

5
please call me 'Peggy'."

"The name is beastly appropriate, I don't think."
Why! (suspiciously)

"Well - Pegs have no hearts - just like you
They also - Don't get nasty Dicky." "How
many times must I tell you not to call
me 'Dicky', I'm not a canary or any
other kind of bird either."

After this little scrap of mild
excitement the coach proceeded at least
two miles without a word being spoken.

"Oh I say how beautiful that gully
looks Elaine - I mean Peggy." I cried, suddenly.
(you know scenery affects me like champagne
and anyhow it's a cheap way of getting
intoxicated)

There was no reply from Peggy so I turned
round her lost in admiration of the ^{driver's}
noble forehead. He - shrewd man - had
(quite innocently) removed his hat so that
its full glory might not be hidden.

The coach drive up Mt Foolbeaway
is certainly delightful. You might
easily imagine yourself in a threepenny.