

# The Daffidillio Dispatch

## TO BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS: OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM: THEN AND NOW

By C. Twining

Did you know that the national anthem America sings today, "The Star-Spangled Banner", was not our national anthem until 1931? That there

was no official U.S. national anthem until 1931? If this comes as a shock to you, let it serve as a lesson that we really can learn something new every day.

Earlier, other songs including "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and "America the Beautiful" competed for popularity as

the de facto national anthem.

During the War of Independence, the anthem "Chester" was a prominent patriotic song, and its only rival during that time is said to be "Yankee Doodle." "Chester" is a stirring song about the Patriots' trust in God which was written by William Billings in 1770, with additions by the same in 1778. The 1770 version was first published in a hymnbook that Mr. Billings wrote, called The New England Psalm Singer.

In verse 1, 'New England's God forever reigns,' it is referring that the colonies were not originally called America, but New England, since it was once part of England; also the possessive part of the sentence I believe is meant to mean that the Patriots be-

### CHESTER (1778 VERSION)

By William Billings

Let tyrants shake their iron rods,  
And Slav'ry clank her galling chains.  
We fear them not, we trust in God.  
New England's God forever reigns.

Howe and Burgouyne and Clinton, too,  
With Prescott and Cornwallis joined  
Together plot our overthrow,  
In one infernal league combined.

When God inspired us for the fight,  
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forced,  
Their ships were shattered in our sight,  
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

The foe comes on with haughty stride,  
Our troops advance with martial noise;  
Their vet'rans flee before our youth,  
And gen'als yield to beardless boys.

What grateful off'ring shall we bring?  
What shall we render to the Lord?  
Loud hallelujahs let us sing,  
And praise his name on ev'ry chord!

### WITTY DAFFIDITTIES

Visiting Twinkle Tootsie one morning, Chopcrok Forsyth III overheard Twinkle's mother critique his doll making skills, saying, "What direction are you taking this?" Chopcrok without hesitation quipped, "Why don't you get a compass?"

lieved that God approved of what they were fighting for. God obviously did, since the Patriots ended up winning the war. In verse 2, Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Prescott, and Cornwallis are the names of prominent British generals who served during the war.

'The Star-Spangled Banner', our current national anthem, was written by Francis Scott Key during the War of 1812. He originally wrote it as a poem, titled 'Defence of Fort M'Henry. At the time of his writing it, he actually was witnessing a battle being fought at that same fort. The Star-Spangled Banner mentioned in the poem was the actual American flag during that time, which consisted of 15 red and white stripes and 15 stars. You may see the banner to this day in the Smithsonian Museum of National American History in our nation's capital. The tune for the song was written in 1773 by John Stafford Smith, called "To Anacreon in Heaven." It was written for a gentleman's club Mr. Smith was a part of in England.

In verse 4 of The Star-Spangled Banner, 'And this be our motto - "In God is our Trust", may be where the inspiration for putting the motto "In God We Trust" on all our currency came from; but this has not been historically proven.

Some individuals have made the argument that 'Chester' should be our national anthem, since it was actually sung during the founding of our country. Which do you prefer?

## ORIGINAL LYRICS OF 'THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER'

By Francis Scott Key

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?  
And the Rocket's red glare, the Bombs bursting in air  
Gave proof through the night that our Flag was still there;  
O! say does that star-spangled Banner yet wave  
O'er the Land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
Its full glory reflected new shines in the stream,  
'Tis the star spangled banner, O! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country, shall leave us no more?  
There blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollution  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,  
O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,  
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land,  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto - "In God is our Trust;"  
And the star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,  
O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.

## QUITE A RUCKUS

By W. Thornbyrd and C. Twining

On a sunny humid day, just beyond the river rocks in a cozy shaded glen, an old hunting shack sits nestled among pink and white dogwoods, hollies, and pines. It is where the Dillio Club members skillfully apply their trades. One fine day T. Tootsie gave his unsolicited opinion on the rucksack that C. Twining was finishing. Let us just say it left a bitter taste in Cecil's mouth, so he chose not to respond. Hours later Cecil was observing Twinkle's cutting precision. Without hesitation Cecil critiqued his skills on the subject, which left Twinkle's eyes watering manfully. There was such a commotion that W. Thornbyrd stopped gathering herbs and hurriedly made his way to the shack. After much discussion T. Tootsie and C. Twining were left with the following advice: "Be politely honest and learn to have thicker skin." As days went by, T. Tootsie noticed how C. Forsyth III was obsessively staring at his skin. So, when Twinkle asked why, Chopcrook answered, "I am trying to discover the secret to growing thicker skin."

## MY GREAT ESCAPE

By D. PickleHopper [A Bunny]

The day finally arrived for my Great Escape! It was Thursday evening and my plan was

As Agatha Swanburne once said,  
"You're not where you were, and you're not where you're going. You're here, so pay attention!"

to hop over the fence. The fence was the thing that kept me from going into other parts of the house. I was curious to find out what lay on the other side. I was running in zigzags, trying to find a way to hop over without messing up my fur. To give me a boost of energy, I went to eat arugula. I then ran across the room and did a binky. Then, I had the most amazing idea! There was a box, standing upright against the fence. All of a sudden, I ran to the box and leaped! BOOM! My soft paws hit the top of the box. My housemates were quite alarmed, and T. Tootsie stood up. I knew this was my only chance before T. Tootsie would stop me! I craned my neck over the fence, peering down at the carpet below. Then, I jumped! My strong hind paws pushed against the box, and I flew through the air. "YAY!" I shouted as I started to descend.

[Note: Bunnies are soundless] But what was this? T. Tootsie and Chopcrook were at the doorway to stop me from going further! Then, they called to the Librarian friend. He came at once and observed the problem. Then he lifted the gate. I hopped over to T.

Tootsie, hoping to bite him. To my surprise, he pushed my butt! I hopped out of the way. Little did I know that I had just entered the living room from whence I escaped! He lowered the gate. Then, the Librarian stepped over the fence. He went across the room to remove the fence from the other side of the room. He started attaching it to the top of the fence I had just hopped over. "Now is your chance, Bunny," he said. But I was too interested in being graced with the exciting new terrain of the computer room, and ignored him. Then I happily explored the computer room. Now the fence is too high for me to jump over, but I promise, one day I will!



By T. Tootsie

## BIT!!

By C. Forsyth III

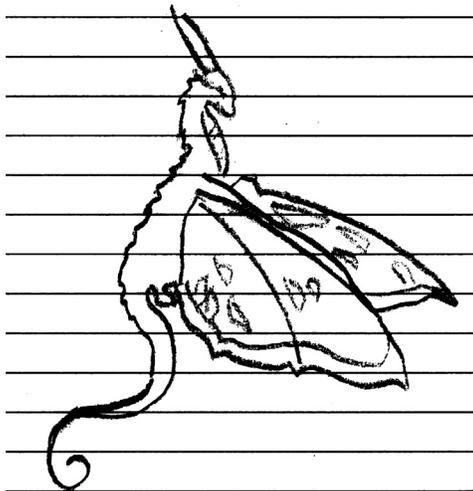
One peaceful night, me and Daffodil were playing, and then suddenly I, C. Forsyth III said "Ow! Daffodil bit me!"

## HINTS

To T. Tootsie: Hints are to be taken, not ignored.



Doorknobs are for opening and closing doors. If much pressure is applied to the knob, the hinges may come out of the door frame, which is quite undesirable.



Drawing by B. Hythle, Local Artist

### WANTED

Spelunker for Bunk Cave to indulge in some daunting rehab.

If interested please contact C. Forsyth III via email at [daffidispach@gmail.com](mailto:daffidispach@gmail.com)

## THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL WITH THREE HUGE DIMPLES.

By Jacques Nonnarona, Pennsylvania Correspondent

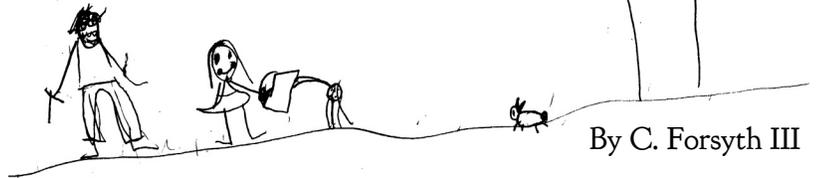
Her father and she thought to grow a garden would be very simple.

Little did they know the care it would take.

Much to their dismay, early they need wake.

To tend and to water those tiny flower seeds.

So hopefully soon many colors to see with no ugly weeds.



By C. Forsyth III

Where the Spirit of the Lord is,  
there is liberty.

I Corinthians 3:17 (KJV)

## THORNBYRD'S ADVICE

There are many situations in life that must be corrected on the spot and may dreadfully need to be done in public. But when a finger goes to correct a situation in the nose, then the mouth feels the need to correct the situation on the finger. This preferably is not the time to do so in front of an audience.



Advertise with  
The Daffidillio Dispatch  
Advertise here for one cent per  
word per single insertion.

## THE DAFFIDILLIO DISPATCH IS THE NEWSLETTER OF THE DILLIO CLUB

Publisher: The Librarian Friend

Editor: The Editor

Club Members: Whitney Thornbyrd,  
Cecil Twining, Twinkle Tootsie,  
Chopcrook Forsyth III, and Daffodil  
PickleHopper

For correspondence and comments  
please write to:  
[daffidispach@gmail.com](mailto:daffidispach@gmail.com)