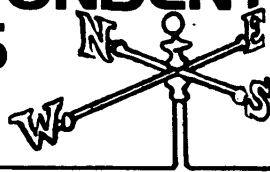


CORRESPONDENT REPORTS



Remember Mary Lis' column,
"SO YOU WANT TO OWN THOSE WOOLIES"

Doesn't she make raising sheep tempting? Oh, yes! She could almost tempt me.

Then I remember:

Chasing (or was I just following?) the sheep escaping from the pasture $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to a 20 acre alfalfa field, running around the outside and zig-zagging through the field to round up 35 head of sheep, including the stubborn great-grandmas, chasing them back through the open pasture gate only to have sheep #1 go through that same hole in the fence before sheep #23 is through the gate. All during the chase I carried a year-old baby who couldn't be left alone and kept an eye on a trailing four-year old.

Taking an hour to plow through less than 100 feet of hip-high snow, while the path blew shut behind me, just so I could feed the sheep. Since I wasn't back in an hour, the four-year old obediently tried to phone the operator for help, but the party line would not release the phone.

Counting the sheep (a daily chore) six times just to make sure one wasn't lost.

Thanking God in May, 1976, that we had enough store grain to feed the flock through another winter and selling them in October before the grain ran out. Because of the draught we kept them in the winter fold and barn and grazed them for an hour or two each day on the way to the pasture. By the end of June, the pasture was brown soil with tufts of close-cropped grass, like a fresh crewcut, trying to grow.

Being grateful I'd watched "Emergency" on television and that my husband had bought penicillin before the lambing season as I steeled myself to give a lamb an injection. It worked!

Getting up every two hours for three days and three nights to feed an orphan.

Trying to pierce a hole in a plugged teat so a lamb could nurse.

A 200 lb ewe trying to break two of my ribs so she could get away from my husband and the nail clippers. I won that one!

Watching my husband, who hadn't sheared a sheep in 10 years, struggle to do a three minute job in 30 minutes.

Keeping my mouth shut (almost!) when HE phoned a professional shearer.

Measuring milk replacer, a surfactant and, for good measure, baby vitamins, as carefully as any new mother.

My husband having to shoot the family dog because wild dogs had taught him to kill sheep.

Eating home-grown meat for Thanksgiving.

My three-year old holding a bottle through a fence, bracing both feet firmly and leaning way back so as not to get pulled through the fence or lose the bottle to a greedy two-week old lamb.



The joy of 24 pre-schoolers being allowed to touch and feed a lamb.

If you are ready for all this--and more--then make plans for your own flock. But if you aren't ready for these memories, well, think twice and remember how cheap it is to buy fiber through the Guild.

I don't know much about spinning, weaving, or dyeing, but I do know a little about raising sheep . . .

Susan Carr

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