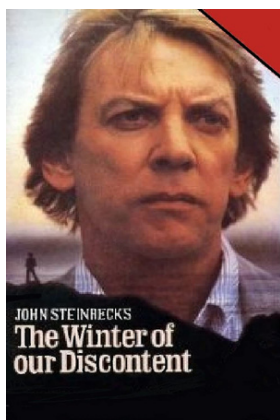


The Great Tidepool

TALES OF PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA
by local award-winning author, [Brad Herzog](#)



PG'S STAR TURN

A couple of years ago, my then-teenaged sons had a stint as extra on the recent film *All the Old Knives*. They worked for a few days, and if you blink, you'll miss them in the film. Literally, don't blink. Still, it's pretty cool. They're in a movie with Chris Pine.

That's sort of how I feel about Pacific Grove's film resume. Don't get me wrong—PG has had a long career, dating all the way back to a silent film in 1916 (*The Eye of the Night*). And the town has had some impressive co-stars, including Shirley Temple (*Captain January*), Ginger Rogers (*Primrose Path*), Jane Wyman (*Johnny Belinda*), Shelley Winters (*The Devil's Daughter*), Clint Eastwood (*Play Misty for Me*) before he was Carmel's mayor, and Arnold Schwarzenegger (*Junior*) before he was California's governor. But PG was mostly a bit player in these films.

I didn't want a mere glimpse of my hometown. No fleeting backdrop. So I made the courageous decision to re-watch *Turner and Hooch*, the 1989 film in which Tom Hanks plays a police investigator who partners up with a massive mastiff to solve a murder. For years, I've been telling visiting friends how the former Chase Bank was reimagined as City Hall in the film's fictional Cypress Beach, California. It's not the first PG reimagination—the LaPorte Mansion at Lighthouse and 17 Mile Drive was cast as Maine's Pine Island Inn in *A Summer Place*, starring Sandra Dee back in 1959. But the City Hall bit was all I could recall about Tom Hanks's middling movie. So I revisited it.

And let me tell you, it's a lot of fun to see an old friend on the big screen. During the opening credits, Hanks drives a cruiser... down Lighthouse Avenue. The mystery begins when a local family discovers \$8000 in cash... at Lovers Point. Turner's love story gets going with a walk... along Asilomar Beach. But the PG highlight is a foot chase sequence down Forest Avenue, past the Museum of Natural History and Chautauqua Hall and Jewell Park. When a car chase ensues, we get a tour of Ocean View Boulevard, including a near-accident right by Berwick Park. By the time they lose track of the killer, they've turned onto Central Avenue. And I felt like I could turn the movie off and be satisfied.



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But there's another movie where PG looms large. *The Winter of Our Discontent*, based on the John Steinbeck novel, offers a chance to appreciate Pacific Grove as it looked in the early '80s. The opening credits show the rocky coastline and Forest Avenue. About 18 minutes in, Donald Sutherland and a pal swim at Asilomar Beach. Twenty minutes later, there's a foggy stroll with Lovers Point Beach in the background. Some 50 minutes into the film, there's a long Independence Day celebration at Lovers Point—cypress trees, sweeping panoramas, and scores of extras (surely many Pagrovians). Finally, 20 minutes from the end of movie, there's a fateful arrest made across the street from Grove Market.

Of course, they call the place New Baytown, but we know better.

So that was my foray into my hometown on film. The big screen, that is. Now I'll have to work up the courage to watch *Big Little Lies*...



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