

The Daffidillio Dispatch

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY! What Our Fathers Have Taught Us

W.Thornbyrd: Ah yes, my fondest memory is when my father taught me how to water plants without a watering can. Whether they needed it or not was unimportant.

T. Tootsie: He taught me to wear a helmet when I rode my penny-farthing. You can imagine my confusion when he got a high wheeler himself; for no helmet was evident on his head.

C. Forsyth III: My father cautioned me never to leave my toy soldiers on the floor. If I did, then the vicious Monster Bunny would chew them from nose to toes. How right he was!

D. PickleHopper: My father taught me how to sniff out the choiciest greens in the garden patch!

R. Cutter: A useful thing my

father taught me was that the way to your milkmaid's heart is through a smile. It goes quite far in ensuring milk service consistency.

C. Twining: Mine taught me how to set type and run a printing press, which knowledge has made it possible for us to publish The Daffidillio Dispatch!

MILK IS LIFE! OUR LOCAL EXPERT CONFIRMS

By Gaspard Greybeard the Elder

[[A submission from our friends at The Bighorn Gazette]]

On the topic of sweet dreamy milks, our local expert, Mr. Athanasius Doodle, would like to confirm and approve the statements made by his esteemed colleague Ripley Cutter of Claymore.

Considering his communication is at present expressed exclusively through

tongue clicking and short bursts of yelling, we will offer an approximate translation, for your convenience.

Mr. Doodle confirms the handiness of keeping an in-house milkmaid at your service at all hours of the day or the night.

The milkmaid however recently expressed her discontent with the continual nocturne self-service of said milk, and went, as per French tradition, on an evening strike.

Mr. Doodle has to satisfy himself henceforth with day time feedings exclusively.

He dearly misses his sleepy time milks, however this sad turn of events brought him much daytime happiness in the exploring of new sources of nutrition, and shall we not forget, skin moisturisers.

He advises to spread butternut squash oatmeal—or as an alternative, avocado and banana mush—on your cheeks, arms and skull for the best results for a smooth skin and healthy scalp.

Our editor [[of the Bighorn Gazette]] notes that said skin care may cause irritation.

—Of the milkmaid, not the skin.

Our expert was interrupted and could not proceed with

Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers.

—Proverbs 17:6 (KJV)

the rest of the interview, for his attention was taken by the pressing matter of exploring the physical attributes of the spherical contraption he received as a celebration of his first full year as a member of our club.

INTERVIEW WITH SIR POPSICLE

First in the series

Stories of The Second Platoon

T. Tootsie: Sir Popsicle, were you in Basic Training?

Sir Popsicle: Yes, I was.

T. Tootsie: Tell me some things about your experience in Basic Training.

Sir Popsicle: Well, I happened to be in the second platoon. The second platoon always came in last in inspection. And, of course, whoever came in first, second, third, fourth, and on down the line, they went to dinner in that same order, and we were always last. I think there were five or six platoons. One day the platoon sergeant went to the front porch of the barracks and he looked around at us and said "Haven't you guys eaten yet?" We looked at each other and said "Oh, we go last." He said "Oh." And I think we took the idea that maybe we could just sneak into the line, a few at a time, and he [the platoon sergeant] would never know. So that's what we started doing. That

way, usually before the third or fourth platoon got through the line, we had already been in line and ate. Anyway, they would call over the box from the office up there, for the next platoon to go to lunch and line up. They would tell the second platoon to line up, and one day, nobody was lining up. They kept calling the second platoon to line up, saying, "If you want to eat, you'd better line up." Well, nobody lined up, and they discovered we were sneaking into line and were through eating before they ever called us to go eat. They weren't too happy about that.

We also always came in last in the inspection, of course, and always failed polishing the brass in the restrooms. Our platoon sergeant said "I'm going to fix that so we won't get gigged on polished brass." So he got some black paint and we painted all the brass! Little did we know that that was a lesson to be learned, because they wouldn't accept painted brass, so we had to get paint stripper and clean up all the paint off the brass, polishing the brass to the way it was before. And that was rougher than polishing the brass in the first place.

T. Tootsie: Oh dear!

Sir Popsicle: Anyway, that's just a couple of my stories.

T. Tootsie: That was entertaining—and funny!

Sir Popsicle: Well, we didn't think it was funny at the time.
T. Tootsie: Thank you for your stories, Sir Popsicle! We hope to be hearing more from you in one of our next issues.

WITTY DAFFIDITTIES

C. Forsyth asked Sir Popsicle if he could tell some more stories about Basic Training. Just before, food had been placed on the table. Sir Popsicle answered, "I will be eating this salsa and burrito. If I talk, I might say it in Spanish."



Drawing by B. Hythle,
Local Artist

TO D. PICKLEHOPPER

From the Management

Under no circumstances will we remove Mr. R. Cutter of Claymore from the Dillio Gentleman's Club ever.

[[And that's final!!!]]

POODGE LAND NOTEBOOK: CONDIMENT CREW

By C. Forsyth III

Once upon a time, there lived two young men. Their names were Mustard and Ketchup. They were thieves! [[Meaning of thieves: BAD GUYS! STEALERS! THIEVES!!! And last but not least: committers of all known crimes!]] Mustard and Ketchup were doing what they do best: cackling over their crimes. Mustard had stolen one of the most rare crystals. Then Mustard was showing Ketchup the crystal. Ketchup was astonished, while Mustard was snerking. [[Snerking=snickering+smirking]] Then a Poodgalinian girl came down by a rope. She saw their evil doings. "Uh oh!" she said. "This isn't good!" But they got away with it. "Bye bye bad guys!" she said.

THE END



HINTS:

On Father's Day, it is prudent to call your father 'Father Dearest'.



AUTOPILOT

By W. Thornbyrd

"My dear chap it does grow late and 'tis your week to remove the rubbish of the club."

"Quite right Whitney, I shall be back."

Back door opens then closes... seconds later back door opens then closes again.

"Back so soon Cecil?"

"Yes, well, the rubbish must be gathered before one can remove it from the club!"

FILL IN THE BLANK

THE _____ OATH

- A _____ ...
- Is as honest as the day is long.
- Admits when he or she is wrong.
- Respects the creatures of creation.
- Views TV in moderation.
- Is never rude, cruel, or mean.
- Plays the game fair and clean.
- Does his best at school.
- Following the golden rule, always respects the rights of others, including even sisters' and brothers'.

If a person has ugly thoughts, it begins to show on the face. And when that person has ugly thoughts every day, every week, every year, the face gets uglier and uglier until it gets so ugly you can hardly bear to look at it.

A person who has good thoughts cannot ever be ugly. You can have a wonky nose and a double chin and stick-out teeth, but if you have good thoughts they will shine out of your face like sunbeams and you will always look lovely.

—Roald Dahl, *The Twits*

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FRIAR TUCK AND HIS DUCK

By C. Forsyth III

To the tune of 'Miss Mary Mack'

Friar Tuck, Tuck, Tuck
He had a duck, duck, duck
His name was Pete, Pete, Pete
'Cause he was sweet, sweet,
sweet
The friar said, said, said
"I'll cook you dead, dead, dead"
And so he did, did, did
And that's the end, end, end!
[[Or is it...?]]

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