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In Making Yogurt, Easy Does It

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THE GREEN



REVOLUTION

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

SCHOOL OF LIVING, BROOKVILLE, OHIO 45309
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A Lady Named Jess

By Robert F. Stowell

With a new haying season coming on, we began to talk about horses. My experience was limited to a few months when we had the loan of a riding horse. I also knew they were large animals with strong teeth that sometimes tried to nip your jacket and their hoofs were solid, real. For city people who had lived through one long Vermont winter we were certainly still dreamers. We wanted a mare, picturing long-legged foals in the spring flowers, and we wanted a horse that could work but would also not be impossibly awkward to ride. Those of you who know horses will realize that this is rather like trying to combine the utility of a pick-up truck with the pleasure of a sports car.

That spring I spent many hours peering through fences at a wide variety of work horses, thinking that we might learn something useful by looking and listening. Most of the horses seemed to me hopelessly homely or else they were very clumsy. Our adviser on horses told us that what we needed to find was a Morgan — or a part-Morgan. Vermont is rightly famous for this breed. They are on the small side for farm work but intelligent, hardy, stout hearted and durable. On a hill farm in a nearby town we met a farmer who still used and loved horses. He had a perfectly matched team of greys weighing about eighteen hundred pounds each, a painted pony that his grandchildren liked to ride and a half-Morgan named "Jessie."

She was chestnut brown with a white blaze on her forehead, "about twelve years old," and she had lively eyes. The owner said that she had been mistreated when a colt and was somewhat high spirited, but we watched the children at the farm crawl over and under her without fear. He said that she could cultivate and if you took it easy, pull a light mowing machine. I rode her half a mile up the road, and it felt good to be on a horse again. She seemed to breathe rather shrilly as I cantered back to the barn, but I liked her and the orchard grass in the lower meadow was already nearly to my waist. We knew it must be cut soon to have much value as winter feed. The year before we had made horses out of ourselves, cutting the two tons of hay needed for our cow by hand and carrying it to the barn in a two-wheeled cart. Some nights we had been so tired that we couldn't eat after a few hours of haying.

The week before I had learned a lesson. A stock dealer was showing me a large black gelding. He led him outside where he stood patiently waiting in the sunshine and the dealer said "slip on the saddle." As I started to swing the saddle over his back, he reared high on his back legs and then struck out viciously with his front — just where I would have been if I had not dropped the saddle and jumped aside. The lead rope was snapped from the dealer's hand and with a wild toss of his head, eyes rolling white, the gelding bolted from the yard. That was enough for me; I wanted most of all a gentle horse, one we could stay alive with.

"Jessie" came to us for ninety dollars and a purebred Jersey calf. She was homesick at first or so it seemed, eating very little and acting listless. We had bought her on a mid-summer day, anxious to finish our haying if possible before the first week of July. The first snow had fallen before the last of the hay was in the barn.

We had already bought various pieces of farm machinery, the most important item being a one-horse mowing machine. It was so old that the company no longer made parts for it, but they very kindly sent us the catalog that went with the mower (its pages were yellow and brittle). The cutter bar was only four feet long compared with modern machines that cut six and seven foot swathes. I had spent several days tinkering on the mower with the help of a book on farm machines, and Ann had painted it bright red. Even sitting on the driver's seat without a horse made you feel real important. We had been given a mostly worn out hay rake. I made the mistake of cutting a new set of shafts for it from ash, not knowing that while ash is excellent for axe handles it cracks and weathers badly when left outdoors.

Let it be known that you are interested in horse drawn farm tools in Vermont and you are apt to be given more of them than you can use. We had two excellent cultivators and a walking plow
(continued on page 4)

The Bhoodan in India

By Mathew Davis
Mill Valley, Calif.

The Bhoodan (land gift) movement and its alternative to centralized industrial development are discussed in *Portrait of India* by Bradford Smith (Lippincott, 1962). Smith mentions Gandhi's dream of a "rural, self-governing, decentralized society," and tells of Vinoba Bhave and J. P. Narayan's efforts to further this. He then quotes some of Narayan's critics, who charge him with being unrealistic and "obsessed with ancient and outmoded village institutions." And it is clear that the Congress Party leadership had opted for strong industrial emphasis.

Over four years later, the December 11, 1966 *San Francisco Sunday Examiner and Chronicle* headlined an article, "India Reaps Lean Harvest of Nehru."

In the opinion of the article's writer, "A series of fertilizer plants in 1955, or even in 1960, could have saved India in 1966." And, "Millions of pounds and dollars were spent on steel mills, power stations, and nuclear reactors, while the poor farmer remained neglected."

Building fertilizer plants is not equivalent to the Bhoodan movement, which implies a comprehensive social revolution. Bhave and Narayan have not been proved wrong in advocating urbanized answers to India's vast problems.

As a footnote, anyone interested in India's food resources and/or farm ecology would be well rewarded to obtain a *March Natural History* magazine and read "The Myth of the Sacred Cow" by Marvin Harris. It is surprising to read arguments that India needs more cows.

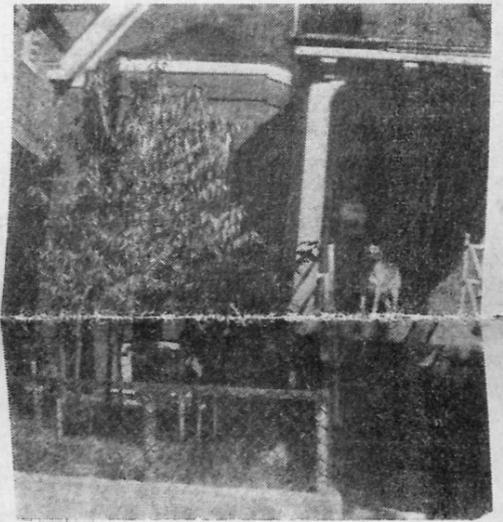
Chicagoans Produce Heavily On A Bit Of Land Around Their City House



TOP LEFT — Backyard garden at 833 N. St. Louis St., Chicago, Ill.



TOP RIGHT — In his 22' x 36' backyard plot, Bill Schuppenhauer tests a tomato and displays a zucchini squash.



RIGHT — Frontyard orchard and Pal.

If you were sauntering along north St. Louis St., about 30 blocks west of Chicago's Loop, you'd be in a neighborhood of average cottage homes, on very narrow lots (just on the edge of the 1966 riot area). You'd notice one lot frontage very different from the others — full of young trees and berry bushes. If you looked up to note the house number — 833 — you might see a sturdy German shepherd dog, "Pal," standing guard on the porch. And you'd see a name plate saying "The Schuppenhauers." Here live Bill and Norma Schuppenhauer, teenage son Billy, and Pal, on their pre-homestead homestead.

First you'd stop and examine this frontyard orchard. You'd guess the space to the left of the sidewalk to be about 10' x 16' and there you'd count 8 young trees: 2 English walnuts, 2 almonds, 3 filberts and 1 black walnut. The 12' x 6' space to the right of the walk you'd note is full of red raspberries and 2 butternut trees.

Next you would decide to follow the walk to the rear of the house, and there find a young 22' x 36' jungle, with perhaps the man of the homestead picking raspberries or bearing aloft a zucchini squash or two. This would be Bill Schuppenhauer. Sr., who would gladly give you a guided tour.

Bill would tell you that the portion of his backyard has 14 more fruit and nut trees: 2 dwarf apple, 1 peach, 1 avocado, 2 cherry, 1 black fig, 2 pears and 3 Manchurian apricots — as well as 4 blackberry bushes and 5 grape vines. These last are producing but the nut trees are not yet bearing. In a year or two they will be dug, balled and transplanted to the homestead they will establish northwest of Chi-

cago.

Vegetables Galore

Vegetables of all kinds are planted "in between everything," and you'd think they'd be sickly with over-crowding. Not so. The soil is good. "We bury all our garbage in the soil; don't have room to compost," says Bill. He uses 100 lbs. of dried cattle manure each year, as well as mulching in dry weather with grass clippings and leaves.

Bill manages to find space for (and bring to full production) 100 green pole bean plants, a dozen peppers, 1½ dozen tomatoes, 1 dozen eggplants, 1½ dozen cabbages, ½ dozen cauliflower, 2½ dozen celery plants, 1 dozen cucumber plants, several huge comfrey plants (they were loaded with someone else's bees), and 8 rhubarb, besides turnip greens, radishes, beets, lettuce, onions and parsley. "We don't record the production," says Bill, and "I couldn't guess at the amounts." He added, however, "it keeps us in good eating all summer and into the fall."

Preparation for Moving

At present, Bill Sr. and Bill Jr. are reconditioning and painting the exterior of the house, and in the winter will modernize the interior preparatory to selling and moving to a cherished piece of land where they can give better vent to their homesteading skills, and more space to their city-bred trees and bushes.

Well-Trained Pal

Pal is a friendly and well-behaved addition to the family. His territory is the rear-entry and he never puts foot beyond the threshold unless given an approving nod. At the word "paper" he dashes to the front porch and brings the daily paper in his mouth and drops it in the rear

room. He never steps off the front porch without permission, and will stand for hours with paws on the edge awaiting release. He has been taught not to bark, never to jump on people, and to keep all four feet on the ground. Bill says, "Training is easy if you follow instructions in a good dog book. Use as few words as possible, repeat, be consistent, insistent and firm. Say 'No' to what he should not do; stick with it, and glare at him until he obeys. Approval and a pat for obedience helps. The reward is a well-behaved and faithful friend."

One wonders what the result would be if half (not to say all) the families on St. Louis St., Western Ave., Clark Division, Halstead, and all the other Chicago streets would use their front- and backyards the way the urban-homesteader Schuppenhauers do.

In Making Yogurt, Easy Does It

By Jane Preston
Butler, Pa.

So often when preparing natural foods in our own kitchens, the easiest and simplest method is by far the best. This applies to the making of yogurt. Most directions call for incubating at a constant temperature of 112 to 115° F. There are several contraptions on the market for maintaining the "proper" temperature for the required time.

But I learned from a knowledgeable European a year or so ago that the best yogurt is made by allowing the incubation temperature to fall, and to incubate for a longer time than directed in this country. Following this
(continued on page 4)

Reactions, Queries, and Comments On Heathcote As A Community



WORK AND TALK
at School of Living
annual work-
shop (Heathcote
Center, Aug. 12-
20).



Many discussions, questions and remarks are being made, at meetings and by correspondence, on Heathcote as a future small community. Below we print items from three people.

Likes "Feeling One's Way"

A newcomer writes:

During the few hours we were at the Heathcote sessions in August I was thoroughly impressed with the degree of life arising out of so many there. We found the "feeling one's way along" approach of the workshop exciting and stimulating. Discussion is important, and anyone who imagines harmony to come from anything but confronting differences and conflict may find discussions taxing. It is my opinion that it is not lack of authority we are after, but the real authority of each individual. It is impossible ever to be free unless we have the inner freedom to allow things to happen. When we are terribly bothered by differences, chances are we need to go off and discover in ourselves our current bit of fakery or self-deception.

The need to give expression to whatever gifts we have is becoming unspeakably strong. We know that without expression the most vital sources dry up. From experience we know that our particular way of "unteaching"—by drawing out rather than by pouring in—can create a threat to other teachers whose feeling of accomplishment depends on how much they pour in. It is a threat, too, to parents who lack faith in the innate store of knowledge and wisdom within their children. So where to go we do not know.

A handful of Green Revolutions and one copy of *A Way Out* is all the background we have on the School of Living. Probably further reading will simply fortify what I already feel... we are of a like mind, with some (thank goodness) differences. We plan to spend the next year disentangling ourselves, so that if direction comes we can take it—towards Canada, or maybe right up the road to Heathcote—who knows?—Ina Hicks, Ashton, Md.

Five Questions

Jean and Dave Frey (and children 7, 6, and 3), of Wilmette, Ill., say:

We are searching, and interested in the possibility of living at Heathcote, and wonder about these matters:

Q. How could we support our family if we were part of Heathcote?

A. There are various possibilities. There is always the basic production from garden, orchard and homestead. Concerned and qualified persons might produce cash income through book sales, printing or teaching in the School of Living. Four adults who live

at Heathcote now commute to jobs in Baltimore (35 mi.) or York, Pa. (25 mi.). One young person is considering establishing there a summer camp as his means of livelihood. Possible small industry developments include rug-making in the Mapka enterprise, assembling new typewriter keyboards, etc.

Q. Are any particular skills needed to join?

A. Gardening, teaching, crafts, art, music, drama would be useful, as well as anything to improve living, nutrition, child development, etc.

Q. What are the educational possibilities for children?

A. At present children attend Freeland, Md., public schools, two miles distant by bus. It is hoped that Heathcote residents, in time, will develop their own experimental school for children of members, with qualified "unteachers" among the adults.

Q. How does one become a member?

A. Write to Heathcote Center (Rt. 1, Box 129, Freeland, Md.) for an application form as a beginning for discussion and planning for membership.

Q. What are living accommodations at present?

A. A house trailer is available; the Spring House is being winterized; there's space for other trailers or tents; and a chicken house and carriage house can be insulated and used for temporary residence. One arrangement for getting acquainted there is a pre-membership residence period.

Decisions and Policy-Making

From Ferdi Knoess, former apprentice at Lane's End Homestead and now a homesteader at Pennington, Minn., comes four welcome and pertinent questions:

Q. If Heathcote belongs to the general membership of School of Living, should those who happen to have \$1,000, and have invested it in the land there, decide the shape and direction of the "community"?

A. Someone (or several someones) must take the initiative and responsibility at the beginning. Does anyone know any persons ready and willing to do this over and above those who have put their \$1,000 into the project to make the land available? The six people currently investors in that land didn't just "happen" onto \$1,000. They worked for and earned it. They are willing to use it for the Heathcote project (in effect, help "give" the land to future generations). Because they can help further this important goal, which they cherish, they are willing to take this first step. They are not dogmatic or dictatorial: they are postponing several decisions in order that later members can share in them. They

welcome suggestions and comments from interested persons from a distance.

Q. Doesn't community mean sharing, having things in common? I can't recall any discussion in our journals on what shape the community will take.

A. The concept of "community" differs for different people. The degree or amount of sharing varies, depending on members' philosophical outlooks and psychological needs. Human beings have both independent and dependent characteristics, individual and gregarious needs. Individuals need and want both privacy and association. Those who place the most value on gregarious association and interaction (and possibly dependence) will want a high degree of common sharing (of land, income, housing, tools, meals, etc.). Others who prefer more individual expression will choose a pattern where land is held in common but produced goods—houses, equipment, tools, meals, income, etc.—are held by families or individuals. Cooperation will be undertaken with others as need or preference dictates.

Some people hold that there is special virtue in complete sharing. Several communities have started on this plan, and discovered that persons were not sufficiently patient, kind or understanding to "get along" with people in this close association. A community in New England that resulted from the June, 1966, Community Conference at Heathcote adopted this plan. But gradually one after another found it too demanding and frustrating. In six months the community had disbanded.

Other people believe "individual expression" is the "greatest good" and common sharing of produced property is a burdensome and unnecessary "complexity." They are content to hold land in common and then cooperate or combine with others as their particular needs or level of growth requires.

At Heathcote, the initial planners (at this point) favor the latter type of community sharing. They feel this provides the best balance of both privacy and interaction.

Q. School of Living members have been sending money to help build Heathcote; shouldn't their wishes be considered?

A. Much appreciation is felt for this very needed help (acknowledged from time to time in *Green Revolution*). To date some \$2,500 in members' small gifts have gone into the buildings at the center (not into land or "community"). This sum, plus uncounted hours of free work from 30 or 40 (mostly nearby) members, has provided plumbing, furnace, windows, paint, two roofs, etc. Larger amounts made available include the \$4,700 paid by six investors for the acres of land and \$4,500 loaned (at very low interest or no interest) by two people. These loans, plus \$2,000 still owed on the purchase price, plus one year's taxes and insurance, are our current liabilities. Can we make a big effort now to clear up these debts?

Q. Isn't it probably true that only those physically present at Heathcote are making most of the crucial decisions? We are a libertarian group, which means everyone having a part in the decisions (this takes greater time and effort, of course).

A. Decision-making in a group project is indeed a difficult matter when those involved are in close face to face association, and much more complicated when persons are widely separated. (Decision by proxy, by representation and by mail discussion are only partially satisfactory.) The pages of *Green Revolution* are certainly open for full discussion of any and all pertinent decisions and policy matters.

One principle that seems basic is: "Those who make decisions should get or bear the consequences of their decisions." Its reverse is also true: those who shoulder the responsibility and work or put in the funds (which is their work) for developing the center are thereby entitled to make decisions and help form

policy.

So far as Heathcote "community" is concerned, can anyone take responsibility in any real sense if he is not present and available to work and share in an on-going process of community building? Each reader may contribute advice, suggestion, or counsel; a very important idea may come from anyone. And for the sake of the demonstration that a Heathcote community can be to a "better pattern of education and living," many members will want to share also by gift, and work, trusting the officers and nearby members for immediate decisions and responsibilities.

How do other members see this? How do those of you who have contributed work or money toward Heathcote suggest that you share in the decision-making and in taking responsibility for the results?—MJL

Report On July Youth Meeting

By Edith Gosnell, Coordinator

We had 20 attendants, 15 to 26 years old, at the Youth Seminar in July. It was very relaxed, and the young people had some good discussions. Some worked in the gardens, most went swimming, small group exchanges were important. Not all were satisfied, as some of them needed a more structured experience. Some said they preferred just youth and would rather not have those present who are a good deal older.

Overall, for the first youth session, I thought it was pretty good. Several came a day or two early, and several stayed through the week following—very friendly, active, resourceful young people. They painted the south walls of the Center, and it looked 100% better. Marilyn Dorsey liked the place so well she stayed a month. We thoroughly enjoyed her and Jerry Emerick who stayed a week. Steve Syz spent a few days with us, so we had a full house but it was great. The garden really thrived with all the help.

Letters, cont'd

Ind. They admit that merely taking clothes away from teenagers does not automatically end juvenile delinquency. But an 18-year-old girl, a nudist since infancy, says, "It works, I guess because nudism is a family affair. We kids are too busy spending time at camp, and with our folks, to get into trouble."—Rudi Brumenshenkel, Lexington, Ohio

CALENDAR OF EVENTS Heathcote School of Living

Rt. 1, Box 129
Freeland, Md.
Phone (513) 357-5723

Oct. 22—Session on Community at Heathcote, following "Mobilization" in Washington, D. C.

Nov. 18 (about)—School of Living Board of Trustees meeting (H. Roseman, secretary, 1452 E. 85th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.).

Jan. 1, 1968—Annual Anniversary Planning Session.

A Lady Named Jess, cont'd

as well as a disc harrow. For twenty-five cents at an auction we became the surprised owners of a two seat "democrat." It was, when we bought it, in perfect condition with even the upholstery in good order. We did not have Jessie at this time so we had a friend of ours tow the wagon home behind his car. Going too fast around a corner, we cracked one of the shafts and nearly ended in a ditch beside the road. The democrat had an interesting mechanical brake: by pushing a pedal much like that in a car two rubber pads were forced against the rear wheels.

Anxious to try Jessie, we prematurely hitched her into the democrat without knowing what "hold backs" on the shafts are meant to do. "Hold backs" are small wooden blocks which prevent the wagon from shifting forward onto the horses' heels when going down hill. We found this out soon enough because on the first hill Jessie could not keep the front of the wagon from slipping forward and nipping at her heels. Naturally Jessie was intent on keeping ahead of the wagon which seemed to be chasing her. It was a wild ride. Luckily the hill was not very steep and Jessie quieted down in the long flat stretch beyond. We quickly learned that most of our mistakes with horses were made by the owner.

(to be continued)

In Making, cont'd

method, I have made the finest yogurt and relieved myself of anxiety over temperature and timing.

Use a large canning kettle or a diaper pail with water initially at 120° F. Have the milk and culture at the same temperature. Make sure the water bath comes to the necks of the jars. Cover the kettle, and wrap well with bath towels, blanket, or other insulation. Leave all day or overnight, and you will find you have beautiful yogurt of a fine consistency. Best of all, I find that I can use my culture for an indefinite period, and it does not seem to "run out." If you happen to forget to remove the yogurt from the bath for a longer period, it still stays good. I have left it in the bath up to 18 hours with no harm.

Lately I have been stirring a good teaspoon of lactose (milk sugar) into each quart. This seems to result in even better consistency. Lactose is the food of the yogurt bacteria, and a little extra ration seems to help the process. I use skim milk, a heaping tablespoon of powdered milk (not instant), and the lactose to each quart, and my yogurt at the present time is the best I have ever made.

Incidentally, lactose also feeds our beneficial intestinal flora, and a teaspoonful in a cup of herb tea once a day (chamomile is good) is a practice in the German health spa where we stayed the summer of 1966.

Goat's Milk, cont'd

trouble, which doctor's couldn't cure, have been sent here for goat milk, and within a few weeks have been completely cured of this trouble.

Goats are not subject to so many diseases as cows. And one can feed at least four goats on the same amount of feed needed to keep a cow. Goats will eat almost anything in the feed line, if it is clean. They are the most affectionate animal I know of. Some times when separated from their owners they refuse to eat, and die. — Effie Neie, Box 1025, Alpine, Tex. 79830

Peculiar TV

A clever, life-like TV cartoon shows a man in bed. Nurse calls specialist, who prescribes a super-pill. Patient gets worse. Second specialist brings super-duper-pill. No improvement. Third specialist tries injection. Still no effect.

Then nurse offers patient—guess what? Bulgarian fresh fruit and vegetables! Patient has a real natural food banquet and recovers fast, with a brief lecture on getting your vitamins and minerals in food rather than pills.

After that, a movie showing farms and orchards of Bulgaria, beautiful girls galore in packing plants, trains and trucks rushing the stuff to your corner store. . . "So next time you shop ask for Bulgarian fruit and vegetables."

A typical example on Soviet TV, by a Bulgarian agency, reports the January, 1967, *Northern Neighbors* (Box 1000, Gravenhurst, Ontario, Canada).