

Las Vegas Woods and Waters
Since 1991
GAMEBAG
"all we want to do is hunt and fish and talk about it"



December 2020, Issue 348

Lunch Program: Elections-attendance gift card drawing-hunt stories

December 12th Three Gun Shoot LAST MARKSMAN OF THE YEAR EVENT!

Once a year we get to shoot a MACHINE GUN and this event is it. The format is shooting a semi-auto pistol, a semi-auto rifle and a **fully-auto machine gun, no bump stock, the real deal**. Those of you new to the club are in for a treat, regardless of the Marksman of the Year standings it is always fun to shoot something you don't get to do everyday. Often the machine gun has been the deciding factor in the final standings.....can you hold it on target to empty a full magazine? Honcho Mike Reese with help from Ivan from New Frontier Armory will be supplying the guns and ammo.



Anyone who has tried to purchase ammo or guns lately know about the increased cost and availability. New Frontier has been dealing with shortages first hand. We are asking everyone who plans to attend this event to **RSVP to Mike Reese 400-6501 before Dec. 10th** so we can make sure to have enough ammo for everyone to shoot. The Board of Directors decided to keep the price for the event the same even if the price of ammo has increased. We are also inviting our Boy Scout Troop 130, they can shoot for FREE if they RSVP by Dec 10th. As usual any kid of a current member under the age of 18 also shoot for free at our events.

The Details: Dec 12th at CCSC Training Center 8am-12 noon. Cost for members is \$35. The actual number of rounds to shoot will be determined by the number of attendee's and the ability of New Frontier to provide the ammo...it is expected we will all get to shoot at least 40 rounds each. Mike and Ivan will decide the scoring format that morning based on number of shooters and available ammo.

2021 will mark the 30th Anniversary of the Club. Happy Birthday LVWW!

A short history lesson for some of the newer members. Founding father Ken Johnson (meet him at lunch) was a new transplant (from Texas) to Las Vegas in the early 90's and wanted to meet new folks that shared his interest in hunting and fishing and having fun outdoors. This was before the internet and Google searches so he mingled with people he met and cut articles from the RJ on outdoor activities. Once he had gathered up 4-5-6 articles he called the people in the article to get together for lunch and talk about hunting and fishing. Ken became fast friends with these folks and proposed a social club similar to the clubs where he was a member in Austin and Dallas, The Austin Woods and Waters Club and the Dallas Woods and Waters Club. The club motto has remained the same **"All we want to do is hunt, and fish and talk about it"** Ken was elected the inaugural first president and has been the leading member of our group for 30 years! There are several groups, clubs and organizations that promote wildlife, conservation and policies....most of us are all members of those groups as well. LVWW is a group of "buddy's" who get together to enjoy each other and have fun. The club has changed a little over the years (dues are much less than they were 30 yrs ago) but our core values remain the same. Get together to hunt and fish and talk about it. **HAPPY BIRTHDAY LVWW!!!!**



Next meeting Thursday January 14th, noon at LV National Golf Club located at 1911 E Desert Inn Road (near Eastern) price \$20



Presidents Message...Mike Reese Well 2020 has come and almost gone and none too soon! It kind of felt like using a hula hoop made of barbed wired and the bleeding wouldn't stop!! It reminded me of Giraffe hunting in Nevada, you never get to see one but you hear of others encounters with them.

For me I'm putting some extra effort into closing out 2020 with some great memories! For starters I'm helping to put on the 3 gun shoot on Sat Dec 12th at 8 am. I can't wait to pull the trigger on that fully automatic machine gun and not letting go until its 2021:)!! Last years event sent a ton of people home with a big fat smile on their face! They came begging to only shot the machine gun in small bursts and left with the adrenaline racing through their veins as they gripped it and let it rip!!! My buddy Dan Zelna was a great example of this. He led the charge to shoot it in burst and when he left he had empty the 20 shot clip in

about 3 seconds and to top that off he had all 20 shots on paper!!!! Come on out and join Dan Zelna this year relive the experience!!!

Our Marksman of the year winner will be determined by this event with Brian Patterson in the lead by 2 points trailed by Jeff Bryant and Michael Reese. Michael Reese won the event next year so come out and see if Brian can hold his lead or if Michael Reese can repeat his performance like last year. If he does we will have the first ever father and son winners of this award! What a way to finish out 2020!!

We will be giving out \$500 worth of gift cards this year again at the lunch as well as having our yearly elections. We will also be discussing with the membership the plan for a banquet for 2021

Dues are now due and you can pay them at the door, on line for \$30 or mail in your check to Woods and Waters PO Box 29081 Las Vegas Nv 89126.

While we missed 4 months of Luncheons this year it was an honor to be a representative of our club and your President. With COVID still lurking I have agreed to be your president for 2021 or unless someone else wants to step forward. Steve Peirce is a great candidate and when this COVID becomes manageable he will throw his hat in the box. Until then let's finish out 2020 with a bang!!

We are still contemplating our traditional Christmas eve get together and once we have a place we will send out a mass email to the group. If we cannot find a place please say a prayer for the families who lost loved ones this year and for members we lost way to soon.

Merry Christmas. Stay safe! **Mike Reese President 2020, 2011, 2008**

Election of Officers & Board of Directors Things will stay the same with some minor revisions: Ralph Willits will replace Dennis Rusk as Secretary and John Mittness will replace Al Schoelen as warden for the officers. The Directors will remain in place with the exception of replacing two members who will be moving out of state. Ryan Werner will replace David Peck and James Werner will replace Mike Stokes.

Ricardo's Christmas Eve FUBAR tradition....2020?

It has been almost a 30 year tradition for the club to gather at noon on Christmas Eve at Ricardo's Mexican Grill. The restaurant is a casualty of COVID-19, they closed their doors this summer after being in business since 1979. I have attended this gathering for the past 26-27 years. What will we do this year? Many of those original members we don't see often anymore but they generally show to raise a Jack Daniels toast to long time founding member Dan Perry. Dan started the FUBAR award based on the many trips he honcho'd and some of the "events" that occurred on those trips. Dan was the glue that kept the group together in those early years by hosting hunts and "Big Times". The Parker AZ dove hunts are legendary, along with the wild trips to South Dakota shooting geese and pheasants, even the froggin trips at the river were well attended and generated their own stories. We need to keep these traditions alive, stay tuned we will come up with an alternative to Ricardo's this Christmas Eve. Once something has been decided we will send an email blast to the group.

why you should keep a moo cow in your back pack by Tony Perkins



It seemed as if time stood still, hiding behind a moo cow decoy at the edge of the field, staring into the eyes of a giant elk chewing its cud. The sun was just starting to give color to the valley. I could feel a brisk wind on my face while I was patiently waiting for Holly to pull the trigger. CRACK goes the 300 WinMag. Dang,,,,, In the panic and patience of getting ready I didn't realize my left hand was full of moo cow decoy but I did drop my binos in time for my finger to find its way to my right ear to muffle the noise a bit. I knew with the big ol critter laying down and mostly facing us it was a very small window to make a good shot to the vitals. I see the big guy stand up and start to shake his head back and forth as if he had just been punched. As I'm telling her to reload and now walking out into the open for a closer shot I fear the bullet may have

just hit an antler or glanced off a thick skull for the animal to be acting like that. We shortened the distance and now are in full view of all the cow elk which are still wondering why their fearless leader keeps shaking his head like a dog trying to remove the rain from its coat. They see us and start to make the decision its time to leave him and get into the woods. As the last one clears the shooting lane I tell her to shoot again. If an elk is standing you keep shooting as they are some tough critters and can take off in a dead run at any time never to be seen again. CRACK, goes the second shot from behind our moo cow decoy although it is mostly at our feet now. As I tell her to reload, I see him start to sway and finally tip over. I call off the third shot and we are now fully exposed in the field walking toward him. We come to a muddy bog of a creek to cross and Holly goes down while I go up looking for a good place to cross.

She gets to him first and verifies he is down for good. As I am walking up on him, he just gets larger and larger. I knew right away this was a special animal. The size of the antlers is right at the minimum to make the SCI record books. Of course, Holly's motivation for her first ever elk hunt was to just put meat on the table. Or at least prove to herself that she was capable of doing it should the need truly arise. From doing the research I knew the largest elk in the state for 2019 came out of this area so I knew it was possible to get a big one. Since I spent 5 days scouting and only found a less than steamy pile of elk poo I was calculating we would have to put in 30 days to actually see one. I would have called it a win to just see one. We packed the trailer preparing for a two week hunt and saw this big critter the first night in the open field. She passed on the first shot opportunity which was 400 yards. Later, got her looking down at him over the treetops in the dark at 80 yards. Passed on that shot. The next morning got her looking under the trees at his neck at 70 yards. She passed on that shot. That evening he went missing. My heart sank as I knew our luck could not continue. We busted out the moo cow decoy and went further up the valley. The moo cows in this area must be wild as they take off in a stampede at first sight of humans, even at 400 yards they would run taking every wild critter with them. Never seen that before but it happened over and over while I was scouting for elk months earlier. That evening we were able to get within 20 yards of some moo cows holding the decoy. I think they questioned why this red cow had three heads as their tails were getting swishy and they were no longer eating but looking around as if wanting to run. Since it was getting dark we started to back out of there. We only made it 30 yards or so when we heard them stampede into the trees further into the darkening wilderness area. They must have caught our wind.

I figured If we didn't see the elk the following morning in the same field we were going to have to hustle over to the other valley before it got too bright. We lucked out and saw them in the field before sunup. It was time to make it happen or break it trying. We deployed the moo cow decoy and just went straight at them skirting the outer most tree line to breakup our outline. Several times the cow elk saw us, and we just stayed still while tilting our moo cow back and forth as if it's a happy cow doing what happy cows do. Do not know what that is but we tried our best to act like a happy cow. It worked as the cow elk put their heads down and went back to eating. We pushed forward as far as we could until we were stuck in the open with the bull looking straight at us while he was laying down in the field. Found out later the 1st shot was perfect heart shot and the 2nd just skinned the underbelly.

We pushed our luck far beyond what the statistics say should be possible. There was only a 2% chance of getting this tag. There were only 16 elk tags given out last year for this area and only 1 tag was filled making it about 6% success rate. I may have ruined her for elk hunts to come as we won't be able to top this hunt, but I will really enjoy trying each year.

God's Grace of Life by Al Schoelen Jr

On September 19, 2020 I died. Some might say, then how are you writing this letter if you are a dead man? I just didn't stay dead. God brought me back for a purpose. Here is what happened the day I died.

I had been playing in a softball tournament in St George, Utah. This tournament was originally scheduled to played in Las Vegas, but was moved due to Covid-19. We also had to get another place to stay and ended up with a room at the Hampton Inn & Suite SunRiver. I played the first two days of the tournament. Our manager told me he pulled me from the second game on the second day because I was not looking good and was concerned about my health.

I got up on Saturday morning the 19th to get ready to go play. The plan was to go eat and then go to the game. I was taking a shower, when I told my wife I didn't feel good and started feeling dizzy. I then collapsed in the shower. My wife didn't know what to do and called the front office. The assistant general manager showed up at our room. She had the office call 911 while she administered CPR on me. (This probably saved my life). At this point, I was biologically dead. The ambulance arrived and the two paramedics pulled me from the shower and continued to do CPR and well as using an AED (Automated External Defibrillator). After 3 tries, they got a weak pulse and transported me to Dixie Regional Hospital in St George, Utah. Dixie Regional is considered to have one of the best cardiac units in the country. I ended up dying multiple times in the emergency room. My wife was told I was probably not going to make it and things didn't look good for recovery. They finally put in a stent and stabilized me. (I was shocked 10 more times). I was also frozen (Body temperature lowered cryofreezing my body). It was just a couple of degree's, nothing fancy like the movies. I then spent 3 days in a coma. I was given not much hope for recovery. This was all my diagnosis at the time: Anoxic Brain Injury, Cardia Arrest with ventricular fibrillation, STEMI (ST elevation myocardial infarction), Acute right ventricular myocardial infarction, presence of stent in right coronary artery (The one they placed there), Acute combined systolic and diastolic congestive heart failure, Coronary atherosclerosis of native coronary artery, Paroxysmal atrial fibrillation, shock liver, obstructive sleep apnea (present on admission) Asthma, GERD (Gastroesophageal reflux disease), Hyperglycemia, Normocytic anemia, and Pneumonia. This is why my outlook was grim. What I didn't know is what was going on outside the hospital. Prior to our game Saturday (where I was in the hospital dying), teams at all the fields were praying for my recovery. Cindy had notified several church members and friends, who were also praying for me. One of them, Mike Scarano, a friend from high school, had a connection of various groups churches and Christian outreach. He had all of them praying for me. I literally had hundreds, possibly over a thousand people praying for my recovery.

I awoke from my coma 3 days later. I have no memory of the 16th – 22nd of September. My first memory was waking up on the 23rd of September. I got up out of bed on my own. Within two days, I was able to get dressed and go into therapy. The two therapists were amazed at the things I could already do. I was able to walk and keep my balance. When I did start to lose my balance, I was able to catch myself by moving my feet and not grabbing objects. We took a short field trip and walked over to a grocery store. I was soon granted a day pass and got to go out with my wife, Cindy, and do some sightseeing. Not only had my recovery been going well, but amazing well. I surprised the doctors and staff. Most thought if I recovered it would take a long time just to do basic functions on my own.

I told my wife that God had plans for me yet and that is why I was going to be okay. What is even more interesting, I was told that by others. You might say, so what, they are church people. That is what is the most interesting part, some weren't. The last person I spoke with told me that your faith saved your life. That God has still has plans for you in your life. Although he is a nice person and a good guy, he is the last guy in the world you would expect to see in church. I think he could make a sailor blush sometimes with his language. I now know for sure that God has something for me do to yet. God can work through anyone he chooses to fulfill His Purpose.

The doctor is still going to run more tests, but I already know I will be just fine. I can already get back to most of my prior activity, but don't overdo it. I find it was more than a coincidence that the tournament got moved to an area with one of the best cardiac units in the USA. That we stayed at a hotel with management trained and ready to do CPR. God plans work!

The most important thing is that none of us know how long we have to live, "For it is appointed once to die, and then the judgment." God offers all the chance to avoid this judgement. He sent His Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ, to die for the sins of all mankind. Many think that if they live a good life, don't do any "serious" wrongs, that they will be okay with God. John 14:6 says, Jesus saith unto them, "I am the way, the truth, and the life, no one comes unto the Father but through Me." Jesus is the only way. We cannot do it on our own. God's grace is for all because of His love that, "none perish". God offers a simple plan of salvation, Trust in Jesus as the only way to God the Father. All a person has to do is to ask Jesus to be their Savior. He will change your life. He did for me. God Bless you, Al Schoelen

NOVEMBER TURKEY SHOOT RESULTS



Last month we had a good showing at the 22 rifle Turkey Shoot, 18 were in attendance on a beautiful Saturday afternoon for some shooting and fun. Welcome new member Steve Gould. Regular honcho Don Turner was still recuperating from health issues so Jeff Bryant stepped in to direct the group. The rules were pretty straight forward, knock over 5 steel turkey targets with as many shots as needed BEFORE shooting 10 shots at a paper turkey target at 50 yards, all in under 2 minutes. The tally from your 10 shot paper target would be your score. In true Turner fashion if you were not happy with your original score for an extra \$5 you could re-shoot but the reshoot score would be your final score. (10 of the 18 shooters elected to reshoot hoping to get a better score).

More than 1 shooter was unable to knock the 5 steel turkeys over with as many shots as possible in under the two minute limit, and thus they did not get to shoot at the paper turkey which in turn had them post a 0 score. Spinning a turkey 90 degrees without knocking it over did not count, if this occurred you were forced to shoot at a much smaller $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick piece of steel. Both Michael Reese and Jeff Jorgensen had this happen, but they both made the shot and got to proceed to the paper target.

Ties were settled by a sudden death shootout on steel turkeys at 100 yards, Dan Zelna won his head to head shootout with Mike Taylor and Brian Patterson won the shootout with Jeff Bryant. Once the tie scores were settled the prizes were awarded. The top 5 scores were separated by 5 points, a very close competition, in the end the champion turkey shooter was Larry Cusimano 10 Marksman of the Year points, Mike Reese 9pts, Brian Patterson 8pts, Jeff Bryant 7pts, Michael Reese 6pts, Bruce Young 5pts, Al Schoelen 4pts, Mike Lussier 3pts, Jeff Jorgensen 2pts and all others 1 pt each. Lewis Class money had a large pot due to so many rebuys. Cusimano got \$80, Mike Reese \$60, Brian Patterson \$40 in the first flight and the second flight paid \$80 to Dan Zelna, \$60 to Mike Taylor and \$40 to Greg Klevgard.



Of note: Jeff Bryant (historically one of the better shooters in the club) was unable to tip over his 5 steel targets (with unlimited shots in 2 minutes) on his first trip to the line. Obviously there was something "a miss" with his gun or scope. He paid the extra \$5 to reshoot and used a borrowed gun to place in the top 4!

Marksman of the Year standings were shuffled a bit after the event and the 3 Gun Shoot will end up deciding the final winner. Only 9 points separate the top 5 shooters with 10 points up for grabs it is anyone's guess as to whom will be top gun for 2020. See the standings posted on page 7.

Once the COVID issue gets under control and things return a bit back to normal, I really encourage everyone to attend these social shooting and fishing events put on by the club. These events are a great way to socialize and get to know everyone on a more personal level plus you get to have some fun shooting or fishing for a couple hours. Who doesn't like a little competition where you might win some money too. The 3 Gun Shoot is a chance to shoot a fully automatic machine....now that's something you can't do every day, but we do it once a year.

BUY – SELL - TRADE

Buyers & Sellers agree to obey all firearms laws and local regulations in all transactions and hold LVWW harmless. Hunting, Fishing Camping gear for sale: nothing submitted this month.

New Members: Welcome new member Steve Gould to the club, he joined at the turkey shoot last month, make sure to get your free hat at lunch for joining.



Clayton Philipp with his desert bighorn sheep harvested in Unit 268, the Muddy Mtns

After years of trying I finally drew a once in a lifetime Desert Bighorn Sheep tag. I could not wait for the season to start. The best decision I made was to hire Mosseyback Guide Services out of Genoa, Utah. The hunt began early on the morning of November 20th. It was chilly in Unit 268 out by Lake Mead. Baylin my guide took us out the first spot and right off he spotted a nice ram a couple miles away plus several more in the area but nothing worth stalking. This kid could spot a speck move miles up a mountain. Good thing I had a scope! Though he did spot one he said was taking a nap. When we got up there another hunter had shot him. A nap, good one Baylin!

What I didn't have was the right shoes on. In my excitement to start I forgot to change hiking boots and took a couple of falls. Fortunately just scrapes and bruises but I immediately fixed that issue and grabbed my hiking poles. The mountains in this area are steep and rocky, another reason I was happy to have Baylin because there would be no way I could pull a decent size ram off the top of the mountain.

Second day we spotted this guy in the picture. He was not close enough and ya'll know there might be a better one around the corner. My body hadn't given out so we hunted until the 4th day covering every part of the unit. We spotted him again that day with another smaller ram and about 20 females. They were moving away from us when all of a sudden he turned away from the herd and headed straight at us. At about 226 yards I said a little prayer and took him down.

Overall we spotted at least 100 animals out there. There were a lot of hunters as well, most with an entourage just wanting to be a part of the shoot. Had a blast and wish I could do it again, good luck to any one lucky enough to get this tag.

....perhaps Clayton can tell the story at lunch this month. Nice Ram!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

LVWW Marksman Angler Events

- Dec 12th 3 Gun Shoot at CCSC Training Center Range
Honcho Mike Reese & Ivan Aceves
25th MERRY CHRISTMAS
- Jan 30th Cave Lake Ice Fishing at Cave Lake
Honcho ? who will step? Someone new? We are still waiting for final details from the Rotary Club about the event but mark your calendars to save the date we may simply hold our own event at Comins Lake again this year.
- Feb 20th LVWW Banquet Gold Coast Hotel & Casino tentative
- March 13-14 Otter Creek Res fishing Rocking R Ranch
Honcho Ken Johnson



Stories or photos, contact GameBag
Editor Brian Patterson 715-2020

In the News/Coming Events

Clark County Advisory Board to Manage Wildlife (CAB)

Next Meeting is **scheduled for Tuesday, Jan 26th 5:30pm-9:00pm** stay tuned for updates if it will be held virtually or in person at Government Center, Pueblo room, 500 S Grand Central Pkwy. Setting Big Game seasons is the main topic. Your involvement is needed please show up to support NV wildlife issues.



2020 Marksman & Angler of the Year Standings

Marksman of the Year

2020 standings after 8/9 events

Brian Patterson	37 pts
Jeff Bryant	36 pts
Michael Reese	35 pts
Ralph Willits	32 pts
Bruce Young	28 pts

Angler of the Year

2020 standings after 3/3 events

Brian Patterson	30.0 pts
Ralph Willits	14.0 pts
AJ Gagliardo	9.5 pts
Josh White	9.0 pts
3 tied at	8.5 pts

All Around

2020 Standings after 11/12 events

Brian Patterson	67 pts
Ralph Willits	46 pts
Jeff Bryant	36 pts
Michael Reese	35 pts
Bruce Young	28 pts

"The beautiful thing about learning is that no one can take it away from you"
B.B. King

The GameBag

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PO Box 29081 Las Vegas, Nevada 89126-9081
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Name: _____ Amount Due with application \$25

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Cell Phone: _____ Home Phone: _____

Payment: Check: _____ Cash _____ Visa _____ MC _____

Acct. No. _____ Expires: _____ CIP: _____

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Email: _____

“all we want to do is hunt, and fish and talk about it”

Jokes



A balding, white haired man walked into a jewelry store this past

Friday evening with a beautiful much younger gal at his side. He

told the jeweler he was looking for a special ring for his girlfriend.

The jeweler looked through his stock and brought out a \$5,000 ring.

The man said, 'No, I'd like to see something more special.'

At that statement, the jeweler went to his special stock and brought

another ring over. 'Here's a stunning ring at only \$40,000the jeweler said.

The lady's eyes sparkled and her whole body trembled with excitement.

The old man seeing this said, 'We'll take it.'

The jeweler asked how payment would be made and the man stated,

'By check. I know you need to make sure my check is good, so I'll write it now and you can call the bank Monday to verify the funds; I'll pick the ring up Monday afternoon.'

On Monday morning, the jeweler angrily phoned the old man and said

'Sir...There's no money in that account.

"I know,' said the old man...'But let me tell you about my weekend.'

Not All Seniors Are Senile...

Know Your Audience Lawyers should never ask a Georgia grandma a question if they aren't prepared for the answer.

In a trial, a Southern small-town prosecuting attorney called his first witness, a grandmotherly, elderly woman to the stand. He approached her and asked, 'Mrs. Jones, do you know me?' She responded, 'Why, yes, I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a boy, and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you'll never amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you.'

The lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, 'Mrs. Jones, do you know the defense attorney?'

She again replied, 'Why yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone, and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him.'

The defense attorney nearly died.

The judge asked both counselors to approach the bench and, in a very quiet voice, said,

'If either of you idiots asks her if she knows me, I'll send you both to the electric chair.

The Stewardess Has My Crabs A doctor boarded an airplane in New Orleans with a box of frozen crabs and asked a blonde stewardess to take care of them for him. She took the box and promised to put it in the crew's refrigerator. He advised her that he was holding her personally responsible for them staying frozen, mentioning in an arrogant manner that he was a doctor and threatened what would happen to her if she let them thaw out.

Shortly before landing in New York, she used the intercom to announce to the entire cabin, "Would the doctor who gave me the crabs in New Orleans, please raise your hand?"

Not one hand went up... So she wisely took them home and had a nice dinner.

Moral of the story: Doctors aren't all smart and blondes aren't all easy!!!

I Had it all

I talked with a homeless man this morning and asked him how he ended up this way.

He said, "Up until last week, I still had it all.

I had plenty to eat, my clothes were washed and pressed,

I had a roof over my head,

I had HDTV and Internet, and I went to the gym, the pool, and the library.

I was working on my MBA on-line. I had no bills and no debt. I even had full medical benefits coverage.

I felt sorry for him, so I asked, "What happened? Drugs? Alcohol? Divorce?"

Oh no, nothing like that," he said. "

"Because of Corona virus, I was unexpectedly paroled".

A Russian Jew, was finally allowed to emigrate to Israel.

At Moscow airport, customs found a Lenin statue in his baggage and asked, "What is this?"

The man replied, "What is this? Wrong question comrade. You should have asked : Who is he? This is Comrade Lenin. He laid the foundations of socialism and created the future and prosperity of the Russian people. I am taking it with me as a memory of our dear hero."

The Russian customs officer let him go without further inspection.

At Tel Aviv airport, the Israeli customs officer also asked our friend, "What is this?"

He replied, "What is this? Wrong question, Sir. You should be asking, 'Who is this?' This is Lenin, the bastard who caused me, a Jew, to leave Russia. I take this statue with me so I can curse him every day."

The Israeli customs officer said, "I apologize, Sir, you are cleared to go"

Settling into his new house, he put the statue on a table. To celebrate his immigration, he invited his friends and relatives to dinner.

One of his friends asked, "Who is this?"

He replied, "My dear friend, 'Who is this' is a wrong question. You should have asked, What is this?"

This is ten kilograms of solid gold that I managed to bring with me without paying any customs duty and tax."

MORAL : Politics is when you can tell the same shit in different ways to fool different audiences, to allow you to look good in every way.

A good golf story.....

A nun walks into Mother Superior's office and plunks down into a chair. She lets out a sigh heavy with frustration.

'What troubles you, Sister?' asked the Mother Superior. 'I thought this was the day you spent with your family.'

'It was,' sighed the Sister. 'And I went to play golf with my brother. You know I was quite a talented golfer before I devoted my life to Christ.'

'I seem to recall that,' the Mother Superior agreed. 'So I take it your day of recreation was not relaxing?'

'Far from it,' snorted the Sister. 'In fact, I even took the Lord's name in vain today!'

Goodness, Sister!' gasped the Mother Superior, astonished. 'You must tell me all about it!'

'Well, we were on the fifth tee...and this hole is a monster, Mother Superior 540 yard Par 5, with a nasty dog leg left and a hidden Green... and I hit the drive of my life. I creamed it. The sweetest swing I ever made. And it's flying straight and true, right along the line I wanted... and it hits a bird in mid-flight!'

Oh my!' commiserated the Mother. 'How unfortunate! But surely that didn't make you blaspheme, Sister!'

'No, that wasn't it,' admitted Sister. 'While I was still trying to fathom what had happened, this squirrel runs out of the woods, grabs my ball and runs off down the fairway!'

'Oh, that would have made me blaspheme!' sympathized the Mother

'But I didn't, Mother!' sobbed the Sister. 'And I was so proud of myself! And while I was pondering whether this was a sign from God, this hawk swoops out of the sky and grabs the squirrel and flies off, with my ball still clutched in his paws!'

'So that's when you cursed,' said the Mother with a knowing smile.

'Nope, that wasn't it either,' cried the Sister, anguished, 'because as the hawk started to fly out of sight, the squirrel started struggling, and the hawk dropped him right there on the green, and the ball popped out of his paws and rolled to about 18 inches from the cup!'

Mother Superior sat back in her chair, folded her arms across her chest, fixed on the Sister with a baleful stare and said...

'You missed the fuckin' putt, didn't you?'