

THE 1955 TROJAN Alumni PRINTS

Dec. 2003 • Send news articles and/or photos to Frank Hunter, 3379 Hidden Haven Ct., Tampa, FL 33607 • Email fhunter@sptimes.com • Issue 20

Another N&W Era Gone

I read a disturbing note on the internet and launched an inquiry about it. That newsy item stated simply that the Norfolk Southern Railroad was eliminating rail service between Portsmouth and Cincinnati and would remove the rails and signal system along the right of way. Following is a response I received. I will try to interpret some of the rail jargon for readers not able to understand.

The Peavine has been 'stubbed' and is now a branch line.

The reason that I heard was that Norfolk Southern needed \$400,000 to perform maintenance on Bridge 2001 at Vera (the Cincinnati-Columbus rail intersection behind the old Coca Cola plant where the boulevard meets Route 23) over the Scioto River and the signal system required a serious overhaul. Also, the track between Mt. Orab and White Oak had been on a 25 mph speed restriction for about four years.

Traffic over the line was the NS 217 and 218 TOFC (trailer on flat cars) trains for UPS (United Postal Service - Chicago-to-Greensboro) that ran Tues- Fri and Sunday to handle overnight shipping. They ran some other unit grain trains over the line more or less one a day. Basically 51J and 52M.

A unit coal train 84A to Indianapolis came over the line about once a month and a few hopper MTs came east. This has been the traffic level for about three years. 217/218 was moved back and forth from the Columbus District to the Peavine (called that because it was a very winding right of way) on occasion for track maintenance purposes. But, the Peavine was the faster routing by 9-12 hours and the 217/218 were penalty trains.

There was a local L51 (serving every little company along the route) that came out of Portsmouth and worked over to the Ford plant at Afton M-F and would work Hass lumber in Peebles, the Cargill granery at Winchester, Prime Source lumber at Macon, Kibler's Lumber at White Oak, the Georgia Pacific cardboard box company at Afton and the Cincinnati Milacron Plastic Injection Molding machine plant at Afton and Southwestern Steel Fabricator's plant at Afton as well. But, the main work was at the Ford plant- now operated by ZF Transmissions.

So NS decided to railbank the line by operating the local out of Sharon Yard (ex-NYC, ex-CR) and returning 217/218 to the Columbus, Bellevue, Ft. Wayne routing that it originally had. What the grain and coal trains became and what routing they used, I do not know.

On February 16, 2003 NS ran the last w/b 217 in the big ice storm. I did get to photograph it through some trees. To my knowledge they ran the last grain train on May 12th officially, but I saw one at ANCOR siding on the 13th at noon.

The last westward L51 was run on May 23rd, a Friday. It had to go over to Sharon Yard to get the cars for the day as the cars had been routed to Sharon rather than Portsmouth on Thursday the 22nd. I got out to photograph this run.

On Tuesday the 27th, L51 came from Sharon Yard and worked to Winchester with an old Peaviner as conductor, a new unqualified engineer and brakeman and a pilot engineer. NS MoW put a load of gravel over the tracks at the east end of Mt. Zion siding. And the signals eastward were now dark. MoW also covered the tracks at Vera and spiked the switch.

On Wednesday, L51 got a boxcar of lumber for Haas Lumber, now cut off in Peebles. Haas got on the phone to NS and complained extensively! By Friday, the gravel pile at Mt. Zion was moved to the east end of Peebles siding and the signals to Peebles were repowered.

L51 (local #51) runs out of Sharon at about 10:30 a.m. and goes through my area about 11:30 to 13:30 hours depending on the traffic in and out of Sharon Yard. They will work the Afton area and head back to Sharon about 1600 hrs. They will be much later when working the grain traffic at Winchester.

Clare Yard (The end yard at Cincinnati) is now a Bulkmatic facility (1993) and is a large pad of asphalt with four long spurs up into the old yard area. Bulkmatic transfers sugar or plastic pellets or liquids to trucks for regional distribution. Clare is worked every day by TQ07 out of Berrys Yard in Bond Hill. TQ07 comes over the B&O to East Norwood, down the ex-Cincinnati & Richmond to the old Little Miami main then over to Clare.

There is another bulk transfer facility in the old Norwood yard, Matlack, that TQ07 handles over the Hyde Park line about twice a week. This line has been up for sale for some time. The tracks stop at Montgomery Road due to the BASF plant explosion in 1992(?). The tracks were covered with debris and the line from there west to Idelwild and down to Berrys were not used for a long, long time. They are still there, but tress are growing through the tracks. After the CR purchase, NS stashed a lot of excess cars here.

The Hillsboro Branch (from Sardinia to Hillsboro) was cut back to Mowrystown in the early 90's and AGP and Cargill made a deal which closed the Mowrystown granery in 1999 or 2000, I forget which. They pulled up all of the track, except for the Y in 2001.

Well, this is what I know. I know this detail as I live over Clare Yard in Mariemont and have stalked the Peavine for over 20 years.

Did You Know...

During the 40s and 50s the Portsmouth N&W classification yard was the 2nd largest in the world. The largest was the C&O yards at Ashland.

Florida Winter Reunion

If anyone is interested in a winter reunion for near the end of January please contact Lois Beck at dwallace@greenapple.com or myself, Frank Hunter at fhunter@sptimes.com or samgabe@earthlink.net. This will be a reunion for anyone from Portsmouth High School or from the surrounding area.

I received the following interest in such a reunion from Sue Morgan.

Hi Frank - Yes, I would be interested in a reunion somewhere in Florida this winter. E-mailed (or tried to) Lois Beck the other day, but don't think it got to her. Sometime e-mails don't go through from here at the space center. As always, enjoy the newsletter. Love the west coast and am planning a short getaway trip to Sarasota, Anna Maria, Holmes Beach areas first part of Dec. Be happy... I too suffer from the "I can't remember" syndrome; it goes with the territory. Anyway, I graduated in '56, married Harry Morgan from Rubyville and moved to Fla in '59. In the space business, we were temporarily transferred to Nebr. and Kansas for a while, but returned to Fla. We divorced a long time ago, but before that we had three children, and now there are five grandchildren. Harry lives here in the area and we remain very good friends; we wouldn't have it any other way. I have worked at Kennedy Space Center for 25 years as an operating procedures editor and analyst (can't believe that myself); and look forward to retirement, but can't make up my mind when that will be. I have been fortunate enough to travel around the world and throughout much of the U.S. Let me know if you get responses to the proposed Fla reunion, okay? Good to talk to you

Sue Morgan

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...and From Tom Dupuy

If you have a reunion in FL let me know.

Just one of the reasons why the City of Portsmouth has fallen into the state it is in. This beautiful building should be repaired and perhaps given to the Southern Ohio Museum or some other tourist driven venue. A jail could provide a few jobs but city leaders need to step back and do some research before knocking it down. Remember from whence you came, Portsmouth. Rails made you a once great city and that memory can help you recover. To classmates still living there, I can no longer apologize for my feelings. The floodwall and university alone will not save the city nor will blindly tearing down the past.

N&W Train Station : Portsmouth, Ohio : about 1940-41
From the collection of Bill McKinney



Ralph Riggs

In my search for more info on Ralph, I contacted the Marine Corp. band at Quantico. They put me in touch with Mr. Bart Larocca who served with Ralph in the band. He sent me a copy of an old publication with the following article on the front page...

"The Depot Band last week debuted another new march composed by a bandsman. The new selection is titled "The D.I. March" and was played for the first time at last Friday morning's C.G. concert at Pendleton Hall.

Sgt. Ralph E. Riggs, who also authored the "General Krulak March" and latin number "tremblor;" directed the band in his most recent composition. "Tremblor" was debuted during the March band concert at the Depot Theatre.

The baritone hornist composed the recent selection in answer to an official request from the former director of the Depot Drill Instructor School. Capt. William J. Spiesel, recently transferred to the Command Staff School, Naval War College, Newport, R.I. had asked the band to compose the march.

Sgt. Riggs is also a member of the Depot Dance Band which plays at the Staff NCO Club and the Depot Officer's Club during the evenings.

Band Concert Set Wednesday Night

CWO Bart Larocca, in his last appearance before Depotites, will conduct the monthly the monthly band concert at McDougal Hall Wednesday evening, at 7:30p.m.

Opening the evening's program will be "The General Krulak March" written by Sgt. R.E. Riggs, followed by selections from Richard Rogers' "Sound of Music," the "Cambodian Suite" by King Norodom, and ..."

At this writing, I am trying to get copies of the music manuscripts.

Frank

The Ohio Indiana Baseball League

In 1949, Richmond Indiana operated an independent baseball team called the Robins. The team was owned by the citizens of Richmond and had perhaps 15 to 20 stockholders.

Pitchers like Billy Hoeft and Jim Bunning (a Hall of Famer) were on the team in 1950. Those were special days in Richmond, drawing crowds of about 500 but occasionally as many as 2,000.

The team played in the old Ohio-Indiana League along with the Muncie Packers, Portsmouth Athletics, Lima Terriers, Marion Red Sox, Newark Yankees, Springfield Giants and Zanesville Indians.

All were Major League Affiliates except the independents Richmond and Lima. Richmond's seating capacity at that time was listed at 2,600. The largest in the league was 6,000 at Zanesville, the smallest 2,500 at Newark.

Ticket prices included general admission grandstand, 70 cents; single box seat per game, 85 cents; children under 12, one shiny quarter; and season box seats, \$15. Ten cents at the concession stand would buy you a soft drink, ice cream, peanuts, popcorn or a scorecard. Hot dogs were 15 cents and cigarettes 25 cents.

Tom Phillips

It is a sad day to learn that we have lost Tom Phillips. If the pool, hot-dog shops, hamburger joints, shake shops, etc., represent the wonderful memories of places in Portsmouth, certainly, Flip represents a wonderful memory of the people of Portsmouth.

About forty-six years ago I walked into an after-game dance in the girl's gym at PHS and wondered what all the fuss was about a group called the IV Leaguers. They played at the dance that night, and over the next few years I enjoyed their music whenever and wherever I could. Flip was this wonderful bag of bones shocked full of rhythm. Even after the high school years, I got to listen to Flip perform with a number of bands in the area. Simply fantastic.

And, it was not Flip's talent with the sticks that made him so likable... it was his ever ready smile and friendliness. In these later years after Flip had several strokes, I would run into him at Morton's Restaurant on many occasions and we shared war stories of the good old days. A few years back at Morton's, Flip handed me two pictures of the IV Leaguers. I asked, "why two?" He replied, "One is for your sister-in-law, Sue (Schisler-59). I think she would enjoy having one." He was absolutely correct. I still carry mine in my wallet, taking every opportunity I get to tell all who will listen about a great band I experienced in the 50s when such bands were at their peak. I even had my wife (Nance-64) play all day at the Dress Barn she manages, the IV Leaguer's CD (from Rick Beckett). Employees and customers loved it.

I don't know any of Flip's family, nor do I know the whereabouts of any of the band with the exception of Bud Stockham. He knew of Flip's stroke and I am sure of his death by now. Living so far away, I feel almost helpless in even paying my respects. But, I CAN, and will have Nance play the CD for the next three days as a tribute to Flip. P-town has lost an icon.

Sorry, I lost the writer's name

4th of July in the 1950s

Many of the local factories shut down for the week and the workers were on vacation. My Dad worked at the Vulcan Last so the whole family was on vacation. For many years my Dad and a bunch of his buddies went camping down on the Ohio River a little west of the Scioto river bridge. They just slept in tents and fished. Not fishing as many of us know, rather sitting out "trotilines" along the shore. For those of you that don't know what a trotline is, it is a long piece of heavy fishing line with many shorter pieces of line tied every few feet with a fishing hook at the end (may have as many as 50 hooks). Both end of the long line is weighted down and bait is put on all the hooks. The trotline is checked a few times each day and any fish caught are removed and the hooks re-baited. The fish they caught were cleaned and then stored in ice. At the end of the week they had a big fish fry and all members of everyone family would travel to the camp site. Since our family did not have a car, my Mother, Brother, and I would sometime walk to the camp site. Of course one of the major courses for the "fisherman" was beer. The camping went on year after year. However one of the bunch bought a camp site about 15 miles from town (off Tipton road). There were several camps there including our doctor, Dr. Herman. At first the fish fries were the same, but over the years there were less fishing and more beer drinking. Finally the fish fried were purchased somewhere and chicken started turning up on the menu.

One of the other major events for the 4th of July was the fireworks display at the Stadium. I never really went to the Stadium until I was out of High School and had my own car and even then we didn't go in, we sat on the Levy and watched.

At home (4th Street below Jefferson) we would either sit on the front porch or on the wall in front of the house and watch from there. Most of the fireworks were high into the sky and you could see the show from miles around. All of the neighbors were out and the adults would talk while the kids watched.

Larry Schneller

Lois Beck Photos from the Class of 53 Reunion



Don Karr & Patty Diddle



G. Kidwell, C. Brandell, H. Haley & Marianne Seth



Gay Shamblin & Billie Engle



Ken Ledman, Barbara Swisshelm & R. Mittendorf

A Note from Jim Kegley

Fred and Fannie Justice of East Front Street, Sciotoville, brought me a copy of the Saturday, November 8, Columbus Dispatch, in which an article entitled, "Final whistle still echoes in abandoned rail station" by Melissa Kossler of the Dispatch Staff. The article was subtitled "Portsmouth landmark to be razed to make way for larger jail complex." The story was based on an interview with James Detty Jr., (Jim). Jim's late father James Detty Sr., was a dispatcher for the Norfolk & Western Railway.

I met Jim Detty once a few years ago, while at Sac's (Now The Party Connection). Mr. Detty overheard me talking to one of the clerks about the razing of the N&W Railway walk bridge that used to provide access across the busy tracks at the head of Campbell Ave. and Gallia Street, and he offered me a copy of a picture of the bridge which he had taken while extant. I used the picture in my column at the time of its demise. Mr. Detty, who is a dispatcher for the Scioto County Sheriff's department, wrote a history of the big stone terminal that is facing destruction to make way for a new \$12 million county jail. (Consider that the Lucasville prison only cost \$18 million when first built.) Mr. Detty has mixed emotions about the destruction, as a true railroad buff, and since he is so close to the county jail situation. He knows we need to replace the 91-bed 75-year old structure, but he hates to lose the grand stone building that has seen so much history. During World War II, volunteers set up canteens there for troops headed to eastern military bases. Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon came through on campaign stops.

The railroad depot was built in 1931, and is a fine example of the Art Deco style of the period. There has been no organized attempts to save the old building, but many people both locally and nationally have expressed interest in saving it.

Unfortunately it is too late to save the structure. At one time as many as 12 passenger trains a day passed through the Portsmouth station, but now the empty building only attracts vandals who throw rocks at the windows and leave litter in the yard. "I'd rather it get torn down than have that happen. It deserves better than that." Detty said.

I too am the offspring of an N & W Railroader, and I have fond memories of my father waiting to board the train in his capacity as conductor. I was mighty proud when Dad would hustle around the depot organizing the crew and passengers for a trip west to Cincinnati. His call of "All Board" still rings in my ears.

Jim Kegley

A Note from Don Wallace

Lois and I attended the dedication ceremony for Spartan Stadium October 3. There were a number of speakers including Chris Willis of NFL Films, who composed the marker text, and 98-year old Glenn Presnell, the only surviving Spartan.

Opened in the fall of 1930, Universal Stadium became the home of the Portsmouth Spartans professional football team. Earlier that summer, the Spartans had just become a member of the National Football League (NFL). Led by a few local businessmen, the Portsmouth National Football League Corporation raised money to help build the permanent stadium for the Spartans. The stadium opened September 14, 1930 as the Spartans defeated the Newark (New Jersey) Tornados for their first NFL victory. Ten days later the Spartans played one of the NFL's first night games against the Brooklyn Dodgers. The Portsmouth Times said, "Night football is here to stay, at least in Portsmouth." From 1930 to 1933, the Spartans compiled a record of 19 wins 2 losses and 4 ties at Universal Stadium. The most famous game played at Universal was on December 4, 1932. The Spartans with just eleven men defeated the world champion Green Bay Packers 10-0. In Portsmouth, the game is simply known as "The Iron Man Game." In 1934, the franchise was sold and the team moved to Detroit. They were renamed the Detroit Lions. Portsmouth was to become the last small town in Ohio to have a NFL franchise. In August of 1970, the name of the stadium was changed to Spartan Municipal Stadium to honor the NFL team that called Universal Stadium home for 4 years. It is one of the oldest NFL stadiums still in use, and its field is still used to play football.

I would urge anyone interested in Portsmouth history and/or the Portsmouth Spartans to purchase a copy of Carl Beckers book, "Home and Away, The Rise and Fall of Professional Football On The Banks of the Ohio, 1919-1934". The book was published in 1998 and is a thoroughly researched, well-written, and detailed account of semiprofessional and professional teams of Portsmouth, Ironton, and Ashland Ky. Becker interviewed Glen Presnell for the book. Becker also includes in his book some pictures and an appendix with team records and hundreds of references to research sources, like Portsmouth Times, other newspapers, and printed sources. I obtained several copies online from Amazon.Com; soft-back copies are about \$20 each and hard-back copies about \$35 each.

Don Wallace

"The TV Repairman"

Having a television set in the early 1950s was an exciting adventure. Those big, first generation, black and white sets brought the world into our living rooms. However, they could sometimes be very finicky. Lots of time we had difficulty with the vertical and horizontal holds-rolling pictures and sometimes lots of "snow." And, sometimes, they just "died"!

When the TV needed repairing, you gave a call to the local friendly TV repairman who would come to your home for minor repairs. In those days, most of the problems with TV sets were in the tube (this was long before the days of "solid state" sets with transistors and micro chips). Those big sets of the 1950s had lots of tubes, as many as 25, and many were of different sizes.

The TV repairman would usually unscrew the back of the set, brush off the dust that had accumulated inside, and then remove any tubes that looked dark-a clue that the tube might be burned out. Usually the TV man carried some replacement tubes with him. Often he would use a tester-a little machine with lots of holes that would correspond to the many varieties of prongs on the bottom of the various tubes. He plugged in the suspect tube and fiddled with some dials and his machine would indicate whether the tube was "Good," "Weak," or "Poor." It was a pretty simple task then to replace the defective tube.

Sometimes the tubes were all good, but the picture would keep rolling. If the problem was the horizontal or vertical hold, it meant that an adjustment needed to be made. There was some sort of screw device that could be adjusted which would usually fix this problem.

I seem to remember that the fee for a call by the TV repairman was around \$2.00 plus the cost of any replacement tubes.

Reflecting back on those days, it seems to me that just like the ice man and the doctor who made house calls, the TV repairman's era came to an end sometime in the 1960. He was another casualty of the modern technology age.

Blaine Bierley

Recognize the picture below?

It is a Lake Central Airlines DC-3 at the Scioto County Airport around 1956. There were four flights a day. A morning and evening flight from Cincinnati bound for Washington DC via Parkersburg, WVA and morning and evening return to Cincinnati. Do you suppose that some day, someone will propose that the terminal building be torn down to make way for a county jail?



“Comic Books”

I was thinking the other day about the comic books that I read and enjoyed when I was growing up on Charles Street in Portsmouth during the 1940s and early 1950s. Kids (and adults) have read comic books for generations, I guess.

I think the first comic book I remember was Little Lulu. Now I know that doesn't sound very “manly”, but I think I was exposed to this one by my mother and my Aunt Nell Harrigan deliberately in an early attempt to shelter me from violence. Most of the stories I remember were built around the boy versus girl rivalry theme with the boys becoming victims of some catastrophe. Lulu's boyfriend (and antagonist) was Tubby and she also had to contend with the school's truant officer, Mr. McNabbem.

Eventually, I got hooked on what I would call “regular” comic books just like the rest of my Wilson Elementary School buddies. I don't remember ever paying more than a dime for a comic book. I usually bought mine at Bard's Confectionery Store on the corner of Charles and Brown Streets. Later on, when I was a little older, I ventured to Book's Confectionery on Jackson Avenue. Mr. Book had a marvelous advertising slogan in big letters on the front of his store: “As you go by, don't go by, stop by and buy.” He also had a gigantic selection of comic books. His comic's display covered one entire side of his store.

At a dime apiece, comic books were expensive for kids in the late 1940s. So, we mainly traded, swapped, and borrowed among ourselves. Sometimes the books were so worn from being passed around that they had lost their covers and were falling apart.

Probably the single most popular comic book of my youth was Action Comics with the mild-mannered reporter, Clark Kent, who transformed himself into Superman inside a near-by telephone booth. I never could understand why Lois Lane couldn't tell that Superman was just Clark Kent without his glasses. Following closely behind Superman in popularity were the heroes of Detective Comics--Batman and Robin. Batman and Robin (“the Boy Wonder”) battled some of the all-time best villains in comics--bizarre figures like the Joker, the Penguin, the Riddler, and Catwoman.

Because few magazine publishers could ignore the amazing success of Superman, the 1940s were marked by a profusion of super hero comic books. Scores of colorfully costumed male and female do-gooders strode forth to battle the forces of evil. As I look back, I consider this the “Golden Age” of comic books. Can you remember Captain Marvel? Captain Marvel was really a teenage boy named Billy Batson. By saying the magic word “SHAZAM!”, Billy could transform himself into the red-clad Captain Marvel, the World's Mightiest Mortal. How about Wonder Woman? She flew in an invisible airplane and assumed the identity of a nurse named Diana Prince. As a preteen, I'm not sure I fully appreciated Wonder Woman's skimpy costume! Then there was Plastic Man, with his remarkable physical abilities, to name another.

On the lighter side, Pep Comics featured Archie Andrews, his wholesome blonde girlfriend, Betty, and his dimwitted pal, Jughead. We all looked forward to having adventures like Archie did.

A new phase in comic books-horror-began about 1950. I remember such classics as Weird Science, Tales from the Crypt, and The Vault of Horror. These stories opened new vistas of death from sources previously unimagined by elementary school kids. It's no wonder that the Portsmouth Times reported that in some cities around the country at this time adults piled their children's comic books up in school yards and, encouraged by teachers, parents, and clergymen, turned them into blazing bonfires.

The final phase of comics that I remember came just about the time I was entering Portsmouth High School. This was science fiction comic books. We were swept by a revived interest in science, along with a growing fascination with flying saucers. I remember a few of these such as Weird Science, Amazing Stories, Strange Adventures, and Journey into Unknown Worlds.

I guess I would be remiss if I didn't mention those wonderful Classic Illustrated comic books which adapted classic novels. We discovered that the adaptations, as bad as they were, could be used for time-saving school book reports.

As I matured at bit at PHS, I gradually lost my addiction to comic books. Many other things became more important to me. However, I still had a fairly large collection of comic books in a big old suitcase that I stored in our basement. Had I realized how much some of my “classics” would be worth in the future, I would have kept a closer eye on them. Even without the financial foresight, I can remember how disappointed I was coming home from college in the summer of 1957 to learn that my collection had been thrown out in the garbage as my step-father renovated the basement.

Comic books-another by-gone era with fond memories! Portsmouth is still as clear and vivid to me as a photograph.

As I drive the streets of Portsmouth, still remembering it as it once was, I metaphorically shake hands with hundreds of familiar objects and places which no longer exist. I look at the houses and remember the people who once lived in them. I see them in my imagination-all young again-looking as they had looked in the 1950s.

When I see my classmates from 1955-some men I hardly recognize, but the sweet young coeds I remember have hardly changed at all, because they turn out to be the daughters or granddaughters of the girls I once pined over. How can these girls be grandmothers?

Blaine Bierley

Paid Your Dues Yet?

If you have not, please take a moment and send your \$5 to Gene Lucas. *It's Wilson* →

Attn: Florida Alumni

If you have any interest in a reunion somewhere in Florida this winter, please email Frank at fhunter@sptimes.com or Lois Beck at dwalace@greenapple.com or hahlois@aol.com

“The Barber Shop”

When I was growing up on Charles Street in Portsmouth I was first taken to and subsequently went by myself to Lowell E. Yeagle's barber shop at 1831 Jackson Avenue. Mr. Yeagle was the only barber who cut my hair from as early as I can remember until I left Portsmouth in the fall of 1955 to attend Ohio State.

Lowell Yeagle was a veteran of World War II and had attended barber college on the GI Bill after he was discharged from the US Army. He lived in Sciotoville, as I recall.

Lowell's barber shop occupied an interesting location on Jackson Avenue. It was right between two neighborhood taverns (or “beer joints” as my mother always called them). The Stadium Lunch was at 1829 Jackson and The Riverside Inn was on the northwest corner of the intersection of Jackson and Campbell Avenues. I passed all three establishments four times a day when I walked to and from Woodrow Wilson Elementary School each day-we came home for lunch in those days. My mother instilled in me a fear of what went on in “beer joints,” so I steered clear of them. But, the barber shop was a perfectly respectable place to hang out.

Memories of the barber shop include finally being big enough not to have to use the “booster” seat and prices for hair cuts in the 50-75 cent range. I also remember that there always seemed to be a cadre of men hanging around the shop-some waiting for hair cuts and others just passing the time of day. When younger boys were in the barber shop the patrons would refrain from telling the off-color jokes that were a standard part of barber shop ambiance. I think it was a sign of reaching young “manhood” when you were allowed to hear the “dirty” jokes-whether you understood them or not.

I had a real revelation about getting my hair cut after I went off to Columbus. It always hurt a bit when Lowell shaved the back of my neck after my haircut. I just accepted that this was the way it was supposed to feel-an uncomfortable “given” in the necessity of good grooming. It was only after I got to Columbus and had a barber who sharpened his straight razor after he used it each time that I realized that having your neck shaved wasn't supposed to hurt.

Blaine Bierley

School Still Standing! Guess which one

