

SIGMA CHI HISTORY

Founding of Sigma Chi

Letters and quotes from the Founders

Thomas Cowan Bell
James Parks Caldwell
Daniel William Cooper
Isaac M. Jordan
William Lewis Lockwood
Benjamin Piatt Runkle
Franklin Howard Scobey

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From: "Memoires of Miami"
by Benjamin Piatt Runkle
[The following article is a personal account of the founding of the Fraternity by one of the Original Seven himself. It is presented here in his own words, as first published in February, 1913.]

The spirit that ruled over and swept through Miami, away back in the fifties of the last century, is indescribable. It was not belligerent nor contentious. There was courtesy and genuine kindness that showed itself in words and deeds on every hand. There was no malice or uncharitableness nor any spirit of envy and hatred. But there was that strong spirit of personal independence, that devotion to what the student mind received and accepted as principle, that spirit, in fine, which carried the nation North and South through the terrific trials of four years' fratricidal war. This spirit showed in the literary societies, in the birth and growth of Greek-letter fraternities – showed on the playground and in intercourse of the students with the people of Oxford and the neighboring towns. Some students displayed this spirit with more energy than others, but it was part of the mental makeup of each and every one and to it most of us owe whatever of success in life we have won.

There were three literary societies in Miami in 1854. The Erodolphian – in my day the strongest and numbering among its members the ablest of the student body; the Miami Union – a good, hard-working body that included many that have since become noted men; the Eccrittean, an offshoot of the Miami Union, born of the spirit of independence that I have endeavored to describe above. The interest taken in these societies was intense, the work done in essay-writing and debating of the very highest value. To be elected to represent your society at the Junior Fall Exhibition, either as poet or orator, was the highest and most coveted of all college honors.

Isaac M. Jordan (afterward a distinguished Cincinnati lawyer and politician), together with a number of other youths.... came to Miami from Geneva Hall, a Covenanter academy of the strictest sort, where we were drilled in the rudiments of a classical education six days of the week.... Jordan and I were "hayseeds" of the pronounced type, green country boys whose fitness for a first-class fraternity would not in these times of wealth and style be considered for a moment. Whtelaw Reid was, however, prince and premier; he sized us up and discounted our possible future. Jordan took part in a debate in Erodolphian Hall and I read an essay. Both of us had been carefully trained in the Covenanter academy and profited a little, perhaps, by the training. So we were taken into the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity. The first time I ever spoke to Reid, as I remember, was when he came to our room to inform Jordan and me that this honor had been conferred upon us. We accepted promptly. There was no "rushing" in that day. In deep secrecy the honor was conferred and in the night time it was announced. Neither Jordan nor I had any idea what the Delta Kappa Epsilon might be or what its aims and objects for existence were.

Mr. Reid was a distinguished upper classman – a Junior at the time – and we looked up to him with reverence and awe. This was intuition on our part and our conclusions were right. Reid was worthy of confidence and was an excellent counselor. I came to have a warm affection for him, frequented his room a great deal, and he tolerated my visits, which were visitations in the most kindly spirit.

In the meantime we went to the secret conclaves of our chapter, committed the constitution and by-laws to memory, but learned little about the real spirit and aims of the fraternity. By and by came on the election of the orator and poet for the Junior exhibition positions, as I have said hereinbefore, highly prized. Omar Newman, a member of our chapter, was one of the candidates for poet. James P. Caldwell, Franklin Scobey (both of whom had been initiated into the Delta Kappa Epsilon about the same time that I was initiated), Jordan, and I voted for the rival candidate and Newman was thereby defeated.

Now we had not the least idea that we were under any obligations to vote for Newman. No fraternity spirit had been developed in our minds. We simply exercised what we considered our right of choice and were not conscious of giving offense to our fraternity brother or anyone else. We remained in this state of ignorance for some time, I do not remember how long. Mr. Reid was deeply offended, but he did not show his feeling to any of the new members of the chapter. In addition to the four mentioned hereinbefore, D. W. Cooper and Thomas C. Bell (members of the Eddrittean Society) had been initiated. Ignorant of conditions and without knowledge of the feeling rife among the older members, and with the kindest intentions, the new brothers determined to give a dinner in their honor.

I remember that the feast was prepared at the village restaurant, the guests invited, and on the appointed night the newly initiated gathered and waited for their guests. They did not come for a long time, and then only Mr. Reid and with a stranger. Reid had not at that time the grand confidence in himself that afterward made him fit to stand before lords and kings, and since he was determined on severe measures, he took into his confidence Minor Millikin (an alumnus of the fraternity, and afterward a gallant officer of volunteers, killed in battle) and the two decided on strenuous proceedings.

Suddenly, and without warning, these two gentlemen appeared, stepped inside the door, and Millikin began his speech. All that I remember of that momentous utterance was: “My name is Minor Millikin; I live in Hamilton. I am a man of few words.” It seems that no one present was ever able to recall what further was said by Millikin, but whatever it was it was profoundly effective. He plunged his flaming torch of oratory into a powder barrel and the explosion awoke the echoes instantly.

The meeting broke up in disorder and the banquet remained untouched. Now, had Mr. Reid spoken for himself, had he reasoned with the offenders in a body or one by one, he would have had a respectful and brotherly hearing and the great probability is that peace would have followed and no Sigma Chi Fraternity would have come into being. It was Whielaw Reid’s one mistake and he never made another of the kind. Mr. Reid and his associates who were loyal to the old fraternity saw the work of building up the new organization go on without hostile comment. We associated together much as before. Mr. Reid and his companions acted the gentlemen throughout. It was not in his nature to do anything else.

Letters and quotes of the Founders

Thomas Cowan Bell

[To John S. McMillin, DePauw ’76, first Grand Consul, ca. 1910]

Ben Runkle was the embryonic soldier of the group and was a student of the Greek and Roman wars and Constantine was one of his heroes and the first of the Seven to catch the inspiration of the vision of Constantine, and to interweave it into the story of the White Cross and the slanting of the Badge over the left shoulder.

[Founder Bell’s mentions ‘The White Cross and the slanting of the Badge over the left shoulder’ which was and is done to parallel and draw symbolism with Constantine, who’s soldiers carried their swords in their right hand with the blade slanted across their breast, pointed over their left shoulder]

[To the Grand Chapter, dated January, 1913]

Isn't it somewhat remarkable that the three oldest of the seven survive, Ben, Dan and myself.

I often think of Frank Scobey. He was for a time my roommate. I remember him as a jolly fellow, but when I last met him he was, I think, the saddest man I ever met. He was at that time deaf and was shut out from communion with his fellows.

I need not tell you how proud I am of Sigma Chi. It has grown mightily. You have built a memorial house at old Miami in honor of the founders and you have embalmed our names and our merits in your ritual.

James Parks Caldwell

[To the 1905 Semi-Centennial Grand Chapter at Miami University, June 26 - 28, 1905]

Here we have met, my brethren, to celebrate the jubilee of a great Fraternity, whose principles and purposes we hold in reverent honor, and in whose progress and prosperity we feel a common pride; rejoicing at the lofty place attained and held by Sigma Chi among the moral and intellectual forces which "make for righteousness" and, all unseen of men, exert far-reaching influences for the betterment of the social and political world. For each of us knows that, in the mind of the eager-hearted youth who for the first time assumes its blazon on his breast, the White Cross of our order becomes at once a shrine for the culture of that love to which both Paul and Plato have lent the music of their words – an emblem of self-respecting manhood, and perpetual monitor inculcating, as the sole basis of honor, the lessons of truth, of courtesy, and of courage.

Four of us, surviving founders, have proudly come at your behest to share the general triumph, and to receive as well the highest mark of honor which one of us, at least, has yet attained. The place selected for this reunion, only to a less degree than the occasion, awakens tender memories of the days of old... This venerable seat of learning, pioneer of education in all the mighty West, looks back upon a storied past, rich in the achievements of her sons in every field of effort known to man.

That this happy meeting should have been promoted by the Fraternity and takes place, as it were, in its visible presence, is another overpowering fact, thrilling the heart as with a new and strange emotion of exulting joy, while setting in sharp contrast that weak beginning which we celebrate today. I almost persuade myself, however, that the splendid loyalty to the fraternal idea which I have noted as characteristic of Sigma Chi has given to its founders a more exalted place than they deserve. Not to them only, nor even chiefly, have been due the amazing growth and wonderful progress of our fair Brotherhood, and its magnificent position in the fraternity world – results too marvelous for me to recognize as the natural outcome of any work in which I have consciously borne part. True it is that without the sowers there had been no hope of harvest; but this abundant fruitage betokens later efforts, when ours had gone to waste amid the turmoil of troublous times. Those who came after had a harder task, out of which their native energy has wrought a notable success. Men of constructive intellect, it was theirs to conserve the spirit by a radical change of form, to repair and remodel the crumbling foundations, and to rear thereon the stately structure which we now behold. By historical analogy, the Declaration was our part, while they have brought the Constitution, without which all results of patriotic achievement had been lost in the petty bickerings of internal strife. The eminently practical system which these master-minds devised exactly fits the purposes in view, leaving wide liberty to the individual chapter, while bringing the Fraternity into an effective union, at once harmonious and strong, and based upon the very principles to which our country largely owes its greatness and its power. It is pleasing to reflect that two of our original number (foremost among us and leaders from the beginning) – the lamented Jordan, and Runkle here present – were privileged to share the honors of our renaissance. As the least active of the founders, I tender my homage to the real makers of Sigma Chi, content for my own part, having witnessed the planting of the acorn, to rest rejoicing in the far-thrown shadow of the mighty oak.

Fifty years ago, for all its wide expanse and ocean boundaries, our country had scarcely attained the rank of a second-rate power, and the nation, in the wider sense which now obtains, had not yet been born.... Then followed four eventful years of storm and stress, which whatever else they brought, have left a common heritage of valor as an abiding inspiration through all coming time. My brothers here and I viewed the shield from opposite sides, each equally sure that his vision was clear; and quite as sure am I that not one of us would be willing, were it possible, to undo his action in the past. At the end, the greatness of the victor brought some solace to defeat. The great soldier who led the conquering hosts set a bright example, which might have become the rule, had not a mad assassin stilled the kindly heart that prompted those noble words at Gettysburg... Both the war and the worse that followed have passed into history, and are remembered without bitterness; and I am glad to know that the most faithful upon the defeated side have brought back to the flag of their fathers the same loyalty with which they followed the starry cross, remembered now with tender pride, but without sorrow, and certainly without a shadow of regret....

Fifty years hence it is more than probable that another and greater assembly will gather here to commemorate the centennial of Sigma Chi, and it occurs to me as not impossible that among the younger brothers attending this convention some may happily survive to be present on that occasion. There are more than one whose expectancy of life is great enough to justify a further look into the future, and the number of whose years falls easily within the age-limit of the founders when the Fraternity began. Through them I would transmit a greeting, with a hand-clasp, to a generation yet unborn, with an expression of fervent hope that they may look back upon a career less checkered than that which we have seen; that the Brotherhood may have attained, by the accretion of like to like, the utmost growth consistent with its ancient maxim, *Non quot, sed qualis*; and that the great Republic, her peace secured by floating battlements, shall have long established throughout her broad domain the absolute supremacy of law.

Daniel William Cooper

[In Sigma Chi as perhaps in all of the Greek-letter chapters at Miami in the 1850's there were some infractions of the strict rules of the college against "attendance upon the public dancing-schools and dances, theatrical exhibitions, taverns, gaming, horse-races, and the places of similar resort," which welcomed student customers. A member of Alpha chapter related that after an episode which found some of their members forgetful of these rules, Cooper charged the chapter:]

If you will go where you ought not to go, leave off the Badge.

[Unknown source]

By our Ritual we must avoid the danger that may come by believing that one could conquer by just wearing an emblem to parade virtues that are not within the heart.

[Address to the Fraternity – Semi-Centennial Celebration, Oxford Ohio, June 28, 1905]

The scenes and circumstances of today, the fact of standing on this once familiar spot, amid the classic shades of dear old Miami, carry my mind back fifty years to the time when, with these classmates and many other class- and college-mates, we passed those pleasant years preparing for the great realities of life, its duties, its trials and its joys. The memory of many persons and scenes of those days thrills my heart and seems to renew my youth, making all seem as of yesterday.

I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of Dr Hall, then president of this university, and of Professors Bishop, Stoddard, Elliott, and Wylie, under whose instruction we sat, and whose unfailing kindness and long forbearance toward us, amid our youthful follies and mental dullness, we can now appreciate far better than we did or could. Among the many delightful memories of those far-off days is that of seven young men, one in heart and purpose – seven, symbol of completeness, if not perfection – who met and founded the Sigma Chi Fraternity, feeble as it was young, and seemingly hopeless and helpless.

Looking upon our Fraternity as it then was and as it now is, I am filled with wonder and amazement, and can only exclaim; Is it possible that this growth and advancement has been made in the short space of fifty years? As Jacob of old, in early youth, setting out to make his fortune, crossed the Jordan with no possession but a staff, but at length, after many years, returned with great abundance of what constituted the riches of that day; so we, the seven, without even a staff, left our Alma Mater, and lo! We return today, rich, not in flocks and herds, but in the inconceivably higher, better riches of enlightened, earnest manhood and brotherhood.

As the poet “breathed a song into the air,” the results of which he knew not for many years, but at length found it complete, from beginning to end, ‘in the heart of a friend;” so the song of the seven which we sang fifty years ago, viz.,

We here, united heart and hand,
For all that’s good and true will stand,
And pledge our word henceforth to be
The Sigma Chi Fraternity.

After these many years is found in its fullness, yea, with a hundred-fold volume and power in the hearts of thousands of brother- Sigma Chis today. One thought among many, that impresses itself upon my mind in the presence of these representatives of our Fraternity assembled from all parts of our country, is the power and importance of well-directed efforts. The results of the tireless labor of the master, moving spirit, Brother Runkle, in founding our Fraternity, and of his worthy companions here present or of sacred memory, in that day of small things, are seen today in a manner that needs no comment – they speak for themselves.

Far be it from me to forget or belittle the efforts of the brothers who have so faithfully taken up and continued the work of advancing the interests of our Fraternity through all these years. Animated by the same spirit, and putting forth the same determined efforts, they have made possible what we behold today in this grand, glorious Semi-Centennial.

But while we rejoice in the spirit and power, which have accomplished all this, and can accomplish vastly more in the future, permit me a word of warning. It is easy for that which is strong to become weak; for that which is ascending, to lose its balance and fall to grovel in the dust; and just in proportion as it was strong and noble and exalted, if it falls, will it become weak and worthless and perish. The mighty forces found in nature, the material world – viz., light, heat, attraction, and electricity – so long as they remain in their normal condition and act as the Creator designed, bring health and joy, peace and beauty, prosperity and abundant fruitfulness; but, when out of their proper condition, work only devastation and death, as seen in the earthquake’s throes, burying cities and even continents, with all that pertains to them, deep in the bowels of the earth, and in the tornado’s deadly rush, and in the thunderbolt’s resistless might. And just so in the social, the moral, and the spiritual worlds. The very forces which, when working according to the law under which they were designed to work, produce abundantly the fruits of purity, peace and love, and advance the best interests of all – these forces, when working abnormally, out of their order, produce results most destructive and fatal.

Be it yours, then, my brothers, in laboring for the advancement of all that the Sigma Chi Fraternity stands for, to do all in the right spirit and from the right motives, so that you may hand down our Fraternity to those who come after you with its strength undiminished, its beauty untarnished; and may it continue to advance in all that is good and true, until time itself shall be no more!

[To the Grand Chapter, June 29 - July 2, 1909]

Brothers, you wear the cross, that emblem to me above all things the most worthy of reverence and love. See to it that you never do ought to dishonor it. Let your character be as pure and white as the enamel of which it is composed. Let your every word and deed be as rich and golden as the gold that surrounds and ornaments it....

As Jacob of old, in early youth, setting out to make his fortune, crossed the Jordan with no possession but a staff, but at length, after many years returned with great abundance of what constituted the riches of that day; so we, the seven, without even a staff, left our alma mater, and lo! We return today, rich, not in flocks and herds, but in the inconceivably higher, better riches of enlightened, earnest manhood and brotherhood.

It has been my privilege here to be present at the initiation of a candidate into our Fraternity and listen to the beautiful, instructive, and inspiring words of our Ritual, bringing to the mind of the initiate only what is elevating and ennobling, teaching him to seek the highest degree of manhood capable of being attained. I trust that this grand ceremony will never be belittled or disgraced by any unbecoming 'stunts' or low, mean performances which endanger limb, life or morals. It is too good and splendid to be mingled with anything low or debasing, and I trust that everyone entering our Fraternity will feel it to be his duty and obligation to exemplify its teachings in his life....And, while there must, of necessity, be partitions or walls between the different fraternities and orders, they should not be so high that we hurt our elbows in shaking hands over them....

From some journeys we may return to cross again the threshold and rejoice in the pleasures of the home from which we set out, in the journey of life there is no return. Each day is a step forward, and each year sets a milestone farther on toward that bourne from which there is no return. Ah, yes! Old age is inexorable. But while those who became the founders are near our journey's end and must soon go the way of all the earth, we rejoice that as we leave other interests to the safe keeping of those who will cherish them, so we can leave those of Sigma Chi in the hands and minds and hearts of those who will watch over them with zealous care."

[To the Grand Chapter, dated January, 1913]

[At the end of my time at Miami] I was putting in a year's study in the Theological Seminary and a Senior year in college and could attend only the regular meetings of the society, leaving all else to the other boys.

Lest Brother Runkle failed to give it, I might mention a little scene enacted in chapel the morning he first wore his society pin. A fellow-student put his thumb to his nose and waved his hand in derision and Brother Runkle went over and gave him a good trouncing....

The first charter we made out was given to the students at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. After a few years the chapter became extinct, and instead of returning the charter it was lost. A new charter was afterward given to the revived chapter. By correspondence the old charter was located and returned last summer just at the time of the dedication of their chapter house. It was my privilege to be present and present the old charter on which my name was written more than fifty years ago.

[We were] Seven men - one in heart and purpose - seven, the symbol of completeness but not of perfection.

[To Byron D. Stokes, Executive Secretary of the Fraternity in reply to his telegram informing Brother Cooper of the death of Thomas Cowan Bell, then leaving Cooper as the only surviving Founder of Sigma Chi]

Marion, Ohio Feb. 5, 1919

Byron D. Stokes

Dear Bro.

Telegram announcing the death of Brother Thomas Cowan Bell duly received. I sent a telegram of sympathy at once to his family.

It is with deep sorrow that I think of his death. He was a good student; an accomplished scholar; a brave and fearless soldier and patriot as his advancing titles of Captain, Major, and Colonel attest; a successful educator; a gentleman of the highest type, and an unfailing friend, and in his death the Country has lost a noble Son and our Fraternity a noble Brother.

The founders of this Fraternity will soon all live only in memory, but I am truly thankful that the Fraternity itself, founded on high and unchanging principles, will still live on in increasing strength and prosperity under the watchful care of its loving and faithful members.

I appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending the telegram.

With best wishes to yourself

I am yours, in Sigma Chi

D. W. Cooper

Isaac M. Jordan

[To the Cincinnati Grand Chapter, August, 1884]

It is now more than a quarter of a century since the organization of our Fraternity, and yet every circumstance connected with it is as fresh in my mind as if it had all occurred but yesterday. Memory, ever faithful, brings back the whole scene before me, and I seem to see it painted with the most real colors. Bell and Cooper, and Scobey, and Caldwell and Runkle, all seem to stand before me as when I saw them last. The room where we met, the table at which we sat, and everything connected with it, rises distinct before my eyes.

In my judgment our Fraternity has grown to be what it is, by adhering to the principle with which we started in the beginning, of admitting no man to membership in it who is not believed to be a man of good character, of fair ability, of ambitious purposes, and of congenial disposition. In a word, by the admission of none but gentlemen; and in no other way can such a society be continued. It is much more important that we should have but few chapters and have them good ones, that we should have but few members and have them honorable ones, than to have many chapters or many members. The decadence of other societies can be traced to a violation of this principle, and to an ambition to have many chapters and a large membership.

And let me here give a word of advice and admonition to the members of every chapter. Whenever you find an unworthy member of your society, expel him at once and without hesitation. Evil communications corrupt good morals, and one dishonorable man will bring reproach and dishonor upon your chapter and upon the whole Fraternity. The amount of mischief which one abandoned and dissolute young man can do is incalculable; he destroys everything around him; avoid him as you would a pestilence. One drop of poison will defile the purest spring. Avoid by all means the poison, the virus, the hemlock of bad associations.

Brother Sigmas, we belong to a society worthy of our highest regard and warmest affection. We are united in the strong and enduring bonds of friendship and esteem. Let us each and all so do our duty and conduct ourselves that we bring no dishonor upon our society or each other. And we may have the high and proud satisfaction of knowing that our beautiful White Cross, at once the badge of our society and the emblem of purity, will never be worn over any breast which does not beat with pure, generous, and noble emotions, and by no man who is not a man of honor.

William Lewis Lockwood

[From his address to the members of Alpha Chapter, titled "Man," January, 1856]

I look back over the few short months since our union of kindred hearts

the various secret and literary societies are pulling and tugging after new members. There is quite a large number from which to choose and we are taking it quite cool. The idea of rushing a member in without giving him time to breathe is very bad. Sometimes we can get good boys and then again we get awfully sold. We therefore (our society) have determined to look before we leap.

[To Eta Chapter, September 16, 1857]

The influx of new students this term is unusually large. They are coming here from all parts of the Union, and it will indeed be strange if, out of the number, we do not find some worthy to 'wear the badge and bear the name of Sigmas.'

As you are rather 'young and inexperienced' in the Society you will, I feel confident, excuse me if I make some suggestions. At the commencement of each session, at the first meeting, you will elect all the officers as well as a poet and orator. Then, too, you must look out for good fellows who have just come to College. Be careful to get those who, possessing the requisite mental and social qualities, are expecting to finish their course 'with joy and gladness.' The perpetuity of the society depends on having such members in it. I would not advise you to have more than four or five in each class."

[To Eta Chapter, October 15, 1857]

When you first put on the 'dear old cross' you will create quite a sensation. In whatever part of the U. S. you may go you will find no handsomer pins, and I trust and hope that those emblems of purity will be indices of the purity and nobleness of the hearts beneath them. We should endeavor so to raise ourselves that to say of a man, 'He is a Sigma Chi' shall be synonymous with, 'He is a liberally educated, high-minded, pure and noble man.' Such are some of the objects of our Society. The world is in great need of just such men, and let all who go out from our chapters be such men."

[To Gamma Chapter, November 1857]

About a week ago we expelled a member. He was a boy possessed of more than ordinary genius, but he perverted his talent, and sought his company in whiskey shops, and delighted in the caress of depraved women. He forgot what was due to the Sigma Chi, and the Sigma brothers considered him no longer worthy of membership. Better a few of those pure and strong hearted, than a host of degraded and sensual men. There are but six here at present; there will be seven next session, but we are determined to take none who are not talented gentlemen. We have our eyes on one or two, and will determine before long. Though few in numbers, we are very strong in spirit."

[To Lambda Chapter at the time of the close of Alpha Chapter, September 13, 1858]

Enclosed I send you the constitution of the Sigma Chi Fraternity, and a charter constituting you a chapter, under the name and title of 'Indiana Lambda,' and while here, let me say a few words in regard to Alpha Chapter.

The Alpha was established in Miami University, June 1855; at that time we numbered in our ranks the talent of the University. This made us proud, and, when we grew few, unfortunately introduced uncongenial elements. This destroyed our unanimity, and now we are gone, at least for the present.

Of the purity and uprightness of our motives, I leave you to judge. In our meetings for the past three years, I have spent some of my happiest moments; so happy, so pleasant, that the remembrance of them will always be vivid.

When you recruit your ranks, be certain to choose congenial, high-minded talented fellows. Though you may be strong now, take all you can get who have the ring of true metal. 'In time of peace prepare for war; 'while the evil days come not, prepare for their approach.' With much pleasure I sign myself your Bro. In Sigma Chi."

[To a friend, David W. Todd, Miami '60 and Beta Theta Pi]

"We part to meet again:

Then let us "meet again"

Within the minds of men, whose lips shall bless
Our memory, and whose hopes its light retain
When these discovered bones are trodden in the plain."

Benjamin Piatt Runkle

[From his address to the Grand Chapter titled "True Manhood," July 25 - 27, 1895]

By courage I do not mean the savage animal instinct that makes a man insensible to danger – a bulldog has that – but I mean that strong conviction which keeps ever before the mind the true aim of life, and unswerving loyalty to that conviction. You must have not the courage of Alexander, but the courage of Socrates; not the courage of Caesar, but the courage of Washington; not the courage of Frederick the Great, but the courage of Lincoln; not the courage of Napoleon, but the courage of George H. Thomas and of Robert E. Lee.

The most magnificent example of courageous self-sacrifice that has ever lifted up humanity, was seen in our Civil War, when true manhood reached the extreme height possible in an era of war. It matters not for this example who was right or who was wrong, those unequalled soldiers – I mean the men who carried the knapsacks and handled the rifles – who met in a death-grapple that lasted four long years, were men of whom the race may well be proud – Jena and Eylau were terrible, and in a sense glorious; but Shiloh and Chickamauga stand as eternal monuments of self-sacrificing courage. Austerlitz was brilliant, but its star pales before Gettysburg. McDonald's charge at Wagram, bloody and desperate as it was, will be forgotten; but the constant courage of Hancock's Union veterans, and the self-sacrificing devotion of Pickett's Confederates, will live as long as Old Glory floats in the sunlight.

Oh, ye sons and successors of the heroic dead, can you, can any young American, in the face of these examples of true manhood, make the mere getting of money, the enjoyment of luxury, the climbing into place by the disgraceful means in common use, the aim and end of life? I tell you no! The power of such manhood cannot be lost. One cause, that of union, has triumphed, and must live in the splendid growth of a united people. The other was lost, but the mighty spirit of manhood that strove to uphold it will live – live in the love of country, live in the strength of fraternal feeling, under the stars and stripes, under the White Cross!

[To the Sigma Chi Quarterly, 1897]

We had very little chance for ceremony, meeting in any out of the way place we could find, and always keeping the time and place of meeting a secret. It was considered a great thing to find out where another fraternity held its meetings; they were held by moonlight and by no light at all. Whatever there was in the way of ceremony is contained in that old copy of the Constitution, which has been saved, only that we would extemporize such performances as would fit the time and place. There were no such 'tests' as are indulged in now.

[To the Sigma Chi Quarterly, 1908]

This carries me back to the olden and perhaps primitive times when we had an essay, and a supposed poem at every session of the chapter, and prepared our brothers for the literary society work and the college debates – when the question asked about a prospective brother was: 'How does he stand in the classes, and can he write and debate?' There is where Jordan was made an orator, Cooper a preacher, Bell a college president, and Caldwell and Scobey were trained for writers."

[His address titled "We Seven" to the Convention of the Fifth Province, held in Chicago, December 4 - 5, 1908. Brother Runkle gave his "We Seven" address at several Sigma Chi events in his later life]

To go back fifty-three years and place oneself in a mental condition to portray, with any accuracy, the ways and works of one's associates and companions is a well-nigh impossible task. That was a different age from this, and it seems a thousand years away. The ideas of men were of another sort from those of this imperial, commercial age. Steam had scarcely begun its wondrous work and the electric wonders of today were not even dreamed of. There was no mighty concentration of wealth. There were no millionaires and there were no suffering poor. If a man had forty thousand dollars he was rich, and more, he was content. Today the man of uncounted millions is grasping for more, and no man is contented with what he has.

Today we have magnificent universities, vast piles of brick and stone filled with the wondrous modern inventions that are supposed to furnish more brains where the so-called student has a few, and to grind out all sorts of specialists from every kind of material. It was different in that bygone time. We had the little brick

college with its limited faculty, wretchedly poor in money but wonderfully rich in the treasures of human sympathy, in the love of their fellow-men, and in rich the beautiful classical culture of the olden time. Oh, my comrades and brothers, those were men that a boy could love. Those were men whose spirits filled the very air that we breathed and stirred within us mighty hopes and ambitions which, even if never realized, made us better, stronger, and more useful men. Not one of us ever ceased to feel that mighty molding influence. If any strayed away from those high and noble teachings he came back again, my brothers, with a penitent but earnest heart, to walk in the good old path again.

I do not believe you young men can – I only wish you could – understand how we of those long ago days love that little college down among the Ohio hills, that holy spot with its golden memories of precious hours and loving hearts. A man is not strong because of what he knows, or thinks, or says, or does, but because of what he is. The faculty of that little college was the college. Those men were mighty, earnest, loving men of God. The Cross meant to them what it meant to the saints and martyrs of old, and they tried to teach the founders of this order what it was and what it is, and is always to be.

To those men we, the founders of this order, owe it that our ideals were pure and that we reached, in our imperfect way, for the true, the beautiful, and the good. To those men you owe the birth of Sigma Chi, and in whatever memorial you may erect a tablet of enduring bronze should register their names.

I said that we do not forget. No man of that day forgets. Sigma Chi or Beta Theta Pi, Phi Delta Theta, or Delta Kappa Epsilon, barbarian or Greek, they all remember Miami and remember with loving hearts and open hands. The august ambassador of this mighty nation [Whitlaw Reid] amid the form and splendor of St. James remembers the mother that made him what he is, and gives freely of his wealth to further her interests. The President of the mighty republic did not, amid his high duties and the dignity of his matchless office, forget. Senators, governors, high church dignitaries, noted men of science, leaders in the world of learning, merchant princes, and professional soldiers, all alike remember and no call is made on them in vain.

Strong and able men, through evil report and good report, through prosperity and adversity, have devoted their lives to that old college and today the results of their work is manifest to all men. The institution is taking her place among the leading colleges of the land. The wealth of the state is freely poured onto her treasury; splendid buildings are rising on her beautiful campus; young men, the very bone, sinew, and brain of the state, are crowding to her gates; but, above all, and better than all, the spirit of the 50's and the 60's is alive and active in her halls. Miami of old, rejuvenated, enriched, made strong and earnest for the continuance of the work that this republic needs – the making of good, strong men.

And now what of the men who made the small beginning of the Fraternity that wears the matchless badge of the ages and gives ear to the teachings of the elder brother of mankind?

The Sigma Chi, like all things else in this world, was the product of heredity and environment. The fathers and mothers of these founders were with one exception, the sons and daughters of the pioneers who cleared away the forests and, amid privations and hardships, laid the foundations of a great commonwealth. Those were strong and sturdy men, God-honoring, law-respecting men, the sort of men who might say, with the stern Scottish clansman, "Where McGregor sits is the head of the table." Every one of these founders knew of the comforts, and the discomforts of a log cabin with its puncheon floor, and its great open fireplace. They did not all dwell in these primitive homes, but such were common where they passed their early youth, and each knew that there was, in that day, but slight social distinction between the dweller in the lowly cabin and the owner of the more pretentious brick structure. These were young freemen filled with the spirit of American democracy, and in some respects filled with the socialistic instinct. When Will Lockwood received a box of fashionable clothing from his importer father in New York, it was at once parceled out, and the strange sight of blue jeans trousers and a cloth Shanghai coat reaching nearly to the heels, gave a variety to the landscape on the campus. A stovepipe hat over a gray shawl, with a pair of parti-colored trousers stuck into cowhide boots was no uncommon sight. Some hair was like the flowing locks of Absalom, some was patterned after the style of John L. Sullivan. Yet they were not different from the rest of the 200 and odd students gathered from far and near. There were Singletons from Mississippi, the Lowes and Halls from Iowa, the Pages from Oregon, the Berrys and the Taylors from Kentucky, and samples of young American manhood from all over the land, with Ohio leading the count with the greatest number. The big eastern fraternities did not hesitate about granting chapter charters. We had the Delta Kappa Epsilon

and the Alpha Delta Phi. But none of these were good enough or strong enough,, or progressive enough – or at least something essential was lacking – and these young western enthusiasts proceeded to make others along lines drafted out of their own imaginations and sanctioned by their own judgments. So we have the three Miami fraternities that have covered the land and have made some of their then pretentious rivals look like small sums of the current coin of realm.

Thomas Cowan Bell, great hearted and good hearted in civil life and a hero in battle, believed in securing the good things of this life and immediately dividing the same with his companions. He was a born expansionist, full of enthusiasm as a crusader. Naturally he was a leader and teacher men. He was ambitious, but in no wise disposed to push his aspirations at the expense of his fellows. With restless energy, he had no sooner received his diploma than he commenced his life's work only to be interrupted by the thunder of the Confederate guns. Laying down his books he took up the sword and we find him, like well-nigh all good Sigma Chis, in the forefront of battle leading his command to victory and receiving the highest reward, recognition for gallantry on the field.

The war ended, this young colonel laid aside his sword, turned his face toward the setting sun, and we next hear of him as the president of a college on the Pacific slope – a sort of “ground scout” of the advance guard of the Sigma Chi. Colonel Bell contributed his full share to the work and to the ruling spirit that gave the order its first impetus. He and Cooper for some reason, hidden in their secret souls, were closely knit together. They entered the Delta Kappa Epsilon together and side by side, left that order to become founders of the Sigma Chi. They were members of the same literary society. In thought and sympathy and in the deep foundations of their being they were much the same sort of men, though in outward expression of the inward character they differed widely. They were distinct varieties of the same good fruit.

Daniel W. Cooper was literally an Abou Ben Adam among his brothers – one that loved his fellow-men, and did them naught but good. To him more than to any other man is due the birth and early growth of the kindly and generous spirit of Sigma Chi. It is hard to account for his dominant spirit, and his influence in that little band. He was, and is, a man of God, honest, upright, and pure. In his intercourse with the rest of us he was as gentle and considerate as a woman. He never reproved; he never lectured. By common consent he was the head of the chapter,. And no one thought of displacing him. His quarters were the resort of each one of us when in trouble, and there we found sympathy and convincing, because unselfish, advice. Different from every one of us, he walked among us honored, loved, looked-up-to with perfect confidence. He taught us that the cross was holy and not to be looked on as common. He seemed to have in mind the words, “What God hath made clean call thou not common,” and he was wont to say “If you will go where you ought not to go, leave off the badge,” and this we did. In the fact that the first case of discipline in the chapter was for intoxication at a banquet may be seen his quiet but all-sufficient influence. Many an hour did I pass in his room, and every minute was a benediction. Brother Cooper, in these days, though rich in spirit was poor in worldly goods, and his life and work contain a priceless lesson for such of us as think that the end of life is the attainment of material riches and worldly power.

James Parks Caldwell was the son of a physician in a little village the nearest neighbors to which were the solemn and strange sect of the Shakers. Jimmie Caldwell was born with a wonderful brain and a strangely sensitive and delicate nervous organization. He was from his childhood one of the most lovable of God's creations. Strong men whose lives have taken them far away from the memories of youth and who have become hardened to tender feeling and sympathetic sentiment, remember and love him to this day. Somehow, he seemed closely akin to all of us. Years ago I met in Europe a statesman engrossed in his great duties, burdened with the weight of many cares and the first thing he said to me was, "Where is dear little Jimmie Caldwell?" And then he went on to tell me how when crossing the continent, from San Francisco to New York, he stopped for two days on his way to find and greet again that living memory of his youth. I roomed with and cared for him for more than a year. Our holidays were spent in the fields and along the streams, one of us carrying a gun, or fishing rod, but Caldwell his copy of Poe or his Shakespeare. His contributions, essays, poems, plays, and stories read in the literary hall, in the chapter meetings, and on Saturdays before the whole corps of students, were the most remarkable productions that I ever heard. Few of us escaped the pointed witticisms that flowed from his pen, or ever lost the nicknames that he gave us in

his dramas. He never seemed to study as other boys. What he knew appeared to be his intuitively. He could not parse the Greek and Latin, but he wrote Latin and Greek poetry, and he was more widely versed in literature, and more accurate in his knowledge, than any other student in the college. He always said that he hoped to sup sorrow with the wooden spoon that would be his on graduation day. I do not know whether or not he secured that trophy but he left the university with the respect and the whole-hearted affection of every soul from dear old Dr. Hall down to the janitor. From college he went into Judge Clark's office in Hamilton to study law. Afterward he drifted south and became a tutor in the family of Senator (and later Cabinet Minister) L. Q. C. Lamar. He was at Panola, Miss. -- if I mistake not -- when the Civil War broke out, and a Democrat, surrounded by southern Democrats, who doubtless loved him as everybody did, he entered the Confederate army. There he bore himself, consistently, as a soldier and a gentleman, energetic, brave, enthusiastic, devoted with unswerving faith to the cause he had made his own. Captured and cast into prison, he rejected the offer of freedom, on condition of deserting the South, with scorn, although it came from [Ben Runkle] a northern soldier who loved him as a brother. Some years ago I met a distinguished man from Mississippi who knew him. He told me that Caldwell was the most highly cultured, the most deeply learned and, take him all in all, the most remarkable man that he had ever seen or of whom he has ever read. He graduated when barely sixteen years of age.

Isaac M. Jordan -- playmate of my boyhood, schoolmate for seven swiftly flowing years, friend of a long and strenuous years of manhood, and always the incarnation of high resolves, boundless energy, lofty ambitions, gifted with untiring perseverance and ability that made success a certainty, how many dear and beautiful memories come into these sunset days, and make the life that is past seem not to have been lived in vain. Cut off in the prime of his manhood by what seems to us a cruel fate, he has set an example of what a strong will and determined purpose can accomplish. If ever there was a "self-made" man who had a high right to be proud of the making that man was Brother Jordan. He came to our little home village when perhaps fourteen years of age. His father was one of that matchless class of workers, an American mechanic. He was a cooper, and he taught his boys to make barrels, and the best of barrels, and so they learned to honor labor -- not as the canting politician honors it -- but in their hearts.

When a new boy came to town of course, after the manner of boys, we hunted him up to find out what stuff he was made. I found little Isaac near the cooper shop and challenged him to play marbles. He informed me that he only played "for keeps." We played, I with confidence, he with skill. He won all my marbles, lent them back again and again and won them again and again. At last he told me "to go somewhere and practice," and we never played together any more. Then we tried boxing. It was without gloves -- naked fists -- give and take. Ikey had long arms, and in due season we both had nose bleed. We ceased to fight one another, and took to the field as companions in arms and fought every other boy we could find. While at Geneva Hall -- a strict covenanter academy -- we fought many a terrific battle with the "townies," and more than once we carried Ike Jordan home after he had fought, almost literally to the death, some bully, twice his weight. In the classroom and literary halls at Geneva and Miami it was the same story, rivals with one another, allies against the rest of the world.

When Jordan was in the village school some three years, his was a hard life. Rising every morning before the sun he worked in the cooper shop making barrels, and there Saturday found him pounding away like a veteran. When we went to Geneva his elder brother Jackson Jordan, of Dayton, came to his aid, and stood by him until he graduated at Miami. He was worthy of the confidence placed in him and he lived to return the kindness a hundred-fold.

We went together to Geneva and from thence to Old Miami and were roommates for about a year. My father -- a stern Presbyterian elder -- who approved of Jordan, took us both there and placed us in a boarding-house which made us long for the flesh pots of West Liberty. Our first efforts in the Erodolphian Literary Society -- Jordan's an oration, mine an essay -- brought us each a proposition to join the Delta Kappa Epsilon of which Whitlaw Reid was "it" with a big I. Jordan's bid came first, and I knew nothing of it. One evening Isaac got out an old single-barreled pistol, of which he was the owner, and preceded to load it with ball. He then told me that he must take some sleep for he was going out about midnight. Alarmed at this announcement, and wanting to be in any scrimmage that might be coming, I begged him to tell me what was in the air. He only said, "If anything happens to me you will hear of it," and out he went. Nothing happened and in due season

the rest of the founders walked the same path to the old Negro church, piloted by the able Reid, and began our fraternity experience.

A few months after this the election of the Junior orator and poet, the highest honors in the gift of the student body, came on, and the trouble that made Sigma Chi began. We, the future founders, had no comprehension of such a thing as a ticket set up for us to vote. As long as we were in college each one of us followed the dictates of his own will or conscience and voted for just the one that suited him, barbarian or Greek, brother or not. The following year, when the same election was held for our class, Jordan and the writer hereof were the leading candidates for orator and I beat him for the coveted honor by one vote. He was chairman of the committee that managed the ceremonies.

In front of the Davis House – our chapter house, though we did not know it – was a gate five feet in height and solid. Someone told Jordan that he could not jump over it. He said he could, tried it, caught his foot, and was nearly killed. Not satisfied, he tried it again and succeeded. This was his character. Nothing was too lofty for his aspirations, nothing, to his vigorous mind, was impossible. He was wont to tell me in his working years that the burdens of life weighted heavily upon him. They do upon us all, but he showed no signs of faltering. He did everything with the same tremendous energy that he displayed when, during the siege of Cincinnati, I took him out of the trenches and put him on my staff. He showed that he would have made a splendid soldier, for he had all the qualities of a splendid man.

Franklin Howard Scobey

How glorious is the sunshine after the nightly gloom,

How beautiful the sunshine on the roses in their bloom,

But he who carries sunshine in his heart where'er he goes,

Gives human life more beauty fair than sunshine gives the rose.

Frank Scobey, boy and man, was one of those whom everybody wants everywhere at the same time. Of all those that I have ever been closely associated with he was the brightest, the most cheerful, the sunniest. Do not understand that he was lacking in the strong qualities of manhood because he was loving and cheery. The sunshine is the most powerful agency of nature. The world were dead without it. But this brother was never gloomy; no clouds seemed to shadow his life; he was the same to all at all times. The element of selfishness was as far from his nature as light from darkness. He cared nothing for money as money and yet he was the closest friend and companion of the only one of the founders who exhibited much trace of the commercial instinct.

Without Frank Scobey I do not believe that Sigma Chi would have succeeded and expanded and endured. We had our disappointments, our months of gloom, times when it seemed that we had no chance of success. Everyone was against us. But Frank Scobey was never discouraged. Always looking on the more hopeful side, his very smile and cheerful words of encouragement gave us new heart. Scobey did well whatever he undertook to do; stood high with the professors and was popular even with our enemies whose name was legion, and whose inimical activities were unceasing. He was never physically strong and his life ended early.

Frank was a soldier in the Civil War and made an honorable record. After the war he became an editor, and a good one, founding the publication of which I believe Hon. Walter S. Tobey is the head. We may well wish that there were more Frank Scobeyes in this work-a-day world of ours.

William Lewis Lockwood: I have inverted somewhat the alphabetical order of these names because Brother Lockwood was not of the Delta Kappa Epsilon contingent that founded Sigma Chi. He was an ally called in as the battle grew fierce. He made up the magic number, seven. He was chosen unanimously on the motion of Frank Scobey, who was always closer to him than any other of us all. He was different from each of the others. This difference was hereditary and was sharpened by environment. He was western born, but cultured, and had been partly educated in the East. His father was a merchant and importer. He was a slender, fair-haired, delicate-looking youth with polished manners, and was always dressed in the best of taste. When he first came to Miami wondrous tales were told of his wardrobe, of his splendid dressing-

gowns, and the outfit of his quarters. He was refined in his tastes. He knew something about art and had some understanding of the fitness of things genteel. We welcomed him into our circle. I understand why we wanted him. He could bring to our ambitious little band some things, mental and spiritual, that were sorely needed. But I do not understand why he so promptly responded to the call. Phi Delta Theta would seem to have been the most attractive, but it was not. He came to us, brought us all he had, and divided even his wardrobe, which seemed to be unlimited.

Lockwood and the writer hereof designed the badge; that is to say, we furnished the ideas. Frank Baird, a Delta Kappa Epsilon who would not withdraw with us (though sympathizing with us), and since an artist of high renown, drew the design. I can see him now, Lockwood on one side and I on the other, working away over the drawing in that poor little, old room where Sigma Chi had her birth. I remember that we determined to have a cross—and we understood the meaning of that emblem.

Lockwood knew, instinctively, the value and power of money. He was treasurer, and managed the business of the first convention and the first banquet. He had a shot bag in which he kept the coin, and I think he reported, at every meeting, how fast the sum was growing. All the expenses of the first convention were paid in cash on the spot, and every member of the Fraternity was present.

After graduating, Lockwood married and named his first boy Frank Scobey, which was the natural thing to do. He became a manufacturer of cotton fabrics. I remember that he wrote me he was “now entering the race for a purse.” He was the only Sigma Chi to whom this idea occurred. He furnished the business spirit to the little band, and without it we must utterly have failed. The Civil War called him into the army and he forgot the pursuit of the dollar to follow the flag. He greatly distinguished himself at the storming of Fort Wagner where he fell, grievously wounded. From this he never recovered and died a martyr to the cause. He shared our love while living, and tender memories follow him to the brighter world.

I have been asked about the Davis House—our first chapter house. Mrs. Davis was the aunt of Brother Bell and, being invited to her table, we soon learned that Bell was living on the fat of the land. Arrangements were accordingly made; two cooks were imported from Cincinnati, and we filled the house with as many Sigma Chis as it would hold, the others camping round about among the neighbors. Board at that time was from one dollar and a half to two dollars per week, two dollars and a half being charged in one house where they boasted that the table conversation was “highly intellectual.” The bare cost of our table was near three dollars per week, and we lived high. The Sigma Chis have never got over the love of such living.

Someone will ask what, since we were so unlike, held the little band together. The answer to this question is another. What holds Sigma Chi together now? What makes Ferris and Brumback, Nate and Harper, Runkle and Farnum, and thousands more that might be named, one in heart, ideals, and purpose? I answer: The spirit of the order -- the spirit of fair play and a square deal, fraternal sympathy within the fold and an even opportunity for all outside.

Finally, I want to say that I have seen, for a half century, all that is best and all the worst—if there is anything that is not good—in Sigma Chi. I am a member of other orders and I bear witness that all are love’s labor lost when compared with the Greek-letter fraternity. The association, the sympathy in trying times, the fraternal support have been invaluable. These have done what gold could not do through piled mountains high. Samuel Clark, the first Sigma Chi that death claimed, is buried in a humble country churchyard, and the cross, with its emblems, is carved on the stone that marks his resting place. I hope for no other emblem for myself.

But let us not, while thinking of those who founded the order we love so well, forget what is due to the earnest, faithful, able brothers who preserved it in the days after the war and who developed it to its present magnificent proportions. Let their names appear, also, in the memorial which you erect. Let it be a hall of Sigma Chi fame, and let the names of those who have worked, and given, and toiled through all these years stand together, so that all that come after may know that it is worth while not only to labor and to wait but to labor and to love.

[To Joseph C. Nate, past Grand Consul, responding to Brother Nate's request for assistance in writing the History of Sigma Chi, November 29, 1910]

My Dear Brother Nate:

I received your circular letter, and enclosed folder, this morning, have read both and, to be frank, am at a loss as to what I ought to say in reply.

The proceedings (I should rather say, certain of the proceedings at the last Grand Chapter so depressed my confidence in the future of Sigma Chi that I have scarcely thought of the matter since without a feeling of sadness which is all the heavier because my affections were wounded as well as my sense of fairness. The manner in which the revised Constitution was forced through, without the slightest opportunity for consideration and discussion, was painful because it indicated that a domineering, arrogant, instead of a brotherly spirit, was at the head of fraternity affairs. Again, the manner in which our candidate for Grand Consul was attacked and another Brother, not one whit better, or worse, was lauded on to victory made me sick at heart. I have tried to forget these things and have endeavored to believe that our adversaries were actuated only by the highest motives but the original impression still remains.

I believe, in fact I know, that candidates for Grand Consul ought to be presented by the provinces, and that at least three months before the Grand Chapter, in order that all appearances of unfair dealings may be made impossible. I believe, also, that amendments and revisions of the Constitution should be published in advance, and an opportunity should be given for full and fair discussion.

It seems to me that the active chapters have too little to say in regard to the government of the fraternity. The power is concentrated in the hands of too few of the Alumni. I care not how good the men are, the system is wrong in principle. The Alumni should guide not govern.

But laying these things aside, I am glad that you are preparing a history of the Fraternity. It will be hard to satisfy so many, hard to do justice to all.

I often think of the words of dear, old Sam Ireland after our candidate was defeated (in the same old way) for Grand Consul at Nashville: 'General, they have no sympathy with our feeling, there is too much politics in the deal. Let us get what happiness we can out of association with those we love, and let them have their way for good or evil.' I did not feel that way. I do not surrender easily but I did come to a realization of conditions. So realizing, I wish you success in the work, and if I can aid you, will cheerfully do so.

I know the history of Miami and I know the history of Sigma Chi. If my duties would permit I would, myself, write, not exactly a history but a statement of what was intended fifty-six years ago, and in how far we have progressed along those lines and in how far we have departed therefrom. I do not care who gets the credit for what is creditable, and am willing to bear far more than my share of the blame for shortcomings, but I would like to see a clear, fair, impartial statement of the work done and the fruit brought forth.

We cannot have things (save now and then) our own way in this world, but we have the consolation of knowing that the mass of humanity is just and fair minded, and will give us credit for our good intentions in the long run.

Let me hear what, if anything, you desire and believe me

Affectionately yours

Ben P. Runkle

[A letter of greeting to the San Francisco Grand Chapter addressed to Grand Consul Newman Miller just ten months before Founder Runkle's passing to the Chapter Eternal on June 28, 1916]

Hon. Newman Miller,

Grand Consul of Sigma Chi

Dear Brother:-

It is a long way to the Golden Gate and a far call to the dim beginnings of 1855, yet out of all these sixty years and over all this space I send you cordial White Cross greetings.

For each Founder there are now two thousand hearts that throb under the emblem of faith and hope - Faith in Sigma Chi ideals, and hope for our future in this world and in the world to come.

To these thousands I send fraternal love and heartfelt good wishes. As you have, through all of our struggles and contentions, so now, and in the future, go on with the good work until the White Cross is known and honored in every nook and corner of the educational world and you shall accomplish greater things than the Founders could ever have hoped or dreamed.

The Scrolls of these Founders are nearly filled, soon each will have turned the golden key to the final mysteries of life. We will watch over you as the Eagle watches over his young. So, clasping each and every hand I look to the "Stars."

Ever Cordially and Fraternally

Ben P. Runkle

Franklin Howard Scobey

[To the members of Alpha Chapter, 1855]

We shall form a fraternity on the principal that the adequacy of the fraternity lies in the opportunity for the building of a well rounded and symmetrical development of individual character.

There must be in a fraternity, the expression and bond of friendship; at the same time, each must be free in the pursuit of his chosen ideals.

[To Gamma Chapter, December 11, 1856]

Nothing so much tends to promote friendship, as the free mutual interchanging of our thoughts, hopes, and fears with one in whom we can confide.