

THE EPIC STORY OF THE FIGHTING FIRST.

An ancient wrinkled soldier man
With beard of yellow stain,
Went mooching thru' a city park
A-hobbling with a cane,
When up there tripped a lad and lass
A pretty buxom twain.

Then blithely spoke the little maid
'I pray thee sir' quoth she,
"What did you do in the great big war
They fought across the sea
Before we happened on this earth,
My cousin Jim and me?"

The ancient soldier's eye was bright
And pride was in his smile,
"Sure I will tell thee, pretty maid,
So rest ye here awhile,
For I am of the Fighting First,
The last man on the file."

The little maidens face was blank;
The lady a troubled frown,
"And what, Sir, was the Fighting First,
For it is not writ down
In any of the history books
We have in Boston town?"

"What! know ye not the Fighting First?"
The old man's voice was sad
"We were the first in far Valley
To strike the Deutsch, my lad,
We were the first to hear him shout
His warlike "Guerad"
Hay, hay, hay, hay, Cried out the maid,
Right there your mind's ailing;
My Grandfather was over there;
He's of the 26th;
And well I know they were the first,
The horrid Boche to fix.

"Aye that is true" spoke up the lad,
"For so tis written down,
As all can very plainly see
In volumes big and brown;
In every history book, in fact,
We have in Boston town."

A tremor shook the ancient man.
"Then, be ye wrong or right,
We were the ones to smash the Boche
In that Cantigny fight;"
The youth he slowly shook his head,
"I see you are not bright
For it was there my Grandfather
First clambered o'er the top
The gallant Forty-second lads
Came after skip and hop.

The ancient soldier wrung his beard,
A wild gleam in his eye,
"Across the field by Soissons,

We made the Germans fly."

(over)

"For my Grand-dad has a brother
And he's of wild-cal fame.
'Twas they who chased the fleeing Hun
Across the Soissons Plains.
Please don't josh us any further
You've got water on the brain."

The wrinkled soldier clawed his beard
He left that merry twain,
His rimy eye was glazed with pain,
He knew the First had never had
Any water on the brain

He sought him a professor wise
And thus his tale he told,
"Back from the front by grim Montsec,
I saw the Dutchmen rolled,
And in the hell of the Argonne woods
We taught them steel was cold.

From Argonne Woods to Beaumont town,
From Beaumont to Sedan,
The Fighting First, it was accurst
To all the German Clan.
Now, tell me, am I right or wrong
Ye wise professor man."

Ye wise professor took him down
A book of names and dates,
And, having turned the pages a'er
Said he, "This book by Yates,
Tells all about the Fighting First,
They never left the States."

D. J. J.
Bty. "D" 5th I.A.

THE OTHER BIRD.

When the other bird from the S.O.S.
Sits down to his steak and pie,
He proclaims his wrath with scorching tongue
And swears he'd rather die,
Than count out cans of monkey meat
And check off loaves of punk,
That he wants to fight and hit the gaff,
And a lot of other bunk,
He wears a good old campaign hat,
And a pair of russet dogs,
And has a little Mademoiselle
To share his dialogues.
While the man in arms contents himself
With a can of old corn bill.
He casually reads his undershirt,
For literature is nil.
He wears a Stetson made of tin,
His dogs weigh many a pound.
When night time comes he builds his "flop",
And turns it on the ground.

You read a lot of phony junk about Y.M.C.A.'s,
But for all the fun the fighter has,
You bet your six he pays.
Somebody gets down in "daree",
There's a "Y" there that's a bear,
But the front line troops don't benefit,
For the S.O.S. are there.
Up where the big boys scream and howl,
And there is gas and Hell and all,
They're a mite those rer triangle men,
Where your comrades fall,
Here we'll have to praise and say,
A kind word for a chap,
And he is the good old Red Cross man,
He goes up where they scrap.
He passes out all that he has,
And does it with a smile,
While the other bloke grasps for the frames,
Like a miser over his pile.

Back to the bird in the S.O.S.
With his sorry colorful plight,
Who really hates to count shoestrings,
And thinks he wants to fight.
I crave take the burning youths
By their soft and tender hands
And lead them to the scene of Hell,
That's bound by moral hands,
But it's too late now and they're going back
Those boys from the S.O.S.
They'll be the heroes from "over there"
And we'll stay till we rot, I guess.
They'll tell of how they drove the Hun
From the Marne to the river Vesle
While the man who actually bit the chunk
Are still reading A.E.F. mail.
They'll tell of how they took the heights
Of dizzy Montfaucon,
And in the siege of the Argonne wood,
Of how they carried on.
We'll occupy the Vaterland,
As we are doing now,
And eat that Chinese Army grub
Better known as "Raw Pin Chow".

Someday perhaps our scow will sail
 And take us cross the foam
 But the only thing to welcome us
 Will be the fact we're home.
 The cheering with welcome arms
 Who met our brave (?) S.O.S.
 Will be dispersed,
 And the passers by,
 Will say, "more of those birds, I guess",
 But we'll always know who stripped the Boche,
 And bridged the river Vesle
 Who reduced the salient of St. Mihiel
 And stormed the Argonne trail.
 The S.O.S. will spill their load
 And pull their their hero stuff,
 But when the fighting men come home,
 Say, watch us call their bluff.

Version

Darling I am coming back
 Silver threads among the black
 Now that peace in Europe nears
 I'll be home in seven years,
 I'll drop in on you some night,
 With my whiskers long and white,
 Yes the war is over dear,
 And we are coming home I hear
 Home with you again once more,
 Say by 1924,
 Once I thought by now I'd be,
 Sailing back across the sea.
 Back to where you sit and pine,
 But I'm headed for the Rhine
 You can hear old G-I curse
 War is Hell but peace is worse,
 When the next war comes around,
 In the front ranks I'll be found
 I'll rush in pell mell
 Yes I will like Hell.