

GLORY



"I don't know what you mean by 'Glory,'" Alice said.
Humpty Dumpty smiled: "I meant *'there's a nice, knock-down argument for you.'*"
"But 'Glory' doesn't mean a nice, knock-down argument," Alice objected.
"When *I* use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, "it means exactly what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less."
"The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."
"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master, that's all!"

*From Lewis Carroll's
"Through the
Looking Glass"*





It is true, despite what can be heard to the contrary, that at one time the world was round, or practically round. It all depended on the point of view. Looked at one way: round. Looked at another: egg-shape. Some people said one thing and some

people said another. So it was that in this world of Humpty Dumpty the inhabitants split into two camps, The Humptians and The Dumptians. Members of each group felt compelled to throw mud balls at the other. Occasionally someone was bitten.



At some prehistorically important moment a shrewd elder, grown weak of fang, picked up a rotten peach and flung it smartly into



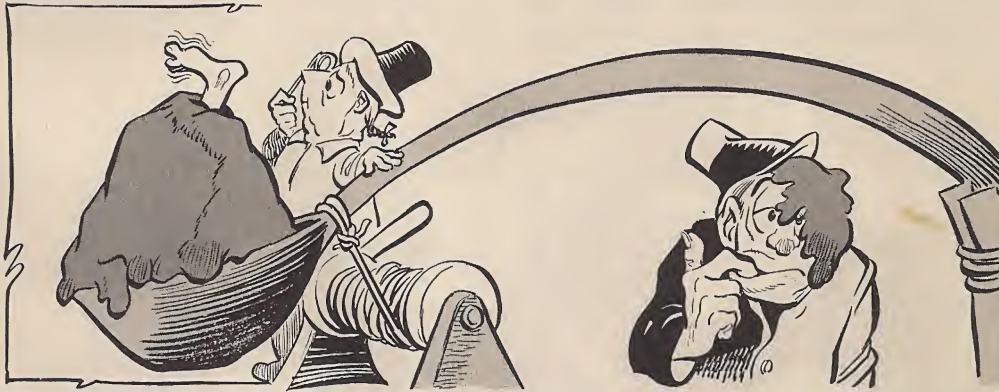
the face of an opponent. The pit left a bruise, quite naturally, and the world's first secret weapon had been discovered.



Peach growers did a thriving business for a while and war was an affair not without savor. But then another crafty man



discovered that money could be saved and bigger bruises created if a stone was imbedded in an ordinary mud ball.



Bigger and bigger mud balls were rolled and bigger and bigger stones were used. Catapults were invented, swords and armor followed and soon war be-

tween Humpty and Dumpty was steady business, and not so pleasant. "It leaves a nasty taste in one's mouth," said a Dumptian, spitting mud.



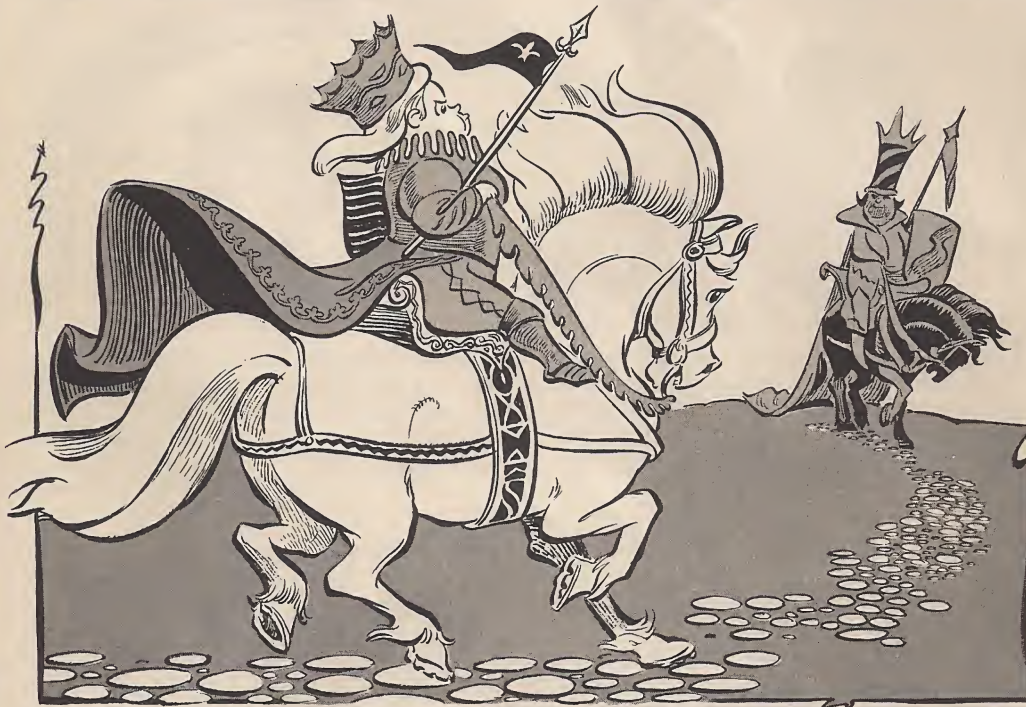
Some women protested that this was a poor way to run a world; the children were growing up with swords in their teeth and mud

balls in their hands. "If we weren't killing the enemy how would anybody make a living?" quite reasonably asked the husbands.



As years went on it became quite apparent that each side was running out of people. There were old people enough, covered with bruises

from the small mud ball days, but there was hardly anybody young enough to throw a mud ball any bigger than a pumpkin.



Determined to discuss this sad state of affairs, the King of Humpty dressed in his finest armor and rode out on a creamy white charger to meet the King of Dumpty, who was also bejeweled in shining armor and who sat astride a coal black stallion.

Some people thought they would fight each other and settle the affair but wiser heads pointed out that such an act was a barbarous practice. "What," exclaimed an elder, "What? Fight all dressed up like that? Why, they'd ruin their clothes!"



The two Kings parleyed quite a while. They drank many cups of tea together, ate four hundred jam cookies apiece, asked after each

other's families and exchanged gifts. The King of Dumpty got a jackknife and the King of Humpty received a police whistle.

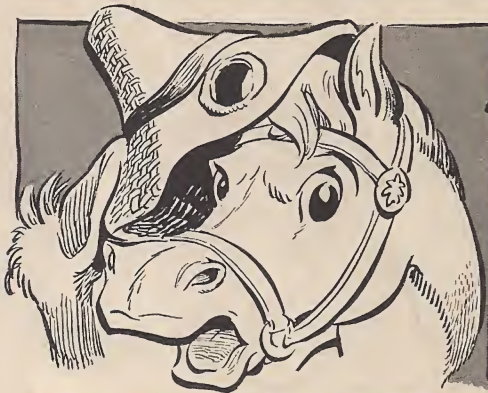


None of this diplomacy did any good. The Kingdom of Humpty and the Kingdom of Dumpty remained as far apart as ever. *If we had any men left to fight... or any*

women, for that matter," said the King of Dumpty, "We would not have to go through this embarrassing pussyfooting." And so they parted with the matter unresolved.



On both sides, all the King's horses (said the King's men) and all the King's men (said the horses) could not put Humpty and Dumpty

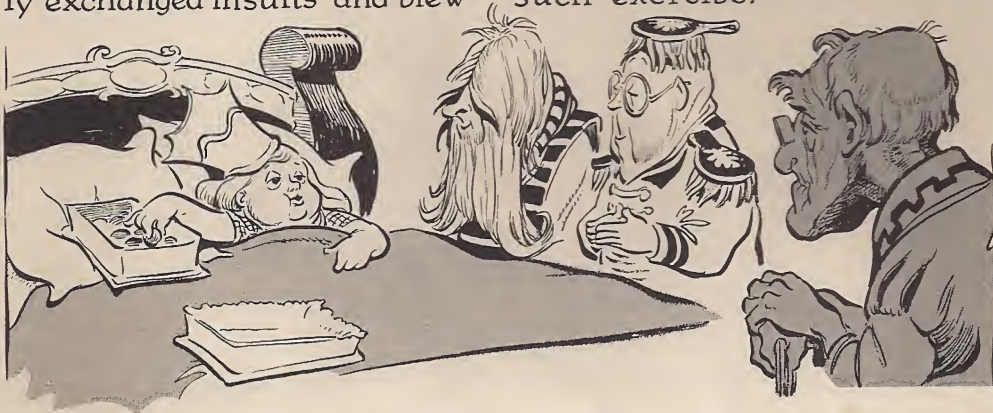


together again. "It will take more than THAT!" declared a well known horse who wished his name withheld.



For many years the Humptians and the Dumptians merely exchanged insults and blew

dust at each other. Then everyone grew too feeble for even such exercise.



"For the greater glory of Humpty," said the King of Humpty one morning, *"Before I die, I would like to see peace established."*

"Great," cried his advisors, *"We will*

sue for peace this afternoon." *"Not THAT way,"* objected the King, *"We will have one last contest at arms. Our Champion to meet their Champion. Winner take all."*



The Dumptians agreed, though in looking at the Humptians and looking at themselves, they could not think there was much for any winner to take in any case.



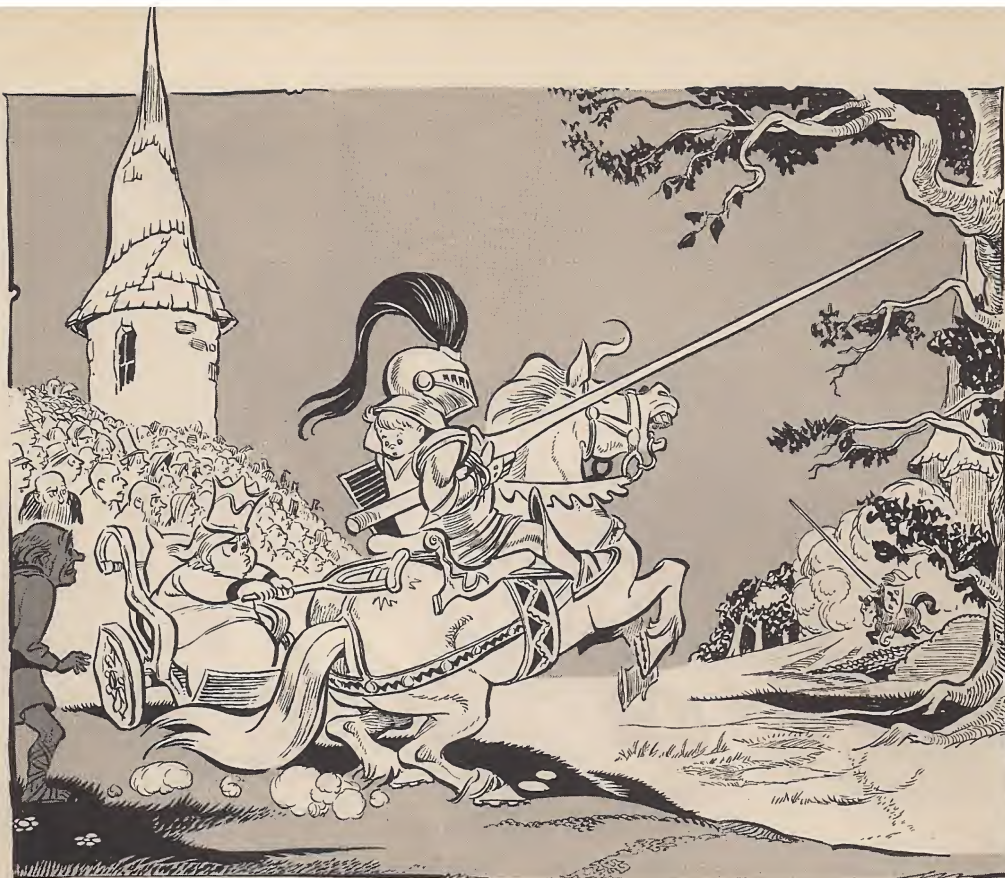
The morning of the Great Contest arrived. The only able bodied human in the Kingdom of Humpty was brought into the King's courtyard. This was a small boy, not more than three years of age. "Is *THAT* all you could find to be our *Champion*?"

exclaimed the King. "Surely there must be a man here willing and able who will volunteer to ride out to meet the *Dumpty Hero*." But not an eye was raised and several advisors fainted dead away at the very thought.



So without further ado the small boy was given a bag of candy and lifted into the suit of armor and it in turn was lifted, wired together,

onto the back of the horse. Then every eye was turned on the plain below where the two warriors would meet.



The field was empty, but a small cloud of dust appeared on the far hill where lay the Kingdom of Dumpty. It was the Dumpty Knight coming to do battle. The King reached and gave the boy's horse a whack. Off went the

charger, the suit of armor jiggling and clanking, with the boy first looking out a sleeve hole, next out of the rear of the helmet, then through the waistband. Clankety-clank! Rumble rumble, the two laden horses charged toward each other.



There was a thunderous crash! The horses met head on. Pieces of armor and dust flew in a bubbling cloud. The horses

tumbled about and soon all was quiet. "Our champion is done for!" cried the Dumpty King, "We are lost!"



Slowly, leaning on canes and crutches, the people of Humpty and the people of Dumpty drew near to the scene of the conflict. There, when the dust had settled, a strange sight greeted their



old eyes. The two horses had risen unharmed and were quietly cropping grass. And sitting nearby playing on the soft turf where they had fallen was a little boy and a little girl.



"Your champion?" asked the Humpty King, nodding towards the girl. "Aye," answered the King of Dumpty. "All we have left."

"We're a bit ahead," said the Humpty King, with satisfaction. "Our boy seems to be making friends faster than the girl!" "Not so," replied the other, "Our girl seems to have acquired his bag of candy."



"They're sharing it!" exclaimed
an old, old, old, old lady, and
the two kings looked at her
very thoughtfully.