

Thompson's Summit Grove of Palomar Mountain

Peter Brueggeman 2024 version 3

Thompson's Summit Grove on Palomar Mountain was started by Wayne Franklin Thompson (1913-2004) and his brother James Russell Thompson (1907-1962). Their parents were James and Myrtle Thompson of Valley Center; at one time, father James carried mail by pack horse to Palomar Mountain [22]. Wayne and Russell grew up in Valley Center, coming up occasionally to Palomar Mountain [1]. After World War 2, Wayne and Russell were seeking a business opportunity and thought that bare land at the summit junction of Palomar would be a viable business location [1]. They began in late 1946 or early 1947 [1]. There was a gully between the present Canfield Road and the business site, which they filled in [1].



Future location of Thompson's Summit Grove at left, at the intersection of Canfield Road with State Park Road, April 1939 Dick Whittington photo

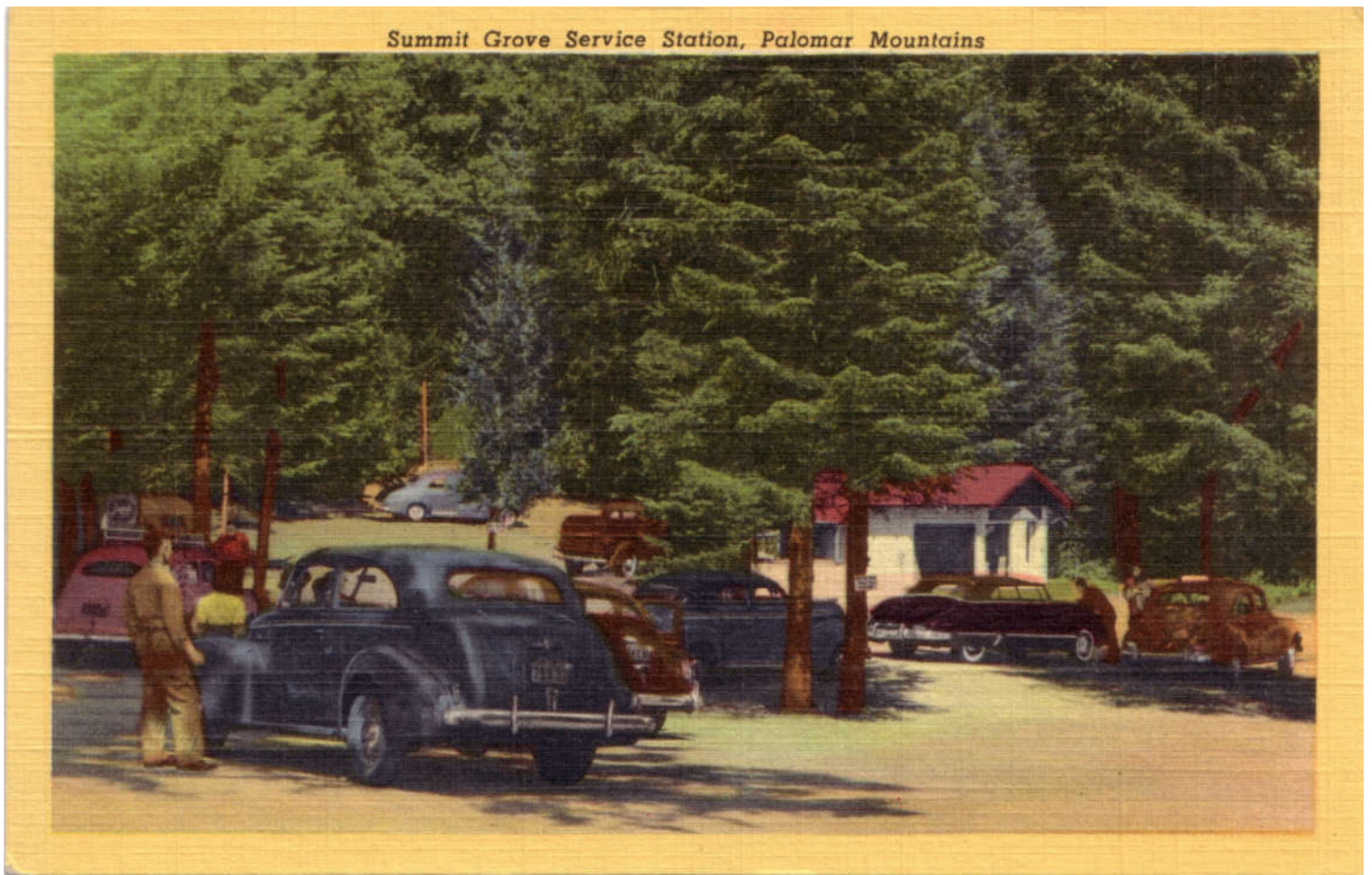
Wayne and Russell Thompson filled in the gully on the left



Future location of Thompson's Summit Grove at right, at the intersection of State Park Road with Canfield Road, April 1939 Dick Whittington photo

Wayne and Russell Thompson filled in the gully on the right

They were going to name it Summit Grove, but there were too many Summit Groves, so they selected the business name Thompson's Summit Grove [1].



Thompson's Summit Grove postcard with 1948 postmark

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on January 13, 1949 [5]:

Russell and Wayne Thompson are building a snack bar at their "Summit Grove" Drive In and Service Station at Palomar. At the junction of the Palomar Highway, State Park, and the Observatory road, and two neighboring roads, they have a beautiful location of four acres, covered with large firs and incense cedars. After completing the snack bar they will build a dining patio and some cabins.



SUMMIT GROVE SERVICE • HIGHWAY TO THE STARS
PALOMAR MOUNTAINS, CALIFORNIA.

From: *Frashers Quality Photos* pack on *Palomar Mountains and Observatory*

Same image as above color postcard but with a wider view

Photo pack was sold for many years; it has printed postcard postage of 2 cents, which was postcard postage from January 1, 1952 to July 31, 1958

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on March 23, 1949 [6]:

Thompson Brothers' Summit Grove service station on the Observatory highway, is now open for business as usual. They expect to have their cafe open soon.

On May 13, 1949, the Escondido Daily Times Advocate printed a legal notice that J. Russell Thompson, Noreen Thompson, and Wayne F. Thompson intended to mortgage to Union Oil Company gasoline pumps, underground storage tanks, and other equipment for a service station business known as Union Oil Service Station L-2980 located at Observatory and State Park Road on Palomar Mountain [7].



This ad appeared in an undated Palomar Mountain Stages' Palomar Observatory Tour brochure, with timetable effective June 30, 1946

Wayne and Russell built several buildings for their business, starting with the gas station and a small two room building [1]. One room was a kitchen, and the other room was a service area where they waited on customers outside, the snack bar [1]. They sold soft drinks, popcorn, souvenirs, and other items, with outside tables for seating [1].

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on August 31, 1949 [8]:

Thompson's Summit Grove service station opened its snack bar Saturday. On the telescope road, they have been doing a thriving business all summer, averaging about 3,000 patrons a week.

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on September 7, 1949 [9]:

Thompson's Summit Grove is most attractive with its new patio lunchroom. Already it is enjoying the patronage of movie celebrities.



Summit Grove Service - on the Highway to the Stars - Palomar Mountains, California F-8062

Thompson's Summit Grove postcard, 1948 several cars in common with above postcards



In
The
Patio
at
Thompson's
Summit
Grove

Palomar
Mountain
California

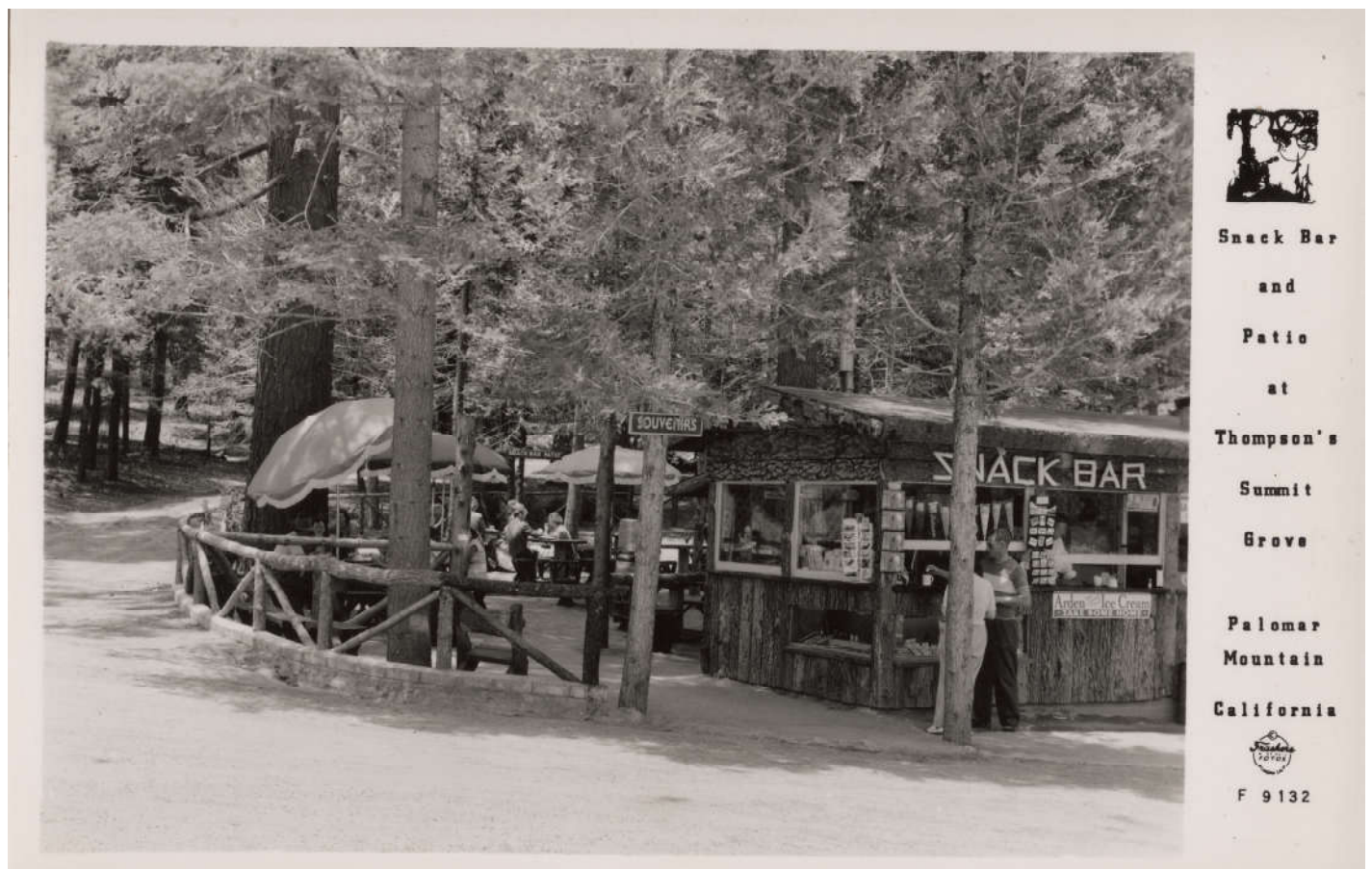


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Thompson's Summit Grove postcard, c1950

Excerpt from a September 3, 1950, newspaper article on driving to see the Observatory [10]:

... It is a 6-mile drive to the Summit Grove, where the paved highway to the right continues on to Palomar, 5 miles distant. To the left it is 6 miles to Palomar State Park. Summit Grove offers momentary relaxation from the drive up the mountain. Here in the cool shade of a thick pine grove visitors will find a refreshment stand and restaurant and picnic tables, occupied at this time of year by day campers from every part of the Southland. ...



Thompson's Summit Grove postcard with 1950 postmark

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on September 9, 1950 [11]:

Thompsons of Summit Grove report Sunday's crowd to be the largest to visit the mountain since their opening.

Reports of large crowds at Summit Grove appear in future issues. The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on March 6, 1952 [12]:

Many people came up Sunday to play in the snow. Wayne Thompson of Summit Grove calls it the “biggest crowd of the season.” In fact, there was such a mob that the road crews could hardly get thru to clear the snow from the roads.

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on March 14, 1952 [13]:

More rain and snow, following close upon last week’s storm. The snow plows have been kept busy. ... But bright sunshine, Sunday morning, brought crowds up to play in the snow – 12 to 14 inches of it. Thompson’s Summit Grove reports 50 more people than the previous Sunday, which had been the bumper crowd of the season.



Thompson's Summit Grove matchbook, undated

On June 30, 1952, the Escondido Daily Times-Advocate ran a Notice of Sale stating the J. Russell Thompson and Noreen M. Thompson intended to sell to Carl H. Bergman and Florence Bergman of Palomar Mountain the property described as “all stock in trade, fixtures, equipment and good will of a certain business known as Thompson’s Summit Grove ...” [14].

Russell Thompson sold his share of the Summit Grove business to Carl Henry “Wog” Bergman (1927-2022), a Palomar Mountain resident and a third generation descendent of Palomar Mountain pioneer Enos Thomas Mendenhall [1].

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on July 24, 1952 [15]:

Russel (sic) Thompson has sold out his interest in Summit Grove to Carl Bergman. They have started a stand down in school camp, selling pop, candy and souvenirs.

The School Camp was located in Doane Valley on lease from the Palomar Mountain State Park and provided camping experiences for San Diego school students and for San Diego families [16]. State Park visitors and campers would undoubtedly have patronized their store as well. Russell and Noreen Thompson later owned Jimmie’s Coffee Shop near Point Loma [26].

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on January 16, 1953 [17]:

One more point on the mountain has electricity:
Thompson’s Summit Grove!

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on September 10, 1953 [18]:

Labor Day weekend brought a record crowd to the mountain's resort area. The Camp Sites cabins were filled, camps in the parks were filled and even the fire safety zone above the intersection was filled with campers. Business at Summit Grove is reported to be an all-time high.

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on December 23, 1953 [19]:

Thompson's Summit Grove is undergoing improvements. The snack bar is being enlarged. Winter customers will be able to eat indoors.

Wayne Thompson, part owner of Summit Grove, is to be married Saturday. The bride is a WAVE stationed in San Diego, Miss Shirley Heckemeyer. During Thompson's absence his brother, Glen Thompson, will manage the Summit Grove business.

Shirley Ann Heckemeyer (1928-) lived in Coronado and worked at the foot of Broadway as a U.S. Navy Wave electronics technician [1,2]. Intrigued by newsreels she had seen about the telescope on Palomar Mountain, she decided to visit on three-day liberty during the summer of 1953 [1,2]. Shirley pedaled her three-speed bicycle to Kearney Mesa, where she caught a ride with a traveling salesman up Highway 395 [1,2]. The salesman was intrigued by the prospect of a side trip and drove her up Palomar Mountain, and finally to Wayne Thompson's Summit Grove and its Union Oil Station [1]. Shirley continued her bike ride to the Observatory but became too tired [1]. She went back to the snack bar, asked Wayne about the nearest motel, and he replied that there was none, that it was back down the Mountain [1,2].

Wayne said that he sometimes rented out a spare bedroom, and asked if she was interested... she was [1,2]. Wayne said the room had to be tidied up from the previous occupant, and it would be ready later [1].

Shirley walked to the Observatory and back, had a hamburger at the snack bar, and stayed the night [1]. Wayne slept that night on the couch; the “spare” room was ordinarily his room [1]. The next day, Wayne showed her around Palomar Mountain [1]. Then Shirley started back to town, spending the night in Escondido [1,2].

Wayne came into town from Palomar and took Shirley to a movie, and they started seeing each other whenever they could [1,2]. Six months later in 1954, they were married; she was discharged from the Navy and moved to Palomar Mountain [1,2].

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on November 4, 1954 [20]:

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Barnes returned last week to their home in Thermal. They have been staying in their trailer at Summit Grove, while Barnes worked on Thompson’s new dining room which has been added to the Snack Bar. Wayne Thompson and Carl Bergman will soon have the dining room ready for use.

The restaurant building was built in 1954, with an attached storage room (later, a grocery store); the snack bar kitchen was incorporated into the restaurant as its kitchen [1].

The food available for sale was basic, including hamburgers, hot dogs, and coffee [1]. Shirley introduced hot chocolate as an item for snow visitors which proved extremely popular [1].

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on April 28, 1955 [21]:

Work has started on the new store at Summit Grove. When completed, the store now operating at Crest Line in the former Tillinghast building, will move into it.

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on July 19, 1955 [23]:

Thompson's Summit Grove reports more business this year than in any preceding year. The new store is well on its way to completion, with the carpenter, Herbert Barnes, back on the job. Last fall Barnes directed the construction of the addition to the snack-bar. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes come up from their home in Thermal with their trailer for an outing while the construction goes on.

George Powell, who has been employed at Snack Bar for the past year, plans to leave for a year of college. He is considering Palomar JC, where he will major in physical science.

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on September 23, 1955 [24]:

The store at Crestline has closed and will reopen at Thompsons' Summit Grove when the new building is finished. The Crestline house, formerly the Ralph Tillinghast store, will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walker. Walker has resigned from his position as manager of Baptist Camp and will be available for various work needed by mountain residents.



Thompson's Summit Grove, c1956

note the round orange gas station sign on the left side of the white signage pole, which is enlarged below





the Union 76 gas station sign from Thompson's Summit Grove Peter Brueggeman

Thompson's Summit Grove was a 24/7 business, and vacations were difficult to arrange [1].

A wide variety of Palomar Mountain souvenirs were produced and available, including paperweights, salt and pepper shakers, thermometer, ash trays, and pennants [1].

















The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on January 3, 1958 [25]:

Thursday's mail was the last at the old Palomar Mountain Post Office at Bailey's. On that day Post Office Inspector Lynch was here from San Francisco to move the mountain post office from Bailey's to Thompson's Summit Grove, where Wayne Thompson will assume duties as temporary postmaster until all tests are cleared and a permanent postmaster is named.



**SHIRLEY THOMPSON
PALOMAR MTN. POST OFFICE**



In its second season and final season, the **Ski Palomar Mountain** operations were managed by a local crew of three, including Wayne Thompson of Summit Grove; the ski run opened on 24 December 1967, with 2.5 feet of snow [4]. [SDHC photo]



Thompson's Summit Grove, 1970 Eloise Perkins photo

Sometime before 1971, Ralph J. (1919-2005) and Lelia B. Kulk became co-owners of Thompson's Summit Grove with Wayne and Shirley Thompson, being listed on a legal notice for sale of alcoholic beverages at Thompson's Summit Grove [27]. The Kulk had purchased Carl Bergman's share of the business.

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate reported on September 25, 1973 [28]:

Ralph Kulk, owner of the Summit store and restaurant at Palomar Mountain, reported the theft of a radio, candy, cigarettes and food stuffs valued at \$250. Kulk said the burglar broke a window to gain entry.

The November 1975 issue of Choppers Magazine had an article on a motorcycle run and campout at Thompson's Summit Grove, entitled "From the Quaff Barrel with inebriation, a joyous pilgrimage to Palomar Mountain," and mentioning Ralph Kulk and the cafe manager and cook Betty Koppen. Palomar's Smith Mountain Boys played music for the motorcycle campers.

RUNNING WITH THE FREAKS

Choppers magazine

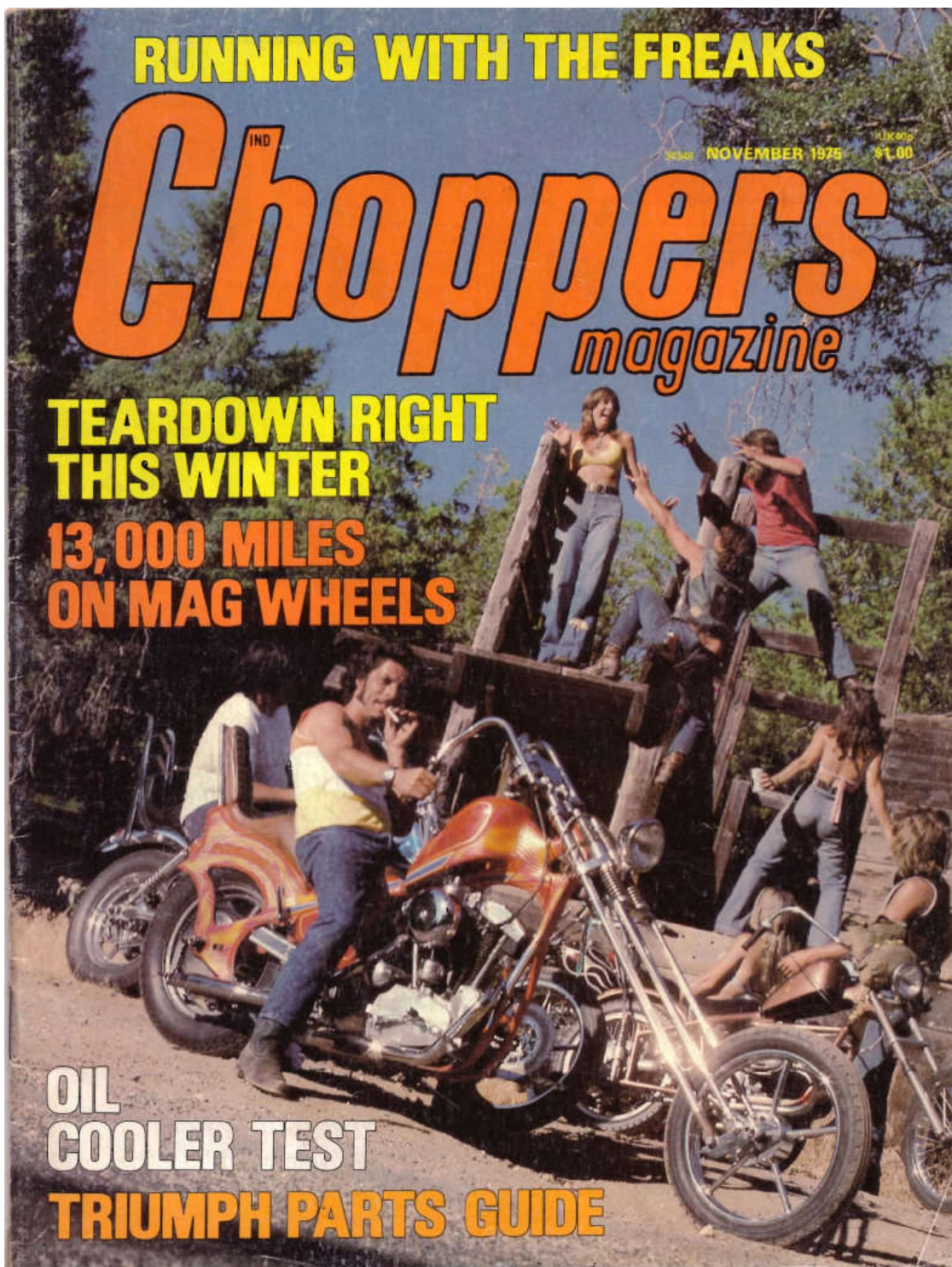
NOVEMBER 1975

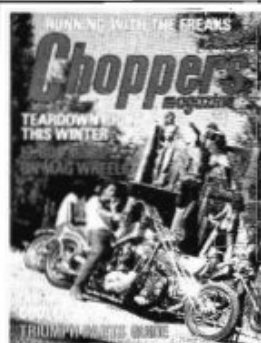
\$1.00

**TEARDOWN RIGHT
THIS WINTER**

**13,000 MILES
ON MAG WHEELS**

**OIL
COOLER TEST
TRIUMPH PARTS GUIDE**





Just down the road a Gila Monster's spit from the Palomar Observatory, the Quaff Barrel girl voted Most Likely to Be a Mammal strikes a stunning pose atop the ol' corral while cabinetmaker Jack Perry does his best to get up it (get it up?). Ms. Terry Holmes managed to fend off Perry until Regis "Short Spool" Moore ran out of film in his Pentax. We apologize for the fact that the subsequent pandemonium was not documented on film. Meanwhile, back at the Palomar Cafe, friendly proprietor Ralph Kulk was busy entertaining the other 150 or so odd people who'd made the journey on this Quaff Barrel Run.

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Choppers magazine

VOLUME EIGHT NUMBER ELEVEN NOVEMBER 1975

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 SPLITTING THE LANES
Paranoia strikes deep . . .
- 6 FALSE NEUTRAL
Project Bushwa
- 8 MAILBOX
Three-wheeled dissertation from the Everglades
- 10 CHOPPIN' BLOCK
The sad truth about welding hawg carbs
- 12 NEW PRODUCTS
The motorcycle accessories index is expected to soar ten points this issue

NEW JOURNALISM RUN COVERAGE

- 20 FROM THE QUAFF BARREL WITH INEBRIATION
A joyous pilgrimage to Palomar Mountain

TECHNICAL STUFF AND PRODUCT EVALUATIONS

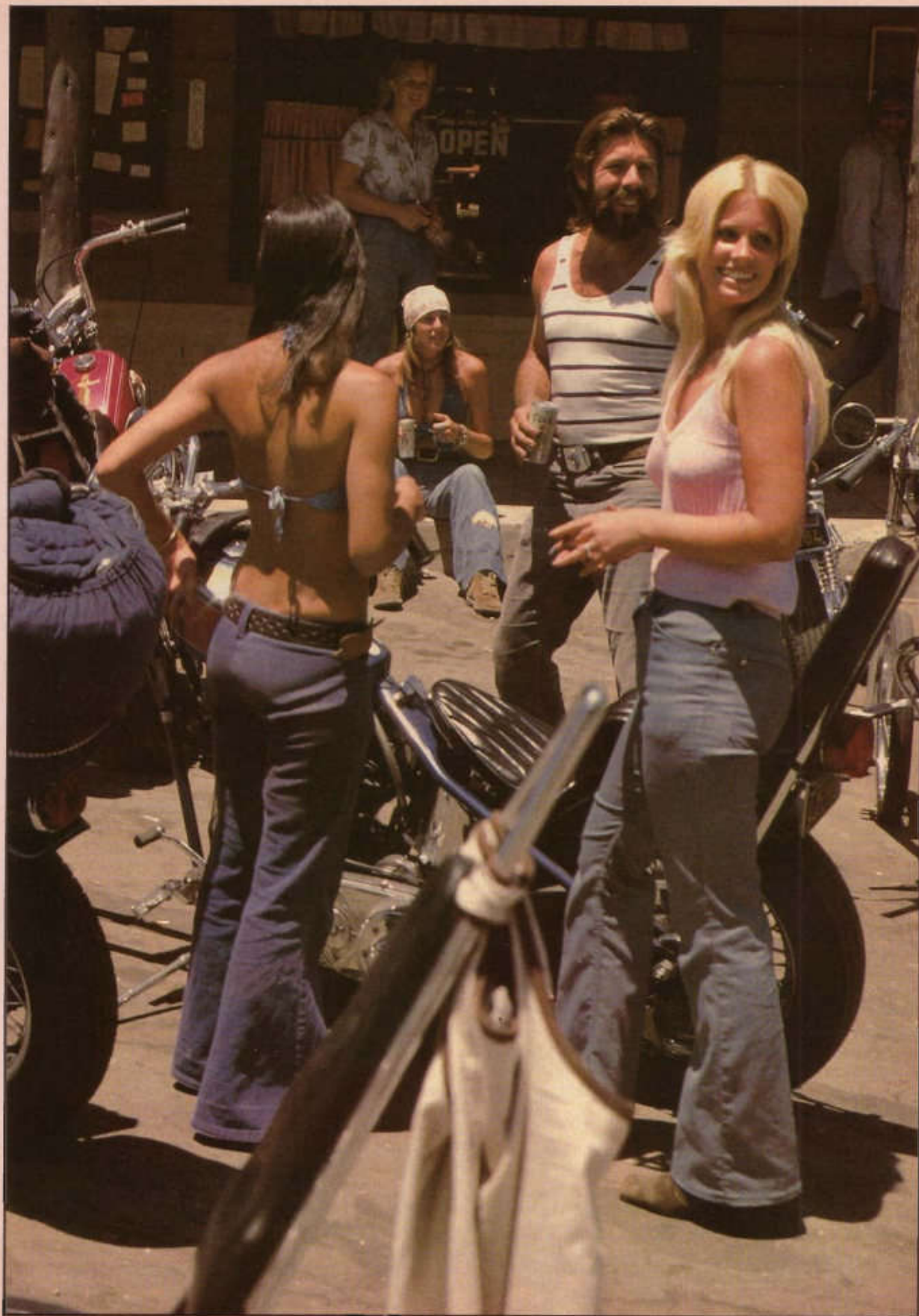
- 18 THE SAGA OF MORRIS MAGS
. . . a freewheeling in-depth report
- 26 CONFESSIONS OF AN OIL COOLER
Lockhart Industries' answer to public bike enemy #1
- 32 GOING DOWN
. . . coming back up the right way
- 52 THE RISE AND FALL OF THE TRIUMPH TWINS
CRB's prophetic bible on how to avoid a parts shortage
- 56 BIG-BORE BRITCHES HOLDERS
All the provocative answers to the "Belt Buckle Affair"

FEATURE BIKES

- 28 GYREFALCON FLIES AGAIN, PEN IN PAW
Up the down hillside
- 36 THE TERROR OF MESA/MISSION BEACH
Truck driver with a serious attitude
- 40 THE DAY OF THE ETHNIC
From the people who gave basketball superman Bill Russell two wheels
- 44 THE ELECTRIC CONNECTION
The fastest way to a bike's heart is through its diamond
- 48 A SWAMPGRASS-INJECTED RATTER
An alternative to the D.O.T. plan

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE NOVEMBER 4

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WHAT DO YOU DO ON TOP OF MOUNT PALOMAR?

*Drink, smoke, ride motorcycles and
pinch the little girls, of course*

Story and Photos by Regis Moore

The circle of bikers grew tighter around the campfire as a cool midnight breeze moved through the cedar trees atop Mount Palomar.

Soft country rock music drifted up to the fireside from the back of the Palomar Cafe where the Smith Mountain Boys — a local group — played on into the night.

A few brazen diehards square-danced in front of a makeshift stage. Under every tree, a biker or two had crashed — completely oblivious to the party that would last almost 'til dawn.

It was the Quaff Barrel Run to Palomar Mountain and it had all started less than 16 hours ago in front of a sleepy little bar on Sunnyside Avenue in Riverside.

Marsha Parks (20-year-old entomology student at U.C., Riverside): "It was a nice, scenic trip; very organized. It felt good to get out of the Riverside smog and breathe fresh air. The people are decent and friendly. The trip let me unwind from the pressures of the city."

Sunnyside Avenue (or is it Sunnyside Street?) is the home of the Quaff Barrel Bar — a local hangout in Riverside steeped in a legacy of bikers with an exotic display of biker murals across its front wall.

Originally called "Friendlies Bar," the Quaff Barrel has been the meetin' place for weekend runs for nearly four years. The Quaff Run started out originally with 13 bikers and mushroomed over the years. Of



Designated spokesmen for the run, Dave Phillips (left) and Tom "T.C." Canterbury lay a verbal number on the Quaffers before they take off for Mount Palomar. Phillips is a Toyota salesman and Canterbury is a cop during the week, but weekends and holidays the duo ride the lead bikes on the Quaff Barrel Runs.



Cabinetmaker Jack Perry tips his bottle and squints up at Phillips and Canterbury who are perched on the roof of the Quaff.

the original 13, only Tom "T.C." Canterbury, Dave Phillips, Ned Larsen and Ted Simmons were left.

People started arriving in front of the bar as early as 8:00 a.m. on that hot Saturday in July. By mid-morning both sides of the street were lined with choppers. About one-third of the group were regular Quaff people. The rest were newcomers who had either heard about the run from a mailing list or by word-of-mouth.

At about 10:00 a.m., Canterbury — a cop from Coachella, California, who rides lead bike on the run — suddenly appeared on the rooftop of the bar. He was joined by Phillips, an auto salesman from Riverside who rides up front beside Canterbury.

Canterbury explained to the crowd in his off-the-cuff humorous style that there had been some trouble in Temecula so they had been forced to change the proposed route. Apparently either a biker or an Indian had been killed, so they were advised not to go there because the locals were riled up. T.C. suggested that if they ran into any trouble with the Indians, the ladies should toss their wigs behind and take off like a Shot Outa Hell.

When Canterbury and Phillips finally got their asses down off the roof, a column of bikes 91 strong rode into formation behind them. Still more joined in later.

Nothing but first-class for the Quaffers. A police motorcycle escort consisting of Steve Taylor, Rick Boyer and Gary Davis whisked the Quaffers out of town through every red light in sight.

The run to Palomar included three pit stops: one at a service center near Temecula; one at a cafe in the middle of nowhere; and one at Warner Springs.

The service center yielded enough gasoline to get to Warner Springs. But the cafe was a disaster. It hung in there like a bad dream and it was so small that most of the 150 to 200 bikers went away mumbling something about how they might as well hunt for wild nuts and berries as try to get a hamburger out of that kind of insane lineup.

As the column neared Warner Springs, no one suspected that tragedy was blowing in the wind which came in warm and dry off the Anza Borrego Desert.

Jack Perry packs on behind Mickey Gardner for a short stint. Gardner was the only girl who rode her own bike on the run.



Terry Holmes (the one on the left, stupid) displays the trophy she won for having the most wonderful cleavage while she consoles Corky Root. Corky is a terrific painter but he seems to have strayed a little far afield from his line of work.

The trophy winners were among the earliest to rise Sunday morning. The lucky winners were (left to right): Harry Bertrand — oldest to make the ride; Crazy Larry Dennstedt — first breakdown; and Mike Pahl — who traveled the greatest distance to Mount Palomar.



Guys and chicks had to stand in the same line waiting for the head because the ladies' head was, as Ronald Ziegler would have said, inoperative.



Scott Cato, 28, and lady, Cindy Besel, 23, ascend Palomar Mountain. Cato is a hair designer for Don Carlos in Riverside.



Crash victim Joe Goodman stops eating his dynamite rib dinner long enough to accept the kindness of a blanket from an unidentified bystander. Goodman and his wife Cheryl sustained severe asphalt burns when he wiped out on his Honda near Warner Springs.



Bikers relax in front of the bar Saturday morning before they leave on the run.

It was the first accident that anyone could remember for a long time on a Quaff Barrel Run, and it happened at a curve in the road just outside the Springs.

Joe Goodman was packing his wife Cheryl behind him on his Honda 450 when he pulled out of the formation to help a fellow biker who appeared to have some trouble. Then, when Goodman wound it out to catch up to the Quaffers, he lost the whole thing on a curve.

The next thing he remembered was adamantly refusing to go on the police helicopter to the hospital in Oceanside. Both Joe and his wife had sustained severe asphalt burns, but they rode the rest of the way to Palomar in a back-up car.

That was the cue for a true Florence Nightingale to enter the scene.

Katherine Bazzano, 23, a student nurse at Pacific College of Nursing in San Diego, just happened to be passing through Palomar in a VW bus with Bruce and Gordon Hanke. She used the first aid kit from the bus to soothe and dress the injured couple's wounds.

Bazzano diagnosed the wounds as second degree asphalt burns. She said, "That guy (Goodman) . . . his

AN ANONYMOUS QUAFF BARREL BIKER: "That guy (Kulk) does us good. One time we came up here, he baked us a big cake with little beer kegs and motorcycles shaped out of white icing."

burns were really deep. I never saw road burns that deep before."

Aside from the accident, the run up the mountain had been pretty quiet.

The high point of excitement came when Ben Boggs, the heart and soul of the back-up unit, took a torch to Crazy Larry's '62 Sportster low-rider. (The two downtubes under the seat had separated 1½ inches from the frame and Boggs welded them better than new.)

Boggs — a maintenance machinist for UARCO Corporation — has been the main man of the back-up unit almost since the inception of the run. He is well liked by everyone and can fix almost anything.

He carries everything from an air compressor to an impact wrench as well as a bench grinder, a set of torches, a fire extinguisher, a 110-volt generator, power tools and



Whoooooops. Some bikers almost missed the breakfast line because they were out for an early morning ride to the Observatory.

numerous nuts, bolts and gadgets. Carl Crouch of Action Choppers sets him up with plugs, cables, coils, etc.

It was no accident that the Quaff people chose Palomar for this run.

The main reason: Ralph Kulk, proprietor of the Palomar Cafe and grocery store.

It is an understatement to say that Kulk is kind to bikers. A native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Kulk arrived at Palomar Mountain via La Mesa, California. He had had a cabin on the mountain for years and eventually he just decided to move up there permanently. Clean air. Blue skies. And lots of quietude.

Kulk claims that he just loves the Quaff Barrel people. He says that he never has any trouble with them and they leave the place cleaner than when they came.

That's quite a compliment for the 200 or so people camping in the woods behind his cafe.

As Kulk put it, "We don't seem to have any trouble between tourists and bikers. As a matter of fact, the tourists mix right in with the bikers. Bikers are people, the same as tourists. But the transportation is different."

Kulk was right. Perhaps too right. In fact, some squirrely kids in a pickup truck mixed in with the bikers and walked off with three cases of Quaff Barrel beer. The kids were lucky that the bikers who caught them were nice guys. Otherwise there might have been some real trouble. As it happened, the local sheriff's department simply told the kids to get down off the mountain before morning . . . or else.

Debi McVeigh (who describes herself as a 24-year-old camp follower): "I love Quaff Barrel Runs. It's a whole different trip. We're in our own world. The best part is how friendly the people are. They're terrific."

By the time the column of bikers had rolled into Kulk's little haven, the afternoon shadows had already begun their trek to the edge of night.

Everyone picked out a shady tree and cooled off until the aroma of country-style barbecued spareribs aroused them. What a dinner. Country ribs. Baked beans. And clean air for dessert. All compliments of chief cafe manager and cook Betty Koppen.

Dinner was enough to set the

troupe resting comfortably on their asses for an evening's entertainment.

First up, T.C. manned the mike long enough to spew out a few bad jokes (which everybody laughed at). It must have been the booze. He even handed out trophies: one to Crazy Larry Dennstedt of San Diego for having the first breakdown; one to Mike Pahl for traveling the farthest (all the way from Point Loma on his chopped Z-1); and one to Harry Bertrand, 41, the oldest guy to ride on the run.

But what the audience had really waited for, between beer belches and bad jokes, was Terry Holmes — who won the trophy for having the best female endowment in the cleavage area. She won the award over a maze of other competitors by attracting the majority of hoots, howls and catcalls from the dudes in the audience.

There was no lag in entertainment, though, because the Smith Mountain Boys took over with a little boogie music. They took their name from Palomar Mountain, which used to be called Smith Mountain in the old days.

The Pickin' and Grinnin' squad picked up the tempo with songs like: "Thank God I'm a Country Boy" . . . "Orange Blossom Special" . . . "Turn Your Radio On" . . . "Way Down Yonder in the Indian Nation" . . . and even Elvis Presley's "Jailhouse Rock."

Most everybody boogied a little but no one could keep up to Daryl Wright and the lady who won the Big T contest (Ms. Holmes). Wright toils as a field supervisor on a construction crew during the week, so he likes to let off steam on the runs.

About 75 yards up in the trees, somebody around the campfire suggested that it would be a great idea to eat s'mores. For those of you who have never been a Boy Scout or Brownie, s'mores are delectable little goodies made from graham crackers, Hershey chocolate and toasted marshmallows. S'mores are The Great Appeaser when the munchies hit, and considering how the gang had been celebrating (early) the new law that Governor Brown had just signed, the munchies were hitting all over the place.

(Brown's Law: something about if The Man catches you with The Plant, he'll give you a citation . . . just like when you get a parking

ticket. Too bad his law can't help the zillions of people who had their lives ruined with felony raps.)

The really bad trip was that Kulk's wife, Beverly, had closed her grocery store hours ago so there was no relief in sight for the munchies.

The party was still going at 4:30 a.m. when this writer hit the rack. By then Corky Root — an ace painter in his own right — had been kicked in and out of the Quaff group so many times that he was dizzy from doing the In-And-Out Waltz.

His offense: being friendly with members of the opposite sex, or in particular, members of the opposite sex who had previous sentimental commitments to other bikers.

Lynn Thompson (Quaff Run enthusiast): "My husband and I first started going on the runs when we moved here from Pennsylvania in 1973. We just couldn't believe that that many bikers could get together without any trouble. I'll say one thing, we haven't had a bad time on any of the runs. We'll probably keep going as long as there are runs."

Corky still wasn't sure whether he was in or out when the sun cast its inviting rays upon rows and rows of tired bikers Sunday morning.

After splashing cold water on their collective faces, the ravenous group lined up in front of the cafe for breakfast. A couple of strips of bacon, scrambled eggs, hash browns and toast went a long way toward quelling a helluva lot of hung-over stomachs.

Sunday mornin' comin' down was a gas. A lot of bikers drifted out solo to climb the ascent to the neighboring Palomar Observatory which boasted a 200-inch reflector. Others left for home early, while still others thawed out in the morning heat.

The run back down the mountain was a might quicker than the trip up, perhaps because the column was shorter and the incentive was greater. The incentive? More cold beer at the Quaff Barrel. The bikers could almost taste it in their mouths as they headed back to Riverside for a post-run party at the Quaff.

The bottom line on the whole affair had to be Mickey Gardner's great one-liner: "I hate Quaff Barrel Runs, but they're irresistible."

. . . At least it didn't snow this time.



Several shooting locations for the 1977 release of the film *The Crater Lake Monster* were on Palomar Mountain including the Summit Grove gas station and restaurant. In film publicity, special thanks were given to several people including Bev and Ralph Kulk of Summit Grove.



Screen snapshots of interior and exterior Summit Grove scenes follow:



Richard Cardella, as Sheriff Steve Hanson



Bob Hyman, as Dr. Richard Calkins, on left; Richard Cardella, as Sheriff Steve Hanson, on right



Richard Cardella, as Sheriff Steve Hanson, checking out a suspicious car, which is being driven by the robber



Sonny Shepard, as the robber



Sonny Shepard, as the robber, checking if the sheriff is not watching



Sonny Shepard, as the robber, getting out to his car unobserved



Sonny Shepard, as the robber, pulling out his pistol as he gets in his car to leave.



Richard Cardella, as Sheriff Steve Hanson, returns fire from the robber



Richard Cardella, as Sheriff Steve Hanson, starting his car to chase the robber



Richard Cardella, as Sheriff Steve Hanson, chasing after the robber

The Thompsons lived on Palomar Mountain until 1977, at which time they and the Kulks sold the Summit Grove store and restaurant property to the Yoga Center of California in Costa Mesa, who renamed the restaurant to Mother's Kitchen [2,3].

The Thompson's then moved to Oregon [2]. Wayne Thompson died in 2004, and Shirley Thompson moved back to Palomar Mountain, living next door to her son Mark and his family [2].

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