

# THE 1955 TROJAN Alumni PRINTS

February 2005 • Send news articles and/or photos to Frank Hunter, 3379 Hidden Haven Ct., Tampa, FL 33607 • Email fhunter@sptimes.com • Issue 27

## Fifty Years Ago This Week

### Where were you 50 years ago?

Get serious you say, I can't remember where I was last week. Well, I can remember some of my school classes a bit. Since I had almost enough credits to graduate after my junior year, my last year was a ride. I regret that now as I lost a chance to learn great things from our great teachers, but I did appreciate a couple.

My first class was band. Although I played a trumpet, most of us played a "pandemonium". It was a fun class as most of the upper-class members, including myself, delighted in disrupting it. Even though we stressed him out, I had a great respect for Einar Helstrom, his musical ability and his teaching. I believe he took a special interest in me and any who wanted to excel in music. Richard Sunderland, who was in charge of the marching band was mostly involved with the choir during the winter months and was not so concerned with our technical playing ability.

During these winter months, Mr. Helstrom was devoting time to soloists and ensemble groups to prepare us for music contests. He did very well as PHS always walked away with top honors. As for me, I was involved in a trio with Bob Neal, Al Oxley, and Ginny Belle Smith as our piano accompanist. We were attempting a very difficult number and Helstrom struggled with us for weeks and expressed great disappointment that we were not progressing. He said perhaps we should not go to the district competition this spring. The musical work was filled with triple tonguing, critical timing and breath control. We decided that indeed we were having problems and perhaps he was right. Ginny Belle then offered to work with us at her home in the evenings and we jumped at the chance. Shortly before the district, we again tried out with Helstrom and he reluctantly agreed to let us go to Athens for the competition.

At that competition, he was so nervous about the outcome that he stood outside the auditorium to listen. As we finished and went back to hear what the judges would say, we were not very confident. It was almost a shock to us when all three judges congratulated us and later posted a first place finish. As we walked out the door, we were met by Helstrom and a frown. He was very distressed. He chastised us as deserving what we would get and he should not have let us come to competition and blah, blah, blah. We feigned disappointment. Then we all walked over to the board as the results were posted. He could not believe it and we pretended to be surprised.

We may have impressed the judges, but that still did not meet his high standards. He said that if he allowed us to go to state competition, we were going to have to practice, practice and

more practice. We did that both at school with him and at Ginny Belle's home. We got that number down pat, went to state and won a first along with several others from PHS.

I also vividly remember a band contest that we entered. Helstrom always chose difficult numbers and I think he was a bit worried as we began the performance. His face was flushed and he would sweat profusely as he directed. As the last note sounded however, a big smile came over him. We had met his standards and he was most pleased. I say this to credit what a great music man Helstrom was. I know he was happy with his music program's success at the school, but he seldom showed it.

Along the music line, it was also around this time that Helstrom "fired" four members of our pep band. Sam Skaggs, Ralph Riggs, Tom Phillips and Joe Berthe all got the ax due to insubordination. I really don't remember the fight, but anyway, they were gone and were replaced. It left a big hole and we were never as good after that at rallies and basketball games.

I believe the next class was my first or two study halls or perhaps it was one of two real academic classes which I do not remember. And then there was newsclass with dear Ms. Schwartz. She was a great English teacher and she taught me that during my Junior year. But now, she was my newsclass "supervisor" on our very first Student Prints, rather than my teacher. As the first staff cartoonist, I was able to do pretty much as I wanted. She would only get on my case a few days before publication. I was a great procrastinator and would never even start an idea until she pushed me. Well, we are "now" in the heart of basketball season, so here is my panel cartoon for this week fifty years ago. My Tom Trojan and Domhead strip is on the back page.

Please send me your memories of "current" classes fifty years ago for the next issue.



## Portsmouth Schools Today

*Christopher Blume, The Scioto Voice, 01-20-05*

Portsmouth teachers, meeting at the Plumbers and Pipefitters Hall [Bierley note: this is what was the YMCA on Gallia Street in our day] on January 17, heard Portsmouth Superintendent Jan Broughton deliver a "State of the District" message after first discussing the development of the new schools.

Phil Johnson of BBL Construction Services was introduced and then presented many pictures of the construction of the new schools on the large overhead screen. "We've got really good buildings designed. Right now they are in full swing as far as construction goes, Johnson said. Johnson presented pictures and information about the Middle/High School project first.

"First off, it incorporates 182,000 square feet," Johnson said. "The facility is designed around 1,147 students. There are roughly 45 classrooms. Two computer labs." The school will have an open courtyard accessed from the art room, allowing for outdoor activities for the students. Each classroom will have a state-of-the-art television (the tentative plans are for LCD monitors) and two computers connected to the internet.

The building will incorporate structures from the old school. "Some of the urns from Grant Middle School were removed," Johnson said while presenting a slide of the courtyard. In the courtyard, the urns will be set in a lighted display. That added to the water fountain and planned shrubbery will make quite a scenic atmosphere. "One of our masons carved a Spartan Trojan. We got two or three of these and we are going to set them in front of one of the entrances into the high school itself," Johnson said while showing a slide of the carving. "These are actually stone pieces we brought from Grant. Pretty impressive."

Johnson then discussed the downtown elementary project. "This is the largest elementary school we've ever designed and we design probably three-fourths of the schools in the Ohio area," Johnson said. The school will encompass 161,580 square feet with roughly 70 classrooms, two art rooms, and two gymnasiums (one for athletic events and one for P. E. class). The building will be across from the new high school only a couple of blocks over from where the presentation took place.

Randy Henderson, site manager of BBL Construction Services said the project is scheduled to be done in the fall of 2006 and is probably about 40 percent done. There will be separate parking for staff, visitors, and students. Henderson said that there would be no carpeting in the classrooms due to lice. Other schools regret having carpeting once it is installed due to the problem.

## **A Note from Mary Chamis Lymberopoulos**

In 1948, when John Lymberopoulos was fourteen years old, his father took him from their hometown of Athens, Greece to Olympia, Greece to witness the lighting of the first Olympic Games flame since the close of World War II. Fifty-six years later, he still remembers that historic moment.

"The thing that impressed me most was I stood on the same sacred ground to watch the ceremony where the ancient Greeks stood watching the men of antiquity compete for the Olympic laurels."

In August, Lymberopoulos, now a professor emeritus at Leeds, will witness another historic Olympics in Greece. But this time he'll be the Athens Liaison for the United States Olympic committee. His duties will include translation and acting as a resource in press conferences and on information about Athens and Greece.

"They could have gotten anyone but they asked me, and I accepted without any hesitation" For the past year, he has been making presentations to the committee and it's staff on the links between the ancient and modern Olympics, and on Greece's culture, people and the contributions to the Western world.

"The people of Greece are very grateful to the United States," Lymberopoulos said, "because the two countries have been connected in terms of their political ideals - being freedom-loving. And they recognize that the United States contributed immensely to the restoration of Greece and its economy during the years following World War II.

Lymberopoulos has lived in the United States since 1953, when he enrolled at Ohio University, in Athens, Ohio, prior to completing his graduate degrees at the University of Texas at Austin. He returns to Greece every year to visit family, and looks forward to seeing relatives on his upcoming trip.

This is not the first Olympics in which he's served in an official capacity. During the 1996 Games in Atlanta, he translated for the Greek Olympic committee and team.

"This is more meaningful to me," Lymberopoulos said of this summer's volunteer duties, "because I'm going to witness the Olympics in my birthplace, where they were created."

*Mary Chamis Lymberopoulos*

## **Cracker Jack**

The last time we went down to Cincinnati to see a Red's baseball game I was delighted to see that vendors still sold Cracker Jack to the crowd. This brought back fond memories of my childhood as much as hearing the song "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" with its immortal third line, "Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack."

This unique concoction of popcorn, peanuts, and molasses was a weekly confection treat when I was growing up on Charles Street in Portsmouth in the 1940s. If I had been a "good boy" all week long, I was allowed to purchase a nickel box of Cracker Jack at Schaefer's Super Market where we got our groceries on Friday nights. I can still see that red, white, and blue box with a picture of Sailor Jack and his dog, Bingo, on the front. As much as I enjoyed the crunchy treat, I was even more interested in the prize that was packed in every box (decoder rings, whistles, puzzles, and little animals of every kind were just some of the prizes I remember). Over the years I collected quite a few Cracker Jack prizes which I kept in a Buster Brown shoe box under my bed.

I saw a book at the library last summer which was published by the Cracker Jack Collectors Association. It contained descriptions and pictures of many of the prizes that have been distributed by the company ever since 1912. More than 23 billion toys have been given out since the company started the promotion. I was flabbergasted to learn from the book that some Cracker Jack prizes are valued today at several thousand dollars each! Don't we all wish that we had taken better care of and held on to more of our childhood treasures?

I was also interested to learn that the venerable Cracker Jack Company was purchased by Borden, Inc. in 1964 and that the Frito-Lay Company bought the Cracker Jack brand from Borden in 1997.

Just another little trip down memory lane.

*Blaine*

## **Wilson Teacher Passes**

R. J. Brooker was Wilson Principal and teacher during our elementary years. He died Tuesday, December 14, 2004, at the Best Care Nursing Home in Wheelersburg, Ohio.

He was born September 10, 1908, in South Portsmouth, a son of the late Turl Brooker and Rose Williams Brooker. He retired from the Portsmouth City Schools in 1973.

## **The Poets Corner**

### **TREES**

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God  
There were goodly trees in the springing sod  
Trees of beauty and height and grace  
To stand in splendor before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear  
Oak and beech and the tulip rare  
The trembling aspen, the noble pine  
The sweeping elm by the river line.

Trees for the birds to build and sing  
And the lilac tree for joy in spring  
Trees to turn at the frosty call  
And carpet the ground for their Lord's downfall.

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade  
Trees for the cunning builder's trade  
Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail  
The keel and the mast of the daring sail.

He made them of every grain and girth  
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth  
Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes  
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise:

On the crown of a hill, for all to see  
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

-Bliss Carman

Contributed by Norma (Lyon) Lowe in remembrance of her late brother, Bruce Lyon

### **SUMMUM BONUM**

The universe is wide and high;  
No matter how I peer and pry,  
With all the aid that wise men lend,  
Still I can never comprehend  
What all the figures signify.

Its magnitude must still defy  
The grasp of dullards such as I;  
Mystery ever must attend  
The universe.

Yet, baffled, when I come to die  
I shall not weep; I shall not sigh,  
Because--because I had a friend,  
The dearest thing from end to end  
Of that star-littered, endless sky,  
The universe.

Bert Leach from his book of poetry, SAITH THE PREACHER, Pageant Press, New York, 1953

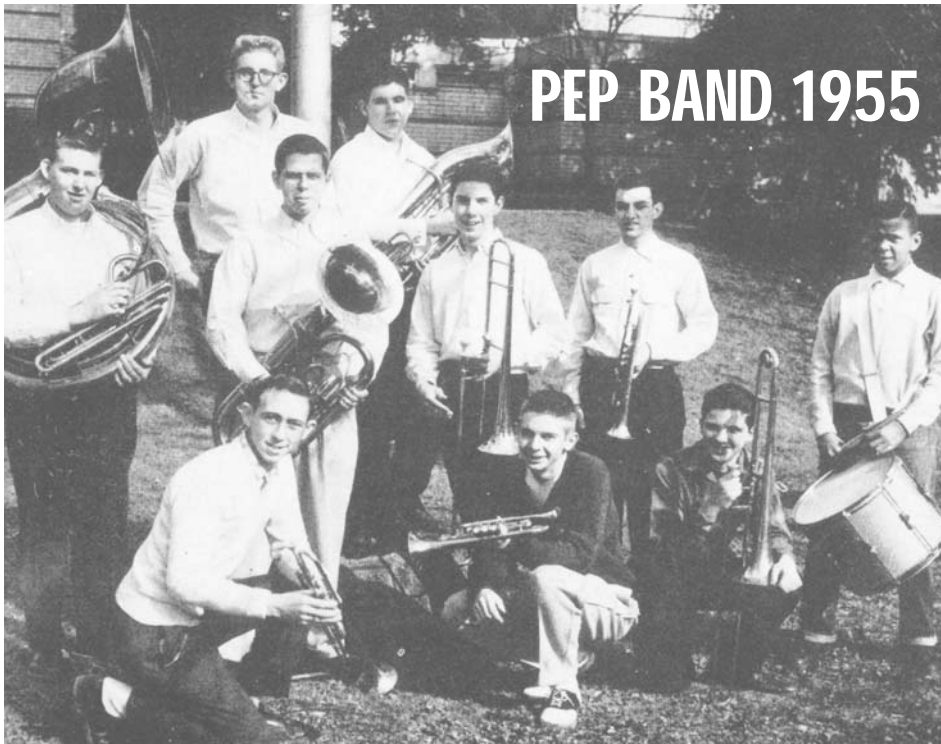
If you have a favorite poem for us to print, just send its title to Jackie at jackieb@earthlink.net or snail-mail to Jackie at 124 Glen Circle, Worthington, OH 43085. If you have an original poem to share, please do the same. Jackie will choose poems for every issue but welcomes your contributions as well.

## **Note from Jim Kegley**

You may not remember her, but Judy McNeil, a fellow PHS 1957 classmate died recently. I saw Ann Hilderbrand and she said that Judy Finger told her of Judy McNeil's death. She apparently had been in a nursing home. Ann said, "We had been searching for her for our reunions, but couldn't trace her!"

*Jim Kegley*

**Start packing your bags for  
our Big 50th Reunion!**  
We have set a date for September 17, 2005 at the  
Friends Center at the old Mercy Hospitals. We will  
have further details as soon as we finalize the plans.



Front row l. to r.: Frank Hunter - trumpet, Allan Oxley - trumpet, Larry Wear - trombone, Gerald Taylor - drums, 2nd row: Fred Stone - tuba, Nelson Barker - baritone, Larry Coriell - trombone, Bob Neal - trumpet. Back row: Don Norman - trombone, Paul Fournier - baritone. The original group included: Sam Skaggs - baritone sax, Ralph Riggs - baritone, Joe Berthe - trombone, Tom (Flip) Phillips - drums. If I remember correctly, we used the full group at assemblies and home games, but I believe that we traveled with only seven or eight members.

## **The Smell of Burning Leaves**

Once in a while I catch the "aroma" of burning leaves. It doesn't happen very often in this modern era, but the scent of burning leaves always takes me back to the fall when I was growing up on Charles Street in Portsmouth.

Back in the 1940s and the early 1950s, long before environmental concerns and controls, many of the folks in Portsmouth raked their leaves down to the street curb gutters and burned them.

In those years before the ban on open burning you could count on having the October and November breezes perfumed with the smoky (and somewhat sweet) smell of burning leaves. I'm sure that this lowered the quality of the air in Portsmouth; but, probably no more than the soot and cinders of coal furnaces and the many coal-burning railroad engines that we had in those days.

Some of our neighbors raked their leaves into the alley between Charles and Williams Streets. I can remember one family who built a make-shift little oven out of bricks and put potatoes in it. After covering the oven with a huge pile of leaves and enjoying the fire, we would share some baked potatoes. Sometimes the potatoes got a little singed, but the fragrance of the potatoes and the leaves was a wonderful combination to smell in those autumn evenings so long ago.

I'm just nostalgic enough to wish that the local authorities would allow maybe just one date each fall when folks would be allowed to burn their leaves and sniff the ambrosia.

*Blaine*

## **Notre Dame Grad is VP With Orlando Magic**

A Portsmouth native, Scott Bowman, is vice president of Franchise Relations for The Orlando Magic, professional basketball team, of the National Basketball Association (NBA).

Scott is a 1984 graduate of Notre Dame High School, and is the son of Paul (deceased) and Janet Bowman, currently living in Portsmouth.

In Scott's present position he is responsible for retaining and expanding the season ticket holder base, and fan attendance through enhancing the overall season ticket holder experience, which includes the game day experience and customer service. He resides in Orlando with his wife, Cindy and their tree children, Danielle (12), Hannah (10) and Grant (8).

*Jim Kegley*

## **When I Get Old**

The average cost for a nursing home is \$200 per day. I have checked on reservations at Princess. I can get a long term discount and senior discount price of \$135 per day. That leaves \$65 a day for:

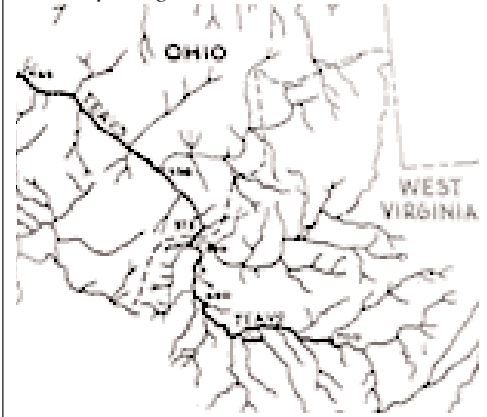
Gratuities which will only be \$10 per day. I will have as many as 10 meals a day if I can waddle to the restaurant, or I can have room service (which means I can have breakfast in bed every day of the week). Princess has as many as three swimming pools, a workout room, free washers and dryers, and shows every night. They have free toothpaste and razors, and free soap and shampoo. They will even treat you like a customer, not a patient. An extra \$5 worth of tips will have the entire staff scrambling to help you.

## **Portsmouth's Three Major Rivers**

The Ohio, the Scioto, and the Little Scioto. No! Not the Little Scioto! I mean a really big river, one like the Ohio only maybe bigger. We are talking length here. A river dominating Southern Ohio's landscape. A mighty river rivaling the majestic Nile in length and grandeur. Flowing nearly one thousand miles from the heart of Appalachia to the Gateway to the West, with wavy ribbons of tributaries fanning out like the fronds of a fern unfurling from the stem.

Its headwaters being the streams that drain the Appalachian Mountains. The channels stretching from the Blue Ridge in North Carolina, flowing northerly across Virginia into West Virginia, cutting across the tip of Kentucky, entering Ohio at Portsmouth (actually Wheelersburg) and taking a sharp northerly turn to Chillicothe.

This mighty river is credited with boosting the biological diversity of southern Ohio, and isolating rare populations of cave crickets. Shawnee State Forest harbors small isolated patches of several Appalachian plants far to the north of their native ranges that are believed to have hitchhiked downstream on the river from their North Carolina habitat before the Ice Age. Populations of the Ohio cave beetle and Kramer's cave beetle in Adams County, which are endangered species in Ohio, are the only known specimens north of the Ohio River. These beetles were most likely stranded in Adams County caves when the interconnected cave systems of Kentucky and southern Ohio were separated after the Teays River dramatically changed course.



I will get to meet new people every 7 or 14 days. T.V. broken? Light bulb need changing? Need to have the mattress replaced? No Problem! They will fix everything and apologize for your inconvenience. Clean sheets and towels every day, and you don't even have to ask for them. If you fall in the nursing home and break a hip you are on Medicare. If you fall and break a hip on the Princess ship they will upgrade you to a suite for the rest of your life.

Do you want to see South America, the Panama Canal, Tahiti, Australia, New Zealand, Asia, or just name where you want to go? Princess will have a ship ready to go. So don't look for me in a nursing home, just save me a lounge on deck 6. And don't forget, when you die, they just dump you over the side at no charge.



## Note from Jackie Brown

Derek Mitchell, son of George & Brenda Mitchell of South Point, OH was chosen as one of the first-year West Point cadets to march in the inaugural parade of President George Bush on January 20. Derek's proud aunts and uncles are Jackie and Roger Brown, Cols., OH; Dr. Larry and Dr. Gerry Lenhart of Hillsborough, CA; Doug and Debbie Harness of Portsmouth, OH; and Barry and Karen Colley of Ashland, KY.



Jackie with nephews Kevin & Derek and below: with 3 of 4 brothers-in-law



## Senior Jokes

1. An elderly couple had dinner at another couple's house, and after eating, the wives left the table and went into the kitchen. The two gentlemen were talking, and one said, "last night we went out to a new restaurant and it was really great. I would recommend it very highly." The other man said, "What is the name of the restaurant?" The first man thought and thought and finally said, "What is the name of that flower you give to someone you love? You know, the one that's red and has thorns." "Do you mean a rose?" "Yes, that's the one," replied the man. He then turned towards the kitchen and yelled, "Rose, what's the name of that restaurant we went to last night?"

2. A very elderly gentleman, (mid nineties) very well dressed, hair well groomed, great looking suit, flower in his lapel smelling slightly of a good after shave, presenting a well looked after image, walks into an upscale cocktail lounge. Seated at the bar is an elderly looking lady, (mid eighties). The gentleman walks over, sits along side of her, orders a drink, takes a sip, turns to her and says, "So tell me, do I come here often?"

## A Note from Clayton

This past year my wife and I have tried researching the deceased members of our class. The department of statistics of Scioto County have been very, very helpful during this search. We are currently searching for any information about the following classmates.

Estella Finneran Gaston: date of passing

Christine Hess Delabar: need photo

James Lauter: date of passing

Charles "Chuck" Main: birth & date of passing

Joyce Neal Baer: need photo

Marilyn Townsend Hughes: birth & passing date

Maurice "Sonny" Stevenson: need photo

Wendell "Wendy" Payne: birth & date of passing

Betty Jo Workman: date of passing

We would appreciate any help.

E-MAIL: linclay48 @ horizon.com

CALL: 740-775-5437

CHECK OUT MEMORIAL SITE AT, pbs1955.com

## Addresses, etc

Bob Ginn: 1729 Sunrise Drive, Anchorage, Alaska 99508. Telephone 907-277-9810

Nelson Barker: 570 Stanley Ave., Columbus, OH 43206

Bill Banchy: email [bbanchy@fuse.net](mailto:bbanchy@fuse.net)

## Stranger In The House

A few months before I was born, my Dad met a stranger who was new to our small Tennessee town. From the beginning, Dad was fascinated with this enchanting newcomer and soon invited him to live with our family. The stranger was quickly accepted and was around to welcome me into the world a few months later.

As I grew up, I never questioned his place in my family. In my young mind, he had a special niche. My parents were complementary instructors: Mom taught me the word of God, and Dad taught me to obey it.

But the stranger? He was our story teller. He would keep us spellbound for hours on end with adventures, mysteries and comedies. If I wanted to know anything about politics, history or science, he always knew the answers about the past, understood the present and even seemed able to predict the future! He took my family to the first major league ball game. He made me laugh, and he made me cry. The stranger never stopped talking, but Dad didn't seem to mind.

Dad ruled our household with certain moral convictions, but the stranger never felt obligated to honor them. Profanity, for example, was not allowed in our home .. not from us, our friends or any visitors. Our longtime visitor, however, got away with four-letter words that burned my ears and made my dad squirm and my mother blush.

My Dad was a teetotaler who didn't permit alcohol in the home, not even for cooking. But the stranger encouraged us to try it on a regular basis. He made cigarettes look cool, cigars manly and pipes distinguished. He talked freely (much too freely!) about sex. His comments were sometimes blatant, sometimes suggestive, and generally embarrassing.

I now know that my early concepts about relationships were influenced strongly by the stranger. Time after time, he opposed the values of my parents, yet he was seldom rebuked... and NEVER asked to leave.

More than fifty years have passed since the stranger moved in with our family. He has blended right in and is not nearly as fascinating as he was at first.

Still, if you were to walk into my parents' den today you would still find him sitting over in his corner, waiting for someone to listen to him talk and watch him draw his pictures.

His name?

We just call him TV.

