

Assembly Hearing Slip

(Please print plainly)

Date: 4.20.95
Bill No. AB 251
Or
Subject

Rep. Skindrud
(Name)

(Street Address or Route Number)

(City & Zip Code)
author
(Representing)

Speaking In favor:
Speaking against:
Registering In favor:
Registering against:
Speaking for Information only:
Neither for nor against:

Please return this slip to a messenger promptly.
Assembly Sergeant at Arms
Room 210 West
State Capitol
Madison, WI 53702

Assembly Hearing Slip

(Please print plainly)

Date: 4/20/95
Bill No. AB 251
Or
Subject: Fence

Earl Ellikson
(Name)
415 Jarvis bog
(Street Address or Route Number)
Cambridge Wis 53523
(City & Zip Code)
Danco Co Farm Business
(Representing)

Speaking In favor:
Speaking against:
Registering In favor:
Registering against:
Speaking for Information only:
Neither for nor against:

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Room 210 West
State Capitol
Madison, WI 53702

Assembly Hearing Slip

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Date: 4/20/95
Bill No. AB-251
Or
Subject

R.F. (Dick) Haus
(Name)
632 Grand Canyon Dr
(Street Address or Route Number)

(City & Zip Code)
Wisconsin Cattlemen's
(Representing)

Speaking In favor:
Speaking against:
Registering In favor:
Registering against:
Speaking for Information only:
Neither for nor against:

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State Capitol
Madison, WI 53702

AB251

Assembly Committee on Agriculture

DATE April 20th, 1995

Moved by Skindrud Seconded by Olsen
 AB 251 SB _____ Clearinghouse Rule _____
 AJR _____ SJR _____ Appointment _____
 A _____ SR _____ Other _____
 A/S Amdt _____
 A/S Amdt _____ to A/S Amdt _____
 A/S Sub Amdt _____
 A/S Amdt _____ to A/S Sub Amdt _____
 A/S Amdt _____ to A/S Amdt _____ to A/S Sub Amdt _____

Be recommended for:

- Passage
- Introduction
- Adoption
- Rejection
- Indefinite Postponement
- Tabling
- Concurrence
- Nonconcurrence
- Confirmation

	Committee Member	Aye	No	Absent	Not Voting
1.	Ott, Alvin (Chair)	✓			
2.	Ward, David (Vice-Chair)	✓			
3.	Ainsworth, John	✓			
4.	Zukowski, Robert	✓			
5.	Otte, Clifford	✓			
6.	Skindrud, Richard	✓			
7.	Hahn, Eugene	✓			
8.	Olsen, Luther	✓			
9.	Gronemus, Barbara		✓		
10.	Baldus, Al	✓			
11.	Reynolds, Martin	✓			
12.	Springer, Thomas	✓			
13.	Wilder, Michael		✓		
14.	Dueholm, Robert		✓		
15.					
16.					
17.					
18.					
Totals		11	3	0	0

MOTION CARRIED

MOTION FAILED



**Wisconsin
Sheep Breeders
COOPERATIVE**

3696 Country Aire Drive
Cedarburg, Wisconsin 53012-9206
414-377-1491

April 14, 1996

Assembly Agriculture Chairman - Al Ott
Capitol Office Bldg Room 318N
P O Box 8953
Madison, WI 53708

Dear Chairman Ott:

The Wisconsin Sheep Breeders Cooperative with a membership of 357, at its annual meeting on March 30, 1996, held in conjunction with the 18th Annual Wisconsin Sheep Industry Conference and Great Lakes Dairy Sheep Symposium with over 1150 in attendance, passed the following resolution:

- WHEREAS, both the Wisconsin House and Senate have passed Bill #251 which makes owners of sheep, goats and horses along with swine liable if the animal escape a legal fence, and
- WHEREAS, adjoining property owners are required by law to maintain a legal fence on one half of their property line, and
- WHEREAS, the definition of a legal fence has been made less stringent to a two strand fence which is not capable of effectively confining sheep, and
- WHEREAS, the sheep farmer is liable to damages if his animals escape a legal fence erected by his adjoining land owner, but the adjoining land owner is not liable for damages if his cattle escape a legal fence, and
- WHEREAS, this law poses economic hardship to Wisconsin's 2,300 sheep producers by imposing the responsibility of constructing and maintaining a fence capable of restraining sheep entirely on the sheep producer, and
- WHEREAS, the sheep producer is liable regardless of how well the fence is maintained,
- BE IT RESOLVED, that in the spirit of fairness to all agriculture enterprises, the Wisconsin Sheep Breeders Cooperative urges the passage of a bill to eliminate liability where sheep breach a legal fence due to an Act of god or malicious attempt; or to include owners of all livestock liable for damages caused when their animals escape a legal fence.

Thank you for your consideration of this resolution.

Sincerely,

WISCONSIN SHEEP BREEDERS COOPERATIVE

Richard J. Roembke
Secretary-Treasurer

RR/sr
Encl

Good-bye Boise...
Hello Alaska

Sunken Treasure

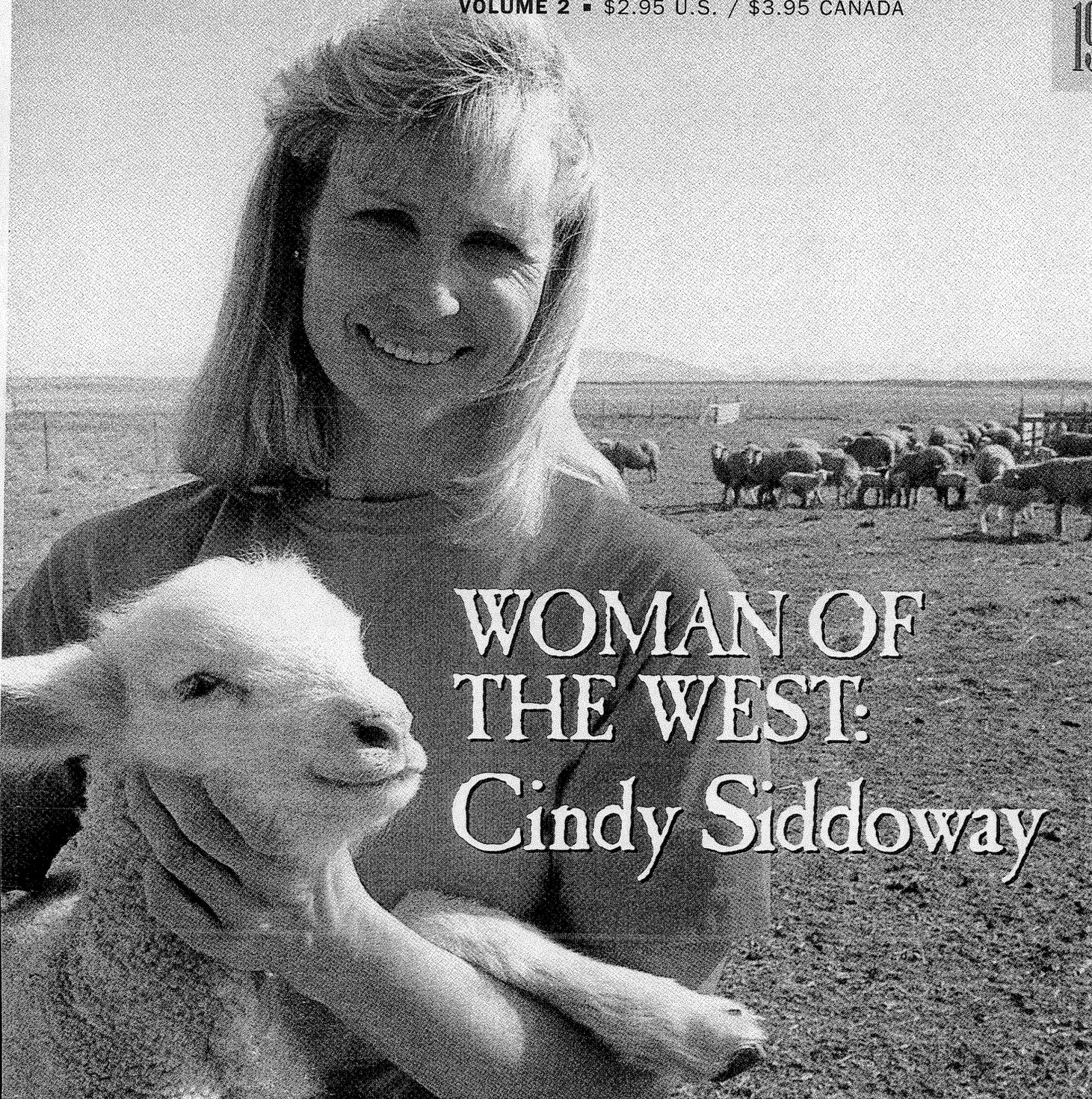
For the Love of Lamb

SHEEP

COUNTRY

VOLUME 2 ■ \$2.95 U.S. / \$3.95 CANADA

1990



WOMAN OF
THE WEST:
Cindy Siddoway

M · E · E · T

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For more information about *Sheep and the Environment* contact the American Sheep Industry Association

6911 S. Yosemite St., Englewood, CO 80112-1414
Phone: (303) 771-3500 • Fax: (303) 771-3200



message from the editor

Welcome to our second annual edition of *Sheep Country*. It's a magazine for those who love the country-style life. And, it's for all of us who use sheep products in our daily lives — and that's virtually everyone. From the time you slide out from under your warm wool blankets in the morning to when you sit down to a low-cal lamb chop dinner or ease into your sheepskin slippers after a hard day's work, sheep are vital to our lives.

In this edition of *Sheep Country*, we will show you just how sheep and sheep products make life better for all Americans. Did you know, for example, that sheep waste is used to reclaim contaminated soils? Or that sheep control noxious weeds that threaten to ruin millions of acres of public lands and wildlife habitats?

We'll also introduce you to a few of the fascinating folks who raise sheep for a living. Among our favorite "sheep people" is Cora Holmes, who with her sons set out from Boise, Idaho, to begin a new life raising sheep on a remote Alaskan island. Fourteen years later, Cora remains on the island — without a phone or regular mail delivery — but with plenty of woolly companions. Read about Cora and Peep-Sheep, the lamb she saved, on page 16. Our cover story, "Woman of the West," features another remarkable woman sheep producer, Cindy Siddoway. Unlike Cora, Cindy chooses to remain in Idaho, helping to operate her family's fourth-generation sheep ranch.

Tips on cooking great lamb dishes, a look at "what's hot, what's not," a heart-warming tale about a group of good shepherds who bring comfort to low-income Minnesotans — it's all part of *Sheep Country*.

We'd like to hear from you. If something in *Sheep Country* tickles your fancy — or if you want to know more about sheep, wool or lamb — give us a call at (303) 771-3500.



Janice Grauberger

Janice Grauberger
Editor in Chief



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The true story of a family's move to a remote island ranch in Alaska.

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Good Shepherd

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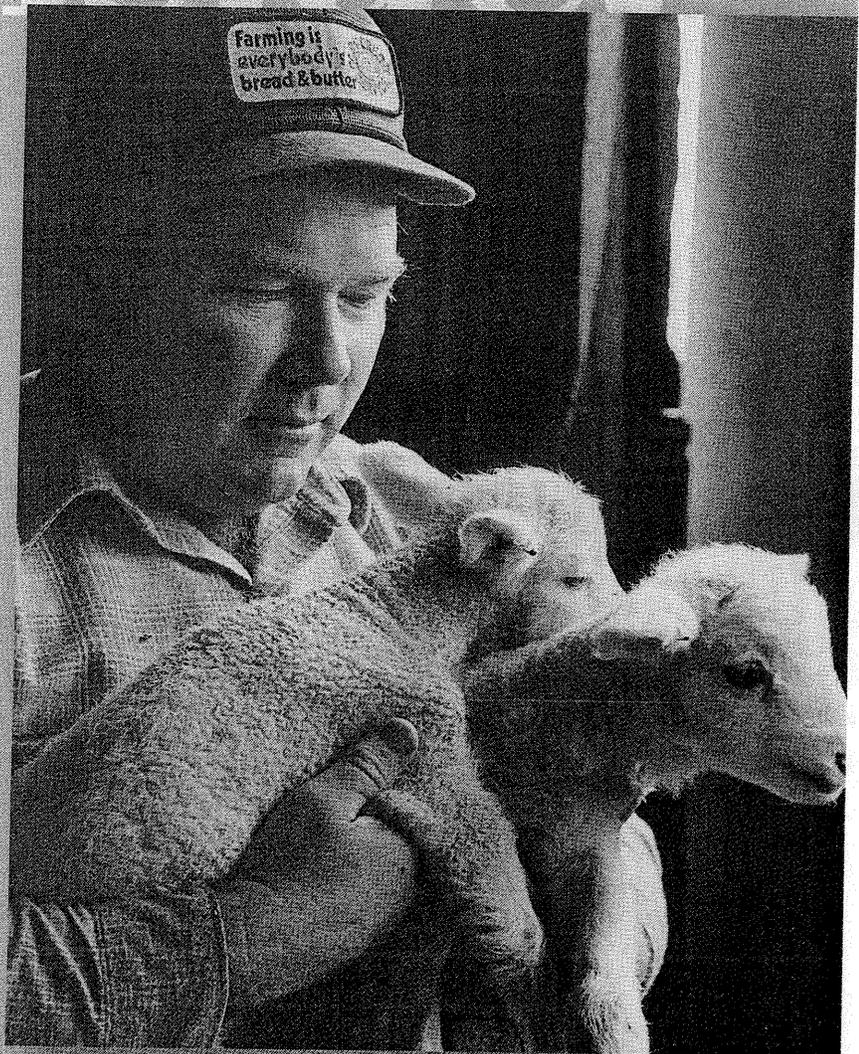
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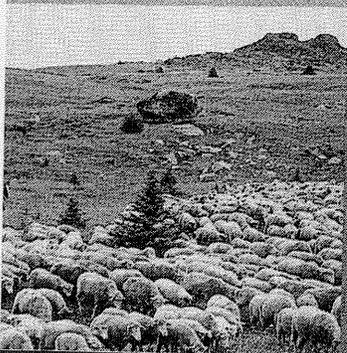
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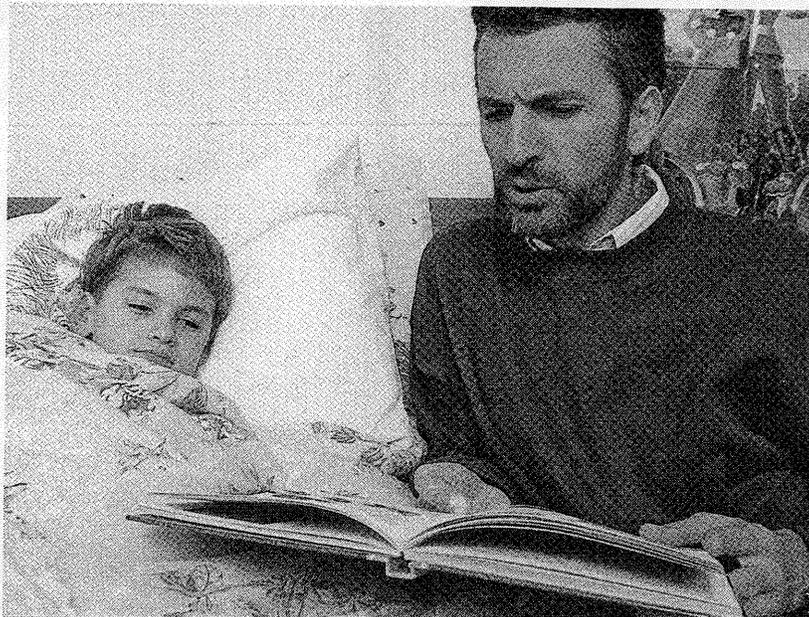
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Woolen artifacts provide proof of this proteinaceous fiber's longevity.

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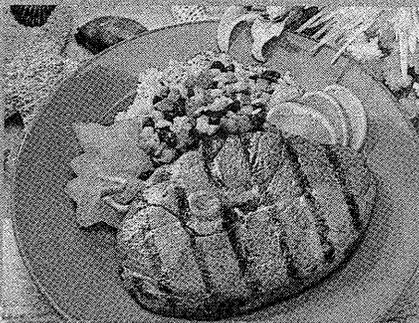
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When weeds threatened to take over its land, the Nature Conservancy turned to four-footed weed whackers for help.



Sheep Country is published by the American Sheep Industry Association, 6911 S. Yosemite St., Englewood, CO 80112-1414, (303) 771-3500. The association, representing 90,000 sheep producers, also publishes the *National Lamb & Wool Grower* in conjunction with the American Sheep Industry Women and the National Lamb Feeders Association Inc. For additional copies of *Sheep Country*, contact the American Sheep Industry Association.

Cover photo by David L. Cornwell

Sheep rancher Cindy Siddoway of Terreton, Idaho

Share Your Sheep Tales

Let us know if you come across any wild or wooly stories. Send your ideas, suggestions or news clippings to: Laura Gerhard, American Sheep Industry Association, 6911 S. Yosemite St., Englewood CO 80112-1414.

THE WORDS "WOMAN OF THE WEST" CONJURE UP IMAGES OF HARD WORK AND A DETERMINED SPIRIT. CINDY SIDDOWNAY COVERS ALL THAT AND ADDS TO IT A SOPHISTICATED STYLE THAT MAKES YOU BELIEVE SHE'D BE MORE AT HOME LOBBYING IN WASHINGTON, D.C., THAN SHEARING SHEEP.

So which would she prefer? There's no need to choose, says the Idaho rancher. As far as she's concerned, today's agricultural women can have it all. And she lives that philosophy, helping to manage the Siddoway Sheep Co., lobbying on Capitol Hill, and moving in state and national circles to tell the livestock story to the movers and shakers.

Cindy Siddoway ranches with husband Jeff outside the tiny community of Terreton, Idaho. The jagged Sawtooth Mountains are 35 miles west of the main ranch, and the rugged Tetons score the skyline 100 miles east of their front gate in what is generally known as Mud Lake.

It's a fragile land that is beautiful, demanding, unforgiving and sometimes brutal. But the Siddoways manage it with care, running 20,000 ewes and lambs on 25,000 acres of private land and some 250,000 acres of public lands in Idaho and Wyoming.

"If we didn't get along with Mother Nature, our sheep ranch would have died many years ago," says Jeff Siddoway. The 100-year-old ranching operation is a fourth-generation legacy Jeff and Cindy plan to pass along



Woman of

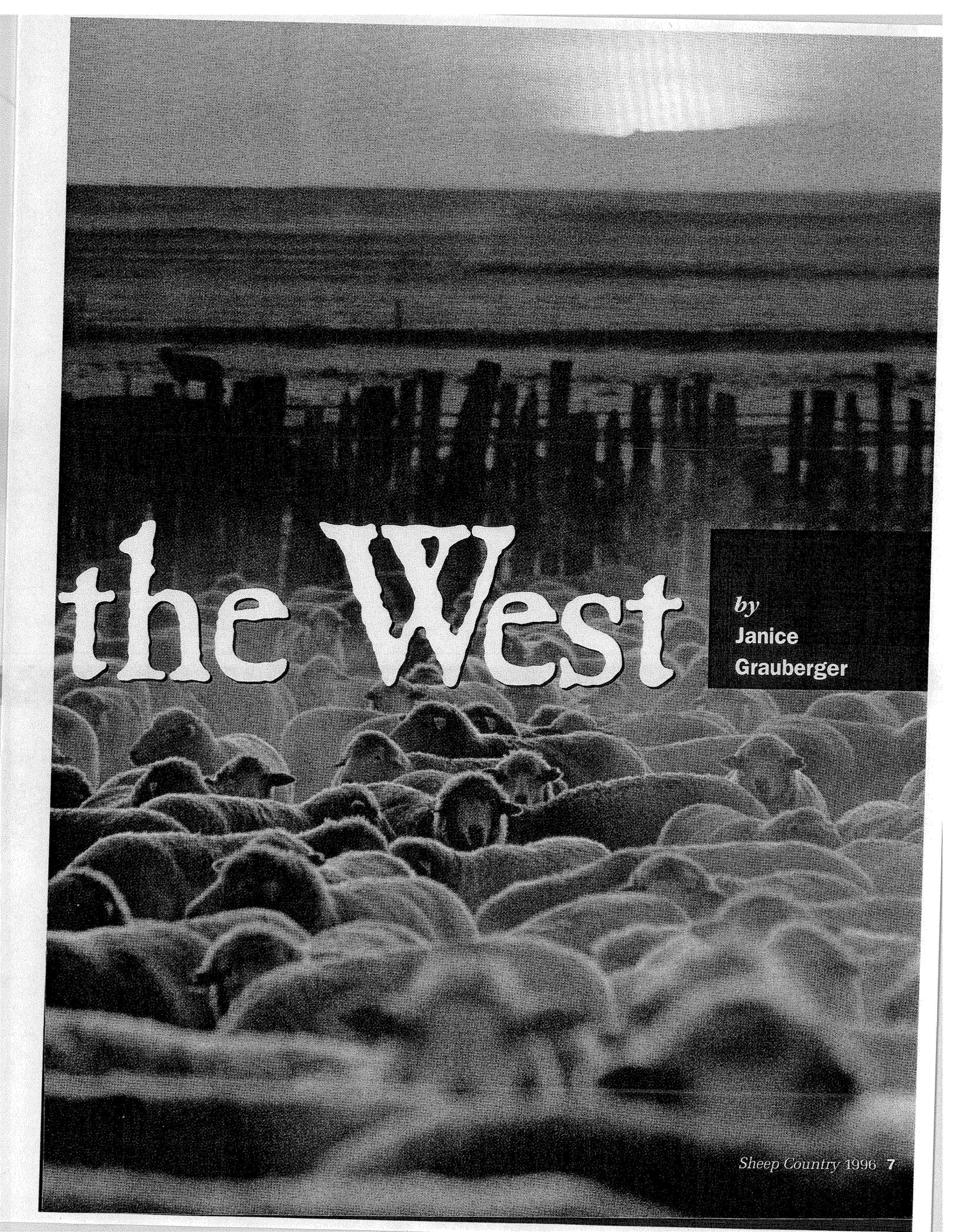
to their own three children. But equal to the legacy of the land is the family's wealth of knowledge and understanding of the high desert soils that rest on ancient lava beds.

The Siddoway Sheep Co. was established in America's early west. It's a ranch, Cindy says, where proven methods and economy are firmly embraced and new technology is carefully integrated where it makes economic sense. She often talks about the hard work and frugality it takes to keep a sheep operation alive.

"We are fighting for our way of life. In the end, everyone will lose if agriculture dies."

"It comes down to basics," Jeff agrees. "When something needs to be done at our ranch, it has to be done as quickly and efficiently as possible. Nature won't wait, so we have to deal with that and the facts of caring for the land and our animals on the range."

To Cindy and Jeff, ranching was never a choice. It was a way of life that began five generations ago. Cindy is a descendent of the Lairds, a large, well-known Mormon family that hailed from Salt Lake City. As the city began to grow, Cindy says, Brigham Young sent people to Idaho to raise sheep. Her great-grandfather was one of those people, moving his family to the Dubois area. Her own parents raised only a few sheep along with



the West

by
Janice
Graubeger

cattle and horses, but Cindy got the job of tending the bum lambs—lambs rejected by their mothers. That experience cemented her love of sheep.

Jeff's family emigrated from Salt Lake City around the same time, but his family was already involved in sheep production. The two families crossed paths for years and Jeff and Cindy are now the principal owners of the operation that once included multiple families.

The two are equal partners in running the farm and ranch, and they are part owners of a feed mill. But Cindy doesn't restrict herself to home. It is just as likely to find her on an airplane headed for Washington, D.C., as it is to find her in the kitchen cooking for a lambing crew.

The Siddoways gladly show off the public grazing permits that have been part of the operation for decades.

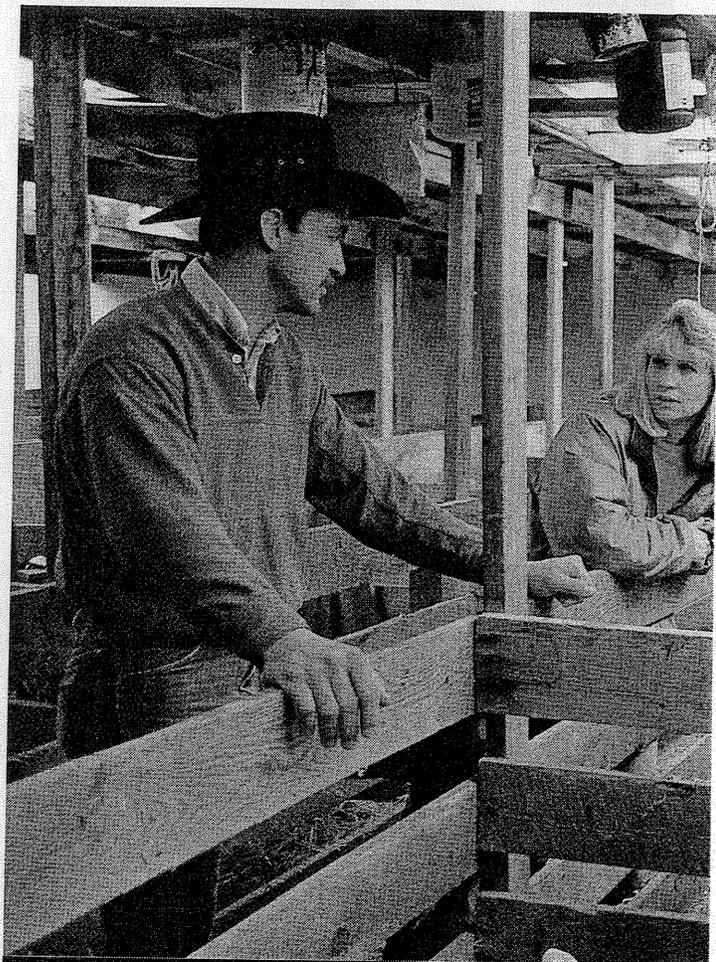
"People need to understand that our grazing rights on public lands are very important to us," Cindy says. "Many of the allotments we have result from generations of proof that we can manage the land effectively. Taking selfish advantage of that would put us out of business, destroy the ranch and our lives. Maybe more than anybody, we realize the need to protect the land for the future."

Predators take a big bite out of the operation, where guard dogs are used in an effort to stem the losses of lamb and ewes to coyotes, mountain lions and other killers.

"Ranchers are becoming more and more limited in what we can do to protect our herds," Cindy says. "We fight for our survival on the ranch and again in Washington, D.C., where public policy influences what we can do here at home."

The Siddoway family is very political. They are always going to hearings.

"I am involved in environmental politics," Cindy says, "because I'm tired of being perceived as the bad guy by the environmentalists. We are telling

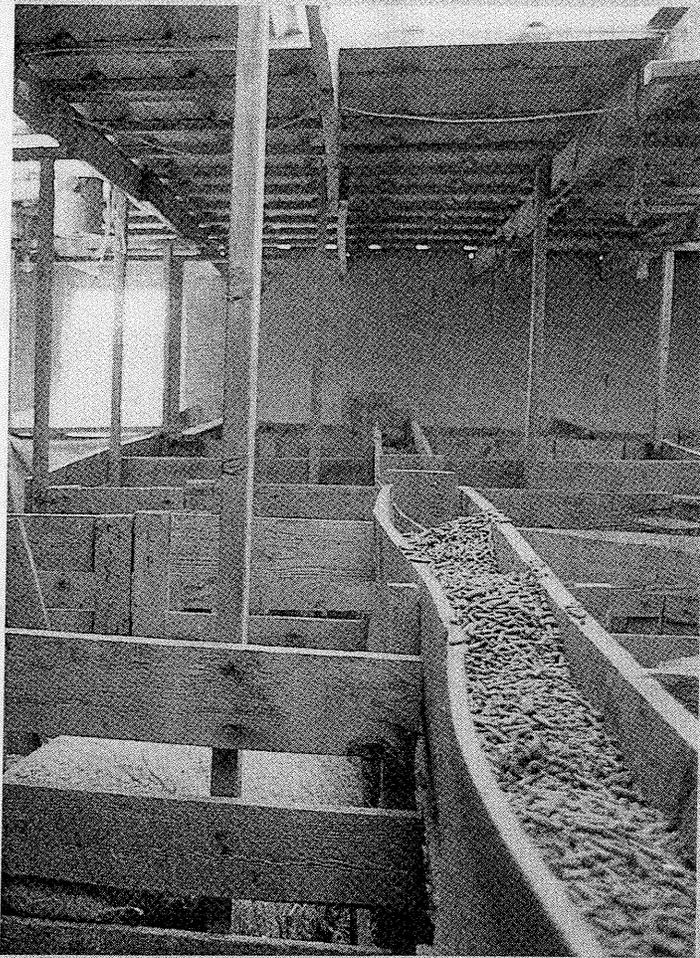


Inside the sheep barn, Cindy discusses the day's schedule with one of the ranch's workers.

the positive story about our contributions to the environment."

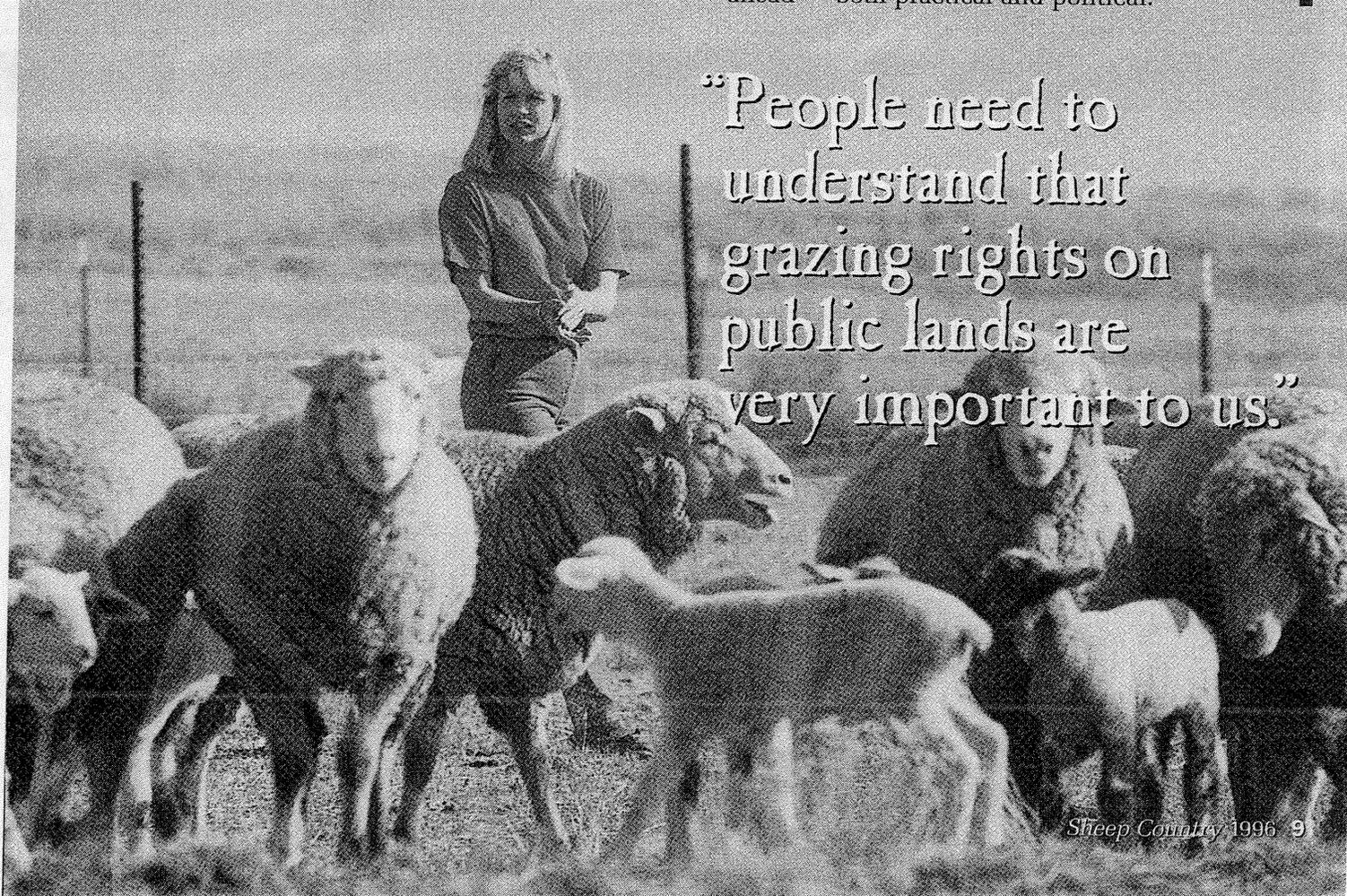
She puts her energies to work on a national level as well. She is the first woman to sit on the executive board of the American Sheep Industry Association and to serve as an association officer. She is proud of ASI's 130-year history and the fact that it is the nation's oldest livestock commodity organization. Working with her peers gives her a chance to battle for what she believes is right.

"We are fighting for our way of life. In the end, everyone will lose if agriculture dies. Maybe that's why I work so hard at being involved; because I want my children and others to have opportunities in agriculture, if they want them. And because, if I can, I want to make a substantial difference for the future of our industry."



The bottom line is bigger than profit alone. The Siddoways inherited their passion for the sheep business from their parents and grandparents who instilled it in them. Now they are passing it on. Cindy and Jeff's three children will be the fifth generation to manage the land and animals of the Siddoway Sheep Co. Their son J.C., now 17, spent his first summer alone in the mountain sheep camp in 1994. It was an education in the business you can't get in a classroom, say his parents. Their daughters, Billie Jean and Jodie, always have played an active role on the ranch and are still there to put a shoulder to the wheel when college or careers allow.

There is no doubting the pride the Siddoways feel in their children and the work ethic they have learned through their ranch upbringing. Combined with a college education, the next generation should be prepared to deal with the challenges ahead — both practical and political. ■



“People need to understand that grazing rights on public lands are very important to us.”

Sunken Treasure Yields Wool Items

By Laura K. Gerhard

Neither water nor mud could ruin the woolen garments on board the ill-fated *Steamboat Arabia*, which sank 139 years ago. The grande dame of steamboats went under in less than 10 minutes, prompting her crew and passengers to swim to safety sans cargo. But a group of modern-day excavators has unearthed some startling finds, including an array of woolen garments in near-perfect condition.



Time travel... imagined by many but achieved by only one: a group of Missouri residents who recently took a 139-year trip back in time. It was an unusual journey. Cold, muddy conditions caused by alternating rain and snow showers were the standard forecast. Noisy machinery meant you had to shout to be heard. But after weeks of exploration, the group known as River Salvage Inc. found what it was after — buried treasure.

Buried 45 feet below a farmer's soybean field just outside of Kansas City were the remains of the *Steamboat Arabia*. The paddleboat sank on Sept. 5, 1856, after hitting a sycamore tree snag in the mighty Missouri River. Heavily loaded with homesteaders' supplies, the *Arabia* took 200 tons of cargo with her to a muddy grave.

When the relics were dug up almost a century-and-a-half later, the pristine condition of the items left the excavators in awe. Prices written in ink were still legible; foods and liquors were pleasingly palatable; and the array of woolen garments were almost as good as new.

The cache of woolen objects unearthed during the 16-week excavation included 25 pairs of long underwear, 15 pairs of mittens, 300 hats, 80 coats, 30 pairs of socks, 50 pairs of trousers and 65 bolts of cloth.

The woolen items, as well as the rest of the cargo, were in good condition thanks to what scientists call an "anaerobic environment" — one free of oxygen. Without oxygen, the decomposition process is drastically slowed down. Hardened mud, which encrusted the contents of every box and barrel, also helped to delay the decay process by forming a barrier between the relics and the living organisms in the nearby soil.

Visitors to the *Arabia* Steamboat Museum ponder the obvious — why the cargo wasn't swept away. David Hawley, the museum's co-director, provides the answers.

"Most of the cargo was stored under the deck and thus avoided a direct hit from the river's strong currents," he says. "Plus the packaging crates — wooden boxes and barrels — were substantially heavy by themselves. When loaded with goods, they were extremely heavy."

What also must be taken into account is the fact that although the *Steamboat Arabia* sank to the bottom of the Missouri River, she didn't stay there. Granted, the *Arabia* didn't budge an inch — it was the Missouri River which slowly changed course.

Today, its waters flow a half mile away from the *Arabia's* former grave and excavation site.

"The steamboats were powered by wood, which was burned to create steam in huge boilers," Hawley explains. "The nearest source was the trees that lined the riverbanks. When those trees were chopped down, the strong currents of the Missouri River quickly eroded the riverbanks and a new course for the water was made."

As the course of the Missouri River changed, trees that once stood on solid ground were gradually submerged underwater.

"Many of those trees sat just out of sight under the river's surface," said Hawley. "They could easily pierce the hull of any ship... and many of them did. The average life of a Missouri River steamboat was less than five years."

Although a ship's life was short-lived, the woolen items on board the *Arabia* were a different story. While the cotton items retrieved from the *Arabia* disintegrated upon cleaning, Hawley says the woolen garments held up well because of their proteinaceous nature.

The cleaning process is tedious but simple.

"We purify our own water — a reverse osmosis process which takes all the impurities out of tap water," Hawley explains. "We then spray a light misting of the water on the object and clean it with a soft paint brush."

While the woolen objects on display are impressive, Hawley says they comprise only a small portion of those recovered. The larger remaining stock has been wrapped in plastic, hosed down with water and placed in a freezer until they can be tended to. Once clean, the items will be rotated with those on display, which need an extended retreat in the dark to slow down the photo-aging process. ■

Treasures From A to Z

The cargo excavated from the *Steamboat Arabia*, which sank in 1856, is the largest collection of pre-Civil War artifacts ever collected from one site. Among the items recovered were wooden matches, shoes with brass eyelets, women's ready-to-wear sweaters, colored shoelaces, fine jewelry, perfume, champagne and fur coats. Other items included leather boots and shoes; 100 pairs of rubber overshoes manufactured by the Ford & Goodyear Co.; wool mittens, hats, coats, socks and trousers; 2,000 pieces of china (including Wedgwood and Ironstone); 150 leather hides; 65 bolts of fabric; and sewing supplies such as china and brass buttons, Indian trade beads, and needles and pins too numerous to count. Still-edible food items included pickles, pie fillings, peppercorns, bitters, cheese, catsup, oysters, coffee beans, almonds and nutmeg.

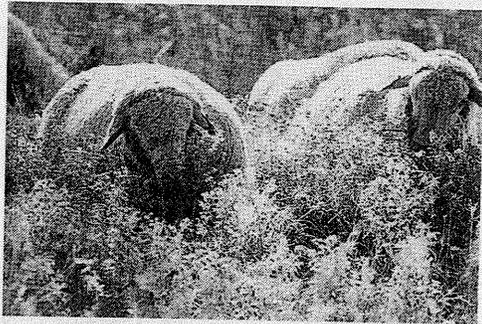
When In Kansas City...

The Arabia Steamboat Museum is located at 400 Grand Avenue in Kansas City, Mo. It is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Saturday and from noon to 5 p.m. on Sunday. Admission fees are \$6.50 for adults; \$6.00 for seniors; \$3.75 for children ages 4-12; and children under 3 years of age are admitted for free. For more information, call (816) 474-4030.

WHEN THE NATURE CONSERVANCY NEEDS HELP CONTROLLING WEEDS THAT THREATEN TO CROWD OUT NATIVE GRASSES AND ENDANGERED PLANT SPECIES, CONSERVANCY OFFICIALS CALL IN THE WEED EXPERTS — SHEEP.

Sheep grazing is used with great success in the Nature Conservancy's Willis Zinn Jepson Prairie Preserve in Northern California's Solano County. Established in 1982, the 1,500-acre preserve harbors rare vernal pools that are home to plant and animal species found nowhere else in the United States.

The preserve also provides good grazing for the 4,000 ewes that belong to local sheep producer Burrows Hamilton.



"They asked us to pasture the ground to keep the growth under control and bring back the native grasses that were here in the 1800s," recalls Hamilton, whose family has raised sheep on land adjoining the preserve for more than 80 years. "The sheep simulate the way elk and deer once grazed the land here."

Sheep are ideally suited to the task, says Neil Havlik, executive director of the Solano County Farmland Trust, which administers the Nature Conservancy preserve.

"They are extremely flexible in terms of being able to be brought in, moved on, moved off and moved around; and so it proves to be a wonderful mechanism," he says. "We've found (sheep grazing) to be very,

very compatible with our goals."

This has a lot to do with the nature of the beast, Havlik explains.

"Sheep are much, much easier on these wetlands (than other grazing animals). The sheep tend to stay up and out of the wetlands, so it is very beneficial to the area."

Not only are sheep helping to restore the Jepson Prairie to its original habitat, grazing is far less costly than chemical or mechanical weed-control measures, Havlik observes.

"There is an obvious economic benefit. Restoration programs very often can run into hundreds of thousands of dollars per acre," says Havlik. "This is a much more cost-effective way to restore the land."

Sheep: Prairie Preserve Protectors

BY P. J. AVERY

In many ways, it's only natural that sheep were selected to help restore the Jepson Prairie grasses, says Havlik.

"For many, many years prior to its acquisition by the Nature Conservancy, this land was used as a sheep ranch; and we continue to use it that way because of the value of sheep in managing the grasslands. We wanted, No. 1, to retain a relationship with the agricultural community and with our neighbors."

This, Havlik adds, coincides with the philosophy of the 588,000-member international conservation group.

"The Nature Conservancy is committed to the preservation of agricultural and rural lifestyles. This is a

significant component in the management of many Conservancy programs around the world."

The Nature Conservancy also maintains grazing programs at other sites, including nature preserves near Chico in Northern California and near San Luis Obispo and Bakersfield in Southern California, says Havlik.

"There is increased interest in using sheep because of their flexibility and their gentle tread on the ground."

Havlik and Hamilton attribute the success of the Jepson Prairie program to close communication and cooperation.

"Timing is very important," says Hamilton, adding that he gets his cues

from Havlik as to when and how many sheep to pasture on the preserve.

Havlik relies on three factors when making these decisions: the expertise of the sheep operator, his own expertise and the weather.

"The sheep operators know a lot better than I do what their animals are going to do. They know how long it will take to graze or regrow an area and how to avoid a sensitive plant that we want to protect."

Havlik says the Nature Conservancy is extremely pleased with the results of this cooperation on the Jepson Prairie Preserve.

"We have been very satisfied. I see our relationship as a long-term one of mutual benefit." ■

A Risk Worth Taking

He's a goer and a doer in the truest form: a self-proclaimed optimist willing to put his mind and back behind his convictions. Steve Raftopoulos is one of those people who simply can't contain his passion for the industry's potential for a great future.

His Greek immigrant father built the cattle and sheep ranch spanning some rugged, scenic country on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado from nothing — except maybe a bit of the same spark and drive that now burns in his son. He guaranteed his children a college education so, as he said, they could make a solid choice about the rest of their lives.

"My folks, being immigrants, wanted their kids to do better," says Raftopoulos, his tanned face crinkling into a grin beneath the sweat-stained ballcap. They had the legal system in mind for son Steve, who earned a degree in accounting and turned down three law schools to return to the ranch.

Steve, like his brother John, chose ranching and today runs the sheep side of the operation, with his brother tackling the management of the large cow-calf operation outside Craig. A million pounds of lamb and a million pounds of beef are produced by the operation every year.

Raftopoulos says — with a wry sideways grin — the ranch always held a

little bit of magic for him. Maybe it's the beauty of the open country and the livestock, maybe the emotional rewards of hard work that sometimes punishes the body and soul and is slim in monetary returns.

The dark eyes grow intense and the teasing smile disappears when he talks about the operation.

"We take the attitude of, 'What can we do to better ourselves?' Then move on, don't stop and don't keep the status quo because that won't work," he says. "Ranching is a hell of a way of life, but we can't just look at it as a way of life. We have to treat it as a business too if we want to maintain it."

He has taken those convictions into industry leadership, serving on every major committee for the American Sheep Industry Association and rising to president. It takes leaders who are willing to take a risk, he says, taking the industry in innovative new directions.

Natural-resource issues are testing the mettle of the industry in a genuine struggle to survive, Raftopoulos says. He sees the environmental sweep as a challenge for all farmers and ranchers, saying, "We are going to have some tough times. Some environmentalists are extremists who don't understand that we are conservationists, and we don't speak up enough to say that we want to protect and improve the environment too." ■



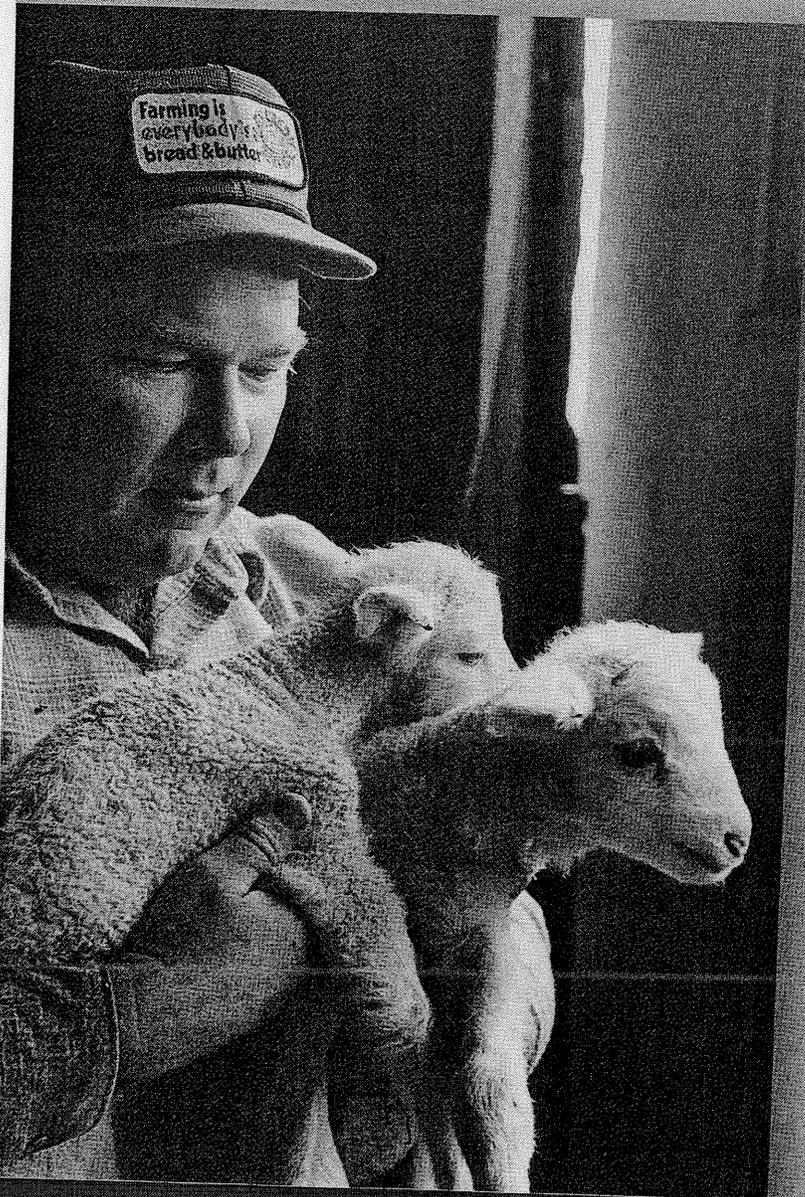
Colorado rancher Steve Raftopoulos sees ranchers as conservationists who protect and improve the environment.

by Janice Grauberger • Photos: David L. Cornwell

DI Purely Photographer

From sheepish to picturesque, these photos portray today's sheep industry.

Tim Sherman North East, Md.



Ashley Smart Nebo, N.C.



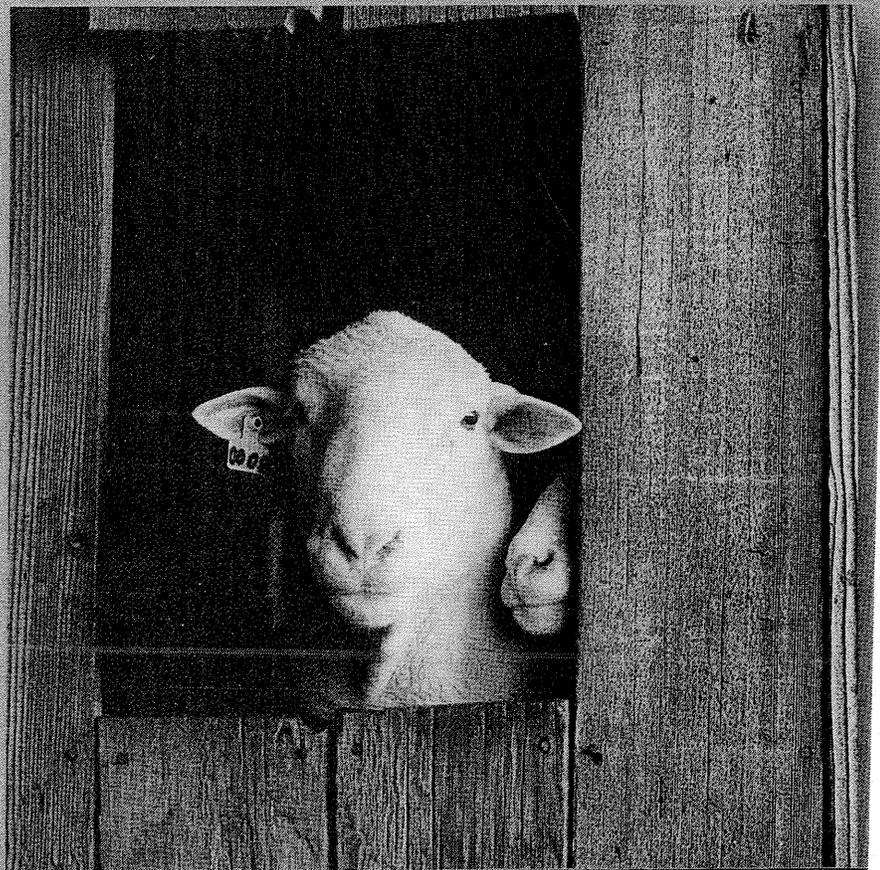
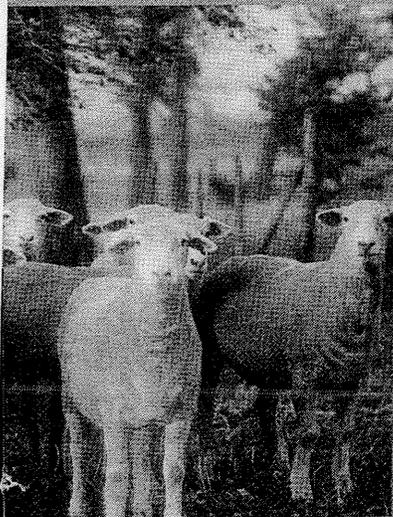
Peggy Heater Jefferson, Iowa





Sue Swartzendruber Yamhill County, Ore.

Mike Giles Los Banos, Calif.



FROM BOISE TO ALASKA:

EDITOR'S NOTE: When Cora Holmes, an overprotective mother, and her two sons, Chuck and Randall, find themselves transplanted to a 200-square-mile sheep ranch in Alaska's remote Aleutian Islands from a small town in Idaho, they discover the challenges and choices that total isolation can generate.

With a wise new husband and father — Milt Holmes, who lets them make their own mistakes — they learn to depend on each other and themselves, make decisions that could cost them their lives, and also discover the satisfaction that comes from a hard day's work.

During the first year, every day brought a new adventure — riding horses, rounding up cattle, shearing sheep, beachcombing, operating an open boat in Alaska's stormy Bering Sea, going to school at the kitchen table, living without television, shopping out of catalogs and learning to love the sound of silence.

Amid the stark beauty of the northern tundra, between cobalt-blue water and stone-gray sky, this new family grows close and forges bonds that last forever — with each other and with the island. Following is an excerpt from Cora Holmes's book, *Good Bye Boise, Hello, Alaska*.

A Wilderness Adventure

Without Milt in bed beside me, the wind's keening wail sounded close and lonesome. Even with Randall in the next room, the house seemed empty and vulnerable. When I was alone during storms, I often thought about the soldiers who'd been stationed at the base across the bay during World War II.

In their tents with only Sibley stoves and sleeping bags to keep them warm, those boys must have learned the real meaning of loneliness.

Later, when they had Quonset huts dug into the hillsides, the comforts still must have been scant. A few of the huts were still intact enough to tell what their construction had been like—only corrugated tin with inside walls of 1/4-inch Masonite. How the wind must have howled around them. How cold they must have been.

I pulled my warm woolen blankets and down comforter around me and closed my eyes. It was no use—I couldn't sleep with the noise. Somehow when Milt was home, the storms never seemed so loud.

I dressed and took my lamp to the kitchen. When Milt radioed at 5 a.m., I'd just finished scrubbing the porch floor and was taking cinnamon rolls out of the oven.

He sounded fresh and awake, but I suspected he'd been up all night, too, watching the boat. We didn't have any way to get it out of the water at the slaughterhouse and had to leave it tied to the dock. Any change in the wind had him out of bed and down at the water's edge. Sometimes I wondered why he didn't just sleep in it.

"Doesn't look like this is going to let up today," Milt said. "And I'm worried about the Ferret. We tied a tarp over the engine, but with this wind, it's probably long gone. I don't like leaving it out in the weather, and we might be stuck for days. I want you and Randall to go get it."

The request made me nervous for several reasons. The Ferret was a track machine. It had no steering wheel—only two levers. There were no roads to Cutter Point, just hills, tundra and bogs. The little machine was new. It had replaced our team and wagon two months earlier when Milt decided it was time to move into the 20th century and retired the last elderly horses broken to harness. I'd driven it twice around the barnyard and never started it without it making a dreadful *errrrch* sound.

I took a deep breath. Well, I'd learned to drive a car; I could figure it out. "Sure, Milt, we'll get right on it."

"Ah..." There was a long pause before he answered in his most diplomatic voice. "Maybe it would be a

good idea if Randall drove it; he knows how to start it. Just don't let him take it out of first gear."

"What you're saying is, I can't drive it, and Randall's not supposed to hot-rod?"

"Something like that," Milt hesitated again, then chuckled, "Sorry."

As soon as it was light enough to see our feet in front, Randall and I set out around the beach for Cutter Point.

I loved walking on the beach in a storm; there was something exhilarating about the breakers rearing up and rushing the shoreline like relentless armies, dashing themselves against the rocks in never-ending succession. I loved the spray on my face and wind whipping and pulling at my clothes.

When we crossed Bishop Creek a half mile from the ranch, Randall tugged on my arm. "Look, Mom. A fox." There in front of us in the dim light, a red fox pawed in the piles of seaweed brought in by the storm. We were upwind and the pounding water deadened the sound of our approach. We walked to within 10 feet of him before he saw us. Like a streak, he whirled and bolted up the bank.

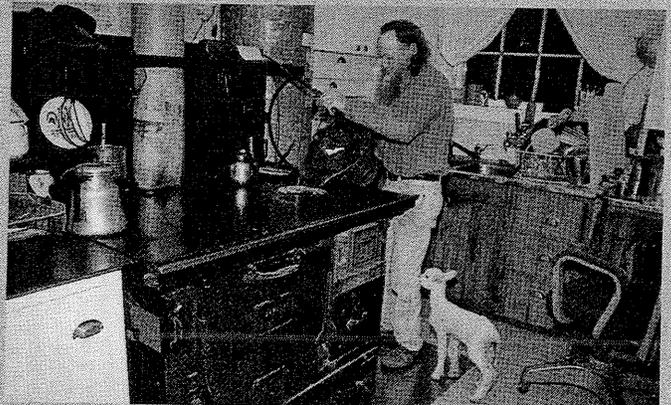
"Look at that coat!" Randall exclaimed. "It's prime."

I watched the bright plume of his tail disappear over the bank. Yes, he was a beautiful creature.

I knew they killed lambs, especially winter ones, often sneaking into the flock and grabbing the first twin while the ewe was giving birth to the second one. We tried to prevent winter births by keeping bucks out of the flocks from July through December. But with our sheep ranging over so many miles of tundra, we always missed a few bucks in the summer gathers.

On around the coastline we hurried, hardly noticing the

HEATING THINGS UP *Milt Holmes stokes the coal-burning stove in preparation for lunch.*



FROM BOISE TO ALASKA

wavering lights of the processors through the smoking spray, so familiar had they become. When we reached the Ferret, the tarp was gone, but Milt had parked it behind the Cutter Point warehouse so the machine was somewhat protected.

I know the Bible says we are all created equal, but when it comes to machinery, I do believe that males have the edge. (At least the males in my family have the edge over me.) Randall started that engine on the first try. He leaped into the driver's seat and motioned for me to get in the passenger seat behind him.

The machine was built with wide running boards over the tracks at about waist level. Between them were the two seats, one behind the other. In front of the driver's seat were the two levers for steering; pull back on one and it would turn left, pull back on the other and it would go right, pull back on both and it would stop. Stuck high on the front was a 15-horsepower Kohler engine. In first gear, it went about four miles an hour.

"Don't you try to scare me," I hollered, clambering on but not in the seat. I perched on one running board with my back to Randall in a position that best afforded instant evacuation if I deemed it necessary to abandon ship. There was no cab; it was open all around, a feature I liked.

Off we lumbered up the steep hill behind the warehouse. The machine crawled over the uneven ground like a tank. Dispersing its bulk evenly over wide tracks, it waded right through Cutter Point bog, where no one dared take a horse. That was another nice feature.

On the minus side, it bucked worse than a wild horse as it climbed over the high tussocks of frozen grass. I braced my feet on the hitch and hung onto the rail with both hands. When we stopped without warning, I cannoned into Randall's back.

"What's wrong?" I yelled.

He pointed above us to the left. Through the blowing rain I glimpsed a small band of sheep huddled on the hillside. A quick flash of color caught my attention; just under the summit was the fox we had seen earlier.

One sheep lifted its head and they all bounded away, around the hillside and out of sight. There was a straggler a short distance below the

main bunch. She hesitated for a second, watching us, then with a plaintive bleat, she followed the others.

The fox ran, too, but not far. Something dangled from his mouth. A sudden

premonition seized me. "Let's go see what's up there." I jumped off the Ferret and ran, tripping on my raingear, falling against the sharp incline as I started up the hill. I struggled to my feet and Randall passed me.

This is stupid, I thought, as I pushed myself away from the hill. That fox had a leg in his mouth; the damage is already done.

Above me I heard Randall shout. When I reached him, he was kneeling in the grass beside a shivering lamb, so newborn its fleece was still bright orange. A few feet away were the remains of its twin.

Randall hadn't touched the lamb; we knew better than to leave our scent on him in case his mother came back. If she smelled us, she would never claim her baby. I scanned the hillside for the ewe, but she was nowhere in sight.

Just then the lamb gave a wavering "maa-aa" and struggled to its feet. It was a sturdy buck lamb, but his sides were all caved in, so I knew he had never sucked. Without that first colostrum, he would soon die.

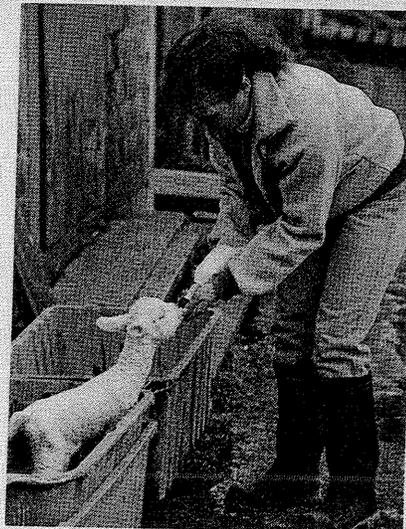
What should we do? If we left, the mother might come back. But how long would that take? The fox was still close by. He, too, would return the minute we were out of sight. It was raining, and with the north wind, the chill factor was below freezing. The lamb would die soon just from the cold.

But if I took him, the ewe stood a good chance of mastitis from a tight bag; then she would be ruined for raising more lambs. What would Milt do?

I motioned Randall to shield the little body from the wind and I hiked to the top of the hill. The sheep were

gone; the ewe with them. She had probably been so frightened by the fox she would have abandoned her lamb anyway, I told myself.

My decision made, I slid back down the hill. There had never really been any question. I had known from the moment I saw the tiny animal I would never leave it to the vagaries of the wilderness. Randall had known it too. When I got down the hill, he already had



**FAITHFUL
COMPANION**
*Everywhere
that Cora Holmes
went, her lamb
was sure to go.*



WELCOME SIGHT *Cora helps unload supplies from the Grumman Goose, as her woolly friend rushes over to supervise.*

him wrapped up in his sweatshirt.

I put him inside my rain jacket with his nose against my neck and walked the rest of the way home. The lamb didn't struggle; didn't even move. I couldn't feel him breathing but dared not unwrap him again just to see. I jiggled him up and down in my arms to stimulate his respiratory muscles.

When I got to the house, Randall was already there and had a box all warmed up on the oven door. I pushed the bundle into his arms and shucked out of the raingear, leaving it in a sodden, dripping heap on the porch floor.

"I think he's dead," Randall called from the kitchen.

Poor thing. He certainly looked dead. His legs flopped out in all directions, his head lolled back with his eyes open and staring. I put my hand on his chest. Under my fingers a faint pulse still fluttered, but he wasn't breathing, and he felt so cold.

I pushed down on his ribs a couple times and he made a feeble gasping sound. "Only mostly dead," I joked, trying to reassure Randall. "Fill the sink with hot water." He rushed to the tap. "But not hot enough to burn your hand," I added.

I lowered the limp body into the sink until all but

the head was immersed. Gently I continued squeezing the frail chest without any reaction until I despaired ever saving him. If warm water and artificial respiration didn't work, nothing would.

All of a sudden, mucous bubbled from his nostrils as the air rushed out of his lungs. He emitted a strangled cry and drew in a good breath. His legs flailed and splashed us both with water.

"He's alive!" Randall cried.

"Get a towel," I told him.

When he returned with it between his hands, I lifted the lamb into it. "Now rub his legs," I instructed. Together we massaged his limbs and torso until he was dry, then Randall laid him in the box.

"Look, Mom. He's sucking on my fingers."

"Great, he's hungry," I said. "He needs milk." I diluted an ounce of evaporated milk with an ounce of warm water and dribbled some into his mouth. After a couple attempts, he grabbed the nipple and pulled on it eagerly.

He had a strong suck, and when the warm milk hit his stomach, his tail started wagging.

"He likes it," Randall whispered. "I want to do it." I handed him the bottle. "Do you think Milt will let us keep him?" He touched the matted curls on the lamb's head.

"I don't know," I answered. I had been wondering the same thing. "We'll just have to ask him."

In truth, I doubted he would be pleased at my actions. Bum lambs were a big nuisance, he had told me the first

"He's Alive!"

time I wanted to steal one from its mother, and they never did as well as their wild counterparts.

But this was different, I argued, unconsciously marshaling my defense; this time the mother ran away. I couldn't just let the poor thing die.

As if reading my mind, Milt called on the radio. First I told him we had gotten the Ferret home safely, then I sprang the news about the lamb. I could tell by the lengthy pause that the news was less than welcome.

"You're sure the old ewe wasn't coming back?" he asked.

"And there was a fox, too." I added. "He ate the twin."

Randall yelled from the doorway, "Ask him."

I took a deep breath. "May we keep him for a pet?"

"We'll see," he stalled. "I suppose you're feeding him canned milk."

"We just tried him on a little," I explained eagerly. "He likes it."

"Well, don't get your hopes up," Milt cautioned. "He'll probably run up the grocery bill and then die." Milt's warning came too late. Our hopes were already sky high.

There is nothing in the world cuter or more affectionate than a baby lamb. Randall and I lost our hearts to that tiny living scrap. We became slaves to his every whimper and bleat.

"What shall we name him?" Randall asked.

"Let's just call him 'Lamb' for now," I suggested. "He'll name himself in a few days."

By evening, he could stand by himself, and the next morning he made an attempt to gambol after Randall took him out of the box. We were so excited we could hardly wait for Milt and Chuck to get home so we could show them. But the storm raged on, and it was the evening of the third day before they were able to travel across the bay. By then, the lamb had made himself at home in the kitchen and attached himself to me. As far as he was concerned, I was his mother. He stayed beside me whenever he was out of his box.

When Milt and Chuck came through the door, tired and hungry, the lamb rose to the occasion with a magnificence far beyond my expectations. As if he knew somehow that he was on trial, he left my side and greeted the newcomers with a friendly "maa-aa," a sideways jump and a series of stiff-legged hops that sent him careening into the cupboards.

"Hey!" Chuck exclaimed. "He looks pretty lively to me." Then he sniffed. "Pee-yuu."

Behind him Milt groaned. "Get used to it, Chuck. Mama has a new baby." But he knelt and patted the lamb's head. "Come here, fella." He ran his hand over the fleecy white coat. "Nice big lamb," he said. "Too bad you didn't get there in time to save them both."

While we ate supper, Randall told Milt and Chuck how we had rescued the lamb. I got up and cleared the table. The lamb followed me back and forth to the sink, staying as close to my knee as he could get. Even when I only went a few steps, he was still right there.

"This little guy thinks he's a person," I said, sidestepping so I wouldn't run over him.

"Yes, he's a people sheep now," Milt grumbled. "He'll never be anything else." He snapped his fingers. "Come here, People-Sheep, get out of Mama's way." Scooping up the lamb, he carried him to his box. "What do you think, Mom? Shall we call him 'Peep' for short?"

"I like it," Randall chimed in.

"Sounds good to me," Chuck agreed.

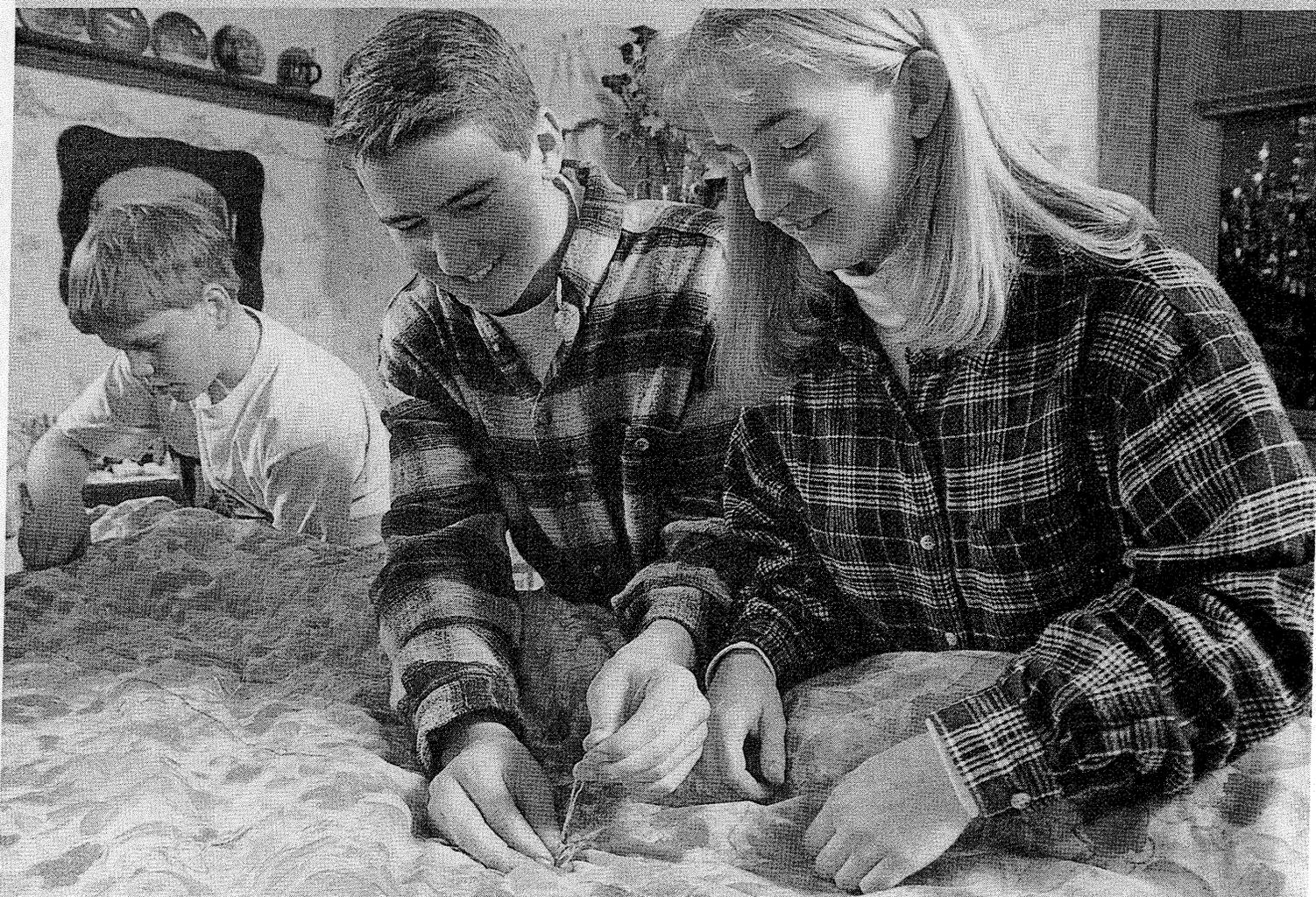
Peep-Sheep it was. ■

"Pee-yuu!"

Reprinted courtesy of Reiman Publications, L.P. For a copy of Cora Holmes book, Good-Bye, Boise. . . Hello Alaska, send \$17.99 to Country Books; P.O. Box 990; Greendale, WI 53129.

**Helping Hands: Lead
by Carolyn Barsness,
a member of the
Southeast Minnesota
Sheep Producers
Association, James
Barsness (left),
Matt Klee and
Kristin Sandgren of
the Acorn Acres
4-H Club in Olmstead
County, Minn.,
put finishing touches
on one of 82 wool-
filled comforters
that will be donated
to low-income
Minnesota families.**

Good Shepherds Bring *Comfort* To Needy Minnesota Families



Life will be a bit warmer and cozier for more than 80 southeast Minnesota families thanks to a band of good shepherds.

The Southeast Minnesota Sheep Producers Association plans on presenting 82 wool-filled, bed-sized quilts to the Rochester, Minn., Salvation Army in late winter of 1996. The comforters will be distributed to low-income families throughout southeast Minnesota.

The presentation will crown a year-long effort on the parts of the Southeast Minnesota Sheep Producers Association and an untold number of volunteers throughout Minnesota.

Good Shepherds

It's a story of caring, sharing and a sense of commitment to their neighbors in need.

The "Good Shepherd" project was born several years ago, the brainchild of sheep producer Nancy Ellison, who was bemoaning the decline in wool market prices with other members of the Southeast Minnesota Sheep Producers Association.

"A bunch of us were sitting around talking about the low price we were getting for our wool," said Zumbrota, Minn., sheep producer Alice Field, who wound up spearheading the blanket project. "Someone said we may as well give it away, and Nancy thought that was a good idea. She pictured three or four people working on the project and making quilts from donated wool. I was thinking that if everyone in the group gave one fleece, we could make as many as 25 comforters."

Never in their wildest dreams did she or the others believe that their little project would blossom into quilts for 82 families, nor did they envision how many more hands it would take and lives it would touch to make their project a reality.

For one year, group member Dan Pesch, M.D., stored the donated fleeces in his barn in Elgin, Minn. Pesch, who has a flock of 40 ewes, finally told Field that they needed to do something with the stacks of wool now filling his barn. Field sprang into action.

She called on Wayne Busch of Clarks Grove, Minn., a farm management specialist at South Central Technical College. Busch, who runs a flock of 60 commercial ewes, also is a member of the Southeast Minnesota Sheep Producers group.

"Faribault Woolen Mill offered to wash our donated wool for free, but we needed a way to get it to the mill," Field recalled. "The technical college volunteered Wayne and its truck for the mission. That was just the start of many wonderful things to come."

Busch and Pesch loaded the wool, then Busch drove the 30 miles south to the Faribault mill. Busch knew they had loaded a lot of wool, but was surprised when the donated fleeces weighed in at nearly 400 pounds. He stayed at the mill while the fleeces were scoured and dried in an industrial-size microwave oven. The clean wool was then packed into bales and loaded back onto the truck.

Busch drove the wool another 30 miles to the St. Peter Woolen Mill where he left it. The mill had agreed to process the wool into batts — thin layers of matted wool encased between sheets of cheesecloth — for just the cost of labor. A short time later, the mill turned out 82 double-sized batts. The bill for labor came to \$1,200.

"We had no idea we had that much wool," said Field. "Our group didn't have that kind of money to pay for the batts. We didn't know what we would do."

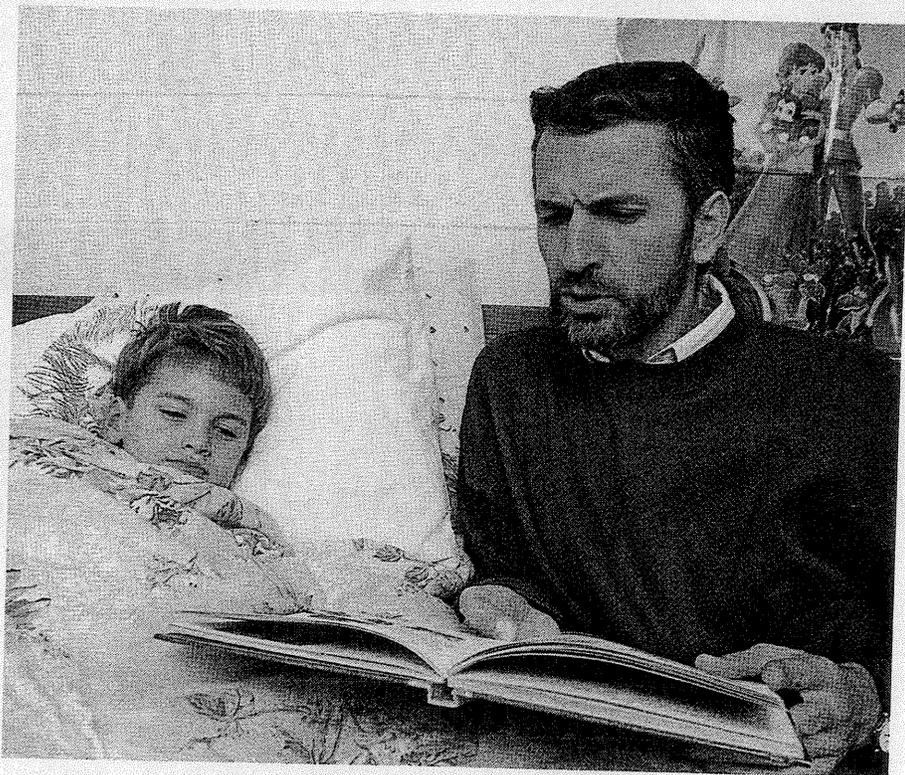
That was a few weeks before Christmas 1993, and Field was in the local bakery discussing the project and her dilemma with a few Zumbrota citizens.

"One gentleman told me to call KSTP-TV Channel 5 in the Twin Cities; another gave me a donation right on the spot."

Field visited the St. Paul television station and told the news director about the project. A few days later, a reporter and cameraman visited Field at her Sweet Meadow Farm and spent two hours interviewing her and Wayne Busch about the project.

"The reporter said I would need a phone number that viewers could call and a place where donations could be sent. Before they left, they gave me a donation."

Field called the Bank of Zumbrota, which agreed to accept project donations. The Zumbrota Telephone Company donated an office and the use of a telephone number for a week.



Warm and Snug: Slobodan Zurovac and his son Sasa, refugees from Capljina, Bosnia, who now live in assisted housing in Rochester, Minn., snuggle under a wool-filled comforter presented to them by the Southeast Minnesota Sheep Producers Association.

The story aired a week before Christmas 1993 and the calls poured in. Field was touched by the kindness of strangers.

"The first night, I got a call from a man in the (Twin) Cities. He gave us \$1,000 that he was going to donate to refugees overseas. When he saw the story, he decided to help the folks in his own area."

The project took on a life of its own. Not only did Field receive donations of money, she also received calls from quilters who offered their sewing skills and from people who wanted to donate cloth for quilting. Two hospitals offered discarded draw sheets. The Sisters of St. Francis in Assisi Heights volunteered to sort, clean and press the sheets into quilt backs. A Zumbrota veterinarian and his wife gave a half-day each week to drive the 50-mile round trip to bring the sheets to Zumbrota. Then, the 200-member Rochester Quilters' Society donated nearly \$200 and assembled and quilted 12 of the quilts. Another woman volunteered her son, a student in the mill town of St. Peter, to help transport the batts to the quilters.

The student and Wayne Busch picked up the batts from the mill and delivered them to quilters in small towns throughout southeast Minnesota. All told, nearly 300 people were involved in the project. More than \$2,115 was raised to pay for last year's batch of quilts as well as to keep the project going this year.

"It was an overwhelming experience," said Field, who attributes the project's success to the many sheep producers, quilters, mill operators and countless others who became involved in the effort.

"It was so meaningful to so many people. And we got enough money to start on another batch of batts and quilts."

Wayne Busch agrees. "It was a chance for wool producers to feel good and to make a difference for some people. It was a nice gesture on the part of producers, companies and volunteers to see the need and play a part in the solution. I can't understate the role Alice Field played in organizing this entire program. No one has more enthusiasm for the sheep industry than Alice."

The project was lauded by the American Sheep Industry Association.

"Sheep producers tend to be good neighbors and care deeply about their communities," said ASI President Steve Raftopoulos of Craig, Colo. "This is a stellar example of that good will at work."

The southeast Minnesota producers group plan to continue the project in 1996.

"This was a tremendous undertaking," said Dan Pesch. "It took a lot of energy, time and planning to get it together."

However, the outcome was well worth the work.

"This was one of the most gratifying experiences I've ever been involved in," Pesch adds. "This project and the generosity of the public affected me very deeply. The response was overwhelming." ■

WHAT'S HOT & WHAT'S NOT

From food to fashion, what it takes to be au courant

shearling moccasins

hairy bedroom slippers

weed-whacking sheep

lawnmowers

washable wools

dry-clean-only synthetics

baa-baa doo

chemical fertilizers

sheep cheese

goat cheese

wool blankets

flammable blankets

lightweight wools

too much skin

casual wools

grunge apparel

grilled lamb steaks with fresh fruit salsa

steak tartare

natural "earth-friendly" wools

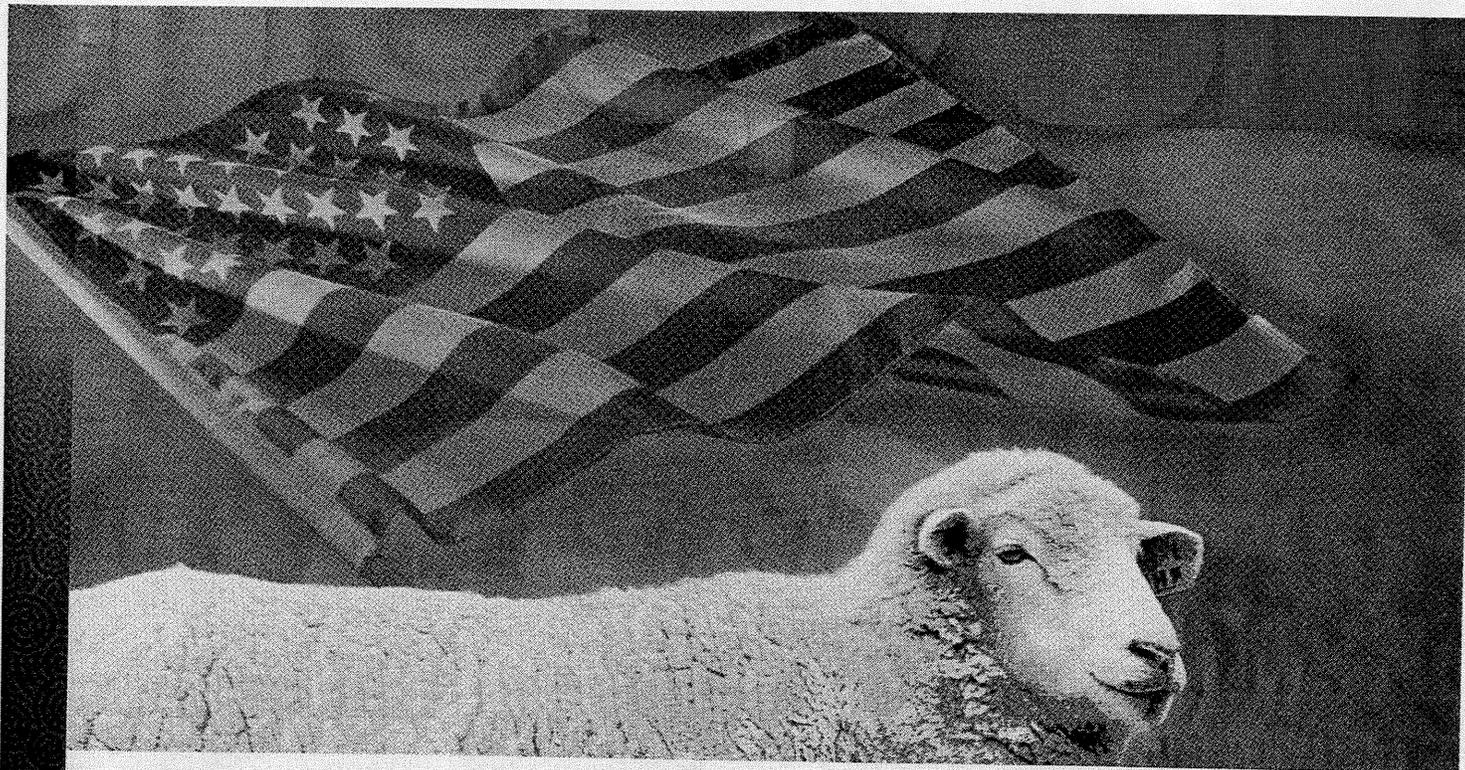
man-made fibers

plush sheepskin car seat covers

chintzy car seat covers

Cooking with Christine

For 56 pages of mouth-watering, lamb-only recipes with an ethnic flavor, turn to *Christine's Kitchen*, a new cookbook authored by veteran sheep rancher, innkeeper and caterer Christine Halandras of Meeker, Colo. Halandras features time-honored lamb recipes plus many of her family's authentic Greek recipes, such as moussaka, pastitsio and keftedas. Throughout the book are tips on turning out tender, perfect lamb, as Christine does. "My mother's a fantastic cook," says Regas K. Halandras, who helped produce *Christine's Kitchen*. The soft-cover book costs \$9.90, including postage and handling. Colorado residents must add 24¢ sales tax. Order from P.O. Box 677; Meeker, CO 81641-0677. In the meantime, turn to page 29 for three taste-tempting recipes featuring fresh American lamb.



Sheep Shorts

From across the nation: everything “ewe” need to know about sheep...but wouldn't know to ask.

A historic Maine woolen mill, founded in 1821, offers a gift that will warm hearts as well as hands. **Bartlettyarns** of Harmony, Maine, packages a skein of its wool yarn with the charming tale of *Sunny's Mittens*. In the 48-page book, written by Robin Hansen and illustrated by Lois Leonard Stock, young Sunny learns from her grandmother how to knit sturdy fisherman's mittens in the

Mittens Warm Hands and Heart

Scandinavian style called Lovikka. The gift kit's four-ounce skein of fisherman's bulky, as Bartlettyarns calls the wool yarn, is enough to knit two pairs of mittens, following the book's instructions. Buyers may choose from all-natural, chemical-free yarns in natural white or light, medium or dark gray; or dyed yarns of blue, pink, green or brown. In spinning the yarns, some natural lanolin is left in the wool, which makes the mittens softer and more weather-resistant — characteristics Maine fishermen have long appreciated. The kit sells for \$19.95, including postage and handling. No credit cards, please. Order by writing *Bartlettyarns Inc.*; Box 36A; Harmony, ME 04942.

The Natural Bedroom of Sebastopol, Calif., can make up your bed with all-natural wool from top to bottom.

Through its retail store and catalog, the company features Sonoma County “pure-grow” wool. Sheep producers take extra pains to keep pastures neat and the shearing area spotless to ensure their wool is free of impurities. Then it's turned into wool pillows, throw pillows, neck rolls, comforters, mattress pads and mattress toppers, which are similar to feather beds or futons. Warm in winter, cool in summer — that's the promise of wool bedding. The *Natural Bedroom* began 12 years ago but has seen recent sales “dramatically increase,” says owner Dale Bentson, as more people learn to love wool's breathability and natural insulating properties. Standard pillows sell for \$48; queen comforters, encased in unbleached, dye-free muslin, cost \$226; and a queen-sized wool pad is \$242. *The Natural Bedroom*; 175 N. Main St.; Sebastopol, CA 95472; (707) 823-8834.

It's Only Natural

Bill and Denise Russell didn't feel so well after spraying pesticides on the orchards that surround their home. The owners of **Mountain Sun Juice Company** of Dolores, Colo., figured that folks might feel the same

Ovines Keep Organic Orchard Orderly

after consuming juice from fruit that had been sprayed, so they looked into organic methods of pest control. Enter sheep. Since the early 1970s, a Utah Navajo family has grazed its 60 sheep in the orchard every summer, making it possible to have a totally organic product. Mountain Sun General Manager Tony Halls enumerates why sheep are the only answer for this nationwide company: "They fertilize as they go," he said. "Tractors can't mow right next to the tree trunks, which are prime habitat for pests, but sheep can." Sheep also help the fruit in other ways: If an apple is damaged or has a worm in it, it ripens more quickly and falls to the ground. The sheep eat the apple, worm and all. So at harvest time, the orchard is mowed pest-free and well-fertilized. And the juice made by Mountain Sun is all-natural, pesticide-free and sheep-tested.

Need a cure for dry, cracked winter skin? Isabelle Devlin of Terry, Mont., has it. She and her husband, Montana State Senator Gerry Devlin, raise the sheep that provide the not-so-secret ingredient, lanolin, for their nontoxic, hypoallergenic **Wool Wax Creme**. The Devlins' garage is headquarters for Marcha Labs Inc., which makes the magic potion two days a week. Isabelle is CEO, commanding a crew of neighbors-cum-volunteers and a part-time employee. Senator Devlin "is the box boy," Isabelle says. Marcha Labs sells Wool Wax Creme to retail outlets nationwide and direct from its headquarters. Prices, which include shipping and handling, vary according to UPS zones. For instance in Zone 2, within 200 miles of Terry, one 9-ounce jar sells for \$6.00, six to 11 jars are \$4.50 each and a dozen jars is \$40. Contact *Isabelle Devlin; P.O. Box 186; Terry, MT 59349; (406) 486-5533.*

Sheep are the source of the latest trendy cheese. While sheep cheese hasn't replaced goat cheese in popularity, it's making inroads. Sheep cheese-maker Cindy Callahan of **Bellwether Farms** in Petaluma, Calif., sells her cheese through Williams-Sonoma's catalogs as well as direct to consumers. What separates the sheep from the goats? "Sheep's milk cheese has very complex flavors," explains Callahan. "People love our products. We can't make enough." Callahan has about 350 ewes and plans to increase her flock to 700 or 800. Most of her cheeses are Italian-style, such as Pecorino Toscano or Fresco, but she's developing others including a bleu sheep cheese. She sells at farm markets and direct for \$15 a pound; wheels are \$12 a pound. For a price list and brochure, contact *Bellwether Farms; 9999 Valley Ford Road; Petaluma, CA 94952; (707) 763-2443.*

The City of 10,000 Buddhas, located 100 miles north of San Francisco, had a thorny problem. The 50 acres of

prime pasture land behind the monastery was overgrown with star thistle, making it unusable for meditation and ceremonies since the monks wear open sandals. So they called

Sheep Tackle A "Thorny" Problem

on Ukiah, Calif., sheep producer **Don Torell** to help them restore harmony to the land. "One of the Buddhists, who knew a little something about sheep, called me to ask how good a job the sheep could do to get rid of noxious weeds," Torell recalls. "I told him they were perfect." Torell visited the colony to look at the land. "The biggest problem was the harding grass, which is of no food value to sheep," Torell recalls. "It was 5 to 7 feet tall. Before we could put sheep on the land, we had to get rid of the grass, which would require a controlled burn. "The Buddhists, who don't believe in killing anything, held an eviction ceremony for the land." The burn took place, and Torell's 800 sheep soon turned the unusable land into lush pasture. This project went so well the Buddhists asked Torell to graze his sheep on what had been clover in their thistle-infested walnut groves. The sheep did their job and the result was a better crop of clover, improved walnut crops, higher numbers of bird species and other wildlife, naturally fertilized groves and an even more harmonious existence for the monks.

When the Nevada Bureau of Land Management (BLM) decided to restrict grazing on public land adjacent to the endangered Lahontan Cutthroat Trout habitat in Tuscarora, Nev., sheep

Land Swap Saves a Species

producer **DeLoyd Satterthwaite** came up with a brilliant plan: a land swap. "The government owns 87 percent of the grazing land," said Satterthwaite, who runs 9,000 sheep year-round on open range land. Although his acres are scattered among the government's public lands, he owns a majority of the water in the region. The government, in turn, owns a majority of the grazing land. So when the BLM announced it would restrict grazing on land surrounding the endangered fish species' habitat in the hope of re-establishing the fish to the area, Satterthwaite suggested trading grazing land adjacent to his properties for the use of fish habitat areas on his lands. The win-win plan assures Satterthwaite grazing land and it benefits the endangered fish.

Kids can learn more about sheep and have fun at the same time by browsing through *Sheep Reporter*, a publication designed specifically

Good News For Kids

for third- to six-graders. The four-page newspaper contains games and lessons on the sheep industry. For free copies, contact the *American Sheep Industry Association; 6911 S. Yosemite St.; Englewood, CO 80112; (303) 771-3500.* ■

SKYLOOM FIBRES:

Natural way of doing business

CHARLOTTE ELICH's approach to doing business is a "natural" one. She doesn't have to tell you that — it's immediately obvious upon entering her Skyloom Fibres store: Natural-fibered handknitted sweaters are displayed on wooden racks; free-standing rows of shelves are crowded with a kaleidoscope of colored wool, mohair and cotton yarns; an antiqued table top houses a cozy collection of natural-fibered hats, mittens, stockings and scarves.

Even the artfully landscaped selection of flowers, bushes and tall grasses at storefront has a purpose.

taken advantage of since her Denver-based store opened in October 1977. Several times a week, a portion of Skyloom Fibres is transformed into a classroom where students pay a small fee to participate in relaxing activities such as weaving with wool, spinning yarn and felting hats.

"There's no 'typical' type of person who gravitates toward our classes," says Elich. "We get a wide range of occupations in here... although we do seem to get quite a few people who work in the medical field. And we have male students. They're drawn toward

weaving, papermaking and knitting. It's not surprising — one of the most famous knitters in the world today is a male."

Equally as diverse as Skyloom's student body is the store's selection of supplies and merchandise for sale. Yarn, mohair, weaving looms, how-to books and magazines, patterns, knitting supplies, and beads used in jewelry-making comprise a majority of the store's inventory. Completed goods for purchase include handknitted sweaters, socks, scarves,

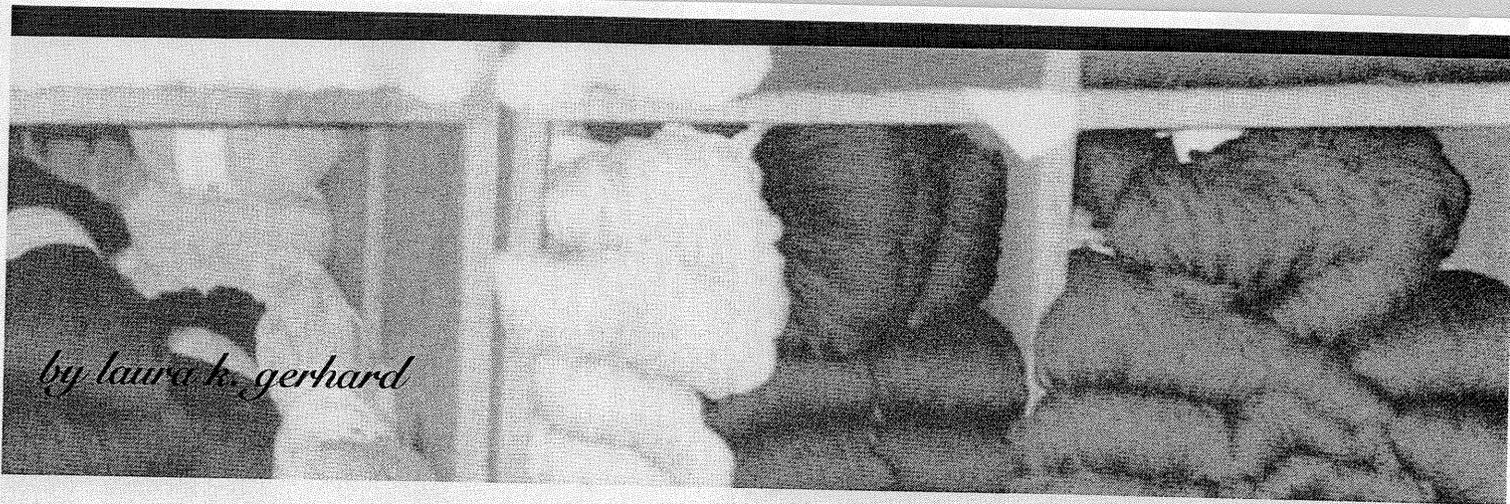
jewelry, rubber stamps and sundry knick knacks. While much of the yarn and mohair Elich stocks is imported from Uruguay, Peru, Brazil, Germany, Italy, Ireland and England, her favorite — not to mention the store's best-selling yarn — is produced in the United States. It's from the Brown Sheep Woolen Mill in Mitchell, Neb. The yarn has such a strong following that Elich organizes for her students annually an all-day field trip to the family-owned

*Charlotte Elich
has educated
thousands of
people during
her 18-year
ownership of
Skyloom Fibres*



Leaves from mulberry bushes are harvested fresh to feed the store's supply of silk worms. Brightly-petaled flowers provide natural dyes for students in wool- and cotton-yarn classes. A scattering of plainer but still prominent plants act as natural bug repellents for their neighbors.

While the landscaping and the store's goods provide a calming colorfest for the eye, Elich offers another form of stress busting which thousands of people have



by Laura K. Gerhard

and operated mill located in western Nebraska.

Elich says that knitting is the current hot hobby, followed by weaving and jewelry making. Spinning isn't as strong as it was, although interest remains high enough to warrant a few classes a year.

At some point, all of this will change. One of the things Elich has learned in her 18 years as the owner of Skyloom Fibres is that the supplies and classes she offers are highly susceptible to trends.

There was a time not too long ago when she constantly had to reorder brightly colored jewel-toned yarns — such as turquoise and purple — to keep up with demand. They then began sitting on her store shelves longer and longer as the fashion industry refocused on neutral colors such as muted whites and browns.

Interest in crafts also peaks and wanes.

"There's always something that's 'in' at the moment," explains Elich. "In the '70s, it was macrame; in the '80s, it was basketweaving. Today, it's jewelry making and making home furnishings like afghans and pillows. You can really only wear so many sweaters. It's nice to see emphasis on details for the home."

Approximately 300 classes are taught at Skyloom Fibres annually, with Elich, her coworkers and contracted help serving as teachers for the 800-plus students. Classes which incorporate the use of wool and mohair include "Sweaters the EZ Way," "Learn to Knit," "Introduction to Crochet," "Fearless Knitting," "Introduction to Handspinning," "Beginning

Handspinning," "Wool Identification," "Beginning Navajo Weaving," and "Navajo Weaving II."

Other craft classes include: "Pine Needle Basketry," "Introduction to Silk Painting," "Bead Stringing," "Silverwork I," "Comanche Weave," "Bead History," and "Introduction to Papermaking."

Whatever an individual's interest in crafts may be, chances are Elich can supply the materials and instructions for the creative path to craft-making relaxation. For Elich, it's a talent that just comes "naturally." ■



*"Colorful"
and
"cozy" best
describe the
accessories
for sale*

Neat Feat For The Feet

Jeri Harris of Vermont turns out custom-ordered, hand-knit socks that are guaranteed to turn heads. Featuring intricate geometric patterns and eye-catching colors, ranging from brights like purple and green to autumn oranges and browns, the socks are perfect to wear with clogs or Birkenstock sandals — or just lounging on a chilly winter's day. Harris, owner of West Hill Woolies in Wallingford, Vt., also makes lighter-weight socks to show off with summer sandals. All socks are made with wool from the Shetland sheep and crossbreeds that she and Robert McMahon have raised on their farm for the past three years. At \$48 a pair, the socks are individualized works of art. Order from West Hill Woolies; RR1, Box 418; Wallingford, VT 05773.

How to TRAIN a sheep

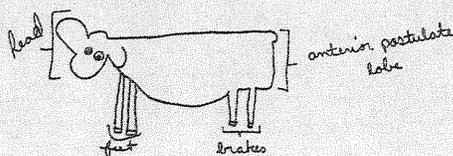
by Laura Potter
Valley Center, Kan.

So you want to train a sheep? Ha ha ha Haaaa HA! Sorry. It's just that I've trained a few sheep of my own, and it's easier to teach a cat to do the backstroke than to train a sheep to do anything. However, it is less painful to train a sheep, inasmuch as a sheep will not scratch your eyes out at the first available moment — like instantly.

Sheep prefer to do you bodily harm in less permanent ways, such as stepping on your feet every three seconds and smearing sheep-waste products all over your clothes.

First, let's take a look at sheep. Not YOUR sheep. I have no idea what your sheep look like, other than they're better than mine. Your ideal sheep should be about three inches tall and weigh about an ounce, so that you can carry it around in your pocket (not that you'd want to). In reality, however, the sheep will be just under blue-ribbon size by some obscure amount, such as thirty-one forty-thirds of an inch.

Second, let's identify parts of a sheep.



Third, let's discuss behavior: again, not necessarily of your sheep. As you now know, sheep are INTENSELY stupid, not to put too fine a point on it. This results in their major activities being: 1) standing around baaing at nothing; 2) relieving themselves constantly; and 3) jumping fences, causing you to interrupt your busy schedule of watching golf on TV (more on that later) and go outside with various sheep-roundup tools such as a bucket, rope and shotgun (kidding!) and chase them (the sheep) around in random directions shouting mindless things like "GIT!" until seconds before you feel like you will scream, they continue

running around in random directions, giving you the occasional profound look that sums up all of sheep knowledge: "Huh?"

In your 4-H group, you no doubt have a cheerful person called the Sheep Leader. Or, perhaps you have an uncheerful person who feels that if he or she has to oversee ONE MORE SHEEP PROJECT, they will go insane. Whatever the case may be, they will tell you that sheep are enjoyable, you'll learn a lot, and they're happy you chose sheep instead of something intelligent.

Do not let these people pull the wool over your eyes. They don't believe any of it. They're saying it because if they don't, they'll be fired. They know that a sheep's sole purpose in life is to annoy the absolute bejeebies out of humans (also to make sheep mess), so ignore them.

And now, back to the original topic, which of course is "How to Become More Concerned With the Behavior of a Really Dumb Animal Than You Are With the Thought of Nuclear War."

First, ask yourself, "WHY? WHAT PURPOSE WILL THIS SERVE?" If you answered, "None ... except for the money," continue reading. If you answered, "Raising sheep will help me grow as a human person by expanding my knowledge of obviously impaired creatures" and so on, you are — no offense — a loony. Have someone hide all your sharp utensils.

Second, get a sheep. These can be found at your nearest farm. The best time to get a sheep is around 1:00 or 2:00 a.m., when the farmer will be asleep.

Third, purchase sheep equipment. Halters should be first. Halters are imitation rope items that cause your sheep to look like it is wearing a bizarre muzzle. You also will need rope, buckets, brushes, rhomboids, various screws, doohickeys and enough expensive feed to feed the mice in your garage well into World War 19.

Fourth, drink enough carbonated soda beverage until

your vision doubles and you can't read.

Fifth, round up your sheep by putting a random amount of feed into one of the buckets and pouring most of it onto the floor before you notice that the sheep has knocked the feed trough down AGAIN, just as it has for the past three million times in a ROW.

Halter your sheep. You figure out how.

Okay! You're now ready to lead! There are a few ways to lead. One way is to wrap the halter leash around your hand, grab the halter part on your sheep's head, and pull until you pull

an important muscle. Another way is to wrap your arms around the sheep's neck, being sure to hold your breath. The drawback to this method is that once you do so, the sheep will leap forward and charge around and around at four hundred miles an hour until you give up and let go but are still attached to the sheep by the umbilical-like halter still around your calloused hand. The advantage to this method is that while you are being dragged around, you get a panoramic view of the sheep's underside.

DO NOT attempt to lead by touching an area some insane people call "The Go Button." This area's scientific name is the anterior postulate lobe (see diagram). The sheep will go, just sideways, backwards or straight up, where it will appear to be seriously considering trampling your face into waste-product-coated pieces.

Somehow come to a halt. Commence use of foul language at sheep. Remove halter:

Go inside, still seething. Turn on TV to golf or some equally boring program, such as the Home Shopping Network. Watch until you fall asleep.

Later that evening, go to a window facing the sheep pen and press your forehead to the glass. Snarl. Do so until your mother tells you to sit down and finish your dinner:

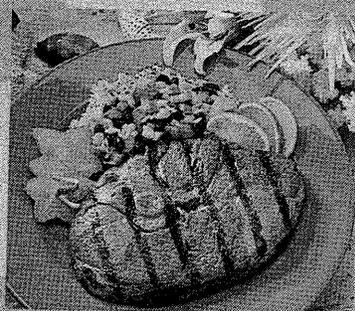
So there you have it — how to train a sheep. Now I must sheep-ishly sign off. Thank "ewe" for your time. ■

For The Love Of Lamb

Some pretty famous Americans have gone on record as saying American lamb is their favorite food. *Today Show* Meteorologist Willard Scott says there's no better sight on his plate than lamb chops; *Good Morning America* Hosts Charles Gibson and Joan Lunden say lamb is their favorite meat; noted chef Wolfgang Puck says that lamb is easy to prepare and adds a special touch to any meal without extra effort; and former U.S. President George Bush and his wife Barbara served lamb to visiting royalty including former Brazilian President Fernando Collor de Mello, Queen Elizabeth II and Queen Magrethe II of Denmark.

Lamb also holds a special appeal for war heroes. When U.S. Navy aviator Jeffrey Zahn was asked upon his release from an Iraqi prison what he was most looking forward to upon his return to the United States, he replied: "A leg of lamb dinner." When the Clintons asked Air Force Capt. Scott O'Grady to dinner at the White House, it was macadamia-encrusted American lamb chops he enjoyed with gusto.

But you don't have to be famous or host a formal dinner party to appreciate the luscious taste of American lamb. New cuts of lamb — such as cubed lamb, lamb sirloin steaks, shanks and fajita meat — are working their way into meat cases across America, providing consumers with ample opportunity to incorporate lamb into home-cooked meals.



Preparation time: 5 minutes
Marinating time: 2–24 hours
Cooking time: 10–15 minutes

Grilled lamb steaks marinated in a spicy rum mixture bring home the taste of Caribbean fare.

Lamb Steaks Calypso

(4 servings)

Nutritional Information Per Serving

Calories	303
Total Fat	11g
Cholesterol	126mg
Sodium	178mg

- 2 American lamb center leg steaks (approx. 2 pounds)

Marinade

- 1 cup chicken stock or bouillon
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons rum
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 teaspoon grated ginger
- ½ teaspoon ground cloves
- 2 tablespoons fresh lime juice

Combine marinade ingredients and marinate steak between 2 to 24 hours. Remove steaks from marinade and grill over moderate coals 5 to 7 minutes per side or until desired doneness. Brush occasionally with marinade. Discard any unused marinade.

Serve with grilled sweet potatoes and peppers.

continued on next page

More Delicious Lamb Recipes

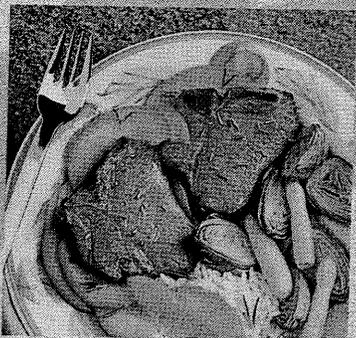


Quick-and-Easy Lamb Stew

(4-6 servings)

Nutritional Information Per Serving

Calories	409
Total Fat	12g
Cholesterol	74mg
Sodium	936mg



Lamb Chops with Fresh Nectarine Sauce

(4 servings)

Nutritional Information Per Serving

Calories	264
Total Fat	9g
Cholesterol	87mg
Sodium	78mg

Traditional lamb favorites such as chops and legs of lamb are being purchased not only for their familiarity and availability but also their versatility. Grilled lamb chops served with fresh fruit salsa is au courant, while leg of lamb rubbed with anchovy paste and cooked over a wood-chip fire is regarded as a trendy, tempting treat.

But perhaps no one knows lamb better than the American Lamb Council. The Denver-based group brings out the best in lamb by routinely developing and distributing lamb recipes to food editors nationwide. Check out these recent ALC favorites!

Preparation time: 10-15 minutes • **Cooking time:** 40 minutes

Perfect for taking the chill out of a blustery day or for taking a break from the beef version.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 1 pound lean American lamb, cut into ¾- to 1-inch cubes | 1 tablespoon prepared or brown mustard | 2 carrots, cut in ½-inch slices |
| Non-stick spray coating | 1 teaspoon dried thyme | 2 stalks celery, cut into ½-inch slices |
| 2 medium onions, cut into wedges | 1 teaspoon basil | 1½ cups small fresh mushrooms (4 oz.) |
| 1 garlic clove (minced) or ½ teaspoon bottled minced garlic | 1 teaspoon oregano | 1 cup frozen peas |
| 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish | 1 teaspoon marjoram or rosemary, crushed | 1 12-ounce jar brown gravy |
| | 1 15-ounce can stewed tomatoes, drained | |
| | 3 to 4 medium potatoes, peeled and cubed | |

Spray a large saucepan or kettle with non-stick spray. Brown lamb cubes and add onion, garlic, horseradish, mustard, and herbs; mix well. Stir in tomatoes. Cover and simmer 15 minutes.

Add potatoes, carrots, celery and mushrooms. Cover and cook 15 to 20 minutes or until meat and vegetables are tender. Stir in peas and gravy; heat through. Serve with a crisp green salad and warm cornbread.

Preparation time: 10 minutes • **Cooking time:** 10-15 minutes

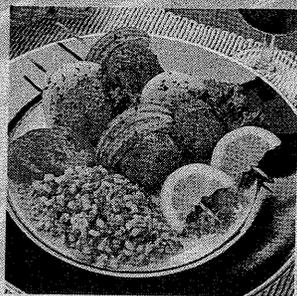
To prepare an old favorite with a new twist, pair the taste of lamb with fresh fruit.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 8 American lamb loin chops, 1-inch thick (about 4 ounces each) | 2 teaspoons fresh rosemary, chopped or 1/2 teaspoon dried rosemary, crushed |
| 3 ripe nectarines, pitted and sliced | 1 tablespoon water |
| ½ cup California Zinfandel wine or white grape juice | 2 teaspoons cornstarch |
| 2-3 teaspoons sugar | 3 cups hot cooked rice or rice pilaf (optional) |

Trim chops and sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper if desired. Grill over moderate coals for 5-6 minutes per side or to desired doneness. Chops also can be broiled 4 inches from heat for the same amount of time.

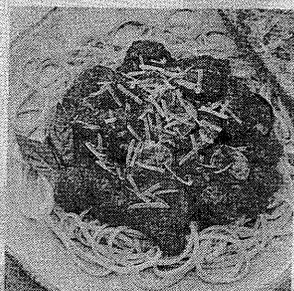
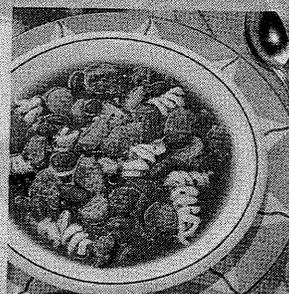
Meanwhile, prepare nectarine sauce by combining in a medium saucepan sliced nectarines, Zinfandel wine or grape juice, sugar and rosemary. Bring to boiling; reduce heat. Cover and simmer for 3 minutes. Combine the water and cornstarch; stir into nectarine mixture. Cook and stir until thickened and bubbly. Cook and stir for 2 minutes more. Serve chops with nectarine sauce and hot rice or pilaf if desired.

Make it Lamb



Simple

Delicious



Healthy

Make it Fresh American Lamb



Fresh American Lamb (3-oz. cooked portion, lean only)

	Calories	Total Fat	Saturated Fat	Cholesterol
Loin chop, broiled	183	8g	3g	80mg
Shoulder arm chop, broiled	170	8g	3g	78mg
Shoulder blade chop, broiled	179	10g	3g	78mg
Leg, sirloin half, roasted	173	8g	3g	78mg
Leg, shank half, roasted	153	6g	2g	74mg
Rib chop, broiled	290	11g	4g	78mg

The American Lamb Council, a division of the American Sheep Industry Association, offers a dozen easy and tasty recipes in a new cookbook called *Lamb, the Perfect Choice*. To order, send \$1 to the American Lamb Council; Dept. LTFC; 6911 S. Yosemite; Englewood, CO 80112-1414.



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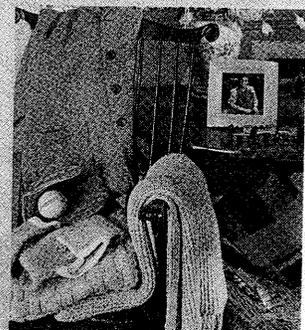
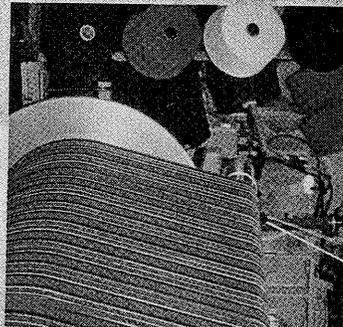
Lightweight & Lively

Naturally Wrinkle Free

Easy Care & Easy Wear

Seasonless Versatility

Breathable




AMERICAN WOOL

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