



Homesteading
Schools
Revisited

Sally Kaufman, Editor

School of Homesteading
Land Trust Farm

INTRODUCTION

Tear yourself from the games, and get a place
in the country!
One little Latian town, like Sora, say, or
Frusino,
Offers a choice of homes, at a price you pay
here, in one year,
Renting some hole in the wall. Nice houses,
too, with a garden,
Springs bubbling up from the grass, no need
for windlass or bucket,
Plenty to water your flowers, if they need it,
without any trouble,
Live there, fond of your hoe, an independent
producer,
Willing and able to feed a hundred good
vegetarians.
Isn't it something, to feel, wherever you are,
how far off,
You are a monarch? At least, lord of a
single lizard.

-Decimus Junius Juvenalis,
Third Satire, ca. A.D. 110-130



Bangor, Michigan
February, 1988

Welcome to Homesteading Farms revisited! When I first formulated this book I imagined a huge book with many contributors, fabulous photos and beautiful art work on every page. However REALITY has entered; my dreams have shrunk into a more manageable size, and while late, this will bear some resemblance to a book! My thanks to you all for participating in this project.

The first time I heard Juvenalis' poem I refused to believe it was written 1800 years ago! It summarizes so beautifully the motivations and experiences of many of us on the land. I remember the excitement of eating our first vegetables--eggs--then meat and milk. Each was an exhilarating step toward a goal of providing for ourselves, moving ourselves away from a feeling of powerlessness, of control by a world of stores and charge cards. And it was an exciting possibility that we might have skills gleaned from books, parents and others who lived on the land, dim memories of our youth, and lots of errors of judgement and practice, that others might want to learn.

I come from a long line of teachers, and had long ago decided I would never make a teacher (some would agree!) I soon learned at the School of Homesteading that there were no givens, the assumption of knowledge on the part of "students" led to danger, embarrassment, and peccadilloes with a lot of laughter seasoned with tears and anger on the side. Each year I had stage fright--could I organize myself, keep track of people and work? But the worst year was in 1977 when we had three ag majors here: Soози Connors, Tim Johnson, and Mike Wybo!

Working the land, growing plants, handling the fruits, and enjoying the colorful jars of food has been a life that feels right, that involves me in an activity with a tangible result, and saves me from the experiences I watch others have of shopping, coffee hours, endless volunteer work, bridge club--all the ways that women my age fill their time. I'm happy you all shared life on the farm with us.

So--the snow is softly dropping, covering the ground, the spruces, the roof outside my window. There are juncoes, titmice, a downy woodpecker on the tree trunk, and all are squabbling with the jays, sparrows, cardinals over the food I put in and on the feeder. If I want to finish this before "the snow melts" I had best get on with it. The book is divided into four parts: Memories, The Trucks, "What have you been doing with yourself...", and Hints, Recipes, and Assorted Sundries. Don't be surprised if you find imaginative pieces scattered throughout! The art work was provided chiefly by Conrad with a few pieces thrown in by Wendy Romano, Jo Wood, and a few "borrowed" sources.



MEMORIES

The move here from our farm in Oshtemo in November, 1972, was hilarious and frantic. There were about twenty of Maynard's students from Western who were helping us move in a big van we had rented. Maynard and I attempted to be everywhere and supervise the loading from the house and barn to the van, a pick-up, and a trailer. We had been moving with each trip to Bangor we made while getting the place ready for occupancy. And we were moving everything that wasn't nailed down--you know, one person's junk is another person's treasure. Lunch was a canner full of soup and lots of rolls. About mid-afternoon all vehicles were full and we were off. What chaos at the Bangor end in seeing that all furniture and boxes were put in the right rooms. The best way to cap off the day was to head for the local pizza place and feed everyone. It only took two hours for them to make enough pizzas to feed us all.

The first snow came the week after we moved, and we didn't see the ground again until after Christmas. That left us hustling around getting in whatever wood we could find, finally buying coal to supplement the wood. In January we held a well-publicized meeting at Western looking for students. More than seventy people appeared! Greg Smith, from that class, will continue.

Well, I'd entertained this homesteading notion ever since I'd commuted from a rented farm house to town and back to get CETA money to pay the rent. Didn't like the work or the drive and thought maybe I could make the rent by staying at home if I could learn the difference between a box elder and a rutabaga. I figured a hearty distaste for the culture coupled with a hearty taste for Nietzsche, Pynchon and acorn squash would maybe buoy me out of the first and flow me into the second. As it were. It was Susen's familiarity with gardening, more than mine with Camus, that got us accepted to the farm, I recognize in retrospect.

So a stone-cynical, fed-up freak from Detroit concrete cops to the country. On the way back from back-packing Europe the papers say "Nixon bombs Haiphong." Haiphong hospital, Haiphong elementary school, Haiphong residential area. Haiphong in general. In a fit of pique, the bastard. West European heads of state deplored his action. The northern tier, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, inquired into his sanity.

I had written Maynard from Spain about the homestead, and received no reply. He got my letter six months after I got back. My mother got a Christmas card the following August. This was Franco's Spain. And Nixon's Amerika. Nine months to pass holiday greetings. Through censors.

Fuck these people. I'll learn to grow rutabagas, firewood, and more hair. The Kaufman's put me up in their house while I worked at a factory to make enough money to enroll in their school.

Perhaps the first wholly generous, wholly human interaction I'd had beyond the company of my peers.

My first confrontation with Maynard had to do with why we should not raise the black flag of anarchy on his flagpole. He was--just as ingenuously as I--arguing that the stars and stripes ought to be raised. He underestimated, had no way of knowing, my hatred of all things symbolic of the Amerika. I thought I'd buried, was done with, was here to learn how to do without. I misgauged--had no way to gauge--the impact this religion professor and his unconventional wife and five kids and ten hippies, seventeen in all, doing organic farming on the hemline of Bangor, Michigan, might have on the local populace. I remember screaming at him when he used phrases like "INtegrate ourselves into the neighborhood," "viable, non-threatening, non-aggressive, involved for the farming community." I wanted isolation. I couldn't conceive of wanting integration.

In any event, no flag was raised. There's a flag-pole in the middle of the yard on my farm, today. It's empty. To both our credit.

Mayard and I in high summer talked about whether he should leave his hair long for an upcoming faculty meeting. He says, "There's no point in giving them the impression I've gone native." We'd been laughing, and with that, we laughed the harder. I was doing laundry on the side porch in a wringer washer. For ten people. It was my turn. He left his hair long, though, after having given me my first glimpse at politics (ie if you want accreditation, funding, etc., you don't show up looking like a hippie.) Both of us sun-blackened and sweaty as horses and dressed in leftover rags, talking about how to show at a faculty meeting. I think we both felt some sort of integrity. Given the hair and the beard, coupled with some misbegotten tie, he probably didn't get the funding. Integrity, notwithstanding.

My old man, bless his heart, telling me that this sounds like a good deal for "that guy," getting all his work done for free under the guise of being a professor and teaching organic, whatever that is, gardening. And me saying, don't bless my heart, "O.K., man, how about you get ten people under your roof this summer, six months, and teach them food brokerage. Maybe you're not so heartfelt about it, Huh? You never paid me shit to take care of your lawn." And the old man looking crestfallen at that, and me feeling bad, now, too; I didn't mean to demean food brokeraging.

And yes, bless his heart, bless everyone's goddamn heart, this isn't a contest, ain't nobody getting holy behind weeding carrots. Yes, bless everyone's heart. (Except the goddamn Christians.) What's the alternative?

While Maynard had no trouble behaving as father-image, Sally was damned if she was going to be mother some more. Maynard had

constantly to be disabused of the notion that he was our father; Sally had constantly to disabuse us of the notion that she was our mother. As the elder student, I, of course, viewed this social dynamic from afar. These were happy times--no father, no mother, just responsible to the direction of two older, experienced people, under whose tutelage...In a way, it was sort of a second childhood, the Homestead.

Susen and I made a rare visit to her mother just before going to the Homesteading School. It must be understood that we both had college degrees and were just fresh back from Europe. Her mother had raised five kids in a shack with a two-burner hot-plate and an alcoholic occasional carpenter and wanted to know "why in the hell are you going off to learn how to scrabble in the goddamn dirt? Haven't you had enough of that, girl?" We both smiled condescendingly. What could she know of poisoned, slag-heap, Amerika?

An Inquiry Into the Diet of Old Bugs

Centuries

ago, Egyptian

insects would eat

just about anything. After

an unknown, specific amount of

time had passed they had devoured

the dirt down to a depth of some seven

hundred (700) feet. All that was left was

pyramids because that was the one thing they didn't

like to eat. These bugs have since mostly died out, but

proof of their dramatic passage across our nice planet is marked

by a really short trail of pyramids that tourists in the area can plainly

see. "Such was the route of those bugs," informed natives remark. And

right

they

are.

-Greg Smith

The Saga of the Blue Bread -Mark Van Allen (1974)

As time went by, and we moved through many cycles of milking, cooking, and sleeping in (!), I think each of us in our turn as cook struggled with ways to make creative, interesting, and different meals for the fifteen or so folks who made up our hungry crew. I recall many tasty (and a few not-so-great) culinary experiments. During one of my tours as company cook, I had been scanning some books on food and nutrition, looking for some new ideas. Somewhere I read that blue was considered the least appetizing color, and that many people would not eat blue food. I smelled a challenge, and went right to work gathering blueberries, food coloring, and so on which I carefully added to my regular large batch of bread dough. The final product was a lovely shade of blue, and I could hardly wait to see the reaction to the finished product. Unfortunately, I had apparently heated the yeast a little too much, and the dough refused to rise at all. I had used all the available flour, and as usual this was a three days' supply of bread, so there was nothing for it but to make do--I formed some pita loaves and rather sickly muffins and baked them up. Of course, the muffins came out useless (unless you count the one I used as a paper-weight for several years) and the pita was, well, pita. I mean, unleavened blue bread...well, of course I never heard the end of it. And they would have none of the yeast theory--of course it was flat and hard as a rock because it was blue. A good laugh at my expense, and several long breadless days. You could say I tried to rise to the occasion, but in this case, really blue it!

[What Mark may not remember is that we were in South Dakota. I remember coming home and noticing that on the shelf over the sideboard there were strange blue objects. I thought someone had been making pottery--someone without much talent, to be sure--but no, they were Mark's blue bread.]

Another personal favorite is the story of the stiff--the healthy young horse that Maynard got such a good deal on, and turned out to be less of a bargain when it died of old age! Laughing up my sleeve did nothing but land me on the burial detail. Mike Holesek and I hitched ol Horsey to the tractor and dragged its stiff self out to the "back 40" where we carefully calculated and measured and commenced to dig. Many hours later we had a deep hole exactly horse-sized in dimension. Of course as with all good plans something went awry (perhaps the yeast got too hot?) and as we flipped our deceased friend over into the hole, it got stuck tight half-way in. We tried digging around this way and that, but no dice! So we ended up out in the hot sun jumping up and down on a smelly old stiff horse, and finally amidst much ceremony (and a little cussing) the inevitable happened and all three of us fell into the pit. Two of us got back out and finished the job. And people say homesteading is boring! All I can say about that is it's the only deal I ever saw Maynard get "stiffed" on.

These are just a couple of hundreds of great experiences I remember of my days on the farm, things I'll reflect on and laugh about and wonder over for years to come. Washing the laundry with

homemade soap...forking out the cow barn...asparagus three feet long!...bits of hay on me everywhere...the look "ol Bossy" would give you for putting a cold hand on her udder at five in the morning...fresh churned blueberry ice cream!...the reading rack on the wheat grinder...HOME BREW!

Once again my deepest gratitude to you and Maynard, Sally, for your time and effort, and thanks to everybody who loved and laughed and shared their lives.



From the pen of Diane Heseltine Maltby (1977)

First and upmost, the foot. The experience of breaking it. What went on before it, how it happened and events following. I remember Maynard exclaiming that when he first came home that day from school and saw me sitting in the kitchen he thought what had broken was the tractor, not my foot. I remember sitting at the big dining room table and having him explain that was why he ran outside right away rather than ask me if I was O.K. It was a very good thing that he explained the misunderstanding to me for I would have left with a different idea of the place, thinking you cared more about machinery than "men"! I was glad you explained yourself--it was good.

It was good to sit around your dining room table...

It was a good feeling--the comradery, the job to be done, the planning, the friendships...

Funny things that happened--didn't one time this very delicious piece of pie that several of us wanted end up falling on the floor...

And brewing beer--one time my bubble gum ended up going into a big container of beer while it brewed!

And I remember work, and sweat, strong muscles, swims after a long day.

Plowing fields--that was the funniest...

Driving the tractor and laying cement in the pig pen...

The calf being born. Maynard tugging on its legs with a rope...

Milking cows. Early morning milking--that was nice.

Planting Chinese Chestnut trees, how are they doing?

Making hay--what a job. That was fun...

Once again I remember the hot sweat...

I remember Mike and Margo, Tim and Soози, Dan, Janet, John...

I start thinking back I can remember more and more, but I cannot write much more...

Wish we could just sit down together for an afternoon tea. It would be so much easier that writing.



WEDDINGS

There were three weddings here at the School of Homesteading and at the Land Trust Farm. The first wedding I'll let Don Katz (1976) tell. The second was the wedding of Stu Shafer, also 1976, to Patti Dickinson; the third of Jonathan Towne and Bobbi Martindale.

The Beech Tree Wedding

It was after supper at the School of Homesteading, and Wendy and I were in charge of the dishes that night. I washed 'em, Wendy dried 'em, and Dennis was keeping us company with conversation. We were talking about relationships and marriage, I believe--now, I don't remember the details of the conversation anymore, but I remember that Wendy turned to me and asked, "Would you be willing to get married to me, Don?" It was in context, more or less--Wendy was talking about her feelings that no one would take seriously her desire to settle down, yet it was subtly out of context, too. I knew it was more than just a rhetorical question. I thought for a moment, but I had to answer, "No, Wendy, I'm not ready for that yet." Dennis immediately chimed in, "I'd marry you, Wendy." She looked at him; he smiled at her.

It was a day or two later when the three of us got up at the crack of dawn. I don't remember how they decided on a ceremony to solidify the decision that had happened so swiftly by the sink; but I said a few words, and they held hands under the beech tree while the sun started its ascent and mist still covered the farm. Then we headed over to the barns to milk the cows and feed the chickens. A year later a minister repeated the ceremony with a bit more solemnity on their rented farm outside of Louisville.

* * *

Stu was the instructor the first year the LTF had a program in conjunction with WMU. Stu and Patti had met on a train in the east, and a while later Patti had joined Stu in Bangor. The wedding was a community effort. While the formal ceremony was held at the Catholic Church in Bangor, it seemed the coming together with friends and family to celebrate the event was done at Marty and Joe Filonowicz' house during the reception. About a half dozen of us provided the food, and it was a magnificent spread! We ate and talked and were happy together.

Jonathan had lived at the Land Trust Farm off and on for six years, so it had become his home. He and Bobbi were married in the woods at the back of the farm with vows they had written. Mike Phillips provided the music. At the end of the ceremony Jon and Bobbi planted a white oak tree Maynard had dug from the School of Homesteading woods. The celebration continued until midnight at our farm with a feast made by Bobbi's mother and grandmother, followed by a dance in the hay loft. The Titanics played with George Filonowicz returning from North Carolina to play. It was a joyful day!

All of these ceremonies were ones whose memories we treasure.



A Psycho-phenomenological Analysis of the Class of 1974
-Maynard Kaufman

Each class generated its theme or leit-motif. Each was unique. Psychotherapists who work with group dynamics could explain this. But we homesteaders avoid professionals when we can and specialize in "doing it yourself."

The class of 1974 was not the most revolutionary or the most politically-aware or the most vocationally-oriented, but it was the most ontological. It was obsessed with reality largely because it could not take reality for granted. Here is how all this began.

David, in one of our weekly meetings, was trying to explain or justify why he and Margie interrupted their potentially brilliant teaching careers to spend a summer at the School of Homesteading.

"We're crazy," he cried, "and that's why we're here. And you," he said to me as the token patriarch, "are the most crazy of all."

David went on to explain how he knew we were all crazy. He had been telling a friend how he was planning to spend his summer at the School of Homesteading and how it was organized as a place to maximize learning opportunities but did not make much money. To which his friend replied: "If you want to learn about farming why don't you get a job on a real farm?"

That did it. All summer we anguished over the unreality of where we were and what we were doing. Linus pasted an ad for Strout Realty on the downstairs bathroom wall with the question "is this realty?" written beneath it. Things were so confused that summer that not even Michael's incredibly erudite and utterly recondite philosophical statements helped much even though he had studied philosophy (with a special commitment to existential phenomenology) in college before he came. It was the kind of summer in which we learned to expect statements like Margie's as she came in after a day on the tractor discing the fields: "It feels so good to do a man's job." Now that I am a recuperating sexist I can see some irony in that statement. But then I probably didn't.

There was a lot of irony that summer and of course I understand that now as the result of the ontological anxiety we all suffered. Thus it was easy to misunderstand the quotation Mark put up on the bulletin board. He ascribed it to Henry David Thoreau, something like "the truly efficient worker saunters to work surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure." We had much such sauntering that summer.

In any case, the counter-cultural energy which still motivated the class of 1973 must have run into entropy by 1974. In 1973 we had ten students, some of them older (they had to wait around several years until the School of Homesteading opened) and they were full of revolutionary fervor. They even wanted to stain the clear sky

of Bangor with the black flag of anarchy! And then there was the sullen muttering of Susen, as some of us ate at a smaller table in the kitchen, about "those damn counter-revolutionaries" with a contemptuous gesture toward the larger and happier group at the dining room table. No irony there! The class of 1973 knew the difference between true and false reality. Somehow the class of 1974 lost the clear distinction between us and them.

I'd like to say something more positive about the class of 1974. There certainly was some great music that year. Both Linus and Mark had played the guitar professionally before or after that summer. Their stirring and encouraging rendition of "The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man, the farmer is the man who feeds us all" was loved by us and by our visitors. Only later, in the silence of the night, did we realize how unreal it all was as we thought ahead to breakfast and remembered that it was General Mills and Beatrice Foods and Del Monte who fed us all.

We did see some notable achievements in 1974. Jim Burgel built a methane-producing machine that summer. (This was also known as an anaerobic digester.) He took a lot of pictures of it, but since a tankful of cow manure slurry has very little sex appeal he always got Dana to pose with it. I'm still not sure whether it was she, Burgel's Irish grin, or the digester who attracted over 300 visitors to our open house that summer. Certainly alternative energy was "in" that year after the oil embargo. But even this solid achievement seemed illusory. By fall Burgel published an article in Co-Evolution Quarterly in which he revealed that what most anaerobic digesters produced was hot air for the press.

In fact, however, he was wrong. In spite of, or because of its ontological insecurity, existential anxiety, and phenomenological irony, the class of 1974 was very productive. The building of the digester may go down in history as its greatest achievement. Later, when it was working properly and the solar panels heated the slurry, it often generated enough CH_4 in a day to cook lunch with. And, believe me, food cooked with organically-produced natural gas has exceptional nutritional value and a great natural taste!

Second American Revolution -Paul Gilk



In older revolutions,
the intellectuals went to the People
to rally them against the status quo:
but in our Second Revolution,
intellectuals are returning to the land,
are learning how to be the People,
are learning how to have a land
to have a revolution in.



How It All Began: The Land Trust Homesteading Farm
-Stu Shafer

The first year of the Michigan Land Trustees' first big educational project was--what else?--a year of "firsts". The first sign for the "Land Trust Homesteading Farm/WMU Homesteading Program" was, necessarily, a big 'un, because the title was almost longer than the first year class roster. But this hand-lettered sign wasn't the first or the biggest public statement about what was going on at the old Lundborg place. The best statement of that was the visible change over that first year from an abandoned, run-down old place littered with the rusted refuse of the past to a new homestead, vibrant with the ecologically entwined lives of people, crops, livestock and wildlife--from a symbol of entropy to a symbol of rebirth and regeneration.

Our "first harvest," as is the case on so many new homesteads, was salvage--otherwise known as junk. The Land Trust Homesteading Farm was particularly well endowed with this resource. The problem was that the salvageable stuff was buried in piles of trash. Every building (except the house) was literally knee-deep in junk, and we had to first make paths, and then sort through the junk for what we could use or sell and what we had to haul away, before we could even use the buildings for storage or livestock. This took a lot of our time--too much, perhaps, from the standpoint of economic efficiency; but part of the learning process was having to deal with conflicts between such things as market forces and our ethical desire to recycle and re-use as much as possible.

There were other firsts: our first "bathroom" (an out-house,) our first showers (across the road,) our first accident (a pitchfork tine through a big toe,) and perhaps the first "goat boat" in history (a landlocked plywood structure that we used as a milking parlor and the goats used as their favorite hangout.) First-year type experiences for the first year class.

Meanwhile, we planted a garden and a few field crops and strung some electric fences. The soil was, expectedly, in bad shape, yielding less than memorable harvests. Once again, however, we were able to supplement our resources by "living off the land"--picking wild asparagus, wild greens and herbs, mulberries, and dewberries. We did manage to stock the freezer and stack some wood for the non-growing months.

Our fondest memories of that year are of the people involved. Of course there were conflicts and controversies, but these were, in balance, a minor part of the experience.

Another perspective on that same period: Jim Martin.

My first experience of the countryside surrounding Bangor, Michigan, came one spring Sunday in 1978. I was driving from

Kalamazoo to visit the Kaufman's and tour the MLT Homesteading Farm through which WMU was running their homesteading class. My first encounter of the Farm was a bit shocking. This place looked like it had been abandoned for quite some time. Rationalizing, I thought this experience could be compared to opening up a homestead in the wilderness. Although the farm was not wilderness it was wildly littered with junk. The garage, or shop as it was later called, was heaping full of junk of all kinds: nuts, bolts, nails, old tools, car parts, old chain saws, motors, fishing poles, etc., etc., etc...

One of my chief jobs that spring on the farm included sorting through junk. My first day of actual "class work" on the farm, came as a pleasant surprise. I remember driving up to the house to see this long-haired hippy sitting on the front porch. His name was Stu Shafer and he was the instructor. Stu and I didn't hit it off right away, but it wasn't long before he had won my respect.

Inside the house was a hippy looking woman, Janus Lee, and a younger college girl named Mary Hillert. Also in the house was a man named Rick Damm. I never really got to know Rick too well. Janus gave me a bowl of this weird-looking soup. I choked it down. It is not that it was bad. I just had never eaten anything without meat in it. I was a definite meat eater, living among two hard core vegetarians, and a few sympathetic omnivores. I was told if I wanted to eat meat I would have to kill the animal. This was a totally foreign notion! So the first animal I killed was a rabbit. Stu instructed me as to the proper methods. We killed two rabbits together. I used a knife to cut my rabbit's throat. Stu broke his rabbit's neck by snapping its head in a rapid flinging movement. I killed, skinned, cleaned and ate my first animal. It was very good tasting, like chicken. I didn't really mind killing the rabbit; it wasn't a terrible experience. During my stay that spring, I killed several chickens. However my consumption of meat had definitely declined. We grew a pretty big garden that spring. I don't know how it yielded; I wasn't on the farm during the summer season.

I returned to the farm the following fall semester for another four credit hours through the Environmental Studies program at WMU. Some new faces had appeared and some old ones had left. Stu's future wife, Patti, had joined the crew earlier in the spring. She acted as the kitchen and garden instructor. Patti taught me how to cook for a group of people. I had a hard enough time cooking for myself! Also new to the group was Diane Konupeak, Maureen Brandon and her daughter, Emily. I was commuting into WMU for my other classes. Fall was probably the better season for me at the farm. The junk pile had been sorted out, the garden was ripe for picking, the firewood was about to be cut, and the house was ready for painting. We scraped the house of its old paint for about two weeks before we got around to painting it. When we finally did, the house turned into a big blue frog!

During the fall when the weather had cooled, we began butchering

the bigger animals. My first experience with killing a pig came at the Kaufman's farm. Stu asked me if I would rather shoot the pig or stick its throat. So my choice was to shoot it. I remember looking that pig in the eyes as I pulled the trigger, the gun just inches from its head. As the pig thrashed on the ground Maynard and Stu struggled to get it in position to cut its throat for bleeding. We then prepared it for cleaning. I remember scraping that pig's hot, wet hair off its body for what seemed to take forever. The hardest part for me was not the killing but the gutting. Innards have just always nauseated me! However, over all it was a good experience.

I returned to Kalamazoo for the winter term at WMU. I was convinced at this time that homesteading or small scale farming was the life for me.

The fall of 1979 found me again at the Homesteading Farm. Jonathan and I cut most of our firewood that season by hand. It seemed the chainsaw was never running right. Bob Holmes and George Filonowicz also shared the Homestead with us that winter. I probably gained the most confidence that winter in terms of wood cutting and animal husbandry due to an unfortunate accident in which Jonathan broke his thumb. So I was given more responsibility for a few weeks until Jon was able to get back to work. I began working for Sunshower that fall and continued through the winter and spring. I learned how cider was made and jugged that winter. I also learned a little about trimming fruit trees, tying up grapes and other aspects of the small organic orchard through my Sunshower experience. That summer I hoed at John Reuter's farm across the road from the Homestead. I helped milk cows there as well as helping with the haying. I worked at a cherry processing plant for a month or so, then picked blueberries for awhile. I stayed one more winter at the Homestead before returning to Kalamazoo for more lucrative employment.

An invocation for the butchering season by Wendell Berry--

For the Hog Killing



Let them stand still for the bullet, and stare the
shooter in the eye,

let them die while the sound of the shot is in the
air, let them die as they fall,

let the jugular blood spring hot to the knife, let
its freshet be full,

let this day begin again the change of hogs into
people, not the other way around,

for today we celebrate again our lives' wedding with
the world,

for by our hunger, by this provisioning, we renew
the bond.

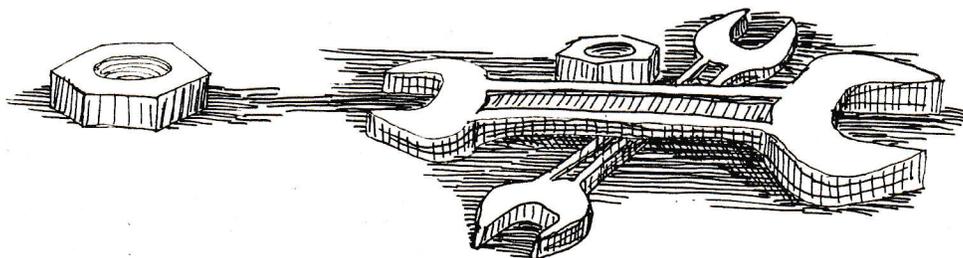
The following was written in the summer of 1981 by Susan Grabber Rainsford.

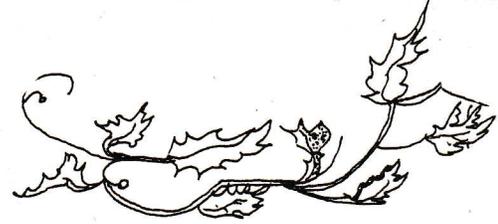
Reflections of a Woman on Learning Homesteading Skills

This season's spring crop of student homesteaders yields as many women as men on the Land Trust Homesteading Farm. The homesteading goal of living as self-sufficiently as one can plays a major role in attracting young women to life on the farm. Some have been exposed to farm life before, have grown up seeing a farm's operation, but, as one woman said following her stay at the farm, "There were lots of practical things I didn't know how to do." Her father's farming skills had not been passed on to his daughters as they had to his sons. Lacking the know-how she felt, as many of us do, a certain displacement. She and others have come to the farm to acquire skills.

Duplicating men's skills is not the motivating desire of the women on the farm, but rather to acquire skills with which to craft our own work. Mastering these skills fosters an increased inner strength. For some the skills learned will become an occupation. An increasing number of women travel the countryside working for other farmers until they can set up their own homesteads. As they move they do odd jobs when the need arises. In this way they free themselves from the leaden grip of an economic system which for years held no active place for women. Now that the walls of that system are crumbling under the entropy of capitalism's voracious profit motive, increasing numbers of feminists are refusing to provide the patch-plaster to help maintain business-as-usual. Many see homesteading as a way to tunnel under and around a petrified economic system that cannot meet the needs of human beings.

The models in our society are male models. Living on the farm in a circle which includes men, comparisons gnaw at us. One woman's pride in fixing a machine is dampened by her awareness that a fellow male student could have fixed it in less than one-quarter the time. This forces constant confrontation with the larger cultural issue of human equality. Experiences such as this also sharpen women's determination to chisel out a cooperative model in which men and women share activities. We seek to be viable parts of a whole rather than to contain the whole within us. In the activities of homesteading many women see a way to refurbish a sense of the wholeness necessary to human existence. Living close to the land, working with nature, it is easier to recognize the interconnectedness of our lives. Working each day with basic necessities--growing one's own food, building one's own shelter--provide a special vantage point from which to view the world. The landscape becomes a part of us by being connected visually through the taste, feel, smell and sight of our own lives.





From Swan Huntoon (1980):

I remember a sunny day in June at the Land Trust Farm. Three of us, Mike Kruk, Dave Nagle, and I were leveling an area for a barn by hand. We had started by using a tractor to move the earth and create a level space, but the darn thing, a borrowed tractor with a front loader, had taken a nail through one of its tires. A big nail, what you might call a spike. I thought about that spike as I walked out to dig. I thought about it piercing the "vibram" sole of my boots, recently purchased from Cathy Rumiez for \$10--\$5 then and \$5 a couple years later. Piercing the sole and the tender flesh of my foot, finally sprouting up through the top of my boot dripping rusty blood. I walked very carefully out to the fresh brown smear the tractor had made and began to dig.

There was a curious thing about my companions which set them apart from me in our group. Both Mike and Dave had scars on their chests. Big scars--scars that said "I'm here to stay!" The kind of scar you get lying in a sterile, white room while a guy in a mask unzips your breastbone, opens it up, and gives you a little valve job. Serious scars. No scars like that on me.

I could see the scars because all three of us were shirtless. The hot sun was making our backs brown and sweaty as we worked. Pretty menial, thoughtless work, moving dirt. You sink your spade into the earth, lift up a shovelful of dirt, and toss it five or ten feet away to a lower spot. What little thought this task requires soon descends into your hind brain and soaks into your muscles, leaving plenty of room for fresh thoughts to spring up. It wasn't long before one of us, Mike, got the idea to pretend we were in a chain gang. Not just any chain gang, but the one featured in the movie "Cool Hand Luke" starring Paul Newman. Newman plays a rebellious convict locked up in a prison located in some southern state like Alabama or Georgia. He plays guitar, which is why he is called "Cool Hand Luke", and the mean, tobacco chewing, gun toting guards really hate him. George Kennedy is in the movie too, and I guess he was probably in prison for bad acting.

Now there was a particular scene from the movie which Mike felt we were destined to act out. This scene involved the members of the chain gang watching a woman washing her car. Paul, George, and the rest of the gang are working by a roadside and the woman puts on quite a show for them. She gets wet and soapy while the men get hot and bothered. If you've seen the movie you'll probably agree that it's pretty provocative stuff (for its time, of course,) but actually nothing of any consequence happens. Well, we just had to find a young woman to wash her car, or any car for that matter, to complete our little drama. A likely candidate for the part finally showed up. Her name was Cathy McCory, and she was young, attractive, and generally fit the bill. We set the scene for her and explained her motivation. We volunteered to find a suitable vehicle for her to wash (I believe Dave's truck was rather dirty at the time.) However, for some reason she was unwilling. We begged

and cajoled, Mike most enthusiastically of all, but she could not be convinced. No car was washed that day, at least in the vicinity of our imaginary chain gang.

I suppose that seems a rather inconclusive ending to what appears to be just another pointless story. But when I look at the barn which now stands on that spot, still not quite complete, I think about the three of us pretending to be Paul Newman in the role of "Cool Hand Luke". I can see it as it was that day, and feel connected to that place by a sense of satisfaction and a memory of make-believe.

A Day in the Life! - Mike Phillips (1980)

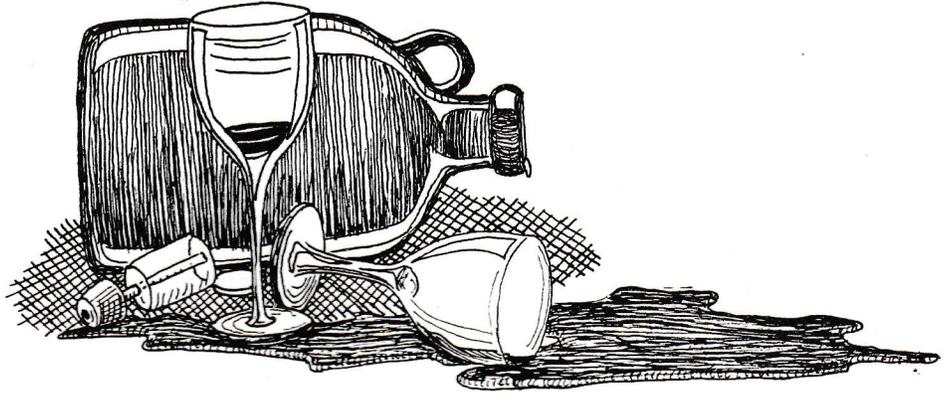
The bleach splashed up and defaced my favorite T-shirt as I poured it into the dish water. It was rumored that somebody had once contracted hepatitis from something on the farm, and I wasn't taking any chances. We were already being exposed to too many unusual organisms; there was a perpetual line-up outside of the bathrooms while our bodies grew accustomed to raw milk, and more than once I had thought that I was passing my entrails.

On this morning, Mike Kruk and I were clearing and cleaning the breakfast dishes. The two of us were in the middle of a three day hitch at kitchen duty: cooking three meals a day for three days for three adamant herbivores, four adamant carnivores, and four uncommitted omnivores. The eight other students were out planting vegetables, or working Reuter's or Kaufman's farms. Early in the day's routine Mike and I eyed--almost simultaneously--three carboys shoved into a far corner of the kitchen counter. Two of the carboys contained grape wine; the third looked like ten gallons of brown sludge, which we ignored.

Mike twisted the fermentation lock off one of the grape carboys. Then he came alongside and grappled with the bottle as it sat atop the three foot high counter. As he carefully tilted it forward I held two plastic cups. We filled both without spilling a drop, and with repeated practice that morning we became quite adept at pouring from the large bottle. The wine had the color and consistency of anti-freeze, and it was sweet enough to make our gums ache--it couldn't have been more than three weeks old.

So we finished the dishes, prepared lunch, and drank three-week old grape wine out of little plastic cups. Meanwhile, we listened to the Top-40 radio station out of South Haven and we slagged all the miserable pop tunes aired during that spring of 1980. Between some songs and during other songs we talked. Apart from music and politics all we ever talked about was how people like us--with no jobs and no money--were going to get out on the land and stay there. Under a haze of fructose and ethanol, Mike Kruk and I concluded that the best course would be to start a rock and roll

band; we would work only two or three nights a week and still make a couple hundred dollars, and in the daytime we would be able to tend to the chickens, goats, and vegetables. The concept was labeled "DFNR," an acronym for "daytime farmers and nighttime rockers." The two endeavors seemed so intrinsically compatible. I believe that was the only time I had ever been drunk in the middle of the morning in the middle of the week. Nonetheless, eight years later I'm still batting the idea around.



DO YOU REMEMBER--

--cooking hamburgers in the woods on a picnic when it rained, and all there was between the dripping skies and the broiling hamburgers were bodies coughing in the smoke!

--trips to the beach--a car load--or by night on bicycles--sand in the food.

--the time Jake built a fire to broil meat, and set the smoker on fire?

--the 4th of July's? The most exciting was in '74. We took food and drink to the hill behind the pond. Linus brought his guitar. The music was grand--as were the northern lights and Bangor's fireworks filling the sky!

--the conflict Susen Pinney and I had over stereo speakers in the yard versus bird calls.

--stories of the blizzard of '36?

--Wendy with her long nails, hair dryer, and vitamins--many vitamins. Somehow she kept most of her long nails and a few vitamins.

--the year we moved the Annex down CR 681 on a hay wagon to its present location!

--the marvelous gymnastics Jim and Jake did--at the park downtown they somersaulted over the VW Bug! There was the day I looked out the kitchen window to see Jake doing a handstand on the dairy barn roof!

--the day we fed soup to Wendell Berry at the big dining room table.

The Coffin
-Maynard Kaufman

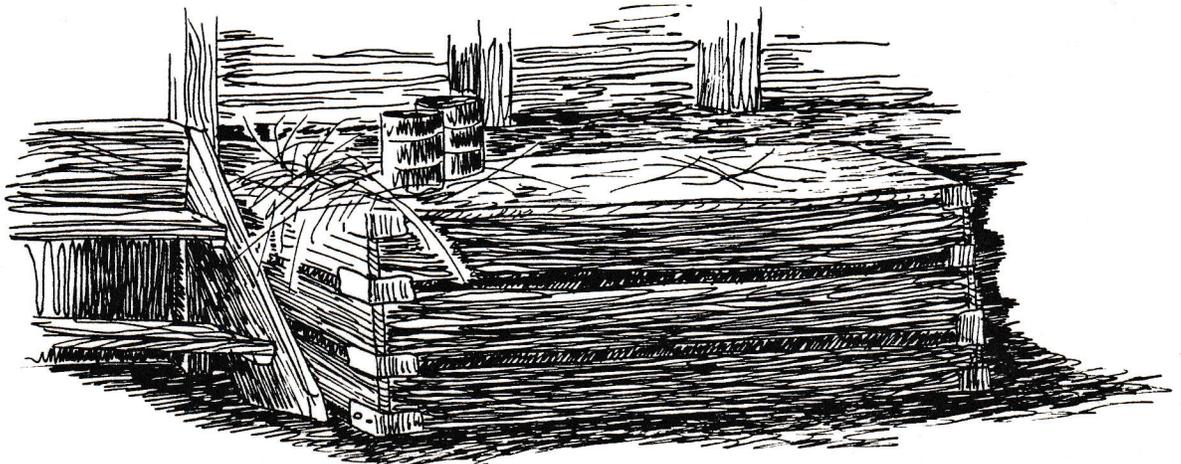
It was in what is now the milking parlor which Tim Johnson (1977) and others helped to design and build. But then that part of the barn contained a row of stanchions in which the cows faced a large coffin as they chewed their cuds.

This was the old Lynch farm, after all, and one branch of the family was in the funeral home business in Kalamazoo. Maybe the coffin was somehow defective; maybe they were overstocked, or maybe it was ordered for someone on his or her deathbed who survived. Or maybe it had a body in it. For a long time we never opened it as we cherished the fantasy that John Lynch lay in that coffin. Or maybe this was the one Frank Lynch got from Kalamazoo.

John Lynch was the patriarch of the family years ago. His son Frank was the last Lynch to work the land. According to Barney he was a hard-working, hard-drinking Irishman. "HELL DAMN" Frank would shout, "if you think you can outwork me let's get started." Barney told long stories about the Lynch farm and, the one about Frank Lynch's last trip to Kalamazoo to buy his coffin was his masterpiece. This must have happened in the late 40's but Barney never gave any dates. What happened in his stories occurred in the Past.

When he knew he was dying, it was reasonable for Frank to plan for his funeral. But Frank was also afflicted with what his old friends called a "drinking problem". Others called him a drunk. So Barney drove Frank to Kalamazoo to buy a coffin--and a bottle. Thus the way home was a last trip in another sense as both Frank and Barney got awfully drunk. But that is another story.

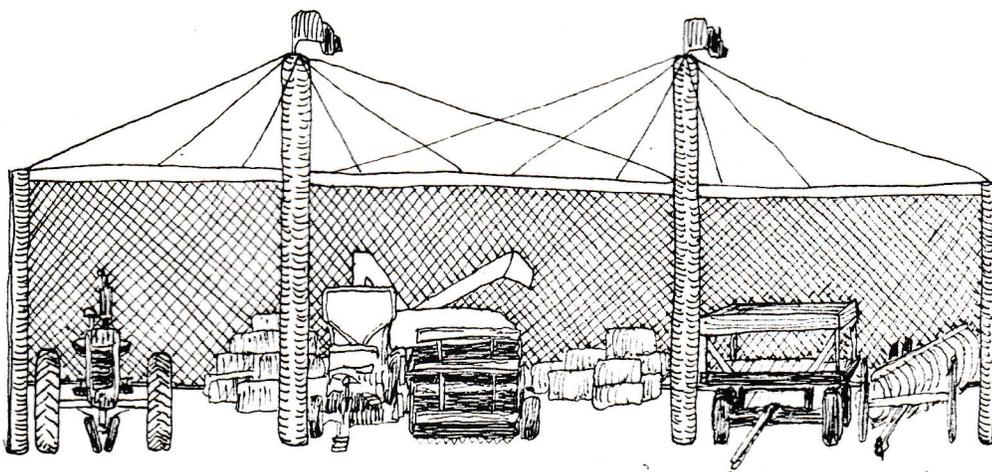
Eventually, when we built the milking parlor, we did open the coffin and found in it a dusty emptiness. It was built of tough oak boards fastened together with screws, as if to hold a body inclined to roam. But the lid was unfastened. The spirit of the Lynch's pervades the place. I now use those oak boards as the table on which I keep my chain saws, and they insist on the chain of connection to those who worked on this land before me.



The Sufi Way to Build a Cantilevered, Suspension-Roof Machine Shed
-Pete Notier (1983)

Driving north on I-294 out of Chicago, west of the toney suburbs of Glencoe and Northlake, you'll pass the Johnsons Wax Company headquarters, home of Pledge and other lemon-scented things to keep your house clean and shining. The three storey structure hangs puppetlike from a couple of six storey pillars at the end of a series of cables running from the tops of the pillars to the edges and corners of the building. A Golden Gate of corporate office headquarters.

When Maynard decided to build a machine shed along the south edge of the barnyard, what sprang immediately to mind was the Golden Gate--no--the Verazzano Narrows of machine sheds:



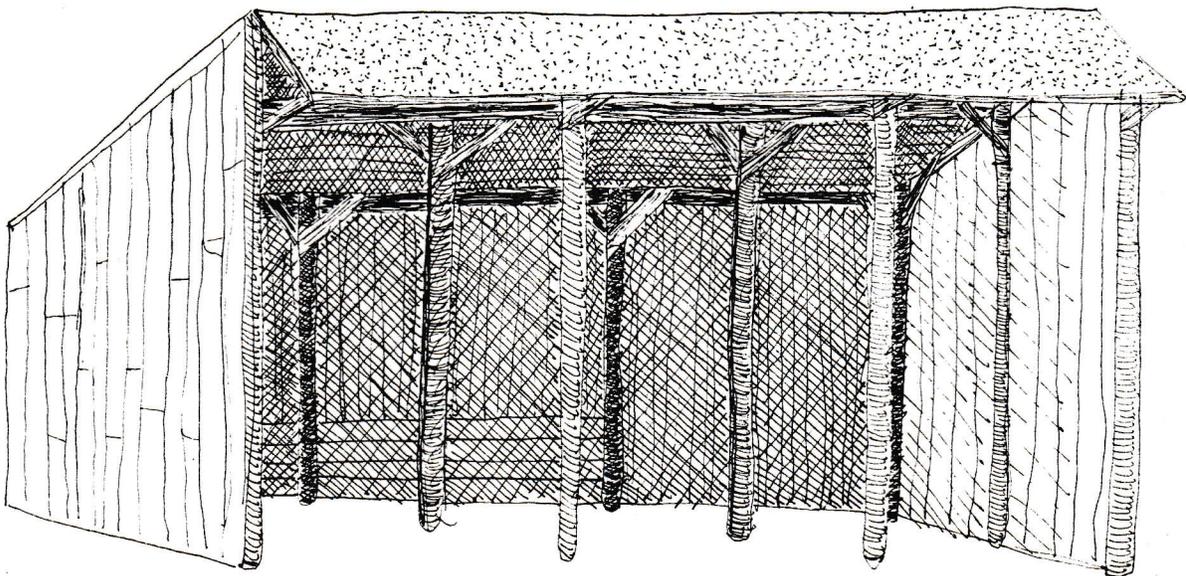
Except for the two center poles from which the roof and sides would be suspended, the interior would be free of obstructions for people like me who have no talent for the intricacies of backing anything bigger than a Volkswagon bug into a parking space.

When Maynard asked where I proposed to find trees big enough to provide the center poles and what mechanism I'd use to raise and suspend the roof, I said something about looking for some oaks in the woods by the river, and the Egyptian pyramids sprang to mind. For centuries no one knew where the building materials had come from or how they'd been transported and assembled. Unlike the Mayan and Aztec pyramids that were essentially walls built around piles of rubble, the Egyptian pyramids had been built solid. And if Van Daniken had resorted to the aid of ancient astronauts to explain their construction and others to decades of work done by thousands of Hebrew slaves, the fact of their existence was imposing and certain. With equal certainty, I assumed there were sure to be trees somewhere large enough to support the machine shed, and that they could be cut and moved to the site without the help of slaves or flying saucers.

When Maynard asked how I proposed to secure the roof so that it would survive one of the snowbelt storms that come with some

regularity off Lake Michigan during the winter, I said something about the weight of the roof stabilizing the structure, and Pieter Breughel's painting of the Tower of Babel sprang to mind. Breughel's depiction of the ziggurat reaching to the clouds from the plain of Babylon is masterful in its detail of the interior structure--a beehive of arches and ramps spiralling both outward and upward while scores of workmen scramble drone-like about it, carrying and putting into place the stone blocks for the next tier of arches. This use of ramps and stone is how the pyramids must have been built, only Breughel's baroque conception is far more elaborate than anything that the Pharaoh's architects could have dreamed of. The Egyptians measured their dynasties in millennia, and their buildings and statues had the mass and solidity for the centuries they were expected to endure, which is part of their mystery and attraction as objects of meditation. For us who have trouble measuring time in decades, Breughel's more intricate design may seem more appealing even though less likely ever to have been built just because of its very intricacy. After all, we put pyramids, not the Tower of Babel, on the backs of our dollar bills, although their stability has failed to find its way into our fiscal policy.

Maybe Pharaoh's architects did know the stories about the tower of Babel and settled for what they knew was possible and would last. After all, Breughel only had to paint a picture of his tower--he didn't have to go out and actually try to build the thing. The machine shed we finally built that summer will last too, not so intricate as Breughel's fanciful tower, but worth meditating upon:



From the Land Trust Homesteading Farm
-Jonathan Towne



I see three ways of participating in the Kaufman-MLT Homesteading phenomena--as part of that family, as instructor or as student. I am a part of that family and I "served" as instructor at the Farm from 1979-1981 when there were students there. I think it is just as true that I was (am) a student too--living and working with people much as if it were a communal experience. Not only were all participating as student and teacher, but aspects of the living-learning situation were like that of one big usually happy family.

Although I spent much time at the School of Homesteading in the mid 70's my story really begins in the spring of 1979 when I was recruited to help Mark Thomas run the MLT homesteading practice course while he was recovering from his heart attack. Those two months were probably the best only because I had the glory of being an acting homesteading instructor but had little of the responsibility. I used to wake up an hour before I had to (to help the choring crew with milking) to take walks in the woods and observe the procession of spring wildflowers. We had three students to two instructors so the living was easy, so to speak. One person who comes to mind was Gill, there for the summer. Gill was a greenhorn if there ever was one! We had to show him how to wash dishes. He wiped out my prize popcorn patch which was so thick that I told him that sometimes he may have to take out nine plants for every one saved. Unfortunately he took me literally, and the spacing ended up ranging from six inches to twenty feet. As luck would have it Mark and I ran into him in downtown Berkeley over a year later!

Spring, 1980, was the high point of the homesteading program for me although it marked the end of the homesteading practice course through WMU and the end of my weekly pay check. Reagan style budget cuts preceded him as far as MLT was concerned! Ironically there were ten student, the most ever. Many stayed in the area and some serve or have served on the Board of Directors of MLT. I "farmed" out students to the organic farm across the road and to the School of Homesteading to maximize the educational experience. One cultural happening was "Cow Pie and the Nitrogen Fixation", a musical quintet that played three gigs--at two potlucks and the Brush Creek Boogie. While short of finesse, its raw talent and Milk Phillips' sense of humor pulled it off.

The 1981 group didn't seem to have this group consciousness, probably because people seemed to be in and out. This was the last year of the homesteading program for me. I guess I didn't regret that, even though those times were positive and fulfilling. To have to worry about only what one person will do that day is infinitely easier and refreshing!

The homesteading program was once unique and ahead of its time.

Now there are other programs throughout the country (usually much more expensive.) MLT has changed course slightly and is embarking on a more long term use for its farm. Permaculture broadens the perspective that we are but a part of the people-land community. With more of an emphasis on reaching out with workshops, field days and the newsletter, MLT seeks to expose people to sane and rational land use. Sound familiar?



Kaufman's Ten Commandments of Homesteading

As a legacy for our students I have tried to reduce the essentials of homesteading to a few simple rules. Parkinson has his laws (or was he the one with diseases?) and so did Murphy and Moses. Here are Kaufman's Ten Commandments, guaranteed to be 100% successful--if you follow them exactly.

1. Thou shalt not commit waste lest thou want.
2. Thou shalt feed kitchen wastes to pigs and chickens.
3. Don't worry about inconsistencies.
4. Take lessons from the prudent ant who stores up for the winter and from the carefree gracehoper who spends the summer in song and dance.
5. Don't throw the stones from the garden to the grass.
6. Practice deferred gratification on watermelons only; don't buy those early imports from the south.
7. Try not to make money; it undermines the raison d'etre of the homesteader.
8. Wind your way into the future by repeating the past.
9. Rinse milk pails with cold water.
10. Make lists of things to do--and more lists--and more lists.

Each summer someone had the privilege(?) of operating the farm while we travelled to South Dakota to visit Maynard's parents. You could call it the master's exam! In 1985 it was Lauri Logan's turn. She kept a log. I am including it here.

Daily Report:

8/2 -calf from herd got out through pond fence
-sold 3 eggs; collected 6

8/3 -Freda and small calf seem fine
-medium size calf got out. Tried to fix the fence both times.
-4 eggs collected / 1108 pounds milk.

8/4 -saw 2 dogs around chicken house before I went to open it. (I left the barn closed for a while after that). One was medium sized, white/grey, and looked like a Collie. The other was medium sized, brown/black, and looked like a Doberman. [These are the dogs that killed half our chickens the night of Jon and Bobbi's wedding. A little later in the summer the same dogs killed over half of Jon's flock, and part of the geese belonging to the farm across from the Land Trust Farm. Maynard shot one of the dogs.]
-chickens in melons. I put more fence around garden
-5 eggs, sold 10
-rained good amount during night. (Jon's reading 1.1")
-Tamie is in standing heat; first saw in afternoon, then evening. Tried to call Craig.

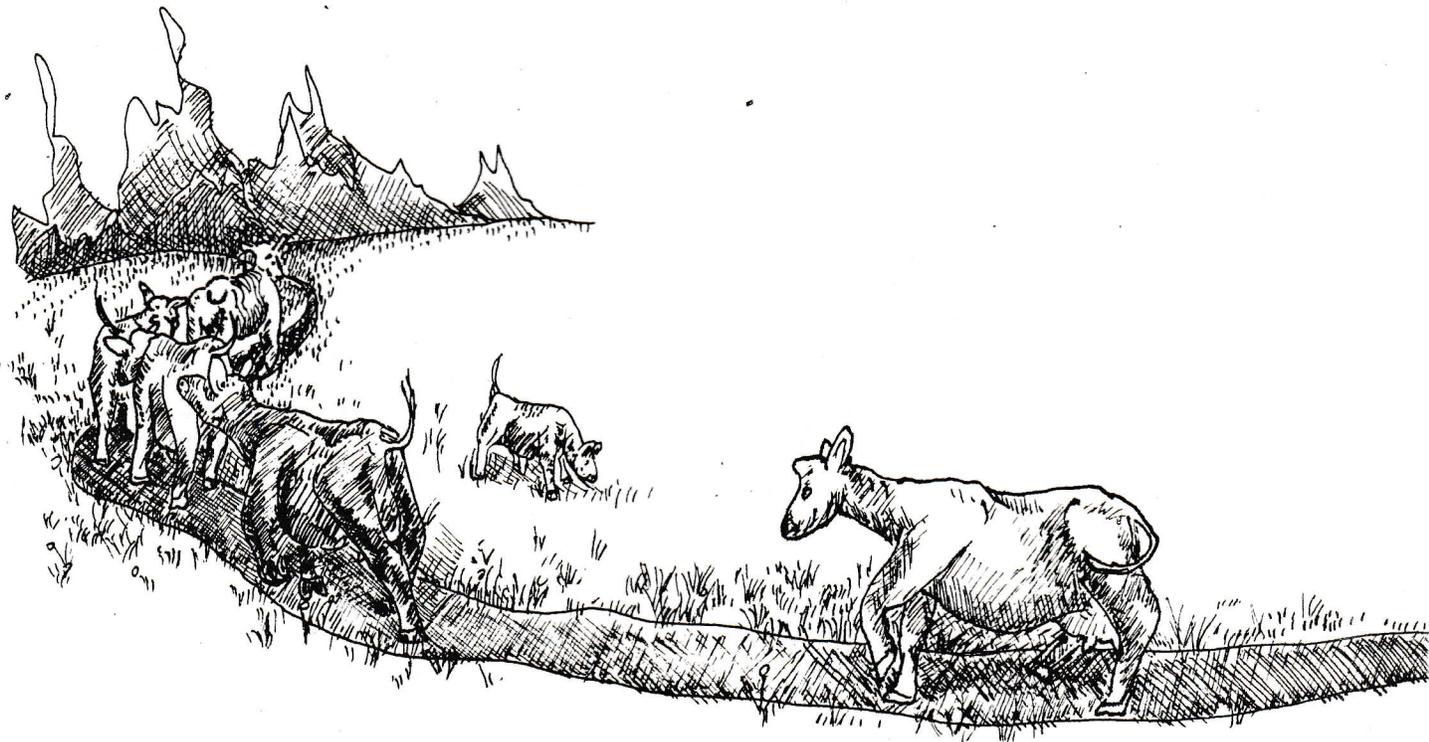
8/5 -nobody on Tamie; left her in barn. Tried to call Craig again. Got him about 10 A.M. He thought it way too late in her heat period. He said try again next time.
-2 gallons syrup sold to relative of Cornie Loew; check in mail from Helen Kohr.
-2 eggs collected / 1057 pounds milk

8/6 -thunderstormed last night; another good amount of rain! (.6")
-milk filter felt slimey and held some milk, so this morning I checked it after each cow. The filter started getting that way during Connie's milking. I did the mastitis test. Her right front teat's milk looked somewhat curdled. The left front and back had a light brown center. I talked to Jon about it later that day. (He came to fix the fence.) During the evening milking he tested Connie and said both of her left teats had mastitis. He treated her that night (gave her shots.) And then I treated her again this morning. I'm giving her milk to the small animals. We should be able to put her milk in with the others Sunday night (96 hours/8 milkings after treatment.)
-7 eggs collected
-neighbor lady called about kids in the corn in the afternoon
-I got stuck with your truck in the mud by the barn door and scraped the passenger's side of your truck. I was bringing the truck back from dumping corn. You can ask me for more details if you like. Again, I'm very sorry! [More details in next chapter.]

8/7 -put straw in pig and calf pens
-7 eggs / 1064 pounds milk
-rained again this morning (.6")
-not opening north alfalfa field for grazing because of rain
-took T-shirts to Dee's

8/8 -got apricots from Jon and made granola
-looks like something is eating your sauce tomatoes--pond garden
-1 dozen eggs sold, 6 collected.

8/9 -teapot cracked when boiling water on stove
-7 eggs collected / 1047 pounds milk
-started mowing alfalfa field. I stopped the engine and could not restart it. I got about 1/3 way done
-I didn't get the last picking of peppers cut and frozen either.



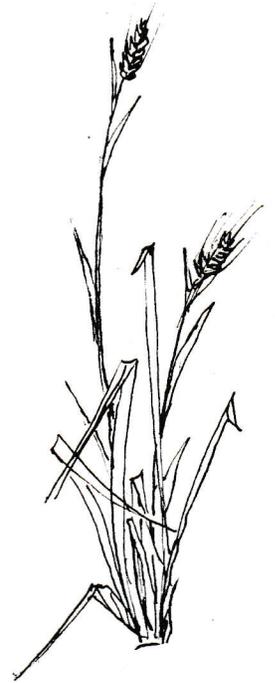
Horses

-Wendell Berry

When I was a boy here,
traveling the fields for pleasure,
the farms were worked with teams.
As late as then a teamster
was thought an accomplished man,
his art an essential discipline.
A boy learned it by delight
as he learned to use
his body, following the example
of men. The reins of a team
were put into my hands
when I thought the work was play.
And in the corrective gaze
of men now dead I learned
to flesh my will in power
great enough to kill me
should I let it turn.
I learned the other tongue
by which men spoke to beasts
--all its terms and tones.
And by the time I learned,
new ways had changed the time.

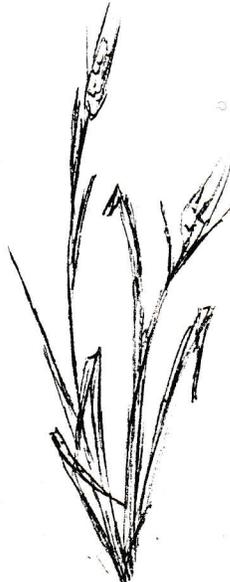
The tractors came. The horses
stood in the fields, keepsakes,
grew old, and died. Or were sold
as dogmeat. Our minds received
the revolution of engines, our will
stretched toward the numb endurance
of metal. And that old speech
by which we magnified
our flesh in other flesh
fell dead in our mouths.
The songs of the world died
in our ears as we went within
the uproar of the long syllable
of the motors. Our intent entered
the world as combustion.

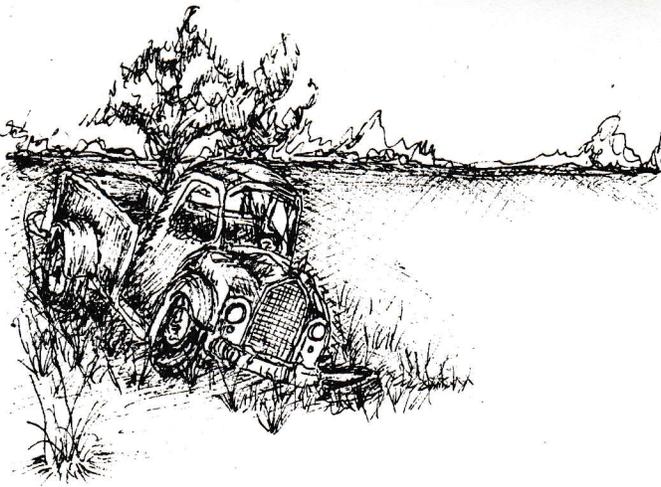
Like our travels, our workdays
burned upon the world,
lifting its inwards up
in fire. Veiled in that power
our minds gave up the endless
cycle of growth and decay
and took the unreturning way,
the breathless distance of iron.



But that work, empowered by burning
the world's body, showed us
finally the world's limits
and our own. We had then
the life of a candle, no longer
the ever-returning song
among the grassblades and the leaves.

Did I never forget?
Or did I, after years,
remember? To hear that song
again, though brokenly
in the distances of memory,
is coming home. I came to
a farm, some of it unreachable
by machines, as some of the world
will always be. And so
I came to a team, a pair
of mares--sorrels, with white
tails and manes, beautiful!--
to keep my sloping fields.
Going behind them, the reins
tight over their backs as they stepped
their long strides, revived
again on my tongue the cries
of dead men in the living
fields. Now every move
answers what is still.
This work of love rhymes
living and dead. A dance
is what this plodding is.
A song, whatever is said.





THE TRUCKS

For years we had no truck--used vans to haul our households around, and a trailer for what wouldn't fit in the van (things, that is, not people!) Finally we graduated to a truck and a car. The trucks seem to be ill-fated here at the School of Homesteading as the following chapter describes.

Zen and the Art of Backing up a Truck -Pete Notier

Maynard, Sally, Conrad, and Adrian were on their way to South Dakota. The night before they left there'd been a severe thunderstorm and the power had gone out. Maynard had tried once to explain how to use the Farmall C to run the pumps for milking if the power went out, but now God in his wisdom, knowing my capacity for dealing with things mechanical better than Maynard did, had provided us with a chance to have a go at the real thing. If there were any thoughts of disaster on Maynard's mind as he and the family drove west, they probably involved thunderstorms, bursting udders, and high bacteria counts in the milk. Naive man.

I was on my way back to the farm from the elevator with a load of feed in the back of the used forest green '78 Dodge pickup Maynard had just bought. The old Ford was dying, especially since the accident that Ruth, the previous year's apprentice, had coming back with a load of fertilizer. Maynard and Conrad both told me about it on different trips to town. Conrad thought it was funny, and I laughed; Maynard seemed bemused, and I didn't laugh.

Now I was smug and the old Ford was out on one of the back pastures where we'd driven it to pick up some bales. I don't remember what finally became of the Ford, and at the time I didn't suspect what would soon become of the Dodge and my complacency. As I passed Barney's junkyard, I had no idea how soon I would be foraging among the wrecks there, learning intimately the intricate system of tracks that wound among the patchwork of clearings filled with pools of some electric blue liquid and every used or broken thing that Van Buren County had to offer.

Barney was one of the first people that Maynard, probably acting on some prescience learned from years of teaching my kind, had

introduced me to at the start of the summer. Barney could talk about anything as he conducted a tour of his holdings. The meanderings of his conversation would wind gregariously through the synapses of his mind that had imprinted on it the acres and the years of his collecting. He may or may not have had millions invested in cattle ranches in Florida, but the man was complete where he was and as he was, his mind a catalogue of every piece of flotsam that had come to rest on his land and around what is probably the only junk-bermed house in the country. When he found that I was from Holland and that I had gone to high school with a Padnos, son of the junk king of Western Michigan, I gained the entré to Barney's boutique that I would soon need.

Standard procedure for unloading feed was to drive into the barn, park the truck, shovel the feed into the bin, and drive the truck out. Simple. But steps could be saved by backing the truck in and getting a better angle on the bin. I lined the truck up so as to achieve that perfect angle for unloading that would save minutes of hard labor. During the course of the summer I had raised my grade from hopeless to B+ in Mowing Alfalfa 101, due in large part to Maynard's patience and tolerance for the bushels of alfalfa left standing in the field, and also due to the fact that Mayard now only asked me to mow rectangular fields and had cut the hard ones before leaving for South Dakota. He hadn't, however, filled the feed bin and now I would.

Maynard's tolerance and patience notwithstanding, a conspiracy of axles, hitches, and steering wheels had left me mired in ineptness at the bottom of the class in Backing Up Farm Vehicles, Especially With Implements Attached. All the sunlight dialogues between me and tractors with wagons were limited to a few choice expletives. I knew there was a difference between backing a tractor with a rake attached and backing a tractor with a wagon attached, but that difference eluded me throughout the summer despite my best efforts to pursue the logic of it. The technique I finally settled on involved never getting myself into a position where I'd have to back up; and if I did find myself in such a position, unhooking the hitch, positioning the tractor, and then pushing the rake or wagon around to where the tractor was after making sure neither Maynard nor Conrad was around to see me.

But now I was backing up a pickup truck with nothing attached. And barn doors are wide, except when one's mind is set on the pursuit of the perfect angle for unloading feed to save steps and minutes of manual labor. At such time of meditation upon the perfect, one's detachment from the world creates a state of such serenity and satisfaction that it seems nothing can intrude on it. Unless it is quite loud. Like the sound of glass shattering and sheet metal folding as a rear view mirror catches on the barn door whose width at the point of entry was left out of the calculation of the perfect angle. Plato was not entirely right--sometimes we can get so involved in contemplating the light outside the cave that we miss what's going on in the cave--or in this case, the door to the cave. I picked up the shattered pieces of the mirror and of my complacency as best I could and finished the unloading.

Barney's catalogue of automotive parts led me eventually to a '67 Plymouth with an outside rearview mirror whose mounting screws were in the same place as those on the truck's door panel, but we couldn't get the screws out. When I went back to the farm for a visit the next Christmas, the truck stood by the chicken coop with its wounded door accusing me. I avoided mentioning it or asking Maynard if he'd found a new mirror or would use me as a footnote in the story of the wrecking of the Ford. During my most recent visit, the truck was, mercifully, parked somewhere else. If only Maynard hadn't mentioned it to my fiancée!

Trucking Along -Ruth Agius

A few days ago I was delivering fifteen cases of broccoli to our local produce trucking establishment and the roads were very slippery (slipprier than deer guts on a door knob--a northern Michigan expression!) going around the chicken coop where the gate is falling down due to Jim ramming it with his truck.

As I was sliding around the right tail light got grabbed by the falling tail-gate, and was ripped out of the socket on the truck frame. I didn't notice until I had parked it, and I fixed it right away (I'm just getting in the truck crashing mood.) So. . .the tail-gate incident reminds me of when I lived at the Kaufman's School of Homesteading.

I remember driving the old truck around without a muffler and complaining about it. So Maynard said--why don't you fix it? looking at Conrad and me.

So I took an entire morning to wire the muffler back to the truck with old baling wire. Maynard used to tell me I was too wide-eyed about life, perhaps that's why that morning I kept getting sand grit from the under-carriage of the truck in my eyes. I finally finished the muffler repair just so that a month or two later Conrad could rip it off again as he drove through the newly harvested corn field. It reminded me of maneuvering a boat on the ocean.

That corn field was the scene of another infamous truck accident.

Well, Maynard and I were out there near the old wolf tree, buzz sawing up some firewood. He was sawing and I was loading, meaning gently tossing the pieces into the truck. We were going along at a good pace until I threw in a very small piece of wood with the proper velocity, ie. direction and speed, to hit the back window. It just barely caught it about one inch from the bottom of the window. Well, I watched the wood fly through the air and hit the window--but more devastating was watching that entire back window shatter into a thousand or more safety-size bits.

My face must have looked so strange--you see, it was a cold day and I was jacketed and scarved with a hat and with Kleenex stuck in

my ears for ear plugs--and my old green plastic chemistry goggles to protect my eyes from sawdust.

But Maynard could still see the shock. He thought I had cut myself and emphatically asked what was wrong. I couldn't speak--I just stood there for a long moment and slowly turned and pointed to the truck window. He looked at the window and then at me, and he was almost as shocked as I was. He tried to make both of us feel better by saying at least I wasn't hurt. So I carefully drove the truck back and smashed out the rest of the glass, then vacuumed the cab out at the car wash across from Bian and Sons auto store.

It took me about a week to get a piece of plexiglass, and with the help of Maynard and Conrad we installed it. I felt alot better about the truck after that job was finished.

But that good feeling lasted for only a short while.

You see, we needed to pick up a few tons of rock phosphate and greensand from a fertilizer company thirty miles away. So we were driving the still-mufflerless truck, getting gassed out even with the windows fully rolled down. We had gone a couple trips already, and I was bringing the last load home by myself. Ah--I remember it well coming into Bangor on Center Street and doing about 25 miles per hour with a full load of fertilizer on the back.

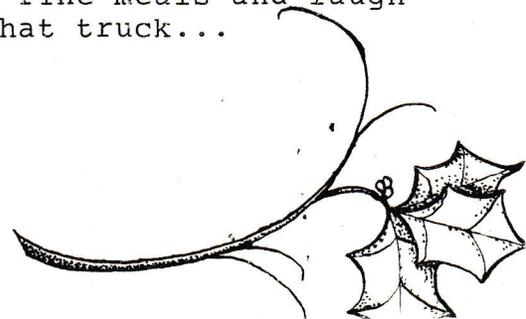
I must have been too gassed out by the truck, or just day dreaming--but I remember thinking, Ah, almost home--then I realized there was a stop sign, and OH NO, it was too late--BAMM--I'd smashed into a two-door brown sedan driven (I found out later) by a 98 year old man who looked 60!

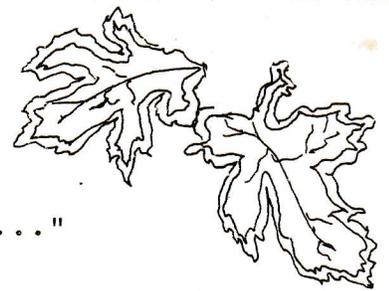
No injuries, luckily, but his car looked like a pop can on the bottom of a kid's sneaker, and the front end of the old truck didn't look healthy either. It was driveable though.

I sat in the police car for about a half hour watching him write my ticket and trying to explain that I was so used to driving on the farm that that was why I didn't have my license. It was about two weeks before Christmas, and I really didn't need to get in this accident!

The officer was very nice, and reduced my ticket to just reckless driving rather than that and a couple other violations--not to mention driving without a license on me--but it was Christmas time...

So I drove the truck home and Maynard straightened the front end by pulling it out with the tractor and chain. We unloaded the fertilizer and went in to have one of Sally's fine meals and laugh and joke about how I must have had it in for that truck...





"If at First You Don't Succeed, Don't..."
-Lauri Logan

It's Saturday evening. My radio is tuned to WMUK's programming. Whenever I listen to this station, it reminds me of the farm. My resumé writing is not going well. It seems like a good time to get down to trying to remember the "hope I'd (we'd all) soon forget" truck story. Here it goes. I don't claim to be anywhere close to a writer!

It's difficult to remember the details. It happened quite a while ago--summer of 1985, the beginning of August. The Kaufman's had left for South Dakota to visit family. I was left "in charge" of the Homestead. I was excited about that, but also a little anxious. I wasn't worried too much though, because I knew reliable neighbors (family) were close at hand.

The week had gone fairly smooth. The two most outstanding events were the detection of mastitis in a cow (more affectionately known as "Fat Connie") and the body work which I, along with the help of the Kaufman's big red barn, did to Maynard's truck.

We had gotten quite a bit of rain in the past few days--the fields, roads, etc. were muddy! Wanting to find something constructive to do, I cut the old corn stalks from Sally's garden, piled them on Maynard's green Dodge truck, and drove the truck out into the first field. As expected, the cows came to the truck and ate the corn and stalks as I threw them off. I had a little bit of trouble getting the truck out into the field to begin with, so I thought I'd better park it near the pond entrance in hopes that as the day progressed, the mud would dry.

It was mid-afternoon. I became concerned about the truck being parked where the cows would pass it on the way to the barn for milking. (I didn't want the cows taking any side mirrors with them.) So I decided to try to drive the truck through the very muddy area, through the gate, and park it beside the chicken coop. Little did I know what I was in for!

The truck and I drove O.K. until we got to the place where the cows enter the barn. You guessed it, I got stuck! But the truck wasn't really stuck, it just wouldn't go forward. I got out of the truck to check out the situation. It sure was frustrating because it looked like I should have been able to go forward! (I didn't want to try backwards a whole lot--it was muddier there.) At any rate, I can't quite recall how long I was at that particular effort, but it wasn't too long when I decided that I'd better take a break before I get myself in deeper mud, etc.

I did just that --I went into the house, got myself a little snack, and took it to the front porch to relax. I didn't get much relaxing done though; all I could think about was how I should be able to get that truck out of there. I could call Jon to come pull

me out with the tractor; but that would be so embarrassing! No, I should be able to get that truck out of there! I was getting concerned because it was fast approaching milking time and the truck was in the cows' path, for sure.

Before I knew it, and to my later regret, I was up and out trying to get the truck unstuck in the mud by driving it forward and backward by little increments. In not too long of a period of time, the truck and I were inconveniently placed at the southeast corner of the big red barn. The truck was right up against it, scraping the passenger's side rear fender. I could have died! I thought this was a fine mess I had gotten myself into! I couldn't go very far forward or backward without the truck scraping. Good grief!

I was quiet for a moment; then I opened the door, stepped out of the truck, trodded to the gate, and then up to the house to call Jon to come pull me out with the tractor.

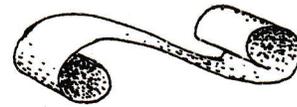
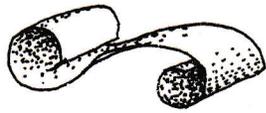
Sure enough he was there in no time at all. It didn't seem to take him very long to pull out the truck. A large dent was apparent--about a couple feet long and a half a foot wide, if I remember correctly. I felt just awful! Jon was understanding and reassuring, though. He thought it would be O.K. because it really didn't damage any working parts of the truck--it just didn't look very good. I carefully drove the truck and strategically placed it dented-side not facing the house, where it wouldn't be easily seen.

Maynard wasn't as upset as I thought he would be when he got back from his family trip and saw the truck. I was relieved! But I did feel so bad.

I enjoyed that week at the farm; but it had its moments as I mentioned above. It was good to have the Kaufman's back. Things on the farm just weren't the same if it wasn't a group effort!

Since that summer, I think back on how special the time spent there really was--so many valuable things were learned. My hope is that my interests and desires will continue to grow as they did that summer I spent on what I affectionately refer to now as "The Farm."





"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF. . ."

This chapter is on the recent activities of people from the School of Homesteading and the Land Trust Farm. Some have sent sketches of their activities, others have written from time to time, and I have "lifted" bits from letters, and regretted not saving other letters, written a diary, etc. all those years. Hopefully this section will give you some idea of what people are doing and thinking. My apologies for errors, and omissions.

Somehow it seems appropriate for me to start with our family. Adrian is still at the Learning Center, and is a good worker at home. He helps feed the animals when milking, unloads and stacks wood, helps in the garden, can fork hay and move around bales. He likes school, plays polyhockey and snowshoes in Special Olympics, belongs to the Explorers troop at the Learning Center (the only Special Ed. troop in the state.) Our biggest frustration is he is mostly non-verbal; will whisper only to me.

Maynard retired from WMU the end of December, 1987, and is a full-time farmer. In 1982 we bought 60 acres adjoining our land to the north to give us a little more alfalfa and grazing land. Milking cows now number on one side or the other of 20, depending on how many are dry. And this fall Maynard began on the next step of his farm plan--be bought a registered Angus bull the size equal to our Holsteins. In three or four years the plan is to shift over to a beef herd. In addition to working with MLT and OGM he organized Southwest Michigan Greens in 1987. They meet monthly in Kalamazoo, send out a Newsletter, read and discuss books exploring the Green perspective, and have begun task forces on community issues. A high point of '87 was a trip to Amherst, Massachusetts, for the first national Green gathering.

I have cut down the gardens considerably; even the red raspberries occupy about half the space they did. We took out the blackberries, and added black raspberries to the small fruits garden a few years ago. I am also filling in the empty spaces in the blueberries with different kinds of holly bushes, and several bayberries. That's for fun! My biggest selling vegetable crop is miniature Indian corn. And maple syrup with a new evaporator and an adequate building has become a big crop, and probably our favorite since it opens the spring. It's still a family affair. I have continued to work in the Bangor Area Arts and Crafts Council, and organized a Friends of the Library last year. I raise quite a few dried flowers, and enjoy making things with them.

Conrad lives in Kalamazoo, and has started on a masters in Anthropology. He works occasionally as a "shovel bum" for the archeologists, and works here a couple days a week. He has moved back into art again, and is doing "Illuminations", illustrated poetry which have been selling well.

Nathan and his wife, Carole (Cricket) Courtney, live in the country outside Champagne-Urbana where Nathan works with the linear accelerator at the University of Illinois, and Cricket has worked as a fund-raiser for the University. (Nathan earned a masters degree in Physics at the University of Chicago.) They have two children, Isaac, born in 1985, and Naomi Michal, born in 1987. They grow vegetables and fruits, and have a few chickens and cats.

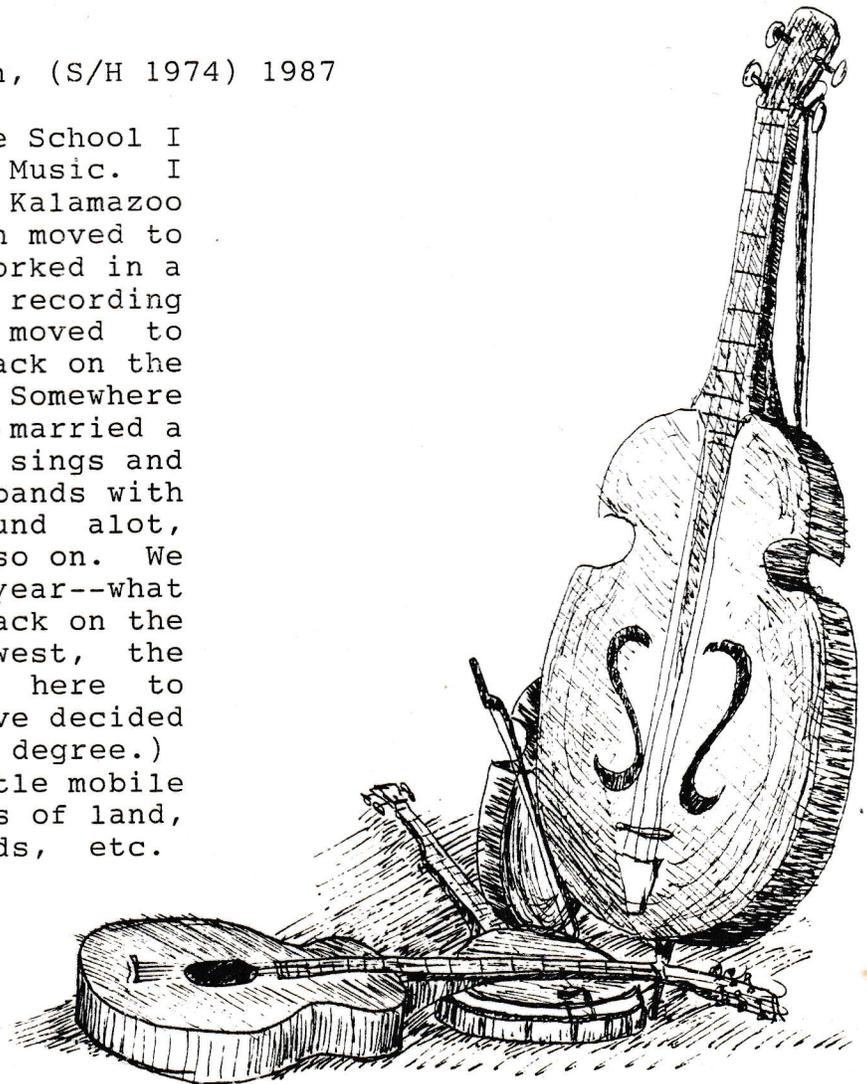
Jonathan is still on the Land Trust Farm putting theories of Permaculture into practice. He finished his B.S. at WMU in Agriculture and Environmental Studies. He and his wife, Bobbi Martindale, have a son Shannon, born in 1986. Bobbi is a teacher, and this year is working with the Head Start program in Bangor.

Karl became a practical nurse, then went to school to repair electronic equipment in hospitals. He also works with a substance abuse program. He is divorced, has twin girls, one a redhead and one a blonde, born in 1984.

Needless to say all the grandchildren are beautiful, bright, talented, cute, etc., etc., etc.

Catch-up on Mark Van Allen, (S/H 1974) 1987

Shortly after leaving the School I got seriously involved in Music. I played in bands around Kalamazoo for several years, then moved to South Carolina where I worked in a music store and ran a recording studio. The studio moved to Nashville and I went back on the road for several years. Somewhere in there (August, '81) I married a really great girl who sings and plays keyboards in the bands with me. We've moved around alot, playing on the road and so on. We lived in Las Vegas for a year--what an experience! Then back on the road, California, Midwest, the Carolinas. We moved here to Atlanta last year and have decided to settle down (to a degree.) We've bought a nice little mobile home on a couple acres of land, have a garden and woods, etc.



We're playing music full time and doing some recording and just generally enjoying life. The music life has really been very good over all for me--some lean times, but a really great thing overall. I've played on well over a hundred records (nobody famous yet!) and played in 47 states and Canada. As you can see I've been busy.

I often think of and talk to people about the homesteading school. What a great think to experience. The thoughts and lessons of that time will stay with me always--as will the urge to find a piece of land and go for it--if I can ever shake these music addictions.

A number of people from the farms are involved in MLT, so we see each other pretty regularly.

Swan Huntoon, Mike Kruk, Mike and Thom Phillips, Mark Thomas, Jan Filonowicz have been/are Directors. Swan works in Battle Creek on computers, married Rhonda Sherman in June. Rhonda is also part of MLT, is working on her masters degree, and in the Environmental Studies Program as the executive secretary. They bought Tom Bresnau's house near Lawton, and live next door to Mike Kruk, and Mike Phillips. Mike, Lisa, and their son, Jamie Phillips live on several acres and are putting Permaculture into practice on their acreage. Lisa is working on her masters in geology, and works for a company in Kalamazoo that tests water quality. Mike is working toward his nursing degree. Mark Thomas manages the Paw Paw Coop, as well as raising and selling produce at South Haven's Farmers Market. Thom Phillips lives on the edge of Kalamazoo. Having finished his degree in teaching he works in construction!

Jan Filonowicz married Steve Petersen in December, 1987. Steve is part of OGM and raises pigs on the family farm near Decatur. Joe and Marty, whom many of you know, have made their home permanently in Florida.

More bits and pieces later...





The Saga of a Homesteader -Diane Heseltine Maltby (S/H 1977)
1985

March, 1978. Don and I moved to the U.P., bought a run-down abandoned log cabin. Buried under 2.5 feet of snow it looked like just the place. The only place in our price range. Complete with holes in the wall big enough for a bear to creep in. Running water? Oh, sure, we ran out to the well to pump it. The city slickers move north. Young and naïvé, looking back I laugh. Our first wood pile--I was so proud thinking we had it made for the winter. Fortunately before winter came we were made aware that the pile would have to grow eight times.

And that porcupine who lived under the house when we moved in. He didn't bother us until we lay in bed at night and he'd start chewing away on the logs. So there we are in the dark of night with our flashlight glowing and a stick ten feet long because I'm just sure porcupines shoot their quills. We couldn't get too close. Some neighbors reassured us porkies don't shoot their quills. We had alot to learn about these northern woods. The summer went fast. The hours were long. The work was never finished.

The garden was started before we were allowed in the house (all the papers hadn't been processed.) I remember that day well. What a grand introduction to the neighborhood. I was turning some soil, Don decides to start cleaning out an old log shed. Why he burned stuff in a barrel resting on tall, dry grass we'll never know--call it naïvé, or just plain stupid. The wind quickly spread the fire around the yard. Jumping into the VW Bug I raced down to the neighbor. Did I knock before I hysterically ran in? Quite calmly, their hands elbow deep in smelt, they point to the phone. Crazy country operator kept asking "Carol, is that you, Carol?" She is not getting my message, our home could be on fire and we haven't even signed all the papers. "No! This is not Carol, my name's Diane. You don't know me, just get the Fire Department. Where do I live? Just a minute--" My new neighbors who are now looking at me wide-eyed, fill me in. Oh, boy. "Thanks for letting me use the phone, I'm your new neighbor." First impressions, wow! I race home to find the yard totally afire. Don is running with buckets to the well, throwing water around the house. I join him. Sirens are heard in the distance. How long will it take for them to get here? We can't burn down this house, not yet. Here comes the fire truck followed by a car, then a truck, two cars. Oh, no, here comes the whole neighborhood!

Hi! Yes, we're the new kids in town who tried to burn their house down. Pleasure to meet you, too. The fire truck stretched its hose to the outhouse which was now ablaze. Don and I put on back-packs with spray nozzles to put out the fire in the yard.

What an adventure. It was over. All had been saved. Except the outhouse, no building lost. We joked with Thor, the fireman, electrician, and town constable about those crazy country operators. It wasn't until years later I found out that crazy operator was Thor's wife! Put foot in mouth and learn important lesson. In a small town everybody's related to everybody so be careful what you say and do. We learned and eventually became well accepted into the community. But for many years we layed low and close to home. There was alot of work to do.

Our first year's garden did real well. Soon after it was all captured in jars Dawn Harvest was born. That winter Don was laid off from his construction job and we lived on \$70 a week. Probably another reason we never went anywhere. We skied and skated around the yard and took long walks down country roads pushing the baby in the sled.

Summer number III. Our dairy-farming neighbors bring down the manure spreader and pile us up. Ahhh--the sweet smell reminded me of the farm. We set our garden up in raised beds. Made our beds no wider than what could be reached from either side. The soil never had to be stepped on. Now our soil is very easy to work. That year we had a beautiful garden. All the seeds had been started in a small hot house we had made that spring.

We were proud and with every right to be. The garden was great, our daughter was growing more beautiful every day, and our house after much work was inhabitable, but small. That's when I came up with another great (???) idea. We should look for an old log cabin to tear down. Then build it as close to this house as we could. Cut through both houses and connect them. Wasn't long after I saw the ad "Log cabin to be torn down \$300." We set to work.

By the fall of '79 we were ready to rent a U-Haul truck to haul home our new house, log by log.

Come the spring of '80 we were ready. Every log was draw-knifed to clean it up. The inside walls had been hand hewn. Several logs on one side were too rotten and had to be replaced. We gathered rocks, and a few friends, had a cement truck drop a load into the waiting foundation and worked our way up. The two houses went together quite well. Was a fun, one-of-a-kind experience connecting two old cabins into one. Wish I could tell you more, show you, explain the way it was before, how it became what it is now, and where it is going, but this is a letter and sometime, sooner or later it's got to come to an end. I'd better get off the subject of the house and on to what we are doing now.

At one point Don was hired by the Mid-Peninsula School in Perkins (one mile from our house.) Part-time. Janitorial. Lucky-find for a job. Limited job opportunities in a town the size of Perkins. Don and Oscar (our 70 year old neighbor) cleaned the school. Soon Oscar's retirement came. Don cleaned the Perkins

school alone. The Mid-Pen district consisted of two schools, 1 to 5 at Perkins, K 6-12 at Rock (a town ten miles away.)

The school district consolidated into one new building, behind our house--through the woods and across the field. Not a long distance away, how convenient. The seniority custodian at the old Rock school retires making Don the head caretaker of this brand-new school, that is practically, but not quite, in our back yard. A new school that is heated with a wood-chip burning stove (an interesting operation.) Anyway Don used to hang around while they were building it. Talking to the guys that were putting it together. Knowing he was going to be responsible for maintaining it. He is having fun and so am I.

Before I start telling you what I'm doing let me not forget to mention that Melanie was born April 20, 1982, at home. Super-cool birth. Super-cool baby. Super-cool kid now going to be four. And Dawn Harvest seven.

My time is going on. My life in a nutshell.

Right now I am finishing working on a Associates Degree in Escanaba at the Community College. Graduate in spring. Plan to attend Northern in Marquette, a forty to fifty mile drive, fall semester. Working towards an Elementary Ed. degree. I've been working along with Dawn's classes through the years. Making projects with the kids. Our latest project--the unit was the solar system. Well, I asked the teacher if she wanted to make papier-maché planets. Blow up balloons according to planet size and papier-maché them. The class divided into groups; each group made a planet. The planets were painted and hung from the ceiling. Each group was responsible for an oral report on their planet. These second and third graders put on an excellent presentation. We have invited the parents to come and see this Friday. Yesterday the class was allowed a trip to the Planetarium in Marquette. My first experience, a good show. Also with the kids I made a type of star gazer with a shoe box and index cards with the shapes of constellations punched out. Anyway I feel like I'm rambling--the idea is I'm going for an Elementary Ed. degree and working with Dawn's class and having a good time. The teachers have been real receptive to ideas and help. And I'm learning. Getting a chance to try out some ideas while gaining experience; at the same time I'm helping to enrich my daughter's education. It's fun and basically that is what we are doing with our lives is having fun. We are active cross-country skiers and skaters. Riding bikes in summer. I work (soon to be "I used to work") one day a week at a Bike and Ski shop. I could purchase our "toys" wholesale. Another good deal in our lives.

Our gardens grow every year. Our fruit trees should produce soon. The maple trees are growing. We used to tap trees on some property down the road. Now we just buy it from our neighbor who has a little business. Sells it at a good price.

Oh, I used to make cheese, too, after leaving the farm. When I could buy milk from my neighbor, but she went Grade B. Now under rules and regulations she can't sell, so no more milk for cheese. I do manage a food buying club. We buy good organic "base" food from a warehouse in Madison every other month. Still make yogurt regularly and bread. Grind wheat/corn by hand. But we do have running water, hot and cold, and we don't even have to go outside. That's another long story how and why we got water, but that one will have to wait.

I think I'm doing good so far catching up on eight years. A little windy, but what can you expect for eight years?

The Evolution of Thom Phillips (LTF 1981) 1987

Growing up in a suburb of Detroit, I watched as small, nearly identical homes deemed to clone themselves, springing up side by side across the land. The sprawl ceased just to the north of us. We were near the buffer zone between the undeveloped rural area and the continuous movement, lights, and sounds of civilization in the twentieth century.

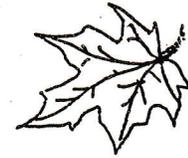
As I became mobile I often found myself spending time in the "boonies". I wasn't sure what attracted me to the woods and fields, but something about it felt right. I knew I belonged there. I recall feeling more tranquil, more an integral part of the universe.

It was years later that frustration with the learning taking place in my business classes at WMU led me to focus on Environmental Studies. After graduating I got my chance to see what it was really like to live "out there" on the farm. The Michigan Land Trustees Homesteading program offered the opportunity to fulfill a dream of learning about rural life by living it. It was no surprise that I found the rural lifestyle was for me. I'd known it all along.

Fooding -Greg Smith

Came in late and saw signs the cat was out of catfood. A banana skin was legged into the silverware drawer. My fresh stick of butter on the counter was tongued. Things looked defeated. Years ago in Arizona, I had carrots and honey for dinner. That's all there was. Arranged on a nice paper plate, carrots here, honey there. Proper, and with a nice glass of water. I felt morose about it. Didn't know enough, back then to be glad I wasn't my cat eating a goddamn banana skin/butter sandwich. I've come along some, since.





Life in Vermont -Kate Abrams (LTF 1980) 1985

My ever-changing lifestyle keeps getting closer to my goals for a perfect life. I hope I never get all I want out of life--what would I do then?

The most obvious benefit I received from the school materialized last May, four years after I left the homestead. The homestead is where I met Dave Nagle, and we kept in touch until I finally asked him if I could move out to his farm in Vermont. I moved into an empty cabin in May '84, and spent the summer growing and marketing three acres of vegetables. That first summer here has given me valuable experience and I am approaching my second summer with fresh ideas and more confidence. I have a better idea of what to expect from the garden and the customers who buy my produce.

Dave introduced me to a fiddler who drew me into his circle of musicians/friends. We play monthly contra dances--and occasionally we play other jobs and make a little pocket money.

The cabin measures fifteen by nineteen feet and has a sleeping loft. There is no electricity or phone up here. Water comes through a plaster pipe from a spring on the mountain, but only during certain months. Other months the water is gathered from rain off the roof or from buckets carried up the hill from the house.

During part of the winter I got part time work as low "man" on the totem pole at a local grocery store. I quit after three months--bought a knitting machine and seventy pounds of wool yarn, and now I am self employed full-time as one of those infamous home knitters you heard so much about. I have made enough sweaters to pay off my entire debt. . .Knitting is to be my winter occupation, and gardening is my summer job. They compliment each other nicely.

August. I have lowered my expectations of my garden. Earwigs have destroyed my lettuce crop. . .Drought has stopped the growth of my garden. Summer squash are rotting before they are big enough to pick. Beautiful big onions have rotten spots in them. I think I won't have any melons to sell. Corn seems to be doing very well, and I've been digging and selling carrots and potatoes like mad. I had carrots two weeks before any one else at the market. Farmers market has been lots of fun. With all the vegetables, syrup and wool products that I sell, I have the most variety of anyone there.

Dave hired a guy with a portable sawmill, a "wood-mizer", to saw out some logs for future building projects. Dave and Randolph are considering buying such a sawmill and they wanted to see it in action. It does a good job and creates very little sawdust.

February, 1988. A visit with Lynda Markison Clark brought news that Kate has a baby about a year old, and operates a successful knitting business. Lynda has three children, has gone back to school, and operates a dairy with her husband.

-Steve and Jan Rauworth (S/H 1979) settled in Colorado. Steve had his masters from the University of Michigan in Environmental Advocacy, and his dream was to live near native Americans. With another couple they developed a mail order catalog of birthing equipment for midwives and home births. They have recently moved to a "log home on 20 acres with fruit trees, garden and strawberry beds as well as a greenhouse and garage. Steve is still at the insectory [lab technician] and I am working for International Rehabilitation Associates as a vocational rehab counselor."

-Susen Pinney Johnson (S/H 1973) is a certified psychiatric registered nurse, who until recently worked at the Kalamazoo State Hospital. Her husband, David, is a bus driver for Indian Trails. They have two children, one six and one born December 1987.

-Lauri Logan (S/H 1985) is at a Junior College in Grand Rapids, finishing her degree in Occupational Therapy. She would like to combine O.T. and gardening.

-Dan Adams (S/H 1977) and his wife, Linda, live in Cass City, Michigan. Dan goes to Bad Axe for his job with the Farmers Home Administration--is another graduate in agriculture from Michigan State University.

-Juliet Minard (S/H 1981) and her husband, Scott Stensaas, lived in Berrien Springs for a number of years. Juliet worked first for the Van Buren Soil Conservation District, and then with a Co-op as an Integrated Pest Management scout. Scott was a lawyer with Legal Aid. They now live in Davison, Michigan, have a large garden and chickens, and a two year old son, Rudy. They expect their second child, to be born at home, in March 1988.

-Soozi Connors Borland (S/H 1977) and her husband, Dave live in Autaugaville, Alabama, where Dave operates a tree nursery for the soil conservation service. Soozie finished her degree in horticulture. They have a son.

-Jim Burgel, our methane man from 1974, settled on an acre of land outside Santa Fe and is occupied on his off hours building his own house. He is a contractor, doing all the trades himself, and has as many calls as he can handle.

-Mary Snook (S/H 1974) married Michael Negrevski, a commercial artist, and lives in Kalamazoo.

-Jim Laatsch (S/H 1981) has moved to the family farm in Indiana where he has been growing and selling vegetables with brother John and sister-in-law, Linda. Margaret, his mother and Linda spent time at the LTF in the Permaculture Design Course (1985) and the week-end workshop (1986) respectively. Margaret was elected to the MLT Board of Directors this winter.

A Stolen Spring Morning --Sally Kaufman

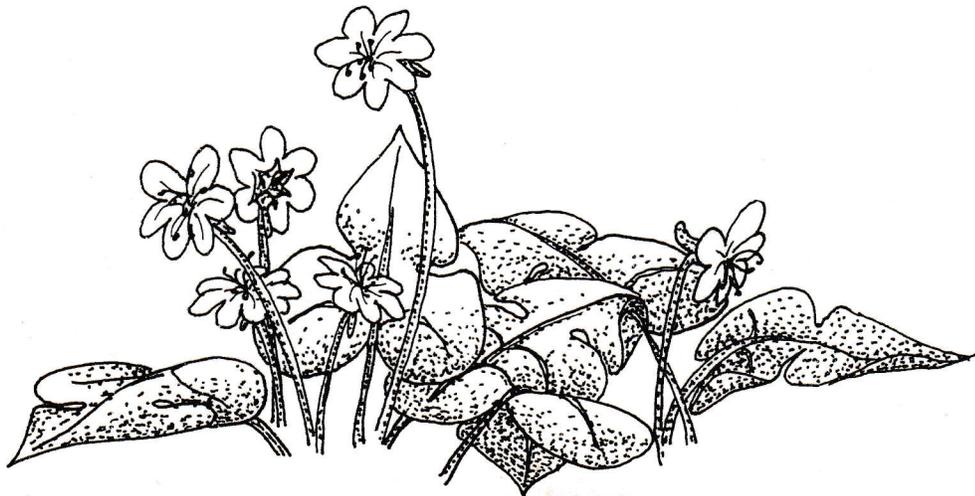
The wind was cold, but it was a bright sunny day when my sister-in-law and I headed for the woods, leaving children and husbands behind. Our goal was a small patch of watercress in the stream that curls itself through the woods and swamp to the Black River.

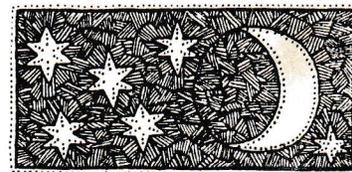
Now that watercress has a history. Being a town girl I had many Eden-like dreams of what country living was about. One of those was a clear cold stream complete with all the watercress we could eat growing along its banks. When we moved to Bangor there was the stream, but no watercress. For three springs I started pots of watercress which we then carried to the stream, and carefully sunk them into the dirt at the edge of it. Each summer high waters carried the plants away to garnish some other family's lunch table. To make a long story short, we eventually found two large patches of watercress where tree roots had caught the plants and held them. One was deep in the swamp and since I never was very accomplished at hummock-hopping I opted for the more accessible patch.

We moved over the soft ground, stepping on branches and humps of grass to avoid sinking into the mud. The watercress was still small, but there it lay, suspended in the clear cold water. We carefully nipped enough to spark our dinner salad. Our gift to the woods had been accepted, made its own, and now held the promise of an abundant return.

Through the tree branches the sun winked, beckoning us on. We decided to see what other treasures the woods could yield. Sure enough there was witch-hazel covered with tiny yellow buds. And below them were the beginnings of a yellow glow where the lowland is covered with marsh marigolds.

Heading up toward drier ground we found hepaticas in bloom, bright dots of blue, pink, and white against the brown of fallen leaves. And the final surprise was a clump of partridgeberry with several red berries that the birds hadn't found. Soon I must go back to see what new treasures spring will bring.





A Look at Saudi Arabia With Susan Cors (S/H 1973) 1984

Believe it or not I'm in Saudi Arabia. I wanted to find out what corporate life would be like. Unfortunately it's pretty much what I expected. I'm working for the Arabian American Oil Company (ARAMCO) in Dhahran on the east coast about 140 miles south of Kuwait. I'm working as a midwife in the company hospital. Most of the patients are Saudis, although there are nineteen different nationalities working for the company. I applied for this job a few years back when I was having some money problems. Just when those were clearing up I received a job offer and decided to "go for it" anyway. So I'm going to make money, learn lots of things, and travel.

I'm getting a first hand look at polygamy, inbreeding, genetic disease, female circumcision, an ancient culture, deserts, and American presence in developing countries, and censorship. There is an American air base right next to our camp and the jets zoom overhead at all hours. This is a very strategic spot and security is very tight. All the expatriates live on camps or compounds. Our camp has recently been opened to Saudis and there are lots of new restrictions to live with. Not so bad for me because I didn't know any different--but very difficult for some who have been here for years.

The Saudis are taking over the company as they gain expertise, which is as it should be. ARAMCO also has to support government projects in the Eastern province (de-salinization plants, processing natural gas and an agricultural project.) It affects me because we take all the high risk OB patients from the area--whether they are company dependents or not. I'm getting experience with things I've only read about before. On the other hand there's a tremendous amount of waste, and I'm not a person here--just a hired pair of hands. I haven't met many people yet, and few of those have the same priorities I do.

1985. I've been very busy procrastinating about my Master's papers. I have my proposal half written down, and a good bit in my head--but can I finish it? I always thought that one of the "things" I received at the School of Homesteading was an attitude where I could set a goal and work to complete it. . .

For my paper I'm going to do some descriptive statistics on the characteristics (medical and a little social) on who delivers at this hospital and what the outcomes are. Not much has been written on local customs--but I did find a paper written in the '60's by the Arabian Affairs department here. It's really interesting because even though there has been much social change here evidences of the old customs still abound. We still see things that were "disappearing" when the original paper was written. Facial tattooing, henna packs, cautery (burning the patient to drive away pains--you don't dare complain again!), circumcision, charms against the evil eye and dietary taboos plus

many other customs are evident every day. I've always been amazed here that the women often refuse a drink after delivery--even though it's very hot and they may not have had anything for hours. Now I find out that liquids are "taboo" for forty days after delivery. Some believe that because you are in the hospital you can have a drink--but many think they will get enough water from their food. So even if I don't finish the paper I learned some about this place.

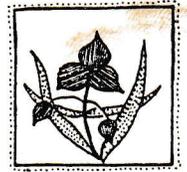
1986. Now I'm in New Mexico working for the State. Went to China on an obstetrical exchange in October. Started doing births when I got back.

Another of our "graduates" Mike Wybo (S/H 1977) expressed another perspective when he wrote in 1985.

Presently I am in Yugoslavia where my wife, Jane, is teaching this school year. I currently find myself doing either monitoring and evaluation work for development projects (Ag economist) or working as an administrative support to host country project and ministry administrators. This involves alot of applying micro computers to their particular administrative situations, or, as most recently, doing both jobs at the same time. I will be returning to Niger in March in the latter role on a short term (5 months), maybe long term (2 years) contract unless a permanent position with USAID comes through. . .

It was a bit discouraging to see American lack of awareness of the current food and agricultural situation. Africa is experiencing severe food shortages and mass migration from rural areas to not only urban areas but out of the country to more productive regions. Anyone without proper identification in Niamey these days risks being put in a truck and shipped out to the countryside. Traveling one sees numerous families walking out of the countryside, maybe for the third or fourth time. I've visited villages that have been completely deserted and one which was inhabited only by corpses (we must have arrived before the government people because they don't allow that kind of information out and none of our group will say what they saw.) At any rate it's a bit sick to see that America can only absorb a reality which is presented in a slick media campaign without realizing where the place is or that it's only part of a larger problem (and drought is only part of Ethiopia's problem, they've been at civil war for twenty years now.)





A Spring Story -Wendy Lane Carpenter Price (S/H 1976)

Here in South Central Kentucky we have "bottoms"--fields that lay low along the river banks, that usually get flooded in the spring, as well as getting the high fields' run-off deposited on them as the river recedes. The bottoms are rich and fertile, but it's always risky putting a crop on them because of the flooding. In May, 1983, we had two milk cows--a Jersey named Blossom we had purchased in November the previous year, due to calve on May 13, and Ellie, a Jersey-Holstein cross we'd raised from a two-month old calf, who had calved in November. We had tried to raise a crop of corn in the bottom the summer before, but had it flooded out. So now we were raising a fine crop of weeds. Each morning after milking Ellie, I would let her and Blossom out of the barnyard and into the lane so they could go down to the bottom to graze. Then at night Dennis would send our Border Collie, Cletus, down to the bottom and she would round up the cows and bring them back to the barn so Ellie could be milked. The night of May 13 it started raining. The 14th it rained off and on all day, but not too heavy of a rain. So the morning of the 15th I let the cows out as usual. Well, it started pouring down by mid-afternoon and was "cats and dogs" by the time Dennis got home from work and sent Cletus down to get the cows. In a short time she appeared at the barn soaking wet, but with no cows. Dennis trudged down the hill to the bottom with the dog, trying to send her ahead with no luck. She stayed right with him all the way down the hill. When he got to the edge of the field he found water. With the pouring rain, the night was blacker than usual (and did I tell you Ellie is solid black herself?) and the sound of the rain muffled his cries to the cows. He waded out in the water til it reached his chest, then turned around and came out of the field. He walked along the fence line on the side of the field next to the woods going up the hill, but found no cows. In a short distance the other fence line disappeared into water. It seemed there was nothing left to do but come home and wait until morning when we could see. We both had nightmares all night long, and got very little sleep. Had they somehow managed to get to high ground? It didn't seem likely as they would have had to break through barbed wire fences to do so. Had they tried to get to the other side of the river? That seemed possible, but wouldn't they be quickly swept downstream as soon as they got into the middle of the river? And what of Blossom--already two days late--would she have her calf as she floated downstream, drowning it as it came out? We felt we had probably lost them both and the calf. It was not at all a pleasant thought. We decided that I would go down to the bottom first thing in the morning. (Dennis had to leave early for work) and see if I could find them anywhere. Then, if I couldn't find them, I would call the sheriff, our magistrate and the local radio station, and put out bulletins on two lost and perhaps dead cows. Then I would drive over to the other side of the river and hunt for them there. Sometime in the night the rain stopped and by morning a calm lay over most everything except for the rushing springs as

water flowed down the hillsides toward the river. Each step I took toward the bottom made the knot in my stomach grow bigger and tighter. I was afraid I would find them--dead. When I reached the bottom of the hill I could see that the whole field (all eight acres of it) was under water--and there--far out in the field were the two cows--alive! I could just see their backs and heads. The water was up that high. They were facing away from me, but when I called Ellie's name she turned and started swimming toward me with Blossom bringing up the rear. They must have found the highest place in the field to stand on, because they swam to within twenty feet of me before they could get their hooves on solid ground and walk out. They swam about two hundred yards to reach me--I was impressed! Blossom got turned around once and started swimming frantically in circles, but I kept calling her name and she finally made it out. They must have stood on that spot in the water all night long. As we walked up the hill, their gate was slow and we stopped a number of times for a rest. Ellie's udder was swollen and milk squirted out in a steady stream the whole way back to the barn. Blossom looked as big as ever, so she had not yet calved. I felt such a relief at them both being alive I wanted to hug them. After I got them in the barnyard, I went back to the house for the milk bucket and called Dennis at work to give him the news. I wish I could say that was the end of an awful experience--but not yet. Blossom calved that very night, a little heifer calf. The next day she was down with milk fever and we had the vet come and help her. Two weeks later she came down with ketosis and the vet came back out. I can't help thinking that her night in the river, maybe even holding back the birth of her calf, helped to cause some of her problems. She pulled through, though, and went on to have another calf the next May in a "cats and dogs" thunderstorm--but that's another story.

Wendy and Dennis first built a shop on their farm, and have lived there as they have worked on their house. With the exception of the cement work they have done all the construction themselves, sometimes using new, sometimes used lumber. As of December, 1987, all the dry wall is up inside; they have running water and electricity with a solar hot water heater. The shop had a wood heated hot water tank, and an outhouse. They expect to be in the house by Christmas, 1988.

Wendy has bought a knitting machine and sold a bumper crop of personalized Christmas stockings. She expects to expand to sweaters.

They have raised veal calves, fed milk from Ellie and Blossom. But their main crop is lambs. From her December note--"Lambing season has started--long days, longer nights. But watching those bouncing baby lambs in the field makes it all worth while."



Apis Mellifera -Dennis Price (S/H 1976)

This story is about intelligence and behavior in a so-called lower form of life: in this case Apis Mellifera, the honey bee. It is also about vengeance.

I had been keeping bees for about three years. I had three hives and up to this point I had a quite amiable relationship with the bees. They allowed me to look through the frames to check on their well-being, and to take surplus honey from time to time. I enjoyed showing friends and family brave enough to don veil and gloves, frames of brood, pointing out drone, worker and queen cells. Queen cells were always removed to prevent swarming, which is where the trouble began.

Since I had not been allowing the hives to rear their own queens I was going to replace the queens with one purchased through the mail, a common practice. The method I chose to requeen with is called the double screen method. The hives were made up of two hive bodies (boxes full of comb-filled frames.) I would separate the boxes, find the queen and place her in the lower box along with most of the empty frames. In the upper box would go frames filled with eggs and young brood, plus the package with the new queen. Dividing the boxes is a board with a hole in the middle. The hole has a piece of window screen stapled over both sides. The board has a raised lip which runs along the edge and leaves a gap at the back.

The idea of this method is to have two queens in the hive, both laying and active. The board and screens keep the queens apart while allowing the scent of the two chambers to mix. The gap at the back of the board allows the field bees to leave, but they will not reenter through this gap. Being creatures of habit they will enter through the front of the hive in the lower chamber. This leaves only nurse bees with the new queen. Nurse bees are young, just hatched bees who care for the brood and are the least defensive of all workers. After a couple of weeks the board can be removed and the two queens will continue to lay eggs together in the hive until fall when the workers will eliminate the weaker.

That, of course, is theory. In practice this is what happened: I always approach and work my hives from the rear to interfere least with the bees' flight path in and out of the hive. Because I was behind the hive I did not see and just plain forgot that the hive had another entrance, namely a hole drilled in the upper chamber in case the bottom should be blocked with snow. Through this hole worker bees, much more aggressive than the nurse bees, could come and go.

A few days later I opened the hive to see if the queen had been released from the small cage she had been shipped in. She had, but she was being killed by the workers. There was a cluster of

workers the size of a ping pong ball clamped on the queen and rolling her round the hive. The workers didn't sting her, they just rolled her around until she was exhausted. I had heard of this practice, but was quite shocked to witness it. The queen was helpless and made a loud peeping noise, as if crying for help. To answer her pleas I reached in and shook the workers off her. Then to my amazement she flew away.

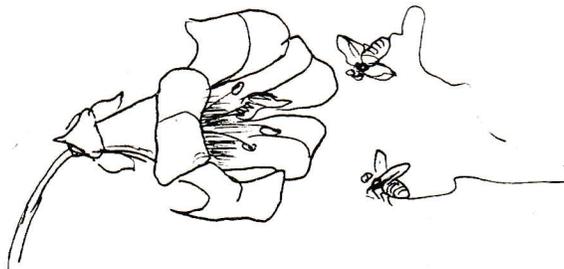
I then checked the lower chamber to see if I could find the old queen. I could not, nor could I find eggs or young brood. This meant the old queen was dead or lost. How I don't know. What I do know is the workers did not like it.

Scientists tell us that the queen gives off scents which soothe the hive, and a queenless hive is more easily upset. That is putting it mildly. These bees were mad and they knew whom to blame.

The hives were located behind the house, out of sight of our kitchen door, garden, and driveway. Yet if we walked outside for only a few minutes a bee would find us. The bee would hover around our faces as if it was checking for a positive identification. When it was sure, it would fly right at one of our faces. Wendy and I were both stung on the cheeks and lips. We began to wear bee veils when picking lettuce from the garden, and to make mad dashes for the car if we wanted to leave.

The strange thing about this was the sense that the bees knew we were responsible for the loss of their monarch and they wanted to get even. If we sat in the car when we returned from town soon a bee would appear flying around the windshield. Then in a few minutes another, then another until a dozen or so bees would be flying about the glass looking at us. They did not pay attention to the car when we were not in it. Nor did they bother the cows grazing near their hives. No, they wanted us! And they never just attacked without warning. No stinger in the back. They always hovered just in front of our faces for a few seconds, then wham! straight at our faces.

In a week or so the hive was requeened with another purchased queen and their behavior returned to the passive state we had known. But we were never quite the same. Mistrust and fear once taken root are hard to dig out! We also have a respect for the intelligence of these creatures. You might say, we got their point!



Life With Susan Grabber Rainsford (LTF 1981) and Guy Rainsford (S/H 1981)

I must be crazy! How can I possibly sit down at 10 A.M. and write you a letter? Christina [their daughter] is waking from her nap, I signed up for the mid-morning feeding of our latest batch of kids (born yesterday, they haven't got the hang of nursing yet;) one load of wash done, two yet to be hung out in the sun to dry, breakfast not yet completely cleared away, milking equipment on the counter to clean, have to leave at 11:30 for a meeting of the Vestry and HATE going to town with goat-shit on my shoes (or worse!) This only represents pre-maintenance stuff, then there's the maintenance work (like bread baking and what do we do for dinner??) and extras (typing on Guy's project, bill-paying, etc.) HOW have you managed to keep your sense of humor through it all? This may be presumptuous of me, BUT...

I think I'm beginning to get a glimmer of what your life's been like.

In setting-up and going-with this lifestyle--what's the name for it again?? I think most of my friends think that I'm vacationing here in the country--there are cherished dreams. It's good to work with the earth, to work alongside your husband, to have space and quiet, to do 'hands-on' nurturance of life.

But in reality...

"We" cleaned the barn last week. Everybody came. The sun shone. Outside people laughed and hollered, or found a quiet cup of tea in the kitchen. I set it up because I cherish working alongside others--getting sweaty and dirty together. So where was I? In the kitchen with the tea kettle!! It's the times of our lives; they just don't seem to go together. I love feeding people, I enjoy tending children; I don't seem to be able to manage to do those things while cleaning out the barn--which I also enjoy doing. It is possible to have too much of a good thing.

How thankful I am to have had a summer in Bangor when I could spend days plowing in the field while the sun shone, when hours could be applied to the fixing of a tractor--a job well done. No doubt I'm expressing nothing more than the housewife's lament. Being "on call" to the needs of many different people leaves us with only minutes grabbed here and there in which to "accomplish". Hours seem hard to find-- chopped up as they are by "responsibilities".

§ § §

Our caravan arrived in Tennessee five days after leaving the woods of upper New York State. Eight goats, three dogs, two cats, one rabbit and Aunt Rita--three children (one nurse-every-three-hours baby,) two head-in-the-stars lovers, two cars and a U-Haul. What a sight! We lost Guy for six hours,

found him again with the aid of a park ranger and a deputy sheriff.

Guy's project went to press as we were leaving--"An Educational Resource for Christian Ministry in Agricultural and Rural Community Development in Low Income Countries." I'm really proud of it, him, and us for having accomplished a thesis, one so dear to our hearts, and at such great odds.

The backwoods has its radicals, too. We've met a family from South Africa who is putting together a video to be used to heighten awareness of U.S. involvement there--and an educational program coupled with it done by a young fellow who went to K College. Small world! [Guy's father was president of Kalamazoo College.]

"Farm life" continues. I'm pleased with the quiet and manual work which allows me to reflect on the state-of-things. Christina slows me down and thereby keeps me from delving into busy-work. I sense that some basic re-structuring of my innards is going on. By that I think I mean that my attitude and approach to life are being defined or refined, and for that I am grateful.

Guy and Susan now have a boy, Ryland, born in 1987, and have moved to Baldwinsville, New York.

Ruth Agius S/H 1982. Ruth spent the summer of 1985 in England and Scotland, the opportunity provided by the Council on International Educational Exchange. She worked on a 280 acre dairy farm in Devon, milking 90 Friesen cows. There she encountered WWOOF, Working Weekends on Organic Farms (Sativa is modeled on WWOOF,) and worked at Karma Farm near Cambridge. They grew flowers, vegetables, herbal hay, small grains, and had turkeys, chickens, a goat and cattle. Then on to a farm in Scotland where she milked 20 goats and 40 sheep, from which they made cheese and yogurt.

After graduating from WMU she went to work on the Farm Project at the University of California, Santa Cruz. The gardening method used there is French Intensive; Alan Chadwick originated the project. There Ruth learned, then took responsibility for raising vegetables, small fruits and flowers, as well as selling them. The last few months there she taught the new group. Ruth also honed her music and dancing skills.

At present Ruth is back in the Kalamazoo area working, and getting ready to go to Japan to teach English.

Greg Smith has remained in the Kalamazoo area. For the last few years he has been a glass blower, creating large beautiful vases, bowls, ets. He married another glass blower, Jean Hunderman, in

the spring, 1987. In the winter they blow glass; in the summer raise a few animals, a bit of feed, and a big garden on their farm near Texas Corners, in addition to going to art shows.

Heroes -Greg Smith

Up early, pattered around, went out and bought some bacon and eggs (pound of the first, dozen of the second) and had breakfast started before Jean even turned over. Listening to the radio with some bacon going pretty good and I have this Dr. Caldicott telling me how she quit the medical practice of treating hopeless cystic fibrosis kids in order to treat the broader helplessness of opposing nuclear war. A modern decision and I listen up, admirer of courage, morals, and ethics that I try to be, and back down the fire under the bacon.

From her accent I can tell she's Australian, but I don't mind, and she goes on to say that people in small towns like myself and Jean will survive the initial blast but this is not good news because the ozone layer will be obliterated and everything with eyes will go blind within a few days, including Jean's, whose are startling green, and mine, whose won't be able to behold hers anymore, then, and so might as well be.

The bacon grease is smoking, so I turn it down a little more and think I'll maybe change the station, having started out the day, so far, feeling proud to be up cooking before Jean for a change and the sky so blue and everything, and this noble lady, here, sort of turning it all sad. But instead I twist it up a bit, at the same time glad that Jean's not awake to hear it, and find the good doctor going on to say that millions of dead bodies will greet us hick survivors and they will grin and stink and rot and spread disease like typhoid against which no vaccinations will be available, what with rubble, hairs, and atoms adulterating the serum.

Jean, who does not know any Russians, is more than likely still asleep, unless she's gently wakened to the bacon smell, and I've not met any either, now, and I've got a hunch there's worse to come.

I've been sick with bronchitis for a spell and just this morning started feeling myself again and the bacon is done, the cheery toast is up and I call out to Jean, five minutes to breakfast. I get a groggy OK as Dr. Caldicott tells me the people in charge of nuclear bombings are old politicians who wish to consecrate their careers with winning and victory and glory and treating blind, typhoid Jean and I to a glowing breakfast of radioactive eggs, bacon, toast, butter, orange juice, one-a-day-brand multiple-vitamins-with-iron and jelly. I have this vision of all the life on the planet standing inside a gas chamber waiting for some doddering old fool to pull the lever and I can see why Dr. Caldicott quit nursing children in there and I'm once again glad that Jean isn't pregnant and hope she never will be and automatically move to the window to look out at the big oak in

the front yard that almost always cools this rage and hurt and hate. And from there, on upstairs to kiss Jean and tell her c'mon downstairs, anyway, godamnit.

Dr. Caldicott rattles on, and, crying harder now, I pour some bacon grease on the dog's crunchies which is much appreciated, and as the butter melts brown, I drop the eggs in the skillet. Neither yolk breaks and I make myself take it as a good sign. Dr. Caldicott gives an address I can write to but I only get part of it, and then she's gone and some classical stuff comes on. Jean is getting up and this is a helluva way to greet someone at breakfast, tears spitting in the pan, all blind and typhoid, the putrid swollen millions rotting...Christ. Even if I'd got the address, what was I supposed to say?

From Pam Priest Pitts (S/H 1976) 1985. I finally settled down and in September I married a sweetheart of a man named John Pitts--a very down-to-earth giving person--a carpenter, just turned general contractor, surfer, hiker, and accomplished bluegrass guitarist.

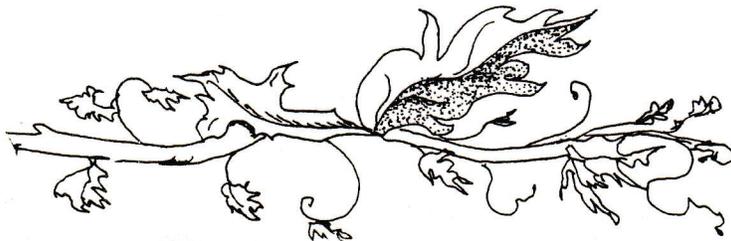
I had a beautiful baby girl the first of February, four days before my own birthday. Her name is Samantha Marie. She's almost 3½ months old, smiles all the time and has started her baby talk.

I've quit work for a couple years, but I am doing some bookkeeping for a natural food store in Santa Cruz, which helps with the income and I am able to do it at home.

Before the baby I had spent three years working for a natural food distributing company managing, office, etc. It was a small company owned by a married couple and we had two trucks for deliveries. I enjoyed it because I had so much responsibility to a variety of job roles.

This is a big year for John and me because not only did we have Samantha, but John's going to strike out on his own, being a general contractor. It is very scary since we have no ideas how we will weather the financial end. I will do all the accounting for the business, but I would also like to start going on jobs with John and learn "the trade."

We just moved into a two-bedroom apartment in a country setting. There is a cow pasture lined with Eucalyptus trees out our front door. Just beyond the patio the land drops steeply to a large ravine and our view is of that and the pasture land beyond it. We are very near UC Santa Cruz. We hope to buy our own home, or a fixer-upper within the next couple years if the business takes off.



From Academe, Don Katz (S/H 1976) 1987. Life since I left the farm has had its zigzags. I spent the first year in a Zen monastery in the Catskills in New York, learning some lessons about the difference between religion, which is an institution, and spirituality, which has to do with personal choices that one has to make for oneself. I left there done with my urge for enlightenment, and decided instead to pursue my urge for education, resuming my college education at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. Directly because of my positive experience at the School of Homesteading, I chose to study horticulture. In addition to classroom work, I worked with the Dane County Extension horticulturalist advising gardeners; assisted a vegetable breeder for Ferry-Morse Seed Co., and spent six months working at the Chicago Botanic Garden. Since none of the job prospects available to me were very appealing, and I received fellowships to continue in graduate school, I went back to school, still in Madison, getting an M.S. in botany studying phosphorus nutrition in tomatoes. I am now back in the Horticulture Department completing a Ph.D. on the molecular biology of ion transport in oat roots.

Meanwhile as my career has blossomed, so has my personal life. I was able to overcome my shyness with women, and four years ago met my life's companion, Rhonda. We are now married, and have three children (a set of twins of our own, Sam and Sarah, and Rhonda's ten-year-old daughter from a previous marriage, Emily,) and our own house. This hasn't come easily. The twins were almost sixteen weeks premature, less than 1½ pounds at birth, and almost died. Both are showing some delay, and Sam has mild CP in his legs, but we are hopeful they will both overcome the residual difficulties due to their early birth, and continue to be delightful children as they have already been delightful babies.

At the same time I came to the realization a number of years ago that music was one of the joys of my life, and I have pursued it vigorously since. I am presently playing banjo and concertina in two square dance bands, performing for at least one dance a month in Madison. Rhonda plays fiddle, and together we sing and play in nursing homes and in the local coffee house, or at least we did until the twins removed our practice time.

I will finish my Ph.D. the end of this year with luck, and although I expect I will continue on campus here as a research associate for a couple years, I hope to eventually find a job in a university horticulture department somewhere, teaching and doing research.

Robin Chernowski Gress (LTF 1980). Robin spent some time apprenticing with dairies in Iowa. She then was a pest consultant around Wooster, Ohio, where she met and married Matt. They now are the parents of Sherri, born in 1987. They live on a farm, but are looking for one to buy.

Mulch -Linda Hasselstrom. From Windbreak

A mulch is a layer of organic matter
used to control weeds,
preserve moisture,
and improve the fertility of the soil.
You will not find naked soil
in the wilderness.

I started cautiously: newspapers,
hay, a few magazines;
Robert Redford stared up
between the rhubarb and the lettuce.

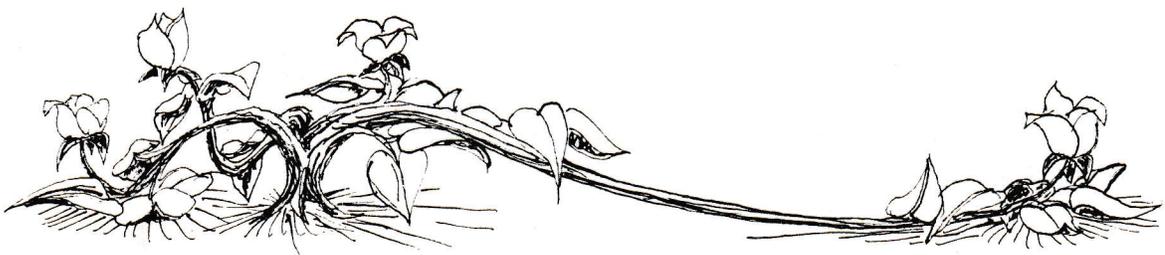
Then one day, cleaning shelves,
I found some old love letters
I've always burned them, for the symbolism.
But the ashes, gray and dusty as old passions,
would blow about the yard for days
stinging my eyes,
bitter on my tongue.

So I mulched them:
gave undying love to the tomatoes,
the memory of your gentle hands to the squash.
It seemed to do them good,
and it taught me a whole new style
of gardening.

Now my garden is the best in the wilderness,
and I mulch everything:
bills; check stubs;
dead kittens and baby chicks.
I seldom answer letters; I mulch them
with the plans I made for children of my own,
photographs of places I've been
and a husband I had once;
as well as old bouquets
and an occasional unsatisfactory lover.

Nothing is wasted.

Strange plants push up among the corn,
leaves heavy with dark water,
but there are
no weeds.





From Stu Shafer (S/H 1976) and Patti Dickinson--

Stu, 1984: The night I started this the baby started fussing and my attention was diverted. Another "involvement" has entered our lives. Her name is Miriam Sandina Lee (both our middle names are Lee, so we chose that for a "family" name.) We're as proud, elated, and tired as you can probably imagine.

I plan to finish my M.S. in March, then try to teach. Consulting with the reservations is keeping me busy, though.

1985. Miriam's just to the "cruising" stage--pulling herself up and walking (holding on) from object to object. There's no end to our joy.

Our lives have gone through a whirlwind lately, it seems. We really had been planning to stay in Lawrence [Kansas]--we even bought a house with the eventual plan of jumping from that to a small farm in the area. We had been living in a farm house, but the landlord became unbearable--spraying 2 4-D around the house after we asked him not to, treating us like his personal peasants, etc. A year after we moved out, he murdered his wife and threw her body down a well--but that's another story! After I took my master's exam, one of the professors on my committee called me into his office. He couldn't understand why I was stopping with an M.S.; "the academy" needs people like me, etc., etc. Anyway, the upshot was that he was getting a job at University of California, San Diego, and he wanted me to come with him. He took me under his wing--even got me a fellowship--and will act as my mentor, then to the Ph.D. It was an offer I couldn't refuse. So here we are.

The move was a trauma. We had enough stuff to need a truck, but some friends of Patti's had a good deal with a moving company. Two weeks late some of our furniture lost, some broken, and we still haven't heard about our claim.

Then it took a month longer than we planned for Patti to find a job. Finally she got a good job at a HMO hospital (unionized, good pay and benefits.) It looks like at least two more years of urban life (in an apartment--ugh! student housing.)

Patti, 1987. We moved back to Kansas in August for some quiet, fresh air, and a feeling of home. Stu still has to write his dissertation but it was convenient for us to leave then. This semester he taught at a Community College, and at Leavenworth Penitentiary (the best class he has ever taught.) Next semester he has a full time position at a College in Kansas City. I got my old job back.

We have a new baby boy, Michael Heron Lee, born November 14 at home. Miriam just turned three and is a loving big sister. It's overwhelming having two, but I guess we'll get used to it. They're wonderful!

Additional notes--

-Pete Notier (S/H 1983) studied Rural Sociology at the University of Illinois for a year, then went back to Chicago to teach high school English. He married Tamara Jaffee, also a teacher. A great deal of their time has gone to the Sanctuary movement. From a letter a little while back "I took the month of July to go to Phoenix, Arizona, to pick up a group of Central American refugees to bring them to Sanctuary Churches in the midwest. The trip took three weeks--we stopped at about 40 places on the way back and put on a program/press conference. I was traveling in a caravan of people from the University Church in Hyde Park [Chicago] where there's a Guatemalan family of five in Sanctuary. It was a great great group to be in. Sometimes the caravan was only about five cars long, other times to 70--felons all--with a police escort so we wouldn't tie up traffic.

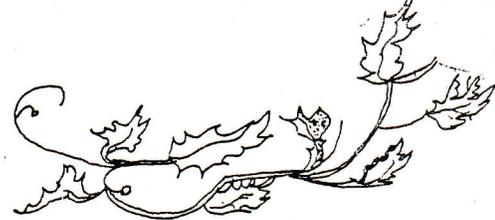
-Sylvia Adams (S/H 1976) lives in Minneapolis, has continued studying the bass and added conga drums. She just quit her job with Control Data, identifying their military and NASA contracts as the cause. THREE CHEERS FOR SYLVIA!

-In July, 1987, the School of Homesteading hosted the Michigan Peace March on their way from the Bridge to Detroit. Conrad walked the first two weeks with them. They camped in our front yard, thereby making it impossible for the community to overlook them! In the evening we had a peace rally and "planted" a Peace Pole in Charles Park. The pole says "May Peace Prevail On Earth" in Spanish, English, German, and Italian. It was a high point of our summer!

-Jonathan Wyland (S/H 1984) was intensely concerned with Central American politics. While he was here he was active in Cispes. The last we heard he had gone to Nicaragua.

-Cathy Gauthier (S/H 1983) went back to the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana and completed her B.S. in Ag. Part of that period Cathy spent working at the University dairy. Her involvement in Sanctuary has kept her there--"In February we received a new refugee family of five--the mother is not much older than I am, and she has three children, 4,6,and 8. They are a Mayan family from Guatemala. Their first language is Kanjobal, which no one in this town speaks. Fortunately they all speak enough Spanish to converse." 1988 finds Cathy in Kansas with the Land Institute.





The Land Trust Farm: 1996 -Jonathan Towne 1986

Yep, things have sure changed in the last ten years. The Land Trust Farm has been transformed from a resource drain into a rich and varied agroecosystem which sustains itself and much of the livelihood of the three families who are members of this community. That is not to say that there isn't a long way to go. Only some of the overstory has begun to produce, and there is still much planting to be done. Over 150 years of deforestation can't be undone overnight. The fish ponds aren't all constructed. Restoring the soil from a depleted agricultural soil into a rich forest soil hasn't been completed. But these things and more will happen because the people on the farm have learned patience and gained the knowledge and understanding of how ecosystems work, and have lost the urge to impose quick technological fixes.

Of course, the Land Trust Farm hasn't evolved in a vacuum. Because its energies were directed toward permaculture and sustainable agriculture it was able to define itself quickly and become a model thousands look to. Things were at rock bottom in the early to mid 1980's when Reagan, with his fundamental moral doctrine, was popular. But it was inevitable that the pendulum would swing the other way. And when it did people wondered how they could have been so blind. With the M-X missile disaster in 1987, and the violent weather and climate changes that have been occurring and reduced the U.S. corn crop in 1989 to a quarter, it became obvious that something was wrong! Jesse Jackson was elected President in 1992, and he immediately set us on a path of total nuclear disarmament and instituted civilian defense systems. To the surprise of many this led to the Soviets doing the same. American hostilities in Central America, the Middle East and southern Africa were ended. These countries decided they didn't need Soviet or American support any longer. The Soviets decided Afganistan was tarnishing their world image, so they withdrew.

President Jackson instituted a commission to investigate the violent climate changes. They found quickly that deforestation and pollution of the oceans were responsible. Measures to control acid rain, air, and water pollution were taken to lessen these effects in the short run. Ultimately changes had to be made in the wasteful lifestyle that was responsible for poisoning the groundwater, killing forests, and producing violent weather. A larger awareness became widespread that the destruction of tropical ecosystems had to stop. This came about through the elimination of destructive government policies, and the short term application of new ones which stopped the importation of Latin American beef, bananas, and coffee. This enabled them to restructure their economies, and allowed the rain forest to start regenerating.

A new Green Revolution has come into being and its symbol is the tree. What better resource is there than the tree? It holds the

soil, builds and heats our homes, provides our food, purifies our water and air, and is a symbol of beauty, grace, strength, and peace. Existing old growth forests have all been reserved in the U.S., and with monoculture cash cropping on the way out for loss of the export market, these changes are also occurring in the Third World. People are becoming more self-sufficient and eating better.

In this setting the Land Trust Farm is a bit ahead of its time. Its policy, that of permaculture, has been to design useful agro-ecosystems around nature using productive species and varieties from around the world in patterns which mimic those found in nature. Two additional homesites have been found near the keypoint of south facing slopes. Well developed windbreak systems are on their way to maturity around these homesites. These windbreaks produce food and wood along with changing microclimates. Gardens are snuggled against them to take advantage of their reflectiveness. There is no great tendency to keep perennials--even trees and shrubs out of these gardens. Chickens and ducks keep bugs out of the fruit trees and slugs out of the garden.

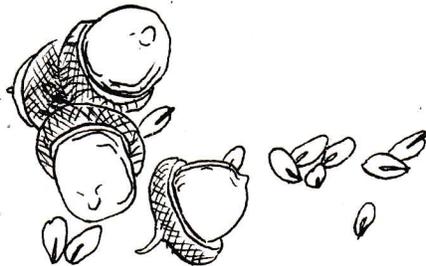
These people who hold perpetual leases all take part in managing the rest of the farm. A permaculture design is followed, more-or-less. Chestnuts, walnuts, and filberts are starting to be produced in quantities, and are sold for the most part, off the farm and at farmers markets and co-ops. An organic egg business is going well, taking advantage of chickens' ability to eat the fruit of nitrogen fixing herbs, shrubs, and trees, while controlling pests. The pond supplies irrigation water, produces fish to sell, and encourages wildlife. The fish have also dramatically reduced the mosquito population. It is expected that the tree crops will indefinitely supply the wood products needed on the farm and some specialized woods to sell off or to convert into crafts products. Gradually, the existing woodlots will be managed more for ecological values than fuelwood.

A lot of action occurs in and around the original farmstead. Solar greenhouses help keep the insulated house warm. Water is heated in the warm months by the sun and by wood in the winter. Many different polycultures are present in the form of mixed annual and perennial gardens, windbreaks, and orchards. There is little actual lawn except in areas with heavy foot travel and a living area behind the house. Planted and naturalized ground covers exist elsewhere. Many plants exist for no other apparent reason than for themselves. Examples are the woodland wildflowers just north of the house, and the cactus and prairie gardens on the sand mound west of the house.

Public outreach is broad and diversified. Workshops occur monthly, sometimes more often, and cover such themes as arts and crafts, processing of plant and animal products, tree grafting, permaculture design, managing a prairie, and even community organizing. A self guiding nature trail exists on this property and the adjoining property to the south for hikers and skiers.

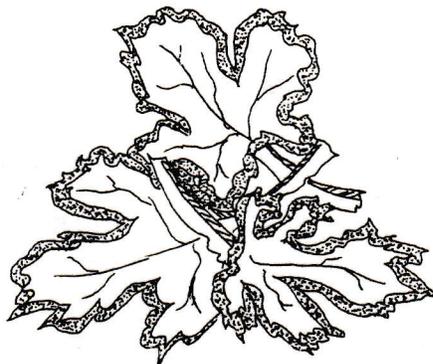
The people are friendly and open, and available as resources. Local papers, radio, and TV cover the progress of the farm along with the events that take place there.

The Land Trust Farm is sure different than it was back in 1978 when the first group of people attempted to bring order out of chaos. Chaos has given way to patterns which are aesthetically pleasing, ecologically healthy, and educational. It is also a productive and healthy place for people to be a part of.



The Peace of Wild Things
-Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.





RECIPES, HINTS, AND ASSORTED SUNDRIES

If you have stayed with me this far, I know you will be happy to hear I minimized this section! There are donated recipes and ideas sent by a number of people and I am also including a few from Maynard's mother and sisters.

I have two recipes for rhubarb cake from Jim Laatsch and Mark Van Allen--I will keep the origin of this one a secret!

Rhubarb Cake

1½ c. brown sugar	Beat together.
½ c. shortening	
2 eggs	Add.
1 tsp. soda	1 tsp. cinnamon
2 c. flour (part whole wheat)	¼ tsp. cloves & of allspice
	Sift together. Add with
1/3 c milk and 2 c. rhubarb, finely cut.	
Spread in a 9x13 pan and cover with a mixture of sugar, cinnamon, and nuts. Bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes.	

Rhubarb Torte

1 c. flour	Blend until crumbly. Pack into a 9x9 pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 - 25 minutes.
2 Tbs. sugar	
½ c. butter	
Meanwhile combine in a saucepan:	
1 c. sugar	Cook until mixture is thick and rhubarb is tender. Pour over baked crumb mixture. Top with meringue made from 3 egg whites, 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. cream of tartar. Brown meringue.
2 Tbs. flour	
1/3 c. cream	
Then add 3 egg yolks, beaten	
2¼ c. finely cut rhubarb	

Strawberry-Rhubarb Sherbet

1 gallon	-Sylvia Adams
4 c. fresh strawberries	Mix strawberries and sugar; let stand until juicy (1½ hours).
½ c. sugar	Purée in blender. Add water, lemon juice. Mix
1/3 c. water	
2 Tbs. lemon juice	
5 c. finely cut rhubarb	
2 c. sugar	Simmer rhubarb and sugar 5 minutes, stirring, until tender.
4 Tbs. lemon juice	Add lemon juice, corn syrup, salt, cool. Add beaten eggs, milk and cream. Mix all together and freeze.
1 c. light corn syrup	
4 eggs	
2 c. cream	
4 c. milk	



It's mid-February as I write this; sugaring is on my mind, so I will add some uses for maple syrup: cereal and ice cream(with nuts) are our favorites--as well as baked apples, baked squash, and of course, pancakes! I use it when I brine hams and bacons, too.

Wendy sent the suggestion to use a bulb planter when setting out your plants. She says the holes are the perfect size for plants in styrofoam or paper cups.

With strawberry season and strawberry jam, don't forget the mix of strawberries and rhubarb. And here to go with fresh (or frozen) strawberries is a recipe for shortcake from Lauri Logan:

Sift 3½ c. flour
4½ tsp. baking flour
½ tsp. salt
4 Tbs. sugar
3/4 c. shortening, part butter
Cut in as you would pie crust.

Beat together 2 eggs and ½ c. milk. Combine. Roll out into thick circle. Bake at 400 degrees 15 minutes.



Here are two ideas for wine:

Easy Strawberry -Wendy

Stem 3 pounds strawberries, wash, and mask. Mix with 2¼ pounds sugar and 2 quarts boiled and cooled water. Strain into fermentation bottle. Add yeast, preferably wine yeast, and additional boiled and cooled water, stir, and fit airlock. Rack once.

Mead -Sally

It takes 3 pounds of light honey to a gallon of wine. Because honey doesn't have acids I use a cup or so of apple juice, ¼ c. strong tea, and ¼ c. lemon juice. For safety sake a tsp. of yeast nutrient. Boil the honey and 3 quarts of water, when cool add the rest and wine yeast. You can put it directly into a jug and let it work. But don't drink it for a couple years. It's very raw otherwise. When aged it has a lovely boquet, and a fine taste.

Ratatouille

-Sylvia Adams

For 4 people

3 zucchini
1 stem dill
2 green peppers
4 tomatoes
2 eggplant
2 onions
4 Tbs. olive oil, peanut,
or a combination
salt, pepper
2 branches dried thyme

Peel zucchini and eggplant, cut in pieces. Chunk the rest of the vegetables, the peppers in strips.

Heat oil in pot, add vegetables, herbs. (powder the thyme.)

Cover, cook on low heat about 30 minutes.

Zucchini Stuffing Casserole

Boil 4 to 5 small zucchini, cut in pieces, in a small amount of salt water. Drain. Cook ½ c. chopped onions, ¾ c. shredded carrots in 4 Tbs. oleo for 5 to 8 minutes.

Add 1 can cream of celery soup, ½ c. sour cream, 3 c. herb-spiced croutons, and chunks of cheese. Stir zucchini into this mixture. Pour into large casserole and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or longer. (Frozen zucchini can also be used.)

To make your spiced croutons here is a recipe for seasoned salt:
Blend--

3/4 c. salt	1 tsp. curry
1 tsp. dry marjoram	2 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. thyme	2 tsp. onion flakes
1 tsp. garlic powder	¼ tsp. dill seed
4½ tsp. paprika	1 tsp. celery seed

Make changes in herbs as it pleases you.



Squaw Corn Casserole

Brown 1 pound hamburger. Add ½ tsp. thyme
¼ tsp. marjoram
¼ c. chopped onions.

Add 2 eggs beaten with ¼ c. milk, 1 c. soft bread crumbs, 1 qt. creamed corn (fresh or frozen), 2 tsp. mustard. Put in greased casserole; cover with mashed potatoes, butter and crumbs or paprika sprinkled on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 min.

Topato Soup

-Sylvia Adams

Blend one quart tomatoes, 3 or 4 potatoes, and onion, both cooked. Add basil and oregano or marjoram. Heat to boiling, stirring. When ready to serve add cream or milk.

Yogurt-Fruit Sherbert

This is a recipe I deduced from the rather vague description Mary Rife gave me! Hers is marvelous, this will do-- For a gallon puree 2 quarts fruit--strawberries, raspberries, peaches, or whatever you have. I heat the fruit enough to dissolve 1½ c. sugar. Then fill your freezer with yogurt and turn--

This blueberry sauce is made to can for ice cream or pudding in the winter. It uses
8 c. blueberries, pureed
3 c. sugar
2 Tbs. lemon juice
1/3 c. corn starch

Cook until thick, can in hot water bath, 30 minutes. Makes 4 pints.

Vinegar is a useful component in your cupboard. Wendy suggests boiling disposable syringes and needles for 20 minutes in vinegar and water to keep them clean. It is also used to brighten up glass jars--boiling in vinegar-water, that is. And it will clean up aluminum and stainless steel pots.

My favorite breakfast is fruit, especially strawberries, yogurt, and granola. Here's my sister-in-law's recipe, the best I know: Boil ½ c. oil and ¾ c. maple syrup. Meanwhile combine 4 quarts of dried things, using an oatmeal base, adding nuts, nutritional yeast, corn meal, wheat germ--your choice. Bake on cookie sheets at 275 degrees.



Here are three bread recipes that are winners--

Sour Dough French Bread

-Gary Wiedman

At night: Mix 1 c. starter* with 6 c. warm water
6 c. white flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. honey

Next morning (can leave longer if the preference is for sour):
add 2 tsp. salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil
6 to 8 c. flour.

Let rise twice, shape loaves and let them rise. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes, then 350 for 20 more. Brush tops with water two or three times during baking.

*Starter: Mix 2 c. water, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. flour, 1 Tbs. yeast, 2 Tbs. honey. Let stand 7 to 10 days, stirring daily, before using.

Whole Wheat Bread

2 loaves

-George Williston

Scald $1\frac{3}{4}$ c. milk. Add 1 tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{3}$ c. oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. honey. Cool. Add 2 beaten eggs, 2 Tbs. yeast dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ c. water. Mix in enough whole wheat flour (total flour - 6 c.) to make dough consistency of cake batter. Let stand 15 minutes. Add remainder of flour. Knead 10 to 15 minutes. Shape loaves, let rise. Bake 350.

Whole Wheat French Bread

2 loaves

-Bobbi Martindale

Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. warm water, 1 c. yogurt or buttermilk. Add 1 Tbs. yeast and 6 c. whole wheat flour. Knead 10 minutes. Grease and dust cookie sheet with corn meal. Shape loaves into ovals and slash tops. Let rise. Bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

We used the following casseroles frequently for lunches. The first is Wendy Carpenter Price's, the second from Pam Priest Pitts:

Cheese Casserole

Day before:

butter and cube 6-8 slices of bread, old but soft

grate $\frac{3}{4}$ pound cheese

Layer in greased casserole, then pour the following over it:

2 c. milk $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

4 beaten eggs 1 tsp. dry mustard

Sprinkle with paprika, refrigerate overnight, covered. Bake at 350 degrees in a pan of water for an hour.

Tasty Tomato Bake

Fry 2 strips bacon. Leave 1 Tbs fat in skillet. Add 4 slices soft bread, cubed, toss. Then add the following:

$\frac{1}{3}$ c. chopped green peppers

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped onions

8 medium tomatoes, peeled (or a quart of canned tomatoes)

1 Tbs. sweetener

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, 2 Tbs. flour, dash of sage

Spoon mixture into greased casserole dish. Crumble bacon over top, then $\frac{1}{2}$ c. grated sharp cheese. Bake 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

I have an easy pie crust recipe: 1 part flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ part shortening (lard makes the best), and $\frac{1}{4}$ part water!

When you are long on produce or short on time here are two suggestions:

Wendy: For a faster "convenient way to have cooked beans--try canning them. The following amounts of unsoaked beans yield full quarts after processing--

1½ c. garbanzo	1 1/3 c. whole green peas
1½ c. soybeans	1 1/8 c. baby limas
1¼ c. black-eyed peas	1 1/8 c. kidneys
1½ c. pinto	

After cleaning beans put them in a quart jar, preferably with a wide mouth. Fill jar with boiling water, leaving 1 inch head space. Put on lids and rings. Process for 25 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. They will need additional cooking when opened.

Canned Pie Apples: Slice peeled apples into quart jars. Cover with the following sauce:

4½ c. sugar	Mix together and cook until thick. Remove from heat and add 3 Tbs. lemon juice.
1 c. corn starch	Seal and process in hot water bath 20 minutes.
2 tsp. cinnamon	
1 tsp. nutmeg	
10 c. water	

As the weather gets cold, the fires burn merrily, the air in your home also dries out. For this reason it's helpful to have a pot of water boiling on the stove. Then if you are forgetful Wendy suggests putting a marble in the pot to noisily remind you to add more water. It helps keep the deposits broken up.

Don Katz sent us a recipe for Split Pea Soup--

1 pound split peas	salt and pepper
water	carrots.
tarragon	potatoes
garlic	onions
bay leaves	green pepper
basil	other available vegetables

In a 6 quart pan put the washed split peas and 4 quarts water. Simmer for 1½ hours until peas soften. Chop 5 carrots, 2 potatoes, and add along with salt, pepper, 1 tsp. tarragon and basil, ½ tsp. garlic powder, 3 small bay leaves. Sauté 2 onion, chopped, in olive oil, and add to soup. Simmer until vegetables are done, then add quicker cooking vegetables. When done adjust spices and serve.

With it you could serve Lauri Logan's Bran Muffins--

1 c. whole wheat flour	Mix dry ingredients. Blend wet ones, and add to dry.
1 tsp. baking soda	Stir only to blend.
1½ c. bran	Spoon into muffin cups.
½ c. raisins	Bake 400 degrees 12-15 min.
1/3 c. honey	
3/4 c. milk	
1 Tbs. oil	
1 tsp. cinnamon	

Conrad has two specialities: Omelet and Pasties. For the first you have to be there. Here's the second--

2 c. flour	
2/3 c. mixture margarine & (butter)	
5 to 6 Tbs. water	Cut together as for pie crust.
1 c. diced potatoes	Chill.
1/2 c. diced onions	Roll dough thin. Cut dough
1/2 c. diced carrots	into rounds. Pile vegies on
1 pound hamburger	one side of middle; fold over
1-2 Tbs. oil	and seal. Bake on cookie sheet.
salt, pepper, parsley, spices	
	350degrees for 40 minutes

For a winter breakfast--Coffee Cake!

Sift together	1 1/2 c. flour
	3 tsp. baking powder
	1/3 c. sugar
Cut in	1/4 c. shortening
	1 egg and 1/2 c. milk, blended

Spread this mixture in a 9 inch round cake pan and cover with:

1/2 c. brown sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. cloves
 3 Tbs oleo or butter

Bake at 350 degrees.



At Christmas we splurge with homemade candies.

Jan Filonowicz Petersen's Toffee

1/2 c. butter	Cook to a hard crack.
3/4 c. brown sugar	

Pour into a buttered pan. Spread 1/2 c. chocolate chips on it, then nuts.

Bobbi Martindale's Bon Bons

1/2 c. margarine	
1 1/3 c. peanut butter	Cream.

Stir in 3 c. powdered sugar. Shape into tiny balls, put on wax paper. In a double boiler melt

1 12 oz. package semisweet chocolate chips
 1/3 stick parafin

Dip with toothpick into chocolate; put a drop of chocolate on top. 60 to 80 bon bons.

Winter is butchering time. Here are two Kaufman recipes:

Sausage

20 pounds pork trimmings, ground	
1/3 cup pickling salt	Mix all ingredients well.
2 Tbs. pepper	Make small patty and fry it
1 tsp. allspice	to check for flavor. Freeze.
2 Tbs. liquid garlic	

Liverwurst

Use the head meat from a hog, heart, kidneys, tongue. A little beef improves the texture of it. One pork liver. Cook in enough water to keep from burning. Fry 3 to 6 chopped onions; add to

meat. Grind. Season with salt and pepper, allspice. Adjust spices. Can at 10 pounds pressure for 1½ hours for pints, or freeze. Heat thoroughly before using.

The following is how we brine and smoke hams and bacons:

Brine for 25 pound of meat--

- 1½ to 2 pounds pickling salt
- ¾ pound brown sugar (1 pint maple syrup)
- 1 gallon boiling water.

Make the brine a day ahead so it will be cold. The meat also needs to sit in a cold place for a night to chill. Pack in crock or garbage pail (not metal) and cover with brine. If you are short liquid extra cooled boiled water can be added. Leave in brine 2 days for each pound of meat. Check occasionally for mold. When brined soak in fresh cold water for two hours, then dry and hang in smoke house for anywhere between 2 and 5 days. When I bring them in I wrap in freezer paper, then into a large bag. I tie it closed and hang in the basement to age. By April, or warm weather they should be stored in refridgerator or freezer to prevent mold. Hickory is the ideal wood for smoking, but you can also use any fruit woods, Maple, corn cobs.

Here is a no-fail soap recipe!

- ½ c. cold soft water
- 2 Tbs. lye
- 1 c. tallow

In a bowl pour water and add lye, keeping mixture in motion. When lukewarm add lukewarm tallow slowly, stirring. Add borax and scent, if you wish. Remove stick and beat with an electric or rotary beater, moderate speed until it is the thickness of whipped cream. Pour into mold. Makes one sizable bar. You can double the recipe. If you wish to add scent be sure it has no alcohol in it; color can be pieces of crayon or lipstick.

One last tip--to clean bottles or jugs, soak with pipe-line cleaner or dishwasher detergent.

The sun is warming, and the sugar bush calls. Thank you all for accompanying us for Homesteading Schools Revisiting.



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DIRECTORY

1973

S/H: Greg Smith, Bob and Wanda Koehler, Dick Mooney, Susen Pinney, Susan Cors, Sarah Humphrey, George Williston, Gary Wiedman, Kathy Marshall.

1974

S/H: David and Margie Schultz, Mark VanAllen, Dana Listing, Mary Snook, Jim Burgel, Linus Meldrum, Mike Holesek.

1976

S/H: Dennis Price, Wendy Lane Carpenter, David Loew, Stu Shafer, Don Katz, Sylvia Adams, Pam Priest, Jancie Kooiman.

1977

S/H: Mike Wybo, Soozie Connors, John Alberti, Janet Scofield, Diane Hesseltine, Dan Adams, Tim Johnson, Margo Franciose.

1978

LTF (Directors: Stu Shafer, Patti Dickinson): Rick VanDamm, Mary Hilbert, Janus Lee, Jim Martin, Sara Ryder, Jan Johnson, Maureen Branden, Diane Konupek.

1979

S/H: Steve and Jan Rauworth.
LTF (Mark Thomas, Jon Towne): Marisa McGlue, Linda Olsen, Mike Lodespoto, Jack Richards, Mark Schwerin, Shall Shehy (Nigeria).

1980

LTF (Jon): Mike Phillips, Mike Kruk, Swan Huntoon, Robin Chernowski, Kathy McCrory, Kate Abrams, Kathy Rumiez, Dave Nagle, Mark Huntley, Dave Sharp, Vivian Stockman, John Etcorn.

1981

S/H: Jim Laatsch, Bruce "Jake" Jacobs, Juliet Minard, Guy Rainsford, Carolyn Stitgen, Thilo Roth (Germany).
LTF (Jon): Susan Grabber, Thom Phillips, Art Kalnaraups, Shaugn Harris, Mary Myers, Jim Tiller, Rebecca Herman, Jan Filonowicz.

1982

S/H: Pete Notier, Cathy Gauthier, Jim Smith.

1984

S/H: Jonathan Wyland.
LTF (Thom Phillips, Jan Filonowicz): Sandy Gardosik, Betsy Hoyt, Dr. David Reed, Bill Hoecker.

1985

S/H: Lauri Logan, Angel Luis Gutierrez Curiel (Mexico).
LTF (Jon and Bobbi Martindale): Permaculture Design Course with Dan Hemenway--Margaret Laatsch, John Workman, John Navazio, John Fritz, Dawn Shiner, Jon Towne, Peter ?

1986

LTF (Jon and Bobbi): Permaculture Week-end Workshop, Dan Hemenway--Bob and Ruth Applegate, Carolyn White, Susan Her-Hoyman, Bobbi Martindale, Lynda Laatch, Jan Filonowicz, Lisa Phillips, Thom Phillips, Swan Huntoon, John and Carol Archangeli, Howard Mead, Buzz Burrell.

Prayer for the Great Family

-Gary Snyder (after a Mohawk Prayer)

Gratitude to Mother Earth, sailing through night and day--
and to her soil: rich, rare, and sweet
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to Plants, the sun-facing light-changing leaf
and fine root-hairs, standing still through wind
and rain, their dance is in the flowing spiral grain
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to Air, bearing the soaring Swift and the silent
Owl at dawn. Breath of our song
clear spirit breeze,
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to Wild Beings, our brothers, teaching secrets,
freedoms, and ways; who share with us their milk;
self-complete, Brave, and aware
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to water: clouds, lakes, rivers, glaciers,
holding or releasing; streaming through all our bodies salty seas
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to the Sun: blinding pulsing light through
trunks of trees, through mists, warming caves where
bears and snakes sleep--he who wakes us--
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to the Great Sky
who hold billions of stars--and goes yet beyond that--
beyond all powers, and thoughts
and yet is within us--
Grandfather Space.
The Mind is his Wife.

so be it.

