

1957, The "Way We Were"

Probably nothing more identifies that particular space in time than our MUSIC. In the early '50s a Disc Jockey in Cleveland by the name of Alan Freed coined the phrase "Rock & Roll", and as they say the rest is history. Remember when you used to walk into the Park Shoppe, Cycle Inn, Wear's or the Terrace Club and plopped one of those precious nickels in the slot of the Wurlitzer Juke Box? You may have selected "I Believe" by Frankie Lane, "Rock Around The Clock" by Bill Haley & The Comets, "Sh-boom" by the Crew Cuts, "The Great Pretender" by The Platters, "Love Letters In The Sand" by Pat Boone, or one of those classic Four Freshmen harmonies.

We were very "clothes conscious". I am sure that you girls recall those Saturday afternoon trips to Marting's, Tilene's, House of Fashion, The Kopy Kat, Atlas Fashion, or other stores in search of your angora collars, Capizio slippers, calf length full skirts. Shorts with rolled up cuffs, and yes, those INFAMOUS Crinolines. The crinoline was the '50s version of the chastity belt for sure. For the guys, we were so cool in our shirts with turned up collars, white bucks or saddle shoes, pegged pants so narrow we could hardly get them on, and those terrific three button Ivy League suits or the fabulous one button roll.

Hair styles were important as well. Girls liked that cute little pony tail, and for the guys it was the flat top, duck tails, or if you were a real "free spirit" you may have strutted around in your "Don Eagle".

Now that we were all dressed up, where did we go? If it was Saturday night and you were going first class, you and your date headed for the Laroy or Columbia theatres to see "Bridge Over The River Kwai" with William Holden, or perhaps it was "The Prince And The Showgirl" starring Lawrence Olivier and a rising young starlet named---Marilyn Monroe. If a casual date was planned then you threw a few cokes and chips in the car. Chances are the "cokes" you took came in brown bottles with labels reading Wiedemann or Hudepohl. At any rate, you headed to the

Scioto Breeze, the Sunset, or the Johnda Lou, and let's be honest, you really didn't care what was playing. We all knew where the Real Action was didn't we?

The '50s saw the coming of age of television. If you were stuck at home on Saturday night, you probably amused yourself watching "Beat The Clock", "Sid Caesar's Show of Shows", or "Your Hit Parade". Remember Snooky Lansen and Giselle McKenzie? During the week, when you should have been studying, there was "Mr. Peepers", "I Love Lucy", "Milton Berle's Texaco Star Theatre", "Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town", "Our Miss Brooks", "Dinah Shore", and you always got "just the facts, mam", from Jack Webb, and of course there were many others.

I remember those "customized" '49 & '50 Fords, midnight swims at the Terrace Club, Our own rock group the Ivy Leaguers, the Bobby Clinton Sextet (Bobby was Bob Neal, Clinton was Sam Skaggs middle name), cruises to the Dairy Queen and the Shawnee, "Holding up the wall" at the Park Shoppe or Wear's ice cream store and dancing in the street on Timlin Hill or behind McKinley School (we had to open the doors and use the car radio then). Those sled rides down Sunrise Hill, that class ring that you waited so long for only to give it away immediately to that special someone. (You guys lost yours forever under mounds of angora wrap-remember the little brush?), after-game dances in the girls gym, the junior/senior proms, train trips to football games, dancing to the big bands at Moonlight Gardens at Coney Island, the basketball tournament in Cincinnati and the Hotel Sinton. (we drew Middletown in the first game and they had a guy name Jerry Lucas playing center for them...nuff said).

Gasoline was twenty-nine cents, cigarettes twenty-one cents, five cent ice cream cones, Darone's pizza was ten cents a slice, and remember the "Big Chief Burgers" at the Shawnee. There were the wonderful formal/semi-formal dances at the Elks Country Club. Memories then, will always light the corners of our eyes. Those "misty, water colored memories of The Way We Were!"

Harry Chyburn

Remember When We Drank REAL Beer?

There was Burger or Wiedemann, or draft brewed Blatz beer, or what'll you have?...Pabst Blue Ribbon! or we could step right up and say Schlitz! or hey Mabel... Black Label, or Gimme a Gam (brinus). or perhaps order a richer, keener Augustiner from



Columbus' own August Wagner Brewing Co. Or you could just have a Duke (Duquesne) Most of these sold for twenty cents in Portsmouth bars, but if you wanted a "premium" beer meaning it had nothing to do with taste but had to be shipped from a distance, it was a nickel more. (beers from St. Louis and Milwaukee mostly). Of course most of us drank the 3.2 variety. In my opinion, it is a shame what the Buds and Millers did to local beers and brewers. It just ain't real beer anymore. Can you identify the beers from Cincinnati?

Taking Piano Lessons

When I was about twelve or so, my mother decided that I should take piano lessons. We had an old piano and she told me that the Bierley's had musical genes in the family since my Grandfather Bierley sang in the choir at Manly Methodist Church and my father had been able to play some by ear. I wasn't exactly thrilled about the prospect of taking lessons.

So, every Saturday morning I would catch the Jackson Avenue bus to downtown Portsmouth (the bus stop was at Smith's Drug Store) where I would transfer to the Mabert Road bus which took me up on the hill. The nicer section of Portsmouth in the 1950s was "up on the hill." We lived down across the railroad tracks in the poorer part of town.

My piano teacher was Mrs. Murphy, who taught half-hour lessons for a dollar in her home on Oakland Avenue. Oakland ran off Kenny's Lane and was just in back of Mercy Hospital. Mrs. Murphy was a hard taskmaster. I wasn't a very good pupil, to say the least. I had difficulty applying myself-I couldn't remember the notes of the scale and I didn't really practice like I was suppose to. I remember most vividly (and painfully) Mrs. Murphy pushing my fingers down with force on the proper notes when I misplayed notes.

As I said, I didn't take to piano lessons. I guess that I didn't think they were important and I didn't put in the required time to practice as a diligent piano student was supposed to do. Actually, I cheated on recording my practice times. After I got on the bus on the way to my weekly lesson I would erase the actual times my mother had recorded on my practice time sheet and fill in exaggerated times, which, I realize now, Mrs. Murphy couldn't help but know to be false.

Finally, after my first (and last) piano recital, it was decided by all parties concerned that it would be best to terminate my short-lived musical career. I believe that at the recital I managed to embarrass everyone at the recital--myself, my mother, Mrs. Murphy, and even my fellow students!

In retrospect, like many adults who went through similar experiences in their youth, I deeply regret the fact that I wasn't more responsible and diligent in trying to learn to play the piano. One of my ambitions in another life would be to be able to perform in a piano lounge for the enjoyment of paying patrons and myself.

Blaine Bierley

Note from Curt Gentry

After 20 years at the College of Lake County in Grayslake, Illinois, I will be retiring on May 31st. I am planning on moving to a warmer climate where I can play golf almost the whole year round.

Remember This Place?



THE 1955 TROJAN Alumni PRINTS

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Night Train to Bangkok

Like Europe, you can set your timepiece by these trains. Precisely at 16.30 we pull out of Chiang Mai, the backpacker's paradise, for the 14-hour push straight south, down and out of these stunning mountains where I've been foraging these past four weeks and into the rice belly of central Thailand. I've been on the road in the mountains of Southern China and Northern Thailand for two peaceful and fulfilling months.

The ancient train makes good time, but stops periodically for a needed rest. Restless, I wander into the next coach which is the 1940-vintage dining car. The train is full of westerners, a group of Belgians have ordered dinner, and I foresee a party in the making. Sam Spade, a Thai-Belgian, invites me to sit at their table, buys me a brewster, and I order a green pork curry in coconut milk served with the ubiquitous rice.

More internationals join the party, the decibel level hovers at eight-plus on a ten-point scale. Cigarette smoke is thick enough to cut with a knife. I want to put the gathering dusk to better use, so I excuse myself and walk to the rear of the diner beside the miniscule kitchen, throw open a window, stick my head out and breath deeply, and thank God for this special moment and for yet another Hansgen adventure.

The double-beam headlights illuminate the unending serpentine curves, and, on these curves, I can see both the engine and the trailing rear cars. The locomotive is pulling 14 cars, a long passenger train even by Chinese standards. The rising orange Moon is one day short of full, and the stars of Orion, his sword and belt, are brilliant against the pitch-black sky. Scores of bush fires on the hillsides add to the awesomeness of the scene. These fires are intentionally lit by the farmers as a natural approach to fertilization.

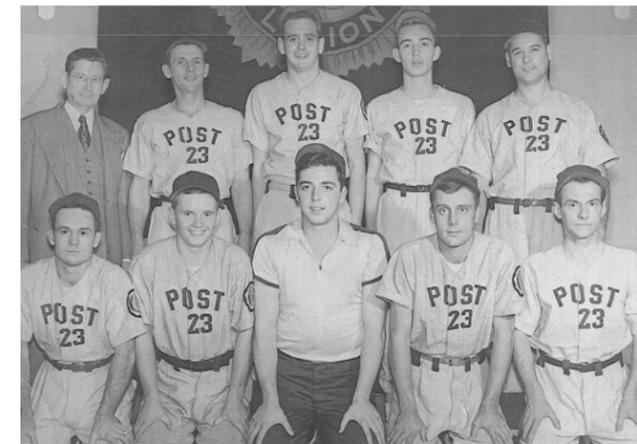
Villages with their stations written in Thai script that I cannot read rush past, the Moon is turning yellow-white as it gains altitude, the wind is invigorating against my face, and I fall into a minor state of rapture from the entire romance and nostalgia of the scene. But the exuberance of the moment is suddenly broken as a woman porter pushes me aside and throws two huge plastic bags full of garbage directly out the window. So much for romance.

Oh, I've ridden night trains and each one is special. The Nachtzug from Warsaw to Berlin where the urban legend was that bandits would get on at one station, gas a few sleeping compartments, rob the zonked riders, and hop off at the next station. Like a bird, I escaped untouched from the snare of the fowler. The train from Kaunas (Lithuania) to Warsaw where, even though it was early May, the night was so cold the

Portsmouth Group That Meets in Columbus



L to R_ Chet Corbitt, Coach Earl Gibson, Dick Klitch, Dave Miller, Paul Bierley & Jack Arthurs. Sam Kegley in the inset is the photographer



Legion Post 23 fast pitch softball

Front: L to R. ?, Bill Newman, Wayne Widdig, Sonny Deemer, Runt Russell (I think). Back: Gentleman from Legion, ?, Ed Schmidt, Donnie Widdig, ?.

Absent is catcher Red Glasgow, the diminutive catcher who would beat most any batter down to first base to back up throws.

coal-burning stoves were ablaze at the ends of each sleeper. And, just two summers ago, the long push east out of Budapest's central station across the bread-basket plains of Hungary and into the lush green and eerie mountains of Transylvania where, the next morning as dawn was breaking, my young riding companion from a town on the Black Sea shared his breakfast of crusty bread and white cheese. All were wonderful memories and exciting adventures.

I walk back into the dining room, the international party is in full swing, all the different languages (Flemish predominating) make it sound like the Tower of Babel, and Sam is still buying rounds. Yet, there is not a Thai in sight. What Thai can afford the night train to Bangkok? It's like the long-boat ride I took down the River Kok from Tha Ton to Chiang Rai. Ten westerners perched on the floor pads, grasping the wooden railings for dear life in the white-water current, and only the steersman was Thai. (Actually, he was Lisu, one of the indigenous hill tribes.)

Ah, the crowd is too old, the party fades by 23.00, and by midnight I have climbed into my comfortable upper-level berth. Dawn finds us pulling into 85-degree weather Bangkok just in time to hear the loudspeakers blaring out the daily 8.00 anthem in honor of the King and Queen. This morning I will first find an inexpensive guesthouse and then spend the day plying the large Chao Phraya River aboard the dirt-cheap river taxis. In the evening, perhaps (my schedule always and intentionally remains ultra-flexible), dinner at a river-side restaurant enjoying a fish curry and watching the full Moon rise over the impressive wats (Buddhist monastery complexes) that are strung like giant golden beads along the river. The following day I must catch the big silver bird back to Nanjing and commence my last semester of teaching in China under the auspices of the Lutheran Church. What a rich God-filled world we live in.

Dick Hansgen writes from Asia



A Visit With Ruth Ann Peake

In the process of moving my mother from her apartment at the Hill View Retirement Center on 28th Street in Portsmouth, to their assisted living unit this winter, I ran into Miss Ruth Ann Peake, who is a resident there. I'm sure that if you're a Portsmouth High School person of our era (mid-1950s) you remember Miss Peake. She was the girls' physical education instructor and she ran the Girls' Athletic Association (GAA). She graduated from PHS in 1942.



I can still picture her in my mind wearing those crisp white shorts. One of my favorite memories of the required physical education in my freshman and sophomore years at PHS was when Coach Richard Hopkins, Jr. (PHS '45) would march us to the girls' gym for square dancing with the girls. I remember it as being a lot of fun. She told me that if she could have taught all of her physical education to music she would have been much more effective.

Funny what you remember after fifty years. I can see us doing promenades, dosados, almah lefts and rights, and right and left grands. And I can still hear, those 45-rpm records that was played over and over as we danced: "Shine Little Glow-Worm." It was an early 50s, number one hit, sung in their sweet, close harmony, by The Mills Brothers. *Blaine Bierley*

Chillicothe Street, circa 1954



Roger Purtee

Roger Purtee, 71, of Hot Springs, Ark., died Saturday, Feb. 2, 2008, at home. Born Aug. 27, 1936, in Portsmouth, Ohio, son of the late Phillip Sherman and Florida Ferguson Purtee. He retired from General Cable as a plant engineer. He was a Marine Corps veteran, a former deputy sheriff, a former Garland County chief deputy corner, a member of Elks Lodge, Masonic Lodge, ABATE and American Legion. He was a member of National Park Christian Church.

He is survived by his loving wife of 51 years, Phyllis Purtee of Hot Springs; three daughters; son, Greg Purtee; two grandsons; three granddaughters; and mother-in-law, Mae Scaff of Ohio.

He was preceded in death by his parents, two sisters, Thelma Pence and Esta Owens; and five brothers, Willard, Denver & Dallas, and two in infancy.

Martha Tingler Reed

Martha E. Reed, 70, died Mar. 6 at Riverside Methodist Hospital in Columbus. She was born June 16, 1937 to Clarence and Mildred Rogers Tingler. She was preceded in death by her husband, Robet Reed in 1993, 2 sons Robert and Mark and one sister Loretta Layher. She was a member of Mabert Rd. Baptist Church and retired from Oberling Motors after 40 years.

She is survived by one daughter Pam Reed, one brother Clarence; two sisters Myrtle Arms and Sarah Haughn; a brother-in-law, Charles Layher, an adopted brother, Jessee Parsley and two adopted sisters, Opal Parsley and Judy Cubbege.

Mary Ann Hamilton

Mary Ann Mowery Havens, 70, died March 22. Born Jan. 5, 1938, in Portsmouth, the daughter of the late Clyde Hamilton and Lillian OHara Hamilton.

She was united in marriage in 1954 to Richard Mark Mowery Sr., who preceded her in death. In 2005, she was married to Leonard Havens, who survives.

Surviving are four sons, Richard Mowery Jr., Timothy A. Mowery, Terry Mowery, and Todd Mowery; one daughter, Cheryl Brigner; 12 grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; three stepsons; three brothers; three sisters; and several nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by one son, Danny Lee Mowery, and two brothers. She was retired from Pike County Treasurers Office, and was a member of Canal Church of Christ.

Renato "Patsy" Pasquinelli

Renato A. "Patsy" Pasquinelli, 94, died Sunday, Feb. 24, 2008, at SOMC Hospice after a brief illness. He was born Nov. 30, 1913, in Pescia, Italy. His only brother, Vasco, preceded him in death in 1997. His wife Lola died in 1975.

He is survived by their four children, Nancy (Ralph) Bowman and Gloria (Bill) Clifford of Portsmouth, Ohio, and Patricia (Gary) Jones of Roanoke, Va. and Ronald (Patty) Pasquinelli of Minford, Ohio. Renato built and managed Patsy's Inn

Our condolences to **Mary Alyce Staten Allen and her husband Jack Allen** (Class of 1958) on the passing of Mary Alyce's mother, Madeline Staten, 89, of Portsmouth, who died Monday, Jan. 21, 2008, at Southern Ohio Medical Center.

PHS Time Capsule

From the Portsmouth Times Sept 1, 1954:

Seniors Get Room Assignments

Portsmouth High School home room assignments for the new term starting Tuesday were announced by Principal Edward H. Fournier.

Senior assignments are as follows:

Room 101 (Mrs. Nellie Niswonger)-Dee Abbott, Phyllis Abdon, Homer Adams, Carolyn Adkins, Carolyn Albrecht, Mary Altman, Kenny Amick, Anita Apel, Judy Ashe, Nelson Barker, Pat Barker, Lowell Barton, June Beaumont, Joe Berthe, James Bodmer, Tom Bo#nd, Linda Boorman, Robert Boorman, Shirley Borders, Nancy Bower, John Bramel, Evelyn Brannan, Jackie Brown, Lynne Browne, Jacqueline Buffington, Buddy Burger, Jack Burgess, Sherry Calhoun, Dorothy Carr, Mary Chamis, Sharon Chiles, Dave Clark, Emma Lou Clausing, Nancy Clausing, Roger Clausing, Bill Clifford, and Eugene Collins.

Room 102 (Mrs. Joanne Lowery)-Virginia Combs, William Comer, William Compton, Pat Conklin, Ann Conner, John Cook, Robert Cook, Chester Corbitt, Michael Crager, Judy Cramer, Johnny Crim, Richard Cullum, Barbara Cunningham, Peggy Cyrus, Larry Dailey, David Dautel, Katherine Davis, Judy Davis, Phyllis Davis, Jane Dever, Delma Doria, Katherine Doty, Mary Gail Drake, Shelby Dummitt, Thomas DuPuy, John Eby, Bonnie Eden, Jim Edmiston, Jim Eichhorn, Don Elliott, Yvonne Fields, Stella Finneran, William Finneran, Martha Fitch, and Sandra Fitch.

Room 105 (Mr. Bert Leach) -Gladys Frazier, Betty Freeman, Betty Fyffe, Sharon Gallagher, Jim Gardner, Larry Gavin, Curtis Gentry, Louise Gillum, Robert Gin, BridgetGoetz, Jean Ann Good, Joyce Goodman, Virginia Graham, David Grashel, Nancy Hamilton, Ronald Hammond, Kay Hannum, Dick Hansgen, Robin Harold, Willadean Harrison, David Heath, John Hendersson, Bill Hilderbrand, Betty Hill, Richard Hill, William Hobbs, Gene Hollis, Glen Hollis, Rosena Horton, Emma Howard, Roger Howard, Clayton Howerton, Jackie Hurley, Nick Huston, Billie Irvin, Luther Irvin, and Jacqueline James.

Room 109 (Miss Isabel Musser)-Charles Jett, Nevadaene Johnson, David Jordan, George Kegley, Orville Keller, Rebecca Kelley, Dolores Kempton, Lou Ann Kerr, Carole Kinder, Roger Kitchen, Phyllis Knowles, Paul Ladomer, Kenny Lane, Duane Lang, Lee Lansing, Marlene Larch, Sharon Larter, Jim Lauter, Gerald Lawson, John Lee, Jim Layton, Marty Lehman, Raymond Lenegar, Natalie Lester, Carlton Lewis, Charles Lewis, Homer Liston, Wilma Liston, Shirley Litteral, Gene Lucas, Norma Lyon, Jenny Lyon, Donna McCally, Jerry McCogan, and Howard McCoy.

Room 110-Judy McCoy, Shirley McCulloch, Donna McFarland, Phyllis McGlone, Charles McKelvey, Charles Main, Fred Malone, Henrietta Mannon, Bob Maple, Peggy Martin, Dave Marting, Bill Meade, Carole Merb, Donald Mercer, Bill Miller,

Whitney Miller, Ray Mitchell, Robert Mitchell, Robert Mohl, Michael Moore, Jim Morgan, Mary Morris, Janet Morrow, Gwen Mowery, Marilyn Mucha, Larry O'Brian, Bob Otworth, Allan Oxley, Lovel Pack, David Parker, Milton Parker, Kenneth Payne, Wendell Payne, John Pendleton, Shirley Perry, Larry Pigueta, and Sam Pollock.

Room 111-Janie Poole, Peggy Preston, Sharon Price, Richard Purpura, Sharon Queen, Roger Quinn, Dave Rammel, Nancy Rammel, Charles Ramsey, Norma Ray, Toni Reed, Hubert Reynolds, Gilbert Richardson, Larry Richardson, Darleen Riddlebarger, Ralph Riggs, Sylvia Rogers, Ronnie Rolen, Bill Rosenfelder, Andrea Saunders, Harold Saunders, Phyllis Scaff, Bill Schafer, Phyllis Schweinsberg, Shirley Sexton, James Shepherd, Richard Shipley, Susan Shump, Karla Skinner, Constance Smith, Virginia Smith, Donald Snively, Carolyn Sparks, and Harold Sparks.

Room 112 - Marjorie Staten, John Stetzinger, Charles StevenΩson, Tom Stone, Phyllis Storey, Jane Taylor, Marvin Taylor, David Teters, Joan Thatcher, Mary Thomas, Frieda Thompson, Esther Thurman, Martha Tingle, Robert Tipton, Carolyn Townsend, Martha Townsend, Bill Trone, Charles Tubbs, Joe Turner, Eloise Vaughters, John Voorhes, David Wagner, Don Walker, Bonnie Ward, Don Warner, Jerry Warren, Philip White, Ruth Williard, Samuel Winters, Nancy Witten, John Wood, Jim Wooten, Betty Workman, Robert Young, Connie Yuenger, and Mike Zuliani.

Room 317 (Miss Mary Elizabeth Schwartz-Newsclass)-Betty Bierley, Blaine Bierley, Mary Ann Carter, Janet Coriell, Martha Flack, Jerry Gillen, Frank Hunter, Opal Kiourtsis, Terry Kouns, Dick Lavengood, and Eva Strauss.

From the Portsmouth Times of Oct. 23, 1954:

Senior Class At PHS Picks Eight To Act As Council

Portsmouth High School seniors voted for members of Senior Council in home rooms Friday. Each senior home room nominated three students. Seniors voted on mimeographed sheets for eight candidates.

Senior Council duties are to collaborate with senior class officers, help plan all class affairs and decide on class business. The council made up of 12 students, 8 members-at-large and 4 class officers.

Members of the Senior Council both class officers and members-at-large are Ken Amick, Nancy Bower, Sharon Chiles, Mary Gail Drake, Shirley McCulloch, Charles McKelvey, Robert Otworth, Norma Ray, Virginia Smith, Dave Wagner and Nancy Whitten.

Senior class sponsors are John Glass and Charles McClure.

To subscribe please send \$7 yearly dues to Gene Lucas at 1419 Second Street, West Portsmouth OH 45663. Money is due by June 1 except for those who have already paid this year. Send articles to address on masthead.

Coleman's Market

I don't remember exactly when the store disappeared from the scene but it was a part of my childhood. The Select Dairy was on the Northwest corner of Gallia Street and Kendall Avenue and immediately West was Coleman's Market. There was a canopy across the sidewalk in front of the store where produce was displayed.

We lived in Wayne Hills at 1817 Kendall Avenue. When I was around 9 or 10 years old, my parents would get together with our next door neighbors, Bill and Nadine Porter, one night each week to play euchre. They would take turns furnishing the food and drink. When it was our turn, dad would send me down Kendall Avenue to Coleman's Market to buy a pint of oysters before they closed. In the winter, it was usually dark when I started so I would walk, or sometimes run, in the center of the road because on either side was the "dark and dismal swamp". There was only a single-bulb street light and it was down near the bottom of the hill. The trip was a bit daring and a bit scary. When I reached the Terrace Club there was a sidewalk with a high fence and the skating rink was across the street so I could breath a bit easier. As I recall, there were a couple of houses just South of the rink. I think that Tony Price lived there. The EttMar motel would later be built just North of the rink.

Coleman's market was a warm and inviting place to me upon arrival. Mr. Coleman knew what I was there for and would scoop oysters into one of those pint paper boxes and I would start home with a bit of anxiety.

When I was 12 years old, I began delivering the Columbus Citizen newspaper. I had built the Sunday route to over 200 papers and it encompassed almost the whole city. I would pack my bike with the drop off at home and leave the house around 5:00 each Sunday morning. I had a second paper drop at the fire station at Grant and Franklin and a third at the fire station at Gallia and Lincoln. By 8:00 or so I had delivered my last paper on Robinson Avenue and proceeded to Coleman's Market where I bought a bag of Buckeye Potato Chips which I hid in my bicycle saddle bag. It had become a ritual for my little sister to find the chips upon my return home. I delivered the route for around three years and when I was in High School, I would pick up twenty one daily papers at the Greyhound bus station after school and deliver them on the way home.

By this time, I am not sure if the market or the Select Dairy were still there. The Porky Pig was in business just West of Coleman's. Across the street was a big dry cleaning company and Jack Fish Auto Parts lot on the corner of the viaduct and Gallia. Frisches Big Boy later occupied both the Southwest and the Southeast corner of Gallia and Kendall.

While in the neighborhood, I cannot forget the gas station on Gallia toward the East that gave glassware with each gas purchase and the grocery store back across the street on the Northeast corner of Gallia and Linden.