

PROCLAMATION 1969

We are glad to see you here and wish you all
The very best of cheer
Regattas are good. Burns' suppers braw, but
There's nothing to beat Cullivoe Up-Helly-Aa.

Will guizers please note that in CAse THEy
Leave the road make sure they have the RIGHT
Of WAY and don't go BREAKIN any laws which
Could LAND COURTING couples in trouble.

NORTH YELL NURSERY RYHMES

Said little boy blue
Come blow up my bag
Whether do's in a VICTOR
Or do's in a JAG
Da CRYSTALS are GREEN
Do's nearly asleep
For da next TWAL
MONTHS
Do'll drive naethin' but
sheep.

Twinkle twinkle, little
LIGHT
How I hope they've WIRED
you RIGHT
Tak my advice, do nothing
silly
Bit had you on ta your aald
TILLEY.

? ? THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ? ?

1. Did the boys buy some cheap whisky so as to WINSOME new friends?
2. Has CARL talked TURKEY yet?
- 3 Are they really building a CAR FERRY to WESTATIRTH?
4. Did LAURENCE try to drown his sorrow in JAMIE'S WATER BARREL?
4. Now there's no minister will SPENCE & ANDERSON help us to SEE THE LIGHT?

The great MATRIMONIAL battle was just about to begin
The sergeant said to his troops this is one the WHITE man must win,
Make sure there's no SPIES in the company security musn't be slack,
But inspection revealed a calamity, two of their PRIVATES were BLACK:
They slipped through all the defences, the SEARCH went on ALL NIGHT.
But the culprits had holed up in AYWICK and Gave themselves up in broad daylight.

BARN DANCE BLUES

Cold was their feet.
Blue was their noses.
The PEAT ROAD for a
bED.
Is no GARDen of ROSEs

TOURISM

The TOURIST TRADE is
booming.
CAMPING SITES are free.
Altho' the CARAVAN has
gone,
There's still a place to P!

He balled his jacket in da neuk and then began ta jig.
He never missed it, till he felt, da cauld wind on his rig.
Ah Boys! hE sair thRough ChaTterIng tEeth although we hae
wir bits o' strife
It's times laek dis we really do, appreciate the wife.

LOCAL LIMERICKS

There was a young fellow
from Gutcher
Who didn't think much of
his future
He gave up the boat
And bought a white coat
And set himself up as a butcher.

Some cars die a natural
And some of broken springs
Poor RONALD'S car she
tried to fly
An so he CLYPTER wings.

A lady weighing many an oz
On poor, peerie JOHN did poz,
His WHISKER came aff
It was truly a laugh
But his language I darena
pronoz.

Said the minister visiting
"BREAKON"
Our leave of you soon we'll be taking
To start a new life
With the dog and the wife
For we'll no get our daughter I reckon.

It you think you need a bit of land, or a croft or two.
Take my advise, I will tell you what to do.
Write a lengthy letter, tell the Commission all.
They will hold a hearing, in the Public Hall.

In case you are wondering why we haven't mentioned the
Cullivoe Pier - - - - what pier?

Defacers of our Bill will be tied to a DREDGING PLATFORM
and left STRANDED until the crabs get them or JOHN
LAWRIE doesn't get them first.

By order and under seal of the Guizer Jarl