

No 7
APRIL-MAY

IND.



MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMIC
CODE



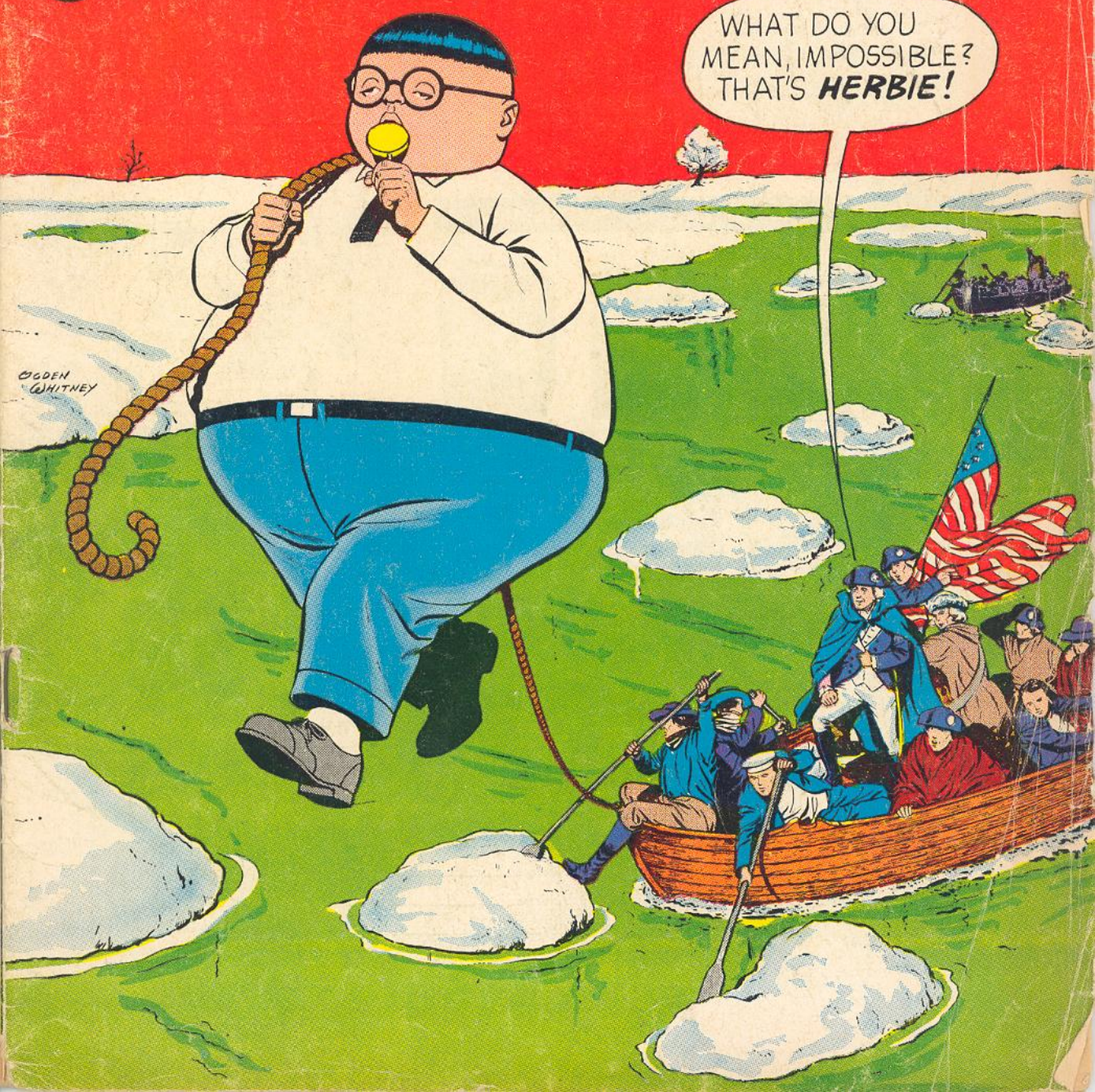
AUTHORITY

HERBIE

12¢

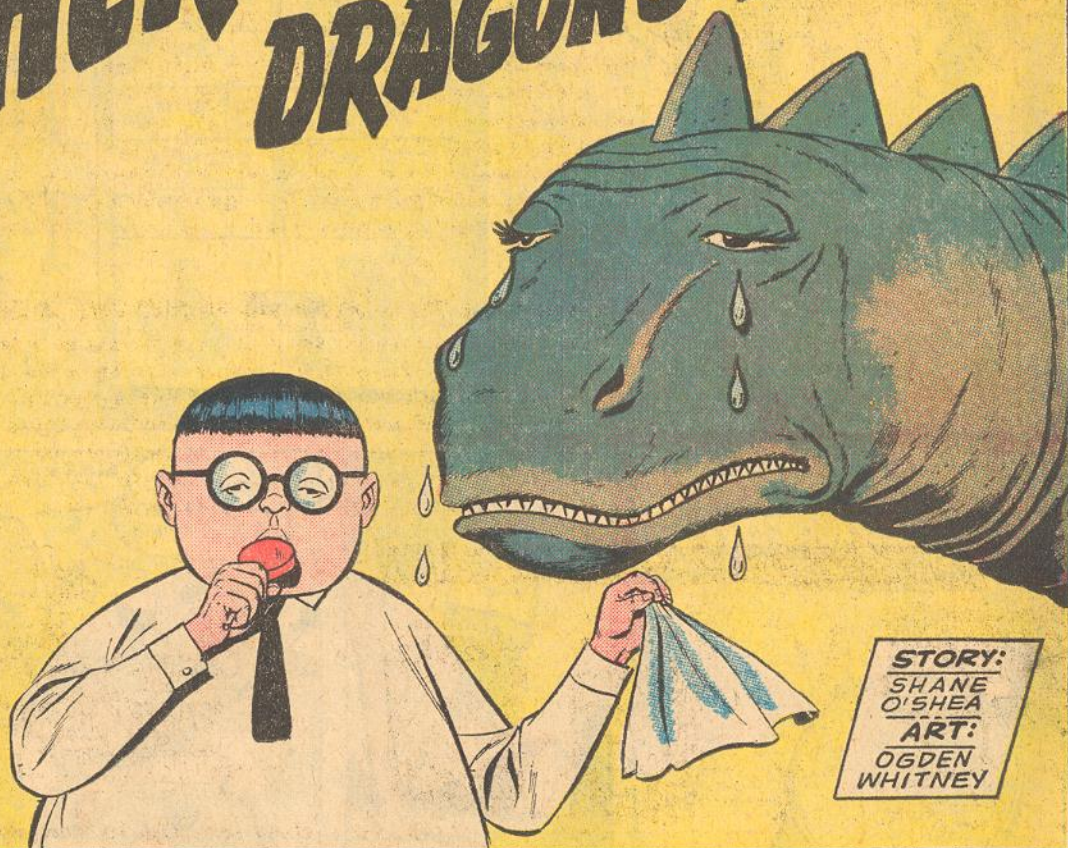
ODDEN
WHITNEY

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, IMPOSSIBLE?
THAT'S **HERBIE!**



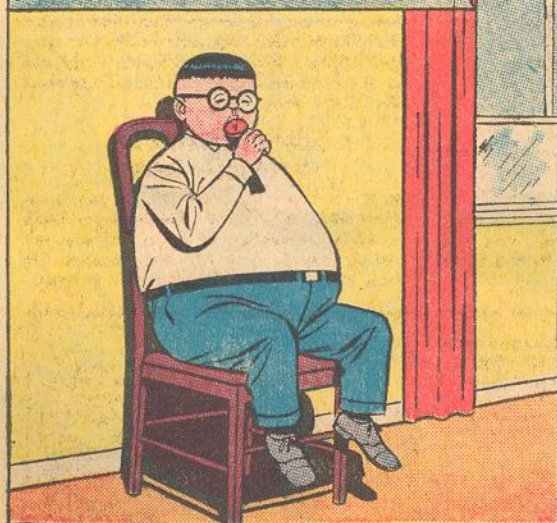
THINGS LOOK BAD FOR THE WORLD? DOOM AND DANGER CLOSING IN? WELL, YOU CAN FORGET YOUR WORRIES, BECAUSE AMERICA'S HORRIBLE HERO IS ON THE JOB. THIS WAY FOR A FAT AND FANTASTIC FROLIC CALLED---

"HERBIE and the DRAGON'S TEARS!"



STORY:
SHANE
O'SHEA
ART:
OGDEN
WHITNEY

HERE'S HERBIE ON A TYPICAL DAY---



YOU KNOW WHY I DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO HIM --- LIKE MOW THE LAWN OR FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GO PLAY A GAME OF BALL --- YOU KNOW **WHY?** BECAUSE ALL HE'D DO IS STICK ONE OF THOSE CONFOUNDED LOLLIPOPS IN HIS MOUTH --- THE ONLY SIGN HE'S **ALIVE!**

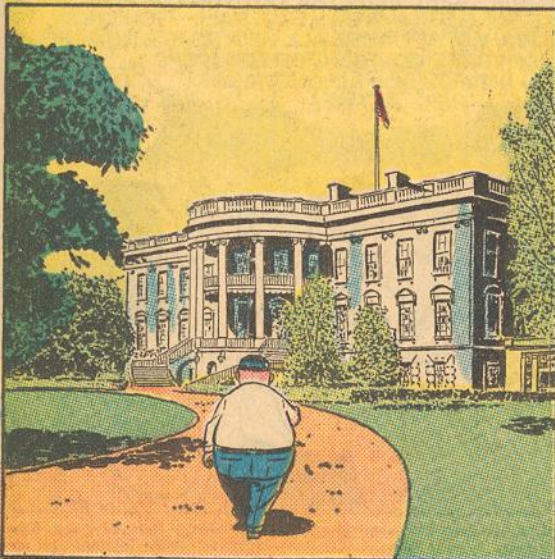
OH, DAD, IT'S NOT AS BAD AS THAT.

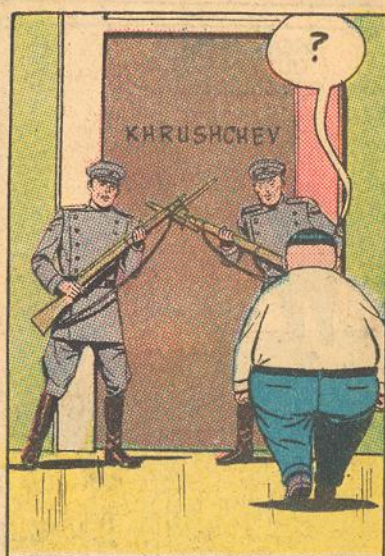


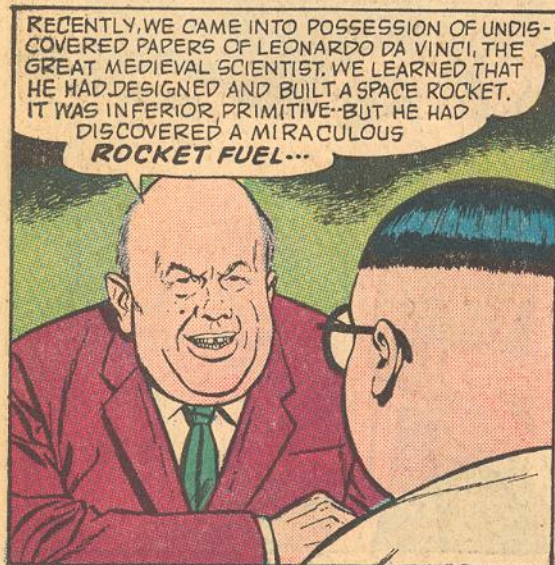
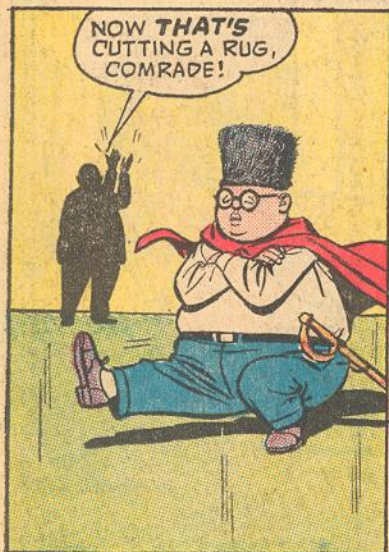
HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, Oct.-Nov., Dec.-Jan. © 1964 by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Dickey Streets, Sparta, Illinois. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial offices 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor, Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.44, single copies, \$0.12, foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office at Sparta, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. No. 1, Apr-May, 1964.

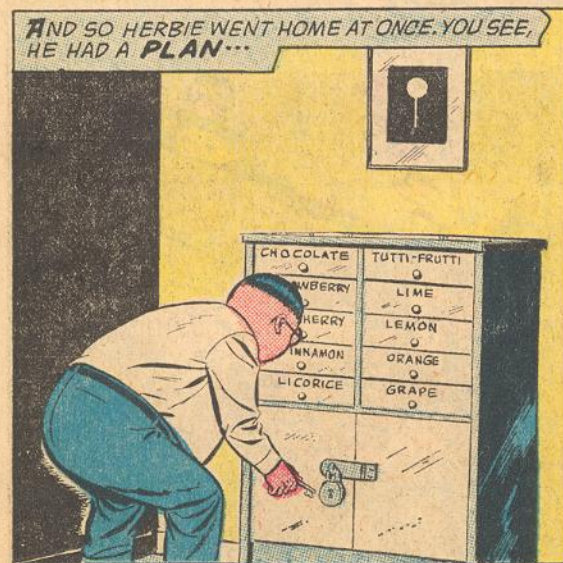


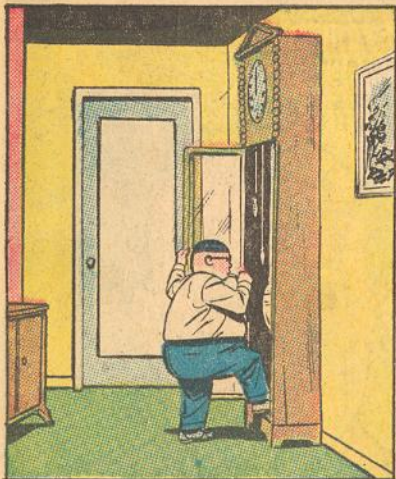
IT LOOKS LIKE DAD DOESN'T THINK TOO MUCH OF HERBIE. HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THAT HIS SON HAS A **SECRET LIFE**. FOR INSTANCE, THAT ISN'T A WRIST WATCH HERBIE IS CONSULTING, BUT A TICKER TAPE DEVICE---

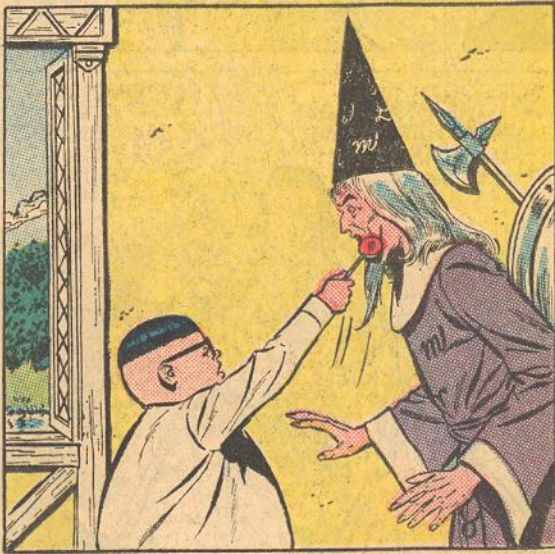


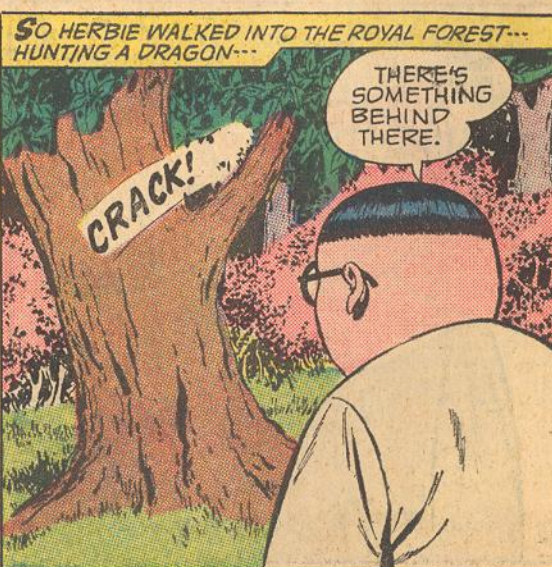
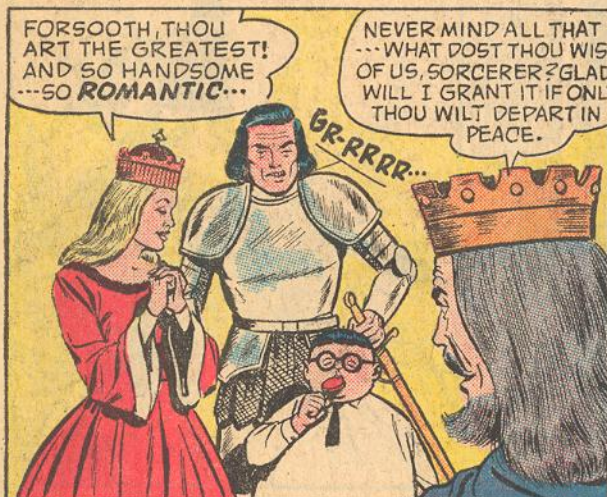
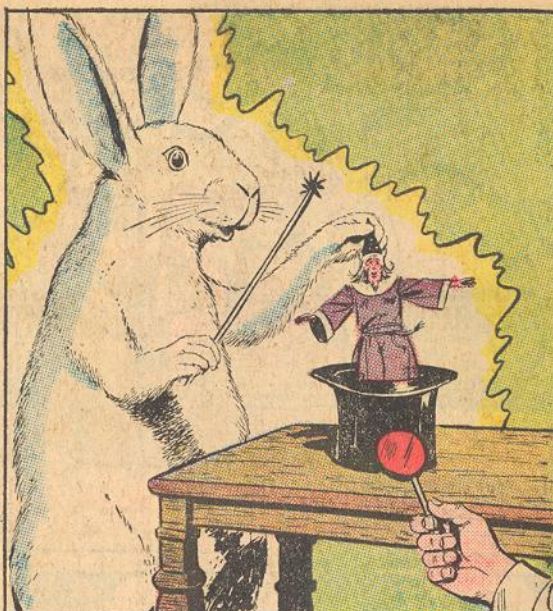




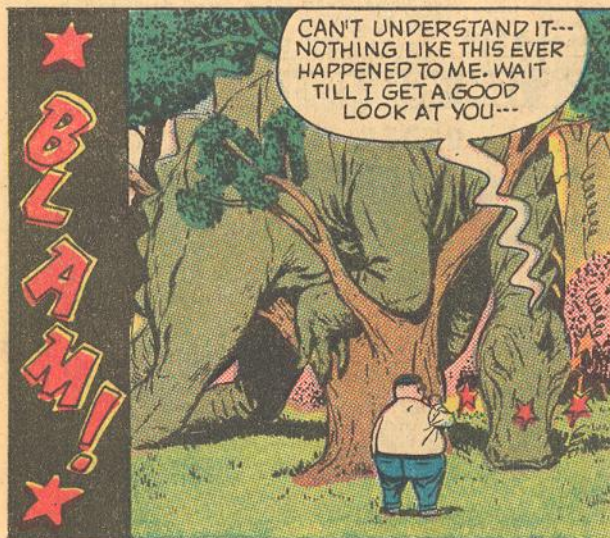
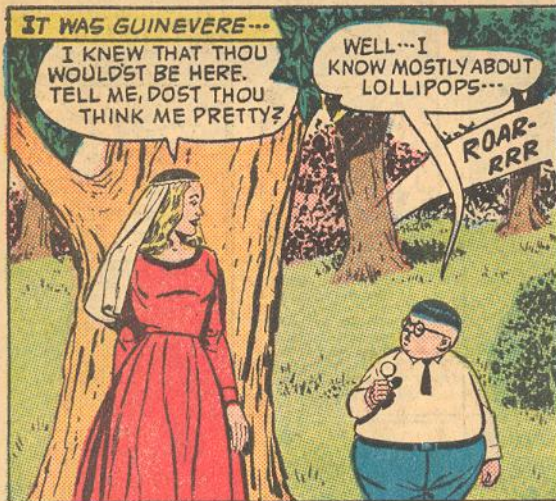


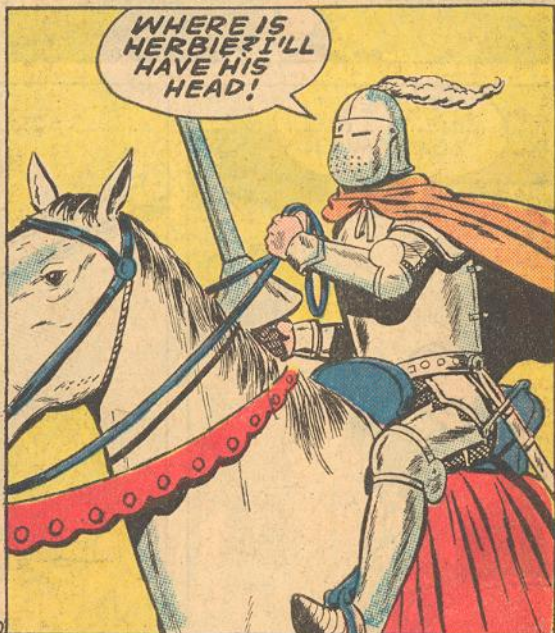
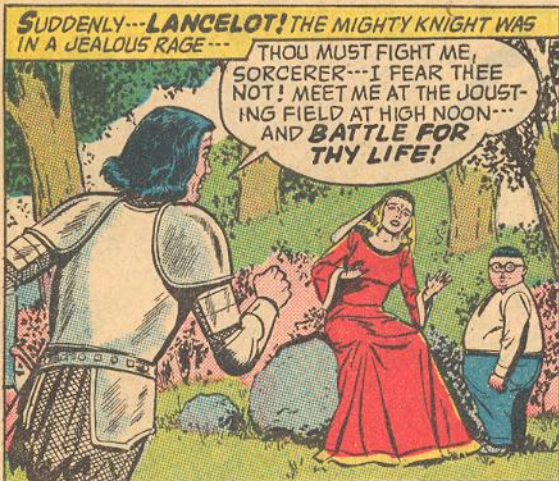
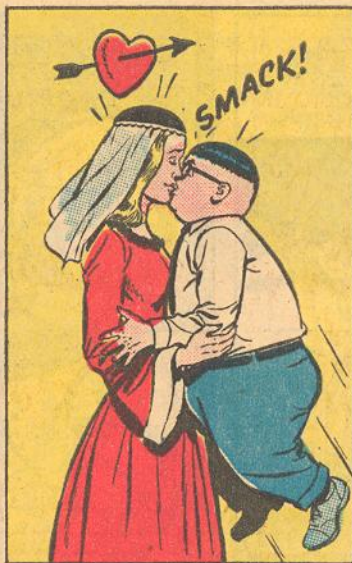


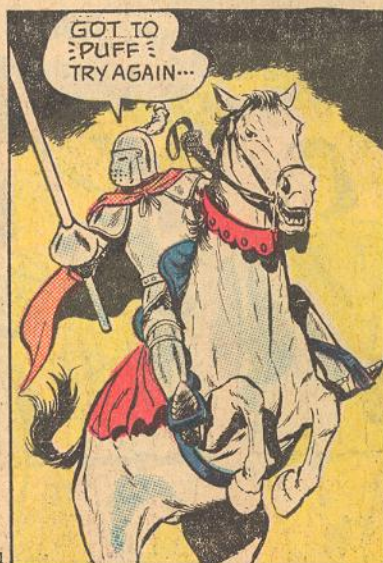
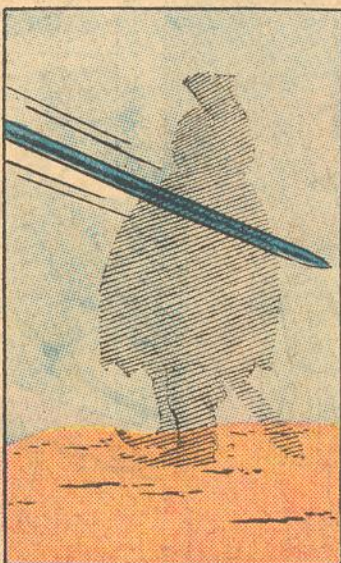
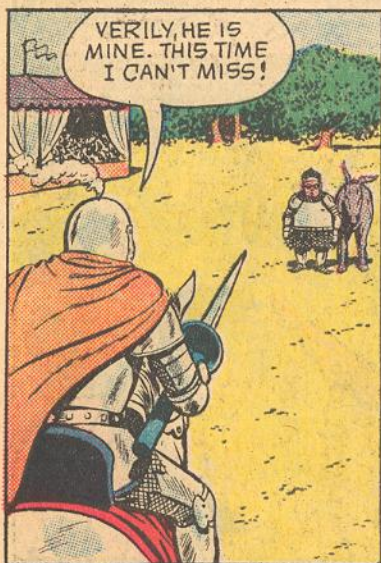
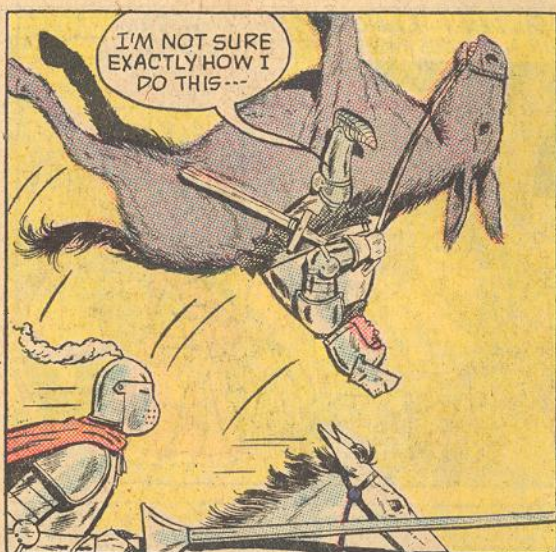
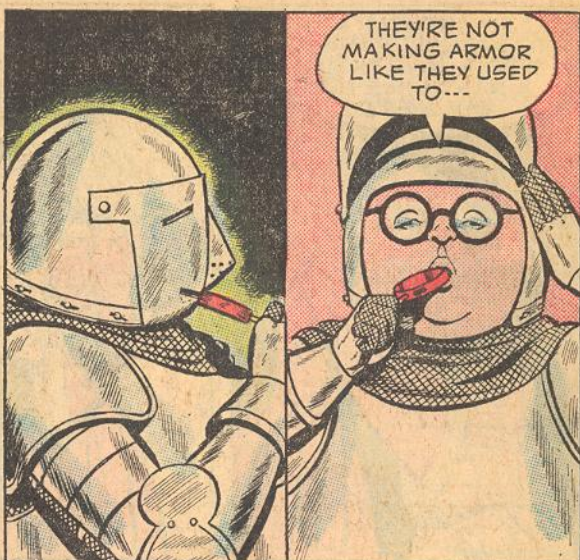
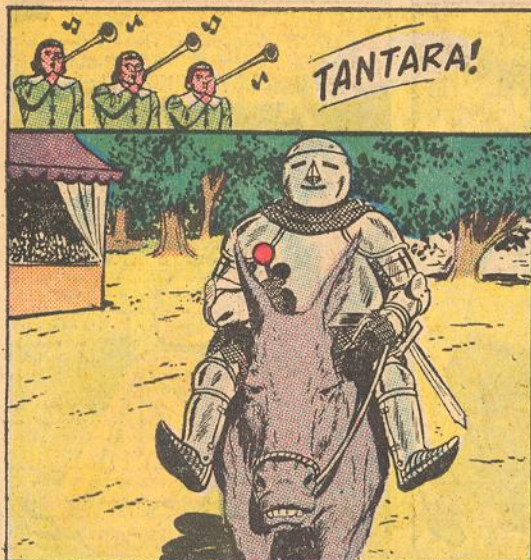


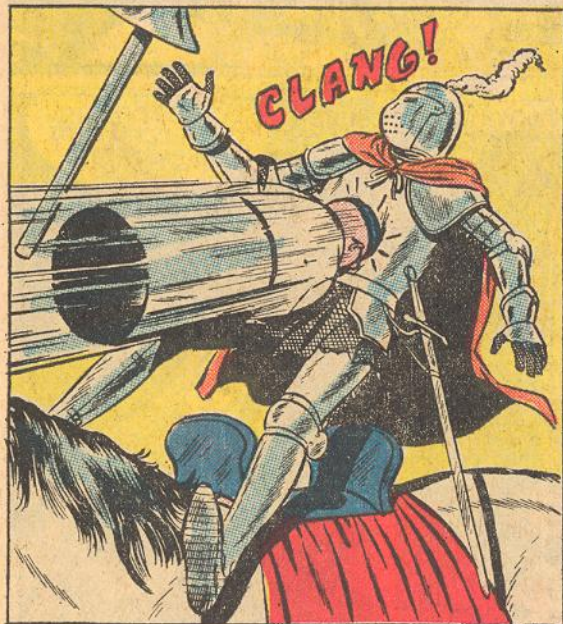


(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



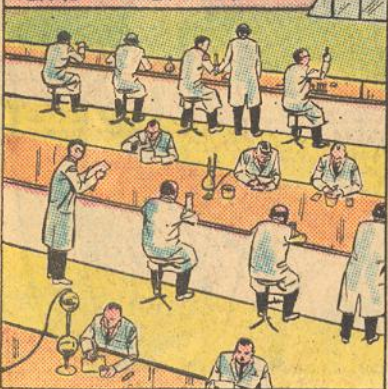




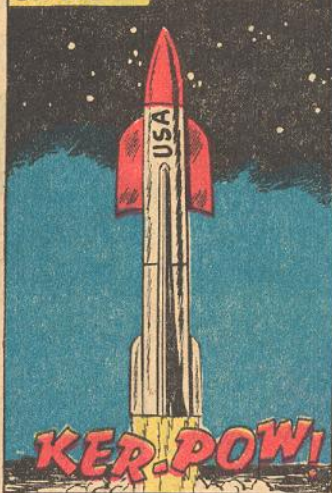




IT WAS A BIG HELP IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE...WAYS THAT MOM AND DAD KNEW NOTHING ABOUT. LIKE BEATING THE SOVIETS TO THE PUNCH IN MAKING THE NEW DRAGON'S TEARS ROCKET FUEL...



AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE...



ROCKET #1352 DOES NOT ANSWER!

IT HAPPENED AS ROCKET #1352 APPROACHED THE UNEXPLORED PLANET EXCALIBUR...

REPORTING TO EARTH! SMALL SPACE VEHICLE COMING UP TO GREET US. CAN'T BE HOSTILE... JUST ONE. WILL OPEN PORT AND TAKE HIM IN, BUT WILL REMAIN ON GUARD!



AND SO THEY RECEIVED THE SPACEMAN THEY WOULD BE ON GUARD AGAINST...

WELL, I'LL BE... LOOK AT HIM! HAW-HAW!



A REGULAR LITTLE COMEDIAN... LIKE TO KEEP HIM AS A PET! HAW-HAW!

ROCKET #1352... DO YOU READ ME? PLEASE REPORT ON YOUR VISITOR FROM EXCALIBUR!

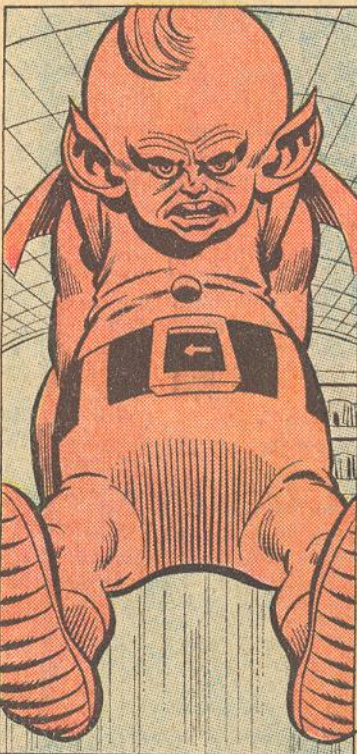
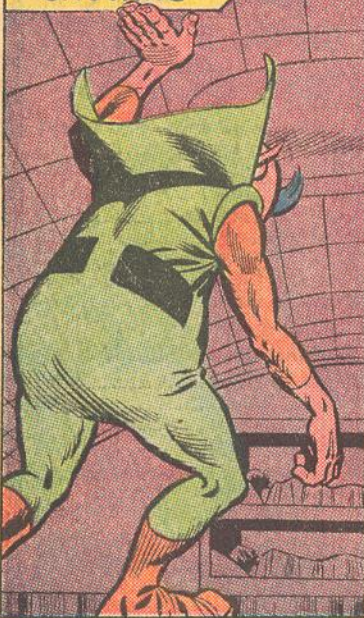


CUTEST LITTLE DOLL-BABY YOU EVER SAW! IF THE REST OF HIS PEOPLE ARE LIKE HIM, LAND-ING THERE WILL BE A CINC!

THE CREW RETIRED, SLEEPING HEAVILY. BUT AS FOR THEIR GUEST...



COMEDY HAD BECOME GRIM MENACE. FOR SOMETHING STRANGE AND OMINOUS WAS HAPPENING... THE LITTLE SPACEMAN WAS GROWING... GROWING...



MORNING...

ROCKET #1352, ARE YOU THERE? COME IN, ROCKET #1352!



WHAT'S HAPPENED?

SIR... ROCKET #1352 DOES NOT ANSWER!



The END!

THE TRIUMPH OF EIBREH REKCENPOP!

"Listen, fellas, you've just got to help Herbie out", said Mr. Popnecker. "Okay, so he's not a great athlete. He's not a great *anything*. He's little and he's fat, but if you'd only let him play football with you, it might make a man of him. Tell you what—put him in a game and I'll buy you all sodas for a week!"

So they let Herbie play. Lugged him in forcibly, you might say, because he wasn't very enthusiastic about it. And once in, he didn't seem to catch on to anything. "You mean like *this*?" he asked as they tried to teach him how to tackle—and promptly went on his face. "Like *this*?" he queried as they tried to instruct him in forward passing—and the ball wobbled weakly through the air for about two lousy feet. It wasn't any wonder that they decided that they'd *had* it. They wouldn't mess around with that fat square if it meant sodas for a *year*, and they reported their decision to Mr. Popnecker—in politer language, of course.

"You don't have to try to go easy on me," mourned Herbie's dad. "I know what you're thinking and you're right. My son's a Little Fat Nothing!" It was a hard pill for him to swallow because he had hoped so much that Herbie might make good at football. The game was Mr. Popnecker's hobby, his chief interest. Particularly he was engrossed in professional football, and the New York Giants were his team, his darlings. Right now, he had his eyes fixed on the big game that was coming up the next week between the Giants and the Green Bay Packers. He couldn't wait to go to see it, to witness his darlings demolish the hated Packers. But as the days passed and the big game drew close, there were only bad tidings. One after the other, the Giants' star backs fell prey to injuries, until there wasn't an able-bodied one left. The odds on the Green Bay Packers

soared up, up. Now they were favored 45,000 to nothing, which should give you an idea of how things stood. Despite this grim picture, Dad planned to be on hand to cheer his idols on, but now the final blow fell. He came down with a bad cold and was confined to his bed. "I'm the unhappiest man in the world," he groaned. "I could stand not being able to see the game if only a miracle happened, and my Giants won—but where does a miracle come from these days?"

"Feel sorry for him", thought Herbie. "Better do something." So up into the air he walked, trudging through the *skies* until the big city lay unfolded beneath him. He stopped to eat a sandwich on top of the tower of the Empire State Building and then plodded high over the streets and avenues towards the training-grounds of the New York Giants. "Heard you need players", he said to Coach Allie Sherman. "Want a tryout."

There he stood, a fat little Buddha, Mr. Three By Three. Well, why not play along? The team's morale was low and they needed a good laugh. So "Go out on the field," invited Coach Sherman. "We could use a good backfield man. We'll give you the ball and all you've got to do is run through the team with it. For a terror like you, it should be a *cinch*!" He went along so as not to miss the fun. He grinned in anticipation as the ball was snapped back to Herbie, and then—*Wham!*

To this day, the Giants talk, in hushed accents, of what happened down on the training field. Frankly, they don't know exactly what *did* happen. All they knew was that when the dust had settled, there were the New York Giants, scattered from one end of the field to the other. Some lay on the ground dazedly, others hung off the grandstands. There were even a few draped over the goalposts and two were picked up

where they had fallen to earth in South Brooklyn. And there was Herbie, standing over the goal line and tossing the ball nonchalantly in the air!

Came the day of the big game with the Green Bay Packers and the odds on the Packers had reached 74,245 to minus 16. Oh, there'd been talk about a surprise new player that the Giants planned to unfold, but folks figured this to be just a forlorn hope. Green Bay won the toss and elected to receive. First down and Packers on the offense. They swung into position and their eyes widened incredulously. For there, facing them from behind the Giants' line, stood a perfect circle in football togs. A fat, squat little circle with glasses, staring unemotionally back at them. "It's a medicine ball!" gasped one of them. "No, it's a heavyweight pumpkin!" cried another. "More like a globe of the earth", said their quarterback, "but a cinch for us. Can you imagine *that* backing up a line?"

A Green Bay running play went right through the Giants' line. *Crash!* The runner had hit Herbie and it was like colliding with a brick wall—a *fat* brick wall! The ball squirted out of his hands and into Herbie's. "Our ball now," said Herbie unemotionally. "Let's go."

Coach Sherman walked up and down excitedly on the sidelines. A reporter stopped him. "Who is he?" the reporter demanded. "That fat little blob, the new man. What's his name?" "Sort of funny name," Sherman answered. "He calls himself *Eibreb Rekcepop*, *The Demon From Yemen*. He was a demon in practice, all right—now let's see how he does in a real game!"

They saw—and so did 60,000 spectators. But they weren't quite sure *what* they saw. On the first play when the ball was snapped to him, they could have sworn that he tucked it thoughtfully under his arm and walked right up into the air above the scrimmage line. He didn't even bother hurrying as he plodded along fifty feet up until he had crossed the goal line for a touchdown. Just try tackling somebody fifty feet in the air! Anyway, that's what the spectators thought

they saw, but nobody would say it for fear of being thought crazy! So all they did was cheer wildly. "*Eibreb Rekcepop! Yay!*"

The next time Herbie received the ball, he threw a forward pass—a long, arching pass ninety feet down the field. At first, it seemed a pretty jerky thing to do, because there wasn't a receiver anywhere around. But that didn't faze Herbie the least little bit. The second the ball left his hand, he was off running—and when the ball came down, there he was waiting for it. Touchdown! "*Hurrah for Eibreb Rekcepop!*" screamed the stands. "*The Demon From Yemen—hurrah!*"

As you may well imagine, it was quite a game to broadcast. "It's a plower pay—I mean, a power play", screamed a top network announcer. "*Eibreb Rekcepop* has taken the ball again and is hitting the Green Bay line, where the big defenders are waiting for him. And—wow! Holy smoke! Zowie! You won't believe this, ladies and gentlemen—nothing like it has ever been seen! Holding the ball in one hand, the great *Eibreb Rekcepop* has picked up the whole Green Bay team on the palm of his other hand and is running for the goal line! And he's over again—for another touchdown!"

It was a game for the ages. Without Herbie, Green Bay would have been winner, but with him, it was the New York Giants, 4,236 to 0. Everyone on the field headed for Herbie, but then something happened that's still a mystery. One second the Fat Fury had been standing there—and the next second there was a flash, and he was gone, vanished, disappeared as if by magic! And even as Mr. Popnecker heard the radio announcer's amazed tones telling of this, he felt a presence in his room. He looked up...and there, seated opposite him was Herbie, slumped in a chair, his eyes dull and glazed, his hands folded on that all-too-plump stomach.

Dad uttered a strangled cry and Mom rushed into the room. "Just look at him!", panted Dad. "Even what went on at the big game doesn't excite him! Oh, how I envy the parents of *Eibreb Rekcepop*! Why can't our boy be like him? But no—all we've got is a *Little Fat Nothing!*"

IS IT AN OVERSIZED GOONY-BIRD... A WELL-UPHOLSTERED RHINOCEROS... A STYLISH STOUT JUNIOR WHALE? NO, NONE OF THESE THINGS. WHEN DARK DANGER LURKS, WHEN DEEP VILLAINY IS AFOOT, THEN IT'S TIME FOR THE TUBBY TERROR, THE FAT FURY HIMSELF! WATCH HIM IN ACTION, AS---

HERBIE BEARDS CASTRO!



STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY

IT ALL STARTED IN WITH THAT ARTICLE IN THE SPORTING SECTION---

SPORTS

SONNY LISTON WINDING UP TRAINING FOR MIAMI FIGHT

CHAMP HEAVY FAVORITE OVER PABLO POPSICLE, CUBAN CHALLENGER

SAY! ACCORDING TO THE STORY HERE, PABLO IS GOING TO USE HIS END OF THE PURSE TO RANSOM **JUAN BUANANA**, HEAD OF THE CUBAN UNDERGROUND, WHO'S BEING HELD CAPTIVE BY CASTRO!

NOW ISN'T THAT NICE!



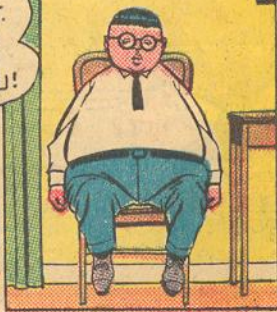
IT SURE IS... YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER SEEN LISTON FIGHT... I'D LIKE TO GO DOWN TO MIAMI AND SEE THE MATCH. UH... IT'S ALL RIGHT IF I GO, ISN'T IT? I HAVEN'T HAD A VACATION SINCE...

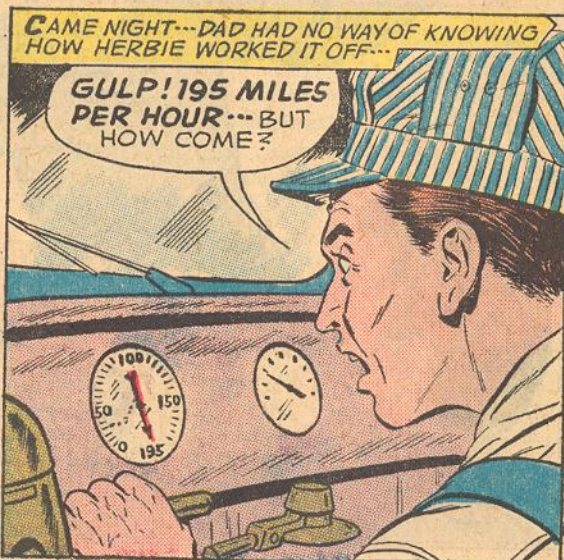
OF COURSE IT'S ALL RIGHT. AND I'VE GOT A SURPRISE... I'M GOING WITH YOU!

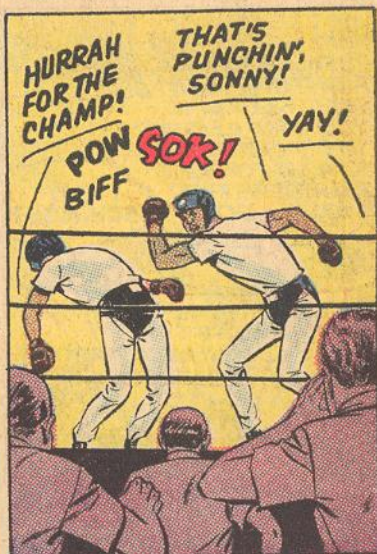
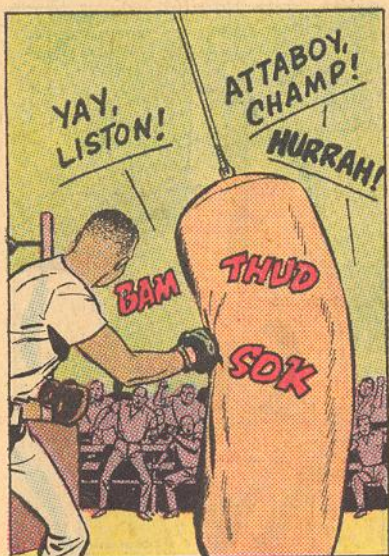
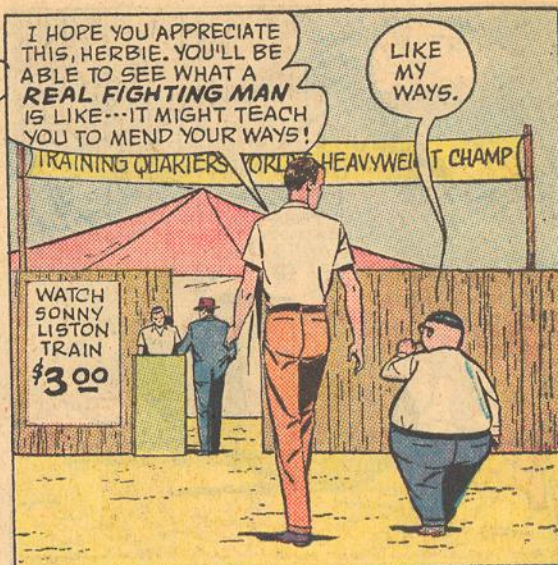


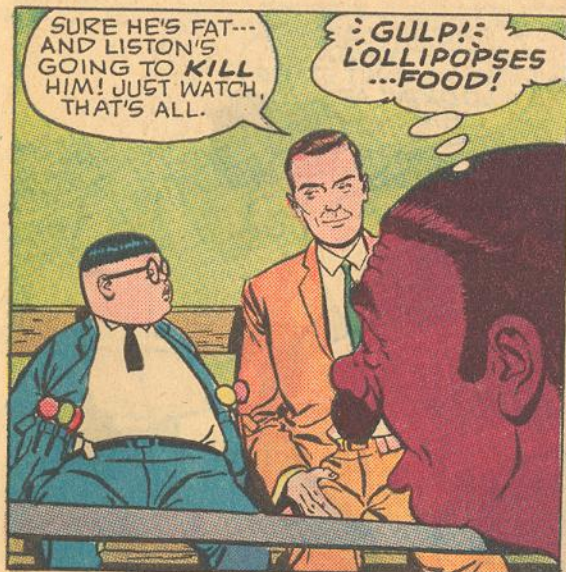
...AND IT WOULDN'T DO **HERBIE** ANY HARM, EITHER... HE NEEDS A CHANGE, POOR, DELICATE LITTLE BOY!

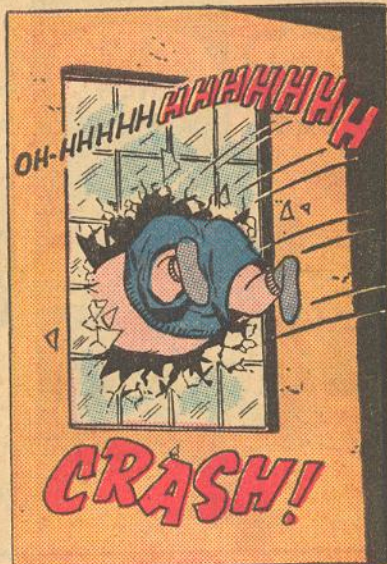
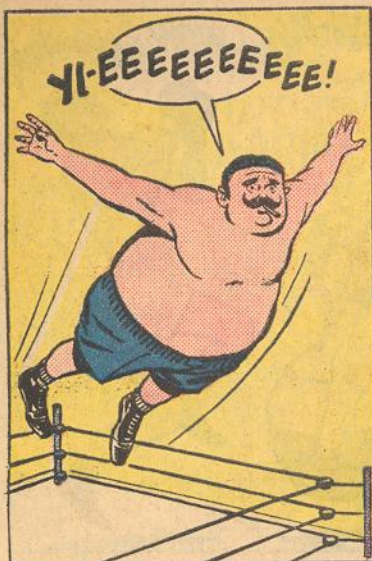
OH, N-NO!











HOW'S HE GOING TO SHOW UP TOMORROW NIGHT FOR HIS FIGHT WITH THE CHAMP **NOW?** WHEN LAST SEEN, HE WAS HEADING FOR **CHINA!**

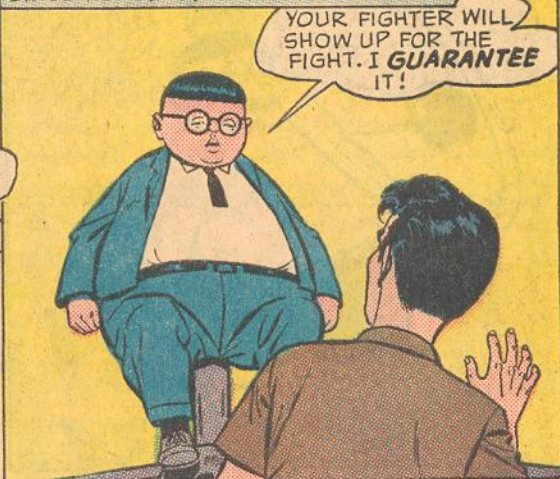
AND WITHOUT HIS PURSE FROM THE FIGHT, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO RANSOM **JUAN BUANANA**, HEAD OF THE CUBAN UNDERGROUND, FROM CASTRO! HOW WILL WE EVER START A COUNTER-REVOLUTION?

NO PROBLEM.



HERBIE HAD DISCOVERED THE MISSING LOLLIPOP AND REALIZED WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED, AND SINCE HE FELT RATHER RESPONSIBLE...

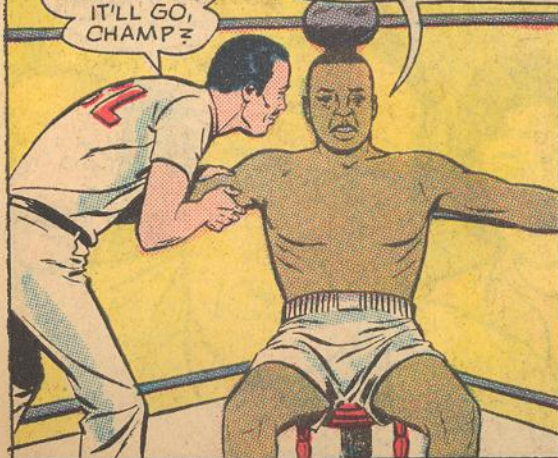
YOUR FIGHTER WILL SHOW UP FOR THE FIGHT. I **GUARANTEE** IT!



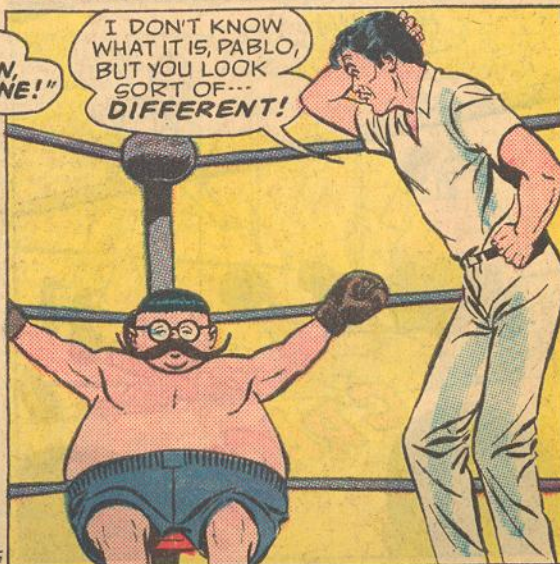
THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIGHT--

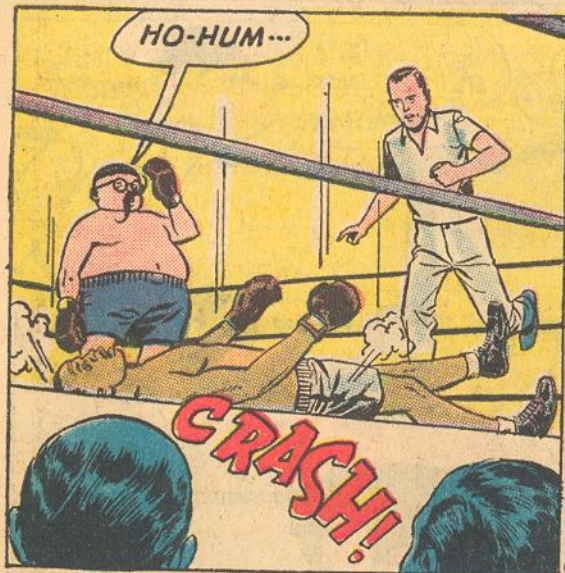
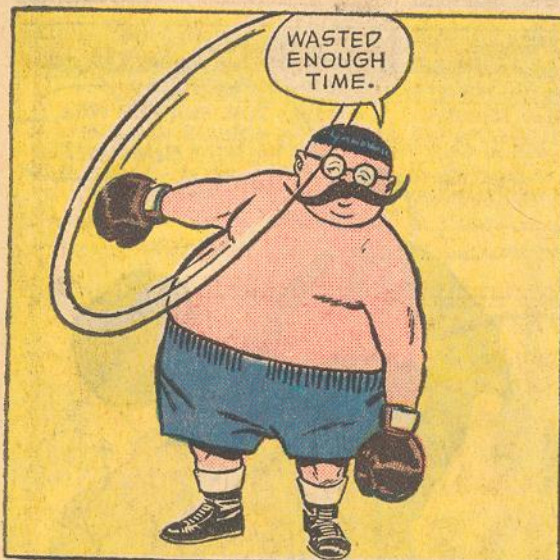
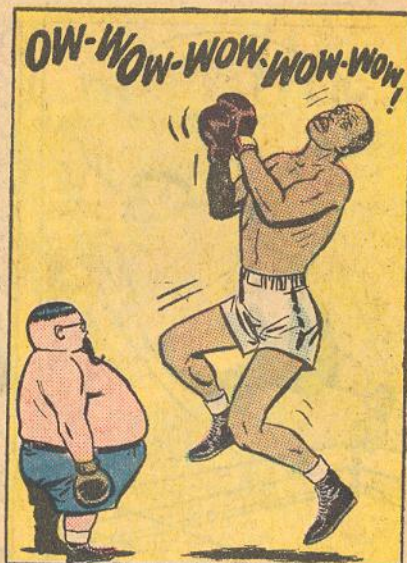
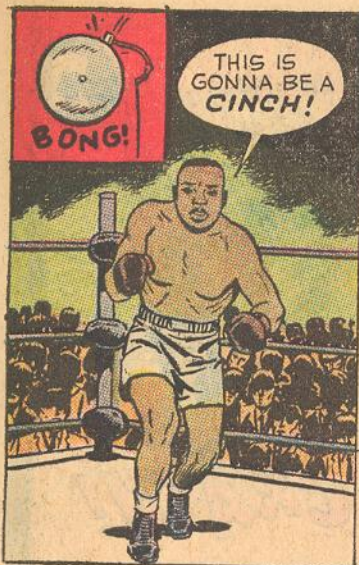
HOW LONG YOU FIGURE IT'LL GO, CHAMP?

HUH! I'LL MAKE LIKE CASSIUS CLAY-- "HE WEIGHS NEAR A TON, SO I'LL TAKE HIM IN ONE!"



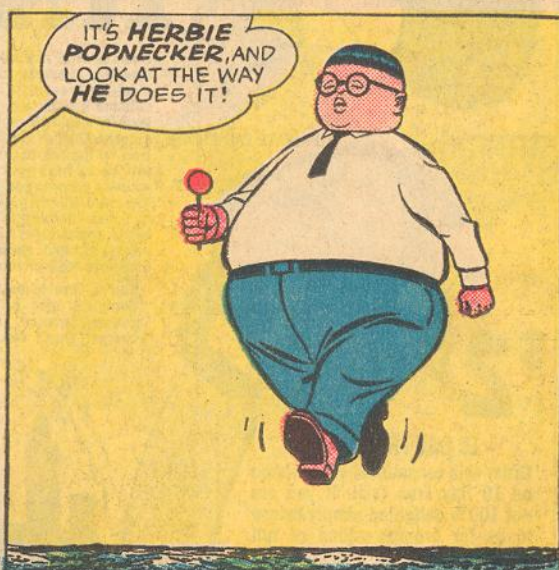
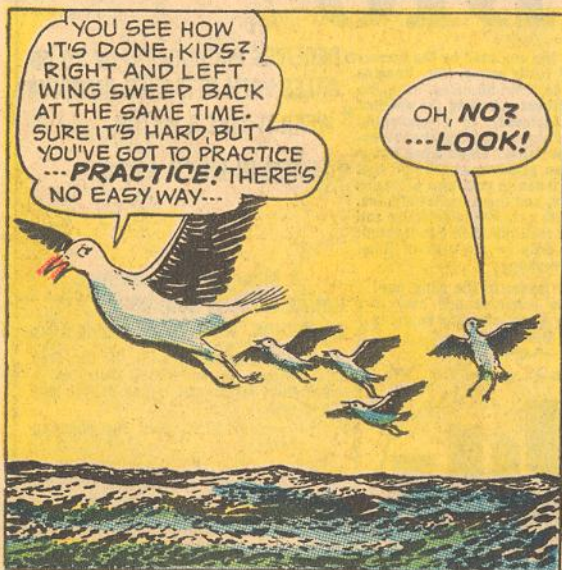
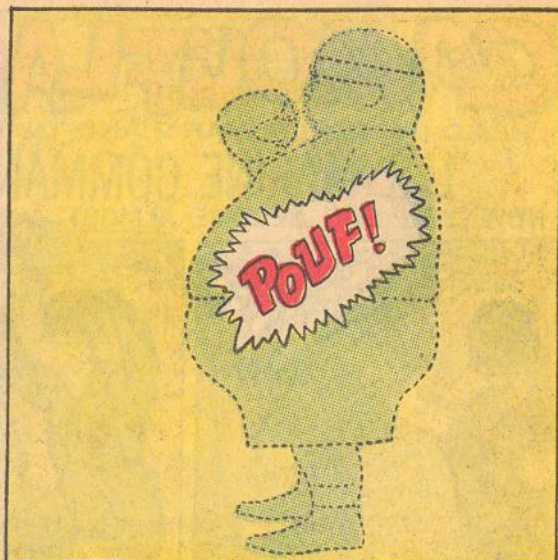
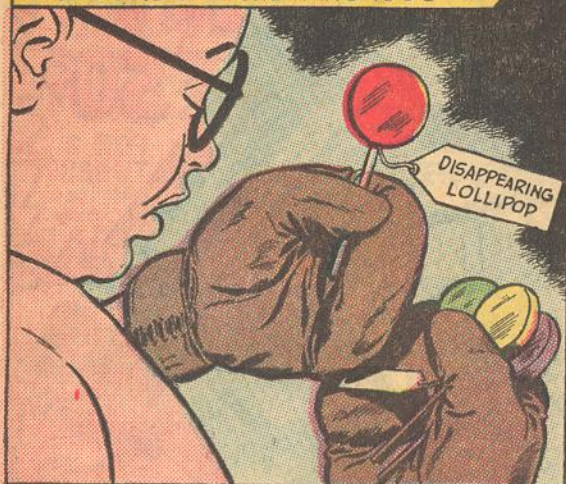
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, PABLO, BUT YOU LOOK SORT OF... **DIFFERENT!**

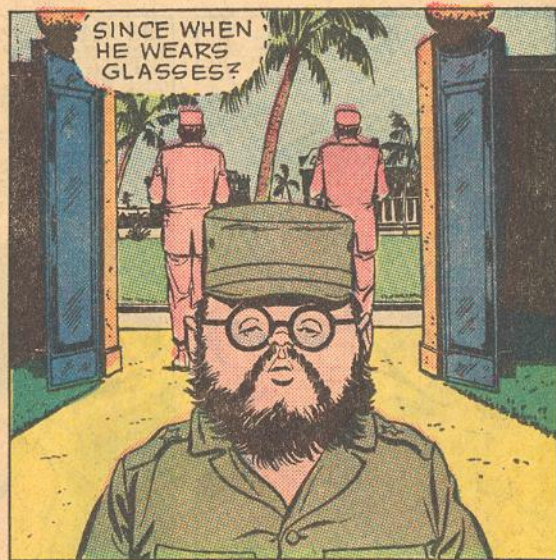
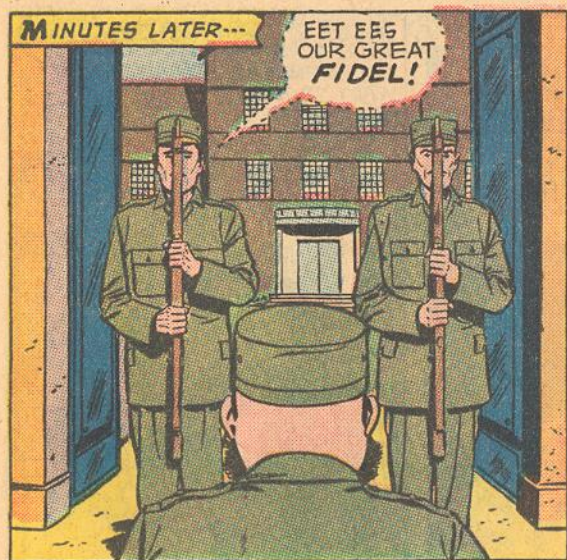


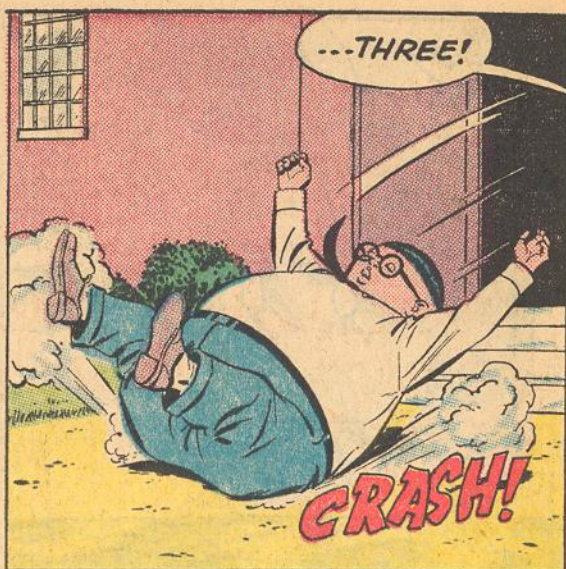


(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

OH-OH---HERBIE HAD SPOTTED HIS DAD COMING FORWARD FOR A CLOSER LOOK! THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO---

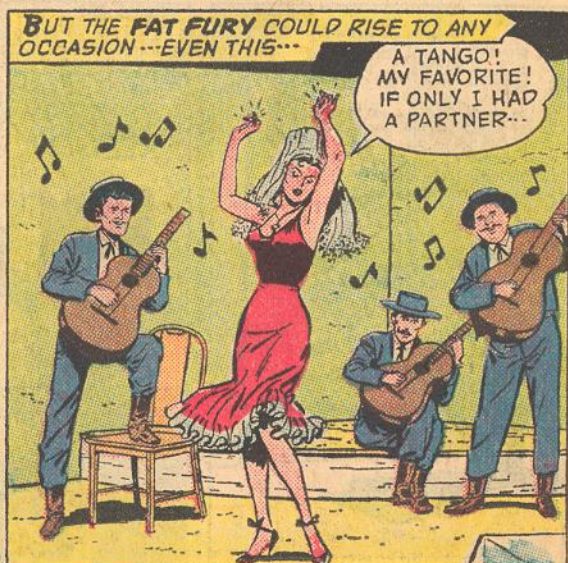




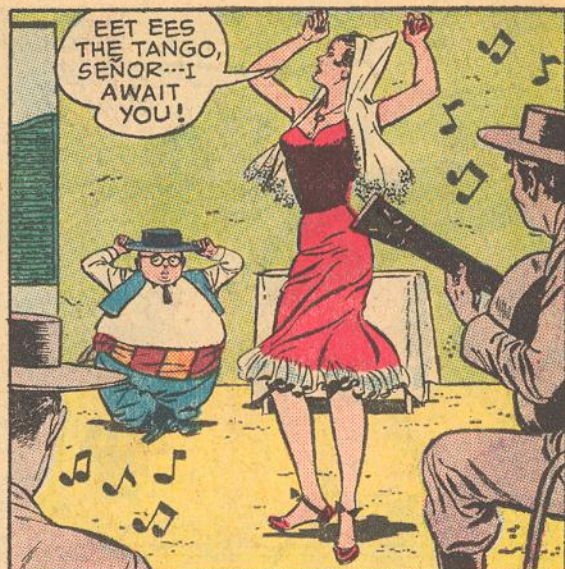
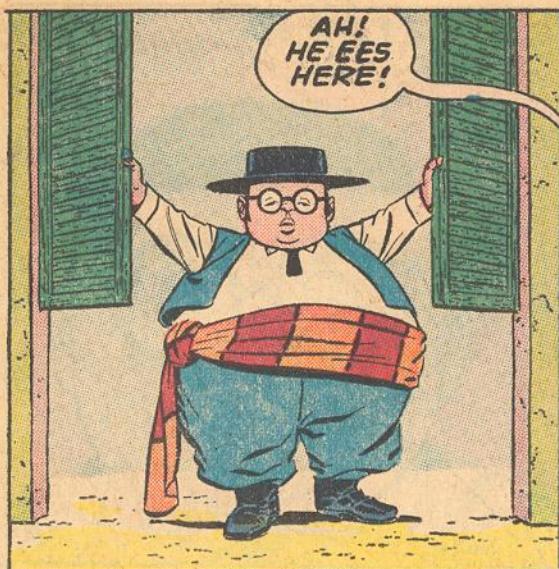


IT IS LOCKED, SENOR. YOU MUST HAVE THE KEY... BUT THE JAILER HAS IT!

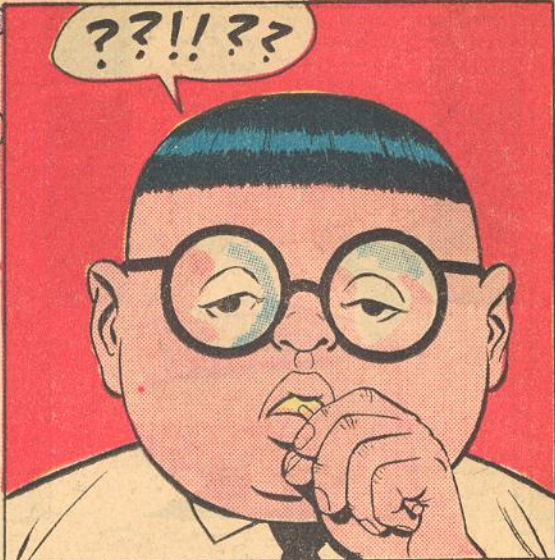
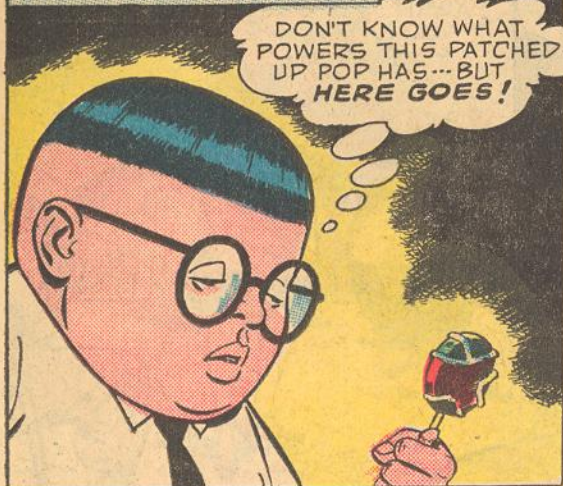
SO WHERE'S THE JAILER?



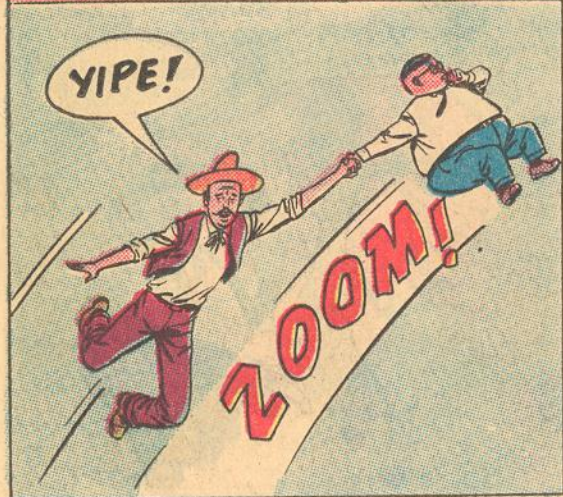
A TANGO! MY FAVORITE! IF ONLY I HAD A PARTNER...



WHAT TO DO IN THIS MOMENT OF EMERGENCY?
IT WAS TIME FOR SUPERPOWERS...WHICH
MEANT A SUPER-LOLLIPOP...



IT SEEMS THAT HE HAD COMBINED PARTS
OF A SUPER HIGH-JUMPING LOLLIPOP...



... WITH PIECES OF A SUPER HOLE-
DIGGING LOLLIPOP!

