

DIT

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2 NZ DIVISIONAL SIGNALS :: AT SEA, JANUARY 16, 1940 :: VOL 2 NO 3

HOW TO WRITE HOME

Spare the Censor
Another Headache--
Use "Dit-Dah's" Service

Always eager to serve, "Dit-Dah" to-day lends a hand to those fellows who don't know just how to write home and dodge the censor at the same time. All you have to do is take the Multiple Troopship Correspondence Blank (Series I) set out below and put a line through whatever words or statements don't apply. Then simply send your "Dit-Dah" home ! (Be careful about using the words marked "X" if you think you will be criticising the Army.)

Dear Mum/Dad/Toots/Mr Savage/:

I am: Somewhere at sea/At a port not 20,000 miles from Alaska/
In my cabin (impossible for most of you, so we crossed it out ourselves.)

I am: Well/Not so well/A box of birds/A box of dead birds.

I'm getting enough/too much/too little(X): Food/beer/of the Army/work/sleep/of the sea.

In fact, I love/hate/just tolerate (X) the life, and I'd like nothing better(X)/worse than to come home. Incidentally, I'm hoping to be home this year/next year/some-time/never, but don't tell the Income Tax Department anything.

I wish I could get my hands on: The wheel of this ship/The neck of Adolf Hitler/The edge of a bar.

Hoping this finds you the same,
Goodbye,

.....

SOMETHING THE RADIO NEWS FORGOT TO MENTION

Men of 2 NZ Div Sigs received a severe "towel"-ling on the high seas last week. Under the capable command of Hygiene Officer Barrett, who rallied his men to the strains of "Out of the Blue Comes the Whitest Wash," they nevertheless gained the C.O.'s objective with flying colours. Lux-ry fellows !

THE MESS DECK SAYS

They tell us that the real reason for this vaccination business is that it's just something else to keep our minds off having nothing on our minds.....

Staff Walters and Sjt A. Smith have declared themselves the D----- Dart Champions (undisputed), and their reputed aim in life is to be professors of Dartology. And they call this a WAR !....

A wisebrain on the mess deck says there's one thing, anyway, in which we have got "the wood" on the folks back home. When the pubs are closing at 6PM in Enzed, he says, it is only 4PM here, and we'd still have a couple of drinking hours left - if we had any pubs !.....

Dedicated to Hammock-Hunter Baker by J.N.A.:

Hammocks high, hammocks low,
Hammocks swinging to and fro,
Round the railing, round the square,
Hammocks lying everywhere.
Keep on moving, to the right:
Do not stumble, do not fight.
Poor old Reg is in a stew:
A hammock loose - so what's to do?

When routine orders called last Saturday "Friday 13 Jan," it was merely to fool the enemy should a copy of orders have fallen into his hands. (That's the Orderly Room's story, anyway).....

Captain Feeney's Invincible No 4 squad is making such good progress at flagwagging that it now tells us that gesticulations from the native crew are being treated and decoded as semaphore.....

Listen for Chief Nutrition Officer A.W. ("Menus Made Easy") Miller's broadcast on Culinary Art at Nine Bells (Spinach mean time) every night....

TROOPSHIP

By---
J. N. A.

Trav'lin' in a convoy,
 Nothin' much to do;
 Drinkin' boilin' coffee,
 Eatin' Irish stew;
 Gamblin' on the foredeck,
 Losin' all our dough;
 Sleepin' in a hammock
 Sev'ral decks below.
 Wand'r'in' round the blinkin'
 ship
 Givin' mates a cheer;
 Gathrin' round the beer flat
 To get a bit o' beer.
 Fallin' in for boat drill --
 What a bleedin' rush!
 Scrubbin' down the dirty deck,
 Throwin' over slush.
 Boxin' on the sports deck --
 Flyin' blood and gore;
 Sendin' back mess orderlies
 With loud demands for more.
 Watchin' seasick cobbbers
 Rushin' to the side;
 Standin' watch at night time,
 Singin' loud and wide.
 Hangin' up our hammocks
 Ev'ry night at eight;
 Wakin' up at crack o' dawn
 Wond'r'in' if we're late.
 Washin' dirty clothing,
 Hangin' it out to dry.
 Leanin' on the taffrail,
 Watchin' the sea go by.
 Rushin' to the bathroom
 To get an early shave;
 Standin' in a darn' long queue
 To have a salt sea bathe.
 But though we snarl at others
 And hang around the deck,
 There's somethin' in this flamin'
 life
 We wouldn't miss -- by heck !

THE ROPED SQUARE

(By "JUDGE")

Let us help you to become a sideline judge at the next boxing bouts held aboard ship, so that you may be able to appreciate a "fair decision."

A man gets marks in attack with direct, clean hits on his opponent's face or body - on the front and sides, and above the belt. In defence he scores for good guard, slipping, ducking, counter-hitting or getting away cleanly. In the case of equal points, the judge gives the benefit of the doubt to the man who took the initiative - the aggressor - or, failing that, to the man who displayed the most scientific style.

In my opinion the marks of a good boxer are: Fitness, use of the straight left, good cover in defence and determination, or "go to win."

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Sirs:- We have gratifying evidence of an uplifting cultural movement in our midst:- the Galley Flat Philharmonic Society is now already in full swing. Sigmund C. Smith's rendition of "The Black," by Chopin, and Estall's "Serenade" are in great demand. Another popular classical number is Beerdeck Bill's "Who's That Noggin at My Door?" while even at Reveille may be heard sweet strains from the "Scraping Scene" (Gillette).
 PHIL.

STUDY IN STILL LIFE.....By B.W.
 Hornpipe Harry Hodgson "ditdahs" himself to sleep.

