



THE WRIGHT TIMES

Newsletter of the Wrightwood Historical Society

Published 3 times a year

March, 2015 issue

WHS is affiliated with the Conference of California Historical Societies

Carol Goss - In Her Own Words

by Stuart Baker



Carol and companions Queenie and Sandy

Wrightwood Historical Society prepares to say farewell to one of its most cherished and dedicated members. Carol Goss is currently finalizing plans to relocate to a retirement facility in the vicinity of Oakland, California, where her family resides.

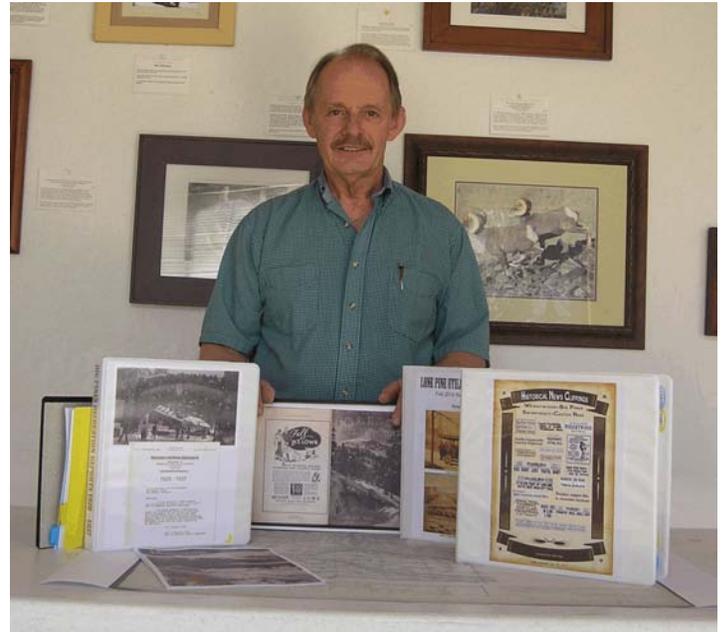
In anticipation of her departure, the Society arranged to conduct an extensive autobiographical interview with Carol. On January 8 of this year, she sat down in the museum meeting room to share the story of her rich and accomplished life. Utilizing the questionnaire format of the Oral History program, President John Lenau acted as principal interviewer. Also participating were the author and the editor. The interview was captured on digital voice recorder and video camcorder. During the interview Carol rendered the questionnaire obsolete—weaving her life's tapestry with an anecdotal thread that required little interrogation. The ensuing narrative was poignant and compelling.

Born Carol Grace Foulds in Chicago in 1926 and raised in the Cleveland suburb of Shaker Heights, Carol moved to Wrightwood with her husband Bob in 1972. Since that time she has distinguished herself as one of the town's leading advocates and organizers. Her service to WHS is but one of many altruistic activities. Other affiliations include the Chamber of Commerce; Municipal Advisory Council; Friends of the Library; and Volunteers of the Angeles National Forest.

When Carol began teaching American Government and Comparative Politics at Cal State San Bernardino, she and
(continued on page 6 - please see "Carol Goss")

John Aziz Revolutionizes History Writing in Wrightwood

by Barbara Van Houten



John Aziz with the collections he compiled

Wrightwood's history has come alive with the recent donation of John Aziz's collection of historical newspaper clippings dating back to 1869. The clippings tell stories about Wrightwood, Big Pines, Swarthout and Cajon Pass. Most of the clippings were found in the San Bernardino Daily Sun, however some came from as far away as the Sacramento Daily Union and as close as the Los Angeles Herald. Stories are told about property deeds of interest such as the Clyde Ranch and Sumner Wright's land holdings. Other stories are about local businesses, mud flows, obituaries, proposed lumber mills, Wrightwood property, Big Pines recreation, Wrightwood activities and endless other topics of interest.

John has also donated to the Museum a binder filled with newly-discovered annual reports from the Los Angeles County Department of Recreation Camps and Playgrounds, which includes Big Pines Camp, known in later years as Big Pines Recreation Area. The reports cover the years from 1928 -1937, when Big Pines was a year-round playground and had gained the reputation as an outstanding mountain resort. The reports contain interesting summaries of the many activities that took place at Big Pines, including how many people used the swimming pool; the programs, movies,
(continued on page 6 - please see "John Aziz")

President's Letter

by John Lenau

At our WHS monthly meeting in March we went to the WW Elementary School for our annual program of History in a Suitcase. There were five-5th grade students (Kenzie Davis, Andrew Hoglan, Tommy Newsome, Cadence Ramirez and Vasalisa Kellogg) that brought their family heirlooms, pictures and artifacts to share with us and their class of 4th and 5th grade students in attendance.



We gave each student a Certificate of Participation which included an invitation to a special tour of the Museum on Thursday April 2nd. It was an outstanding program and all in attendance really enjoyed it. Next year Principal John Garner and the 5th grade teachers agreed to have all 5th grade students participate in the project. Then the students will pick the top 5 or 6 students to put on their history for the WHS. You will not want to miss this wonderful program next year.



One of our fund raisers this year is the drawing tickets for a beautiful queen size handmade quilt. The cost is \$3.00 for one ticket and \$15.00 for 6 tickets. The drawing will be held during Mountaineer Days. Don't miss the opportunity to get your tickets ASAP. They are for sale at the museum on Saturdays or give me a call and we will get them to you.

We are ordering more "Right on It" Earth Quake t-shirts, they will be in soon.

WHS Board elections will be held at our April meeting along with a program. Elections are held on each odd numbered year (2015). If you want to be more involved with the WHS consider being on our Board. Nominations from the floor will be open prior to the election.

Fran Baker and Caroll Goss have resigned from the Board in the last year. We have put together a great tribute to Carol in this issue as she is leaving our village and moving to Oakland near her family. She will sorely be

missed by us and the community. Fran never really quits. Even though she is not on the Board she continues to help out to schedule all of our docents. She oversees all the displays, she adds new displays, she makes sure we have plenty of t-shirts for our fundraiser and she helps schedule refreshments for the meeting. When I need a sounding board, she is right there to help - thanks Fran.

See you at the next meeting or at the museum. *John*

Recent and Upcoming Programs

All of our monthly programs have been recorded on DVD (video) and CD (audio) by Stuart Baker. Stop by the Museum any Saturday and check out a copy. An index by Speaker, Subject & Date is available.



Wrightwood School Chorus at our Holiday Party

December 5 - our annual Holiday party was held at the Wrightwood Community United Methodist church. The Wrightwood School Chorus presented many carols and other entertaining songs.

January 9 - Christina Perris spoke about her great-great-grandfather, Fred T. Perris, his life in Utah and his career as an engineer in Southern California, building many railroad lines, especially those from San Bernardino to San Diego and the pioneering line through the Cajon Pass.

February 6 - Suzanne Bauman told of Kay Mullendore and her spiritual retreat, Skydore, located at Helen and Willow streets during the 1940's and 50's.

March 6 - "History in a Suitcase" was presented at Wrightwood School (see President's Letter, above).

April 3 - At 1pm Friday, John Aziz will present "History You Can Trust", showcasing via PowerPoint his newly-acquired and very complete collections of historic news articles relating to this area. Our election will also be held at this meeting.

Wrightwood Walking Tour

On Saturday, May 2, B.J. Mallory, long-time resident and one of our newest Life Members, will conduct a history walk of the downtown area. Meet at the Museum at 10am.

Hello and Goodbye

In Memoriam:

Margaret Gordinier January 21, 2015 Life Member
Loren Wendt February 14, 2015 Family Member
Our sincere condolences to Margaret's and Loren's families.

New LifeMembers:

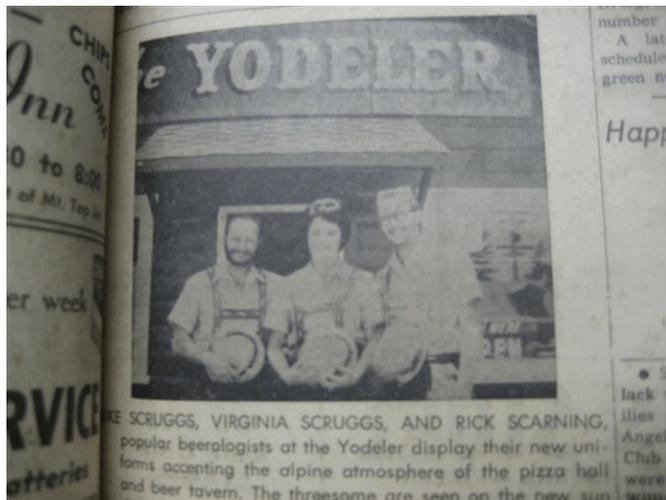
Robert Comperini 2/01/15
Kathleen Flanagan 1/09/15 Member since 12/02/11
Roger Hicks 1/09/15 Member since 01/18/14
B.J. Mallory 3/14/15 Member since 03/08/14
Lou&Strech Suba 1/09/15 Members since 10/09/06

New Individual Members:

Glen Blomgren January 9, 2015
Lisa Home Udwin February 6, 2015
Welcome and thanks to Robert, Kathleen, Roger, B.J.,
Lou & Strech, Glen and Lisa!

The Yodeler: 53 Years of Pouring Suds at Evergreen and Park Drive

by Tom Pinard



In a Wrightwood long time ago, there existed along with a great community newspaper, three gas stations, two small markets, six real estate offices, three building contractors, a propane and disposal company, ONE beauty shop, four motels, a great lumber and hardware store, a woman's clothing and variety store, a summer swimming pool, a post office, an accounting office, a yarn & yardage shop, a drug store, two cafes, and one restaurant and cocktail lounge.

Pretty neat little Village, "high in the San Gabriel Mountains" as a young couple who ran the newspaper would pen some years later. But to some, the yearning for a place to hang out over a beer, listen to rock and roll, wave at friends moving up and down Park Drive, challenge one another in a "twist contest (rage at the time, along with limbo contests)," not something that could be done at the Village's mainstay, the Blue Ridge Inn (where

the owner, Dorothy Thompson (Nowka) kept the roar to a whisper and maintained a refinement carried on to today)

So with that scene set, meet Joe Dolce, an entrepreneur who operated the Pearblossom Pharmacy, 30 miles west of Wrightwood and had the "foresight" to think that he could operate two pharmacies. He had opened the Wrightwood Pharmacy on the corner of Park Drive and Evergreen, across from the Pine Manor Café. To say that Joe's effort was struggling would be an understatement, as Wrightwood had less than 1000 permanent residents and another 2000 weekend residents. He did try and had his Pearblossom Pharmacist come up one or two afternoons a week.

(continued on page 5 - please see "Yodeler")

Nifty 'n Me

by Pat Corpe Krig

"Nifty, how'd you like to be a parade horse"? I thought she nodded her head in agreement. After all - I knew my black and white pinto mare was beautiful! My parents, Goodspeed Sam ("G.S.") and Hildred Corpe, were aghast at my hare-brained idea; but the enthusiasm of a 14-year-old and my arguments held up; and they finally agreed to let me ride her solo from Wrightwood to El Monte, our former home, for the August 1942 "End of the Santa Fe Trail Days" celebration and parade.

So, at 4am one midsummer day, "Ole' Paint" and Pat headed down Lone Pine Canyon with high hopes.



Pat Krig in 1942, age 14

Our first minor setback was at the curve just over the summit - a mighty scream curdled my blood and made Nifty tremble. A hungry mountain lion had just missed his prey. Should we go home and climb into a warm bed - or continue? We trotted on. Just up canyon from the Clyde Ranch, we left the road

(continued on page 4 - please see "Nifty , 'n Me")

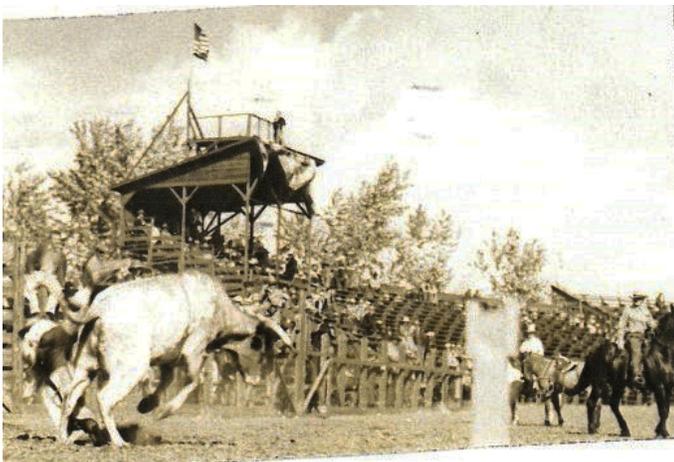
Nifty 'n Me

(continued from page 3)

and trotted up a dirt path, heading south in the direction of Lytle Creek. Nifty was puffing and sweating as we approached the summit of our first obstacle. At the side of the path I noticed an object: A snake was unhinging its mouth to swallow a baby rabbit! No sirree - I wasn't going to allow this if I could help it. I dismounted my horse and led her into the brush, tying her securely. Then I picked up a stick and showed that snake what was what. It shortly regurgitated the poor dead bunny, which I later buried, and slithered away into the brush. Off Nifty and I went on again.

In the early afternoon we reached our first night's destination - Glenn Ranch, the guest ranch in Lytle Creek Canyon. I unsaddled Nifty, saw to her quarters, and napped, myself; now that my adrenaline was back to normal. Late afternoon entertainment was watching the ranch cowboys handling small calves and making "mountain oysters".

That night, everyone there had steaks around a campfire,



*Tailing a bull at Glenn Ranch in Lytle Creek
(taken by Pat on her 1942 trek)*

sang songs, and enjoyed ourselves. A delightful, restful night at the ranch had Nifty and me ready to go again at 4 a.m.

The route this second day took us along babbling beautiful Lytle Creek. The entire valley had been affected during the 1938 flood, and rocks and debris were in abundance. As we left the lovely canyon, I stopped and dismounted, because I thought Nifty was favoring a foot. Sure enough, there was a stone wedged under her right shoe, against her hoof. I pried the stone out with the only tool I carried - a hoof pick - then examined her hoof for bruising. She seemed ok, so we went on - now through vineyards where we (Nifty and I) sampled the succulent fruit. Then into citrus groves surrounded by eucalyptus trees that had been planted by the Jesuit priests before California became a state. I loaded the saddle bags with oranges and we trotted on.

The weather then became very warm. We crossed several alluvial fans that radiated heat. In mid-afternoon we arrived at the attractive home in Upland of Mrs Mildred Campbell, my teacher. Her father lived there with her son, who attended school in Upland, while during the week she stayed at the Wrightwood Lodge, which my parents ran, and was one of the 2 teachers for the 13 students in Wrightwood School's 8 grades. I was a bit saddle sore! She and her father directed us to a livery stable, where Nifty could spend the night in comfort, then took me to their home, where I did the same. We had completed two thirds of our trip and were still healthy and well-taken-care-of .

Early morning of our last day! Nifty was looking a bit drawn, and I was saddle sore, to say the least. Mrs. Campbell's dad drove me to the stable and wished me luck on the last leg. There would be much more traffic today. I fed, brushed, checked out and saddled Nifty and we were on our way! We headed west to Euclid Blvd. and onto the beautiful, grassy middle divider of Ontario. This divider every year hosted the All States' Picnic, where emigrants from each state (practically everyone) congregated and made or renewed acquaintanceships with their former neighbors. Nifty and I cantered down this green soft turf; then again turned west onto Foothill Blvd. We learned the following day of our serious transgression: Nifty's footprints had marked the hallowed ground on the middle divider! We made the Ontario newspaper.

Trekking on west, we trotted through Covina and on to our destination, El Monte. Nifty and I rode up to our old house, now owned by the Ewings, and were greeted by both of them and a delegation of dignitaries, who were there to congratulate me. I couldn't figure out why - I had just ridden my horse. We were slightly overwhelmed by the attention, especially Nifty. She was, after all, a mountain horse and not the parade horse I had told her I'd make her. We rode in the parade the next day; then Nifty was trailered to a friend's pasture to rest for the winter. My friend surely had earned her rest.



"Nifty" with Pat's ElMonte neighbor, "Doc" Valentine

The Yodeler - (continued)

To no avail - the Wrightwood Pharmacy closed in early spring of 1962, leaving a second store front on Park Drive vacant (the Bear Café, later to be home to Grant Cornelius' Real Estate success story and later Pam Mortimer's equally successful run, was the other).

On a sunny April day, as I finished work on getting out another weekly edition of the Wrightwood Mountaineer in the door walked Mike Scruggs. Mike and his wife Virginia were part of the fabric of Wrightwood, with them both working at George Air Force Base and commuting daily. Mike had a stutter from a Korean War injury (blown off a tank). When calm, Mike's speech was pretty much normal but when he was excited, it was another story.

"Tom, we have a chance to rent the drug store building," was the first thing he said coming in, "it's a chance for Virginia and I to stop commuting and open a business." So Mike was there to ask my opinion on what would be a good business for Wrightwood. Sitting down in that tiny office, and settling down, we chatted about the different possibilities for Wrightwood, what we really needed. My advice for Mike was simple - open a men's dry-goods store, a clothing store since Nina's didn't carry men's clothing items. One of the advertisers in the Mountaineer was Arnold's of Victorville, a men's store and I suggested Mike could work out a rotating stock of clothing items.... He thanked me, would think about it, and off he went.

It was a few day later that Mike walked in with the ABC notice, needing to have this legal notice published as a precursor to establishing an on-sale alcoholic beverage establishment. A bar!!!!!!

Mike had thought long and hard with Virginia's involvement as well. They knew that with the Village growing, with the ski areas doing more and more business, the Blue Ridge Inn, with its small bar at the time, couldn't handle the weekend business for those who wanted to socialize in a setting that provided liquid refreshments.

And along with it, Mike and Virginia realized that they wanted a family place where mom and dad could enjoy a beer and the kids soft drinks while they ate pizza. They had a young son, Steve, and understood that Wrightwood lacked such a place (the pizza parlor wave had swept across America in the late 1950's, early '60's).

In Wrightwood, many hands made light work. Mike needed someone to help him pick up the back-bar he had found in Colton. With a borrowed pick-up we headed down, picking up the beautiful old wood eight foot high back-bar, and over eight feet long (wide)...along with the new pizza oven (it was a small unit that sat behind the bar in the original building (the current kitchen and store room were added years later). Our trip back up Cajon Pass, we were laughing and scratching on old Route 66, was uneventful till we hit Blue Cut and the ever present wind gusts... "Darn, there goes the back-bar," yelled Mike, not stuttering at all.

Stopping the truck in the right hand lane, jumping out of the

truck, we ran back in the traffic lane as cars veered into the number one lane and honked, waved and kept going. Mike and I picked up the now two pieces of back-bar, shuffling them into the pick-up bed and getting that truck moving in probably not more than a minute flat.

So the original Yodeler opened in May with two sections, one for families, and one for beer drinking.... But within months, the decision was made to make it one open room. Even before the partition came down, Saturday night dance contests were the order of the day, with standing room only in the place.

One of my favorite Yodeler memories has to do with our Wrightwood School staff, back then, not allowed to be seen at the Blue Ridge Inn and certainly not at the new "tavern." But then...

Joe Pratt, Superintendent/Principal/teacher at Wrightwood School walks into my office in July of 1962, by this time my office was in what is now the kitchen at the Evergreen. "Tom," he says, "let's go have a beer." I drop my pencil in alarm... knowing that he can't go in the Yodeler... he'd be run out of town on a rail. I fired back, "where?," and to that Joe laughed and said, "the Yodeler, I have just given my notice." Over a couple of beers, Joe painted a word picture of his last two actions as Superintendent. He hired Barbara Ahern, and we know what a fantastic addition to Wrightwood School and the entire community Barbara has been, and he hired Virginia "Ginny" Capen, equally a fine teacher and in her own way, a fantastic addition to the community.

The original building didn't have a front deck, just a front step and cars could pull up about even with the beautiful big pine tree. The Yodeler was so popular from the first day that no one could believe it. Villagers, locals and weekenders of all ages enjoyed pizza and cold drinks all summer long in that summer of '62, the Yodeler was truly the gathering place. It didn't take long for Mike and Virginia, with people spilling out the front and side door and legally, a little outside the ABC regulations, to have a wood deck hooked on the front. It was a little shaky; but it held up for a number of years 'til the second wood deck and then the current cement model. With that first wood deck, the tradition of watching the world go by on the Yodeler "deck" began and lasts through today.



John Aziz - *(continued from page 1)*

children's craft classes and hikes that were sponsored, how many attended the dances, which animals were currently residing in the Animal Park, and summaries of the winter sports activities. The reports provide fascinating information as to why Big Pines was such a popular place to visit.

The third binder that John has donated contains complete copies of the "Trails Magazine", published quarterly by The Mountain League of Southern California, sponsored by the Los Angeles County Department of Recreation Camps and Playgrounds. The magazine was published from 1934 – 1939, with two additional copies in 1941. This collection of magazines contains historic information about the old Trail Resorts, photos and narratives from the hiking clubs, maps, trail tips, winter sports activities and many more articles of interest from the "Great Hiking Era" in the San Gabriel Mountains.

The most recent binder that John has completed is a history of the "Lone Pine Utilities Trackless Trolley" which includes a collection of news clippings from the San Bernardino Sun, reports by Harry Porter, former editor of Trolley Coach News, and writings from a college thesis by William Betts. Often referred to as the "Lone Pine Canyon Trolleybus Line", the authors did extensive research into the possibilities that the Trackless Trolley actually existed. Their conclusions were that, even though money had been spent on preliminary work, the trolley never operated. The reports leading up to the conclusions are very interesting.

Material for the Big Pines Reports and the Trails Magazines was obtained through Ansley Davies, Associate Curator of the Los Angeles County Department of Parks and Recreation. Ron Heinig, U.S. Forest Service, facilitated the transfer of information to John Aziz via the Wrightwood Forum. In December, 2014 John located a large collection of historic Big Pines photos from the U.S.C. Library and made them available on the Forum. He also discovered the first of many newspaper clippings about Big Pines and Wrightwood. There are now over 500 historical clippings on the Forum. Information contained in the 4 binders is available for viewing at the Wrightwood Museum or online at WrightwoodCalif.com in the History section.

John Aziz is the owner of Ryan Enterprise and is the Webmaster of WrightwoodCalif.com and Forum. He is the President of the Wrightwood Communications Group and a Founding Director of the Wrightwood Fire Safe Council. John is also a Life Member of the Wrightwood Historical Society.

Editor's note: We say "revolutionize" because, thanks to John, for the first time the facts are easily accessible and checkable with the most quotable of quotations, the newspaper articles themselves, available. We'll no longer have to rely on unsupported anecdotes for the facts surrounding our history.

Carol Goss - *(continued from page 1)*

Bob had trouble finding a suitable house. Bob, a retired Aeronautical Engineer, had also earned two master's degrees in Art. His new home would require a studio to paint in—so the recently transplanted couple designed their dream house in the nearby mountain community of Wrightwood—the house Carol still lives in, at 1741 Twin Lakes Drive.



Carol & Bob Goss, Christmas 1992

About the time she retired from teaching in 1990, Carol joined the Property Owner's Association. She has written and published its newsletter for 25 years now, and still has "a copy of every one of them."

But it was after Bob's death 11 years ago that Carol "plunged [herself] into all the organizations in town." Her accomplishments as a community activist are impressive.

Noticing that Lone Pine Canyon Road--which she had once used driving to work--lacked dividing lines, Carol took it upon herself to approach the Board Of Supervisors with a proposition to remedy this traffic hazard.

When the Board cited budgetary limitations, Carol fired back that she was "not asking for you to repave the road. . all I want is a bucket of paint. . .and by George they painted it. . .and we've had stripes on it ever since."

Carol was also instrumental in securing fair water rates for the residents of Wrightwood.

"I was shocked at the water company raising our rates every year. . the community backed me and the Property Owners backed me. . and they sent me to San Francisco twice to testify at the Public Utilities Commission. . finally, after I harassed them for four or six years. . they froze our water rates. . for 13 years."

(continued on page 7 - please see "Carol Goss")

Carol Goss - *(continued from page 6)*

As the interview proceeded, a soft winter light filled the conference room. Carol was radiant in a white turtleneck and a single strand of pearls. Determination and resiliency wove through her story.

“The war had broken out by then,” she recalls of the year she graduated from Shaker High School. “Bob Goss was my boyfriend, and we decided to get married. . . I was 18 and he was 20. . . he was stationed in Toledo, Ohio, and we married there.” The newlyweds moved around Texas while Bob completed his training as a B-24 pilot. The Second World War--“luck all the way around”--ended before Bob could be deployed. The G.I. Bill enabled the discharged pilot to get his Engineering degree from Toledo University.

The couple returned to Cleveland. They bought a one acre lot and a book called *How To Build Your Dream House For \$3,500*. “Imagine me digging the trench for the foundation. . . and also I was good at roofing,” chuckled the diminutive 88 year old. A painting of the first house they built, doing “as much of the work by hand as we could,” still hangs in Carol’s Wrightwood home. The Gosses bought three more lots and built on those. They sold the properties, making “enormous profit” off of their dedicated labor, and moved to Florida, where their first and only child, Robert Jr., was born.

“Bob said ‘Let’s move out West!’ . . . I thought Tucson, Arizona would be ideal because they have a University right there.” In Tucson Bob became City Engineer while Carol got her master’s degree from the University Of Arizona. “In the meantime Bob said ‘I’d like to take some courses’”--but not in the field of engineering; much to the surprise of his employers and his wife, “he started to take art courses, and by the time I got through, he had two Master’s Degrees--one in Art History and one in Studio Art; and I thought California would be an ideal place for him to sell his art.” With eyes glinting and smile beaming, Carol recounted those early days in California. “We moved to Wrightwood and we loved it from the beginning. . . the town was quite small and there were no stop signs to speak of.”

In those days Wrightwood was a town without a supermarket, only “little markets with very tired heads of lettuce.” Since the only bank was in a trailer, Carol was always concerned that “anybody could come in with a big truck and take it away.”

Before the implementation of federal environmental laws, driving to campus through the Cajon was an alarming journey. “The smog was terrible. If the Russians did this to us we’d be at war with them,” she used to joke, “but we did

it to ourselves.” This sorry state of affairs prompted Carol to introduce a college course in Environmental Politics. There were no suitable textbooks, so she was forced to mimeograph the reading materials.

With ample savings, investments, and pensions, Bob and Carol were able to travel extensively after Carol retired in 1990. Together they took at least one foreign trip a year, visiting “all the countries I taught about. . . in Comparative Politics,” including China, Australia and New Zealand; in deference to Bob’s passion for museums, they journeyed to Europe 14 times, endeavoring “never to go to the same place twice.”

Wrightwood Historical Society says goodbye to Carol Goss with respect, gratitude, and sorrow. We, and the community, will dearly miss her determined spirit and wisdom.

Carol’s eyes starred over with tears as the interview concluded. “I’ll be closer to my son and daughter-in-law and little granddaughter. . . she’ll be 10 this summer. . . and I’ll get to be with her more. . .

Piedmont Gardens is the name of the retirement home. . . it’s a very nice place. . . an ideal place to walk and retire.

Many of my friends said they’ll come up and see me. . . of course I’ll come down here. . . I know I’m going to be homesick. . . [Wrightwood] has been a special place.”



Carol Goss’ priceless anecdotes constitute an essential viewing or listening experience for anyone interested in the history of Wrightwood. Members are encouraged to share in her life story. The video and audio recordings are now accessible on the museum computer. DVD copies are available through Stu Baker (haiko86@verizon.net) at a suggested donation price of \$5.



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Newsletter - Fred Van Houten
Refreshments - Marja Anderson

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