

## Pinch of Salt

By Bro. Placid Gross, February 22, 2021

One day in May of 1951 folks were not home. They had gone to Berlin, ND for the wedding of our cousin Imelda Aberle and Clement Long. Our sister Anna Marie was bridesmaid so it was proper that she should be there the day before to get her gown ironed and be assured that she is there in the morning. In those days the church part always was in the mornings. Ann got that honor because she was the daughter of Imelda's godmother. Folks and Ann left the day before the wedding. Only seven boys were at home with the youngest, Leo, being four years old. When mother was away we were allowed to eat whatever we wanted. However, as I remember it, we never spent time making anything fancy. Maybe we just ate jelly bread and fried eggs.

That evening after supper Andrew said that Richard is supposed to make ice cream. I put away the leftover food and did the dishes. Richard said "what should I put in?" Andrew said "find a cookbook and just follow a recipe." Richard was one month short of 13 and he was courageous in doing new things. He found a recipe in the cook book that looked like it needed ingredients that we had on hand. He measured out the milk and the cream. He put in the sugar and vanilla and maybe a little egg. Then he asked me "vee fiel ish ahh PINCH salz?" The recipe gave instructions with cups, quarts, teaspoons, and tablespoons etc. but none of our measuring spoons were marked "Pinch." I was no help. Then Richard ran up to the barn to ask Andrew. Richard again said "vee fiel ish ahh PINCH salz?" Andrew said "why do you want to know?" Well, the book says "to put in a pinch of salt." Andrew said "it probably does not matter too much, so just put in a 'bissel.'"



This picture of the three-gallon family size freezer was taken years later.

Richard came back to the summer kitchen and surveyed his mix up to this point. He said "I still don't know how "vee fiel ish ahh bissel" (how much is a little.) We remembered that mother often measured ingredients in the palm of her hand. Then Richard put in two fists full of white salt to the three-gallon size ice cream mixer. I helped get the ice from the ice cellar and helped crank the freezer. When the other guys came in when the sun was going down we sat down for an ice cream treat. Oh, Yuck! Ei!, Ei!, Ei! It tastes like salt!!! We had been taught not to waste anything. "Spare in time of plenty and you will have in time of need." It would be a waste to give it to the pigs. It was "eat-a-ble" if you concentrated on the creamy texture and the sweetness and coolness of it all, and at the same time tried hard to not let the saltiness get to you. We ate our fill before bedtime that evening and we had ice cream for breakfast, for dinner and for supper the next day. We all ate as much as our stomachs could tolerate. Folks stayed at the wedding house after the evening dance and came home only on the third day.