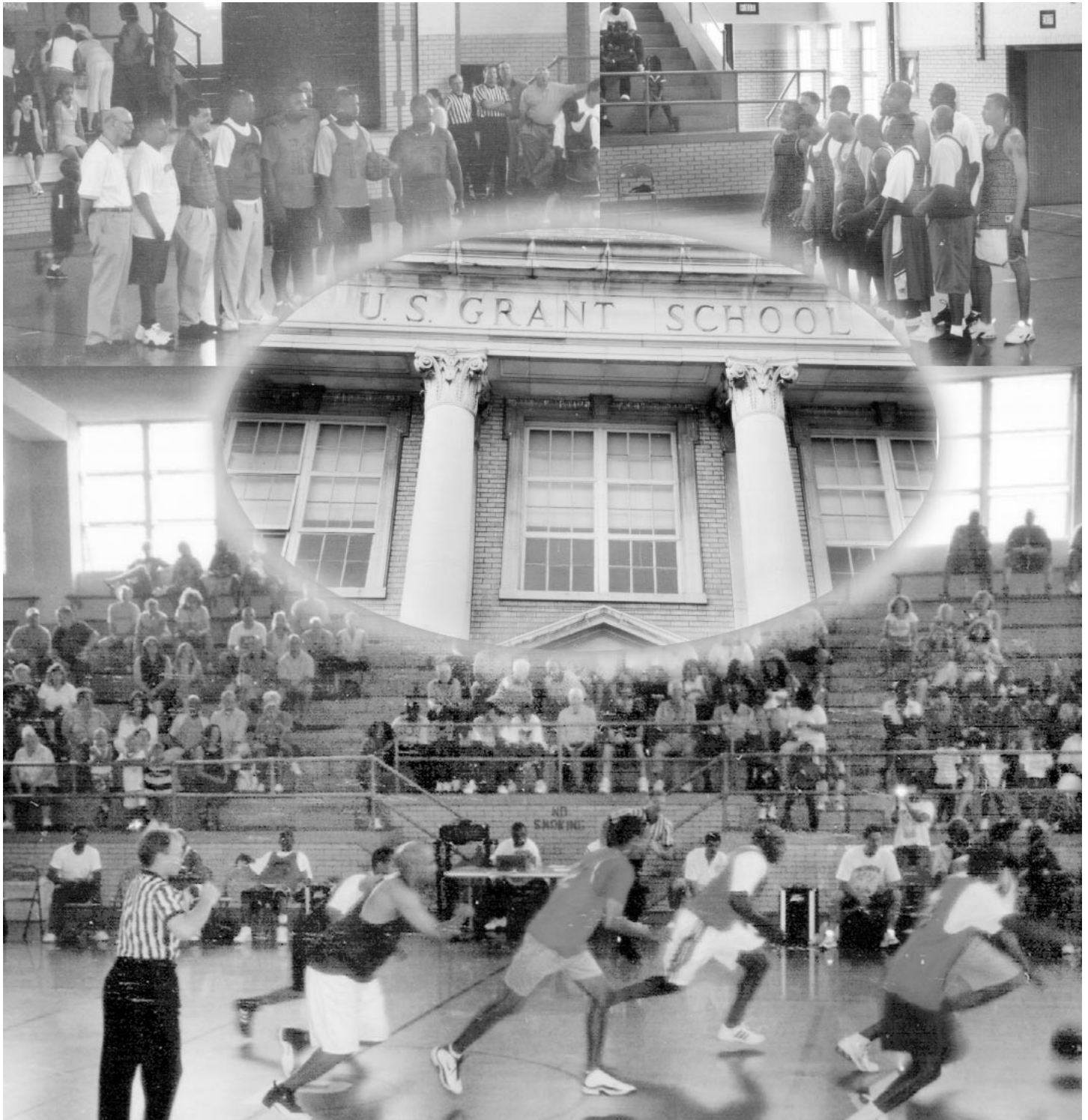


THE 1955 TROJAN *Alumni* PRINTS

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The Last Basketball Game Ever In Grant Gym



May 28th was the last day for Grant School. A self-guided tour of the building preceded the last basketball game held in the historic gym. The game featured players from the 1978 vs 1988 state championship teams. The game was won by the 1978 team on a last second 3-point shot by all-state guard Jeff Liasther. A fitting climax to seal the fate of that gym we all loved. The building is scheduled for demolition to make way for the new school complex currently under construction. It is rather sad to see our old grade school go.

Ed: Many big sports names played on this very court. A couple from our time were Jerry Lucas (Middletown) and Hopalong Cassidy from Columbus Central and our own Curt Gentry. There were many, many more to be sure. We all spent many happy (and sometimes disappointing) times here.

Grant Gym and a Failed Attempt at Comedy

There was a small room over the ticketing area at the East end of the gym. It is reached via a door and stairwell running up the inside wall from the court itself. I don't know what the actual purpose of the room was, but the pep band used it to store our instrument cases while we performed on stage at the other end of the court.

Previous pep bands had set a tradition of entertaining during halftime with skits on the court. As we started this new basketball season, some members of the band decided that they did not want to continue with skits on the floor. Al Oxley and myself were the lone hold-outs and we were determined to perform the skits ourselves if necessary. So we set about to script the first game show.

We had found an old baby buggy and used it as our inspiration. The show began to develop like this: As the last minutes counted down to halftime, Al and I would leave the stage and walk to the other end, open the door and go upstairs to prepare.

I would wear a big fur coat and a derby hat. Al would wrap himself in a white bed sheet and carry a large wooden paddle. I would get into the baby buggy with a large box over myself. The cue from the band would be to break into "The Sheik of Araby", a popular number of the day. At that point Al would open the door and push me out to the middle of the court where I would throw off the box and jump out of the buggy. I would insult him and he would chase me around the court with the paddle.

In retrospect, I really can't remember what was supposed to happen at that point.

Actually, I also forgot what was supposed to happen at that point in the skit. I decided that the best way out of the skit was exactly the way I came in. I hit the panic switch and ran back to the buggy, made a flying leap into it and put the box over myself.

This of course, left Al out there by himself with nothing but laughter and derision from the stands. He panicked also and put the sheet over his head, thereby blocking his vision. All he could think of doing was to start pushing me and the buggy back to that door and disappear as soon as possible. Once inside and safely back upstairs, we were blaming each other for things going wrong when a very angry adult came storming up the stairs. It was none other than Fred Ramsey's father who just happened to be the janitor of Grant School. Very angry would probably be a tame way of putting it. He ordered us downstairs and onto the court. There we observed a very black line from center court to the door. Seems that when I jumped into the buggy, I sat on a wheel. Al did not notice that one wheel was not turning. He did say later that it was very hard to push.

The game continued at the end of the half with the extra black line (very distracting) and we somehow got out of removing the line. Mr. Ramsey probably felt we would further mess up his court if we were allowed on it again.

Frank Hunter



Our 1955 Golf Team

Bill Trone, Dave Jordan, Dave Wagner, FeeFee Matthews, Jerry McColgan and Nick Huston

The Soap Box Derby

Do you remember those exciting Soap Box Derby races that we had each summer in Portsmouth when we were growing up? I can still see it: a Saturday morning in late July or early August, the competitors lined up, three abreast, on the downhill course—the long, steep Kendall Avenue hill just above the Terrace Club swimming pool.

Several boys in my Charles Street neighborhood built Soap Box Derby racers when I was growing up in the late 1940s and early 1950s. Jack Perkins, a Wilson Elementary School chum, comes especially to mind. With the expert advice of his father, Ray Perkins, Jack constructed several racing cars over the years. The Derby was promoted as a father-son venture.

As I recall, the Glockner Chevrolet Dealership on the corner of Second and Chillicothe Streets by the U. S. Grant Bridge sponsored the annual event. I think the men of the Portsmouth Junior Chamber of Commerce, and, perhaps, the men of the Portsmouth Civic Forum were involved also. Sponsorship of the Derby was a natural marketing event for Chevy. It seems to me that they got at least three great benefits. There was, of course, national exposure for the company—they got in every story that ran in the newspaper, "the All-American Soap Box Derby sponsored by Chevrolet." It was a marketing masterpiece, showing concern for America's youth. The next thing was that the kid took Mom and Dad into Glockner's showroom. Glockner's had the application forms and they sponsored clinics where you could get hints on building racers. A third part was the long-term benefit. A kid who got caught up in the excitement of Soap Box Derby racing (and perhaps even won and got to go to the finals at Derby Downs in Akron, Ohio) was probably going to have a warm feeling for Chevy for his lifetime.

The rules were that every car was to be completely "boy built." Every piece of wood that was cut, every piece that was sanded, every bolt tightened, every nail hammered, was to have been done by the boy who was racing the car. I seem to remember that this rule was very difficult to completely enforce. To construct a car that had any hopes of being competitive, a boy had to know how to align wheels, to make a steering cable, to balance wheels, to construct a sound suspension, and even to have some knowledge of aerodynamics. These were pretty stiff requirements to put on a twelve-year-old kid.

The racer's wheels were critical. When the Derby first began back in the 30s any kind of wheels were allowed. By the 40s, however, a system of standardization was in place. The B. F. Goodrich Company developed required wheel sets and axles. Each builder was required to purchase a set for his car. The price was pretty steep, it seems to me, for those days—somewhere in the neighborhood of ten dollars.

The strategy of racing was pretty simple. Driving a straight race was the key to winning. Each race only lasted about 35 seconds, but the cars could obtain speeds of up to fifty miles per hour going down the long hill. Jack told me that his strategy was "to scrunch down and pray."

The whole Soap Box Derby thing probably seems pretty tame to today's generation of kids I suppose. But you have to remember that this was a much simpler time. We had little or no TV and no video games. There were fewer things to distract us from just being kids. We had to make our own excitement. We relied on things like guns made out of wood and rubber bands and scooters made out of skate wheels and a two-by-four. Would you like to be able to return to those days?

Blaine Bierley

90th Birthday Celebration For Deanie's Mom

The late Willadean Harrison Stone's mother turned 90 years young on June 9 and on June 12th, a celebration of this event was given at the Clintonville Women's Club by Mr. & Mrs. Jim Kenny (Caren Harrison Kenny). Caren, raised by her loving Aunt Deanie, is the daughter of Carl Harrison and Linda Boorman King, PHS graduates in 1952 and 1955. Caren's sister, Mrs. Cathy Fisher, her husband Charlie and family were also in attendance as well as Mrs. Harrison's nieces, Mr. & Mrs. John Goodwin (Nancy McCloud) and Dr. & Mrs. Paul Andrews (Pat McCloud) who graduated from PHS in the 70's.

Present also were Mrs. Harrison's sister, Julia (Gladys) McCleese, and her brothers, John and Gene McCleese, all residing in the Portsmouth area. Many others currently residing in Portsmouth, Columbus and out-of-state were also present, including long-time friends - Martha

Staker and Liz Keyser Casson (sister of the late Skip Keyser) who graduated PHS in 1952 as did Carl Harrison, Mrs. Harrison's son and Deanie's dearly loved brother.

PHS 1955 graduates attending are pictured (left to right): Larry & Donna McCally Boren, Jackie Brown, and Nancy Bower Sommers, (happily, recuperating from a recent operation), as well as Janet Coriell (not pictured.) Mrs. Harrison remains as unique, intellectually gifted, accomplished and remarkable a woman as her daughter Deanie, whom she and her late husband, Burle, raised in an exceptionally happy and beautiful Portsmouth home.

Selfishly, perhaps, we wish Mrs. Harrison many, many more birthdays, before she reunites with the beloved family members and friends who were called to Heaven before her.

Article/pics from Jacqueline Brown



Larry Boren, Donna McCally Boren, Jackie Brown, Nancy Bower Sommers

Mrs. Harrison

Jackie Shares a Few Summer Family Photos

Jackie Brown's recent family celebrations included surprise birthday, wedding anniversary, "home from college", graduation and "Off to Westpoint" parties. Family members attending included Doug & Deb Harness, sons Steve & Jimmy Harness; George & Brenda Mitchell, son Derek and daughter Ashley; and Barry & Karen Colley (son Kevin). Jackie's sisters Debbie, Brenda and Karen graduated PHS in the 1970's. In September, Jackie & sisters are expecting a visit from Hillsborough, CA sister, Dr. Gerry Lenhart (Gerry Brown who also attended PHS).

Editor's note: Jackie would like to encourage all to contribute to our newsletter's continuing success by sending articles/pics on your current lives.



Sisters Brenda, Jackie, Karen, Debbie

(Back): Derek, Debbie, George (Front row): Ashley, Doug, Jackie, Brenda

Jackie & brother-in-law, George, Jackie & niece Ashley,

Jackie & nephew Jim, Jackie & nephew Derek



More Beer Days

Some people in our area preferred "premium" beers. They were priced at a nickel more because they had to be shipped from afar. Even Budweiser and Miller had a better taste at that time, but as they began to grow into monster national brewers they lost that taste. Their growth caused the destruction of the "local" beer industry.

The final onslaught against the local brewers came in the 1950s and 60s when take over mania brought an end to many breweries, resulting in the so-called "big six" brewing companies controlling the majority of pubs and brewing in the country by 1983. (Anheuser Busch, Miller, G. Heileman, Stroh, Coors and Pabst)

However, good news is found in the growth of the so called craft or micro brewers. You can find them in most larger cities and when you return to Portsmouth, try some of Portsmouth Brewing Companies' really fine beers. During last summer's picnic reunion, a few of us ate at the Scioto Ribber where they serve the local brew. At last we can get old-fashioned beer taste again...and guess what? The biggies are being forced to brew better beer again. Not in their regular brands but under new names.

I found the following on the internet interesting as most of our beer in the 50s came from Cincy.

"For decades, generations of Cincinnati residents were loyal to their local brewing industry, generating record beer sales and helping to build hometown breweries into major employers. There were no Budweiser, Schlitz, or Pabst advertisements at Crosley Field, home of the Cincinnati Reds. Instead, the scoreboard and signs beyond the outfield walls were painted with bright publicity for Hudepohl, Wiedemann, and other area beers. Scorebooks promoted Schoenling and Red Top, among other Cincinnati brews. The games were called on radio by Waite Hoyt, who also served as pitcher for Burger Beer, the radio (and later television) sponsor of Reds baseball. Local beer was a way of life in Cincinnati as it was across the U.S.A. In those days, nationally brewed and marketed beers were largely viewed as "out-of-towners" that didn't offer a serious challenge to the fresh, often less expensive local brands. But by the 1980s, most of the famous Cincinnati breweries had become nostalgic memories, as national producers overwhelmed them with big budget advertising campaigns and greater industrial efficiency. Bigger seemingly became better, and by the 1990s local beers had largely fallen out of favor with consumers and retailers, who mistakenly viewed them as cheap alternatives to the apparently more exciting, heavily advertised national brands. Then came the introduction of micro-brews and craft beers. Would Cincinnati's brewing industry experience a renaissance in the process?"

I really believe that Cincinnati, with it's German heritage will bounce back in the beer taste business. What is good for Cincinnati should be good for everyone. Somewhere I read (proverbs?) *"It profiteth a man not to drinketh Budweiser and lose his good taste."*

Sign Up Now For Our Class Of 1955 Picnic

The PHS Class of 1955 will host a picnic on 9-11-04 at the Portsmouth Shrine Club which is located approximately 3.1 miles west of Portsmouth on Rt 52. The picnic will begin at 11AM and lunch will be at 12:15PM. The picnic is open to members of all PHS classes, family members and friends. Reservations must be in by 8-21-04. Fried chicken, baked beans, potatoe Salad, rolls, soft drinks and table service will be furnished. Local residents are asked to bring a covered dish.

To make a reservation contact Gene Lucas, 1419 Second Street, West Portsmouth, OH, 45663, phone 740-858-5489, e-mail luke1@peoplepc.com.

There will be a PHS home football game the night before the picnic for those interested in attending

Florida Winter Reunion on Hold...

Lois has decided that she will not be able to host the Winter get-together this year. We are waiting to hear from any Floridian who would like to pick up the job. Please e-mail Frank at fhunter@sptimes.com if interested.

New PHS/Old Grant

When Portsmouth city seventh and eight graders go back to school this fall, they'll be conducting their classes in the PHS building along with ninth through twelfth graders. The students are moving so that the existing Grant Middle School can be demolished early and the district's elementary school building can be completed on schedule.

"We're closing Grant at the end of this school year," explained Mark Williams, Director of Educational Media and Technology for the district. "Grant students will come to the high school for the next two years," Williams explained, until the new facility, which houses the middle and high schoolers in separate wings, is completed. The Grant building, he said, will be torn down this summer. The students will be segregated by floors to minimize contact between older and younger students. Williams said that the restructuring and shuffling at PHS will also help the school go ahead and start winnowing out old and obsolete technology and textbooks that will not make the move to the new building.

Mayor Recalled

Portsmouth residents voted nearly 2-to-1 yesterday (Tuesday, June 23) to remove Mayor Greg Bauer from office. The vote came in a recall election that was prompted by Bauer's role in a city real-estate purchase under scrutiny for potential crimes.

Bauer will be forced to step down once vote totals are certified in 10 days. Under the city charter, City Council President Jim Kalb will become mayor and serve the final 18 months of the term through 2005.



Guess Who

1949 Wilson School safety patrol

Don Payton

This and That

Homer Adams
10620 Independence Dr.,
North Royalton OH44133

Sue Adkins McFarland
5838 W. Bertha St.
Indianapolis IN 46241

Connie Enlow
new email address
C.Enlow@insightbb.com

Paid Your Dues Yet?

If you have not, Send your \$5 to Gene Lucas.



Gwen Mowery Johnson, Patti Conklin Newsom, Mary Ann Hamilton Mowery at Myrtle Beach 2004



Ann Conner's 1840 Log Cabin

Ann says she has chickens and was a beekeeper until last year.

Sandwiches
The Stars of the Nation



**NATIONALLY FAMOUS
BIG BOY**

Two patties of ground beef, melted cheese, pickles, double-baked lettuce, topped off with our own sauce.
Order of golden brown french fries and French Fries Pickles... 75¢

50¢



BRAWNY LAD STEAK

Big Tender Steak—Grilled U.S. steaks—on buttered, toasted special roll, topped off with a generous slice of melted Swiss cheese.

55¢



FILET OF SOLE

Most Popular Seafood Fish Sandwich in United States—over 2 million lbs. sold per year. On Toasted Bun with lettuce and French fries.

55¢



BUDDIE BOY
Contest Prize Winner

Grilled Steak and Swiss Cheese, tomato, double-baked lettuce, delicious sauce on a specially-baked french roll.

60¢



Evelyn Brannan & Nancy Clausing 1954



Evelyn Brannan & Barbara Vogel 1953

A Sign of the times - just for fun.