




I had been thinking about making salt even before I moved down to White Rock Beach. But I live up the steep hill (7 minutes to walk down; 22 to walk back), and the thought of lugging containers of sea water all that way was enough for me to put off the experiment. Until I realised that I didn't need a whole bucket of water to make salt; I only needed a little jar. So one afternoon in late August, 2018, I walked down to the White Rock Pier.




This zine was written & designed by Jess Driscoll, baker & proprietor of All Day Breakfast. The shop can be found at farmers markets, online, & for limited local pickup. Visit alldaybreakfast.org to place your order.

**local
home
made
sea salt**






In my backpack I had four 1L
canning jars—two in each side
water bottle pocket and two
inside. I walked to the end of
the Pier, climbed the stairs to
the lower deck, and even
though it was a hot sunny day
and crowded with people
who might be staring, I knelt
down and filled my jars with
water from the Pacific Ocean.
And then I walked back up
the hill, a little slower than
usual.



Back home, I filtered the
water with a paper filter and
the cone I use for making
pour-over coffee. In a pot of
my stove, I brought the water
to a hard boil to make sure
everything that might be left
was dead, then I poured the
water into a shallow dish to sit
on my sunniest windowsill.
This is how salt was made
then; it didn't quite work now.
Not enough sun, not enough
heat, I suppose.



The next time I roasted
vegetables, I put the pan of
water in my oven, and when I
had dinner, I had salt. I had
even more salt than I had
anticipated. From one 1L jar,
of canning jars, 125mL. It's
flakier and darker than table
salt—white, yes, but with a grey
tinge. But it tastes fresh. It
feels crunchy. It smells like the
ocean.