

**THE BOYS' ROUND TABLE: A
MANUAL OF THE
INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF
THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR**

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The Boys' Round Table: A Manual of the International Order of the Knights of King Arthur by
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CASTLE SHALOTT'S THRONE.

THE BOYS' ROUND TABLE

A MANUAL OF THE INTERNATIONAL
ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS OF
KING ARTHUR

BY
WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH
Founder and Mage Merlin

AND
FRANK LINCOLN MASSECK
International King

EIGHTH EDITION. REWRITTEN

THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR
DETROIT
1910



Giff
Robert A. Tump
3-24-27

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Preface

This book contains the handbook of the largest boys' fraternity in the world. It includes a practical explanation of plans which have been evolved after nearly twenty years of experience.

The endeavor has been made to explain fully the great philosophy which the authors believe underlies the attractive and ingenious methods, and which has worked out in many places into a splendid work of character building.

The order has been singularly fortunate in having received the co-operation of many people of consecrated ability. Especially would we mention the Rev. W. E. Hays, the Rev. F. W. Gibbs, the Rev. E. F. Tallmadge, the Rev. R. M. D. Adams, Miss A. B. Mackintire and Messrs. Charles H. McCurdy and Edward H. Williams, Jr., who have much enriched the various rituals.

This edition differs from the seventh chiefly in the addition at the end of the book of fresh suggestions, some of which are so important that they will supersede older plans in progressive castles.

WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH,
FRANK LINCOLN MASSECK.

A Message to Boys

BY THE FOUNDER OF THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR

Fellows! Did you ever wish you were living in the age of chivalry?

To ride out in the sunshine of flashing armor in company with brave adventure-seeking comrades, on noble quests, to dash into the tournament and fight for glory, and then to sit at the great Round Table before the splendid throne of the "Flower of Kings"—those were fine days!

It was a happy thought that about fifteen years ago suggested a partial fulfillment of old King Arthur's prophecy that he would return to the world again, when some sturdy lads, descended from Anglo-Saxon stock, over here in the New England across the sea, founded a new Round Table and called themselves Knights of King Arthur.

They, too, had a king and a Merlin counselor, though not one of "uncounted winters," like the old magician. Beside their throne was a mystic Siege Perilous to which the bravest and best of their number might be elected to sit by his peers. They had swords too, and banners, and they wore the white cross. They promised, as their ancient fathers once did, "to serve their King and their conscience and follow all that makes a man." And this they did in careful imitation of the old orders, beginning as pages dressed in shabby clothes and bearing their humility and the jokes of their superiors as best they could, serving some time as brisk and useful esquires,

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and many of them at last, after thoughtfulness and fasting, receiving the white baldric as belted knights.

Thousands of boys, some of them already young men of achievement, are to-day enrolled in the order. The lists are still open. Even the solitary boy who cannot form a castle may be one of the order and in his own play and work and study take, as the others have, some knightly name as his own and try to be the finest thing on earth—a Gentle Man. Sometime when there are other thousands added and the new chivalry has had time to find its quest, there will be a chivalrous kingdom of knightly-hearted men in the Great Republic and many wrongs will be righted by the hands of lads who wear a tiny white cross above their hearts.

Do you like the vision?

I like to think of an American Prince arming himself for the battle of life from crown to foot, his greaves buckled on by a sweet-spirited mother, while a watching sister stands near and breathes a gentle prayer. He goes forth with a mind that thinks naught unclean, a heart cheerful for every fate, a body supple and quick and strong, a will masterful but controlled, a soul reverent and watchful. Into the fight he goes. He may be hit hard, but he never turns back, his sword fails, he grasps up one dropped by some craven's hand and wins with it. For all high causes, for all that sweet womanhood holds holy, for all who are weak and helpless, his colors and his arm are at the front. He must, he will conquer. In the sign for which he fights, victory is sure.

And then the glorious comradeship of it all! To

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know that the other fellow far away is fighting the
same battle and to dare be as brave as he! What is
that song I have heard the young knights sing!

"By communion of the banner,
Crimson, white and starry banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Children of the Flag are we.

By our bright cross-hilted sword-blades,
By our flashing, heaven-bathed sword-blades,
By our circled, comrade sword-blades,
Warriors of the King we be.

Comrades, hail the Cross that leads us,
Comrades, hail the Grail that beckons,
Comrades, hail the War that waits us.
Knights of holy chivalry."

—WM. BYRON FORBUSH

