

NO 21
OCT.-NOV.

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...



IND.



HERBIE

12¢

TCH, TCH.
HOW DO I GET
OUT OF *THIS*
ONE?

**LAFFS
UNLIMITED!**
The PLUMP LUMP
in "YAY, TEAM!"
HERBIE, in
"A VIKING to your
LIKING!"

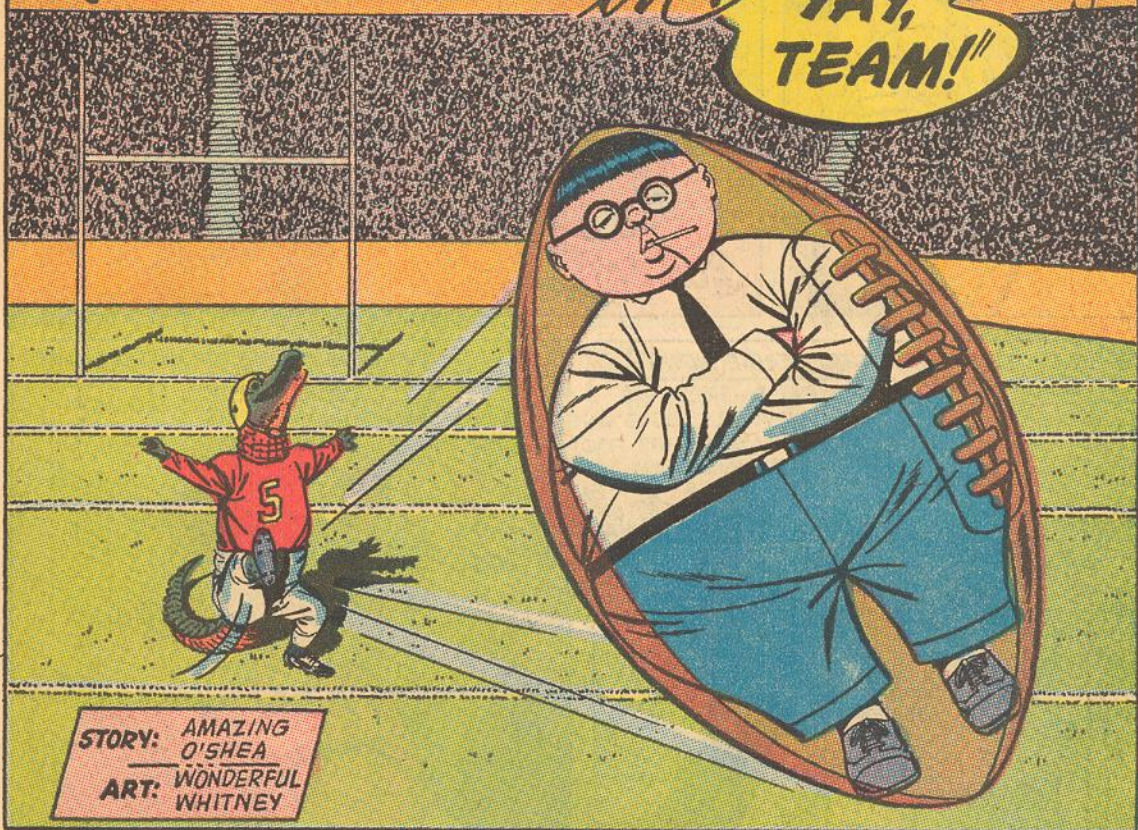


GODEN
WHITNEY

HERO... DICTIONARY DEFINITION, ANY PERSON RASH ENOUGH TO READ **HERBIE** AND NOT LAUGH HIS HEAD OFF! DON'T BE **THAT** SORT OF IDIOT, JACK. IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ALL YOUR TEETH AND VALUE YOUR BONES, SETTLE BACK FOR A **REAL** FUNFEST, IT'S

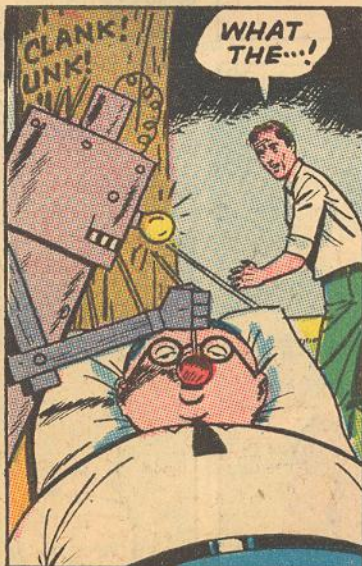
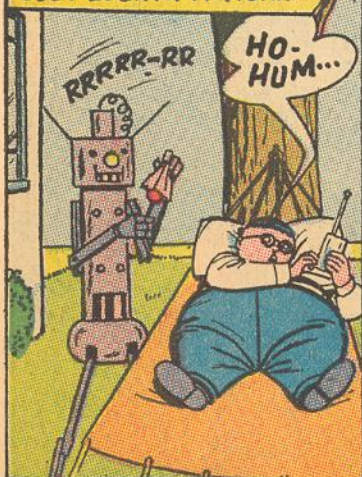
The **PLUMP LUMP**,

in "YAY, TEAM!"



STORY: AMAZING O'SHEA
ART: WONDERFUL WHITNEY

HERE'S HERBIE, WHO'S INVENTED A MACHINE. JUST LOOK AT IT WORK---



---AND NOW, BY GEORGE, THAT LITTLE FAT NOTHING HAS BUILT HIMSELF A **LOLLIPOP-FEEDING MACHINE**: OTHER PEOPLE HAVE SONS WHO DO THINGS---GREAT THINGS, THINGS THAT MAKE A FATHER **PROUD**---



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. 21, Oct-Nov, 1966.



...LIKE GOING OUT FOR **FOOT-BALL!** YESSIR...RUNNING DOWN THE FIELD, ELUDING THE OPPOSITION...STRAIGHT-ARMING ONE MAN, THEN ANOTHER...

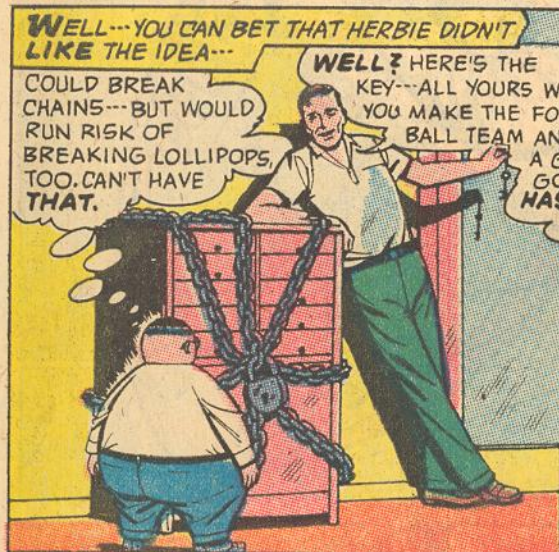


THE GOAL LINE REELS CLOSE...THE CROWD GOES WILD AND...**OOPS!**

OH-HH!
MY B-BEST VASE!



IT...IT WOULD BE WORTH IT IF ONLY I COULD SEE MY SON MAKING THE FOOT-BALL TEAM...BUT HOW COULD I EVEN MAKE HIM TRY OUT?...**WAIT!** I'VE GOT AN **IDEA!**



WELL...YOU CAN BET THAT HERBIE DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA...

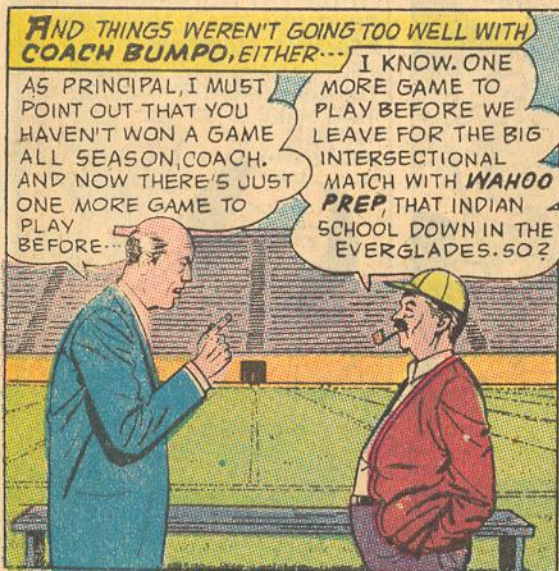
COULD BREAK CHAINS...BUT WOULD RUN RISK OF BREAKING LOLLIPOPS, TOO. CAN'T HAVE THAT.

WELL? HERE'S THE

KEY--ALL YOURS WHEN YOU MAKE THE FOOT-BALL TEAM AND WIN A GAME FOR GOOD OLD **HASSENPFEFFER HIGH!**



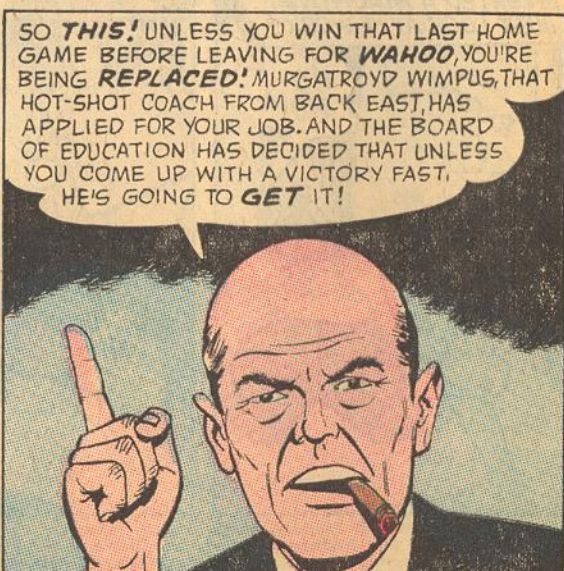
WINNING A GAME FOR HASSENPFEFFER WAS NO CINCH. FRANKLY, THE TEAM WAS LOUSY...



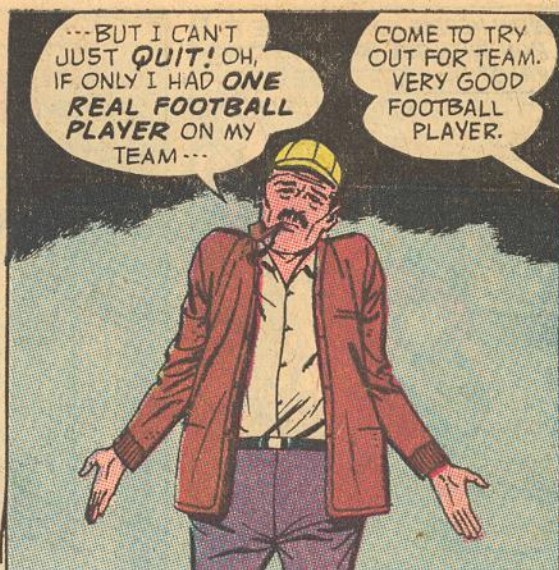
AND THINGS WEREN'T GOING TOO WELL WITH COACH BUMPO, EITHER...

AS PRINCIPAL, I MUST POINT OUT THAT YOU HAVEN'T WON A GAME ALL SEASON, COACH. AND NOW THERE'S JUST ONE MORE GAME TO PLAY BEFORE...

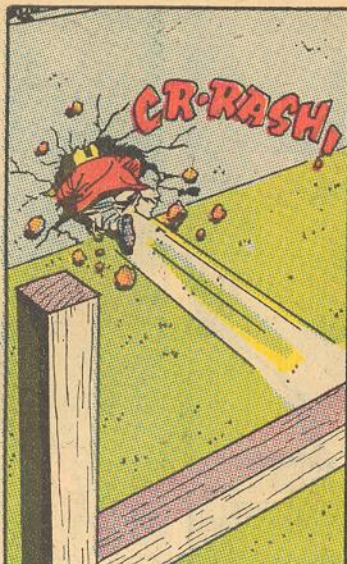
I KNOW. ONE MORE GAME TO PLAY BEFORE WE LEAVE FOR THE BIG INTERSECTIONAL MATCH WITH **WAHOO PREP**, THAT INDIAN SCHOOL DOWN IN THE EVERGLADES. SO?



SO **THIS!** UNLESS YOU WIN THAT LAST HOME GAME BEFORE LEAVING FOR **WAHOO**, YOU'RE BEING **REPLACED!** MURGATROYD WIMPUS, THAT HOT-SHOT COACH FROM BACK EAST, HAS APPLIED FOR YOUR JOB. AND THE BOARD OF EDUCATION HAS DECIDED THAT UNLESS YOU COME UP WITH A VICTORY FAST, HE'S GOING TO **GET IT!**



NOW HERBIE GOT A CHANCE TO RUN WITH THE BALL IN PRACTICE---



BUT THERE WAS A WITNESS TO ALL THIS---MURCATROYD WIMPUS---

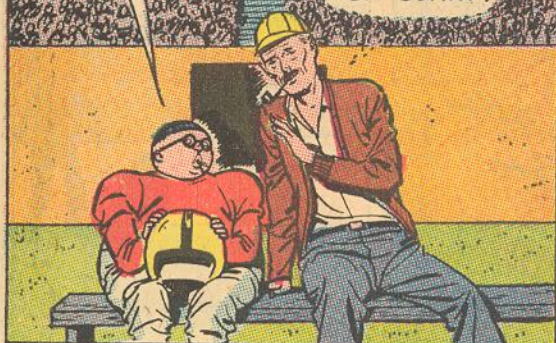
ASSORTED CURSES... IF THAT PLUMP LUMP GETS TO PLAY IN NEXT SATURDAY'S GAME, HE'S A CINCCH TO WIN IT! THAT MEANS THAT COACH BUMPO WILL KEEP HIS JOB---AND I WON'T GET TO TAKE OVER! I'VE GOT TO FIX THINGS!



SATURDAY---

SECOND HALF ALREADY. HOW COME YOU HAVEN'T PUT ME IN GAME YET...?

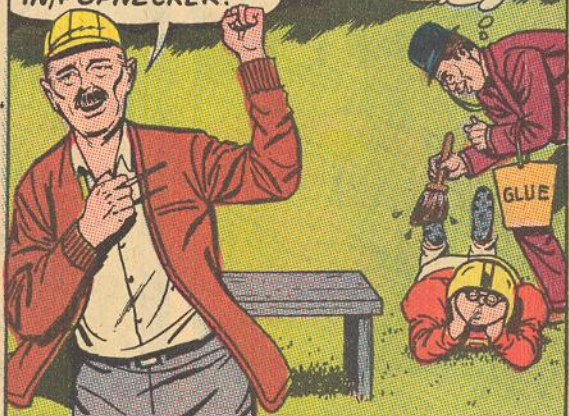
THE OTHER TEAM'S LEADING 3-0---I'M JUST WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO SCORE, THEN IN YOU GO! I'M SAVING YOU AS A **SURPRISE**---TO CATCH OUR OPPONENTS OFF GUARD!



EEE-YOWW...

THEY FUMBLER AND WE RECOVERED ON THEIR 20-YARD LINE! **GO AHEAD IN, POPNECKER!**

SURE, GO AHEAD---BUT YOU WON'T GO VERY FAR!



HURRAH! IT'S OUR BOY, GOING INTO THE GAME, MOM! NOW WE'LL SEE SOMETHING, BY GEORGE! JUST WATCH!



GOT IT. CLEAR FIELD. CAN RUN FOR TOUCHDOWN, WIN GAME.

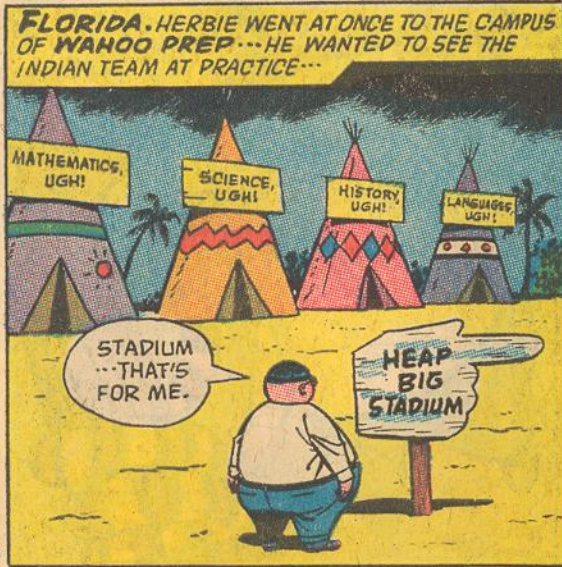
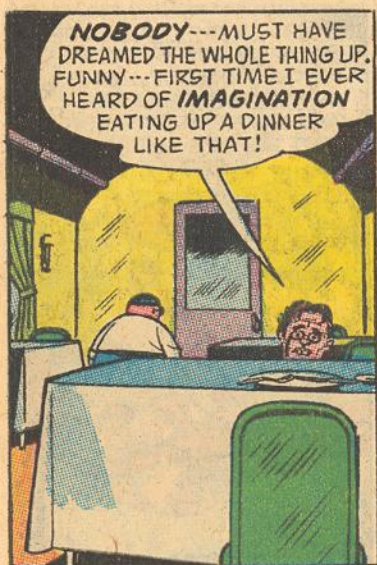


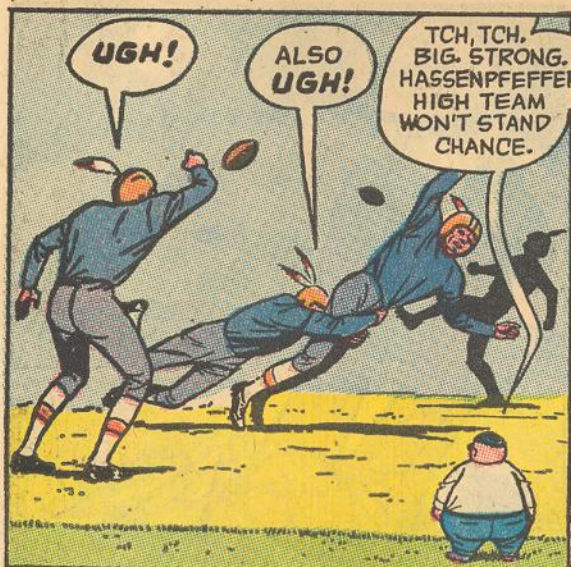
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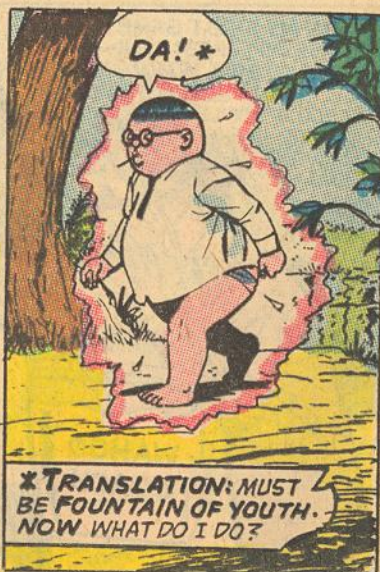
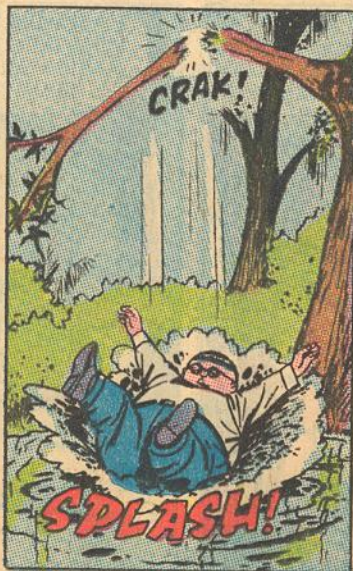
SO COACH BUMPO WAS OUT AND MURGATROYD WIMPUS TOOK OVER AS NEW COACH! AND NOW THE TEAM ENTRAINED--DESTINATION, FLORIDA--AND THE BIG FINAL INTERSECTIONAL GAME WITH WAHOO PREP!

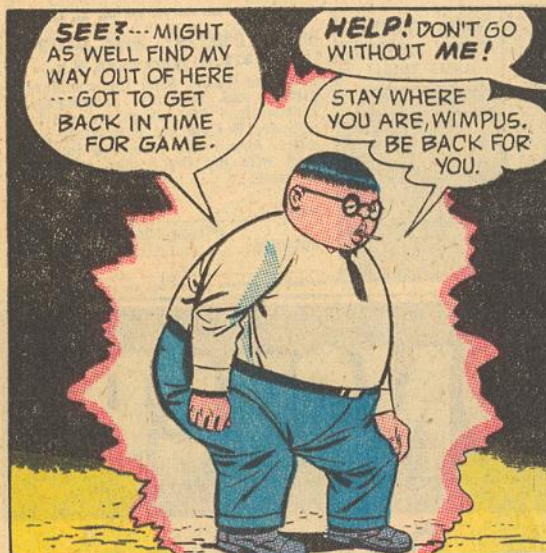
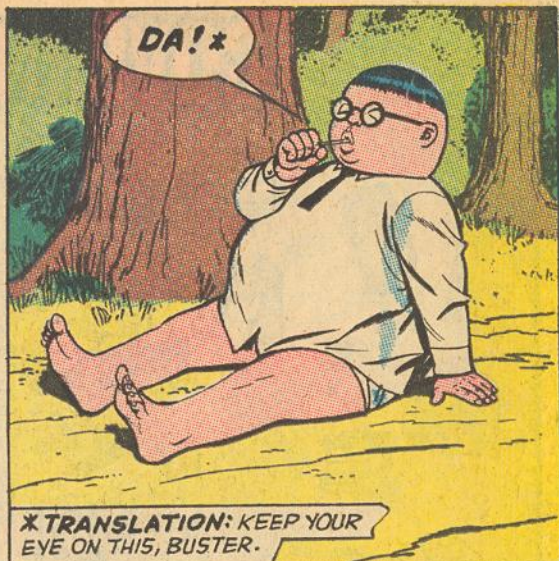
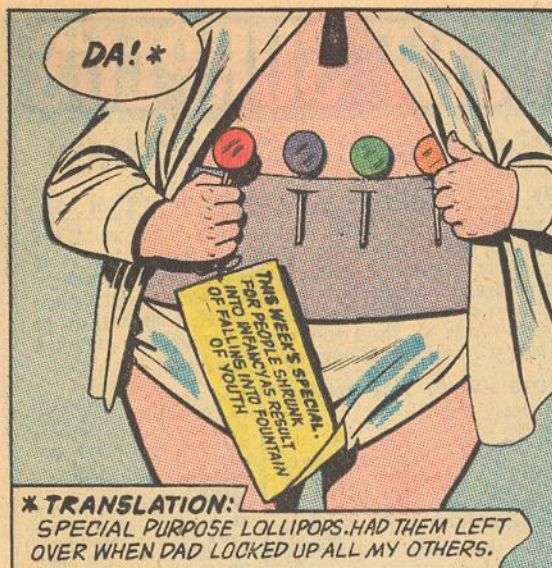




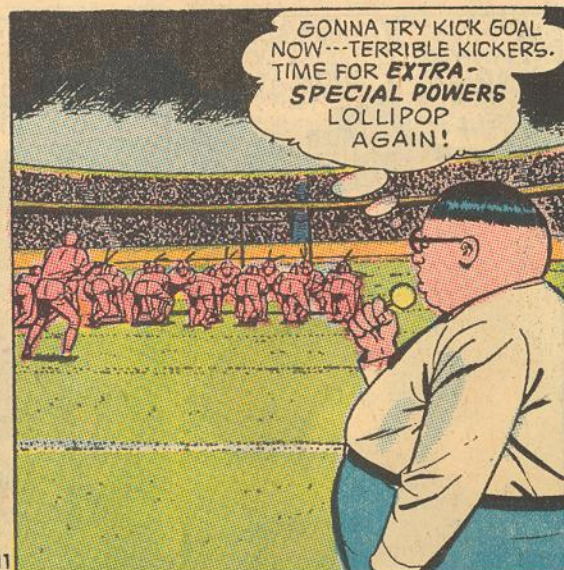
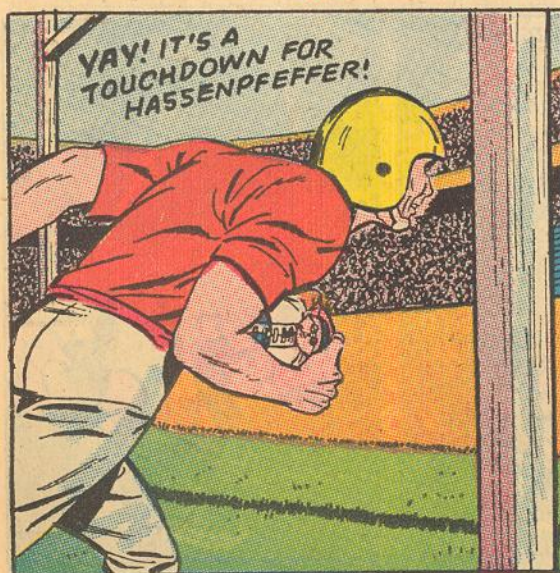
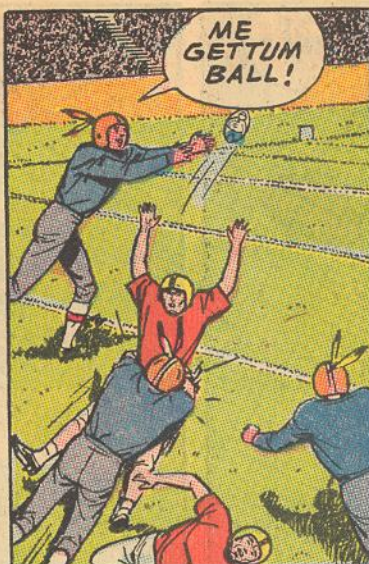
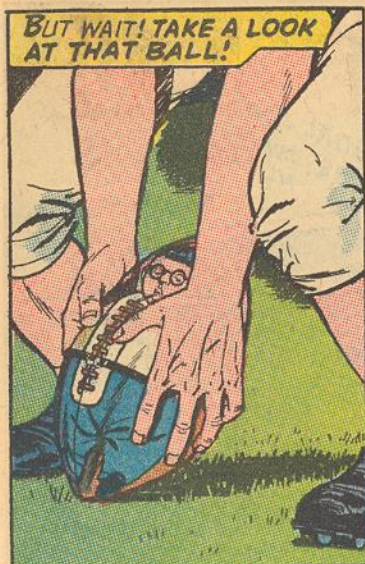


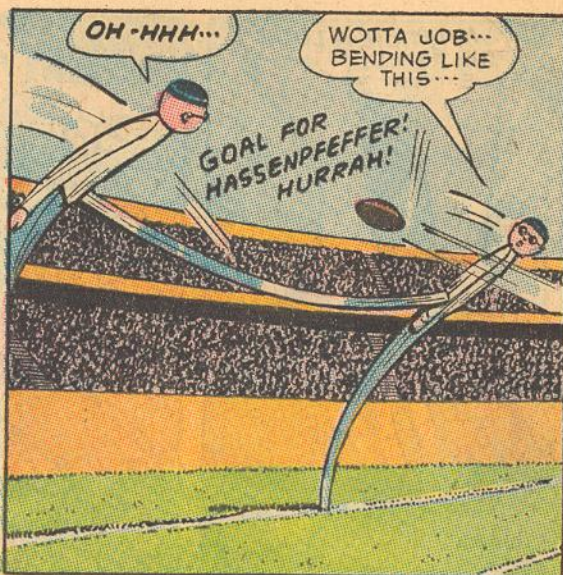
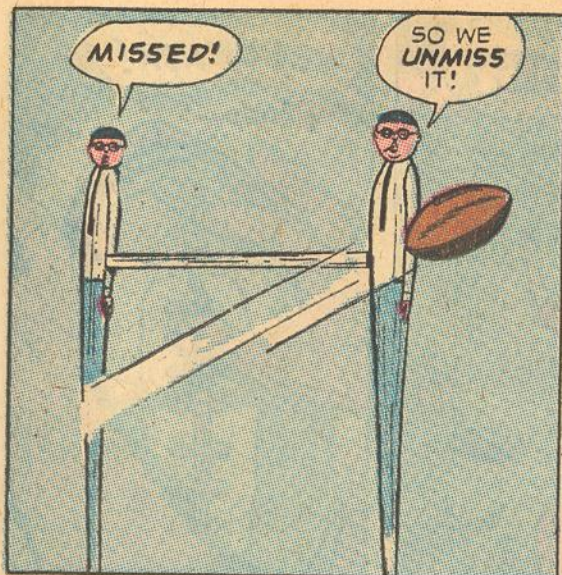






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HAW-HAW... TOOK THE BALL RIGHT AWAY FROM 'EM AND WE'RE GOIN' FOR A TOUCHDOWN!

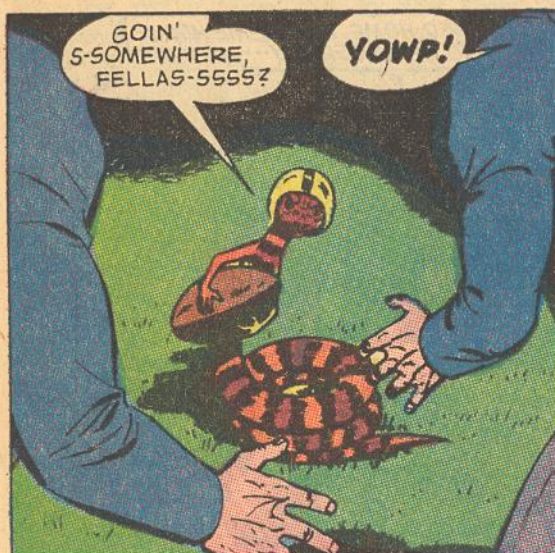
POW!

BAM!



BUT WAHOO WAS STILL FULL OF FIGHT--

WE GETTUM, BRAVES!



GOIN' S-SOMEWHERE, FELLAS-S555?

YOWP!

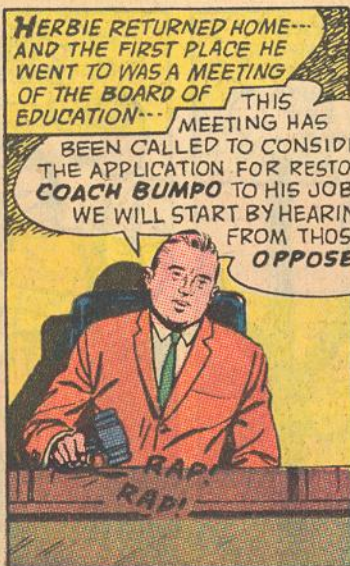


WELL, I AM!



AND THAT'S HOW THE GAME WENT, UNTIL...

HASSENPFEFFER WINS!



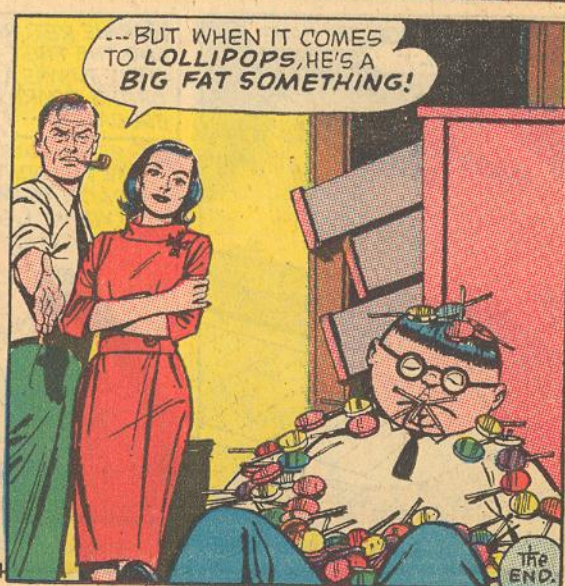
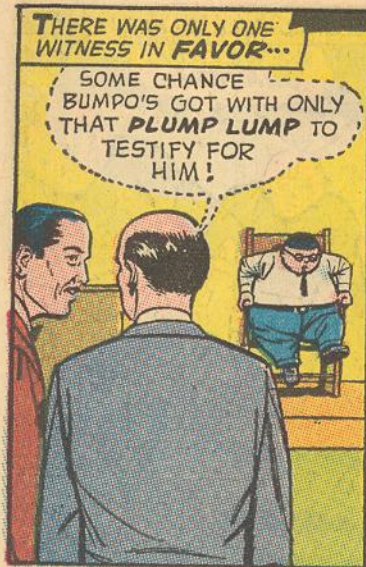
HERBIE RETURNED HOME... AND THE FIRST PLACE HE WENT TO WAS A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION... THIS MEETING HAS BEEN CALLED TO CONSIDER THE APPLICATION FOR RESTORING COACH BUMPO TO HIS JOB! WE WILL START BY HEARING FROM THOSE OPPOSED...



WE NEED A MODERN FOOTBALL MAN... BUMPO IS OLD HAT!

WITH BUMPO, EVERY YEAR IS A LOSING YEAR!

HE NEVER WON A GAME UNTIL THIS ONE WITH WAHOO PREP!





HERE'S HERBIE!



BIG FAT NEWS!

There's nothing the great *Herbie* can't do, right? *Wrong!* He can't do real magic-type *magic*—at least not until "*Herbie*" No. 22, our December-January issue! Featuring the famous *Fat Fury* in "*Just Like Magic!*" All we can say is "*Allega-Poop!*"—and you're dumb like a dope if you miss it! On the newsstands about the middle of October and it will be a great, giggly day in your life!

Read what it says up above? Read again, or will feel compelled to fracture you. Buy issue, or just may tear you to pieces. Now to other things. Have been accused of being too soft on readers. Plead guilty. Am loving, sentimental type. Doubt it and probably lose teeth. Want to be loved in return or will cut loose with contusions and lacerations. Also want letters from all fans expressing opinion my stories. This issue, want letters from every fan telling how great "*Viking To Your Liking*" was. Also, admiring comment on other masterpiece, "*Yay, Team!*" That's all. Nothing to be ashamed of in truth. Address letters to "*Herbie*", 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

"Dear Herbie:-

Love your comics. Lotsa laffs . . . 675,786,879,-387,000,999 every page. Talent, but watch it . . . might die laughing, police arrest you for murder. Should come out weekly. Should be on television . . . probably get top ratings. Should send you to Vietnam, clear up things fast. Never missed issue, read each one 34,568,908 times, give or take a few. Fan. P.S.: Hope price of lollipops doesn't go up.

—Ken (The Killer) Miller,
20041 Hubbell, Detroit 35, Michigan."

Don't have to take this from you, Ken (The Killer) Miller. Obviously, don't like my book as much as deserves. Won't stand for being downgraded. Am known myself as Miller-Killer from way back. Heading for 20041 Hubbell, Detroit, set for lolly-bopping.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I am in such a rush to get a subscription to your magazine that I couldn't even find an extra penny

(boy, what happens to my money I'll never know!) for a lollipop. However, I managed to scrape up \$1.44 for a subscription for yours truly!

—Larry Kavert, 725 W. Columbia St.,
Long Beach, Calif. 90806."

Nice type, Larry. Smart. Recognizes subscription worth more than riches. Also best insurance against broken bones. Get next 12 glorious issues. Envy you your good luck, great fortune, happiness.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I would have written to the editor, but I didn't want him (or me either, for that matter) to get bopped. In the story '*Beware Of The B-Bomb, Buster*', when Agent X-413-1/3 shot at you, the bullets bounced off. Don't tell me you're coated with Jet-Age plastic either, because even with all that fat, the bullets couldn't bounce off!

—Robert (Butch) W. Pugh III,
Route 1, Myrtle St., Crozet, Va."

You doubt me, Robert Butch? Sure bullets bounce off me, because am thoroughly repulsive type. Repulsive, fat, handsome. Doubt me, something sure to bounce off you, too. Me.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I think you're the most magnificent, superb, stupendous comic character there is. In school, I'm the greatest drawer and that's why I drew a picture of you. Hey, Herbie, tell Shane O'Shea and Ogden Whitney that they should publish a 25c issue. 'Cause you're the greatest comic character I've ever seen. Your friend and fan—

—Carmelo Bevacqua, 633 Tatlow Street,
Prince Rupert, B.C., Canada."

25c issue too cheap. Considering coming out with hundred dollar issue. That way, will only sell 416 trillion copies and leave enough paper available to publish few daily newspapers. Proves what fine, generous, fat type I am.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Like all your comics, think they're great. Like *Fat Fury*. Him honorable slob. Should print 'Herbie' twice day. Am brushing up on 'Herbie' language. Soon everybody speak.

Alan A. Sirvent, 20 Jefferson St.,
Brooklyn, New York."

Not honorable slob. Honorable fat slob . . . might as well be right about these things. "Herbie" language very fine. Considering making it world-wide, compulsory.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I'm writing to let you know that your comic is one of the few that my husband and I read and enjoy. I've been trying to get all your books to send to my husband in Viet Nam. The other boys there like your books too! So when my husband reads them, he passes them around. Are you going to have a TV show? I think you should be put on TV, because you are a great guy. I take that back—you are a great fat slob! Keep up the good work. Please let me know where to send the money and how much it costs to get your book every issue. Thanks!

—Mrs. Windy Alkire, 1133 Tupelo Street,
New Iberia, Louisiana."

Good lesson to all stupid non-readers—Mr. and Mrs. Alkire not in your group. Know what's good, know what to read. My books now being circulated in Viet Nam . . . beginning of end for Viet Cong. May be on TV soon—keep watching. To receive this magnificent magazine each issue, send \$1.44 for 12-issue subscription, together with address to which should go. Good luck from *Fat Fury*!

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

You are the greatest water rat—I mean *fat* water rat—in the galaxy. I would like to know what kind of nut is Professor Flipdome? Is he a crook? In 'Herbie' No. 4 (way back), in 'Professor Flipdome's Screw Machine', he seems like a

gangster, the way he almost killed you and your father with those giant insects. By the way, you did a splendid job in that story, Herbie! I do wish you would print this letter in 'Here's Herbie', because it represents twelve Herbie fans. If it does go in the column, we will get 6 more Herbie club fans. P.S.: If Flipdome is a phony, pop him for me. P.P.S.: I enclose \$1.44 for a 12-issue subscription to 'Herbie'!

—Michael Schuck, 626 10th Street North,
Moorhead, Minnesota."

Greatest fat water rat . . . how about that. Beginning to get credit due me. Promise will get still rattier and fattier. Professor Flipdome no phony, no gangster. Just dope is all. May pop you instead.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

You have the coldest magazine on the shelves, speaking for my Herbie-hating pals. But I think your mag is tops! One question: is Herbie supposed to have a Beatle-like haircut? If so, it's too short!

—Robert Moore, 5018 Loring Circle,
Lincoln A.F.B., Lincoln, Neb."

Herbie-hating? Impossible. If low individuals of this type exist, are menace to all fine in human race. Me, in other words. Will act with decision. Bop. Bam. Ai-Eeeee. About Beatle-like haircut, perish thought. Own handsome haircut, complete with special Herbie bangs. Very good-looking. Beatles may soon adopt Herbie-like haircut, if know what's romantic and jazzy.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

We think you're the greatest! The only thing wrong is that we've only read one of your magazines. Will you do something for us? The next book you publish, would you have a picture of the *Fat Fury* on it? It will remind us of the world's funniest and greatest person. P.S.: We think you should have a TV show!

Charles & Tommy Middleton,
1047 Lenox Avenue, Mansfield, Ohio."

Want cover picture of "Fat Fury", don't miss next issue—"Herbie" No. 22, on newsstands about middle of October. Fine picture, much handsomer than Mr. America. If you think I'm greatest after reading only one issue, cccn imagine what you'll think when read them all . . . and you'll be right.

HERBIE

"A VIKING
in to your
LIKING!!"

ALL ABOARD, YOU WONDERFUL HERBIE-
FANS! LAFF EXPRESS PULLING OUT ON
TRACK 3, LOADED WITH ROARS, CHUCKLES
AND SHRIEKS! DESTINATION: THE ANCIENT
LAND OF THE VIKINGS AND A GOOD TIME
FOR ALL. SO... TAKE IT AWAY, HERBIE!

STORY:
O'SHEA
ART:
WHITNEY

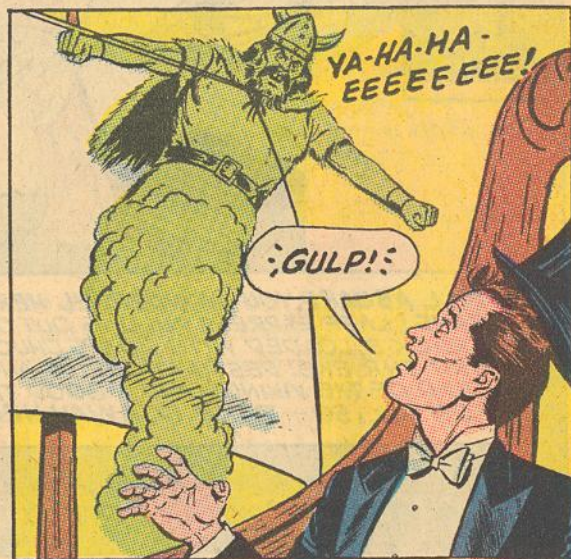
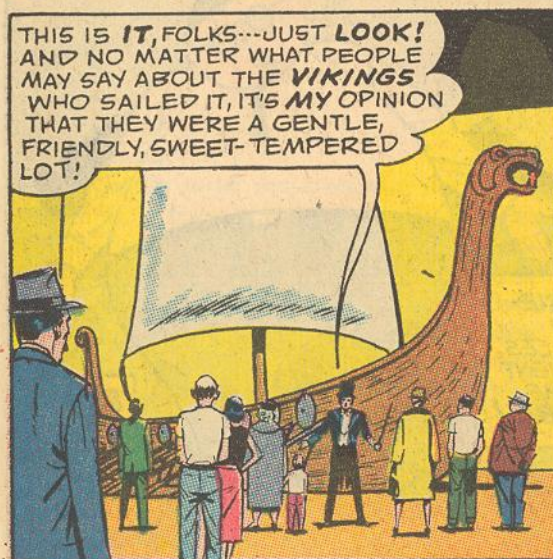
DON'T LOOK NOW... BUT DAD'S IN A
NEW BUSINESS AGAIN!

BUT I'M TELLING YOU, MOM...
THIS IS THE SMARTEST MOVE
I EVER MADE! NOW THAT
AMERICA'S ON WHEELS,
ROADSIDE BUSINESSES
ARE COINING MONEY...
AND WHAT'S MORE
INTERESTING TO FOLKS
THAN A MUSEUM?

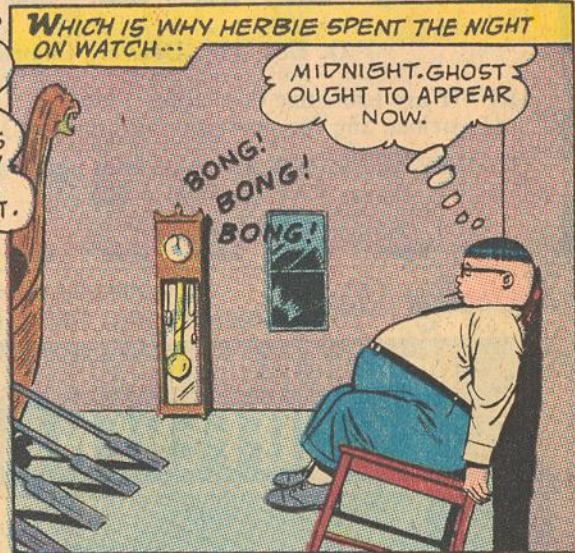
POPNECKER'S
ROADSIDE
MUSEUM

FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE, DAD,
WHAT'S THAT?

LIKE IT, EH? IT'S
A GEN-U-WINE OLD
VIKING SHIP OVER
A THOUSAND YEARS
OLD! GETTING IT WAS A
STROKE OF GENIUS ON
MY PART, EVEN IF IT
DID TAKE MY LAST
CENT!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)





P-PLEASE, **PLEASE** DON'T HURT ME! I'VE **GOTTA** STICK AROUND HERE... I'VE GOTTA HAUNT THIS SHIP BY ANCIENT ORDERS I CAN'T DISOBEY!

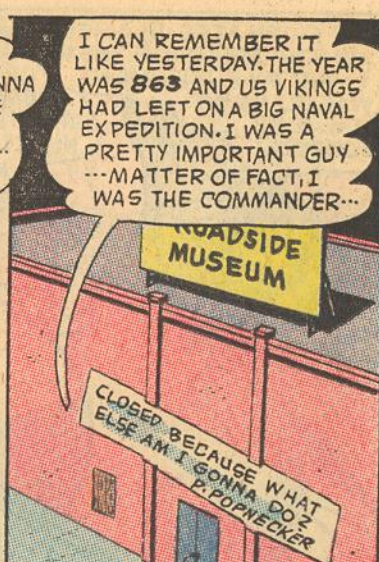
OKAY. TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.



SURE... BUT YOU LOOK KINDA **FAMILIAR**. CAN'T QUITE PLACE YOU, THOUGH... MY EYES AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE.

SURE, SURE. BUT I STILL SAY YOU LOOK **FAMILIAR!**

LISTEN, YOU GONNA TELL ME YOUR STORY... **OR...**



I CAN REMEMBER IT LIKE YESTERDAY. THE YEAR WAS **863** AND US VIKINGS HAD LEFT ON A BIG NAVAL EXPEDITION. I WAS A PRETTY IMPORTANT GUY... MATTER OF FACT, I WAS THE COMMANDER...



CREW TO VIKING COMMANDER **ERIC SHAPIRO!** WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

SAIL STRAIGHT FOR THE ENEMY, WHAT ELSE?



"**AH, YES... WE USED TO HAVE GREAT TIMES IN THOSE DAYS. ON THE WAY TO OUR TARGET, WE STOPPED OFF FOR A LITTLE EXERCISE... BOY, WAS IT FUN!**"

CHOP 'EM, BOP 'EM, RAH, RAH, RAH!



LIKE BOPPING, EH? LIKE ME... KINDRED SOULS. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TURN YOU INTO EARTH-BOUND GHOST?

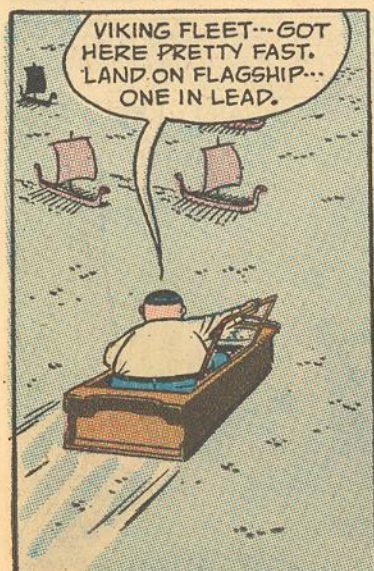
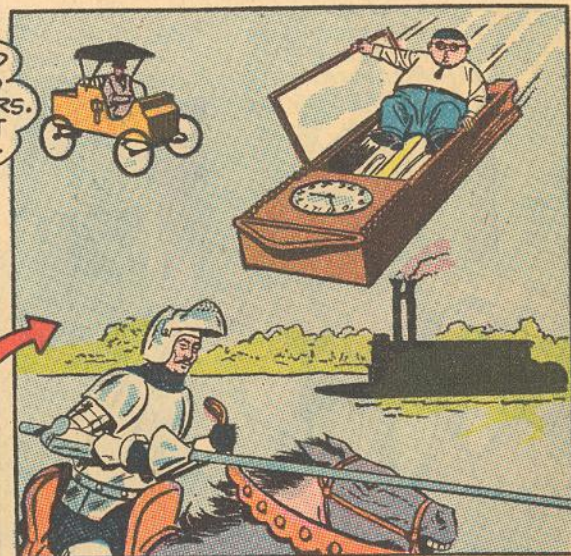
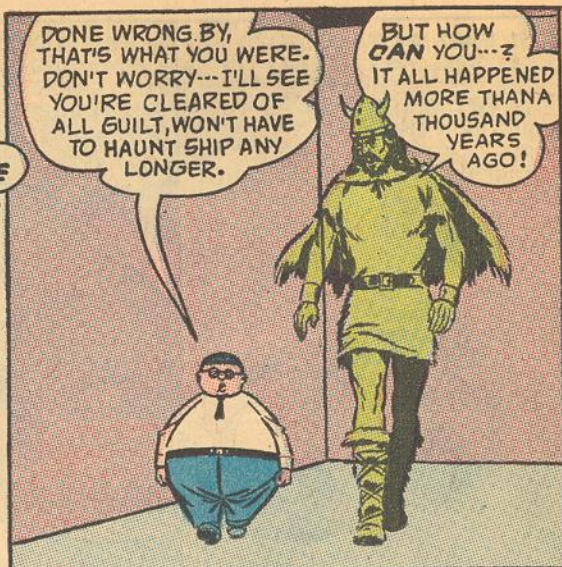
IT'S NOT EASY TO REMEMBER AFTER ALL THESE YEARS. ALL I KNOW IS, I **WAS TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF!**

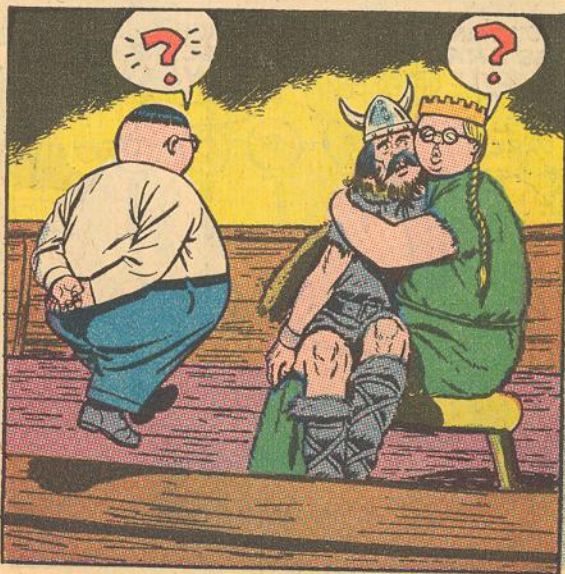
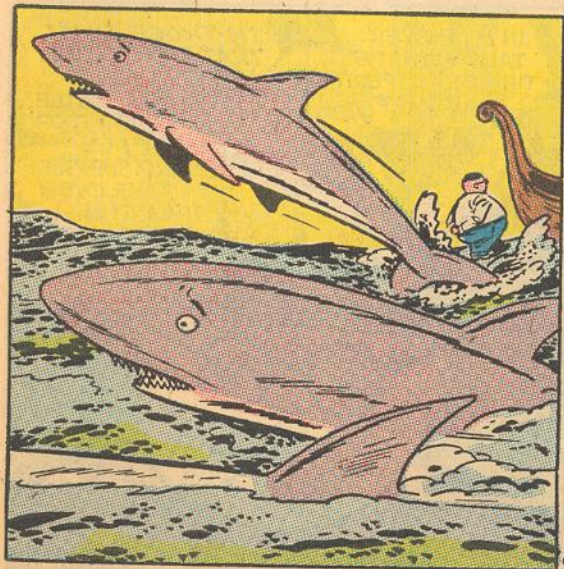
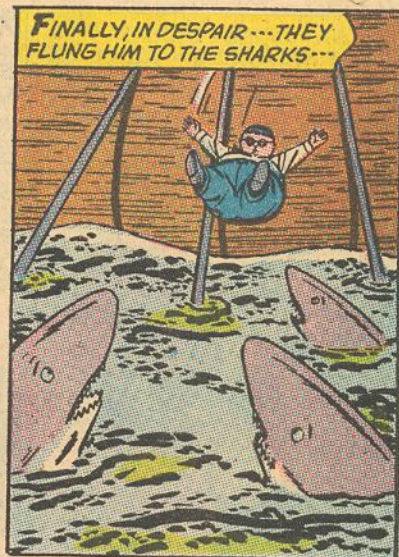
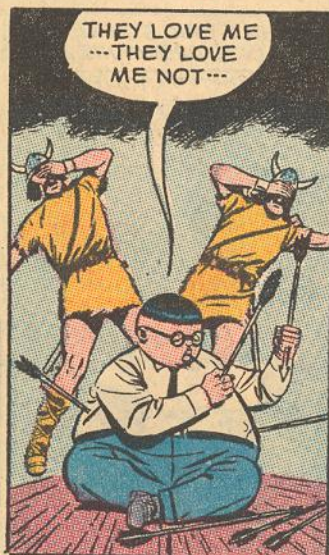
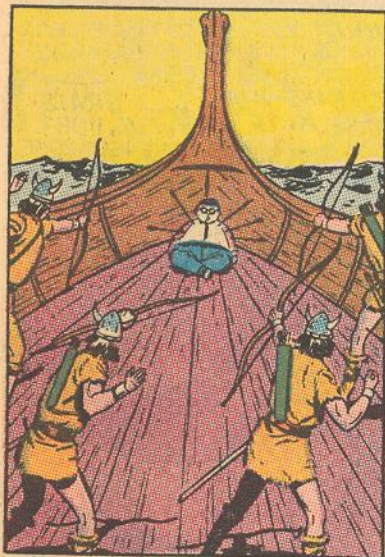
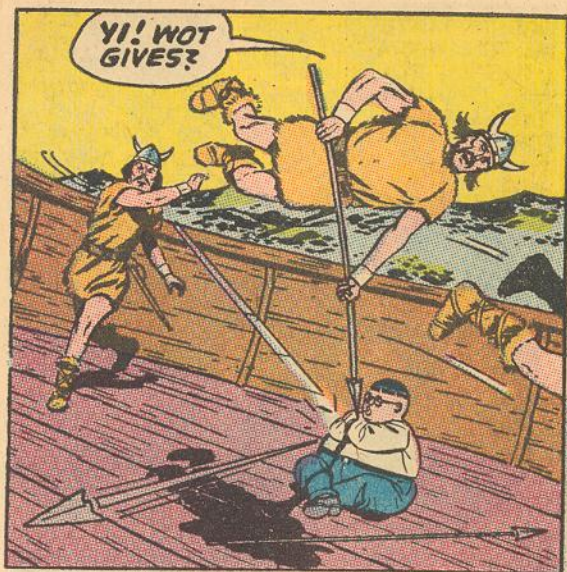


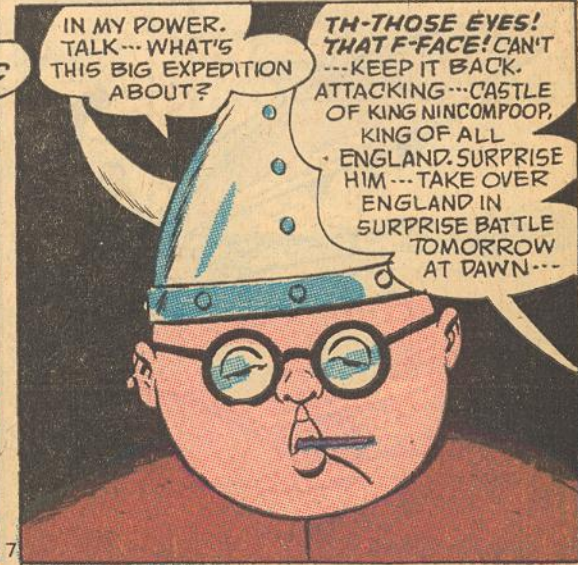
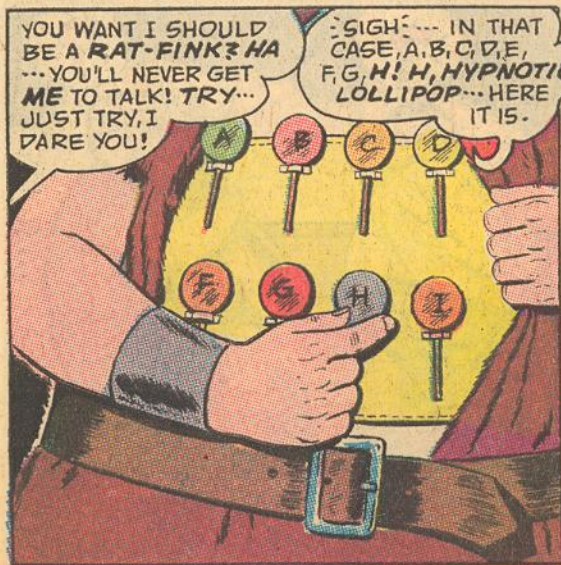
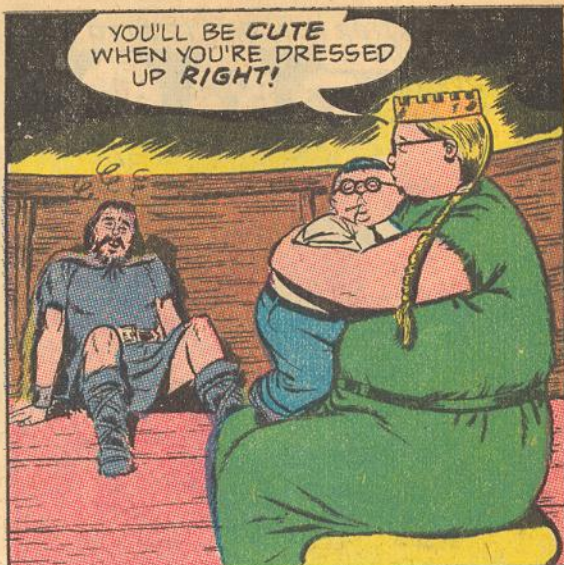
"**I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO DID IT, BUT HE WAS A SMOOTH OPERATOR... HE GOT CONTROL OVER ME...**"

TALK. WHAT'S THIS BIG EXPEDITION ABOUT?

CAN'T... KEEP IT BACK-ATTACKING... CASTLE OF KING...

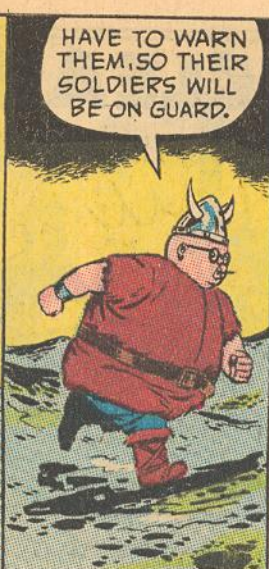




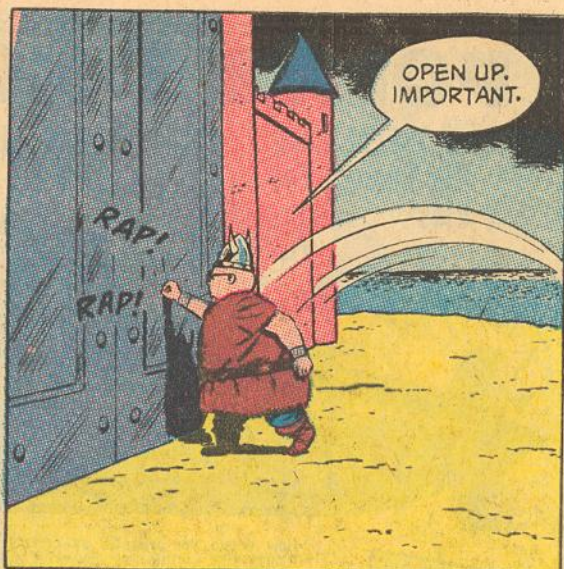




BRITISH OUR ALLIES. CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN.



HAVE TO WARN THEM. SO THEIR SOLDIERS WILL BE ON GUARD.



OPEN UP. IMPORTANT.

RAP!
RAP!



OOF!

BUM
TIDDY-
UM!

GO AWAY, THERE'S NOBODY HERE---ALL MY MEN JUST LEFT ON THEIR VACATION. IT'S PART OF THEIR UNION CONTRACT---3 WEEKS WITH PAY!

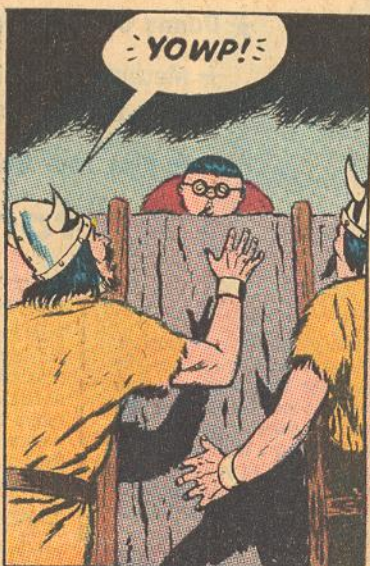
WHAT'S FUNNY-LOOKING STUFF DECORATING THEIR UNIFORMS?

FRINGE BENEFITS!



MEANWHILE, THE FIRST WAVE OF VIKINGS HAD LANDED ---AND WERE USING LADDERS TO SCALE THE CLIFFS---

DOWN WITH KING NINCOMPOOP!



YOWP!



GANGWAY!

ONE SIDE!

H-HELP!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



