Supreme Executive Committee which was held in Marion at year later, was written much in the same fashion as had been the ritual itself.

It seems strange that I cannot recollect any meeting at which this ritual and constitution were submitted to the others. However, some such meeting must have been held at which we formally resolved ourselves into the Phi Delta Kappa Fraternity and at which the constitution was adopted. This constitution, it may be remarked here, was written to meet the emergencies of the moment. The Alpha Grand Chapter, as the charter members were to be called, and absolute power, with the chapter officers designed as the national officers. This made Brother George Nottingham the first national president, Brother Zack Sanderson the first national secretary, Brother Walter Tukey (since resigned) the first national treasurer, Brother Gilbert Bainbridge the first national sergeant-at-arms and myself the first national master-of-ceremonies.

It was only natural that the Alpha Chapter should have monarchial power during the pioneer days of the fraternity. In the first place, there were no other chapters when that constitution was drafted and adopted, and, in the second place, it was the better part of wisdom to centralize all executive and legislative power with-in the chapter group until after the chapters which were to spring up had demonstrated their fitness to participate in the general affairs of the fraternity. For this same reason the constitution provided that, when a chapter was admitted to the fraternity, it should first be granted a temporary charter which was to be good for six months. If in that length of time the chapter became established, a permanent charter was to be confessed, however, that this article of the constitution was an after-thought and was written into the constitution just before the first outside chapter was installed. It was inspired in part by the fact that the Alpha Grand chapter did not have money enough in the treasury to have permanent charters printed or to buy a seal. By means of the "temporary charter" we could make shift with a typewritten document.

I have already referred to William E Marsh, who had been one of my college mates and who was the national secretary of the Kappa Alpha Phi fraternity. I had, with the consent of the Iota Tau Kappa members, taken Marsh into this organization as what we called an "honorary member". Now, although he was absolutely loyal to Kappa Alpha Phi, Brother Marsh was of the opinion that his own chapter of this

organization, which was located at Columbus, Indiana, was gradually dying, because its members had nothing to stir them up. He concluded that the one thing that would give life to the chapter was opposition, and that there was plenty of room at Columbus for two flourishing high school fraternities. I was not exactly surprised then, when, after Phi Delta Kappa had been in existence something less than two months, to receive a letter from Brother Marsh informing me that he had lined up a likely group of boys in Columbus who were anxious to become members of Phi Delta Kappa.

We accepted this proposition without delay and a few days later plans of our own materialized, for we had come to the conclusion that, as none of our original chapter was in the Marion high school, it would be a good plan to restrict the membership of Alpha Grand chapter, making it purely a national governing body, and to install a second chapter in Marion, this to consist of younger boys who were students in the high school. It took only a short time to get together a group that was promising. Our medium of action was Arthur Birely, better known as "Young Shy", who was a live wire and had lots of friends. So we slated the Columbus group to be Beta Chapter and the second Marion group to be Gamma chapter. And Alpha Grand, which by this time was beginning to feel venerable, contemplated its prospective off spring with a feeling of great satisfaction.

The old saying "It never rains but that it pours", certainly held good in the case of Phi Delta Kappa. No sooner had we made arrangements to install the Columbus and the second Marion chapters, than there came to me like a lightning bolt from the sky, a letter from George Forler of Portland, Indiana. George Forler had at one time lived in Marion and we had been close friends. He was likewise known to most of the Grand chapter men. Just how Mr. Forler knew anything about the fraternity has slipped from mind, but he had learned of it some way and wrote to tell me that several of his friends at Portland were anxious to establish a fraternity in their high school and that, although they had examined Beta Phi Sigma and Kappa Delta Kappa.

This is as good a place as any to make a confession. Neither Marsh and his Columbus crowd nor Fowler and his Portland crew had any idea that phi delta Kappa was only an infant which at that time had installed no chapters except Alpha Grand. Marsh thought that Phi Delta Kappa was merely a revised edition of Iota Tau Kappa and that Iota Tau Kappa had been a flourishing organization, which could rank with Kappa Alpha Phi. Forler knew nothing except that we had a fraternity, and took it for granted that it had several chapters. So it became necessary for us to do some plain but judicious lying, which we did with a bold front.

We explained to both those gentlemen that no time could be better than the present for their entrance into Phi Delta Kappa. That we had just effected a reorganization, having thrown out several chapters which were not as active as they should have been, with the result that, under the reorganization plan, new chapters were to be received and given seniority. This seniority was to depend on the time their application for charter was received by us. Thus the Columbus chapter would be the second on the list, the Marion chapter third and the Portland chapter fourth. All of which was quite satisfactory to those concerned, and the members of Alpha Grand Chapter of Phi Delta Kappa prepared for its first real activity, the installation of a new chapter.

With three chapters of Phi Delta Kappa ready for installation, it is small wonder that those of us who comprised Alpha grand chapter- and with a few additions and one or two subtractions these charter members of the newly founded fraternity were the same as those who had subscribed to the simple rules of Iota Tau Kappa on the steps of the Marion High School about two years before felt a thrill we had never experienced in all our lives. We were about to realize a dream which at times seemed impossible of realization. But again, I want to stress a point I have made several times during the course of this narration, and this is that the original group had been imbued with a strong feeling of brotherhood and we had always been optimistic.

Those who have come into the fraternity during what may be called its palmy period, who have known it only as a live and going organization, little realize what it meant in the early days to hold a single purpose when we had so little to encourage us. I take pride in the belief that our ritual and the entire spirit of Phi Delta Kappa teaches a number of lessons which will be of benefit to any man as he meets the affairs of life,

provided, of course, that his motives are honest and sincere. But of all the sources from which we may draw our lessons, none is of greater import than the example set by the group of boys who brought the organization into being from nothing, and who persevered in their purpose until they had accomplished a definite and tangible result. If this hastily written history accomplishes no other end, I hope that it will at least serve to impress this one fact upon those to whom heretofore our days of struggle have been a closed book.

By reasons of circumstances, the first chapters to be received into the national body were not installed according to the order in which they had made application for admittance. Naturally the Columbus chapter should have been first and the second Marion chapter next, while the Portland chapter should have been third. However, for some reason which has escaped my memory, it was more convenient to install Delta chapter at Portland first, and, as National Master-Of-Ceremonies, it was my duty to supervise the installation.

By dint of typing, I had prepared a sufficient number of rituals (seven was the number required) to supply the new chapter, and I took these together with what ritualistic paraphernalia was required, to Portland. George Forler, who was responsible for the chapter, met me at the train and with him were several of the boys who were to form the Delta chapter list. Among these was Durbin Fitzpatrick, who was later to become one of my Kappa Sigma brothers; his brother Loman, Clyde Nichols and Orva Drake. George Forler's father was the proprietor of the Merchants Hotel at Portland., and it was there I was to stay as a guest. Of course, several of the boys in Marion were anxious to attend this installation, and I was no sooner in Portland than there came a telegram heralding the fact that brothers Nottingham, Reed, Jones, and Elliott would arrive the next day.

Portland proved to be a cordial place and, through George Forler and the prospective Phi Deltas, I met many of its boys and girls the first afternoon I was there. The original plan had been to install the chapter without ceremonies, merely reading the ritual to those having the right to hear it and receive their obligations. The paraphernalia was to be shown to them so that they could prepare similar impedimenta for their own use. I had intended doing all of this on the first night I was there, but the arrival of reinforcements from Marion changed this plan and I determined to wait until they reached the scene of action. This they did the next day, their trip having been made possible by a raid upon Brother Tukey, who was National Treasurer, and their depletion, which against his will, of the little stock of money on hand. This was sufficient to pay the modest railroad fare from Marion to Portland and return, and, as for the rest, they were willing to trust their luck. Their trust was well placed, for they were received with open arms and each became the guest of one of the Portland candidates.

The Merchants Hotel was the scene of the installation, and, despite the arrival of the Marion contingent, there was not enough of us to install the chapter with the ritualistic work. We assembled in the dining room of the Merchants Hotel where, behind locked doors, the chapter was installed according to the original plan. This on a Saturday night, and we remained in Portland over Sunday, where a number of social events were held in our honor, and returned to Marion on Monday.

It had all been wonderfully successful, Phi Delta Kappa, with one outside chapter actually installed, at last had the right to call itself a national, rather than a local, organization, and the future presented a roseate aspect when viewed from our optimistic standpoint. It has always been a source of great pride to me that this Portland chapter, the first to be installed by Phi Delta Kappa, has always remained loyal, that is has had a continuous existence and that it has produced a number of men who, as fraternity leaders, have reflected great credit upon their own chapter and the fraternity at large.

In the meantime, the boys who were to form the nucleus of Gamma chapter at Marion, had not been idle. As I have explained before, Alpha chapter had long been without a fraternity room, and we all realized that the time was ripe to remedy this defect. A national fraternity without something that could be called a national headquarters, could not hope to get very far. It was decided, therefore, that Alpha and Gamma should share the same quarters and a committee chosen to represent both of these chapters procured a large room in a building on Boots Street, just south of Fourth. It was in this room that Gamma chapter was installed in much the same simple fashion as had marked the installation of Delta chapter. But the event

was not without its picturesque element. The electricity had not been turned on as yet, and I read the ritual to these interested young men by candle light.

(To be concluded next month)

THE ROAD TO BAGDAD

PART III

It was only a few days after this that I started to Columbus to install the Beta chapter, little realizing that someone other than myself would officiate at this ceremony- but that is a story which must be told in due time. I was accompanied to Columbus by Brother Kessler, of Marion, one of the last men initiated into the Alpha Grand chapter. Our reception at Columbus was much the same as that which had been accorded us at Portland. I was the guest of Brother Marsh, while Brother Kessler stayed at the home of one of the candidates. It must not be forgotten that, while Brother Marsh was an honorary member of Alpha chapter, and that it was through his instrumentality that Beta chapter had been organized with Edward Ziegner as official local organizer, Brother Marsh was still high in the affairs of Kappa Alpha Phi. Naturally we were all pledged to secrecy regarding his connection to Phi Delta Kappa, and I was his guest by right of being his Kappa Sigma brother, rather than because he was interested in Phi Delta Kappa.

The Columbus candidates looked promising. All were in the upper classes of high school and after school hours Edward Ziegner, who is now state editor of the Indianapolis News, worked as a reporter on the newspaper which was owned by Brother Marsh's father. I had another Kappa Sigma brother in Columbus- Will V. O'Donnell- who was entirely unaware of the fact that Marsh, as a means of benefiting Kappa Alpha Phi, had instigated the organization of a chapter of Phi Delta Kappa.

The installation of the new chapter was to take place on the second night after the arrival of Brother Kessler and myself in Columbus, this ceremony being impossible on the first night owing to a dance which held the interest of all concerned. A room at the hotel had been engaged as the scene of the installation ceremony, which, like that at Portland and Marion, was to be as simple as possible. The next day was given over to getting better acquainted with Ziegner and the others who were to be the charter members of Beta chapter. In the meantime Brother Kessler had been in communication with a friend of his in Indianapolis, and the prospect of a visit with this friend in the state capital had more attraction for him than a chapter installation at Columbus. So one morning preceding the installation ceremonies he left Columbus, leaving me to manage alone.

That evening I left Brother Marsh's home in company with Cleveland Young, who was one of the candidates. Brother Marsh had gone to his father's newspaper office where he had some work to do, but had promised to be at the hotel in time for the installation. Busily discussing fraternity affairs, Cleveland Young and I walked towards the hotel that "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley". I had one ritual with me which I carried in the inside pocket of my coat. The other seven, which were to be turned over to the new chapter, were in my grip at Brother Marsh's home.

As we passed an alley in the business section of Columbus, a group of boys that had been loitering there, suddenly sprang forward and Young and myself were seized and carried back into the alley. It all happened so suddenly there was no time to think. One of my arms chanced to be free for a moment and instinctively I struck, landing on someone's cheek bone. I don't know how much damage I did, but the force of the blow was sufficient to give me a sore hand for several days after. But fighting was of no use, for we were whisked away in the twinkling of an eye.

Young had recognized our captors and knew them to be members of Kappa Alpha Phi, and from their good natured banter I soon grasped the situation and submitted as gracefully as possible under the circumstances. We were taken to a vacant house in a sparsely settled neighborhood, and within a few moments my Kappa Sigma brother, Will O'Donnell joined the crowd, grinning from ear to ear. The cat was out of the bag then, and I knew that I had been made the victim of one of O'Donnell's practical jokes.

Like many jokers, this Kappa Alpha Phi crowd turned out to be royal good fellows. They kept us prisoner until they knew it was too late for me to go on with the chapter installation that night, but they also produced a basket well filled with welcome refreshments and the kidnapping turned into a love feast. I went home with Will O'Donnell that night and I shall never forget how he chuckled as he thought of the story he had written for the newspaper- for he too, was a reporter- in which he had graphically described how the installation of the new chapter of Phi Delta

Kappa had been delayed owing to the kidnapping of the master of ceremonies.

But-

Neither shall I forget the look of dismay that was on his face the next morning when, arising at an early hour to get the morning paper from the front porch, he came into the room I was occupying and read the story that appeared in place of the one he had written before joining the kidnappers in the vacant house.

“Despite the fact that Paul R. Martin, National Master -of- Ceremonies of the Phi Delta Kappa fraternity, was kidnapped last night by a crowd of Kappa Alpha Phi boys, the Columbus chapter of this new organization was installed according to the original plan. Oliver Kessler, who accompanied Martin to Columbus, but who went to Indianapolis yesterday morning, returned last night, learned of the existing situation and installed the chapter.”

This made a good newspaper story, and had been written by Will Marsh, learning of the kidnapping a few minutes after it happened, rushed home, procured a ritual from my valise, and installed the chapter himself.

The dramatic installation of the chapter at Columbus must have brought good luck to Phi Delta Kappa. It may have been a good omen pointing to the fact that the organization would be able to overcome all handicaps. Be that as it may, the growth of the fraternity from that time on was not only rapid and gratifying to those who were working for its advancement, but it likewise exceeded our fondest expectations. It was not long until Gamma chapter had installed the chapter at Fairmont, that Portland installed a chapter at Muncie and Muncie, in turn, had installed a tremendously large chapter at Bluffton. If I have not given these installations in proper order it is because I am drawing entirely from memory and have no records at hand.

Then Brother Sanderson, who was attending school at Butler College, Indianapolis, got busy and, with the aide of Professor Faunce, a member of the faculty of the Manual Training high school, installed a chapter in Indianapolis.

During that Winter the affairs of the fraternity occupied all of my leisure time as well as time that should have been devoted to other pursuits. The two chapters at Marion had combined to maintain a suite of rooms and as I look back on it now it seems that during the most vital period of the fraternity's history we were housed in rooms on the north side of the public square, where we were at least comfortable. When we moved into these rooms our furniture was of the same nondescript sort that we had from the very earliest days Iota Tau Kappa. Some of it, in fact, was the same furniture, and none of it, with the exception of a table which Jim Reed had made, was anything other than junk.

Gamma chapter had initiated a young man named Ray Simmons, whose brother, Chester, had been an Iota Tau Kappa initiate, but who had not been received into Phi Delta Kappa, as he was in the east at the time the reorganization took place. Ray Simmons was a genius when it came to wood working, and he made a creditable set of furniture which added greatly to the appearance of the interior of our rooms. Then the chapter found itself with sufficient credit to open a charge account at a furniture store where we purchased some chairs and other pieces. And now we came to the introduction of an elementary business system into the fraternity, and the manner in which we paid off this bill.

Among the newest members of Gamma chapter was Vivian Patterson, a country boy who lived north of Marion, and who was a student at the high school. Patterson drove into Marion every Sunday afternoon to spend his time with the other members of the chapter, the majority of whom lounged around the fraternity rooms until it was time to go and keep their evening “dates.” It may be remarked at this time that Phi Delta Kappa in Marion had gained a social status it had not had before and that it had formed an affiliation with Theta Phi Lambda, a local sorority. Few of the boys ever went home to dinner- or rather supper, it was called in Marion- but would eat downtown at a restaurant.

Patterson conceived the idea that it would be a good plan to serve a buffet supper every Sunday night in the fraternity rooms, and his idea being acceptable to the rest of the chapter, he assumed full charge of these repasts. From his farm he would bring huge baskets filled with sandwiches, pies, cakes, salad and other good things to eat. He installed a little gas stove where some of these viands were heated and where a big pot of coffee was boiled. I forget how much a supper cost, but I do remember that the plan was a great success, and the money thus raised did not go into Patterson's pocket, except enough to pay the basic cost of the food he provided, but into the chapter

fund. There was a splendid profit and, with this money in the treasury, it was not long until all of our furniture had been paid for, and we were able to buy many other things which added to our comfort.

In the meantime the other chapters were all active and there was much pleasant visiting back and forth between those which were located in what used to be called the "Gas Belt" section of the state. Fairmont was so close to Marion that we saw the boys frequent intervals and likewise exchanged visits with Muncie, Portland, and Bluffton. The fraternity had begun to open up a new vista for a lot of us and for the first time we knew what it was to have acquaintance and something in common with our neighbors.

As I have set forth in a previous article of this series, the fraternity government was being operated under the first constitution which I had written and which was adopted by Alpha chapter. This was what might well be described as a provisional constitution, drafted to meet the needs of the moment, but which we all realized must give way to a more democratic form of government as the fraternity increased in size and in age. The chapters which had been received up to this time were all under the temporary charters that had been issued, and some of them were somewhat over the six months period. They had demonstrated their fitness for permanent charters and the national officers, who were, as you will remember the officers of Alpha chapter, began to make plans for granting of these permanent documents.

The matter of constitutional revision was of foremost importance, and early in the spring of 1906, we decided to hold a sort of constitutional convention. We would have liked to make this a general convention, but did not feel able to assume the responsibility of entertaining a general convention at this time, so we decided to invite each chapter to send two delegates. The meetings were held in the fraternity rooms at Marion, with the result that the old constitution, except in its general principals, was discarded entirely and a new constitution was adopted, giving each chapter the right to present candidates for any national office, and also making new laws regarding the installation of new chapters, the payment of national dues, etc.

There were some hot and heavy discussions at these sessions, and one amusing incident has remained in my mind throughout all the years that have since elapsed. This is the famous speech of Edward Ziegner, which was never delivered. Brother Ziegner was one of the prize orators in the high school at Columbus, where much attention was given to oratory. At one of the sessions the chapters were called upon to present reports, and Brother Ziegner, arose in behalf of Beta chapter. He was all cocked and primed for the occasion and I imagine that he would have given us a flight of oratory that would have been much better than most of that with which we have been bored at dinners in later years.

Slowly and with great dignity Ziegner took his place before the gathering of delegates. There was a moment of silence and then he began. "From time immemorial it has been the custom of men to bind themselves together in clans and societies." His very voice was laden with oratory, but the average high school boy has little stomach for poetical language. From a corner of the room came a groan. Then somebody snickered. There was coughing and the scraping of feet. Brother Ziegner turned red and was plainly flustered. He realized that his eloquence would be wasted on the desert air, and after his grandiloquent beginning he stammered and presented his report in the simple and unaffected language of boyhood.

But this meeting accomplished much for Phi Delta Kappa, and the things that were done there laid the foundation for what has followed. Nicely printed permanent charters entitled to them and we held our first election of officers under the new constitution. In this we made one "faux pass," but it had no disastrous results. Although our youngest chapter, Indianapolis, was not represented at this meeting, we thought it would be a good plan to elect Professor Faunce as national president, for he was older than any of the rest of us, and what is more, he was a faculty man, and even then we realized the necessity of faculty friendship. Professor Faunce accepted the election, but for some reason best known to himself, he never served.

But this did not impede the progress of the organization, for several years during the ensuing year several more chapters, including Fort Wayne, were admitted to the fold. I will not attempt to mention these here, for they are out of mind and besides, they were completely set forth in an issue of The Phi Delta Kappa Magazine some months ago. For those of us belonging to the Marion chapters there was a glorious summer in store. We decided to move out of our rooms for the summer at least, and to take a house. An ideal location was found, this being a deserted cottage located in picturesque surroundings on a bluff overlooking the river and adjacent to a winding, shaded road which

bore the appropriate name of "Lovers Lane."

A committee was sent out to examine this house, which was found to be in sad need of repair, but our building geniuses figured out that we could set it to rights with little expense. The rent came within reach of our means and we closed a deal with the real estate agent. There followed several busy weeks of shingling, painting, papering, and decorating. Never have I seen a group of boys do good hard work with such a will. Jim Reed (as usual) and Lewis Elliott did yeoman service in making the major repairs. Leo Brown and myself learned that we were excellent wood work painters. Larry Freel occupied himself with many odd jobs, singing the while in a high tenor voice, while Scrubby Nottingham bossed everything from an arm chair on the front porch.

And when our task was finished there was reason to be proud of it. Here we had several acres of ground, lots of shade and a fine view of the river. The interior of the house was commodious enough for the summer, when most of the attractions were out of doors. We opened our new place with a pillow shower, arranged by the Phi Lambda girls, and then began an era of wholesome social events which I, at least, shall always look back upon as among the most enjoyable of my life. It was a summer that few of us shall ever forget and sometimes in this age of automobiles and jazz bands and wild dancing, I wonder whether the young people of the present enjoy themselves half as much as we did with our house on "Lovers Lane." How I wish that we could have bought that place and made it a national fraternity headquarters- a sort of shrine to which we could return to revive the spirit of youth.

The heating problem presented itself as autumn blended into winter, and, though during the first cold days the fireplace in the hallway, where we could burn wood, was sufficient to give us all the warmth we needed, it became necessary to seek other quarters for the winter, and so the house was given up and we took rooms downtown. These were in the Koontz building on Fourth Street, just around the corner from the first rooms occupied by Gamma chapter- the rooms in fact, in which that chapter had been installed by candlelight. I was at home only at infrequent intervals during the winter and therefore know little of what was done. I do know, however, that the fraternity as a whole prospered, and, although we were not without our troubles and internal dissensions, things went on with a steady advance all along the line.

A general convention was called to be at Bluffton in the spring and the chapters represented must have been more than double those that attended the first delegates' convention which had been held in Marion. From several chapters had come the request that I announce myself as a candidate for national president, and this I did, being elected without opposition. But I am not particularly proud of the work I accomplished during the time I held this office. Shortly after the convention, I was called to Indianapolis to become dramatic critic of the Indianapolis Star. My new duties were strenuous, they were in strange surroundings and gave me little time for leisure. As a result, I could handle only the routine duties of the Presidency of Phi Delta Kappa and as far as the constructive work is concerned, I had done far more as national master of ceremonies than I could possibly do in the higher office. I don't even remember what chapters were added to the roll during that year, although I believe that Richmond was one.

Then came early summer and with it the third convention which was to be held at Muncie. I had made it plain that I would not be a candidate for re-election, and two candidates were announced. One of these was Frank McDowell, of Bluffton, the other George Patterson, of Muncie. There was a story whispered around the convention that is worth telling here because it illustrates the spirit that dominated Phi Delta Kappa at the time. Patterson was away from Muncie- just where or why I don't know- and his candidacy had been announced by his chapter. It would seem that funds were low, but the presidential candidate knew full well that it was important for him to be on the ground if he was to stand any chance of election. So wherever he was, he boarded a train hobo fashion, arriving in Muncie on the morning of the convention dirty, begrimed, but full of spirit.

Several things of interest were brought before the Muncie convention. One was a law requiring all members of the fraternity still in school to maintain a high scholastic average each month. If they failed to make passing grades they were to be barred from the fraternity rooms, social affairs and meetings, until they brought their record up to requirements. Another law was that chapters affiliated with schools must have a faculty adviser. These regulations were adopted in view of the growing legislation through which the enemies of the fraternities hoped to eliminate them altogether. The sentiment against so-called high school fraternities and proposed did not meet with any cordial response on the part of the faculties of the various schools with which we were in contact, and as everyone knows now, the anti-fraternity legislation was passed despite what opposition we could bring to bear. Perhaps it was just as well, for it gave Phi Delta Kappa a new status and one which has made it what it is today. Had it been confined to

the limitations of a school society, it is scarcely likely that it ever would have assumed the solidity it now enjoys.

It is also of interest that it was at the Muncie convention we decided to have a magazine which would be the official organ of the fraternity. It was to be called "The Red and Black," and Lawrence R. Freel was appointed as its first editor, with Eugene Chute as business manager. But this was a plan that was not carried into execution for a number of years. However, it was the germ from which the magazine finally came into being and today, I am sure that all of us may regard the Phi Delta kappa Magazine, which is the successor of the earlier publication "Red and Black," as one of the most vital forces of our fraternity life.

I am ashamed to confess it, but after the Muncie convention, which marked my retirement as a national officer, I lost touch with fraternity affairs. Work demanded my attention; then came marriage and the building of a home. It was only at long intervals that I saw those with whom I had been associated in the foundation of Iota Tau Kappa and Phi Delta Kappa. But I never forgot. I was content to leave the great task of furthering the fraternity in the hands of others, for it was demonstrated that these hands were fully capable of performing the important task allotted to them.

So from this point on, the story of Phi Delta Kappa must be told by those who are better acquainted with it than I am. But one thing is certain. There is none of us of that little group that gathered on the high school steps at Marion and brought into existence the organization which was to go far beyond our own dreams, but that is proud of part he played in laying the foundations of this great national body which already done so more and which is destined to do much more. It has been a factor in our lives, an influence that will always be felt. So let us all, old members and new, strive to live up to those principals which, through our rituals, are inculcated into us at the time of our initiation. And if this history which I have been able to contribute, which has been written in some haste and some chapters of it during trying days of illness, will only serve to revive old memories, to open the eyes of our younger brothers to all that has gone before, to inspire them to continue the good work so humbly begun, then I shall feel well satisfied with that I have done.

So here's to you Phi Delta Kappa! Here's to you, old friends of my youth and here's to the days that will never live except in retrospect. To you, this little history is dedicated. May reading it give you the same thrill of pleasure that the writing of it has given me, and some day, with our children's children about us, let us tell them the story of Phi Delta Kappa. It may sound like a fairy tale, but it is true none the less. Here indeed, the pumpkin has turned into a golden chariot.

The story that you have just read, was taken from the Magazine which was printed in the months from April, 1926 to October, 1926. I hope you have enjoyed it as much as I did when I first read it. I want to thank PNP Dave Holloway, for rewriting this in 1977, which is how I found it. I believe this gives us the best and clearest history of the early days of PDK. Thanks again Dave.

By Craig Brutout

Beta Eta Winchester