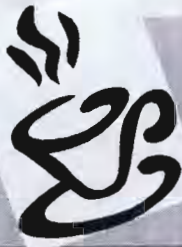


January 2002



The Coffee Break

\$1.00

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Every last cent goes to the Coffee Creek Volunteer Fire Co.!

Who's Who—"Jack McDonald"

The next time you see a large yellow road grader coming down the road, or working alongside the road, take a good look at the operator. Is he a tall, thin, aristocratic looking gentleman with gray hair, glasses, and a huge smile on his face? If your answer to all of these questions is yes, chances are pretty good that you just saw Jack McDonald. If you don't already know him, introduce yourself the next time you see him at the Yellow Jacket, or at the Forest Café in Coffee Creek, and have a cup of coffee with Jack. He's really someone you should get to know!



Jack McDonald

Jack is a life long native of Trinity Center. He was born in Oakland, CA on January 14th, 1922. If you know a lot of locals who grew up in this area, it was pretty common during the early part of this century for expectant mothers to travel out of the area, whenever possible, to give birth in a location with larger, more sophisticated medical facilities. In many cases, they also had friends and family in these areas whom they could depend on for immediate post delivery support. Jack's mother, Louise, hailed from Markleeville, over by Tahoe, and attended business college in Oakland. His dad, Elmer, was the superintendent of the old CCC camp, and owned and ran

the Stringtown Store. The pair met in Oakland. They were married in 1920, and moved to Trinity Center. Jack is the oldest child in the family. He has two younger brothers and a younger sister.

Jack grew up in Trinity Center, and spent his free time hunting and fishing in the surrounding hills and streams. He worked in the store with his dad and mom. He boarded in Redding during the week to attend high school. On the weekends, being a high school track man, he would often hike home using the old road from French Gulch. This often involved camping out over night along the way by himself, listening to the lonely cry of coyotes after dark.

Shortly after finishing school, WW II broke out. Jack signed up in the Army Air Corps in 1942. He was placed on a one year waiting list for flight school. His first duty station was in Fresno, CA. He spent time in Fresno, Visalia, Chico, Stockton, and Missoula, MT. Jack left for Europe in April of 1944 and flew bombing missions in B-24's out of Italy. Jack's crew of 10 men flew 50 missions. On one mission, only 12 out of 24 planes came back in one piece. When they returned to the US, in October of 1944, Jack's crew was the first combat air crew to return with the same original 10 man crew intact. He soon flew another mission, co-piloting a B-24 by way of Hamilton Field, Tucson, Dallas, Memphis, Macon, W. Palm Beach, Puerto Rico,

South America, and on to Africa.

Jack suffered from a toothache in Memphis, and had to lay over for three days, where he had the tooth pulled. He was in Walgreen's Drug Store having a milk shake when he met his first wife, Ruth. Jack said "I bought her a sundae at Walgreen's Store." He says that he "wanted at that time to see the world, but that sundae kind of ruined things." Jack and Ruth were married in Memphis on October 23, 1944, and came to live in Old Trinity Center. Jack remembers that the night they got home there was one light on at the store. Ruth thought that he was taking her to the end of the earth. He says that he sure was happy to get out of the military, because he hated taking orders. He did not realize when he got married that he would continue to take orders for many, many, more years.

The newly wed couple lived in the back of the store and Ruth sometimes helped out. Her primary career was as the mail carrier on the Coffee Creek postal route. She held this job for 27 years. Jack and Ruth had three children, two boys and one girl. Jack worked for R&G Lumber, at the old mill in the mouth of the East Fork. From the mill, he moved into the woods as a logger during the timber season, and began building roads. From '46 until '50, Jack served as a local Justice of the Peace. He recalls that "he got \$30 per month and never had a repeat client." He says that "it was kind of like a military court marshal proceeding." He also

worked for the County Road Dept., and served as a County Supervisor from 1955 until 1962. At that time he recalls that supervisors only had to attend three meetings a month.

In 1958 Jack bought the first back hoe in the area. Initially the machine was a novelty, and people often asked him "Why he had that thing?" He recalls the flood of 1964 and remembers that there was eight feet of gravel in front of Seymour's after the flood. He helped with the clearing prior to the filling of the lake. Today he's still out there running his equipment, with that big smile on his face. The old McDonald's Store started out in Stringtown, at the head of the lake and was later moved, along with the McDonald home, to new Trinity Center when the lake was filled.

Jack and Ruth enjoyed many wonderful years in this area. He lost her during the spring of '98. The whole community lost a good friend.

During the spring of 2000, Jack and Charlse Shipper were married. Jack says that "I got tired of my own cooking." Charlse says that he is still a pretty good breakfast cook, and she "doesn't do breakfasts." At any rate, there's Jack, still taking orders.

When asked about his life here in the Trinities, Jack says that he leads "an honest life, so he won't have a guilty conscience". Of the lake he says "It's hard to believe how far up the valley it came." On changes he's seen locally, he muses "It's completely changed, but then that's progress.



Jack McDonald (bottom row, second from left) with WWII Buddies—B24 Crew

You invite and encourage more people to come, and suddenly there's some guy sitting in your favorite hunting spot." When asked about the future Jack says "just bury him on his grader". Each day there's nothing like sitting on thousands of pounds of iron "that does what you want, and doesn't talk back to you." Jack spends time with his mother, Louise, who still lives here and does very well, as does his brother, Buddy, and his family.

Many of us are lucky enough to live here full time. We're especially lucky to have friends and neighbors like Jack. Ruth was right, Jack took her to the end of the earth—the best end.

Town Crier



Seems as though everyone is busy taking down the holiday decorations, returning those things that don't fit and making New Year's resolutions to break....no Garden Club, no parties, no nothin' that Ye Olde Editor knows about. I'm sure there's something going on in January that I will undoubtedly hear about after the fact, so I apologize in advance and nag you to give me a call, an email or fax when there's doins'.

Reflections

For the past two years I have been producing "The Coffee Break". I have had the view that items in the "Break" should be about our area only. However, how can we embrace the New Year without remembering the devastating event that took place 3000 miles away this past year. I have avoided writing about 9/11 because I could not find words to express our collective feelings. Tragic, sad, horrible, incomprehensible and so on are expressions that are used, as we attempt to understand an evil that no one understands. There are no adequate words. And so, we will all remember with pain what happened on September 11th.

We will still celebrate the arrival of the New Year, birthdays, reunions, marriages, spring, and all other days that are meaningful. We simply must.

Time will pass and life will, for sure, continue. But remember and value your country, your families, your beliefs, and above all, your humanity. Hug your kids, serve your community, help your neighbor, embrace our differences, celebrate our diversity and value your freedom...and Ye Olde Editor wishes each and every one of you a Happy New Year!



Fire Call



This past month Coffee Creek Fire Company hosted a spaghetti dinner for Trinity Center Fire and all volunteers from both departments. Julie Eaker did an excellent job of organizing the entire event as well as creating some "interesting" awards (like Ye Olde Editor's mounted golden "C" collar to demonstrate a somewhat up side down way of assembling it). There was also a mounted charred pager for Lynette Vandergrift to commemorate her talent for exploding pagers by using incorrect batteries. Then there was the jeweled stethoscope and trauma gloves for Mary Bowen to demonstrate her fondness for style. I think you get the idea.

On a more significant note those volunteers who were instrumental in enhancing the role that the departments' perform for the community were recognized.

Coffee Creek presented Trinity Center with a well deserved plaque acknowledging their service to both of our communities by mutually responding with Coffee Creek. Barry Bowen received credit for his untiring commitment to orchestrate the many details of planning and building Coffee Creek's new fire hall. Of course, Coffee Creek Fire Chief, Butch Garrity and Kit Garrity accepted thanks from all for obtaining funds and generally "living" at the hall during construction.

A highlight of the evening was a heart felt appreciation by all for the amazing amount of time and effort Dick Hamilton has expended to acquire and build the new repeater which expands the departments' abilities to communicate. Coffee Creek, especially, has had to contend with severely limited radio communications which can jeopardize both patients and personnel. The new repeater is a very important adjunct to the important medical and fire functions of the departments. Dick has been voicing the need

for reliable clear emergency communications for many years. All of us should be very grateful for his extensive efforts. That repeater will save lives that might otherwise have been lost because of delayed transport.



Fire Chief's, Butch Garrity (Coffee Creek), Dick Hamilton (Trinity Center) and Coffee Creek Medical Captain, Julie Eaker



Coffee Creek Building Chairman Barry

Times Past - "Then and Now" - by Kodak



Jactri—Circa 1949



Eagle Creek Ranch—Winter 2001

Note: Vi Karrer, who routinely contributes this column, is taking a much deserved holiday break..



Snow!

When you live in the mountains, you spend more than a little time thinking about, talking about, looking at, worrying with, and living with, the weather. Late in the fall, as the leaves drift off of the trees, and you begin to see your breath in vapor clouds in the early morning, you invariably think about snow! Some of us can't wait to see the stuff. Others can't stand the stuff. Still others quickly pack up and head south for the winter, to completely escape the stuff.

This year, as old man winter began to circle about, the conversation again centered on what could be expected in the way of snow. The U.S. Weather Service issued a preliminary forecast for this to be an epically warm, dry winter, similar to last year's, boding poorly for our precious snow pack. All of a sudden Ye Olde Editor realized that her soul mate and co-bread winner was about to leave for one of his regular business trips to the South Pacific. Within days of this observation, she came upon Mary Bowen, wearing her "think snow outfit". Ye Olde Editor suddenly developed an overwhelming sense of déjà vu, and began to fear for what must surely come soon!

Sure enough! The day before Bob was due to leave for another of his arduous, but necessary, tropical trips, a few flecks of snow began to lazily drift down. Next—you guessed it, Bob quickly threw his hastily packed bags into his car, and went down to Redding a day early, just in case. By morning the snow began to fall with determined regularity. The next morning, as Bob called just prior to leaving for Honolulu, there was an inch or two down. Later in the day, he called from Honolulu, complaining about the sultry, humid weather, and was informed that there was now about six inches of the wonderful white stuff. The next morning, when he called from American Samoa, to let her know that it was way too hot, and his room air conditioner was not the best, she let him know that she was dealing with a foot and a half of the white stuff. For the rest of the week, Bob labored under extremely hot, humid conditions, with high tropical winds, and he complained of a vicious sun burn—he was informed that the unwanted white stuff was slowly but inexorably accumulating.

At the end of the week, as she was anxiously awaiting the arrival of her soul mate and co-shoveler, he called to let her know that he had survived the hateful tropics one more time and would stay on for a few more days in order to service his central valley clients. On Tuesday evening, Dec. 11th, he arrived home just in time to receive his birthday gifts (would you believe fishing equipment?). He opened his gifts and ate his cake. He gave his bride three new snow shovels, a peck on the cheek, and informed her that he had to leave again first thing in the morning to do more service work for the central valley customers. By now there were three feet down at Eagle Creek Ranch. He again returned to the ranch on Friday evening, just in time to pack a bag and head for Redding to have his hip replaced. Throughout all of this time it continued to snow.

After the surgery Ye Olde Editor returned with her stoved up, loudly complaining soul mate, to their love nest at Eagle Creek. It

was still snowing! Christmas came and went – you guessed it – still snowing! By now 5 feet of the horrid white crap had fallen at the ranch. There was three feet of heavy wet soggy snow on the level, and their 60 x 30 ft., 18 ft tall shop was just a bump in the snow.

Since then she's been busy struggling with the snow (with Jim Daum's help), while her soul mate/stiff hipped cry baby of a husband, sits in his pajamas, looking out the window, enraptured with the beautiful white fluffy snow, and makes poetic sounding murmurings about the joys of wintering in the mountains.

Soon he'll be well enough to travel again – God only knows what evil the weather spirits have prepared, waiting until he leaves on his next business trip.

This posting is to bring those of you who wimped out for the winter, up to speed on the joys of living in the mountains in the winter. I have to wrap this up now – I have to find that whining ungrateful crutch dragging snow bird of a husband, and make a nice hot lunch for him, as he sits by the fire, reading his fishing magazines...



Ye Olde Editor's Soul Mate, Stiffed Hipped, and Spoiled Husband on Phone Complaining About the Weather

(This picture is Ye Olde Editor's Revenge)

Holiday Festivities

For the fifth year in a row, Wilma Villaloboz has outdone herself. She has produced another memorable Christmas luncheon at The Sasquatch. As usual there was a full house. Thanks to the efforts of Pat Gifford the buffet was incredible (did you try those little crab puffs?). Santa, of course, was there, and according to Wilma, he obediently "goes where he's put" (Mr. Clause is quite a guy!). Santa managed to figure out who was good and who was eligible for a lump of coal. There were an abundance of elves in attendance, as

well as a fashionable array of holiday attire.

Arlene Hollister displayed her considerable talent in crafting the many holiday decorations and Judy Eaker sang all the familiar holiday tunes. Lots of prizes were awarded along with a raffle for a nativity scene won by Mary Bowen who donated it to the Coffee Creek Church. Thanks Wilma for your time and effort and to Pat and "elves" for creating another "not to be missed" event.



Winter Pastimes

Boy, are you missing two of the coolest ways to enjoy our wonderful area in the winter! Both involve floating down a river in a small boat. It's called drift fishing, and it's way beyond cool!

This requires hooking up with someone with a river worthy drift boat or pontoon raft, finding a good place to launch and arranging for someone to move your trailer (for the drift boat) to the location where you plan to pull the boat out. You'll need a fishing license, a fly rod and reel and flies. Some of the flies should look like salmon eggs, because the trout in the river follow the spawning salmon and eat some of their eggs as they drop them. The rest of the flies should be "Golden Stone Fly Nymphs", or "Polyba Caddis Pupa". Use stoneflies in the Trinity, below the Lewiston bridge, along with the egg patterns for steelhead. Use the caddis pupa, along with eggs, on the lower Sacramento right through Redding down to Anderson for big rainbow trout.

Both rivers are absolute magic at this time of year. The Trinity comes alive with beautiful steelhead up to 10 lbs. from mid November until late winter and is soooo beautiful. To give this a try call the Fly Shop in Redding or the Trinity Fly Shop in Lewiston. Both shops have great guides with good boats to "show you the ropes". Give it a try for a new perspective on winter in our beautiful area.

School Days



Trinity Center School

Trinity Center School suffered the loss of an outbuilding which stored many items that the children at the school used, such as craft supplies, school play props, ect. You may be able to help by donating items to replace those lost. Call Wilma Villaloboz (266-3628) or Linda Solven (266-3241) to see how you can help.

Coffee Creek School

Last month was a very busy month at our school. Let's see, there was the Christmas play, power outages, the Christmas play, visit from Santa (two Santas, actually), the Christmas play, shoveling snow, some geography tests, and did we mention the Christmas Play?

Well, the Christmas play was wonderful, of course. Mary Hanson, our music instructor, put on another of her great performances. The theme was a "Christmas Holiday Hoedown" and combined familiar characters like elves and reindeer and Mr. and Mrs. Claus with new ones like Yokum and Roxy. The message was that we don't always have to seek new gifts for Christmas when there is so much value left in many of the old ones. The cast was made up of the students and some staff members of Coffee Creek School plus Marco Brito and Roberta Boring from our community. The props were creatively designed by Hazel Spencer and added a professional touch to the play. The I.O.O.F. hall was packed and all reviews were wonderful.

New Addition!

Jack William Ryan arrived December 17th amidst much fanfare. Alicia Ryan, who with her husband, Shane, operate Coffee Creek Ranch, began to feel "strange in her stomach" that Monday morning. She wasn't sure this was

labor since this was her first child, so she took a shower and putzed around awhile. Meanwhile, husband, Shane, decided to do some chores around the ranch. Golly, gee whiz when he came back to the house Alicia's contractions were 20 minutes apart. The couple still maintained a cool head until the pains went from every 20 minutes to every 2 minutes in an hour. Yikes! Time to go! Shane, being the brave about -to - be -father, thought it might be wise to call 911, but Alicia, the about - to - be - mom, said that they could call for help only if she had another labor pain before they reached Coffee Creek School. Three contractions later they were at the school and Shane hit the parking lot in pursuit of a surprised Mary Bowen.

Together they headed for the fire hall where Barry Bowen was plowing the out the driveway. Alicia and Shane were jet propelled into the ambulance before it was even running. Then Butch Garrity and Jimbo Dahm arrived. Things get a little confusing here, but somewhere along the line Coffee Creek volunteers picked up EMT Holly Anderson. The stork group headed for Weaverville and met up with Weaverville's ambulance at Lake Forest where Trinity Center Fire directed traffic.

Coffee Creek EMT Lynette Vandergrift drove the ambulance to Weaverville, in fact there seemed to be a lot of people in various vehicles headed in the direction of Trinity Hospital. Shane at this point decided that this was undoubtedly the "slowest trip to Weaverville he had ever had.

By the time the little group arrived at the hospital, staff were waiting, with catcher's mitts, since they heard the whole thing evolving on the scanner. Forty five minutes later 21", 7 # 3/4 oz. Jack William arrived oblivious to the wild commotion around him. Whew!



**The Center of Attention:
Jack William**



Every last cent from the sale of this newsletter goes to the Coffee Creek Volunteer Fire Company!



A Coffee Creek Firefly

"The Coffee Break"
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Trinity Center, CA 96091
Phone: 530-266-3276
Fax: 530-266-3571
Email: eaglecreek@tds.net

Renew Now!



Subscription Information

Thanks for Your Support of the Coffee Creek Fire Company

Now's the time to renew your subscription to "The Coffee Break". All subscriptions end with the December issue. The cost of renewal is \$18 which covers the cost of postage and envelopes.

Again, we can only accept out of the area subscriptions, as we are all volunteers, and it would be prohibitive to try and handle local subscriptions also. Please make checks payable to CCVFC.

Business card style advertising is available for \$5 a month and larger advertising for \$10 a month.

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Your Turn

As we have approached the problem of getting rid of the large pine that fell in our backyard, we have been talking to Bill Hartman. Bill had not seen the THP that we got from SPI because of our water supply. He identified for us how the southern and center plots would effect all of our views of surrounding hillsides. The center and northern ones could effect our water supplies. While meeting with us, Bill made some calls to top people in the Department of Forestry in Redding and Weaverville..

On November 27, I answered SPI's October letter with a written request for more information, but have not had any reply. I have also discussed the situation informally with an environmental lawyer in the Bay Area who has fought and won several contests with SPI in Mendocino and Humboldt counties.

The general advice we get is that if a group of people in a community decide to contest a clear-cut that would have substantial aesthetic impact on their town, substantial modifications on a proposed



Who's Who Jack McDonald

THP can be obtained. Selected cutting may be required and older trees can be saved. Water concerns can also be important, but in our case that probably would not impact the southern plot near the Kausen home.

Before we go any further, we want to acknowledge that as newcomers to Coffee Creek, we are hesitant to jump into a community problem that all of you have dealt with for years. If the conclusion of people, such as you, is that we should stay out of this, we will do so.

If you feel it is appropriate to take some action, here is what might be done:

1. Attempt to convince 10-15 residents to write Mr. Thomas L. Walz at SPI, PO Box 478, Weaverville right away expressing concern about the aesthetic and water problems in this THC. That might be accomplished by circulating this letter to more of our neighbors (we have only sent this letter to some people with major business concerns and water district officers). Our letters must be noted individually by SPI in their plan, which apparently has not been finalized. When the plan is filed, we are entitled to notice and a chance to protest to the State.
2. Invite a knowledgeable environmental lawyer to meet with us some evening in January to explain the process and perhaps write a letter on our behalf. I think this could be arranged pretty inexpensively.

Let us know what you think. If you call after January 2, we will be back in Berkeley at 510-528-4465.

Sincerely,
Rod and Carol Duncan

