

Ice Cream

by Gerry Biram

On Tuesday, September 11, at 1:00 p.m. in the Gazebos Windsor Gardens residents will celebrate our fiftieth Anniversary with an old time Ice Cream Social. It is totally free and the free tickets may be picked up at the Activity Office. Who is there among us that does not love the cool, refreshing taste of ice cream as it slides down the throat and who has not turned to this delicious treat on a hot day to make one feel cooler.

Whenever I have this cool treat I remember how we had ice cream on a ranch in Wyoming forty miles from any place to purchase ice cream. Occasionally Mother Nature would provide us magically with a means to create our own delicious treat even as late as early July. In winters when we had a tremendous amount of snow there would still be banks in deep ravines that took many weeks to melt. My father knew just where these banks might be found so he would take tubs and fill them with the snow. While he was getting the snow my mother would be busy cooking a custard type of mix to which would be added cream. We had a hand turned ice cream maker that was a wooden bucket in which sat a metal container that held two dashers and room for about a quart of mixture. Into the wooden bucket we placed the snow and added rock salt to make it colder. As the dashers turned with the handle the mixture within the metal can kept getting harder and harder. More and more snow and salt was added to the bucket. At last the handle would turn no more. It would be removed and the lid of the metal container opened. Slowly and carefully the dashers were removed and everyone crowded around with spoon in hand to taste the rich frozen custard. Nothing in this world could ever quite equal the taste of this home made dessert that was so rich due to the use of heavy cream in the mixture. More snow and rock salt would then be added to the bucket to keep the ice cream hard until everyone had eaten all he could hold. Usually there would be none left which was good because we did not have a refrigerator in which to store leftovers. There was no rural electricity at that time in our area of the county.