

Happy Mother's Day

LANCASTER — It's nine o'clock on Saturday evening. The kids are in bed, the dishes are washed, and the work's all done...almost. But you can't go to bed because you still have to clean the mud off Susie's good shoes for church tomorrow. After that you must fix the seam in Tommy's pants and find both kids' Bibles.

By 10 the PTA work needs done, you have to send checks out for piano lessons and little league uniforms, and you must clean up the mud where Susie walked.

By eleven you're exhausted and

beginning to wonder how life ever led you to being a mother. Why didn't someone warn you?

Why wasn't your mother, the one person who always claimed she knew best, warning you about the hazards of motherhood? After all, she was a mother once although she certainly didn't have the trouble you're having...did she?

But no. Instead, at the time, your mother was hunting for grandchildren. But then, that's different. She gets to be a grandmother, not a mother. That gives her legal rights

to spoil your kids to the point that they harp, "Grandma lets us do it," everytime you scream a determined "no."

And as you look around the room your mind wonders to the time when there were no children in your life. How would things have differed if you'd never become a mother?

And how can these kids, whom you've worked on for ages and ages to eat their vegetables, stand up straight and not lie, take you so for granted? Why do you have to

wait till they're completely grown and sporting children of their own before the "I understand now, mom," and the "Thanks, mom for everything," come rolling home. Unless you're of the school of thought which says "better late than never," you may feel as if you've been cheated.

But moms, your day is coming up, May 10. It's your day to let your hair down, let your dishes get dirty, and demand a night on the town, kids in tow.

And if you don't think this is just

reward for you then get angry, moms, and think of all you've had to put up with because of these kids: to begin with, the miracle of birth, a happy hug of joy when the puppies were born, the first day of school, your daughter's piano recital, your son's only home run, their senior prom, their college graduation, and their first driving lesson.

Happy Mother's Day mom, from Lancaster Farming.—DK



Betty Rode is caught by the camera as she discusses the promotion her girls will offer for the upcoming dairy month.

Meet the Queen Mother

BY DEBBIE KOONTZ

LANCASTER — We couldn't let Mother's Day go by without introducing you to the Queen Mother of Pennsylvania Agriculture. Folks, meet Betty Rode.

If your daughter has ever participated in a state or county commodity princess program, you've probably seen Betty already.

Though Betty's title with the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture is Commodity Promotion's Supervisor in the Fair Funds and Promotions division, her favorite title remains that which the princesses have christened her; Queen Mother.

Excited and enthusiastic barely begins to describe Betty's love of her work with her "girls." It's a rare occasion when questions on

her work aren't answered with comments on her girls.

When asked what she enjoys most about her work, she replies:

"My girls. They are the best salesmen, educators, and promoters of Pennsylvania agriculture in the state."

And does she enjoy the challenge of her work?

"I can't tell you how proud I am to work with each girl. They educate the public, go to senior citizen's places, take part in meetings and programs, go to schools and speak to the children, write their own television scripts, and..."

Enough with the girls, Betty, what about you?

Reluctantly she explains, "Well my job is to help with all the recipe brochures on all the commodities

and the queens, coordinate promotion campaigns, arrange meetings and programs for the queens and to help with all state food contests."

However, a look at her calendar confirms that this is but a modest run-down of her work.

In the past two weeks, Betty attended the Home Economics Association's annual meeting, delivered a speech on egg cookery on homemaker's day in Luzerne County, began work for a dairy princess training seminar in Huntington, released information for a dairy dessert contest and helped coordinate the beef cook-off for June in addition to keeping correspondence with princesses and cooperating associations in tact.

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About Betty's beauties...

LANCASTER — Ask a beauty queen at Atlantic City, (between swimsuit and evening gown competitions, of course) how she will represent her country as Miss America and no doubt she will smile that practiced smile and say, "I love meeting people, smiling and America."

Ask a dairy princess or a wool princess or an apple or a peach what she knows of her subject and she'll spill her heart out with more facts and figures than you can recite about your first born child.

Unlike the beauties of Atlantic City, these princesses, otherwise known as walking, talking, advertising and public relations firms, are here to represent you and your products before millions of Americans who need educating about agriculture.

More money and time than you can imagine go into preparing these girls for display before the public.

These princesses represent you and your product while you're busy in the barn and in the field. Nobody can resist a pretty, smiling face and friendly discussions. Combine this with an intelligent conversation about the production, distribution and nutritious quality of agricultural products, and you have yourself a commodity queen.

Why not ask yourself what these queens can do for you and how you can effectively use their talents in your area? They are here to talk about your product at schools, fairs, meetings and anywhere the message of agriculture needs to be spread.

"We want people to be interested in our girls and to call on them to talk at any gathering or meeting where a product needs promoted," Betty Rode from the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, said.

For more information on the queen in your area, call Betty Rode at 787-4210.—DK



The bulletin board behind Betty's desk is a review of her work for the past three years. It is filled with pictures of "my girls", (the

princesses), Governor Thornburgh, and special agricultural events.