

DIT = D A L

9 p.m. Row  
DIT

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

## 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 Divisional 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. Fergus' 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. Fergus' 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.