

RANGIORA GUNNER



VOLUME 1. No. 1.

Fortnightly

Price: Threepence

EDITORIAL

As the Rangiora Artillery Training Depot has now been in existence for more than six months, we feel that the time is ripe for a representative Camp publication - hence hopefully if with slight trepidation we introduce "THE RANGIORA GUNNER."

We believe there is sufficient news and general activities to be gleaned from the Camp for regular publication. Sports news, forthcoming entertainments, humorous interludes, Y.M.C.A. work in all its phases, and last but not least, original literary work in the form of verse (humorous or otherwise), short topical articles, and chatty paragraphs. All these and other items we hope to feature in our pages from time to time.

Our aims are to entertain, to provide a means of self-expression in Camp journalism, to foster the co-operative spirit in all forms of Camp life, and to provide a printed record of our past and future work as a whole.

As is to be expected the get-up of the first number of the paper may not prove entirely satisfactory (our duplicator is giving us hell!) but at all times we welcome both criticism and suggestions for improvement. Our motto will be to advance as we go along.

As previously explained "THE RANGIORA GUNNER" is to be run on a co-operative basis, and this means that the success of the paper depends upon the interest shown in it by the whole Camp.

We gratefully acknowledge our appreciation of the Camp Commander for his kind permission to publish the paper; Mr. Leslie Sutherland for his enthusiasm and organisation; and our thanks to all others who have made the appearance of "THE RANGIORA GUNNER" an actuality.

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King Street

Open: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.

Writing-Room, Games, Supper.

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Y. M . C . A. NOTES

With increased numbers in Camp, the Y.M.C.A. (so ably presided over by the genial and ever-obliging Les. Sutherland) is becoming quite lively again, and the piano is in action practically every evening with a rousing chorus joining in from time to time when the spirit moves the lads into paeans of song.

The latest innovation introduced by the versatile Les. (to wit, his catapult game) is attracting considerable interest from the officers downwards. The moving target affixed to the turntable of the gramophone is a brilliant idea, and is excellent practice for Gunners who wish to develop that necessary quickness of the eye.

Table Tennis has its sturdy adherents evening after evening, even by those who have had a heavy day on fatigues or out in the fields. More about our table tennis fiends anon.

The Library has been greatly enhanced of late with excellent reading matter in the form of novels by popular authors from Somerset Maugham to William J. Locke, in addition to light authors of Jerome K. Jerome and P.G. Wodehouse type (not excluding Ethel M. Dell and poor dear Maie Corelli.) Unfortunately the periodical and magazine literature (perhaps with the exception of the "Reader's Digest") is rather dog-eared and slightly out of date. Events move so swiftly these days! Recent periodicals would be very much appreciated. We even discovered recently a copy of that magazine which probably thrilled our grandparents - "Atlanta," the date being Christmas, 1890. Rather behind the times, what?

Of course the buffet is well patronised and N.C.O.'s and others can gorge themselves until either their money or the supply of cakes sell out. Camp life certainly stimulates the appetite and a welcome "snack" is always appreciated.

Some of our card fiends (habitually ensconced in the Y.M.C.A.) have moved to another Camp. Undoubtedly their places will be taken shortly by a new bunch of "card disciples." Wait and see.

Darts, too, fill in odd moments, and some of the boys can "dart" at anything - especially when their leave is stopped and they feel it necessary to "let off steam" in some reasonably violent manner. God bless 'em!

Ye ancient Y.M.C.A. tent (we hear rumours of a new building) has weathered some exceptionally strong gales during the past six months, but somehow still manages to remain aloft. It always pervades a homely glow and welcome beneath its straining canvas in even the vilest weather, although sundry drops of moisture DO sneak in on occasions.

SUPPORT THE CAMP PAPER - CONTRIBUTE NEWS, HUMOUR, ARTICLES, SPORTS

NOTES BY THE WAY

(by "Dodo")

The most popular man in Rangiora Camp? - The rations man!

Sergeant-Major M---- is very fond of - tennis.

At a recent smoke concert the fun was fast and furious. Some of the N.C.O.'s particularly enjoyed themselves. Eh?

Adele and Alec (our Camp pigs) are fast developing into prime pork. Every so often the butcher casts covetous eyes in the direction of their home-made sty. A far-away look appears in his blue eyes, and he smacks his lips as if visualising succulent pork chops reared on the premises, so to speak.

Gunner N----'s flamboyant bicycle is the envy of the entire Camp. Its demand is terrific. Enquiries as to hire from the owner, Racecourse View.

Anti-Tank Gunners are ardent wooers, so we are told. This is where their quickness of the eye comes in. I know, however, such a gunner who proved not quick enough - and acquired from a damsel of large proportions - two lovely black eyes. He's been a reformed character for - two weeks!

Speaking of tanks (we weren't, but that's a detail) we moderns are not so up-to-date after all. Although they didn't call 'em tanks, the ancients had huge movable land forts drawn by horses or elephants crowded with soldiers armed with bows, catapults, spears, pikes and axes, and with sharp blades on the wooden wheels, which mowed down the enemy wholesale.

In our frantic search for matter for this column (when the fount of inspiration runs dry) we came across this choice little verse so cute in its simplicity:

"Twinkle, twinkle little star
We went riding in a brand new car,
But what we did I ain't admittin'
But what I'm knitting
Ain't for Britain!"

What we want to see in a movie is a bed which throws itself on the heroine when the hero gets up and walks out.

Which reminds us of the time a poor dog-tired slightly befuddled long-legged gunner arrived home in the small wee hours to discover his comfortable couch already occupied by a snoring lump of humanity. The said lump had succumbed in the first available hut. Don't know sequel.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

(by our Reporter)

Camp life has its moments as was proved on a recent Sunday afternoon. On a route march in the neighbourhood the lads acquired two young wild pigs, which were given a haven in the Camp, and named respectively Adele and Alec. With protesting squeals the two youngsters were housed in a straw-lined box. From then on they were the recipients of titbits calculated to turn a wild pig in the bush green with envy.

Visitor's day (Sunday afternoon) duly arrived. A group of young ladies were given a graphic description of the wonderful pigs, and expressed a desire to see them. So with due ceremony they were conducted to the pig-sty. A wag among the boys said:

"You can have 'em, if you like. Get a sack from the Quartermaster's Store and take them out to your car."

Two of the girls piped up, "Oh, we'd love to have them, the darlings."

While someone went after the required sack the boys decided to play a practical joke on the Camp butcher, who was blissfully asleep in his hut close by. The two lively pigs were discreetly pushed into the butcher's hut and the door securely shut after their curly tails....

Dead silence for a space of a second or two. Then the fun commenced. Squeals, the clatter of piggy feet, punctuated with lurid oaths and muffled thumps. The butcher was hurling objects and invective at the playful pigs gambolling languidly on the threshold.

Their momentary freedom, however, finished abruptly on the arrival of the sack into whose gloomy depths they were suddenly confined.

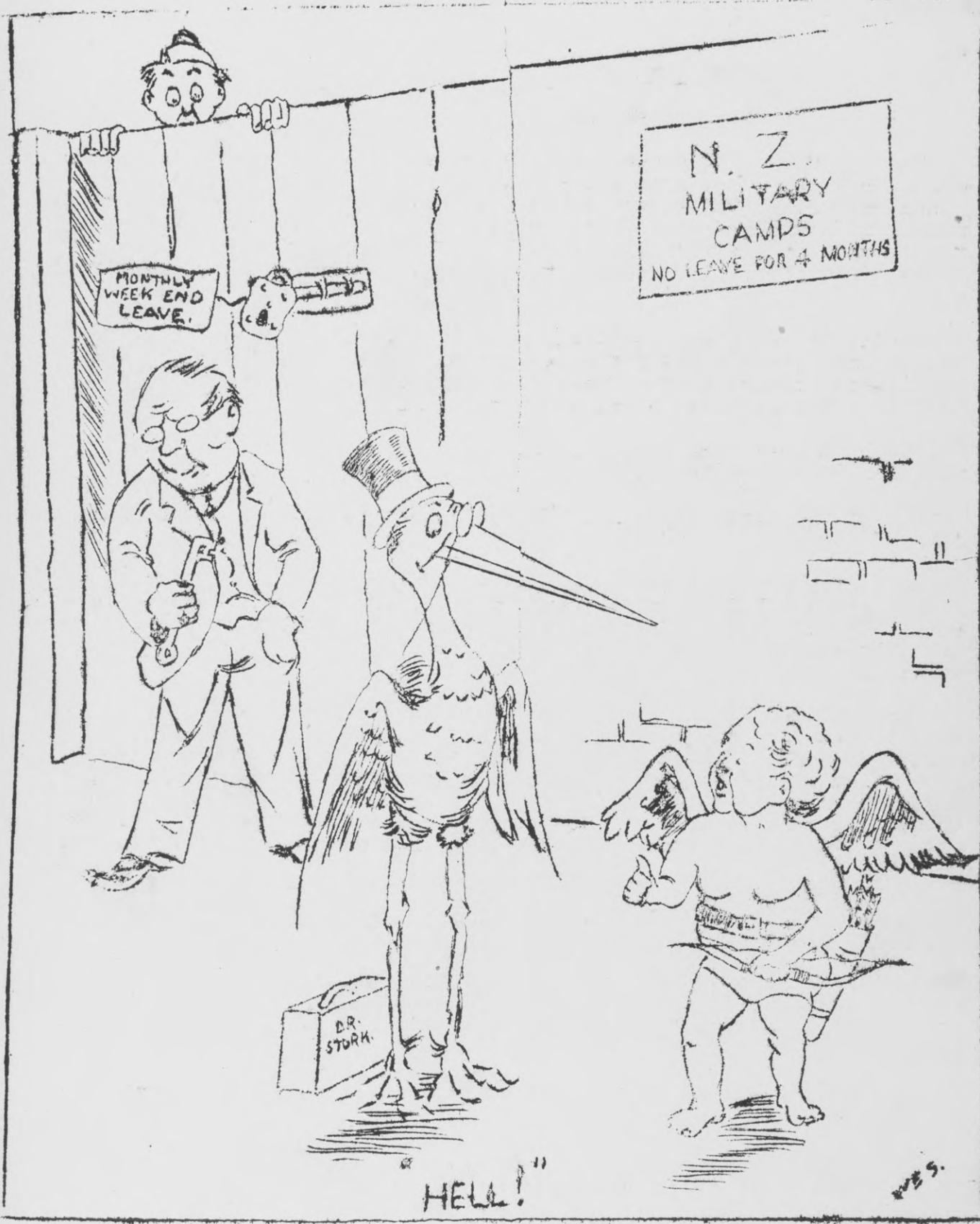
The climax of the episode came when the girls who had claimed possession of the pigs were preparing to place their protesting objects in a car outside the gates.

They were aroused by a loud shout in the distance, and streaking towards them, waving his arms, came an excited figure. "Bring 'em back. Bring 'em back," yelled the approaching N.C.O.. "It's a joke; you can't have our pigs."

And that is how Adele and Alec still find themselves members of the Rangiora Camp.

OOooOO

We understand that the R.S.A. have asked the Camp boys to form a Billiard Club for friendly tournaments. A good idea.



MONTHLY
WEEK END
LEAVE.

N. Z.
MILITARY
CAMPS
NO LEAVE FOR 4 MONTHS

DR.
STORM.

HELL!"

WES.

by "Gunner"

CRICKET

As the season for the popular sport of cricket draws nearer, the boys can be observed out on the "campus" polishing up their technique and "the wielding of the willow", and the art of tossing the ball with a good length and accuracy down the pitch. Although the facilities for cricket in the Camp grounds are somewhat limited, a patch of ground and the use of the familiar nets has proved satisfactory for practice. With us at the moment we have some cricketers of repute, those who have proved themselves at various colleges and high-schools in their First XI's. Mr. Donnelly, one of our officers has been in the recent past a Provincial Representative, and will be able to give some good advice if needed.

The equipment is good and with reasonable care should last for a lengthy period. It is hoped that a team will be entered in the Competitions, the only set back for such a wish is the fact that the personnel are constantly leaving and entering the Camp, and it tends to break up that combination which makes all the various sports teams a success.

- "SLIPS"

TENNIS

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It is presumed some of the members of the Camp are keen tennis players. Although one may not see tennis courts in the vicinity of the Camp do not be dismayed. The Rangiora Tennis Club have extended an invitation to the boys to use their courts in Rangiora. This is a further kindly gesture by the people of Rangiora who have been known for their hospitality to the soldiers in the past.

BASKETBALL

A little patch by the M.I.R. Tent has been pounded and pitted in recent weeks by furious battles, all for the purpose of propelling a leather ball through rather elusive rings. This game is known as basket ball !

CAMP CONCERT

On Tuesday evening, October 6th. Bells Pierottes gave a bright Concert in the Camp Mess Hall. The piano accordion numbers were well received as were the various humorous skits. Numerous other items were given but space does not permit a detailed report. The Commanding Officer kindly extended the time to include some cheerful community singing which was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present. This concert is the first of a series arranged by Army Headquarters. If this standard is maintained the Camp will certainly look forward to future entertainments.

OOooOO

A young lady with a touch of hay fever, took with her to a dinner party two handkerchiefs, one of which she stuck in her bosom. At dinner she began rummaging to the right and left of her bosom for the fresh handkerchief. Engrossed in her search she suddenly realised that the conversation had ceased and people were watching her fascinated. In confusion she murmured: "I know I had two when I came."

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STRIPES

Gunner B----- was walking down High Street, Rangiora with a bright young lady recently, when whom should they meet but Sergeant-Major M. Later the young lady asked what the three stripes and the crown stood for. The gunner replied that the crown showed he was a married man and the stripes showed the number of children he had. They went further along High Street and met a Bombardier. "My," exclaimed the young lady, "isn't he a naughty man."

---"EROS"

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WHAT TO DO IN AN AIR RAID

(1) As soon as the bombs start dropping run like hell (it doesn't matter where.)

(2) Wear track shoes if possible. If those in front are too slow, you won't have any trouble stepping over them.

(3) If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it well. (maybe the firing-pin is stuck).

(4) If you should be the victim of a direct hit, don't go to pieces. Lie still and you won't be noticed.

---"WARDEN"

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PAY

Who does the wording of Army forms? I'm looking at Army Form 01700. It's the first form the budding soldier fills up, and before he signs it he must be sure he's read the bit at the bottom. What it says is: "For this purpose the expression 'pay' means the rate of pay to which the soldier is entitled and any proficiency pay or analogous emolument." "Analogous emolument"! It's moved an ex-soldier of my acquaintance to humour. He says he can see a lot of parents scratching their heads over the news that Albert's got an analogous emolument" and wondering whether, if he should get home on leave, they ought to make a wire cage for it in the garden or borrow an extra large frying-pan.

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Y.M.C.A. HUT

Glowing convivial atmosphere, animated talk

Hazy, friendly reek of tobacco smoke;

Card-players under diffused lights, terse
and preoccupied -

Soldiers strolling breezily exuberant in
their walk;

Someone strums a popular song

On the dust-flecked, tuneless piano

And lusty voices blend with the night

For tomorrow - who knows? - some may be gone;

Here a friendly threshold, a welcome nook

For leisure hours and lonely moments

With comrades in arms - a voluble company

Or a haven in which to enjoy the tranquility
of a book.

- N.E.H.

AUNT AGATHA'S CORNER

GUNNER H.R. - There's no definite way of proving that brunettes are more faithful than blondes. Both (including redheads) can be equally fickle, my lad. Read some of Ethel M. Dell's literary masterpieces, or if she is too sloppy try Berta Rack. Good luck!

GUNNER M.C. - Sorry we can't supply you with the names and addresses of lassies who like parties and dancing. Try the Betta Pals Correspondence Club (Secretary: Miss I. Scream, Rookery Nook, Birchbrook) or the Welcome Club. In answer to your other delicate questions (1) Don't; (2) Sometimes; (3) Certainly not.

GUNNER MACCORKINSCREW - Your ode to the dear lady's eyes is creditable until the final two verses. These would undoubtedly land you two black eyes and possibly a spell at Hammer.

BOMBADIER A.C. - Yes and no. Not often. Quite so. Merely hearsay. Watch your step, though.

SERGEANT D.C. - Read Dr. Marie Stoppes. Definitely not Outside Aunt Aggy's experience.

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SONGS THEY NEVER WROTE

WINSTON CHURCHILL: "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off."

RUDOLPH HESS: "I'm Going Home Again, Kathleen."

ADOLPH HITLER: "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire."

JOE LOUIS: "I Saw Stars;"

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ALL HANDS TO THE BUN'S

According to a very unreliable source, we understand that the following method is the next new way that the Army will have to fold their blankets.

Each man will be issued with a ten foot red ribbon, and the blankets are to be done up in a neat ball shape. The diameter is not to exceed $17\frac{3}{4}$ " and not to be less than $17\frac{1}{2}$ ". The bow of the ribbon is to be $29\frac{1}{2}$ " across and the entire ball to weigh not more than $16\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

- "SIMON"

The following correction appeared in a local newspaper: "Our paper announced last week that Mr. Henry Brown was a defective in the local police force. This, of course, was a typographical error, and should have read: Mr. Henry Brown was a detective in the local police force."

SPECIALLY WANTED - CARTOONS ! ! !

DIGGERS REVUEA Good Show

On the evening of October 5th. the Diggers Revue paid a welcome visit to Rangiora. The attendance was excellent, and by the time the curtain went up the Regent Theatre was almost packed by local residents and "boy" from Rangiora Camp.

The talent was good, and by the way the show was produced, it was easily seen that the artists had put a great deal of work into making it a success. The items were varied, including humorous sketches, ballets, vocals, duets, and some very delightful music on the violin. The star "clown" of the evening was "Spud" Murphy, who was well known to everybody who came from Otago. The ballets were composed of "balletinas" so pleasing to the eye (perhaps). The "balletinas" found it difficult to sustain the feminine touch on occasions, and often raised their legs daintily and kicked the next dancer in that part of the body where kicking is mostly directed.

"The Awkward Squad" is also worth mentioning, as it served to bring more laughter from the audience than any of the other sketches. One of the vocalists had a good bass voice and rendered "Old Man River" in a true Paul Robeson style. The Magicians earned a good deal of praise and gave the audience plenty of food for thought. A good all round evening's entertainment.

- G.B.L.

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BOOK REVIEW

"THE CURRENT OF WAR" by Captain Liddell Hart

When Captain Liddell Hart's "The Defence of Britain" was published in 1939, Hitler called a special meeting of his Military Advisers at Berchtesgaden to discuss the problems it raised. It is a pity that Whitehall did not pay similar respect to the opinions of England's most prominent military critic. In the pre-war period the technique of mechanised warfare with Captain Liddell Hart as its most patient and able exponent - was elaborated in England and then because of its newness made a present of to the Nazis.

In "The Current of War" Captain Hart traces the development of mechanised warfare, and gives an account of its use by the Nazis in the present struggle. However, Liddell Hart is much more than a military critic. He deals with the whole attitude of a nation towards the problems of war. He suggests effective policy measures to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion, and to ensure a more stable peace. But again, and this a most substantial BUT, in "The Current of War" we are offered no emotional assurance of victory, no easy way to peace. We must, to begin with, accept responsibility for the errors of British statesmen and military leaders in the recent past. There is no escaping them.

PERFORMER & WANTED CAMP CONCERT. BY M. G. A. See.

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