



The Coffee Break

Volume 3, Issue 7

\$1.00

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

Who's Who—"Barbara Vasconcellos" by G. W.

Barbara Vasconcellos' father took his first look at her on March 13th., 1933 and said, "she sure has a big mouth". Her two brothers reminded her of this throughout



Barbara Vasconcellos

her childhood and, at sixty-nine, she still speaks her mind. Barbara Frances Shockley was born on the eastern shore in Millington, Maryland, eleven months after her older brother and a year and a half before her younger brother. Her father worked for the Eastern Shore Public Utility Co., and her mother was a Domestic Engineer. A large extended family lived close by in Maryland and Delaware and many of Barbara's early memories are of gatherings of grandparents, aunts and uncles, and later lots of cousins. Her dad's job required moving around a lot, but always within these two states.

Going to the "shore" was a summer treat and she loved the water. Being a tomboy, Barbara was more daring than her brothers, ending up with more scrapes and bruises. One time when playing Cowboys, her brothers tried to hang her and darn near succeeded. To this day Barbara can't stand anything tight around her neck. Her favorite thing was going out to her aunt's farm where she milked her first cow. There wasn't any electricity or inside plumbing in

those days on the farm, and all cooking and water heating was on a big wood burning range, water came from a hand pump in the kitchen sink. At wheat thrashing time she "helped" the women feed thirty plus men huge amounts of food and gallons of sweet iced tea. One summer she got head lice at Bible School from hat switching and her mother almost had a stroke. She put some smelly, oily stuff on Barbara's head and wrapped it in a towel. The minute she left the room, Barbara was out the door and telling all the neighbors about her nits and lice!

When she was about five, one of her uncles signed her up to be in a Shirley Temple contest in Denton, Md. The prize was a dress that Shirley had worn in a movie. The evening of the contest, her uncle said that he would teach her how to bow. He was a great tease, and he taught her to bow like a man, and when she walked out to the center of the stage and did that, it brought the house down. She won the dress. She started first grade in Millsboro, Del. at age six, and a whole new and wonderful world opened up, a world of books, art, and learning. Every day was a new adventure to Barbara.

During the summer of 1941 the Shockley's moved across the country to Reno, Nev. Barbara's dad had entered into a partnership with her uncle, who lived there. They bought the Dr. Pepper Bottling Co. Her folks sold everything that didn't fit in a small, open trailer, including their new house on a river and headed west. It's a long story,

but the seller of the company had two sets of books, and within three months the IRS came and put locks on the doors. They were flat broke and the seller had skipped to Mexico. They moved in with her aunt and uncle, who were not hurt that bad financially, as her uncle was a prominent doctor in Reno. Barbara's father finally found work with Westinghouse in California, and they packed their trailer again.

They were crossing the Carquinez Bridge where a lot of soldiers were running back and forth stringing wires. Her dad turned on the car radio, and they heard the news of Pearl Harbor being bombed that morning. The first day of school in Berkeley was spent on air raid drills. It was a time of blackout rooms, ration books and gas coupons. Barbara was not quite nine, when she started baby sitting after school and on weekends. Whole families were working different shifts in the shipyards and other war effort jobs and needed help. On her way home from school she picked up a six month old baby and pushed her in a buggy to her house. Then Barbara cooked dinner for her dad, who was on the night shift. He left for work before her mother, who had resumed working as a nurse, got home. Berkeley was a nice place to grow up, but the family was still in the moving phase and lived in three different houses on Oxford St.

Her father went to work for Food Machinery in San Jose when Barbara was in the fifth grade, and they moved to Sunnyvale and then to a fringe area of S.J. However she went to Campbell

schools. Most kids worked jobs in the fruit business in the summer, as Santa Clara Valley was all orchards then. She picked prunes, cut cots, then went on to cleaner jobs like house cleaning, ironing, babysitting, anything to make a buck at the rate of twenty-five cents an hour in order to buy school clothes and art supplies. She was active in school government and activities and went to Girl's State in Sacramento in the summer of '50. Barbara won many awards for writing and painting. She was the first student to win the Bank of America Award and the Fine Art Scholarship Award in her high school. She also won several scholarships and was offered one to Chenards Art School in L.A., but couldn't accept it, as her father wouldn't sign the papers. It was years before she forgave him. She attended San Jose State for one year, then went to work full time and never went back.

In 1953 she met Dale Petersen, a widower with a three year old daughter, Lynn. After one month of dating they married on her parents anniversary date and later, both of her brothers married on that same date. Her new husband was a Highway Patrol Officer. They lived in S.J., then in Santa Clara, where in 1956, her daughter Keri was born. Two weeks after her birth they moved to Alturas. It was winter and so cold when she hung out the diapers that they froze before she could get them on the line. Six months later the family moved to Susanville where they rented a house on a cattle ranch. The well would go dry about half the time in the summer, and they hauled lots of water. There were snakes and wild life, and Barbara loved living in the country. However, they ended up buying a house and moving to town when Keri was three. Once in town she started a nursery school, became a foster mother, was a Sunday School teacher and was heavily involved in Campfire Girls. In the winter she would take her girls up to Eagle Lake to ice skate after spending several hours shoveling snow off of it. Susanville was a nice little town then, she says, but now it's grown so much from the prison being there, that it's not the same.

In 1968 they moved to Santa Cruz and bought a big old Victorian house, which Barbara immediately started restoring. She also went back to work full time in a doctor's clinic in Scotts Valley. Lynn had enlisted in the Air Force and Keri was in Jr. High. She knew her marriage was phasing out, and she would need the income. Lynn got married in 1970, and three months later Barbara and Dale sold the Victorian and separated. She bought a little beach house down by the Santa Cruz Small Craft Harbor, and started living the single life and loved it! As she said, "sweet freedom". Of course, that house needed a lot of fixing too, so she learned to use power tools, and went to work. She and Keri would go up Highway #1 and find rocks and bring them home. Every night after work she laid a row of rocks on the wall behind her fireplace. She was now working at the Los Gatos-Saratoga Hosp. in Los Gatos and commuting over Highway #17 daily.

In Nov. 1971 she met Ray Vasconcellos at a party. They started dating, and in December she got a call from Hawaii where he was visiting friends. He asked her to fly over and spend a week. It was the first commercial flight she had ever taken, but she went and had a super time. They dated on a "fairly regular" basis after that and got engaged Nov. '72. Ray

has a son, Michel, who was ten that year. Barbara had always wanted a son named Mike, so the relationship was made to order. They married in May 1973 on Cinco de Mayo and took an extended honeymoon in Europe. She says she thinks they visited every church and castle there, even rode the slide down in the salt mines in Berchtesgaden, took the cog train and cable car to the Zugspitze (a la 007), danced with a German mayor at a Beer Garden, saw the Lippizon Stallions at the Spanish Riding School, saw Venice and Pompeii and, visited Ray's Mafia (just kidding) cousin in Italy. It was a fairy tale honeymoon.

They lived in Ray's S.J. house, but they wanted to get back to the ocean, so they sold his house and moved into her beach cottage. Then the couple bought a lot across the street and built a house with ocean/harbor views from every window. Ray was having some health problems, so in the spring of 1980 they started looking for a place to open a B&B, looked at Carrville and went home to Santa Cruz. In October, they came back for a second look and made an offer. They closed escrow on New Year's Eve in 1980. They didn't move until April of 1982, and it was another two years before they started any serious restoration. The next four years were like the Winchester House, the hammers never stopped. Barbara started working on gardens and planting flowers. She did the planning and decorating and after they opened, all the cooking, laundry (up to twenty loads a day), ironing table and bed linens, arranging fresh flowers daily, turning down beds at night and doing all the little things behind the scenes that made it so popular with guests. It was a wonderful experience, and, today, they are still in touch with many of the guests, but they were ready to take life easier. They sold The Carrville Inn in the fall of 1998 and moved to Coffee Creek. Barbara says that the hardest thing for her was getting rid of their animals, especially the fourteen miniature horses that had become personal pets.

The house in Coffee Creek is home forever. Barbara is crazy about the people, the area, the trees, creek, animals and birds. She says that when she leaves Coffee Creek, it will be feet first. She still likes to garden, but is limited somewhat now. She loves her flowers, especially her forty -some rose bushes. Barbara has turned much of the cooking over to Ray, who, she says, is really a good cook. She reads incessantly, often staying up to three in the morning, if the book is good and still writes a little poetry. She wrote a novel while at the Inn, and sent it out. It came back with a memo to shorten it, but she never sent it out again. The fun was

in writing it, she says.

Barbara is Grandma to five and Great-Grandma to one—all wonderful of course.

What people don't know about her is that she used to do well in sports and lettered in basketball, volleyball, field hockey and tennis. Barbara says she never could hit a baseball, and don't ever ask her to sing. She says she can't carry a tune in a bucket.



Barbara and Ray on their wedding day





Garden Club

This month's Garden Club's Luncheon will be held at 1 pm , **July 9th**, at Louise Birch's hanger on Airport Road. Hawaiian dress is optional. A \$2 donation is appreciated. For questions call Wilma Villaloboz at 266-3628.



Last Month's Garden Club Meeting at Jim and Audrey Goss's Ponds

Transitions

Transitions is a family caregiver support program which offers no cost support services and resources for individuals who care for an ill or disabled family member, aged 60 and over. This is a program of Golden Umbrella and Mountain Caregiver Resource Center. If you are in need of such services call 229-3691 in Redding. Services are available for those in Trinity County, and include help with physician referrals, installation of ramps and grab bars, organization of medications, arrangements for help when you are away, driving issues, nutrition, crisis counseling, applications for Medi-Cal and many other programs aiding those who must give their time and energies to a loved one who needs extra care.

New Books at the Library

Some of the new books this July at the library in Trinity Center are:
Mysteries

1. In a Strange City by Laura Lippman
2. Snowfall
3. Wreck the Halls
4. White Shell Woman
5. The Oath
6. McNally's Dilemma

Non fiction:

1. The Clinton Enigma
2. The Gold Exodus (The discovery of the true Mount Sinai)

3. Lamp Unto My Feet (Christian leaders share the scriptures)
4. The Endurance (Shackleton's legendary Antarctic expedition)
5. A Beautiful Mind (The life of mathematical genius, John Nash)

We Got Your Number

In order to prepare for the upcoming December release of the local area phone books, changes need to be made. If your number has changed, you know of new people in the area or you ARE a new family, or if you know of families that have moved please mail your information to:

Rt. 2, #4036
Trinity Center, CA 96091

Please include your name and spouse's name, if applicable, and your location, such as Trinity Center or Coffee Creek , etc. The phone book is published by the Coffee Creek Fire Company Fireflies as a fundraiser.

**A Dog Day Afternoon
by Bill O'Hara**

Rumor has it that one of the more noteworthy residents of Eagle Creek Loop, found herself in a rather embarrassing situation recently. Seems said person found herself locked out of the house and into the formidable structure, known locally, as "The Cunningham Kennel". This stronghold was constructed to basically cage anything that walks. Sitting in the middle, looking so forlorn, was our victim, 'nuf said. Rumor also has it that the first three passersby's offered no help. Kennel cough shots are available in Weaverville, Bobbie!

Heroes Among Us

At a recent ceremony in Eureka, combat veterans serving in the Korean war from 1950 to 1953 were presented a medal by a representative of the Korean government and the U.S. Defense Department. They were thanked for their service in America's forgotten war. Among the 100 or so men receiving the medal were Loren Teitzel and Del Taylor. The army band provided the stirring music and the ROTC presented the colors.

The Star Spangled Banner and God Bless America were sung in a beautiful and moving ceremony.





If you missed the last "Coffee Creek Fire Company Clean Up Day, it's not too late. Show up at the fire hall on July 13th at 7 am (or later, if you are a late sleeper). The important thing is, that we all take part in supporting the Fire Company. Another hot dog lunch will be provided for those with strong backs and a keen sense of fun.



Holly Anderson, Vi Karrer and Gloria Jason attack the "bush"



Lisa Loucks puts a shine to the windows



Annual Meeting for CCVFC



The Coffee Creek Volunteer Fire Company will be holding their annual meeting on Wednesday, the **17th of July**, at the fire hall at 6:00 pm. Everyone is encouraged to attend this important meeting, so that they can be brought up to date on the present status of the fire company and our future plans. The board of directors will conduct an open forum on the proposed plan to have our fire company become a tax funded department or service district. This is an **extremely important issue** of fire protection and medical service that affects all residents of the Coffee Creek area. It is very important that everyone fully understands this proposal and will support it. Please come and get the facts!

The Fireflies will be providing delicious desserts (11 am to 6 pm), as usual, at the Lion's Club Barbeque on **September 1st**. They will also host a craft booth from 10 am to 4 pm for those "one of a kind" gifts.

The Gift Shop next to the Coffee Creek Country Store will be open through September. If you have not visited the shop, now is the time. You will be surprised at the wide array of items made by Fireflies and local artists.

Changing of the Guard

There is a new fire chief for Coffee Creek and a new assistant chief. Butch Garrity turned over the reins to Chief Steve Ratzlaff and Assistant Chief Jimbo Dahm.



Chief Steve Ratzlaff



Assistant Chief Jimbo Dahm





Coffee Creek School



Graduates Anthony Moyle, Nick Klang and Tyler McCoy receive their graduation papers from board member, Mary Bowen and principal, Carol Havens



The younger children sing for graduates, parents and friends

Coffee Creek School celebrated the graduation of three of their students, Nick Klang, Tyler McCoy and Anthony Moyle on June 12th. All three graduates have worked hard and have plans to reach their goals in the future. The ceremony was held outside and featured entertainment by the lower grades, a rousing band presentation and, of course, speeches by the graduates.

Trinity Center School



Trinity Center Graduates, Jerrett Solven and Alyssa Haire are presented to friends and family



Jerrett Solven receives his diploma

Trinity Center School presented diplomas to graduates, Alyssa Haire and Jerrett Solven on June 13th at the IOOF Hall. Moving speeches were given by both graduates, and Alyssa sang a beautiful song to honor her parents. A slide show chronicled Jerrett's and Alyssa's life from infancy to the present. The younger children performed a musical program for all to enjoy. All of the staff and children of the school closed the ceremony with a celebratory rendition of "Proud to Be an American".



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




Coffee Creek Fire Co.

A Coffee Creek Firefly
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Potato Famine Officially Over!

Perchance you are wondering what on earth is on the plate in front of Paul Ritgard. Well, if you have a wee bit of the Irish DNA flowing through your veins, you will undoubtedly recognize the unmistakable glimmer of potato skins. Paul and his family recently visited Coffee Creek, and found themselves at the local gathering spot, The Forest Café. Now, the hour was a little late, but Paul was heard, along with the rest of his family, muttering that the potato offerings at our famous eating establishment were a little paltry. Ever accommodating, our chef attempted to please the Ritgard's by supplying a large platter of additional French fries to the table. Like vultures swooping down on a fresh road kill, the fries disappeared in a frightening five seconds...one second for each Irish visitor at the table.

They all looked up in unison with expectant yearning, much like that of a passel of baby birds in the nest. Our exhausted host scoured the restaurant for more spuds. He was keenly aware, that this was a critical phase. The table waited. Ah, several more baked potatoes magically appeared. Smoky was now sweating profusely. Would this satisfy our overseas visitors? A hush fell over the table. The only sounds heard were the soft and delicate munching of potatoes. Eight baked potatoes later (not to mention salad, soup, steak, and peach pie a la mode) Paul, along with the rest of his family appeared satiated.

Though bushed beyond recovery the proprietor of the café was last seen attempting to shovel the raucous group out the door. The Great Potato Incident will forever be remembered as legend in the twisted tales of Coffee Creek.

Irish toast: "Let no potato go uneaten. Cheers!"



Paul Ritgard and daughter, Chloe,
with "potato evidence"

Charles Lindbergh took only
4 sandwiches on this trans-
atlantic flight.

Did You Know.....?

