

THE 1955 TROJAN *Alumni* PRINTS

June 2002

• Send news articles and/or photos to Frank Hunter, 480 Bosphorus Ave., Tampa, FL 33606 • Email fhunter@sptimes.com •

Issue 11

It's Class Reunion Time in P-town Plan to Attend Our Own Class Reunion Picnic This Summer

We have planned a class picnic for Saturday, August 10, 2002 at Earl Thomas Conley Riverside Park on Rt. 52, three miles west of Portsmouth. We will begin the picnic at 12pm and eat at 1:00. The rest of the afternoon will be spent listening to music (to be provided by Clayton Howerton) and catching up on old times. Those living locally might want to bring a lawn chair.

We are hopeful that many class members as well as members of other classes will attend. Please pass the word and feel free to invite anyone you feel would be interested. We will furnish fried chicken, soft drinks, napkins, and table service. Those planning to attend should let Gene Lucas know so that we will know how much to provide.

Classes of 1956 and 1957 Combined Reunion

Ray Harper asked if you would put it in our newsletter again about the 57 reunion and tell everyone they have combined with 1956 (as they didn't have one last time).

It will be the 1956 and 1957 Class Reunion on August 23rd and 24th at Shawnee State Lodge. Those interested should contact Colleen Sturgill, Joyce Theis or Jim Kegley (1957) and Ray Harper (1956).

Our class of 1955 had very close contact with these Juniors and Sophmores through dating and other means and we have had alumni from 1957 contribute more than a few items to this newsletter and we encourage even closer contacts in the future.

WANTED:
INFORMATION OR PHOTOS FOR POSSIBLE
WILSON GRADE SCHOOL REUNION
(YEARS 1950 & 1951)
CALL DON PAYTON 353-5101 OR 606-932-4870
OR PATTI CONKLIN-NEWSOM 778-2789
EMAIL: pnewsom1@email.msn.com



Wilson 8th Grade:
You'll have to sort out the order.
Joyce Neal, Phyllis Abdon, Donna McFarland, Eddie?, Mike ?, Don Walker, Betty Workman, Patty Conklin



Bill Barnett and Glenn Hollis

Illness

We have some ill classmates as of last month: Bill Barnett is ill and Peggy Harvey is in Mayo in Fla. for treatment for her autoimmunity disease and has had a relapse. I heard from her yesterday - her spirits are very good. She and Carole Merb Conley sent me a big basket full of wonderful things because I had to miss our "spring fling" in Fla this year because of illness.

Donna Boren

Please do your part!!!

I hope you enjoy this letter. I am thankful for our regular contributors. To those who do not contribute: You should be sending me a note about something. Even if it is one sentence. It appears that you like to read about others but do not want to share anything about yourself. It just takes a minute and a postage stamp. Please.... *Frank*



Row 1, L to R: Betty Workman, ?, Shirley Sexton, Peggy Preston, Phyllis Storey.
Row 2: Jewel Pruitt, S. Taylor, Bridget Goetz, ?, ?, Joyce Neal, ?, Donna McFarland.
Row 3: Bob Tipton, ?, John Wood, Patty Conklin, Ralph ?, ?. Row 4: Delores Kempton,
Warren Reid, ?, Butch Carlton, Delores Sparks, Jerry Stewart, ?, Jim McGlone

Another Portsmouth Landmark Gone

The following information was taken from two newspaper articles: *The Portsmouth Daily Times* 4-5-02 and *The Scioto Voice* 4-18-02.

The New Boston Coke Plant, a community fixture (with a very special aroma) since 1930, closed operations on April 5, 2002.

The coke plant was an integral part of the New Boston iron and steel industry that we grew up with. In its day, the mammoth steel and iron works stretched from the Millbrook Lake area to where the K-Mart shopping center is now located.

The plant was started in 1930 when the operation was known as Wheeling Steel. In 1950, the Detroit Steel Corporation purchased the New Boston mill and the mill experienced its greatest growth and modernization. (ed. note: Do you remember our senior chemistry classes with Mr. Ralph Cole taking a field trip to the mill in the spring of 1955?)

By 1969, Detroit Steel was falling victim to a sagging steel market and foreign competition. They were forced to sell to Cyclops Corporation, a Pittsburg-based specialty steel producer. A gradual shutdown began in 1972 and by 1980, the mill was full closed.

At this time, the coking facility became the New Boston Coke Corporation and began producing huge quantities of coke for the Ford Motor Company's River Rouge steel production facility in Michigan.

With the demise of the coke plant, the last remnants of New Boston's once glorious steel mill have now sadly passed away.

Blaine Bierley



Many of you, especially those who hung out at the Park Shoppe will remember J.B. Warden (pictured with me at the last class picnic held several years ago. JB and I played a lot of tennis together and later were fraternity brothers at OSU. I have temporarily lost track of him but believe he lives in Roanoke, VA.

Yo-Yos

Do you remember the Duncan Yo-Yo Man? If you grew up in Portsmouth in the late 1940s and early 1950s, you probably do.

The Duncan Yo-Yo Company sent young men all over the United States in that era to promote their product. The Duncan man would usually perform at retail establishments in local neighborhoods. I remember meeting the Duncan man for the first time at the "See and Buy Shoppe" on Jackson Avenue. Most boys were attracted to the Duncan man like flies to honey. Girls, however, were not nearly as interested in this particular athletic endeavor as the boys were.

We would gather around and be entertained as the yo-yo man demonstrated "Walking the Dog," "Rocking the Cradle," "Around the World," and other more intricate moves--including putting two yo-yos in action at the same time with both hands!

Neighborhood Stores

We did not have 711 style convenience stores as I recall, but we did have mom and pop grocery stores every few blocks. These were the ones where you walked in with a grocery list and handed it to the clerk, who was most often a member of the family owning the store. With the list in hand, they would proceed to find each item and bring it to the counter. If it was high on a shelf, they used the stick with a clamp on the end to bring it down. Soft drinks or "pop" was either in a huge, red, chest-like cooler filled with ice and water or the more modern coin operated ones with the bottles hung in racks with refrigerator like cooling.

I would like for everyone to help me out a little here and we can all have some fun remembering. Please take a moment right now and drop me a note telling me those you can remember. I can only name those stores which I came in contact with as a child. Those were in the East end of town in the vicinity of Garfield school I have forgotten the names of most and have probably misnamed many. Others may never have existed.

Here is my starter set of grocery stores.

1. Thomas Ave. across from Wayne Hills - Kleinekes; 2. NW corner of 17th and Mabert Roads - Knosts; 3. Halfway up Mabert Road - ?; 4. Mabert Road across from Garfield School - Knosts?; 5. NE Corner of Gallia and Linden - ?; 6. N side of Gallia Street just West of Kendall Ave. - Coleman's Market; 7. SE corner of Grant Ave and Center Street - ?; 8. SE corner of 17th and Grandview Ave. - Krogers; 9. Grandview Ave at 20th St/ - ?; 10. corner of Timmons Ave and 19th St.; **GIVE ME SOME MORE... PLEASE!!!**

Jackie Dean Riggs

April 3, 2002, Ann Arbor. Beloved husband of Jo Ann (Parker) class of 1956. Dear father of Michael D., Tonya Ann (Allen) Cutshaw, Douglas S., Tamara R. and Jeffrey P. (Stacey Marie). Brother of Ralph, Kenneth, Bonnie (Nell) Sparks, Hazel Smittle and Jo Ellen Martin. Grandfather of Jaclyn Amanda, Austin Allen and McKayla Marie. Jack graduated a couple of years ahead of us and is the brother of Ralph, in our class.

Duncan yo-yos were priced, as I recall, at fifty cents each. As an added incentive, if you purchased one, the Duncan man would skillfully carve your initials on your slick new yo-yo for all the world to admire. The yo-yo man advised us to be sure to practice with our yo-yos. He promised that he would be back in a month or so to see how we were doing. There was also a promise of prizes to be awarded to the best performer. Unfortunately, I can't remember that that ever happened.

I can remember piggy banks being raided, loans pleaded for, and promises made to mow lawns and run errands in order to come up with the yo-yo money.

The next day after the yo-yo man arrived in town, Duncan yo-yos were everywhere to be seen. Baseball and other playground pursuits were forgotten as we tried to duplicate the feats of the Duncan Yo-Yo Man.

Jerry Mann, Artist Class of 1956

I began painting and studying art as a "fringe" artist while at Ohio University in the 60's. The subsequent pursuit of a scientific international career afforded me the exceptional opportunity to experience beauty from the jungles of Brazil to the soft gray environs of Ireland. My paintings reflect these windows. Still painting in Europe, Florida and New Mexico, my main themes alternate from the villages of European life to the mountains of New Mexico to the savannahs of Florida where I currently reside.

His main emphasis is on his gallery and studio in Taos, New Mexico, which is within easy walking distance of the Taos Plaza at 225 Kit Carson Road. Mann has B.S., M.Sc. and Ph.D. degrees from Ohio University and Ohio State.

e-mail address for Tom Dressler

nwtdd@zoomnet.net

As you probably know, Tom's wife recently passed away. She had the bad kind of arthritis.

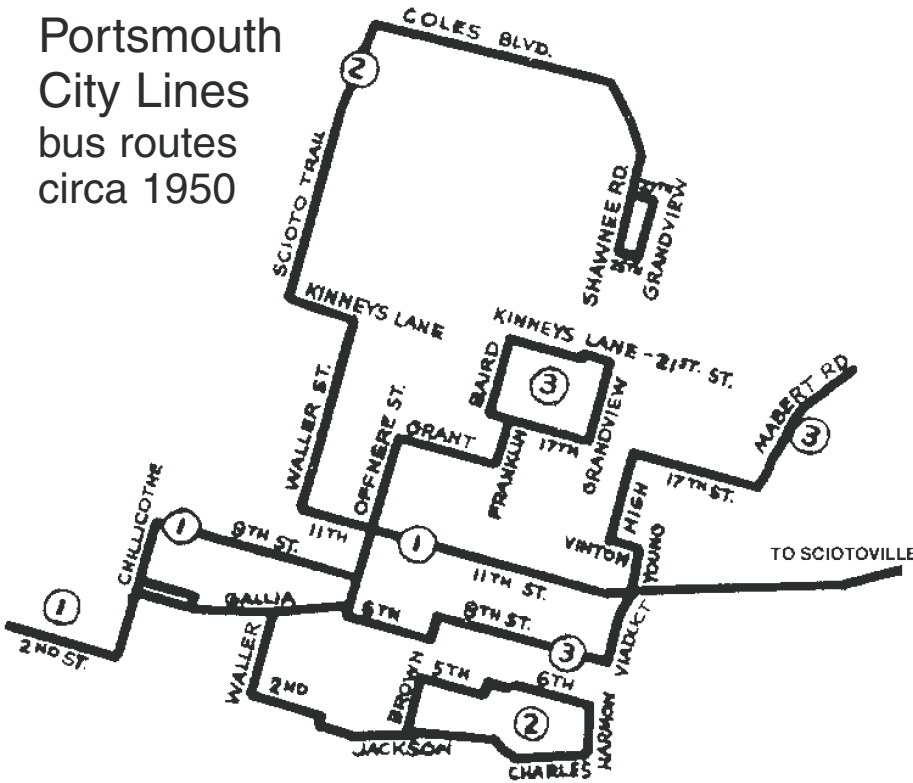
Segregation at PHS-1950s

Oh yes, don't you remember how terrible it was. It was not a pretty thing. Those of us who suffered through it should never let the people of Portsmouth forget it. Hopefully, such practices do not exist at PHS today.

Every day, we were shown that there was a group of students (and teachers) who segregated themselves from us. Were we not good enough? Or was it that we could not be trusted to enjoy the company of the "others". It would help to forever remind us that we were different. Sure, we did not dress the same as them. Our hair was different and we talked different. But is that any reason? Some of the others were our very best friends yet everyday, we were told to leave them and go to another part of the school building. It became a routine part of the day. You get in this line while over there, they stood laughing and talking in their own line. Sometimes we could sneak into their line

Continued on back page

Portsmouth
City Lines
bus routes
circa 1950



“Dr. Sam Sheppard”

I remember it very well. It was the summer between my junior and senior year at Portsmouth High School. After an evening of watching the Fourth of July fireworks down at Municipal Stadium – we watched them from the hill of Roby and Edna Pitt’s vacant lot – I was listening to the radio in my bedroom. There had been a murder of a doctor’s wife up in the Cleveland area and the state police had issued an “all-points bulletin” to be on the lookout for “a tall man of dark complexion, dressed in dark clothing, with bushy hair.” It was suggested that the suspect had fled the Cleveland area and was perhaps heading toward Southern Ohio.

The next day the Portsmouth Times gave the grisly details. Marilyn Sheppard, the pregnant wife of osteopathic physician Samuel Sheppard of the exclusive Cleveland suburb of Bay Village, had been bloodily murdered in their home sometime early in the morning of July 4th. Dr. Sheppard had battled with the intruder and had, himself, suffered a neck injury and contusions. According to Dr. Sheppard, the “bushy-haired man” had knocked him unconscious and had escaped. Police speculated a motive of the intruder possibly looking for narcotics.

We probably all remember the spectacular trial of Dr. Sheppard that followed. And, the guilty verdict and his being sentenced to the Ohio Penitentiary in Columbus for the first-degree murder of his wife, Marilyn.

Now, fast-forward to December of 1956, my sophomore year at The Ohio State University in Columbus. I was living in a rooming house at 184 East 14th Avenue. Our rent was \$90 per quarter. The rooming house was owned by Harvey and Ethel Kreichbaum. In addition to being our landlord, Mr. Kreichbaum was also a guard at the Ohio Penitentiary.

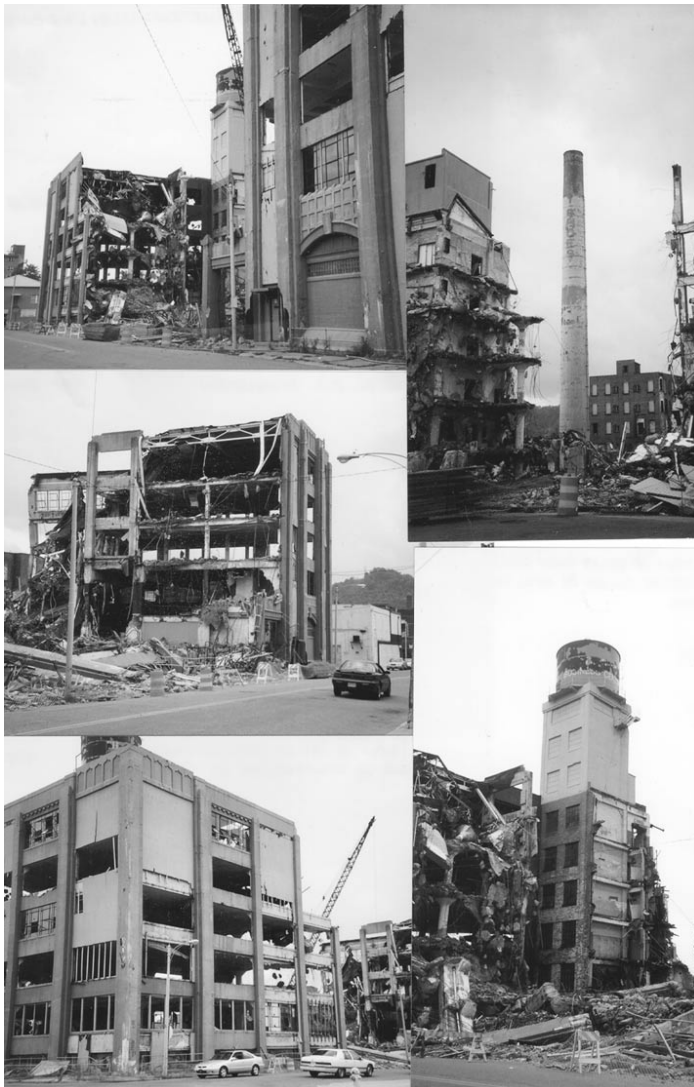
Shortly before the autumn quarter was over Mr. Kreichbaum invited me to go with him to the annual Christmas Show down at the Ohio Pen. I asked if I might bring a classmate of mine from PHS also. Ken Amick and I were in an Economics class together that quarter. It was, of course, an all-inmate production and the Master of Ceremonies was prisoner number 98860, Dr. Sam Sheppard. It was a remarkably good show with excellent talent and some of the best looking chorus girls in the front line (all males, of course).

Mr. Kreichbaum told us that it was the considered opinion of the majority of the cons and guards that Dr. Sam was innocent of the crime for which he had been convicted. This opinion was later confirmed when Dr. Sheppard was acquitted of the murder of his wife in a second trial.

Blaine Bierley

Dues Reminder from Gene

Please take a moment and send your \$5 to Gene Lucas at 1419 Second St., West Portsmouth OH 45663. In addition, we need you to send newsy items and any photographs (old or new) for publication. This is a great way to renew old friendships. And remember, all PHS classes and interested parties are also welcome to subscribe and submit items. Send to Frank Hunter at 480 Bosphorus Ave., Tampa FL 33606



**1999-2000
Selby
Shoe
Company
building
demolition**

for a proposed shopping center by Neal Hatcher.

Recognizable areas are the main gate and office area and main smokestack

*Photos
by Joyce Foster*

**HEY YOU...
How about
Supporting
Our Web
Site?**

Most of you are not sending anything to Tom. Come on now... Send him something! Please mail photos or a note to Tom Dupuy at: 1311 Hilllake Lane, Lebanon, Tn 37090 or email material to: tj@charter.net



Marlene Retires

I am retiring from the Department of the Army, 516th Signal Brigade, Fort Shafter, HI. I have been working for the Department of Defense for 23 years. I will send you more pictures of my supervisor, Major Harder, presenting me the Commander's Medal. I have been to so many luncheons! These people are my engineering buddies! I have some more that were taken at another luncheon but are not digital. My last day is Friday Can't wait!!!

I am leaving for the big Island (Hawaii) on Saturday and will return to Oahu on the following Wednesday. I will leave for the mainland on 14 May and arrive in Roanoke 15 May. I feel as though I have been released from a cage, even-though I love my job and the people I interact with - still I am tired of the regimented life I lead. Time to work in my yard or a garden for awhile. I know I will get bored but will probably work at least 2 days each week (somewhere) who knows doing what?

Marlene Larch Brinkley

Segregation at PHS-1950s

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but at the end of the line, we would have to turn right while the others made a left turn and crossed the hall to the girls lunch room. I guess the school could not trust allowing boys and girls to eat in the same room. Bummer!

Last minute bulletins

- Blaine Bierley is recovering from a broken leg.
- Class of 1958 alert: Dot Thomas is trying to locate Ruth Ann Mussetter thru us. We don't know if she has a married name. Let Gene know.

Don Stamper writes:

I would suppose I live a rather simple life here in Portsmouth. For the past 27 years I have worked at Central Industrial, we are a wholesale distributor of electrical and industrial supplies. Our main efforts are in the sales and marketing of Rockwell Automation's Allen Bradley electrical and industrial automation products. I serve as Vice President of Sales and function as general manager of our store locations in Portsmouth, Chillicothe, and Maysville(Ky). My wife Priscilla and I have been married for 28 years and reside here in Portsmouth at 3402 Westwood Drive. We are both active in our church, Temple Baptist, here in Portsmouth. I have served on the board there for a number of years and served as Sunday School Superintendent. I sing at Church, also with the Portsmouth Community Orchestra Choral Group, and have performed with the Shawnee State University Choir.

Going back to school days. I graduated from PHS in 1958 and attended Ohio University and Indiana Technical College. At high school I was a member of a rock n' roll era group called the "Ivy Leaguers". I was known by the nickname "Dumbo" back in those days. I guess most everyone had a nickname. You may recall our times together with Nelson Barker, Allan Oxley, Frank Hunter, Larry Evans. I was the youngest in this crowd. Today there are still a few from our era around Portsmouth, you may know them better than I, some went to Notre Dame. Some I see often, some every once in a while. People like Bill Clifford, Gloria Pasquinelli Clifford, Mike July, Don Snively, David Dautel, Gib Witter, Linda Crosley Witter, George Copen, Becky Fugitt Wood, Jack Allen, Mary Alyce Staten Allen, George Johnson, Jim Thuma, CB Herrmann, Gary Duzan, John Rowson, Steve Eichenlaub, Tom Phillips, Jim Kegley, Henry Miller, Mickey Levine. There are so many more the list could go on and on. It has always been a mystery what happened to so many of the people that I knew from school days that were perhaps itinerant families that came and went with phases of the banking, business, steel, and A-plant era. Class reunions, web addresses, and other means have proven unsuccessful in retrieving the whereabouts of so many. Enough of this for now.

The last issue mentioned Rick Hopkins, offspring of our era's Dick Hopkins and Doc Spears, teacher and coach at Highland school.

Scott Spears also has twin brother Randy, believe he is on staff at Indiana U. Doc Spears lost his beloved wife recently... the mother of these young men.

George Heller's wife attends the same Sunday School class as I. She brings George out to class parties and services now and then. I told him that I often quote him, saying to my staff when we lose an order, "Boys, you just got a little too prosperous" and I'm sure you'll recall the war cry "Give 'em Heller" from our school days.

I have many memories of Highland School days. The Portsmouth School Board has sold Highland School to the local Head Start agency. All new schools are to be built across from the public library in an area that goes from Grant

School up to the street where Schoonovers market was, from Waller to Offnere Street. About the only things that will survive, will be the Public Library, Crispie Donut Shoppe, and Holy Redeemer Church. The Cornerstone Methodist Church formerly Trinity Methodist will be razed after a new church is built across the Street, where Marvin Jones Mercury dealership once was on the NE corner of Gallia and Offnere.

Don Stamper

Horse Sense

How's your memory of these by-gone partners? See if you can put the right reins in the hands of these TV and movie Western heroes.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Bingo | A. Marshall Dillon & Ben Cartwright |
| 2. Buck | B. The Cisco Kid |
| 3. Buttermilk | C. Zorro |
| 4. Champion | D. The Lone Ranger |
| 5. Diablo | E. Annie Oakley |
| 6. El Loaner | F. Roy Rogers |
| 7. Loco | G. Johnny Ringo |
| 8. Midnight | H. Dale Evans |
| 9. Tornado | |
| & Phantom | I. Pancho (The Cisco Kid) |
| 10. Rafter | J. Gene Autry |
| 11. Scout | K. Bret Maverick |
| 12. Silver | L. Paladin (Have Gun, Will Travel) |
| 13. Stardust | M. Tonto (The Lone Ranger) |
| 14. Target | N. Hopalong Cassidy |
| 15. Topper | O. Bat Masterson |
| 16. Trigger | P. Rowdy Yates (Rawhide) |

Answers: 1. g, 2. a, 3. b, 4. j, 5. b, 6. k, 7. i, 8. p, 9. c, 10. l, 11. m, 12. d, 13. o, 14. e, 15. n, 16. f

"Hits and Cracks"

I was reminiscing with an acquaintance of mine the other day about a "dumb" game that boys on Charles and Williams Streets and Jackson Avenue in Portsmouth played when we were growing up in the late-1940s and early-1950s. It had to do with discarded cigarette packages we would find on the street. Seems as if there were a lot more of them around then than there are now.

Jim Kegley, the former editor of The Scioto Voice newspaper that is published weekly out of Wheelersburg, remembers that the brand was Chesterfields. I remember either Camels or Lucky Strikes.

Anyway, whatever brand it was, the packages had an identification code printed on the inside--under the tax revenue stamp, I believe. The code was either an "H" or a "C" and then a number.

If you were with a male buddy (Girls, of course, would never do this kind of thing.) and spotted the thrown-away cigarette pack, you both immediately called out either "hits" or "cracks." Then you tore open the pack to reveal the mystery code. Whoever had guessed the code correctly won the game.

The winner's prize was to be allowed to deliver on the arm of the loser the appropriate designated number of hits or cracks. Hits were given with a fist and cracks were given with a chop motion by your open palm.

Dumb game; great memory!

Blaine Bierley