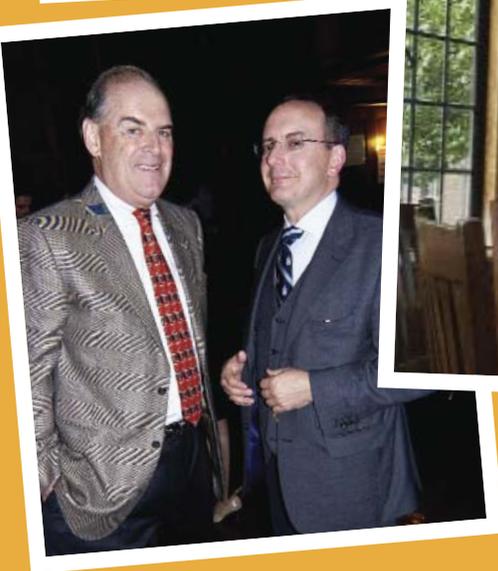


Sigma Phi FLAME

NUMBER 120 • DECEMBER 2012



1 Forest Park Lane Doorway



Scenes from Convention '12 in Ithaca

The Chairman's Message:

'All Politics Are Local'

by Jim Cole, S'87 jamesvcolei@gmail.com

Don't let my title scare you. This article contains not a word about the recent elections, for that would be tacky and rude. Whether you're a Republican or a Democrat, there is a celebration more personally meaningful than the inauguration that will take place in D.C. this winter. The Society's 2013 Flagship Fourth of March Celebration will be held in Washington, D.C. at the Belle Haven Country Club in Alexandria, Virginia, at 6:00 P.M. on Saturday, March 9. Please consider yourself personally invited. There hasn't been a Fourth of March Banquet in Washington since 1998, and it would be great to have a strong showing for this 'Sigs of the Southeast' homecoming. Save the date! It will be memorable.

Many people throughout the world think that the only conversation which takes place in Washington is about politics. Having lived in D.C. for the last forty years, I insist that it's not true. In fact, because politics is so polarizing and so central to the livelihoods of so many Washingtonians, there is an unwritten rule that you do not talk with someone about politics until you know that he already agrees with you ... or, at least, doesn't vehemently disagree with you! In polite company, it is considered rude to drop a charged, partisan statement into the middle of a conversation unless you either know that others share your

political point of view or you are all good enough friends that the listener can tell the speaker to buzz off.

Communities and governance systems are ultimately built on personal relationships. Most Washingtonians have a close friend who is someone of importance in the opposite political party. Washington has many close-knit communities (and families) that rely on good manners to negotiate the rocky waters of conflicting electoral leanings. Complex ethics rules and technical campaign regulations do not enable DC families, communities, or the government to function easily. On the contrary, bureaucratic rules lead to acrimony, but – season after season – personal friendships and kindly manners rise above and save Washington society.

Perhaps the manner in which polite Washingtonians handle political discussions may carry some instructive lessons for the brothers of Sigma Phi. As we know, there are many laws and university rules that must be observed and enforced in our circle. Such rules cause tension from time to time between active and alumni chapters. In cases where inappropriate behavior occurs or actives or alumni perceive disrespectful comments, the lines of communication between them quickly fall apart. A lack of trust takes over and the situation tends to worsen over weeks, months or even years. In our Society, is it possible to avoid such a crisis of trust when the chips are down?

Yes. Like Washingtonians who must fall back on the most basic tenets of mannered society, we must fall back on the most basic tenets of our Society in order to avoid the acrimony arising from this Society's regulatory realities. Friendship, Love, and Truth are not just nice words we dust off and regurgitate upon occasion. These are ideals that must govern our interactions, no matter what a brother's stage in life. The forging and perpetuation of close bonds between all of us – pledges, new initiates, actives, and alumni brothers –



Jim Cole, S'87

is the most important goal of the Society. In my view, it is our relationships with one another that save our sense of oneness. We are all truly in it together. So what, then, can we do to encourage and develop the relationships we share ... in order to protect our Society when tensions arise?

One way may be to encourage young alumni to participate in the activities of the alumni chapter. I don't mean to suggest that only young alumni can have close relationships with actives. (In my experience, that's simply not true. In fact, such a limit – "peer brothers only" – would really discourage me.) Younger alumni logically have a better sense of the perspective and experience of today's actives. Simultaneously, those young alumni have close relationships with slightly older young alumni to whom they look for advice and guidance. If the generations of brothers from actives to the wise elders are all meaningfully involved in the Society's chapters, there is no break in the sense of trust; participant relationships literally transcend the ages.

This is why an alumni corporation that has a "lost generation" missing from its leadership ('70s Sigs? '80s Sigs? '90s Sigs?) can hurt the chapter it represents and the Society on a number of levels, from active-alumni relations to fund-raising to the simple enjoyment which derives from a full circle. Our Society is based on relationships. It is important that we actively cultivate relationships across all Sig generations.

To that end, I mentioned at the beginning of the *(continued on page 5)*

Sigma Phi

The *Sigma Phi Flame* is published twice yearly by the Sigma Phi Society. Please direct all inquiries, suggestions, photos and changes of address to Sigma Phi National Headquarters, Post Office Box 4633, Chapel Hill, NC 27515-4633.

EDITOR: MIKE IMIRIE M'69
mimirie@aol.com



NORTH-AMERICAN
INTERFRATERNITY
CONFERENCE MEMBER

Sigma Phi Home Page:
www.sigmaphi.org

From the Secretary: 'Wonderful Williamstown Weekend'

by Scott McCrae, V'82 smccrae@together.net

The first weekend this November, I attended the Alpha of Massachusetts' annual homecoming weekend for the second year in a row. Having had the opportunity to visit many college campuses over the years, I have to say that Williams has one of the most beautiful college settings I have ever seen. Nestled in the Berkshire Mountains of western Massachusetts, the College is characterized by the classic New England style with steeped churches, colonial architecture and a certain *je ne cest quoi* that sets it apart from any campus I know. Williamstown itself is surrounded by mountains and this setting reminds me of the imagery invoked by Washington Irving when he talked about the Catskills and the bewitching effect it had on his imagination. Although I didn't run into the "Headless Horseman" or take a 20 year nap a la Rip van Winkle, I did witness some temporal anomalies which I will detail further on.

As all Sigs know from the Alpha of Massachusetts Catalogue sketch, in 1968, the College administration decided to close all fraternities and make as many of them as they could into college housing. After a 134 year history, our active chapter was disbanded; the Sigma Phi place was razed to make way for the new library. The school agreed to prominently exhibit a large portrait of the house in the

library and provide a venue for the annual banquet for our alumni. There was also a large endowment started to provide scholarships to Williams students in perpetuity. The corpus value of the endowment today is approximately \$1.2 million dollars. It is operated by the Williams College Financial Aid Department.

The remarkable element of this "alumni only" chapter is the fact that Williams Sigs still come together for homecoming weekend and have done so every year since 1968. They hold their corporation meeting on Saturday morning to take care of the usual business in the life of such an organization. Once the business is finished, Sigs, family members and friends descend upon the football field for tailgating and watching Amherst or Wesleyan take on the Williams College Ephs (a contraction of Ephraim Williams) on the gridiron. In the evening, they gather for an annual banquet to sing songs, to reminisce and – yes! – to rejoice.

There's magic in this annual weekend. Part of that is surely in the varied events. More specifically, however, it's the remarkable people who attend these events which make the magic happen. The bewitching effect I witnessed was watching the physics of time and space melt...as if they didn't exist. Men in their 60's, 70's and 80's spoke as if there was no passing of



Scott McCrae, V'82

time or it was just something they could toy with. Stories and yarns from years past flew about the room but became new again; "Hey, did you hear about the time John brought our top pledge prospect with him to pick up their dates at Smith College? John was so enamored with his date that he left without the pledge and his date at Smith." Peter Manus, W'62, and his wife, Susan, hosted a bounteous repast at the tailgate party before the football game. Again the temporal anomaly returned and time melted into nostalgic indulgence, catching up with old friends and the making of new ones. Before and throughout the football game we listened to the pep band play. Band alumni play in the pep band on this weekend and Denny Blagden, W'59, played his baritone in it for the 55th consecutive year. Brother Blagden's musical ministrations must have been effective; the Ephs shellacked their opponent, 19 to 7! That evening at the banquet at the Williams Inn I felt as if I knew more than half of the crowd. Sigs came together once again to celebrate their faithful pilgrimage to Williamstown by singing both songs from *The Signet* and also Williams College tunes. Of course, the many stories of old led to singular Sig hilarity and mirth. Once again, time and space disappeared. This weekend is truly a testimony to our Sig values. The devotion and loyalty to the Alpha of Massachusetts is remarkable. The interplay between the deeply cultivated friendships of this alumni group is truly inspirational and makes me think that many wandering birds would enjoy *(continued on page 5)*



August Alpha of Mass Trustees

Convention 2012 in Ithaca

by Marty Rauch, C'11 mur48@cornell.edu

Cornell is all about variety. Founder Ezra Cornell put it all in perspective in his opening address in October, 1868. "I would found an institution where any person, can find instruction in any study," explained Cornell's esteemed founder. One hundred and forty-four years later, this expansive notion rings just as true. The School of Hotel Administration, the Dyson School of Applied Economics, the College of Veterinary Medicine and every campus team, organization and philanthropy offer Cornellians unparalleled learning and membership opportunities. As someone who has experienced a large slice of what this university offers, I insist nonetheless that becoming a member of the Sigma Phi Society has been one of the best decisions I've made thus far.

Throughout my time here, I have always known that this Society was something special and powerful beyond even my wildest dreams. I was, I admit, an impressionable pledge. In my earliest days, for example, I thought that, upon conclusion of the process, I would receive magical powers which would permit me to smite at will disagreeable worldlings who cared nothing for the Sig traditions I had grown to know and love. In those early days, I was (and still am today!) the brother who spends 25 minutes bragging to family friends about my unparalleled "fraternal" experience, making them secretly wish that their sons were part of a group of gentlemen like this. My parents, grandparents, and closest relatives sometimes cannot relate to how passionate I am about being a Sig, as their various organizational memberships were characterized by very different experiences and values.

Proud, energetic Sig that I am, I have never had an experience - a revelation - of the type I did as Co-Chair of this year's National Convention! As with anything as large as a national convention, there is a certain level of preparation that goes into the planning of the event. As an upperclassmen at Cornell's Hotel School, my job

involved finding ways and means for getting our house in the best possible shape. My counterpart, Steven Brown, C'10, started work on the many administrative aspects. We had countless phone calls with the Epsilon Association working through supporting issues large and small. When the third week in September rolled around, Steve and I believed we had covered just about all the bases. As a result, we were actually able to participate in this convention, not just run from one task to the next. What did we discover?

Shocked, consumed with joy and love, overly energetic, all describe how I felt at this year's national convention. Having so many Sigs at the same place, together as one, was an experience unlike anything I have ever known. At convention, the timeless bonds of Sig brotherhood become obvious - they



prevail - despite the ever-changing composition of individual chapters. I met Sigs who were much like me. Just as importantly, I met Sigs with passions for things that I knew nothing about...and I became a partner in their enthusiasm!

Each day and night was filled with activities that got progressively better. One of my favorites was the late night ritual in the Goat, as it is called at the Epsilon. At times, I was nervous about



Marty Rauch, C'11

such hallmark convention events as the Undergraduate Workshop hosted by the Sigma Phi Educational Foundation, and the time-honored Hicks Oratorical Contest. What I found was counterintuitive but wonderful; no matter the setting and no matter how unfamiliar we were to one another, once involved in such milestone Sig activities, you can't help feeling entirely comfortable and at peace. It is this feeling - a feeling of authentic welcome - that really brings the brotherhood together, from the quietest brother to the most outgoing.

The Hicks Oratorical Contest was a particularly rewarding experience. I entered on behalf of the Epsilon and learned that six other Sigs representing five other chapters would take part. Sharing my passion for the Society with my brothers, both old and new, was something that I will never forget. I've always been an outgoing soul and a comfortable speaker, and I gained a great respect for my six competitors that night. Their powers of expression and their feelings for this

(continued on page 7)

California Centennial

by Dave Munroe, I'86 dm9712@gmail.com

How do you celebrate the birthday of a century old institution? For the California chapter, could there be a better way than to settle in among the musty tomes, tattered banners, venerable photographs, dusty mementos and other arcana of the California chapter for an evening of stories, songs, and general mirth and hilarity?

On Friday, September 7th, 2012 - 100 years to the day since the initiation of the founding class – brothers from the California chapter and others gathered in the halls and grounds of 2307 Piedmont for dinner and drinks, catching up with old friends in the process, and fortifying ourselves for the many hours of celebration to come.

California Sigs like to mark such occasions with a not-so-solemn conclave stretching well past midnight, and the numbers and enthusiasm in the room made this one to remember. Though this brother now has a full head of the “silver hair”, and increasing signs of the “furrowed care” predicted by the words of “Jolly Boys”, he found himself seated well into the lower half of the seating order, so many were the venerable Sig elders taking their places higher in the circle.

A particularly strong showing was made by the brothers of the '60s, some now past their 50th year as Sig brothers, with Jay Jacobus, I'63, Rod Marracini, I'65, and Pete Clark, I'67 all attending. The best stories of the evening were shared by these brothers, especially brother Jacobus' recounting of the three generations of his family in the California chapter: grandfather Jesse Jay Jacobus, I'12, a member of the founding class, father Jay Jacobus Sr. I'40, and Jay Jacobus Jr. I'63. Through his story, we felt a direct link to the very evening 100 years ago we had gathered to honor.

The brothers of the '70s were likewise present in numbers, enthusiasm and volume. The Michigan chapter was well represented, too; Carl Mehlhop, M'42 (made an honorary California brother in the 40's due to his constant presence at the house) and SPEF President David Pauls, M'65, were both in the halls. Such diversity and participa-

tion are California hallmarks. It started in the very beginning with the founding class itself, instructed in ‘all things Sigma Phi’ by Kenyon (Fr. Bede) Reynolds, C'10, who transferred to UC Berkeley to help launch the chapter.

As chapter historian, I had spent a great many hours poring over California's conclave records. I returned to this custom that night and promptly stumbled upon the dusty tome in which were inscribed the words by which the S&A Committee formally granted the Alpha of California its charter. It included the twenty names of the founding class and the ten names of our founders. As I rose to claim the floor and read it aloud, I decided an abbreviated reading was in order, given the raucous celebration around me.

I was mistaken; as I began to read the beautiful language of the charter, respectful quiet fell on the conclave. At the urging of the assembled, I read out all the names of the founding class, of the founders and of the chapters they represented. When I got to the

words “and likewise grant to all your successors,” I paused to note “That means us.” Spontaneous cheers and affirmations erupted in the halls!

At the same moment, a sepia toned photo in a century old frame was making the rounds of the conclave. It was the photo of the founding class and founders seated at the table of the installation banquet, with the signatures of all of them at the bottom.

Finally, our 100-year conclave was brought to its ceremonial closing. A chant went up, begun by Gregor Nelson, I'76, and quickly echoed by all: “A Hundred More Years! A Hundred More Years! A Hundred More Years!”

Through all the twists and turns of an often tumultuous history, both inside the chapter and in the community and university around us, including more than one moment when it seemed the chapter must close, perhaps never to rise again, the “spiritual succession” Elihu Root wrote of has never been broken at the Alpha of California. It remains the only fraternity of any long history at UC Berkeley that can say this. *Esto Perpetua – May She Live Forever!* 



(from page 2) article that the National Fourth of March Celebration will be held on March 9, 2013 at the Belle Haven Country Club in Alexandria, Virginia. No matter what Sig generation or Sig chapter you hail from, each reader is enthusiastically invited to be on hand. It will be a party, but not a political one. It will have

the effect of uniting all of us as true friends who care. If you ask me, that's certainly the kind of party that Washington could use a little more of.

Please come to make the Society stronger by celebrating our bonds and personally wishing the Society a glorious and happy 186th birthday in Alexandria. 

(from page 3) the experience in this beautiful little New England town. You might not run into Ichabod Crane or the Bram Bones but you will witness a magic – a Sigly magic – which will warm your heart and reaffirm our time-tested values. 

Convention 2012: Wandering Bird's Perspective

by Victor Teran, S'11 vat7uw@virginia.edu

After attending the national convention at the Delta of New York in 2011, one who has experienced such an event could imagine this brother's thrill at the opportunity to convene once more – this time at the Epsilon of New York – for the 181st convention of the Sigma Phi Society. Sigs from far and near graced Ithaca with their presence, and I was fortunate enough to be one of those. As compared to Hobart, the physical attendance was smaller, but the power of each chapter's presence no less apparent.

I learned that convention agendas of our Society can be just as subtle as they can be grand. Last year, for example, there was a dramatic debate to elect a new chairman of the Standing & Advisory Committee. This year's topics were 'fireworks-free', but were no less significant. Perhaps most importantly, the bonds formed between members of different chapters, the FLT shared between actives and wandering birds, and the celebrations of our Society were no less jolly than those of 2011. In truth, this year's convention was as productive, joyous, and memory-laden as any family reunion should be.

A myriad of noteworthy events occurred at the Epsilon this September. In dramatic fashion, the convention began with three vacancies on the Standing & Advisory Executive Committee needing to be filled. The offices of Vice Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer had opened up in the months ahead of this the convention, and Chairman James Cole S'87, in conjunction with the Standing & Advisory Committee, acted swiftly and efficiently to bridge this gap. Brendan McCurdy H'80, Scott McCrae V'82, and Derrick Frederickson V'94 were approved and nominated to the positions of Vice Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer, respectively. The end result of this dilemma: unanimous elections by the Society for all three gentlemen, whose commitments will continue the exemplary behavior of their predecessors.



View to the Epsilon's McCurdy Porch

sors. With this pressing matter resolved, the Society was ready to bestow honors and celebrate the achievements of our brethren.

The first such award was the David S. Brown, S'70, Distinguished Alumni Award, given to an alumnus who has provided lifetime service to Sigma Phi. This year's award went to architect Peter Flynn C'66, whose many bricks & mortar contributions to the Cornell chapter have spanned 50 years! Additionally, the Society took the time to recognize the scholastic achievement of the Alpha of North Carolina for having a house GPA of 3.4, the alumni newsletter of the Alpha of New York ('Pepperbox'), and the active newsletter of the Alpha of North Carolina. Perhaps the most entertaining and captivating award was provided by this year's Hicks Oratorical Context,

with entries from active members of the Alpha of Wisconsin, the Beta of New York, the Epsilon of New York, the Alpha of North Carolina, and the Alpha of Michigan. Given the caliber of the speeches presented, the judges of the competition must have certainly been hard-pressed to determine a winner and runner-up. Ultimately, it was Chip Sinton II, H'10, who earned top honors (see his speech elsewhere in this *Flame* issue), followed by Troy Homesley, T'11. Through the wit and wisdom of their words, these brothers demonstrated their commitment to the ideals of Sigma Phi and brought well-deserved recognition to their chapters. Indeed, there were proud moments for chapters and brothers old and young. Over the course of the weekend, the air in Ithaca became filled with the *(continued on page 7)*

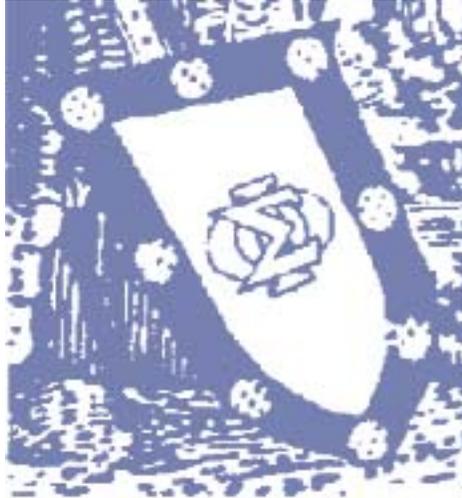
(continued from page 6) glory of the Sigma Phi Society.

As I conclude this summary, I hope that sharing thoughts about my experiences with Sigma Phi will provide perspective to my words. I have been a fully initiated brother of the Alpha of Virginia for a little over a year now. In that time, Sigma Phi has never failed to astound me. The devotion, pride, and interconnectedness of various people of various ages of various parts of the country (and the world, for that matter) in the name of a single entity is rivaled perhaps only by that of the family I was born into.

Ironically, it was because of that strong familial support that I was convinced I would never find a fraternity in college that could impart the same values to me as my parents, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, and cousins had.

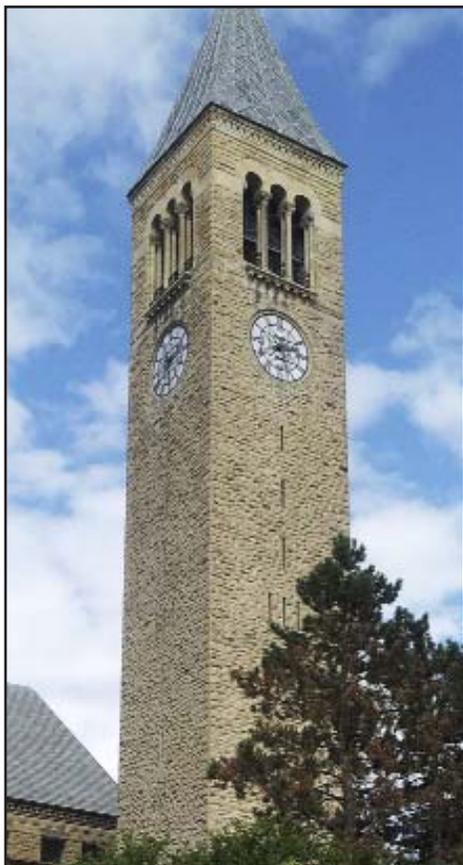
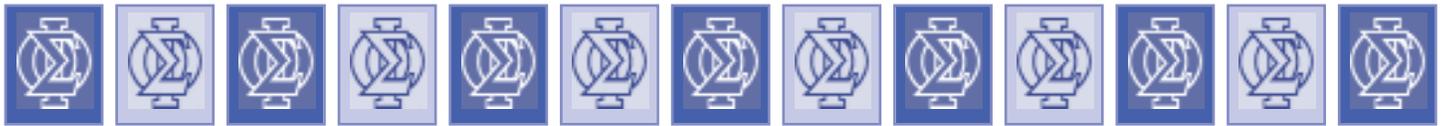
I was convinced, that is, until I noticed the same welcoming, authentic

environment at the Sig house in Charlottesville! The first confirmation of my expansive perception of Sigma Phi came when I traveled to Geneva for Convention '11 and realized how readily Friendship, Love, and Truth were manifested in my dealings with



an F'09, a U'10, and countless others. I came away thinking that Sigma Phi was a unique family unto itself, but from an undergraduate perspective. At that point in time, after all, I had been a brother a mere three weeks.

This year - as a senior - my time as an alumnus is fast approaching. While Geneva made apparent the ease of amiable relations with fellow actives of the other chapters, Ithaca has left me with the impression that this Sig family I joined a year ago will far outlive the time I spend as an undergraduate. The exchanges I shared with an S'58, an M'69, and an F'97, and the untiring support shown by so many alumni to Sigma Phi have assured me that wherever life takes me, my initiation into our order - mystically complex on its facade but a family as loving as my own at its center - may prove to have been the most momentous and enduring event of my college career. 



(continued from page 4) Society made me aware of how well this annual opportunity embodies heartfelt oration, a trait I suspect all Sigs possess deep down.

The Undergraduate Workshop was an event which offered something to every participant. This year's topic - "Sig Ethics: What Would the Bowies Do?" - was facilitated by General Secretary Emeritus Mike Imirie, M'69. Mike has a way with words. More importantly, he really pushes young Sigs like the 22 of us in the workshop to consider what Sigma Phi embodies at its core. In the give-and-take which surrounded our protracted discussion that Saturday, we learned new facts from history, reexamined fraternal promises we'd made years ago, and had the opportunity to explore and align ourselves perhaps for the first time with our founding fathers' motives in Schenectady 185 years ago. More than just a forum for an intriguing discussion, the goal of the workshop was to cause us to see more

clearly the ethical behaviors prescribed by this Society's founders - and to carry them forward with us in our lives. Mike is a passionate, committed Sig. Each of us took home some new Sig passion and commitment that day.

'Reflection' is defined by the Merriam-Webster Dictionary as the act of consideration with regards to a previous event, idea, or subject matter. As I reflect on my time as this year's Convention Co-Chair, I am flooded with emotions and a renewed sense of belonging to this Society of Gentlemen that has done so much for me. I anxiously await the convention next year in North Carolina, not only because this experience is unlike any other I have been involved in, but also because I cannot wait to be reunited with my brothers from our other chapters. Meeting all of you was phenomenal, and I look forward to continuing the growth of these new friendships even after we are all long gone from 'the college scene.'

It was truly a pleasure, gentlemen. 

2012 Hicks Oratorical Contest

'The Spirit of the Beta'

by Chip Sinton, H'10 wsinton@hamilton.edu

Snap! Snap! Snap!

When taking in this year's topic - quite simply, "Sigma Phi" - my first instinct was to define the phrase. In middle school, after all, we were taught to reach for the dictionary as a shortcut for speech intros. But with all due respect to Mr. Webster and his rivals across the ocean at Oxford, I highly doubt they'd be of any help on this occasion. No, when I considered my self-posed question - "What is Sigma Phi?" - I couldn't escape memories of this sound:

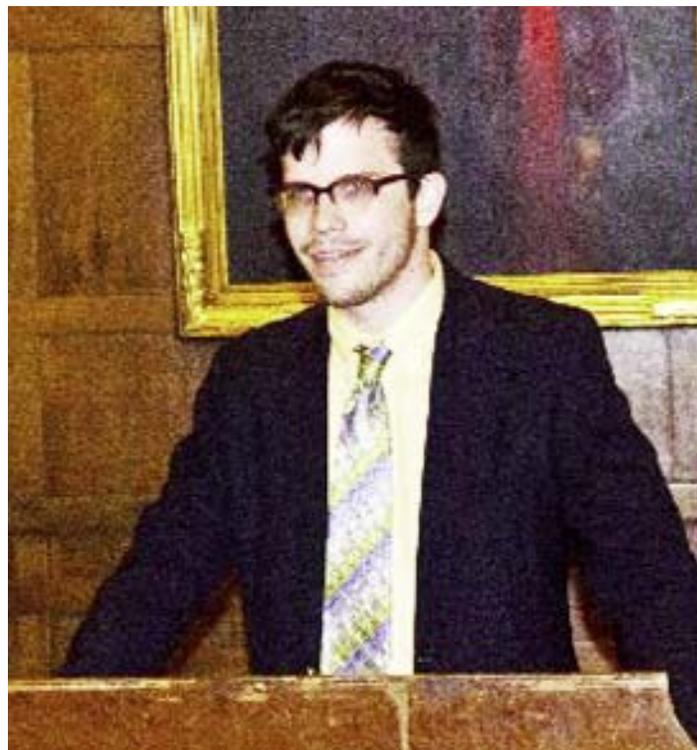
Snap! Snap! Snap!

Because the last time I'd been asked that question, that was the majority of what I heard. I was but a trembling neophyte, a peach-faced freshman standing atop a rickety wooden octagon in what I was sure was an airplane hanger, sometime around midnight on a Thursday. It must have been the coldest second week of April ever, or at least it felt that way to the kid fresh from Florida, shivering in a blazer made to breathe during my native hundred degree summers. I stood there, holding aloft a candle I desperately wished would warm me rather than just drip wax on my hands. Like everyone before me, I was instructed to look directly into the flame. I did as though my life depended on it! In the darkness just beyond my vision sat dozens of sunglass clad enigmas, impossibly well-dressed men with facial hair and Utica Clubs who shook hands funny and only spoke in the third person and kept asking me for more damn cigarettes, all engaged in some entrancing and inscrutable hyperreal theater. It was from that darkness that the question emerged, with a deep and confident timber that gave it both urgency and command. "Neophyte, what is the Sigma Phi?"

That question hung thick in the air. The only sound I made was a brief chattering of the teeth. A gentler voice prodded "Chip, answer the question," but I couldn't. I tried to cover my ignorance, but every artifice I spun met with a chorus of hisses and a repetition of the question. Both grew in volume with my flailing attempts. But then a voice emerged from behind me, a fellow neophyte, who spoke with an audible gulp the answer. "Sigma Phi is of the spirit."

A cacophony of triplicate snaps and approving shouts erupted. The booming voice asked again "Who said that?" and again my fellow neo answered for me: "Elihu Root." This stuck with me, and not just because my hide had been saved. While that answer was the Gospel Truth and certainly well-stated by Brother Root, it wasn't enough for me. It was important but unclear, like too many of the secrets and tenets revealed to me to that point. Sigma Phi is of the spirit. The spirit of what? What was this spirit?

The question seemed to bother me less during the sunny May and sunnier August following my initiation.



Chip Sinton, H'10

Walking my campus with a new sense of belonging, it seemed to me that Sig was of the spirit of Hamilton, because - in an ouroboran way - the Beta is the backbone of the place that brought me into this Society's arms. The Sigma Phi has been Hamilton's largest benefactor by far - Hamilton is surrounded on three sides by 400 acres of glens, each donated by a Sig, and on the fourth side by a golf course given by Hamilton B. Tompkin, H'1861. The roads on campus were all paved over the course of a year on a bet in 1927 between Soper, Rogers, Root and Bristol - four jolly sigs who led the Board of Trustees. Those four were not the only Sig trustees, whose numbers now exceed 35, far outstripping any other organization. Sig has even counted two Presidents of Hamilton College among its ranks - Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, H'1867, and lesser known but no less sigly David Worchester, G' 28. When a Dean was sought for the school, Arthur Percy Saunders, H'1910, was tapped for that honor. The buildings pulse with our stewardship - an entire half of campus is named after Stryker, and the gym, multiple dorms, the old library, the dining hall, admissions, the football field, the student center, the English department, the language center, and even the lights the shine from the chapel (!) all owe their names and existence to Sig alumni. Even the water we drink comes from reservoirs created by Elihu Root and Charles Butler Rogers, H' 1883.

It was suggested in today's ethics workshop that we do

not honor our illustrious alums enough. To the extent that that is true, it is a crime of the highest order. The Beta has birthed Nobel Peace Prize Winners, Vice Presidents, UN Ambassadors, Senators, judges, philanthropists, Olympic Medal Winners, professional athletes, the College's most decorated professors, heroic soldiers, pioneering doctors, world-famous horticulturalists, literal trailblazers who tamed the Adirondack Mountains and - fun fact - the man who invented roll-on deodorant and the first commercially sold FroYo! Their souls vivify the Continental (i.e., Hamilton College) spirit to this day. Sig is truly Hamilton's lifeblood. I had my answer.

But I soon became dissatisfied, as blood is not spirit. And for all the respect I have for my accomplished predecessors, they did not define my experience of what it means to be an active Sig. When I go to Wellin Hall - which to blatantly brag has the best acoustics in NY State after Carnegie Hall - I don't go to honor the donation of Keith Wellin, H'1948. No, I go to see the jazz band led by Tae Wook Kang, H'10 or Peter Laciano, H'11, or take in a concert from one of the two top acapella groups, respectively helmed by Connor Finnegan, H'11 and William Robertson, H'11. When I pick up an issue of the New Yorker, I don't think "I have an unbreakable ancestral bond to the publication co-founded by Rivauld Hawley Truax, H'1915: neat-o! I think that if I don't read this before I talk to J. Andrew Philip Schnacky, H'11, or Sean Devoune Henry-Smith, H'12, they're gonna run intellectual circles around me at dinner. It's well and good that the glens are Sigly, but in my experience they are Sigly because of walks I take with my current brothers, not the trees some dead white man bought and gave away. Sigma Phi is of the Spirit, and I began to realize that, for me, Sigma Phi was defined by those three simple words - Friendship, Love, and Truth. Aha! FLT became my new answer.

But as I aged, watched claves pass, ushered in two new classes of brothers, began to see my closest friends graduate, and met amazing wandering birds who had left

Hamilton's Hill when I was in elementary school, I began to question THAT conclusion, too. FLT is integral to the fabric of Sig, and tugs at the heart of all the highest aspirations of this brotherhood, but it is not a descriptor of our Society. My experience as an active was my Sig...but was not this storied Society's animating force. FLT may be the beating heart of all that it means to be a Sig, may summarize valiantly all that we value, but it was not my answer. Sigma Phi is of the Spirit.

I had found its blood, I had found its heart, but I had not found its spirit. And I thought back once more to that formative night as a neophyte, to the cavalcade of snaps, and I found my answer among the words cried by the assembled brethren as they celebrated Elihu's definition. A word I'd heard uttered when I received my ticket, when I attended the March 4th dinner, and whenever I was true to my heart during The Climb.

Deece.

To my knowledge, this word is unique to Hamilton's chapter. For something ripped from '90s slacker slang, it has transformed in importance, taking its place as a masterpiece among the Beta's venerable prose of ideas. Deece. This word developed because language demands precision. Because a uniting and animating force such as Deece can only exist unnamed for so long without someone becoming frustrated at being unable to utter the ineffable. To the brothers, Deece becomes a self-defining concept which gathers its contours from your joining experience, your undergraduate years and your fellow neos and brothers, but one that the last decade of Beta Sigs would be unable to experience Sig in the same way without.

Deece is passion. Deece is being from the heart. Deece is bringing a serious of purpose to wit and weirdness, mirth and hilarity. Deece is a radical rebellion towards embracing sincerity and genuineness and your own individuality.

Deece is being able to say unabashedly that I swore an oath to uphold the trinity of Friendship, Love and Truth....and I do. Deece is admitting that the truth is I love my friends, both in and out of this Society, but that the ones I'm blessed enough to call my brothers I will never forget. And above all else, Deece is lions, but not tigers or bears. Deece....is Deece.

Sigma Phi is of the spirit. And so we come back to our original question: what is that spirit? Exceedingly few questions have a definitive one word answer. What is two plus two? Four. Do I love my mother? Yes. Do I love my father? Occasionally. What is the spirit of the Sigma Phi?

Deece.

Esto perpetua.



Hicks judges Dan Neumann, F'71 (L), Dave Pauls, M'65, and Nate Daugherty, S'95, are flanked by distinguished (ruthless?) Hicks judge proctor Dan Mansoor, C'76 (R).

Do Your Part

by Derek Fredrickson, V'94, Society Treasurer Derek@fredrickson.com

I received the phone call about two weeks before this year's national convention was to take place at the Epsilon of New York. It was a familiar Sig voice I had heard many times before, but it had been a very long time. (*Yeah. I know. Shame on me for not staying in touch ...*) But as the saying goes, "life gets in the way."

Or, does it? Does "life" really get in the way when it comes to Sigma Phi?

For the last 10 years, I had told myself just that. Life (career, marriage, kids, etc.) does in fact happen to most of us, relentlessly. Those responsibilities/opportunities happen to us in our "real worlds" and, as we adjust, they seem to limit our ability to contribute to Sigma Phi in ways we had intended when we just started out.

I graduated from UVM in 1996. In 1999, I volunteered to take on the role of the Society's General Secretary. While I had no experience at the national level, I had a strong desire to contribute. My goal was to help lead the effort to "modernize" some of the operations of our national S&A when it came to having a presence online (our first www.SigmaPhi.org website) as well as electronic communications, newsletters and online payment of dues/donations. I traveled from chapter to chapter and did my part to contribute to the ideals of this Society: friendship, love and truth.

And then, life got in the way. First came marriage, and then our first child. Then we moved from New York City to the suburbs. There were a few job changes along the way. I was

perhaps the youngest General Secretary ever and I had a lot going on. For me, life was getting in the way ... and something had to give.

In 2002, I stepped down after 3 years as General Secretary. Life suddenly became more manageable (the good news) but – inevitably – I found myself growing more distant from what was going at both the national and local levels of Sigma Phi (the bad news).

This August, a phone call from Vice Chairman Israel Maynard V'94 cut through all that distance and all those miles...and made all the difference in restoring the ties that bind. Although years had passed, it was as if only a few months had gone by from the days of our road trips to Florida for annual meetings with long-time Chairman Cal Howard, S'54, and various trips to national conventions and 4th of March meetings.

The Society needed my time, Israel advised ... and, impatient of a life which kept getting in the way, I happily obliged.

The question I have for you is: "How will you step up and contribute?" Your participation could take the form of financial support, such as annual dues or making a charitable donation to the Educational Foundation. Or, perhaps you can share expertise in an area where Sigma Phi needs your wisdom, experience and knowledge. Maybe you now have time to participate at a local or the national level to help drive significant change.

What I've realized over the years is

that every Sig has the ability to do his part. That's the 'given' in this equation. The hard part is making the decision not to let life get in the way ... and committing to do something about it.

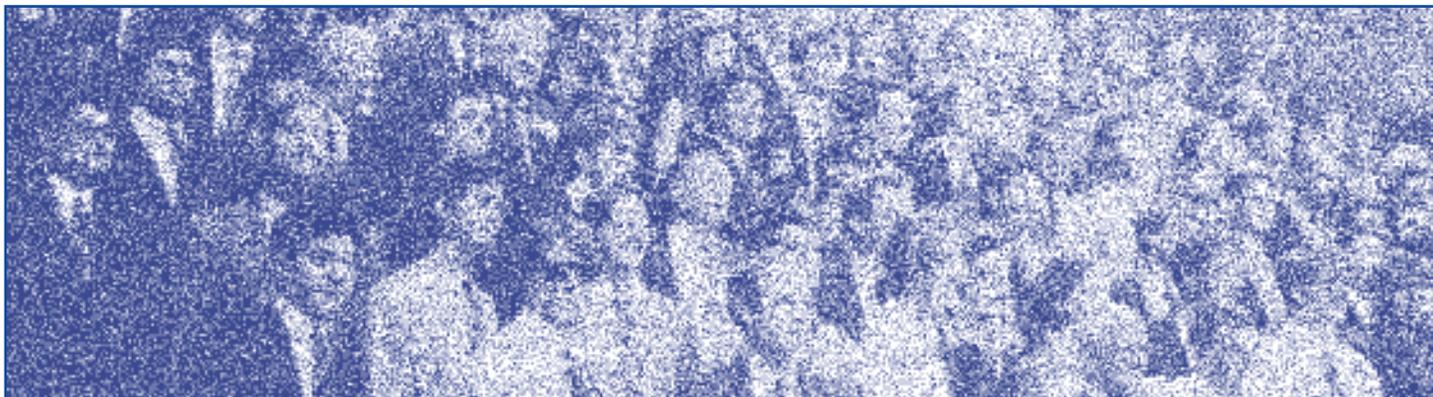
What happens when you make the decision to recommit anew to our Society? You return to the comfort and love of the brotherhood all around you, both old and new. Over time, many things have stayed the same with our illustrious band. But, make no mistake; much has changed, too, and the brotherhood needs you.

It only takes one small participative effort on your part to make a difference. The impact is profound and has a ripple effect to our brotherhood. Chapters are resurrected, brothers are reunited, traditions continue and our Society continues to prosper in difficult times.

What happens when you don't step up? Well, life goes on for most of us. Mountains don't fall. Civilizations don't collapse. But we never realize our fullest potential and significance within and to a brotherhood that needs each and every one of us – today, tomorrow and always.

The time to commit is now. Step up and make a difference. The payoff and reward easily eclipse the 'cost' of your contribution. Remember that empirical Sig truth you heard on the day you joined this illustrious Society: "Among so few, the influence of each brother is very deeply felt."

Brothers, let your presence be felt by doing your part. The time is now. 



Sandy Lashes; Marathoners Respond

by Larry Ikard, H'94 likard@gmail.com

(This year's New York City Marathon, scheduled for November 4th, was canceled due to damage caused by Hurricane Sandy. By the time the cancellation was announced, however, tens of thousands of runners had made their way to Manhattan in preparation. One of them was Larry Ikard, H'94, an enthusiastic marathoner whose 2012 race in New York would have been his twelfth. Not running the race was a disappointment, but our intrepid, fleet-footed Brother wasted no time crying over spilt milk. In the company of other runners, Larry decided to redirect his physical efforts. His story appears below.)

On the day the NYC Marathon was supposed to take place, members of my running team decided to head to Staten Island to help out. There were probably ten or so of us from the team, but hundreds of other runners with the same idea. A Facebook group had formed over the previous 24 hours or so called "New York Runners in Support of Staten Island", and the response was enormous. It was an interesting testament to the power of social media.

We donned our running gear and loaded our backpacks full of stuff like batteries, food, garbage bags: anything we could think of that Staten Island residents would need as they tried to get back to normal.

The Staten Island Ferry had returned to service the previous day and that's how we got to the Island. After we docked, we ran from the ferry terminal to an area about 7 miles away called Midland Beach. At first, things looked pretty normal. As we crossed Hyland Avenue, however – about a mile from the water – everything changed. We were entering a really torn-up area. We stopped running and walked. We found a police station and asked where the area "most in need"

was. The policemen who responded seemed overwhelmed; basically, he just waved his arm toward the water.

We went in that direction. The paved city road we traveled grew increasingly sandy and muddy, even though we were still a good distance from the water. As we got closer, it became clearer that everything in sight had recently been submerged in salt water. It looked like someone had picked up most of the houses, put them in a bowl with mud and sand, shaken them around and dumped them out. Sidewalks were piled high with sodden furniture and household items.

The residents we contacted didn't need food and water; both were plentiful. Instead, residents needed work gloves, garbage bags, and bleach to disinfect flooded homes. We spent a good part of the afternoon attempting to help clean up. The destruction was so extensive it was impossible to know where to start ... or how the work would ever be finished.

As we delivered our items and offered our assistance, we interfaced directly with residents. It was shocking to understand that, for many, there wasn't much left to reside in. We



Larry Ikard, H'94 (right) chats with other runners on the Staten Island Ferry

wandered throughout the area, trying very hard to not look like we were sightseeing. We found a few houses at which we helped clean out debris. Residents seemed thankful but – four days after Superstorm Sandy came ashore – they were clearly shell shocked and exhausted. Understandably, some residents were hostile, not knowing we were volunteers. We reassured them in every way we could.

Afterwards, each of us tried to take in and make sense of what we saw. It was a surreal. It was disturbing. It was the right thing for us to do. ☒

(Larry's "run for community service" on Staten Island served as a warm-up for the Bucks County Marathon in Pennsylvania two weeks later. Marathons in Boston and Big Sur will follow in 2013.)



Sigs Being Social

...the Society's flagship 2013 **March 4th Banquet** will be held on Saturday, March 9 at the Belle Haven Country Club in Alexandria, Virginia *(More info? Contact Jim Cole, S'87 – jamesvcoleii@gmail.com)*

...the **2013 Convention** will be hosted by the Alpha of North Carolina during a TBD weekend in September in Chapel Hill, North Carolina *(More info? Contact Jacob Morse, T'11 – jmmdem@yahoo.com)*

SPEF: Time for the Right Plan

by David Pauls, M'65 davendavid@sbcgloabl.com

About two weeks before Society's 2012 Convention at Cornell, I was sitting with the doctor during my semi-annual checkup. As we discussed various examination room things, my doctor noticed that I seemed to be running short of breath while I was talking. Such a simple symptom can indicate heart problems, so the doctor scheduled an echocardiogram to be done after I returned from Ithaca. The echocardiogram and a subsequent angiogram showed my aortic valve was barely functioning, which caused the shortness of breath the doctor detected. The only solution is to replace the heart valve in open heart surgery, which was done here in California in mid-October.

When I was an infant, under one year of age, I had rheumatic fever which scarred the aortic valve and also scarred both of my shoulder joints. So something that happened to me as an infant showed up when I was over 60. I recount this story because you never know what life has in store for you.

My health issue came as a big surprise. It forced me to think about subjects many of us avoid for a very long time, like...what will happen to my estate upon my death. Because I intended to make sure to support Sigma Phi in my will, I had to quickly execute a new will, before my surgery, in which the Sigma Phi Educational Foundation received a significant bequest. My attorney told me that a fairly small

percentage of people adequately prepares for end of life. Most have no will at all or a will so out-of-date that it reflects bequests to (now) non-existent organizations or people who are no longer alive.

Every few years, the Sigma Phi Educational Foundation sends out messages to Sigs who are 55 and over offering information about how to include Sigma Phi in their estate planning. My own situation provides a chagrining but excellent example of why the Foundation sends out these reminders. It also highlights that simply having the intent to support Sigma Phi through an estate bequest is not sufficient: that there are important, intentional, and very personal things which need to be addressed long in advance.

Now that I've finally included the Sigma Phi Educational Foundation in my will as I long ago planned, I feel much more confident about beseeching my brothers in Sigma Phi, at any stage in life, to do the very same. 



Nominations Now Open for the Elihu Root Distinguished Sigma Phi and the David Brown Service Awards

The Standing and Advisory Committee is soliciting nominations for its two highest awards conferred on Sig Brothers.

The Elihu Root Distinguished Sigma Phi Award, initiated in 1989, recognizes and honors Sigma Phi alumni for lifetime achievements reflecting Sigma Phi's values and bringing credit to the Society. The award is intended to provide inspiration for all Sigs and in particular for undergraduates, our leaders of the future.

Worthy candidates for selection are graduate brothers who have distinguished themselves by achieving national or international prominence, providing broad public service to others in society, and/or rendering outstanding service to the Society or to the fraternity system. Over the years, the award has been conferred to Charlie Boswell II, G'47, Ken Dryden, C'66, Chet Eaton, V'30, Hastings Keith, V'34, Art Nielsen, Jr., F'38, Larry Perkins, F'25, Barney Rocca, I'34 and Chet Sawtelle, U'29.

The David S. Brown Distinguished Service Award, named for long time Sig stalwart David Brown, S'70, was instituted in 1999 to recognize Sig Brothers who have



demonstrated their enduring love for our Society through their boundless energy and contributions to its brotherhood and well being. Award recipients have included Fred Bloom, C'57, Ted Bosley, I'73, Wally Gates, V'50, Pete Harter, G'65, Calhoun L.H. Howard, S'54, Mike Imirie, M'69, Jim Jenkins, S'58, Rex Jones, F'72, George Mercer, M'68, Sam Moore, F'70, Steve Moore, V'41, and Doug Tudhope, V'47.

Formal nominations are due by July 1 and welcome sooner. Any individual or group may submit, with or without the knowledge of the nominee. There is no prescribed format for submitting a nomination other than providing a comprehensive description of the candidate's contributions, ideally in publishable form. Nominations will remain confidential, revealed only to those brothers who are directly involved in the selection process.

Nominations are being accepted by Society Awards Co-chairman Dan Neumann, F'71, who may also be contacted concerning additional details at dca120@sbcglobal.net or 120 Campbell Road, Trumbull, Connecticut 06611. 



News of INTEREST

“I have moved to Orange County, CA,” writes **Tim Anderson, V’79**, and am married to Nickie. The two older kids are now college grads (Vanderbilt & USC) and the third is now a high school senior. I’ve enjoyed a work sabbatical for several years and recently coached high school lacrosse. Looking now to re-engage my business career. BSL to all!” uwmtim@yahoo.com

With customary gravity and a refined sense of the obvious, former Head of House **John Allen, M’67**, advises: “Life continues, even after age 65.” John is a prominent attorney (Varnum LLP, business & trial matters) in Kalamazoo, MI., with a passion for golf. He enjoyed 20 days this year as a USGA/PGA Golf Tournament official and/or teaching golf rules to Michigan high school golfers. Ever the videogenic athlete, Brother Allen was pleased to have air time on a set of golf rules videos (see for yourself! <http://www.mhsaa.com/Sports/BoysGolf/GolfRulesVideos.aspx>). John notes with a little pride and a lot of humility that he was named by Michigan Lawyers Weekly as one of the “Top 25 Michigan Leaders in the Law”... and with a lot of pride that all three of his children have gone into the practice of law, as well. jwallen63@gmail.com

Fellow Michigan Sig **John Bonk, M’06**, posts this update from the Rocky Mountain State: “I moved out to Denver just before Labor Day to take a job as an interaction designer for a software company called WebFilings. It specializes in sophisticated web-based productivity tools (similar to Word, Excel & Power-point) for corporations to manage/submit SEC tax filings. For this English Language and Literature grad, it seems a lucrative and exciting marketplace. Early Colorado impressions are nothing short of sublime: sunshine and beautiful sunsets every day, breathtaking mountain views from

my work desk + apartment balcony and easy travels to a near-infinite array of dazzling drives, hikes & opportunities for exploration. Although nothing quite fills the Ann Arbor sized hole in my heart, this is probably the next best thing!” johnabonk@gmail.com

We have this news from **Charlie Boswell, G’47**: “Greetings from the Gamma of New Hampshire. Good Sig Brother **Rob Staub, G’58**, hangs his hat across the road from me here in Frankestown. Managed to crank up these old bones to take part in the 2011 Convention in Geneva, which was a grand Sig affair.” Contact Charlie at P.O. Box 2, Frankestown, NH, 03043.

Tony Bryant, C’49, writes: “In addition to serving as Chairman of Century Fence Company- one of the nation’s largest fencing and highway striping companies – Andrea and I have helped to develop a ten diamond baseball complex in Waukesha, WI, used the Waukesha Blazers. The Blazer organization has over 1000 young people in our area committed to this sport and staying out of trouble!” Tony lives at 108 N Barstow, Waukesha, WI, 53186.

Alec Denton, H’04, advises: “I am moving from Grand Rapids, Michigan to Atlanta, Georgia this month. My girlfriend lives there, and I’ll be starting a new job with a law firm. I’m Vanderbilt Law 2010 with a general litigation practice. My start date is Dec. 3, and I take that as a very good sign, for it can’t be coincidental that that’s the very date of many mirthful and hilarious Sig past gatherings on the Hill. If there are Sigs in or passing through North Georgia, please, gentlemen ... say ‘hello.’” adenton007@yahoo.com

These glad family tidings come from **Josh Dziurlikowski, M’00**: “I am very happy to report that there’s very big news at our house, in two different waves! My wife, Katharine, and I welcomed our first child (also named Joshua – although not a junior since his middle name is different) on April 18, 2012. In addition, we are happy to announce that we’ll welcome our second child in May of 2013! Our house

will be quite busy, but we are absolutely thrilled with our growing family.” jdziurli@gmail.com

The Boy Scouts of America recently honored **Dave Farley, F’58**, with the Whitney M. Young Jr Award. The Young Award is given to leaders who reach out to young men who would typically not be scouts. Dave has served scouting in several capacities, most significantly for 12 years as Scoutmaster of a troop in which many members are young men of color, or from low income or single parent homes. He is an Eagle Scout, as are his three sons. Being retired, Dave is able to dedicate significant time and effort to his passion of serving kids through scouting. Kudos, Dave! Dave’s address is 8755 28 Mile Road, Albion, MI 49224.

After almost 19 years living and working abroad for Ford Motor Company, **Karl Gigante, M’86**, has at long last returned to his SE Michigan roots (Grosse Pointe Farms). Karl’s globetrotting Ford career (Logistics & Purchasing) has found him living and working in Brazil, Argentina, Thailand and England for 19 of his 22 Blue Oval years. kgigante@ford.com

Veteran metro Detroit architect **Mike Gordon, M’80**, shares these glad professional tidings: “We are currently finalizing budgets for our design of the Official State of Michigan World War II Memorial to be erected in Royal Oak. The approximately \$3,000,000 memorial will feature a multi-use recessed oval lawn surrounded by a memorial wall on one side and a colonnade of 13 columns on the other supporting a 130-foot twisting stainless steel ribbon representing flight and freedom. We are honored to be involved in this significant and enduring memorial project.” michaelg@mga-architects.net

We have this Connecticut update from **Chip Haslund, H’78**: “**Doug and Susan Crater, H’77**, and **Adam and Beth Beckerman, H’78**, broke bread and drank wine with Kelley and me recently in our Cos Cob home. **Dan Martineau, H’78**, has started a tradition with me and some buds from

Trinity in getting away for golf some-place special every so often. (Trinity is better at football.) **Tim Pickering, H'78**, stays in touch and I'm proud to be his youngest son's godfather. **Steve Friedlander, H'78**, pipes in occasionally from Knoxville, more cautionary than provocative lately. My partner at law, **Tom Ward, H'63**, continues to grouse about the closing of the Beta, and – while I agree – I'm pleased to have a son thriving at Hamilton. We welcome visitors always from whatever year!"

chashun@ibolaw.com

Nate House, H'09, and Alexandra Millar, HSS'09, live together in a quaint flat in the quiet Long Island hamlet of Quogue, where the fish are always bigger, the scallops sweeter and the property tax inconsequential. Alexandra spends most of her days working for Peconic Baykeeper, patrolling the precious Long Island waterways in her nautical office with the sun always at her back and the sweet salt air flowing through her long locks. Nate currently spends his days learning how to build houses, though, thanks to Hurricane Sandy, all that really means today is deconstructing flood-ridden homes. The two have been graced with visits from a number of outstanding characters in recent months, among them **Jamie Lee**,

H'12, Gabriel Burford, H'12, David Hyman, H'09, and **Katrina Rabeler, HSS'12**. The two Quogue residents look forward to more visits from those in the area and point out that NYC is but a train ride away ...

nate.casa@gmail.com

Ethan Kamer, H'07, provides semi-regular shelter to **Matthew Gordon, H'06**, at his apartment in Crown Heights, Brooklyn. Some nights are spent with fellow brothers and neighbors **Jeremiah Davis, H'08**, and **Cameron Breslin, H'09**. Still other evenings are passed in the company of the illustrious Chiefs who reside in the metropolitan region. "If you're in town and wanna give a shout, e-mail me."

ekamer37@gmail.com

Dan Knapp, F'50, reports news from the world of real estate: "I now maintain a home in the small tourist community of Conner, WA, as well as one in La Quinta in the California desert. From water to sand!"

badger50@gmx.com

Midwesterner **Godfrey Long Jr, S'61**, shares this update: "I have recently built a new home in the Belfair Community of Bluffton, SC. My wife, Terri, and I hope to spend much of our time there." Brother Long's mailing address is 3901 West St #111, Cincinnati, OH, 45227.

Ever the social butterfly, **John Rawley, V'05**, shares these tidings about fellow Burlington Sigs: "Great news to report. **Tim LaPrade, V'02**, recently opened a cafe in Melrose, MA called Jitters and it's already a huge hit (Google it!).

He's gotten a lot of positive press in the local papers and he made it a point to wear a Sig shirt during one of his first interviews. I heard through the grapevine that **Dan Rusu, V'01**, is in the process of developing a line of fashionable clothing for cats (another entrepreneurial Sig!). **Sean Haggerty, V'05**, just started an MBA program at Wharton and is living in Philadelphia. **Mike Phippen, V'02**, the Alpha's S&A Delegate, is at Suffolk Law School in Boston and is doing extremely well."

johnrawley@gmail.com

Barry Rosenberg, U'80, is currently CEO of Econoco Corporation, a leader in the fixture and display industry. "If any Sig brothers own a chain of retail stores, please contact me!" Barry graduated from the Young Presidents Organization (YPO) this past June after 15 years. "I'm curious to know if any Sig brothers are members of YPO or WPO. If so, please be in touch."

br@econoco.com

Leif Salvesen, F'60, is traveling again! "Despite having grown up in Wisconsin, I'd never before been to 'America's Ceiling' – Wisconsin's Apostle Islands. This past July, I visited **Gary Russell, F'59**, on Madeline Island, the largest island in that chain. I hadn't known Gary during my time as an undergrad, but that didn't stop him from being awfully generous with his time as he showed us around this beautiful place. (Photo at left) Gary really rolled out the red carpet, reminding me anew that "the ties that bind" in Sigma Phi are stronger and more durable than we can imagine."

leifrs@verizon.net

Schenectady Sig **Harvey Schwartzman, U'68**, shares this news: "I've relocated the central California coast. I continue my consulting business in Global Logistics & Materials Management but what I enjoy most is regular bike-riding ... and golfing best described as irregular!" Write to



Gary Russell, F'59, is visited in Wisconsin's Apostle islands by Leif Salvesen, F'60.



KUDOS & THANKS ...

... to the following Sigs for their articles, information or encouragement supporting this issue of the *Flame*: Derek Fredrickson, V'94, Glenn George, C'82, Troy Homesley, T'11, Dave Munroe, I'86, David Pauls, M'65, Marty Rauch, C'11, Alberto Rosales, I'06 (photos) & Victor Teran, S'11.

Issue after issue, we solicit real Sig perspectives from real Sigs. Two great things

happen with each written input from a Brother: enhanced 'Flame' coverage and improved *Flame* readability.

Contact editor Mike Imirie, M'69, at mimirie@aol.com to share your feedback, suggestions, photographs and Sig stories. Flex your 'stakeholder' muscles, Brothers! Please share your Best Sig Love in the form of viewpoints and updates from your life.

Harvey at: 775 Los VIneros Lane, Arroyo Grande, CA, 93420.

Andy Steele, H'07, moved in with **RJ Kosineski III, H'09**, and his girlfriend in mid-November. Their apartment is in Columbia Heights, Washington, DC, and Sig hospitality is surely in the cards. "Hope to see many of you once I track down a beer vending machine like I've heard Bertha had back in the day," says Steele. Andy works at a think-tank called the Center for the Study of the Presidency and Congress. a.steele33@gmail.com

We have this news from **Scott Stone, I'87**: "My son, Franklin Oliver Stone, was born on 18 November 2011, so he's just celebrated his first birthday. I have been working at Morgan Stanley

as a financial advisor for well over a year now. Emily and I have been enjoying our time with the baby in our new home in East Sacramento." rubber_chickie@hotmail.com

We have this post-election news from **Jim Storey, M'69**: "Along with Barack Obama, I was elected to public office. The voters of Allegan County, Michigan's second commissioner district (City of Holland, Fillmore, Overisel and Heath townships) elected me to represent them on the seven-member Allegan County Board of Commission-ers. Though I have helped others get elected, it was my first success in two tries for public office. I was the first city of Holland resident to be elected in more than 25 years. I ran on the Republican

ticket and – in a distinctly counter-cultural result in recent Michigan politics – received 99% of the vote. (The 'truth' in Friendship, Love and Truth compels me to point out that I ran unopposed.) jmstore@yahoo.com

David G. Sweeney, V'02, was married to the former Alexandra Wicht, a teacher from Ottawa, Ontario, in a very small ceremony on July 7th. The new couple postponed their reception until next April and will honeymoon in Maui/Cabo in mid-May. "I moved to Arlington, VA in April, 2012, and started a job with Feld Entertainment, where I am a corporate financial analyst in the Planning Department. Busy year!" david.sweeney1@gmail.com

Never Forget These Brothers

Since publication of the Summer 2012 Sigma Phi Flame, we have learned of the deaths of these Brothers.

Allan M. Hudson, I'39 28 Jul 12
 Robert Chapman, I'52
 Alan J. Gould Jr., C'40 14 Sept 12
 Robert E. LaForce Jr., H'37 18 June 2007
 Albert G. Butzer Jr., H'42 22 Sept 10
 Richard B. Wigton II, H'50 29 May 2008
 John Olsen, H'54 1 Jan 2008
 Leslie Gage Jr., H'57 10 Oct 11
 Bradford Wagoner, G'46 9 Mar 12
 David Carrigan, L'42 3 Feb 11
 Hermon Cole, M'37 24 Jul 08

Dale E. VanLente, M'46 17 Jul 12
 Robert L. Randolph, M'50 3 Apr 12
 Louis W. Munchmeyer Jr, M'57 19 Aug 08
 Walter G. Brown, V'43 26 Sept 11
 Robert Kynock, V'49 18 Nov 2011
 Einar L. Chrystie, V'55 3 Jul 12
 Thomas Randolph Cox Jr., S'69 19 Nov 2011
 John M. Ferry, W'38 24 Nov 11
 Eugene Connally M.D., W'41 15 Jun 12
 Arthur Howe, W'42
 Charles M. Sheldon, F'46 3 Mar 12



Sigma Phi FLAME

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS POST
OFFICE BOX 4633 CHAPEL HILL,
NC 27515-4633
CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

Please check the name and
address below and notify us
of any corrections. And send
us your "News of Interest" for
the next edition of the Flame.

Nonprofit Organization
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
Permit No. 4416
Columbus, Ohio

2012 Brown Award Presented to Peter Flynn, C'66

by Glenn George, C'82 ggeorge001@yahoo.com

A convention highlight took place at Saturday's banquet, when the David S. Brown, S'70, Service Award was presented to Epsilon stalwart Peter Flynn, C'66. This unique Society award is a fitting accolade for Peter, for its emphasis on service is a mirrorlike reflection of Peter's countless contributions here over the past 35 years.

Peter has been a stellar participant ever since graduation. He has served as a Director for and later as the President of the Epsilon Association. More uniquely, perhaps, he has served with our Building Committee as its senior architect for many years. His

architecture firm, Flynn Battaglia Architects PC, is among the most prominent design and planning firms of its size in the U.S.

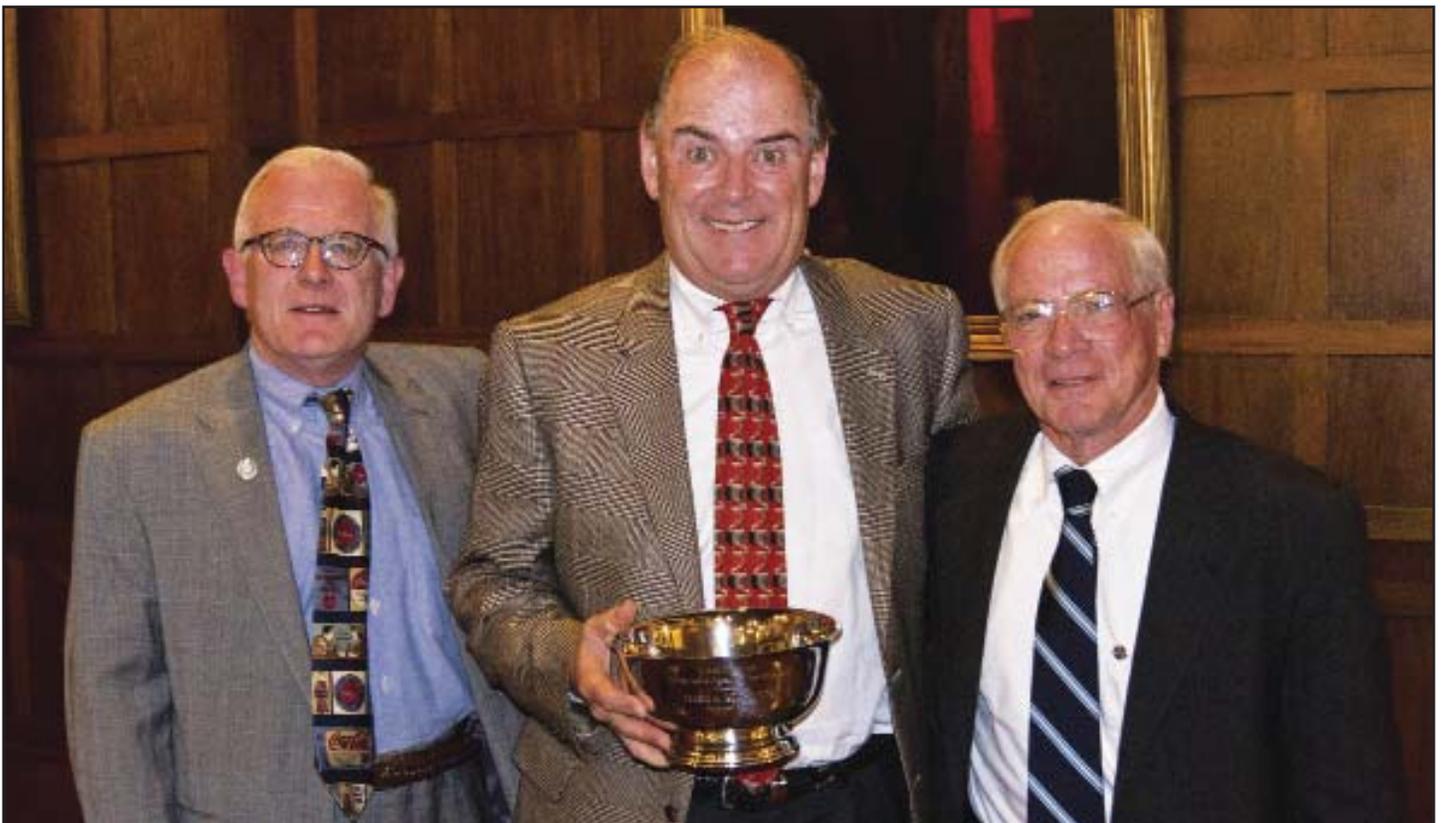
Flynn Battaglia does work for the Epsilon, but most of Peter's time has been gratis. He hasn't allowed the 160 mile distance between his Buffalo home and the Sigma Phi Place in Ithaca deter him from being a regular, hands-on resource ... and always a most welcome visitor.

Peter is an honorable, loyal, good-humored, and very generous friend of Sigma Phi and to the many who have bonded friendship with him. Each year, he dedicates untold hours of

leadership and service to our Society.

His advice and counsel extend far beyond architecture and maintenance of the physical plant. His advice and sound Sig reasoning are always sought after and freely given. Peter has a unique perspective to guide the active chapter and to give confidence to the Epsilon alumni and the Cornell administration that leadership responsibilities of the Epsilon Association are being handled to the highest standards.

Every successful chapter needs dedicated loyal alumni; Peter represents the highest achievement of the Epsilon of New York. 



Peter Flynn, C'66 (center), along with previous Brown Service Award recipients Mike Imirie, M'69 (L) and Jim Jenkins, S'58.