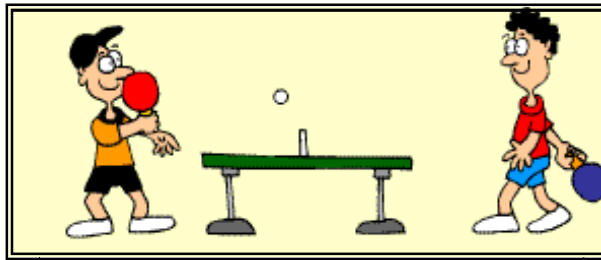


**September
2020**

Series 2



Web site: <http://www.tawatabletennis.org.nz>

WARNING!
A little
"risque"
content



Donation

Father O'Malley answers the phone. 'Hello, is this Father O'Malley?'

'It is!'

'This is the Taxation Department. Can you help us?'

'I'll try!'

'Do you know a Ted Houlihan?'

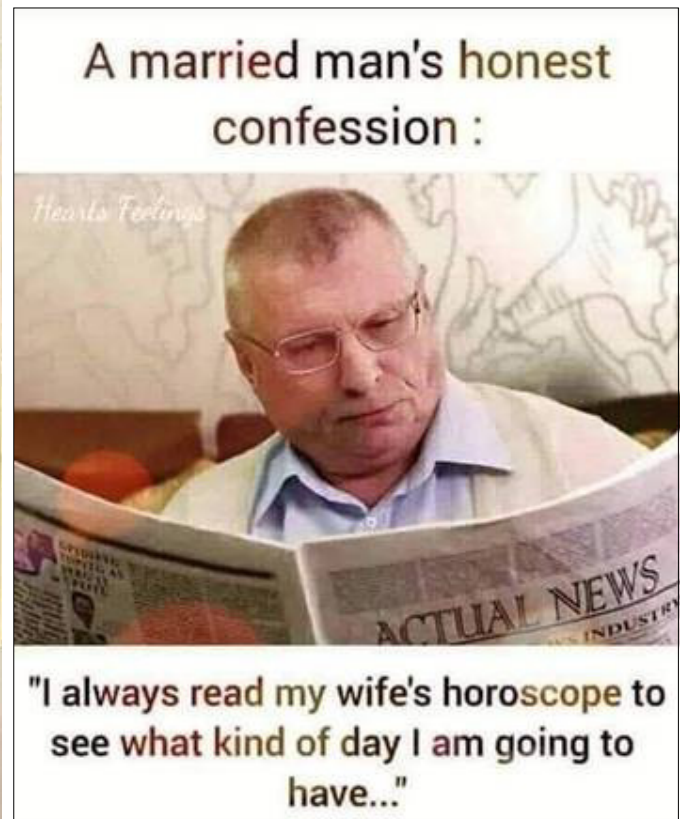
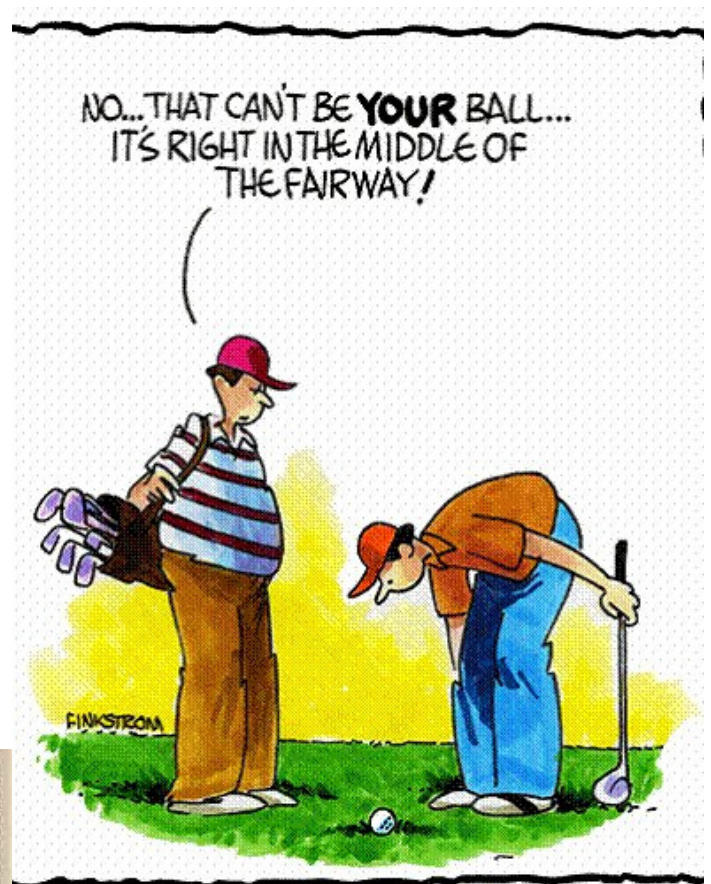
'I do!'

'Is he a member of your congregation?'

'He is!'

'Did he donate \$10,000 to the church?'

'He will!'



Reliever

Girl: 'When we get married, I want to share all your worries and troubles and lighten your burden.'

Boy: 'It's very kind of you, darling, but I don't have any worries or troubles.'

Girl: 'Well, that's because we aren't married yet.'

... the faster we run, the slower we seem to go ...

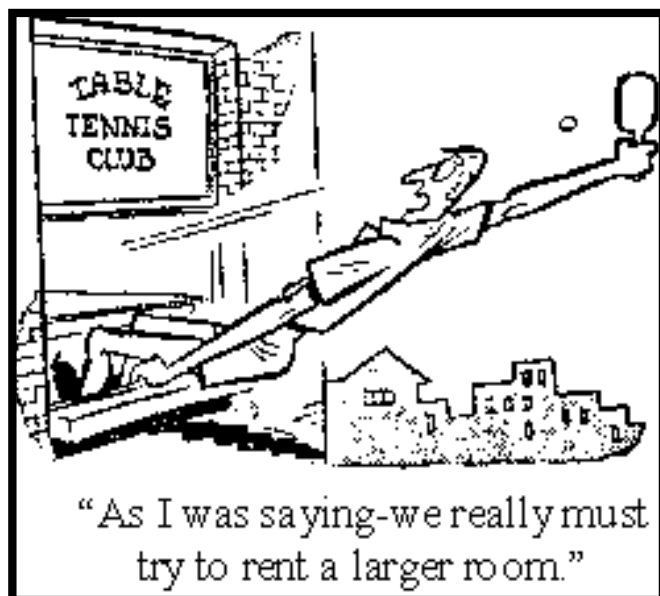
We trained hard ... but it seemed that every time we were beginning to form up into teams we would be reorganised ... I was to learn later in life that we tend to meet any new situation by reorganising; and a wonderful method it can be for creating the illusion of progress while producing confusion, inefficiency and demoralisation.

- Petronius; 210 B.C

TABLE TENNIS

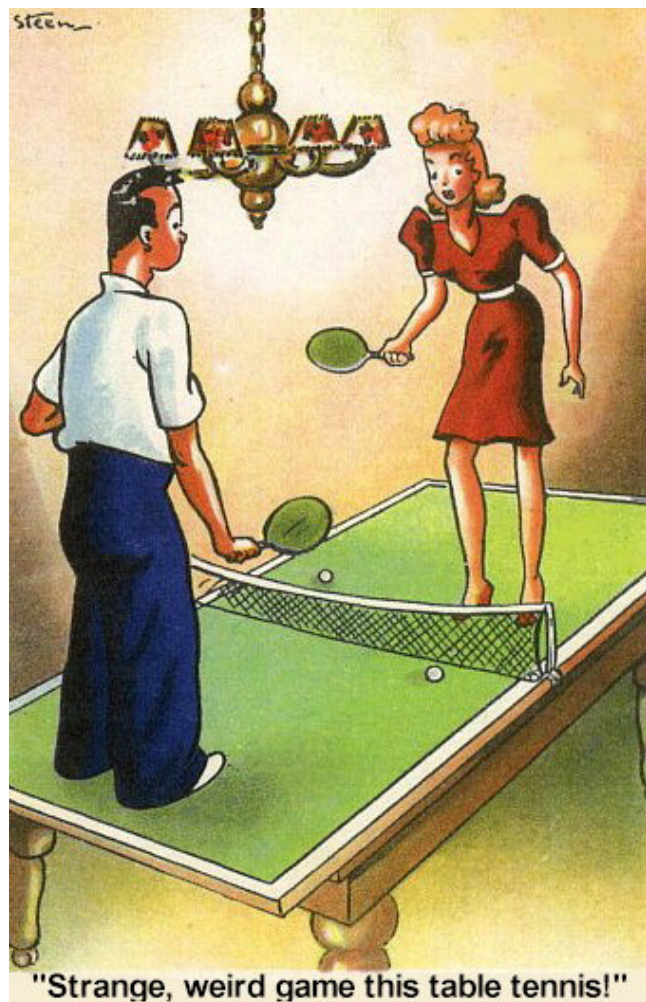


I endeavoured to learn how to loop,
I became the best one in my group,
When out of the crop,
Came a guy who could chop,
And into the net my shots drop.



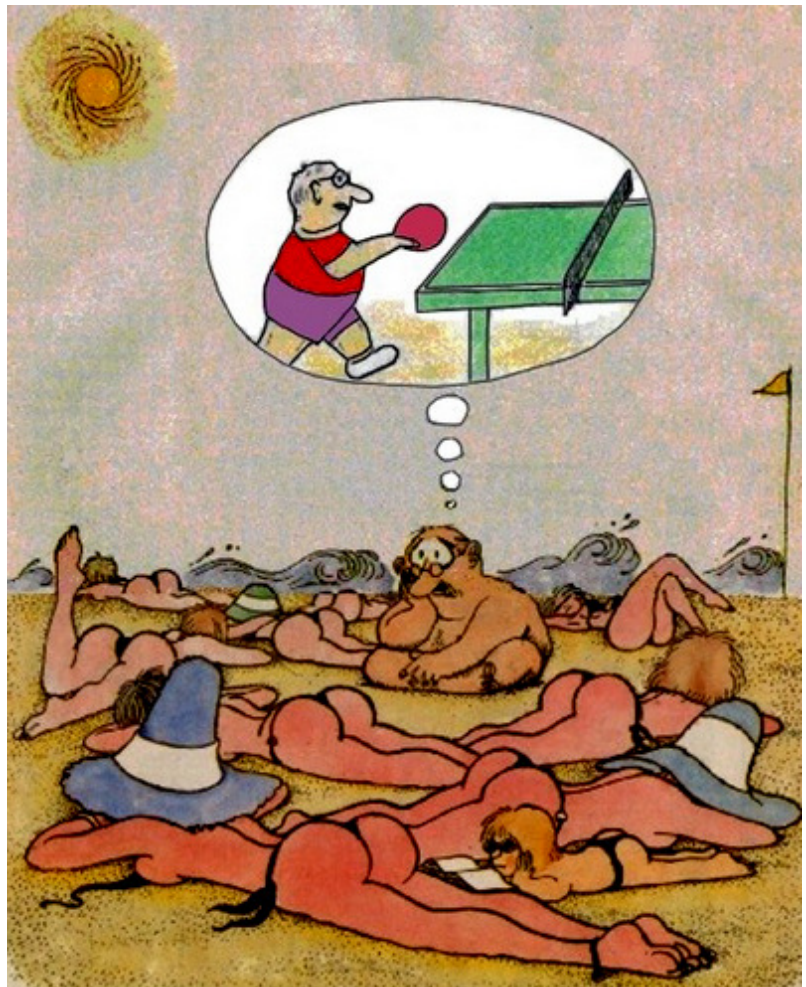
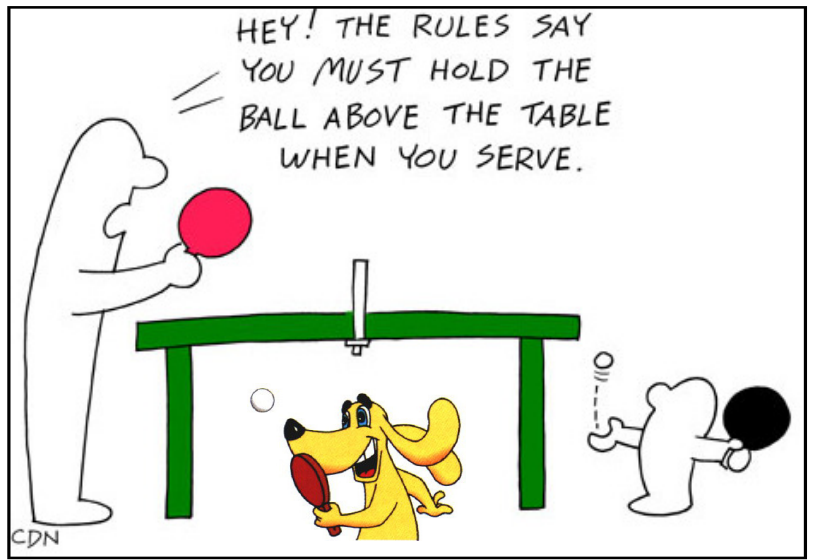
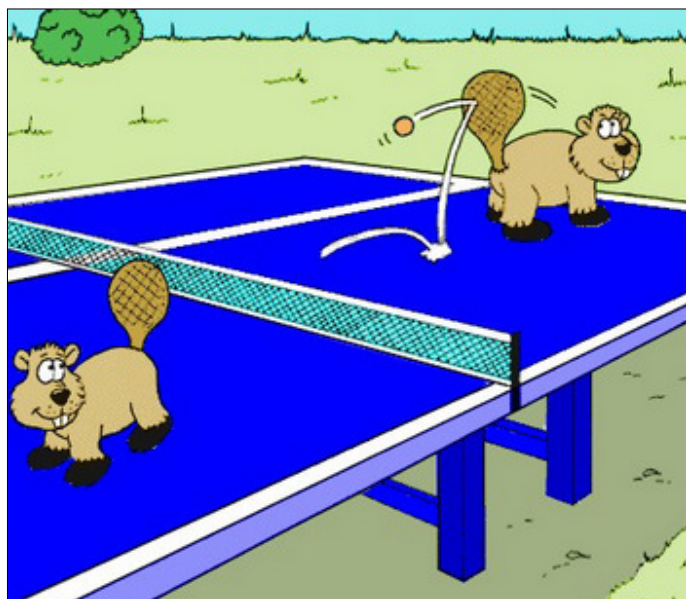
I glue up my paddle each day,
In a very precise, exact way.
As I watch the sponge dry,
I sniff glue till I'm high,
And I often forget to go play.

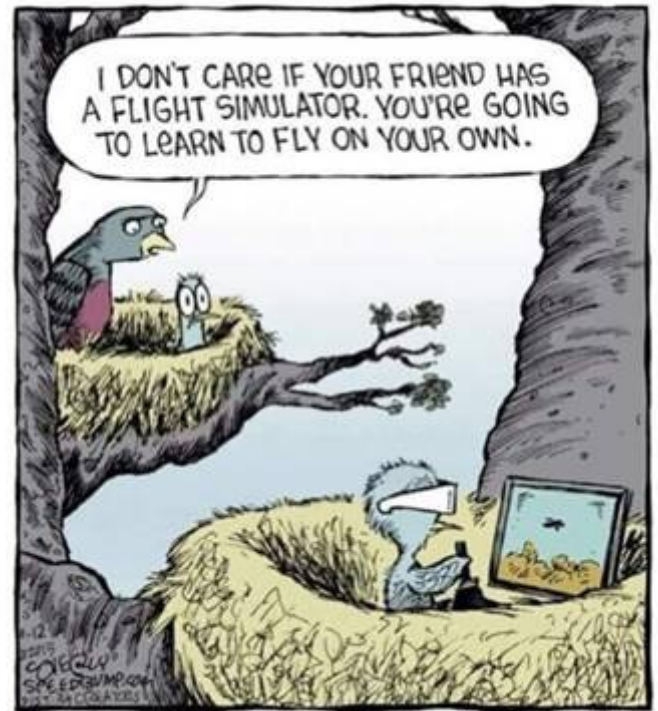
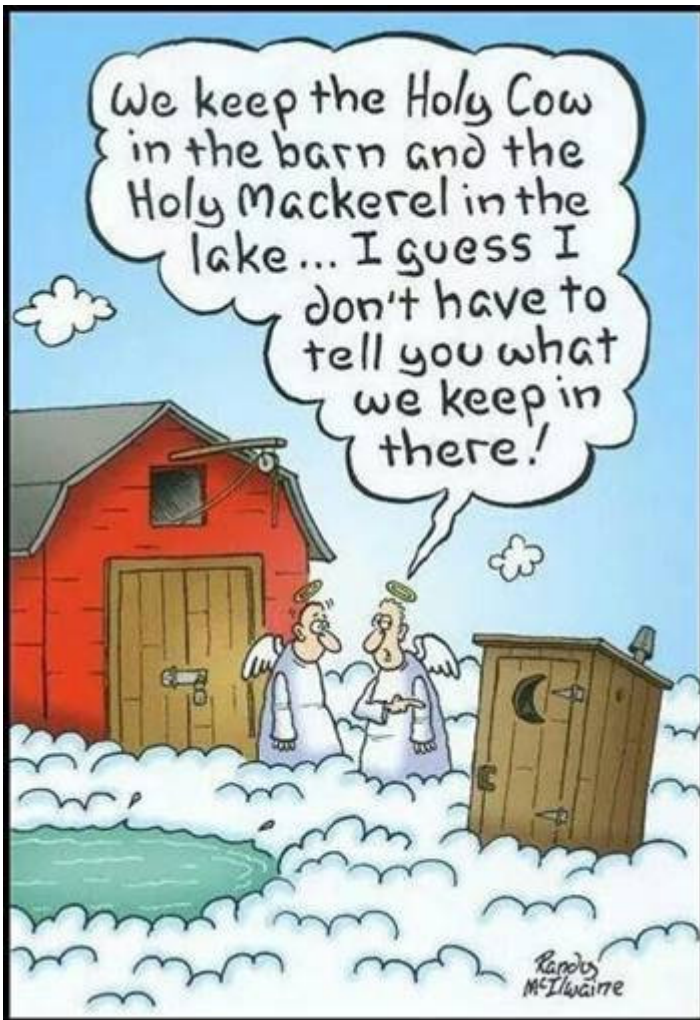
D Elliott (Minnesota USA)





DEAR DIARY
GAVE UP TABLE TENNIS.





Gallagher opened the morning newspaper and was dumb-founded to read in the obituary column 20 that he had died. He quickly phoned his best friend, Finney.

'Did you see the paper?' asked Gallagher. 'They say I died!!'

'Yes, I saw it!' replied Finney. 'Where are ye callin' from?'

My daughter suggested I get the names of my children tattooed on my body. I told her I already did... they're called stretch marks.



Son: 'Mum, when I was on the bus with Dad this morning, he told me to give up my seat to a lady.'

Mum: 'Well, you have done the right thing.'

Son: 'But mum, I was sitting on Daddy's lap.'

If you come into the store without a mask, we will have to take your temperature!

P.S. We only have rectal Thermometers!



Did you know?



Line dancing was started by women waiting to use the bathroom.

Brothel Trip

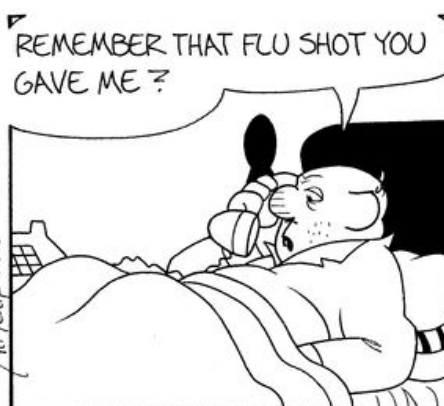
An elderly man goes into a brothel and tells the madam he would like a young girl for the night. Surprised, she looks at the ancient man and asks how old he is.

'I'm 90 years old,' he says.

'90?' replies the woman. 'Don't you realize that you've had it?'

'Oh, sorry,' says the old man. 'How much do I owe you?'

To me "drink responsibly" means don't spill it.





Father Murphy walks into a pub in Donegal, and asks the first man he meets, 'Do you want to go to heaven?'

The man said, 'I do, Father.'

The priest said, 'Then stand over there against the wall.'

Then the priest asked the second man, 'Do you want to go to heaven?'

'Certainly, Father,' the man replied.

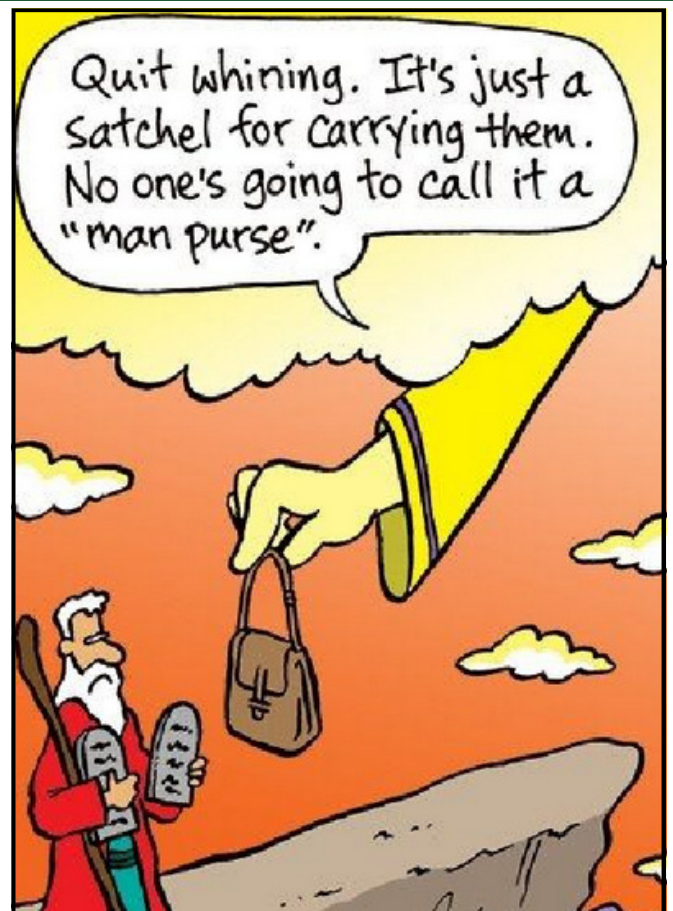
'Then stand over there against the wall,' said the priest.

Then Father Murphy walked up to O'Toole and asked, 'Do you want to go to heaven?'

O'Toole said, 'No, I don't Father.'

The priest said, 'I don't believe this. You mean to tell me that when you die you don't want to go to heaven?'

O'Toole said, 'Oh, when I die, yes. I thought you were getting a group together to go right now.'



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After a tiring day, a commuter settled down in her seat and closed her eyes.

As the train rolled out of the station, the guy sitting next to her pulled out his cell phone and started talking in a loud voice:

"Hi sweetheart. It's Eric. I'm on the train".

"Yes, I know it's the six thirty and not the four thirty, but I had a long meeting". "No, honey, not with that blonde from the accounts office. It was with the boss". "No sweetheart, you're the only one in my life". "Yes, I'm sure, cross my heart"

Fifteen minutes later, he was still talking loudly.

When the young woman sitting next to him had enough, she leaned over and said into the phone, "Eric, hang up the phone and come back to bed."

Eric doesn't use his cell phone in public any longer.



It was a hot Saturday evening in the summer of 1963 and Fred had a date with Peggy Sue.

He arrived at her house and rang the bell.

"Oh, come on in!" Peggy Sue's mother said as she welcomed Fred in.

"So, what are you and Peggy planning to do tonight?" she asked.

"Oh, probably go dancing, and then maybe grab a bite to eat at the malt shop, maybe take a walk on the beach..."

"Peggy likes to screw, you know," Mom informed him.

"Is that so?" asked Fred, incredulous.

"Yes," said the mother. "As a matter of fact, she'd screw all night if we let her!"

"Well, thanks for the tip," Fred said as he began thinking about alternate plans for the evening.

"Have fun, kids", the mother said as they left.

Half an hour later, a completely disheveled Peggy Sue burst into the house and slammed the front door behind her.

It's "The TWIST", Mom!" she angrily yelled at her mother.

"THE DAMN DANCE IS CALLED THE TWIST!"



T Shirt row

