



LIGNY-EN-BARRÔIS
FRANCE.

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





FOURTH ANNUAL MESS CALL



OF

Battery "D" 129th Field Artillery

S Camp Doniphan, Okla., 1918
 COURCEMONT, France, 1919
 KANSAS CITY, Muehlebach

Hotel, 1920

Elks Club, 1921

ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET

V O S G E
 E N N E
 S O N N E
 U R G
 E R
 M A

S T M I H I E L
 V E R D U N

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 Alderman.
 Clery M. Detling—Our divorce lawyer.
 John Pandy—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 skin-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 com-
moneer,
And the Caissons go rolling along.

Chorus.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be for-got,
And ney-er 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

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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."