



Cigar photo by Diane Evans

FAST BREAK: Brothers of Phi Psi and friends from WPRO bounced their way into Providence Tuesday to raise money for the American Cancer Society and to watch the Rams beat the Friars.

Scan of a photo from the 'Good Five Cent Cigar,' courtesy of Brother John Miller, #344. Recognize anyone? Tell me!

Foxhole Reports

A Kingston Peek

by Rick Booth, 206

When it comes to brother's meetings, the kids don't do it like we used to. From my observations, which I will judiciously herein describe, that's not necessarily a bad thing; neither is it good. It is different.

Naturally, I am proscribed from writing very much about the ritual—by the ritual itself. It should suffice in that regard to say only it is in caring hands. I was both impressed with its execution, and if I may be excused some hubris impressed with my memory of it. I hadn't witnessed the rites in 20 years at least, but had no trouble participating from memory. That should put to rest qualms, if there are any, in that quarter.

On to the taters and beef, I say. Like virtually every other English-speaking organization in the world, ours follows Roberts Rules of Order. But the Boys of Phi Psi today are part of the Information Generation, and they use tech to take it to a whole new level.

The meeting has had several homes. When I went it was in a large lecture hall in the Center for Biotechnology and Life Sciences, or CBLS. The classroom was magnificent, with a capacious teaching desk, tiered student seating, and not one but two electrically-controlled projection screens. That took some getting used to.

The meeting agenda was projected twice, once on each screen, showing a MS Word document in outline mode. The recording secretary (and, I think, vice president) modified them in real time. For instance, during nominations, adding the nominees under office sought. With the officer and committee reports kept on course by the outline, things swam splendidly. The whole thing was done in about an hour, without rushing.

In deference to the ritual, and because I had

Birth of the Bounce-a-Thon: A Seminal Chapter Moment

by Rick Booth, 206

As with everything else RI Beta, the Fossils remember the Bounce-a-Thon. For years, the undergraduates dribbled basketballs behind a rental moving truck with a hydraulic platform on the back for midflight entry and egress. We wound our way on back roads from Kingston to the Providence Civic Center (is it still called that?), usually for the Ram home hoop game against archrival Providence.

I've waited over 30 years to tell this story, but I was actually there, at ground zero, when the Bounce-a-Thon was conceived.

At the time, Phi Gamma Delta had gotten great press for its "Run to Brown," in which they relayed to Providence for, I think, the Ram-Brown football game. It raised money for, I think, muscular dystrophy.

Sitting in his room at 4 Fraternity Circle, Richrd Henry Kon (whose consecutive number I do not have), said out

loud to several listeners, "We should do something like that."

A listener goaded him, as brothers often do. Like what?

Kon just threw up a half-court shot. "We should dribble basketballs to the Civic Center for the Providence game, and raise money for cancer research."

Now, Kon had something of a reputation as an organizer, and was even called "Mister Organizer," though that was never his house nickname, never used as a sobriquet. One of the guys, I have no recollection who, said almost sarcastically, "Well, Kon, why don't you organie it?"

Not the kind of thing you said to Rick Kon—because that's exactly what he did.

And, as I recall, it wasn't easy. There was contacting the American Cancer Society, who of course were delighted. But it was quickly followed by a blizzard of details large, and only niggling: choosing a route, contacting the town council and cops in each jurisdiction for permission and safety coverage, arranging publicity, getting the truck and insur-

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Kingston Peek

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never attended a meeting with this iteration of brothers before, I did not bring my usually handy Nikon, or take any notes. But I heard one or two hopeful gongs:

- The brotherhood now has a Risk Management manager, or committee. I don't know whether this is mandated by Indianapolis, but it's a wonderful concept—*in wise, courageous hands*.
- The subject of social media came up, as in the dangers therein. Being informed on the subject, I reinforced that message in no uncertain terms.
- On the less hopeful side. They have a pink stuffed toy awarded at each meeting, by plebiscite, to the brother caught *in flagrante delicto* for the most humiliating episode. Some-

body joked to the effect that it goes to he who has, shall we say, the least attractive date. Hearing that, I hurled a thunderbolt, warning that should that ever become public—and *it will, I warned*—it could easily make national news and light up social media, with devastating effect.

So I got my licks in as the new old guy (with Andy Marcoux and Bruce Tavares), and was generally well-received. I'm looking forward to my next trip down, which at this writing may not be until autumn for a brothers' meeting.

We could use a little help on the Alumni Advisory panel. No election is necessary. And many hands, or more of them, make lighter work. If you live in Rhode Island, think about contacting Beast, Monk, or myself and we'll hook you up.



Steve "Big Mac" Macchioni #271, taken during Founders in the old fireman's hall in Providence (or whatever it was). As you can see, he was having a pretty good time, and why not? Is my memory playing tricks on me, or was Mac a star high school lineman on the team that our own Vinny Pratico scored a winning Thanksgiving interception in? I distinctly remember a fabulous picture of the INT in Vin's room in the seventies. (#206)



Sept. 8, 11 a.m.

**Pinecrest
Golf Club**



Another John Miller #344 treat, taken on the deck at 4 Fraternity Circle in 1977, probably October. That's definitely Steve "Boccacio" Angelone on the left (younger brother of Dennis); and I think Chip "Sea Dog" Slattery (older brother of "Sea Pup") seated center. But the others escape me, though I knew them all after graduating. Help us out by e-mailing IDs to ka1hbh@gmail.com. And send us more pictures, as well!



Looking Good So Far: the Link

In the film *Top Gun*, hot F-14 jock Maverick (Tom Cruise) meets even hotter techie Charlie (Kelly McGillis). During their banter, she asks him "how's your approach?"

"I'm not sure," he replies, "but it's looking good from here."

I'm reminded of those lines by the present state of *The Link*. I dunno where it will be a year from now; it gets harder and harder to come up with fresh material. But for right now, I'm having more fun than one man legally should—especially at my age! Technology and experience make me one big-ass Clydesdale pulling a pretty light wagon—with no pesky overseer!

Best of all, and this is critical, I'm getting boosts from my field agents: at this writing, John Miller and Pat Rossoni, each of whom sent me a CARE package of information. If everyone does that periodically, we can keep this baby hot, juicy, and relevant forever. So as the Boch family of car purveyors in my Norwood neighborhood says it: "Come on down!"

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Bounce-a-Thon

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ance, picking lieutenants like a driver and guys in back, getting basketballs (duh!). Briefly overwhelmed, Kon fought on, and eventually the whole thing came to be.

And what a grand time it was! I went for six or seven years, and once had pictures, but they disappeared with the ages. Fortunately, a couple survived in the archives of John Miller, #344, to whom *The Link* is indebted for the image on this page (and probably others in this issue).

If you have treasured pictures of Rhode Island Beta, you can do what John did. Scan the photos at 300 dots-per-inch and e-mail me JPEG files. I'll do the enhancing and the rest—though caption information is always helpful!

The Night RI Beta Roared

by Rick Booth, 206

Since launching this bruiser a couple of months ago, my mind has been spinning with memories of yore. Not that my memory is anything like it was twenty or even fifteen (or even five) years ago, but some things never fade.

Before moving on, what I have to say is an example of what I'm looking for. As Phi Psis go, I had a hell of a run at 4 Fraternity Circle: after I graduated, I was a fixture in the house for something like three or four years. I wasn't married, didn't even have a steady girlfriend for some time, and running with the undergrads was just such a blast. So, I amassed a pretty fair store of lore, and face-time with a broad array of our earlier (now older) brotherhood.

But mine can't be the only memories of days gone by. Surely, many of us have terrific stores of the salad days, and it wouldn't take much to jot down some details and e-mail them to ka1hbh@gmail.com. You'd be surprised what I can fashion from just five sentences. Don't worry about the writing. That's what I do, and I'll never let a brother look foolish in print—I'm the designated class clown, too, as well as being a serious voice for the Alumni.

One of my fondest, and recurring, memories occurred after I graduated, or might have jumped off my last semester (I was on the 4.5-year plan, like not a few). Kids customarily arrived on campus Monday and Tuesday before classes, and Wednesday was Hump Day—Phi Psi's

contribution to culture, in keg form. If you were there, you'll never forget.

My little brother, Charlie Scimecca #257, was campus representative for Miller Beer. He'd arrange for the tea barrels (younger men, we old timers coded libations as "tea"), in a big box truck. We cordoned off the whole backyard with snow fence, and the SKPD provided a couple of terrific guys including the inimitable Thadeus, whose last name I used to know.

Starting about dark, we opened the taps—and about 1,500 people partied deep into the night. We'd kill 100 kegs, easily. Many, many memories were made, and everyone on campus looked forward to the most popular get-reacquainted party of the year.

Times are different today, of course. The drinking age was 18, and I distinctly remember, more than once, standing amid that crush and thinking, "One spark, one beef, and this whole thing goes up like Hiroshima. And that'll be the end of an era."

It never did, though. The parties ended not with a bang, as someone wrote, but with a whimper.

I actually took time-exposed pictures of those blasts, and had the prints for a long time, but like the blowouts themselves they vanished over the years. The way things are, we'll never see the like again.

But they weren't the only memories. Our mind's eye each recorded the days differently, and yours surely holds some treasures your brothers young and old would like to hear. So drop me a note with some thoughts. I'll do the rest.

MEMORIES

Snapshots of days gone by. We need more—and better—to resurrect 'Meat's Trimmings.'

Memories of times gone by, snapshot and snapshots the remain in the mind.

- Great Boston Bruins teams, and hockey time was a serious affair for the boys in downstairs north: Reggie Bolton, Douglas Campbell Fahy, Tony Caromile, the wonderful Leach brothers George, Doug, and later Tommy (sadly later lost in a commercial fishing tragedy).
- Jim Zimmerman cruising the house, asking, "Bee one half H?" Meaning, "Want to play bridge for a half hour before class?" Jim was delighted I was a bridge player; little did he realize how awful I was, but I was always game.
- Ray Marshall and Don Schollin as a Jim Kiick-Larry Csonka backfield of house manager and steward. They brooked no nonsense, and knew what was going on. I remember at least twice, each had to brace Pledge Booth about house responsibilities.
- Images of both Gladys Stott (I think?) and Mrs. Brown, our house mother. Later, after Ma Brown retired, Bill Bowers (I think) arranged to have Claude English live in her apartment while he scouted for URI after leaving the Portland Trailblazers.
- The sign on John Duhaime's door: "Studying. Beware of back blast." He was pre-med, and made no bones about it.
- Speaking of pre-med, a gang led by Eddie Sammartino and Dave Dame took an anthropology class with me, taught by Professor John Senulis. I was lazy, but took *great* notes thanks to my Journalism classes. Eddie and Dave discovered this, and come exam time my precious notebook was missing—they'd absconded with it! I eventually got it back.
- The midnight raid on ADPi, when out of the assembled bodies strode Glen "Dutch" Stratton—in hunting camos, and wearing a toy army helmet with general's stars. Always laconic, Dutch gestured and shouted "Forward, men!" Classic Dutch!
- A brothers' meeting where Bob "Rocket" Rodier stood for two hours, wordlessly in the back, wearing a doughboy helmet with a bar magnet sticking straight up on the top of it.

What are *your* memories? Send to:

ka1hbh@gmail.com

ONE TRICK PONY



Beware the Twin Shoals

In keeping with a tradition I began last issue, I dedicate this space for a message from we alumni to the undergraduates. Pretty nervy, you say, O'Booth thinking he can speak for all of us. Maybe so, but that's editorial privilege for you, and if you notice I'm something of a one trick pony. I just (theoretically) disguise the same message with some literary legerdemain.

At the mouth of the Pawcatuck River dividing Rhode Island and Connecticut at their southern end by Fisher's Island Sound sits Seal Rock. It's infamous, for good reason, and a lesson I learned early, though not the hard way, but under my father's stern boating hand.

Seal Rock is an anomaly, segregated from shore in such a way the channel cuts unnaturally inside. The unwary can be lulled into thinking the nun (red) buoy has drifted off station, and be lured right onto Seal Rock. Thus the wise pilot must plot his course between the twin threats of the rocks ashore, and segregated seal rock. It doesn't look dangerous—but the veteran sees it for what it is. *Treachery*.

During the "best years of our lives," the precious, precocious undergraduate ones, a danger like Seal Rock looms.

Inshore lies alcohol. It is a deceptive distortion. I'm not a doctor, nor lawyer nor cop nor counselor. But I was a newspaper man, and I'm old, and here to tell you booze—*exactly* like salt water—will kill you outright when you're not looking.

So you had *better be looking*. Worrying about whether you are or not is the stuff that keeps alumni awake at night. Gives us nightmares, because what we've built all our lives can be gone in a single, ugly flash.

Now, as they say in Australia, I'll throw another shrimp on the barbie ("barbecue," i.e. grill). There's another threat, Seal Rock, and if you steer far enough offshore where lies booze, you can run afoul anew: women. Girls. *cherchez la femme*.

Here's a news flash from a grumpy old man, and a father, which is one thing I don't think undergraduates are...yet. College is not isolated from the real world, it exists in the real world, and today's world in one of #metoo.

My Turn
by Rick Booth



It seems to have calmed lately, but for a month and more last winter and spring powerful men were falling three at a time to allegations of sexual harassment and even various degrees of rape (women would dispute that "varying degrees," *and they are right*; I choose those words to distinguish the circumstances which often give rise to such accusations).

True enough, accusations against a Phi Kappa Psi chapter were found false, thanks to enterprising journalism. But that does nothing to mitigate the fecal storm it caused. And once waste hits the oscillator, it's way too late.

Look, just because we're old doesn't mean we've forgotten. It's a target rich environment, thousands of girls, and each one more enchanting, more lovely, than the last. My photographer's eye aches when I visit campus (which I hope increases, now that I'm a chapter Alumni Adviser.)

But "those people," the other gender, are *not* "targets." They are independent organisms, living breathing human beings with rights (and responsibilities), and they deserve dignity and respect. Unless I'm amiss, the phrase "honor and revere women" lives somewhere in our legislated lore.

So hear the old song from the Georgia Satellites (check Youtube): "Don't tell me no lies, and keep your hands to yourself." Unless you have an engraved invitation.

Remember O'Booth's catchphrase: "Not what you expect to happen, *but what could*."

O'Booth...



That's Jim O'Reilly #152 on the left, elder of the O'Reilly siblings (Bobby the younger), and Jim "Downtown" Downs #138 on the right. Photo courtesy of Downtown, taken at the Spring, Texas home of the O'Reillys, just after Jim's retirement from Exxon. Downtown reports that he and Renie, who are living in Bristol, RI, lately, visited the transplanted Texans at home not too long ago. The O'Reillys are undecided, Downtown said, whether to remain in Lone Star country or return to their New England past. Your editor received this wonderful, full-resolution picture shortly after the first edition of the refurbished **Link** went out by e-mail. Just the image and two or three sentences, and we're up to speed on two of the more popular brothers of their era. Please follow their example and send me material. Your **Link** needs you!

CHINA BEACH

Unlikely Warrior Phil Fong & the Exploding Sulky

by Rick Booth, 206

Casting my mind back through the years for likely characters to relate, the wheel of fortune stop this time at Philip Ten Seng Fong, #211. A more unlikely protagonist would be hard to find, but a couple of stories about Phil make one's day.

Phil, who according to our directory lives in Cranston today, is originally from Hong Kong. He was one of our plentiful pharmacy majors, and as I remember him spoke heavily accented, though excellent, English. Our story begins at Greek week one year.

Seeking an edge in the chariot race, we picked Phil to ride it. He was all of about 100 pounds, like a jockey, the "horses" would hardly notice him in the wood-and-aluminum tube chariot we built (as distinct from the heavier display chariot). I remember Rick Wardle #218 was one of the steeds, and possibly John Belisle #205. Both were astonishing athletes, cut like Adonis.

The race course was near Keaney Gym, on the turf field. It would be like running on a pool table. Perfect weather, hundreds of spectators in Greek colors. A real

spectacular. I cannot recall with which sorority we were paired.

After much anticipation, they were off! The steeds strained against their web harnesses, and the chariots shot down the fairway. I recall being a little frightened at the speed.

And sure enough, lightning struck: something on our chariot came loose, the framework parted, and over it pitched—launching 100 pounds of Chinese alchemist like a missile. He must have flown ten feet up, and fifteen out. Splat! Right on the green.

Like a movie set, the spectators rolled as one wave across the 70 yards to the wreck. "Phil? Phil?" we asked. "Where are you hurt?" He **had** to be hurt somewhere. Hell, I thought his courage had killed him. Phil was sitting up when we got to him, and he slowly raised his face to our collective concern. Tears poured down his cheeks.

"Son of **bitch**," he said. "I **really** pissed off!"

And we laughed so hard we almost puked, in relief both comedic and very real. It was a classic Rhode Island Beta moment. But in my life, not Phil's last act.

Not long later, I met Jeannie



Don Coyne #404, photo taken some years ago at Founders, in the Firemen's Hall. (206)

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The famous Gold Star Ferry spins on a dime, frothing Hong Kong Harbor as it moves out from Kowloon on the mainland side to the City of Hong Kong on the island of the same name. My new wife and I rode the Gold Star many times, with Quentin Fong, sibling of our brother Phil Fong #211, on our honeymoon in 1979. Thanks to the Phi Psi connection, it was the trip of a lifetime. (206)

The Adventures of, and Through, Philip T.S. Fong

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MacDonald, and succumbed to her charms. I told Phil we planned to fulfill her dream of honeymooning in the Far East—including a longish stay in Hong Kong. He was delighted. Phil handed me a slip of paper with a strange-seeming series of digits on it.

“This is my family’s telephone number in Hong Kong,” he said. “I’ve telephoned my brother, Quentin, and he will take you around and show you the town.” He added sharply, “Don’t lose this paper, whatever you do.”

It wasn’t until we arrived in the then-crown colony and I checked the phone directory I realized what

he meant: there are about 100,000 Fong families there. Without the number, we’d have been lost. As it turned out, Quentin was a fabulous host, saving us hundreds of “H.K.” or Hong Kong dollars everywhere we went, because we weren’t “just tourists.” I remember especially a massive dim sum brunch where he did all the ordering, and we ate like royalty for a pittance. No waiting for a table, either.

As a kicker, our last day Quentin gave me an envelope. “It’s crocodile meat. For Phil’s wife (or girlfriend?).” He smiled. “Don’t tell customs.” So we didn’t.

Great memories, Phil (and Quentin). Thanks always.

FROM THE COMMEN

From: Glenn Stratton <glenn214nk@verizon.net>
Subject: your face
Date: April 15, 2018 at 12:29:22 PM EDT (unclassified)
To: rick.booth@norwoodlight.com

Opened up the attachment from Monk and thought I was looking at Bill Murray, then I thought it’s bigger than a Jap Zero! Good to see your face even though it can be deleted. I’m happy you will be back in my life, it’s been too long. I’m finishing up on chemo in 5 weeks and the prognosis looks good, may need a little radiation after. Nonetheless nothing can stop me from quaffing a few Gansetts with you. I plan to be there April 19. And please wear something loose fitting!

BT-BT-BT-BT-BT-BT-BT-BT-BT

From: Jeffrey Morgan <jeffreymorgan@hotmail.com>
Subject: Hello from Jeff (659) Morgan – WHS ‘90, RI Beta ‘91, URI ‘93, Order of the S.C. ‘10
Date: April 18, 2018 at 1:52:09 PM EDT (unclassified)
To: “kalhbh@gmail.com” <kalhbh@gmail.com>

O’Booth,

I see you are still alive and kicking after all these years LOL

My goodness, I can’t believe it’s been 24 years since I saw you last... it was in the spring of 1994 at the FIJI Islander Party and you were taking pictures as usual!

I’ve kept in touch with The Beast over the years, with seeing him at the G.A.C.s and all. I also attended the re-chartering of RI Beta in October 2016. Sadly, I haven’t been to a Founder’s Day or Homecoming in forever. I will attend this year’s Homecoming, since it will be my 25th year reunion.

OK, I’ll get back to work...very good to hear from you and that The Link is back!

Jeff...

From the Undergraduates

by Dean Baccari #1141

*Risk Management and
New Member Educator*

Media has been the downfall of our society across numerous generations. The opinions of the masses have devolved from personal standpoints based off of ethical and critical judgment, into a herd of sheep listening to their master. When I first set foot onto the soil of the University of Rhode Island, my opinion was swayed in the same way. The only impression that I had formed was solely based on negative stigmas forcefully driven into my eardrums. However, those voices in my head were immediately washed away as soon as I met the vice-president and the treasurer of Rhode Island Beta. After listening to the overwhelming passion from the their lips and mannerisms, there was no doubt in my mind that I had to try my best to become part of something greater. I’m good at detecting dishonesty, but I heard no lies in their voices. I immediately wanted to help cultivate the small fraternity into a powerhouse of moral and spiritual excellence.

Since that day, about two years ago, I can

now view in person that vision that they described first-hand. I see the brotherhood that they spoke about, comrades that I would never give up for anything in this world. I see the overwhelming amount of good and charity that we have been able to bring to the community around us. I see the embodiment of success that we have been able to achieve through coming together and winning events, like Greek Week, that we have sought since colonization. I see incredibly supportive alumni who have both advised and aided in all of our endeavors even after they’ve graduated. Now, as New Member Educator, I am able to see so many prospective members who share the same light in their eyes that I did two years ago.

These past two years have not only been highly beneficial to myself, but also to everyone I have had the pleasure of working with and laughing with. There is not one thing I would not be willing to do to further help in the endeavors of our chapter. While I say this, it is very reassuring to know they would also do the same for me.

I’ll admit now, that I was wrong about Greek Life as a whole, but I was not wrong about Phi Kappa Psi.

Harry D. Boocock, #128

Harry David Boocock, 68, of Kingston, Rhode Island, died February 24, 2018. David was born in Fall River, on March 27, 1949, son of the late Marion Thurber Boocock and Harry Boocock, and raised in Portsmouth, Rhode Island.

He attended Columbia University and the University of Rhode Island, playing tuba in the marching bands at both schools, and received his nursing degree from Salve Regina University. In the summer of 1973, he met the love of his life, Ridley Hagan, and proposed two days later. They were married forty-four years.

David made his career in the commercial fishing industry, home building, and nursing. His lifelong love of the ocean was sparked as a young man in Island Park, which extended through his summer in the early 1970s as bosun's mate on the schooner Bill of Rights and many subsequent family sailing trips. He made frequent visits to the sea, often fishing with his grandchildren in Narragansett. A talented musician with a natural gift for piano, mandolin, and bass fiddle, he loved bluegrass music and played sessions with Spider Bridge as a young man and with his family later in life. David enjoyed boating, fishing, and fine woodworking, but – most of all – spending time with his family and friends.

David was known for his compassion, optimism, and perseverance. He captivated those he knew with his storytelling, bright smile, and the sparkle in his blue eyes. He is survived by his wife, Ridley Hagan Boocock of Kingston; daughter Sarah B. Cunningham, son-in-law David Cunningham, and grandchildren Andrew and Charlotte of St. Louis, Missouri; daughter Elizabeth B. Dobkowski, son-in-law Adam Dobkowski, and granddaughters Anna and Hope of Beverly, Massachusetts; sister Amy Gaines, brother-in-law Alan Gaines of Portsmouth, and niece Lee Gaines of Urbana, IL; sister Janet Cooper, brother-in-law Walter Cooper of Jamestown, and nephew Jacob Cooper of Minneapolis, MN; mother-in-law, Lucy M. Hagan of Chester, VA; Hagan brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law and their spouses: Ad and Ann Reid Hagan of Lexington, VA; David and Chris Hagan of Richmond, VA; Lucy H. and James Harry of Catonsville, MD; Leigh and Pauli Hagan of Chester and Exmore, VA; Ann H. Carroll of Vienna VA; Virginia Hagan of Norfolk, VA; Marguerita Hagan and Pierre Trombert of Philadelphia, PA; Bill and Liz Hagan of Danville, VA; and Catharine H. and Marc Brookman of Mendham, NJ and Mystic, CT; and his many nieces and nephews and their families. He is preceded in death by his father-in-law Joseph Addison Hagan, Jr., brothers-in-law, Michael D. Hagan and Roy W. Edwards, Jr. and sister-in-law, Christine Hagan Jaap.

A memorial service will be held June 24, at 2 p.m. at South Ferry Church, 170 South Ferry Road, Narragansett, RI. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Dialysis Patients Association of Warwick, 23 Larkspur Road, Warwick, RI 02886.

The Link is indebted to Richard Rydberg #125 for the information herein.

