

## The Adventures Of Two Scotch(ed) Sergeants

WHAT THEY DID DESPITE LOCKS, BOLTS AND BLUES

By Pica Sma'

### SPASM ONE—THEY START FOR MARGATE

Long Jock Inchkeith was sitting in a "tailor-made" suit of the blues in the Granville recreation room. Looking either way it was a long, long trail to pay day, and his very soul was chilled.

Suddenly his friend, Sergt. Sandy MacMickery, plumped down in the chair beside him.

"I can git them a' richt," he whispered. "Now, Margate——"

"Mon," said Jock, "if that's true, I can tak' ye tae Margate,"

"But the bawbees for the fare?"

"When ever did I tell a lee?" asked Jock, indignantly.

"Come wi' me then," said Sandy, and the two comrades rose.

It was some twenty minutes later that two sergeants resplendent in their full Scottish raiment came up from below sea level, and with a smart salute of their swagger sticks marched out of Granville and down to the railway station.

"Noo," remarked Jock as they entered the building, "this is ma pairt o' the game. A' you've got to dae is jist keep yer mooth shut, an' dinna git shootin' oot yer neck, bit dae whatever I tell ye."

In due course the ticket office opened, but Jock made no move until some five or six privates had passed through onto the platform. Then he nudged Sandy, and with the whispered order—"look raigemental, mon," swung up to the ticket inspector.

"Did ye notice a medium heicht sodger pass through the noo?"

"Yes, several," came the answer.

"There's ane we're lookin' fur," said Jock, and stepped through the barrier as the inspector moved aside to let them pass.

"Yer a guid laddie," remarked Sandy, "bit dinna forget we've got to get oot at Margite."

"Shut up, an' get in there," growled Jock, opening the door of a smoker, "and let naebody in. It's reserved for military purposes."

Sandy sat waiting. As the train moved off, Jock jumped in.

"A near thing," he panted as from his glengarry he dumped a pile of tickets onto the seat. "Choose twa fur Margate,"

Sandy did so. "Bit mon, hoo did ye—" he began.

"Ye want tae ken hoo I got them. Easy enough fur a braw, raigemental-lookin' man like me. I jist went into the cairriages and said: 'All tickets, please—military order,' an' naebody refused."

"It's a wonderfu' brain ye've got, Jock," Sandy answered.

"Throw they ither tickets oot at the winday," said Jock at the same time giving Sandy a big aristocratic-looking cigar.

"A man traivellin' furst wae a thurd-class ticket gaid me them," said Jock as he lit his cigar. "Aye, mon, it's a gran' thing to hae a clear conscience. Dae ye no think sae, Sandy?"

*(Spasm No. 2 will appear in due course.)*