



SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY
Literary Exercises

*Great literature is simply language charged with
meaning to the utmost possible degree.*
—Ezra Pound (1875-1972)



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Foreword

Sigma Chi was founded almost 150 years ago on the principles of Friendship, Justice, and Learning. This commitment to learning, the Founders hoped, would give rise to “*an association for the development of the noble purposes of the mind.*” In fact, originally one could not be a member of Sigma Chi unless one was first a member of one of Miami’s literary societies. And at every meeting, a brother was asked to prepare “*a poetical review, an original essay, and a poem,*” or “*a prose review, a fictitious narrative, and biographical essay,*” depending upon the week.

It is in this spirit, then, that this collection of literary exercises has been compiled. In the following pages you will discover words and sentiments – of brothers and others – that will cause you to reflect on what it means to be a good Sigma Chi and, more fundamentally, a good human being. At the same time, though this offering is vast, it is by no means definitive; in fact, you and your brothers should view this portion of the chapter meeting as an opportunity to share original pieces, works discovered through research or serendipity, and recitals from our beloved Ritual.

Finally, remember that these “literary exercises” are not *secret*. Share the readings with friends and relatives, never being afraid to let others know you as thinking men. Above all, this volume of readings, coupled with every brother’s contribution, should remind us of what it means to regularly renew our commitment to the “noble purposes of the mind.”

Do You Act, Or React?

–Condensed from an article by Sidney J. Harris in the *Chicago Daily News*

I walked with a friend, a Quaker, to the newsstand the other night,
and he bought a paper, thanking the newsboy politely.
The newsboy didn't even acknowledge it.

“A sullen fellow, isn't he?” I commented.
“Oh, he's that way every night,” shrugged my friend.
“Then why do you continue to be so polite to him?”
“Why not?” inquired my friend.
“Why should I let him decide how I'm going to act?”

As I thought about this incident later, it occurred to me that the important word was “act.” My friend acts toward people; most of us react toward them. He has a sense of inner balance which is lacking in most of us; he knows who he is, what he stands for, how he should behave. He refuses to return incivility for incivility, because then he
would no longer be in
command of his own conduct.

Nobody is unhappier than the perpetual reactor. His center of emotional gravity is not rooted within himself, where it belongs, but in the world outside him. His temperature is always being raised or lowered by the social climate around him, and he is a mere creature at the mercy of these elements.

Praise gives him a feeling of euphoria, which is false, because it does not last and it does not come from self-approval. Criticism depresses him more than it should, because it confirms his own secretly shaken opinion of himself. Snubs hurt him, and the merest suspicion of unpopularity
in any quarter rouses him to bitterness.

Serenity cannot be achieved until we become the masters of our own actions and attitudes. To let another determine whether we shall be rude or gracious, elated or depressed, is to relinquish control over our own personalities, which is ultimately all we possess.

The only true possession is self-possession.

The Optimist Creed

*(This creed was taken from a plaque which hangs in the entrance of the
Track & Field Hall of Fame in Charleston, W. Va.)*

Promise Yourself–

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work for only the best, and to expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you
are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater
achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every
living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you
have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to
permit the presence of trouble.

The Village Wine

A triumphal feast was scheduled in a village and, in order to ensure that all might
enjoy in the feast without imposing upon any few, the villagers all agreed that each
would put one bottle of his best wine into a
great cask for the occasion.

However, upon reflection, one villager reasoned that, if he filled his bottle with water,
the dilution would be so slight, no one would notice.

So, the day of the feast arrived, and the great cask was tapped, and,
wonder of wonders...nothing but water poured forth!

Every villager had reasoned alike – my bit will not be missed!

Daring Greatly

—John F. Kennedy on *Theodore Roosevelt*
New York City, December 5, 1961

It is not the critic who counts, nor the man who points out how the strong man
stumbled or where the doer of deeds could have done them better.

The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by
dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly, who errs and comes up short again
and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, and spends himself
in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumphs of high achievement;
and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly; so that his place shall
never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither defeat nor victory.

The Road Not Taken

—by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could,
To where it bent in the undergrowth.

Then took the other as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Tho as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same

Both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black
Oh, I saved the first for another day
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be saying this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by
And that has made all the difference.

Indispensable

Sometime, when you're feeling important,
Sometime, when your ego's in bloom,
Sometime, when you take it for granted,
You're the best qualified in the room.
Sometime, when you feel that your going,
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow this simple instruction,
And see how it humbles your soul.
Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hand in it up to the wrist;
Pull it out; and the hole that's remaining
Is a measure of how much you'll be missed.
You may splash all you want when you enter,
You can stir up the water galore,
But stop, and you'll find in a minute,
That it looks quite the same as before.
The moral to this quaint example
Is do just the best that you can;
Be proud of yourself, but remember,
There's no indispensable man.

The Impossible Dream

To dream the impossible dream,
To fight the unbeatable foe,
To bear with unbearable sorrow,
To run where the brave dare not go,

To right the unrightable wrong,
To love pure and chaste from afar,
To try when your arms are too weary,
To reach the unreachable stars.

This is my quest, to follow that star,
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far,
To fight for the right without question or pause
To be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause
And I know if I'll only be true to this glorious quest
That my heart will lie peaceful and calm when I'm laid to my rest,

And the world will be better for this,
That one man scorned and covered with scars,
still strove with his last ounce of courage,
To reach the unreachable cross.

The Station

–Robert J. Hastings

Tucked away in our subconscious is an idyllic vision. We see ourselves on a long trip that spans the continent. We are traveling by train. Out the windows we drink in the passing scene of cars on nearby highways, of children waving at a crossing, of cattle grazing on a distant hillside, of smoke pouring from a power plant, of row upon row of corn and wheat, of flatlands and valleys, of mountains and rolling hillsides, of city skylines and village halls.

But uppermost in our minds is the final destination. On a certain day at a certain hour we will pull into the station. Bands will be playing and flags waving. Once we get there so many wonderful dreams will come true and the pieces of our lives will fit together like a completed jigsaw puzzle. How restlessly we pace the aisles, damning the minutes for loitering –

waiting, waiting, waiting for the station.

“When we reach the station, that will be it!” we cry. “When I’m 18.” “When I buy a new 450SL Mercedes Benz!” “When I put the last kid through college.” “When I have paid off the mortgage!” “When I get a promotion.” “When I reach the age of retirement, I shall live happily ever after!”

Sooner or later we must realize there is no station, no one place to arrive at once and for all. The true joy of life is the trip. The station is only a dream.

It constantly out distances us.

“Relish the moment” is a good motto, especially when coupled with Psalm 118–24: “This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.” It isn’t the burdens of today that drive men mad. It is the regrets over yesterday and the fear of tomorrow. Regret and fear are twin thieves who rob us of today.

So, stop pacing the aisles and counting the miles. Instead, climb more mountains, eat more ice cream, go barefoot more often, swim more rivers, watch more sunsets, laugh more, cry less. Life must be lived as we go along. The station will come soon enough.

The Man In The Glass

When you get what you want in your struggle for self, and the world makes you king
for a day, just go to a mirror and look at yourself
and see what that man has to say.

Although there are others in life's pathway whose judgment upon you must pass, the
fellow whose verdict counts most in your life
is the man staring back from the glass.

You may win all the medals and "snow" all the rest and think you're a wonderful guy;
but the man in the glass says you're only a fraud,
if you can't look him straight in the eye.

He's the one to please, after all's said and done, for he's with you clear up to the end.
And you've passed a most dangerous, difficult test
if the man in the glass is your friend.

You may fool the whole world down the pathways of years and get pats on the back as
you pass; but your final reward will be heartaches and tears, if you've cheated the man
in the glass.

Reflections – I Am A Corporal

During the Revolutionary War, a group of soldiers was ordered to raise a heavy timber
which the enemy had caused to block the road. They could scarcely lift it from the
road. A young corporal stood by, urging the men to lift hard, and shouting, "Now
boys, right up!" With each subsequent failure to move the immense timber, the
corporal's commands
sounded more and more severe.

A superior officer passing by observed the efforts of the men and the sharp commands
of the corporal. He rode up to them, dismounted, and lent his own strength to the
task, lifting with the men. When the timber was in place, the officer asked the corporal
why he did not help with the task.

"Why, I am a corporal," he replied.

"I am George Washington," responded the officer.

The Art Of Friendship

–Wilford A. Peterson

The first step in the art of friendship is to be a friend, then making friends takes care of itself.

To be a friend a man should believe in the inherent goodness of other men and in their potential greatness.

To be a friend a man should strive to lift people up, not cast them down; to encourage, not discourage; to set an example that will be an inspiration to others.

To be a friend a man should practice the companionship of silence and the magic of words that his speech may build and not destroy, help and not hinder.

To be a friend a man should close his eyes to the faults of others and open them to his own.

To be a friend a man should not attempt to reform or reprimand, but should strive only to make others happy if he can.

To be a friend a man should be himself, he should be done with hypocrisy, artificiality and pretense; he should meet and mingle with people in quiet simplicity and humility.

To be a friend a man should be tolerant; he should have an understanding heart and a forgiving nature, knowing that all men stumble now and then and that he who never made a mistake never accomplished anything.

To be a friend a man should go more than halfway with his fellow man; he should greet others first and not wait to be greeted; he should radiate a spirit of overflowing good will.

To be a friend a man should remember that we are human magnets; that like attracts like, and that what we give, we get.

To be a friend a man should recognize that no man knows all the answers, and that he should add each day to his knowledge of how to live the friendly way.

The Member Who Never Came Back

It amuses me now to think that the organization spends so much time looking for new members when I was there all along. Do you remember me?? After earning activation, I am the one who was asked to join. I paid my dues and then I was asked to be a loyal and faithful member.

I am the one who came to every meeting, but nobody paid any attention to me. I tried several times to be friendly, but everyone seemed to have their friends to talk and sit with. I sat down among some unfamiliar faces several times, but they didn't pay much attention to me.

I hoped somebody would ask me to join one of the committees or to somehow participate and contribute but no one did. Finally, because of illness, I missed a meeting. At the next meeting, no one asked me where I had been. I guess it didn't matter much whether I was there or not. On the next meeting date I decided to stay at home and watch a television program. When I attended the next meeting, no one asked me where I was the time before.

You might say that I'm a good person, a good worker, and I love my community. You know who else I am??

I am the member who never came back...The "Mystery Sig."

I hope you agree that we should all try harder and greet each member, old and new, and make him feel wanted and needed in our club.

How To Tell A Winner From A Loser

A winner says, "Let's find out"; a loser says "Nobody knows." When a winner makes a mistake, he says, "I was wrong," a loser says, "It wasn't my fault." A winner knows how and when to say "Yes" and "No"; a loser says "Yes, but" and "Perhaps not."

A winner works harder than a loser and has more time; a loser is always "too busy" to do what is necessary. A winner goes through a problem, a loser makes promises.

A winner knows what to fight for and what to compromise on; a loser compromises on what he shouldn't and fights for what isn't worthwhile. A winner says, "I'm good, but not as good as I ought to be;" a loser say, "I'm not as bad as a lot of other people." A winner listens; a loser just waits until it's his turn to talk. A winner feels responsible for more than his job; a loser says, "I only work here." A winner says, "There ought to be a better way to do it;" a loser says, "That's the way it's always been done here." And remember: Winners never quit and quitters never win.

Ways To Kill Almost Any Organization

Don't attend meetings, but if you do, arrive late.

Be sure to leave before the meeting is closed.

Never have anything to say at the meeting – wait until you get outside.

When at the meeting, vote to do everything, then go home and do nothing.

The next day, find fault with the officers and other members.

Be sure to sit in the back, so you can talk freely to another member.

Get all the organization has to offer you. Grow as much as you can but don't give anything back.

Never invite new members to attend meetings.

Never invite guest speakers or administrators to attend meetings.

Talk cooperation, but never cooperate.

If asked to help, always say you don't have time.

If things don't go your way, threaten to resign and get others to do the same.

Never read anything pertaining to your organization (journals, articles, other relevant materials, etc.).

Never accept an office; it is easier to criticize than do things.

Don't do any more than you have to, and when others willingly and unselfishly use their abilities to better the organization, gripe because the organization is run by a clique.

If there are any finances to consider, just ignore them.

Always be quick to take sides in misunderstandings within the organization and side with the person you spoke to last.

Repeat to everyone you see everything you hear in the organization that is unpleasant.

Do the things on this list!

Tomorrow

He was going to be all that a mortal should be – **Tomorrow**

No one would be better than he – **Tomorrow**

Each morning he'd stack up the letters he'd write – **Tomorrow**

The greatest of workers this man would have been – **Tomorrow**

The world would have known him had he ever seen – **Tomorrow**

But the fact is he died and faded from view

And all that was left when the living was through

Was a mountain of things he intended to do – **Tomorrow**

Untitled

–Nadine Stair, Age 85

If I had my life to live over again, I'd try to make more mistakes next time. I would relax. I would limber up. I would be sillier than I have been this trip. I know of very few things I would take more seriously. I would be crazier. I would be less hygienic. I would take more chances. I would take more trips. I would climb more mountains, swim more rivers, and watch more sunsets. I would burn more gasoline. I would eat more ice cream and fewer beans. I would have more actual problems and fewer imaginary ones.

You see, I am one of those people who live prophylactically and sensibly and sanely. Hour after hour. Day by day. Oh, I have had my moments, and if I had it to do over again, I'd have more of them. In fact, I'd have nothing else. Just moments, one right after another, instead of living so many years ahead of each day. I have been one of those people who never go anywhere without a thermometer, a hot water bottle, a gargle, a raincoat, and a parachute. If I had it to do over again, I would go places and do things and travel lighter than I have. If I had my life to live over, I would start barefoot earlier in the spring and stay that way later in the fall. I would play hookey more often. I wouldn't make good grades except by accident. I would ride more merry-go-rounds. I'd pick more daisies.

If

–Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;
If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet the Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your head and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings – nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

Ritual Used By The Founders On June 28, 1855

I place this White Cross over my heart,
because it appeals both to my intellect and to my affections.
I wear it with a deep sense of humility and
with a feeling of unworthiness;
Believing that the world expects more of me
than the world expects of other men, and
realizing full well that I never can conquer by a sign,
even though it be a cross.
But only as the ideals for which this badge stands
take possession of my heart and
become exemplified in my life,
will I ever know the deepest meanings
of the White Cross of Sigma Chi.

Why Do Good People Do Bad Things?

–Eric Fromm

The way one experiences others is not different from the way one experiences oneself. If others are experienced as commodities like oneself, they too do not present themselves, but their salable part.

The difference between people is reduced to merely the quantitative difference of being more or less successful, attractive, hence valuable. This process is not different from what happens to commodities on the market. A painting and a pair of shoes can both be expressed in, and reduced to, their exchange value, their price; so the difference between people is reduced to a common element, their price on the market.

Since modern man experiences himself both as the seller and as the commodity to be sold on the market, his self-esteem depends on conditions beyond his control. If he is “successful,” he is valuable; if he is not, he is worthless. The degree of insecurity which results from this orientation can hardly be overestimated.

Human Sunshine

In Memoriam of Franklin Howard Scobey, Benjamin P. Runkle, Alpha 1857

How fair and bright is the morning light
After the night's deep gloom,
When the sunshine streams with golden beams
On the roses in their bloom.

But he who sheds wherever he treads
Love's light o'er friends and foes,
Gives life more power for the trying hour
Than sunshine gives the rose.

Ah, vanish fears when love appears
And kisses faint hope to life,
Gives strength for the right and nerve to fight
In a seemingly hopeless strife.

With glowing ray love illumines the way
To victory's goal at last,
And in her light we forget the night
And the sorrowful hours fly past.

And we who are left, of a friend bereft,
Through all these changing years,
Though our eyes grow dim when we think of him,
May mingle our smiles with tears.

For pure and good, in his young manhood,
His faith was clear and high.
He has found sweet rest, across his breast,
The cross of Sigma Chi.

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Who Is Your Brother?

(Caution: avoid similar voice inflection on "He Who" phrases)

He who understands you and yet remains your brother;

He who will be a balance in the seesaw of life;

He who considers your needs before your deservings;

He who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you;

He who, when he reaches the top of the ladder, does not forget
you if you are at the bottom;

He who is the same today when prosperity smiles upon you, and
tomorrow when adversity and sorrows come;

He who guards your interests as his own, neither flatters nor
deceives, gives just praise to your good deeds, and
equally but privately condemns your bad acts;

He whose ambition and responsibility toward the brotherhood
exceeds the reward he expects to receive in it;

He whose cheerful smile lends sunshine in every company;

He is your brother.

Preamble To The Constitution – Ritual Of 1856

Believing that many advantages are to be derived from
a secret literary society;

Appreciating that closer communion of kindred hearts
which adds so many incentives to virtuous exertion;

And feeling that in union there is strength:

We do hereby form ourselves into an association
for the development of the nobler powers of the mind,
the finer feelings of the heart,
and for the promotion of friendship and congeniality of feeling.

Born At Old Miami

I was born at Old Miami in 1855. Because I have offered inspiration to those who sought it, I have grown and matured. I am many things and many people. I am Sigma Chi—I am the White Cross.

I am 160,000 living souls—and the spirit of thousands of others who have lived and died.

I am Ben Runkle and Isaac M. Jordan. Out of principle, I threw a Deke pin on a table and walked out of a meeting. I am Bell, Caldwell, Lockwood, Scobey, and Daniel William Cooper. I am a room on the second floor of an Oxford, Ohio brick building.

I remember Shilo and Vicksburg and Atlanta, too.
I am the Constantine Chapter in a log cabin near Atlanta.

I am the Gamma slant and Joseph C. Nate and son John S. McMillin too.

I remember Flanders Field and Guadalcanal, too, for when freedom called, my brothers answered and stayed until it was over, over there. Some were left as heroic dead at the Marne, on the beachhead of Anzio, the bleak slopes of Korea and in the steaming jungles of Vietnam.

I am Daddy Ricks and Norman Brewer.
I am John Graham and Chuck Thatcher.

I am the Blue and Gold, the Jordan Standard, the Order of Constantine, and, of course, the Leadership Training Workshop.
I am the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, the brown-eyed Sweethearts and pin-mates, too.

I am big. I sprawl from the Atlantic to the Pacific. My arms reach out to embrace Canada, Texas and California. I am more than 200 active chapters. You will find me at M.I.T., Ole Miss, Purdue, Roanoke, Toronto, Houston, Kentucky, and Florida State.

I am Bob Griese, Merlin Olsen, Jim Palmer, and all the other Sig athletes. I am Steve Canyon. I am a pledge class worshipping together at a chapel on Sunday. I am a happy group of people at a Sweetheart Ball. I am *The Magazine of Sigma Chi* and the Ritual.
I am the roar of a crowd at an intramural game.

You can look at me and see the clasp of friendship, a scroll and seven stars. You can see Harry St. John Dixon and his badge of silver and gutta percha. You can see the candlelight of a midnight serenade and hear the strains of "A Sig I Am."

(cont'd)

I am J. William Fulbright, Barry Goldwater, John Wayne, and all of you, too.

I am a deep sense of personal responsibility. I am a search for a way of life.
I am a great moment in a young man's life.

Yes, I am Sigma Chi, and these are the things that I am. I was born out of principle and idealism. And, God willing, I will be based on principles and ideals for the rest of my days. May I always possess the integrity, courage, and strength to remain the greatest fraternity in the world. This is my wish, my goal, my prayer.
I am Sigma Chi. I am the White Cross.

In Hoc

It cannot be captured in a word,
nor can it be limited to a circumstance.
The magnetic essence of our brotherhood
transcends the physical.
Our minds can only take us so far on our quest
for true fellowship;
leaving our spirit, conscience, and heart as guides.

Sensing a bond
with our spiritual family,
we aspire toward a familiar symbol.

Joined together in admiration and by common perspectives,
we have achieved, and will always achieve, great aims
as we receive inspiration through the reflections of fortitude
found in the eyes and actions of our brothers.

Our commitment must be to prudently cultivate and maintain
the highest of ideals and the most worthy of qualities...
for through this we may lay the foundation to truth and
build a shrine for the sake of unity.

Contained therein will always be that eternal light
which serves as a source of love and strength to all.

By the illumination of our candles and the stars above,
we see and we understand what is vividly etched above the door.
In one breath there can be a cry of victory,
a solemn oath of respect, and a comforting sigh of relief...

IN HOC

Invictus

–William Ernest Henley (1875)

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade.
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

We Are Fraternity

We, as fraternity, believe in the development of the human spirit.

The primary process by which the human spirit is developed is through the relationships we have with one another, ourselves, and with God. These relationships are the essence of our identity. It is through fraternity with others that we know who we are. The absence of positive relationships, not the absence of things and events, is a primary source of unhappiness.

The fraternity is essentially making one statement: We believe in each other. It is through the values expressed in our Ritual that we share this belief. It is through our actions that we exemplify this belief.

As a system of values, our Ritual provides us with a foundation for the art of living. These shared values are: LOVE, LOYALTY, MORALITY, RESPONSIBILITY AND COMMITMENT.

Class

–Ann Landers

Class never runs scared. It is sure-footed and confident.
It can handle whatever comes along.

Class has a sense of humor. It knows that a good
laugh is the best lubricant for oiling the machinery
of human relations.

Class never makes excuses. It takes its lumps and
learns from past mistakes. Class knows that good
manners are nothing more than a series of petty sacrifices.

Class bespeaks an aristocracy that has nothing to
do with money. Some extremely wealthy people
have no class at all while others who are struggling
to make ends meet are loaded with it.

Class is real. You can't fake it.
The person with class makes everyone feel comfortable
because he is comfortable with himself.
If you have class you've got it made. If you don't have class, no matter
what else you have, it doesn't make any difference.

Values And Norms

–Erich Fromm

There is usually a discrepancy between what people consider
their values to be and the effective values which direct them and of
which they are not aware.

In the industrial society, the official conscious values are those of
the religious and humanistic tradition: individuality, love, compassion,
hope, etc. But these values have become ideologies for most people
and are not effective in motivating human behavior. The unconscious
values which directly motivate human behavior are those which are
generated in the social system of the bureaucratic, industrial society,
those of property, consumption, social position, fun, excitement, etc.

This discrepancy between conscious and ineffective and
unconscious and effective values creates havoc within the personality.
Having to act differently from what we have been taught and profess to
abide by makes us feel guilty, distrustful of ourselves and others.

Could This Happen In Your Chapter?

Dear Executive Secretary,

I am a very concerned member of my chapter at _____ University. As I'm sure you are aware, things have not been going well here this semester. I am sorry to inform you that the situation has not improved, and the chapter has taken a turn for the worst.

In our chapter meeting this evening a member read a prepared statement that conveyed his views on what our fraternity means to him. In a nutshell, he said he joined the Fraternity for a "social outlet" and he intended to use the house for a good time. He went on to say that what the general fraternity expects from us is not the type of fraternity he and most other chapter members are interested in. He said the people in charge have "warped minds" for wanting to conform to any type of chapter that the general fraternity would call ideal. The end of this statement was met with a huge round of applause from the majority of the chapter.

Of the one hundred plus members in our chapter, only a handful have the slightest idea what our fraternity truly stands for, and the rest of the members just don't give a damm.

It breaks my heart to stand here helplessly and watch my chapter fall apart piece by piece.

Therefore, I am asking you to please come to our campus and deactivate the numerous members of our chapter who only want to party, and have no intention of striving for the ideals expressed in our Ritual.

In hoc,

A deeply concerned member

Let George Do It

My name is George.
I'm an all-around handyman, and I'd like you to feel free to use my service for any and all chores, errands, duties which you may be too busy to perform. Anytime there's anything that needs doing and you'd rather not, you just let George do it.

I'll write to your congressman for you; I'll write your newspaper editor; I'll serve on the chapter committees in your place; I'll do anything you're too tired to do or preoccupied to do. With me around, you can be as lazy as you like, or just have fun.
The more the merrier, I always say.

My services are available to you for all the tedious, time-consuming things which you'd rather duck doing. You haven't time to do your pledge assignments. Let George do it. You haven't time for a service project. I have. You don't want to accept committee assignments and extra responsibilities, anyway.
You let ol' George tend to those things.

Maybe I'm not as famous as Castro, but if it hadn't been for me, you'd never have heard of him. And that goes for Stalin and Hitler and Mao-Tse-Tung, too. I made those guys! And the big-time racketeers in the United States. You name 'em...
without me those guys would be nothing.

Why do I want to run errands for you? When I'm the guy who runs all these "big wheels," why do I want to run errands for you?
Don't you see? I get a kick out of electing presidents of student bodies and school boards. I'm all these things you used to do before you took up chasing dollars and not being concerned over your organizations or your responsibilities.

Don't feel like you're imposing. I'm glad to be of service. Helping you, I'm really helping myself. How do you think I was able to take over and run a third of the world already?
Because nobody else wanted to bother.
They said "Let George do it," so I did it.

Now I'm taking over in lots of cities and counties and I figure it's just a matter of time until I'll take over in this chapter, too.
I want to thank you for making it possible.

Remember now, if there is ever any way in which I can be of help, I'm at your service. You just have fun and don't worry about a thing.
I'll do your worrying, too. I'LL BILL YOU LATER!

...My Needs Were Supplied By The Brethren

—II Corinthians 11:9 (RSV)

—Brock Kidd, Beta Sigma '94

I'll never forget the day that my parents, my sister Keri, and I made that long, three-hour drive from our home in Nashville to the campus of the University of Tennessee in Knoxville, where I was enrolled as a freshman. Too soon the car was unloaded and it was time to part ways. We said our teary good-byes, and I stood in the parking lot watching my dad's old station wagon drive out of sight.

Alone. Of course, every university is ready for the freshman class. Events were offered one after the other, all sorts of orientations, mixers, get-togethers. All that planned activity and yet I felt unplugged.

When friends encouraged me to go through fraternity rush, I decided to give it a try. It turned out not at all like the *Animal House* chaos people sometimes associate with college fraternities. It became for me a family away from family. I found myself among boys of all backgrounds who had come together to form a kind of brotherhood. When news came the day before spring break that "Pop-Pop," my grandfather, had died, my room in the fraternity house became the center of attention. My brothers came to offer their condolences, to share experiences of their own losses. I was amazed when an older member that I hardly knew volunteered to drive me home to Nashville.

Back home after the funeral, I got a call from the guys spending spring break in Florida. "It's not the same without you," they said. "We're sending a frequent-flyer ticket. You're to catch the next plane down." Brothers!

Today, if you visit my home on campus at Sigma Chi House, don't expect perfect order or Mom's cooking. What you will find is a group of fifty very different individuals making a home together in the midst of a large college campus, a group of guys who adhere to a common prayer memorized during their pledgship. "Teach us to be true to each other, ourselves and to Thee." I have found the fraternity to be a supportive community like the ones we need all through life, where we commit ourselves to principles, demand the best from one another and push one another toward common goals. A community like a family, a church, a civic or fraternal organization.

God, help us all to seek and find community. Amen.

The Bridgebuilder

–Will Allen Droomgoole

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

“Old man,” said a fellow pilgrim near,
“You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide—
Why build you the bridge at eventide?”

The builder lifted his old gray head:
“Good friend, in the path that I have come,” he said,
“There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him.”

The Bank Of Time

If you had a bank that credited your account each morning with \$86,400.00 that carried over no balance from day to day and allowed you to keep no cash in your account and every evening cancelled whatever part of the amount you had failed to use during the day, what would you do? Draw out every cent of course! Well, you have such a bank, and its name is *Time*. Every morning it credits you with 86,400 seconds. Every night it rules off, as lost, whatever of this you have failed to invest to no good purpose. It carries over no balances. It allows no overdrafts. Each day it opens a new account with you. Each night it burns the records of the day. If you fail to use the day's deposits the loss is yours. There is no going back. There is no drawing against the tomorrow. You must live in the present – on today's deposits. Invest it so as to get from it the utmost in health, happiness, and success.

Youth

–Samuel Ullman

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind; it is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a matter of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of 60 more than a boy of 20. Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals.

Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, fear, self-doubt bow the heart and turn the spirit back to dust.

Whether 60 or 16, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder the unfailing childlike curiosity of what's next, and the joy of the game of living.

In the center of your heart and mine there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer and courage, you are young.

When the aerials are down, and your spirit is covered with the snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you have grown old, even at 20.

But so long as your aerials are up, to catch the optimism, there is hope you may die young at 80.

Untitled

–C. Raymond Beran

What is a friend? I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can be naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him, you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you. With him you breathe freely. You can avow your little vanities and envies and hates and vicious sparks, your meannesses and absurdities and, in opening them up to him, they are lost, dissolved on the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful. You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him. Best of all, you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He like you. He is like fire that purges to the bone. He understands. You can weep with him, sin with him, laugh with him, pray with him. Through it all – and underneath – he sees, knows and loves you.

A Friend? What is a friend?

Just one, I repeat, with whom you dare to be yourself.

Don't Quit

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit—
Rest if you must, but don't quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a fellow turns about
When he might have won if he had stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late when the night came down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you can never tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

Footprints

I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord,
And across the sky flashed scenes from my life.
For each scene I noticed two sets of footprints
In the sand; one belonged to me, the other to the Lord.

When the last scene flashed before us, I
Looked back at the footprints in the sand.
I saw that many times along the path of life,
There was only one set of footprints. I also
noticed that it happened at the lowest and
saddest times in my life.

I questioned the Lord about it.

“Lord, you said that once I followed you,
You would walk with me all the way, but I have
Noticed that during the most troublesome times
In my life, there is only one set of footprints.
I don’t understand why, in times when I needed
You most, you would leave.”

The Lord replied, “My precious child, I would
Never leave you during times of trial and
suffering. When you see only one set of
Footprints, it was then that I carried you.”

Will The Real You Please Stand Up?

Submit to pressure from peers and you move down to their level. Speak up for your own beliefs and you invite them up to your level. If you move with the crowd, you’ll get no further than the crowd. When 40 million people believe in a dumb idea, it’s still a dumb idea. Simply swimming with the tide leaves you nowhere. So if you believe in something that’s good, honest and bright, stand up for it. Maybe your peers will get smart and drift your way.

A Book From The Light Of Faith

–Edgar A. Guest

“Now,” said a good book unto me
“Open my pages and you shall see
Jewels of wisdom and treasures fine,
Gold and silver in every line,
And you may claim them if you but will
Open my pages and take your fill.”

“Open my pages and run them o’er,
Take what you choose of my golden store.
Be you greedy, I shall not care –
All that you seize I shall gladly spare;
There is never a lock on my treasure doors,
Come – here are my jewels, make them yours!”

“I am just a book on your mantle shelf,
But I can be part of your living self;
If only you’ll travel my pages through,
Then I will travel the world with you.
As two wines blended make better wine,
Blend your mind with these truths of mine.”

“I’ll make you fitter to talk with men,
I’ll touch with silver the lines you pen,
I’ll lead you nearer the truth you see,
I’ll strengthen you when your faith grows weak –
This place on your shelf is a prison cell,
Let me come into your mind to dwell!”

If I Were Twenty-One

Our grandson has just turned twenty-one. So this seems like a good time to look back almost half a century to when I was twenty-one and contemplate what I would have done then, if I had known what I know now. If I were twenty-one here are some of the things I would do:

- I would aim high. The sooner we decide we are going somewhere the faster we will arrive. Not failure but a low aim is a sin.
- I would prepare myself. Lincoln said, “I will study and get ready and maybe my chance will come.”
- I would learn to be a creative thinker. There are so few of them!
Creative ideas change the world.
- I would have reverence for life. “The good man,” said Schweitzer, “is the friend of all living things.”
- I would learn how to use time. Those who learn the value of minutes can put their best into life and get the most out of it.
- I would read the lives of great men and women and put their wisdom to work in my life.
- I would build up my energy reserve. I would guard my health.
- I would learn to concentrate on the task before me. Intense concentration is the secret of getting things done.
- I would lead a balanced life with time for work, play, love and worship.
- I would keep in tune with the Infinite, opening my life to the higher powers of mind and spirit.

All I Ever Really Needed To Know I Learned In Kindergarten

–Robert Fulghum

Most of what I really need to know about how to live, and what to do, and how to be, I learned in kindergarten. Wisdom was not at the top of the graduate school mountain, but there in the sandbox at nursery school.

These are the things I learned: Share everything. Play fair. Don't hit people. Put things back where you found them. Clean up your own mess. Don't take things that aren't yours. Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody. Wash your hands before you eat. Flush. Warm cookies and cold milk are good for you. Live a balanced life. Learn some and think some and draw and paint and sing and dance and play and work every day some.

Take a nap every afternoon. When you go out into the world, watch for traffic, hold hands, and stick together. Be aware of wonder. Remember the little seed in the plastic cup. The roots go down and the plant goes up and nobody really knows how or why, but we are all like that.

Goldfish and hamsters and white mice and even the little seed in the plastic cup – they all die. So do we.

And then remember the book about Dick and Jane and the first word you learned, the biggest word of all: LOOK. Everything you need to know is in there somewhere. The Golden Rule and love and basic sanitation, ecology and politics and sane living.

Think of what a better world it would be if we all – the whole world – had cookies and milk about 3 o'clock every afternoon and then lay down with our blankets for a nap. Of if we had a basic policy in our nation and other nations to always put things back where we found them and clean up our own messes. And it is still true, no matter how old you are, when you go out into the world, it is best to hold hands and stick together.

Opportunity

—Walter Malone

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away.
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say “I can”!
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep,
but yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution’s blow?
Then turn from blighted archives of the past,
And find the future’s pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgive;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven!

The Prophet—On Silence

—Kahlil Gibran

You do not see, nor do you hear, and it is well.

The veil that clouds your eyes shall be lifted by the hands that wove it.

And the clay that fills your ears shall be pierced by those
fingers that kneaded it.

And you shall see.

And you shall hear.

Yet you shall not deplore having known blindness,
nor regret having been deaf.

For in that day you shall know the hidden purposes in all things.

And you shall bless darkness as you would bless light.

Don't Be Afraid To Fail

You've failed many times, although you may not remember. You fell down the first time you tried to walk. You almost drowned the first time you tried to swim, didn't you? Did you hit the ball the first time you swung a bat? Heavy hitters, the ones who hit the most home runs, also strike out a lot. R.H. Macy failed seven times before his store in New York caught on. English novelist John Creasay got 753 rejection slips before he published 564 books. Babe Ruth struck out 1,330 times, but he also hit 714 home runs. Don't worry about failure. Worry about the chances you miss when you don't even try.

Proud To Be

-Thomas Cook

I'm proud to be all I can be,
Helping all that I can see;
Dreams will take you very far,
Reach up for that brightest star...

And if in time you seem to lose,
don't be hurt and don't you bruise,
For the times we all do share
Can't be shared just anywhere...

Walk on, brothers, heads up high,
Look at others you walk by,
And as in life we all shall die,
But not the Cross of Sigma Chi.
When you're down and feeling blue,
Think of what our Cross will do,
It guides us through our every day,
For that is why we're proud to say...
Walk on, brothers, heads up high,
Look at others you walk by
And as in life we all must die
But not the Cross of Sigma Chi...

I'm proud to be all I can be,
Helping all that I can see;
Dreams will take you very far,
Reach up for that brightest star...
I'm proud to be!!!

What Is A Fraternity?

Since the beginning, whenever men have come together, there have I been.

My membership is legion. From the humble home and from the stately mansion;
from the rolling farms and from the noisy factories; from the east and west and
north and south, have my followers come.

They who understand my meaning have followed in the footsteps of the man of
Galilee. In peace they have been their brother's keeper,
and in the agony of war, their blood has enriched the fields of Flanders
and reddened the sands of the Pacific.

Their reward has been the inspiration of their youth; the driving power of their
manhood; the memories of their maturity. They have fought the good fight. And
of these, my sons, I am justly proud.

Who am I?

My name is Fraternity.

And because I have given man that which he craves, I shall endure.

My sons shall neither falter nor fail.

They shall add lustre to my name.

Untitled

—Ernest Howard Crosby

No one could tell me where my soul might be;

I searched for God but he eluded me;

I sought my brother out, and found all three.

Untitled Inspiration

So remember, people are unreasonably illogical and self-centered.
LOVE THEM ANYWAY

If you do good, people will accuse you of selfishness and ulterior motives.
DO GOOD ANYWAY

If you are successful, you will win false friends and make true enemies.
TRY TO SUCCEED ANYWAY

The good you do today will be forgotten tomorrow.
BE GOOD ANYWAY

Honesty and frankness will get you nowhere, they make you vulnerable.
BE HONEST AND FRANK ANYWAY

People favor underdogs, but they follow the top dogs.
WELL, FIGHT FOR SOME UNDERDOGS ANYWAY

What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight.
I've seen that happen.
BUILD ANYWAY

People really need help, but they attack you if you try to help them.
TRY ANYWAY

Give the world the best that you have, and you'll get kicked in the mouth.
GIVE THE WORLD THE BEST YOU HAVE, ANYWAY.

Rogers' Profile For Success

–From *Rogers' Rules For Success* by Henry C. Rogers and published by St. Martins/Marek

As I look at the successful people I have known or observed and then look back at my own career over a period of many years, I ask myself if there are any common denominators that we all share. When I think through the answers to the question “Why me?” or “Why them?”, I find that there are certain acquired characteristics that are essential components of a candidate for success. They are:

Self-Esteem • Energy • Drive • Will • Self-Control

Not everyone is in possession of these essential character traits, nor does everyone have a sufficiently strong desire to acquire them. You don't have to be born with them; very few of us are. Those who enjoy them worked hard to attain them. But it is clear that those who have self-esteem, energy, drive, will, and self-control are more successful than those who don't.

Self-Esteem

Self-esteem is all important in this profile for success, and I will have more to say about it later. For now, remember that too many of us spend unnecessary time worrying about the attributes we don't have. We're not good-looking. We don't have an M.B.A. from Harvard. We're a member of a minority group. We live on the wrong side of the tracks. We don't look good in clothes.

Forget about flaws – for now, at least. Instead, concentrate on your good points. Don't tell me you don't have any. You do. It is time for you to begin to build your ego. You will need it in order to handle what's in store for you.

Energy

I have put energy near the top of my list, for so much in your psychorelations program stems from it. Energy, as it pertains to your success, has little to do with the physical. Unless you are among the unfortunate few who are anemic or who have some other strength-draining disease, each of you has sufficient physical energy to be successful. I describe energy as an emotional attribute. It is the desire to get up at six in the morning instead of at eight, because you want to get an early jump on your competitors. It is the desire to make fifty phone calls during the day, instead of twenty-five, because you want to get the job done. It is what prompts you to call a Saturday or Sunday morning meeting with your associates because work is fun, and success is fun.

Do you feel that you lack the energy required to become successful? If so, the most likely explanation is that you regard your present work as drudgery. Take stock of yourself. If you find it easy to play eighteen or thirty-six holes of golf over the weekend but difficult to get through an eight-hour day at the office, it
(cont'd)

should be obvious that you regard your job as an exhausting, unpleasant struggle. In contrast, when you are putting for a birdie on the eighteenth green, after four hours of walking, a surge of adrenaline goes racing through your system.

You don't acquire energy for success just by going to a health club or jogging six miles every morning. It has been proven that a regular exercise program is essential to good health. It is good health plus a positive mental attitude about your job that will give you the energy required for a successful career.

Once you determine to become a more successful person, and once you regard your new campaign for success as an adventure – a glorious adventure – and as fun, not drudgery, you will find yourself working with just as much energy as you have when you're putting for that birdie.

Drive

Drive is a first cousin of energy. Someone inside of you is urging you on. "Move a little faster," he is saying, "accomplish a little more." "You can do better." "You're smarter than that guy down the hall. You can get a raise before he does." That little fellow is pushing you, shoving you, forcing you to climb higher and higher up the mountain. And something interesting is happening to you. You don't mind being pushed at all.

You are beginning to acquire a drive that you never had before, and you seem to have the energy to sustain it.

Will

While all this is happening, you are also beginning to acquire the will to be successful. You are more ambitious. You want success more than you ever have before. It's no longer a struggle for you to get up at six in the morning instead of eight. You find yourself more aware, more alert. You see opportunities for achievement that you never noticed before. You no longer avoid responsibilities. You are looking for new ones. You walk into your office with your head held high, your stomach pulled in, and your shoulders thrown back. You are beginning to look like a West Point cadet (or a Sigma Chi pledge!). Your newly acquired will is beginning to reveal itself.

Self-Control

The last item on my list is self-control. I'm sure you can find successful people who lack it, but they are in the minority. An overwhelming percentage of people who are recognized as successful enjoy masterful self-control. A successful person breeds confidence in those around him. He assumes responsibility, and people feel comfortable when they give it to him. It is difficult to have confidence in a person who breaks into violent temper tantrums, who is rude and ill-mannered, who thoughtlessly makes cruel and cutting remarks to his colleagues, who goes off on drunken binges, and smokes cigars in crowded elevators. It is difficult to equate people like this with the word *success*. The truly successful person is in control.

Famous False Starts And Others Off The Charts

Some business success stories start big and get bigger. Other winners prevail despite initial failure. Here's a look at how some very successful companies and individuals performed in their first year in business:

- In its first year in the soda business, Coca Cola Co. sold 400 Cokes.
- The Apple microcomputer was turned down by both Hewlett-Packard and Atari, but had first-year sales of \$2.5 million.
 - In his first year in the automobile business, Henry Ford went bankrupt. Two years later, his second company also failed. His third corporation has done rather well, however.
- In his first year on the professional golf circuit, Jack Nicklaus won the U.S. Open.
 - Bank of America was destroyed in its first year by the 1906 earthquake. But founder Amadeo Giannini rescued \$80,000, set up a plank bank on the San Francisco waterfront and loaned out money to help rebuild the city, requiring only a man's pledge as security.
- Dr. Seuss's first children's book was rejected by 23 publishers; the 24th publisher sold six million copies of it.
 - In 1903 King Gillette invented the safety razor but sold only 51 razors and 168 blades.
- In their first year as recording artists, the Beatles had four songs that made it to number one on the charts.
 - In 1911, a new company name Computing-Tabulating-Recording Co. earned \$1,240,572.32. It later became known as IBM.
- In 1765, repairman James Watt designed the world's first steam engine in only two days, but it took him 10 more years before he could produce the first working model.
- In his first year at Harvard, Edwin Land dropped out of school and invented the Polaroid.
- Howard Hughes Sr. was forced to abandon his first oil well because he couldn't drill through the hard rock. He then founded Hughes Tool Co. and invented a rock drill that became the foundation for the family fortune.
 - In its first 28 attempts to send rockets into space, NASA had 20 failures.
- In his first year out of college, Isaac Newton completed his major life's work in gravity, the nature of light, and calculus.
- In their first attempt at finding oil, Edward Doheny and Charlie Canfield dug a shaft 165 feet into the La Brea Tar Pits in Los Angeles and struck just enough oil – seven barrels a day – to finance their Union Oil Co.
- In 1891, American Express invented the traveler's check and sold \$9,200 worth of them.

The Whole Person

–B. Freet

1. A whole person is basically courageous. Because he is not afraid, he is open and curious and can look calmly and carefully at the world around him.
 2. He is not afraid of new situations.
 3. He can tolerate risks and uncertainty; not everything has to be planned and organized beforehand; he is not afraid to try.
 4. He is confident of his own ability and resources and does not panic easily. He does not fear losing control of his emotions and is confident that he can express them in an appropriate manner.
 5. He respects dangers but doesn't magnify or escalate them, knowing that they do not automatically lead to disaster. He worries mostly about probabilities and not possibilities.
 6. The whole person is also a realist. There is a little wishful thinking in his make-up. He sees things accurately and does not confuse what is with what should be.
 7. He accepts the existence of cause and effect relationships operating in the world (that he can't save money if he spends it; that he can't lose weight and continue to over eat).
 8. A whole person is mature and disciplined. He accepts conventional standards when they are convenient. Most of the time, it is simpler and less complicated to do things in a conventional way; however, he modifies or rejects them when it is better for him to do so.
 9. Discipline shows also in the ability to postpone "instant gratification." He is oriented toward growth and will not be swayed from his real goals by needs that clamor for immediate gratification. His main emphasis is on the development of his own skills and talents – that is gratification and satisfaction.
 10. A healthy person is in control of his own life, not driven by his neuroses; he listens to others, but makes up his own mind and takes responsibility for his actions. He can work as well as play.
 11. Good judgment is another quality of a healthy person; he is discriminating and selective. He does not get lost in unimportant details. He avoids extremes and sets realistic limits. He can be courageous and not reckless; frugal and not stingy; flexible without being wishy-washy; dignified and not arrogant.
- (cont'd)*

12. A whole person has a good measure of self-respect and self-esteem. He feels all human beings are worthwhile and valuable, including himself. He does not constantly have to seek approval from others to prove that he is a worthwhile person.
13. The whole person is productive and creative. The major thrust of his life has been to develop his own abilities and resources. He has not scattered his energy in the pursuit of prestige or to impress others.
14. The whole person is in good contact with his own feelings and can express them. He is not in doubt about how he feels. He is sensitive to himself and his own needs. He knows what he likes and wants even if he cannot have it.
15. He is a good observer of himself and has the ability to stand back and look clearly at what is going on. He can respond simply and directly to what is going on at the present, whether it be with anger or with love.
16. The whole person has a good sense of self. He knows who he is, what he wants, and in what direction he is going. He is natural and spontaneous.
17. Finally, his relationships with other people are good. He feels lovable and capable of loving. As Freud once said, "Love and work, the healthy person is capable of both in full measure."

*Source: Michigan Inter-Fraternity Council Conference Bulletin.
Made Available By Office Of Student Affairs, Cmu Feb 2, 1980.*

Reflections On Criticism

–Dale Carnegie

Elbert Hubbard was one of the most original authors who ever stirred up a nation, and his stringing sentences often aroused fierce resentment. But Hubbard with his rare skill for handling people frequently turned his enemies into friends; for example, when some irritated reader wrote in to say that he didn't agree with such and such an article and ended by calling Hubbard this and that, Elbert would answer like this: "Come to think it over, I don't entirely agree with it myself. Not everything I wrote yesterday appeals to me today. I am glad to learn what you think on the subject. The next time you are in the neighborhood you must visit us, and we'll get this subject threshed out for all time. So, here is a handclasp over the miles, and I am yours sincerely." What could you say to a man who treated you like that?

During one of the sessions of the course in human relations which I conduct, each member stands up in turn while his fellow members let him see himself as others see him. They tell him frankly what they like and don't like about his personality. Since their criticisms are all written and unsigned, the students reveal their secret and innermost thoughts. After one of these sessions, a chap came to me heartbroken. His critics had scourged him like a galley slave. He was denounced for being too sure of himself, too self-centered, and too domineering. He was condemned for being a trouble-maker and an egotist. One of his critics ordered him to get out of the class. At the next session of the course, he stood up and faced the class, and read aloud the stinging rebukes he had received; but instead of denouncing his critics, as he had been tempted to do, he said: "Boys, I am certainly unpopular. There can be no mistaking that. It hurts me to read these comments, but they are good for me. They have taken the starch out of me and taught me a lesson. I am human. I long for friends just as you do. I want to make people like me. Won't you help me? Won't you please write me some criticisms tonight and tell me frankly what I can do to improve my personality? If you will, I'll try hard, awfully hard, to change." He wasn't faking. He spoke straight from his own heart; so naturally he reached the hearts of his critics. The very men who had denounced him one week earlier were all for him now. They praised him for his frankness, his eagerness to learn, his humility. They encouraged him and gave him kindly suggestions for improvement. They admitted that they had already begun to like him and were eager to help him. His soft answer had turned away wrath.

When we are right, let's try to win people gently and tactfully to our way of thinking; and when we are wrong – and that will be surprisingly often if we are honest with ourselves – let's admit our mistakes quickly and with enthusiasm. That technique will not only produce astonishing results; but, believe it or not, it is also a lot more fun, under the circumstances, than trying to define one's self. Remember the old proverb: "By fighting you never get enough, but by yielding, you get more than you expected."

The Sigma Chi Creed

—some thoughts by George Ade

When I was called upon to write *The Sigma Chi Creed*, I accepted with great reluctance. It didn't seem to me that I had been ordained to tell the other boys what they should and should not do in order to be good Sigs.

I began the job with a determination to be candid and avoid hypocrisy. Consequently our creed does not pledge any member to orthodox morality of a puritanical variety of private conducts. It seemed to me that the essentials or fundamentals of fraternity brotherhood did not depend upon the outward observances of piety. I tried to write a creed which would not restrain a brother from being a free agent and a lively comrade.

Permit me to read the creed which was adopted. "I believe in fairness, decency, and good manners." Three items, to begin with, covering about the whole manner. It is pretty hard to imagine a brother as a failure if he is fair-minded and decent and has good manners. Reading again, "I will endeavor to retain the spirit of youth." A simple and sensible declaration, too often forgotten by elderly alumni. Now concluding the creed: "I will try to make my college, the Sigma Chi Fraternity, and my own chapter more honored by all men and women and more beloved and honestly respected by our own brothers. I say these words in all sincerity; that Sigma Chi has given me favor and distinction; that the bond of our fellowship is reciprocal, that I will endeavor to so build myself and so conduct myself that I will ever be a credit to our Fraternity."

This Creed is not conventional and it is not what would have been written by a sermonizer or pulpiteers, but I think it is a fair, working program for the kind of man that we are glad to hail as a brother. It does not lay down any pledges that cannot be kept. It is in harmony with religion but does not impose religious observance or obligations because they are outside the routine of fraternity life. I believe the creed is one which we can endorse and one which, if lived up to, will keep Sigma Chi in its present honored place among Greek-letter societies.

Today Is A Happy Day

–John “Piggy” Button
Eta Alpha Chapter Installation
January 11,1970

Today is a happy day;
It's a rebirth in a special way,
A day of uniting the old with the new,
A time for believing in what we do.

A goal was set in years gone by,
A task we must do or else we die;
A goal for brotherhood above all,
With honor and excellence lest we fall.

A dream to establish a band of men
To carry on our goals without an end
From this day through generations of brotherhood
Each son reflecting his father's good.

Today realizing our goal completed,
We must prosper and grow or be defeated.
The beliefs of men over a century ago
Must be lived each day to let everyone know.

We are proud of what we have done,
But let it be known that we have just begun.
We shall carry the Cross with pride and grace
And never do anything to tarnish its face.

We will reflect the badge, the Standard, the Creed,
Telling everyone we see that we have what we need.
Fort with goals such as these, and men such as we,
Our fortune will be obvious to everyone we see.

From this day on we shall hold our heads high,
For today is the eve of a new beginning in Sigma Chi.
For this I feel it is safe to say,
Today is a very happy day.

What Is The Meaning Of True Brotherhood?

Brotherhood is that intangible feeling that is the core of a fraternity. There are many exterior signs of it. The pride of a victory or a job well done is an example.

Having a drink with your brothers. Working your butt off building a float.

Initiation of a pledge class. Studying together to pass this damn test.

I could go on and on since the examples are endless.

Personally, brotherhood places upon me a great responsibility. I must faithfully discharge my duties to the Fraternity. Every man must do his best and he must be able to admit that he has done so.

Nobody could ask any more.

There is also a responsibility to your brothers. You must respect them for what they are. Each man is an individual and must be accepted as such. Perhaps this is very difficult sometimes. But you must look past the surface to the bond that makes a man your brother. You must never fail him.

Of course there is a great deal of personal responsibility. You also must be an individual. You must do your part and make your contribution to the fraternity.

A means to those ends is perhaps the difficult point. How do I contribute to the brotherhood? I feel the key is the giving of one's self. Each man must contribute a portion of his entire being – mental, spiritual, physical, social. Only then may the group be stronger.

This is an extremely difficult step and requires an extreme faith in yourself and the Fraternity. It is this faith upon which the entire Fraternity is founded. When everything else is gone it will remain. Take it away and you have just another social club.

I suppose this could all be summed up as the spirit of Sigma Chi. Add the Jordan Standard, my badge and the objectives and obligations of the Fraternity and you have also begun to hit on what I am trying to say. These are words symbolizing an ideal. They are only a representation of something much larger and much stronger. They are attempts (this essay included) to somehow define the undefinable.

The one thing which sums up brotherhood for me is love – and who has ever been able to define that word? I truly love each of my brothers. And, although I give of myself, I am much stronger for it. It's just a very, very special feeling – and I'm damn glad this chapter has it!

Initiation Night

–Andy Deitz

Initiation Night of Eta Lambda Chapter

January 11, 1970

I am alone, yet I am not alone.
I am separated from my brothers, yet I am not alone.
The spirit of brotherhood stands here beside me.
I cannot see him, but I know he is here.
He does not talk, but I lack not for conversation.
He knows my needs and satisfies them.
He laughs not when I cry, but comforts me on his shoulder.
He lends me courage when I have none, yet never expects to be repaid.
His faith is my faith, and what we believe together let no man break asunder.

Ideals

–James Allan

As you think, you travel; and as you love, you attract. You arrive today where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you. You cannot escape the result of your thoughts, but you can endure and learn, can accept and be glad. You will realize the vision (not the ideal wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate towards that which you, secretly, most love. In your hands will be placed the exact results of your thoughts; you will receive that which you earn; no more, no less. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain, rise with your thoughts, your wisdom, your ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration.

The Surest Guides

Ideals are like stars: you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them, you reach your destiny.

Farewell Address

—by General Benjamin Piatt Runkle
*(excerpted from his farewell address in 1897 as Grand Consul
of the Sigma Chi Fraternity at the twenty-third Grand Chapter
held in Nashville, Tennessee)*

When I look back over forty years on the little group which gathered in Will Lockwood's room at Miami to frame the foundations of this Fraternity, knowing only, as they marked out the lines of our beautiful badge and chose these strangely fitting emblems and mottoes, that somehow they loved one another, I believe that if we had been gifted with that refinement of vision we could have seen the guiding hand of the spirit Workman.

I repeat, this Fraternity was no accident. This is not a world of accidents, but of cause and effect; not a world of illusions, but of realities; not a world of theories, but of practical work, governed not by the impassive, heartless God of the Greek father of logic, but by a personal, working God. Your Fraternity was created to bring under the influence of the fraternal spirit young men of sound brains and sound hearts, in order to make strong men for the era of cooperative action that is dawning upon the world.

Outwitted

He drew a circle that shut me out -

Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.

But Love and I had the wit to win;

We drew a circle that took him in!

The Prophet – On Friendship

–by Kahlil Gibran

And a youth said, Speak to us of Friendship.

And he answered, saying:

Your friend is your needs answered.

He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving.

And he is your board and your fireside.

For you come to him with your hunger, and you seek him for peace.

When your friend speaks his mind you fear not the ‘nay’ in your own mind, nor do you withhold the ‘aye’.

And when he is silent your heart ceases not to listen to his heart;

For without words, in friendship, all thoughts, all desires, all expectations are born and shared, with joy that is unclaimed.

When you part from your friend, you grieve not;

For that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence, as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain.

And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit.

For love that seeks ought but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught.

And let your best be for your friend.

If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know its flood also.

For what is your friend that you should seek him with hours to kill?

Seek him always with hours to live.

For it is his to fill your need, but not your emptiness.

And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures.

For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed.

Something To Think About

One day Major Alexi Trifoloff of the Bulgarian Army marched his soldiers to the summit of a hill where he decided to take advantage of the view of Sofia to deliver a Communist lecture. “Comrade soldiers,” he said, “do you see Sofia?”

“We see it.”

“Do you see the Cathedral of Alexander Nevski?”

“We do.”

“Do you see the Mausoleum of the leader of the Bulgarian people?”

“We do.”

“And do you see God, comrade soldiers?”

“We do not see him, Comrade Major.”

“Well, then, this means, comrades, that there is no God. What cannot be seen does not exist. Sofia, the Church of Alexander Nevski the Mausoleum, they are all there. You have not seen God; therefore, he is not there. He does not exist. Understand?”

Private Bojinoff requested permission from the major to say something. Comrade Major granted him permission. Bojinoff stood at attention in front of the soldiers. He said, “Comrade soldiers, do you see our major, Comrade Alexi Trifoloff?”

“We see him.”

“Do you see his boots, his sword strap?”

“We do.”

“Do you see his head?”

“We do.”

“Do you see his mind?”

“No, we do not see it.”

“So it is, comrade soldiers, as Comrade Major has told us: ‘What one can see exists; what one cannot see does not exist’. Understand?”

“We understand, comrade.”

A Letter From Mrs. Milton Hall

3652 Gunston Road
Alexandria, Virginia
February 8, 1957

Sigma Chi Fraternity
2603 Sheridan Road
Evanston, Illinois

Gentlemen:

On the 19th of this month it will be one year since my son was pledged to Epsilon chapter at George Washington University. On October 1st he died as a result of a malignant brain tumor.

When he entered G.W.U. last year for the spring semester his father and I had not encouraged him to sign up for rushing. He had three bald patches on his head as the result of intensive x-ray therapy, and the fact that he suffered from double vision gave him a rather vacant staring expression. In spite of the fact that he was basically good-looking and had a strong high school record both in academic and extra-curricular activities, we were afraid that he would be rejected by strangers.

However, he went ahead, chose Sigma Chi and was chosen by them.

This brings me to the premier of my letter. I think the Fraternity Headquarters should be apprised of a chapter which surely lives up to the nobility of purpose and brotherhood of man as exemplified in your laws.

The members made him feel comfortable at once. He entered into all phases of pledge commitment and his life assumed for a short time that feeling of normalcy we all crave.

Two days after he finished his exams he entered the hospital. On May 31st the boys came there and initiated him, placing the pin on his hospital gown. He was very proud and often held the pin in his hand in days to come. Shortly thereafter he slipped into a coma.

I have tried to tell some of the boys the importance of what they did for David and how much it meant to us, his parents, but I always receive the same answer: "Mrs. Hall, it was what Dave did for us that counts." They found his courage an inspiration.

David's father is a member of one of the country's oldest fraternities. He assures me that never was he initiated with the dedication to true values with which these boys at Sigma Chi are inspired. This helped to give one boy the strength to rise about any affliction, even the promise of death.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Milton Hall