Forbidden Worlds presents HERBIE

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You aint seen nothin' yet! The Fat Fury's in again--in--in--Herbie Goes to the Devil!

Herbie--my lover! I just can't wait for you to come to me!
HERBIE? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH. OTHER FATHERS HAVE SONS THAT RALLY AROUND AND HELP... BUT NOT OUR SON. LIKE I SAID IN THE LAST STORY, HE'S A LITTLE FAT NOTHING!

BUT HERBIE WANTED TO HELP... IF ONLY HE COULD THINK OF SOMETHING. AND TO AID CONCENTRATION AND THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING---TRY A SECOND LOLLIPOP...

He was still thinking in school next morning... but so far, nothing had come to him...

Now let's go downstairs. Matter of fact, let's go all the way down to a certain flaming region where Satan's books are being checked... Nonsense! You're just not such a hot bookkeeper, that's all.

TCH TCH. Your business is going badly, Satan... seems as if you get less and less souls every year.

Really? You're not as young as you used to be... maybe you're losing your grip.

I'll show you who's losing his grip! Why, I'm as good as I ever was!

I'll throw this dart... and whoever it hits, I guarantee to deliver his soul in short order! Watch!

THWOK!
LET'S SEE... HERBIE POPNECKER, THE NAME IS. JUST WATCH ME GET HIM. HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HIS NEXT STOP IS GOING TO BE HADES!

HERBIE WAS STILL THINKING FRUITLESSLY AS HE WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT. WHAT COULD HE DO TO HELP HIS FATHER??

UH-HUH. AND YOU'RE THE DEVIL.

AHEM!... HERBIE POPNECKER, I PRESUME?

NOW, NOW... DON'T PANIC. I CAN TELL YOU'RE AFRAID...

I'M AFRAID?

... BUT YOU'VE GOT NO REASON TO FEAR, MY BOY. TROUBLE IS I GET A BAD PRESS--ACTUALLY I'M A PHILANTHROPIST, A VERY KIND-HEARTED FELLA. I WANT TO DO THINGS FOR PEOPLE... I WANT TO DO THINGS FOR YOU, HERBIE--TELL ME--WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD?
LOLLIPOPS!

OH, COME NOW... YOU KNOW YOU WANT MORE THAN THAT. TELL YOU WHAT... I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A FREE SAMPLE OF WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU... NO OBLIGATION! A HANDSOME FELLOW LIKE YOU WOULD MAKE A GREAT ACTOR... HOW ABOUT IT?

THE SMILE ON SATAN'S FACE BECAME GRIM. A WAVE OF HIS HAND, AND...

EGYPT... THERE'S MOVIE-MAKING IN PROGRESS...

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH RICHARD MERTON? I WON'T SHOOT ANOTHER SCENE WITHOUT HIM!

RELAX, MISS BAYLOR... RELAX... THERE'S BEEN A REPLACEMENT... WE'VE BROUGHT IN THE GREATEST ACTOR IN HISTORY!

HERE HE IS... THE INCOMPARABLE HERBIE POPNECKER!

HMMMM... MAYBE HE'LL DO, AFTER ALL. YES, I THINK HE WILL!

COME, LOVER...

GIVE ME BACK MY LOLLIPOP.
But instead...

MMMFFF!

How dare you steal my scene... how dare you!... come back!

Now, now... take it easy, Miss Baylor! I don't worry, we'll get Richard Merton back...

Who needs him? Get me Herbie, do you hear?

So who needs show business?

There must be something I can do for you! Say... how would you like to be a big business tycoon?

To Herbie came a sudden memory...

I've lost my job... how am I going to support us all?

Big business tycoon... that would be fine, Satan... if you could make it my dad instead!
I'd be glad to! Would you mind er... just signing this paper? Just a form for the records—you don't even have to read it!

Great news, mom! An old friend of my father's I never even heard of was just died and left me a big business!

Okay...

Morning... what a crazy dream that was last night... all about the devil...

Great news, mom! An old friend of my father's I never even heard of was just died and left me a big business!


Stand aside, my father owns it!

Nope. A lollipop factory. It turns out to be!

That devil really is a nice guy after all, like he said—a philanthropist!

These were palmy days for Herbie—
But... there's always got to be a time for reckoning. It came when Herbie was involved in his latest hobby—painting.

Okay, Herbie. Your time's up!

We've come to escort you down to Hades!

Don't want to go.

Listen, Fatso—You gonna come along peaceable or do we hafta get tough?

Like he says, now come along before we scare the daylights outa you!

Just a minute.
H-HELP! THEY... THEY MUST BE G-GBEASTS!

THIS IS SILLY. WE'RE THE HAUNTS!

SURE... WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO BE SCARED OF ANYWAY? WE'LL JUST PICK THAT HERBIE UP AND TAKE HIM ALONG!

PLEASE... WE APPEAL TO YOUR SENSE OF FAIR PLAY! HOW WILL IT LOOK IF WE COME BACK WITHOUT YOU?

AFTER ALL, SATAN'S ENTITLED... YOU DID SIGN A CONTRACT.

CONTRACT?

YES, THIS ONE... LISTEN. "IN RETURN FOR CERTAIN INDUCEMENTS PROMISED BY SATAN, I, HERBIE POPNECKER, DO HEREBY AGREE TO GIVE MYSELF INTO THE DEVIL'S HANDS ON DEMAND, SIGNED... HERBIE POPNECKER! ALL FAIR AND LEGAL..."

I'VE GOT TO DO THE HONORABLE THING ON ACCOUNT OF I'M HERBIE POPNECKER, A VERY HONORABLE Fella. BUT WHAT IS THE HONORABLE THING? WHAT DO YOU NEED... ADVICE...

Oh... is THAT what I SIGNED? WELL, RUN ALONG, YOU TWO... I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OVER.

OBVIOUSLY, HE HAD TO CONSULT THE EXPERTS... THEY GOT ME THAT WAY... THE WASHING MACHINE... I SIGNED, I HADDA MAKE GOOD! SO SINCE WHEN ARE YOU ANY EXCEPTION?
THEY SOLD ME A LAMP POST AND I'M STILL PAYIN' FOR IT BECAUSE I SIGNED!

THEY GOT ME ON CATFOOD WHEN THEY HAVE YOUR SIGNATURE ON THE DOTTED LINE, YOU'RE SUNK, HERBIE!

THIS MAKES IT 3-C AGAINST ME. I'LL TRY JUST ONE MORE AUTHORITY...

I SIGNED WHEN I BOUGHT A MILKING MACHINE TO REPLACE OLD JOE-FINGERS, THE FARMER... AND NOW MY LAWYER TELLS ME I CAN'T GET OUT OF IT.

THANKS. IT LOOKS LIKE I'M STUCK.

MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH...

I'M HIGH ENOUGH NOW... SO...

...HERE GOES!

SO... YOU TOOK YOUR OWN SWEET TIME GETTING HERE, DID YOU? FOR THAT, I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET THE WORKS! DRACULA! FRANKEN-STEIN! ATTEND TO THIS ROOKIE!

WHAM!

CRASH!
COMING, BOSS!

IT — IT'S HIM!

SAAEEEEEE!

WELL — THE BOSS MAN SAID —

ATTEND TO HIM, HE SAID —

Uh — Here we come, Herbie —

GULP! The way he's lookin' at us —

We didn't know a Herbie look could accomplish this — but then, he's got powers that even we doesn't know —

We're melting

HELP THAT GOES FOR ME TOO

IT WAS JUST A LITTLE CRY FOR HELP — BUT THE SATAN SECURITY FORCE CHARGED TO THE RESCUE —

THERE HE IS! GET HIM!
HO-HUM...

I CAN SEE THAT I'VE GOT TO ATTEND TO THIS PERSONALLY. LISTEN, YOU--YOU'RE UP AGAINST ME NOW, AND YOU'LL DO AS I SAY. SEE THAT FIERY Furnace? Well... GET IN THERE!

IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT...

BLAM!

...THOUGH I CAN'T THINK WHY!

IT... IT'S HERBIE!

DO YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT ME THAT WAY? COME ON OUT!

RUN!

I DON'T LIKE IT HERE. IT'S A CRAZY PLACE.

TAKE THAT CONFOUND LOLLIPPOP OUT OF YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU TALK TO ME!

IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT...

YOW-EEE!
Well, maybe I can’t give you the furnace treatment, but don’t think you’ve won... I have! You’re down here for ETERNITY!

That’s not so good. Eternity’s pretty long... and what will I do when my lollipops run out? Hmm...

IMPS OF HADES! When are you going to speak up for your rights? Satan gives you long hours, no pay, no fringe benefits. Are you going to stand for it?

NO! NO! NO!

You’re working in a real sweatshop... what are you going to do about it?

STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE!

We’re tired and waitin’, Satan! Don’t make chimps out of us IMPS! By us it’s always hot times! In Hades, you always get fired! Down with this sweatshop! This can’t keep on! All of the furnaces are getting cold!
ALL RIGHT, YOU TROUBLEMAKER—I'LL MEET ALL OF THEIR DEMANDS. JUST TELL 'EM TO GET BACK TO WORK.

AND HOW ABOUT ME?

YOU?—DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! HERE—THIS IS THE CONTRACT YOU SIGNED...

R-PIIP

ONLY G-GET OUT—GO—NEVER COME BACK, PLEASE?

HUH? THEY'RE TAKING DOWN THE SIGN! IF THAT DEVIL DOUBLE-CROSSED ME...

CRUNCH!

YOU WERE EATING UP ALL THE PROFITS, HERBIE—SO I SOLD OUT BEFORE I SHOULD GO BROKE. BUT I GOT A GOOD PRICE FOR THE LOLLIPOP PLANT—I'M A RICH MAN!

PARENTS! HERE I GO THROUGH HELL FOR HIM—AND NOW I'VE GOT TO START BUYING MY LOLLIPOPS AGAIN. YOU CAN'T WIN!
FROM YOUR EDITOR...TO YOU!

Calling all "Forbidden Worlds" fans! Here's an issue that's balanced from beginning to end. No matter what your individual preference, you should find it here. It runs the gamut—a new twist on the kookie supernatural in "Herbie Goes To The Devil," a different approach to interesting science fiction in "Dreams Of Glory", an interesting short dealing with the reincarnation theme and an absorbing tale of a weird, out-of-this-world beast. Let us know how you like this lineup, please, plus any suggestions which you may have for the future. Send your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. And now let's get on to some of the letters which our readers have been sending us. Excuse us, please, if they lean heavily towards Herbie Popnecker—you see, that's all that fans are claiming about these days! And depend upon—on it—you'll be seeing quite a lot of Herbie in future issues!

"Dear Editor:-

I am definitely pro-Herbie. I think his exploits are simply the utmost and his brain power is the kookiest, if you know what I mean. But just one question—why is everything of any kind of substance so insanely afraid of him?

—Charles Brazell,

1911 E. 6th St., Odessa, Texas.

What a question, Charles. You might as well ask why sensible people are afraid of earthquakes. If you're smart, you don't mess around with Herbie, and that goes for things as well as people!

"Dear Editor:

This is the first time I've read about Herbie Popnecker, but I keep reading it over and over, because he's so good. How about giving us a Herbie annual?

—Ronald Campbell,

210 Oscar St., Taylor, Texas.

Well, Ronald, you're the second Texan in a row to come out cheering for our little fat character. Oh, if only they'd had Herbie at the Alamo! Too bad we can't accede to your request and put him in an annual, but he'd walk right out. Hates annuals. But if we bundle him right, he might show up in a super-special story every once in a while.

"Dear Editor:-

I am for Herbie, the new super-hero. I have one thing to say. Don't make the story too much like a cartoon. Already you've made bullets turn aside, yelling out 'Gang-way, it's Herbie Popnecker!'—and you've had an eagle talking. I wish that you would limit your impossibilities to Herbie's powers, and of course, you should add science-fiction space stories. Please don't have anything else as ridiculous as eagles and bullets thinking. But you haven't gone too far to change. The explanation for the bullets thinking? They were small robots with a mechanical brain, vocal chord eyes and nose installed to enable them to stay on an object's trail at the inventor's command. As for the eagle thinking, the answer is simple. Herbie has the power to communicate with animals. A simpler explanation for the bullets would be that Herbie brought them to life through his powers when a unique way of keeping from getting hit and shocking the crooks. As for the comet thinking? That wasn't a comet, it was an alien. Please, from now on, leave the talking to humans!

—Gary Acord,

723 W. 10th St., Dallas, Texas.

Help—the Rangers must be after us, because here's Texas again! Whoever said that the eyes of Texas are upon us sure was right. Now, Gary, excuse us if we're just a little bit defiant. We've got to speak the truth at all times, and it so happens that those bullets turned chicken when they saw Herbie. They recognized him, yelled in horror and made for the nearest exit because they were smart. And the eagle talked because all manner of things talk to Herbie and he talks back. All this is perfectly natural in Herbie's world, so you're going to have to get used to it!

"Dear Editor:-

This is the second time I have written to 'Forbidden Worlds', and I hope that this time you can find space in your wonderful magazine to print it. I don't usually make it a habit to write to comic's magazines, but yours is always an exception. I have just finished reading issue No. 110 and some strange power from the Unknown made me want to write to you. You have scored a great hit, in my estimation, with Herbie's latest adventure. The story was one of the most hilarious I have ever read and the art was great, too. The story 'Funny Fish' was good, but could you please tell me why the Ketcham twins had such funny-looking hair? Also, why did Brad Fisher's eyes bulge out so? I didn't like the two-pager very much, but I don't blame you for that, because I realize that you can't really develop a story very well in only two pages. Lastly, 'Ghost Vessel' was quite interesting. All in all, thanks for the enjoyment you gave me in putting out this great magazine. Your fan forever:

—Sue Ducharme,

2512 Ocean View Ave.,
Los Angeles 57, Calif.

Hi there, Sue! You've accused us unjustly, because it so happens, that we did print your first letter. This gives you the record of two letters and both published. Glad you liked that issue, and we hope to give you many others at least its equal. Let us hear from you often.
"Dear Editor:-

Bet you thought you'd never hear from me again! A week ago, I would have made the same bet—you see, I don't buy 'Forbidden Worlds' anymore. But I was looking for another comic yesterday, when suddenly I saw the name 'Herbie' on the cover of FW No. 110... and so on. The story I bought the comic for, 'Herbie And The Snediger's Salad Oil' had a rather good plot and was funny, too—because of the presence of Herbie Popnecker, of course. You said that regular characters don't lend themselves to amazing stories—I don't agree. Herbie is a good example of this. You could really make a fine series with him. John Force, Magic Agent, had the same potential, but you muffed him with poor art and too short stories. He could still make it big if you gave him the chance. 'Funky Fish' used that same ol' plot—that of the person/being/creature who has amazing powers, is laughed at and comes back to become really something. This is the cliche plot which warped 'Robertson's Robots' and which has been used so often. The rest of the issue was mere inferiority, devoted to two of your three standard plots: (1) A dead/elsewhere person saves the day which involves him personally (also see 'Through The Mist' and 'Verdick, Not Guilty' in FW No. 109). (2) An animate object remains faithful to its master. The third has already been mentioned. Your main fault is the extremely poor art which is carried in your magazines. Paul Reinman (who illoed one of your better efforts, 'The Mirror That Stole Faces' in No. 109) can do better; in fact, many of his efforts elsewhere are superior. Ogden Whitney is terribly hampered by lack of detail and background; a good artist would have made 'Salad Oil' a real winner. Chick Stone is better than Whitney, but even he lacks detail. Your best artists are John Forte and Kurt Schaffenberger, whose efforts occasionally appear on the covers of your comics. So what do I like? You ask. 'You'll Make A Million Bucks Up There' was good, but the poor art was a hindering factor. My favorites of all time that you published are 'Bom To The Top' and 'Heavenly Heavyweight', followed by 'That's The Way The Ball Bounces'. However, these, when compared to the efforts of a few deceased publications of the 50's, are sickly. One of the main reasons is realism—your stories lack human emotions. While you may show romance, hate and so forth, you don't generate it—a must for good stories. Once every three issues is not enough. One final word. I have been condemning your artists... they could be improved without changing talent, although their efforts could never become tops in comics, of course. Such an improvement list would include different colors, more shading, more detailed covers, no conversation on covers, removing the banners 'Stories Of Strange Adventure' and 'Gripping Tales Of Suspense' and not using so much red and yellow, the most overused colors around. I sincerely hope you improve.

Paul Gambaccini,
8 Elizabeth Dr., Westport, Conn."

We, too, sincerely hope that we improve, Paul, and we freely concede that there's always room for improvement. But we do disagree most emphatically with you on the extent of the need for improvement as far as we're concerned. We think that you're an intelligent person who knows what he likes and dislikes and can express his opinions with clarity. But your criticism is so stern and condemnatory that it becomes unfair. Specifically, our reference is to your statements concerning our stories. Being human, we've come up with some gorgeous lemons in our time—but these, fortunately, have been only a small minority. Let's look at the other side of the coin—we've come up with many standouts that have reflected credit on the comics field. And as far as formula plots go, we can't deny their presence in our pages. But Paul, let's be fair, please. Every moving picture or television play you see makes use of plots springing from basic formulas. Ditto for every novel you read. It's what you do with these plots that's the important thing—the manner in which you treat them, the "wrinkles" that you strive to insert, the fresh point of departure, the selection of incidents. You mention "You'll Make A Million Bucks Up There" with approval—yet this involves the formula plot of a guy going on a space journey and winning out over strange spacemen on the destination planet. What put this yarn over was the treatment. Shunning the customary heroics, we made our hero a poor slob who'd failed at everything he ever did in life and is now departing on one last, despairing effort to make good by opening a grocery market far out in space. It was this framework which made our story fresh and attractive. Actually, we feel that you go for the commonest formula of all—the formula that employs an all-conquering hero that wins through despite the stupendous odds against him. That's why you like characters—regular characters who can be vehicles for heroic powers—rather than the separate stories which we feature in our magazines. This last is only an opinion, we concede—we may be wrong.

"Dear Editor:-

Just finished reading No. 109 for the hundredth time and want to compliment you on 'Through The Mist'. This is one of the finest stories I ever read because it seems like it could really happen. Thank you again for a wonderful mag!"

Tim Riley,
4306 Century Blvd., Lynwood, Cal."

We included Tim's letter just to show you fans that there could be one that didn't mention Herbie!