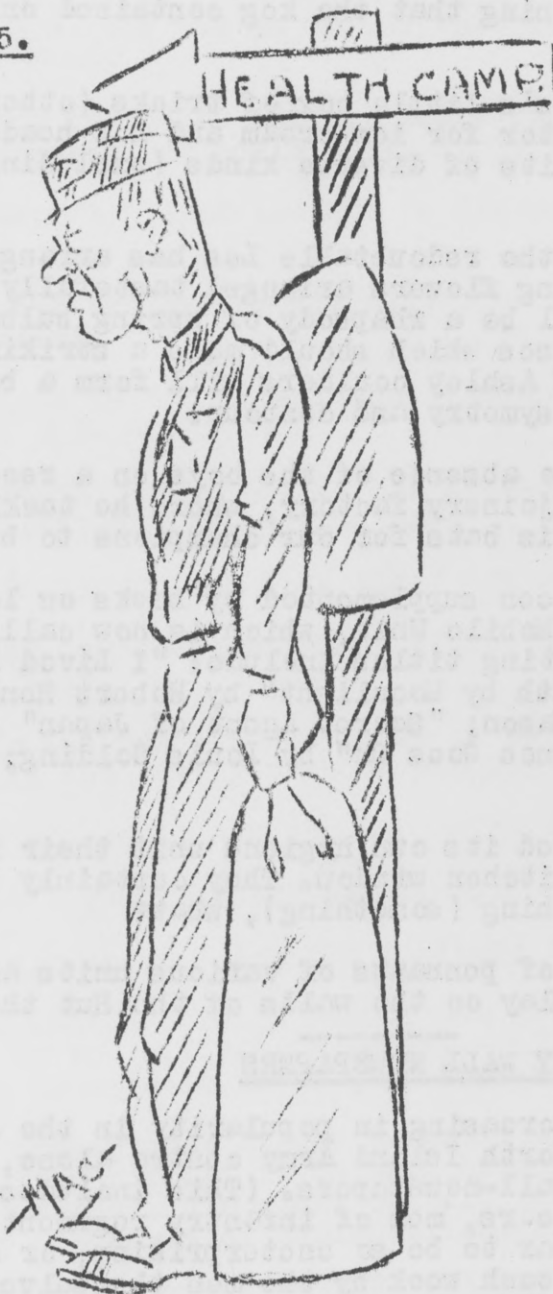


RANGIORA GUNNER

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Back from Furlough

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

The boys were recently over-joyed to observe a three-gal. keg in the Y.M.C.A. canteen. "Ah, wet canteen at long last," they breathed blissfully, their rubicund faces bathed in smiles. Their ardour was somewhat dampened on learning that the keg contained only water for soft drinks. . .

Recent additions to Les's little box of tricks (otherwise the canteen) include a refrigerator for ice-cream and hot hoods, and a plentiful supply of biscuits of diverse kinds (excluding dog biscuits, of course.)

It is understood that the redoubtable Les has arranged to have rock gardens and plots of spring flowers arranged tastefully in close vicinity to the Hut. There will be a rhapsody of spring bulbs, wall-flowers forget-me-nots and dog roses which should make a striking picture. A beautiful collection of Ashley boulders will form a border to the garden plots of singular symetry and contour.

Taking advantage of the absence of the boys on a recent afternoon, Les commandeered a handy joinery factory, where he tackled the arduous task of making table-tennis bats for our champions to be.

The Camp Library has been supplemented by books on loan from the N.Z. War Library Service Mobile Unit, which is now calling regularly at the Camp. Some interesting titles include: "I Lived Dangerously" by Christopher Johnson; "Death by Moonlight" by Robert Henrique; "The Dean's Elbow" by A.E.W. Mason; "Secret Agent of Japan" (a book everyone should read); "The Dance Goes On" by Louis Golding; "Summer Moonshine" by P.G. Woodhouse.

The Y.M.C.A. has created its own hygiene unit their initial effort being a sump 'neath the kitchen window. They certainly spend their spare moments doing sumpting (something), what?

An attractive display of pennants of various units and the allied nations make a brave display on the walls of the Hut these days. . .

ARMY WALL NEWSPAPERS

Wall-newspapers are increasing in popularity in the Armed Forces in this country. In one North Island Army centre alone, six different units produce their own wall-newspapers. (This includes signallers, headquarters staff, engineers, men of infantry regiments, etc.) Gunners, however, don't appear to be so enterprising, or are we mistaken? The paper is produced each week by the men themselves, and consists of articles, cartoons, sketches, poems; each paper is run by an Editorial Committee elected from the ranks. Contributors include officers, and all ranks. The wall-newspaper is playing a big part in Army life.

PERSONAL PARS

We hear that a certain musical (?) Sergeant-Major is haunted by his melodies. He should be - he murders them!

Who was the N.C.O. who was so modest that he went bathing fully-clad? Ask Snow or Fang.

A certain gunner of the 20 Battery would be glad of a donation of a pair of arch-supports (or would he?). Apply S.

Wanted - Puffenuffs "First Lessons in Trumpeting." Apply 24th. Battery urgently.

Who is the gunner who groans dismally when he strikes week-end duties? Ask yourself!

What has happened to the late lamented Committee of "The Rangiora Gunner"? Ask C.B. J.G. and D.C.

What did a certain gunner say to his hut-mate who wandered in sozzled the other night? Why bring that up?

Do pigs fly? Do geese look like pigs? Ask Johnny.

Is it true that cakes are all made of the one mixture? Ask Willie L. of Racecourse View.

Do portergaffs and rum and raspberry go to the feet or the head? Or both? Or should one just get the raspberry? Ask N.F.H.

Are our cooks any good? Ask the Lancaster Park boys. . .

Will you pass the sugar, please? Ask Bluoy.

Who is this High Joan? Ask the Sanitary Fatigue.

We understand that a certain gunner was given three No.9's instead of three aspros by the M.I.R.'s tame pill-roller. We have it on reliable authority that he is to be Camp Runner for the next three weeks.

Public Enemy number one: Gunner N----ll! Without his hut mate his one idea of enjoying himself is to park himself on another person's bunk. Any offers for his disposal? Or will someone amuse him for a few hours or buy him a set of wooden bricks or a jig-saw puzzle?

- "Ivan Nideer"

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

POST OFFICE DANCELarge Attendance

On Friday evening, February 19, the annual Post Office Dance was held at the R.S.A. Hall, Rangiora. The proceeds were in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund which should greatly benefit from the record attendance. Indeed large as the Hall is it was difficult to accommodate the dancing couples with any degree of comfort. Nevertheless, cramped quarters on the dancing floor made no great difference to the enjoyment of the evening as a whole. The orchestra supplied a good selection of modern and catchy tunes. A most successful evening concluded at about 1 a.m. The Dance was well patronised by the personnel of Rangiora Camp, in addition to many of the general public of the district.

SOME OF THE BLOKES WE KNOW

The Private: The best bloke in the Army; cheerful disposition; never "answers back"; always has a clean rifle; when wanted for fatigue duties has the art of vanishing into thin air.

Lance-Corporal: A little dodger with one stripe; snoaks round with a notebook and pencil taking names for all duties under the sun. Occasionally he gets a kick in the pants.

Corporal: Of the same species as the above but not so obnoxious. Prides himself on the fact that Napoleon, Hitler and Mussolini were once corporals, and he, too, may rise to be a Dictator some day.

Sergeant: A loud-voiced creature with a voice like a bull. Usually has a nagging wife, and vents his spite on the poor private for no reason at all. (Why do we have sergeants?)

Sergeant-Major: Has all the bad, bad points of a sergeant but is more sarcastic; like to rub it in. A perfect post; thinks he can sing and tries to at canteen concerts; swears violently.

Quartermaster Sergeant: Shrewd and cunning; would make a good banker, as he juggles his finance and the intricacies of supply and demand without turning a hair. Soaks his corns in rum.

Regimental-Sergeant-Major: All the vices of the last two but magnified; has a voice like an air-raid siren; causes N.C.O.'s and young lieutenants to tremble at the knees. Gives everybody the "jitters" whilst he is on parade.

Military Policeman: A-~~xxxxx~~! ! ??? Cows! ! (and so say all of us.)

Medical Officer: Without looking at you murmurs: "E.D." or "I.D." Cures every ailment under the sun with No.9's; all the same to him.

Visit the Gym. in the Tote. Bill Carey, former N.Z. Welter Weight Champion will show you the ropes for a small consideration. Broken-down prize-fighters not wanted. Learn to tap with the fists with excellent results. Correspondence courses very reasonable.

GUNNERS BECOME FILM STARS

(Special Correspondent)

Recently the hills around a certain valley in a certain district somewhere in New Zealand, echoed to the majestic thunder of the 2-pdrs. During the morning hours the rural community was thrilled with the sight of the panzer-punishers proceeding to their battle-stations.

Arriving at the scene of action the boys flung themselves into the fray like hungry guzzlers pouncing on the counter-lunch. Earth and rocks flew as gun-pits were dug, and soon the guns were pointing in the direction of their targets.

After this frenzy peace descended on the country-side again, a long, long peace. Grub appeared and disappeared and still the peace was unbroken.

Then suddenly - wild excitement. The camera has arrived. It is swiftly mounted, words of command ring out, the crows spring to their posts. Fire! Long tongues of flame lash from the muzzles, the tracers scream to their targets, and the hills shake. Cease fire! The smoke of battle drifts away. Mount! Scram!

We've been in the movies and it's a great feeling. Oh, yeah!

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

(by "Mac")

Early in February Military history was made in New Zealand. We refer to the first crossing of the treacherous Waimak by anti-tank gun.

Early in the afternoon four heroes, who shall be nameless, set antrepidly forth from the South bank and struck out manfully for the opposite shore.

As the afternoon slowly passed the excitement grew more and more intense. Could they do it? Would those heroes reach the other side or be forever engulfed by the surging river? Who know? Who cared, anyway?

Nearer and nearer they draw to the bank, battling manfully until at last the keel grated on the shingle. Then a great cry went up from the onlookers. Damn it, they hadn't tipped up after all.

Wearily they struggled ashore but a great light was in their eyes, which, however, was quenched as they were surrounded by Colonels, Majors and other forms of Army life. Here we leave them. Heaven help them, for they were brave men and deserved a better fate.

FORTHCOMING CONCERT PARTY

The Labour Representation Committee Concert Party will pay a visit to Rangiora Camp on Monday evening, March 22.

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

CITIZEN SOLDIER

He's in for the duration
 And prepared to do his bit,
 Though he finds it rather strange
 at first

The raw recruit, John Cit.

He's a Sergeant-Major's nightmare,
 And the O.C.'s had a fit,
 But they'll be proud of him before
 he's through

The raw recruit, John Cit.

He may grouch and he may grumble,
 But he's learning how to hit,
 And no foe shall wrest this country
 from

The soldier-man, John Cit.

And if the Jap should come this way
 And strive our ranks to split,
 I'll bet he'll wish he'd never met
 The fighting-man, John Cit.

- "Zero."

Members of the 21st. Anti-Tank Battery engaged recently in harvesting in the West Eyreton district, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. R.J. Wolff at their home, "Totara," Horroville, prior to their return to Rangiora Camp.

Assisted by Misses Dorothy Wolff and Rena Percy an enjoyable card evening following dinner was arranged. Those present included 2/Lieut. Rhodes and Gunnors J. Brown, B.T. Bailey, G.E. Baxter, C. Bishop, A.L. McKay, D. Stroeter and R.W.C. Stuart.

Chalked notice over camp bucket in Palestine.

Please do not use soap when washing, as water is required later for brewing tea.

The best way to waken a man is to tickle his bare foot, says a doctor. Oh, well, another little job won't do the Sergeant-Major any harm.

"Calling Up Grouse," reads a newspaper headline. How dare they make game of the Army!

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

LECTURE ON ARMY EDUCATION

The Army Education Officer, Lieut. A.J. Campbell, visited Rangiora Camp on Thursday evening, 18 February, to discuss the recently introduced Army Education scheme. In a lucid and interesting manner the speaker sketched the general purpose of the whole idea. After the lecture a number of personnel approached him for enrollment forms and to ask questions.

Courses include engineering, building construction, accountancy, English composition, agriculture. A number of others are to be added shortly. Those taking the farming course will be given the opportunity of visiting the Lincoln College, and lecturers from the College will visit the Camp from time to time.

A Mobile Film Unit is also included in the scheme and will screen a number of interesting films of wide appeal, both instructive and entertaining.

Enquiries concerning the Army Education Welfare Service can be made from Mr. Oram, Unit Education Officer.

H U M O U R

Laugh while you may and live in clover
For when you're dead you're dead all over.

Captain: Any volunteers for the cookhouse?

Recruit: Yes, I will go.

Captain: Have you done any cooking?

Recruit: Yes.

Captain: In big coppers?

Recruit: Yes.

Captain: What?

Recruit: Asphalt.

A young officer returning from leave abroad was about to take his place in an air-liner when a girl ran up and asked the passengers if any one of them would be kind enough to sell her his seat, as her mother was dangerously ill and the liner was full up.

The young officer gave up his seat, and wired his C.O.: "Given berth to girl. Returning by next plane."

The reply he received ran: "Congratulations. Your next confinement will be in barracks."

For butting a sergoant with his head, a recruit was given seven days C.B. Perhaps that will teach him not to act the goat in the future. . .

GUNNERS - "THE RANGIORA GUNNER" IS YOUR PAPER - SUPPORT IT!

TRANSPORT NEWS & VIEWS

It is good to hear our numerous M.T. drivers justifying themselves in driving our M.T. trucks. Some kind person volunteers to drive down for the leave personnel to the Station. They start, and the changing of gears is terrific. Cries of derision on every side. If a survey of the occupants was made you'd find that some of the passangers have not licenses, and others have driven trucks for years, and even then couldn't miss a change. Even those who've had licenses for a mere few months. It is just human nature...

The name "Jeop" has a peculiar fascination to most people who fancy themselves drivers. Recently many hearts jumped for joy when the opportunity arrived to drive one. The result was one of our Transport Officers seated himself in one, and attempted thrilling acrobatics on a well-known river stop-bank. A S.M. attempted the exercise of trying to clear a boundary fence by the narrowest margin, and even a Bdr. of dubious ability as a driver ventured to handle one of these vehicles. He even failed to tip it up or damage a mudguard by some freak of fortune. It is to be hoped that the advent of the Jeops in this Camp will be marked in due course by some spectacular event.

In Camp we have a certain well-known brand of truck which is associated with the song "Henry Made a Lady Out of Lizzie," and many drivers have desired a change of vehicle. So great was the joy thereof, when several weeks ago, a brand new truck appeared at the Main Gate. Great also was the wailing and gnashing of teeth when it was discovered to be only the water-cart. . .

- M.T.E.E.

TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

(by "Stroke")

On Wednesday the 3rd. February, there was an Inter-Battery Table-Tennis Tournament in the Y.M.C.A. Hut. The 24th. Battery was the winning battery, with Bill Miller the champion of champions. He had several redoubtable opponents in Bill Reader of the 20th, Mr. Donnelly and Hughie Day. The arrangements for the matches were made by Les Sutherland of the Y.M.C.A. The contests were close and a high standard of sportsmanship was exhibited by all players. Perhaps the best game of evening was that between Bill Reader and Mr Donnelly, although Jack Gaut caused much amusement by his vigorous facial expressions. Good work, Jack. Hugh Day's play as runner-up, was the subject of much comment, and he should do well in future competitions.