## Phi Sigma Delta of Zeta Beta Tau UMass Amherst-Alumni Newsletter





VOL: XXVIII No. I February 2017

**Brotherhood** - is not a one year commitment, it is a life-time commitment.... We took an oath to remain brothers. An oath is something that cannot be taken back, that's what makes it an oath. Some of us have outgrown pounding down beers but you can never outgrow your commitment and the bonds of brotherhood.

## From the President:

Being new to the office of President, let me apologize in advance if this message sounds to screwy. I am honored to have been selected for the office, although I have the deep seated feeling that none of this (or us) would be here were it not for the dedication of Stan Kittredge. To Stan, I think we all owe the deepest debt for his success in bringing us all together and insuring the continuation of Phi Sigma Delta. I know there are other key players who have helped Stan make our Fraternity a continued reality and it is my hope that we confirm our commitment to them and each other, as Brothers, with a special effort to make this 2017 Reunion an unqualified success. Life is short and all of us have families and interests that seem to take an ever larger portion of our time. Some of us have health problems and for others finances may be a problem. I ask that each one of you set aside the October 2017 dates and plan to be in Orlando. Paying your dues, having a card in your wallet or a PSD pin on your lapel doesn't mean shit compared to the chance to bond with your Brothers. If any Brother is committed to attend the reunion, but has financial, medical or other difficulties which make attending questionable, please let me know as early as possible and we'll try to find a solution. If the air fare is a problem, someone may have freakin flyer miles they could use. There are lots of other possibilities. Don't drop the ball.

This is the part that's a little off the wall, but it is a matter which I think is important to all. We set up the BARF fund a couple of years ago to help any brother in need. So far we haven't had to use it, but we're all getting a little older each year. When needs do arise they are likely to come in a rush. For those of us who are able to contribute, it would be great to send Stan a check or bring one to the reunion for the BARF fund. In addition and totally unrelated to BARF, I have a little special event in mind that I think you will enjoy. We'll dust it off at the reunion.

It would be good to have some thoughts on arranging a special event for wives and significant others. While we're having our annual meeting (no weeping this year), maybe the femmes could be doing something more exciting than cross-stitching throw pillows for the make-out room.

**Brother Bio:** Many past newsletters have included brief biographies and comments from individual Brothers. Your editor thought this would be a good time to include info from <u>President Mike Parker '68</u>. Mike writes: Like all of us, I have had the ups and downs of life, fortunately, the ups have prevailed. As many of you know, I pretty much drank my way through U Mass, knocking down a 1.79 QPA which was rounded up to 1.8, allowing graduation. The U.S. Army did not require cum laude on the diploma to force me to jump out of perfectly good airplanes and participate in the military version of Planet Fitness (Ranger School) which they operated at Fort Benning, GA, and other spa-like locations. After toning and sculpting body and mind, I was sent on vacation to Southeast Asia with the 101st Airborne Division where I enjoyed warm weather, a moist climate and only a tad less gunfire than some areas of Boston. Dorchester comes to mind. As it sometimes happens, one of those bullets came in contact with my helicopter and following a rather abrupt landing (some would call it flight into terrain) I was forced to leave on a med evac flight. So much for fun in the tropics.

On returning to the old US of A, I had to figure out how to support myself, wife and daughter, Teisha. I couldn't dance or sing, so Law seemed like a good idea. This is where the 1.79 QPA comes back to rear its ugly head. I applied to 7 or 8 law schools only to be rejected without so much as a ?Thank you for the application fee.? Even Yale, where the Dean was very close to my wife's family, they couldn't help but smirk, 1.79. As the last of the rejection letters rolled in, I was driving to Fort Lewis one day, radio blaring, and happened to hear of a new law school being formed in Tacoma, Washington. I applied (I had to color in the scales of justice as printed on a match-book cover) and was promptly rejected. Remember the 1.79. Since the school office was in town, I put on my best uniform (Captain, Field Artillery), polished brass and shoes and barged in for a face-to-face with the new Dean. I had been taking post-grad courses at the University of Puget Sound (where the law school was being formed) and hoped to be able to press the West Coast QPA on him as basis for reconsideration. We talked for fifteen minutes or so, but it didn't work. He said I've a school to build, I need to get back to work, get out of my office. I said No way, tell me what I've got to do to get in. Do I need to do under-graduate work all over? I'll do it if you'll promise to consider me favorably when I come back with an acceptable QPA. It was like he didn't ever hear me. You've got to go, he said. Then without any apparent reason he said in a low voice that rose in intensity, If you're so damned insistent, send me a letter telling me why I should even begin to consider your request. Now, get the f--- out of here. I wrote the letter that afternoon and two weeks later, received an acceptance to the law school.

Two and a half years go by and this same Dean is taking some of his Seniors up to Seattle to meet and greet the partners of the big law firms. I was in the group of little stars and had a chance to rub elbows with the Dean. After a couple of whiskeys (him not me), I got the guts to ask him why he changed his mind after I wrote the letter. The 1.79 didn't just go away. He smiled and said that he was a Captain in the Field Artillery during WWII. He was from Springfield, Massachusetts and had gone to U Mass where he drank his way through college before being drafted. On being released after the war, he applied to several law schools but was turned down everywhere. So he put on his uniform, polished his kit and went off to barge in on the Dean at Harvard Law. He refused to leave without an answer. As they didn't have a campus police force at the time, the Dean must have reconsidered. True story all around. Old Dean Joe Sinclitico told me that when I appeared before him with my saga in 1974, he knew he was going to take me in, he just had to bust my balls in the manner his had been cracked. It was deja vu all over again, as far as he was concerned. If you think I made it as a lawyer because of any talent, you're full of shit. Pure luck allowed me to dance in the footsteps of another U Mass alcoholic. The tradition is apparently stronger than we thought.

Rather soon after leaving U Mass I had another stroke of wild-ass luck. Across a crowded reception room in Tacoma, I spotted this tall, skinny chick with long brown hair who, it turned out, had just been released from a convent in Northern France and was ready to live life. Having worn a Nun's habit since she was 12, no one had noticed that she was runway quality. The part about the convent is false, but it is the only explanation I have for why she decided to hook up with a dope from Springfield. She also happened to be wicked smart. She raised three kids, one TV producer, a blond in-house counsel for Boston Scientific and an Administrator at Mass General Hospital. Not bad. In the middle of the parent exercise, she went back to school, got an MBA and with her spare bus money bought a Nursing Home which she then ran for nearly thirty years. Guess who came out on top on the marriage deal. Oh, by the way, we now have 6 grandchildren and couldn't be more proud of all of them.

While Kate was eating Bon Bons and pretending to raise the kids, I started a law practice that has now been going on for 40 years. More dumb luck. I found my first job with an old Jewish lawyer, Ben Novak, who turned out to be the leader of the pack in Springfield. During the interview, I confess to pushing the Phi Sigma Delta, Jewish National card, in order to sweet-talk the job. It happened there was another lawyer in town named Parker who was also in the tribe. I think Ben took a look at my nose, heard Jewish National Fraternity and made

the connection that I was related to Harry Parker. The job was mine. My eternal debt is to the guys in the house who taught me enough Hebrew swear words and slang to get by. With Ben Novak, I was introduced to the business community and from that base, I had the opportunity to develop relationships that have lasted to this day. Thanks again, Phi Sig for the leg up.

The rest of this is pretty boring. Kate and I enjoy being active. This October we spent two weeks hiking in the Swiss Alps. Last month we leased a sail boat in the Caribbean for ten days. In April, we hope to hike in the Mt. Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon. More wild-ass luck. We have been blessed with good health, a great family and good friends. I have flown small airplanes and helicopters for a long time. Kate now has decided to put all of her chips on the table and is taking flying lessons with a former pool man in Northampton. Watch the news for a frustrated flight instructor who parachutes to safety in mid-lesson. Mike

**From the Treasurer:** The last reunion in Hyannis was a blast. Just a wonderful time filled with Brotherhood, good food, golf, and camaraderie. Special thanks to Bob Littleton for the day on his boat fishing off Nantucket. At our business/house meeting the Brotherhood voted to return to Orlando, FL in October of 2017. I've done a ton of research and believe I have found the right venue for us. Details are below. ---Stan

## **Reunion Information:**

Dates: Friday October 13 thru Sunday October 15, 2017

**Host Hotel:** Westgate Resort & Spa, 10000 Turkey Lake Rd, Orlando, FL. I have booked a block of rooms and reservations should be made by calling 1-877-502-7058 and reference code 62295. The resort will honor our discount for three days on either side of the weekend for those of you who want to extend your stay in the area. The resort is located right in the middle of all the attractions in Orlando and is loaded with amenities. Please check out their web site for details. I have negotiated several different room selections for you to select from.

\$95.00 Studio Villa,-- king bed, sleeper, kitchen, whirlpool

\$115.00 Studio deluxe villa-- bigger, better

\$190.00 Two bedroom deluxe villa-- 2 double beds, king bed

All are plus tax and a \$12.99/day resort fee.

Please make your reservations now. The resort has a very liberal cancellation policy should a conflict arise. No charges with 72 hour notice.

I have also contracted with some area restaurants for dinners on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings as well as our annual Brother house/business meeting on Saturday morning.

Everyone, even if not attending Please RSVP which will serve as a test to ensure you are getting this mail. Those attending please give me a heads up on your plans. If you are attending please forward me \$15.00 per Brother for reunion expenses.

Looking forward to seeing all of you there. Fraternally, Stan Kittredge '72 399 Old Farm Rd Franklin, MA 02038 508-528-1107 kitco1@comcast.net

**Association Dues:** Dues for the Association are strictly voluntary \$10.00/per yr but please remember it does cost money to run the association and award scholarships. Whether or not you are attending the reunion please forward your dues to the Treasurer.

PLEASE if you receive a copy of this newsletter by U.S. Mail it is because I do not have your email address. Please forward your email address to me at: kitco1@comcast.net **Fraternally, Stan Kittredge '72 508-528-1107** 399 Old Farm Road, Franklin, MA 02038.

Try the website at <u>Phisig.atspace.com</u> Email <u>Stan Kittredge</u>