

Memories of Azusa High School

Name: Walt Grzymski

Favorite song(s): All I have to do is dream, Angel Baby, This is dedicated..., Come Go With Me, Little Darlin', Stand By Me, In The Still of The Night, Love Me Tender, and anything by Chuck Berry.

Favorite subject: English

Favorite teacher: Mr. Terrel, Mr. Brown, Mr. Tavenner, Mrs Davitt, Mr Ruyter, and all my track and cross country coaches. Oh, and honorable mention goes to Mr Anderson, who would take out his glass eye during an English test, show the class, and tell the girls he "was keeping an eye out, on them."

Favorite hangout: Coffee Dan's, In & Out, Baker's and Bob's Big Boy (on Colorado, in Pasadena) mostly on weekends; A & W anytime (Does anyone remember 4-5 guys in a car ordering 5-6 root beers, and keeping one or two mugs, until we all had a set at home?)

Favorite food: I liked three Mc Donald's burgers, a bag of fries and a chocolate malt, because I got a penny change from a dollar. When I read the sign that said "We have sold over 100,000" I even figured that I could eat that many myself, in just a little over 91 years... even less time if I ate faster.

Favorite school activity: Running track, cross country, going to football and basketball games.

Favorite summer activity: Going to the beach and surfing when I had a ride, and a borrowed board, otherwise, I had to hitchhike over the hill; but my greatest rewards came from working with my dad when he did construction work, and when he was the "Fuller Brush Man, covering 1/2 of the SGV.

Favorite outfit: White peggers and a white T shirt, or Levi's and my tanker jacket.

First car: After high school

First date: Regina Johnson in the seventh grade

First kiss: (and much more, so early, it would shock you [way before high school])

Christmas dance date: Nope

Senior prom date: I just *couldn't afford* to take Prudence Moore, but I still think of her.

Biggest crush: Cheer Leader Rojean Bonnie when we were freshmen, and she was a senior; later, Sandy Hoggarth, and my friend Terri Asbury.

Biggest distraction: Margo White,

Scariest happening: Coming to school to find out that Dwight Ryback was driving crazy the night before (or that morning) and killed himself when he lost control, and ran into the fence on the other side of school. Enter reality

Fondest memory: Taking Prudence (she preferred Prue) to the Senior All Night Party

Funniest moment(s): I caused eight of us from the cross country team (you know who you are) to put class photographer Wes Klopfer's Morris Minor in an orange tree, when he came to take pictures just north of the senior unit. After *we* had a great laugh; and after *he* had a cow, **seeing his car in a tree**, we also took it out of the tree for him. I don't think he ever found out for sure, who did it.

Also, as a freshman on the cross country team (very first day), Valdemar Covarrubias threw the whole team's sweats up into the oak and orange trees by the starting line, then blamed me. Then the whole team chased me through the trees and underbrush, until everyone ended up throwing each other into 3 feet of water in the 6 foot wide irrigation flume, flowing through the Monrovia Nursery. Valdemar told me *he* did it 10 years later.

Most embarrassing moment: Three weeks after I published the only issue of **THE INKY PRESS**, in my graphic arts class with the great help of Shane Prishmont, and I think Joanne Shrack (correct me if I'm wrong, girls); Mr Terrel called me into his office for a discussion with him and Mr Price, as to whether I still had a future as an Aztec student. It seems they were upset that in my INKY PRESS, I reported the incident of boys in the band being deprived of their pants at the National City Battle of the Bands.

And, I owe Alex Rompel another apology for accidentally closing her foot in the back door of the 1959 Chevy Impala, driver training car when she, I, and Jack Frye were driving up in the canyon. I really thought she was getting out the other side when I closed my door. Embarrassing for me; painful for her. Sorry again, Alex.

Biggest accomplishment (personal): I've had my share, in and out of school. I grew 15 inches from eighth grade graduation to high school graduation. Only Joel Detlef was taller when we graduated. Al Lepore and I were the same height.

Best summer vacation: **Easter vacation** on Balboa Island. Five of us jammed into a 1940 Ford. None of us had any money, for a house rental, so we stayed in the caves at Corona Del Mar for a week, surfed at Newport, roamed Balboa Peninsula, and Balboa Island (Where I later lived) and partied like it was 1999. On the last night, there were two parties breaking up on opposite corners, so I pulled over a Corvette with a loud radio, and told him we were starting a "street dance." About 400 people had a great time, and blocked all traffic, until about a half hour later, when 100 police in riot gear moved in and swept everyone off the island.