

A simple and lasting proposal



Special to The Sun

Margo and Baird Foster are shown on prom night, at left, and today.

By MARGO FOSTER
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As an old married couple of 55 years, we are astounded at the theatrical lengths to which today's couples go to impress their loves with spectacular public engagements. Ours was a bit simpler.

As seniors in high school, Baird and I were fixed up for an almost-blind first date to the Had-donfield Memorial High School senior prom; the "almost" is because we had known each other slightly in junior high school, before my family moved to Indianapolis, Ind. When we made a short visit back to New Jersey, he was available because his band gig had been cancelled. A mutual friend arranged the date and it was love at second sight. The prom was Jan. 27, 1956. He was 16 and I was 17, and I knew he was the one, even if he didn't.

During college, we maintained a long-distance relationship between Rutgers University and De-Pauw University in Indiana, except for summers at the shore, when the commute was easier. We never actually dated, as our

limited time together was spent at the home of one family or the other, where he must have noticed that I did not cook. We segued into the marriage question, knowing that that was what we both wanted, without his making a formal proposal.

However, one hot and sticky summer night before our senior year of college, he stopped his car in the Camden County Park across the street from where I had lived. He handed me a small package. It contained "Betty Crocker's Dinner for Two Cookbook," a prelude to the engagement ring that he then slipped on my finger. He likes to plan ahead.

We were married soon after we both had graduated from college in 1960, and 55 years later, the cookbook is worn, we're well fed and some nights he even fixes dinner!