

THE GUINEA PIG ANTHEM

We are McIndoe's army,
We are his Guinea Pigs.
With dermatomes and pedicles,
Glass eyes, false teeth and wigs.
And when we get our discharge
We'll shout with all our might :
"Per ardua ad astra."
We'd rather drink than fight.

John Hunter runs the gas works,
Ross Tilley wields a knife.
And if they are not careful
They'll have your flaming life.
So, Guinea Pigs, stand steady
For all your surgeons' calls :
And if their hands aren't steady
They'll whip off both your ears.

We've had some mad Australians,
Some French, some Czechs, some Poles.
We've even had some Yankees,
God bless their precious souls.
While as for the Canadians—
Ah! That's a different thing.
They couldn't stand our accent
And built a separate Wing.

We are McIndoe's army,
(*As first verse*).



The Guinea Pig Club Annual Dinner

Saturday, Sept. 22nd, 1979

THE COPTHORNE HOTEL
CRAWLEY



Adams

TOASTS

THE QUEEN

THE PRESIDENT
Proposed by THE CHIEF GUINEA PIG

ARCHIE, JOHN AND JILL, AND OTHER
ABSENT FRIENDS
Proposed by THE CHIEF GUINEA PIG

THE CLUB
Proposed by THE CHIEF GUINEA PIG

REPLY TO THE TOAST OF THE CLUB
Guinea Pig SAM GALLOP

THE GUESTS
Proposed by Guinea Pig BOB CHITHAM

REPLY TO THE TOASTS OF THE GUESTS
ROY KENDRICK, Esq., O.B.E., D.F.C.

MENU

Cream of Cauliflower Soup

Roast Rib of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding
Roast potatoes, Sliced Green Beans,
Buttered Carrots.

Chocolate Choux Buns with a
Peach Cream Filling

Coffee