

Whiffle Balls

Somebody recently gave me a new box of whiffle-balls, like those used at picnics and family gatherings. A whiffle-ball is the baseball-sized white plastic ball which are hollow, except that half is solid, and half is open with elongated air holes, which give the ball exaggerated ability to curve, and dipsy-doodle toward the plate when pitched. They often provide plastic toy-size bats, but back in the 1950's when we played, we had long 24 or 28 inch sized skinny wooden bats. Not exactly of the fungo variety, which real baseball teams use; more like those older Mound Parkers used with which to play "fishing-cork-bobber baseball". Those devotees of the sport used to wrap thin strips of adhesive tape around the corks to give them more strength. They had to do it so the corks didn't fall apart and lose their ability to curve and dipsy-doodle.

Henry Miller still has the ledger-bound statistics for our "All Star" of 1959 season in the backyard of the Miller's home. We both made the All Star team, but of course, we were the only two players in the league. We had to cut that season a little short, because we went into the National Guard, and had to head to Fort

Advice From A Student Gives Coach Bill Rohr His Top Scorer

Excerpt-PT 12/50, Ter Landerman

During the course of a season basketball coaches usually are bombarded with advice from fans, but it's rare indeed when the well-meant suggestions pay off for the harassed mentors.

Today, Trojan boss Bill Rohr finds himself in that exclusive class of coaches who have profited from some fee advise - and it came from a student at PHS.

It all began back in May during an athletic discussion in one of Rohr's classes. The conversation between teacher and students turned to basketball, and then to the depleted Trojan cage squad, which was losing an entire first team by June graduation.

One student boldly informed Rohr that the best player in the school wasn't on the team. The coach though a little skeptical, took down the player's name and invited him out for Spring practice.

It took the 6-foot, 2-inch youngster awhile to catch on to the organized play of the Trojans, for he had played only independent basketball, but before school let out for the Summer the player had worked up from the fourth to the second team.

During the Summer the lanky youngster practiced outdoors, usually at Highland School, and by the time school opened, he was ready for a shot at a regular job. Rohr gave him his chance at a first-string berth, and they haven't been able to get the tall forward out of there since.

Saturday night the boy came into his own as a varsity cager, and had local fans gasping as he poured 22 points through the hoops in the Trojans' 55 to 29 win over Cincinnati Walnut Hills.

The player, of course, is Dick Klitch, who last season was the No. 1 tennis player at PHS and who this season is shooting for top honors as a basketballer.

Knox for basic training before the World Series began. We went in on October 9th. I think that was the last year for the chicken-wire "goat run" at the base of the left-field wall on Beechwood Heights? We modeled it after Crosley Field's famous goat run, although the Reds' goat run was in right field.

Back in the summer of '55, Henry and I drove to Crosley Field, Cincinnati for a real baseball game. It was a mid-week night game, and the Reds were still pretty inept, (they couldn't even beat the Phillies) but beginning to get a little better. Big Ted Kluzewski was still at first base, and Gus Bell was in left field.

It was late in the game, and the Reds were losing. There were only about 3,000 total fans there that evening, and Henry and I went into the nearly vacant left field stands and Henry began yelling to get Gus' attention. "Hey Gus...Hey Gus. Gus Bell". I could tell that Gus Bell was just tired and wanted to get the damn game over so he could grab a Burger Beer, and go home. Henry persisted though, and finally at about Henry's fifth shout, Gus turned slightly and gave us the "middle finger salute". We were mortified!

We stuck with our hapless team though, and

Notes On The "57 Reunion

On Friday, October 10, 2014, the Portsmouth High School class of 1957 met at the Port City Cafe in the old Gallagher Drug Store building, 424 Chillicothe Street, next to the PNC Bank building, the old First National Bank. On Saturday we met at the Holiday Inn, on Second Street. A good time was had by most. There were about 50 of our classmates, and another 18 or so, wives and husbands of classmates, or a total of about 68 in attendance. Among those classmates I remember seeing there were:

Annette Lewis; Lida Fee (Fee Fee) Mathews; Harold Clyburn; Mayer (Butch) Wainstein; Bruce Pickleheimer; Bob Toleman; Jerome Phillips (JP) Distel; Jim Hammond; Jean (Longeway) Buchanan; Julia (Smith) Wisniewski; Barbara (Stevens) Cleveland; Dave Leadingham; Richard (Dick) Shy; Bob Pollock; Linda (Rigrish) Smith; Linda (Elliot) Hutchins; Harold Massie; Mike Dissenger; Richard (Dick) Schisler; Penny (Dressler) Coriell; Larry Coriell; Alfred (Alf) Millard. Penny (Harris) Fontichiaro; Colleen (Quinn) Sturgill; Joyce Theiss; James Burns; Ann (Hilderbrand) Davis; Roberta Rae (Robinson) Musselman; Patricia Webb; Henry James Miller; Judy (Finger) Hollis; Rosalie (Phipps) Liles; Roger Pitts; Kenneth Maze; Harold Russell (Tony) Price; Delores (Prater) Nichols; Carol Scott; Abigail (Weghorst) Calhoun; Terry Taylor; Carolyn (Rogers) Maze; Donna (Jarvis) Dautel; Phyllis (Wheeler) Applegate; Jenelda (McCain) Frantz; George Skaggs; Jerry Lawson; Mick Levine.

There were 68-class members listed as deceased; a lot it seems, but after all, most of the class-members are 75-years of age, and were born in 1939.

I suggest that we, surviving members of the PHS class of 1957, establish a committee consisting of all members who still live in the Portsmouth area, plan a reunion every October, on the second weekend, a Friday and Saturday.

Plan it so it will be an informal gathering of those classmates interested in socializing, even

the next year, 1956, the Reds set the mark for home-runs with 221 for a season. '56 was Frankie Robinson's rookie year when he set the homerun rookie mark of 38 dingers. Johnny Temple, Roy McMillan, Vada Pinson, Wally Post and Ray Jablonski were on that team.

Henry was our Whiffle homerun champ, but I don't recall exactly how many times I had to trudge up into Doc Herrmann's yard to chase his "blasts into Burgerville"!

"Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end", and we knew Waite Hoyt would live forever! Those Mound Park cork-ball-bobber-players were guys like Greg Hatch, Dick Klitch, Bob Lyles, Jerry Davisson, Jim Smallwood, Jack Duschinski, Stan Workman and Burce Canter. While they were outside playing ball, Val Minch, John Rowson, Mark Banchy and I were inside The Park Shoppe trying to cheat the old Seaburg juke box out of several plays of our favorite Rosemary Clooney, Kay Starr, Johnny Ray and Hilltoppers songs. We were all wanting to go "From Rags to Riches", and preferable "On the street where you lived", and on those streets upon which "We have often walked before".

Jim Kogley (p/57

at our advancing ages. Everyone from the class is to be invited. Everyone attending will pay their own way, and make their own arrangements.

In the future (2049) the last member still living, at the age of 110, must turn out the lights, and the party will finally be over.

I happen to own two 1957 yearbooks because Helen Gardner, the mother of Bob Gardner called me one day and invited me to her house where she gave me Bob's collection of PHS Annuals. I was touched that she wanted me to have them; I guess she remembered that Bob would get up a little early to drive to my house at 1227 McConnell to give me a ride to school in his Dad's 1951 stick-shift black ford, and she knew we were good friends. Bob was a special person, who checked out of this life, way too early.

After I climbed into the car, we sped (And I mean raced) off to good old PHS. Many mornings Bob would make a point in driving the wrong way on 11th Street East, and he would zoom under the Offinere Street underpass the wrong way. I think he did it intentionally, to get a rise out of me. I held on tightly, and of course reported on the drive to the group of guys who always gathered on the second floor, at the banisters overlooking the double staircases leading from the Gallia Street front doors.

Ironically, my wife and I, had received an invitation to Bob's wedding, which was to be held in Durham, NC, and two weeks before that, we were listening to Bill Dawson on WNXT while preparing for work, when it was announced that Bob had died in an automobile accident in which he was a passenger. Bob had graduated Duke University, where he had starred on the Blue Devil's football team. Bob's brother, Jim, PHS '55, had been an anchor lineman on the undefeated Trojan team of the class of 1954. They both played at Duke.

Jim Kogley (p/57

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 Gene

This piece is presented as a tribute to Gene Lucas, arguably perhaps, one of the most popular and admired members of the Portsmouth High School Class of 1955.

H. (for Hubert—a name that Gene took pains to keep under wraps) Eugene Lucas was born on October 20, 1935 in Pikeville, Kentucky. He was raised by his grandmother on Mabert Road in Portsmouth and attended James A. Garfield Elementary School on Gallia Street. Gene entered PHS in the fall of 1951 and embarked upon a commercial/business curriculum. Gene played on intramural basketball teams for three years at PHS. He was a homeroom officer in his freshman and senior years and served on the Student Council as a senior. Also, in his senior year he was a member of the Trojan yearbook staff. He was a member of Miss Alberta Wittenburg's Commercial Co-Op Class as a senior. He spent one-half of his day at PHS and the afternoon working in a downtown Portsmouth bank. He was elected by his Co-Op class as president of the group—a forerunner of the place he would serve for the entire class in the future!

After Gene graduated from PHS in June of 1955 he was employed by the Security-Central Bank. He remained at the bank until 1961 as a commercial teller.

In May of 1957 Gene married Marianne Wessell, a 1956 graduate of West High School. Marianne was employed as a stenographer at Security-Central. At that point, they established a residence in New Boston. Gene and Marianne had two boys: Barry (b. 1959) and Brian (b. 1960), both of whom subsequently attended The Ohio State University.

In 1961 Gene was employed by the Empire-Detroit Steel Company in their personnel office. He would stay with the steel mill until 1975. While working at the mill Gene became active in the Portsmouth community by becoming a member of the Jaycees, the American Red Cross as a regular blood donor, serving on the board of the DESCO Credit Union, and volunteering for the annual TOSRV bicycle event. He and Marianne moved to Second Street in West Portsmouth, which would be their home for life.

In 1976 Gene made his final career move. He was employed by the State of Ohio's Bureau of Workers' Compensation, first as an investigator of injury claims and later as a supervisor. He stayed with the BWC for twenty years, retiring in January of 1996.

It was around 1980 that Gene actively reconnected with our PHS Class of 1955. He served on the planning committee for the 25th reunion in 1980. By the time our 30th reunion rolled around in 1985 Gene was chairman of the reunion committee.

He continued that role for our 35th reunion in 1990. Up to this time our illustrious 1955 Class President, Kenny Amick, had presided over our reunions as the Master of Ceremonies. Unfortunately, Ken died of a heart attack in April of 1994. Again, Gene accepted an additional leadership role. Not only did he chair the 40th class reunion planning committee in 1995, but he also served as the Emcee of the festivities.

In 2000 the PHS Class of 1955 celebrated its 45th reunion. Once more Gene accepted the dual roles of chairing the planning and of emceeding the get together. It was at this 45th reunion that Frank Hunter teamed up with Gene Lucas to initiate one of the great concepts in our class history: publishing a four-page class newsletter six times a year on a subscription basis for our classmates and any other PHS grads who wished to subscribe. Frank formatted and edited The PHS Trojan Alumni Prints and Gene arranged for the printing, personally addressed and stamped the envelopes, and took them to the post office for mailing. Gene kept the subscription records, handled the finances, and generally oversaw all the management of the production. He told me that it was a lot of work, but he considered it a "labor of love."

In 2002 Gene initiated another project designed to bring the Class of 1955 closer together: the annual summer picnic at the Portsmouth Shrine Club on Route 52 west of Portsmouth—next to Portsmouth West High School. As usual, Gene was the "ram rod" of the festivities taking care of the planning and obtaining of the site. He always had a number of folks from our class who helped out with the arrangements such as food, drinks, decorations, registration, etc. These picnics were announced in the newsletter and by e-mail and by word of mouth. They were well attended and the participants always enjoyed getting reacquainted and catching up on the number of new grandchildren. By this time Gene and Marianne had three grandchildren. The food was great and we folks who came from out of town especially enjoyed the fresh fruit and vegetables brought by our local classmates. As I recall, we had summer picnics from 2002 until 2009.

In 2005 the PHS Class of 1955 grandly celebrated its Golden 50th anniversary. For what was to be the final time, our own Gene Lucas executed superbly his role as chair of the reunion committee and deftly handled the chores of Master of Ceremonies at the reunion dinner.

Tragedy struck the Lucas family at the Christmas season of 2006. Gene's wife of 49 years passed away on December 22nd.

Marianne Lucas was 68 years of age and had retired after 30 years of service as Treasurer of the Washington Local School District.

I can remember talking with Gene at the 2007 August summer picnic about his loss. He told me that having two sons and three grandchildren consoled him. He said that he spent good times on the golf course and that he had plenty of books to read. He was also looking forward to a vacation trip to Hawaii the next month of September.

Our Class, his community, and the world lost Gene Lucas on November 3, 2009 at the age of 74. He died at home. He was interred with Marianne at Sunset Gardens in Franklin Furnace.

I will conclude this tribute to Gene by relating a story that Frank Hunter told me. During the very last days of Whitney Miller's life in 2000 he was bedfast and attended by his wife, Gail, at their home on Beechwood Heights. "Jackie Brown and I went with Gene Lucas to visit Whit. Gene had been visiting him just about every day for a long time. While we were visiting, Gene went to the foot of Whit's bed and spent most of our visiting time massaging Whit's feet. What more can I say of a man who truly cared about his brother?"

Matthew 25:39-40 (NIV)

"When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?" The King will reply, "I tell you the truth, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me."

**H. Eugene Lucas
October 20, 1935—November 3, 2009**

"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

William Shakespeare, Hamlet

Blaine Bierley (p/55)

Here Is The Latest Poop

We will be suspending publication of this newsletter at the end of next year unless someone from a later class would assume the responsibility. Interested parties please contact us for information.

If your subscription of \$7.00 is paid-up after you receive this edition, you will receive six (6) more newsletters with the last one being the December 2015 issue. In addition, a reunion "special edition" will be printed as soon as possible after the reunion and mailed ALL MEMBERS of the class of '55 for whom we have a mailing address. The "special" will take the place of a printed booklet such as has been distributed at past reunions. If you need to pay your subscription, mail a check made out to the class of 1955 to Bob and Martha Cook 3341 Indian Drive, Portsmouth Ohio 45662(740-353-7757).

Visit our website for any updated information at www.phs1955.com

When Eagles Soared

For many boys growing up in the forties and fifties, the Boy Scouts of America (BSA) played a significant role in their developmental lives. The Scouts' presence was felt in our neighborhoods and touched our immediate families. My mother graciously served as a Cub Scout den mother. Our neighbor on McConnell Avenue, Howard "Stix" Brehmer, was a legendary scoutmaster, and his son, Skip (PHS '53), was the first boy I knew who became an Eagle Scout. After my family moved to Kinney's Lane just east of Grandview Avenue, I served as a patrol leader in Troop 44, and I still remember some of the boys in our Apache Patrol: John Lorentz (PHS '57), Johnny Rowson (PHS '58), Jim Kegley (PHS '57). All three of those scouts had productive careers and still live in Portsmouth.

Back in those days, each troop was affiliated with a particular school or church. For example, Troop 12 was affiliated with Franklin Avenue Methodist Church, Troop 44 with Roosevelt School, Troop 14 with Trinity Methodist Church, Troop 2 with Second Presbyterian Church. In addition to those, there were several other active troops in Portsmouth. Today, I am told, only Troop 12 remains, and it is affiliated with Cornerstone United Methodist Church which is a merger of four older Methodist churches: Franklin Avenue, Trinity, First United Methodist, and Findlay.

With supervision from capable adult leaders, the scout could work himself up through the various badges of scouting until he reached the top three which were Star, Life, and Eagle. To be awarded the Eagle badge, the scout had to accumulate twenty-one merit badges, each badge having a detailed list of specific requirements. About half of the merit badges were required such as Camping, First Aid, Swimming, Bird Watching, and Cooking. The other half could be chosen from a list of electives such as Carpentry, Music, Firemanship, and Home Repairs. Each merit badge required an adult advisor to oversee the scout's progress and, finally, to approve that the scout had met the specific requirements. It was all quite a challenge for a fourteen-year-old lad.

Then there was the wonderful Boy Scout camp out on State Route 125 along Turkey Creek. I still remember with great fondness the enjoyable summer weeks spent at Camp OYO. Those were idyllic days of pure innocent fun and adventure (and a boy's share of mischief), and they provided additional opportunities for the scout to work on his merit badge requirements. For example, one could make progress on his "Swimming" and "Life Saving" merit badges by utilizing the camp's swimming pool. Speaking of the pool, I recall each week there was a designated visitor's day when parents were invited to share dinner with their sons, and the leaders of the camp would schedule entertaining events. For one of the events, a leader would throw a well-greased watermelon into the pool, and whichever scout could wrap his arms around the melon and toss it out of the water was the winner. It was a free-for-all, each man for himself, no rules barred. I almost won one week until a leviathan, 200-pound Dave Wagner, pushed me under the water and flipped the melon out with one hand.

Also, at Camp OYO, if you were among the selected few, you might be "tapped" late one

night as you lay asleep in your bunk in the old log Blockhouse and told to assemble "pronto" at the flagpole. There, with half-a-dozen fellow scouts, you would be informed that you had been chosen and were about to be initiated into the secretive organization called the Order of the Arrow. The most significant thing I can remember about the initiation rite was that the group would be led single-file and blindfolded along a narrow path and up into the surrounding hills where each scout, in turn, was detached from the others and required to spend the night alone with but two matches and his bed-rolle. Ha, such rites would hardly be approved today with all the safety rules and precautions.

Although Camp OYO is still owned by the BSA, it is no longer used as a summer resident camp. To keep the camp maintained, a large group of former scouts now living in the Portsmouth region have organized the Camp OYO Staff and Alumni Association, and these dedicated men have kept the camp in prime condition. Nelson Barker and I attended a celebration last October when a large and impressive pine-wood entrance sign was placed on Route 125, and a new twelve-foot hand-carved totem pole was erected and dedicated in front of the well-preserved and historical log dining hall. The dinner that evening was reminiscent of the simple, but tasty, meals I remember as a scout: hot dogs, baked beans, and potato chips with chocolate cake for dessert.

Recently I stopped by the well-furbished Boy Scout store/office at 318 Chillicothe Street in Portsmouth and was pleased to find that the BSA still maintains a fine facility in our hometown. In addition to a full compliment of uniforms, boy scout hand-books, and the entire array of badges, they have detailed records of all the boys who had been awarded

Eagle Scout	Awarded	Troop	Scoutmaster	PHS Class
Ernie Schusky	1947	44	Howard Brehmer	1949
Herb Goetz	1949	6	C. F. Fisher	1952
Don Karr	1949	14	Harold Wilson	1953
Tom Wilson	1949	14	Harold Wilson	1953
Bill Boorman	1949	44	Howard Brehmer	1954
Dick Woolwine	1949	44	Howard Brehmer	1954
Skip Brehmer	1949	44	Howard Brehmer	1953
Tom Redman	1950	14	Harold Wilson	1953
Dave Kirk	1950	44	Howard Brehmer	1953
Dick Logan	1950	14	Harold Wilson	1953
Frank Gerlach	1950	14	Harold Wilson	1953
Homer Goddard	1950	44	Howard Brehmer	1954
Nelson Barker	1950	4	Howard Brehmer	1955
Robert Hewitt	1951	14	Harold Wilson	1954
David Schisler	1951	54	Harry Knighton	1954
David Dever	1951	6	David Thornton	1952
Richard Beck	1951	32	John Shoemaker	1952
Richard Mittendorf	1951	2	Kemper Beasley	1953
Marty Lehman	1951	14	Wilson	1955
Dave Hatcher	1951	14	Harold Wilson	1956
Tom Stone	1951	14	Harold Wilson	1955
Bob Mohl	1951	54	Harry Knighton	1955
Ronald Flannery	1952	6	Thomas Price	1954
Jim Gardner	1952	2	Kemper Beasley	1955
Bob Gardner	1952	2	Kemper Beasley	1957
Allen Oxley	1952	6	Thomas Price	1955
Bill Schafer	1952	15	Earl Donathan	1955
Bob Wilson	1952	14	Harold Wilson	1956
Dave Wagner	1952	12	Gilbert Harris	1955
Michael Moore	1952	1	James Morgan	1955
Terry Taylor	1952	2	Kemper Beasley	1957
Gary Benton	1952	2	Kemper Beasley	1954
Frank Collins	1952	14	Harold Wilson	1956
Richard Lang	1952	14	Harold Wilson	1956
John Milhouse	1952	12	Howard Brehmer	1954
Dick Hansgen	1952	12	Howard Brehmer	1955
James Thatcher	1953	14	Harold Wilson	1956
Casey Blood	1953	2	John Luther	1957
George Harris	1953	12	Gilbert Harris	1956
Jeff Manley	1956	44	William Manley	1959

the Eagle Scout badge through the years in the Portsmouth district. With the kind help of Chris Wiseman, the District Executive of the Portsmouth area, I was able to compile the following selected list (not comprehensive) of Eagle badges awarded during the years 1947 through 1956. I have attempted to include only those scouts who attended Portsmouth High School. I'm sure you will recognize the names of many of your old friends and classmates.

Dick Hansgen (phs'55)



George Kegley ('55), Clayton Howerton ('55), Sam Kegley ('50), & Dick Hansgen ('55). They met in Chillicothe. George was up to Portsmouth from FL and Dick & Sam drove down to meet up with Clayton & George there.

Mike Schuler Awarded OU Lifetime Achievement Award



After playing four seasons of collegiate basketball at Ohio University, Mike Schuler (PHS-1958) worked as an assistant coach at West Point under Bobby Knight. Schuler then returned to his alma mater where he served as an assistant to Jim Snyder. Following a successful three-year run with the Bobcats, Schuler served as head coach with the Virginia Military Institute, the University of

Virginia and Rice University. In all, Schuler spent 16 years working in the collegiate ranks of coaching and 21 years in the NBA. He worked as an assistant coach, head coach and scout with the New Jersey Nets with Larry Brown, the Milwaukee Bucks with Don Nelson, the Sacramento Kings and the Minnesota Timberwolves and the Los Angeles Clippers.

In 1986, Schuler earned his first-ever head coaching position in the NBA with the Portland Trailblazers. In his first year, Schuler led the team to a 49-33 record, winning the Red Auerbach NBA Coach of the Year Award. He followed that with a 53-29 campaign and an appearance in the NBA Playoffs. Schuler and his wife Gloria live in Arizona and have two daughters and four grandchildren

Yes, It Was One of the Dairy Queens In Portsmouth Until...

from The PDT 11/16/1961

Two Portsmouth businessmen were named defendants in a suit filed Friday in Common Pleas Court.

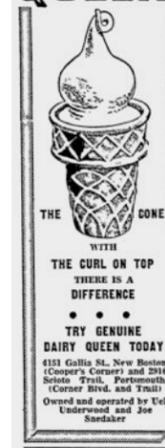
Joseph T. and Leah E. Pelton of Lakewood filed a suit for compensation from Uel I. Underwood of Portsmouth and Joseph T. Snedaker, operators of Dairy Queen shops.

The Lakewood residents seek a royalty fee from Underwood and Snedaker. The Peltons claim they own exclusive Dairy Queen rights in Scioto County and said they entered into a contract with the Portsmouth men in 1950 involving use of Dairy Queen freezer and dispensing machines.

They claim the defendants agreed to pay a royalty fee on each gallon mixed or sold from the equipment. The Peltons said the royalty fee was paid until the spring of 1954 and they asked for an accounting and payment of 27 1/2 cents for each gallon sold since May 15, 1954.

The Peltons said the Dairy Queens involved in the suit are at 4151 Gallia St., New Boston and at 2916 Scioto Trail.

DAIRY QUEEN ...It Became the Shake Shoppe in 1954.



Who can ever forget one of the top stops on the cruise around the boulevard? It was one of three with my group. From the Park Shop to the Cycle Inn and the Shake Shoppe and back to the Park Shoppe. It was rare that we deviated from that circuit. Come to think of it, we did take a run through the Shawnee Drive-in just a block or so down the street from the Shake Shoppe.

Frank Hunter (phs'55)

Those Wonderful Restaurants of P-Town

I've known for years that many people who lived in Scioto County during the 1950's, our A-plant boom times; carry fond memories of Portsmouth. Somewhat less culturally diverse than Paris, France, but youthfulness has its unique departmental brain divisions of memory, ala, achieving maturity, and Portsmouth during those years was a pretty exciting place through our teenage years.

A Portsmouth moveable feast would include the many wonderful culinary delights available at places like: Joe and Ann's Shake Shoppe-Chocolate Chip ice cream; The Park Shoppe-Pork Barbecue; The Original Hamburger Inn, The Turkey Shoppe - giblet green gravy over fries; The Shawnee Drive In - Big Chief burger; Ollie's Kentucky Fried Chicken, Crispie Creme donuts, The Blue Pig - frosted mugs of root beer; Casey's Eat Shop - best hot ham sandwich; Henry's Café, The Sugar Bowl, and Pop's Restaurant.

Who could forget: A & W Drive In, Blackie's Drive In, Nick's Hot Dogs - ooh the sauce; The American Restaurant, The Coachman, The Cameo, The Town House - Crunchy fried chicken; Porky Pig, The Trail Inn, Wonder Bar, The Modern Grill, Coney Island Lunch, White Front, The Cycle Inn -

BEER BEER BEER
Out Of The Icehouse To You
48 KINDS FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE
HOW MANY OF THESE FINE BEERS DO YOU KNOW?

Burger Bottles, 6¢	\$3.00	Millers Hi Life Cns, 6¢	\$4.15
Burger Bottles, 3.2¢	\$2.75	Millers Hi Life Bot., 6¢	\$3.90
Burger Cans, 3.2¢	\$3.50	Millers Hi Life Bl., 3.5¢	\$3.85
Burger 1 Way, 3.2¢	\$3.25	Augustiner Bottles, 6¢	\$3.00
Burger Cans, 6¢	\$3.85	Wiedemann Bottles, 6¢	\$3.00
Burger 1 Way, 6¢	\$3.55	Wiedemann Cans, 6¢	\$3.85
Hudepohl Bottles, 6¢	\$3.00	Wiedemann Bot., 3.2¢	\$2.75
Hudepohl 1 Way, 6¢	\$3.55	Wiedemann Cns, 3.2¢	\$3.50
Hudepohl Cans, 6¢	\$3.85	Blue Ribbon, Bot., 6¢	\$3.85
Hudepohl Bottles, 3.5¢	\$2.75	Blue Ribbon Cans, 6¢	\$4.15
Falls City Bottles, 6¢	\$3.00	Blue Rib. Ale Cans, 6¢	\$4.15
Falls City Bottles, 3.2¢	\$2.75	Budweiser Bottles, 6¢	\$3.85
Falls City Cans, 6¢	\$3.85	Budweiser Cans, 6¢	\$4.15
Falls City Cans, 3.2¢	\$3.50	20 Grand Ale Bot., 6¢	\$3.00
Falls City 1 Way, 6¢	\$3.55	20 Grand Ale Cans, 6¢	\$3.85
Blatz Bottles, 6¢	\$3.85	West Virginia Bot., 6¢	\$3.00
Blatz Cans, 6¢	\$4.15	W. Virginia 1 Way, 3.2¢	\$3.30
Barbarous Cans, 6¢	\$4.00	Renner's Bottles, 6¢	\$2.50
Red Top Bottles, 6¢	\$3.00	Renner's Cans, 6¢	\$3.20
Red Top 1 Way, 6¢	\$3.55	Bavarian Bottles, 6¢	\$3.00
Red Top Cans, 6¢	\$3.85	Black Label Bot., 6¢	\$3.00
Red Top Bottles, 3.2¢	\$2.75	Carlings Ale Bot., 6¢	\$3.65
Red Top Cans, 3.2¢	\$3.50	Gambrian Bottles, 6¢	\$3.00
Malheur Cans, 6¢	\$4.15	Royal Amber Bot., 6¢	\$3.45

Schlitz Bottles 6¢ \$3.85
BEER SALES, INC., AT
THE STOCKHAM COMPANY
 1115 CHILICOTHE STREET DIAL 2-3221



This is my rendition of the original Shake Shoppe near the corner of Rt. 23 and Coles Boulevard. That is my 1957 Buick Roadmaster and represents how we all cruised through in 1960. This painting and over 200 more is available to view for prints on my website. <http://frank-hunter.artistwebsites.com/>