



James Mark Sinkway

June 23, 1942 - October 7, 2017

James Mark Sinkway, 75, passed away Saturday, October 7, 2017 at Tideland's Waccamaw Community Hospital surrounded by his loving family. He was born in Paterson, NJ, the son of the late Jim and Eleanor Sinkway. Jim was a loving husband and father, grandfather, and brother. He was a proud 1964 graduate of Wake Forest University in Winston-Salem, NC and loved following their sports programs. He was an avid Yankees fan and watched every game. He loved the ocean and the beach and enjoyed going on cruises. Prior to his retirement in Murrells Inlet, he was a senior Vice President of Real Estate for the JC Penney/Eckerd Drug companies. He was a devoted member and former trustee of St. Paul's Waccamaw UMC in Litchfield Beach.

Jim is survived by his loving wife, Karen, his son and daughter-in-law James and Holly Sinkway of Surfside Beach, his daughter, Debbie Sinkway Quinn of Naples, FL, his daughter and son-in-law, Rebecca Sinkway and Robert Archambeau of Myrtle Beach, his sister and brother-in-law, Lenore and Phil Ochs of Wayne, NJ, and by his 6 grandchildren.

A memorial service will be held at 11:00 AM on Monday, October 16, 2017 at St. Paul's Waccamaw United Methodist Church.

Memorials may be made to St. Paul's Waccamaw UMC 180 St. Paul's Place Pawleys Island, SC 29585 or Brookgreen Gardens PO Box 3368 Pawleys Island, SC 29585. An online guestbook is available at www.goldfinchfuneralhome.com.

Goldfinch Funeral Home, Beach Chapel is in charge of the arrangements.

Tribute Wall



“ *Jerry Sheldon lit a candle in memory of James Mark Sinkway*



Jerry Sheldon - October 15, 2017 at 06:07 PM



“ *With Deepest Sympathy Gift Basket was purchased for the family of James Mark Sinkway.*



October 15, 2017 at 02:41 PM

“ In the 3rd grade I met my longtime and best childhood friend, Jimmy Sinkway, who lived on Harristown Road, only a half block from my house on Highland Road. I recall he initiated the friendship, one day after school, with an invitation to his house for milk and cookies. Jimmy was definitely a wild kid and we had many good times and adventures together. He lived next to Streil’s Farm, which afforded endless opportunities for adventures. These included making ‘huts’ among the piles of food crates; sharpening and throwing knives in the huge barn; occasionally cutting tops off carrots for 50 cents a bushel.

We played sports. Jimmy taught me how to play baseball and basketball was a constant pastime behind Johnny Jenny’s Highland Road house.

We rode our bikes far and wide; once we took a 25 mile ride over the Ramapo Mountains to our summer house in Awosting, NJ, on Greenwood Lake, much to my mother’s chagrin (who we called to come rescue us when we decided it was too far to ride back to Glen Rock). There we smoked cigarettes on the pavilion by the lake while we waited for our rescue to arrive.

We played pranks, notorious among them was swapping door mats between neighbors’ houses. One time we got caught and were turned in to Glen Rock police officer, Neil Finn, who was a really nice man and eventually became chief of police. He was pretty easy on us. We called relatives and friends on the phone and Jimmy begged for “help” while I followed up with “I have just killed him, hee, hee, hee” and hung up. Needless to say, this really freaked some people out. Another time we ordered all kinds of stuff to be delivered to a friend’s house, including pizza, a Mack truck, a boa constrictor, and many other items. I don’t think the friend ever found out who did it.

Jimmy and I also were fire bugs, setting numerous fires in fields around Glen Rock. One time the fire we set got out of control in a

field on Streil's Farm and threatened to burn down a nearby garage. So in a panic we called the fire department and when the firemen arrived they joked – given that to them this was a small fire that they quickly put out – that our 'cookout at our picnic had gotten out of control'.

We were in the Boy Scouts together in Troop 16 in Glen Rock, where we were members of the Beaver Patrol. My brother Bob was the patrol leader who tried, with limited success, to maintain proper decorum. We enjoyed overnight hikes together to Camp Yaw Paw in the Ramapo Mountains.

We never tired of watching the New York Yankees play on TV, and relished the many triumphant World Series victories in the 1950's. One time we enjoyed a Yankees game at the old Yankee Stadium, where Jimmy taught me how to keep score.

We played pitch and putt golf together at the short course on Saddle River Road. One time we met Mickey Mantle playing there as well, and got his signature on our score cards: that was a big thrill.

I reunited with Jimmy Sinkway at our Glen Rock High School reunions (Class of 1960) the final one being our 50th class reunion in 2010. It was really good to hear about all the success that Jimmy had achieved in his life and to reminisce about all the good times we had together and our great friendship.

Rest in peace my dear, dear friend.

*Jerry Ash
Palm Coast, Florida*

Jerry Ash - October 15, 2017 at 01:57 PM

JN

“ *John Nydegger lit a candle in memory of James Mark Sinkway*



John Nydegger - October 14, 2017 at 03:56 PM

TI

“ *Tony And Dolores Mc Intosh lit a candle in memory of James Mark Sinkway*



Tony and Dolores Mc Intosh - October 14, 2017 at 10:26 AM

DL

“ *Darien Dietz Lauten lit a candle in memory of James Mark Sinkway*



Darien Dietz Lauten - October 14, 2017 at 09:51 AM

LS

“ *Love, Teresa Skinner purchased the Country Basket Blooms for the family of James Mark Sinkway.*



Love, Teresa Skinner - October 13, 2017 at 01:57 PM