MAKE WAY FOR the FAT FURY...

HERBIE

H-HELP!
W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO US, HERBIE?

YOU WANT I SHOULD BOP YOU WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP?
HERBIE POPNECKER IS SOMETHING VERY, VERY SPECIAL. SOMETHING LIKE THE NEW FRONTIER, EXCEPT THAT HE'S THE FAT FRONTIER. HE'S GOT POWERS THAT HE HASN'T EVEN TRIED YET, DON'T BOther WRITING IN TO TELL US YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN HERBIE, BECAUSE HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN YOU. JUST TIE YOURSELF TO THE NEAREST CHAIR, SCREAM WITH FRIGHT AND DARE TO READ THE TERROR TALE OF

**HERBIE and the LOCH NESS MONSTER!**

**STORY:**
SHANE O'SHEA

**ART:**
OGDEN WHITNEY

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**A QUIET SATURDAY MORNING AT HERBIE'S HOUSE...**

I'VE TOLD THAT WORTHLESS, LAZY SON OF OURS A DOZEN TIMES TO START GETTING ALL THAT WOOD CHOPPED! WHERE IS HE, ANYWAY?

PLEASE, REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE. HE HASN'T COME DOWN YET... PROBABLY IN THE UPSTAIRS.
But when Dad checked—

Busy, eh?

I thought so!

Herbie! Go down and start chopping that wood, or so help me...

You can work up an appetite for breakfast, if you want to eat, show me a dent in that pile.

I know it's a big job, but all I want him to do is get a little start on it, that's all. That little fat nothing just can't seem to do anything!

Well... here goes!

Blam!

Ho-hum...

What! Why, he wasn't out there two minutes—he couldn't have done a thing! I'll show him, the lazy, good-for-nothing...

Please, Dad! You've got to keep your temper!

When Dad was in a mood like that, there was only one safe place for Herbie—at a distance! It was decided that he pay a visit to his grandfather...

So I'm the relaxed type, S'long...

You mustn't blame your father. After all, you've got to remember that he wanted a son who—well... did things.
GOOD TO SEE GRANDPA AGAIN. MUST THIS TRAIN GO SO SLOW?

R.R.I.P.!

WHODOSHI!

HI, GRANDPA. HI, HERBIE.

IT WAS A WONDERFUL VISIT... AND THEY WERE GREAT COMPANY FOR EACH OTHER...
Not enough sun. Shadow on my face.

Big Tree. I'll fix it.

CR-RUNCH!

Better?

Better.

Flash! From Scotland comes word that the Loch Ness Monster has made its appearance once more, emerging from its lake to spread terror and panic!

It is feared that it will go on the rampage, threatening cities, artillery, and air attacks on the monster.

See Churchill Herbie -- offer your services. You're younger than I and even fatter.

As Herbie prepared to depart...

Air? Sea!

Sea-Subsurface?
IT'S HERBIE!

SIGH!

GOTTA SEE CHURCHILL...

CHIN UP! CHIN UP! HMMM, LET'S SEE... WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO GET IN?

THIS SHOULD DO IT...

DISAPPEARING LOLLIPOPS
Well...it didn't quite do the job...

Not making lollipops like they used to...but it'll have to do.

Churchill

Gr-RRRRRRRR...

Yipe!

Well if it isn't Herbie! Pip-Pip, Popnecker!

(Continued on page after next)
HANDS ACROSS THE SEA STUFF. CAME TO SQUELCH THE LOCH NESS MONSTER.

YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST? I'VE GOT THE LATEST OFFICIAL PICTURES ... LET ME SHOW YOU.

RAT-TAT-TAT!

SEE? THERE'S NO DEFEATING IT! AND AS FOR THE DAMAGE IT'S DONE, YOU'VE SEEN ONLY PART OF IT. WE'VE HAD TO ESTABLISH A SPECIAL BASE HOSPITAL NEAR LOCH NESS...

CHIN UP!

They're trying to be cheerful ... but you can see how DANGEROUS that monster is!

DO YOU SEE WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST NOW? YOU CAN'T DO A THING, OLD BOY, BUT THANKS FOR WANTING TO HELP. CHIN UP!
CHIN UP, HE SAYS, CHIN UP, THEY ALL SAY!

MONSTERS... THEY COME OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, SO THAT'S WHERE I'LL GO.

THE RADAR SHOWS IT ABOUT TEN MILES UP AND CLIMBING FAST. IS IT A MISSILE?

WHAT COUNTRY WOULD BE SHOOTING OFF FAT MISSILES?

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT... I CAN HEAR YOU!

I'LL FIX HIM... I'LL SCARE THE PANTS OFF HIM, WHOEVER HE IS!

EEE-EEE-EEE!
But when they recognized Herbie, they were happy to cooperate...

I want the lowdown on this monster character. What's the best way to fix his wagon?

Loch Ness, you say? Well, look him up in our monster file. Anything to help you out, Herbie!

Here he is... oh, oh, he's mighty tough! Toughest monster we ever sent out... won the championship for tough monsters 400 years running. Nothing we can do about him... sorry we can't help.

Oh, well. As usual, I've got to handle these things myself.

Just above Loch Ness... guess they must be firing at the monster...

They were... haw! Home run!

Nowa tank attack began...

Chin up! We'll get him yet!
POW! BAM! TOUCHDOWN!

THUD!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THIS? TALK UP!

OKAY... YOU WANNA KNOW WHY I'M ON THE RAMPAGE? FOR 316 YEARS, I'VE BEEN OFFICIAL MONSTER FOR LOCH NESS AND NOBODY'S BELIEVED IN ME. THOUGHT I WAS A BIG JOKE... SO I'M SHOWIN' EM! I'M NOT GONNA STAY BURIED IN NO LAKE, BELIEVE ME! I'M GONNA KEEP SCARIN' 'EM UNTIL....

HUH?

NO!

THE BRITISH ARE OUR ALLIES. LAY OFF OR I'LL MAKE TROUBLE, YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

SO YOU'RE HERBIE POPNECKER... BIG DEAL. WELL, I'M THE HERBIE POPNECKER AMONG MONSTERS, SEE?

YOU WANT I SHOULD BOP YOU WITH THIS LOLLIPOP?

HOLD THAT POSE. IT'S JUST RIGHT FOR WHAT I GOT IN MIND!
HAW-HAW-HAW! "You know who I am?" He sez. An' I sez, "I'm the Herbie Popnecker among monsters!" I sez! An' I makes an accordion outa him!

CRUNCH!

CHIN UP!

HUH?

I SAID CHIN UP! ...CHINS, TO YOU!

OH, YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

YOU GOT THE IDEA EXACTLY!

YEEEEOWWW!

BLAM!
AND SO THE LOCH NESS MONSTER RETURNED TO THE UNKNOWN, FROM WHENCE HE HAD COME...

PLEASE, FELLAS...
LET ME STAY AND NEVER BUDGE OUTA HERE AGAIN, HUH?

CRASH!

...AND FOR YOUR BRAVE AND NOBLE SERVICES TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND, I KNIGHT YOU DUKE OF POPNECKER!

TELL ME, HERBIE...
DON'T YOU THINK I'M PRETTIER THAN LADYBIRD?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I KNOW MOSTLY FROM LOLLIPOPS!

LATER... BACK HOME...

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL THAT THE LOCH NESS MONSTER SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED? WHY, IT MIGHT HAVE MENACED THE ENTIRE BRITISH EMPIRE! IT'S GOOD NEWS, ALL RIGHT...

YES... BUT NOW PREPARE YOURSELF FOR SOME BAD NEWS!

LOOK!

THAT LITTLE FAT NOTHING OF A SON OF OURS IS BACK FROM HIS GRANDFATHERS. IF THAT BOY EVER DOES ANYTHING WORTHWHILE, I'LL DIE OF THE SHOCK!
Look, I'm a man of few words. You all know who I am...won't waste time on jerky introductions. Editor wanted to run this Department with a lot of fancy talk. Had to hop him and take over. Want to have an understanding with all you readers. Promise to bring you great stories. Greatest in the world. All about me and every word true. In return, you buy every issue or get clobbered. Another thing—write and tell me how you like my new magazine. Address: "HERBIE!", American Comics Group, 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Better write—I get mad easy. Be nice and your letter might even get published. Here are the sort of letters that made 'em give me my own magazine. Go ahead. Read.

"Dear Editor:"

One look at the cover of the new issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' was enough to tell me, 'Herbie's back!' With shaking hands, I snatched the comic from the rack. I tossed fifteen cents to the store-keeper on my way out and, not even waiting for my change, beat it home just as fast as my little legs could carry me. At home I ran into great danger, my two younger brothers foaming at the mouth as they struggled desperately for the comic; all the while screaming 'Gimme-gimme, it's got Herbie in it!' Only after I had battled my way to my room and barred the door could I enjoy the fathomless pleasure of reading a brand new Herbie adventure. After living through three Herbie stories, I have arrived at the only possible solution to the problem—give Herbie a book of his own—before he takes matters into his own hands! I am hereby casting my vote (a lollipop) in favor of giving Herbie a book of his own!

—James H. Palmer,
6518 Belcrest, Houston 17, Texas.

Well—they gave me my book, didn't they? What more do you want? James H. Palmer, huh? I'm keeping my eye on you...

"Dear Editor:"

We, the members of the Herbie Popnecker Fan Club, Rutgers University branch, feel it is unfair to our hero to limit his appearance to only an occasional story. A fellow like Herbie, who displays such sterling devotion to American ideals and does so with such humor and ingenuity, ought to have a whole magazine to himself. We humbly plead with you to give us more of Herbie!

—The Herbie Popnecker Fan Club
Jean C. Prescott, President
Sandra J. Bailey, Vice-President
Judy E. Freund, Secretary-Treasurer
Laura A. Johnston, Historian

What are you dames yelling about? You're reading me now—whole book full of me and you deserve it. But you're good kids. Lots see. Jean, Sandra, Judy and Laura...remind me not to bop you.

"Dear Editor:"

There it was..."HERBIE"...you can guess the result. I bought FW No. 116 without further examination. 'Herbie Goes To The Devil'—top notch once more! The ridiculous, yet delightful idiocy once more prevailed in this strip. The puns and paradoxes—excellent! Herbie deserves his own comic by now, I'm positive you'll agree.

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

I'll say the Editor agreed—he's chicken. All I did was break both his arms and—you're reading it.

"Dear Editor:"

I am 22 years old and a recent graduate of Brown University in Providence, R. I. Congratulations to you for Herbie Popnecker, who is one of the most aware characters in all of American literature—my major at the University. Herbie's imperturbable way is very reminiscent of Melville's Ishmael and the lollipop stands as the perfect symbol of the modern anti-child-hero. Herbie swings with his Buddha nature like today's super-heroes never dared!

—Barry Walter,
65 John Street, Providence, R. I.

This character makes with long words. With me, it's get in my way and Wham! Can't be bothered with details.

YOUR LIFE WON'T BE WORTH LIVING WITHOUT "HERBIE"! HE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
LISTEN, YOU—YOU PEOPLE, YOU! GOT BIG NEWS ABOUT NEXT ISSUE. JUST LISTEN—AND LOOK!

SCENE FROM THE LEAD FEATURE—"BIG FAT MESS AT THE OKAY CORRAL!" ONLY THE GREATEST STORY EVER WRITTEN, THAT'S ALL. TRUE STORY, TOO. I WAS THERE... AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW I WAS THERE!

CRAZY IF YOU THINK THAT'S ALL. FOR THE SAME LOW PRICE, YOU GET TO SEE ME GIVE OUT IN "PROFESSOR FLIPDOME'S SCREWY MACHINE!" JUST WATCH ME GET OUT OF THIS FIX. NO WISE CRACKS, OR I'LL BEE-BOP YOU WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP!

BETTER HURRY...

ORDERS FROM HERBIE: "OKAY, YOU SQUARES. IT'S A DATE FOR HERBIE NO. 4, SEPTEMBER ISSUE... ON SALE AT ALL SMART NEWSSTANDS BY MID-JULY. OF COURSE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY IT --- YOU CAN BE STUPID. ONLY MEANS BLOOD, FRACTURES, TEETH SCATTERED AROUND. NOT NICE. BETTER BUY."  

BUY "HERBIE!"
HERBIE’S TYPICAL TUESDAY

It was a bright Tuesday that Herbie awoke to, but he felt tired and lethargic. A good day to take things easy, he decided. Relax. Don’t extend yourself, except to climb into the hammock for a quiet snooze. And there was nothing in the way of complete comfort, because this happened to be a school holiday—which was why he had slept late in the first place. Plop, plop, plop—that was he descending the stairs. And there was his mother at the phone, a worried look on her face, as she spoke breathlessly to her special friend, Mrs. McGillicuddy. “I—I parked the car in front of the house and forgot to put on the brakes”, she was saying in woebegone tones, “and it rolled down the hill and into the lake! Oh, I’m so afraid to tell my husband when he comes home for lunch.”

There was only one thing to do. A hurried breakfast, a donning of swim trunks under his clothes and down to the lake trudged Herbie Popnecker, Mr. Three-By-Three. He could have dived in, but he didn’t, because if he had he might have caused a tidal wave. He just walked in, walked along the bottom under 20 feet of water. There it was. Looked different, Wet, that was why. Herbie stooped, grasped the automobile by its front axle and lifted it up, staring at it thoughtfully. Have to get a new one some day soon. Showing wear. He flipped his hand upward and the car shot to the surface, left the water, soared gracefully through the air and landed lightly in the grass bordering the lake. There was a clumping of water—that was Herbie as he strode out and approached the dripping automobile. Wet. Dad would be sure to know what had happened. He hied the car thoroughly with a searing look and pushed it back up the street because he was too young to drive. That was that. He’d done what he had to because, after all, a fella had obligations to his mother. Now for a good, relaxing rest in the hammock....

But the hammock wasn’t for him—not yet, anyway. There came Dad up the walk, home for lunch. He didn’t like to see Herbie in the hammock. Funny that way. Oh, well—so Herbie would eat. It wasn’t exactly a pleasant meal, because Dad was worried. Plenty worried! It seems that he had made a large investment in a tract of land down in Flor-ida on which he had intended to build a golf course. He had sunk every cent he owned into this land, and now that it was bought, he had discovered too late that it was covered almost completely by a big mountain! And now he was sunk, bankrupt. Nothing could be done. Other men had sons who could help them, but not Mr. Popnecker!

Wearily, Herbie pushed back his chair and left the room. Outside, he plodded heavily up into the air, stilling a yawn. Plop, plop, plop—that was he trudging through the sky. He looked down sleepily. Yeah, that was Florida, all right. And that was Dad’s property. Tch, tch. Sure was a big mountain on it. Herbie stared thoughtfully at it and it stared back at him meanly. Almost as if it were saying, “Wanna make something out of it, Bub?” Well, if there was one thing that he couldn’t stand, it was tough mountains. Slowly, he extracted his stock of lollipops and inspected them one by one. Orange. Okay for sudden death. Lemon. Best for elephants or small dinosaurs. Chocolate. For riots and public disturbances. Grape. Best for giants and runaway horses. Butterscotch. For rebellious armies, that one. Ah—here it was at last, Cinnamon—for bopping tough mountains!

Wham! A terrific shock wave, with dirt and rocks flying in all directions. And when the dust cleared, the mountain had vanished. In its place was a pleasantly rolling terrain, already laid out in greens and fairways. “Better order more of the cinnamon,” thought Herbie approvingly. “Get things done.” Another walk through the Heavens—plop, plop, plop—and he was home again, to find Dad breathless with happy excitement. Already he had received telegrams offering him a hundred times what he had paid for that Florida land. Herbie sighed wearily and headed for the hammock. He felt that he had earned a rest. But even as he settled into it with a gurgling, fat sigh, he heard his father’s tones. “Where’s that little fat nothing of a son of ours?” he was saying. “Wasting his time doing nothing as usual, I suppose!”

Another sigh. That was Herbie getting out of the hammock. Yes, there was no doubt about it. It was a typical Tuesday for him!
Feel in the pink? Been sleeping well lately? The Fat Fury will change all that, pal. Get set for a breakdown and a real fracture when you meet up with the one and only——

HERBIE in

"POPNECKER SAVES THE POORHOUSE!"

GIVE TO A WORTHY CAUSE... ME!

DAD WAS HIPPED ON A NEW IDEA...
Why NOT me? Why shouldn't I be elected president of the Chamber of Commerce? A great honor like that... why, it would be the making of me!

I don't know what could stop you... a fine man like you. They'd have to be crazy not to elect you.

story: Shane O'Shea
art: Ogden Whitney
I'm not so sure—there are two things which may hold me back. First, you have to have a record of doing things for the community; heading charity drives and things like that and I haven't got it...

That's one thing. What's the second?

That's the second... that little fat nothing we've got for a son! Other sons help their fathers, but not Herbie—he just sits!

Other boys run on live-wire energy... while you limp along on Blubber! Others have got up and got... you only have got down and sit! Where are you ever going to get in life? What's going to happen to you?

Dunno...

Well I know, you'll wind up in the poorhouse!

In that case, maybe I better go take a look at my future home.

So that's it... Tch, tch.

Wouldn't want to live there—and neither do those poor folks, I'll bet...
NOPE... WOULDN'T LIKE IT FOR ANYTHING.

WHOEVER'S ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE JUST HAS TO HAVE A RECORD OF PUBLIC-SPRITED CHARITY. MY OPPONENTS FOR THE JOB HAVE ALL THE AVAILABLE CHARITIES ALREADY TIED UP-- WHAT'S LEFT FOR ME TO GO INTO?

WELL, CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME-- AND SINCE MY HOME IS GONNA BE THE POORHOUSE--

I'VE GOT IT... THE POORHOUSE! IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS ON MY PART TO THINK OF IT! "BUT DAD... WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT COLLECTING MONEY FOR CHARITY?"

WEH, DAD PLAYED IT FOXY. IF HE DIDN'T KNOW, THERE WERE PROFESSIONALS WHO DID-- LIKE THE FIRM OF TINKLEBERRY AND OBSENDORFER, FOR EXAMPLE... I PICKED YOU PEOPLE BECAUSE YOU SAY NO MORE. WORTHY CHARITY AND WITH A PUBLIC-SPRITED MAN LIKE YOU BEHIND IT... IT'LL BE A CINCH, MR. POPNECKER!

AND SO THE BIG CAMPAIGN BEGAN...

GIVE TO THE POPNECKER POORHOUSE FUND
AND WHEN THE DRIVE WAS OVER...

ALL WE WANT YOU TO DO IS SIGN THAT RECEIPT FOR THE MONEY WE COLLECTED FOR YOU. IT'S FOR SUCH A GOOD CAUSE THAT WE REFUSE TO TAKE A CENT FOR OUR COLLECTION WORK!

THANKS, MR. TINKLEBERRY...MR. OBSENDORFER, THAT'S SURE IS SWELL OF YOU!

AH...YOUR LITTLE SON, I PRESUME? MANLY LITTLE LAD?

??

YEEOWW-WWW!

OOPS! SORRY--HE DOES THINGS LIKE THAT EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE! HEH-HEH...

CRUNCH!

IT WAS AFTER TINKLEBERRY AND OBSENDORFER LEFT THAT...

HURRAH...MY CHARITY CAMPAIGN WENT OVER WITH A BANG! EVERYBODY'LL APPLAUD ME AND I'LL BE A CINCH FOR PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, WAIT AND SEE!

ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL MONEY--BUT WHERE IS ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL MONEY?

IT'S G-GONE! SOMEBODY'S STOLEN IT!

OH-HHHH! EVERYBODY KNOWS I GOT THE MONEY--I EVEN SIGNED A RECEIPT FOR IT, AND NOW IT'S DISAPPEARED! PEOPLE WILL ACCUSE ME OF STEALING IT--I'LL GO TO JAIL! WHAT WILL YOU TWO DO THEN?

GO TO THE POORHOUSE, WHAT ELSE?
But seeing his parents' agitation, Herbie knew he had to do something...

I got to get that stolen money back. Job could have been done by someone who comes around here regularly. Like that new milkman. Better watch him... but he mustn't suspect it...

So... when the milkman came with his next delivery...

My what a pretty baby!

Hmmm... the way he looks, there must be something wrong with him... I've got it! It's his bottle... it's empty! Don't you worry, babykins, I'll fill it for you.

There precious, baby bottle all filled! Say, that's a funny pacifier he's got. If I didn't know better, I could swear that's a lollipop on the other end!

Dutifully, Herbie drank and the milkman refilled... time and again...

I don't get it... never saw such a baby... he's gone through my whole wagonload of milk! Er... do you have to look at me like that, baby?

Dopey milk...
WHEN--I'M GLAD TO GET AWAY! NEVER SAW A BABY WHO COULD STARE AT A FELLA LIKE THAT...

YOWP! H--HE'S HERE AGAIN!

NOPE...COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM... TOO SCAREY TO PULL A ROBBERY...

NEXT SUSPECT, THE POSTMAN. HERBIE DETERMINED TO WATCH HIM... DISGUISED, SO THERE'D BE NO SUSPICION...

KEEP MY EYE ON HIM...HE'LL NEVER KNOW ME IN THIS GETUP...

MAIL!

HELLO, HERBIE!

WISE GUY!

I'VE GOT TO SNIFF OUT A CLUE SOMEHOW... WAIT A SECOND... SNIFF OUT A CLUE! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THAT... DISGUISE MYSELF AS A DOG!

SNIFF OUT A CLUE... HERE GOES...

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
I dunno...for Sherlock Holmes, it was easy...for Hawkgshawe the detective it was a cinch—but for Herbie Popnecker, it came on like a lead balloon!

As if we haven't got enough trouble, the police are investigating that missing money, but from the looks of it, they don't believe there was a robbery. Next thing, it's Big House, here I come! The prisoner's song!

I've gotta do something—but what?

Only one thing can get pad off the hook—I've got to collect enough money, all by myself to replace the dough that was stolen!

And so Herbie's campaign began...

Not collecting enough—got to think of something else.

Help the poor.

Help the needy.

Help the hungry.

Help keep my dad out of jail.
I'LL GO DIRECTLY TO MR. BIG - JOHNSON HIMSELF. AFTER ALL, WHAT'S HE PRESIDENT FOR?

WON'T GET OUT UNTIL YOU MAKE A BIG CONTRIBUTION.

OKAY, HERBIE. OKAY! YOU WIN.

WORTHY CAUSE!

...OR MAYBE YOU'D RATHER HAVE ME SEND PICTURES OF YOU TO YOUR BOYFRIENDS?

WELL CONTRIBUTE!

CONTRIBUTION TO KEEP MY FATHER OUT OF JAIL?

SURE, SURE ... GULP! ANYTHING YOU SAY!
YES, HERBIE'S CAMPAIGN TOOK HIM EVERYWHERE...
OHH, HOW I LOVE THAT CARY GRANT!

SH-HHH! HE'S GONNA KISS DORIS NOW NOW...

:AHEM!!:

WORTHY CAUSE... FAR BE IT FROM ME TO BUTT IN...
OKAY, JUST BUTT OUT... IN A BIG FAT HURRY!

Finally...
NICE LOT I'VE COLLECTED... BE EVEN Nicer IF I COULD GET MORE... GOT A GREAT IDEA... TINKLEBERRY AND OBSENDORFER THOSE FUND-RAISERS WHO DID SUCH A GREAT JOB FOR PAD... MAYBE THEY'D LIKE ANOTHER CRACK AT IT.

GO AWAY! WE'RE CELEBRATING!
WON'T DO, GOT TO GET IN TO SEE THEM GOM-E HOW.

TINKLEBERRY AND OBSENDORFER CHARITABLE CHINESE FUND-RAISERS

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

27TH FLOOR... THIS IS IT.

SKREEE-EEEE
WHAT A RACKET WE'VE GOT—EH. OBSENDORFER? WE COLLECT LOTS OF MONEY FOR A WORTHY CAUSE; HAND IT OVER AND GET A RECEIPT SO WE WONT BE SUSPECTED...

AND THEN WE STEAL IT! TINKLEBERRY, WE'RE GENIUSES!

LOOK AT ALL THIS MONEY WE LIFTED FROM MR. POPNECKER! ISN'T IT JUST GREAT?

ULP!

GULP!

W-H-WHAT'S HAPPENING?

OH-HHHHHHHHH!

EEEEEE-YOOWWWW! SAVE US!
P-PUT US DOWN! AI-EEEEEE!

TCH, TCH. NOISE—ALL THE TIME NOISE.
HELP!

DON'T LEAVE US HERE!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL SEND COPS WITH HANDCUFFS.

GOT DAD'S CHARITY FUNDS BACK... ADD EM TO WHAT I'VE COLLECTED.

MEANWHILE...

I TOOK ALL MY MONEY OUT OF THE BANK... YOU THREW IN ALL YOUR HOUSEHOLD CASH... AND IT DOESN'T BEGIN TO MAKE UP WHAT WAS STOLEN FROM ME...

I'M GIVING IT TO YOU STRAIGHT, MISTER. EITHER YOU COME UP WITH THE AMOUNT OF MONEY YOU CLAIM WAS STOLEN OR YOU'LL BE HELD FOR COMPLETE INVESTIGATION!

UH... I HAVEN'T GOT THAT EXACT SUM B... BUT I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I HAVE. IT'S ON THE TABLE IN THE NEXT ROOM.

WELL... I'LL BE!!

WHEW! JUST IN TIME...
WANT TO SEE PART OF THE OUTCOME? LOOK... THERE ARE THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTION. IT'S UNANIMOUS—MR. POPNECKER HAS BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE! YES, A RICHLY-DESERVED REWARD FOR HIS NOBLE EFFORTS!

AND WHERE THE OLD POORHOUSE HAD BEEN, THIS ONE NOW STANDS...

POORHOUSE
DRIVE SLOWLY
WATCH OUT FOR THE MILLIONAIRES!

CARE TO LOOK AT THE INMATES? STEP RIGHT IN... APPLICATIONS ARE POURING IN FROM ALL OVER TO ENTER OUR NEW POORHOUSE EVEN FROM THE RICH...

LET 'EM ALL IN—WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF ALL THE MONEY THAT WAS COLLECTED SOMEHOW!

NOW BACK TO DAD...

YES, BOYS—YOU CAN PUBLISH IN ALL YOUR PAPERS THAT I MAY RUN FOR SENATE. AFTER ALL, A MAN WITH ALL MY DRIVE AND ENTERPRISE...

TOO BAD IT DOESN'T RUN IN THE FAMILY, EH, MR. POPNECKER?

YOU EVEN SPOIL MY PRESS CONFERENCES, LYING AROUND THE WAY YOU DO! OH, WHY CAN'T YOU BE A LIVewire LIKE ME—INSTEAD OF JUST A LITTLE FAT NOTHING!