







There was often a jar of Umabachi  
Japanese pickled plums) in the re-  
frigerator when I was a kid. My Dad  
called them "nipsoot plums" because  
they were intensely salty and sour.

When we moved to our house in 1971,  
the street was lined with flowering  
bronzekent plum trees. Once some  
Asian immigrant kids asked if they  
could pick the little sour plums so I  
guess I associated them with those  
Nipsoot Plums, since they were sour  
fruit consumed by Asian people.



By 2024, most of the trees on the street had died. There was a lot of fruit on the one tree we had left, so I thought I might try to use them. Turned out to be an example of "when you assume you make an ass of U and ME." D'oh! 52 years of delicious plums wasted.

Street plum sherbet

