



## William Cameron Sinton

April 16, 1958 - September 6, 2025

William Cameron Sinton, 67, passed away on September 6, 2025. Left to cherish his memory are his wife of 36 years, Nancy (Swofford) Sinton, his two children Chip and Danny, siblings Debbi Cagney and her husband Patrick, Donald Sinton and his wife Janet, Bobby Sinton and his wife Amy, many nieces, nephews and grandnephews, and friends scattered near and far. In addition to his parents, William was predeceased by his sister Kelly.

Bill to all, Billy to many, Luke for a period, and Dad to two, he was born on April 16, 1958 in Castro Valley, California, the first child of Donald and Patricia (Cameron) Sinton, two Bronx-born teenage lovebirds putting in their time with the US Air Force. His mother wryly joked this made him a “native Californian, whatever that means”, but after a quick stint in Grand Prairie, TX he spent his childhood in the Bronx (going to the New York Athletic Club with his father and Uncle Tom, learning to fish off City Island with Grandpa Cameron), then grew into a man on Laurel Rd in Ridgewood, NJ.

Bill was the oldest of five — Debra, Kelly, Donald, and Robert — and was raised in a lively house, across the street from even more beloved cousins and with oft-and-wistfully reminisced about child-rearing efforts put in by the broader clan: Aunt Audrey, Aunt Libby, Aunt Joanne, Aunt Sue, and Uncle Bob, Uncle Joe, Uncle Normie and Uncle Tom. It was a life of Easters, Thanksgivings, Christmases, christenings, baptisms, birthdays, baseball cards

(supplemented by a well-worn Strat-O-Matic set) and the occasional hijinks at Ridgewood High, where he also made a name for himself on the football and baseball teams. At 18, he left New Jersey for the University of Rhode Island, to follow Uncle Tom and his own father's footsteps into the "thrilling" world of accounting.

At URI, he traded tooling around the suburbs in a large, borrowed station wagon for beer runs and road trips in his legendary yellow VW bug (the Volkswagen Type 1). He also added to a life defined by a large and loving family an extremely tight-knit friend group that would shape the rest of his years. Bressler Hall and long nights at The Willows turned into shared homes and travels together from Narragansett Beach to Long Beach Island to Vermont to London. No one will really ever truly know what happened in the endless summer of '80, but it continued for many more decades (where work friends and golf buddies were easily incorporated into the mix).

Work brought him to New York, and then back to Boston, where he fell in love with the Red Sox and got his first season tickets to the Celtics, and eventually down to Connecticut, where he fell in love with Nancy, the best thing that ever happened to him. In between, he found time to acquire an MBA from "the Kellogg School of Business in Chicago", which if pushed he might admit was housed in Northwestern University, a point of deep pride, and which paved his way from number-crunching at Price Waterhouse to negotiating and advisory roles in the hard-charging world of eighties to aughts Investment Banking. This career switch made great use of his ram-like pugilism (there was little more Bill loved than to point out a sign of weakness, describe something as 'leverage', or to threaten to walk away from a table) and his ability to research subjects deeply (or speak loudly about subjects that he planned to later research deeply).

Across Travelers (where he met his beloved wife), BancBoston,

TuckerAnthony, CNL, and his own independent shingle WCS Advisors, he found great success across too many deals to accurately recount. He was sought out for his ability to gild gold, paint the lily, or to provide hard-nosed analysis on valuation and operations, and his focus on the restaurant industry later in life helped put food on the table and added more insights to his menu of anecdotes. Driving America's many highways, he never let passing a Ruth's Chris, an Applebees, or an Uno Pizzeria go uncommented.

To hear him tell it though, his career was only ever in service to his personal life — good friends, his parents and siblings, and the family he built with Nancy. He was a generous man, quick with a gift and most fond of long stories bragging about his two children, William Cameron “Chip” Sinton II and Daniel Joseph Sinton, raised first in Cromwell CT and Sudbury MA and later in Orlando FL. He bequeathed to them his deep love of sports, though his loyalties were as itinerant as his life: the NY Giants transforming to the New England Patriots, with a touch of Buccaneers in his later years; the Mets turning into a brief flirtation with the Cubs and a lifelong love, through ups and downs, for Fenway Park and the Red Sox; stories of the Celtics and games at the Garden giving way to season tickets for the Orlando Magic; a playful anti-'soccer' patriotism inherited from his own father fading into a fanaticism for 'football', the Premier League and an allegiance to Arsenal FC in his final years, including a pilgrimage on bad knees and public transit to Hornsey Road and the Grove.

Bill did more than just watch — he was an active rugby player throughout his 20s, led his basketball team The Thundering Herd in his early 30s, ski'd Mt. Snow and beyond throughout his 40s, and then hung up everything except his golf clubs after. The Links shaped his life though, consistent across the decades. They were an outlet and an obsession, something to read about and, at points, practice near-daily, a way to take long walks with friends while

losing and having a beer (he did occasionally bring home fancy trophies too). Winning the green jacket with Ron Feldman at Oak Hill's member-guest, innumerable games at his beloved Nashawtuc, or finding a way in any conversation to bring up one of the crowning achievements of his time on Earth (a period as a member of Arnold Palmer's Bay Hill Club and Lodge), he truly loved the game.

Bill was a big man with an even bigger heart. He loved many things and he loved hard: Bruce Springsteen concerts and Broadway plays near the top of that list, known to deny visible tears to both Jungleland and Billy Elliot. He also loved dogs, most of all their bearded collie of 17 years Teddy Bear Sinton. After moving his family to Orlando FL, he became a fixture in the Lake Highland community, as a volunteer for debate trips, an audience member, or in the stands at football and lacrosse games. He had a gift for gab, stretching the smallest anecdote into stories that lasted as long as he could keep your attention. He talked endlessly about his beautiful wife, her passion for biking, yoga, and nature. The bursting pride with which he brought up his son Danny's state championship in lacrosse, you'd think he was on the field too. He retired to Lakewood Ranch, FL.

Whether down the shore on LBI, up in the green mountains of Vermont, next to his mother in the TV room or next to his wife watching the sunset right off their lakeview balcony, he always found time to relax. All can be confident in his final repose, his soul will find plenty of places to stretch out and watch over those he loved so much in life.

There will be two Celebrations of Life for Bill, one in Ridgewood NJ on November 1st, 2025, and one in Lakewood Ranch, FL on November 22nd, RSVPs can be made [here](#).