

The Daffidillio Dispatch

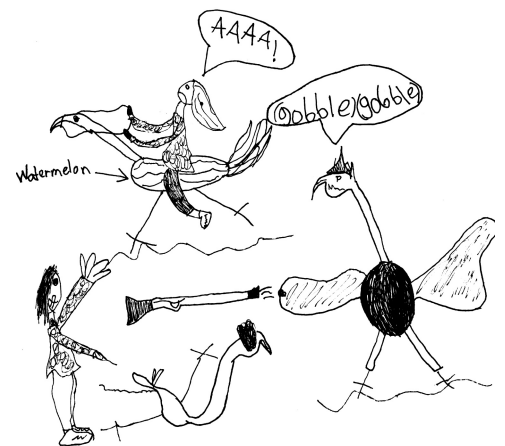
TO BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS: THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

By C. Twining

As we gather together at the table this Thanksgiving, let us not forget the real reason for our celebration. In the 1500s, the Church of England had become increasingly corrupt and far from the original practices of the early Christian church. With concern about this, a group of the church termed the Puritans formed, their intent being to try to purify the church from within and bring it back to the biblical church. When this failed, some people left the church and tried to form their own, and they were called the Separatists. Facing persecution from the English government for many years, they decided to escape to Holland once King James I came into power, Holland having a new law securing religious freedom resulting from the Spanish Inquisition. They had to learn an entirely new language and start at zero in terms of finance. Their religious 'freedom', as well, was not as free as they had wanted. The English identity

and heritage of their children was slowly being swallowed up by Dutch customs, government, and religious views. Hearing of the Jamestown settlement in Virginia, and of the success of the settling of the Dutch along the Hudson River, they used all their resources to secure a permit from the king and financial backing from the Merchant Adventurers. In 1620, 102 people crowded into a small merchant ship during hurricane season, and set off for the New World. The Atlantic crossing was hard and dangerous. Many became sick. Food supply was limited. Finally, they landed in Massachusetts in November and chose an area of cleared land that they called Plimoth, the same town they had left in England, not knowing it had already been named Plimoth by explorer Captain John Smith six years earlier. They had a difficult winter, with many becoming sick and dying. The children, who did not become ill, took care of them and built the first houses. As they entered 1621, however, things started to look up. They had an established colony and peace with the surrounding American Indian tribes. Their

new Indian friend Squanto had taught them how to hunt and plant in this new terrain. And finally, they had the complete freedom to worship God in the way they felt was closest to the early church. In October, they gathered with the Indians and celebrated for three days the abundance of God's blessings with feasting, games and dances. These pilgrims established the fundamental principles of our first amendment, the freedom of religion, stating that everyone has the freedom to worship God in the way they think is closest to the Bible.



Art by C. Forsyth III

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS

Thanksgiving calls for a turkey...
"Gobble! Gobble"

—C. Forsyth III

TO THE MANAGEMENT (AGAIN)

From D. PickleHopper

Excuse me, but I beg you to reconsider. R. Cutter has been increasingly destructive, and is starting to devour our Reader's Digest collection (or is it Digested Readers?). He has repeatedly startled me by breaking down the door to my private abode, shaking a sort of stick that sounds like a rainstorm, and shouting with glee at anything that tickles his fancy. I am also apprehensive about the new damage to the table in the dining hall, for dents have appeared in the cherry veneer at a certain corner every day at mealtime. There are many other incidents I could go on about, but I will not fatigue you. Please just remove him from our respectable club immediately!

Concernedly,

D. PickleHopper

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AUTUMN CHEER

By W. Thornbyrd

What a glorious day for an outing!
Sky azure, clear of puffs and poofs
The sun on full display
Bridling the bite of this Autumn Saturday

To Historic Oakview the Club and I go
With picnic in tow
What merriment we shall have
Meeting Sir Gramsy Roo, with his Frenchie Schnoo-Poo
And our new friend Bartholomew

Up the rolling hills beneath the pecan groves
We scout out the perfect spot
Blue and white checked blankets unfurl as we kneel
Canopying prickled grass
Keeping the tree rats' secrets concealed

The leaves on the branches
Like strokes of a brush
Dapple the light among us

Bread, meat, butter, and fruit
Milk for R. Cutter, punch for the others
Conversation, good cheer, bellies a' jiggle
It's time for a stroll, an after meal wiggle

The young men are off to rouse the old goats
Fattening them up with carrots and leaves

To the pond for conspiring
Through the herb garden for enlightening
Into the wood for some caching

Out of the cotton field they're running
When they see the bees are coming

The sun begins its afternoon game
Telling us we should be on our way

Oh, what a good day we've had
Let's toast it with a glass of cheer!

Till next time, Bartholomew Blaxerton, Sir Gramsy Roo
And Frenchie Schnoo-Poo

The Dillio Club bids adieu!

If I have enjoyed the hospitality of the Host of this universe, Who daily spreads a table in my sight, surely I cannot do less than acknowledge my dependence.

—G. A. Johnston Ross

ODE TO THE MILK

By R. Cutter of Claymore

Sweeter than water and
slimmer than peas,
A draught that my taste buds
always do please,
That drink of the ages that
doth quench my thirst—
What be this lovely drink?
My maid's milk, of course!

This magical liquid will cure
all your woes,
From bumps on the head to
hurt pride to stubbed toes
Or if you need sleep or if your
throat is hoarse
What be the remedy?
My maid's milk, of course!

Sweeter than water and
slimmer than peas
And if I don't get it whenever
I please
Someone is in for indignant
screams!
What is the answer?
(Be on time, milkmaid,
please!)



READING TREATS FOR NOVEMBER

compiled by C. Twining

Little Bear's Thanksgiving

By Janice Brustlein

Little Bear's thoughts almost
continually dwell on food; so
when he is invited to his first
Thanksgiving dinner, he
cannot believe that he would
get the most delicious stuff in
the world all at once.
But can Little Bear stay awake
long enough to enjoy the day?
Find out in this lovable
childrens' story!

The Berenstain Bear's Thanksgiving

by Stan and Jan Berenstain

The Bear family is getting
ready for another fun-and-
food-filled Thanksgiving. But
will the Thanksgiving legend
come to pass, that speaks of
the monstrous Big Paw
destroying the whole county?
And when the cubs discover
the truth about him, will

anyone listen?

William Bradford: Plymouth's Faithful Pilgrim

by Gary Schmidt

A biography of William
Bradford's early role in the
Separatist movement, their
escape to Holland, and of
their building Plimoth
Plantation in the wilds of
Massachusetts, where he
became the colony's second
and most long-held governor.
A fascinating history of the
origins of the American idea
of freedom of religion.

WISE WORDS FROM THE BEAUTIFUL BUNNY ENCHANTRESS



Kale and carrots makes a
merry feast.

[Note: This has been
adapted from Shakespeare.
Give us more original
work!!]

HINTS:

T. Tootsie is requested to be more cooperative in literary, artistic, and mathematical pursuits, or his reputation may be at stake.



R. Cutter, midnight wiggles affect the sweet dreams of your clubmates.



If you want more money, get to the counter first.



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word per single insertion.

THE RAISIN-ROACH

By Sir Popsicle and
C. Twining

One day, when Sir Popsicle was making his annual fall visit to the club, Chopcrok decided to make him some trail mix as a snack. He went to the wide maple pantry and got out nuts and raisins. "What do you put in your trail mix?" Sir Popsicle asked. "Roasted and salted almonds, walnuts, and pecans, along with some raisins," he replied. While eating their snack, they went into lively discussion, and somehow the subject turned to arithmetic. "My

Enter his gates with thanksgiving and his courts with praise; give thanks to him and praise his name. For the Lord is good and his love endures forever; his faithfulness continues through all generations.

—Psalm 100:4-5 (NIV)

father was very quick with math," Sir Popsicle said. "It is because of the way he was taught in school. One of the manipulatives he used was something with beads on dowels — I can't remember the name..."

"An abacus!" Chopcrok exclaimed. "I have one of those myself!" And he immediately went to fetch it. While he was gone, something happened that shall be told in Sir Popsicle's own words:

"I was sitting in my chair waiting for Chopcrok to come back, and happened to glance at the floor. On the floor I saw what seemed to be a baby roach. So I went to the sideboard in the dining hall to get a napkin. When I returned, the roach was still there, not having moved an inch, which I was quite pleased at. 'Aha! Now I'll get him!' I thought, and with a mighty slam crushed it. As I

picked it up, I thought, 'That's an awfully hard roach!' for it would not squish between my fingers. I opened the napkin — and there was a raisin staring up at me." His chums shouted with laughter as he retold the story. Then they decided, "Sir Popsicle must be shipped off at once to Roach and Raisin Identification School!"

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& more reading suggestions:
<https://ronallo.com/daffidilliodispatch>

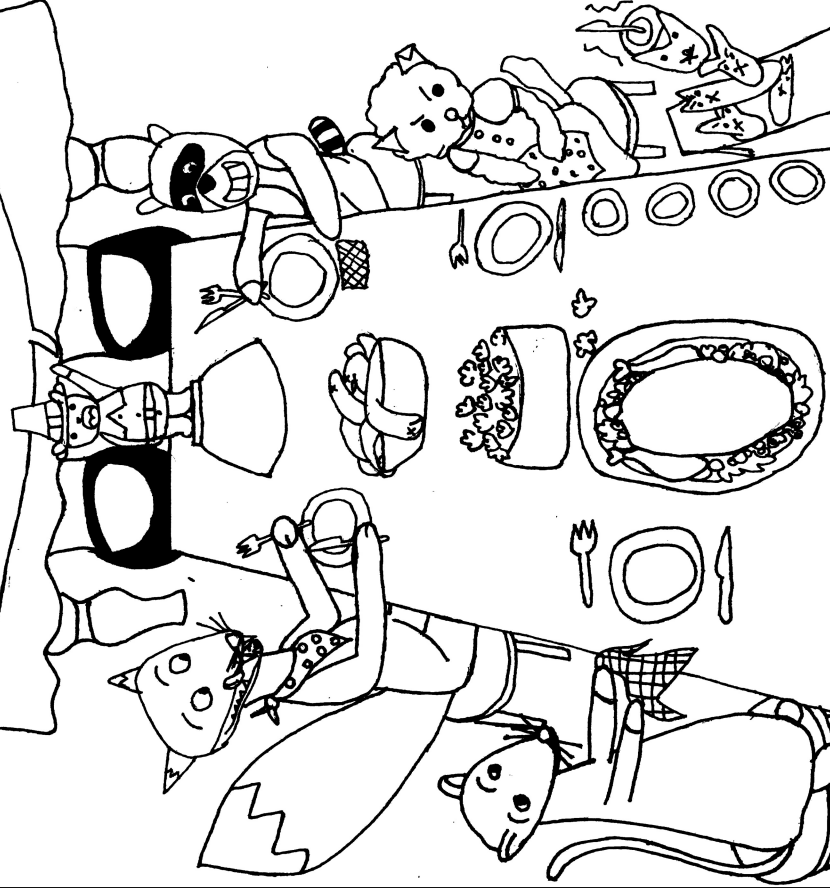
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Chopcrok Forsyth III,
Ripley Cutter of Claymore and
Daffodil PickleHopper
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WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A FLUFF TOY THANKSGIVING?

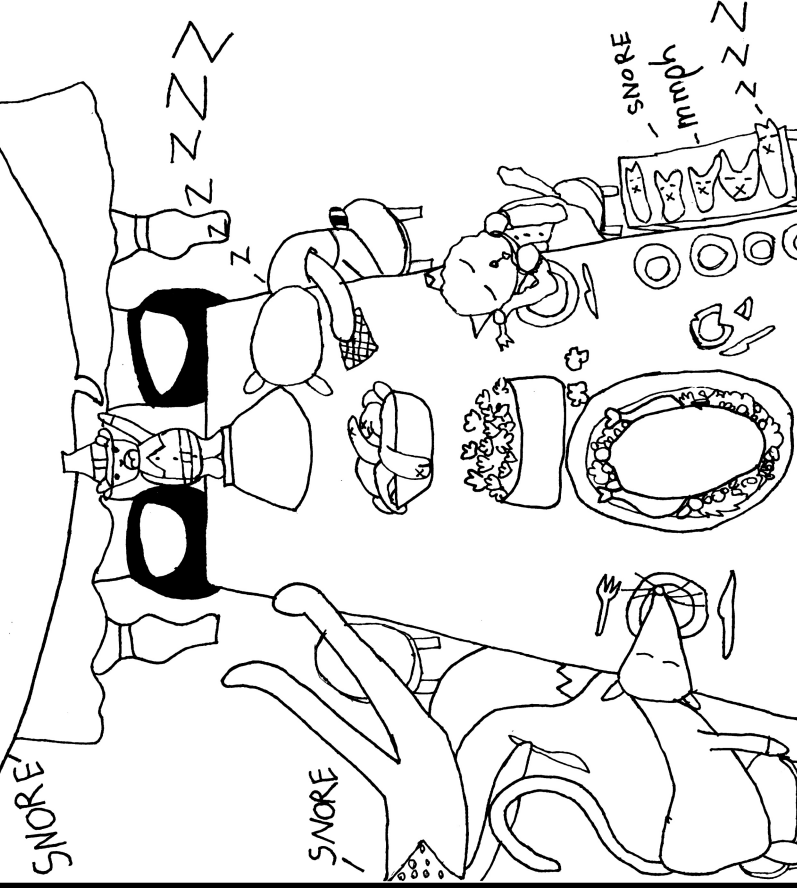
[You have a reenactment, of course!]

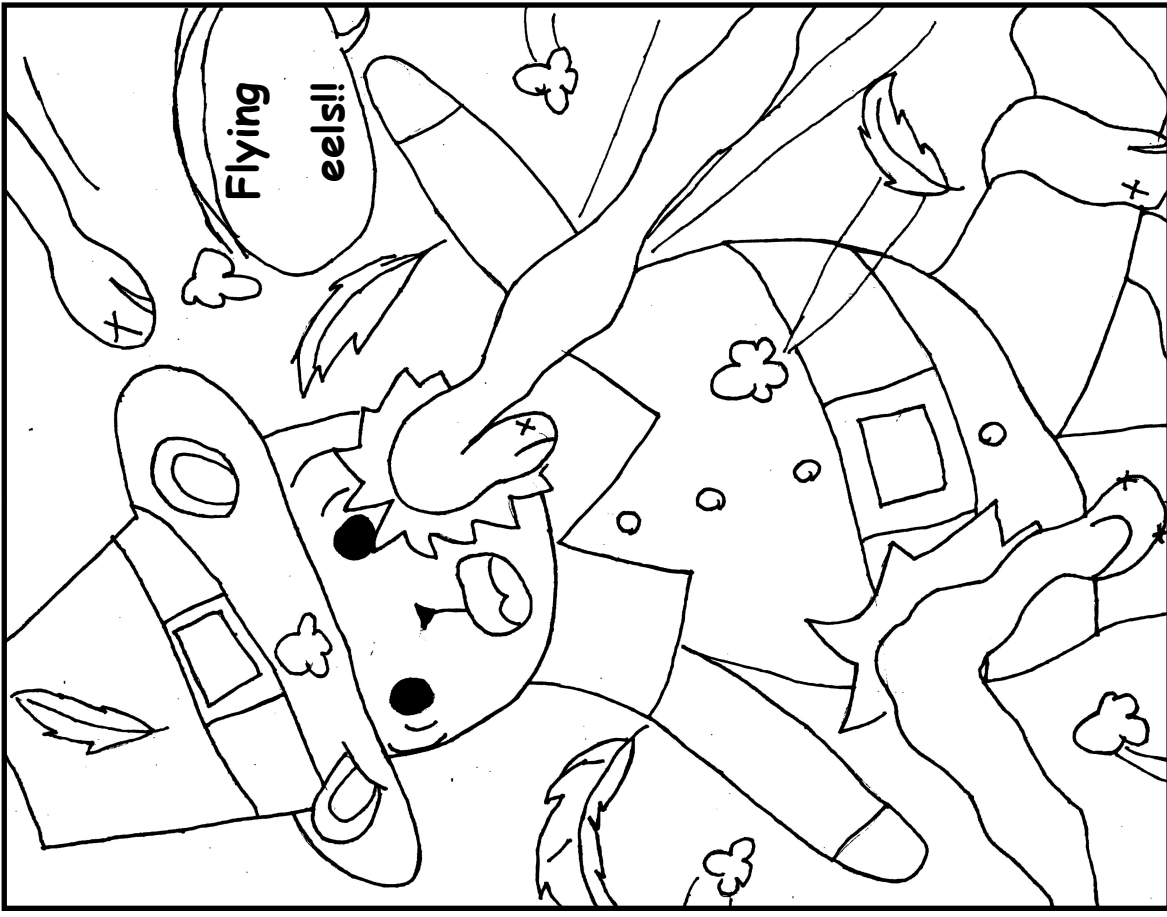
Twenty score and one month ago, our fathers brought forth, on this continent, a new colony, conceived in the midst of persecution, and dedicated to the proposition that all men should have freedom of religion. Now we are engaged in a great enormous feast, testing the size of our stomachs, and which of them can longest endure. We have...



Six hours later...

And then in October, during the time of harvest, the Pilgrims and Indians broke bread in celebration for three days with much of the same spread we have here: turkey, eels, salmon, lobster, popcorn, pudding...





THE END

