

Story about Frank S. Land and the Order of DeMolay

HI, DAD!



Herbert Ewing Duncan

HI DAD!

A Biography of
Frank S. Land

By

HERBERT EWING DUNCAN

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Preface

The following pages written by Reverend Herbert E. Duncan, one of Frank Land's "boys," depicts in more than ordinary detail, the life and activities of Frank Sherman Land—from his boyhood to his departing this life to a greater life beyond. It tells the story of one who interested himself even as a boy in theology; one who devoted his life to teaching boys and young men who often missed, yet always sought after, values of Christian living. "Dad" Land, a man of abundant spiritual resources, dedicated his life to teaching young men the true values of the seven cardinal virtues of the Order of DeMolay.

"Dad" Land, revered Mason and Shriner, was an inspiration to all whose lives he touched. His way of life exemplified true religious values and thinking. He lived his life by the principles which he taught; in fact his life was a living eulogy. My association with him was a privilege I treasure; he was my truest friend. His passing created a tremendous void in DeMolay, Masonry and the Shrine. Countless members of these organizations are better men for having known him; his memory is an inspiration and his teachings will live on forever.

The author of this moving portrait in words was born in Kansas City and was active in DeMolay work since the early days. Herb Duncan was Master of his Lodge in 1934 and studied under Dr. Burris Jenkins, a noted theologian and newspaper man, former President of Transylvania College. Herb was ordained in 1932 and served several church congregations; his last as minister of Westminster Congregational Church in Kansas City. He served as the senior Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, Grand Chaplain of the International Supreme Council of the Order of DeMolay and Chaplain of Ararat Temple of the Shrine. During World War II he served as Chaplain of the 3rd Missouri Infantry as a Major. He also was a prominent Kansas City architect and a member of the American Institute of Architects. He has written one other book for DeMolay under the title, "Living Today for Tomorrow," which is a collection of his talks before DeMolay Conclaves and Camps.

Herbert Ewing Duncan passed into "life's most beautiful adventure" on September 15, 1972. Active to the last, his sermon for September 17 was listed on the Church page of *The Kansas City Star* the day of his Memorial Service at Country Club Christian Church, attended by over 2,500 persons.

The following editorial appeared in *The Star* on Saturday, September 16:

Whether it was architecture, religion or the encouragement of youth, the late Herbert Ewing Duncan gave his entire capabilities to the program in the foreground of a busy life. That his talents were of a magnitude beyond the reach of many persons was something Herb Duncan never spoke about to others, and possibly was not even in his own concerns.

There was no need for boasting; the record of award-winning garden apartment designing of Village Green, the first three hundred homes in Leawood and four high-rise apartments on the Country Club Plaza did it for him in the field of architecture. As a minister from discipleship with Burriss Jenkins, he had swayed the lives of hundreds of men, women and children while remaining constant to ideals of a Christian faith for the individual and congregation but never under domination of an overriding ecclesiastical authority.

In DeMolay, Shrine and other activities of the Masonic lodge, Herbert E. Duncan reached beyond Kansas City to national prominence only expanding the number of persons who were inspired to test their own abilities and to love the man who had guided them to this. Always a Kansas Citian, the Reverend Herbert E. Duncan was a gentleman "of many parts" with a lifetime of accomplishments.

He is survived by his lovely wife, Evelyn, and a wonderful family of three children and eight grandchildren.

Herb Duncan's "story-teller's" touch is a unique gift that has made him one of the most inspirational and beloved men in DeMolay and in all other phases of his private, civic, religious and Masonic life.

"Dad" Land "lives again" in a new dimension through the pen of Herbert Ewing Duncan.

GEORGE M. SAUNDERS, Past Grand Master
Grand Secretary Emeritus

International Supreme Council, Order of DeMolay

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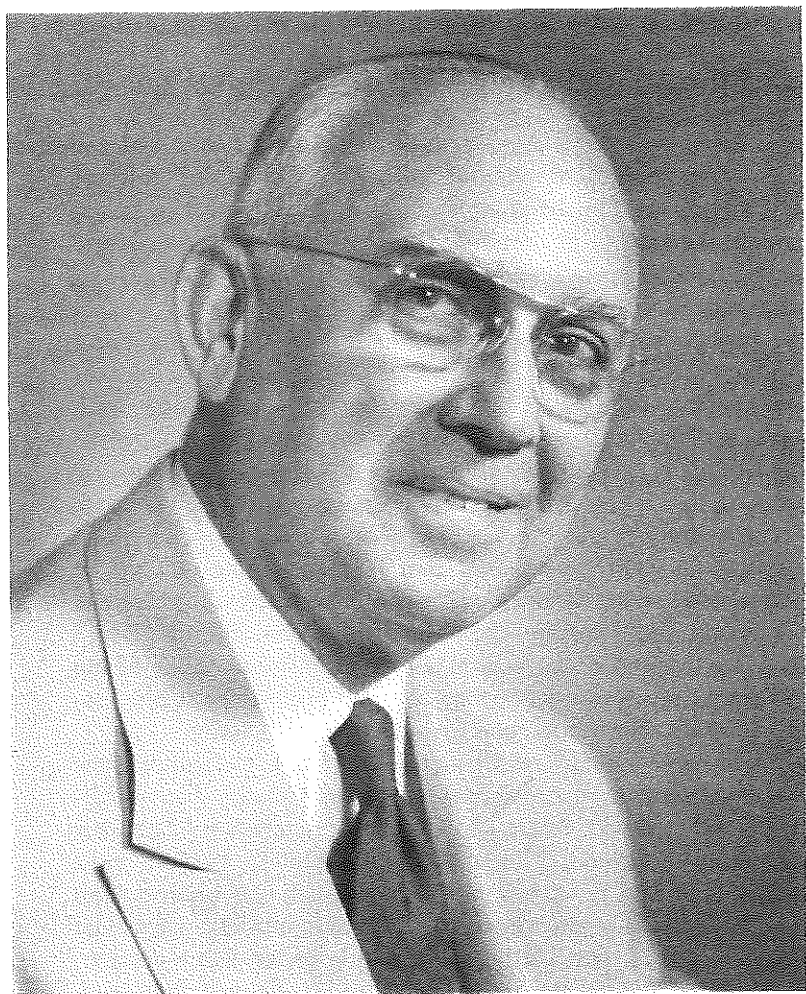
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HI DAD!

“Frank likes me despite my shortcomings, and I like him because he hasn’t any.”

HARRY S TRUMAN



FRANK S. LAND

Founder and guiding genius of the Order of DeMolay for more than 40 years.

Prologue

THE LIFE STORY of Frank Sherman Land is the story of the Order of DeMolay. One would not be complete without the other. The life of the man and the history of the Order he created became as a single entity as the passing years blend into the present with the promise of the years to come.

In the formative days, when the history of the Order was being made and not written, Frank Land served as the Advisor of Mother Chapter, the first DeMolay Chapter in the world. He knew each member as an individual and guided each boy into the activities he felt would be helpful in his development. His own quiet personality seemed to bring out the best in every life his life touched. A young candidate, kneeling before the Chapter altar sensed the presence of Frank Land and somehow realized that from that time onward he had a friend who would follow his life with deep interest through the years. Each boy found it easy—the natural thing—to call him “Dad,” little realizing that in future years legions of men in all walks of life would so refer to him—leaders of the arts and professions, Congressmen and Senators, Governors, and Presidents of our Nation.

As the Order grew, many stories were told of trips to Institute new Chapters and to Initiate the members of Charter Classes. The younger members listened with interest as the older members told of their trips and their adventures. The service of Institution in New York City caught their special attention. It was held in the Metropolitan Grand Opera House where thousands crowded into the large and magnificent structure that had been the setting for so many ceremonies of pageantry and beauty. As the boys told it, the installing team was exhausted after the service for they had included in their New England tour the installation of Chapters in Boston, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Washington, D.C., with President Warren G. Harding present and a guest of honor.

Frank Land knew his boys. He was aware of the need for relaxation, that his boys wanted to stretch their legs and to see the City. Calling them together, he said, “Now fellows, I know you want to see New York. This is the only time you will have. Take a good look

around, report back to the hotel by 11:00 and I suggest that you do not wander into the Bowery area at this time of night."

"Dad" Land returned to the hotel along with the advisors of the group, Frank Marshall, John Pfahler, Percy Budd, Judge Cochran, and several others. At midnight he knocked at Frank Marshall's door. "Frank," he said, "I have checked all the rooms and there is not a single one of our boys in bed or in the hotel. Where do you think they are?"

Marshall replied, "I think I know. You told them to be in by 11:00. They probably thought you meant give or take an hour or two. But, you also told them there was an area of the City where they should not go. Where do *you* think they are? Where would *you* go if you were their age after such a warning?"

"Get your hat," said Land, "bring the others. We are going to the Bowery."

For an hour they walked the streets. Not a single cherub of DeMolay was seen. Then, with the clanging of bells and the screech of a siren, a "Black Maria" of the New York Police Department stopped under a street light. A score of young arms were thrust through the bars of the window. They were waving a greeting and a joyful, youthful, chorus shouted in unison, "Hi, Dad."

Back at the hotel the boys explained they had sauntered about the city without realizing where they were until a policeman stopped them. The officers recognized them from pictures of the Investiture carried in all the papers and called for police cars to give an escorted tour. As the only vehicles available were those used to transport prisoners to and from jail, they were put to use for a guided tour.

One of the boys said, "Dad, the only way to see New York is through the bars of the windows of a paddy wagon. Try it some time."

Years later, Frank Land told of his extreme emotional letdown when he saw "his" boys in a patrol wagon. He had always taken pride in saying that no DeMolay had ever been in trouble with the police—but there they were in a patrol car. Then he would smile and say that the most welcome words he had heard in his life were those of his boys, joyfully greeting him with—

"Hi, Dad."

PART ONE

I

As the Twig Is Bent

FRANK LAND WAS to say in later years, after he had seen thousands of young men grow into manhood, that "It is the beginning that is most important. The early years are the base on which a life is built. If sound ideals are a part of youth then the mature years will radiate sound ideals, wholesome endeavor, and worthwhile activities." In his own life, the qualities of a rare power to arouse human aspirations and a sense for the organization of ideas were always present, even as a child.

On a Sunday afternoon, in the year 1900, at the hour of Vespers, droves of children began to assemble in the basement of the Land home at 1239 Euclid Avenue in St. Louis, Missouri. All during the winter and summer months children had been coming in regular attendance each week for an unusual church service conducted by one of their number, Frank Land, age ten. This Sunday, however, was different. An article had appeared in the local paper during the week past, with pictures and an editorial concerning what was heralded in headlines as "Unique west end Sunday School is conducted by young boys." This publicity brought the curious and the interested in such numbers they crowded the room to the farthest corners. They were children mostly, with a few curious adults, all waiting for the service to begin.

The room was typical of a basement area of the period with white-washed, native stone walls, exposed floor joists overhead, a round furnace with a web of heat ducts extending to the upper rooms, and a large coal bin in one corner.

Seating consisted of old chairs in various stages of disrepair, an ironing board resting on orange crates and a few planks built up to seating height on discarded bricks. In one corner across from the coal bin was a small organ donated by a wholesale drug executive. Opposite it was an American flag with 45 stars. The central area was occupied by a Victorian table with ornamental legs terminating in metal

claws clutching glass balls that rested on a thread-bare axminster carpet. On the table was a velvet tapestry on which rested a worn and finger-marked Bible, given for perfect Sunday School attendance. A copy of a McGuthrie reader had been placed on the left corner of the table and to the right a vase with garden flowers. Hanging from the wall in crayon printed letters was the motto and rules of the "Euclid Avenue Congregational Sunday School."

1. No noise will be allowed in the Euclid Avenue Sunday School.
2. Attend the Sunday School meetings.
3. Study the lesson.
4. No talking in time of church or Sunday School.
5. Be prompt. If possible, always be in your place to greet your pupils as they come in.
6. Elect officers every year.
7. No laughing in time of prayer.
8. If compelled to be absent, secure a substitute.
9. Put Christ into every lesson.
10. No disorder.

Motto "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Chairs were placed at various points of the room for the officers who conducted the opening prayers and the singing of hymns. These officers were Norman Merrill, president; Walter Merrill, vice president; Albert Dempsey, superintendent; Sylvester Etherington, treasurer; Oran Miller, organist; and John Lively, clerk. The boys were serious. This church meeting, to them, was not play but a service of meaning and deep devotion.

As the service progressed, a hush of expectancy filled the basement room as the young worshippers waited for the appearance of Frank Land, the "Little Minister." Then at the dramatic moment he emerged from the coal bin, one hand was tucked in his blouse against his chest in the manner of the minister of his church. He was slightly under average height for his age with his hair parted on the left side, a hard-wing collar with a flowing blue tie showing above, and a wide laped wool coat. He wore high laced shoes, black stockings and knee length knickers. The sense of purpose showing in the depth of his blue eyes held the attention of those in the room. Now this timid boy who was often afraid to recite in a classroom began to speak with complete confidence.

"Friends are very important," he began. "We must have friends. We must share with them. We help each other. I am going to tell you a story from the Old Testament about two friends, David and Jonathan."

Upstairs a few of the mothers sat with Mrs. Land who was holding little "Sissy," age five, on her lap. They were listening to the sermon through the open door to the basement, feeling like eavesdroppers even when they knew it best not to be present and to let the boys venture on their own initiative. The quiet boyish voice rose at times to bring importance to his story of a friendship that could be constant even before the jealous wrath of a King. It was a strange and somewhat disturbing experience to listen to children conducting a service of worship with such intense devotion. Finally, one of the mothers turned to Mrs. Land and asked, "Elizabeth, how did this all begin?"

Mrs. Land said, "Frank has been interested in Sunday School ever since we came from Kansas City and united with the Fountain Park Congregational Church. He was only two years old at the time but all during the years he has never missed a Sunday. Why, he constantly reads the Bible. He has read it through, possibly more than once. He can quote chapters from memory. Last fall he said he wanted to start a Sunday School and when I asked why, he said, "I want something, Mother, to keep the boys off the streets Sunday afternoon and keep them out of mischief. Can't you help?" So, I suggested that we fix up the basement. I wonder about Frank, he is so interested in what boys are doing. He spins tops, plays marbles and baseball with the others, but there is a deep spiritual part of him I cannot explain."

The women listened as the young voice told in detail the age-old story of an adventure in comradeship. Finally a neighbor and the mother of Frank's best friend said, "I hope you will pardon me—but, you seem much too young to be the mother of a boy of ten. Would you tell us how old you are?"

Elizabeth Lottie Land was silent for a moment. Her mind carried her back through the years, when as Elizabeth Sampson, with pride in a family that traced its pioneer heritage to a granddaughter of Daniel Boone, she had fallen in love with a struggling young lumberyard employee, William Sherman Land, and in defiance of family objections had married him when she was only 15. Frank was born a year later on June 21, 1890, in a modest home at 1908 Highland Avenue in Kansas City, Missouri. They were good years and she was proud of her young son, her daughter, and her husband. Now at the age of 26, she answered the question with a smile by simply saying, "I was 16 when Frank was born."

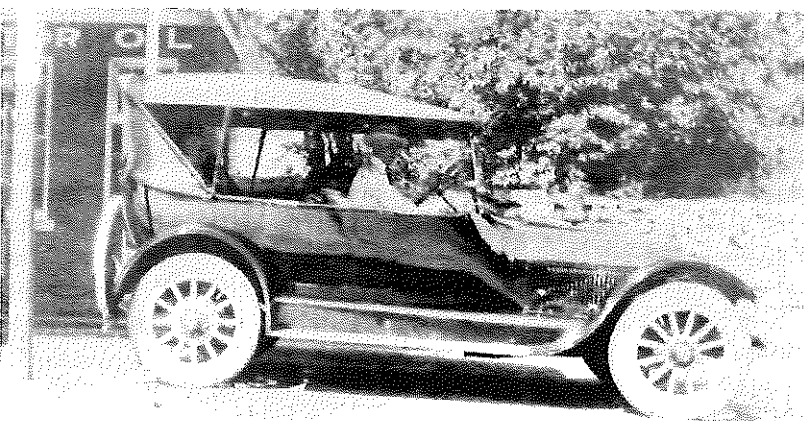
They heard the voice of the "Little Minister" as he concluded his ten minute sermon. "The arrow is way, way back. Go get it and bring it to the palace. And so the boy did and the two friends knew they

must part for David's life was in danger. David and Jonathan embraced and David went into hiding. Their friendship would never break up. They would always be loyal to each other. We should be comrades as they were."

Mrs. Merrill, mother of the president of the youthful congregation, smiled and commented, "Frank always brings out some virtue in his talks. One Sunday he spoke of mother love, another of Naboth and the love of country, and once he told the story of the Good Samaritan and how we should be courteous to each other. He is a remarkable boy. He may become a minister, as he says, but I believe he will turn his determination to help others into some other direction. I remember my father saying, 'As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.'"



*Photos
circa
1919.*



Dad Land driving "our first car."

2

The Formative Years

MIDWEST AMERICA in the first years of a new century was caught up in the potential changes and the high optimism of the time. The twentieth century was believed to be the century of progress as the scars of the War Between the States were healed and the western frontier grew into statehood. St. Louis was busy preparing for a World's Fair to be opened in 1904 to outshine the Pan American Exposition. Theodore Roosevelt had assumed the Presidency following the assassination of William McKinley by a Polish anarchist on September 6, 1901, and was showing his "big stick" to the economy of the nation. There was a national pride in America and the anticipation that the future would be filled with years of continuing growth and unlimited opportunity.

The Land household was caught up in the events of the time. Economic fluxations were such as to give brief periods of bright confidence that were followed by periods of recession and depression. William Land found it increasingly difficult to maintain a sound living standard as the lumber business reflected the uncertain economic conditions. Business worries and what, to him, was a complete lack of understanding at home, led him increasingly to seek the friendly companionship of cronies at the neighborhood tavern. Here he could talk about real or imagined problems. To these friends he would say, "and there is my son. What's the matter with him? Frank is not like your sons. He reads all the time and believe it or not, spends hours thinking. He is not like other boys. I can't understand him at all." But on many an evening as he left the tavern, he would find young Frank waiting outside to walk him home.

The family misunderstandings and difficulties, small at first due to the pinch of finances, grew in magnitude with personality conflicts. The tensions mounted until there seemed to be only one solution possible—a separation. William chose to remain in St. Louis. Elizabeth

accepted her mother's invitation to come home to Kansas City to share the white clapboard house at 3015 Grand. In the summer of 1902 she made the journey across the state with her two children, Frank then 12 years old and little Etta Glenn known as "Sissy," seven. The new home proved a haven of peace and understanding. The grandmother, Mrs. Martha J. Sampson, poured out her love in unlimited abundance to these three who were to share her life for many years.

Elizabeth Land had been reluctant to agree to this severance of family ties. She argued against it but finally realized its wisdom even though she felt it would be difficult for her children to adjust to a new home, a new city, and a new life. Frank especially found it difficult. He felt the loss of his father and the lack of a masculine personality in the home. He became increasingly shy. The love for his mother during these days deepened into a devotion that was to be an abiding influence all of his life. Sissy became his buddy, and his grandmother regarded him as her special joy and pride. But a boy in his teens needs a man to confide in, to share his problems and to provide answers to the intriguing questions of life. This early need in his own life was to find expression in later years through the pouring out of his own understanding to the young men of the nation.

In the autumn of that year Sissy entered Hyde Park School while Frank enrolled in the Longfellow School. Both public schools had recently been built in what was then considered suburban locations and each had an enrollment of just over 300 students. An old-time resident described these new schools by saying, "the changing skyline of the city as seen from the schoolroom windows has been a source of much interest in connection with the study of Kansas City's remarkable growth and development. It seems almost incredible that in so short a time in the immediate neighborhood, the busy hum of industries and the noise and hustle of traffic have taken the place of the lowing of cattle and the song of birds."

These were quiet years. Frank, still timid, was often reluctant to recite, and so shy that many times he walked all the way around the block to avoid the girls in his classroom. He filled his time by reading the youth books of the period such as those written by George Alfred Henty and Horatio Alger. Other books that caught his attention stressed the importance of accepting individual responsibility. They pictured the hero as most important and offered the vision of a future of success coming to those whose character was based on honesty and initiative. Then there were long summer visits to the home of his

Aunt Minnie, the wife of Dr. Frank Denslow, one of the prominent physicians of the city and a man in whom he could confide.

Two special interests now came into his life. One was the ambition to become a fireman like his friend, Emmett Scanlon, who gave him a fireman's cape and a red helmet. Two or three times his firemen friends took him on terrific rides to fires in horse-drawn engines. The other interest came at dusk each evening. He would sit quietly on the porch of his home and wait for the lamplighter to come down the street, place his ladder against each pole, then insert a match in the long metal lighter and in one smooth motion turn on the gas and light the wick to illuminate the night. Frank partially remembered a poem from school that said the lamplighters were opening holes of light to penetrate the darkness. The days of the "boy preacher" were forgotten. He was invited to talk to Sunday School classes but his efforts were not successful. Perhaps he needed his own basement, his own group and the security of a united family.

Graduation from the Longfellow School came in June of 1905. The commencement exercises of this elementary school were formal and quite elaborate for school officials knew that this graduation would be the only one some of the students would ever experience. On the night of graduation one of the boys serving as an usher recognized Frank's mother as she entered the auditorium and asked, "Are you the family of Frank Sherman Land?" So, Mother, Sister and Grandmother were seated to watch their Frank go forward, when his name was called, to receive his diploma with its embossed seal and school colors of blue and white in ribbons tied around the certificate.

In September he enrolled for courses of study at Manual High School. His classes challenged him and gradually self-confidence took the place of shyness and he entered with enthusiasm into school activities. Boys of his age and older found him to be wise beyond his years. They came to him in increasing numbers with their problems, their questions regarding life, and to tell of their ambitions. They found him easy to talk to and appreciated his interest. There was a quality of wisdom about him that captured their attention and the understanding radiating from the depth of his eyes instilled confidence.

It was in the late spring of 1907, close to the completion of his sophomore year, that his grandmother, the great, dominating personality of his life, gathered the family together one evening saying, "I wanted to have all of you together to talk about Frank's future. You all know he has two more years of high school and then, I pray that

he will be able to go on to college. But, as hard as we have tried and saved as much as we could, our money is not enough and our prospects for more are not good."

Frank listened as she told of her plan. She explained to the family that she wanted Frank to own something, to be a businessman. It was her opinion that some form of work after school hours and during the summer would give this to him and in addition help earn enough for advanced schooling.

"Now, Grandmother," Frank interrupted, "I know you well enough to know that you already have a plan of action. What is it?"

"I do have a plan," she replied. "You know our family in the past has had experience in the restaurant business. So, I suggest we all work together in a family restaurant. Your mother, you, and I will all be partners along with your aunt. I have found a vacant store room across from the car-barns that will be ideal. There is one large room for our customers, a smaller room for the kitchen and another room for an office. It is an ideal location and the rent is within our means. How does it strike you, Frank?"

"It sounds good, but I can't cook. What part do I take?"

"Your mother and I will take care of the cooking. We will do all of it here at home and then carry it to the restaurant. It is only a few blocks away and the menu will be simple but ample. You will take charge."

The rooms at 619 East 31st Street were rented and the bare minimum of equipment was purchased from pooled family funds. It proved to be a good location. Directly across the street was the Metropolitan Street Railway Company with a large number of employees. This old building had originally served as a car-barn housing the horses of the horse-drawn street cars, but as horses had been replaced the building had been converted so that all could see through the huge circular brick openings, the great rotary converters that furnished power for the up-to-date transportation system of the city. Other businesses had moved to the neighborhood and the Land Family Restaurant was an immediate success.

A description of this business was given in later years by Sumner N. Blossom when he was a young reporter for the *Kansas City Times*, "I was on assignment to pick up a daily feature of my own choice—something like the assignments of present-day columnists. I was looking about the streetcar barns at 31st and Holmes Street. Across on 31st, I noticed a small restaurant with a sign in the window which said, in effect, 'All you can eat for a quarter.' Inside was a circular

counter, in the center was a man whom I came to know as Frank. He had pots of beef stew, coffee and sliced bread. There was no help. He served his customers and he did everything himself. He told me that his grandmother, with whom he lived, prepared the stew, either the previous evening or early in the morning."

Simple as this operation seemed, it was tiring in the long hours and in the demands placed on his time and strength. As the beginning of the school year approached, Frank realized that he could not carry a full course of studies under these conditions. Consequently, he enrolled for his Junior High School year in only two subjects, English and Business Arithmetic. Even this was too much for him. He was often at the restaurant until one o'clock in the morning. It became such a battle to stay awake through the days that finally toward the close of the semester he withdrew from school.

To Frank, always sensitive to the beautiful and possessed with a deep desire to be of service, the restaurant lacked the element of the creative. He had always liked to draw and his family now urged him to continue his education in this new expression. So, in the spring of 1908, he enrolled in the newly formed Kansas City Art Institute. There the hours of attendance were more flexible and the courses more in harmony with his business hours. Here he found a fresh outlet for his imagination as he advanced from one medium to another to store up within himself a love and appreciation of all forms of art. It was here he met and fell in love with Nell.

She was even more bashful and shy than Frank. With timidity she would watch this handsome young man with his deep blue eyes and hair that even in his late teens was showing a touch of gray. She found it increasingly desirable to accompany her older sister, Ann, to the Art Institute to watch, as an observer, the students respond to her sister's teaching. Both girls were exceptionally beautiful with black hair, the deepest of brown eyes, and the high coloring of their ancestral heritage of central Europe. Often when a model was needed to picture the "Gibson Girl" made famous by James Montgomery Flagg, Ann would pose for her class.

Frank was aware of Nell's beauty and of her charm, but he never thought of speaking to her or dared to show the slightest interest. One day during a class session, Nell rose from her chair to walk slowly around the room to watch each student at work on a still life given as the work for the evening. It was a rather stilted arrangement, composed of a Navajo rug in colors of gray, red, and yellow serving as a background for a Maria vase filled with stalks of ripened wheat and ears of vari-colored autumn corn. Each student, after careful study,

began to sketch. Nell went to each easel to look, without comment, at the individual representation of the Indian composition until she stood in back of Frank to see his work. She was astonished. Frank had become disinterested in the class assignment and had become absorbed in his own idea of what he wanted to draw.

"Mr. Land," she exclaimed, "for pity sakes, what are you painting? What are you doing?"

Frank stopped his work, turned slowly as the color of embarrassment came over his face. Then he saw her really for the first time. She was dressed in a white blouse with a high collar, deep pleats flowed from the neckline to the narrow waist. The sleeves while tight at the wrists, gave way to a full puffed quality at the shoulders. She wore a narrow band of black ribbon at her throat and a slightly wider white ribbon in her jet black hair that had been carefully combed in a pompadour. Her skirt was full and made of dark wool with a peasant pattern at the hem in contrasting colors. It was daring in length as it fell to just the top of her trim shoes, not to the conventional floor length. Her presence so close to him and her interest in what he had been drawing took away his shyness and he said, "I am painting a shield of Chivalry."

"Why?"

"Because as I was coming to the studio this evening, I saw such an emblem, badly drawn, on the lid of a cigar box. I simply had to draw one that was correct."

"And this one you are painting. Is it correct?"

"Of course it is. I have always been interested in the Crusades and the time of history when knights fought their battles and rescued fair ladies from danger. Now, the emblem I am drawing would be from the fourteenth century. It was then that swords were first placed in back of a shield. It was the golden age of Heraldry. I have added a helmet, too. Did you know that as the helmet was only worn by knights, it could only be used on the coats-of-arms of knightly families? Do you like it?"

"Very much indeed, but it will get you in trouble, my sister is looking at us. Our talking is disturbing the class."

It was weeks later before Frank found the courage to invite her to meet him at the drugstore across from the studio for ice cream and to talk, he suggested, about shields and swords and the age of chivalry. Somehow this subject was never mentioned. Instead Frank said, "I know your sister calls you Nell, but I do not know your last name or anything at all about you. Tell me about yourself."

"All right, my full name is Nell Madeline Swieczewski. My parents

came from Poland to Kansas City just before I was born. To save you from asking, the date of my birth was February 5, 1893. I have checked on you. I am three years younger." She continued, "My mother died when I was just an infant so my aunt was called to leave her home in Europe and come to America to take care of me and my two sisters, Catherine Elizabeth, and your art teacher, Ann."

"Your aunt must have been a wonderful person."

"She truly was a dear, sweet lady. In her homeland she was recognized an outstanding musician and at one time presented 'The Messiah' in her village. She not only raised her three nieces but she instilled a love of art and music in each of us. She gave piano lessons to me when I could scarcely reach the keyboard."

"I have not had time to learn much about music," said Frank. "Perhaps you could teach me. Do you play popular music?"

"Hardly at all. I much prefer the classics. Beethoven is, I believe, my favorite."

These two who had each been longing so much for companionship now found it quite natural to be together. Frank learned that at the death of her aunt, Nell had moved to the home of her sister, who had married and lived in a second floor apartment on Independence Avenue in the northeast section of the city. Evenings were spent with Nell playing her piano and Frank telling of the books he was constantly reading to derive an education and to fill the void in his formal schooling. Later there were evenings at the Shubert Theatre, The Orpheum, and the costume parties of the Beaux Arts Ball of the Art Institute.

Frank had been so busy with the growth of the family restaurant and his romance with Nell that he had taken little notice of another romance in the Land household. His mother had met and fallen in love with a young grocery merchant, Leslie E. James. He was a handsome man, filled with determination to succeed, and just a year or so older than Elizabeth who was then in the middle thirties of life. The romance grew into a bond that was to last in gracious beauty through the years. They were married in the First Methodist Church of Leavenworth, Kansas, on June 19, 1909. Some years later a daughter was born and Frank took pride in his little half-sister who had been christened, Elizabeth Irene. He would carry her in his arms and call her his little "Princess Irene." It was a name that seemed so appropriate that during the years her first name, Elizabeth, was forgotten and Irene became the name used in school and by the members of her family and friends.

But his mother's marriage brought changes into Frank's life. First of all, he did not wish to go with his mother and her husband into a new home, and decided to remain in the old home with his grandmother. The restaurant that had served so well for the family now became complicated in ownership. It seemed best for this family enterprise to be under one ownership and to fulfill the dream of a business of his own. His grandmother agreed to sell her interest as did his aunt while his mother gave her share to him. Purchasing the business on less than a shoestring took all of his resources and he found it necessary to ask his aunt for ten dollars for the cash register the first morning. But it was his and at 18 he became the sole owner.

Success came slowly, but within a short time, with his power of organization, the small restaurant became a gracious center of dining. It was remodeled; a cook, dishwasher and waitress employed. This expansion brought the need for his continuous supervision and he turned the small office of the restaurant into an apartment where he could live close to his business.

Dad Land was to say in addressing a national group of youth advisors, "Look to the quiet lad for leadership. I have watched so many grow into the ability to inspire and to lead others. The boy who is too aggressive, too prone to force his way, often burns himself out before reaching his peak. Watch the quiet, sensitive, and conscientious young man who shies from a place of prominence at first and then when the challenge comes—watch him. He will have the ability to lead. He will mature into a successful man. You will be proud of him."

Frank Land would have vigorously denied it—but he was a perfect example of his own statement. He had been so shy, so drawn within himself, had given so much to achieve a self-inspired education during these early years that now with the years of manhood just before him he accepted the inherent challenge and began a life of leadership. A life dedicated to the service of people.

For a period of a year, beginning in 1910, he took time from his business to work as a part-time substitute artist for the *Kansas City Star*. A. B. Chapin, then a cartoonist for the *Star* and one of Frank's teachers, found the opening in the art department of the paper for him. The job consisted mainly in making line drawings and sketches for advertisers. There was little pay but, as he was to later brag a bit, "It gave me the right to make technical claim to a brief career of professional artist in the varied pattern of my early life."

A second impact of his art courses was the formation of the Mu-

nicipal Art League. He was beginning to make friends of the prominent men of the city and at lunch, one of the Directors of the Art Institute said, "Frank, you are a dedicated young man. Why not do something to beautify the home town? Look at it. Outsiders call it 'a cowtown grown up' and it is. Take a look at the cluttered streets and the hideous mass of overhanging signs. You could get a score of young fellows from the Art Institute and clean up the town."

An organized battle to improve the beauty of his city began. It took all of his available hours but the movement made an impression on the city. He enlisted not a score of the young leaders but a group composed of over 300 enthusiastic art students. Cooperation was found with civic leaders and the Merchants Association. The movement was able to eliminate a large share of the objectionable signs, launch the first annual clean-up campaign, put flower boxes in some of the downtown windows, plant flowers and shrubs on former eyesore vacant lots, and install ornamental light standards on downtown streets. The *Star* in commenting on this work said in delightful understatement, "he made an impression."

June 21, 1911, was just an ordinary day in early summer until his entire family came to the restaurant singing "Happy Birthday" and piling gifts on the tables. There was no visible gift from Grandmother Sampson. "Frank," her comment was, "you are now 21 years old. I am proud of you and what you have done." Then handing him an envelope, she continued, "Your grandfather was a Mason. I would be happy if you joined the Fraternity he loved. In his memory, and as a gift from me, you will find in this envelope the money necessary for you to present a petition for the degree of Masonry. Do as your heart directs, but it would please me so much to have you do this."

Having now arrived at the age acceptable for membership in a Masonic Lodge and with \$50 to go with a petition, Frank waited for someone to ask him to join. When no one extended an invitation, his eagerness and deep desire led him to speak to two of his regular customers, asking what he had to do to have his name presented for membership. They were eager to help and on April 25, 1912, his petition was received in Ivanhoe Lodge No. 446, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, signed by Charles Homer Talbot and Clarence J. Trigg. He was initiated an Entered Apprentice on May 25, 1912, passed to the degree of Fellowcraft June 17, 1912, and raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason on June 29, 1912.

He had brought reality to the dream of his grandmother, but there was more than the fulfillment of a dream. Masonry struck a respon-

sive chord. It seemed to be something he had been unconsciously seeking. It provided a means of expressing his brotherly love, his compassion for those in trouble and an outlet for his desire to help his fellow man. It was the sweet sound of distant trumpets that had been calling to him all of his life. He felt that he must enter into all of the Masonic groups to have their teachings, philosophy and inspiration open wide their doors to him. In the incredible period of a few short months he united with the York Rite and the Scottish Rite bodies and the Shrine. He joined Kansas City Chapter, No. 28 Royal Arch Masons, receiving the Mark Master Degree July 23, 1912, Past Master and Most Excellent Master Degrees, October 18, 1912, and the Royal Arch Mason Degree, October 25, 1912. The Commandery Orders were conferred by Kansas City Commandery, No. 10, Knights Templar with the Order of the Red Cross, November 21, 1912, Order of the Temple on December 19, 1912, and the Order of Knights of Malta, January 2, 1913.

He became a 32nd Degree member of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States of America in the November Class of 1912 at Kansas City, Missouri. His interest was so great that he immediately started to work in the various degrees and committees in Scottish Rite Masonry. He was appointed to the line of officers of DeMolai Council of Kadosh, becoming the presiding officer of that Body as Commander for the years 1919 and 1920.

On November 15, 1912, he was created a Noble of the Ancient Arabic Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, in Ararat Temple. He was to serve this Temple as Potentate in 1931 and was Imperial Potentate of the Imperial Council for North America in 1954.

During the time that followed the days of the Art Institute, Frank had often called at the home of Nell Swiezewski. The visits became increasingly frequent and each date more meaningful. He could talk with her as he could with no other. She found in him the answer to the questing of her soul. The romance between them deepened until their love found the sanctuary of marriage. The wedding service was in the home of Nell's sister on September 15, 1913. It was a quiet wedding with only a few present. Nell's matron of honor was her sister, Ann. Sumner Blossom, who had been Frank's friend from the early days of the restaurant, served as the best man. William H. Scrioner, pastor of the Budd Park Christian Church led Frank and Nell in their wedding vow.

In all the years Frank never forgot this vow—nor did Nell. Their

life became beautiful as they learned by loving and being loved, blessing and being blessed, to share the adventure of each day. A small apartment on Armour Boulevard became their home. Frank would say, "We may have orange crates for chairs at first but we will replace them one at a time. We must take pride in our possessions. We will do without until we can have just what we want. Most of all, Nell, you must be happy."

Happiness was Nell's life. She would eagerly wait for Frank each night to come home and talk about the future they would share together. She had two pet names for him "Sock" and "Frankie." Her usual greeting to him would be, "Hi, Sock, what happened today?"

Early in September of 1914 he had much to tell of what had happened.

"Nell, I have an opportunity to sell the restaurant, lock, stock and barrel. The offer is good and if we sell, we will have a profit of over \$8,000. How does it strike you? Shall we sell?"

Nell did not hesitate. "Sell by all means. But what will you do?"

"You asked what happened today and the offer to sell is only part of what happened. You know I have been serving as secretary of the Scottish Rite Employment Bureau, freely giving it as much time as possible. Well, this afternoon I was asked to give my full time to a continuation of this Bureau to be known as the Masons' Relief Committee with John H. Glazier as Chairman. I would serve as Administrator and Secretary with an office in the Scottish Rite Temple. A lot happened today. What is your opinion about this?"

Nell closed her eyes and seemed for an instant to be gazing beyond time. When she opened her eyes, she smiled and said with a voice of prophecy, "Frank, accept this offer. Take on this work. You will never be happy until you find a means of being of service to people. I believe this will open a new world for you. It is the threshold of your life's work. I feel that greatness for you and for others will come from this."

3

Nine Boys and a Man

AS AN ARCHITECT slowly creates the beauty of a building from the first rough sketches to the fullness of design, or as music develops from a melody first heard in the heart, so did the prophecy of Nell Land grow into reality during the years from 1914 to 1919. The position offered to Frank Land, and which he gratefully accepted, was to slowly evolve into the formation of the Order of DeMolay.

These were the years of World War I. Even before America entered the conflict, the people of the Nation were swept with a passionate desire to bring Democracy to a world that seemed on the brink of disaster. When our Nation joined the Allies in the fight against German power, every resource of men and material was poured into the conflict. But America was to suffer on the home front as the call for ever-increasing sacrifice was given to help the fight in the trenches. Wide areas of unemployment opened; there were lesser and greater periods of depression, creating uncertainty, need and privation.

A positive response to this critical civilian situation in Kansas City came in September of 1914 with the formation of the Scottish Rite Employment Bureau. A year later, this Bureau was expanded to include all interested Masons and members of the Sister organizations. As the war progressed this program, under the name of the Masonic Relief Committee, was enlarged to include direct relief in the form of food and clothing to all who were in need regardless of race or creed. The Scottish Rite Building Committee granted the free use of offices and equipment to assist in economically carrying on the work and, in addition, provided a large storeroom in the basement where provisions of food and clothing, new and used, could be stored. Funds for the operation were provided by donations from the various Lodges and individual members of Masonic Groups. To supplement these donations, a charity ball was held each year in Convention

Hall. Frank Land, in his new work as full-time Executive Secretary, was to administer this program.

Before selecting Frank Land to serve as Administrator of both the Employment Bureau and Masons' Relief, John H. Glazier, as Chairman of the Committee, had talked to Judge Alexander G. Cochran, Sovereign Grand Inspector General of the Scottish Rite in Missouri, and William P. Osgood. They agreed they had found the ideal man for the position. He was in his early twenties with a successful business career in back of him. He was largely self-educated but possessed a power of organization and an ever-responsive interest in people. He was ideal for the position and gave of himself, without restraint. He responded with enthusiasm to this program of doing something for white-collar and blue-shirted people caught in the trying financial conditions of the time.

The years were busy interviewing those who came to the office, distributing supplies and raising funds. The employment area of his work from its beginning to January of 1923, resulted in the securing of 15,971 positions. In one year, 11,306 parcels of food were distributed with an estimated value of \$18,000, while 1,581 packages of clothing were given to those in need, including new clothing valued at \$9,000 and used clothing of \$3,000.

Charles A. Boyce, who knew him during these years, said of Frank: "He acted as though he had found something that he had been looking for as a means of expressing his brotherly love, his compassion for those in trouble and his desire to help his fellows. He was a kindly man, never too busy to listen to the problems of those seeking help. People naturally turned to him for advice and for a solution to their troubles. He had a friendly interest in people and a magnetic personality that enabled him to make friends with those he met. Young and old, rich and poor, they had a high regard for him and placed their confidence in him."

Still, as time passed, his activities as one of the outstanding social service executives in Kansas City failed to completely fill his groping desire to be of service. The war finally came to an end and he became concerned with the problems of the boys who had lost their fathers. He remembered his own boyhood, the loneliness and the craving for some man to talk with, a man who would provide inspiration and challenge. His first efforts were modeled on the Chicago Big Brother movement whereby a business or professional man would take an interest in a certain boy, be a companion to him, advise him, and possibly provide employment. Frank, with his wide acquaintance among

the leaders of the city, tried a score of times to bring about such combinations of "man and boy." But each attempt was a doubtful benefit. The "big brothers" were busy men, sometimes involved in other matters when the boys needed them and the boys didn't go back. Slowly the thought occurred to him that the answer for boys was association with other boys.

It has been said that a day can be changed or a great moment launched by a single phone call.

Such a call came in January of 1919. As Frank answered the telephone he recognized the voice of Sam Freet, newly installed Senior Warden of Ivanhoe Lodge. "Frank, I have a favor to ask. One of our members, Elmer E. Lower, who had been initiated as a Fellow Craft, died a year ago, I believe on January 3. He is survived by his wife and four children who are now from six to 17 years old. It is a courageous family. The mother has been wonderful in holding the family together. She has found employment as a Matron at the General Hospital but that is not enough to finance the family. Could you find a part-time job for the oldest boy, Louis? He is one of the finest young men I have ever seen. I have talked with him and admire his self-confidence and his determination to continue his high school work. Could you possibly find a place for him?"

"Sam, you called at just the right time. Your request might be the answer to one of my problems for I have been looking for someone to help here in the office. I would be glad to talk to this boy. I am sorry to hear this about Elmer Lower's family. I read of his death but I did not really know him. I met him a few times and was impressed by his personality. He was a fine man. As I remember he was an accountant and served a term or two as the Republican Alderman for the tenth ward in the City Council. Send Louis to me, say after school tomorrow if you can arrange it. I shall look forward to meeting him."

The next afternoon Louis arrived promptly for his interview. Shaking hands with this youth brought a response to Land that seemed to blend them into a common experience that would unite them for years to come. Louis radiated an honesty of character, a natural aptitude for leadership, and the grace of movement of the athlete. Frank noticed that they were of the same height, of what was then called average, a few inches under six feet. The boy's hair was brown, cut short and smoothed back with a part high on the right side. The forehead was high and his blue eyes gave the indication of friendliness to complete the ever-present smile about his lips. His clothing showed wear and its size had not kept pace with his years but there was a

touch of the immaculate about him. Frank thought, "If I had a son, I would want him to be just like this lad."

They talked for a while about school. Louis told him of his aspirations for a place on the track team, of his position as a pitcher on a baseball team, and in response to a question said, "I am a fairly good student. Even with the hard time we are having, I want to finish high school and then help with the education of the others."

"It is a good goal. You will meet the challenge. Now, tell me about your father. I knew him but only from very casual meetings."

Louis hesitated as though reluctant to look into the past but finally said, "My father was the finest father a boy ever had. He was a businessman who loved to hunt and fish. He took me on many an outing and I went with him many times into the country; those were great times but I always noticed that a bad leg would give him a hard time of it. He had difficulty with that leg ever since it was injured when he was a farm boy in Pettis County, near Longwood, Missouri. On our last trip together when we were on a hunting trip in Cass County, just south of here, he injured that leg again. It was not a gun accident. He apparently slipped on muddy ground in a ravine and twisted it. Infection set in and he was in St. Joseph Hospital for a long time before he died. I suppose that they will some day find a way of stopping such infection and pain but the doctors were unable to save his life. He is buried in Mount Washington Cemetery. Since then, my mother has found work and now I would like to find some kind of work to help at home. I tried to sell papers and to find odd jobs in the neighborhood but they are not enough. Mr. Land, can you find a place for me?"

"Yes, I can. I need someone to help me here. As of now you have a job for after school hours and on Saturday."

That evening, as the dinner dishes were being cleared, Nell said, "Frankie, something happened today. You look like you have found a long, lost friend."

"Not a lost friend but a new young friend. This boy I talked to today is tremendous. One of the finest young men I have ever met. He is going to work with me in the office and I know I shall enjoy having him around. Perhaps we could take him to church with us Wednesday evening. The teachings of Christian Science would be good for him and you could meet Louie Lower."

"Yes, we should do just that," she said. "I suggest that you have him bring a few friends over to the apartment some evening. I would like to meet him, and as you know, we all respond best and open up more when we are with our friends."

It was not until the middle of February that the opportunity for such a meeting took place. Richard B. Fowler, Editorial Writer for the *Star*, in a series of articles entitled "Leaders of our Town" tells of the casual conversation between Frank Land and Louis Lower that happened to make history.

"Louis," said Mr. Land, "who do you run around with?"

"I have some friends around home out at twenty-eighth and Indiana," said Louis.

"How would you like to form a Club and meet here at the Temple?"

Mr. Fowler continued: "Louis thought the idea had possibilities and showed up the next week with eight other boys. Over sodas from the ice cream place across the street the idea of a Club took definite form. That was February 19, 1919."

The boys came early that Wednesday evening and each in turn was introduced to Mr. Land by Louis Lower with, "I want you to meet Ralph Sewell. He lives at our home. Here is Elmer Dorsey, his home is just in back of our house. Edmund Marshall lives next door to Elmer and this fellow is Jerome Jacobson who lives in the next block. This is William Steinhilber and here is Ivan Bentley. They also live in our neighborhood as does Gorman McBride whom you know. He has brought his cousin, Clyde Stream, with him. There are nine of us."

Louis Lower had chosen his friends well. They were all about his own age of 17 with one or two a few years older. Without exception they were good-looking boys, alert, honest, and wholesome. They came from middle-income families where the tight pinch of money at times served only as a spur to bolster their dreams of what they might do in the future. They were a group destined to form a great youth organization and each was to advance through his efforts and determination to prominence in his chosen field of work.

Mr. Land acknowledged each introduction with a handshake and word of welcome. Turning to Gorman, he said, "I have heard of you through your father, George McBride; he is the secretary, you know, of the Scottish Rite Firemen and Policemen's Club. It was good of you to bring Clyde." Then turning to the others, he said, "Before we get down to business, let's make a tour of this building. I think you will find it just about right if we should decide to form a Club and use it as a meeting place."

The boys had never seen such a building. They were awed by the attractive and beautiful surroundings of the Scottish Rite Temple. Their own homes were modest in size with the simplest of furnishings

and here they found a setting such as to make one boy say, "Gee, this takes my breath away." The building located at the northwest corner of Fifteenth and Troost was a handsome structure. From its heavy paneled oak entrance doors set in carved stone jambs terminating in a Norman pediment of fleur-de-lis, to the battlements of a pierced cornice, to the dark oak beams of the main room, it was a thrilling example of the time in history when mankind had depth of purpose and dedication to great ideals. The boys went from room to room. They were fascinated by the great hall with a stage complete with proscenium arch, backdrops and stage settings and an overhanging balcony with carved linen fold railings. On the lower floor they found a great ballroom with small alcoves for intimate gatherings and adjacent to it a kitchen. The boys, in their minds, could imagine how ideal this would be for dances, dinners, and entertainment. Long before the tour was completed, the boys were convinced that a Club in this building would not only be perfect, but they liked this quiet man leading their group from room to room. Only ten or 12 years older than they were, he was one of them—but his knowledge and confidence set him apart even as the difference of age seemed to vanish.

It was a radiant group that gathered about the long table in one of the meeting rooms that night. There was no doubt that they should continue to meet as a Club. The only question was a name. One suggested they use Greek letters as the college fraternities did but this was instantly voted down as making them only a part of other organizations. The name must be distinctive and carry meaning. They turned to Land for suggestions. He pointed to a recent series of prints on the wall that showed the adventures of Sir Galahad and the Knights of the Round Table. There was a negative shaking of heads.

The greatest of wars had ended only a few months before and the adventures of knights of old seemed far away. Then names were mentioned from history and from the Bible. Stories such as Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan and of Nathan Hale. Nothing seemed to click until one of the boys, Clyde Stream, said, "Mr. Land, tell us something connected with Masonry. They must have great names and we are meeting here in one of their buildings."

Frank smiled, "This year I am serving as the head of one of the Masonic Groups. I am the Commander for the DeMolai Council of Kadosh. There are many names and stories directly connected with Masonry, but I think I should tell you about the last leader of the Knights Templar. His name was Jacques DeMolay or as they say in history books, James of Molay."

And so he told the story of Jacques DeMolay, the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar, the crusader who was betrayed by Philip the Fair and burned at the stake in front of Notre Dame Cathedral on March 18, 1314. The story and the name caught the imagination of the boys. Here was heroism. Here was a great example of loyalty, of courage. Here was a theme from knighthood and chivalry, at its best, and the name of a martyr to fidelity and toleration. The boys were ready without further consideration to accept this name as the name of the group. But Land interrupted, "Now let's wait just a little bit and sleep over this. Let's not rush into it. Perhaps with a little more thought we can come up with a better name. One that might be more in keeping and more appropriate. It is growing late and you should all be going home. Come back next week and bring a few more of your friends. We will talk more together about it then. Good night and thanks for coming."

During the next few weeks the boys found time and excuses to talk to Land and to ask questions about this new club and to learn more of the exciting march of history, the eternal search for the meaning of existence, and the stirring moments of the decline of the Order of Knights Templar in the twilight of the Crusades. The name of DeMolay carried the story of the past into the present and the boys wanted to know more of this period of history. The name of "DeMolay" began to carry to them the vision of a search for the ideal that not only carried a challenge in the long ago but was a challenge to the youth of their day as it would be for the youth of all time.

They did not realize then that within every boy—and man—is the desire to become the best that he can become. At times a desire is hidden so deep that it does not seem to exist—but it is always there. It is mankind's relentless search for a secret out of the past that will lead to a Holy Grail. For, like these boys, we must all dream awhile and then follow the gleam of all we hold to be true and good and beautiful.

One evening Land told them how a spirit of dedication to an ideal led two young French noblemen, Hugo de Payens and Geoffrey of St. Aldemer to form the Order of Knights Templar in the year 1123. Their purpose was to give protection to pilgrims as they made their journey to the Holy Land. He told of how these two took upon themselves vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience and how the seal of their Order pictured these vows on its Great Seal, which showed the two founders riding one poor thin horse. King Baldwin of Jerusalem, he explained, gave them room in the royal palace and as the palace

was situated in the area of the temple, they became known as the Templars.

Then, he continued, "In the course of time this Order grew immensely powerful and wealthy. It is said that in the thirteenth century they possessed 9,000 Manors, Preceptories and Priors in Europe alone. Even brothers of Princes came eagerly to serve as humble knights under their leadership. As the years passed they received alternating praise and censure. But a recent historian, who has little of good to say for them, does make this statement, 'They always stood where the swords flailed most fiercely and the arrows fell most thickly on the battlefield. They had immense courage at a time when courage meant more to Christian survival in Syria than did the ritual mouthing of prayers.'"

"I remember," interrupted one of the boys, "that in Scott's 'Ivanhoe' the black villain was a Knight Templar. But how did the Templars check out?"

"It was this way. On October 13, 1307, the members of the Order assembled for what they had been led to believe was the launching of a new Crusade. Instead they were arrested and imprisoned. The Order came to an end!" Land paused and reflected. "But not quite. From the ashes of fire and death and the pain of persecution rose the present Orders of Knights Templar, and the Degrees of the Scottish Rite. I believe it has given vitality and worth to all generations including our own. You see, we are still writing and making history as we take our places in the long march of those who lived that 'the good' would become a part of time itself."

While the boys talked to Land about the Club when they came to the Temple, it was their long talks together at school and as they walked from school to home that heightened their interest and gave momentum to their organization. One afternoon after a chemistry class, Elmer Dorsey caught up with Louis Lower to ask, "Louis, I think this club idea is terrific. But what is it all about? What does Mr. Land get out of it? Do they want us to become junior Masons?"

Louie placed his arm across Elmer's shoulders. They sat down on the stone steps overlooking the athletic field with Linwood Boulevard in the distance. "I don't have all the answers, Elmer, I only know that Frank Land is one of the greatest. His only motive is the one he tells us. He likes to be with young people and sincerely believes that if we do form such a group each of us will benefit from it. How he ever talked the older boys into letting us use their temple is beyond me. They must be as interested in us as Land is, because he has told me

that we are not to be a junior Masonic group. He told me these men are concerned about only one thing and that is that we should grow into decent men who will be respected in the community."

"Thanks a lot, Louie, let's get in back of this and bring some of the other fellows with us for the next meeting. By the way, when is to be?"

"Next Monday, March 24, about 7:30—pass the word along."

March 24, 1919 was the day in history that launched the Order of DeMolay. During the next few years, however, the date of March 18, the date in the past that had witnessed the death of Jacques DeMolay, came to be more frequently used. The death of DeMolay and the beginning of a Club seemed synonymous and when this significant date became a ritual part of the Club, the date March 18 was used for both events. This date was to become a symbol out of the past to give a setting in time for the organizational date of DeMolay.

Thirty-one boys, all from the same high school, came to the Scottish Rite Temple that night. Frank Land quietly watched them—and perhaps looked beyond them into the future. He made each boy welcome and then explained briefly his ideas of a Club, what they might do, and the activities in which they might engage. He explained, "But this is your meeting. I will serve as Advisor but it is your meeting. Why not proceed with an organization and elect a few officers. I will take charge until you have completed your election."

There was too much to talk about that night to do more than elect Gorman A. McBride as Temporary President and Louis G. Lower as Temporary Secretary. The name, they thought, was of such great importance that it should come first in this meeting of organization. "DeMolay" had been talked about among the first nine since their first meeting and told to the others. Now it was officially and unanimously adopted, with the name for the Club to be the "DeMolay Council." To keep the age of interest the same as theirs, they placed a requirement for membership for those coming into the club as being at least 16 and decided that when one of their group reached the age of 21, he should retire from the club.

It was not until the meeting held on April 8, 1919 that officers were finally elected with Gorman A. McBride as the first president of the DeMolay Council. Lester Pennington was elected to serve as Vice-President, Louis G. Lower to be the Secretary with John Miller as Treasurer, and Clyde Stream as Sergeant at Arms.

Perhaps Land had talked to some of the men or perhaps the idea he had for the Club was even then taking form, for on April 15,

1919, the titles of the officers changed, one more was elected and they became:

| | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| Gorman A. McBride | Master |
| Lester Pennington | First Warden |
| Averill C. Tatlock | Second Warden |
| Louis G. Lower | Scribe |
| John Miller | Treasurer |
| Clyde Stream | Sentinel |

During the next few months the group grew in numbers, in activities and in interest. Then a fear came to some of them that they were growing into too large a Club. Gorman A. McBride, in later years told the story in this manner:

"I recall that our membership rose to a little over 60 and some of the fellows were very much concerned about the organization getting too large. Someone suggested that I appoint a committee to talk with Mr. Land and endeavor to convince him that we should limit our membership to 75. The committee waited on Mr. Land and in his quiet, humble and modest manner, he received us and treated us as courteously as anybody could be treated. Of course, we presented our ideas about limiting the membership of DeMolay. He didn't criticize us, nor did he admonish us at the time. In fact we didn't know whether he agreed or disagreed to our suggestion.

"Later when the meeting was called to order, I called on the chairman to report. He reported and moved that the membership of DeMolay be limited to 75. The motion quickly received a second and was unanimously adopted. It was then that Dad Land rose from the back of the room where he had been more or less out of sight for he wasn't the type to take the spotlight, or the forefront in our meetings. He wanted us to conduct our own meetings. He depended upon us to do what was right and in keeping with what he had in mind for the Order of DeMolay.

"But as he came to the front of the room that night, he proceeded to tell us—and in no uncertain terms—how selfish and how inconsiderate we were. He told us that we were operating and thinking absolutely contrary to every idea that he had in mind for this organization. He reminded us that there were three other high schools in Kansas City which had young men who were just as capable, just as qualified, and just as upstanding as we were. In fact, he indicated he thought they were probably much, much better than what we thought we were. He said that if it was good for one boy, it must be good for all eligible boys. He reminded us that 'to become big, we must be big.' Anyway, we felt very much ashamed of ourselves and the mo-

tion to limit membership to 75 was rescinded. It was then that DeMolay was permitted to grow and develop.”

In this manner, Frank Land encouraged his boys as he gently led them with a light but firm hand on the reins.



BIRTHPLACE OF THE ORDER OF DEMOLAY

The Kansas City Scottish Rite building at 15th and Troost.

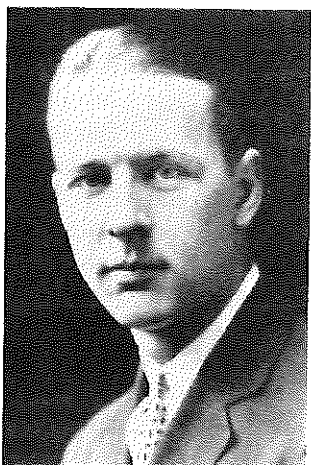
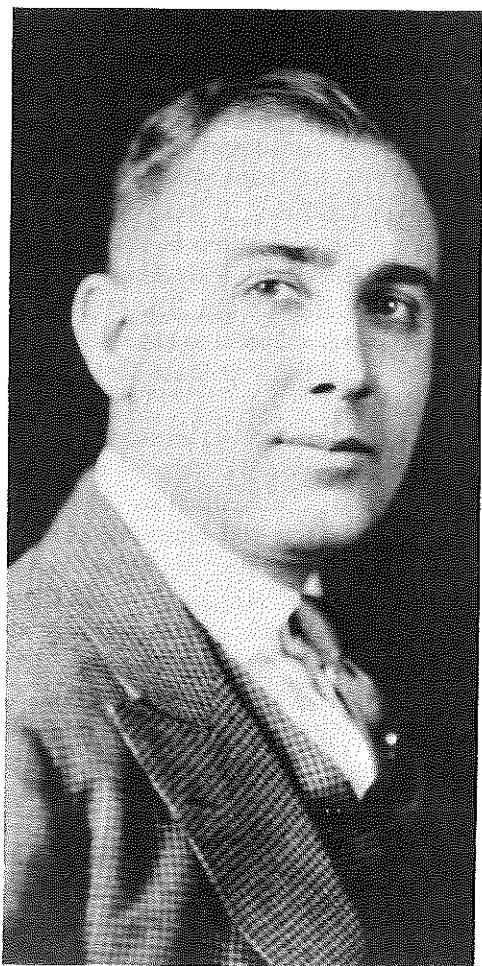
4

I Do So Promise and Vow

IN THE THIRTIES, Frank Land was asked in a radio interview how DeMolay differed from other youth organizations. He instantly replied, "It has a ritual." His answer so quietly and quickly given is still the inherent quality of the Order of DeMolay. It has pageantry and beauty. It affords the opportunity for participation in dramatic portrayal of heroic personalities. The degrees carry a challenge for every boy to grow into a better man and a better citizen. The teachings of virtues proven true in all generations become vital to each young man as he solemnly pledges himself to be faithful to those ideals by the token words "I do so promise and vow."

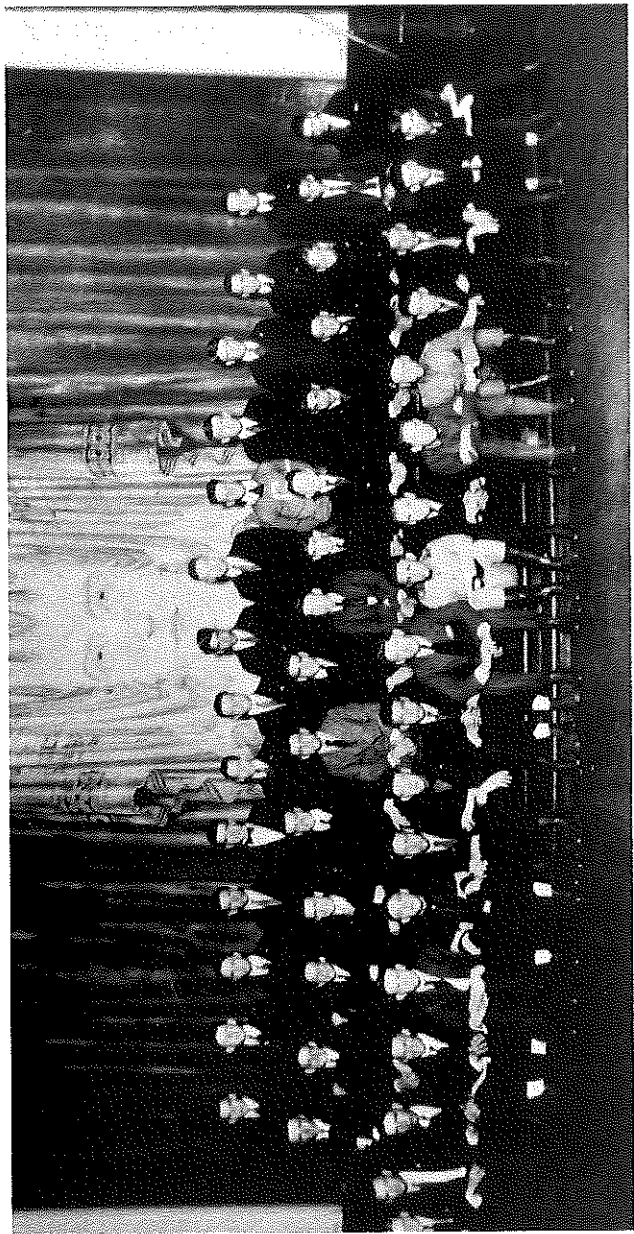
From the organizing meeting of March, 1919, until mid-summer the new Club of DeMolay grew with a championship baseball team led by Louis Lower as the pitcher and Ray Hedrich as the catcher. There were social activities, service projects and formative plans for a band, a patrol, a drum corps and a flag corps. But Land was not satisfied. His Club needed something more. He talked to his friends during the day and in the evening with his wife, discussing every idea—every possible plan that might hold the organization more firmly together and give it something unique to promote its growth. The plan he was seeking seemed to evade him. It was often so close, but time after time the dream vanished into the realm of vague ideas. Then, one evening in the Scottish Rite Temple he saw his friend, Frank Marshall, and knew he had found the answer.

Marshall was then well known in Kansas City as the drama and music critic of the *Kansas City Journal*. He had worked in his early days with William Allen White, nationally known editor of Emporia, Kansas, and now looked back at a brilliant career as reporter, editor, and poet. One of his sonnets had been received and placed in the Shakespeare Museum at Stratford-on-Avon, and he had been invited by the officials of Kansas City to write a poem to be placed in the cornerstone box of the rebuilt Convention Hall. This poem, reflecting



A MAN, A BOY, A DREAM

Frank S. Land (left), Louis G. Lower (below, right), and the legendary fidelity of Jacques DeMolay provided the direction for the growth of the Order.



THE ORIGINAL CLASS

Officers and members of Mother Chapter, April 1919. The original nine DeMolays are pictured in this group. They are: Clyde C. Stream, Sentinel (front row, 6th from left); Louis G. Lower, Scribe (front row, 7th from left); Gorman A. McBride, Master Councilor (front row, 10th from left); Elmer Dorsey (front row, 15th from left); Edmund Marshall (front row, 17th from left); Ralph Sewell, Organist (second row, 1st on left); Jerome Jacobson (second row, 12th from left); William Steinhilber (second row, 13th from left); Ivan Bentley (third row, 6th from left).

the challenge of one century to another, was to be read when the cornerstone box was opened after a hundred years had passed. It concluded with the lines:

But in our cup we drain no dry of rue,
If we the patient stepping stones are made
To better things for those in days to be.

Land found Marshall slumped in a well-worn upholstered chair, the picture of a man at leisurely ease. The old newspaperman was dressed in his habitual careless manner. His suit out of press and hidden in the folds of an ample vest was a heavy gold watch chain sagging under the weight of a fraternal medallion. His upper lip sported a graying mustache and his chin a small goatee. From the left pocket of his coat the latest copy of the *Journal* projected to the point of slipping to the floor. No two men could have been as different in appearance as these two Franks. One immaculate, the other casual and completely indifferent as to dress and appearance. But each radiated a tremendous ability, a strength of character, and a devotion to idealism. Now at this chance meeting neither man realized that before 24 hours were to pass the outline plan of the two degrees of DeMolay would be written to remain unchanged for five decades and more.

Land walked toward him that evening and Marshall half rose in greeting and then settling back into his chair said, "Sit down and tell me about this Club for boys you are forming. Everything going smoothly? What's new?"

"Well, the answer to the first question is that we are growing. The answer to 'what's new' is not what you might expect. I have a new title. The boys call me 'Dad.' They had been at a loss as to just what to call me. It seems they were reluctant to call me Frank because of our age difference and felt that Mr. Land was sort of formal. Louie Lower started calling me 'Dad' and the others followed. We are all pleased. I like it. The boys like it. 'Dad' is just right. It carries respect and confidence and I am proud to be so designated."

"Sounds good. Let's see, you are 28. I am 54. There is an age difference here but I will join the younger set—what else, 'Dad,' is new?"

"There is a problem to be solved and this is where you come in. I have been thinking of something to give our club a distinctive quality and I think I have it. Frank, I want you to write a Ritual for DeMolay."

"Now, wait just a minute, 'Dad.' Hold on a bit. Why ask me?"

"Because you are the best qualified man I know. You have been

active in your Fraternity at the University of Kansas during your college days and since. You are dedicated to Freemasonry, in every branch, and have taken part in all of the degrees. You are writing a book of inspirational poems and I read your weekly editorial 'Little Lay Sermons' in the *Kansas City Journal* every Saturday with appreciation. Frank, you are just the one to do this."

Frank Marshall thought for a time. He twisted the ends of his mustache, he played with the chain of his watch, looked at the time aimlessly and finally said, "No—definitely no. I do not think I am capable. I cannot do it. But I will listen to your idea if you want to tell me what this ritual should be like—you know there is no precedent. The Masonic Ritual did not take form until the Grand Lodge at England was created. Some say it took all of history to evolve it, and you want me to write a Ritual in what I presume is a short time. I can't do it but I am interested in your thinking."

"It is all just formative and not clear as yet. It seems to me there should be two parts, or sections, or degrees. The Romans you know had a ceremony when a youth donned the toga of manhood. In the days of King Arthur, a squire was required to spend a night of reflection and dedication before receiving the touch of a sword on his shoulders as he entered into knighthood. Perhaps one section should be like that. Dramatize the years of growing as a youth to fulfill a dream—a sort of crown—a Crown of Youth. In these days, we are losing the old values and yet they must be retained."

"What values and what virtues do you suggest?" There was now a notable interest as Frank Marshall took mental notes and sensed the vision of what was to be in the enthusiasm of the younger man.

"I would think that first of all a love of parents should be included, then there should be some sort of religious emphasis that would appeal to boys of all faiths. I would like for this generation to retain a thoughtful consideration for others—say courtesy."

Marshall was now becoming definitely interested, "With the end of the war we should encourage patriotism and remember the buddies found in the service, call it comradeship if you like."

"That is what I am thinking and there are other virtues also, like the Fidelity of Jacques DeMolay and clean thinking and living. We might also stress the changing life pattern from youthful enthusiasm with the future filled with dreams, until the sunset years come. How about it, Frank? Does the idea appeal to you?"

"I am beginning to see something timeless, something beautiful as you talk. Did you say a crown of youth?"

"Yes, that might be the basis, the beginning."

"But you first mentioned two degrees. What about the other?"

Land hesitated as the vision of what he wanted became increasingly clear to him. "I want each boy to kneel at an altar. I want each boy to take a personal obligation and feel that it is just for him. The second part could be different. Perhaps a tableau to dramatize the story of DeMolay. They were fascinated as I told them of his devotion to a cause and of his loyalty to his brethren. Yes, that might be it. Think of the drama, the stage settings, the pageantry, the opportunity for the boys to act out a part. I am simply not going to take 'no' for an answer. Think about it and call me tomorrow."

That night Frank Marshall could not sleep. In his imagination he saw a room filled with boys and a ceremony of initiation. Dimly he became aware of the gargoyles of Notre Dame and the smoke ascending from a martyr's death at a stake before the cathedral. He forgot sleep and went to his desk. He called upon all his skills, and driven by the image of Frank Land saying, "You are the one to write this ritual for the Order of DeMolay." He wrote throughout the night and far into morning. Just before noon he reached for his phone. "Come over, Frank. I believe I have it for you. It is rough. It needs refinement of word and phrase but I believe I have it."

And so he had. It might be called genius or vision or rising to a challenge but what he wrote has served as an inspiration for millions of young men. Weeks were spent polishing and refining. One of the DeMolay Club members, Ted Little, called on him at his home one afternoon and found him swinging in a hammock with a fan in his hand and a pipe sending forth billowy clouds of smoke. Marshall made no attempt to get up but continued to gently swing as he enjoyed the motion and the shade of the tall oak trees supporting his swaying couch. His greeting was cordial and friendly, "Hello, Ted. Glad you stopped by." Then pointing to his pipe he explained, "This is my pipeline to heaven—sort of smoke signals. I need a touch of the Infinite to give help as I write."

As the manuscript drew to its final form, Frank Land hovered over each work and one day said, "There is something missing. Last night I watched my mother as she tucked my little sister into bed. There is something that tugs at my heart when I watch motherhood at its best. I want a prayer included that God will watch over them. Let's add a service that can be given at bedtime—say nine o'clock—each time the fellows come together. Perhaps it could begin, 'Brethren, at this hour all over the land we love, mothers are bending over

the beds of the children they love. Let us pause in our deliberations and offer a prayer for our mother.' I think the boys should kneel and even during a party or dance they should include this service—a sort of interpolation!"

Day after day the script was reviewed, polished and refined, until it reflected the meaning of a deep ritualistic experience by words and by action. Frank Land's own spiritual depth and sincerity radiated through the writing of Frank Marshall until both men were satisfied that this ritual would impress and inspire young men to live through the years under a dedicated devotion to God, to Country and to Home. Additional services to open and close the Chapter were written. The Interpolation Ceremony gained a place of importance.

So, in the beginning of the Order of DeMolay, a ritual was written to begin its march through time. But there was not a single boy who had been initiated or obligated as a member. How could those who had not been initiated under this ritual confer the degrees of the ceremony on others? Where do you start when there is no reservoir of experience? Here Frank Land's gift of organization and love of the appropriate took over. The time had come to prepare his young men to receive the obligation of the Ritual, and then conduct the ceremonies of initiation to others with dignity and beauty.

During this time the boys were aware that something unusual was taking place but not one of them had seen or read the ceremonies. Some had not even heard of them until at a specially called meeting in late summer Dad Land requested the opportunity of speaking. "For several months," he began, "we have had a fine group of young men meeting in the Temple of the Scottish Rite of this city. We have enjoyed the building and each other. It has been a good fellowship. Now I propose that we go beyond this and add certain ceremonies which will give meaning to our group. Frank Marshall has written a ritual for our use. It has deep meaning. I do not want to force this upon you—but remember, if you accept this, we accept it, and there will be no avenue of retreat. You will be asked to take upon yourselves a solemn obligation by which you are to live from this time onward. Some of you who anticipated such a program have asked for permission to read the ceremonies of initiation and the obligation. I did not want to grant this request. I wanted each of you to experience something of the secrecy that shall always be a part of DeMolay. I assure you that there is nothing written that will embarrass you nor is there anything to excite your mirth. There is no donkey to ride. There is nothing in the form of levity. The ceremonies are solemn to

impress upon your minds truths of right living, now and in the years to come."

The boys listened as this new venture of their Club was explained. There was a sense of mystery and secrecy about it all that brought mingled emotions of enthusiasm for an unknown adventure and apprehension about what was to happen. One expressed his feeling by saying, "I'm jittery." Land had suggested, as he left the room where they had been meeting, that they remain as they were and then come into the auditorium as their names were called. There they would receive the obligation of a DeMolay. The first name called was Louis G. Lower, around whom the group had formed, the second was Gorman McBride, the first elected presiding officer. Then in groups of four, they took upon themselves the vows to be assumed through the years by some three million young men.

All uncertainty vanished as each boy was called to enter the large auditorium to receive his obligation. The very setting carried the suggestion of being on the threshold of a program of deep and abiding importance. He saw, in the dim lighting of the room, an altar covered by a single white covering, without insignia, on one corner of which had been placed several school books. Red and white carnations gave prominence to a worn Bible in the center of the altar—the same Bible given to "Dad" Land years before for perfect attendance at Sunday School. Surrounding this center of their attention were seven lighted candles on tall wood standards and in back of each candle stood a man wearing the white cap of a thirty-third degree Mason. Each boy was asked to kneel, to place his hands on the Scriptures before him and to repeat the words of obligation as they were spoken by Dad Land. Somewhere in the room an organ played and as each one in turn completed his vow, a chorus sang softly the verses of a hymn of dedication. Following his obligation each boy was asked to rise, and if he had been elected or appointed to an office, he was conducted to the location in the room—his station—where he would function in rites and ceremonies of the new ritual.

Those serving as the first full line of officers were:

| | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Averill C. Tatlock | Master Councilor |
| Harry A. Carpenter | Senior Councilor |
| Louis G. Lower | Junior Councilor |
| William W. Lewis | Scribe |
| Harry C. Clark | Treasurer |
| Delas H. Elmore | Senior Deacon |
| Richard M. Slater | Junior Deacon |
| Jack T. Harris | Senior Steward |

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Robert E. Baehler | Junior Steward |
| Richard M. Wakefield | Chaplain |
| Kenneth Miller | Sentinel |
| Ernest E. Hall | First Preceptor |
| Ralph Vance | Second Preceptor |
| Calvin P. Boxley | Third Preceptor |
| Burrett N. Ackenhouse | Fourth Preceptor |
| Ernest P. C. Moss | Fifth Preceptor |
| M. Harvey Walker | Sixth Preceptor |
| Merrill K. Dubach | Seventh Preceptor |

Installation was to come later on September 16, 1919, but on this night they silently assumed the places designated for each one as the others seated themselves in chairs under the balcony of the great Gothic room. Dimness of lighting gave way to increasing light and the first Chapter Room and the first officers of a DeMolay Chapter came into focus and into being. Frank Marshall nodded to Frank Land and his lips silently formed the words, "It is good—it will do."



FRANK A. MARSHALL
"author of the Ritual"



GORMAN A. MCBRIDE
"The first Master Councilor"

5

When a Dream Enslaves a Man

THE DREAM OF FRANK LAND for a distinctive organization to help young men grow into manhood with purpose and distinction became a reality in the few short months from March to September of 1919. During this time, his dedication to the Order he had created became so intense that one could not tell from speaking with him if his dreams of it all were truth, or this truth consisted of dreams. If, he reasoned, what we are forming is good and is received with enthusiasm by the boys of one high school, it must also be good for the young men of the three other high schools of the city—perhaps by those of similar age in other cities—perhaps, and the dream expanded, by the young men of the world. So great was his growing dream that all his time and creative genius were given to its perfection. He talked with the men who were interested in his new Boys' Club. Constantly he called upon Frank Marshall, Judge Cochran, and Pad Osgood for advice but most of all, with his deep spiritual nature, he began a lifelong practice of beginning each day in meditation and prayer seeking the guidance and approval of his God.

Sponsorship had to come first and this was given by Adoniam Lodge of Perfection of the Scotland Rite Bodies of Kansas City. Assisting in the full sponsorship, the first Advisory Council of a DeMolay Chapter was appointed consisting of John H. Glazier as chairman, Frank S. Land as "Dad," Perce A. Budd, Frank A. Marshall, Arthur S. Metzger, Fred O. Wood, Leon Thalman, W. P. Osgood, Raymond A. Havens, Frank I. Buckingham, Ellis R. Jones, and Alex McDonald. Each man was or was to become a 33rd degree Scottish Rite Mason and all were past or present officers in the Scottish Rite.

Now with sponsorship there was much to be done. Of course, at the beginning of this period, the Ritual had been written and had received the overwhelming approval of those who were permitted to read it. The first group of boys had been obligated at the first DeMo-

lay altar. But, the ritual had never been exemplified nor had the precise manner of movement of the opening of a Chapter been worked out. There were so many portions of the Degree work that could only be completed through trial and experiment. The dream of Frank Land was that each part must be presented with the highest perfection and he knew this could come only by endless rehearsal.

In the beginning of any organization, there are countless details that must be carefully planned. There was the decision to be made about robes for the officers during the meetings, costumes to be designed for the dramatic second portion of the degrees of initiation, as well as petition forms and membership patents, the determination of dues and fees, and some insignia to serve as a symbol of DeMolay.

One evening in June, Frank arrived home in a state of eager excitement. He had just thought of a solution to a problem that had been in the back of his mind for a long time. His wife welcomed him at the door of their apartment to be surprised at his greeting of, "Nell, where is the picture I painted a long time ago of a Heraldic Shield? You know the one I drew in Art School. The one that nearly caused me to be expelled."

Nell thought for a while. "I believe I can find it, Frankie," she said, and after some delay brought it into the living room. Frank looked at it from every angle, placed it on a chair to view it from a distance, and exclaimed, "It is perfect. It is just what we need for our emblem. We must have an emblem, you know. I will redraw this one with minor changes and use it for the altar cloth, for the Preceptor stands, for the design of a pin to be worn by each DeMolay, and for our stationery. Look at it! There are even ten jewels surrounding the shield." He thought for a while. "It seems to me that the jewels should personify something and have greater meaning than just serving as ornaments."

"What do you suggest?"

Land seemed lost in his world of dream and finally answered, "I believe they should signify the first of our boys, Louie Lower and the other eight who came with him on that first night that now seems so long ago."

"But that is only nine," questioned Nell. "How about the tenth jewel?"

Slowly Frank turned to her, took her hand in his and with deep emotion replied, "The tenth jewel will stand for me as the Founder of the group. I will always be proud of becoming in this way a part of the symbolic organization of DeMolay." Slowly he continued, "In

the years to come each of us will enter into the adventure beyond this life. Then the color of each jewel, in turn, can change from white to red. Years from now there will be ten rubies to give testimonial that in the beginning, there were ten who shared a dream together.”

The drawing was completed and sent out for estimates and for a hurry up time schedule for the first jewels. Pad Osgood was delighted with the design. “We need a Bible marker and a cover for each Preceptor stand,” then volunteered, “Let me take this home. My wife is an excellent seamstress. She will be happy to make these.” So the markers were completed, used for many years, and 40 years later found a niche in the museum of early DeMolay history. They were made from an old velvet dress of royal purple with side edging and end tasseling of gold with the emblem on the Bible marker and virtues of the Preceptor’s stations embroidered by the skill of her hands and her dedication to a cause.

Early in August the first rehearsals were held. The ritual was not in book form but each officer was given a mimeographed copy with his part underlined in red. Dad Land had spoken to them at the conclusion of the night when each had knelt and taken upon himself the obligation of a DeMolay. “This is a night to be long remembered. None of us here will ever forget it. It will always be engraved in our memories. You are no longer a Club—you are now members of the Order of DeMolay. The copy of the ritual given to you must be held sacred and is not, under any circumstances, to be shown to any other than those present. I expect each officer to learn his part exactly as it is written—from memory. Each part is important, no matter how small it may seem to you, it all blends into the whole to give its true meaning. There will be a rehearsal next Saturday afternoon and I expect each of you to be present. Frank Marshall will be with us to help give full interpretation to his writing. Several of the most proficient ritualists of the Masonic Fraternity as well as speech teachers from the Public Schools will be there to give us a few pointers in diction, breath control, and voice projection. Remember, whatever we do must be the best we can do. See you on Saturday.”

This rehearsal that had at first appeared to be so simple, suddenly became difficult and complex. Not a boy among them had ever sat in a Lodge Room nor had ever witnessed an initiation given with the help of a ritual. Only a few knew the rudiments of parliamentary procedure. It was necessary to explain the use of a gavel, giving one rap to seat the Chapter, two raps for the officers to stand and three raps for each member of the Chapter to stand.

The entrance of the officers into the Chapter Room presented the first serious problem. The boys sauntered into the room in groups of two or three and after some hesitation each found his station. Land and Marshall were horrified. This was not the way they had planned at all.

Land moved to the altar to talk it over with his boys—to explain. “Fellows, I am glad you found your stations. That much is important. But you must have dignity to give dignity, you must have sincerity to give sincerity to others. You came into the room like the members of a mob. It is my fault because I did not fully explain what we are doing. We will have to experiment to find the ideal way. As a starter, let’s try coming into the room in a double file, circle the room and then as each comes to his station let him leave the line and stand in front of his place.” This was done but it was still ragged, disorderly, and lacked the smoothness of motion the boys themselves suddenly found they wanted.

Finally, Louis Lower spoke up, “Dad, if we lined up so that the lead man came to his station first and the next man filled the next station and so on, it would seem better to me, even if we had to circle the room another time.” This was done and the regular order for officers entering the Chapter Room slowly took form.

Marshall and Land watched each continuing development. It was satisfactory but still lacked the precious quality of being “just right.” The impressiveness of pageantry was lacking. Land once more slowly walked to the center of the room. “We are making progress,” he said. “But, I have one further suggestion. It is this: An equilateral triangle has been used as a symbol in all ages. It is a symbol of significance and is a part of some of the Masonic degrees. We could use its form for our entrance. I have been thinking that with the number of officers we have, we could make a living triangle. The Master Councilor could be the apex and stand just before the altar, the seven preceptors could make up the last line, or base. The other officers in three diminishing lines could complete the triangle. Then as reverence is to be a part of our services, you might all kneel in unison as if in silent prayer. I would not suggest kneeling on both knees—that might be awkward—but perhaps we could kneel like George Washington at Valley Forge. Touch the floor with your left knee only, place your right elbow on your right knee and rest your head in the cup of your right hand.”

And so with infinite patience each portion of the ritual was rehearsed, recast and refined. Such small details as turning square cor-

ners, of timing as a candidate was conducted from station to station, of where the officers were to stand during the obligation, were rehearsed over and over. Personal appearance was stressed. It was suggested that suits should be worn to all meetings. At one time rehearsals were delayed by Frank Land saying, "There are several who forgot to shine their shoes. Now in the kitchen on the floor beneath this room, next to the ice box, you will find shoe polish, brushes and a shining cloth. We will wait while those of you who need it retire to shine your shoes. I want each boy who enters this room to feel the importance of being a DeMolay and your dress will give meaning to the words you speak."

Perfection came to the phases of floor work and perfection came to the speaking and dramatic portions of the ritual. Some received their first lessons in public speaking during these rehearsal sessions from outstanding teachers and ritualists. Over and over Frank Marshall would quote the lines of Shakespeare:

Speak clearly, if you speak at all
Weigh each word with care
Ere you let it fall.

To give authentic detail to the DeMolay degree, histories were read and pictures of costumes of the fourteenth century were studied. Experiments were made to give horror and realism to the dread punishment of death by fire. In the mind of Frank Land everything in drama, ritual, or life should always be the best. He said at one time as he shook his finger at the group, "I want each of you to be a success—be the best in whatever you do. I don't want you to become ditch diggers, but if you must, then dig the best and straightest ditches you possibly can."

There was no "Tournament of Champions" but these young men became champions as they worked together with growing pride in the anticipation of the first demonstration of the ritual of their Order.

One interesting question was raised during one of the rehearsals by the Chaplain. "Dad, I am having trouble with my part," he said. "Not with the words or the delivery, but I have been taught that no prayer is complete without adding 'in Jesus' Name.' Our prayers do not have that. How come?"

"Richard, the addition of the phrase 'in Jesus' Name' I know is important to you. If we used it in our prayers, however, our Order would have meaning for only Christian boys like yourself. It would not have meaning for the boys who come from our Jewish families

or possibly of other religious faiths. It might even be offensive to them and keep them from enjoying our fellowship. You see religion in DeMolay should be universal and acceptable to all. I can explain best what I mean by this story:

“In the year 70 A.D. the city of Jerusalem was completely destroyed by the legions of Rome under the commander Titus, her famous general. Before the walls of the temple were reduced to rubble, Titus entered the most sacred of the rooms, the ‘Holy of Holies’ called the Sanctum Sanctorum. This room and its contents were unknown even to the followers of Judaism for here no one could enter except the High Priest and then only on special days of ceremony. This warrior had seen many places of worship and many objects before which dedicated men had bowed their heads. Titus must have trembled as he stood before the curtain of this room and slowly drew it aside. He expected to see some object so sacred as to inspire a nation of such a religious faith as to defy Rome. Then, as he entered he looked around and behold nothing. There was only the quietness of the unseen Presence of God who is a spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. The old general left with a feeling of awe. Surrounded by the horror and devastation of war, he was overcome by the intangible, the quiet, the stillness of God. This was the spirit of a great faith that occupied the holiest of places.

“The prayers of DeMolay should be like that. They should carry such a quiet, universal spirit of God as to be true to those who believe, as you do, in the Salvation of Christ, as to those who follow the teachings of the ancient Patriarchs and Prophets.”

One by one the questions were answered. Piece by piece the elements of the ritual were completed so as to fit together to become a complete entity. Finally, all was in readiness for the first class of candidates on Saturday, September 27, 1919. It was a large class for as word spread of this new organization the young men of the city rushed to place their names among those to be received in this first group of DeMolay.

The Initiatory Degree began at 8:45 in the morning with the candidates divided into groups of 16 or more to receive the degree and the obligation. Such groups were received all through the day with only a slight pause for lunch. A banquet was served in the evening and then at eight o’clock—the first presentation of the DeMolay Degree was given with all of its drama, dedication, and sincerity.

Master Masons by the score rose in standing ovation and crowded around Dad Land to extend congratulations and pledge support

and help for what they called the "greatest thing" that has happened in their time. Slowly they all left and an exuberant but tired group of Advisors talked over the events of a long day. Land turned to Marshall saying, "You have written the perfect ritual for the perfect Fraternity." Marshall replied, "Your dream is now truth. It will carry as an inspiration for young men through all of time."



DAD LAND

So great was his growing dream that all his time and creative genius were given to its perfection.

6

DeMolay Reaches Out

ASA D. HURD, businessman, physical fitness expert and District Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, looked at his Sunday School Class in the Linwood Christian Church. He saw a large class of boys, 15 years of age, who listened as he began his lesson. "Last night I was in the Scottish Rite Temple. There must have been 300 boys there all engaged in some activity and having a whale of a time. A boxing ring had been erected in one of the rooms and in the center of the ring was the Reverend Earl Blackman, bobbing, weaving, and throwing punches in the air. As he shadowboxed he gave instructions and dropped an imaginary opponent to the canvas. The boys were excited for Earl Blackman had been known during the war as the 'Fighting Parson.' An Army Chaplain, I have been told, was regarded by the men as a sort of sissy, so on Earl's first assignment, he posted a notice stating that the Chaplain would take on all comers in the squared circle. He told me he was kept pretty busy until they found that he had been a professional boxer before entering the ministry."

"I had never heard of this club for boys, but I understand they have a beautiful ritual. They call it DeMola, or something like that. Maybe it is DeMolay from the last of the Templars but I think it is DeMola. You fellows are too young to join. You must be 16. When you are old enough, I want to be the one to sign your petitions."

This discourse was repeated in youth groups throughout the city. When a man interested in boys came in touch with the men and boys of DeMolay, he felt he must tell about it. So by word of mouth, the Order became a vital, enthusiastic, idealistic, youth movement to inspire the young men of 1919 and the generations that were to follow. In back of it was the exciting march of history, the eternal search for the meaning of existence and the stirring moments of the decline of the Order of Knights Templar in the tragic twilight of the Crusades.

There are many theories as to just why "DeMolay" caught on and grew as if by magic. Most of the original group insist that in addition to Dad Land, it was the personality of Louis G. Lower, the first DeMolay, that led the small group into the realization of a worldwide Order. He was truly a remarkable boy and man, a born leader. Others say that it was a successful baseball team that gave DeMolay its start. Some maintain it was the drill team led by Gib Langsdale as Captain, or the Band of 120 pieces, directed by Carl Trowbridge, or the orchestra, conducted by Delos Elmore, or the quartet with Averill Tatlock singing the lead. Some say, and it is true, that without the dedicated leadership of men prominent in the Masonic Fraternity that DeMolay would have remained just a local boys club. The real answer lies in all of the reasons given, plus a combination of all the elements loved by youth that now had a new meaning under the wise guidance of Frank S. Land.

The most exciting theory to many is that the growth of DeMolay came as a result of perfect timing caused by the necessity for such an Order, and of a man rising to the challenge of leadership. World War I was brought to an end on November 11, 1918 with the signing of an Armistice. Old ways and old moral codes gave way to a newer concept as the "roaring twenties" began their carefree, dancing path into the future. This new look at life and the breaking of old restrictive chains was quickly picked up by the youth of the time, who had never seen "Gay Paree" but liked the idea. It resulted in the age of the "Cake-eater," the "flapper," and the "Charleston." One of the jingles of the time expressed it this way:

Blessings on thee little dame,
Bareback girl with knees the same,
With thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
With thy make-up on thy face
With thy rolled down silken hose
With thy thin transparent clothes
From my heart I wish thee joy
Glad that I was born a boy.

The rebellious minority among the young people had the full swing of publicity, but the overwhelming majority still longed to hold to the virtues and codes that have always been respected by right thinking men. Many a youth risked popularity by refusing to go along with the crowd and in so doing, felt that he was alone. And then, and here is the element of perfect timing—the timing to have at just that moment in history, a man like Dad Land to give—to pour out his personality

to the teenage boy and restore a belief in idealism! It was as if the flaming smoke from a martyr's death had been blown across 400 years to serve as a beacon to one who could inspire boys by telling of Chivalry, of great quests, of dedicated personalities, of the worth during all ages of Filial Love, Reverence, Courtesy, Comradeship, Fidelity, Cleanness and Patriotism. For in every boy there is the desire to become the best he can. Many a man would testify in later years that the inspiration received in DeMolay remained with him through the years.

Prominent Masons in Kansas City were quick to see the potential in this youth organization. They gave support, dedicated leadership, encouragement, and financial assistance. As the local chapter grew, Masonic bodies throughout the nation caught the vision of DeMolay. The idealism and youthful proficiency captured their attention and fired the imagination of the Masonic world as its members saw age-old teachings, set forth in a Ritual not unlike their own ritualistic work.

As Masonic leaders saw DeMolay for the first time, it was as if they had found a jewel placed in a new setting whose perfection must be told again and again. They recognized a rich opportunity for men to be of help to boys as they approached the years of manhood. These men gave inspired talks after they had seen the degrees. In a kind of wonder and a new found enthusiasm, they would begin with the Preceptor stations and deliver an oration about each jewel of a new found Crown of Youth. One Master Mason, a prominent lawyer, saw the Initiatory Degree and when introduced to the chapter and invited to say a brief word, spoke for an hour. He became an old-time Evangelist. He started his talk by the side of the Master Councilor, then made his way from one officer to another, repeating the lessons to be learned from each. His voice took added volume as he progressed and he became increasingly vigorous with arms waving as he put more body-action into his movements. A cuff-link was lost at the station of the First Preceptor, another lost before the Senior Councilor, and his loosened tie was finally cast across the stand of the Seventh Preceptor. Then with a leap, he cleared three steps in one jump to stand, once more, by the side of the Master Councilor. His enthusiasm was tremendous, he might have drawn applause from William Jennings Bryan, but for the boys the hour was late, there was homework to be prepared for school the next day, and they had heard it before.

Bill Lacy, one of the early members, and young as he was, a Ma-

rine during the war, said—"I enjoyed those talks. It made me feel that I was part of something that was on the move. DeMolay had to grow. We were all going along with it and it never had a chance to fail."

DeMolay began to spread across the prairies like a wild fire. More and more inquiries came from Masons and Masonic groups about the requirements necessary to form chapters similar to the one in Kansas City. On April 7, 1920, the officers and advisors of Mother Chapter drove by car the 80 miles to Trenton, Missouri, and there, under the guidance of Ray Denslow, a group of young men had assembled to be initiated into DeMolay. The march of nine boys and a man had begun. Dad Land in addressing the class said, "I am happy to welcome each of you into DeMolay. I congratulate you and the Masonic brethren of Trenton. Oh, by the way, my boys call me 'Dad' and I believe it would be a good precedent to call each Advisor by that title of respect and appreciation, so I want 'Dad' Denslow to now say a few words to us."

A month later on May 8, 1920, a Chapter was instituted at Omaha, Nebraska. Dr. Zoro D. Clark, a prominent dentist of Omaha and Kinley Combs, a jeweler, had seen the working of DeMolay in Kansas City and asked for permission to form a chapter in their community. The degree team from Mother Chapter was taken to Omaha for this initial meeting of the first chapter formed outside the boundaries of Missouri.

Masonic leaders in state after state, city after city, heard of DeMolay and, filled with the deep desire to be of helpfulness to youth, sought permission to form chapters. Harry Bundy, one of the grand personalities of DeMolay and for many years the Jurisdictional Officer for Colorado tells how it all began in his state. "R. H. Malone, who was one of the first members of the Grand Council of Colorado, was attending a banker's meeting in Kansas City at the time of the organization of DeMolay. Being an active Mason and Deputy of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, he went to the Scottish Rite Temple and asked a man there, 'What are all these kids doing around the Masonic Temple at night?' The man happened to be Frank Land and he said, 'Why, this is a new organization. Would you like to see it, Brother Malone?' And Brother Malone was invited in to witness what must have been the organizational meeting of the members of the Order of DeMolay for boys, which was the name they had chosen."

"Brother Malone witnessed the degrees at a later time and bor-

rowed permission to take them to Colorado. The new Consistory of Scottish Rite had several hundred thousand dollars, and wanted an activity they could sponsor. Frank gave his permission to have an Order there but suggested we wait until September after the Omaha Chapter had been instituted and the boys had further perfected their work by instituting the Huron Chapter of DeMolay in Kansas City, Kansas. They came to Colorado after that and DeMolay was starting to progress steadily. We reached the point where we thought 15 chapters should have a central agency, and we formed the State Chapter of DeMolay. We decided our maximum would be 20, we now have 57 chapters and we haven't scratched the surface. Each community wanted a chapter and our own members journeyed to Lamar, Colorado Springs, even Grand Junction over the western slopes, and then north to Fort Collins, Loveland, and Greeley. Our boys instituted chapters in all our larger cities with very little to guide them, but with the sentiment that it was good for boys and that the Masons were back of them."

Chapters were formed in San Antonio, Texas; Pittsburg, Kansas; Duluth, Minnesota; St. Louis, Missouri; and San Francisco, California. By January 31, 1921, there were 52 chapters with a membership of 2,216. On many of these trips to institute new chapters Mother Chapter sent her degree team, band, patrol, and officers on a special train which would stop at towns en route where the band would play and the patrol would give their display of marching and precision drill. In October of 1921, the Mother Chapter Degree Team together with members of the Advisory Council were taken on a tour by railroad to institute DeMolay Chapters at Toledo and Cleveland, Ohio; Hyattsville and Baltimore, Maryland; Washington, D.C.; New York City; Indianapolis and Evansville, Indiana; and Louisville, Kentucky. Most of these cities had large classes of candidates. Indianapolis had a class of 744. For the year ending January 31, 1922, 165 chapters rendered Annual Reports showing an active membership of 28,638.

Each trip to institute a chapter was a glorious adventure. The boys coming from modest families had never been away from home. Together they thrilled to the motion of the train, eating in the diner, sleeping in the Pullman cars, and enjoying the luxury of hotels. Even Land, like Socrates who never ventured beyond the boundaries of Athens, had never traveled far from his native city.

In New York City they stayed at the Hotel Pennsylvania with rooms on the upper floors. The presentation of the Degrees of DeMolay that night had received a standing ovation and later the boys

had made their memorable tour of the city. The night, to them, was still young, so they gathered in various rooms to talk, to eat smuggled-in food, and to share experiences. Coming from such a discussion group, Willis Shepherd, Junior Deacon, discovered he had left his key in his room and now stood barefoot and in pajamas before a locked door. He was afraid of the razzing he would receive from the others if he went back to them for help and was too modest to take the elevator to secure another key at the hotel desk. To him there was only one thing to do. He walked down the 24 flights of stairs to the Lobby. There he hid behind a column until a bell boy brought another key. Tired, and with a Lobby empty of people, he was still too afraid to have someone see him clad only in pajamas, so he walked up the 24 floors back to his room.

Gib Langsdale, during the trip to St. Louis, was quartered in the home of the Master Councilor of the newly created Chapter. It was a pleasant house in the German sector of the city where all the houses were similar with common side walls in the pattern of the row houses of that period and neighborhood. Gib was late one night coming home and alone. He climbed the few steps to the door and, as it was unlocked, quietly found his way across the living room to the stairs. Then softly he entered his bed room and turned on the light. Instantly a scream wrenched the air and a lady in bed began to hastily pull the covers around her and to scream again. Gib stammered an apology, retreated down the stairs and stood shaking on the front stoop. He looked at the house and the next—they were all the same. Muttering to himself, he said "What a fellow will do for DeMolay!" and then, "I wonder which house I should try next."

In another city as the rooms were assigned, two members of the degree team were excited to find they had been given the "Bridal Suite." Their excitement dimmed when they found five others were to share the suite with them. They found seven beds in the room and thinking that extra beds had been moved in, lifted each bed only to find deep impressions in the carpet to indicate that the beds were permanent fixtures. They spent the rest of the night wondering how a bridal suite could have seven beds, but one of the boys rationalized by exclaiming, "They sure are comfortable!"

Leaving the hotel in Newark, New Jersey, the boys found Dad Land blocking the doors leading to the street. "Now fellows, take your luggage back to your rooms and unpack. You might find that by mistake you have a few things that do not belong to you. The hotel manager tells me that there is a charge to me of five hundred dol-

lars for such things as blankets, towels, silverware and ash trays. I know you all want souvenirs of the trip, but let's lighten our bags. Go back upstairs, take a recount. I will hold the bus until you get back."

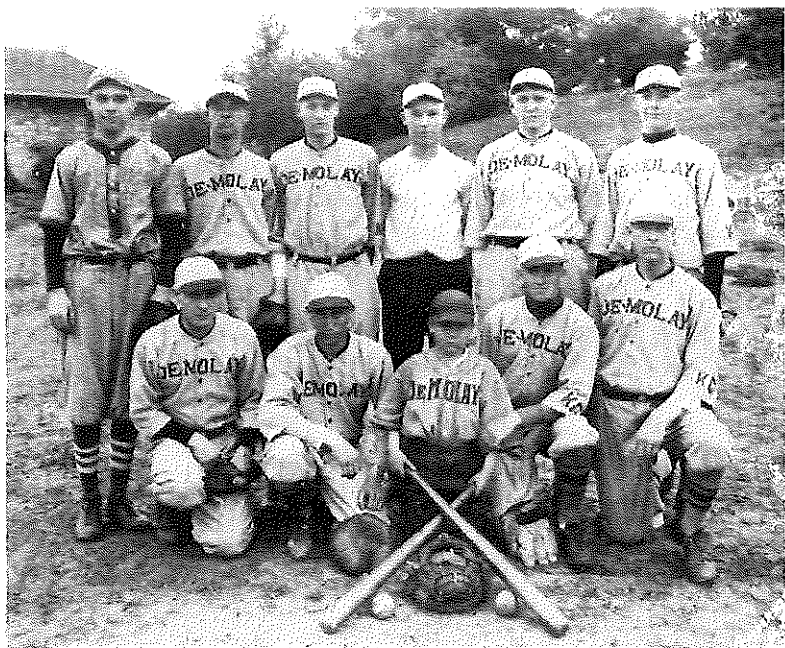
The concern of all was the perfection of the work to be presented in the next city. Weak points were smoothed out and the members of the cast took increasing pride in the part assigned to him. It was on the train approaching Coldwater, Michigan, that Land suddenly became doubtful of the ability of Don Munro, the new Master Councilor. Don had performed well in all offices, but this was a special challenge. So he called some of the boys together to frankly discuss placing Bill Lewis in Don's position. They said, "We want this to be good as much as you do. We vote for Don." After the investiture, it was Bill Lewis who said, "Munro knocked 'em dead."

The question was often put to those who made these trips about how they managed to be away for long periods of time and still remain in school; how they were able to maintain their grades and graduate. Their answer was, "We managed by applying ourselves both to our lessons and the pride we had in promoting DeMolay. Most of us had jobs after school as well. It was hard at times, but not one of us failed in school. Four of us, however, were expelled for taking off one afternoon to sing in the DeMolay Quartet without permission of the school authorities. When we told Dad about it, he called Dr. Wallace A. Armour, President of the School Board and a prominent Scottish Rite Mason, explained the situation, and we were reinstated. Dad Land always took care of his boys. He watched over us during the trips like a mother hen with a brood of chickens. He even gave us pink pills before we went to bed each night to keep us regular."

At home, Mother Chapter continued to grow and as more and more chapters were formed DeMolay spread over the nation. Frank Land was forced to give up his work with the Masonic Relief Committee to give all of his time to the Order he had founded. There was so much correspondence, so many people to see and so many details of organization to be worked out that he could not divide his time nor give only half measure to DeMolay. He extended his energy without measure and seemed bewildered at times at a growth which was rapidly placing DeMolay as one of the outstanding youth groups of the nation.

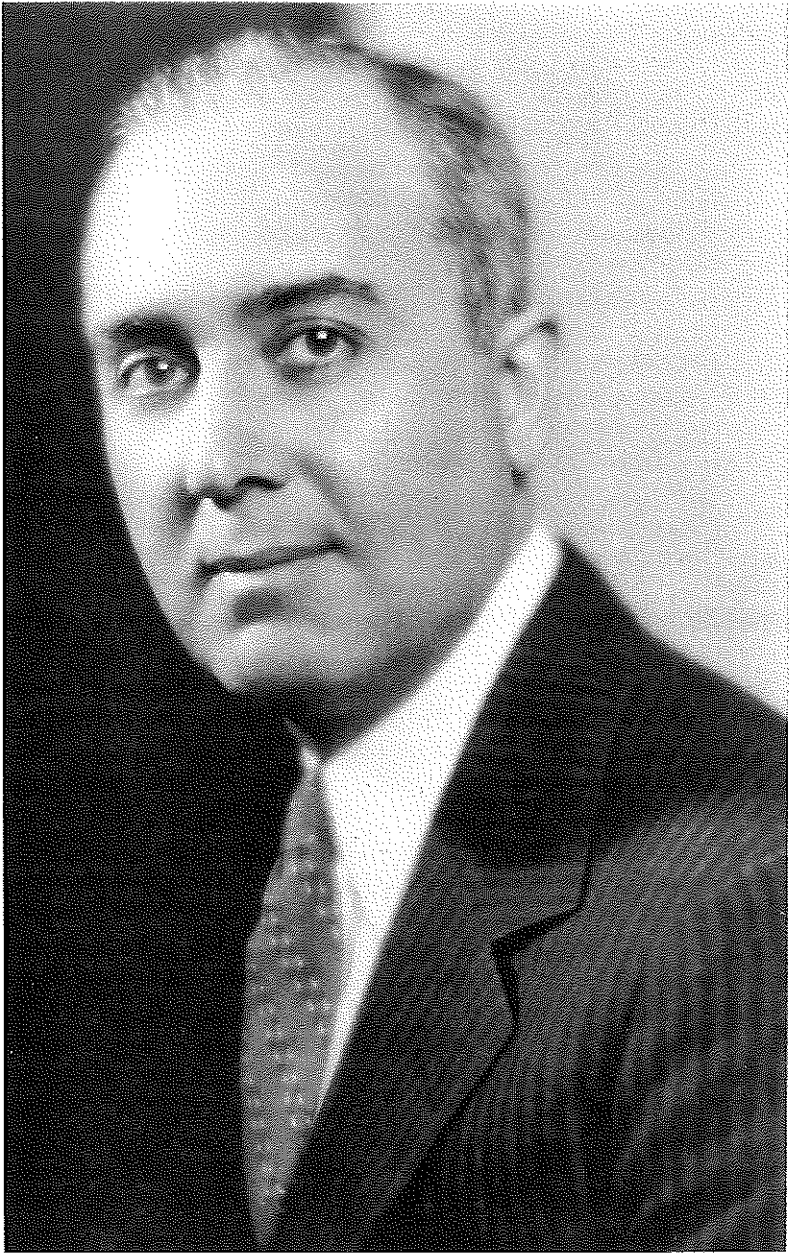
In February of 1923, as he entered his apartment, Nell's cheerful greeting was, "Hello, Sock, this must have been a great day. Your eyes are smiling. You look like something good happened. Come on now, tell me."

“Honey,” he said, “we have just given permission for the Chapter at Grand Forks, North Dakota, to go to Winnipeg, Canada, to institute a DeMolay Chapter there on February 24. Think of what it means to have a Canadian Chapter. DeMolay will now be International. Our boys’ club will become the International Order of DeMolay.”



MOTHER CHAPTER'S BASEBALL TEAM

Many have attributed the successful start of DeMolay to its baseball team and the leadership of Louis Lower, the first DeMolay (front row, far right).



DAD LAND

The Kansas City boys at this point felt that they had given Dad Land to the nation. But he always seemed available when they needed him.

PART TWO



THE GRAND COUNCIL

Officers of the first Grand Council of the Order of DeMolay. Front row (l-r): Percy A. Budd, Grand Treasurer; Zoro D. Clark, Grand 2nd Preceptor; Dad Frank S. Land, Grand Scribe; Alexander G. Cochran, Grand Master Counselor; Fred O. Wood, Grand Senior Counselor; Ellis R. Jones, Grand Senior Deacon. Back row: Alexander McDonald, Grand 3rd Preceptor; William P. Osgood, Grand 6th Preceptor; Frank I. Buckingham, Grand Junior Deacon; D. Clarke Kelly, Grand 1st Preceptor; Jesse M. Whitted, Grand Marshal; Richard H. Malone, Grand Junior Deacon; Frank A. Marshall, Grand Senior Deacon (and author of the DeMolay Ritual).

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Designs on the Trestle Board

THERE IS AN ANCIENT LEGEND telling of a master builder who made a practice of entering the cathedral he was constructing during the quiet time of the noon hour of each day as the craftsmen were taking time for refreshment. There he would first offer a prayer seeking the guidance of the Great Architect. Then he would proceed to draw designs on the trestle board. It was from the designs created in this manner that the workmen could carry to completion the work of building. They could carve in stone and bend the arches of support to give meaning, beauty, strength, and symbolism to their work.

Frank Land, in his hours of meditation, now saw the necessity of forming a guiding organization for the expanding horizon of DeMolay—he realized the pressing need of “drawing designs on the trestle board” so that the chapters of his Order might have direction and unity of operation. He turned to Alexander G. Cochran for advice and help. Judge Cochran, in 1920, represented the strength of the Masonic Order in Missouri as the Sovereign Grand Inspector General of the Scottish Rite, of the Southern Jurisdiction. He was a powerful man both in ability and in stature. He had been admitted to the bar when only 19 years of age and practiced law for eight years in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In the year of 1874 he was elected to serve as a member of the United States Congress and on his retirement from that office had moved to St. Louis where the Missouri Pacific Railroad used his talents for many, many years as their General Solicitor. President Taft had once suggested his name for a vacancy on the Supreme Court, but under pressure from the opposing political party had reluctantly withdrawn his name for nomination.

Judge Cochran had watched the formation of the Order of DeMolay and on November 8, 1919, attended a meeting of Mother Chapter. He became an enthusiastic sponsor. The boys were a bit awed by his presence and his air of the pompous but gave to him, at that

meeting, the title of Grand Commander. "Grand Champion" might have been a more appropriate title for he gave his leadership and guidance to youth from that time until his death, serving as Grand Master of DeMolay from 1921 to 1928.

The two men met in St. Louis while attending a Conference in the autumn of 1920. Judge Cochran said, "Frank, in all of fraternal history there has never been anything like this. How many chapters have been formed since the beginning, as I remember, only 18 months ago?"

"There are now approximately 50 chapters. The indication is that within another year this figure might soar to almost 500. Each day brings inquiries from all over the nation."

Cochran shook his head, "It is about what I thought. How do you expect to control this growth? You can't do it alone. Oh, I know you have good sponsorship and a group of men who work with you in Kansas City, but this is not enough. There must be a governing body to take in these Advisors of yours as well as the key-men in the various states where you have chapters. Unless you have such a controlling group—so help me—you will find others taking over your ritual or changing it at will. Similar groups will be formed without your consent, and, unless I am mistaken, you will be subjected to all kinds of criticism as an individual. There are always the jealous—the envious—who without hesitation will nail the hide of a successful man to the barn door."

"These things have already taken place, except the last, for my hide is still intact," Frank replied. "For example, in one of the northern states a boys' group has just been formed that is similar to DeMolay even to a ritual almost identical to ours. But, what can we do? As for myself, I have received all sorts of negative letters in an effort to tear me down. Some of them suggest that I am getting rich from DeMolay, others indicating fraud in selling DeMolay jewelry. I have even been accused of immoral conduct. These all hurt but the important thing is to keep DeMolay as an entity. You are right, 'Judge,' I have thought many times of this and from our talk today, I am convinced that we should have a guiding group to be the central and controlling force for DeMolay."

From this conversation the designs of an organization grew. A formative meeting was held on November 20, 1920, at the Baltimore Hotel in Kansas City with Land and Cochran leading the discussion with local leaders. Committees were appointed to write a Constitution, to designate special days for observance by all chapters, to make

plans and an agenda for the first meeting of what was to be known as "The Grand Council of the Order of DeMolay for Boys."

Frank Land was possessed with a remarkable sense of the beautiful, the use of space and a dramatic presentation in all things. Now he prepared the auditorium of the Scottish Rite Temple in Kansas City for the first meeting of the Grand Council held on March 7 and 8 of 1921. First the floor area was cleared of all seating, then a DeMolay altar with a covering of white satin on which had been embroidered the DeMolay emblem was placed in front of the steps leading to the stage. On the altar he placed an open Bible with a marker of velvet, a few school books bound with a leather strap were placed on one corner, roses and carnations were placed to give color to the settings. A stage curtain of simple color and design was used as a backdrop for the meeting.

Perhaps he remembered the "Round Table" of King Arthur, for he arranged tables in such a manner as to form a great hollow-core ellipse and covered them with deep green felt. At the head of this table and a few paces from the altar was a heavily carved, high back chair with arms and a cushion of embossed fabric. This was for Alexander Cochran who had been selected to serve as the temporary Grand Master and to preside over the meetings. Smaller chairs were placed about the table with name cards to indicate where each man was to sit. Land, as acting Scribe, was seated to the right of the Grand Master.

There was an atmosphere of destiny in the room as the men took their places for each was dedicated to his new youth movement and realized that every act, every word and every decision of this group would influence and give tradition for all the years of the future. Judge Cochran opened the meeting and then Frank Land addressed the group, saying, "You are the men who have been with me from the very beginning. You have seen a group of nine boys grow into a membership of thousands. The interest you have taken, your willingness to give of your time and your influence has made this growth possible. You are all dedicated men interested in helping boys grow into manhood with a respect for God, for Country, and an appreciation for Home. We have worked together and have founded here in this city something of such importance that it is now shared by groups throughout the nation. We take pride in what has been done. Now, through necessity, it is our obligation to create a governing group to bring unity of ritual and forms of procedure by which chapters from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Texas to Minnesota

may operate. I ask each of you to accept the role you will assume as the first members of this Grand Council with the same dedication and willingness to serve DeMolay as you have so beautifully shown in the past. Before we enter into the business of the day, let us follow the tradition of Masonry by offering a prayer."

All of the men invited to this formative meeting were present except John A. Glazier and Harry L. Salisbury. Those present were:

Alexander G. Cochran
Fred O. Wood
Raymond D. Havens
Percy A. Budd
Alexander McDonald
Arthur S. Metzger

Frank S. Land
Ellis R. Jones
Frank I. Buckingham
Frank A. Marshall
William P. Osgood

During the session Fred O. Wood moved that the following men should be elected to serve as members of the first Grand Council:

Richard H. Malone of Colorado
Zoro D. Clark of Omaha, Nebraska
D. Clark Kelly of Kansas
Edward Ashley of South Dakota
Jesse Meigs Whited of Northern California
Jesse Alden West of Iowa

All of these with the exception of Edward Ashley and Jesse Alden West were in attendance, making a total attendance of 15 for the two-day session.

The first order of business was a report from a Formation Committee that had been appointed during the preliminary meeting of November 20. Each member present had been made familiar with the material presented and enthusiastically endorsed the provisions of the first Constitution and Statutes of Order. This document provided for the expansion of the membership of the Grand Council by including those who would serve as Jurisdictional Officers in the various States where DeMolay Chapters would be formed. A restriction on such members, however, was made by limiting the membership to a maximum of 50. There was an understanding that when this number was reached and a Jurisdictional Officer was qualified, the Kansas City men would resign to make membership available.

The Statutes provided for a fiscal year to end on January 31. To finance the Order of DeMolay, a provision was made that the Scribe of each Chapter should remit to the Grand Scribe the sum of 50 cents for each candidate receiving the Initiatory Degree, and an additional fee of 50 cents for a Patent of Membership for each candidate receiv-

ing both degrees. In addition there was the provision that every Chapter should, annually, before the 31st of January, remit to the Grand Scribe the sum of 15 cents for each of its members shown upon its rolls on the last day of January.

Fifty-two chapters had been instituted and were now granted charters as provided by the new Constitution. Charter No. 1 was issued to the Kansas City Chapter, recognized as the Mother Chapter of the World. Charter No. 2 was issued to Huron Chapter of Kansas City, Kansas, and Charter No. 3 was issued to Pittsburg Chapter of Pittsburg, Kansas. The total membership of the 52 chapters was reported as being 3,336.

Officers were elected as the next order of business. Each man was elected with appreciation for his outstanding help during the brief history of DeMolay. They were:

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| Grand Master | Alexander G. Cochran |
| Deputy Grand Master | John H. Glazier |
| Grand Senior Councilor | Fred O. Wood |
| Grand Junior Councilor | Raymond M. Havens |
| Grand Treasurer | Percy A. Budd |
| Grand Scribe | Frank S. Land |

Dad Land had from the very beginning told his boys that they should reach out beyond their own activities and be of help to others. Now, through a special committee, with Frank I. Buckingham as chairman, certain days were selected as the time to render such service by all chapters. The Grand Council voted to adopt them as a vital part of the organization. They believed in them so strongly that they gave them the name of Obligatory Days. The days selected were to be observed as Patriots' Day, Parents' Day, DeMolay Day of Comfort, Devotional Day, and Education Day. The very names indicate the elements of life that were important to these Founding Fathers and those facets of society that, in their opinion, should never vanish from a worthwhile society. The Day of Comfort was to be observed on the third day of January by the members visiting hospitals, carrying flowers and expressing words of comfort to those confined therein. Devotional Day was to be the Sunday nearest to March 18 when each Chapter would attend a church as a group. Patriots' Day was planned for May 1 to review the patriotic events of the country and the men and women who gave of themselves that freedom and liberty should be the heritage of each citizen. Education Day was the second regular meeting in September to emphasize the Public Schools as the bulwark of our liberty and that they must be maintained. Par-

ents' Day was to be observed on the Sunday preceding November 21 to show appreciation of all a boy's parents had done for him by a special meeting to which the parents were to be invited.

Land explained to the group that, in his opinion a National Supervisor should be selected to contact and address Masonic Bodies regarding the formation of new chapters. The Grand Council approved his suggestion but it was not until May that a man with the prominence and the skill of writing and the ability of speaking required for this position could be found. Ray V. Denslow had been active in DeMolay since the first group was formed and now accepted the appointment as ambassador to travel the nation. He was extremely successful in creating interest in DeMolay and from his efforts hundreds of new chapters were formed. In 1923, however, he resigned this position to accept the positions of Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar of Missouri; Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter, Royal Arch Masons of Missouri; and Grand Recorder of the Grand Council, Royal and Select Masters of Missouri. In 1931 he was elected to serve as the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Missouri. Frank Land had the unique ability of surrounding himself with men of ability. He seemed to look into the future and see the fulfillment of high potential in a man. Ray Denslow was such a man as he rose from national supervision of DeMolay to the highest positions in the Masonic Fraternity and was respected in the nation as an author, publisher, exponent of good, and one of the greatest Masonic student-researchers of a generation.

The formation of a Grand Council gave a central authority for the operation of DeMolay. The designs had been drawn on the trestle board but the rapid expansion of the Order made it almost impossible to keep up with the work related to new and old chapters—and to the new members added each month. By the second annual meeting of the Grand Council in March of 1922, it was reported that 408 new chapters had been formed during the year.

Frank Land was now the indefatigable leader of the Order. The Scottish Rite provided in their Temple a private office and another larger office without charge to the National Headquarters of DeMolay. The office staff was small for in addition to Land there were only three others to conduct the business of the Order. Delos H. Elmore, one of the early DeMolays and a Past Master Councilor of Mother Chapter, served as stenographer, took care of the rituals and the multitude of details. Two men were necessary to hand engrave the large Patents of Membership used at the time. It was such an inadequate

staff for such a large undertaking that Dad Land now looked about for a man to take charge of the office under the title of General Auditor, with power to employ a bookkeeper, clerks, and stenographers to bring order out of disorder.

It was almost by accident that Charles A. Boyce was found to fill this position on June 12, 1922.

"Charley" Boyce was then 35 years old and one evening walking in the neighborhood of his home at 3604 Montgall, he found Land also out for an evening stroll. The two neighbors and fellow Lodge members fell into step and casually talked about the affairs of the world and events of mutual interest. Finally Land said, "Charley, how would you like to come with DeMolay? I need you." The idea and the challenge appealed to Charley and even with the realization that he would be earning less money, he said, "I would like to join forces with you."

He was ideal for the position so casually offered to him. He had been with the Kansas City Southern Railway in the General Headquarters Office for 16 years in charge of the Auditors of Receipts office with 153 employees. He was a man of short stature with a friendly smile that seemed always present, a quiet man of great ability. He was to be more than an Executive Assistant to Frank Land. He was his friend, advisor, and consultant. Much of the growth and spirit of DeMolay is due to this "little man of graceful charm" who endeared himself to boys and men in the formative and growth period of DeMolay. He moved quietly behind the scenes to give order and meaning to the organization. In 1926, on June 16, he married Gertrude Youngkin. As they were returning from their honeymoon, Charley said to his bride, "Tomorrow I am going with Frank Land on a tour of the western states and then to a Leadership Camp at Bear Lake, Colorado. I will be back in September." From early July until September 7, Charley saw his bride only for one day—such was his devotion to Frank Land and DeMolay.

Expansion was the very breath of DeMolay. New chapters and enlarged membership demanded an increase in office space and personnel. The small offices so generously provided by the Scottish Rite were now crowded and inadequate. New and larger space was secured on the twelfth floor of the Federal Reserve Bank Building at Tenth and Grand Avenue in Kansas City. Even this was soon outgrown as Land accepted the responsibility of promoting a nationwide program of youth development at the request of President Calvin Coolidge. Eventually the office space was increased until it occupied

the entire west side of the building. The calm, dignified, and capable personality of Land was apparent in the office as under his direction the walls were painted, carpets installed, and the desks arranged to give the feeling of space and dedication. Visitors were impressed by the appearance of the office, the staff, and the courtesy extended.

Frank Land was no longer the shy, timid, young man of the past but had grown in stature and in confidence. He was known throughout the nation as the Founder and controlling genius of DeMolay. Thousands of boys and men called him "Dad." He was under constant pressure to make personal appearances, radio interviews and to speak to youth groups across the nation. Increasingly he was away from the office, but no matter where he was he always made three phone calls each day—one to the office, one to his wife, and one to his mother. His mother would end the conversation by saying, "Now, Frankie, you be a good boy."

The Kansas City boys at this point felt that they had given Dad Land to the nation. But he always seemed available when they needed him. Here was one of the first DeMolays calling on him to tell about the young lady he had met and wanted to marry but did not have the \$25 as a down payment on an engagement ring. "I will be glad to loan you the money, Bill," said Land, "I know the girl. She is just right for you, congratulations! Pay me when you can." Here was a young minister preaching his first sermon, looking over the congregation and finding "Dad" seated in a back row and smiling encouragement. Here was young Chris Nungesser giving a talk before the Grand Master's Conference in Washington, D.C., feeling like a "young whippersnapper" until he saw "Dad" in the back of the balcony, raise his right hand and place his thumb to his forefinger in an age-old symbol of victory, giving full approval to what he was saying. Dad Land never forgot his boys. He seemed to always be where he could give encouragement, advice, or guidance. Countless letters were sent to those graduating from school and to those who had gained some form of recognition.

Mother Chapter was always dear to his heart and when a great "Youth Parade" was scheduled for Kansas City with Bryan Washburn, silent movie star, as the leader, he eagerly consented to have the various DeMolay units take part. But the Patrol, the 125 piece band with Earl Trowbridge as Drum Major, and the Drill teams were not enough. DeMolay represented Knighthood and how better to show it to the City than to have knights mounted on spirited horses as a part of the parade. He was able to locate three outfits of antique ar-

mour and to rent three horses. He had two boys of the chapter who were expert horsemen, Averill Tatlock and Bill Lewis—but how about the third Knight? Then he saw Gorman McBride in the office, “Gorman,” he said, “Can you ride a horse?” Gorman had never been closer to a horse than on the Merry-Go-Round of the local amusement park and that on the stationary horse rather than the carousel animals that went up and down. But to Gorman, if Dad Land said he could ride—he could ride. If Dad Land wanted him for a Knight, he could be a Knight, so he said, “Sure I can ride a horse.”

On the morning of the parade the three boys dressed in the Scottish Rite Temple, donning suits of chain link armour, steel helmets, brilliant colored blazers, and wide belts with heavy scabbards and swords. The horses were waiting and as the young knights mounted each was given a lance with a flying pennant to carry. Their place in the parade line-up was blocks away. Tatlock and Lewis turned their mounts and set off at a gallop. Gorman’s horse with herd instinct dashed off at the same pace to overtake the other two. But the rider bouncing up and down with inexperienced horsemanship first tried to slow down by pulling on the reins. This maneuver failed so Gorman grasped the saddle horn with both hands with such vigor that the visor of his helmet snapped shut. Still weaving in the saddle and about to be thrown, he leaned forward and threw both his arms around the neck of the horse. Finally as his horse came abreast of the others, he heard the sound of metal clashing against his armour. He finally opened the visor of his helmet and saw a young boy, breathless from running, who panted, “Mister, did yo’ all lose your sword? This dropped out on the street two blocks back. I ran all the way to give it to you. Yo’ all sure ride funny. Good thing that flag is tied on.”

A slow parade pace gave confidence to three mounted Knights carrying the insignia of the Crusades and of DeMolay. At the end of the march the attendant looked at Gorman and his horse—both covered with perspiration and lather—and said, “Boy, you must have had some ride.”

Gorman, almost falling, answered with, “Dad Land told me I could ride and I did. Anything Dad Land tells me I can do, I can do.”

This confidence was shared by the members of the Grand Council for in 1923, in the Address of the Grand Master, Judge Cochran, in oratory that had swayed countless juries, had this to say:

“Now, about the Order of DeMolay, what can I say about it? A

year ago the Grand Council met at Kansas City. It was a fine meeting. There were not so many present as there are upon this occasion, because at that time there were not so many deputies appointed. But nevertheless we met with hearts full of exultation, because the progress of the Order at that time had been most marvelous. It had grown up from that little bit of a shoot that peeped above the ground into a majestic tree that spread its branches over the earth in benediction. The tree is still growing. It is a bigger tree, a grander tree, more magnificent in its spreading branches and its giant trunk than it was a year ago.

“Oh, what wonderful progress has been made in the past year! I have had my part, as my duty required me to have, in connection with that advance, but I do not desire to claim the credit of being more than one whose heart was deeply in the work and who did what fell to his hands to do in promoting a work which has been conducted so ably and with so much wonderful ability by my dear boy, Frank Land, the inspiration of the movement, for it was his brain that first conceived it; it has been his child, his whole heart and time and mind have been devoted to it. I have been to Kansas City oftentimes to our reunions there, and in the performance of other Masonic duties, and always in Frank’s room you see his table heaped up with papers and letters, until I could hardly see how it was possible for a man to get through with the work that he got through, because it is not work that you can commit to others, it is work that requires his brain and his heart to make it a success. He can have, and indeed he has, a good office force, not as large perhaps as the excess of work requires, but he has carefully selected them with very great thoughtfulness. But, after all, it is his brain that carries the whole thing along. The office force simply does what he tells it to do. It is he who dictates the letters, it is he who considers the various problems, it is he who takes his satchel, jumps onto the train and hies himself off to Texas or to Oklahoma, or far away into our Western country, or again, eastward bound to the majestic city of New York, or to Philadelphia, or to Connecticut, or to New Jersey, where such wondrous work has been done in the development of the DeMolay Order since we met a year ago. It is not a question of whether he is leg weary or brain weary. It has been a service of heart and soul and conscience, and it has been as faithfully performed as it could be performed by any living human being.

“I want to say to you, my dear brethren, that Frank is my boy, and I love him, I don’t admire him merely, don’t like him merely, have

not merely a high regard for him, but he has his place way down deep in my heart. I honor and respect him, and I regard him as the great moving impulse which has pressed this Order of ours forward and will continue to press it forward as long as he lives."

The annual report for 1924 showed a membership of 114,798 with 1,171 active chapters. Land felt the need of ever-increasing activities and had been looking for a competent man to head a department of programs and activities. In Denver he heard a young man speak in praise of youth at a time when young people were rebelling against the established order to the concern of the older generation.

He concluded his speech with, "I am entirely out of sympathy with the pessimistic criticism being made of the young people of today. In my relations with the young folks, I find them to be fully equal, if not superior, to the past generations. They have better opportunities and are taking advantage of them. Of course, there are a certain percentage of young people who waste their opportunities and themselves, but this is also true in the older groups. The dauntless healthy spirit of youth, properly directed, can and will save any nation against downfall or criminal domination."

The speaker was Roy E. Dickerson, a professional youth authority and Assistant State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Colorado. He was the author of a book, *So Youth May Know* and several research papers on the psychology of the young mind. Land recognized that in Roy Dickerson he had found a professionally trained and nationally known man to carry on an accelerated program of activities.

The following day, he called on Dickerson saying, "Roy, we have a youth movement that is growing and will continue to grow. But we need you. You have the training and ability to provide activities that will supplement the Ritual and give added meaning to the idealism of DeMolay. We have tried a number of projects such as a series of leaflets on Citizenship prepared by Professor R. V. Harmon of Kansas City and Professor James W. Searson of the University of Nebraska, a magazine called *The DeMolay Councilor* and many other activities, including the work of George B. Sykes, a prominent writer and newspaperman, as Director of Publicity. But these are not enough for there is a gap in our efforts to help each boy become the best man he can become. I would like for you to come to DeMolay and begin your work by developing a program of self-evaluation that will challenge each of our members to review his abilities and how best to develop them in the years before him. You know we are all

too rushed—too busy—to calmly sit down and think about where we have been and where we are going.”

Roy replied, “Of course you are right. There are too many men who just drift into their life work by chance. It would be a great personal help if everyone would take time to occasionally listen to an old hymn, ‘Count Your Many Blessings’ and then pay heed to the still, small voice within him.”

“That would be your first assignment,” said Frank. “I want each of our members to be a true representative of the Order, both now and the years to come. Will you come with us?”

Roy responded, “I will be proud to be a member of your staff.”

Many youth organizations stressed a personal growth based on the qualities of spiritual, mental, physical, and fellowship ideals, but Roy Dickerson wanted to go beyond these and created a program that touched 17 facets of a well-developed personality. These included Mental Development, Reading, Current History, Self Expression, Nature Interests, Lifework, Health Education, Physical Development, Care of Body, Physical Fitness, Manual Skill, Home Relations, Self Mastery, Religious Ideals, Chapter Loyalty, Citizenship, Recreational Habits, and a statement in answer to the question, “What has DeMolay done for you?”

Two printed forms of questions to be answered were prepared. The first in simple form to give the content of a more elaborate and intensive booklet to list in detail all the points included. A point system for the answer to each question was suggested not as a final grade but as a goal of achievement. Each boy was to evaluate himself in this manner as he graded himself to remind him of the comparative value he placed on each portion of his development. It was—and is—a difficult examination but in 1924, the first year, 201 boys were given the cherished designation of truly representing the Order of DeMolay.

In later years, Roy was to say, “I reached back to the age of chivalry and brought it back to a modern time. You know, in the middle ages when a young man was to receive Knighthood, he was required to spend the night before the ceremony in contemplation and alone. He retired to a secluded place, often a chapel where he could review his training, his ambitions and worth as he contemplated a life of service, of humility and devotion. Even in primitive societies a boy is required to spend time apart from the tribe before being accepted as a man. Our program has a great tradition from the past. I simply cart it into modern form to fill a neglected need for contemplation on the part of our boys. I know of no other youth group that has such an intensive and inclusive scheme of self evaluation.”

The first Leadership Training Camp was attended by many of the first Representative DeMolays in late August of 1924. Roy Dickerson had planned the camp with care and had selected Bear Lake, some ten miles west of Estes Park, Colorado, within the shadow of Long's Peak as the site. Louie Lower, Charles Boyce, Frank Marshall and a few jurisdiction officers made up the Staff to provide class meetings and group discussions. It was such a successful camp that others followed, until in the years before the depression four camps were held: at Camp Nelson Dodd, Brinkhaven, Ohio; Presbyterian Hill, Hollister, Missouri; at Spirit Lake in Iowa and again the annual camp at Bear Lake.

Frank Land was urged to attend this first camp to give his inspiration and strength of purpose to the boys and to take time to rest in the beauty of the mountains. The strain of his activities had left him exhausted with the sweet tiredness of accomplishment. He found composure and restored confidence in his deep religious faith. His home was a place of comfort and his wife seemed to bring the words of encouragement he most needed. In early June, he was glad that he had agreed to Dickerson's request to go to Bear Lake for one of his deepest disappointments now burst suddenly upon him.

The Imperial Session of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America was held in the Orpheum Theatre in Kansas City on June 3, 1924. It was a time of strenuous activity on the part of Ararat Temple serving as host in honor of its Past Potentate, James E. Chandler, who was to be installed as Imperial Potentate. Fred O. Wood as host Potentate called upon Frank Land to have the members of DeMolay serve as pages or aides and to place their drill units and band in the great Street Parade. This call to service was received with an outpouring of enthusiastic response. It was an opportunity to cooperate with a national meeting and to repay the Masonic World for the help given during the formative years of DeMolay. Even Nell was enlisted to help. She enjoyed the meetings planned for the ladies and drove her car to provide transportation. At the close of the session when she had taken the last guest from the hotel to the railroad station, she returned to her apartment before Frank. He climbed the steps to his apartment, tired, but radiant with the memory of the part his boys and his wife had taken. It was a proud and happy Frank Land returning home with the full flush of triumph. But his feelings were short lived. He found Nell in tears and listened as she told of a meeting she had with a group of ladies who had called to visit her in the afternoon.

"Frankie," she sobbed, "those ladies were rude to me. I served tea

to them and entertained them with selections on the piano. They were at first polite, understanding, and gracious. I had a feeling of admiration for them and was proud to have them as friends in our home. And then they told me why they had called."

Frank listened as the sobs gave place to a determination on her part he had never before seen.

"They told me that I was standing in your way. One said you were at the beginning of a great career and that I would only be the girl you had married in your youth. Another dared to suggest that because my parents were born in Poland that I was a foreigner and not accepted in American society. One dear lady said that because I was not a college graduate, I did not know how to meet people nor how to entertain as I would be called upon to do. They suggested that if I would consent to accept their help and join certain organizations that I would be acceptable.

"I thanked them for their good intentions and even drove some of them to the Union Station this evening—but Frank, I will never again take part in their meetings. I love you too much to be a hindrance. I will remain in the background even though I know that my absence will cause talk and that I shall be lonely when you are away. Oh, Frank, why did this have to be?"

Nothing that Frank could say was able to change her decision. This proud, sensitive and shy person from that time seldom left her apartment and remained in a seclusion of her own choice. She gave her time to the care of a nephew and on Thursday afternoons her sisters came to her apartment—but she did not become a part of Frank's life beyond the walls of their home. It was a tragedy. This gracious and beautiful lady could have given so much of charm to the organization and the people Frank's life touched. Instead he seldom, if ever, mentioned her and she became, through the years, a woman of mystery and the least understood of all those who gave of themselves to DeMolay.

8

A Shrine to Youth

DEMOLAY WAS NOW in the throes of "growing pains." Personality clashes, differing opinions and lack of financing pressed constantly for solutions.

The sixth annual session of the Grand Council was held in Kansas City in March of 1926. The phenomenal growth of DeMolay was reflected in the ever increasing interest in youth that continued to surge across the nation of 5,572 new DeMolay members and the creation of 61 new Chapters was reported for the previous year.

Judge Alexander G. Cochran, Grand Master Councilor, in his address, said, "This year, my Brethren, has closed and I hope we will not have another year when there will be so many things to make trouble and make necessary trips here and there and everywhere; make necessary the exercise of diplomacy in dealing with the different influences and different people to keep peace as far as possible and to prevent discord and dissatisfaction. . . . It has been quite a trying year for me, but I now come through the clouds and darkness which have surrounded us at times in the past year and can see only sunlight in the year that is to come."

The issues faced stemmed from problems both old and new and yet the Order of DeMolay was so young that there were few who had caught even a remote vision of the frontiers it was crossing. Six years before it was wrapped up in community action; overnight it beckoned national recognition; and then rapidly emerged as a worldwide Youth Movement. DeMolay's cradle days were spent in the age-old contest for survival. It tasted the fruits of both victory and failure but the days gave it strength and character.

The great burden of responsibility rested on Frank Land, but as Cochran said, "He always bravely met it. There were times during this period when he met with difficulties and embarrassments which seemed at the moment to be insurmountable. But he has always found a means of meeting these exigencies in the wisest and best

manner which seemed possible. His whole effort has been to do the right thing and the best thing which the conditions would permit."

Such a time of adjustment was inevitable. The Order had grown much too fast to entrench a given position before advancing to another. Like every organization during its early years, the income was small and the expenses of organization, of propaganda, establishing chapters, opening up states and territories was large. Much more money was spent than was taken in. The magazine that had been published under the name *The DeMolay Councilor* was discontinued with a huge deficit and all field promotion became a memory. Traditions that would formulate and guide decisions of the future had not been established. They were in the nebulous stage of creation.

The recorded speeches give evidence, however, of the vision of the Grand Master Councilor that the sun was to shine through the clouds. Each man as he spoke, talked with enthusiasm of what the future would bring. For example, H. H. Mathonet, in his welcoming address said, "At the present age there is a spirit of unrest in the youth of every land which uncurbed and without the higher ideals taught in a broad way, will bring about only one thing and that is a repetition of history, the fall of nations; but out of this movement comes the impetus for the building of citizenship among the young men, among the youth who will carry on when we are gone." They were optimistic and radiated confidence.

The Grand Council had served in the formative years to give unity and guidance but now, to continue on a more comprehensive basis, a resolution was adopted creating a committee that should "execute Articles of Agreement and take such other steps as are necessary or advisable to incorporate the Grand Council as a benevolent association under the laws of Missouri and to that end engage the Honorable Darius A. Brown to act as attorney for the Grand Council."

The committee consisting of Cochran, Glazier, Land and Marshall appeared before the Circuit Court of Jackson County, Missouri, in the March term of 1926 and submitted the Articles of Agreement of the Association, together with a request for a pro forma decree. This petition was granted March 27, 1926, and recorded by the Secretary of State at Jefferson City, Missouri, April 6, 1926, with the duration of the Corporation to extend for 50 years.

In the petition appeared the first written intent of purpose of the Order. It stated, "this Association is formed for the purpose of forming a perfect fraternal union, establishing order and tranquility and providing for and promoting the general welfare and serving the best interests of the Order of DeMolay throughout the world; the further

purpose of 'The Grand Council of the Order of DeMolay' is to promote the social and moral welfare of young men between the ages of 16 and 21; to teach duty to God, neighbor and self; to demand of each clean living, high respect for parents, deference to womanhood and love of country and free institutions; and to do any and all things necessary and proper to develop boyhood into intelligent, moral, self-sustaining and law-abiding manhood. In order to accomplish the above results, it is the further purpose of the Grand Council of the Order of DeMolay to organize local chapters of boys between the ages of 16 and 21 years in all parts of the world, using the methods which are now and have heretofore been used by the Grand Council of the Order of DeMolay, a voluntary association." This statement was to be changed in the years of World War II to permit young men of 14 years of age to become members of the Order.

Dad Land proposed at this session of the Grand Council that a single manufacturer be appointed as the sole and official distributor of DeMolay jewelry. Since 1923 some 30 jewelry manufacturers were licensed to provide emblems and jewelry resulting in the use of inferior materials and a hodgepodge of unofficial jewelry. Now order and uniformity were restored to the material to be purchased by the Order and used by the members.

Three awards were approved that had been presented for consideration at the 1925 meeting, the DeMolay Cross of Honor, the DeMolay Medal of Heroism and the Legion of Honor. Rules and requirements to give a systematic guide for the Medal of Heroism were adopted and three DeMolays were elected to receive this award. They were Arthur Whitehead, Old Colony Chapter, Quincy, Massachusetts; Samuel Pierce, Alameda Chapter, Alameda, California; and William Elkins, Baltimore Chapter, Baltimore, Maryland.

The Cross of Honor was to recognize those members of DeMolay Advisory Councils who had rendered conspicuously meritorious service for at least three years. Approximately 165 nominees were recognized and given this award during this session of the Grand Council.

The formation of a "Legion of Honor" had for a long time been in the mind of Frank Land. He wanted to honor the young men who had been with him in the early days and were now entering the world of business and the professions. They had grown away from him as their DeMolay days of active membership came to a close and he missed them. One of them said, "Dad, you will never know the feeling I had when I returned to the chapter for the first time after I became 21 and stood while the fellows knelt in prayer. It made me feel

like I was an old man. Now with the future before me and the time required in my work, I seldom attend the meetings."

One night as Land was reading Plutarch's *Lives of Illustrious Men*, he became fascinated by the story of Caesar's Immortal Tenth Legion, how "He was so much master of the goodwill and hearty service to his soldiers, that those who in other expeditions were but ordinary men, displayed a courage past defeating or withstanding when they went into any danger where Caesar's glory was concerned . . . love of honor and distinction were inspired into them and cherished in them by Caesar." The words burned into his mind of how Caesar knew each man by name and how the Legion never fought so bravely as when under the eye of this great general. As he closed the book, the words "Legion" seemed to become synonymous with "Honor" until in his imagination he saw his boys bravely setting forth to engage in the battle of life as a "Legion of Honor" and he thought, "I can call each by his name." It was enough. The next morning he called Frank Marshall and Charles Boyce to meet him as soon as they had finished breakfast. There he told them of his plan and his dream of showing recognition to those who had been members of the Order of DeMolay and were showing promise of ability in their chosen fields of endeavor.

He turned to Marshall, "Frank," he said, "I want you to write a new ritual to be used in a ceremony of investiture for these selected men. I want it to be meaningful with all the beauty of rededication to vows taken at the DeMolay altar when they were a few years younger. Moreover, I want to help you as you write—not that you need my assistance—but this is close to me and my ideas are so clear as to what it should contain that I believe I can guide you best by the two of us writing together."

Marshall was delighted. He considered the DeMolay Ritual to be the best product of his literary career and now here was the opportunity of writing another ritual, only this time it was to inspire men.

Charles Boyce suggested an additional approach. "We have a great number of outstanding men in the nation who have given so much to DeMolay. How about making some of them 'Honorary' members in addition to those selected as 'Active' members because they had the advantage of being young enough to have been active members of the Order? It would be the opportunity of giving an honor to those Masons who have shown their interest in our boys." The idea was approved by the two Franks who were later to introduce the use of a red cordon for the Active members and a white cordon for the Honorary members as a meaningful and visual distinction among the members of the Legion of Honor.

In the final script, the Preceptor parts were taken from the chapter ritual for as Dad Land said, "these values, these seven cardinal virtues are true for all of life. They should be the same for grown men as they are for young men." This suggestion of a continuing growth was expressed in the closing words of the prayer to be used in the Dedication, "to become more knightly in serving God and country, more chivalrous for fellowmen, and more valiant for DeMolay." As a climax to the investiture the two men reached into the tradition of many of the honor degrees of Masonry, by the presentation of a cordon and medallion, a ring for the Active Members, and finally the touch of a sword on each shoulder and of the head. Dad Land mused over this ceremony of Knighthood and decided the words used with the placing of the sword should be, for "God, for Country, and for DeMolay." Music was placed at intervals in the ceremony to give additional meaning and to accentuate the spoken word. Flowers, especially as symbols of the Preceptors stations, were carefully placed as were the Bible and altar, the marching and formation of the officers, and periods of meditation.

The Grand Council in adopting the award placed these restrictions to be used in selecting candidates, "this citation of honor shall be conferred upon those DeMolays, only, who have performed unusual and meritorious, civic, and DeMolay service; they must be 20 years of age; that a DeMolay cannot himself apply for the distinction and that the recommendations must be made by the Advisory Council of a Chapter to their Members of Deputy who may nominate to the Grand Council such nominees as he deems worthy of the decoration. No nominee or member of a chapter should have knowledge of the recommendation."

The first public Investiture was held on the evening of May 28, 1926, in Kansas City with Frank Land assuming the position of the Commander in the East as he was to do each year until 1955 when he appointed Clarence E. Barnickel, one of the early DeMolays and one of the first Deans, to take this part and guide the investitures of the Mother Preceptory.

Louis G. Lower, the first DeMolay, was selected to become the first Active DeMolay Legionnaire. Others receiving this designation at that time were:

Gorman A. McBride
William W. Lewis
Delos H. Elmore
Averill C. Tatlock
Frank B. Neil
Allan Hills
Theodore E. Shane

Jack William Sallee, Jr.
Gale E. Chandler
Joseph Esterly
Michael Goldberg
Clarence E. Barnickel
James Richard Gates
Julius L. Ziegler

The oldest of these designates was only 25 years of age. The three youngest were 20.

A young man from Mother Chapter, serving as Herald, called the assembly to order for this first service of Investiture. Frank Land then entered the room followed by the members of the Grand Council who were to take part. He went directly to the altar and knelt as the others slowly circled the room and took their places at the various stations. Each designate sensed the solemn dignity and depth of purpose of Dad that night. He stood tall in the crimson robe, lined with white satin, of the Legionnaire. During the obligation he faced the young men kneeling at the altar with their hands resting on the Bible and then, to give added impressiveness to the final words, he walked around the altar, placed his hands on theirs, and spoke the words they were to repeat, "I furthermore, promise, covenant, and vow, that I will never take the name of God in vain. So help me God." In his first Investiture, as in all the others he conducted through the years, only the Active Designates took part and felt the touch of a kindly sword in the hand of the Founder of DeMolay and heard the words, "Arise, Legionnaire."

In July, the secret obligation of the Legion was given to Charles A. Boyce, George B. Sykes and Roy E. Dickerson in Land's office, making them the first Honorary Legion of Honor members. In the following years the designates for the Honorary Legion were present for the Investiture of the Active Legions but, seated in a place of prominence, did not take part in the ceremony. At the conclusion of a ceremony, Frank Land would call each to the center of the room, introduce him and tell of his accomplishments, place a white cordon of the Legionnaire about his shoulders, and then in a warm handclasp thank him for his interest in youth and his service to DeMolay.

The Legion of Honor meant much to Frank Land and at a time when he felt the true meaning was being forgotten, he sent a printed reminder to each Legionnaire of the value he placed upon it. The printed pamphlet, with a crimson cover showing Louis Lower knighting a candidate, said in part:

"The Legion of Honor was created for the purpose of banding together a selected few out of the many thousands who have knelt at the altar of DeMolay and who bore the stamp of possible leadership not only in their community but in national life as well, whether it be a civic, industrial, professional, business or spiritual field of endeavor. A group of men who could be implicitly relied upon as the years pass to aid boyhood, carry the ideals of DeMolay into every walk of life and to unswervingly uphold national ideals. The Legion of Honor

is composed solely of men, a part of whose boyhood was spent in DeMolay. Its purpose is not social. You must know, after the time spent in DeMolay, that the Movement is intensely patriotic, intensely spiritual and requires a reverence of home that brooks no indecision. Its mission is to consecrate the heart and thought of its recipients to an unflinching belief in God, a defense of the Public School System and a defense of the rights of all children.

"If you have ever entertained the thought that this honor came to you for ritualistic work or special activity in your Chapter, I hope that you will immediately forget it. It probably would bring you to the attention of the Grand Council but such activity would be the smallest recommendation for your elevation. You probably felt that you were entitled to it for past performances, but then again you are wrong. The truth of the matter is that the Grand Council selected you upon the recommendation of the Active Member or Deputy of your jurisdiction and the men who know you personally, feeling with a certain degree of intuition that you were destined to develop into a man who would be honored in your community, one who is trusted, honest of purpose and one who will assume a high place of leadership in some field of worthy endeavor. Those who nominated you frankly admit that they were taking a long chance in prophecy. How frail a thing is prophecy when human intellect strives to bridge the future. We who are forced to assume this duty realize only too well after these few years how faulty judgement can be. I trust that in the days and years since you were designated for this honor that loyalty to the Active Member or Deputy of your jurisdiction has never wavered, that today and every day that shall follow will always find you an impregnable fortress guarding the rights of the unborn thousands and millions of young men who will align themselves with this Movement in the years to come. How well you have measured up to the opinion of your sponsors and to the satisfaction of the Grand Council has depended solely upon you.

"Your work in and for DeMolay has just begun. Make your presence felt in the Alumni of your jurisdiction. Be eternally vigilant in seeing to it that every boy worthy of the name DeMolay is enrolled in this Army of Youth. I wish that I might refer to our loyalty one to another. If I can burn into your thought a code of tactfulness that would never permit a member of the Legion to fail in any activity whether it be business, social or spiritual, I would deem this discussion worthwhile. I might illustrate this point by a story told me by a friend who belongs to such a society in one of their numbers. He recited the following instance of a banker who found to his dismay one

day that his institution must close and his personal fortune be lost. One of his fraternity brothers in a distant city heard of his plight and within 48 hours there lay upon the desk of that banker a sufficient amount of money to save not only his bank but his own private fortune as well. That group was not content to see their fellow member fail. I wish that this spirit of cooperation might exist between each and every member of the Legion of Honor. Let each one of us be the first to come to the defense or assistance of a fellow member of the Legion of Honor. They must not fail as citizens; as business leaders; as men. It is my fervent hope that the Legion of Honor will prove so valuable to you as to cast a halo for glory about its banner. Money or favoritism cannot buy membership in this group, it came to you unsolicited and clothed with prophecy. You can certainly see that the hundreds of men who wear the ring are going to be not only true friends but helpful companions in your career of achievement.

“I expect every man who holds the Legion to be a real leader in some avenue of worthwhile endeavor and I expect every Legionnaire to be so proud of his membership in the Legion that he would never stop to do a base or evil act. You are the builders of tomorrow. Vision the countless millions of young men of the future. Make your life so valuable that they who follow you might well marvel at your devotion to their cause. Yours is the victory and the glory and DeMolay will take deep pride in your accomplishments.

“You made a public avowal that you would never take the name of God in vain—have you kept that promise? To me this vow is most sacred and I glory in this consecration of the Legion.”

Dad Land was still caught up in the lift of a driving dream to reach an even greater number of boys. He knew that if progress were to continue in DeMolay that new challenges must be accepted, idealism redefined for each age group, new programs put in gear, and most of all, the enthusiasm of those who were now Senior DeMolays must be put to work. Two new programs were now launched under his direction. The first was an effort to form a national organization of DeMolay Alumni. On July 8, 1927, a bulletin was sent to each chapter, outlining the formation of an Alumni Chapter and stating, “the purpose of the DeMolay Alumni is to keep intact the friendships occasioned by former DeMolay membership, to foster, aid and promote peace and harmony.” Each DeMolay Chapter was requested to start an Alumni Chapter. Louis G. Lower was appointed as Temporary National President, and Averill G. Tatlock was appointed as Temporary National Secretary. Any man who formerly held active membership in the Order and who held a Grand Council Majority Certificate was

eligible to petition for membership in a local chapter of Alumni. The first such Chapter formed was the Mother Chapter DeMolay Alumni at Kansas City, Missouri, to which Letters of Dispensation were issued on July 16, 1927. From the time the first Chapter was formed until this national meeting was held, 63 Chapters had been granted Letters of Dispensation and a national conference was held March 17, 1928, during the time of the eighth Annual Session of the Grand Council. These Chapters lingered for only a short time and served only as an expression of Dad Land that those who had been active members in their youth should continue to be of service to the challenging dedication of DeMolay.

The second program launched during this period was the creation of the "Order of Chivalry" for boys from 13 through the fifteenth year of age. It was an effort to bring younger boys into the orbit of the influence of DeMolay by pledging them into membership in DeMolay when they reached the age of 16. In this time of the vigorous growth of the Order there were many boys almost 16 who had requested membership in DeMolay and were disappointed when they found they were too young to comply with the minimum age requirement. Dad Land did not want these boys to lose interest, and then, he visualized the multitude of still younger boys who would find inspiration and challenge in an Order similar to DeMolay. His plan for the Order of Chivalry was presented to the Grand Council and on April 12, 1928, a bulletin was issued requesting all DeMolay Chapters to form a Court of Chivalry. The first such Court was formed by Mother Chapter in Kansas City with Elmer W. Lower, the younger brother of Louis G. Lower, installed as the first presiding officer with the title of Grand Warden.

Frank A. Marshall, the author of the DeMolay ritual and the Ceremony of Investiture of the Legion of Honor was called upon to write the ritual to be used by this new Order. The ritual was modest in length and written in a style such as to bring the lessons taught within the easy understanding of the youngest boy. There was only one degree but the ceremony carried the triumph of the good and the beautiful as expressed in the shining armor of knighthood and the legend of chivalry. There was the inspiration of challenge in the spirit of Charlemagne and Roland, of the crusades of Richard the Lionheart, of the Round Table of Arthur, and the brilliant banner of the Knight Templars.

Walter C. Ploeser, who was to become the first Senior DeMolay to serve as Grand Master of DeMolay, to become a Jurisdictional Officer for Missouri, a United States Congressman, Ambassador to

Paraguay and later, Ambassador to Costa Rica, and the Sovereign Grand Inspector General of the Scottish Rite in Missouri, was selected as the Advisor of the Mother Court of the Order of Chivalry. He was only a few years older than the boys and often expressed his embarrassment when the youngsters insisted upon calling him "Dad." On the morning following the first presentation of the Degree, he was swamped by frantic telephone calls from mothers of boys who had been initiated. They wanted to know what had taken place the night before. Their sons had suddenly become so much more courteous and respectful. One mother said, "Now, Dad Ploeser, tell me exactly what happened. My son came home rather late and immediately came to my room. He placed a rose in my hand and said something about thanks for being his mother and that he was going to be a better son. And then—this I cannot explain—he took hold of my right hand and pressed his fingers against mine in some sort of a grip. As he left the room, he paused at the door, turned and said, 'Goodnight, mother.' Can you tell me what he went through to bring forth such an outburst? It never happened before."

Wally tried to explain something of fraternal secrecy to her, told her the ceremony was based on ideals and then was startled as she hung up the phone with, "Thank you so much, Dad."

The first Court of Chivalry seemed to be successful but in three years, only 18 Courts were established. Ceremonies and participation that, for the 16-year-old boy found appeal, failed to have the expected appeal for the boy of 13. It was difficult for them to attend the meetings and other youth movements caught their attention. The depression years cast a shadow over the Courts of Chivalry and by 1931 each one had ceased to function. They were never reactivated.

In 1928 the long cherished desire to have a building to house DeMolay found realization. As far back as the Grand Council meeting in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1923, Land had called attention to the advisability of looking into the location of a site for Grand Council Headquarters in Kansas City, Missouri. After discussion, Richard H. Malone, Active Member in Colorado, made the motion to appoint a committee with instructions and power to act to obtain such a site. This committee, appointed by Grand Master Councilor Cochran and consisting of Dad Land as Chairman; D. Clark Kelly, Raymond D. Havens and Fred O. Wood, began immediately to look at available locations for a permanent DeMolay Home. It was not until July of 1927 that a suitable site was presented by the real estate firm of Porter, Hall and Porter. The property was submitted to the members of the committee by letter and on August 17, 1927, a contract was

signed for the property at the southeast corner of Armour Boulevard and Warwick Boulevard. On September 28, 1927, the property came into possession of the Grand Council. The Grand Scribe's office moved into the building on the property on January 28, 1928, and DeMolay had a permanent location and a home.

Frank's most intimate friends often said that he never knew the value of money but that he had such a "pipeline" to Heaven that he was able to finance that which no other could do. It was true here. The Home Trust Company of Kansas City advanced all the money needed for the purchase, taking \$60,000 in bonds of the Grand Council secured by a deed of trust on the property, and an additional amount by way of a counter loan to take care of the balance. These secondary notes were then sold to a local bank who in turn sold them to individuals in helping Frank Land and his organization for boys. It was a good purchase for at that time adjacent property facing Armour Boulevard was quoted at \$500 per front foot and this property had 269.25 feet on Armour and 154.25 feet on Warwick.

The building on the property had been the home of a prominent physician, Dr. A. G. Griffith and was considered a show place among the magnificent houses along Armour Boulevard, known as the "house and carriage" area for the wealthy families of the city. It was a large residence without a definite architectural style other than the influence of Tudor English in some of the details. The walls were of ashlar stone with horizontal bands and trim of Indiana limestone. A large dormer of the same material was prominent on the front elevation. The roof was hipped and covered with variegated Vermont slate, with copper gutter and downspouts. The entrance porch was raised so that a person ascending the few stone steps turned to the left to find the heavy oak entrance door with leaded glass side lights. Over the entrance was a cone tapered outrigger flag pole with the American Flag displayed during the daylight hours. To the right of the entrance was a great bay window giving light to the library within.

The interior, after some remodeling, was ideal for the office space required. The entrance hall was spacious with parquet floors of walnut. The great stair with turned balusters and Honduras mahogany handrail led to the rooms of the second floor.

In the basement, a kitchen and dining room was installed. Here, even with the restrictive element of a low ceiling made necessary by the metal ducts of the heating system, the employees were given a luncheon each day. To this luncheon Land would bring his guests and entertain those who came to visit the Headquarters of DeMolay.

The Library was the most beautiful of all the rooms and served as

the office of the Grand Scribe. Walls were panelled with smooth grain, warm colored, cherry boards. The fireplace on the south wall had a facing and hearth of Florentine marble with the mantel shelf supported by carved mahogany brackets. Two crystal wall lights served as sconces in the panels next to the fireplace and from the center of the ceiling was suspended a great crystal light fixture. Leather wingchairs were on either side of the fireplace while the walnut executive desk was placed on the northern portion of the room with the great desk chair in the space formed by the window bay. The east and west walls were lined with signed photographs of the friendships of a life among people such as known to few men. In this gallery were Presidents of the United States, prominent political, business and Masonic leaders and many of the men who called the DeMolay founder "Dad." Among these were Walt Disney who became a member in Kansas City and Don Budge who made his first tennis impression in a DeMolay tournament. There were scores of these, so many that there was not enough wall space and a rotating system was used in their display.

Among the photographs was a series of painted copies from the Abbey murals in the Boston public library, depicting the story of Sir Galahad in search of the Holy Grail. Their presence suggested the idealism and sense of drama that served as an inspiration to the man and his boys of DeMolay.

There was no sign of identification given to the building as such signs were prohibited by the zoning laws in this residential area. But, a visitor found at the top of the entrance stairs, just before he turned to enter the building, a bronze plaque that simply, but with a depth of purpose, read:

A SHRINE TO YOUTH
DEDICATED TO
THE GLORY OF GOD
AND
THE YOUNG MANHOOD OF THE WORLD

9

Don't Mind the Gray Skies

THE PSALMIST HAD SAID, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who built it." Frank Land knew that no vain labor had entered into the acquisition of a permanent headquarters for DeMolay.

It represented years of working for what he believed was the moving direction of God within him to provide a home for DeMolay and the youth of the nation. He was proud of the building.

Many evenings during the work of remodeling he would walk the two short blocks from his apartment with his wife that she might see the progress being made and share his enthusiasm. On the evening walk when the building was complete, the furniture and decorations in place, Nell was exuberant. She inspected each room from the basement to the second floor giving words of womanly praise as she saw the imaginative work of her husband reflected in every area. Finally, as they entered the Library, she climbed into one of the wingchairs, tucked her legs under her, and in the comfort of this friendly room simply said, "Frankie, it is lovely. You have done so much for these boys of yours."

Frank sat down in the upholstered chair behind his desk so that she could see how he would look in his new office, smiled and said, "I am so glad that you approve. Just imagine how far we have come. Remember the first report of our treasurer? It is hard to believe but at that time the Order of DeMolay had exactly two dollars and 25 cents."

"Why that amount and how could you possibly remember it?"

"Oh, it is easy to remember. The money came from the first nine boys paying their dues at 25 cents each. How could I forget?"

Judge Cochran did not live to see the completed building for on May 1, 1928, he quietly passed away in St. Luke's Hospital, St. Louis, Missouri. He, too, would have taken pride in this landmark of the Order, for he had given so much to the formation of DeMolay

from his great personality and his wide experience in fraternal organizations. Frank Land looked to him as a constant source of strength and the one in whom he could find guidance. When news of Cochran's death reached him, he told the members of his staff that Cochran had been a sick man when he presided over the Grand Council sessions in March of that year. He said, "The gavel almost fell from his fingers as he closed the meeting." Then, reflecting on the past he continued, "The Order of DeMolay lost not only one of its best friends, but a tower of strength, when this kindly old gentleman passed away. Had it not been for the interest he took when only a few boys constituted our membership, there would have been no Order of DeMolay. He was ever ready to champion our cause, and whether it was tempest or distance, no sacrifice was too great for him to make on behalf of youth. He had served as Grand Master from the first meeting of the Grand Council of the Order of DeMolay until the moment of his death."

During the Grand Council session of 1929 held in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Sam P. Cochran, prominent Scottish Rite Mason of Texas, was selected to make a tribute to Alexander G. Cochran. In this eulogy, he said:

"He was a man of great heart, warm in his friendship, and when he became the head of this Order he drew to himself the affection and sincere regard of the multitude of men and boys who have become interested in the Order of DeMolay. In his fraternal life he radiated a large influence for good, for the advancement of those high ideals which would make for better living among men and among boys. In his social relations he enjoyed the distinction of occupying as high a rank as could be afforded one of his eminent ability and of his natural traits of kindness and human affection. He gave to the Order of DeMolay the best of the closing years of his life. . . .

"We all remember how he presided over the last session of this Grand Council with grace, dignity, and kindness; when the shadows drew around his career and his life of usefulness, activity, and great benevolence came to an end, it was the closing of a record of one who had lived in the light of a great devotion to what contributes to happiness here and leads to higher reward and honor hereafter."

John H. Glazier had served as Deputy Grand Master during the long years of the administration of Cochran and now, by vote of the Executive Committee, he assumed the office and duties of Grand Master Councilor. He was to serve in that position until March of 1931 for it was not until 1936 that the office of Grand Master Councilor was restricted to a term of one year.

These were the difficult days—the trying years. When he assumed the office, DeMolay was part of the thinking of the late 1920's that only forward, constant progress was possible. Nothing, it was felt, could stop the inevitable prosperity and growth of the nation. The economy was at an all-time peak and the stock market became a source of high financial return to even the most modest investor. By the summer of 1929 there were signs of a let-up but no one remotely imagined the total collapse that was to come with the failure of the stock exchanges on that fateful day in October when the boom of the twenties became only a memory. The days of the Great Depression of the nineteen thirties descended upon a stricken nation to reach its lowest point in March of 1933. Unemployment reached the staggering total of 15 million as men willing to work for a dollar a week could not find work. Industrial output was cut in half, mortgage foreclosures were widespread, a third of the nation's railroad mileage was in bankruptcy and proud men took their own lives in their desperation.

No one was prepared for such a decline and no one at first believed that it had all happened. Then as the banks closed in the early days of the Roosevelt Administration, it became all too clear that the nation, each individual, and every fraternal organization faced a crisis that offered only the promise of increasing difficulty, of restricted activities, and reduced income.

All DeMolay Chapters felt the impact of the Depression. Many found it impossible to collect dues. There were few boys who could muster the money for even reduced initiation fees. Membership fell to new lows as, at one time, it was estimated that DeMolay declined in a single year from a membership of 210,000 to 110,000. And yet the Chapters carried on. In some degree the Chapters found that the smaller number of boys gave increased activity for without summer employment and after school work, the members had more time to give to DeMolay. They perfected their ritual work and because no one had money for such things as entertainment, many a boy found with DeMolay the only social opportunity he could afford. Here also he found his companionship and his faith in the years that were to come.

The aspirations of Dad Land were at the lowest point in his career. DeMolay had grown with astonishing vitality for ten years and now with the membership drastically diminished and few boys coming into the Order, the money for the operation of DeMolay had vanished. Sponsoring groups in the same situation were unable to help financially. Land turned to Charley Boyce, time after time, to talk of some

method to keep the Order solvent. "Charley," he would say, "I simply do not know what to do and yet I know some of the things we must do—and first among these is to be fair to our boys. You know, I never forget a credo emphasized to me day after day—and sometimes many times a day by my mother. She would say, 'Never forget we live for the good opinions of our neighbors.' This we must do regardless of all else."

Then he added slowly as if he did not even want to hear the words, "We are forced to reduce the expenses of operating the Headquarters office. I don't want to do it but we are forced to dismiss most of those who make up our office staff. Those that remain will not be able to draw a full pay check."

This decision was postponed, time and time again, but finally had to be made. Land and Boyce withdrew themselves from any salary and for a year or more those who remained on the staff worked under a 50 per cent reduction in salary. Finally, conditions became so stringent that Frank Land called all the employees into his office on March 6, 1933, and informed them that every one was to be laid off as of that evening with the exception of himself, Dr. Statton D. Brooks, Charles A. Boyce, and Louis G. Lower. Eighteen men and women were forced to find other work but as conditions improved almost all of these were brought back to assume their places in the office.

Walter Ploesser, as a field representative traveling in the southern states, felt the full impact of the lack of money in Greenville, North Carolina. He had been staying at one of the better hotels but as his funds began to run out, and no prospect for more was in sight, moved to the cheapest hotel he could find—"A flea-bitten joint," he said. Finally with the last money he had left, he sent a telegram to Kansas City for money to come home. The answer he received was short and sent only because Western Union had not yet cancelled the credit of DeMolay. It merely quoted a single line from the theme of a popular song—"Wally, there will always be gray skies."

Ted Little, in Indianapolis, Indiana, was more fortunate. At the desk of the Washington Hotel he found a letter from John Agle of the Headquarter's staff that enclosed a check for \$69 to cover his expenses and to tell him the field staff was dismissed. He rushed to the bank and cashed the check just one hour before the banks of the nation closed. There was nothing left for him to do except pack his belongings into the ancient Ford given to him as a Field Worker for DeMolay, and start for home. As he drove he thought of how Louie Lower had taught him to drive. He remembered the first lesson along

the stretch of quiet road that led from Kansas City to Olathe, Kansas, and then as a final test—the crowded traffic of downtown Kansas City and the ascent up the steep Main Street hill from south of the Union Station to St. Mary's Hospital six blocks away. It was a treacherous hill—the despair of many drivers. As he stopped at the top, white with tension, he turned to Louie and found him even more pale. Wiping the perspiration from his face, Louie had said, "Boy, you made it—but how!"

One of the members of the Legion of Honor was asked to take a part in the Investiture of his Preceptory. He wanted to accept but there was a financial problem similar to most of the young family men struggling to make a go of it during difficult days. He talked it over with his wife, "I would like to go. These meetings always inspire me in the Investiture itself and it is the time to see my friends. But I can't afford it. There is the cost of a dinner, my suit needs pressing and the last time it was pressed the cleaner said it would be at our risk—not his—it was so threadbare, and there are holes in the soles of my shoes."

His wife replied, "Go on and go. I can fix up your suit and you will be wearing a robe so when you kneel—just drape the robe over your shoes and no one will see the holes. You know, I wouldn't be surprised if in these times that Frank Land has holes in his shoes—But I bet those shoes will be polished as if he were going on parade."

Holes in the shoes or no holes, she was correct in one thing. Frank Land never lost his composure nor did he display the signs of defeat. The Legion dinner that year had the usual tall candles. The lush display of flowers and the dinner were the finest.

There are many who look back upon these years with a feeling of pride. They drew everyone a bit closer together as each shared the hardship of reduced finances. There was a challenge each day and a sense of achievement as the times grew more prosperous and the gray skies began to break up to show the promise of better days. Dad Land was the incentive, the source of inspiration to his boys as he weathered the storm with quiet confidence and deep religious faith.

But confidence did not pay bills. In the low ebb of diminished income it was impossible to meet the bank payments due on the mortgage indebtedness on the Headquarters Building. Month after month it was impossible to pay even the interest. Finally, when payments had lagged for more than a year, those who had purchased the mortgage papers called a meeting to decide if they should foreclose and take over the property. Mr. James P. McGilley, a prominent mortician of the city and a dedicated Catholic layman, listened to the rea-

sons for foreclosure and then addressed the meeting, saying, "I know the concern of each person present regarding the obligation represented in the shares of stock each of us holds in the mortgage of this valuable property. I also know of the good that DeMolay has done for the youth of the community and the nation. Frank Land has dedicated his life to this work. It has brought honor and national recognition to this city. If we should take the building from him, it would be a tremendous loss—perhaps a fatal loss—to an Order for boys that had its start in Kansas City. The members of my family believe that DeMolay should have added time to meet its financial obligations. I have their permission to cast our votes as being unfavorable to the proposed foreclosure."

One of the other stockholders said, "Jim, I believe you speak for each one of us. No one here really wants to foreclose. We share your regard for Frank Land. He will come through. As your family holds the controlling interest in this—let's all go home."

DeMolay survived the tragic decade only by the friends, the determination, the goodwill, and sincerity of Frank Land.

The depression years brought a great sense of soul searching. "How did it happen?" was asked by many of the thoughtful people and "What lesson for the future can we learn?" This challenge was reflected in the address of Grand Master John H. Glazier at the opening of the 1931 session of the Grand Council, held in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C.

"Two years have elapsed since our last meeting," he said, "years of toil and effort, of triumph and defeat, of heartaches and the joy of accomplishment, of foundations laid for substantial progress and the failure of many plans. Many problems have been encountered, in the solution of which, it has not always been easy to secure desired results. The world has been ill with business depression and forebodings. Hearts have been bowed down with many griefs. Stout resolution has been displaced in many instances with black despair. But through all the gloom there has shown the Morning Star of Youthful Optimism—the Star of DeMolay. Sometimes it seemed obscured in the fog of depression but, always, it has blazed forth anew, cheering on the hearts of its devotees, a beacon and a promise of better things. . . .

"The surge of a new world of thought and inspiration and originality beckons to us. Are we capable of answering the call? Youth is going forward. It refuses to stagnate. It declines to be satisfied with antiquated devices and plans. The pulsating clamor for great adventure throbs in the blood and sings on the lips of youth of the world. It is

tremendous and awe-inspiring and epochal. DeMolay has the opportunity to strike out in the van of these thousands of young men and women, leading them, directing them, and satisfying their longings for growth and life.

“If we are content to follow the beaten track, if we rest upon past performances, if we are stereotyped and prosy, if we fail to grasp the glory of surging youth; DeMolay is doomed to an inconsequential role in the scheme of things.

“May we rise to our opportunities! Let us swing into the gay and splendid pathway illuminated by the glory of constructive accomplishment.”

DeMolay rose to the challenge. In fact, two months before the address of John Glazier, public announcement was made of the appointment of Dr. Statton D. Brooks as Executive Director of the Grand Scribe's staff. This unassuming gentleman with his snow-white hair, friendly eyes and scholarly manner was recognized nationally as one of the outstanding men of education. For eight years, prior to his appointment in DeMolay, Dr. Brooks served with such efficiency as President of the University of Missouri that he was selected as one of the 25 leading educators in the United States in a program sponsored by a New York newspaper.

Dr. Brooks assumed his new duties in the early days of February. His executive ability and experience in administration had a far-reaching magnetism in lifting DeMolay from the bog of the depression. Chapters and men responded to him. They rallied under his flag of meeting their problems with realism. Reports once more flowed into the office and DeMolay became better prepared to meet the dismal years that came in the middle thirties.

Frank Land realized that the Grand Council meeting of 1931 held in Washington, D.C. would be the last such assembly for several years and crowded as much into the sessions as possible. He did not imagine that it would be five years before another such meeting would be possible and that DeMolay would be governed by an annual meeting of the Executive Committee until 1936.

On March 16, 1931, the Committee on the State of the Order submitted a resolution stating, “If the Order of DeMolay is to be extended to foreign countries we believe there must be a form of government provided for them.” Their resolution provided for the preparation of a statute for the formation and establishment of “Provincial Grand Councils” in countries other than the United States. It listed the offices to be headed by a Provincial Grand Master and that such officers should be subject to the Constitution and Statutes of the

Grand Council and all acts must be in conformity therewith. It further resolved that when the said law was drafted by the Jurisprudence Committee, and approved by the Grand Master and Grand Scribe, "it shall become effective to all intents and purposes as if enacted at this session of the Grand Council."

The next day, March 17, a Preamble to the Constitution of the Grand Council of the Order of DeMolay was adopted which read, in part:

"Freemasonry inculcates belief in God, patriotism, education, charity, benevolence and the moral and social virtues; and members of that fraternity for generations have sought to make practical application of such principles by extending relief to the orphan and the aged, to those sick in body or estate, by aiding youth to fit themselves through education and training for the duties of life, and by other benevolences; and have sought to promote such ideals among youth with the consequent encouragement and development of good citizenship and sound character, in part using the Order of DeMolay as a means to that end.

"The Order of DeMolay has never made but, on the contrary, expressly disavows any pretense or claims to be a Masonic organization, offering itself as one agency to aid in the accomplishment of such desirable aims. Originally membership in the Order of DeMolay was limited to the sons of Freemasons and their chums. It has now been found wiser to broaden the scope of the influence of the Order by admitting to its membership acceptable young men between the ages of 16 and 20 inclusive, without reference to their Masonic or other affiliations."

Frank Land gave this word of appreciation: "Your Grand Scribe cannot refrain from thanking each one of you in a most personal way for the many acts of kindness extended him in the past. This organization has prospered because Almighty God has smiled upon our work. Had it not been for your efforts and the Brethren associated with you, we would not be meeting here today. May the coming year bring to each of you greater happiness, and to the Order of DeMolay, a greater era of usefulness in behalf of youth."

Each member of the Grand Council looked forward to the high period of the Sessions—the opportunity of visiting the White House as the guests of President Herbert Hoover. Mr. Hoover, with his great humanitarian interests, had long been an enthusiastic friend of DeMolay and of Frank Land. Now, in Washington, he expressed his appreciation for the influence DeMolay had given to the youth of the nation. He rose from his desk and greeted each man. Land, as he ap-

proached the President, presented him with the white cordon of the Honorary Legion of Honor.

Frank Marshall, in defiance of the warnings of his doctors, had insisted on attending the Grand Council Meeting in the hope that he would be able to meet Herbert Hoover. But tragedy so often comes in a moment of triumph. As he approached the President to shake hands, he suddenly jerked his head back and turned abruptly away. He was quietly taken to a small room as the others continued to receive the welcome of Mr. Hoover. Every effort was made to calm his high state of tension, excitement, frustration, and disappointment. Mrs. Marshall suggested that they should take him to the home of Washington friends, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Robb.

He should never have taken this trip so far from home. His health was such that his physician urged him not to go. He seemed much older than his 65 years. His heart gave irregular response at times and he suffered from extremely high blood pressure. On his arrival in Washington he had suffered a minor cerebral hemorrhage but his will to go on was supreme. "I must attend the Grand Council meetings," he insisted. "I must greet the President."

His spirit, once so creative, now wandered in the shadows of the incoherent. At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Erwin L. Ocker, in St. Louis, he was semiconscious much of the time. Unable to sleep, he would pace the floor at night shouting long passages from his loved Shakespeare until the soothing voice of his daughter would bring him out of his ranting. Finally, he was taken to his home in Kansas City under the care of his wife. She poured out her love to him but the span of life was almost over and on March 24, 1931, his spirit marched into the eternal.

Snow was blowing in an early spring blizzard as the funeral procession made its way to Mt. Moriah Cemetery for the burial of this man so beloved by the people of his city. Here the members of Mother Chapter of DeMolay formed honor lines as the Mother Chapter Band played music in the spirit of those who had "sailed beyond the sunset and the stars of all the western seas." He was referred to as one of the literary giants of his time, an eccentric genius who gave to the youth of the world a "ritual" as a guide through life. As the final words of the Masonic Service were spoken, one of his friends was heard to remark. "Of course it was his heart that gave out. He had been giving his heart to others for all the years of his life. In fact, Frank Arthur Marshall was all heart. He believed and performed his idealism."

Marshall's death was a sad experience for Frank Land as it was

a time of memory. They had worked so closely together during the 12 years of DeMolay and had seen their dreams blossom into reality. Dad Land reflected, "I feel lost without him—as so many feel lost. He was so much a part of my life—almost like a father to me. So often have I turned to him when I needed advice and he always freely gave of his wisdom. I will never forget him—and DeMolay will never forget him."

A generation later, one of the Past Master Councilors of DeMolay, Rex Thrasher, wrote a history of Mother Chapter and included this opinion, "Frank Land provided the occasion for the founding of DeMolay. Louis Lower provided the members. But it was Frank A. Marshall, scholarly newspaperman, who provided the Ritual—the vehicle which gave meaning to the Order."

The years following Marshall's death were quiet years—so quiet that the Proceedings of the Grand Council were not published for the years from 1932 to 1937 and from 1943 to 1946. But change did come during this period as DeMolay gradually gained strength from the disaster of the depression. In April of 1934 the age requirement for membership was lowered from 16 to 15 years. Dad Land was aware that the older boys were going off to college, leaving the younger members to carry on with the chapter activities and that the 15-year-old youth could well take part in DeMolay. Then, as he explained, "The past years have made each of us grow up. A boy of 15 now is as smart, well-informed, fair-minded and responsible as the boy of 16 was when we started. We should increase our membership by taking these younger lads into DeMolay." Then, some of the titles of the Grand Council officers seemed cumbersome and wordy so that the title of the Grand Master Councilor was changed to "Grand Master" and the title of Grand Scribe was changed to "Secretary General."

Two honor awards were created in 1936 on the recommendation of the Jurisprudence and Legislative Committee to give recognition to those who had given extraordinary service to DeMolay and to humanity. "A Member or Deputy may confer upon any person over 21 years of age the 'DeMolay Medal of Appreciation' after filing with the Secretary General an intention to honor such person for outstanding service to the Order of DeMolay or a subordinate Chapter" and "The Grand Council may, on nomination by a Member or Deputy, confer the 'DeMolay Medal of Honor' upon a member of the Order of DeMolay who has performed an exceptionally outstanding service to humanity."

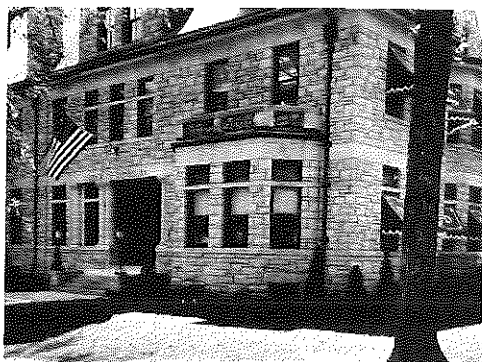
Awards, recognition and honors were a natural response on the

part of Frank Land as an expression of his appreciation for courtesies extended to him and in recognition of the time given, the interest taken, and the leadership provided by those who had helped to build DeMolay. As early as 1925 he had created the "DeMolay Cross of Honor" for "those men who guided the various Chapters as Advisors for three or more years with conspicuous service and outstanding efforts in behalf of DeMolay." There was a degree of showmanship in the dramatic presentation of the awards created by Dad: but there was always the sincerity of a humble man who wanted so much to say "thank you" to those who, in his mind, deserved to be honored in this manner.

His appreciation of the efforts given during the lean years was expressed by his words of confidence to the Grand Council in 1938. "The Movement has passed successfully through an era of worldwide industrial and financial chaos," he said, "to be sure, the institution has not emerged from these trying times without some financial and material retardation, but in comparing our efforts and the success of our endeavor with similar Movements, we cannot help but feel a profound degree of thankfulness for our present status."

The old ballad of "Gray Skies" could be paraphrased with unrealistic optimism:

Gray skies, all of them gone,
Nothing but blue skies from now on.



THE ORIGINAL DEMOLAY HEADQUARTERS

In 1928 the long cherished desire to have a building to house DeMolay found realization. The building had been the home of a prominent physician and was considered a show place among the magnificent houses along Armour Boulevard, known as the "house and carriage" area for wealthy families of the city.

10

New Frontiers

THE QUIET YEARS of DeMolay were also the quiet years for the nation as America slowly drew itself from the depression with federal help to employment, agriculture and business. People in all walks of life seemed oblivious of the forces that were gaining strength in other parts of the world. America was isolationist. It had taken a vital, triumphant part in one World War and wanted only to work out its own destiny in peace, to dodge the present and future problems and, if possible, recreate the nostalgia of an agrarian society. It was a dangerous position. Hitler's coming to power in Germany had taken place to revive the menace of a new world war. Mussolini in Italy had gained such power as to invade Ethiopia in 1935. Tyranny had come to Spain under General Franco and in 1931 Japan launched her first attacks on China. Neville Chamberlain's appeasement visit to Munich was followed by the German invasion of Poland. Stalin launched his invasion of Finland late in November, 1939. President Roosevelt cautioned the nation that, "When peace is broken anywhere, the peace of all countries everywhere is in danger."

No nation—no fraternal organization—can live in a world of changing action without that action casting its shadow over its own activities. Frank Land was keenly aware of the turmoil that was to shake the world into World War II and call for American participation. He knew that DeMolay should be constantly aware of social attitudes and the activities of the time and should add programs if necessary or change old procedures if such changes would be in keeping with the thinking of youth. He said, "The Order of DeMolay has no standardized or 'set' program. Each year or period creates its particular problems affecting youth—and DeMolay assumes that its program must be flexible and easy of adaptation to the times."

Mother Preceptory of the Legion of Honor had just completed the service of Investiture in 1935 when Clarence Barnickel approached Dad Land with a question that had puzzled him for some time. "You

know, Dad," he said, "I have taken part in each Investiture of the Mother group of the Legion since it was formed. At that time I was about 25 as were the others. Five years later the candidates were all my age of 30. Then five years later the cast and those receiving the award were all 35. How about the younger men? There must be some who have just become Senior DeMolays that are eligible. Or, if the Legion of Honor is for those who are older, why not form a similar honor for those who are younger?"

"You are right, Clarence, the age level of those receiving the Legion of Honor has risen as we recognize those who were DeMolays and during the years have shown promise of reaching success in their vocations. The age level will probably grow older as you grow older; I realize that. I have talked with several of our men and we feel that there should be another award—perhaps a degree—to recognize outstanding leadership in DeMolay."

"It is odd," he continued, "that you should bring this up at this particular time. Do you remember in the early days, about 1920, some of you fellows were selected to help with the classes of new members and to assist me. To identify you as leaders, you wore yellow caps at all the meetings?"

"Of course I remember. Gorman McBride and all the rest were proud of those caps. They were like the caps worn by the Scottish Rite members, only different in color."

Dad smiled, "And what did we call you? Do you remember the name that went with the cap?"

"Yes. It was 'Chevalier'!"

The Degree of Chevalier was approved on April 11, 1936. The honor was conferred upon members of the Order of DeMolay who had performed unusual and meritorious service in behalf of the Order, who had attained the age of 18 years (later changed to 17 years) and who had been members of a chapter for at least two years. No one was to apply for this distinction. The unanimous vote of the Grand Council, in regular session, was required to elect a nominee to receive the "Degree of Chevalier."

This was the first ritual written without Frank Marshall. Frank Land had given help and guidance in all ritual services that had been composed before. Now he accepted the challenge of writing a ritual for the presentation of this new degree that he referred to as, "the highest award for distinguished DeMolay service, within the gift of the Grand Council. Only one other award, the Legion of Honor, for outstanding leadership and service to humanity," he wrote, "outranks this distinction."

The ritual, much shorter than the Legion of Honor ceremony, contains a deeper religious tone. For the first time in DeMolay ritual a major portion of Scripture was included. Land was a master of the Bible, he lived by it and read it again and again during his morning periods of contemplation and prayer. He included the "inspiring words of David who sang of the security of the Godly in the ninety-first chapter of the Psalms." To this belief in God, he added, "that sacred thing called Home" and "that patriotism which, while making known to every man his rights, still makes him mindful of the rights of every other man." It was a dramatic presentation of the threefold purpose he had always associated with DeMolay—love of God; love of home; and love of country. The obligation, short, brief and full of meaning for the years that were to come, concluded with a line that contained the theme of the degree—"I furthermore promise and vow that I will, each day hereafter, strive to be a better man than I have ever been before. So help me God."

The geometric figure of the triangle had long been a part of DeMolay and now, in this degree, the figure of the circle was introduced, not only in the ring placed on the third finger of the left hand but as the Grand Commander in the drama of the ceremony says, "My brothers, you will kneel forming a circle around me." With the designates kneeling the prayer was given and the cordon and medalion of a Chevalier was placed about the neck and shoulders as each young man rose to a standing position.

This circle of comradeship became a traditional part of many services of rededication. High in the Rockies of Colorado within the shadow of Long's Peak, or in a clearing of the tall pines of the Smokies of North Carolina, or in the crater of the sand dunes of Asilimar, California, the boys of Leadership Camps were to gather at night, forming a huge circle about a campfire of light. There they would turn outward so that they could see only the night, the stars, and the world in which they were alone on the threshold of their adventure of life. Only the stillness—and yet like the words of Carruth was the pull of the unknown:

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Come welling and surging in -
Whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it Dedication,
And others call it God.

Then, as they turned to face the light of the fire, they found the presence of their companions. They were not alone. Shoulder to shoulder they stood with others who would help through all the years and there was sufficient light in the darkness to illuminate their way.

A curious happening gave doubt as to who was the first Chevalier. Land had just finished the writing of his ritual when he suddenly decided that two of the young men on the Headquarters Staff should receive the obligation. He called John McKibben and Jack Renick to come to his office. Both were in the basement of the building and like the story of St. John, "So they ran both together; and the other did outrun Peter and came first." John did outrun Jack and became the first to receive the obligation of a Chevalier and the first listed in the formal investiture, but Jack insisted that each entered the study of Dad at almost the same time, give or take a second.

In the first public presentation in the Little Theatre of the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City, on June 2, 1937, Land assumed the position of Grand Commander assisted by members of the Legion of Honor. Golden yellow robes were worn and the cordons presented were of the same color with a medallion depicting Jacques DeMolay, the martyr.

The name "Chevalier" was well chosen. Knighthood and Chivalry always held a central position in DeMolay and the French translation of the English word "Knight" is "Chevalier." Both words come from a common source meaning "on horseback" suggesting that the knight or chevalier rode a horse into battle instead of fighting on foot as a common soldier of the ranks.

Indeed, in the game of chess, the "knight" is represented as a horse that has great mobility and can turn in mid-air, while the "pawn" as a foot soldier can only plod forward in a fixed straight line. The word horse in English becomes the word "cheval" in French. The title of Chevalier is often mentioned in the Crusade stories, especially in accounts of the First Crusade which was largely a French enterprise. This Crusade was summoned by Pope Urban II in the late years of the eleventh century as he preached in France with such stirring words that the multitudes shouted "God wills it." There were great names—Raymond, Godfrey, Bohemund, Philip I, and Tancred of Hauteville described as a typical chevalier being handsome, fearless, gallant, generous, loving glory and wealth, and universally admired for his courage.

There is a description of the ceremony of knighting found in an ancient English tome that relates:

"He that is to be made a knight is stricken by the prince with a

sword drawn upon his back or shoulder, the prince saying, 'Soys Chevalier!' When the knight rises the prince sayeth 'Avancez.' "

Land must have had this in mind when he concluded the ceremony of the evening by saying, "To each of you who has been honored by the Order of DeMolay by receiving the Degree of Chevalier, I say, 'Arise Chevalier' and advance ever forward from this hour."

The affectionate, characterizing laurel of "Dad," given to him by his boys, was always regarded by Frank Land as a mark of honor. He was called "Dad" by the members of DeMolay and by his friends of his own age or older. He was also proud to be known as the Grand Scribe and Secretary General, but during the years of the mid 1930's, he found increasing value in being referred to in introductions and printed material as "Founder." Not that it denoted personal gratification, but because it carried the ringing connotation of one who had laid a foundation for youth; one who had established and erected the edifice of DeMolay, and who had created a means of keeping alive the great ideals of civilized mankind.

In this spirit, and to give expression, in a tangible way, to those who had befriended him, he designed and had a jewel fabricated to be known as "The Founder's Cross." It was an award of embracing meaning. A bar at the top held the word, "Loyalty" in raised letters; suspended by a white ribbon was a four stemmed Maltese cross in bronze; in the center a DeMolay emblem was encircled by a laurel leaf with green inlaid enamel. On the reverse side of the cross was engraved the name of the recipient and the personal message—"In grateful appreciation from Frank S. Land, Founder." The jewel was to be worn over the heart. This designation was not a Grand Council honor.

Frank Land alone had the privilege of conferring it as a distinct personal recognition given to those whom he desired to honor for their personal, consistent and conspicuous loyalty to him. The Founder's Cross was given only during his lifetime. In the period from 1937 to 1959 he presented the medal to 135 persons.

Only a few received the Founder's Cross but thousands of young men came under the influence of the Founder's Conferences held during the summers of 1936, 1938 and 1958 in the Municipal Auditorium of Kansas City. Each Conference had its own distinctive quality but all held a common denominator under the basic theme of "Youth and Tomorrow." The Founder wrote in the preface of the programs, "This meeting is to be a feast of inspiration dedicated to the DeMolay of the future" and "No similar opportunity has been given the youth of this generation . . . to understand the new world of human en-

deavor . . . the new frontiers of opportunity . . . the amazing future seen by scientific researches . . . the new fields of social usefulness . . . the kind of a world they're going to live in." They were stimulating youth gatherings in a transitional age seeking answers—and in the Founder's Conferences, youth found answers from a man who understood them and was aware of the seething world demanding adjustment to age-old values.

A Chapel Service greeted each day of a Conference. The Order of Service had been written by Land to convey the full impact of a universal religious belief presented in such form and phraseology as to be acceptable and to inspire each boy in harmony with his religious background. A typical responsive Invocation read:

Leader: Oh omnipresent God, if we are accustomed to seeking Thee in our daily lives at home and abroad, then are we witnesses to the truth that Thou dost reveal ourselves in our varied experiences. And so we come to this place to seek Thee together as friends and comrades bearing the name of one who sought Thee and was faithful to Thee unto death—even the flaming death at the stake.

All: We have sought Thee in the pages of Thy Holy Writ.

Leader: And they have spoken to us.

All: We have sought Thee in the majesty and mystery of all Thy creation.

Leader: And in it we feel Thy presence.

All: We have sought Thee in the human lives lifted by high purposes, unselfish aspirations, and sacrificial love.

Leader: And we have seen Thee shining through the beauty of their lives.

All: Oh God, speak to us now in the experience of this hour as we seek to enter into fellowship with Thee.

Men known nationally as religious leaders were invited to conduct the Services; the Reverend Charles W. Gilkey, Dean of the University of Chicago Chapel; the Reverend Ralph W. Sockman, Pastor of the National Radio Pulpit; the Very Reverend Francis Eric Bloy, Dean of St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral, Los Angeles, and, to show his confidence in a young man's future, Dad invited the Reverend Herbert E. Duncan, then the Pastor of the Longview Chapel of Lee's Summit, Missouri, and a Past Master Council of Mother Chapter, to assist in the Chapel Services.

Remarkable music for the Chapel Services, the Investitures and meetings became a tradition. One Conference heard the hundreds of voices of the Michigan State DeMolay Chorus under the direction of Harold F. Koch, who was to become Executive Officer of the state of Michigan, and the 40-voice Minnesingers also organized by Harold F. Koch. The First Founder's Conference heard the "Messiah Choir"

of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints of Independence, Missouri, assisted by P. Hans Flath and his Symphony Orchestra. During this Conference the first Grand Preceptory of the DeMolay Legion of Honor was held and this honor conferred upon Walt Disney who then made the first public speech of his career.

Men who came to address the meetings furnished the source of promise of the present and the "New Frontiers" of the years to come. They met in open discussion after their major address to talk with the boys—to guide and to challenge. They were titans in their fields of business, science, law and government. Land took great personal pride in their acceptance of this invitation to take part in the Founder's Conferences. They were men such as:

Ellis Manning, Physicist and Director of the General Electric Science Forum Broadcasts, speaking on "New Frontiers in Electricity"

Dr. William A. Ganfield, President of Carroll College, Wisconsin whose address was "The World I Shall Never See"

Dr. James K. Hunt, Technical Advisor, E. I. duPont de Nemours and Company whose subject was "New Frontiers in Chemistry"

Cameron Beck, Director of the New York Stock Exchange Institute, speaking on "New Frontiers in Leadership"

C. R. Bearmore, Official Photographer, American Olympic Games, who illustrated his talk with slides under the title "With American Athletes at the Berlin Olympics"

Wheeler McMillen, Editorial Director, *The Country Home*, President of the National Farm Chemurgic Council, speaking on the subject "New Frontiers in Chemurgy"

W. H. Drane Lester, Assistant to J. Edgar Hoover, and Inspector, Federal Bureau of Investigation, whose topic was "New Frontiers in Law Observance"

Dr. Warren F. Draper, First Assistant United States Surgeon General, speaking on "New Frontiers in Medicine and Public Health"

Hendric H. Middell who came as a representative of the General Electric Company to show the spectacular "House of Magic" that had been a feature of the Century of Progress Exhibition.

Each Founder's Conference closed with a banquet and a service rededication led by the Founder of DeMolay. Each one present stood and with the hush of sincerity and the consecration of Dad Land, placed his hand over his heart, spoke his name, and then repeated the words to once again dedicate himself to all the ideals and vows he had taken at a DeMolay altar. Then as the tables were removed and the huge arena of the Auditorium was cleared, the Grand Ball was held. Printed as a part of the Conference booklet of information was this paragraph:

"The special guests of the delegates at the Grand Ball are some 500 of the flower of Kansas City's young womanhood. They are the

sisters and friends of DeMolays, invited from the finest families of the city to add to your enjoyment of the evening. Though individual introductions are impossible on an occasion of this sort, each one of your guests are to be thought of and treated with all the courtesies which a DeMolay shows the 'girl friends' and 'dates' of any brother DeMolay."

Louis Gordon Lower was the man most "sought after" from all the prominent men present for the First and Second Founder's Conferences. The boys wanted to meet him and to go home saying, "I shook hands with Louie Lower, the first DeMolay." To them he personified all the Order represented in personality, appearance, ability, and dedication. He was a legend in his own time and had been looked up to, admired, and respected since DeMolay first took form. Chapter members could talk to "Louie" when they were reluctant to talk to those in authority of the organization of DeMolay and found him ever ready to listen and take positive action if such action was needed. And because of his influence, the generation gap that could have existed never came into being. Many of his friends looked upon him as the "Crown Prince"—the "Heir Apparent" of DeMolay who would in the far future be the successor of Dad Land. With all the acclaim heaped upon him he should have been the most conceited of men—but he was not. There was a humility about him that concealed what some regarded as a feeling of inferiority. Calm and outwardly composed he gave leadership to DeMolay, remained the athlete, and fought within himself to bridle a temper and to refrain from what Emerson referred to as "the words that tremble on the tongue in moments of irritation or wounded pride." Essentially he was an idealist but he was also a realist whose sense of reality had been tempered on the anvil of the depression. He did not live in an ivory tower—withdrawn from the action and passion of the time—but took part in the stirring events whirling about him.

When a campaign to clean up the political machine in Kansas City was launched by Rabbi Samuel S. Mayerberg, Louis asked for a leave-of-absence from DeMolay and joined wholeheartedly in the effort to bring good government to the city. The political fight he entered was vicious.

Kansas City had voted in 1924 for a charter form of government. It was a superb instrument of government. It established the city-manager form of administration with a mayor and council. It abolished party emblems, created civic service both by letter and spirit, forbade political activity on the part of city employees, and otherwise guarantees for public protection. The citizens were delighted over the

fact that they had abolished the old federal councilmanic form of city government which had proved to be expensive and inefficient with the opportunity of control through ward-heelers, political bosses, political machines, and gangsters.

The people, confident that the powers of the charter would protect them, relaxed their vigilance. As a consequence, their high hopes were soon crushed under the ruthless heel of selfish politicians. The members of the Council were soon made to feel that they owed their election to the political boss, Thomas J. Pendergast, who had inherited his political kingdom from his uncle and in his early days had been a saloonkeeper. Under his advice they selected Henry F. McElroy as City Manager, a man without training for the huge and involved tasks confronting an administration of a complex city—but, he was an intimate friend of Tom Pendergast.

Henry McElroy as the new City Manager announced that the people had given him a mandate and the days of mismanagement of the city began. The local paper wrote that the powerful political force of the administration "had squandered public funds to perpetuate its own patronage, and had allowed commercialized vice, which earned Kansas City a worldwide reputation for lawlessness and criminal activity." But there were those who strongly supported the machine and pointed to the building of new City Hall, the Court House, and Municipal Auditorium as example of the good created.

The campaign Louie Lower faced was hard-fought with a failure in the first attempt to elect a mayor. In the spring of 1940, however, thousands of volunteer citizens, using as their symbol a broom to sweep City Hall clean, finally were able to defeat the Pendergast forces. They elected a nonpartisan city council headed by John B. Gage as mayor. This council selected L. P. Cookingham as City Manager. One of his first acts in this capacity was to employ Louis G. Lower as manager of the Municipal Auditorium. Lower's friendly personality, his wide circle of friends, his ability to organize and manage made him ideal for the appointment. He served well for over two years and then on Sunday, July 18, 1943, the *Kansas City Star* carried the headline:

"KILLS LOUIS G. LOWER"

The first DeMolay had been murdered in the early morning hours by Clyde O. Souders, a guard employed as a special officer for the Aircraft Accessories Corporation, Fairfax Airport, who was attempting to direct traffic between two loading islands just east of the Union Station in Kansas City.

Louis had spent the day before, a Saturday, in New York, securing attractions for the coming year of activities planned for the Auditorium. Arriving home late in the evening, he had then driven to the Auditorium and was busy there until well after midnight. He then drove south on Main Street to the Union Station where he started to drive between the two loading islands, a practice permitted under city ordinances. Souders, in uniform and according to witnesses, "under the influence of liquor," attempted to flag Lower to the right of the west island as he had treated other motorists. Lower stopped his car, challenged Souder's right to direct traffic and asked to see his badge number. The two men argued. Lower put out his hand several times toward the left breast of Souders to inspect the badge, but his hand was knocked down each time. Souders then held his left arm straight out as if to ward off the approach of Lower and with his right hand pulled his revolver from a holster. Holding it against Lower's chest, he deliberately shot. Louie Lower died 15 minutes later.

Clyde Souders, a man of 49 years, did not show a great remorse. His statement was, "It's just my luck it had to be some big shot. I'm sorry that I shot the man. I didn't know him, but it's too bad for me that it wasn't some little fellow."

He was sentenced in the Court of Judge Ben Terte on December 6, 1943, to 15 years in prison, after pleading guilty to the slaying. He was paroled after serving only three years of his sentence.

More than 800 persons attended the funeral services on July 20, 1943, conducted by the Reverend Herbert E. Duncan. In the service, Mr. Duncan said, "The wholly unnecessary death of Louis Lower has shocked all of us who knew him, as well as every person who heard of or ever read about him. . . . In this day of war we are accustomed to a loss of life but this poignant tragedy stunned each of us beyond description. His death is a loss to the city because, as director of the Municipal Auditorium, he represented the highest type of public servant we have in our city. But, in addition, his death is a loss to the state and nation. He had a bright future before him as a citizen, a public official and a community leader. . . .

"He always was the exemplification of fearlessness in opposing injustice and intolerance. He opposed it wherever he found it. Perhaps the finest thing that can be said of Louis Lower," the minister added, "is that everyone of you here is able to say, 'I knew him as a friend.' That he was to everyone."

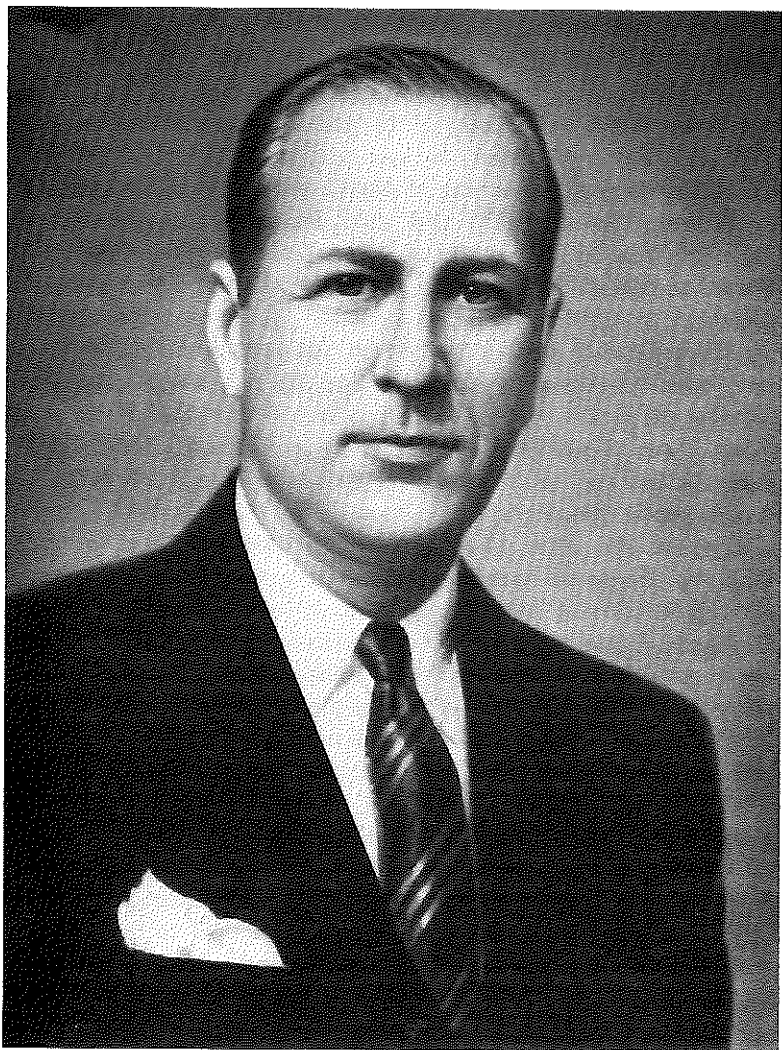
The Legion of Honor conducted services for him at the cemetery using the Memorial Service of the DeMolay Ritual. Walter C. Ploesser, then representative in Congress from St. Louis and a lifetime

friend, delivered a brief eulogy stressing Lower's life and the part he had taken in the formation of DeMolay.

Louis Lower's death was a deep loss to DeMolay, especially to Frank Land who had regarded him as a son. He said, "Louis Lower was not only the first DeMolay in the world but he was the first member of the Legion of Honor. He was a symbol to millions of young men of the ideals and teaching of our Order. He wore the mantle of this stewardship with dignity and grace. He never forgot the responsibility that was his. The ethics of leadership taught him in DeMolay flowered in countless fields of endeavor. He was a man of ideals. He kept them to himself until the hour of fulfillment arrived. Some were the dreams of boyhood when he was an active DeMolay from which he never departed. He loved God, his home and country. He was a knight errant in his daily life although he would never admit it—but it was there. Louis Lower today becomes a legend. He will forever be leading the mystical vanguard of youth. Death came with the morning sun shining upon his brow."

Reference had been made in Lower's funeral to the war years which had descended upon the nation. Once again, a time had come when the pressure of outside events was to bring a decline to the Order of DeMolay. Activities and economic pinch came as financial and emotional drain was placed upon the nation with federal controls, rationing, and the determination to win the war at all costs. Membership dropped to low levels as men and boys left the chapters to serve in the Armed Forces of the Nation. Letters came to Dad Land from Corregidor, Alaska, the foxholes of Bataan, the flightdecks of the mighty ships of the Atlantic and the Pacific and wherever "his" boys were serving. He wrote countless letters in reply. Most difficult were the letters of sympathy sent to parents when he learned that a son had given his life for his country. The war brought to the DeMolay Movement economic hazards, added vision, and a great strengthening of purpose. Land said, "The question of economic stability is of the utmost importance but the greatest consideration must be the basic character of our present and future program." In his report to the Grand Council on March 9, 1942, in Louisville, Kentucky, he included this reference to the war!

"DeMolay is experiencing its first war and thousands of our active and alumni members are already receiving their first baptism of fire. During the past months, several hundred Advisors have volunteered or have been drafted for military services. Many of the chapters whose Advisors have so resigned have been experiencing difficulty. . . .



LOUIS G. LOWER, THE FIRST DEMOLAY

His death was a deep loss to DeMolay, especially to Frank Land, who had regarded him as a son.



FIRST HONORARY GRAND MASTER

Frank S. Land and a delegation from the Order of DeMolay visited the White House to present the jewel of Honorary Grand Master to President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"The Order of DeMolay had its birth in the close of the World War I. As pioneers we have blazed our trail through trial and error. Oftentimes our mistakes have proved costly but the shuttle of experience has woven a pattern upon our escutcheon that has called to its colors more than a million and a half of the youth of the world. We have taken pride during peaceful pursuits, in the worthwhile evidences of DeMolay teaching. Now we meet the supreme tests of seeing how well our teachings stand the onslaught of treacherous warfare influences. Our task is to develop the latent powers within a young man that he will go forth from our midst fortified as well as sustained with unfaltering moral standards, habits of character, ideals of citizenship, and democracy that will help him budge and meet every emergency that he is called upon to face whether it be in secret or before the eyes of the world.

"We need the wise counsel and best thought of all. Our present duties are tremendous. I bring to you no stereotyped message and report of peaceful days ahead. For us there remains the scaling of innumerable peaks of high endeavor; dogged determination; ceaseless effort and a supreme faith in the ultimate victory of our arms."

"Ceaseless effort" had always been the untiring policy of Dad Land to provide an Order that would reach out to his boys. He had been aware of the increased knowledge of the younger boy and had lowered the age level by taking those less than the original 16 years into membership. But now the older young men became paramount in his thinking. While the World War was going on, there had been no problem because most of these older "chaps" were in the Armed Services. Now, a change was taking place. The boy who left high school last year and the year before was older. The interests in high school age activities dimmed and for this older boy of DeMolay a vision of new frontiers beckoned. Land turned to the leadership of the Order with the question, "How are we going to sustain this older lad's high enthusiasm for DeMolay unless we have a supplementary program to hold him?"

Other youth movements projected programs for their older members in keeping with the general theme of their organizations. DeMolay now created a program based on Knighthood such as it might have been in the later days of Chivalry when the rules and precedent of former times had been revised to give the grandeur of refinement and the rich beauty of ceremony. The touch of fire on a lance in the early morning sunlight was gone, lost in history. The young men Frank wanted to interest had seen the flash of fire of modern weapons on the battle lines of the world and the mushroom cloud of the atom-

ic bomb. Still the Spirit of Chivalry had its appeal. Knights and armour and swords were only symbolic to the men of a new postwar age, in representing the noblest precepts of an ancient code that came from earlier ages of discipline, self-control, and outward or inward refinement. Amid towering walls of Tudor stone softened by the flags of many a battle, the tragedies and the mistakes of Knighthood were forgotten, as the Knightly ages brought the glory of having formulated a code of honor. A code so strong and respected that Charlemagne girded his son, Charles the Pious, with sword, shield, and lance, and Charles the Pious girded his son in like manner when his son arrived at manhood.

All of this pageantry was written into a new ritual by Dad Land—the master of the legend, the romance, and the idealism of the Ages of Chivalry. In 1948, the Grand Council created a new working organization, using the new ritual within the framework of a Chapter's set-up for the older young men. It was an auxiliary body known in DeMolay parlance and for the sake of brevity as the "Order of Knighthood," but whose official name was the "Chivalric Knights of the Holy Order of the Fellow Soldiers of Jacques DeMolay." Each such auxiliary body to a chapter of the Order of DeMolay was known as a "Priory" and bore the same name as the chapter to which it was attached. Dad Land explained, "For the purpose of illustration, should the DeMolay Chapter be known as 'Oakwood Chapter,' then the Priories would be 'Oakwood Priory of the Oakwood Chapter, Order of DeMolay.' The creation of a Priory will in no measure affect the operation of a DeMolay chapter. DeMolays receiving the 'Order of Knighthood' will prove more active in chapter affairs than heretofore. It is not an Honorary Degree or Award. It is a working body geared to activities that older boys want and like."

During the first year of its inception, 51 chapters requested letters for the formation of Priories. The boys, 18 years and older, found increased incentive to participate in DeMolay. They responded to the Ritual that consisted of an Opening Ceremony, a Ceremony of Investiture, and an Installation Service. The closing prayer of Installation was the prayer of a Knight of any or all ages.

Almighty God, we approach Thy heavenly throne with that humility which is the true shield of all Knights. Bless our good intentions and guide us in all our undertakings. Inspire our minds with Knightly thoughts and our hearts with chivalrous virtues. Bless the cause in which we labor and, if it be Thy will, may this Order become a power for good in all the World. Amen.

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With the Highest Honors

THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the Order of DeMolay in March of 1949, came as the nineteenth century approached its halfway point to look back upon a decade of violence and change. Some observers commented that America during these years experienced a second Revolution. World War II had burst upon the nation with the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. American boys were sent abroad and for four years were to be found on guard or fighting in every quarter of the planet. Peace finally came with the surrender of Germany on May 8, 1945, and the surrender of Japan a few months later on August 14, 1945—just five days after a new epoch in the history of mankind was ushered in by the explosion of the atomic bomb over Hiroshima on August 6 and Nagasaki on August 9. Slowly the realization came that isolation was impossible for never again would there be a spot on the globe in which America would not be deeply concerned nor where it could fail to play a part.

The death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt on April 12, 1945, placed Harry S Truman, for many years an intimate friend of Frank Land, as President of the United States. He assumed leadership of the nation and guided the San Francisco Conference which gave birth to the Charter of the United Nations. Such an organization was necessary for the world had finally realized as its dimensions had shrunk, and the tools of war had become so terrible that a revitalized morality among mankind was necessary if any nation was to live in peace. Our nation rose to meet the challenge of need felt by men and women everywhere in war-torn world. The Marshall Plan of June 5 gave economic aid to the hungry and distressed. The devastating destruction of war called for material help on a grand scale. President Truman launched a program to provide a means of giving technological and medical aid to the backward nations over the world. But, all of this not enough. Division and tension continued as the nations

were drawn into the sullen conflict of a Cold War. Mr. Truman spoke of this in March of 1947:

“. . . At the present moment in world history nearly every nation must choose between alternative ways of life. The choice too often is not a free one. . . . One way is based upon the will of the majority, and is distinguished by free institutions, representative government, free elections, guarantees of individual liberty, freedom of speech and religion, and freedom from political oppression.

“The second way of life is based upon the will of a minority, forcibly imposed upon the majority. It relies upon terror and oppression, a controlled press and radio, fixed elections, and the suppressions of personal freedoms.”

The peace of 1945 lasted only five years, as American armed forces became involved in the Korean War which was to go on and on from 1950 to 1953. Never in history had so much taken place, in so short a time, to change the thinking and motivation of the American people as in this decade of decision.

Events of the times shaped the pattern of activity of Frank Land and the young men of DeMolay. They were not confined to an ivory tower of ideals but were inspired to make a reality of the dreams they cherished. DeMolay was caught up in the action of the time. It felt the throbbing impact of changing conditions, of revised ideals and a new national outlook. It was a time of adjustment and of New Horizons. The Grand Master of the Grand Council, Judge William E. McKay of the Supreme Court of Los Angeles County, in his address to that group in 1949, reflected the new outlook and the dependence of the old generation on the vision and ability of the new generation by stating: “These are troublesome times that challenge the close and observant attention of every thoughtful person. These are the times that should quicken our thoughts toward great ideals. . . . It is undoubtedly a fact that the hopes of the world are centered now, as never before so strongly, in the youth of the world. Men trained in old schools of thought and worn by the mental and spiritual struggle of adapting these to new conditions seek relief from future responsibility. Men, discouraged either by the inertia in their own ranks or by what seems to them lack of stability in the oncoming generations, seek a basis of assurance in regard to the future. Men, with whom the past is a sacred thing and to whom successors who will cherish and protect these, jostle elbows in our crowded world with those who believe tradition and precedent to be a ball and chain hindering progress.

“Youth of America, it is at such a time while the forces at the front in anxiety await the men of your generation that you enter the training camp behind the lines to equip yourselves to take their places. Are there within your ranks the qualities of earnestness, intelligence, goodness, and forcefulness to justify the confidence which the world wishes to repose in you? In distant years when judgement is entered, may it not only be found that the generation of which you are a part understood and assumed its responsibilities, but also that specifically the promise of this fine group and the aspirations of this great country were realized, and that herein essential virtue was found and carried forth to dwell among men.”

Dad Land was now approaching the plateau of life that belongs to a man of 60. The years had been kind to him, keeping the signs of age from his face and bearing. His hair had thinned and the gray had turned to white but the blue eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses remained kind and understanding with a glow of recognition, in greeting his nationwide circle of friends. Only a few lines showed in his face, giving added dignity to a mild and gracious manner. His dress had always been immaculate and now showed the quality of tailormade suits of gray or light blue which gave the appearance of slenderness to the added weight of middle years. Constantly in demand as a speaker or guest to add prestige and meaningful purpose to a meeting, his schedule was filled with engagements for a period of two years in advance. Occasionally, after months of travel, he would admit that he was tired and once remarked that he would like to have “a normal life,” if even for a short time. He took pride in watching his boys grow and said that the prime purpose of DeMolay was to create leaders in every field of human endeavor; to mold boys so that they would naturally lead others, in order that the world might be a better place in which to live. Thinking of the world-shaking events that pressed on every side, he would add, “Every worthwhile field of human activity can today cite leaders who came out of DeMolay ranks. It is a common saying at Grand Council Headquarters, that six times out of ten, when the newspapers of the nation carry the stories of leaders under 50, we can go to our files and find that they were active DeMolays in their teen years, and in nearly every instance, these men give DeMolay credit for having played some part in molding their lives. . . . I refer to this because we have something in DeMolay that cannot be measured or weighed in the marts of trade—a whole world is looking at us and asking for our message, we must not fail as citizens, as leaders, and as men.”

Masonry, to Frank Land, was an important phase of life—almost a career. He held many Masonic offices, among them was his year as Potentate of Ararat Shrine in 1931 and as the Sovereign of Mary Conclave of the Red Cross of Constantine in 1950. At the age of 35 on October 23, 1925, he had been coroneted a 33rd Degree, Inspector General Honorary and Honorary Member of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction. His position in the world of Freemasonry rose until in 1944, Senator Harry Truman telephoned from Washington to verify the report he had heard that Kansas Citians were running Land for Imperial Outer Guard of the Shrine, the first office in a line of succession leading eventually to Imperial Potentate. The rumor was verified and at the Milwaukee Imperial Council session of that year Senator Truman, only three weeks before the Democratic National Convention which was to nominate him for Vice-President, spent three days working for the candidacy of his friend. He listened to the nominating speech of James E. Nugent, Potentate of Ararat Temple in 1932.

“It is with pleasure that I come before you to bring you a name of a Past Potentate of Ararat Temple. . . . He is a man who has been a part of the civic life of our community, who has at all times engaged in those fine ideals which have for their purpose the perpetuity in the minds and hearts of the young men of this country some of those things that can never be destroyed. He has demonstrated his loyalty not only in his relations with his fellowmen but in relation to 500,000 young men to whom he has brought something that has touched their lifestream and brought to them the inspiration of loyalty in its true proportions. And young men in their teens who are approaching those periods of life when things may be out of proportion need the guiding hand of experience and proper ideals. . . .

“He is and has been identified with all branches of Masonry, and actively. He is a 33° Honorary Scottish Rite, a Knight Templar, a Past Potentate of his Temple, and in each and every branch of Masonry with which he has been identified he has graced it not only by his presence, by his work and by his service—he has been an honor. And may I say this, as he has touched the various phases of the philosophy, of morals, and those attributes that make up the most beautiful part of Masonry, we find that the institution has been honored by his affiliation. . . .

“I bring to you with all of the power of speech, with all the depth of human feeling, with all of the emotion that causes the blood to surge from my heart, seeking to let it go down into the lifestream of

others—I am pleading at this time that the spirit of the past that has made the Shrine may continue. . . .

“So, Nobles, today I present with pleasure my friend of a quarter of a century, my associate of so many years. I vouch for his integrity, his honesty, and all the things which men hold dear. I bring to you as a candidate for Imperial Outer Guard, Illustrious Noble Frank S. Land, of Ararat Temple, the founder, the creator, the doer of so many things with respect to the progress of humanity; feeling, as I do, from the bottom of my heart that he will, as he goes into this line and approaches the place where the Imperial Potentate stands forth and stands out, bring credit to it; he will bring to it something from the simplicity of his life and his faith will make itself manifest.”

Land was not elected nor was he elected the following year. At the time of the 1946 session in San Francisco, Truman was President of the United States. The report came that the President was coming to San Francisco to work for his friend. He wasn't able to leave Washington but Land was elected anyway as Imperial Captain of the Guard on July 24 to eventually serve as Imperial Potentate in 1954-1955.

A program that Land called, “An historic step in the development of DeMolay” came in 1948 with the enterprising formation of the DeMolay Foundation. DeMolay was then the third largest young men's organization in the free world. It had taken a generation to establish its position and now to insure the stability and survival of the organization, outside contributions were sought to support the educational program of DeMolay. The DeMolay Foundation, Inc., was incorporated August 3, 1948, under the general laws of the State of Maryland for the purpose of collecting, investing, and expending monies to further the religious, charitable, scientific, and educational activities of the Order of DeMolay. Approval was given by the Internal Revenue Department to proceed as a charitable organization to which contributions could be used in computing deductions on federal income tax returns. A momentous goal of \$4,600,000 was set as the pressing need for this program to be used to benefit young men everywhere.

The first Board of Trustees consisted of only three members, Frank S. Land, Edward A. King, and Bryce B. Smith. John H. Glazier, Director of Extension for the Grand Council, served as Secretary. This group was later expanded in number to include Berl Berry, a business leader whose interests extended from coast to coast, to serve as Chairman of this Board. The Grand Council Family was rep-

resented by the Grand Master, the Deputy Grand Master, and the immediate Past Grand Master.

Walter C. Ploeser, during the 1950 Session of the Grand Council, reported for the funding committee of the Foundation that "we must first do for ourselves if we are to march out into the highways and byways and ask others to do for us. Accordingly it has been our opinion that if it behooves the Grand Council and its members in the various jurisdictions to put up the first and original expenses so that we might begin the organization of the work to interest others. . . . It has been the thought of this group that we should proceed among ourselves to raise an estimated \$50,000 which would be expended for the expenses to be incurred in the organization of a program which will raise the ultimate fund." The report was adopted. Pledges and subscriptions were reported in the 1951 Session to be in the total amount of \$22,003.50.

This significant program outlined a broad scope of endeavor. A publicity brochure called for \$900,000 to be used for educational work in expanding the activities and advantages of DeMolay with emphasis on a vocational guidance program and a safe driving campaign. The sum of \$400,000 was to be used in a nationwide training program for adult and youth leaders for local DeMolay Chapters with the hope that this program would include summer camps, regional schools of instruction, and national conferences. The major portion of the anticipated goal, amounting to \$3,300,000 was for a Scholarship Fund to be used for the education of worthwhile DeMolays in the universities of their choice. It was estimated that the interest from this fund would provide 200 such scholarships each year for young men who might otherwise not have an opportunity to attend college.

This ambitious program even called for the erection of a "Frank S. Land Memorial Center" to adjoin Supreme Council Headquarters in Kansas City, Missouri, to serve as a nucleus of a Youth Leadership College and to house a DeMolay Museum. This was approved by Dad Land on the basis that "it is distinctly and specifically understood that HE did NOT originate the idea."

Tremendous effort was extended by men across the nation but the program never got off the ground. The Korean War became a drain on the resources of the nation, the youth of America once again took up arms against an aggressive nation, and interest in the Foundation wavered. Periods of depression in the early fifties sapped the enthusiasm of those soliciting large sums for charitable and fraternal pur-

poses. The financial goal was not reached—not even approached. Two definite values, however, came as a result. First, it showed the vision of Frank Land in continually seeking new approaches to an ever-advancing vision of DeMolay to better serve the youth of the nation. He never dreamed small dreams. Second, from the funds received, the DeMolay Foundation was able to launch a limited program. It operates now by granting some 40 scholarships each year with “preference given to active DeMolays or to sons or daughters of Senior DeMolays.” This scholarship fund is under the direction of the Board of Trustees with Mr. William A. Hensley serving as chairman and an Educational Committee composed of Herbert E. Duncan, Chairman; Edward L. Bittner; and Russell A. Peck.

In a spirit of pride in his boys and to recognize the guidance given the nation by members of government, Frank Land now instituted an annual breakfast held on the birthday anniversary of George Washington, February 22. It was so planned as to coincide with the annual Conference of Grand Masters of North America. Here, in Washington, he served as host to honor the President, Vice President, Justices of the Supreme Court, members of the Cabinet, leaders in the Congress and Administration, as well as distinguished Masons from every state of the nation. In 1950, the Frank S. Land Breakfast held special interest, for during the afternoon the Order of DeMolay was to unveil a statute of George Washington to stand in the George Washington Masonic National Memorial at Alexandria, Virginia. It was a gift to the Freemasons of the United States as a mark of deep appreciation and gratitude for the kindly interest that Freemasonry had always evidenced in this Youth Movement.

The great statue of Washington is the first object to be seen by visitors as they enter the Memorial Structure. It stands in a circular niche with a high rounded ceiling in the rotunda of the Memorial. A plate at the base indicates that it was given by the members of the Order of DeMolay throughout the world. It is the work of the late Bryant Baker, a renowned sculptor and a member of Constitutional Lodge No. 294 of Beverly, England. The statue shows General Washington in the Masonic regalia he wore as Master of Alexandria-Washington Lodge. It is 17' 4" in height, cast in bronze and is estimated to weigh 17 tons including the base, the statue, chair and pedestal.

The dedication and unveiling of the statue was under the direction of the Grand Lodge of the Commonwealth of Virginia with the Worshipful Master of Alexandria-Washington Lodge No. 22, Godfrey P.

Renal, a member of the DeMolay Legion of Honor, assisting in the ceremonies. Judge William E. McKay, Grand Master of the Grand Council of the Order of DeMolay, expressed the greetings of the Order and the hope "that in the years to come the statue may be the motif of many a pilgrimage on the part of our membership where we may rededicate ourselves to the principles that gave us birth and happiness, and the peace and freedom we have so long cherished."

Harry S Truman, President of the United States, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Missouri and a member of the Executive Committee of DeMolay, made the address of presentation. In his speech, carried over the national networks by radio and television, he paid tribute to George Washington:

"It is a great privilege to dedicate this inspiring statue of George Washington. . . .

"George Washington, like ourselves, lived in a period of great change—a period when new forces and new ideas were sweeping across the world. He was the leader of his people in a revolution against tyranny. He commanded an army in a long and bitter war. He was a major figure in the creation of a new kind of constitution. Finally, as the first President of our Nation, he translated that Constitution into a living government.

"Washington's efforts for freedom were twofold. He was concerned first with making the ideal of democratic government work. He was also concerned with the defense of that ideal against the forces opposed to it. . . .

"The task of Americans today is fundamentally the same as it was in Washington's time. We, too, must make democracy work and we must defend it against its enemies.

"But our task today is far greater in scope than it was in Washington's time. Not only are we concerned with increasing the freedom, welfare, and opportunity of our people. We are also concerned with the right of other peoples to choose their form of government, to improve their standards of living, and to decide what kind of life they want to live. . . .

"This is a time of restlessness and change. In many parts of the world, men are searching for a better social order. They demand a way of life that will provide greater freedom and more widespread opportunity. They yearn to own the land they live on, and to be secure against poverty, disease and hunger. Above all, they want to live their own lives as they see fit. This rising demand of men everywhere for independence and a better life puts the ideals of freedom and self-government to their greatest test. . . .

“Just as our 13 original states found that survival and progress depended on closer association and common effort, so the free nations of the world today must seek their salvation in unity and concerted action. The real strength of the free nations is not to be found in any single country or any one weapon, but in the combined moral and material strength of the free world as a whole. . . .

“The progress we have made in this country since the days of George Washington is proof of the vitality and truth of the ideals he fought for. We must be no less firm, no less resolute, no less steadfast than he was. We move upon a greater stage than he did, but our problems are fundamentally the same problems that faced the first President of this Nation—to make democracy work and defend it from its enemies.

“George Washington sought guidance from Almighty God as he faced these tasks in his time; let us be guided today by Divine Providence as we strive for lasting peace with freedom and justice for all mankind.”

A new policy for Grand Council meetings began with the meeting of March 6, 1950, in Fort Worth, Texas. H. Malvern Marks, executive officer for Texas and who was to serve as Grand Master in 1953, was the host for this meeting. He talked with Land about the need for active DeMolay members to attend the meetings of the Grand Council and from this conversation, for the first time, the State Master Councilors of the various jurisdictions were invited to attend. Also, during this session a DeMolay was assigned for each Member or Deputy to perform such errands or services as might be required. Land was delighted for here was the presence of the young generation, their ideas, their ideals and their inspiration.

During the 1954 session of the Grand Council the name of that guiding organization was changed to the International Supreme Council of the Order of DeMolay. William P. Lombard, as Chairman of the Committee on Jurisprudence and Legislation moved the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution by striking out that section which read that “this body shall be known as ‘The Council of the Order of DeMolay,’” and substituting the following: “this body shall be known as ‘The International Supreme Council of the Order of DeMolay.’” The motion carried and the Secretary General, Frank S. Land, with “such other officers as the law may require” were authorized to proceed with the necessary steps “to have the corporate name as it appears on the Charter and elsewhere legally and properly changed by the State of Missouri, under whose laws we are incorporated.”

Life has been referred to as a mighty river formed by the tributaries of endeavor and experience. Frank Land in July of 1954 began the year of his highest Masonic endeavor as he was elevated to the position of Imperial Potentate of the Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America at Atlantic City, New Jersey, during the 80th annual session of the Imperial Council. The ceremony to honor his election took place in the huge auditorium on the famous boardwalk and consisted of a pageant portraying his life, his ideals, and his accomplishments. At the conclusion of the program, the jewel of an Imperial Potentate was presented by Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri.

Some had expressed the fear that Land would "drain the resources of the Shrine" in the support of DeMolay. Instead he devoted the year of his Shrine leadership to strengthening the Masonic Fraternity. He knew that the progress of DeMolay depended upon a strong fraternity capable of supplying men of quality to serve as advisors for his chapters. Under the banner of "New Horizons" his program was put into action. It called for all Shriners to concentrate on giving help to Craft Masonry, beginning with the Blue Lodges and extending through the Scottish and York Rite Bodies. "Masonic Festivals" were established in the various jurisdictions to assist the members of the Masonic Fraternity in expansion, development and comprehensive programs. He suggested that one vast community church service should be held in each Shrine Temple's jurisdiction and that Councils of Deliberation should be established to plan for the over-all welfare of all masonic organizations. "The Ancient and Honorable Guild of the Leather Apron" was created as a movement to recruit dedicated and enthusiastic Masons from all walks of life . . . to encourage them to apply their skills and "know how" . . . in a perpetual evangelistic campaign . . . to re-emphasize . . . and revitalize . . . the lessons and ideals of Freemasonry.

The active year as Imperial Potentate reached its climax in Chicago on July 13, 14, 15, 1955, as Land presided during the Imperial Sessions. His annual report was printed, and as he spoke to the Nobles he said, "It is there for you to read. It has been written on planes and trains, and everywhere else. . . . I offer it to you as my address for the stewardship you placed upon me this last year." The report reads as though it had been written just after his election the year before but shows the idealism of a man rising to the challenge of change, as was further expressed in his address as Imperial Potentate to the Officers and Representatives of the Imperial Council:

"NEW HORIZONS"

Yesterday you paid me the great honor of electing me as your Imperial Potentate. With God's help and your good wishes, I hope to serve you worthily.

Almost by the second—Time marches on! Nothing stands still! Everywhere . . . humanity advances into new eras. It is off with the old, and on with the new, and in each of our own lifetimes, the changes you and I can recall have been both amazing and fantastic.

Many of us can remember the first electric light . . . the first telephone . . . the first motor car . . . the first radio . . . the first television . . . the first wonder drugs . . . the first miracle fabrics.

On our comparatively brief time on this earth . . . we've seen the airplane come into common usage; we've seen the advent of radar . . . jet propulsion . . . atomic energy. We've had ringside seats at the greatest show on earth . . . that show being the March of Progress! And . . . it is only the beginning! Far greater vistas are opening up for humanity. Never again will the clock be turned back.

To keep pace . . . and to assume its share of the leadership responsibility in this terrific thrust forward . . . is our duty and privilege.

That the Shrine has succeeded far beyond the dreams of its founders is proved by the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children . . . the world's greatest philanthropy. Shriners are leaders in every walk of life. It can be truthfully said that no other group has proportionately provided the world with more or better qualified leaders.

But . . . to keep up with the parade . . . we cannot rest for a moment on the laurels already won. This would be sheer folly . . . it would not be faithful to our trust. . . .

Nobles . . . the time has come to destroy the obstacles that keep us from our rightful heritage. We ourselves are the only ones who can erase these barriers. And what are those barriers? Permit me to state the problem very plainly. The Shrine has more than doubled its membership in less than 15 years. That did not happen by chance.

It was the pageantry, the splendor, and the good fellowship that made men desire to be Shriners. So down through the years, men began to have the urge to petition for Masonic Degrees and then work their way up through the Rites to the Shrine. A great majority of these newcomers accomplish the journey in less than a year's time. The result is that these newly created Nobles do not stop long enough in the Blue Lodge, the Bodies of the York Rite, or the Scottish Rite, to learn anything about the traditions of Craft Masonry . . . much less the landmarks and the philosophy of the Fraternity. One thing we must always remember, and it is this . . . that we are Masons first, and Shriners second . . . that if the Blue Lodge dies . . . the Shrine will die. . . .

Nobles . . . Nobles . . . I am dedicating my administration this year to the major goal of erasing all obstacles that keep us outside that magic circle which houses the Masonic family.

ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

On July 1, 1954, you paid me the great honor of electing me as your Imperial Potentate. With God's help and your good wishes, I have sought

to serve you worthily. In the 12 months that have passed, I have never forgotten that humility and divine guidance have been my lodestar.

A year ago I was contemplating the beginning of the journey. Today I am contemplating its ending. It has been a memorable experience, filled with an abundance of kind thoughts, friendly deeds, and far too many courtesies extended me by the Nobility wherever I have traveled.

We have sought to emblazon upon the banner of the Shrine the oft repeated watchword "In Masonic Unity there is strength." The year has been dedicated to a program of New Horizons. . . . You who have been in the vanguard of this endeavor know and realize how well we have prospered. The New Horizons Program enunciated at Atlantic City has flowered beyond all expectations. . . .

As we approach the end of this journey, we see many things more clearly. It is sad but true that as we near the end of the journey, events move into sharper focus and their meaning often becomes more understandable.

This is hindsight, and while hindsight never is nor can be as good as foresight, too few of us ever do much about substituting one for the other. Our trouble is not taking time early enough in life, or often enough, to evaluate events. Events are the handwriting on the wall . . . put there by history . . . and intended solely for our contemplation . . . judgement and proper and timely action.

The reason we do not learn early enough in life to evaluate events is that we're too busy keeping up in the race for material things. In doing so, we lose sight of the bigger things . . . the real things in life.

We become selfish. We become smug and complacent. Nothing matters but personal success . . . personal glory.

And thus . . . the germ of apathy bores its way into our beings, and even in small doses . . . apathy invariably breeds destruction. That one single warning was the most pertinent of all coming from the lips of Sir Winston Churchill during World War II. Sir Winston cautioned the Allies that apathy was more dangerous by far than all the Hitlers!

Apathy is nothing more or less than the trend to "let George do it." It is laziness in the Nth degree. It is the shirking of responsibility. It is acceptance of the so-called inevitable.

The greatest menace to Freemasonry today is apathy! And don't let anyone hoodwink you! Freemasonry can be destroyed . . . it can be wiped off the face of this earth . . . and all by nothing more innocent appearing or more venomous than the Trojan horse called apathy!

You say that this is sheer poppycock . . . that nothing can or ever will erase Freemasonry from the face of this earth! Well, let's take a look at the facts . . . at some of history's handwriting on the wall!

Far back in history, the Apostle Paul wrote on the wall the ageless warning . . . "Love Never Faileth!" "All else," said Paul, "can come and go . . . only love is eternal." And how has Paul's prediction stood up down through the years?

In his essay . . . "The Greatest Thing in the World" . . . Henry Drummond amplifies Paul's cryptic statement. He cites the fact that even in its comparatively short lifespan, the world has seen basic languages come and go. He points to the Greek language . . . Latin, and to such tongues

as the Indian, Welsh, and Scottish Highland which now are in the process of passing into oblivion.

Drummond points out that even knowledge comes and goes . . . being supplanted by new knowledge in the off-with-the-old; on-with-the-new trend that has been the rule ever since the days of the Garden of Eden. The steam engine replaced the oxcart; diesel and electric power shoved steam into the background, and today, atomic power threatens to obsolete all other forms before it. All over the world we can see great stacks of scrap metal . . . the obsolete engines of yesterday.

Drummond points to the change in textbooks; the change in medicines; the changes in myriad fields and areas of doing and thinking . . . and it all backs up the assertion of Paul that nothing is safe; nothing is sacred; nothing is assured life eternal—except love.

Can you tell me anything that is going to last? Many things Paul did not name. He made no mention of money, fortune or fame. He merely cited some of the great things of his time . . . things most men would regard as fixtures on the earthly scene . . . things the best men of all time up to then regarded as things with eternal life built into them. Paul brushed them aside. He made no charge against them. He merely said they would not last . . . they would be replaced as time went on. He admitted their greatness; he did not rate them as supreme.

Yes, we've had ample warning that we can't be certain that anything but love will really last. So, let's not be smug or complacent relative to the longevity of Freemasonry! Let's not hoodwink ourselves into believing Freemasonry is less vulnerable than any other bulwarks that have been toppled by time and apathy. We can't do a thing about time . . . but apathy is something else again! Freemasonry, you say, is too big to topple. Well, so was the Greek language. So was the knowledge of Newton. So was the oxcart and the steam engine. So were a myriad other things that have been trampled underfoot and forgotten in the relentless Parade of Progress.

What can we do about it? The Shrine and Freemasonry must keep up with the Parade of Progress! And the responsibility rests on the shoulders of every Freemason! Every Shriner.

What are we doing about it? Well, our New Horizons Program has laid the groundwork for an all-out educational campaign to root apathy from the ranks of Freemasonry, the Rites and the Shrine . . . at least insofar as possible.

In the last year, thousands upon thousands of Freemasons in the symbolic Lodges, the Scottish and York Rite Bodies . . . and the Shrine . . . have enlisted in this most vital cause. The seeds of this New Horizons Program thus far have barely taken root in the friendly and fertile soil that is ours. Yet already from all segments and areas of Freemasonry come reports of tremendous initial progress. Now that the snowball has been started, it is the fervent hope and wish that it will be kept rolling and growing into a thing of such tremendous size that it will upset the declaration of the Apostle Paul that only love can live forever.

Now is the golden opportunity for the Shrine to make a great contribution to Freemasonry and all of its branches. We of the Shrine have demonstrated amazing skills in doing those things that lay close to our

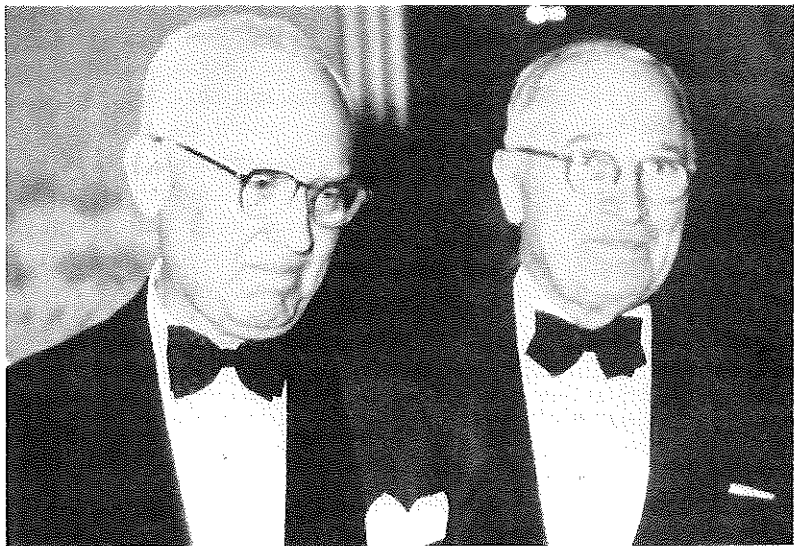
hearts. What a tremendous "shot in the arm" we of the Shrine, with all our amazing abilities, skills, leadership, and pageantry, can give to Freemasonry if all of us will go back to our symbolic Lodges and the Rites . . . and by attendance and offers of aid, re-educate ourselves in the obligations, traditions and beautiful lessons of the Craft.

It can be done! In fact, it must be done! In no other way can the unity and solidarity be brought about to assure perpetuation of Freemasonry itself. No house can stand divided against itself. Our house is NOT divided. It merely needs shoring up . . . bolstering in places . . . to make it a solid wall. The New Horizons Program . . . if utilized energetically and wholeheartedly . . . will help do the job. . . .

Truly, this is the Shrine's Golden Hour! There can be no doubt in any mind that God has showered his richest blessings on us. Our Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children are acclaimed on every hand. The sun shines on our pageantry . . . our skills . . . and our abilities. The Four Winds of Heaven have carried our message of Masonic Unity to all children of the Craft.

We have been told that in the last year we have recorded more definite progress than justifiably had been anticipated in the next ten! We actually have molded a strong thread of unity in our very first year of organized effort. . . .

Certainly, the New Horizons Program dare not be permitted to wither on the vine. We've started the ball rolling and we're duty bound to keep it rolling! And we must never forget for an instant that we're on the spot in promoting such a program. . . .



"CITIZEN EXTRAORDINARY"

Former President Harry S. Truman escorted Dad Land to the "Citizen Extraordinary" dinner in January 1957.

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Citizen Extraordinary

FRANK LAND was now a citizen extraordinary of America. He was known in every State and Province, and welcomed in cities and communities all across the nation. Shrine Temples presented gifts to him on his official visitation and the Masonic world followed his leadership. For many years he had spent the greater part of his time away from home but during this year as Imperial Potentate he was seldom in Kansas City. When asked how far he had travelled during the year, he would reply, "As close as I can figure, it must be a hundred thousand miles."

It was a tremendous period in his life and he took pride in the activity, the honor, and the dedication he so willingly gave. But there was criticism as there always is to men in positions of prominence. Some said he gave too much to DeMolay and neglected the Shrine. Others said he gave too much to the Shrine and neglected DeMolay. And then the busy ones, the gossipy ones, would ask about the absence of his wife especially at formal banquets and parties. They spread their rumors and found no response nor foundation for their tales. There was no doubt in the minds of those with whom he worked and knew him best. They looked up to him for that rare spiritual quality which brought out the best in their own lives. He was able to inspire with a challenge—a challenge to serve in a cause for youth that made every man young. One of the largest meetings in his honor was in Boston during the Boston Masonic Festival. Here, on a "Massachusetts DeMolay Night," 20,000 DeMolays and Masons were in attendance with thousands turned away when the auditorium area was filled to capacity.

As his year of Shrine leadership came to a close, a tribute was given to him by the members of the Imperial Divan. It was a scroll consisting of a sketch portrait of him with his fez of the five stars of an Imperial Potentate, the signature of each Divan member, and the inscription:

Presented to Frank S. Land, 33rd Degree, Imperial Potentate 1954-1955, whose constructive administration will long command the devotion rooted deeply in the gratitude of Shrine and Masonic leadership throughout North America and whose philosophy truly reflects the conscience of the Shrine, with the compliments of his Imperial Divan.

On his return to Kansas City following the meeting of the Imperial Council in Chicago, he received word that he had been elected to receive the Scottish Rite Grand Cross of Honor. The office was delighted. Charley Boyce broke the news by saying, "This is the greatest of honors. He will be the youngest man to ever receive this award. I have checked the records and find that he will be the third living recipient and the first Missourian to be so honored. In the long history of the Scottish Rite for the Southern Jurisdiction—a history that covers 154 years—less than 30 Grand Cross awards have been made." The award, a Teutonic Cross of gold resting on a wreath of gold leaves with a crimson rose in the center, was presented on May 18, 1956, during the Reunion Banquet of the Kansas City, Missouri, Scottish Rite Bodies, by William B. Massey, Sovereign Grand Inspector General in Missouri.

Recognition of his life of leadership to the youth of America came to him as if to give meaning to a line from the ritual of the Legion of Honor, "We believe in placing flowers in the hands of the living." Two universities conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities upon him. The first was from Indiana Technical College, Fort Wayne, Indiana, with this citation dated November 21, 1954:

In recognition of your contribution as a leader of men and boys, a contribution based on *humility*, so that all men are your brothers to be served; a contribution based on *sincerity*, so that the high ideals you speak of are reflected truly in your life; a contribution based on *dedication* to your work, so that you have given your time, your talents, and indeed much of your personal wealth and life to this humanitarian task; and a contribution based on *knowledge and understanding* of boys, so that you have touched over a million and a half lives over the world, making better men, Indiana Technical College upon the approval of its Board of Directors is honored to pay tribute to you and through the authority in it vested by the State of Indiana confers upon you the degree, Doctor of Humanities (*honoris causa*) with all of the rights, titles, privileges and obligations appertaining thereto.

His commencement address to the graduating class of this great Indiana university stressed the beginning of a life as the most important for, "The way you begin is the way you end." He referred to the fast march of civilization, the rapid changing pace of the world, and the necessity of a spiritual sense. It was typical of his thinking and ex-

pressed the heart and soul of his philosophy. Standing before the podium and wearing the doctorate robe that had been presented to him, he looked at the young men and women before him and slowly began his speech:

"I know that all of you look forward to careers and probably feel that the measure of success you attain in life will be gaged by your financial gain. But let me assure you that this goal alone will not give you that inner satisfaction or security that is your God-given heritage. There is no worthwhile possession that does not need to be constantly won and rewon. The moment that you get your alphabet learned—one of the greatest of all intellectual achievements, you possess the whole of the English literature. As soon as you can count, you possess the whole of the equipment of a Sir Isaac Newton or an Einstein. But it is quite another matter to possess your possessions.

"The same thing is true of conscience. It cannot be transmitted from father to son or from mother to daughter. If a person is ever to have a living conscience, he must first possess it himself and then keep it alive and alert in the current of the social streams of his time. We seek to possess ourselves but this possession is constantly disputed and challenged. All ideals are possessions which belong only to those who win them.

"Our civilization today is on a fast march. The problems which face you and me today are not those that can be settled by a president, an election, or the passing of laws or legislation for political purposes. The whole universe of man is going through a revolutionary change and we of this generation are riding the torrent to where we do not know.

"Our world is changing more rapidly today than it did in the thousand years before the Crusades. It now is changing more rapidly in one year than it did in the whole century after the American and French Revolutions. A new order is aborning. One marvels at the amazing mental mood of man today in his ability to accept the change and maintain his balance in adapting himself to complete new surroundings almost daily. Yes, a whole universe is cracking up and fading away and a new one is coming into being.

"Our age has been built upon the quicksands of material things. We have made a fetish of our great wealth, our imposing buildings, our giant plants of industry, and networks of transportation. Yet, with all these resources, we find our civilization crumbling about us. I ask you and myself: Can we continue to build our lives upon such foundations and what is left to build this new civilization that is aborning?

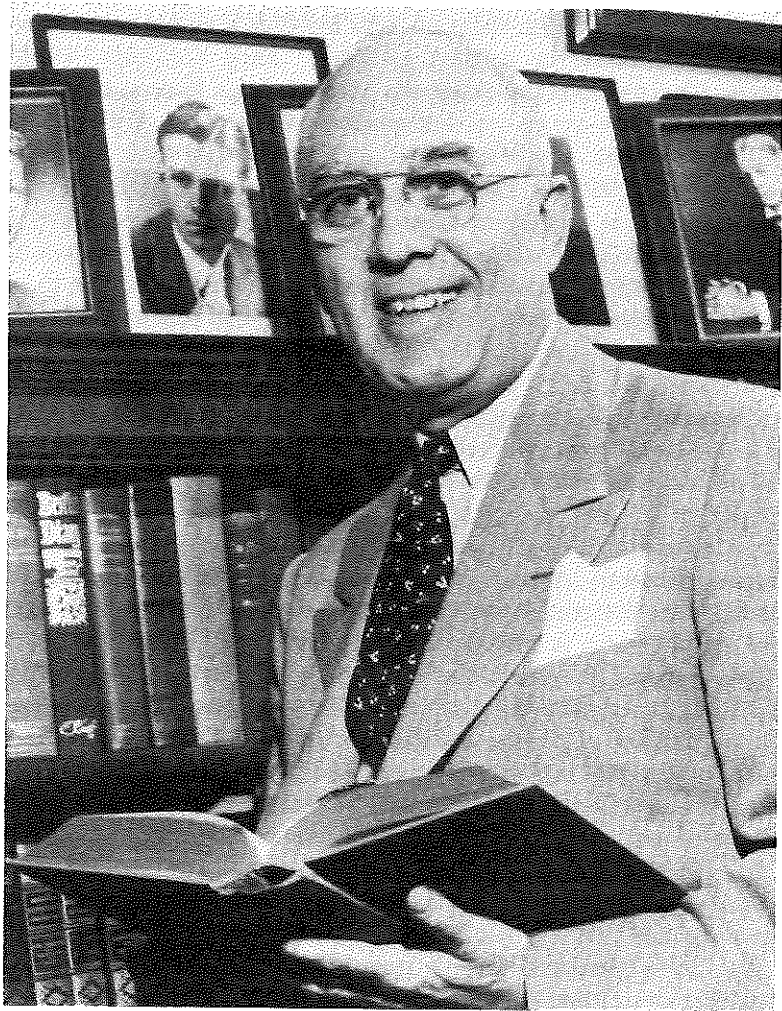
"I will enumerate some of the things I believe we must build our future on. I cannot pick them up with my hands as I would a piece of paper, a book, or a glass of water. They are imponderable things—like the sunlight—they slip through your fingers, or the air that brushes so close to you but which you never see. I like to call them the invisible things of life; the things our mothers taught us from the time we first knelt at her knee—honesty, integrity, truth, beauty, freedom, goodness, clean thinking, love of God, love of home, and love of country. You cannot pick any of these virtues up and hide them from the eyes of men and women. They are free to everyone who accepts them. They are the anchors to which we must tie if we are to live beautiful and righteous lives.

"By now, you realize that I am not talking about technology to you graduates of this great engineering school. All my life has been devoted to the building and importance of character. I like the motto from one of our great boy's schools, Phillips Andover. In Latin, its literal translation is: The way you begin is the way you end.' The point made, of course is that an individual may be highly skilled in engineering, chemistry, or any other activity, but unless he or she has behind that the essential ingredient of character, he cannot go anywhere for long. Character is a personal thing, as personal as a toothbrush.

"As valuable as science has been, it has not yet been able to give us a formula for the evaluation of the human being. Men and women are the product of change and they reflect the interplay of environment and heredity in a swiftly moving world. Human talents are constantly being reshaped to meet new challenges. Because the quality of men cannot be measured by mathematics or isolated in a test tube. American leaders have learned that in the selection of men and women they must rely on three stable factors—ability, personality, and character.

"Ability is a badge not lightly won. It is an attribute gained by personal demonstration. Personality is the light by which ability makes its way. It is a spark engineered by personal contact and on occasion it may be fanned into that high white flame that we sometimes associate with hypnotic power. Lacking it, a man of ability may linger in obscurity, unsought and untried.

"But the greatest of all these qualities is character. Ability and personality may open doors, but it is character that keeps them open. Character is a priceless possession and one that is not built overnight. It is built on the strength of a slow, steady, continuous growth. No matter what you do, you must have character to endure, even as you must have ability and personality to achieve. As you contribute char-



DAD LAND'S LIBRARY

The library in the old building served as Dad's office. This room was carefully taken apart for installation in the new Headquarters building. Each panel, stile, railing and molding was carefully marked and numbered, as if a cathedral were being moved to a new location.

DEMOLAY HEADQUARTERS



The new DeMolay Headquarters building was first occupied on March 23, 1958. It stands as a monument to DeMolay and the Founder of the Order (top). Dad Land's office, reconstructed and used until his death; the north and west walls (middle), and south and west walls (below).

acter it flows back to you in strength and inspiration. Since our character exists only in the estimation of others, it must be constantly guarded and fostered and not allowed to waste itself in thoughtlessness, or selfishness or avarice.

“I ask you to analyze the life of any outstanding leader, an individual whom others follow. You will see that he learned first to serve those who follow him. He respects others as he demands respect for himself. He knows that if he is true to himself, he cannot be false to others. A man with character has gentle dignity, reasonable kindness, strength without hypocrisy, and humble wisdom. A man’s greatest asset is his character. In business or in his profession, in politics, or among his friends, it carries with it an obligation. It puts a man on a spot to live up to it. It’s hard to earn a reputation for character and just as hard to keep it. You must try each day to do a lot better than the day before. And keep in mind that a man who has a reputation for character is not excused or forgiven transgressions as are some lesser folks.

“One time, in some kind of a talk somewhere, I said that ‘in the life of each young person there stretch a hundred beckoning paths. The followers of the Prophet Mohammed believe that for the individual only one of these can lead him to the proper fulfillment of his destiny. This the Mohammedans call Al Sirat, or the correct or proper way. They believe that the basic problem of youth is his search for his own Al Sirat. Mohammedan philosophers cautioned the young not to take the path that looked most attractive at first glance, but to test one path after another until they are sure.’

“Then I remember reading once that Benjamin Franklin said in 1772: ‘We must not in the course of public life expect immediate grateful acknowledgment of our services. But let us persevere through abuse and even injury. The internal satisfaction of a good conscience is always present and time will do justice in the minds of the people, even of those at present the most prejudiced against us.’

“When Thoreau saw the woodman’s ax destroying the forest, he exclaimed, ‘Thank God, they cannot cut down the clouds.’ There are invisible things, eternal things, that all the powers of men in all their fury cannot destroy. To even contemplate these things is to achieve an inward quiet and peace even in this war-torn and topsy-turvy world that you and I now live in.

“There are indestructible qualities of human spirit. Mother love is immortal and, though crushed to earth, rises again. Courage, sacrifice, peace of mind, love, truth, love of home and family, love of country, and love of God, all glow with a new light in the midst of

the blackouts of hope. Faith gallantly and victoriously rides the whirlwind. No, my friends, you cannot cut down the clouds. The spirit of man cannot be destroyed. The finest things of life are invisible and immortal; they will survive.

"In one of the letters of Marcus Aurelius when, as a young man, he was traveling, he tells his teacher that as his party went through the gate of the old Tower of Anagni, they saw on each side the inscription, 'Priest, put on thy Sum-en-tum.' Marcus inquired and was told that the Sum-en-tum was a bit of skin taken from a sacrificed goat or sheep which the priest put on his cap when he entered the city. It was a badge of distinction. It set the wearer apart from his fellowmen. It was his reminder of his role in life.

"Today, as you receive your diplomas, you receive your engineering degrees, you are receiving your Sum-en-tum, august and exorable. It should remind you always of that day of highest inspiration when you selected your highway of life. Each day as you pass through the gate of the morning and don your Sum-en-tum, it should give you new courage, new hope, new faith.

"Isn't it odd that the invisible things of God seem so very, very far away to many of us when, in reality, we have only to reach out and take Him by the hand? So may I offer this one thought: What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his spiritual sense—loses the narrow path that leads to the footstool of God?"

The second honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities was awarded to him on June 2, 1957, by Ottawa University of Ottawa, Kansas. The citation noted his many contributions to society by stating:

"Because he has made varied civic, educational and social contributions, including his services as a member of the American Advisory Council of Yenching University, Peiping, China, and as a member of the National Youth Week Committee for United States, and including his signal honor as Imperial Potentate of the Shrine for North America; because he has sacrificed for others rather than advancing his own gain and more especially because he has enriched the lives of thousands of young men over the world—first fatherless, friendless boys and then boys of all stations of life and diverse environments—enriched them with the solid, homey virtues necessary to the characters of upright men, and with the adventurous spirit of chivalry necessary to the hearts of boys, so that more than a million and a half men over the world have found in him a real leader Frank S. Land, founder and secretary general of the Order of DeMolay is presented to you for the honorary degree, Doctor of Humanities."

These academic citations contained the basic outlines of the effort Frank Land had given to so many endeavors of merit. He was proud of the Honorary Doctorates bestowed upon him by two great universities but no one dared to call him "Doctor Land." He would have resented the title as applied to himself, considering it pretentious and out of keeping—he much preferred to remain "Dad Land" whose public image was that of a humane and compassionate man. But the citations, complete as they were, did not mention the great dream in the creative mind of this man. It was more than a dream for it was even then taking substance in brick, concrete and steel—a new Headquarters Building for DeMolay.

One day in the summer of 1956 he called the staff into his office in the old remodeled mansion that had served as DeMolay Headquarters since 1928. He was radiant, almost exuberant. "Last night, I had a most wonderful experience," he exclaimed, "my prayers have been answered. The Phillips Petroleum Company has agreed to help construct a four-story, modern office building on the site of this building. DeMolay will have the top floor and Phillips will occupy the balance. Just think—the Order of DeMolay will have its own building! As far as I know, it will be the only young man's fraternal organization in the nation to have its own modern building. I have been praying for this for a long time and now feel happy and grateful that my prayers have been answered. It is a wonderful experience. I wanted to share it with you."

The answer to his prayer did not come in a flash of light as it did to another on a road to Damascus. It had been a slow, evolving process with its beginning, as with most of DeMolay, in a Scottish Rite Temple. Land saw his friend of many years, Ray F. Moseley, watching one of the Degrees being conferred, and motioned for Moseley to join him. Ray, known as one of the outstanding real estate men of the nation, a lay preacher and the author of several pamphlets and books, had been an outspoken advocate of DeMolay for more than 30 years. The two men made their way to a side room and Frank explained his reason for calling him. "Ray," he said, "I have a dream I want you to help make come true. We need a new, modern building for DeMolay and no one knows more about promoting a building than you do, especially when your client has only a dream and no money."

"Go on and tell me about the dream. You know the world is full of dreams that have become true."

"Our property," continued Frank, "is still good. The land is quite valuable, but you have seen what has happened to our neighborhood.

It is no longer residential. Office buildings and a hotel have taken the place of the magnificent old homes that once lined Armour Boulevard. I would like to replace our building with a new one but the only collateral we have is the property itself. Can't we do something?"

"Perhaps we can," Ray replied, "if we put the pieces together in just the right way. You see, Frank, I have been trying to find a site for the Phillips Petroleum Company of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. They want a building in Kansas City and have options on property at Thirty-Ninth and Baltimore. It is not the right location and they might be interested in your site."

"Now, Ray, I do not want to sell our property." Land interrupted.

"Not at all, Frank, what I have in mind is that we work with them and you will both be better off. Of course they will need more land for parking. Their men will have to inspect the site and give us some idea of what they will need." The trained real estate mind began to click as Ray continued, "Now, if we could get the proper loan at the proper interest rate!" He paused and continued, "You know if we could do that and build the building for \$15.00 a square foot, I believe you could have one floor rent free, construct the building for Phillips and have enough to buy the extra land. I'm going to work on it."

From this conversation and subsequent meetings with Paul Endacott, President, and Kenneth S. Adams, Board Chairman of the Phillips Petroleum Company, the Supreme Council at its meeting in 1956 at Reno, Nevada authorized the Secretary General to enter into negotiations with the Phillips Company whereby that company would join with DeMolay in the erection of a four-story dual-tenancy building on the site of the Supreme Council Headquarters in Kansas City, Missouri.

On August 22, 1956, the Executive Committee of the Supreme Council met at the Kansas City Club where a general discussion was held regarding the building and the leasing of all the new building to the Phillips Petroleum Company, except the top floor, which was to be used as Headquarters of the International Supreme Council of the Order of DeMolay. A building committee was appointed with full power and authority to act and to form a Holding Company, to negotiate a lease with the Phillips Company, to arrange for financing, and to make such changes as might be necessary to complete negotiations.

The Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, made commitment for the loan in the amount of \$1,610,000. The cost of the building, complete amortization including interest, taxes and in-

insurance would be paid in 25 years from rental lease by the Phillips Company for that length of time and the building would then be owned outright by the Order of DeMolay.

In the evening of the day when these final arrangements had been made, Frank Land sat in his office with Malvern Marks, Executive Officer of the State of Texas, who had been of inestimable value in securing the loan for the building. Both men were proud and happy. The building was to be erected. The high dreams that had at one time seemed so impossible were to come true. Malvern looked about the office and in a tone of respect for the beauty of the room, said, "Frank, I have one request to make."

"Just name it, Malvern," replied Frank. "After what you have done for DeMolay, any request you make—if I can do it—is yours."

"I would like to have this room transferred as it is and made a part of the new building to be your office there as it is here. There is a lot of sentiment in this room and I would like to see it retained. It is a beautiful room! If it is possible, take the panels, the fireplace and all the rest into the new home of DeMolay."

Work now began in earnest. The Executive Committee approved the purchase of property across the street from the building site, with a frontage of 127 feet on 36th Street and 250 feet on Warwick Boulevard. A house was located on the property with the address of 136 East 36th Street. This house was to serve for offices of DeMolay and was later razed to create additional parking for the cars of the employees of the Supreme Council and the Phillips Petroleum Company.

In December, the work of demolition of the old building was started. Stone after stone, joist after joist was rapidly removed except for Frank Land's office. This room was carefully taken apart for installation in the new building. Each panel, stile, railing and molding was carefully marked and numbered as if a cathedral were being moved to a new location.

The firm of Neville, Sharp and Simon was employed as architects to design and supervise the construction. One of the larger contractors in the city, the Winn-Senter Company was awarded the contract to erect the building.

It stands as a monument to DeMolay and the Founder of the Order. It is an imposing building, four stories of office space and in addition a ground floor level containing a kitchen, cafeteria, mechanical equipment, and storage area. The building is designed to carry an additional floor if such space should be needed.

The architecture is clean-cut, simple and contemporary with beautiful proportions. It faces Warwick Boulevard with gracious set-backs

on all sides for adequate planting and landscape. It is basically a rectangle of varied shades of salmon and buff colored brick with the lower two floors, on north and south, projecting as horizontal, parallel wings with window-walls containing light blue panels and the ends of Silverdale cut stone. The major dimensions are 68 feet from north to south and 214 feet facing Warwick. In addition, the two wings measure 16 feet by 172 feet each. The end walls are without windows but each has a beautiful vertical brick panel with a concave surface extending from grade to parapet.

The new offices were first occupied on March 23, 1958.

With the new Headquarters building not quite complete, a testimonial dinner was given for Frank Land as the "Citizen Extraordinary" on the evening of Saturday, the 26th of January, 1957, at the hour of 7:00 p.m. in the Ballroom of the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City. The descriptive designation of "Citizen Extraordinary" and the idea of the dinner came from the imaginative thinking of H. Roe Bartle, Mayor of Kansas City, who often referred to himself as the "titular head of this great metropolis." Large of body and soul, Bartle has a dynamic manner of speech. It reflects, in a rich flow of words, his own dedication to the ideas that have made America great. He has been called, "that fluent speaker for American democracy." In his earlier years he had been the Boy Scout Executive in Kansas City and with his love of youth had become a staunch and loyal friend of Frank Land. His letter to a select group of prominent citizens regarding the dinner speaks of his affection, "A group of distinguished Kansas Citizens as well as a large number of outstanding leaders on the national horizon have joined together to do honor to one of America's foremost citizens who is proudly a native of Kansas City. For his most excellent participating citizenship and for the great contribution he has made to the youth of our republic and the world, the committee will give leadership to honoring Frank S. 'Dad' Land."

This dinner was attended by some 500 friends including the former President of the United States, Harry S Truman and many other local and national civic and Masonic dignitaries. George Jessel, long-famous figure of the entertainment world affectionately known as "Toastmaster General," served as toastmaster and introduced those who were to pay tribute to Dad Land including Frank Carlson, United States Senator from Kansas, who concluded his remarks with, "So I extend congratulations and best wishes to Frank Land—a perfect gentleman—who has patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness and sincerity." Other speakers gave tribute to him as "a citizen of the world whose leader-

ship and example have reached the people of many lands"; as one who "brought beauty to his city and in so doing brought a lift to the community spirit"; and "through DeMolay more than a generation of men have come to know him as 'Dad' Land, their affection spoken in many tongues. We, his friends at home and his friends in other countries, know him as a builder in the highest sense, a builder of manhood."

Mayor Bartle said in part:

"It was back in 1922 when my pathway of life crossed that of Dad Land. DeMolay was in its infancy, but had already proven its true worth and value as a great and a constructive activity for youth who had character building potential extraordinary. This night we honor Dad Land because of the record he has written as the Founder of DeMolay, and because of the way in which he has dedicated his time, energy, and talents to the constructive aspects of the social structure in his community, in his state, in the nation, and throughout the world.

"Frank Land could have been a leader in any field of endeavor to which he might have given himself. Political leaders have urged him time and time again to offer himself as a candidate for Governor. If he had nodded his head, he could have been the Chief Executive of this great state. Many leaders of industry have invited him to have a part in the development of their corporate bodies. With great consistency, he has turned a deaf ear. Only when youth was involved would Frank Land listen to the opportunity for service.

"Frank Land is building, in my judgment, for the eternity of tomorrow as he has written his biography in the flesh and blood of our land—the world's greatest asset, the Youth of Today, the Men of Tomorrow."

A bronze "Bust of Dad Land" had been made by Julius Schmidt, renowned sculptor. It was presented to Dad as a climax to the dinner by the donors:

Benjamin C. Adams
Charles L. Aylward
Dr. Graham Asher
J. C. Higdon
John G. Madden

John P. Mullane
Ray W. Niles
Richard R. Riss
Roy A. Roberts
Arthur Wahlstedt

Land commented that "this night is for me to ever remember . . . I do not deserve this tribute, but it makes my heart glow to realize that each of you has had a conspicuous part in this undertaking."

Dr. A. F. Schopper, prominent dentist in Kansas City, had served as Secretary for the Testimonial Dinner Committee and wrote to Frank on January 28:

Dear Dad Land:

There is no one who is as deserving as you to be recognized as the most wonderful man and leader. All the services you have rendered

humanity are not known, since so many of your good deeds are hidden in the crevices of the human monument you have built and the blood stream of many people, old and young. The millions of boys you have so wonderfully led since 1919 through the channels of honesty, integrity and good clean living, have taken their place in society, and today are our American leaders in patriotism and clean and just government. Without you, "Dad," this country could and would be in the same terrible condition as many of the countries of the world today.

The good Lord has been wonderful to the people of this country and particularly the people of this community by having given us Frank Land. Thank God He has watched over you and given you strength to carry out His wishes. May He see fit to preserve you for many more years to protect this turbulent world.

The auspicious ceremony given in your honor was only a millionth part of the just expression you should have had. Mrs. Schopper and I enjoyed the occasion immensely and feel proud to have had the privilege of being among those present. It was lovely in our opinion and beautifully conducted.

I am sure, "Dad," you have a nook in everybody's heart you have met in your life. May God keep you and bless you and give you strength to continue to mold the best out of humanity.

With my daily blessing and sincere appreciation and deepest love and wishing you health and happiness, I am

Faithfully yours,
"Champ"

Frank Land replied to this letter.

My Dear "Champ":

Thanks so much for your very gracious letter of the twenty-eighth. You are prejudiced. I would not be truthful if I did not tell you that it affected me very much. I also must thank you for the part you played in making Saturday night such a memorable occasion. With all of your professional and civic duties—I am bewildered that you were able to give so much time to the planning and attention that was evidenced upon your part.

For all of these many kindnesses of yours and tolerance, I humbly thank you. You are my friend—I know it—and glow in it. I hope that one of these days I shall be able to reciprocate.

With word of deep personal regard and affection, I am

Cordially,

Dad Land had said repeatedly, "I am not interested in public office for myself. My answer to the call of citizenship is to make good citizens of the young men who will, in time, take over these offices and our society."

Disregarding this established policy, when he was asked to stand as a candidate for a vacant position on the Board of Education of Kansas City, he consented. This, to him, was different. He had been

a strong advocate of the public schools and considered this an opportunity to help in the important phases of a changing educational pattern. He was elected and sworn into office with two other new members of the Board, Mrs. Tom J. Stubbs and Mrs. James A. Reed, on November 6, 1958, in a service of induction conducted by Judge Tom J. Stubbs of the Jackson County Court. Following the induction service the entire Board held a closed session to elect a new president. Two men were nominated for the office, Harry C. Clark and Wentworth E. Griffin. The vote was deadlocked on each of three ballots and then the board members decided to open the session to the public and conduct the regular business on the agenda.

Land had found himself in a most undesirable position during the election—fixed on the horns of a dilemma with both points being good. He turned to Mrs. Stubbs with his problem. "Helen," he said, "we have known each other a long, long time. I remember you when you were the Sweetheart of DeMolay. You can understand my position. Both Harry and Wentworth were active DeMolays. They are my boys and I did not vote because I cannot choose one over the other."

The next election was held three months later and the dilemma of Frank Land was solved. His boys took care of the situation by nominating him for president and from this nomination he was elected within five minutes. Wentworth E. Griffin was then elected vice-president. The office of President of the Board of Education carried a heavy burden of obligation for the schools were assuming new responsibilities in areas of health, emotional maturity, social adjustment, and counseling and guidance for careers, coming as a result of the wishes of the public. Curriculum, also, was being reappraised to be sure it was the best to achieve the aims of education.

Here was a vivid illustration expressing the truth of the lifelong philosophy of Frank Land. The truth that a man can raise himself by his own bootstraps—by his own endeavor. The books he had read in his youth of the poor boy growing rich, the uneducated boy by continuous reading and study becoming educated, the conscientious boy mounting the ladder of success, had become real. Frank Land, who had at the age of 17, found it necessary to "drop-out" of school during his junior year of high school, by his own accomplishment had secured both education and recognition, and was now, President of the Board of Education of the school system under which, 50 years before, he had been a student.

13

It Is the Beginning

The departed whom we now remember has entered into the peace of life eternal. He shall live on earth in the acts of goodness he performed and in the hearts of those who cherish his memory, May the beauty of his life abide among us as a loving benediction.

SOFTLY SPEAKING these words of committal at the close of a graveside service in Mount Moriah Cemetery in early April of 1959, the Reverend Herbert Ewing Duncan turned to find Frank Land standing beside him. He turned to this man who had been his friend, advisor, and inspiration for more than 30 years and extended his hand in greeting. To his surprise Dad Land did not respond. There was the familiar smile, reserved for "his boys" but there was no handshake. Instead, he said, "Herb, I would like nothing better than to take your hand in mine, but look!" Then, slowly and with apparent pain, Land raised his arm. The hand and fingers were swollen so badly that the slightest touch would have caused excruciating pain.

"They were not like this a few weeks ago," he explained, "it has all happened so fast that I was not aware that something was wrong until one morning I found I could not pick up a pin I had dropped. Since that time I have been receiving medical care. The doctors have diagnosed this as scleroderma. They have warned me that there was the possibility of increased swelling. You can see they were right."

"It is very apparent that they were. Your hands must cause you no end of trouble and probably give you a general feeling of physical let-down. I am so sorry. How did you manage, in this condition, to survive the meetings of the Supreme Council a week or so ago? I was there and gave the opening prayer. You gave no indication of anything being wrong. How did you do it?"

"Herb, you of all people should know that we should never underestimate the inward power we have when we call upon it in time of need. During the Sessions I called upon it many times, using it to the

utmost, and was able to carry on. Then the members of the Supreme Council were a source of strength. Most of them did not know of my illness but their presence gave me a feeling of assurance. Clarence Head, as Grand Master, was tremendous! I could not have carried on without his help and understanding."

"Dad, during all of our years together," the minister replied, "starting when I was an active DeMolay and continuing through the years of our friendship, you have taught me the meaning of courage and faith. Hold fast to your own teachings and the qualities of hope you have given to so many—lean on those spiritual values that have always been a reality in your life and you will come through this. May God bless you and be with you always."

The Supreme Council of that year had consisted of strenuous sessions but no suggestion of his illness appeared in the Secretary General's Report. His report, instead, was bright with his pride of what had been accomplished in the preceding year and during the two score years of DeMolay. It read, in part:

"DeMolay's progress continues unabated. This month marks the fortieth year that the Order has been on parade, and each year our advancing steps get longer and heavier with the weight of prestige and accomplishment.

"Our constant goal of building better men and citizens dedicated to peace and all that goes with it has never been in more demand or need. We must answer this demand and need by redoubling our efforts to furnish it.

"This last DeMolay year has been one of the best on record with the establishment of a new or reinstated chapter three times a week in some part of the world.

"A total of 121 Letters Temporary were issued during the DeMolay year and 33 Chapters were reinstated, bringing the total number of chapters to 2,097 in 14 countries and territories. . . . The overseas expansion of the Order this past year has been especially gratifying. Three Chapters were begun in France and no less than six in Germany.

"A total of 39,516 new members were initiated as DeMolays, thus making it just a few hundred below the best year on record. Had it not been for the recession, we feel confident there would have been a new mark established.

"A new record was set in total numerical strength with 135,039 active DeMolays reported. . . .

"Never before have there been so many changes in the Supreme Council staff as there have been since my report to you a year ago.

Death claimed our beloved and revered L. Fred Stein in October which is an irreparable loss to both DeMolay and Masonry. His illness occurred quite suddenly and took from the staff a man who had given his all for the Order the past 11 years. He will be missed as few men have. His duties of Grand Lecturer are now being handled cooperatively by the other staff members.

"To serve as full time executive secretary of the State DeMolay jurisdictional headquarters in Indiana, we mutually consented to the hiring of C. C. 'Buddy' Faulkner, Jr., who was serving as Director of Activities for the Supreme Council. Being aware of this expected loss, we acquired the qualified services of John S. McKibbin, Jr., last April so he could become thoroughly familiar with the duties of Activities Director by the time of Buddy's departure last fall. John is no newcomer to DeMolay as he was a Supreme Council Staff member from 1934-41 and Mother Chapter Advisor for several years.

"Our most recent loss was the first of March when R. Eugene Britain, Director of Education on the Staff, left to take a position with the American Humanics Foundation which is located in Kansas City and which loans money to students who desire to study in the humanics fields in college. . . .

"DeMolay already has a tremendous amount of prestige; but like any other phase of the Order, there is always room for improvement. Nothing sells a product like prestige, just look at your Cadillac automobile; and let's be honest, DeMolay is a product just like any other idea, organization or way of life. To be sure, it is a product that few others can touch, for its greatest benefit goes to the recipient and remains with him for the rest of his life.

"We offer a program that no other youth organization can match. Certain phases can be matched and maybe surpassed to some degree by other youth groups, but they cannot surpass us in overall quality. If every man, woman and child is aware of this program and they see it substantiated on a local level by a well-run DeMolay Chapter, then the prestige-factor is going to fall on DeMolay naturally. . . .

"In the light of not standing still, but progressing with the times and looking to the future, the staff is presently engaged in an intensive planning program to make vast changes in our policies if need be to insure the continued growth and strength of DeMolay to a much greater extent in the years ahead."

The Secretary General, as a customary part of his Report, would always express a word of thanks to the Headquarters staff. In this report, he was more comprehensive and expressive than he had been

in previous years. It seemed as though he wanted to give expression of his appreciation for all they had done for him and for the care they had shown as his increasing weakness placed a limitation on his activities. His first word of special thanks was to Charles A. Boyce.

"After 37 years your Secretary General is beginning to run out of words to adequately express himself for the faithful and devoted service of Charles A. Boyce. He has not only been an efficient and tireless worker for DeMolay for these many years, but he has also been a conspicuously trusted and loyal friend. The best way I know to express his need to DeMolay is to say 'I couldn't get along without him.'

"Your Secretary General wishes to express his profound appreciation and gratitude for a job well done this past year to:

"S. M. Battell, longtime Supreme Council office chief, who handles the multitudinous number of chapter reports with speed and efficiency . . . Harold Bergstresser, who has become so steadfast in his duties . . . Miss Mary E. Bush, whose capable knack of knowing the business habits of your Secretary General has lightened his burden tremendously . . . Roy E. Fitzgerald, whose efficient knowledge of correct administration procedures has enhanced the staff, who is in constant demand to handle perplexing problems formerly confronting your Secretary General and whose outstanding field work has contributed so much to the betterment of the Order. . . .

"Gorman A. McBride, whose diligence and persistence in membership procurement has paid off so handsomely each year . . . Ed Lawrence, who has this year been employed as head of the Accounting Department, has shown his skill in accounting techniques with his rapid acclimation to the job.

"We were indeed fortunate to obtain Senior DeMolay Richard E. Harkins as Director of Public Relations and Editor of the *Cordon*. Though young in years he is wise in the fields of public relations, publications and youth work. Richard holds both bachelor of arts and master of arts degrees in journalism and public relations from the University of Oklahoma and came highly recommended from several quarters. His practical knowledge and experience with newspapers, yearbooks, promotional material and youth groups was very extensive in high school, college and the U.S. Navy. His zeal, enthusiasm and fresh ideas can already be clearly found in our programming even though he has been with us but six months. You will be hearing quite a bit from this young man in the months to come.

"My word of special thanks is extended to all the other members

of the Supreme Council staff who have so loyally accomplished the tasks assigned them and contributed so much cooperation in providing better service in behalf of the Movement."

The glowing energy of his Report to the Supreme Council was a physical strain and it was only with courage, faith, and an unfaltering devotion to his work that carried the Founder of DeMolay through the following weeks. The stiffness of hands and arms became increasingly intense. The cold of early spring penetrated his body and seemed to cling with a relentless grip. It was suggested that the warm climate and the sun of La Jolla, California, might help. It did bring relief but on May 22 he entered the Scripps Clinic and Foundation for treatment, to remain until May 31. In early June he returned to Kansas City to once more take up the work that now seemed more important to him than ever. "I must finish my work," he would say when his friends urged him to stay away from his office to rest and relax.

His condition did not improve as he had hoped it would and he became convinced that he should seek additional examination and treatment. At the suggestion of his doctors, he flew to Rochester, Minnesota, on July 21, to enter the Mayo Clinic. Two weeks of examination followed and he was advised that there was no definite cure for the disease and the medication then available was effective in only 30 per cent of the cases. He was cautioned against working or exerting himself in any way, but he simply repeated what he was to say so often, "My work must go on. DeMolay must go on."

On his return to Kansas City, he wrote to the nurses of the hospital to thank them for the courtesies they had shown to him. "You certainly did everything possible to make my stay a worthwhile and pleasant one."

In a letter to Dr. Harold Perry, his physician at Mayo's, he expressed his thanks to him and his associates for the many kindnesses rendered to him. He reported that he was feeling wonderful except for a tightness around his knees and a tense and taut feeling in his hands that made it difficult for him to lace his shoes and "a few little things like that." His letter continued, "Now, these are minor complaints but if you have any sesame that will help, they would cheerfully be received. Oh yes, I have gained three and a half pounds in the last week and, as I said earlier, I am feeling wonderful and spending the whole day at the office."

There was no "sesame" but with renewed confidence and a triumphant spirit, he returned to his work, dictating letters, placing phone calls to associates across the nation, and making plans for the

onward progress of DeMolay. Gradually as the next three months passed, it became increasingly difficult for him to walk or to make use of his hands. More and more the headquarters staff took over his duties. They watched over him with concern and hovered over him with constant attention. As the summer months passed, he was able to spend only a part of each day at the office and finally in late October he found it too difficult to leave his apartment and became resigned to carry on his work through the members of the staff.

An hour past midnight, on November 3, he awakened with such deep pain and nausea that he called to his wife, "Nell, I do not feel well." She immediately called for an ambulance and at 2:30 a.m. he was admitted to the emergency room of St. Luke's Hospital. He seemed to slowly recover during the next few days even though a severe cold aggravated his illness. His condition was listed as pulmonary edema. Charley Boyce was constantly at his side. On Sunday, November 8, 1959, as he was leaving the hospital, Charley stopped at the nurses' station. There he was told that Frank had been having poor nights, seemed to be much better during the day, and was not in danger.

It was an erroneous report! That evening as darkness came over the city, a call came from the hospital to the Land apartment. "Mr. Land has become much weaker. He has slipped into a deep coma," a nurse reported. "The doctor indicates the end could come at any time. I suggest you come at once." It was decided among the members of the family that only Nell and Frank's sister should go to the hospital. It was thought best for the mother to stay in the apartment under the care of her daughter, Irene. The pioneer stoicism of these women did not allow for tears but each felt in her heart the nearness of death as though hearing the rustle of silent wings.

The two women entered the hospital room and in the dim light were conscious of the flowers that in their abundance seemed to pay tribute to life and death. Frank was so quiet. His color blended into the whiteness of his bed. Though there was a serene smile about his face, his breathing, under the influence of a deep coma, seemed still. For just a hushed moment he sensed the presence of these two who stood at either side of his bed, their hands so lightly touching his. Slowly the eyes opened and showed recognition and then closed as he lapsed into the world of shadows and the unconscious.

Who among the living knows the thoughts that wander across the mind of one who is responding to the beckoning call of death? Perhaps there is a review of the life that has been lived, of ideals that have been cherished and the thoughts that served as incentive and in-

spiration. Dad Land perhaps saw the vague pictures of a school-boy preacher, of nine young men listening to him, thrilling to ideals and the information of a club; maybe there was the glimpse of enfolding smoke of a martyr's passing to give birth, so many years later, of an Order to bear the name—DeMolay. Dimly his mind must have recalled times of triumph and honors given to him and tributes made by so many. All this and more, and then he was speaking to young men, the world over, telling them that it was the beginning that was the most important of all. The beginning was so necessary to what was to follow.

A smile hovered upon the closed lips, the closed eyes saw into the hidden world in which his soul began to wander. There was a deep tranquility like a beautiful ritual of peace. He felt himself once again speaking to his beloved boys. His wife and his sister bent over him and perhaps only in their imagination, heard the last words he scarcely breathed as his soul passed into the great adventure beyond this life.

“It is the beginning.”

PART THREE



FRANK S. LAND

"He stood as a great reservoir of strength for the cardinal virtues of 'love of God, love of home and love of Country,' he inculcated in the ritual known now by some three million boys."

14

In Remembrance

DAD LAND, the beloved Founder of DeMolay, was no longer with the Movement he had created. The beginning of the era without his leadership burst upon a bewildered organization. There was now only the respect, the esteem, and recognition of his personal qualities to serve as a perpetual and ever-growing monument to memorialize his life. It was as though the gentle voice, the sincere smile, the steady tread and gracious manner of this "leader among leaders," had left the admonition, "Carry on my work. My work must go on!"

His death came so unexpectedly and so suddenly. The office staff of DeMolay was stunned but early the next morning—on Monday—phone calls and telegrams were sent to all Active Members and Deputies of the International Supreme Council to inform them that Frank Land had died the night before. The nation and all of DeMolay heard the sorrowful news. Charley Boyce repeated, over and over, the words of an ancient passage, "Our Creator has claimed him for a higher calling and task not of this earth."

The family requested that flowers should be omitted and contributions be made to the DeMolay Foundation, but flowers came in abundance, and with them condolent telegrams, phone calls, cards, and letters, by the hundreds. They came from the great as well as the little, from heads of nations as well as the newest DeMolays, but all carried one common message—heartfelt devotion and tribute to a man of greatness.

A few excerpts from the many thoughts expressed included:

"Deepest sympathy, I grieve with you today for I loved him too."
—Tom Law

"I have many memories of Dad Land and they are all happy ones. I remember when he called me at the time of Louis Lower's death. Now they are both gone, the Founder and the first DeMolay. But what a wonderful legacy to have left after a life of service in that we

can all rejoice, even as we are saddened by his passing.”—John Cameron Swayze

“He will be sorely missed by thousands upon thousands of his devoted boys.”—Walter Cronkite

“. . . he contributed to the growth and development of useful youthful activities and was a great leader in the civic life of his country.”—Alf M. Landon

“With great sadness and loss I learned of the passing of this truly great American. He was one of the patterns God set before us to follow.”—Gene Austin

“Few men have ever held the position of high esteem which has been his these many years, and no man ever deserved it more than he.”—Walt Disney

Funeral services were held at 2:30 on the afternoon of Thursday, November 12, a day so bleak and cold as to provide this comment, “The rain today is symbolic—even Mother Nature weeps as such a fine man as Frank S. Land is laid to rest.” The great Gothic building of the Country Club Christian Church was selected for the service because of the magnitude of its auditorium or nave, for the beauty of its stained glass windows, stone arches, and atmosphere of tranquility. Long before the time set for the funeral, mourners by the hundreds, predominately men, filled the great sanctuary and balcony to overflowing. Additional hundreds were required to listen over loudspeakers placed in adjoining rooms. The Reverend Herbert Ewing Duncan, LOH and minister of the Westminster Congregational Church, officiated.

The active pallbearers were six members of the International Supreme Council staff including: S. M. Battell, Harold C. Bergstresser, Richard E. Harkins, Jack D. Hart, Gorman A. McBride, and John S. McKibbin, Jr.

Honorary pallbearers were present and past Grand Masters of Masons including former President Harry S Truman, and other grand officers of all Masonic bodies; Active Members and Deputies of the International Supreme Council; Directors of the Columbia National Bank; and officials of Phillips Petroleum Company.

During the moments of solemn dignity of the service, a deep feeling of sorrow was expressed and sympathy extended to Frank Land’s wife, Mrs. Nell M. Land; his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth James; his sister, Mrs. C. P. Stein; his half-sister, Mrs. Robert Palmer; and to the members and staff of the International Supreme Council of the Order of DeMolay.

In his eulogy of Dad Land "as a friend of the world," Reverend Duncan said that seldom in history does the passing of a man leave such a vast, empty feeling in so many lives as the death of Dad Land.

"He was known, respected and loved by veritable legions of young men in their teens," he said, "and by men in all walks of life—leaders of the arts and professions, Congressmen and Senators, Governors and Presidents of our nation.

"We all have a rich and deep memory of a quiet personality who was capable of bringing out the best in every life his life touched. In establishing the Order of DeMolay after World War I, Dad Land restored to the youth of that generation the qualities that have marked the lives of heroes and saints in all generations," Reverend Duncan said.

"As the years passed and his influence grew increasingly great," Reverend Duncan continued, "he remained to those in my generation the same 'Dad' Land we had first known when as young men we knelt at a DeMolay altar and somehow realized that from that time onward we had a friend who would follow our lives with interest through the years.

"He stood as a great reservoir of strength for the continuation of the ideals of our youth and for the cardinal virtues of 'love of God, love of home and love of country,' he inculcated in the ritual known now by some three million boys.

"It is in a spirit of commemoration that we commit his soul this day to God, to Country, to DeMolay."

The Masonic service, with ritualistic beauty, was conducted by the R.W. Bro. Frank A. Lewis, secretary and Past Master of Ivanhoe Lodge No. 446 of which Dad Land was a member. An honor guard of six officers of the Mother Chapter then accompanied the pallbearers to the narthex of the church. There an honor guard of the Shrine Patrol of the Ararat Temple of Kansas City, in uniforms of state, formed in double lines outside the church as the casket was carried to the waiting cars.

Mount Moriah Cemetery, whose very name signifies immortality, is located south of the city on a graceful rise of ground overlooking the hills of Jackson County. The entrance is dominated by a marble mausoleum of Egyptian architecture with a silent sphinx on either side of the wide stairway leading to bronze doors. Just to the east of this building, the Land cemetery lots are located in a site surrounded by evergreen shrubbery and trees. Here Frank Sherman Land was laid to rest on the cold, rainy afternoon of November 12, 1959. The

simple marker of his grave, level with the earth as are all other markers in the cemetery, tells such a brief story.

FRANK S. LAND
JUNE 21 NOV. 8
1890 DEMOLAY 1959
FOUNDER, ORDER OF DEMOLAY

“My work must go on” had been the challenge hurled to the Order of DeMolay by Dad Land even as the days of his life drew to a close. In answer, the Executive Committee of the Supreme Council held a special meeting on November 13 under the direction of its chairman, Dr. Claud F. Young, to fill the office of Secretary General. Charles A. Boyce was named to the position of “Acting Secretary General to serve in that capacity until the next annual session of the Supreme Council on April 10-11 in Tucson, Arizona.” It was a splendid choice. No one knew the organization of DeMolay better than Charley Boyce. He had been with Dad Land since 1922—some 37 years, serving as Executive Assistant to the Secretary General. Taking up the work of DeMolay after the death of its Founder, he gave of himself to keep DeMolay from falling under the heavy burden of sorrow. His first assignment was to issue an edict by Earl E. Dusenbery, Grand Master.

“The saddest task I have to perform during my term of Grand Master is to issue an edict calling for all altars to be draped and a 30-day mourning period for DeMolay’s beloved Founder Dad Land. His passing on November 8 was the greatest tragedy ever to hit DeMolay, and he and his great leadership will be severely missed throughout our great Order. It is seldom that a man of his quality and greatness is born. I know that you as DeMolay leaders and members will put forth every effort to see that the Order continues in the same manner as if he were here leading us.”

Four months after this period of mourning for Dad Land in the DeMolay Chapters, his wife, Nell Madeline Land, joined him in the quiet halls of death. Her illness did not come suddenly. Months before Frank’s condition grew severe, she had experienced physical discomfort and was aware of diminishing strength and vitality. But not wanting to add additional concern or worry to her “Frankie” she never told him that she was ill. His death seemed to snap her patient courage. Her health declined, and on February 2, 1960, she entered Research Hospital in Kansas City. Here examination and biopsy revealed a carcinoma of liver and lungs, so far advanced as to become terminal within a brief period of time. A friend who came to visit her

in the hospital marveled at her composure and the facial beauty that even a malignancy could not erase. As they talked together, she said, "I do miss him so much! You know we were married and shared our life together for 47 years. His busy life took him away from me, as he traveled across the nation, but I always looked forward to his return. Now he is gone. I sometimes console myself by imagining that he is just away on another trip and I shall see him again soon."

Her words of pathos and sadness gave testimony to the full meaning of her faith that there is more to death than the dying and more to life than the living. Very quietly her spirit passed into the limitless halls of time on April 23. She now rests beside her husband on the brow of a hill in Mount Moriah Cemetery and becomes a part of the services held each year on November 8 and March 18, in memory of Frank S. Land.

During his life, there were many who said that Frank Land grew wealthy as a result of his work with DeMolay. He did live well and graciously, in an apartment close to his office, but his estate, when inventoried, proved these accusations to be false. Aside from the proceeds of life insurance policies the estate was modest and this was absorbed in long-term obligations to pay the premiums of his life insurance.

By the term of his Will, which was probated in Jackson County, Missouri, his property was placed in trusts for the benefit of Mrs. Land and his mother. Upon the death of the last beneficiary, the balance of the proceeds was to be turned over to the Frank S. Land Foundation, an entity created by him in his Will. He provided for trustees to operate and supervise the foundation, naming as corporate trustees the Columbia National Bank, the Imperial Potentate of the Shrine, the Grand Commanders of the Northern and Southern jurisdictions of Scottish Rite, the Grand Commander of Knights Templar in the United States, and Stanley Garrity as Attorney. The trustees were to distribute and pay the net income to the International Supreme Council of the Order of DeMolay "so long as it is an effective organization in aiding the welfare, moral, mental, educational and physical well-being of boys between the ages of 14 and 21 inclusive." If it ceased to be an effective organization for such purposes, then the net income was to be distributed for the benefit of boys between the same ages and for the same purposes.

On Palm Sunday, April 10, 1960, during the sessions of the Supreme Council in Tucson, Arizona, a Memorial Service was held to honor Frank Land. Scripture from the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians was read by Dr. Claud F. Young, Chairman of the Ex-

ecutive Committee; and the prayer given by Harry Bundy, past Grand Master. The message was by Chandler C. Cohagen, Past Master, Grand Treasurer, and for two score years an intimate friend of Dad Land. He said in part:

"The partition which separates ability from mediocrity, and brilliance from the commonplace, is frequently quite thin and oftimes transparent. But the division between the dedicated, consecrated man and the one who is content to follow only, is of far more substantial proportions. We are here to speak of one who lived on the highest plane. . . .

"Our society, like each generation, faces a myriad of problems. We have noted, through the history of the centuries, how each age believes it has the biggest problems of all time. History, however, becomes the one judge and it points a finger at those events which seem to be more catastrophic than others. Unknowingly we stood at the threshold of one of these periods in 1914. Our Brother Frank had been in business for four years. He was prospering but he felt that he was living too much for himself and his family. He desired to be of more aid to others. The world was about to be plunged into World War I when the Scottish Rite Bodies of Kansas City beckoned to him. He believed Matthew 5:47, 'And if you salute only your brethren, what more are you doing than others?' This spirit dominated all of his activities, for his counsel on Youth Problems was sought by various races and creeds. Certainly he did more than 'salute only his brethren. . . .'

"Truly he lived and breathed the sentiments of the immortal John Ruskin: 'When we build let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight nor for present use alone. Let it be such work as our descendents will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substances of them, 'see this our fathers did for us.' Doubtless Ruskin had in mind the Speculative rather than the Operative angle. Does it not apply to the dedication of Frank Land in building the structure of DeMolay, and is it not our duty to maintain it in the same spirit? . . .

"He has lived.

"May the fruits of his labors live after him and remind us constantly to continue to do those things which he would have liked to have done."

A year later, during the Supreme Council meetings at Victoria, B.C., Canada, every effort was made to "continue to do those things

which he would like to have done." Albert J. McNally, as Grand Master, presided over the sessions as new paths were explored to find suitable ways for the ongoing progress of the Order. The meetings were filled with emotion in an effort to perpetuate a memory, even to changing the office of Secretary General to Grand Secretary. Many of the men felt that the title "Secretary General" and the name "Frank Land" to be synonymous. In their love of Frank Land they did not believe that his title should be given to another. Clarence Head, however, who had served during the past year in that office was to have the designation—for life—of Secretary General Emeritus.

Frank Land's office also carried memories of his association and friendship with the men of DeMolay. It was voted to keep this room as a shrine and to preserve it just as he left it with all its elegance and walls clustered with personally inscribed photographs from famous men in all walks of life. The room adjacent to his office had served as the office of Land's secretary and now, by decision of the Supreme Council, it was to be used as the second area of the Frank S. Land Memorial Rooms. A committee to arrange for these rooms was appointed with H. Malvern Marks as chairman. The other members were Chandler C. Cohagen, Albert J. McNally, Stanley Garrity, George M. Saunders, Harold F. Koch, and Dr. Claud F. Young.

This committee, during the next weeks, had designs made for the remodeling and work soon started. Frank Land's office remained without any touch of revision. The other office was completely remodeled with the cost provided by donations from friends from all over the world—from DeMolays, Chapters, Advisors, Masonic groups, friends and those who admired this doer of good. It is a beautiful room with rich cherry paneling, special lighting, deep, plush crimson carpet and a stained glass window with the familiar scene of a DeMolay kneeling at an altar. Display cases house the historical items, such as the original attendance register and minutes of Mother Chapter, the first patent and membership cards and the significant honors and mementos that came to Dad Land during his lifetime. A white altar is spotlighted in the center of the room, and portraits of Dad Land and Louis Lower hang on the paneling.

The Frank S. Land Memorial Rooms were dedicated the afternoon of Thursday, November 16, 1961, with the Reverend Herbert E. Duncan, Grand Chaplain, conducting the service.

Formal presentation of the rooms was made by H. Malvern Marks whose vision and planning had contributed so largely to the creation of the rooms. William P. Lombard, the Grand Master, formally ac-

cepted the rooms in behalf of the Supreme Council. The prayer of dedication was offered by Chandler C. Cohagen, who from the early days of the Order has given of his time, ability, and inspiration to the furthering of DeMolay. Mr. Virgil Woodside, who was the soloist for the Service of Memory for Dad Land and the funeral of Mrs. Land, sang the selection used for their services, "The Lord's Prayer" by Malott.

Dr. Duncan addressed the many friends of DeMolay who crowded the Memorial Rooms, the Lobby and Offices of the Supreme Council Headquarters.

"We have gathered here today for an unprecedented ceremony—one that is quite unique in the history of our Order, and one that carries unusual sentiment and emotion for each one of us. Here we shall dedicate rooms that have been prepared as a perpetual memorial to the life of Frank Sherman Land. It is fitting that each one of us should have a part and, therefore, the Litany of Dedication should be entered into by each one present."

Litany of Dedication:

Chaplain: To the glory of God by whose favor these blessings have come to us; to the threefold purpose of DeMolay—love of God; love of home; and love of country.

All: We dedicate these rooms.

Chaplain: To the cherished memory of Frank S. Land whose quiet, reverent personality founded the Order of DeMolay and gave to the youth of all time the virtues of a Crown of Youth; to the memories we cherish of having talked with him in these rooms in which his dreams for the betterment of youth found realization; for the influence of his life in each of ours;

All: We dedicate these rooms.

Chaplain: In appreciation of all the great souls who have endeavored during two score years and more to give meaning to the Order of DeMolay and whose lives have reflected the vision of our Founder as a lasting benefit to all youth; to those who have cherished in their hearts a gleam of faith in themselves and in all young manhood;

All: We dedicate these rooms.

Chaplain: For those who in future years shall derive inspiration as they visit these cherished places as a shrine and dedicate themselves anew to the ideals and truths of the Order of DeMolay; to the flower-laden qualities of filial love, reverence for sacred things, courtesy, comradeship, fidelity, patriotism, and cleanness in thought, word, and deed:

All: We dedicate these rooms.

The various rituals of the Order which serve as a source of guidance for hundreds of thousands of young men were then included as a part of the ceremony. Portions from three rituals were read—a single paragraph—selected to express the teachings and practices of De-

Molay. From the basic ritual used in the chapters throughout the world, Jim Hershey, past Master Councilor of Mother Chapter, read:

"The great aim of our Order is to teach and practice the virtues of clean, upright, patriotic and reverent living as the best preparation for the manhood we are approaching. We are earnestly striving to be better sons, better brothers, and better friends, that when we reach the years of manhood we may be better men."

Nathan White, the State Master Councilor of Texas, read from the ritual of the degree of Chevalier,

"As children of a universal Father acknowledging that He is 'All and in All,' it is fitting that each of us should, throughout all the years of our life, be a humble and consecrated son of God. Outward observance of religion means little unless there is within a deep sense of soul. May we in every act, manner, and circumstance, prove worthy of this universal sonship."

A paragraph from the Ritual of Investiture of the Legion of Honor was given by John A. Weiss, the Dean of Mother Preceptory:

"The station in our West is symbolic of the day about to close and the human life that nears its end. But above all it represents the sun that shall never set and the glorious promise of everlasting happiness in the world to come. At this station, symbolic of the end of the journey, I can, with all propriety, express the hope that—when for you in turn the sunshine of life shall turn to shadows—they will close about you like a benediction—with the promise of eternal rewards and everlasting honors."

The following address, "I Do So Promise and Vow," was given by the Grand Chaplain:

"Abraham Lincoln, in the most beautiful speech of Dedication in American history, said of those present at Gettysburg that they could not hallow or consecrate the land, for it had been made sacred by the lives of those in whose honor they assembled. In like manner, we can formally dedicate these rooms, but they have already been consecrated by the gentle and gracious personality of Frank S. Land.

"Here he dreamed and worked and planned. The building itself is a testimonial to his vision of a permanent building in which to house the offices of the International Supreme Council of the Order of DeMolay. Indeed, his spirit is so much a part of the Memorial Rooms that, even in the silence and dignity of these moments, we instinctively feel that he is just around the corner or through an open door to challenge us to carry on his incompleting task of inspiring young manhood to wear with dignity and honor the Crown of Youth, in preparation for the years of manhood. It is a task that will never be com-

pleted. It will always be an incomplete task for each generation must learn the fundamental principles of filial love, reverence for sacred things, courtesy, comradeship, fidelity, patriotism, and cleanness in thought, word, and deed. Each generation must pass these qualities on to the succeeding generations, or else our civilization will lose the force of dedicated purpose that is the very bulwark of society. DeMolay may well be the depository of those history proven virtues that have been the basic factors for eternal greatness among the peoples of all nations and all times.

“The room east of the office where Dad Land worked is at once a shrine and a reminder of the symbols of the Order. As one stands before the altar of this carpeted and panelled room, attention is instantly carried to the stained glass window made beautiful by the translucent light from the north that dominates the room. The detail of this window is reflected again and again in the glass surface of the surrounding display cases. Stained glass throughout all of time has carried a softness of color and texture that inculcates the spirit of things eternal. And, it is so in this room. Here is pictured a young man in his teens, robed in white before a scarlet covered altar complete with school books, Bible, and the Crown of Youth. His face seems to radiate the feeling of inspiration that comes to a young man at the instant of assuming a deep and solemn obligation. He knows this obligation will serve as a beacon of light for him through all the years of his life. Beneath this scene of aspiration are the words—‘I do so promise and vow.’

“I imagine that I express the feeling of most of us when I say that when I step into his office, there is a tug at the heart and memories of association well up within me. Here under the title of Founder and Secretary General, he directed the far-reaching organization of DeMolay. His office remains a wholly personal office. It is more like unto a private study, complete with fireplace, leather upholstered chairs, with the walls enclosed with photographs and books. Everyone who visits this office senses a life among people such as has been known by few men.

“We are this day surrounded by memories because we have had the privilege of knowing Dad Land. In the years of the future that are to unfold, those who come here and did not have the opportunity of knowing him, will receive a sense of guidance and inspiration as they pause at an Altar of Dedication, and then see the room where Dad Land worked and studied and planned. They shall leave with the high resolve to help carry forward this program.

“As we pause to pay tribute and give honor to Frank Land in the

dedication of these rooms, we should never forget that while DeMolay was Frank Land, and Frank Land was DeMolay, he did not do it single-handed or alone. Our dedication should include those men who have given the best years of their lives in various capacities since the first meeting of 33 boys on March 18, 1919, when the name of the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar was selected as a name for their club and the martyrdom of Jacques DeMolay caught their imagination. These men have served as members, staff, and officers of the International Supreme Council, as Advisors of local chapters, as members of the various Masonic organizations—as workers together to bring to youth, the qualities for good that have marked the lives of heroes and saints of all generations. Here is our challenge! to highly resolve—‘to so promise and vow’—that uniting our efforts, our vision and strength, we shall let these Memorial Rooms serve as a beacon for an ongoing DeMolay, and not as a memorial to things past.

“I feel that the greatness of DeMolay lies beyond the rituals, the pomp and ceremony, the necessary organization, and even beyond these Memorial Rooms. It is something as bright as the flash of fire from the morning sun striking the lance of a knight of the crusades, or like the mist rising from the sea, or beautiful as a flower, or the setting of the sun. It is the spirit of a great organization founded upon the life of a martyr of the fourteenth century, brought into meaning by one who lived as the patriarch of old who prayed ‘Speak to me, O Lord, until thy bidding shall become a familiar way of life, so that I might live on in deeds that bless other lives and leave behind me the heritage of a good life,’ and carried on through all time by those who are dedicated—who so promise and vow—to the great cause represented by our Order.”

These Remember Dad Land

THE PLEASURE of writing this biography of Frank Land was due, in part, to the interviews with those who had known him for many years. It was the opportunity of talking to men and women of various interests who grew radiant as they reviewed the life that had had great meaning to them. Two such discussions are here included to give added meaning, through personal knowledge, to the life of Dad Land. The first interview included was with Harry W. Bundy, Past Grand Master, Executive Officer for the state of Colorado and one whom I have admired since the days of the first Bear Lake Camp. The second interview was made in Chicago with George M. Saunders, Past Grand Master and now generously giving his time and ability as the Grand Secretary of the Order of DeMolay. He has been a personal friend since he first became the Recorder of the Ararat Shrine in Kansas City in the long ago. He now serves as Imperial Recorder for the Ancient Arabic Order Mystic Shrine Nobles in North America.

INTERVIEW WITH HARRY W. BUNDY

Mr. Duncan: Harry, you were a friend of Frank's for many years, weren't you about the same age as Frank?

Mr. Bundy: We were. He had always referred to me as "Boss," and I superseded him about four or five months in age.

Mr. D.: Then, when you became interested in DeMolay in Colorado, you were both young men?

Mr. B.: Yes, but hardly young, we were about 39.

Mr. D.: You probably started as on a crusade together. I've also felt there must have been a magnetic quality about Frank in those days, that made men like you, Chandler Cohagen, and the others become his staunch disciples.

Mr. B.: I believe the great magnetism he had was his sincerity of purpose. And there was his lack of fear of the so-called rank and

their influence in things. He would go to any lengths to prove his point but not to antagonize those who, because of their creed, might object to DeMolay. He had no objections, for instance, to the Roman Catholic boy coming in, provided he first received the consent of his parents, then of his parish priest.

Mr. D.: He rather had a knack of knowing just when to take immediate action or let time take care of a situation.

Mr. B.: That is true. He never evaded an issue, but seemed to have a force that allowed him to look into the future and see the outcome of a temporary fury as related to the greater depths of the Order of DeMolay and its objectives.

Mr. D.: Frank's prime concern was with boys, wasn't it, working with them to make them better and challenge them with ideals?

Mr. B.: Yes, it was ideals that he impressed on any DeMolay. In his thinking DeMolay was not a reformatory activity for boys who might be in need of training; it was not a training school for bad boys to get them back on the path of high ideals; but a rather selective membership among the boys who were of high ideals or high potential as leaders of their communities. It was in no sense ever allowed to be a reformatory.

Mr. D.: As I understand it, this Order was formulated under Masonic influence but that DeMolay itself was for boys and the Masonic connection was one of support. Isn't that correct?

Mr. B.: Yes, that's true.

Mr. D.: He was more concerned about the boys and their actions than he was in making any type of a Junior Masonic organization.

Mr. B.: I believe, and I firmly believe, and always shall, that his primary interest was to do what was best for the boy. I think that was a reaction from his own early boyhood when he demonstrated a deeply religious nature. He felt his experience had brought him to a position where he could sponsor an organization for boys that would allow them to have an outlet for their activity. Tremendous activity, natural and inherent in the boy, and yet if not controlled this activity might get out of hand. Not that it always would get out of hand, not that some of the boys wouldn't become good men and prominent citizens anyway, but because with a little guidance they could be taught to respect the things some of the elders regard as very essential in boyhood. He always expressed the idea that a boy was not to follow the out-moded admonition of his elders, that 'a boy must sow his wild oats.' He challenged that and found it unnecessary. He didn't like the idea that a boy must let loose of his mother's apron strings which we had always considered as a test of a boy's approaching

manhood to see if he was free from his mother, instead he taught them respect for motherhood.

His first action in connection with Frank Marshall was to insist upon public prayer. And this was accomplished and still is practiced in one of the ruling features of DeMolay in the Nine O'clock Interpolation of the Order. This has not been changed during all the years of the use of the Ritual. It is always a thrill to me that a boy, regardless of his position, when he is meeting under the auspices of DeMolay, whether it be a dance, a basketball tournament, a chapter ritualistic presentation, or any other activity, will stop for this ceremony, go to his knees in public and acknowledge his belief in some type of religious activity.

Mr. D.: We do have impressive ceremonies for the public to witness. I think the ceremony you mention is one of the most meaningful services that the boys themselves experience. In my contact with Frank, I was always aware of a deep, deep reverence. I had the feeling that every morning he devoted time for private meditation and prayer. Isn't that so?

Mr. B.: That is true; it was observed by everyone. It wasn't obtrusive or spectacular in any sense. It was a recognized privilege he had. In offering his own prayers, he became closer to his Creator as he asked for assistance in doing the things he believed were best for humanity, which was his attention to the young men and the possibility of training them.

He often referred to his belief that the way to good citizenship was through the boy. He offered as a horrible example of the opposite way, the regime of Hitler when he planned his future control over Germany by teaching the youth of Germany certain mechanical responses which became ingrained in what we know as Nazis.

Mr. D.: There were never two youth organizations so far apart.

Frank had an appeal to the boys in the early 20's. It seemed to catch hold like wildfire. One group would experience DeMolay and they would bring their friends to witness the ritual beauty. I've often wondered what it would have been like to have added something new to youth development and carry it on from there. It's comparatively easy to understand now with the background of the years, but then it was all so new.

Mr. B.: Herb, I think that one reason for the desire for a new Order in my state at the time was in the fact that a definite plan was under way in Colorado to recruit members and officers for what was known as the Junior Klan.

Mr. D.: You mean the Ku Klux Klan?

Mr. B.: Yes, it was in effect. I don't believe that was the whole thing, but that was one reason the parents of the boys of the more conservative families of our state were desirous of having an outlet for that instinctive gregarious quality of all young people. Our boys were finding this outlet in the Klan, and then came DeMolay. The result of this was that our second or third class of DeMolay in Colorado had over 400; it outgrew the facilities of the Scottish Rite Temple and the Shrine loft and we had to get the Municipal Auditorium for these boys. We invited all Masons in good standing to attend; we had a most spectacular presentation of the degree of the Order of DeMolay.

Incidentally, while the individual Masons were enthusiastic about DeMolay, the Lodges had to be broken down and away from the tradition that nothing Masonic could be done for youngsters under the age of 21. That, of course, is a thing that has long since been forgotten. It came from the time in England where the Masonic Order started. They had the provision—a permissive matter rather than one of regulation—that a boy or a son of a Master Mason of a Lodge may be received and will have priority of choice over other petitioners when he reaches the age of 21, but he must petition definitely for membership in his father's lodge.

Mr. D.: These boys are not organized? Like a junior membership?

Mr. B.: No, there is no organization of the boys because it is not an organizational matter. It is purely an individual lodge and family matter. A boy may not be accepted in this loose-knit group if he does not have a father who is a Master Mason in good standing with the lodge which accepts the boy.

Mr. D.: Harry, with your contact with Frank all through the years, you probably knew him as well as anyone else. Was he always the type of man I knew? He always seemed so composed, so confident, with a kindly atmosphere about him. He had a remarkable power of recognizing people, calling them by name, was he always like that?

Mr. B.: That was true of his attitude. It was not an assumed character. It was just a natural outgo of goodwill toward everyone he met. He accepted everyone on his face value but was relentless in discarding them if he found they were superficial or deceitful in their manner of approaching things.

Mr. D.: He was a remarkable man.

Mr. B.: I think this is evidenced, Herb, in his progress from Administrator of a local Scottish Rite group engaged in relief work to some of the highest positions and honors in Freemasonry. It was his objective from the start, that since boys in the Order of DeMolay

were to be influenced in their thinking by Masons, that the Masons themselves should adhere to certain ideals and live up to them. He appointed committees whose business it was to see that the expressed ideals of the Shrine were carried out by its members in their Temple.

Mr. D.: Frank never drank at all in his personal life, did he?

Mr. B.: Never did. He always avoided even taking a glass of ginger ale to please those who might want to think he was taking a highball.

Mr. D.: I've quit doing that, too. If you have a glass of ginger ale in your hands at a highball party you might just as well be having a highball.

Mr. B.: It's an easy way out, if you do not drink.

Mr. D.: I think Frank did as I do—you just don't drink, period. Why pretend because you shouldn't, he never created a false impression.

How did he go about the political intrigue of these Masonic Bodies? You don't get to be Imperial Potentate without a lot of Masonic manipulations. And I can't imagine him manipulating. Did his friends do that, out of respect for him?

Mr. B.: I believe that Frank had political activities as such himself. But most of all, his friends recognized his high ideals and responded to the voice of conscience, individually, in thinking that he would be a good man to head any organization and put in effect the high ideals that they, themselves, possessed.

Mr. D.: There's one part of his life I always admired: Fact is, it has always influenced me. That was his love of perfection. When a ceremony was given, it had to be just right. If you used candles, they had to be the best candles. If you used flowers, they had to be the best flowers. It seemed to give an example to the boys that if you do something, it must be done in the best manner. The clothes that he wore had to be just the best clothes.

I've noticed the art objects he bought are the finest; but I can see no trace in early days of any training in the world of art, except for a short time at an Art Institute. Yet, he was a very artistic man, and appreciative. Where did he pick that up?

Mr. B.: It was a result of his belief in the better things, I believe it was an instinctive reaction to art as an expression of higher thoughts of the artist. I have often wondered how he would react at the present time to futuristic art, which I can't personally understand. But I imagine he would look into the thought of the artist. I—almost really think he might.

Mr. D.: I have the feeling that he would like some of our better

abstracts; that he would not like some of the very amateurish dabblings. I think he was enough of a perfectionist to see perfection in whatever school of art was presented. I don't think he was old-fashioned, to the point of liking only a picturesque painting, or a vase, but rather if some new art form could have some hidden meaning, I think he'd find it.

Mr. B.: I think so, too. I don't think he was impatient with anybody. I think in art, generally, whether it be in the formative art or the free expression in oils or water colors or any other medium, it didn't mean perfection in itself, but back of it all was the artist. He saw the guiding fundamental influence and recognized that.

Mr. D.: He did just that in the Legion of Honor of the Mother Preceptory. He took us young fellows in our early 20's and it's amazing how the group he selected has developed through the years. It's almost as though he instinctively saw that this boy was going to be a judge, this boy a good businessman and so on. He realized the potential of people, or so it has always seemed to me.

Mr. B.: I didn't know Frank Marshall, who was the writer and the assembler of the Ritual. But my understanding is that Land gave Marshall the idea of what he wanted and how he wanted it. Marshall, being a wonderful ritualistic as well as a fine journalistic writer, put it together in such a way that we are using today, with the change of one or two words, the same Ritual as in 1919.

Mr. D.: Marshall must have completed his writing in a matter of days, or months at least. The next thing you knew we had a Ritual. In fact, within a very short time they were carrying it to Omaha, Kansas City, Kansas, and Colorado.

Mr. B.: Yes, that is true. It was recognized and accepted almost immediately whenever it was presented. I've often thought the seven Preceptors of a DeMolay Chapter are more important than the presiding officers or the Executive Officers. The teachings those boys present to their fellow members as they come into the Order exemplify the precepts of DeMolay. The Masons who sit on the sidelines see the things that they, themselves, have accepted and ideas that are presented in a more expanded way in Freemasonry. They approve of the Order of DeMolay because they are giving young men something with a sugar coating making it tasteful to the youngsters, if we may say that, rather than a distasteful medicine.

Mr. D.: And the youngsters normally doing it better than the oldsters.

Mr. B.: That is true. The idealism of youth.

INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE M. SAUNDERS

Mr. Duncan: George, I understand you served in France during the First World War and upon your return from France you were nearing the age of 21, petitioned Masonry in the Blue Lodge, the Chapter and Commandery, the Scottish Rite and the Shrine.

Mr. Saunders: Yes, that is true. My first meeting with Frank Land was in Scottish Rite work.

Mr. D.: It was after you were a member of the Scottish Rite then that your friendship with Frank began?

Mr. S.: Yes, it was after I was a member of the Scottish Rite. There were then eight chapters of DeMolay in Kansas City and at the time I worked with him in the different chapters.

Mr. D.: Did you go over the nation with him as chapters were formed?

Mr. S.: No, I never made any of the trips.

Mr. D.: Did you help him plan any of them?

Mr. S.: Yes, he did talk with me about plans—

Mr. D.: How were these trips financed—by the boys, by Mother Chapter or by the Scottish Rite?

Mr. S.: I think the Scottish Rite helped finance the movement. Many of the trips were rather close at hand. Nebraska was not too far away, that wasn't a great expense and he went to different places nearby.

Mr. D.: George, in a talk on Masonic Relationship, given at a Leadership Camp, I made the statement that Masonic Bodies throughout the nation caught the vision of DeMolay. The idealism of the boys and their youthful proficiency fired the imagination of the Masonic world, as its members saw the age-old virtues of youth set forth in the Ritual not unlike their own Ritualistic work. Isn't that true?

Mr. S.: Yes, that's a fact.

Mr. D.: It was this inspiration of something new that rather startled the Masonic world in 1919 and 20.

Mr. S.: Entirely. Frank Marshall was active in Scottish Rite work and that's how he happened to be in the right place at the right time and associated with Frank in the writing of this original DeMolay Ritual.

Mr. D.: How much of the Ritual did Frank Marshall actually write, all of it?

Mr. S.: Yes, I think he wrote it all, but he wrote it from interviews and the imagination of Frank Land and continued interviews with Land.

Let me get one thought in here about the Shrine Convention in Kansas City in 1924. Frank Land was given a lot of different assignments and he did a good job all the way through it. Mrs. Land, you will recall, when Frank was Imperial Potentate never made any of the visitations with him. But in the 1924 Convention, Mrs. Land drove the visiting ladies, by that I mean the Imperial Divan Officers and the Past Imperial Divan Officers' wives around to the different functions and made herself very useful in handling these distinguished ladies and Mrs. Land was a very charming person. She had a charming personality, she was a very beautiful, jet black haired girl. She was of Polish extraction, a charming person and everybody that met her loved her.

Mr. D.: I had always felt they had a very happy married life together.

Mr. S.: They did have, I know that. In fact I have been with Frank Land in New York and other places. He called her every day whenever he was away, and they would have a conversation on the telephone just as sweethearts would have. Whenever I would call and she would answer the phone, she'd know it was me on the phone and she would turn around and I could hear her say, "Frankie, Mr. Saunders is on the phone and wants to talk with you." She always called him to the phone that way.

Mr. D.: Just after Frank's death she was quite ill. She told me how much she missed him and the only way she could bear up under his passing was to consider that he was just away on another trip and that he would be home in a few days.

Mr. S.: She had a great philosophy, there is no question about it.

Mr. D.: She was beautiful.

George, I am interested in the magnetic quality of Frank's personality. Now in 1919 when the Order was started, you were just a little younger than Frank. As you look back on that—what was there about Frank Land that made it possible for him to take a group of 16- and 18-year-old young men and build them into an Order that spread around the world? What quality was there? He was not enough older than they were to be called an oldster to them. He was only about 28. Is that correct?

Mr. S.: Yes, I think it was his personality and his desire to do something for youth that was in back of it all. I think the need became apparent when he assembled the boys together—this need became more apparent to him when he realized there was a possibility of doing something for masses of boys, as he was doing with just a small group in that particular location. He had only to expand it, to

do the greatest amount of good for the greatest number of young men. The program merely mushroomed and grew into an organization which later became an international organization.

Mr. D.: But still without his personality, I don't believe it would have clicked.

Mr. S.: No, I don't think it could.

Mr. D.: What was that magnetic quality about him? I was too young to become a member when it started, but even then, I noticed that deep spiritual quality that illuminated from him.

Mr. S.: I think it was religious or spiritual. There is no question about it. In fact his very looks and his very actions gave you the feeling of spiritual satisfaction. Merely being in his presence and talking with him and meeting him gave one the feeling of spiritual completeness.

Mr. D.: I agree with you on that. You knew him well. Incidentally, what year were you Grand Master of the Supreme Council—1957, wasn't it?

Mr. S.: Gosh, I don't know. I'll have to look in the record.

Mr. D.: Now, let's talk about the early thirties, wasn't DeMolay in a low ebb at that time?

Mr. S.: Yes, DeMolay went into a low ebb, especially during the depression period. Of course, DeMolay got caught in the change of national Presidents and programs. The President, at that time, wanted to expand the idea of some kind of program for boys, similar to what Frank had developed in DeMolay work. The Government wanted the program made more expansive for more young fellows. They charged Frank Land with the responsibility of promoting this expanded program and the work of doing it. He borrowed money to get it done. The President, at that time, told him that if he had to borrow money to put this expanded program into being, that they would see to it that he was taken care of. It was an attractive program for Frank. So he did go and borrow this money and DeMolay got into a terrible financial hole. They would never have been able to get out of it if it hadn't been for the generosity of the banks and the generosity of Frank's friends. A lot of those debts were never paid, they were written off. The International Order of DeMolay's Office, at that time, was in the Federal Reserve Bank Building and the offices were very elaborate and very costly. There was a big staff set to do a tremendous expansion.

The Administration didn't win in the national election and consequently they ran completely from what they had told Frank Land they would do. It became necessary for Frank then to pull in his

sights and horns on what he was trying to do and scale DeMolay down to a more equitable operation that he could afford. It meant stopping a lot of work that he had under way. A lot of his money had already been spent. They could no longer afford these lovely offices that they were in. They were in serious financial straits, and it looked for a while that the organization might actually terminate its existence.

The depression came along but he was able to keep the organization together. Then they bought the property out on Warwick and set up the offices in the old home on it. I thoroughly believe that Frank's spiritual attitude, his spiritual thinking—that and that alone—is responsible for the outlook as we know it today. I have said many times since Frank's death—that through Frank, DeMolay had a pipeline to God.

I think that Frank never concerned himself with where money was coming from for things he wanted to do for DeMolay. He concerned himself only with DeMolay, knowing that in some way, somehow, God would provide the funds to take care of it. But with Frank's death, I have said, that we who follow in his footsteps have lost our pipeline to God as Frank had it in his lifetime. For that reason we are charged with the responsibility of operating the organization on a businesslike arrangement and a businesslike basis. That was the charge that was thrown to me when I was elected as Grand Secretary, to reorganize the financial program so that DeMolay would get on the current financial basis. I think the spiritual impact that Frank left on the organization has been one of the things that has helped with leaders throughout the country in making it possible to get the organization on a current financial basis in a much shorter time than I had the slightest hopes could be.

Mr. D.: You have done a masterful job. The factor, I believe, we want to perpetuate in DeMolay is expressed by a prayer of a boy in Minnesota—that virtues that were true when men rode about the earth clad in armor and mounted on a horse are the same today when a young man encased in armor, orbits about the earth. These values Frank had and exemplified himself. But, I am intrigued about the man that could drive and could guide other men to do the things that he wanted. All over this nation I talk to people and they say that "Frank Land asked me to do it, and I couldn't refuse." What was there about his personality that made him be that way? What was it—why do we place him on a pedestal?

Mr. S.: I think that is true. I think that we had Frank on a pedestal. I think he knew that we sort of looked up to him on that pedes-

tal, although he was a very down-to-earth person actually, and he could deal and talk with you right down to earth and work with you right down to earth, but he still had a spiritual attitude. He looked, I think, to God in everything he did. When he dealt with Masonic leaders over the country or Shrine leaders over the country, I know that he never went into a meeting or any dealing or any negotiations with any of these leaders that he didn't practice a lot of what he preached in spiritual thinking and spiritual guidance. He didn't feel, I don't believe, that he, as a man, was able to be successful in any of this. I think he thought he was carrying a program that was rather divinely set out and divinely inspired and he merely served as a sort of conduit to which the program actually functioned. I think a lot of the feeling that he had was that he was merely carrying out something that he may have been ordained, by a high existence, to do.

He was very genteel. He was the type of fellow that didn't take a drink, but didn't mind if others took a drink. He didn't smoke, but didn't object if you smoked. I remember many little anecdotes about him. For example; I used to do without lunch, when I was recorder at Ararat, and he'd come down to the Temple and insist that I go with him over to the Kansas City Club and have lunch with him over there. He got me in the habit of eating lunch. I was a very slender person, but after spending a few years working with him, I began developing a bit of a paunch because he fed me too well. Wherever we went, wherever we were, he always insisted I eat at mealtime.

Mr. D.: But, George, this is the first time I ever heard of Frank Land giving anyone a paunch. This story fascinates me. Dig back in your memory and see if you can come up with a few more.

Mr. S.: I thought you might be interested in those little things. There was some political squabble in the Temple in Kansas City when Frank Howard was Potentate. There was to be a new Recorder elected. Kelly was retiring and I had been assistant Recorder for a long time and Frank Land came to me and insisted that I run as a candidate for the Recorder. I was elected even though I was a practical nonentity in comparison to the other candidates. Frank stood right with me. That same thing took place when I ran for Imperial Recorder. Frank insisted along with my friends, that I enter the contest and I did enter, and was elected by a greater majority than any Imperial Council Candidate in the previous history of the Imperial Council.

Mr. D.: That calls to mind the charge he placed upon his boys—they should never allow any of their number to fail. He gave himself, without restriction, to help those he knew.

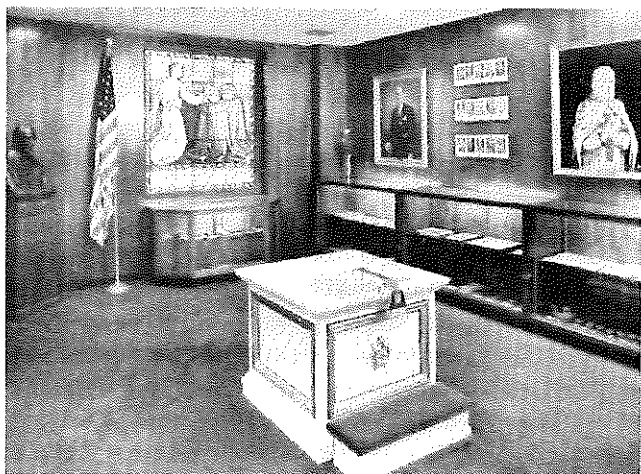
Mr. S.: That's right.

Mr. D.: Now, how did what was then known as the Grand Council get started? How did it happen to come into existence?

Mr. S.: When the movement began to branch out. The Grand Council was formed not too long after things began to do a mushroom growing. It was necessary to have a Grand Council because of the many jurisdictions that were becoming active in DeMolay work and it was formed, patterned pretty much after other such organizations, in fact similar to the Imperial Council of the Shrine. DeMolay activity in many states needed an overall organization to direct and control the activity of the organization.

Mr. D.: I always marveled at him. Frank seemed to have the ability to make anything he touched seem like it was just a little superior. It was the best flowers, the tallest candles, and the purist of every ingredient. There was a richness about him, that even as a boy, I looked up to him, for—here was someone who would make you appreciate not only life, but the finest things of art, literature, drama and all the rest of it.

Mr. S.: That's true. There was never anything cheap or second rate. He never thought that way. There was nothing too good for DeMolay. It rode first class throughout his life because of that. Frank's thinking was everything was first class. It had to be that way.



THE FRANK S. LAND MEMORIAL ROOMS

This room had been used by Dad Land's secretary, but was remodeled as a museum and dedicated along with his office as the Frank S. Land Memorial Rooms in 1961.

16

Through the Years

A HALF CENTURY, AND MORE, has passed since Frank Land and nine boys met together and from their informal meeting, gave the Order of DeMolay to generations of young men. The vivid personalities of countless men and boys surrounded the life of Dad Land. Only a few of these have been included in this narrative. There are so many who should have been included, for so many gave so much to make it all possible. The story of only a very few of them in the march through the years is here given with appreciation for the role each has taken in the story.

THE ORIGINAL NINE

Ivan Bentley—His accidental death in 1921 made him the first to have a pearl changed to a red ruby in the DeMolay emblem.

Elmer Dorsey—Recently retired from an active business career, he lives in Dallas, Texas.

Jerome Jacobson—Graduated from the University of Kansas and was admitted to the Missouri Bar. He has had an outstanding career in law and finance and is now a representative of Westamerica Securities. He lives in Kansas City, Missouri.

Louis Lower—The first DeMolay, was killed on July 18, 1943. His memory is held in the second ruby.

Edmund Marshall—Is represented in the fourth ruby of the emblem, Dad Land being the third. A graduate of the University of Missouri, Marshall was active in the grain and commission business serving as president of the Kansas City Board of Trade. He died November 8, 1966 in Kirbyville, Missouri.

Gorman McBride—A lawyer by profession, he has been a member of the headquarters staff of DeMolay since October of 1953. He travels the nation, speaking to DeMolay Conclaves, telling of the early days of the Order and sharing his deep devotion and ded-

ication. He is the only one of the "original nine" to receive the Founder's Cross.

Ralph Sewell—Is now retired after years with the H. D. Lee Mercantile Company as credit manager. A skilled pianist and organist, he makes his home in Kansas City, Missouri.

William Steinhilber—Retired from a successful career in stocks and bonds, he lives in San Diego, California, and is proud to have been the captain of the first baseball team in DeMolay.

Clyde Stream—Retired in 1967 following a career as a technical engineer for the Sagano Electric Company. He now resides in Bradenton, Florida.

THE LAND FAMILY

Mrs. Nell Land—Lived only a few months after the death of her husband.

Mrs. Elizabeth James, the mother—Died May 23, 1966 at the age of 93. She was a lady of courage and determination, proud of her pioneer ancestry, her son, and her family. Much of the tenderness of motherhood in the DeMolay ritual is a reflection of the love and care she gave to her children.

Mrs. C. P. Stein, the sister—Now lives in Blue Island, Illinois, a suburb city of Chicago. Her husband was an executive of the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railroad until his death a quarter of a century ago. Etta Glenn is busy in club groups and the Eastern Star activities. She makes frequent trips to Kansas City to visit friends of the Land family and to continue her interest in DeMolay.

Mrs. Irene Palmer, The half sister—is married to Robert E. Palmer, an electrical contractor and lives in Raytown, Missouri. She has two daughters, Mrs. June Irene O'Neill and Mrs. Marjory Swayne, and a son, Robert James who is a member of Raytown Chapter of DeMolay and a student at Lindenwood College in St. Charles, Missouri. Irene is active in many fields including art classes which she teaches, her own painting, and is so devoted to her garden that she founded the Town and Country Garden Club.

A FEW OF THE OTHERS THROUGH THE YEARS

Sumner Blossom—An active member of the Supreme Council and an intimate friend of Dad Land since 1912. He has now retired from his office as Honorary Chairman of the Board of the Crowell Collier and Macmillan Company of New York. His journalistic career included work in Topeka, Kansas, in charge of the Associ-

ated Press office there, as a war correspondent, work on the *New York Daily News* and more than a quarter of a century with the Crowell Collier and Macmillan Company. A dinner was given for him on the 25th Anniversary of his work with this company and Frank Land was with him during this time of recognition.

Charles A. Boyce—Selected to the office of Secretary General following the death of Dad Land, he served in that office until the Supreme Council Meeting of April 10-11, 1960, in Tucson, Arizona, where Clarence Head was elected as Secretary General. During the following year he was invaluable in the reorganization of DeMolay giving of his vast knowledge of the order and 37 years of dedicated, loyal service. In appreciation of his work, the Supreme Council retired him from active endeavor in March, 1961, with a life-long pension. It was an active retirement for he maintained his office at DeMolay Headquarters, being among the first to arrive each morning and the last to leave in the afternoon. He was a symbol of the past giving vitality to the present. During his last years he wrote a history of DeMolay and of Frank Land which he called *The Biography of Frank Sherman Land and the History of the Order of DeMolay*. Copies are in the DeMolay Library and are of great value for their extreme accuracy and detail. He quietly passed away on July 27, 1968, at the age of 81. His wife, Gertrude, carries on his deep love of the order he gave so much of his life to nurture.

Roy E. Dickerson—Served for 15 years as Director of Activities for DeMolay and on October 1, 1941, became the Executive Secretary of the Cincinnati Social Hygiene Society. He won national recognition as a writer, speaker, and consultant among young people with special attention to mental hygiene, education for marriage, the psychology of personality and the needs of youth. Among his books are *Growing Into Manhood*, *How Character Develops*, and *Understanding Myself*. His interests at home and abroad were so varied that he never retired. He was killed in an air crash on November 8, 1965, while returning from a visit with his son, Roy H. Dickerson, senior vice president of the First National City Bank of New York.

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A Story about Frank S. Land and the Order of DeMolay

HI, DAD!

"The life story of Frank Sherman Land is the story of the Order of DeMolay. One would not be complete without the other." So begins the Reverend Herbert Ewing Duncan, as he weaves together the biography of a remarkable man with the history of the creation and promotion of the Order of DeMolay - a fraternal organization for young men, ages 13 to 21.

Frank S. Land, known as "Dad" by the thousands of boys he worked with and millions whom he never met, was an inspiring individual whose story is worth telling. From a struggling high school drop-out trying to support his family, to successful businessman and, eventually, a member of the Kansas City Board of Education; from a Scottish Rite social worker with a dream of helping young men to the founder of an international youth fraternity; from a timid young art student to a man of national Masonic prominence who counted among his personal friends the Presidents, Congressmen, Judges, and military leaders of the United States; Frank Land's idealism and concern for youth touched the lives of millions of Masons and young men.

There are others whose stories involved the Order of DeMolay:

LOUIS G. LOWER, the first DeMolay, provided the spark within Land to organize a boys club and later develop it into a fraternity of international proportions. His tragic death was a deep loss to DeMolay and to Frank Land, who had regarded him as a son.

FRANK MARSHALL, author of the Ritual, gave poetic life to the visions of Frank Land in the creation of two beautiful degrees of initiation that, to this day, teach timeless lessons of virtue and morality.

ALEXANDER G. COCHRAN, the first Grand Master of DeMolay, spear-headed the formation of the Grand Council to provide a central authority for the rapidly expanding organization.

NELL, the wife of Frank Land, gave quiet support to her husband, even though the dream he followed took him across the country and away from home for many weeks at a time. Her tragic estrangement from the activities of the Order made her the least understood of all those who gave of themselves to DeMolay.

Hundreds of other devoted workers aided in the creation and extension of this unique organization, but all looked to one man for guidance. Frank Land was the charismatic leader of the Order, and it is his life that provides the loom upon which Reverend Duncan weaves the history of DeMolay.

Duncan's narrative style and intimate personal knowledge of his subject provides interesting reading for all ages, and he is at his best when recounting anecdotes that characterize Dad Land's concern and gentle caring for his boys and his friends.

This book is for all those who are interested in the origins of the wonderful Order of DeMolay and those who have ever heard the cry, or issued the call, "Hi, Dad!".