
Battery F
158th Field Artillery



Banquet and Ball
Kingfisher Hotel



February 13th, 1926



ROSTER BATTERY F, 158 F. A.

Capt. M. D. Woodworth, Commanding
 Gordon C. Rupe, 1st Lt. Marion R. Smith, 2nd Lt.
 1st Lt. John W. Beck, D. O. L. Instructor
 Staff Sgt. Chas. E. Tompkins, D. E. M. L. Asst. Instructor
 Geo. W. Evans, 1st Sgt.

Sergeants:

Worth W. Collins
 Orley G. Hodges
 Gerfinn R. Starr
 Van L. Ogden
 Roy A. Collins

Corporals:

Charles E. Marley
 Ernest Culbertson
 LeRoy Dunkleburger
 Harold Coshaw
 Clarence Leighton
 Percy O. Shaw

Privates 1st Class:

Joyce B. Andrews
 Arlie D. Bobbit
 Frank Bushey, Jr.
 Raymond C. Beck
 Patrick Filbin
 Raymond C. Halliday
 William F. Kimer
 Lloyd F. Pierson
 Rollo A. Rogers
 Joe F. Rehmann
 John W. Skaler
 Charles E. Smith
 Lester C. Starr
 Calvin L. Waggener

Privates:

Joe S. Armstrong
 Wilfred Ball
 Richard I. Ball
 Russell H. Brumley
 Rutze O. Brandes
 Dalmer Bates
 George Cornett
 Robert S. Duggan
 Geogre Emmons
 Lawrence Elder
 John F. Fields
 Carl O. Flint
 Lee W. Hollaway
 Emory B. Hancock
 Walter Hampton
 Alfred Johnson
 Alfa Johnson
 Leon J. Kimer
 Merle E. Leighton
 Leland N. Musick
 Bill McCartney
 Calvin L. McCulley
 Harvey O'Brien
 Clyde O. Privotti
 Harry T. Riley
 Elmer C. Redifer
 Emil Stanley
 John M. Snethen
 John W. Spradlin
 Frederick H. Thoms
 Irvin J. Wedertz



DINNER

FRUIT COCKTAIL

CREAMED CHICKEN ON TOAST

SNOWFLAKE POTATOES

GREEN PEAS A LA TOMBLES

PIMENTO CREAM SLAW

PARADISE PUDDING

HOT ROLLS AND BUTTER

DESSERT

COCOANUT CREAM PIE

COFFEE





CAISSON SONG

Over hill, over dale, when we hit that dusty trail
Keep those caissons arolling along,
In and out, hear them shout, counter-march and right
about,
Keep those caissons arolling along.

Chorus:

It's Hip! Hi! Hee! for the Field Artillery.
Shout out your numbers loud and strong, 1—2—
So where e'er you go, you will always know
That those caissons go rolling along.

Action front, action rear, take your post, cannoneer,
Keep those caissons arolling along.
That was high, that was low, where the hell did that one
go,
Keep those caissons arolling along.

Chorus

Move it over 20 right, that one hit clear out of sight,
Level your bubble good and true.
There's an infantry ahead, underneath a rain of lead,
So, Gunner, it's all up to you.

Chorus

