

THE KNOCKOUT II

The Pacific Grove High School Alumni Association Newsletter
“It’s the ☆ glue ☆ that keeps us together”

September, 2020 ● Page One

President’s Message



I hope the September issue of our newsletter finds everyone continuing well. Monterey County is, unfortunately, up to about 6,400 cases and 46 deaths from the virus at the time of this writing, again mostly in the Salinas Valley. Pacific Grove continues to see

few cases, but because Monterey County was put on the state watch list because of an uptick of cases in July, businesses, including restaurants, are struggling. And we continue to be a draw for people from other areas, including other Monterey County areas, which has brought some changes to our little town. See P. 21 for photos.

There’s a great letter from Jon Olivetti ‘56 in our Letters column, which starts on P. 3. He exhorts everyone to continue to contribute to our Scholarship Fund, and we echo his plea. This year, our scholarships were awarded in an online ceremony, and the high school did not collect its usual biographical information from scholarship winners. Thus we have only the list of students, provided by the board’s Scholarship Committee, which is made up of Lillian Griffiths ‘71, Joanie Hylar ‘68, and Malcolm Colvin ‘68. The 2020 winners are as follows: Maria Teresa Arevalo Voorhees, Noor Benny, John Phillip Doroy, Delson Hays (see p. 11 for more on Delson), Seth Knoop, and Yuri Suzuki all received \$1,000 PGHSAA Scholarship Awards. The PGHSAA music scholarship went to Joely Kaatz, and the recipient of the Ada Eleanor Smith Educational Scholarship was Alana Henden. The Don Harlan ‘42 scholarship was

awarded to Isabella Rowntree-Smith, and the Class of ‘52 scholarship went to Chloe Stickler. The Beverly Stillwell ‘49 scholarship was awarded to Grace Hardin, and The Tommy Stillwell ‘74 scholarship went to Jesse Herzog. The Maude Marian Smith educational scholarship went to Robertson Rice. The Richard Reynolds ‘54 PGHS Science Scholarship was awarded to Nathan Taoromina. This is a two-year scholarship. The first year is \$6,000, and the second year is \$3,000. Many thanks to the members of our Association who make these awards possible.

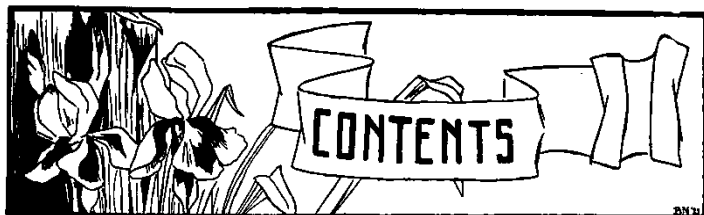
The PGHS Class of 2020 wasn’t without celebration. *The Monterey Herald* ran the photo below in honor of the PGHS graduation ceremony held at the WeatherTech Laguna Seca Raceway on



May 31, where graduates and families attended in cars. Graduates popped up out of cars with sunroofs looking a little like prairie dogs, but with a much more confident view of the world. (Herald photo by David Royal, used with permission.)

See P. 3 about how you can donate easily to the PGHSAA by using Amazon Smile. And please enjoy this issue of the *Knockout II*.

Beth Penney '73



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The Knockout II Staff

Editor: Beth Penney '73, president@pghsaa.org

Obituaries: Joanie Hyler, '68

Proofreader: Joanie Hyler '68, joanie@pghsaa.org;

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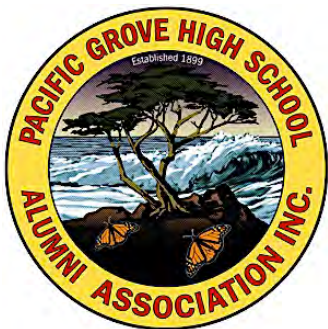
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e-mail joanie@pghsaa.org

PGHSAA Officers

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Joanie Hyler '68, Treasurer

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Sheri Stillwell Hauswirth '71

Cate Goblirsch Lee '94

Erin Langton Field '71

Serving through December 2021

Dolores Soares Silveira '59

Malcolm Colvin '67

Carol Bradley Lauderdale '66

Serving through December 2022

Marabee Rush Boone '60

Michele Sherwin Thomas '63

Joanie Hyler '68

Faith Van Woerkom Beety '73

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Scholarships: Lillian Griffiths '70

Senior Class Liaison: Lillian Griffiths '70

Sunshine: Sherry Welsh Gruwell '56

Website: Joanie Hyler '68

Important 2020 Dates

The PGHSAA Board of Directors meets on the following dates in 2020: September 12 and October 8. Meetings are currently being held via e-mail. The 2020 reunion has been cancelled due to COVID-19 concerns; our 2021 annual reunion is planned for Saturday, October 2, 2021, at the Elks Club in Monterey. If you are interested in joining our board, please e-mail us! We are still active even though we are not having physical meetings.

Donations

A Friendly Welcome to Our New Member

1978 Sheryl Markham Smith San Leandro

Returning Members: Glad to have you back!

1960 Janet Gaghagen Wilde Canyon Country

1964 Eileen Mumford Godinez Richmond

"In Memory Of" Contributions

1949 Yvonne Puget Merrigan Alameda

IMO: Rita Hazeltine deLorimier '48

IMO: Laurence "Larry" Fry '52

1950 Virginia Fox Abplanalp Walnut Creek

IMO: James Blair Fox '52

IMO: Steven Blair Fox '64

1959 Lynn Davis Carmel Valley

IMO: Lydia Gillaspie Davis '60

1966 Patricia Oberst Wardle Moss Landing

IMO: William "Billy" Wardle '66

1957 Pat Cunningham Graham Seaside

IMO: Deceased Classmates of 1957

Thanks To Our Recent Contributors

1953 Eileen Kidwell Bullen Tacoma, WA

1960 Janet Gaghagen Wilde Canyon Country

PGHSAA Scholarship Fund

1956 Jon Olivetti Peoria, AZ

1966 Clinton Gruwell Woodstock, GA

*Thank you to all of our
generous donors*

Use Amazon Smile to donate to PGHSAA!

Thanks to our treasurer, Joanie Hyler '68, the PGHSAA is now registered on **Amazon Smile**, smile.amazon.com. If you are an Amazon customer, go to this website, register (it's a single click), and then bookmark **Amazon Smile** and shop there instead of Amazon.com. The PGHSAA will receive a donation of .5% of your purchases. If we all adopt this simple way of donating, we'll be in the money!

Letters

Dear Knockout II Staff:

With great disappointment due to COVID-19, I had to cancel my annual trip to P.G. for Good Old Days in April. Then, I had a trip planned for the PGHSAA reunion on Oct. 3, but that was cancelled. That weekend coincided with the Cool and Nifty Class of '60's 60th reunion. Our awesome reunion committee, made up of Judy Lopez Furman, Marabee Rush Boone, Carol Hotovitzky Ochsner, July Mallory Tieger, and Patty Fifer Kieffer (as well as their guys), and Jim Dowell, our communications CEO, had been hard at work making plans for our own three-day celebration of our 60th, which his committee has been putting together every five years since forever! Now, because of so many unknowns, their efforts have been impeded as well. Should we go on? Should we postpone? Should we cancel? Who would venture to P.G.? Who would not, or could not? We were hoping to walk in the Butterfly Parade, but its status is unknown as of this letter. But, I will quit my whining because the PGHS Class of 2020 missed out on many great graduation activities, which culminate in that tearful/cheerful walk to "Pomp and Circumstance" (do they still do that?). I am truly sorry for them. I hope they continue to believe in, pursue, and achieve their dreams and always believe in themselves. Congratulations, Class of 2020. To my "Cool and Nifty Class of '60" mates, all alumni, and current students of our beloved Breaker family, I pray you are staying safe and well. We shall ride the rising tide together to a successful conquest of this terrible virus.

*Respectfully,
Patricia Elmore '60
Suisun, CA*

Dear Joanie:

Another A*W*E*S*O*M*E* effort, by a BETTER than Awesome Lady! LOVE the color, now! Photos seem to be so much clearer! Of course, now that I'm "of a certain age," the obits are looked at first. Found one, Charlie Price (who was in my sister's class of '57 and she dated), so I will pass that on to her. Last week I got a graduation notice from my great-nephew Noah Marsh, who attended Carmel H.S., even though his dad AND granddad and grandmother were at PGHS! Strong and long family

Letters, cont.

ties there. So it is wonderful to see and read about all the traditions and memories you gather, put together, and faithfully present to us, every quarter of the year! THANK YOU SO MUCH!

"Go BREAKERS!!"

*Marian Marsh Fleming '60
Sebastopol*

Hi Beth,

My name is Jack (John) Reynolds, PGHS Class of '43. Yes, I said '43. Can't write good or do anything good, but still here. I would like to know if you (or anyone) know if anyone from the Class of '43 is still here, or alive. If you know, I would appreciate hearing from you. I can't remember many from my class; the old brain is tired. If anyone is still alive, it would be great to know. Thanks for your help and thanks for all you do for the Alumni Association and for the *Knockout II*. My dues are enclosed; can't remember when I paid last.

*Best regards from
Jack (John) Reynolds '43
Monterey*

Editor's note: A few Class of '43 members appear in the Roster. We hope they will contact Jack!

Dear Joanie,

I appreciate that my brother Charlie's obit appeared in the June issue. There is an error on page 4 in the obituaries list, He was living in Taos, NM, at the time of his death. The article on page 6 mentioned that he retired in Taos. How did we get Taso, TX? I hope you could print a correction. I was sorry to learn of Jerry Hurlburt's death. I enjoyed talking with him at our reunions.

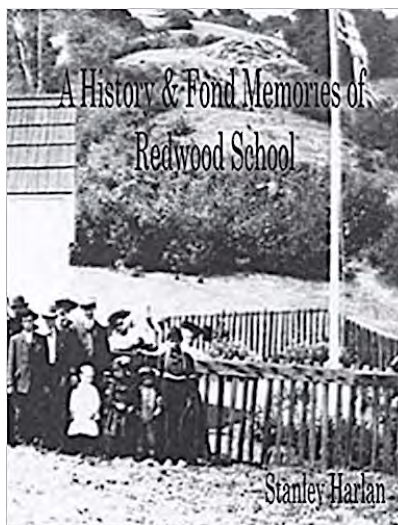
*John Price '50
San Francisco*

Editor's note: Correction noted. We apologize for this proofreading error.

Dear All,

Some of you have heard that I am publishing another book. It is called *A History and Fond Memories of Redwood School*. I attended Redwood School through all 8 elementary grades and was the

last graduate in 1941. My mother taught there for most of 16 years, and she was one of about 40 teachers, who taught there between 1880 and 1942. I did considerable research on it in the 1980s and 90s, and was able to list all of the teachers and dates of their service there. Many of them left written memories of their teaching experiences, which I



have included in this book. Many of the students also contributed stories of their attendance at Redwood School, which I have included. In the years before Highway 1 was completed in 1937, there were many homesteaders with large families in the area. Some of the

students traveled nearly three miles over narrow mountain trails to attend school. My mother, Mary Esther Smith Harlan, came there as a new teacher in 1913, and she boarded with my grandparents, Wilber Judson Harlan and Ada Amanda Dani Harlan. She fell for George Alwin Harlan, my father, one of ten children of my grandparents, and they were married in 1916. The book has great historical value and has great reading potential. It can be purchased through Amazon, and is displayed there with my other book, *My Mom and Dad on the Coast South of Big Sur*.

*Stan Harlan '46
Monterey*

Hi Joanie,

Just a note to tell you Paul and I have moved. Would you mind telling the alumni of this change? We moved to a larger town in Indiana, smaller home with only one story, and a nice, quiet neighborhood. Paul has slowed down quite a bit, but is still going. We've managed to avoid the virus amid all the activity of moving! The virus is low here and dropping generally in Indiana. We hope you're having a good summer! Thank you, and stay well,

*Love,
Kathleen (and Paul '44) Trejo
Newburgh, IN*

Letters, cont.

Hi Beth,

Hope this short note finds you doing as well as we are here in Westbrook Village, Peoria, AZ. Not much going on here, as we're semi-closed down during the pandemic. Lots of golf, walking, swimming, and fitness exercises. Senior living is great! However, it's hot, hot, hot...110°, 111°, 108°, 110°, etc. Sure would love some of that P.G. weather. Just want to say Hi to all of those in the Class of '56. Please keep giving to the scholarship fund! Our granddaughters are off to college. You wouldn't believe the costs of tuition, fees, books, dorms, and miscellaneous expenses. WOW! Education is expensive; however, it's worth it.

*Take care,
Jon Olivetti '56
Peoria, AZ*

Editor's note: Thanks to Jon for his plug for scholarship donations. Some of our long-time memorial scholarships are sunsetting. These can be replaced by our general PGHSAA scholarships, and the more money is donated to the scholarship fund, the more of these we can give. See the "President's Letter" on p. 1 for a list of this year's awards.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading the *Knockout II*. It helps me keep track of old and current friends. I graduated in 1953 and just turned 85 today! I have been widowed three times and now have my older sister living with me. I love it here in Tacoma, WA, and moved here in 1974. I have four grown kids, all OK! I am doing well.

*Sincerely,
Eileen Kidwell Bullen '53
Tacoma, WA*

Dear PGHSAA:

Bob and Judi Miller here. We escaped the Paradise, CA, fire 11/7/18 and navigated to Aurora, CO. Since we lost *everything* on that day, it was easy to move. We lived for five months in our RV. Fun and interesting with two dogs and a cat. We have a daughter in Aurora, and she found this place for us. It is a retirement home, nice! Not being able to live here and keep the RV, it has been sold. Not what we wanted, but....! Our dues are due and we are paying

for two years. I hope that we will be able to attend the reunion, but time will tell. We are doing well—old, but who isn't? 80+. Where have the years gone?

*Love and prayers,
Bob Miller '55
Judi Evans Miller '56
Aurora, CO*

Dear Alumni Association,

May you please accept this donation to the scholarship fund in memory of Lydia Gillaspie Davis '60. Lydia was married to my cousin Lynn, and she was a beautiful light in her family's life. This donation is from both me (Class of '68) and my husband Ted (Class of '69). Our thanks for all the time and work you give to the Association.

*Sincerely,
Stacey Souders Golding '68
Carmel*

Dear *Knockout II* Staff:

Please accept my donation in memory of Rita Hazeltine deLorimier '48 and Larry Fry '52. I appreciate your commitment shown in our wonderful newsletter. Especially love Phil Bowhay's articles. Your pictures of the Pine Street homes were most welcome. 832 Pine Street was my address until I was seven years old. Many fond memories!

*Gratefully,
Yvonne Puget Merrigan '49
Alameda*

To Members of the PGHSAA:



832 Pine as it appears today. We received several positive comments on the Pine Street photos and have another photo essay of P.G. homes planned.

Thank you for selecting me for the Maude Marian Smith Educational Scholarship. The fact that I was awarded a scholarship named after a community educator is a great honor because my goal is to come back to P.G. and coach. This opportunity will help me complete my educational career at Cal Poly SLO.

Dear Beth and Joanie.

I have been saving this card for a special time to send it. Enclosed is my check to renew my membership. I have missed the *Knockout II* these past few months—actually, I miss P.G.! Hope you both are doing well in spite of the quarantine.

away for the day, my brother and I would stay at the hospital. I lived just a block from what is now Robert H. Down School. In fact, Robert H. Down was principal during my tenure there. I also worked at Holman's Department Store, once in the extensive toy department and later in bookkeeping. One of my mother's friends (also a 1912 graduate of PGHS) and her husband were the entire faculty of Lone Pine High School. They spend summers in a Whispering Pines cottage. I'm not sure I ever told Joanie Hyler that Elmarie Dyke got me into Native Daughters of the Golden West for a brief time. I just had my 90th birthday and am waiting to resume my volunteer activities for the Saratoga Libraries

Best wishes, and stay safe!
Cathy delaRosa Foscatto '47
Mount Sereno, CA

A vibrant butterfly with pink, orange, and black wings, adorned with blue, green, and yellow beads. It has a pink body and antennae.

Dear Beth,

With this shelter-in-place time, I've been looking back at things in files, including *The Knockout II*. Particularly of interest are Phil Bowhay's columns about times when we were young. As a classmate of Phil's, I worked with him on the 1947 yearbook. Also of interest were pictures of places that no longer exist in P.G. The Bayview Hospital (only 12 beds), where I was born and my father died in 1942, was sold due to wartime shortages. Miss Budworth was my mother's best friend, and when they went

Ron Fox '64

Castroville

April

Pamela *Haze* '70

Monterey

Patricia *Furlong* Bond '53

Taft

May

Gary Falke '67

Midland, MI

July

Charles King '56

Tehachapi

Steven Fox '64

Santa Rosa

John Fader '68

Santa Rosa

Kyle Novelli '87

Florence, OR

MARCH

Ronald James Fox died March 20. He was a long-time resident of Monterey County, a US Army veteran and a well-known surfer. Ron was born May 30, 1946, in Colusa, CA, to Eleanor and Jack Fox. He graduated from PGHS in 1964, joined the Army in 1966, and served during the Vietnam War. He was originally stationed in Thailand, and later in Saigon, Vietnam, during the Tet Offensive. After his

Obituaries, continued



discharge, Ron returned to Monterey and worked mainly in construction and property maintenance until his retirement. Throughout his life, he continued his love of surfing which started in the early 60s.

He was one of the pioneers of all the local surf breaks and enjoyed surfing for over 50 years. Besides his love of surfing, Ron enjoyed beekeeping for the last 40 years and was an excellent gardener. Ron is survived by his daughter, Catana Miller; grandchildren, Daniel and Elle; his mother, Eleanor Matney; sister and brother-in-law, Jan '70 and Don Draper; and his brother, Gary Fox '72. Ron will be greatly missed by his loving family and many long-time friends. He will surely stay within us throughout our lives.

APRIL



Pamela Kay Haze, who died recently in Monterey, was born in Texarkana, TX, Dec. 14, 1952, to Harold and Helen Haze. When she was six months old, Pam and Helen joined Harold in Japan, where he was serving in the US Army. When Harold's tour in Japan was

over, they returned to Texas. She lived there until about 1962, when Harold retired from the Army and they moved to P.G. Pam graduated from PGHS in 1970 and attended MPC. She transferred to San Francisco State to obtain her teaching credentials and eventually went to work for the Monterey Peninsula Unified School District, where she taught for 35 years. She taught kindergarten and first grade at different schools, going where she was needed, and retired from Marshall Elementary. She was beloved by her students as she was a kind and caring teacher. She leaves behind many cousins in Texas and Florida and a large number of close friends. We will miss her dearly.



Patricia Furlong Bond of the Class of 1953 died April 16 in Taft, CA. She was born on September 27, 1935. This is all the information we have about Patricia. If anyone has more information about her, please let us know.

MAY



Gary Alan Falke died in Midland, MI, on May 9 after a short battle with cancer. Gary was born in Carmel July 23, 1949, to Eddie and Elsie Falke. He had an idyllic childhood playing on the many beaches near his home in P.G. and was a 1967 graduate of PGHS. He was

an avid surfer and fisherman, but fishing for salmon in Monterey Bay gave him the most joy. Gary's first job was working with his father at Falke Mobil in Pacific Grove. After that, he he worked as one of the original groundskeepers who helped build Spanish Bay Golf Course. He later moved to Midland MI, with his wife and young son Anthony, where he worked as a long-haul trucker and mortgage broker. Gary was preceded in death by his parents Eddie and Elsie Falke and his stillborn brother Gary Edward. He is survived by his sons Adam Guidice of Monterey and Anthony Falke of Novi, MI; daughter Amy Guidice Coats (Bert) of Las Vegas; brother Dennis Falke '64 (Vicki) of Bandon, OR; nephews Chris Rogers, Bret Chenoweth, and Stephen Chenoweth, and good friends Vince Rhoades '68, Mickey Aiello '66, Nancy and Leroy Taglauer, and Rose and Paul Lynch. Gary will be remembered for his sense of humor and laughter and will be greatly missed by his friends and family.

JULY

Charles Russell King, 82, died July 2 in Tehachapi. Born January 15, 1938, in P.G., he grew up there and graduated from PGHS in 1956. Charles was in the Navy and spent his



Obituaries, continued

years on aircraft carriers. He then went on to be Fire Chief for the city of Seaside for a number of years. He was a 20 year-member of PGHSAA. He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Mary. He also leaves behind three children, four grandchildren, and two great grandchildren.



Steven Blair Fox died, at age 74, on July 17 in Santa Rosa from cracking one too many jokes. The last one did him in, as he laughed so hard at his own one-liners. He joked with the EMTs and ER staff as

they tried to save him from cardiac arrest. Steven was born August 12, 1945, the youngest child of four. He was a natural comedian; at age 8, he made the whole church laugh during his sister's wedding when the officiate said, "Speak now, or forever hold your peace." Steve objected in his funny way, mainly because he looked up to his sister, which he continued to do throughout his life, and he didn't want her to leave. Steve started working as a golf caddy in his early teens and dreamed of becoming a professional golfer. He graduated from PGHS in 1964 and served in the U.S. Navy, attending classes at MPC after an honorable discharge. He worked as a heavy equipment operator for 19 years for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers at Fort Ord until he blew the whistle on managers who were stealing. He resigned due to the retaliation. After leaving the Monterey Peninsula in 1987, he lived in several states before returning to California in 2002. He worked in an Ohio steel mill, as a cabinet-maker, and in property maintenance. He was married and divorced twice, first to his high school sweetheart Esther R. *Connelly* '67, with whom he had two children; then to Sandra Chem. He was preceded in death by his parents Harry Millard and Virginia Ruth Fox, brother James Taber Fox, sister-in-law Jean Toscano Fox, and best friend Weldon "Eugene" Bales. Two daughters and two granddaughters survive him: daughter Jamie Nadine *Fox* '88 and her husband Harinder Singh of Windsor; daughter Georgianna Marinda *Fox* '91 and her husband Daniel J. Smith of Bodega; granddaughter Eiley Fox

Smith; and granddaughter Lily Anna Smith. He is also survived by his sister Virginia "Gingy" Elaine *Fox* Abplanalp '50 of Walnut Creek; brother Gilbert Millard Fox of Salinas; nieces and nephews Melinda, Eric and Leah Abplanalp, Kathryn Ann Fox Rossio, Rabecca Belionas, and Summer Jean; and his best friend, Paul Urich. See p. 19 for some Fox family/P.G. history photos.



John Fader passed away on July 23. John was born in Sacramento on July 15, 1950, but his real hometown was P.G., where he moved with his mom and dad, Eleanor and Fred, and his older sister Ronalee, in 1963. There he attended junior high and graduated from PGHS in 1968,

making life-long friends and, as he put it, experiencing the "perfect place" to grow up. He surfed, followed the San Francisco Giants, played football, and discovered backpacking and a love for the High Sierras. At Sonoma State, he took up rugby, which became his team sport and in which he excelled as scrum half, graduating in 1973. He played for years for Santa Rosa Rugby. John also loved hiking, backpacking, golfing every week with his golfing buddies, and traveling; he loved the Grateful Dead and all blues music; he loved his 1951 GMC pick-up; and oh how he loved sweets. He succumbed to melanoma only after a valiant and always optimistic battle. He beat it once in 2012 only to have it return in 2017. John and his wife Joni met in 1974 and were married in 1977 in the redwoods. October would have been their 43rd wedding anniversary. Their son Brian was born in 1982, and daughters Allison and Katherine were born in 1986. When he was not spending time with his family, life for John centered on hard work in the roofing and construction materials industries until his retirement in 2011. John was predeceased by his parents Fred and Eleanor Fader and his in-laws Cherie and Bob Jones and John Schrader. In addition to his wife and children, John is survived by grandchildren Mason John McCarthy, Logan Fader Lozinto, and Sloane Fader West; sister Ronalee *Fader* Cartwright '63; and his large family of in-laws, nieces and nephews, and many, many dear friends.

Obituaries, continued



Kyle Novelli and his wife Amber died July 29 in a tragic accident off the coast of Florence, OR, in their boat, the Aquarius. The Aquarius was hit by a rogue wave while Kyle and Amber were crabbing off the South Jetty of the Port of Siuslaw. Kyle was in the

PGHS class of 1987. He is survived by his son Kody, his parents Larry and Barbara Novelli, his brother Scott Novelli '89, nephew Kapp Novelli, and niece Tatum Novelli. Amber is survived by her mother Barbara Richards; sister Jamie Walton; brother Tommy Segali; sons Joe Reynolds and Daniel James (D.J.) Reynolds; daughter Emily Padilla; and grandchildren Maddison Reynolds, Jaci Reynolds, and Parker Reynolds. Amber and Kyle had developed the very popular Novelli Crab and Seafood Shack, where Amber daily made her four-time-award-winning Crab Chowder and shared her enthusiastic contagious personality, and Kyle brought in the crab she used in the chowder. Both families feel some comfort that they died together doing what they both loved, crabbing and being on the ocean.

Best Friends

By Nancy Morris Shalansky '55

I met my best friend, Kathrine Curranse Horsley '55, in grammar school at Robert H. Down Elementary in the late 1940s. We used to play jacks out on the playground during recess. One day, while we were playing jacks, I promised her that, if I ever had a little girl, I would name her Kathy, after her. As teenagers, Kathrine and I used to camp out at Big Sur and spent many fun days hanging out at the Santa Cruz Boardwalk. The years flew by, and in January, 1960, my daughter, Katherine Mary Morris, was born.

Kathrine and I kept in touch throughout the years. We have so very much in common; not only do we share the same birth date and year, we both married men named Chuck! She and her husband visited us once around 1990 when I lived in Huntsville, Alabama. I am now 83 years old and

live in Fort Collins, Colorado. Our husbands have both passed away. Still, our friendship endures.

This past November, 2019, my daughter Kathy and I flew to Monterey to visit. I called Kathrine, and she enlisted her daughter Cheryl to drive her down to Monterey from Sonora. We hadn't seen one another in over 29 years! Time seemed to melt away when we met, though, because we picked up right where we left off, like we hadn't been physically apart at all. We had so much fun catching up, laughing, visiting our old stomping grounds, places we lived, shopping at the wharf, and enjoying time around P.G. and Cannery Row!

We also looked up old classmates in the phone book and found Tom Hoy. We called, and his wife Nancy answered the



Nancy Burton Williams Hoy '55, Nancy Morris Shalansky '55, and Kathrine Curranse Horsley '55.

phone. Tom was out, but we were able to visit with Nancy for a while before we both had to head back home. I would have loved seeing other classmates, but we ran out of time. Hopefully, I can take another trip to Pacific Grove soon and meet other PGHS classmates.

In addition to my meeting with Kathrine after nearly three decades, my daughter Kathy met her half-sister, Vicki Benge Stephenson, for the very first time face-to-face! Vicki drove down to Monterey from San Bruno, and the two girls spent hours comparing their lives and memories of their biological father. Kathy and Vicki both spent several years growing up in P.G., but had never met until now!



Nancy's daughters, Katherine and Vicki

It was truly an unforgettable trip and reunion. See p. 21 for

9 more photos from Nancy and Kathrine's reunion.

Of Schools and Family By Marabee Rush Boone '60

In September, 1955, all 8th graders in Pacific Grove met at Robert H. Down School. We came from Robert Down, Lighthouse Avenue, and David Avenue. We were about to become (as one) the PGHS "Cool and Nifty Class of '60" (we just didn't know it yet). You see, our new Junior High on Sunset near Forest (not middle school, only 7th and 8th grades) was not finished yet, and the high schoolers were still using the high school on Forest and Sinex.

After Christmas vacation (in January) we moved to the brand-new school on Sunset. It was nice that we had been together since September, so we already knew each other, and we only had to adjust to a new campus. We graduated from that new school in June of 1956 and (in September) began our high school careers at the old high school on Forest Avenue. We became known as the winning class. Nearly all of the school's class competitions were won by our class, and we're still at it. For many years now, the "Cool and Nifty Class of '60" has had the most attendees at our PGHS Alumni Association Dinner in October. Although this year's 60th reunion has had to be

cancelled, we'll make it even bigger and better in 2021. And, perhaps, as suggested by classmate Chuck Wallace, we'll celebrate 65 years since we graduated from that brand-new school on Sunset, which now, of course, is Pacific Grove High School.

Speaking of that school on Sunset, at a recent meeting of the board of

directors of the PGHS Alumni Association, held in the PGHS library, I happened to mention (which I do whenever possible) that "My dad built this building." That is to say, he was the superintendent on the job working for Daniels and House Construction Co. As a proud daughter and a proud Breaker, it makes me happy to be in buildings our dad built. Although he's watching from above now, I always feel like he's nearby. Daniels and House also built some of the



"wing" buildings at that time, and the spot where I get to spend a lot of time, the gym. Every game I attend in the gym gives me that same feeling of pride (proud of my dad and proud of the Breakers). My siblings and I are all Breakers and proud that our dad was such a part of the creation of our junior high (Marabee) and high school (Jay and Janell). Proving, once again, that Pacific Grove is just a great big family, the library that our dad built is named for Dr. Clarence Higgins, the father of one of my "Cool and Nifty" classmates, Judy, and her siblings.

I recently celebrated six years since my open-heart surgery, and everyone at the hospital was amazed that my blood runs Red and Gold. GO BREAKERS!

Editor's note: At the start of August, your editor put out a call to all PGHSAA Board members to submit items to the newsletter. Marabee submitted the previous story, and Sherry Welsh Gruwell contributed the following. See P. 14 for another story contributed by Xavier Maruyama, husband of Edie Adams McDonald '56.

To All My Fellow Alumni,

With our Stay In Place going on, there is not a lot of activity going on in the Gruwell home. Jim had a stroke almost a year ago and is a patient at one of our local nursing homes.

He can't have visitors and is under the care of Hospice. So it has been an adjustment for me. Of course since his stroke, I have to be the maintenance person, and everything seems to break. New water heater, new sewer line and replacement of my favorite sky light.

But this last week has been the worst. Our 14-year-old dog, Bear, got in an argument with a skunk. He lost. I have to thank my son-in-law for a recipe he gave me years ago: peroxide, baking soda, and Dawn soap. Really does get rid of the skunk smell. So, life goes on and I hope everyone is staying safe. Will miss our dinner this year, but with luck we will all meet again next year.



Sherry Welsh Gruwell '56
Seaside

PGHS Senior Wins Congressional Art Award

On May 23, Congressman Jimmy Panetta (D-Carmel Valley) announced the winners of the 2020 Congressional Art Competition. The first-place winning entry, “A Fish by Any Other Name,” was submitted by Delson Hays, right, who will be a senior at Pacific Grove High School this fall. His piece will be displayed in the United States Capitol Building for one year. Hays and a family member are invited to attend a special Congressional Art Competition ceremony with other young artists from around the country in Washington, D.C., on a date to be determined.

Delson describes the meaning of this graphic illustration in his own words: “The piece shows a world map, and on the land masses the word ‘fish’



has been translated into more than 250 world languages and mapped to the geographic locations where those languages are spoken (i.e., Spanish to Spain, Urdu to Pakistan, Inuit to Canada). The bodies of water are filled with colored pencil drawings of several dozen species of marine fish. I wanted to make a piece that could represent the world’s biodiversity alongside its cultural and linguistic diversity, as well as show the close relationship that often exists between the two. As somebody planning to major in Evolutionary Biology and Linguistics, this piece reflects the issues I think are most crucial, cultural and environmental conservation, in the modern world and the current political climate.”

Last year, Delson took AP Studio Art, 2D Design, meaning that with a full load of five other AP classes, he added AP Art to his already complex schedule. His College Board portfolio scored a perfect 5 on the AP test. His art teacher, Matt Kelly, says that “Delson’s work is confident and evocative, while revealing his dedication to going above and beyond what is assigned by me, which expresses his inner fire of self-motivation and desire to expand the boundaries of his knowledge and skill.”

Story and photos originally published in the Cedar Street Times May 29, 2020. Reprinted with permission.



The Old Guard on Netflix



Gina Prince-Bythewood '87, left, was featured in *The New York Times* on July 10 as the first Black woman to make a comic-book film, *The Old Guard*, released this summer as a big-budget Netflix offering starring Charlize Theron. *The Old Guard* was viewed by more

than 70 million households in its first month, making it one of Netflix's most successful releases, according to the IMDb website.



Prince-Bythewood is best known for writing and directing the widely acclaimed feature film *Love & Basketball* (2000), which premiered at the 2000 Sundance Film Festival. She won an Independent Spirit Award for Best First Feature and a Humanitas Prize for her work on that film. She also wrote the screenplay for the film of the Sue Monk Kidd novel *The Secret Life of Bees* in 2008, which starred Dakota Fanning, Jennifer Hudson, Queen Latifah, and Alicia Keys. Her directing credits include the HBO film *Disappearing Acts* (2000), and her first feature film producer credit was on *Biker Boyz* (2003), a Dreamworks film that was co-written and directed by her husband Reggie Rock Bythewood.

After graduating from PGHS, Prince-Bythewood studied at UCLA's Film School, where she received the Gene Reynolds Scholarship for Directing and the Ray Stark Memorial Scholarship for Outstanding Undergraduate. Upon graduation in 1991, she was immediately hired as a writer on the television series *A Different World*. She continued to write for

network television on series such as *Felicity* (1998), *South Central* (1994), *Courthouse* (1995), *Sweet Justice* (1994), *The Bernie Mac Show* (2003), *Everybody Hates Chris* and *Girlfriends* (2005), and *Shots Fired* (2017), which she created with her husband.. Her television directorial debut was the CBS Schoolbreak Special *What About Your Friends* (1995), which won her an NAACP Image Award for Best Children's Special and two Emmy nominations for writing and directing. She also co-wrote and directed the short TV dramas *Stitches* (1991), *Bowl of Pork* (1997), *Damn Whitey* (1997), *Reflections* (2007), and *Great Performers: LA Noir* (2016).

Prince-Bythewood also produced the TV series *Cloak and Dagger* (2018) and the TV movie-documentary *Daddy's Girl* (2007). She was a writer for the films *Before I Fall* (2017) and *Nappily Ever After* (2018), and she also wrote and produced the TV movie *Beyond the Lights* in 2014. She currently lives in Southern California with her husband Reggie and their sons Cassius and Toussaint.

Contributed by Joanie Hyler '68. Photos IMDb.

Lifeguard Tower at Asilomar

California State Parks has installed a seasonal lifeguard tower at Asilomar State Beach, making the wide swath of sand look a little like the Southern California beaches in the old *Gidget* movies (except for the summer fog, of course). According to a press release, CSP hopes the tower will make the state lifeguards more accessible. Lifeguards will be on duty daily from noon to 6:00 p.m. from Memorial Day through Labor Day.



Photo by Beth Penney

New Building Downtown

The old building at Lighthouse and Fountain, on the site that once housed Everett “Red” Williams’ Flying A gas station of *Cannery Row* fame and more recently housed the Goodies delicatessen, has been demolished to make room for a new 37,000-square-foot, three-story building that will be a restaurant and retail stores along with 10 multi-million-dollar condominium units.

The project is being built by Dan Silverie, the president of Marina-based Silverie Properties. He has built and will be building similar mixed-use — housing and retail — projects in Monterey.

“It will be infill housing in the downtown that replaces an old gas station that has been vacant for years,” Silverie said. “It will be a great addition to the downtown. We consider it a class A building with luxury condos.” Silverie’s son, Daniel Silverie, president of Stillwater Construction, will build the project, which will have 10 residential units on the upper two floors—five per floor—with retail and a restaurant on the ground floor and an underground garage for the condo owners.

Four years ago, the property sold for a little more than \$1 million. Silverie bought it for \$3 million and adopted plans that were drafted in 2018, according to the city. Pacific Grove Mayor Bill Peake said the project will benefit the downtown. “I believe in mixed-use projects,” Peake said. “It will bring more people to the downtown.”

So does Moe Ammar, the president of the Pacific Grove Chamber of Commerce, who has supported the mixed-use concept since the mid-1990s, following the unveiling of the California Main Street Program, which seeks to provide commercial revitalization in historic downtowns. One of its missions, Ammar said, is to entice more people to live downtown. He noted that it will fit in nicely with the Holman Building on the next block, itself providing high-end condos, and with Lighthouse Cinemas across the street.

Silverie is moving quickly on the project, which is expected to finish construction in the spring of 2022.

By Dennis L. Taylor. This story originally appeared in the July 8 Monterey Herald. Reprinted with permission.



The building that housed Goodies Delicatessen, across Fountain from Holman's. Photo by Beth Penney



The northeast corner of Lighthouse and Fountain as it looks today, with the building demolished. Photo by Beth Penney



Artist's rendition of the new building on the northeast corner of Lighthouse and Fountain. Courtesy Silverie Properties.

The Bright Side of the Pandemic II

By Xavier K. Maruyama

Husband of Rusty (Edie Adams) McDonald '56

The Covid-19 pandemic has made our lives a blur. Is it Monday or Wednesday? We've gained weight. We no longer argue about what tasks should be done. We do something every day to keep us sane. However, there are some bright aspects to the current situation. I've begun to appreciate the boob tube. My routine has devolved into watching, watching, and falling asleep watching.

I've learned to appreciate my daughter for getting us hooked up to Netflix. We've gone through some great programs, *The Kominsky Method*, *Grace and Frankie*, *Marco Polo*, *The Borgias*, *Midnight Diner*, and myriad other shows I'd have missed. We even tried to watch *Tiger King*, but just couldn't stay focused. *The Kominsky*

Method and *Grace and Frankie* relate to us because they touch on situations that we older folks encounter. *Marco Polo* is more about Kublai Khan than about the guy who brought us spaghetti from China. *The Borgias* introduced us to a chapter in the church's history that explains why the Protestant reformation came about. *Midnight Diner*, introduced to me by my dentist, is about a diner in Tokyo that is open between midnight and seven a.m. You'd never expect these series to teach us, but they did.

During the pandemic, I'm really thankful for the ability provided by DVR capability, which allows us to skip through endless commercials. The

commercials are no longer entertaining, but repetitive and coordinated. When I skip channels to avoid a commercial, every other channel has commercials. Without live sports, it is much easier for the networks to make sure you can't skip them. But with coordinated commercials, you can much more easily plan your bathroom and snack breaks.

Recently, the satellite network I subscribe to has begun to carry NHK, the English-language broadcast from Japan. I've spent lot of time watching the recent fifteen-day Grand Sumo tournaments. I now don't feel so bad about gaining a few pounds during the lockdown. Those athletes are big – really big. Some of the *sumotori* (sumo players also known as *rikishi*) tip the scale at over four hundred pounds. I thought they were just fat slobs until I saw some who could lift and flip their opponents. (Sumo is a democratic sport. There are no weight divisions, so the 250-lb small guy has to play in the same ring against his 380-lb. opponents.)

I'm totally convinced that sumo will become an Olympic sport. It is international. The top player is a Mongolian, *Yokozuna* Hakuho, weighing some 340 lbs at 6 ft. 4 in. A Bulgarian, Georgian, Brazilian, and others are in the top division. Even a few Americans have made it to the pinnacle. They make a lot of money by Mongolian standards, but the highest-ranking sumo-tori makes peanuts compared to a bench warmer on U.S. or Japanese professional baseball teams. The Japanese have recently had a tough time achieving the *yokozuna* rank.

During the pandemic, I've learned to appreciate cartoonists. They keep our sanity by pointing out the humor of our absurd existence. This is in regard to the ones who write the cartoon strips, but as much to the political ones as well.

I've learned that I'm not as dumb as I sometimes feel. I do *Jumbles* every morning and have gotten much better at it. I might even graduate to *Scrabbles*. And I've learned that it is a good thing we are not metric. Six feet is much easier to remember than 1.8228 meters. I guess that we'd round it to two meters and have a little more distance between us.

I'm wearing masks except when I drink or eat. I can't find any of those masks that open when you try to take a bite. Best cartoon I've seen was one that showed a mask with the caption, "This is not a political statement, but an intelligence test."



Xavier and Edie at the PGHSAA annual dinner at the Beach House in Monterey on October 5, 2013. Photos courtesy Edie and Xavier.

Bright Side continued

The pandemic has made me appreciate previous challenges. I now appreciate the Black Death of the mid-14th century. It changed the world as they knew it. The pandemic may teach us to wash our hands more often and may force airlines to place seats further apart in the cattle class section, in which I used to fly.

My neighborhood has much neater yards than it used to. That even applies to me. I recently managed to cart 380 pounds of metal “useful stuff” I’ve hoarded for two decades. I had to drive the stuff to Castroville, but I made \$3.80, almost enough to pay for half the gas. I’ve had enough time to split about three cords of wood for the winter. The wood is from overgrown pine and cedar trees that my wife’s dad planted some sixty years ago. They were cute then, but I had to chop them down in order to protect my neighbors from having them falling over. I placed a fireplace insert into the open fireplace, so I can now heat the house during the winter. Without the insert, a fireplace is a net heat drain.

The pandemic will eventually pass. Maybe I can start a pool and get you guys to buy tickets for a date when we’ll be able to live life in the “New Normal.”

In the meantime, I’m trying to save money by not getting haircuts and not shaving (below). I’m trying to recoup my stock market losses with a new job over Christmas. I’m not sure that there might not be Santa Claus gigs, since social distancing may still be required.

However, I’ve been complimented for looking like Adolf

Kramer, Heidi’s grandfather. I did find the *Heidi* movie version of 1937 starring Shirley Temple on YouTube.

I’ve learned to read more books than I’ve ever read before the pandemic. So, there is a bright side to everything. However, we can’t ignore the world as it exists. Remember that if you stick your head in the sand, you will be kicked in the butt.



Dance Hall Memories

By Phil Bowhay '47

A few months ago, as I wandered down memory lane (almost any place in Pacific Grove), I thought again about the good old days in the Boy Scout House, still standing and in decent repair. In the beginning, it was known as the Chautauqua Hall by those who believe in history.



The “Boy Scout House” end of Chautauqua Hall facing on 17th Street. Photo by Beth Penney.

Boy Scout Troup 90, pretty much the elite troop, met there for years and maybe still do, but far and away the most important and memorable use of the hall was the high school dances. These were highly anticipated and especially attended by juniors and seniors. Freshmen and sophomores, scared to death, therein learned a few of the social graces. Two or three of the faculty from the high school were on smiling watch as chaperones. The music came from an old pre-war turntable plugged into somebody’s speakers, a stack of 78s loaned by two or three of the kids who had their names written on the center of the discs. There were songs like “Rum and Coca Cola,” “Begin the Beguine” and “Stardust” among others. The arm of the turntable had to be changed manually and always provided a minor electrical shock, but no damage done.

Dance wax was scattered on the white oak floor and it was a lovely night. Most of the boys lined up against the southern wall and the girls, nonchalantly, against the northern wall. Now and then somebody¹⁵ would dance. Now and then a couple from Monterey

Phil Bowhay continued

would amaze us with the latest jitterbug step. When the lights were dimmed just a little, a few more intrepid souls found each other and did in fact, dance. When it was announced “last dance,” which was usually “Good Night Sweetheart,” almost everybody who paid their quarter shuffled across the floor to at least touch some guy or gal and in about three minutes of musical contact, the lights would come up and a dozen parents would be waiting outside to take the dancers home.

Just looking at the Boy Scout House brought back memories of the aroma of perfumes Arrid, Mum, My Sin, and teenage sweat. Lovely! These dances observed strict protocol. If you left, you couldn't come back in. Different set of rules at the Monterey High dances, usually in the high school gym and the dean of women, Miss Gertrude Rentdorf, carried a ruler making sure that the dancers never got closer than twelve inches. Correct me if I'm wrong. Then of course we had our sock-hops at Pacific Grove High in the gym where, for some reason, the dancers were not as shy.

There was the Pacific Grove Women's club dance event where some of us were introduced to some of the basics of ballroom dancing. Coat and tie for the boys, white gloves for the girls, and a dance instructor couple to teach us the finer points. One of the mothers played the grand piano with the proper dance music of the time. There was the dance step, the waltz step, the Rumba and I'm sure I missed two or three, but it really was an important part of our high school education. (The building later burned down, but not our fault.)

One other aside. It was important for us to sell Cokes at these events in paper cups. As a Hi Y member, I was in charge of getting the cups and ordered the last 5,000 available in Northern California. We had never ordered that many before, but what the heck, and I was known, among other things, as the Paper Cup King, with everyone from Eureka to Paso Robles wondering if we could spare some paper cups.

Sorry! Then there was the old sport coat and the pink carnation, but that was another story.

See you at the hop.

Originally published in the Monterey Herald, July 13, 2020. Reprinted with permission.

Winter Nothing to Sneeze At

By Phil Bowhay '47

Editor's note: Earlier this week, Pacific Grove is experiencing a heat wave of sorts—80° one day, 75° the next!

I'll have to ask Marty Larkin when central heating, like forced air, came into Pacific Grove, but I know for sure it wasn't around at 18th and Laurel in the 1940s.

This came to mind this past week as Indian Summer passed in to winter. I know, I know. Nothing like Minnesota, but baby, it was chilly! Out to get the paper was a challenge, but back in the house, a tweak of the thermostat, and our living room was almost like May in Maui.

Back in the good old days somebody had to be the first on the floor to light the heater in the living room, twist on the floor furnace in the dining room, or struggle lighting pinecones in the Franklin stove. The whole thing really pulled the family together, once in the kitchen, as we huddled around the open oven door. Bad idea, but widely practiced.

Up in the bathroom we had a very old electric heater that glowed bright red for a moment before it blew out a fuse. Remember fuses?

The house was very lonely on those 4:30 mornings when I shivered into the kitchen, warmed up Ovaltine or Postum, and then pedaled away on my old Schwinn to deliver papers. For some reason it never seemed as cold on those mornings we



were up early to fish. If you got up early enough and are now old enough, you might remember the incinerator pit behind the grammar school where we paper boys gathered to warm our hands.

Even after most of the town had refrigerators—Frigidaire—we kept our ice boxes, the Union Ice man with those big heavy tongs, carrying ice up the back steps, even on the coldest days. In the Navy I learned about the “free surface effect,” which explained why the water under the ice box always spilled.

Phil Bowhay continued

You'll remember, of course, that almost every house on the Peninsula had a "cooler" in the kitchen, a cupboard so constructed that through a screened opening the sea breezes cooled the contents, everything from pies, pickles, cheese, butter, and jam. We were way ahead, early on, with that "green" stuff!

Some items got shoved to the back, forlorn and forgotten, and when rediscovered months or years later the interesting variety of molds solved the mystery of those strange odors we had noticed. Once upon a time I yearned to learn taxidermy and as interest faded, I left the skin of some creature in the cooler, discovered by Mom years after I had left for college. Along with five years of Monterey Jack, it wound up in the landfill, but still "organic"!

There are advantages in our semi-cool climate. Good for the skin, and I guess our souls. I told a friend in Chicago today that it was so chilly we had to leave the heat on low last night. Somehow the connection got lost. Like the time last summer when I told a cousin in Bakersfield that we had a real heat wave here in Carmel. Got up close to 70! She hung up, too.

This column originally appeared in the *Monterey Herald* October 1, 2009. Reprinted with permission.

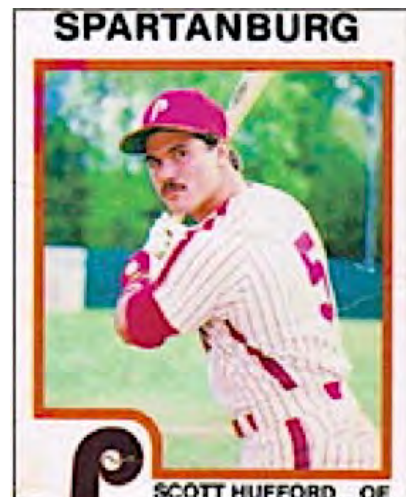
From PG to SC

By Lewis Leader

Pacific Grove native and star athlete Scott Hufford '84 played the outfield for the Philadelphia Phillies' Spartanburg team in the Class-A South Atlantic League from 1985 through 1987. Those years were the middle of a five-year career in the lower minor leagues for Hufford, who was all-league in baseball and football and was awarded the prestigious Coca-Cola "Golden Helmet" football trophy one season while he was at PGHS.

The Phillies drafted him in the third round of the June 1984 draft, the 75th of 839 players selected. He had baseball scholarship offers from Oklahoma State and Arizona State as well. "I listened to my family and negotiated that the Phillies would also pay for my college tuition if things did not work out." That proved wise. He signed, and the transition from high

school to pro baseball was abrupt. Hufford reported to the Phillies' camp in Clearwater, Florida, one week after graduating in June. The 18-year-old was assigned to the Phillies Rookie League team in Clearwater, where he batted .226 in 53 games in its 63-game short season.



After the 1984 season, the 6-foot, 190-pound Hufford, who batted and threw right, was promoted to Spartanburg. In three seasons he hit .209, .209 again and then .244. After 1987 the Phillies released him. "That was devastating," he says. The Detroit Tigers signed him for their Lakeland club in the Florida State League for 1988. He hit .281, his highest minor league average, but "the Tigers said they were restructuring their organization." Without Hufford.

About his inability to extend his high school successes, Hufford says he listened to too many hitting instructors offering conflicting advice. Only 22 when Detroit released him, Hufford realized his quest to reach the big leagues would remain unfulfilled. But he doesn't consider his expedition paradise lost. "The highlights were primarily the memories and my experiences associated with an arduous journey," says Hufford, 54. "But going from a small town to a professional baseball organization was definitely culture shock. If you don't produce to their expectations, they have 10 others waiting in line for your position. There are lots of great players in the minors who never really get the opportunity to continue for a variety of reasons."

Hufford enrolled at Cal State Chico in 1988, where he met his future wife, Kristi, and earned a bachelor's degree in sociology in 1991. Kristi became a registered nurse at the UC-Davis Medical Center in Sacramento. That prompted their move to the state capital, where Scott started a long career with the Sacramento County Sheriff's Department. In 2008 Hufford received the Sheriff Department's Silver Star for outstanding performance and

Hufford (continued)

conspicuous bravery in the line of duty for how he intervened in a commercial armed robbery. He retired in 2018 after 14 years as a sergeant and “a 27-year commitment to the citizens of Sacramento County.”



The Huffords live in El Dorado County with a home in Monterey. They have three grown children: Josh, 26, Jenna 25, and Jessica, 20. Scott's parents, Charlie and Nancy Hufford, still reside in Pacific Grove; Scott (at left), Charlie '55, and Nancy Nash Hufford '58 are all members of PGHSAA. Scott's uncle Phil Nash served as PGHSAA president; his

brother Brian was in the class of 1988.

Lifelong Pacific Grove friend Bret Boatman says Hufford “has always strived to be at the top, but he also helped his teammates reach their potential. He's a great listener, a critical thinker who will listen to viewpoints that differ with his, and in the end be accepting of them. You may not see him for a while and then pick up right back where you left off. Whether we're fishing, doing sports or playing dominoes it's competitive and fun.”

This story originally appeared in the Monterey Herald July 19, 2020. Reprinted with permission.

PICKLES



BORN LOSER

Art & Chip Sansom



Fox Family Photos

Editor's note: When her father Steve Fox '64 died, Jamie Fox '88 posted a number of family photos on the website LastingMemories.com. We asked Jamie if we could use some of the photos in the Knockout II, and she agreed. Steve's obituary appears on p. 8.



Steve with daughter Georgianna and niece Elizabeth Sammis in front of the Grove Pharmacy about 1976.



1316 Buena Vista in 1959



In 1940, Steve's father Harry Fox built this house at 1316 Buena Vista in Del Monte Park.



The home was complete with an outhouse.



The children's grandparents were right across the street in what the Fox children referred to as "Munner and Bumpy's split-level house," built by Bumpy. The house still stands, reached by a footbridge across a small ravine and hidden from the street by trees.

Fox Family Photos, continued



At left, Steve in Boy Scout Troop 125. At right, sister Virginia '50 and baby Steve on the steps of 1316 Buena Vista. Just below in this column, a clipping from the Pacific Grove Tribune dated Oct. 11, 1978 of an Open House at David Avenue School, with Steve, a David Avenue graduate, and nine-year-old fourth-grader Jamie.



Parents visit schools

Many parents visited Pacific Grove schools during the open houses held recently throughout the district. Above, two generations of David Avenue School children are represented. Mr. Steve Fox, a former David Avenue schoolboy, tightly fits into the desk of his daughter Jamie, 9, who attends fourth grade there now. (Photo by Lance Iversen)



Above center right, a Fox family portrait in the forest. At right, Christmas in the house on Buena Vista: James '52; mother Virginia, seated; daughter Virginia '50; father Harry; Steve '64 (seated); and little brother Gil, with hat.



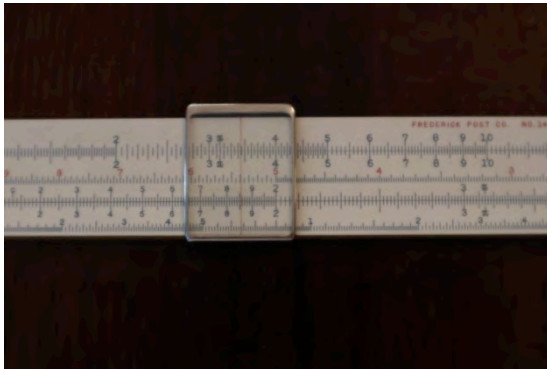
Seen Around Town



At top left, Toasties Café next to the Masonic Hall and across Congress from the Post Office has set tables outside to conform with COVID-19 social-distancing rules for restaurants. Ditto The Red House Café on the other side of the P.O. on 19th, upper right; and The Victorian Corner at the corner of Lighthouse and Fountain (kitty corner from the building on p. 13), both of which have constructed "Parklets" that take up several parking spaces. The P.G. Chamber's friendly banners are at middle right. At right and left, more photos of Nancy Morris Shalansky '55 and Kathrine Currance Horsley '55 at Monterey's Fisherman's Wharf during their first (pre-mask!) reunion in more than 29 years. See their story, p. 9. Restaurant photos by Beth Penney; banner courtesy P.G.



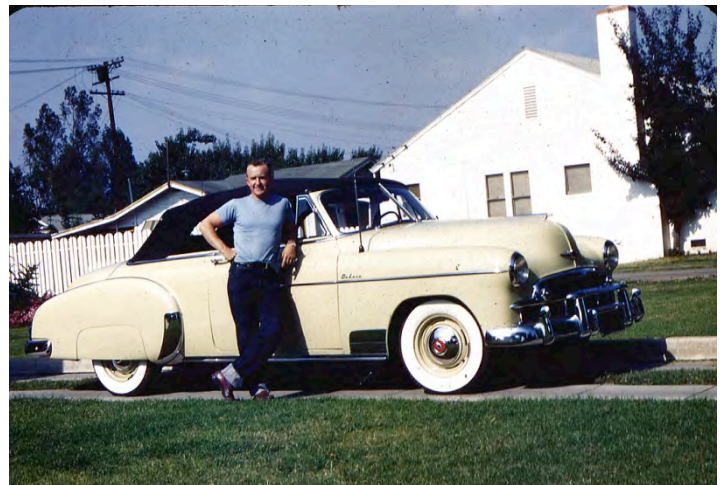
Seen Around Town, Then and Now



Don Ravenelli '63 sent the above two photos, saying, "I bought this slide rule in 1959 after taking Algebra in summer school before my freshman year...then used it in Geometry a bit during the actual freshman year...never had one of those leather holsters for my belt like some did...This was when the PG high school was in the Forest Ave building, after finishing Junior high in the Sunset building... And based on the list of people I am sending this to, I will probably get at least one response of "what is it" or "what is it for"?"



In better days, PGHSAA had a booth at Pacific Grove's Good Old Days. Lillian Griffiths '71 is the staffer. Photo by Joanie Hyler '68.



Above, Chester Bramblett '43 with his '49 Chevy Styleline Deluxe convertible (check out those whitewalls!). Photo contributed by Joanie Hyler '68. Below, the P.G. Chamber of Commerce raised money this summer to hang lanterns in trees downtown, even though the Feast of Lanterns was cancelled because of COVID-19 concerns. Photo courtesy P.G. Chamber.



Artist Art Riley of Pacific Grove stands beside a sign indicating a fine for harming monarch butterflies in 1955 along the Pacific Grove coastline. Photo from the Monterey Herald, March 3, 2012. Used with permission.



Thanks to Leonora *Rumrill* Kennada '54 of Pacific Grove for sending the following page from the 1919 *Sea Urchin*. We've been here before, and we'll no doubt be here again at some future date. The 1919 yearbook also reminds us that World War I had just ended, and the *Sea Urchin* is full of stories of PGHS graduates who served, and of some who lost their lives.

The Sea Urchin

Out of the houses the folk came mumbling,
For wearing masks caused a fearful grumbling;
Thick masks, thin masks, silk masks, cotton masks,
Long masks, short masks, great masks, tiny masks,
Worn by plodders and gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Swishing skirts and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Dashed for fresh air for their lives.

(And with them came the germs.)

So, Willie, let me and you be maskers,
Avoiding speech with all men,—especially sneezers,
And whether they make us free from masks or from fines,
If we don't do what we ought, there'll be quarantines.

DOROTHY GREENE and VIRGINIA RATHBONE.



* * * * *

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*The Knockout II: The PGHSAA Newsletter***Who Is It?**

We had several answers to our June "Who Is It?" photo. Chuck Wallace '60 of Surprise, AZ, was our first respondent, saying, "Mr. Zug, Marabee, Laurie, Gary, Judy & Bob. All Class of '60. Picture from '60 *Sea Urchin*." We next heard from Patty Fifer Kieffer '60 of Watsonville, who said, "That would be Brenda Borchers, Laurie Barter, Bob Boyce and Gary Ferry, talking to Mr. Scholfield (I think) probably something about drama class. I couldn't see who was behind Gary." And finally, Marabee Rush Boone '60 of Pacific Grove wrote to say, "L-R Doug Zug, faculty; Marabee Rush, Laurie Barter, Bob Boyce, Gary Ferry, and Judie Higgins, taking direction from drama teacher Doug Zug before rehearsal for the senior play *Cheaper by the Dozen*." Marabee also asked, "Did anyone else get the name of the play?" Patty said in a second e-mail, "Marabee???????? I can't believe it. My, oh my, how differently I remember her. And Mr. Zug? He is not in my memory banks at all. How fun that you do these pictures!" So, now, who are these crew-cut gentlemen? Thanks to our guessers! Send your answers for this issue to your editor, president@pghsaa.org.

