

## The Irish...

Six retired Irishmen were playing poker in O'Leary's apartment when Paddy Murphy loses \$500 on a single hand, clutches his chest, and drops dead at the table. Showing respect for their fallen brother, the other five continue playing standing up.

Michael O'Connor looks around and asks, 'Oh, me boys, someone got's to tell Paddy's wife. Who will it be?'



They draw straws. Paul Gallagher picks the short one. They tell him to be discreet, be gentle, don't make a bad situation any worse.

'Discreet??? I'm the most discreet Irishmen you'll ever meet. Discretion is me middle name. Leave it to

me.'

Gallagher goes over to Murphy's house and knocks on the door. Mrs. Murphy answers, and asks what he wants.



Gallagher declares, 'Your husband just lost \$500, and is afraid to come home.'

'Tell him to drop dead!', says Murphy's wife..

'I'll go tell him.' says Gallagher.

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Into a Belfast pub comes Paddy Murphy, looking like he'd just been run over by a train. His arm is in a sling, his nose is broken, his face is cut, and bruised, and he's walking with a limp.

'What happened to you?' asks Sean, the bartender.

'Michael O'Connor and me had a fight,' says Paddy.

'That little O'Connor,' says Sean, 'He couldn't do that to you, he must have had something in his hand.'

'That he did,' says Paddy, 'a shovel is what he had, and a terrible lickin' he gave me with it.'

'Well,' says Sean, 'you should have defended yourself. Didn't you have something in your hand?'

That I did,' said Paddy,

'Mrs. O'Connor's breast, and a thing of beauty it was; but useless in a fight.'



An Irishman who had a little too much to drink is driving home from the city one night and, of course, his car is weaving violently all over the road.

A cop pulls him over. 'So,' says the cop to the driver, 'where have ya been?'

'Why, I've been to the pub of course,' slurs the drunk.

'Well,' says the cop, 'it looks like you've had quite a few to drink this evening.'



'I did all right,' the drunk says with a smile.

'Did you know,' says the cop, standing straight, and folding his arms across his chest, 'that a few intersections back, your wife fell out of your car?'

'Oh, thank heavens,' sighs the drunk. 'for a minute there, I thought I'd gone deaf.'



Mary Clancy goes up to Father O'Grady after his Sunday morning service, and she's in tears.

He says, 'So what's bothering you, Mary my dear?'

She says, 'Oh, Father, I've got terrible news. My husband passed away last night.'

The priest says, 'Oh, Mary, that's terrible. Tell me, Mary, did he have any last requests?'

She says, 'That he did, Father.'

The priest says, 'What did he ask, Mary?'

She says,

'He said, Please Mary, put down that damn gun....'



A Mormon was seated next to an Irishman on a flight from London. After the plane was airborne, drink orders were taken. The Irishman asked for a whiskey, which was promptly brought and placed before him. The flight attendant then asked the Mormon if he would like a drink. He replied in disgust,

*"I'd rather be savagely raped by a dozen Irish whores than let liquor touch my lips."*

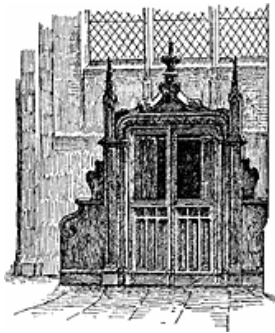
The Irishman then handed his drink back to the attendant and said,

*"Me, too, I didn't know we had a choice."*



### AND THE BEST FOR LAST . . .

A drunk staggers into a Catholic Church, enters a confessional booth, sits down, but says nothing.



The Priest coughs a few times to get his attention, but the drunk continues to sit there.

Finally, the Priest pounds three times on the wall.

The drunk mumbles,  
'Ain't no use knockin, there's no paper on this side either.