

# The Daffidillio Dispatch

## HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!

W. Thornbyrd: We are honored to recognize this day, because where would we be without our mothers?

T. Tootsie: We wouldn't be here!

W. Thornbyrd: Hush, Twinkle. I'm speaking to our subscribers. It's called food for thought.

God knows how important mothers are. You can find 25 important verses in the Bible that refer to or can be applied to mothers. Jesus loved his mother Mary so much that when he was dying on the cross, he ensured that she would be cared for by his disciple John. *[[See John 19: 25-27]]*

As we pick up our cross in our daily walk through life, let us not forget our duties to our mothers, and do them with great love and honor.

T. Tootsie: LOVE YA, MA!!



## SIX BABIES A YEAR

By Princess Catarina Raccooni

Six babies a year, oh! six babies a year!

Six babies a year is the life I fear!

(And I'm not yet through half the year!)

Oh, how many more ankles swollen,

Paws unseen, and months of waddling?

When will the house be fixed and cleaned?

It's not a sight fit to be seen!

For Gipini's work is always delayed

Because of the diapers he has to change!

But when I see their outstretched paws

And stroke their silken fur

This is the life I've always dreamed of

Not the life I fear.

I'm glad all six of them are here!

*[[Note: At present, Gipini and Princess Catarina Raccooni are the proud parents of thirteen lively and mischevious children.]]*

## A MOTHER GOOSE RHYME

By Request of Mr. W. Lamb

If all the world were apple pie,  
And all the sea were ink,  
And all the trees were bread  
and cheese,  
What should we have to drink?



*[[Treat]]* older women as mothers, and younger women as sisters, with absolute purity.

—1 Timothy 5:2

## THE MISSING LAMBS

By C. Forsyth III

The leaves of change go sweeping by  
And now I have to say goodbye

The leaves of change go sweeping by  
And now my friends go bye-bye

The leaves of change go sweeping by  
And now I cry and cry and cry.

## WE ARE PLEASED TO INTRODUCE

to our readers our newest contributor to The Daffidillio Dispatch and member of the prestigious Dillio Gentleman's Club: Mr. Ripley Cutter of Claymore! He was initiated on February twenty-first of this year. He claims to be somewhat of a Renaissance man, although currently his chief occupation is as a connoisseur of milk.

## INTERVIEW WITH RIPLEY CUTTER

W. Thornbyrd: Welcome to the interview of our newest contributor, Ripillo, I mean, Ripley Cutter of Claymore! Welcome, Ripley, to the Dillio Club! We are glad you will be contributing! Today's topic of conversation is...Milk!

So, Ripley, you are a milk connoisseur. When did you realize you wanted to be an expert on milk?

R. Cutter: Well, Whitney, I knew I wanted milk before I even tasted it. It was as if I was born to drink milk.

W. Thornbyrd: Wow, that's a strong statement: to say you knew you loved milk before you tasted it! Can you tell me: when was your first taste of milk and who gave it to you?

R. Cutter: Like I said, I was born to drink milk! Surely you can take it from there! I get it from the house milkmaid, of course! Where do you get your milk from? (Why do I waste my time answering silly questions?)

W. Thornbyrd: From Ms.

Mary, the goat lady.

R. Cutter: Ms. Mary? The 'goat lady'? I do not know a 'Ms. Mary' nor anything about 'goats' as you put it; all I know is that my milk comes from the milkmaid. I'd appreciate it if we could stick to the topic at hand.

W. Thornbyrd: Pardon me for misunderstanding what being a milk connoisseur means to you.

R. Cutter: Apology accepted.

W. Thornbyrd: It appears that we got off on the wrong foot. What would you like to tell our readers?

R. Cutter: Got off on the wrong foot? I do not know what you mean by 'foot' unless you are referring to what my milkmaid calls tootsies or toesie-woesies.

W. Thornbyrd: Tootsies? Are you talking about my friend Mr. Twinkle Tootsie?

R. Cutter: No I'm not talking about Twinkle Tootsie! I am talking about the two appendages at the ends of your legs that my milkmaid calls tootsies or toesie-woesies! (And to think I have to work with this exasperating

person!)

W. Thornbyrd: I apologize for the confusion of 'tootsie' and 'Tootsie'. It will not happen again.

R. Cutter: Let us return to my favorite topic—milk!

W. Thornbyrd: Gladly! Tell our readers what you love so much about milk.

R. Cutter: It's a dreamy, delicious drinky delight; it's warm, creamy, sweet, and is like a tender lullaby that lulls me to sleep. Oh, and did I mention it's free? Could life get any better?

W. Thornbyrd: Free?! What do you mean 'free'?!

R. Cutter: Free as in I don't pay for it... ( I'm growing even more weary of the intelligence of this Whitney Thornbyrd...)

W. Thornbyrd: Is this a perk of being a milk connoisseur?

R. Cutter: [long pause] I suppose so; never gave it much thought... I rely on my milkmaid to bring me milk whenever I please. And she does it without pay!

W. Thornbyrd: I must say you are a blessed chap, to have your own milkmaid. Let's end this interview on that thought. Until next time, enjoy a glass of milk!

R. Cutter: Glass of milk?! I never—

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# TO BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS: THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

by C. Twining

I am sure you have visited and love your local library. If not, I advise you to do so immediately! The inventor of this worthy institution was none other than the Founding Father Benjamin Franklin. At that time he and his chums had started what they called the Junto Club. They would all gather in a little room, bringing with them books that they consulted during their lively philosophical debates. It grew too cumbersome to bring their books back and forth from the club, so they decided to keep their books in the room. Each member was allowed to bring whatever book from the club home with them for a time. Later, this was disbanded due to lack of care for the books. But the idea for what they called a 'subscription library' still continued. Their goal was to allow the common people to receive a better education through books without having to go to such a great expense. Pooling their money together, they bought a great number of books. Then the people could have a subscription to the library, allowing them use of the books. Their subscription formed the same purpose as

Don't worry about the world coming to an end today. It's already tomorrow in Australia.

— Charles M. Schulz

the modern-day library card. They, too, had a fine if they did not return a book in the allotted time. The difference was that a fine was twice the value of the book, and books back then were rather expensive. Benjamin was pleased with his success, and wrote 'These Libraries have improved the general Conversation of Americans, made the common Tradesmen and Farmers as intelligent as most Gentlemen from other Countries, and perhaps have contributed in some Degree to the Stand so generally made throughout the Colonies in Defence of their Priviledges.'

## CLEANER WANTED PRUDENTLY

To take care of the messiest and most inconvenient of jobs with an energetic and optoomuchistic outlook. Minimum pay. If interested, please contact Cecil Twining at [daffidispatch@gmail.com](mailto:daffidispatch@gmail.com).

## WHEN DAFFODILS BLOOM

By W. Thornbyrd

In the warmth of the sun, air still crisp  
An awakening is happening amongst our midst.

Buds perk, ferns fiddle  
Winter's gone, birds' song a giggle;

Flowers' unfurling, twirling gown  
Whispers softly to bees underground.

Orange, yellow, buttercream white  
Petals' beauty hovers in sight.

Color dots the cathedral floor  
Wet diamonds kiss heads, arms, and more

Pine's soft blush, rich in color  
Sweeps over the land and goldens the water.

All God's glory sways and glistens  
Spring has arrived; look and listen.

# ANOTHER BREAKFAST MISHAP

By C. Twining

Earlier this month, three of the members of the Dillio Club woke to discover that Whitney Thornbyrd was absent, and would not return till luncheon. So Cecil, Chopcrook, and Twinkle were left to fend for themselves for breakfast. Chopcrook and Cecil fell to their work like soldiers, but Twinkle was still half-asleep and absentminded, as well as eager to finish the book he was reading. They sat down to their casserole and buttered toast, only to discover that the casserole was not quite cooked in the middle. Cecil endured the taste with manful grimaces; Chopcrook had no troubles, as he was in the habit of overcooking his piece of casserole; but Twinkle slammed his fork down and declared, "This tastes terrible! I'm going to put it in the microwave for a little longer." "Be sure to put a lid on the bowl," Cecil mumbled through his toast. Unfortunately, Twinkle ignored him, shut the bowl in the microwave, and went back to his book. A popping, crackling sound emanated from within the microwave. Cecil looked over and saw that Twinkle's bowl sported

no lid. "I told you to put a lid on it!" he hollered at Twinkle. "A lid on what?" he replied, looking up from his book. "A lid on your bowl!" "Oh!" he started; then begrudgingly removed his bowl from the microwave and put a lid on it. Cecil finished his unpleasant meal, feeling a bit sick in the stomach, and left to answer letters. Chopcrook was still seated; his breakfast is never done till he has finished the morning's newspaper; always one American, one Poogelander. Again he heard a popping sound, and glanced toward the microwave. "I say, Twinkle! Your fork is in the microwave!" he roared. He put down his newspaper and dashed to the kitchen, thinking that Whitney might come home to a short-circuited microwave. Thankfully, the microwave remained unscathed. "You never put metal in a microwave; didn't your mother teach you anything?" he cried, appalled. "Oh," Twinkle murmured. "Is that all you have to say about it? OH? Remove your fork from the bowl and finish warming up your breakfast!" Reluctantly Twinkle entered the kitchen, book in hand. "Why can't you put metal in a microwave?" he asked absently. "It short-circuits the microwave!" Chopcrook yelled, exasperated. Eyes wide, Twinkle took his fork

## POOGE LAND NOTEBOOK

By C. Forsyth III

In Pooge Land, when you drink water, it goes all the way to your fingertips and down to your twinkle toes; your toes actually twinkle! It's like there's a glaze.



out of the bowl and warmed up his breakfast for the third time. It proved quite rubbery afterwards. When Whitney returned, they told him the story, and laughed over it. "The irony of it," Chopcrook said merrily, "is that last night you mentioned in jest us setting fire to the kitchen!"



## SPRING INTO READING WITH THESE LITERARY TREATS

compiled by C. Twining

### The Good Master

by Kate Seredy

Only child Jansci is excitedly awaiting the arrival of his cousin Kate from Budapest, who is spending the summer on his father's cattle ranch. But Jansci and his family are astonished to find that Kate proves to be spoiled and headstrong, instead of the angel they had been led to believe. Can the Good Master of the Hungarian plains tame this 'wild colt'? Find out in this 1935 Newbery Honor Book.

### Captains Courageous: A story of the Grand Banks

by Rudyard Kipling

Spoiled Harvey Cheyne is accompanying his mother on a steamer to Europe when he suddenly falls overboard, and is saved by a fisherman of the schooner *We're Here*, only to find that he's stuck on board till September. As he learns to work alongside the fishermen, he experiences the thrills and adventure of a life at sea.

### The Mouse and the Motorcycle

by Beverly Cleary

An adventurous mouse named Ralph discovers the joys of riding a boy's toy

motorcycle down the halls of a motel. But when the owner of the motorcycle becomes sick, how can a mere mouse help? Read this hilarious classic by author Beverly Cleary!

### The Peterkin Papers

by Lucretia P. Hale

Meet the Peterkins, a hilarious family of eight whose silly adventures and mix-ups will delight children of all ages. Read all about late dinners, educational breakfasts, piano playing on the piazza, holidays gone awry, India rubber boots and so much more as the family tries and fails to become as wise as the lady from Philadelphia.

### A TIGHT KNOT

By C. Twining

Several days ago, C. Twining got himself in a pretty pickle. That day, he had worn a pair of drawstring trousers that were rather too large for him; hence he tied the drawstring in the back. Later, when he desperately needed to take care of a certain matter of importance, he found he could not get his pants untied! Cecil quickly asked his fellow club members if they could solve the issue. T. Tootsie could not. W. Thornbyrd could not. Finally, in a panic, Cecil asked Chopcrook. Upon observing the dilemmatical appendage,

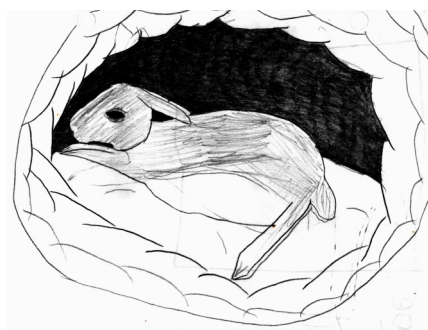
Chopcrook exclaimed, "Oh! I know this knot! Do it every day!" After assessing it more carefully, he changed his tune. "Oh, wait... I take that back... I do not know this knot, nor do I do it every day." Cecil was crushed. Time was running out. What could he do? Finally, he made another attempt to untie himself. I am happy to report that he was successful. Then he took care of his pressing business, and all was settled.

### UNDER A SPELL

By D. PickleHopper

Inspired by and to the tune of 'Doll on a Music Box', from the film 'Chitty Chitty Bang Bang'

What do you see,  
You people gazing at me?  
You see a bunny boxing her  
pumice stones  
Loudly  
How can you tell  
I'm  
Under a spell  
I'm  
Waiting for love's  
First smooch  
(smack) Thank you!



by T. Tootsie



Drawing by B. Hythle  
Local Artist

## TO THE MANAGEMENT

From D. Picklehopper

I, D. Picklehopper, herby complain to the management of the Dillio Gentleman's Club, about our newest member, Mr. R. Cutter of Claymore. He is a disturbance of the peace, and has taken over my private abode. He is inexcusably lazy and lies about drinking milk all day, sometimes in the middle of our halls. And I don't dare hop over him, lest he wail incessantly and injure my superiorly sensitive ears. He is quite likely to soil the good name of our club, and disrupt our noble enterprises. I strongly urge you to remove him from the premise at once!

Regards,

D. Picklehopper

## HINTS:

Many hands make light work.  
Hands that are on the same  
schedule get the work done.



When interacting with a  
chum begins to go south, it's  
best to pause, open your  
mouth, and shout it out! I  
mean... change direction and  
not pout!

## THORNBYRD'S ADVICE

When taking a shower one  
should stick to the basics:  
wash your face, wash your  
hair, wash your body. It is not  
the time to test your strength  
by placing your hands on top  
of the wet shower curtain,  
pressing it down onto the  
edge of the tub while  
attempting to lift the rest of  
your body off the bottom of  
the tub. This will end poorly  
with many bumps and bruises.



## WISE WORDS FROM THE BEAUTIFUL BUNNY ENCHANTRESS



When an irritant invades  
your environment,  
**CLEAN HOUSE!**

## A POEM

By Pennsylvanian Corroponent  
Jacques Nonnarona

There once was a family with 3  
young girls,  
Each one had hair with some  
curls.

The eldest was one who loved  
to read,  
To sew and to knit for those  
that may have need.

The next had a great talent she  
used to build most anything,  
From dollhouses, to castles, to  
bunny surrounding.

Next the youngest of them all,  
Could jump, climb and swing  
with hardly a fall.

They all had a knack to spin a  
good tale,  
Amazing wonders you could  
see, walk, fly and sail.

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