

THE DISC IDENTITY

When I was born I got the name
Of Smith, Augustus John,
And when a soldier I became
And put my khaki on,
I felt as proud as Punch could be
When some old Sergeant said to me,
"You're now a separate entity,
And here's your DISC-identity."

When on a list he entered me,
My bosom swelled with pride.
"You're twenty-two, six, seven three,"
"Yes, Sergeant," I replied,
"When you become a casualtee,
You mustn't get mislaid, you see."
In order to prevent it, he
Numbered my DISC-identity.

He asked me if my Kirk was old,
Or if I was R. C.
I answered like a soldier bold,
That I was C. of E.
"I've got to know, my lad," said he,
"In case you have to buried be."
And just to show he meant it, he
Endorsed my DISC-identity.

And then I put it on a string,
And took it to my breast,
"Now stick to it like anything,"
The Sergeant made behest ;
"A prisoner immediatelee
Is shot on sight unless," said he,
"When called on to present it, he
Can show his DISC-identity."

And here in my dug-out I am
Enjoying M and V
And biscuits Army, Damson Jam,
And tea with S. R. D.
How sick those chaps at home must be,
Why couldn't they be brave like me?
A fellow's a nonentity
Without a DISC-identity.

R. M. E.

