

FCC Haggis Supper 5th Feb 2011

Toast to the Lassies by Russell Kelly

Ladies and gentlemen I am here tonight to toast the lassies.

We boaters are often accused of paying more attention to and loving our boats more than we do our women.

Well I am not obsessed by boats and tonight this speech is dedicated to the fairer sex and will not mention boats at all. I will be talking about our fair wives, girlfriends and on some cases lovers.

Ones with glorious names like *Louise, Annabel, Meggie* and *Katie*; - *Mor* names will no doubt come to mind to the rest of you.

So am going to make **No** mention of boats at all tonight.

When I speak of our ladies I don't want to be *Caurryhaundit*, in fact I wish to be an *Adventurer* and want it *Crystal Clear* that I am going to have *Fyne Thyme* extolling the virtues of our ladies and state *Point Blank* that there will be no mention of any boats.

Ah the fairer sex. In the sixties and seventies my recollection is that on the TV they called them birds. I love the little mud *Skipper* but my favourite bird is the *Osprey*, a beautiful bird that dares to *Adventure Forth* and in doing so becomes an *Island Wanderer* and you can hear them calling high in the sky – "*Jacarah, Jacarah*". Until they dive into the lochs and steal their prize like the *Smuggler of Rhu*.

Still I diverge - I am I know I am a bit of a *Maverick* - I get far too serious - I want to be a *Merrymaker II*.

Marriage as we know is a *Joint Venture* full of *Magic Moments* - it's not the case of one partner being *In Charge* or one getting *One Up* on the other.

The woman in the partnership knows that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach - good food and drink. As you can tell by the shape of me I like beer. There is nothing like a good pint of *Stella - Maris* piper potatoes are quite good as well.

There are a *Lottie* different kind of women in our lives none of them dinghy. There are some in the *Twilight* of their years; a lovely *Silver Girl* here and there and as *John Boy* here might say "*Sacre Bleu* what a beautiful bunch o lassies".

Being in their company tonight must be like being in *Valhalla* itself. Anyone who decries our girls will have to look out for the sharp point of my *Broadsword*.

Well Gentlemen look to the Westerly or to the east, look in a Mirror, look with one of these new fancy Laser things and I think you will agree our ladies are second to none.

Well I hope that I have not opened a *Pandoras Box* tonight. It's not been a *Breeze* but hope that I have done so with some *Panache*. Then the question is - can I speak about our ladies without talking about boats. *Yvana* poor soul like me would say I *Shere Khan*.

Whoops!

Any way I would now like to toast our lassies so gentlemen will you please charge your glasses with *Strongbow* cider or *Armagnac* or any other drink and toast the lassies.

Gentlemen, the lassies.