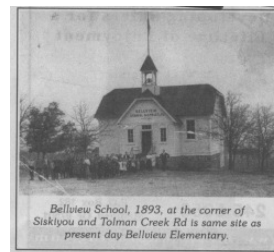
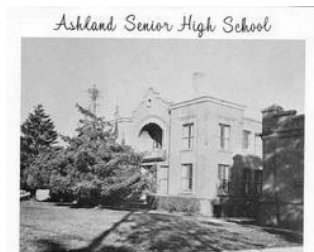
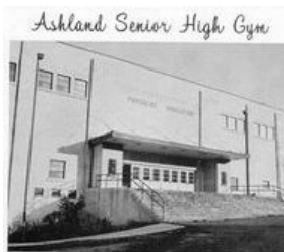


Where were you in '54

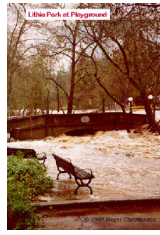
In 1954, my brother (Class of '60) and I arrived in town in the spring. Our family had moved out from Minnesota and my father worked, where else, in a mill. I had several Aunts and Uncles that had moved here before us so we had an instant family on our arrival. We moved into a rather large house on Beach Street just above Lincoln School. There was a very large field in the rear of our house and a gully filled with blackberry brush. After getting settled in, we went exploring and started a fort inside the blackberries. Later in the summer, we reaped a harvest of blackberries that you could not believe. We were picking them from the inside, which made the access to the fruit simple and painless.



The 2 of us got paper routes and then purchased Schwinn Tiger 3 speed bicycles that were alike. We later met a neighbor boy that was between us in school. He, also, purchased a Schwinn just like ours. The 3 of us would go out in the evening and taunt some of the college boys and get them to chase us with their cars. The thing was that they thought they were chasing 1 person. We would set up a relay where one would be chased for a block and then hide and the second would relay for the next block. The third would lead the car back to the first person. This would go on for a couple of exchanges and then we would lead them down the alley behind the library. If any of you remember, this was full of potholes and a car would bottom out if you drove with any speed through there. Well, these college guys were usually not from Ashland and were unfamiliar with the area. They also had custom, lowered cars. They would lose mufflers and other parts of their undercarriage in these alleys.



We had evening and early morning paper routes. We had to have good lights on our bicycles. Edwards Lock Shop had set us up with wheel powered generators and spotlights that would outshine most motorcycles of that day. We would walk our bikes to the top of our route. Like Liberty Street, and then turn on the generator and come down Beach Street. You could see us coming from Siskiyou Boulevard in the dark hours. This gave us another idea. We would go to the top of Lithia Park to get some speed. Just as we passed the band shell, we would drop out generators onto the wheels and it looked like a football stadium at game time. The Neckers were back, just off the main path, making out. There would be 150 yards of screams as we rode by.



Were you any of those we played those dirty tricks on?



Ivan Collver.

