



y darling wife **Melinda** and I are off again on our annual travel adventure! We fly first to the U.K. for a stay in Fenland with our friends **George** and **Sue White**, then to London to meet up with our Canadian fellow travelers, **Bianca** and **Lance Rucker**, and catch some theater, like **Shakespeare's Globe** for a variation on *Twelfth Night*, and the West End, where our old pal **Jeremy Clyde** is featured in **GIRLS**, based on the 2003 **Helen Mirren** film *Calendar Girls*.

Then it's off to Vienna for a Mozart concert, **Ludwig Von**'s

Fidelio at the Opernhaus and on May 24 – Glücklicher Jahrestag zu uns! – a celebration of our 25th Wedding Anniversary.

THROUGHOUT
THE 'PLANET,' CLICKING
DARK RED TYPE
OPENS A RELATED
INTERNET LINK.

Once we recover, we're off to Switzerland on a motor trip

that will include a visit to Bern, where I hope to find some of my Amish Yoder ancestors – **the Jotters** – or at least buy a cuckoo clock to remind me of my humble origins.

Back in the U.S. in early June, I'll be hosting **Talent Night** at my 55th Yale Reunion, seeing friends and shows in New York and speaking at graduation ceremonies for **Allen-Stevenson School**, which I attended from 1948-1955.

Follow the trip on **Facebook**, if you dare...

The London Symphony Orchestra was booked on the Titanic's maiden voyage but changed boats at the last minute. ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

TRUMP RULES!

ull your pants up, you look like an idiot, and turn your cap right, your head ain't on backward. So, you have a \$60,000 car? We're impressed. We have \$250,000 Combines that are driven only three weeks a year. I drive a pickup truck because I want to. And let's get this straight: it's called a 'gravel road.' No matter how slow you drive, you're gonna get dust on your Lexus. And turn down that blasted car stereo! That thumpity-thump ain't music, anyway. We don't want to hear it any more than we want to see your boxers!

The 'Opener' refers to the first day of deer season. It's a religious holiday held the closest Saturday

to the first of November; and if that cell phone of yours rings while a bunch of geese, pheasants, ducks or doves are comin' in during a hunt, we WILL shoot it outta your hand so you better hope you don't have it up to your ear. Yeah, we also eat trout, salmon, deer

TRUTH IS RELATIVE
Like all my girlfriends ...

CONTINUED

and elk. You really want sushi and caviar? It's available at the corner bait shop. And by the way, they're called 'cattle.' That's why they smell like cattle. Get over it. They smell like money to us.

No, there's no 'vegetarian special' on the menu. Order steak, or you can order the Chef's Salad and pick off the two pounds of ham and turkey. We got three main dishes: meats, vegetables and breads and we use three spices: salt, pepper, and ketchup and we don't care what you folks

in Cincinnati call that stuff – IT AIN'T REAL CHIL!!! You bring 'Coke' into my house, it better be brown, wet and served with ice. You bring 'Mary Jane' into my house, she better be cute and know how to shoot and drive a truck.

Every person in the Bible Belt waves. It's called being friendly. Try to understand the concept. We open doors for women, and that means ALL women, regardless of age. College and High School Football is more important than the Giants, the Yankees, the Mets, the Lakers and the Knicks combined, and a dang site more fun to

watch. Yeah, we have golf courses. But don't hit the water hazards – it spooks the fish...

Don't like it? I-10 and I-40 go east and west; I-17 and I-15 goes north and south. Pick one and go.

"But what is liberty with wisdom, and without virtue?"

~ Edmund Burke

QUICK TAKE

hotel guest called the front desk and the clerk answered, "May I help you?" "You bet," The agitated guest affirmed. "You need to send

someone up to room 858 right away."

"Why's that, sir?"

"Why's that? I'm having an argument with my wife, that's why! And she says she's going to jump out the window."

"I'm sorry, Sir," said the desk clerk, "but that's really a personal problem."

"Oh really?" replied the guest, "The window won't open, and that's a maintenance problem!"

The only guy in ZZ Top without a beard, is named Frank Beard. ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

WHAT A BOAR

he Times of London
reports that at least three
Islamic State militants,
lying in wait on the edge of a field
about 50 miles southwest of Kirkuk
to effect an ambush in a bitterly
contested area of northern Iraql
were killed by a herd of stampeding
boars.

"It is likely their movement disturbed the herd of wild pigs, which inhabit the area, as well as the nearby cornfields," local leaders said.

Which raises a troubling theological quandary: Do Muslim terrorists killed by pigs still get their 72 virgins? Of course, there is also controversy regarding the translation of "virgins" in *The Koran*. According to Islam scholar

Irshad Manji, that belief is the result of a "monumental mistranslation."

"Nowhere in *The Koran* does it promise 72 virgins, 70 virgins, 48 virgins," Prof. Manji affirms. "What it promises, as far as heaven goes, is something lush.

"The Arabic word for virgin has been mistranslated. The original word that was used in *The Koran* was the word for 'raisin,' not 'virgin.' In other words, that martyrs would get raisins in heaven, not virgins."

Oh, well. Raisins probably go well with wild boar...

I invented a new word today - plagiarism. ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts





POST IPSO FACTO

hile suturing a cut on the hand of a 75-year old Texas rancher whose hand was caught in a gate while working cattle, the doctor struck up a conversation with the old man. Eventually the topic got around to Trump and his appointment as president. The old rancher said, "Well, ya know, Trump is a 'post turtle."

Not being familiar with the term, the doctor asked him what a "post turtle" was. The old rancher said, "When you're driving down a country road and you come across a fence post with a turtle balanced on top, that's a 'post turtle."

The old rancher saw a puzzled look on the doctor's face, so he continued to explain.

"You know he didn't get up there by himself, he doesn't belong up there, he doesn't know what to do while he is up there, and you just wonder what kind of dumb asses put him up there in the first place."

"Let us prohibit in effective fashion all corporations from making contributions for any political purpose, directly or indirectly."

~ Theodore Roosevelt

OLD NEWS

n old boomer became bored after retirement and decided to open a medical clinic for fun. He put a sign up outside that said: "**Dr. Geezer**'s Clinic: Treatments – \$500. If not cured, we'll give you \$1,000."

His neighbor, **Dr. Young** was positive that the old fart didn't know beans about medicine and saw a great opportunity to make some easy cash. So he went to the clinic and said, "Dr. Geezer, I've lost my sense of taste. Can you please help me?"

"Nurse," commanded the doctor,
"please bring the medicine from Box 22 and
put three drops in Dr. Young's mouth." She
did so, causing him to scream, "Aaagh!! – this is
gasoline!"

"Congratulations," said Dr. Geezer. "You've got your taste back. That will be \$500."

Dr. Young was pissed, but after a few days he returned, hoping to make his money back. This time he said, "I've lost my memory, Doc. I can't remember anything."

"Nurse," says Geezer, "please bring the medicine from Box 22 and put three drops in the patient's mouth."

"Oh, no you don't," exclaims Dr. Young, "That's gasoline!"

"Congratulations," says Dr. Geezer. "You got your memory back. That will be \$500."

Dr. Young again leaves in a huff but comes back the following week and says, "My eyesight has suddenly deteriorated – I can hardly see anything."

"Hmmm," says Geezer, shaking his old gray head, "I'm afraid I don't have any medicine for that. Nurse, give Dr. Young his \$1000 back."

She hands him some cash, and he immediately says, "Wait a minute! This is a \$10 bill!"

"Congratulations!" Geezer says. "You just got your vision back! That'll be \$500."

So, you see, just because you're young doesn't mean that you can outsmart an old geezer...

"One should use common words to say uncommon things."

~ Arthur Schopenhauer

YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH

farmer takes his son out to the pasture to teach him his philosophy of life. The kid asks why his dad brought him out there and the dad replies:

"Son, you see those three crows out there nibbling on that pile of cow manure? Keep yer eye on 'em." The first crow finishes eating, flies up and lands on a shovel stuck into the ground to clean the poop off his beak. Soon the other crows fly over to join him, forcing the first

sky, dead.

The other two crows then take off, and the same thing happens; they both spiral into the ground, dead.

crow to fly off. Suddenly he drops out of the

Well," says the farmer, "There ya' go."

The boy exclaims. "Go? Go where? What's THAT supposed to show me?"

"You still don't get it?" the farmer asks sadly.

"No" the son yells impatiently, "What don't I get!?"

The farmer shakes his head, looks his son in the eye and says, "It shows you, my boy, that when you're full of shit, you should never fly off the handle!"



A skirl is a group of pipers,
a group of harpists is called a melody.
~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

BITE ME

ur talented friend, **Tom Hensley** is on tour again with **Neil Diamond** and sends out a regular mailing of his adventures as a touroid. Here's a recent sample from Charlotte, NC:

"In a perfect example of the law of your karma ran over my dogma," he writes, "pet lovers get the final revenge. Not too far away from our hotel is **The Dog Bar**, a saloon where dog owners can relax and enjoy a libation with their canine companions. The Dog Bar's motto?

"Sit. Stay. Drink."

Franz Liszt received so many requests for locks of his hair that he bought a dog and sent fur clippings instead.

~ Phil's Phunny Phacts



YANKIN'

STOOGES
SARP
SARAH
THE FIFTIES
PIG OUT
BE RAISINABLE

FARVEL, GAMLE VEN

ur dear friend Vera
Bachmann, resting at
home under hospice
care, passed away last week
with Hans, her husband of 66
years, by her side. She was 86.

We had a long and intimate history with Vera and Hans from the day my second wife **Barbro** and I moved into our canyon home in 1974, and later, my darling wife, Melinda and I, continued to enjoy many a Scandinavian Christmas feast and frequent snacks and *skoals* at their cozy home down the street, a picturesque property surrounded by a riot of

flowers that Vera lovingly tended until her deteriorating health limited her ability to move about freely.

Here she is in happier days...



Born in Denmark, she and Hans became American citizens years ago, but never lost their love of the old country. We will miss her greatly.

Your heartbeat mimics the beat of the music you're listening to. ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

THANKIN'

om Hensley, John Strachan, Jamie Alcroft,
Gabby Gruen, David Geler, Kenneth Wilhite,
Jr. – and much heartfelt gratitude to Vera's dear
friends for their loving support at our shared time of loss:
her goddaughter Jane Morrison and her husband Craig,
Leslie and Larry Kubik, and Geoffrey Dean-Smith.

And finally: congratulations to Emmy-winning ice choreographer **Sarah Kawahara**, inducted into the World Figure-Skating Hall of Fame on Cinco de Mayo... *Viva la Reina del Hielo!*

Axl Rose is an anagram for oral sex, and his real name is Bill Bailey.

~ Phil's Phunny Phacts

Before composing, Beethoven dipped his head in cold water. ~ Phil's Phunny Phacts