YOU, READER—WE'RE TALKING TO YOU! NO USE TURNING PALE OR TRYING TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY... THE FAT FURY IS ON TO YOU. HE'S WATCHING YOUR EVERY MOVE, STEP OUT OF LINE JUST ONCE AND POW—RIGHT IN THE KISSER! BUT WATCH YOUR WAYS AND BE A GOOD JOE AND YOU'LL BE REWARDED—WITH THIS NEW STORY. IT'S FAST, FAT, FRANTIC AND FURIOUS AND YOU'LL LOVE EVERY SECOND OF IT IF YOU VALUE YOUR TEETH. GO AHEAD—READ ALL ABOUT...

SAHIB HERBIE!

YOU STILL PLAYIN' THAT CORN?

HERBIE POPNECKER, I WANT YOU TO BRING IN A THEME ON MY BIGGEST ADVENTURE, WHICH YOU WILL READ TO THE CLASS.

WHY PUT THE FINGER ON ME? TIRED—WANNA RELAX—

DO IT NOW. WRITE THE CRAZY THEME LATER...

PUBLIC SCHOOL: 45

MORE LIKE IT...

SLIGHT BUZZ... IT WAS THE DEVICE THAT HERBIE WORE ON HIS WRIST. IT SEEMED LIKE A WRISTWATCH AT FIRST GLANCE... BUT LOOK CLOSER...

HERBIE REPORT TO ME AT ONCE ON ERRAND OF GREAT IMPORTANCE AND SECRECY. O THANN SECRETARY GENERAL UNITED NATIONS.

BETTER GET THERE FAST. HMM... NEW YORK-BOUND EAGLE.

NEW YORK CHANGE HERE...

FRESH!
Here he comes. It will be better if he never reaches U Thant!

HA!

Lousy manners.

That settles Herbie! We'll get a medal for this.

HERBIE POPNECKER...
GREETINGS! The world needs you... you don't know how much it needs you.

SO SHOW ME.

Look... right here on the border between red China and India... the small principality of Hanki-Panki. Right now it's a critical area... you see, it's ruled by the Range Moitile, who has fallen head-over-heels in love with a mysterious soldier of fortune named Lastozia.
WE SUSPECT THAT HE MAY HAVE RED CHINESE TIES, AND HIS COURTSHIP OF MOITIE IS JUST A STEP IN THE DIRECTION OF RED CHINA TAKING OVER HANKI-PANKI AS A CONVENIENT STEPPING-STONE INTO INDIA. WE WANT YOU, WITH UTMOST SECRECY, OF COURSE.

TO SPIRIT YOURSELF INTO CHINA AND FIND OUT IF THIS IS TRUE. IF IT IS, BREAK UP THE PLOT!

MARBLE TOURNAMENT ISN'T FOR TWO WEEKS YET... SWELL WESTERN COMING TO THE BIJOU, BUT IT'LL PLAY AT THE DRIVE-IN LATER. GOTTAGET MY TEETH CLEANED, BUT THAT CAN WAIT... I GUESS I CAN TAKE THE CASE!

NEXT DAY, AT CAPE KENNEDY--

AND HOW, MY COUNTRYMEN, DO WE KNOW THAT RED CHINA CANNOT FAIL? BECAUSE OF THE FRAMMIS ON THE DOUBLE-TRALFAZ, THAT'S HOW!

YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BE LIKE THE WEAK DEMOCRACIES, WOULD YOU? YOU DON'T WANT FOOD AND CLOTHES AND SHELTER... OF COURSE NOT! YESSIR, WE CHINESE COMMUNISTS BOOP ON THE BLOOPER VALVE, WHICH MAKES THINGS PERFECTLY PEACHY.

OVER RED CHINA...
AND NOW, DESPITE WHAT OUR ENEMIES HAVE TO SAY ABOUT MY ADMINISTRATION, WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I, MAO TSE TUNG, THINK OF IT?

WORMS LEFT OVER FROM FISHING...

PTOOIE!

His speech abruptly ended, Mao welcomed an important visitor...

LASTOZA, MY FRIEND...

GO TO GET IN AND LISTEN, DISGUISE MYSELF AS CHINAMAN...

Your marriage to the Ranee must take place and our troops sent through Hanki Panki and into India fast!

Why the big rush?

The dread Herbie was recently in conference with U Thant. You know what that meant. If they were talking about us!

Pooh... What can he do against me? I snap my fingers at Herbie!

Er... Ugly lamp you've got there, Mao!
But have no worries, even if everything went wrong, I have an ace in the hole which will win Hanki-Panki for us!

'Bye! He was right—that is an ugly lamp, glad it decided to walk out.

Walk out!?

Gulp!

Hanki-Panki... just outside the Ranees' palace...

Ah, fair moitile... you are beautiful, Lastoza's inside...

Your eyes are twin stars... your lips are rubies...

Oh-oh... policeman. Make with the snake charmer routine...

...as always.
YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I CARE FOR YOU, SAY YOU CARE FOR ME...

GOT TO BREAK THAT UP QUICK!

I THINK YOU ARE THE MAN FOR ME... SO...

ANNOUNCING THE SULTAN OF SARSAVARILLA!

TANTARA!

BEEN HERE SOONER, BUT TRAFFIC ON THE THRWAY WAS BUMPER TO BUMPER.

WHAT A LOVELY SULTAN!

ROMEO AND CASANOVA WERENT EVEN IN HERBIE'S LEAGUE...

HERE'S HOW YOU MAKE A CAT'S CRADLE...

YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

BIG DEAL. I'M SURE THE SULTAN OF SARSAVARILLA CAN DO BETTER... CAN'T YOU, SULTAN?

TRY THIS... LEMON FLAVOR.

IT'S GREAT! STUPENDOUS! COLOSSAL!

MOITLLE DARLING... WON'T YOU EVEN NOTICE ME?

LOOK, JOE... TIE A CAN TO YOURSELF AND BEAT IT, HUH?
But Lastoza couldn't be gotten rid of that easily...

It's Herbie... just as I suspected!

That's the man. Get him!

Wham!

Just a bit ahead where the jungle is thickest... well do the job there!

Ugly animals around here.

I'll be in a tree platform nearby watching. You won't have to wait long... I guarantee a visitor soon. Ha-ha!

Crackle!

(Grrrrr...)

(Continued on page after next)
JEPPERS, I NEVER EXPECTED TO MEET A FAMOUS GUY LIKE YOU HERE! WOULD YOU SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK?

GIVE IT HERE.

IT DIDN'T WORK, CONFOUNDED IT! BUT I'LL SEE THAT HE NEVER ESCAPES... I'LL TRY SOMETHING EVEN BETTER. THE DATING-CRY OF THE MADDEENED ELEPHANT!

OO-HOO! OO-HOO! HOO-HOO! LOVER-RRRR!

OO-HOO! HOO-HOO! LOVER-RRRR!

EEE-EEEEEEEEEE!

SNORT!
Really mean it, huh?

Wham!

Me too.

You guess where that elephant landed...

Oh, fine. Now what do I do?

I can see it's time for my ace in the hole—-and nobody living can withstand it!

In a distant, lonely spot in the jungle is a huge cage, containing the most fearsome thing in all the universe. What is it?

Skreee! Skreee! Skreee!

Hungry, are you, my pet? All the better for soon you shall feast!

Shortly afterward...

Lastoza's bad actor. Keep away from him.

But just suppose he threatens me with harm? He's a dangerous man...
DANGEROUS-SCHMANGEROUS --- I'LL PROTECT YOU.

WHAT'S THAT SHADOW?

OUT OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS IT CAME--THE HUGE AND FABULOUS ROC, GREATEST OF ALL FLYING CREATURES AND BENT ON DESTRUCTION!

SKREE-EEE!

HA-HA... WHAT CAN STOP ME NOW? IT WAS I WHO FOUND THE ROC IN A HUGE, HIDDEN CAVE AND REVIVED IT OUT OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION--AND NOW IT DOES MY BIDDING!

CR-RASH!

I THOUGHT YOU PROMISED TO PROTECT ME!

SO I'LL PROTECT YOU.

HERE Comes HERBIE--NOW WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT! GO GET HIM, ROC!
WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING FOR, JERK? DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GET HIM?

YEAAH... B- BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL ME IT WAS HERBIE POPNECKER!

GLAD STORM CAME UP. CAN USE THIS...

SCREE-EECH!

CRACKLE!

YOU'RE NO ROC HUDSON. YOU'RE MYTHOLOGICAL MONSTER.

I... I AM? BUT WHAT AM I GOOD FOR, THEN?

I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.

CR-A-ACK!

HELP! H-HELPPP!

TOH, TOH. MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE.

WELL! YOU DIDN'T DARE LET ME GET KILLED. I CAN SEE THAT.

GOT OTHER PLANS.
BLAM!

AND SO LASTOZA WAS BLASTED INTO SPACE WHERE HE WENT INTO ORBIT FOREVER AFTER. YOU MIGHT EVEN SEE HIM TODAY, WITH A GOOD TELESCOPE...

OH, WELL...I'M GLAD I BROUGHT MY LUNCH SO IT SHOULDN'T BE A TOTAL LOSS, I CAN EAT, ANYWAY!

STAY WITH ME, LOVER-BOY.

CAN'T ARRANGED GOODBYE CELEBRATION...BIG BARBECUE...

IT WAS QUITE A SHINDIG...

THE APPETIZERS WERE DELICIOUS. WHAT'S FOR THE MAIN COURSE?

SOMETHING UNUSUAL...

ROAST ROC!

JUST ONE MORE THING. WHEN HERBIE RETURNED, HE STILL HAD THAT THEME TO READ...REMEMBER?

WELL, GO AHEAD, HERBIE. TELL US ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURES. SAY SOMETHING!

WHAT'S TO SAY? I'M TOO FAT TO HAVE ADVENTURES!

THE END!
There's fun in your future!

All of you here to learn how to laugh, not just little snicker... big belly-laugh!

I'm just the guy to teach it... got a big belly! Now to give you preview of your laughing assignment for next issue of "Herbie!"

Here I am in great lead story, "A Caveman Named Herbie!" Careful if you just had operation "bust stitches!"

Very embarrassing.

"Other great story of issue Space-Age Herbie!" 4,329 chuckles, 2,077 howls, 3,599 roars, winding up in real mirthquake, crazy stuff like this...

Here's your homework, America... be sure to buy "Herbie" No. 6, December-January issue. Your newsdealer better have it on sale middle of October... and you better buy it! If you don't, "pow!" right in the kisser!

GRBXLYZ! Mklushi!
Back to see you lucky people again. Luckiest people I know. Get to read about me. Learn inside dope on all my adventures. Luckier than ever in this issue. "Sabih Herbie" brings you real cloak and dagger stuff, exposes dastardly plot in Red China and India. Always was good on dastardly plots—watch me bust this one up. Conspirators don't stand a chance against me. Very strong. Very smart. Very fat. You'll all be crazy about this story. ... if you value your teeth. And if you take dim view of blood—your own—you'll love me in great yarn entitled "Herbie, Boy Beatie". Only modesty prevents telling how good this one is. Okay. Don't want to talk anymore... hate talk. Like writing. Your writing in letter telling how you like my stories. If you're particularly brave and don't mind losing a few teeth, you can even criticize a little, on account I'm fair-minded. Either way, write me—or your next address will be Bureau of Missing Persons. Letter should go to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Now stand aside while I read some mail that's come in...

"Dear Editor:—
Thank you very much for a marvelous magazine that we, over here in Africa, enjoy so much. I'm really crazy about 'Herbie', or rather (for safety's sake) Mr. Popnecker, Jr. That's why my friends and I are starting a Herbie—(up!)—Mr. Popnecker, Jr, Fan Club. The membership cards being lollipops, of course! Please give my regards to Herbie next time you see him. Good luck from a fan—
—Babs Tuohy, c/o Charles Lwanga, P.O. Chisekei, N.R., Africa.

Good kid, Babs ... knows how to respect right people. Fan Club wonderful idea. Never mind using lollipops as membership cards ... just send them to me.

"Dear Editor:—
Re Herbie Popnecker, Pro & Con. Pro: (1) The greatest author-artist team in comics: Ogden Whitney and Shane O'Shea. The pairing of these two was perhaps the greatest move you've ever made. (2) The hilarious satire contained within Herbie's personality and character is absolutely side-splitting. (3) The presence of real-life people—Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, Adal Stevenson, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Cassius Clay, etc.—in your stories helps to make Herbie's appearance even more hilarious, while at the same time preposterous. (4) His uncanny power of communication with animals and the spirit world, not to mention his powers of levitation, invulnerability to impending disaster, and finally his abnormal obsession for (ugh!) lollipops. Con: (Editor's note ... this correspondent was about to disclose what he found wrong with Herbie, but suddenly subsided. That noise you hear is an ambulance bell.)

—Vincent M. Mansfield, 40-32 191st St., Flushing 58, N.Y.

Fine fella, Vincent. Used to know him when he was strong, healthy type. Trouble was, tried to talk too much. Should have quit while he was ahead.

"Dear Editor:—
Just a few words on your 'Forbidden Worlds' issue #116. 'Herbie Goes To The Devil'—that boy is indescribably funny and rates high in my favorite characters. The whole issue would have been a disaster if not for Herbie. I almost expected the whole issue was going to be all him—maybe, that's an idea for a new comic book!

—H.M. Siegel, Chelsea, Mass.

Where have you been H.M. Siegel? Don't people in Chelsea, Mass., ever hear what's going on? Got my own comics book—this one. Believe me, you're lucky to be reading it.

"Dear Editor:—
I was very pleased with the first issue of 'Herbie'. The best story in the issue was 'Herbie And The Dragon's Tears'. The ending really got me! And in the second story, I got a swell kick out of Herbie beating Sonny Liston. Now for a question: did you have to get permission from people like President Johnson to depict them in your stories? 'Rocket #1352' was the best one—pacer you've put out in a long time. I wish you'd get rid of things like 'The Triumph Of Elbreh Reckonpop' and put in a letter page instead. Finally, there is only one thing wrong with Herbie—Shane O'Shea and Ogden Whitney won't be able to do as much work for your other three magazines, and this will lower the quality of their stories.

—Benny Fontane, 359 Southfield Rd., Shreveport, La.
Why shouldn't you be pleased with the first issue? You better be pleased with every issue if you know what's good for you. This jazz about getting permission to feature famous people in my book—don't you know they beg me to put 'em in? Go down on their knees, because they figure it helps their public image to be seen with me. And now, but, this business about getting rid of things like 'The Triumph of Ebrak Reckenpop'. Don't you know that Ebrak Reckenpop spelled backwards is Herbie Popneckers? And nobody gets rid of me, even backward! I may just hop you with this here lollipop—haven't made up my mind yet. Anyway, you wanted a letter department and so help me, you got one!

"Dear Editor:"

I don't care what anyone says, I'm for all of your stories being about Herbie! Why, even my little brother is as crazy about Herbie as I am. He keeps after my grandmother for his 'Fat Boy' comics book. I think that 'Herbie Goes To The Devil' was the greatest story I ever read. Anyone who doesn't like Herbie deserves a punch in the face. Pardon the shaky writing, but I wrote this letter on a copy of 'Forbidden Worlds' and Herbie peaked out and jiggled my elbow!

—Phillip Jones, 1512 S.W. 65th, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Now, here's a real good Joe—this Phillip Jones character. Heart in the right place. Knows a great story when he reads one. Could be friends with a fellow like that if he were fat. Keep on reading "Forbidden Worlds", Phillip—but now that I've moved to my own magazine, be sure you don't miss a copy of "Herbie!"

"Dear Herbie:"

I just finished reading the second sensational issue of 'Herbie'. I meant to have written you much sooner to congratulate you on the best character ACG has ever published! Whatever you do, don't make the mistake of changing Herbie. Keep his stories just as they've been, and you'll always have a seller on your hands. My compliments to everyone who has a part in the publication of Herbie's hilarious adventures!

—Richard "Grass" Green, 1311 Hayden St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Got hopes for you, Richard. You'll amount to something someday. Keep on reading my magazine, go on heavy lollipop diet and you'll make it for sure. Uh—you might send me some of those lollipops occasionally...

"Dear Editor:"

I just got No. 116 of 'Forbidden Worlds' and (you'll never guess) Herbie is (oh, this is really too much) on page four, panel 5, without his lollipop! Exactly what is the meaning of this outrage? (Meanwhile, back at the old homestead, I'm still a loyal fan!)

—Virginia Kaufman, 177 So. Grant St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Wasn't really without my lollipop, Virginia. At the moment, whole thing happened to be in my mouth, stick and all. Get enthusiastic that way sometimes. You're a cute kid—you I like. Want things to stay that way, latch onto this magazine and keep reading it.

"Dear Editor:"

I know your letter departments are jam-packed with letters about that 'Fat Little Nothing', Herbie. So I'll try to talk about something else. Your recent story, 'Last Of His Kind' in 'Forbidden Worlds' was very good and Pete Costanza's artwork was terrific. And your recent 'Herbie' story was... oops! I guess I just can't stop talking about him. I must have a bad case of 'Herble-itis'!

—Douglas Humphrey, 3220 N.W. 66th St., Oklahoma City 16, Okla.

Why try to talk about anything else than Herbie, Doug? Crazy about that boy... can't seem to get enough of him. Read his adventures every chance I get... keep looking forward to next issue. Signed... Herbie Popnecker...

"Dear Editor:"

'Herbie' is about the best comic ever. I've just bought and read the second issue. 'Herbie And The Porloined Pops' was terrific, but 'Kitchy Witch' was very bad. 'What You Need Is A Girl, Herbie' was okay.

—Rod Curran, 332 So. Grant Avenue, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Agree with your first sentence, Rod. Agree with your opinion of 'Porloined Pops'. Don't ever get mad about 'Kitchy Witch'—always did think witches were on the jerky side. But that jazz about 'What You Need Is A Girl, Herbie' being okay—not buying that! "Okay" lousy word... suggest "colossal", "sensational" or "magnificent". Give you one last chance to use one of these instead of "okay". Act just or I'll be on my way out to Crawfordsville, compete with bopping lollipop.
YOU'VE MEET HERBIE THE HERO... HERBIE THE STRONG MAN... HERBIE THE BRAIN. BUT NOW, LUCKY YOU... YOU'VE GOT A TREAT IN STORE. PUT ON YOUR FAVORITE STRAITJACKET AND LEAVE THE SCREAMING TO THE GIRLS, BECAUSE HERE COMES...

HERBIE, BOY "BEETLE!"

YOU'LL ALWAYS GET THE PROPER BOP OUT OF A LOVIN' LOLLIPPOP! YEAH, YEAH... YEAH!

OOOOOO0000!

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, I USED TO GO TO THE MOVIES AND EAT POPCORN... BUT NOT MY SON HERBIE. HE JUST LIES THERE... WELL, I'M GOING DOWN TO THE BIJOU RIGHT NOW, AND YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

I AM? SIGH...

FRANK SINATRA AND DEAN MARTIN ARE PLAYING... AND WITH A BAG OF POPCORN, THAT'LL PUT ME IN HEAVEN. WOULDN'T TOUCH THE STUFF.
**Moving Picture Performances Interrupted By Patrons Whistling From Ears**

All over the country it's happening... these loud, shrieking sounds from the ears of movie-goers, disrupting the showing of certain films. In each case it has been established the offender had eaten popcorn.

**Daily Call**

Pop Kelly, who owned the local movie, was woebegone. He's a good guy, gotta help him... but how?

Same cast as that picture Dad took me to. When all this started... say, that fella seems kinda interested.

The nerve of the guy... bustin' up our show like that!

But all of a sudden... WOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Made noise.

HA-HELP!
At that moment... from inside...
The same sound as before... and he seems happy about it.

Follow him...

The trail leads onto a train...

What the...?!

And from there to a New York Theatre...

Look, you! I came here to see The Beetles... and if there's anything I don't like, it's a fat shadow!

Now showing The Beetles

If I even see you watching me again, there'll be trouble!

He's inside and I've got to keep watching him. But if I'm gonna do it, I've got to look different...

I hold your hand... Zowie!

The Beetles don't
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!

ULP!

CRASH!

EVERYONE'S ATTENTION WAS RIVETED ON HERBIE. HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING...

LOVE MUH GIRL LIKE AN ARTIST LOVES HIS EASEL... WHEN I KISS HER, LOLLIPOP GOES THE WEASEL!

I'M HER LOLLIPOPPIN' LOVER... YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!

EEE-EEEE!

ZOWIE!

AH-AAAAH!
I WANT A KISS! I WANT AN AUTOGRAH! I WANT A SOUVENIR! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT!

LUCKILY FOR HERBIE, THERE WAS A HOLLYWOOD TALENT SCOUT IN THE AUDIENCE... ONE SIDE, GIRLIES! HE'S COMING WITH ME!

AIRPORT, CABBIE!

YESSIR, YOU'RE A ONCE-IN-A LIFETIME SENSATION... THAT'S WHY I'M TAKING YOU TO HOLLYWOOD. YOUR NAME IS ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS! ER... WHAT IS YOUR NAME, ANYWAY?

Uh... EIBREH REKCE OP!

AS THEY NEARED THE LOS ANGELES AIRPORT... I'VE LOST THE TRAIL OF THAT RED-NOSED MAN I WAS FOLLOWING. HOW AM I GONNA SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE WHISTLING EARS NOW?
WELL, I'LL BE... THERE HE IS NOW, AND HE'S LANDING TOO! I'LL GET AFTER HIM JUST AS SOON AS WE HIT THE GROUND!

BUT APPARENTLY THE TALENT SCOUT HAD WIRED AHEAD AND ARRANGED A 'WELCOME'...

HE'S DISAPPEARED!

BOPPED HIM WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPPOP, BEATS WALKING AROUND IN MY UNDERWEAR, ANYWAY.

DO I SEE WHAT I THINK I'M SEEING?

(continued on page after next)
He sent his glasses down to check up... yes, it was so...

I'll make sure every movie gets at least one dosed package when their pictures play, and... ha-ha... I'm going down and tell them so!

Tell who? I'd better follow him and find out...

I'm glad to find you both here. I'll teach you to make such good pictures!

Second thought, better grab him right now.

That fella who just came in here... where's he gone to?

Look, Frankie... it's the new sensation, Eibreh Reckenpop!

That red-nosed man bolted out the other exit when you crashed in this way. I never dreamed that you, Eibreh Reckenpop, would be a friend of his! Let's show the little jerk where to get off, Dean!

Crash!
TAKE THIS!

AND THIS!

WHAM!

WHAT SORT OF GUY IS THIS?

WHAT HERBIE WANTED NOW WAS INFORMATION--AND HE HAD WAYS OF EXTRACTING IT...

WATCH THE LOLLIPPOP... WATCH ME...

THOSE LIGH EYES! CAN'T TEAR MYSELF AWAY FROM THEM...

WE'RE BEING HYPNOTIZED!

NOW TELL ME WHAT GIVES WITH THE MAN WITH THE RED NOSE!

HE--HE'S JEALOUS OF OUR SUCCESS--CAN'T STAND HOW EVERYONE LOVES US! SO WHENVEVER OUR PICTURES PLAY ANYWHERE, HE BREAKS UP THE PERFORMANCE WITH THAT POPCORN OF HIS...

AND HE CAME HERE TO GLOAT OVER US! IF ONLY WE KNEW WHERE HIS HIDEOUT WAS AND COULD GET PROOF AGAINST HIM...

MYSTERY ALL SOLVED! COME WITH ME.

OH--OH.

EEEEEEEEE!

IT'S EIBREH REKOPENP!

LET ME AT HIM!
C'MON, DON'T HANG BACK.

YOU KNOW, DINO--I'M ASLEEP AND DREAMING THE MOST AwFUL DREAM! SOME FAT LITTLE JERK HAS US WAY UP IN THE AIR...

MY DREAM'S DIFFERENT, FRANKIE. THE FAT LITTLE JERK HAS US WAY UP IN THE AIR!

BUT AT THEIR DESTINATION--

THERE HE IS! HE DESERVES IT--BUT WAIT! HE'LL PROBABLY GET HOLD OF SOME BIGTIME LAWYER--HE'LL SUE...

HE'LL BANKRUPT US!

WELL, GO ON RELIEF!

OKAY--I CAN SEE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER.

WHEN HERBIE TAKES OVER, IT'S ACTION!

YIPE!

OH, N-NO!

CORN-POPPER

H-HELP!

HELP YOU WANT, HELP YOU'LL GET.

CORN-POPPER

CORN-POPPER
LOOK! EEEEEE! OOOOOOOO! Zowie! AH-HHHHH!

GULP! HERE THEY COME AGAIN ...LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT ME.

OH, FRANKIE! OH, DINO! I WANT A SOUVENIR! I WANT A KISS! I WANT AN AUTOGRAPH!

WHEW! BIG RELIEF.

OH, THAT EIBREH REKCIENPOP--HE'S JUST DIVINE! SIGH...

PHOOEY! WHY, FOR MY MONEY, HE'S ALMOST AS BAD AS HERBIE, HERE!