

## A Lesson for Armistice Day

—Spurius Longimanus Mus

Susie Snicklehoffer sat silently sewing silk shirts. Soon she must stop, for was not this the day when she was to visit her grandmother and pass away the time telling of the most worthwhile thing that had come to her in her narrow existence? Today Susie was sniffing. What could she relate to poor old grandma this time? Every Saturday for seven years she had performed this solemn ceremony and every Saturday for seven years she had recounted some great deed or noble thought that had come to widen her sphere of life. This Saturday Susie sat sniffing. No genie had opened to her a way of life, no thought had inspired her with a new understanding, no deed of love and mercy had she performed, there was nothing to tell grandmother. What could she do?

Shortly after (almost) Susie Snicklehoffer, still sniffing, set out on her way across the small village square, beyond which lay the smooth fields, scintillating streams and short by-paths that separated her from her destination.

Unfortunately it was Saturday. It might have been any Saturday, but lack of space, time, energy and spiritual control require that this narrative come to a premature close. Otherwise we might wander on with Susie through spaceless time and timeless space to that negative infinity where all Saturdays are merged and melted into a confused mass. To resume then, it was Saturday and Susie was sniffing as she was wending her way to her grandmother's house. (One always wends one's way, even when not going to visit one's grandmother.)

At this point I am most happy to introduce a fact which until now I have had no occasion to mention. Susie lived in a college town. This alone will make it evident that my story is not a tragedy. Susie



herself was not a college girl, never had been and never would be, but she lived in the atmosphere, you know. Since Susie had heard of a new building that had just been completed at this institution of learning, she decided to wend her way in that direction. Upon arrival she found a building taller than all the others around her, except the one with the high pointed tower, the clock and the red roof, which she had just passed. Directly in front of her was a low wooden shack. On her right were two more, also a brick structure which she believed to be a dissecting laboratory. She went closer to the new building that gleamed white in the sun. She read the inscription:—This building is dedicated to the memory of our honored dead and is to be used as a dormitory for visiting teams. "A noble idea," thought Susie Snickle-hoffer as she continued to wend her way. She was no longer sniffing, for now she had some news for her grandmother that far surpassed any she had ever brought before. Far be it from me to pry into Susie's mind, but I suspect she was reflecting on how our brave soldier boys died that their posterity might be able to provide rooms for visiting football teams. Since such benefits can be derived, surely the world should have bigger wars and more of them.

