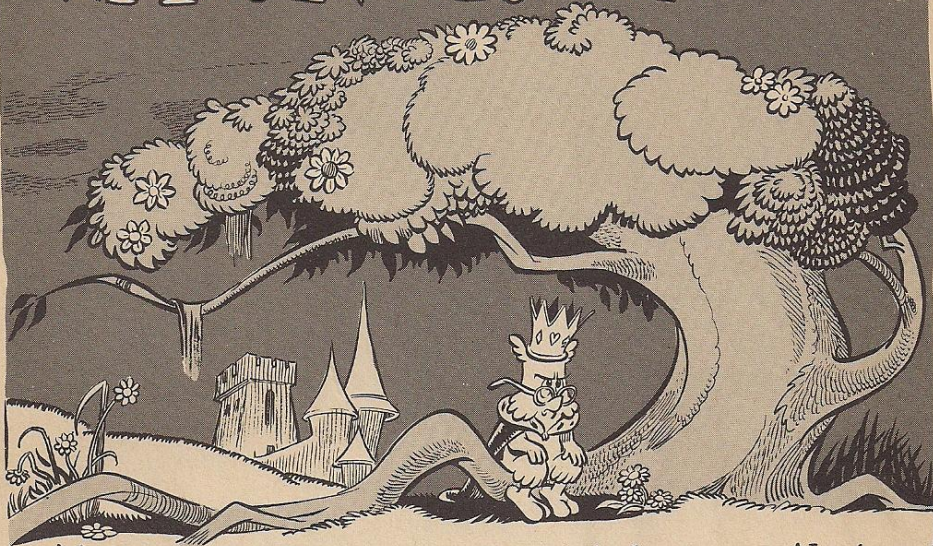


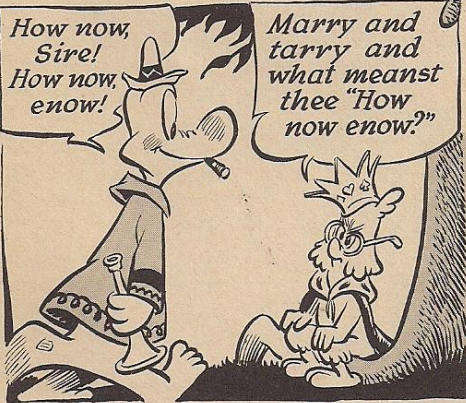
# WAR NOR PEACE



Many years ago in a period commonly known as *Next Friday Afternoon* there lived a king who was very gloomy on Tuesday mornings because he was so sad thinking about how unhappy he had been on Monday and how completely mournful he would be on Wednesday.

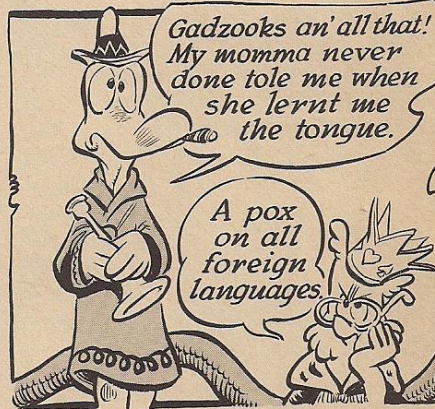
How now,  
Sire!  
How now,  
enow!

Marry and  
tarry and  
what meanst  
thee "How  
now enow?"



Gadzooks an' all that!  
My momma never  
done tole me when  
she lernt me  
the tongue.

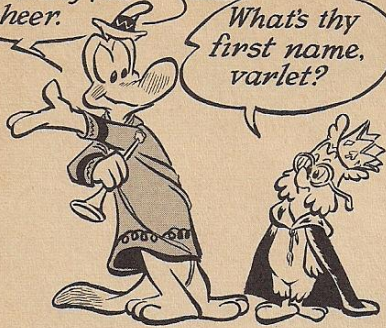
A pox  
on all  
foreign  
languages.





*But come now, Sire, bid foul care a fond adieu. I am here to bring you cheer.*

*What's thy first name, varlet?*



*My first name, your blue-eyed ever lovin' Majesty, was Sam--- Sam Varlet, but I changed it to Clancy Q. Clangwheedle.*

*A shrewd move, Clancy.*



*And then, my next name was No. 234608---an appellation conferred upon me by a public institution in recognition of my many skills.*

*Good work, old 234608.*



*It was my favorite name---I would of had it for ten years but the parole board gave me the sack---a cruel blow---it was my mother's birthdate.*

*She was old before her time?*



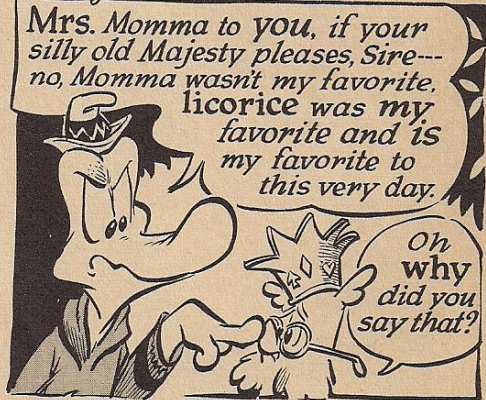
*Prithee pity an' pardon me, Sire, but you're doggone right---Momma was ninety-nine afore her time was up---two terms, umf!*

*Momma was your favorite?*

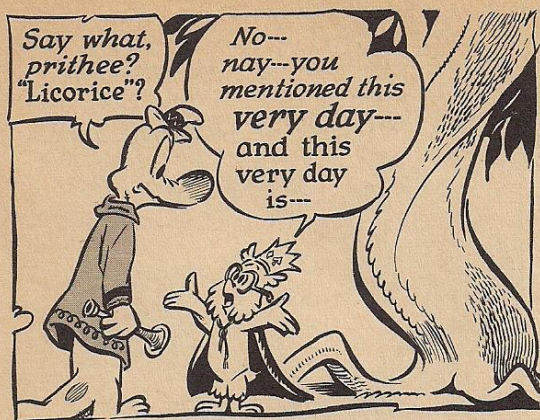


*Mrs. Momma to you, if your silly old Majesty pleases, Sire---no, Momma wasn't my favorite, licorice was my favorite and is my favorite to this very day.*

*Oh why did you say that?*







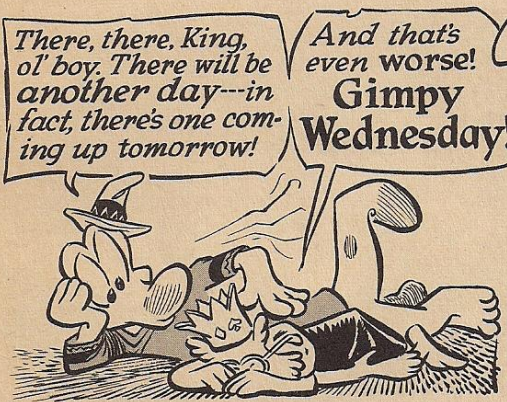
Say what, prithee? "Licorice"?

No--- nay--- you mentioned this very day--- and this very day is---



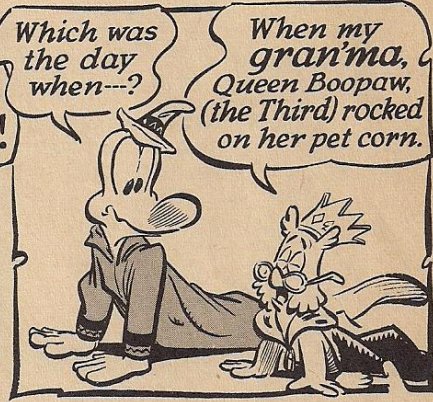
**Bald Tuesday!**

The day my grandsire was strick hairless!



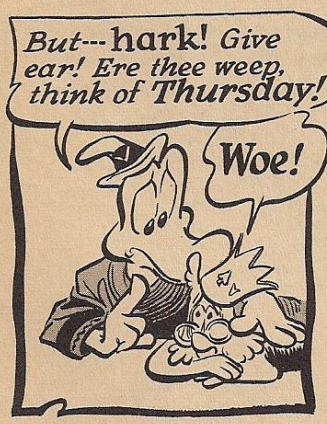
There, there, King, ol' boy. There will be another day---in fact, there's one coming up tomorrow!

And that's even worse!  
**Gimpy Wednesday!**



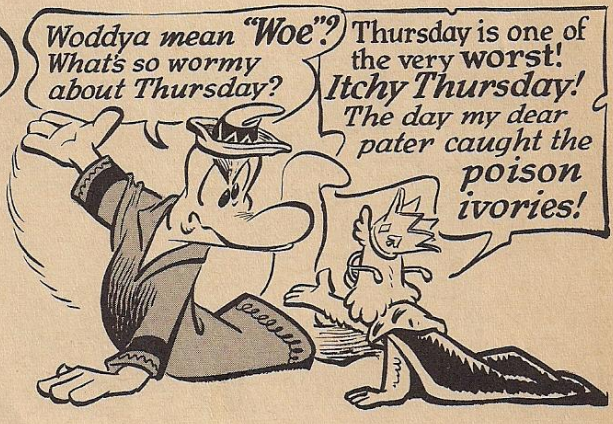
Which was the day when---

When my gran'ma, Queen Boopaw, (the Third) rocked on her pet corn.



But--- hark! Give ear! Ere thee weep, think of Thursday!

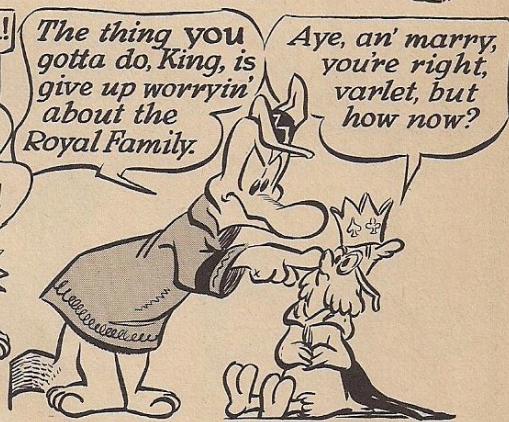
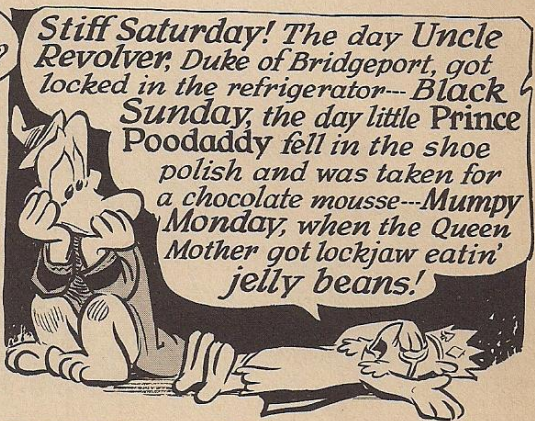
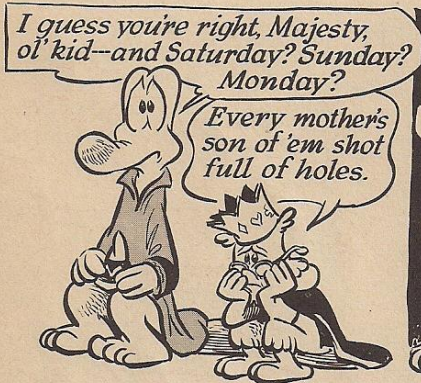
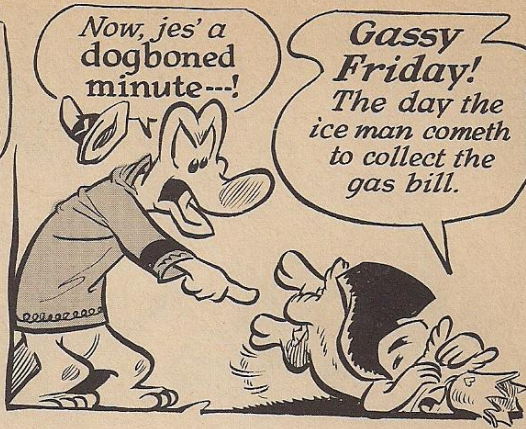
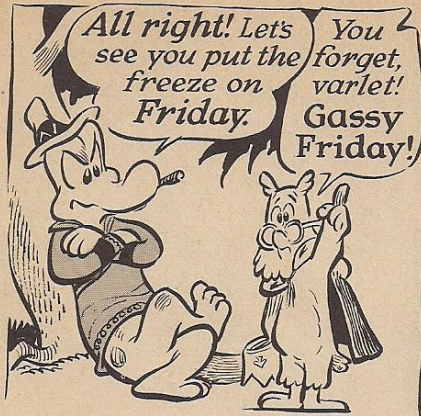
Woe!



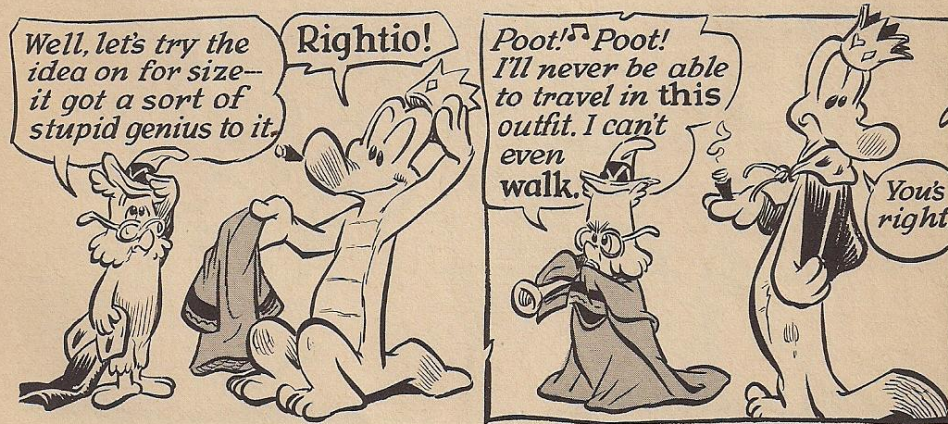
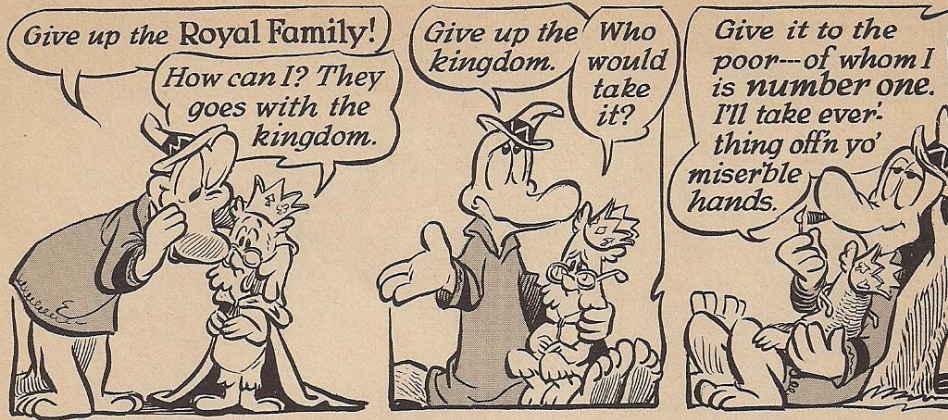
Woddy mean "Woe"? What's so wormy about Thursday?

Thursday is one of the very worst!  
**Itchy Thursday!**  
The day my dear pater caught the poison ivories!

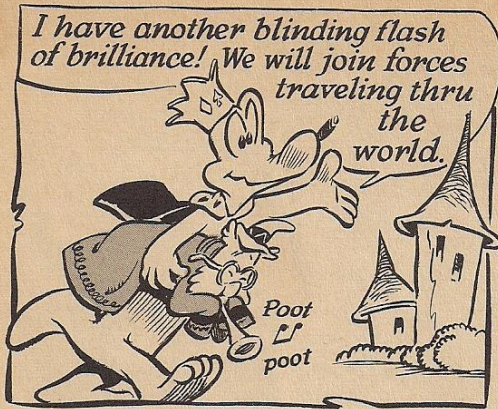












I have another blinding flash of brilliance! We will join forces traveling thru the world.

Poot  
poot



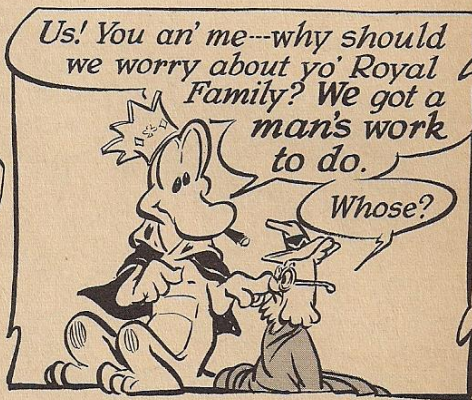
Unto all the kingdoms and peoples of this earth we will spread happiness and joy--- Leave dull care behind! We will bring peace to all with our music.

Poot  
poot



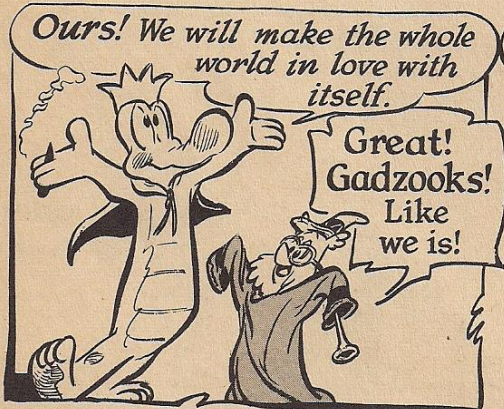
Think of it! We will teach the world how to be joyous like we is.

Who is?



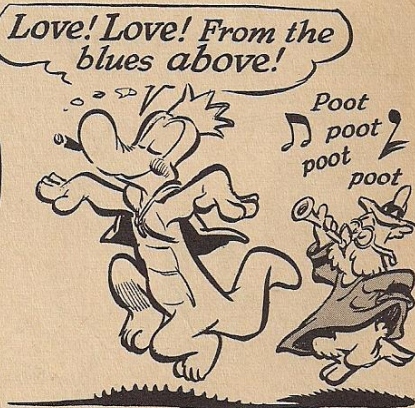
Us! You an' me---why should we worry about yo' Royal Family? We got a man's work to do.

Whose?



Ours! We will make the whole world in love with itself.

Great! Gadzooks! Like we is!



Love! Love! From the blues above!

Poot  
poot  
poot  
poot



