

**WAY  
BACK  
WHEN**

## Making Kishke At Home Is Secret Of Successful Marriage

BY VERA MILLER



THE young bride of today is to be pitied. Much time and effort is spent in putting rounds of cheese on squares of crackers and making chopped liver look like strawberries. Obviously the market is being flooded with nonsanforized foods. Two tablespoons of chopped liver for a *forspies*; a cup of home-made chicken soup with a *mondel*; strawberries used, if you will pardon the expression, as a "garni." And kishke.

These cut-up little brown billy-clubs found in the frozen food cabinets used to be made at home. Kishke is as traditional to a *fleischige* meal as Pasta to the Italians, Teriyako to the Japanese, and wine to the Frenchman.

Pity the modern Jewish bride who never experiences this soul satisfying activity, making kishke.

Of course, it had to be a surprise for the guest. Maybe it all stemmed from the Friday night dinner when Ma said, "Cousin Avram is coming for dinner because Malka had to go to St. Louis to visit the sister."

### NO ONE HUNGERS

Cousin Avram shouldn't go hungry. Instead of a cake from the Settlement Cook Book, you tell Ma, "Ma, I'll bring the kishke, O.K.?" "O.K."

So you go to the butcher. You sit on the wooden bench under the big mirror waiting your turn. Voices seem to rise and fall and you wonder if it's nerves. Your throat tightens when the butcher says, "Hello."

"I-I-I want to make a kishke."

You've seen Ma make it! But this—by yourself!

The beaming butcher wipes his hands on the apron and by now seems to be an accomplice in this series of events of the tortured soul. A loud clack of the freezer door and he emerges still beaming, with a long strip of translucent, whitish tubing.

### WITH GAY ABANDON

He shakes it in the air a few times with gay abandon and in answer to a question, your head works up and down and you hear a distant voice, recognizable somewhat as your own, saying, "Yes, that's enough."

Buying the rest of the meat you need for the week on the budget, you carry the brown package home—quick. You check the recipe, written many years ago on two-ring notebook paper with the recipe in the cook book and proceed.

To bolster morale, you call a dear married friend celebrating her (month) anniversary and one month pregnant, and this old-timer assures you of ultimate success and confidence in your enthusiastic endeavor.

Then, the matzoh meal, the egg, the salt, pepper, onion . . . a mix, a pinch, a measure and then with the heavily laden bowl in front of you, you try to remember how to get the crumbly stuffing inside.

You stuff your fist in to see if you can roll it over your arm. You straighten it out slick, wet and white on the kitchen table. "Check-Mate."

Then, sheer inspiration. Like you roll stockings. The kishke is rolled inside out, up and over and with the two thumbs you press "into" and with the other fingers you guide.

### LIKE FIRE HOSE

The kishke gets stuffed and after it behaves like a recalcitrant fire hose while you try to knot the ends, you have accomplished a feat that establishes your kinship with the glorious past of Jewish womanhood.

When you get to Ma's for the dinner, to warm it up a little it goes in to roasting pan with the brisket and halbe chicken.

After dinner, with the Beckers' sponge cake and Sweet-touch-nee tea, Ma moves her tea glass and the plum jelly to port bow.

"Cousin Avram, would you believe? The kishke tonite. I didn't make. De kleine hut gemacht."

Never were the Friday night dishes washed with more joviality and good kitchen talk between Mother and Daughter than the unforgettable night that Cousin Avram came to dinner.

If more brides today tried making kishke in the kitchen, there would be less divorces tried in the courts.