HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, Oct.-Nov.

Dec.-Jan. © 1965 by East Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Dickey Streets, Sparta, Illinois. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial offices 321 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor, Frederick H. Imes, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), $1.44, single copies, $0.12, foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, Inc., 321 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office at Sparta, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. No. 9, Apr.-May, 1965.

HERBIE in 'Lookit all the HERBIES!'

STORY: AN O'SHEA BLUE PLATE SPECIAL
ART: WHITNEY—REAL CLASSY-LIKE!

A COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS WAS VISITING THE NEW PENITENTIARY, JUST ESTABLISHED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN... AS YOU CAN SEE, EVERYTHING'S MODERN... AND ESCAPE-PROOF!

AND THESE CELLS... YOU CAN'T GET IN OR OUT WITHOUT A KEY! THERE'S NOBODY IN THIS ONE...
LATER—AS HERBIE TOLD HIS TROUBLES TO HIS OLD FRIEND, PROFESSOR FLIPDOME...
LIKE SLEEP, GET CRITICISED.

DETAILS, DETAILS! HOW CAN YOU TALK ABOUT SUCH THINGS WHEN I, PROFESSOR FLIPDOME, HAVE JUST INVENTED THE GREATEST MACHINE IN HISTORY! WATCH... I'LL DEMONSTRATE IT FOR YOU.

GOL-LY!
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? I CALL IT MY AUTOMATIC IMITATOR. IT WILL REPRODUCE ANYTHING WITHIN RANGE... AND SUPPLY MULTIPLE COPIES, MADE OF THE BEST QUALITY PLASTIC!

THAT'S THE SCANNER RAY OF MY MACHINE, AND THERE'S MY CAT, RIGHT IN RANGE OF IT. I THROW THE MASTER SWITCH... LIKE SO...

YOU CAN HANG AROUND HERE IF YOU LIKE—I'VE Gotta RUN DOWN TO WASHINGTON TO PATENT IT. PIP-PIP POPNECKER!
The Professor's laboratory was a fine place to catch 40 winks.

Sleepy... nice and warm under this light... ZZZ-ZZZZZ.

"This light"... it was the machine's scanner ray, which had been left on. And now...

They weren't around when he awoke and went home to eat... and rest a bit...

ZZZ-ZZZZ

I've got the only son in America that can eat while he sleeps... and sleep while he eats!

GR-RRRR...

Next morning...

They weren't around when he awoke and went home to eat... and rest a bit...

ZZZ-ZZZZ

I've got the only son in America that can eat while he sleeps... and sleep while he eats!

GR-RRRR...

The professor's laboratory was a fine place to catch 40 winks.

Sleepy... nice and warm under this light... ZZZ-ZZZZZ.

"This light"... it was the machine's scanner ray, which had been left on. And now...

They weren't around when he awoke and went home to eat... and rest a bit...

ZZZ-ZZZZ

I've got the only son in America that can eat while he sleeps... and sleep while he eats!

GR-RRRR...

Next morning...

They weren't around when he awoke and went home to eat... and rest a bit...

ZZZ-ZZZZ

I've got the only son in America that can eat while he sleeps... and sleep while he eats!

GR-RRRR...

The professor's laboratory was a fine place to catch 40 winks.

Sleepy... nice and warm under this light... ZZZ-ZZZZZ.

"This light"... it was the machine's scanner ray, which had been left on. And now...

They weren't around when he awoke and went home to eat... and rest a bit...

ZZZ-ZZZZ

I've got the only son in America that can eat while he sleeps... and sleep while he eats!

GR-RRRR...

Next morning...

They weren't around when he awoke and went home to eat... and rest a bit...

ZZZ-ZZZZ

I've got the only son in America that can eat while he sleeps... and sleep while he eats!

GR-RRRR...

Lollipop Sale

Hmmm... orange, fair, strawberry not so good, lemon lousy...
Meanwhile, at school...

Herbie Popnecker!
This is the fourth time I'm asking you to show me your homework!
What are you going to do about it?

Bop you with this here lollipop.
Bop you with this here lollipop.
Bop you with...

I'll teach you to talk to me like that!
I'm going to take that disgusting thing away from you and throw it out!

Huh? How... How did you get out there?

Oh-hhh!

Even in the principal's office...

Awk!

Outside, the mayor was dedicating a statue...

...and it gives me great pleasure to dedicate this statue of the wife of the founder of our town. I shall now uncover it...
GULP!

HAW-HAW-HAW!

But the real Herbie knew nothing of this, for he was spending the day at the lollipop sale. Which is why the reception he got when he returned home was a surprise to him...

Oh, Herbie...how could you!

You're not only a no-good, but a scoundrel, a rogue, a villain! Not only a little fat nothing but...

They don't love me....

Go to big city, seek fortune.
COULD BECOME GREAT TYCOON.

COULD ALSO TURN OUT ECONOMIC JERK.

THEN—BEING HUNGRY, AS USUAL—

CHOMP! CHOMP!

LUCKY THERE'S ONLY ONE OF ME TO FEED...

TAP! TAP!

ODD OTHER HERBIES.

EAT ME OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME. BETTER GET AWAY FROM 'EM.

CHOMP! CHOMP! SLURP!

STILL WITH ME, HAVE TO HEAD FOR HIGH PLACES.

CAN'T SHAKE 'EM. COULD GET TO BE PROBLEM.
COULD HIDE...

FOOTBALL TODAY!
NEW YORK GIANTS VS.
CHICAGO BEARS

GOT RID OF 'EM. CELEBRATE --- WATCH FOOTBALL GAME.

RAH, YEEOW.
RAH, YEEOW.
RAH, YEEOW.
RAH, YEEOW.

VERY SURPRISING.
VERY SURPRISING.
VERY SURPRISING.

NEW YORK GIANTS

LOOK, FELLAS, LEAVE ME ALONE, HUH? GO PLAY A LITTLE FOOTBALL.

SO --- AT THE HALF...

CLUBHOUSE NEW YORK GIANTS
SLAM!
CRASH!
HALLUP!

When the Chicago Bears lined up, second half...
Okay, boys... let's go!
We'll rip 'em apart!

What the...!
What gives here, anyway?

It was quite a game...
Oof!

19
33
19
35

Pow! Bam!

13 13 13 13

How do you stop 'em?

(continued on page after next)
Meanwhile...Herbie was listening to a news flash on his transistor radio...

Flash!

Escaped prisoners from the new penitentiary have seized all residents of Popneckerville as hostages and are holding the town!

Got to get there fast...

Hey! You forgot to pay for that hot dog!

Back in Popneckerville, the escaped prisoners were being led by Swami O'Toole...

Relax...they won't dare come in after us as long as we've got all these hostages. But don't worry...I'll look into my crystal ball to see if any danger's comin' our way!

We can't stay here forever, Swami...not with everyone knowin' where we are!

Well, I'll be...What's that?

That's Herbie, you dope!

Better you find out.

What's a Herbie?

Better you find out.

At least tell me his weak point, O'spirit of the crystal!

Lollipops!
Okay—I'll set a trap! I want you guys to bring in every lollipop in town, see? Then we melt 'em down and—bzzzzzz...

Okay, boss!

They were ready for Herbie when he appeared...

Bam! Bam!

Bullets don't like getting annoyed.

Oof!

Ugh!

Plop!

Ping!

Plop!

But as he fought there suddenly came to him the magical odor of—

Thud! Bam!

Lollipops!
AH-HHHH! TRAIL LEADS THIS WAY... INTO THAT WINDOW....

AH-HHHH! LOLLIPPOP... MIXED ORANGE, LEMON LIME AND SEVERAL OTHERS, INCLUDING THE HARD-TO-GET CINNAMON--

YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT HERBIE TO GET OUT OF THAT VAT, WOULD YOU? AND AS HE LINGERED... STUFF HAS HARDBLED--SOLID NOW AND I'M TRAPPED IN IT! WISH THOSE DOUBLES OF MINE WERE ONLY HERE...

AND IN RESPONSE TO HIS WISH....

RAT-TAT-TAT! BAM! BAM!
But the duplicate Herbies were made of plastic...remember! And machine-gun bullets started chipping the plastic... 

Pow! Thud! 

Not good for 'em, hurting their finish. 

Can't do that to any Herbie Popnecker! 

Let us in...please! And look the gates after us! 

We'll never break out again...honest!
Meanwhile—look who's back. It's Professor Flipdome!

Honest, I don't know where they came from.

I do! It's not good for these creations to run around at large — no telling when they may act up!

So I'll simply reverse the machine...

Interesting.

So long, fellows.

Later...

I'm so glad to be safe that I forgive you for running away, Herbie!

All I can say is that it's lucky there aren't anymore like you!

Was it my imagination, or did he say something under his breath as he walked out?

Yes, it sounded like 'It's lucky there were' whatever that means!
Brought you another issue. "Herbie" No. 9, April-May. Might as well come right out and tell you—not a good issue. Only great. Stupendous. Stories like "Lookit All The Herbies". Get to see not one, but lots of Herbies. You done anything to deserve such luck? Then you get even luckier, with "Only Robin Hood Can Help You, Herbie!". As if I needed help. But you'll have colossal time reading both stories—you'd better, if you value your health. And if you do, you'll write me letter right away, telling me how you love these stories. Address it to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Give you a chance now to read what smart characters are saying.

"Dear Herbie!"
I have read "Herbie" Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, as well as any other story about you I could honestly lay my hands on. In my unasked-for opinion, you are not fat, just pleasantly plump. So keep on bringing us such amazing, stupendous, colossal, fascinating, astounding and downright wonderful stories. Why don't they make a movie about such a handsome guy?
—Bill Andrews,
522 Fifth St., Shelbyville, Indiana.

Got good taste in reading, Bill. What's this jazz about not being fat? Fat, fat, water rat. Fattest hero you ever met and don't forget it. Could go into movies, but don't want Gregory Peck and Rock Hudson to starve.

"Dear Herbie!"
Wow! I just read my first copy of your magazine. We don't get very many comics out here because we are in the country—my first issue was No. 5. My mother is crazy over you, too—the second she started reading, she pulled out some money and ordered me to get a two-year subscription. I'd love to meet you because I'm always going to read your magazine. Also, I'm fat, strong as an ox and wear glasses and am crazy over lollipops. Well, got to go now...my mom wants me to put away the ten dozen lollipops I just bought.
—Michele Hasler,
975 Whamland, Sunland, Calif.

No time to waste talking, Michele. Send me those ten dozen lollipops right away and I'll vote you Reader of Month.

"Dear Editor!"
Thank you for putting out a magazine as good as 'Herbie'. We are just crazy about him! We like his uncanny power of communication with animals and the spirit world and his power of levitation. And as my son would say, I like his taste in lollipops! How did you ever think of putting a fat boy like him into a magazine?
—Connie Bonnell,
El Monte, California.

(Editors Note: Had to creep in quietly to answer your letter, Mrs. Bonnell. Herbie doesn't like having me around—can't stand editors. It wasn't my idea putting him into a magazine, it was his own. But you just don't say no to Herbie. What taste I've got I value!)

"Dear Herbie!"
I love your new magazine—it's my number one comics book. I like it so much I don't dare miss a copy. But I did miss "Herbie" No. 1, so I hate myself. And I'd hate myself even more if I missed another copy. So would you please tell me and your other readers if and when we could get "Herbie" in the mail?
—Steven Coats,
89 West Hookston Road,
Pleasant Hill, California.

Okay, tell you...listen carefully. Send $1.44 to me and get a 12-issue subscription. That way, get to read all "Herbie" stories. Lucky you.

"Dear Herbie!"
'Be ye ever so chubby, there's no one like you, Herbie!'—so says our fan club's motto.
—B. Sager, President,
10 Old Lancaster Rd., Meion, Penna.

You're right. Say—how do I get to join your "Herbie" Fan Club?
"Dear Herbie:-

Hi! I want to say Hi to the best bopper in comics. Because when I say Hi, you know I'm friendly and you won't bop a friend who says Hi friendly! Gee, Herbie, you have everybody up here in Canada stunned by your fantastic bopping powers. Keep it up—if I ever need any enemies or monsters-bopped, I'll send for you. Okay?
—Rick Goldrich,
Borden, Prince Edward Isle, Canada."  
Okay.

"Fatso Herbie:-
I do not like the way you treat your admirers. You walk all over them when they like you. I dare you to come to my house and fight it out, you fat blob.
—David Smith,
104-20 34th Ave., Corona 68, N. Y."
With me, walking over admirers is sign of love. Gladly walk over you, David. Love you because you say nice things like "Fatso" or "Fat Blob". Start calling me skinny, come to your house pronto. Have little things like doctors, nurses, splitits ready. You'll need them.

"Dear Editor:-
I was sick of all the super-hero jazz! I wanted humor and the comics that called themselves funny were so childish I wouldn't be caught buying them. The only comic I bought was 'Forbidden Worlds'. And in it, I happened on the story 'Herbie Goes To The Detal'. After that, I bought everything that featured 'Herbie' and started following him in his own book. Why? Because he was so funny! But everyone found that out, and every time I went down to the store to buy my copy, I found that all of the Herbies had disappeared! When I went to Honolulu, I managed to get two 'Herbie' issues and read them about eight times each. Then I got a great idea. Now I wait for 'Herbie' to come in, and buy my copy before they even go out on the shelf! Keep 'Herbie' the same great magazine it's always been!
—Lance Kodsham,
1347 Rossmoyne, Glendale 7, Calif.

(Editor's Note: Sneaked in just to answer your letter, Lance. Funny, you saying you like 'Herbie' because you were sick of all the super-heroes. In a way, you've got to realize, Herbie is the super-est hero of them all, and can lick the daylight's out of them all together! And so funny that they laugh even without teeth!)"

"Dear Herbie:-
I think your magazine is great. Simply the best ever written, that's all. 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral' was terrific. My friends agree with me, all except Dooley Merrick. He thinks it's lousy. Would you please bop him with your lollipop for me? Faithful, loyal and happy 'Herbie' fans—
—Jack Snow & Patrick Bergin,
R. E. I., Chester, Vermont."

"Dear Herbie:-
I have just finished reading the September issue of your magazine, which I think is wonderful! Some friends and I have started a Herbie Fan Club, because we think you're the greatest. You, Herbie, are the Honorary President. I am vice-president. One of the boys in the club painted an oil sketch of you and we framed it and hung it up. In the September issue, Fred Landesman said that he is forming a Herbie Fan Club, and you told him that the honor for forming the first one goes to the Herbie Popnecker Fan Club of Rutgers University. I don't care about being the first—just having the honor of being in a club like this. In closing, I'd like to say congratulations to a great magazine—'Herbie'!
—Pierce A. Pillon,
Rt. 2, Box 825, Orange, Texas."
Oll painting of me, huh? Must be handsome!

"Dear Herbie:-
I like your magazine very much. But in the September issue, in 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral', you show Dr. Meringue pointing out 'Goliath's Sling'. But Goliath didn't have the sling—David did! Otherwise you have the best comics book in the world. Keep it up!
—Steve Schmidt,
Box 311, Meridian, Texas."
Said that, did it? Goes to show you...was tired and popped out for lollipop, left things to Editor. Never leave things to Editor...makes mistakes all over place. Fix him proper...few broken bones and confusions and he'll know difference between David and Goliath in future. Thanks, Steve...
LOOK INTO THE FUTURE!

YOU MEAN THE CRYSTAL SHOWS I'M GONNA BE THE RICHEST FELLA IN THE WHOLE WORLD?

THAT'S NOT ALL!

HERE'S GIRL YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY...PRETTIEST IN UNIVERSE!

I SEE HER! I SEE HER!

BE ELECTED PRESIDENT TOO... BUT GOOD LUCK'S ONLY BEGUN. ANOTHER PICTURE COMING UP...

YOU MEAN YOU'VE SAVED ME A COPY OF HERBIE NO. 10, THE JUNE-JULY ISSUE $5.00 NOW!

WHY IS THAT SUCH GOOD LUCK?

'O HARA'S BREWERY

'WHY, HE ASKS! JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE HERBIE IN 'PLUMP LUMP VS. BLACK WHACK'! GREAT SCENES LIKE THIS....

'LAUGH YOURSELF GICK, THAT'S ALL, AND JUST LOOK WHAT YOU'RE GETTING IN 'TICKLEPUSS RIDES AGAIN'! CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS STUFF LIKE THIS....

COME BACK! NO PLAYUM FAST AND LOOSE WITH TICKLEPUSS!

I'M GONNA TELL MY NEWSPEALER TO RESERVE MY COPY RIGHT NOW!

HERBIE NO. 10! JUNE-JULY ISSUE ON SALE ABOUT MIDDLER OF APRIL. EVERYBODY GONNA TELL. YOU WANT I SHOULD BOP YOU WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP?
The Plump Lump is in a real fix this time, big fat problem. So don't get in the way, just stand aside and howl as you watch him solve it in the titter-tale called...

"Only Robin Hood Can Help You, Herbie!"

Great Plot, by Shane O'Shea
Cool Art, by Ogden Whitney

You ought to let up on Herbie, Dad. Let's face it—he's just not an athlete.

I know it—but do you blame me for wanting to be proud of my son? Goldburn it, there must be something that doesn't require action—something he can be good at...

And what Dad finally came up with was...

I got you this bow-and-arrow, Herbie. All you need is practice, and I'll bet you'll be real good at it!

Good-schmood. You want me, I'll try.
DAD SET UP TARGET. HERE GOES.

YEE-OWW!

BUFALO BOB'S WILD WEST SHOW.

GULP!

GIT THEM RED VARMINTS!

BAM!

BAM!

LOUSY AT THIS... AND DAD TRIED SO HARD, GOTTA DO SOMETHING... BUT WHAT?

GREAT IDEA, PUT MAGNET BEHIND BULL'S-EYE.
BULL'S-EYE!
GREAT SHOOTING, OL' BOY BOY!

YOU'RE A WONDER-HERSIE--A NATURAL-BORN ARCHER. THAT'S WHAT I'M ENTERING YOU IN THE ROBIN HOOD TOURNAMENT FOR THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP!

OH-Oh, SURE... I STEPPED INTO IT THIS TIME. NOW WHAT?

SO YOU'RE THE CHAMPION. EH? WELL, I'VE JUST ENTERED MY SON IN THE TOURNAMENT--AND I'LL BET YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS HE CAN BEAT YOU! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT I'LL GIVE A HUNDRED-TO-ONE ODDS!

Okay sucker. You're on!

SURE WISH I HAD A BOW LIKE ROBIN HOOD'S! IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SO GOOD, SO WONDERFULLY BALANCED, THAT ROBIN JUST COULDN'T MISS WITH IT!

ROBIN HOOD TOURNAMENT IN NATIONAL ARCHERY CHAMPIONSHIPS

OH--HHH!

JUST COULDN'T MISS... SAY! IF I HAD THAT BOW, MAYBE I COULD BEAT THE CHAMP!

SO I'LL GO BACK IN TIME AND GET ROBIN HOOD'S BOW!

TIME LOLLIPOPS

I'M AFRAID TO HUNT THROUGH THE FOREST FOR ROBIN HOOD--BUT HE LOOKS DUMB ENOUGH. SURE AS I'M THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM!

SHERWOOD FOREST. BEWARE OF ROBIN HOOD!
THAT'S RIGHT... I HAVEN'T SEEN MY SON ROBIN IN YEARS AND I WANT TO SURPRISE HIM! DON'T TELL HIM WHY... BUT IF YOU COULD JUST GET HIM TO COME TO THE GLADE NEAR THE EDGE OF THE FOREST... ALONE...

SURE, ALWAYS GLAD TO REUNITE FATHER AND SON-SENTIMENTAL.

BUT FIRST HE HAD TO FIND ROBIN...

GREAT SEEING YOU, HERBIE! NOW IF YOU WANT ROBIN HOOD, YOU HEAD STRAIGHT DOWN THIS WAY, SEE...

THANKS. REGARDS TO FAMILY.

I'M LITTLE JOHN! THIS IS ROBIN HOOD'S PRESERVE, AND NOBODY PASSES WITHOUT FIGHTING ME FIRST!

FIGHT-SCHMIGHT. HATE FIGHTING....

...BUT AS LONG AS I HAVE TO....

YEEEE-AAAAA!

OH-HHH! SOMEBODY GET ME DOWN!

CRACK!

SOMETHING BEHIND TREE. BETTER LOOK.
The newcomer was Friar Tuck, a member of Robin's band. All I want is talk to Robin Hood. Guide me to him.

Well...just as long as you didn't say take me to your leader...

Guy here wants to see the boss, Maids Marian. Let's have a look at him first, say...no bad!

Kiss? No kiss!

Listen, you! When my girlfriend wants a kiss, she gets a kiss, see?

Oh, Goody...

You...you dreamboat, you!

Got message for you. Go to glade near edge of forest...alone. Fine surprise waiting for you.

Oh, yeah! How do I know I can trust you?
WELL! THAT'S A FINE THING TO SAY TO A GUEST -- A DREAMBOAT GUEST!

OKAY! OKAY! I'LL GO...

THIS IS IT -- THE GLADE NEAR THE EDGE OF THE FOREST -- BUT WHERE'S MY SURPRISE?

SURPRISE!

WHAM!

WHEN ROBIN DIDN'T RETURN, THEY WENT TO INVESTIGATE. ALL THEY FOUND WAS...

ONLY SIGNS OF A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE...

AND ROBIN'S PANTS!

IT'S ALL CLEAR. THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM AND HIS MEN HAVE CAPTURED HIM!

AND YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING HERBIE COULD DO, AND THAT WAS TO RESCUE ROBIN HOOD OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S CASTLE...

BIG WALL. GOT TO GET OVER IT.

LEARNED THIS TRICK IN INDIA. VERY GOOD TRICK.
HERE GOES.

LOUSY QUALITY TRICKS YOU GET THESE DAYS.

WHAM!

OH, WELL. SO I'LL WALK.

GET HIM! SEIZE HIM! CAPTURE HIM!

POW!

SOK!

BUT FINALLY... THE HEAVY ODDS TOLD...

HE'S DOWN HERE, I THINK...

TAKE HIM TO THE EXECUTIONER. HE'S TO BE BEHEADED!

DETAILS -- ALWAYS DETAILS.
HA-HA! HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

NOW TO TAKE YOU TO MY DREAD MASTER. HO-HO---- YOU WERE EASY!

YOWP!

D-DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY!

TAKE HIM AWAY! TAKE HIM AWAY!

WHAT HAPPENED?

F-FIRST HE LOOKED AT ME----THEN HE BOPPED ME WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP!

ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLING AROUND----

---I WANT ACTION!

BONK!
COME TO RESCUE YOU.
BUT HOW?
WHAM!
LIKE THIS!
CR-RASH!
HONEY! DON'T HONEY ME, YOU LOUSIE... NOT UNTIL YOU GET YOURSELF A PAIR OF PANTS!
ALLOW ME.
YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR ME, HERBIE. ISN'T THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU IN RETURN?
BOW.

Well, Robin was the grateful type... so...
WHERE'S HERBIE? WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE TOURNAMENT!
JUST IN TIME.

SO... THE BIG-SHOT CHAMPION WHO'S GONNA BE AN EX-CHAMPION AND LOSE THAT BET TO ME! WHAT AN ARCHER MY HERBIE IS... THE MOST, THE GREATEST, THE...

TURN OFF THE WINDSTORM, MISTER. TELL YOU WHAT... IF HE'S THAT GOOD, LET'S HAVE THE CONTEST DEPEND ON ONE SHOT EACH... AT A TARGET A MILE AWAY!
AND SO IT WAS AGREED, IT WAS THE CHAMPION'S TURN FIRST...
IT'S A FULL MILE... YOU'VE GOT TO BE A CHAMP TO EVEN COME NEAR THE TARGET!

HIT IT! NOBODY CAN MATCH THAT--GO AHEAD AND TRY!

GOTTA GET THIS ARROW DRAWN BACK. UGH... OOF...

HURRAH! BULL'S-EYE--HERBIE WINS!

BACK HOME...
OKAY--ONE MORE SHOT OF THE NEW NATIONAL CHAMP!

WHAT AN ARCHER MY SON IS, GENTLEMEN--THEY DON'T COME BETTER! MATTER OF FACT, I TRUST HIS AIM SO MUCH THAT I'M GOING TO REVERSE THE OLD WILLIAM TELL ROUTINE!

GO AHEAD, HERBIE. SHOOT IT OFF!

NOW WHATSOEVER COULD HAVE MADE HIM FAINT LIKE THAT?

PLOP!