

RANGIORA GUNNER



VOLUME 1. No. 2.

Every Month

Price: Threepence

EDITORIAL

We take pleasure in presenting the second number of "THE RANGIORA GUNNER" which we hope is an improvement in both format and legibility. . . Our initial number was, on the whole, very well received by both the "boys" in Camp and Rangiora residents generally.

To make the publication as newsy as possible, however, we particularly desire a representative of each Battery (the 20th. 21st. and 24th.) to supply regular news and notes of their activities in sport, work and entertainment. All such reports should be left with Mr. Les. Sutherland at the Y.M.C.A.

Original contributions, too, are always welcome, so Gunners try your hand at short humorous items, verse or short stories. Try and make "THE RANGIORA GUNNER" really representative of the Camp as a whole, and not merely a small minority of it.

Since our last issue the 130th. Battery have left us for another Camp, but we hope to receive reports of their "doings" for publication in our pages from time to time. Our cartoonist, Bombadier Wesley, has also departed, so we cordially invite other artists among the newcomers to submit humorous sketches for reproduction.

Although a number of well-known faces have gone the new arrivals will soon become acclimatised and most have already made themselves at home in the attractive environs of Rangiora Camp.

Owing to the shortage of paper we have decided to make "THE RANGIORA GUNNER" monthly in the future as from this present number.

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SEND A COPY OF "THE RANGIORA GUNNER" TO FRIENDS AND RELATIONS ! ! !

Since our last notes a new Y.M.C.A. in all its pristine glory has risen on the site of the weather-beaten tent. Two carpenters, assisted by a bunch of Gunners, have for a week or more been hard at work, hammering for long hours with an occasional break for a welcome cup of tea in Les's "parlour." Temporary accommodation for the "boys" was provided by erecting the ancient tent in the vicinity of the kitchen, so that the evening's supper could be easily carried across the "wide open spaces" to the hungry mob around the piano or playing table-tennis.

We understand that the "boys" are contemplating putting on a Camp Show in the near future. Local talent should be much in demand. So rally round you singers, dancers, burlesque experts, and musicians. Pet monkeys and performing fleas only are strictly barred.

The Library part of the Y.M.C.A. is shortly to be classified and tidied up generally. There will be an extensive "purge" of reading matter over 50 years old, and possibly some additions in the periodical line especially. The Librarian of the Christchurch Public Library has also promised us a supply of books which will be gratefully accepted. We may add that donations of books are always an asset. We prefer them to have a beginning and an ending, the title page and cover at least. If the middle is missing it is just too bad! And as cleanliness is next to godliness clean books are always best. In the past banana skins and insoles have frequently been left inside reading matter as bookmarks, in addition to dead moths, extinct beetles and other decomposed matter, ad lib. Let's take a pride in our Library, Gunners.

The new Y.M.C.A. Hut has been donated a stage and fittings by the people of Rangiora, an action which is much appreciated by the boys. On a recent Sunday during the process of taring of the Hut roof complications resulted. Some of the "Tarzans" mounted on the roof were liberally besmeared from head to foot. A few feathers would have completed the picture.

Recently installed in the Y.M. is a milk-shake machine, a welcome novelty. A wet canteen would probably be a greater novelty still, says a Gunner. OOooOO

HOW TO WIN A GAL

Meet her on Sunday. Make fun of her on Monday. Slap her on Tuesday. Insult her family on Wednesday. Laugh at her on Thursday. Spank her, deride her, criticise her, accuse her on Friday. Marry her on Saturday.
- "W.A.G. Signal" (Canada).

LEAVE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR "THE RANGIORA GUNNER" AT THE Y.M.C.A. ! ! ! ! !

WANTED Cartoons - Humour - News - Sports Notes

CAMP NEWS OF TOPICAL INTEREST

"THE RANGIORA GUNNER" is Your paper - - C O N T R I B U T E !

Who's the Gunner who needed assistance from four mates and a taxi-driver to put him to bed on a recent Saturday night? Ask the fellow with the black eye!

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Come on Gunner H. give out and tell the awful truth about your forehead. Could it have happened at the Plough? We wonder. . .

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Congratulations to popular "Snow" of the Officers Mess on recent Wedding Bells.

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A certain Gunner was caught making petty excuses to the girl of his dreams on the Y.M.C.A. telephone. What about it, fellow?

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Then there were the two lance-bombadiers, both of whom had taken a certain lassie home after a local dance (at different times, of course). When they phoned the young lady recently they thought they had used the wrong number. She didn't know either of them - so she said!

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Who uses the Y.M.C.A. telephone most frequently? Is it Sergeant-Major M. ---, by any chance?

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With the warm summer sunshine now appearing more frequently the "rage" for shorts has taken Rangiora Camp by storm. The landscape is dotted with sundry legs - thin legs, fat legs, crooked legs, tanned legs, fungus-covered legs - in fact legs of all shapes and sizes. There are still a few conservatives who have not yet adopted the current fashion, and who apparently prefer to "stew" in full dress.

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Who's an authority on diesel engines? Ask Jack ---. Who discussed their merits and demerits for a solid hour on the leave train one fine Saturday? Yes Jack. And ship's refrigerators. A highly technical subject.

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Extract from a disgruntled Gunner's letter passed on to us by the censor:- "Dear Pa, - If you want me to come back to the farm, when the Army says it don't need me any more - here's what you'd better do. Buy two of the meanest horses you can find. Name one of them 'Bombadier' and the other 'Sergeant'. I'll be glad to spend the rest of my days just telling 'em why I made a mistake when I didn't join the Navy instead of falling for this Artillery stuff. - Bert Higgs."

OOOOOO

No matter what may be your duty in this war effort, do it with the true spirit of serfice - always putting your heart into your work that you may do it with interest and with a lofty purpose. We are all cogs that must mesh properly. One defective cog will jam the works. . .

(We invite Sports Jottings for this page. Cricket, Tennis, Table-Tennis, Basketball, Darts, etc.)

TENNIS

A team from Rangiora Camp accepted the invitation of the Rangiora Tennis Club, and attended their opening day on Saturday, 10th. October. The weather was favourable for tennis and some good games were played. Our "boys" showed promise, and with a polishing up secured through the necessary practice will regain form. An enjoyable afternoon tea was supplied by the Club, and was followed by a speech by Mr. Devlin, the Club President, and one by Major Anderson. Mr. Devlin stated that last season was a successful one, and he hoped that this season would be the same. He expressed his pleasure at seeing our team "roll up," and hoped that they would visit the courts regularly in the future. Major Anderson, in reply, said that any member of the Camp who wished to play could do so when off duty. He thanked Mr. Devlin on behalf of the Camp for his invitation.

TABLE TENNIS

"Ping-Pong as she is played." The Shakespeare in me revolts at such obvious misuse of the King's English, but these are the only words which could fittingly describe some of the games witnessed in the Y.M.C.A.

To the uninitiated this game appears to be comparatively simple, but those in the know, realise only too well it is one of the most difficult of games in which to achieve any measure of proficiency. Ask Gunner Lewis.

SWIMMING

How many non-swimmers in Rangiora Camp? With the summer coming on it is expected that many will take advantage of the closeness of the Ashley River. Of course the ideal place to learn swimming (if that is necessary) is at the Baths or the seaside, but a river is the next best thing most will agree. The Ashley River has one or two pools at least suitable for a splash in anyway.

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21st BATTERY NEWS

That heading fooled you we bet. There isn't any news (as yet) from the 21st. After all the complaints we've been hearing from the Editorial Staff of this paper we've made a resolution that we'll do our best to provide some news for future issues, even if we have to invent it. 'Bye now! - "Sam."

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Mr. Keith Muff, Canterbury Physical Welfare Officer has offered to form a Camp Gym. It will be fully equipped through the courtesy of the people of Rangiora, we understand.

CARTOONS WANTED!!!

130th. BATTERY NEWS

(Written before the departure of the 130th. for another Camp)

The 130th. Battery in recent weeks have had many wanderings up hill and down dale in the vicinity of Mt. Thomas and Mt. Grey. The reasons for it all is to give us a knowledge of the terrain near the Camp, and these expeditions into the hills also keep one physically fit.

Before leaving for "somewhere north" it was decided to visit Waikuku as a grand finale. In the summer months this place is the "Mecca" of visitors and tourists for baching, swimming and camping.

On Friday, October 9, the 130th. started out in anticipation of an interesting day at the beach, Mr. McAllum stepping out briskly in front. But for the fact that one of our Bombardiers dangled a string of saveloys from the truck as it went past with our rations the travelling time would have been much slower. We finally reached the picnic grounds with an excellent appetite which we did full justice to. After lunch some of the "boys" took to the swings and seesaws (for children under sixteen.)

Later we decided to have a dip in the briny, and though we found it chilly at first we soon warmed up. Some of us sun-bathed, and a couple of our young "Romcos" decided to assist an attractive young girl and her mother to gather pipi.

Mr. McAllum, feeling restless, started a tussle in the sand-dunes and tried to teach us a few tactics, which worked - sometimes! As the day was drawing on we regretfully retired to the truck in preparation for our return to Camp after a memorable day.

- G.B.L.

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ARMY DANCE

The Army Dances at the R.S.A. have always been well attended in the past. It was no exception to the general rule on Wednesday, 7th. October. The purpose of the dance was as a farewell to the 130th. Battery (the old torn about 103rd) and a welcome to the new Battery. The 130th. has upheld the traditions of the Artillery during the period it has been stationed at Rangiora, and undoubtedly the new Battery will also keep the colours flying high.

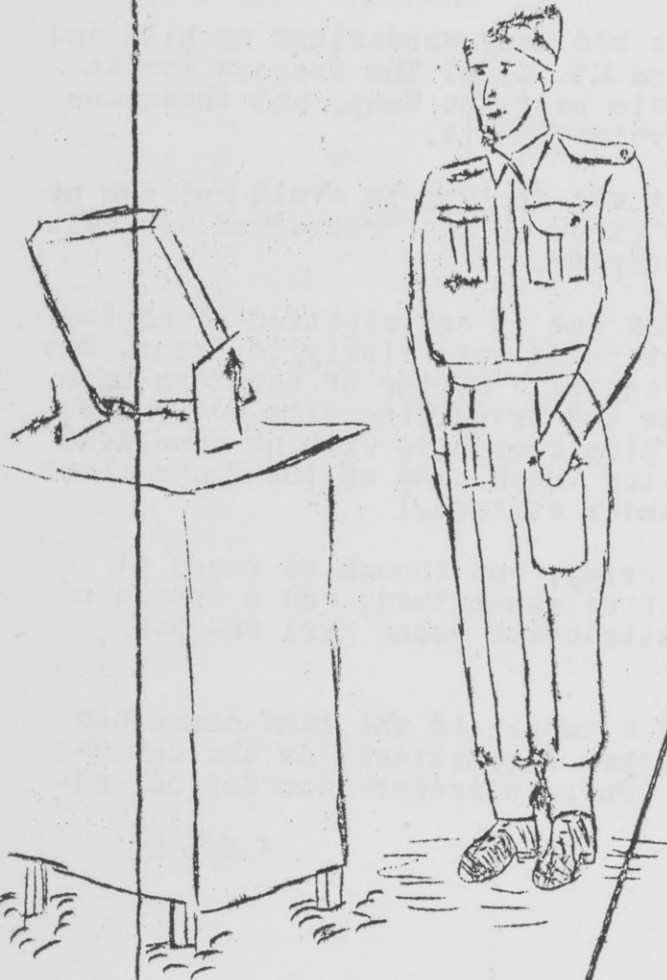
The addition of a saxophone to the orchestra, so ably played by Bdr. Wesley, was appreciated by all. The officers turned out in full force, and enjoyed themselves.

The dance concluded at 1 o'clock and the bus was patiently waiting for those not so fortunate with the "bells" of the dance, to carry them safely "home."

- "Gunner"

ROMANCE

REALITY



AIN'T IT THE TRUTH ?

A ten year old London East End boy who had been evacuated to the country recently, wrote an essay in which he described a cow as follows:

"The cow is a mamal. It has six sides: front, back right and left and upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this he sends flies away so they don't fall in the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so his mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with and the mouth to moo with.

"Under the cow hangs milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk milk comes and there never is an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realised, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell and one can smell it far away. This is the reason for fresh air in the country.

"A man cow is called an ox. The cow does not eat much but what it eats it eats twice so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing at all it is because its insides are full up with grass."

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A FRIEND

A friend is one who takes your hand
 And talks a speech you understand,
 He's partly kindness, partly mirth
 And faith unfaltering is your worth;
 He's first to cheer your success
 And last to leave you in distress -
 A friend is constant, honest, true:-
 In short old pal, he's just like you!



"Every time I get homesick I get out my mother-in-law's photo."

24th. BATTERY NEWS AND NOTES

A well-known Bombardier has just returned from a demolition course. In his prowess against bridges, entanglements, etc. equals his performance at Mess. We have no doubts of the success of the "scorched earth policy" as applied by the 24th.

Our pet "Popeye" alas, is with us no more, manpowered out until after Christmas. We cannot but admire the fortitude with which he bore this unkind blow of fate.

The past few days have seen some new faces added to our happy family. We can assure them of a sincere welcome. More gunners, fewer fatigues!

"Dick" Connell writes us from camp near Auckland. Still an anti-tank man and still retains his stripes. Leave every night except Mondays but, as he says, "What's the use?" The Yanks have bought the place - and that goes for its inhabitants, including all the sweet young things! Best of luck, Dick, and better hunting.

Our dumb-cluck still can't understand why they call Johnny only a quarter-master. . .

OOooOO

LEAVE TRAIN

Disgorging pell-mell its debonair freight
Of spick and span soldiers immaculate -
Rubicund faces, sleek and jaunty walk
A medley of sound and breezy army talk;
Here no inexorable bugle-call
Blatant each arrogant day to fall
In unearthly cadence and deride
Those on guard and those inside;
Music is manifest in hissing steam,
Nostalgia assails them and prestine
Is the beckoning world moving on sonorous
wings -

On a threshold of freedom each heart sings.

- N.F.H.

OOooOO

The North Canterbury Football Club is holding its annual dance at the R.S.A. Hall, Rangiora, on Monday, October 26th. (Labour Night). Dancing will be from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Dorothy Brady's Orchestra. The admission will be: Gentlemen 3/-; Ladies 2/6; Soldiers 1/6.

OOooOO

On a recent evening most of the Camp "turned out" for a practice in night attack in the district. It was all good experience for the "boys" in night tactics generally. They arrived back at the Camp at about 9.30, tired but hungry, as usual. The I.M.C.A. did a roaring trade, especially in cool drinks.

FIVE BRONZE BULLETS

by L/Cpl. W. E. LUCAS

Sapper Ginger Smith walked slowly into his barrack room. He was alone, for it was 6.30 p.m. and his room-mates were making the most of their free period.

Ginger sat on his bed and ruminated. He had a grievance. This constant skirmishing with the platoon sergeant was becoming unbearable. It had started on his first day in Camp, when Ginger got two hours of fatigues for the crime of walking across the square with his hands in his pockets.

Then came a succession of fatigues - and for what? Dirty cap badge, filthy ammunition - the long scroll of infinitesimal daily crime unrolled itself.

What had the sergeant bawled? - "How the hell do you expect to fire accurately with dirty ammunition?"

Scowling ferociously, Ginger started cleaning his rifle, remembering how that very morning the sergeant had awarded him two days of fatigues for an alleged speck of dust underneath his rifle bolt.

Ginger laid down his rifle and took from his pouch the ammunition. Thoughtfully he rubbed a cartridge on his sleeve till it looked like a cylinder of burnished bronze. That seemed to make it look deadlier, so he polished up the other four and laid them all in a row on the blanket.

Five bronze bullets, five little cylinders of death; one of these, thought Ginger, could make a corpse of a man in less time than the sergeant could shout "Attention." And even the sergeant couldn't shout with one of these inside his brassy lungs. No, by cripes, he couldn't. . .

And at eight o'clock the sergeant would be in his room - alone. Supposing he went to visit the sergeant and took with him his rifle and five bronze bullets?

Supposing he went now? Cripes! he was going! He was already there and knocking on the door because he knew the crisis had come and he must do what must be done swiftly and silently.

The hateful Voice shouted "Enter!" Slowly opening the door, Ginger saw the sergeant lying on his bed and reading his newspaper.

"Well, Smith, what do you want?" said the Voice. Ginger grunted something unintelligible.

Deliberately and unhurriedly, he lifted his rifle breast high, pushed back the safety catch . . . opened the bolt . . . and then took out his five bronze bullets.

Suddenly the sergeant realised. Quickly he stepped across the room, examined rifle and ammunition with an expert eye.

"All right, Smith," he announced. "They've clean enough now."

And Ginger had passed the sergeant's inspection. . .

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Depart Oxford at 3.30 p.m. for Rangiora to connect with the 4.20 Rangiora-Christchurch train.

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DANCE AT RANGIORA

On Monday evening, October 12th. a dance was held in the R.S.A. rooms for the Camp boys, and provided a final opportunity for those leaving for the North to conclude their "affaires d'amour" with certain young ladies of this district, and to bid adieu to friends who have welcomed the Camp boys so whole-heartedly for some months.

The dance had been organised to assist the Army section of the Rangiora Patriotic Committee. Presentations were made by the Mayor (Mr. C.W. Tyler), chairman of the committee, to Drivers I. Tweedie, L. Moran and L. Jones.

Although not as well attended as usual the dance was very successful and bright. The smaller attendance was probably due to many of the lads deciding to retire early to bed (in preparation for the morrow's departure) and also the rough weather which put rather a damper on things.

- "Arch."

OOooOO

"I heard Joe had a very odd accident last night."

"Is that so? What was it?"

"He called on his girl and had his hand removed above the knee."

1st. Gunner: "A woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

2nd. Gunner: "I say it's her eyes."

3rd. Gunner: "It's unquestionably her teeth."

4th. Gunner: "Why should we stand here and lie to each other!"

And then there was the young man at the dance who was pouring out a drink for an attractive looking damsel. "Say when," he said. "Oh, after this drink," she replied.

Some women are called Amazons because they are so wide at the mouth.

I'm sure you've heard about the London chambermaid who got the V.C. You haven't? Sure, she went up and brought down nine Jerries.

announcing

GRAND OPENING

NEW Y.M.C.A. HUT

shortly

Fun will be fast and furious. Roll up but not in beer barrels.

Evening Dress Optional. Shorts a matter of taste.

BRING YOUR OWN FISH AND CHIPS!

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