



# Phi Sigma Epsilon Delta Alumni Association

*Merry Christmas & Happy New Year*



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Fall 2025

## **SAVE THE DATE - June 12-14, 2026 - PSE REUNION**

This is your official notice, that we are planning on having another **PSE Reunion**, this one celebrating the 96th Anniversary of the Phi Sigma Epsilon Alumni Assn. at EIU in Charleston, IL. Many of you are probably aware of this through the different events that are storied below or from phone calls you may have received from me. There will **NOT** be a **Printed Mailing** going out this time. It has gotten too expensive, so a mass email to some 200 email addresses is also going out shortly. **I need for you to help me out though-please phone, text or email me, to let me know of your planned attendance.** I obviously cannot contact everyone in our PSE Alumni group. If you maintain contacts with Brothers, check with them about attending or at least being aware of the Reunion. You know, we're not getting any younger! It would be fortuitous to see old roomies, P.B.'s, or other Brothers once again.

**My cellphone or text number is: (217) 549-3687**

**My email address is:** [psebrink@mchsi.com](mailto:psebrink@mchsi.com)

**Location-** The U-Hotel-Charleston-same as before-block of rooms with a special PSE group rate. Please inform the

hotel of your affiliation with PSE when making your reservation. Their phone number is: **(217) 348-8161.**

**Friday night-Roc's Upstairs**-totally remodeled area! For our group ONLY-our own bar-tenders and hors d'oeuvres. **Saturday morning**-Golf outing at the Charleston Country Club-Jeff Moore ([jlmooore718@gmail.com](mailto:jlmooore718@gmail.com)) and Charlie Henry ([clh3@comcast.net](mailto:clh3@comcast.net)) are in charge.

**The PSE Hospitality Room** will be open Friday afternoon, and all day Saturday, if you just want to hang out, look at PSE memorabilia and visit.

**Saturday Evening-Reception and Banquet**-A buffet meal for everyone present, and best of all, the PSE Alumni Assn. is picking up the meal cost for everyone. Sorry, alcoholic drinks are on you!

**No Women's Program will be provided**, but we haven't forgot you! You will have your own special gift!

**Sunday-Head home after Free Breakfast (hotel guests only)** with lots of memories and renewed acquaintances.

## **A Change in Phi Sigma Epsilon Alumni Assn. Leadership**

After some 25 years of leadership at the helm of the PSE Alumni Assn., President Jim Luthe, (Farmdog, Farmie), has decided to step down from that role. Mind you, Jim had been threatening that for two or three years, and we were just not listening. Our "'lustrious potentate", (condensed down from Illustrious Potentate), as he occasionally and jokingly called himself, fully indicated that this was his desired intent, and that we should honor those wishes. It should be noted that Jim is dealing with some health issues that have fomented this decision. He needs to rightly address his medical prognosis without the burden of additional concerns within the PSE Alumni Assn., especially as we plan this upcoming Reunion.

With all that in mind, the PSE Board of Directors met on March 15, 2025, in the Phi Sig Archives Room, for our annual PSE Spring meeting. Those present were Jim Luthe, Gary Brinkmeyer, Dave Carrell, Dick Swing, Bill Betka, Wally Kos, Ken Dennison, Gary Kling, John Tate and Steve Houghton. We had a pretty busy agenda, but it proceeded in good haste, with multiple Reunion issues addressed and resolved, until we got to the New Business icon. We all knew that this is where we were to nominate a new PSE President. The single nomination for that position concluded, with the selection of Dave Carrell (with some trepidation invoked by him), but ultimately accepted by the PSE Board and Dave. With that concluded, we surreptitiously had planned to honor our outgoing President

with a token of our appreciation.



*Jim Luthe with his Award of Appreciation.*

The two pictures accompanying this article, show Jim with his gift of appreciation, a beautiful Rosewood and Brass

clock and plaque, that engraves the wording "Jim 'Farmie' Luthe" - In Grateful Appreciation of the TIME and LEADERSHIP You Have Given the PSE (Greek Letters) Alumni Association" with the PSE crest.



*PSE Board members L to R-Dave Carrell, Dick Swing, Jim Luthe, Gary Brinkmeyer John Tate, Ken Dennison (visitor), Bill Betka, Wally Kos & Steve Houghton.*

Our thanks go out to Mary Ann Carrell, for her invaluable work in getting this award ordered from a local Chicago-area company she has worked with. The second picture shows the entire group within the room that day, to honor and thank Jim for his selfless service to our PSE Alumni Assn. With the conclusion of that meeting, we adjourned to the Dirty's Restaurant/Bar to partake in a lunch provided by the PSE Alumni Assn., one of the perks that Farmie introduced, as a memento of appreciation for PSE Board participation.

## *Going through hell, And brother, it was worth it!*

by Steve Sandstrom - '84

If you are at all like me, you're grateful that smartphones and social media didn't exist when we were in college. Kids today tend to have few unexpressed thoughts. They can share and overshare on digital platforms, a reflex action that could subsequently haunt them on a job application or run for public office.

Recording stuff back in our day took some preparation and AV equipment. Unless you shot Polaroids, in the time it took film to be developed at the drugstore, some better judgment could sink in.

That said, I recorded a lot of stuff when I was a college student. With a pen.

I was a journalism major at EIU in the early '80's. A high school creative writing teacher had encouraged me to keep a journal, a habit I maintained into my senior year in college. Sometimes the prose was impressionistic, sometimes highly detailed. Really glad I did it. Looking back, it sure beats

trusting my graying brain cells, especially since they were so frequently under siege.

What follows are lightly edited entries from Hell Week for the Winter 1981 Pledge Class. My guess is many of the traditions had been passed down for decades. See what matches your respective perspective of what it was like to be hazed by a houseful of mostly friendly actives who'd been there/done that and come out alive on the other side. Re: revealing SFS (Secret Fraternity Shit), I distinctly remember telling the brothers during one of our Sunday night meetings that I may someday mine those college memories for a novel, so "tell me now if you don't want to be included." There were no objections.

Nearly 45 years later, with the national Phi Sigma Epsilon fraternity disbanded, I'm pretty sure that any statute of limitations has expired.





*White punks on dope. Winter '81 pledge class at a punk function in the meeting room, 1509 2nd St.*

### College Journal Entries

#### Monday, February 2, 1981

Last week was busy every night with fraternity involvement. Cleaning the house has really become a monotonous task because there's always a party, 4:00 Club, after-bars or active mess to clean up. Really sucks.

Thursday night I had just returned home with some of my pledge brothers when there was a knock at the door. There stood (Pawnee friend Steve M.), grinning with a suitcase in hand. He explained the reason for the surprise visit: He and (Lakeland coed girlfriend) Jill both had their community college classes canceled for Hostage Day.\* He had the night free to spend with us before going to Mattoon.

We made a beer run and tried drinking casually, but it was not to be. A rousing game of eat shit ensued with my housemates (Jim Montgomery, Jim Fechner, Brian S.) and Tony Weber after doing wake-ups that day. Where did he get the energy? Steve slept on the couch and left the next morning while I was in class.

We had a 4:00 Club Friday at the house, a heavily advertised rush event with Carman Hall. It was lame. Low attendance and I didn't feel like drinking. After I left, the Phi Sigs demolished the meeting room ceiling. It was a tremendous mess, a new low. But at least they had to clean it up, not us worms. We came home, all rather early, and Fetch wanted to celebrate the final showing of 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind' in customary fashion. It didn't take much on top of the beers. PB Clint (Spruell) showed up to make the evening more festive. Then around 11:30 in walks (more Pawnee friends) Gary N. And Mike D. They came over for a spontaneous short visit. I hadn't talked to them in quite a spell; perfect time to catch up. Partied out. Crashed around 1;30



*They clean up nice. At Tony "Sticks" Weber's wedding reception in the Newton KC Hall, October 2, 1982. Left to right: best man Darrell Hoffman, Steve Sandstrom, Steve Jamnik, Dave Harkness, Tony, Bill Patton, Clint Spruell.*

#### Thursday, Feb. 26, 1981

I haven't written for a weekend a half, but I've been to hell and back. And now I'm an active member of the Phi Sigma Epsilon fraternity.

The weekend before, Jim and I went home to Pawnee for a visit. His brother Mike chauffeured. My folks drove us back Sunday. I got stuff put away and fixed a meal before meeting time, which was going to be late. Tried to study the Greek alphabet in front of the TV but "Prom Night" was on and Jim, Jim and Ed (Kucaba) came by after their meeting and-can you believe it?!-wanted to smoke. I obliged and caught a buzz.

Up in Keith Heston's room we prepared for the worst.

When we entered the darkened meeting room, it was empty save for a cassette player. Apprehension mounted until it spoke to us.

"Bill up!" Bill (Patton) jumped to his feet.

"Any bitches or gripes?"

"None."

"Good!" Said the voice on the player. "You might be wondering why there's no one in here. Well, I'll tell you. For the third week in a row, you guys suck. BAD! You have only one way to redeem yourself. And that is to enter hell for a time not exceeding seven days. ... This tape will self-destruct in 10 seconds."

It went something like that. Then 'Highway to Hell' came blasting out of the speakers and the lights flipped on and the actives poured in smiling and screaming. I felt like a million bucks getting clapped on the back. Then my brothers and I left rapidly to get our week's supplies.

Within the hour we were back in the meeting room in our gym clothes. Laws were laid down. We were not to talk to anyone outside the fraternity. We were not to sleep. We could attend our classes but no extracurriculars. Then we started getting some exercise. I'm Reggie Rebound. The circus comes to town. Let's go duck hunting. Favorite

exercise? Have an apple. Cockroaches. Can-bomb following an air raid. Shoot-out at the Phi Sig Corral. Took a shower around 2 AM and tried to study. Didn't get any shut-eye. Played cards with Dennis (Pearson) and Yogi (Bob Grigsby). I was having fun.

Came home in the morning and had a delicious breakfast. Went to State and Local Government. My notes looked like shit. I kept nodding off. After class I think I napped in front of the TV but then snapped back to the Phi Sig house before my 2:00 test, so I was on edge and alert. Got a B. Monday night's fun and games began at 5:30 PM and ended at 12:30 AM. Wow, talk about a haze! Alka Seltzer, Wizard of OZ, brownies, worm closet cigar smoke, group push-ups, dirty luxes, pull-ups, attitude check, get some pussy, have an apple, bombs away eggs, thinking position. Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the meeting room, syrup and popcorn followed by shooting the rapids and a storm front. Jesus Christ. In the middle of the night I almost got some sleep but Pat (Clifford) caught me, and was a real prick.



*Brothers of the Heart. L to R, Rich Heineken, Marty Hanley, Darrell Hoffman (lower left), Steve Sandstrom, Tom Swank's hair, Bob Bethards, Keith Heston, Chris Sims (center kneeling), Tom Siesennop, ?, Dan Sullivan, Tim Leffler, Greg Cornille (drinking), Bill Patton.*

Tuesday I blew off Types of Literature in favor of 2 hours and 15 minutes of sweet sleep at sweet ol' Deann's apartment (Alpha Phi all-Greek sister). I didn't waste any time talking. I just hit her couch. She was totally sympathetic and woke me up at the prearranged time. A brief panacea in hell.

Back at 1509, I finished my house duties plus leaving Yogi and Jeff (Fechner)'s room spotless. Came home for a quick bite of supper, then it was right back for "fun and games" at the hands of Dave (Klemm) and Kurt (Lorenzen). Hard as hell. I was as weak as a kitten by the time we were blindfolded. Think about it. Trust your brothers. Don't break the chain. I was second to the last to leave the dark

side of the moon and hit the stations. Bruno (Ejankowski) down the stairs. The chair. The hammer. The hacker. The fall. The paddle room. The piss and the shit. The chapel. The end. We got a quick shower and then prepared for the last stage.



*Touc and his big brothers Fetch and Monte making faces at formal. Jim Fechner, the author (Steve Sandstrom), Jim Montgomery.*

I was certain that this was the night of activation. I talked to Clint and we were both just as certain that Bill was safe—he was our president. I left with Kurt, entered the meeting room and there was a line of actives. At the end sat President Carl Wolff and the charter. Pat stepped out on me for being surly and bitching at him that morning. In the alley was Monte and my crest. I was all smiles as Fetch appeared from the shadows and joined us. Came in to shake hands and meet my brothers. In the meeting room after, we ALL got together. Then we headed uptown.

At Mother's I was provided beer and then a double shot of Wild Turkey from my big brother. Bill Carpenter got to me later after I had circulated a bit. The last triple shot of Jack knocked me back. I do not remember leaving. I came home with Brian and Fetch and got into my housecoat, laid down for two seconds, then I was talking to the trashcan, tossing my cookies. (Greg) Larke, (Ed) Kucaba and some of the other actives came back and had a good laugh. "We should use this as an advertisement for the next rush!" Ed says. The rest of the week has been a walk in the park, a fucking vacation. Today was the best. I got a \$300 check from EIU in the mail, my Journalism student grant. Last night, Patty, Wendy, Terri & Carol came over and we played eat shit, 99, and pass the ace. It was a ton of fun. No more carrying the cane or getting signatures. I'm walking on the moon.

*\*A national celebration when the Iranian Embassy hostages were finally released. Google it.*



## *PSE Student Award - 2025*

When the Phi Sigma Epsilon Alumni Assn. first started this annual Student Award program in the Fall of 1991, there were obviously many more student candidates eligible for the monetary award. Many Phi Sigs had just graduated from EIU some 20 years earlier, and younger ones were still graduating. And of course, they were either married with kids, or just beginning families.

With the onset of the financial assistance program, we were typically experiencing anywhere from two to five or six candidates for the \$500 Student Award (maximum 4 years per student), with one year having ten eligible students. We had to cut back the originally-intended stipend of \$500 several times, because we just didn't have the funds from the accrued investments to do it. Things are much more stable now, and with the growth of the investments in the stock market, we find ourselves on a stable footing. In the beginning days, we celebrated these Student Awards, with the parent(s) inclusion, at a PSE Alumni Assn. provided luncheon for everybody in attendance. These started inside at a restaurant, but within two years we took those luncheons/presentations to an outside covered pavilion and a caterer bringing in the luncheon choices (the icing-slathered brownies were my personal favorite). That luncheon regime continued until we got to the time that there was only one PSE Student Award being presented per year. Rather than rent a pavilion for maybe a maximum of six people in attendance, my wife (Sharon) and I opted for just having the Student Award presentation at our home (inside or out) in Charleston. We continued the catering for a few years, but then just opted for me flipping some "Fluffy Burgers" (a local favorite). In 2016, Jim Fechner's daughter, Michelle, became the last child of an EIU-PSE (Delta Chapter) Brother, to receive the PSE Student Award.



*L to R-Andrew Pearson, Dennis Pearson, Rita Pearson, Alex Pearson, Gary Brinkmeyer & Sharon Brinkmeyer*

Fast forward now to a year ago, at this time of the year! The Fall 2024 PSE Newsletter contained a story about the rebirth of the PSE Alumni Assn.'s Student Award program,

when Andrew Pearson, son of Phi Sig Dennis Pearson ('80) and Rita Pearson, received the first \$500 Student Award stipend presented in 8 years.

We decided to again just host it at our home, but we did cater it (those brownies were still as good as I remembered). I tried to invite some local Phi Sig alums that still live here, but incurred previous obligations. I did however, have Larry Reed ('67) join us for the luncheon and monetary award, complete with pictures, that were featured in the Fall 2024 Newsletter.



*Andrew Pearson receiving his PSE Student Award from Gary Brinkmeyer.*

With the onset of the Fall school year at EIU and the receipt in-hand of the Student Award application for this year, it became incumbent upon me to fulfill the requirement of hosting a luncheon and presenting the second-year \$500 Student Award to Andrew Pearson. My old age must be catching up to me, because I took the easy way out this year and let a local restaurant do the cooking. There were only six of us, (Larry Reed, I found out, visits his two young granddaughters every Sunday at lunch-time), so I didn't include him. Besides Dennis and Rita, there was Andrew and his older brother, Alex, (finishing up a Master's degree at EIU), and of course, Sharon and me (Gary Brinkmeyer). Dirty's Restaurant and Bar had the perfect booth for the six of us, so we ordered our lunches, visited, made the monetary award presentation and had the obligatory pictures taken by our waiter. Those pictures are featured with this article.



*Phi Sigs Dennis and Gary and Sig Eps Andrew and Alex.*

We wish Andrew a successful second year at EIU. He is also a member of a local EIU fraternity, the same one that his older brother, Alex, joined. That fraternity is Sigma Phi Epsilon (Sig Eps). I have teased both boys, that at least they kept the same Greek letters as their Dad's fraternity, Phi Sigma Epsilon, for their fraternity, just rearranged them.

## *Obituaries*

### **Brothers Eternal**

The Phi Sigma Epsilon Alumni Association is once again saddened to report to you the death of a number of Brothers of the Heart from over the years. Let us however, take solace in the fact that we are better for having known them.

Thomas D. Swank  
Dwayne C. Chaney  
Gary L. Powell  
James J. Poynter  
George D. Vits  
Larry D. Mathews  
Gary D. Pope  
Dan J. Ryan  
Theodore J. Baer

Paul E. Anderko  
Terry M. Salem  
Tracy D. Lewis  
Gale E. Garbe  
Donald E. Arnold  
Richard L. Level  
Robert J. Bass  
Kim P. Snyder

## *The 53rd Annual PSE Camp-In*

Well Brothers, the 53rd Annual Phi Sig Camp-In, held on Sept. 19-21, 2025, is now in the history books. As usual, we gathered at the Whitetail Crossing Cabins in Findlay, IL (adjacent to Lake Shelbyville) at 1PM on Friday the 19th. When I say we, I mean Dick/Barb Swing, Tom/LaDonna Swanson, Gene/Sue Everett, Mike/Chris Ellis, Bob/Therese Kincade, Dave/Mary Ann Carrell, Jeff/Rhonda Estes and Gary/Sharon Brinkmeyer, as well as the Phi Sig attendees who came by themselves. Those Brothers included Boone Chaney, Rick Tate, Scott Hahn, John Ziebarth, Jerry Nyckel, Duayne Nyckel and Charlie Henry. On a sadder note, we were missing two other Brothers, who are both dealing with medical issues, that precluded their attendance. And we really treasure and missed both of those PSE Brothers. Paul Klopfenstein was our early alarm clock, with his early penchant for the Joe startup (early coffee brewing

wakeups), while our recently stepped-down PSE Alumni Assn. President, Jim Luthe, sadly had to miss this Camp-In, due to his own medical issues, as well as those with his wife, Sue, a former Alpha Gam at EIU. As usual, Jim was only thinking about the loss of his fish deep-fryer for our group, instead of his own welfare. He did provide a clue for the search for another cooker, and as fate would have it, we did find one that Tom Swanson had, and did bring down for the infamous Saturday night fish-fry.

With our 1PM arrival at the cabins that we had rented, everyone pitched in to help all the newly arrived attendees move into their assigned room accommodations. As usual, I try to assign rooms according to previous assignments and physical limitations, which we are all feeling more as we age.





*L to R-Rhonda Estes, Duayne Nyckel, Gene Everett, Sharon Brinkmeyer, Bob Kincade, John Tate& Scott Hahn.*

Everyone brought their individual coolers, replete with their favorite brews and set them up on the porch of our main cabin, a 5-bedroom unit with a large kitchen, dining room and living room complex, and upper/lower level bathrooms. Under a canopy porch roof, the coolers assumed their outdoor residence, while we loaded them up with ice from the cabin office. When I checked into the cabin office at 1:10PM, it had not rained in our midwest area for almost 6 weeks; I mean no rain at all! For the 10 minutes that I was gathering all the keys for the assigned rooms, it poured hard rain for about 10 minutes, and then was done until we got a bit in the late afternoon and more overnight. The temps settled into the 60's-70's for most of the rest of the weekend we were there. PERFECT! Even so, we set the AC at about 70-72 degrees in most of the units. For the rest of the afternoon, we just visited and imbibed the chilled beverages. On Friday nights, we have traditionally all brought our own different kinds of meats that serve as the centerpiece of the different evening meals, cooked on the Weber Kettle grills. To complement those different meats, we offer up the choices of all the different salads, casseroles, desserts and fresh vegetables that everyone has provided. It is always welcomed by everyone too, who relish (no pun intended) the idea of enjoying other's meal offerings to go with their own meat dish.

After enjoying the evening meal, the approaching sunset

beckoned us to get rid of the accumulated firewood, decoy scraps and miscellaneous other wood entities that we brought to the fire pits. Some of that wood did indeed warm up the atmosphere and the satiated friends sitting around the continually stoked fire. The warm heat radiating from that pit opens up the conversations of those sitting around the fire pit, while others meandered into the main living room to keep up with the ongoing Friday-night college football games on the TV.

With Bob Kincade picking up the coffee preparation duties, the wafting smell soon awakened everybody to the Sat. morning Joe cafes. And to go along with the coffee, the preparation of the early breakfast entrees was already underway. You see, that was necessary, because there was a crew of golfers going out for a 9AM tee time start, and the Eagle Creek course is an added 20-minute drive. The usual breakfast casseroles, pastries, Ellis sausage, OJ and other drinks, complemented the still-brewing coffee reserves. A crew of Brothers and gals cleaned up after everyone, while others left for personal cleanup, or as Jellyfish used to say "Chit, Chower and Chave" duties. With the breakfast satiation making for the lazy's, a beautiful morning beckoned us to fill up the portable chairs on the covered porch and visit. With 26 different Brothers/wives present for the weekend, you had to mix and mingle to catch up on the lives of everyone since the 2024 PSE Camp-In. And later, Dick & Aggie Christman, and Chuck Titus & Elda Ueleke stopped by in the early afternoon to share in the evening Fish Dinner meal.



*After dinner discussions!*

With the weather being as good as it gets (especially this



summer), everyone was partaking in the various conversations going on, with stories of travel, family/grand-children and other stories since last seeing each other a year ago. The hours flew by, with the help of the beer, wine and mixed drinks, and the football games on the TV's. The golf crew had returned, with complaints of all the deer poop on the course, and the rigidity of the dried-out greens, leading to a good/bad bounce, depending on your circumstance.



*Lunch is served!!*

Late afternoon found the weather turning into a heavy-enough rain to chase us under the porch canopies to get the fish fryers going. There are usually 6-8 people assigned to fish frying duties, mostly traversing in and out of the #3 cabin with fish just having been seasoned, going out to the fryers and deep-fried fish coming into the kitchen. The deep-fryers are usually managed by their owners, that being Gene Everett and Tom Swanson, who were assisted by a group of 2 or 3 per fryer. Another large group of gals were handling all the fish filet preparations for the fryers, using Sue Everett's famous recipe. Everyone else was setting up the large dining facilities with all the food goodies that were still left from the Friday dinners. That included more salads (potato, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, lettuce/veggie salads etc.), wonderful fresh tomatoes from Ohio (Mike Ellis), desserts, Dave Carrell's corn-on-the-cob, and his Apple Crisp (killer taste/sweetness). There is always too much, but much of it goes home on Sunday morning to various

households, so as not to feed the local fauna that are on the prowl, following their noses.



*Layout of kitchen, dining room and living room, complete with occupants.*

With the meal preparations completed, everybody sat inside around the table, or on the sofas/sofa chairs, or outside on the picnic tables, as the rain had subsided. With all the fish that Scott Hahn and Gene Everett had contributed, there was plenty to go around for a couple of rounds, and still leftovers that were divided up Sunday morning. With everyone getting their caloric intake satisfied, it was time to set up the fire pit to rid ourselves of the rest of the wood and visit as the dark settles in and the shared conversations begin. We used to sit around and tell jokes, but sadly, we can't remember them or the punchlines anymore, although a few emanate from time-to-time. Sharon Brinkmeyer usually gets the fire going, followed by any number of people feeding it more wood or stoking it to maximize the flames and wood consumption.



*Deep frying fish in the rain under the canopy roof.*

Of course, as soon as everyone gets seated, the I-phones all pop out to proffer everyone their varieties of contents,



mostly being shared amongst those around the fire. This includes photos, phone messages, music, websites, emails and a myriad of other offerings. Gradually, the fire subsides into a glowing pile of wood embers, with the last of the scraps being added. The fire was not the only thing subsiding though; with full bellies and the warmth of the fires and light jackets, the crowd began to seek the solace of a comfortable night's rest. And so it ended! By about 11PM the rush to our rest was about done and the coals were left to burn themselves out. Good-night all!



*Bellies full and sitting around the fire pit.*  
The early to rise Sunday travelers were eager to get on their

way, awaiting only to grab a cup of coffee from our coffee-maker, Bob Kincade. Some usually left before the breakfast entree was served, that being the Homemade Biscuits and Gravy from the Sharon Brinkmeyer kitchen. And, they are great! Even leftover, they are worth the messy effort to bring them home, and they go well with the Ellis-provided sausage again for the breakfasts. After the breakfast and cleanup, the earnest checking out of the bedroom units ensues, so that the various travels to seven different states can get started. Another great PSE Camp-In comes to a memorable end, until the next one gathers on Sept. 25-27, 2026. See you there!

### *The Annual Summer Phi Sig Golf Open - June 23, 2025*

June 23rd, 2025, was officially the second full day beyond the summer solstice, that being the beginning of the days of summer. And that June 23rd turned out to be a brutally hot and sticky humid day, with early morning temps already in the 80's and rising, along with the humidity. This year's golf outing was again at the Turtle Run Golf & Banquet Center/Snapper's Bar & Grill, on the northeast side of Danville. By the Noon tee-time starts, the group of 18 (16 golfers, 2 cart-riders) had gotten their fill of an earlier breakfast in the adjacent to the pro-shop eating area. The meals were all custom-made and readied for everyone one-by-one, whilst the Brothers were all picking out their drinks of choice, mostly Gatorades (for electrolyte replenishment) and multiple water bottles. Thanks also to Terry Rienbolt for providing the insulated cooler bags for each golf cart's riders. Those golfing today were Bill Brown, Tom Swanson, Jeff Moore, John Tate, Larry Baker, Terry Rienbolt, Rick Ratliff, Dick Swing, Tom Brown, Darrell Brown, Gary Kling, Glenn Hoyt, Steve Kiraly, Dave Carrell, Joe Fournier and organizer Steve Houghton. In addition, there were two official cart-riding photographers, Robin Wills and me, Gary Brinkmeyer. We shared a golf cart, but he is the better photographer, with a better camera phone too.



*Gatorading up before hitting the heat!*

After all the foursomes had teed off, Robin and I hit the cart path, randomly seeking out groups of our foursomes and trying to get some action and grouping pictures. Because the staggered foursomes moved along at different rates, we were obliged to take a few pictures and then move on to find the next group. We got turned around a few times, coming upon a group we thought was ours, only to find



them to be a straggler group that was passed over by one of our foursomes. While waiting for our groups to appear, we parked our golf cart under the shade of a tree and drank some Gatorade to replenish our lost sweat. We surmised that if we were that hot just riding, parking and then taking some pics, imagine what it must be like out there in the direct sunlight and sticky heat. Unfortunately, we would find out later, exactly how that premise would play out. I don't recall at what hole of the 18 holes, we packed it up-we spent a lot of time trying to find the different foursomes, unknowingly finding out that some came in early and some were still finishing up. Everybody was cooling down in the outdoor covered patio beneath the overhead fans with the cooler bags that TR had provided for the carts. There were a lot of different cold drinks being imbibed, from beer to Gatorade to water/ice and mixed drinks of many varieties.



*Golfers-start your engines!*

Lots of conversations and cheap talks were going on amongst everyone present, many of them exclaiming how frigging hot it was out there.



*The Browns-Darrell & Tom!*



*Nice bag! I mean Swinger's 75th birthday Cubs golf bag!*

One conversation that wasn't going on very fluently was between several guys and Glenn Hoyt (Whipper). It quickly got more concerning when he slid down his chair, with his head back and his answers to our questions indicating he had a problem. I think it was Swinger who first observed some tell-tale overheating symptoms, and we all kind of went into overdrive. We got the ice from the cooler bags and the towels and made cold packs to put them on Glenn's neck, wrists, top of his head and forehead, whilst we were asking him what he was feeling. This went on for a bit, before he did start responding to questions, but still not to our complete satisfaction. A gal from the indoor bar & grill came out to check on us and after conversing with us, decided that Glenn needed some ambulance help. They showed up within 5 minutes and took over our efforts for a little while, before finally rolling out the gurney and placing him in the nearby ambulance. They sat there for every bit of 90 minutes, before finally driving off for the hospital ER. I had to get going home, so I had Tater & Darnell keep me apprised, which they did. Turns out that Glenn did have a heat stroke, which was exacerbated by being dehydrated. Although that sounds counter-intuitive he was drinking too much water, but not getting the electrolyte replacement that his body required. The last foursome, which Darnell was a part of, finished all the 18 holes, but admitted it was a struggle near the end. He arrived off the course, to see the problems that Glenn was experiencing and was obviously



concerned. After I got home, Darnell called me to apprise me of all the details concerning the ongoing efforts at the ER. Glenn texted us later, saying that he was better and that he was staying overnight in a motel as planned. We are all grateful that everybody's efforts resulted in a complete recovery. After all, Glenn was one of the four golfers who played two months later in Scotland in August. That story, as written by Steve (Darnell) Houghton, is also a part of this Fall 2025 PSE Newsletter.



*Foursome-L to R-Rick Ratliff, John Tate, Terry Rienbolt & Larry Baker!*



*Foursome-L to R-Gary Kling, Joe Fournier, Steve Houghton & Jeff Moore ( in cart)!*



*Golf group-L to R-Dick Swing, Bill Brown, Gary Kling, Steve Kiraly, Rick Ratliff, Darrell Brown, Steve Houghton, Dave Carrell, Tom Brown, Gary Brinkmeyer, Joe Fournier, John Tate, Larry Baker, Jeff Moore & Terry Rienbolt. Missing from picture was Tom Swanson, Robin Wills and Glenn Hoyt!*



*Recuperating after golf in outdoor covered patio are L to R-Tom Brown (hat), Tom Swanson, Dave Carrell, Terry Rienbolt, Larry Baker & Rick Ratliff!*



## Phi Sigs in Scotland

By Steve Houghton – '79

August 9-19 of 2025 marked a bucket-list trip of a lifetime for 3 brothers: Glenn “Whipper” Hoyt, Rick “Tater” Tate, and Steve “Darnell” Houghton. Darnell was the spark for the trip, having the seed planted by a suggestion from his father some 40+ years ago. Once committed to the idea he used his Facebook page (PSE) to ask if anyone else was interested in going. Whipper and Tater both got on-board quickly. Whipper has had extensive travel experience and we were fortunate to have him as the driving force and contact man for the trip – hooking us up with Hiddenlinks.com – a company that does these types of trips. From origin to trip, it was about a year in the making with everyone contributing ideas and opinions. A fourth player was desirable to fill out a complete “foursome”... Luckily, Steve has a neighbor and former teaching colleague who fit the bill perfectly. Mark Lindvahl (69, the youngster on the trip) was late 70’s EIU grad, in fact Steve and Mark knew each other from having lived at Thomas Hall! (*Is it too late to send a bid?*) As a low single-digit handicapper Mark fit right in with the golfing expertise of the other three! (insert eye rolls and LOL)



The group flew over from Chicago, (Whipper had flown up from St. Louis) on the same American Airlines flight to London. Turns out Hell Week was a preview of the first day – up in the morning but not leaving Chicago until 6pm, overnight flight to London, a connecting morning flight to Glasgow in Scotland, an hour drive to the hotel (pictured here), lunch and then walking (with Caddies) 18 holes at Western Gailes Golf Club. WGGC is a true links course, 9 holes along the sea & 9 holes just inland from those, bordered on the landside by train tracks. So, 4000+ miles of travel over 2 days and walking 6-7 miles for our round of golf – on no or very little sleep! Not sure what the official hours count was but getting up on the morning of the 9<sup>th</sup> (USA) and finally going to bed the



evening of the 10<sup>th</sup> (Scotland) made for a LONG day(s)!

Exhausted, we got a good night’s sleep and tackled Prestwick on the 11<sup>th</sup>, and Royal Troon on the 12<sup>th</sup>. Prestwick was the original home of “The Open” – the first one in 1860 and then the next 28. It is no longer a part of the rotation, having been dropped in 1925 – because of limitations of the property. On the 12<sup>th</sup> it was on to Royal Troon which has hosted the British Open 10 times - first in 1923, and most recently in 2024. Prestwick is noted for the uniqueness of



MANY of their holes and the number of blind shots required. Having caddies was absolutely essential on this course. **Note:** Darnell eagled the 18<sup>th</sup> at Prestwick, a drivable Par 4 playing 254 from the senior tees that day. Drove the green and made a 9’ putt (see pic)! There is video evidence and this picture...







Royal Troon was much more wide open and muscular course and easy to envision as a major tournament venue. Troon featured the famous “Postage Stamp” par 3, only 105yds long (the shortest in any Major) – it was insidious!! Darnell was the “low man” with a 3-putt bogey 4. Tater took a tour of the course and rough, while Whipper took an indeterminant number of swings (and possibly a hand wedge) to escape the “Coffin Bunker” just to the left of the green. There IS video evidence! The bunker is probably 8 x 25 feet, and almost 6 feet deep with near vertical sides! Hence the name – you’re dead if you hit it there!

The 13<sup>th</sup> was a travel day to St. Andrew’s by the van (and driver) provided by Hidden Links (our tour company). We VERY wisely had decided to have ground transportation provided, rather than renting a car and risking death daily by driving on the WRONG side of the road!



Upon arriving in St. Andrew’s we checked in to our accommodations which were only about two blocks from the R&A Clubhouse, then found neat place for dinner overlooking the Old Course and sitting atop The Golf Museum. After dinner we walked down to the “Himalayas” putting course. It is just what the name sounds like – a HUGE green complex with mounds, dips and swales some as much as 4-5 feet! It was great fun!

On the 14<sup>th</sup> we went south of St. Andrew’s maybe 15 minutes to play the Castle Course at St. Andrew’s. A newer layout built in 2008, it was spectacular! Situated on higher ground that sloped down to the water, there were views of the North Sea from



virtually every hole. The only inclement weather we encountered hit us as we finished up on 17 & 18 with WIND and sideways rain! Still a great day! We all agreed that we’d have been disappointed (a little) if we hadn’t experienced a little of the famous Scottish weather we’d been anticipating!

The 15<sup>th</sup> was Kingsbarn’s Golf Club, just a little further south than the Castle Course. Very much similar terrain and views – and every bit a Championship Course. The Alfred Dunhill Links Championship is held every year concurrently



on 3 courses: The Old Course, Carnoustie, and Kingsbarns. Unfortunately, Darnell fell ill by the turn and did not play after the 12<sup>th</sup> – just rode in a cart and harassed the others. Failure to take his daily meds that day, along with dehydration was the eventual diagnosis. Down for the night, Darnell rallied well enough to make the trip to Edinburgh the next day.



The 16<sup>th</sup>, a much needed day off from playing – but, we scheduled trip by cab, then train (it was easy) into the historic city of Edinburgh to see the “Royal Military Tattoo” (Google it). This was the 75<sup>th</sup> year of the Tattoo, which is a “Pipe and Drum” performance by bands and groups invited from around the world. Held only in August each year in a stadium (cap. 8000?) built just outside Edinburgh Castle. It was SPECTACULAR! Google it, there are



plenty of videos available – words don’t adequately describe it. We got to the city by late afternoon and walked through the annual Arts Festival (also in Aug.), to find a place to eat before the 9:30pm show. Caught the LAST train back north, and a cab back to St. Andrew’s and fell into bed. Glad we made the effort – it was worth it!



The 17<sup>th</sup>, was Carnoustie – or, CarNASTY as many have called it! Also, a current British Open course, most recently in 2018. Famous for its difficulty if the weather and wind turn bad, we had perfect conditions and enjoyed our experience there.

One constant throughout the trip was our appreciation for our caddies, their experience, good nature (which was tested by some of our shots), and the stories they would tell. I am sure that WE are now the subjects of a couple of stories in their repertoires now!

The 18<sup>th</sup> was SUPPOSED to be our day to play The Old Course, but there was no guarantee – which was explained by our tour company. There are several ways to get on – which the company applied for (as a group) – none of which succeeded. The demand is SO high, it is literally like a lottery system – they call it a “ballot”. The last resort was to put our names in the draw individually, and Whipper was 1 of only 4 people whose name was drawn for an opening that next day! So, he got to play



**THE OLD COURSE** and we all went down to watch him tee off and take pictures! Glenn was very happy carding an 83! (Pictures: Tater & Whipper at The Jigger Inn, just off #17 on The Old Course, and Whipper on the 1<sup>st</sup> Tee at the Old Course)



We returned on the 19<sup>th</sup> flying out of Edinburgh to Philadelphia, where Whipper took a different flight back to St. Louis while Tater, Darnell and Mark flew into Chicago O’Hare and used Darnell’s work connections to use Peoria Charter’s van service back to Kankakee (Tater) and Danville (Darnell & Mark). Truly a bucket-list trip!!





## Celebrate Brotherhood Fishing

By Gene 'Carrot' Everett –'71

Several years ago I was introduced by my son Brad to an area I had always wanted to fish, the Louisiana Delta. Jeff Estes (aka Friskie) and I shared a conversation and added it to our bucket list. After 3 years of talking this past October we finally pulled the trigger. We found two more brothers, Mike Ellis and Dick Swing, in the group and made plans.



*Friskie and his BFF (fish)*

Our plans called for meeting at the New Orleans airport on Monday, October 27th, renting a car, and driving to our destination in Leeville, La., the Cajun Resort of Leeville. It seems every plan has a hiccup and this one was more of a giant belch. Forty eight hours before we were to meet, Mike Ellis received word his daughter-in-law was in the hospital and was in serious condition, so he had to cancel. Our group was suddenly reduced to 3. We felt horrible about Mike's situation but we continued onward. Somehow 12 hours before departure Swinger picked up a fourth person and he was able to get a flight on the same plane with Dick. Game on! Meet Ron Lynch, a long time Cissna Park friend of Swinger's and a perfect Phi Sig fit.

All of our flights went off without a hitch, we met at the airport and drove to our destination. The Cajun Resort was literally at the end of the road. When we arrived a man and women were skinning and butchering 3 alligators. We knew

we were in the right place. In a few moments we were unpacked and celebrating with drinks of choice.



*Not a bad day, eh!*

The next morning we met our guide for the day and left the dock at around 7:00 am. We motored through a Port that receives  $\frac{1}{3}$  of all the oil that enters the US. Soon we were sailing through marshy areas of grass fields and we stopped at a spot the guide knew would produce Red Drum, one of the most sought after fish in the area. It became obvious in a short time that it wouldn't take long to catch a 4-man limit of 20, which we did. The rest of the day was spent drinking and telling stories, getting ready to do it all over again the next day.



*Swinger and his BFF (fish)*

Unfortunately the next day didn't go as planned. A severe cold front came through and brought 30 MPH winds. Everyone was in a quandary as to what to do. Our guide canceled the trip so there we were dry docked for the day. Obviously we were disappointed, frustrated, angry,

and every other Phi Sig emotion you could think of.



*L to R -Jeff Estes, Ron Lynch, unknown, Dick Swing & Gene Everett.*

So we made the most of the day by driving into New Orleans and touring the WWII Museum, which we all loved. Lunch was at the Acme Oyster House and I think

everyone was pleased with their choices. We returned back to the resort to find 11 alligators being butchered, one was 10 feet long. That evening we were invited to a 5 course dinner on the house to make up for some of the hardships we faced that day, it was wonderful. On the menu was alligator and Redfish, among many other Cajun delights including warm apple pie and ice cream. The evening was finished off with more drinking.

The next day we packed our coolers with our take home fish, six pounds of alligator meat that was given to each of us and we headed to the airport in New Orleans. Swinger, Ron, and myself all ended up on the same flight to Nashville, which was my destination. Ron and Dick had a short layover and flew to Midway in Chicago. Friskie was the guy with bad luck, ending up with many hours of delay and not getting home in Florida until 1:30 am. He wants to go again, in fact all of us do. We have already made reservations for next year with a different guide out of Grand Isle, La. We've talked about trying to enlarge the group to eight and would gladly do that but it would take someone else to do the planning. The dates for next year are October 19-22, jump aboard.



## *The PSE Student Awards Philanthropy*

From the Fall of 1991, until about 2015, the PSE Alumni Assn. was intimately involved with the implementation and continuation of the PSE Student Awards program. This program offered a financial staple of \$500 to any child of a former Phi Sig (Delta Chapter) at Eastern Illinois University. An informational form (printed below) is required to get the process started and is required for renewal each year for the upcoming school year for a maximum of 4 years of PSE Student Awards. Send it back by June 1st, 2026, to the local address for the PSE Alumni Assn. That address is:

Gary Brinkmeyer  
910 Tenth St.  
Charleston, IL. 61920

### STUDENT AWARDS INFORMATION

Alumnus Name \_\_\_\_\_

Info.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

EIU Graduation \_\_\_\_\_ Years Attended EIU – 19\_\_ to 19\_\_

Pledge Class Year \_\_\_\_\_ Active Member – 19\_\_ to 19\_\_

Student Name \_\_\_\_\_

Info.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ EIU I.D. Number \_\_\_\_\_

Projected EIU Start Date (Semester) \_\_\_\_\_

Projected EIU Graduation \_\_\_\_\_