

Reading, Writing, and Route 23

I've always lived close to U.S. Route 23, that great North and South highway first formed as a walking trail by large animals at the end of the Ice Age. The trail was continued by the first human inhabitants, we called Indians. It followed the Scioto River, and so became the Scioto Trail. At the age of three, I made my first trip by car, up Route 23 through Chillicothe, as we moved from Portsmouth to Flint, Michigan. Over a lifetime, I've made that trip back and forth, hundreds of times, living in Flint, then Columbus, then Chillicothe, with roots further south.

Why did my family leave Southern Ohio for points north? Jobs. Hard times taught thousands of folks what some called The Three R's - Readin', Ritin', and Route 23. Higher paying jobs were plentiful further north, as the re-bounding auto industry helped fuel the Roosevelt recovery in the Great Depression, followed by World War II and the boom to build war machinery. Our immediate family had a second reason. Portsmouth, even more than Chillicothe, was subject to flooding when the winter snows melted. The flood of January, 1937 was one of the worst. My parents, who lived a block from the Ohio, lost everything. Dad was one of the rowboat volunteers, rescuing men, women, children, and pets from upstairs windows and rooftops - but he couldn't save his family's own meager possessions, submerged on Front Street by the raging river. And, when they got back into their flooded home, built by Mom's dad, Tom McGlone, everything was ruined by river mud.

Route 23 went right down Bridge Street (Chillicothe) in those days before the bypass around the city. Before limited access highways, when cars were less reliable, travel was slower and less comfortable. The road curved through underpasses and close to farmhouses and stores. A bit like Route 104 today. Cars had no air conditioning, so every stop was welcome, especially in warm

weather. In Chillicothe, we stopped to eat at Sumburger, then on south Bridge, and the White Cow, over on 104. Of course, buildings, including restaurants, were not air conditioned either, but they'd have big fans. Or, they'd open the windows, if the wind was not blowing the air from the paper mill in your direction. More about that later.

One of the things that made cars less reliable was their tires, during World War II. Japan controlled the rubber in the Pacific, and we needed what rubber we got from other areas for our jeeps, tanks, and planes. So, when the Burgess family set out from Flint for Portsmouth, in the summer of 1945, our 1932 Oldsmobile was equipped with synthetic tires and overly worn, pre-war rubber tires. Years later, while teaching writing to 8th graders at Mt. Logan Middle School, I would tell them the story of that trip, with an essay titled, "Eight Flat Tires." That was how many flats we had on the trip.

"But, Mr. Burgess," some student would protest, "A car only has four tires!" The explanation, as older readers might know, was that in those days drivers would stop with a flat and repair it. That involved taking off the tire, taking out the tube, patching it - with glue and matches and a scraper - putting it back on the car, and pumping it up with a hand pump. Hard work for my dad, with no one to help, until he picked up two sailors who were hitching a ride to Chillicothe. They helped repair the tires, and with the driving. Because you couldn't buy a new car during the war, and the tires were awful, we usually rode a Greyhound Bus, or sometimes, took the train. Every city of any size had a bus station, and cities such as Chillicothe and Portsmouth had a train station. Riding either was great fun to a kid, though the train was a special treat.

In the '50's and '60's, as I went to Ohio State, I often drove through Chillicothe to Portsmouth on week ends, to see Mom and

Dad. At Thanksgiving, the traffic was horrendous. A short trip down Bridge Street took about half an hour or longer. Sometimes, we economically distressed college students, would stop in Chillicothe, at one of the first McDonald's we'd seen, for a burger and fries.

Later, as I taught Ohio history in Columbus, I got interested in the Indian Mounds in Chillicothe and elsewhere. My wife Kathleen and I would travel regularly to Mound City, Serpent Mound, and others, sleeping over in our camper at Pike Lake or Paint Creek. I loved the area, and worked here briefly in labor relations at the V.A. When a chance came to teach in Chillicothe, we decided to move to the area. We got involved with the West Side Civic Association and the effort to improve the flow of traffic. The Veterans Parkway was added to the Route 35 improvements and the Route 207 connector. The ease of getting around this area I used to travel through helps keep me here.

One great thing that has happened has been the clean-up of the paper mill's pungent odors. When my oldest son was about 4, before the bypass, as we drove through the smoke and steam of south Bridge Street, he scrunched up his face and said, "Dad, what's the matter with my nose?" Chillicothe has needed the mill, and the mill has needed the government's clean air standards. If my memory serves me right, the mill has reduced its air pollution by about 90% since those bad old days. Thanks government. Thanks paper mill. We all appreciate it.

Route 23 still serves us well, though 104 is more scenic and a pleasure to drive. Bridge St., once a slow spot between Columbus and Portsmouth, is now an attraction for shoppers and diners, especially from the south. While some of the cities and towns have declined in population and opportunities, Chillicothe remains a destination, as it has been for 2000 years. *Jack Burgess (pbs'55)*

PHS Plans Adult Course For AEC Folk

from PDT, Sept 1, 1952
A program to aid secretaries and stenographers to meet requirements for employment at the Portsmouth Area atomic energy plant will get under way at 7:30 p.m. next Tuesday at Portsmouth High School.

First session of an adult refresher course will be conducted at that time, O. M. Gwinn, director of vocational and adult education in city schools, reported.

Tentative plans call for a class to be conducted from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

To be employable by Atomic Energy Commission standards one must be able to type a minimum of 45 words per minute and take a minimum of 45 words a minute by dictation, Mr. Gwinn said. Classes will be conducted in the business education department at the high school. A teacher for the course has not been named.

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Dick and Jane

Do you remember the Dick and Jane reading books that were used in Portsmouth elementary schools in the 1940s? I ran across some of them while I was browsing on eBay the other day and seeing them brought back fond memories.

The Dick and Jane books, published by Scott, Foresman & Company, were a series of reading primers that exposed many of us to the first words we ever read.

The main characters of the series, Dick and Jane, were a little boy and girl—brother and sister. There was also a baby sister, Sally; and, of course, they had a mother and father, and the obligatory family pet, Spot, the dog.

Each page of the books had a picture of the simple story that was being told. The story was uncomplicated and the words were what we would call today "user friendly." The first words we were exposed to were: see, look, run, come, go, up, and down. These were simple words that started most of us on a skill that would grow and last a lifetime. I'm sure that many of us shared our newly learned vocabulary each day at home with our parents and our siblings.

I'm fairly sure that there must have been sound educational theory behind the format of the

books. As I recall, only one new word was introduced at a time and that word was repeated several times in the context of the story.

The characters of the series, Dick and Jane, were stereotypical of the ideal American family of the 1930s/1940s. Each member of the family had distinctive characteristics. Dick was the leader of the group of children. Jane was the typical younger sister who looked up to her older brother. Sally was a lovable little youngster. They were always paragons of good behavior—again, what we would call today "roll models" for those learning to read. And, the mother kept house and the father worked.

Interestingly, the family didn't have a last name. I assume that was done on purpose by the authors and/or editors.

Now I know that elementary reading instruction methods have changed dramatically since we were in grade school. The "Dick and Jane Method" of teaching reading is now outdated and passé, I suppose. But, all I can say is that it sure worked fine for me. But then, I guess that I'm always thinking that the old ways were the best ones. That's one advantage of being an old fogey. *Blaine Bierley (pbs'55)*

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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Remembering a 1958 Tragedy

Do you remember where you were when you first heard the news of the tragic Portsmouth accident? In July of 1958 I was working in the Shipping Department at the Williams Manufacturing Company for \$1.00 an hour anticipating returning for my senior year in the College of Education at Ohio State University.

The front page banner headline in the Monday, July 28, 1958 edition of the Portsmouth Times told it all: "2 Young Men Killed Here As Auto Stopped By Tree." A smaller headline stated, somewhat callously, I thought: "Fatalities First Blot On City's Traffic Record This Year."

The accident, which killed the car's driver, Larry Sunafrank (1956) and his front seat passenger, Wayne Diener, happened at about 3 a.m. on Monday morning, July 28, 1958. Sunafrank's car struck a tree in front of the home of Portsmouth attorney Lee Oscar Fitch at 1657 Cole's Blvd. The causes of death of the two youth were listed as multiple fractures and internal injuries.

The two rear seat passengers of the automobile were critically injured in the wreck. They were Charles "Chub" Bartlett (1957) and John Harwood Goltz (1957).

Portsmouth police reported that the car was traveling in a northwesterly direction at a high rate of speed and failed to negotiate the curve on Cole's Blvd. The car swerved off the north side of the street and crashed into a tree at the boulevard's intersection with Sheridan Road. Shortly prior to the accident, police reported a vehicle moving fast on Gallia Street and patrolmen pursued it, but said they lost it at 15th and Offner Streets.

An ironic footnote to the tragedy was that Portsmouth Police Patrolman Don Diener (1950) received the call to investigate the accident. Upon identifying his brother, Wayne, Patrolman Diener went into shock and was unable to continue working.

Portsmouth city firemen on the accident scene had difficulty in extracting the victims from the front seat section. They needed to use two wreckers pulling at each end of the car to gain access to the occupants.

Harwood Goltz suffered a fractured pelvis and fractures of his facial bones. Chub Bartlett suffered a fractured vertebra, severe cuts on his head, and a compound fracture of his right elbow.

Larry Sunafrank attended Occidental College in Los Angeles, California, for one year after graduating from PHS in 1956. At PHS he participated in varsity football, basketball, and baseball; and, Larry was the president of his junior class. Wayne Diener was employed as an open-hearth worker at the Detroit Steel Corporation.

Blaine Bierley (pbs'55)

The Hartleys

Marion Hartley, I am proud to say, was a good friend of mine. Ms. Hartley was the neighbor of my family, during the 1950's, and she and her family, Melissa (1957), Paula (1959) and Clement (1961), lived at 1834 Vinton Avenue, and their back-yard was just across the alley from the Kegley back-yard. We lived around the corner at 1227 McConnell.

Ms. Hartley had been widowed, and worked as the librarian at Portsmouth High School. I can say that Ms. Hartley was my good friend, because I used to spend many hours as a teenager at her house, as Melissa and I were the same age. Paula was two years younger, and Ms. Hartley welcomed me into her family for the various and many, dramatic entertainments she organized for her kids, and neighbors. As a dutiful, single mother she planned her life around her children and her profession. We had many taffy pulls, and Halloween parties at the Hartley house.

Clement Austin, I presume was named for his father, Clement B. Hartley, (C. A.) was four years my junior, but C. A. was always around the Zeisler back yard basketball court, and our pass and touch football games under the street light at the corner of Vinton and McConnell.

When I got into high school, Ms. Hartley chose me as one of the staff members of the library along with her daughter, Melissa, a sweet and bright person. Melissa graduated college and became a social worker. C. A. became a star basketball and baseball player for the PHS Trojans, and was a standout forward for the 1961 State of Ohio championship Trojans that year. C. A. went on to become a standout college player for The Citadel, in Charleston, South Carolina. C. A. was on the same Citadel team as Pat Conroy. Conroy became the best-selling author of The Great Santini,

"Famous U.S. Trials" and Our Own PHS Alumni Zel Center

Judge Zel Canter (pbs'59) talks about his collection of memorabilia from famous trials and where to place this important collection. In the opinion of this newsletter, it is time for someone in Portsmouth to step up and say the city wants it. Perhaps the Scioto County Courthouse or the Portsmouth Public Library? To view Zel talking about the collection on C-span2 <http://www.c-span.org/video/?101139-1/famous-us-trials>

Frank Hunter (pbs'55)



Beach Music, The Prince of Tides, My Losing Season and South of Broad. C. A. was mentioned in Conroy's book, My Losing Season.

As for Paula Hartley...I don't know what she's done, nor where she is located. Melissa became Mrs. Robert Young (1955), and worked for the Scioto County Welfare Department. Marion left Portsmouth High School and became the director of the Scioto County Children's Home at Wheelersburg, before its closing. My former wife and I were visited by Marion once after she had moved to Hollywood, California, and was proudly using her "Flair for the dramatic" as a bit player in various stage productions and tv commercials.

C. A. Hartley is deceased, and Dale Bahner, on whose ground Clem raised a garden each year while teaching at East High School in Sciotoville, told me he'd heard that "C. A. died while working in his own yard while living in New Richmond, Ohio several years ago."

Ms. Hartley was one of several employees at PHS who treated me special, but I know that all teachers develop special affinity for some of their students. I was lucky, I had Lea Duschinski, Estelle Carter, Paul Spears, Freda Burke, George Heller and Marion Hartley, in the school system while I was (catch this word) "MATRICULATING". Ms. Hartley would be proud!

The reason for my memories of the Hartley family being piqued is that was reading Pat Conroy's 2009 book, South of Broad, which is a novel about family relationships in one of the most beautiful, but most southern, of southern cities. Portsmouth is far from being as beautiful as Charleston, S.C., but our neighbors, friends and family are just as special to us. *Jim Kegley (pbs'57)*

Bennie Binns

When I first met Benny Binns (*pbs'54*) and really got acquainted, it was the summer of 1953 at Mound Park in Portsmouth. Benny was going into his senior year of high school and I was about to move from old Highland School in to Portsmouth High School as a freshman. Somehow I got included with some of my older neighbors, like Jack Duschinski (*pbc'51*) and other regular Park Shoppe/Sugar Bowl Mound Parkers, like Bob Lyles (*pbs'51*), Bob Looney (*pbs'51*), Joe Ray Phelps (*pbs'51*) and Benny in one of their 3.2% beer drinking adventures up at the end of Willow Way—in Burke's Field, in pre-Woodridge Road, Brookwood Drive house construction days. And “No”, they wouldn't let me drink with them, I just happened to be the brother of Sammy Kegley, whom they all knew and had special respect for; perhaps because Sam had a school-yard reputation as being “likable but tough”!

Well, I didn't quite live up to Sam's persona...I was known as Jimmy in those days. I always happened to be around, and they sort of looked after me in deference to Sam, or at least, that's what I thought. I idolized Sam, seven-years my senior, who spent parts of 1951 and '52 during the Korean Police Action years in Tokyo, Japan, in the U. S. Army.

I was lucky to know all of those guys, and they knew me, mainly because of Sam; their names are truly legend among us younger products of the Portsmouth era of the 1940's and 1950's.

Radio was still “it” in those pre-TV days, and I'd listen to every Reds game and local high school basketball game I could when I couldn't actually attend the games. I remember that era Reds players; Johnny Klipstein, Roy McMillan, Gus Bell, Johnny Temple, Joe Nuxhall, Ewell “The Whip” Blackwell and Big-Ted Kluziewski with his cut-off sleeves.

The PHS Trojan basketball players of the day with names like, Bert Barney (*pbs'50*), Jerry Berry, Fred Shumate and James (Sweetwater) Douglas (*pbs'51*). It was the summer of 1950 when word finally reached PHS basketball coach, Bill Rohr, that the best basketball player in the high school was Dick Klitch (*pbs'51*), another Mound Park and Highland School yard regular, and a senior to be. Rohr convinced Klitch to join the team and the rest is history. Klitch led the team in scoring and went on to Miami university of Ohio when Rohr accepted Miami's head coaching job.

My Aunt Hazel (Clark), Mrs. Robert Cullen, my Mom's sister, who lived across the street from the Mound Park tennis courts on 17th Street, was a big Reds fan and I remember many days sitting at her kitchen table listening to Waite Hoyt while she pattered around her sink. Don Boehm of Don's market located at the corner of 18th Street and Timmond's Avenue, used to deliver groceries to the Cullen household and I remember Mr. Boehm still wearing his long white grocer's apron and carrying boxes through the Cullen's back door.

Sweet memories!

Kind and gentle people!

But the early fifties, the days of General McArthur being fired by President Harry Truman, because he wouldn't obey orders, were not all sweetness and light.

Times were tough for many.

Johnny Cullen, (*pbs'49*), the youngest boy of Aunt Hazel and Uncle Bob, was a G. I. in Korea battling the North Koreans and the Red-Chinese Communist hordes in their quilted, padded and heavy cold-winter uniforms, carrying Russian made weapons in places named Porkchop Hill, Inchon, the Chosen Reservoir, the Yalu River, and finally the demilitarized zone and the 38th parallel.

It's interesting to note that Portsmouth, Ohio and Washington D. C. are on the same 38th parallel.

Of course you know why I am thinking such melancholy thoughts now; the death of my old friend, Benny Binns last Saturday, April 19, exactly one-week ago today. It is now 8:00 a.m., Saturday, April 26, 2014 that I am composing this column, and it was nearly this exact time of day that he died.

Oh, Benny could have died many times before that day. He could have died while working the open hearth at Detroit Steel back in the 1950's. Benny told me about the time he was working above a huge crucible of molten iron, and he lost his balance and was able to grab hold of a bar and swing over and around the bubbling, steaming and crackling red-hot liquid to safety. That story is verified by the outdoor writer, and Benny's friend and fellow steel man, Soc Clay, who said, “Benny played Tarzan at the open hearth! He was quite a character, and we were compadres for a time.”

Benny told me about the time he, as a young boy, climbed to the top of his dad's barn behind their Offnere Street home with an umbrella, and jumped to see if he could fly. He couldn't, but he knew how to come to earth when he fell. He survived!

We three Lake Erie fishing buddies, Don Yuenger, Johnny Rowson (*pbs'58*) and I were with Benny fishing from a boat off the Western edge of the lake about 60-yards from the shore and our Saunders's Resort cabin on South Bass Island. We heard a splash and saw Benny, floundering in the lake, gasping at the coldness of the early-June water. I saw Johnny fling the boat cushion to Benny, hitting him square in the head, but at the same time providing the flotation that helped Benny make his way to shore. Later Benny admitted the water was much colder than he'd expected, and when he'd jumped in his eyeglasses came off, and he had to reach down into the water to miraculously grab them before they hit bottom. The flotation device “saved his bacon”, he later reluctantly admitted.

Don Yuenger (*pbs'51*) tells this story: “We were fishing one bright sunny day, and were pretty far north in the lake, and the Canadian game warden pulled up

alongside our boat and asked if we knew where we were? Benny pulled out a Put-In-Bay restaurant place map which had a map of the lake. He pointed to a gravy stain on the mat and said, “Were right here next to the gravy stain. The official pointed out to us that we were in Canadian waters, and he took all of our names and we each received \$45 fines in the mail.

Benny was a small man, but huge in heart and competitive spirit. Once he jumped into a situation when I, unknowingly, was being threatened by a man with a beer bottle in his hand in a local cocktail lounge. I was turned away, chatting with the bartender, when the young man became enraged for some unknown reason, and Benny stepped between the two of us, and threatened the man, diffusing the situation.

We once sat in the old Harold's Restaurant and watched through the front window of the original bar, and watched as the headlights on Benny's car kept getting dimmer, until finally going completely dark. When I pointed the situation out to Benny, he said, “I know it...I'm mad at myself for being so careless and I'm going to just suffer the consequences. He did, the battery died and he eventually called his dutiful wife, Nicki to come and get him.

The stories about Benny, this eclectic and passionate man, could be the fodder of fiction, which, told in truth, are strange, as in the adage.

Adieu old friend, adieu. *Jim Kegley (pbs'57)*

Bannon Park Remembered

Operated by Portsmouth's Recreation Department, the park was located at Robinson Ave. and 14th St. in the black community.

In the summer, this legendary park provided many hours of fun, recreation and activities for, primarily, Portsmouth's black citizens. As I remember, the park was always staffed with a concerned caretaker.

It was well equipped with everything from a tennis/basketball court to a volleyball/badminton court and a baseball/softball field which stayed busy all summer long.

There were community baseball/softball teams with each park having its own softball team. Bannon won the championship every year by going undefeated. For guys like me, the park was a great place to hang out and hone our athletic skills to become Trojans.

The basketball games were fiercely competitive, pitting the older guys against the younger and the college guys against those from high school. After it was all over, we would go to Ramsey's store for a bottle of pop and to the Phoenix Pie. for two damaged pies for a nickel. It was a great deal of fun.

Lastly, on Thanksgiving Day there was our annual Turkey Bowl game in the park. The sidewalk from the end of the projects to Union Street. would be lined up two or three deep to watch the game. Recently, I attempted to do some research on when the Turkey Bowl started but no one seem to know. My uneducated guess would be that it started in the mid 1940s.

Curt Gentry (pbs'55)

PASSINGS

Dr. Benjamin Binns

(pbs'54)
Dr. Benjamin W. "Benny" Binns, 78, died April 19. In addition to his parents he was preceded in death by his wife, Nicola L. Binns; and sons, Phillip B. Binns and Stephen L. Binns. He is survived by his wife, Marsha Daehler Binns; a sister, Loretta (Jerry) Hillman; two sons, G. Scott Binns and Dr. Steven W. (Nikki) Binns; and four grandchildren.He was a 1960 graduate of The Ohio State University.

James Morgan

(pbs'55)
James Carter Morgan, 76 passed away May 19. Surviving Jim are his wife Paula Kaye Chapman Morgan.; four sons, James Daniel Morgan, and James David (Beth) Morgan, James Dane (Lisa) Morgan, and James Zachariah (Lindsay) Morgan; two brothers, Thomas (Mary Louise) Morgan, and John (Pat) Morgan.; one sister, Cheryl (Jim) Hendricks; and six grandchildren. He was preceded in death by a daughter, Denise Hammer; and a sister, Mary Margaret Morgan.

Grade School Football Champs

From a 1950s edition of the PDT

These were the top three from each league.

CLASS AA champion is Garfield.

Keith McManus, Wayne Hamilton, Kenny Bowling, Gene Williams, Bill Biggs, Harold Cooper, Roger Henson, Bob Morton, Harlan Frazier, Tony Price, Jim Baker, Buddy Bundy, Jack Kendrick, Gary Logan, Bill Mershon, George Copen, Orville Allen, Darrell Lanthorn, Marvin Morton and Coach Lou Carson.

CLASS A champion is Roosevelt.

Bob Ratliff, Butch Wainstein, David Lacey, David Bostwick, John Bailey, Alfred Millard, Bill Ison, Clifford Reinhardt, Jay Dee Linck, David Rice, Randy Henderson, Bob Horr, Robert Pollock, Michael Schuler, Jim White, P.T. Nash, Bill Perkinson, Peter Skaates, Harwood Goltz and Coach Dan C. Rengers.

CLASS C LEAGUE is Washington.

James Parker, Richard Arlyn, Andrew Grills, Robert Potts, Levaughn Cobb, Richard Hudson, Ben Johnson, Roy Burns, Johnny Hisle, Arthur Johnson, Thomas Froe, William Lisath, Donald Carr, George Reaves, Ronny Reid, Mike Haley, Jesse Boggette, Paul Calloway and Coach Eugene Cobb.



Henry's Cafe

*PDT Oct. 29, 2009*PAUL SEBERT

The Scioto Ribber is something of a local landmark in downtown Portsmouth. The restaurant/pub started in 1978 when owner Steven Mault purchased Henry's Cafe with the intent of opening up a pub. Already known for preparing barbecue in his backyard, Mault began preparing ribs on Monday evenings for patrons to munch on during football games.

As word of Mault's talent for barbecue spread there was demand for the ribs to be served every night of the week. Eventually the menu was expanded to include barbecue chicken, fried fish and steak. Today the restaurant is owned and operated by Steven Mault's son, Darren.

"We slow-cook everything, and we keep our sauce on the side for dipping," Darren Mault said. "It's a sweet tomato-based, peppery sauce that I'm not sure what you would compare it to. My father came up with all of these recipes with my mother. We sell quite a bit of everything on the menu. Ribs and steak are still the top sellers, but chicken has become more popular with the times."

The restaurant is something of a museum for the town. Pictures of past Cincinnati Bengals players line the wall near the bar. In the back of the restaurant is a wall dedicated to memorabilia of the Portsmouth Spartans, a professional football team that represented the city during the Depression era for three years before moving to Detroit and changing its name to the Lions.

The Scioto Ribber's famous ribs are actually a unique cut of meat of Steven Mault's own invention. Portions range in price from \$8.45 for a "petite" one-piece dinner to \$19 for a large four-piece rib dinner. Steaks are available in the choice

PHS Enrollment Gains 116 As Schools Open

PDT Sept 3, 1952

School Figure On Increase

PHS Gains 116; More in 1st Grade

PHS enrollment today was 1,225 as compared with 1,138 a year ago, and East High enrolled 368, an increase of 29. Total school enrollment in Portsmouth today was 6,029, and increase of 53, compared with 1951 enrollment.

An increased population trend was reflected in more first and second grade enrollment was 548, an increase of 52. All school buildings are able to accommodate their enrollment. The first grade at Roosevelt present the most serious problem when 42 enrolled. Supt. H.W. McKelvey likes to keep the first grade classes under and may be able to shift a few pupils to reduce the load at Roosevelt.

At Scudder 46 entered the first gradee and McKelvey is considering opening a second grade class there. Scudder has available classrooms for the expansion.

Enrollment by schools includes: Scudder 270, Massie 210, Grant 487,

of a Ribeye or New York Strip cut. A 16-ounce small steak goes for \$20.95, while a 32-ounce large steak is available for \$31. Chicken ranges in price from \$5.70 for a 1/4 dark meat meal to \$11.70 for a 1/2 chicken white meat meal.

There is also an assortment of sandwich platters, including pulled pork ranging in price from \$5.50 to \$5.95.

"My dad had his first smoker back in 1976 in our backyard," Mault said. "He brought it down here, and we soon needed a larger one and then another. We started to branch out into catering, so we became able to do large-scale orders. We can do as many as 600 to 700 ribs in a day."

The Ribber is unique in that it's one of only a handful of bars in the area that brews its own beer. Steven Mault owns the Portsmouth Brewing Company on 2nd Street, which also sells pizzas.

"My brother was stationed in Germany, and he started brewing beer when he came back from the Army," Steven Mault said. "Later when I was in the Air Force, I was stationed in Germany, and when I came back I couldn't drink American beer anymore. So we got together and started making our own beers. Then in 1996 the brewery went for sale and we decided to remodel it and put in a microbrewery. We started with a Pilsner beer because that's the standard American-style lager that people have been drinking since prohibition. Once I perfected the Portsmouth Pilsner, I branched out into doing specialty beers which we serve seasonally. I wanted to make something original from Ohio, so I brought in some maple syrup from Adams County to make a maple brown ale."

Lincoln 367, Roosevelt 253, Highland 378, McKinley 237, Wilson 458, Garfield 510, North Moreland 216, East elementary 117, Harding 478, Lindsay 254, Washington 204.

The increase in the first grade enrollment, Supt. McKelvey said, reflects an increase in the birth rate, noted six years ago, and also shows new families are living in Portsmouth. He believes the increase in the second grade is a definite indication of new families moving here this year. The Roosevelt school enrollment increase of 24 reflects new homes in the school zone.

Walter Ferguson, principal of Washington school, reported enrollment there was normal. He said the building is in satisfactory condition. A motion the close the Washington school will be heard Sept 15 at 2 pm by Common Please Judge Vernon Smith. Five colored citizens asked the court to close the building on grounds that it is unsafe. They seek an integrated school where white and colored children attend.