

# DIT = DAH

9/20/41  
DIT

2 NZ DIVISIONAL SIGNALS :: AT SEA, JANUARY 27, 1940 :: VOL 2 NO 5

## THE MESS DECK SAYS:

We hear some of our poets have been working on the words of a song for Div. Sigs. Results, please !...

The laugh of the week, we are told, is on one Super-Signalman (he is really too valuable to have been made a corporal). When they wanted a GOOD signaller to stay on the bridge at Fremantle, they took his word for it and gave him the job...

It's getting so you can't even count sheep in your sleep without someone bawling "Housy !" in your ear....

And still on the subject of "Housy-Housy": After reading Ship's Routine Orders, some of us have been thinking that the real name of the game is "Monopoly"....

After the job we made of the patches, we've been considering asking the Waikikamukau Women's Sewing Circle about affiliating with 2 NZ Div Sigs -- or vice versa....

I was talking last night to the Hammock King,  
And he confided in me  
That he wished all the hammocks  
Were down in the depths of the sea.  
And then he said, "It's a flamin' nark;

They'll be late  
For a cert...  
And I've lost my voice - I can  
only bark,

And they think my name  
Is dirt."

And I replied  
(Smiling wide):  
"I'll do no good to fight -  
To beat the rap -  
My dear old chap;  
For I believe  
They're RIGHT !"

-- J.N.A.

## FREMANTLE LAMENT (Apologies to Wordsworth)

Broke ! Broke ! Broke !  
Not a bean to call my own;  
And there's lots of things I  
want to do  
If I could but raise a loan.

Alas for the pub round the corner;  
Alas for the girls passing by --  
All these, I suppose, are only  
for those  
With a lot more money than I.

And the rest of the troops rush on,  
To profit by every minute;  
And it's woe for the Sig whose  
wishes are big  
But whose pocket has nothing in it.

## WELL, IT'S HIS STORY...

Flying fishes in the sea... and  
scorpions in the ballast hold !  
That's what Paddy Shine tells us,  
anyway - about the scorpions, we  
mean. With a party detailed to  
shift things around down there, he  
has crawled into that dark, musty,  
low-ceilinged space just this side  
of the keel.

And he says it houses scorpions,  
spiders as big as mice, and cobwebs  
like barbed-wire entanglements.

Paddy had to push through them,  
in fact.  
(But that's not how he won the  
C.B.)...

## WHO'S WHO ?

Who was it asked the C.O. if we  
would be told the approximate time  
we had to be back from leave ?

Who is the lance-corporal with  
the fancy boots ?

Who.. is the lance-corporal who  
wrestled Man-Mountain Dean ?

Who is the corporal who, early in  
the morning, reminds us of Satan  
calling up from the Pit ?

Who is the mess orderly with the  
most raucous voice ?

Who made the startling discovery  
that ears have walls ?

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"Dit-Dah," cross out the date which  
appears at the top of each page.