

DIT = DALL

9 per Row
DIT

CO'S VIEW

JOURNAL AS FACTOR
MORALE OF UNIT

The first issue of "Dit-Dah" opens with a special message from the C.O., Major S.F. Allen:

"Being aware of the restrictions placed on a soldier as regards communicating directly or indirectly with the Press, it is with no little apprehension that I comply with the request of the Editor and contribute these few lines for the inaugural issue of the unit journal.

"I congratulate those who are responsible for its compilation and production. Their efforts are entirely altruistic and, I am sure, worthy of all good signalmen to hear. I hope their initial endeavours will be appreciated and their further efforts meet with a ready response from all ranks.

"May the journal be a true chronicle of our community life, a means of maintaining our morale in times of stress, and a permanent record of our illustrious (we hope) achievements.

"S.F. Allen, Major,
"O.C. 2 NZ Div. Sigs"

"DIT-DAH" ASKS
FOR YOUR SUPPORT

With the belief that a successful newspaper can go a long way in helping to build up the character and individuality of an army community, "Dit-Dah" makes its bow to you to-day.

Apart from the ideals of the thing, it's a lot of fun to run your own newspaper - a family affair, self-supporting and independent. You can help "Dit-Dah" grow and flourish by feeding it with raw material - no matter how raw. Think of it when something amusing or interesting happens, or try your hand at verse or prose, and drop your efforts, addressed to "Dit-Dah," into your company orderly tent. It doesn't matter if they are only rough suggestions; give us your support, we will do the rest.

Let's hope that this will be the first issue of a regular unit newspaper - the journal of Second Signal Battalion Signals.

SIGNALS RAT HUNT

FARGUS MONSTER
IS OUTMONSTERED

Excitement reigned in No.1 Coy's lines last evening (reports a special correspondent) when a "rat" party under L/Cpl A.A. Smith made a well-planned encircling movement on an alleged rat in Sjt. B.C. Fargus' tent.

The monster, measuring fully an inch in its greatest dimension, was baffled by the taunts and yells of "Ack-Ack" and company and took refuge under the floorboards. Willing volunteers were soon forthcoming, advanced bravely and, with trouser legs held gingerly, lifted the floor section by section.

Trembling with fear and rage, the monster howled defiance at the mob. A storm of boulders crashed down, but, as the range record has shown, very few marksmen are among those present. The "rat" escaped and fled to a sanctuary in the arms (figuratively speaking) of C.Q.M.S. Ben Walters, who hailed it as a brother (still figuratively speaking, of course) and suffered no man to come nigh to it.

It is understood that the SPCA, giving him the benefit of the doubt as to whether it was the rat or the tent that he was protecting, intends to mention the CQMS in despatches. Owing to lack of space the obituaries of Sjt. Fargus' gear and the rat may (or may not) be published at a later date.

LET'S MEET THE LAST
OF THE C.S.M.'S

Overnight, the tribe of company serjeant-majors in Div. Sigs. has dwindled almost entirely away. Only one is left to-day - and let's meet "The Last of the C.S.M.'s."

When he's not in the Army, S.M. Alec T. ("Sandy") McNab is a mechanic in the Courtenay Place (Wn) Exchange. But he wears the uniform like an old soldier, which is only natural, since this week marked the end of his first ten and a half years in Signals. He has even found time for married life, and has a bonny daughter whose first birthday was celebrated a few weeks ago.

And don't be too hard on the C.S.M. when the week-end fatigue lists come. They can't help it.

ROUSEN ENEMY ROUTED IN MEMORABLE FIRST ENCOUNTER

The night of Friday, Nov 24 will go down in the history of 2 NZ Div. Sigs. as the occasion of their first engagement - a memorable clash between the Canteen Section and one of the invisible forces of the night. Here is our war correspondent's eyewitness account:

The location is the unit parade ground, the time 2200hrs, and the night - well, atypical Trentham evening. From our seat in the grand stand we can see, in the moonlight, the brown forms of the attacking party lining up in formation. Their objective is a heavily fortified trench, which can be discerned in a distance.

The manly form of the Section Commander moves among his men as he exhorts and cheers them. The zero hour is near. The command "Smokes Out!" is given, and the commander stirs a few men who have been dozing in the rear.

THE FIGHT IS ON

Here it comes... "Charge!"... reverberating through the arena. The crowd cheers, Larax barks, and the fight is on.

On the right flank the Tank Corps, manning a garden roller, is sweeping all before it. The commander, disguised as a culvert, stealthily approaches the enemy trench.

In the centre and on the left flank the attacking party are now being deluged by hand grenades (Shaped remarkably like crown tops), but they are impervious to these.

Though the battle waxes hot, the blue and blacks never falter. It is now hand-to-hand fighting, and the enemy is slowly retreating. A shout of encouragement from the crowd gives the attackers strength for their final push, and the enemy is in full flight. The canteeners consolidate their position, and the battle is won.

HERE ARE REASONS WHY DIV SIGS. NEEDS NO TRUMPETER

Clothes may make the man, but the voice makes the N.C.O. Let's analyse this medley of noise that gets us up in the morning, puts us to bed at night, and does almost everything else to us in between.

Going back to the days when we were just three plain companies, we'll top the list with the C.S.M.s. In No. 1's "Sandy" McNab you have a voice pipe with an echo so bracing it has all the effects of a cold shower without the dampness. It's only after weeks of practice that you get into the habit of watching for that warning curl of his lips.

PAINT TOO NEW

Those are callous words, S.M. McNab - but no hard feelings. Rest assured that it was only his fear of blistering the nice new paint on the M.T. park that restrained Harry Hodgson's vocal efforts; and that Ben Walters would have been much noisier if he was not always in such a hurry to strip off his tunic (wonder who helps him button it up?) and get down to his eternal battery charging.

Let's linger a moment longer in this exalted sphere where stripes go in threes and consider another voice in whose way it is not nice to get. The name is Sjt. A. Smith, and when you deserve it he can make you shrink into your boots. Not loud, but as cold and sour as a frostbitten lemon. "For Pete's sake, I said Vic Edward - not Vic Eddie! You know what happened to Eddie!"

And here's a warning to a couple of stripelings that something will burst before long if they don't take the strain off their vocal chords. One is L/Cpl Forbes Eddie, whose bark starts in his boots, staggers his knees and would escape through his eyes if he didn't open his mouth a split second sooner. And the second is L/Cpl Pat Brennan, whom we will just call one of the reasons why Div. Sigs. needs no trumpeter.

IS MY FACE RED?

My name is "Ned" K---y, and I'm the fellow who rode Two-By-Four home in the Trestle Derby to beat Tommy T---n by a long chin.

I'm the Sergeant of the Guard who gave the command "Order Arms" and presented the darn thing myself (And this was back in B.C. (Before Canteen) too...)

2 N.Z. DIVISIONAL SIGNALS.

TRENTHAM -- UNDER WATER.

M E A N Y O U.

S O U P.

A La Trine.

L A M B P R Y O R D E B U R N S.

H A M (OPERATORS)

V E G E T A B L E S.

Eadie Peas.
Bourke's Murphys.
Pomme de Terre.
(Mint Agar Sauce)(in season)

Banana a la Mamselle

Shrapnell Pud.
Feeney's Ginger.
Dates- 14th, 15th, 16th.
Alton Waters.
Holm's Bandy Saws.
Cigs Pour Sigs.

SWEETS.

BARRETT'S SUCKERS.

W. Carr
10.16 Mess