

Dad's One-Ended Brown Easter Egg



When we were kids growing up in Santa Clara, we loved Easter. It wasn't just that we went on an Easter picnic to Littlefield with other families like Vendon and Gert Ence, Calvin and LaVerne Stucki, and sometimes Al and Florence Graff. Mom would fry in oil and butter the best chicken drenched in flour. And then there were the deviled eggs and potato salad. Even rolls. We always got an Easter basket Easter morning with a chocolate Easter bunny and some chocolate Easter eggs. I always bit off the ears of the bunny first saving the hollow body for last. Sometimes we got a little pair of shorts and a shirt for our Easter outfit.

We took a slow drive over Utah hill stopping many times on the way to Littlefield. It seemed like it took forever to get there. Then we would have a softball game and our picnic. I loved those Easters because it was really the only time we got together as a family to go somewhere other than fishing on opening day.

It was the tradition in town to color Easter eggs in the Swiss way with red roots and onion skins. We also had an Easter egg bust before Sunday school Easter morning. A lot of preparation went into the gathering and coloring of eggs. I used to have to feed the chickens and gather the eggs. We had a chicken coop where Vicki's house is. Elroy Stucki also had a barn there and a coop. He had the strongest eggs according to some because his chickens were next to the hill and ate small little rocks with their feed. Our coop was not next to the hill, so when Mom or Dad or any of us fixed breakfast, we had our own little egg bust. We hit the eggs on the butt ends which were the weaker ends, and if they broke, we would fry them and save the ones that didn't break. Our goal was to have the strongest eggs for the Easter Egg bust.

I don't know how that tradition started in Switzerland, but it carried over to our little town. I did find out that the Greek Orthodox church had an Easter egg bust after church and that like us, the person who broke the other person's egg got his/ her egg.

So on Easter morning we took our eggs hoping we would have the strongest eggs and that we would bring home a whole lot of red and brown eggs. Now some of you will think I am making this up or that it is a Santa Clara folk tale. But it is the truth as I remember it. It was a fun family affair to color the eggs. We tied on flowers and leaves with thread to make the eggs pretty. We used different colored thread so we knew which eggs were the ones we wrapped so no one could claim our egg if it was the prettiest one. It was almost like unwrapping a present as we unwrapped our eggs to see the designs we made. We were so excited if we had a pretty egg. Mom liked the brown eggs best. I like the red best.



Sometimes if we had a lot of eggs to color, we didn't wrap them all. Mom said they were pretty plain.

So Dad took his eggs to the Easter egg bust on the corner in front of Aunt Rosina's which is the two story yellow house. The neighborhood gathered. Our family, Bud, and Uncle Vic's family were there but also Archie Gubler's kids like Dale and Clark, Lynn Graff and Jerry, Jim, and LaRen, Lonny and Brooksby Hafen and many others that I vaguely remember like Gar Stucki.

Dad had a plain brown egg. Someone broke the butt end so it was a one ended egg. Dad started breaking everyone's eggs. He broke so many eggs that the brown color was worn off the tip of the egg. No one could break it so Dad remained victorious with his one-ended egg, and we had so many hard boiled eggs we didn't know what to do with them. We gave some to Darlene across the street, some to Mandy and Uncle George and Aunt Bertha. We made potato salad and stuffed eggs. We ate them and gave them to anyone who wanted them.



If you have ever been to an Easter egg bust, you will know the excitement of breaking another person's egg and getting to keep it. It isn't so much the getting of the egg as it is the competition of who has the strongest egg. Dad had a one ended onion skin brown egg which broke every egg in town and went down in Santa Clara egg busting history as the strongest egg in town. There were other strong eggs before but none like Dad's one-ended brown egg.



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