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the pundit!



The official newsletter of THE INTERNATIONAL SAVE THE PUN FOUNDATION

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Baseball, spring training
For the boys of summer's games
Bats and balls reigning.



FLASH!!

The *Punster of the Year* has been announced, it is the very punderful *Joyce Heitler*. Congratulations to Joyce. A Life membership certificate in The International Save The Pun Foundation is being prepared for you.

Watch this space in the May Pundit for all the news that's pun to print that has come from the dinner that was dined April 1st, 1996.



Jim Hotchkiss re faxed this fax that was faxed to him for the Pundit and that's a fact:

A number of years ago, the Seattle Symphony was doing Beethoven's Ninth under the baton of Milton Katims...

At this point, you must understand two things:

(1) There's a long segment in this symphony where the bass violins don't have a thing to do. Not a single note for page after page.

(2) There used to be a tavern called Dez's 400 right across the street from the Seattle Opera House, rather favored by local musicians.

It had been decided that during this performance, after the bass players had played their parts in the opening of the Ninth, they were to quietly lay down their instruments and leave the stage rather than sit on their stools looking and feeling dumb for twenty minutes.

Well, once they got backstage, someone suggested that they trot across the street and quaff a few brews. After they had downed the first couple of rounds, one said, "Shouldn't we be getting back? It'd be awfully embarrassing if we were late."

Another, presumably the one who suggested this excursion in the first place, replied, "Oh, I anticipated we could use a little more time, so I tied a string around the last pages of the conductor's score. When he gets down to there, Milton's going to have to slow the tempo way down while he waves the baton with one hand and fumbles with the string with the other."

So they had another round and finally returned to the Opera House, a little tipsy by now. However, as they came back on stage, one look at their conductor's face told them they were in serious trouble.

Katims was furious! And why not, after all...

It was the bottom of the ninth, the score was tied, and basses were loaded.



Mel Famee the pitcher, on that very hot day, was seen to be having a Schlitz or two between the 8th and 9th inning. Normally, Mel had almost perfect stuff. Now though, he was way off the plate. He threw 16 balls in a row (as opposed to strikes) and as the winning run crossed the plate the Brewer's manager was heard to say :

"It's the beer that made Mel Famee walk us"



Steve Seltzer of New York, who is becoming, and will be, an International Save The Pun Foundation member suggested we

look at a few of his punecdotes, so as the suggestees we offer these for your perusing pleasures:

- A friend of Steven's told him his daughter's wedding went off *without a hitch.*
- After Stalin's death, his successor was assassinated. The assassinator shouted, *"I came to seize Beria, not to praise him.*

And lastly, Steven asks, "Why is the zebra a fitting symbol for South Africa?
They both have op-art-hide!"



Headline in the March 22, Rohnert Park news read :
"Britain May Kill Millions of Cows" and towards the bottom of that page, Dave Tozier reports that "Bossies find way to crack workers games."
Whoops! There is an extra "I" in that line.

And just one udder Bovine Spongiform encephalaph fable :
When Bossie asked Elsie if she was afraid of contracting this horrible disease, she replied nonchalantly, Why should I, I'm a duck.



Sandy Cook, incurable punster - does a punster need to be cured? morning show host at WMSA radio asks about the Pundit, and with the inquiry he offers this pun story (and it's true) :

A bunch of us were leaving Disney World in Florida late one night, about nine years ago.

We were on the ferry, taking us from the Magic Kingdom to the parking lot, when one of our group said he hoped the ferry wouldn't capsize, like the one overseas had tragically done not long ago. Another stepped in and said, "Oh, we don't have to worry. That happened in the English Channel. This is the *Disney Channel*."



Tyler Kaus of Boulder, Colorado admonishes the editor of the Pundit for mis-placing an "L" and replacing a "B", with another "M" (A hem!!). This mouses up the recently printed (February Pundit), here it is fixed up with abomogies to the Tymber (it's falling):

On a July evening, when a member of King's Arthur's Round Table had a dream, during which he formulated an evil plan to overthrow his boss, it could be described as *A Midslumber Knight's Scheme*.

And herewith is another from Tyler that we treat with a great gentleness :

When the owners of dog-sled teams in Alaska got to arguing endlessly about whether or not their huskies would run faster if given periodic snacks during their runs-- it could well be described as *Mush Ado About Noshing*.



John J. Fleming from Burke Va, created this bit of farmyard fun for us so here 'tis...

A mother pig was walking through the barnyard one day with one of her piglets. Suddenly, a raccoon raced out from behind the barn and scared the living daylights out of the Mother pig. The little hog laughed to see such a plight and the *sow jumped over the coon!*



We do have many very creative members in The International Save The Pun Foundation and *Barry Bates* of Powell Ohio says, "I have two contributions to make, punwise :

We have a tree in our yard, terribly bothered with a blight. We sought professional help and had a tree surgeon come to look at it. In his assessment, he noted that the blight was bad, but he was even more concerned with the deep cracks in the bark. "In fact", he said, "*this tree's bark is worse than it's blight.*"

and the second is a riddle..

I understand that once Evil Kenivle went into the car rental business. His son, Evil Jr. decided that this was a good thing and decided to do likewise, but would only do leased cars. Which of the two businessmen would you want to deal with?

Obviously, *Evil Jr. because he is the leassor of the two Evils.*

Thank you Barry for your contributions and your contribution.

The son of world famous paranomour *Francis Pierce, Gregory* (who is a punster two) talks about four bowls of Jello playing Jiggle Rummy. The first bowl said "I pass". The second said "Dish two shall pass".



Attempting membership is *Diane Briody* of Taunton MA, who taunts us with these :

Branching Out

I went to an ecology convention with tree of my friends, nothing but people as forest the eye could see. The food was so growth that I wanted to leaf. "Stay", barked my friends, "have a drink and limber up". Not wanting to be an unpoplar beech, I stayed. Maple, the willowy waitress, offered me food as well as her palm for a tip, but I was sycamore and pined for a home-cooked meal. To think that I spruced up for this!

Once the oakestra began to play, a trunk lumbered over and ashed me to dance. That sap had me in a hemlock and I was rooted to the floor. But suddenly I birch for the door, put on my Douglas fir, and escaped.

Also, if you can locate that punslinging meteorologist Elliot Abrams, please send him this letter.

Dear Mr. Abrams,
I resent your punny weather reports as some of us take the weather cirrusly, I, for one suffer from atmosfear and tend to quake in storms

despite thunderous laughter. I'm very nimbus, however, and can clime under a bed for an entire storm or until I reach my dew point. Once, I clouded my leg on the bedpost and was in a forecast for weeks. I now walk with a hurricane. So I must diet because I need lightening (I can breeze through a tornado sandwich weather it's meteor not). At any rate, Mr. Abrams, why must we go through such hail dew to your torrid sense of humid? Snow time like the present to show some gusts and end this rain of terror.

And not to let an opportunity go by we *carpe* this list:

Carpe video...seize the remote control.
Carpe Romano.....seize the cheese.
Carpe veggie.....seize a salad.
Carpe oceanis.....7 seize.
Carpe the farm.....seize to exist.
Carpe perpetrato.....seize the thief.
Carpe Harpo.....seize a Marx brother.
Carpe blanche.....seize whatever you want.



Computer people often become disk on bobulated, so says Bob Henshell, newly renewed member.



On the subject of computers here is our new E-mail number :
"pundit@inforamp.net"
if you are somewhere in the net and you need some escape let's become ramp pals.

Keep your eye hear so you can see what's coming in May

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