

ANNANDALE SPEAKERS

President **Sandy Grant** warmly welcomed a healthy gathering of slowly ageing “males of the parish” on a bitterly cold night to take part in a lively meeting with a distinctly European flavour. **Ian Sloan** took on the persona of a continental ringmaster in his role as Mr Speaker, with a comical franglais voice, which helped relax the oncoming speakers. (DUTCH COURAGE) was **Bobby Smith**`s challenge where he sparked memories of “Workers Playtime” and surprised us all by professing a love of traditional jazz and swing. His attempts, he said, at playing the harmonica were likened to the noise from a power saw. **John Cannon** (FRENCH CONNECTION) said he was a “dunderheid” at school but enjoyed conversational French. That was his intro into facts and figures about his real knowledge, that of the rights and wrongs of importing French cattle and the imbibing of French vino collapse. **David Hudson** (RUSSIAN ROULETTE) explained that it was a simple game, where the odds were peculiarly better than 5:1. He gave us a potted history of muskets and the long bow, saying it was quite difficult to kill yourself with a long bow, and then explained how it

could be done. **George Gilhooly** reminded us that Eric Williams was an alumnus of Annandale Speakers who gave the club good reason to raise a glass in his name, which we did. **Ken Morland** (TOPICS), whose bark is worse than his bite, dished out nuggets of topical interest that were ably addressed by **George Gilhooly, Phil Kenyon, Ronnie Callander GPO, Michael Dickie and John Reid**. Tale teller extraordinaire **Sandy Scott**(IRISH EYES ARE SMILING) regaled the lads with various trips across the Irish Sea for glorious sun kissed fishing holidays and to sell water to the locals who were sometimes wreaking drunk. (ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME) was the topic of **Allan Collins**, which his research led him to the fact that there are conurbations all over the globe rejoicing in the name of Rome, most of which have highways with better road surfaces that can be found North of Carlisle. In the witness box, before his significant birthday, **Alistair Stevenson** told us about (ARABIAN NIGHTS) Alistair warned those of us with nervous dispositions to turn off our hearing aids as he regaled us with 1001 Nights, tales by Scherehcazade the Persian Queen, which “chopped off” the evening very nicely. The Critic

warned the club of unnecessary and excessive
adjectivity, but found none.