

Dedicated to those who kept the home-fires burning, and to EMPLOYERS who offer the same old jobs, or better ones, to our returning heroes.

Our Service Flag Is No Red Rag,

or, Will Bill Get His? Bill Will,

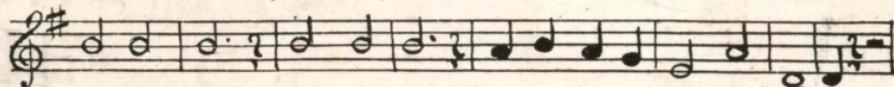
One Step.

(Make it in the right direction.)

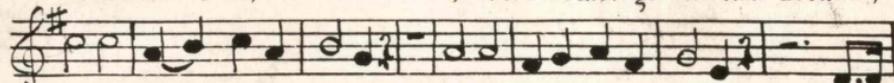
Words and Music by
"Dr. Smiles,"
Composer of "Come On!"
"Come Back, General Pershing,
&c., &c., &c."



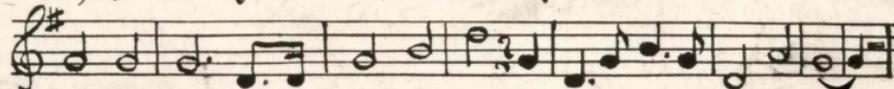
Wil-liam Brown, Of our town, Fell in love with Sar-ah Jones.....
Wil-liam worked, Nev-er shirked, For a bank-er in our town.....



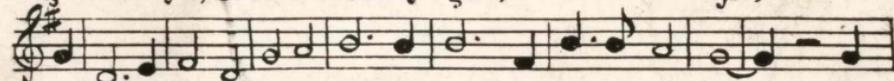
And each night, took de-light, Ask-ing her in plead-ing tones....,
And the boss, mourned his loss, When the draft got Wil-liam Brown....,



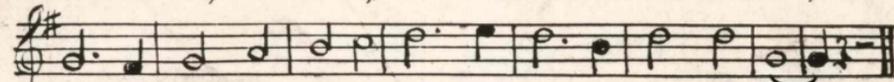
"Will you set the date to mar-ry," "Oh" said Sar-ah, let us tar-ry" Then a-
Bill, like 'ma-ry an-oth-er, Said "Good-bye" to home and moth-er, Sar-ah



long came war, Wil-liam's dream was o'er, (will Wil-lie get his (girl) back now...?
got Bill's job, Bill's a Na-vy "gob") (job)



Our Ser-vice Flag is no red rag, But stands for mem-o-ries dear....., As



each "Bill Brown" re-turns to town, He'll find he's wel-come here.....