

NO 23
FEBRUARY

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

IND.

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
AHC

HERBIE

12¢

IN THIS LAFF-
HAPPY ISSUE:
HERBIE in
"CAN YOU
BEAR IT?"
PLUS "The SURPRISE
STORY of the CENTURY!"

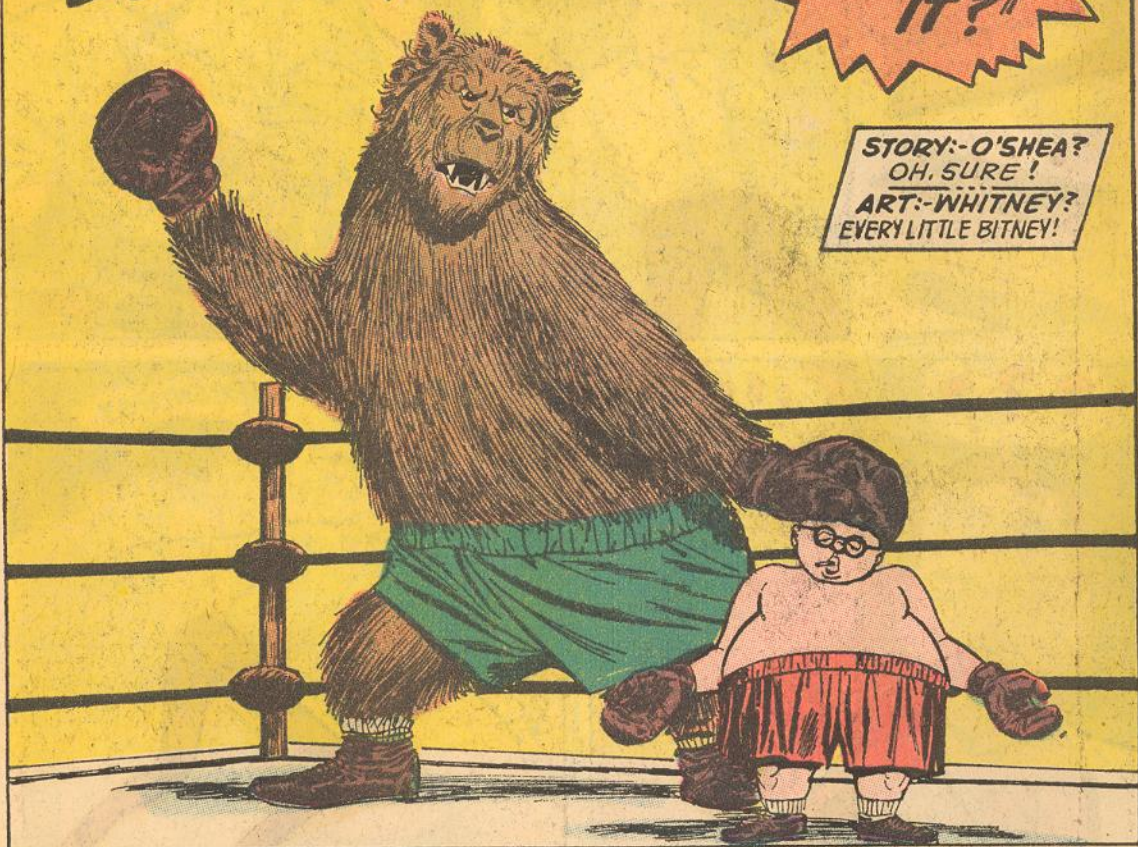


TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION---AND THIS IS A TRUE STORY, SO HELP US, STRAIGHT FROM THE HERBIE'S MOUTH! YOU WILL READ. YOU WILL MARVEL. YOU WILL BUST A GUT. ALL FROM

HERBIE

in
**'CAN YOU
BEAR
IT?'**

STORY:-O'SHEA?
OH, SURE!
ART:-WHITNEY?
EVERY LITTLE BITNEY!

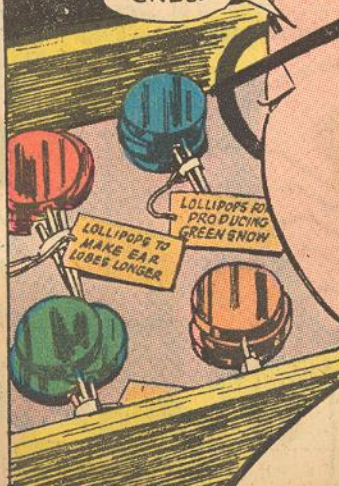


U.S. POST
OFFICE TO
HERBIE
POPNECKER!

DIDN'T
ORDER 'EM.
BUT WILL
TAKE.



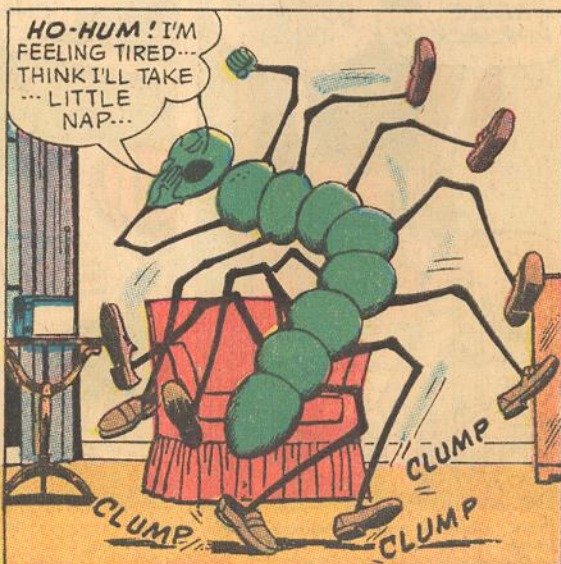
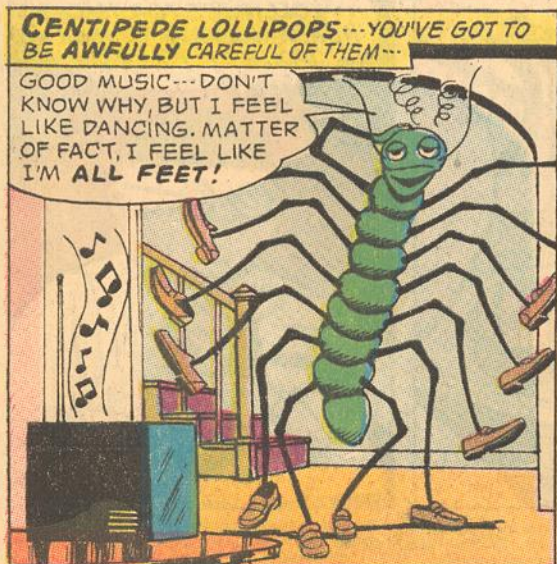
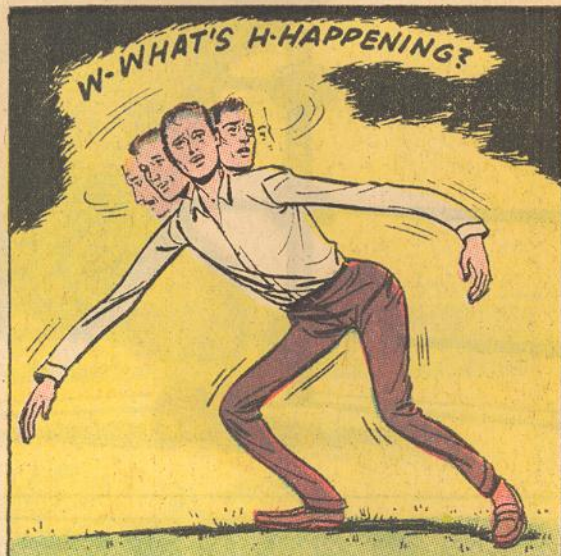
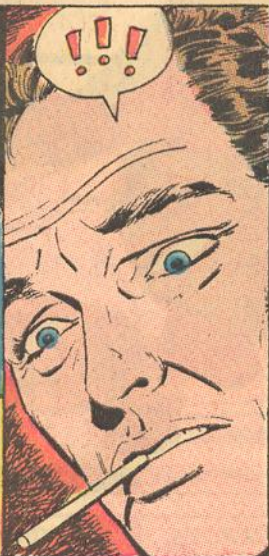
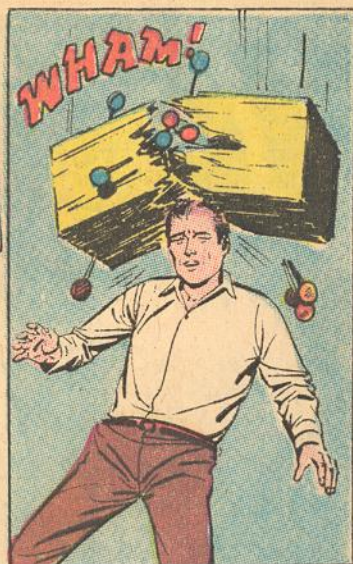
SPECIAL PURPOSE
LOLLIPOPS, STRANGE
ONES.

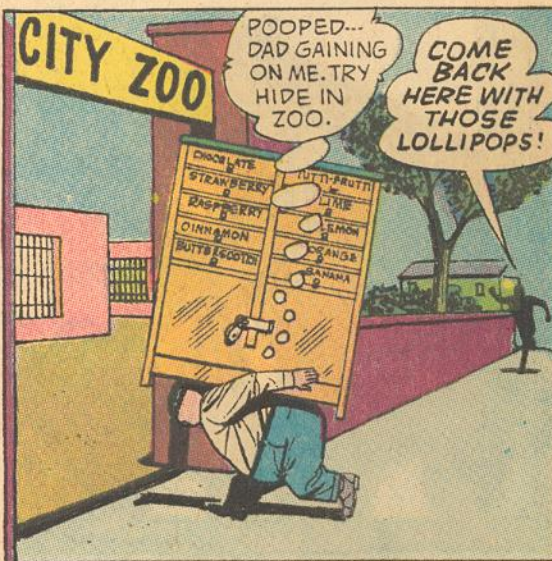
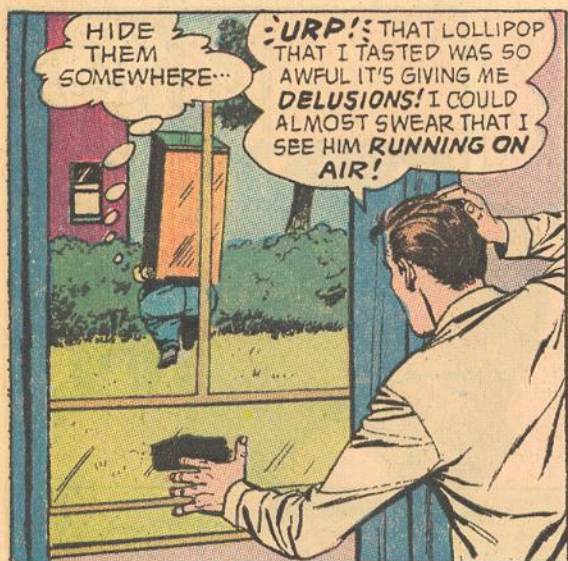


"LOLLIPOPS FOR CREAT-
ING OCTAGONAL NOSTRILS"
---"LOLLIPOPS FOR TEACHING
HUMMINGBIRDS TO HUM
'DIXIE'---?????"



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IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE A **PAL**, SEE---AND I ALWAYS SAY ANYTHING FOR A **PAL**.

APPRECIATE. CAN GO---COAST CLEAR NOW.

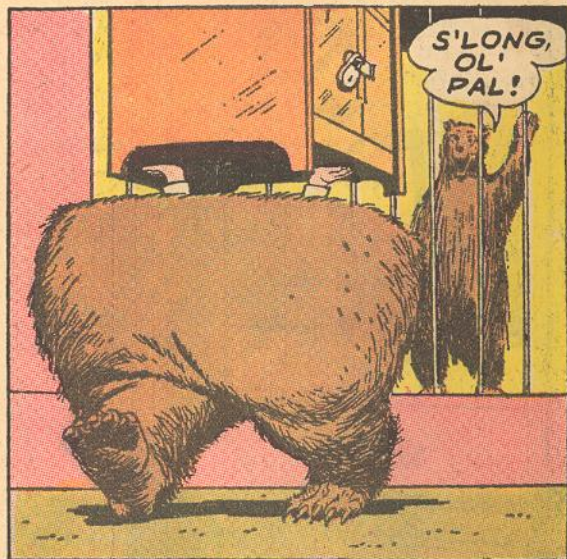
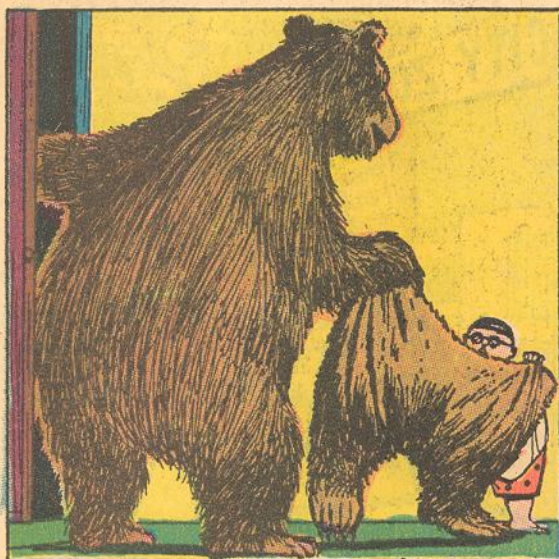


BUT AS HE TURNED TO LEAVE---

RR-RIPPI!

!

TCH, TCH--- RIPPED YOUR PANTS OFF! DON'T WORRY, I'LL LEND YOU A PAIR OF **MINE**.



S'LONG, OL' **PAL**!



THEY'LL BE SAFE UP HERE. I'LL WATCH 'EM MYSELF, OL' **PAL**!



NEXT DAY--- WITH THE LOLLIPOPS SECURE---

CAME BACK TO THANK YOU--- DID BIG THING FOR ME.

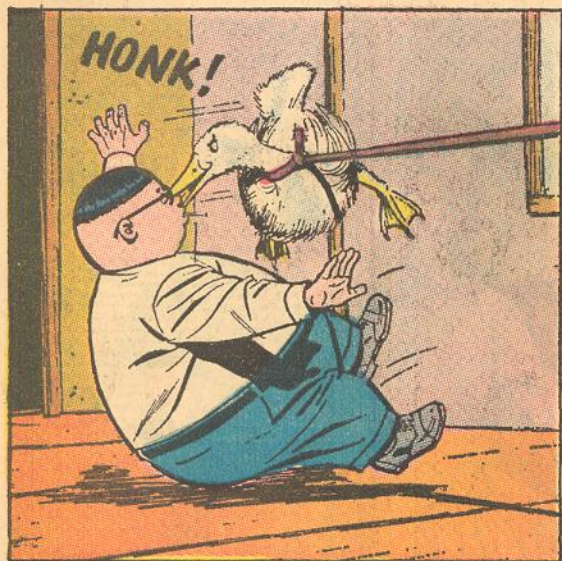
SIGH! YOU CAME AT A BAD TIME--- I'M THE MOST MISERABLE BEAR IN THE WORLD---

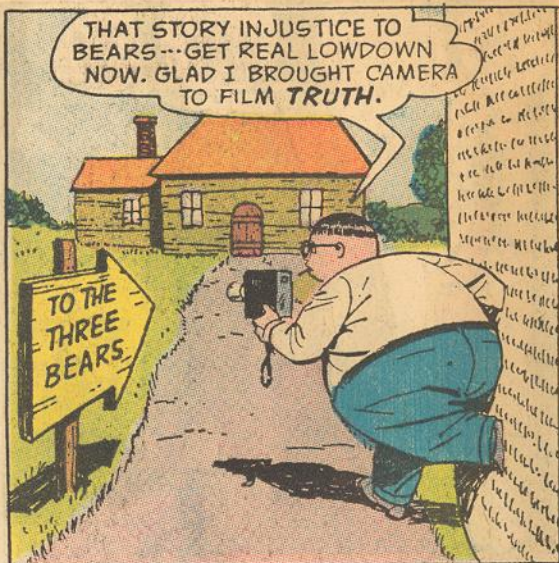
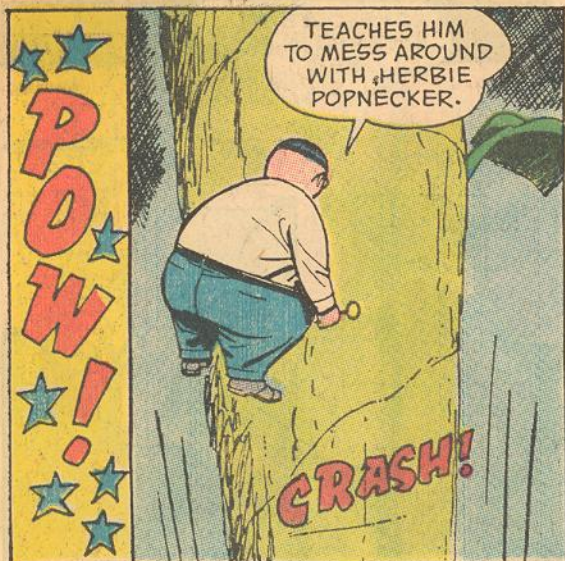


---AND YOU KNOW WHY? IT'S THIS GOLDURNED BOOK--- IT GIVES US BEARS A BAD PRESS. TERRIBLE--- **TERRIBLE!**

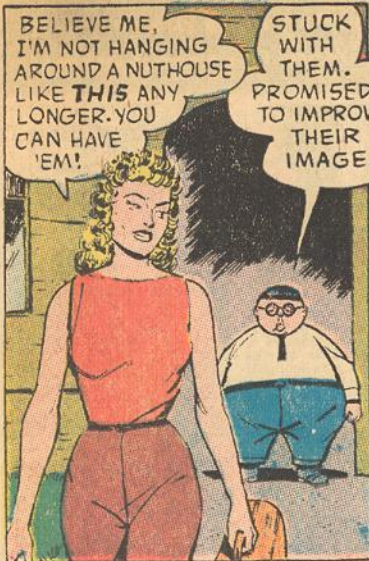
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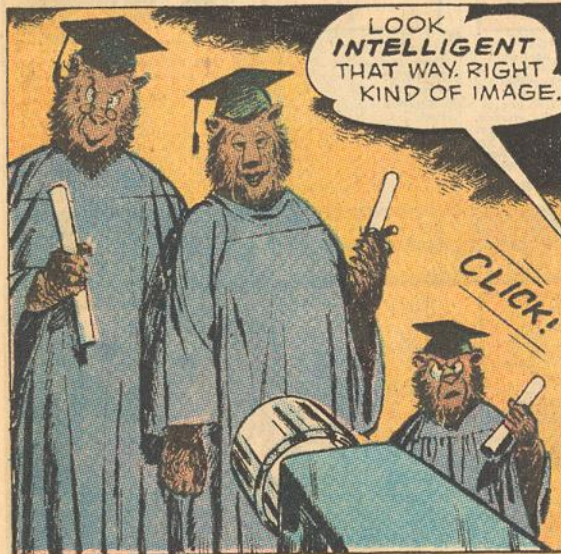


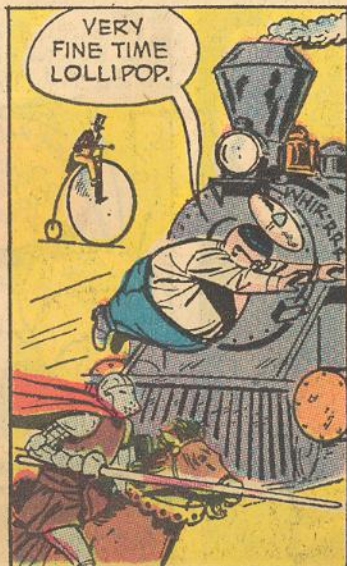
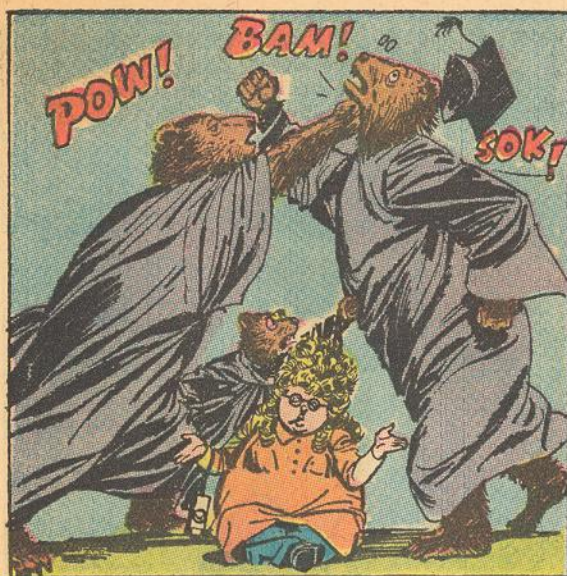






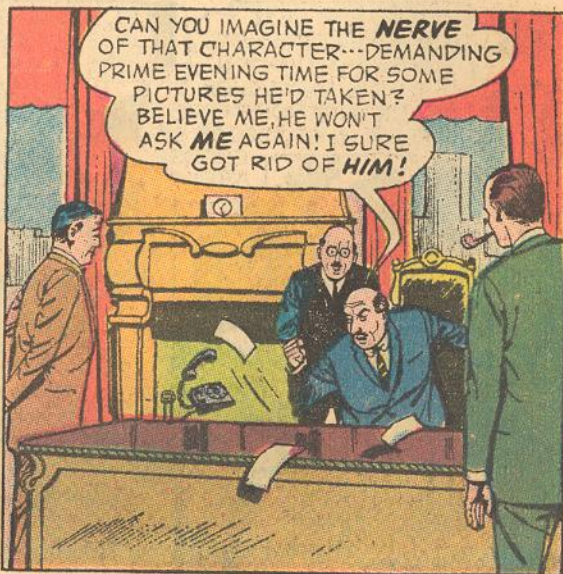
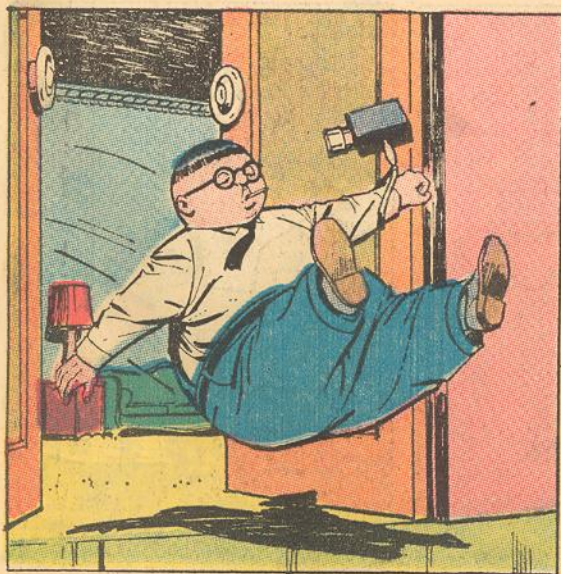
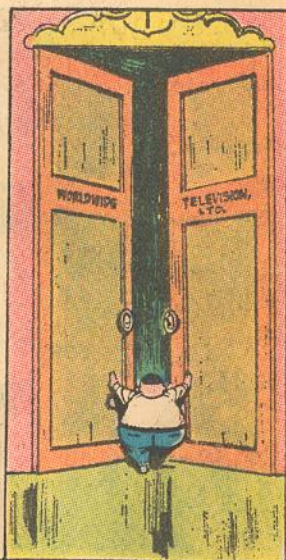
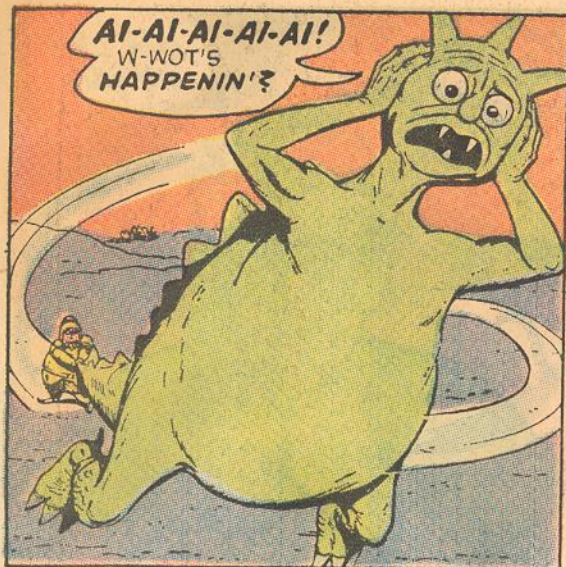
STUCK WITH THEM. PROMISED TO IMPROVE THEIR IMAGE.

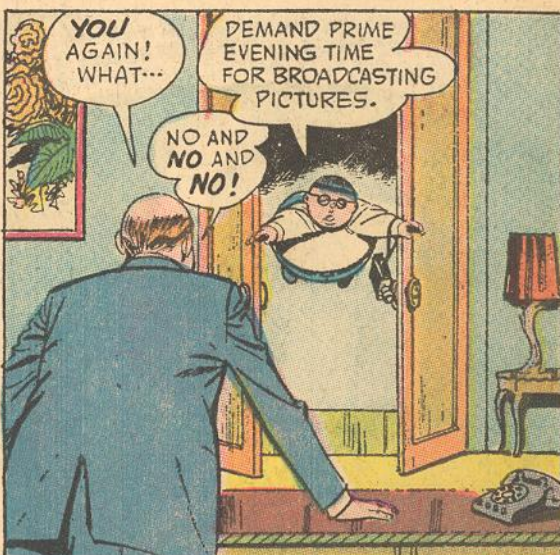
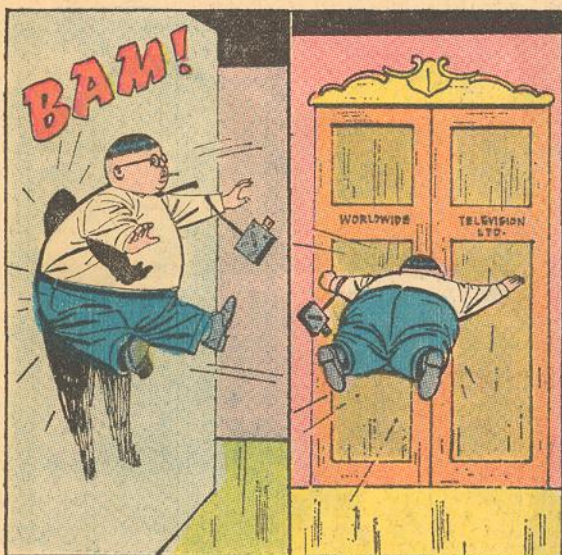
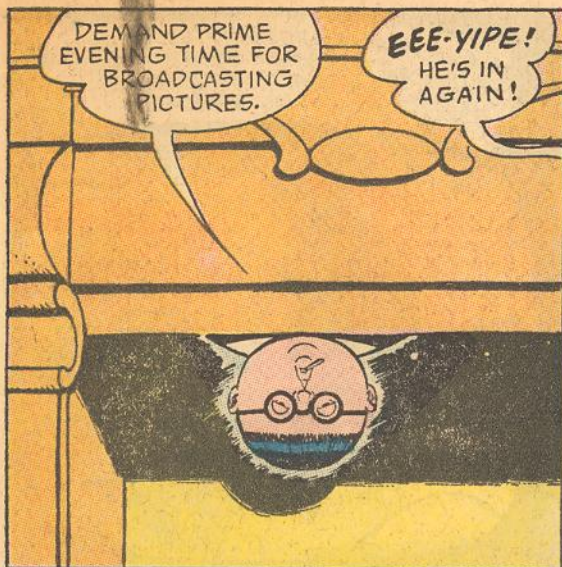












BEARS HAVE BEEN PROVEN THE HIGHEST OF ALL FORMS OF LIFE ON THIS PLANET. HERE'S INTELLECT FOR YOU...THE FAMOUS 3 BEARS!



AND HERE'S PROOF OF THE BEAR'S COURAGE. GOLIATH, BEATEN...AND HERE'S THE CAST-IRON EVIDENCE THAT DAVID WAS A BEAR!



AND HERE'S BRAVERY, GUTS, SHEER GRIT AND MOXIE! ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON...AND YOU CAN SEE CLEARLY THAT ST. GEORGE WAS A BEAR, TOO!



AND WHEN IT CAME TO LEADERSHIP--WELL, HERE'S GEORGE WASHINGTON REVIEWING HIS TROOPS...



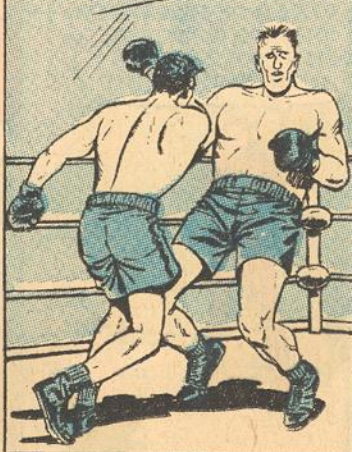
...AND LOOK! DIDN'T KNOW THAT WASHINGTON WAS A BEAR DID YOU?



THEY WERE ALL THERE WHEN IT CAME TO PATRIOTISM, TOO. FOR INSTANCE, AT IWO JIMA... WELL, WHO DO YOU THINK?

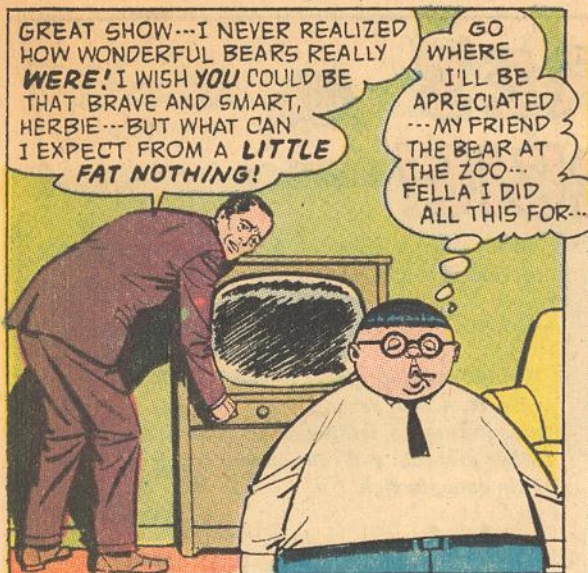


NOW, HERE'S A ROUGH, TOUGH HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT... LOOK CLOSELY...



WINNAH AND NEW CHAMPION...MAX BEAR!







HERE'S HERBIE!



Want to announce have turned over new leaf. In future, treat all "Herbie" fans with gentle kindness. Sweetness and light. When breaking bones, will hasten to apply splints. Tourniquets for bleeding, Band-aids for abrasions. Get to know new Herbie . . . get clobbered proper way with this here lollipop in favorite flavor. However, will most definitely lose temper if do not receive your letter of praise at once. Demand your opinions on magnificent stories in this magnificent issue. *High* opinions, of course. *Herbie*, in "Can You Bear It?" Greatest story ever written, right? Funniest story ever written, right? Well—say so! And then, history's greatest—"Herbie's Quiet Saturday Afternoon". Very first "Herbie" masterpiece ever written or drawn. Too good for you, right? Right. So send enthusiastic letter to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Or else. Now—see what other smart fans saying!

"Fattest Herbie:-

Have just gone through an unabridged Webster dictionary from cover to cover ten times with a magnifying glass, but can't find word spectacular enough to describe how funny your mags are. Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious won't do either. I used to be puzzled at how you can carry so many lollipops with you all the time. It's simple—with all your fat area, you can carry lots and lots and lots! Almost as many as the laughs I get when reading your magazine. Don't bop me—believe me, I try! Fatly yours—

—M. Bruce Tepper, 1225 Corsica Drive,
Pacific Palisades, Calif."

M. Bruce Tepper very smart character. Knows what's good and had better know!

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

Your comic magazine is terrific, fabulous, unbeatable, even good! I particularly enjoyed you in your last ish in "Egyptian Connipion". Very funny, even hilarious. I'm a bit disappointed in the television studios for not creating a TV series based on your life and loves.

I'd love to see your fat little face pasted on my screen! Your loyal friend—

—Craig Lee, 8 First Street,
North Irwin, Penna."

Would suggest more praise, Craig—after all, rate it. Good reason why TV isn't featuring me. Refuse to let them until they drop every other program and concentrate solely on Herbie. Fair enough, right?

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

Not going to mess around, see? Just telling you your comic is great, fantastic, stupendous, colossal and good too. But didn't find out about you until you met Mr. Horrible as the Fat Fury, because newsdealer kept all your comics for himself. Released issue No. 10 then issue No. 13, so we missed No. 11 and No. 12. Very mean. So please come to Brainerd and bop him with this here lollipop. P.S.: Now working in salt mines to get money for subscription. Your admirer—

—David Horn, Route 7,
Brainerd, Minnesota."

Sure you want me, David? Am now trying out new type bopping lollipop. Could miss newsdealer and wipe Brainerd right off map.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

You fat hunk of blubber, you! You economy-sized lard-bucket! Loved 'Herbie' No. 19. Stupendous. Colossal. Gorgeous. Beautiful. Fantastic. What's a matter, been sick? Better next time. Bop Scott Allen. Says "Why not put a 'Herbie' show on TV?" Wrong. Should dedicate three networks and radio to you. Like you say, can't be too much of a good thing. Bop comics salesman . . . sold inferior 'Herbie'. Small tear on page 6 . . . spoils beauty. Also bop non-readers of 'Herbie'. Anyone too cheap to spend twelve cents on such superior merchandise needs lesson in assorted flavors. Like grape, orange, cherry, root beer, hard-to-get cinnamon. So long, Blubber-Gut!

—Bill Payne, Rt. 1, Box 99,
Wichita Falls, Texas."

Like this boy Bill. If here, would pat him on back. Affectionate stuff. Too bad he would lose teeth in process. On second thought, may de-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

cide to lose temper because of remark concerning inferior "Herbie". No such thing as inferior "Herbie". The best.

* * *

"Dearest Herbie:-

I think you are the greatest! Today I read one of your wonderful comics. I laughed until I almost had a hole through my stomach! I think that the next time your dad tries to take credit for one of those marvelous things that you do, you ought to bop him with this here lollipop. That would show him! P.S.: I think the lollipop is the best weapon ever invented!

—Dorothy Lewis, Mountain Road,
Halifax, Virginia."

You beautiful, Dorothy? Fat-beautiful? Busy next Saturday night? Don't be surprised if fine blob of suet walks down out of sky . . . you lucky girl . . .

* * *

"Greetings, Fat Fury!

I just finished reading 'Herbie' No. 18. It was tossing me on the floor. I had a barrel of laughs looking at one certain picture of a Hissian. I keep your 'Herbie' covers for posters. Tell me, why do you want to be fat when you could be a nice, good-looking gopher? One of my friends says that if you gained one more pound, you'd go through the earth. (And I thought Sad Sack was something!) One more thing, Good Old Fatso—why aren't your parents fat?

—Glen D. Sherman, H-2, Okinawa."

Am handsomer than gopher. No danger of going through earth—remember, can walk on air. Reason why parents not fat because I used up all available fat . . . none left for them. Enough questions.

* * *

"My dearest obese pal:-

Could you give me some tips on how to get a good lollipop? They sure don't make them like they used to. They taste bad, cost more and are much smaller. What's even worse, they don't help you gain weight. I always say: 'Show me a lollipop that really delivers taste and I'll eat my hat!' Your slim friend—

—Noel Allan, 22533 Neptune Avenue,
Wilmington, Calif."

Hard to get good lollipop, especially hard-to-get cinnamon. Impossible to get good value anywhere on earth. Give all my trade to little manufacturer up in UNKNOWN. Makes fine product—weird, but wholesome. Tasty, but jerky. Loaded with vitamins, built-in powers.

Who wouldn't be fat? I always say, "Show me lollipop and will eat it."

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Like your Mag best. Think it's funniest one out. Didn't know about 'Herbie' until I saw No. 16. Only have 16, 17, 18 and 19. Like your language best, practice it a lot. P.S.: Please don't bop me till issue No. 20. Your faithful fan—

—Ronald Benoit, 11000 Conti Place,
Silver Spring, Maryland."

Now hear this. Issue No. 20 out some time ago. Advise readers to steer clear of Silver Spring, to spare them sight of well-bopped Ronald. Bopped high, wide and horizontal. Fine job, if must say so myself.

* * *

"Dear Pleasingly Plump Popnecker:-

I have just finished reading your last comics. They are merely marvelous. I love your not-so-secret identity of 'Fat Fury'. Please bring back the Question Mark into your stories and have some more time travels. Whitney's artwork is great and as I consider myself a great artist also, I dare you to contradict me—I'll bop you with this here diet pill! The stories are superb and I'd like to try my hand at making one up myself. Enclosed you'll find a fantastically beautiful sketch of you.

—Les Harris, 8206 West 16th Street,
St. Louis Park, Minnesota."

Admire nerve, calling "Herbie" stories merely marvelous. Resent statement about making up one of them. These magnificent tales not made up—every word true. Thanks for beautiful sketch, but not nearly as beautiful as original.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I am 23 years old, but your comics really break me up. I haven't found a story yet that isn't something special. Especially in No. 18, in 'Calling All Cars! Bring In Fat Fury!' Page 13, third panel—that picture was too much, Herbie. I mean you're just too much. Keep up the good work and God bless and keep you safe always! Thank you once more for a clean, wholesome, funny book.

—Mrs. Darlene Campos, 90 Redding Road,
Campbell, Calif. 95008."

"Herbie" stories guaranteed to fracture everyone within 0-100 age range. Page 13, third panel, picture of me as Fat Fury. Very fine picture. Handsome.

YOU'LL GASP at *GASP!* THE NEW ALL-AMAZING COMIC!



VERY GOOD TO READERS. INSTEAD OF BREAKING NECKS, WILL PRESENT GREAT SPECIAL BONUS. STRAIGHT OUT OF AMERICAN HISTORY, FIRST **HERBIE!** LOOKS DIFFERENT, TALKS DIFFERENT, IS DIFFERENT... IN...

"HERBIE'S QUIET SATURDAY AFTERNOON!"



IT WAS A PTA MEETING, AND THE SPEAKER'S SUBJECT WAS AN IMPORTANT ONE...

YES, I REPEAT--THE BOYS OF TODAY ARE THE LEADERS OF TOMORROW!



YOU MUST SEE, THEREFORE, THAT WHAT WE NEED IN THIS COUNTRY ARE **REAL BOYS**... BOYS OF **ACTION!** BOYS WHO ARE ALWAYS OUT **DOING** THINGS! GEORGE WASHINGTON, FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY, WAS SUCH A BOY... SO WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN!



EVEN TODAY, YOU'LL FIND THE MEN WHO MAKE AMERICA GREAT ARE MEN OF ACTION! LIKE MICKEY MANTLE, STAN MUSIAL! AND THEN THERE WAS LUCKY LINDY...AND RED GRANGE...BOYS WHO DID THINGS, WHO BECAME **MEN WHO DID THINGS!**

WELL, WELL! IT'S DAD AND MOM!

I HADN'T REALIZED HOW IMPORTANT IT WAS THAT **KIDS** DO THINGS, TOO!

ALL THOSE GREAT FIGURES HE MENTIONED, AND WHOM HAVE WE GOT? **HERBIE!**

AH, YES...LITTLE HERBIE POPNECKER...

AND THIS IS HERBIE...???

THERE HE GOES OFF TO SCHOOL! A LEADER OF TOMORROW...**HUH!**

OH, IT ISN'T THAT I DON'T **LOVE** THE BOY...BUT HE DOESN'T **DO** ANYTHING, OR SAY ANYTHING, OR HAVE ANY IMAGINATION! GOOD GOSH, THAT I SHOULD BE THE FATHER OF A LITTLE FAT **NOTHING!**

NOW, NOW... YOU SHOULDN'T TALK THAT WAY ABOUT YOUR OWN SON! AFTER ALL, HE **MEANS** WELL!

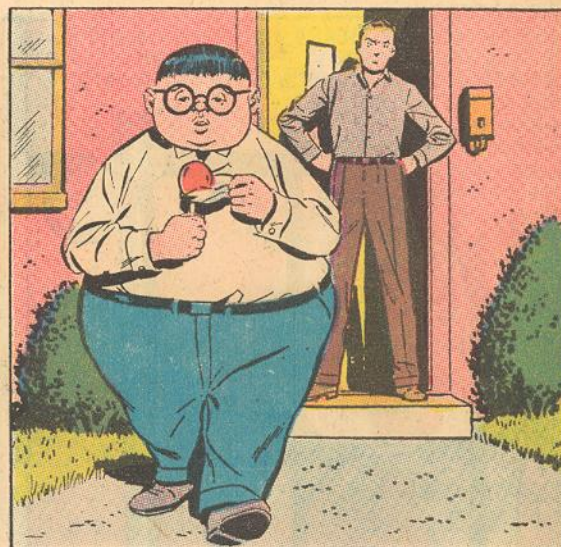
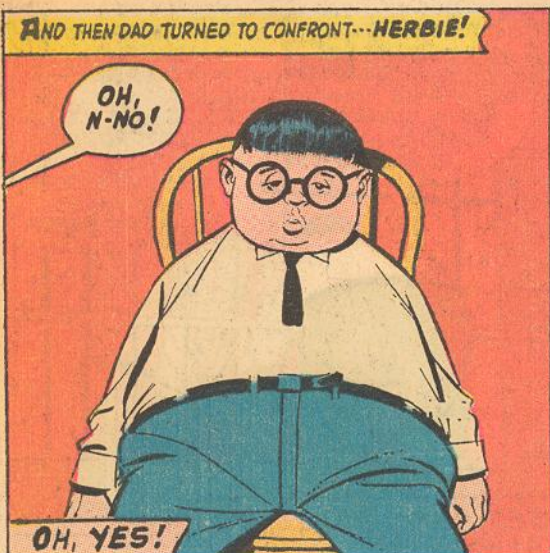
ZOWIE! FIRST TIME THEM FAT LITTLE WORDS WERE EVER UTTERED!

YES, HE MEANT WELL...BUT ON SATURDAYS, IT WAS PARTICULARLY BAD...

THE BOYS ARE OUT, HAVING THEMSELVES A TIME! GOLLY, I REMEMBER HOW IT WAS WHEN I WAS A KID! I USED TO GO FISHING, JUST LIKE THAT FELLA...AND I'D PLAY MARBLES AND MUMBLETY-PEG...

EEE-YOWWW! IT'S A HOMER!

AND GOSH, BASEBALL... THAT WAS THE MOST FUN OF ALL! IT'S SURE GREAT TO BE A BOY...THAT FEELING OF **DOING** THINGS, ON THE GO ALL THE TIME! IT'S **WONDERFUL!**





IT WAS A QUIET SATURDAY AFTERNOON, WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT WALK! AND SO HERBIE WALKED PAST THE OFFICES OF THE **DAILY BUGLE**...

TOO BAD...IT'S A GREAT LOSS TO THE NATION! YOUNG SENATOR STEVENS WAS ONE OF THE **BEST!** BUT IF THOSE PLANES CAN'T FIND ANY SIGN OF HIM, HE MUST BE DEAD ALREADY!

THE DAILY BUGLE

EXTRA!
NO TRACE OF SENATOR STEVENS, BLOWN OUT TO SEA BY STORM IN PLANE BORROWED FROM FRIEND. SEARCH PLANES REPORT FAILURE...BELIEVED DEAD.

BUT THAT'S NOT **SO, SIR!** IT JUST HAPPENS THAT I KNOW WHERE...

MOVE ALONG, SONNY! DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO INTERRUPT GROWNUPS WHEN THEY'RE TALKING?

IF...IF YOU COULD ONLY ARRANGE TO BROADCAST THAT THERE ARE **ROCKETS** STORED IN A COMPARTMENT OF THE CABIN ROOF OF THE PLANE THAT SENATOR STEVENS BORROWED FROM ME...HE'D HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING ABOUT THEM! IF HE'S DOWN FLOATING ON THE SURFACE, HE COULD FIRE THEM AND SOMEBODY MIGHT SEE THEM...

EDITOR

YOU TOLD ME ALL THAT YESTERDAY... AND WE'VE BEEN BROADCASTING IT CONSTANTLY SINCE! OBVIOUSLY, HE'S NOT GETTING THE BROADCASTS... BECAUSE HE'S **DEAD!**

PLEASE...I COULD TELL YOU HOW TO GET TO HIM...

WHO LET **YOU** IN HERE, ANYWAY? **GET OUT OF HERE... BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!**

AND SO HERBIE GOT OUT...AND WALKED SOME MORE! HE CAME TO A PIER, AND HE WALKED OUT ONTO THAT...

HEY, YOU!
CLEAR OFF HERE...THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY!

DIDN'T YOU **HEAR ME?** I SAID...**H-HOLY MACKEREL!** AM I **SEEBIN'** THINGS? HE'S **D-DISAPPEARIN'!**

SOON AFTER...THE SEARCH PLANES WERE ABOUT TO CALL OFF THEIR HUNT...

IT'S NO USE...WE COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING DOWN THERE IF THERE **WERE** SOMETHING!

AND THERE ISN'T, BECAUSE STEVENS MUST BE LONG SINCE DEAD! LET'S TURN BACK!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

HOLD IT! OVER THERE...
IT'S A **ROCKET!** THERE'S
SOMETHING DOWN ON THE
SURFACE, ALL RIGHT! DROP
A FLARE AND LET'S GO
DOWN AND LOOK!

KER-POW!

IT'S HIM,
ALL RIGHT!
IT'S SENATOR
STEVENS!

WHEN THE RESCUE WAS MADE...

ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
SENATOR?
HOW'D YOU
EVER LOCATE
THOSE ROCKETS?

I... I WAS ON THE
WING... I'D ABOUT
GIVEN UP HOPE...
WHEN... OH, YOU
WON'T BELIEVE
THIS, YOU **CAN'T**...

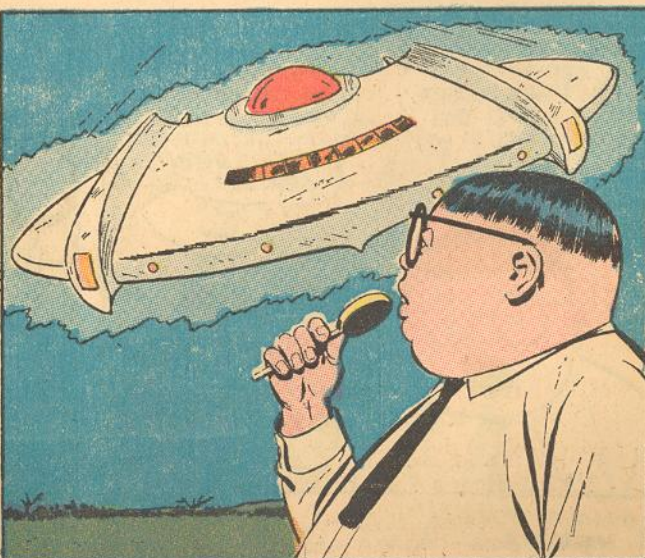
"... I LOOKED UP... AND SAW... A LITTLE BOY WALK-
ING DOWN OUT OF THE SKY!"

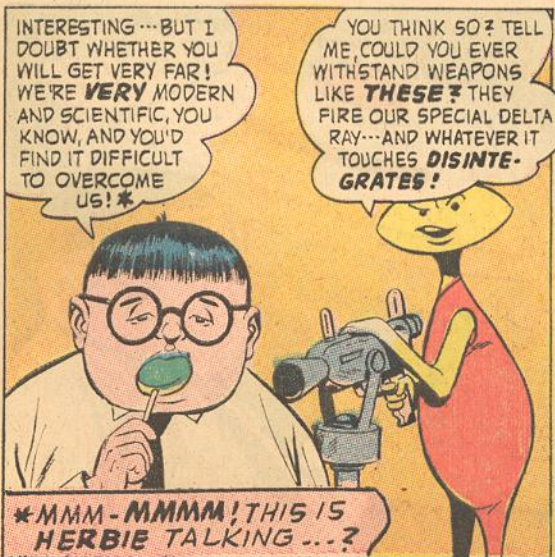
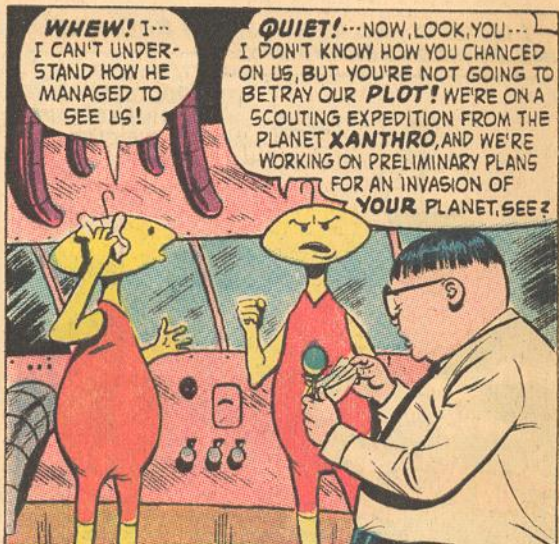
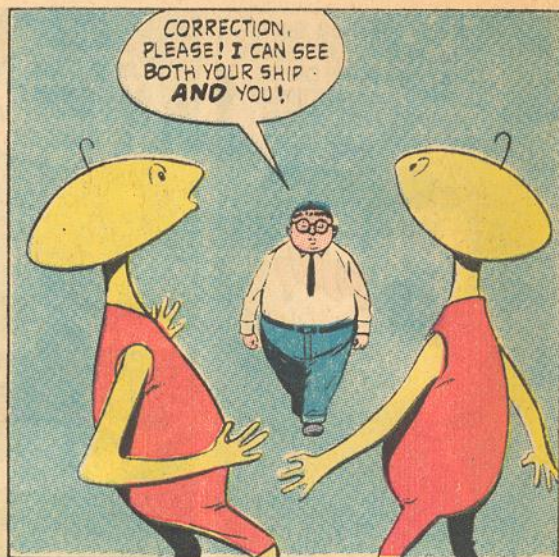
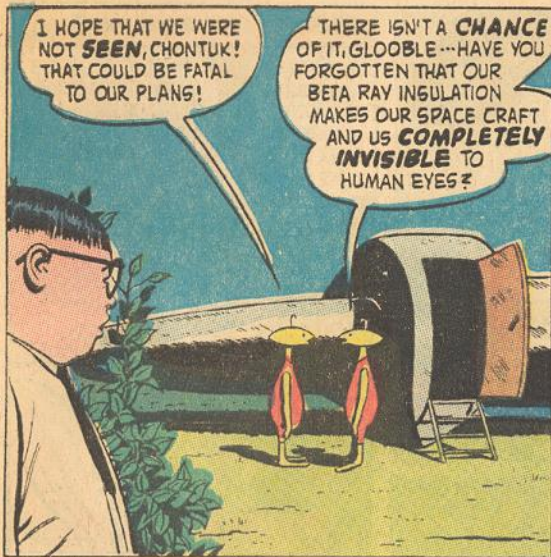
YOU'RE GOING TO
NEED **ROCKETS!** YOU'LL
FIND THEM IN A COMPART-
MENT IN THE CABIN
ROOF!

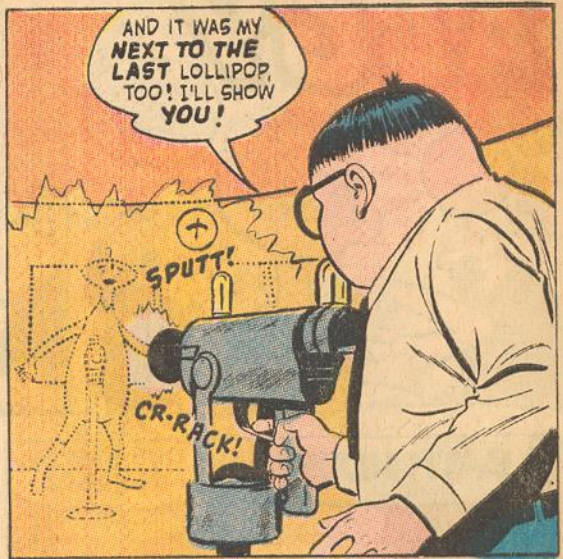
... AND THAT'S... THE WAY
IT HAPPENED! A... A KIND OF
FAT LITTLE BOY, HE WAS... WITH
GLASSES... AND... AND A LOLLI-
POP! AND THE NEXT SECOND
... HE'D **DISAPPEARED!**

POOR FELLA
... HE'S **OUT
OF HIS
HEAD!**

MEANWHILE, WHAT **HAD** HAPPENED TO HERBIE?
IT WAS DARK ALREADY, AND HE WAS GETTING KIND
OF **BORED!** MATTER OF FACT, HE WAS TAKING
THE SHORT CUT HOME ACROSS MURPHY'S
PASTURE...

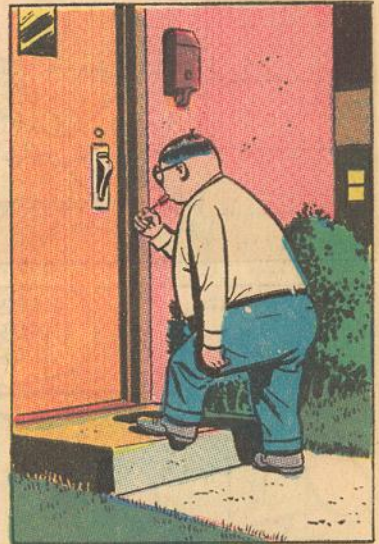
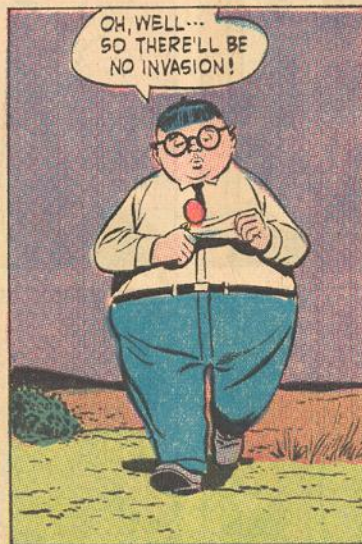






AND THE NEXT THING YOU KNEW, THERE STOOD HERBIE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PASTURE...ALONE! OF THE SAUCER AND ITS OCCUPANTS, THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT...

DEAR, DEAR! I MUST HAVE DISINTEGRATED THE WHOLE SAUCER, AND THEM ALONG WITH IT! NOW THEY'LL NEVER GET BACK TO XANTHRO WITH THEIR INVASION PLANS...WHICH MEANS THERE'LL BE NO INVASION!



YOU'LL GASP at *GASP!* THE NEW ALL-AMAZING COMIC!