

THE 1955 TROJAN *Alumni* PRINTS

August 2002

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Issue 12

Welcome to the 47th reunion picnic



left to right: Betty Bierley Holling, Connie Yuenger Keatley, Sharon Queen Blaney, Karen Williams Fox, Eva Strauss Izenon, Martha Fitch Cook and Ginny Smith Wolfe. Photo by Betty Bierley Holling, text by Sharon Queen Blaney

Old Friends Are The Best

With this in mind seven of us met in Portsmouth for three days as guests of Martha and Bob Cook. (Actually Bob wasn't included) He did however, with help from their daughter, Sara and her family, prepare and serve us dinner our first evening there and even cleaned up before he exited his home. He only appeared at the "Murals" the next day to give us an updated tour. Then we were left to tour the Shawnee State College campus and drive by all the places that no longer are in existence!

Since we were together to celebrate the year of our 65th birthdays and the onset of Medicare, we had a grand time reminiscing! We also made new memories and found that we had not changed much (excluding the differences in hair color and extra pounds here and there on some of us).

We decided we had had great forethought as we are all still married to our original husbands. (And happily married as a matter of fact!) We have added to the population immensely. Collectively, fourteen children and too many grandchildren to count as some are still on the way. We had so much fun and kept so busy laughing and talking that we didn't have time to play cards; that was what we all remembered doing those many years ago. We hope to get together again...truly, old friends are the best!



Boys Sunday school class of First EUB Church.

Probably around 1949. Those I can identify: Frank Hunter, Gary Flowers, Allan Oxley, ? Stephenson, Robert Young, Robert Mohl, and Sam Skaggs.

Hello everyone! You have not heard from me for awhile because my computer has been down for about six weeks.

I would like to remind you that we are having a class of 1955 picnic at noon on August 10 at Earl Thomas Conley Park (3 miles west of Portsmouth on Rt. 52). Fried chicken, baked beans, slaw, soft drinks and table service will be furnished. Local class members are asked to bring a covered dish. You might also want to bring a lawn chair. Members of other classes are welcome and several have already indicated that they are coming. Clayton Howerton is to furnish music from the 50's. If you plan to attend, please contact me or Martha Fitch Cook by August 1st.

Gary Goodman and I spent two days as guests of Jim Gardner at Kentucky Motor Speedway on June 14 and 15. We had a wonderful time. Jim and his crew really made us feel welcome

Gene Lucas

and the Class of 1956 and 1957 Combined Reunion

On August 23rd and 24th these two classes will hold their respective reunions together 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.

Class of '52 Reunion

You might be interested to know that the PHS 1952, 50th reunion is scheduled for October 11th and 12th. Both nights will have functions at the Russell Williams Post 471, American Legion Hall (the old Eagles Hall) on Gallia Street. I'm sure visitors from some of the other classes would be welcome if they chose to drop in.

Here is more on neighborhood stores. Kinney's Lane across from Lincoln School - Meyer's Market, Scioto Trail and 29th - Curnutte's Market, Kinney's Lane at Offnere - Goodwin's Market, Mary Ann St. between Jackson and Charles - Massie's, Jackson at Brown - Curnutte's.

How about some of the old neighborhood hangouts? Kinney's Lane - The Lane Shoppe, Scioto Trail and Kinney's Lane - "Jake's", Scioto Trail and 20th St. - Moore's Restaurant, Wear's Ice Cream on Gallia west of Offnere, The Dairy Queen on Scioto Trail, The Park Shoppe on 17th, The Cycle Inn on Cole's Blvd, just to name a few.

Bob Kirby

Whitney D. Miller Golf Classic

The next Whitney D. Miller Golf Classic will be held at the Elks in West Portsmouth on Friday October 4, 2002. All the particulars are not firmed up yet but it looks like the cost will be \$400 for a 4 man/woman team which includes breakfast, lunch, golf cart and green fees. All proceeds go to the United Way, the charity that Whitney held most dear. He was President and Campaign Chair. The 2000 Campaign was in his honor with him as honorary Chair. I will send more details as we have them. My new e-mail is nanagail@bright.net 740-353-3448

Gail Miller



Nick Donnelly, Jim Gardner, ?, ?, Nancy (Cox) and Bob Otworth, Clayton Howerton



Gary Goodman, Dan Wallace, Clayton Howerton



Bob Otworth, Preston Smith, Jim Gardner, Chet Corbitt, Clayton



Host Don Wallace, Wilson Jones in background



Clayton Howerton, Bruce Johnson, Jim Gardner



Martha and Bob Cook, Clayton Howerton, ?, Leo Brown, Don Wallace, Walt Wallace



Nick Donnelly, Coach Bruce Schmidt, Clayton Howerton, Wilson Jones, Jim Gardner.



Bill Meade, Nancy and Bob Otworth, ?, Jim Gardner, Nick and Martha Donnelly, Shirley Borders Meade and Charles Jett.



The Frazier Brothers in New Orleans – L to R: Elwood, Don and Harlan



(Gigi) Hatton Named Queen

Gladys Frazier Hatton has been chosen as the Oak Hill Senior Citizens Club Queen. As queen, she will represent the club at four festivals.

Gigi, as she is referred to lives in Oak Hill and has been a member of the club for five years. She is vice president this year, has served on advisory council and on different committees for the club. Gigi is also a volunteer for the Retired and Senior Volunteer Program (RSVP). She has one daughter, Karen Davis (David); one grand daughter, Keisa; one step-grandson, Garrett and one step-grandson, Nick.

Sunday, May 12, 2002

Riverboat Gambling?

Many Portsmouth residents have heard about the possibility of riverboat gambling coming to the city. Some people look forward to the potential economic advantages, while others fear that gambling might bring additional economic hardships and potential moral corruption.

Rumors of legalized gambling in Portsmouth began when the Portsmouth Daily Times ran an article alleging the Portsmouth mayor's support for the gambling proposition.

Being discussed is the erection of a hotel and landing dock for riverboat gambling at the current location of the Portsmouth Police Department. The police department will be relocated to the former Marting's Department Store which went out of business in June of 2002. This location, close to Shawnee State University, the flood wall murals, and downtown shopping, is considered a prime location for such a venture.

from the 6-27-02 issue of The Scioto Voice.

More Neighborhood Stores

I enjoy reading Alumni Prints. It brings back memories. I just wanted to give you a couple of those grocery stores. 20th and Grandview was Gemperlines and 19th and Timmons was Boehm's Market. It was owned by Donna Boehm's (57) father.

I have lived in Indianapolis since I left Portsmouth in 1956. I live very close to the 500 Speedway. Lots of traffic there. I will retire at the end of this year. Yeah! I have 4 children and 3 grandchildren and my daughter's wedding coming up at the end of this month in the Bahamas. I never had the privilege of going to college, but all my children did. I'm very proud of them!

If anyone ever hears from Phyllis Scaff, I would love to hear from her.

Sue Adkins McFarland

My dad had 2 grocery stores-the old Boulevard Market-sold it and had one on the corner of Front and Glover Streets. Martins Market was on Glover Street. Books on Jackson Avenue had groceries too and a store on the corner of Jackson Avenue & Brown Streets. Carl Colvin & Don Boehm (Donna) both had stores too.

Donna McCally Boren

The store at the North West corner of 17th and Mabert Road was owned by Granville Fields. His brother Benton ran their store on Gallia Street just west of Garfield school and on the south side of the street. I believe the Hewitt family lived next door. This store is where my family shopped. The store half-way up Mabert Road was owned by Horsley's when I was a little girl. It was then purchased by the Maxie family. Their daughter Opal worked in the store. The last owner I knew of before I moved away was the Dailey's. The store on Mabert Road across from Garfield was owned by Frank and Stella Knauff. We used to buy a lot of penny candy there on our way to and from school. If you bought a bottle of pop, he tried to get you to buy candy instead of giving you back your two-cent deposit.

Sometime in the forties, the Cassell family on Mabert Road across from Garfield, opened a lunch counter in the living room of their house. It wasn't open long, as I think that they had not obtained the proper license or permits.

Norma (Lyon) Lowe

"Mumbly-Peg"

Just about all the boys I grew up with on Charles Street in the late 1940s had a pocket knife. Carrying a "jack knife" (as we called them in that era) was common place. My knife, like most the other boys carried, had a big blade for serious cutting and whittling and a small one for cutting string, paring finger nails, or any other minor chore that might arise. This was long before the Swiss Army knife came into fashion, when two blades seemed to be sufficient to cope with whatever the needs of a pre-teen boy might arise.

Having a jack knife was a badge of maturity. If your parents trusted you to carry a knife you were practically an adult-at least they felt that you could be trusted to use it without slicing off a finger.

There were about only two major uses a boy had for a knife: whittling and playing "Mumbly-Peg" with my Wilson Elementary School chums. Two or three boys, a summer day, some close-cropped green sod, and a jack knife were the only things necessary for a game of Mumbly-Peg.

The first player would take the knife and go through as many of the "feats" of the game as he could without a blunder. The second followed in turn, doing the same. The last one to perform all of the difficult feats was beaten and had to pull a short stick (the "peg"), about two inches long, from the ground with his teeth. The winner drove the peg, using his knife handle for a hammer, being allowed by the rules of the game, three blows with his eyes open and three with his eyes closed.

The hammering usually drove the peg out of sight into the sod and the loser, using only his teeth, rooted. Finally, with a dirty face and a broad grin, he lifted his head showing the peg between his teeth.

I can't remember all of the feats that were required in the progression of a serious game of Mumbly-Peg. You started with a simple maneuver attempting to allow the knife to fall point downward so that it would stick-upright-in the ground. If there was room to slip two fingers beneath the handle of the knife and if the point of the knife was hidden in the ground, it counted as a "fair stick."

Each succeeding feat was more difficult. You alternated between your right hand and your left hand. As I remember, as the feats became more difficult, the knife was required to turn once around in the air before the blade stuck in the ground. One position was starting with the knife handle on the ear, another was starting on the nose, then the eyes, and the top of your head.

Then you would progress with each hand, using each finger in succession. The most difficult feats were throwing the knife so that it would revolve for a yard back over your head. There must have been at least twenty or more positions in the game.

When a miss was made, the next player took his turn. When the first player's turn came around again, he had to try the feat over that he failed to perform last. You were the star of the neighborhood if you could "run the game out" in one round.

Blaine Bierley

Next Issue: Picnic Photos...

A Note From Jackie Brown

On small groceries: there was one near Bob Mohl's father's butcher shop, at the corner of Waller & Third, called Chabody's and there was one on Gallia Street called Chabot's I believe (it was right near the little Coney Island restaurant which made the very best coneys I have EVER tasted, sadly also out of business for many years now). I was just as sad when the wonderful Townhouse closed; their Hi-Boys were the best double-deckers I've ever tasted, with the Cycle Inn's and the Shawnee's and Frisch's coming right behind them. Another little neighborhood grocery was Warner's, around Third and Sinton I believe. And then I remember Duzan's, across from Greenlawn Cemetery. And I well remember the little grocery where Marlene Larch and I would go when I spent the night at her house, at the corner of 20th and Grandview I think; don't remember the name. And I remember Schisler's, somewhere around 9th Street I think, where my Mom ordered a lot of our meats. And speaking of all this, does anyone else remember, when we were little, how stores would give you change from some kind of mechanical thing that went overhead and I guess into an office? This was VERY long ago, in grade school.

Speaking of Portsmouth closings, it was heart-breaking, for so many reasons, to hear that Marting's is going out of business. This Portsmouth institution was patronized by my family all my life. It is where we went to have our hair done; to find prom gowns; to find beautiful cashmere skirts and matching sweaters. And it is where I used to buy my all-time favorite perfume, Worth's Je Reviens which as of this year, is itself out of business after zillions of years.

On J.B. Warden, one of the boys I dated so long ago, I hear he moved back to Portsmouth for his job on the N&W (I think) railroad but he may have retired back to Roanoke which is where he lived before his family moved to Portsmouth. I remember J.B. sharing his lunches for his mid-night shift summers on the railroad, Bill Trone, too. And I remember playing tennis and going to

the Park Shoppe afterwards, hanging out and having a good time. Just as I remember the unforgettable Dreamland Pool: there was never another like it and never will be. I can still SMELL the pool, as I can the library, another favorite hangout of mine when I was little. Does anyone else remember one of the librarians of the children's section? She wore her hair in a bun; had big, horn-rimmed glasses and had a large mole near her chin.

I also enjoyed the story on Marlene Larch....a beautiful, delightful, darling girlfriend with whom I had so many good times, along with Nancy Witten, Lovel Pack, Shirley Borders, J.B., Dick Hansgen, Sharon Queen, Nelson Barker and many others in different crowds of kids, too.

Finally, I found the story on Sam Sheppard very interesting because I had lunch with him after he was acquitted. Two good friends of mine, a doctor and a judge, were friends of his also and we all had lunch so I could meet him at the Claremont Restaurant here in Columbus. I remember my two friends (who were adamant in their belief that he was innocent) excused themselves to go to the men's room. Sam and I were alone and I, fortified by the typical advertising 3-Scotch lunch, looked him right in the eye and asked him: "You've been acquitted and I swear I won't ever repeat your answer if it's in the affirmative, but I have to ask you: 'Did you do it?' His answer was "And I swear, Jackie, by all that's holy, I did not kill Marilyn." I believed him then and I still believe he did not kill his wife. But her murder ruined his life, and he tragically descended into alcoholism after we met and died too soon.

On July 27, I am giving a brunch for Deanie's Mom and a group of our lifelong friends. (Deanie's birthday is July 25) If anyone from our class would like to attend, just e-mail me at JackieBrwn@earthlink.net for directions, or call (614) 431-0995. The party might be Sat., Aug. 3rd instead because of scheduling problems but I don't know yet.

Jackie Brown

Jim Kegley writes:

Frank, Here is one of my columns that I thot you might use in your newsletter.

In 1999, I ran a picture of Whitney Miller, standing in front of one of the huge Beech trees that mark the Portsmouth hillside where his family has lived for over 70-years, and for which the street is named, Beechwood Heights. Beech trees with their elephant colored cork-like bark, have a fine quality of being easily carved. And Whitney, fifty-years ago, back when he was 11-years old, had indeed carved his initials, "W. M., 1949" into the tree in the front of his house. Whitney, who was in the throes of the dreaded cancer at the time I took the picture, wanted to mark his place in history. He died in July, 2000, but he will be remembered for much more than that picture which I ran in The Scioto Voice, and the initials carved into the Beech Tree. It was Whitney who left nearly \$75,000.00 to be distributed to all the employees with over five-years with the Mitchellace Company, where he worked. It was Whitney who had been a long-time member of the Portsmouth Murals Committee, and a community leader of long standing. What made me remember Whitney, and the tree, was a book I am reading, entitled, "Up Country" by Nelson Demille. He is the same author who has written eleven other acclaimed novels including the #1 New York Times bestseller, Palm Island and New York Times bestsellers The Lion's Game, The Gold Coast, and The General's Daughter. In the book Demille describes an experience he and a fellow Vietnam War veteran had while visiting the Vietnam Memorial in Washington DC. I was struck by the wonderfully descriptive paragraph, which I am re-printing here: "And here we were now, literally and figuratively in the twilight, no longer warriors, but middle-aged men looking at the dead of our generation spread out in front of us; 58,000 names carved into the black stone, and I suddenly saw these men as kids, carefully carving their names into trees, into school desks, into wooden fences. I realized that for every name in the granite, there was a matching name still carved somewhere in America. And these names, too, were carved in the hearts of their families and in the heart of the nation."

Jim Kegley

2 Years of Newsletters

This completes 12 issues or 2 years of a lot of fun. It has been a pleasure for me and I know that Gene enjoys it too. We are looking forward to the next 3 years to the next reunion. In the meantime, please involve yourselves by telling us about yourself.

Frank and Gene

New Addresses

Marlene Larch Brinkley's new address is: 3326 Oaklawn Ave. NW, Roanoke, VA 24012. She does not have her computer working yet.

Mary Thomas-Hamilton's new e-mail address is: bocababe999@aol.com.

Sent anything for Web Site?

Send photos or copy to Tom Dupuy: 1311 Hillake Lane, Lebanon, Tn 37090 or email material to: tj@charter.net



The Can-Can Dancers of PHS

l to r: Nancy Bower, Sandy Keyes, Penny Harris, Donna McCally, Gail Payne, Fee Fee Matthews, Betty Bierley, Janetta Howling, Vicky Doll, rosalie Phipps, Vicky Steiger