

maybe we'll have Sugartongs instead. Sugartongs is a hard drill, but 'e's got no bloomin' frills about 'im.

HOOKEY (*of E Company*). — You ought to 'ave Hackerstone — e'd wheel yer into line. Our Jemima ain't much to look at, but 'e knows wot 'e wants to do an' he does it. 'E don't club the company an' damn the Sargints, Jemima doesn't. 'E's a proper man an' no error.

SHUCKBRUGH. — Thank you for nothin'. Sugartongs is a vast better. Mess Sargint 'e told us that Sugartongs is goin' to be married at 'Ome. If 'e's *that*, o' course 'e won't be no good; but the Mess Sargint's a bloomin' liar mostly.

CHUMER. — Sugartongs won't marry — not 'e. 'E's too fond o' the regiment. Little Mildred's like to do that first; bein' so young.

HOOKEY (*returning to paper*). — "On'y the comp'ny an' the comp'ny orf'cer doin' what 'e thinks 'is men can do." 'Strewth! Our Jemima'd make us dance down the middle an' back again. But what would they do with our Colonel? I don't catch the run o' this new trick of company officers thinkin' for themselves.

SHUCKBRUGH. — Give 'im a stickin' plaster to keep 'im on 'is 'orse at battalion p'rade, an' lock 'im up in ord'ly-room 'tween whiles. Me an' one or two more would see 'im now an' again. Ho! Ho!

CHUMER. — A Colonel's a bloomin' Colonel anyway. 'Can't do without a Colonel.

SHUCKBRUGH. — 'Oo said we would, you fool? Colonel 'll give his order, "Go an' do this an' go an' do that, an' do it quick." Sugartongs e' salutes an' Jemima 'e salutes an' orf we goes; Little Mildred trippin' over 'is sword every other step. We know Sugartongs; *you*