

The 1955 trojan *Alumni* PRINTS

October 2001

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Issue 7

The Whitney Miller Memorial Golf Classic to be held October 5, 2001

Another fitting tribute to the life and memory of our good friend and classmate is in the offing as a United Way Event in Portsmouth. Whitney was an active member in the United Way and his wife Gail has become active also.

Plans call for the golf tournament to be an annual affair. It will take a step back in time, using the wooden clubs that were used in the 30's and 40's.



Optional wear will be rented from Todd Book, who with his brother, collects the old clubs and the knickers and "caps". White shirts and ties are optional also. Each player in the foursomes will be issued 2 clubs and a putter and one of the old golf balls. (the ones that were wound up with elastic and covered with a rubber like substance.) To date, up to sixteen teams are scheduled to play. A shot-gun-start will be utilized so that everyone will play at once and all be completed at the same time. Prizes will be given for the longest putt, closest to the hole and for many other feats. Interested parties for next years tournament should contact Gail Miller.



Jim Gardner's Latest Hot Rod Many of us remember the black 1950 (49?) Ford that Jim used to tool around in. Watch for this one in the Nascar Series on TV. It's just a wee bit faster.



Old Photo Quiz: Name the school, the grade, the teacher and the names of those circled. *Answers on back page.*



Another Football Reunion Picture that did not make it into the last issue



Sweet Sixteen Dance 1955. L to R. Front row: Joanne Dawson, Vicki Doll, Pat Webb, Karen Deist, Kitty Clark, Karlene Daehler, Penny Harris, Bonnie Rader, Julia Smith, Barbara Stevens, and Carol Custer. Back row: Frosty Williams, Jim Scott, Marian Rodgers, Marty Lehman, Charles McKelvey, Jim Wilhelm, Peggy Fairchild, Paul Kimes, Larry Evans, Mary Ailstock, Val Minch, Jim Guerin, Allan Oxley, Kenny Amick, Dick Schisler, Cynthia Fitch, Marty Glick, Jean Longeway, Colin Heath, ? Koch, Sam Crawford, and Larry Gavin.

Wayne Hills

Many of us spent a portion of their lives growing up in Wayne Hills. For those who did not, here is a bit of what it was like. When my family moved to Portsmouth from a village some sixty miles to the West in 1943, low cost rental housing was not readily available. As an answer to that problem, Portsmouth had already implemented through the Metropolitan Housing Authority, projects known as Wayne Hills and Farley Square. Farley Square was in the segregated area of the city, providing housing for black families and Wayne Hills was for white families only.

There were eight long yellow brick buildings on Thomas Avenue containing as many as twelve apartments. The middle apartments contained three bedrooms and the end ones were just one bedroom. The last four buildings to the north were those which my parents called Little Italy. I was not allowed to wander there. My parents thought that the children (and parents) were bad and that a child from the better sections would be beaten up! Actually, there was some truth there as it pertained to the kids. I almost always got into a fight with those guys every time I did go there.

There were twelve brick buildings (including one cottage on Kendall Avenue and one on 17th Street). These were referred to as the hilltop apartments and in our little caste system, considered the best area in which to live. We lived about halfway up Kendall (1). In the valley on Wayne Avenue and extending onto Thomas Avenue at 17th Street, there were three large brick buildings and three cottages. Twenty six buildings in all with an average of ten apartments each. That is two hundred and sixty families, each with at least a couple of kids of all ages. I believe all attended Garfield grade school.

The rent a family would pay was based upon that particular family's income from month to month. It could range from fifteen dollars to nearly eighty. If the family income level exceeded the maximum for a given number of consecutive months, that family would be required to vacate. In my own case, it seems we were always under some stress as my father's income could vary so much. He worked for the railroad and until he built up seniority, his work was very unsteady. We were finally required to leave about the time I graduated from high school.

Very few people in Wayne Hills owned automobiles. Of course, that was true throughout the city. Public transportation was very dependable. My family walked just about everywhere unless they were in a hurry. Then they used the city bus and/or cabs. We bought major groceries twice a month when my father got paid. The whole family would take my red wagon down Kendall Avenue to Gallia Street, then West past the Young Street viaduct to Shaffers Super Market. The groceries were placed in cardboard boxes for transport home. I think we would spend about thirty dollars each time for a family of four. I remember that cereal was about fifteen cents a box.

The Salvation Army

For our spiritual life, the Salvation Army saw and filled a great need. Under then Captain Arthur Hill (Betty's father) they established and main-

tained an outpost at the Wayne Hills administration building (2). Every Wednesday night, they provided movies, entertainment, refreshments and the Word of God. Each Sunday they conducted church and provided transportation to their Citadel at 11th and Chillicothe Streets for the evening service. During the summer, they conducted a daily vacation Bible school. They also loaned musical instruments to some of us and helped teach us to play. At Christmas time, every child in the project received at least one present from them. They became the glue that kept the youth out of trouble and steered many of us on the right course.

The Parks

I remember four children's playgrounds and one grassy park in the complex. Each park contained a large circular concave wading pool with two shower heads across from each other, a swing set, monkey bars and a sliding board. In the summertime, when school was out and the weather grew unbearably hot, one of the custodians would turn on the water shower heads at the four wading pools. The circular concave area was perhaps thirty feet in diameter and sloped into the middle where there was a drain with a grate over it. The water came out of the heads with great force spraying at least twelve feet into the air and with both heads going, the entire circle was covered with "pouring-down rain". If the drain was covered, the depth of water in the center would be about eighteen inches. Of course, we would cover the drain as soon as we could.

There was a playground just one building North of 17th Street on Kendall Avenue (a) and one at the end of Kendall Avenue where it curves down into Wayne Avenue (b). There was a very large playground between Wayne Avenue and Thomas Avenue behind the Administration building (c). The fourth was at the West end of the last couple of building on Thomas Avenue (d) (Little Italy?). In addition, there was a large grassy park at the very top of the 17th Avenue hill where Linden Avenue began (e). There was also a covered city bus stop at that point.

The Cottages

When I was leaving the fifth grade, my family had to move to one of the cottages next to the administration building on Wayne Avenue (3). The reason: I was too old to be sleeping in the same bedroom as my sister Louise who was four years younger. So we moved into a three bedroom unit. I left behind my friends on the Hilltop and quickly gathered in new ones. In addition, I had quite foolishly volunteered to leave the overcrowded Garfield school and attend Highland instead. To this day, I don't know why my parents did not do something to stop it. It was a much longer walk to school and I had to make all new friends. I did go back to Garfield for the seventh and eighth grade, and looking back, it was a great move on my part. I would already know a lot of kids when I got to PHS.

The Big Hill

More time was spent on this hill (X) than in any of the provided parks. This is the hill bordering Wayne Hills on the West. Until we moved to the cottages, I would spend most of everyday with my friends on this hill. We would pack a

lunch and take our war guns up into the trees to fight the Japanese or the Germans. We dug fox-holes and trenches and sniped at each other from high in the trees. Or, tiring of that, we would exchange those weapons for cowboy hats with holstered guns to fight the Indians. I hesitate to mention the time we almost set the entire hill on fire.

Kleinkes Grocery

This little corner grocery of yesteryear was our Seven Eleven. It was on Thomas Avenue almost behind the administration building (f). We did not buy major groceries there, but it was a good place to redeem a few empty pop bottles (2 cents each). For a nickel you could then go over to the big red pop chest filled with chunks of ice and pull out a cold Barqs root beer or maybe a GetUp. Oh, they had groceries too. Just present your shopping list. Using a pole with a gripper on the end the clerk would reach a high shelf and grab a can of this or a box of that.

The Coal Pile (Y)

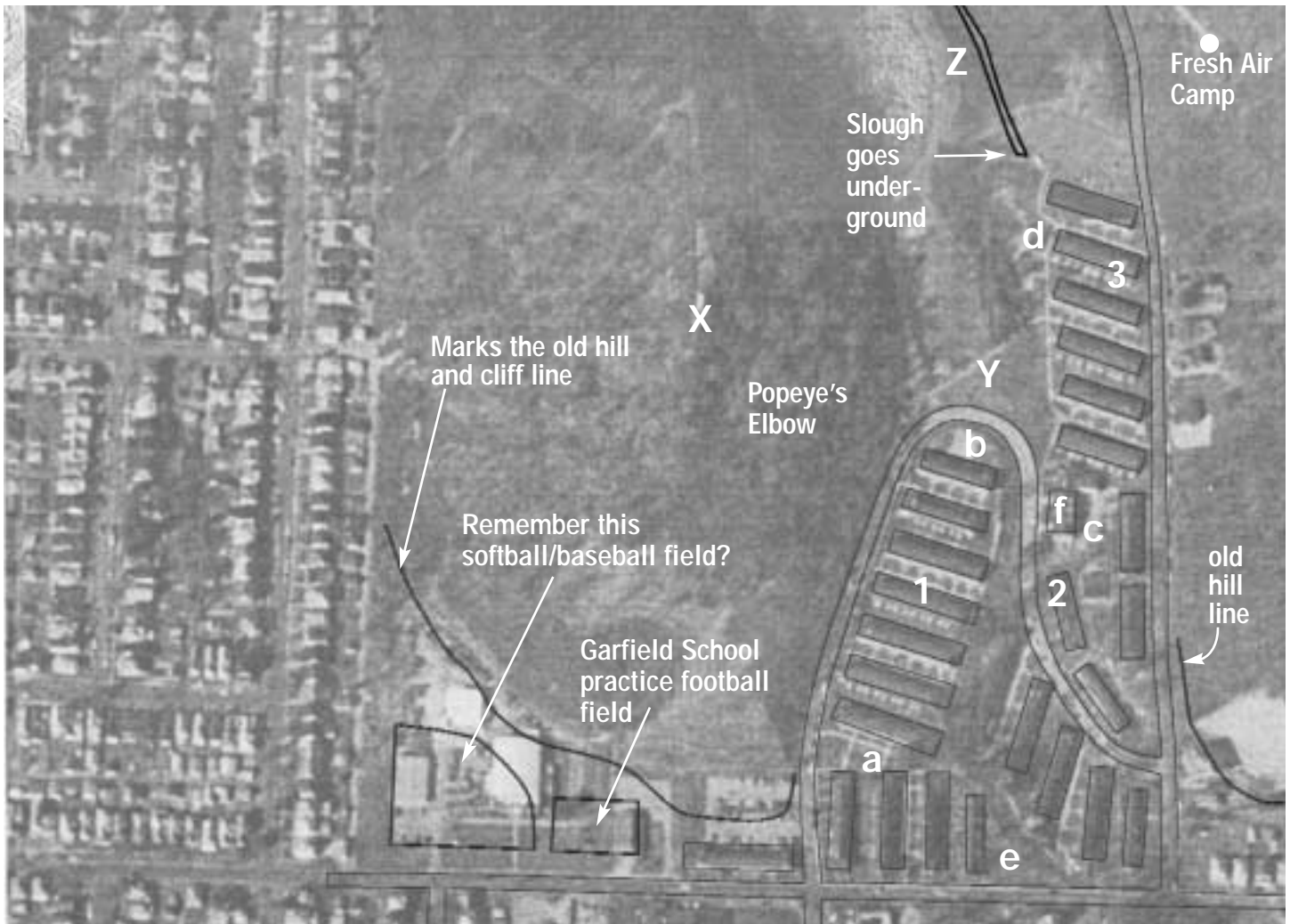
Another area that children could not resist. Coal was the project's source of heat and hot water. It was stored at the north end of Kendall Avenue where it curves down into Wayne Avenue. It was a dusty, dirty place to play. The coal was stored in piles, perhaps 3 to 4 feet high. At times, the piles were much lower and much more even in height. This was where we played baseball. On the uneven surface of the coal. It was there that I put a rusty bird cage over my head and got behind the plate with my mitt and chest protector. I wanted to be a catcher, so my father got me some catching gear. He forgot a mask, but I made one out of the bird cage. A girl, I have since forgotten who, threw the bat after hitting the ball and the barrel hit me right in the birdcage. Not a pretty sight. I was hurting for weeks.

The Gardens and Old Man Eck (Z)

During and after the waning days of the war, the government encouraged the growing of gardens to ease the burden of farmers. Early on they were called victory gardens. Wayne Hills set aside a low lying patch of land just West of Thomas Avenue on a little slough for that purpose. Each tenant was allotted a small patch. Access was generally along a seldom used trail north of the coal pile and then down into the slough area. I remember carrying water from the slough in tin cans to water each little plant. We grew corn and beans mostly. In those times we dared not venture further north of that area because of a scary old man and his dogs who lived there. Tales circulated about how he grabbed children and ate them. Many remember old man Eck.

We Move to Little Italy (3)

In 1950, my parents gave birth to my sister Marie. Our family has just outgrown the nice little cottage on Wayne Avenue. Either move to a bigger apartment on Thomas Avenue or move out. Mama Mia. Well, it's not so bad after all. There is no Mafia here and the apartment is larger. It is from here that I spent my high school years riding my bike to school until my Junior year when I gave up my paper route. From that point on, I rode to school and everywhere else with my very best friend from Linden Avenue, Al Oxley. Thanks for the lift Al!*Frank Hunter*



This satellite view (and the entire city of Portsmouth) can be found at <http://terraserver.homeadvisor.msn.com/printimage.asp?S=14&T=1&X=102&Y=1340&Z=17&W=2>

1940-1950 RADIO TRIVIA

1. The Amos and Andy show was on the air for 34 years (1926-1960), making it the longest-running series in radio history. When we were at PHS it aired on CBS on Sunday evenings from 7:30 to 8:00. We all remember Amos, Andy, George "Kingfish" Stevens, and Calhoun, the lawyer, to name just a few of the cast of characters. The show was sponsored by Rinso cleanser for many years. Who played the characters of Amos and Andy?

2. Ed Gardner starred in this hilarious program that ran from 1941 to 1951 on NBC. Each episode of the program began with Ed answering the telephone and saying, Duffy's Tavern, where the elite meet to eat... the manager, speaking. Duffy ain't here. (Pause) Oh, hello, Duffy? Sponsors over the years included Ipana toothpaste, Sal Hapatica antacid, Vitalis hair dressing, and Blatz beer. Gardner played the manager. What was the name of his character?

3. This weekly series, which ran from 1930 to 1954, presented the main character in very difficult, almost impossible to overcome, situations. William Conrad narrated the show. Its memorable theme music was "A Night on Bald Mountain." Richfield Oil and Ford automobiles were the program's sponsors. What was its name?

Answers on back page

Our new website is a real trip!



Our website is up and running though still under construction. Tom Du Puy has placed all the class pictures from the yearbook on the site. By moving your mouse over a picture, the name of the person appears. If you click on the picture, the latest picture of that classmate appears. A great idea. However, if you don't send him a current photo... well, you get the picture. We will try to send him those which we already have, but if you were not at the reunion, we may not have one of you. The web address is www.phs1955.com. Tom says, "Any input you can supply is appreciated. I need addresses and e-mail addresses. I can add any other links a person might like to have on their information page, i.e. links to other web pages or pictures, hobbies, etc. If you have suggestions about content, please let me know." Thomas J. Du Puy, 1311 Hilllake Lane, Lebanon, TN 37090. Phone 615-449-1709

The Terrace Club

Most kids in Portsmouth spent a lot of time at the Terrace Club in Portsmouth in the summer when we were growing up. The Terrace Club was originally built as Dreamland Pool sometime in the 1930s, I think. It was a great pool... Olympic-size with two piers, two spring boards, and a high dive. One of my main memories of the pool was how crowded it always was... wall to wall people just about every day of the week in the summer.

I remember going by the Blue Pig Inn on Gallia Street (and later on, the Big Boy Restaurant) to get to the swimming pool. The Blue Pig Inn had a big neon sign which had the appearance of a man chasing after a pig. It was a drive-in restaurant owned by Bill Ginnetti which specialized in pork barbecue and wonderful A & W root beer served in frosted mugs, for only a nickel.

If you really economized, you could save a nickel from a long day at the swimming pool for a mug of root beer to enjoy before the long walk back over the Harmon Street viaduct which took us over the N&W rail yards back to Charles Street.

I think it cost about a quarter to get in. You could stay all day for that price. The height of prestige was to have a season pass (good for all summer)... only the "rich" kids from up on the hill had those as I remember.

There were separate locker rooms, of course, for men and women. The boys would always try to peek in the door of the women's side, but we never saw anything. Boys usually came with their

swimming trunks rolled up in a towel. Many of the girls had those little train cases in which they carried all the things that females needed to fix their hair and their faces. You undressed and put your street clothes in a wire basket and put your towel over the top of the basket. Then you gave the basket to the locker room attendant. He, in turn, would give you a pin with your basket's number that you pinned on your trunks. Woe to you if you lost your pin!

On leaving the locker room, you had to walk through a large trough that had a foul-smelling, green-colored liquid in it. You had to go through it again when you came back in to get dressed. The purpose of this procedure was supposedly to protect you from getting athlete's foot or any other tropical diseases, I guess.

The pool had men lifeguards. These were real adults who were always deeply tanned and kept a strict watch on the patrons. A whistle blown by a lifeguard could mean a time out or, for serious offenses, expulsion from the pool for the day.

One of the lifeguards was Mr. Charles Lorentz. He was an assistant football and basketball and head tennis coach at Portsmouth High School. He was also a freshman general science teacher. You didn't want to get on his bad side for fear of repercussions once you got to the high school.

They also had a huge trampoline at the pool. It was used mainly by the high school kids and some adults. They monopolized its use and we elementary school kids had little opportunity to

use it. Some of the bigger kids were very acrobatic on it.

I don't remember that the pool had a rest period like most pools do today, where everyone has to get out of the water for five or ten minutes each hour. No wonder we were so tired after a day at the pool.

I didn't get to the pool very often in the summer after I was in high school, because of various jobs that I had.

Sadly, the Terrace Club is no more. As it got older, it became more and more difficult to maintain and posed some health hazards for swimmers. I think it was some time in the early 1990s that they closed it up. Eventually, the entire pool was filled in with dirt and they tore down the structures and turned the place into an Odd Lots or something like that.

Lots of good memories, though.

Blaine Bierley

New School Campus?

Portsmouth COMMUNITY COMMONS newspaper article of August 19, 2001.

The citizens of Portsmouth will be voting on a school bond issue in November. The funds raised by this bond issue, together with State of Ohio monies, will go for the construction of a new PHS campus. The area of the new two-campus buildings are tentatively set as follows: the high school campus will extend from Waller Street to Grimes Street, stopping at the Holy Redeemer Church property line. Northward the campus would extend from Gallia to Ninth Streets. The southern campus would extend from Gallia Street (behind the Portsmouth Public Library) to Grimes Street, and east from Waller to Glover Streets.

New Honorees

The following will be honored with "Floodwall Stars" as they are inducted into Portsmouth's Floodwall Hall of Fame this year during the Portsmouth River Days Festival: Former major league baseball player and manager Del Rice (PHS-class of 1941); artist Dave Warren (PHS-class of 1953); & retired USN rear admiral James Richard Lang (PHS-class of 1956).

Beginning our 2nd year...

and it's time to renew your subscription. Please send \$5 to Gene Lucas at 1419 Second St., West Portsmouth OH 45663. In addition, we need you to send items and photos for publication. I promise to run them. Also we need your e-mail addresses. All PHS 50's classes and other interested parties welcome.

ANSWERS to Last Issue Photos

(June Beaumont, ?, Bonnie Ward, ?), (Top: Dick Hansgen, L to R: Bill Hilderbrand, Charles McKelvey, ?, Nancy Witten, Frank Hunter, Bottom: Nelson Barker), (Bob Bickham), (?), Nancy Witten, ?, Mary Ann Carter), (Jack Burgess, ?), (Lovel Pack, Bill Boyd), (Terry Kouns), (Bill Trone, Nancy Witten, Jackie Brown, Clayton Howerton, Mike Zuliani, Nick Huston), (Nancy Witten, John Eby)

ANSWERS to old School Photo

Garfield, 2nd Grade, Miss Hollenbeck, Gene Lucas, Frank Hunter, Gene Williams, Mary Ann Hamilton, Lovel Pack

ANSWERS to Radio Trivia

1. Freeman Gosden & Charles Correll 2. Archie 3. Escape

Sam Winters

SAMUEL E. WINTERS, JR., age 64, died at his home in Scottsdale, AZ, on Tuesday, September 4, 2001, following a lengthy illness. He was born in Portsmouth, OH, on June 14, 1937, and lived in Gahanna, OH, until 1999. Retired from Anheuser Busch in 1999 after 26 years of service. Member of Reynoldsburg Lodge No. 340 F & A M, Walnut Chapter No. 172, Columbus Council No. 8, Scottish Rite 32nd Degree, Aladdin Shrine Temple. He is the son of the late Samuel E. Winters, Sr., Nettie Chaffin Winters. Preceded in death by sister Mildred George Eisenberg, brother-in-law Nathan Eisenberg and Frank Branham. He is survived by his wife, Rita Elam Winters; daughter, Veronica Winters-Everly of Scottsdale, AZ; son, Samuel III and Debbie Stone Winters of High Point, NC; grandchildren, Nicole and Stephanie Winters of High Point, NC, Noah and McKenna Winters Everly of Scottsdale, AZ; sisters Bertha Branham of Gahanna, OH, Bernice (Bill) Jones of Columbus, OH, Mary (David) Kallner of Minford, OH; father- and mother-in-law, Stanley and Couza Elam; nieces, nephews, many friends including his deer hunting buddies; and Dusty his little dog and constant companion. Funeral and Masonic Services 7 p.m. Friday, September 7, 2001, at Schoedinger Northeast Chapel. Interment 1 p.m. Saturday Sept. 7, at Sunset Memorial Gardens, Franklin Furnace, OH. Contributions may be made to Hospice of the Valley, 1510 East Flower Street, Phoenix, AZ 85015 in Sam's memory.

Jerry Higgins

Died suddenly in Loveland FL just as we are going to press (from Bob Otworth and "Crennie")

Opal Stetzing (Kiourtsis)

Bob Kirby and Robert Young both notified us of the following sad news. From Bob Kirby to Gene, Billie and I just received a call from John Stetzing. Opal (Kiourtsis) Stetzing passed away yesterday. John's email is jstetz@adelphia.net and his address is 2113 Morrilton Ct., Orlando, FL 32821. and from Robert Young to Frank: Opal Stetzing died of a massive heart attack this morning in Orlando, FL. All I know at the moment, thought you'd like to know. Johnny was pretty distraught. Our deepest sympathies to John and Rita and all the families.



Some of us just don't age...

Gwen Mowery Johnson, Patty Conklin Newsome, Mary Ann Hamilton Mowery