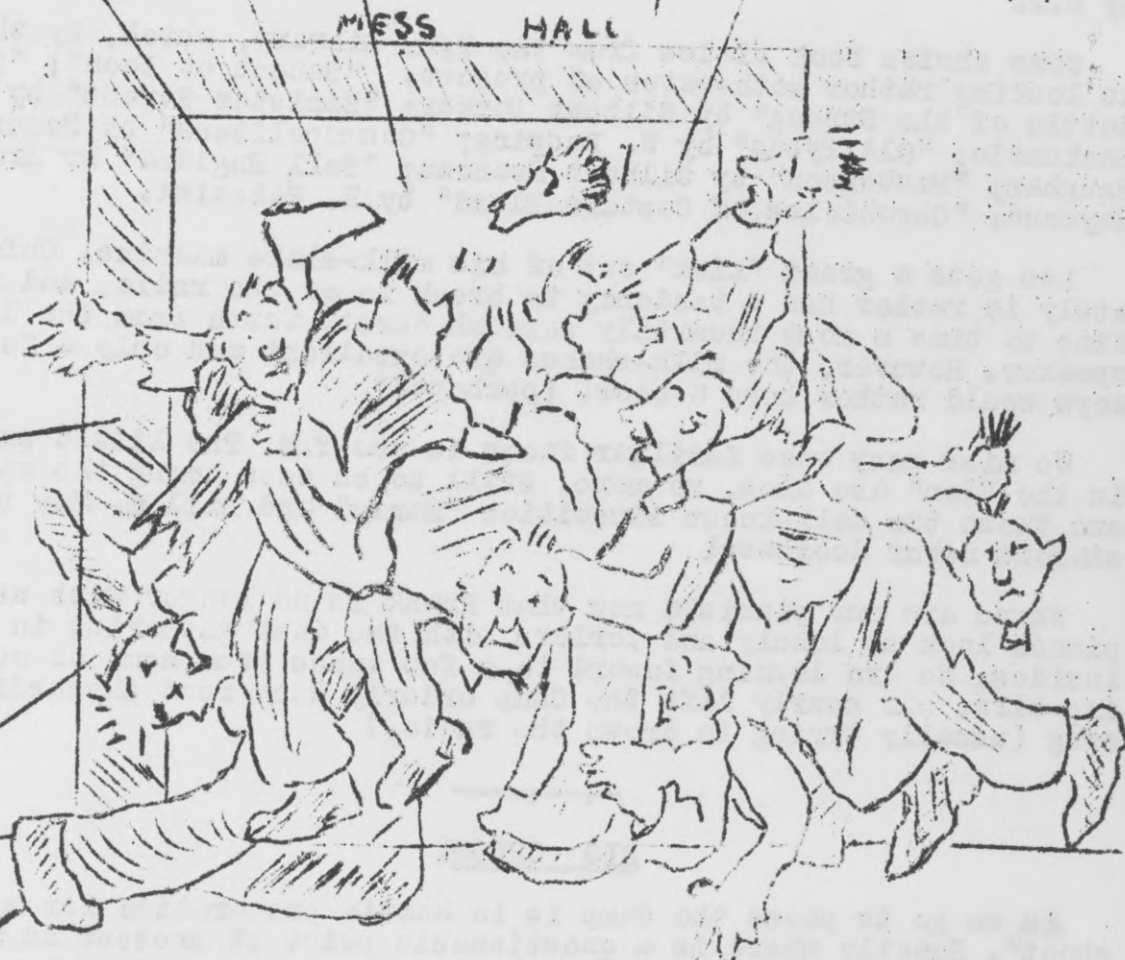


RANGIORA GUNNER

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"Mess Time in Camp"

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

Recently installed in the Y.M.C.A. Hut - two large coke heaters, Nice and cosy, eh? Almost but not quite, like home.

Les. has an able assistant these days. Gur. T----- will sell you anything from a milk-shake to a super radio set with all the trimmings, plus sales talk and sales tax.

Recently joined the table tennis fiends Bdr. P-----. Bill L----- is building an out-house for his trophies. He is considering writing an authoritative text-book "Table-Tennis for the Beginner" with a foreword by S.T.

Some choice book titles from the Y.M. Library, which, by the way, is looking rather moth-eaten at present. "Sunset at Noon"; "The Battle of the Strong" by Gilbert Parker; "Sinister Street" by Compton Mackenzie; "Old Pybus" by W. Deering; "Cosmopolitans" by Somerset Maugham; "Masterson" by Gilbert Franceau; "Tell England" by Ernest Raymond; "Chronicles of Captain Blood" by R. Sabatini.

Les gets a great "kick" out of his milk-shake machine. Unfortunately it rather has a tendency to break in on the radio, and from time to time a most unearthly screech bursts forth from the loud-speaker. However, the milk-shakes are excellent and only a few of the boys would rather have a beer. (perhaps!)

We miss many once familiar faces in the Y.M. The little gatherings in the "den" are alas, no more. Still to be seen among the card fiends are those two well-known identities "Marty" and Bill M. May their shadows never decrease!

Where are our pianists now that Frank is no longer with us? The pianos look so lonely and forlorn with the dust gathering in their insides. We are looking forward to a few tunes from some of our singing bdrs. who nearly lift the Camp Orderly Room roof skywards in song (usually trying to drown the radio.)

BIG SHOOT!

As we go to press the Camp is in hectic preparation for a "big shoot". Exactly where is a questionable point at present as no less than six different destinations have been given our reporter. It has been the main topic of conversation for a week, and it is hoped to give it the due credit it deserves elsewhere in this issue. (providing our special correspondent doesn't lose his memory on the trip.) Anyway, may all their targets be well scored hits....no near misses.

GUNNERS - "THE RANGIORA GUNNER" is your paper - SUPPORT IT!

PERSONAL PARS

How did Sgt. F---- feel the day following St. Patrick's Day? We understand that his slight indisposition was due entirely to his prowess on the football field. . . That's the story, so we'll keep to it.

Did Popeye enjoy his spinach at the football match recently? A little bird told us that some soil was mixed with his diet when he bit the dust once or twice, chasing the elusive ball.

It is rumoured that the new reveille call will be "Coo-oo." See the 24th. Battery.

Some new song hits by Jim R----. "Gone with the Wind"; "Freedom's Echo"; "Back in the Spring." (perhaps!)

In his element: M.S.J. singing in a resounding bellow that classic piece, "The Country Girl."

Has Johnny been damaging the rifle-range lately? No, no, a thousand times, no!

The Army Education Welfare Service has taken the Camp by storm (oh yeah!) In odd corners at odd moments during the day one catches glimpses of students studying text books on diverse subjects. For instance Sgt. C---- with a volume called "Dainty Dishes for Soldiers"; Bdr. P---- buried in "Income Tax Made Easy: in Six Delightful Lessons." In the Tote an enthusiastic band gather regularly to study race form from all angles. Sgt. P---- has been running round for days with a scarlet text-book entitled "Hotel Managership: Rules to Remember." Even Les. of the Y.M. is taking a course on "How to Make Your Own Table Tennis Balls." Yes, the A.E.W.S. has certainly come to stay.

Did Gnr. S---- fall into the coppers the other day? Funny the colour of the tea.

So dear old "Mac" has left these haunts - his rubicund features are but a memory. Here's a little secret: he was responsible for the languid-looking gunner on the cover of our last issue. Another artist, too, D.C. has left us sadly in the lurch. . .

Tenders are being called for the paporing of the Camp Orderly Room: it is only half-papored with notices and sundry other slips of information or otherwise. We might as well make a job of it!

A "big" night in Rangiora Camp (and elsewhere) was Tuesday, 23 March. For further information apply 20, 21, and 24th. Batteries.

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

SPORTS: NEWS AND VIEWS

Wednesday, March 17 provided Rangiora Camp with the greatest activity in the sporting world, since the swimming and table-tennis contests. We refer to the Cricket Match between Camp team and one from the local High School team, and an Inter-Battery Rugby match between 20 and 24 Batteries.

The Cricket Match was played in very good spirit and resulted in a win for the Camp team. The team comprised the following: Donnelly, Miller W.L. Oram, Roberts, Johnson, Miller F. Moorfield, Allan, Patton, Wilkinson, Gaskell. Camp made 159, Gaskell 43, Donnelly 35; School made 60. Roberts 3 for 12, Miller F. 2 for 12.

For the Rugby fans the match was played at Dudley Park, and was refereed by Sgt. Forman in a very able and sportmanlike manner. The game resulted in a win for the 20 Battery by 21 to 3, but it was a closer game than the scores would indicate. The 20 Bty. team had just the edge on the other side, and had a better set of backs, but the other team fought valiantly, and considering that several of their players had had little previous experience, a very good showing was made for so early in the season.

The teams were: 20 Bty. Kimber, Ragg, Dewar, Taylor, Johns, Frizzell, Mullan, Drummond, Briggs, Hanrahan, Lee, Grainger, Le Breton, Doggett, Mussen. 24 Bty. Barratt, McIvor, Moore, Toll, Cobden, Jones, Kendall, Ohisholm, Welch, Bachop, Poole, Cox, Holland, Taylor G.

It is hoped that these preliminary contests will help to bring to light some promising material, which would compose a team worthy of representing the Camp in the open competition.

- "Scrum."

FINAL LEAVE

So short a while to stay - so much to see,
To say and hear, and do, so much to know,
So many unrelenting tasks to fill,
The tantalising hours before you go;
So short a while - so much we dare not say,
Or even dare to think, lest one swift tear
Break down our brave but clumsy barricades
And leave us naked in a world of fear.

- J.J.L.

"It is always the best policy to speak the truth, unless of course, you are an exceptionally good liar." - Jerome.

Social tact is the art of making your friends feel at home, even though you wish they were.

Napoleon said: "There are rattles for all ages."

AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Sir, - In reply to yours of recent date, I wish to inform you that we have coming to hand in the near future a supply of mouse traps.

These traps have been in use in the jungles of Aschbidilazooch, and have met with phenomenal success, their catch being 42 alligators, 7 cows, 16 shoop, 29 hons and one mouse. As can be seen by this record the traps are really deadly in action, their total of alligators caught being really astounding.

In action they are simple to use. Bait with a large piece of ambergris, the particular odour of which attracts the lurking game. In a camouflaged position close to the bait is a gunner who keeps up a running patter of hilarious jokes and wisecracks. These so amuse the rodents that they throw back their heads and open their mouths, and simply roar with laughter. The hunter then immediately rushes forward and with a flick of the wrist throws a fistful of Roasting's Powder into the gaping jaws of the corpus delicti. This produces a long lingering death at the end of which respiratory action ceases and a lachrymatory effect can be felt in the optics.

Trusting that the above record will meet with your approval.

I am, etc. Ebenezer J. Snodgrass

A FEW DON'TS

(For those Aboard Ship)

Don't worry if you can't find a seat on the ship. A sailor sits on his chest. Why not you?

Don't despair if you are seasick. "Never give up" is a motto that does not apply at sea.

Don't have any half measures at mess. The only decent way to get anything at all is to make straight for what you want - and grab it.

Don't borrow anything you can't pay for - pinch it.

Don't work, - men have been known to die after working.

Don't grieve over your debts - your creditors will do enough of that.

Above all DON'T GROUSE.

- From "The Willochra Wail"
(Published on board ship, 1916.)

When the bombs fell thick and fast near the British Museum, one skeleton said to another: "If we had any guts, we'd get out of here."

"That sweet little blonde Peggy Pryde
Ate many green apples and died;
The apples fermented
Inside the lamented
And formed cider inside her inside."

THE CHEER-OH GIRLSBRIGHT CONCERT PARTY

The Cheer-Oh Girls presented their first entertainment at Rangiora Camp on Monday evening, 15 March. The Camp personnel thoroughly enjoyed this excellent show which was both bright and colourful. An added attraction were the costumes and the scenery.

The opening chorus, with the girls dressed in orange and yellow pierrot costumes, commenced with a reel "swing", and items followed each other all too swiftly. "Mon About Town" a sketch by Sylvia Scott and Pamela Donaldson was excellent. Other items and sketches included: "Old Fashioned Days" by Marijean Edmonds; "Scene in Old Poree" (with the famous "Can-Can" dance) Marie Donaldson and Chorus; Hawaiian scene, song and dances with Ukelele accompaniment.

Shirley Buchanan sang "Blue Danube" and "Hark to the Sound of Ooo-oo"; elocution items included: "On Love" by Frena King; "Married Life" by Joyce Osborne Smith.

AND DID EVERYONE SMILE?

Christchurch is still chuckling over the "faux pas" of a well-known clergyman who is often heard on the air. He was preaching on a recent Sunday to a full church, and his subject was "The Modern Girl."

"The modern girl," he said has many good points, but she has many bad ones. She is the slave of fashion. Look at the ridiculous clothes she wears - scanties for instance!"

The congregation gasped slightly, but sat tight.

The minister went on: "When I see girls on tram-cars with scanties on, I feel I would like to get up and tear them off!"

This time the congregation gasped aloud - and one or two tittered irreverently.

After the service, one of the churchwardens approached the minister and said: "You do know, Mr.---, what - or - or - scanties are, I suppose?"

"Of course I do. Those ridiculous little hats they wear perched over one eye."

It's rather a pity that that sermon hadn't been over the air. It would have silenced those listeners who complain about dull Sunday programmes.

"On the right. . .form platoon!" roared the sergeant. The recruits carried out some sort of manoeuvre, which left him speechless. He looked at them for a moment - two moments. Then his voice returned.

"All right," he said, in tones which no more words can possibly describe. "Now take your partners for the dancers."

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

OH YEAH!

If your children ask what war was like in 1914-18; and what you in particular did, don't be so darned modest and say, "Just a bit of fighting." Take a leaf out of the book of Private Eyre; this is from his Somme Harvest:-

"We are chucking bombs frantically. Men are going down. Huns appear scrambling over the obstacle and jumping in among us. Now it becomes a hand-to-hand melee. Faces and huge grey uniforms appear before me through the eddies of smoke. I strike out and lunge. Off goes my steel helmet, I reel, I stumble and fall amongst a heap of writhing figures. For an awful instant that seems a life-time, I look up with wide, terrified eyes at a gigantic, steel-helmeted, red-faced Hun lunging at me with a bayonet. The thought flashes through my numbed brain: 'This is the end,' and I await the stroke that will send me to oblivion, when there is a flurry, a figure hurls itself like a battering-ram at the Hun. A terrible yell goes up and my assailant disappears, crashing down among the sand-bags. There's a wild scramble all round. I jump up, grab my rifle and lay about me blindly, madly. Men fall, rise, come at me, melt away. . ."

And one man again is a match for a whole army of Fritzos. At least so they say in books.

FLU

Ache in the back, pain in the head, choke in the throat, yearning for bed - that's flu.

River of heat, shiver of cold, feeling of being 300 years old, willing to do whatever you're told - that's flu.

Mervellous weakness comes in a day, potentant wonder how long will it stay? - that's flu.

Season of fever, season of freeze, quivering weakness down to the knees, if ever there was a dreadful disease - that's flu.

CHURCH PARADE

The congregation of St. John's Church, Rangiora was greatly enlarged on Sunday morning, March 28 by the presence of the personnel of Rangiora Camp. Captain C.F. Crosbie read a few excerpts from the Scriptures, and 2/Lieut. J.K. Moore also took part in the service. The march through the town from Bells was well conducted (we understand) and the local townspeople soon gathered on the route to watch the boys striding towards the Church. Who was the wag who put several brass buttons in the plate? Helped to fill up, eh?

Now did we really see Sgt. Major M----- at the pictures on Saturday night with a fair blonde? And who was his companion with a smiling brunette? Of course, we may have been wrong.

STOP PRESS NEWS: Clarry's cats are progressing favourably. Donations may be left at the Supply Depot any time.

THEY SAY:

(by "Flotsam")

A certain Transport N.C.O. has decided to indent for some tarpaulins to put under his gear-boxes, as he said that this was a better idea than having a man running alongside the truck to pick up the gears, or a magnet tied to the back of the truck.

A new highlight in the world of invention and science has come to notice in this Camp. After many weeks of graining, swearing, much hard thinking, plenty of hard work, bruised fingers, and sweating, the results were at last ready for the boys' critical inspection. It was the new Leatham Hot-Box, made from an apple-case and some straw, with three small holes for the containers. What other marvels will be conceived. Time only will tell!

L/Bdr. P. who was employed as Camp Carpenter while serving his time in the Army, according to the latest reports, has been carrying on the good work of building fowl-houses instead of boxes and cupboards.

They say that L/Bdr. W. is leaving us and going back to his mother's apron strings. It was just one of these inspirations that we sometimes get that gave him the name of "Romeo." He can never understand why he got this handle - nor can we!

Due to his strong power of deduction, etc. L/Bdr. M. has gained distinction for himself among his fellowmen by gaining the title, "Minister of War." He won't have anybody to broadcast his views on the war and other subjects when he leaves us. . .

Now there was a particular gunner who when approached, smelt very sweet, and upon investigation it was found that he had sprinkled his pyjamas with talcum; also his bod. Now, now, we know that you look very nice, but why do you want to smelt so very very nice, too? Recently he went into a shop in town and asked for some paint remover. Whatever for?

A bombardier in the 20 Bty. has decided to take up sheep-farming, but he can't pull wool over our eyes.

"The English in this Camp is terrible." This was overheard in a conversation between two gunners. "Why so?" asked one speaker. "Well," said the other, "there are some sergeants who can't even pronounce the word 'vehiculos' properly."

The Yellow Peril means a banana-skin left on the pavement.

A sculptor is a man who makes faces and busts.

A sinister person is a woman who hasn't married.

A cathedral is a big church, and most people when they are confined attend the communion services.

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