

No 20,
SEPTEMBER

IND.

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...



AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

HERBIE

12¢

MAKE WAY FOR THE FAT FURY--IN
"PASS A PIECE OF PIZZA, PLEASE!"
EXTRA LAFF BONUS--HERBIE, IN
"ADVENTURE at the CENTER
of the EARTH!"

OOOPS.
MISSED
AGAIN.

HA-HA-EEEEEE!

WASH!



LIKE YOUR STORIES **SHUDDERY-BLOODY**? HERE'S A TERROR TALE SHIVERY-QUIVERY SPECIAL DELIVERY! BUT IF YOU DON'T LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF, HERBIE WILL KNOCK IT OFF, SO BETTER BE CAREFUL. MAKE THOSE GIGGLES **LOUD** AS YOU READ...

The **FAT FURY**

"PASS A
PIECE
of
PIZZA,
PLEASE!"



STORY: MASTERPIECE by **SHANE O'SHEA!**
ART: STROKE OF GENIUS by **OGDEN WHITNEY!**

HERE'S FLAMING ACTION... **HERBIE POPNECKER** AT HIS FLAMINGEST! IF YOU DON'T THINK HE'S A POWERHOUSE, JUST WATCH... **THERE! HE TURNED OVER!**

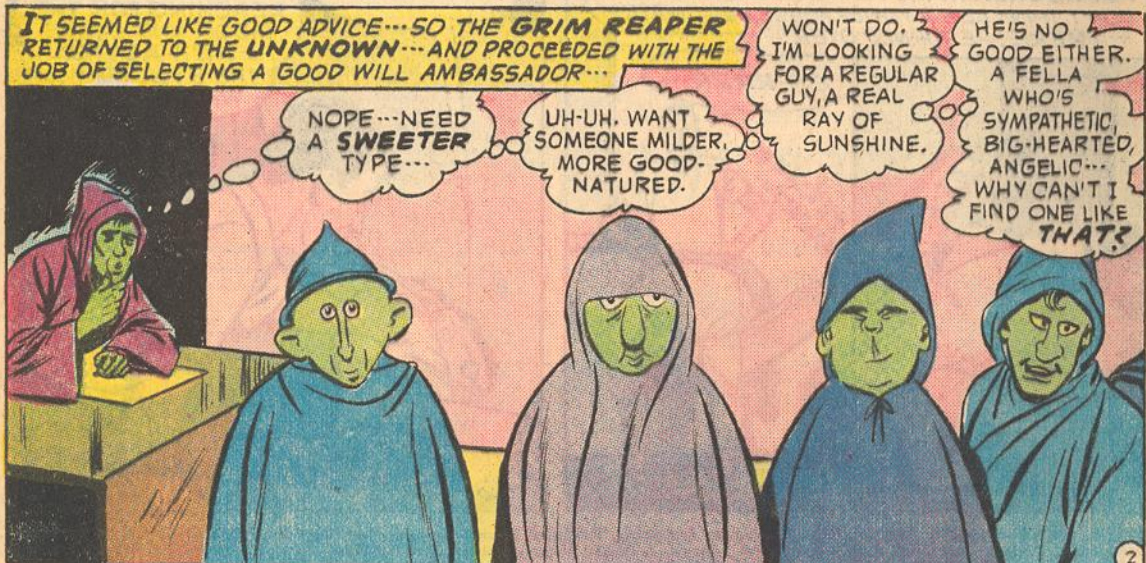


SOMETHING...?

CONFOUND IT! IN THIS DAY, WITH MAN REACHING FOR THE MOON AND STARS... WITH **ACTION** THE BYWORD... WHAT DO YOU DO?



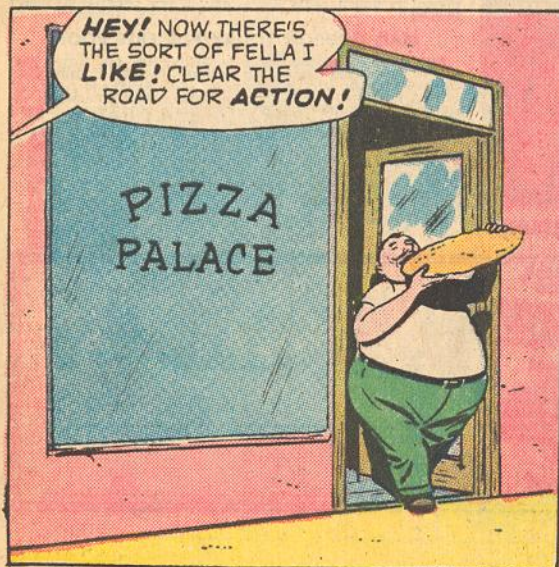
HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, October-November, December-January. © 1966 by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Dickey Streets, Sparta, Illinois 62286. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial offices, 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. 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, N.Y. 10017. Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office at Sparta, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. No. 20, September, 1966.





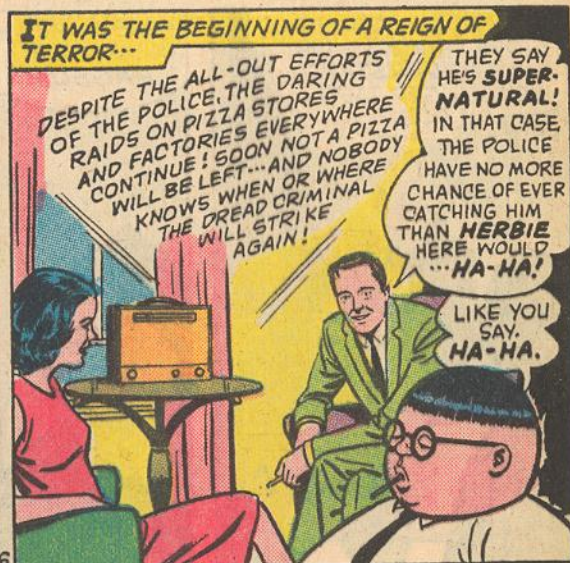


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WOTTA TASTE SENSATION...HOW LONG HAS **THIS** BEEN GOING ON? NO WONDER THE GRIM REAPER TOLD ME THAT EARTH HAS **CHANGED!**

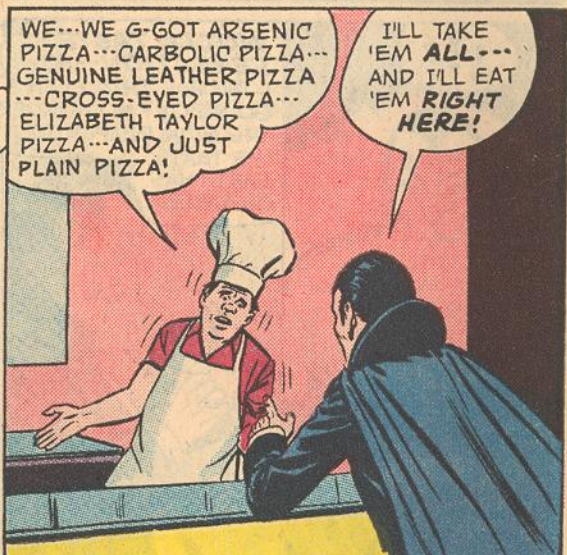


IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A REIGN OF TERROR...

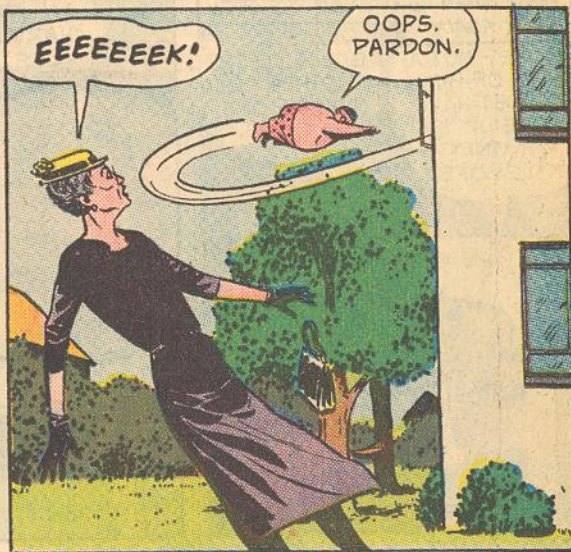
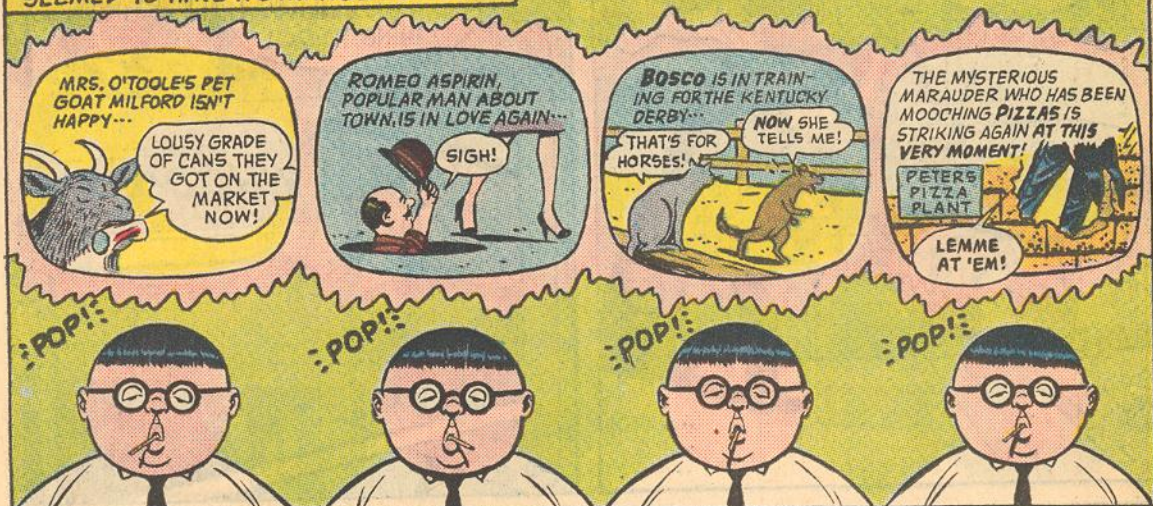
DESPITE THE ALL-OUT EFFORTS OF THE POLICE, THE DARING RAIDS ON PIZZA STORES EVERYWHERE CONTINUE! SOON NOT A PIZZA WILL BE LEFT...AND NOBODY KNOWS WHEN OR WHERE THE DREAD CRIMINAL WILL STRIKE AGAIN!

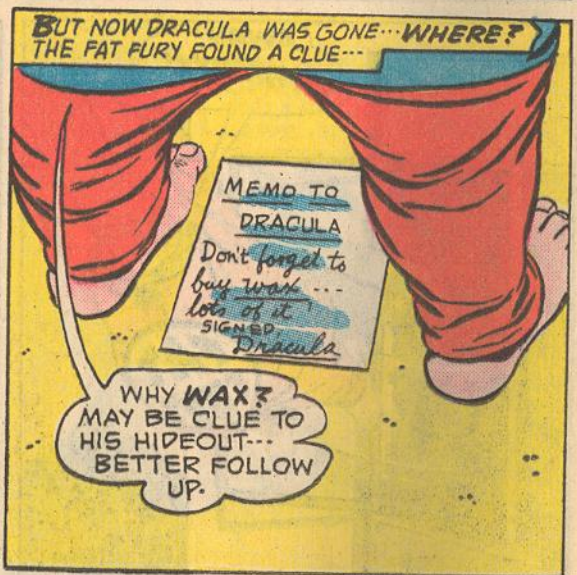
THEY SAY HE'S **SUPER-NATURAL!** IN THAT CASE, THE POLICE HAVE NO MORE CHANCE OF EVER CATCHING HIM THAN **HERBIE** HERE WOULD...**HA-HA!**

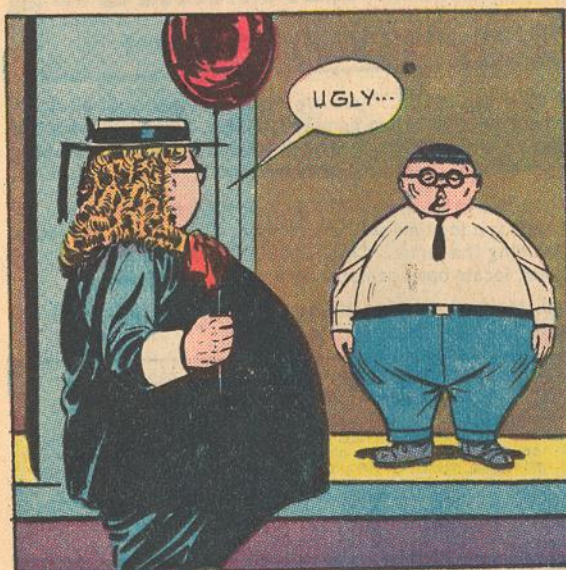
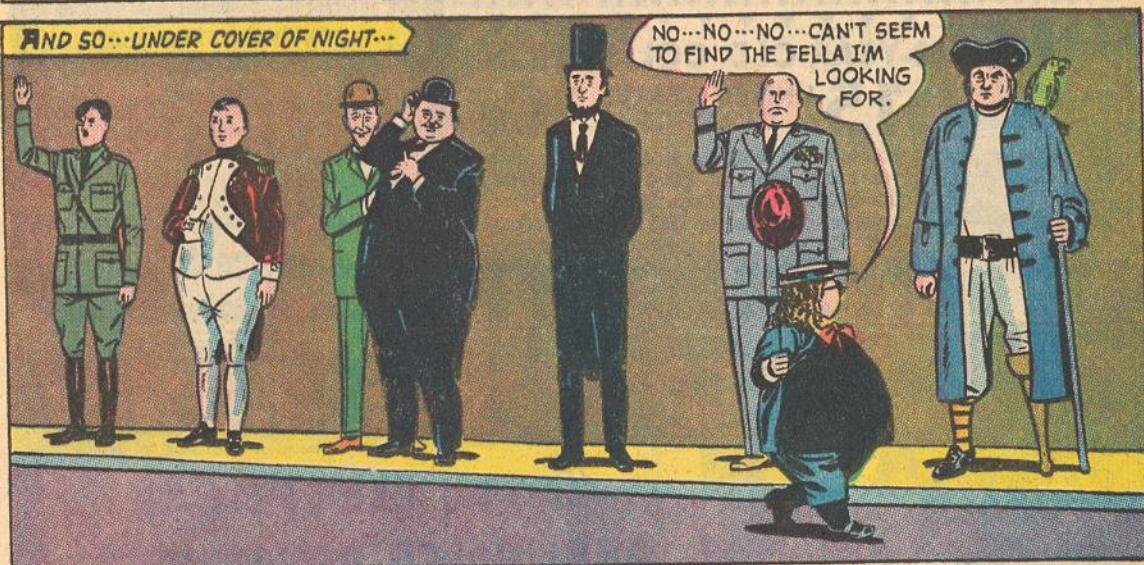
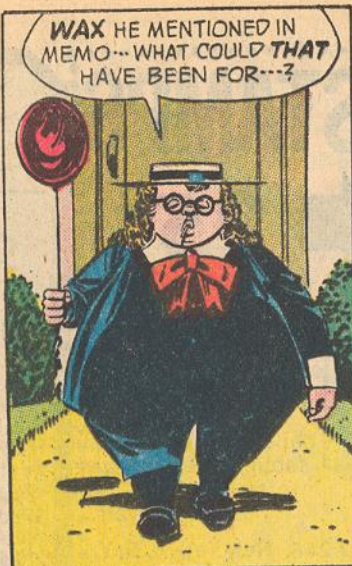
LIKE YOU SAY, **HA-HA.**



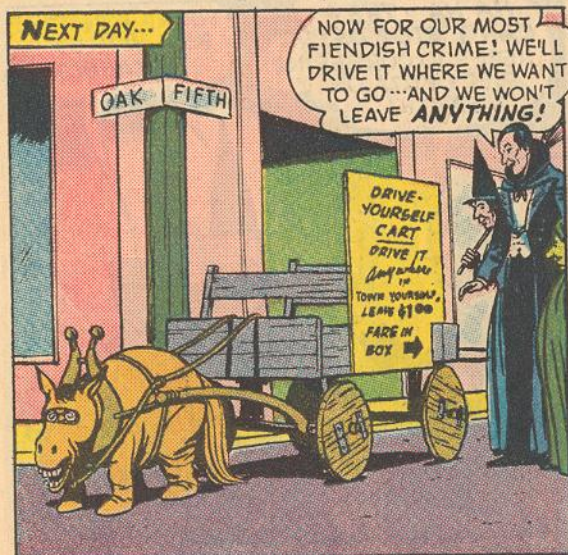
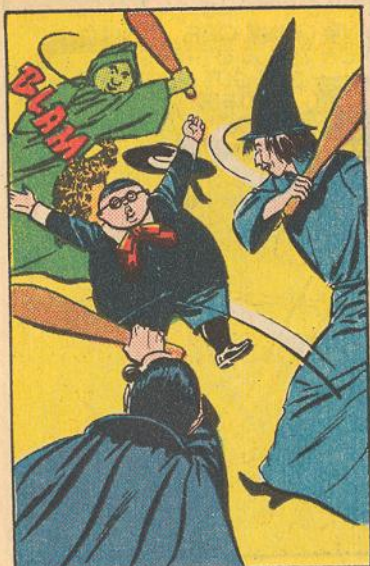
SO---HERBIE GAVE THE TELEVISION-POP A TRYOUT. LIKE SO MANY OF HIS OTHERS, IT SEEMED TO HAVE A STRANGE POWER---



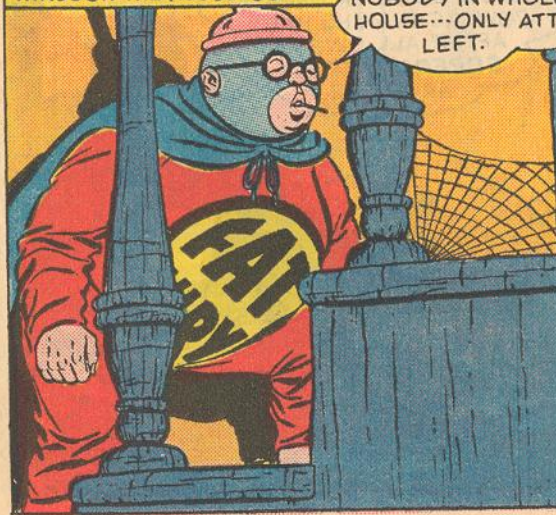


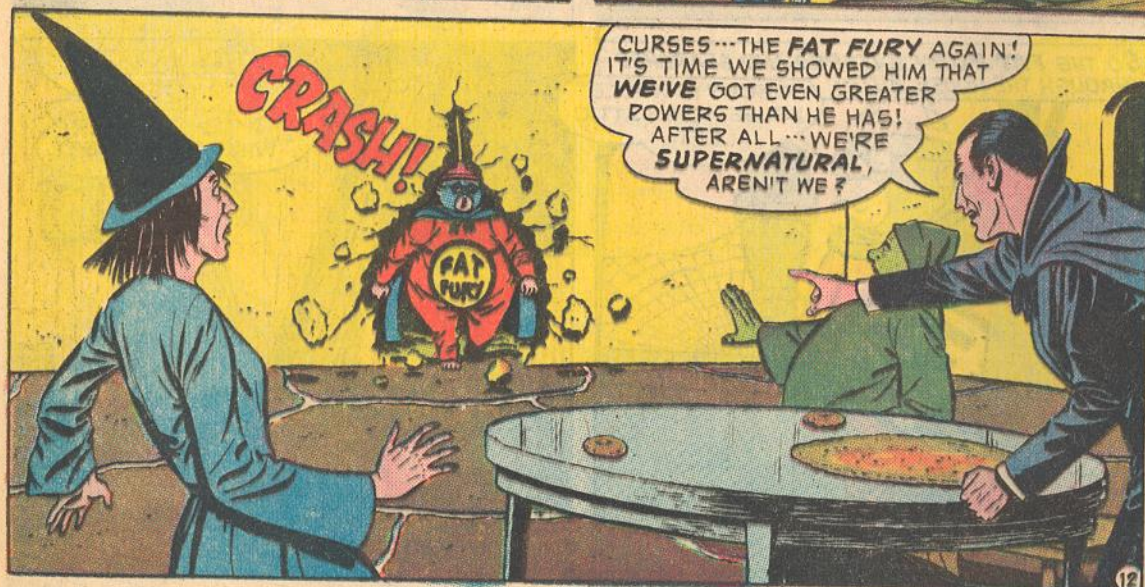
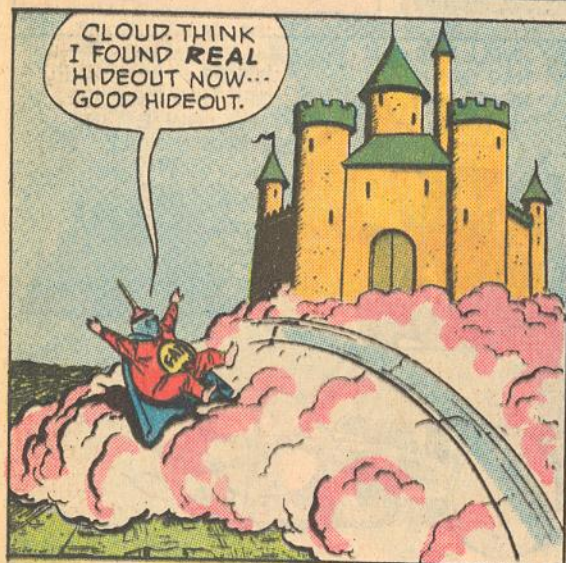
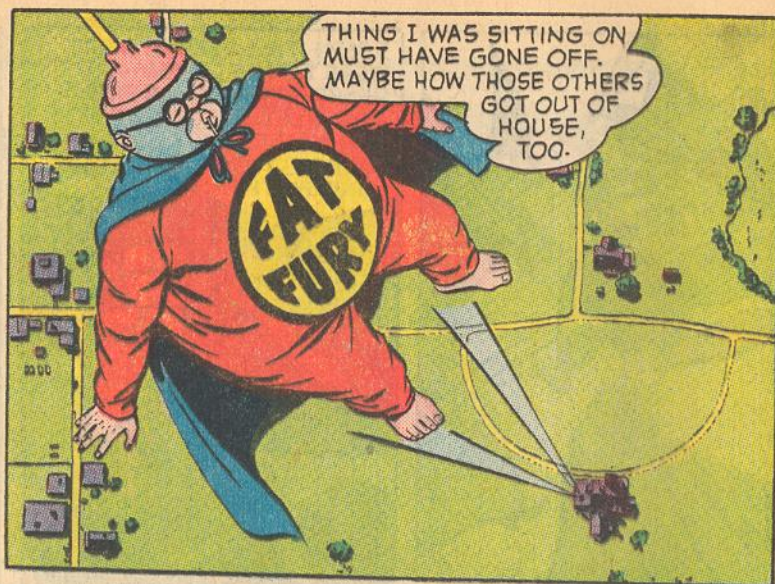


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SO THE **FAT FURY** ENTERED AND SEARCHED THROUGH THE HOUSE. BUT...









HEY, HOW'D WE DO, HUH? NOT BAD, I'D SAY!

WE SURE SETTLED HIS HASH! FAT FURY... HAW!

JUST MADE WITH ONE OF OUR SUPER-SPECIAL, MAGICAL INCANTATIONS ---AND WHAM! HE'S DONE FOR!

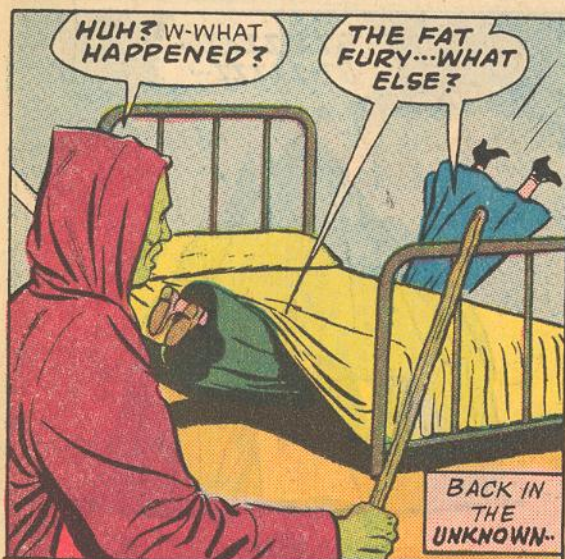


HELP!

CR-RASH!

HOLD IT, YOU'RE STAYING HERE.

YOWP!



HUH? W-WHAT HAPPENED?

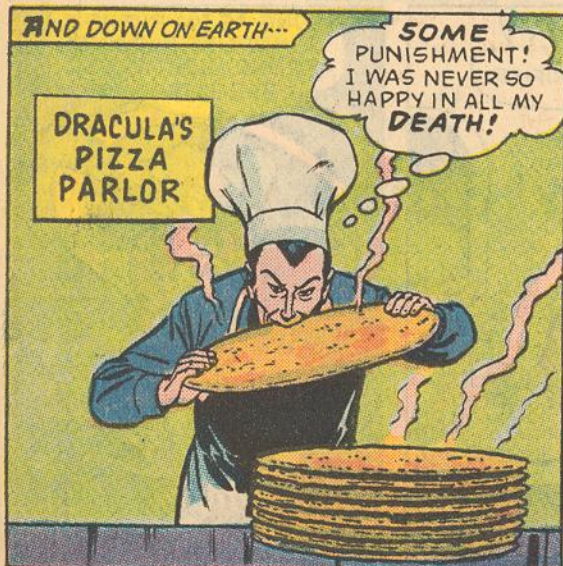
THE FAT FURY...WHAT ELSE?

BACK IN THE UNKNOWN.



P-PLEASE...LET ME GO BACK TO THE UNKNOWN, WHERE IT'S SAFE!

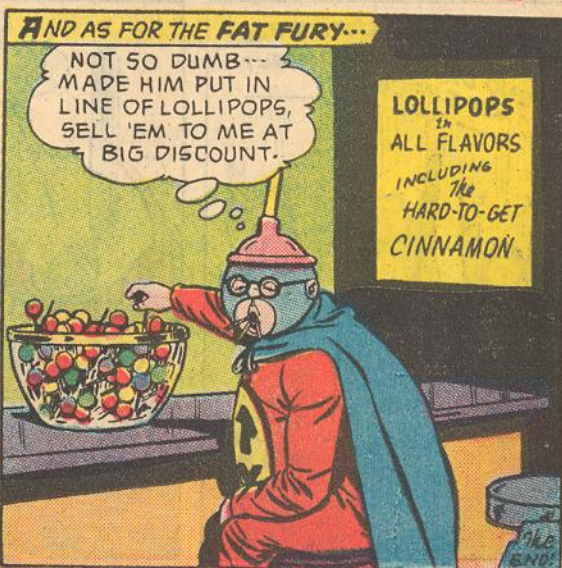
UH-UH...GOT TO BE PUNISHED FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE. BRINGING YOU DOWN TO EARTH, WHERE I CAN KEEP EYE ON YOU.



AND DOWN ON EARTH...

DRACULA'S PIZZA PARLOR

SOME PUNISHMENT! I WAS NEVER SO HAPPY IN ALL MY DEATH!



AND AS FOR THE FAT FURY...

NOT SO DUMB... MADE HIM PUT IN LINE OF LOLLIPOPS, SELL 'EM TO ME AT BIG DISCOUNT.

LOLLIPOPS in ALL FLAVORS INCLUDING the HARD-TO-GET CINNAMON



HERE'S HERBIE!



Big Announcement

This is great issue. Next great issue, "Herbie" No. 21, October-November, due on newsstands middle August. Don't miss two magnificent features starring one-and-only Herbie—"Yay, Team!" and "A Viking To Your Liking!" Read them or else!

Better do like big announcement says or may be forced to start swinging. Am charitable type, don't like bloodshed. Just love it. You've been warned. But something else on my mind. Have ordered all sane readers to write, telling how insane they were about my terrific stories. So far, seven readers disobeyed order. Suggest you send flowers. Also letter from every fan to me immediately, whether have written before or not. Just simple letter containing praise, admiration—stuff like that. Address all correspondence "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

"Dear Herbie:—

I think your magazine is great. Not only that, it's the greatest. I read all the copies I could when you used to be in 'Forbidden Worlds'. Then I didn't see you there for at least a year. I was afraid I'd never meet up with you again until one day, when I found a number 8 'Herbie' in a drugstore. I've been reading them ever since! Enclosed is \$1.44, for which please send me a 12-issue subscription to 'Herbie'. Also, please tell me how to get 'Herbie' numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. P.S.: My favorite 'Herbie' stories were 'Mom's New Coat' and 'Christopher Columbus Popnecker'. —Dean Moberg, 269 Pleasant Hill, Palatine, Ill."

Reader who knows what's good. Any fans having magazines Dean wants, write him at once. Nice fella.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—

I have just been looking over issue No. 15, and notice that, as in other issues, you don't let your father know about your powers. I mean, some of the animals know how powerful you are, so why not your father? And why do you make your father think you're a fat little nothing? I have missed a lot of issues, but I would like you to answer my questions anyway. And by the way, do you know where I could get some super lollipops cheap?

—Paul Townsend, Box 9, Tahoe Valley Calif."

Let father know about powers, will just be jealous. Don't make him think I'm little fat nothing—does this very well on his own. Sure do know where you could get super lollipops cheap, but not telling miserable wretch who misses issues.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—

Get every one of your issues. Like your language. Is the greatest. Just finished reading 'It's Love, Lover!' It's best one. Not too good at your language yet, but will keep practicing. By the way, will you lend me a lollipop? Just ran out of 'em. Other story in book was 'Don't Mess Around With The Fat Fury'. Great too. About that part in an answer to Johnny Banks, is the editor in the hospital now? 'Bye!

—Lynn Della Palumbo,
120 Solomon Road, Whitesburg, Ky."

My language not only greatest, but fairly good. What flavor lollipop you want to borrow? Depends on powers you wish. Happy to state editor now out of hospital . . . can now proceed to put him in again. May break left arm, right leg—or possibly right arm, left leg. Contusions, lacerations to follow, involving much blood. Screams, too.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—

Just finished reading 'Herbie' No. 16 and had to write to you about it! I think you've finally met your match in Foo-Manchoo, when he nearly beat you — quite unbelievable! Question — why doesn't your *!?! Editor print your mag every month? That idiot doesn't seem to realize that he's got a good thing going. Anyway, I sure am glad you decided to become a super-hero. You make those brand Ecch heroes look puny when you soar through the air in your long red underwear. (No rhyme intended!) In my opinion, your comic is the greatest! Well, before I sign off I'm leaving a small tribute to you, Herbie—a picture of you. (Ugh!) Being an amateur artist, I decided to get your flabby form on paper. Keep up

the good work and don't eat too many lollipops
—amen!

—Noel Gouveia,
1029 Prospect Street, Somerset, Mass."

*Foo-Manchoo tough. Herbie tougher. And only reason *!*? Editor doesn't print this magazine more often is because he's in hospital so much . . . must learn to control my temper. Thanks for picture, Noel. Very fine.*

* * *

"Dear Fat Fury:—

Just finished No. 16. Greatest. Foo-Manchoo's heads only good for hat racks. Where do you ever run into characters like him? But keep putting out swell stories like that. 'It's Love, Lover' was great too. I don't know how you could marry Hepzibah Higgins even for her lollipops. Tell me how to make special lollipops, including hard-to-get cinnamon, and I will sell them to you for a low price. Thank me by not bopping me with lollipop. If you do, I'll sic my two mice on you!

—Kerry J. Thompson, Bldg. 23, Apt. 1,
Reeves Terrace, Orlando, Fla. 32806."

Funny thing . . . just got phone call from Foo-Manchoo, asking where I run into characters like Kerry J. Thompson. Face it, Kerry . . . Hepzibah ugly, but had beautiful lollipops. Write her for recipes. About those two mice, tell me . . . tough?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—

Hard to get your comics over here. So far, have Nos. 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 12. Go outa my way to get them. Enjoyed 'Pincus Popnecker, Private Eye' very much. You're easily the best comics book hero in a million mile radius. Reason why I started reading your book is that I was sick of all these slim, handsome comics book heroes—so when I saw 'Herbie', wow! Also, I'm fat, and I was glad to see that there was someone else in the world like me! Also, I think you're right in pretending to be a Little Fat Nothing, as your father makes out. (He's dumb!) Anyway, your comics are easily the best!

—Stephen C. D'Arcy,
56 Seabridge Lane, Clayton, Newcastle-
Under-Lyme, Staffordshire, United Kingdom."

Like getting letters from foreign countries . . . shows "Herbie" world-famous, as should be. But pretty steamed about insult, calling me best comics book hero in million miles. Trillion miles more like it. May just bop you with this here lollipop for downgrading me, Stephen.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—

I hope you will put the following in your 'Here's Herbie' column. I love Herbie. He is my hero. I am fat too, so that is why I love him. He is the best in his 'Fat Fury' costume. I liked issues No. 10, 11 and 9. I liked 'Tickepuss Rides

Again'. 'Beware Of The B-Bomb, Buster' was good, too. I enjoyed 'Christopher Columbus Popnecker' and 'Plump Lump vs. Black Whack'. Oh, I just love Herbie Popnecker—he's just wild!

—Buddy Wehlitz, Box 368, Cordele, Ga."

Like you, Buddy. Great critical judgment. Know what's good. Everybody should be like you. However, am even better than you say. Much better.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—

As you can probably see, I have found the error of my ways. When I last wrote to you, you had not yet taken over your magazine from Ye Editor. Thus, my last letter was directed toward him. I hope you will forgive me for this mistake. I would like to thank you for publishing this same letter, and also for the compliment about my having perception. I bought 9 or 10 copies of that issue. One thing that I left out of that letter was a question—how old are you? The only clue that I could find to answer this query was that you tried to enter Peepwhistle Prep, which would lead me to believe that you're a teenager. I like 'The Fat Fury' very much. So much, in fact, that I made myself an as-close-to-it-as-you-can-get 'Fat Fury' costume for Hallowe'en. In case it isn't noticeable, I have been trying to write a bop-free letter. You know, I think I've made it! Yours till you go on a diet—

—Charles Meyerson,
22919 Masonic, St. Clair Shores, Mich. 48080."

Refuse to tell you age, Charles. Reason is that small number of years will make everyone grieve about all the time world had to do without me. Have placed your name on non-bopping list, but this is no permanent guarantee of safety, as list is subject to constant revision. So keep nose clean, Bub.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—

Herbie? Voted the best humor mag by the Academy of Comic Fans and Collectors? Good show! I'm glad—you have a fine magazine. The 'Fat Fury' is very fat, very repulsive and very good. I especially like your bulging midriff. Annoys me when your dad calls you a nothing—why not bop him? Really dug 'Call Me Schlemiehl'. By the way, how do you pronounce it? Flipped over 'Herbie Goes Nap-Happy'. Some of those panels were really wild. Need fattening up myself—how about sending me a lollipop? Please bop your dopey editor an extra time so he publishes your mag more often!

—John F. Lebar,
305 North Jordan, Allentown, Pa. 18102."

Am most repulsive hero in world . . . very proud of it. Refuse to bop father, on account of may be parent myself someday. Ugh. For your information, 'Schlemiehl' pronounced 'Schlemiehl'.

ALL ABOARD FOR THE WACKIEST ACTION-FEST OF THE CENTURY! AND IF YOU GO FOR GOOFY GIGGLES AND KOOKY KICKS, THIS ONE'S FOR YOU. SO HOP ABOARD THE SQUIRM-WORM WITH...

HERBIE

"ADVENTURE
at the
CENTER
OF THE
EARTH!"

PARDON...
WHICH WAY TO
CENTER OF
EARTH?

?!?

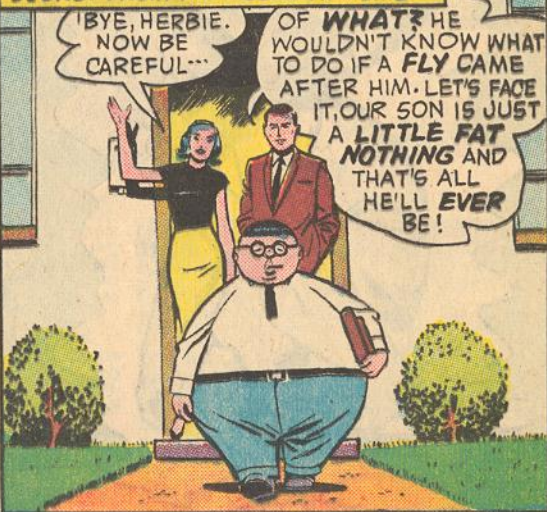
STORY: YOU WERE
EXPECTING HEMINGWAY?
ART: REMBRANDT
IT AIN'T!

HERE HE IS... HERBIE POPNECKER...



AS YOU CAN SEE, A YOUNG MAN
OF STRANGE POWERS!

BUT HE'S CAREFUL TO KEEP THESE POWERS
SECRET FROM THE FOLKS AT HOME...



BYE, HERBIE.
NOW BE
CAREFUL...

OF WHAT? HE
WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT
TO DO IF A FLY CAME
AFTER HIM. LET'S FACE
IT, OUR SON IS JUST
A LITTLE FAT
NOTHING AND
THAT'S ALL
HE'LL EVER
BE!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

SO HERE WE SEE OUR HERO AT SCHOOL. DEFINITELY NOT THE NOISY OR TROUBLE-SOME TYPE---HE LEFT THAT FOR OTHERS---



HIYA, PLUMP LUMP! ALWAYS DID WANNA SEE IF YA HAD FAT IN YER HEAD!

THAT'S BUTCH NELSON PITCHING---THE JOKER WHO PUT THE JUVENILE IN DELINQUENT! HE'S TERRORIZED OLD DR. PLUMDUFFLE, THE LONG-SUFFERING TEACHER---



DEAR, DEAR! D-DON'T YOU DARE---



AW, C'MON, DOC. YOU KNOW I'M JUST A GROWIN' BOY HAVIN' FUN --- DON'T YOU?

YES--- I M-MEAN NO--- GULP!



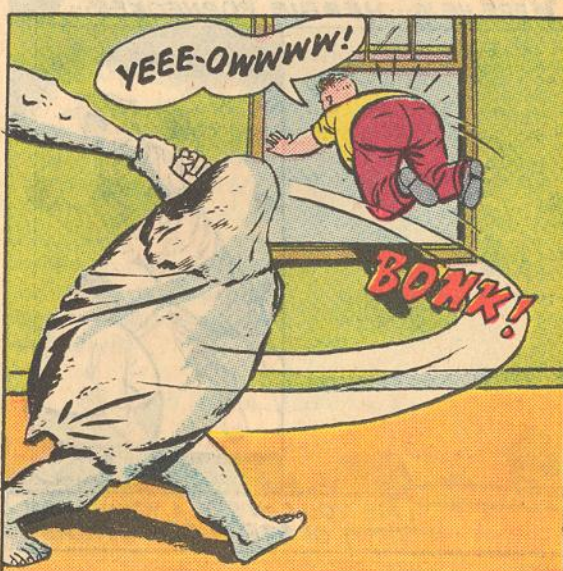
COULD FRACTURE HIM, BUT DAD WOULD HEAR ABOUT IT. HE LIKES TO THINK I'M LITTLE FAT NOTHING---BETTER IF HE KEEPS THINKING SO. BUT HAVE TO DO SOMETHING... SO...



HERBIE'S GOT POWERS EVEN HE DOESN'T KNOW. AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT--- WATCH!

LET ME DUST OFF YER DESK FOR YA, TCH, TCH--- GUESS I DUST TOO HARD, HUH?

OH-HHH!



YEEE-OHWWW!

BONK!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

AS HERBIE LEFT SCHOOL...PASSING THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE...

I DO MY BEST, BUT THAT BUTCH NELSON...HE...HE'S LIKE NO OTHER STUDENT I EVER HAD!

IT'S VERY EVIDENT THAT HE'S TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO HANDLE. LET'S FACE IT, DR. PLUMPUFFLE...YOU'RE GETTING OLD...AND I'M GIVING SERIOUS THOUGHT TO **RETIRING** YOU!



TEACHING...THE ONLY THING I EVER LOVED...AND NOW...THEY...THEY DON'T WANT ME ANY LONGER...

SOMETHING GOTTA BE DONE. BUT IF HE'S GOING TO HAVE RESPECT, HAS TO LOOK AS IF HE DID IT **HIMSELF...**



HE DISCUSSED THE SITUATION WITH HIS NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR...PROFESSOR FLIPDOPE, THE INVENTOR...

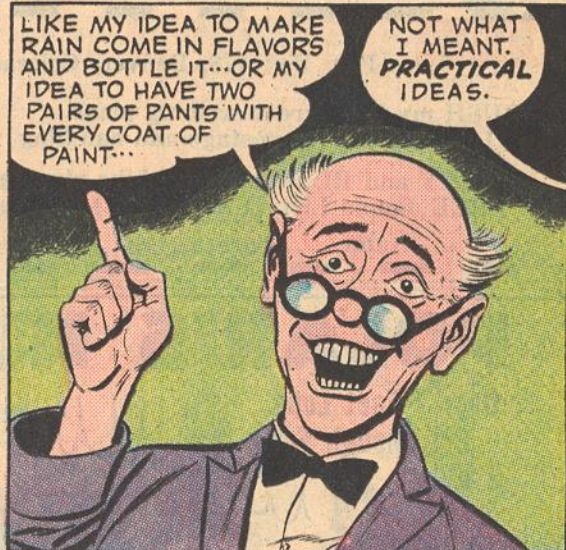
...SO THAT'S THE STORY. GOT ANY IDEAS?

IDEAS? IDEAS? I'VE GOT **LOTS OF IDEAS!**



LIKE MY IDEA TO MAKE RAIN COME IN FLAVORS AND BOTTLE IT...OR MY IDEA TO HAVE TWO PAIRS OF PANTS WITH EVERY COAT OF PAINT...

NOT WHAT I MEANT. **PRACTICAL IDEAS.**

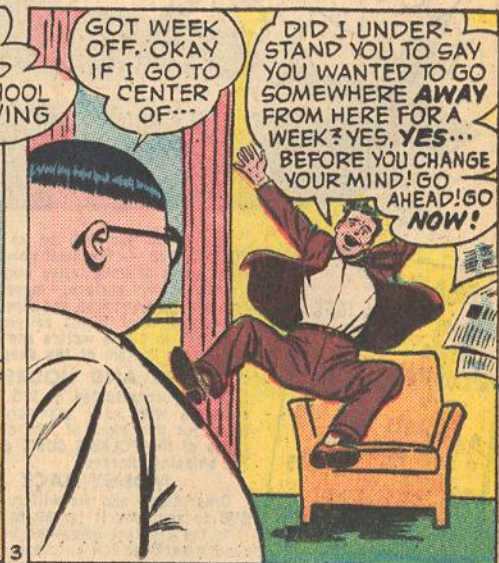
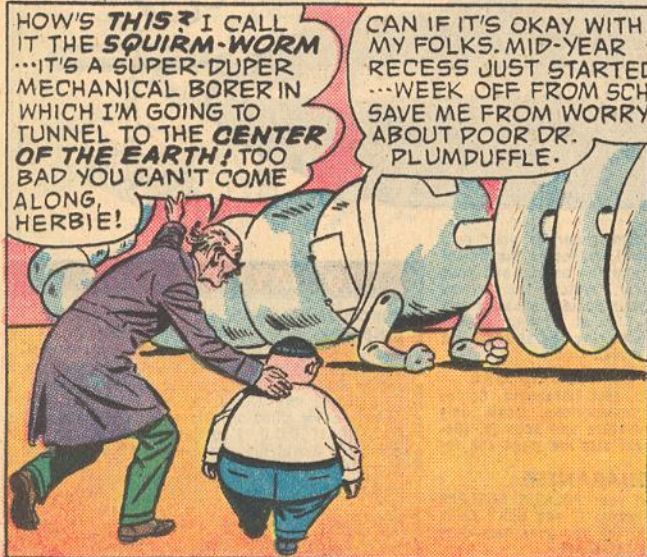


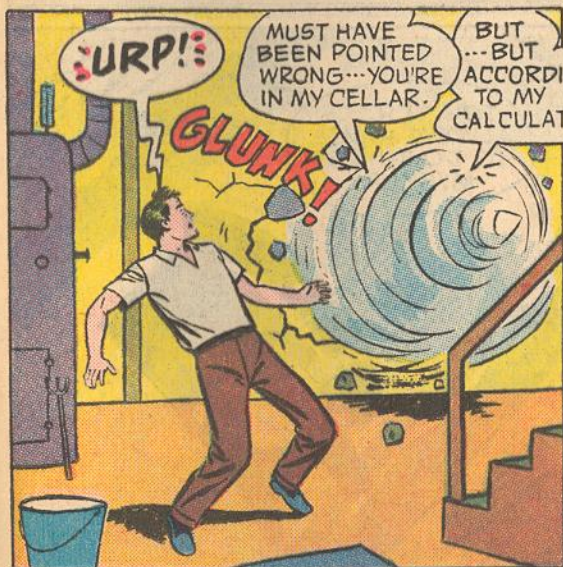
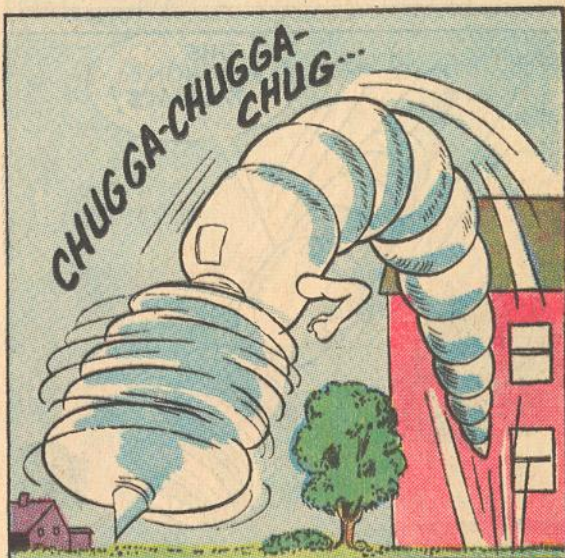
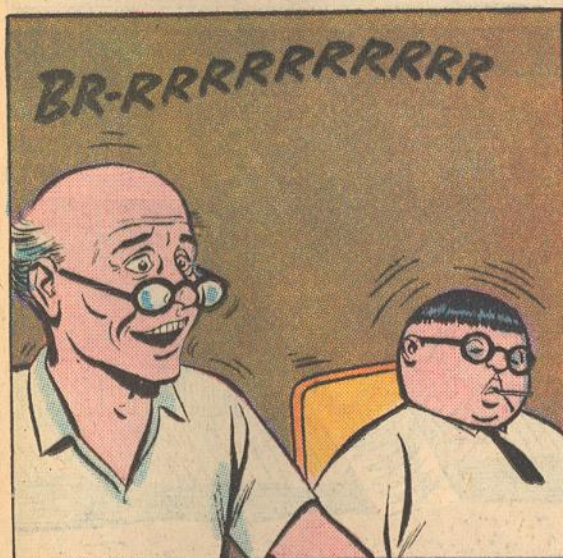
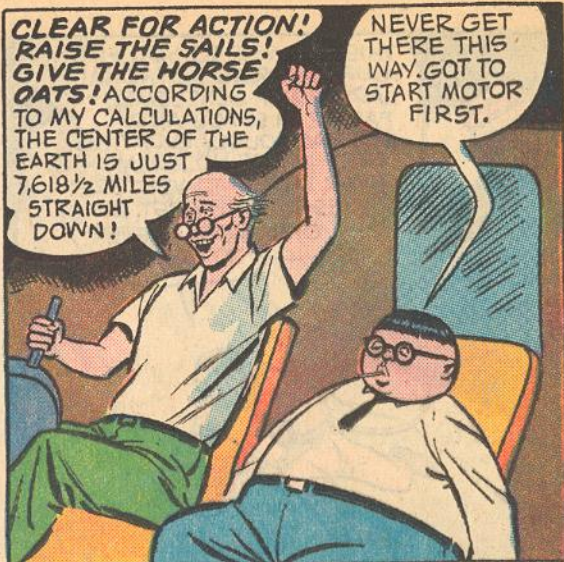
HOW'S **THIS?** I CALL IT THE **SQUIRM-WORM**...IT'S A SUPER-DUPER MECHANICAL BORER IN WHICH I'M GOING TO TUNNEL TO THE **CENTER OF THE EARTH!** TOO BAD YOU CAN'T COME ALONG, HERBIE!

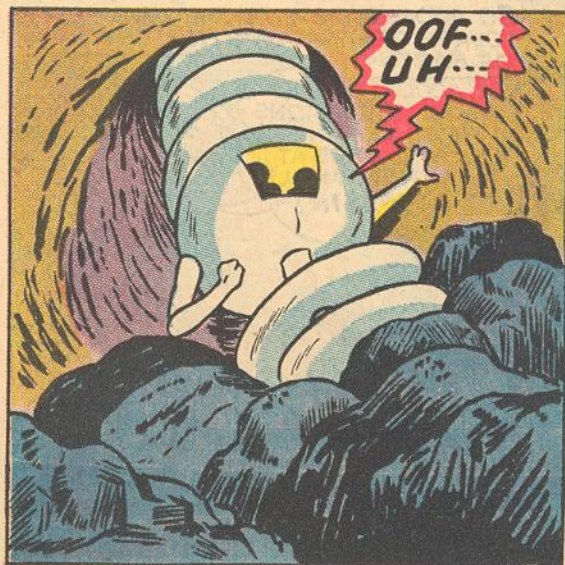
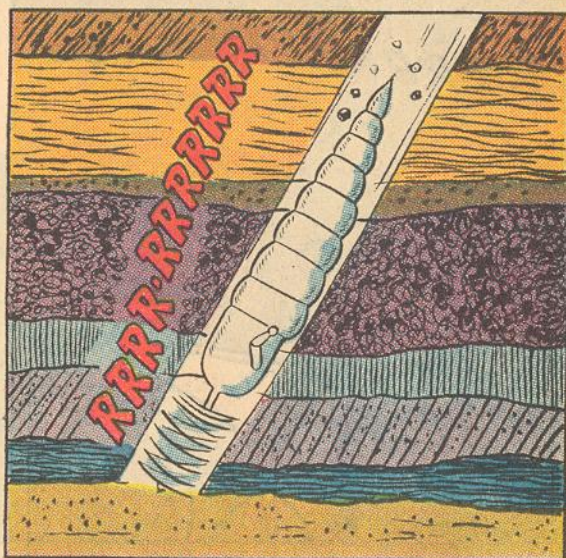
CAN IF IT'S OKAY WITH MY FOLKS. MID-YEAR RECESS JUST STARTED...WEEK OFF FROM SCHOOL SAVE ME FROM WORRYING ABOUT POOR DR. PLUMPUFFLE.

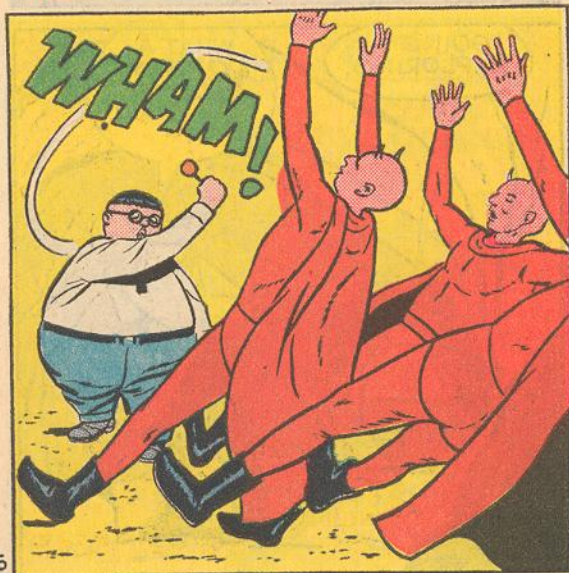
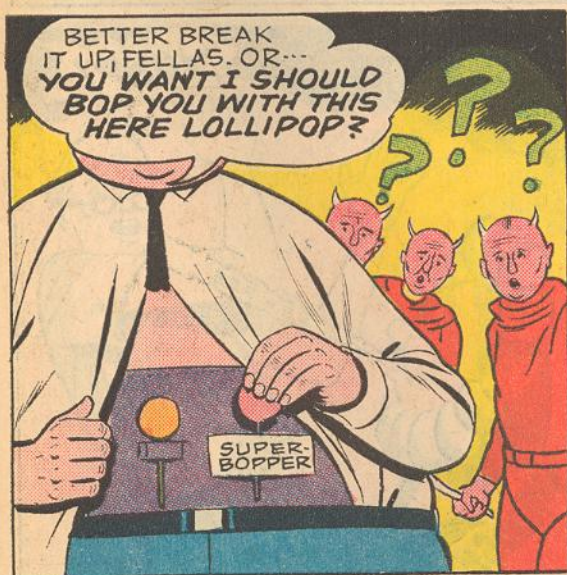
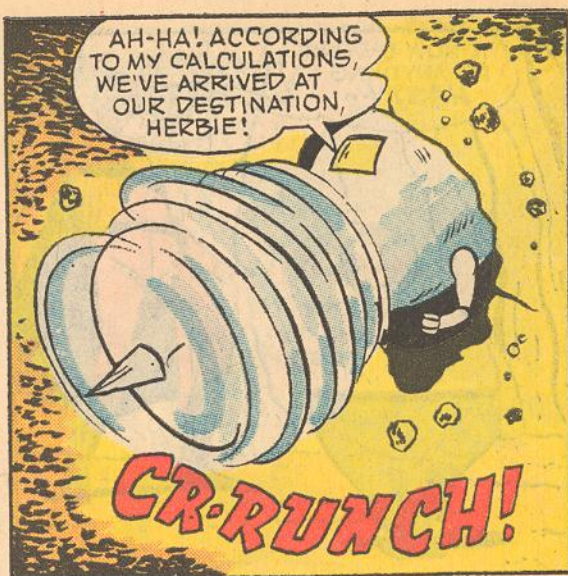
GOT WEEK OFF. OKAY IF I GO TO CENTER OF...

DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY YOU WANTED TO GO SOMEWHERE **AWAY** FROM HERE FOR A WEEK? YES, **YES...** BEFORE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND! GO **AHEAD! GO NOW!**



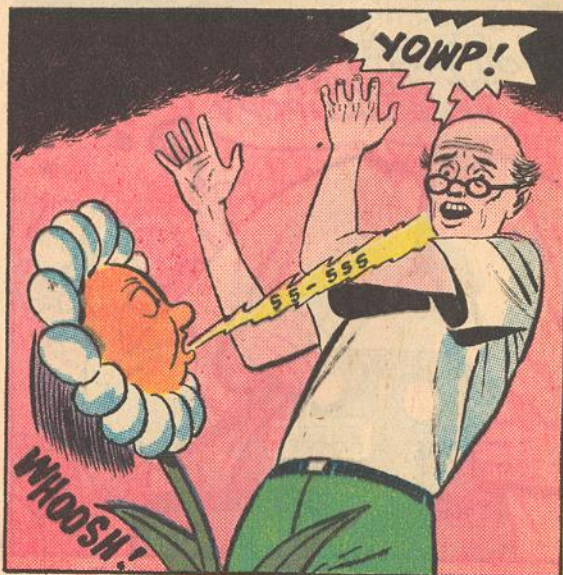
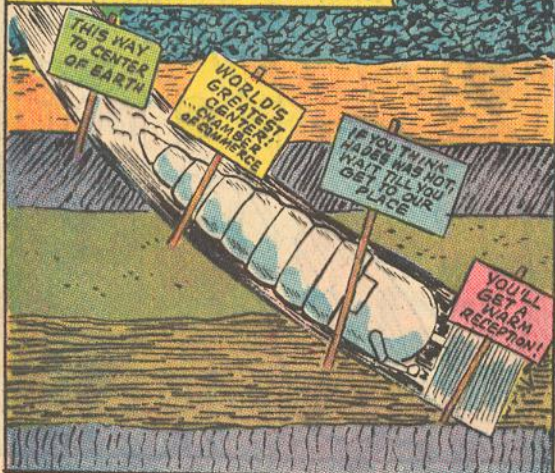


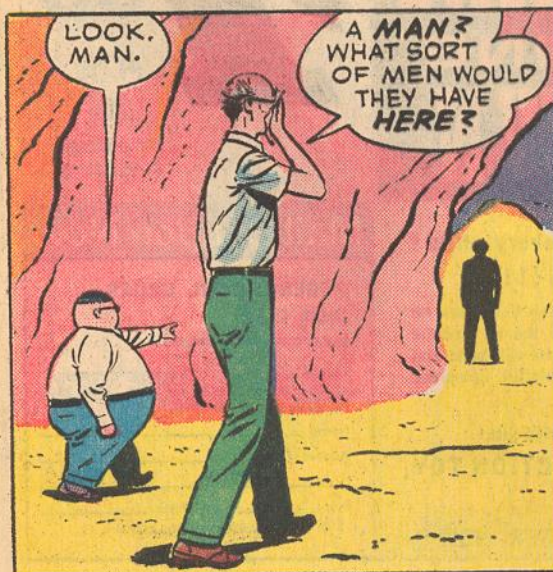






NOBODY DARED STOP THEM AS THEY LEFT AND CONTINUED THEIR JOURNEY. DESTINATION ... CENTER OF THE EARTH!





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