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Have Our Founders Forgotten Us?

A Letter From One of Them.

TULSA, OKLA., Oct. 25, 1910.

Comell Chapter of Delta Chi Fraternity,

My dear Brothers in Delta Chi:

I received your kind message sent me on Founder's Day. It came too late to answer with a return of my own best wishes; but I assure you I appreciated it.

It was a pleasant thought that back at the old college the members of Delta Chi still thought enough of me, a man who had graduated 20 years ago, to send a message of good will on the great day of the Society. In the usual course of things I should have been forgotten at graduation.

This is the keynote of the Fraternity. The Fraternity man never graduates. He receives his diploma and leaves his Alma Mater for the larger affairs of the world, but as long as his chapter stands, he is as much a part and parcel of it as in his undergraduate days. His success is theirs and their success is his. He belongs to the family for life.

Most of us in our undergraduate days do not appreciate the fact that the fraternity is the one tie that will bind us to the college for life. It is only when we come back, when we return as strangers to the old campus from which all our acquaintances have long since gone, that we know that our fraternity is the one thing dear to us that has survived the going of the years.

The non-fraternity man goes into the world and is forgotten with the class to which he belonged. He may achieve the finest success, but no one back at College has more than a passing interest in his life career unless he has become a national figure. Then he goes back and gets the usual salutation. You know what it is; dines with Prexy, gets a chance to address a lot of the students, meets a couple of old classmates stranded in the faculty, receives their congratulations and is finally driven to the train.

If he is big enough, he is escorted to the train by Prexy or by some of the professors. Most of us do not attain that distinction. We fraternity men don't need it. When we come back, we are just going home. We have been away "a right smart" but the family have (sic) been expecting us. There is no need of killing the fatted calf; it has been in storage in the ice chest for years. If not for us, for some other member of the family who was expected as we had been.

If the fraternity man makes a success in politics, in business, in great affairs, there are those in his house and every house of his society who watch and rejoice as he goes ahead.

It is an even chance, as his honors increase, that his brethren in the chapter house keep better posted on his career than he does himself; and when he comes back they tell of little incidents allowing the friendly espionage. No matter how high he goes, nor how badly affairs may have used him; the chapter house is the one place where he has not been forgotten. He still belongs to the fraternity.

The boys in the house forget that the boy of 20 years ago is getting a bit gray. To the boys in the house he is just the fellow who won the debate from Punkville in '87: who captained the crew that swept "The River" in noughty nought, or whatever his character in college may have led him to attain distinction in. He may be Governor of a state, but still he belongs to their fraternity, still is one of their boys.

The fellow who leaves should never think that his connection with his fraternity ends with his graduation. It has only begun. He will come across the members all the years of his life. Some can aid him and some he can aid, but the fact that a man is a member of your own society will cause you to "sorter snuggle up to him " wherever you find him. Man is a gregarious animal and cannot help it. There is one thing about it, whatever your fraternity brothers position may be or what turn the fates may have given him; he is worthy of respect, for as Newman Noggs would say "he was a gentleman once."

But verily, this letter that was intended to be short and to the point has become as one of Teddy Roosevelt's letters, a regular preachment.

But the subject is one in which I am full of interest. This tie that links us of older generations with the collegians of today is worthy of deep consideration.

I had hoped to be with you on the 13th of October, but the time required to come and go from Oklahoma to Ithaca was more than I could spare. When we are of full age next year I hope to be more fortunate.

Like my friends Brothers Barnes and Sweetland I still wear the pin, and I hope twenty years from now you will feel the same satisfaction in having been members of Delta Chi that I feel today.

With best wishes to all, I am

Yours in the Bond of Delta Chi
PETER S. JOHNSON, '91.