

# **The Year of the Dillo**

## **Winner of 1994 AHS Best Article Employing Humor**

**by Jean Consford**

(Extracted from Spring 1993 Region 6 Newsletter, Nacogdoches Daylily Society Club Report)

My little garden thinks it is Spring, now. I have had iris blooming since Christmas. During this past weekend of weeding frenzy, I spotted one gopher tunnel, two yellow butterflies and several million aphids on the daylilies. The armadillos can't be far behind. I have always had one or two of these fellows every Summer. 1992 must have been "The Year of the Dillo." You know, it takes more than the "Serenity Prayer" to maintain a good attitude when you start most work days replanting the same flowers you'd just planted the day before. When they uprooted *Hemerocallis* '**Becky Lynn**' and buried *H.* '**Stella De Oro**', we said "This is war." My tender hearted mate, Jerry, consented to do Dillo hunting the next morning at 5:45 a.m. He got off a fast shot at one of them. He felt badly about wounding the Dillo. I hoped he'd suffer and the word would spread. Considering the darkness, the dozens of neighborhood cats, and the close proximity of the sleeping neighbor's bedroom window, he could not shoot again. This likely would not have been the neighbor's choice as the Dillo ran underneath their deck before passing on! My mate was out of town the next morning, so I was hunting at dawn. I had a sudden vision of a passing jogger phoning the police to report "You won't believe this, but there's a big woman in a pink housecoat carrying a rifle on Timberwood Street." I went inside. No Trophy Dillo for me! We discovered the Dillo Condo was underneath our deck when they kept breaking the lattice trim at the same place. My mate said, "This is the place for the 'Hav-a-Heart' trap." Folks, if I'm lyin,' I'm dyin.' We caught and "relocated" eighteen (18) armadillos in a very short time. A few hitched rides with our employees and were left from Jasper to Tyler. Most were released at our business on the loop. Norma reminds me that she doesn't live too far from the loop.

While educating and entertaining myself by reading back issues of the Newsletter, I was smiling when I read Carletta Arrant's report (Winter 1990) concerning her Dillo relocation program to Waterford Park, our most exclusive subdivision. My smile faded as I remembered that we live in a middle-class subdivision about two blocks from the rear of Waterford Park. Those armadillos are so well traveled they probably have the American Express Gold card by now! I have been thinking -- should the Dillo Class of '93 hold its National Convention on Timberwood Street? I know just the place for our new release spot -- let's see, that's the two-story white contemporary on the right.