

^{The} RANGIORA GUNNER

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EDITORIAL

The "Rangiora Gunner" enters the New Year with confidence and high hopes for the continued success of our "cause" in all parts of a world in flames. The tide of war has begun to turn in our favour, and may this augur well for ourselves and our Allies during the momentous year of 1943.

Readers will be interested to know that in many camps throughout New Zealand Army wall newspapers are flourishing, supplying in a less ambitious fashion what the "Rangiora Gunner" is attempting to do. These wall newspapers, which have been widely adopted in England and Russia, provide camp news, general reader interest articles, cartoons, maps illustrating the war, unit humour, etc. and undoubtedly provide a definite want.

The Camp personnel, after very generous Christmas and New Year leave, have once more returned to Camp life, leaving behind them pleasant memories of their families and friends and seasonal activities of all kinds. The New Year sees a number of new faces and new courses are in full swing.

For the coming year the committee of the "Rangiora Gunner" has pledged itself to provide an entertaining, newsy publication reflecting camp life in its many and varied phases, with emphasis on the humorous side of things.

So we make our fourth appearance on the homefront to brighten those leisure moments. We ring up the curtain on 1943.

| <u>RANGIORA</u> | <u>SOLDIERS'</u> | <u>CLUB</u> |
|-----------------|------------------------------|-------------|
| Evening Hours: | Monday, Wednesday, Friday. | |
| | 6.30 - 9.45 | |
| | Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday. | |
| | 6.30 - 11.15 | |

Post "THE RANGIORA GUNNER" to relations and friends. Let 'em smile!

NOTES BY THE WAY

(by "Dodo")

Now who were the bombardier and gunner who slept the heavy sleep of the just in Les's comfortable bed one summer evening recently?

Then there is the gunner who was doing semaphore in his sleep the other night. He fell out of bed and his hut mate nearly jumped through the hut roof.

The spate of jaunty little notices on Camp notice boards these days are like leaves in the autumn after a southerly buster. It is said that the power of the printed word is "stronger than the sword." On that basis the power of the written word or typewritten word must be at least as strong as the Camp Sgt.-Major's tongue.

"Good morning, good morning, this is the Camp Supply Depot speaking. . . Is that Angus & Sons? Please take this order: Fifty pigs trotters - no we don't require the pigs this time. Six dozen kidneys, and no speckled ones. Got that down? Now, that last invoice was absolutely incorrect - you failed to let us have twelve copies of same for filing. Righto! (rings off.) Ten minutes afterwards: "Hullo, hullo. Now about tomorrow's green peas - not split peas this time, thank you very much. . . Now about cabbages. It is time we had some again to vary the diet. Good. (rings off.)"

Ah, faint memories of that soulful (did someone say skinful) night. It seems like a beautiful dream - especially when passing that stately edifice so quaintly called "The Plough." Hark your mind back to the night of the "Army on the Air" show. The place: the dressing-rooms below stage at the Town Hall, Rangiora. Subject: Several large kegs of beer placed jauntily upon a sagging table. All around faces leering through the heavy tobacco-smoke, drinking-vessels held out tautly beneath the garish yellow lights. A few seconds later the musical gurgle from a dozen throats and wagging tongues in lusty action in every corner of the warm room. Almost a scene from the Arabian Nights. See the languid forms in their gawdy theatrical trappings. Ah, what a night. - and what a dawn - for some!

"Yes, sir, I'm a good girl."

"Who asked you?"

"Nobody,"

"Well, no wonder you're a good girl."

Sandy McPhairson has a little boy called Angus. On the street the street the lad had a piece of dry bread in his hand.

Asked what he was doing, he said he was waiting for some jam in the traffic.

LOST AND FOUND

(Charges: Six insertions for one keg of beer in advance.)

- LOST - My memory on New Years Eve. Finder can keep same. (Signed) Gunner N--ell.
- FOUND - Four brass buttons. Handy to place in church collections. If some kind person would supply uniform to go with same advertiser would be much obliged.
- LOST - List of telephone numbers (business only). Apply in person to Sgt.-Major McI-----.
- FOUND - On Mt. Grey, one gunner practicing semaphore in the dawn....
- LOST - Two bottle-openers, set of false teeth, one love-letter, two telephone numbers and a headache. Reward. Apply after dusk to the Guard House, Park Avenue.
- FOUND - At the Regent Theatre on Thursday night, Bdr. F -----, with two blondes, a red-head and a brunette.
- LOST - The old year - gone but not forgotten. Ask the boys of the 24th Battery.

M.I.R. SNAPSHOTS

The recently introduced 5.45 rising hour has resulted in a much improved attendance at Sick Parade. (A little bird tells us.)

Bill L. is contemplating decorating the rather austere walls of the M.I.R. with some of the trophies won by him at Table Tennis. These include a stone plaque of ancient Moriori workmanship, half-a-dozen battle-scarred rackets, and about 145 well-dented table-tennis balls, and the Grand Order of the Table-Tennis Fiends. He has yet to meet the redoubtable Les. in open combat. (Oh, yeah!)

That's not a bad story about the absent-minded professor who went to a restaurant and had a meal.

When he paid the bill the waiter said: "Excuse me sir, but the money you've given me doesn't include anything for the waiter."

"My goodness," the professor said. "I haven't eaten one, have I?"

A youngster came home from school late and told his father he'd been kept in.

What for?

I could not remember where the Amazon was.

Well, in the future, just remember where you put things....

A canoe is like a small boy - both behave better when paddled from the rear.

WANTED: HUMOUR, SCANDAL, CAMP SOCIAL NEWS, CARTOONS, BRIGHT VERSE, etc.

ARTILLERY REVUE SHOW"ARMY ON THE AIR"

On the evenings of 14th. and 16th. of December the Artillery Training Depot presented at the Town Hall, Rangiora, an original and highly entertaining non-stop revue show, written, played and produced entirely by the Camp personnel, including the officers. The following were largely responsible for the spade work connected with the production: Bdr. C.L. Beatson; L/Bdr. J. Gaut; Bdrs. C. Kendell; Gnr. Duncan Campbell, and Mr. L. Sutherland. The proceeds were in aid of the local Patriotic Committee funds.

The revue consisted of a series of short snappy sketches interspersed with individual items. Speaking into the mike an announcer in front of the curtain introduced each sketch as though from a broadcasting studio in a most diverting and witty fashion.

The sketches included "Children's Hour" (a skit on Radio Aunts); "Alimony" (a colorful and comic Eastern piece); "The Only Thing the Army Couldn't Do" (a hospital drama, with gruesome trappings); "Poona" (a "dig" at the "old school tie" in India); and "Bashem" (an uproarious school interlude.) The Ballet, in which hulking artillerymen in short blue costumes and jaunty little hats to match, floated about the stage to ballet music, can best be left to the imagination. It rocked the house.

Among individual items was a most realistic impersonation of the famous "Popoys" by 2/Lt. Johns, even down to his absurd throaty chortle. The Balalaika chorus, some piano brackets of old songs, and "For England" sung and played by Bdr. Miller were especially outstanding.

The show was a credit to all concerned. For over a month the personnel had given their spare time and sacrificed leave for rehearsals and the polishing-up of the production.

ORDERLY ROOM ECHOES

Sundry hammerings in the sacred precepts of the Camp Orderly Room recently disturbed the cloister-like atmosphere of that hallowed place. Investigations revealed the cause. The records clerk was busy materialising a brand new idea for efficiency and time-saving in his intricate department. Without a doubt the old saying "Necessity is the Mother of Invention" is amply proved here. In this department inventions flow thick and fast. Neat filing systems jostle with special cupboards and mysterious and cryptic lists wonderful to behold.

Close by in the deep shadows where no sun penetrates the ancient typewriter leaps into action on its protesting carriage on the daily routine of R/O's, memos and other little things as plentiful as the flowers in summer.

The Orderly Room Sergeant, with a fatherly eye dips into a mountainous heap of papers, pouncing like a hawk on some desired missive which he grabs with a loud cry of triumph. He adds up figures with relish. Marty can tell you anything from Form N.Z.100000/00000/0000 to the last horse at Riccarton.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

Les, our "good Scout" of the Y.M.C.A. recently partook of a well-earned holiday to Oamaru. The Hut was presided over in his absence by Mr. Ray Scott, of the Y.M. Burnham. During his brief stay Mr. Scott proved a popular host to the "boys."

The new arrivals in Camp soon availed themselves of the ping-pong tables (the third one makes a difference) and play with great gusto in their leisure moments. Ping-pong balls are unfortunately in short-supply these days, but it is hoped to remedy this state of affairs later.

A fifteen minute spell for morning and afternoon tea is an innovation much appreciated by the Camp personnel. And so say all of us!

Considerable interest is being aroused in the forthcoming Inter-Battery Table-Tennis Tournament. Extra practice may be availed of at any hour between sunset and sunrise.

Those patronising the Camp Library (we now have about 700 books) are omitting to keep the shelves tidy. After each evening they have all the appearance of having been through a cyclone, a tidal-wave and a paper-chase all in one. Now if it were the zoo or Woolworth's at 5 o'clock we could understand this sad state of affairs. Book, however, deserve a reasonable amount of care for the pleasure they bring to so many. So let's keep the Library civilised....

The Hut is looking very attractive these days, and appears very festive with coloured lights, the aftermath of the Christmas decorations. We boast two pianos, although just now our pianists appear to be in the minority. Roll up you piano players!

 A rather extreme vegetarian
 Looked down from his summit Bavarian,
 He said: "It's not odd,
 I'm superior to God,
 For the latter's not even an Aryan."

And then there is the bright young lass who called on the Air Force officials to see if she could get a job as an air hostess in a bomber.

 Corporal: "That new recruit used to be a clerk."

Sergeant: "How do you know?"

Corporal: "Every time he stands at ease he tries to put his rifle behind his ear."

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

LINES WRITTEN IN DEJECTION ON RETURNING OFF LEAVE

One smells the smells of other days
 In the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.
 One's jaundiced eye surveys the strays
 In the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.
 They lie around train-tired and blousy,
 The men unkempt, the women frowsy
 The sakes are stale and the tea is lousy
 In the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.

The air is thick with foetid breath
 In the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.
 In the midst of life one longs for death
 In the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.
 The end of leave, and all's not well
 One broods beneath an evil spell,
 O Lord deliver us from Hell -
 And the Forces' Club at 4 a.m.

-W.S.B.



TIN HAT ON THE HOME FRONT



TIN HAT ON THE BATTLE-FRONT

DANCE IN CAMP

A very enjoyable dance was held in the Y.M.C.A. on Wednesday evening, January 20th, when the Camp entertained about forty ladies from Rangiora and the surrounding district. This was actually the first dance held within the Camp grounds, and it is to be hoped that future dances (some of them any way) will be held here too. His Worship, the Mayor, Mr. Tyler gave a short speech of appreciation.

The Y.M.C.A. Hut, decorated for the occasion, was almost filled to capacity, a few non-dancers overflowing on to the porches. The floor proved quite successful and the orchestra played a number of up-to-the-minute and catchy tunes.

Thanks are due to Captain Crosbie, the Camp Commandant for his permission to hold the Dance in the Camp; to the energetic Mr. Sutherland; to the dance committee, and last but not least the attendance of the ladies themselves, who from all accounts had a very pleasant and happy time.

LETTER FROM A MERCHANT SEAMAN

(The writer of this letter has since returned safely to the Dominion, after nine months in the Merchant Service.)

Somewhere at Sea, 13/11/42.

May be you have forgotten this wandering salt-sea slushie who used to be credited with a little intellect. Well, anyway, I am still alive.

The world has undergone many strange changes since we were together in Christchurch last. I heard with dismay the decision of Vichy France to resist our occupation of North Africa. The French do not seem even yet, to trust the Allies... I saw the last effort of Vichy France to hold out in Madagascar. They fought us tooth and claw. However, thank God it is all over now.

Won't I be pleased to step ashore agin in New Zealand. Of course the Merchant Navy has given me a great chance to see the world (what's left of it) for which I am profoundly grateful. Whatever the future has in store, I will never lose faith that some day, somehow or other, this man-created nightmare will disappear and then - the dawn of a new era for Mankind. . .

We have a monkey aboard ship called Jacko. He is very small but alas! very agile. So active was he the other day that he sprang through my cabin window and stole several letters I had written. When I last saw them they were dancing like autumn leaves in the wind. But monkeys will be monkeys, I guess. . .

Our Special Reporter has some good harvesting "scoops" and others for our next issue. Ask J-----about the "flying pigs"....And then there's (no, we'll have to leave it until our next number to be published on approx. February 25th.)

REGENT THEATRE PROGRAMME - FORTHCOMING PICTURES - See back page.

REGENT THEATRE -----RANGIORATel.
96 M.Some Coming Attractions

THURSDAY, Jan. 21. 2.15 & 8 p.m.

(1) Penny Singleton-Arthur Lake

"BLONDIE IN SOCIETY"

(2) Sally Eilers & Donald Wood

"I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S
ISLAND"

Sat. & Tues. Jan. 23, 26 2.15 & 8.

Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour

"CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"

Also: March of Time, "The Argentine
Question."

Thurs. Jan. 28 at 2.15 & 8 p.m.

(1) Arthur Lucan in the Hilarious
Comedy

"OLD MOTHER RILEY IN BUSINESS"

(2) Roscoe Karns & Ruth Donnelly
in another splendid Comedy

"GAY VAGABOND"

Sat. & Tues. Jan. 30. Feb. 2 at 8.

Madeleine Carroll

Fred MacMurray in

A Comedy Romance of Today

"VIRGINIA"

(In Technicolour)

"Hollywood Reporter" says: "In
this Paramount has produced one
of the truly great pictures of
this or any year. Grand enter-
tainment."

Thurs. Sat. & Tues. Feb. 4, 6, 9.

Leslie Howard & Francis Sullivan

"PIMPERNEL SMITH"

No need to tell you how good
this is - it ran for weeks at
the Regent, Christchurch.....

Thurs. Feb. 11 at 8 p.m.

(1) William Gargan & Irene Hervey

"BOMBAY CLIPPER"

(2) Brian Donlevy - Brod Crawford

Andy Devine & Maria Montez in

"SOUTH OF TAHITI"

Sat. & Tues. Feb. 13, 16.

"The Dead End Kids" with John
Litel, Frankie Thomas & Gissie
Loftus in a Grand Action Comedy

"ON DRESS PARADE"

Also "March of Time."

A Show the whole Family will
enjoy....

Thursday, Feb. 18 at 8 p.m.

(1) Austin Trevor & Lindon Travers
in

"SEVENTH SURVIVOR"

A British Agent versus a Nazi
spy on the High Seas.(2) Tom Neal & Carol Hughes in a
fine Boxing Drama

"MIRACLE KID."

Sat. & Tues. Feb. 20, 23.

Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland

Walter Abel & Dick Purcell in

"ARISE MY LOVE"

"One of the gayest and most satis-
fying comedies of the year" - New
York Herald-Tribune.COMING

GEORGE FORMBY

in

"TURNED OUT NICE AGAIN"

CAMP CANTERN

Open at -

7030 hrs. till 800 hrs.

1230 " till 1300 "

1630 " till 1700 "

1800 " till 1930 "

Sat. 7030 " till 800 "

Sun. 900 " till 1000 "