

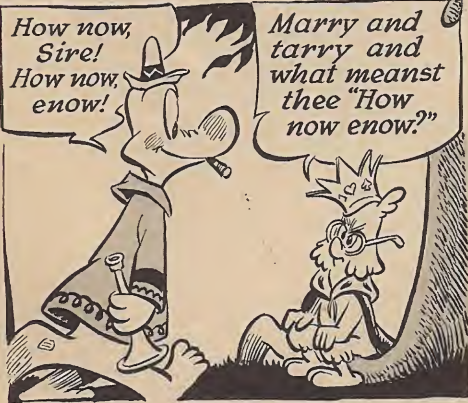
WAR NOR PEACE



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.

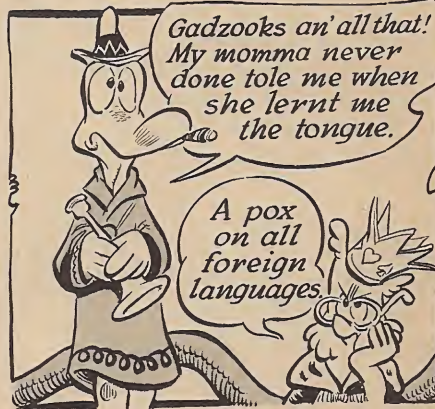
How now,
Sire!
How now,
enow!

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

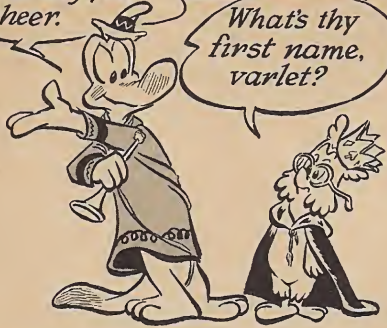


Gadzooks an' all that!
My momma never
done tole me when
she lernt me
the tongue.

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.



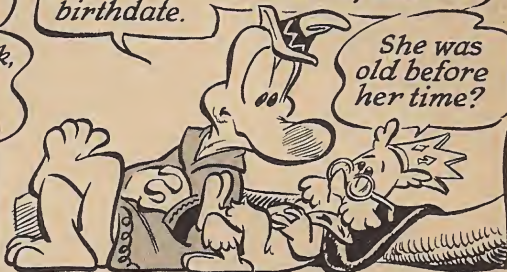
A shrewd move, Clancy.

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!

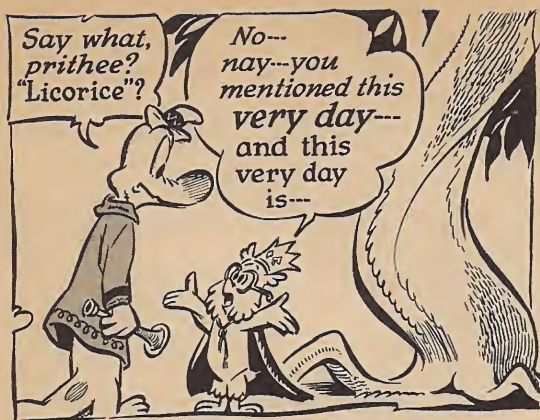


Momma was your favorite?

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?



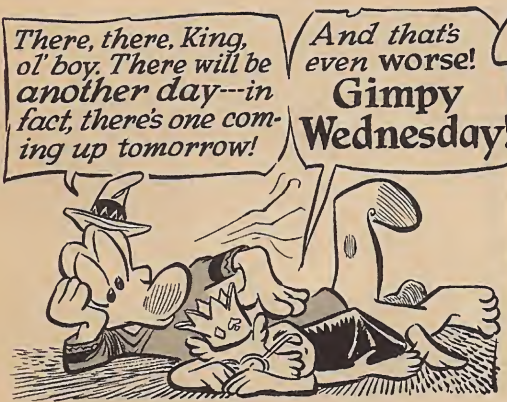
Say what, prithee? "Licorice"?

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.



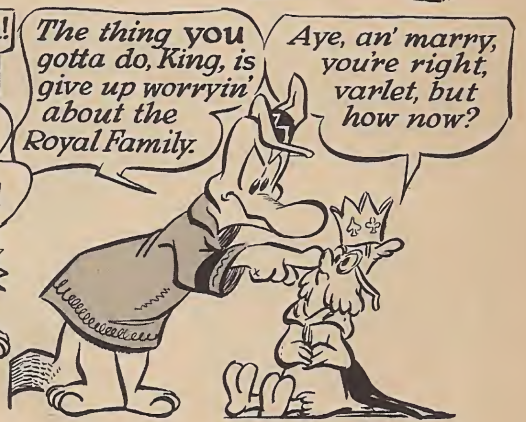
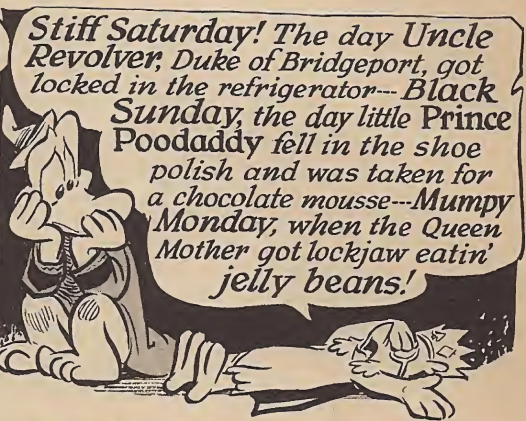
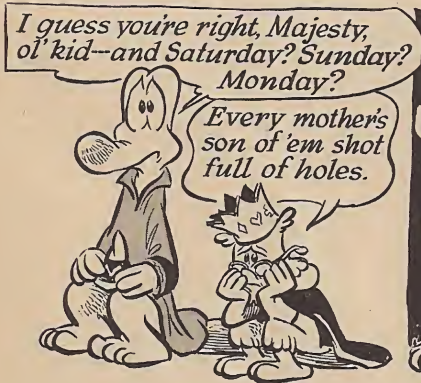
But--- hark! Give ear! Ere thee weep, think of Thursday!

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!





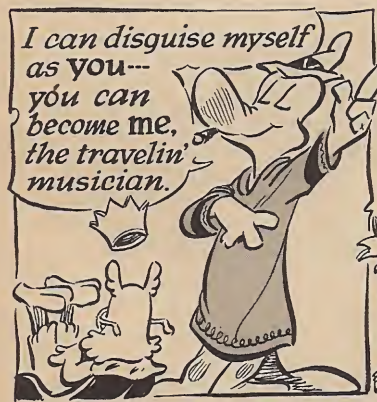
Give up the Royal Family!
How can I? They goes with the kingdom.



Give up the kingdom.
Who would take it?



Give it to the poor--of whom I is number one. I'll take ever-thing off'n yo' miserble hands.



I can disguise myself as you--you can become me, the travelin' musician.



Me? I can't play a note.



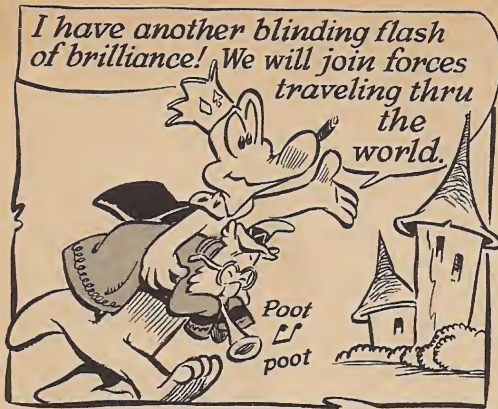
Neither can I-- Why do you think I travel? Let's exchange clothes. Folks will never know.



Well, let's try the idea on for size--it got a sort of stupid genius to it.
Rightio!



Poot! Poot! I'll never be able to travel in this outfit. I can't even walk.
You's right.



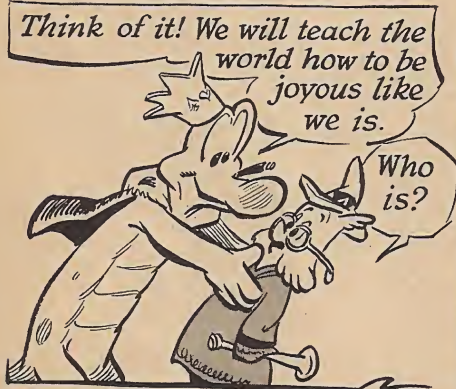
I have another blinding flash of brilliance! We will join forces traveling thru the world.

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!

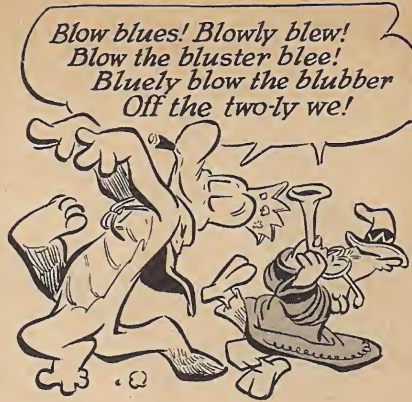


Love! Love! From the blues above!

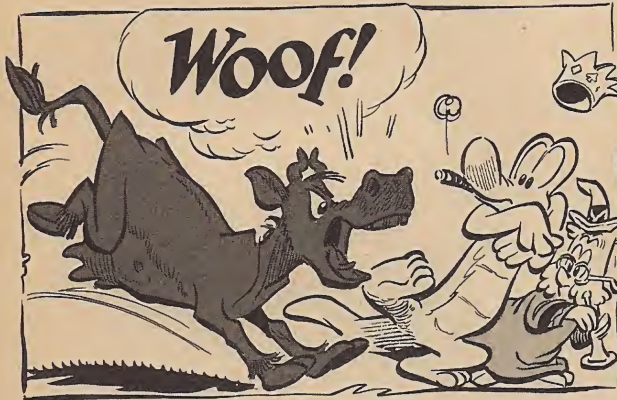
Poot
poot
poot
poot



From the blues above,
From the blues below,
We sing songs of love
Telling blues to blow.



Blow blues! Blowly blew!
Blow the bluster blee!
Bluely blow the blubber
Off the two-ly we!

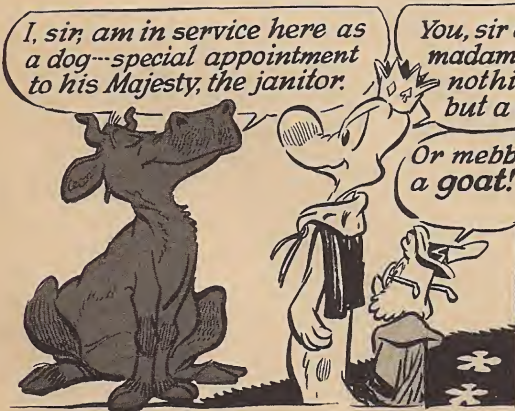


Woof!



Woddy mean: Woof?

You heard me,
Uncle--I said
Woof!



I, sir, am in service here as
a dog--special appointment
to his Majesty, the janitor.

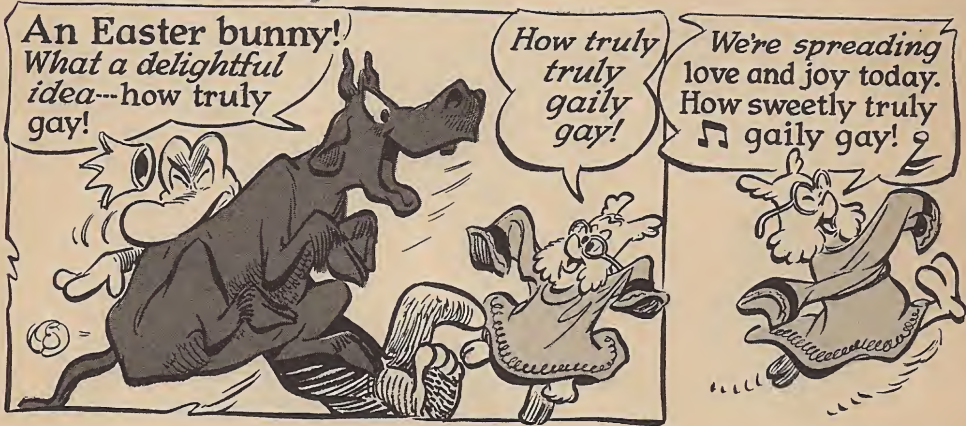
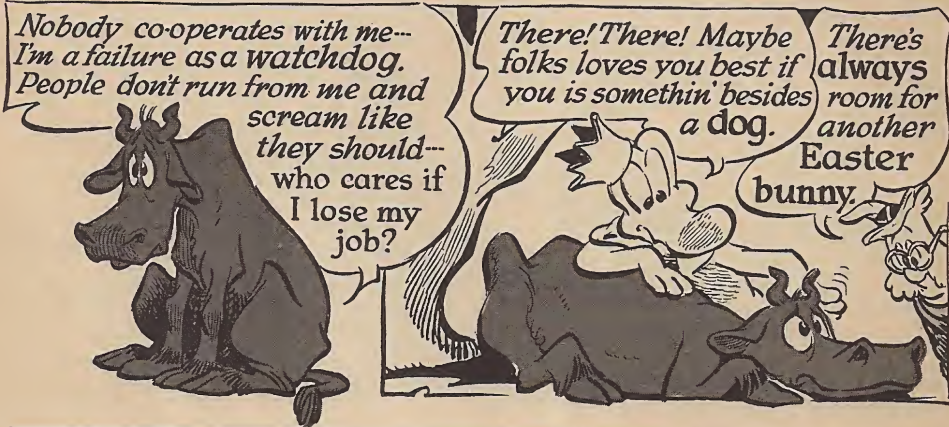
You, sir or
madam, is
nothin'
but a cow.

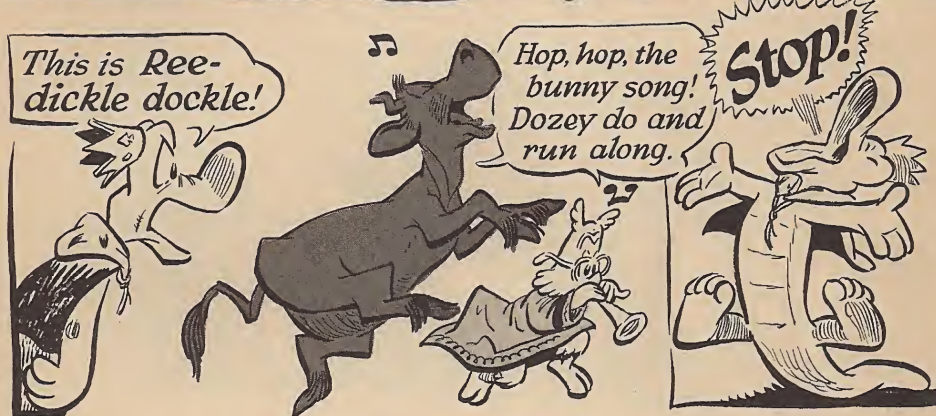
Or mebber
a goat!



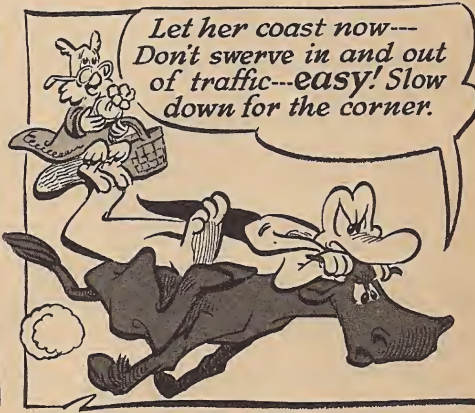
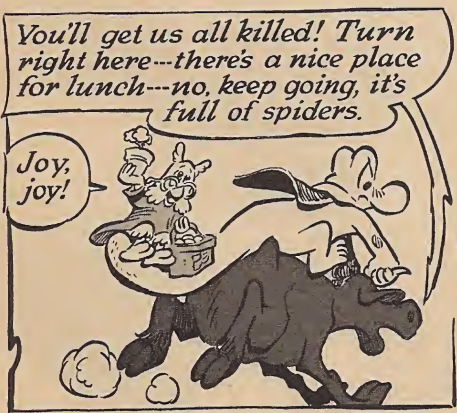
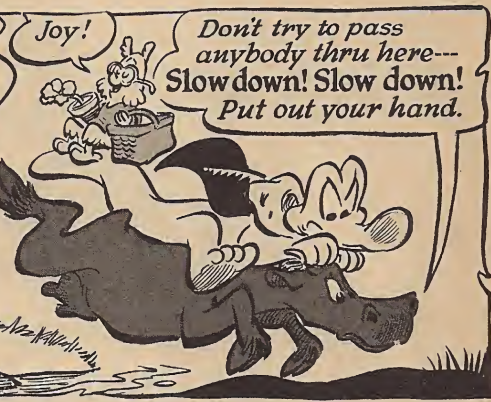
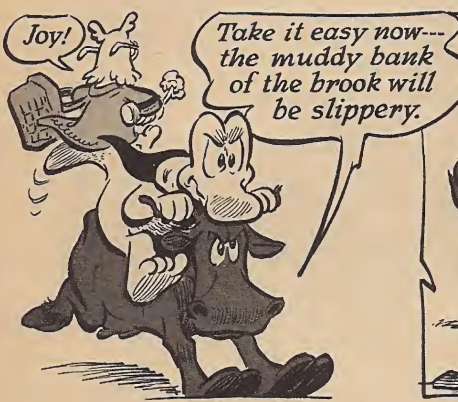
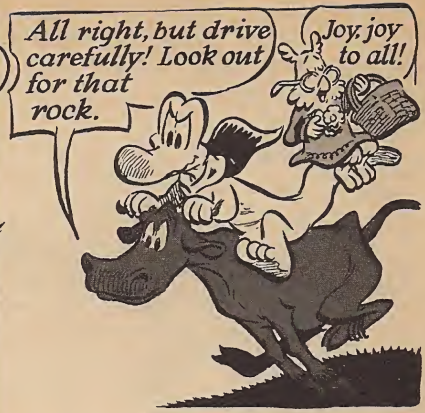
Oncet I were a cow enow,
A prilly billy cow O how,
But when I grew faint and fail
They clummed I
were beyond the
pail.

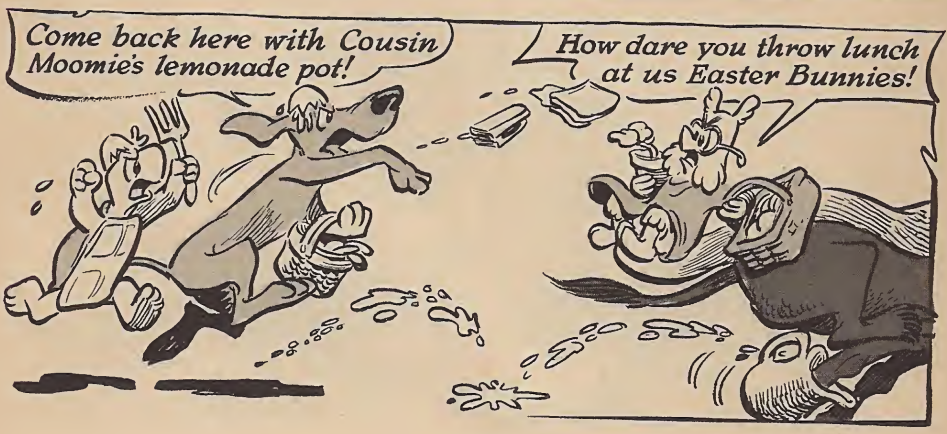
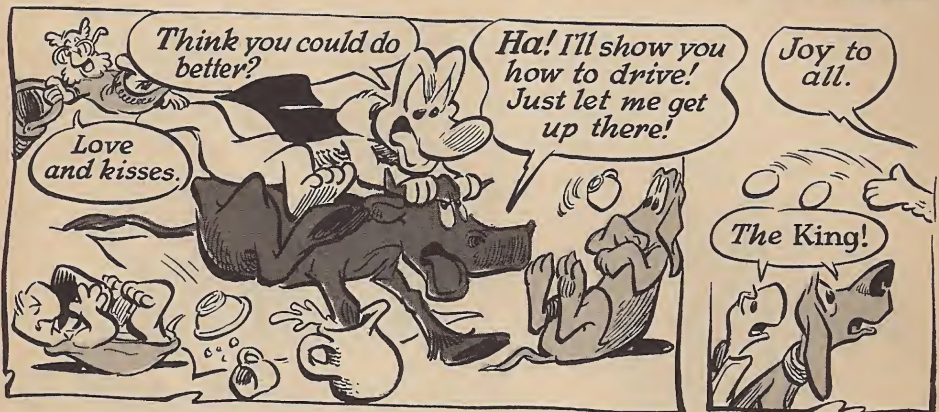
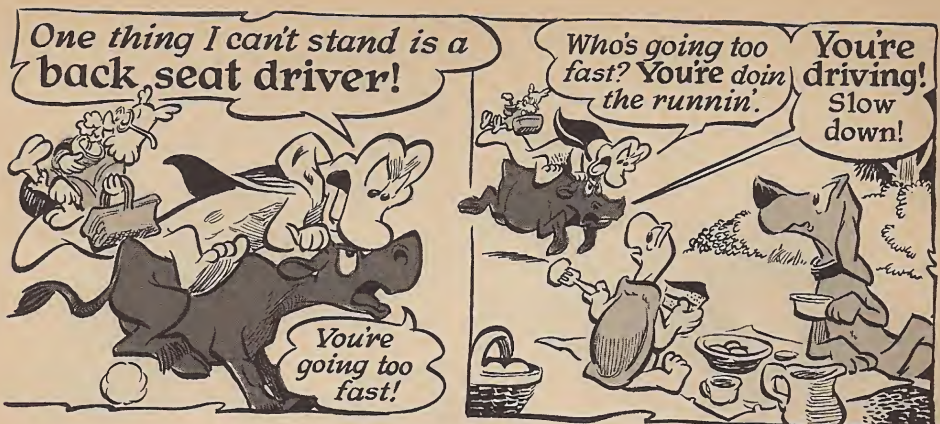
clummed?











You can't treat us peasants like peasants--just for that we'll overthrow the gummermint! We're revolting!

You don't have to tell me--your king loves you anyway--take that and that!

Easy on the hill now.

Yeah!

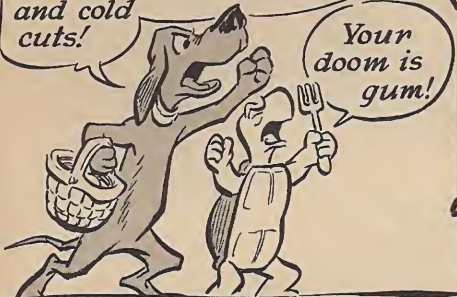


We run out of sandwiches--we're goin' home and arm ourselves to the teeth--with pickles and cold cuts!

Your doom is gum!

We'll overturn that king and start a new one.

Right! If he was any kind of a sport he'd join us.

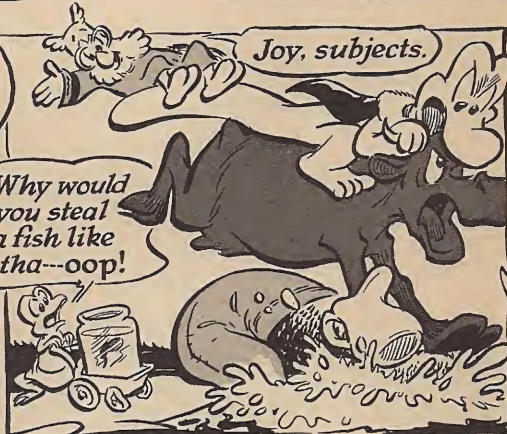


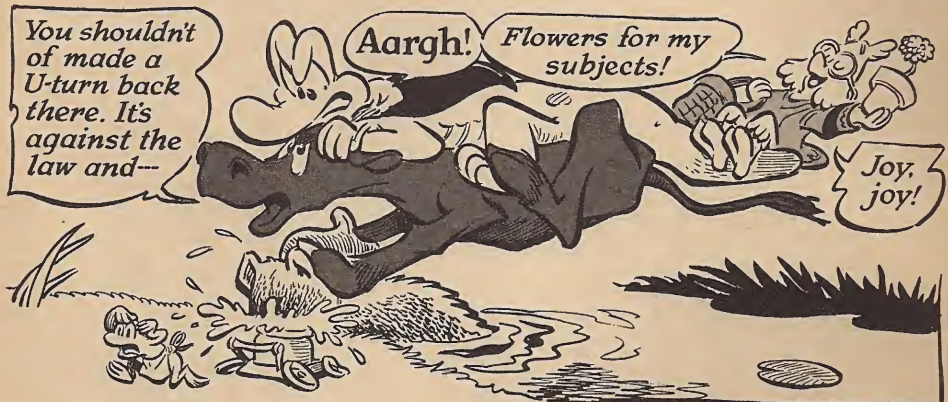
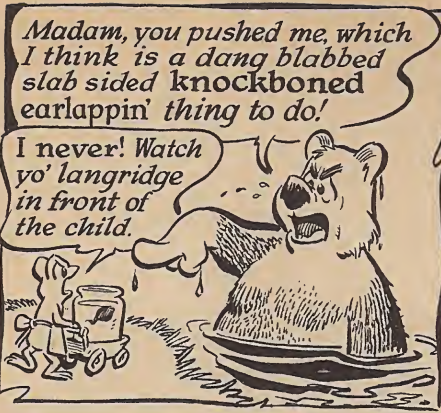
I brung my chile Tansy down to watch you fish, Mr. Bear!

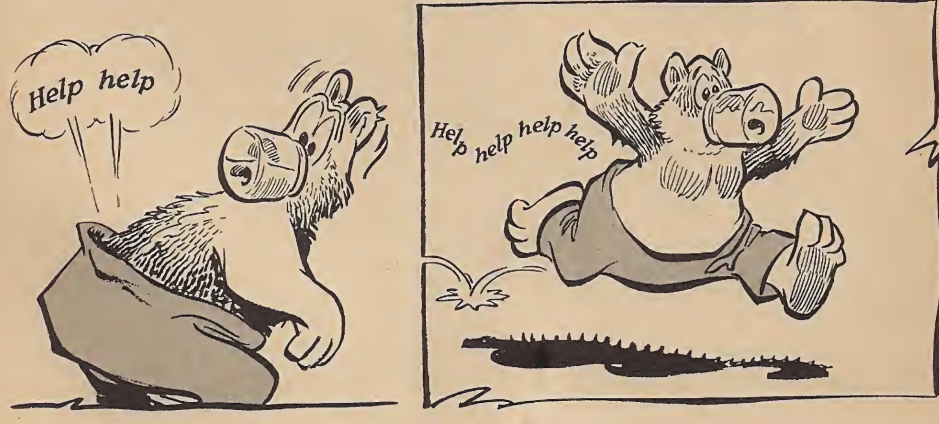
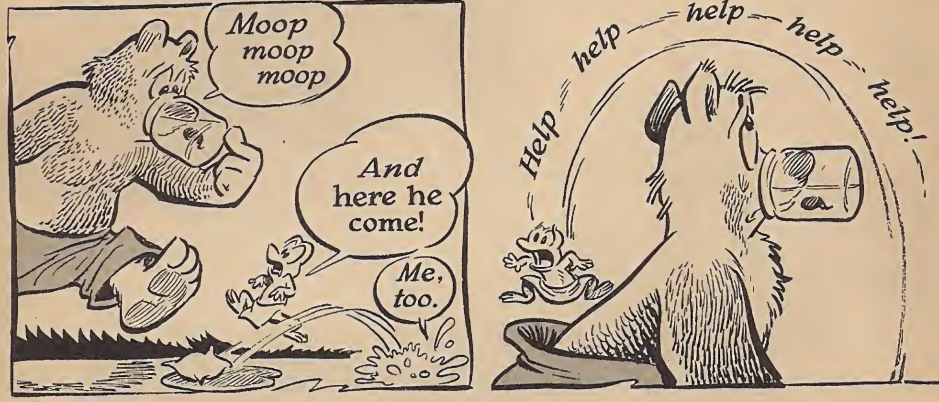
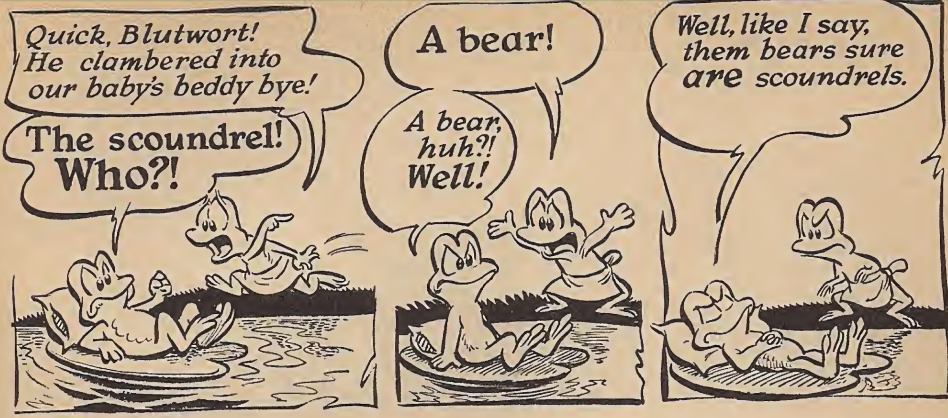
Shh--I is jes' about to hook a muskelunge.

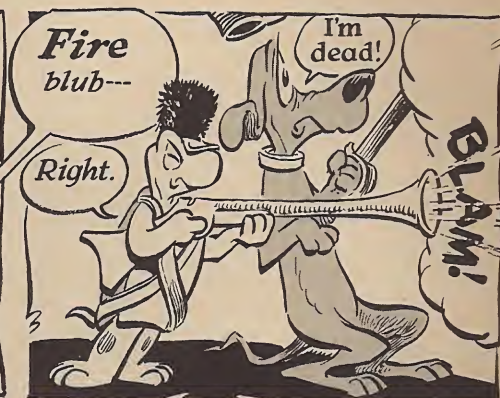
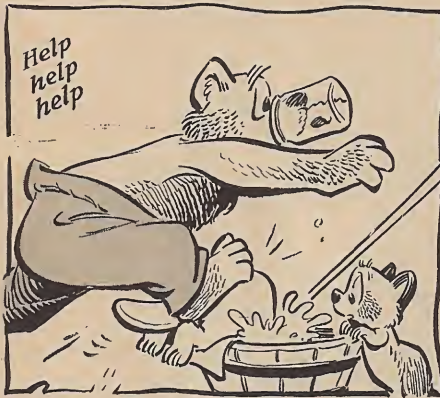
Joy, subjects.

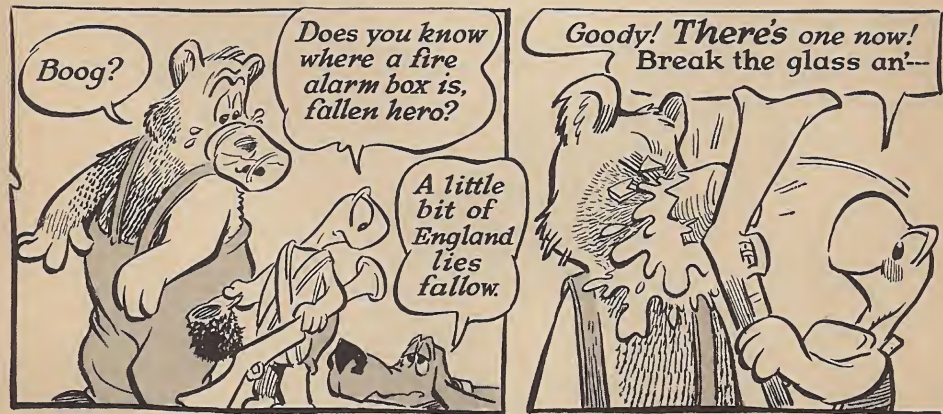
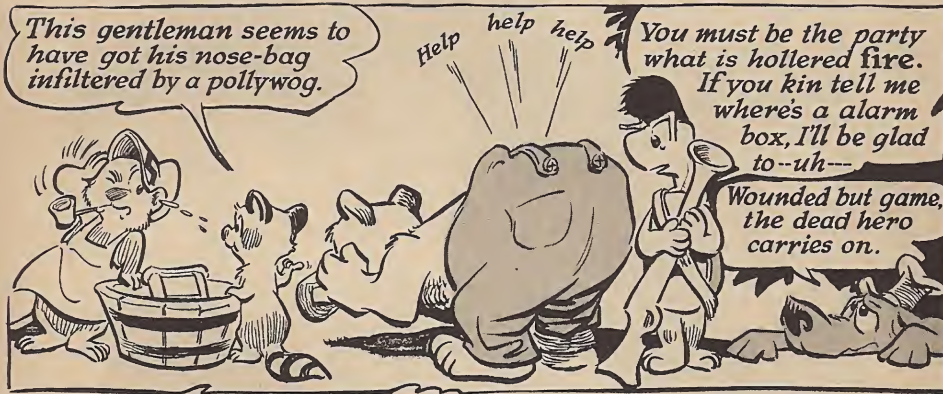
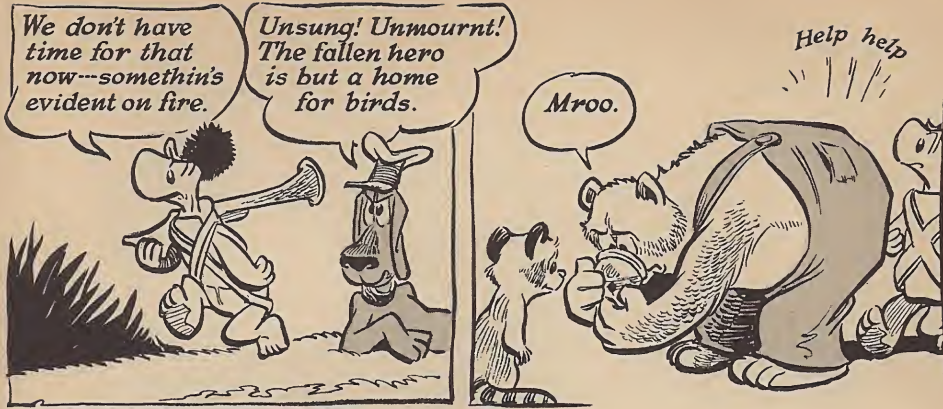
Why would you steal a fish like tha--oop!

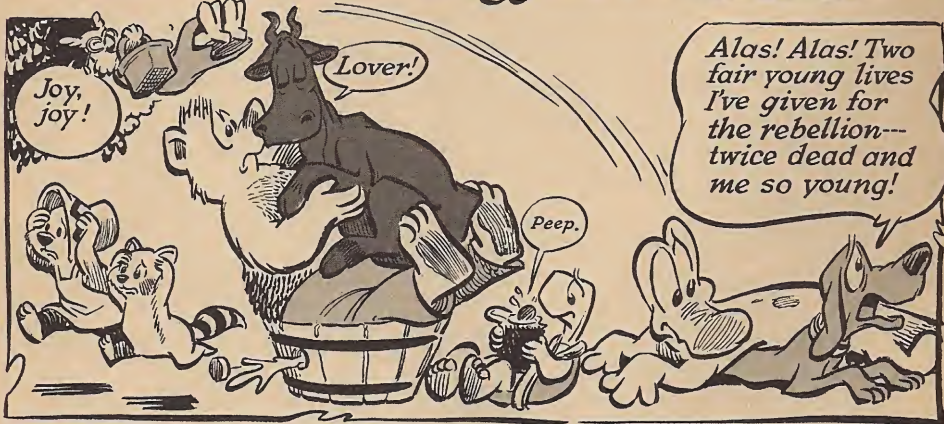
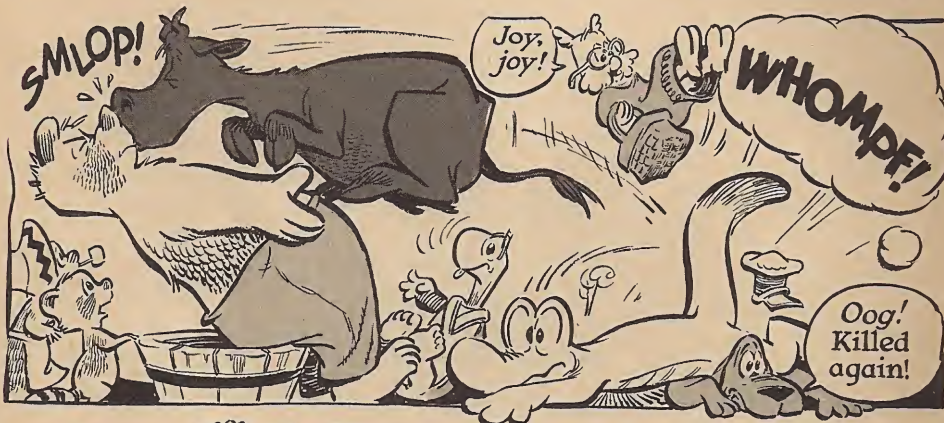
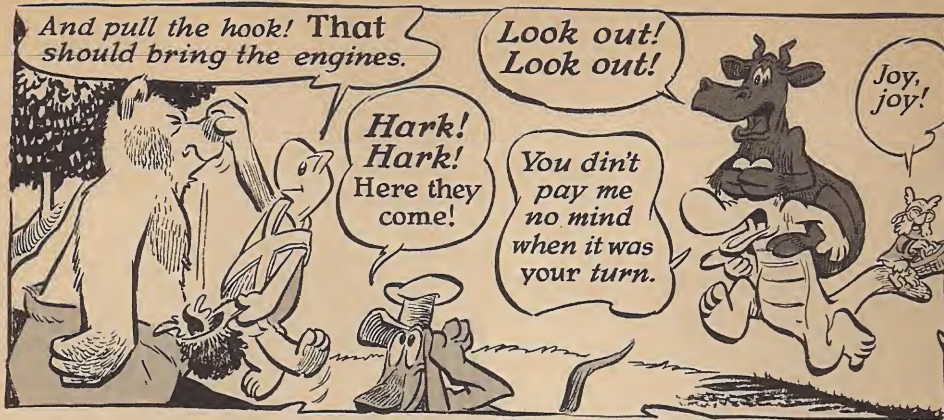


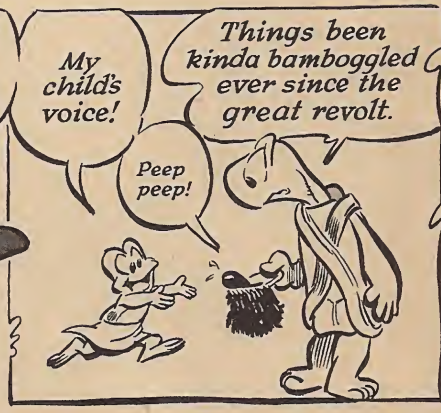
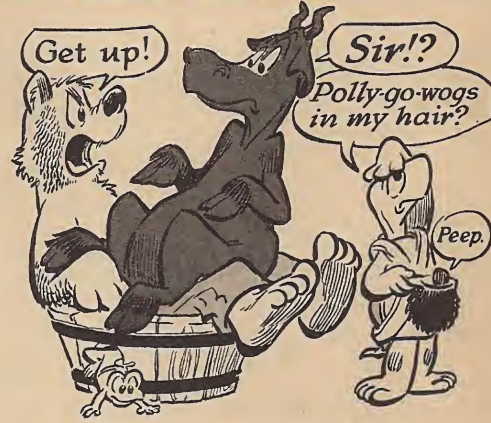
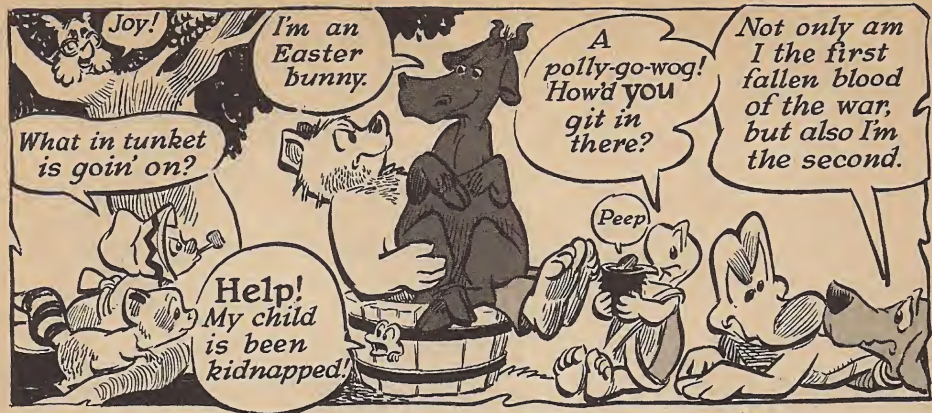


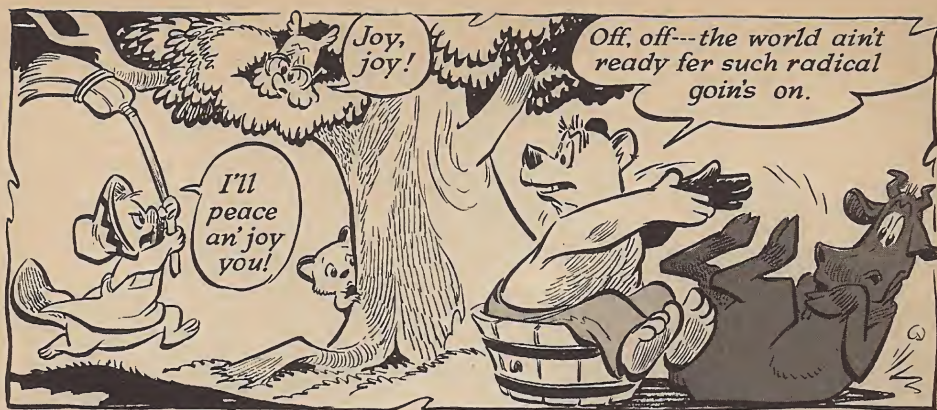


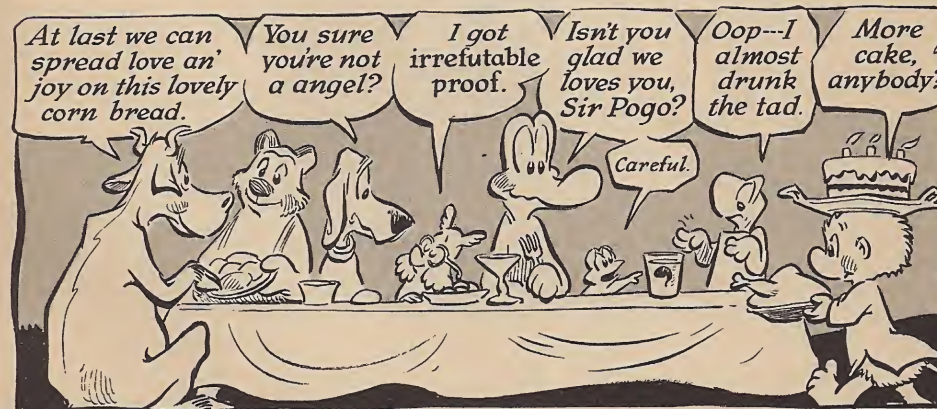
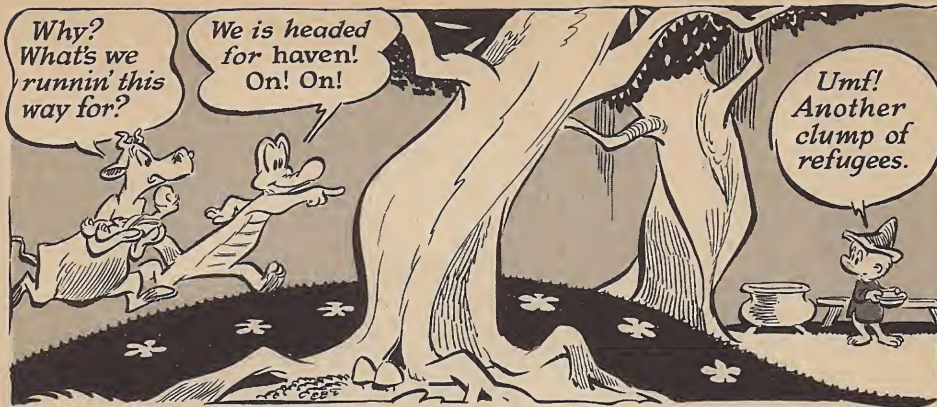












Why?
What's we
runnin' this
way for?

We is headed
for haven!
On! On!

Umf!
Another
clump of
refugees.

Sir Pogo, Knight of the
Forest, we bring you
good cheer!

I've got a
good cheer:
"Hooray for me!"

Let's not both
be churls--we're
spreadin' love
an' joy.

Draw
up a
chair.

At last we can
spread love an'
joy on this lovely
corn bread.

You sure
you're not
a angel?

I got
irrefutable
proof.

Isn't you
glad we
loves you,
Sir Pogo?

Oop--I
almost
drunk
the tad.

More
cake,
anybody?

Careful.