

Don't Mean a Thing Sans Swing



Recognize this? If your first thought is “Sha Na Na,” the Woodstock-era doo wop a capella vocal group, you’re not far off. If, on the other hand, you ask “Who was Sha Na Na?” or —God help us— “What was Woodstock?” you are hopelessly un-hip. It’s actually Phi Kappa Psi, “all greased up and ready to kick ass.” The staged picture was taken outside the old campus police station. I can pick out about ten guys. How many can you name? Email and let me know. If you have a better quality image of this, scan and send that, too! Photo courtesy of Andy “Monk” Marcoux.

Non-Stop Bop So Best Not Pop

by Andy Marcoux

The 2018 Pop Top Open was again played at the Pinecrest Golf Course in Carolina, RI, on Sept. 8. We had good golfing conditions, with cloudy skies and temperatures in the low seventies.

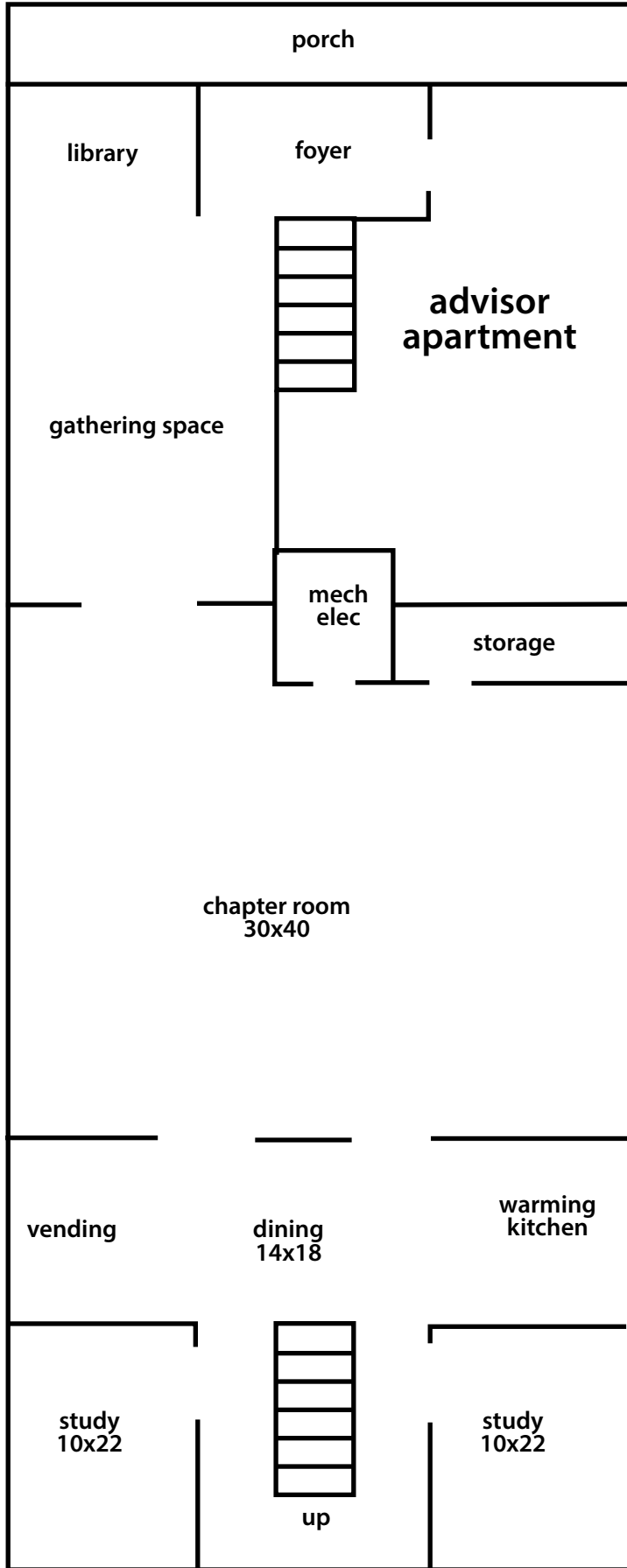
We observed a moment of silent for William A. “Bill” Bowers, who died in August. Over the years, some of Bill’s many contributions included AHC membership and organizing the Pop Top.

We had 20 golfers participating in this year’s event and everyone appeared to have a great time. To add more difficulty to the course, the teams hit from the customary white markers on the front nine but from the blue markers on the back nine, adding an extra 280 yards to the course. For the fifth year running, we had a

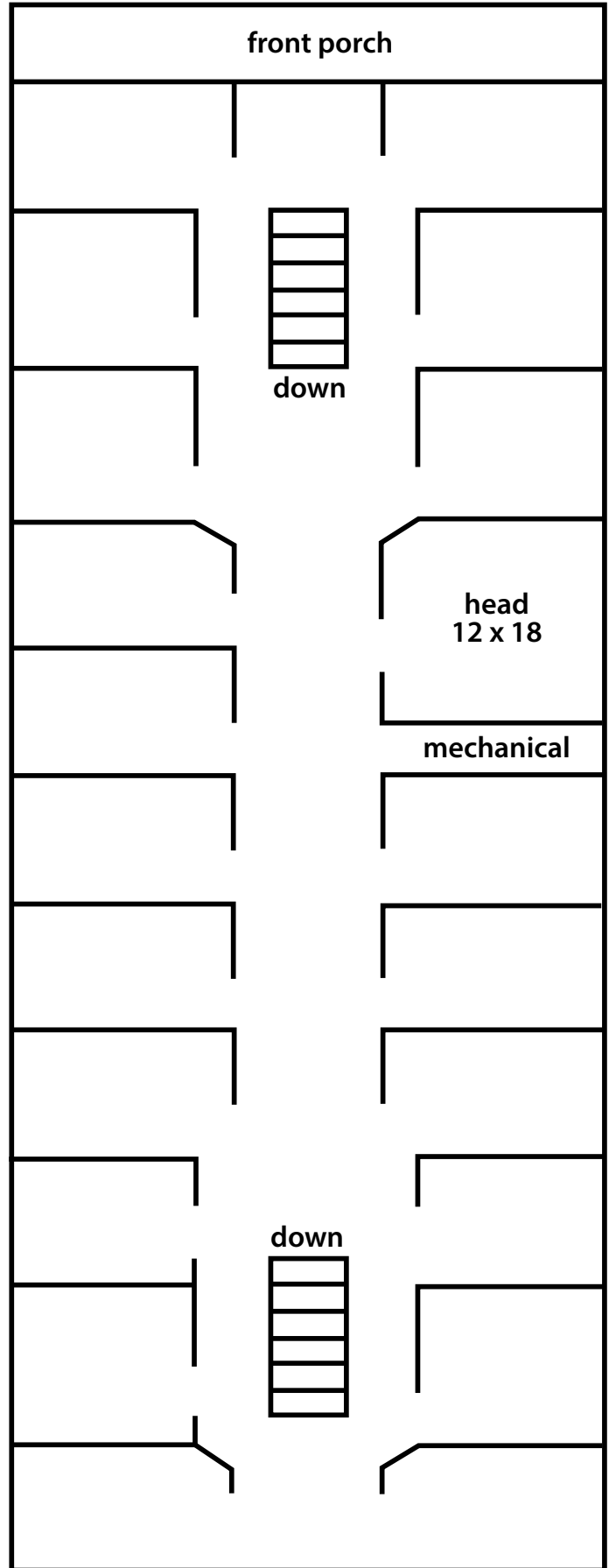
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New House Rough Plans April 2018

Re-rendered in Adobe Illustrator by Br. Booth #206. Errors possible. Residence rooms 17, single occupant at undergraduate request. Rooms vary 8x12 and 8x10. Not shown is patio option, on which future formal dining room will be constructed. Location under negotiation with university, which as of Founders (6 April) was not as expedited as could be desired, sources said. Original PDF files courtesy Pat Rossoni #260. Be advised changes may exist as you read this. The Link will update when possible.



LOWER



UPPER

William A. “Bill” Bowers III

William A. Bowers III, (Bill), 73, of Kingston, passed away Aug. 19. He was the beloved husband of Marian (Peirce) Bowers, and they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in June.

Born in Providence, he was a son of the late William A., Jr. and Virginia (Maguire) Bowers.

Mr. Bowers retired as the Assistant Director of Athletics of marketing and promotions at the University of Rhode Island. He was best known for his years of work in the alumni office and the athletics department. Other responsibilities included organizing events during half time of football and basketball games, organizing bus trips for away games, and was the contact person for URI Athletics Hall of Fame Dinners and was in charge of fundraising for golf tournaments. He was a graduate of the University of Rhode Island and was a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. He remained active with the fraternity on the local and national level for many years.

He was a passionate fan of URI Athletic teams and he enjoyed watching and supporting the four professional New England sports teams. He enjoyed boating, fishing, quahogging, and he truly enjoyed putting on clambakes for family and friends.

Besides his wife, he is survived by two children, Julie Previte and her husband Derek of Wakefield and William P. Bowers and his wife Leslie of Wakefield; four grandchildren, Jillian, Courtney, Mason, and Aubrey; and two sisters, Virginia (Bruckner) Zaroogian of Kingston and June Tourgee of Wickford.

A memorial service took place at the Kingston Congregational Church, 2610 Kingstown Road, Kingston, with burial private. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to URI Athletics c/o URI Foundation, 70 Upper College Road, Kingston, RI 02881.

COMM CENTER

From: Richard Kon <rkon29@gmail.com>
Subject: Re: Fw: Link Summer Issue 2018
Date: June 10, 2018 at 1:01:02 PM EDT
To: kalhbh@gmail.com

Hey Rick,

Glad to see you writing “The Link” again. You are such a skillful writer! I have always admired your vivid style and recollections of life as a RI Beta Phi Psi. Your article on the Bounce-a-Thon is terrific and your comments were special to me. Hope the newest Phi Psi undergraduates rebirth this again.

I have fond memories of the annual URI start of year social. This well-attended campus-wide Phi Kappa Psi hosted deck party with Minnow’s great music mix collection blaring out was a fantastic beginning to the fall semester. I am still amazed how cheap we negotiated kegs for that event, I remember one year we only paid \$17 per keg. And we still made money for our social funds despite charging only \$1.00 for all you could drink.

Hope all is well with you.

Fraternally yours
Rick Kon #198

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My Turn by Rick Booth



Stay Calm and Pass the Traffic

I don’t know about you, but my favorite part of this newsletter is the easiest for an editor to deal with. It’s the “Comm Center,” the unexpurgated, un-bowdlerized dumps of the e-mails I receive from alumni. There’s nothing for me to do. Not even format them. I just copy and paste, and slap the standing headline in Stencil military font over the top, and out they go. It’s not unlike catch-and-release fishing. All the fun of the catch, and none of the drudgery of guts draining over the cockpit if your boat. But there’s a catch.

If you don’t send any e-mails, there’s no catch. So there’s no release.

So far, I’ve been lucky. Each issue three or four brave individuals step up and update the brotherhood on their lives. Many of us are reaching retirement age, if we have not already. But not everyone. Whether you have or you haven’t, if we have yet to hear from you, I heartily encourage you to light me up at kalhbh@gmail.com, which is a change from my old address. That old address is officially dead—won’t work. So change your address book.

And keep those cards and letters coming.

Next, a sad subject which is no less deserving for its sadness. That would be, of course, the passing of Bill Bowers. Speaking for myself, I never dreamed Bill’s life would be so relatively short, and I feel sorely for Marian and the clan she is left to lead in Bill’s ever-so-untimely absence. Condolences to all of that house.

Third and last, some major shifts in the House of Booth. When last you left us I lived in Norwood, MA, my home of 20 years. We’re now living at 39 Mason’s Island Road, Mystic, CT. My phone—when I get one—will remain 781-414-6900. This puts me a mile or three closer to Rhody, and I hope to attend more Monday brothers’ meetings.

O’Booth...



Barrington, RI Police Chief John LaCross and Town Manager Jim Cunha. East Providence boys make good, by way of previous careers and stellar performance. (Courtesy Town of Barrington)

Lifetime of Leadership Lands PKP Dream Pair

by Rick Booth 206

In nautical parlance, it is customary to announce which officer (or non-com) has the “con” and the “deck.” Then everyone on the bridge repeats it, to ensure all understand. Thus, in Barrington, RI these days, they could be saying, “the Captain has the con,” and “Chief LaCross has the deck.” They don’t, but they easily could.

That’s because Rhode Island Beta’s own Jim Cunha is the town manager there, while John LaCross is chief of police, giving Barrington a firm Rhode Island Beta hand—by two of its native sons, no less.

Jim Cunha has the nautical chops, too: he had a long Navy career, retiring as a four-ringer, aka captain, before “taking the con” in town. With him stride-for-stride down the years was the slightly younger LaCross, with a stellar career in the RISP, Rhode Island State Police, retiring likewise as captain before accepting the gig as top cop by the East Bay.

LaCross got to Barrington first, by way of 30 years (give/take) in the Rhode Island State Police (RISP). I remember a hyper-calm, reserved and observant kid in college. John wasn’t too extensive or specific about his career highlights, but he punched all the right tickets and landed on his feet, exiting at the RISP number-two guy. Too young to give up the badge, he cast about and discovered Barrington was looking for a leader. Enter LaCross, stage left, and head-

ed straight for the glare of the leading Lekolight. Could he run his own show? He could, and what watchwords does he use?

Bill Belichick’s, as it turns out. “I tell (officers) just do your job,” John said.

In Barrington, he noted, the work that makes the most movement includes domestic violence, house breaks, and well-being checks on secluded individuals. His own cross to bear?

“Chasing and reading e-mails,” the chief admitted. No rest for the wicked, it seems.

Chief LaCross has two daughters, one married with two children, and the younger one betrothed.

Jim Cunha’s road to paradise took him cross country. A career short-side Naval officer, Jim rose through the ranks doing high-profile management jobs including running the Navy’s biggest brig, at NAS Miramar (“Fightertown,” of *Top Gun* fame) and NAPS, the Naval Academy Prep School in Newport, RI. He’s handled some huge budgets, with big staffs. What did the Navy give he that he uses daily?

“Leadership. Goal-setting. Accountability. Relationship building.” In other words, a career tailor-made for his job today.

Josie and Jim Cunha have two boys, an environmental scientist with the RI Department of Transportation; and a lieutenant in the “brown shoe Navy,” flying land-cased ASW aircraft out of Florida.

Not bad, for a pair of local boys!

COMM CENTER

From: Rich Hubli <rhubli@yahoo.com>

Subject: Re: The Link

Date: June 6, 2018 at 2:49:58 PM EDT

To: Rick Booth <kalhbh@gmail.com>

Reply-To: Rich Hubli <rhubli@yahoo.com>

Actually, I remember them pretty well! Here are a few thought starters you may think to use in a “Remember When” segment:

Thursday nights were THE night to party since half the campus went home for the weekends. Black and white theme, all had to dress in black, white/black mix. This included face paint by Tony Horton who did his mime thing.

Mud tag football followed by climbing the bubble in the rain. Then invading Delta Gamma to shower off the mud.

Blizzard of 1977 I think. Shutdown the whole NE and URI for a week. Somehow, we got to the package store in a 4 WD to fetch a keg. National Guard helos landing in the quad.

And of course Greek sing where Dave Gorgone drilled the hell out of us on “Breaking Up Is Hard To Do” and YES, we won.

Rich Hubli

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Hubli continues:

It has been a LONG time brother. Post 1979 after my BSIE, I did an MBA at URI.

Food and beverage industry (Maxwell House, Pepsico, Nestle Foods) then consumer products (Colgate Palmolive in NYC). Back to beverage with Motts which was part of Cadbury Schweppes for seven years. Short stint at a Coke beverage acquisition and then worked for a privately held natural pudding company on Long Island. That was sold and got into private equity in consumer products again.

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Pop Top Open Overview

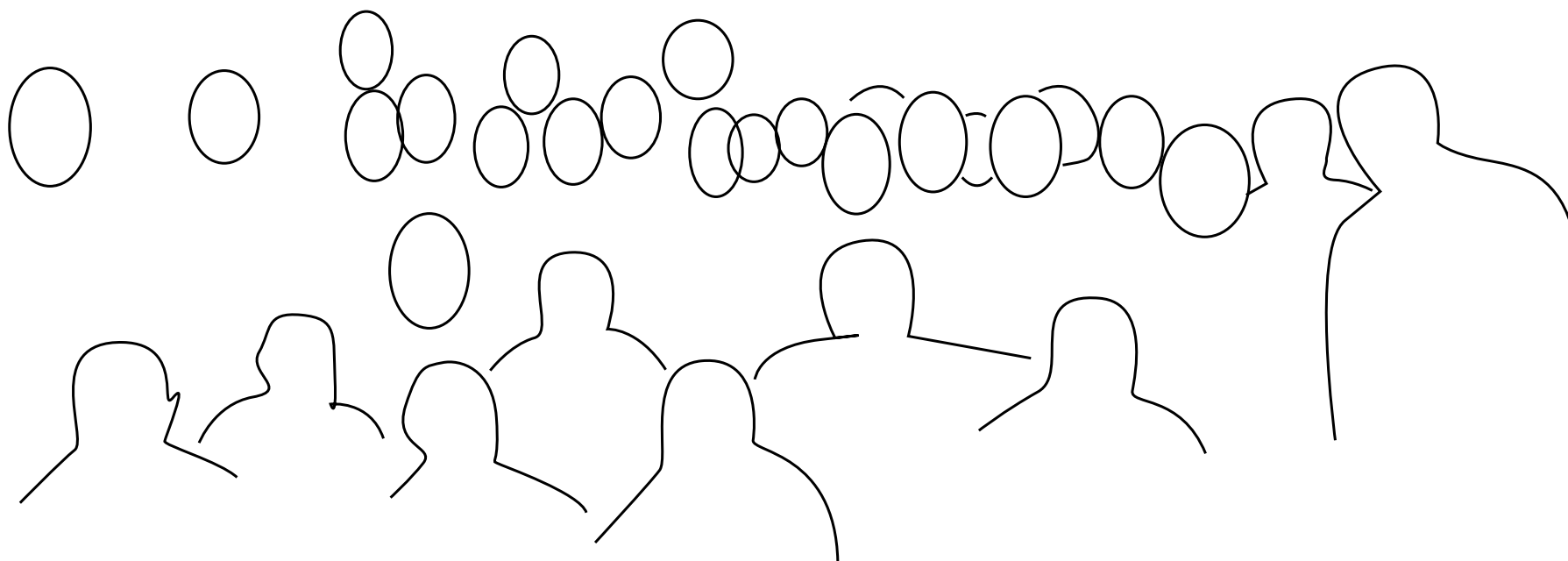
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new championship team of Chris Conti, Bruce Millard, Bob Millard and Steve Carter by carding a minus seven. Closest shot to the pin on the fifth hole went to Pat Clays (three feet) and Steve Zimmerman had the longest drive, on the third hole.

After the golfing, many enjoyed a few pops at the clubhouse and everyone feasted on a large selection of appetizers. Chris Conti, AHC President, gave an update on the the housing situation and stated that a new Phi Kappa Psi house may ready for completion by the early part of 2020. Architectural plans and paperwork will be submitted to the University in the upcoming weeks.

We hope more golfers are able to attend this event next year. Please make note that the date will be Sept. 7, 2019, the first Saturday after Labor Day at the same course.

Thank you, once again, to all the Phi Psi brothers and friends who made this year’s Pop Top Open a success!

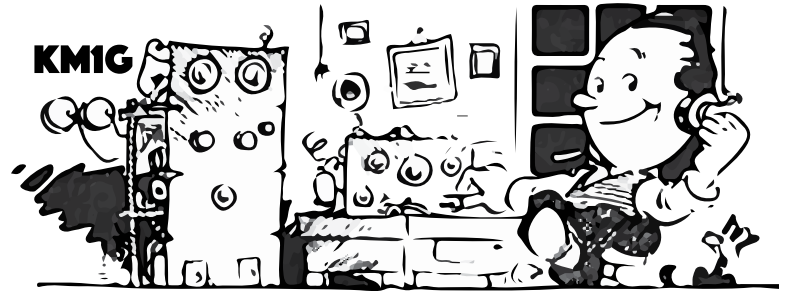


A Guide to Phi Psi Fossils Past and Present

Here's a game you might like. At top is an image I shot some ten years ago with a lower-resolution digital camera, at the club in Providence where we used to have Founders Day. It contains many of us—including some who are sadly across the bar, as mariners say. Others we may not have seen in some time, especially then-undergraduates. Underneath is a kind of crude digitized tempate for the faces. What's the game? Simple—and not. Take a pen and number the lower image; then list the numbers on a slip of paper (computer printouts are perfect), and mail them to me at 39 Mason's Island Road, Mystic, CT 06355. If you can engineer an e-mail (e.g. scanning the lower image, so I can match your numbers), send it to: ka1hbh@gmail.com. For you digital aficionados, PDF files are perfect for this job. —O'Booth #206

COMM CENTER

Where your mail still lives!



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All progressive operations and supply chain positions. Burnt out in early 2016. Took six months off to rethink going forward.

Started a one-man handyman LLC called Rockhouse Services to focus on older folks who still own a home or condo and need things fixed. Stumbled upon a FT Operations Manager role at my local not for profit library so I do that too!

Amazing I can summarize 50 years in two sentences. Great memories. Best Regards!

From: Chris Bowne <ajlg@sbcglobal.net>

Subject: Re: your college radio?

Date: July 6, 2018 at 6:59:20 AM EDT

To: Rick Booth <kalhbh@gmail.com>

[Answered question about ham radio in our fraternity room]

Heathkit Apache transmitter and the E.H. Scott SLRM receiver. Never operated the transmitter much because it tore up everybody's stereo and TV reception. Jim Zimmerman had a Heathkit HW-101 SSB transceiver, don't think he used it much. I recall we had a pair of inverted vees for 40 and 20 meters hung off the master TV antenna mast. Not the ideal antenna arrangement by any means!

I eventually gave the Apache to the URI ham radio club station W1KMV, which had a complete Heath SB line but it was stolen in 1969 before we were on campus. We had a small station set up with the Apache in the attic of Lippitt, and an 80 meter dipole set up between Lippitt and Bliss. The antenna was still there for many years after we graduated. Don't know if the Apache was used much at the club. I actually retrieved the Apache, which by then had been stripped of a lot of its tubes and probably other parts.

My original call back then was WB2ZPS, was WN2ZPS as a novice. My WB2ZPS call lapsed in late 1973 when I wasn't very active on the air. I reactivated when we were up in Saratoga in 1978 as AJ20, refilled and got AJ1G in 1980 after we moved back here in late 1979.

73 es Amici!



At my last job before retirement, I taught English at a Muslim private academy in Massachusetts. A collateral duty was school photographer, and of course founding adviser to the school's newspaper, twice chosen best in the nation for high schools under 500 enrollment. Not too shabby, I think. The job also produced some remarkable images, like this Sudanese senior who asked me to take a picture or two so she could shop for modeling jobs. That is her native costume from her tribe in the Sudan. The whole show was a cultural kaleidoscope.