

THE 1955 TROJAN *Alumni* PRINTS

April 2003 • Send news articles and/or photos to Frank Hunter, 106 Columbia Dr. #12B, Tampa, FL 33606 • Email fhunter@sptimes.com • Issue 16

Get Ready For Another Class Picnic

At our last breakfast on 2-12-03, the group decided that we want to hold another PHS Class of 1955 picnic. It is scheduled for 8-16-03 at the Portsmouth Shrine Club. The location of the Shrine Club is about 100 yards past Earl Thomas Conley Park where we held the picnic last year. It will hold twice as many people and is much more convenient to get to. We want to invite people from any other class who might wish to attend. If you have any questions let me know.

When and if you can, please pay your dues. Five dollars per year (or more if you can afford it) will get six issues of news and nostalgia. We welcome all interested alumni from PHS to join us in our newsletter endeavor. It is a great way to keep in touch with PHS classmates or some of our other friends from the 50's. Some have already sent in their money for 2003. We would like to have all monies collected by June 1.

Send to Gene Lucas, 1419 Second St., West Portsmouth, OH 45663.



The Yak Yak Sisters

Sandie DeAtley Mohr, Marilee Keeney Sand, Carol Gambill Layton, and Nancy Cox Otworth all from the class of 1956, met recently for their annual wintertime visit which usually takes place in New Smyrna Beach, Florida. Maybe it's the warm Florida weather or maybe it's the great oyster sandwiches from the Sea Harvest Restaurant that keeps bringing them back to New Smyrna. Whatever, Nancy and I love having them - they are family. I'm sure it was just a coincidence that they were in New Smyrna the same weekend that the "bikers" were here. The sisters maintain that none of them owns a Harley! However, Marilee did admit to recently purchasing a black leather thong but she left it at home! This friendship goes back to grade school, maybe even nursery school! They've been getting together for their annual visits for the past 18 years. The name "Yak Yak" fits this gals to a T. They can sit and talk for hours, never running out of jokes and conversation. Sandie lives in the Detroit area, Marilee in Canton, Ohio and Carol in the Atlanta area. Pictured left to right are Nancy, Sandie, Marilee and Carol.

Bob Otworth



Margaret Ball,
Gurney Noel,
Bert Leach



1922 - Franklin B. McComb

General Manager of athletics in Portsmouth Public Schools. Mr. McComb was promoted this year from the position of coach of the high school teams to the office of General Manager of Portsmouth Scholastic Athletics. Mr. McComb, to whom the students have affectionately attached the fitting soubriquet of "Fleety" is preparing the grammar school studentws for high school athletics, having charge of all basketball, football, volley ball, track and tennis work in the Portsmouth Public Schools.

(penciled in on this yearbook entry is the note that Mrs. McComb died in January 1930.)



Anna Blazer, Charles Lorentz

1922 - Ruth Cottle
Literary Society, 1; Hiking Club,
1; Athletic Association, 3.

1922 - Lowell A. Adams "Hook"
Athletic Assoc, 1-2-3, Literary
Society, 1

Overheard - Candyland

There are several of us "West Enders" around. West Enders were people that lived west of Chillicothe Street, south of 11th. They either went to Massey, Scudder, or St. Mary's grade school.

We also went to Candyland to buy things (although not candy). They had things that few other places had. There was a family that run the place. Husband and wife (the boys went to Catholic school). The family did not live there. At one time they also had a place in Wakefield and I think they may have lived there. Andy (that is what we called the man) died and his wife took over the store and I think she lived there). I am not sure what Country they were from, but I think it was the same Country that the guy that run Westland Confectionary was from. By the way the Westland Confectionary was the place that had the little hot dogs that were the best in town.

You folks that were afraid to come to the West End, missed out on a lot of good things. The town started in the West End.

Larry Schneller

Hi Larry, I remember Candy Land quite well, having spent a lot of time there. It was owned by Andy Loukas and his sister Stella. He also owned the one in Wakefield. They were from Greece. The two boys that used to come there were nephews. Andy wanted them to take over the business, but they wouldn't. You were right about finding anything there. He had everything from guns to brandnew ball point pens, which he never sold. The reason the place smelled so bad, if you'll recall, they had these big parrots in the store. It think they used them for watch dogs. They were certainly mean enough. The store on 2nd and Court St. was Westland Confectionary. He also was from Greece.

Lowell Payton

Saw the many comments about Candyland. I heard not long ago that there was a stairway leading to a room and tunnel underneath Candyland that was use by The Underground Railroad. Do you or anyone reading this know this as a fact? Pretty interesting if that's true.

Lois Beck

Hi Lois, there was a stairway and a room but no tunnel that I knew of. There was a large basement used for storage and a coal bin but thats all I saw. That was said about a lot of the old buildings there because of their closeness to the river. The only one that I knew of that had a tunnel was the old brewery on 2nd street by Fergies. I guess a lot of old chains and such was found behind a fake wall. I understand that the bus station is located there now. When the floodwall was built, a lot of history was destroyed.

Lowell Payton

Candyland brings back a lot of great memories. We use to live above the furniture store on the corner (Glick's I think) down from Candyland when I was about 4 yrs. old. We use to go there all the time. I loved the monkeys and the birds. The fact that the owners were so kind and had such a great accent made it all kind of mystical. If you ever needed or wanted anything different or unusual you could find it at Candyland. Even after we moved from the area I use to love to go down to Bonneyfiddle just to treasure the atmosphere and remember the past. Vanilla cokes and cherry 7-ups at Gladys's, the junk shops before they became antique shops, etc. In later years the Stella Loukas, lady that owned Candyland, helped out the homeless in the area. I was thrilled that Candyland is being restored and not torn down like so many of the historical buildings in the area. Those of you who stayed away from the area have no idea what you have missed.

Martha Hanes 1970

I guess you lived near 2nd and Court (Near the best Hot Dogs in Portsmouth). I think Glicks was near there. Many of us Westenders went to the Candy Land a lot. I know we got our 10 cent Glider/Air Planes there. The West End had a lot good places. Helen Singleton is keeping Counts Bakery going, but I think that is about all that is left. Schaffers, Krogers, the hardware stores and even the bars have all gone away.

Larry Schneller

Esplanade subway?

The Lyric Theater I went to, was on Gallia past Chillicothe across from the Esplanade. I remember that after a movie, we would walk across the street and look down the locked steps and wonder what was under the sidewalk. Never did find out. I think it had something to do with the war as a bomb shelter. If any body out there knows, clue me in. Then we'd go to Smith Drugs for a soda or just hang out on the corner by the bank.

I often wondered about those steps. We got brave enough to go down the steps but the door was always locked. If they were that bad, I'm glad I didn't try to go in. A friend of mine fell over the rail once, but didn't get hurt. Went all the way to the bottom. I do remember at Christmas, they used to put up the city tree on the esplanade. I wonder if they still do. Memories do have a way of popping up at odd times, do they not? When I went to the Lyric, I always sat all the way in the back. Kids in the balcony sometimes got rowdy.

Lowell Payton

Lowell, I asked some friends and they also said that's where the public restrooms were. One of my friends told me that there were some rooms down there where they gambled big time. I wonder how big that place was. I suppose no one will ever know now since they have changed everything down that way.

Phyllis Orth Sparks

I think Bill Meade is correct about the steps. I

asked my Grandmother, one day, what they were used for. "Public restrooms" was her answer, too. That was sometime around 1949. They still set up a Christmas Tree there, also. It doesn't look like it did in the fifties, though. It does in some ways but it has changed.

Jerry Doubat

Do you or anyone out there remember the stairs by the cameo and the B&B Loan that led down to a gambling joint? I think they bet on horses there and also across from Kobackers there was a stairway on the southwest corner that led to another gambling place. Once my dad took me in there with him when I was about nine years old to probably place a bet. Maybe someone knows of some other suspicious stairs or tunnels around Portsmouth

Lois Beck

If I'm not mistaken, I believe the gambling house under the esplanade area was called the SUBWAY. Dave Miller used to talk about the place and some kind of board for betting the races. Quarter Tong was about my limit, so did not get into the other activities.

Rocky McSweeney



More N&W Station

In response to Frank's column on the possible demolishing of the old train station, I think it would be a great loss to an area that has already suffered many losses. I also had the privilege of train travel many times out of that great old station. My father was a railroader as were most of his relatives and one of the "perks" for being an employee was to have railroad passes for anywhere you wanted to go in the U.S. Mom and dad always had an annual pass for the N&W and then we had to request "foreign" passes to travel on another rail line. We made many trips to Cleveland, OH. It was the N&W to Columbus and then changing trains in the large terminal in Columbus and going on the Cleveland on the New York Central system. When I was 13, my folks put me on the new, very fast Powhatan Arrow. It was a stream-lined train. I went to the end of the line which was Norfolk, VA. My aunt and uncle met me there. The dining car was a unique experience. There were white table linens, silver and crystal, even finger bowls for cleansing your hands and the waiter would hold the linen towel for you.

We also made many trips to Cincinnati to go the the zoo, Red's games, Coney Island and even Children's Hospital. The terminals in Cincinnati, Columbus and Cleveland were treasures but it as always so good when the train pulled into the Portsmouth station, most of the time in the middle of the night. The smell of the steam engines, the coal and the cinders, the steps to go underneath the tracks. Thinking of that station brings back so many fond memories. My uncle in Cleveland even shipped me a huge puppy by train and we went down to pick up the crate and lug it home. I especially remember going to the station during World War II and meeting the troop trains and handing out goodies. There were many troop trains that stopped in Portsmouth.

Now it is called the Norfolk Southern but it will always be the Norfolk and Western to me. I still think train travel is the greatest way to travel.

Bridget Goetz Bonzo

Our School Building

A couple of notes directed to Tom Dupuy, our webmaster..

Tom, yesterday I got a call from a friend of your class telling me that there will be a public meeting April 8th, 2003, 6:30 PM at the high school about, "WHAT TO DO WITH THE BUILDING!!" So pass this along on the web site to classmates. This could be the end of the building-unless someone has good plans and lots of cash.

Jo Russell

Hey Tom, Ralph Applegate (Portsmouth School sup.) told me personally that the building was on the National Directory of Historic Buildings and could not be destroyed. I am not familiar with how such things are dealt with legally in such matters, just thought I would mention what he told me.

Fred Ramsey

New Email Addresses

Gerry Brown - drgerryanne@lenharts.com
Dick Hansgen (out of country)-rhansgen@lcc.lt

Growing Up In The West End

The West End of Portsmouth during the 1950s was a special place. Most of us went to Scudder or Massie Grade schools (St. Mary's if Catholic). Many of our families were also born and raised here. Most of our families from the lower West End (below Market Street) all knew each other. Almost all our parents were blue collar workers that worked at one of the Portsmouth factories or the New Boston Steel Mill; Some people worked for other area businesses such as one of the "soda pop" distributors, grocery stores, or other retail outlets. Many boys (and several girls) played ball (football and softball) at the "4th Street Park" or basketball at the Scudder schoolyard. There was a period when the Scudder schoolyard was being black topped and we had to use St. Mary's basketball court. The court was brick and it was not easy to dribble a basketball there. The Catholic kids didn't use the court much in the summer months. I remember one time when some out-of-town priests came into the St. Mary's schoolyard and took our pictures. I bet the local priests wondered who we were if they saw the pictures.

We were always able to find something to do here. Sometimes it may have been just waking up winos asleep in the "Green Meadows Hotel" (a grassy area, with trees) at 4th and Market streets. The property belonged to the B&O railroad.

In the winter, when we had snow, we would ride our sleds down the levy into the 4th Street park. I split my lip more than once doing this. Sometimes there were bricks under the snow that we would run into. On real cold days we would use an old oil drum with the top cut off (used as a waste container at the park) for a fire to keep us warm. There was plenty of draft wood over the levy that we could use in the fire. This was also where we built our Christmas Tree Fort each year. Normally New Years day was the time everyone took down their Christmas Trees. They would throw the trees into the alley for the Garbage Men to collect. We would go around the local alleys and collect these trees and take them to the Park. We would stack them up about 4 or 5 feet and place trees on top. This made a nice "fort" for us to get into. Of course it only lasted until garbage day when the garbage collectors would take them, but we usually had several days of the fort.

The winter months was also the time when the YMCA industrial and church leagues played basketball in the Scudder School Gym. We spent a few nights a week watching the games. The lights from the gym windows partially lighted the outside basketball court and if the weather would allow, we would play some night basketball.

Another memory is every year when the Ohio and Scioto rivers flooded. Sometimes the "Y" road into Portsmouth from the West Side was closed and a ferry boat was operated from either Market Street (near 7th) or Madison Street at 4th. This gave us something to do just watching all of the cars waiting on the Ferry. We also chased rats along the flooded area. I bet there aren't many kids doing those things today.

Larry Schneller

Dogwood, Forsythia & Springtime

During the first week of March, I traveled back to Portsmouth for the first time since our last reunion to be with my mother who was about to undergo knee replacement surgery.

Now it must be noted that I have spent more than a little bit of time berating the city for its seemingly insensitive attitude to the past. Much has been torn down and grand old buildings are still on the block for destruction. The population has seemingly continued to dwindle from that of our fifties. Portsmouth the industrial city we grew up in is obviously a thing of the past. Like most cities today, the downtown has suffered from the loss of retail stores. Today's job base is different and houses throughout the city appear to be in need of care. So like it or lump it!

Yet... This old gal is still a beauty and she is surviving quite well. As I looked from the window of my mother's room at the Southern Ohio Medical Center, my heart began to swell with pride. The city is abloom with white and pink dogwood trees and lines of bright yellow forsythia are everywhere amid the pattern of white houses. We are ringed by "mini-mountains" of the Appalachians. To my left is the steep walled Reservoir Hill. Behind me is Timlin Hill (yes, the former Taylor Mansion is still there and it stands out like a castle over the Rhine River in Germany) There is a wall of these brown minis starting on my distant left from The Scioto Trail winding around to my right and disappearing behind my view. They are still brown because most of the trees have been damaged, many beyond life by the recent ice storm. They are sprinkled with splotches of light green, that being some kind of pine that withstood the damage. As an artist, I am truly inspired by the overall beauty I see before me. Later I drove around as much of the hilltop as I could forgetting that the streets are really quite narrow.

I also came to the realization that while the city proper is beginning to look worn and deserted, the people have actually moved to the suburbs. West Portsmouth, Sciotoville, Wheelersburg and other areas. The stores downtown have been replaced with stores in the burbs. New Boston is the home of a great amount of shopping areas.

Upon my return to Tampa, I now see the city in a brighter light. It is one of the grandest old river cities with magnificent old homes, neighborhoods and great natural resources. In the hands of the right city leaders, it could well undergo a new birth and even become a vacation destination.

With this, my change of attitude, I urge all readers to let up on any Portsmouth bashing and travel back once in a while to see for yourselves.

Ah... what a little dogwood and forsythia does to the mind.

P.S. - Before my visit, I had arranged to have breakfast with Gene and Bill Clifford at Patsy's Inn and was quite surprised when I was greeted by a large group consisting of Gene, Bill, Bill Miller, Larry Boren and Donna (McCally), Patty Conklin, Jackie Buffington, Mary Ann Hamilton and Don Payton. Thanks to all for the great breakfast and reception.

Frank Hunter

“Harold’s Pizza”

Harold of Harold's Pizza was my uncle. He married my Aunt Ruth. Harold died a long time ago, but Aunt Ruth is in an assisted living facility. I, too remember the Hamburger Inns & the Coney places. I remember one place down on 2nd Street where they sold miniature conies (about one or two bites) for a nickel. I believe it was a bar. The conies we much like the place on 139 that was still there a few years ago. I think it was Nick's-They made their own rootbeer. I remember, I think it was a hamburger inn near down town-maybe 5th street that offered hot Dr. Pepper. I remember the stand up food bar at the 5 & dime that had sloppy joes, rootbeer in a mug & orange pop in a pilsner glass. My mom & dad liked to go to Patsy's Inn but my favorite place was the Shawnee drive-in.

Roger Howard

Web Site Information

If you still have not checked out the site, please make an effort to do so. If you do not have a computer, go to the library and have someone bring up the site for you. If there is no information with your picture, then send something. There could be someone out there checking the site weekly looking for you. It is really easy. If you do not have a computer, mail Tom your photos and mail your written info to Frank Hunter (address on masthead). It will be typed out and emailed to Tom for insertion. Check it out: www.phs1955.com Send photos to Tom Dupuy: 1311 Hillake Lane, Lebanon, Tn 37090 or email material directly to: tj@charter.net

“Debating Marty Lehman”

It was my junior year at Portsmouth High School (1953-1954). I was in Miss Mary Krausz's American history class. She was a great teacher. In the spring we were studying “Communism.” The United States was in the throws of a major “Red Scare,” lead primarily by the infamous U. S. Senator Joseph McCarthy. According to Senator McCarthy, “Communists were everywhere.” We wondered if there were any in Portsmouth, Ohio.

Of course, not everyone agreed with the tactics of Senator McCarthy. Miss Krausz suggested that we have a debate in her class on the pros and cons of Senator McCarthy. By the great luck of the draw, I was chosen to defend Senator McCarthy. Much to my dismay, Marty Lehman was chosen to be anti-McCarthy. Marty was very, very smart. He was president of our Freshman Class and would eventually graduate in June of 1955 with a 4.0 grade point average.

What did I know about Communists? I had seen two motion pictures that year at the Columbia Theater that might have helped me. I remember seeing “I was a Communist for the FBI” and “Big Jim McLain” (staring John Wayne). These movies dealt in stereotypes that were popular in the anti-Communist era of the time. According to the movies, a Communist was easy to spot. He or she was most apt to be exceptionally haggard and disgracefully pudgy. Occasionally, the men were effeminate-a man who wore gloves couldn't be trusted. Also, there was something terribly wrong with a woman if her slip straps showed through her blouse-it meant treason. The films suggested that the Communist Party was populated by female blonds of questionable authenticity and

overly sensitive young men. And, a Communist was always devoid of even the slightest sense of humor. As a group, they dressed like gangsters, treated animals dreadfully, never had normal families, and were completely untrustworthy. And, most importantly, they could be detected by the way they exhaled their cigarette smoke-they expelled smoke very slowly from their nostrils before threatening someone's life, or suggesting that “harm” would come to his family.

But, did my knowledge of what a Communist looked like in the movies help me in my debate with Marty? Of course not! I was forced to use McCarthy-like tactics myself: half-truths and quoting people out of context.

Needless to say, the class voted overwhelmingly for Marty's presentation. And, I guess, they were justified. As you may recall, Senator McCarthy was later discredited in the Army-McCarthy hearings.

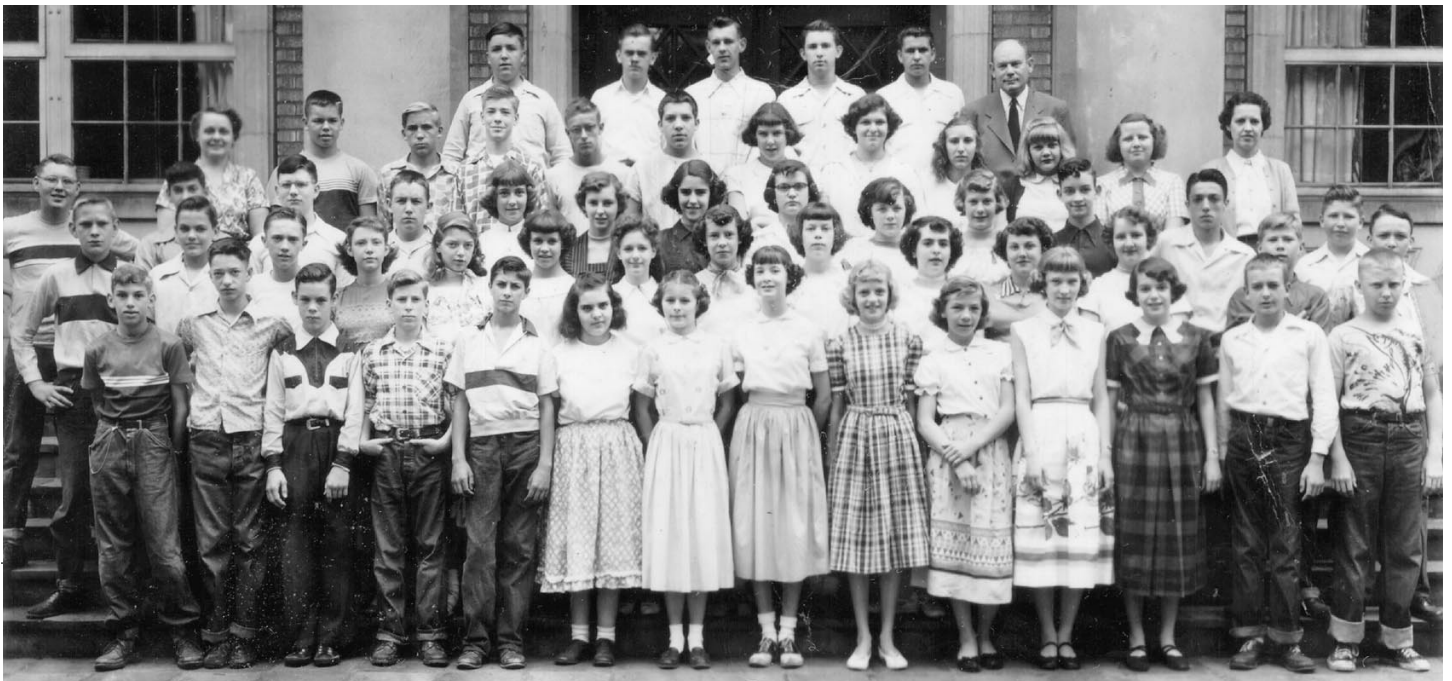
The only satisfaction that I got was an “A” in American history that six-week's and Miss Krausz said that I did a good job considering that I had an up-hill battle in the first place.

Blaine Bierley

Whitney Miller Golf Tournament

The 3rd Annual Whitney D. Miller Golf Tournament for the benefit of United Way will be held at the Elks on Friday October 10th. The committee has yet to meet but I am almost certain that it will be held that day. Please put that day on your calendar and line up your team. It would be great if there could be a 1955 team. *Gail Miller 1117 Noel Drive. Portsmouth, OH 45662 nanagail@bright.net*

1951 Grant School Eighth Grade



Row 1: Marty Lehman, Jim Staggs, Don Warner, Bob McDaniel, Ronald Hammond, Mabel Wilkes, Sandra Fitch, Gwen Mowery, Phyllis Knowles, Eileen Nolan, Donna McCally, Nancy Bower, John Pendleton, James Morgan **Row 2:** Kenny Lane, Jim Bodmer, Roger Howard, Patty Raika, Virginia Campbell, Willadean Harrison, Kathlene Keairns, Patty Sexton, Jackie Brown, Jackie Buffington, Wanda Higgins, Phyllis Schweinsberg, Jerry Warren, David Heath **Row 3:** Tom Stone, Charles Lewis, Don Snively, Bob Channell, Sharon Larter, Barbara Cunningham, Carole Merb, Carole Kinder, Emma Lou Spears, Judy Ashe, Donald Mercer, Jerry Hill, James Eichorn **Row 4:** Miss Raines, Charles Jett, Vincent Damron, Bob Mohl, David Luther, Buddy Ramey, Shirley Heath, Marian Hall, Mabel Parker, Joyce Adkins, Marjorie Staten, Miss Wyant **Row 5:** Marvin Taylor, Jack Layton, Roger Miller, Bill Compton, Bill Meade, Mr. Hopkins **Not pictured:** Judy Cramer, Homer Liston, Bill Wilbur.