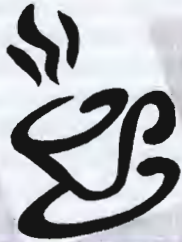


June 2002



The Coffee Break

\$1.00

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

Who's Who—"Bob Carpenter"

Bob Carpenter has a claim to a piece of history that the rest of us can only read about and imagine. In 1923 Bob and his family came to California from Vail, Oregon in that epitome of American travel, the covered wagon...but, more on that later.



Bob Carpenter

Bob comes from a line of farmers. His grandfather farmed and hauled freight across the plains (Fort Laramie and Fort Santa Fe) with oxen teams. His father, Robert, was born in Missouri in 1876 and came across the plains when he was young. Bob's mother, Hetty Lenore, hailed from Nebraska and came out west on the excursion train, when she was fourteen. Before the couple had children, Robert worked as a freight driver in the Silver City, Idaho area.

Bob was born in New Plymouth, Idaho in September of 1919. There were three brothers, one sister, two half sisters and one step sister. Out of the clan, Bob was the second oldest. The family lived for a while on the Snake River. The place (it wasn't really a town, or even close) had one of those western names that aptly described its illustrious place on the map--Four Mile, Idaho. Four Mile was just across the state line from Ontario, Oregon.

Somewhere around 1921 or '22, Bob's family moved to Vail, Oregon to try their

luck growing onions and potatoes on a 60 acre homestead. The sage brush was as high a house. The clearing work was backbreaking. Bob's dad and brother dug a twenty foot section of railroad rail across the ground using two teams of horses, one on each end of the rail. After all the hard labor the crop grew well, but didn't sell. The territory was tough to farm then, but is now a thriving area which will grow anything thanks to the irrigation water which arrived in 1931. When the Carpenter family farmed, the land was at the mercy of the fickle weather patterns. Timing was everything.

Since the crop didn't sell, the family moved on to Pittville, California. Bob's father had previously worked on the Natomas Dredge on the Feather River. On his way back, he passed through the Fall River Valley and liked the country. Bob's parents packed up their possessions and moved four kids, two old milk cows and five horses using a covered wagon that Bob's father put together from a Studebaker wagon. He built a frame over the wagon box and covered it with canvas. This was where the family lived during the 500 mile journey. They had \$30 when they left Vail. They left in May and arrived in the Fall River Valley in July. There were three months of kids, cows, horses, dirt--- all the elements that drive today's women crazy. But, as Bob remembers it, the family fared quite well on the long trip. From Vail they reached Harper and then turned south to Denio, Nevada. From there they trav-

eled on to Cedarville and Alturas, through Bieber and over the hill to Pittville. They traversed along the east side of Steen's Mountain along the Alvord desert and through Alvord Ranch. You have to wonder if Bob's dad ever asked for directions! There wasn't much in the countryside, so the family was pretty much on their own. They had potatoes and onions under the bolsters of the wagon. There was a shepherds stove in the corner for cooking. The sleeping arrangements were ingenious. Bob and his brother, Dave slept at the foot of their parent's bed and his sister slept on blankets on the wagon box floor. His brother, Kermit, slept in a box. Even in rough weather they were self sufficient and relatively comfortable.

The family settled in Pittville where Bob's mother died. Bob was eight years old and his sister nine months old. Hazel Lawrence had cooked for the family for a few years after Bob's mother died. She and Bob's father eventually married. Bob says that his step mom was "the best that anyone ever had".

Bob and his siblings were involved in all the things kids in the country do, one of which was to tease other kids. One escapade concerned a cousin. The brothers, had a pair of stilts, and, of course, the cousin wanted to try them. With a gleam in their eye the boys said, "Sure". The cousin promptly fell in the middle of a large mud puddle. Bob and Davy were spanked for the infraction, but later extracted their revenge with yet another shower the next time the cousin showed up.

Bob says that after he became a teenager, he never remembers a serious disagreement with any of his brothers or sisters. He says that at home they had to behave, or his dad would "trim them out". During the Great Depression Bob did not notice any difference in their lives. Nobody had a lot, but nobody needed a lot. Things were pretty much the same during the Depression as before, during and after. There wasn't much leisure time—too many chores for that! In the winters they did manage to read a bit. The kids didn't get into much trouble, since everyone was just too darn busy.

Bob and his siblings did, however, engaged in their fair share of adventures, like the time a horse died. His dad dug it to the end of the property, where he planned to bury it. The horse was quite bloated by the time the kids found it. Being curious about what the "insides looked like", Bob's brother proceeded to use an old, dull knife as a saw. After an interminable time, he finally broke through and the brothers got gassed! The smell is one that Bob remembers keenly to this day.

---Then there was the eggplant escapade. Bob's mom, while giving an epicurean education, mentioned the use of eggplant for those with a discerning palate. Well, the kids had never encountered an eggplant. It was only logical that if one planted an egg one would end up with an egg "plant". They procured a hard boiled egg from a lunch bucket, and carefully planted it. With tender loving care they watered the darn thing day in and day out, only to be disappointed that it never "sprouted".

Bob's dad sharecropped until around 1940. Bob managed to finish the eighth grade while working on the farm. During spare time he and his brother green broke horses for \$2.50 a head. A good week netted around \$7. They also fed cattle for other people for \$30 per month, plus room and board. One of the old ranches where they worked, near Canton Valley, is traversed by the current right of way of the McCloud Railway Company. If you've been on the all day McCloud to Burney steam train, you crossed over the ranch.

When Bob was twenty two he went to work in a saw mill, while his brother continued to work the family farm. After meeting at a dance, Bob married his first wife, June Belding, when she was twenty years old. The couple had four children, Kenny, Dorothy, Patty and Corrine. Later Bob went to work for PG&E, where he spent thirty two years. He started in Fall River in 1945, and then went to Weaverville in 1954. In 1960 he moved on to Redding, and finally to Trinity Center in 1966. He began on a survey crew and finished his career as a service agent. Bob says that PG&E was an "outstanding employer". He will never forget the time when his wife, June, was very sick and in need of medications. Due to the bad weather, no one could travel to get her prescription. Without debate, PG&E had the medications brought in by helicopter. In 1968 Bob lost June after being married for 28 years.

Bob and his second wife, Cleo, were married in 1970, when Cleo was 50 years old. Cleo was a wonderful school teacher who had taught Bob's kids at a school in MacArthur, California. After they were married, Cleo taught school in Trinity Center. Cleo passed away in February of 1999.

Bob has always had a love affair with horses, and has owned many, right up until recent times. About 1975 he began riding with Ethel Steel, one of the few people left that still grazes her

cows in the local mountains in the summers. The past couple of years he has suffered some pretty serious injuries, and says that he "should probably give up riding cows" in the high country, and be content being with his friends when they are out of the saddle.

Bob is a Mason and a charter member of the Trinity Lake Lions Club. He loves living in Trinity Center, but now stays in Redding in the winter. Bob's son, Kenny, is retired from Capital Insurance Co. and lives in Molla, Oregon. His daughter, Dorothy, is a homemaker and lives in Lebanon, Oregon. Corrine and her husband, Tom, live in Redding where Corrine is a teacher and Tom a nurse. His daughter, Patty worked for the City of Redding prior to her death in 1985.

Bob says that he has been a pretty good guy since he was fifteen or so, but, he says, that you would be surprised to know what a "son of a gun" he was before that. Knowing Bob, is to know a real American, who can remember the days before McDonalds. He holds a slice of history, and imparts his many experiences in a rich and interesting tapestry. Take some time and get to know a man with humor, spirit and integrity. You will know Bob Carpenter.



A Young Bob Where He's Most Comfortable



The Way It Used to Be Bob and Family





Bob Without His Trademark Cowboy Hat

Arnold Jacobson

Many of us lost an old friend this past month. Arnold Jacobson, son of Gussie Lee and stepson of Jim Lee of Eagle Creek Ranch, died at his home in Sacramento. Arnold is survived by his wife Betty, and their daughter. Arnold will be remembered as a good friend and one of the best fishermen in this area.

PUT ON YOUR DANCIN' SHOES

The Forest Café will be hosting a dance on Friday night, June 22 at 8 pm. Steve Noverr will provide the music. There will be a \$5 cover charge.

Little League Comes To Our Neighborhood

The Trinity County Little League, that has been so popular in Weaverville, has now come to Coffee Creek and Trinity Center. Thanks to some wonderful parent volunteers and to the donations of the Lions Club, we now have our own Little League baseball team. They are called the Giants, and they are, indeed, giant in spirit and enthusiasm. Their last game was Friday, May 31st which completed an exciting 13 game season filled with many huge confidence building experiences, sprinkled with a few character building tearful ones. They are in the "Minor Farm" division which is where they use a pitching machine (donated by the Lions) instead of players pitching to players. The two communities of Coffee Creek and Trinity Center came together for the kids and had a great time doing it. Coach Bill Loucks sends his heartfelt thanks to the other coaches and parents who helped out, especially to "Breeze" Johnson whose immaculately groomed field (at Trinity Center School) was the talk of the county in Little League circles. The team and parents are all looking forward to next year.



**Team Spirit!
"The Giants" of Trinity Center and Coffee Creek School**

Fish Derby



10 year old Michael Lange from Eureka says, "There's no fish in this pond."

Yes, Michael was one of the many "fish challenged" children attending the annual Lion's Club Fish Derby. The Lion's did a masterful job, as usual, of staging the event, but the all important fish were not stocked in time for the event due to a miscommunication with Fish and Game. All was not lost, however, if you saw all the happy, contented kids who turned out for a beautiful day with their families and the camaraderie of fellow fisher people. If one listened carefully, the strains of "Catch any?" could be heard all day, and, on at least one occasion, I heard, "Any size to 'em?"



The Unknown Critic



Do you think soft ice cream is better than chocolate? If that's true, you've come to the right place. Drop by the Mini Kat at Wyntoon Resort and "start with dessert". Plain, vanilla or chocolate dipped, large or small, it's your ice cream delight.

If you do decide to move on for lunch or dinner, you can't go wrong there either. Jim and Mary Havner have come up with the perfect balance – hamburgers, burritos, BLT and veggie burgers. If you're doing dinner you might want to go for a pizza, broasted chicken, shrimp, or chicken or a cod basket. For those really hot days of summer, give the chicken salad a try. Don't forget the French fries, onion rings or nachos.

If you're really lucky you'll be there on a night when your chef is Chris Watkins. To say that Chris knows his way around the Mini Kat would be an understatement! Nine years of milk shakes, French fries and chicken sandwiches have indeed made him the Master Chef of the Mini Kitty.

'Til Next Time – The Unknown Critic

Gift Shop Opening!!!

The Coffee Creek Gift Shop, sponsored by the Coffee Creek Volunteer Company Fireflies, is open!! The doors are open from 10 am to 4 pm on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

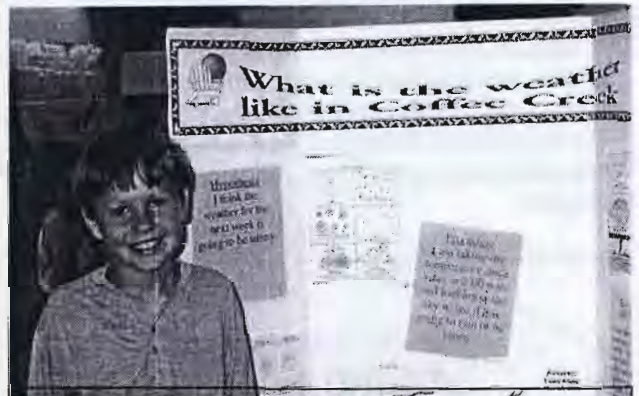
There is an amazing array of gift items, including, cards, candles, mugs, Christmas ornaments, stuffed animals, aprons/placemats/napkins, baby items, garden ornaments, and other handmade goods. There is also currently a large supply of their world famous, always in demand, fantastic and incredible Firefly SCRUBBER! Other local artists are also represented. The shop is located next to the Coffee Creek Country Store. Come on in and browse for that one of a kind gift or souvenir.

Science Fair Big Hit at Coffee Creek School

On Wednesday, May 15th, Coffee Creek School held its Open House/Science Fair. The event was attended by all of the parents of the school as well as by board members and other supportive local citizens. All students in the school from 2nd grade through 8th were required to present their science project to the guests. Each student rose to the occasion, and delivered an interesting and informed presentation. Projects included how fog is made, how plants grow and how rainbows are formed. There were projects that demonstrated hydroelectric dams, electric circuits and even a nuclear reactor, complete with a real steam belching stack.

Students learned that there is more to science than experimentation or demonstration. They learned what it's like to present their ideas to an audience and how to make their information interesting to others.

After viewing the presentations, the guests were treated to snacks and coffee or lemonade. The whole building was buzzing with compliments and encouragement for each student.



**A Proud Lance Klang Displays His Science Fair Project on the Weather in Coffee Creek
(a topic which baffles the rest of us)**



Fire Call

Tom Sawyer couldn't rope you any better. Join us at the CCVFC Fire Hall on Saturday, **June 22** at 9 am for Clean Up Day. Bring your rakes, mops, brooms and elbow grease to help clean up the hall inside and out. Now, here's the kicker—a lunch time hot dog cookout with drinks **FREE** for all the elves will be provided. If that doesn't do it, well, you just don't know how to have fun.



Travels of Charley
by Able Baker Charley Dog
(with apologies to Steinbeck)

The problem was that something smelled *so* good! My Mom let me outside to play with my pal Nicki across the street. I really like to play with Nicki, but today I just couldn't resist that seductive smell. It seemed to be coming from back behind the house at the top of our street, so I headed out that way.

I like trotting through the woods, the pine needles soft under my paws. I heard an interesting bird and stopped to tilt my head at it, "Hmmm, who is that?" He was very busy flying back and forth from his nest, so I didn't stick around. Several deer passed by but they didn't want to play, so I kept on following the scent. What is this smell that pulls me along so strongly?

I have never been this far from home, but I hear cars nearby, so I must not be lost. Oh dear, where has that scent gone? It was so strong just a little while ago. Maybe I need to try a new direction. Boy, there are lots of new smells out here. What's that? More cars? Hmm, I seem to be coming out on a big road. Let's cross over and smell what's on the other side. Oops, here comes a car. I'll just wait here in the middle of the road for him. He's stopping and a man person is coming over to me. I don't know him, and I don't want to stop exploring right now, so I'm not going to let him catch me. [Thank you, Jim Hartley, for your attempts to catch Charley.]

Gee, I'm getting a little hungry now. Wonder what I could eat. Wait a minute, here's that wonderful, strong smell again. It smells furry and makes me feel like I need to do something important. Who cares about stomach growls? Gotta find her! Her? Oh!

Well, this has been a fun day. But it's getting dark. Maybe I should head home...but where is it? It's raining, but this bush looks pretty cozy; I'll just curl up under here for a while and rest up. [Monday night]

Oh! It's morning already. What is that I hear? Birds? Aren't I supposed to be interested in those? My mom says that I'm a duck dog; is that a duck I hear? No, those are the ones that live in the water; I don't like water either. My mom says I'm a strange dog, but I'm just me, Charley. I don't smell that wonderful smell this morning. Guess I'll have to go looking for her. She can't have gone that far. Who is it, I wonder? Someone told my mom that there is a lady coyote out here somewhere. Is a coyote a dog like me? Maybe that's who smells so good. Hmmm.

I've run all day, and now I'm really hungry and pretty tired and wet, too. I guess I'm lost. There sure are a lot of trees and roads out here! Sometimes I thought I heard my name being called today, but that can't be. Who would be out in the woods calling my name? I must have been dreaming. [Thank you Nina Lauerman, Terry Van Dien, Roger & Sue Chatterton, Mike & Sue Mayo, Marty and Patty Sprick for spending your Tuesday looking for Charley. Thanks to Dick Hamilton for lending the key to the gates, so the search party could go looking on all the locked roads.] My paws are getting pretty sore, so I think I'll just curl up and spend the rest of the day resting. [Tuesday night]

Oh, it's getting light, it's snowing and I am getting *so* hungry! What is there to eat out here? I don't smell anything good. I don't even smell my friend, lady coyote. Guess I'll go

out for a walk to see if there is anything to eat around here.

Now it's getting dark again and I haven't found anything to eat. My paws are so sore. I wish I could go home, but I don't know where it is. I really am lost now. Time to rest. All I feel like doing is sleeping. I'll just crawl under the bushes here and zzzzzzzzz. [Wednesday]

Oh dear, my stomach is in pain. My paws hurt and I *am* lost. What to do? I think that I hear some cars; I'll go that way. Oh yeah, now I smell something I could eat. Haven't I been here before? Seems like mom drives me up here to drop off bags of something. Is it food? I start up the road and a car comes along and stops. A man gets out and starts calling me. He scares me though; I don't know him, do I? I run off a bit until he drives away. [Thanks to an unidentified person for trying to catch Charley]

I am so hungry now! I've just got to go up this road to see what I can find to eat. Here comes another car. It stops too. I get ready to run, but my friend Marion, from the library, gets out, and calls my name. Oh yes, I know Marion. I'll let her come up to me. She is very nice and puts me in her car. I'm so tired now I don't really care what happens next. In a little while we pull into a very familiar driveway, Oh, I'm home!! I smell home and my mom. I'm so happy that I whine a bit, not my general reserved thing, you understand, but I can be forgiven because being back home is very special. [Thank you Marion and Loren Teitzel for bringing Charley home!]

My mom was so happy to have me home. I could tell, because she cried and hugged me lots and gave me lots and lots of food. I ate all I could hold, and then I slept, and then I ate some more and slept some more. My mom told me that lots of folks had been looking for me and praying for me too. [Many, many thanks to Chris St. Onge, Boots Houle, Nancy St. Onge, all the folks at the Jaktri, Joyce Wood, Mae Warner and Anna Martin, Marianne Keese, Lynn Hartley, Postmaster Pete, and all the many unidentified others who helped to look and who prayed for Charley's return]

Mom wondered where I had been and especially if we were now expecting caboodles of black curly haired coyoodles. I'm not telling.

Poodle interpretation done by "Mom" Ann Elsbach



What, me worry?



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



A Coffee Creek Firefly
Publication



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I returned home the other day to find that the "Paper Bunny" had, once again, visited my house and left a coveted case of paper on my doorstep to use for "The Coffee Break". Thanks again, George and Ann Bauman for your incredible thoughtfulness! *The Editor*

Your Turn



This is an open letter to everyone in Coffee Creek. I just want to let all of you know how much I appreciate all you've done to honor my daughter, Carolybn, and her memory.

Every time I come to visit I am touched by the out-pouring of love. I also "see" her everywhere I look, and I am grateful that the time she, my sons and I spent here was so enjoyable and memorable. You've each touched us in your own special way, and I carry your love with me always. I hope you do the same with my love and appreciation for you. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Michelle Miller

To the members of the Coffee Creek Volunteer Fire Department and the Trinity Center Volunteer Fire Department

Since I taught EMT classes for members of both departments and was fortunate enough to work with you on medical calls (as a member of Mercy H-1 crew), I am addressing both departments in this letter.

I am proud and grateful to have worked for Mercy's Air and Ground LSU. This career allowed me the chance

to help others. It also allowed me to work with people like you who gave of yourselves to help others. It's all a team effort, but the real life saving part begins with you men and women. Giving up a part of your own time to study, train and practice your fire fighting skills and medical care says a lot about the kind of people you are. You are Honored Men and Women. You are your community's heroes and as such you are America's Heroes. I was Honored to have spent time with you.

I really thank Bob and Linda Cunningham, John and Julie Eaker, Chief Dick Hamilton with his wife Mary, and Roger and Sue Chatterton for driving so far to attend the retirement party. You guys/gals made the party special for me. Also, thanks Julie (Eaker) for the Coffee Creek T-shirts. Thanks everyone for everything,

Your friend,

Darrell Cole RN MICN-Retired
Mercy Medical Center

Editor's note: Even though some of you don't know Darrel you have been directly affected by his superb training skills, his commitment to his profession and his incredible dedication to making us all better medical responders.

