

Our Man Hoppe

Clap, If You Believe
In the Dairy Fairy

Arthur Hoppe

HEREWITH is another familiar story from that beloved classic, "Unbelievable Fairy Tales for Innocent Grown-Ups." This one concerns The Dairy Fairy and The Pot of Gold at either end of Pennsylvania avenue.

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ONCE upon a time, there was a cow named Bossie. She ate lush green grass and sweet yellow buttercups under a big blue sky with puffy white clouds. And she gave creamy-rich milk which everybody, except a few crotchety cardiologists, said was good for you.

But Bossie was not a Contented Cow. Bossie was a Discontented Cow. "Why do people keep milking me," she said discontentedly. "All they think about is money — m-o-n-e-y, money!"

Well, Bossie had just said the magic word and — Shazam! — there stood The Dairy Fairy.

"Don't worry, Bossie," said The Dairy Fairy. "I will solve your problems. Remember my magic slogan, 'Every Body Needs Milk' — particularly every governmental body."

So The Dairy Fairy went to The Big White House where The Prince lived. At the door he found a note: "Please leave three quarts of homogenized, two pints of cottage cheese and one pot of gold."

Inside, the Prince was talking to a television camera. "Hi, there," said the Prince. "Golly, I guess I've always liked milk ever since my Mom gave it to me with her cherry pie while Dad booed the Dodgers. At the end of a hard day, I always say, 'Rosemary, bring me a shot of milk over ice,' because I believe in milk. It may sound childish, but, to be perfectly candid, I also believe in honesty, integrity and The Dairy Fairy."

Well, The Dairy Fairy was so pleased he filled the Prince's order. And they had

a nice, long, two-hour chat about milk and how good for you it was, especially if you were running for reelection.

The very next day, just by coincidence — would you believe it? — the Prince raised the price of milk three hundred million dollars.

Naturally, this caused talk. In fact, some of the Prince's evil enemies went so far as to whisper that he had raised the price of milk in return for the pot of gold — and there wasn't really a kindly Dairy Fairy at all!

My, what consternation this caused! An investigation was demanded by the people. A couple of dozen of the sternest judges on Capitol Hill met in solemn splendor to determine whether there was, or was not, a kindly Dairy Fairy.

But, my goodness, the clever Dairy Fairy had already visited 16 of them to remind them how good milk was for you, especially if you were running for reelection — and to give them little pots of gold as mementos of his unselfish generosity.

Well, now, the judges certainly agreed that the pots of gold had nothing whatsoever to do with the price of milk as far as they were concerned. What's more, they said, they had always believed in honesty, integrity and The Dairy Fairy.

So everybody lived happily ever after, including The Dairy Fairy. He quit his job and became an Oil Lobbyist. "There's even more magic," he said, rubbing his hands, "in oil."

But thanks to the wonders performed by The Dairy Fairy, Bossie was a Contented Cow. For instead of the people milking the cows, the cows now milked the people.

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MORAL: Support your needy political leaders — drink more milk.