

The 1955 trojan *Alumni* PRINTS

April 2001

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

Issue 4

On the Heels of Fleety?

I thought the class would never find me—though I've been hiding in plain sight. I was really caught by the last issue, not so much because Clayton mentioned me, as the other folks that were featured. Shirley Perry—we used to talk over our problems as we walked part way home together after school. Mike Zuliani, who used to sing with me in the Joe Berthe band. Mike loved the Nat Cole songs—"Answer Me, Oh My Love," while I tended to do Frank Sinatra stuff—"Learnin' the Blues," "Same Old Saturday Night," etc. Incidentally, Mike's grandfather taught my dad to play the guitar. Dad played professionally for a while and taught my boys to play. The talent skipped me.

But the piece on Roger Quinn was especially poignant. I'll never forget the last time he and I talked. We stood on the corner of 5th and Brown, near where we both lived. He told me, in his own modest way, he had finished 2nd on the state history scholastic test and had gotten an appointment to West Point. We both loved history and talked about it a lot. I had wanted to go to Norwich Military Academy, but couldn't afford it, though I was happy for him. I can still see him kicking rocks with those big shoes of his as we talked. When I heard about his death in Vietnam I was deeply disturbed and saddened, although by that time I opposed the war, I'm sure Roger fought bravely for what he thought was right, and I salute his memory.

After PHS graduation I didn't have the funds for college and couldn't find a job, so I volunteered for the draft and served two years in the Army, mostly at the Armor Center at Ft. Knox. I used to come home on weekends and see some of the old high school buds.

When my service hitch was up I came back to Portsmouth, but still no job. Then I got a letter from Dick Hansgen at OSU saying come on up, you can room with us. I went, but the room proved to be a rat-infested one on 10th Ave. with Bill Hilderbrand and Nelson Barker, where I slept in a fold-out chaise lounge. Our "study" was unheated and featured a three-legged chair that kept you awake while hitting the books because if you fell asleep the chair would fall forward and you'd hit your head on the desk. Hansgen was around sometimes as was Frank Hunter, Ken Payne and Dick Purpura. The hangout was Larry's tavern, but I won't go into that, except to say I returned to Larry's last year to read poetry. It's an unusual place even now.

I worked for awhile at United Woolen as a "fitter salesman" and went to OSU's Twilight School. The tuition was about \$75. The following year I married Annette Lewis, PHS class of '57 and attended OSU full time. I worked nights for the City of Columbus, Division of Water. I graduated from OSU in 1962, had two kids, and began a



Jack Burgess

career in teaching English and History in 1964. In the late '60's I became active in the teacher union movement. I worked for the teachers association for 10 years, played a role in Columbus' only teacher strike, and had a hand at starting the alternative school movement.

After that I worked in advertising and political consulting, and as a lobbyist and organizer for organized labor. Staying in the labor relations field, but on the other side of the street, I worked for the Veterans Administration in Chillicothe, and served as the Chief of Arbitration Services for the State of Ohio's Office of Collective Bargaining.

My first marriage ended in a dissolution, but I remarried in 1980 to Kathleen Norcross of Urbana and have two more wonderful children, now 13 and 17. I returned to teaching, this time in Chillicothe, in 1988. I plan to retire from teaching after next year—I really don't want to become another Fleety McCombs—though heaven knows, all of us who taunted that poor man deserve to be pestered by this generation of kids.

I write a column for the Chillicothe Gazette and I'm working on a book tentatively entitled, Reform Schools: the Education of Jack. Don't worry, the names will be changed to protect the guilty as well as the innocent.

School Completes Auditorium Renovations

From Portsmouth Daily Times, February 28, 2001:

By Ryan Scott Ottney--Times Staff Writer

After nearly two years of planning and construction, Portsmouth High School is now in the final stages of renovating their auditorium.

The newly refurbished auditorium will feature new seats, which can be sponsored by the public, as well as newly painted walls and floors, window treatments, new aisle runners and cleaned light fixtures.

The renovations committee, chaired by Tom Walker and Sandra Wheeler, has raised approximately \$70,000 toward the cause by way of donations and public seat purchases.

Each seat is a donation for \$134, and the buyer is given a name plate which will be attached to the front of the seat in their honor.

"Some people have put things like 'Go, Trojans, Go!', and others have put something like 'Had a great time at PHS,'" said committee member Debbie Daniels.

As of now, 444 of the 619 seats on the first floor have been sponsored. The balance may be included in the fund-raiser at a later time.

The committee hopes to further their renovation with new lighting and a new sound system, which could be installed before the end of March to benefit the high school production of "Oklahoma!"

Additionally, the school plans an open house for a yet unscheduled date.

"We would like the new auditorium to encourage students," said Daniels. "Even with new schools coming, the elementary could still be able to use the auditorium."

BE A SPONSOR

Anyone interested in sponsoring a seat or making a donation to the PHS renovation project should contact committee treasurer Cheryl Albrecht at (740) 354-4505.

Those Frazier Kids from Mabert Road



There were 12 of them. Four are deceased. Gene Lucas remembers; when we were kids we always loafed at their house. Their mother (Sadie) was a Saint. I don't know how she stood us all, but she always made us feel welcome and treated us like her own. The Frazier kids were all great athletes, but more important they were great friends to us all. From l to r: Harlan, Chet, Ralph, Don, Gladys, Elwood, Loretta and Polly. Don (Duck) was one of our top athletes at PHS (basketball and baseball) and was inducted into the Softball Hall of Fame several years ago. Harlan played baseball, basketball and football. Gladys won 7 events in the 4th of July day games her freshman year. Chet pitched softball for many years and was the top pitcher in the area. Chet, Elwood, Ralph, and Duck are all very good golfers.

A note from Bob Mohl

I'm very disappointed that I did not get to attend the reunion. I was all set to attend when, once again, a tornado banged through Xenia. I immediately went over with the Red Cross. Though this recent tornado followed much the same path as the one a quarter century ago, this one thankfully, was much less horrendous. We were able to pull things together in about a week. Deja vu: during this week, I slept on the same gym floor that I slept on in 1974 when we did the reclamation for that one.

What prompts me to write is the article about Roger. Reading it, I had the urge to write a personal reflection to the family he left behind... if they have read it, however, they'll know that I read that poignant write-up over and over and then sat with it in my lap for a long time... everything about it was so moving. I guess it reads like many of our stories would if our lives had stopped before childhood was barely past, as his did. "We hurried to have the children, as though we knew how short the time was..." I'm open to that sort of awareness, yet find it difficult to fathom. When Jerry McColgan came home from Montreal to "say goodbye" I thoroughly enjoyed hearing about his life and times but had no idea he was doing a wrap-up, until the short time later when word came that he had "crossed over".

As a theatreman, Jerry would be tickled that national touring companies now play Portsmouth at the Riffe theatre, Third and Gay Streets. The road companies frequently pick up local technical and grunt help while here and a large number of local folks are eager to lend a hand. More than a dozen of us just finished doing a stagecrew job for "Annie". Seven of us were on the wardrobe team, each assigned to different actors. I was in charge of Daddy Warbucks, Grace, several orphans and some of the people playing multiple roles. Annie was a one-night. "Cats" for instance stayed five days. "Godspell" is coming next month and I'm already excited about being on board.

Here is my address: R.L. Mohl, Box 10, Friendship, OH 45630

Let us hear from you!!

You enjoy reading about others. Now send something about yourself 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 to join us in this letter.



Living the Dream

Bob Otworth writes: I saw Jim Gardner in Feb. at Daytona international speedway. He had a car in the ARCA race. Arca is a circuit that is one step below the circuit that Ernhardt and Gordon etc. race in, but they go every bit as fast and cars are very similiar in appearance. Anyway Jim invited me to the track to view time trials and races from the pit. It was very exciting - his car was running very well and was in front until he had to come in for fuel and tire change which put him back away. He was working his way up to the front but was continually impeded by yellow caution flags due to wrecks and debris on the track. Even so he did get back up to 5th position until on the very last lap the 6th place car bumped him into

the wall, (close to the same place where Ernhardt crashed and was killed which was also on the last lap.) causing him to spin out and damaging his car badly. Fortunately his driver Dan Pardus was not injured. Jim handled the whole thing very well and joked with me later that it reminded him of coles blvd. (When we were in High school I was in Jim's car we made the curve but Clayton Howerton didn't - hitting the tree in front of Fournier's house.

One thing for sure is that Jim is into racing big time, and I do mean big time. He's living his dream. Not many of us can really say that. The latest is that they will be entering the Nascar circuit later this month. Watch the Sunday races on TV.



Marlene Larch Brinkley

Greetings from Hawaii. Here is a picture of myself and friends at Willows restaurant a couple of weeks ago. Really a nice place for lunch!

Remember?

Candy cigarettes, wax coke-shaped bottles with colored sugar water inside, pop machines that dispensed glass bottles, coffee shops with table-side juke boxes, blackjack, clove and teaberry chewing gum, home milk delivery in glass bottles with cardboard stoppers, and party lines.

Louise Gillum

Patty Conklin writes: I believe this is the last picture taken of Louise Gillum before she left Portsmouth in 55. She wrote me often until about a year later. When I tried to find her they said she had disappeared. I think Mary Altman was her cousin and I did ask her then and she said no one knew where she was.



Members of the class tours the Detroit Steel Mill, May 19, 1955

Reunion Committee breakfast meeting at Patsy's Inn



Dave Marting, Gene Lucas, Marianne Lucas, Patty Conklin Newsome, Bob Cook, Martha Cook, Donna Boren, Lovel Marting, Larry Boren, Bill Clifford



Sam Skaggs (Class of 1956) in front of Ralph Riggs house in Wayne Hills.

More: the Park Shoppe

Bill Banchy (Notre Dame 1954) responded: Wow, do you bring back memories, Frank! Speaking of Klitch, I was in the Navy from 1954 to 1958, and for the last 2 years, I was stationed at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. I actually ran into Dick Klitch there once or twice!

Russ Aeh was the guy who owned the Park Shoppe. (Clarence Seymore was before him) Clarence Evans had a mustache, did he not? I remember Russ Aeh used to stand behind the counter and drink his Miller out of the clear bottles. I worked there for a couple of years myself. God, I loved their pork BBQ sandwiches, with relish or slaw! There was nothing like them. I can come close today by using pork tenderloins slow cooked and smothered in Montgomery Inn BBQ sauce (pulled apart, of course), but they were special. And I never heard a fountain soft drink called a phosphate anywhere else! (Remember the big shot politician, Bill Harsha? He used to come in regularly, and I remember making him milkshakes - with an egg. He was paralyzed on one side of his face.)

I remember Wiedemann, Burger and Falls City. And B. I. McCoy, and "Sheet Iron" McCoy, his father...Hap Bertram, Harold Rhoten (I know you remember him). And Bob Bickham comes back to me now, as do Larry Coriell, Jack Duschinsky,

Remembering Sam Skaggs

Al Oxley and I grew up with Sam. When we were attending Garfield school, all three of us played trumpets. We went to a music competition in Athens and received a first place rating for our trumpet trio. Sam would later switch to a saxophone and we all remember the talent he exhibited. He was also a lot of fun to be around.

During our senior year, Mr. Helstrom removed several of our pep band members for disciplinary reasons. I believe they were Joe Berthe, Tom Phillips and Sam. Then, along with Bob Neal they formed their own group and Sam really blossomed as a musician as they began to play professionally. I remember coming back from college and hearing them play at the Club Franklin.

Sam passed away a few years ago while living outside London, England. Prior to that, he was married to Patty Webb and lived in Lexington, KY.

I would like to invite comments on Sam's brief life and especially his times with Ralph Riggs, Joe Berthe, Flip Phillips, Bob Neal and others.

Larry Evans, Jim Lauter (wasn't his stepfather the guy who owned the dairy? Kinsky? I remember we used to spend weekends out at their farm in Buena Vista out on Rt 52.)

I remember Skip Martin (by the way - what in the hell did "B.I." stand for as in B.I. McCoy? I never knew). It wasn't until much later that I learned that "purpura" was the scientific name for a big bruise!

Was J. B. Warden the "Player" who came in the Park Shoppe with that good looking babe? I think it was... if so, boy do I remember! He was a little older than us.

Woolwine and Zuliani are familiar too! (Did you know Lee Lang, who married my sister, Mary Ann? He was several years ahead of you... probably '51 or '52, maybe earlier)

That service station on the corner of 17th and Grandview was Chabot's, wasn't it? Where the guy fixed bikes? And yes, I DO remember the Kroger store! Remember the kid named Weinstein who lived over that store in an apartment?... the tongs on the long pole that the clerk used to reach up and get things from the top shelf?... the first "self-serve" approach was adopted?... the truck with the huge sausage-like bag on the back which was used to clean people's furnaces?... Duzans? (the hobby shop?)... the Cottage Grocery across from the cemetery? Yes Bill and we remember you!

The Rest of the Story

Bob Wilson, a 1956 grad, writes to address Marty Leman's question, "didn't Buddy Morrow's band play at the prom?" Yes he did.

The truth is, being part of the Junior class and chairman of the band committee I was responsible for his being there. It was more like too young and dumb to know better. Dave Horr's dad had taken us to Cincinnati for the regional tournament and we stayed in a hotel there. I looked up booking agency's and called one. I told them who I was, what we needed, etc..

A few weeks later I was summoned out of class by the P.A. to come to the office for a phone call. It was the booking agent telling me he could get us Buddy Morrow's "Heap Big Beat Band," for \$1600, (remember 1955 money). I ran to Miss Burton, our class sponsor and she went thru the roof telling me to call back and tell him no. I didn't know that she was expecting Lou Martin's local band to play the gig. The next day the guy called back and said OK, we could have Buddy's band for \$1200. Again I tell Miss Burton, again she made it very clear that we were not having Buddy Morrow and paying that kind of money. He called back again and said, "Look we need a stop over and Portsmouth fits nicely, we could have him for \$600". This was the biggest band going then with, Night Train, One Minute Julip, etc. going high on the charts. Well the principal, Mr. Fournier, who just happened to have a son in our class, who had been following my activities with some fun and knew this was a deal, stepped in and told Miss Burton to say yes. That is how we got him. Wasn't it great, the balcony was packed with people listening to him. I remember taking Mary Gail Drake, a member of your class and having a great time.

Buddy is now fronting the old Tommy Dorsey band, which he use to play for. My wife and I were on the America Queen three years ago and he was playing on it. One day I saw Buddy setting at the bar and joined him there. I told him this story and he laughed and laughed over it. Said no wonder they went out of business. Oh, that night he broke away from Dorsey's music to play Night Train, Great. (Did Stan Kenton also play a prom?)



row 1: Susan Shump, Jackie Hurley, Janie Poole. row 2: Virginia Graham Wagner, Mary Helen Shultz. 1950

History - Donut Heaven

When I was growing up at 1736 Charles Street in Portsmouth, Ohio, in the 1940s, we lived next door (they lived at 1738 Charles) to Jack and Celeste Renison. They had three boys: Jack Jr., Jim, and Dick. The boys were all older than I was so I didn't play with them, but I remember Dick practicing his saxophone. He was pretty good. Dick is the only one of the Renison boys that is still alive now.

The Renisons owned and operated the Crispie Creme Donut Shop over on Gallia Street, at the "Y" where Gallia and Eighth Streets separated. The fire station was across the street and their shop was next to Mr. Hunter's bicycle and lock store.

Every time I was in that vicinity I would stop in the donut (not "doughnut," mind you) shop to watch in fascination as the Renisons made their donuts. Their donuts were loved by everyone in Portsmouth. They were the only ones who made the light, flaky ones - not the cake donuts that were sold in the local grocery stores.

Mr. Renison would start with a huge portion of dough laid out on a big table. He would cut out the donuts with a cutter. He had the ability to somehow flip the newly-cut donuts so that he caught them on his thumb. When his thumb was filled he would put the raw doughnuts on a large metal sheet and put the cut out donut holes back in a big bowl of the left

over dough for the next batch. I guess nobody had figured out back then that you could sell donut holes like they do today.

The donuts were fried in a big hot oil cooker. It only took a couple of minutes to cook them. They had to be turned, which was done with a wooden paddle. The sugar coating was the best part for me to watch. The hot donuts were dropped into a large container filled with the white, gooey sugar mixture. Again, they were turned and then taken out and placed on racks.

If you got a freshly-made donut, still warm, you were in donut heaven! I remember them being ever so light and fluffy. They would just melt in your mouth. They were sweet, but not too sweet.

One of the big advantages of being neighbors and friends of the Renisons was that I could get a free donut anytime I stopped by their shop. They would even treat any of my friends who might be with me. I tried not to abuse their hospitality, as I recall. After all, who would want to kill the goose that laid the golden egg.

As their business grew and prospered, the Renisons moved from Charles Street to up on the hill where the "better off" folks in Portsmouth lived. We were sorry to see them leave Charles Street, but they still remained family friends and the offer of a free donut was still good. *Blaine Bierley*



Don Payton

In January of this year, I sold my 50% interest in the Standard/General Supply Co. in Portsmouth and agreed to a three-year contract to train and help the company during this transition period.

After that, my wife of 46 years, Diana (White), class of '57, and I hope to have time to enjoy our farm in South Shore, Kentucky and our boat, "the Duck 'N' Kids", that we keep at the Shawnee Marina just West of Portsmouth.

Your reunion committee has three members from Wilson Grade School; Patty Conklin, John Wood and myself; proof that we have contributed to our hometown and the Portsmouth area. We encourage you to contribute to this letter and tell us something about yourselves.



row 1: Hubert Reynolds, John Lee, Jim Bodmer, Bill Clifford. row 2: Howard McCoy, Carlton Lewis, Phil White, Mrs. Wood, Harold Sanders, Tom Bond, Milt Parker



Eleanor Singleton, Delores Kempton, Robyn Harold

Guess Who

A couple of Sophmores in the spring of 1953. Could this have been their first brush with the law? Hint: BB and GH



Patty Conklin Newsome and Donna McFarland Harris prepare their bikes for the Memorial Day parade 1950.

Football Reunion

For coaches, managers, team members and spouses of our 1953 undefeated team. June 23 from Noon til?? at the home of Don Wallace in Hideaway Hills, 10 miles South of Lancaster.

RSVP: loiswal@aol.com or dwallace@aol.com after 4/30. or Rt. 1, Box 620, Sugar Grove OH 43155 or 1-740-746-8944.



Bill Barnett and Gene Hollis



Donna McCally Boren

One of the highlights of my life was when I was one of the queen candidates in the Sun Bowl Parade in E Paso, Texas. (New Years Day 1962) I rode on a float named Abraham Lincoln which won the Beauty Cup and was especially lovely - all in silver and white, mostly flowers, and a BIG ABE in the center. We were on major television (NBC) if I remember correctly, but only west of the Mississippi. Consequently, my parents and family did not get to see any of it. I had to be downtown very early to get make up, dressed etc. Took me weeks to get all of that make up off. Anyway, our dresses were beautiful, all white, very southern, not northern, with petticoats galore and bonnets and long white gloves, etc. There were four of us - two on each side. I remember my lip quivering a little as I smiled and waved before the judging stand and then again in front of the TV cameras. After the parade a HUGE party was given by the commanding general at Ft. Bliss (for all that had been involved in the Big parade. It was a lovely party, with more food than I had ever seen. At only 24 years of age, I had not seen too much yet and had never seen a pig roasted. It was a lot of fun - with Mexican music and dancers etc. I also have two framed pictures that hang on our wall as a reminder of a truly fun experience in my life.