

Tubal Cain

By Charles Mackey

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the day when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung:
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire;
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that I ever made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day, old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
As the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And man, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands;
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands.
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plow
To him our praises shall be;
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword."

Our thanks to WB A.S. Villanueva for sending us this poem. He found it while browsing in Christ the King College Literary in Gunn-go-gg City.

FRANK S. LAND . . . (from page 5)

The afternoon Sunday School sessions came to an end when the Lands moved back to Kansas City when Frank was twelve.

In Kansas City he completed his schooling and took an active part in church and civic activities. By the time he was nineteen he had become a successful restaurant operator, and as an amateur artist he was the moving spirit in an organization to beautify the city.

At the age of twenty-one, Frank Land became the president of the Municipal League of Kansas City. He became very active in Masonry and at twenty-five became the director of the Scottish Rite Social Service Bureau.

Three years later, the seed for the Youth Movement was sown, and the organization grew by leaps and bounds.

Frank Land grew in stature right along with DeMolay and was named "Citizen Extraordinary" in a message from former U. S. President Eisenhower in 1958.

He was coroneted a 33^o Mason at the almost unprecedented age of 35. In 1954 he was elected Imperial Potentate of the Imperial Council of the Shrine, and in 1955 he was awarded the first International Gold "Royal Arch" medal by the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons.

Frank Land was a director, trustee and member of innumerable boards

and councils. He held two honorary doctorates and was president of the Kansas City School Board at the time of his death on November 8, 1959.

He was affectionately known as "Dad Land" to every one of the nearly three million DeMolays, whether he was a chapter member or a successful government or business leader.

His death was sudden and a shock to the entire world since Dad Land was a person who had been recognized as "a leader among leaders." He had entered the hospital after a cold aggravated a prior arthritic condition that had been bothering him for several months. Five days later, he passed away as result of pulmonary edema.

More than 1,000 persons attended the funeral service. In an outstanding eulogy, Reverend Herbert E. Duncan described Dad Land as "a friend of the of the world" and "a quiet personality who was capable of bringing out the best in every life his life touched."

He gave to the world a tangible source in the Order of DeMolay of creating brotherhood among men during their formative years of manhood. Thus Dad Land molded his own perpetual and ever-growing monument when he founded DeMolay back in 1919. What better tribute could stand for a great man than nearly 3 million DeMolays who still practice daily the principles they learned at their chapter's altar. △