MAKE WAY FOR the FAT FURY...

HERBIE

HERE'S WHERE PANTS MARKET TAKES BIG FALL.

FUNNIEST STORY IN 2 1/2 YEARS! HERBIE in "HIGH SPIRITS!"
STUDYING MORE THESE DAYS, READER? STORY BEHIND IT... I'LL TELL IT TO YOU.

ALL STARTED AT GRADUATION. P.S. 45...

AND AS ALL YOU GRADUATES LEAVE THESE HALLOWED HALLS OF LEARNING AND GO OUT INTO THE WORLD, REMEMBER THAT YOU'VE TAKEN ONLY YOUR FIRST STEPS ON THE ROAD OF EDUCATION...
That ahead of you lie other institutions where you will continue to learn... Not figuring on any more schooling, got important things to do... like improving the world.

But Dad had other ideas on the subject... What do you mean, you're not going on in your schooling? You want to be a dropout? No son of mine is going to be an ignoramus, you hear?

I hear.

You know what's the greatest thing in the world? Education! You know what means more to a boy than anything else? Schooling! You know...

Could be right, I'll check up... interview authorities.

To Independence, Missouri!

Hope he's in...

Herbie!

Hiva, President Truman.

Your Dad's right, Herbie. Education's the most important thing in today's world. This country of ours needs it and it's up to young fellas like you.

Thought so. Only checking.
FACE IT, HERBIE... THE WORLD WOULD HAVE GOTTEN NOWHERE WITHOUT EDUCATION. THIS FORMULA—WOULD YOU KNOW WHAT IT WAS FOR?

THAT OWL KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT, ALL RIGHT.

THAT'S HERBIE! WHAT HERBIE? THE HERBIE!

THERE WAS JUST ONE MORE PERSON TO CONSULT...

WHAT GOOD'S EDUCATION? I NEVER HAD ANY—AND LOOK AT ME!

I'M LOOKING.

HOW WONDERFUL MY EDUCATION WAS AT DEAR OLD PEEPWHISTLE PREP... MY OLD ALMA MATER! THOSE GOLDEN DAYS... AH, IT BRINGS TEARS TO MY EYES. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE GOOD OLD SCHOOL SONG...

LET'S SING OUT WITH PEP FOR OLD PEEPWHISTLE PREP... DEAR ALMA MATER, SO HEARTY AND HER. YES, FOR KEEPING IN STEP... FOR A THROAT THAT IS STREP... HERE'S A CHEER AND A BEER FOR OLD PEEPWHISTLE PREP!
DON'T HAVE TO CRY, GOING TO PEEPWHISTLE PREP.

HURRAH! ZOWIE! EUREKA! YAY!

AT THE TAPPA KEGGA KOKO FRATERNITY HOUSE...

IT'S FROM PINCUS POPNECKER, CLASS OF '44... SAYS HE'S SENDING HIS SON HERBIE TO PEEPWHISTLE AND SINCE HE WAS A MEMBER OF THIS FRAT, HE'D LIKE US TO PLEDGE THIS HERBIE...

BESIDES, YOU KNOW THESE OLD GRADS THEY MAKE SURE THAT THEIR KIDS ARE POWERHOUSES—RAISE 'EM TO MAKE EVERY TEAM THIS HERBIE POPNECKER WILL PROBABLY TURN OUT TO BE AN ALL-AMERICAN WELL BE PROUD OF!

YEAH! A GUY LIKE THAT WE'D BETTER MEET AT THE STATION!

WHEN YOU GO DOWN OAK STREET, HIT THAT BUMP HARD WE'LL BE HOLDING ON... BUT HE WON'T!

GULP!

OH, N-NO!

HA-HA! WE'RE RID OF HIM NOW!
Yessir, we played it SMART, all right. We sure got rid of him!

What are we gonna do? We can't let that little square into our frat!

We'll get him on the initiation! A guy who can't go through with it is flops in any way. Can't be taken in... everybody knows that.

We'll make sure he flops, and that way we'll be rid of the little wart!

Haw-haw! "Bring back the hat off the founder's statue!" We told him! The little jerk doesn't know it's part of the statue, and so solid you couldn't even blast it off!

Hat was attached. Brought whole statue.

Uh...wait. There's another part to your initiation... you can't get into a frat like Tappa Kegga Koke that easy! You've gotta ring the bells in the campus tower at midnight sharp, got it?
HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT THEY'VE BRICKED UP THE ENTRANCE AND THERE'S NO WAY TO GET IN! WE'RE RID OF HIM NOW!

SURE THING! AND MIDNIGHTS JUST A MINUTE OFF!

HA-HA!

NO-NO.

BONG! BONG! BONG!

BONG! BONG! BONG!

BONG! BONG! BONG!

NEXT NIGHT—

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? WE'VE GOTTA ASSIGN SOMETHING HE CAN'T DO OR WE'LL HAVE TO LET HIM INTO OUR FRAT! WHAT'S SOMETHING IMPOSSIBLE?

TAPPA
KEGGA
KOKE

FELLA'S I GOT IT. THE PREXY'S DAUGHTER!

"WHAT AN IDEA! SHE'S AS BEAUTIFUL AS MISS AMERICA... BUT COLD AS ICE!"

"AND IF ANY GUY SHOULD EVER TRY TO KISS HER—"

WHAM!

"SHE HATES MEN—HATES EVERY MALE ALIVE—THERE ISN'T ONE WHO CAN COME NEAR HER, SO WE GIVE THIS POPNECKER CREEP THE JOB OF KISSING HER. HAW-HAW!"

THIS IS GONNA BE GREAT!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
WELL? WHAT DO YOU WANT...

OH-HHHHH!

THERE... SHE'S COMING TO. WHEN SHE FINDS SHE'S EVEN NEAR A MAN, SHE'LL PULVERIZE HIM!

OH, MY HERO... MY HANDSOME LOVER! I'VE BEEN WAITING SO LONG FOR YOU....

IT'S NO USE. WE CAN'T STOP HIM. HE'S IN... A MEMBER OF TAPPA KEGA KOKE.

NO... NOT YET... ONE... LAST GREAT IDEA...

WHO'S... THE BIGGEST, TOUGHEST MAN ON THE CAMPUS? WHO'S... THE MAN WHO INSISTS ON ATHLETES ON HIS TEAM... BIG LEAN ATHLETES... AND WILL KILL ANYONE WHO DARES TRY OUT WHO ISN'T?

WE GET IT, PUG MADDEN, THE BASEBALL COACH! SO WE ORDER HERBIE TO MAKE THE TEAM!
AND SO... YOU WANT TO DO WHAT?
CAME TO MAKE TEAM.

SO! YOU WANT TO MAKE MY TEAM! YOU OVERSTUFFED HUNK OF LARD--YOU PUFFED-UP PIECE OF SUET--
SO I'M FAT. SO WHAT?

WELL, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PLAY ON THE TEAM -- AND THE FIRST THING YOU DO THAT ISN'T PERFECT, THERE'LL BE A FAT FUNERAL AROUND HERE! THE ONLY REASON I'M DOING IT IS BECAUSE WE'RE ONE MAN SHORT FOR THE BIG GAME!

THE BIG GAME...
SHOW 'EM, PEEPWHISTLE PREP! LET'S GO!

HA-HA-HA! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LET A MAN INTO YOUR FRAT IF HE'S TORN TO LITTLE PIECES... AND THAT'S HOW HERBIE'S GONNA BE WHEN THE COACH GETS THROUGH WITH HIM TODAY!

GET ME A UNIFORM, SIZE EXTRA-PLUMP AND LET OUT THE SEAMS.

HERBIE WENT OUT TO CENTER FIELD... AND THE FIRST MAN UP HIT A LONG BALL OVER HIS HEAD. IT LOOKED AS IF IT WERE OUT OF THE PARK, BUT...

HEY, FOSDICK! GRAB IT!

EASY OUT... HUH, HERBIE?
Another long belt! Once again, the ball was going past Herbie... but at the last moment...

Herbie, ol' pal!

Don't you recognize me? I used to be your grandfather's horse!

Uh-huh. Better get back to home plate fast, guy running the bases and you gotta head him off!

That's the way it went... there wasn't a ball that could get past Herbie, and in the last of the 9th, with bases loaded and no score...

Strike one... strike two... don't make bats like they used to.

Yer out!

Thud!
A GRAND-SLAM HOMER!
WOTTA MAN! BABY! COME TO ME!
HURRAH FOR HERBIE!
HOW'S ABOUT A HOT DOG?
BE TRAITOR TO MY LOLLIPOP? UH-UH.
YAY, POPNECKER!

DID EVERYTHING YOU TOLD ME SO?
WELL... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... WE CAN'T LET JUST ANYBODY IN...
LIKE HE SAYS... OUR STANDARDS ARE PRETTY HIGH...
TAPPA KEGGA KOKE
I GET IT.

YOUR STANDARDS PRETTY HIGH... BUT YOUR HOUSE PRETTY LOW! SO LONG...

DAD AND MOM WERE COMING UP FOR ALUMNI DAY, AND HERBIE HAD AN APPOINTMENT TO MEET THEM ON THE LAWN OF THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.
HOPE DAD WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED. I DIDN'T GET INTO HIS OLD FRATERNITY. NO FRATERNITY LEFT NOW.

IT WASN'T A CHEERFUL ALUMNI DAY... FOR THE PREXY HAD BAD NEWS...
A SORRY FATE HAS OVER-TAKEN OLD PEEPHISTLE PREP. WE'VE RUN OUT OF DOUGH, FOLKS... AND THE BELoved DUMP WILL HAVE TO CLOSE AT THE END OF THIS YEAR.
IF ONLY I HAD THE MONEY PERSONALLY, I'D SPEND IT TO KEEP THE OLD JOINT OPEN AND MAKE IT BETTER THAN EVER. AND IF I HAD MORE MONEY THAN THAT...

---I'D USE IT TO IMPROVE EVERY SCHOOL IN THE WHOLE BURNED COUNTRY!

WISH I COULD GET PREXY MONEY HE WANTS, SAY... I'VE GOT IT!

HEY... YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

HADES

WELCOME TO OUR CITY!

NOT OFTEN WE CAN REACH OUT AND JUST GRAB A CUSTOMER!

BOY, CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW HE'LL SIZZLE WITH ALL THAT FAT? GET A REAL HOT OVEN READY!

TCH, TCH. HAVE TO REMEMBER NOT TO HIT WITH STRAWBERRY. IT'S LOADED.
Nearby, on the surface was a big oilfield. Big... and rich...

And under that oilfield...

First I cut some of these pipes... then I plug 'em...

What's happened?

The oil's stopped spouting!

Make new outlet for oil...

So like I said, we got no dough, no moola—we're dead broke, man! That M-means that P-poor old P-peeple... P-peeple...

The ground's starting to shake! Maybe it's an Earthquake!

Rumble

Oh, I'm so ashamed... just look at him!

I might have known he'd be a disgrace to good old Peeple. We've got to get him out of town and home as fast as we can!

Whoosh!

Look out!
WITH MONEY FROM OIL GUSHER, PEEPHISTLE PREP WAS GOING FULL BLAST THESE DAYS, READERS, AND SO MUCH MONEY, PREXY WAS ABLE TO IMPROVE EVERY SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY!

WITH THE RESULT THAT...

AH, LITTLE IVAN—RUSSIAN SCHOOLS ARE THE BEST, DA?

NYET! AMERICAN SCHOOLS THE REAL MCCOY SKY!

IN CHINA...

HONORABLE BRAT VERY LUCKY TO HAVE FINE CHINESE SCHOOLS. THEY MAKE YOU SMART LIKE YOUR LEADER!

HONORABLE LEADER DUMB JERK. YANK SCHOOLS BEST, YOU BETCHA!

PARIS...

PARDON, YOUNG MAN, BUT YOU'RE ON AMERICAN TELEVISION. OUR WATCHERS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF OUR GREAT NEW SCHOOLS...

SUPERB! MAGNIFIQUE! THERE IS BUT ONE TROUBLE, MONSIEUR...

...THEY TEACH NOTHING OF ZE ROMANCE!

STUDYING A LITTLE HARDER THESE DAYS, YOU'LL KNOW WHY— I'M RESPONSIBLE, AND IF YOU'VE GOT ANY COMPLAINTS— YOU WANT I SHOULD BOP YOU WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP?

BY THE WAY, DAD WANTS ME TO GO BACK TO PEEPHISTLE PREP. SO IF YOU HEAR A CRASH, IT'LL JUST BE ME— BOPPING MYSELF WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP!
COMING UP NEXT...
HERBIE
NO. 8, MARCH!

WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING ABOUT? BETTER BUY NO. 8 OR GET FRACTURED! WORTH THOUSAND BUCKS A COPY---YOU GET IT FOR Lousy 12¢!

KNOW WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU IN NO. 8? ME... IN 'MAKE WAY FOR THE FAT FURY!' FIRST CHANCE TO SEE ME AS AMERICA'S GREATEST COSTUME HERO. SENSATIONAL. THAT'S ALL. TAKE A LOOK...

NOT A LICENSED GRADUATE HERO... BUT I'LL DO. MAKE WAY FOR FAT FURY!

ALREADY TOO GOOD FOR YOU, BUT THERE'S MORE. "GEORGE WASHINGTON'S TEETH"... REAL LOWDOWN ON HISTORY. LEARN HOW I WON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. HERE'S A PREVIEW FOR YOU---FREE...

HURRY! BRITISH ARE COMING!

TELL THEM TO COME TOMORROW!

OKAY... UP TO YOU NOW! GOTT MY WAYS OF FINDING OUT EXACTLY WHO DOESN'T BUY NEXT ISSUE. WARNING---HAVE YOUR HOSPITALIZATION PAID UP AND WILL WRITTEN!

DON'T BE A SUCKER---BUY "HERBIE" NO. 8! ON SALE AT SMART NEWSDEALERS ABOUT MIDDLE OF JANUARY!
Here you are—issue No. 7 of "Herbie", greatest magazine in world. Much too good for you, but that's the kind of guy I am... like to do good. That's why I'm letting you read all about me in "Good Old Peep-whistle". Story like that worth a million dollars...you get it for lousy 12¢. And "High Spirits"—worth two million. Philanthropist, that's what I am. Good-natured, too. Haven't bopped a reader with this here lollipop for almost a week. But I'm going to, I'm warning you. Going to bop you if you don't write in and tell me how you like great stories I'm bringing you. You write it, I'll do you favor and read it. Maybe even publish it if it's interesting. So address it to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Do it now.

"Dear Editor:
I don't want to get bopped by Herbie, so I'm writing. I've never written to any other magazine before, but Herbie is super-stupendous...great even! How much does Herbie weigh? (Nothing personal, Herbie!) I have all the 'Herbie' magazines and am waiting for more. A fan as long as Herbie lives—

Charles Meyerson,
22919 Masonic,
St. Clair Shores, Michigan."

Write to me, not no-good Editor—I bopped him. Notice you say I'm super-stupendous...you got perception, man. But this jazz about how much I weigh...all I can say is you better not let me land on you. By the way...if you like my stories so far, just wait till you see what's coming!

"Dear Editor:
I've read every issue of your great new comic, 'Herbie', and I'm happy to say that it's the best comic on the market. The best story of the ones I've read so far is 'Herbie And The Loch Ness Monster'. It was the greatest story in the history of comics! Shane O'Shea and Ogden Whitney are about the best team in all comics and Herbie has the chance to be the best hero—that is, if you handle him right.

Joseph Staron
P. O. Box 127, East Chatham, N. Y."

Another letter to Editor...gets me down. Now on, not even going to mention anything about it. Outside of that, you seem kind of a good Joe, Joseph. Know a good story, when you see one. What do you mean about me having chance to be best hero in comics— I am already!

"Dear Editor:
Fist! Don't tell Herbie that I missed his first issue. I've been looking all over for it, but I just can't find it. I think you could help me out by printing the following: I am willing to pay from 25¢ to 50¢ for the first issue of 'Herbie'. If you can help, please do so. Thanks from a fan—

Robert Rauch
1950 Hutchinson River Parkway,
Bronx 61, New York."

Okay, Robert—we printed it. Hate to tell you this, but most holders of that first issue are holding out for a million dollars!

"Dear Herbie:
I think your comic is the greatest thing since the hot dog—even greater! I promise to tell ten of my friends about it, and have each of them buy a copy, and then each of them will tell ten of their friends and so on. If each of your issues isn't a sellout, I'll send in the names of the people that didn't buy them, such names to be placed upon your Preferred Bopping List. Some people for your Bopping List that are my favorite enemies are Arthur Goldberg, Steve Abrams, Bernard Hoffman and Jackie Abrams. P.S: Enclosed are two (2) Tutti-Frutti Lollipops.

-Chuck Kalus
7011 Park Heights Ave.,
Baltimore, Maryland."

Hot dog people have new sales gimmick—giving away one copy of "Herbie" with each 10,000 hot dogs sold. Thanks for lollipops, excellent flavor. Placing names of your favorite enemies on Bopping List immediately.

"Dear Editor:
Lo and behold, as I was browsing at the magazine counter, my eyes fell on something surprising, indeed. Herbie was back! I immediately dropped my other selections and rushed home to read about Herbie's heroic deeds. 'Herbie And The Loch Ness Monster' was excellent, and Shane O'Shea should be congratulated on another swell effort. Herbie's great (right, Herb?), so give us more! He deserves it and so do we!

-James Jacob
8710 W. 93rd St., Overland Park, Kan."
That Loch Ness Monster deal turned out to be a bowling favorite. But there's other greats in store for you, James. By now you should have read "Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral". How'd you like that gorgeous apple, bub?

"Dearest Herbie:"
Please don't bop me with your lollipop, because what I am going to say is going to shock you into a fit. I just got finished reading my first 'Herbie' magazine, and there is one question I would like to ask you. Why is it that the whole world knows you and your powers - while your own parents think you're a lazy slob? This puzzled me a lot. In closing, this is my first letter to any publisher, but I'm sure it's not my last one to you!

-Emily Ruble,
2657 San Medina, Dallas, Texas.

Don't worry, Emily...not going to get violent. You mean well. Just don't know old adage about prophet being without honor in own land. Parents don't want to give me any credit. Just as well. If they knew real truth, might go to their heads.

"Dear Editor:"
I read quite a few mags, but yours is the most. I think it was your Herbie who put New York on the map. I just drool when I read his adventures and I'm dying to read the next issue. Can't you hurry it up? Or do I have to ask Herbie to bop you with his lollipop? P.S: Orchids to your issue where Herbie battled the Loch Ness Monster!

-Bill Stewart,
52 Commonwealth Ave., Scarborough,
Ontario, Canada.

Herbie didn't just put New York on the map. If you believe him, he put the whole universe on the map, and he's just beginning. And if you don't believe that, Bill, just watch what's coming up in our future issues!

"Dear Herbie:"
I've followed your adventures ever since Cleopatra made love to you. I have just finished 'Herbie' No. 4 ("Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral") and found it most enjoyable - hilarious, that is! I must compliment Ogden Whitney for his fine art and Shane O'Shea for his humorous stories. And you, Herbie, are the most unusual character I've ever come across - witty, stupendous, just plain funny! Now, you said you'd put any of my favorite enemies on your "Preferred Bop- ping List". Well, here they are: (1) The Postman - he never picks up my outgoing mail. (2) 'Nellie No Date' - she's a waste of paper and no good. A 'Herbie' story like 'Herbie's Typical Tuesday' would be much better. Thans for the thanks!

-David Silver,
Oheyaahb Place, Danbury, Conn.

Got respect for you, David. Takes real hero to spell name of your street. Stop complimenting O'Shea on his stories - where do you think he gets 'em from? They're all my true experiences - I tell 'em to him. And I don't like Nellie either. Sissy. Can't fight.

"Dear Herbie:"
I have been reading about your exploits since the 'Snadder Salad Oil' thing. And I just thought I'd write and tell you that I really appreciate what you've done for us overweight people. Were you in any other stories besides 'Herbie's Quiet Saturday Afternoon' and '1,000 Years Ago In 1962'? Glad you're keeping Hughes out of your book. Glad you're running it. If Editor Hughes tries to be a buttinski, I'd bop him. Out of all your stories in your book, my favorites were 'Herbie And The Dragon's Tears', 'Herbie And The Parloined Pops', 'What You Need Is A Girl, Herbie' and 'Pineapple Saves The Poorhouse'. I also liked 'A Little Fat Nothing Named Herbie' and 'Herbie Goes To The Devil'. P.S: I told ten friends to get 'Herbie', 'Forbidden Worlds' and "Unknown Worlds" comics. The only thing was that they already buy them.

-John Scott,
1136 West Main, Temperance, Mich.

I hate to admit it, but omitted section of this fella's letter that said he didn't like "Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral" and one other. What sort of kookie character are you, John Scott? "Okay Corral" best thing that happened to this world since I came on scene. Remarks like that mean you're risking multiple fractures. Abrasions, too - maybe even contusions. Better call out National Guard to protect you. Meanwhile, give you some info. "1,000 Years Ago In 1962," wasn't one of my stories, and don't make any more mistakes like that, or even the National Guard won't help. One more thing - one of my stories you maybe never read was "Herbie And The Spirits". Published in "Forbidden Worlds" No. 94. And if you're telling your friends about all our books, why leave out "Adventures Into The Unknown?"
We dare you to read this story after midnight! Better still, we dare you not to read it, because that would make the fat fury furious. Anyway, tie yourself to your chair, wait until the ghost is clear and shudder at

HERBIE in "HIGH SPIRITS!"

Story: Real puny's Shane O'Shea
Art: Ogden Whitney (How that man can draw)

You've heard about the population explosion, reader... but look. It's hit the unknown too!

Hear ye! Hear ye! On account we're so crowded up here, the management is now receiving applications from all those who wish to emigrate to earth for living quarters and have good reasons for leaving!
NAME, PLEASE... AND REASON FOR WISHING TO LEAVE.

JOE GIDSY, HEH-HEH... CLIMATE HERE'S TOO HIGH FOR ME. DELICATE, YOU KNOW!

HORTENSE MCWITCH, WANT TO GO DOWN TO EARTH BECAUSE I... HEH-HEH... LOVE HUMANS SO!

ERIC THE RED, ARCTIC EXPLORER, WANT TO GO BECAUSE... WELL, BECAUSE!

CAPTAIN SKULLBONES, THAT'S ME! FORGET THOSE HYPOCRITES... I WANT TO GO BECAUSE I USED TO BE A PIRATE AND THE PIRACY BUSINESS IS TERRIBLE UP HERE! I WANT TO GO BACK IN BUSINESS!

NOW LET'S LOOK IN ON EARTH AND SEE HOW THINGS ARE. UH-HUH... NORMAL...

I DON'T SEE WHY WE NEED TO BUY A SUMMER HOME FOR VACATIONS, DAD. WOULDN'T IT BE NICER IF WE TRAVELED?

WOMEN! NEVER WANT A MAN TO GET ANY FISHING DONE! LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT ANYMORE... I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S ON TELEVISION.

TO WHAT DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR LONG LIFE, MR. HOOVER?

FISHING! HEALTHIEST OCCUPATION THERE IS!

LOOK, MOM! THEY'VE GOT EX-PRESENT HOOVER ON!
Yessir, if men did more fishing and brought up their boys the same way, we'd all be better off.

You hear that?

Hoover recommends fishing, and he was just the President of the United States, that's all, and he says it would be good for Herbie, too, now, the way I see it. If I picked up a nice little summer home on the seacoast somewhere, all right, but I refuse to tire myself out looking for it. That's parts up to you!

This looks like a fine town. Wonder how I could find out about property here...

Real estate office.

There were pictures of houses for sale... but all seemed too expensive until...

Why, that's a real mansion... we couldn't afford anything in that price range.

Oh, but you could! It's yours for $500, including a dock and a motor launch!

Only saw picture. Must be some reason he sold it so cheap.

Nonsense... it just shows what a fine business man I am. Come on and let's take a look at our new summer home!

There... did I get a bargain or not?

Bargain—schmargain.

Just see... isn't it great? This is the reception hall...
GUESS THIS MUST BE A CLOSET...COME ON, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEXT ROOM.

BY GEORGE, DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH FINE CHANDELIERs?

HURRY... I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE UPSTAIRS.

UH... MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T STAY HERE... NOT TONIGHT, ANYWAY...

WHY, I ACTUALLY BELIEVE YOU'RE SCARED! WHAT NONSENSE... JUST BECAUSE A HOUSE HAPPENS TO BE OLD!

NOW YOU DON'T SEE ME CHICKENING OUT, DO YOU? NO SIR... NOTHING SCARES YOUR DAD!

BONG! BONG! BONG! MIDNIGHT: ANYTHING GONNA HAPPEN, IT'LL BE NOW.
BOO! AI-EEEEE! YA-HA-HA!

OH-HHHHHH! YAGH! EEE-Yyyyyy!

HE'S NOT DOING ANYTHING!
I--I GUESS HE'S SCARED STIFF!

LET'S GET OUT OF THERE!

THE WAY HE JUST LOOKED AT US ... ULP!

BUT IT WAS DIFFERENT IN DAD'S ROOM...

WHAT... WHAT DO YOU WANT...

YOWP!

HE DOESN'T APPRECIATE G-GOOD HAUNTING!

BOO! AI-EEEEE! YA-HA-HA!

GANGWAY!
WET. Brought your clothes.

I'll put them on. I want to get as far away from this place as possible!

ME? SCARED? NONSENSE...I JUST HAD A BAD DREAM, THAT WAS ALL!

SURE, A BAD DREAM! THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS, SO DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, HERBIE. BE BRAVE, LIKE I'M BRAVE!

Okay, but tell me... what's that coming out of the fog?

G-GULP!

CAPTURE 'EM, LADS!

Heh-heh... it... it's all a Joke, isn't it? Sure... very F-Funny...

We'll see if you find it so funny when you WALK THE PLANK, LAND-LUBBER!

(Continued on page after next)
DAD'S GOT EYES SHUT, GIVES ME CHANCE...

(1) BREAK ROPES.
(2) GET CUTLASS.
GRAB HIM QUICK!

(3) CUT BELTS  SO PANTS FALL.
SWISH!

(4) SOCK NO. 1 MAN IN JAW...

BOK! BOK! BOK! BOK! BOK!

(5) NOW GO BLAM.
Meanwhile...

HELP! I DON'T WANNA WALK THE PLANK! I'LL BE KILLED!

WHAT...? W-WHERE ARE THE PIRATES? THIS IS A P-PIRATE SHIP, ISN'T IT?

NOT ANYMORE. IT ISN'T DISAPPEARING UNDER US.

BEATS ALL THE THINGS YOU CAN IMAGINE. HEH-HEH... IT'S JUST LIKE I SAID. THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID, HERBIE... NOT WHILE I'M HERE. I WON'T LET YOU COME TO ANY HARM!

COURAGE, THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE. AND COMMON SENSE. AFTER ALL, WHAT IS THIS BUT JUST A SIMPLE OLD HOUSE, WITH NOTHING IN IT TO FRIGHTEN YOU?

YIPE!
PIRATES WERE A CINCH COMPARED TO THESE GHOSTS. GOT TO FIND OUT IF THEY'VE GOT ANY WEAKNESSES...

---SO I'LL GO TO WHERE GHOSTS COME FROM AND GET LOWDOWN.

GOLLY, HERBIE, I WISH I COULD HELP... BUT I CAN'T. I DON'T HAVE THE POWER TO RECALL THOSE SPIRITS. THEY'RE ALL STANDING AND WE LICENSED THEM TO LIVE DOWN ON EARTH.

WELL, THERE'S JOE GIDGY... HE'S REALLY TOUGH! YOU'D NEVER DREAM THAT THE REAL REASON HE WANTED TO GET OUT OF THE UNKNOWN WAS BECAUSE HE WAS HENPECKED BY THE GHOST OF HIS WIFE!

THEN THIS HORTENSE McWITCH... BETTER BE CAREFUL OF HER! SHE'D TACKLE A HURRICANE AND FIGHT A LION. NOTHING SCARES HER... EXCEPT MI

AND HERE'S THE LAST OF THEM... ERIC THE RED. THE ARCTIC EXPLORER. HE CAN LICK HIS WEIGHT IN WILDCATS. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THERE'S NOTHING THAT SCARES HIM... EXCEPT MAYBE A WALRUS!

SORRY, BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO, HERBIE... EXCEPT GET OUT OF THAT HOUSE WITH YOUR DAD. YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM NO MATTER HOW TOUGH YOU ARE!

UH-UH, MUST BE SOMETHING... GONNA KEEP TRYING.
Next night, the haunts were at it again...

BOO!  Ai-eeeeee!  Ya-ha-ha!

Okay... go ahead inside and do your stuff...

Yagh!  Eee-yi-iiii!

Oh-hhhhh!

Well, Joe Giddy!  Up to your old tricks again, are you?

Hepzibah, my darling wife!  How... how did you come here?

Never mind that, you're going back with me and no nonsense!

Your turn!

Eee-yoww!  Help!

Take it away!  Save me somebody!

Ohhhhh!

?
SO HELP ME, I'M GOING BACK UP TO THE UNKNOWN, WHERE THE MICE STAY HIDDEN IN THE CLOSETS, TOGETHER WITH THE SKELETONS!

NOW ONLY THE GHOST OF ERIC THE RED WAS LEFT...

Sissy...

OH, YEAH? I'LL SHOW YOU!

HOPE I'VE GOT ENOUGH TIME TO DIVE INTO THAT COSTUME...

URP!

AND THE LAST GHOST DISAPPEARED IN A PUFF, NEVER TO RETURN!

A WALRUS! I'M G-GETTING OUT OF HERE!

NEXT DAY, WHEN MOM ARRIVED...

A BIG HOUSE LIKE THIS—ID HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D BE SCARED, STAYING HERE ALONE, WITH JUST HERBIE...

ME SCARED? I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD! BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HERBIE...

SCARED PINK, BY GEORGE! LUCKY HE HAD ME ALONG TO PROTECT HIM!

POUF!

THE END!