

Carrot Ice Cream

Bob, Alice, Jan and Warren, Ash and Ingrid and their sons, William and John Scott, joined Laura, Juniper, Amanda and me at Whitney that hot afternoon. Our garden carrots, baby sucrams and touchons, had grown abundantly. They were sweet, tender and crisp. It seemed to me a natural step to put them into homemade ice cream.

The most adventuresome among us said, "Might be good," and the conservative said, "Sounds weird."

We mixed finely-grated carrots into the ice cream mix. I liked that, but some of the people there didn't like it very well. We ate all the ice cream, but not with the unqualified enthusiasm hand-cranked ice cream should have. We all liked the flavor, but we agreed the crunchiness of the frozen, grated carrots wasn't consistent with the smoothness we expected from ice cream.

Ingrid said, "We have the juicer at home. We could juice carrots and use the juice." The next time we gathered in Sumpter, where Ash and Ingrid had also grown carrots and had electricity and the electricity-powered juicer, we harvested carrots and launched the ice-cream project before dinner. We washed and juiced carrots and added the juice to the ice cream mix and cranked and added ice and salt roundabout the container of the mix for ice cream and cranked some more, until the carrot ice cream was done.

It was so good that even those who had been the most severe doubters looked hopefully into the metal container from which we scooped out ice cream and, seeing it was empty, said, "If we make another batch, I'll do the cranking," and we made another batch and another.

With all of us harvesting and washing and juicing and making mix to put into the ice cream maker and cranking and keeping the ice and salt level high enough around the metal cylinder that contained the mix, and eating carrot ice cream, dinner got delayed and delayed, but we had plenty of ice cream. Ash said sternly, "You kids eat all your ice cream or you don't get any dinner."

The children loved Ash's approach to discipline and cooperated fully. Children and adults talked and laughed, listened to Cracker Creek run clear in sunshine, used the front

lawn as dining room, and ate carrot ice cream and more carrot ice cream in northeastern Oregon's Blue Mountains.

We never did get to the main courses of a dinner that day. Nobody objected.