

BETA INSPIRATIONALS

BETA THETA PI

“NEVER MIND ME, CARRY ON!”

THE TORONTO CHAPTER FUND —THE REST OF THE STORY

For many years, Betas have been thrilled by the story of the Toronto Chapter Fund and the Beta Spirit it engendered. No doubt you remember that, shortly before Christmas 1915, General Secretary Francis Shepardson received a letter from the Theta Zeta Chapter at Toronto telling how most of its men were already serving in World War I and the few who remained were preparing to enlist. The letter told how other chapters at the school were closing and how Theta Zeta would be unable to meet its mortgage payments and would lose the house.

The result, encouraged by the strong support of undergraduates from various chapters attending a holiday Beta luncheon in Chicago, was Shepardson's January 1916 General Secretary's Bulletin. In his Bulletin, Shepardson issued a Macedonian cry for help and challenged all Betas to demonstrate their Beta Spirit by contributing \$1 each on Pater Knox Night to create a fund to keep the chapter open and save the chapter house. The response was overwhelming; the house was saved; and the Fund became a monument to the Beta Spirit and the aid and mutual assistance inherent in our brotherhood. The appeals brought more money than was needed and, after the War, the remaining money became a part of the Founders' Fund which is now a part of the Beta theta Pi Foundation.

When Shepardson went to Toronto in January as the appeal was being planned, another facet of the Toronto Chapter Fund story was just beginning to emerge - and that is the rest of the Toronto Chapter Fund story. That story is the courage and sacrifice of the men of the Toronto Chapter.

Founded in 1906, by December 1915, there were 107 names on the Theta Zeta Chapter roll. The men of the eight-year old chapter enlisted in the armed forces when Canada entered World War I in 1914, three years earlier than the United States. Many became heroes. Reg Elliot could not wait to complete Officers' Training Camp. After twice being prevented from joining troops headed to the war, a general who admired his determination gave him permission to join the troops headed for Europe where he became a veteran of the Royal Flying Corps. Ran McDonald did not let a wound to the left eye, and thirteen other shrapnel wounds which he had suffered in one engagement, stop him from continuing to fight. Theta Zeta founders and brothers Jan and Butz Hertzberg were both wounded. Each won the Military Cross and both were promoted on the field for coolness under fire. Jan received the Distinguished Service Order, and Butz was permanently crippled from his wounds. Tommy Drew-Brook was flying seventeen miles behind enemy lines when he was attacked by four planes and hit by five bullets one of which penetrated his spine and exploded sending pieces entering both his spine and liver.

BETA THETA PI
“NEVER MIND ME, CARRY ON!”
THE TORONTO CHAPTER FUND —THE REST OF THE STORY

He spent eight months in a German prisoner of war camp.

And 13 men of Theta Zeta - more than 10% of the entire chapter roll and twice as many as any other Beta chapter - made the supreme sacrifice.

- Having already earned the Military Cross and Bar on the firing line, Alexander Baird was wounded several times on August 8, 1918 while leading his company in the capture of a machine gun nest during the first day of the Battle of Amiens, only to be killed by a concealed officer as the enemy was surrendering.
- Galer Hagerty was killed by a shell while leading his platoon in the front line at Sanctuary Wood.
- Before his death, Robert Hamilton had been recommended to be promoted to Captain and to receive the Military Cross for rescuing a number of his men who had been buried by shell fire.
- James Hartney, one of the charter members of Theta Zeta and a member of the Royal Flying Corps, was killed in a plane collision over the lines in France.
- John Turner Howard was a member of the Royal Engineers when he was killed in a motor accident in France.
- Gerry Knight was Canada’s foremost aviator and the recipient of both the Military Cross and the Distinguished Service Order for his skill and gallantry. On one occasion, he attacked at close range and brought down an enemy aircraft which was interfering with reconnaissance and, on another, he successfully led four planes against a force of 18, downing five planes and dispersing the remainder. He was killed when shot down behind German lines while engaged with superior numbers.
- Donald Morrison was serving as a gun officer for the third Battalion when, like Baird, he was killed August 8, 1918 on the first day of the Battle of Amiens.
- Harry Nicholson, also a member of the Royal Flying Corps, was shot down when attacked by three enemy planes over the German lines.

BETA THETA PI
“NEVER MIND ME, CARRY ON!”
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- Former Theta Zeta Chapter president Ernest Alroy "Roy" Simpson, having been wounded in May 1916, returned to his battalion and was killed in action in September in the Battle of the Somme near Courcelette.
- Roy's brother Joe won the Military Cross and was promoted to Brigade Major before being fatally wounded in October 1918.
- Geoff Snow was commended for his coolness and bravery and attained the rank of Captain. Before recovering fully from wounds at Mouquet Farm, he volunteered to take charge of another company when its captain was killed. The next day, he was wounded and later killed near Courcelette in the Battle of the Somme.
- Lieutenant George Stratford, after recovering from wounds received in June 1916, returned to the front where he was killed in action in November 1917 while holding the trenches at Meetscheele.
- Maurice "Mike" Malone, then barely 21 years old, had been scheduled to return to England on ten days leave but had given up his leave to a married officer who wished to visit his sick wife in England. Malone's platoon, though scheduled for a rest, was immediately called up when the Battle of Sanctuary Wood began. On June 3, 1916, after marching several miles through the night, Malone led his men in the counter-attack at Observatory Ridge in the Battle of Zillebeke in Flanders. Just as they reached the farthest point of the advance and when he was looking for means to get through a thick hedge, he was struck. When his men came to his aid, Malone though mortally wounded, simply uttered the words, "Never mind me, carry on."

For years, a plaque containing Mike Malone's immortal words was displayed prominently over the fireplace in the Theta Zeta Chapter House. Today the plaque has been moved to a location where every visitor will be thrilled by Mike Malone's, "Never mind me, carry on" — stirring words which inspired all of the Allies and which will continue to ring throughout the annals of history.

BETA THETA PI

THE STORY OF JOEL ALLAN BATTLE

The 100th name of the original roll of Alpha Chapter belongs to Joel Allan Battle who came to Miami University in 1855 from his home in Lavergne, Tennessee to obtain an education at the institution which had gained the reputation as the Yale of the West. Young Battle soon befriended John Calvin Lewis whom Battle recruited into Beta Theta Pi after the death of the Sigma Chi chapter of which Lewis had been a member. Together they would write one of the classic stories of Beta and Miami University history.

Lewis remembered things this way. "Allan Battle was a man of mark in his years at Miami. Of good standing, but not first in class work, his great love for historical and political affairs gave him prominence and his ever ready eloquence made him a leader in the hall of debate. I recall, on one occasion, his fine argument for the side on which he was chosen, and then, as the opposite side was weak, his volunteering an excellent argument for that side on points neglected by that side. He largely had the faculty in which Lincoln as a lawyer was so remarkable, of appreciating both sides of a question, of even stating his opponent's position with fairness, and then overcoming that position with stronger arguments. His mind was too broad and fair for partisanship only, but there were few keener partisans when sympathy was enlisted in a case. His dislikes were not many, but, while not offensively shown, were unmistakable. He fairly clung to and endeared himself to his friends. His bearing was generally that of a frank and manly Southerner. I do not recall that, upon graduation, he took class honors, but that, far better, he took with him the expectation of Miami that in his future the class of 1859 would be honored.

"I do not recall any conversation with Allan Battle after my graduation in June 1860, until shortly after Lincoln's election to the presidency. It was about December 1, 1860, at the rooms of Allan Battle and his wife in Cincinnati, where he was studying law. Our conversation was almost entirely on the conditions and possibility of war, resulting from the increasing excitement in the southern tier of Southern States. It naturally appeared that, in case of war arising from the questions at issue, all the slave holding states would be in sympathy with the Southern side. Allan Battle apprehended that this sympathy would affect the action of Tennessee, and I well recall his bitter regret at the situation, and what it meant for himself. I believe that in pride of country he was far above the average citizen but the call of kinfolk came with peculiar force to one of his temperament, and the conflict of these considerations made him very unhappy. As I remember his statement before we parted, it was that if war broke out and his state should be involved, he could not fight against the flag, nor against the people of his birthplace, and would probably go abroad in the hopes that the struggle would be brief. Shortly after we parted, I left for Illinois and never again saw Allan Battle alive."

BETA THETA PI

THE STORY OF JOEL ALLAN BATTLE

Lewis' predications were correct. Soon Allan's father Joel Battle was elected Colonel of the 20th Tennessee regiment and asked him to return to Tennessee and fight for the cause. Lewis became a Captain in the 41st Illinois Regiment and other Miami friends named Ross and Chamberlain joined the 31st Indiana. The 41st Illinois and the 31st Indiana became a part of Grant's Army which sought to take control of the Tennessee River after the fall of Fort Donelson and Fort Henry. The 20th Tennessee became part of the Army of Tennessee. Early in the war, that Army had campaigned into Kentucky where Allan Battle, who had been promoted to Adjutant of the Regiment, was wounded at the Battle of Fishing Creek, a wound that required that his left arm be worn in a sling. By the Spring of 1862, the Army of Tennessee had withdrawn to Corinth in northern Mississippi and Grant's Army had advanced all the way down the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing just north of the Mississippi state line.

In early April, Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston led the Army of Tennessee north from Corinth to attack Grant's forces at dawn near Shiloh Church, starting the first great bloody conflict of the war. The 20th Tennessee was part of Satham's brigade of the Army of Tennessee; while the 41st Illinois and the 31st Indiana were part of Hurlbut's Brigade in Grant's army. The Southern advance initially routed the Union forces which fell back and took cover in a sunken road which crossed the battlefield from east to west. Initially held in reserve, Satham's Brigade was dispatched to the right wing of the Southern assault after the Southern advance was checked, and met Hurlbut's Brigade near a pond, called the Bloody Pond, located at the east end of the Sunken Road and near an area of the heaviest fighting which became known as the Hornet's Nest. Ultimately, the Union forces were pushed back from the Sunken Road almost into the Tennessee River near Grant's headquarters. During the night, Buell's Army arrived to reinforce Grant and the following morning fueled a counterattack. Satham's Brigade was first pushed back but then counterattacked the Union forces. Young Allan Battle, his arm still in the sling, fought until he was killed in this charge to retake the former position. Lewis continued his story: "I became captain of a company in the 41st Illinois on April 5, 1862, the day before the Battle of Shiloh began. After the battle we were in camp beside the rough roadway leading south from Pittsburg to Hamburg. Just across the road was the camp of the 31st Indiana, and opposite my tent was that of Clifford Ross, the adjutant of the 31st Indiana. The dreadful relics of the great battle were all about us for miles. On both sides, there were some 9,000 dead to bury and 15,000 wounded to care for. On Tuesday morning, the day after the battle, Ross called to me, asking that I come at once to his tent. In passing to his tent, I noticed on the grass a body wrapped in a Confederate blanket. When I asked Ross if it was anyone he knew, he replied that it is Allan Battle's body.

BETA THETA PI

THE STORY OF JOEL ALLAN BATTLE

Unfolding the blanket, I recognized the face, thinner than I remembered and placid as if asleep. We found two ball marks in the right breast, and apparently death had been merciful and instant.

"The burial of Allan Battle was near our camp, and in the shade of an oak tree. The means available were rough, but I could not have asked more for a brother than we did for his body. In arranging his clothing, I bared the left shoulder and found a healing wound (probably from Fishing Creek), and its condition would have excused a less determined man from the battle in which his life was lost. I believe no more brave and noble soul left his body on that bloody field."

Lewis and his comrades smoothed out the ground to conceal the grave and prevent it from being disturbed. They marked the oak tree but when they returned years later the oak trees had been cut and the battlefield was so changed that they were unable to locate the grave site.

And so today if you go to Shiloh, beside the Visitor Center built near Pittsburg Landing at the site of Grant's Headquarters, you will find the Union Cemetery with the Union dead buried in neat rows with white tombstones identifying virtually all of the men interred there. And when you tour the battlefield, you will come upon several Confederate burial trenches containing all of the unidentified Southern dead in mass graves - all except one that is. That one is young Joel Allan Battle, who lies in his own special secret burial place on the field of bloody Shiloh, probably not far from the Bloody Pond, where he was laid to rest by his Beta Brother — his Beta Brother in blue.

BETA THETA PI

JOHN HOLT DUNCAN

Founder John Holt Duncan was the first president of Beta Theta Pi, having been selected for the position prior to the Founding on August 8, 1839. Perhaps you have been to the Administrative Office and seen John Holt Duncan's wooden leg in the Beta Museum. I wonder if you know how he got that wooden leg or what happened after he got it.

For about 10 years after graduation from Miami University, John Holt Duncan practiced law in his home state of Mississippi. He then moved to Bexar County, Texas and became a judge. But in that terrible war that divided the United States, he also was called to service in the Confederate Cavalry and became a Captain in Company C of Col. Haupt's Regiment of the Texas Cavalry. He fought with General Price in one of the most bitter campaigns, the campaign in Missouri and Arkansas where you never were sure who was a soldier and who was a guerrilla.

Price's forces made a raid in the northern-held territory and engaged the Union Army on September 30, 1862 at Newtonia in extreme southwestern Missouri south of Joplin. During that engagement when his Company was facing Union forces with superior numbers, John Holt Duncan was wounded in the leg while "gallantly charging the enemy." To save him, the Confederate surgeons had to amputate his right leg. But they could not take him with them because of the pursuit of the Union forces.

So they left him at a farmhouse where a member of the Confederate army lived. There he was cared for by the farmer's wife and his family. It was well known that the penalty for harboring Confederates was death. As fate would have it, the farmer came home on leave soon after Duncan was left there. A few days later along came the Union Cavalry and found John Holt Duncan, the farmer who had cared for him, and the farmer's wife and his children. They took Founder Duncan and the farmer and stood them up against the barn. They killed the farmer in full view of his family and in full view of John Holt Duncan. They would have killed John Holt Duncan too if it had not been for the intercession of the farmer's weeping widow and children.

After recovering Duncan returned to Bexar County and served as a judge for a year. He then relocated to Houston and practiced law while also serving as city attorney, county clerk, and city recorder for a number of years. Though these positions provided him with an adequate income, he lived very frugally, almost as if he were destitute.

BETA THETA PI
JOHN HOLT DUNCAN

He never married even though deeply enamored with a lovely woman. Though their relationship spanned the years, they denied themselves the pleasure of marriage and children. Even his friends were puzzled by his strange behavior and some regarded him as an eccentric miser.

On May 27, 1896, John Holt Duncan died in an old soldier's home in Austin, Texas, virtually penniless. Do you know why he was penniless? Because from the day that he was wounded and saw the devotion of that farmer, he deemed it his solemn duty to support and educate the children of the man murdered for his sake. So from the day he was wounded until he went into the old soldier's home, he spent virtually every cent he made caring for and supporting the farmer's widow and family. You see, John Holt Duncan had character — Beta character. Character sparkles like the diamond of our badge.

A Wish For Leaders

I sincerely wish you will have the experience of thinking up a new idea, planning it, organizing it, and following it to completion and having it be magnificently successful. I also hope you'll go through the same process and have something "bomb out."

I wish you could know how it feels "to run" with all your heart and lose –horribly.

I wish that you could achieve some great good for mankind, but have nobody know about it except you.

I wish you could find something so worthwhile that you deem it worthy of investing your life.

I hope you become frustrated and challenged enough to begin to push back the very barriers of your own personal limitations.

I hope you make a stupid, unethical mistake and get caught red-handed and are big enough to say those magic words "I was wrong."

I hope you give so much of yourself that some days you wonder if it is worth it all.

I wish for you a magnificent obsession that will give you a reason for living and purpose and direction in life.

I wish for you the worst kind of criticism for everything you do, because that makes you fight to achieve beyond what you normally would.

I wish for you the experience of leadership.

-Dr. Earl Reum

The Struggle

A man found a cocoon of a butterfly. One day a small opening appeared. He sat and watched the butterfly for several hours as it struggled to force its body through that little hole. Then it seemed to stop making any progress. It appeared as if it had gotten as far as it could and it could go no farther. Then the man decided to help the butterfly, so he took a pair of scissors and snipped off the remaining bit of the cocoon.

The butterfly then emerged easily. But it had a swollen body and small shriveled wings. The man continued to watch the butterfly because he expected that, at any moment, the wings would enlarge and expand to be able to support the body, which would contract in time.

Neither happened. In fact, the butterfly spent the rest of its life crawling around with a swollen body and shriveled wings. It never was able to fly. What the man, in his kindness and haste, did not understand was that the restricting cocoon and the struggle required for the butterfly to get through the tiny opening were God's way of forcing fluid from the body of the butterfly into its wings so that it would be ready for flight once it achieved its freedom from the cocoon.

Sometimes struggles are exactly what we need in our life. If God allowed us to go through life without any obstacles, it would cripple us. We would not be as strong as what we could have been. And, we could never fly!

A Father's Name

“I have given you many things in your life. I have tried to show you the importance of friendship, to instill in you a sense of value for your fellow man, a bond of love, a way of living and an understanding and compassion for the worth of the individual.

I have given you love and guidance. I have taught you to respect yourself and others, to value life rather than to ridicule it. I have given you a sense of purpose, a pattern for living and working with others in a cooperative way.

There have been many invaluable things I have given you. Through it all I have tried to show you that only you can make life worthwhile through your actions. Most important, however, is something only I could give you.

I have given you my name. All that I ask is that you honor it.”

Tradition - I think not

Start with a cage containing five apes. In the cage, hang a banana on a string and put stairs under it. Before long, an ape will go to the stairs and start to climb towards the banana. As soon as he touches the stairs, spray all of the apes with cold water.

After a while, another ape makes an attempt with the same result - all the apes are sprayed with cold water.

Turn off the cold water.

If, later, another ape tries to climb the stairs, the other apes will try to prevent it even though no water sprays them.

Now, remove one ape from the cage and replace it with a new one.

The new ape sees the banana and wants to climb the stairs.

To his horror, all of the other apes attack him.

After another attempt and attack, he knows that if he tries to climb the stairs, he will be assaulted.

Next, remove another of the original five apes and replace it with a new one.

The newcomer goes to the stairs and is attacked.

The previous newcomer takes part in the punishment with enthusiasm.

Again, replace a third original ape with a new one. The new one makes it to the stairs and is attacked as well.

Two of the four apes that beat him have no idea why they were not permitted to climb the stairs, or why they are participating in the beating of the newest ape.

After replacing the fourth and fifth original apes, all the apes which have been sprayed with cold water have been replaced.

Nevertheless, no ape ever again approached the stairs. Why not?

“Because that’s the way it’s always been around here.”

Sound familiar?

The Last Fraternity

John Berring, past IFC officer, Purdue University

It has been adapted for use by Beta Theta Pi.

The heat beat down on Josh's face as his father drove the car. The drive to his first year of college was proving to be longer than he thought it would be.

Neither of them said anything as they drove along the barren countryside. Josh was feeling the usual "freshman jitters" and an accompanying sense of uncertainty. His father felt the usual nostalgia of seeing his son attend the same college he did twenty-five years before.

They arrived early in the afternoon, unloaded Josh's belongings from the car, and met his roommate for the semester. After getting a bite to eat, Josh's father took his son on a tour of campus to reminisce about the old days.

The two began walking. The campus had a very traditional look with great brick buildings. Ivy could be found growing everywhere. Josh spoke, "It's a great place, Dad. I bet these buildings could tell some stories."

"Yes, Josh," he replied, "this campus has a one hundred year history and a fine tradition of excellence. You'll be very happy here." They strolled along. Josh's dad noticed that many buildings had been refurbished and no longer housed what he remembered. "You know, Josh, when I was your age, this campus had a fine Greek system."

"What was that?" Josh asked.

"The Greek system," he said, "constituted all of the fraternities and sororities on campus. It was a group that promoted social activities, scholarship, philanthropy and, most importantly, a sense of family away from home."

"People stopped caring," his father replied. "People just stopped caring." The father and son continued to walk until they came across an old abandoned building. The grass was tall, the paint was weathered, and there were several broken windows. On the front lawn there was a sign that read "Future Site of West Street Parking Garage." Josh's father stopped cold in his tracks.

"What's wrong?" asked Josh.

"That's it," his father said softly. "My God, I thought the house had been demolished already. This was my fraternity house." Josh just stood and watched his father. He only understood that this was once a place where his father had lived. He didn't understand what it meant to him. His father walked up to the great stone steps, leaned over and swept dirt away to expose (three) Greek letters.

His father had tears in his eyes as he walked up to the front door. He tried the door knob, and it gave with rusty reluctance. Josh followed his father as he slowly entered the front hallway. In front of him stood a tarnished metal crest. Along the bottom he could still make out the Greek word. “(kai),” he muttered slowly. “That used to mean something, Josh. That motto was a real motivation for me when I was in school. It still is today.”

Josh smiled and said, “That sounds noble. Who wrote it?”

His father replied sadly, “A group of (eight men) who meant it and lived by it.” The two continued walking. They approached an old piano and worn pieces of furniture. “This room,” he said, “used to be one of the most beautiful living rooms on campus. We prided ourselves on it and entertained here often.”

They walked downstairs into the basement and cleared a path through the rubble. They approached a wooden panel, and his father pressed a certain spot. The wall moved. In front of them was an old altar and some very old books.

“This is where we held our ceremonies, Josh,” his father said. “This is also where we sometimes hurt people. Here we took our pledges’ dignity; here we mentally and physically broke them until they were mere shells of their former selves. We paddled them, we yelled at them, stripped them down, and threw things at them, and we weren’t the only chapter that did things like that. Those types of practices were common in most of the houses around campus.” His voice shook a little as he spoke. “All in the name of brotherhood!” A tone of disgust was in his words.

“What happened to all of the fraternities and sororities, Dad?” Josh asked carefully.

“They started to fold during my time in school. Greeks stopped caring about what their fraternities and sororities stood for. They only cared about having fun, often times at the expense of others. Slowly these houses were closed around the country. No one ever thought it would happen here. A few years after I graduated, they closed all the houses on this campus too.

“You see, Josh, the fraternities and sororities no longer were living up to their ideals. They weren’t promoting scholarship; they weren’t promoting human service; they weren’t promoting a sense of family that was such a special part of these organizations. Many pledges compromised their self-worth and human dignity trying to join...some even died. People started getting hurt at social events, property was damaged, and society, which at one time looked to the Greeks for leadership, condemned their actions.

“Schools de-recognized fraternities and sororities, and on campuses where the school leased the organizations their houses, they just evicted the members and closed the chapters. The national and international organizations, faced with

dwindling numbers and little support for their existence, finished the job and closed the remaining chapters.”

He continued, “Most of the houses on this campus were transformed into theme houses and department offices. This is the last fraternity house on campus. Sixty-seven years of tradition and principles will become a parking garage. Josh, important and beautiful things can last if you care enough. That’s an important lesson Greeks didn’t learn until it was too late.”

The two walked through the front hall where they had entered. Josh’s father looked at another wall. There hung a very old picture of eight men. “Those men believed in their dreams enough to make them a reality, the founding of this fraternity. It’s too bad that those who followed didn’t believe enough to keep the dream alive.”

Josh and his father walked out the front door and looked up once again at the great old house. The sun was setting behind the last fraternity, on a part of his father’s past and on a part of campus life in which his son would never share.

Four months passed, and when his father returned to campus to pick up Josh for winter break, he parked in the West Street Parking Garage.

THE TWO CHOICES WE FACE

EACH OF US HAS TWO DISTINCT CHOICES TO MAKE ABOUT WHAT WE WILL DO WITH OUR LIVES. THE FIRST CHOICE WE CAN MAKE IS TO BE LESS THAN WE HAVE THE CAPACITY TO BE. TO EARN LESS. TO HAVE LESS.

TO READ LESS AND THINK LESS. TO TRY LESS AND DISCIPLINE OURSELVES LESS. THESE ARE THE CHOICES THAT LEAD TO AN EMPTY LIFE. THESE ARE THE CHOICES THAT, ONCE MADE, LEAD TO A LIFE OF CONSTANT APPREHENSION INSTEAD OF A LIFE OF WONDROUS ANTICIPATION.

AND THE SECOND CHOICE? TO DO IT ALL! TO BECOME ALL THAT WE CAN POSSIBLY BE. TO READ EVERY BOOK THAT WE POSSIBLY CAN. TO EARN AS MUCH AS WE POSSIBLY CAN. TO GIVE AND SHARE AS MUCH AS WE POSSIBLY CAN. TO STRIVE AND PRODUCE AND ACCOMPLISH AS MUCH AS WE POSSIBLY CAN. ALL OF US HAVE THE CHOICE.

TO DO OR NOT TO DO. TO BE OR NOT TO BE. TO BE ALL OR TO BE LESS OR TO BE NOTHING AT ALL.

LIKE THE TREE, IT WOULD BE A WORTHY CHALLENGE FOR US ALL TO STRETCH UPWARD AND OUTWARD TO THE FULL MEASURE OF OUR CAPABILITIES. WHY NOT DO ALL THAT WE CAN, EVERY MOMENT THAT WE CAN, THE BEST THAT WE CAN, FOR AS LONG AS WE CAN?

OUR ULTIMATE LIFE OBJECTIVE SHOULD BE TO CREATE AS MUCH AS OUR TALENT AND ABILITY AND DESIRE WILL PERMIT. TO SETTLE FOR DOING LESS THAN WE COULD DO IS TO FAIL IN THIS WORTHIEST OF UNDERTAKINGS.

RESULTS ARE THE BEST MEASUREMENT OF HUMAN PROGRESS. NOT CONVERSATION. NOT EXPLANATION. NOT JUSTIFICATION. RESULTS! AND IF OUR RESULTS ARE LESS THAN OUR POTENTIAL SUGGESTS THAT THEY SHOULD BE, THEN WE MUST STRIVE TO BECOME MORE TODAY THAN WE WERE THE DAY BEFORE. THE GREATEST REWARDS ARE ALWAYS RESERVED FOR THOSE WHO BRING GREAT VALUE TO THEMSELVES AND THE WORLD AROUND THEM AS A RESULT OF WHO AND WHAT THEY HAVE BECOME.

~JIM ROHN

*“Cowardice asks the question - is it
safe?
Expediency asks the question - is it
politic?
Vanity asks the question - is it popular?
But conscience asks the question - is it
right?
And there comes a time when one must
take a position that is neither safe, nor
politic, nor popular; but one must take
it BECAUSE it is right.”*

- Dr. Martin Luther King

“In matters of principle,
stand like a rock.”

-Thomas Jefferson

Effort and Patience

Effort gets things done. Patience sees them through. Both are crucial to success. Without patience, the passing setbacks and disappointments would soon overwhelm even the hardest effort. Without effort, patience would accomplish very little.

When you can balance effort and patience, it is a powerful combination. You can make almost anything happen with enough effort, but not right away. The most effective effort is continuing effort, which patience makes possible.

Though they may at first seem to contradict each other, effort and patience actually work great together. The most spectacularly successful people in any field are those who have the patience to continually apply their effort for as long as it takes to succeed.

Know when to push and when to wait. Balance aggressive effort with a deep, underlying patience and the results you achieve will be truly amazing.

LEADERSHIP

The greatest leaders are those who lead not only with their words and ideas. The greatest leaders are those who lead primarily by their example. The most effective form of leadership is born out of the sincere desire and proven ability to make a positive contribution. Those who lead best are those for whom leadership itself is not the primary aim. Those who lead best are those who can inspire others to embrace the positive values and priorities by which they themselves live. True leadership comes not from position but from participation and effectiveness. Those who are willing and able to get things done are best suited to lead. To be a leader, be a shining example. Do that which you would lead others to do, and do it spectacularly. Leadership at its best enlarges and duplicates the efforts of the leader. Make those efforts the best they can be, and they'll result in true, effective leadership.