

The Guizer Jarl hereby decrees that Guizers will report at Burnside at 6.30 p.m. to receive their torches. Procession starts at 7 p.m. Course southerly.

We regret that our longship will be unable to berth at Cullivoe Pier because it is not yet in the bag which is still waving in the breeze. **We are not however wearing W.R.Y. faces.**

Those driving to the starting point are advised not to **brake**, turn or loiter as only one type of machine is permitted **to operate here.**

When our crew took on board water from Cullivoe scheme they found insects, eels, and **things we will not name.**

Any flitman or other stevedore requiring refreshments **is advised to drink "Angus's" "gin sling."**

Oh for the love of **Pete** watch out
For bailiffs who protect the trout.
That they have **guts** is **cheering** news
For those who ply the rod and line
And **tink** a **stern** attack and ruse
Will break Sell-a-firth - **Camb** line,
Destroying hovie net and otter
Carried at **dead** of **night** by **Rover.**

In order not to be mistaken for a country roadman no guizers are permitted to smoke during the procession. If do does "Dou'll" be batoned and put in the cooler.

Folk ask about the Sputnik scare
And what's the latest noo;
But the burning question seems to be
Will the **grid** trap wir sholmit **coo.**

The lobsters here are funny fish,
They are often out of reach;
They run around the whalerie Skerries
And sometimes up the beach

Aless, aless, wir **Gibbie's dess**
Wi da wind did tare;
There wis a **Mansie Hedgehog** sleepin soond,
I tink it wis upstairs.

When our **butcher** left for Cullivoe
With a basin of tasty **mi(n)ce**
Little did he think

They would get buried in the **ice**.
Do not make a noise as you pass terrace, but ring a **bell**
peeling out **A**nother person's errors.

Among this mob we have a driver,
He's on the road each day;
We hope he'll find another
As good as "**Doris Day**."

Wanderers with scars on their faces must think there are
more **M**orefields than **G**oldfields.
Doleing **on** rigging up galleys **J**ust is fun.
Crofts lying idle are somet**H**ing **A**'body a**R**e trying s**L**owly
to do someth**I**ng about w**E** hope.

Some people th**I**nk that when they pull down a s**M**all
boat to get fish off a seine netter that **P**erhaps the boat i**S**
ready, but **I****O** and behold they fi**N**d that dungaree jacket could
save the situation.

We are not joking when we order no flowers as our ship
goes to her Valhalla; we hear they can run up heavy bills.

Defacers of our Bill will be Raw-tered and carried off to Unst by one of our Vikings.

By order and uder the seal of the Guizer Jarl.