



## **A Not-So-Short History of the Hi Ho Cabin. Our Family on Palomar, 1950 to 2020. Oh... and a plaid couch.**

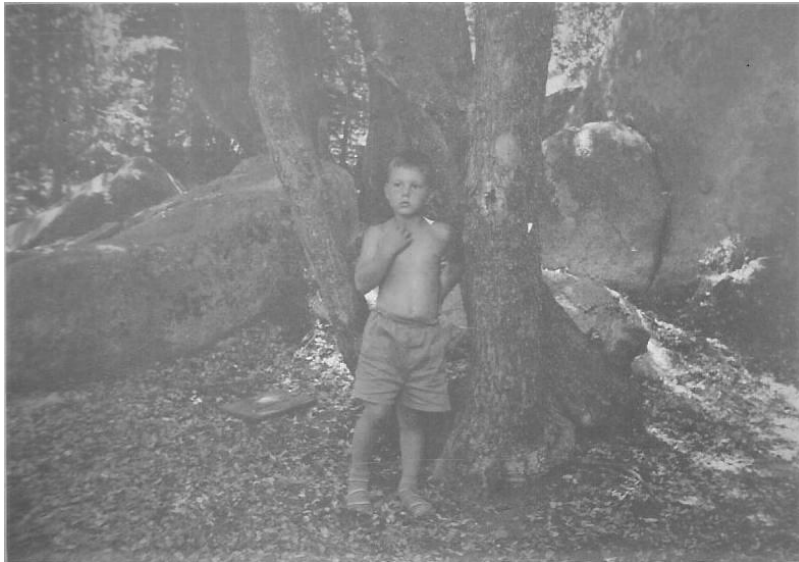
By Ed Trudersheim

Our history on Palomar begins in the early 1950's. As long-term residents of Pacific Beach in San Diego, California my parents came to know Father George Williams, Episcopal Priest at Saint Andrews by the Sea. George and his wife Beatrice were wonderful, generous people. They owned a quaint cabin on Palomar Mountain which had already been in their family for decades. Based on our recent research it appears the Williams' family ownership of the Hi Ho cabin dates back well before 1930, a time when the family owned a number of lots on Birch Hill around the cabin. Most likely they were the original builders of the cabin. Rumor always had it that Father and Beatrice had spent their honeymoon in there, which had to be in the 1920s.

The Williams were gracious enough to allow us to stay at the cabin on a regular basis, and nearly as I can tell our first trips to Palomar were around 1954.



1954 - Our 1947 Chrysler sedan, and the ferns that used to grow everywhere.



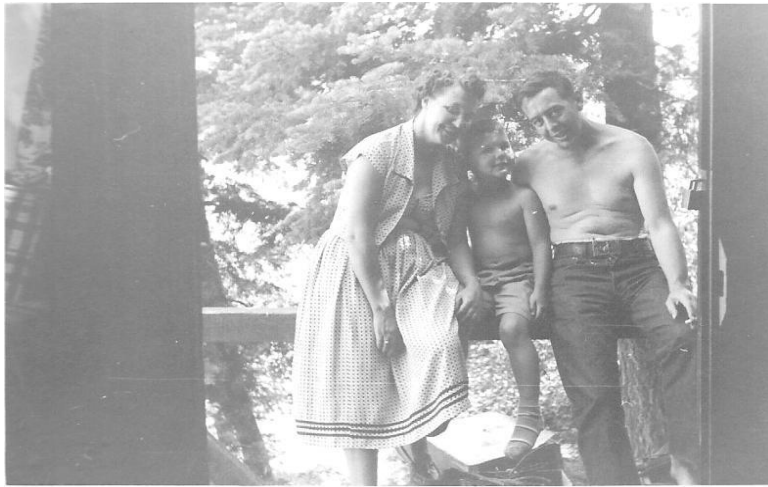
1954. Likely one of my first trips to the cabin. Always got queezy coming up South Grade Road.



Palomar Mountain Lodge.



My Dad by the front porch.



My godparents and I on the porch.

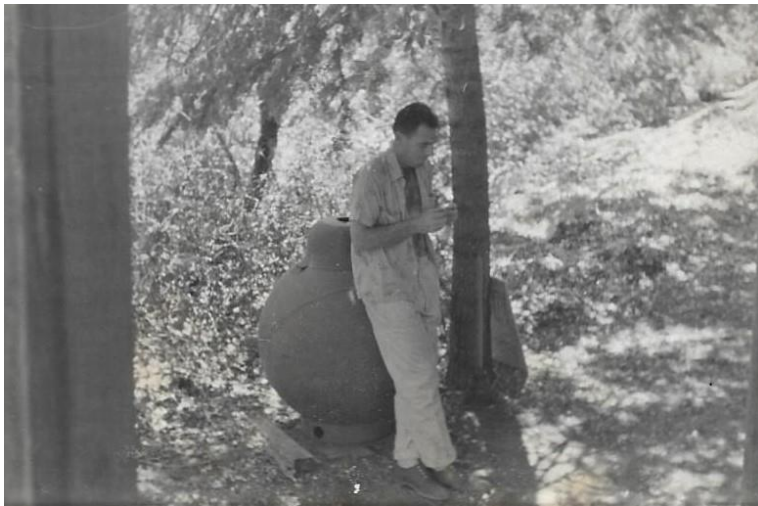


1954. The convertible couch, by the back windows, next to the green dresser.



Huge gathering of UFO enthusiasts at The Lodge, watching the sky.





Our Friend Dick Butner, leaning on the propane tank. It's still 2/3 full in 2020.



Me, my mom and godmother. Used to love those ferns.



As of 1956 the cabin hadn't changed much but color photography had come along.

1950s and 60s. Throughout this period we spent many weekends at the Cabin and those times are vivid, cherished memories for me. Hiking, fishing at Doane Pond, sledding and Jeeping in the snow, touring Boucher Lookout and relaxing with friends.

Back then it had no electricity. Lanterns only. It was primarily one room with leafy-print linoleum flooring, 3 beds against the walls, a convertible couch, a cast iron stove, a small kitchen and a  $\frac{3}{4}$  bath. The shower just ran out onto the ground in the basement underneath the house. Speaking of friends, you only stayed at the Cabin with family and select friends; special folks whom you knew *very* well. The kitchen and bath were only separated from the living/sleeping room by partitions. No ceilings. This wasn't a big deal for the kitchen, but whatever happened in the bathroom kinda happened in the living room too. At least it *did* have a door. It's still that way in 2020. That red and green plaid convertible couch and green dresser are still there too. The cabin is drafty single-wall, vertical plank, board and batten construction. It was always a point of contention whether one had to sleep on the inside of the bed next to the wall, or the outside closer to the stove. The insider had to deal with the cold wind blowing in through the spaces between the planks and the woodpecker holes, but the outsider had to get up in the middle of the night to stoke the fire!

We have very few photos of the later 50s and early 60s as my Dad took transparencies and they were pretty much all lost.

1966. **THE CABIN IS OURS!** After Beatrice passed my father was able to buy it from the Williams family estate and their son Parker Williams.



1966. Dad and I by the front porch,





1967. A family reunion. I still have the El Camino in the background. Restored it couple years ago. My future wife Kathy and I are at the extreme right.



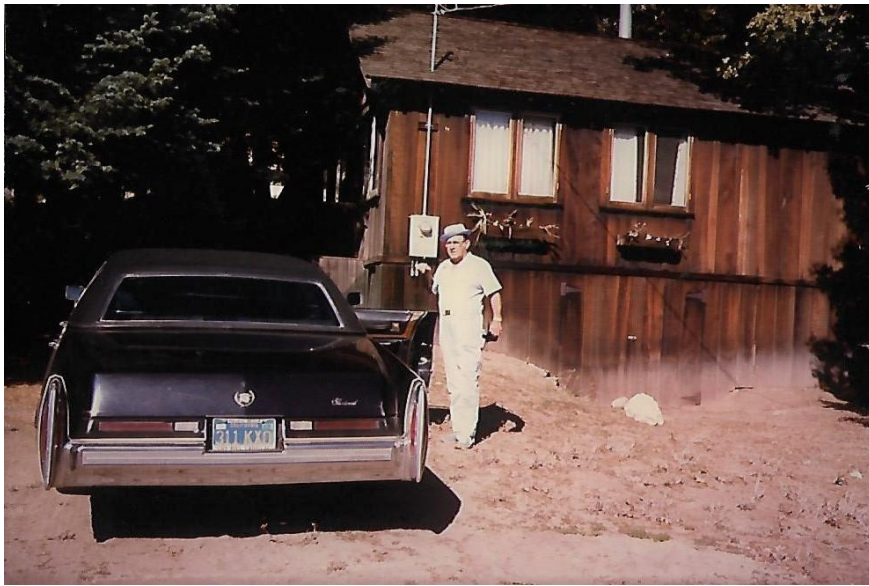
1969. My dad and I rode our motorcycles up to the cabin. Still snow under the trees.



1969. Trees heavy with snow, the cabin and the Lodge.

Around this time, a contractor friend spent several weeks at the cabin. He added a new roof and enclosed the big old back porch, turning it into a real separate bedroom. Sort of. He did remove what *had* been the back outside windows of the combined living/sleeping room but he never filled them in, so the new “bedroom” was essentially an extension of the living room. The added space did provide room for a real refrigerator when we wired it for electricity a few years later.





1976. By now the cabin had received another major upgrade. Electricity! A close friend of ours was an electrician so he and I hatched a plan to wire the place. He would help for free, bring up the company's truck, and use their tools so we would only have to purchase the materials. The only catch was, his bosses didn't know he was doing this. With the company name emblazoned on the truck he knew he had to minimize his exposure and get it all done as quickly as possible. Given the flammable nature of the cabin construction he also insisted the entire job be done in metal conduit. After a good night's sleep in the cabin we got up very early and the two of us wired the entire place in one day! The tight schedule dictated a virtual spider web of conduit in the basement. Not pretty but functional. Passed inspection first time around too.





1981. Lots more changes, but not to the cabin. By now my wife Kathy and I had 3 boys, 6-year old Eddie and 3-year old twins, Mike and Chuck. A 3<sup>rd</sup> generation of our family gets to enjoy the Hi Ho Cabin.



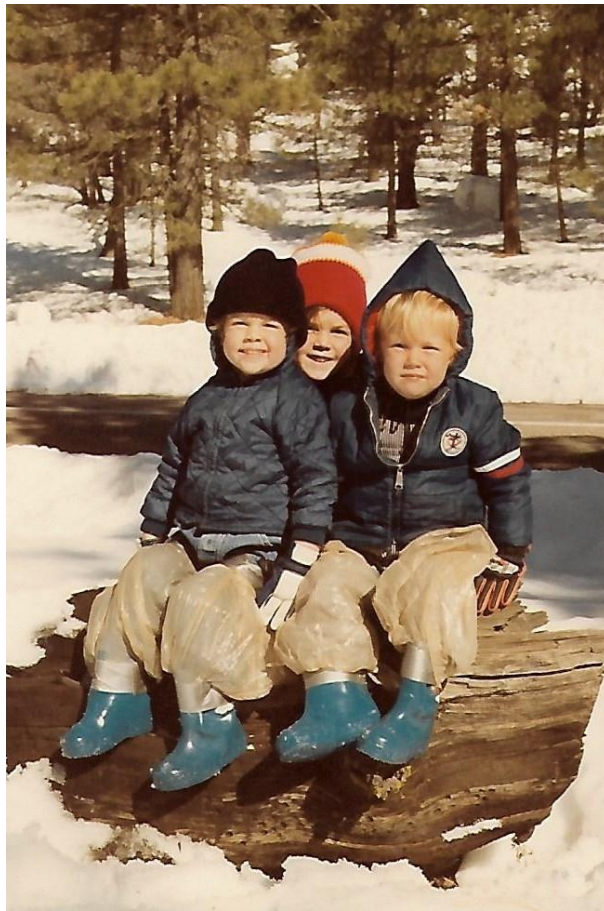


1982. Our friends and their 3 children often stayed with us. Their son Jacy was Eddie's best friend. Given the bathroom situation you know they were *very* close friends.



Eddie, Jacy, our twins, and Jacy's bother Miles, watching the fire. That gold vinyl couch, the world's heaviest hide-a-bed, came from our home. The leafy-print linoleum floor was still there. So was that plaid couch.



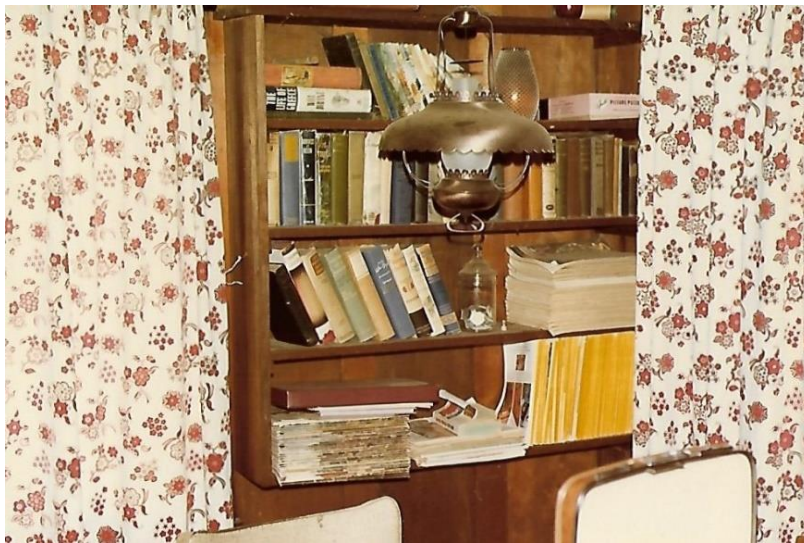


1982. Snow Day.

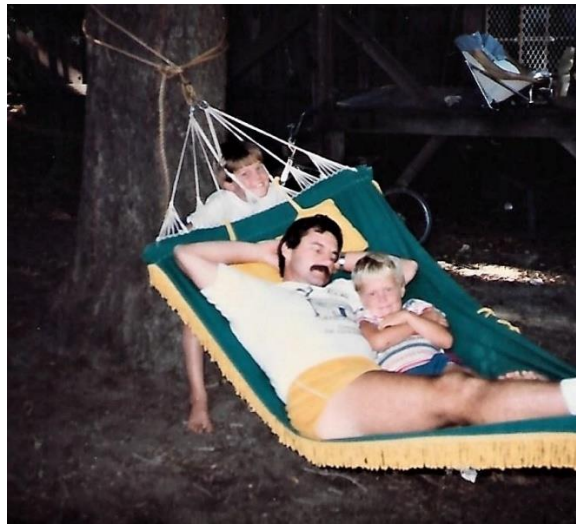


1982. At the Cabin with Kathy's older brother and his family.





1982. The National Geographic magazines from the 1960s. 50-year old books. The old kitchen dinette chairs from our house, circa 1958.



1984. Hammock by the porch



1984. Eddie with Jacy and Miles' sister Kaili on the gold hide-a-bed.



Kaili's Mom Jolene in the kitchen. Looks just like it always did.



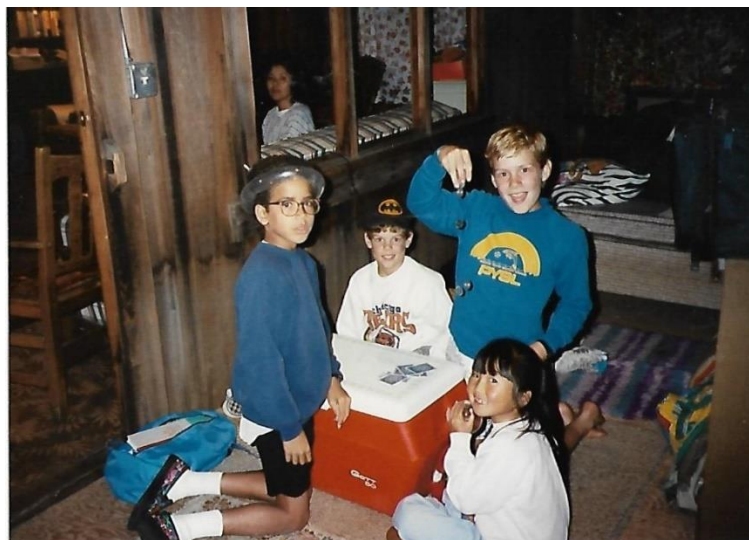


1988. What's changed with the cabin? Not much. Certainly not the couch. Not the flooring. Not the "windows" into the bedroom. Can't say the same about the kids.





1988. Eddie and Jacy raced their BMX bikes in the freezing rain. Hot showers.



1988. Air guitar, dancing, and cards in the “bedroom” with a cooler for a table.

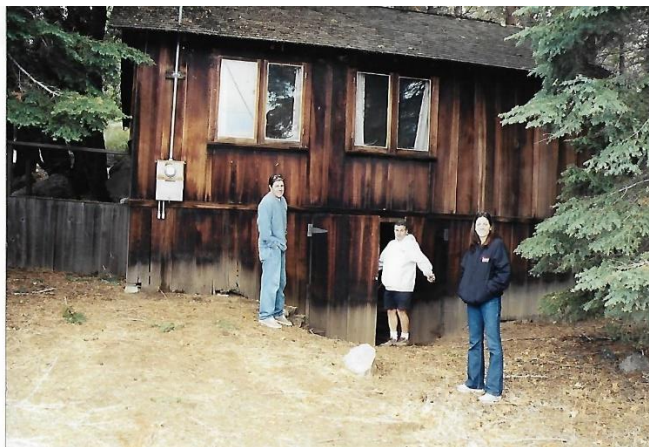




1988. The crew. Chores. And the couch!



1990-2003. During this period the Trudersheim family didn't spend much time at the Cabin. The kids were tied up with high school and college, Dad passed away in December of 1996, and ownership of the cabin went to my Stepmother.

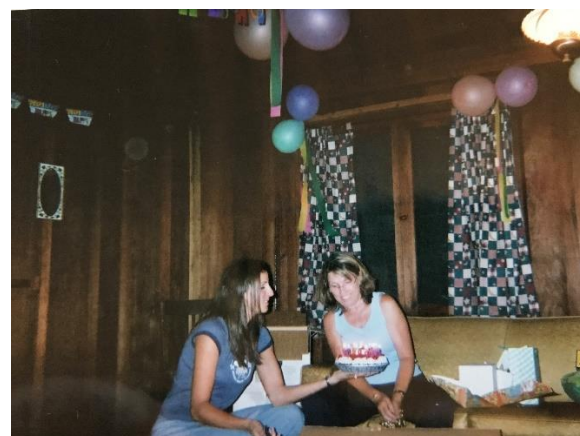


2003. By now Eddie has married Christie. Cabin hadn't changed.

2004. My stepmother called one day to tell Kathy and I she had listed the cabin for sale and it was already in escrow. Well, we let our hearts prevail and paid the prospective buyer a premium to cancel the escrow. The cabin was again back in the family.

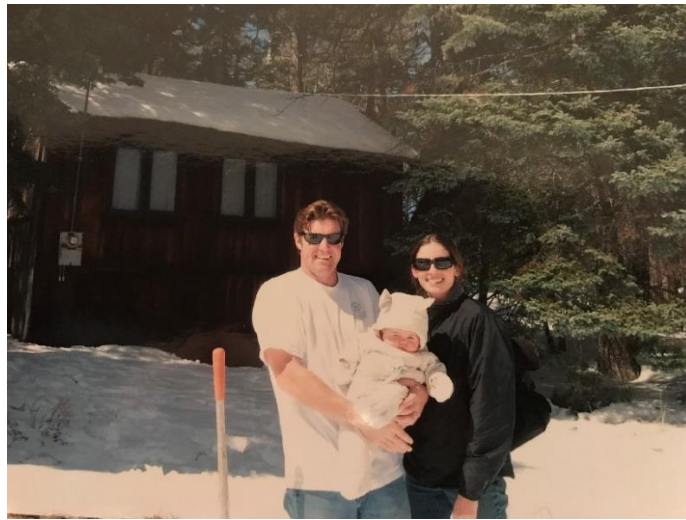


2005. Hanging newly-rebuilt windows. Mike unhappy about digging out the septic tank.



2005. Eddie and Christie have started their own family with Roscoe.





2006. A 4th generation of Trudersheims gets to enjoy the cabin. Eddie and Christie's family expands again with the birth of daughter Lily. Her first trip to the snow. Lily and her friend Llian enjoy the confort of the old plaid couch.



After we bought the cabin back from my stepmother in 2005 we had planned to make some badly-needed structural improvements to the old girl to keep her habitable. I rebuilt some of the windows and we ordered some replacements that we never hung. In 2007 we did install a real fully-permitted septic system and leech field. Never used it. Life, as it's inclined to do, got in the way and other projects took precedence.

By 2012 few in the family were willing to spend the night there. Sons Chuck and Mike were just starting their families, ultimately adding three girls and a boy to the 4<sup>th</sup> generation. The critters kinda took over. After that, our kids pretty much only used it to warm up on snow days. The cabin's unfortunate condition prevented their children from enjoying the cabin the way they had growing up



2012. The 4<sup>th</sup> generation grows. Lily gets a sister, Sammy.



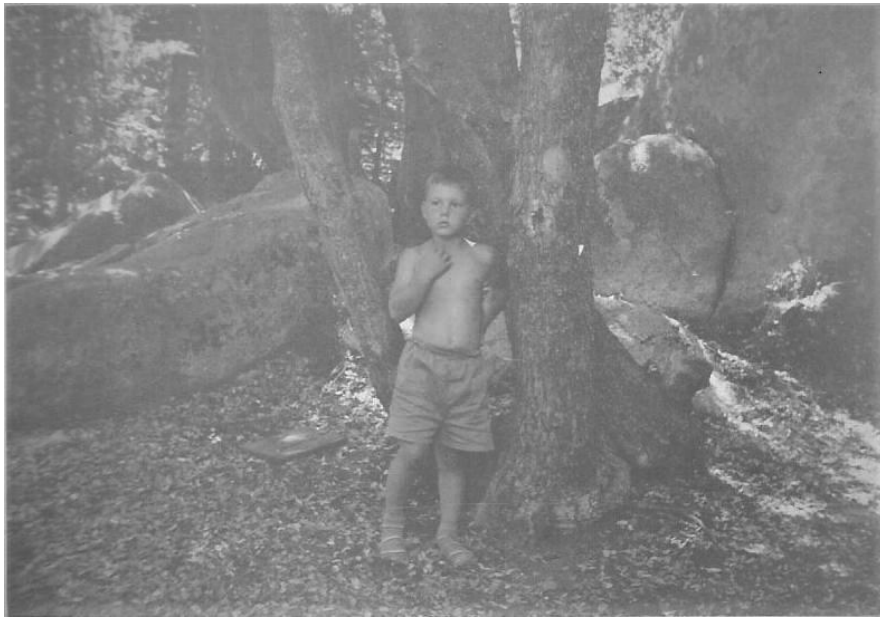
2015. By now Eddie's family has grown again with Meghan's addition and they were able to enjoy a snow day knowing they had the cabin to get warm and dry out.





2015. 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> generation snow day. Posing with the girls' creation; "Pothead".

1950-2020. Then and Now.







It's now 2020. We talked as a family about what to do with the cabin. We considered making it a family project, but with the seven members of Generation 4 now ranging in age from 1 to 14 years, carving out the time from everyone's typically-frantic 21st century lives was just not gonna happen. Generation 3, our boys, were all sad that they wouldn't be able to recreate, for their families, the memories they all had of great family times at the Hi Ho Cabin.

We figured the cabin had to be just about 100 years old. We were pretty certain that in that entire time it had been owned and loved by only two families; several generations of Williams' and 4 generations of Trudersheims. If the cabin was to be saved, it would have to be by another family. Time to sell.

We realized that, in its present condition and given the unique nature of Palomar real estate, chances were very slim that anyone would ever want to rehabilitate and save the old girl. A teardown and replacement was by far the most likely scenario for any buyers. Then, the day it was listed, here come the A&W cabin angels.

Turns out the nextdoor neighbors, Anne Schafer and Wayne Moorhead, had long thought the Hi Ho Cabin would be a great next project and the timing was just right. On April 10<sup>th</sup>, 2020 it became theirs. They have a great history with cabin "lost causes" and it sounds like they are as excited about having it as we are for them to have it. We can't wait to see what they do with it.

To A&W, for pledging to save it, heartfelt thanks from four generations of the Trudersheims; Ed and Kathy, Eddie, Christie, Lily, Sammy, Meghan, Mike, Lisa, Isa, Raya, Chuck, Kelly, Max and Dylan. And my Dad; he'd be happy too.



The End