

# **Nonna's Italo-American Recipes**

*by Bill Russo*

**Smashwords Edition**

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This is a short volume with some hot new recipes and some old memories from the Italian-American perspective.

These great new, time-tested menu treats are not your grandma's old recipes! They are MY grandma's old, time-tested recipes!

I promise that you are going to find some unique new ways of preparing old favorites.

You will also get to go back in time more than a hundred years and meet my grandmother and grandfather as I tell part of their amazing story of coming to America, mixed in with some terrific recipes.

## **Chapter One: The Fisherman's Boy and the Floor Scrubber**

The fabulous secrets of cooking from sunny Italy will come soon, but first let's travel back to 1908:

The location; a nunnery in a village near the Sicilian capital city of Palermo:

At 14 years of age, Antonio was much more a man than a teenager. His mustache, already thick and well trimmed, often drew giggly comments from the more friendly Sisters in the convent of the Church of the Lady of the Sea. His good looks and piercing eyes won him liberties with the church women that few other delivery men were able to enjoy.



The Patriarch of the Russo family as he appeared in 1908

On his daily rounds, he brought fish, bread and cheese to the nunnery and the rectory. He was allowed the freedom to wander and admire the buildings and the lush gardens. Their ornate wealth filled him with awe.

The nuns' quarters, while less ostentatious than the rest, still seemed palatial to a youth who was required to walk nearly a half mile just to get clean water to fill the barrel in front of his shack. The Convent offered something else - there was that beautiful scrub girl.

“Oh Antonio, you like that one eh?” said Sister Maria Benedicta when he asked about her. “Her name is Maria Gallanti. We just got her two weeks ago. Her father said he was afraid she would fall into sin, so he sold her to the priests. The truth is, there was something foul about Signore Gallanti; he smelled badly of wine; both swilled and spilled over his filthy clothing.”

“Don't say I said it,” added Sister Maria Aquinas, “but this is 1908 and people should not have the right to sell somebody into a life of slavery.”

“Hold your tongue Sister,” pleaded Sister Maria Lourdes, “you will get into trouble you cannot imagine if you are caught speaking like that. Now Antonio, the girl you are interested in, Maria - forget her, she is bound by church law to us for four more years until she is 18. Take your fish over to the rectory and no more talk of the floor scrubber!”

The priests' quarters were just a few hundred feet from the convent, which was just barely 20 yards from the magnificent cathedral. Antonio knocked on the service door and was admitted by the pleasant, plump head cook, Concetta Bengini. Always smiling, she greeted him and chatted with him while she checked the food against her order sheet.

Concetta was making ‘Palermo Spaghetti Soup’ and she explained her recipe to Antonio.

“First, you take a quart of rich beef soup and then mix it with half a can of tomato or an equal amount of fresh tomatoes. Boil these together and then strain them. This gets the rid of the pulp and seeds. Season the mixture with salt and pepper.

“The next step is very important Tony. You take a handful of spaghetti and put the unbroken roll of pasta into the soup. I repeat. Do not break the spaghetti sticks. When you put one end of the pasta sticks into the boiling water, they will gradually bend themselves into the pot. You have to stand over it and watch them. When you see them starting to bend you can push them in.

“Keep boiling the mixture until all of the soup is absorbed by the spaghetti. Just before serving it, sprinkle thoroughly with grated Parmesan cheese.”

Concetta left her pasta for a moment to finish checking the food that the young man delivered.

“Everything looks good Tony, you are the best delivery man we ever have had.”

“I bet you say that to all the best delivery men!” Antonio laughed.

“No, Tony I mean it. The bread is always soft and still warm. The fish is so fresh. Even the Sacerdote said the food is buona! And he hates everything!!!!”

“Father Beppo has always been nice to me,” Tony responded.

“Yes, the Father is a wonderful man. Speaking of Sacerdote Beppo, he wants to talk to you about a special order. The bishop is coming for a visit and the Father wants some 'cozze' for him.”

“Mussels? We don't eat them. Even the poorest of our people would eat sand before 'cozze'.”

“I know Tony. But that is because we live here in Sicily. The Bishop was born in Spain and they eat them in a stew that they call Paella. Father is in the cathedral. Please go over and speak to him about this.”

"Okay Concetta, for you I go. I just hope he doesn't want me to bring him some 'babalooch'. I hate snails. I don't like to catch them and I don't like to deliver them!"

Tony carried his burden to the church and marveled anew as his eyes swept from the marble floors, to the polished pews, then to the majestic columns leading to a ceiling painted to resemble celestial bliss.



“It is beautiful is it not?”, said a voice as lyrical as an 'Ave Maria' sung by the castratti of the Sistine Chapel.

His eyes flew to the source of the ethereal sound. It was Maria Gallanti. On her knees, dressed in a ragged frock, she was scouring the marble floor. Her tiny hand could scarcely grasp the heavy brush required for the back breaking labor. The slim floor scrubber, with her long hair the color of a starless night, was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen or imagined.

“This place is like an oasis in the desert,” he said, “but if to make this splendor, someone as lovely as you has to scrape on her hands and knees to clean it - I would rather have it be the same as my floor at home: dirt.”

The two young peasants began talking; hastily for the Priest might burst in at any moment. They laughed as their chatter began to gather speed, like a freight train rushing downhill. Knowing they only had a few moments to themselves, each tried to learn everything about the other. In that brief encounter, Maria and Antonio came to realize with certainty, that they were destined to love each other at any cost and against any odds.

They also knew that their 'amore' was doomed: for he was the fishmonger's delivery boy and she was a slave in the nunnery.

"Russo!" boomed the voice of Father Beppo from the vestibule, "Russo, stop talking with the floor scrubber and come in here quickly. I need some extra things for the visit of the Bishop."

## **Chapter two: Steerage to the States**

Eventually Antonio was able to free Maria and they bought cheap ‘steerage’ tickets to come to America. Steerage class was the lowest priced and hardest way to sail to the United States. Steerage passengers were housed in cramped quarters in the lowest decks.

From Ellis Island, Maria and Antonio went to Massachusetts where a relative was able to secure employment for Tony in a shoe factory.

After five years in America, Maria and Tony were the proud parents of five boys. Preparing meals for such a large family on a small salary was an amazing feat.

The staple foods that Maria used back in 1915 were cheap then, and now a hundred years later, they are still inexpensive. The mainstays of her menu were; pasta, chicken, fish, and lentils. Let’s look at some of her dishes.

### **First up is a quick, easy, and delicious meatless spaghetti sauce:**

In a sauce pan, place two tablespoons of butter. Add a medium minced onion and cook until soft and then gradually rub in an equal amount of flour. Slowly blend in two cups of tomatoes. Make sure that you stir constantly. When the mixture is thick and smooth, remove from stove and strain if needed. Reheat and then add the following spices: One-half teaspoon each of allspice, clove, and cinnamon. Mix well and serve with grated parmesan cheese.

You can use bottled cheese, but of course my Nonna grated her own for a much richer and fresher flavor.

Graters with a handle like they use at the Olive Garden will work, but my Nonna would not really approve of them. She used one of the big, box graters with the multiple surfaces.

They are widely available for under \$10.00 and are useful for a number of other things besides grating cheese.



The box grater, in addition to giving better tasting Parmesan or Romano cheese, also doubles as a vegetable and potato slicer. Each side is different and offers additional slicing and grating features.

In the old country, the high cost of meat forced many people to seek alternatives and one of the best is the humble lentil.

High in protein and low in cost, lentils are a super food that costs about one dollar a pound!

My favorite dish with this nourishing food is called Pasta e Lenticchie (pasta and lentils). It's pronounced Pasta len-tiki.

There are many variants. Here is the simplest.

Take a half pound of lentils. My Nonna would soak them overnight. You can soak them for a lot less time and still get good results; but if you want to cook the 'paisan'

way, you will need to keep those lentils under water for at least eight hours. The lentils should be rinsed before the soaking process.

When your lentils are ready, heat four tablespoons of olive oil in a pot over medium heat, to just before smoking hot. Chop up four or five celery sticks and one medium onion and put them in the pot. Add one clove of peeled garlic.

After five minutes over the medium heat, add in a half pound of peeled tomatoes.

Once this sauce starts to thicken pour in the drained lentils and then add enough cold water to cover the lentils by about one-half inch. You do not want too much water because PASTA LENTICCHE (LEN-TIKI) IS NOT SOUP! It is eaten with a fork. Any sauce left over is sopped up with buttered bread.

Bring to a boil, then lower the heat, cover the pot and simmer for 20 to 25 minutes before adding in one-half pound of thin spaghetti or vermicelli: broken into little pieces an inch or two long. If you cannot break the pasta into tiny pieces it's okay. It will still taste good. It's just easier to get your fork loaded up, when the spaghetti bits are shorter.

Cook the pasta for the time directed on the box and then serve with olive oil drizzled on the pasta.

Have plenty of buttered Italian bread ready to sop up the extra sauce.

## **Chapter Three: Faster Pasta**

Here's another quick and easy recipe for Spaghetti. With this dish, there is no need to buy sauce for four or five dollars a jar. The sauce comes with the recipe and is authentic Italian style.

### **Nonna's Quick and Easy Baked Spaghetti:**

Put half a package of spaghetti (one-half pound) into three or four quarts of boiling water and cook the recommended time. Try to find a number 10 spaghetti. If you can't find a ten, any fairly thick spaghetti will do. Number 10 was the standard for my grandmother. It seems like in the last few years most companies have stopped using the number system in favor of catchy names like capelli etc.

While the pasta is cooking, fry up a tablespoon of minced onion in a like amount of butter. When it is well browned, add in one heaping tablespoon of flour. Gradually add two cups of tomatoes, and a pinch of salt and a pinch of sugar.

When the pasta is ready, put it in a buttered baking dish. Pour the sauce over it, put about a cup of breadcrumbs on top and then grate a few tablespoons of parmesan or romano cheese over it. Finally, put the baking dish in a preheated 350 oven for about 15 minutes or until the cheese looks perfectly melted. Serve with buttered Italian bread and a good wine.

In Italian-American homes during the 1940s onward, Fridays were fish days and to this day, more than a half century later, I still can recall the great ocean delights my Mom and Grand-mom would come up with. Here's one of my favorites.

Nonna and Mama mia used Sole, but you can use any filets that you can find at a decent price. Here's "Bacon baked, fillet of Sole"

The recipe calls for one dozen filets. My Nonna called them 'slivers'. She would dip each sliver in corn meal and roll it up. She would use a small skewer or wooden toothpick to hold the roll together. My Mom would sometimes tie them together, but I can't remember if she used a special string or if any string will work. Don't start a fire by experimenting with string!

Stand the rolled filets up in a baking pan and place about a third of a slice of bacon on each one.

Bake in the oven until done. My Nonna and my Mama would often bake French fries at the same time as the fish.

To bake the fries, cut the potatoes into pieces about the size of Dad's middle finger. Then place the potatoes in water for about an hour. Drain them and watch all the starch run out of the pot and down your sink.

Butter a baking pan or use olive oil and bake them until they brown up.

Try this next recipe and I will bet that you will never eat another Grilled Cheese Sandwich ever again! After sampling this, you will only eat a

### **Fried Cheese Sandwich**

Start off as if you were going to make a boring, plain old Grilled Cheese. Put a slice of cheese between two slices of bread. I use Provalone cheese, but you could use American if you wish.

Soak the slices of bread in a batter made of one slightly beaten egg and one-half cup of milk, with just a touch of salt.

Fry in butter and enjoy a whole new style of cheese sandwich.

## **Chapter Four: Man Does Not Live by Prov-alone**

*And remember what my Nonna always said, "Man (or woman) does not live by Prov-alone - he (or she) also needs Italian bread and wine!"*

Editor's note: Provalone Cheese is actually spelled Provolone but the joke does not work well with an O instead of an A.

Before we get to the next recipe, I want to tell you a quick Nonna story. She was the most amazing woman I ever met. During hard times she kept the family fed and clothed by the extra work she did.

I remember one time when an American lady was visiting us and she asked my Nona what she did for work.

"Am-a tellah," my Grandmother responded.

"Oh you work in a bank. The job of a teller is a good one", said the lady.

"No. Am-a no work-a inna the bank. My job-a is a tellah," my Grandmother insisted.

"You know, with-a the needle, I make-a the clothes. That's what a tellah does."

"Oh, you are a tailor," said the embarrassed woman.

"Si. Yes. That's-a what am-a said."

Another time I was speaking with my Grandfather and I told him I wanted to learn some Italian words.

"Hey Gramp," I asked, "How do you say refrigerator in Italian."

"Ice-a box," he said with a straight face.

My poor Grandfather tried so hard to master English, but he was not really successful. It wasn't for lack of practice.

He was always trying to speak better, even in his swear words. Here's one he used to practice all of the time but never was able to quite get it right..... "Summa ma beech".

He laughed right along with all his grandkids when we kidded him about his accent. Sometimes on a Sunday afternoon we'd ask him twenty times to pronounce the name of his favorite cowboy star.

He never let us down, responding every time: and we just loved to hear that man say "Hopalong Cassadeech".

Living on the coast as we did, we frequently were able to have seafood. Here's some seafood Italian Style.....

### **Elbows and Clams**

*Here's what you need:*

One half pound of elbow macaroni boiled until tender.

One pint of clams.

One slice of onion and one tablespoon of butter.

Also one cup of milk and a tablespoon of flour.

Keep the clams in water for a while to get the sand out, then drain them. Open them and chop them up, saving any juice that results from the chopping. Scald the excess clam juice and the onion. Melt the butter and stir in the flour until it is smooth.

Add the milk and heat until it thickens. Add the scalded clam juice and cook another minute or so.



Layer the chopped clams and macaroni in a baking dish. Pour on the sauce and bake for 20 minutes.

**Up next are a couple of treatments for sausage that give an unusual twist to a meat that generally just gets parboiled and grilled. Here's the paison way of sparking up plain old sausage.**

### **Sausage Crisps: Made with Sausage patties**

Make a batter of three well beaten eggs, one level teaspoon of salt, two cups of milk, and two-thirds of a cup of flour.

Mix the flour with a little of the milk before stirring into the batter to prevent its lumping.

Spread a thin layer of sausage meat on the bottom of a baking pan and pour the well beaten batter over it.

Bake in a hot oven till brown. Serve hot.

### **Here's a quick and easy version of Baked Sausage in 22 minutes:**

Cover the sausages with boiling water for ten minutes. Remove from stove and put into cold water for two minutes.

Roll in beaten egg and then in about a cup of bread crumbs.

Bake in a hot oven ten minutes.

**Up next is a scallop recipe and directions for good old fashioned clam fritters.**

### **Scalloped Scallops:**

Melt two table spoons of butter in the bottom of baking dish.

Next put a layer of crumbs, a layer of scallops, pepper, salt and butter.

Repeat this until the dish is full.

Make a hole in the middle with spoon and pour milk in gradually until it covers the scallops.

Don't spare the milk, it's what makes the recipe work.

Have the top layer crumbs and dot with butter and bake in a hot oven until done – about 20 minutes.

### **Clam Fritters:**

One quart of clams drained and chopped fine, half a cup of clam water, half a cup of cream, two well beaten eggs (three are better), two cups of flour and a little pepper. Fry like pan cakes in oil, shortening, or whatever you prefer.

*Here's a new way to make Chicken Tenders.*

### **Tender, Pressed Chicken:**

Boiling is highly recommended for chicken breasts, which can easily dry out when fried or baked. Use any chicken for this recipe. Take the bones out if buying bone-in meat.

After cooking, chop the meat fine. Add a small cup of bread crumbs and season to taste with butter, pepper, salt, and a little sage.

Pour in enough of the liquor to make it moist and mould in any shape you choose. Pop in the fridge for a few hours and when cold cut into slices.

### **Omelet:**

The recipe is for a plain omelet, but feel free to add ingredients of your choice such as onions, peppers and whatever else you like.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter, stir in one table- spoon of flour, add one cup of milk, stir and cook until thick.

Cool for a few minutes and add the beaten yolks of five eggs.

Beat the whites until so dry that you can turn the bowl over without spilling. Next, mix lightly with the yolks and cream sauce.

Melt one tablespoon of butter in a frying pan and when hot, put the omelet in the pan. Cook a few minutes and then set the pan in the oven to finish. Be careful not to cook too long.

Fix your family an apple with a treat inside.

### **Apple Surprise:**

Cut apples in halves across the core. Scoop out the core without breaking the skin. Fill the cavities with sugar and a little cinnamon and fasten the halves together with toothpicks. Bake till tender.

In Massachusetts there is a great product made in the city of Lynn, called Marshmallow Fluff. It is smooth, creamy and definitely sinful. Sadly Fluff is not available in much of the country. So for transplanted New Englanders and everybody else who would like to try it: Here's how to make your own fluff.

You'll need one-half pound of marshmallows. Put them in a warm oven until they run together, be careful not to scorch. They need to be watched closely.

Boil one cup of sugar with four tablespoons of water until it threads, then pour it over the well beaten white of an egg.

Add the melted marshmallows and a little vanilla and beat until stiff enough to spread. Now you have your own Marshmallow Fluff. Take two slices of bread. Put peanut butter on one and fluff the other. Now you have a "flutternutter!"



A “Fluffernutter.” Photo by Yankee Magazine.

*Here’s an unusual twist on the common, everyday potato.*

**Stuffed Potatoes:**

Bake good-sized potatoes until just done.

Cut off one end and scoop out the potato- do not break the skins.

Mash well and season with salt and pepper, add a little cream and whip light. Put them back into the shells and brown in the oven.

With stuffed potatoes, so ends this little combination cookbook and remembrance of my family and especially my Nonna/Grandmother, Maria Gallanti Russo.

Here’s another story about my grandfather – he actually was my uncle and how he became my grand-dad is an unusual story that I hope to include in a future update of this work.

Though proper Italian for Grandfather is “Nonno” we simply called him, ‘Gramp’.

When Gramp’s five step-children and his own three kids were all grown and were successful people with families of their own; they hatched a plan.

“Pa, we got good news. We’re going to send you back to the old country for a nice long, ‘all expense paid’ vacation.”

“Summa ma beech. I no go! Am-a tell-a you. I no go!”

“But Pa,” they all said in unison, “Don’t you want to go back and see your old home?”

“Hey,” my Grandfather said, “This-a my home. The United-a States. Why you think I leave anyway?”

As patriotic speeches go, I guess my ‘Gramp’ didn’t say anything noteworthy. But to me, he was an American patriot of the first rank.

### **‘Fasta Pasta’**

The title of this section is actually ‘Faster Pasta’ but the phrase sounds better I think, when you pronounce the word ‘faster’ with a thick Boston accent and come up with the alliterative ‘Fasta Pasta’.

Here’s the secret to faster (and better tasting) pasta. DO NOT BOIL your spaghetti, shells, elbows and such.

Instead, pour two cups of water to your simmering sauce. Then add the pasta and let the entire mixture cook at barely boiling for about 15 or 20 minutes. Stirring occasionally is always a good idea.

When you serve your meal, the pasta will have have been cooked and marinated in sauce and will be much more flavorful than if boiled.

Instead of your meal looking like a pile of stringy eggs with a red blob in the middle; your pasta will be Palermo style, with the sauce and the pasta perfectly united.

This picture illustrates pasta plopped down on a plate with sauce poured on the top. This is ‘fast food’ type spaghetti and is okay but not great.



The second photo shows the much more flavorful, integrated Palermo pasta.

Both photographs are courtesy of Wikimedia Commons. If I had my 'druthers', I would rather show you my Nonna's spindly old kitchen table that was a humble platform for her elegant pasta feasts; but as far as I know, no photographs of her culinary expertise survived into the new century.

I think most readers will agree that the latter image better represents authentic Italian food.



This method of preparation may or may not be faster, but I think that, after you try it, you will agree it is better.

### **Uncle John's Rotini**

Continuing along with the easy, no-boil way to make pasta, here is a great scheme for a no fuss, no pots and pans, Saturday night or Sunday afternoon dinner.

I have named it in honor of my late uncle, who actually was born in Italy – the only one of my Nonna's eight children who were born in the old country. When Maria and Antonio came to America in 1910 they had their newborn son, Giovanni, with them. As a young man Johnny did not wish to work in the massive shoe machine factory which dominated the employment picture in the city of Beverly, Massachusetts where the family had settled.

He chose instead, the plumbing business and learned it well – so well that every single one of his brothers followed him into the trade. At one point in the 1960s the whole clan teamed up to become “Russo Brothers Plumbers” a well respected firm on the North Shore of Massachusetts for many years.

***Here's how to make Uncle Johnny's Rotini:***

#### **Ingredients:**

*One bag (a pound) of pre-cooked Italian meatballs*

*One jar (24 ounces) of Francesco Rinaldi sweet tomato sauce. Or any other brand that you prefer.*

*One half box Rotini, shells, elbows or similar.*

*Any add-ons you have handy such as fresh green peppers or onions. Sliced to bite size.*

*24 ounces of water (your choice: tap or bottled)*



Now here comes the fun part. Just put all these things in a crock pot, set it on high for about three hours and you are done!!

First: Empty the sauce directly from the jar into your crock pot. Then take the jar and add water to it. Fill it almost to the top and swish it around so that when you empty it into the crock pot you will have gotten nearly all of the sauce from the jar.

Second: Put one half pound (half of the box) of Rotini in the crock pot and make sure it is totally covered by water. The excess water will be absorbed by the pasta when it 'self cooks'.

Third: Add the meatballs and any supplements that you have on hand, such as the onions and peppers. Season to taste. A few shakes of salt and pepper is good. Finally, add about a half teaspoon of sugar.

Fourth: SET IT and FORGET IT !!! Set the crock pot on high, stir the mixture a little bit, and then leave it alone for about three hours (depending on how much heat your pot puts out). You can check it every once in a while, give it a stir, and have a taste. These steps are optional because the meal will cook itself and the pasta and the meatballs will be delicious from their three hour swim in the sauce.

Complement the meal with a green salad, a loaf of real Italian bread, some wine, a bit of espresso, and a few tunes from Mario Lanza. This combination will give you a traditional and excellent Sunday dinner with very little work and only one crockpot to clean instead of a sink-full of sauce and frying pans.

### **Italian Fries**

The recipe for Italian Fries will come shortly after I come clean and admit that these are really French Fries by another name. But French Fries are really like 'Polish' jokes in that, by any other name they are just as good. The jokes are universal and you can substitute Italian, Spanish, English or any other nationality and the jokes are still funny.

Example of the "Polish Joke" using Italian instead of Polish.

The Call: “How Many Italians does it take to change a light bulb?”

The Response: “Three. One to hold the light bulb and two to hold the ladder.”

In these ‘over sensitive’ times when so many people seem afraid to offend anyone, these jokes may not be politically correct, but I believe that laughter and sharing humor can go a lot further towards uniting people than ‘talking on eggshells’ and being afraid to tell a Polish/Italian/Mexican/any Nationality Joke.

So that’s why I’m calling my French Fries, “Italian Fries”. Here’s the best way to make them.

As all dieters know, potatoes are high in carbohydrates because they have a high starch content. Removing the starch reduces the carbs. There is another reason to remove the starch when making fries. The starch is what gives potatoes their soft and crumbly texture. So, by taking out the fluffy starch, we can make much better, crispier fries, chips, and hash browns.

### **Get the Starch Out!**

There’s no trick to de-starching spuds, but it does take some time. First cut the fries to size. I never peel the potatoes, but you can do so if you wish. Take the cut potatoes and soak them in a bowl of cold water for up to a few hours. The longer the soak, the more starch removed. You can change the water after an hour and put in fresh, cold water.

You can skip this next step but don’t, if you want the best possible fries. Fill a pan or pot of appropriate size about three quarters full of water and bring to a boil.

Drop the potatoes carefully into the boiling water (a slow boil is good) and blanch them in the hot water until they become fork tender, but not falling apart. This blanching process does two things. It removes additional starch. Secondly it precooks the fries, which will allow easier frying and make them crispier.

Transfer the pan carefully to the sink and run cold water into the pan for a few minutes to stop the cooking process and to cool the fries.

Next, remove the fries from the water and allow them to dry completely before attempting to fry them. If you wish to fry them right away, you can pat them dry with paper towels. The fries cannot be cooked when wet for a number of reasons. The water breaks down the cooking agent – olive oil, vegetable oil, Crisco, Spry, canola oil, bacon grease or whatever you use. Nonna and my Mom favored Spry. I don't think it is available anymore, but Crisco is. The two products are very similar.

When you are ready for the final step, heat your cooking oil to a temperature just shy of smoking hot and carefully add only as many fries as you have room for in the pan. Make a single layer only and cook for a minute or two before turning. Remove the fries just before they turn golden brown and stack them on a platter covered with a few layers of paper towels.

Salt the fries as you put them on the paper towels. Fry the next batch and when they are ready add them to the pile on the paper towel. Sprinkle a little more salt on top. Keep up this process until you have cooked all the fries and have added them to the pile.

Note: This recipe is from the 1950s when we were not especially concerned about the over use of salt. You can use much less, and still have great fries, but if you want them to taste the way Nonna made them, don't spare the salt !!

Thanks for reading. It is my intention to update this book periodically and eventually tell the entire saga of my Italian grandparents in recipe and story. Kindle does not automatically update the e-books. This edition is from November 2016. If you email me sometime around the middle of 2017, I will send you the updated edition for free. My email address is [Billrrrr@yahoo.com](mailto:Billrrrr@yahoo.com)

If you like my little book please leave a review.