

Celebration Of The Life Of Ruth Ann Peake (pbs42)

A celebration of the life of Ruth Ann Peake, tennis fanatic and PHS teacher, was held at Hill View Center. Ms Peake had died last fall and her family had postponed the commemoration until when several close friends who had been ill were able to take part. Lovel and Dave and I were talking about the event last night and thought you'd like some highlights.

Sunday was a gorgeous day, and in snow, deep and clean, I walked out to Hill View where a large number of persons gathered in the Forest Room, folks from the community, from out-of-town, a lot of Ms Peake's former students and co-workers, and many late-life friends from the time she was part of the Hill View community. There was some music, flowers, a reflection by her pastor, candy galore was passed around -- Ruth Ann always did that when people visited -- and a sharing of recollections.

In one of the messages from former student at PHS, Carolyn, the letter writer, said that when her family had moved to Portsmouth for her father's work, she knew she would hate phys ed -- at the school she'd come from, some of the gym activities had made her back ache and the teacher, who evidently felt "no pain, no gain" had insisted she do them anyway. At Portsmouth, Ms Peake had, however, asked her to describe the pain and what she'd been doing when it occurred... then had her do other physical activities instead.

Carolyn, now a teacher, said that later in life when physicians discovered she had a slight curvature of the spine, she knew what she'd always guessed to be true, that her role model Ruth Ann Peake, had that almost supernatural intuition that every teacher should be blessed with.

Lewis Rayburn (pbs58)

McKinley School Traded For Doctor's Office

Abridged from 02-25-10 edition of Scioto Voice newspaper

The residents surrounding the former McKinley School property will be welcoming a new neighbor due to a rezoning decision of the Portsmouth City Council in February of 2010. A group of local Portsmouth physicians, under the name T & N Trinidad LLC, will construct a two-story medical facility, housing 8 physicians' suites, with one central waiting area for patients, on the now vacant land.

The proposed plan indicated that the portion of the space directly perpendicular to Franklin Blvd. will remain green space, with the previous school's memorial tree left undisturbed.

Portsmouth Radio Stations

WPAY started in 1933 as a country yodeling and country music station hence its name Pay Any Yodeler. The station became notable when it stayed on air during the floods in Portsmouth in 1937, giving up-to-the-minute news and announcements to those separated and weary from the floods. In the 1960s, WPAY started to play country music on its FM while the AM was reassigned to have a news/talk format.

WNXT went on air in 1950. The history began when the original owner of WSAZ radio left to start a radio station in Portsmouth after WSAZ as a radio station became defunct. The radio station started as a country music radio station with local personality Zeke Mullins, who continues to do a morning radio show on a limited basis today. Today much of WNXT is dominated by ESPN Radio and local sports. The station dumped much of its country music in 2004 for ESPN Radio. The station has a major variety of both local and professional sports. WNXT is also an affiliate for Cincinnati Reds baseball and Ohio State University football and basketball.

WIOI is a radio station broadcasting a Adult/Standard format, licensed to New Boston.

It is best known for being the Top 40 rock station in Portsmouth during the 1960s and 1970s. Since then it changed hands a few times. In December 2000 the format was changed to "Music of your life", a Jones Radio Network format.

A Note From Judy Harris

Several generations of my family have lived in the Rosemount area. My grandfather Wills lived in a big Victorian house across from a chicken farm owned by the Kaiser family. The chickens were housed in a huge chicken house and the gardens were full of iris.

When the atomic energy plant was constructed in the years of 1952 to 1957 in Piketon, many people flooded the Portsmouth area to work in the plant, including laborers and scientists. They needed a place to live so a huge trailer park was set up somewhere across the street from Grandpa's house. I was in grade school at the time but spent a lot of time in Rosemount and I found this all exciting. After the plant was built, the park was disassembled.

Believe it or not, my aunt Audrey would sometimes take me across rt. 23 and down to the Scioto river for a swim. Must have been cleaner then.

One summer day I persuaded my friend Barbara Harris to hop on the back of my bike and off we rode early in the morning to pedal all the way out to Rosemount from our homes on Seventh Street not far from the viaduct going over the railroad tracks. Oops, we for got to tell our moms who would not have let us go. It was a great adventure.

Judy Moore Rogers

Wilson Grade school 1957, pbs1960

Portsmouth Gaseous Diffusion Plant History

Uranium enrichment began in the early 1940s as a U.S. defense initiative to produce fissionable material for the atomic bomb. The enrichment program was eventually transferred to the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), and the nation's first gaseous diffusion plant, K-25, at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, went on line in 1945.

In August 1952, the AEC selected a tract of land in the Ohio Valley along the Scioto River in Pike County for the site of the Portsmouth gaseous diffusion plant. Site selection was based on the availability of a vast expanse of relatively flat terrain--the original tract was 4,000 acres--as well as availability of large amounts of electrical power, a dependable source of water, local labor and suitable transportation routes.

In March 1956, the plant was completed six months ahead of schedule by construction contractor Peter Kiewit Sons of Nebraska at a cost of \$750 million, considerably less than the estimated \$1.2 billion construction cost. Construction required 69 million man-hours, more than 68,000 drawings and as many as 22,500 construction workers at its peak in the summer of 1954. More than 1,200 acres were cleared and more than 4.5 million cubic yards of earth were moved.

In the 1960s, the Portsmouth plant's mission changed from enriching uranium for nuclear weapons to one focused on producing fuel for commercial nuclear power plants. Until 2001, Portsmouth and its sister plant in Paducah, Kentucky, worked in tandem to enrich uranium for use in nuclear power plants. The Paducah plant enriched uranium up to 2.75% and then shipped it to Portsmouth for further enrichment to approximately 4% - 5%.

In May 2001, USEC consolidated its enrichment operations at Paducah. The following year, transfer and shipping operations were also consolidated at Paducah.



Mystery photo. Answer to last issue mystery: Front of Hotel Hurth on Chillicothe

PHS TROJAN Alumni PRINTS

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE CLASS OF 1955

WITH NEWS & VIEWS OF OTHER PORTSMOUTH OHIO CLASSES OF THE LATE 40's, 50's & EARLY 1960's

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The Shawnee Restaurant

Remember the Big Chief Burger? Billed as A Meal In Itself, the Big Chief was two patties of freshly ground beef on a toasted three-decker bun with melted cheese topped with a touch of cole slaw, pickle slice and the Shawnee's special dressing and it was 45¢.

I am reminded of Big Chief Burgers and John Smith whenever I visit Dr. Benjamin Binns, the optometrist, whose office is located in the former restaurant building.

John Smith and his brother Frank were the owners and operators of the Shawnee Drive-In which opened in early 1955 just in time for my class of '57 to enjoy three good years of cruising and hanging out in the restaurant's spacious parking lot.

We cruised, much like the kids do today only our range was not so confined as the Chillicothe Street strip is today. We'd start at the Park Shoppe on 17th Street, go out

Memories of WW II

I am trying to think about all the things that I remember from World War II. I mean, really remember, not things that people have told me about what happened. On December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor Day, I was just about ready to turn four years old. So, of course, I have no recollection of it. I think that my earliest recollection of the war was seeing men in army uniforms guarding the railroad bridge over the Ohio River as we drove up to Sciotoville or Wheelersburg. I guess the guards were there to prevent possible sabotage, since the Nazis couldn't possibly have been interested in bombing a Portsmouth railroad bridge to damage the industrial might of the United States. This must have been in 1942 or 1943, when I was in the first or second grade.

I also remember a concern at home about keeping the curtains and blinds drawn at night to prevent enemy planes from being able to see targets from the air. We even had a Civil Defense air raid warden who wore a helmet in our Charles Street neighborhood to enforce "blackout" regulations.

One of the funniest memories of the war years that I have is of the steel pennies that came into circulation in 1943. I don't know for how many years they were minted, possibly only one. The copper was being used in the war effort, of course, to make ammunition casings or something like that. Speaking of metal, I can remember all kinds of scrap drives and flattening "tin" cans and donating them to the war effort. There were also used automobile tires drives and newspaper drives.



Grandview to 27th St., and over to Shawnee Road, past the Cycle Inn, out Coles Blvd, to the alley behind the Ashland service station and between the station and the old 5-minute Car Wash through Joe and Ann Snedaker's Dairy Queen lot and onto Scioto Trail and back onto the Shawnee Restaurant lot. If we found no action to our liking we would continue South on Scioto Trail to Kinney's Lane to Timmonds Avenue back to The Park Shoppe.

When the Shawnee Restaurant opened in 1955, it was truly a state of the art drive-in restaurant so prevalent in the fifties. The fifties were the times of fins on fenders, blue suede shoes, "Mr. B" highrise shirt collars and greasy duck tail hairdo's.

The building was made of local stone, steel and glass, and had a unique and modern radio-speaker system with which you placed your order from the car. The center of the parking lot was covered by a huge cantilevered canopy.

Sue Thompson Reeves went to work as a car hop there when she was 15-years of age and continued until the hilltop restaurant

As the war progressed and the Allies started winning more victories, I remember that The Portsmouth Times would put out "extra" editions of the newspaper and the paper carrier would come around the neighborhood hollering "Extra, extra; read all about it!" I think you had to pay extra for the extra editions.

Another funny thing that I remember is having a deck of "airplane spotter" playing cards. Using these cards would help you memorize the silhouettes of American, German, and Japanese airplanes in case they came flying over Portsmouth. I never spotted any German or Japanese aircraft.

I can remember my folks reading "V-mail" letters from my mother's brothers who were in the army overseas. V-mail was a very small, photographically-reproduced letter. This system enabled thousands of letters to be delivered to the home folks from the boys overseas using much smaller shipping space in ships and airplanes. Some of the letters had been censored with some of the words cut out of them so that my parents didn't know where Uncle Dan or Uncle Phillip or Uncle Paul were writing from. "Loose lips sink ships."

D-Day in June of 1944 was a very big deal as I remember. It was talked about by everyone in our family because at least two of my uncles, Uncle Phillip and Uncle Paul, were

closed in the early seventies when she moved downtown to the Shawnee Roundtable Restaurant, located in the new drug store building. She remembers being the last person to leave the Shawnee Roundtable and locking the door behind her and the pleasant past, with tears in her eyes on December 31, 1980.

I admired John Smith, one of the finest businessmen Scioto County has ever produced. I knew him both as a former advertising customer and friend. I'll never forget the cordial way he treated me when I handled his account as a young advertising salesman for the Portsmouth Times. In those days Smith's Drug Store was located on the corner of 5th and Chillicothe Streets and John ran a drug store ad every day in the Times He ran his ads for the Shawnee Restaurant on Wednesday and Friday. I can remember that he would stop whatever he was doing when I'd come in. He's say I can't see you now, or he's lead me to the basement of the store where he had a make-shift office and we'd plan the ads for the next week. *Jim Kegley (pbs57)*

supposed to be involved. In July of 1944 we learned that Uncle Paul Haffner had been killed in action somewhere in France. He was a corporal in General George Patton's Second Armored Division. I remember a reporter from the Times coming to our house to interview my mother and a story and Uncle Paul's picture being in the paper. Uncle Paul is buried in a US Military Cemetery in France.

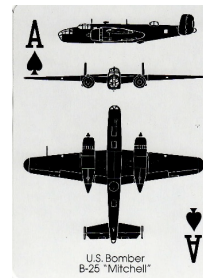
My other Uncle Paul, Uncle Paul Bierley, enlisted in the Army Air Corps when he graduated from Portsmouth High School in 1944. I can remember his coming home on furlough sometime in early 1945 from his training as a B-17 radio operator at a base in Texas.

I remember a little bit about the rationing of food, tires, and gasoline and the shortages of things that rationing entailed. I can remember people talking quietly about the "Black Market." But, I didn't know what that mystery was about at that time.

My most vivid memory, of course, since I was about eight years old, was the end of the war. Grandpa Bierley came over to our house on Charles Street in his Model A Ford and took us downtown to help celebrate the victory. I imagined that the entire population of Portsmouth was there. They probably weren't. I also remember how big and black the headlines in the newspapers were--they seemed to take up at least half of the front page.

It's strange how clear some of these memories are, even after almost sixty years.

Blaine Bierley



PHS Dress Code

The other day I was browsing through my black-covered 1955 PHS Yearbook--both reminiscing and admiring the pictures of the cute coeds in my class. Perhaps it was naïveté, but I was struck by something I thought was strange. I asked my wife, Carolyn (PHS '58), why I didn't see any of the girls wearing slacks. Her reply was, "We weren't allowed."

Do you remember a "Dress Code" at PHS? I think it must have been "unwritten" or just "understood." Would the Dean of Girls, Mrs. Margaret McBroom, have hesitated to send home a girl who had the audacity to come to school in slacks? Or, would the girl's mother have allowed her daughter to leave home dressed "inappropriately"?

In our era, as I remember it, PHS girls always dressed nicely. In a sense, they wore uniforms--pretty, colorful, but, nevertheless, uniforms. Nothing would do but a dress or a long, plaid or pleated skirt paired with a neat, close-fitting blouse or sweater (and it was glorious if the sweater was cashmere). Often, a Peter Pan collar graced the blouse. Other accents

were neck scarves, necklaces with round pendants, long beads, or a string of pearls. Shoes were part of the uniform. They could be flats in various colors--mostly worn in the spring and the fall--and the creme de la creme brand was Capezio's; penny loafers (with a penny worn on one side or the other to signify if you were going steady with a boy); or Spalding black and white saddle shoes (\$10.95 a pair at Marting's) worn with white bobby socks-colored bobby socks would have been totally "out of it." The Spaldings had to be "dirty," so you scuffed them up immediately after you purchased them.

Sometimes the PHS coed wore a huge skirt with a heavily-starched petticoat underneath. The trick seemed to be to have the skirt stand out as close to horizontal as possible. When I look at the pictures now, they remind me of a lamp shade on steroids.

The infamous "poodle skirt," reaching to or below the mid-calf, was sometimes part of the coed's wardrobe. It was a felt skirt with a crinoline added beneath it to accentuate its fullness. Of course, it got

its name from the chenille appliqué of a poodle (or poodles) added to the front of the skirt.

Since pierced ears were not yet the norm, earrings with clips were worn--but only to dress up. A common complaint about earrings was that they really hurt your ears if you kept them on too long.

Another popular fad for girls in those days was to wear their boyfriend's class ring wrapped in colored angora yarn (fluffed up with a toothbrush) to match their outfit.

I understand that by the time many PHS coeds got to be seniors that many wore nylon hose with flats to school, maybe a couple times a week. Hose (with seam lines in them--that had to be straightened periodically) were held up with a garter belt (so I'm told).

[I gratefully acknowledge the following PHS coeds who shared their memories with me for this piece: Martha Fitch Cook '55, Patty Conklin Newsom '55, Betty Bierley Holling '55, Anita Apel Biggs '55, Cheryl Dresbach Fenneken '58, and Carolyn Rayburn Bierley '58.]

Blaine Bierley (55)

Enjoy Daily Conversation With Old Or New Acquaintances?

If you have not joined Facebook yet, you may want to consider. It costs nothing, you do not have to reveal anything and it is amazing who pops up from the past. You can join groups like those at the end of this bit of information and converse about almost any subject. Here are a couple of examples:

"I like everyone else loved the Dreamland Pool. sledging down Kendall Avenue in the winter time till my feet were numb from the cold. Hiking up Damron Hill at least once every two weeks. Riding the ferry boat to Kentucky and climbing the big hill after we got there. So tired after that we could hardly make it back home.

Loved hamburgers and potato salad from Hamburger Inn. "

Pat Whitehead (pbs50)

I remember the Cycle Inn and Miller's Market in my neighborhood. Walking home from school for lunch, riding the bus downtown for 10 cents, shopping at Kopy Kat, Bragdon's, Kobacker's, Kresge's, Frisch's at Rosemount and the sand bar across from it in the Scioto River where they had hootnannies, The Shake Shoppe, Burger Chef and the trampoline across the street from it. Remember the Franklin, Purdy's, the VFW by Massie Hall, Gunther's the downstairs bar at Harold's Restaurant (the best pizza and fish sandwiches), The Stone Pipe Inn. I do remember the 52 Club down that way. Also how about the Pine Bar on Gallia, Stella's, The Manhattan, The El Patio, Porky Pig, The Hideaway below the Hurth Hotel. Friday nights for my parent's generation included The State Bar and Grill on Chillicothe St. Those I was never in but do remember the nostalgia of all of the neon lights. My father used to eat breakfast at the H & M Grill on Waller near 9th street. I sometimes went in there with him on school mornings before he dropped me off at PHS. How about the Liberty Cafe near the south end of the Chillicothe St. viaduct.

Teresa McNeer Hairston (pbs66)

You can post as many photos (new or old) and chat with old or new friends. I encourage you to join and participate.

Current Facebook Groups For Portsmouth You Can Join

You Know You're From Scioto County When...	3,327 members
I grew up in Portsmouth Ohio	1,855 members
Down Memory Lane!!! Dreamland Pool	1,096 members
Petition to create a Portsmouth, Ohio Network	919 members
Alumni Reunion for Portsmouth HS (Ohio) graduates	280 members
The Original Hamburger Inn No. 1 fan club	245 members
Portsmouth High School Band Alumni,	183 members
The N&W family in Portsmouth Ohio	83 members
The Mound Park Club	69 members
I grew up in Wayne Hills	21 members
Portsmouth Daily Times Alumni	43 members

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Kenny Lane

Kenneth H. Lane (*pbs55*), beloved husband of Elizabeth D. Lane (nee Long) for 49 years, devoted father of Jill (Rick) Garvey, Debbie Lane, Scott Lane & Dee D. (Jody) Hilsher, also survived by 7 grandchildren, brother of Stan Lane, March 12, 2010, residence Covington, KY.

A remembrance from Jackie Brown

From 1st grade at Grant grade school and throughout high school at PHS, I remember Kenny Lane as one of the really good guys of this world.

Sweet and shy, attributes that I have always been strongly drawn to, he nevertheless managed to catch the eye of my year-younger sister Gerry when she was about 8 or 9 years old and she had a big crush on him for several years, with Marty Lehman being her other crush during our grade school years. Gerry never missed a football game when her blonde-haired, blue-eyed, handsome "Adonis" was playing!

Kenny hung out with us at our beloved Oppy's, along with other classmates and friends...Deanie, Nancy, Donna, Bill Meade, Gary Goodman, Bob Mohl, Bill Compton, Sharon Larter, Judy Cramer and many more. There, we would eat ten-cent burgers, potato chips, and drink Cokes or Pepsis. Afterward, we would play the pinball, feed the juke box and chatter the hours away...a precious and unforgettable time in our lives.

I got to know Kenny again when we became e-mail buddies and at our 50th class reunion. I am so glad we had a chance to talk a little and dance and that a picture of us doing same is now on my space at the PHS web site. I will cherish it as I will his memory.

Quietly religious, ever self-effacing, patriotic and always deeply kind, I will always think of Kenny as "an officer and a gentleman" and it was my great honor and privilege to have known him. *Jackie Brown*

Michael E. Brown

Michael E. "Mike" Brown, age 72, died unexpectedly on Monday, February 1, 2010 at his residence. He was born on February 24, 1937 in Portsmouth, Ohio, the son of the late Edward and Madelyn Carrington Brown. He was raised by his late paternal grandparents, Ora and Julia Brown.

He had resided in the Erie area for 24 years. He served in the U.S. Air Force. He was employed at Edinboro University as a professor of biology and academic support. He was a member of the American Legion, was an artist, and enjoyed reading.

He is survived by his wife, Elaine Tsao Brown, one son, Philip Brown, one step-son, Mark Shoemaker and his wife, Teresa, one step-daughter, Chris Shoemaker, one sister, Delilah Cochrane, many grandchildren, and numerous nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by six brothers and four sisters.

He was a junior at PHS in 1953-1954 when he left school to join the US Air Force.



Pete Minego

Do you remember Pete Minego? When I was a student at Portsmouth High School in the middle 1950s, he was an institution at the Portsmouth Times newspaper.

Pete was a veteran newspaperman who was born in Portsmouth in 1880. He became a "cub reporter" for the old Portsmouth Blade sometime around the turn of the century. He had been with the Times since 1910, serving through the years as a reporter, a copyreader, a sportswriter, city editor, and managing editor. Pete had covered the major news stories in Portsmouth for generations.

In 1930 he began writing the daily column that most of Portsmouth's sports fans knew and loved--"Minego's Sports Gossip." If you read the sports pages in the Times, chances were that Pete's column was the first thing that your eyes met--even before the ball scores.

Pete's "gossip" column was a conglomeration of anecdotes, pats on the back for various local people and enterprises, philosophy, sports, and wisecracks. There were usually quotes from his fictional "Uncle Zeb" on life and times in general, such as: "Uncle Zeb sez dynamite and an old maid have something in common. They're harmless if you let 'em alone."

Pete lived on Bond Street in Portsmouth and was a lifelong bachelor. They say he had a reputation as a "card shark" at the local Elks' lodge.

Every once in a while, when I'm reading the sports pages, my mind wanders back to Portsmouth and Pete Minego's column.

Blaine S. Bierley



Reva Allen, Barb Spears, Abigail Weghorst, Barbara Hewitt, Janet Tolle.



Looks like a dance from the early to mid 50s. Too many to mention but see if you are here or can remember anyone.