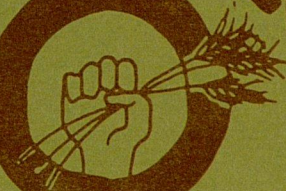


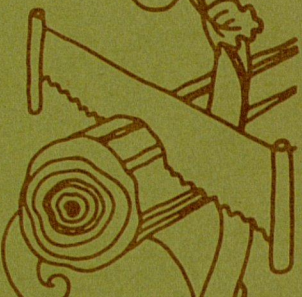
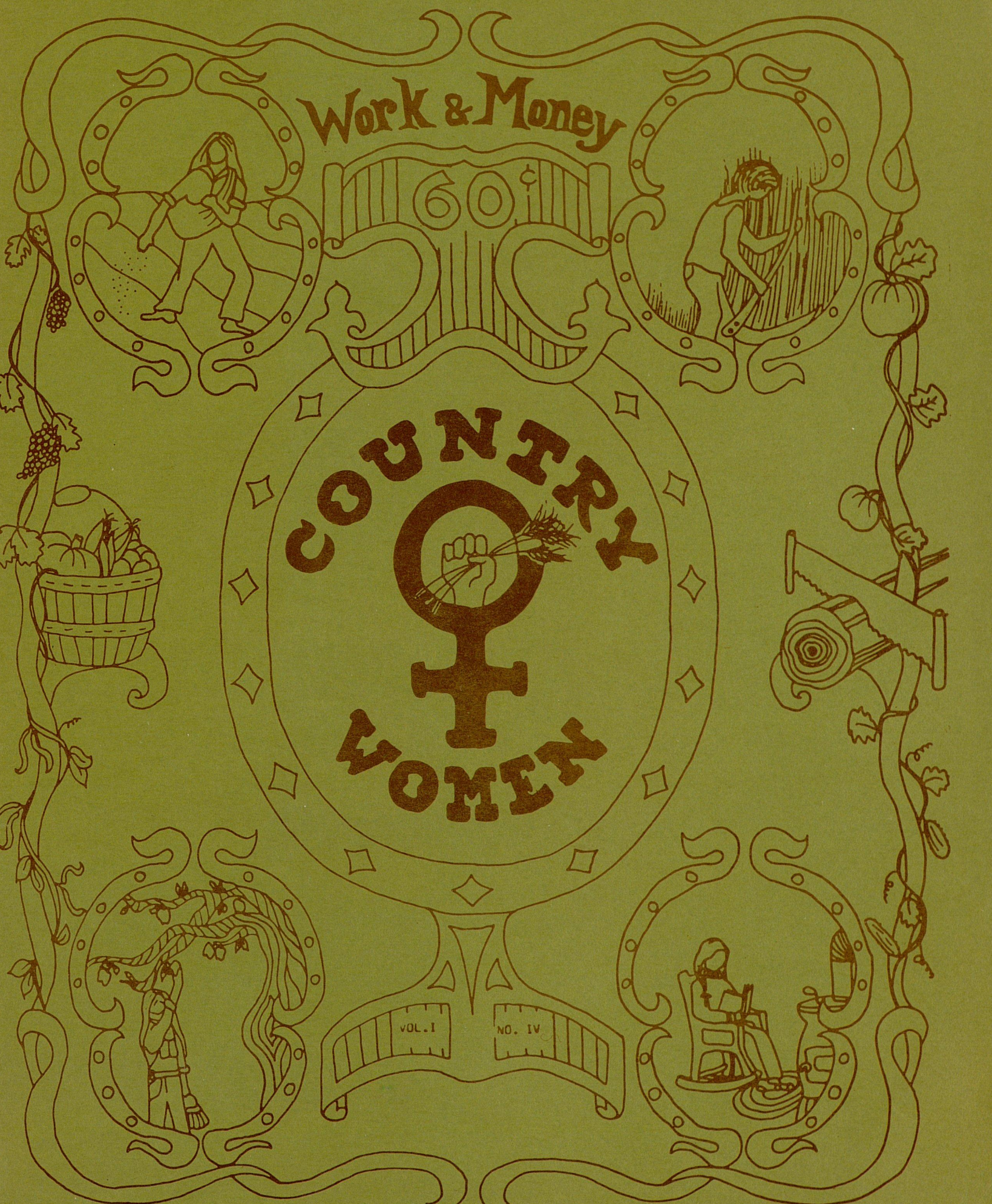
Work & Money



COUNTRY
WOMEN



VOL. I NO. IV



We see Country♀ Women as a feminist country survival manual and a creative journal. It is for women living with women, with men, and alone, for women who live in the country already and for women who want to move out of the cities. We need to learn all that women can do in the country and learn to break out of oppressive roles and images. We need to reach out of our isolation from one another, to know that we aren't alone, that we aren't crazy, that there is a lot of love and strength and growing to share. Country♀ Women can bring us together...

Please help make the magazine happen. If you know how to run a tractor, build a hot bed, or raise a calf, write to us about what you've learned and how to do it. If you're part of a small group or a women's collective, use Country♀ Women to share what you're discovering. We also welcome poetry, quality photographs (preferably 5 x 7, must be black and white) and drawings. Hopefully the magazine can become a national exchange for women learning and growing in rural communities.

Each issue costs 60¢ and subscriptions are \$7.00 for 12 issues. Please tell us which issue to begin with.

Our address: Country Women/ Box 51/ Albion, Calif. 95410

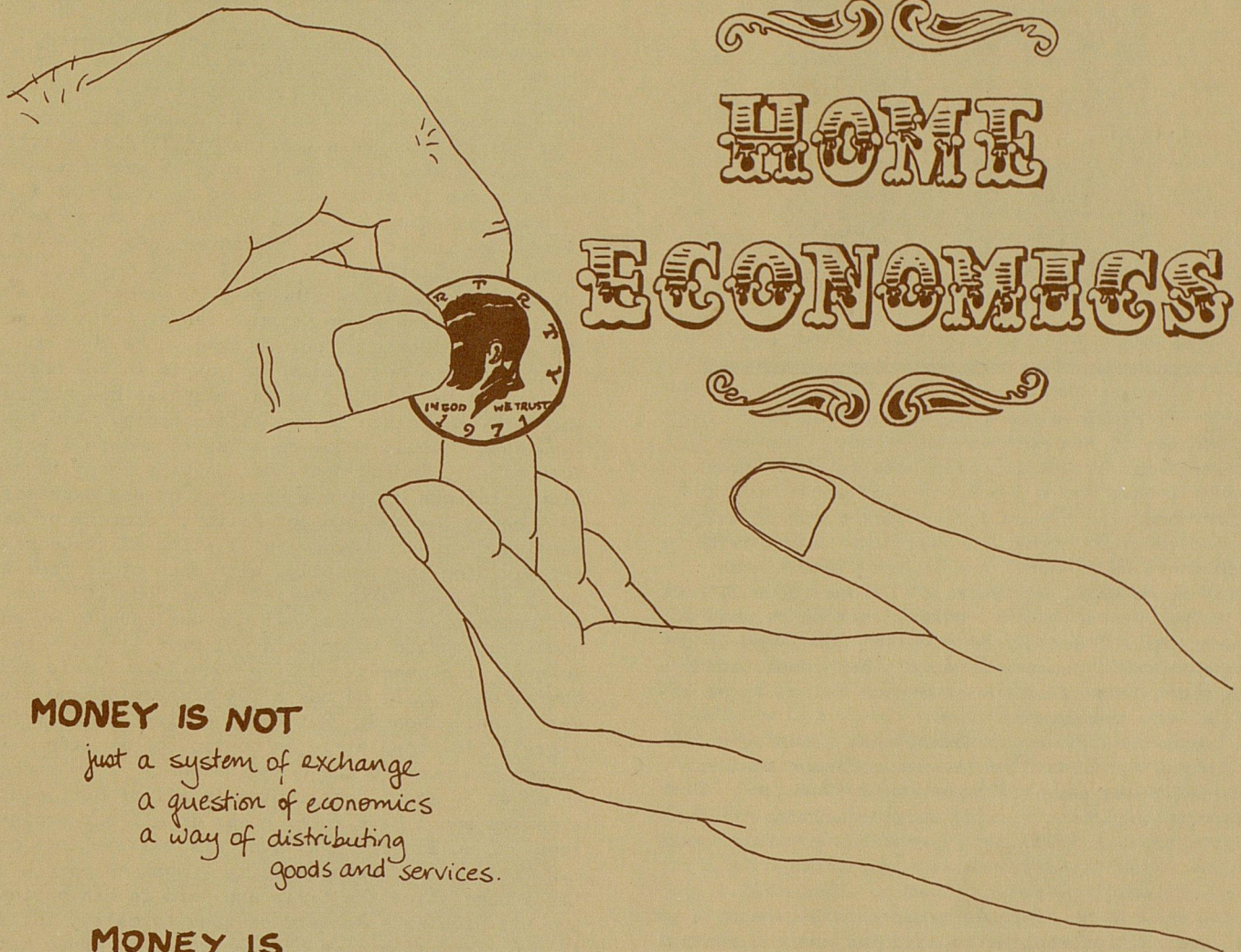


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Editorial Collective for this issue: Arlene, Carmen, Ellen, Freddie, Helen, Jeanne
Jenny, River, Sherry

Help with this issue: Jean, Joan, Judith, Sam, Slim



MONEY IS NOT

just a system of exchange
a question of economics
a way of distributing
goods and services.

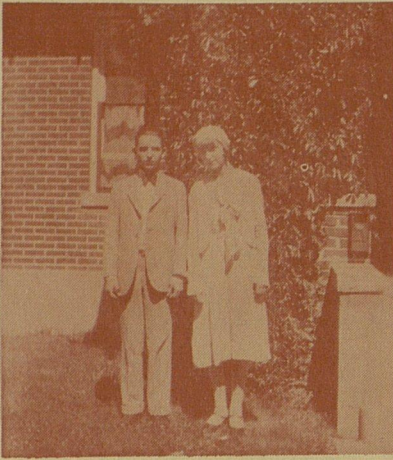
MONEY IS

a potent force in our lives. It
affects how we feel about ourselves
how we live our relationships with one another.

The deeper we go with this issue,
the more we discover that we need to challenge
our ideas about money.
We need to challenge some basic assumptions
about women and work.

And then we can begin to devalue the dollar.





BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

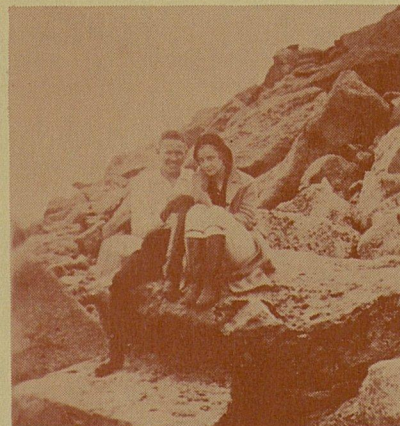
I have been thinking about the economics issue and the incredible power my husband has held over me because of his economic supremacy. How the whole sexist structure comes home to rest. Even though I have had a job every year we've been together and even though I have worked almost twice as many days as he has, he has made almost twice as much money as I have. And in the winters when there is no work, his superior income (usually made in a few intense months) enables him to collect \$65 a week while I get \$25 or nothing. So I end up dependent on him because I haven't been employed at the right jobs or at a high enough salary to be rewarded at unemployment time.

Even without the dependency that unemployment reinforces my husband has always believed that his earning power gave him more weight—that 'our' land was more than half his. I worked fulltime for 11 months to make \$3000 and he worked 5 months to make \$7,000. In a situation like that, I often felt that it "wasn't worth my time" to work, that I might as well be a housewife as work a miserable job to make half of what he could doing what he wanted! The whole system seems designed to keep women in their places so that even a woman working full-time is less than equal, holds less power because she can earn half of what a man can. I remember the incredible rage I have felt at my husband and at the power of man's domination when he invoked the "but I earned more" - rage at the undeniable proof of my oppression being used as further power over me.

He also had another way of maintaining his power over me: by abstaining from any activity in regards to our purchases, our bank accounts, and our finances, he was able to maintain his belief that "his money" supported us. Because all my income went for our survival, dribbled away on our day to day needs, it was unseen and unmeasured. My earnings never existed as economic power in our relationship. They were quickly consumed in a steady flow of food, toilet paper and car repairs. And no man, unused to shopping, knows what "inflation" means as pay checks disappear more quickly than before. So, while my earnings vanished, uncounted tips spent as they were earned, his were for the most part saved. Unneeded for our day to day survival, they mounted up in banks—until they made a powerful weight of security and independence. His earnings were not only weighed and measured once, but again and again as the bank proudly heralded

their arrival. Not only did they count, not only were they recorded and admired but they also brought us hefty dividends: interest every quarter, large income tax returns from a job tailored for tax loopholes, and steady unemployment checks— all rewarding him for his middle class status and earning power. And he wondered why I screamed, raged and cried bitterly the first time he said "but I made more than you did... it's my money in the savings account." Was all my work all those days, months and years just nothing? Just a little exercise in powerlessness because it was unrewarded by men whose interest was served by paying me \$1.50 an hour, because it was unrewarded by men whose interest was served by not paying me unemployment because "you didn't earn enough"? Just nothing, four years of steady work? The savings weren't "mine". Even the working woman is not free of men's power—the whole economic structure makes sure that you learn that the best place for you is in the home.

It took me a long time to recognize how much power money exercised in our relationship. And to know that I would never be an equal unless I was economically independent— no longer subject to his misperceptions about our earnings or our expenses. So I began the awkward and "bitchy" process of demanding fair accounting - of listing all expenses and dividing them equally, with each of us free to do as we please with the left over "profit" from our respective incomes. It has not been to my economic advantage to do this - I have little surplus left after expenses and live much less freely and comfortably while he has a lot of surplus and lives very freely indeed. But for the first time in four years I feel completely in control of my life. I decide how much to spend and on what. I am recognized as an equal contributor in all of our joint expenses and I have equal power in all our decisions. I no longer fight over his extravagance or his financial irresponsibility - what he does with his income after the bills are paid is his business and his problem. Awkward as such formality is, it is the first time I've been an equal in money matters. The informality of normal marriage arrangements meant my casual and continuing oppression. I just read recently that money is never free and that anytime you take money you owe something. For years I have lived under the power that money gives and I always owed something— though I never understood how or why I got in that place. Now the only power in my life is my own and the only things I owe are to myself.



Family Economics

My family was middle to lower middle class. My father worked at any number of jobs- changing them when he felt the need, creating and abandoning businesses, working as a plumber, a contractor, a store manager, salesman, etc. His "job" was never his identity- his preference and delight was rose gardening. He built a meticulously crafted house. The economics of our family fluctuated according to my father's chosen occupation of the time. We were always well fed, clothed and housed- but sometimes we were poor and sometimes we were comfortably affluent. All relative of course- we owned a small piece of land, our house, car and plentiful material possessions. My mother's work as child rearer, cook and household manager was unpaid and unsung. Her feelings about my father's occupational changes were not considered seriously- the choices for the family, for her, were his. I can't remember consciously seeing all this. I think I was aware of the power, economics and decision making pivoting on my father's whims. At some early point I was quite clearly determined never to put myself in my mother's place of dependence and powerlessness- never to get married. Some of my basic feelings about money- that it should flow in and out freely, that saving it for tomorrow is unnecessary, that you should use it to buy what you want or need whenever you have it and you can always make more come from my father. Others- that money is security, that you never know what you'll need tomorrow and should put away some of today's- come from my mother. They conflict in me. Sometimes one is stronger, sometimes the other. Both parents impressed on me that working is somehow a measure of worth. That you "don't get something for nothing." The Protestant Puritan work ethic. That work is the meaning of life or piles up treasure in heaven. At the same time they both taught me that making money is not as important as how you feel about your work and yourself. My father gave up jobs that he felt in conflict with even though they meant a higher and more secure income. Being scrupulously honest and fair in his businesses, he wasn't very "successful financially". Ironically all this "you should do what makes you happiest" philosophy came out of a nuclear family that held its woman in a tight role as housewife. And the same father who followed his desires to do work he liked and that challenged him more tried to stifle and direct the choices of both his daughters.

I live now with two other women on a small farm that is headed toward but not close to self-sufficiency. Our income comes largely from an inheritance fund of one of us. The farm brings in some money--and as we get better at farming that amount grows. A little comes in from crafts. All the money that comes in is spent communally, and decisions and plans are made with each of us having an equal voice. We use most of our income to build up the farm and buy and feed and care for the animals. We also pay taxes and run a car. Our "personal" needs are minimal--now and then one of us wants a drawing pencil, new boots, some camera

film. When we have extra money we might go to the movies. Because our financial situation is understood by each of us and because we all share in buying, all know what we need and are sensitive communally, the actual management of our money is fairly simple. We have enough to live on and enough capital to make the farm become self-sufficient. When we overspend and run out of money, we know there's more coming in and we learn to budget ourselves. There's always some farm product--a goat kid, wool, surplus eggs--to sell to make the few dollars we need immediately.

Living in the country is a critical part of our economics. Because we are pretty free of advertising input (no television, no radio, no billboards, no daily paper) we are not told what we want or need to buy. We don't buy things to make ourselves feel good. There are no stores close by to tempt us to consume things we don't need. A trip to town is usually to fill a specific and real need. There are few opportunities to spend money even if we wanted to--most of what's happening around us is freely available. Our "entertainment" is part of our lifestyle--seeing an animal born and watching it grow, planting a garden, taking a walk in the woods, building and creating. Work is joyful and pleasureable--it merges with play, and there is time for it all. There doesn't seem to be any direct relationship between time and money- we work all the time on the farm and when we sell a product or animal it doesn't seem connected to "hours spent at". "Wages" and farming don't feel compatible. This may change when we put all our capital into the farm but I don't think so. We will still be doing what we choose to do with our time and energy, and that aspect of choice makes it different.

Another aspect of country life as we live it is a certain freedom from judgments being made about your things. Things--clothes, cars, houses, material possessions of all sorts--are comments on your economic standing and on you as a person. Within our community, people don't relate to things this way. Most of us don't buy things beyond our immediate needs. We use our things until they absolutely don't function any more. A ragged towel-chipped pot- worn down broom is used to the very end of its existence. Clothes are patched and things are mended and traded and recycled. We share unwanted extras through the "free box" and the local dump has an exchange area! There is no such thing as a "new model" being bought and substituted for an old, unfashionable one. This consciousness of things only in their useful and necessary aspect leads to less and less spending, less money needed and less dependency on money.

But into my counter culture feminist farm life I find that I carry certain of my parent's ideas about money. They are adhesive, are part of my ideas. There are times when I feel insecure about not having money in the bank--I think (and hear my mother's words) what will happen if..?" These fantasy-worries connect directly to the middle-class concept of money-as-security. I know that

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I will be able to deal with "if" when it happens-- and probably in ways I can't imagine right now. And I know that I can work almost anywhere and am capable of taking care of myself. I know that we all share another kind of "security" which is that we are where we are by mutual choice and that we trust and care for one another. Sometimes I find myself feeling uneasy about not having "a job"-- something of the "you ought to be earning a living" song comes into my head. And while I know that I am "earning a living" (what does that mean, exactly? That I put energy out and receive energy in, basically), the society I live in places little value on work that is not directly "rewarded" with money. I feel aggravated by this value system suddenly in my head--I don't believe or respect it. I do believe we all have our "work"--it is energy going out--and our times of no-work. We each have different needs or desires to "work", and our individual ideas about ourselves and work. I believe the competitive capitalist system is inherently destructive and wrong. But my logical, analytical understandings still do battle with those uneasy guilty remnants of another lifestyle. For a long time I wondered if my desire to make the farm

self-sufficient was creeping out of those "earning your living" vestiges. Now I feel fairly clearly that it comes from wanting an ecological, political alternative to living off of the capitalist system-- and a communal non-competitive feminist organic farm feels like that alternative.

The final stumbling is over "control" of money and power and how that works. I know that I live in a situation where money is not power. Where whose name is on the income check does not determine whose voice is listened to or whose ideas are deferred to. In reality we all share in controlling the farm and what we do with it. The part of me that gets worried-emotional-defensive about who "controls" our money is another part that is hanging over. Hanging over from growing up in a typical nuclear family where earning-power meant family-power, or rather power-over. Where the man made the decisions and controlled woman and children. Where financial dependency meant powerlessness. I know that there are alternatives to that way of living together and that I am living one of those alternatives. I get angry with myself for being victimized by those old games that no longer apply to my life--but there they are sometimes. The struggle is to be free enough to be where I am, now. ■



Consciousness-Raising:

Money & its Power

When I was raising a family, it seems my responsibility for taking care of our finances (the paying of bills, buying of clothes and food, passing out of allowances and money for social activities) wasn't always there when it came to major decision making. Somehow, I took a secondary role alot of the time. When it came time to buy a car for instance, that was not up to me. As I view this now and try to change the way I feel about myself and about my true rights when it comes to shared money, I realize that I grew up as most of the women I know did, believing that we were incapable of making major decisions on our own. And major decisions about ones life, clearly include the spending of money.

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I envisioned a place where energy would flow in and out from one person to another, from the people to the land and from the land to the people.

Where I could dig in the garden while my friends did what they wanted to, and we would all live happily ever after from that shared energy, so I moved to community of 18 adults and 10 children.

But insidiously, money crept in, and with it, all the values money brings. We have so internalized this system's ideas that money has become a primary motivating force in many people's lives. Because few of us have learned that shared energy, work lovingly done, is as vital and important as a \$10 bill, we force everyone into a position of

having to work for their own money.

I have felt myself get annoyed with a friend poorer than myself because I earned the money, and hate myself for feeling that annoyance. Although I don't enjoy being treated that way, and feel that the only way to create an environment where money isn't important is to live it, I still find myself replaying America's free enterprise program in microcosm.

"I earned that, that's mine" says a part of me while my other self screams "I of myself own nothing, we are put here to share love, energy, and possessions, to somehow create an alternative, and the place to start is inside yourself!"

But it seems so hard to create an alternative alone. It's fine for me to want to share, but when brothers and sisters aren't all in that place I seem to pick up on all the nuances of energy and start reflectiong them back - if you can't share your welfare check, how can I then share my income?

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I've been living on land with four people, two of whom own the land. I had never admitted that owning or not owning the land made any difference in who had decision making power. I did feel less secure however, knowing that if we stopped living together well, I would be the one who would have to find a new home. The option was always there for me to buy into the land if I wanted to, but I felt somehow that buying in would be a negative act, securing my rights in case of bad times. I had a long talk about my feelings with Arlene (one of the people who owns the land), and she made me realize that I was keeping myself in a passive place by not sharing the land financi-



ally, that there was no such thing as no power difference, and that I must be resenting them somehow for owning the land. It's true. I did feel resentment at times, thinking of all the work I had put into the land, and how much I cared for it, and that in the end the people who had put in the money would have the last word. I hadn't wanted to admit that though, because we're all supposed to be beyond money and all its uglies.

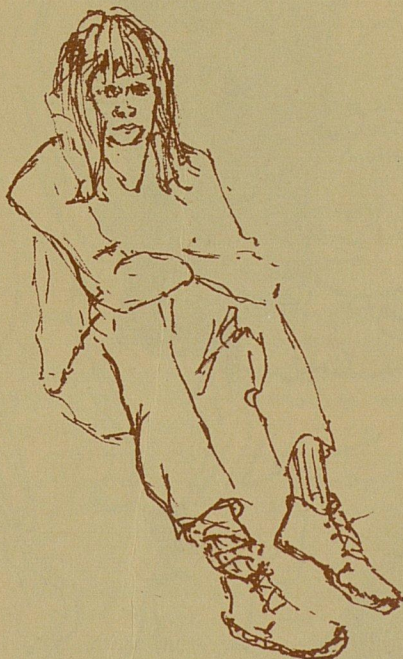
I decided to buy in. I had never been conscious of my lack of power, but I suddenly became very conscious of the power I now had. It felt great. I woke up the next day fantasizing about a house I'd like to build, when I never would have dared to before.

It's incredible to think that before my conversation with Arlene, I had never allowed myself to think seriously about buying into the land even though the option was open and I had the money. I was keeping myself in a passive place, which had felt like a natural place to be in.

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When I think that no money is going to be replacing the money I'm spending I go through a lot of anxiety. During an anxious period about money I often become someone I don't like very well. I really get into making judgments about other people and money. I lose sight of a lot of good positive things in my life and focus on money.

I now pretend that I'm financially desperate before I really am so that I don't get to the place where I have no choice about how I'm going to make money. I have to have some money saved in order to look for work so that I am deciding what I am going to do, and I don't have to take the first



thing that comes along. It's having that money saved that gives me the power of choice...I don't have to accept anything that comes along.

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Heavy how the desire for money sometimes has me dealing with people I normally wouldn't relate to in any way.

Three men came to buy a few gallons of milk. "Hello babe, hi lady, hi hon" - they don't even know me! Don't see me, and I remain camouflaged not wanting to let them into my world enough to get angry or involved in trying to raise their consciousness. Being around a vibration feeling totally alien to mine.

They mention having some wood - could we trade? Quickly reckoning - cypress all cut, delivered here me with no chain saw, no truck, rainy weather. Sure. And, in a way feeling like I'm ripping myself off by not relating in another way really wanting the wood. So hidden again, I remain "lady".

See you later hon.

Money as Security

Moving to the country usually means giving up the occupation you had in the city. Having no occupation means no predictable income. No predictable income leads to economic insecurity.

We grew up in a culture that equates money with security. Money in the bank - saved for a rainy day - your future income insurance. A society which plots and plans retirement benefits, pensions, security for "your old age". We women were to marry the man who made the money which piled up the pensions...Some of us learned skills or professions "to fall back on". Don't you remember the phrase "if you ever have to go to work?"

A move to the country is a move into very real economic insecurity. Getting together enough money to live on is a daily struggle. The jobs we can get are scarce and low paying. The skills we learned are largely irrelevant; the new ones we're learning are far from lucrative. The security of having enough money to meet our needs - however simple or subsistence level those needs might be - barely extends to next month. "Old age" is an irrelevancy, "retirement" a joke.

How we feel about money security begins to change. We learn to hustle for our daily needs - to scrape, to invent, to go without and not miss, to barter and substitute. We learn how to make it on very little and we learn most importantly that we can make it. Hard but freeing. Sometimes it seems too hard. We are taking a risk with our lives: we are not worrying over tomorrow. Some of us have translated money security into land security. We feel secure because we have land. Some of us get our security from living communally with people we love and trust. Some of us get our security from a new self-confidence: "I know how to live on very, very little and I didn't know how to do that before. I know that I can devise ways to make money - it may be a naive confidence, but it feels good.

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My economic and emotional security are tied together somehow. I have my own money that I made. I'm not supported by the man I live with. However, when we were talking of separating for a while or perhaps for good, I suddenly got an insecure flash that I had better go out and get a job. Suddenly, the amount of saved money I needed to feel secure rose much higher. I needed to replace my emotional security with economic security.

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I see the search for security as one of the chief barriers to living. Security is a myth: a mark of wisdom is learning that there is no such thing. I am delighted to find that I have not starved in the past and I have a certain sense of faith that that shall continue by one means or another. I know that I probably have enough energy, sophistication, and credentials to be able to make money. This knowledge helps me to feel good in my marital partnership. I feel less fear of spending money, knowing that in the last analysis I am not dependent on my partner to get it, but it is a responsibility and power we share.

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I have some money now... I share it with the man I live with, my husband for some years, and I earned it with him working long, hard hours. It makes me feel good, light and free and independent ... but as I write those words I wonder. I wonder why spending money is a trauma for me and not for him... why having enough to take care of an emergency is so important to me, but not to him... wonder about my feeling of independence.

It seems that men are always sure of their earning power. Women seem to be sure of how difficult if not impossible it will be to replace spent money.

Money & Sacrificing

The economic dependence of the woman on the man combined with her miniscule self respect leads to something we call the "sacrifice syndrome." Being dependent leads you to sacrifice because you don't think you're worthy of having your needs equal to those of your husband or children. This is the conditioning of centuries. Men are taught they are better and more worthy; women are taught they are second-rate. It works this way:

"We'd buy a six pack of beer and I would always be sure there was some left for him - cold, in the refrigerator. He would drink it all."

"Through the years I have been equally, at least, and sometimes solely responsible for the money which has come into our lives. But, earning it in my mind never gave me the right to spend it for myself--only for joint (his/their) needs. Ah, sacrifice, something women do so well."

"I tried to figure out what goodies I got from my sacrificing, my non-indulgence. I realized that it allowed me to feel self-righteous, to make judgements about the way others spent money. It is my way to feel like a better person, to wring some sense of power out of all my powerlessness."

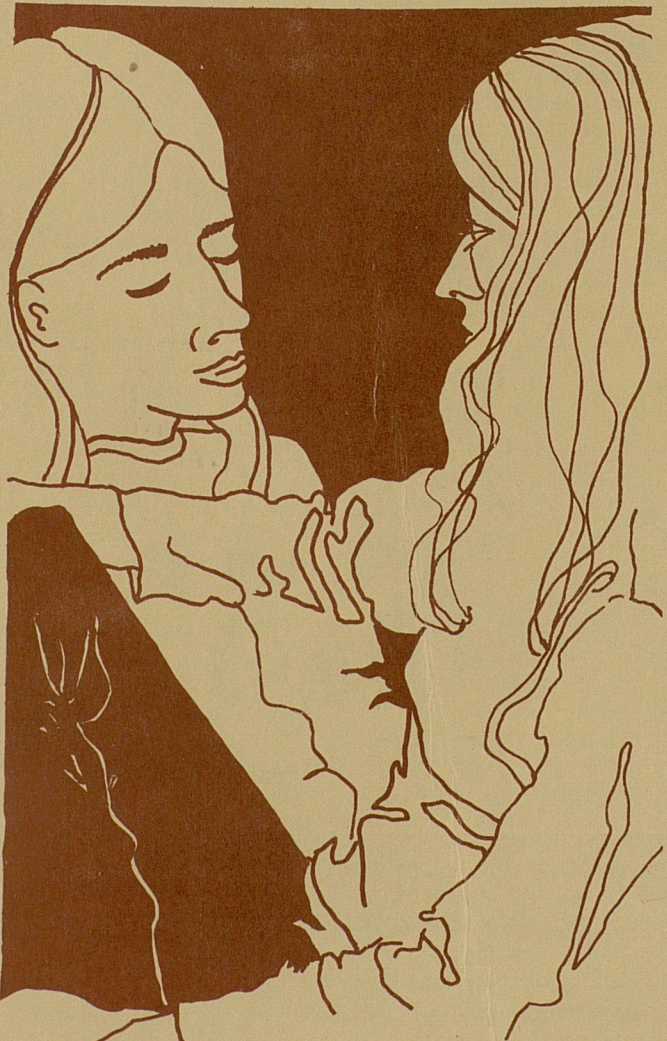
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At a meeting we talked at length about our mothers - remembering how they sacrificed in all the million ways. Last to sit down at the table. Last to get what they needed. Anecdotes that made us laugh. "Being a mother is when you're left with the bone and you give away the marrow". "My mother ate one lamb chop when all the rest of us ate two - I think she figured the meat off the bones (left at the end) as part of her portion" "I remember living in Vermont with a group of people and thinking I was still a child because I was grabbing at the

food. It was some measure of being a grown woman to sacrifice". "When we went out to a restaurant my mother always ordered a sandwich while the rest of us ordered dinners". "My mother ordered the cheapest thing on the menu". "My mother never ordered anything - she ate off of our plates". Painful laughter because we see ourselves in our mothers and our mothers in ourselves. Even in our counter-culture, our dropout country culture, we are still eating the chicken wings, so to speak...

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It's o.k. for me to write if I can make money for the "family" that way. That is "I am not really selfish though I seem to be. I am really doing this for you too---not 'just me'". I am afraid to be seen as selfish and so I don't allow myself very much "just for me" or "just because it's fun". I still carry around a need to justify to myself the "goodness" and "fairness" of what I choose to do. I don't give myself very much and I don't do it easily. I am very conscious of the busy, worried old woman in me (perhaps a projection of my grandmother) that is often pushing me very hard to accomplishment and rewardable work, while another part of me drags my feet and whines for another cup of coffee or another little snack before I start and I really should be doing something "meaningful", i.e. lucrative, something I can get money for to prove I really have a justification for doing it.



Poor By Choice ?

I came to the country almost five years ago, in the same desperate exodus from the urban nightmare that brought many of you. I came with the dividends one accrues after living successfully within the system for many years - some money saved, an easy confidence that I was and would be capable of supporting myself, and the unshakable belief that I, middle-class, advantaged, educated, and competent, was overqualified for any kind of poverty except the voluntary kind. Although I've scratched and pecked along on welfare kernals for three years now, swallowing along with my daily sustenance, cheerful, chronic reminders that I am receiving the "maximum allowable grant," I never believed I was POOR (as opposed to poor); I felt I had chosen my economic status, and therefore was free at any time to unchoose it. Two years of consciousness-raising and my recent realizations about the economic system of this country have systematically eroded this belief that I can will myself back into affluence any time I care to. It is too clearly no longer true.

The economy of this country operates on a maximum employment potential which differs considerably from the number of employable people that actually exist. Economists in this country consider 4% unemployment a healthy necessity for the well-oiled capitalist machine to function smoothly. The unemployment rate in California is officially said to be at present, about 6%. However, as the projected unemployment rate is derived from the number of people receiving unemployment benefits only, this figure is distorted. Many sociologists believe that 12-15% is much closer to the real unemployment rate in this state.

What do those statistics indicate? Among other things, they clearly reveal as myth the "truth" that protestant spectre of Duty has frowned us into believing - that only the "lazy," the "undeserving" are poor in this bounteous country - and that poverty is the result of choosing to be lazy, no more, no less.

I've understood those statistics for a while now yet it's very new, this acceptance of mine of the fact that I no longer have a choice. More than the statistics, my feminist consciousness has forced me to reassess the question of choice. This consciousness demands that I redefine what "choice" means in a whole new way. It changes the meaning from deciding to be comfortable or be poor, (working or not working) into deciding whether to be oppressed an exploited - or BE. I worked for many years as a waitress, and made a good amount of money doing it. I always felt waitressing was a good financial option for me, until fairly recently. My consciousness and my past experiences waitressing (substitute any shitty oppressive job for waitress you want) have taught me that choosing to do any oppressive work means choosing to conspire against myself and you, my sister; it means to choose to undermine our dignity, our self-respect, our ongoing efforts to carve an alternative life from the unyielding granite of the American Way. I want us all to live in a society where "freedom" ceases being "nothing left to lose." The choice

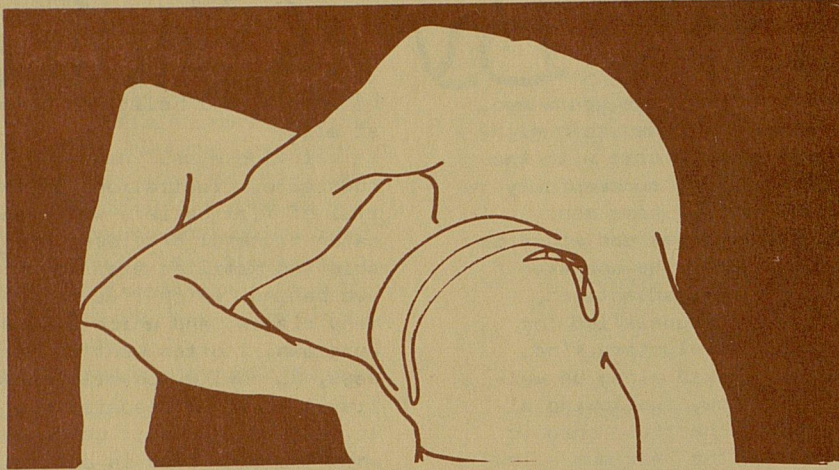
between a full belly and a full spirit is no choice at all.

I find myself now with a life full of rage, confusion, frustration, bitterness; I clutch a fistful of firm beliefs while sadly eying that moth-eaten trunkful of discarded truths, truths comfortable and familiar smelling that it pains me to leave behind, which I've hauled with me to and from many places, and which I know I have irrevocably outgrown. I often want to rant and shriek these days, to howl my powerlessness at the moon's betrayal in total despair. But I have too much rage in me to let despair chart my course. From that uncontainable rage is coming a determination to create power and choices for myself, and a certain, if shaky knowledge that I can, and furthermore, will do it.

Talking to many people about this issue of the magazine, I've often been asked "if you find any answers, will you tell me?" I begin to realize that almost no one here is "earning a living" as we were brought up to believe was necessary. And I discover that I am not, as I often think, alone in getting my money from work that I do (as opposed to welfare or inherited wealth). There are many people who, like me, are surviving on incomes that a few years ago seemed literally unsurvivable. This year I and the man I live with survived on \$2800-- making land payments, having the comfort of electricity and gas, running two cars, and always eating. It takes energy to be poor, always scrimping, calculating, scavenging and recycling but we lived--and lived luxuriously by many people's standards.

I begin to wonder if I will ever again earn a "real" living in the old middle class sense: enough money to be really comfortable. Being poor used to seem like a choice, a luxury open to middle class drop-outs. But I have not enjoyed the luxury of doing nothing--I have worked and worked at jobs that pay well for here and I find I am still poor--that it is no longer a choice. Or only a choice in the sense that if I choose to live in the country I must be poor...but even that choice is one that I am unwilling to make. The country has insidiously and irrevocably affected my psyche; the slow, gradual reawakening of my senses over these years, my bond to the earth, my hunger for silence: I will not undo these things by choice. I go to the city now and almost literally can't stand it; my senses are too open to survive the assault. The noise makes my head ache and ring and I know what the scientists mean about dangerous decibels. I can no longer screen out the multitude of visual images and focus on the "right" ones for survival: the road, the sidewalk, the stranger approaching, whatever.

No, living in the city is not a choice I am willing to make. I would have to repress so much of myself, become deaf, blind, unfeeling again and I don't even know how one does that...So I realize my middle class guilt about being poor is misplaced. I have left my birthright behind...have, without even knowing it, become my own person with my own possibilities.



The Other Side of the CoinSacrifice

I started out as a child
Pretty much like the rest of us
Being responsible (able to respond)
To my parents, my older brother
And those few others in my world.

In a natural, flowing progression
The child grows
From a totally dependent state
Through awkward, independent movements
Toward autonomy
To responsibility for and to oneself.

I happened to be born
A woman, though
And that meant, as it usually does
That my sense of responsibility
Never (almost) grew up to meet myself.
At 36 some miracle is saving me...
Stubbornness?
Despair?
Luck?!

From the endless sacrificial cycle
Women wear as hollow halos.

(A secondary person
However delightedly dependent
Necessarily
Must be
Able to respond
To the Primary Person
First
Last
and Always.)

It's called, among other things,
The Compassion Trap.
Watch out for it, sisters!
It tends to be comfortable in there;
Lots of company, and caring and
Society will happily
Decorate you with its seal of
Female Authenticity.
A REAL WOMAN.

Watch out!
The shoe will fit

Your brain
Your ass
Your life
Until you find yourself
As I did
Growing into
The old woman in the shoe
Who doesn't know what to do!

And I didn't
And I couldn't (read wouldn't)
Do anything
Save
Serve my children
Sorry suppers
Of selflessness.

("Why do you laugh, Mommy,
When you're with your friends,
But never, ever at home?"
"Because I'm afraid I'm
becoming a cackling Grandma wolf
who will EAT you, my son.")

"What are those red lines
In your eyes, Mommy?"
"If I told you
it would scare you
and me, too.
Let's just say
I feel like a lion today.")

And you, dear?
Whatever you want, dear,
Whenever you want it.
Whoever you like, dear.
It is my pleasure
To serve you...

A warrant! for you're
A beast
And should know
As I do
The feeling of being
On the inside
Of the cage.

Let me out, dear,
And I'll fuck you
Over
Just so you'll know How it feels.

Yes, my bitterness is showing.
I'm tired of coming in last
In everything
But shitwork.

You say you understand (stand under)
What?
Would you, then,
Take my part
For me
Just to see
How it would be?

I'll work for money
And you work for love
And we'll see who feels better
In the other one's glove.

No? Not now?
You're hard at work
Doing important things?
I know (I always do).
I understand (I always do).

No! I don't understand!
I've never stood under the wonder
Of work that's important to me
And I'm dying, friend
Dying for lack of life
For the chance to do my own work.

I want to paint and play
Write and run
Draw and dance
Split wood, grow spinach, broccoli and lemons
Make music, a meal worth eating -
Write poems until I've said it all!
I'll write a book - or more - for money
If that's needed - and it is, in order to live.
I'll carry my share
I always have - and more.
That's not the problem.

It's just
I want to do
What I
Want to do, too.
Just like you do.

So. So?
So what's stopping me?
All I have to do
Is tell you
I want equal time
with our sons
with the shitwork
with the stuff of staying alive
And equal time for work and play
Starting today.

Making Welfare Work

You are on Welfare. You are lazy;- you do not want to work, You are a drag on society, dependent, indigent, no good and worthless. Hang down your head as you put out your hand. We will feed you (or almost feed you), but we will not allow you to look us in the eye. Your incompetency, your desire to deceive, connive will be mirrored back to you daily on the radio and in the newspaper headlines - "10,000 CAUGHT IN WELFARE FRAUD" - "WELFARE ROLLS INCREASING. TAXES UP". Your self esteem and sense of personal worth will be chopped into a billion pieces and scattered over endless forms.

What is really the truth about welfare and how you feel about receiving the minimum grants doled out? When I first applied for welfare part of me felt confused and basically ashamed. I skulked into the welfare office, shoulders down, feeling that somehow I had failed. I had not been able to support myself and my family, I was taking the "easy" spineless way out. I had accepted and internalized all the lies and stereotypes that society wanted me to believe about being on welfare.

Yet, the saner side of me knew that somehow I was being rooked in. That by placing the blame on myself - the welfare recipient, rather than on the system that exploits people and does not provide alternatives, I was using all my powers to destroy myself rather than change the system. I was playing right into their hands by accepting their image of me.

Fact: The American government spends billions of dollars subsidizing big business. Fact: Huge sums of money are used to subsidize large farm cooperatives not to grow food. Fact: The majority of tax money is used to perpetuate a war in Vietnam that today is dropping bombs on hospitals, schools, large civilian populations. Fact: the cities are crowded. Unemployment is quoted at 6% but most sociologists believe that it is more like 12%. Fact: The job market is white male oriented and 7 million female "heads of families" have not changed that fact. Job equality is a myth. Even women with skills receive lower pay and less challenging jobs. If the California government can get 2 adults and 2 children off the job market and out of the unecological cities for \$250 a month they are getting a fantastic bargain. You are not adding to the pollution in the city; you are not draining the already withering national resources (by using inordinate amounts of gas and electricity), you are not competing with the millions of hungry jobless people who are looking for work when there is none and you might be doing a lot of human good for those around you.

It is not only a working class problem. On a recent trip to Los Angeles I spoke with many women on welfare- teachers, ex- social workers, librarians, people who the system had trained to work and then shut the door on. For months they in their middle class security had struggled looking



for work not believing that it was not available. Finally as truth and hunger set in they, head down, applied for welfare. There were no alternatives.

How does this relate to you in the country? First lift your head and take a good look at the reality around you. See that the only jobs available (1 job for every 10 applicants) are underpaid waitress and hotel work. See that there is no state child care provided for your children. See that if you live alone and tried to work you could not pay a baby sitter, meet job expenses, and feed your children too. Then stop feeling guilty and get angry. Because instead of recognizing the contributions you are making to the national interest, instead of realizing that other people get paid for caring for and teaching your children, instead of financially and emotionally supporting you in any way that encourages individual growth, the welfare system is benefiting by underpaying and intimidating you.

Do not think that I am saying that just by positively changing our self image as welfare recipients, we will not suffer from the dehumanizing processes of the system or that our checks will go any further. Other alternatives must be found for these problems. What I am saying is rather than emotionally punishing yourself for being on welfare use the time and your energy to find out what you are about - what gets you high, what direction you want your life to go in, what skills and resources you can develop for the future that would make you financially sound.

Welfare and the capitalistic system defines "work" only in terms of dollars and cents rather than finding creative ways to use our varied self potentials. Thus filing insurance policies, cleaning someone else's house, or sorting shrimp all day is work by the fact you get paid for it. Taking care of children, community organizing, growing yours and other people's food, making the world more beautiful, washing 10,000 dishes a year, teaching people to love themselves is not work because it is not elevated by the almighty dollar. Although it could and should be if the establishment would choose to do so as it did with some of Roosevelt's W.P.A. projects. The endless time spent working "shit jobs" can keep us away from ourselves, leaving us too tired, draining our strengths and further alienating us from our cre-

ative powers. We as women, mothers, full human beings must get off the merry-go-round and break the pattern of senseless "work" to rediscover the joy in a meaningful existence - the pleasure of hard work that is related to our lives.

Think about how you want to live and with whom. One woman and child paying separate rent, separate transportation and having total child care responsibility can barely scrape by on welfare. Three women sharing financial and emotional responsibilities can provide a much happier home with more opportunities for child and adult growth, more money, and more fun. We have been taught to isolate ourselves and our problems from other women and their problems. This isolation must end. Make, don't wait for the opportunity for yourself to share, discover and risk. Collectivising, aside from being a very positive financial alternative, might offer us the support and time we need to learn to create, control and maintain our own lives in a way we respect and like.

Welfare, as set up today, is not the answer. It presents an insecure alternative that like an allowance can be taken away by a paternalistic government. But even with that reality, welfare money can be a good tool to use as we begin to build our new lives- if we remember who we are and what we want. If we define ourselves by our own values not by those of a corrupt materialistic society we can feel the pride and dignity of our struggle.

(I write poems and letters on the back of my welfare form each month.)

To Welfare

You can't buy my soul for 117.50 every two weeks
It took a long time to get here
And it belongs to me.

You can't buy my soul for 117.50 every two weeks
You can just feed my body and pretend you know
who I am
While your IBM files me away under P for poor and
R for radical and W for woman-
All potentially dangerous- but no real threat.

No, you can't buy my soul
But you can cause me pain with your forms and your
impersonal authority-
The lines we wait in and the smirk you give with
your no's as you
Grind your heels in our lives
Kick us in the head and walk away.

No- you can't buy my soul
It belongs to the universe
And on that plane
We are all one.

Love,
Carolyn

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The welfare system incorporates some of the worst aspects of our society. It treats welfare recipients in the same way that the society treats children--as people who can't take care of themselves, who will get away with whatever "fraud" they can, who should be grateful for what they are given. Welfare perpetuates the idea that being poor is something to be ashamed of--the rules are written with a mind to getting people off welfare as quickly as possible. Welfare makes a distinction between "worthy poor" and "unworthy poor"--not that that's going to help you eat, if you are "unworthy". It promotes the work ethic, any money you are given as a gift is taken straight off your grant, but you are allowed to keep a portion if you earn it. It recognizes only the nuclear family structure (woman, man, children)--if one parent is gone, then a child is considered deprived, even though the child may be living in a situation where there

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are other women and/or men who take on the responsibility of parenthood. Welfare, like most everything else in our society, is particularly oppressive to women. For example, if the father is still in the house, the AFDC check is generally made out to him, to save his ego. In AFDC, if the father is unemployed, even if the mother is employed, the child is considered "deprived". It is generally assumed by welfare that when a couple separates, it is the man who will leave, and the woman who will naturally take care of the children. The whole thing reinforces woman's role as housewife and mother, as opposed to the supposedly male role of going out to earn a living.

In spite of all this, it is still possible to use welfare to your advantage. There are three main categories of aid which a woman living in the country might consider applying for-- GA (General Assistance), which is usually restrictive and for which the regulations are determined by each county individually, ATD (Aid to the Totally Disabled) which is based on a mental or physical incapacity to work, as verified by doctors or psychiatrists, and AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children) which is dependent on having children in the family (your own, a relative's, children you have legal custody of, or you can get a boarding house license).

Two of the major determinants of aid are the income and property of the individual or family. I will share with you the parts of the regulations which are of particular interest to persons living in the country. These are California regulations; check for differences in your own state.

INCOME Home produce such as from garden, orchard, livestock and poultry utilized by you and your household for your own consumption is not income.

If you're selling produce off your farm, to figure your net income you take your gross income, then deduct any of the following: A) business expenses, i.e. "the reasonable and necessary cost of expenses which are incurred in the production of income by a self-employed person." This can mean seed, feed, telephones needed for the business, salaries, advertising, etc. B) personal work expenses--income tax, social security deductions, clothing that is used solely for whatever you are doing that is producing income, transportation expenses. C) nonpersonal expenses-- costs for transportation to call on customers, cost of tools, materials and licenses which are required and dues paid to a union or employee association. You should keep receipts of all your transactions if possible. In AFDC as a person working you would be eligible for a 30 and 1/3 deduction which means that out of your income the first \$30 and 1/3 of the total would not be considered as income and would not be taken off your grant. In ATD the first \$20, plus 1/2 of the next \$60 of the gross earned income is exempt from consideration. If someone gives you money that can only be used for a specific purpose, i.e. you can use it for building a goat shed, but not for food, clothing, etc., it is not considered income.

PROPERTY In ATD any property which is used by the person applying as her home is not considered in figuring how much property the person owns. Other property can have an assessed value up to \$5000 (market value \$20,000). In AFDC the total property holdings of a family cannot be over an assessed value of \$5000. If you are not living on the land it must be used in some way that provides income to you.

One vehicle is exempt from consideration as personal property as long as the amount you've paid thus far is less than \$1500.

In ATD you can own additional personal property (money in the bank, extra cars, livestock held for sale) up to \$1200 (\$2000 for a married couple). In AFDC the limit is \$600. Something which is not generally known is that personal property, other than cash or stocks and bonds, may be retained if the market value does not exceed \$1000. This means that if you have farm equipment worth \$800 you don't have to get rid of it in order to be eligible for aid.

Farm equipment, livestock and fowl retained for family use only is not evaluated as personal property. Stock in a water company not accompanying your land purchase, if it is necessary for agricultural purposes, is not considered personal property.

If you can get your farm or dairy or whatever approved as your employment, you can exclude from being considered as personal property your equipment and inventories.

If you own land with other people, only your share is considered when applying for aid. Any amount still owed on land, equipment, livestock, or building materials can be deducted when figuring their value.

Even if you qualify for aid, the grant amounts are low-- in California (one of the best) they are \$172 for a mother and unborn, \$190 for a parent and one child, \$235 for three people, \$280 for four people, and \$320 for five people in AFDC. ATD grants vary.

If you are interested in applying for welfare but are afraid it will lead to your house being condemned you can relax some. The state housing codes are fairly strict, but I talked with the health department in Santa Cruz County and they said they acted mainly as a tenant's advocate, approaching landlords in order to force them to fix broken plumbing, leaky roofs, etc. Especially in rural areas they don't go out looking for trouble. They can also act on referrals, but the social workers I talked with said they only referred those situations which were obviously unhealthy, i.e. sewage leaking into the water supply, places that are continually cold, damp, and drafty.

If you are applying for AFDC and your youngest child is 6 or older you must register for employment (this might be changed in the next few months). If the father of the child is living in the home, in order for the family to be eligible for aid one of the parents must be incapacitated (i.e. the mother can't do housework or the father can't go out and work) or the father must be working less than 100 hours per month. The unemployed or underemployed father must register for work no matter what age the child is. Mothers with children under 6 are often told they ought to stay home and take care of the kids rather than going out and working. If you are self-employed, it is possible to have that approved as your employment or you can have your classification be farm-type employment. There was a woman in Santa Cruz whose job classification was horse-shoeing because that's what she knew how to do.



If the father of the child is not living in the home and you don't want the district attorney contacting him for child support, you cannot be denied aid because you refuse to provide information about the absent father (this ruling changes from time to time). If your worker tells you to go to the DA, but you don't want to, demand to see the regulation.

If you are on welfare, there is extra money that you can apply for if you need a special diet or if you need extra money to pay for transportation for medical reasons. Also from time to time counties allocate money to the welfare department to be used for special purposes-- for example, Santa Cruz County set up in September a special shelter fund that can be used in paying cleaning deposits, first and last month rents, taxes, home repairs and delinquent house payments.

If you are not eligible for any kind of cash assistance, you might be eligible for Medi-Cal. There are medical programs that cover single, able-bodied adults as well as families with children and disabled persons. Medi-Cal takes care of most basic services provided by doctors, dentists, psychologists, and hospitals, as well as some home remedies and spiritual healings. Your home is exempt from consideration as real property in Medi-Cal. You can own other property with an assessed value up to \$5000. The personal property limitation for the single adult program (Medi-Cal) is \$600. For the family program (AFDC-MNO) it is \$1200 for one person plus \$100 for each additional person. There are no limitations on income, but the greater your income, the greater will be your responsibility for bearing your medical expenses. For example you might have to pay the first \$25 of your medical bills each month.

Besides Medi-Cal, single adults can get either food stamps or surplus foods, depending on which program your county carries. You should check with your welfare department about these.

This should give you an idea of some of the basic regulations and policies. If you want specific information about your particular situation, you ought to talk with your local legal aid society which usually has a subsection dealing specifically with welfare. THEY CAN ALSO HELP YOU IF YOU WANT TO APPEAL A DECISION MADE BY THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT.

If you are going to use the welfare system, at least don't be intimidated by it, and don't be sucked into the assumptions it makes about people. The idea behind welfare is basically wrong, just as there is something basically wrong with the whole American system. Welfare perpetuates the class system of this society, it undermines people's self-respect, it forces people who need money to lie to get it, it increases government control of our lives. What we need instead is to build a society where there is no need for anyone to "go on the dole" because we all work together and no few people get rich off of everyone else.

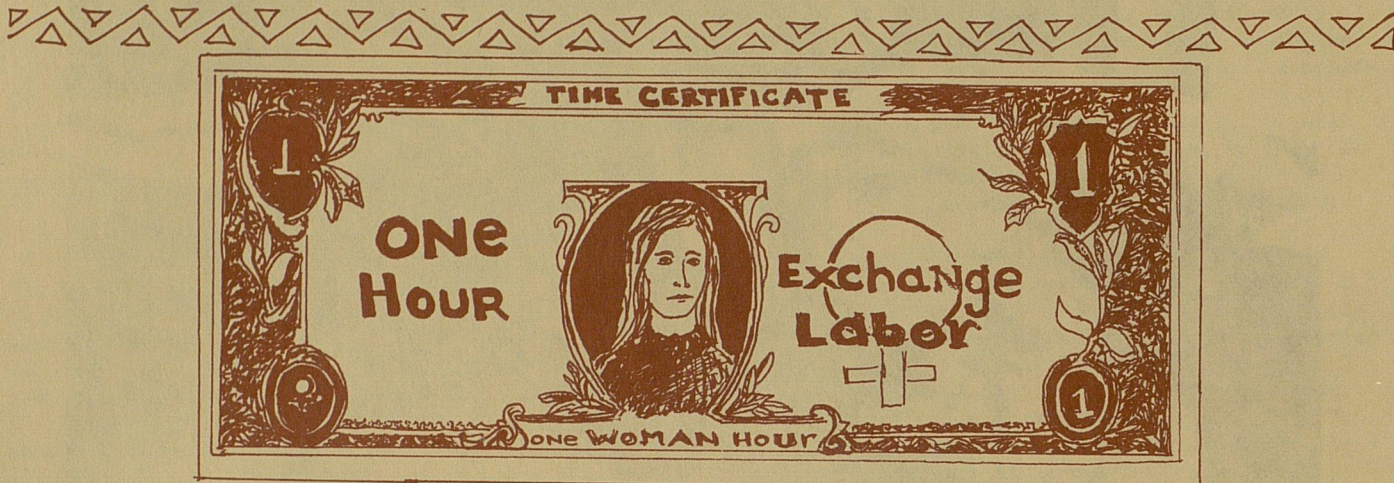
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We need a society where all work is creative and life-giving, and where a person can do whatever is most fulfilling and real for her that doesn't oppress other people. Everyone should have the right to live a healthy, creative life without having to struggle for survival every minute. If for nothing else, using the welfare system can free our time and energy so that we can build a new society that is fit to live in.

Be Aware of Your Rights!

It is your right to see the welfare regulation manual. You can also purchase one (about \$8). Find out if there is a welfare rights group in your area. If not, you can start one. Contact a chapter of National Welfare Rights Organization (N.W.R.O.) for information how to do so. It is also your right to see your individual case folder. ■



What if Time were the only value, and no-one's time were of different value than another's? Think about it. In bartering for an exchange of labor, is any person's time worth less than another's? Time is the great common denominator, and it is the most precious thing we have. Quality of service or product is still a goal, but higher prices are presently no guarantee of higher quality. Equal time is a fair basis for establishing the value of any service or commodity to be exchanged.

Here on the Mendocino Coast, many of us are seeking to establish ourselves and our homes in an environment where we are not losing our senses in the maze of competitive capitalism. We are aware of time perhaps more than our city sisters--the seasons as well as the hours are constant reminders of the value of our time. We are hard workers, learning new skills and new self-sufficiencies every day. Our lives are, for the most part, full and rewarding. So, when we set aside some of our time to do "exchange labor"--be it for services for others (fish puller, auto mechanic, nurse's aide,) for producing commodities (potting, carpentry, farming)--we are giving of known, real value.

Some of us find ourselves experimenting to find the kind of work we do best and enjoy most--then we offer to exchange our time for cash, or the commodities or services we need. We are informed by the local office of the Department of Human Resources Development (ooh-ooh-- that designation says so much about our predicament!) that "the going rate is \$1.65 an hour" for most of the services in our community, and so long as we're willing to work (exchange our time) for this amount, that's what we'll be paid.

But--in the area of "commodities production," would you believe 23¢ an hour?

A sister from a local craft cooperative admits that its members realized exactly 23¢ an hour for their labor (time) during the first year of the co-op's existence. She indicated that the group is still grappling with the problems of pricing their products in a "competitive market" and of distribution. After some seconds of shocked reaction, I realized that this problem is no different than that faced by all of us. It is just a concrete example of how slow we are to act to correct the false propositions of centuries immediately past, that, 1: when women produce handcrafts, they're "hobbies"--and, 2: that handcrafts must compete with machine-produced goods.

WHY ARE WE SO SLOW TO ACT?
because we're chicken-shit?

I don't think so. I think it's because we aren't TOGETHER. If every woman who reads this article agrees with herself to seek full value for her time in whatever field she produces for exchange, we will have begun to come together.

If our community won't pay the just price (or exchange comparable hours of exchange labor) for an article, we should not produce that article. Perhaps we'll need to survey our community to see what is wanted or needed. Maybe we'll realize there is a market for household items larger than that for personal items. Some of us have already recognized that householders far more readily spend hundreds of dollars for cabinetwork--and are considering the construction of draperies, wall hangings, bedspreads, casseroles, and jardinières and teapots as perhaps more likely to return fairly for our time.

WE must remain steadfast in our own valuation of the VALUE OF OUR TIME. . . and we must begin to engage in dialogue with all our sisters who produce "women's work" for less than an hourly rate that's just. To meet head-on some of the resist-

ance and fear we (naturally) feel in spite of our intellectual conviction that we've been "had" for lo, these long years, let's look at some realities:

1. Those women who do handcrafts "as a hobby" are not our market anyway, and they will understand readily the true value of what they also are doing.

2. Those who sell their products but are not dependent upon the income should not feel threatened but should enthusiastically agree, "It's about time!"

3. If there are men who count their time of less value than ours (and sell their handcrafts for less than the value of their time), they too must be convinced.

All sales are, in fact, an exchange of time. . . as a matter of fact, we've just been contributing ours (with no concomitant tax deductions) when we exchange our products or services for less than a fair return based on the time we've spent producing or serving! Following is one woman's suggestion for selling:

Prices should be stated clearly. i.e.

\$20 or
10 hrs exchange

With displays of wares should be posted prominently, a list of

CURRENT Exchange
Needs
heavy hauling
dentistry
AUTO REPAIR



The country is simultaneously rich and poor in resources, in possibilities. There are a tremendous number of things you can do with a small piece of land, or within a community, or in a small rural town. Most of these things take skills, capital, and a lot of hard work and learning. Many of the jobs open in the country to men can be opened to women. We can teach ourselves and one another to be carpenters, gardeners, and mechanics. We can demand equal employment rights. We can organize work guilds with fair wages and non-competitive policies. Guilds that provide services and skills basic to country life. If we use our imaginations, we can set up trade systems for work (trade a day building fences for a day's help with your house building) and goods (trade surplus milk for firewood or vegetables). Pooling capital, sharing tools, bartering and working together are ways to minimize needs. Living collectively or sharing land are ways to deal with land payments and taxes. Sharing our knowledge - in organized ways or just by sharing books and talking - is essential. If you know how to shear a sheep or shingle a building because you've done it - teach a friend. Women teaching women. Co-operatively, we can buy or rent or share and begin producing food, raising livestock, providing for our own needs and saleable, necessary products.



Bartering

Alternative life style and creative living: these two themes motivated 16 people living in an isolated community in the Santa Cruz mountains. After doing a couple of faires selling funky hand made things and good homemade bread to raise cash, Diana struck on the idea of bartering with local farmers.

Setting out early one morning high on the idea and with 35 loaves of freshly baked whole-grain breads, two women wound their way down into nearby farm lands. Knocking on doors or calling across fields, the proposed bartering of breads for surplus fruits and vegetables. Their reception was some disbelief and distrust, but mostly pleased acceptance as if some primal sense was awakened. By noon five farms had traded bread for vegetables and agreed to do so each week. The women returned joyously, with an abundance of truly fresh vegetables and fruits.

This marked the end of produce purchases and the beginning of high energy bread baking days and adventures into the country to talk and harvest with the people who till the land.

So successful was this first attempt at bartering as a viable alternative to money that when our medical problems were going unattended for lack of funds, we decided to try it again. Visiting a local doctor, we offered whatever talents we had in trade for his professional services. Skeptical that a horde of long-hairs could carry through, but wooed by the sincerity and obvious need, he agreed.

The barter agreed upon - our group labor was tithed to the Catholic church in town to paint and varnish a new wing. We went en masse, 7 to 12 of us, and worked for 5 or 6 hours for four days - accruing some 200 plus hours of labor in the most pleasant of ways by working together.

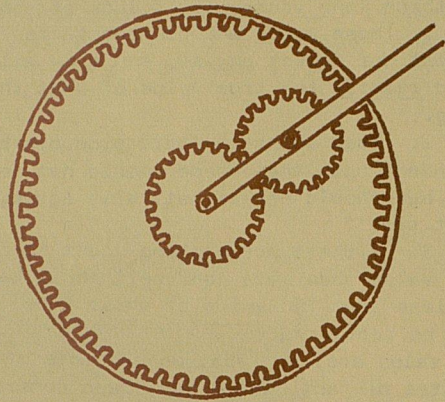
Although the doctor was somewhat overwhelmed by the \$250 that the father had evaluated our work to be worth, he made good his half of the bargain and provided medical care and medicine for the group of us over a five month period.

Two men in need of extensive dental care "paid" for it in the same way - only now the work-force became gardeners.

The contact that comes from bartering goods or labor adds new or forgotten dimension to what would otherwise be an unimaginative exchange. It can mean an economic benefit all around. ●

DIFFERENTIAL

YOU ARE INWARD DEEP AND SLOW
I AM OUTWARD SHALLOW AND FAST
NO WONDER WE HAVE SUCH DIFFICULTY
LIVING TOGETHER.
WE NEED A DIFFERENTIAL
YOU ARE THE LARGE GEARS
and I am the small ones
WHEN YOU MOVE SLOWLY
And I go fast
LOVE IS THE GEAR FLUID
IT KEEPS US FROM GRINDING
LIKE BARE METAL.



O! THE LOVE TALK OF REVOLUTIONARY WOMEN
AUTO MECHANICS.

Jean of Mountain Grove



" You know, sometimes I go to these fancy cocktail parties where they're all sipping their martinis. And they say equal pay is fine but we're not for all this women's lib stuff. I just chuckle. If that one demand were met there would be an economic revolution in this country tomorrow."

MARGARET SLOAN - AN EDITOR OF MS MAGAZINE

Working In The Mill

One of the jobs available in our area is working in the lumber mills. In speaking with a married woman we know who works in the mill, I learned some about the conditions there which she feels aren't too oppressive. However, what was revealed about what her working affords her is, to say the least, depressing.

Aileen used to make clothes as a creative pleasure and to supplement their income. About 3 years ago she decided to help buy a home, which she wanted, by going to work full time at the mill. Now she stands 8 hours a day (sometimes 16, if someone is sick and for overtime pay) at the clipper. Basically, the clipper is a machine into which barked trees are fed and cut into various lengths. Aileen's job is as a spotter - that is, being sure the trees are fed in right and straight. "Clipper spotter" brings her \$3.81 an hour.

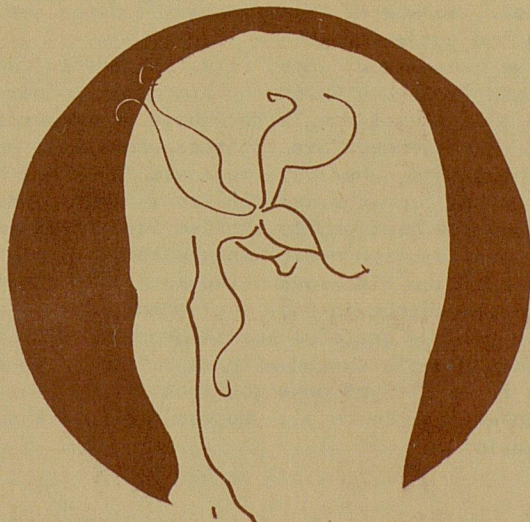
During lunch hours Aileen prefers to sit in her car and listen to the radio rather than join the other women because they gossip too much. Women at the mill don't seem to want promotions or jobs with much authority because it alienates them from everyone else. In Aileen's case, she can't write English well because she grew up in Mexico and didn't have much schooling so she is therefore safer in a job like she has.

Aileen is not sure she likes what she has done by going to work in the mill because now there's no time for sewing although she does have her home ... and her children have a home, too. At the same time, though, Aileen now has full responsibility for house payments, bills, her car payment, food, the children's needs and lastly her own needs or wants.

Her husband works at the mill too, but all his income now goes to his animals and their feed, his toys and his pleasures. Aileen still cooks all the meals, does the laundry and housework and has to ask him to be with the children if she wants to do something.

Aileen believes she could make it without him but would miss him and this sets her to remembering how she grew up - a broken family... this way, her children have a whole family, unlike her youth

She has accepted her part so much that when I asked her why she puts up with all of it, she laughed.



Know Your Rights Feel Your Power

Ⓐ If you know your employer is violating state law (forcing you to work overtime for no pay, etc) you can file a complaint with the Labor Commissioner, who will investigate and speak with your employer. If you subsequently lose your job, you have grounds for collecting unemployment. If your employer continues these practices after being contacted you have good cause to quit your job and collect unemployment.

Ⓐ A high percentage of all appeals of decisions are granted. The referees are not employed by HRD and are very open to granting appeals. If your first appeal is denied you can then appeal to an appeals board. Always appeal any decision you think may have been unfair.

Ⓐ If you are not hired for a job and feel you are being discriminated against as a woman, you can file a complaint with the Fair Employment Practices commission. Don't ever let yourself be talked out of doing this by the employer. Ask the state employment office for their address.

Ⓐ Unemployment discriminates against women by classifying them in low paying, rapid turn-over, menial service jobs and refusing to reclassify you into a more challenging job category even if you qualify for one. If you can't get reclassified, you may have to get a doctor's support for a physical or psychological reason why you can't do menial jobs.

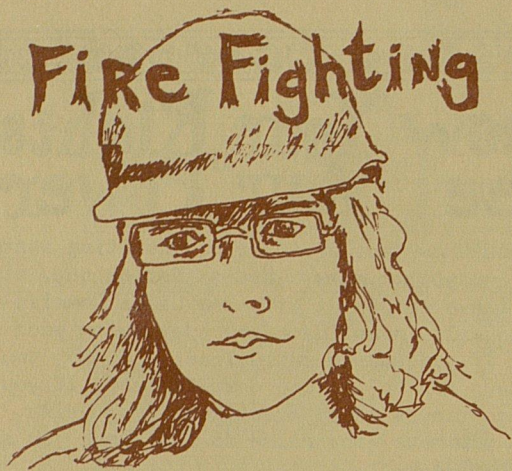
"I was classified as a waitress from my claim two years ago. When I filed a new claim as a secretary (I have three years college training and had worked as a secretary for a year) I was ordered to again find work as a waitress. I insisted that my new classification and job preference was as a secretary and was again refused reclassification. In order to avoid waitressing I am claiming a valid back injury..."

"I was classified in a job category that was not available in my rural area - but said I was willing and anxious to seek work in the city where I was not overqualified. I said that I traveled to the city to look for work each week, and that way stayed on unemployment for eight months."

Ⓐ If you move, file for unemployment in your new state. The money for your claim comes from your old state so your new home state has no vested interest in giving you trouble about your claim. Read your rule book and know what to tell them before you go in for an interview: know that you must say that you have transportation, that you must say you will seek work, that you will lose a week's check if you let them know you were sick one day...

Ⓐ Know the rules, use them to get what you want demand your rights. Be persistent. Red tape and long drawn out cases are used to discourage you, to dissipate your energy and your anger.

The cards are stacked against you - it's up to you to reshuffle them.



Living in a forest community for 2½ years, I feel more at home in the woods than I do in town. Needing money for winter supplies, it was a natural to explore employment possibilities in the mountains. Fighting fires last summer was one of the most exciting and profitable jobs I ever had. (Starting pay is around \$3 an hour, experienced people get even more. Also 23 hour work days are common in the early days of a fire.) I want to share my experience with you and then give some information on how to proceed if you are interested.

The fires we went to were caused by lightning. We watched the sky all summer for lightning storms--the hot dry days causing thunderheads, rolling cumulus clouds, to rise over the mountains. One day in September we knew instinctively the cloud buildup meant business. Five of us quickly gathered our gear and hustled into town.

When we arrived at the fire warehouse of the Forest Service the lightning was striking in the mountains all around us. Our timing had been perfect. At this point I was the only woman around. It was two days later at the fire camp before I met up with four of my sisters. There was some joking among the young locals as I signed my name to the list of volunteers. I basically ignored their comments, trying to save my energy and keep my cool as reports of strikes kept coming in. We collected our gear; hardhats, packs, flashlights, canteens, rations, and tools. The word came from the main office--I was on the list for the first helicopter loading, along with a couple of veteran Forest Service firefighters and four longhairs. We excitedly headed to the riverbed where the whirling machines landed. Holding our hardhats, packs and shovels we ran to the ex-Vietnam taxi, strapped in and took off in a flash. What a trip to fly over the tree covered ridges, cruising over more than a dozen small fires, the struck trees glowing red and smoky in the half light of dusk. The copter pilot set down on a narrow ridge and three men jumped out. We flew around looking for other places to land. Night was coming on so the pilot reluctantly turned back. I didn't care--it was so exciting to fly and I didn't really look forward to the baling out. We went back to the station and waited until 11:00 that night while the foresters in the main office made their strategy. The plan--20 men and me would walk a seven mile trail along a fork of the river and then go 2 miles

up a ridge to the site of several fires. The reason--in case there was too much smoke the next day for copters to land, some people would be in the area. We drove to the head of the trail and started walking. They figured that I would be the slowest so they put me in front. I was glad to lead the way searching out the trail with a headlamp on my hardhat. I had never walked through the forest any long distance at night before and the first seven miles were long but also glorious fun. The last two miles, up to the top of a steep ridge, there was no trail and we stumbled over brush and fallen trees. We walked until dawn with a break for instant coffee in a tin can and canned fruit and crackers from the rations. The rations also contained a canned main dish which was generally pretty bad. We lived on sugared fruit, juice, canned bread and cakes for 24 hours. The next day I wished for some goat's milk, carob and brewer's yeast.

On the top of this ridge there were three small fires. We made lines around the burned areas, digging down to mineral soil so the fire would not spread. We removed brush and small trees that were not burning. We dug out and broke up the remaining coals. We watched the fire area for smoke for several hours. A few men stayed on until the next day watching for smoke. One of the most common errors in fire fighting is to think that the fire is out when there are hidden coals that could start a new fire if the wind comes up. There have even been cases of coals in burned out stumps that travelled underground along the roots and come up outside the fireline. That afternoon we got a helicopter ride to the station where the forester's wives prepared steak dinners. (In the past this has been the extent of women's involvement in fire fighting.)

The next morning we flew to a fire camp, our base for the next seven days. We patrolled large burned areas on steep hillsides during the day, flying to and from the camp like commuters. Helicopters brought kitchen equipment, a generator, cooks, loads of food--huge boxes of meat and milk, eggs, fruit and vegetables--the best "Safeway" had to offer. This change from our summer vegetables, grain and goat's milk was something. One of my sisters was asked if she would rather cook than patrol the fires. She got very indignant and told them she came to fight fire not to cook. In general, after the men got over their initial shock at seeing women doing "men's work" we were treated as equals. I figure that "the best way to do is to be". We worked hard and proved ourselves capable and persevering.

I have heard about women fire fighters in Canada, Lake Tahoe and Northern California. There is even a "hot shot crew" (hot shots are super efficient, experienced fire fighters who travel around the country wherever there are fires) with women members from the Seattle area. If you are interested the best way to proceed is to find out who has jurisdiction over fire control in your area--before the fire season (summer/fall) starts.

I do not pretend to know everything about fighting fire. I was grateful for the knowledge that experienced people shared with us before and during the fire. If you want to fight fires, you would do well to learn all you can about fire and its behavior. ■

Woman has been the great unpaid laborer of the world, and although within the last two decades a vast number of new employments have been opened to her, statistics prove that in the great majority of these, she is not paid according to the value of the work done, but according to sex.

Susan B. Anthony
(C. 1848)

The gap between men's and women's earnings is actually growing.

Gloria Steinem (MS editor)
(1973)

slave mentality

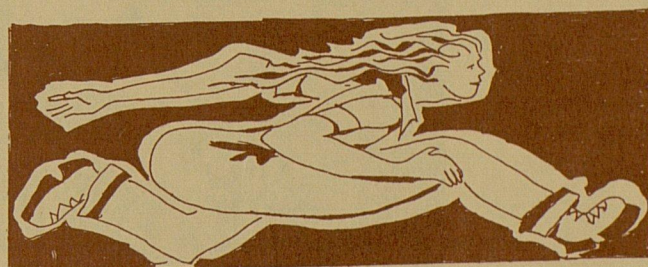
Psychological conditioning about the value of our selves and our work seems to be one of the most potent of economic forces. I worked for a year as a waitress on the day shift of a very expensive resort hotel and was shocked at how deeply I incorporated the attitudes of "a good nigger". The regular waitresses there worked for \$1.65 an hour, summer help (high school girls) for \$1.50. We waited for only two hours a day and did "side work" for the other five or six hours (side work is a euphemism that can still make me howl - though I don't know whether with rage or laughter). Side work included: vacuuming and scrubbing the carpet in an enormous dining room, setting up for the next shift, polishing copper and silver in huge quantities, scrubbing the kitchen floor (daily with a mop, once a week on hands and knees since the new linoleum got dirt in its cracks), washing the picture windows which surrounded the dining room on three sides, and more besides. This work had to be done meticulously and at an exhausting pace in order to be done in eight hours. If the copper had a stain on it or the windows had streaked because the sun was too hot for washing - they had to be done over again the next day in addition to all of that day's regular work. I often thought that my checks were short until another waitress explained that women's protection laws forbid over forty hrs. of domestic work a week. So our employer simply ignored our work over forty hrs. in order to comply with the law. We had the choice then of working for no pay or working even faster during our normal shift to accomplish all that was demanded.

As we worked in these literally intolerable conditions we were told by our superiors and we said to each other "how lucky we were to be working here." For to work in an upper class hotel seems to give domestic workers an increased sense of status and self esteem. We were always reminded of "the hash house down the road" and we would click our tongues and nod our heads, remarking on the beauty of this building and the wonderful view of the ocean (which we never had time to notice except when washing windows). We took on our master's values too and became fanatics about cleanliness - voluntarily scrubbing spots from the carpet with ammonia and scrub brush (though in the back of our minds was always the knowledge that if not do-

ne right today it would be done again on our own time tomorrow.) We talked about "the guests" (and were told to never call them customers) - how pleasant and friendly they were, how different from the "usual restaurant crowd" - but we did not speak of how they under-tipped at the end of a week long visit or did not tip at all (we were forbidden to speak of tips - it "caused fights among the girls", nor did we speak of how snobbishly and patronizingly we, "the help", were treated by America's aristocracy and its nouveau riche, young professionals. Nor did we ever speak of the roles we learned to play: the right smile, the right coyness, the right amount of deference, the running yourself ragged to meet special demands: all calculated to one end - a little bigger tip, a little more money for being a little better slave.

Well, I have worked in "the hash house down the road" now and I know that, as bad as it is, it is not nearly so bad as the unpaid labor and personal degradation of the upper class resort. I know that both places will continue to get as much work as they can for as little money as they can so long as the economic system encourages them to do so. For when "female protection laws" are most often used to keep women out of higher paying work, when federal wage laws exempt all domestic workers, and seasonal employees (11 months or less a year), when unemployment discriminates against women and denies them benefits their husbands receive, when the job market is so glutted that there are ten women for every job and when the economy is so depressed that women must work for their families to survive: when all those things are true, as they are here, then the businesses can continue to abuse their female labor as an inherent and natural function of the capitalist system. And we can only change that reality when we stand together and refuse to contribute any longer to our own exploitation.

But what will we feed the children in the meanwhile? ■



There's a whole lot of sweat
that comes out of a woman
doin' a "man's job."
And it sure is good to know
that stuff comes out of me
in places
other than

my eyes
and my cunt.

Phyllis



FISHERWOMAN

I've been living here in Manchester for two years and have gone from welfare to being a self-supporting individual. Last July I wanted to get closer to the ocean again: I have been sailing for the past 15 years and had not been close to the ocean (to work and live on it) for the last three years—since my daughter had been born. The north coast economy is not such that there is a large sailing industry, so I turned to what was here: fishing. I knew nothing about fishing or diesel boats, but I knew I could learn and wanted to learn. Within a few days of putting up signs around Ft. Bragg, Mendocino, and Pt. Arena, I had an offer, went to talk to the captain (Don) and was hired on a "let's try and see if it works" basis.

I survived the first trip: seasick the first few hours only and had a job as puller-cook-general crew on a 38' barge fishing for salmon, bottom fish, and albacore. I learned to bait hooks, clean and ice fish, use the loran, scrub the decks, run the gear; Don was willing to let me learn as much as I wanted about the boat and equipment.

The season was an incredible experience in getting in touch with myself, my goals, finding my limits. Being with one other person on a small boat at sea, often out of sight of land, for 5-7 days, working long hours, at hard physical work, ranging from icy cold to broiling sun was one of the highest work trips I've ever done. It wasn't all sunsets and sunrises and pulling 25-30 lb. king salmon...the constant drone of the diesel sure made me appreciate shut-down time; hook-nicked fingers reaching for the can of Bag Balm, even knowing that each day would be more of the same...long hours of no fish...the most discouraging of all.

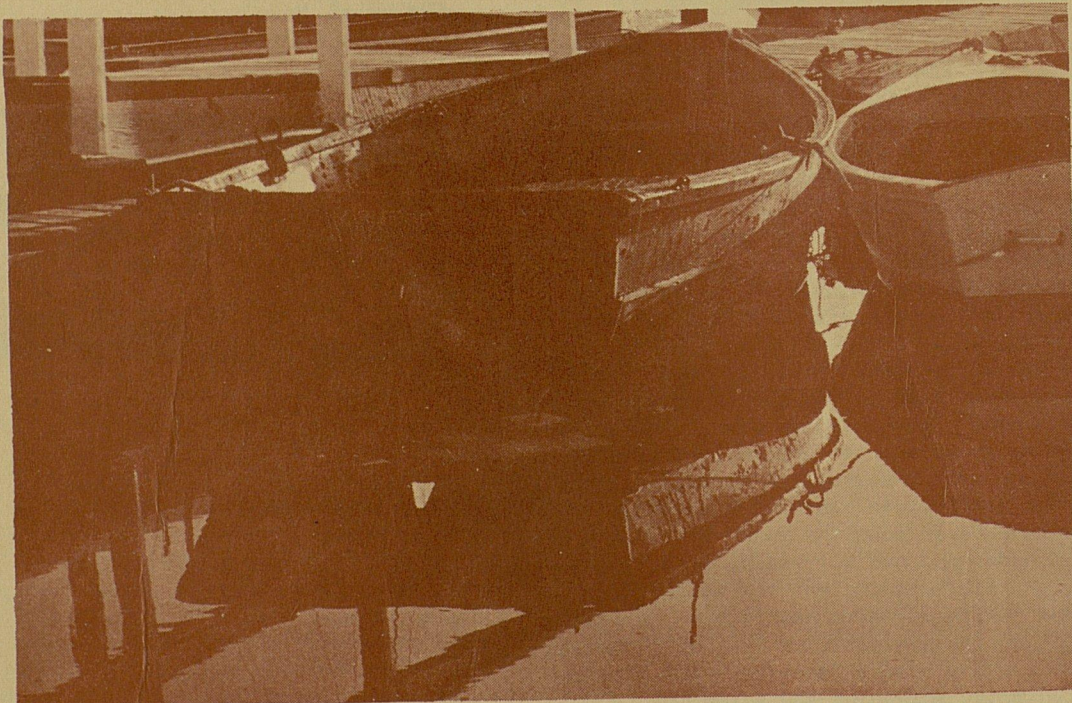
Learning new skills and being back on the ocean I gained a new self-respect. And the more self-

confidence that I had, the more easily I could respond openly to other people and also not feel guilty or wrong in saying no and sticking up for what I believed in or wanted to do. I am also more open to change within myself...change is a flowing, up and down, growing, always difficult but somehow when you aren't fighting it the difficulty becomes less so.

This was Don's first season of full time fishing as well as mine: Neither of us got rich; I paid my debts and had enough left over for a start on my own boat-building fund, and an intense desire to fish again next season if I can find another captain willing to have a competent puller, female. The one question asked most often was "can you do the work over a long period of time?": then "do you get seasick?"

Since I've been home, since mid-November, I have used old skills for economic survival: photography, sewing, housecleaning. There is shit work involved in every job, the high, creative parts have to balance the shit-work sufficiently or there is no point in doing the job. Housecleaning is good for one day a week; sewing is creative but can get tedious and draining when I get behind on orders; photography—I have been involved in for years and have finally learned to not hassle myself for not making it a super business trip. I love it, do it well and it has its place in my life but is no longer the only outlet I have for my energy.

I could, and have, gone on for hours about the trials and adventures of the fishing world... and would like to get together with anyone who is interested in knowing more or who would like to swap sea stories.



It seems that no one has much money, and yet everyone survives. How? Commodities - welfare - low paying jobs. Some here, a little there. We survive by going without. We survive by going to the city and working and coming back on earnings from jobs we had. On money from parents. We live collectively, raise food, make up schemes that work or fail.

When you're filling out a form and you come to the part that says 'occupation: what do you put down? Sometimes I put 'circus performer'... sometimes I put 'retired housewife'...

Making a living isn't entirely making money. Growing a garden is making a living.

Men keep us economically dependent upon them by excluding us from most work. The deliberate mystification of work breaks down when we take it on ourselves to learn how to do things that are relevant to our lives. We discover we can do it all too. A big part of becoming economically independent involves wife and mother roles. As long as you accept an unfair load of them, you can't learn much else. There's no time and no energy left. Once we demand equally-shared housework and childcare we will have time to develop new skills.

CONVERSATIONS

We are all learning to do the things we need to exist, and we learn because we can't afford to hire anyone to do them. Even when we develop a skill, who will hire us?

We talked about this some. We realized that most of the men we knew didn't feel this way about their skills. If a man learned carpentry and needed money, he would hire himself out as a carpenter. There's a tremendous amount of building going on in our area - and all the jobs are going to the men. Those of us who know how to build, or do plumbing, or wire a house, balk at selling these skills. We all find it really difficult to compete for jobs. To have the self-confidence to even begin to compete. We talked about women's - will-to-fail. A catchy little phrase that hit home with us. Not only are we determined not to succeed; we set ourselves up to fail by not even trying. One way to deal with our fears is to work collectively and non-competitively. Another way is to hire one another whenever we do hire someone. Support and encourage each other. Give a little push in the direction of self-reliance. If we can build our own goat shed, we can take it a step further; we can earn some money with our skill. No woman who knows how to hammer and saw needs to be a waitress.

SOMETIMES IT TAKES LIVING ALONE TO OVERCOME THIS SECONDARY FEELING - TO LEARN TO RESPECT OURSELVES. LIVING WITH OTHER WOMEN BALANCES US - WE MAY LEARN TO LAUGH, STUMBLING OVER ONE ANOTHER TO BE THE FIRST TO SACRIFICE.

"YOU TAKE THIS LAST CUP OF COFFEE"
"NO, NO - YOU TAKE IT"
WE CAN SHARE IT.



Raising Sheep

CHOOSING THE INDIVIDUAL ANIMAL

Part I of this article appeared in Country Women #3.

In choosing a sheep, look for a large, well-developed animal with strong legs and a good straight back. Size is important: a large ewe will produce more lambs that grow faster and will also produce more wool. An open-faced ewe (with very little or no wool on her face) will be most productive. If you want twin lambs, buy twins. Twinning is an inherited characteristic. Fleece should be dense (especially on the rump - where any lack shows most clearly), of uniform length, and with good crimp (the finer wool is tightly crimped, or waved) and greasiness. Look for breed characteristics in coloring, body type and size, and wool. Don't buy an animal with an over- or under-shot jaw (upper or lower jaw protrudes noticeably). Check to see that ewes' udders are free of lumps and that teats haven't been clipped off in shearing. Look at the animal's teeth. A full mouth of fairly good teeth means years of grazing and health regardless of the animal's age. A young sheep that's been grazing over sandy soil or on hard foraging may have a really "old" mouth - and a shortened productive life. If you have a chance to buy some older ewes that look healthy and have fair mouths, consider that they will generally be easier to manage - they've been through years of shearing, lambing, dipping, handling. Their extra experience at lambing time will be invaluable to you. Even an old "gummer" (a sheep with no teeth at all) will produce lambs and fleece for you if you feed and treat her well (she'll need extra feed - and probably chopped feed - because she doesn't digest it efficiently). Look at the animal's feet to be sure they're in fair shape. If the hooves are terribly crooked or obviously overgrown to the point of being deformed, don't buy the animal. A hoof that is very soft and/or oozes a dark gummy material may indicate foot rot. This condition, if not too advanced, can be corrected (treatments in any sheep and most livestock books are simple and usually work). Don't buy an animal with abscesses (appear as lumps or swellings) on the face or under the jaw. These are usually caused by an infectious disease, although they may be from wood splinters or minor wounds. An abscess may be lanced and treated - but you're taking the chance of infecting other animals or dealing with what might be a serious infection. In general, choose animals that seem alert and healthy. An animal that is losing clumps of wool may be suffering from internal or external parasites or have severe nutritional deficiencies. Also try to buy animals that you like on sight.

BLACK SHEEP If you want black or colored fleeces, you should know that a dark sheep lightens as it ages. A coal black lamb will often fade to steel grey or even off-white. This fading takes three or four years and you will get a series of subtly colored browns and greys - but a "black" sheep that really holds its color is rare. One breeder we know of feeds her sheep blackstrap molasses and says it keeps the fleeces dark. This is probably because lack of copper and possibly other trace minerals in the diet causes loss of pigmentation. Wethers (castrated rams) seem to hold their dark color best. They also produce exceptionally heavy, good-quality fleeces - so if you want sheep only for fleece and don't want to bother with breeding and lambing, you may do well to keep a few wethers. Black sheep also tend to bleach out in

the sun - so look at the under-color of the fleece rather than the outer appearance of the sheep.

Most black sheep are not of a particular breed. They appear in purebred flocks or in crossbreeding. Some are from Karakul stock bred with good wool type ewes such as Merino and Corriedale in an upgrading process. Karakul sheep are characteristically dark in color but have coarse wool that does not spin up well. They are raised chiefly for the pelts of their lambs (which are marketed as Persian lamb coats and hats) and are hard to find - at least in our area. We bought a couple of "Karakul-Suffolk" cross sheep with fleece that looked more like Merino...so look carefully at the animal you're buying before you take the seller's word on breeding. These sheep both had very dark fleeces when we bought them but one faded to a beautiful silver-grey and the other to a deep brown-grey. The ewe throws coal black lambs which hold their color to about age three. We breed the ram with our other ewes and get black or spotted lambs from the dark ewes and white lambs (sometimes with light brown spots if we breed the ram's white daughter back to him) from the white ewes. A woman who has been breeding black sheep for twelve years wrote that she still gets one white lamb out of every eight when crossing black/black, but that "that white lamb bred to black gives about half black lambs". In large-scale sheep raising, black sheep are frowned upon. One black fleece in a bag (100 lbs. of wool sacked to go to commercial market) will spoil the bag. Even dark fibers in a fleece are undesirable. Some flocks include a black ewe or wether with every hundred sheep as a counting device. Unpopular as they are, dark sheep are difficult to find and usually expensive to buy. Ewe lambs - if you can talk the breeder into parting with one - are \$35 and up (again, in our area). Rams are cheaper and easier to find. There are some breeders around who have developed true-throwing black sheep with nice fleeces - but you'll have to search for them.

PASTURE, FEEDS AND FEEDING Choice pasture for your sheep is open land with good drainage. Low, boggy areas encourage parasites (liver flukes) and foot rot (a common disease). A few trees will provide necessary shade in the hot months. Thick tangles of vines should be removed- we know of a ewe lamb who caught herself up in blackberry vines and strangled. If a lot of bracken fern is in the pasture you should clip it down (repeat until it dies away). Bracken fern is cumulatively poisonous to most livestock. Find out what other plants on your land are poisonous to sheep (consult your farm advisor, the Merck Vet. Manual, or livestock books) and remove them.

You may choose to graze your sheep on the native grasses. At certain times of year, when grass is dry and sparse or very green and watery, you may have to supplement this feed with hay or concentrates. Generally only a fourth to one-half pound of protein supplement or a pound or two of grain is all that is necessary. For extra protein there are "range blocs" you can set out. The abundance and quality of feed will depend on your soil and location. Planting annual crops such as rye, wheat, oats and/or Canadian field peas will provide good temporary pasture. Legume-grass mixtures such as clover and rye make excellent feed. The use of natural fertilizers will increase the productivity and nutritional balance of your pasture. Irrigating will also increase its yield.

Keeping a few sheep in a small pen and hay-feeding them is feasible but not very economical. In areas with severe winters you may have to hay-feed your flock. Each sheep will need about 3-4 lbs. of hay a day. A mixture of 2/3 alfalfa and 1/3 oat hay is good. Other legume hays with some roughage may be fed or a mix of these and corn or corn silage. If you keep goats, you can feed their leftover stalks (still plenty of nutritive value) to your sheep. Sheep also like apples, Swiss chard, comfrey, cornstalks, turnips, carrots and lettuce.

Grain is fed to sheep during breeding season to increase their fertility. This is called "flushing". Ewes should get $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. daily the two months before lambing. This may be continued while they are nursing their lambs, though good quality hay or pasture should suffice. Lambs may be fed a little grain from the age of two weeks on and will eat grass and hay very early. "Creep-feeding" is the practice of feeding lambs, in an area the ewes can't get to. Grains suggested for sheep are sorghums, corn, barley (mix with corn or wheat) and oats. We've fed our sheep a barley-molasses mix and also a 16% protein dairy chow. Alfalfa pellets and silage may also be fed. Always provide your sheep with salt, trace minerals (may be combined with salt) and plenty of clean, fresh water. Keep your sheep well-fed but not over-fed: they should be solid, not fat. Good nutrition will give them natural resistance to disease, good heavy fleeces, and large, strong lambs.

The amount and type of land you fence will greatly influence the economics of your sheep-keeping. If the soil is poor to average and you want to graze your sheep, you'll need one acre per animal. This ratio changes according to the quality of your pasture- one acre of exceptional soil, well fertilized and planted as part of a rotating system can support up to eight sheep.

FENCING In small-scale sheep raising, one of the biggest investments of time and money is fencing. A good quality, medium heavy, woven-wire fence is best (close-spaced, smooth boards would do nicely if you have a lumber windfall). Height should be at least 36 inches. Three to six strands of barbed wire above that will discourage dogs from jumping over, and one farmers' bulletin suggests "an apron of woven wire 18 inches wide along the ground will prevent predatory animals from burrowing under." Field fencing with wire spaced 12 inches apart is used around large pastures because young lambs can go back and forth through the spaces. If spaces are closer, both lambs and older animals will stick their heads through and get caught. The lambs who go through the fence won't wander far from their mothers. If your pasture is small and close-in to your house (so you can hear or see a caught animal), you can use wire with a six inch spacing. This wire has a great advantage in being dog-proof. Wire comes in up to four weights. Medium or heavy will do for sheep. Extra-galvanized will last longest. Avoid using low-strung barbed

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Raising Sheep Continued
wire or rough boards- they damage the fleece.

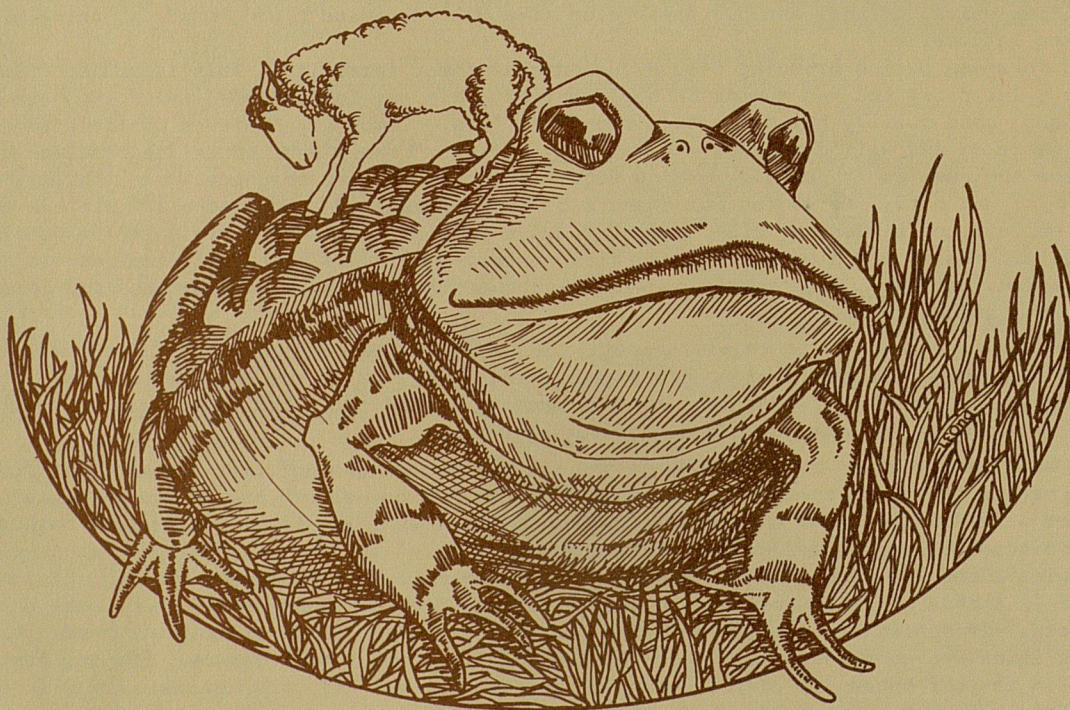
Divide your pasture and cross-fence so that you can rotate the flock and avoid over-grazing and parasite problems.

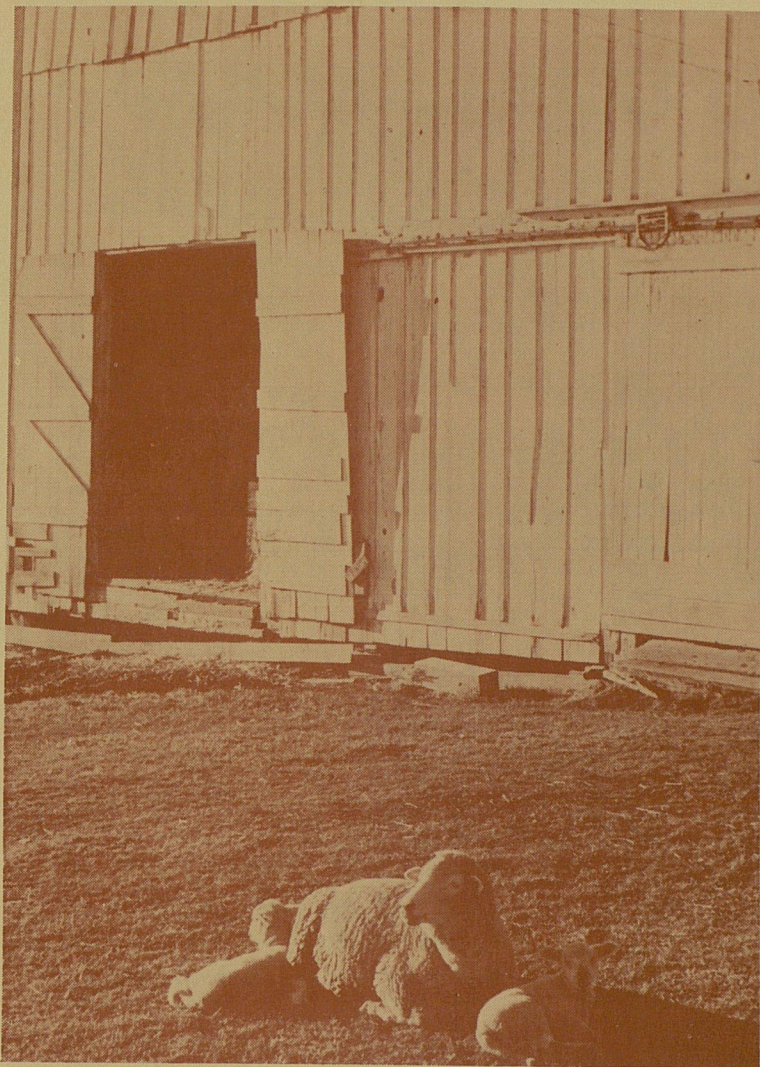
BUILDINGS Besides fenced areas for your sheep to graze and possibly a creep feeding arrangement for your lambs, you will need some minimal shelter for your flock. A low, 2 or 3 sided shed will protect them during heavy rains; a more elaborate building may be necessary in snow. Building some movable partitions will give you a way to isolate ewes and their new lambs when necessary. A feeding trough or rack should be part of your housing. Plan your shed for easy cleaning, dry floors, no drafts, and protection from the worst weather. Build with smooth lumber to avoid snagging wool. More specific details are available in literature below. Small-scale shearing can be done any place that you can sweep clean or outdoors on a blanket or tarp.

ROUTINE CARE Once you have your pastures, sheds and sheep together, what does raising a small flock of sheep involve? In terms of time and energy, not a tremendous amount. Lambing season will demand a lot, and shearing takes some concentrated effort, but generally your sheep won't take much of your day. Periodically they will need their hooves trimmed (twice a year usually keeps them fairly well if they get normal wear). They'll need worming (as little as twice a year; as much as every few months- depending upon how they're kept and their general resistance). Occasionally one will need an abscess lanced and treated, or a wound tended. Periodically they should be tagged (the dirty wool clipped away from their hindquarters) and those with face wool should be trimmed around their eyes (to prevent wool blindness). If they have external parasites (sheep ticks, lice) you may have to dip them. Some common diseases and problems- and their treatments- are listed below. Most are simple and are easy to prevent.

Contrary to all the myths and sayings, you'll discover your sheep have personalities, voices, characters, habits, all distinct and individual. There are sheep who will bound to greet you, let you rub their ears, nuzzle you in return- and sheep who will live three years in your flock and run like a deer at the sight of you. Sheep you'll raise on the bottle who'll follow you around the yard forever and others who'll forget you the day they're weaned. Sheep who form friendships with goats, cats, or chickens. And others who'll take on your horse, your buck goat, anything- and do elegant battle. Each one is clearly connected to the others (they are "flocky" -will graze, wander, doze in the sun, investigate and flee- all together) and yet each one is different. It's one of the surprises of sheep-raising!

Basic to sheep-raising is a sense of closeness to the seasons, to the earth. A sense of order and calm. Your sheep will give you lambs and wool, will eat up your goats' leftovers, trim your grass, fertilize your pasture, and grow on you. And there's something infinitely comforting, quieting, and satisfying about sheep- a peacefulness they teach you, or return you to...■





SHEEP Health Care

Most sheep diseases are easily recognized and treated.

Foot Rot: A common disease, especially if sheep are kept in wet, muddy areas. Sheep may become lame, hocks may swell, watery fluid oozes from hoof. Put the animal(s) on dry straw, wash feet and trim carefully. Dress hooves with "pinewood tar or Stockholm tar mixed with castor oil" (Herbal Handbook). Or there are commercial products to use. Purina has additives for feed or water to prevent this. You can also make your sheep walk through a treated "bath" until the condition clears up.

Enterotoxemia: "Overeating disease" common in lambs. Caused by a bacteria which is activated by too much rich feed. It can cause convulsions, scouring (diarrhea) or constipation, rapid weight loss, depression, death. Or you can vaccinate your lambs against this. Or you can prevent it by feeding good quality roughage and never over-feeding grain or oil meals.

Parasites: External - lice, sheep ticks, mange - show in ragged wool, scratching and rubbing or biting at the wool. Sheep ticks are large and obvious. If severe, treat by dipping entire sheep either in commercial preparation or in a derris powder, eucalyptus oil (just a bit) and water solution. Most effective when fleece is short.

Internal - Sheep lose condition, become weak and emaciated. Wool begins to fall out or lose texture. Liver flukes cause a "jaundiced look of the eyes" and extended abdomen. Treat with "shotgun method" commercial wormers (broad spectrum) or specifically if you know what worms they have. Worming should be done at least twice a year - in spring and fall. Some people say to worm ewes two weeks before lambing. Some keep phenothiazine (which kills "six major kinds of worms including tomach worms") and salt before the sheep at all times. Herbal Handbook suggests planting areas of mustard, horse radish and turnips for the sheep to graze - all natural vermifuges. Also garlic. Rotating pastures helps keep down infestation.

Mastitis: the ewe won't let her lamb(s) nurse. The udder is hard lumpy, inflamed. Treat with garlic given internally and hot compresses applied frequently to the udder.

Abscesses: may form under the jaw (a sign of severe worms) on the side of the jaw (caused by a virus) or between the hooves. Abscesses should be lanced, cleaned carefully and treated with iodine.

Simple wounds: should be washed clean, treated with hydrogen peroxide. Watch for fly infestation (there's a commercial product "K.R.S." you spray over a wound to protect it from flies). Puncture wounds should also be washed with peroxide and the sheep given a tetanus shot if horses are nearby.

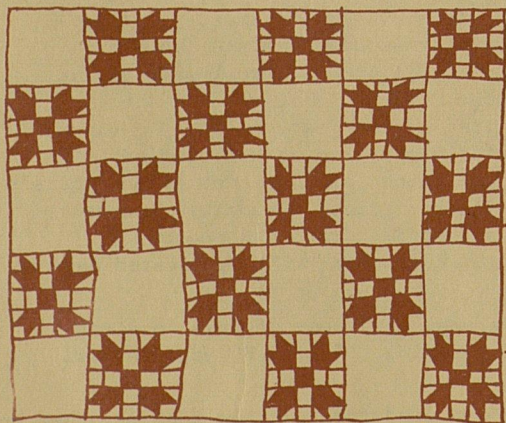
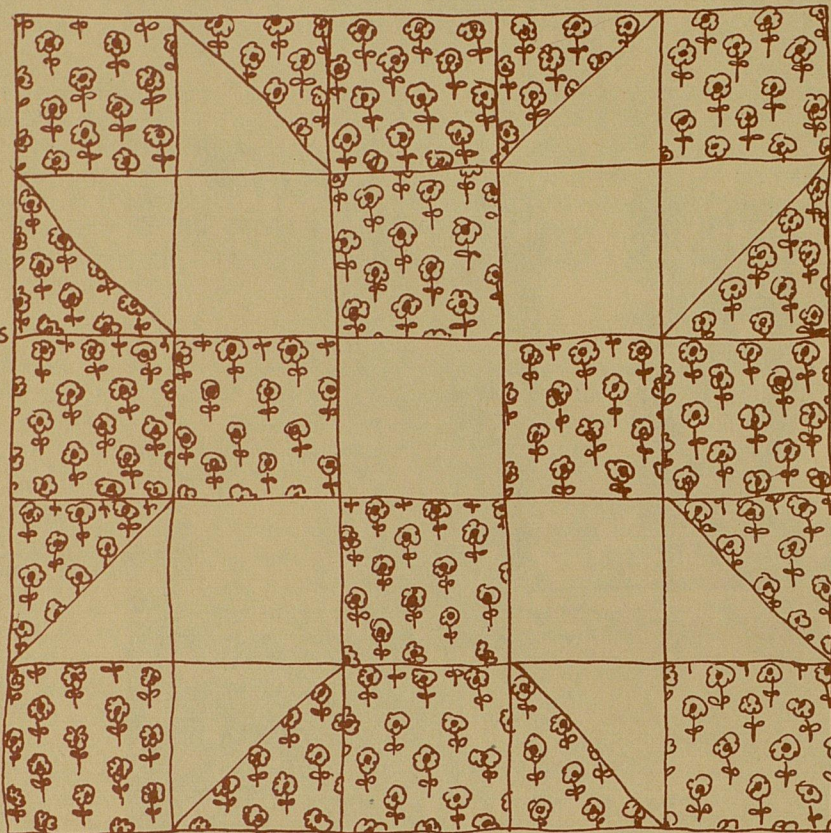
Bloat and scouring: two other diseases common to sheep, goats and other animals will be covered next issue.

An excellent book is Sheep Production by Diggins and Bundy. It covers every aspect of raising sheep and lambs, including very clear instructions (with photographs) for shearing. For \$9.80 you can mail order it from Prentiss Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

There is a monthly magazine called The Shepherd (1 year, \$3.50) you can send for. It has good articles on sheep raising, health care and breeding purebred stock. The address is Sheffield, Mass. 01257 ■

SISTER'S CHOICE

Quiltmaking, like other sewing has long been Women's Work, part of the "domestic" side of life. The image of the Little Lady, head bent, silent, busily piecing scraps in the corner while the Man of the Family expounds to his cronies on the Free Trade Issue or the War Between the States seems both sad and abhorrent to us now. But women, no matter how stifled by what was "seemly" (a high toned word for "permitted") found ways to express their opinions on the important issues of the day. All quilt patterns have names and anyone originating a new one takes pleasure in naming it. Pitiful little power it may seem, compared to voting or running for office, but imagine the (often rebellious) pride with which a woman might present her Democrat husband a new coverlet, sewn in the "Lincoln's Platform" pattern! Or even more daring - the true case of a woman who was sewing "Colonial Rose", all pink & pretty, while around her the talk seethed of Slavery. She jumped up and got an old black silk dress, worn in mourning. Cutting pieces of it, she placed in the center of each rose a large black circle, declared the pattern to be the "Radical Rose" and herself an abolitionist. * * * Today we stand in (potentially) full control of our lives - we are not limited to Women's Work, and yet... for some, for me to make a quilt is a fine thing, a right way to live my life. The pattern above, originated in Ohio during the 1850's, has become a symbol to me of the conscious choice to be both a quiltmaker and a free woman. It is "Sister's Choice."



"Choice." The small squares are 3" (allow another 1/2" all around for seams. The triangles are half this, plus seams. A finished block is 15" square. Fifteen plain blocks, alternating with the pieced ones, as shown at left, would make a fine cover for a double bed. Or do as I did and use 24 pieced blocks (4 by 6) to make a single bed quilt for your little sister. A homemade lining, both warmer and cheaper than boughten cotten batts is made by using wool too poor to spin. Wash it well and card it, but instead of making rolags take the wool off the cards in flat "Platts". lay them side by side and quilt as usual. ⊕

Vaginal Infections

I didn't know there was such a thing as a vaginal infection until I got one when I was 17. And then slowly I found out that most of the women I knew had had at least one in their lives. There seems to have been an educational black-out on vaginal hygiene as we were growing up and learning about other parts of our bodies, to the point of us learning to do some very unhealthy things to our vaginas in the name of cleanliness and femininity. Vaginal infections, or vaginitis, are very common, yet none of us were taught anything about them; what they are, how to prevent them, how to deal with them when we get them. It's time we learn about our vaginas, get involved with our health care, and de-alienate our bodies from the rest of ourselves.

One very good tool to have to take care of our vaginas is a speculum. When the speculum is inserted, you can see the inside of your vagina and your cervix, using a mirror. They're not difficult to learn how to use, and they make it much easier to diagnose infections or to watch changes in the vagina. If there is a women's health group near you, they could tell you how to get a speculum and how to use it; or you could ask a family planning clinic about them. The information in this article is usable and understandable without a speculum, but with a speculum you can be aware of so much more going on inside your vagina.

We all have glands in the cervix and vaginal membranes that secrete moisture and mucus. This gives us a discharge which is transparent or slightly milky; yellowish when dry. This discharge is normal and won't cause any irritation to the vagina or vulva. The amount of discharge may vary during the menstrual cycle and can vary between women depending on each of our own hormonal balances.

Within the vagina, there are many different types of bacteria that help to keep the vagina acid. The acidity keeps down harmful germs. Most infections have to do with upsetting this balance in the vagina. Get to know your normal discharge: smell it, taste it, smear some on a clean glass and look at it. When the vagina is infected, the discharge will change. There are 3 types of vaginal infections: trichomonas, yeast, and non-specific vaginitis.

Trichomonas is a tiny one-celled animal that is in the intestine and rectum of many women and men, but usually causes no symptoms. It can also be in the vagina without symptoms and in that case doesn't necessarily need to be treated.

It is usually contracted through sexual intercourse, but can also be carried from the rectum to the vagina by wiping forward or by anal intercourse followed by vaginal intercourse without adequate washing in between. Or it can be passed by moist objects such as bathing suits or wash cloths, because trichomonas can live outside the body in a warm moist environment. Trichomonas lives in a less acidic environment than that of a normal vagina so anything that makes your vagina less acidic such as birth control pills or bubble baths will make you more susceptible. If you douche with a vinegar and water solution (2 Tbs. white vinegar to 1 qt. water) at the first signs of an infection, it might bring the acidity level back enough to ward off the infection. You shouldn't douche if you're pregnant.

Symptoms of trichomonas are a greenish-yellow discharge which may be slimy or foamy and contain streaks of mucus, itching and inflammation of the vulva and outer vagina, and if it gets to the urinary tract, burning when urinating.

To diagnose trichomonas for sure, you need a pelvic exam and a smear of the discharge made for microscopic examination. The vagina is more red than normal and sometimes there will be tiny red spots, the size of a pinhead, on the vagina and cervix.

Flagyl, or metronidazole, is the drug usually taken to treat trichomonas. You take it 3 times a day for 10 days. When taking it, you shouldn't drink alcohol because it can cause nausea and vomiting. Occasionally Flagyl will cause darkening of the urine. Other possible side effects are nausea, diarrhea, cramps, dizziness, a metallic taste in your mouth, dry mouth and vagina, and a glossy tongue. Flagyl should not be used if you have any history of blood diseases, disease of the central nervous system, or if you have another infection at the same time. You should not use it if you're pregnant or if you're nursing, but you can use suppositories. Taking it between meals will cause more of it to be absorbed by your body.

It's a good idea not to have intercourse while being treated, so as to rest the area and to not push the infection further up into your reproductive system. If you're sleeping with a man regularly he should be treated also, since you could have gotten the trichomonas from him or given it to him and he'll reinfect you. There are no symptoms in men.

Continued

Continued

Flagyl may disturb the hormone balance in your vagina and allow yeast spores to grow, so some doctors recommend frequent use of mycostatin suppositories for a few days after Flagyl treatment. Eating a lot of yogurt or acidopholus pills while taking Flagyl or other antibiotics helps retain the healthy bacteria.

90% of women treated with Flagyl are cured. If you're not, the doctor will probably prescribe another 10 days of Flagyl and possibly also prescribe suppositories. You should wait 4 to 6 weeks between Flagyl treatments because it kills some white blood cells that your body needs time to replace.

Yeast, also called monilia, fungus, or Candida, is around everywhere as tiny spores or seeds and may even be normally present in the vagina. When the normal bacterial balance in the vagina is thrown off, the yeast can multiply and cause an infection. You're more likely to get a yeast infection if your general body resistance is low. Taking drugs and antibiotics for other infections, especially in large doses, kills the normal bacteria in the vagina, and yeast, which isn't killed, can then grow better. Anything that changes the vaginal environment (birth control pills, bubble baths, other vaginal infections) can cause yeast infections. Rarely, you can get it from sexual intercourse. In this case the man should be treated also. Yeast grows in a warm, humid area, and infections are more common in the summer. Wearing nylon underpants holds heat and moisture in, and so can help yeast grow.

Symptoms of yeast infections are a thick white discharge that may smell like yeast and have flakes that look like cottage cheese, inflammation and itching of the vulva and outer vagina, and inside the vagina, white patches of yeast with reddish raw areas underneath. To be sure of a yeast infection, a smear can be taken from the vagina and examined under the microscope for the threads and spores.

At the first signs of infection an acidic douche may ward it off. Two Tbs of vinegar in a quart of water will kill the yeast, then put some plain yogurt on the end of a tampon and insert it into your vagina. The bacteria in the yogurt restores the natural environment.

Usual treatment for yeast is Mycostatin suppositories, put into the vagina morning and night, the first 4 days, just at night for the remaining seven. There are no side effects. Mycostatin kills yeast, but isn't effective for any other kind of vaginal infection. Alternative medications are Propian Gel, which you put in once a day with an applicator, and Gentian Violet, painted around the whole area, which is very messy but helpful when there's a lot of pain. Avoid scratching or intercourse during treatment, because it will cause extreme irritation.

Women may have a vaginal infection that isn't yeast, trichomonas, or gonorrhea; this is called Non-specific Vaginitis. Symptoms are an itchy and inflamed vulva, a white or yellow discharge which may be streaked with blood, cloudy, puffy vaginal walls. The infection, if not treated early, may spread to the urethra, causing frequent irritation and burning. It can also spread up into the uterus and fallopian tubes, and into the blood



stream, causing cramps, back pains, or swollen glands. If left untreated, it can cause infertility, and abortion if you are pregnant. Chronic infections can cause the cells of the cervix to grow abnormally and make you more susceptible to cancer of the cervix.

Sulfa drugs are used for treatment in cream or suppository form taken every morning and evening for ten days. Brand names are Vagitrol, Sulftrin, Avecream. For women allergic to sulfa drugs, Furacin, Vag-15 suppositories or Betadine douche and cream are used for a full menstrual cycle including during menstruation. In any case, you should not have intercourse for the first seven days of treatment.

These infections may take months to cure. To help get rid of the infection you should wear cotton underwear instead of nylon, or better yet, no underwear and loose pants or a skirt. Keep your vaginal area dry.

Gonorrhea can often be confused with vaginal infections. The discharge is yellow or yellow-green and may be irritating to the vulva. Gonorrhea, however, infects the cervix, not the vaginal walls, and with an examination it can be seen that the vagina is not infected. If there is any chance you might have gonorrhea, get an examination and a culture test. It is an extremely serious disease in women that can lead to infection of all the sex organs, sterility, miscarriage, complicated pregnancies, and eventually death.

There are lots of ways we can help prevent vaginal infections.

Drink plenty of water. It flushes the cells of bacteria and debris.

Wear cotton underwear, or better, no underwear with pants or long skirts.

Nylon underwear and tights hold in moisture which helps infections grow.

Always wipe yourself from front to back

to avoid passing germs from your rectum to your vagina.

If you get some cream or medication for an infection and don't use it all, save it. If you get that infection again and are able to diagnose it yourself, then you will have the medication there and you won't have to go to the doctor for a new prescription.

Pour several tablespoons of white vinegar or cider vinegar into your bath water. It will neutralize the alkalinity of the soaps, and it doesn't smell bad either.

Avoid using irritating soaps or sprays.

When taking antibiotics, eat a lot of yogurt or take acidophilus pills to help restore the natural bacteria in the vagina that is killed by the antibiotics.

If you're a vegetarian take extra care of yourself. Vegetarian diets tend to make the entire body more alkaline and an alkaline vagina is more susceptible to infection.

wearing Tampax for several days or changing Tampax often can dry out vaginal walls and cause a low-grade infection.

Douching. No one seems to agree on whether douching is a good thing or not. It seems the best thing to do is: 1) If you don't have problems with vaginal infections, don't douche. There's no need to, and you may throw off the healthy balance. 2) If you get frequent infections of yeast or Trichomonas, try douching every one or two weeks with 2 tbs. vinegar in a quart of water. The best times to douche are at mid-cycle day after ovulation and right after your menstrual cycle ends. These are the times when the vaginal area is most alkaline. 3) when you feel an infection coming on, douche once and it may disappear.

Next time you feel you might have an infection, be conscious of what you're feeling. Watch the symptoms, figure out what it is you have, and then decide how to take care of it, whether you can deal with it yourself or whether you have to go to a doctor. We all have a tendency to either ignore our bodies totally and not be aware of any of the signals they're giving us, or run immediately to a doctor when something feels wrong, and blindly relinquish all control. It's time to take back that control.

A lot of the information in this article came from two really good pamphlets: Infections of the Vagina by Health Organizing Collective of N.Y. Women's Health and Abortion Project, 36 West 22nd St., N.Y.C. 10010 and Pelvic Examinations by Berkeley Women's Health Collective, 2214 Grove St. Berkeley, Calif. 94704

HIRE A WOMAN

TOOLS: hammers and Nails

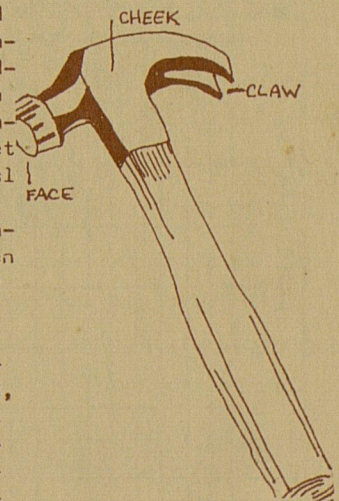
A 3-year old friend of mine was visiting for a few days recently, and while trying to put wood in the stove he realized he couldn't reach the nail where we keep the stove handle. So, without a second thought, he picked up his hammer (which he had brought with him along with his other toys) and a nail, and put up a hook for the stove-handle that was at the right height for him. I watched quietly, amazed.

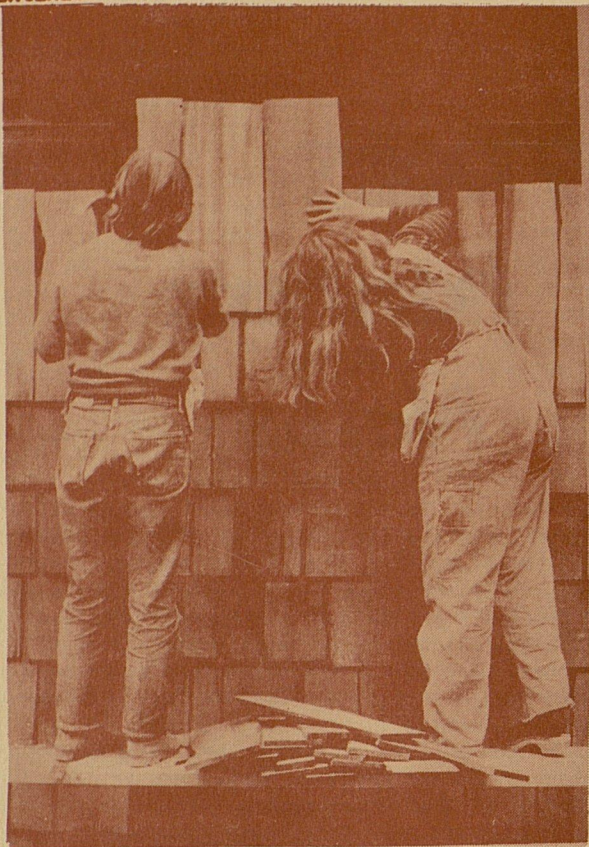
I thought back to a little over a year ago when I moved out to the country, and much more hesitantly than my friend, set out to take care of my needs. My first experience with hammer and nails was a disaster. I was trying to build a water tower out of oak branches, and bent probably 4 out of every 5 nails trying to pound them through the wood. I felt incompetent and inept. And I was. At 20-years old I had handled a hammer less than my friend.

Now, a year's worth of hammering (and sawing and measuring and chiseling and screwdriving) later, I feel more able to build what I need. It took practice, and it took watching people around me, picking up useful hints. There's a lot more to building than just hammering nails, but it's a good place to start. Some useful things to know:

There are many different kinds of hammers. The best for all around use is a standard flat-faced hammer with a curved claw. When buying tools generally, it's worth it to spend extra money and get good quality. Drop forged hammers are the best. Drop forged hammers are all steel hammers with a rubber grip.

To drive a nail, hold the nail in your left hand (if you're right handed), and tap directly on the head of it a few times with the hammer to set it. Hold the nail at a slight angle - it is less likely to bend and it makes a stronger joint. Then take away your left hand and hammer the rest of the way in. It's most important to hammer directly onto the nail head, so that the nail doesn't bend. This sounds simple and it is, but it requires developing coordination and a sense of the hammer, it's weight and





force. It's best to hold the hammer near the end of the handle. This gives you more leverage and therefore more force. I still feel I can aim better however, holding it closer to the middle. Always hammer with the face, not the cheek; the face is hardened for the purpose of hammering, the cheek is much weaker.

To hold nails too small to hold with your fingers, put them through a piece of cardboard, set them with hammer, and then tear cardboard away.

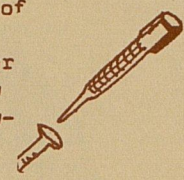
When nailing into hard wood, it helps to dip the end of the nail in paraffin or grease. Also driving the nail slowly, with a series of lighter than normal taps, will keep it from bending in hard wood.

If you're doing fine work use a bell faced hammer. It has a convex face so that the nail can be driven flush to the wood without leaving hammer ma-

SIZE	2d	3d	4d	5d	6d	7d	8d	9d	10d	12d	16d	20d	30d	40d	50d	60d
1																
2																
3																
4																
5																
6																
NUMBER PER POUND	900	615	322	254	200	154	106	85	74	57	46	29	23	17	14	11

orks. Or use a nail set. Place the nail set directly on the head of the nail and hammer down on it, driving the nail about 1/16" under the surface.

To pull a nail out, use the claw of the hammer. Curved claws are best for pulling nails, straight claws for ripping boards apart. Slip the claw under the nail head, claw pointed away from you. Then pull toward you. When drawing a long nail out, put a block of wood under the hammer head to give you better leverage. Try to pull a nail out with, not against the grain-- going against the grain rips up the wood. If you have trouble pulling a nail and you're not worried about doing fine work, you can bend the nail back and forth, using the claw, and break it off. If you have to remove roofing nails, a small lightweight hammer will pull the nails out without damaging the broad heads. A heavy normal use usually tears the heads off.

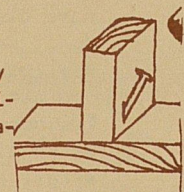


The strongest kind of nailing you can do is clinch nailing. Hammer a long nail through both boards, bend end over, and hammer into surface.

Anchor nailing is also good when you need strength. Drive nails into boards at opposing angles. Anytime you're driving more than one nail in to make a stronger joint, anchor nail it.

Whenever you can't hammer straight to connect two boards, like when you're hammering an upright into the floor, hammer at an angle (toe-nail).

Use the right nails for what you're doing. Different types of wood receive nails differently. Hard or close-grained wood will be more apt to cause nails to bend. You can try using heavier (stronger) nails or lighter (may pass through the grain easier) ones.



If wood splits when you drive a nail into it, you need a thinner nail. Also, the blunter the nail, the less chance of splitting, so you can clip the point off with the pliers or blunt it with a hammer. Blunt nails don't hold as well as sharp ones, though.

Nail sizes are measured on the 'penny' system. Penny is written as "d". (See chart)

Box nails have a thinner shank but are the same length as common nails.

You can use common flathead nails for rough work, finishing nails (small heads) for fine work.

Galvanized nails are coated to make them rust-resistant and should be used on all outside work. They look dull rather than shiny. Don't put them in your mouth. They're poisonous.

Screw nails, which have a threaded shaft, are good when you want something to hold well. They're really hard to pull out though, so you can't make mistakes.

Learning to use hammers and nails, as well as all other wood-working tools, is not difficult; it mainly takes practice and demystifying for yourself tools and the process of building. Play with tools; get used to how they feel get comfortable with them. And please, let's give tools to our daughters to play with, too.

A really good book that talks about all kinds of wood working tools is How to Work with Tools and Wood, edited by Campbell and Mager. It's full of basic how-to information, and is good to have around when you need it.

HOTBEDS

WHAT a hot bed is a miniature greenhouse for starting your summer crops (tomatoes, etc.) early. It will save you money that you would otherwise spend on seedlings at the nursery and will allow you to begin to save your own seeds from year to year and experiment on varieties best suited to your garden. A manure-heated hot bed is simple to make and use.

WHERE a good southern exposure to catch the low winter sun and well-drained soil are necessary. Also locate it near your house. Keeping the hot bed properly ventilated is essential and you probably will neglect this if it's far away.

WHEN generally, start seeds six weeks before you want to put them in the ground. If the seedlings are properly spaced they can continue to grow in the hot bed (and will, like a jungle) until you're ready to transplant them. We start ours in mid-February on the coast. By then the severe frosts are over.



WHY another step in self-sufficiency. An exciting experiment in horticulture. The feeling of lifting the cover on a cold, wet day in March and seeing a mass of emerald green shoots smuggled in their warm, brown bed.

HOW dig a pit two and a half feet deep, whatever size you'll need (when thinned each plant needs 3" x 3" so plan accordingly). Ours is 2' x 6' and it is easy to reach the seedlings in the middle this way. Fill the pit 1/2 feet up with manure and straw. The manure must be hot (fresh horse or chicken manure is best) and mixed with about one-third straw. Pack this in solid and water thoroughly. Then put on a six inch layer of planting soil, a rich compost if you have it. The manure will begin heating and kill any weed seeds in the soil. The cover for the hot bed can be a frame of saplings covered with plastic or a piece of glass. It must have a slope, though, for the rain. When the temperature inside has dropped to 85° (on a cool day with the cover on) it is time to plant. I mark out a grid of 3" x 3" squares with dotomite and scatter the different seeds in three large sections (later to be thinned). We have started tomatoes, sweet peppers and cucumbers with success. If you can grow them, eggplants and melons are good, too. The bed temperature (65° to 75°) depends on the weather. When it's cold keep the top down and the composting manure will keep the bed warm. On sunny days the top should be raised slightly. Keeping the moisture consistent is important too. In order to prevent fungus damage it is best to water on days when the top will be up.

SIMPLE ELECTRICAL WIRING

Home wiring is one of those relatively simple things which has acquired a reputation for mystery, probably because the result of a basic carelessness can be so dramatic. Always be sure anything electrical, including your house, is disconnected before you work on it. This means when working on appliances, unplug them first. When working on your house, throw switches to "off" in the service box or unscrew the fuses. A new house, of course, doesn't become potentially dangerous until you are hooked into the power lines or generator.

What It Is- Everything electrical works by becoming part of an electrical circuit and stops working by being removed from that circuit. That's what happens when you throw a switch first to "on" and then to "off". An electrical circuit is a continuous path consisting of wires and/or circuit elements through which an electric current can flow. An electric current is, roughly, the movement of electrons through a conductor. The electrons pass in a continuous flow from the generating plant, through the circuit and back to the plant.

Wire- The major part of your circuit is wire. If it becomes exposed at any point it could cause a shock, a short-circuit or a fire. The current-carrying metal wires are enclosed by protective sheathing. They run between metal, plastic or porcelain boxes which protect the wire ends and make them accessible from inside the house. They're called switch boxes, outlet boxes, fixture boxes or junction boxes, depending on their use. Wiring, called cable, can be any of three types depending on what the local code permits: non-metallic cable (plastic), armored cable or conduit. An electrical wiring cable consists basically of two encased wires. One carries the charge and is "hot". Code requires it to be encased in black. The second wire is neutral and is encased in white. Sometimes there is a third wire which is "hot" and encased in red. New codes require an additional wire. It is a bare copper wire which carries off harmlessly, or "grounds" any electricity which might cause a shock. These wires are then enclosed in an outer insulated sheath. Always connect hot wires, (coded black) to other hot wires and neutral wires, (coded white) to other neutral wires. Ground wires, where present, go to a ground (the edge of the box or, where provided, the green screw), but never to hot or neutral wires.

Non-metallic (plastic-coated) cable- is the cheapest. However it must be placed so that a nail won't accidentally damage it. Type NMC can be used indoors or out for standard wiring. Type UF is used underground to outdoor lights. Type USE is used for the underground service entrance cable.

Armored cable is more expensive and can't be used in damp or outdoor locations.

Conduit is the best and most easy to work with once it's installed. Conduit is a lightweight metal pipe which is installed just in new work. The wires are pushed through or pulled through with a fish tape and reel. Bends in the conduit are made with a tool called a conduit bender. Joints are made with a conduit connector. Half inch is large enough for most home wiring. There is rigid conduit

which uses threaded fittings and thin wall which uses compression-type fittings, and is easier to bend and cheaper. Both may be used indoors or out but only rigid may be buried. Conduit is cut with a hack-saw and the rough inside edge smoothed with a tapered reamer. Type T and TW wires are prewaxed for easier pulling through the conduit.

Wire Size- Size 12 in copper or 10 in aluminum is standard house size. Aluminum is a poorer conductor and so must be larger than copper. Not all wiring devices can be used with aluminum.

Wiring Devices- Wires run between wiring devices, usually boxes. There are outlet boxes, switch boxes, fixture boxes and junction boxes (used when joining wires). Boxes have knockouts (easily removed with a hammer tap or a screwdriver) in their sides and backs to admit the wire. Conduit is fastened to the box with connectors. The front of the box faces into the room and is covered by the outlet cover or fixture. According to code the standard small switch box can handle 5 no.12 wires. Metal boxes afford the most protection. For installing boxes in existing walls, use self-fastening boxes. They have clamps or tabs at the side to hold them in openings made with a drill and a key hole saw. Special boxes are available for surface wiring, thin walls, cramped space or almost any other problem. In new work the boxes are usually mounted between studs on hangers or fastened to the studs themselves. Ceiling boxes for fixtures hang from special metal hangers nailed between ceiling joists. Outlet boxes are usually 12 inches above the floor or, in the kitchen, at counter height. Switch boxes are 48 in. above the floor.

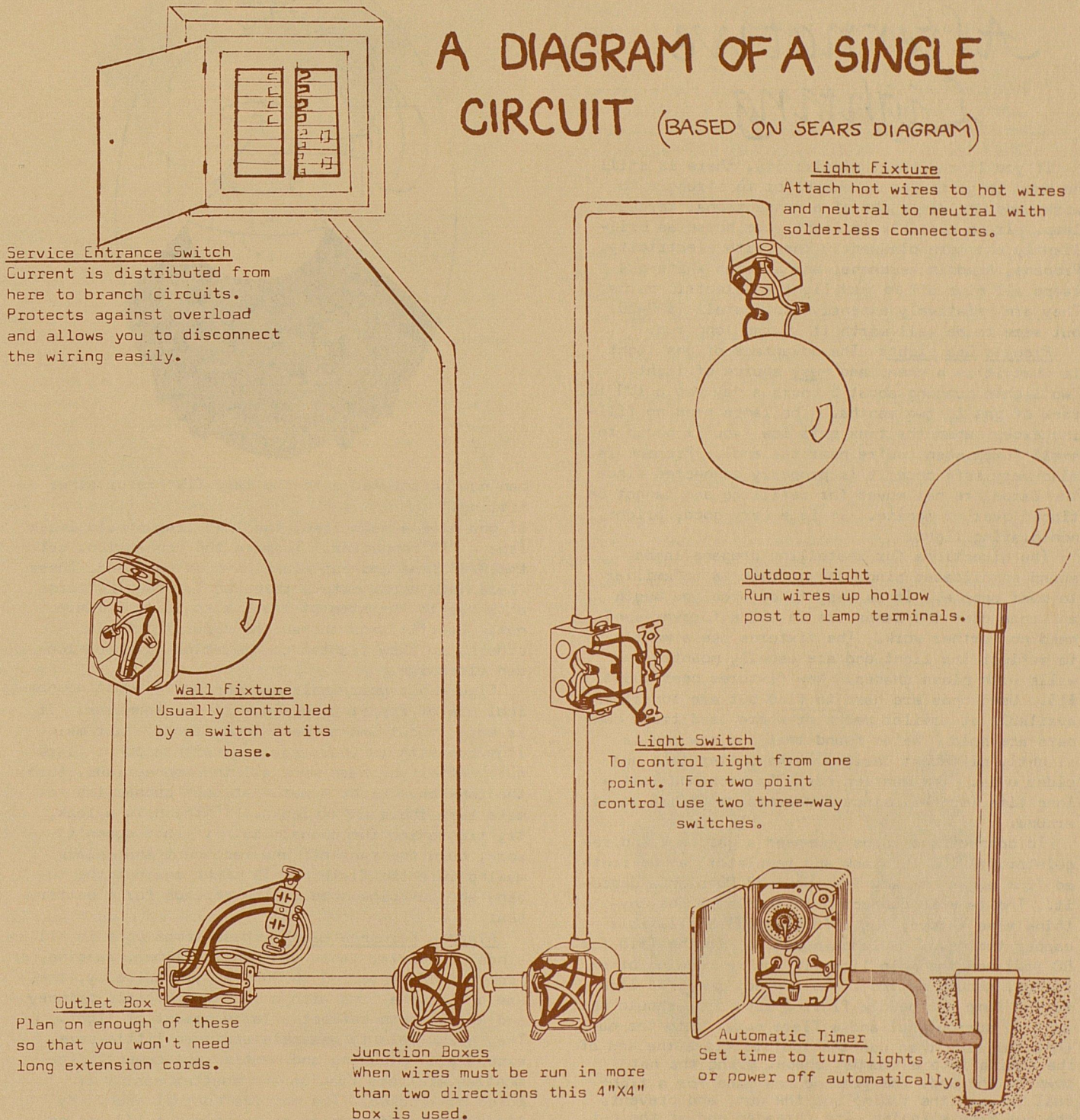
Sources- Sears Home Improvement Catalog, available free, is a good, non-confusing source of code electrical supplies. The closest place is your local hardware store.

Tools- For simple surface wiring a 6 ft. folding rule, screwdriver, knife, needlenose pliers and wire strippers are all you need. A wire stripper is a wire cutter with notch and adjustable stop so only the insulation is cut through without damaging the wire. For going into walls you'll need some or all of the following: 5/8 in. drill bit and drill, keyhole saw, hacksaw, test light, (to trace circuits, test fuses and lines), chisel, lever-jaw wrench, fish tape and reel and conduit bender.

Wiring- To attach wires to wiring devices measure the length of cable needed from one box to the next allowing 10 or 12 extra inches. Take one end of your cable and with your knife split it for several inches thereby separating the wires. With your wire strippers cut the insulation of each coated wire about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the end and pull off. With your needlenose pliers curve each end into a clockwise hook. Now unscrew, but not completely, one wiring screw, sometimes color keyed gold. Hook the black, hot wire around it and tighten the screw. Now do the same with the screw on the opposite side, sometimes color keyed silver, and the hooked white, neutral wire. This must be neat and none of the still coated wire may be wrapped around the screw. Now fasten the bare copper ground wire, if present, to the green screw in the same manner. If no green

is provided, ground the bare wire by clipping it to the side of the box with a steel clip on the paper clip principle. Slightly more expensive, but simpler to use are wiring devices with openings in the back. When the bare ends are inserted they are held by pressure. There is a wiring gauge showing how long an end to strip. After wiring one end of the cable to the wiring device run the wires over to the next box. If using conduit push them through or, if the distance is too long or turns a corner your fish reel tape is called for. The fish reel tape is a reel of metal tape like a measuring tape with one end of the tape bent into a hook. Don't worry if the hook breaks. Just take your needlenose pliers and bend a new one. On the side of the reel is a handle as on a fishing reel for winding the tape back in. You put one end of the stiff metal tape in the hole of the unwired box pointed toward the wired box. Feed it through the conduit by hand until the other end appears at the hole in the wired box. Now bend the stripped and unattached ends of your wire around the hook and reel them in until they appear in the unwired box. Now wire as before. Often wires are attached to each other rather than to screws. Strip $\frac{1}{2}$ inch each as before and with your needlenose pliers twist them neatly together. Take a plastic solderless connector and screw it onto the twisted ends. It is also all right to wrap them well with plastic electrical tape. Large wires, such as

A DIAGRAM OF A SINGLE CIRCUIT (BASED ON SEARS DIAGRAM)



Continued

those coming from the main power lines, are joined with split-bolt solderless connectors. They're metal and the joint must be taped to insulate it.

Don't Overload- Before adding outlets remember if more current is drawn through your wires than they can handle, they will overheat and blow out a fuse or circuit breaker. To find out how many things are on one circuit turn on everything and throw one switch or unscrew one fuse in your service entrance. Whatever goes off is on that circuit. Don't forget to check plug-in appliances. The maximum capacity of a 20 amp. circuit is 2400.

watts. All lights and appliances are marked with their wattage. Things that produce heat such as room heaters(1600 watts), and toasters(1100 watts) use the most. Large things like electric ranges (8000 to 16,000 watts) must have their own circuit.

Reference- For clear directions for home wiring Sears puts out a wonderful book for only 50¢ called Electrical Wiring. In addition, any Sears store will give you a free estimate on the work and materials needed to do any home wiring job. Fawcett Publications Practical Handbook of Electrical Repairs by R. Day is also excellent.

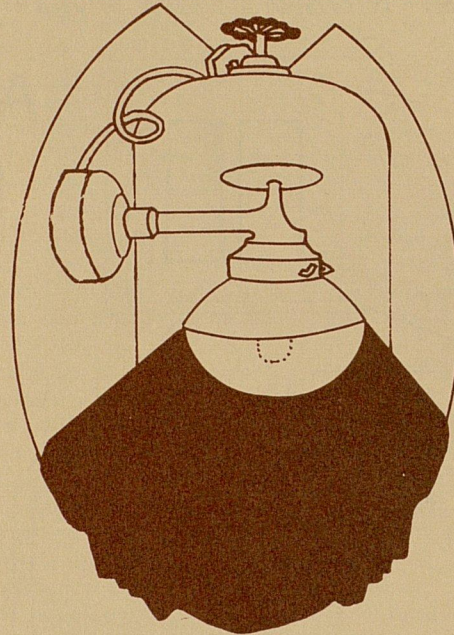
Alternative Lighting

If you live without electricity, there is still no need to go to bed at sunset or to struggle to work under the dim light of a conventional kerosene lamp. It is possible to light your house as brilliantly and more pleasantly than with electricity. Propane, Aladdin kerosene, and Coleman white gas lamps all give off as much light as electric bulbs. They are relatively expensive to install (\$20-30) but seem to be well worth it in the long run.

Propane Gas Light: The advantage of gas light is that it is a cheap and easy source of light. Two lights running about 5 hours a day use a 100 lb. tank of gas in two months. The lamps need no filling except when the tank gets low (you'll begin to smell fumes when you're near the end). Propane is also very safe once it is properly connected since the lamps are not moved for refilling and cannot be tipped over or ignite. It is a very good, bright, non-glaring light.

The directions for installing propane lamps sound complicated since the process is unfamiliar to most people. It is easy to do once you begin and once done the lamps are in place forever--and need no further work. The fixtures use a mantle to reflect the light and are usually mounted on walls with glass shades. New fixtures cost about \$15. Used ones are hard to find but are sometimes available at trailer parks or where used truck campers are sold. We've found that our new one (a slightly different design) works better than our older ones. The mantles cost 75¢ each and last a long time (months) since the lamps don't get moved around.

To connect the lamps you need a gas tank and regulator. A 100 lb. tank and regulator can be rented from a gas company for about \$8.00 plus a deposit. The tank is connected to the lamps and anything else (stove, gas refrigerator) by flexible copper tubing. The lamps need 1/4" tubing (\$10 for 50 ft.) and the main line (if you're running other things) should be 3/8". To connect the 1/4" line to the lamp you need a flaring tool (you should be able to borrow one) and a flare nut. Slip the nut onto the line then use the tool to flare the end of the tubing into a trumpet shape. Bring the nut down to the end. The flaring has made for a tight seal between the tubing and the nut, and prevents the nut from slipping. The threaded end of the nut

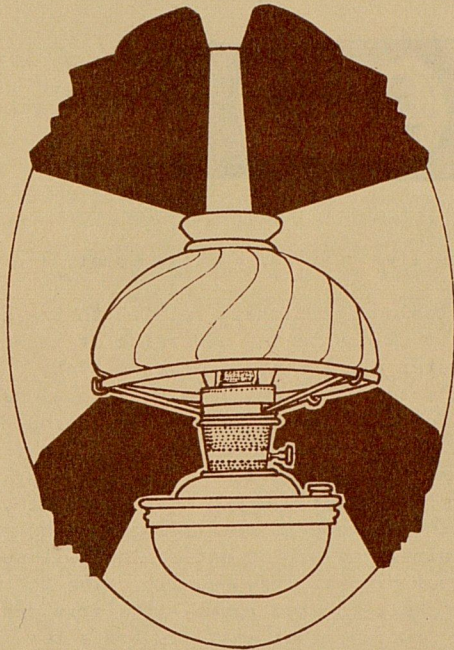


can now be screwed onto the lamp fixture or other fitting.

If you have a main line, the 1/4" line should leave from a "T" connector. To make the connection, cut the 3/8" line and put flare nuts on each end. These flare nuts screw onto a threaded T. The 1/4" line attaches to the stem of the T also using a flare nut. Gas fittings thread the opposite of all others, so they tighten counter-clockwise and loosen clockwise.

Figure out your whole system for the most economical use of copper pipe since it is expensive. It is easy to cut and to bend into place. Your main line connects to your regulator with another flare nut. After you have made all the connections, turn the tank on. Light a match at each connection to make sure there are no leaks. If there is a leak, try tightening the connection. If that doesn't work, turn the tank off and reconnect that place making sure the flare nut is tight against the tubing and put pipe dope on the threads for a better seal.

Aladdin Kerosene Lamps: These lamps come in all kinds of models, table and hanging lamps, ranging from \$25-40 depending on how fancy. Basically, they are a kerosene lamp with a round wick, tall chimney and a mantle to reflect a large amount of light. They are simple to assemble and need little care except wick cleaning and mantle replacement. The mantles are very fragile and shatter easily if poked or knocked. The mantles cost \$1 each. My Aladdin runs 24 burning hours on about 1/3 gallon



of kerosene. It gives off a lot of light (equivalent to a 100 watt bulb), particularly if it is left unshaded. However, the mantle glares somewhat without the shade.

I prefer the hanging lamp as a light source since the light shines down on all your work and the mantle is above your line of vision. However, hanging lamps are 2' high and are very difficult to place where no one will hit them. Since mine is continually being bumped by heads, my mantle shatters at least once a month. A friend with a table model says her mantle lasts 3-4 months. The Aladdins give off a great deal of heat too. Hanging models must have a metal reflector above them on the ceiling or they can start a fire. On very lazy and not too cold nights, I have kept myself warm by sitting near the Aladdin.

Aladdin mantles turn black with carbon when they are turned too high. This carbon can be removed by turning the lamp low and slowly burning it off. It will also burn off while still turned up if salt is sprinkled down the chimney. However I've found the accumulated salt is badly corroding my burner--so clean it off when you blow the lamp out. After a while you will learn how high the lamp can go and rarely have trouble with carbon.

Aladdin lamps are relatively safe since they are designed not to spill when tipped and since kerosene is less flammable than white gas. Kerosene fires should be put out with flour, cornmeal, dirt or milk but never water (it causes an explosion).

I loved my Aladdin from the time I got it and never begrudged the initial expense. But after several years I have several complaints too. The mantles seem unnecessarily fragile to me and I question the planned obsolescence of them. The winding mechanism on mine slips and I know others with the same problem. My shade has come unglued and fallen apart. They don't seem made with the kind of care I would expect in a \$30 lamp. They are also just tricky enough to use that unsuspecting visitors shatter mantles and sometimes chimneys (which crack if not firmly in place). It gets costly replacing mantles on top of buying kerosene.

But despite the complaints, I can't begin to express what joy it is to have adequate light that is easy to install, can be moved to whatever room you're working in and is inexpensive to run.

Coleman White Gas Lamps: Coleman lanterns (both simple mantle and double mantle) cost about \$4 per month to run two lamps in almost constant use. They give off a very bright light. I like to use Colemans when I need to see very well (intricate sewing, reading, etc.) at night but eventually the noise of the generator makes me switch it off.

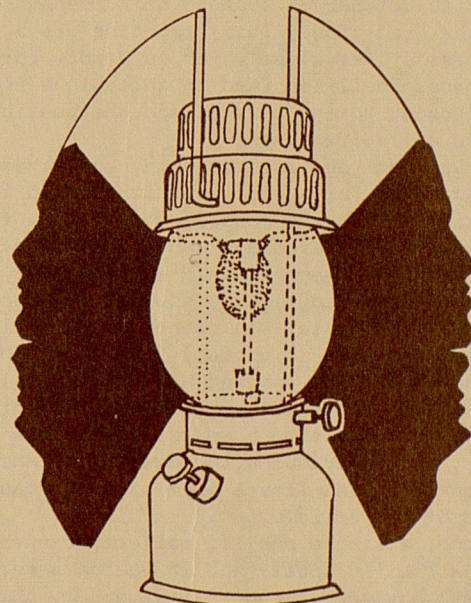
Because a Coleman operates on white gas with a pressure pump system, there has to be a buildup of pressure created before the mantles will ignite. This pressure has to be maintained if the lamp is to stay at its brightest.

Naturally, this creates a constant hissing, somewhat like a small blowtorch. If you are the kind of person who prefers the quiet life, this noise may eventually get to you. If, on the other hand, you have a family of sixteen--humans, cats, and dogs--the Coleman lantern should sound peaceful by comparison and the bright light will not tire your eyes.

Its light can be compared with a 30-40 watt electric bulb; its noise to a miniature steam engine. But these little machines, although archaic in appearance, are equipped to stand on a table or bench, hang from an overhead hook, or with a bracket attachment light up an alcove or wall.

The top shade piece tends to throw the light sideways and downwards at about a 45 degree angle and I have found that the lanterns are most practical when hanging overhead.

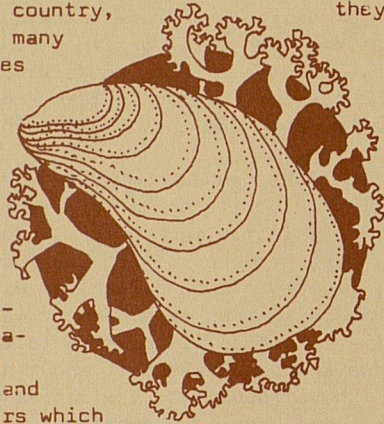
Most makes of mantles can be used with the lamp but Coleman makes a double-pack of silk mantles which I have found last the longest. These mantles are not as fragile as those used on the Aladdin lamp but they are smaller, more compact and hang freely from the fuel nozzle, so that there is quite a lot of play. Every year or so, the generator will have to be replaced. Perhaps every six months it might be advisable to clean the fuel injection mechanism. I usually cleaned the glass globe once a month; there seemed no need to do it more often. ■



SEAFOOD

If you are fortunate enough to live reasonably close to a sea coast, there is plenty of free food available to you--some of it just for the price of gathering it, and some which you must do a bit more scheming for. All of it is well worth the effort in taste, nutrition, and pleasure.

Mussels are easily gathered, and the most common shellfish in many areas. Though they are not widely eaten in this country, they are in France, where many gourmet mussel recipes originated. They are bivalves, from 1-8" long, with bluish black, oval shells and vivid orange meat. They live in the intertidal zone (the place between high and low tide limits) attached to stationery objects like rocks, piers, etc., and grow in large clusters which form a "rug" to which each mussel is attached by its "beard," which usually has to be knifed loose. They are generally easiest to gather at low tide, but around here (Mendocino Coast) where the high-low tide range is 3-6', they can be gathered anytime. Make sure that the mussels you gather for the table are close enough to the water to be washed by the tide, and that the shells are tightly closed, or they may not be fit to eat. Also, check your locality for shellfish quarantines during certain months--and observe the quarantines dutifully. Around here, shellfish are quarantined from May 1 to October 31 because of a phenomenon known as the "red tide." This "red tide" is a floating mass of red algae which is deadly poisonous to humans. Shellfish feed on this algae and become poisonous during this season. Be cautious, and observe all quarantines.



When you get your mussels home, soak them in fresh, cold water for a half hour to de-sand them. After soaking, scrub the mussels under cold, running water with a vegetable brush to remove debris from the shells--and discard any in which the shells are not clamped tightly shut. Only live shellfish are fit to eat--an opened shell indicates that the mussel is probably dead or dying.

Mussels are great steamed and dipped in lemon-garlic butter, made into chowder, baked, or broiled. You can substitute mussels for clams in any recipe, often improving the original dish. Ways to cook and also freeze them will be found at the end of the article.

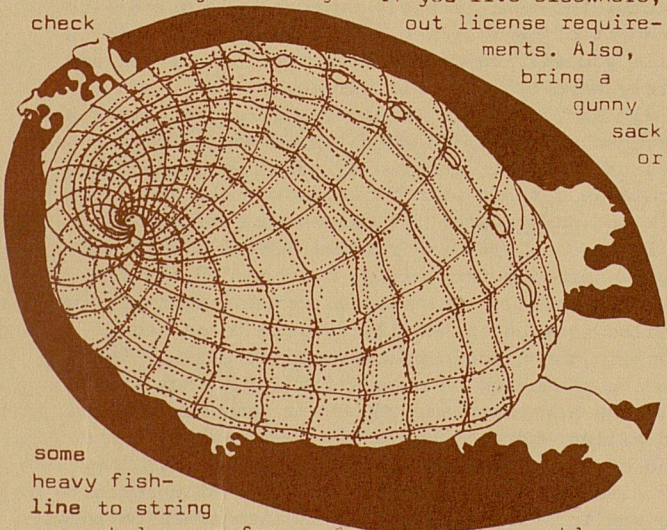
Abalone, a single shelled mollusc, occurs only on the Pacific Coast, and if you've never tasted fresh abalone, I can only extend my sympathies. Its delicate succulence is indescribable-

and if you live near the Pacific Coast, I urge you to try it.

The abalone is closely related to the common limpet, and clings to the underside of rocks in shallow water via its broad, fleshy "foot." Although it's easier to get legal-size abalone in water 6-10' deep (which means skin-diving for them) you can get them on a very low tide if you are willing to pay some dues (some hard work, plus getting cold and wet)--which they are worth.

Picking abalone is not like gathering mussels. There is almost no way to get abalone without working for your dinner. They usually cling to the underside of kelp-covered rocks--like grim death, once they discover that what you are after is them, which is immediately. Most likely you'll have to lie on your belly in several feet of water, or some equally ungainly position--with your arm stretched as far up as it will go,--while you're trying to slip an abalone bar between rock and abalone to pry it loose.

You'll need some basic equipment to get abalone with. Gloves are a necessity, to avoid being badly scraped on the rocks, or worse yet, pierced by sea urchin spines which hurt and can infect nastily. Rubber gloves are good--but any tough glove will suffice. You'll need an abalone bar to pry the abalone free from the rock. You can buy one for a few dollars at a tackle shop--but a tire iron works just as well. Any heavy, flat piece of metal about 2" by 6" by $\frac{1}{4}$ " will do. Bring a ruler at least 7" long--and don't take any abalone smaller than 7" across the shell. It's illegal, the fines are stiff, abalone are becoming more scarce and protective legislation should be observed for ecological reasons. In California you need an annual sport fishing license to take anything from the sea; bring it with you. If you live elsewhere, check out license requirements. Also,



bring a gunny sack or

some heavy fish-line to string your abalone on for manageable carrying. A legal size abalone, with shell, weighs about 5 pounds or so--often more. Where-

ever you live, investigate and then observe size, quantity, and seasonal limitations for abalone. Many tide books have this information--and any-place that sells licenses-- usually tackle shops and often general stores--has the Department of Fish and Game regulations for everything conspicuously posted.

Okay, back to you, up to your belly in 40 degree water, prying your abalone off its rock. You've finally gotten it loose, it looks and feels huge, surely 9" at least--but you measure it and find it's a mere 6 3/4 inches, any way you place it against your ruler. You'll have to put it back on its rock, and make sure it's attached itself before you proceed. If you throw it back in the water, it will probably be gobbled up by some predator, or die a terrible death being battered helplessly by the waves. It's only fair and legally mandatory to secure it to a rock again before continuing.

Your next abalone is legal size--you marvel and exclaim, measure and re-measure to make sure, and excitedly leave it on some exposed rock or seaweed and feverishly pursue another one. Stop--if you expect to find it there when you return, you are probably mistaken. In its slow, humping fashion, your abalone will most likely have negotiated that rock, plopped into the ocean, and paddled its way to safety. I lost several that way before I was ready to accept that it could really have done that. Put it in your sack or on your fishline before you continue.

Well, you've been successful--gotten some abalone--maybe even your limit--now what?

Well, if you think getting them was work, wait until I tell you what preparing them entails.

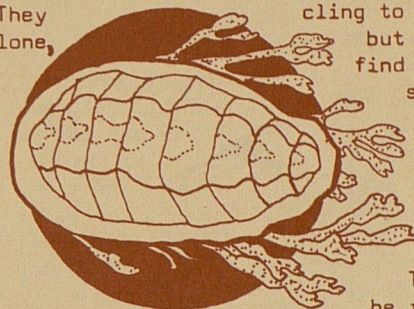
First you have to get them out of their shells--no mean task. This can be made easier by giving it a few sound whacks with a 2 X 4 or a hammer (not on the shell, please, on the animal!). This causes the muscle to relax and makes it easier to unshell. Then slip a knife or a large screwdriver between the shell and the abalone--all the way around--and it's usually free. There will be a large green sack on the part of the abalone that was next to the shell. This is the viscera, and has to be removed. Try not to puncture it if it's still intact, when you remove it--it's very messy if you do. Then wash the abalone under cold running water and trim away all the black parts with a sharp knife. When this is done, you should be left with a solid, chalk white mass. This is your impending dinner.

Abalone is traditionally sliced thin and pounded with a meat mallet to tenderize it. Old-timers here have taught me an easier and more effective way. After the abalone is removed from the shell, allow the muscle to relax. Then hit it several times with a 2" X 4". Stop, allow the muscle to relax (it may take 1/2 an hour) then pound it again. Stop, wait, and repeat the process once more. The animal is dead before you even begin, but continues to have muscle contractions for some time. An abalone pounded this way can be baked whole with garlic and butter and will cut with a fork. It is best to pound your abalone and then freeze them for the tenderest meat.

I like to broil mine with butter and lemon--but usually, abalone is dipped in beaten egg and then cracker crumbs, and fried until golden brown on both sides. You will probably wonder at this point, if not before, if you are mad for having undergone such arduous experiences for a dinner. Don't decide until you've tasted it. Chances are, you'll be willing to do it all again.

Chitons are small animals (from 5" to 1' long) with eight armored plates overlapping each other along their backs. I think of them as looking like armadilloes, though I've never seen an armadillo.

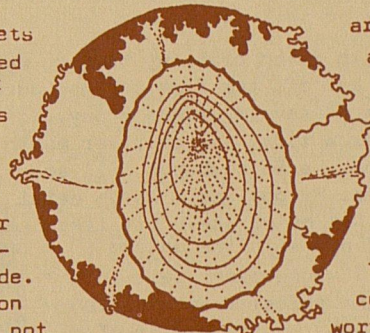
They
lone,



cling to rocks, like abalone, but are easier to find and generally closer to shore than abalone. When pried off the rocks, the meaty "foot" on the underside becomes visible.

This foot should be removed from the chiton with a knife or screwdriver very promptly (insert the knife or screwdriver and pry up all the way around until the foot comes loose). If you don't do it quickly, the chiton will roll into a tight impenetrable ball that you will never get open. The chiton foot must be pounded like abalone with a meat mallet and can be fried the same way. I prefer to use mine with limpets and mussels in a tasty chowder (sauteed with onions and garlic in butter, then simmered slowly in mussel broth and milk.)

Limpets are small one-shelled animals that look like chinamen's hats. They generally have a light center to and darker grey markings on the outside. They are numerous on rocks and not smaller than one inch.

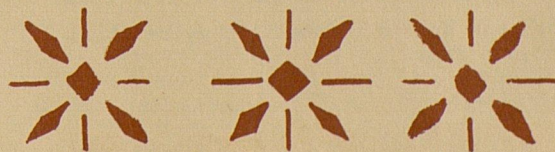


are small animals like hats. They are generally light brown or grey on the outside. They are coastal and worth taking.

I keep a plastic bag in my gunny sack just for limpets and chitons to make sure I get enough for chowder. Limpets can be removed from rocks by hand, but a screwdriver is easier. When you get home, pop them out of their shells with a knife, saute them, and add to chowder. They taste a lot like clams.

I have dug clams on the mud flats of a deep ocean bay and on the long sandy beaches along the ocean. I waited for "minus" tides (the lowest tides in the book) on fairly warm, dry days. Then I rolled up my pants, took shovels and buckets, and walked as far out to the water's edge

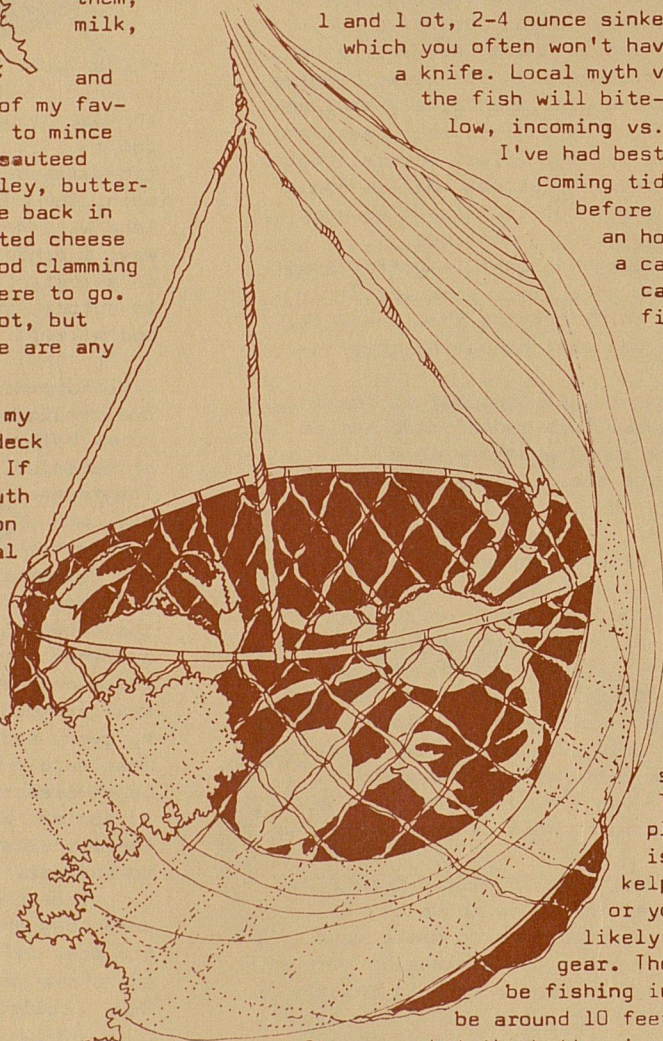
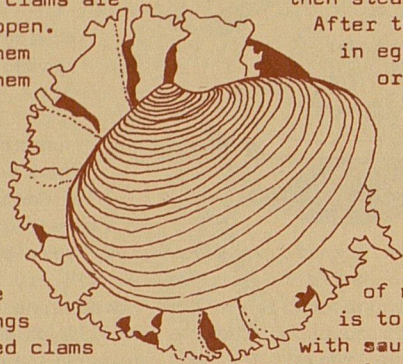
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as I could. Then I watched for the little spouts of water that indicate that a clam's below, and would dig like crazy when I saw one (clams can move fast). Sometimes I have just randomly dug near the water and gotten just as many. Clams can be up to 18" deep, so a bucketful represents a lot of work. From the mudflats I would get Washington and Horseneck clams (large round ones) and from the beaches I'd get slender razor clams. When you have enough, go home and dump your clams in a tub full of water. Let them sit there at least 6 hours and they will clean themselves of mud and grit.

The clean clams are then steamed until they pop open. After that, you can dip them in egg batter and fry them or make a chowder from the left broth from steam- them, wine, milk, onions, potatoes, and herbs. One of my favorite things is to mince the steamed clams with sauteed onions and celery, add fresh parsley, buttered bread crumbs, then pack that mixture back in the empty half shells, top it with grated cheese and broil. Asking local natives for good clamming beds is the best way I know to find where to go. (They won't tell you their favorite spot, but they'll let you know if and where there are any clams.)

I used to catch crabs by hanging my simple crab pot off the fish company deck and checking it several times a day. If you live near a tidal bay or river mouth that has crabs, a \$5 crab pot will soon earn its keep. My pot was a large metal ring with a net below it--a bit like a basketball net with the bottom sewed shut. I would place bait (old fish heads and tails) from the fish company garbage, in the center of the net, tied on with string. Then I'd lower the pot until it was about a foot from the bottom and tie it by its rope to the dock. In several hours I'd come back and haul it up. Any crabs that are feeding get caught by the upward pull and can't swim out of the net. I'd usually get 5 or 6 on each pull (a fish company dock is a favorite home for fish and crabs because of all the tasty waste that gets dumped there). That was 3 years ago and crabs are rarer in California now, but again, ask around to see if they're still found in your area.



Crabs should be dumped live into boiling water (they die instantly) and cooked for 12-15 minutes. Cracking crab is easy when you know how but hard to write about--watch the pickers at a fish company or ask a fisherman or fisherwoman.

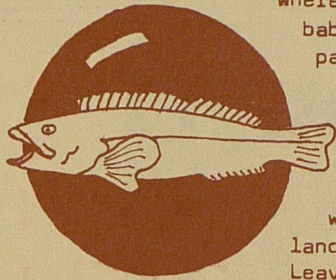
There are many kinds of fish which can be gotten in shallow ocean waters; since the varieties of fish available vary so much in different areas, I'll talk only about what can be caught around here (The Mendocino area--about 75 miles in either direction).

There are about four species around here which can often be caught off the rocks--rainbow perch, greenling ("sea trout") cabezone, and at certain times of year when they come in to shore to spawn, ling cod. You don't need much equipment to catch them--a hand line (some heavy whipcord attached to a piece of wood) or pole, a small selection of hooks (a few sizes between

1 and 1 ot, 2-4 ounce sinkers, bait, which you often won't have to buy, and a knife. Local myth varies about when the fish will bite--high tide vs. low, incoming vs. outgoing, etc.

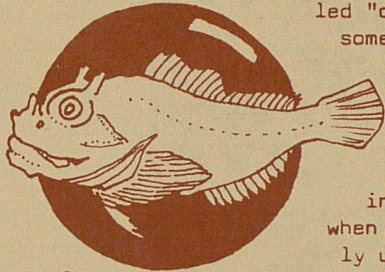
I've had best luck on the incoming tide--a few hours before high tide until an hour past it. Pick a calm day, if you can, and if not, find a channel that is calm between points where the tide is breaking. When it's really rough and the bottom is churning, you'll have bad luck, because fish bite mostly at what they see, rather than smell, and they won't be able to see the bait. Try and pick a place where there isn't too much kelp on the bottom or you will very likely lose a lot of gear. The water you will be fishing in will generally be around 10 feet deep, so you can often see what the bottom is like. Although you can buy bait, mussels, small crabs, and abalone guts work perfectly well. It's a safe guess

that the fish will bite at anything that lives where they do, as it probably comprises a large part of their regular diet. After you bait



LING COD

your hook and attach your sinker, you are ready to go. Try and aim where your line will land--and then cast it. Leave your line slack until you feel your sinker hit bottom--then shorten it so that it is a few inches off bottom. After you cast your line you can do something called "chumming"--throwing



CABEZONE

some extra bait in where your line is--to attract the fish to your baited hook, lest they have been busy looking the other way when it landed. I usually use mussels for bait, and chum with a few mussels, shell and all, which I've crushed with my heel. It seems to work. At first you will think every little movement of the water is a "bite" but with a little experience, you will feel most of your bites unless the water is very choppy. Mostly, I've found that the fish will strike within three or four

minutes, and I pull up my line, check my bait, and recast often. Other people have about the same luck letting the bait sit for 15 minutes or longer. Sometimes I've left my bait on a while, felt no bites, and pulled my line in, astounded to find that I'd caught a greenling or cabezone. Perch tend to strike sharply and immediately--and are trickier to catch than the others. They are accomplished bait stealers, and have small mouths, which means they usually don't swallow the bait unless you're using a really small hook, and if you catch them, it's by hooking them through the lip and they often escape before you've hauled them in. Cabezone and sometimes greenlings will dive once they're hooked, and wind your line around a rock. The only thing you can do is write off your gear as an occupational expense, and start again.

You should check your bait every 15 minutes or so and replace it even if it hasn't been filched or washed away, as it loses its appeal after being in the water that long. A few tips I've learned--sharpening your hooks with a file improves your chances greatly--and pulling your line in swiftly, without letting it slacken, increases your chances of landing the fish you have caught. Also a size 1 hook is about the best all purpose size for all these fish, though it is a little large for perch.

Twice a year-- around March and October--Ling Cod come in to spawn, and can be caught off the rocks, if you have access to someplace that juts into slightly deeper water. Lings can run as big as 30 pounds or so and will run with your line, so you have to be alert to land one this way. Also,

a larger hook is a good idea--1 ot - 3 ot. (By the way, all the other fish are quite small--greenlings about 3 lbs, perch 2½, and cabezone, maybe 7, but usually smaller).

If you are able to get a Ling Cod in, you have something to be smug about. I've never landed one, though I've had two escape about six feet from shore, and I had good looks at them both.

A word of extreme caution about the ocean is appropriate here. The Pacific Coast is considered one of if not the most dangerous coasts in the world. Besides cold water temperatures and a rocky coast, it boasts unexpected large waves called "sneakers" which will wash way closer to land than the tide level, and have caused many accidental drownings. Never turn your back on the ocean. Plan a retreat route from your fishing spot in the event of one of these waves. If you can't get away in time, let everything go and hang on to the rocks. Choose your fishing spot judiciously, be careful climbing on the rocks, which are hazardously slick, and watch the tide so you don't get trapped when it comes in, if you're fishing at a place that is accessible only at low tides. Also, try to fish with a friend.

All the fish I've talked about are delicately textured and flavored, except the Ling, which is "meatier", and you can prepare them any way you would prepare sole or similar fish. I usually fillet them, unless the fish is large, in which case I prefer to bake it whole in a slow oven. Incidentally, cabezone and female greenlings have greenish blue flesh when raw, which turns white when cooked, so don't think something's wrong if you catch one of these.

There are ways to get free or cheap fish without catching it yourself, if the sport does not appeal to you. I live in a commercial fishing area, where salmon and ling cod are the only things the industry respects. The large fish companies frequently sell sole and green ling cod really cheap--as little as 10¢ a pound--and sometimes local fishermen will just give it to you if you're around when they dock up. Many of these small fishermen prefer to give it away because they get almost nothing for it from the companies.

Large companies which sell fish retail as well as wholesale have a lot of edible trimmings. At one place up here, all the remains after filleting go into a hopper outside, where you can get all you want. It's good on your garden and as catfood too. At another company up here, during salmon season, you can have all the salmon heads you want for free--which contains the savory cheeks --delicious sauteed in butter--and the remainder makes great fish stock.

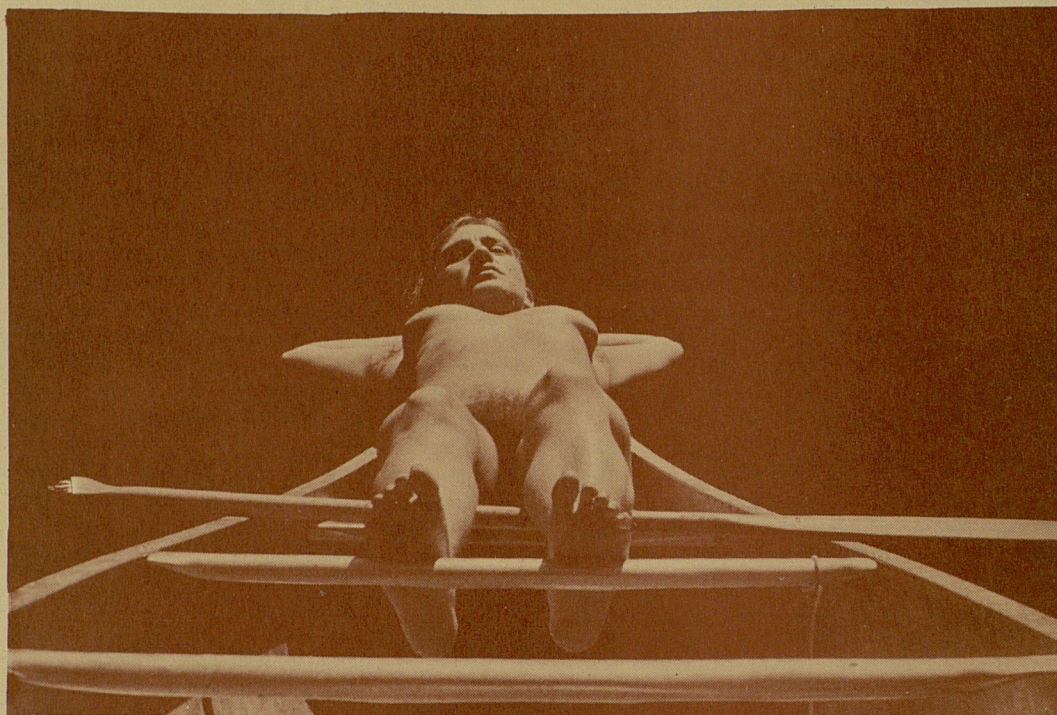
Here is the mussel recipe I promised earlier in the article:

Fill a large kettle with several inches of water, or water and wine, and as many mussels as it will hold. Make sure the lid fits tightly, bring the liquid to a boil, and steam the mussels for 20 minutes until the shells open. To eat, lift the mussel from the shell by its beard. Pull on the beard and the tough, muscular part

Continued

will come with it, leaving tender mussel in your mouth. One person can eat several dozen mussels, so gather plenty. Large mussels are often tough.

Mussels that have been steamed can be removed from their shells, frozen, and later reheated in garlic butter. ■



Future Issues:

- #5 Running a Small Farm
- #6 How We Live and With Whom
- #7 Buying Land

Also planned: Children's Liberation and The Women's Movement in the Country

If you are interested in writing for an issue, please let us know and we will send you questions and suggestions relevant to that theme. We welcome articles, poetry and suggestions for future themes. We need photographs and would especially some of women working.

We would really like specific responses to our issues: what articles you liked or didn't and why; whether practical articles were useful or not and why.

We have become a not quite monthly as you may have noticed. We are trying to give each issue enough energy to do it well. Subscriptions will run for 12 issues, however long that takes.

This publication is on file at the International Women's History Archive, 2325 Oak Street, Berkeley Calif. and is available on microfilm through Bell and Howell, Drawer "E", Wooster, Ohio 44691.

Credits this issue:

Graphics

- Arlene page 5, 14, 18
- Carmen, page 1
- Ellen, page 16
- Leona, page 24, 34, 35
- River, page 6, 8, 9, 17, 27
- Valery Guignon, page 19

Photographs

- Linda Rhodes, page 22
- Lynda Koolish, page 10, 30, back cover
- Nancy Van Arsdale, page 15
- Ruth of Mountain Grove, page 13
- Sally Bailey, page 11, 16, 20, 25, 28, 40

Country Women
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Dear Sisters,

We live about 25 miles N.E. of Garberville on 120 acres. We have up there sections to a pre-fabricated house that we want to build and rent next spring to some women with women's consciousness. It is 12x16 ft and will have wood stove and propane stove and will be around \$50 a month. We live 6 miles up a dirt road and if you're interested please write:

Betsy Rudnytsky
 PO Box 121
 Redway, California

I am a woman with a 1½ year old daughter and I would love to get involved in a playgroup. I have lived in Mendocino County only a short time and my child has relatively no contact with other children. Perhaps there are other women in the same situation. My name is Louisa Sandvik and I live in Philo, (Box 181).

Please, if you can help me find a playgroup fairly close in distance (my '48 De Soto is a great friend, but it's not much of a trucker.) I would greatly appreciate it.

Louisa Sandvik
 PO Box 181
 Philo, Calif. 95466

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