

**SIoux COUNTY NEWS & VIEWS**  
**JUNE 10, 1965**

**"ADDIE'S ADVICE"**

Dear Addie:

I'm so distraught and hope you can help. A neighbor is about to make a huge mistake, which everyone else plainly sees. He is being hoodwinked by a devious person! I want to alert him to his fate, but I wonder if it is better to put my concerns in writing, or tell him face-to-face?

*Worried & Wondering*

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Not-so-dear W-&-W:

Who died and made you Queen of Hearts? Muzzle yourself! Devote the same effort to keeping your eyes in your own yard that you do to putting your nose where it doesn't belong. Lead the way for Dutchvillains to find it in our shallow hearts to wish this fellow well as he embarks on a new venture.

*As always, Addie*

Years of speculation about who holds Addie's pen have not unearthed her identity. When confronted by bold questioners, Ed Wiersma (the local newspaper editor better known as "Ed-the-Ed" or, in good Dutch parlance, "Ed-de-Ed") merely juts his chin and pontificates, "We never reveal our sources." But it is an idle boast since those sources often readily, even eagerly, reveal themselves—

unless Addie dubbed them "Not-so-dear." Such woefully unfortunate individuals go into hiding until after the dust settles.

So it is that, for two days in June 1965, opinions fly as to W-&-W's identity, and curiosity revives about Addie's. (As for the "hoodwinked man"? Well, everyone between the ages of 12 and 102 knows who *that* is; it requires neither discussion nor debate.) Once again (this happens at odd intervals) disgruntlement shakes off the lethargy that has mired it in inactivity and lurches into print:

Dear Addie:

Seems to me, it's high time you disclose your identity. After all, you get free space in the newspaper to spread your wild ideas and outrageous advice. Time to pay the piper or shut up.

*A Life-Long Subscriber*



Dear A-L-L-S:

Seems fair to me as long as no one minds if I also print letter-writers' identities . . . starting with yours. Oh, what's that you say? Ah, I thought so! I guess ignorance is bliss, or at least easier to live with than full disclosure, isn't it?

*As always, Addie*

No; this time any curiosity over Addie's identity is not what sends sparks sky-high. That is attributed to the smoldering furor which her persistent and unrepentant use of "*Dutchvillain*," instead of "*Dutchvillian*" ignites. Her lack of response to readers' pleas or threats (these arising from readers who forget that, since no one

knows who Addie is, threats of bullying from any source are rendered impotent) only serves to fan the flames into flash-fires.

The consensus is thus: Whereas the latter designation of *Dutchvillian* rolls off the tongue in a fairly friendly cadence, the former (*Dutchvillain*) is positively incendiary to all decent, upright, just-minding-our-own-beeswax Dutch who are without a villainous bone in their tall, strong bodies.

But Addie's right about one thing: Anonymity is the only choice. Many marvel at how Addie always seems to know so much about what's up or who's down, and how she seems to have the scoop on what's in or who's on the outs with whom. How she accurately reads between the lines is almost eerie—though few citizens will ever protest in print lest *they* be lambasted in subsequent weeks' "Addie's Advice" columns.

Thus, Dutchville's citizens (even those who are still bristling over Addie's "*shallow hearts*" remark) wisely opt to heed her blunt advice to *W-&-W*. On this one day—Saturday, June 12, 1965—the town marches in a grand, unified and public display of *wishing-well* . . .

## 1:30 PM. SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1965

Tommy (who grasped similes in the nick of time to pass fourth grade) squints out the backseat window as his father drives slowly past vehicles nosed up to curbs on both sides of the street. From this vantage point he quips, "The cars are standing like cows by the troughs at feeding time." But, being more *boy* than poet, he then mimics a bovine chomping sound which ruins any *smart-kid* image.

His father chuckles as he angles into the last available space at the far end of the block; his sister giggles; his mother (too keyed up to appreciate the educational leap that Tommy's literary allusion represents) issues a stern "Hush, all of you!" Mirth fades in the heat of her rebuke. Dad winks at Tommy in the rearview mirror, but he dares not return the gesture of male solidarity—not with Tattle-Tale-Teresa sitting beside him.

Tommy shoves the front seatback forward to follow his dad out the driver's door. Shaking their pants' legs straight, the menfolk fall into line behind the family's two disdainful females. *The boy's right*, Dad thinks. As an Iowa cattleman, he sees the resemblance between the line of automobiles and his Angus herd jostling in their hunger for the choicest morsels of what promises to be juicy fodder.

He claps a hand on his son's shoulder to slow their pace. Tommy looks up, questioningly, in time to see his father's mouth

shape a muted "Moo!" He chokes back a snort; they grin conspiratorially and hurry before the widening gap is noticed.

Lad and dad ogle the row of new vehicles along the curb which, today, seems to double as Sioux Oil & Motor Company's showroom for the 1965 line of Fords. *Look!* Here's Junior Rensink's new four-door Ranch Wagon with its shiny roof luggage rack. Vic De Groot's dazzling Galaxie with vinyl hard-top grabs Tommy's attention, but Dad moves along to view Roy Mouw's custom sedan with its 150-hp Big Six—Yes-Sir, *that* gives a fellow Ford Fever!

Punt-Cambier Motor Company's good sales are evident in the rapidly filling Dutchville Reformed Church's parking lot. Tommy dashes across an expanse of grass between the walkway and graveled lot. He caresses the polished hood of the Kleinhesselink's 140-hp Corvair Monza Sport Sedan, its chrome shining like a new dime in the mid-day sun. Oh, and here's Vander Wilt's Chevelle Malibu Sport Coupe, looking mighty fine. Hey, Mr Vermeer bought the red-hot-and-rolling, room-with-zoom Impala Super Sport with bucket seats!

Constantly on the alert for insects, but seeing none on his meandering way back to the sidewalk (a pity, because the hour ahead could be greatly improved by a distracting critter) Tommy settles for an Orange Crush bottle-cap when the bug-world fails him. Tossing this treasure high (with a spin added for show) and catching it like the pro he is, Tommy whistles the lively jingle every kid knows: "See the U-S-A in your Chev-ro-let!" But his pucker promptly dissolves as he remembers: *Watch out; if Mom gets mad, it means no fishing next week.*

Cooling engines ping in accompaniment to metallic moans and unmelodic squawks as car doors open and shut all around. *They sound like cattle stanchions*, Tommy thinks, but knows better than to mention it. Once started, all this *literature* stuff rattles like marbles in his brain: *We're moving as if we are herded by a heel-nipping dog like Bucky*. He's pretty sure *as if* makes it a simile, too. If so, that's three!

Thinking about Bucky and cars reminds Tommy of the "Outdoor Notebook" column in this week's paper. Tommy devoured it because, like Mr Hollinga, he loves anything that shoots. This week that gun-lovin' barber-columnist wowed Tommy with his ". . . *like a dog that likes to chase cars and doesn't know what to do with one when he catches it . . .*" comparison. If Tommy sees his teacher today, he'll tell her he found a simile smack-dab in the middle of an article about a .22 rifle! *Yikes, getting behind again*. Double-steps catch him up to dad.

Meanwhile, the human herd requires no canine encouragement to keep moving. Even male hearts (of any age) lusting after 3-speed automatics, whitewalls, and 250-hp V-8's know better than to dawdle.

The cicadas' and crickets' monotonous duets and unseen birds' persistent voices give Tommy the willies, though he would never admit *that* to his friends. The steady clamor overhead in the trees jogs his memory of spooky barn-sounds. Thoughts featuring creepy birds (and not a single simile) make him duck-and-dodge as if, once again, he is escaping the mama hawk that dive-bombed him last summer when he was helping muck-out the stalls. Even now, a whole year later, he shudders and spits to dislodge a mouthful of phantom feathers that flutter and fly only in his memory.

*Doggone it!* The second the spit passes his lips, his mother turns; her eyes narrow in a wordless warning. Scowling, Tommy jams his hands—and the otherwise-sure-to-be-confiscated bottle cap—into his pockets, earning a maternal hiss: "Hands by your side, Thomas!"

Under his breath, he mutters he'd rather be *anywhere* but here, looking like a scarecrow in these stupid trousers and this scratchy shirt with the strangling collar (he runs a finger around his neck and mimes an eye-popping *Gag!*) when anyone with a brain knows it's a perfect day to shoot squirrels or go fishing in the Floyd River.

Sun-spackled air crackles to nature's rhythm of *Gotta-go-gotta-be-gotta-get-there-now*. Late-arriving drivers impatiently circle the block, expecting the impossible: a shaded space. Passengers' pleas turn frantic: "Look at the crowd! Park it, Larry, or we won't get a seat!"

The invitation resulting in such chaos has been printed in all Dutchville churches' bulletins for two weeks. The remarkable response is not unexpected, given the identities of the participants:

All are welcome to witness the solemnization of marriage vows between Myrrh Van Housen and Fred Wilson at 2:00 PM, Saturday, June 12, at Dutchville Reformed Church. A picnic reception at the de Boer farm follows the ceremony. The couple requests no gifts.

The syncopated tap-tapping of ladies' high-heels and the undefined shuffling of men's footsteps along the sidewalk both end abruptly, as do abbreviated greetings between neighbors and friends. The stream of guests narrows to flow into the church's vast and shadowy foyer where a gangly, but eager girl awaits them.

Employing the graceful and mature gesture (swooping arm, upturned hand, fingers held together, thumb resting on the palm) which she has practiced by her mirror until she deems it perfect, she directs people to sign the guest book. Unfortunately, her corsage is ready to take a dive. Since she lacks skills to remedy this situation, she has adopted a preventive hiked-shoulder stance that not only detracts from her graceful, mature pointing-gesture, but gives her a hunch-back appearance. Seeing this prompts an out-of-towner to say, "Tragic when someone so young suffers from such an affliction."

For guests waiting to enter their names in the satin-bound register, the heady mix of perfumes and Helene Curtis Spray Net does battle with the zesty smells of manly men well-splashed with Old Spice. Equally powerful are odors emanating from males who don't subscribe to Brylcreem's philosophy that "*a little dab'll do ya.*"

Best summer dresses swish as the women perform one final check of themselves and their families: Nylons seams straight? Yes, and, thankfully, no sneaky runs. Neckties knotted firmly? Yes, and tie-clips in place. Relatively few scuffs mar the freshly polished shoes. *Oh, mercy! Here, let me . . .* A tongue-dampened manicured finger tames a boy's wild curl, despite his protests at being spit-groomed. Finally, the inspector nods approval and it's "*Ready, let's go!*" time.

Waiting beneath the flower-draped archway that leads to the sanctuary, boutonnièred ushers extend arms to the women and murmur, "Friend of the Bride?" or "Friend of the Groom?" Thus relegated to the rear of this short parade, husbands and children (the latter wide-eyed at seeing their mothers holding elbows they're not

married to) follow the smart-stepping duos to the destination determined by the women's responses to the ushers' questions.

Couples do not always agree which side they support. Some rally for Otto Dykstra—Father of the Bride, but mostly revered for his skills in jumpstarting dead cars. More than one fellow is stuffed into his Sunday suit on a Saturday afternoon only because maintaining a relationship with Otto pays off. Cold winds *will* blow, fuel-lines *will* freeze up just when a fellow needs to get somewhere ASAP and the engine won't turn over. Otto has a knack; no doubt about that.

Having made their loyalties evident by their seating choices, guests slowly lower themselves to unforgiving wooden benches (some pains could be mitigated by cushions for those willing to tote such blatant admissions of age or infirmity) with all the dignity expected in the House of the Lord.

Properly restrained smiles travel down the pew to those already situated; slight nods acknowledge out-of-towners who have come for this event. When the appropriate amount of time elapses (a hazy detail which is sensed, not defined) the pew occupants commence furtive appraisals of their fellow attendees.

Those on the groom's side may nudge a companion when noting who sits here or in the opposite camp. Friends of the Bride require the armor of a stiff jaw and firm resolve, for it is not an easy allegiance to identify with this bride. Friends of the Groom can relax, for who does not admire a man as brave as this groom? Who does not relish aligning oneself with such an amiable and talented fellow?

The occasion is infused with intrigue, rife with rumors. The bride (infamous for her past deeds of deception and betrayal, though tragic events beyond her control have garnered sympathy) will soon marry the groom whose heritage was enshrouded in mystery for so many years, though he remains unscathed by scandal.

Stories, suspicions, strong rebuttals, senses of disbelief or, at the very least, stoutly maintained judgments about the potential success of this particular marriage—these are invisible squatters in every pew.

Stifled opinions drone like insect hordes. Untamed ideas buzz beneath men's grizzled gray or slick black-brown haircuts. Whirring thoughts flutter midst the field of flowery hats that saucily surf blonde and brunette permanent waves, or the gauzy fripperies perched on stiffly sprayed silvery-blue or gingery bouffant up-dos.

Men check pocket watches once and, disbelieving, again; women smooth their wrinkled gloves and secretly consult wristwatches.

Children swing their Buster-Brown'd or Mary-Jane'd feet precariously close to the pew ahead until pinned motionless by parental hands. Wrapped peppermints lie in wait in grandmothers' purses, but it is much too early for bribes. Whispered threats of "Behave!" waft from lipstick-traced mouths to young ears which still sting from thorough washings.

For weeks, phones and back-yard fences all around town have sizzled with speculations and suppositions. The tensions of getting parked and seated pale to nothingness if compared to this agonizing wait now that the day, the *hour*, has finally arrived.

*Oh forevermore!* Why is there a garden arbor at the altar? Lovely, yes, wrapped in ivy and lace, but *not* appropriate. Is that an ostrich feather tucked among the gauzy swirls around the curly-cues? All more proof the bride's self-aggrandizing tendency hasn't disappeared!

There's much to observe. Who's here, who's not:

I hope Ted doesn't notice Joy's here without Pete; he'll never forgive me for making him quit painting to come to a wedding.

There's plenty to ponder:

Henry looks frail . . . It's his heart, they say, but he won't quit farming. Bess worries, but he says, "What else would I do?"

There's even more to sniff at:

Hmpff! Leona said "an unworthy bride snaring the perfect groom" doesn't merit a new outfit. But I *just knew* I saw her coming out of Dykema's last week carrying a dress bag!

There's ample fuel for future back-yard-fence conversations:

Did you notice how Jean insulted her sister? Wouldn't share the row with her; made the usher seat her two pews behind Ramona, even though it left obvious space between them.

This public Jean-and-Ramona snub-fest matches the letter to "Addie's Advice" over which the furious sisters-in-law came to blows. The audacity of one spouse accusing the other's husband of unproven offenses—and sending it off to the newspaper for all to read!

Dear Addie:

I've talked to my minister about my concern over a certain Catechism teacher who is not a good role model, but the *Dominie* has yet to act. How can we protect our poor children from bad examples if our spiritual leaders ignore the truth?

*Suffering in Silence*

Not-so-dear S-in-S:

Last I checked, there are several other churches you could attend in Dutchville. Give your pastor a break from righteous indignation, and spread the joy around town.

*As always, Addie*

The "spread the joy" comment was enough to stifle Mr S-in-S—at least on this topic. Yes, the writer's gender is common knowledge since he huffs and puffs his "righteous indignation" often enough. Thank goodness Addie didn't suggest Mr S-in-S take over teaching catechism or there would be anarchy, for sure, among Dutchville's youth.

And now, here sits Mr S-in-S beside his perpetually embarrassed wife (even more mortified now that her sister has publicly shunned her) staring at the arbor. He is likely formulating his next *Dear Addie* letter in which to bemoan the impropriety of outdoor paraphernalia in a sacred place. If not that, then a new grievance will soon erupt, for he is rarely without an expressed opinion about something. He enjoys injecting *Offensiveness* into *Innocence* until it explodes in print.

*Enough already—let's get this show on the road!* With little hope of hurrying things along merely because they wish it so, a collective sigh rises from the earliest arrivals seated in the front, and then it hop-skip-jumps to the rear where late-comers restively await action.

A wild sneeze erupts and echoes, shattering the stillness. From the row behind the woman, a giggle follows and is promptly shushed. A crisp-sounding snap . . . Is it thunder? Well, if it's pouring rain

when the service is over, the only alternative is to move the reception into the barn, but what a pity.

But not to worry; it's not thunder—just the sneezer closing the clasp on her clutch-purse. Caught off-guard before, the afflicted woman is better prepared for any future attack with tissue in hand.

A hymnal drops. Those whose gazes seek and find the culprit note a father's prompt, punishing grip on a young resisting shoulder. Four nail-bitten fingers (one knuckle bandaged, another scabbed) reach up to massage this grievous injury. Hooded glares bounce off an impenetrable paternal wall without leaving the slightest dent.

A fly provides diversion, landing to inspect a hat's flowery decoration for potential succulence. Disappointed, it investigates a nearby ear to the amusement of little girls who muffle glee with pink-tipped fingers while the besieged hat-wearer suffers in noble restraint.

An airplane overhead draws eyes upwards as if perhaps the roof would open for a better view. But all that is visible above are slow-moving ceiling fans. *Whirr . . . whisp . . . whirr-whisp-whirr . . .*

One person transforms a crisp paper into a fan. Hearing the unmistakable crackling of that simple design in motion, others suddenly feel stiflingly warm in the sun-drenched room . . .

En-masse, guests remember their ivory programs. But alas, restless children have folded some into paper airplanes they itch to test-fly. More talented offspring have shaped elaborate origami designs from other bulletins. When flattened, all are a disgrace.

In her haste to avail herself of a surrogate fan, one woman drops all the cards from her program. Drifting like autumn leaves, they float to the floor—beyond reach, though she does attempt to retrieve the closest one with an extended toe. She wonders what she'll miss when others will be informed. *Silly to put cards in programs, anyway.*

But, for those adults unaccompanied by off-spring, the programs are drafted to provide, well, *drafts*. Wrists flick rhythmically (a talent perfected in adolescence and maintained into adulthood) while holding the paper firmly. A choir of crisp fans in steady motion joins the ceiling-fan chorus in humming *whirr . . . whisp . . . whirr-whisp-whirr*.

Heads tick with metronomic precision as wistful glances from those with unusable programs follow the more fortunate folks' repetitive and skillfully executed fan-paths. Elevated chins welcome lazy breezes across hot necks . . . slow exhalations follow as damp foreheads find some relief. *Whirr-whisp-whirr*.

The afternoon sun creeps though the folds of the Good Shepherd's garment as He smiles down on the restless crowd from the stained-glass window. Dust motes float on rainbow-hued beams of filtered light, adding another ethereal dimension.

The afternoon sun spills out of the windowed wall, reflecting off the polished wooden pews, suffusing the room with misty brilliance. Tommy blinks as he looks up at the Biblical scene. *Must be awfully hot to have a lamb hanging around your neck.* He decides to try it when he gets home . . . *Yup, Bucky's about the size of that lamb.* Tommy's hands mime holding two bony legs against each shoulder; he tips his head to one side, imagining an animal's hot breath against his neck.

Diverted by dust motes riding the sunbeams, his thoughts drift to other dusty places, like the trail heading down to the river where he longs to be . . . Dadgum-geepers-by-criminy! He darts a glance at his mother, pretty sure that *dadgum-geepers-by-criminy* (the prized and totally original expletive he dares say only in the exclusive company of other boys—and then, only down by the river with no adults around) is another thing that shouldn't even be *thought* in church. Luckily Mom's too busy beaming her fakest smile on an old lady with red glop smeared on her cheeks to read his dirty-talk mind. *Whew.*

The slowly moving air lifts-and-drops, lifts-and-drops a swooping feather that decorates a woman's hat.

*Whirr-whisp-whirr.*

A hearing aid squeals; its wearer quickly silences the sound. Eyeglasses slip-slide down sweaty noses.

*Whirr-whisp-whirr.*

A monogrammed men's handkerchief, shaken free of its neatly ironed folds, wipes a brow, pats a cheek . . .

How much longer?

*Whirr-whisp-whirr.*

Without recourse, those without fans must ignore the beads of perspiration trailing leisurely along their spines, choosing instead to model wedding etiquette which Emily Post would laud. Retrieving the originally elegant but now appallingly wrinkled wedding programs, they dismiss distracting sights and concentrate on what they read therein . . .