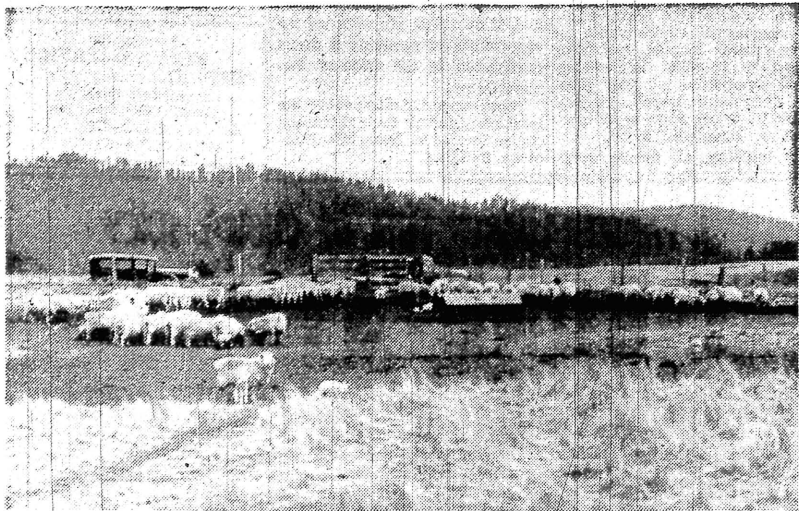


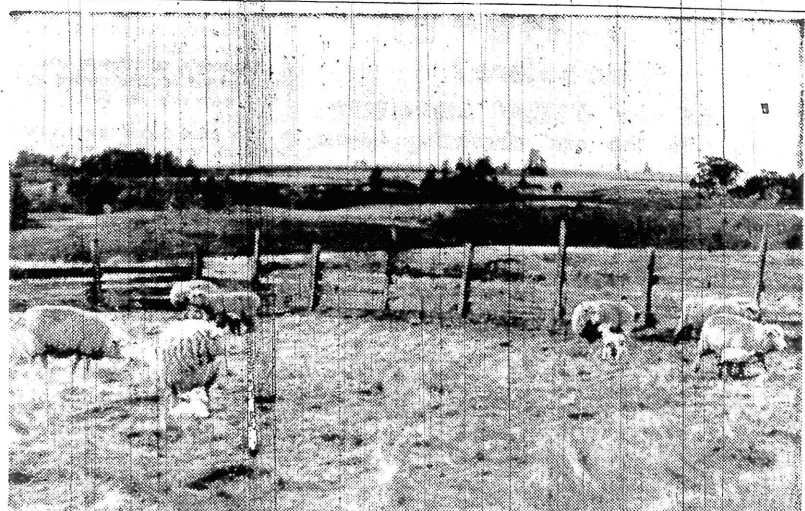
It's Lambing Time in Humboldt--Even if Spring Is Late!



"Come and get it!" Mamas answer mess call at the Perrott ranch while lambs look on. They have just been fed a mixture of ground alfalfa and oat hay.



Sally Mae Perrott helps a little fellow with four black stockings pose for the camera.



"How do the mothers know whose is which?" One of a series of gatherings in the Perrott pastures where they looked rather mixed up to human eyes.



Henry Perrott junior has captured a lively young black-face for a close-up.

Aren't They Cute?.... WOBBLY-LEGGED TINY TODDLERS GET THEIR FIRST LOOK AT LIFE

BY CHET SCHWARZKOFF
PHOTOS BY DICK RYAN

Grown-up sheep aren't exactly noted for intellectual weight. In fact, Ernest Thompson Seton, the great naturalist, referred to them as "woolly idiots." And when you listen to a flock of sheep, with their baa's and blats that range from falsetto to baritone, you wonder why sheep-herders don't laugh themselves punchy.

But lambs! Those little woolly innocents with that almost pathetic drop to their ears... those baby things with their high treble voices and big, wondering eyes... lambs are the symbol of sweetness and newness in a big, bad world. Rather a shame they have to grow up! But such is the fate of all, be it fish, fowl, or animal.

Kittens are cute as the proverbial bug's ear, but already there is the wisdom of ages in their eyes. Puppies are roly-poly little rough-necks, as a rule—and adorable.

But lambs are the allegory of innocence—the epitome of new life that comes to the world each spring. For it is only in the springtime that lambs are born. No wonder the Bible revered them as a manifestation of the divine. And no one less than the Saviour Himself gathered them into his arms, that mankind be counseled to give shelter and aid to those in need.

A VISIT AT LAMB-TIME
On a high ridge in back of the town of Loleta, commanding a view of valley, sea, and templed hills, stands the Henry Perrott ranch. Truly an inspiring setting, this, for little lambkin to get his preliminary glimpse of the world he is to grow up in.

But lambkin isn't interested yet in his surroundings. All he knows is that it has turned out to be a chilly, wind-blown world, and that mama is large and warm and makes an excellent wind-break! And to mama's adoring eyes, he is quite the one and only lambkin ever to grace her life.

As you look at the pretty picture mama and her lambkin make, you begin to retract in your mind the things you thought about the dumbness of sheep. Woolly idiots, are they? No, sir, not when they show such love and devotion as that. For mama is tenderly licking off little lamb's new-born coat, and keeping a watchful eye on those encircling humans who seem so interested.

And when you get too close, in an effort to take a good picture, she gives little fellow a warning nudge, and away they go. It's pretty rough weather for him, and he yaws and rolls to port and starboard, while mama leads ahead as a guiding pilot... to leave you feeling properly put in your place.

THERE ARE LOTS OF 'EM
You look over the rolling Perrott fields, and lo, there are mammas and their lambkins without number. They seem all mixed up, as they mill about in groups here and there.

"But," you ask your good host, "how does each mother tell her own? There seem to be some strays. Are they lost?"

Henry Perrott smiles, and you know he likes and understands his wee charges. "The lost lamb of storybook fame is largely a myth," he explains. "Each ewe knows her own by its smell. Later, they can tell them apart by their voices. And they're never wrong."

Neighbor Sonnick Christiansen drops by, and he and Henry talk shop. "We've had lots of twin lambs this year," Sonnick says. "How about your flock?"

"Same with us," replied Henry. "And we've lost quite a few from the cold. Poor little beggars! I'll be glad when it warms up." "Are twin lambs desirable? you want to know?"

No, both men reply. A single lamb has a better chance of growing into a robust sheep. And triplets, while rare, are fatal un-

less at least one is taken away and raised by hand.

What variety of sheep are they? you ask, for some of the lambs have black legs and faces, while others are snow-white.

The snow-white ones are Shropshires, Henry explains. The others are a mixture of Romney or Shropshire with Suffolk. These are bred for their mutton-producing qualities. Thanks to their Suffolk blood, they grow into husky animals at an earlier age.

Do they give wool? The grown-up ones do, Henry says, but the young ones, for the most part, are not kept that long. As soon as they reach market size, away they go. There are about 600 on the ranch.

"You should see them when they are a couple of months old," he laughs. "All that shakiness and legged cuteness is gone, and they can run almost as fast as a horse. When they get older, and take on more weight, they slow down, of course. But when they are at that 'sprinter' age, they are real athletes. You should see them race up and down the fields and play. That's where the storybooks get their gamboling spring lambs."

Sonnick Christiansen is grinning. "If one of 'em gets out at that age, he'll run the legs off several able-bodied men unless they use their heads and don't let him break away. They seem to be tireless, those rascals."

COME AND GET IT!
Feed for the sheep is ground up in Henry's big barn by a tractor-and-belt-driven grinder. Oat and alfalfa hay are used, and they are fed in large troughs out in the lambing pasture.

Several sacks of the ground mixture are thrown onto a truck, and when that vehicle hoves into sight, the mammas come a-running, each with her little one alongside. As they converge together now, you see an occasional one with twins. And there's one little black-foot that seems lost for the moment, for he follows you around, yelling at the top of his tiny lungs. There's no getting rid of him, and he fairly tangles into your feet. For in his little mind he is convinced that somehow, some way, you'll lead him back to mama. Not even the flash of a camera bulb phases him. You only wish you could take him to the "lost lamb" bureau and wait until mama shows up.

But Henry isn't concerned. "He's probably a twin," he explains. "Mama isn't quite up to counting two, but she'll get wind of him after she's through eating."

Henry cups his hands and lets out a call that sounds something like "sheep!" and more of them appear over the rolling hillocks of the pasture.

"Let's take a hike around the field," Henry suggests. "Want to make sure none are sick or hurt. We keep a close eye on 'em during lamb time."

But the hike is a pleasant one, for all's well, and by now, almost every ewe and her lamb have reached the feed troughs. The lambs don't eat, of course. They stand around and look puzzled at



This young chap stole the show, or perhaps he wanted his picture taken. He followed the photographer about and wouldn't take "no" for an answer.



Ranch owner Henry Perrott picked up this little snow white Shropshire—but only after a lively chase for such a newborn youngster.

the actions of their elders, and an occasional inquisitive one nuzzles into the chopped feed. Generally, he retires from the scene sneezing, for he has inhaled some when he tries to smell the stuff. But it won't be long before he discovers that that funny looking mixture is good to eat.

THE PERROTT FAMILY
Home from school come the four Perrott young people. The youngest is Henry Albert, in the third grade, then Sally Mae, who is in the eighth grade. Next is John Richard, the oldest, is Robert William, both of who attend Fortuna High.

They are just what the photographer was looking for! And the two youngest kindly consent to pose with lambs in their arms, while the big brothers look on and indulge in a bit of ribbing, as is their right by seniority. But they don't get far with it, for Miss Sally Mae is quick on the return.

Highway Commission Grants Time To Humboldt to Present Requests

Representatives of Humboldt county will be allowed 20 minutes in which to lay their requests for a four-lane highway from Eureka to the northern city limits of Arcata and a four-lane highway from Scotia bridge to Fortuna before the State Highway commission at its hearing in Sacramento on March 17, Lee H. McLeod, chairman of the board of supervisors, was advised yesterday.

Clyde Edmondson, general manager of the Redwood Empire association, secured the allocation of the time for this county's presentation of requests when he telephoned the commission Friday.

In response to an invitation by the Humboldt county board of supervisors that the commission hold its March meeting at Eureka, Edmondson was advised by George Cook, assistant secretary of the commission, that it would be impossible for the group to do this because of commitments already made with certain legislators relating to highway legislation of direct interest to the commission.

"As you know," Edmondson wrote to McLeod, "the legislature reconvenes in March. However, we again urged that the commission keep Humboldt's invitation in mind for future acceptance."

REASONS CITED
A number of reasons for the proposed four-lane highway from Eureka to through Arcata were set forth in a letter written recently by Lee H. McLeod, on behalf of the board, to James R. Tocher, president of the supervisor unit, Redwood Empire association. McLeod pointed out that representatives from Fortuna, Ferndale, Blue Lake, Arcata, Eureka and other cities and towns in Humboldt county all spoke in favor of giving the Eureka-Arcata highway first priority. Highway committeemen of the REA for Humboldt county, members of the

streets and highways committee of the Eureka Chamber of Commerce, members of the Arcata Chamber of Commerce, members of the board and other interested persons all added their voices to support of this project.

Five major reasons are given for the need of this highway. First, the increasing number of accidents due to the fact that the present two-lane highway is so congested that it is almost impossible to pass along the eight-mile strip. When a car does attempt to pass another one, an accident often results.

TRAFFIC INCREASE
Second, the increase in the volume of traffic is pointed out. During the summer months, the count on this sector between Eureka and Arcata is 12,000 cars per day, and the highway was built for only half this amount of traffic, McLeod says. The industrial development of the Humboldt bay region is listed as a third reason for the need of a better highway. Scores of mills have begun operations during the past four years within the Eureka-Arcata area, McLeod says.

Fourth, tourist traffic further congests the highways in the summer months. It is estimated that

And the visitors get the impression that there is a happy and harmonious family.

Fourth generation in Humboldt, are the Perrott youngsters, for great-grandfather Perrott settled on this self-same ranch back in the 1870's. And the 600-acre holding has been in the family ever since.

Gone is the old Perrott home, though, and a large modern residence graces the crest of Perrott hill. And there are tennis courts and basketball equipment for the young folks, as well as spacious and pleasant grounds. You meet gracious-spoken Blanche Perrott, and you know she has reason to be proud of her fine family, husband, and home. For theirs is a pleasant life indeed... America at its best. Let others have the crowded cities. The Perrotts have their big ranch with its classic panorama and rolling fields. Fortunate people in an air-conditioned, clean-green land.



One of these twin lamblets seemed pleased to oblige, but his brother is a bit mistrustful—while mama keeps a wary eye peeled.

Mrs. Nellie C. Melendy Health Conference Set in Garberville

Final rites were held in the Sanders Mortuary chapel for Mrs. Nellie C. Melendy yesterday with Rev. James P. Senter officiating. Pallbearers were Delos A. Mace, Nicholas Chetkovich, W. T. Woodcock, Robert A. Millen, T. R. Bismore and Ralph Hornbrook. Interment was at Ocean View cemetery.

Elry F. Aldrich

ARCATA, Feb. 18.—Final rites were held in the Paul Funeral Chapel for Elry F. Aldrich, 70, this afternoon, Rev. Arthur Read officiating. Interment was at Greenwood cemetery.

Pallbearers were Lewis Peterson, Herbert Joppas, Paul Peterson, Oscar Larsen, Aaron Peterson and James Fabbii.

15,723 out-of-state cars traveled this highway in 1948. With California cars added, the total is 357,066. Then, it is pointed out, Eureka is the trading center of this region, enjoying the trade of Humboldt and Del Norte counties. Within Eureka's trading area, which includes portions of three counties, are 81,000 persons, according to the Audit Bureau of Circulation's most recent survey, McLeod points out.

The Eureka-Arcata highway, with the Scotia-Fortuna highway as second in importance, constitute Humboldt county's major highway requirements at this time, McLeod says.

DRUNK DRIVING CHARGED
Ollie Mae Gray of Piru was arrested Friday night about 7 o'clock in Eureka on charges of driving while under the influence of alcohol. She was lodged in the Humboldt county jail.

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