

Hangin' With Marge

By
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New Year Eve's

For about 25 years I went to a New Year's Eve party. This was the first 25 years of my life. Since then I might have been to two. Nothing could compare to the first parties I ever went to.

My grandmother, Fern Mace, had a birthday Dec. 31 and her children always made that day a special day for her. Little did they realize by doing this, they were making it a special day for all of her grandchildren.

We would all gather up our leftover turkey and gravy and head into town to go to Grandma's. The sisters would help cut up the turkey, peel and cube the potatoes and carrots. They used the leftover celery and diced some onion and then they would stand back and Grandma would take over.

Grandma was an excellent cook and had a way to make everything she touched into some of the most delicious food you could have served to a king.

By the time the potatoes, celery, carrots and onions were partially cooked grandma would have the soda biscuits ready. She would combine the gravy and turkey with the potato mixture and add just the right amount of water and broth to the big roaster. Then after it had baked for a little bit the biscuits were placed on top.

The little home would fill up with the aroma of the food cooking and we couldn't wait until we could eat. There were always good salads, made by the sisters and then of course the big birthday cake with homemade ice cream. As Grandma would blow out the candles, we would all sing "Happy Birthday" and not once

did anyone ever tell me I couldn't carry a tune in a bucket (like they do now).

After the food was gone and the kitchen cleaned, then it was time for games. Everyone played. There was no television, no football games, just games that were played in those days.

It didn't matter what your age was we played something for everyone. It might be "I spy," "Button, button, who's got the button," many cards games like pitch and pinochle, but my favorite was sitting at an old card table and waiting for the "table to talk." I realize that some of you have never made a table talk. You needed a light weight cardboard folding table. As many as could sit around it would place their hands flat on the table. Then you would slide your hands on it as you were saying, "talk table talk." When you thought the table was warm enough you would ask a question. The question would have to be answered with a yes, no or a number. One question was, "how old is grandma this year?" Then when the question was warmed enough that one leg would raise off the floor and tap out the numbers. If it was a yes or no question, we would have to say, tap once for yes and twice for no, after the question. I remember once I sat under the table to see if someone was using their leg to rise the table, but no one ever did. It just worked!

I have gone to a couple of New Year's parties since but none could compare to the special ones of my childhood. These days Kurt and I just stay home and enjoy a warm, cozy New Year's. They might not be like the birthday party, but they are very enjoyable.



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