

Crawling around on my hands and knees, on the living room floor, I came face to face with the unexpected.

It was hiding there, just where I had put it, tucked between the overhanging leaves of a big spider plant and the edge of the houseplant's stoneware container.

An egg.

Well, not a real egg.

This was a fake egg, a very pale, pastel-blue colored one, with a soft, velvety-textured "shell." The pale blue egg had come to live at our house a few weeks ago accompanied by 11 other soft, pastel-colored companions, all neatly packaged in their own see-through plastic

carton. While the velvety-shells are probably not very "cleanthese fakes look much able,' more realistic than those neonbright ones.

As residents of our household. the eggs had found a new home in a small wicker basket, surrounded by shredded, blue-cel-lophane, fake "straw." Keeping watch over the basket and its contents on the hutch is a small, sparkly, fake bunny, gift on an earlier Easter.

All these fake — read, unbreakable -- decorations are arranged and kept handy primarily for the benefit of our family preschoolers.

Over the years, we have accumulated a few very special decorative eggs, loving crafted by talented friends. A few are fragile ceramic ones made at least two decades ago for our kids by their junior choir director. Some others were tediously decorated with bits of colored tissue paper back when decopage was the craft rage of the age.

While it's fun to reminisce about friends and special times with these delicate eggs, reality demands that, during some stretches of our lives, it's just easier to tuck pretty breakables away. Little folks with tiny hands are too precious to fuss at over worrying about smashing memorabilia to smithereens.

So these velvety fake eggs are a pretty and more sensible fit for preschool fingers to play with, hide around the house - even dump the whole basketful upside down on the floor on occasion. At a buck a dozen, the price was right.

Our missing egg turn up during a quick "straightening up" of the living room, after having indulged earlier in some grandchild egg hunt fun among the furniture and plants. Not having done an egg-head-count, we didn't know we had missed this one

Unlike some other eggs involved in one of their recent playtime egg hunts, however, this one stayed put until it "got found."

During our indoor hunt, their

mother had suddenly remembered that they had never gathered up some real painted, hardboiled eggs, which had been hidden outside. Hard-boiled and decorated Easter eggs, dragged around outside and hidden around mud, grass, twigs — and here on the farm, who knows what else? - are generally considered as expendable playthings rather than edibles. But they can be gathered up and hidden numerous times, until too badly squished or Derra Dog finds them first and has a snack.

Checking later, she could find not a single one of the hidden Easter eggs.

But about that same time, while seated in their living room in the middle of the night, feeding our new grandchild, Sarah, our daughter had suddenly been startled by the "bark" of a fox right outside the window.

If you've never heard the sound of a fox, trust me here. "Bark" is a way-off misnomer for the eerie, shrill scream made by a fox, sounding more like something out of a horror movie.

"It made the hair stand up on the back of my neck," she admitted, adding that she could hear the canine puttering around outside the house for awhile afterward.

Hunting Easter eggs perhaps?

Because not a single one of those colored eggs has yet been found.

My suggestion was that, if the noisy, nocturnal fox makes a habit of prowling and screaming under their windows at 3 a.m., she can hide some more Easter eggs. Preferably Mexican fiesta Easter eggs, liberally flavored with Tabasco and jalapeno, which might persuade Brer Fox to go hunt something less spicy, like the mice in the hayfields.

On the other hand, when our fox is hunting Easter eggs, it's not stalking the Easter bunny.

SUN Area Seeks Dairy Princess Royalty

The SUN Area Dairy Princess Committee is searching for contestants for its annual pageant to held June 21-23, at the Susquehanna Valley Mall.

To enter the contest, princess candidates must be residents of the SUN Area covering Snyder, Union. Northumberland and Montour counties, at least 16

years of age, have a connection to the dairy industry, and be willing to promote the industry throughout these counties during the one-year reign.

Dairy Princesses participate in school and grocery store promotions, speak to farm and nonfarm groups and make appearances on radio stations and at fairs. Princesses also participate in training seminars and the State Dairy Princess Pageant in September. Young ladies aged at least

eight years can participate in the royalty program as Dairy Maids or Misses. Dairy Maids, ages 13 and up, and Dairy Misses, ages eight to 12, must meet the same requirements as the dairy princess contestants and assist her in promoting the dairy, industry in the four-county area. There is no competition for these levels, but Dairy Maids participate in a oneday training seminar.

For more information or applications, contact Shannon Yerg, (570)-539-2456, or Kathy Weller, (570) 837-1007.



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