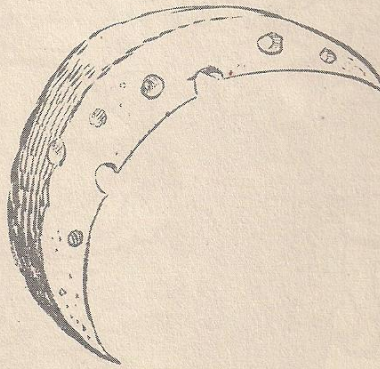




THE JUMPING COW

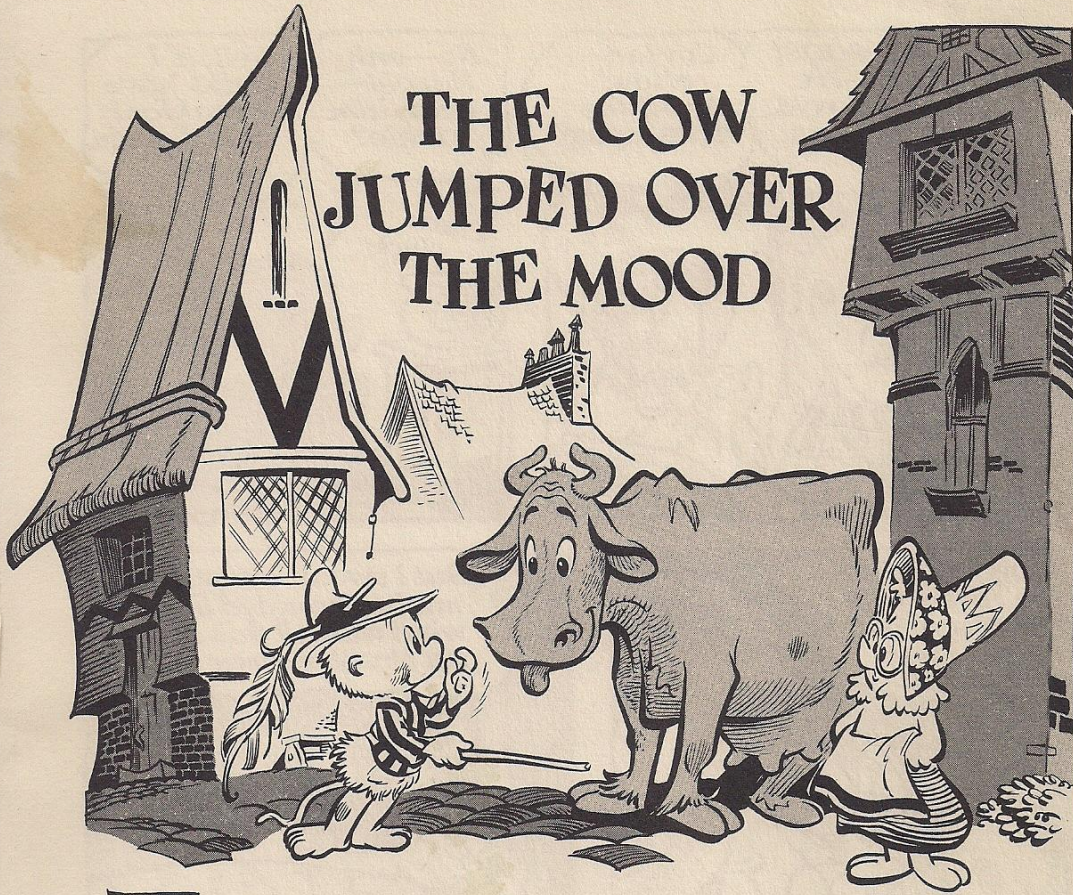
"Sing heigh diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon-o.
The dog he laughed
To see such craft
And the maid made off
with the spoon-o."*



**Sir Henry Reid: "I prefer to think (this rhyme) commemorates the athletic lunacy to which the strange conspiracy of the cat and the fiddle incited the cow."*

Explanation quoted in the Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes

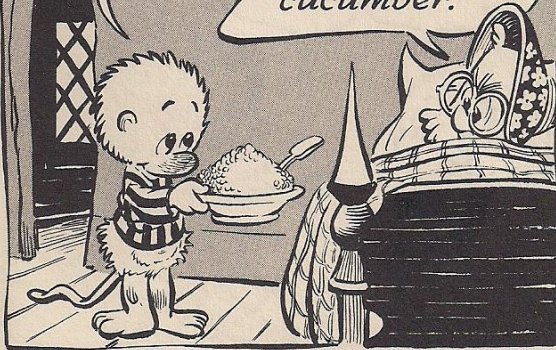
THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOOD



Many years from now, in one direction or another, there lives a young lad named Hansel and Gretel (or Jack, for short) with his cruel stepmother and a wonderful jumping cow named Mrs. Montgomery.

Good morning, cruel stepmother, ol' boy---how do you feel this morning?

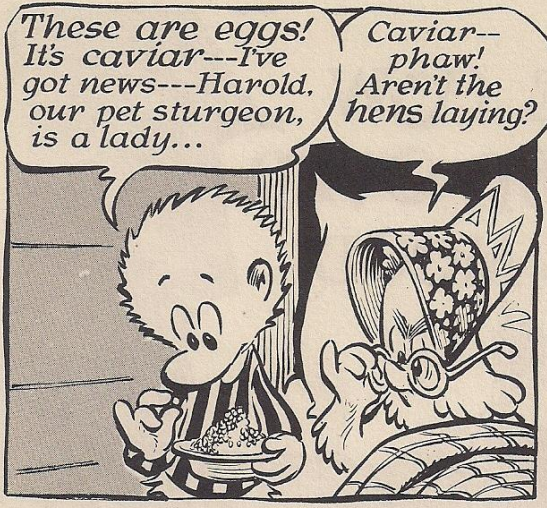
Lumpy---like a cucumber.



I brought you breakfast in bed again, Cruel.

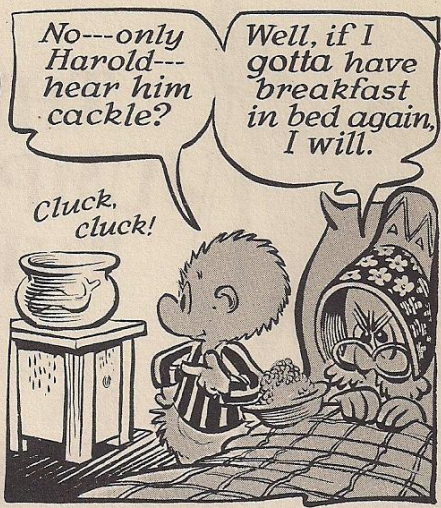
Ugh, what a mess! Don't we have any eggs?





These are eggs!
It's caviar---I've
got news---Harold,
our pet sturgeon,
is a lady...

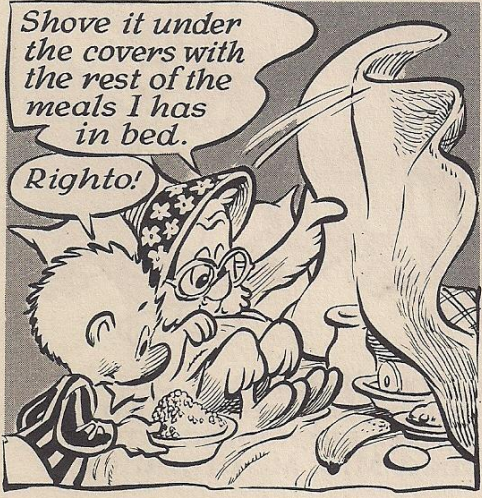
Caviar--
phaw!
Aren't the
hens laying?



No---only
Harold---
hear him
cackle?

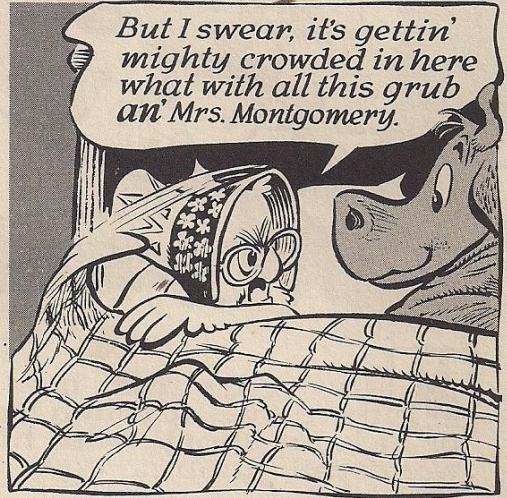
Well, if I
gotta have
breakfast
in bed again,
I will.

Cluck,
cluck!

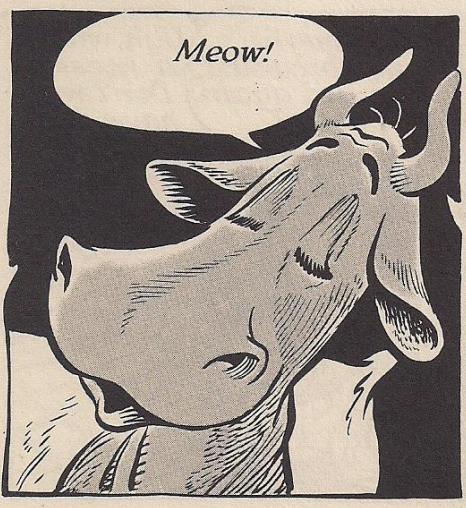


Shove it under
the covers with
the rest of the
meals I has
in bed.

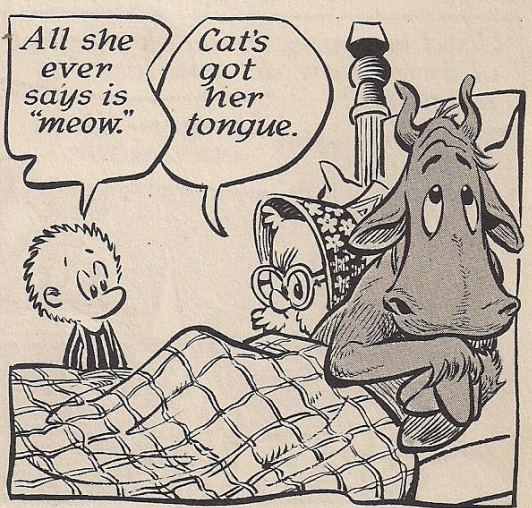
Righto!



But I swear, it's gettin'
mighty crowded in here
what with all this grub
an' Mrs. Montgomery.



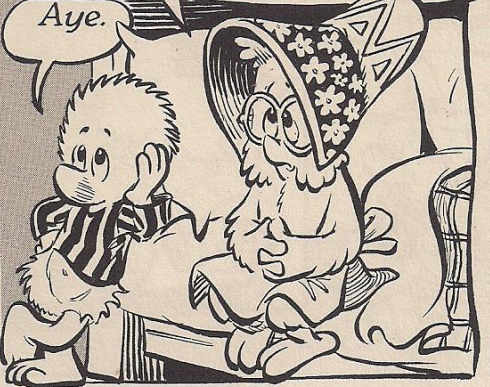
Meow!



All she
ever
says is
"meow."

Cat's
got
her
tongue.

Son, I been thinkin'---they aint room enough in this bed for me and Mrs. Montgomery.



Aye.

So, figgerin' as how your lovin' cruel stepmother needs more room an' as how you is a dutiful but stupid, son...



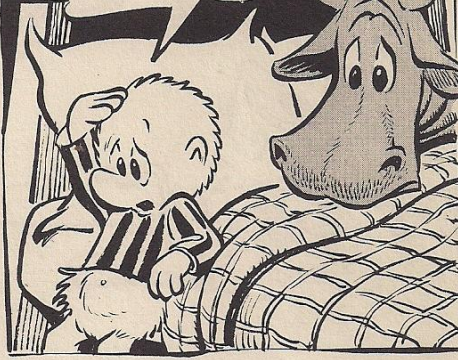
Aye.

I knows I can trust you to git the un-wanted party outen here---best thing to do is sell her or shoot her...



What?!

Shoot my own beloved, dear, brown, eyed, sweet, little, old...

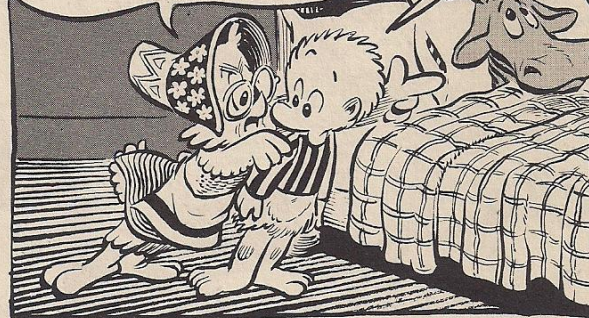


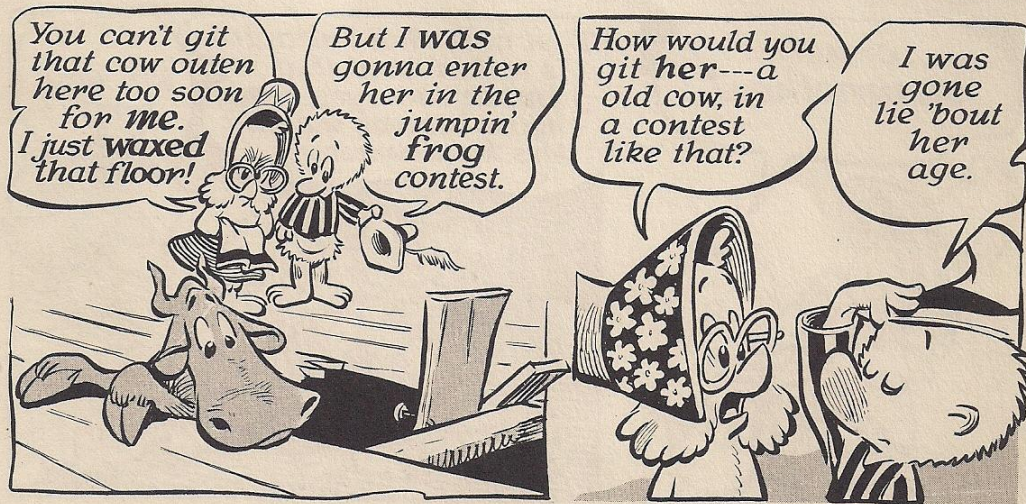
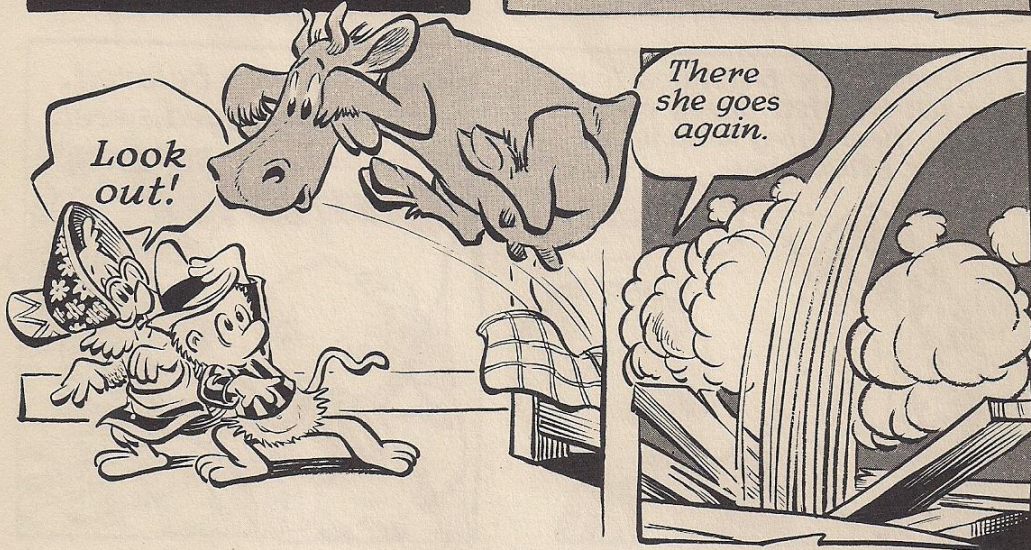
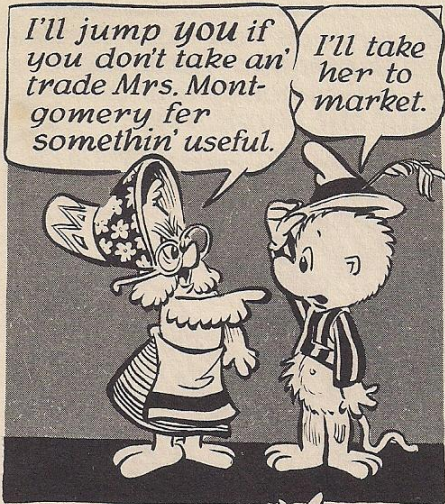
... cruel stepmother?

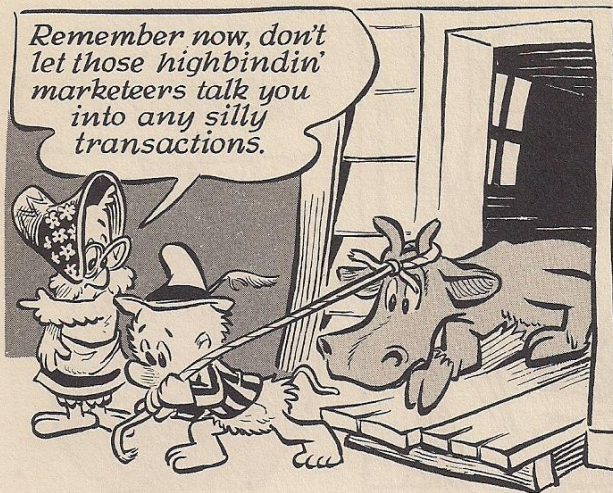


That ain't what I meant--- I is talkin' 'bout that jumpin' cow---you gotta choose between me an' Mrs. Montgomery.

Kin you jump?





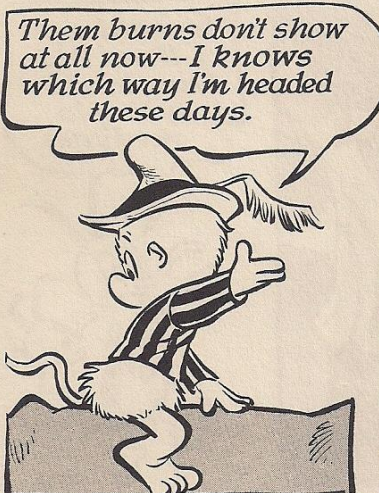


Remember now, don't let those highbindin' marketeers talk you into any silly transactions.



Haw! When did I ever get the worst end of a trade?

You recalls grabbin' that opportunity to get in on a red hot poker deal?



Them burns don't show at all now---I knows which way I'm headed these days.



Forward!

Last time you traded a cow you came home with three beans and a beanstalk.



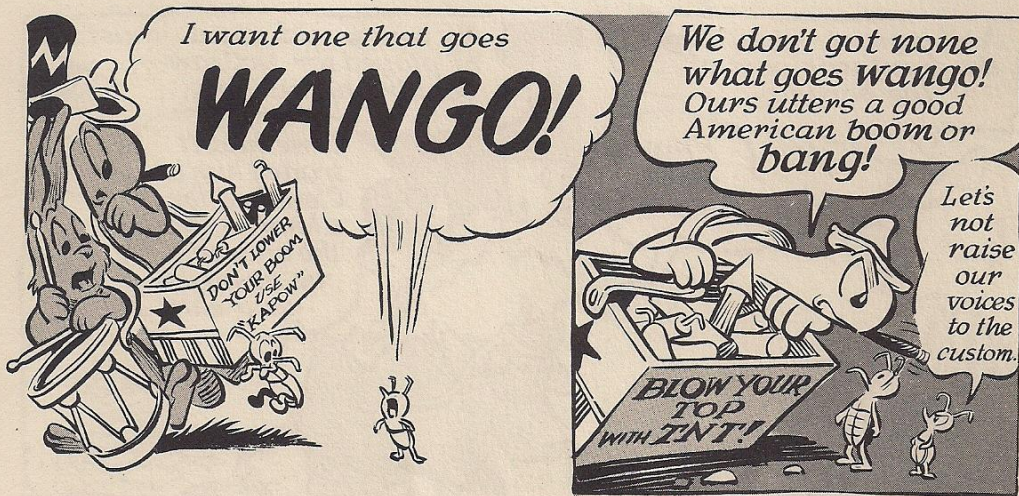
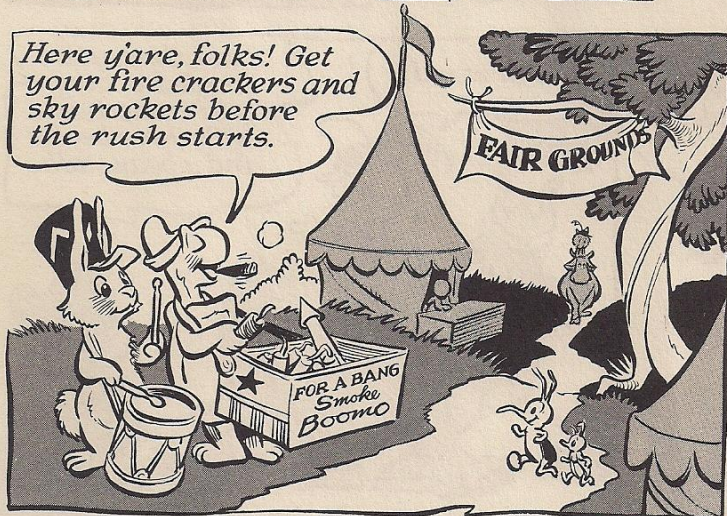
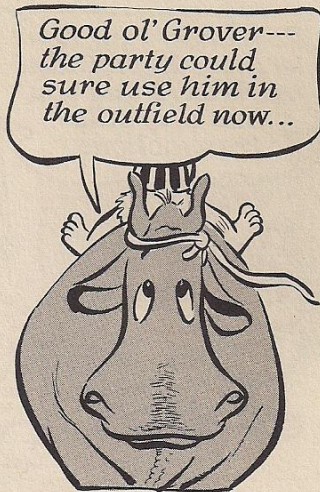
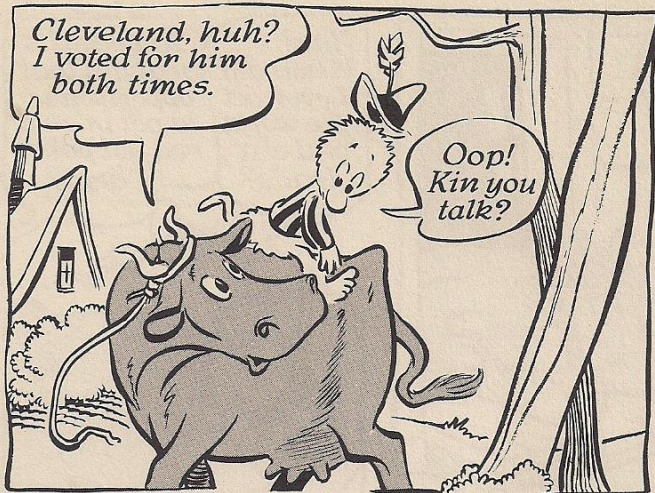
And a giant--- don't forget the giant was part of the bargain.

Phaw! Some bargain!



He was a old giant--- must of played for McGraw--- couldn't hit his age...

If we hadn't traded him to Cleveland for a lawn mower the grass would be up aroun' your ears.





Make up your mind---make up your mind.

I'll take one of those two-for-a pennys.



Right! Here y'are--- piping hot!

Hey!



Take it! Take it!

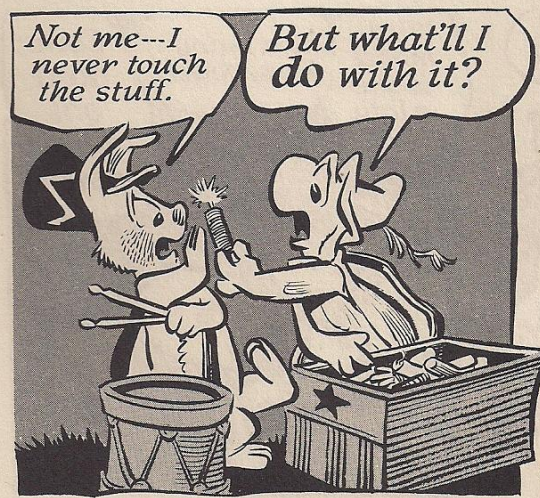
Nothin' doin'--- it's slightly used!

Yeah.



Here! It's as good as new---

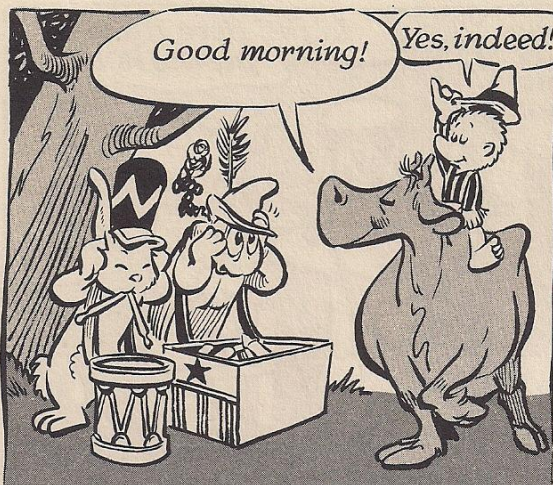
Not for us!



Not me---I never touch the stuff.

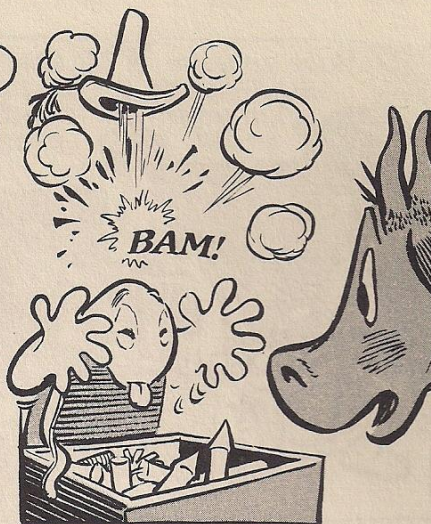
But what'll I do with it?



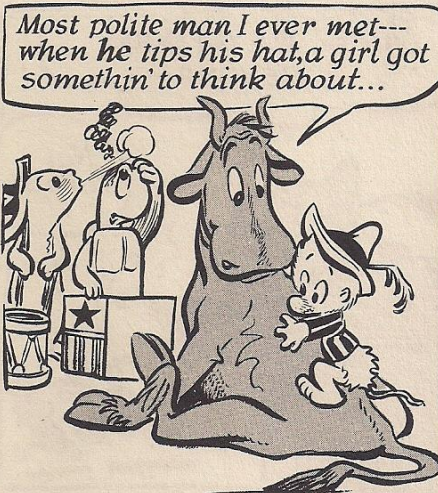


Good morning!

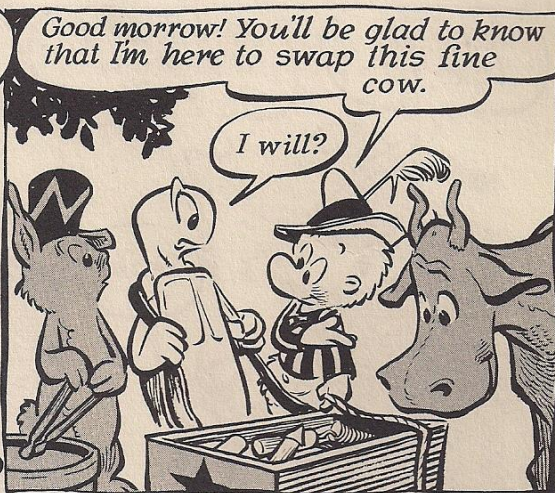
Yes, indeed!



BAM!



Most polite man I ever met-- when he tips his hat, a girl got somethin' to think about...

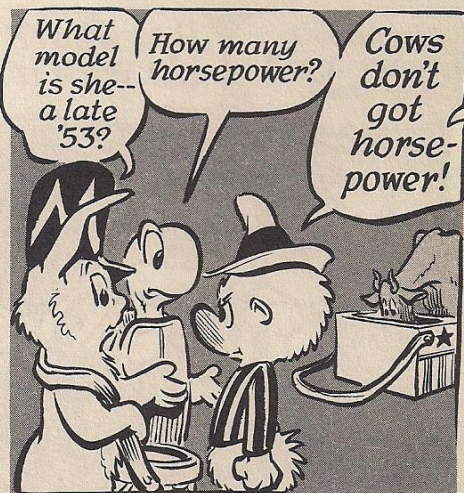


Good morrow! You'll be glad to know that I'm here to swap this fine cow.

I will?



Let's just step over here where us can discuss this exceptional cow so as not to flatter her ego too much.



What model is she-- a late '53?

How many horsepower?

Cows don't got horse-power!

Everybody what's a frog git ready for the big jumpin' frog contest!

CLANG.
CLANG!

Come on, Mrs. Montgomery---if I can get you into the contest you might win it an'...

Then I won't have to git rid of you 'cause you'll be famous.

Hey---you ate my fireworks!

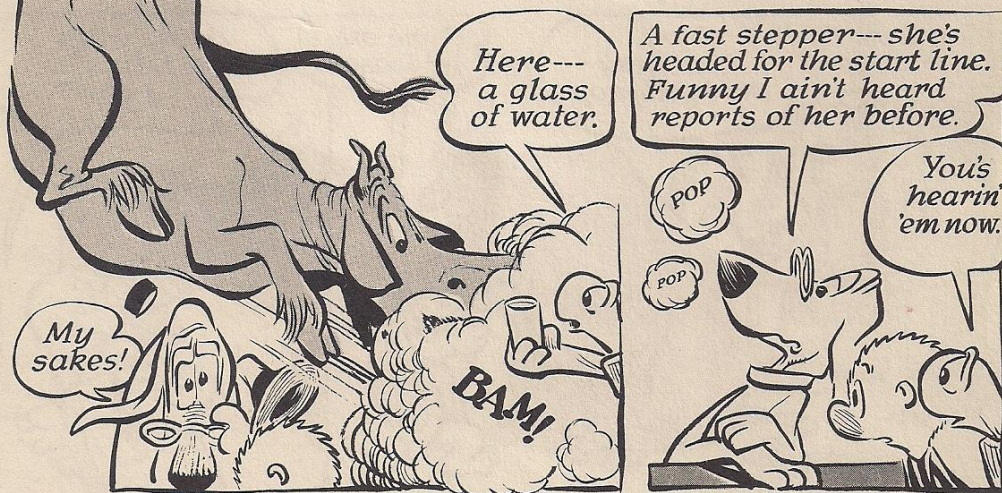
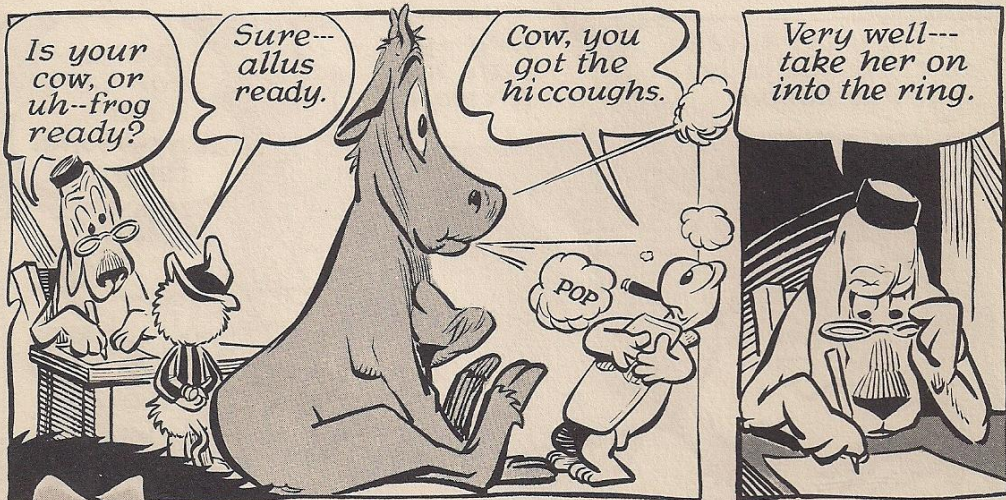
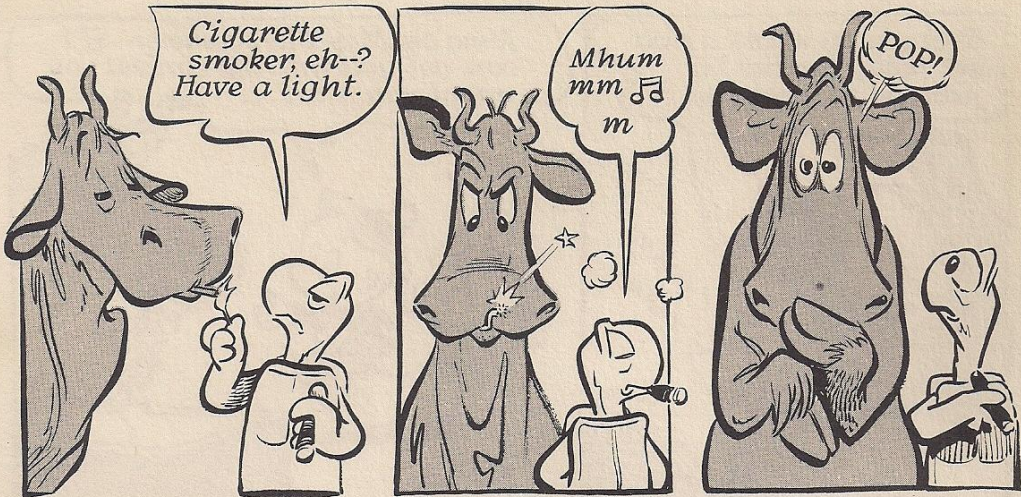
Roman candles, too! My personal favorite!

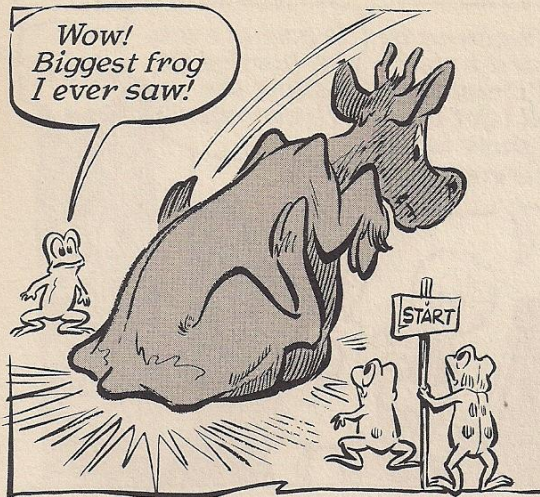
You sure that's a frog, son?

Part Guernsey---part pollywog.

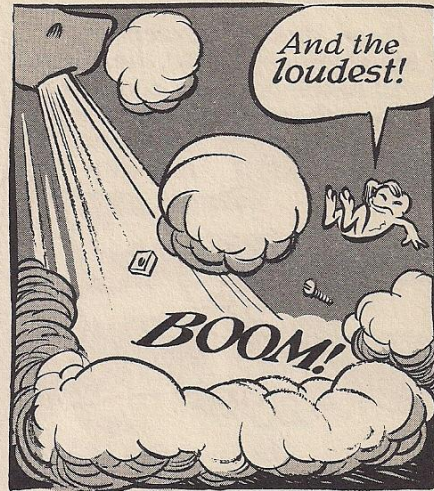
Come on---let loose!

Ahh, wotsa use talkin' to a cow?





Wow!
Biggest frog
I ever saw!



And the
loudest!



Out of
sight!

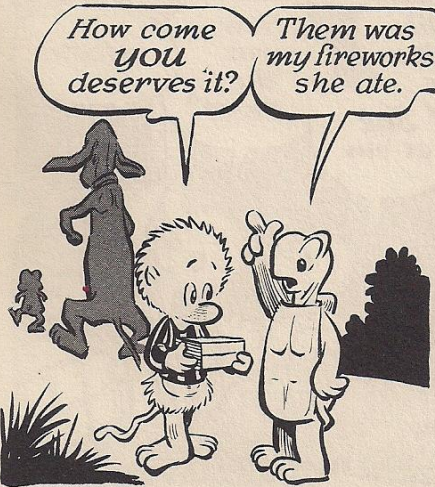
Over
the
moon!

Makes
a man
proud
to be a
frog!



My boy, your frog is spread-
eagled the opposition---no
question about it, you deserve
the prize.

I
deserve
it!



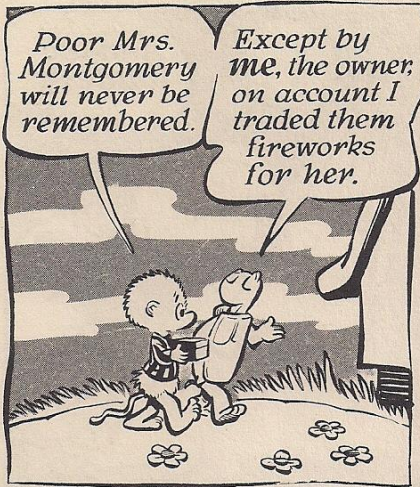
How come
you
deserves it?

Them was
my fireworks
she ate.



Well---come on home
an' meet my step-ma.
She'll never believe
me 'bout Mrs.
Montgomery.

Nobody'll
ever
believe a
cow jumped
over the
moon.



Poor Mrs. Montgomery will never be remembered.

Except by me, the owner, on account I traded them fireworks for her.



It's gonna be hard to tell ol' Cruel that all I got to show is fireworks.

It gonna even be harder to show the fireworks.

Aha!



About Mrs. Montgomery-- I--uh--

She's in bed.



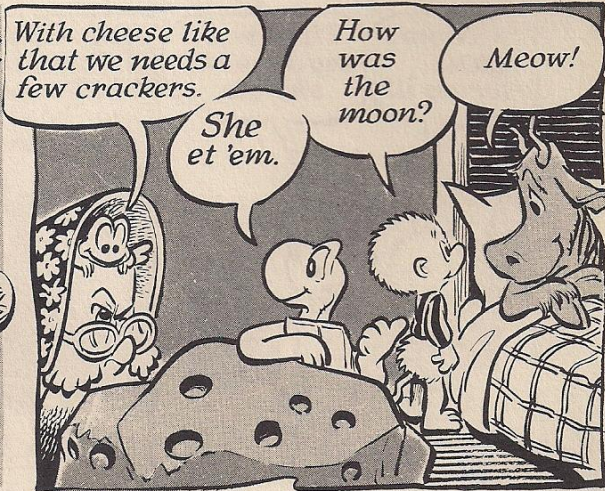
In bed!?

In bed---she come in through the roof with the biggest lump of green cheese you ever saw.



They giv her a prize for jumpin' over the moon-- oop!

Yeowp!



With cheese like that we needs a few crackers.

She et 'em.

How was the moon?

Meow!