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DADS ARE FUNNY.....

In the frozen-foods department of our local grocery store, I saw a man shopping with his son. As I walked by, he checked something off his list, then whispered conspiratorially to his son, "You know, if we really mess this up, we'll never have to do it again."

Our family sheltered in the basement after hearing a tornado warning. My husband told everyone to stay put while he got his cell phone from the car, in case the lines went dead. He didn't return for the longest time, so I went looking for him. I was upstairs calling his name, when I heard our answering machine click on. "Hi." a voice said. "This is Dad. I'm locked out of the house."

When my dad ran out of gas, he called mom to pick him up in her car. They went to a gas station, filled a can, and returned to his car. After a few minutes, he got into her car again. "We need to go back to the gas station," he said. "One gallon wasn't enough?" mom asked. "It would have been if I'd put it in the right car."

I was on my way out of the house to meet with a cantankerous client, and I was dreading it. The look on my face must have given me away because my four-year-old daughter asked what was wrong. "I'm going to meet a woman who always yells at Daddy," I told her. "Oh," she said. "Say hi to Mom."

After my second year in med school, I moved back home. One night I was up late studying for my clinical exam. Because my father woke me every morning at seven, I put a note on my door: "DO NOT DISTURB. Studying until 3:00 am." Dad, a doctor himself, showed no sympathy. He left a note attached to mine: "The hotel management hopes you're enjoying your stay. We'd like to remind you that checkout was at noon – approximately six years ago."

Both my parents work and lead hectic lives. So my father was bound to forget their wedding anniversary. Remembering at the last minute, he sped to the stationary store and breathlessly asked the clerk, "Where are the anniversary cards?" To his surprise he heard my mother call out, "Over here, Bill."

A young boy asks his father, "Dad, are bugs good to eat?" His father replies, "Let's not talk about such things at the dinner table, son." After dinner the father inquired, "Now son, what did you want to ask me at dinner?" "Oh nothing," the boy said. "There was a bug in your soup, but now it's gone."

A small boy was at the zoo with his father. They were looking at the tigers, and his father was telling him how ferocious they were. "Daddy, if the tigers got out and ate you up..." "Yes, son?" the father asked, ready to console him. "...which bus would I take home?"

I asked my brother-in-law, the father of four boys, "If you had to do it all over again, would you still have kids?" "Yes," he said. "Just not these four..."

***Enjoy your Black Book and Happy Father's Day!
Teresa J. Ruder***



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