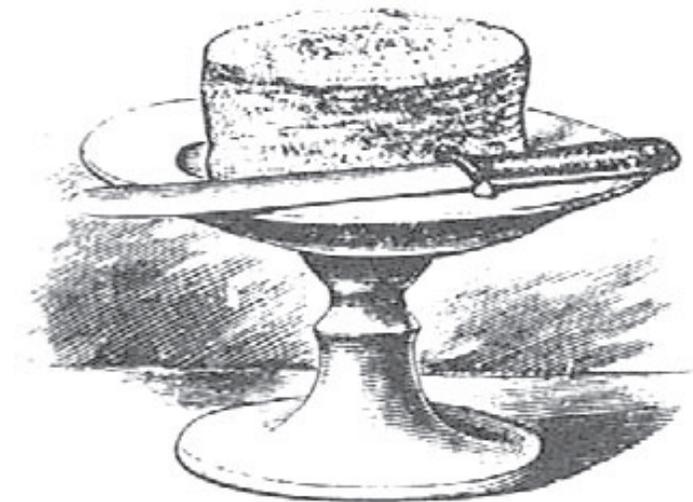


New Year's Cake

by Lynne Belluscio

I found this interesting poem about New Year's cake. It was written by Margaret Johnson but I'm not sure about the date. Traditionally the Chinese make a rice cake for New Year's and I've found some recipes for Greek New Year's cake but this poem is definitely American:

The twelve merry Months once decided to make,
For the New Year approaching, a wonderful cake, -
Contributing freely each one, more or less,
And sharing the pride of the final success.
September, who through her acquaintance with schools
Was up in the latest grammatical rules,
Wrote out, in lovely Spencerian hand,
A recipe any one might understand.
November, - as usual, busy and hurried,
And with her Election-cake specially worried.
For fear it would burn while her mind was so flurried, -
From what she had left on her generous hands
When her Thanksgiving cooking, with all its demands,
Was finished, the milk and the



spices supplied;
While April the eggs o'rejoiced to provide,
All colored, of course, with indelible dyes -
"My choicest!" said April, with tears in her eyes.
March furnished the sugar, and though I admit
"Twas maple, still that didn't matter a bit.
He mixed the cake too, being sturdy and stout,
And accustomed to stirring things briskly about.
The flour was from May, - her particular brand
(You've heard of the "mayflower"?) and white as her hand.
Dear June sent the flavoring, exact of rose,

The sweetest and purest, as everyone knows;
And August the butter, in cups of bright gold,
Which seemed all the sunshine of summer to hold.
February gave cherries, quite dried up and brown,
From the tree that George Washington said he cut down;
And October declared, with a laugh and a frown
(Understand, this is slang which I do not recommend!)
That to vie with his gift she could never pretend,
Though she, too, had nothing but chestnuts to send!
July did the baking, and skillfully, too.
"T" was done top and bottom, and

all the way through.
Her oven was steady and right to a T.
January's crisp icing was lovely to see.
December, quite ready to part with her best,
Declared, what with stockings and trees and the rest,
Everything that she owned had given away,
Save a bonbon or two and a bright holly spray.
So these, for adornment, arrangement with much taste,
On top of the beautiful structure were placed.
"Feb" dashed off a rhyme, - and was quick with his pen
From writing of valentines now and again.
And boxed up with care, and addressed in red ink,
By Lighting Express, which is quick as a wink
(Engaged by July), this delectable cake,
Whose like I defy any baker to bake,
Was sent New Year's morning, in triumph so clear,
From the twelve merry Months to their darling New Year.



Andy Klein

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