MAKE WAY FOR the FAT FURY...

HERBIE

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IMPOSSIBLE? THAT'S HERBIE!

12¢
Things look bad for the world? Doom and danger closing in? Well, you can forget your worries, because America's horrible hero is on the job. This way for a fat and fantastic frolic called—

"Herbie and the Dragon's Tears!"

**Story:** Shane O'Shea

**Art:** Ogden Whitney

Here's Herbie on a typical day—

You know why I don't say anything to him... like mow the lawn or for heaven's sake, go play a game of ball... you know why? Because all he'd do is stick one of those confounded lollipops in his mouth—the only sign he's alive!

Oh, dad, it's not as bad as that.
Lollipops aren't the only things in his life...

Oh, you think not? Come on up to his room with me. I want to show you something.

Every known flavor of lollipop... and what's in that locked section down there, I'll never know and I don't want to know!

Chocolate  Tutti-frutti!
Strawberry  Lime
Cherry  Lemon
Cinnamon  Orange
Licorice  Grape

It looks like Dad doesn't think too much of Herbie. He doesn't even know that his son has a secret life. For instance, that isn't a wrist watch Herbie is consulting, but a ticker tape device...

There goes Herbie. Something important must be popping.

Lollipopping, you mean.

We're counting on you, Herbie. We want you to visst Russia as an unofficial ambassador, suggest to Khrushchev that America and Russia pool their efforts to invade space, rather than continue this ruinous race.
YOU KNOW HOW TO PUT IT TO HIM, HERBIE. YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE.

OH, GOLLY... THAT HERBIE. SIGH!

ER... THIS IS MEN'S TALK, GOVERNMENT BUSINESS, LADYBIRD.

OH, ALL RIGHT... KILLJOY!... 'BYE, HERBIE—HAVE A GOOD TRIP!

LOOK, HERBIE, YOU'RE NO LIGHTWEIGHT, WHY DO I HAFTA DO THINGS LIKE THIS?

LOYALTY, YOU'RE AN AMERICAN EAGLE.

KARUSHCHEV

?
THAT ONE, THE FAT COSSACK. WHAT'S HE THERE FOR?

OH... FOLK-DANCING!

NOW THAT'S CUTTING A RUG, COMRADE!

HERBIE LINGERED BEHIND WHEN THE OTHERS LEFT, AND...

HERBIE! NO WONDER YOU LOOKED FAMILIAR!

LET'S CALL OFF THE SPACE RACE. PLAY IT TOGETHER.

NEVER! I, KHRUSHCHEV, REFUSE! ONLY TO HERBIE POPNECKER WOULD I TELL THE REASON... LISTEN...

RECENTLY, WE CAME INTO POSSESSION OF UNDISCOVERED PAPERS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, THE GREAT MEDIEVAL SCIENTIST. WE LEARNED THAT HE HAD DESIGNED AND BUILT A SPACE ROCKET. IT WAS INFERIOR, PRIMITIVE-BUT HE HAD DISCOVERED A MIRACULOUS ROCKET FUEL...

AT LIGHTNING SPEED, IT CARRIED THAT EARLY MISSILE INTO THE SKIES, WHERE IT DISAPPEARED.

VAROOM!
What kind of fuel?

Da Vinci's papers reveal that its base was Dragon's tears!

Even Russia has no dragons, but our scientists are busily at work synthesizing their tears. I tell you this because you Yankees can never hope to catch up with us!

The first nation to reach the stars will be the one that can get Dragon's tears for its rocket fuel—and Russia will soon have them. Go and tell your president that!

If they succeed and reach the stars first with that dragon stuff, they'll make big political capital out of it. They may even wind up winning the earth.

Bad huh?

Bad?

It'll be awful... er... ladybird...

Sigh...

And so Herbie went home at once. You see, he had a plan...

Lollipops special purposes

Time lollipops
FORTY SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO... HUH?

Hi, Herbie!

Now let's look in on medieval England and see what's happening—

Forsooth, thou art a great magician, Merlin!—is it not so, Guinevere? And what thinkest thou, Lancelot?

Ah, yes, I am indeed great. If there is a greater sorcerer in all the world, let him appear—

Oof!
HE--HE MUST BE SOME EVIL SORCERER! HOW CAN HE BE CONQUERED?

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY--A MAGIC CONTEST WITH MERLIN!

AND SO THE GREAT CONTEST BEGAN--

BEHOLD! THE MAGIC OF MERLIN WILL TURN THIS PRETENDER INTO A PIG!

HEH-HEH--HE ALREADY WAS A PIG, I GUESS--!

'TIS YOUR TURN NOW, SORCERER!

HAH! ANYBODY SEEN MRS. CALABASH?

CHEAP SHOWBOAT TRICK...I'LL PROVE I'M A GREATER MAGICIAN THAN THOU BY PULLING THE GREATEST MAGIC FEAT IN HISTORY! WATCH!
VERILY, 'TIS UNBELIEVABLE!

AMAZING! LET THE STRANGE SORCERER TRY TO EQUAL THIS!

FORSOOTH, THOU ART THE GREATEST! AND SO HANDSOME — SO ROMANTIC...

NEVER MIND ALL THAT — WHAT DOST THOU WISH OF US, SORCERER? GLADLY WILL I GRANT IT IF ONLY THOU WILT DEPART IN PEACE.

DRAGON...

OH, A DRAGON, THEY'RE MIGHTY RARE, YESIR, MIGHTY RARE...

I WANTED ONE WELL DONE.

LET'S SEE — THOU MIGHT JUST CONCEIVABLY FIND ONE IN THE ROYAL FOREST...

SO HERBIE WALKED INTO THE ROYAL FOREST — HUNTING A DRAGON...

THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND THERE.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
IT WAS GUINEVERE...
I KNEW THAT THOU WOULDST BE HERE.
TELL ME, DOST THOU THINK ME PRETTY?

WELL... I KNOW MOSTLY ABOUT LOLLIPOPS...
ROAR!

RRROWWW!
SAVE ME! OH, DO SOMETHING, NOBLE KNIGHT!

LIKE THIS...

BUT AS THE DRAGON CHARGED...

RRRR-RRRR
YOU WANT I SHOULD BOP YOU WITH THIS LOLLIPOP?

CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... NOTHING LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENED TO ME. WAIT TILL I GET A GOOD LOOK AT YOU...

YIPE! IT... IT'S HERBIE POPNECKER!

BLAM!
I ALWAYS DID WANT TO BE RESCUED IN A WOOD... AND THOU HAST DONE IT, MY HERO!

WHAT HAST THOU TO SAY NOW, MY LOVE? CONFESS THAT THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WORLD TO MATCH GUINEVERE'S KISS.

SMACK!

WELL... THESE ARE VERY SPECIAL LOLLIPOPS.

SUDDENLY... LANCELOT! THE MIGHTY KNIGHT WAS IN A JEALOUS RAGE...

THOU MUST FIGHT ME, SORCERER... I FEAR THEE NOT! MEET ME AT THE JOUSTING FIELD AT HIGH NOON... AND BATTLE FOR THY LIFE!

OH, FIGHT HIM NOT GIRL POPNECKER... HE IS THE STRONGEST KNIGHT ALIVE! FORSOOTH, HE HAS SLAIN GIANTS, ENTIRE ARMIES! WHAT WILT THOU DO?

FIGHT HIM... WHAT ELSE?

HIGH NOON. PEOPLE HAD FLOCKED FROM MILES AROUND TO WITNESS THE MIGHTY STRUGGLE... TANTARA!

WHERE IS HERBIE? I'LL HAVE HIS HEAD!
TANTARA!

They're not making armor like they used to...

Have at thee, knave!

I'm not sure exactly how I do this...

Verily, he is mine. This time I can't miss!

Got to puff. Try again...
HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY, GIDDYAP.

OH, WELL...

SKREE-EEEEE!

ZINN-NHG

CLANG!

THUD!

YOU TOO?

IT WAS QUITE A LEAVETAKING...
GOODBYE, GOODBYE, THOU GREAT AND NOBLE WIZARD! (THANK THE LORD HE'S GOING!)

FAREWELL OH MIGHTY SORCERER! (IF THOU RETURNEST NEVER, 'TWILL BE TOO SOON!)

PEACE AND GOOD FORTUNE ATTEND THEE, MIGHTIEST OF ALL KNIGHTS! (THOU FAT LITTLE JERK, THOU!)

MY DREAMS SHALL ALL BE OF THEE, THOU HANDSOME LOVERS! (HE COULD BE MINE, LOVED HE NOT LOLLIPOPS MORE!)

12
OTHER BOYS GET A DOG; MAN'S BEST FRIEND—BUT NOT MY BOY! NO SIR, HE HAS TO COME UP WITH A MONSTROSITY LIKE THAT!

ANYWAY, IT IS A BIG HELP IN PEELING ONIONS.

IT WAS A BIG HELP IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE—WAYS THAT MOM AND DAD KNEW NOTHING ABOUT LIKE BEATING THE SOVIETS TO THE PUNCH IN MAKING THE NEW DRAGON'S TEARS ROCKET FUEL...

AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE...

LONGEST FLIGHT ON RECORD—BUT THE FASTEST!

UNCLE SAM MADE IT FIRST!

The new landing proves that we've beaten Russia in the great race for space!

Can you imagine... even that doesn't get any response out of him! Oh why must I have a little fat nothing for a son?
ROCKET #1352 DOES NOT ANSWER!

IT HAPPENED AS ROCKET #1352 APPROACHED THE UNEXPLORED PLANET EXCALIBUR...

REPORTING TO EARTH! SMALL SPACECRAFT COMING UP TO GREET US. CAN'T BE HOSTILE...JUST ONE WILL OPEN PORT AND TAKE HIM IN, BUT WILL REMAIN ON GUARD!

AND SO THEY RECEIVED THE SPACEMAN THEY WOULD BE ON GUARD AGAINST...

WELL, I'LL BE...LOOK AT HIM! HAW-HAW!

ROCKET #1352--DO YOU READ ME? PLEASE REPORT ON YOUR VISITOR FROM EXCALIBUR!

A REGULAR LITTLE COMEDIAN--LIKE TO KEEP HIM AS A PET! HAW-HAW!

THE CREW RETIRED, SLEEPING HEAVILY, BUT AS FOR THEIR GUEST...

CUTEST LITTLE DOLL-BABY YOU EVER SAW! IF THE REST OF HIS PEOPLE ARE LIKE HIM, LANDING THERE WILL BE A CINCH!

COMEDY HAD BECOME GRIM MENACE, FOR SOMETHING STRANGE AND OMINOUS WAS HAPPENING--THE LITTLE SPACEMAN WAS GROWING...GROWING...

MORNING...

ROCKET #1352, ARE YOU THERE? COME IN, ROCKET #1352!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

GIR...

ROCKET #1352 DOES NOT ANSWER!
"Listen, fellas, you've just got to help Herbie out," said Mr. Popnecker. "Okay, so he's not a great athlete. He's not a great anything. He's little and he's fat, but if you'd only let him play football with you, it might make a man of him. Tell you what—put him in a game and I'll buy you all sodas for a week!"

So they let Herbie play. Lugged him in forcibly, you might say, because he wasn't very enthusiastic about it. And once in, he didn't seem to catch on to anything. "You mean like this?" he asked as they tried to teach him how to tackle—and promptly went on his face. "Like this?" he queried as they tried to instruct him in forward passing—and the ball wobbled weakly through the air for about two lousy feet. It wasn't any wonder that they decided that they'd had it. They wouldn't mess around with that fat square if it meant sodas for a year, and they reported their decision to Mr. Popnecker—in politer language, of course.

"You don't have to try to go easy on me," mourned Herbie's dad. "I know what you're thinking and you're right, My son's a Little Fat Nothing!" It was a hard pill for him to swallow because he had hoped so much that Herbie might make good at football. The game was Mr. Popnecker's hobby, his chief interest. Particularly he was engrossed in professional football, and the New York Giants were his team, his darlings. Right now, he had his eyes fixed on the big game that was coming up the next week between the Giants and the Green Bay Packers. He couldn't wait to go to see it, to witness his darlings demolish the hated Packers. But as the days passed and the big game drew close, there were only bad tidings. One after the other, the Giants' star backs fell prey to injuries, until there wasn't an able-bodied one left. The odds on the Green Bay Packers soared up, up. Now they were favored 45,000 to nothing, which should give you an idea of how things stood. Despite this grim picture, Dad planned to be on hand to cheer his idols on, but now the final blow fell. He came down with a bad cold and was confined to his bed. "I'm the unhappiest man in the world," he groaned. "I could stand not being able to see the game if only a miracle happened, and my Giants won—but where does a miracle come from these days?"

"Feel sorry for him", thought Herbie. "Better do something." So up into the air he walked, trudging through the skies until the big city lay unfolded beneath him. He stopped to eat a sandwich on top of the tower of the Empire State Building and then plodded high over the streets and avenues towards the training-grounds of the New York Giants. "Heard you need players", he said to Coach Allie Sherman. "Want a tryout."

There he stood, a fat little Buddha, Mr. Three By Three. Well, why not play along? The team's morale was low and they needed a good laugh. So "Go out on the field," invited Coach Sherman. "We could use a good backfield man. We'll give you the ball and all you've got to do is run through the team with it. For a terror like you, it should be cinch!" He went along so as not to miss the fun. He grinned in anticipation as the ball was snapped back to Herbie, and then—Wham!

To this day, the Giants talk, in hushed accents, of what happened down on the training field. Frankly, they don't know exactly what did happen. All they knew was that when the dust had settled, there were the New York Giants, scattered from one end of the field to the other. Some lay on the ground dazedly, others hung off the grandstands. There were even a few draped over the goalposts and two were picked up
where they had fallen to earth in South Brooklyn. And there was Herbie, standing over the goal line and tossing the ball nonchalantly in the air!

Came the day of the big game with the Green Bay Packers and the odds on the Packers had reached 74,245 to minus 16. Oh, there'd been talk about a surprise new player that the Giants planned to unfold, but folks figured this to be just a forlorn hope. Green Bay won the toss and elected to receive. First down and Packers on the offense. They swung into position and their eyes widened incredulously. For there, facing them from behind the Giants' line, stood a perfect circle in football togs. A fat, squat little circle with glasses, staring unemotionally back at them. "It's a medicine ball!" gasped one of them. "No, it's a heavyweight pumpkin!" cried another. "More like a globe of the earth," said their quarterback, "but a cinch for us. Can you imagine that backing up a line?"

A Green Bay running play went right through the Giants' line. Crash! The runner had hit Herbie and it was like colliding with a brick wall—a fat brick wall! The ball squirmed out of his hands and into Herbie's. "Our ball now," said Herbie unemotionally. "Let's go."

Coach Sherman walked up and down excitedly on the sidelines. A reporter stopped him. "Who is he?" the reporter demanded. "That fat little blob, the new man. What's his name?" "Sort of funny name," Sherman answered. "He calls himself Eebreb Rekkenpop, The Demon From Yemen. He was a demon in practice, all right—now let's see how he does in a real game!"

They saw—and so did 60,000 spectators. But they weren't quite sure what they saw. On the first play when the ball was snapped to him, they could have sworn that he tucked it thoughtfully under his arm and walked right up into the air above the scrimmage line. He didn't even bother hurrying as he plodded along fifty feet up until he had crossed the goal line for a touchdown. Just try tackling somebody fifty feet in the air! Anyway, that's what the spectators thought they saw, but nobody would say it for fear of being thought crazy! So all they did was cheer wildly. "Eebreb Rekkenpop! Yay!"

The next time Herbie received the ball, he threw a forward pass—a long, arching pass ninety feet down the field. At first, it seemed a pretty jerky thing to do, because there wasn't a receiver anywhere around. But that didn't faze Herbie the least bit. The second the ball left his hand, he was off running—and when the ball came down, there he was waiting for it. Touchdown! "Hurray for Eebreb Rekkenpop!" screamed the stands. "The Demon From Yemen—hurray!"

As you may well imagine, it was quite a game to broadcast. "It's a power play—I mean, a power play!" screamed a top network announcer. "Eebreb Rekkenpop has taken the ball again and is hitting the Green Bay line, where the big defenders are waiting for him. And—wow! Holy smoke! Zowie! You won't believe this, ladies and gentlemen—nothing like it has ever been seen! Holding the ball in one hand, the great Eebreb Rekkenpop has picked up the whole Green Bay team on the palm of his other hand and is running for the goal line! And he's over again—for another touchdown!"

It was a game for the ages. Without Herbie, Green Bay would have been winner, but with him, it was the New York Giants, 4,236 to 0. Everyone on the field headed for Herbie, but then something happened that's still a mystery. One second the Fat Fury had been standing there—and the next second there was a flash, and he was gone, vanished, disappeared as if by magic! And even as Mr. Popnecker heard the radio announcer's amazed tones telling of this, he felt a presence in his room. He looked up...and there, seated opposite him was Herbie, slumped in a chair, his eyes dull and glazed, his hands folded on that all-too-plump stomach.

Dad uttered a strangled cry and Mom rushed into the room. "Just look at him!", panted Dad. "Even what went on at the big game doesn't excite him! Oh, how I envy the parents of Eebreb Rekkenpop! Why can't our boy be like him? But no—all we've got is a Little Fat Nothing!"
Is it an oversized goony-bird... a well-upholstered rhinoceros... a stylish stout junior whale's no... none of these things. When dark danger lurks, when deep villainy is afoot, then it's time for the tubby terror, the fat fury himself! Watch him in action, as...

**Herbie Beards Castro!**

**SPORTS**

Sonny Liston winding up training for Miami fight

Champ Heavy favorite over Pablo Popsicle, Cuban challenger

Say! According to the story here, Pablo is going to use his end of the purge to ransom Juan Buanana, head of the Cuban underground, who's being held captive by Castro!

Now isn't that nice!

It sure is... you know, I've never seen Liston fight... I'd like to go down to Miami and see the match. Uh... it's all right if I go, isn't it? I haven't had a vacation since...

Of course it's all right, and I've got a surprise... I'm going with you!

And it wouldn't do Herbie any harm, either... he needs a change, poor delicate little boy!

Oh, N-No!
THE...THE IDEA OF HAVING TO BRING THAT LITTLE FAT NOTHING WITH ME ON A PLEASURE TRIP! I'M TELLING YOU...

IT'S EITHER THAT OR NOTHING!

ER...I WAS ONLY JOKING...I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING I'D LIKE BETTER THAN TO TAKE HERBIE DOWN TO MIAMI. YES SIR!

IT WAS QUITE A TRIP...

AH, THE GREAT SCENERY OF OUR GREAT NATION! HAVE A LOOK, HERBIE---OH NEVER MIND!

ZZZ-zzzzzzz

CAME NIGHT---DAD HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW HERBIE WORKED IT OFF...

GULP! 195 MILES PER HOUR...BUT HOW COME?

MIAMI---

SLURP Gobble

GR-RRR!

Uh---if you don't mind, I'd rather walk by myself, Herbie. Got some pretty important thinking to do.

DON'T MIND.

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?

DON'T!

A REAL FIGURE OF A MAN!

JUST LOOK AT HIM!
**SIGH!!**

**DID YOU EVER SEE ANYONE SO HANDSOME?**

**OH, MY DREAM MAN...**

**HA! I GUESS I CAN STILL MAKE FEMININE HEARTS BEAT FAST!**

**I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THIS, HERBIE. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE WHAT A REAL FIGHTING MAN IS LIKE... IT MIGHT TEACH YOU TO MEND YOUR WAYS!**

**LIKE MY WAYS.**

**WATCH SONNY LISTON TRAIN**

**$3.00**

---

**YAY, LISTON!**

**ATTABOY, CHAMP!**

**HURRAH!**

---

**YEE-OWWWW!**

**COME ON, SONNY!**

**HURRAH FOR THE CHAMP!**

**POW BIFF SOK! YAY!**

---

**WOW! LOOKIT THAT MAN FIGHT!**

**RAY, LISTON! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!**

**THIS FELLAS PUTTIN' A HEX ON ME... I CAN'T STAND LOOKIN' AT HIM!**
---AND
STAY AWAY,
SEE?

I DON'T BLAME
LISTON--YOU'RE
ENOUGH TO
DISCOURAGE
ANYONE!

JUST REMEMBER
THAT NOBODY EVER
PUSHES AROUND A
FIGHTING MAN!
YOU'D BE OKAY IF
YOU ONLY LEARNED
TO DEFEND YOURSELF.
TO FIGHT FOR YOUR
RIGHTS! WHAT DO
YOU SAY, SON?

YOUR MAIN
TROUBLE IS
YOU'RE FAT.
HERBIE, THAT'S
NO GOOD, SEE?
YOU'HVE GOT TO
GET IT OFF IF
YOU WANT TO
LEARN TO
FIGHT...

OOF!
YOU HAVEN'T
TAKEN OFF
ENOUGH
WEIGHT, PABLO.

CHALLENGER'S TRAINING
QUARTERS
SEE THE GREAT PABLO POPSICLE
TRAIN--

SURE HE'S FAT--
AND LISTON'S
GOING TO KILL
HIM! JUST WATCH.
THAT'S ALL.

GULP!!
LOLLIPOPSES
FOOD!

I DIET, I
DIET UNTIL
I AM READY
TO STARVE!
OH, IF ONLY
I HAD SOMETHING TO EAT
ANYTHING--

!!!!!
YOU DON'T GO MESSING AROUND WITH ANTI-GRAVITY LOLLIPOPS, BECAUSE THIS IS LIKELY TO HAPPEN... CAR-Ramba! H'HELP!

OK-HHHHHH CRASH!

HOW'S HE GOING TO SHOW UP TOMORROW NIGHT FOR HIS FIGHT WITH THE CHAMP NOW? WHEN LAST SEEN, HE WAS HEADING FOR CHINA!

AND WITHOUT HIS PURSE FROM THE FIGHT, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO RANSOM JUAN BUANANA, HEAD OF THE CUBAN UNDERGROUND FROM CASTRO! HOW WILL WE EVER START A COUNTER-REVOLUTION?

NO PROBLEM.

HERBIE HAD DISCOVERED THE MISSING LOLLIPOP AND REALIZED WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED, AND SINCE HE FELT RATHER RESPONSIBLE--

YOUR FIGHTER WILL SHOW UP FOR THE FIGHT, I GUARANTEE IT!

THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIGHT...

Huh! I'll make him to a clay--

HE WEIGHS NEAR A TON, SO I'LL TAKE HIM IN ONE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, PABLO, BUT YOU LOOK SORT OF DIFFERENT!
BONG!

THIS IS GONNA BE A CINCH!

KER-POW!

OW-WOW-WOW-WOW-WOW!

WASTED ENOUGH TIME.

HO-HUM...

ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR...

WHAT THE... PABLO POPSICLE'S MOUSTACHE SEEMS TO BE COMING OFF! AND THERE'S A STRANGE RESEMBLANCE... I'VE GOT TO LOOK INTO THIS!

CRASH!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
OH-OH... HERBIE HAD SPOTTED HIS DAD COMING FORWARD FOR A CLOSER LOOK! THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY! MY MAN IS THE NEW CHAMP!

NO GIR! I HADN'T FINISHED THE COUNT!

I'M THE BOXING COMMISSIONER! I ORDER PABLO'S PURSE HELD UP FOR LEAVING THE RING BEFORE THE FINISH OF THE FIGHT!

IF PABLO DOESN'T GET PAID, THEY CAN'T RANSOM JUAN BUAJANANA! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO...

...I'LL GO DOWN TO CUBA PERSONALLY AND RESCUE HIM!

YOU SEE HOW IT'S DONE, KIDS? RIGHT AND LEFT WING SWEEP BACK AT THE SAME TIME. SURE IT'S HARD, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PRACTICE... PRACTICE! THERE'S NO EASY WAY...

OH, NO?

...LOOK!

IT'S HERBIE POPNECKER, AND LOOK AT THE WAY HE DOES IT!
Cuba. Herbie was determined to see Castro... maybe he could talk reason to him and persuade him to release Juan Buanana. But... Amscray, leetle fat one! Eet ees forbidden to enter! Forbidden-schmidden!

Minutes later... Eet ees our great Fidel!

Since when he wears glasses?

Here goes. Fidel Castro (himself)

Release Juan Buanana? Never! Not unless you can meet my price... ten million!

Okay.

You drive a hard bargain. 10 million lollipops...

Who's talking from lollipops? It's dollars... Yankee dollars! I'll teach you to make a fool of me... Guards!
ONE... TWO...

CRASH!

BUSTED... ALL
MY LOLLIPOPS.
AND I'M GONNA
NEED 'EM...

HE MANAGED TO ASSEMBLE
ONE LOLLIPOP FROM THE
FRAGMENTS... BUT WHAT
ITS PROPERTIES WERE HE
COULDN'T EVEN START TO
GUESS... "DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT'LL DO... BUT
AFTER ALL, IT'S
A LOLLIPOP."

MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER
TO RESCUE THE IMPRISONED
UNDERGROUND LEADER, HE
WENT TO THE JAILHOUSE...

IT IS LOCKED, SEÑOR;
YOU MUST HAVE THE
KEY... BUT THE
JAILER HAS IT!

SO WHERE'S
THE JAILER?

LADY JAILER,
Huh? THAT MAKES
THINGS HARDER...

BUT THE FAT FURY COULD RISE TO ANY
OCCASION... EVEN THIS...

A TANGO! MY FAVORITE!
IF ONLY I HAD
A PARTNER...
AH! HE EES HERE!

EET EES THE TANGO, SEÑOR--I AWAIT YOU!

THE KEY THERE IT IS.

AI, SEÑOR--YOU PUT EVEN VALENTINO TO SHAME...

AI-AY-AI!! I HAVE BEEN ROBBED!

FREE... I, JULIO BUANA, AM FREE! NOW I CAN LEAD THE REVOLUTION AGAINST CASTRO! A MILLION THANKS, SEÑOR...

NOTHING TO IT.

5-SEÑOR... SOMETHING HAS GONE VERY WRONG! SOMEONE MUST HAVE GIVEN THE ALARM...

YOU'RE TELLING ME?
What to do in this moment of emergency? It was time for superpowers—which meant a super-lollipop...

Don't know what powers this patched-up pop has... but here goes!

It seems that he had combined parts of a super high-jumping lollipop...

...with pieces of a super hole-digging lollipop!

Yipe!

ZOOM!

YEEEEEEE-OWWWWW!

*!*?! THAT HERBIE!

AI-AI-AI!

WUMP!

BAM!

HELP!

ROAR, RR!
WHICH SHOWS THAT IT DOESN'T PAY TO MESS AROUND WITH THE FAT FURY! BUT HIS SUPER-LOLLIPPOP WAS STILL GETTING IN ITS WORK...

YIKES! WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW?

ATLANTIC OCEAN.

IT'S HERBIE!

HERBIE POPNECKER! ISN'T HE DREAMY?

SIGH! IF HE ONLY HAD A TAIL...

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH... OOPS! BACK IN MIAMI, THAT IS...

HOW CAN WE FREE CUBANS FIGHT CASTRO WITHOUT JUAN BUANANA, LEADER OF THE UNDERGROUND? BUT ALAS, HE EES A PRISONER...

JUAN! FROM WHERE COME YOU?

HERBIE!

PUFF... HOPE THEY HAVEN'T MISSED ME!

WHAM!

NOW DAD, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP PICKING ON POOR HERBIE. HE'S A GOOD BOY AND HE MEANS WELL... EVEN IF HE IS A LITTLE... ER... NON-ACTIVE!

WHY NOT FACE IT, MOM? WHY IF YOU WANT PROOF OF WHAT HE IS, JUST LOOK!

OTHER MEN HAVE SONS THEY CAN BE PROUD OF, BOYS WHO CAN DO SOMETHING... BUT WHAT HAVE WE GOT? A LITTLE FAT NOTHING WHO DOES NOTHING...

PLEASE, DAD... YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE!