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AMERICAN  
COMICS GROUP  
AHC

12¢

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# HERBIE



DARE YOU TO SEE  
HOW I GOT INTO THIS  
FIX! IT'S ALL IN---  
"A **CAVEMAN**  
NAMED **HERBIE!**"



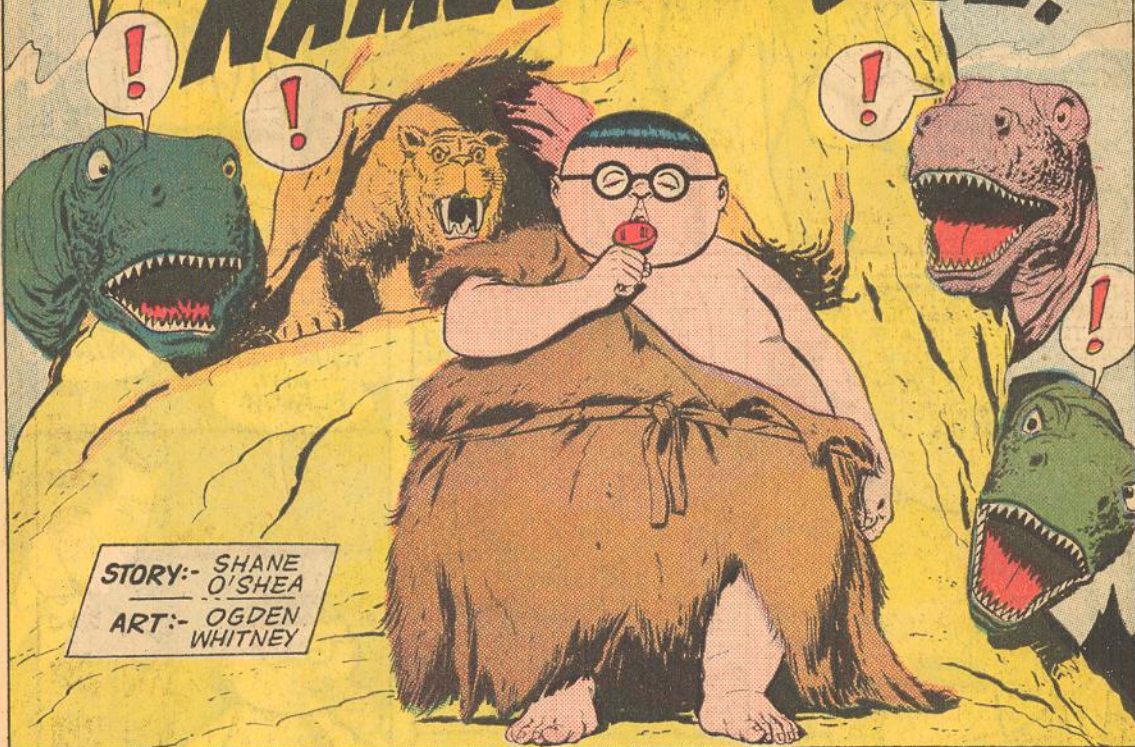
GODEN  
WHITNEY



THINK YOU'VE HAD IT HARD? THINK YOU'VE ABSORBED MORE THAN YOUR SHARE OF LIFE'S BLOWS? READER, YOU AIN'T SEEN **NOTHIN'** YET. BEFORE YOU'RE FINISHED WITH THIS STORY, WE GUARANTEE YOU ONE (1) FRACTURED GULPER, TWO (2) GLAZED EYEBALLS, FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN (413) GOOSE PIMPLES WE WOULDN'T EVEN WISH ON A GOOSE AND HYSTERIC'S LIKE A PIXILLATED BEATLE-NUT! YOU SEE, YOU'RE GOING TO MEET UP WITH...

# A CAVEMAN NAMED HERBIE!

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

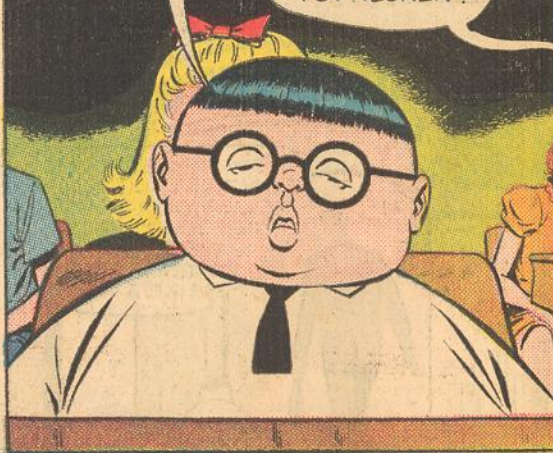


**THIS CLASS IS A CAVEMAN.** CAVEMEN WERE CHARACTERIZED BY STUPIDITY, LACK OF INTELLIGENCE AND GENERAL DOPINESS. I'M SURE NOBODY CAN DISAGREE WITH THAT.



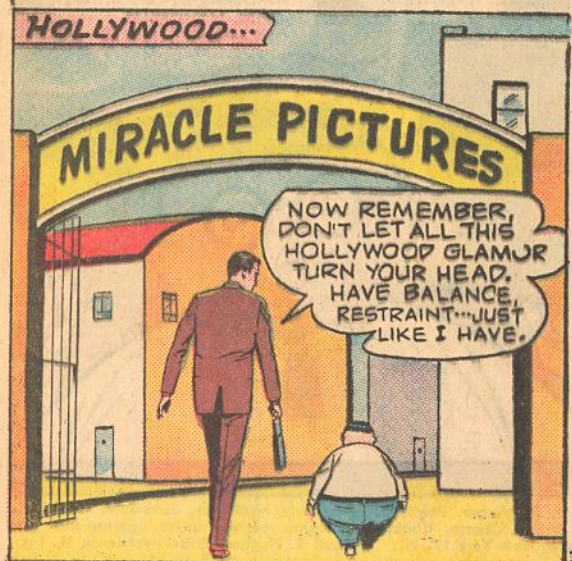
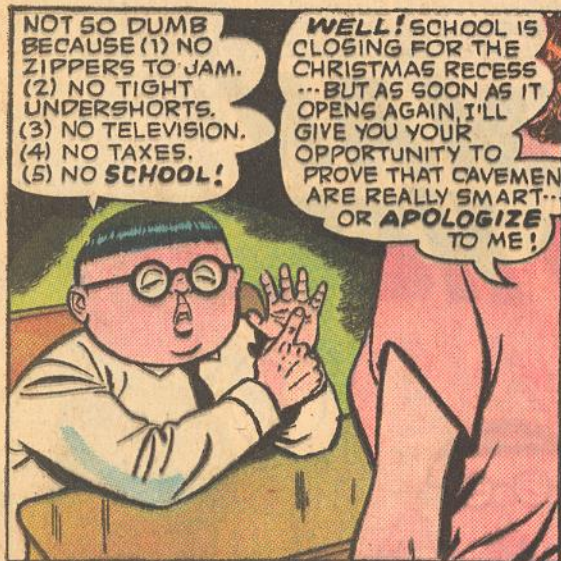
I DISAGREE, MISS MARLEYBONE.

CAVEMEN NOT SO DUMB.



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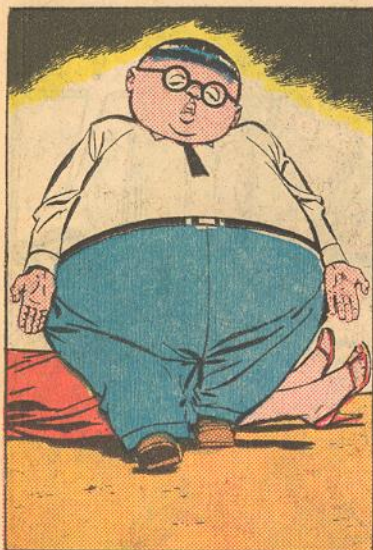




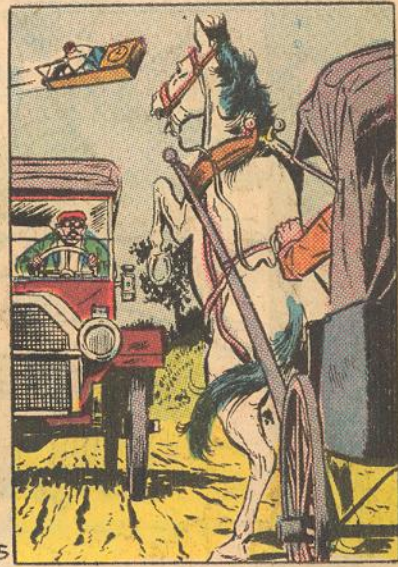
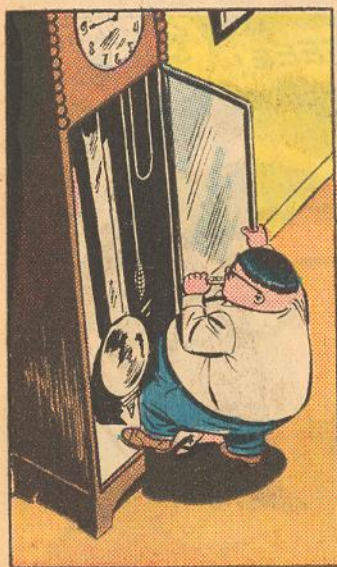
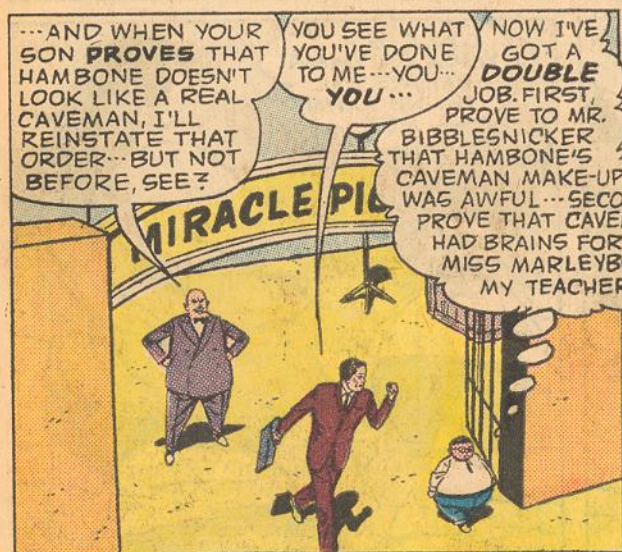
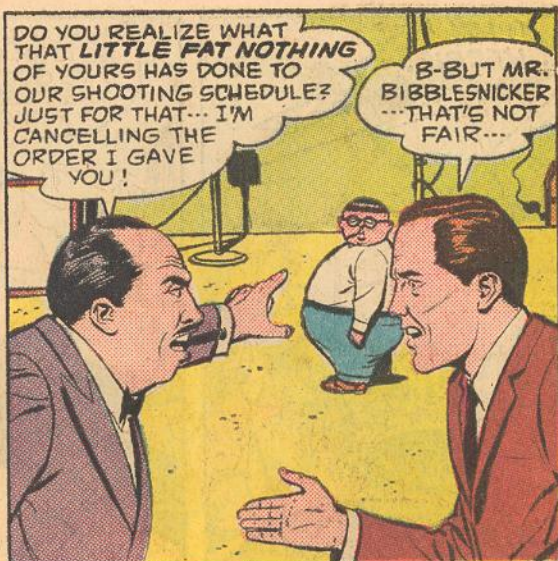




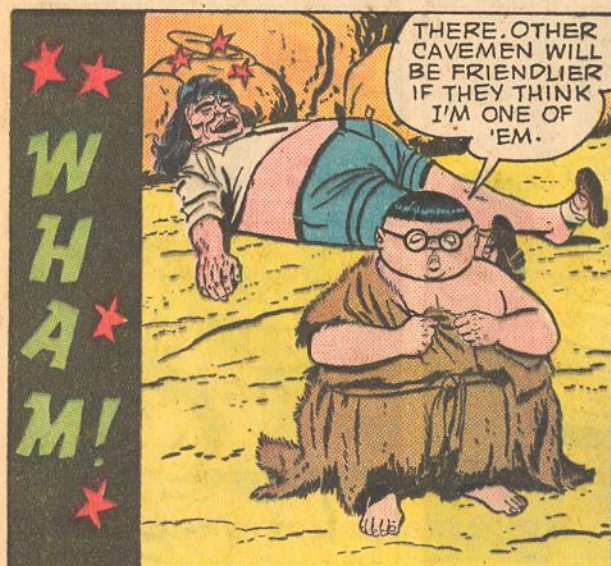
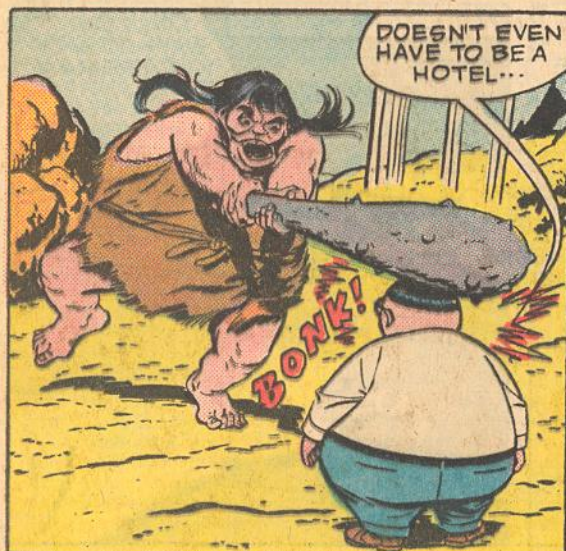
AND SO HERBIE TOOK GREGORY PECK'S PLACE---



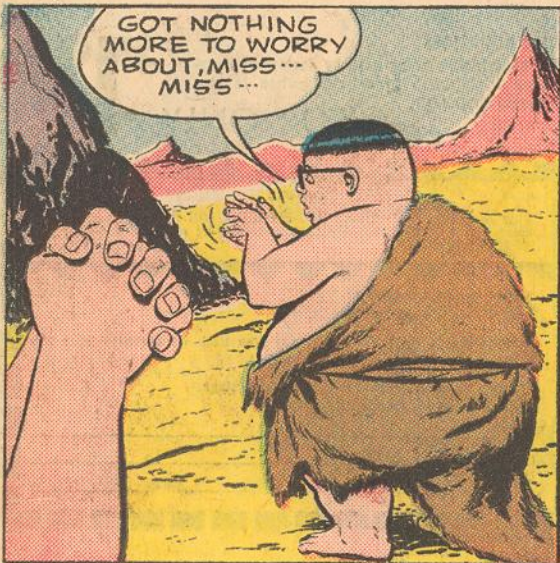
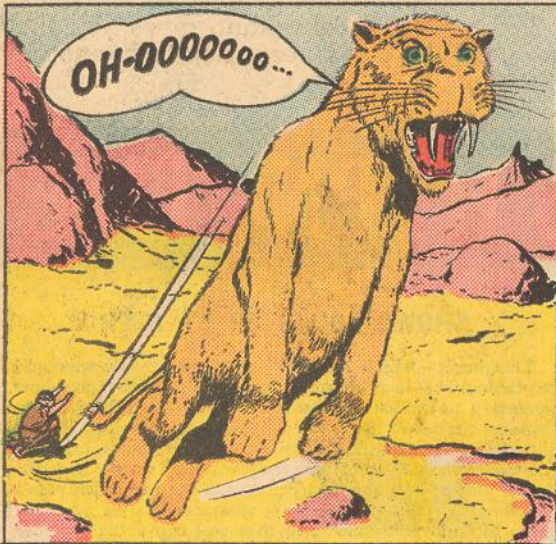
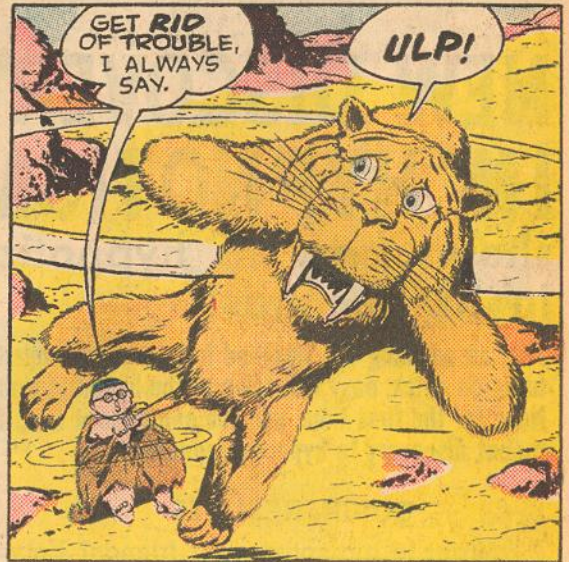




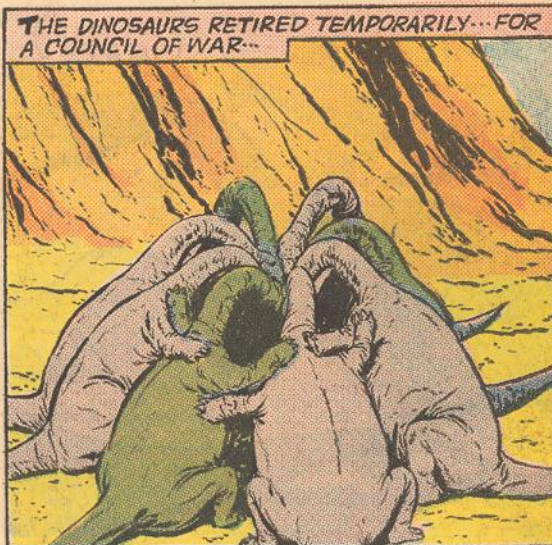
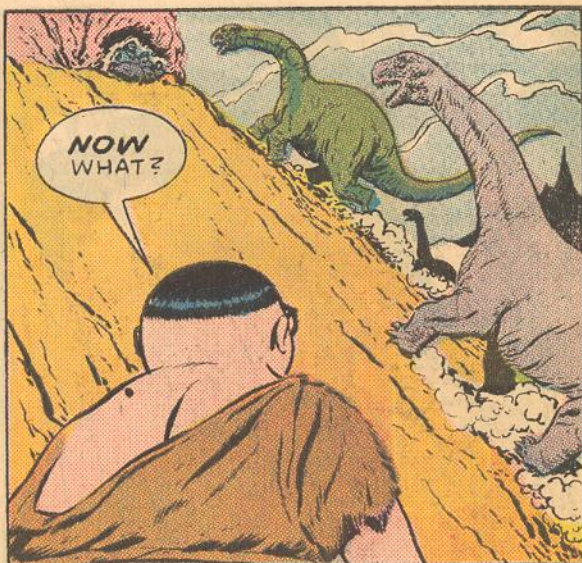
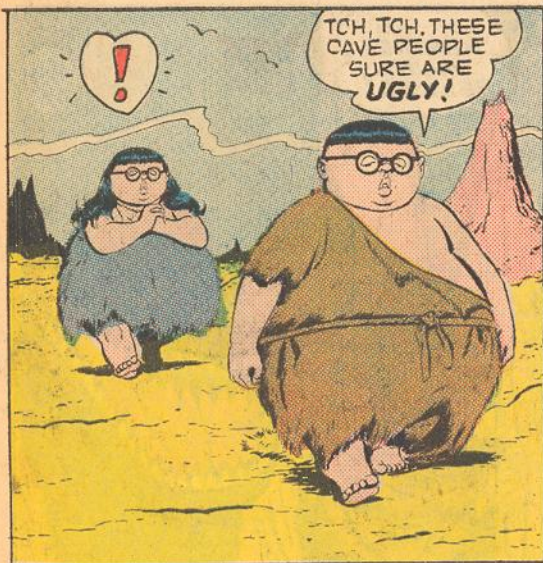




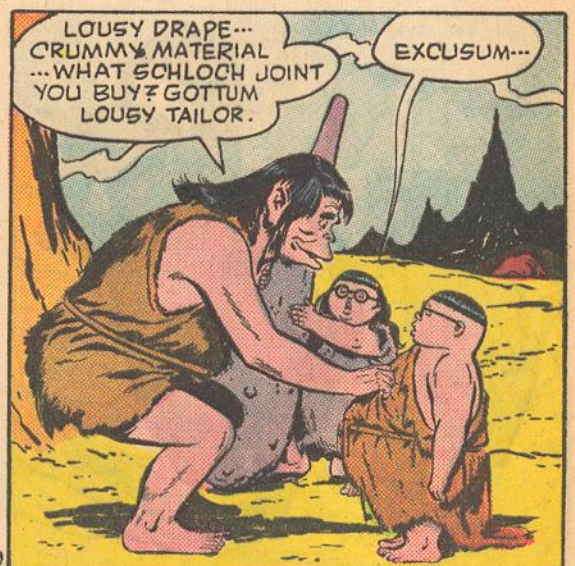
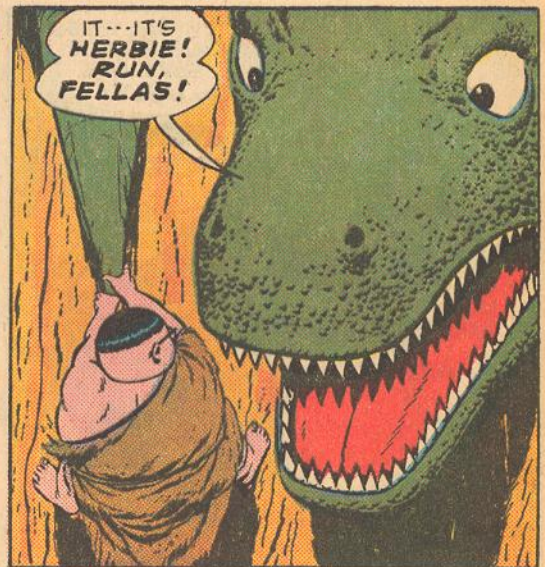




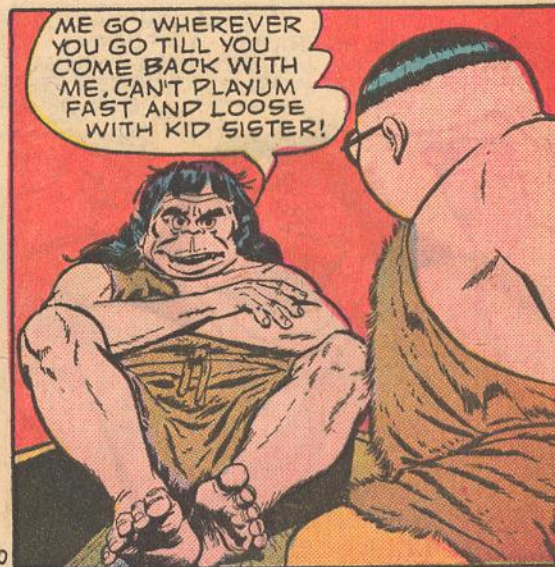
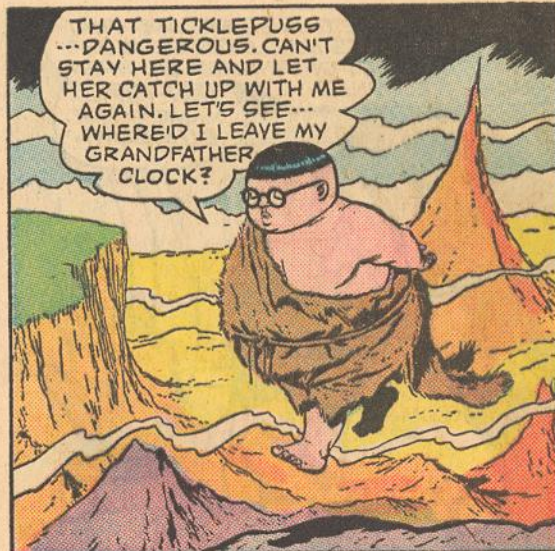
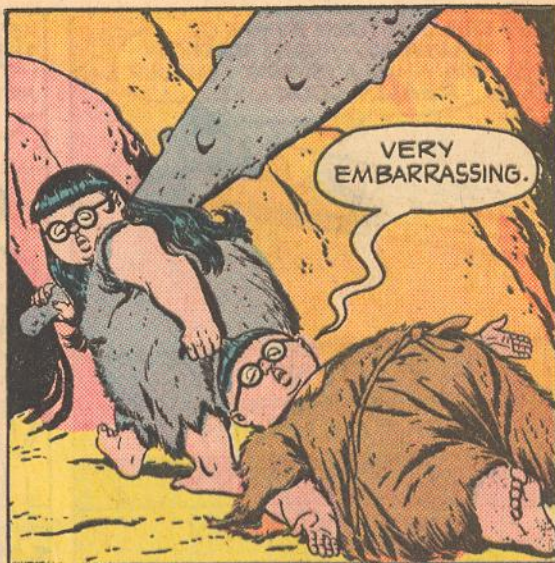




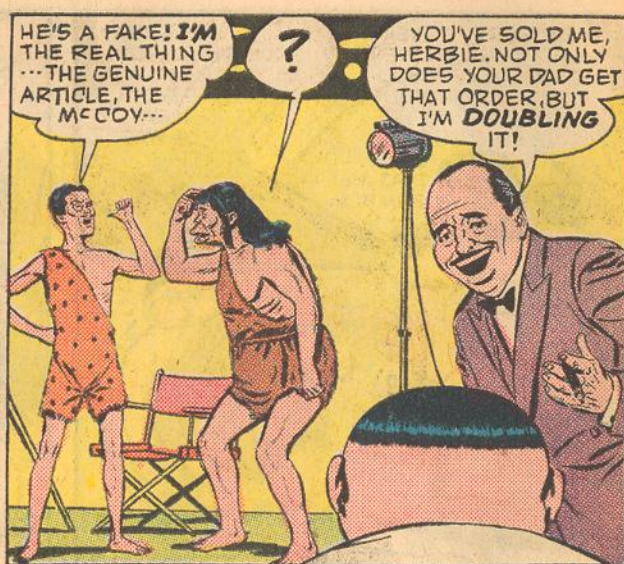
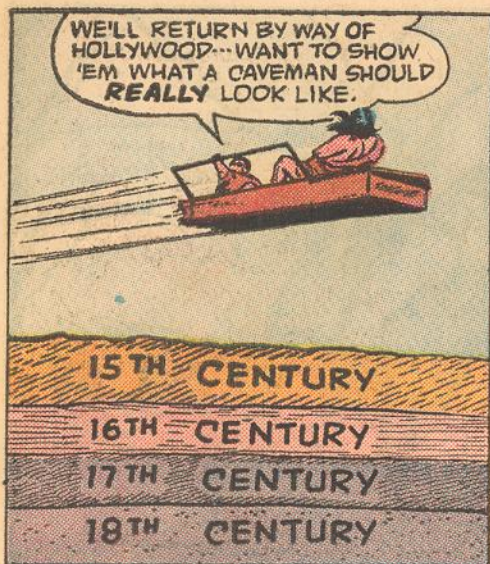




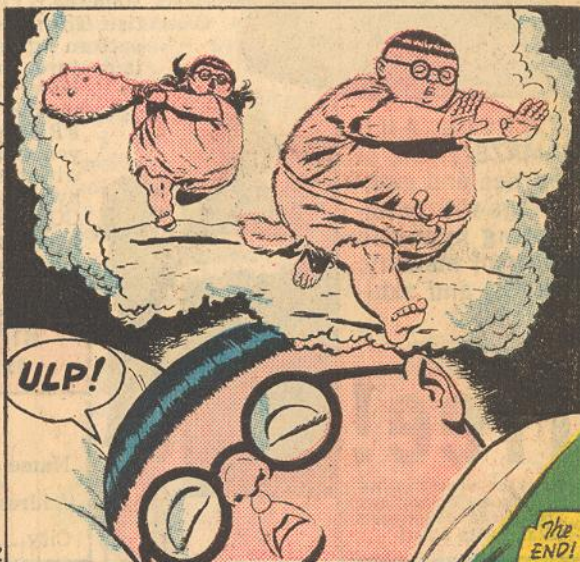
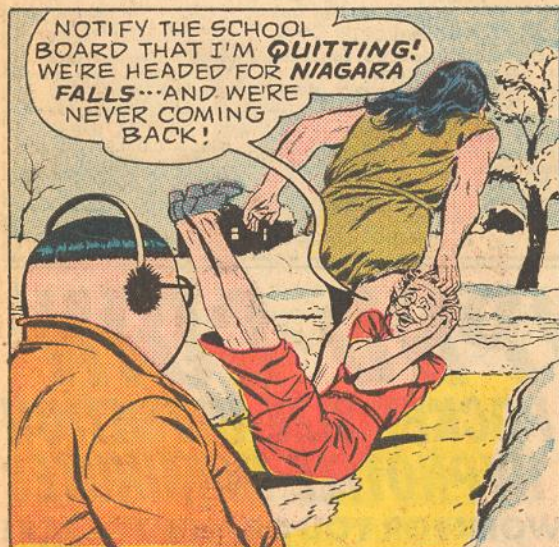
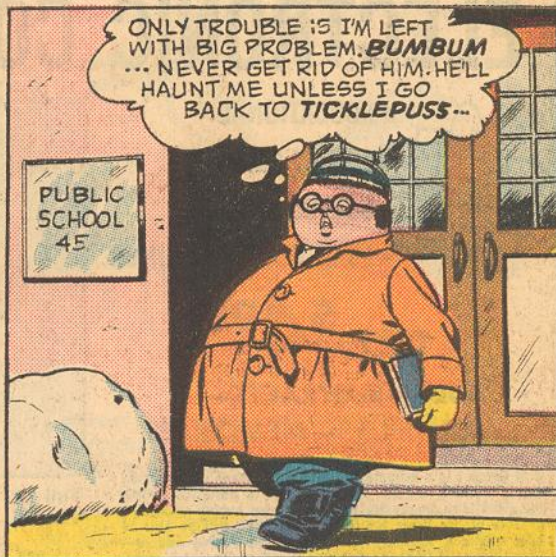
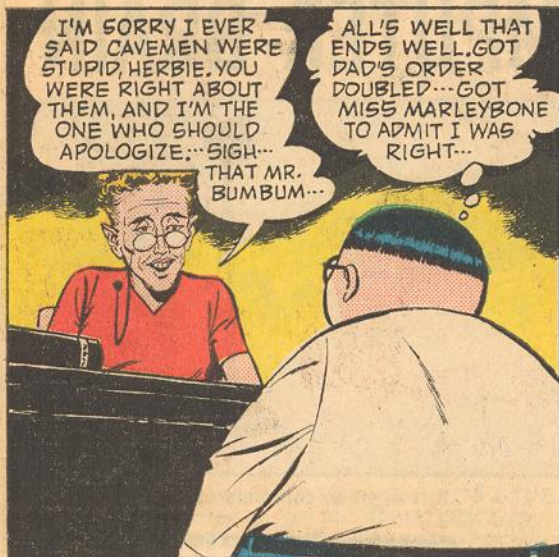
















# HERE'S HERBIE!



Okay. Like it says up above, I'm here. Wanna make something out of it? Don't know why I bother with you people anyway. All you do is buy my magazine. Way I figure, you're lucky to get it. Where else you gonna find stories like "A Caveman Named Herbie"? Nowhere, that's where—and the character who just whispered "Thank gosh" is due for a good bopping from this here lollipop. Great story, that caveman jazz....except I still get nightmares about that *Ticklepuss* dame. Funny thing...something familiar about her, as if I've seen that face somewhere before. But where? Any of you fans help me out?

Talk about "Space-Age Herbie" now. Another yarn too good for you readers. Don't know why I do so much for you anyway. Russia and America in big hassle about who gets to moon first—me, I don't bother with cockamamie moon. Take you right up to Planet Percival non-stop. No dopey science-fiction, but real McCoy. True.

Want to know which of these yarns you like better. Write and tell me. If you don't, better leave instructions as to where you want body sent. While you're at it, might like to enter extra-special contest I'm holding. Ever written story for comics? You're going to now. Not hard. All you have to do is send in general idea of story you'd like me to star in. Tell me what I do, what happens and I'll do the rest. Best story idea received will be written by Shane O'Shea, drawn by Ogden Whitney—and will be published under winner's name. Second prize, autographed picture of me, inscribed to winner personally, plus one (1) special Herbie Popnecker Lollipop. Third prize, original manuscript of "A Caveman Named Herbie", my autograph and one (1) regulation Herbie Popnecker Lollipop. And to the five (5) next winners, a year's subscription each to "Herbie"—

greatest magazine ever published!

Expecting to hear from you. Send your letter to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Either get your letter by return mail or you get clobbered. Hint to idiots not sending letters—have bandages, splints, tourniquets ready. Can have your own choice of doctor and hospital, suggest making out will at once. Easier to send letter!

Will publish interesting letters whenever space allows. Like these:

"Dear Herbie:-

What this country needs is a real leader. A real strong man who's afraid of nothing. A man who can tell Khrushchev and Castro where to get off, who can lick dragons single-handed and take on crooks by the hundreds. Why haven't you stepped forward? Who needs Goldwater, anyway?

—Republican National Committee,  
Washington, D. C."

Wise guy. Letter comes from Elyria, Ohio—don't believe it's Republican National Committee at all. But whoever wrote it has got something at that. Herbie Popnecker can tell anybody off. Can lick Goldwater, dinosaurs, Republicans, Democrats and you too. May decide to run for President no matter who gets nominated. Make wonderful President. President Popnecker... even sounds wonderful. Me as President, everybody gets bopped with this here lollipop.

"Dear Editor:-

I sincerely think that "Herbie" is the kookiest comic book character yet. How you ever come up with such riotous plots is beyond me. I buy few comics—but I will follow "Herbie" to the end!

—Dan Murphy,  
112 Cedar Park Hm.,  
Anaconda, Montana."







Another one of these characters. What's this "Dear Editor" jazz? "Dear Herbie", that's how it should be. Why bother with the small fry, when you can go right to the top? Also, don't like being overlooked. Taking careful note of you, Murphy. Step out of line just once more and I take little trip out to Anaconda, Montana. Bloodshed. Mayhem. Second thought, cut out the mayhem and make it just bloodshed. After all, said nice things about me.

"Dear Herbie:-

I am a fan of 'Herbie' comics. I would like to know if you would start publishing a 'Herbie' annual. I think it's a good idea—how about you other fans?

—Harold Willemain, Jr.,

6 Sunset Terr., Feeding Hills, Mass." These fans! Always want something. After you night and day. Here I just start this magazine. Think they'd be grateful, but oh, no. After you every second. "Want more Herbie stories." "Want you to publish more often." "Want a Herbie annual." See what I'm up against? Look, Harold—let's face it. I'm fat. Very fat. Get out of breath easy. All the adventures I have, I'm panting. Let me catch breath, huh? Little rest and I can look around. Can decide about the annual then.

"Dear Herbie:-

I want you to know that you're my favorite comics book character, and that's saying a lot, since I've read thousands of comics. But I've never met a hero like you. The others can lick armies, champions and whole planets—but Herbie can lick them! Yeah, pal, I've never seen a hero like you, but I said that before, didn't I? Let the others be broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted and seven feet high—I cast my vote for a Little Fat Nothing who stands three by three and packs pure blubber in every inch of it! Now, let's take Comics Hero "A", "B", "C", "D", etc., all the way down the line. "A" gets his power from electricity—"B" gets his power from atomic fission—"C" gets his from some alien planet—"D" loads up on irradiated sun atoms. That explains them. But now let's

take a look at the great 'Herbie'. He's got powers he hasn't even used yet, and where does he get them? None of your business, pal. He's just got 'em and you can butt out, see? Does Macy's tell Gimbel's? Yes, that's why I love you, Herbie. There's no malarkey about you. We've got to take you the way you are—and laugh ourselves sick. I'll settle for that any day—and thanks!

—H. Katz,

69 West 225th St., New York, N. Y."

Like this guy. Knows what score is. May send him honorary lollipop. Right about a lot of things. Which is why I hereby send out general challenge. Will meet any comic character in field with one hand tied behind me. Matter of fact, willing to do better than that. Will meet all tough characters from other books together, take them on—with both hands tied behind me and head in a bag. Any takers?

"Dear Editor:-

I have been reading comics for as long as I can remember and never have I seen such a super hero as Herbie. He is the worst thing I have ever seen. Herbie's just a Fat Little Nothing with a lollipop stuck in his stupid-looking face. In closing, I have one thing to say—down with Herbie!

—Joe Kramer,

11826 Des Moines Way,  
Seattle, Wash."

Sort of letter I like to get. Why? Because I need good workout, that's why. Good workout consists of: (1) Trip through air under my own power to Seattle, Washington. (2) Down Joe Kramer's chimney like extra-fat Santa Claus. (3) Make mincemeat out of Joe Kramer, bopping him fore and aft with lollipops in 16 delicious flavors. But on second thought, won't. Joe Kramer exonerated on grounds of complete insanity.

"Dear Herbie:-

Wow! Wow! Wow! There never was anyone like you. You're the greatest!

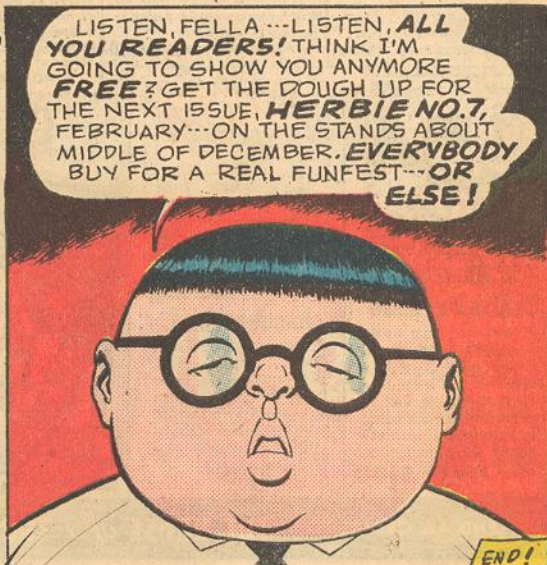
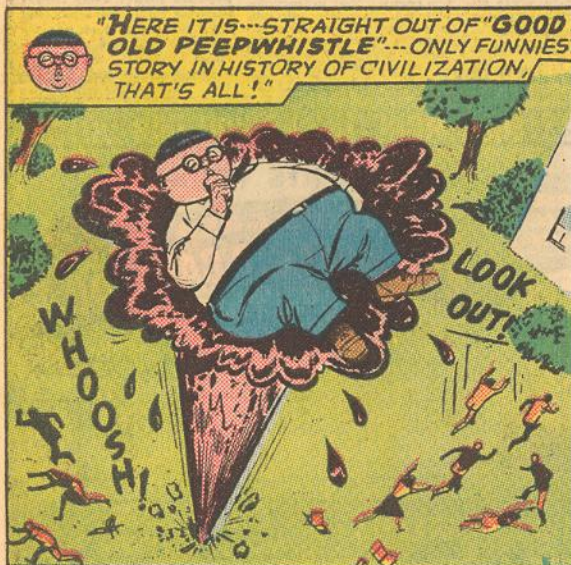
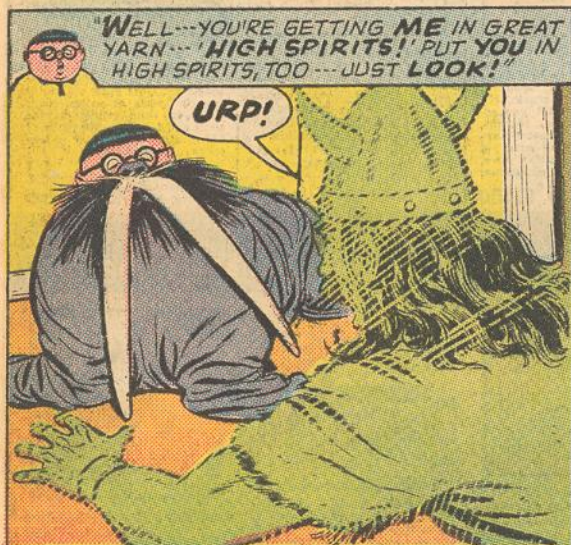
—Cookie Dimesa,

250 East 176th St., New York, N. Y."

You're right, of course, Cookie.







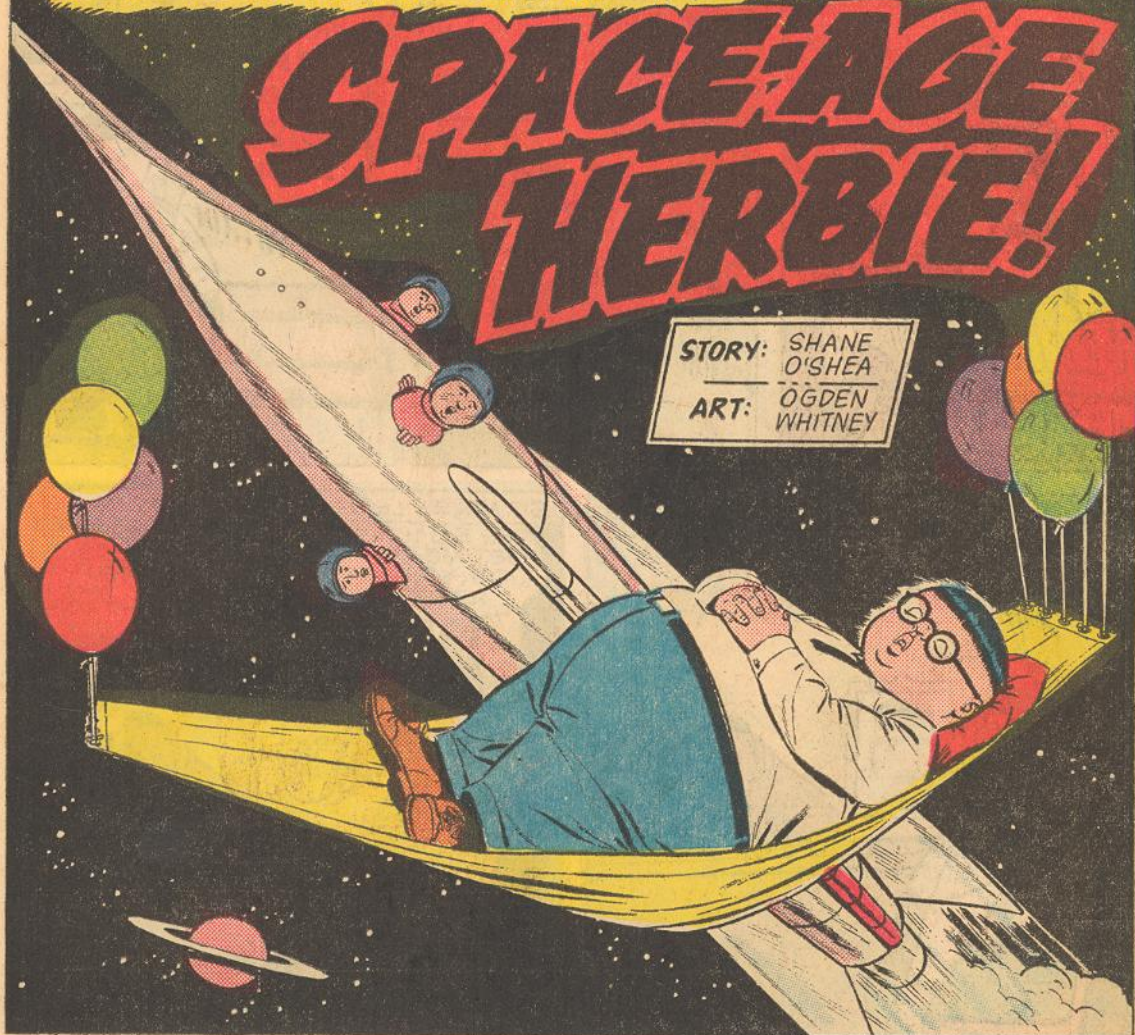


SOME FOLKS DOUBT THAT WE'LL REACH THE MOON IN OUR LIFETIME. AS FOR THE STARS, THEY SAY... JUST IMPOSSIBLE! MAYBE THAT'S TRUE FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE... BUT NOT FOR A CERTAIN FAT FURY THAT WE KNOW. CLEAR THE WAY FOR A FAST BLAST-OFF... IT'S...

# SPACE AGE HERBIE!

STORY: SHANE O'SHEA

ART: OGDEN WHITNEY



EVERYBODY WANTS TO RISE IN THE WORLD -- THAT'S WHY I'VE GONE INTO THIS NEW BUSINESS. MANUFACTURING **BALLOONS**... WHY, THERE'S NO COMPETITION.

I'M TELLING YOU, I'LL MAKE MY FORTUNE!

OH, I DO HOPE IT GOES WELL. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE INVESTED YOUR LAST CENT IN IT... AND IF IT DOESN'T GO, WE DON'T EAT!

!!!



WELL, THERE WAS ONE TROUBLE WITH THE NEW BUSINESS... IT WOULDN'T GET OFF THE GROUND...

JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY NOBODY WILL BUY THEM. THIS IS THE SPACE AGE--PEOPLE SHOULD BE **CRAZY** ABOUT GOING UP IN BALLOONS!

