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THE GREEN

FOR HOMESTEADERS, ON-TO-THE-LANDERS,
AND DO-IT-YOURSELFERS



REVOLUTION

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North of the Mississippi—

Food, Fuel and Spirit Were Sufficient; Winter Has Passed

By Rebecca & Ferdi Knoess
Pennington, Minn.

April 1, 1967

spring widened brookling
murmuring exquisitely
icy nuances

We can put in the garden in the beginning of May. Even if the soil is ready to be worked before that, it frosts too much to be safe even for hardy crops around here.

Last spring we put in seed potatoes on top of sod, and under a deep mulch of hay. Then we waited for a month and nothing happened. We had to go back and find the spuds and dig a small hole for them in the sod, so they would be in contact with the soil. The potatoes were a little late, but when frost killed the vines, all we had to do was

pull back the hay and there were the spuds ready to be gathered. There wasn't much digging. We harvested over 600 lbs. This year we want more of other root crops and less potatoes.

We're going to make a strawberry bed, with Alpine strawberries. This kind is started from seed. It's supposed to be runnerless, which will take a lot less time to care for, but the berries are smaller. There are June-bearers, Baron Solemacher; ever-bearers, Harzland; and a yellow variety, Alpine Yellow.

I've started some plants in eggshells. If you buy eggs you can use the boxes they come in for containers. They're filled with soil, and the seed started inside. They can be set out, egg-shell and all — no transplanting shock.

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The Knoess Family (August, 1966)

Notes from Heathcote

By Joe & Connie Bellamy

April 15

Spring is descending like a spell on Heathcote Hollow. The trees are edged with green. The daffodils are in full bloom along the front soil beds. The mill stream has a clearer sparkle around the bend along the meadow.

We have been spending the last two months getting settled here, watching the woodpiles diminish as we slowly emerged from winter. Joe's first project was to paint and refloor the baby's room, the small room off the hall upstairs; and some people will be astonished (but we think pleased) when they see what a little color will do. (Earlier, Bill Anacker and James Iden Smith had painted up a storm in the downstairs small meeting room and in the kitchen.)

The Lefevers, the Stevens, the Gozells, and Bill Anacker have put in a good amount of effort to help us make the mill more livable. Tim Lefever worked especially hard getting in pipes for the washing machine hook-up, Jim Gozell put in a heating duct from the new furnace into

the small meeting room, and Tim, Joe, Bill Anacker, and Ray Stevens poured a slab of concrete in the utility room so the Maytag would have a solid base to agitate on (every group has its agitators). Tim also brought over 2x4's and a supply of plaster board in order to put a new ceiling in the springhouse, which will be an important improvement.

The plaster board room upstairs is evolving into the office and brain center of our relations with the outside world. We've built shelving for books and for mail sorting and have a permanent place there for stencils, addressograph, files, and supplies.

Connie is handling the book-keeping and most of the clerical work involved with book orders and with mailing out *The Green Revolution* every month. Her former occupation as a computer programmer seems to have prepared her quite well for these duties. Also, Connie's work in this area has given Joe time to spend on his own writing, which in addition to homesteading, is to become the basis of the Bellamys' economic structure. (He has written short stories for a number of magazines, has

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We Can Homestead Without "Free" Land; We Just Need Determination!

By Rose Smart

So-called "free" land is a moral necessity, as is a decent money system. But it will be generations before enough people become sufficiently aware to distribute and use land morally. In the meantime the fact that a family has to pay a high price for land on which they may homestead is no excuse whatsoever for not homesteading — if they are so moved.

I suggest that the person who does use this excuse is not sufficiently moved, if, indeed, he is moved at all. I say this from having heard, in the last 20 years, too many individual complaints in this vein.

A Rotten Social System

Let me say that there is such a thing as an objective view or recognition that a good many things about our social system are rotten. Louis Potter is correct in what he sees, and he states it well. Only the "stupid" are not able to see it. But to see it is one thing; to whine about it and use it for an excuse not to function is another. And of course to take what responsibility one can for changing the system is yet another. And this stems from an objective, not a subjective view of, or reaction to, what is wrong.

Available Land

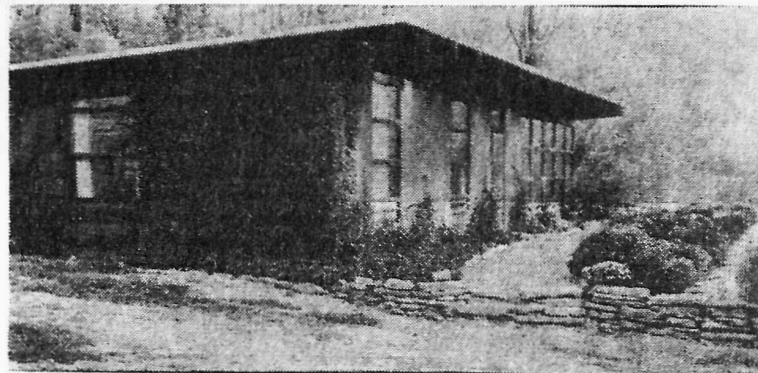
Let's apply this to homesteading. Land is available in this country, and it is far more easily available to the common man than it is in most countries of the world. It costs more than it morally or ideally should, as is true of many, if not most, needs in life. This leaves one with but two alternatives that I can see. Either one forgoes one's needs or one pays the price. We can whine in either case, which is energy wasted; or we can get by paying the price and meeting the need (without whining), which I suggest is a far healthier attitude.

There are a number of ways to get land. One way is to forgo a car, fashionable clothing, traveling, the latest records, books and magazines, lavish entertaining and being entertained—the while one works and saves money toward the land to be purchased. The Smarts did this for their first two homesteads and buildings.

Our Early Homesteading

From 1939 to 1942, Ralph Smart walked 12 miles a day to and from a split shift of 12 hours a day, seven days a week. It was 80 hours a week at 18c an hour, and I budgeted the \$14.40 weekly wage by putting patches upon patches on our clothing, cooking nutritiously but economically, gardening and canning. I thus eked out \$5 a week toward the homestead we planned to build, and did build at the end of two years of apartment living.

From 1942 to 1945, while Ralph was in uniform, I worked and saved the several thousand dollars with which, added to the small sum we got from our first homestead, we began the purchase of our second homestead land. We were able to begin the building in addition to buying our first car. In those three years there were no movies to while away lonely hours, no clothing other than what I sewed, and no gimcracks of any kind. I was strongly moved to get with the homesteading as soon as the war was over and I knew that



Home of the Smarts, Sycamore Hollow Homestead
West Alexandria, Ohio

Ralph was. When that time came, he held down two jobs and I worked in order to pay as we went, while building the homestead. We also postponed having our two children until we were in our mid-thirties.

The stress of working and building at the same time, over a period of ten years, is something I don't care to dwell on now that it is past. It was a rugged price to pay for what we wanted, but we were so moved toward homesteading that we could never consider the alternative of living in town, and paying an endless mortgage on a house and lot that had no individuality whatsoever and no possibilities of creative living as we saw it.

Get With It!

There are less stressful ways in which we might have undertaken a homestead. We could have purchased a trailer and moved it onto a piece of land. We could have rented in the country. We could have purchased land

cooperatively with others, in order to bring down the many costs involved in owning land and in building individually.

All these and other options are open to anyone who wishes to homestead today in a time when jobs are easily available and wages often out of proportion to the value received by the employer. We could do with a little less complaining and excuse-making. Let those who profess to want to homestead, get with it!

If you are truly moved to homestead, you will pay the price (at less cost than ever before in our history) and forego the juvenile "alibis." And when you do build and operate your homestead, you will be not only living a good life, but beckoning others toward the Green Revolution.

[Editor's note: Let's have more reports on getting started at homesteading. Some would-be homesteaders may find help and support in planning their own adventure.]

The Bay Area Scene

By Mathew Davis
103 LaVerne
Mill Valley, Calif.

Green revolutionists, who advocate dropping out of urban industrial living, might well consider the great wave of young social drop-outs so visible here in the San Francisco Bay area of California. They too reject the values and goals of commercial America and computerized technology.

The School of Living uses reason and careful social analysis as important elements in its program. Emotion and psychedelic trips characterize the strivings of the Hippies, the New People, the Love Generation, or whatever name you favor.

Many who read *The Green Revolution* are patiently working towards intentional community wherever they gather. What we are slowly edging towards, they already have via turned-on short-cut.

I exaggerate and simplify; but there is much truth in what I say. To date I don't know of any Hippie-started community in the sense that School of Living uses the word. There are many extended-family groupings, and there is a strong sense of unity, wherever New People come together.

There is no decentralist theory present; and the centers of the Love Generation are urban. But many young people instinctively head for the hills, and there are Hippie gatherings all up and down the California coast. Many garden, and I have heard that a few even try living off the wilds,

Indian fashion.

Humanness and Awareness

The pioneers of the new movement were the Beat Generation of the last decade. Famous as nihilists, many Beat poets and artists found that in rejecting U. S. advertising and middleclass values they were born into a world of traditional humanness and a universal awareness. Some moved to the hinterland and homesteaded, some have become major figures in the art world, and some have delved heavily into Oriental philosophy and religion.

It is the latter who are spearheading the new waves of Great Society drop-outs. For example, Allen Ginsburg and Gary Snyder, deeply involved in Hinduism and Buddhism, are leaders of the inner revolution. But there is no shortage of young men with ideas of their own.

Work and Play

At its least, this phenomena is an experiment in the use of leisure. The February 21 *Look* magazine's excellent article "The Generation Gap" outlines the social causes behind the new direction. It also says that the Hippies could be the advance guard of an automated society where work is not needed. However, one Hippie tendency is to break down barriers between work and play so that money is earned at an activity which is enjoyed and every bit as useful as many of the boring and disliked jobs of the old society. *Newsweek*, February 6, concludes that even if young Hippies get bored and return to

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Food, Fuel and Spirit, cont'd

The only bug problem we've had is with cabbage worms, though we did almost nothing to protect anything. The cabbages were eaten quite a bit by the worms. This year I'm going to plant onions on all sides of our cabbage plants to see what that does. Any other (inexpensive) suggestions?

We had a few of some kind of bug in the first plantings of radishes. We put wood ashes on and around the other plantings and they weren't bothered. We hadn't heard that wood ashes would burn the foliage of plants, and I guess they hadn't either. Nothing happened. Also put wood ashes around young cabbage and tomato plants, and they weren't bothered by cutworms—but maybe there were none.

We have no way of watering the garden, so we keep it well mulched with hay. Last year was a good year for rain. It came down about once a week. If you looked at the squash plants in the morning after a rain, and looked again in the evening, you'd notice the difference. None of the moisture was wasted.

The starlings are here! This is a sure sign of Spring, according to our good neighbor "Tamarack" Larson. Tamarack should know; he's been homesteading and farming this country for over 50 years now. There used to be a time when this kind of foretelling of possible weather changes played an important role in the lives and occupations of farmers, woodsmen and fishermen. Also, habitual travelers would look for favorable omens from winds, clouds, animal behavior and so forth.

Yesterday we observed our first robins of the year. A gay flirting pair in the front yard. Robins are the traditional signs of Spring further south, where we lived prior to settling in Minnesota. Mallards, Canada geese and woodducks are also arriving at their breeding wetlands.

silhouetted pines
before a purple sunset
geese chattering north

The bird migrations accompanying the mild south winds of the past week make us eager to reach for seeds and hoe. Once again we wake early mornings to the melodies of birds enjoying a spring sunrise.

The winter was not as demanding or severe as we had anticipated. Many of our friends and

relatives thought we would suffer, even starve or freeze to death. For the most part, we were very comfortable and still have plenty fall harvest left in store. Our self-dug cellar held out superbly against the cold. We had insulated the top with woodchips and bales of hay. The temperature holds at a constant 34°. The insulating gunny sack that was crammed into the air vent has been removed to provide circulation now that the cold has passed.

To date we have burned about two cords of wood. Four cords remain of the amount cut last fall. Our small place is well insulated and so requires little fuel to keep it warm.

Pruned the black currants recently. They hadn't been touched in years. Got little fruit from them last year. Cut away much excess growth and dead stuff. Hope the manure and mulch will also help to improve the old bushes. Going to plant a couple of gooseberries later. Berries do well here.

Our first year on our homestead has indicated that we didn't have to be "experts" to make a go of it. We sort of learn while doing. Of course, various literature and helpful neighbors are an excellent source of information. We draw on both constantly.

I believe too many people hesitate to explore homesteading-community because they feel they must first master many skills. Skills don't hurt, to be sure, but there's no reason to vegetate in the city because one hasn't done this or that. There may be a dozen tasks here that we had never done prior to coming here. But, we somehow managed to work them out, primarily because our staying here required it.

From our own experience and from the many wonderful people we correspond with I know that the decision to make the move to the land isn't an easy one. Some will remain where they are, despite the pains, and attempt to accumulate relevant facts and abilities before striking out. We chose to move now and hopefully become wise enough to cope with a new situation. I think we're succeeding. What rankles me is that I suspect that there are a number of people who have or will spend as much as a decade or more becoming "experts" at homesteading-community.

Spring News From Florida Homestead

By Hal Porter

My two oldest goats kidded in January on my birthday. I didn't put the kids on the bottle or try to train them to drink. It was cold at first, and my wife and I thought it would be mean to take the kids away from their mothers. So I let them nurse for two weeks.

Then I started milking part of the morning supply, letting the young ones have the rest and all of the night's supply. Gradually I took more and more of the morning milking, until I am taking it all, and "fixing" to take some of the night's too. This causes problems, mostly bawling. The kids baa for a little while and then quit. But Honey, one mother, is the bawlingest goat I have ever seen. She keeps it up all day. What will stop her?

Boola, the old woods goat, is drying up fast. She started giving a pint to a milking and is now down to a cupful. I'm afraid she is going into the freezer. I will raise one of the present kids to maturity and breed it for replacement for Boola.

Probably the Smart treatment (Sycamore Hollow Homestead, West Alexandria, O.) of putting the kids on the bottle is superior to mine, but seems as though they should get some benefit from nursing the mother. My book on Herb Medicine says the kids you want to raise for milkers should nurse for six months.

Rabbits are doing fine. Hens also coming back and now from

a dozen hens we average nine eggs a day. Bantams set but did not do so well. I mistakenly let them set in the pen, and instead of each one having a nest and hatching the eggs therein, they had a community setting with three hens taking any nest they came to. As a result they abandoned their nests too soon. I now have three bantams mothering five chicks. A friend gave me eight bantam chicks, and loaned me the mother, until they are on their own. They are doing fine.

Spring garden all in; corn, tomatoes, peppers, beans, squash, cucumbers, cantaloupe all up and growing very well (March 16). My winter garden is also carrying over (onions, beets, carrots, cabbage, cauliflower still bearing). Strawberries producing about a pint a day, and the blackberries are due to ripen soon. — H. P., Rt. 1, Box 1742, Port Orange, Fla. 32019

Delight

In the early mornings the bottles at the patio edge sparkle and glow. Rich brown ones like honey a-fire. The blue one with diamonds on each shoulder. The white ones, spring water poured against the light. The green ones more radiant than all. And the great dark trees beyond. It's 30 this morning and the violets sweet as usual.

—J. B.



Ruth Rosevear

Seymours Planning Tour of U.S.

John Seymour, British Broadcasting commentator, author of *Fat of the Land*, and contributor of items in the past two issues of *The Green Revolution*, plans to film homesteads in this country. He writes:

"I want to come over to your side, to see your lot and make a tour of homesteaders and communities. I want to see what solutions other people have found or are working towards. I want to find some people perhaps I am in step with, just for the novel feeling.

"I've been doing a lot of films about our countryside for BBC television, and I'm pretty sure I could get them to finance a couple of films on the homestead movement in the United States. My publishers have already said they'd take a book on it too. I shall have to come. Don't know when—not this year certainly. I couldn't waltz off, leaving Sally and the kids — might try to come with a big van that we could all camp in, and spend six months. I could lecture—do here sometimes—to help pay our expenses. William Cobbett is my favorite subject.

Data Needed

"Meanwhile, the BBC likes to see that one has done a bit of research into a subject before committing itself to commission a film. How many homesteaders are there in the USA? Hundreds, or thousands? How many members of School of Living? Is the movement growing or dwindling? What about the religious communities on the land—Amish and so on? How many are there? Would they refuse to be filmed? I would like to suggest a film on School of Living homesteaders, and another on the religious simple-livers.

"Films shown by BBC are seen by at least half the population of Britain, and have enormous propaganda value. This might lead to forming an effective branch of the School of Living in Britain and Europe. I'm sure this country is ripe for it—at least there is a real outbreak of feeling against the machine state here. Every talk I do on the wireless with a decentralist sentiment, and every bit of propaganda I manage to insert in a TV film brings me scores of letters, sometimes hundreds. All from would-be homesteaders — who don't know how to break out. Surely we ought to try to help them? But we must know what is right ourselves, or can nobody ever be sure of that?"

Letters, cont'd

to the basement.

In spite of wet weather, Jerry is radiant from the outdoors, and has spent this chilly, snow-flecked day building an eloquent tree house in the woods, with assists from Keith. Laverne and Keith have a 20-minute ride by the bluff road along the shores of Kootenay Lake to the elementary school perched above Kaslo with a view of the lake and majestic Kootenay mountains. Oh for that first full day of beautiful sunshine; the children have yet to see the real splendor of this place (which we saw on our visit last fall). — Dee Sprague, Box 315, Kaslo, B. C., Canada.

Heathcote Seminars Off To Good Start; Register Early For Future Events

Twenty-five adults, some from Pennsylvania, New York and Washington, D. C., gathered the weekend of April 22-23 for the opening seminar at Heathcote School of Living. All enjoyed A. P. Thompson's demonstration of earthworm culture and his philosophy of soil and health. The weather was cool and sunny, the garden bed had been tilled, and many hands joined in getting in rows and rows of seeds for a harvest to be consumed at later seminars.

Register for Meeting on Peace

Several expressed interest in returning for future meetings. On May 27-28 (arrival on 26th) the subject is Basic and Practical Paths to Peace, with the economic and political requirements for equity and justice being presented by six leaders. Advance registration (\$2), indicating place and position in a social action group, is expected from all who attend. The subject matter is difficult, and advance material for study will be sent all who register, to assist in fruitful discussion.

Health Seminar, June 24-25

If you want to understand your body and learn to be more and more in charge of your ever-improving health, then you will be at the June 24-25 workshop on Nutrition and Health, Heathcote Center, Freeland, Md.

Mrs. Ruth Rosevear, nutrition counselor at Beechwood Clinic, Columbus, O., will lead five sessions beginning Saturday morning, June 24, at 9 a.m. She is a graduate of Cornell University and graduate student of University of Cincinnati; has traveled around the world taking slide-pictures to compare healthy and diseased bodies; has counseled thousands of persons to better health at Beechwood Clinic; and writes for several important health journals.

The Bud

Through the turning year nature offers its wonders to those with hearts that respond to the goodness and glory of the natural world. When spring's climbing sun and warming air bring the first strands of green on southern slopes and along the meadow creeks the buds begin to swell rapidly.

We take many of life's miracles for granted. Many think that the buds on branch and bough grow in the spring. The buds now stirring with life juices were formed last summer.

Layer upon layer, the tissues of leaf or blossom were folded and wrapped in an almost waterproof capsule. They have waited through an autumn and winter. Each meticulously packed bud has received just enough moisture and oxygen to maintain life.

If you have never studied buds beneath a lens, you have an experience in beauty waiting. The colors are many; there are reds and yellows, browns and pinks, bronze and gray.

Each tree species has its distinctive bud shape. Red maple buds are crimson tridents. White oak has a bluish oval; the dogwood has a plump, pewter-gray bud that may remind you of a shoe button. Elm buds are slender, pointed and light brown; the highbush blueberry has a beautiful, reddish brown bud with lacy scales.

Buds, some think, are common things. But to him who studies and watches as the miracle of spring gathers momentum, a bud is a sacred thing. For in those capsules that will produce leaf or flower is the essence of life itself.

Buds waited through the blizzards of winter for the fulfillment of time. Now the life forces are stirring and the ancient plan is following the established pattern.

A bud on a bough is a small object. But in that humble package is stored the faith that helps man glimpse the grail.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Catharyn Ellwood, author of *Feel Like A Million*, will be present Saturday afternoon to give her popular lecture on "Our Sweet Enemy," title of a forthcoming book.

You can have your own individual body needs revealed. You can see a brown liquid in your palm turn clear if your body acid is in balance; another liquid color change on your tongue if your vitamin C level is adequate; you may look into a black box to see whether your tongue is purple or gray to indicate vitamin B level; etc. Then you will have a chance to plan the kind of food and diet that will bring your health to maximum. This will be worth more to you than many visits in a doctor's office. You will be with a friendly, skilled teacher who knows the hows and whys of health, and who will welcome and discuss all your questions.

Saturday, June 24:

9 a.m. — Colored Slides, Our Changing Faces and What They Mean.

10:30 a.m. — Testing for Health, Rating and Interpreting Body Symptoms of Members Present.

2 p.m. — Planning Diets To Meet Nutritional Needs.

4 p.m. — Lecture, "Our Sweet Enemy," Catharyn Ellwood.

8 p.m. — Slides, How North Country School Feeds Students to Maximum Health.

Sunday, June 25:

Continuing Workshop on Nutrition and Diet Planning.

Send registration with \$2 per adult to Heathcote Center, Rt. 1, Box 149, Freeland, Md.—promptly. Advance registration assists in preparation for the weekend. Meals, lodging and extra costs are \$7.50 per adult, and \$5 for children.

Those who attended the April seminar at Heathcote on Building Soil With Earthworms, led by A. P. Thompson, are singing the praises of Heathcote and this meeting. Don't miss out on the June session on Health! Send your registration now.

The Bay, cont'd

Francisco, the purchase of a ghost town, and an on-the-job training program to teach organic farming.

A month ago I briefly visited a one-time egg ranch 60 miles north of San Francisco, now owned by a one-time professional folk singer who shares it with several younger people. Recently 30 Diggers arrived there and immediately set to work transforming pasture to garden, putting in a water system, and clearing land for a cabin. So it cannot be all plans and talk.

A favorite saying among the New People is "May the baby Jesus open your mind and shut your mouth." After the mind is open and the mouth shut, it looks like many minds will be busy.

Notes from, cont'd

taught courses in creative writing, and is working on his first novel.)

The School of Living offset printing press, which Bill Anacker brought from Brookville to Maryland on the way back from his travels in the West, will soon be operating in the large north room at Heathcote Center. We know that many people have big plans for expanding S of L activities in this direction. Evan Leffer, who is familiar with the press, promises to become chief printer.

By the time this sees print the first seminar of the season (demonstration of earthworm culture and soilbuilding by A. P. Thompson) will be history and we will no doubt be plucking radishes out of the garden. We are looking forward to that garden-planting seminar and all the summer sessions with hopefulness and anticipation and a desire to meet many of you here at Heathcote before the year is out.