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The Coffee Break

\$1.00

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

Who's Who—"Marty Sprick" by Barbara Vasconcellos

Martin Ludwig Sprick, Marty to all his friends and neighbors, was born in Capetown, South Africa



Marty Sprick

on March 8th., 1937. His life experiences, from the time he was a three year old child until he was about eight, would fill a book and there is no way this interviewer can do it justice.

Marty's mother, Reba Claire, was an American born in Arkansas. His father, Karl Heinerich Sprick, born in Germany, was an engineer. Reba was a very liberated lady for her day, and though trained as a school teacher, she took to the road booking acts for theaters and drove by herself all over the eastern states. This was very daring for a young lady of twenty-two years in the 1920's. It was during these travels that she met Karl, who was working on an engineering project in the United States. After they were married, he was transferred to Cape Town to work on a project there. Reba

would later use that mid-western grit to help keep her young family safe through the war years.

When the drums of war started to rumble in the early 1940's, Karl decide to take his family back to Germany, as Cape Town was very British and becoming inhospitable. They traveled north, out of Africa, and ended up in Russia by way of the Siberian Railroad. Marty's brother, who was a year and a half older than him, became very ill on the train and needed medical help and medicine desperately, but they had no access to it. They thought he would die, but a Russian train employee felt sorry for them and was able to sneak some medicine aboard, and they went on.

While in Moscow, the Russians tried to talk Karl into staying and working for them, but he declined. By now, Germany and England were at war and the U.S.A. would not be far behind, fighting the Germans also.

His uncle, who was a lawyer, worked for the German Army and was able to help Karl get a job. It wasn't difficult as he was

skilled and had a great deal of engineering experience. The majority of the common people did not want the war and had no animosity toward the Americans, but like all countries at war, they had to follow the orders of their leaders. There was no love lost between the Germans and the English however, and there hadn't been since World War I.

The family lived in Berlin, and soon they were being bombed. There was widespread destruction and they lost their home in the bombings. Reba and the two boys left Berlin and moved to Fallesleben. During this time they experienced being on a train that was strafed, with death all around them. They were lucky, as none of them were killed. On the street where they lived, there was fighting night and day. Marty witnessed a tank battle right outside of his bedroom window between a German Panther and an American Sherman tank. The American tank won.

Because the house was being

destroyed by the constant bombing, and because it was safer, they lived in the basement with only a steel cellar door between them and the war. Everything was scarce or non-existent and bands of looters and thieves roamed the area, making it unsafe to even go outside.

By now Marty's father and uncle had made a plan and they were able to escape from Berlin. They had a car and had hidden petrol in the forest for their get away. They had been out of contact, but were finally able to find the family. Their basement home became the place where the locals butchered and distributed the wild game the men were able to shoot and trap for food. All this time, there was no school for the boys, only what their parents could teach them without benefit of school books. Both of the parents were bilingual, Karl spoke fluent English as well as several other languages.

One day, shortly before the war ended, there was a pounding on the basement door and when his father opened it, he was staring into the barrel of an M-1 rifle with an American soldier at the end of it. He started shouting orders and when Karl answered in English things calmed down considerably.

Karl eventually became the liaison between the local Germans and the Allied troops. There was a good deal of bartering going on and things became a bit easier. The Americans were especially eager to trade things for Schnapps. The car that Karl and his brother had used for their escape from Berlin was of interest to the troops and they decided to confiscate it. Karl told them to go ahead and take it, as it ran on propane. He opened the trunk and showed them a big, old propane tank with all sorts of gauges and dials, which he said he had converted to run the vehicle. The soldiers said to keep it, as it was of no use to them since they had no access to propane. Of course, it still ran on petrol, and Karl had done this fake conversion to keep anyone from wanting to take it away from the family. Their home eventually was deemed "Off Limits" to the troops, both American and British. The British were far stricter in all dealing with the German people and not nearly as well liked.

After the war finally ended, they tried to con-

tact Reba's American relatives and in 1948 they were sponsored by the family and immigrated to Minnesota. They eventually moved to Los Angeles and then to Los Gatos where Marty's father went to work for F.M.C. in San Jose.

Marty graduated from Los Gatos High School and went on to San Jose State College. He worked at F.M.C. during the summers. He was studying marketing and also joined the Air Force Reserves. The Korean War was in progress and he decided to enlist in the Army, quitting his job, giving up his apartment, saying good-bye to his then, girl friend. When he reported for his physical, he was rated 4F because of an old shrapnel piece in his elbow and turned down. On the advice of a friend whom he had temporarily moved in with, he applied and was accepted into the Air Force. In a matter of months, he was in a terrible car accident and spent two years in the hospital recovering.

On his release, Marty moved to San Francisco where he worked in sales for T.B. Woods and also for Toshiba. He met his lovely wife Pat, Patricia Ann, at a party and they dated for four years before they tied the knot. Marty learned to fly planes in Marin County in 1976, while living in Mill Valley. They belonged to a flying club and took many great trips to interesting places. In 1982 he bought his first plane, a Cessna 172, and four years ago, he up-graded to a Cessna 182. While in Mill Valley, Marty was deputized and flew for the Marin County Sheriff's Air Patrol on Search and Rescue missions as a volunteer.

Marty and Pat took a lot of driving/camping vacations and 18 years ago they camped at Hayward Flat. That did it, they were hooked on Trinity County. After that, they would often fly up for the weekend, staying at various places in the immediate area and making many close friends. A couple of years ago, they bought their home away from home, in Trinity Center and now that they are both retired, spend most of their time up here.

A little side note is that his mother is still with us and is a vital 102 years old.



Trinity Center Church

Kevin and Melissa Borrer from Mission Aviation Fellowship will be speaking at the Trinity Center Community Church on Friday, **October 4th** at 7 pm. They will soon be leaving on assignment in Ecuador. This promises to be an interesting evening especially for pilots. The Borrors say they are not here to raise funds, but love offerings will be appreciated.

Medical Bus

The North Trinity Lake Lions Club is sponsoring a Medical Bus. The bus will be at the IOOF Hall in Trinity Center from 9 am till noon and at the Coffee Creek Fire Department from 1:30 till 4 pm on Friday, **October 11th**. Services provided will be blood pressure, vision, glaucoma, and hearing screening. There will also be tests for glucose and cholesterol available.

Autumn Faire at Coffee Creek Ranch-8th Annual Event!

Coffee Creek Ranch is celebrating fall on **October 13th** from 10 am till 4 pm with a full day of fun for children and adults alike. Get in the spirit pressing cider from the ranch's own orchard or compete in the best carved or best painted pumpkin contest (bring your own creation). There will be pony rides, horse drawn hayrides, square and line dancing, big screen football, face painting, helicopter rides, and live music. At 2 pm don't miss the "Battle of the Mountain" when Coffee Creek and Trinity Center Fire Departments hold a Tug of War contest with Etna and Ft. Jones Fire Departments. And at 4 pm there will be jousting and sword fighting. There is a Grand Prize of \$250 donated by Coffee Creek Ranch. All proceeds benefit the Volunteer Fire Departments. Also, don't miss the arts and crafts stalls. Coffee Creek's famous Fireflies will be among them if you need to replace one of those one of a kind scrubbers! Admission is free. For more information call (800) 624-4480.

Telephone Directory

The Coffee Creek and Trinity Center Phone Book is in the process of being updated for the 2003 edition. The deadline for advertisements or changes for the upcoming directory will be **October 20th**. This will allow for the book to be available at this year's Christmas Fair. For advertising send \$10 and a business card to the Fireflies at the Coffee Creek Fire Company PO Box 3951.

Ruby Kimrey



Long time resident, Ruby Kimrey, passed away in August. Ruby was known for her good nature, optimism and humor. Whenever she was out and about with her daughter, Bobbie Graham, she would tell you that she was "doing pretty good for an old gal."

The first time ye old editor met Ruby she was lunching at the café with her family at a table adjacent to ours. In the course of conversation she made an error when she referred to one of the waitresses by the wrong name. Her daughter, Bobbie, good naturedly pointed out the error. Without a moments hesitation, Ruby slyly turned to me and said, "You'd think they'd cut an old gal like me some slack!" I knew then that this was a woman to be reckoned with. Over the years I've collected many more "Rubyisms", several of which were told at her services.

Church was the center of Ruby's life and now there is a bench in the garden at the Coffee Creek Community Church to remind us all that Ruby will always have a presence in our hearts.

THANKS TO HELPING HANDS

The CCVFC Board owes a great debt of gratitude to several people who have generously given their support. Buddy McDonald and his trusty excavator cleared brush, and removed and hauled away truckloads of debris to clean up our site. He also delivered 5 loads of rock donated by Blue Rock for re-surfacing. Mark Hollister hauled a load of rock and Freddy Anderson has helped in spreading it. It means everything to our fire company to have friends from Coffee Creek and Trinity Center reach out to help without hesitation. We say to each of you, a thousand thanks.





Ray and Barry Take on Interstate 80 by Barry Bowen

The Coffee Creek Volunteer Fire Company recently received \$30,000 of Title III money through the county to purchase a new ambulance. With money in hand Ray Vasconcellos and I set out to find the perfect vehicle to serve the community. While I worked with a dealer in Palmdale who sold GSA vehicles, Ray contacted other brokers in the state. Finally, an ambulance was located in Middleburg, West Virginia that met most of the criteria that the fire board and Paramedic Julie Eaker desired.

Ray struck a deal with a broker from Laramie, Wyoming. The broker would pick the ambulance up in Middleburg and drive it to Denver. From there, Ray and I would have to pick it up and drive it back to Coffee Creek. We had to rely on the integrity of the broker, as there was no opportunity to even kick the tires. So, tickets in hand, Ray and I showed up at the Horizon terminal for our 8:30 am flight on September 10th for our great adventure.

We reached our assigned seats only to discover a very stubborn young lady firmly ensconced in one of our seats. Nope, she wasn't moving. OK, no big deal. After all, the stewardess said just to grab any old seat. "Any old seats" turned out to belong to two boozers who were not amused. Not a problem. After all, it was a nice day. Just sit anywhere and enjoy the ride.

We had to change planes in Portland which meant clearing security again. I scurried through and headed for the concourse, unaware that Ray had been randomly selected for another screening. I suddenly realized that I only had a boarding pass and no ticket or details regarding our arrangements in Denver. Ray was nowhere to be found. To further complicate matters, Ray also had THE CREDIT CARD. Fortunately, the screeners decided that Ray was not the terrorist from hell, and he and the credit card showed up a very long 10 minutes later.

With no further complications, Ray and I arrived in Denver to meet our broker, Steve Aparcar. Steve picked us up and drove us to Greeley, Colorado to get the new ambulance. There "she" sat in the lot, all decked out with cool gadgets and gizmos. We took a 45 minute instruction course on all the buttons and switches, and then proceeded to follow Steve to Laramie, Wyoming, where we planned to spend the night.

All was well. Our ambulance was beautiful. Ray and I were enjoying the sights. In essence, everything was cool! As we waited for a red light to change, I absent mindedly opened a tray to check it out and bumped a toggle switch. Lights, sirens, bells, whistles! All hell was breaking loose! As soon as we were through the intersection, Steve pulled over and strolled back to the rig. Confession time.....OK, so I had to promise not to touch anything else.

We finally arrived in Laramie and pulled in to a Days Inn for the night. The clerk explained that she had one room---with one king sized bed. I looked at Ray. Ray looked at me. This was the big stare down to see which one of us was going to sleep in the ambulance! The clerk finally coughed up a

room with 2 beds, but it was a smoking room. Oh well, a few minutes of an open window in Laramie would blow out a forest fire, and besides it sure beat sleeping on a gurney.

6:30 am the next morning, September 11th, found us on Interstate 80 heading for home. Ray and I had on our fire department shirts and hats. Patriotism was alive and well on this day as the truckers honked and people waved to us as we traveled along in our new rig.

At a rest stop we noticed that there was water leaking from somewhere, but the gauges all read ok, so we continued on to Rock Springs to find a Ford dealer. At Sweetwater Ford the service manager explained that they fixed a radiator hose leak, but the bad news was that water pump needed replaced. This would cost \$840 and take four hours. We were anxious to get home, since we had heard that there was a fire in our area, so we were disheartened by the news. Hearing our plight, one of the mechanics told us he would give up his lunch hour to get us back on the road as soon as possible.

Ray and I headed across the street for lunch, where the "Coffee Creek Fire" emblems on our shirts and hats caused a lot of conversation. Everyone wanted to know where Coffee Creek was and thanked us for being part of a volunteer department. Ray managed to spill his ice tea, you know where, so we hastily left and killed some time at the mall. Again, our department shirts opened the door for conversation. In talking with a local Rotarian we were requested to attend a September 11th ceremony honoring those who serve. One of the ladies from the dealership drove us to the ceremony where we signed a large commemorative poster honoring fire and EMS workers.

When we returned from the ceremony, Ray noticed a new pickup with an eagle decal embossed with the American Flag. Ray thought the decal would be great for our ambulance and inquired about it. Next thing you know a customer said, "Hop in. I'll take you to the printer." Off we went to the store, where the owner gave us a deal on the decal when he saw our Coffee Creek shirts.

We returned to the dealership and Ray explained that we came from a fire department with no tax base and related how we sure did bake a lot of pies to make ends meet. Well, the good people of Sweetwater Ford in Laramie, Wyoming took \$125 off the bill and the entire staff gave us a royal sendoff. It was pretty touching.

Now we headed on to Wendover, Nevada where we had been told to stay at the State Line Hotel and Casino (where the slots are rumored to pay very well). When we arrived we decided to cruise the main road and check things out. As we were driving we became aware that the pedestrians were waving to us from the sidewalk. Ray and I were baffled until we realized we were in a part of a parade where the local fire department was strutting their stuff. We finally pulled into the motel and parked the ambulance right in front of the lobby for all to see. Ray came out with a grin on his face and said, "I think we'll be staying here." The room was \$14 plus



\$3 for tax, and dinner and show tickets for 2 were thrown in for good measure. After dinner we decided to try our luck on the slots.... Well, at least the hotel was cheap.

Morning found us on our way once again to Elko, Nevada. I really wanted to go to J M Capriola, which is a famous western store. We asked a lady for directions and she launched into a tale of woe about not being able to get a job because she was missing her two front teeth. We found the store anyway, and Ray purchased a fancy leather hat band from Garcia. Later, while driving through the desert to Reno, Ray discovered his hat band was made in China (what else is new?).

We finally arrived in Redding, fueled up, and headed up the hill. We passed Paramedic Julie's house very quietly, because

it is against our policy to use any warning lights or sirens on a non emergency call. But as soon as we neared the Carrville Inn we hit all the bells, whistles, light and sirens and headed for the café to meet Barbara and Mary for dinner. We pulled into the parking lot with everything blaring. Whoops! There was Julie. We held our breath, but all was well, as she forgot to reprimand us because she was too excited about our new ambulance.

It was a great trip. We hope that none of you have to ride in the ambulance, but you are always welcome to come down to the fire hall and check it out. I don't know about Ray, but when I travel in the future I am wearing my CCVFC T shirt. I've never had so much attention.

School Days

Trinity Center School

Have you found that you have extra time on your hands? Would you like to volunteer at Trinity Center Elementary School? Working with children can be a very gratifying experience. Your time and love can make a big difference in the life of a child. Please contact the Trinity School at 266-3342 if you think you might like to help.

Do you have a guitar or keyboard sitting around collecting dust? Would you consider loaning or donating it to the Trinity Center Elementary School music program for the 2002-03 school year?

If you would like to help the school with a donation or loan of a guitar or keyboard for student use, please contact the school at 266-3342.

Your continued support for the Visual and Performing Arts at Trinity Center Elementary School is valued and appreciated by the students and staff.

Coffee Creek School

Wow, are we off and running! Can you believe summer is already gone? It is so good to see so many returning faces as well as some new ones. There are lots of exciting things that are taking place this year. For starters Coffee Creek School won the Governor's Reading Award last year. The students read over 35,000 pages in 6 months. Way to go kids! For this outstanding accomplishment the students won a trip to the Oasis Fun Center in Redding on the 26th of September. What a great time was had by all!

Sports are a big hit at Coffee Creek this year. Coffee Creek and Trinity Center have joined together as the "North Lake" to form football and volleyball teams for 4th through 8th grade. Mr. Loucks is coaching the football team and Ms. Crnich is coaching the volleyball team. Please join us for games. We need all the cheerleaders we can get.

Back to School Night is Tuesday, October 1st. Please join us in supporting our local kids and school. Take

the time to look through the school and have the students show you around. We will also be talking about new site council members and the fundraising committee at this time.

On Friday, October 4th Ms. Crnich's third and fourth graders will attend Indian Days in Weaverville. Students will learn about the Native Americans of the area, their dress, food, culture, etc. It should be a day of education and fun.

On October 18th, Coffee Creek School will host our first annual "River Day." Students from Burnt Ranch School and Weaverville Elementary School will be our guests. There will be several stations along Coffee Creek where they will be collecting data on pH, temperature, dissolved oxygen and turbidity, and other aspects of river health. We are looking forward to this fun and fascinating day.

Dates to Remember

- 10/1 Football Game @ Trinity Center 3 p.m.
- 10/1 Back to School Night 6:30 p.m.
- 10/3 Volleyball Game @ Douglas City 3:30 p.m.
- 10/15 Volleyball & Football Game @ Douglas City 4 pm
- 10/18 River Day
- 10/24 Volleyball @ Lewiston 4:30 p.m.

Summer Camp a Big Success

During this last summer, Coffee Creek School held a Summer Camp for children from kindergarten to 8th grade. There were many activities to keep us all busy for the entire week. We played games, held crazy relays, did crafts, learned fly fishing, played lots of tug-o-war, and went on a beautiful hike to Boulder Lake. We went swimming at Coffee Creek Ranch on the last day and everyone got a certificate for their special contribution to the camp. There were kids from all over. Some were local and some were visitors from other parts of the country-even as far away as Florida.

We all had a great time and look forward to summer Camp next year.



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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Coffee Creek Volunteer Fire Company's New Ambulance

1996 Ford Diesel, 4 Wheel Drive



Your Turn

What a wonderful town and wonderful people. When Loren & I woke up this morning we found a lovely rose bush and a card with lots and lots of congratulations for our 50th wedding anniversary. How blessed we are to live here.

Thank you all, Loren & Marion Teitzel

Middle age is when broadness of the mind and narrowness of the waist change places.

Did You Know.....?

