

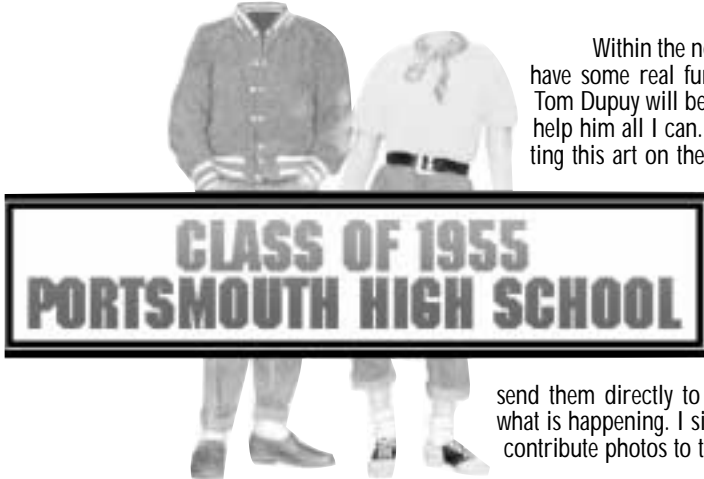
# The 1955 trojan Alumni PRINTS

June 2001

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

Issue 5

## Web Site Coming Soon!



Within the next few months, we should have some real fun stuff going on the web. Tom Dupuy will be our webmaster and I will help him all I can. We are talking about putting this art on the site and possibly animating it so that the feet actually simulate dancing. Perhaps we will insert heads from time to time. Tom will put as many pictures as we can send him on the site. Hopefully, you will send them directly to him along with a title of what is happening. I sincerely hope that you will contribute photos to the site. Stay tuned.

### Tom Dupuy

I work as a consultant for my son (computers) who is the director of I.S. for a large food company. I moved here for a two week period only - five years ago. Since then I have sold my house in the Atlanta area and now live with my son and his family in Lebanon, TN. I work for my church ministries (two) and act as web master for the web pages. I also keep up all of the equipment and manager their I.S. needs. I travel to many of the ministries Bible camps thought out the year.

I travel as much as I can even though I have to do it alone. I try to go at least one week per month and have been traveling with my sisters some of the time. We went to England and France

last year and have made some trips this year, mostly in the USA. I am trying to follow my roots in France and will be making more trips there. What I need is some rich old woman who wants to travel a lot.

If I didn't send you my new addresses here they are slightly changed again.

1311 Hilllake Lane, Lebanon, TN 37090.

My home phone is 615-449-1709; national cell phone 615-202-4747; fax 413-677-7839.

personal e-mail: [tjd@fiberpipe.net](mailto:tjd@fiberpipe.net)

personal e-mail: [tjdupuy@earthlink.net](mailto:tjdupuy@earthlink.net)

home e-mail: [tj@charter.net](mailto:tj@charter.net)

home page: <http://webpages.charter.net/dupuy>

### U.S. Grant Bridge Soon To Be No More

*Blaine Bierley sends this from an article in the Columbus Dispatch:*

When the bridge was officially opened on August 7, 1927, it was the only span across the river in the 140 mile stretch between Ironton and Cincinnati. The \$1.3 million bridge increased traffic through already bustling Portsmouth and brought new businesses and residents. Back then, Portsmouth was a booming river town that boasted a population of about 58,000 people. (That, of course, went much higher during our school years as the Atomic Plant was being built. Today, the population is only about 21,000).

That opening was celebrated by huge crowds on both sides of the river. The dedication, fifteen months after ground breaking, had the festive air of a county fair. One senior citizen remembers "that it was the biggest thing we ever had in Portsmouth". Merchants gave away yardsticks, shopping bags, whistles, paper caps and balloons. High school bands played and state officials from Ohio and Kentucky made speeches.

On opening day, only pedestrians were allowed to cross. Cars and buggies traveled the bridge the next day. Later, trucks and heavy wagons were given the green light. Pedestrians paid a nickel each to cross, bicyclists paid a dime and car owners paid 35 cents and a nickel for each passenger.

The Ohio department of Transportation will begin dismantling the bridge this summer. It will be pulled down in pieces with little ceremony. Some pieces will be displayed nearby. In its place, the state plans to build a \$28.4 million, steel-based, cable-stayed bridge by June 30, 2004. Until the new span opens, the 12,300 vehicles that cross the U.S. Grant Bridge every day will have to use the Carl Perkins Bridge, about 1.2 miles downstream, or the Jesse Stuart Memorial Bridge at the Greenup Locks and Dam, about 16 miles upstream. The department said rehabilitating the Grant bridge would have cost more than replacing it. Finding a different site for a new bridge would have meant re-routing Rt. 23 and disrupting the adjacent Boneyfiddle district (old Second Street around Market), which is on the National Register of Historic Places.

### Fleety

by Jack Burgess

It was mid-December of '53 when I was inducted into Fleety's class. Our family had moved back from Flint, Michigan, to Portsmouth, where I had been born, and I had just completed enrollment paperwork in the office. It was around 11:00 A.M. when Principal Fournier showed me to the room. We could hear the class as we got near. Fournier grinned a little bit at me somewhat sheepishly and his face glowed a little red under his white hair as he clenched his jaw and opened the door. I had a sense that there was a pause in something that was going on, but I couldn't have imagined what.

Now, I have taught history and English in three different school districts over the years, and while working for the teacher association I visited hundreds of schools and classrooms, but I think I can safely say that Franklin McComb's classes were, well, unique. To say that I was not prepared for Mr. McComb's class is like saying one would not be prepared to wander onto the set of Animal House or the pie throwing scene in Blazing Saddles. On one side were the students, faces open with giant grins, fresh tears of laughter glistening on their cheeks. On the other side, a man in a blue plaid shirt, red suspenders, and a wrinkled nondescript tie was lurching in my direction. His glasses were down on his nose so that he looked over them, arching his eyebrows and seventy years of wrinkles. His bald head was spotted with freckles and other blotches, as he shuffled toward me.

Mr. Fournier got out something about "this is your new student," and beat a hasty retreat. There was an absolutely awful silence as I stood there with my long Michigan hairdo and my shiny, thick-soled shoes, looking back at all those crew cuts and dirty bucks, and at the strange man who was now handing me a red Gideon New Testament, and smiling at me exactly as a clown would have. The students all began laughing and hooting and I was sure it was at me. I wondered if I would be able to do this, as he showed me to my seat, across the aisle from a very large, red haired young man who had the largest grin in the whole room.

As the teacher paddled back up the aisle toward the front of the room, the red haired boy said to me, "Hi. I'm Jim Gardner. They're not laughing at you. Just watch what goes on and do what I do." Then he hollered to the teacher now facing them determinedly, "Let's get back to the lesson, Coach!"...As though he were really excited about learning.

They were having an oral quiz, of sorts. "Alright, alright," the teacher said. "Now, who was President during the Civil War?" "George Washington!" yelled one student. "Harry Truman!" yelled another.

"No! No!" Coach responded, growing irritat-

ed. "You students should know this by now. Who was President during the Civil War?"

"Herbert Hoover?" one tried. "Bob Taft? Babe Ruth?" another tried in mock desperation.

Coach Fleety was nearing the end of his limited supply of patience. His eyes narrowed—he was onto us—and his mouth turned into an upside-down U. "Some of you students," he announced, taking a step toward us, "Some of you students just don't want to do the right thing!"

"Oh, no," protested Jim and the others, deeply stung by the accusation. "We do to want to do the right thing!"

Nick Huston was on his feet now, facing the class. "Was it Abe Lincoln, Coach?" he offered, looking a little like a sanctimonious Eddie Fisher selling Coca Cola.

"Yes, that's right!" Coach Fleety half smiled at Nick, but then frowned again.

"Rack!" came the sudden single word from somewhere, then "Rack!" to the left, "Rack!" to the right, in quick succession. Then, like a flock of ducks, "Rack! Rack! Rack!" sounded from everywhere in the room. I thought it was "Quack!" but it wasn't. It was "Rack" as in a poolhall when the players call the rack boy to set up the balls for the next game.

Fleety lost it. Turning on one of the boys nearest him, he grabbed him by the shoulders and pushed him toward the door. "You're going to be out of here for the whole year!" he thundered. He shoved the scholar out the door and toward the office. About that time—this was a split class—it was time to go to lunch. The removed student would reappear after lunch with Fleety having forgotten the removal.

At lunch Tony Piccolo and others explained to me all about "Fleety." He had once been a track star at Michigan, apparently holding an unbroken record for some now discontinued event. He had coached and taught for years, and was nearing the end of his career. He was a nice old guy and they really liked him, but they couldn't resist having fun in his class. Some of the girls felt sorry for him, a view expressed by Nancy Witten, with a tear and a chuckle. So they were often very sweet with him, partly to make up for the rotten things the guys did, and partly to get favors out of him, like getting excused from class for who knows what.

In the months that followed, I'm ashamed now to say I enjoyed the craziness of Fleety's class as much as anyone. Day after day it was the funniest place I've ever been. My favorite was the humming. One or two people would pick it up—including some of the girls—and it would spread. Fleety, at his desk, would look up over his glasses, and when the humming continued he would get up "casually" and move around the room trying to catch us. Of course, when he got close to your seat you'd stop humming until he moved on. Shuffling was good too. Guys like Roger Quinn would move their big feet back and forth on the wooden floor, grating the grit, while simultaneously shuffling papers and books in the desk. A wonderful bunch of noises would follow, reminiscent of Stan Kenton's percussion section tuning up.

We did learn creativity and spontaneity in

Fleety's class. One student would get up to go to the pencil sharpener—not necessarily to sharpen a pencil—and as he walked past another student's desk the second student would shove his own books to the floor and yell out, "Hey! Coach, he knocked my books off on purpose!" Other students would join in with, "Get him, Coach! Don't let him get away with that!" and so on. When Coach told us we were going to the library the next day, we made our plans. We numbered off, and in the library we stationed ourselves all around the room. At a given signal, I shouted from behind a bookcase, "Rack One!". Fleety and the librarian both charged toward me, but from the other side of the room came, "Rack Two!" Then, "Rack Three!" And so on up to about "Rack Fifteen!" It was pure debacle.

Sometimes we went too far. Someone put a firecracker in a pencil sharpener and blew it apart. Someone else hung the American flag upside down, signaling distress. Someone turned Fleety's desk around so that when he sat down his feet wouldn't go under it. Someone tossed beebees up onto the overhead light and they rolled down the light fixture toward the front of the room and fell one by one on Fleety's desk. Someone threw a shoe across the hall into John Glass' English class, right when he was trying to read aloud from Vachel Lindsey's poem about William Booth and his big bass drum. Books were tossed out the window, and on one occasion a student desk crashed to the ground two stories down.

Usually Fleety was not as extreme, just kicking kids out "for the rest of the year," but one time he tried to push Richard Shipley out the window in a fit of righteous indignation—although in that case at least, Shipley was not guilty of anything. The girls made up for a lot of the indignation he suffered by kissing him on his bald head, adding lipstick to the other blotches. At Christmas we bought him another tie, which brought tears to his eyes as we sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" and meant it.

I guess I learned a lot in Fleety's class, though not much of it American history, and not much of it I can really explain. But as a future teacher, it all came in handy. As a PHS graduate, it's a priceless memory.

## Condolences

Condolences to 1955 PHS Classmate Betty Hill Ammons of St. Johns, MI, on the passing of her father Brigadier Arthur B. Hill, Sr., on April 27, 2001, at the age of 87 in Westerville, OH.

Rev. Hill (then a Major) was head of the Salvation Army in Portsmouth when we were in high school. He was one of the speakers at our Baccalaureate Service on May 29, 1955.

In recognition of exceptional community endeavors to the city of Portsmouth, including serving as mediator for nine labor strikes, the Mayor of Portsmouth proclaimed an "Arthur B. Hill Day" in 1994. His name and signature are included on Portsmouth's famous "Wall of Stars." Contributions can be made to the Arthur B. Hill Music Scholarship Fund in c/o God and Country Committee Treasurer, Post Office Box 15755, Columbus, OH 43215.

## PHS Trivia Quiz?

1. Who made our class rings?
2. What was the name of the ice cream store at 1412 Gallia Street that was owned by a former Portsmouth mayor?
3. What make of cars did Nick Huston's dad sell?
4. Who was the Scioto County Sheriff when we were in high school?
5. What were the three five and dime stores all in a row on Chillicothe Street?
6. What was the name of the movie theater on Lawson Street? It is now the home of the Portsmouth Little Theater.
7. What was the name of the drive-in movie ("passion pit") located in Lucasville, which opened in 1949? No, it was not "The Johnda Lou." That was in Wheelersburg.
8. What was the name of the famous Norfolk & Western passenger train that served the Portsmouth area in the 1950s?
9. What was the name of Portsmouth's Chevrolet dealership located on Second Street down by the U. S. Grant Bridge?
10. How much did a loaf of Adam's "Pan Dandy" bread cost in 1954?

*Answers at bottom of page*

## Remember When?

Newsreels before the movie, P. F. Flyers, butch wax, telephone numbers with a word prefix... (Drexel-5505), peashooters, Howdy Doody, 45 RPM records, S&H Green stamps, hi-fi's, metal ice cube trays with levers, mimeograph paper, blue flash bulbs, roller skate keys, cork pop guns, drive ins, Studebakers, wash tub wringers, reel-to-reel tape recorders, tinkertoys, the erector set, the Fort Apache playset, Lincoln Logs, decisions were made by going "eeny-meeny-miney-mo.", mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming, "do over!", "race issue" meant arguing about who ran the fastest, money issues were handled by whoever was the banker in "Monopoly", catching the fireflies could happily occupy an entire evening. It wasn't odd to have two or three "best" friends, being old referred to anyone over 20, the net on a tennis court was the perfect height to play volleyball and rules didn't matter, the worst thing you could catch from the opposite sex was "cooties", Having a weapon in school, meant being caught with a slingshot, nobody was prettier than Mom, scrapes and bruises were kissed and made better, a foot of snow was a dream come true, abilities were discovered because of a "double-dog-dare", Saturday morning cartoons weren't 30-minute ads for action figures, no shopping trip was complete, unless a new toy was brought home, "Oly-oly-oxen-free" made perfect sense, spinning around, getting dizzy and falling down was cause for giggles, the worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team, baseball cards in the spokes transformed any bike into a motorcycle, taking drugs meant orange-flavored chewable aspirin, ice cream was considered a basic food group, older siblings were the worst tormentors, but also the fiercest protectors.

1. Josten's, 2. Wear's, 3. Pontiacs, 4. Burl E. Justice, 5. Woolworth's, H. L. Green's, & Kresge's, 6. The Strand, 7. The Scioto Breeze, 8. The Powhatan Arrow, 9. Glockner's, 10. 17 cents

## More: the Park Shoppe

*Jim Kegley answers a letter from Bill Banchy:*

I called Johnny Middlecamp, "a poor man's Robert Mitchum"... same cleft chin, and facial structure. He was a bit of a bully I remember. Didn't know about the Kate's fight. But, the night club next to the theatre was the Safari Room, and it was down under the Manhattan Hotel and bar. The movie house was the Lyric.

Yes, I know what you mean about size... I thought my house on McConnell was huge, but now when I drive by it seems so small. I remember that McConnell had brick streets too, and we used to pull up and chew like gum, the black tar as it would bubble up in the hot summer time. And, do you remember catching June bugs in Mound Park and tying thread to their legs to fly them like model airplanes? We did that!

I was a lot closer in age and temperament to your brother Mark. He was truly a character. The first time I met Mark he was playing the pinball machine at the Sugar Bowl... your mother was standing watching him. They had just returned from a trip to Minot, N.D., visiting your sister. Mark had on tightly pegged bluejeans, and a t-shirt with a pack of Lucky Strikes rolled up in the left sleeve. I know it was the left sleeve, because, your Mom and I were standing to his left, and he was playing the machine facing North. He had the pinball machine resting on the toes of his shoes so the steel ball would not roll so fast, and to give him better control.

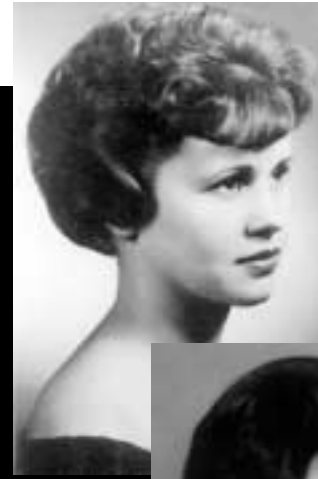
Later when Mark and I got to be really close, we planned a pinball caper at the Park Shoppe when Clarence Evans still owned it. Mark stuck a big brace and bit hand-drill down his jeans, and I stood watch at the magazine rack while he drilled a one-inch hole in the side of one of the machines, near a high scoring element. He pulled the plug out, whole, and all we had to do was jimmy the plug out when we wanted to "cheat" the machine. We did so with a clothes hanger, properly bent to access the scoring mechanism. Then we would rack up several free games, before replacing the plug. Do you remember the old Seeburg juke box? When they first came out with the "A" thru "J", and "1" thru "10" playing system, we soon found out that if we held down one of the letters, and zipped a comb along the numbers, we could play all ten of the songs in that lettered column, with one nickle. We played "Rags to Riches", and all of the Hilltoppers songs by the hour. Later, when they discovered that flaw in design, we learned that if we poured a little fountain Coke down the wall boxes we could short them out and play every song on the machine.

I don't think there was ever a machine invented, that some ingenious kid like Mark couldn't cheat. He was special... he was a hell of a lot of fun to grow up around. We still talk about Mark and his many zany capers. I have many happy memories of you and your family, including your Mom and Dad, George, Florence and all the kids. You all are special people, and I am privileged to have known... and to know... you all!

*Jim Kegley*



Deanie, at her wedding to Nick Huston, with Linda Boorman, Phyllis Schweinsberg and Janet Coriell



*Bill Banchy had written Jim Kegley:*

I remember Summit Street, of course... it was interrupted, between High Street and Grandview, by the block on 18th and 17th Streets. Funny how tiny and old that all looks when you go back now... the brick streets still there!

Can't remember the Ivy Leaguers, though... were they a local ("Portsmouth") group of kids? Or did they go on to better things. I vaguely remember a group of young kids playing at a club downtown near what is now the Roy Rogers Esplanade, next to one of the little movie theaters, but can't remember who was in it.

I do remember John Middlecamp getting into a horrendous fight with a Bauer kid at Kate's Coffee Shop across the street from Holy Redeemer, though. It was over a girl named Janet... I'll never forget that, because I was there at the time, and it shocked me pretty badly. John was lying in wait inside Kates' and when Bauer walked in, he just laid into him. I don't know if it was considered a "sucker punch" or not - he hit him full in the face - but Bauer sure wasn't expecting it. Funny how some things stay with you ....

Take care of yourself! Gotta run!

### MORE MUSICAL TRIVIA FROM THE 1950S

1. A 1954 bouncy, novelty number called "Sh-Boom" by the Chords is often called the first rock 'n' roll song. "Sh-Boom" was covered by a Canadian vocal group noted for their hair cuts and their recording went to number one on the Billboard Pop Top Ten Chart and was one of the top five records of the year. What was the name of this Canadian group?

(The Crew Cuts)

2. This singer's uninhibited Atlantic recording of "I Got a Woman" (which was covered by Elvis Presley) reached the number two spot on Billboard's R & B Top Ten List in 1954. Who was he?

(Ray Charles)

### BEST FRIENDS FOREVER

(Willadean Harrison Stone, Janet Ruth Coriell, Jacqueline Lee Brown - Deanie, Jannie & Jackie)

*Deanie, Jannie and me...*

*What fun we had, we three!  
Laughing, giggling, (tee, hee, hee),  
We skipped through life so merrily.*

*Trying on clothes and trying on boys,  
were only two of our many joys;  
We tried parents, too, with rock 'n roll "noise,"  
as they struggled valiantly to teach us poise.*

*We grew up but never grew apart,  
snapshots of our journey from the start,  
luminescent like the greatest art,  
light the memories in my heart.*

*One of us no longer walks the earth,  
but each July we celebrate her birth;  
Our beloved Deanie, so full of mirth,  
was a precious jewel of priceless worth.*

*Deanie, Jannie and me...*

*What fun we had, we three!  
Laughing, giggling, (tee, hee, hee),  
We'll skip together again in Eternity.*

*Jackie Brown*

## Dummies

Do you remember the dummies that we grew up with? No, I'm not talking about anyone that we attended school with. I'm remembering those wooden-headed guys like Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd.

As we grew up in Portsmouth in the 1940s, listening to the radio was an important part of our lives. Radio was a vital element in entertaining us in those good, old days.

Can you think back far enough to the "Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy Show", sponsored, I believe, by Chase and Sanborn coffee? Bergen, the ventriloquist, and his dummies, Charlie and Mortimer, were household names when I grew up on Charles Street. We absolutely adored Charlie, who actually seemed to be a real person. Can't you just visualize him now, with his affected British accent in his tuxedo, white tie and tails, black top hat, and monocle? Edgar Bergen played a moralistic, fatherly type who vainly tried to teach Charlie the difference between right and wrong. Charlie was brash and outrageous and could more than match wits with Bergen and all the guests on the show. Mortimer Snerd, on the

other hand, was exactly the opposite of Charlie. He was a country bumpkin with naive ways and slow-witted.

The show, which was part of NBC's Sunday night comedy lineup, went on the air at eight o'clock, just after the "Jack Benny Show." It was always among the top five shows on radio.

I can still hear Charlie's favorite retort: "I'll clip you, Bergen. So help me, I'll mow you down!" I understand that the original Charlie McCarthy is in the Smithsonian Institution now.

Thinking about ventriloquists and their dummies, can you remember some of our other favorites through the years? How about Buffalo Bob Smith and Howdy Doody? Or, Paul Winchell with Jerry Mahoney? Remember Jimmy Nelson with Danny O'Day and Farfel the Dog on Milton Berle's "Texaco Star Theater"? What about Senor Wincos on the "Ed Sullivan Show"? He worked with Pedro ("S' OK? S' awright!"), who was just a head in a box, and Johnny, a combination of Wince's fist, a drawn mouth, and a blond wig.

Great memories, don't you think?

## Connie Goes to Spain

Friends called last fall and asked if I would like to join them for a trip to Spain offered by Grand Circle Travel tour company. The trip was called all-inclusive Costa del Sol 2001. They quoted the price and I said, "That sounds too good to be true." I told them to count me in.

We had visited Northern Spain a couple years ago and found the large cities very modern and generally prosperous in appearance. I had visited the Costa del Sol in the early 70's and remembered the country side was as it might have been 100 years ago. We saw women washing clothes in a common tub along the road side, the roads were treacherous, the older people were small in stature and most wore black. Franco was in power and the police were in full view during our touring. Franco's death in 1975 brought a new democratic government and Spain came into the 20th century.

We stayed for three weeks in Torremolinos on the Mediterranean Sea. My Spanish is limited to greetings and thank you but that was adequate. English was spoken in the hotel, restaurants, and most places we visited. We traveled to cities along the coast and also north to the mountains. Ronda was especially impressive. It is a medieval village perched on a gorge in the mountains. Many towns were built on top of mountains and surrounded by a wall. This worked nicely for protection until cannons came on the scene in the late 1400s.

We saw Moorish palaces, beautiful cathedrals, enormous mosques, olive trees and of course the beautiful Mediterranean Sea. The sea was in full view from our hotel room.

Spain has a history of wars and shifting of power over the centuries. Some Roman bridges are still standing from the Roman occupation 200BC to 700AD when the Moors came into power. The Moors were ousted by the Christians in 1492. The civil war in the mid 1930's was destructive and Franco's long dictatorship limited progress. Spain was neutral during World War II and therefore did not have the damage much of Europe sustained. Today you will find proud people with a passion for their country. They are modern in every way. There are wonderful roads and it is not uncommon to see people walking down the street talking on their cell phone.

Our trip to Spain was as good as it sounded. Grand Circle Travel was very accommodating and made every attempt to meet our needs. We were fortunate to be able to share in the beauty of Spain for a few weeks in the spring of 2001.

Connie Smith Enlow



Mary Gail Drake

Phyllis Knowles,  
Gwen Mowery and  
Patty Sexton

Donna McCally  
(at the dam near  
Vanceburg)



Phyllis Knowles  
(Ken Payne used to call her  
"Birdie". Now you know why.)



Nancy Bower  
(in Greenlawn Cemetary!!!)



Donna McCally and Nancy  
Bower in twin shirts



## Let us hear from you!!

You enjoy reading about others. It only takes a few minutes to jot down something about yourself or some memory or photo. Don't be concerned about the grammar, etc. I will edit it or even rewrite it if you like. Send to me, 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 also encourage those from other classes to join us in this letter.