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2 NZ DIVISIONAL SIGNALS - TRENTHAM, DECEMBER 8, 1939 - VOL.1 NO.2

DO YOU

KNOW YOUR ARMY YET?

By
(would you believe
it?)
SJT. A. SMITH

The largest branch of the Army is the infantry, which is so-called because it is composed of very young soldiers and owes its importance to the fact that it is the only Arm which uses its Legs for marching on its Stomach. Infantry are expected to be 100 per cent capable of performing the work of other Arms, too, because they have stew for supper as well as for breakfast, dinner and tea.

Infantry are trained in the use of the spade, grenade, fusillade, cannonade, lemonade, first aid, thirst aid and church parade. The programme of training is laid down by the Army Council consisting of the C.I.G.S. and other big W.I.G.S. who issue the necessary orders and unnecessary amendments. Among the infantry regiments are the kilted soldiers; these Scottish soldiers differ from the English ones in that the English recruit largely from Ireland, whereas Highlanders are obtained from London. There are only two ranks of any importance in the Infantry - the front rank and the rear rank.

IN BOTTLES, TOO

In battle much assistance is obtained from the Clank Corps, a very mechanical force consisting of whippets, snippets, tappets and other bone-shaking devices. Co-operation is also obtained from Artillery, which is composed of Light Artillery and Dark Artillery. Horse-drawn Artillery is known as Draught Artillery (also obtainable in bottles).

Cavalry are of great assistance to Infantry by hiring out horses for polo. Then, of course, there are the Signals, who are beloved by the tradesmen of the towns near which they are quartered (especially the publicans and pugilists).

(Continued next column)

The Signals are likened to Nerc of old, who fiddled while the A.S.C. marquee burned. The Signals, or Iddy-Umpties, are a very up-and-down unit, as their N.C.O.'s are fully aware - up one week and down the next. These N.C.O.'s came from Hollywood, and take first-class acting parts.

The health of the troops is entrusted to the Army Medical Corps, which, being an Irish regiment, has two mottoes: (1) "A No. 9 Saves Time" (Lovelly); (2) "We Kill One Bird With Two Stones."

In spite of all the assistance and co-operation, it takes seven years to train a soldier and nearly as long to entrain two soldiers. After the seven years he is returned to lead a civil life. A certain percentage of old soldiers ("Ack-Acks") is retained in order to maintain the profits of the wet canteens. After 48 years' performance of this duty they are given a medal (two bars), whereupon they just fade away according to traditon.

WE SAY AGAIN—

"Dit-Dah" warmly thanks those who came forward with material for the second issue. We have every reason to believe the journal is "taking on," and we again ask you to help make the effort worth while.

Unrehearsed incidents in this week's Wairarapa scheme should make good reading - so put them on paper and leave them in your company orderly tent.

Christmas is near, and you ought to feel like bursting in-to verse or something. If you do, we'd like to hear it.

—THE EDITORS

ORGANISING THE HANDLE BUSINESS

Huddled into the darkest corner of the canteen, 30 Div. Sigs. (other ranks) last night accepted with enthusiasm and celebration the idea of forming a Frothblowers' Club. Its aim, until a better one is discovered, is apparently the organised handling of handles. Membership is open to everyone who wears the two blues and is willing to enter into the spirits of the thing.

In the light of experience, Sigm Brown, H.W., was an easy bet for president. L/Cpl A.A. Smith holds the rank of secretary, and Sigm Dan Keane is the third of the trio which will hold the reins in the meantime.

When world-wise Secretary Smith drew attention to the fact that there were some pretty good hop-heads away on the scheme, it was decided to adjourn the meeting until 1930hrs on Monday.

It is suggested that the insignia of the club shall be a Bead of Froth on the Bridge of the Nose, to be kept fresh as far as cash and canteen hours permit.



Trying to make both ends meet.

TENT 22 BURSTS INTO VERSE

Behind the cheery face of Sigm Noel Atkinson (cable wagon), lies a mind that runs in rhymes. He dedicated the verses below to his old home, Tent 22:-

Whenever there's something

They're wanting to do,

The blighters all call in

At Tent Twenty-Two.

The serjeant he calls us,

With voice sweet and low;

The corp'ral he tells us

We really should go.

So we all tumble out,

And with many a groan,

Swearing and cursing,

In chorus we moan:

"What have we done

To deserve this cruel task ?

What have we done

To deserve it ?" we ask.

"Nothing, dear lads,"

Comes the gentle reply.

"But you're here to do it -

Not to ask why."

D SECTION

'CHEERED TOO SOON

Memories of the first tabloid sports afternoon:-

The premature elation of D Sec's linemen and DRs at a "victory" they skited about all through mess.... "Father" Garnett named and chaired as the hero of the day, after pulling and pushing his weight in everything.... The sight of "Father" hovering above the crossbar in the high jump was the thrill of the day.... The C.O. wielding a rake at the long jump pit.... 2/Lieut Holms putting the vocal spotlight on Capt Feeney every time the latter took his turn... The unusual spectacle of Sjt B.C. Fergus, armed with the shot, using his strength to a peaceful purpose.... Lieut Dasler, the fittest-looking man on the ground, leading the field in the 100yds.... Lineman Kataliffe's violent tights.