

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; sneaks 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 pest; 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 Toto. 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.