opportunity

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was really surprised when 1 won. too!" she added with astonishment.

Betty Jean admitted that she has learned much more about the dairy industry since becoming Berks County's own representative. She has also learned more about her own county and has met a lot of other dairy farmers.

"I'm just beginning to realize how big Berks County really is and I am that much more proud to be representing Berks County," she continued.

Betty Jean has been rather busy as Dairy Princess, and is presently preparing for the state competition to be held September 21 and 22 at the Penn Harris Motor Lodge, Harrisburg.

She has already been to fairs and public meetings and has done radio announcing. "That was something new and different for me," she said honestly.

"Being a dairy princess has opened my eyes to the many other farm activities which are constantly going on," she continued. "I have been busy in spells, as dairy princess," Betty Jean continued to explain. Some weeks I don't do anything and other weeks I am very busy.

Betty Jean enjoys meeting other people and feels she can be a help in promoting dairy products. What bothers her most, she said, are the people who tend to shy away from milk because it is fattening, but who will not hesitate to reach for a

teacher's aid in high school and really enjoyed doing it. She plans to start visiting schools in December or January.

Betty Jean is also looking torward to October's scheduled activities, which include parades.

"I've never been in one before." she commented.

Betty Jean has learned a lot about all the different dairy & farm organizations and how they are working together for the same goals. Especially in promoting dairy products.

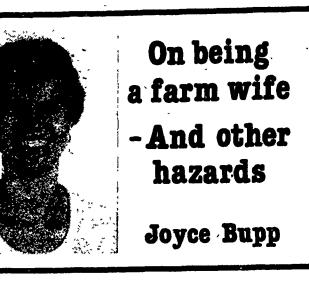
- At seminar held this summer for the dairy princesses, Betty Jean learned much more about the different promotional activities going on and related that it gave her faith in the American Dairy Association.

She was especially interested in learning how they keep up with advertising and not just a scheme like many of the other soft drink manufacturers try to portray.'

Betty Jean was also amazed with all the work which goes into a cattle sale, which she had previously taken for granted.

"This year I ran sales slips for the Berks County Dairy Sale," she said.

To help illustrate the progress dairying made in milk techniques and to creatively explain the nutritious side of dairy products, Betty Jean created a skit which she calls "Health and History." It consists of a large rag doll made by Betty Jean and a dairy barn decorated with Berks County Hex signs. Betty Jean portrays a



From beneath the bed covers came a familiar, if somewhat muted, sound.

"Unless your stomach's learned how to purr, you'd better get rid of that cat you're hiding in there," I admonished the widely grinning

held at the Keystone Race Track later this year.

She is looking forward to seeing the other dairy princesses she met earlier this summer, at the state pageant and has been busy preparing her scrap book.

Dairy farming has been, and still is a very important part of her life and deep down she hopes it will always be.

She also enjoyed being a little sister to her four brothers and didn't mind not having a sister. "My brothers tended to stick up for me at times," she said. "And I learned alot from them.'

Berks Countians can look forward to seeing much more of this eager, energetic young lady, selected as Berks County dairy princess last April 25.

youngster, being "tucked in" for the night.

Riding herd on a family of animal lovers sometimes is almost more than 1 can handle. The affection showered on our animal residents, extending from the dairy cows down to each new barnyard baby born that the kids can catch, seems never ending.

Cats are no exception. In spite of prolonged periods of rain or drought, heat or cold, each year's cat crop is a bumper one.

Call "Kitty, kitty" within the confines of the property and you'll be mobbed by a stampeding herd of black, gray-striped, calico, white and the inevitable blackwith-white-socks-and-bib cuddly kittens and hungry mother cats.

And every one is the "favorite." Even mention the thought of givinga kitten away, and you'll be subjected to a verbal lashing because

They don't seem to realize it, but those cats are intended for barnyard patrol. Their job-to keep the hay-mow varmits at bay.

snooze under the marigolds appeals much more highly to most of them.

Rather than chase pets, too many of the cats hone their talents at slipping through the back door of the kitchen every chance they can.

Puddy's an expert at that trick.

Puddy (as in Puddy Cat) appeared several weeks ago in the flower bed, a tiny wisp of black fur, all head and ears topping a thin, half-starved body.

She'd been orphaned, or outcast, or deposited from the barn to the doorstep by an angel of cat mercy who knew the waif would be clasped to the bosom of a household of pet lovers.

One day soon afterward, I found myself doing something unheard of at the supermarket: buying cat food.

On her diet of cat food and other choice tidbits, Puddy has grown fat, sleek, spoiled and loving. When she's not trying to sneak into the forbidden beds, she claims the rug at the kitchen sink, yowling when I step on her tail as I trip over her for the dozenth turne.

Meanwhile, the other two grown sometimes-housecats are prowling the screen door, intent on charging inside to snatch their bit of the special goodies stashed in the cupboard.

To my disgust, the catfood drew other creatures as well. Mice. They chewed through the box to reach the luscious egg, cheese, fish, liver potpourri.

Recently, I again found myself making an unheard of purchase at a checkout counter.

Mouse traps. I think I smell a rate in this woodpile. But it'll be perfectly safe

N





That's my favorite!"