



STORIES of STRANGE ADVENTURE

NO 110-MARCH-APRIL

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

12¢

**HE'S BACK,
FOLKS!**

The WORLD'S
STRANGEST HERO--IN
AN ACTION-PACKED
THRILLER YOU'LL
NEVER FORGET! LOOK
...HERE'S JUST **ONE**
OF THE MENACES
HERBIE COMES
UP AGAINST!



HERBIE POPNECKER'S BACK, FOLKS! AND WHETHER YOU'RE A SCIENCE FICTION FAN OR A PATRIOT FOR THE SUPERNATURAL, YOU'LL GET YOUR KICKS OUT OF HIS LATEST ADVENTURES. SO HOLD TIGHT AS WE BRING YOU THE AMAZING LOWDOWN ON---

HERBIE

and the

**SNEDDIGER'S
SALAD OIL**



STORY:- SHANE
O'SHEA
ART:- OGDEN
WHITNEY

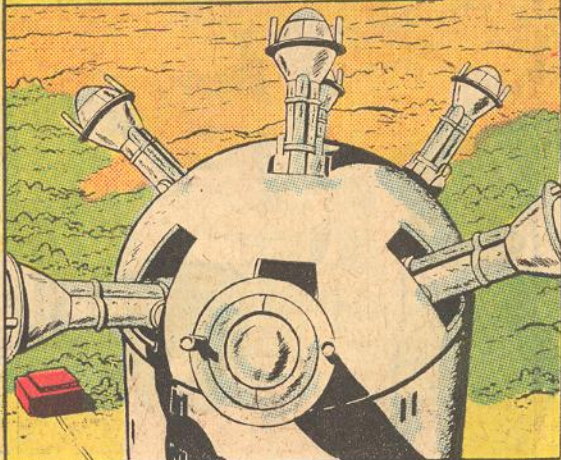
OUR STORY OPENS AT AN EMERGENCY MEETING ON THE PLANET BERTRAM OF THE 4TH SOLAR GALAXY---

THOSE ARE THE FACTS. THE ATMOSPHERE OF OUR PLANET IS GRADUALLY DISINTEGRATING, BECOMING UNBREATHABLE. WE'RE FACED WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF EVERY LIVING CREATURE, INCLUDING OURSELVES.

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO--- KEEP OUR SCIENTISTS WORKING DESPERATELY!



AND 50 BATTERIES OF TELETUBES PROBED THROUGH THE VAST REACHES OF THE UNIVERSE, SEARCHING FRANTICALLY FOR SOME INGREDIENT WHICH MIGHT RESTORE THE VANISHING ATMOSPHERE---



THE ELECTRONIC TELETUBES COULD FERRET OUT AND ANALYZE THE TINIEST OBJECT, NO MATTER HOW DISTANT. AND SO IT HAPPENED THAT---

GREAT TIDINGS, YOUR MAJESTY---WE HAVE DISCOVERED WHAT WE SEEK! IT IS SITUATED ON **PLANET EARTH**---A PRODUCT KNOWN BY HUMANS AS **SNEDDIGER'S SALAD OIL!**

LET OUR SPACECRAFT BE DISPATCHED AT ONCE TO LOOT EARTH OF IT WHEREVER IT CAN BE FOUND!

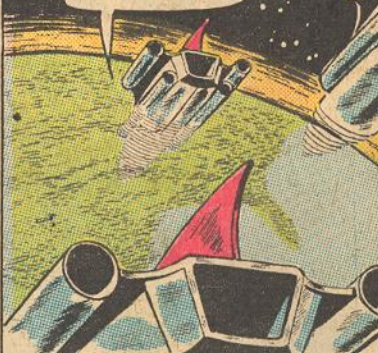


AND SO A MIGHTY ARMADA DEPARTED---

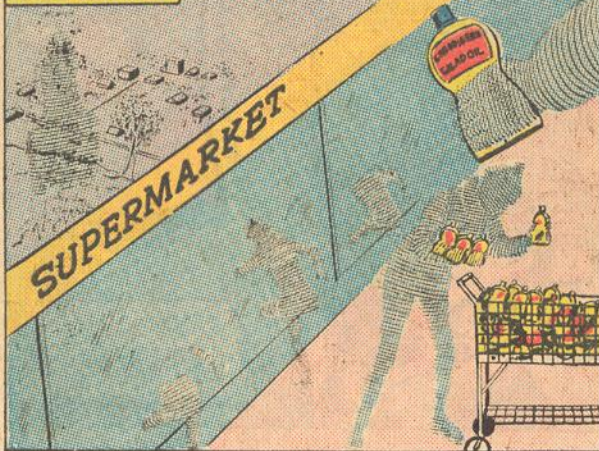


...AND AS IT ENTERED EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED---

OUR SCIENCE WILL HIDE US FROM THEM. WE'VE SURROUNDED OURSELVES WITH AN INVISIBILITY FIELD---THE EARTHLINGS WILL SEE NEITHER US NOR OUR ROCKETS!



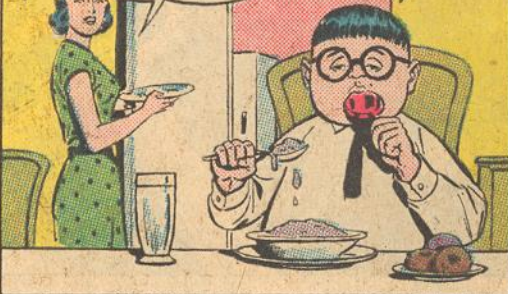
IN CITIES AND TOWNS THROUGHOUT AMERICA, THEY MADE THEIR SECRET LANDINGS IN THE DARK OF NIGHT. FREELY THEY PASSED THROUGH WINDOWS AND DOORS ON THEIR VITAL ERRAND---



NOTHING OF THIS WAS KNOWN NEXT MORNING IN THE HOME OF THE **POPNECKER** FAMILY, NOT EVEN OUR OLD PAL **HERBIE** SUSPECTED WHAT HAD HAPPENED---

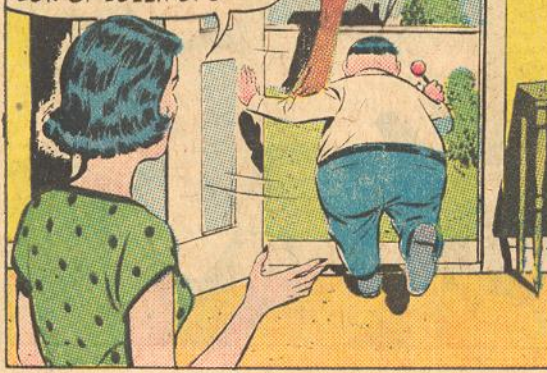
YOUR AUNT LAVINIA'S COMING TO DINNER TONIGHT, HERBIE---AND YOU KNOW HOW SHE IS IF SHE CAN'T HAVE **SNEDDIGER'S SALAD OIL**. AND WE'RE ALL OUT OF IT.

AW, MA--- YOU KNOW THOSE LONG LINES AT THE SUPERMARKET---



OH, ALL RIGHT---YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO. ONLY AUNT LAVINIA WILL BE **VERY** DISPLEASED WHEN SHE HEARS YOU DIDN'T WANT TO. AND YOUR BIRTHDAY'S NEXT WEEK---AND SHE ALWAYS SENDS YOU THE BIGGEST BOX OF LOLLIPOPS---

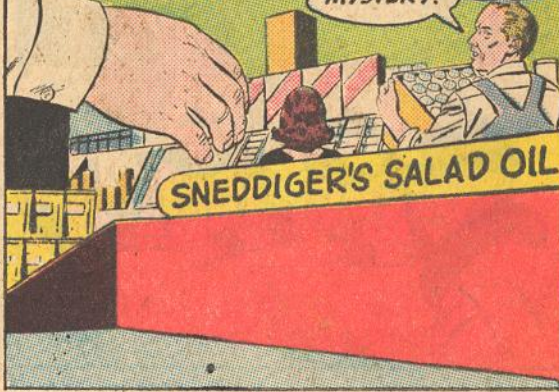
WHO SAID I DIDN'T WANT TO GO? I'M GOING---**I'M GOING!** I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ELSE TO DO TODAY ANYWAY---

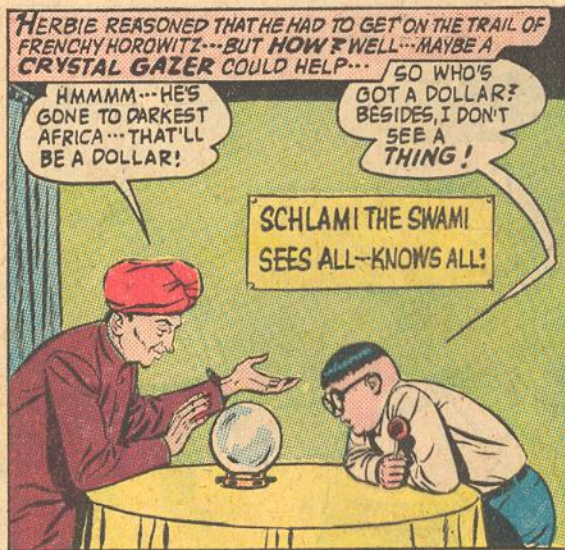
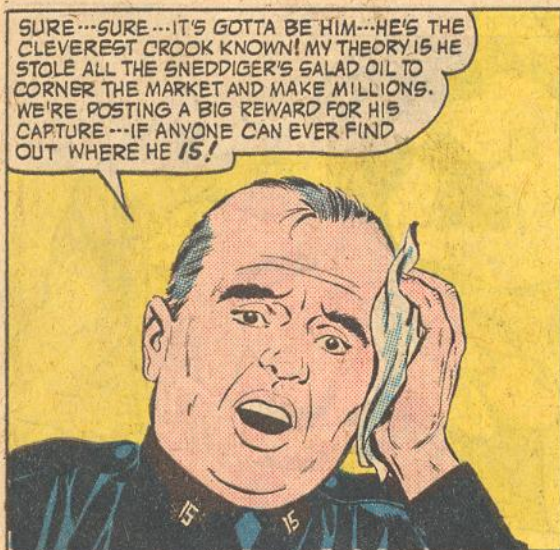


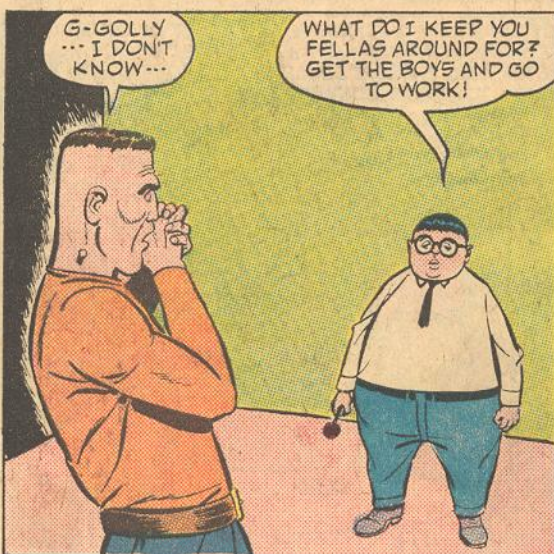
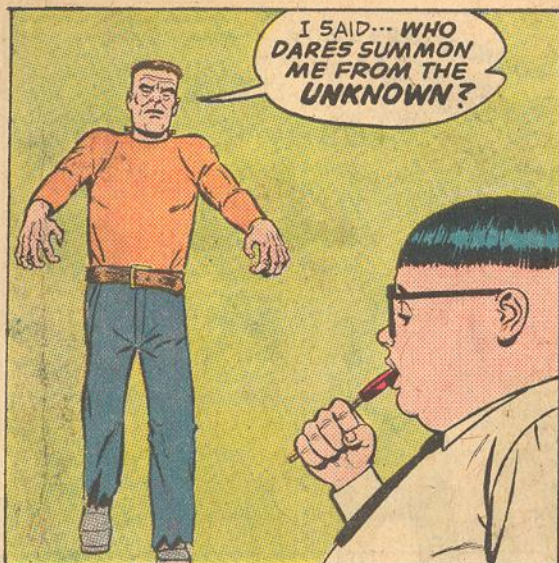
BUT AT THE LOCAL SUPERMARKET---

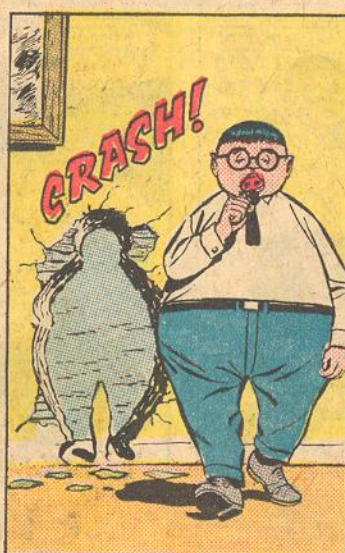
HEY! WHERE'S IT AT?

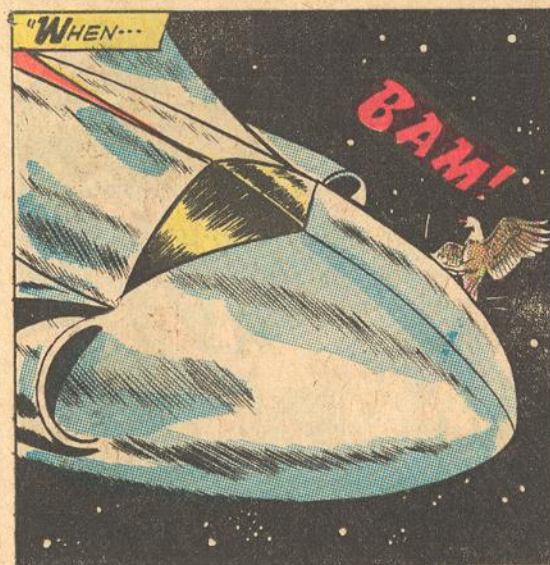
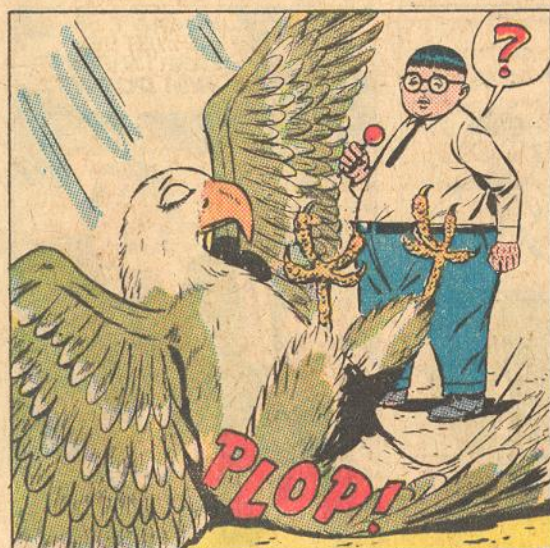
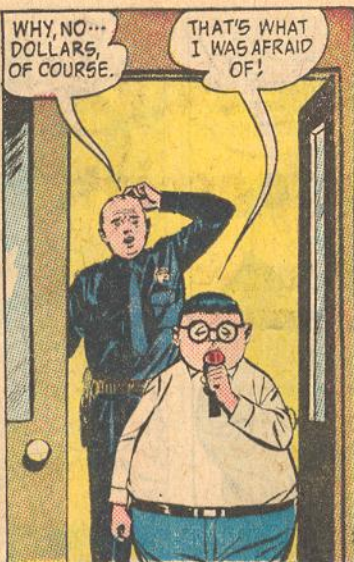
DIDN'T YOU HEAR, HERBIE? ALL OUR **SNEDDIGER'S** HAS BEEN STOLEN---MATTER OF FACT, IT'S BEEN STOLEN OUT OF EVERY STORE IN TOWN. YESSIR, IT'S A **BIG MYSTERY!**







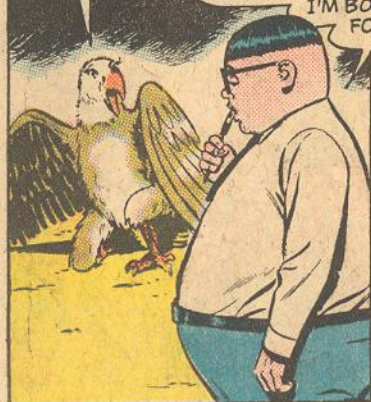




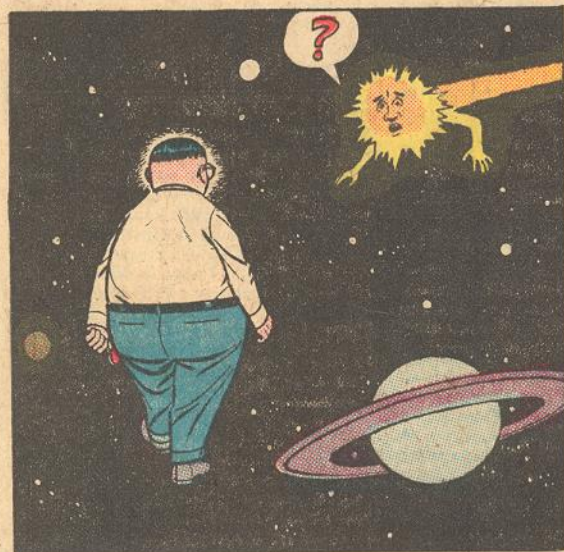
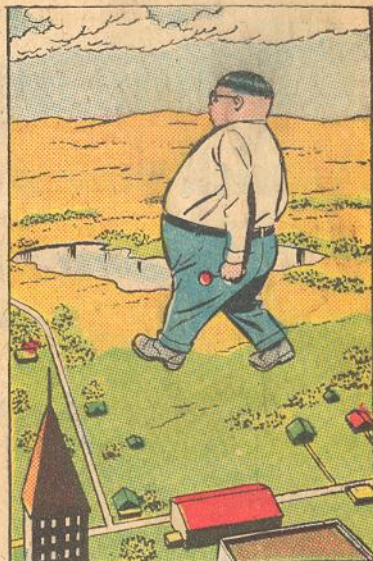
(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

THAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT REASON
IT TOOK ME SO LONG TO FALL WAS
THAT I WAS PRETTY
HIGH UP IN SPACE.
I BEEN PRACTICIN'
TO BE AN ASTRONAUT...

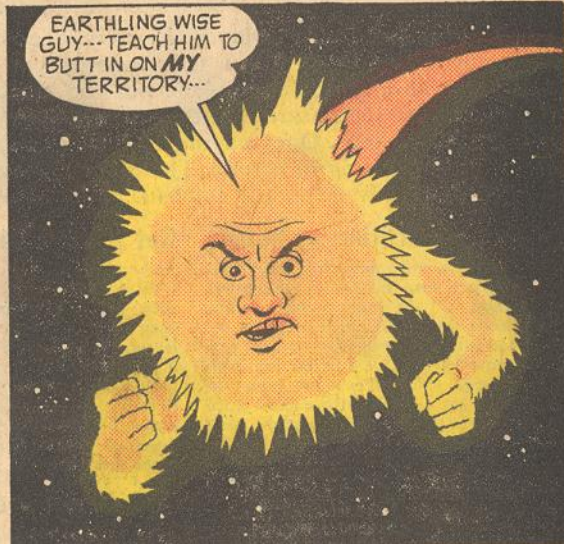
PLANET BERTRAM
...4TH SOLAR
GALAXY...OKAY
...THEN THAT'S WHERE
I'M BOUND
FOR!



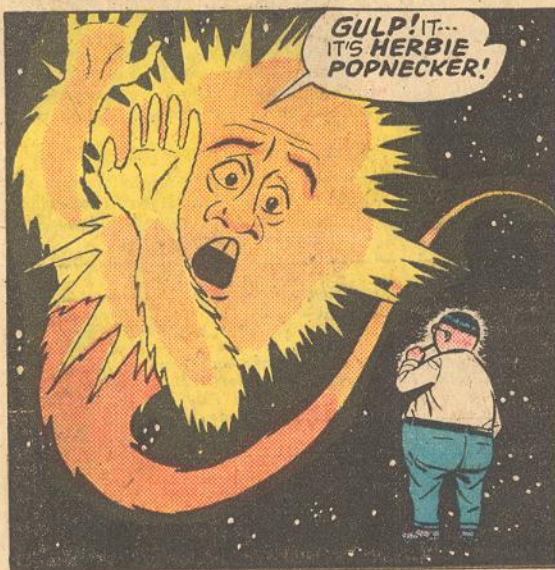
GONNA BE A
LONG WALK...
LUCKY I KNOW
SOME SHORT-
CUTS.



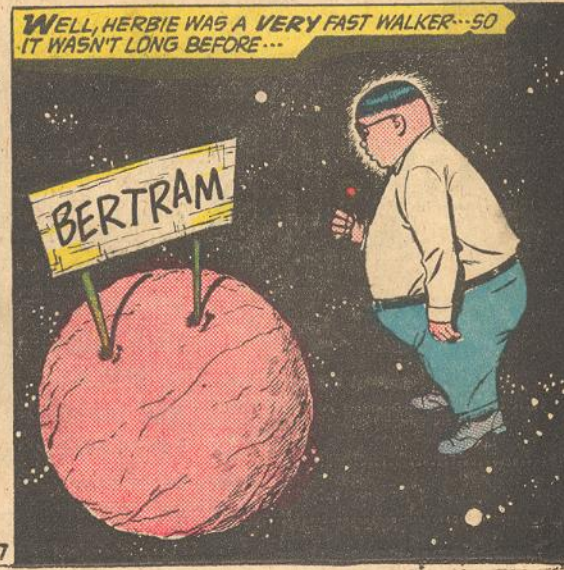
EARTHLING WISE
GUY... TEACH HIM TO
BUTT IN ON MY
TERRITORY...



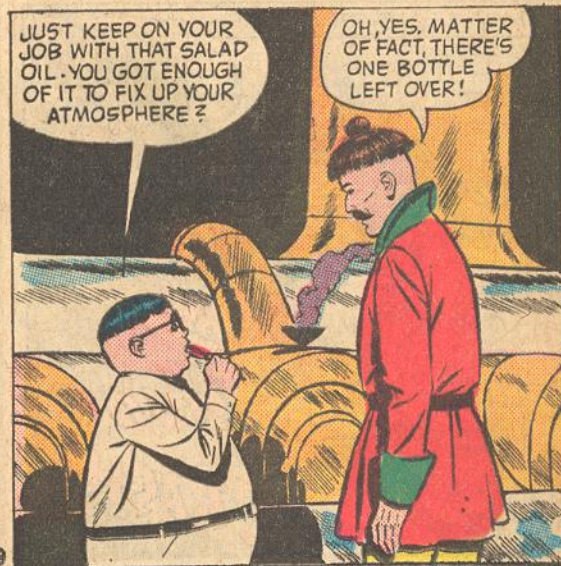
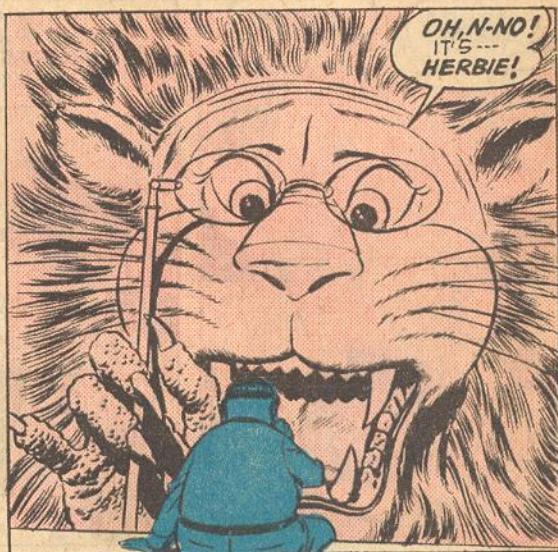
GULP! IT...
IT'S HERBIE
POPNECKER!



WELL, HERBIE WAS A VERY FAST WALKER...SO
IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE...









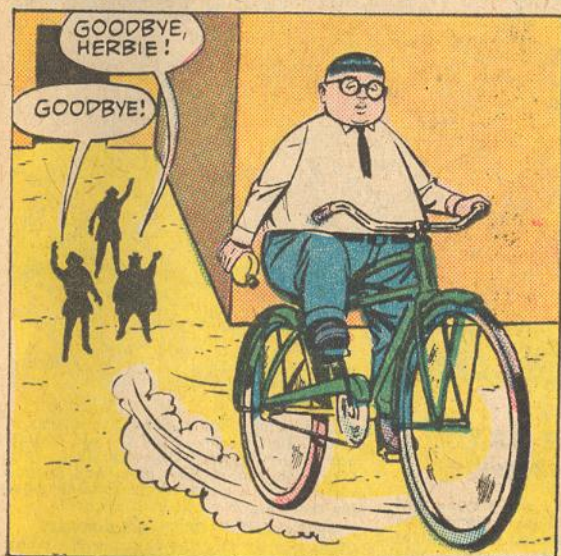
COULD...UH
...COULD I
HAVE IT?

BE MY
GUEST!



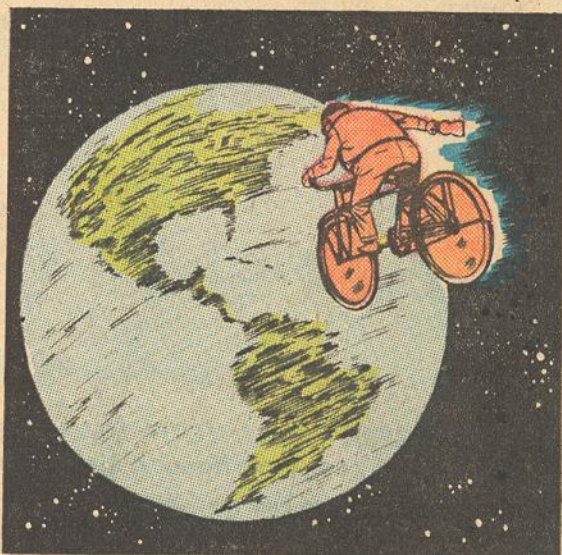
LET'S SEE...3:25
AND ALL'S WELL.THE
PLANET **BERTRAM**
IS SAVED...

3:25 ALREADY? I
DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS
SO LATE...MIND IF I
BORROW THIS
BIKE?



GOODBYE,
HERBIE!

GOODBYE!



WHAT **KEPT**
YOU, HERBIE?
I WAS BEGINNING
TO GET
WORRIED.

ER...WELL...
YOU KNOW HOW
LONG THOSE
CHECKOUT
LINES ARE AT
THE SUPER-
MARKET!



BUT I GOT
YOU THE
SNEDDIGER'S
SALAD OIL...
HERE IT IS!

OH, DEAR...
I WONDER IF
YOU COULDN'T
GO BACK AND
RETURN IT.
YOU SEE, AUNT
LAVINIA CAN'T
MAKE IT FOR
DINNER AFTER
ALL!



OH, WELL... I DIDN'T
HAVE ANYTHING ELSE
TO DO TODAY ANYWAY!

From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

He's back, folks. He's in again. Who? The plump, solemn little character with the horn-rimmed glasses and the ever-present lollipop, that's who, *Herbie Popnecker*. Don't ask us to explain him, because we can't. All we know is that when we least expect him, there he is, walking solemnly through the window of Ye Editor's skyscraper office. Pointing his lollipop sternly, he announces that he intends to be in our magazine and nobody'd better get in his way. That's how come he walked right into this issue in "*Herbie And The Sneddiger's Salad Oil*". Your Editor was too chicken to stop him, because there's a rumor around that Herbie's lollipop is atom-powered. At any rate, how do you folks like Herbie? (You'd better like him, or chances are you'll never be heard from again.) But while you're still in one piece and before he completely fractures you, write in and tell us where you stand—pro-Herbie, or—if you dare—anti-Herbie. The address is: The Editor, "*Forbidden Worlds*", 331 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

"Dear Editor:—

I think that the No. 104 issue of '*Forbidden Worlds*' was the best comics book I've ever read. Your art was very good, and everybody didn't look alike, as they sometimes do in other magazines. '*My Pal Jeremy*' was the greatest! '*The Old Familiar Faces*' was fair. '*By Jupiter*' beat them all. It was one of the best, strangest stories I've seen. I admire '*The Riverboat That Vanished*'. I hope that you keep '*Forbidden Worlds*' as good as it always is. I'll always be a loyal fan of yours!

—David Blair Williamson,
435 Eighth St., Cleveland, Tenn."

You're quite complimentary, David, and we hope that we really deserve all the praise you've given us. We'll try to stay as good as we hope we are!

"Dear Editor:—

Whenever you make errors in scientific fact, history or literature, these detract from the story. They should only be permitted when pretty much essential to the story, otherwise they're not poetic license but just plain silly

mistakes. In particular, errors in science annoy the reader. You can take liberties with literature, even history—but not science! I say double-check, and avoid putting dinosaurs (extinct for some 60,000,000 or so years) with cavemen when cave bears will do as well. Also, recall that the second nearest star is 25,000,000,000,000 miles away, and so on. These things will help you, for your stories are otherwise usually very good. But how annoying mistakes are! Recall that many of your readers have had high school educations!

—Michael N. Tierstein,
Louisiana State U., Dept. of Math
Baton Rouge 3, La.

You're making a mistake, Michael, if you think that we talk down to our readers, or let mistakes go through because we figure that they don't know any better. We make our share of errors, of course—that's the penalty you pay for being human. But along with these unintentional boo-boos frequently go others of which we are completely aware. In other words, occasionally we choose to be wrong. Why? For the sake of a better, more exciting, more pictorially attractive story. Like putting dinosaurs in the same time period with cavemen. Of course this isn't accurate, but we don't consider that we're committing any major sin thereby. We're just putting our cavemen up against a more exciting and more eye-filling opponent and that makes for a better yarn. Oh, sure we could use cave bears—but they lack the oomph. This is exactly what is done by both moving pictures and television, and for the same reason. Similarly, we purposely close our eyes to certain science fiction facts. If our story makes it necessary for the hero to travel to a distant star and back within a shorter time period than is physically possible, we stretch the point—and it pays off in terms of more interesting plot. Please, grant us this privilege—we're not hurting anyone! And we like to think that our fans benefit.

"Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading your '*Forbidden Worlds*'. Although I have read only one copy, I enjoyed it very much. No. 104 was wonderful. I liked the whole book, every story in it. '*My Pal Jeremy*'

was an amazing story of a boy with a most unusual friend. I used to hate war stories until I read *'The Old Familiar Faces'*. 'By Jupiter' was a swell story about one of the gods on Mt. Olympus. If it were up to me to pick the best magazine in the United States, I would pick *'Forbidden Worlds'*.

—Mary Sourek,
2816 N. Southport Ave., Chicago, Ill."

Mary, you're making us blush—you and David Blair Williamson, a couple of letters back, seem to have a lot in common. We'd like to know if you entertain the same opinions about our output after you've read many issues and sincerely hope that this will be the case. At any rate, write again and tell us, huh? Meanwhile—thanks!

"Dear Editor:—

Today, I made a tragic mistake. I bought *'Adventures Into The Unknown'* No. 133. This is UNQUALIFIED TRASH! *'Robertson's Robots'* uses a plot as standard as Eastern Time. As for *'The Two Jeremy Fosters'*, ECH! Ridiculous! The difference between your comics and the good ones is that they feature regular characters, much better artwork and more believable plots. And while I'm on the subject—LETTER COLUMNS!!! You are so stuck up that you refuse to admit your own errors in the column. And you insult your readers like anything! Calling them cranks when they are actually TELLING THE TRUTH! Marvin Gooberman and Bryan Hanson are only two of your 'victims'. You'll call me a crank, too—but brother, how can you call somebody who has almost 400 comics a CRANK? I laugh at your efforts! P.S.: You may be interested to know that when I came home today, I met my brother and showed him *'Adventures Into The Unknown'* No. 133 and then *'Forbidden Worlds'* No. 105. 'Why do you waste your money on such trash?' was his classic and ever-so-true comment. From now on, COUNT ME OUT!

—Paul Gambaccini,
8 Elizabeth Drive, Westport, Conn."

Paul, if you have such violent objections to *'Adventures Into The Unknown'*, why address your letter to *'Forbidden Worlds'*? No matter—since both magazines deal with similar story subjects and are of similar quality, we'll try to answer you with considerably more politeness than you've shown us. We're sorry that you found the plot of *'Robertson's Robots'* to be as commonplace as you indicate. May we inquire as to when and where you saw this plot repeated in any other publication? (You'll probably point to other stories dealing with

robots as justification of your stand. By this token, we'd better not feature any story containing a dog, because other stories have been written which also contained dogs.) Now, regarding *'The Two Jeremy Fosters'*. You don't have to like the story, but why tag it as "ridiculous"? Other readers have been writing in compliments about this one. Strange how wrong they can be and how right you are! Now, as to your differentiation between our comics and "good ones". The good ones, you say, feature regular characters. This is the simplest thing in the world to do, but it doesn't lend itself successfully to amazing stories, which run the gamut from science fiction to the supernatural, involving every conceivable type of lead character. As for "more believable plots"—let us repeat, this is a magazine devoted to amazing stories. To wind this up briefly, we make errors and we admit them. And we don't insult our readers who may write in with adverse opinions. We're not attempting to insult you, and only wish that you found it possible to show the same consideration.

"Dear Editor:—

In *'Forbidden Worlds'* No. 103, *'Ghost Of A Chance'* was perfect. It contained mystery, pride, sentiment and justice, all combined in a cop named Harrigan. It will always rate as one of my favorites. In your companion magazine, *'Adventures Into The Unknown'*, issue No. 131, the lead story, *'Man Of Mystery'* was great. In the short story department, I'd like to compliment you on your fine one-page story, *'Good Magic'*, which was good to the last ironical word. There have been so many great stories from your magazine and its companion publications that I was wondering if it would be possible to combine the favorites into a giant issue which would most likely become a collector's item in the comics business. Some of the stories which might be printed are *'Heavenly Heavyweight'*, *'Born To Be A Grocer'*, *'Magic Mutt'*, *'Pipe Dream'*, *'Roadside Restaurant'* and others. A proud reader—

—Chuck Koenig,
1346 8th Street, Alameda, Calif."

'Ghost Of A Chance' was one of our favorites, too, and we feel that it turned out successfully all around. About the giant issue—we just don't know. Many fans save all their old issues and therefore have on hand the stories which might go into such an issue. We noted with interest the stories which you suggested for it, and are in general agreement with your choice. All except *'Roadside Restaurant'*. We feel that this plot was a bit on the familiar side, and that we erred in running it.

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