

# Weott--Town With Olympic Setting

## Where Forest, River, Hills Meet

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Photos by DICK RYAN

Few domains in the world have so many beautiful and exotic settings for its people and towns as the northern Redwood Empire. It is, literally, a land, whose like is nowhere else on earth. Yet even in that never-never land, you will find a community now and then whose setting surpasses the mereerness of words. Such a place is the town of Weott, located some 48 miles south of Eureka, on Highway 101 and the south fork of Eel river.

You approach Weott either much the same environment—from north or south through the cloistered monarchs of the

Valley of the Giants that have watched a generation of centuries pass through history. So when you abruptly enter a clearing, after passing through miles of park-like forests and winding beside a river of sky-blue water, you are pleasantly impressed with the works of man—rather than feeling sad at his destructiveness.

For Weott is a clean-cut, well

and compactly laid out community, that obviously appreciates and respects the wonders Nature has done for it, instead of wanting merely to destroy in the name of progress.

Its principal street is highway 101 as it emerges from the great woods. At either end of the town, its main street, once its function as such is over, becomes a highway passing between massive fluted columns again—and in a matter of a few feet. You literally can step out of Weott into the forest primeval in moments—nay seconds. Or, you can meander through fragrant gardens and fruit orchards in back of the business district, down to the river, in almost as quick time.

**WEOTT IS BEAUTIFUL**  
Weott presents its business front—and a nice one it is—to the world that passes through its main street. But immediately in back, in a surrounding that beggars Robin Hood's Sherwoodland—there you will find Weott lives. There is no comparing such an environment to any other, for it wouldn't be fair to either. Suffice it to say that Weott lives in its own little Garden of Eden, and is a happy town.

On the lower side of town flows Eel river's south fork, with numbers of large pools at the townspeople's disposal. In the summertime, the water is warm enough for swimming, thanks to Weott's salubrious climate, which is neither too hot nor too cold, too rainy nor too dry—but eminently fitted for human habitation. In the fall and winter, the steelhead trout and salmon come up from the sea, and last summer's swimming pools become fishing holes for some of the world's greatest game fish. And in the matchless spring of the northern Redwood Empire—a spring that lingers long into the summer—the hills and vales about Weott are a rhapsody in colors, superimposed over a background of overliving green. The air blown fresh from 5000 miles of ocean, and the tang of the sea mingles with the bloom of forest and flowers. No wonder they call it the promised land where the Argonaut Trail meets the rainbow . . . It is!

On the opposite, or Weott heights side of town, is where probably a majority of Weott's population live. The streets rise rather sharply from highway 101, passing through a subdivided woodland where numbers of new homes are under construction. It is in this section that the fine Weott elementary school is located, and you pause in its sylvan grounds to enjoy the panorama that spreads itself at your feet. For there is the highway, with Weott's prosperous business area on both sides, and beyond is the river, winding silver-blue through the great woods. And on all sides of you tower the hills—the Creator's templed edifices—which, with their timbered slopes make the sides of the great bowl in which sits Weott.

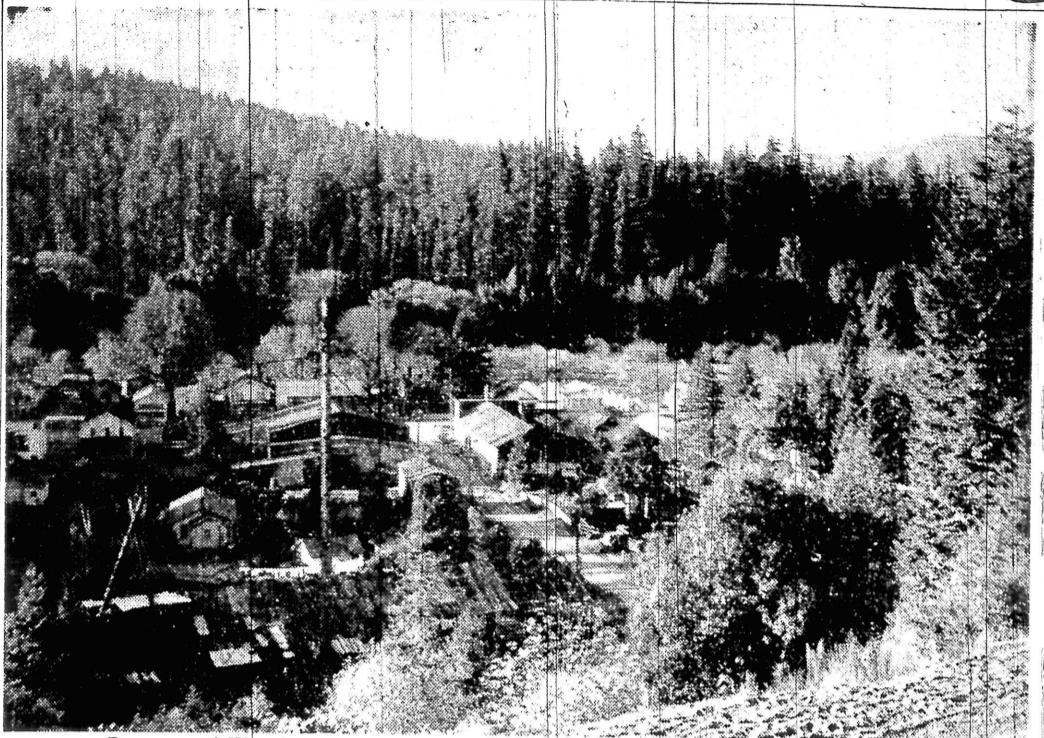
### GOOD BUSINESS AREA

Now let's drop down onto Weott's main street, and have a look about the business section. It is obviously a trading and tourist center, and supports a population of about 450, you're told. The school on the hill has about 75 pupils, many of whom come from Bull Creek, South Fork, and McCann, to form a union district which is served by school buses. This information, as well as considerable else, you get from Bob Johnson, of Johnson's store, where the Weott post office is located. And you are impressed by the amount of trade that comes into the town from the surrounding areas. The place is about as busy as it wants to be, it seems.

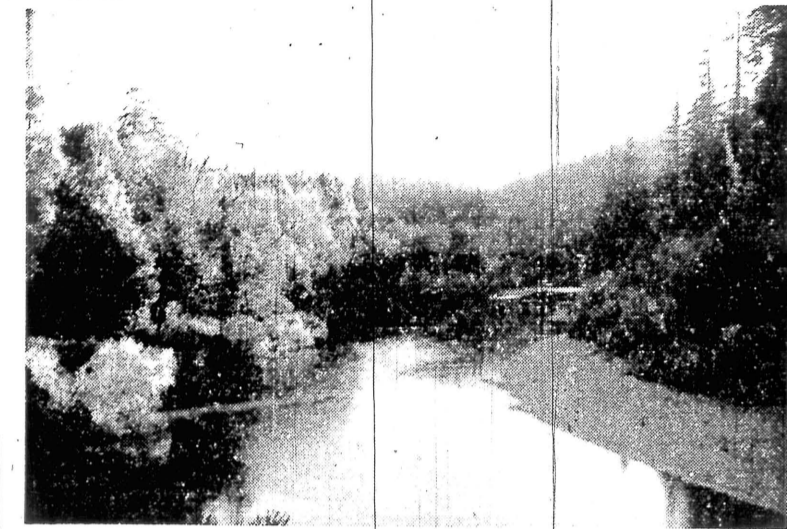
Weott is not an incorporated town, Bob tells you. All issues pertaining to the community are settled by town meetings in the good old-fashioned American way—than which there is no truer democracy. "And," Bob says, "everyone is satisfied, as a rule. Incorporation would cost us enough more in taxes that we can't see it would pay."

### MOTELS ARE FIRST CLASS

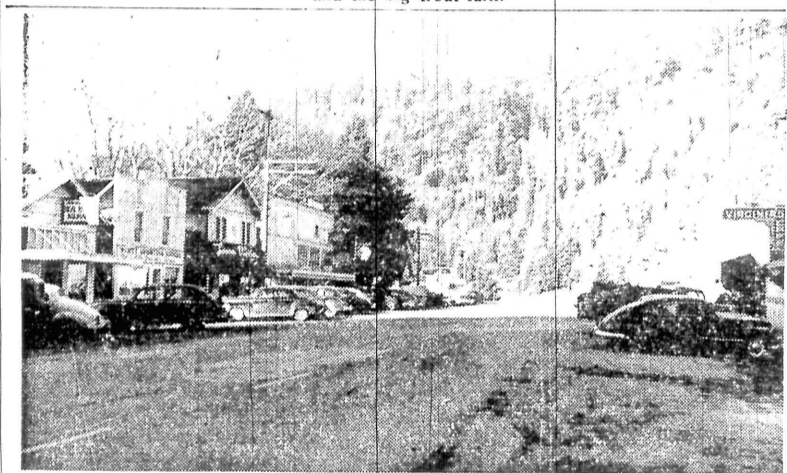
Weott is noted for its really excellent motels. It should have them, for the town serves one of California's most beautiful and famed recreational areas, and needs accommodations to suit. Somehow, the several units impress you as having just had "shave and a haircut"—so trim and well kept do they look. You can imagine how pleased a travel-weary tourist would feel, after having bucked everything from fair to worse, to pull into Weott and find matters in first-class shape and himself actually welcomed! There is no wild-eyed sawmill boom within the town. Seems



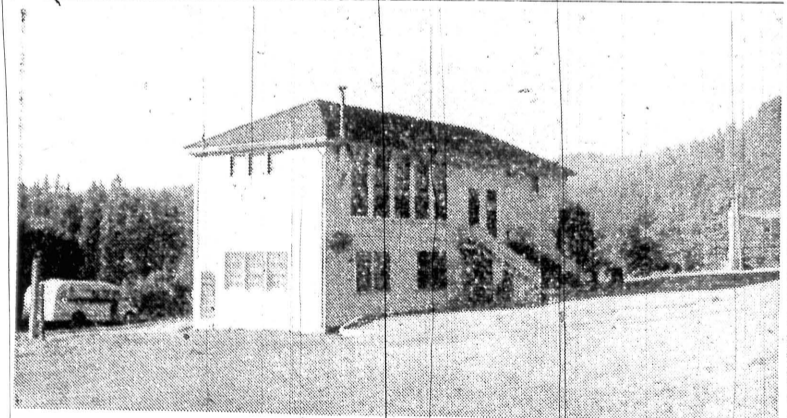
Panorama of Weott's older residential section along highway 101, as seen from the schoolhouse hill.



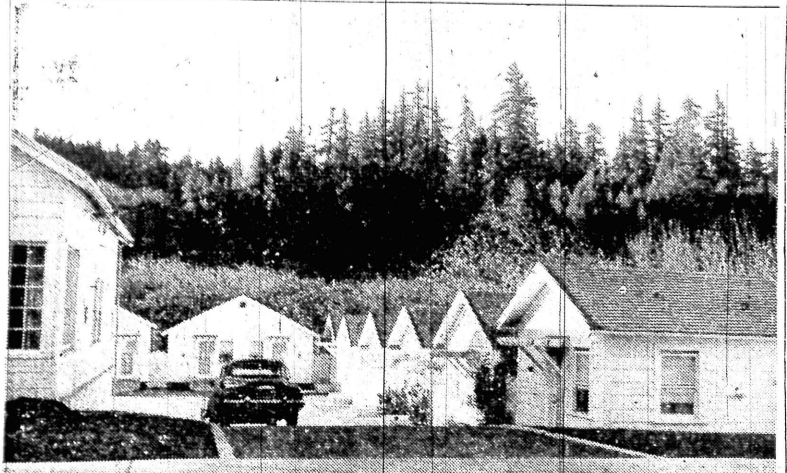
An outdoorsman's Eden—where the south fork of Eel river flows by Weott, and the big trout lurk.



Weott's main street, where highway 101 passes through the town. State park forests are at each end.



Set on a hill overlooking town, valley, and stream, Weott's elementary school has its own inspiring lookout.



One of Weott's up-to-date motels that offer the visitor and vacationist a restful stopover.

as if they want the place to live in and enjoy. And when the arriving tourist looks at its out-of-this-world setting, you can't blame him for wondering if the elfin fay don't come out to dance in their moonlit trysting grounds beneath the great redwood trees.

But to continue along Weott's main street . . . Bill and Mary Powers have a neat little theater which attracts trade from far and wide. Their secret? They get the best films possible, and the Weott theater has become noted for giving people their money's worth. And so they get the business. They're a credit to their town.

### WEOTT GROWING WELL

Weott has its own American Legion Post, you learn with a little surprise . . . and some 40 veterans belong. Seems as if the community was well represented in the late free-for-all. And it also has a volunteer fire department, manned by men who have seen service. Needless to say, the town is getting its share of growth out of the west. But it is not the trailer-camp boomer type of growth. Rather, it seems composed of people who fell in love with a beautiful place and who want to join with those who already live there and appreciate it. At least, such is the impression it gives to the inquiring visitor. And that impression is further borne out by the numbers of nice houses that are being constructed there in the newly opened areas, much of which is being done by Charles East.

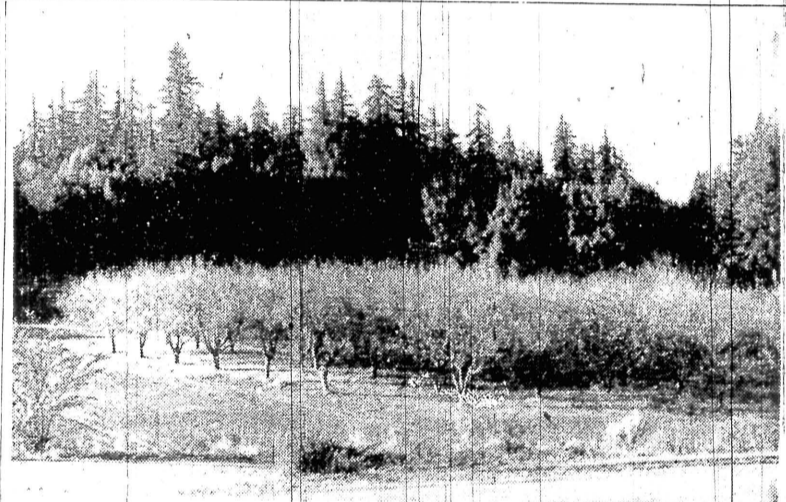
Weott's business section, in other words, is a balanced entity. It has excellent accommodations for the visitor, several restaurants and taverns, market and garage facilities, souvenir shop—yes, and the best in fishing gear for the sports fisherman. Also, if you're interested in deer hunting, there's plenty of it not far from town, and the boys can tell you where to get them.

### OLD TIMES IN WEOTT

Probably no individual played a greater part in the development of Weott than Walter J. Curry, who took over McKee's mill in 1916, and owned much of what is now the town. Due to state parks both to the north and south of Weott, the town's boundaries always have been clearly defined. At the time Mr. Curry came to Weott, the town area was principally timber, and he and his family camped out in tents. He later donated land for both a school and church, built the waterworks, and planned much of Weott's residential section.

Let's have a word with Bob Johnson again. He's been in Weott since 1918—except for an interval in the war—and has seen a change take place that is hard to believe. "When my folks came here, we lived in a tent," Bob reminisces. "They were logging right on what is now the main street, Highway? Don't be funny. We hadn't heard of such a thing then. All we had was a dirt road of sorts, which we could navigate in good weather, but which was a headache during the rainy season. My dad owned the store then, and we used to deliver by automobile as far as Phillipsville—weather permitting."

Bob smiles. "I remember one time we broke an axle and had to leave the car out all night near what is now Miranda. Nobody had an open car—nobody had those days—and we had some \$400 worth of groceries in it. It wasn't touched, of course. That



Weott's even climate long has supported and produced fine fruit orchards, as well as gardens of all kinds.

was the Humboldt we had in those days. Weott was a tough two-fisted logging camp whose name had recently been changed from Helms Camp to McKee's Mill. It wasn't until about 1923, when the first home development started here, that its name was changed to Weott. It's an Indian name and people thought it was pretty—sort of fits the place, you might say . . ."

As you leave Weott for Eureka, and turn around for one more look, you cannot help feeling that that place has about everything . . . climate, scenery, setting, river, hills, woodlands, and civic pride. Bob is right. It's name is pretty, and it fits.

### Lumber Official Speaks to Rotary

**FORTUNA**—At the last session of the Fortuna Rotary club held in the Monday club, Kenneth Smith, assistant to the president of Pacific Lumber company at Scotia, was the speaker, delivering an address, "Above the Ears of Man." An outstanding comment on public relations, this address has also appeared in pamphlet form, stated Fred Christon, program chairman. Lloyd Anderson presided over the meeting.

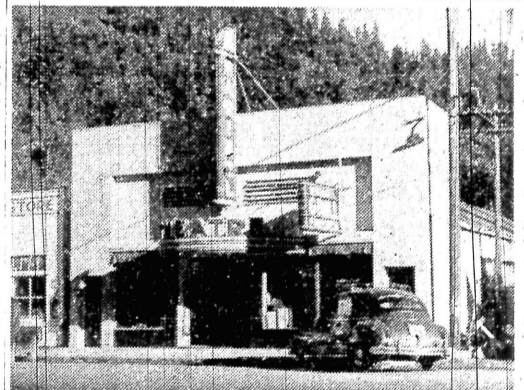
Visiting Rotarians were Harold Mahan, Eureka; Jack Helfike, Julian Hover, and Sid Wilson of Arcata; Kenneth Smith of San Francisco. The guests included Dell Wilson and William Pevott of the Excalibur Club; W. G. Harvey, district freight agent of the G. M. & Ohio railway; L. G. Wise of Fortuna; J. G. Brady, claim agent of the N. W. P. railway.

### Mahan Elected Bar President

At its Friday meeting, the Humboldt County Bar association elected Collis P. Mahan as president for 1949.

Donald Wilkinson was named vice president; John Stokes, secretary, and Elizabeth J. Morrison, treasurer.

Outgoing officers are Carl Christensen, Jr., president; Milton Huber, vice president; Collis P.



Where you'll see the best in pictures—Weott's theater.



A pretty home in a setting only the redwoods can offer.

### November Colder, Drier Than Usual

According to I. E. Anderson, official in charge of the weather bureau, November in Eureka was colder than normal, had a sub-normal amount of sunshine and the rainfall was less than normal. Average high temperature for the month was 54.6 degrees; low

was 40.8 and the mean was 47.7; while the normal is 57.4, 42.8 and 51.1. Warmest day was November 2 with a high temperature of 65 degrees, and the coldest was November 27, with a low of 34 degrees. There was heavy frost on November 7, 8 and 27, and light frost on November 9 and 18. Of a possible 298 hours of sunshine, Eureka had only 157 hours. Total rainfall for the month was 3.19 inches, compared with the normal of 5.18.