MAKE WAY FOR the FAT FURY...

HERBIE

12¢

GIDDAP!

IN THIS HOWL-PACKED ISSUE:
"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS POPNECKER!"
"BEWARE OF the B-BOMB, BUSTER!"
Later...a great new weapon was about to be unveiled...

Our new long-range blooper cannon is a real daisy! If you're ready, I'll show it to you...

The cannon...it's gone!

I liked your cannon better, but I left you this slingshot. Secret agent X-413.

But you know who knew nothing of all this? That's right...Herbie!

This...this is what our nation has to look forward to...this little fat nothing!

But PADD, maybe if he realized that the nation was expecting big things of its youth, he might be different.

Then we'll make him realize it! I'll take him to the nation's capital, Washington...maybe what he sees there will awaken his patriotism enough to change him from just a little fat slug!

UH...something?

Washington...

Isn't it great to be here, Herbie, old pal? Look...that's the Capitol, where Pocahontas was born!

Once you know American history, you'll be so proud to be an American that you'll change! There's the Washington Monument.

Lincoln Memorial.

I'm doing the talking...Herbie. That's...er...the log cabin where Lincoln was born...the great emancipator. He was a great man, a brave man. Let me tell you a story about him...
One day, Abe Lincoln was out hunting in the woods. His gun jammed as a big bear came at him...

Trouble.

He turned to run... and there, in his path, was a coiled rattler!

Hate snakes.

Quick as a flash, Abe wheeled around... and there were the redcoats charging him!

There was just one direction left for escape... and a forest fire closed that one off!

Picture the situation! Bear on one side, rattler on the other, redcoats on the third, forest fire on the fourth! But was Abe Lincoln fazed? You know what he did? He... uh... gulp... w-what could he do?

Bop these two with this here lollipop!
WELL, I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT OUT OF IT BUT I'M SURE HE DID, BECAUSE HE WAS A 100% TRUE-BLUE AMERICAN AND THAT'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO BE, HERBIE!

THANKS, HERBIE!

MY PLEASURE.

SHORTLY AFTERWARD... AT THE WHITE HOUSE...

YOU SAY YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO CONTACT HERBIE IN HIS HOMETOWN... AND THERE'S NO ANSWER, ADLAI?

RIGHT, PRESIDENT JOHNSON, AND HE'S OUR ONLY HOPE!

HOLD ON... LOOK!

THERE'S ONLY ONE SHAPE LIKE THAT IN THE WORLD!

HOW'D YOU KNOW WE NEEDED YOU, HERBIE?

ALWAYS NEED ME.

THE END
YOU TELL HIM, MR. JOHNSON. THE A-BOMB AND THE H-BOMB HAVE BEEN RENDERED OBSOLETE BY AMERICA'S LATEST AND GREATEST INVENTION, HERBIE. IT'S THE B-BOMB ... THAT GETS ITS MIGHTY POWER FROM BEANS!

IT'S BEEN STOLEN! IF IT FALLS INTO THE POSSESSION OF SOME FOREIGN POWER, THEY CAN COPY IT!

BAD, GOT ANY SUSPICIONS?

SOUNDS GREAT. WHAT'S PROBLEM?

ONLY ONE PERSON COULD HAVE PULLED A JOB LIKE THAT... SECRET AGENT X-4134! AND NOBODY'S GOT THE SLIGHTEST CLUE TO HIS IDENTITY...

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US... PLEASE!

AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

WON'T HURT TO TAKE LOOK AROUND...

NO CLUES, TOO BAD.

TOP SECRET AREA

SUDDENLY... A STRANGE, WONDERFUL SCENT SEEMED TO HOVER IN THE AIR...

AH-HAHHH! LIKE CINNAMON LOLLIPPO... WITH BIT OF ORANGE... TRACE OF BUTTER-SCOTCH...

BUT YOU COULDN'T CALL THAT A CLUE... NEXT DAY...

NO TRACE OF GUILTY PARTY. HOW DO I GET ON TRAIL?

BY GEORGE, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!

WHAT A FACE! WHAT A FIGURE! WHAT A DOLL!

WOMEN!
AH-HHHH! LIKE CINNAMON LOLLIPOP... WITH BIT OF ORANGE... TRACE OF BUTTERSCOTCH... SAME PERFUME I SMELLED AT SITE OF STOLEN B-BOMB.

SHE'S STAYING AT STATLER... NAME'S LOVELY HOROWITZ. WAY I SEE IT, SHE WAS IN AREA WHERE BOMB WAS STOLEN, HAD NO BUSINESS THERE, MUST HAVE HAD HAND IN IT. SHE COULD BE SECRET AGENT X-413... *

OKAY, BUT HOWM I GOING TO GET AWAY FROM DAD?

DON'T WORRY, ADLAI AND I WILL THINK OF SOMETHING!

SO ADLAI STEVENSON CALLED ON DAD...

AMERICA IS FORGING AHEAD WITH ITS PROGRAM FOR PHYSICAL FITNESS AMONG YOUTH. NOW, YOUR BOY IS A LITTLE WELL... LET'S FACE IT, HE'S A LITTLE FAT NOTHING... NOT LIKE HIS FATHER, BY GEORGE!

THEN GET BUSY, HERBIE! FOLLOW HER TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH IF NECESSARY... BUT DON'T LET THAT BOMB FALL INTO FOREIGN HANDS!

IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT WE'RE STARTING A CAMP FOR LITTLE FAT NOTHINGS. GET THE WEIGHT OFF... MAKE LITTLE SKINNY NOTHINGS OUT OF THEM. LET US HAVE HERBIE FOR TWO WEEKS... AND YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT THE RESULTS!

OH, BOY! THAT'S WONDERFUL, MR. STEVENSON!

AND SO HERBIE DEPARTED, PRESUMABLY FOR THE CAMP. BUT IN REALITY, HE WAS FOLLOWING LOVELY HOROWITZ...
Would you please mind not staring like that? You're agitating Mr. Periwinkle, my secretary!

In New York, he continued to follow her everywhere...

Night

But still he followed her... until...

Sh-hhh! That's Herbie! He doesn't need passports!

On board, he determined to keep a close watch on her...
Even when she rang for the stewardess...
You rang, Mum?

You again! Say, are you following me?

Now Herbie was exposed, he had to think fast...
You? Why, that's ridiculous! Ha-ha-ha!

You're following me in love with you. Tender passion.

This would never do, he saw he'd have to be convincing... so...
Mad about you.

Lover!

Nope, couldn't be interested in any woman with guilty secrets. Think you've got guilty secrets.

Wait! Come back! I'll tell all!

(continued on page after next)
I HAVE got a guilty secret, but I can't hold anything back from you, lover boy. I... I'm implicated in a terrible crime against America's security.

S U D D E N L Y...

SUBMARINE surfacing off port bow!

OH...

FUNNIEST-LOOKING submarine I ever saw. Strange, dopey.

FORGET submarine. you were saying...? N-Nothing!

She shunned him for the rest of the voyage... shocked him off the trail when the boat reached France... to really get on trail of bomb, have to figure out why she came here.

ULP! Maybe she's going to try to sell it to De Gaulle!

Herbie! Mon am!
LOVELY HOROWITZ? MAIS OUI! SHE WAS HERE AND OFFERED TO SELL ME THE B-BOMB, BUT I REFUSED—YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE LA BELLE FRANCE CAN MAKE A BETTER B-BOMB THAN AMERICA, NONZ?

WHY DIDN'T YOU ARREST HER? AFTER ALL, SHE MUST BE SECRET AGENT X-413½!

AH, MON DIEU—SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL!

WISH I COULD FIND LOVELY HOROWITZ AGAIN. ALMOST HAD HER TALKING ABOARD SHIP—UNTIL THAT FUNNY-LOOKING SUBMARINE SHOWED UP...

AH—HHHH! LIKE CINNAMON LOLLIPOP—WITH BIT OF ORANGE—TRACE OF BUTTERSCOTCH—THAT PERFUME! IT'S LOVELY HOROWITZ!

THERE SHE IS! BUT I'LL NEVER GET ANYTHING OUT OF HER IF SHE THINKS IT'S ME!

???

YOU WANT TO DANCE...?
Uh... don't I know you from somewhere...?

Now I'm sure I know you from somewhere!

Look into eyes... peer, tell me... where's B-bomb?

Those eyes... can't resist you! The bomb... eif...

Ahem! Oh-ohhhhh!
I DECLARE, IF SHE DOESN'T GIVE ME DICTATION, I'LL NEVER FINISH MY WORK. OH, DEAR ME...

GULP! S-SAVE ME!

WHAT'S WRONG?

OH-HH! D-DON'T LEAVE ME!

SC AREDY-CAT. CAN'T STAND SCAREDY-CATS.

SHE WAS GOING TO TELL ME SOMETHING... THEN SHE RAN OUT. 'EIF!' SHE SAID... WHAT CAN THAT MEAN?

EIF... EIF... COULD BE THE NAME OF SOMETHING...?

THAT'S IT... EIFFEL TOWER! COULD IT BE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE UP THERE?
ALL THE WAY UP TO TOP AND NOTHING YET, NOBODY EVEN AROUND...

WELL, HELLO. I COULDN'T GET UP HERE ANY EARLIER TO TAKE IN THE SIGHTS... JUST FINISHED MY WORK, HOW ABOUT YOU? NOTHING WRONG AROUND HERE. EVERYTHING LOOKS SAME AS ALWAYS...

BUT THEY SEEM TO HAVE PUT NEW TOP ON EIFFEL TOWER. HMMM... SOMETHING SORT OF FAMILIAR ABOUT IT. LIKE I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE!

GOT IT! LOOKS JUST LIKE THAT SUBMARINE -- WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS... SINCE YOU WON'T LIVE TO GIVE ME AWAY! IT'S AMERICA'S B-BOMB... AND I STOLE IT AND SAILED IT ACROSS THE OCEAN AS A SUBMARINE!

THOUGHT YOU WERE SECRETARY FOR LOVELY HORIZON.

SHE IS THE SECRETARY... TO ME, SECRET AGENT X-413½! AND NOW, KNOWING THAT MUCH, PREPARE TO DIE!

YOU LIKE THIS SORT OF THING?

OH, DARN. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO HYPNOTIZE YOU!
THAT FACE... I CAN'T STAND THAT FACE! HOW CAN I STARE INTO THE EYES OF ANYTHING SO UGLY?

I MUST USE MY STRENGTH!

HA-HA! THAT FINISHES YOU!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH THE BOMB... SELL IT TO AN ENEMY NATION THAT WILL COPY IT AND USE IT TO BLAST AMERICA! I... SAY, WHY DON'T YOU FALL?

DON'T WANNA. BESIDES... MADE ME MAD!

N-NO... KEEP AWAY FROM ME--

I'LL STILL ESCAPE!

MIGHT DO IT, AT THAT. SAY... THIS LOOKS LIKE FUSE!

SPUTTER

IS FUSE.
Now let's look in on a couple of astronomers. That's the distant planet Meyer they're watching.

That object speeding towards the planet... what do you make of it?

Hard to say... might be a comet. But it's going to hit!

It's a telegram from the planet Meyer. Listen... thanks... our planet plastered with beans and they're delicious, holding one of your citizens named X-413-A, awaiting your pickup.

They can keep him!

There comes our con... back from that camp for Little Fat Nothings. I can't wait to put him on the scale and see how much weight he's lost!

Hmmm... gained 20 pounds...

Yipe! He... he's even a fatter little nothing than before!
Don’t Miss our Special No. 12, September issue—on sale about mid-July! Don’t miss Herbie in “Good Gosh, The Gorilla!”—the funniest, coolest story you’ve ever read! Don’t miss “Pincus Popnecker, Private Eye”, winning story submitted by a fan in our big contest!

That’s right—bringing you yowling yuk-yuk yarn adapted by Shane O’Shea and drawn by Ogden Whitney from keen idea submitted by real smart reader. Also listing of all other winners in this super story contest. That’s for next issue, and you’re nuts if you miss it. Meanwhile, want to hear from you. Want to know how you like this issue. Either crazy or very brave if you don’t. “Beware Of The B-Bomb, Buster” only magnificent, that’s all . . . and “Christopher Columbus Popnecker” laff-happiest yarn of the year. Demand letter from you at once either agreeing with me or renouncing your citizenship. Send mail to “Herbie”, 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Now take look at what other readers are saying.

“Dear Herbie:—

Listen, you fat son of a pop—lollipop, that is! I love you and your comics! Here in Seoul, Korea, we all go down to the Army PX whenever a comic shipment gets in and there is a mad dash for the ‘Herbie’ magazines. I’ve read every one of your comics and I’ve loved every minute of it. Your last one that arrived here, ‘A Caveman Named Herbie’ was really a riot—especially that ‘girlfriend’ of yours! I can’t wait for your next comic—I am just going down to see if they’re in yet. Your faithful fan—

—Jon Bernstein, USOM Korea, APO 301, San Francisco, Calif.”

Always said U.S. Military Forces had good taste. This proves it. Be sure to tell me if you need me over there. If so, will lay in fresh supply of lollipops and come bopping.

“Dear Herbie:—

I think your comic magazine ‘Herbie’ and you are the best things put out by the American Comics Group. Both are on the top of my list of favorites! ‘Herbie’ stands out in a class of his own. I like the satire and hilarious idiocy which are so entertaining. And I think that Ogden Whitney’s art goes perfectly with Shane O’Shea’s great writing. Some little things in ‘Herbie’, such as his face during troubled times, give me a big kick. He’s great in his own magazine and is getting better with each issue. Here are my opinions of the issues I’ve read. No. 3: I liked it very much—it was great. I like Herbie especially when he has guest stars, like Winston
Churchill. Keep up Herbie's parent-relationship. No 4: I liked 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral' best of all. The Western movie satire was wonderful, particularly the Indians. No. 5: great! 'Sahib Herbie' was excellent. By the way, my cousin Dee Dee keeps calling me Herbie. So with the help of my cousin Wardie, I disguised myself as you, lollipop and all. The look on her face was even funnier than mine! Thanks very much for many hours of enjoyable reading!
—Jack Wright, Doswell, Virginia.

You must be handsome too, Jack. Like me.

"Dear Herbie:—
Challenge you to lollipop-bopping contest. I provide lollipops. Any flavor. Winner gets 1,000-000 lollipops. Any flavor. Plus 30 satin pillows stuffed with down. You name time and place. Agreed? Stories have been stupendous. Colossal. Magnificent. Fair. Why not go like 'Post'? Come out weekly!
—Jeff Hamill,
6437 Shepherd Hills, Tucson, Arizona."

Unfair contest. Parents made me promise never pick on old ladies, invalids and Jeff Hamill. Watch those suggestions of yours... might come out daily. Where would you be then?

"Dear Editor:—

I know that I could never compete with your great artist, Ogden Whitney, although I've tried many times. This picture of 'Herbie' is the latest one I've drawn. I'm truly sorry that I forgot his lollipop and had to put it at the bottom of the picture, but I just couldn't decide what flavor it should be. I love Herbie! Don't ever change him, 'cause he's the greatest! I love Shane O'Shea and Ogden Whitney, too. You're all great up there. 'Herbie' is the greatest character I've ever heard of, and I'm telling Joe Kramer where he can get off. Don't ever quit printing his magazine, or I'll be hopping with my lollipop, if you ever should stop, I'd hate you. Truly, there is only one 'Herbie'! And I'll follow him to the ends of the earth!
—Sue Chambers, Rt. 2, Elkhart, Texas."

You write to me, Sue, not dopey Editor. Me. Herbie. All the things you say I am and more. Okay to follow me to ends of earth, but can you walk in air? Under water? I can...

"Dear Herbie:—

Love your comics! I think 'A, Caseman Named Herbie' is the greatest! I'm never going to buy a different comic. You're the bestestbestest!
—Russell Meade,
19 Maguire Road, Cochituate, Mass."

Agree with you fully, Russell. Am slightly terrific at that. Fat, too.

"Dear Herbie:—

You're my hero! I've never seen a better comic in my whole life. Why don't you go on a diet? It might do you some good—besides, how can you walk in the air when you weigh so much? Please don't hop me with your lollipop, because you can bet your booties, Herbie, that I'm going to come to the end!
—Ronald C. Mudge,
324½ E. Cook Ave., Anchorage, Alaska."

Good idea, Ronald—the diet, I mean. Gain at least twenty pounds everytime I go on one. That means more Herbie than ever, which makes for better world.

"Dear Herbie:—

I'm just writing to tell you that I think you are the most fabulous, wonderful, original, hilarious and handsome guy that ever came along. I live on an army post in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and we get your magazine awfully late over here. We get your September issue in September and so forth, while the kids in the States get the September issue several months earlier. Although I adore all your great stories, I have a question to ask, which always bothers me. It's about your parents, Herbie. Don't they know about you? I mean, doesn't your mom realize that you're more than a little 'different'? And your dad—wow! I wouldn't take all that 'You're nothing but a little fat nothing' stuff from him. But after all, he is your dad! A very sincere 'Herbie' fan——
—Louise Sheffield,
Fort Buchanan, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Am all things you say, Louise, especially the handsome part. Fat-handsome, I'd call me... more pounds of outright charm than anybody in world. You fat, I hope? Don't want parents to know about real me, so let's keep it our little secret, huh?

"Dear Editor:—

I would like to see Herbie hop me with his lollipop.
—David Swihart,
448 West Hardy Road, Tucson, Arizona."

Something funny going on in Tucson, Arizona. Maybe dry air responsible for crazy residents. First Jeff Hamill challenges me to contest... now David Swihart faces suicide without even quivering. Can't cut loose on people like these. Not normal.
THINK YOU KNOW HISTORY, DO YOU? WELL, THE PLUMP LUMP HAS BEEN BUSY CHANGING IT... AS YOU'LL SEE IN THE YEAR'S HOWLINGEST YUK-YARN...

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS POPNECKER!

CRAZY STORY BY SHANE OSHEA
ART EVEN CRAZIER--ODEN WHITNEY

OH, THEY'RE TOO EXPENSIVE FOR YOU, HUH? YA DON'T LIKE IT, YOU CAN GO OUT AND BUY YOURSELF A SPECIAL LOLLIPOP FACTORY!

GOOD IDEA. THANKS

SO HERBIE POPNECKER WENT HOME... WHERE DAD WASN'T VERY ENCOURAGING...

A LOLLIPOP FACTORY? I IMAGINE YOU COULD BUY ONE FOR ABOUT $100,000 OR SO. WHY DO YOU ASK?

SIGH... ON ACCOUNT OF I'M A JERK!

TO DROWN OUT HIS SORROWS, HE TURNED ON TV--AN INTERVIEW WITH A.W. BINKENDORFER, THE FAMOUS AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR... RARE AUTOGRAPHS. TAKE ONE OF THE RAREST OF ALL... THAT OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, WHICH HAS NEVER COME TO LIGHT. I'D GLADLY PAY $100,000 FOR THAT ONE!
COLUMBUS'S AUTOGRAPH = $100,000

ONLY HERBIE KNEW THE ONE FOOLPROOF METHOD OF GETTING A GENUINE COLUMBUS AUTOGRAPH. IT STARTED THIS WAY...

COLUMBUS, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, FAMOUS EXPLORER.

LOOKING FOR COLUMBUS IN ITALY! I MAKE A PLenty MONEY... NEVER STIR OUT OF THIS PLACE TILL DAY I DIE!
HE STAYS HERE, AMERICA NEVER GETS TO BE DISCOVERED. NO AMERICA, NO MOM AND DAD, NO ME. Gotta MAKE HIM DISCOVER AMERICA.

MORE SPAGHET? YOU BETCHYA YOUR LIFE, GOVERNOR!

VERY SIMPLE. JUST STICK OUT FOOT AND...

JUST ONCE MORE, COLUMBUS. JUST ONCE MORE!

WHAM!

TAP! TAP!

AND WHEN YOU GET HIM, OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

GOT HIM INTO THIS, I'LL GET HIM OUT.

ONE SECOND HE'S HERE AND THE NEXT SECOND... POUF!

BLEW!!

BETTER AGREE DISCOVER AMERICA OR I'LL DROP YOU.

SURE, SURE! BUT THEES AMERICA WHAT EES?
And so it was agreed, but the money for the expedition had to come from Queen Isabella of Spain...

But Queen, I needa the dough bad! Just a little loan...

Ahem!

Very smart to give him money. History applaud you.

Herbie! Why didn't anybody tell me you were in on this deal?

Kiss?

No kiss...suck on this lollipop if you want to. How about that money?

The royal treasury's broke, be glad to help you if I only knew where I'd get money from!

And so...

Yippee-eee! Couldn't we justa forget discover America...and go to Las Vegas instead?

Nope, money goes on America.

Most of it anyway.

Royal Spanish Hook Shop

Lollipopelleros Big Sale!
Carramba los vejellos el pigador lollipopelleros!

Man of few words, make me a price for whole shooting match.

And from there to the pier, where...

Congratulations, señor! You have just purchased the Santa Maria!

Ees-a, not enough! L-look!

Lollipopelleros mucho metzea

Okay, how much for the Nina and the Pinta? The Santa Maria will never hold all those pops.

Gulp! The lollipopelleros!

Adios! Hurrah! Have a happy!

Bye.

Adios! S'long!

Ulp! Columbus!

How come you're not on ship?

Chicken!
WHY CHICKEN?

(1) GET-A SEASICK.
(2) SCARED OF PORTUGUESE NAVY.
(3) SEA-SERPENTS.
(4) WORLD'S FLAT-SAIL A RIGHT OFF THE EDGE, THAT'S WHY CHICKEN!

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

THE VOYAGE BEGAN...

OH-HHH...

---I'M A SEASICK! YOU PROMISE YOU TAKE-A CARE OF ME...

GOT MY OWN PROBLEMS, SEASICK TOO.

PORTUGUESE NAVY OFF PORT BOW!

YEEE-OWWWW!

BOOM!

YOU SAY YOU TAKE-A CARE OF ME, YOU PROMISE!

OKAY, KEEP MY WORD.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
SEA-SERPENT.

H-HERBIE!

OH-HHH...

SEE? TOLD YOU
— NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.

SH-HHHH!
WHAT'S-A THAT NOISE—LIKE-A BIG ROAR?

ROARRRR!

ALL-A YOUR TALK ABOUT WORLD BEING ROUND! IT'S FLAT, JUST LIKE-A I TOLD YOU—AND WE GO OFF-A THE END!

I TOLE YOU AND I TOLE YOU AND I TOLE YOU!

BLUB, HOLD ONTO SANTA MARIA.
Also hold onto Nina and Pinta.

Very embarrassing... thought world was round, oh-oh... there go lollipops.

And that's how things went... until they sighted land...

Whoopee! I've discovered America!

This is America! Like we said... America!

Big relief. No need for me to hang around anymore.

Oh, yes. One thing.

Yas...?

Your autograph. Sign here.

Autograph? Oh, yes, to be sure. My signature. Heh-heh... right here, you said?

There! My autograph!

My grandfather clock's in the hold, better have it brought up...
LUCKY I GOT AN AUTOGRAPH, SPECIALLY SINCE ALL THOSE LOLLIPOPS WERE LOST. SELL IT FOR ENOUGH TO BUY LOLLIPOP FACTORY.

BACK HOME, HERBIE HEADED FOR A.W. BINKENDORFER, THE FAMOUS AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR...

GOT COLUMBUS'S AUTOGRAPH...STILL PAYING $100,000 FOR IT?

I SURE AM! LET ME SEE IT, QUICK!

WHAT THE...!

TAKE THE $100,000 IN LARGE BILLS, PLEASE.

GR-RRRRR! YOU AND YOUR COLUMBUS AUTOGRAPH!

CRAZY. FIRST HE WANTS COLUMBUS AUTOGRAPH, THEN HE DOESN'T WANT COLUMBUS AUTOGRAPH. WONDER WHY.

AND SO IT HAPPENED THAT...

I THOUGHT YOU SAID 10¢ WAS TOO MUCH TO PAY FOR A LOLLIPOP! SO HOW COME YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND?

NOTHING'S TOO MUCH FOR GOOD LOLLIPOP!

LOLLIPOPS
10¢ EACH

END!