

LIGNY-EN-BARRO'S, FRANCE.

WE PASSED UNDER THIS ARCH ON WAY TO PERSHING'S REVIEW. REMEMBER?

FOURTH ANNUAL MESS CALL OF Battery "D" 129th Field Artillery

Camp Doniphan, Okla., 1918

Courcemont, France, 1919

Kansas City, Muehlebach Hotel, 1920

Elks Club, 1921

ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET

VOSGES

MEUSE ARGONNE

ST. MIHIEL

VERDUN

PROGRAM-

Father Tiernan—For the morals of the gang.

Little Jimmy Pendergast—Who takes subscriptions for the Star.

Col. Marvin Gates—Trials and tribulations of an Aider- man.

Clery M. Detling—Our divorce lawyer.

John Pendency—Tom's pride and joy on permanent "Rest Camps."

Capt. Truman—Shirts, Socks, Checks and Hootch.

Major John L. Miles—How to be a Republican Marshall in a Democratic County.

Tommy Murphy—Our ex-pug, now a matinee idol.

Walter Teasley—Formerly directed traffic from 104 West 12th.

Jack Naulty—On population.

Major Chas. E. Wilson—Shut your mouth and say "Ah!"

Ed. Meisburger—He wined her, he dined her, and motored her till 2 a. m., and didn't even hold her hand; she's a nice girl.

Major John H. Thacher—Speaker of the evening.

Grub

LINE UP FALL IN

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

This soup guaranteed not to contain any army issue socks or underwear.

## GRAPE FRUIT

Do not air line.

## STEAK

Same brand used by the Officers in the late war.

POTATOES AU GRATIN The dread of the Kitchen Police.

## CREAMED CAULIFLOWER

A small issue of syrup will be served if desired.

## ICE CREAM AND ASSORTED CAKE

Seconds furnished for "Cake Eaters." COFFEE, TEA or MILK

For those who entered this shin-dig without a perscription.

## PUNCH

Made famous by prohibition.

Account of the Food Shortage 2d Lt. William (Aiming Point) Smith will make his usual inspection.

HAIL! HAIL!

Hail! Hail!

The gang's all here.

What the hell do we care What the hell do we care Hail! Hail!

The gang's all here.

What the hell do we care, now.

## ARTILLERY SONG (Caisson Song)

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail.

And our Caissons go rolling along.

In and out, hear them shout, counter march and right about

And the Caissons go rolling along.

Chorus.

Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the field artillery.

Shout out your numbers loud and strong.

Where e'er you go, you will always know,

That the Caissons are rolling along (Keep them rolling)

And those caissons go rolling along.

In the store in the night, action left or action right, See the Caissons go rolling along.  
Limber front, limber rear, prepare to mount your commoneer,  
And the Caissons go rolling along.

Chorus.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be for-got,  
And days of auld lang syne?  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne, we'll take' a cup o' kind-ness yet, for auld lang syne.

MADOLON

(Melody: "Quand Madelon")

When Madelon comes tripping to our table,  
We boldly pluck her skirt as she goes by;  
And each one invents a pretty fable,  
Told to win her on the sly.  
Our Madelon is not a surly beauty,  
So, when we chuck her chin to lead her on,  
She just laughs, and feels she's done her duty— Madelon—Madelon—Madelon!  
Echelon, a life of ease and comfort At the front they're fighting in the mud Echelon, the  
German shells are breaking Not every one's a dud.  
Echelon, the cook's fill up your belly  
Not willy morning, noon and night and day,  
Echelon, the Soldiers dream of Heaven Echelon, Echelon, Echelon.

COUSIN MAXIE

(To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

The Second Battalion Detail was on the Argonne Front, Our Gas Sergeant's name was  
Cousin Maxie;  
One night we heard the Gas Guard running 'round and 'round  
Shouting "Where in Hell is Cousin Maxie?"

Chorus.

There's gas Cousin Maxie,

There's gas in the air.

There's gas in the valley,

There's gas most everywhere;

Oh! go out and take a sniff For I think I got a whiff:

Grind out the Claxon, Cousin Maxie.

We were laying in the dug-out, fifty feet below the ground,

Dealing the cards to Cousin Maxie.

OH! the shells began to roar and of pep we had no more; From the dug-out we would  
blunder.

Chorus.

"There's no gas Major,

There's no gas in the air."

"Are you sure, Cousin Maxie Are you sure, the gas is clear?"

Says Cousin Maxie " 'Twas a frog Who was defecating here,

Turn out the Sanitation Detail."

Lest We Forget

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ELMER WICKLINE          HARRY DABNER

ADOLPH ANDERSON      FRANCIS CONBOY

WILLIAM ROGERSON      LEO. P. KEENAN

"Take up our quarrel with the foe,

To you from falling hands we throw the torch,

Be yours to hold it high

if ye break faith with us who die

We shall not sleep

Though Poppies grow

In Flanders' Fields."