

# THE KNOCKOUT II

The Pacific Grove High School Alumni Association Newsletter

*"It's the ☆ glue ☆ that keeps us together"*

March, 2019 ● Page One



It's been a wild winter on the Monterey Peninsula, at least for those folks who have only lived here the past twenty years or so, most of which have been marked by drought. For those of us who grew up here, the regular rain reminds us of earlier times. But many of our trees are older now, and a number of them didn't withstand

particularly heavy winds in early February and came down, forever altering. Joanie Hyler '68 got right out and took some great post-storm pictures, which appear on p. 21.

There are other changes happening, also. The PGHSAA Board of Directors has finally found a website designer we can work with, and she says we will have a functional website up and running by 2020. There are still some bugs to be ironed out, and work to do, but we're closer than we've been before. With the launch of that site, we'd like to get our roster, our dues collection, and possibly even the newsletter "automated," so to speak. We realize that there are a number of you out there who aren't computer-savvy (and many who don't even have computers or smart phones!), and we'll continue to work with everyone so that you receive what you need the way you need it. But the cost of postage continues to rise, and we hope to serve those of you who *are* online more effectively with our new website.

Joanie continues to do an amazing job of maintaining our membership and mailing lists, and she's also the one who is serving as the Board's liaison with the new webmaster. But she needs your help. The date after your name on your newsletter mailing label is the last year you have paid dues, through December. If it says 2018 and you haven't paid, you need to send us a check! And, if you've moved, let us know. Joanie can only remind you so

many times. (It would be so easy to receive an automated e-mail saying, "Your dues are due!")

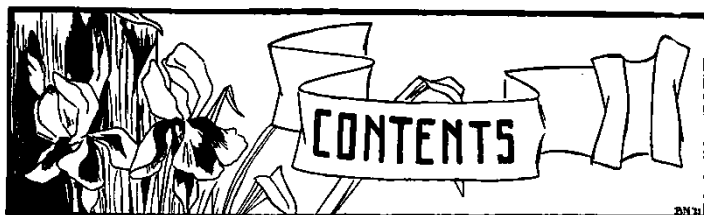
And, remember that a big change was announced in the last issue, when our obituaries editor, Sue Taylor '68, passed away unexpectedly. Joanie has also taken over the bulk of that job, with my mostly superfluous help (I am constantly sending her lists of names she already has), but we are covering only local information. If you know of an alumni death in your area, please let us know. And, if there's anyone out there with an interest in genealogy who has some time on their hands, we'd love to have some help with this task!

Your president/newsletter editor also experienced a huge change about the same time that we were having the big storms, when her eight-year-old MacBook and her 30-year-old Volvo both gave up the ghost, practically simultaneously. She is now driving a 21st-century car, with a huge learning curve! And her new MacBook is wonderful, but getting the legacy software she uses to produce the newsletter to run on it has not been without problems (the new version no longer has the "publishing" feature); hence the tardiness of this mailing.

Meanwhile, our intrepid Events Chairs, Bebo Parker Logan and Michele Sherwin Thomas of the class of '63, have already procured the Elks Club for us for the first weekend in October. So that's something that, happily, *won't* change. There's an announcement in this issue, and the reservation form will appear in June. You'll be glad to know that the price *will* change—it will go down! Some changes are good.

This issue brings you some travel news from members of the classes of 1949, 1950, and 1956; some current P.G. High news, a lot of donations from our generous members; and a lot of memories. Thanks to everyone who contributed to this issue, and I look forward to more of your stories!

*Beth Penney '73*



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**The Knockout II**, the Pacific Grove High School Alumni Association Newsletter, is published quarterly: Spring (March), Summer (June), Reunion Issue (September), and Winter (December).  
*Volume 33, Spring Issue*

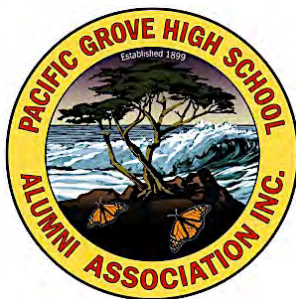
### The Pacific Grove High School Alumni Association, Inc.

A Not-for-Profit Public Benefit Corporation

Founded June 2, 1899

Reactivated April 1, 1962

Incorporated September 27, 1995



**Mail:** P.O. Box 51396, Pacific Grove, CA 93950-6936

**E-mail:** info@pghsaa.org

**Web site:** https://alumni@pgusd.org

**Membership dues** (January 1-December 31):

\$25 per year, single or couple

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

**e-mail** [joanie@pghsaa.org](mailto:joanie@pghsaa.org)

### 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

### PGHSAA Board of Directors

*Serving through December 2020*

Les Field '72

Dolores Soares Silveira '59

Mike Tryon '72

*Serving through December 2021*

Faith Van Woerkom Beety '73

Marabee Rush Boone '60

Lupe Villalpando Dosda '68

Joanie Hyler '68

Bebo Parker Logan '63

Michele Sherwin Thomas '63

*Serving through December 2022*

Sherry Welsh Gruwell '56

Lillian Griffiths '70

Sheri Stillwell Hauswirth '71

Cate Goblirsch Lee '94

### PGHSAA Committee Chairs

**Auditor:** Rob Lee '94

**Bylaws:** Dolores Soares Silveira '59

**Disbursements:** Donna Murphy '79

**Events:** Bebo Parker Logan '63 and Michele Sherwin Thomas '63

**Historian:** Sydney Berg Tabler '64

**Knockout II Editor:** Beth Penney '73

**Membership:** Joanie Hyler '68

**Nominations:** Cate Goblirsch Lee '94

**Parliamentarian:** Faith Van Woerkom Beety '73

**Publicity:** Beth Penney '73

**Scholarships:** Lillian Griffiths '70

**Senior Class Liaison:** Lillian Griffiths '70

**Sunshine:** Sherry Welsh Gruwell '56

**Website:** Joanie Hyler '68

### Important 2019 Dates

The PGHSAA Board of Directors meets on the following dates in 2019: March 14, April 11, May 9, July 11, September 14, and October 10. 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 2019 annual reunion is planned for 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.

## Contributions In Memory Of

Mary Merello St. Louis, MO  
 IMO: Mary "Sue" Taylor '68  
 Mrs. Edwin (Dolores) Getz Pacific Grove  
 IMO: Robert "Bob" Hauswirth '45  
 1945 Mary *Pederson* Cronenwett Prosser, WA  
 IMO: 1945 Classmates who have gone before us.  
 1948 Donald Campbell Frisco, TX  
 IMO: Richard R. Campbell '52  
 IMO: Douglas B. Campbell '55  
 1949 Joy *Riley* Fugitt Pacific Grove  
 IMO: Howard L. Cowen '41  
 IMO: Wynette *Walker* Cowen '41  
 IMO: David Fugitt '49  
 IMO: Warren Fugitt '50  
 1949 Yvonne *Puget* Merrigan Alameda  
 IMO: Dorothy *Gonsalves* Perkins '49  
 1949 Ellanah *Peace* Plain Concord  
 IMO: Maurice Galasso '49  
 IMO: Lewis Mulkay '49  
 IMO: Dorothy *Gonsalves* Perkins '49  
 1959 Alvina *Cipriano* Currall Lodi  
 IMO: Mary Lou *Hitchings* Hulphers '59  
 IMO: Andrea *Hotovitsky* Shumway '59  
 IMO: Donna *Costa* Southard '59  
 1959 Anita *Schroeder* Lockhart Mesa, AZ  
 IMO: Fred Lockhart '57  
 1953 Harold Sunkler Del Rey Oaks  
 IMO: Kenneth Hicks '51  
 1954 Lenora *Rumrill* Kennada Salinas  
 IMO: Gene Rumrill '53  
 IMO: Roberta *Stephenson* Carter '54  
 IMO: David Concepcion '54  
 IMO: Jim Kennada '75  
 IMO: Jeff McBrayer '76  
 1960 Marabee *Rush* Boone Pacific Grove  
 IMO: Vivian "Vicky" *Lewis* Johnson '60  
 1960 Rosemarie *Souza* Jackson Alameda  
 IMO: Vivian "Vicky" *Lewis* Johnson '60  
 1960 Nancy *Hogue* French Portland, OR  
 IMO: Vivian "Vicky" *Lewis* Johnson '60  
 1960 Richard Winter Vallejo  
 IMO: Martha "Marty *Winter* Feliciano '67  
 IMO: Michael "Flea" Feliciano '67  
 1964 Victoria *Samora* Phillips Monterey  
 IMO: Morris Fisher '56  
 IMO: Matt Evans '64

IMO: John LaPierre Faculty  
 1964 Wayne Ross and  
 1964 Jennifer *Kren* Ross Pacific Grove  
 IMO: Wynette *Walker* Cowen '41  
 1965 Dorothy *Berwick* Smith Tucson, AZ  
 IMO: Margaret *Berwick* VanDyke '58  
 1965 Pamela *Pauls* Soboleski Monterey  
 IMO: Richard L Adams '59  
 1967 Susan *Riley* Fuoti Orangevale  
 IMO: Patricia "Trish" *Riley* Pappas '75  
 1970 Suzy *Stillwell* Derowski and  
 1975 Bill Derowski Marina  
 IMO Robert "Bob" Hauswirth '45  
 1975 Julie *Hodges* Dufault Houston, TX  
 IMO: Howard M. Hodges '44  
 1975 Mary *Gaudoin* Grove Fresno  
 IMO: Michael Gaudoin '62  
 IMO: Mark Gaudoin '75  
 1994 Rob Lee and  
 1994 Cate *Goblirsch* Lee Pebble Beach  
 IMO: Richard E. Goblirsch '51

## Thanks To Our Recent Contributors

1939 Richard Gamble Sedro Woolley, WA  
 1946 Bob Richerts \* Monterey  
 1947 Richard Baxter Redding  
 1950 Salita *Morris* King Florence, OR  
 1953 Ben Mosley \*\* # Richmond  
 1953 Charlie Higuera\*\* Pacific Grove  
 1954 Richard Greilich Pleasanton  
 1956 Charles King Tehachapi  
 1956 JoAnn *Grant* Ladd Lakeland, FL  
 1957 Roberta *Fifer* Peters Las Vegas, NV  
 1959 Donald Phillips Point Arena  
 1961 Florence *Reuland* Eichenberg Ridgecrest  
 1961 Norma *Fitzsimmons* Postage East Wenatchee, WA  
 1961 Delinda *Campbell* Holland Royal Oaks  
 1962 Margaret *Tuchsen* Shehorn Pleasanton  
 1965 John Timar Salinas  
 1965 Stephanie *McCann* Trenner Monterey  
 1966 Laurence Cram Bluffton, SC  
 1967 Robert Scardina Monterey  
 1968 Barry Bettencourt Fall River Mills  
 1968 David Bell Clovis  
 1969 Lisa *Craig* Denver, CO  
 1969 Bob Hauswirth\*\* Salinas  
 3 1969 Steve Shudoma Pebble Beach

## Contributions, continued

1971 Sheri *Stillwell* Hauswirth\*\* Salinas  
 1976 Wendy *Morgner* Bettencourt Fall River Mills  
 1977 Anna Marie *Coletti* Gardnerville, NV  
 1989 Ed DaSilva## San Jose

## Senior Support Fund

1944 Don Ruble Pacific Grove  
 1946 Jim deLorimier Pebble Beach  
 1948 Rita *Hazeltine* deLorimier Pebble Beach  
 1959 Duane Ricks Salinas  
 1960 Marsha *Hisey* Fields Arcadia  
 IMO: Diana *Masters* Edelman '60  
 IMO: Vivian "Vicky" *Lewis* Johnson '60  
 1970 Suzy *Stillwell* Derowski Marina  
 1975 Bill Derowski Marina

## PGHSAA Scholarship Fund

1946 Bob Richerts Monterey  
 IMO: Joe Richerts '45  
 IMO: Anne *Guastella* Richerts '47  
 1953 Arthur Busby  
 IMO: Class of 1953\*\* Pleasanton  
 1956 Diane *Beall* Speckman Eugene, OR  
 IMO: 1956 Classmates who have gone before us.  
 1960 Marsha *Hisey* Fields Arcadia  
 IMO: Wanda *DeVlaminck* Konrad '60  
 1960 Chuck Wallace  
 1960 Jean *Abraham* Wallace Surprise, AZ  
 IMO: Vivian "Vicky" *Lewis* Johnson '60  
 1964 Sydney *Berg* Tabler Pebble Beach  
 IMO: Wynette *Walker* Cowen '41  
 IMO: Vivian "Vicky" *Lewis* Johnson '60  
 IMO: Frank Graves '64  
 IMO: Don Fry, Jr. '70  
 1975 Joe Shammass Pacific Grove  
 IMO: Nancy L. *Shammass* '73

1943 Maxine *Wilson* Hoag Pebble Beach  
 1948 Patricia *Sherwood* Cummings Los Altos  
 1957 David Dawson Carmichael  
 1948 Betty *McDaniel* Kavanagh Poulsbo, WA  
 1948 Susan *Moss* McCall Rockville, MD  
 1956 Jon Olivetti Peoria, AZ  
 1959 Nick Guzzi Pacific Grove  
 1959 Joseph St. Clair Costa Mesa

1959 Florence *Nedeff* Martin-St.Clair Costa Mesa  
 1965 Greg Kaufman Battle Ground, WA  
 1968 Kim *Kovalik* Mosier, OR  
 1953 Nancy *Hane* Spiekerman Stockton  
 1956 Jon Olivetti Peoria, AZ  
 1960 Mahshid *Fathi* Salimi San Mateo  
 1967 Becky *Rausch* Pearson Pacific Grove  
 1968 Buddy Layne Sierra Vista, AZ  
 1971 Mary *Ichiuji* Santa Monica

\*Postage; \*\*Sports; #Band; ##Arts

## Janice Marie Shirreff Payton '68 Scholarship Fund

David Payton Coarsegold

## Beverly Faye Wilson-Stanfield Stillwell '49 Scholarship Fund

1950 Richard Stillwell Pacific Grove

## Class of 1952 Remembers Scholarship Fund

1952 John Perkins Reedley  
 IMO: Carolyn *Harris* Pere '47

## Thomas "Tommy" Richard Stillwell '74 Scholarship Fund

1950 Richard Stillwell Pacific Grove

## "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.*

## Letters

Joanie,

Please use this donation for the PGHSAA Scholarship fund, in memory of Carolyn Harris Pere '47. On another note, the girl in December's "Who Is It?" is Donna Norbeck Pryzbyla '52. Thank you for all you do.

*John Perkins '52  
Reedley, CA*

Dear Joanie,

I am enclosing a check in the amount of \$25 for my 2019 dues. Thanks so much, Joanie, for your years of service to the PGHSAA. We really appreciate all the work you do. It is a delight to belong to such an active group. The wonderful town we lived in and the long-lasting forever friends from our high school days have left many lasting memories. The news from Pacific Grove is always fascinating—even the obits are of interest to those of us who knew the classmates and friends who have gone before us. Thanks again.

*A fellow PGHSAA alum,  
Wilma Pattison Knowles '50  
Medford, OR*

Dear Joanie,

Enclosed is our payment for our membership dues and a donation in memory of dear, devoted Wynette Walker Cowen '41. As expressed by so many others, thank you for the hard work you do to make this organization continue. We are all most grateful.

*Jennifer Kren Ross and Wayne Ross '64  
Pacific Grove*

Hi Beth,

I am not sure if I am paid up through 2018 or 2020. What is the 2020 by my name? I probably owe you. Could you please let me know? Thanks! I just recently graduated, class of 1943 (ha!). Also, I wonder if anyone from my class is still alive? I just turned 94 years old. Thanks for your help.

*John (Jack) Reynolds '43  
Monterey, CA*

Hi Beth,

I hope all is well with you and yours. I am still having back problems, which are affecting my mobility. Thank goodness for my next-door neighbors. Tell Joanie and Gail hi for me. Enclosed are my dues, and dues for my sisters, Sandi Mitchell Lewtschuk '66 and Marcia Mitchell Bowersox. Renee is doing OK (Maureen). Thank you for all the work you do.

*Nancy Mitchell Vermeer '64  
Valencia, CA*

Hi Joanie,

Just got my December *Knockout II* and saw on p. 16 a picture of, I think, P.G.'s 8th grade basketball team. It was interesting because I don't remember my brother Pat playing basketball. When our house burned down in 2009, I lost all of the family pictures, but I have to admit this is the first time I have ever seen this one. I can only name a few of the players: upper left, Dale Lindsey; next to him Pat; next, is Constan Mosely; then, in the front row, second from left, Henry Garcia. A fun picture and good memory of my brother Pat '57 and his friend Dale. Thanks for the picture and the memory.

*Ken Chamberlain '62  
Auburn, CA*

Joanie,

Enclosed are my dues for 2019. I sold my home in Santa Rosa, bought a new home in Wylie, TX, and left California to be near family in Wylie before a distressing event happened at the new veterans' cemetery in Seaside. I arrived with my sweetheart, Commander Leon Crawford, Jr., who passed away Feb. 22, 2017, at the new California Central Coast Veterans' Cemetery at the appointed time for a military service. Family and flowers had arrived. We were taken into the office, and a cemetery rep informed me, "Your husband is not qualified for military service as planned. Do you want to reschedule another time, or leave, or continue without services?" With family and flowers from out of state, and the rep having been advised a week before that the planned service was set, I had little choice, and left my sweetheart of 36 years there without the planned arrangements. I plan to locate an authorized national veterans' cemetery and move to another location. Many unexpected things have





## Letters, continued

occurred that caused the sale of my home and my departure from California. Seaside had been a final place, satisfactory with the Cal-Vet office but changed by a worker. I have unknown costs to arrange for this change to a national cemetery and belated service. My sweetheart was in combat in WWII and Korea and was an Atomic Veteran, working with the top-secret tests at Bikini. I will move my sweetheart out of Seaside soon. I have seven grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

*Sincerely, for my Veteran,  
Marilynn "Bunky" Smith Crawford '50  
Wylie, TX*

Dear Joanie,

I have moved! My home is now in East Wenatchee. The most beautiful mountains surround the town. The Columbia River is a mile away and I so enjoy walking along side of it. I volunteer at several Christian organizations, a church, and square dancing, and I began an activity group in the condo area that I live in. Pacific Grove is and will be my home as long as I live, but East Wenatchee is right up there. I don't have the ocean, but the sunsets are viewed three minutes away from where I live. I am so blessed to live in another God-inspired place filled with so much beauty. Never would have thought I would live in Washington. Here I am enjoying life abundantly. I just praise my Lord for leading me here. God Bless.

*Norma Fitzsimmons '61  
East Wenatchee, WA*

Hi Beth,

I was recording some thoughts for a family record and decided to elaborate a bit more just in case this might be something worthy of inclusion in the KO II. And, if that be the case, I am including a more recent photo than the one from the 1949 *Sea Urchin* that accompanied my last article! Cheers and keep up the good works.

*Keith Lowery '49  
Glen Allen, VA*

*Ed. Note: Yes, it's worthy! See Keith's story on p. 15. And thanks for the updated photo!*

Greetings, Beth!

I attended P.G. schools from Kindergarten through High School. I marched in the Butterfly Parade every year. I was in the Jr. High and High School Bands. I graduated from PGHS in 1969 and am looking for information on our 50th class reunion, which should be scheduled in 2019. I have looked through the December *Knockout II*, the website, emails, etc. with no results, and no mention of it (or my brother Eugene Short's '70 50th in 2020). I know most reunions are scheduled around the first week of October. Is our class having a separate one due to it being "the big one" (50th)? I would appreciate any information you can. Or, feel free to pass my information on to those in charge.

*Thank you!  
Carol Short Means '69  
Fresno, CA*

*Ed. Note: PGHSAA does publish information about individual class reunions as we receive that information from the organizers, but we have received no word from the organizers of either the Class of '69 or the Class of '70 reunions. If you know anything about these reunions, or reunions for other classes, please let us know!*

Dear Beth,

I enjoyed the story about Pine Ave. School in 1952. I was a student there in about third grade. The part about stopping kids from bicycling on the playground brought back, for a second time, the memory of kids trying to ride down the stairs between the upper and lower playground before bicycles were designed to do so. There were many crashes. In 1995, I submitted a poem to their school paper, *The Beacon*, and it was published. "Third Grade Man" is attached, you are free to publish it in the *Knockout II*. Many a kid from that era will remember the days before BMX and mountain bikes.

*Bob Crispin '63*

*Ed. Note: See Bob's poem and photos on p. 14!*

Hey, Joanie.

Your dues invoice is on my desk, along with the tax stuff for my CPA, the only two items in my "top 6 priority this weekend" stack. I haven't received any

## Letters, continued

newsletters, but want to stay attached to the alumni crowd. I'm getting ready to retire in about two years (yeah, at age 72, long story), and planning to move to somewhere in Europe—probably Croatia. As part of my organization for THAT little Major Life Overhaul—Hey! A girl's got to have a hobby!—I'm working to ensure I maintain important Stateside contacts. I expect that if I live in some glamorous, magical place, I'll see a LOT more Stateside friends and acquaintances than if I just settled down in Portland or Seattle, neither of which I could afford anyway. Alas, the Peninsula has been out of my budget since 1974. As an aside: the Black Sea coast of Bulgaria is a close second to Monterey's ecosystem. I adored Sozopol by the (Black) Sea. SO "Carmel!" Wildly affordable. Thanks for the email.

*Kate Walter Mathews '66  
Moses Lake, WA*

Hello, Beth,

I am the niece of Barbara *Phillips* Todd, class of 1934. I have her yearbooks, in great condition for 1930-34. I would very much like to donate them to the PGHSAA in her name. My mother, Gladys *Phillips* Edwards, was also an alum, class of 1927, She did the frontispiece of the *Sea Urchins* then. I went to P.G. grammar schools, but we moved away when I was older. I still consider P.G. home.

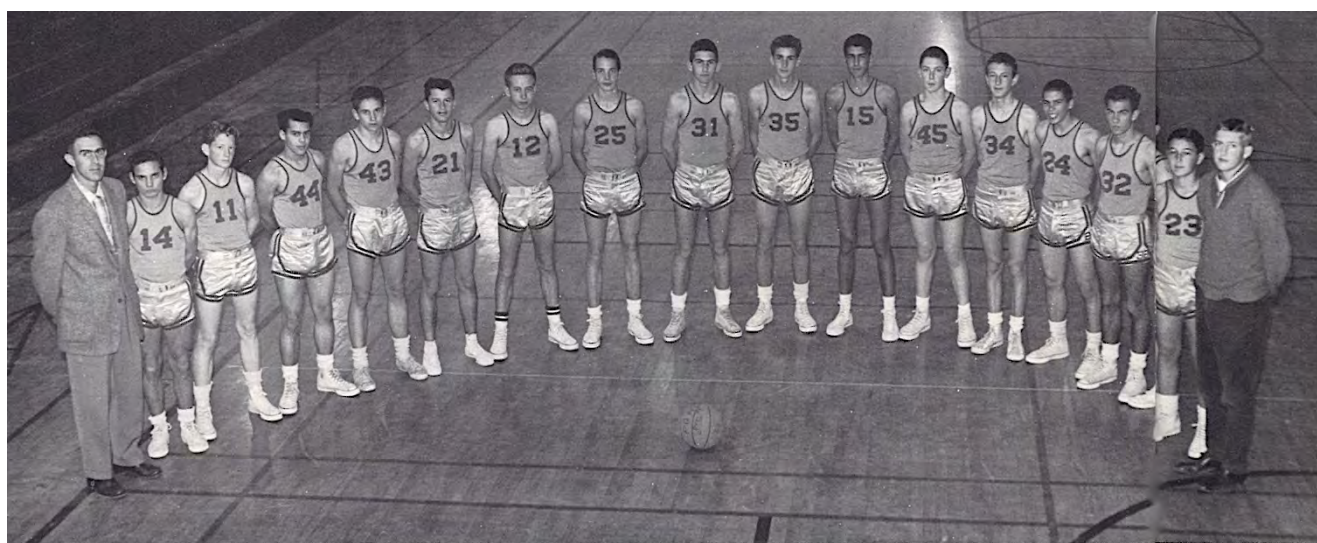
*Happy New Year!  
Janet Edwards Breidenbach*

*Note: Hi Janet, I would be happy to have the yearbooks. They will go into our archive. We do make sure that the PG Library and PG Heritage Society have copies. There are two of each year in fireproof cabinets at the high school, more in a fireproof storage facility. Thank you for thinking of us. We feel these older books are priceless. By the way, your aunt was our oldest alumnus at the time of her death. —Joanie Hyler*

Sherry Gruwell,

You did soooo good! I'm one of the ones who never knew the words to the school song, "The Red and Gold." All I know is that the Pep Band, led by Richie Miller, would play the song before we came onto the court to warm up. I swear, my feet never touched the floor, I was so jacked up from listening to our fight song. At that time, we were playing on the lightweight team under the leadership of Coach Charlie Howell, and he led us to an undefeated championship in 1960. Every time I'm out and about with my wife, daughter, granddaughter, and friends and I see the colors red and gold, I break out singing the song, at least "The Red and Gold....," and then I hum the rest because I didn't know the words. I drive everyone crazy. Too bad. I have nothing but good memories of going to high school at P.G. High. Now, thanks to Sherry, I can drive them a little bit crazier 'cause I know the words. Thanks for the memories!

*Dennis "Weez" Hunt '61*



Left to right: Coach C. Howell, T. Wollem, L. Cowen, J. Bommarito, J. Decon, R. Cosmero, C. Johansen, C. French, D. McNeal, A. Arkush, B. McNeil, G. House, D. Hunt, B. Bommarito, R. Winter, P. Mason, D. June, Mgr. J. Ijams.

*The 1960  
Lightweights*

## Obituaries

### September

Jacque *Fraley* Wruck '56 Chemainus, Canada

### October

Harry Ichiuji '48 Los Gatos

### November

George Applegate '68 Los Angeles

### December

Ken Hicks '51 Salinas

George Menasco '66 Pacific Grove

### January

Fred Lockhart '57 Edmonds, WA

Michael Rowe '81 Pacific Grove

Alice *Pixley* Thompson '39 Seaside

Robert "Bob" Hauswirth '45 Salinas

Jim Parker '56 Paso Robles

Joe Scolet '69 Notus, ID

### February

Eileen Mae *Silva* Davenport '50 Salinas

Al Santini Faculty Pacific Grove

### September



#### Jacqueline "Jacque"

**Deborah Fraley Wruck** was born February 26, 1938, in San Jose and passed away September 9, 2018. Jacque was raised in Monterey and Pacific Grove, where she graduated from P.G.H.S. in 1956. She went on to college and earned

an AA from Consumnes River College and studied psychology at California State University, Sacramento. She had a career in banking that took her to Washington, DC; Detroit, MI; and Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. She also was the executive director of a Sacramento County recovery home for indigent alcoholics and addicts for eight years. She married her husband Tony in 1961 and had three sons, Vincent, Paul, and Jacob. Her hobbies included sewing for herself and her children; cooking, specializing in Chinese stir-fry and apple pie;

pottery; painting (mostly watercolors); and aromatherapy (creating her own oils and lotions. She traveled the world, living in Saudi Arabia, Thailand, and Canada. Jacque was a 24-year member of PGHSAA. She is survived by her husband Tony and her three sons. Her ashes will be spread in her favorite places: Albuquerque, NM; Chemainus, BC, Canada; Oahu, HI; and Pacific Grove.

### October



**Harry Ichiuji**, 88, passed away in his home with his children by his side. Harry, a long-time Los Gatos resident, was born March 7, 1930, and raised in Pacific Grove, graduating from P.G.H.S. in 1948. He was predeceased by his wife of 57 years, Hideko

Hamasaki; by his brothers Mickey '36, Joseph '37, and Jimmie '38; and his by sister Kazumae '40. He is survived by his brother Paul '42 and three children, Craig (Mina Ho-Ichiuji), Judy (Gary Monji), and Anne (Todd Humphrey), and his six grandchildren, Brett, Sean, Erin, Grant, Halle and Katherine. A memorial in celebration of his life was held at the Santa Clara Valley Japanese Christian Church.

### November



**George Henry Applegate III** was born August 18, 1950, and died November 17, 2018. He was a member of the P.G.H.S. Class of 1968.

### December

**Ken Hicks** was born at Bayview Hospital in Pacific Grove on January 22, 1934, to Mildred White Hicks and Bernard Alpheus Hicks. He went to schools in P.G. and was a classmate of the P.G. High class of 1951. He was a 47-year member of PGHSAA when he passed away at home, on December 2, after a brief illness. He is survived by his wife of 58 years, Kathleen *Irish* Hicks '55; his daughters Deborah *Hicks* Baker '71 of Salinas and Vicki *Hicks* Marinovich '72 of Mill Valley; grandchildren



## Obituaries, continued



Kenneth Riddleberger, Keleigh Sanchez (Ted), Evan Baker, Nicholas and Dimitri Marinovich; great grandchildren McKenna and Zander Riddleberger, Avery and Carter Sanchez; and his sister Carol Hicks Contralto '62 (Jim). Ken

was an U. S. Army Veteran, serving from 1957 to 1963. He was employed with AT&T in craft and management for over 32 years. Following his retirement, he formed Pre-Tech Communication and Wiring Service and Repairs, which he ran for several years, until Kathleen's retirement. Many close friends, dating back to first grade, will miss his wry sense of humor, including Bill, Howard and Chuck.



**George Menasco** was a true artist. Born February 10, 1947, in Carmel, he lived all his life in Pacific Grove, where he went through the P.G. school system and graduated with the class of 1966. He passed away on

December 26, 2018, after suffering a heart attack. He lived and breathed art. Unable to read or write well, he expressed his feelings in his art, doing many live figure drawings and paintings. He was also a local musician and proud of his instrument collection. He entertained folks with his guitar, dulcimer, accordion, banjo, tambourine, penny whistles, and flutes of all shapes and sizes. He ear was fine-tuned, and he played for many local events. Involving himself with the P.G. Art Center for 50 years was his greatest joy. He did everything from being a custodian, working as a bartender, and teaching art to answering phones and helping wherever he was needed. Loyalty and humbleness made him a friend to all and he demonstrated this love thru his artist's expressions. He is survived by his sister Martha Menasco Arrell '66 and his brother Neil Menasco '71.

## January



**Freddy D. Lockhart**, 79, passed away peacefully surrounded by his family on January 9, 2018. Fred married his P.G. High sweetheart and classmate, Anita Schroeder Lockhart '57, on December 18, 1958. After his high school graduation that year, Fred

served proudly in the U.S. Navy as a Seabee stationed on Coronado Island. Fred retired from Sears, as a repairman, after 40 years of employment. Fred enjoyed playing poker, square dancing, taking long road trips, watching football, and barbecuing ribs for his family and friends. Above all, Fred loved his family—his wife Anita and their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—throughout his life. Fred was preceded in death by his son Jeffrey. He was a 29-year member of PGHSAA. He is survived by his wife, Anita, his children, Leonard (Barbara), Michael (Misty), Lisa (Chris) and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



**Michael Rowe** passed away suddenly from heart failure January 11. Michael was born in Carmel on June 27, 1963. He attended P.G. schools and was a classmate of the P.G. High class of 1981. For most of his life, he worked in construction on the Peninsula. He was an

avid skier and loved the slopes and all water sports. One of his favorite things to do was to camp and do boating activities with family and friends at San Antonio Lake. He will be missed and remembered by many. He is preceded in death by his father John, and his brother and sister Ronnie and Patricia. He is survived by his longtime partner Debbie Barberie; his mother Lucille Lane Lowe '49; two sisters, Brenda Rowe '74 and Cheryl; a brother, John Jr. '71 (Pam); and his cousins, with whom he spent a lot of time—Donna, Glenda (Harald), and Sherry.

**Alice Pixley Thompson** passed away at 97 on January 18. She was born in Pacific Grove on August 15, 1921, the daughter of Alice Maude and



## Obituaries, continued



Mark Augustus (Gus) Pixley. She graduated from P.G. High in 1939. Her first employment, as a bookkeeper with a large office window overlooking Bonifacio St. in Monterey, was where she met her future husband, Walter (Red) D.

Thompson as he walked by every morning on his way to work and waved. They were married in 1941 and raised seven children. During this time, she managed to keep up her bookkeeping talent and found employment for several years with Lee Printing in Monterey to supplement the family income. Her retirement years were devoted to her love of gardening, walking the 15-minute mile, enjoying music, and ballroom dancing. Alice was preceded in death by her loving husband Walter, her youngest daughter, Sharon Rauhala, and three siblings, Raymond '34, Edwin '37, and Marge '41. She is survived by six children, Norma Holmes, Thomas Thompson, Joyce Dickens, Michele Parish, Mark Thompson, and Ray Thompson; and several nieces, nephews, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.



**Robert A. (Bob) Hauswirth** passed away peacefully at home on Wednesday January 23, 2019, at the age of 91. Bob was born in Butte, Montana, and at the age of 11, he migrated with his family to Pacific Grove,

California. After graduating from P.G.H.S. in 1945, he enlisted in the Merchant Marines. Upon returning from his world travels, he worked as a manager for Lucky Boy Markets, then as a route salesman delivering bread for Sunlite and Oroweat Bakeries. Bob met the love of his life, Sylvia, at Johansen's Dairyland and they married in 1950. Together they raised their three children, Bobby, Steve, and Sheryle in Pacific Grove. He loved fishing, watching sports on TV, collecting rare coins, playing cribbage and camping with his family. Spending time with his friends shooting pool, bowling, and especially

golfing were other things Bob always looked forward to. During retirement, he cherished spending time with his kids and grandchildren and traveling with Sylvia on many RV trips. Bob was a 45-year member of PGHSAA. He is survived by his wife of 68 years, Sylvia; his sons Bobby '69 (Sheri Stillwell '71) and Steve '70; his daughter Sheryle Hauswirth Cardinale '73 (Pep); his sister Donna Lee Hauswirth Nair '48; nine grandchildren, eleven great-grandchildren, two great-great grandchildren, and many nieces and nephews. He treasured each and every one. He was preceded in death by his parents Herb and Madelyn, his brothers Jack '45 and Wayne '47, his sister Betty Hauswirth Scranton '43 and her husband Don, and his brother-in-law Jerry Nair '48.



**James Southard Parker**, 81, passed away peacefully in the early morning of Jan. 23, 2019, with his loving wife Barbara by his side. Jim was born on Nov. 14, 1937, in El Paso, Texas. As an Army brat, Jim moved many times and made many friends. In 1953,

his dad retired to the Monterey Peninsula. Jim graduated from P.G. High in 1956, where he was very active in football and track. There were times he would bring out his electric guitar and bring out the "wow" in his classmates. After high school, Jim enlisted in the U.S. Navy and served on the destroyer USS Bridget in Yokosuka, Japan, for two years. After his stint in the Navy, he attended MPC before starting a career at Wells Fargo Bank. He left the bank after 15 years and accepted a position as a Claims Adjuster for State Farm Insurance until his retirement in 1998. He then met and fell in love with Barbara Tamplen Alexander, the one true love of his life. They were married in 2003. He was active in the Golden State Classics car club and attended many car shows where his '37 Ford coupe won many awards. Jim was a 21-year member of PGHSAA. He is survived by his loving wife Barbara; two daughters, Krysty Parker and Juli Elliott; sister Carolyn "Bebo" Parker Logan '63; a granddaughter; and three great-grandchildren.



## Obituaries, continued



**Joe (Joseph) James Scolet**, born January 27, 1951, died in Notus, Idaho, on January 28. He was a classmate of the P.G.H.S. Class of '69. Joe was in the carpet cleaning business for 28 years and was also a pilot, which was really his passion

in life. He is survived by his wife Ingrid Kotter Scolet, son Bryan Scolet, daughter Mandie Scolet Stephen, and daughter Nicole Scolet. He is also survived by son in law Mike Stephen, and grandchildren Trenton Stephen, Katlyn Stephen, Joey Scolet, Ethan Cuevas, James Scolet, and Cody Scolet. He had a half-brother, James Scolet, and half-sister, Joelyn Scolet, not to mention many kids who called him Papa, Dad, Brother, and Uncle Joe.

### February



**Eileen Mae Silva Davenport** passed from this life on February 8, 2019. Eileen was born on July 15, 1932, in Salinas to Manuel and Ardyce Silva and grew up in Pacific Grove and Monterey. She graduated from P.G. High in 1950 and went on to attend

Humboldt State College, where she met her future husband, Ed Davenport. Ed and Eileen were married on February 17, 1951, in Reno, Nevada. Eileen gave birth to four boys, Dennis, Dean, Keith, and Kyle. She was preceded in death by her youngest son, Kyle; grandsons Ryan and Trevor; and her sister, Norma Marsh. Eileen was active in the Republican Women's Club in Eureka and served on the Humboldt County Grand Jury for two years. She enjoyed crafting and ceramics as a young bride. Ed and Eileen enjoyed travelling to Europe, Australia, Tahiti, New Zealand and Hawai'i. They also made several trips with various cruise lines. Eileen volunteered as a docent for the Ferndale Victorian home "Fern Cottage" for several years. Eileen and Ed also enjoyed camping with the boys at Cabana Holiday Resort in Mendocino County in the early

years. She served as a Cub Scout Den Mother at times, and she was always there to make sure there weren't any "bears in the closet" at bedtime. Eileen was a 13-year member of PGHSAA. She is survived by her husband Ed; sons Dennis (Robin), Dean (Debbie) and Keith (Betty); granddaughters Rebecca, Roseanne, and Kayla Davenport; grandson Joshua (Lydia); nieces Judy Jackson and Susan Marsh; nephew Danny Marsh; and brother-in-law Don (Joann) Davenport.



**Albert "Big Al" Virgil Santini**, 90, passed away peacefully in his sleep on Friday, February 8, at his Pacific Grove home, surrounded by family. Big Al, as he was known after coaching and teaching on the Monterey Peninsula for over 50 years, was

a constant figure in Pacific Grove, going on long walks and enjoying the beauty of the Peninsula. He was born in North Charleroi, Pennsylvania, in 1928, the beloved son of Naomi and Albert Santini. He was honorably discharged from the United States Navy in 1952. While he always said he wasn't a smart man, Big Al went on to earn his master's degree in education and had an impact on many Pacific Grove residents' lives as an educator and coach. He coached football and basketball, and later said he most enjoyed coaching girls' softball, winning several league championships. He loved coaching and will forever be coach to thousands of Pacific Grove alumni. Big Al will be remembered as a good son, husband, father, teacher, and longtime coach. He was proud of his military service and was most happy with a fishing pole in his hands. He joins his beloved Genie, who passed in 2015. Big Al is survived by sons Clay (Linda) and Chris; stepsons Ben Lazare (Heather) and Zach Lazare (Coti); granddaughters Ashley (Tommy), Hailey (Caleb), Elodie and Tallulah; grandsons Ryan, Christopher, Richard, and Jack; and many special friends who made his later years comfortable.





# PGHS Plays Carnegie Hall

By Sofie Bates

The band room at P.G. High is spacious with high ceilings, but it's nothing compared to the venue that three PGHS students played on Feb. 9—Carnegie Hall in New York City.

Marina Lieberman, Elliott Cho, and Alex Poklad performed at one of the most esteemed music halls in the world, alongside talented young musicians from across the country, as part of the High School Honors Performance Series.

"It's pretty crazy. I never thought I'd play Carnegie Hall or in a national orchestra," says Elliott Cho, violinist and sophomore at Pacific Grove. "It's any musician's dream." Lieberman, Cho, and Poklad were selected after sending in audition recordings and being recommended by their music teacher, Theresa Hruby. Hruby has watched other students go through this program, and she's excited for these three.

"It's an amazing experience for the students. They're going to go and meet a whole bunch of strangers that all speak the same language, music," she says. "They don't even know what it's going to do to the rest of their lives—yet." The three were the only students from Pacific Grove to apply to the Performance Series. The Pacific Grove Music Boosters club gave them each \$600 to help defray their expenses.

"It's really impressive," said Hruby. "It tells you the quality of the middle school feeder program. This district has a strong support for music education." This is Hruby's first year at PGHS, where she teaches band, orchestra, and guitar.

To play at Carnegie Hall is a high honor—especially as a high school student—but these students have worked hard for it. All of them picked up an instrument in elementary school and have been practicing ever since.

When asked what he does to prepare, Poklad pointed to his T-shirt, a gift from his mother when she visited Carnegie Hall. "Practice, like my shirt says," he said. "Practice, practice, practice."

Poklad has been playing the clarinet since the fifth grade, though he switched to bass clarinet last year because he wanted to play modern music. "It's

more my style," he says. He takes lessons from his father, who also plays the clarinet.

Despite busy schedules packed with classes and extracurriculars, the students make time to practice their instruments. Cho practices for an hour and a half each day, after soccer practice and before doing his homework.

Lieberman squeezes in a few hours playing her violin between studying for classes, musical theater rehearsals, and practices with her improv troupe.



Elliott Cho, Alex Poklad, and Marina Lieberman.  
Herald photo.

The students practice by playing their pieces over and over, until they can play the notes perfectly on their own. Then they try to play along with live performances of orchestras on YouTube.

"The pieces are so pretty, and I'm excited to play them in an actual orchestra and hear what they sound like for real—not just on YouTube," said Lieberman, who will be playing violin in the string orchestra. She's particularly excited to be playing a piece written by Kirt Mosier, who will be her conductor at Carnegie.

"It's a very special opportunity to work with the composer," she says.

After full days of rehearsals and practicing their pieces, the students still had some time to experience New York City—seeing a Broadway play, taking a cruise around the Statue of Liberty, and walking the streets of the Big Apple.

It's the first time in New York City for each of them. "I'm excited to do East Coast things, like eat a sandwich from a New York deli and take the subway," says Poklad.

*This article originally appeared in the Monterey Herald, February 10, 2019. Reprinted with permission.*



## Christmas in Pacific Grove

### By Phil Bowhay '47

*Editor's note: The Knockout II deadlines always miss Christmas. September is too early, and March is too late. But I'm reprinting a Phil Bowhay piece that is too good not to pass along, even though it's a little late (or early)!*

...And lo, it came to pass, Christmas again in Pacific Grove! Christmas everyplace else, I know, but we had Holman's, and more to the point, we had us! In the 1940s both sweet and sad with the war full blown, friends and relatives overseas, soldiers and sailors here, ready to go. On the radio, "I'll be home for Christmas; you can count on me," but not quite, in 1942 and 1943. We prayed in church, sang our carols, and hoped for heavenly peace, but even with solemn overtones, Pacific Grove was joyful, happy, and enthusiastic with the Christmas spirit.

Santa was on the mezzanine in Holman's, right in front of the electric train spectacular. Little kids bundled up, noses running, climbed on his lap, and not realizing that it is more blessed to give than to receive, asked for the moon. In return for their innocent faith, they got a candy cane from the elf alongside.

You could hear "Silent Night" over the whoosh of the pneumatic tubes. We slightly older kids had worshipped the Wish Book (the Sears catalog), hopefully marking and folding pages in case Santa was confused. For a real trip down memory lane, log on to the S. S. Adams catalog, with joy buzzers, whoopee cushions, and disappearing ink. Great gifts!

It was a struggle finding something to give to moms and dads, brothers and sisters, and close, close friends. But look! Here we are! A breadboard from woodshop, or a towel holder with the sliding marble, or a photo taken at school, framed with green paper and cotton snow!

We treasure the story of Annie Guastella (with whom I was secretly in love, but then, who wasn't?) who went to Rudy Partridge, president of the bank, and asked if she could borrow \$50. He wanted to know why she needed it, and she said to buy Christmas presents for her parents and friends.

"Well," he said, "What is your collateral?"

"I'm your daughter, Marie's, best friend!" she said proudly.

"Good enough," said Rudy, and wrote the check.

It seems to me that Christmas trees were a little hard to come by in the '40s—there's a war on, you know—but good old Del Monte Properties looked the other way as we lopped off a Monterey pine and carried it home. This all before Candy Cane Lane, but the town still glistened and glimmered, and no matter where you wandered, you could hear people singing...and when they weren't singing, you could hear the City Hall chimes: "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," and the snug Little Town of Pacific Grove!

My kids and grandkids are sick of my Christmas tree story, but you haven't been blessed with it yet. (This shortened form better after eggnog.) In 1939, my dad was a forest ranger in Kernville, up on the Kern River, but more about that later. In early fall, he was asked to scout out a very special and perfect tree on Greenhorn Mountain. I drove and walked with him, and finally, after several outings, he found it. Tall and stately, perfectly shaped, and just right. Down it came, carefully loaded and trucked to Bakersfield, then on two flat cars, up to Oakland, then by barge to Treasure Island, the World's Fair! And there it was, destiny realized, and up it went to great fanfare and applause. A thousand lights, and I was sure you could see it over all the world! (At this point I note that the grandkids have drifted away, but I just knew that you wanted to hear that story!)

And, as my grandmother reminded us, "Christmas is the Dawn of Redeeming Grace...someday you will understand."

And so will you!

*This column originally appeared in the December 24, 2018, Monterey Herald. Reprinted with permission.*

**Save the Date for Some Food, Fun, & Dancing!**  
**Join Friends and Classmates for the PGHS**  
**Alumni Association Annual Dinner**  
**Saturday, Oct. 5, 2019, 6:00 to 10:30 p.m.**  
**The Elks Lodge in Monterey**  
**New Menu Selections**  
**and back to \$65/per person!**  
**Watch these pages for the reservation form.**

## Third Grade Man

Bob Crispin '63 read Jackie Watson's editorial from the 1952 *Beacon* in the last issue and sent us a poem that he submitted to (and which was published in) the *Beacon* in 1995. The poem deftly explains the reasoning behind the bicycle problem that Jackie was so intent upon eradicating. Bob also sent some photos of his effort to re-create the frowned-upon bicycle riding at what is now Robert H. Down Elementary School.



The following poem was written by Robert L. Crispin of Portland, Oregon. Mr. Crispin attended Robert Down Elementary from 1951-57 (Kindergarten through 6th grade). The poet says "I submit this poem about growing up in P.G. to your school's student paper. As the note after the poem states, growing up today is about the same as it was in '52!"

### THIRD GRADE MAN

The grade school boys circle  
The playground at Robert Down School  
On fat tire, one-speed bicycles  
It's 1952

For post World War II third graders to achieve manhood  
One had to ride down the stairs  
Between the upper and lower playgrounds

Most made it  
Some crashed  
A few got scraped up  
A few bikes didn't work right afterwards  
I didn't ride the stairs at Robert Down School in 1952

Today, with friends from high school  
Aged fifty  
We circle the playground at Robert Down School  
On mountain bikes  
One a new demo from a shop down the street  
A fancy machine, with full suspension, front and rear  
To make even big bumps disappear

One by one, we traded off  
And rode down the stairs  
Between the upper and lower playgrounds

"Now I am a third grade man" I thought  
But not quite yet!!

I did the stairs on my own bike  
Without the suspension to make the bumps go away.

NOTE: Passing by the school the other day, I saw the grade schoolers  
doing the same thing, only on roller blades.

## PGHSAA Reunion, 1989

By Keith Lowrey '49



I really looked forward to the PGHSAA reunion in 1989. 1957 was the last gathering that I had attended with my classmates of 1949. The evening prior to our flight from Richmond, VA, to the Peninsula, the spouse and I

attended a local concert of the Richmond Symphony with some friends. Because this was a longstanding commitment with friends, we agreed to a drink afterward and didn't get home until about 11:30 p.m. This may have caused some problem with our early morning wake-up time to catch a plane the next day.

I woke at 5:00 a.m. and went into panic mode. We had a 6:30 flight, and the airport was a little over 20 miles away. My wife Laquita wanted to take a shower, but I said there was no time and woke up our youngest son Will, age 17, to hurry and help us with the bags. We were off in our Chevy Cavalier, a stick shift, with two tollgates to pass.

We were OK at the first toll station, but high gear went out at the second. I drove to the airport in second gear, and we made it to the loop entrance and the car gave out. We grabbed our bags and abandoned the car in the circle leading to the station. Hurriedly, I told a police officer that we would be having the car removed and went on into the airport. There was no homeland security in those days, and we were able to board the plane just before take-off.

We had a short layover in Cincinnati, and I called my secretary back at the office and left a message on her machine. I asked her to call Tuckahoe Tire and Auto and gave her the car's location and problem. Tuckahoe was fairly familiar with us due to the five cars in our family.

We arrived in Monterey and attended a class

reception at the home of Roger Brown '49 before driving to the Fort Ord officer's club for the PGHSAA reunion. Afterward, we took friends Myrna Wells Weber '49 and Adrian's widow Joanne Puget Smeltzer '52 back to the earlier party location and their car, and then drove to our motel. I had made a long-distance selection of a motel in Monterey, and there was constant knocking on the door of the adjacent room. The motel's switchboard was cut off, so I called the police, and finally we had some silence. Whatever business had been going on next door ceased after a couple of hours' worth of disturbance.

But the excitement wasn't over. At 6:00 a.m., I received a call from my sister in Sacramento, telling us to call our son Will. I called. It was 9:00 a.m. in Virginia. He had risen, and our middle son John's car was in front of our house, all burnt up! There was no John. Laquita stayed at the motel to learn more. I went to breakfast with classmates.

When we got home, we learned the details. John, age 18, had driven Dan, age 20, back to his university. It was a two-hour-drive over the Blue Ridge Mountains to the Shenandoah



Valley. John returned and went to a party in Richmond. At some point, he came out of the house where the party was and saw that his car was on fire. It was put out, he had the car towed to our house, and he spent the night at a friend's. He was most fortunate to have gotten over the mountains and return safely.

We got home from our trip and found that Tuckahoe Tire and Auto had successfully retrieved the Chevy from the airport and repaired the transmission. And, my secretary had played my message on her speaker phone, to the amazement and mirth of many in the office. I didn't get back to another reunion until the 50th in 1999, but I will never forget the one in 1989.



# Fire Horn Was P.G.'s Exclamation Point!

By Phil Bowhay '47

*Editor's note: We've run this column before. But this time, Joanie Hyler located one of those lists that we all had taped up on the wall next to the phone (courtesy of the Grove Pharmacy, of course!), so we thought we'd run it again with an illustration!*

All cities, towns and villages have their own sets of sounds. Not like a thumb print, exactly, but when you woke up in the morning and heard the soft, sonorous sibilance of the surf, or the low moaning of the fog horn, or the ringing of the bell buoy, you knew you were back home in Pacific Grove.

This all well and good, but without some punctuation you might have thought yourself in Santa Cruz or Santa Clara. Our punctuation in P.G. was the fire horn.

Mounted on top of City Hall, which was also the fire station and police department in those days, it was part of our identity, our heritage and our signature sound, unlike anything else in Western civilization. It was harsh and raucous, insistent and serious in intent.

Its primary purpose was to alert and call the volunteer firemen, day or night, rain or shine. During World War II it called us all to air raid and/or blackout drills, and that is another story. Noon, every day, was announced with two blasts: "Twelve o'clock, Nellie! We've made it through another day!"

It was always exciting for out-of-town guests to hear it for the first time. We proudly suggested it was part of our New England heritage. Some thought it woke the dead and killed the living. Not true, of course, but I'll tell you this: Damn few pigeons or gulls stayed on City Hall.

It must be recalled that in

those days the Rec Center, a high school hangout, was on Forest Avenue, right across from City Hall. One moonlit night a friend of mine was dancing — "String of Pearls" — with a pretty little honey from Chowchilla, Sweet 16 and all the rest. They stepped outside for a breath of air, and he asked if he could kiss her. Unable to speak, she nodded yes, and as he planted his lips to hers, the horn, maybe 50 feet away and heard 50 miles away, blew!

At first, trembling in his awkward grasp, she thought that sound, which indeed did shake her teeth, was part of the kissing experience. At the second and third blast, however — there was a house fire down by Caledonia — she realized this was *God!* She burst into tears and did not kiss again until her freshman year at San Jose State.

The horn was part of the fine volunteer tradition in Pacific Grove. We all had posted in our homes the code telling the approximate location of the fire. "One, One, Three," Forest and Lighthouse, and there was a chalkboard in front of the station with the address of the blaze.

The horn is now gone, with other means at hand to call the laddies. And 12 o'clock noon is now verified by the chimes, which sometimes cause a visiting matron from Chowchilla to smile — and that, too, is another story. (*Ed. Note: see P. 23 for more firehouse memories.*)

PACIFIC GROVE FIRE ALARM SIGNALS - TELEPHONE 5-3146			
1	Test	3-3-1	Spruce and Park
2	Noon Signal	3-3-3	Congress and Gibson
2-2-2	Drill or House Call	3-6-1	Willow and Spruce
3-3	First Aid	3-6-4	Sinex and Cedar
9-9-9	Legion Call	4-1-1	Spruce and Grand
B-1-1-2	Grand and Laurel	4-1-2	Junipero and Forest
B-1-1-3	Lighthouse and Forest	B-4-1-3	Forest and Gibson
B-1-1-4	Central and Grand	4-1-5	Hillcrest and Forest
1-1-7	Pacific Grove Beach	B-4-2-4	High School
1-2-1	Laurel and Fountain	4-5-3	Monterey and Gibson
B-1-2-3	Lighthouse and Fountain	4-8-1	Spruce and 4th
1-2-6	15th and Ocean View	B-5-5	Ocean and Eardley
B-1-3-1	Grammar School	5-2-3	4th and Lighthouse
1-4-1	12th and Pine	5-3-5	Central and Langford
B-1-4-3	12th and Lighthouse	5-5-3	Lighthouse and Eardley
B-1-4-5	13th and Central	B-5-5-4	Central and Eardley
1-4-6	Carmel and Ocean View	6-2	Sinex and 17-Mile Drive
1-6-6	9th and Ocean View	6-4	Lighthouse and Gr. Acres
1-7-3	8th and Lighthouse	6-2-5	Pico and 17-Mile Drive
B-1-7-6	8th and Central	6-5-3	Pico and Crocker
B-2-1-2	17th and Laurel	6-6-4	Sinex and Asilomar Blvd.
B-2-1-3	Lighthouse and 17th	7-2	Ripple and Beach
2-1-4	Central and 16th	7-4	Shell and Acropolis
2-1-5	Union and 17th	7-5	Shell and Esplanade
2-3-6	Jewel and Pacific	7-6	Mermaid and Moss
2-5-3	Lighthouse and Pacific	8-1	David and Sea View
2-6-5	Jewel and Cedar	8-2	Prescott and Sea View
2-7-2	Laurel and Locust		
PACIFIC GROVE PHARMACY - 581 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE			



## Scandinavia & the Baltic Sea

### By Terrell Moss '50

In August of last year, my wife Joann and I joined our youngest son and his girlfriend for a cruise to the Scandinavian capitals on the Baltic Sea. After our plane landed in Copenhagen, Denmark (no



time to tour there), we boarded the Regal Princess and set sail for Oslo, Norway. Our one-day stopover was fascinating. We took in the Kon-Tiki Museum, which featured Thor Heyerdahl's famous raft, pictured at left. In 1947, the balsawood Kon-Tiki, the famous explorer, and his crew sailed 4,300 miles from Peru across the Pacific Ocean to

Polynesia. His purpose was to show that South Americans might have settled the various Pacific Islands, instead of the accepted version of settlers being from Asia. Also on display was Heyerdahl's raft made from reeds, called RA-2. In 1970, another raft, RA-1, failed to reach the Barbados in the Caribbean from Morocco, sailing across the Atlantic.



Heyerdahl then enlisted two Bolivians from lake Titicaca to redesign RA-2 for the same journey, which was a success. Three years ago, my wife and I had travelled to Peru and Bolivia and happened to meet one of Heyerdahl's boat designers, pictured at left. Older now, he was still an interesting and active man.

Also on our Oslo list of "must-sees" was Edvard Munch's famous painting, "The Scream." It ranks with Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" in world notoriety. The waiting line was long at the National Art Gallery, but we reached

the entrance with 45 minutes left to see our prize before they closed. The painting was weird but an arresting piece of art and well worth the wait.

Our next port of call was northern Germany. Instead of riding three-and-a-half hours to Berlin for a tour, we chose the medieval town of Wismar, only an hour's drive from the ship. This scenic town presented many photo opportunities with its cobblestone streets and gothic buildings. It reminded my wife and me of Wurzburg, where we met teaching and coaching "army brats" in the early '60s. There was a colorful brick brewery built in 1492, right, where we tried three samples of German beer. All were *ausgezeichnet* (excellent). This brought back many memories.



From Germany, we sailed on to Tallinn, Estonia. They had been under the thumb of the Soviet Union since 1917. When the Kremlin fell in 1991, Estonia became a democracy. We did a walking tour of the Old Town, which features turreted walls, red tile roofs (below), and colorful ancient buildings that were fascinating, below. Unfortunately, our guide



forgot his "guide stick," so during a break, I got separated from the group. Lost in the huge crowd with no guide, I gave up and headed back to the ship. With the help of a beautiful young Estonian girl who spoke excellent English, I found my way back. Getting lost was worth it.

## Scandinavia (continued)

Next was St. Petersburg, Russia. It was interesting that this port was the only one of the seven stops that required a visa. Apparently they are still suspicious of foreigners. After touring the city, we enjoyed a typical Russian lunch, complete with caviar, vodka, borsch (beet root) soup, and beef stroganoff, pictured below. Three lively musicians



playing balalaikas and an accordion entertained us as we ate. The Hermitage Art Museum, which houses more than a million fine paintings, was hot and crowded. Fortunately, we had been there before under ideal conditions, so we could endure the disappointment.

Helinski, Finland, was a favorite destination. We went down to the market square, which featured a flea market. Here, we bought several art prints of unusual animals (reindeer, foxes, and owls) from the Finnish woman artist, who spoke excellent English, below. And why not? Finland is considered to be number one in public education.



Our last stop was Stockholm, Sweden. Because our ship was so large (3,700 tourists), it had to be docked an hour's drive from the city center. It did give us an opportunity to view the countryside, which was green, open, and beautiful.

We chose a tour about Viking history. The Vikings, or Norsemen, originated in what is today's Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. We learned that they started out as farmers and fishermen, but many in the late 700s turned into ferocious seafaring warriors, pictured at right. This may have been influenced by rapid population growth in Scandinavia, leading to a reduction in the amount of available farmland.



Fortunately, the Vikings were skilled navigators and the best ship builders of their day. While searching for additional land, they raided, conquered, and sometimes even traded with many coastal settlements of Europe. Often the Vikings collected slaves. The Norsemen reached far-off places, such as Iceland, North America, Russia, and even the Black Sea, to name a few. By the 12<sup>th</sup> century, Viking culture had virtually disappeared outside of Scandinavia and Iceland. Adopting Christianity between the 10<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> centuries helped Norway, Sweden, and Denmark to develop into unified and stable states that were no longer vicious menaces to their neighbors.

We walked to the colorful old town square, where we saw an artist at his easel, viewed the Nobel Prize Headquarters, and had coffee in a sidewalk café. The young lady who waited on us was from Hong Kong, and we had a great conversation.

Then back to our ship to return to Copenhagen for our loooooong flight home through Amsterdam, Los Angeles, and finally Sacramento. Although cruises are usually not our favorite way to travel, this was memorable. We experienced many sights in a short time, yet didn't feel rushed. Scandinavia was *sehr wunderbar* (very wonderful).



## Riding the Rails to the East

By Edie (Rusty) Adams McDonald-  
Maruyama '56  
and Xavier Maruyama

We decided to venture from the west coast to the east coast. Rather than spending all our time going through TSA lines and sitting in cramped accommodations, we decided to take the train. It was an adventure well worth experiencing. The journey is the important thing, not the destination.

We traveled by rail from Salinas to Portland, Oregon; from Portland to Chicago, Illinois; and from Chicago to Utica, New York. It took five days with four nights on the train, but it's something we've always wanted to do. Now that we have some experience, we know how to do it even better.

Our train trip actually started at home. We conned our neighbor across the street to take us to a pick-up station three miles away, and we got on a minibus across the street from the Crossroads Shopping Center. The Amtrak bus took us to the Salinas train station and we boarded the northbound train. We found our berth and away we went!



Edie beginning the morning with a sumptuous breakfast in the dining car

Our train was the Coast Starlight. Most importantly, the dining car was still operating. We could partake of the evening fare.

Since we had chosen first class, with sleeper accommodations, our meals were included in the price of the fare. Of course, not being shy, Xavier ordered the most expensive dish on the menu, "Land & Sea," which included Black Angus flat steak paired with crab, shrimp, and scallop cake. Edie, being more conscientious of her diet, ordered the

"Griddled Seared Norwegian Salmon." The "Land & Sea" meal was 835 calories and the "Norwegian Salmon" was a paltry 565 calories. Of course we won't count the side dishes. We had to pay for our wine, but the desserts were included.

Passengers were seated by the *maitre d'* at tables set for four. If you did not have pre-arranged traveling companions, you met some very interesting people, who shared their life experiences. You only hoped that your tales were as interesting as theirs. Along the way, we sat with a law school dean, a neurosurgeon, someone who had traveled everywhere, Green Bay Patriot shareholders (fans and nuts), and the wife of a magician who was addicted to jigsaw puzzles.



Xavier (standing) enjoying his Moscow Mule in the viewing lounge car

After dinner, we retired to the viewing lounge car with a full bar on the lower deck. On the Coast Starlight, the special was a Moscow Mule served in a copper mug only available on the train.

With breakfast, lunch, and dinner, our challenge was to keep from over-indulging. However, we believe there is some obscure clause embedded in the US Railroad Land Grant Act of 1862, or maybe of 1863, a provision that states that calories consumed during a passenger train trip are never counted. (The law passed by Congress, known as the Pacific Railroad Acts, also establishes the standard railway gauge at four feet eight and one-half inches.)

We got off in Portland, Oregon, and changed to the Empire Builder, which runs from Seattle to Chicago. It suffers from a lack of WiFi access, but that may be an advantage. Some of us like to read books! Three days and two nights on that train allowed us to consume most of the offerings on the

## Riding the Rails, continued

We went through Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Illinois. Something we hadn't anticipated was the presence of ICE, Immigration and Customs Enforcement, at Havre, Montana, on our northern border with Canada. The inspector climbed on board the train, but he must have one of the most boring jobs in America. (Havre has a population of less than 10,000, but is the largest city in Hill County. Originally it was known as "Bullhook Bottoms," but it later adopted the more elegant French name.)



*The stately train station in Portland, OR, opened the same year that Havre, MT, was incorporated, 1893.*

We stopped through Glasgow, which was named because the railroad tycoon, who built this line, twirled a globe and his fingers landed on Glasgow, Scotland. On the last days of September, we experienced snowfall. We began to appreciate the advice to dress in layers. The beginning of fall gave us a real appreciation of fall colors. Going through the Mountain Time Zone, we began to appreciate the vastness of America. It is beautiful, but harsh. We now understand why the settlers pushed on to the west coast.

In Chicago, we had a layover before we changed on to the Lake Shore Limited, which travels from Chicago to the east coast. We came from the West Coast, but our trip was to the "Wet" Coast. Rainfall is akin to wealth. There's enough of it in America, but the distribution is very uneven.

Our trip on this leg took us through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and New York State. Our destination was Utica, New York, since we had friends and

relatives to visit in New York and Maine. For the rest of our trip, we rented a car, and we finally flew back to Monterey from Portland, Maine.

Having gone through TSA and waited in lines and bought expensive, tasteless food on airplanes, we find that given the choice, taking a train is much more civilized. It's the journey that makes surface travel the preferred mode. At our age, there's no real rush. The fellow passengers are much more relaxed on trains, than those crammed into the middle seat on planes. If you compare the price of meals and hotel accommodations to getting fed on trains and sleeping on board, it's cheaper to spend five vacation days closer to the ground atop rails than some 30,000 feet in the air. The destination is only one stop. Getting there is the adventure.

If we were to grade the Amtrak lines, the Coast Starlight gets an A+; the Empire Builder deserves an A; and the Lake Shore Limited is A-. By comparison, flying domestic coach gets a C-.

## Class of 1968's Mini-Reunion

The Class of 1968 had so much fun at its 50th reunion that they decided to get together on a regular basis. The photo below was taken at Linda Herd Colvin's home. There was no power because of the storms, but her husband Malcolm '67 barbecued, and a great time was had by candlelight.



*From left: Candy Hoyt, Katie Samora Henden, Jeanne Smithers Osio, Betsy Urnes Rosenthal, Joanie Hyler, Irene Evers Elisabeth, Linda Herd Colvin, and Kathy Buscio*



## Stormy Weather

### Photos by Joanie Hyler '68

The Monterey Peninsula experienced some heavy wind in February, which downed trees and caused power outages. Even the iconic Lone Cypress at Pebble Beach was damaged. Photos on this page and the next not taken by Joanie are noted.



*One of the last two cypress trees at the bottom of Caledonia Park came down. The remaining one is at the right of the van.*



*A huge cypress tree came down across Sinex above Asilomar. At right is the former 17-Mile-Drive Cottage Court, now an apartment complex. Below: the stump and roots of the tree above a few days later.*



*A pine tree landed on the guard building at the Country Club Gate entrance to Pebble Beach on Congress. A Pebble Beach Company employee was in the little building at the time, but neither she nor the people in the cars was seriously injured. The building was removed and is being rebuilt; traffic is being re-routed to the 17-Mile Drive gate. The David Avenue School athletic field is at the immediate left of this photo. Photo by Lee Dryley*



## Storm Photos (continued)

*The tree at right came down onto Ocean View Blvd at 7th Street.*



*The iconic Lone Cypress at Pebble Beach by Mike Verwold '93*

*The “Lone Cypress,” located between the Cypress Point Golf Course and the Pebble Beach Golf Links, is said to be more than 200 years old. As many of us know, it’s been damaged before, and it has been held upright with cables for the past half-century or so. But this February’s storm permanently damaged its famous symmetry.*

*An 1919 image of the Lone Cypress is the registered trademark of Pebble Beach Company, below left.*



*The Lone Cypress after the storm, without its left “arm”*





## Seen Around Town

### Photos by Beth Penney '73



The old Johansen's Garage building on Fountain has been sold, but so far there's been no news about what will go into that space. Someone's doing some renovation, though, as evidenced by the above photo, taken Feb. 26, in which the old name is revealed. Sharon Johansen '75 introduced me to her father about 20 years ago at the Feast of Lanterns, and he said, "Was your dad Bill Penney? He used to bring in a two-tone 1955 Chevy Beauville wagon." What a memory! See the next page for another "reveal" occasioned by remodeling.



There's a big rusty bell outside the P.G. Fire Station on Pine. But have you ever stopped to read what it says on the plaque?  
See the photo at right.



*Rainbow over the back of Robert H. Down School*



#### FIRE AND CURFEW BELL

Purchased and donated in 1894 by D.L. Stone.  
Floated to Pacific Grove from San Francisco by raft.  
Hung in first firehouse on Fountain Ave. until 1912.  
Moved to new fire station and City Hall at Forest and Laurel.  
Bell was retired in 1952.  
Est. weight 500 lbs. Purchase price \$6.00  
Plaque dedicated to and donated by  
Allan Page—Volunteer Firefighter 1931-1969  
Claire Page



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*The Knockout II: The PGHSAA Newsletter*

## Where Is It?

John Perkins '52 guessed correctly that our last issue's *Who Is It?* was Donna Norbeck Pryzbyla '52.

Here's our mystery photo for this issue, and it's a *Where Is It?* instead of a *Who Is It?* During some construction in downtown P.G., the old storefront at right was unveiled. I've removed the identifying information at the left of the door. Send your answers for this issue to your editor, [bpenney@sonic.net](mailto:bpenney@sonic.net).

Do you have a photo for "Who Is It"? Send it in a .jpeg file to the same e-mail address, or mail copies of your photos to the address on the masthead.

