

March 2002



The Coffee Break

\$1.00

Volume 3, Issue 3

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

Who's Who—"Steve Ratzlaff"

When Steve Ratzlaff was a kid he remembers sitting in the kitchen asking his mom about the Bible. He had already developed a strong sense of purpose for his life. He wanted to be a pastor. Actually, there never seemed to be a time when he wanted anything else. His dad had been raised in the Mennonite tradition, but became a Baptist pastor later. He met Steve's mom in Bible College and began a career in the church. The couple had four children. Steve was born in 1957 in Hayes Center, Nebraska, the youngest of four children, with 2 brothers and 1 sister.

The family moved about every 5 years, his dad preaching and his mom raising the four children, giving piano lessons, and selling Avon and Tupperware.

From 1973 until 1977 Steve lived in Beresford, South Dakota. It was here that he met, Jayne in high school. Jayne had an identical twin, Janyce. While Jayne was on the shy side, her sister was more "rowdy". Together, she and her sister, would set Steve up for some practical joke. Jayne was impressed that Steve could tell the difference between her and her sister. Later, Steve confessed that he would wait by the sister's shared locker and watch them get their books. He knew which shelf Jayne had her books on and then he was assured that he had the right



Steve Ratzlaff

twin. On their first date Steve took Jayne to a penitentiary rodeo, and one of the Brahma bulls broke out. After the rodeo he took Jayne out for pizza, and then while Steve was holding her hand, he dumped a root beer on her white pants. Well, that clinched it for Steve. He sold Elsie, his cow, and bought a "Promise Ring". Things went well...Jayne was impressed that Steve took the time to get to know her and, besides...her mom was impressed that he was a PK (preacher's kid). A year after high school, they were married.

In 1977 the couple moved to Omaha, Nebraska. Steve was almost 20 when he pursued his dream (his calling as he would put it) to become a pastor. He attended Omaha Grace College of the Bible, and then went to Oak Hills Bible Institution in Bemidje, Minnesota. During his schooling years, Steve worked at milking cows for local dairy farms. He also worked in a packing house, furniture factory, carpet store, and as a cook. He would get up early, milk 100 cows, and then had to be at school at 7:30 am. Later he would have to feed and milk the cows again.

In February of 1981 he got a call from, Mr. Duff, with Village Missions, requiring him to go to his first post as pastor in Olney Montana. He was to start a church there. There were only a few problems. One problem was that he and Jayne were living in Minnesota. It was February. The second problem was that they had no money, and Village Missions required that they had to pay for their move, and they would not re-

ceive a check for 30 days. The third consideration was that the couple now had 3 children and a hound dog. Steve prayed, and in two days they had the money to go, thanks to his dad's parish, and friends and neighbors. They couple could only take what would fit into a truck. As Jayne says, "If it didn't fit, we had to sell it".

When they arrived in Montana they found their living quarters to be a 12 by 70 foot mobile home, parked smack in the middle of a lumber mill yard with log decks all around them. Steve's comment about this period is that, "It was interesting". When the mill needed their spot to stack more logs, the mobile was moved next to the railroad tracks. True to his calling, Steve built a church in a town known to be wild and unruly. At first the church was held in a grade school gym, but eventually a log church was built along side a stream. Interestingly, Steve says that when he was in college, he would daydream about building a log church along a stream in the mountains.

Having finished the job in Montana, the couple's next move was back to South Dakota. Steve remembers, as he was pulling out of town in his U-Haul, that he was saying to himself, "You're an idiot". Here he was, leaving his beloved mountains, near Glacier Park, to go back to South Dakota. As it turned out, it was a good move. The family lived close to Jayne's parents, so the kids got to know their grandparents aunts, uncles, and cousins. It was time to move on, and Steve and Jayne went to

Livermore, Colorado for 8 years, and then to Alsea, Oregon for a year and a half. Along the way, Steve and Jayne have become EMT's, and currently are Coffee Creek Fire volunteers.

The rest is history...he and Jayne moved to Coffee Creek in September of 2000. When he was approached in Oregon about Coffee Creek, he steadfastly dug his heels in. No way, no how, did he want to come to California. He envisioned a land of Hollywood, Disneyland, and cities. His district manager kept asking Steve to pray about the move. but Steve didn't. Finally, he met people who had parents in Hayfork, and read a brochure about the area, and he saw the mountains, and THEN he prayed, and here he is. He and Jayne couldn't be happier. Steve really enjoys hunting, fishing, and riding. He and Jayne have two horses. Steve also likes to pack and punch cows.

They arrived on a September evening, just in time for dinner at the Forest Café and were roundly greeted by all the local folks. Steve remembers thinking, "This is great!". He and Jayne feel very "blessed" to be here and have set down their roots.

Steve and Jayne are just what Coffee Creek needed. He has expanded the congregation to "standing room only", in the summer, and many "non-church goers" have recently been seen in the back of the house, listening to the man who preaches in western boots and duster. In his spare time Steve is also Coffee Creek's Assistant Fire Chief.

Steve's personal philosophy is that, " God the Creator

of all of us, loves us very much. He wants us to experience life abundantly and eternally," and Steve wants to share this knowledge with others, so that, "They can know the fullness of life".

You might be surprised to know that while growing up in the wild west, Steve was scalped and branded. His brother was the scalper. While Steve was pushing his brother on a swing, the swing came back and hit the scalpee on the forehead, peeling his scalp back. As there was no nearby hospital or ambulance, Steve rode for a long time in the family car, with his mother holding his scalp on. Obviously, the sewn on scalp did OK, but if you look very closely, you can see that Steve now sports his own version of a brand.

You might say that pasturing is Steve's family business. First his dad, and now Steve and both of his brothers and two of his sons are ministers, with his third son soon to become one.



Coffee Creek and Trinity Center Life

New Arrival: If you see a red head and her husband, Barry, with their trademark smiles, that are now smiling even more, it's Mary Bowen. Nicholas Joseph Bowen arrived Dec. 28th. Mary and Barry's grandson weighed in at a respectable 7 lb 6 oz....oh, and guess what, he is sporting the family's red hair!

Times Past - "The 100th Anniversary Celebration of Trinity Center" By Vi Karrer

In May of 1951 the community of Trinity Center celebrated its 100th anniversary. Most sources of information all agreed that the first white man came to Trinity Center in 1851.

Moses Chadbourne was said to be the first settler. He established a trading post and cleared and fenced 160 acres of fertile land. The town was first named Trinity Centre and was later changed to Trinity Center. Chadbourne also built a saw mill on Swift Creek which supplied lumber for the building of the town.

In 1853 gold was found to be plentiful up and down the Trinity River and Coffee Creek. Miners from everywhere rushed in and Trinity Center became a thriving community and an important stage stop on the Calif.-Oregon Trail.

Born in the gold rush days, the next 100 years transition saw a change from mining to saw mills, tourism and vacationing. Fishing and hunting were excellent in early days.

Most of the Centennial celebration that May was held at the IOOF hall that was erected in 1905, after the first hall was destroyed, "only once in a century".

Some of the activities were held at the old school house. The teacher, Paris Simmons, held a class like it would have been in 1851. Anna Marie Hart from the Trinity County board of education, held a class showing the present day method.

The opening night a wooden plaque was unveiled listing the names of 47 persons connected with the founding and history of the community. This plaque is now on display at the Scott Museum in Trinity Center. This was followed by a variety of entertainment with a cast of 35. Ernie Smith was master of ceremonies. Clarence Leach, Noble Grand of the Lodge, presented awards to winners of a poster contest sponsored by the Lodge.

Saturday at noon a potluck luncheon was held at the hall which was followed by the opening of the museum of history which displayed a wide variety of relics of the past 100 years.



The grand finale of the celebration was a dance in the hall that lasted until midnight, with Hugh Hensely of Minersville furnishing the music which lasted until midnight. Some of the crowd finished the celebration at Whiskey Hill, which was a bar and restaurant on a knoll, just a little north of the lodge. A great celebration came to an end by the early hours of Sunday morning with a lot of very tired people.

Town Crier



The Garden Club meeting for March will be held at Nina Lauerman's instead of Audrey Eymann's home. Watch for bulletins detailing the program for this month.

Some of the new books at the Trinity Center Library are:

1. Skipping Christmas by John Grisham,
2. Dead Sleep by Greg Iles (mystery)
3. The Jasmine Trade by Denise Hamilton (suspense)
4. Silent Tears by Stanley Tokarz (story of the Bataan Death March
5. Chiltons Easy Car Care
6. Nothing Like It in the World by Stephen Ambrose (building of the Transcontinental Railroad)
7. Silent Night by Mary Higgins Clark (mystery)
8. Winter Solstice by Rosemuand Pilcher (fiction)
9. The Man Hunter by G. Shirreffs (western)

Hours: 11:30 am to 2:30 pm and 4 pm to 7 pm. Monday and Wednesday
Phone: 266 3242

Everyone is welcome to come to the Coffee Creek Community Church to join us **Sunday, March 24** at 10 a.m. for a special musical concert performed by a college group from Frontier School of The Bible in LaGrange, WY. This promises to be a great time of great music, skits etc., with a "Faith Feast" (pot luck dinner) following.

Easter **Sunday, March 31** at 7 a.m., everyone is invited to meet at the Carrville Dredger Pond for an outside Sunrise Service with singing, sharing and Bible reading around a bonfire. Plan to come to the Coffee Creek Community Church at 8:30 for a great breakfast prepared by the men of the church, even if you don't come to the outside service. Following the breakfast at 9:45 there will be singing and praising God with a regular service in the Church house. There will also be special things happening for the kids during the regular service at the Church house. We hope to see you at one or all the events happening on this day of celebration of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. *Pastor Steve*

Fire Call



CHILI FEED HELP PUT THE FIRE OUT!

OK folks. This is the biggie! The Coffee Creek Fire Company will be holding its annual Chili Feed and Benefit Auction on Saturday, March 16th at 6 pm at the Coffee Creek Fire Station. The fabulous feed is primarily organized by the men of Coffee Creek, with dessert provided by the intrepid Firefly's.

Donations: Adults \$7 and kids under 12 \$3.50. What a deal!

The action always features dozens of bargains. If you have items to donate, please bring them to the fire hall between 10 am and noon on Saturday 3/16, so Coffee Creek can organize and set up. Anyone who has attended this event in the past will tell you that this is an evening to remember with friends and neighbors. Come, have fun, and help support Coffee Creek Volunteer Fire Company

Celebrate St. Patrick's Day!

After a great evening at the Chili Feed make sure you celebrate St. Patrick's Day with a Corn Beef and Cabbage Dinner at the Forest Café on Sunday night, March 17th

School Days



Coffee Creek School

Coffee Creek School is celebrating the Winter Olympics with grace and style. We are taking advantage of the snow covering our campus by holding our own Winter Olympics. We combined all grade levels and formed four teams. Each team made up a flag, a motto, colors, and a name. They also created a report about their fictitious country. Then we began competition in the events such as freestyle skiing, freestyle sledding, slalom races, broom hockey, team 2x4 races, and many more. The victors received gold, silver or bronze medals as well as team points.

With the flags flagging and the torch torching, our Olympics are almost as much fun as going to Salt Lake City.



“Hugh Tucker’s ‘28 Chevy” —by Roger Chatterton



Hugh and Charlene Tucker with the Legendary “28 Chevy

Everyone has heard the story of the farmer who was bragging about the longevity of his axe. He said he had replaced the handle three times, the head twice, and it was still going strong. It was the best axe he ever had.

That’s about how much ‘28 Chevy is in this car, but that is how it started out. Hugh Tucker, long term part time Long Canyon resident, built up and raced this car in the 1960’s, winning a number of NHRA (National Hot Rod Association) drag racing championships. As raced in its final form the car ran a blown (supercharged) 392 cu in 1958 Chrysler Hemie

engine backed by a highly modified Chrysler Torque flight transmission. (*Editor’s note: Huh?*) This current engine puts out @1000 bhp. On the back of the car is a parachute which is deployed at the end of each run to help slow the car down. The brakes can most charitably be described as vestigial. But the car had only one purpose: win drag races, and Hugh and the car did that so convincingly that they both became legends in drag racing.



Drag racing is a quarter mile event, two cars side by side, loser eliminated each run until there is only one survivor, called the top eliminator. The best run for this car was 155 mph in 9.25 seconds, running on racing fuel.

Hugh sold the car around 1970 to concentrate on his fire department career and raising a family.

In 1997 Hugh Jr. set about to locate the car, purchase and restore it. A reader of the hot rod magazine "good Guys, Good Times" saw an article about Hugh and the car and Hugh Jr.'s desire to restore it, and he put him in touch with the then current owner. Thus started a massive, expensive and lengthy father-son restoration project, the results of which you see here. The photos really don't do justice to the level of craftsmanship Hugh Sr. and Hugh Jr. have put into this restoration. It is truly beautiful. Perhaps just as meaningful is the time spent together by father and son and the very close relationship they have.

Hugh and Charlene recently stopped by enroute from Washington to the NHRA museum in Pomona. The museum has asked to display the car and Hugh had to get it there by February 8th when the museum will open a display of early hot rods. Some 40 years after winning his first titles, Hugh will demonstrate the car at the NHRA Winter nationals.

As the old farmer might say, it's the longest lasting '28 Chevy he ever had.

One word of advice: If this car happens to pull up next to you at a stop light, don't mess with it.



Our Hero Roger Chatterton on Track with His Beloved #306

This driver has a very expensive car and he is friends with the driver I ran off the course, and helped to get me prohibited from racing the next day. Oh well, the fortunes of racing. May have to sit out this year since I bought the bride a new car. Maybe when I go back I will be less aggressive since I will be older.....maybe.

Editor's note: Hopefully next year our resident wanna be racing champion will finally bring us glory.

Vintage Racing—2001 By Roger Chatterton

I ran my last race in October, and it was both my best and worst race. It was my best in that I was in first place and had the fastest lap time of the race, but I sure didn't win and that's the worst part. When I passed the then first place car to put myself into first, I intimidated the other driver resulting in his going on an off-course excursion. He came in and complained to the race stewards that he did not see me and I startled him. (*Editors note: And they say women whine.*)

As a result I was black flagged in and admonished for overly aggressive driving. (*Editor's note: Am I missing something here?*) So, while I am being chewed everyone else is passing me. Prior to the black flag, the third position car which became second when I became first was right on my tail and probably thought he would be able to pass me. When I got back out on the course I was a lap down on most of the field, but I happened to get on just behind this same third/second place car, and then I passed him, which to his extreme annoyance, proved he would not have been able to pass me.

To My Wife—(reprinted with the permission of Louise McDonald)

It appears to be the nature of husbands no matter how well cared for, to be more free with grumbles and complaints than to pass out compliments and praise where due. In a belated effort to improve my own record;

As a wife, mother and homemaker you have been to me, a woman beyond compare. Your whole life was devoted to your family. No labor too great. Doctor, nurse, counselor, cook, laundress, poultry woman, gardener, the list goes on and on. (But never a milk-maid.)

And those earlier days were not easy. Cooking, baking, water heating, summer and winter on the old wood cook stove. Sometimes the only water from melted snow and ice. (sic) No automatic washers, electric refrigerators, auto fry pans. Summer food cooling, the old ice box, with ice cut and stored from the winter before. Lights often off for days at a time, one period of over thirty days. Necessary trips to doctor, dentist, etc., when roads were passable in the old open car with heated rocks on the floorboard the only source of warmth.

The time you and the children were snowbound for three days on Trinity mountain. Yet, whatever the difficulty, you carried through in a capable and cheerful manner that I could only admire.

You found time to join in local affairs, school, lodge, bene-



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

VOTE ON MARCH
5TH !


Coffee Creek Fire Co.

A Coffee Creek Firefly

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fits, politics. A school house, still in use, and built by donated material, labor and monies was made possible only by the efforts of the dedicated woman of the community. Always quietly, you comforted neighbors and friends in trouble. And, in the early thirties, when there was hunger in the land, you shared with many in need the milk, butter, eggs and garden that we were fortunate to have.

You have not attempted to change me but have accepted me for the hillbilly that I am. You have let me roam, except on special occasions, in my old hat and satchel seat trousers. You found that dances, public gatherings, travel, pleasures that you would have enjoyed were not my dish and you fitted you life accordingly. You have been with me in journeys to the mountains when you could, and sent me with a smile when you were unable to go. You joined me in the work camps, even to living most of a winter in a tent. You worked with me in a business venture and were the real spark plug of the enterprise.

But, you are definitely not a "yes dear" type of woman. You have your own well thought opinions and principles. On the occasions when my feet have drifted too far to the left you have set me back on course in a manner that a drill sergeant would envy. But when the dust settled, the matter was closed, never a follow-up "I told you so". And I realized probably later, how fortunate I was that someone really cared.

In the dark days that are a part of this life, you were a tower of strength. When grief, fear, and uncertainty clouded the way, your courage and unshaken faith led us through to the light ahead.

Never a regret, never a doubt. To you, Louise, my wife and companion for fifty five wonderful years on this anniversary, I pledge my respect, my admiration, my pride of you, my gratitude for the four children you have given me; and my love, now, and 'until death do us part", and beyond — Elmer McDonald

Editor's note: In an issue with an emphasis on "man things", and having just celebrated Valentine's Day this past month, it seemed appropriate to reprint this letter to Louise McDonald from her husband, Elmer, on the occasion of their 55th anniversary. This letter was originally published in the Trinity Journal. While some will be interested in the way of life that Elmer expresses, the greater message is the beautiful tribute that Elmer paid to Louise. While Elmer has passed on Louise still lives in Trinity Center.

Your Turn



Dear Mr. Kausen,

Thank you for your phone call requesting information about our proposed timber harvest plan near Coffee

creek. We are still in the planning stages of developing this plan and will not be spending much time in the field until the snow melts and opens the ground up. I am aware of the concerns of the community regarding potential effects to the water and aesthetics of the area. I believe the plan we develop will take those concerns into account and will be conducted in a manner that minimizes the impacts to the community.

In order to relieve some of the concerns being expressed I will commit to meeting with those folks from the community who are interested in what we are proposing. **I will schedule a meeting prior to submitting the plan to CDF so that there will be no surprises once the plan does get submitted.** I anticipate the meeting occurring sometime in May or June after we have completed our field review. I will contact you to arrange a meeting time and place. Thanks again for your phone call and feel free to post this letter to keep others in the community informed.

Sincerely

Thomas L. Walz
District Manager— Sierra Pacific Industries

Editor's note: Robert Kausen will arrange a public meeting with SPI to address the concerns that the community has regarding the proposed timber harvest plan. Watch for notices.

Dear Editor,

We urge you to vote YES on the Shasta College Bond Measure A. It will give us a much needed 4 year college in Redding with a branch in Weaverville. The cost to home owners is just 80 cents per \$100,000 value, and the benefits are innumerable. Call us at (530)225-4612 if you have any questions, and please vote yes. Coffee Creek residents: Don't forget to vote at the Coffee Creek Fire Hall.

Barry and Mary Bowen

