

THE ROAD TO BAGDAD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To Be Continued Next Month)