

# THE 1955 TROJAN Alumni PRINTS

Aug. 2003 • Send news articles and/or photos to Frank Hunter, 3379 Hidden Haven Ct., Tampa, FL 33607 • Email fhunter@sptimes.com • Issue 18

## Misc Notes

I enjoyed the stories of several people in the last issue. I definitely remember the limburger on the PHS radiator. I also remember the Globe Trotters at Grant Elementary. I only lived 4 blocks from Grant & only 3 from PHS-one & a half blocks if I went out my back door on 9th Street and in the back door of the high school.

I think there was a bowling alley on Chillicothe Street just South of Ninth on the West side of the street. Across the street was the White Front Cafe where they had the best fish sandwich in town. I lived about a half block from Schisler's butcher shop and Dave was a good friend. We were in Boy Scouts together in the group that performed Indian ceremonies & dances. Bob Mohl was also in that group.

I had a friend who lived on John Street across from the Selby shoe factory. His father worked for Selbys & their house had free heat piped underground from from the factory.

I met a man at church who used to work at the hamburger Inn on Sixth and later at another one in the city. He remembered a man named Bodmer who owned one of them. Does anyone know if Jim was a part of that family? The man I talked to with was Howard Hunter who is in his 80's.

My Christmas village stays up all year and is now 80 x 52 in two levels. It's an all year village with a mountain, lake, farm & city park. It has 12 buildings including a light house, 54 people plus cars, trucks, boats and a lot of animals. I change something about it every day. *Roger Howard*

I surely enjoy reading about the old times in Portsmouth. My father was associate manager of the S.S. Kresge store at 4th and Chillicothe. I attended Holy Redeemer and Notre Dame until I was a junior and then transferred to PHS. I enjoyed the Class of '57 reunion last year and now it is fun to keep in touch with a few classmates like Dave Blackburn, Jerry Mann, Harold Clyburn, Judy Boorman Eby and others by e-mail.

*Perry Greer '57*

I really enjoy the newsletter and recognize many of the names and remember many of the old buildings and areas mentioned.

*Emma Stone (Tom's mother)*

I am the son of E.B. McComb or fleety. His nickname was obtained honestly by his track record both in high school and at Alma College in Michigan. He ran the 100 yard dash in 10 seconds without starting blocks in high school and bettered that in college by just .4 seconds, again without starting blocks. His record stood for almost forty years until Jesse Owens broke it.

I am a grad of Mary Schwartz' journalism class and find The Alumni Prints interesting to say the least. Fred and Jane Ramsey provided me with the contact.

*Charles "Charlie" McComb*  
4135 Hohman Ave, Apt. A, Hammond, IN 46327

I just finished an e-mail to Tom Dressler... He's having heart problems... having a cath test up in Columbus. *Carolyn (Crennie) McCulloch*

To Tom Dupuy; Yesterday I talked to the Dick Smith who drew your picture on the piece of wrapping paper. He is a member of my church, Epworth United Methodist, on Karl Road in Columbus, OH.

Dick was pleased to see the drawing in the newsletter, remembers drawing it and recognized his signature. He thinks it was around Christmas 1954. I thought it was so neat to make this connection.

I have enjoyed receiving this newsletter since Blaine Bierley wrote an article about my Dad, O.T. Dresbach, who played Santa Claus for many years on WPAY.

*Cheryl Dresbach Fenneken PHS '58*

Hi..My husband's brother, Charlie Jett, got us a subscription to your paper and it's great. Got our first 2 papers this week. We graduated in 1960.

Anyway, the articles sure bring back memories of the way things used to be here in Portsmouth. It's sad to see all the historical buildings in rubble. So much could be done here if city council would just stop bickering among themselves. A fortune has been spent on "consultant fees, feasibility studies, ect" when the money could have been spent to actually "do something"!!

Anyway, I just wanted you to know how much we enjoyed reading the papers. Looking forward to reading many more. We plan on attending the picnic in Aug. Charlie is coming in from Arizona. We didn't know anything about it until he called us.

*Russ and Bonnie Jet*

I guess this is a product of having too much time on my hands. I was intrigued to read the stuff on Google about Dick Hansgen. I was also curious if any other PHS Class of 1955 graduates were listed, so I started some searching. I've not gotten very far into the master list, but I've gotten interesting hits on the following:

Dee Ann Abbot Dressler, Anita Apel Biggs, Mary Gail Drake Korsmeyer, Curt Gentry, Dick Hansgen, Frank Hunter, Dick Lavengood for starters.

*Blaine Bierley*

## Colorado Meeting

June 6th, five of us arrived at the Denver airport at virtually the same time to spend several days with Doug and Betty Bierley Holling. Actually Doug "dog sat" at their son's and appeared only at important times... when we needed someone to open a bottle of wine or when we were in need of a chauffeur.

It was approximately 50 minutes to their home in Evergreen, CO and over 3,000 feet higher than the Mile High Stadium; but the altitude did not seem to affect our ability to reminisce, laugh, play bridge, shop and sightsee!

We tried and tried to come up with the correct adjective that would depict the meadow view they have from their windows and deck. Alas... "undescribable"! Elk roam there; bikers, joggers, dog walkers, etc. use a path lined with bluebird houses. Inside their home is another treat... framed photography of birds and animals... pictures they have taken on trips to Alaska and recently Africa. They say they are amateurs! We would like to think of a way to "market" them.

Mary Chamis Lymberopoulos invited us to Boulder one day for lunch at the charming, old Cautauqua Mission House. It was wonderful to see her after so many, many years and to meet her husband and daughter. She gave us a drive-by tour of the college campus as well as the infamous home of the late Jon Benet Ramsey. We also strolled a fun street of shops and entertainment.

The next day we went to Vail, CO... I, for one was glad the gondola was not running. You either ski, eat or shop there in beautiful surroundings. We did the latter two!

Karen and Ginny left before we went to Mt. Evans. That is the highest paved mountain road in the United States. Elevation is over 14,000 feet. No guard rails, I might mention. We reached the end of the road to find only the men's restroom had been shoveled... another first! The wind was too strong to hike the last mile. Doug took Eva back the next morning to fulfill her dream of climbing to the top of a mountain. However, the rangers met them part way up to say they were closing the road due to icy conditions!

Needless to say, each day was fun-filled with memories to cherish! *Sharon Queen Blayney*



Pictured left to right are Ginny Smith Wolfe, Sharon Queen Blayney, Mary Chamis Lymberopoulos, Martha Fitch Cook, Eva Strauss Izenson, Karen Williams Fox and Betty Bierley Holling.

## Mistaking Jerry Gillen

I went into Damon's (in the Ramada Inn) in Portsmouth Tuesday evening, June 24, and was hailed to a booth where Bruce Canter (PHS '53), his wife, Darlene, Sara (Frowine)Anderson, (PHS '53) and a person I took to be "Wilson Jones" (PHS '54) were sitting. I, in my inimitable style, (after Bruce pointed to the man), said, "Oh, Hi Wilson," and proceeded to make an ass of myself, by misidentifying Jerry Gillen." Damn, I was embarrassed a couple of evenings later, on Thursday, when Jerry came into the bar at Damon's and I called out cheerfully, "Hi Wilson." And, he said, "Why don't you stop calling me Wilson Jones...I'm Jerry Gillen!"

Sure, you say...Jerry Gillen and Wilson Jones, they were both stocky, handsome and dapper rakes of our time... the fifties, but hell, they really don't look much alike. I just had a major "brain fart." as they say.

But, to go on with my story about Jerry Gillen...He is in P-town settling his 85-year old mother into the medical care facility at Hill View...she had been living in a two room apartment at Hill View for some time. Jerry is going through a tough time with his Mom, and since he is the only child of the family, is having to make many decisions, regarding his Mom's possessions. Today is Saturday, and Jerry's daughter is coming in from Raleigh, N. C. to help with the dispersal of belongings.

After my brain debacle, Jerry and I have spent a couple of evenings at the bar talking about old times, and bringing each other up-to-date on our lives. Jerry now lives in Ormond Beach, Florida, just north of Daytona Beach, since retiring from the medical sales field. He and his wife, Nancy,

raise rare and exotic tropical birds...Parrots, and Macaws specifically. Jerry said, "I had a pet schitzhue (Sp), that I dearly loved; after she died, and I suffered through the heartbreak of losing my good friend, I decided to find a pet that lived a longer life...that's when I bought my first parrot. Then, my wife and I built an aviary and became bird breeders.

Now we have several types, but my favorite is the blue macaw, or "Hyacinth", which is becoming extinct around the world." Jerry said they had as many as 16 birds at one time.

Do you remember that Jerry's grandfather, Carl Gillen, was owner operator of "The Subway Lunch" which was located down under the B & B Loan building? The Subway was accessed from Seventh Street. It was a "bookie joint" and "gambling parlour" back in those halcyon days of the thirties, forties and fifties when P-town was a groovin' swingin' town.

Those were the days of Charlie "Red" Dixon, (Susan's Dad), Les Sommerss, (Bob's Dad), Jerry Distel, (J.P.'s Dad), and Virg Akers...all of whom made their living in the "entertainment" business.

The Subway Lunch is still sitting under the B & B, with the counter, card tables, and horse betting cage still intact. One day, Bob Ratliff, who was manager at B & B, took me into the basement. It was like walking into the past. I think Tony (PHS '57) Price's Dad was manager of the Subway during the later years.

We got to talking about roller coasters, and Jerry said that he and Danny Sainopulos rode "The Shooting Star" at Coney Island, over thirty times one day.

*Jim Kegley*

## New Welcome Center

As part of a U. S. Dept. of Transportation grant for funding for the Ohio River Scenic Byway, almost \$70,000 has been set aside to promote tourism, expand educational programs, and assist conservation efforts along the Ohio River. Part of this money will go to help fund the Ohio River Scenic Byway Welcome Center in Portsmouth. The Welcome Center will be housed in the former Kenricks Building, on Second Street, near the floodwall murals, and will feature exhibits on the history of the area as well as facilities and meeting rooms. It will also be home to the offices of the Southern Ohio Growth Partnership, Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce, and the Portsmouth Area Convention and Visitors Bureau.

## Lincoln School Land

Southern Ohio Medical Center announced April 4 its plans to enter into a long-term lease agreement with the Portsmouth City Schools to lease the Lincoln School property on Kinneys Lane for a future site of a new cancer center. The board of the Portsmouth City Schools met April 3 and agreed to the lease agreement with SOMC.

SOMC was looking for a freestanding facility with easy access and felt that the Lincoln property best accommodated its needs for current patients and those of generations to come. Plans call for the school facility to be razed during the summer by Portsmouth City Schools prior to the date the lease arrangement begins. SOMC expects to break ground after site preparation in the late summer of 2003.

## Address Changes

**Frank Hunter** to 3379 Hidden Haven Court, Tampa, FL 33607

**Tom Bond & Cheryl** Change the e-mail address to : [tdbond@earthlink.net](mailto:tdbond@earthlink.net)

**Lou Ann Kerr Baker** is now at 1298 Hermitage Avenue, Clearwater, FL 33764

**George Gilbert Richardson** is now at 150 Ron Springs Drive Williamsburg, VA 23185-6014 (Did you know that he is an M.D.?)

## Big Jim Ties the Knot

More when we get info....



## Dues & New Readers

Send your payment to Gene Lucas, 1419 Second St., West Portsmouth, OH 45663. New subscribers are welcome.

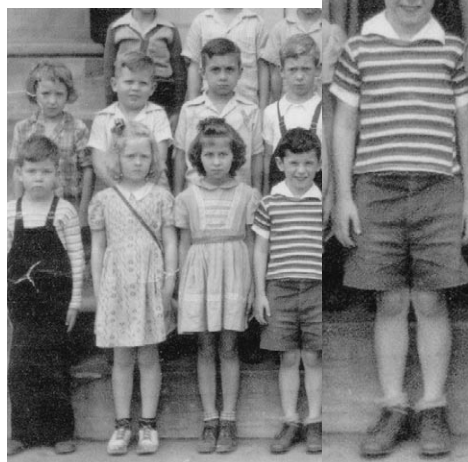
## Old Art Available

Because of drastic changes in my life (divorce, new townhome, aging, children near leaving home age, etc.) I have decided to part with some of my older art and illustrations kept for sentimental reasons. If interested, let me know and I will send thumbnail photos along with price. Various subject matter and techniques.

*Frank Hunter*

## Grade Two, Clay Township Grade School, 1944

1st row: Larry O'Brian, 4th from left



## Larry O'Brian discovers himself in Clay Township Photo

I was surprised and happy to know that unbenownst to me, I had four 1955 PHS classmates in my second grade class in 1944. Carlton thinks there may be more and I agree. I stood first from the left in the first row, three places from Nick and was never aware of it until I saw the photo.

I will miss the picnic in as I will be attending my mother's family reunion in Scioto County the week of June 21-28. I hope to contact some of our classmates during the trip.

Even though I'm not sure if a plan is in place, I am looking forward to our 50th class reunion. I will attend and I hope each and everyone of us will do so also.

My address is 6100 Portsmouth Lane, Davie FL 33331-2974. (954) 680-3397 *Larry O'Brian*

## Coal Furnaces

From the title of this little story you might think that I was going to tell a depressing tale of how a poor kid had to pick up coal by the side of the railroad tracks in order to keep the family warm in the winter. That's not the story.

But, we did have a coal furnace in our house on Charles Street in Portsmouth when I was growing up in the 1940s. My parents, Frank and Esta, purchased their cottage in 1940 for \$2,800. The house had been under water during the big 1937 Ohio River flood. There was still the musty smell of flood mud in the unfinished portion of our basement. It had a coal furnace which I remember very well. The main thing that I remember about it was that it kept our house either too hot or too cold. I recall my father going downstairs to the basement (you had to go out on the back porch to open the basement doors) early in the morning to stoke the furnace with shovelfuls of black coal from our coal bin.

Once the fire got going the house would warm up. However, if you didn't keep going down in the basement to throw more coal in the furnace the heat would quickly dissipate. So, it was a struggle to maintain a constant temperature in the house.

One of the most fascinating things about having a coal furnace for a kid was watching the coal being delivered to our home.

Portsmouth had, I believe, two competing coal companies in the 1940s: the Crawford Coal Company on Tenth and Hutchins Streets and the Dunn Coal Company on Gallia and Broadway Streets. We got our coal from Dunn—you ordered it by the ton. We got Pocahontas number something or the other. It was mined in West Virginia and my mother thought that it burned better than some of the other coal that we had used. I have no recollection of how much coal cost by the ton at that time.

I remember that the coal man who delivered to us didn't like the job because it required additional work over and above the usual time and energy in a regular delivery. The coal was delivered in a big dump truck which the driver would back up to our back porch. He then had to run a long metal chute down the basement stairs. The chute came in two sections which had to be put together in order to reach all the way to the basement floor. Then he would raise the bed of the dump truck a little bit so that the coal would be at the back of the bed. Then, using a huge shovel, he would toss the coal down the chute to the basement. It was hard work and he would usually work up a sweat, even in the winter time. Now came the part of the job that caused the extra work.

Once the coal was at the bottom of the basement stairs, the job was not complete. Our coal bin was around the corner a bit further away next to the furnace. So, the coal delivery man had to re-shovel the entire amount further back into the bin. As I remember, I think that we had to pay a little extra for the delivery since it required almost twice as much work.

As I got a little older I assumed some responsibilities for the furnace at home. Occasionally, I would get to stoke it. It was always my job to take

the daily accumulation of ashes outside to the ash can—which, in those days, was collected by the city along with the garbage.

At the end of the heating season, it was always my job to get the “clinkers” out of the furnace fire box. These were the almost metal-like chunks of unburned fused-together coal that was left over. Needless to say, it was a dirty job.

In reflection, I guess I'm glad that we don't have coal furnaces any more.

*Blaine Bierley*

## PHS Marching Band

I remember the PHS Marching Band during the time we were all going through school and some of the members like Tom on the drums, Bob on the trumpet, and Sam on the Sax. I also remember Bob Gin as the Drum Major. Sometimes when Bob bent backwards his hat almost touched the ground (I went to Grade school with Bob. I heard he was in Alaska).

Then there were the good-looking majorettes and their short shirts and white boots—well worth the walk to see the parade. The band was at all of the football games and also in the Portsmouth parades. I am not sure how many parades we had each year, but I don't think I missed many. The parades traveled along the main drag and I think they normally ended at Tracy Park. Of course there were other bands in some of the parades, but I don't remember that part of the parade. I guess PHS still has a band, but I haven't seen a Portsmouth parade or gone to a football game in many years. Wonder if there will be a Memorial Day or 4th of July parade this year.

### Market Street

I do not know how old I was the first time my Mother took me to Counts bakery on Market Street. For as long as I can remember I have gone to Counts bakery for the great tasting goodies that are baked there. I know that almost every Saturday, my Mother would go there for rolls

and/or cookies. We almost always got some “tips” and “butterflies”. Mr. Counts (Barber Counts) called them butterflies because when you eat them with butter, the butter really flies. I also liked the oatmeal cookies. This was also the place where my mother always got my brother and me our birthday cakes. The cakes were very good. Some of the girls from the West end normally worked part time on the weeks ends there. Now one of these girls, Helen Singleton, owns and runs the bakery. Helen still bakes all of the goodies that I really loved as a kid. I think she has added a few items. The bakery is about the only Market Street store landmark left.

When I was young, our family did not own a car, but we really didn't need one since all of the shopping was within walking distance from our house on Fourth Street. We had a Kroger's on Third and Market for fresh ground coffee, next door was the butcher shop for the meat, (next to the butcher shop was Counts bakery), and Schaefer's (may not be the way they spell their name) supermarket. Market Street also had two drug stores between Second and Third Streets and of course, Candyland. There was also several bars (beer joints as we called them). Market Street was really a busy place on Friday nights and Saturdays. Most of the workers in town (and out in the country) got paid on Fridays and many spent their money on Market Street. The street had even more people on the days the New Boston mill workers got paid. In our early teens, some of us would walk around Market Street in the evenings and watch some of the “crazy drunks”. There was always a policeman or police car near by. Sometimes there would be a fight or two, but the police broke those up rather quickly. Some of the “local” patrons of the bars had special names like “Buttermilk Annie” and “Paddlefoot”. Market Street may have been busier than Chillicothe Street. I guess things really change over time.

*Sorry, lost the sender's name*



## Greyhound Terminal is 61 Years Old

The terminal, which may be lost to “progress” (?..ed) as the city looks to the future development of a City Center project is another of the great art deco structures in the city. As an historical building, it points to a pivotal time when much of the technology taken for granted today was being developed. Today, though Greyhound still serves the area, bus travel has fallen out of fashion as automobiles and airplanes have become commonplace. But at the time it was first constructed, it served a vital role at a critical point in the history and development of Portsmouth.

## Tom "Flip" Phillips

"Eventually you will reach an age where you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it!" said Will Rogers.

Tom (Flip) Phillips, reached that point. Tom was proud that he was 65. Tom was proud that his father, Phillip J. Phillips, lived to be 90. Tom was proud of his mother, Olive Cox Phillips. Tom was proud that he would have been a member of the Musicians Union Local #482 for 49-years, come November, 2003, and bragged that he was only 15 years of age when he joined. Flip was proud of a lot of things, but he was most proud of his two sons, Dr. Thomas E. "Flip" Jr., and Anthony "Tony" John Phillips. Hardly a day passed that Flip didn't mention his two sons to friends whom he would see at Morton's Restaurant, Bob Evans Restaurant, (after Morton's closed), the 471 American Legion club, the Knights of Columbus Club, The Scioto Ribber, or The Brew Pub, where Tom spent many a talkative day. Tom has been a subject, or a source, of many High Notes columns through the years. He was an interesting person.

Tom served as master-of-ceremonies for many events through the years. He was a percussionist of note, starting with the PHS marching band, and pep band involvement, then by helping form a popular rock and roll singing and recording group, The Ivy Leaguers.

Later Tom joined the U. S. Army Band, at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and eventually he formed, or played for many dance and jazz bands around the country.

One day a couple of years ago, Rick Beckett of Portsmouth called me, and said he had been able to make a copy of the Ivy Leaguers four recorded songs onto a compact disc, and wanted to know if I wanted one. He gave me two of the CDs, and I immediately made arrangements to have one of them placed on the juke box at The K of C Club in Portsmouth, without telling Flip. One Monday evening at the club, Tom and I were seated next to each other. I slipped back and played "Ring Chimes", their most popular recording. I got back to my seat before the song began, and Tom's ears perked up immediately as the song came on, and he just looked at me and smiled, before turning to the person to his left and proclaiming... "That's me singing on that record! That's our group!" Later Rick Beckett gave Flip a couple of the CDs and Flip had one installed on the juke box at The 471 American Legion.

It seems about everybody knew and liked Flip. Flip and I were close personal friends, and one remarkable thing about Flip is that he rarely had a negative thing to say about anybody. Oh yeah, Flip was negative about situations, (mostly his own) but he was rarely negative about individuals whom he knew. He genuinely liked people, and loved his family. When Flip's brother Bill died at an earlier than expected age, Flip was heart sick. Bill and Tom were as close as any two brothers could be, and both were artists... Tom the musician, and Bill the painter, and picture framer extraordinaire. Each was proud of the other. Flip had many friends who attended the memorial service at Daehler's Mortuary, in Portsmouth.

*Jim Kegley*

## Ralph Riggs

I don't remember the year but I suppose we were in the fifth or sixth grade. We lived just a couple of doors apart in Wayne Hills but did not hang out together. Perhaps the one thing we did in common was attend the Salvation Army's satellite programs at the administration building. For the youth of Wayne Hills, that consisted of Sunday school on Sunday mornings and Wednesday night movies. Captain Arthur Hill was the leader of the Portsmouth unit along with a couple of lieutenants. Their outreach program had a great effect on my life and, I'm sure the same is true of many other kids and adults.

Ralph Riggs and his older brother Jack were the benefactors (as was I and a few others) of the Salvation Army music program. One of the requirements of becoming a Salvation Army officer is to learn how to play a brass musical instrument. The Salvation Army Bands have always been among the finest brass bands in the world, so early training is important. They loaned instruments to interested youths and actually taught how to play them.

I did not stay with the program long, but I believe that Ralph and his brother did. I remember that Ralph was playing such instruments as the double-belled euphonium and other British-style horns. The following year, my parents bought me a trumpet and the only lessons I received were those from Charlie Sherman and the traveling music teacher from PHS - at Garfield School. Both Al Oxley and Sam Skaggs also played trumpets and it was not long before we were playing trumpet trios and I was no longer attending the Salvation Army programs.

Perhaps Ralph continued for awhile or perhaps he too, dropped out. But I do know that he developed much quicker as a musician. By the time we were in high school, he was playing a baritone horn quite well. The problem was that the baritone horn was not as flashy as were the trumpets and it seemed to me that his talents were not noticed as much as they should have been.

His musical ability came to the front as one of the leaders in the full pep band. He was capable of directing and arranging music for us. At some point during our senior year, Einar Helstrom "fired a few members" for insubordination and the pep band was in a quandry. I don't remember who was fired, but the band was decimated by some members who just quit to form another group while some stayed and played in both.

That other group consisted of Sam Skaggs (saxophone), Joe Berthe (trombone), Flip Phillips (drums), Bob Neal (trumpet) and Ralph on the baritone. They were, in my mind, not only the greatest trained musical group to come from PHS, but some became a part of the new wave of "guitar and singing" musicians. *i.e.* Portsmouth's own "The Ivy Leaguers". Flip fit in very nicely.

I heard Ralph and the group a few times during our college years at the Club Franklin, but then I lost track of them. I learned that some went into the service while some drifted into other locales. I did not hear of Ralph again until 18 years ago. I remember that date well, because my oldest son was born that year. It was at our

30th class reunion and Ralph beat me out of the award for having the youngest child to date.

After that time, I was aware that he lived near Washington D.C. and that he was associated with the U.S. Marine Corps Band at Quantico, Virginia. Someone had informed me that he was the actual band master. Regardless, I would like to say to his family and to those who knew him, that I am proud to have known him and to have played in a couple of the same musical groups with him.

*Frank Hunter*

Ralph Elmer Riggs died Sunday, June 22 at McGuire VA Hospital. He is survived by his wife, Patricia, four sons, Thomas M., Michael, Mark and Tim; three daughters, Kimberly Wade, Zina Riggs and Dawn Davis.; a brother, Kenneth; three sisters, Bonnie Sparks, Jodi Martin and Hazel Smittle; and ten grandchildren.

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## Dr. David Rhys Wagner

Dave left us on Friday, July 11. He made his home at 114 Gintomo Road in Greenville, N.C. He is survived by Marty Clark Wagner, his daughter Amy Epting, two sons, David Rhys Wagner, Jr., and William Woo Wagner, two brothers, Harry and Robert Wagner and nine grandchildren.

Dave played football for the Trojans and later for Ohio State University and was recruited as an All-American. He graduated from OSU and served in the U.S. Air Force.

He was a member of the Southside Fellowship Church, where he served as a deacon. He was a strong believer in Jesus Christ.

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## Bill Barnett

It is with great sorrow that we learned that Bill Barnett has left us as of Friday, May 2nd. More information to come as we receive it.

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## OTHER OBITUARIES

### Donna Flowers

Donna Flowers, Class of 1956 has passed on. No details available at this time.

### James Pack

Lovel Pack Marting's brother. Age 60, July 12 at his residence.

### Gerald "Jerry" Pitcher

Jerry Pitcher, Class of '56, of Livonia, Michigan, died Monday, July 21, 2003. Surviving are his wife, Donna (Boehm) Pitcher; son, Kurtis; daughters, Mari, Jan and Valare; and two grandchildren.

Jerry was a tall lumbering guy who attended Lincoln School. His father was Carter Pitcher, the eye ear nose and throat doctor. One of Jerry's claims to fame, was the caper he pulled off with Val Minch and Henry Miller. One night they stole a can of blue house paint, and broke into Portsmouth Policeman, Dale Fike's garage and smeared the paint all over his personal auto. They got caught, and were made to make restitution. Dale Fike didn't even press charges against them, since they were all from "prominent" families.

*Jim Blue*

### Skip Martin

Joseph Wesley Martin, Sr., 64, (PHS '57) died at his home in Morattoco, Virginia July 24. He was an outstanding baseball, basketball and football player for McKinley, and was a manager on the football team at PHS.