

№ 8
MARCH

IND.

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...



HERBIE

12¢

A MYSTERY MAN...
A HOODED AVENGER...
A PLUMP LUMP!
WHO IS HE?



OGDEN
WHITNEY

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A FIVE-CENT CIGAR AND A TEN-CENT HERO. YOU WORRY ABOUT THE CIGAR, BUSTER---WE CAN SUPPLY THE HERO. HE'S NONE OTHER THAN YOUR FRIEND AND MINE (UGH)---HERBIE, THE PLUMP LUMP! WATCH HIM FIZZLE INTO ACTION IN THE MOST EXCITING STORY YOU HAPPEN TO BE READING AT THIS MOMENT---THE GREAT STORY ENTITLED---

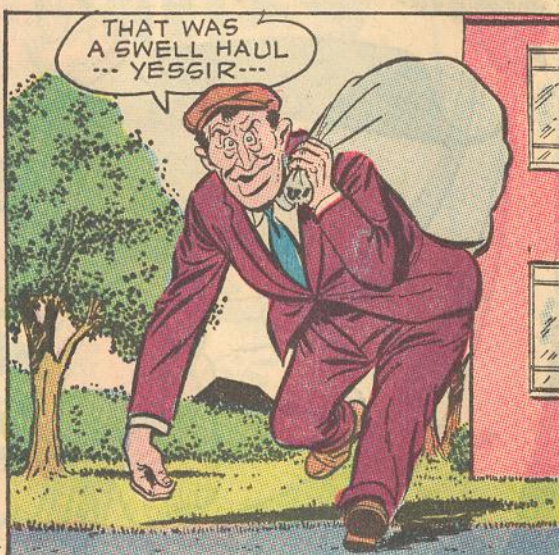
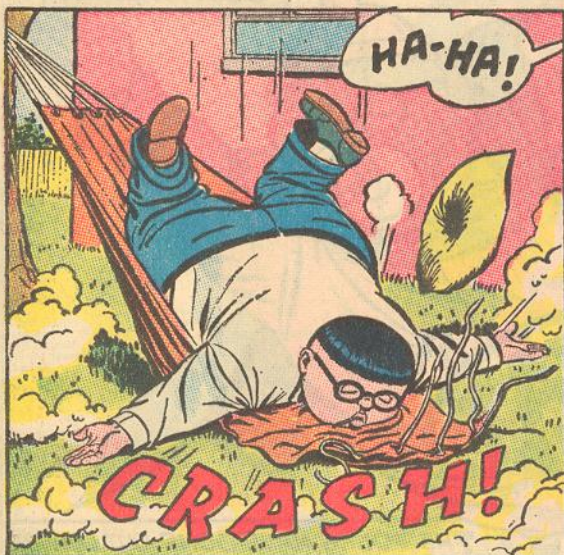
"MAKE WAY ^{for the} FAT FURY!"

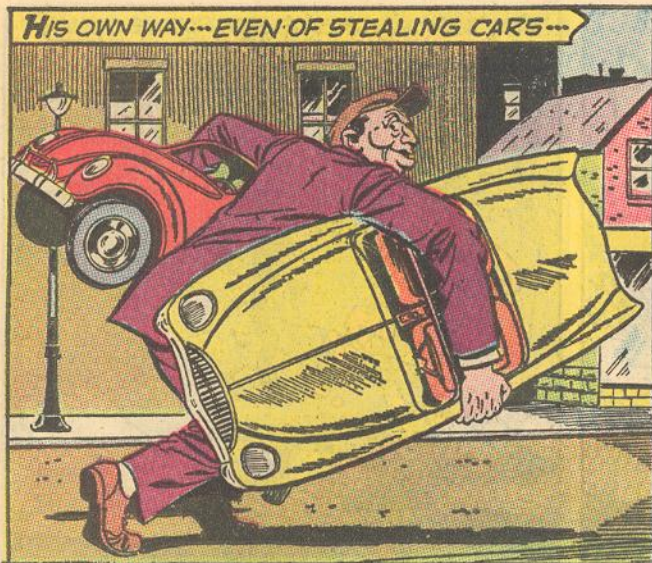
STORY:
---AND WHAT
A STORY---
SHANE O'SHEA

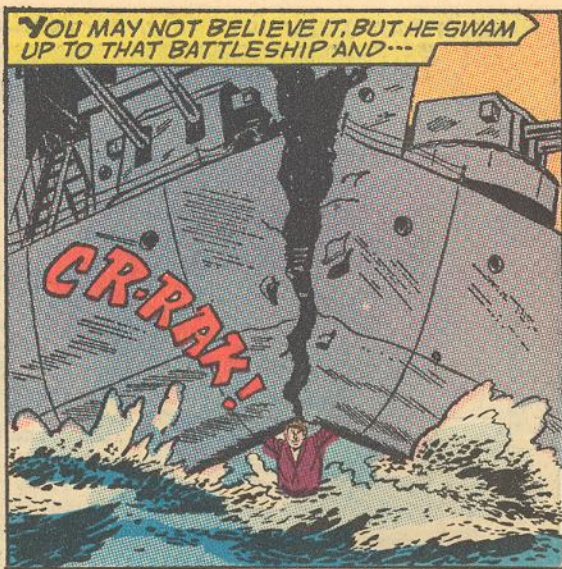
ART:
---AND WHAT
ART---
OGDEN WHITNEY



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IMPORTANT PEOPLE EVERYWHERE HAD SUGGESTIONS---

YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT A SUGGESTION FOR DEALING WITH **MR. HORRIBLE**, SENATOR GOLDWATER?

I'D SAY USE AN ATOM BOMB ON HIM --- BUT THERE ISN'T ONE BIG ENOUGH!



PRESIDENT JOHNSON WENT ON THE AIR---

THIS IS A TIME OF CRISIS, WITH LAW AND ORDER MENACED. WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING ABOUT IT?



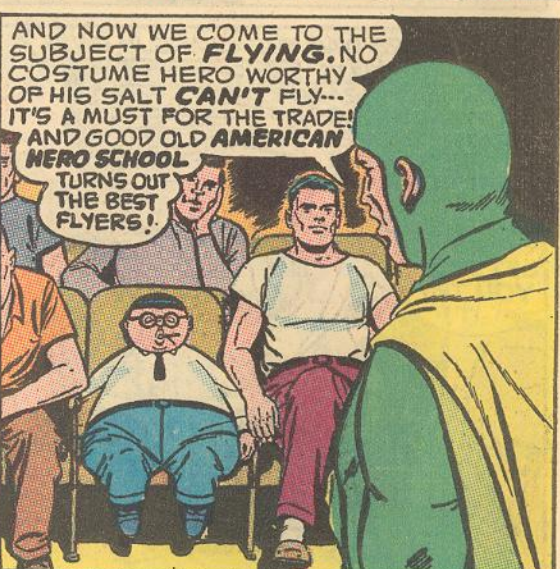
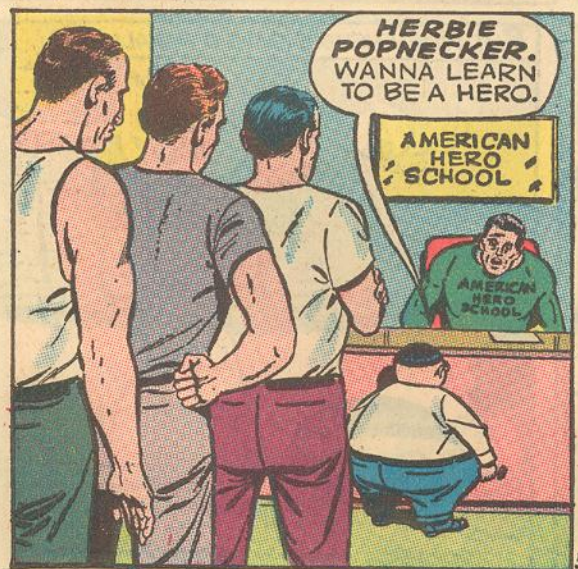
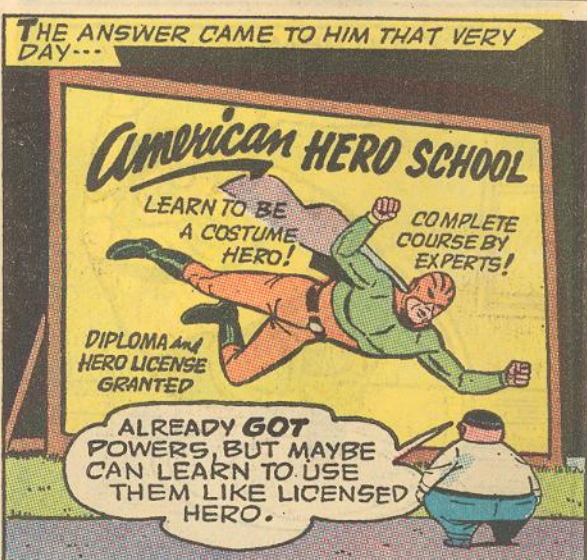
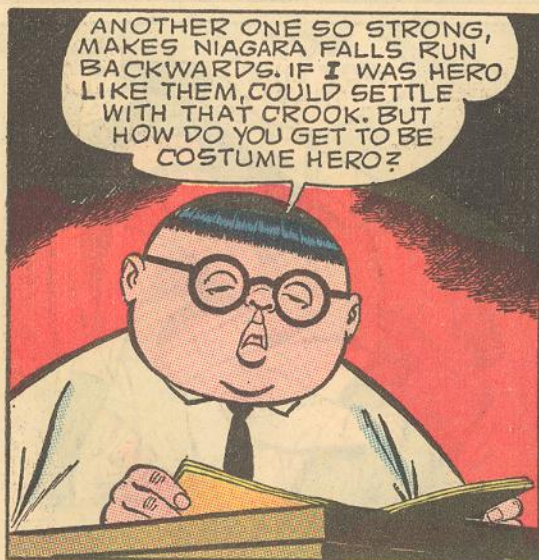
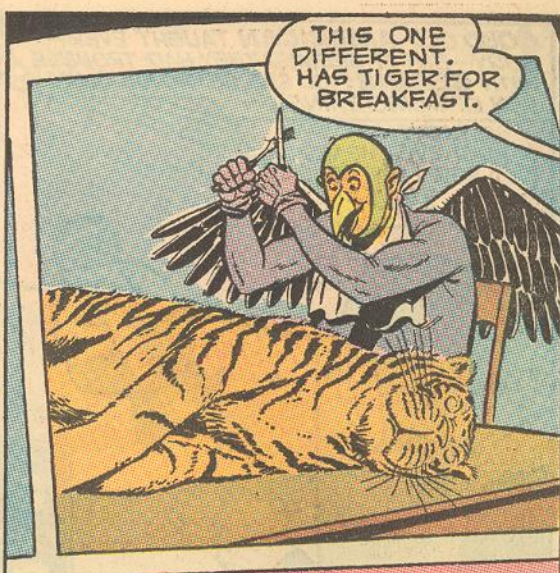
HE'S RIGHT! LIKE HE SAYS --- WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING ABOUT IT?

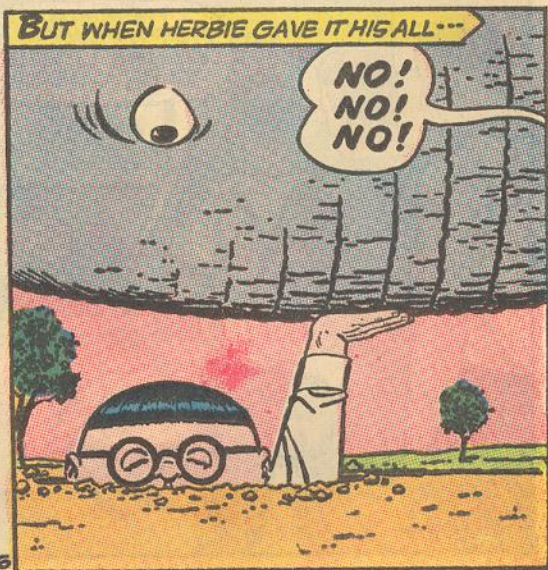
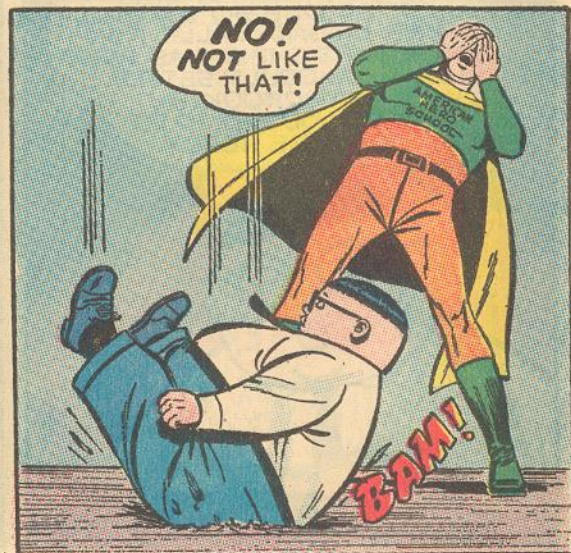
CAN'T DENY IT. WHAT **AM** I DOING ABOUT IT?



LOOK AT 'EM--- **COSTUME HEROES** BY THE DROVE. NEED FELLAS LIKE THEM --- MEET THE CHALLENGE.







**THE NEXT SUBJECT WAS ELEMENTARY
ENEMY-SPINNING...**

ONE OF THE
SIGNATURES OF OUR CRAFT
IS THE ABILITY TO GRAB A
TOUGH GUY BY THE HEELS
AND WHIRL HIM 'ROUND AND
'ROUND THROUGH THE AIR
BEFORE RELEASING HIM. I
SHALL NOW DEMONSTRATE
THE APPROVED METHOD,
USING THIS DUMMY.

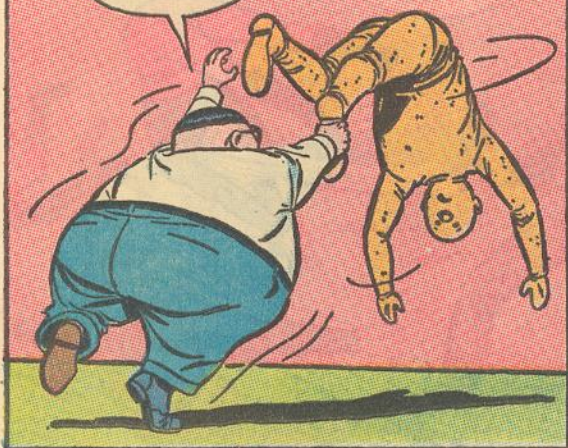


SEE HOW REALLY
EASY IT IS? NOW
I WANT ALL YOU
STUDENTS TO
TRY IT IN TURN.



BUT WHEN IT CAME HERBIE'S TURN---

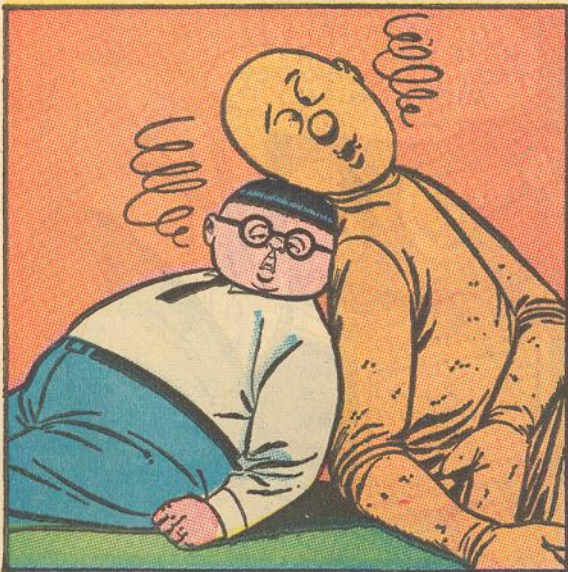
NOT SO
EASY---



GOT TO
STEP UP
PACE---

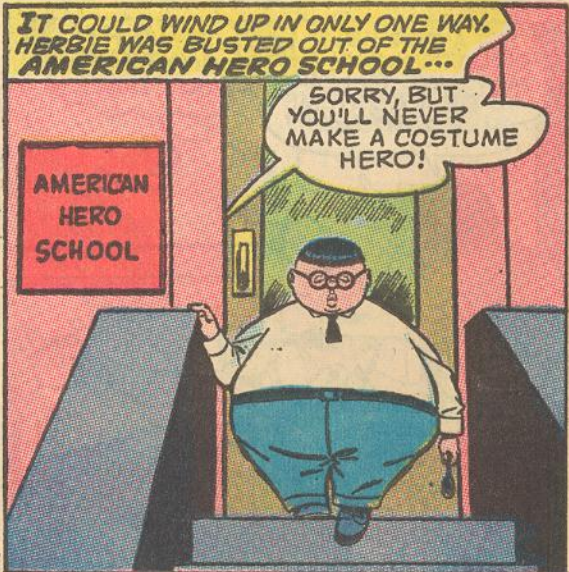


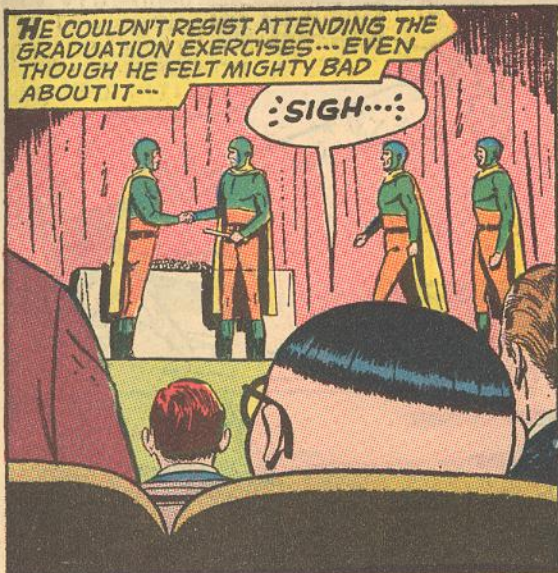
IT COULD WIND UP IN ONLY ONE WAY.
HERBIE WAS BUSTED OUT OF THE
AMERICAN HERO SCHOOL---



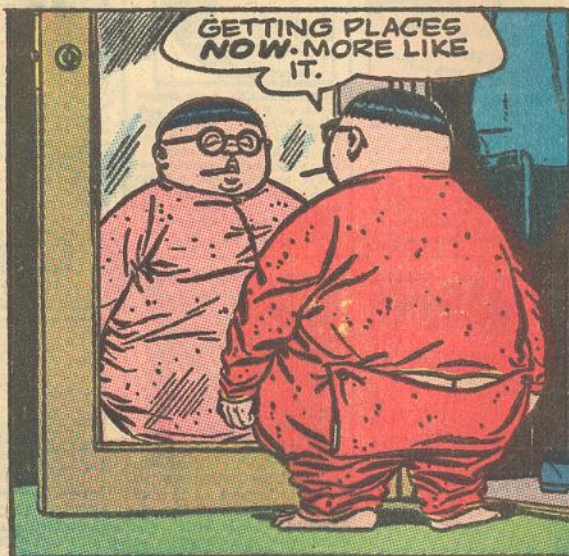
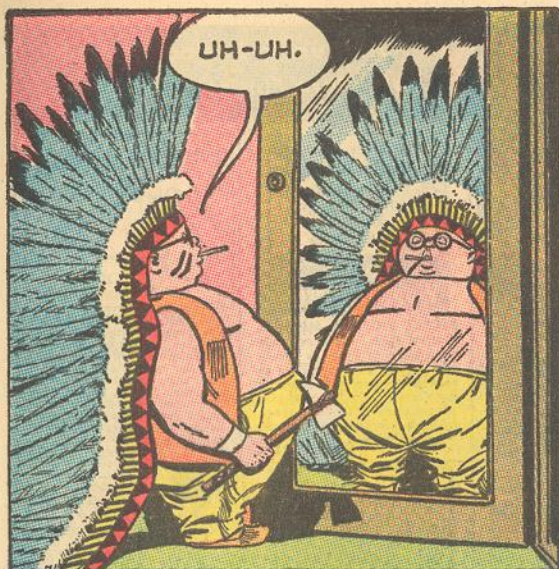
SORRY, BUT
YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE A COSTUME
HERO!

AMERICAN
HERO
SCHOOL



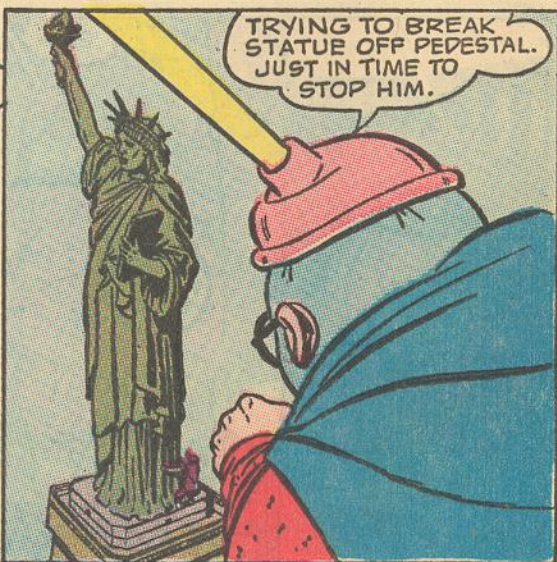
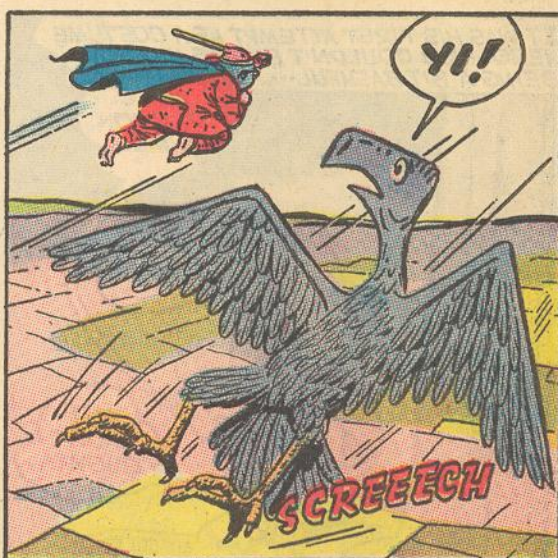
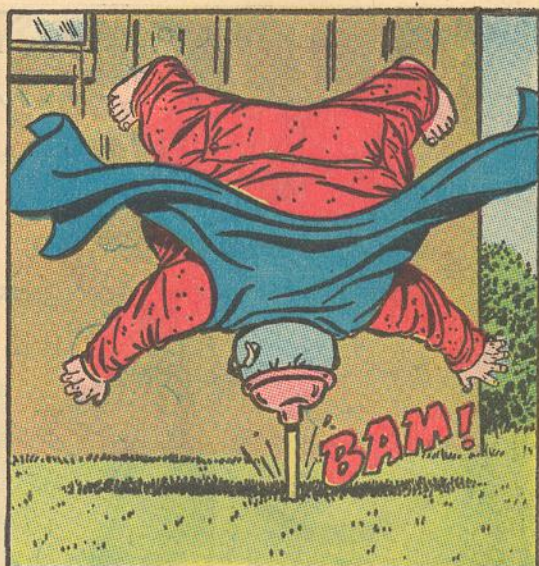


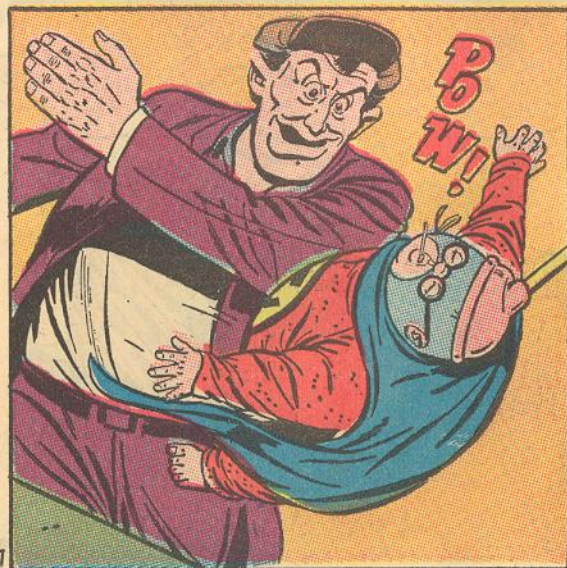
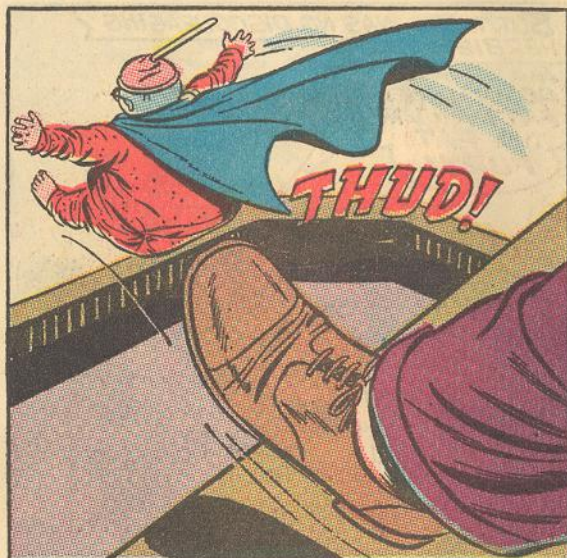
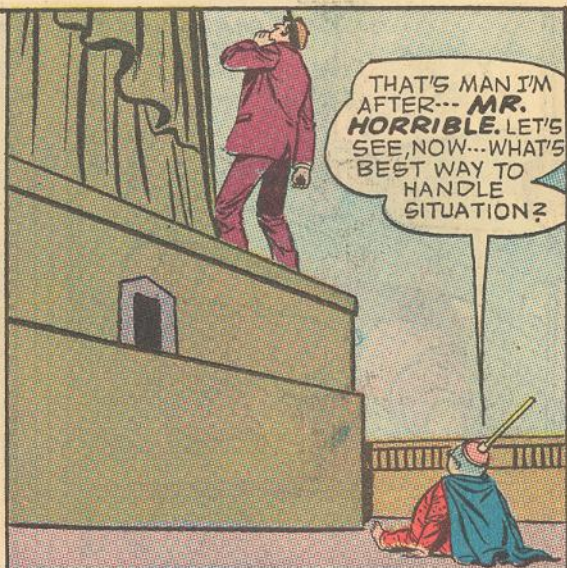
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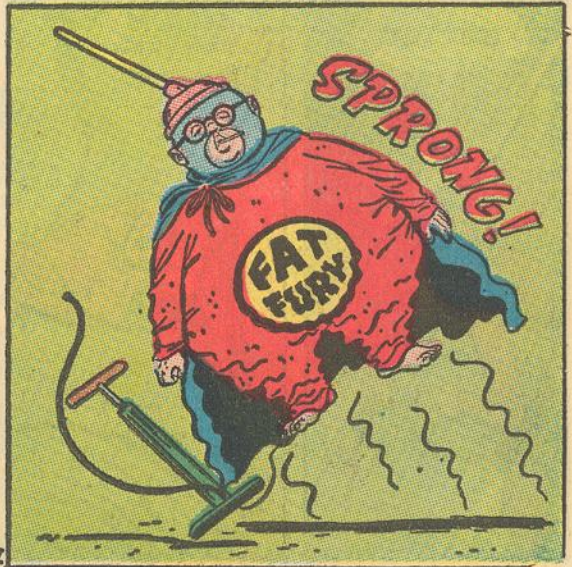
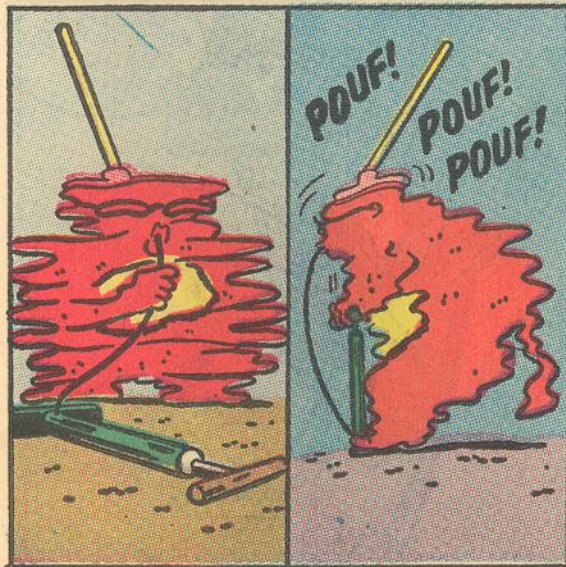
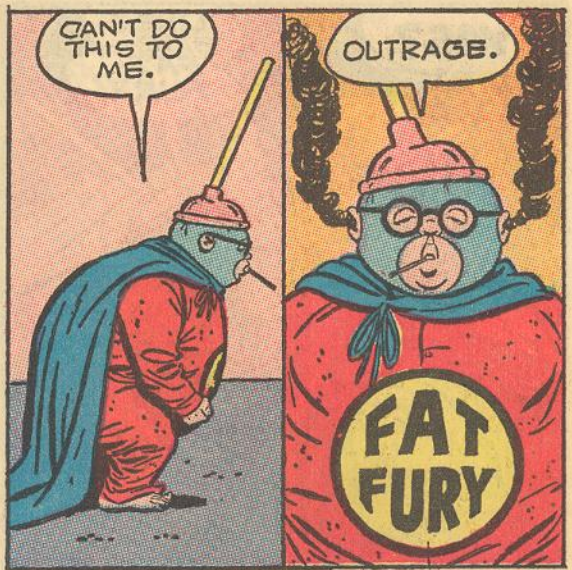


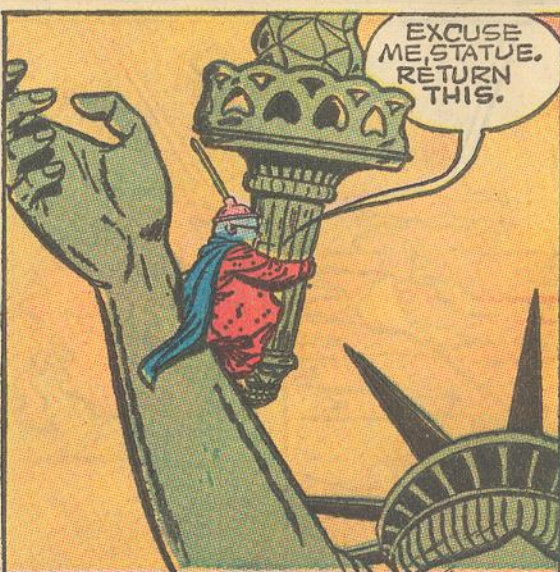
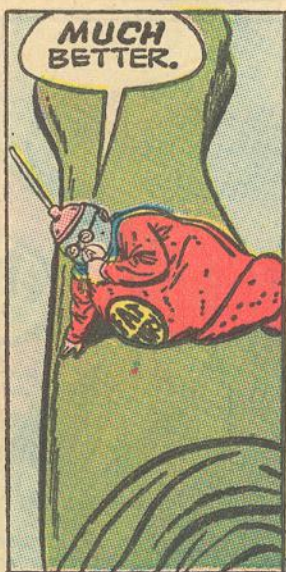
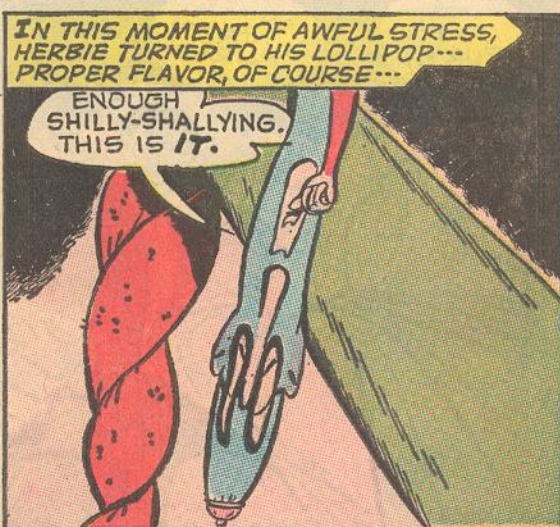
IT CALLED FOR JUST A FEW COMPLETING TOUCHES--AND HE SUPPLIED THEM--

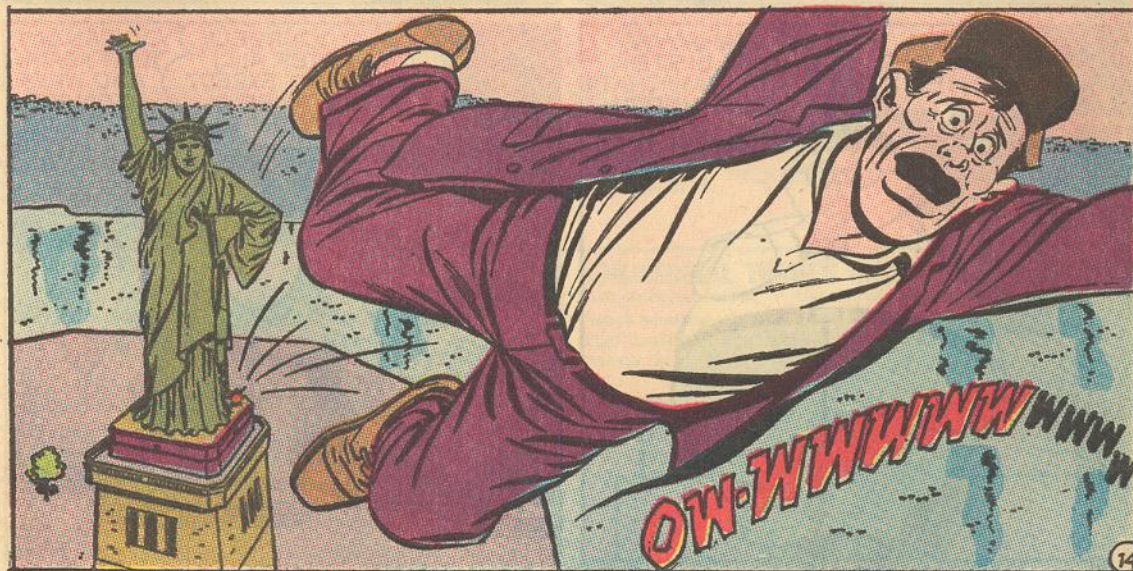
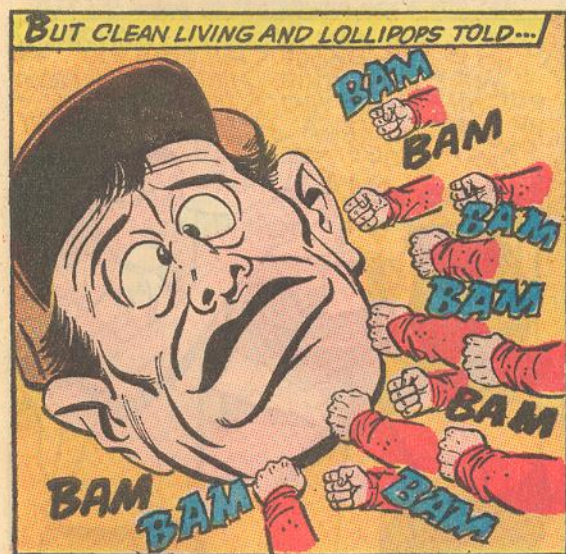






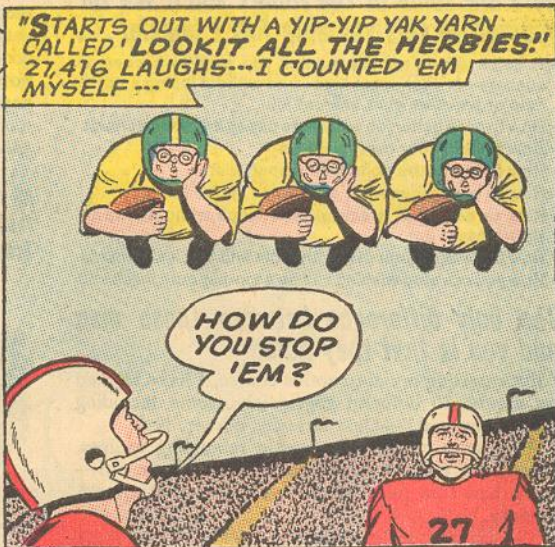
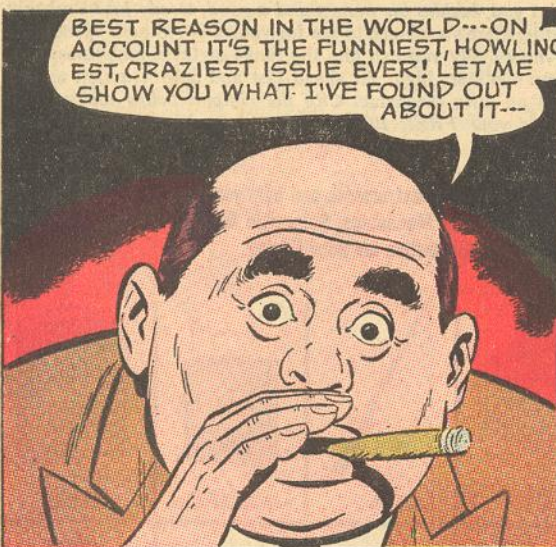








ALL YOURS---NEXT ISSUE!



The END



HERE'S HERBIE!



Tired. Awfully tired. Keep on working—just to bring you readers wonderful, fascinating, magnificent "Herbie" stories. Accountants been busy—tell me each story worth fifty million dollars—but you get whole magazine for lousy twelve cents. Question keeps buzzing around in my fat head...why do I do these things for you? Fat head, that's why. Generous type. Figure nothing's too good for fellas and girls who read my magazine. So even if you don't deserve it, you get it. Like in this issue. "Make Way For The Fat Fury!" Now, there's a story. Too good for you. Full of thrills, full of laffs. Like mystery men? Like handsome heroes, fighting whizbangs? Then you'll like the *Fat Fury*. Can't tell you who he is, of course, on account that's the mystery. But he's the greatest. Guarantee it personally. And better watch yourself—he'll be back every other issue, ready, willing and able to bop evildoers, maybe including *you*, with this here lollipop. To avoid horrible fate, better write in, telling me how you like *Herbie* stories. Address your letter to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

"Dear Editor:-

I thought Herbie was funny the first time I read his book. But the last one I read was hilarious. I'd say he deserved a lollipop for it. I sure was lucky I bought it—let's have plenty more. P.S: I hope you like this letter, because I need all of my teeth.

—Mary Mowder,

7268 Diana Way, Sacramento, Calif."

Next time, write direct to me, Mary Mowder. What's the matter—chicken? But anyway, you like my stories—teeth safe for the time being. But if you should ever change your mind—look out!

"Dear Herbie:-

Notice the erased picture at the top of this letter? That was a drawing I made of you, but if you saw it you'd probably bop me with that there lollipop, so I erased it. I would like to congratulate Ogden Whitney, Shane O'Shea, Herbie and the rest of the staff that made your comic book so great. All of you deserve a medal for what you've done. I hope everybody reads "Herbie" for their enjoyment and for their health!

—John Ferris,

120 Williams Terrace,
Warner Robins, Georgia."

Lucky you erased drawing of me. Probably wouldn't be as handsome as real thing and you'd pay for it, you John, you. You're right in hoping everybody reads my book. No health left if they don't—I'd see to that!

"Dear Herbie:-

Got the Herbie-Habit. Cut out all other comics for you. Can't live without you. Got to have your comics near me every second. Go mad without you. Keep bopping. Friend—

—Barbara Schmidt,

R. 1, Box 68, Pawnee Rock, Kansas."

Girl speaks my language. Getting married time comes, may head for Pawnee Rock. Barbara Popnecker...good sound.

"Dear Herbie:-

Your story about 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral' was great. 'Herbie' is the greatest sensation ever to come out of a comic book. But I hope you gain enough weight to equal me. If you do, we'll have a fight and maybe if you get help from 15 super heroes you might last 1/5 of a second with me!

—Paul C. Zeliff,

4208 E. 72nd Pl., Tulsa, Oklahoma."

Who'd you ever fight, Paul? Sporting man—got proposition for you. Let you come into ring with Chinese Red Army, 3 zoo gorillas, 12 bulldozers and Cassius Clay. Take you all on, bands tied behind me and head in bag!

"Dear Herbie:-

I am, to all who see me, a 19-year-old Marine—but in reality, an avid *Fat Fury* reader! It's great to look at the world situation in a completely new and hilarious manner at a time like this. Let's see what you can do with Viet Nam and the Marines there, Herbie! Keep up the great work. Twelve cents from my pay check is yours to do with as you wish!

—Gyrene Green,

MCAS, Yuma, Arizona."

Might just stroll out to Viet Nam, have Marines sent home and do a little personal bopping. Situation in hand is no time.

"Dear Herbie:-

I have just re-read 'Herbie' No. 4 for the ninth time. (Don't bop me with your lollipop, Herbie, I'll read it a tenth time!) I

think 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral' was a wonderful story, but 'Professor Flipdome's Screw Machine' was much better. I've also read Issue No. 5. I hate to criticize you, but there were not 4,316 laughs on the first page of 'Sabib Herbie'. There were 4,592! (I counted them.) I don't want you to reduce, Herbie, so I'm enclosing a lollipop for you. Keep up the good work!

-Susan Mayberry,
16643 Merivale Lane,
Pacific Palisades, Calif."

Ten times not enough to read any of my magazines, Susan. Better get on ball. Business about 4,316 laughs on first page of "Sabib Herbie" misprint...should have read 14,316. You found only 4,592, no sense of humor. But good kid anyway.

"Dear Herbie:-

You have the best comics in the world. Every issue is filled with laughter. Please, more books like this!

-Zigmund Zubkow,
11 Wyckoff Ave., Port Jefferson Sta.,
Long Island, New York."

Like my book, come out and say what you mean. None of this shilly-shallying. What you meant was best book in Universe, right? Better agree, Zigmund!

"Dear Herbie:-

I would like to join your fan club. I promise to tell all my friends about your great comics book! Also, I'd like to say a few words about your book-good words! Your stories are great and the art work is wonderful. You've got the best magazine on the stands!

-David R. Charles,
Box 17, Edgerton, West Virginia."

Ain't seen nothin' yet, David. Got special issues coming up even better! Thanks for nice things you say. All you fans, got important message for you. Don't have to say nice things. Can knock me and stories all you want. After all, what have you to lose? (Outside of teeth and lives, of course.)

"Dear Herbie:-

Went to the newsstand to get a good comic book. Saw this one called 'Herbie'. On impulse, bought it. Read it! Took it back. Tried to get my money back. No luck. Most disgusting thing I ever read. I'm fat girl about 3 feet tall, 3 feet around. Thought

I was only cute person in world. Then saw Herbie. Herbie cute, but a fake. Imagine using lollipops to maintain physique. Me, I never touch lollipops. Can't stand them. Eat only good, solid food. Pie. Cake. Ice Cream. Cookies. Hot chocolate. Lots of whipped cream. Down with the faker. Down with Herbie, Lollipop Lover. Up with Joycie, Fat Female.

-Joyce Sansbury,
1726 N. 3rd St., Harrisburg, Penn."
3 feet tall...3 feet around. Miss America to me!

"Dear Editor:-

I have all of Herbie's issues, and don't plan to miss any. Everybody in our family fights to read Herbie first, because he's our hero. Herbie has many fans like us because he is different and exciting-and that makes a difference, you know! We just want you to know that your comics are tops-keep up the great work!

-Kirk Walton,
3734 Stevens, Minneapolis, Minn."
(Kirk, this is I, the Editor-sneaked in while Herbie's back was turned. He bullies me something awful, and I admit I'm scared of him. Who wouldn't be, when he can really do all those things he does in his stories! If he were really to get mad, I'd probably never be heard from again, but he can't get mad if I offer you some valuable advice. Keep on reading "Herbie". Don't dare miss a single issue. Help others to get the "Herbie" habit, too. It's like insuring your life!)

"Dear Herbie:-

I like your magazine very much. Three questions...How did you learn to walk in the air? When you were born, were you super-strong? Why don't you want your father to know you're strong? I'll say it again-sensational! I know better than to doubt you. You're right. Every word true!

-Derek Fuller,
4205 A, Alabama,
Los Alamos, New Mexico."
Not hard for me to learn to walk on air...air knows better than to let me down. Not super-strong when born...could only lift ten tons and bop six elephants at a clip. Keep powers secret from my father because he's used to me as Little Fat Nothing, and surprise might be too much for him. Like you say-every word true!

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW **HISTORY**, DO YOU? FORGET IT! LET A REAL FAT-HEAD GIVE YOU THE LOWDOWN ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. WE'RE TALKING ABOUT **HERBIE**, WHO'S HERE TO BRING YOU THE STRANGE, SENSATIONAL STORY CALLED

"GEORGE WASHINGTON'S TEETH!"

Starring
GOOD OLD FATSO



READER, DO YOU KNOW THAT WITHOUT **HERBIE POPNECKER**, WE WOULD HAVE LOST THE REVOLUTION...AND STILL BE A BRITISH COLONY? LIKE THIS...

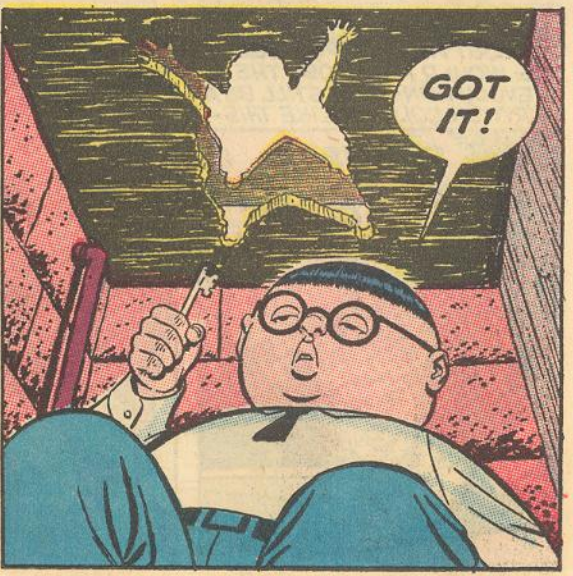
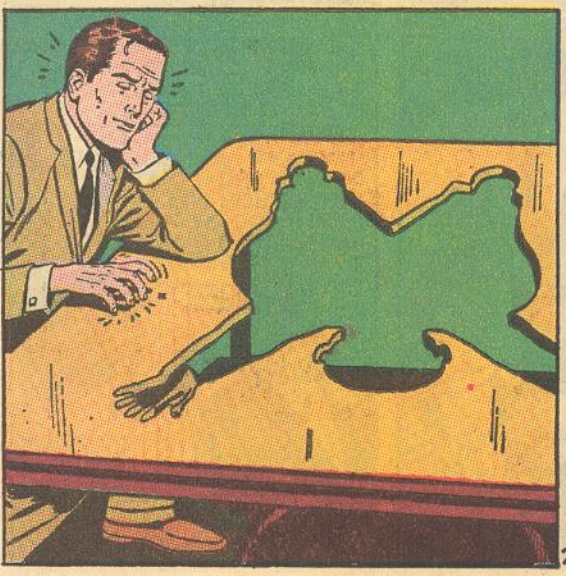
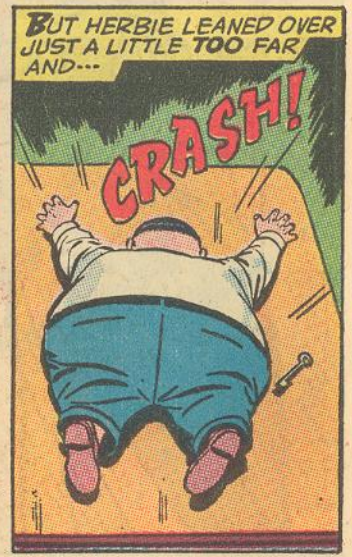


OR LIKE THIS...



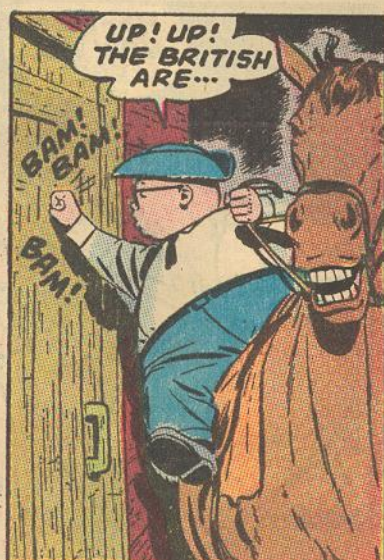
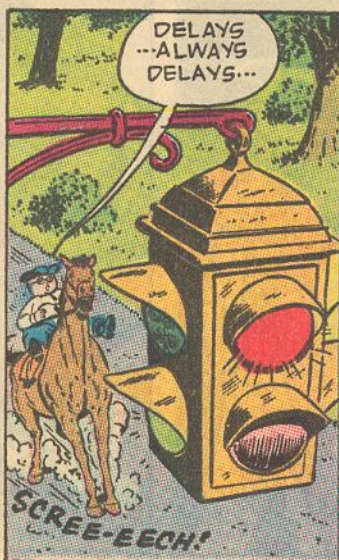
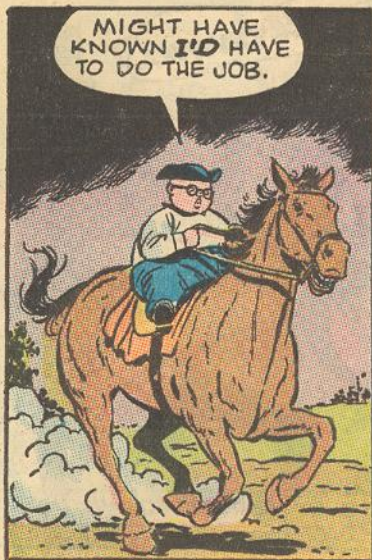
WANT TO KNOW WHY IT **DIDN'T** TURN OUT THIS WAY? LET'S LOOK IN ON THE **POPNECKER** HOUSEHOLD, 1965...WHERE A BRITISH VISITOR IS BEING ENTERTAINED...



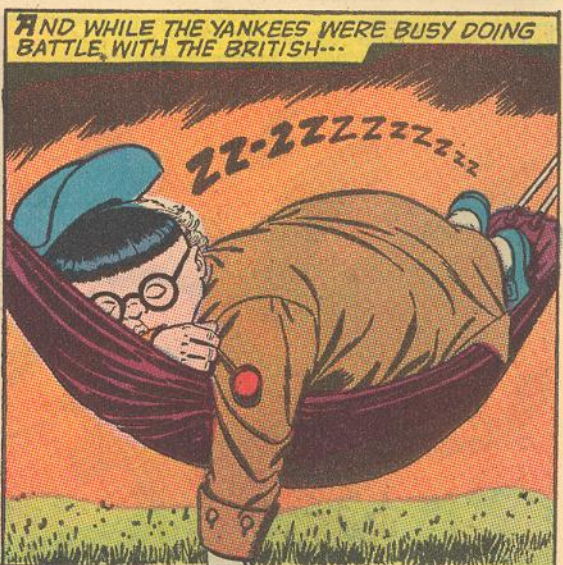


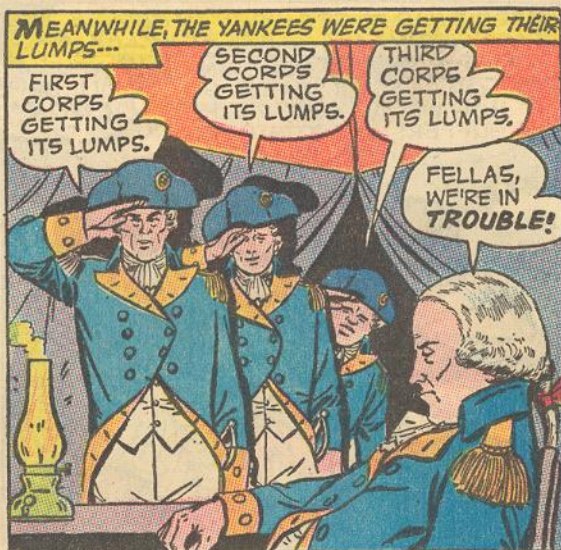
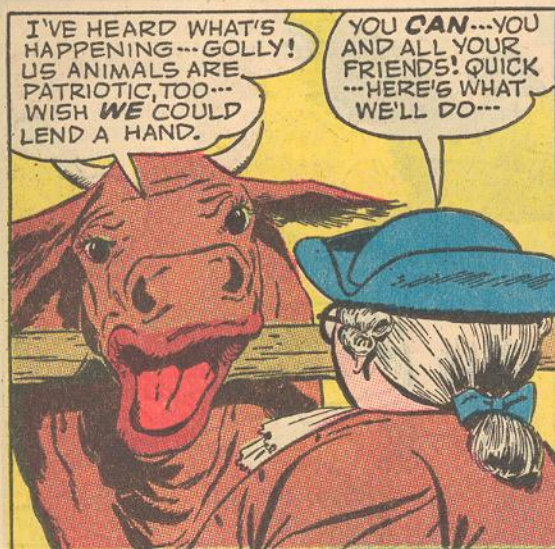




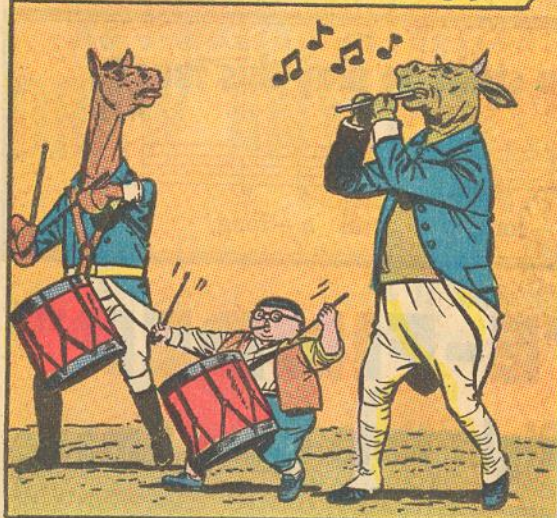








REINFORCEMENTS WERE MOVING UP...



CHARGE!



HAL-LUP!

WE GIVE UP!

THEY'VE GOT US!

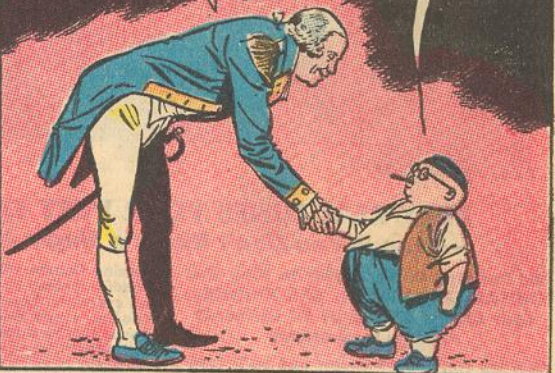
RUN! RUN!



IT WAS A GREAT VICTORY FOR OUR SIDE...

THE REDCOATS ARE DEFEATED AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA CREATED. YOU DID IT, HERBIE.

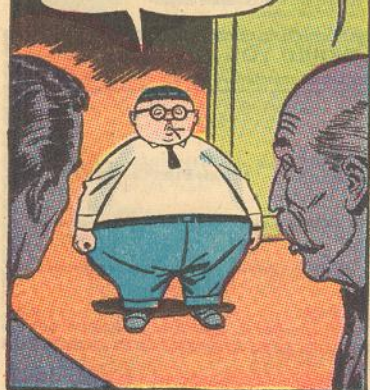
WASN'T ANYTHING...



BACK HOME...

FOUND OUT WHOLE THING. WASHINGTON DIDN'T BITE ROYAL COMMISSIONER, LIKE YOU SAID.

WELL, THEN, WHO DID?



WASHINGTON'S TEETH!



SOMEDAY DAD WILL OPEN THAT LOLLIPOP CABINET FOR ME AGAIN --- IF I DON'T DIE FIRST!

