

The 1955 trojan *Alumni* PRINTS

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

Issue 3

Roger Quinn, US Army Ranger

Roger was born in Steubenville and moved with his parents to Portsmouth during his sophomore year. He had never seen the town or the house he would live in until he arrived. At first, he struggled to make friends and had a hard time leaving his old life behind, but he found a circle of friends and began to adjust to Portsmouth and his new school.

His appointment to West Point filled his family with great pride. Encouraged by their love and faith in him, but with butterflies in his stomach, he began his four years with determination to succeed in his career.

Roger's wife Joanne remembers; We met at a wedding. He was an usher and I was a bridesmaid. It was right after graduation, he from West Point and I from Notre Dame of Maryland. He returned to Ohio via New Jersey! I enjoyed his company at the wedding but I was shocked to see him in my living room that day when I came home from work. We were married eight months later and I never regretted it. I think we knew, subconsciously, that time was short so we did things quickly. In less than three years we had four children (one set of twins) and five homes (not counting my stay with my parents while Roger spent fifteen months in Korea). We lived in Maryland, Colorado, England, Germany, and Kentucky.

Roger was very special. He was the most accepting person, never feeling better than anyone else. The Commanding officer in Germany was upset because he had told no one that he was a West Point graduate. But, of course, that wasn't his way. He would never expect to be given special privileges or to be looked upon as better than anyone else.

After the Armor Officer Basic Course, Ranger School and Airborne School, Roger had his first assignment with the 3d Cavalry Regiment, Fort George G. Meade, Maryland. As a platoon leader he met each task head-on and took pride in being a soldier. He then went to Korea with the 9th Cavalry, and after trudging its hills for fourteen months, happily arrived at his next duty station, Ft. Carson. We had Marlyn at Meade, and Allan during Korea, but we outdid ourselves at Carson. Our twins, Sean and Heather, were born.

Roger then had the honor of being chosen to attend the Royal Armored Corps School of Tank Technology in Covington Camp, Dorset England. He was a first rate ambassador of good will. His warmth of personality and high regard for all people won him much admiration and many friendships. No one could help but learn to love Roger; he had that way about him.

Roger thoroughly enjoyed our next stop, Germany. We were with the 3d Battalion, 70th Armor at Munich. Roger was picked by his Battalion Commander for Company commander



of the year, and had the top tank crew. He worked hard and did well.

At the Associate Advanced Course he graduated an honor student. In the field or in the classroom he strove to excel. Roger put his all into everything he tackled, always putting forth his best effort. This conviction went with him to Vietnam, first with the 11th Cavalry Regiment and finally as S-3 of the 3d Battalion, 5th Cavalry.

On 3 April 1968, he was shot during an assault mission and died. He had only two months to go in Vietnam.

These words written by a friend and classmate of Roger's say it all and so simply. "When he was hit, he was performing his duty to the fullest extent with the zest and enthusiasm which was prominent in every thing he did. Those of us who knew Roger were treated to something really quite rare."

Bill Schwartz, one of Roger's room mates at West Point wrote of him after lecturing a group of parents on the benefits of a West Point education:

"Later that night I could hardly sleep. I thought of what attending West Point had meant to me and so many others. I thought of my West Point room mate of four years, Roger Quinn, unfortunately KIA in Vietnam, son of an immigrant Serbian mother and an Irish American steel mill worker father who survived the depression by working for the WPA. And I thought of other classmates from humble beginnings who got their piece of the American dream by attending USMA."

Another West Point grad responded "It also reminded me how West Point joins us together across the years and in so many different ways. Roger was the Company Commander of my first unit after I graduated. He was a fine officer, and I was saddened when I learned that he had been KIA. Now, after all these years, I learn something new about him that he never shared

with us - even in the wee hours of long field exercises in the cold, German winters when there was a lull and we would get to talking of home, loved ones, and other nostalgic subjects."

Bill speaks of their days at West Point.

"I roomed with Roger, in Company K-2, for our entire four years. His heroic death in combat in Vietnam tragically ended what promised to be a marvelous career.

He spent part of his time at West Point in a fruitless quest to lose his virginity and a good deal of the remaining time trying to beat the system. Most times he succeeded. He believed that the most brazen acts could be committed if you acted like you knew what you were doing. Once when he was in the Cadet Hospital for a moderately extended stay, he decided that he needed a break beyond West Point's walls. Since he had almost recuperated from his surgery, his doctors authorized him to leave the hospital for visits to the library, barracks, and so forth. All he had to do was sign out and provide his destination and estimated time of return. Roger decided that his recuperation would be even more rapid if he could wet his whistle at the Bear Mountain Inn. So in typical style, he signed out of the hospital listing his destination as the Bear Mountain Inn and time of return as taps. He reasoned that no one ever took the time to check the sign out book and he'd be home free. He was right.

Then there was the time, on a Saturday afternoon one spring weekend during our first class year, when Roger walked into our room carrying a case of Schlitz Beer on his shoulders. I knew that Roger's folks were visiting him and commented on the box of food his folks had brought him. 'That's not food' Roger said. 'That's a case of beer.' I stood in amazement. 'How' I asked him, 'did you get a case of beer to our room without getting caught?' After all, it was a typical Saturday afternoon, with cadets, drags, parents and officers all over the area. Roger said 'simple-I carried it across Central Area, from Grant Hall, on my shoulder. I asked my father to bring it for me. Nobody would believe that any cadet was crazy enough to carry a case of beer on his shoulder from Grant Hall to North Area. They all probably thought it was food.' He was right again. We had a marvelous Schlitz full weekend."

Larry Webb, another comrade who served with him in Vietnam wrote: "I can remember a night just before he was killed that he and I were on an operation together up close to the DMZ. For dinner that night, he came up with the idea that we all dump our C rations into his steel helmet and heat it up with C-4, in an effort to make something out of nothing! It was great! That was what he was like, 'let's make something out of nothing!'"

Continued on back



Sharon Gallagher and Shirley Perry at the reunion, with Gene Lucas in the background



Nick Huston, Eva Strauss Iverson and Nancy Bower at the reunion



Connie Yuenger, Connie Smith Enlow, Pat Webb



Bob Otworth, Bill Clifford, Nancy Cox Otworth, Kenny Lane and Lane

Mike Zuliani

I went to Huntington, WV after high school and graduated from Marshall University in 1961. After spending many years in the medical-surgical field as a sales rep and regional sales manager, I retired from Johnson & Johnson Medical in 1997.

After a few months of trying to acclimate myself to the retirement routine, I did not know how to spend an entire day without "going bonkers". Thus, I formed my own medical-surgical recruiting firm---otherwise known as a headhunter! Have been very busy with my business the past 4 years!

My wife, Peg, and I live in the Nashville, TN. area and have a total of five grown children spread all over the U.S.

I will never forget the fun I had at P.H.S.! I fell in love every week at the after game football dances in the gym. Wore out many tires driving from downtown out to the Dairy Queen where everyone hung out in the summer and then cruising around the boulevard! The summers were great at Dreamland Pool where we could all get together. I have been known to drink a beer or two at the Park Shoppe!!

I would not trade those days for anything !!!!!!!

From Clayton Howerton

What a wonderful magnet (the Alumni Prints) to draw old friends together from across the country. You would not believe the e-mail we have received the past six weeks. Even heard from Marlene Larch from Hawaii and several from Florida.

In answer to some e-mail questions you may have been asked. My new heart came from a gracious man and his family who lived in Columbus. He was around fifty years old and had two sons. His family still lives in Columbus.

The condition of the heart was a Grade A. My surgery said it was one of the best he has ever used. The actual surgery time was two hours and fifteen minutes once the heart arrived at Cleveland University Hospital. I spent two days in C.I.C.U. and was walking a bit the third day. I have had a large amount of medicine to fight off infection and to prevent my body from rejection the new heart. All the biopsies taken so far have been very good. We will go back to Cleveland University on the 25th of January for our next biopsy and medicine adjustments.

One other item of importance: We have located one of our long lost sons. In the shape of Jack Burgess, he lives about one mile from us. My wife has worked worked with his wife at Unioto School. Mrs. Burgess was doing some substitute teaching at the school. Linda has driven past their home each day on her way to work. "It's a small work Charlie Brown!" **Jack, let us hear about your escapades of the past 40 years!**

His address is Jack Burgess, 194 Clinton Road, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

Whitney's Generosity Portsmouth Community Common

Nearly 150 Mitchellace employees who served more than 5 years received a Christmas gift from Whitney of \$500 in appreciation of their service to the company. Prior to his death, he made arrangements to provide his brother, Ward Miller, Jr., the money need to cover the gifts. Each employee was encouraged to enjoy the gift but to be mindful of Whitney's wish that they help someone else identified as needy during the holiday season. What more can we say of this classmate?

Deanie's Mother

Tom and Deanie's deaths has been a crushing blow to me. They were both very special people. thanks for sending me the class news. *ed. We understand that Tom's mother also received this letter and we want them to know that they will always be a part of our class also and that we share a small part of their loss.*

Close Your Eyes Go back in time... I'm talkin' bout hide and go seek at dusk. Sittin' on the porch, red light, green light. Chocolate milk, lunch tickets, penny candy in a brown paper bag. Playin' pinball in the corner store. Hopscotch, butterscotch, doubledutch, jacks, kickball, dodgeball. Mother may I? Hula hoops and sunflower seeds, red rover and roly poly, banana splits, wax lips and mustaches, running through the sprinkler. Or back further, listening to Superman on the radio, catchin' lightening bugs in a jar, playin sling shot. When around the corner seemed far away, and going downtown seemed like going somewhere... Oh, if only we could share those days again.

Our Undefeated 1953 Portsmouth High School Trojans



Harry Parker, Coach Bruce Schmidt and Don Wallace about 2 years ago

Row 1: Boyd-Mgr., Donley, Boren, Sunafrank, Dials, Reaves, F. Collins, Howerton, Otworth, M. Brown, Taylor, Whitaker, Johnson, McLaughlin-Mgr.
 Row 2: Lindeman-Mgr., N. Brown, Hollis, Zuliani, Hale, Price, Spinks, Liston, Pitcher, Jett, Cobb, White, Thatcher, Hart-Mgr.
 Row 3: Coach Gibson, Sturgill, Callaway, W. Wallace, Gardner, Mitchell, Meade, Lawson, Holling, Purpura, Goodman, Parker, Adkins, Coach Schmidt, Coach Brownson
 Row 4: Coach Zoretic, Mays, D. Wallace, Smith, Gentry, W. Collins, Carr, Grooms, Corbitt, Wagner, Hill, L. Brown, Jones, Williams, Cook-Mgr, Trone-Mgr.



Coach, Bruce Schmidt, 8203 Blade Road Malvern, Ohio 44644, 330-863-1402

Our Gathering Place

Dozens of classmates and others can call themselves members of the Park Shoppe gang. I was one of those and would like to remember some of the group.

We went through at least three owners that I can remember. There was Russ (can't remember his last name), Clarence Evans and George Banchy. Clarence was the most irritable and George was perhaps the most tolerant of the three. Clarence was a bit like Basil Faulty of the English tv comedy series, Faulty Towers. He was high-strung and short tempered. He wanted our business but would be quick to toss out anyone for the slightest reason. His son Larry (a great buddy of ours) was his waiter and busboy who was frequently caught in the middle.

We spent hours playing the two pinball machines at a nickel a game. We drank lemon or cherry cokes or phosphates (nickel a glass) and gobbled down their famous pork barbeque sandwich. As we neared drinking age(?), many an elbow was bent in the back room. The best seller was Burger beer, of course.

Some of the names I will not forget: Bill Banchy, Mark Banchy, Nelson (Nellie) Barker, Bob (or Phil) Bickham, Jackie Brown, Buddy Burger, Jack (Bat) Burgess, Larry Coriell, Jack Duschinsky, Larry Evans, Jim Gardner, Jerry Gillen, Dick (Hans Gans Afghanistan) Hansgen, Bill (Animal or Ank) Hilderbrand, Jim (Big Animal) Hilderbrand, Jim Kegley, Dick Klitch and his father, Terry Kouns, Paul Ladomer, Marlene Larch, Jim Lauter, Skip Martin, Dave Marting, Howard (BI) McCoy, Val Minch, Dave Otworth, Al Oxley, Lovel Pack, Ken Payne, Dick Purpura, Sam Pollock, Fred Ramsey, Don Stamper, Barbara Spears, J.B. Warden, (a newcomer from Roanoke, VA), Nancy Witten, Dick Woolwine, Mike Zuliani, and other names which are some-

where in my memory and others I have since forgotten. To them I apologize

Most of us just sat on the wall across the alley and next to the tennis courts. We sat and talked and waited for someone to drive up and give us a ride around the boulevard or perhaps to the Cycle Inn or the Shawnee drive-in. The cars had names like "The Green Hornet", or "The Nellilus". Help me remember...

This was our hangout, our watering hole and a safe place where our parents knew they could always find us. It was a place for tennis breaks, a snow cone during the industrial league softball games or a place to buy your out of town paper. I always hoped that one of our classmates would revive that institution called the Park Shoppe.

Frank

Carolyn Sparks

I have changed in many ways of my life since being in school. One thing is that I am no longer shy. I actually do guest speaking engagements! Years have taken my red hair. I've had one Caregiver Bill on both the Senate and Congress floor at once. I am now the retired Founder of the Spouse and Family Caregivers Support System, one of several jobs I have held over the years. I



Address Change

Shirley has retired and moved to Florida. Her address is: Shirley Perry White, 6635 Ballad Lane, New Port Richey, FL 34653. Her telephone number is 727-848-2863.



Guess Who (hint - kl)

I appear at left in a Grant grade school uniform and little Benny Tacket on the right in a Wilson grade school uniform. Benny was one of the finest all-around athletes to come from Wilson. Grant was grade school champs in 1949, 1950 and 1951. You will find my present day picture in this issue.



Betty Hill Ammons

After graduation I attended nurses training and received my BS in nursing at the University of Cincinnati. I still love nursing and presently have the position of Clinical Nurse Manager in Maternity. My many activities aside from nursing include travel, cards, games, theater and spoiling my six grand children. My husband is the senior minister at the Unity Church in Lansing, so church activities are right up there as well. My address is 508 South Scott Road, Saint Johns, MI 48879-8014

History - Going to the Movies

What do you remember about going to the movies in the 1940s and 1950s in Portsmouth? We had three main movie theaters right in a row on Gallia Street downtown. The LaRoy - the king of Portsmouth theaters, the biggest and most expensive. Down the block a little bit was the mid-range Columbia, with the caramel corn stand next door. Even further down the street toward Chillicothe Street was the more run-down Lyric, where, if I remember correctly, you could see a Saturday matinee for 15 cents. My mother wouldn't let me attend the Garden Theater on Chillicothe Street--she was afraid I would get lice from the seats!

One of the things that I remember best is that in those days we rarely went to a movie exactly at its starting time. It was common for us kids just to go in the middle of whatever was playing at the moment. You would watch the movie until the end and just stay until the beginning started again. They usually ran the movies continually. All the theaters had ushers with uniforms and flashlights to show you to your seat if you needed it. Also, you could stay all day and watch the movie as many times as you wished

Except for the Saturday morning kid's shows - mainly serials - the shows usually started around one or two p.m. Many times there were double-features on the bill. There was always a newsreel, previews of coming attractions, and a cartoon. I'm not sure what the children's admission was, except for the 15 cents at the Lyric. I suppose it was between fifty and twenty-five cents.

Jackie Hurley Gurwell

My husband Mac, is a retired United Airlines pilot so we travel a lot. We still consider our little corner of the world (a suburb of Louisville, KY) to be our favorite place. Both my son and son-in-law are commercial pilots and that fact made the news of Deanie and Tom was doublewhammy to me. We should all count our blessings every day.

Larry Dailey

I retired in January 2000 from Century Aluminum where i was a rectifier operator. My family in Portsmouth is all gone but we still visit once in a while. We really enjoy the letter and would like to give you Ray Lenegar's address: 903 Adams Ave., Ravenswood WV. He is also retired from Century Aluminum.

Lowell Barton

I received my copy of the news letter here in Bangkok yesterday. *(the first one)* Happy New Year to all. Tell Marty he is one helluva writer. It was like being there (almost). I've sent my subscription dues. Maybe I will make the next one. For anyone that wants to know about Bangkok, I have attached a letter I sent to my kids at Christmas. *(For a copy ask Frank)* For those who are interested, enjoy. Tough about the football finals, but mai pen rai - (means never mind).

Dress Code 1955

Every teenage girl wants a full-circled poodle skirt with an appliqued cutout near the hemline. Lots of petticoats underneath, a white shirt, small neckerchief and saddle shoes with bobby sox complete the outfit.

I can remember how some kids would pay to get in and then go around on the inside to the outside exit door and, when the usher wasn't watching, let a friend or two in for free. I never did that.

Of course, all the theaters had concession stands in their lobbies where they sold popcorn and candy. In those days they didn't sell soft drinks to the patrons, probably because of the mess it would make if it was spilled. The only thing we had to quench our salty popcorn thirst was the drinking fountain.

I'm sure that I don't remember the very first movie that my parents took me to see. My mother recalls that it was a Disney film called "The Reluctant Dragon." A couple of the earliest ones that I do remember were "Bambi" (I remember crying when Bambi's mother was killed), and, perhaps, strangely, "The Lost Weekend." My mother told me that she took me to see it to teach me about the evils of alcohol. The lesson didn't take. I'll take a martini on the rocks or a gin and tonic anytime.

I can remember seeing great pictures such as "Miracle on 34th Street," "The Treasure of Sierra Madre," "Twelve O'clock High," "Fort Apache," "Robin Hood," "Ivanhoe," "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," "Red River," "Harvey," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "The African Queen," "The Greatest Show on Earth," and "Mister Roberts," to name some of the best.

It's funny, I don't remember ever going to the movies in those days for education or to get a message - it was always just for pure entertainment.
Blaine Bierley

Benefits Of Growing Older

Kidnappers are not very interested in you. • In a hostage situation you are likely to be released first. • It's harder and harder for sexual harassment charges to stick. • No one expects you to run into a burning building. • People call at 9 p.m. and ask, "Did I wake you?" • People no longer view you as a hypochondriac. • There's nothing left to learn the hard way. • Things you buy now won't wear out. • You can eat dinner at 4:00 p.m. • You can live without sex but not without glasses. • You enjoy hearing about other people's operations. • You get into a heated argument about pension plans. • You have a party and the neighbors don't even realize it. • You no longer think of speed limits as a challenge. • You quit trying to hold your stomach in, no matter who walks into the room. • You sing along with the elevator music. • Your eyes won't get much worse. • Your investment in health insurance is finally beginning to pay off. • Your joints are more accurate than the National Weather Service. • Your secrets are safe with your friends because they can't remember them either. • Your supply of brain cells is finally down to a manageable size. • People send you this list.

Let us hear from you!!

Send material to Frank Hunter, 480 Bosphorus Ave., Tampa, FL 33606 and if you haven't yet done so, please send your \$5 subscription now to Gene Lucas, 1419 Second Street, West Portsmouth OH 45663. We encourage those from other classes who would like to stay in contact with us to subscribe and send us information.

Roger from page 1

His PFC jeep driver wrote: *"Our troop had spent the night in the woods, the weather was cold, I told Lt. Quinn that I had some hot water for him to shave with. He told me 'Go ahead and shave yourself, I'll use it when you're finished.'"*

These words written by a friend and classmate of Roger's say it all and so simply. *"When he was hit, he was performing his duty to the fullest extent with the zest and enthusiasm which was prominent in every thing he did. Those of us who knew Roger were treated to something really quite rare."*

Roger possessed great sensitivity towards the world. He was a champion of mankind, always worried about the oppressed and the underprivileged. He bore no prejudices and was incapable of unkindness. He was a tender husband, a thoughtful father, a good soldier and a fine human being.

On a warm and sunny October morning last year, shortly after our high school reunion, a first of its kind Ceremony was held at the US Army Ranger Memorial at Fort Benning, Georgia. Its purpose was to honor Roger and six other USMA Class of 1959 Rangers who were killed in action in Vietnam, and another classmate who drowned in a Ranger School training accident. Some 250 next of kin, classmates, friends, representatives of Ranger Associations and active duty Rangers, gathered to honor the fallen Rangers with engraved stones in the Memorial's walkway and a Class inscription on a Friends of the Rangers Head Stone.

As well as the memorial at Ft. Benning honoring him and other former Rangers, there is a hall at Ft. Knox named after him. For only having 30 years to leave his mark, he did a darn good job of it.

Trivia Quiz

1. Who were the advisors of the PHS Yearbook (TROJAN) and Newspaper (STUDENT PRINTS)?
2. He was a new English and Spanish teacher at PHS in the 1954-1955 school year. He was a native of Wilson, NC, and a graduate of Atlantic Christian College. Who was he?
3. Where was the PHS Class of 1955 Tenth Year Reunion (1965) held?
4. One of the members of our class who played professional football was the first pro griddier to employ the "bump and run" tactic, which has now become a more-or-less standard defensive procedure in football. Can you name him?
5. What coach at PHS was the son of a man who coached the 1931 PHS basketball team to the state championship?
6. Do you remember the name of the Sophomore girl who was our 1955 "Miss Trojan"?
7. Who were our two Freshman cheerleaders?
8. Who was the Vocational Supervisor of our Trades & Industries (T & I) Program?
9. What two sisters taught English at PHS?
10. Who were the Co-Captains of the 1954-1955 PHS Varsity football team?

1. Freda Burke and Mary Elizabeth Schwartz 2. Jack Overman 3. The Elks Country Club 4. Curt Gentry 5. Richard E. Hopkins, Jr. 6. Karlene Daehler 7. Joyce Neal and Wildean Harrison 8. O. M. Gwinn 9. Genevieve and Helen Dufre 10. Jim Gardner and Dave Wagner

