

THE KNOCKOUT II

The Pacific Grove High School Alumni Association Newsletter
"It's the ☆ glue ☆ that keeps us together"

June, 2018 • Page One

President's Message

We would like to report on the success of Patricia *Elmore*'s challenge to her "Cool and Nifty Class of '60" to donate money to PGHSAA, which she promised to match. The class promptly sent \$651.52, which makes their total donation \$1151.62. Thanks, Pat, and thanks to the "Cool and Nifties"! See Pat's letter in the Letters column, p. 5.

There are lots of memories in this issue; what struck me as I was editing were the similarities in our memories, whether we lived here in the '40s, the '50s, the '60s, or the '70s. On p. 5, Keith Lowrey '49 talks about earning 50 cents an hour at Holman's; Melanie *Davis* '60 remembers working at the Grove Theater for \$75 a month. I remember my own first job, shelving books after school at the Pacific Grove Public Library for \$1.50 an hour. I saved enough to buy my first car—a yellow 1967 Chevy II for \$600.

Keith Lowrey '49 also remembers liquor being sold just outside the city limits, on Forest Hill. The unique neon sign in front of the Cork 'n Bottle at David and Forest, just yards away from the original city line, has been in place for at least fifty years that I know of; its little man in an apron carrying a huge bottle is a Pacific Grove icon. The older neighbor girls (older to us kids, what with that pinky-white '60s lipstick and teased hair, but still clearly underage), would wheedle cigarettes from the hapless clerks there: "My mother sent me in to buy a pack for her—she's driving me to school and she's out in the car, but she's in her housecoat and has her hair in curlers, so she can't come in!" It worked most of the time, back then.



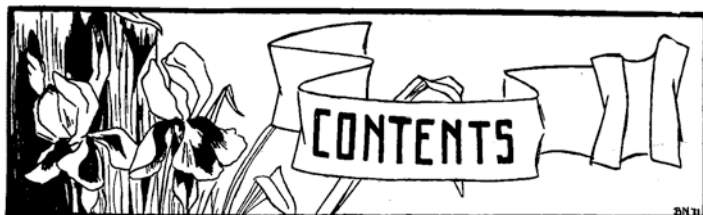
Alex Hulanicki '71 and Phil Bowhay '47 both talk about the old Del Monte Sand Plant on pages 13 and 14, respectively. My father, an east coast transplant, used to drive us around Ocean View Boulevard to see the sunset whenever he could, always coming home up Sunset Drive past the sand plant and the newly relocated Methodist Church. Now, my brother and sister and I sit at the Spanish Bay bar, paying prices for drinks that my father couldn't have imagined, and watching the evening bagpiper walk through the remains of that sand.

Our letters in this issue come from Virginia, Australia, Honolulu, Maryland, and Oregon, as well as from California. All of those folks lived here at one time or another, and no matter when it was, they all have pleasant memories. Today, I drove up Forest, parked on Morse Drive, and walked up into

little Clarence Higgins ('31) Park to try to be on a level with the Cork 'n Bottle sign instead of shooting up at it. I took the picture at left from behind the big granite "Welcome to Pacific Grove" sign that lists meeting times of local service clubs and was *not* moved up the hill when the city limits were. Sorry the top of the bottle fades into the trees. When I walked back down to the car, it could have been any year. The sun was shining, Sunset Drive sloped down to my left in front of the new high school, and Forest

Avenue led into town past the old high school. The pine trees and the ocean are still here. We are all stewards of a special bond that is Pacific Grove, and your contributions of money, time, and memories help preserve it. Thank you!

Beth Penney '73



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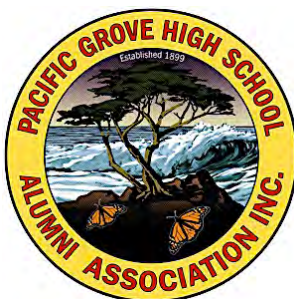
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For digital delivery (.PDF file via e-mail),
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PGHSAA Officers

Beth Penney '73, President

Edie Adams McDonald '56, Vice-President

Patty Fifer Kieffer '60, Recording Secretary

Donna Murphy '79, Corresponding Secretary

Erin Langton Field '71, Treasurer

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Serving through December 2018

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Serving through December 2019

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Bebo Parker Logan '63

Michele Sherwin Thomas '63

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Sheri Stillwell Hauswirth '71

Cate Goblirsch Lee '94

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Scholarships: Lillian Griffiths '70

Senior Class Liaison: Lillian Griffiths '70

Sunshine: Sherry Welsh Gruwell '56

Website: Joanie Hyler '68

Important 2018 Dates

The PGHSAA Board of Directors meets on the following dates in 2018: July 12, September 8, and October 11. The September meeting is the General Membership Meeting and is at noon. All other meetings are at 6:30 p.m. Meetings are at the Pacific Grove Community Center unless announced otherwise. Our 2018 annual reunion is Saturday, October 6. If you are interested in joining our board, please e-mail one of our board members for an invitation to a meeting!

Donations

A Friendly Welcome to Our New Members

1960 Mahshid *Fathi* Salimi San Mateo
1963 DeDra *Scott* Wilson Sebastopol

Returning Members: Glad to have you back!

1960 Jan *Crispin* Portland, OR
1960 Marian *Marsh* Fleming Sebastopol
1966 Donna *Britton* Belt North Plains, OR

“In Memory Of” Contributions

1944 Richard Mills Accokeek, MD
IMO: Donald C. Mills ‘39
1949 Jayne *Dix* Gasperson Pacific Grove
IMO: Donald “Don” Gasperson ‘47
IMO: Robert “Bob” Woodruff ‘47
1949 Keith Lowrey Glen Allen, VA
IMO: Charles Maxwell “Max” Kelly ‘49
IMO: Frances Joseph “Joe” Sieve ‘49
IMO: Fred C. Willson ‘49
1956 Shirley *Coleman* Harget North Bend, OR
IMO: Lester M. Ysazaga ‘56
1957 Pat *Cunningham* Graham Seaside
IMO: 1957 Classmates who have passed on.
1960 JoAnn *Welsh* Bennett Shell Beach
IMO: Francie *Welsh* Hicks ‘54
1960 Marabee *Rush* Boone Pacific Grove
IMO: Robert “Bobbie” Bommarito ‘60
1960 Patricia *Elmore* Suisun City
IMO: Mary Margaretha *Gutekunst* Bolinger ‘60
IMO: Robert “Bob” Daniel Boyce ‘60
IMO: Allen Conrad Mitchell ‘60
IMO: Anna Helene *Pedro* Simpson ‘60
1960 Georgia *Schuyler* Muniz Callahan
IMO: Roberta Joan *Hill* King ‘60
1963 Rosemarie *Tryon* Ravanelli Winchester
IMO: Barbara Sue *Tryon* Wright ‘50
IMO: Claudia Joann *Tryon* Eddlemon ‘74
1966 Pat *Oberst* Wardle Moss Landing
IMO: William “Bill” Franz Wardle ‘66
1971 Greg Mensik Willows
IMO: Virginia Hummel Faculty
1972 Michael Tryon Winchester
IMO: Barbara Sue *Tryon* Wright ‘50
IMO: Claudia Joann *Tryon* Eddlemon ‘74

1975 Mary *Gaudoin* Grove Fresno
IMO: Michael David Gaudoin ‘62
IMO: Mark Noel Gaudoin ‘75

Thanks To Our Recent Contributors

1945 Wallace Stasek Thousand Oaks
1947 Faye *Longley* Messinger Carmel
1953 Charlie Higuera* Pacific Grove
1960 Melanie *Davis*# Woodland Hills
1962 Tish *Bratty* Lobland Forestville
1962 Pamela *Cardoza* Marchese Roseville
1967 Linda *Eads* Briw Lincoln
1971 Mary *Ichiuji* Santa Monica

* *donation to sports-related activities*

** *donation to arts activities*

postage

Senior Support Fund

1962 Chuck Hoffmann La Quinta
1963 Bebo *Parker* Logan Pebble Beach
IMO: Linda *Kahle* Williams ‘63
1963 Sarah *Adair* Pierce Carmel
IMO: Linda *Kahle* Williams ‘63
1963 Diane *Laughery* Ricketts Erie, CO
IMO: Linda *Kahle* Williams ‘63
1963 Michele *Sherwin* Thomas Monterey
IMO: Linda *Kahle* Williams ‘63

PGHSAA Scholarship Fund

1948 Betty *McDaniel* Kavanagh Poulsbo, WA
1958 Raya *Schooley* Hoskinson Pacific Grove
1960 Patricia *Elmore* ** Suisun City
1968 Daniel Layne Sierra Vista, AZ
***Music Scholarship*

Cool & Nifty Class of ‘60

1960 Barry Baskin Walnut Creek
1960 Melanie *Davis* Woodland Hills
1960 Jim Dowell Tucson, AZ
1960 Patricia *Elmore* Suisun City
1960 Marian *Marsh* Fleming Sebastopol
1960 Judy *Lopez* Furman Pacific Grove
1960 Jan *Katayama* Gould Phoenix, AZ
1960 Rosemarie *Souza* Jackson Alameda
1960 Jack Kelleher Houston, TX
1960 Patty *Fifer* Kieffer Watsonville
1960 Mahshid *Fathi* Salimi San Mateo

Donations (cont.)

1960 Geoff Sharp	Pebble Beach
1960 Jan <i>Gaghagen</i> Wilde	Newhall
1960 Chuck Wallace	Surprise, AZ
1960 Emma Jean <i>Abraham</i> Wallace	Surprise, AZ

Beverly Faye Wilson-Stanfield Stillwell '49 Scholarship Fund

1950 Richard Stillwell	Pacific Grove
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Class of 1952 Remembers Scholarship Fund

1952 Marge <i>Smith</i> Ourth	Pacific Grove
IMO: Lawrence "Larry" Charles Bruscas '52	
IMO: Gary Elbert Cowen '69	

Thomas "Tommy" Richard Stillwell '74 Scholarship Fund

1950 Richard Stillwell	Pacific Grove
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Janice Marie *Shirreff* Payton '68 Scholarship Fund

David Payton	Coarsegold
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Thanks to Our Many Contributors

Contribution amounts are always kept confidential from the general membership, and contribution amounts made In Memory Of (IMO) are not disclosed to the deceased person's family, although names and addresses of donors can be furnished to family members on request. Keeping your contribution amount confidential does not preclude us from honoring your gift. We enjoy recognizing each member whose giving enables our mission to remain a viable funding source for future generations. Also, although we may publish only a single contributor's name, we understand there is often an entire family represented in the contribution. We are incredibly grateful for your generosity to the Alumni Association, and by extension to Pacific Grove High School and its students. Please accept our deepest thanks!

Letters

Dear Joanie,

Last year (2017) I enjoyed watching Noah Allen, Pacific Grove-born resident and dominant force on the U of Hawaii basketball team. It brought back memories of how well I guarded the bench for Bill Larkin, Warren Fugitt, et al. in my playing days. And it sure seems that in the team photo on page 13 in the last issue (my favorite number), the youth in the front row/far right) is my step brother, Fred Carvell, now a well known artist who lives in Carmel Valley with wife Joan.

I don't know if you got the above e-mail earlier. Seems to have returned from where ever they go to harass me. I am an analog man in a digital world.

*Dave Vaughan '53
Honolulu*

Ed. Note: According to the yearbook, the last boy on the right in the front row of the basketball team in the last issue is "B. Conlan." "F. Carvell" is listed as a freshman that year!

Dear Joanie,

Thank you for mailing me the dues notice. As I mentioned in my phone message, Dick is residing at the Charlotte Hall Veterans Home. It is a fine place. He always enjoys seeing the *Knockout II*. Please continue to deliver it here; I'll be sure he gets it.

*Best regards,
Vivian Mills
Wife of Dick Mills '44
Accokeek, MD*

Hi Joanie,

Sorry, I didn't realize my dues were unpaid. Please find my check for \$60 to cover the next three years. I just had a visit from Cindy *Lebeck* Holley '61 and Cathy *Piccolo* Chaine '61 here in Hobart, Tasmania, Australia. They were on a cruise around Australia and New Zealand. We drove to a remote part of the island to visit Carl Levy '61. I guess you could call it a bit of a reunion on the island of Tasmania.

*Cheers,
Jack English '61
Australia*

Letters (cont.)

Dear Beth,

I received and enjoyed the latest edition of the *Knockout II*, which created some reminiscing. Virginia Fox Abplanalp '50 wrote about the basketball team of 1948-49. I think it worthy to note that four of the five seniors ('49ers), deLorimier, Kelly, Wilson, and Conlan, on that team were named "All Conference." I would be truly amazed if there has even been such an honored group before or since.

Joe Sieve had his honor as Student Body President. Dick deLorimier and Bill Conlan are still thankfully among us. Max Kelly had a Christmas tree-like P.G. letterman's sweater. He was All Conference in basketball and football and maybe more. He lettered four years in baseball and set the record for the high jump and medaled in the State competition as a freshman in track.

On another subject, it was mentioned that the first liquor license was sold in Pacific Grove in 1969. Before that, P.G. was the only dry town in California. I had an uncle, Dode Davis, who purchased a small gas station and a couple of small motel courts at the top of Forest Hill in 1946. These were just beyond the city limits at David Avenue. He did a pretty fair business selling beer and wine near the city limits, and later a competitor opened what I believe is now the Cork 'n Bottle closer to the city limits. Dode survived and opened a supermarket and later a full liquor store at the top of the hill. After selling newspapers in Oklahoma and caddying at Pebble Beach, my first salaried job was at Holman's, assembling toys for .50 an hour, and it was a big deal when I got my first raise to .55 per. Those were the days.

I'm enclosing a check for the memories of Max Kelly, Joe Sieve, and Fred Willson, class of '49 basketball champs. Keep up the good work, and my sincere thanks to all who help the causes.

*Keith Lowrey '49er
Glen Allen, VA*

To the *Knockout II* Staff:

CHA-CHING! Cool and Nifty Class of '60! In spite of misguided misinformation causing confusion, we have powered through it all. Please note I have no separate information regarding the separate membership drive or monies. I am, however, delighted to inform the class of our success with the Class of '60 fund drive. Through the benevolence of your hearts of red and gold the fund, and in turn PGHSAA, has benefitted from your donations by a total of \$651.62 through the first week of May. As always, the Cool and Nifty Class of '60 stepped up. I extend a sincere thank you and a collective pat on the back to all of my great classmates. As I stated, I have included the \$500 matching funds check with this letter, which brings our total to \$1151.62. AWESOME! Thanks to Jim Dowell for his words of encouragement and support. Special thanks to Class of '60 PGHSAA liaison Marabee Rush Boone for having my "six." If a few of your were waiting for March Madness pool winnings of that humongous tax refund to donate a few more shekels, please do send the donation if you wish to add to our success.

*Sincerely,
Patricia Elmore
Cool and Nifty Class of '60
Suisun City, CA*

Dear Beth,

You might be wondering—why my sudden interest in the PGHSAA? When I first got back to California in 2011, I reconnected, quickly, with many of my PGHS friends and PGHSAA. But in 2015 I was pet sitting, and one of the dogs tried to run away. Of course I ran after her, and subsequently had a horrendous fall, which resulted in several surgeries and a very long recovery process. I am, now, finally, on the upswing. By the time my family came to Pacific Grove when I was 12, I had attended 12 schools. My dad said we wouldn't move again, so I sunk my feet deep into Pacific Grove soil. Unfortunately, he couldn't keep that promise, and when I was a sophomore, he said we had to move again. I stayed with one of my best friends until the end of the school year, but then I joined my family in San Jose. I was heartbroken, but I tried hard to accept that I wouldn't be finishing high school in



Letters (cont.)

Pacific Grove. But then, I met a girl in our neighborhood who was also named Melanie. Melanie was not, back then, a frequently used name. The Melanie of San Jose was not happy about another Melanie being around so whenever she saw me, she treated me badly. And, so, I began to beg my parents to let me go back to Pacific Grove. Finally, my mother agreed, but my father said, "I don't have enough money to support you there." I told him that was OK; I would work. And that I did. Once a week I would work for Crocker Bank. The work program had just started at PGHS, so I got school credit for my time there. On weekends, I worked at the concessions counter at the Grove Theater. I made \$75 per month. I had my own, very small apartment on 17th Street, for \$50. A house had been converted into three apartments. I shared a bathroom, down the hall, with another family. I moved to San Jose when I graduated. My high school sweetheart followed me to San Jose, and we married and moved back to Pacific Grove in 1963. I live in the Los Angeles area now, with my daughter. So, is there anything that I can do for the PGHSAA from my home?

Warmest regards,
Melanie Davis '60

Ed. Note: Thanks for your offer, and for your wonderful Pacific Grove memories! We're always looking for alumni to spread the word and boost membership in PGHSAA and increase donations! If you're on Facebook or other social media, visit our Facebook page, <https://www.facebook.com/PGHSAA/>, and let others know about it and about the Association. And, write up some more of your memories; we'd love to have them.

Hi Joanie,

I am Donna Britton Belt '61. I remember getting my Aunt Louise Pattison Kirkish '42 from Rocklin, CA. My Aunt Louise had four boys and one girl. She passed away April 21 of last year at 92 years. I also have four boys. One son lives near Denver. The other three live not far from me. The oldest has two boys. His #2 son (also in Denver) has two sons. One is in the Marines. He will be 21 years old in just a few days. My #3 son doesn't have any children, but my #4 son has a three-year-old son and two

daughters. We moved to Oregon in '84 from Milpitas. My husband's name is Donald (Don), and I had a brother named Don. He would have graduated in 1960 if he hadn't moved to Santa Cruz with our dad. I don't know anything else you might want to know. This may be uninteresting to you? I do miss Pacific Grove. Our small town is West of Portland.

Sincerely,
Donna Britton Belt '61
North Plains, OR

Ed. note: We are always interested in memories and families! Congratulations, Donna on your fine family. Send us a picture!

Dear Joanie,

Great lunch at PF Chang's in Peoria, AZ, on 5/11/18. In the photo below, Janette Katayama Gould, Emma Jean Abraham Wallace, Ethel Rowe Stowe and Chuck Wallace (all Class of 1960) Plus Bob Rowe ('64). All had a great time.

Sincerely,
Chuck Wallace '60
Surprise, AZ



Founding PGHSAA Member Turns 100

When long-time PGHS Secretary Gertie Ernest '22 called upon various class leaders to help reorganize the PGHSAA, among those answering her call was Louise Cowen Fichter '35. The original planning committee for the association was chaired by Sydney Marks Miller '39.

The planning meeting took place on April 1, 1962, at Asilomar and alumni voted unanimously to reorganize (see next column) and elected their first officers. Now, some fifty-seven years later, Louise is still a member, perhaps our longest and oldest, having celebrated her 100th birthday February 11 of this year. She served as our Secretary and several years as a board member. She was always available to help in whatever capacity she could for our special group for as long as she possibly could.

Louise Cowen Fichter was born in Lafayette, Louisiana. When she was eight years old, she moved with her family to Pacific Grove, and the Monterey Peninsula has been her home ever since. She attended Pacific Grove Elementary School (now Robert H. Down) and Pacific Grove High School, graduating with the class of 1935. She received her teaching degree from San Jose State and taught in the Monterey Unified School District for over 30 years in elementary grades, where she has long been lovingly remembered by many of her students.

Louise kept her PGHS class of 1935 together for years, arranging get-togethers often. As time went on, she sent invitations to, and planned yearly brunches for, as many as she could find, including other close schoolmates. In those days, PGHS had between 300 and 350 students, so everybody knew

everybody else and all schoolmates were friends.

As Louise celebrates her 100th year, we salute her and thank her for her years of dedication to the Pacific Grove High School Alumni Association. What an extra special lady!

The H.S. Alumni

From the October, 1899, *Sea Urchin*, Published Monthly by the
Students of the Pacific Grove High School

On June 2nd, 1899, the graduates of the P.G.H.S. of '98 and '99 assembled at the home of Miss Ava Kent for the purpose of organizing themselves into an Alumni Association. The graduates of the previous year, Miss Kent and Miss Ava Wood, had already drawn up a constitution, which was submitted by Miss Kent, chairman of the meeting, to the members for approval. With a single amendment it was unanimously adopted. The amendment was to the effect that a vice-president be elected.

The officers and committees for the following year were then chosen as follows: Ava Kent, president; Helen Wood, secretary; Frank Hart, vice-president; James Mori, treasurer. General Committee: Elsie Litte, Grace Gordon, Frank Hart. Decorating Committee: Herbert Anthony, John Willey, Ethel Prouty, Helen Getz. Music Committee: Jean Henry, Georgia Smith, Minnette Parkhurst.

There being no further business to be transacted,

the business meeting adjourned. It has been recently suggested that a graduate club be formed, which shall be composed of those graduates who still remain in town. As the greater part of those who have finished the High School are in Pacific Grove still and expect to remain for at least another year, it seems as if it would be a success, and we hope the matter will be taken up.



Obituaries

JANUARY

Susan *Need* Canavarro '64 Florence, OR

FEBURARY

Steve Mahin '64 Berkeley
Leslie *Simon* Cuomo '79 Albany, OR
Dennis Jackson '71 Vancouver, WA

MARCH

Doris *Barnard* Bragdon '36 Shelburne Falls, MA
Jacqueline *Miller* Marcotte '48 Chattanooga, TN
Kevin Hughes '76 San Dimas
Laurence Wakefield '45 Pacific Grove

APRIL

Matt Evans '64 Salinas
Charles Shinaut '51 Pacific Grove

JANUARY



Long-time Florence, OR, resident, artist, published author, illustrator, artist representative, pet sitter and friend to many, **Susan Need Canavarro**, 71, died peacefully in her sleep Jan. 10, 2018. Susan was born Oct. 14, 1946, in Los Angeles County,

graduated from Pacific Grove High School in 1964, and went on to attend Cal State University in Chico, graduating with a BFA in art. She also went to San Jose State University and graduated with a MFA in painting. She was the author of two books, with a third in press, and an illustrator for two more books. Susan loved to draw, paint, blog, and folk dance. Bohemian music was her favorite. Her award-winning art was accepted in many art shows. Survivors include her sister, Vera Venée *Need* Henson '60; a half sister, Bobbie Quercia; and other family members in northern California and Oregon.

FEBRUARY

Stephen Allan Mahin, a world-renowned expert in earthquake engineering and professor emeritus at UC Berkeley, died on Feb. 10 at the age of 71. Prof. Mahin was a popular teacher and researcher whose career included major contributions to the seismic



safety of large structures such as bridges, electrical power facilities and high-rise buildings. He was often quoted in the news on the design of structures, seismic isolation of bridges and buildings, and the laboratory testing of how structures respond to ground-shaking. Born Oct. 16,

1946, in Lodi, he attended schools in Pacific Grove and graduated from PGHS in 1964. He earned advanced degrees in civil engineering at UCB. He was an assistant research engineer from 1974-1977, then joined the faculty as assistant professor in 1977. At UCB in 2016, he became the founding director of the Computational Modeling and Simulation Center of the Natural Hazards Engineering Research Infrastructure, leading efforts to improve community resilience to earthquakes, storms, and other extreme hazards. Prof. Mahin published hundreds of professional papers and was awarded many professional awards for his pioneering and innovative research. Survivors include his wife Kim; two sons, Jeff and Colin; and brother Don Mahin '71.



Leslie Ann Simon Cuomo, 56, died Feb. 14, 2018, in Albany, OR, her home of several years. A native of Monterey County, she was born March 6, 1961, to Carl Simon '42 and Eunice *Williamson* Simon Bartowick '49. She graduated from PGHS in 1979 and studied at Monterey Peninsula College. She is survived by her sister Dorothea *Simon* Scanlon '71. Her other sister, Connie, died in 2003.

Dennis Jerome Jackson, 64, died Feb. 20, 2018, in Vancouver, WA, where he had lived the past six years. A native of Talbotton, GA, he was born July 19, 1953, and he lived most of his life in Pacific Grove and Sacramento. After graduating from PGHS in 1971, where he played sports and enjoyed the outdoors, music and astronomy, he married his high school sweetheart. Dennis drove a truck for 20

Obituaries (cont.)



He loved gardening, performing music, and telling jokes. Dennis was active in his church and taught Sunday School. Survivors include his wife, *Bonnie Acker Jackson* '71; three children, Connie, Kay and Noah; six grandchildren; his mother, *Lillie Bell Jackson* of Seaside; two

brothers, *Jonas Jackson* '71 of Escondido and *Butch Jackson* '74 of Seaside; and sister *Rosalind Jackson Smith* '81 of Sacramento. He was preceded in death by his father, *Jonas Jackson Sr.*, and infant son *Evran Jackson*.

MARCH



Doris Lee Barnard

Bragdon died at the age of 99 at her home in Shelburne Falls, MA, on March 14, 2018. A native of San Francisco, where she was born Sept. 3, 1918, Doris grew up in Pacific Grove and graduated from PGHS in 1936. She attended Hartnell

College and San Francisco State University, and earned a BA in history from UCLA. She was a preschool and substitute teacher for many years. Doris and her husband spent many hours exploring with Ansel Adams, studying and photographing nature. She also became an environmental and anti-war activist. She had a keen interest in politics and current affairs. She was a 29-year member of PGHSAA. Survivors include three sons, Jon, Joel and Philip; her sister, *Jean Barnard Stout* '41; nine grandchildren; and five great grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her siblings, *Marian Barnard Babcock*, *David Barnard*, and *June Barnard Bartholomew* '42.

Jacqueline Miller Marcotte died March 14, 2018, in Chattanooga, TN, at the age of 87. A native of Pacific Grove, she was born April 16, 1930, to Ward and *Annie Hewitson* '25 Miller and graduated from PGHS in 1948. While a secretary at Fort Ord, she met and married her husband of 60 years, *Louis Marcotte*. As an army wife, she traveled around the



world for 30 years. She enjoyed gardening and entertaining, and was a member of St. Anne Catholic Church. She will be remembered as a woman who was eternally devoted to her faith and family. She was a 21-year member of PGHSAA.

Survivors include her children, *Susan Martin*, *Martha Edwards*, *Linda Riggs* and *Louis Marcotte Jr.*; five grandchildren; her brother, *Robert L. Miller* '55 and sister-in-law, *Judi Evans Miller* '56; nephew *Timothy Jones* '65; and niece *Karen Jones* '68. She was preceded in death by her parents, and by her sister *Marilyn Miller Jones* '45.



Kevin Joseph Hughes, 60, died March 22, 2018, in San Dimas, where he had moved.

Born Dec. 13, 1957, Kevin was a devoted husband, father, son and brother, with a kind heart, giving soul, and steadfast faith. He was a eight-year member of PGHSAA. Survivors include his

wife Pam, several children, and siblings *Stephen Hughes* '71, *Lori Hughes Begley* '73, *David Hughes* '78, and *Thomas Hughes* '83.



Laurence Wakefield, 90, died at CHOMP following a fall, on March 22, 2018. Born in San Francisco on July 26, 1927, following graduation from PGHS in 1945 he enlisted in the U.S. Navy. He studied at San Jose State College; he then went on to obtain a degree in hotel

and restaurant management from City College in San Francisco. After being employed at Del Monte Lodge for some years, Laurie began a sales career with the company that became Xerox. In the mid-1960s he owned and operated his own company, Xerographic Products, until the mid 1970s, when he sold that business and started a furniture restoration company, and later embarked upon his final career as a PI for Krout & Schneider. After retirement, he returned to Pacific Grove and renovated the Edward
9 B. Gross home. He was a 19-year member of

Obituaries (cont.)

PGHSAA. Survivors include his wife Eliane Wakefield; his sister, Charis W. Garcia; his children from previous marriages, Laurence, Anne, and Gregory; two grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

APRIL



Matthew Eugene Evans, 71 was born July 4, 1946, in Stanislaus County, and died in Salinas on April 9, 2018, at the age of 71. He was a five-year member of PGHSAA. He is survived by his wife Caroline Evans and their daughter Candace, and his sister Beth

Evans Brown '69 and three half-siblings. He was preceded in death by his brother David Evans '67.



Charles Earl Shinaut Jr., 84, died April 15, 2018, in Pacific Grove, where he had lived most of his life. A native of Central City, NE, he was born June 28, 1933, and graduated from PGHS in 1951, where he won many athletic awards and was an excellent

basketball player. Charles was a U.S. Marine from 1955 to 1961 and worked for the Pacific Grove Post Office for 36 years. After retirement, he worked as a caregiver for several years, and he was a longtime volunteer at the AT&T Golf Tournament. Charles was a fan of the Giants, 49ers, and Golden State Warriors, and enjoyed camping and fishing. He was a 45-year member of PGHSAA. Survivors include two daughters, Barbara Shinaut Tovey '75 of Seaside and Judy Shinaut Bispo '77 of Palo Colorado; a son, Charles Shinaut '83 of Pacific Grove; three grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his wife, Geneil Carpenter Shinaut '53, and his sister, Shirley Shinaut Alden '52.

"In Memory Of" *Donations*

are a wonderful way to commemorate the lives of friends, relatives, and faculty members, and to help us help PGHS students. Send your donation to the address on P. 2. Thanks to those who have made these donations over the years.

ATTENTION!

PGHS Class of 1968

50th Reunion

October 5, 6 and 7, 2018

Pass the word!

www.pghsclassof1968.com

(831) 375-3040

PGHS Class of 1973

45th Reunion

Oct. 5 and 6, 2018

Wine and Cheese

at Beth's house 6:00 Friday

Dinner at the Monterey Elks

Lodge Saturday (see p. 19).

<http://www.pacificgrove73.com>

or e-mail bpennet@sonic.net for details. And tell a classmate!



Reginald Foster: A P.G. Icon

Ed. Note: The recent stories about Pacific Grove being the last dry town in California inspired Joanie Hyler '68 to dig out this obituary, which ran on Page One of the Monterey Peninsula Herald, Oct. 7, 1970. It contains the story of how P.G. remained dry while all of the towns around it became "wet."

Former Pacific Grove City Attorney Dies at 68

Reginald E. Foster, long-time city attorney of Pacific Grove, civic leader, and nationally known figure in legal circles, died recently at Stanford Hospital following open heart surgery. He was 68 years old. A beloved member of the community who was honored by his fellow citizens on many occasions over the years, he first opened his office in 1934, was active for over 30 years in the practice of the law, and devoted 26 years as Pacific Grove's city attorney.

"Pacific Grove has been my life," he once said, "and there is nothing I wouldn't do for it." Foster, who grew up in Pacific Grove, was one of the founders of the Lighthouse Club, at one time one of the city's leading civic bodies and a power in local politics. Taking over from his father, who helped start the famed "Feast of Lanterns" celebration, Foster originated the Butterfly Pageant, honoring the annual visitation of Monarch butterflies to Pacific Grove. He wrote the original script and directed the first production.

A graduate of UC at Berkeley and the USC law school, he set up his law office in Pacific Grove and almost immediately was named city attorney by the late mayor Sheldon L. Gilmer. He served as president of the chamber of commerce and was prominent in Rotary activities. He was the first city attorney of a sixth-class city to codify city ordinances, supplementing 384 overlapping and obsolete laws, many of them designed for the original Methodist campgrounds that marked the beginning of Pacific Grove. Foster's model ordinance was adopted by the League of California Cities as a basic code for other sixth-class cities.

At one time he served as president of the city attorneys section of the league and also as a member

of its board of directors. He was president of the Bay Area section of the league in 1942. He was also the victor, in 1941, of a test case heard before the California Supreme Court allowing Pacific Grove to remain a dry town. The case established a precedent that a liquor license can be denied by the board of equalization on moral grounds. He later won validation for the city's swimming pool and firehouse bonds, thus paving the way for other cities in California to do likewise and bring their improvement bonds out of a limbo of technicalities.

Foster also for many years was attorney for the California Council of Indians in their battle to regain payment for lands taken from them by the United States. He was honored by city councils in 1950 and 1955 as well as at a civic gathering on his retirement.

Actually, Foster's association with the "City of Homes" began long before he returned to hang out his shingle. His father, Dr. Clarendon A. Foster, a famed heart specialist, retired to Pacific Grove in 1912 and eventually bought and operated the popular bathhouse at the beach.

He was born April 6, 1902, in Brooklyn, NY, and came to Pacific Grove with his parents. In 1961, he married Mrs. T. Alan Goldsborough Jr. of



Pacific Grove City Council with lanterns in 1958: L. to R seated: Mayor Frank Shropshire, Councilmen Clyde Dyke and Ed Coffin, City Manager Murl Fritschle, City Attorney Reginald Foster. Standing: Councilmen Ed Whitaker, Charles French, David McCafferty, Don Grafton, Clerk-Treasurer John Irwin and Works Director Richard Sullivan. Photo from Elmarie's 1958 Feast of Lanterns pamphlet.

Washington, D.C. They made their home in the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. In addition to his widow, he leaves a daughter for a former marriage, Mrs. James Karattli (Barbara Foster) of La Mesa, and three grandchildren and a sister, Mrs. John Epperson of Costa Mesa. Funeral services will be (were!) at 11 a.m. Friday at the First Baptist Church

A Tribute to a Special Cousin

By Pat Doelter Sands '56

My cousin, Donna Deal Wilson Tarr '55 and I were a year apart. We went through the Pacific Grove schools together, and shared many adventures. I'm enclosing a snapshot of Donna's birthday party around 1948.

Donna and I were in the same Brownie troop, which performed an Irish jig at the Monterey Fairgrounds under the direction of Diane Beall's ('56) mom. We also took piano lessons together from Lulu Norton, whose grandson Gene went to P.G.H.S. In high school, we lived across the street from each other near the Hopkins Marine Station and spent many sunny days at our own secluded beach, which is now closed to the public.

After attending MPC, Donna worked for the phone company, and bought a small yellow Nash. Donna enjoyed driving us to the Santa Cruz Boardwalk, down the Carmel Valley to swim, to the Carmel Beach to tan, and to the El Patio to eat. For me, she was the best fun-loving cousin ever.

I was one of five bridesmaids when Donna married her high school sweetheart, Terry Wilson, at St. Mary's by the Sea. Five years later, Donna was my maid of honor in the same church.

Donna and I stayed in touch over the years. We met together to show off our children, attend family weddings, and, as we got older, to show pictures of our grandchildren.

Donna passed away in 2017, surrounded by her family in her home down the Carmel Valley. For me, she was the best fun-loving cousin ever.



Back row: Sandy Selbicky, Sally Hane, Emalie Grafton
Front row: Unknown, Bobbie Gruber, Pat Doelter, Donna Deal, unknown, Noreen Beron. Donna Deal's birthday party. All class of '55 except Pat, who is '56. Anybody know who the "unknowns" are?

Announcements!

PGHSAA dues will go up to \$25 a year starting in 2019. With rising postage and printing costs, your board had no other option. Still a bargain, though! Receive the Knockout II four times a year and help PGHS into the bargain.

Don't forget to register for the 2018 Annual Reunion Dinner, October 6 at the Elks Lodge in Monterey. Our Events Chairs, Bebo Parker Logan '63 and Michelle Sherwin Thomas '63 have another wonderful dinner and dance planned. See the registration form on p. 19. We look forward to seeing you and your classmates at the Butterfly Parade that weekend as well as at the dinner.

P.G.'s Children of the Streets

By Alex Hulanicki '71

@alexhulanicki

#PacificGroveMemorialDay2017 Just saw a fawn running across 13th St into the waist-high grass of Greenwood. Where's mama deer?

@alexhulanicki

#MissingMamaDeer Is on Monterey Avenue, below Central, passing a deck party—looks like tourists with Coronas and chardonnay in hand. Boats rock on the shimmering bay. Where are the children?

@alexhulanicki

#MIA Children No children in the hood, only in the hands of the rest of the world's mamas on the rec trail of the last hometown. Playgrounds empty and locked. ☹

Oh, how the “last hometown” has changed yet retained its image since 60 years ago, when the children of parents who came here from around the world in post-WWII and at the height of the Cold War to teach Russian, Polish, German, Chinese at the Army Language School (now the Defense Language Institute) followed instructions in their parents’ native languages at home and learned to be American on the streets and alleys of Pacific Grove. Goals on the streets: speak English without an accent, try not to pick a fight when other kids tease you by the Polish nickname (Aleshka) they hear Mama call at dinner time, and try not to cry when the fight happens anyway.

We were kids of the streets—not flower children—of the 1960s. Our “Rec Trail” was the bayside railroad track on which the freight train chugged twice a day to and from the sand plants in Del Monte Forest (now the Inn and Links at Spanish Bay), and, sometimes, we put a shiny penny on the rail to be flattened for our amusement. The rocky shoreline was our walkway to Lovers Point. Summer weekdays at the “plunge,” we had swimming lessons led by the indefatigable Mrs. Baker (her daughters Larise ’71 and Laverne ’73 also became swim teachers) in saltwater pumped in from the cove;

eventually, the pump house pipes disintegrated and the huge pool was filled with sand to become today’s volleyball court.

We begged rides on the glass-bottom boats, then spent nickels for squid, a hook, line, and sinker to try to catch what we had seen under the swan boat’s curtain—no luck. But I was lucky enough to get a nickel now and then from Mrs. Bruno on Carmel Avenue. She was the Nana of Raymond and Rosie Ramirez who visited on weekends, and the only woman who worked fulltime in the neighborhood. How did a seven-year-old know she worked hard at the NAFTI plant (making seat covers for cars and boats in the building now called American Tin Can Co.)? The nickel she handed me was covered in the cheap hand cream she slathered on her chafed hands. My assignment was to walk the six blocks up the alley, past Holman’s (OK, I stopped for a few minutes to check out the toys on the mezzanine) to Marrone’s Top Hat Market for “mortadella and a pack of Marlboros” and to Hector DeSmet’s Purity Bakery for French bread. A note for the cigarettes and money to purchase the items were unnecessary because she had an account at each store. By the time I came back after 5 p.m., I knew it was close to dinnertime. I could smell Mrs. Bruno’s meat sauce from two blocks away on High Street (now Ed Ricketts Lane). Mrs. Pires’s sweet bread was ready to pop out of the oven. Mrs. Locke’s fried chicken was attracting all the friends of her five children. It was time for my sister Helen and me to go home. Mama was about to shout “obyat gutova” because the boiled Polish meatballs, potatoes and vegetables were on the table. My father was about to be dropped off by Mr. Kovalenko, who chauffeured daily in his drab olive Ford.

Fords ruled our street. Mr. Locke, who worked shifts at the Del Monte Sand Plant, had a Ford truck and station wagon, and a trailer. So, summer weekend vacations were a treat for the “neighbor” kids—Leni (Eileen), Raymond and Rosie, and my sister and me.

Mr. Locke could fix our bikes, pitch in our three-person baseball games—pitcher’s hand was an out, so was the home run into Mrs. Harris’s yard because we were forbidden to climb the fence to get the tennis ball back. In our football games, we drew plays—“cut left at the fender of Mr. Avila’s car”—

13 and celebrated touchdowns. Mr. Locke was a good

Children of the Streets (cont.)

golfer, so we made a putting green in his front yard under the “monkey tail tree.” Double or nothing was the bet until we kids, particularly oldest son Roger finally sunk a putt to clear our debt. More than a half-century later we still owe a debt of gratitude to Ray and Lorana Locke for welcoming all of us into their Italian-Irish American home—the Rec Club of Carmel Avenue.

Pacific Grove back then had a Recreation Department of sorts—the Rec Club run by Ruby Johnson Nodilo ‘38, the Peanut League run by her son Rob Roberts, and various senior activities overseen by Topper Arnett. This was all before organized youth leagues in Pacific Grove. It wasn’t until we turned 12 in 1965 that Pacific Grove Little League was organized. It was prescient that the first home-run hit in that league was by John Sidney Miller ‘71 at the Municipal Ball Park. He went on to become a coach at Pacific Grove High and Recreation Director of Pacific Grove for 27 years, organizing activities for boys and girls, men and women of all ages.

We were too young for the Summer of Love, but we were old enough to wander the streets, play in the abandoned canneries of new Monterey, venture farther across the Peninsula on our bikes to Seaside and stare at Hell’s Angels and their Harleys outside a bar where In ’n Out Burger now resides. We didn’t tarry, fearing we would catch hell from the Angels.

We didn’t have play dates. “Go out and play and be home for dinner at 5:30” was the only contact we had with our moms after school. We learned how to block errant throws on our makeshift baseball diamond bounded by the gutters on hilly Carmel Avenue so we wouldn’t have to chase the ball across Central. The oak tree’s “empty lot” on Lighthouse was our construction site—forts made with cardboard boxes we salvaged from nearby McMahan’s Furniture (now Hambrook Auctions)—until modernity came to our Retreat ’hood with the construction of two apartment houses.

Sometimes we even ventured under the streets with flashlights in hand and visions of netherworld creatures in mind. Our adventure started in the storm outfall at Greenwood Park and ended under the football field of the Junior High at Sinex Avenue.

Looking back at that now, maybe that wasn’t such a good idea. But what did we know?! We were fearless, on the loose, at least as far as the Bay Rapid Transit (now MST) buses and our bikes would take us. What our moms didn’t know wasn’t going to hurt



From left, in front: Roger Locke, Denise Locke, Helen Hulanicki, Jerry Locke. Alex Hulanicki is on the car between Denise and Helen. Ray Ramirez is on top of the car. Alex doesn't remember who is sticking her tongue out behind Helen—any guesses?

us. Not getting home by dinnertime would.

As we got old enough for afternoon paper routes, delivering *The Herald*, we had a little more spending money: the Bus Depot at Lighthouse and 16th, next to the Grove Theater, for penny jawbreakers and Topps baseball card packs (including the godawful pink gum) for a nickel. That nickel gave us a chance to collect our favorite Giants—the Willie Mays and McCovey, Juan Marichal, and god-forbid Dodger Sandy Koufax who was not such good trade bait. The Saturday afternoon double-bill matinees were only 35 cents, well worth the admission to keep up with Zorro, Jack Armstrong, and Palladin.

Nobody dropped us off at the theater, the ball park, or the school. We walked, we rode, and by high school, got rides from friends. By that time, Roger had a Bultaco motorcycle, and I hung onto his back. Sadly, Roger died at 27 in a solo motorcycle accident. Sadly, other high school classmates died in the Vietnam War.

Sadly, as I walk through the old neighborhood, no children argue over fair or foul balls, and the small Victorian cottages have become renovated and expanded multimillion mansions, but some families

Children of the Streets (cont.)

linger. Mrs. Cabral is tending to her junipers. Her son lives next door. Her daughter has moved on, as have most of us, to make our homes in other towns. But our first and, in our hearts, Pacific Grove is our last hometown.

@alexhulanicki Will Mama deer make it home in time for dinner? #MissingMamaDeer

Alex Hulanicki '71 was a news reporter and editor for the Monterey Herald for 22 years. A graduate of MPC and Stanford University, he is an adjunct instructor in English and Journalism at MPC and a public information consultant in politics and election campaigns. He makes his home in Salinas with his wife Joan Weiner, also a former Herald editor and now retired from public information and news at California State University Monterey Bay. This story appeared in the Cedar Street Times on April 13, 2018, and is reprinted

Train Sounds Still Missed

By Phil Bowhay '47

With all our wonderful things on the Peninsula, the one thing missing is the sound of trains—especially, train whistles. As recently as 1971, you could still hear the Del Monte Express moaning in and out of town, and if you can't remember that, rent the movie *Picnic*. Not our whistle, but close enough.

While we lived for a time in the East Bay, nighttime train sounds, in between a few gunshots, lulled us to sleep, or maybe even woke us up, all part of our world. Here in God's Country, we were blessed with a mix of train whistles, fog horns and bell buoys, and we slept the sleep of the innocents.

In Pacific Grove, the Del Monte was the railroad crown jewel, spending the night by Lovers Point. The track extended by our classic depot, out through the woods, past Asilomar to the sand plant where Spanish Bay now sprawls. That toot toot toot as the engine pulled hopper cars through the woods just seemed the right touch. Didn't seem to bother the butterflies, either.

The depot looked just like that model you might have made for your Lionel layout, painted that good

old railroad tan. The turntable was just beyond the depot and about 50 yards away, where we looked for golf balls, a very authentic, state of the art outhouse. The lumberyard was on the other side of the depot with its own siding. One of the reasons I'm strong today, 70 years later, is that I spent a couple of weeks unloading wet redwood from a flat car. If you really care, the good old Internet holds a lot of history, pictures and otherwise.

Wasn't it the Del Monte that was involved in the collision that led to the death of Ed Ricketts?

The Del Monte, in our heyday, pulled five or six passenger cars, with Oliver's Lounge car, the back porch at the end. Oliver, who might have been a Pullman porter in earlier days, resplendent in a white, starched jacket, serving cocktails to contented passengers, home from a day marching around Union Square. Of course, the bar closed before the Pacific Grove city line!

The train left P.G. at 7 a.m. sharp, with brief stops in Monterey, Del Monte, Fort Ord, and on to Castroville and points north, arriving at 3rd and Townsend in San Francisco at 10:00 a.m. Plenty of time for lunch at The Palace, St. Francis (meet you under The Clock), The Fly Trap, or Bernstein's Fish Grotto, spend a few bucks at The White House, back on the train at 4 p.m. and home in P.G. by 7.

Well, aside from the Del Monte, there was a lot of railroad here. Sidings up and down the line, big business on Cannery Row with tin shipped in for sardine cans, and cans of fish and fish byproducts shipped out.

Cement and lumber came and went, and Fort Ord was huge, with tracks all over the place. The Y at Castroville carried trains south, picking up produce for the rest of the world in Salinas. DeLorimier's Monterey Bay Packing in Castroville shipped in all directions, taking advantage of both legs of the Y.

The Greyhound was our bridge to the main line in Salinas, where we hopped about the Daylight, or the Starlight, or the Owl. And speaking of the Greyhound, remember when the end of the line—or the beginning of the line—was right there in downtown P.G. at 17th and Lighthouse? Made it pretty easy to get out of town, not that anybody really wanted to.

Around 1950 brother Brooks and I boarded the 15 Daylight in Salinas, changed to the Chief in Los

Phil Bowhay (cont.)

Angeles, both trains loaded with college kids, headed back to school. A wonderful night on the Chief—you fill in the blanks—then off to Albuquerque for another year of serious study at the University of New Mexico.

If you're retired and your schedule is loose, take the Amtrak north. Portland, Seattle, even Sacramento. The food is great, the scenery almost like it used to be, and there's a nice club car. I don't think there's a security check, and you don't have to take off your shoes. You can even walk around. Takes a little longer than Southwest, but what's the rush?

Every year we hear about a new committee, or study group, promising a new, if shorter, Del Monte. Don't count on it, friends. But Salinas really isn't that far away, and I think they're going to paint the station.

This article originally appeared in the *Monterey Herald*, May 7, 2018. Reprinted with permission.

Coming Through the Hard Times

By Phil Bowhay '47

I was born in 1930, a Depression kid, and although never depressed, I suspect that the experience might have had something to do with my attitude today. You know, like "Out of the mud grows the lotus."

To tell the truth, I didn't know what a Depression was, and I don't think I heard the word until it was all over. My parents were married in May 1929, right before the crash, and always said it wasn't their fault. My brothers and I grew up right through it all, thinking that was just the way things were. I don't remember any extravagances, except the Lionel train for Christmas 1938, but we weren't hungry, threadbare or medically deprived.

Mom did walk a few extra blocks to buy soup bones and hamburger on sale, but when a hobo knocked on the back door, there was always enough for a sandwich. My bike was a third-hand Schwinn and, luckily, we couldn't afford the accordion, even with lessons thrown in. Most of us earned our own allowances, selling *Liberty Magazine*, stamps, soap and greeting cards door to door. We did get to go to

the 1939 World's Fair on Treasure Island, but that's another story. We had some well-to-do relatives in Lincoln, Neb., and every Christmas they sent us a box of hand-me-downs. I remember a brown overcoat from Marshall Field, just right for an eight-year-old. Over the years all of us wore that coat, handed down from one kid to another.

My dad thanked them, sending back Christmas greens and mistletoe. In Bakersfield, the Okie kids, barefoot and wearing tattered overalls, would show up outside the school for a cup of milk and an apple. They were quiet, polite and hungry. Their parents were willing to work for next to nothing. Jobs were worse than scarce. Copies of *The Grapes of Wrath* burned in the streets. The World War was still in memory. FDR was both hated and loved, mostly loved.

Through it all, we didn't realize the stress on our parents. But if you were there, friends, you remember the thrill, the reassurance, and the pride when we turned up the Philco, and Kate Smith sang our solemn prayer, "God Bless America," and it wouldn't hurt for us to sing it again, right now. And then, of course, came Pearl Harbor, and the Depression was officially over. Pretty heavy price, but a lot of prosperity between the next wars.

And the Okie kids? Well, a couple of them showed up at Pacific Grove High School, and later on at Cal. Now, just a little comment on our current gloom and doom. First, never sell America short. Like you, I've been through a lot of ups and downs. Just remember, at the top of every cycle, stock market or real estate, the experts are almost overwhelmingly optimistic. At the very bottom, lots of advice from the "nattering nabobs of negativism." Chicken Little is right, they tell us, and worse is just around the corner! They didn't ring a bell at the top, and they won't at the bottom, either. That's what rear-view mirrors are for.

It wasn't too long ago I heard "A million five for that house? I could have bought it for half that!" OK, pal, Here's your chance.

This story originally appeared in the Monterey Herald on September 18, 2010. Reprinted with permission.

**I don't live in the past.
The past lives on in me.**

--Anonymous

Quick Trip to Costa Rica

By Terrell Moss '50

In November of last year, Terrell Moss ('50) and his wife Joann flew to Costa Rica for a short tour. Costa Ricans have the most advanced, and safest, country in Central America. They are also considered to be among the happiest people on



Happy students—most energetic and happy kids I've ever seen.

earth. We could see why. They have a beautiful country and are a true democracy with short campaigns and public financing of elections, thus eliminating much corruption. The locals were extremely hospitable, with many speaking excellent English. They begin learning our language in the first grade.



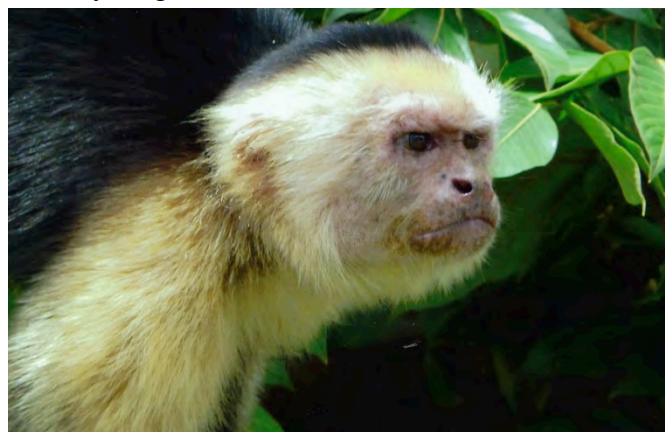
*Iguana: menacing looking but docile and non-threatening.
Found everywhere!*

On our hikes through the jungle and our cruises on several rivers, we witnessed many colorful birds, monkeys, spiny iguanas (above), large menacing crocodiles (at top right), and a gray sloth (at right).



Crocodile—saw many on the rivers, 12' to 14' long.

Several of our animal experiences were unique. Our hotel in one location backed up to the jungle. One early morning, we were awakened by a loud, swishy, other-worldly sound like jets crash-landing. The sound had come from a family of howler monkeys high in the trees outside our window.



Howler monkey. Family howled in unison outside our hotel window; sounds were like crashing jets.

During a hike, our group saw a motionless sloth curled around a large branch high in a tree. It is common for sloths to remain motionless for hours.



*Sloth—a rare moment when you actually see a moving sloth.
They remain motionless for hours.*

Costa Rica (continued)

After several hours, we returned and caught the sloth in a swinging motion, which is rare and exciting to see.

We enjoyed a scene from the window of our hotel near Fortuna of cloud-topped Arenal Volcano



Arenal Volcano, beautiful but deadly in 1968 when it last erupted.

(a perfect cone shape), which dramatically erupted in 1968. It is “sleepy active” today. We also visited a coffee plantation. Despite the fact that the plantation exports its finest coffees, we counted our domestic cup to be the best we’ve ever tasted.



Best cup of coffee we’ve ever had.

After arriving home, we read that we had barely missed a disaster. A 7.2 earthquake had hit the Pacific side of Costa Rica, where we had been just a couple of days before. But if you are a traveler, Costa Rica can be an interesting destination.

PGHS Earns District Honors

By Juan Reyes

The Pacific Grove Unified School District was recently named to the College Board’s Eighth Annual AP (Advanced Placement) District Honor Roll. The news was announced by California Department of Education State Superintendent of Public Instruction Tom Torlakson in a press release in February.

The district was recognized for its role in creating more Advanced Placement courses at Pacific Grove High and increasing the percentage of students scoring a 3 or higher on AP exams (AP scores are 1-5).

Pacific Grove High principal Matt Bell was excited when he received the news. “It’s not why we’re in the business,” he said, “but it’s nice when you find some success and you get a little recognition. So, it’s super exciting.”

Bell said it used to be that just the “super braniacs” were involved with the more advanced classes, but Pacific Grove High has been trying to give all students a chance to take AP courses. PGHS students are taking an average of two AP classes, and 249 students, which is about 45 percent of students enrolled, are in at least one class. And 82 percent of those students scored a 3 or higher.

“It really is encouraging more students to basically stretch themselves and to challenge themselves and to take an AP or an honors class,” Bell said.

But despite all the success, Bell said that it feels like college acceptance is harder to come by, especially into a UC school. So, it makes students and parents feel like taking AP courses is a major necessity.

“What that has done in many cases is it’s created an AP frenzy,” Bell said. “And one of the issues that we’re now beginning to grapple with is we’re getting kids who want to take four, five, or six AP courses, and we’re thinking it’s too much.”

Students who score 3 or higher on the AP exams are granted units of college credit, so they can enter college with some lower-division classes already completed.

This story originally appeared in the Feb. 23, 2018, Monterey Herald. Reprinted with permission.





PGHS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION 57th ANNUAL DINNER
The Elks Lodge ~ 150 Mar Vista Drive, Monterey, CA (831) 372-6200

Come join your classmates for an evening of fun, great food,
 and dancing to "Oldies but Goodies" provided by
 Mix "N" Spin Productions.

SATURDAY EVENING October 6, 2018
 No Host Cocktails 6:00 p.m. ~ Dinner 7:00 p.m.
 Dancing 'til 10:30 p.m.

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Member _____ Class Year _____

Address _____ Phone [____] _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mem/Guest _____ Class Year _____

Number		Total	PGHSAA USE
	Beef: USDA Prime Grilled Filet Mignon with Herb Butter, Rosemary Red potatoes, and steamed Asparagus.	\$ 75	
	Fish: Petrale Sole with Lemon Butter, Rice Pilaf, and steamed Asparagus.	\$ 75	
	Pasta: Linguine topped with Sun-dried Tomato/Artichoke Cream Sauce, and steamed Asparagus.	\$ 75	
	All dinners include Caesar salad, dinner rolls from Paris Bakery, coffee, tea, and dessert by Patisserie Bechler in Pacific Grove .		
	Make Check Payable to PGHSAA Mail to: PO Box 51396, Pacific Grove, CA 93950-6396	Total	

OUR BYLAWS STATE THAT YOU
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 ORDER TO ATTEND ANY PAID
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 DUES ARE \$20 PER YEAR
 Membership form at:
www.pgusd.org/alumni
 or email
joanie@pgshaa.org
 Joanie Hyler '68

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◆If you would like to bring your own wine, the Elks Lodge charges \$11.80 corkage fee per bottle. CORKAGE FEES ARE PAID DIRECTLY TO THE BARTENDER.
 You may purchase wine by the bottle or the glass at the bar.

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The Knockout II: The PGHSAA Newsletter

Who Is It?

Dear Beth,

I can help identify one set of the "sidewalk sentiments" in the *Who Is It* picture on p. 20 of the March edition. The top scrawls in the concrete were made by my sister, Terry Dorman, class of 1957, and the man she married in 1958, Richard Kuhn. I emailed the *Knockout II* picture to her at her home in Maine. By happy coincidence, Terry and Rich received it on the day of their 60th wedding anniversary. The picture at right was taken on a visit to Maine.

Bill Dorman '58
Sacramento



Editor's note: Bill later e-mailed us and said that when he thought about it, this couldn't be right, because Terry and Rich hadn't met in 1953, when the cement was marked. But it was such a great story that we printed it anyway. We're happy to get the photo of Terry, Rich, and Bill, above, and there ARE some faces to identify, on pp. 12 and 14. If you have a photo for "Who Is It?" send it to bpennney@sonic.net.