

NO 22
DEC.-JAN.

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...



IND.



HERBIE

12¢

ALL-HOWL ISSUE!
The FAT FURY in "JUST LIKE
MAGIC!"... and ALLEGA-POOP
to YOU!

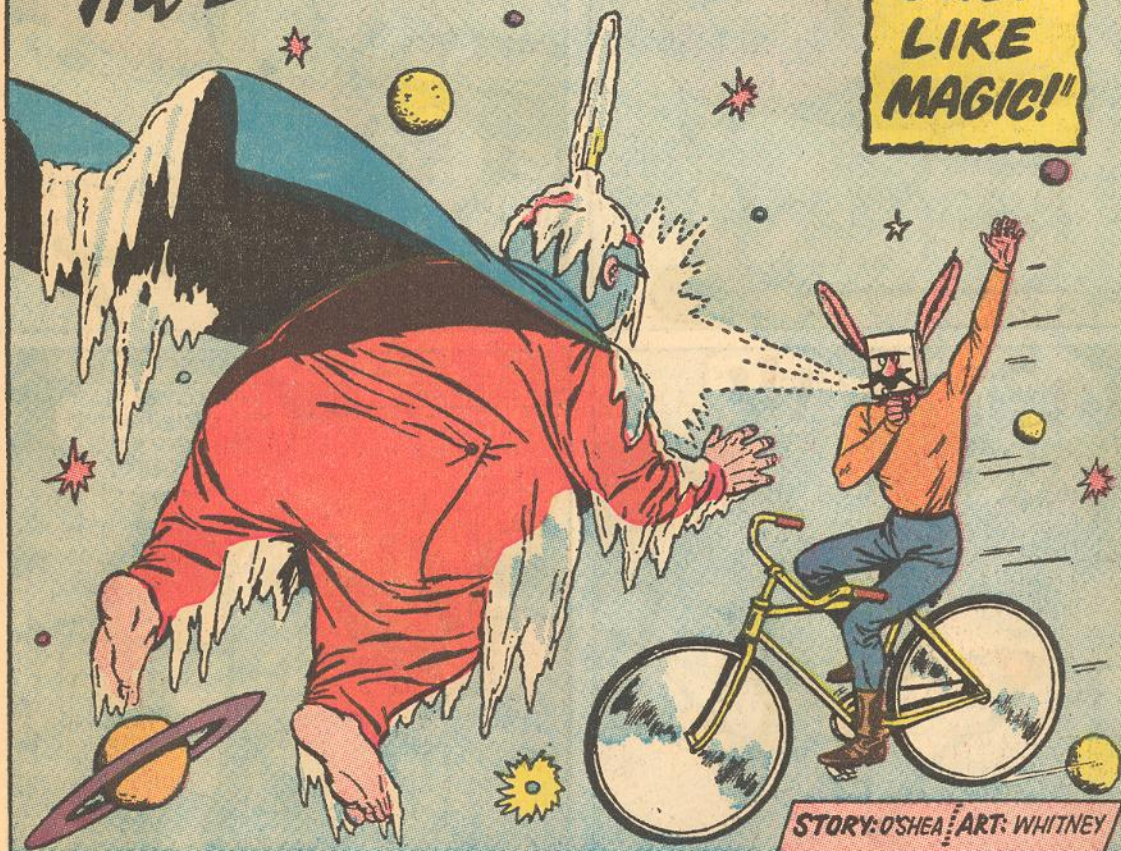
ALLEGA-POOP!



GATHER YE 'ROUND, READERS! YOU'RE GOING TO MEET SOMEBODY NEW, SOMEBODY AMAZING--- BY NAME **MAGICAL MOE!** AND YOU'RE GOING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN **M.M.** MEETS UP WITH THE FIGHTING **FAT FURY**---IN THE DEADLIEST DUEL EVER SEEN IN THE PAST FIVE MINUTES! GET SET FOR---

The **FAT FURY** *in*

**"JUST
LIKE
MAGIC!"**



STORY: O'SHEA ART: WHITNEY

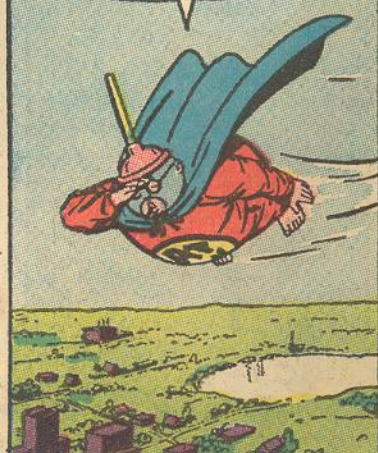
UH-UH. WHEN YOU GET THAT EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE, I KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT.

IT'S THAT SON OF OURS, HERBIE! A LITTLE FAT NOTHING! NEVER DID ANYTHING AND NEVER WILL, BY GEORGE!

BUT WHAT DAD DIDN'T KNOW WAS TAKING PLACE AT THAT VERY MOMENT. FROM THE ROOM ABOVE---

AWAY! AWAY-YYY!

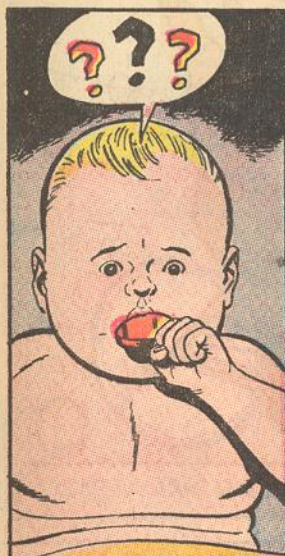
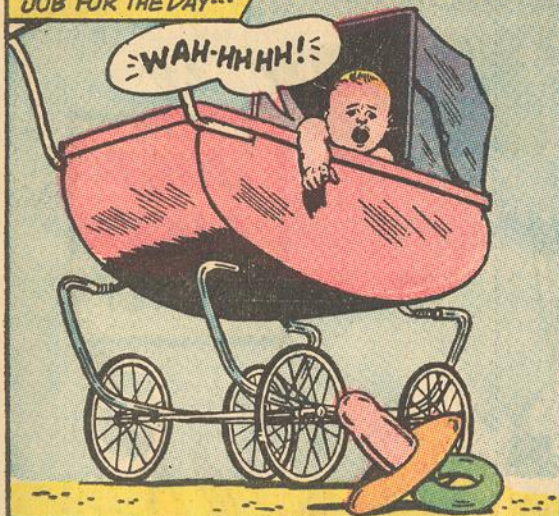
FAT FURY ON REGULAR PATROL. SEE THAT ALL GOES WELL WITH WORLD.

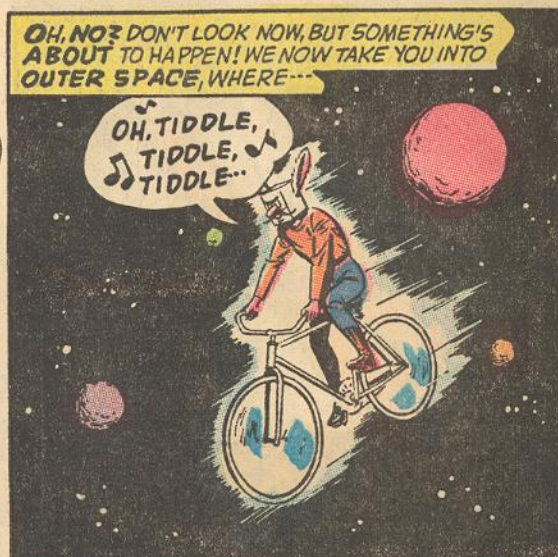


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No. 22, Dec-Jan, 1966.

OH-OH! BELOW WAS HIS FIRST EARTH-SHAKING
JOB FOR THE DAY---



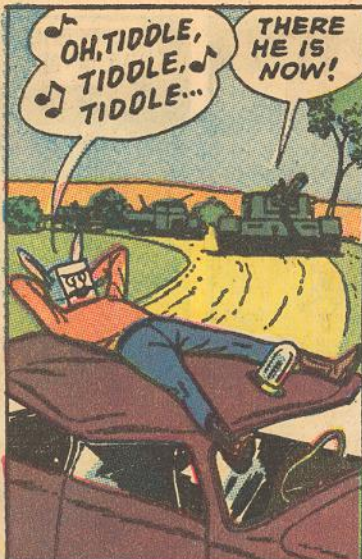


FLASH! AUTHORITIES ARE AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE STRANGE CHARACTER WHO CALLS HIMSELF **MAGICAL MOE** AND SEEMS TO HAVE LANDED OUT OF SPACE ITSELF! ATTEMPTS TO ARREST HIM HAVE BEEN THWARTED BY A STRANGE MAGICAL POWER...BUT NOW AN ARMY DETACHMENT HAS BEEN DISPATCHED WITH ORDERS TO **SEIZE HIM!**



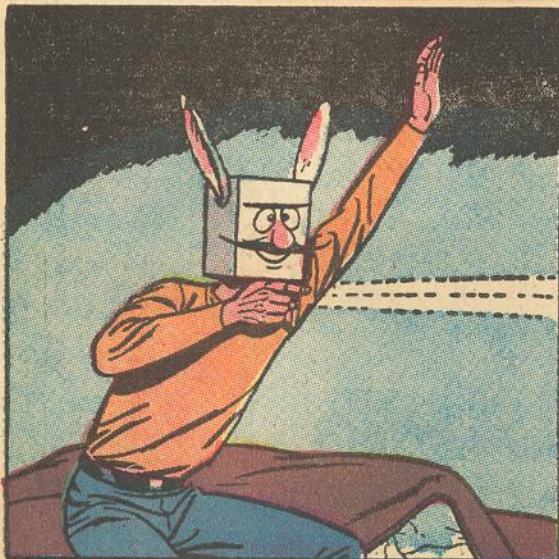
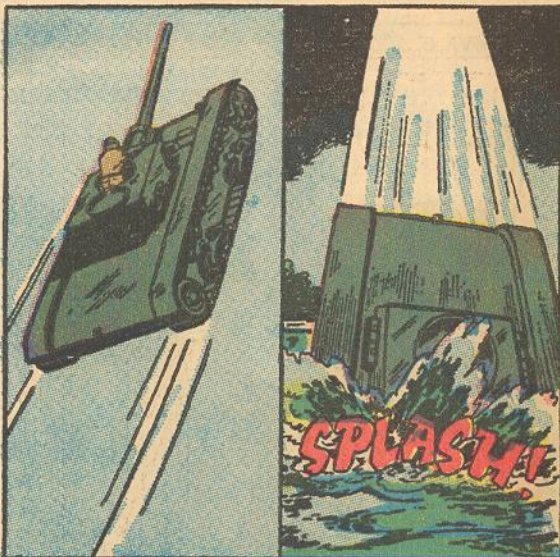
OH, TIDDLE, TIDDLE, TIDDLE...

THERE HE IS NOW!



WE'RE TOO STRONG FOR YOU, MAGICAL MOE...AND WE'RE NOT GOING BACK UNTIL THERE'S A **SURRENDER, SEE?**

HO-HUMMM...

SPLASH!

LIKE I SAID...W-WE'RE NOT GOING BACK UNTIL THERE'S A SURRENDER. SO... **WE SURRENDER!**



THAT'S WHY **MAGICAL MOE** WAS INTERVIEWED BY A CONFERENCE OF WORLD LEADERS...

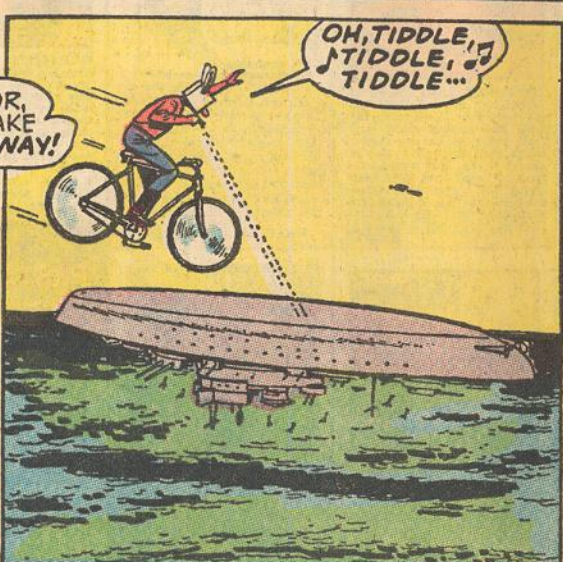
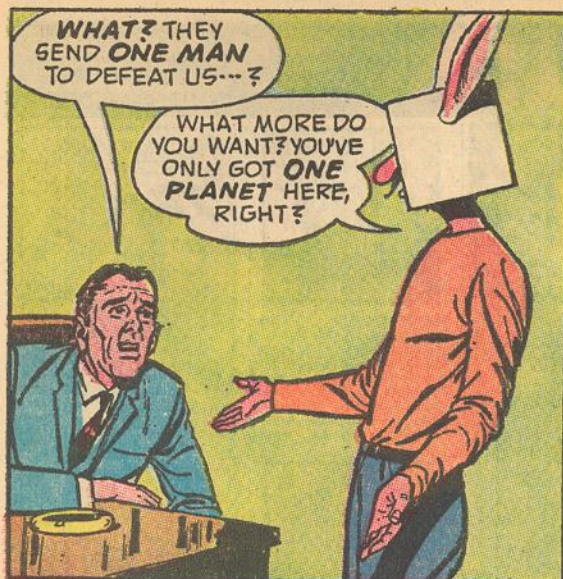
BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHY ARE YOU DOING ALL THIS?

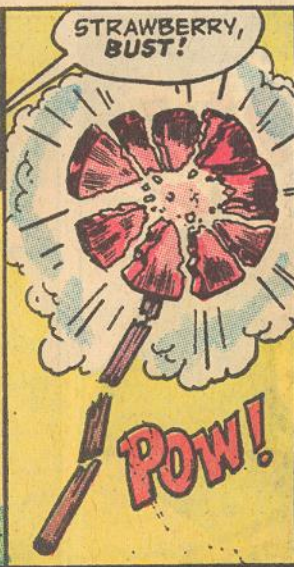
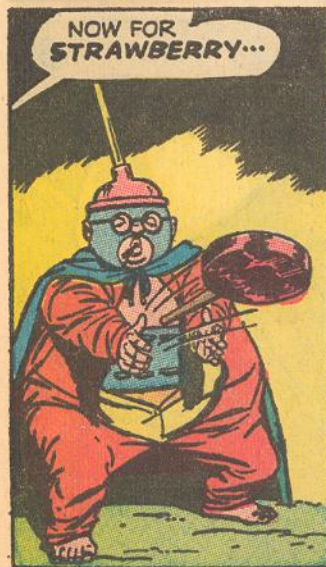
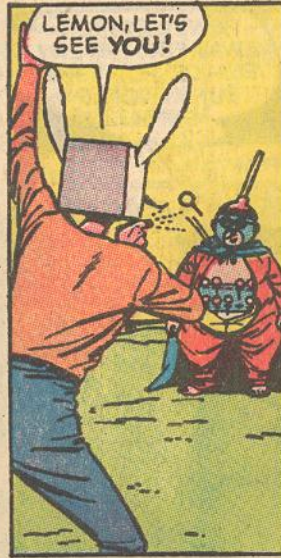
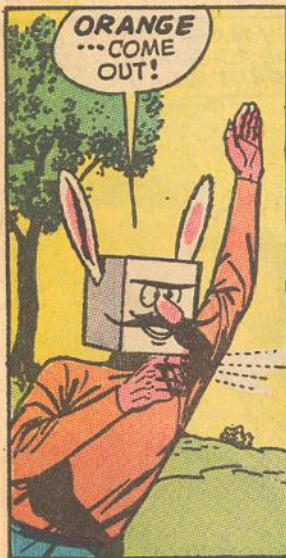
YEAH, WHAT'S BEHIND IT?

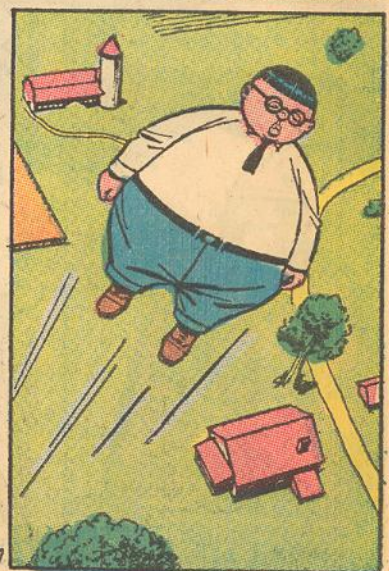
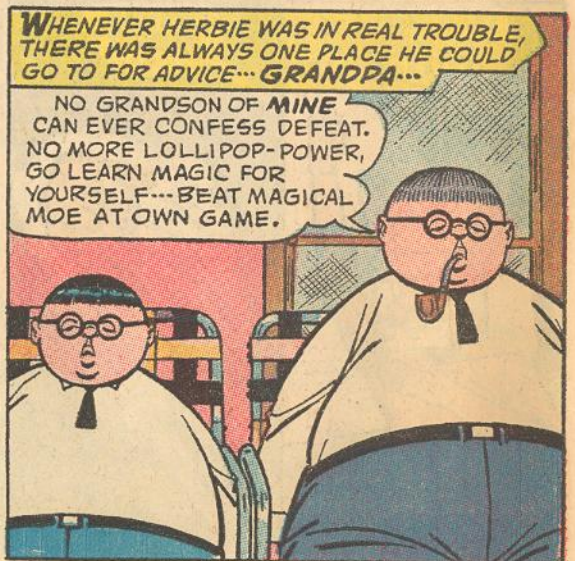
SIMPLE, GENTLEMEN. I'VE BEEN SENT DOWN HERE BY THE PLANET **BIBBLERDORFER** TO SECURE **EARTH'S** SURRENDER...SO **WE CAN TAKE OVER!**

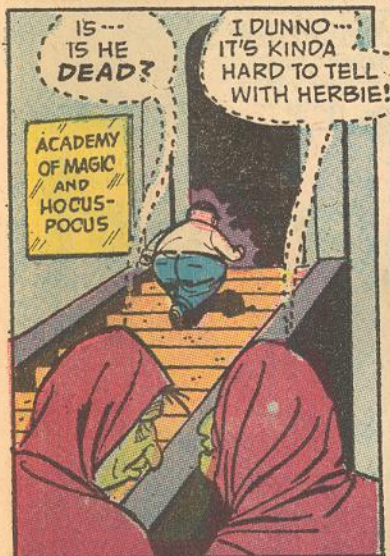
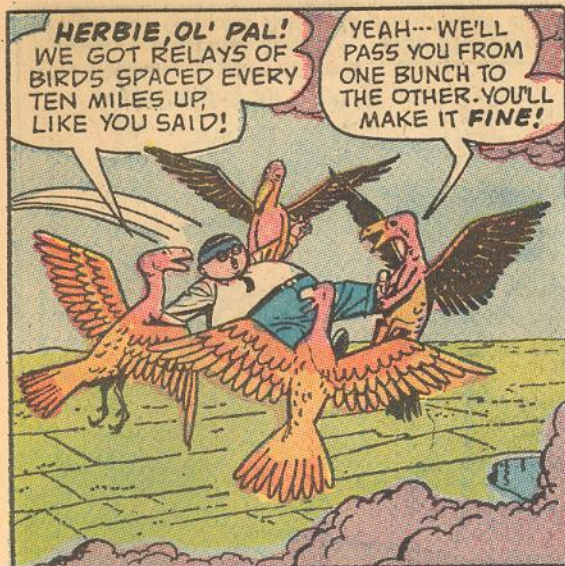


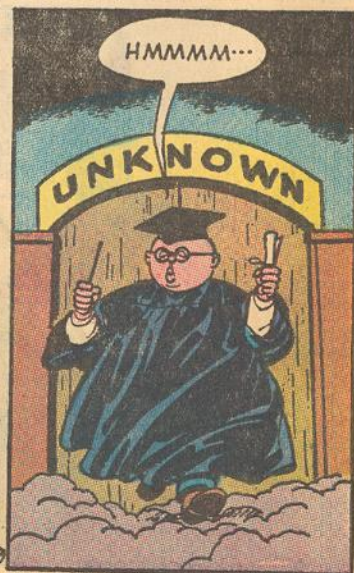
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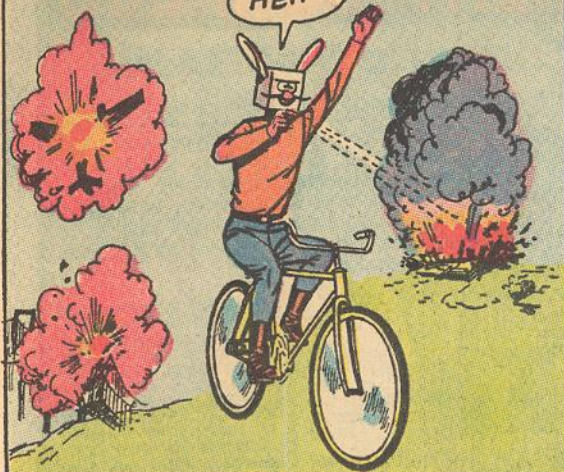








MEANWHILE, MAGICAL MOE WAS STILL AT HIS DIRTY WORK...



HEH-
HEH...

HE'S UP THERE...
FIRST OPPORTUNITY
TRY OUT MY NEW
MAGIC.

ALLEGA-POOP.
SEND PLANE TO
ATTACK HIM.



OH-OH! HE'D GOTTEN ONLY 50% IN HIS FINAL EXAMS...FOR WHICH HE'D BEEN AWARDED HALF A MAGIC WAND! SO LOOK AT WHAT HIS MAGIC PRODUCED!

ULP...

WHO CAN FLY
HALF A PLANE?
NOT A HALF-
PILOT,
ANYWAY!

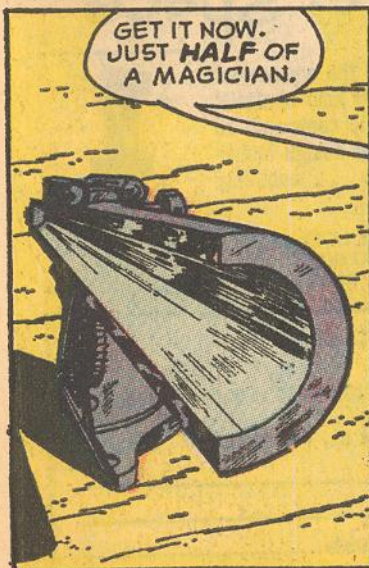
TCH, TCH. SOME-
THING WRONG.
TRY AGAIN.



WANT BIG
CANNON.
ALLEGA-
POOP.



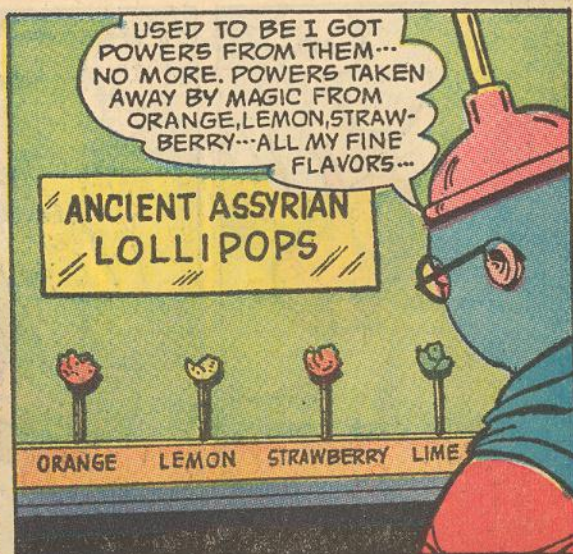
GET IT NOW.
JUST HALF OF
A MAGICIAN.

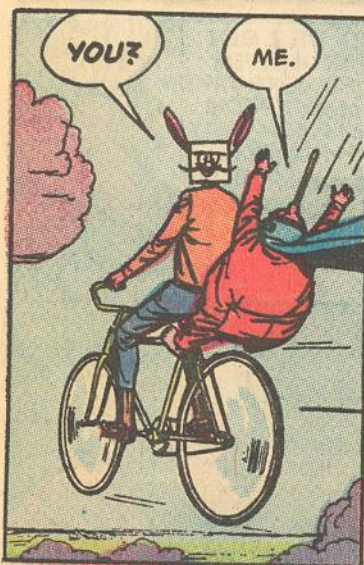
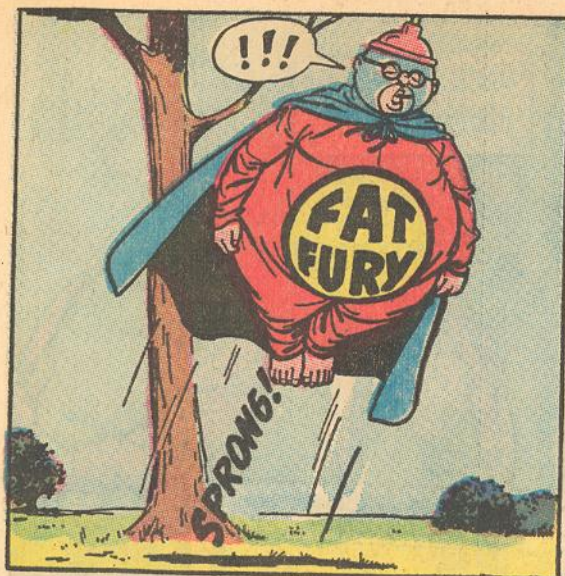


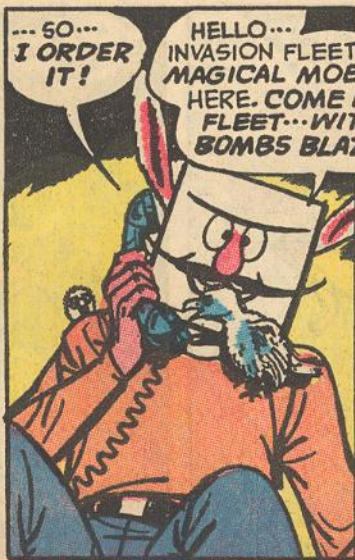
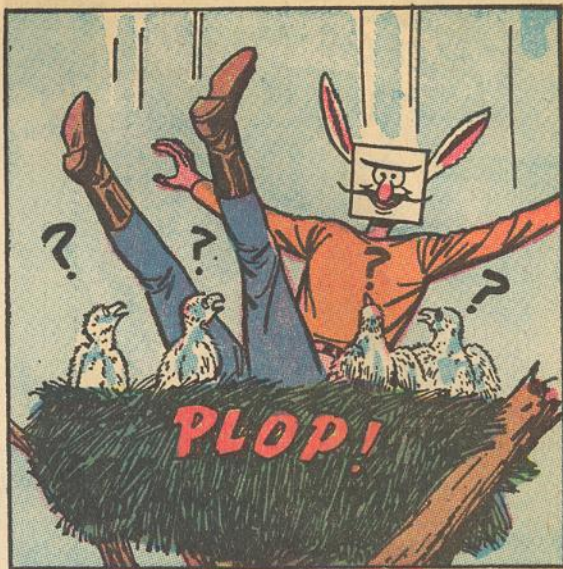
YOU AGAIN...AND
STILL TRYING! WON'T
YOU EVER LEARN,
FAT STUFF? NOW
HERE'S THE WAY IT
SHOULD
BE DONE!

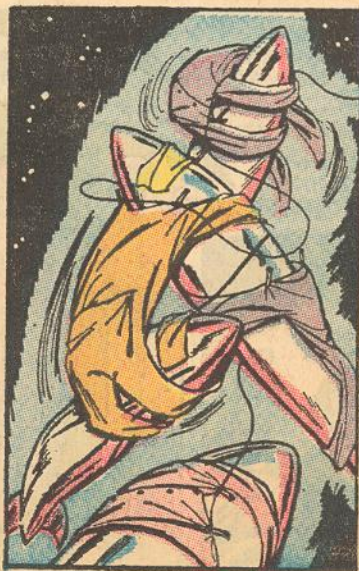


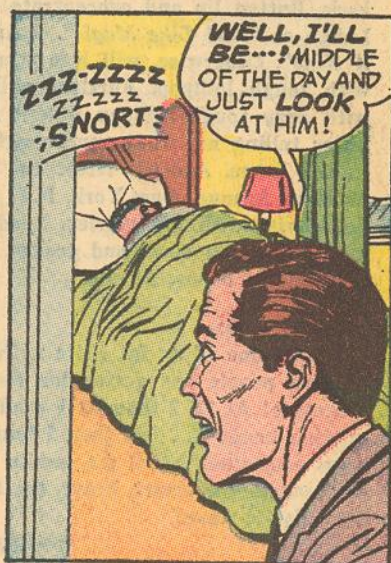
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HERE'S HERBIE!



EXTRA! EXTRA!

You're crazy like a fruitcake if you don't rush to your newsstand about the middle of December and purchase "Herbie" No. 23, our February issue. Featuring the one-and-only Plump Lump in "Can You Bear It?" What if you do die laughing? You know a better way to go?

Hope you like me as great magician in "Just Like Magic", this issue. *Allega-poop* to you and don't answer back. Hate people who answer back. Button lip and concentrate on laughing. Laugh at "Just Like Magic". Roar at "Almost A King". Otherwise, will lose temper and bop with tough lollipop. Further, will double-bop with very tough lollipop unless receive your letter telling me what you thought of stories in this issue. Address letter to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Would not advise disliking stories. Leads to fearful mess, involving blood and groans. Okay? Then read letters below. At once.

"Dear Herbie:-

Finally one of us fat little nothing, lollipop-bopping people has gotten his own first class magazine! At 21, I thought I would never read another comic . . . but then I found this first-class magazine. So all fat pepole unite behind our leader—the smart, brave, fat Herbie! Long may his fat wave!

—Ray L. Simpson,

575 E. California, Pasadena, Calif. 91106."

Deserved my own magazine. Not first-class, though. Super first-class. Glad to welcome you into great Fat-Fat-Water-Rat movement. Sweeping nation. Can assure you fat will wave long, but one small warning. Just don't stand in way, Ray.

• • •

"Dear Fat-Fat-Water-Rat Herbie:-

I've been a fan of yours for a long time, but I am disappointed. How come you can be fat and I can't? Just look at all the famous heroes . . . Santa Claus, Nero, the Fat Fury, alias Herbie Popnecker! If you are really generous, you'd send me one of those there lollipops—the fat-producing kind! P.S.: I heard that for \$1.44, you could get a subscription, Herbie. How long does this last, anyway?

—Tom Williams,

9112 S. Cord Ave., Downey, Calif."

Must be fit to be fat . . . honor reserved for very fittest, who become very fattest, like me. Work on this, Tom . . . will forward special lollipop when can prove have earned. \$1.44 will produce 12 issues of this great magazine, covering year and half.

• • •

"Fatman Herbie:-

We are some of your fat admirers. We think you are a big fat slob and a lollipop belly. We also think that when you are eating your lollipops, it looks like you are smoking a cigar. All of us think you are a little fat chunk and very adorable. We want more Herbie magazines soon!

—Mississippi Hoboes,

Route 1, Sauk Rapids, Minn. 56379."

How come Mississippi Hoboes in Minnesota? How fat are you? Am not little fat chunk . . . am big fat chunk. Like you say, very adorable. Completely adorable. Sometimes am completely fascinated by me.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

I've read everyone of your comics. I think they are the greatest, as well as stupendous and colossal. I like them so much I named my cat after you . . . he's so fat he can hardly budge. Why doesn't Shane O'Shea invent a lollipop that will take you to the future? Why don't you tell your dad that you're fat, but not a nothing? P.S.: Please don't bop me with your lollipop!

—Phyllis Leach,

1792 Boston Ave., Bridgeport, Conn."

Nice girl, Phyllis. Knows what's good. Got nice cat, too, with nice name . . . "Herbie". Only thing keeps O'Shea from inventing future lollipop is stupidity. Shane, Shane, he's got no brain. Will tell father am not a nothing, but what good? He'll never believe it.

• • •

"Dear Herbie (alias Fatso):

I have seen the (fat) light. I have only three

issues of 'Herbie', but I won't ask you for the ones I've missed, because I know you won't want to spoil us skinny good-for-nothings. You're so good to us already! After all, only kicking out half our teeth—now who could call that mean? By the way, if you can count, how many inches (or should I say miles?) across are you?

—Janice Holm, 4210 Washburn Ave. N.,
Minneapolis, Minn. 55412."

You skinny, Janice? Tch, tch. Too bad. But not everyone can be fine fat fella like me. Can count very well . . . but just haven't got enough numbers to measure inches across. However, feel very kindly towards you . . . may only kick out one quarter of teeth.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

One thing bugs me and that is why don't you take a No. 403-W lollipop that would change you into Mr. America and make you beautiful instead of ugly and fat—like you did to John Alden in the story 'Popnecker The Pilgrim'? About your comic books—they're great! The artwork and plots are great too! A 'Herbie' lover—

—Lee Zanotti,
140 Franklin St., Feeding Hills, Mass."

Don't need anything to make me beautiful, Lee—am already. Could take ugly lollipop and still win beauty prize. By the way, intend to drop in on you shortly. Please practice groans, high-pitched screams and bleeding.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

I've been reading your comics for 3 years. I haven't read a funnier comic book than yours. Would you please tell me where you get all your lollipops so I can become strong and handsome like you? Some people say that you are a 'Little Fat Nothing'. Well, I think you are a 'Little Fat Something'!

—David' Biggs,
677 Winggate Dr., Sunnyvale, Calif. 94086."

Is no funnier comic than "Herbie", David. America lucky to have it, always say. Obtain my lollipops from special plant up in "Unknown". Am grateful for recognition as "Little Fat Something" . . . so grateful could tear you to pieces from love and probably will.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

Let me give you a little advice. Being a fat person means a short life, so why don't you try to lose that big pot gut of yours? I read in a

doctors' annual that for every inch a person's waist exceeds his chest, it takes two years off his life expectancy. From the looks of you, Herbie Popnecker, I doubt that you've got a year left. Oh, you're a great guy and I like your comic, which is the reason I give you the above advice. I want to be able to read 'Herbie' when I'm an old man of 90. I don't wish to make fun of you, my little fat friend, but you are so fat that I doubt that you can even lift a finger to wallop me with your lollipop!

—Jim McCarty, Box 713,
Aztec Highway, Aztec, N.M."

Dear Jim McCarty, wish to give you a little advice. Being Jim McCarty means very, very short life if criticize all my lovely fat. Such fine suet . . . must be jealousy on your part. Jealous because I own lard by the yard. Well, hear this. Have checked with authorities up in "Unknown". Was told that am not scheduled to depart earthly life until year 2483, because am too fat to be admitted to either Heaven or Hades until then, when enlargements will have been made. To all you skinny people—HA!

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

I think you should answer our letters better. Because you don't tell us anything. Especially in number 17, when one of your fans wrote in and asked how come everyone knows you in distant places, like up in the stars. You answered 'Why not'? I think that was a very silly answer!

—Kimberly Keane,
8575 St. Foy Rd., Quebec, Canada."

Why?

• • •

"Dear Herbie (Fat Fury) Popnecker:-

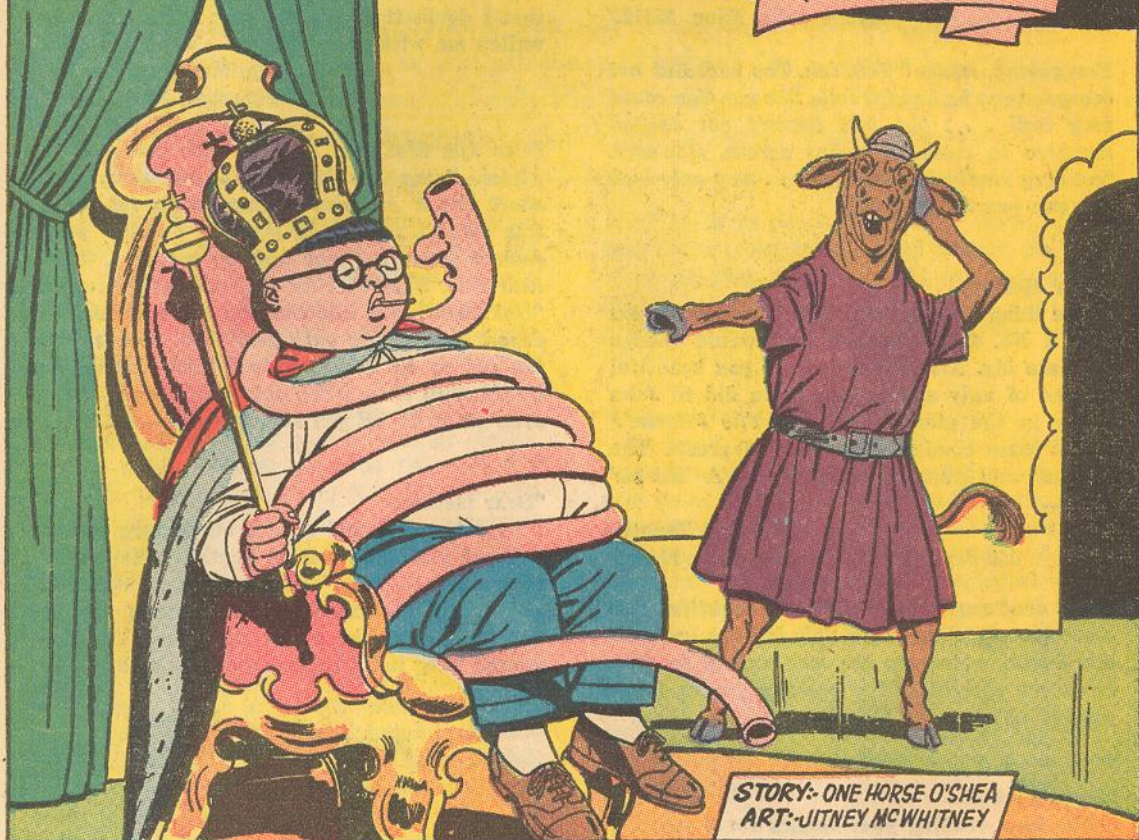
My little brother and I are two of your greatest fans. We think you're colossal, fat, stupendous, fat and the greatest! We made up a song to cheer you up . . . it was suggested by a commercial on television. Here goes: Fat Up—with the tall fat taste of Herbie's Lollipops! The Tall Fat Taste That's Never Been Topped helps turn the thin ones into the Fat Ones! 40, 50, 60 inches—Fat Up! With the Tall Fat Taste of Herbie's Lol-li-pops! They're Pops that you can really suck, Pops that you can really buck. That American, Fat American Herbie, is tops . . . Fat Up!

Harold and Philip Mirwald,
1004 West Main, Visalia, Calif."

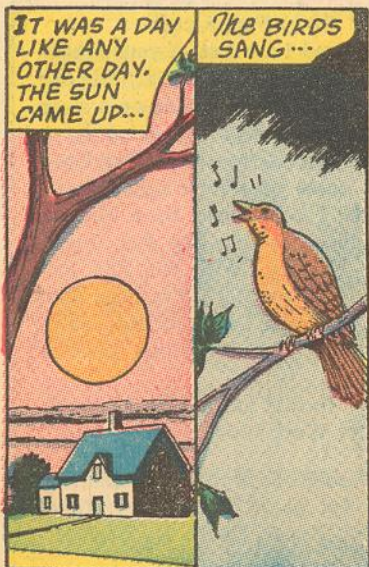
Very fine song, Harold and Philip. For another song, composed by yours truly, try this: "Herbie, Herbie . . . Yessir, That's My Berbie!"

OF COURSE YOU LOVE OUR **PLUMP LUMP** ---UNLESS YOU REALLY LIKE FRACTURES AND BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS. OKAY, THEN--- YOU'LL LOVE THIS STORY, HEAR? AND YOU'LL LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF AT

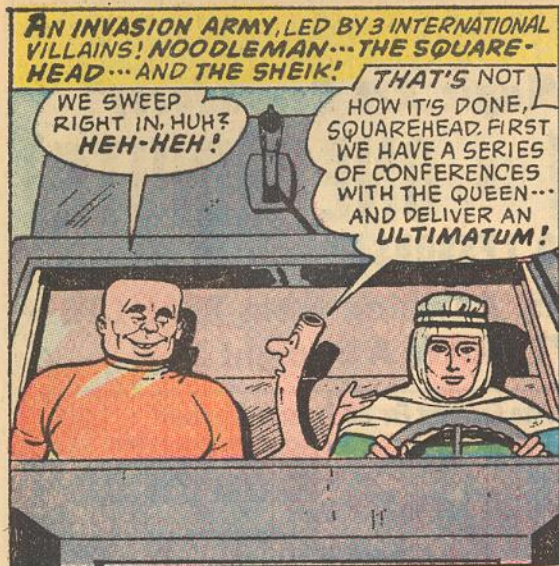
HERBIE in "ALMOST a KING!"

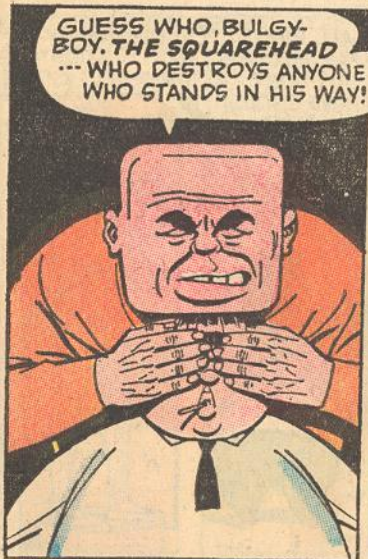
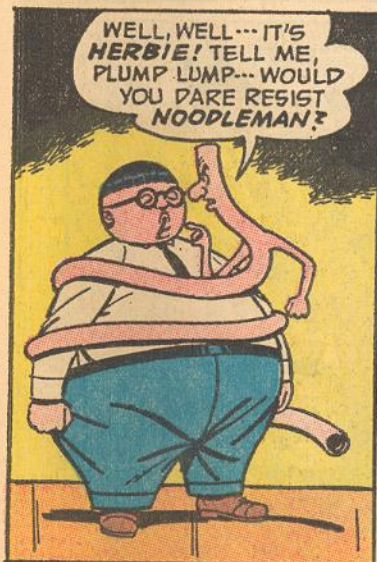
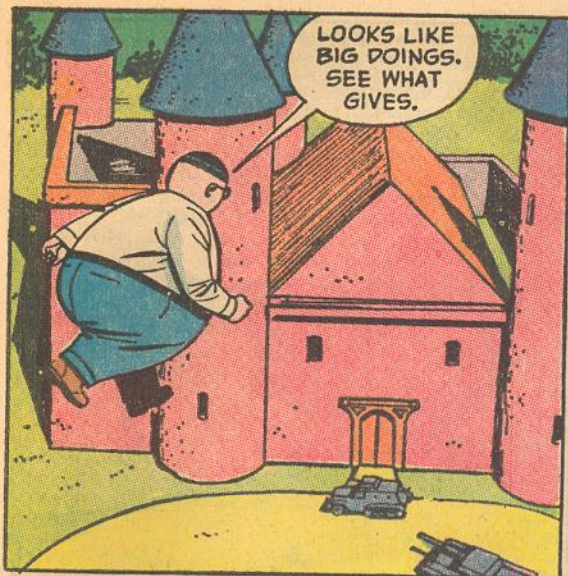


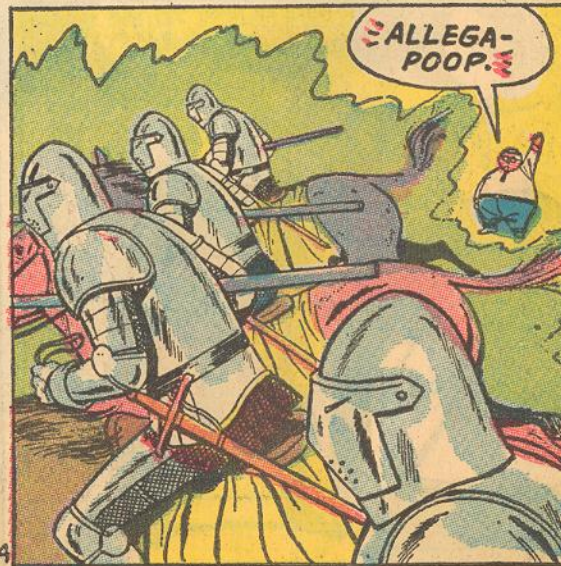
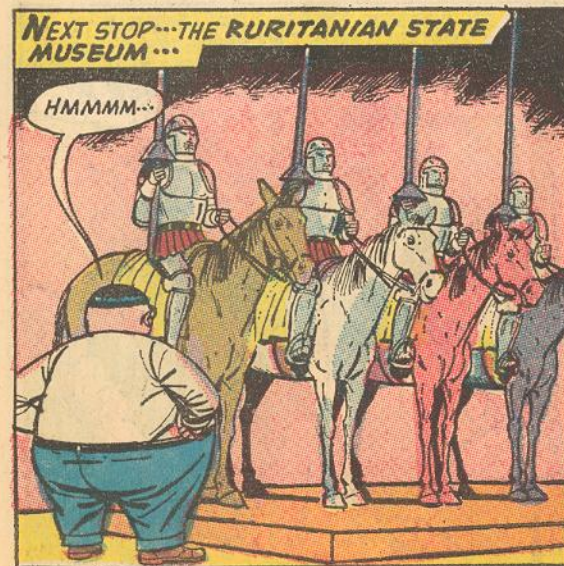
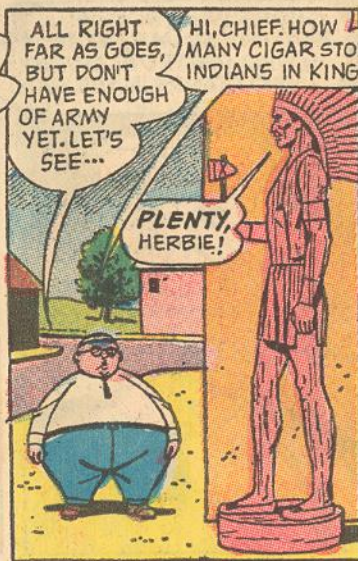
STORY: ONE HORSE O'SHEA
ART: JITNEY MCWHITNEY

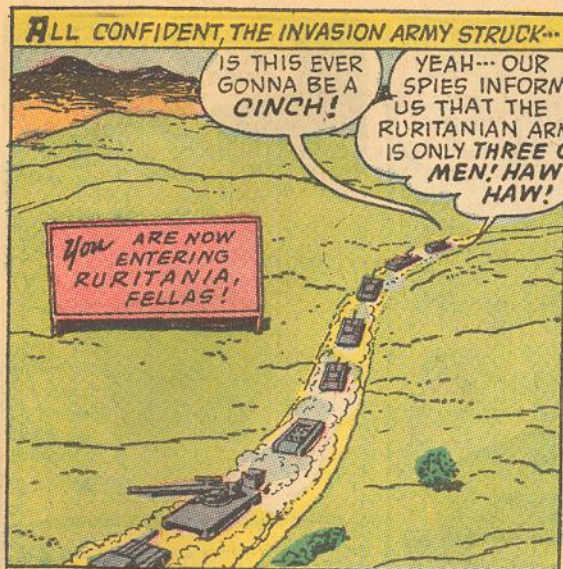


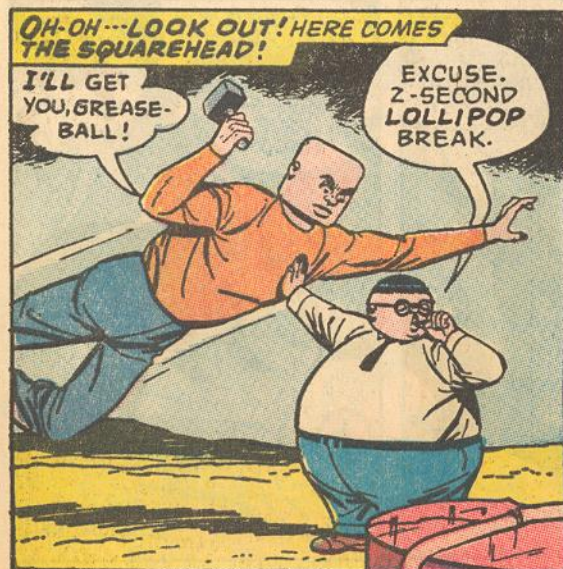
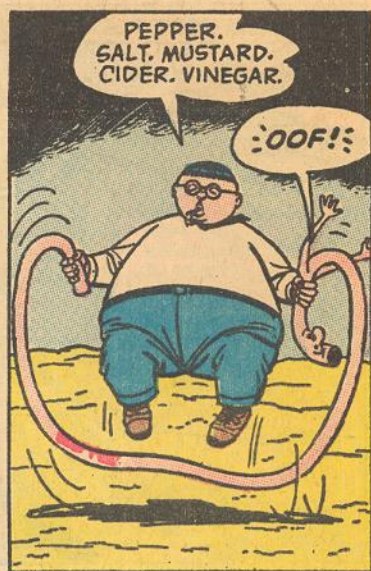
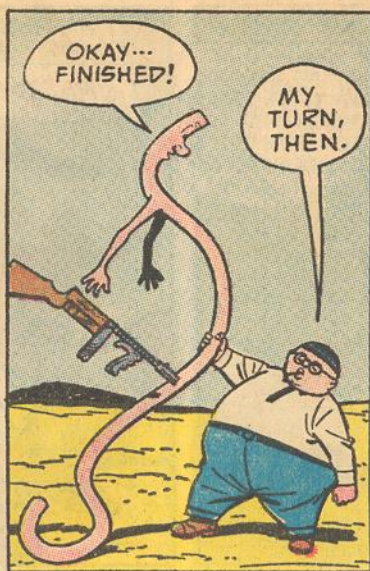
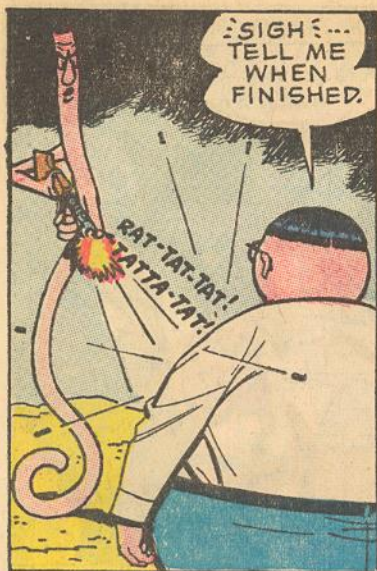
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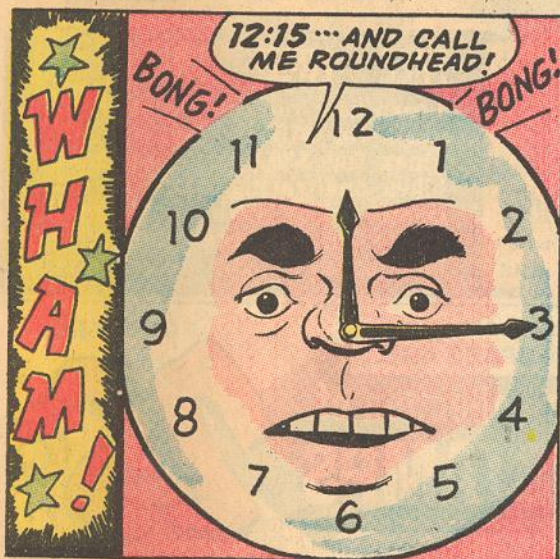
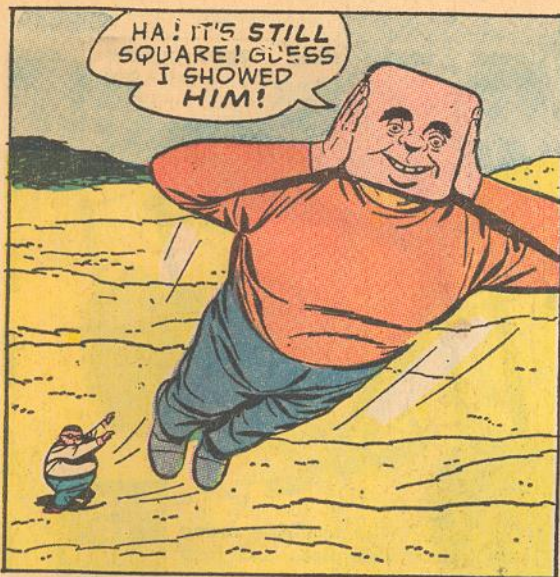












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