MAKE WAY FOR THE FAT FURY...

IN THIS SCREAM-PACKED ALL-HERBIE ISSUE...

"BIG FAT MESS AT THE OKAY CORRAL!"
"PROFESSOR FLIPDOME'S SCREWY MACHINE!"

DRAW, CONSARN YUH, HERBIE...DRAW!

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP

NO 4 SEPTEMBER IND.

12¢
"Smile when yuh call me that, pardner!" Watch our horrible hero wow the west in a tickle-tale that's true, so help us I so buckle on your gun-belt and come along with...  

**Big Fat Mess at the Okay Corral!**

**Story:** Shane O'Shea  
**Art:** Ogden Whitney

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**Herbie!**  
**Wake up, Herbie!**

**You've been sleeping again... and you know how angry that makes your father. Couldn't you develop some kind of hobby, instead of sleeping all the time? Like walking even...**
The zoo was always a good place to walk to. There were big doings there that day— an important new exhibit was being unveiled.

This is a very strange, very rare species and we are the only zoo in the world to place it on exhibit.

True, it is a lion, but you will note that it is rather different. Green— and with yellow polka dots. But that's not all.

It is a great hunter, when it goes after its prey, it first selects just the prey it wants.

And nothing can shake it off the trail until it runs it down. Uh... look out! The lion's loose!

Wop! He says— oh, yeah... first I gotta select just the prey I want...

And that's him! Gulp! Oh-uh-uh...
HELP HELP HELP HELP HELP

THIS LOLLIPOP’S NOT FOR EATING. TOO BAD...

...IT’S FOR BOPPING!

YEE-Owwww! HERBIE BOPPED ME WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP!

BOP!

OH, THANKS! PLEASE...COULD I HAVE THAT LOLLIPOP?

MIGHT NOT LIKE THE FLAVOR STRONG.

I DON’T WANT IT TO EAT. COME ALONG WITH ME AND I’LL SHOW YOU WHAT I DO WANT IT FOR!

THE OLD MAN’S NAME WAS DR. MERINGUE—AND HE TOOK HERBIE TO DR. MERINGUE’S MUSEUM OF WELL-KNOWN WEAPONS...

THERE’S GOLIATH’S SLING—WILLIAM TELL’S ARROW—LIZZIE BORDEN’S AXE...

SO WHAT’S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH MY LOLLIPOP?

JUST THIS. AS FAR AS I’M CONCERNED, THIS IS THE MOST FAMOUS WEAPON OF THEM ALL. IT SAVED ME FROM THE LION!

OH WELL, YOU’VE GOT A NICE MUSEUM HERE. OUGHT TO BE MAKING A LOT OUT OF IT.

NOPE...PEOPLE JUST WON’T PAY TO GET IN. MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO SELL IF I CAN FIND A BUYER. BUT I’VE GOT A LEAD TO A MILLIONAIRE WHO’S JUST CRAZY TO OWN A WEAPONS MUSEUM!

THE FOLLOWING WEEK WHEN HERBIE RETURNED HOME...

AN OLD MAN NAMED DR. MERINGUE Brought THIS. HE SAID HE WANTED TO SAY GOODBYE...AND RETURN THIS TO YOU SINCE HE WOULDN’T NEED IT ANYMORE. I DON’T KNOW WHY ANYONE WOULD NEED IT...UGH!

WONDER WHY HE RETURNED IT? I’D BETTER FIND OUT...
AND TO THINK I ALMOST HAD A CUSTOMER—THAT MILLIONAIRE I MENTIONED TO YOU. HE WAS GOING TO GIVE ME A FINE HIGH PRICE FOR MY MUSEUM—UNTIL...

DR. MERINGUE’S MUSEUM OF WELL-KNOWN WEAPONS

THIS MUSEUM CLOSING FOREVER

AND...AND BECAUSE I HAVEN’T GOT IT, I’M GOING TO BE THROWN OUT INTO THE COLD, COLD WORLD WITHOUT A CENT!:

SO BACK TO HIS ROOM WENT HERBIE POPNECKER...

DON’T WORRY, DOC HOLLIDAY’S GUN YOU WANT, DOC HOLLIDAY’S GUN YOU’LL GET.

TIME LOLLIPOPS

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE TIME LOLLIPOP HE HAD CHOSSEN...

FUNNY—I’M GOING AROUND THE HOUSE...
OUR LITTLE HERBIE! ISN'T HE BEAUTIFUL?

IT WAS A FALSE START. JUST A FEW YEARS BACK, BUT NOW THE TIME LOLLIPOP STRAIGHTENED OUT, AND THE JOURNEY INTO THE FAST CONTINUED...

YANKS DEFEAT KAISER

RUNNING FAST, THIS CLOCK WAS HEADED FOR TOMBSTONE...OVERSHOT IT.

LANDED IN INDIAN CAMP. OH, WELL.

KI-YI-YI!!! EEE-YI!!!

LOUSY DANCING. SHOULD TAKE LESSONS FROM ARTHUR MURRAY.

THEY ALL VIED FOR THE HONOR OF DISPATCHING HIM....

BOW AND ARROW...THE BEST!

TOMAHAWK EVEN BETTER!

UGH! SPEAR Favored IN BEST CIRCLES!
THIS JOB FOR CHIEF... GOTTUM BRAND NEW MAIL-ORDER SHOTGUN! ONE SIDE!

GOT IT!

PTOODIE! LOUSY FLAVOR!

I SHOWUM YOU!

YOW-EEEEE! Y!! SCRAM-UM, BRAVES!

LET'S TALK THIS OVER.

MEDICINE MAN! USE-UM MAGIC AGAINST TOUGH HERBIE!

EENY, MEENY, MAGIC MOE... MAKE QUICK WITH A BUFFALO!

NEVER COULD TALK ALL TIED UP.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

HAW-HAW! HIM WANTUM KNOW... WHAT'S SO FUNNY...

HIM FINDUM OUT PRONTO!
SOMETHING GOING ON I DON'T KNOW ABOUT...

BUFFALO BIG BUST! DO SOMETHING, JERK!

WATCH! I CALLUM GREAT SPIRIT!

WHAM!

CRASH!

SOMEBODY WANTUM ME?

HAIL, GREAT SPIRIT! FIXUM HIS WAGON!

HERBIE! LONG TIME NO SEE!

I GIVUM UP!

THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT TO MAKE HERBIE A BLOOD BROTHER OF THE TRIBE...

NOW YOU SMOKUM PEACE PIPE.

TASTES LIKE HOT ROASTED PHOOEY.

WE BROTHERS NOW, EVERYTHING I HAVUM YOURS.
TAKE PRESENT... NOW YOU GIVUM ME SOMETHING!

LIKE WHAT?

I'VE GOT IT. HOW'S THIS?

??? HEY! WHY YOU TAKUM BACK?

INDIAN GIVER!
5' long, got work to do in Tombstone.

But, it seemed they didn't like Indians in Tombstone...

Not popular.

BAM!

Better not try getting around here in Indian getup, hmmm...

Little large, have to cut it down to size.

At the Last Chance Saloon... where a member of the Clanton Gang was acting up...

WAHOOO! Ain't there nobody around here got guts enough to fight me? I bang.

Name yer pizen, stranger.

Hamburger.

I think he's a dude. Watch!
I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL BRING BACK THE WHOLE CLANTON GANG AND WE'LL WRECK THE TOWN!! I'LL SHOW YOU...

YOU... YOU CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE THAT... YOU JUST WAIT!

WHAT THE---! ONLY THE MOST DANGEROUS HOMBRE IN THE WORLD COULD MAKE HIM RUN LIKE THAT. WHOEVER IT IS... I GOTTA RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN!

AND SO MARSHAL WYATT EARP ISSUED HIS CHALLENGE...

ALL RIGHT, YOU IN THAR! COME OUT... AND COME OUT READY TO FIGHT!
DRAW, CONSAN YUH--

DRAW!

I'LL TEACH YUH TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME!

CLANG!

???

Herbie met the situation in his usual dynamic fashion...

...and we're gonna clean up this town!

We're lookin' fer revenge!

The Clanton Gang's here!

They've parked their broncs in the okay corral... they're waitin' thar fer trouble to show up!

Okay Corral... that's where the famous gun battle took place...
GOT TO LOOK UP DOC HOLLIDAY RIGHT AWAY, SO I CAN GET HIS GUN FROM HIM AFTER THE BATTLE.

BUT I'D BETTER TAKE THIS ONE MEANWHILE--NEVER CAN TELL WHEN I MIGHT NEED IT.

HERBIE LOOKED ALL OVER TOWN, BUT HE COULDN'T FIND DOC HOLLIDAY. THE LAST SPOT WAS AT THE OKAY CORRAL--THERE ARE THE CLANTONS... GUESS DOC HASN'T GOTTEN HERE YET. HE MUST BE THE TOUGHEST GUY IN THESE PARTS...

WHY CAN'T I FIND HIM--UP! THAT'S HIM--THAT'S DOC HOLLIDAY--RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO THE OKAY CORRAL ALL THE TIME!

AREN'T YOU GOING DOWN TO THE OKAY CORRAL TO TACKLE WITH THE CLANTON GANG?

ME? HORRORS--I HATE FIGHTING. PEOPLE CAN GET HURT!

I NEVER Fought--nobody can make me fight!

BIG FAT MESS READERS--GOTTA MAKE DOC FIGHT THE CLANTONS AT THE OKAY CORRAL. OR HIS GUN WONT BECOME FAMOUS AND I CAN'T BRING IT BACK TO DR. MERINGUE. WHOLL STARVE BECAUSE HE CAN'T SELL HIS MUSEUM. WHAT DO I DO?
Well, now... to work! You wouldn't have come here if you didn't have a toothache, so let's have a look at it.

Ah, yes... all my life I've hated to fight... I get so frightened... hmm... fat teeth!

Never had a gun... don't even know how to shoot one... uff! That face... or is it a face?

Gracious, you were so funny, asking me to fight... why, I... th-those eyes!

Staring at me... don't know... where I'm at! And all of a sudden... I'm not nearly so scared as I've always been.

Not a word did Herbie speak... but oh, how he stared... matter of fact, fighting doesn't seem so awfully awful after all.

In fact... rrowwwrr! Let me at 'em!
WHERE ARE THEY?
I'LL TEAR 'EM APART WITH MY BARE HANDS...

UH-UH. USE THIS.

THERE'S WYATT EARP AND HIS DEPUTIES... THERE GOES DOC HOLLIDAY. WATCH THINGS START POPPING IN THE OKAY CORRAL.

BY NOW, DOC MUST BE BLASTING THOSE CLANTONS TO PIECES. BETTER TAKE A LOOK.

ULP! IF THAT'S HOW HE SHOOTS... EVERYBODY'S SAFE BUT ME AND THE ANGELS!

IT WAS WORSE THAN THAT. DOC HOLLIDAY WAS STARTING TO COME OUT OF HIS HYPNOSIS...

HUH? HOW'D I GET HERE? WHAT...?

TCH, TCH. GOTTA DO SOMETHING QUICK!

THESE SHELLS ARE GONNA BE DIFFERENT. LOADED WITH GAS.

A GUN! GRACIOUS, I CAN'T FIGHT! M-MAYBE I'D BETTER RUN...
I'm scared—wait...maybe I'm not scared! Suddenly, I'm getting loaded to the brim with courage.

Yee-owww! Lemme at 'em!

Sure, sure—er...have some very special shells first.

Now Doc Holliday cut loose with a king-size barrage. With his lousy aim, the shells missed...but they hit the wall, behind the Clanton gang...and burst...

Bam! Bam!

And as the gas swirled around the Clanton gang...

Yuh kin wake me in the mornin', mater!

Twee! Twee!

Congratulations, Doc! Yuh're the greatest! I'm a rootin', tootin' fighter we ever saw! People will never forget what a hero yuh were today!

They better not! I'm the toughest, fightin'est hombre west of the Great Divide!

Uh...
Pardon me, but could I have that gun back?

Why, you pail of lard! You barrel of snot! You bucket of blubber! You dare ask for the gun of a hero? Why, you little fat nothing, I'll...
Painless Dentist, Nuts! It hurts!

And another thousand makes THREE MILLION! It's a cheap price, now that you've got that FAMOUS HISTORICAL GUN!

Doc Holliday's Shotgun

Ho-hum, been a long day.

Don't know what I could have done to tire me...

Morganbilly's Museum of Well-Known Weapons

Oh, Herbie... sleeping again? Why don't you be a nice boy and go out for a walk instead, like I suggested before?

No sir! This is where I came in... a fella could get KILLED that way!
SHOW YOU IT'S SMART TO
Read "HERBIE"!
SEE WHAT SMART PEOPLE ARE
GONNA GET IN NEXT ISSUE...

ME... IN "SAHIB HERBIE!"
REAL CLOAK AND DAGGER STUFF,
GUARANTEED TO FRACTURE YOU
WITH REAL FRACHTURES. ALL ABOUT
REAL COOL ADVENTURES IN INDIA.
ONLY 4,316 LAUGHS ON FIRST
PAGE, BUT IT PICKS UP
FROM THERE.

"BUT THAT'S NOT ALL... HERE'S SCENE
FROM ANOTHER GREAT STORY..."

EEEEEEE!
YEAH, J'
YEAH, J'

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO
DOPEY ABOUT... YOU'VE HEARD
OF THE BEATLES, RIGHT?
JUST LOOK AND SEE
WHO WAS EVEN
GREATER! LEARN
A LOT ABOUT POP
MUSIC HERE...
LOLLIPOP
MUSIC!

OKAY... WHAT MORE DO YOU EXPECT FOR
NOTHING? PAY YOUR 12¢ AND READ ALL ABOUT IT
in "HERBIE" NO. 5, OCTOBER-NOVEMBER
ISSUE. IF YOUR NEWSDEALER HAS ANY BRAINS, HE'LL
HAVE IT ON SALE RIGHT AFTER MIDDLE OF
AUGUST. YOU BUY IT... IF YOU HAVE ANY BRAINS!
HERE'S HERBIE!

Got news for you. Bad news. Lollipop manufacturers just announced big price rise. Realize what that means to me? Who can buy pops at those prices? Go hungry. Get weak! Can’t buy anyone with this here lollipop if I can’t afford this here lollipop. Encouragement for bad actors everywhere. Crime will increase—even you won’t be safe. National emergency, whole world in a bad way. But it doesn’t have to be. Fix it so I can afford to buy lollipops at any price and presto! Situation improves. All you’ve got to do for me is make this magazine 100% sellout. Should be easy. Here’s how: go to ten friends, tell what great magazine “Herbie” is, 1,000 laughs per page guaranteed. Tell ’em to buy it and really start living. Ten friends, get it? Then tell ’em that after reading it and finding out how lucky they are, each of ’em in turn has got to tell ten other friends, and so on. If they won’t do it, they’re no real friends. Send me their names—so help me, I’ll use my waning strength to bop them. But be a real pal and convince ’em and there’ll be no need for my strength to wane. Sell lots of copies, buy lots of lollipops and watch me go! Like in the stories in this very issue. Like in “Big Fat Mess At the Okay Corral.” I’m at my best there—make sure to keep me that way, see? Like in “Professor Flipdomo’s Screwey Machine”! Notice how nothing can stop me in that one? Yessir, keep me in lollipops and that keeps me fat. Fatter I am, the braver. Fatter I am, the stronger. Counting on you folks to keep me brave and strong. Here’s what you’ve got to do. Write me a letter, see? Address it to “Herbie”, Office Of The Editor, 351 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. In it, give me your promise to tell ten friends about me and get them to buy my magazine—and tell ten of their friends! And while you’re at it, tell me what you think about my stories. Do all this and I’ll see that your name is enrolled as a charter member of the “Herbie” Fan Club. Members will be personally guaranteed against bopping by me. Further, all you need do is send me a list of your favorite enemies, and they’ll immediately be placed upon my Preferred Bopping List, to be attended to in order. And now, let’s take a look at a few letters about me from other readers.

“Dear Editor:—
Although I’ve never written to you before, I felt that the occasion of ‘Herbie’ No. 1 compelled me to do so. In no uncertain terms may I say that his magazine was well deserved. Out of all characters ever created in comics, I guess Herbie is about the most unique one of all. I’ve been following his adventures in ‘Forbidden Worlds’ previous to this, and I’ve also read the many letters asking for him in his own magazine. What really was a piece of showmanship was the way you showed Herbie’s source of power—his different lollipops. Although we don’t know where they came from or how they were made, we still see enough to keep us satisfied. While his adventures are hilarious, I would like to say that your short story, ‘Rocket No. 1352 Does Not Answer’ had no place in ‘Herbie’ No. 1. Please save such stories for your companion magazines. However, your written story was very good. It wouldn’t have been had it been on any other subject than Herbie. Please have such written stories on Herbie in the future. You must know that you made a wise choice in giving the Fat Fury his own book. If future stories even resemble the ones in this issue, then he’s set for life. I can only hope he gets a letter column, in which case the short story will probably be excluded. I’d rather see a letter column than a short story any time, since the frank opinions of your readers are always interesting. I can’t see how you can receive any other but favorable replies to Herbie. Good luck in the future.

Paul A. Feola, 1050 Waverly Ave., San Antonio 1, Texas.”

Paul A. Feola, huh? Look, I don’t like this jazz about writing to the Editor. My magazine, you write to me, And what does “unique” mean? It better be something good if you want to keep your health. But maybe you mean well, so I’ll go easy on you. You ain’t just whistlin’ about “Rocket No. 1352”—why do you think I ran that no-good Editor out of here and took over? From now on, we’ll play it for laughs all the way, and none of that dopey stuff in my magazine. About the letter column—you’ve got it, so
don't let me hear you complaining, see?

'Dear Editor:-

I don't agree one bit with Randy Decaro's letter in No. 115 of 'Forbidden Worlds'. I think your comics are great. One of my favorites is 'Herbie', but could you tell all of us readers how Herbie got to be a Little Fat Nothing?

-David Gede, c/o All America Cables, Christianssted, St. Croix, Virgin Islands'!

All right, David, I'll give you the real answer—confidentially. It wasn't easy getting to be a Little Fat Nothing—I had to work at it.

'Dear Mr. Hughes:-

I have just purchased issue No. 1 of 'Herbie'. I felt a little foolish buying a comic like 'Herbie', but when I had finished reading it, I knew that feeling was a great mistake. This comic is, in my opinion, the best that the American Comics Group ever published. This is my first letter to your company, but definitely not the last. How could such an issue miss, with such celebrities as President Johnson, Ladybird, Jimmy Durante, Fidel Castro, Sonny Liston and Khruschev? And the artwork of this issue was sensational. Please praise Ogden Whitney for me on the great artwork. I actually cracked up when 'Herbie' turned Merlin into Jimmy Durante, and when the Little Fat Nothing did that crazy Russian dance. If the Academy of Comic Books Arts and Sciences ever gives out an award for funny comics, 'Herbie' got it made. If not, they should give 'Herbie' a special Golden Alley. Oh, yes—I'm president of the Ace Comics Club. We have over 40 members and we publish a newsletter. I am planning to write an article on your greatest sensation, the one and only 'Herbie'. We are also forming a 'Herbie Fan Club' and adding it to our club as a chapter. Are we the first 'Herbie Fan Club'? As I am writing this letter, we have over 12 copies of issue No. 1 of 'Herbie' on my bed. The issue is probably a sure sellout.

-Fred Landesman,

87-21 160 St., Jamica 32, N.Y.'

Keep this character Hughes out of this. The name's Herbie Poppecker and I run this show from A to Zowie. What's this about feeling foolish about buying a comic like 'Herbie'? The only ones that should feel foolish are those who don't buy it, the dopes. About the celebrities in my magazine—just between us, it's an honor for them to get in, but I'm the democratic type. But I do like decorations to go with my lollipops. So far I've got the Congressional Medal Of Honor, the Croix de Guerre, the Best Of Show at the American Kennel Club and lots of others. You're not the first to form a Herbie Fan Club—that honor goes to the Herbie Poppecker Fan Club of Rutgers University.

'Dear Editor:-

Blast it! I saw the 'Herbie' magazine announcement in issue No. 119 of 'Forbidden Worlds' and I rushed right down to the newstand. It looked like a tornado had hit it—comics strewn all over. After an intensive search, I discovered a disturbing fact—no 'Herbie', 'Adventures Into The Unknown', 'Unknown Worlds'—but no 'Herbie'. I realize how valuable first issues of comics become, and I'm mad beyond words. If I ever hear the name 'Herbie' again, I'll take him on singlehanded!

-Denny Ward,

3072 Manzano Drive, Walnut Creek, Cal.

You're gonna have to take me on singlehanded, guy, because you'll hear the name 'Herbie' a few times a day if I have anything to say about it. You in shape? Wind good? Better send your mother a picture so she can remember you the way you used to be. On second thought, be fair, Poppecker. Give the guy a chance. Let him come into the ring with Cassius Clay, a zoo gorilla, The Monster From 40,000 Baphem and two dozen assorted comics magazine heroes. That way, you may last half a round, Denny—but I doubt it!

'Dear Herbie:-

I've just finished reading 'Herbie And The Dragon's Tears' and 'Herbie Beards Castro' and I think you've got a wonderful magazine! Everyday I read it, I roll on the floor with laughter. But why, when you bop monsters with your lollipops, do they fly up in the air? Is it because you're so strong, or is your lollipop super?

-Laren Estleman,

5695 Walsh Road, Whitmore Lake, Mich.'

Does Macy's tell Gimbel's? Trade secrets, Laren. All I can say is, when I bop monsters, they stay bopped. Got any you want bopped, I'm your man.
READER, DO YOU DESERVE TO READ THIS STORY? ARE YOU A GOOD JOE, AND PURE IN HEART? IF YOU'RE NOT, BEWARE, BECAUSE THE FAT FURY IS SET TO KICK THE BEJEEBERS OUT OF YOU. BUT IF YOUR CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR, READ AHEAD—ALL ABOUT THE THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF HERBIE IN “PROFESSOR FLIPDOME’S SCREWY MACHINE!”

DAD'S SICK...

ENTERTAIN YOUR FATHER, HERBIE. HE'S SUCH A DIFFICULT PATIENT.

UH...YOU KNOW PROFESSOR FLIPDOME NEXT DOOR WELL... HE CAN'T FIND ANYBODY TO TRY OUT HIS NEW MACHINE ON.

DON'T TROUBLE ME WITH YOUR DUMB STORIES, HERBIE. TURN ON THE TV!

THIS BOY HEROES PROGRAM IS GREAT! LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING TO SAVE HIS FATHER. I CAN JUST IMAGINE YOU DOING ANYTHING FOR YOURS!
AND YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE YOU'RE A LITTLE FAT NOTHING. THAT'S WHY! NEVER DID ANYTHING AND NEVER WILL. NOT BRAVE LIKE I AM!

AS SOON AS DAD FELT BETTER...
WHY SHOULDN'T I GO BACK TO WORK? I'M BETTER NOW.
I CAN'T HELP FEELING IT'S TOO SOON. WHY YOUR FEVER IS HARDLY DOWN...

STEP IN... HEH-HEH...
MOVE TO THE BACK OF THE BUS!

BUT WHY? THE BUS ISN'T CROWDED... THERE'S NOBODY ON BOARD BUT ME. I WON'T MOVE BACK!

:URP!:

WHY YOU'RE NO BUS DRIVER... YOU'RE PROFESSOR FLIPDOME FROM NEXT DOOR! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THIS?
I INVENTED A GREAT MACHINE... BUT WHAT GOOD IS IT IF I CAN'T TRY IT OUT? I NEED A SUBJECT AND NOW I'VE GOT ONE... YOU!

HA-HA! MY MACHINE WILL BRING A MAN DOWN, DOWN IN SIZE, INTO THE KINGDOM OF THE TINY... MINIATUREA! MY RESEARCH TELLS ME THAT IT'S A STRANGE LAND... THAT THERE'S A TINY DOUBLET IN IT FOR EVERYONE ON EARTH! I'M SENDING YOU TO SEE IF IT'S TRUE!
Meanwhile, Herbie had been pursuing Dad, who had forgotten his rubber. He missed just by moments...

...too late, never catch up running, so...

...I'll walk.

Funny, saw him get on, but now it's empty, and Professor Flipdome is driving it, hello, Herbie!

I didn't know you were a bus-driver.

I'm not, but it was the only way I could trap a prospect to try out my new machine! That's it in the rear of the bus...

And you say the...uh...man who got on the bus went into that? What does it do?

Reduces you in bite--down, down, down--until you enter the kingdom of Miniaturea! There you'll find a twin for everybody that's here!
Herbie knew his duty... and he did it...
Now you've got two guinea-pigs!

He made his landing within a strange green ray... in a strange land...
So I'm here.

Okay, wise guy!

Sure have shrunk. Turtle's the same size as me.

So?
TURTLE'S A WISE GUY TOO. WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS THIS, ANYWAY?

MEAN-time...dad had run into trouble...

YEE-OWWW! HELP!

DAD'S IN A JAM... GOTTA GET THERE FAST... GO BY AIR...

:OOF!: ATMOSPHERE, HERE'S TOO THIN TO HOLD ME UP.

WHOOSH!

GOOD IDEA. I'LL GO IN THERE.

BETTER HURRY...

BUZZ-SSSS

I DON'T BELIEVE IT... BUT I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK...

EEE-YAAAAHHHH! I'M STUNG!
THE FIRST THING THAT DAD SAW WITHIN THE STRANGE KINGDOM WAS...

HERBIE—HOW'D HE EVER GET HERE? AND LOOK AT HIS POWER, HIS BRAVERY! I... I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

IT CAN'T BE HERBIE—WAIT! PROFESSOR FLIPPO DOME SAID THERE WAS A DOUBLE IN THIS LAND FOR EVERYONE ON EARTH, SO THAT'S GOT TO BE HERBIE'S DOUBLE! HE LOOKS EXACTLY THE SAME, BUT HOW DIFFERENT HE REALLY IS! A LIVING POWERHOUSE, THAT'S WHAT!

AND DAD'LL THINK I'M MY TWIN!

GOTTA ADMIT YOU'RE HANDSOME.

YOU'RE SURE A FINE FIGURE OF A GUY.

WONDER WHO'S STRONGER.

WONDER WHO'S TOUGHER.
Know what I'd do if you tried anything?

I'd bop you with this here lollipop. That's what!

It was a standoff... so they shook hands...

Give you a full selection of lollipops in all flavors, including the hard-to-get cinnamon. If you go off and sleep for awhile, I've got reasons for not wanting a certain party to see us together.

Sleep and lollipops? It'll be a pleasure!

Suddenly... H-help! This character must have wandered in and forgot to shrink! Save me, somebody!

He... he bopped me with this here lollipop!

What a man! What courage!

What strength! Oh, if only my useless son could do a thousandth of that! He looks like you, sure... but it ends there!

You're okay now. Just don't go getting yourself in any more trouble.

King Minia, you're a mem of the Atom of Ture, not such much!
ME GET IN TROUBLE? NOT A CHANCE! BUT THIS SURE IS A CRAZY PLACE--AND EVERYTHING IN IT IS CRAZY!

YOU WEREN'T INCLUDIN' ME, WERE YOU, BUB? GULP!

IT'S G-OT ME! HELP! HELP!!! MY P-PANTS...

YOU LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE TOO, FELLA? HATE TROUBLE.

EN GARDE!

NICE WORKOUT--WHILE IT LASTED.

UNFAIR! UNFAIR!
THANKS! OH, IF ONLY MY SON, THAT LITTLE FAT-ER—EXCUSE ME! IF ONLY MY SON WERE A LITTLE MORE LIKE YOU... CAN SEE IT'S NOT SAFE FOR YOU AROUND HERE. GOING TO ESCORT YOU BACK.

BE HOME IN NO TIME. BETTER FOR YOU, STAND UNDER THE YARD.

HERBIE GAVE HIS FATHER A SAFE HEADSTART, THEN FOLLOWED BACK IN HIS OWN DIMENSION, HE APPROACHED HIS HOUSE—AND SAW TROUBLE AFOOT!

OH—OH. SOMETHING GOOFED UP. DIDN'T GET HIS FULL GROWTH BACK AND HE'S SCARED TO GO IN....

NEXT DOOR WAS PROFESSOR FLIPDOME'S LABORATORY...

HE PROVED THAT YOUR MACHINE WORKS—NOW YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR HIM!

SIMPLE, HERBIE. I'LL TRAIN THE BETA-RAY ON HIM FROM HERE. THAT SHOULD DO IT!

AND THE MACHINE PUT ME INTO ANOTHER WORLD WHERE EVERYTHING WAS TINY AND A SPIDER TRIED TO EAT ME! THEN I MET HERBIE, BUT HE WASN'T HERBIE, BUT HE WASN'T HERBIE, BUT HE BEAT UP THE KING-SIZE ANT AND FOUGHT A DUEL WITH THE SWORD-FISH...

I KNEW YOU'D GOTTEN UP AND TRIED TO GO BACK TO WORK TOO SOON! YOUR FEVER'S COME BACK—YOU'RE GETTING INTO BED AT ONCE!

IT ISN'T JUST THE WAY YOU LOOK, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT, BUT I MET SOMEBODY WHO WAS THE IMAGE OF YOU—but he wasn't a REAL POWER-HOUSE! WHAT COURAGE... WHAT STRENGTH... WHAT...

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

PLEASE, DAD, DRINK THIS NICE HOT COFFEE... AND RELAX!

THE END!