GREAT STORY FOR YOU, READERS. ALL ABOUT SOMEBODY WHO DID SOMETHING FOR ME ONCE... AND HOW IT ALL TURNED OUT...

"ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS BABY..."

YOU CAN WATCH THE CIRCUS PARADE WHEN IT PASSES—WON'T THAT BE NICE? AND HERE'S YOUR PACIFIER!

CHUCK BEEPLE'S GIANT CIRCUS
"Other babies had regular pacifiers, but I had a lollipop there I was enjoying parade..."

GLUG! YAY!

UH... UH...

It's an earthquake... or an explosion! I gotta save that baby!

WAH-HH!

C-Can't anything stop that noise?... Wait! Here's a lollipop... compliments of the Chick Beetle Circus!

CR. RASH!

Wah! ROAR! EE-YOWWWW!
ETERNAL GRATITUDE

"STORY SKIPS FEW YEARS... TIME FOR ME TO GROW UP. NOW LET'S SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO CHICK BEEPLE'S GIANT CIRCUS..."

HURRAH! WHAT A SHOW!

"ALL OF SUDDEN, OUT OF NOWHERE..."

ARRRRR! AARRR! AARRRR!

GULP! THAT'S NOT PART OF THE SHOW! IT'S THE REAL THING... LOOSE!

HELP! OUT OF THE WAY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, LETTING YOUR GORILLA SCARE THOSE FOLKS LIKE THAT, MR. BEEPLE?

BUT HE'S NOT MY GORILLA... I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE! MY SHOWS GOT NO GORILLA!

"OKAY, NO GORILLA, BUT THAT NIGHT... WHEN ALL VERY QUIET..."

ARRR-RRRR...
The mystery gorilla has the Chick Beeple circus in trouble! Employees are quitting in fear and the circus is threatened by ruin!

Chance to repay Chick Beeple for what he once did for me, time for Fat Fury!

Away! Away-yyy!

Flight 323 to Air Command! No, it's not a flying saucer! All I know is that it's fat like a water rat and all over red!
GOOD BOYS! HERE'S YOUR REWARD!

Wise Guy!

"Well, had job to do... so called on Chick Beeple..."
Sorry no openings for freaks!

FAT FURY! Come to help you out... catch gorilla.

What can you do... what can anybody do?
What can anybody do?
A giant monster that appears from nowhere, disappears into nowhere... nobody's been able to get on his track yet!

Fat Fury. I'll get on track.
WHEN? THERE'S A MORTGAGE COMING DUE NEXT THURSDAY AND I'LL LOSE THE CIRCUS IF I CAN'T RENEW! THE BANKERS ARE COMING TO THE WEDNESDAY PERFORMANCE TO SEE IF I'VE STILL GOT A GOING SHOW HERE... BUT AT THE RATE THE GORILLA'S SCARIN' OFF MY PERFORMERS, I WON'T HAVE, AND THEY'RE BOUND TO FORECLOSE!

NOT WORRY IN WORLD. FATTY FURY ON JOB. GET THAT GORILLA.

"TO FIND ONE ANIMAL, SET ANOTHER TO CATCH HIM. WENT TO CIRCUS MENAGERIE..."

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT GORILLA LIKE HIM, HUH? ADMIRE HIM BECAUSE HE'S SO STRONG...?

WOULDJA MIND COMIN' DOWN HERE AN' GETTIN' MY ANSWER DIRECT, FELLA?

HE'S TRYIN' TA BUST UP THE CIRCUS, TAKE THE BREAD OUTA OUR MOUTHS! WANNA KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF I HAD HIM HERE? FOIST A LEFT JAB... THEN A RIGHT CROSS TO THE KISSE... THEN THE OL' ONE-TWO...

LIKE THIS! YA SOUND LIKE A PAL OF HIS AN' THIS IS WHAT WE THINK OF HIM AN' HIS PALS!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
SOCK ME, HUH? I'LL SHOW YOU!

WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?

FLAT FURY!

WONDER WHAT HE'D LOOK LIKE UNDER THAT MASK?

IT... IT'S HERBIE! HERBIE POPNECKER!

NO WONDER HE COULDN'T SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE!

OH, WHAT HAVE WE DONE, WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

ATTABOY KEEP PATTIN' HIM INTO SHAPE. HE'S COMIN' AROUND...
truth is that gorilla's so powerful, nothin' can stop him...not even you herbie! he's chasin' away all the performers...

look in on them...

fat felica

so i looked in on freak show...

glad i'm not like him.

glad i'm not like her.

folks know what i am... but what's he?

didn't know they had things like that...

coulda been worse. i coulda looked like him.

the human skeleton...

big boy

man from mars

golly, fellas, l-look... it's herbie! herbie popnecker! the strongest, bravest, most powerful... oh, golly!

mr. molecule

oh, if i could only be like you are! everyone scared of you, nobody pushes you around...

that brings me to the gorilla. know anything about him?

the g-gorilla! the... the very thought of him terrifies me! if i even saw him, i'd d-die!

guess i can't pick up any clues here.
"One thing sure... had to make certain gorilla didn't strike again. Had to be a performance Wednesday night or circus would be foreclosed, so I took up guard... and at Tuesday night's show..."

Everything okay... gorilla must have gotten wise to me being here... won't dare make play...

Observe, ladies and gentlemen... the death-defying courage of the trainer...

"Yay!"

"Suddenly..."

Yee-owww!

Arrr-rrrr... GR-rrrr... Gulp!

Snap!
"Above next ring, another act going on..."

OH-HHHH! THE GORILLA!

I QUIT!

HO-HUM! NOTHING EVER HAPPENS AROUND HERE.

"Meanwhile, inside..."

ANNOUNCING THE HUMAN C-CANNONBALL...

GAR-RRRR! YUK!

P-PAY NO ATTENTION TO WHAT YOU JUST THINK IS A G-GORILLA, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

WHOOOSH!
ONE SIDE! LET US OUTA HERE!

H-HELP!

DON'T GET IT. WHAT'S HAPPENING?

STRANGE PEOPLE

MY LION—MY TIGHT ROPE WALKER—MY AERIALIST—MY HUMAN CANNONBALL—MY RINGMASTER—EVERY LAST ONE OF MY FREAKS—ALL DRIVEN AWAY BY THE GORILLA! HOW CAN I PUT ON A SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT WITHOUT MY STARS? AND THAT MEANS I'LL LOSE MY CIRCUS!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS. I'VE HAD MY INNING YET.

"NEXT NIGHT THERE WAS PERFORMANCE. DON'T BELIEVE IT, LOOK!"

FIRST ACT MIGHTY TRAINED LION. NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE HIM, FOLKS. TAKE A LOOK.

NEXT COMES TIGHT ROPE ACT ... GREATEST EVER OVER THERE.
WOW!

WOULDN'T THINK HE COULD WALK ON A THIN WIRE LIKE THAT!

GULP!

N-NOW HE'S WALKING ON NOTHING!

"BUSY NIGHT FOR ME. NEXT ACT..."

NOT ENOUGH APPLAUSE. TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

WOW!

MORE LIKE IT.

HOW DOES HE DO IT?

HURRAH!

"THEN... HUMAN CANNONBALL BIT..."

BOOM!

WHAM!

URP!
GOTTA CATCH GORILLA
I JUST SAW. AWAY-YYYY!

FAT FURY.

GORILLA!

BAM!

THUD!

SOK!

POW!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
UGH!
OOF!
URP!
UH!

CRAZY HOUSE

GORILLA...? WENT THAT WAY, TAKE THE BOAT!

CRASH!

POOH... AS IF I'M SCARED OF THOSE FALES.
ANOTHER FAKE.

ARRRRRRRR!

OH?

FAT FURY

POW!

THUD!

CRASH!

BAM!

CRAZY HOUSE

SOX!

UH-UH... GORILLA COSTUME... BUT WHO... WHO...?
M-ME...MR. MOLECULE! I D-DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM...I JUST DID IT 'CAUSE I WANTED TO B-BE BIG AND STRONG FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE!

"THAT'S HOW I SAVED CIRCUS FOR CHICK BEEPEE...PAID HIM BACK FOR GOOD TURN HE'D DONE WHEN I WAS BABY, AND NOW THINGS ARE JUST THE SAME AS EVER ON THE LOT!!"

FAT FELICIA
THE HUMAN SKELETON
BIG
THE MAN FROM MARS

"AND LASTLY..."

GUESS WHO!

"NOBODY CALL YOU MR. MOLECULE ANY LONGER, YOU'RE BIGGEST LITTLE COSTUME HERO EVER WAS."

GOLLY, THANKS! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY YOU'VE MADE ME, HERBIE!

THAT'S THE STORY...ALL ABOUT HOW I PAID OFF DEBT TO CHICK BEEPEE. SO IF YOU EVER MEET UP WITH ME PERSONALLY, DON'T HESITATE TO GIVE ME LOLLIPOP. NEVER CAN TELL WHAT IT'S GOING TO BRING YOU.

BUT IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME LOLLIPOP, YOU KNOW DURN WELL WHAT IT'S GONNA BRING YOU, POW... RIGHT IN KISSER!

THE END
"HERE'S HERBIE!"

All right, all you smart "Herbie" fans. Line up and button lips while I talk. Real break for you, this special prize issue. Out of kindness of heart, announcement was made in issue No. 6 of great, colossal, real gone fat contest. Idea was to send in your own original story idea for me to star in. Best story idea received to be written as script by Shane O'Shea, drawn by Ogden Whit- ney and published under winner's name. Big honor. Second prize winner to receive auto- graphed picture of me, the incomparable Herbie Popnecker, inscribed to winner personally, plus one (1) special Herbie-model lollipop. Third prize winner to get original manuscript of one of my greatest adventures, "A Caveman Named Herbie", autographed by me, plus one (1) spe- cial Popnecker-Pop. Five next winners each to receive year's subscription to greatest magazine ever published—you guess which one. All clear? Results now all in, winners selected, here they are:

First Prize: Richard Roesberg
21 Gainor Avenue
Maple Shade, N.J.

For original idea for "Pinch Popnecker, Private Eye", complete in this issue.

Second Prize: Marvin Wolfman
142-18 58th Avenue
Flushing, N.Y.

Third Prize: Leo Soricelli
1219 Elm Street
 Peekskill, N.Y.

Subscription winners:
Cheryl Brooks
29 Larch Street
Pawtucket, R.I.

Philip Vasquez
117-48 134th Street
So. Ozone Park, N.Y.

Rodney Personette
507 Wayne Avenue
Pensacola, Fla.

Amy Fisher
38-45 Northern Drive
Fair Lawn, N.J.

Wanda Moore
35 Navy Road
San Francisco, Calif.

Now going to bring you few letters from read- ers because I'm generous type. But first, want to tell you about next issue, which you will either buy or suffer fractures and contusions. "Herbie" No. 13, October-November, on sale middle of August. Fine chance to read all about me in "Pirate Gold", magnificent story far too good for you. Also "Mom's New Coat", which you don't deserve either, but I might as well be big about it. (Fat, too.) Orders from Herbie: Buy or Die!

... ... ...

"Dear Herbie: -

Your story, 'Professor Flipdome's Screw Machine' was hilarious. Please don't bop me, Herbie, I missed 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral'. Hey, Herbie, tell Shane O'Shea and Ogden Whitney that they should publish a 25c issue. You'd get twice the laughs for less than twice the money! Your comic is the best in the Universe. It isn't worth 12c, it's worth $12 million!

—Dennis Levesque,
2 Broad Street, Nashua, New Hampshire."

Won't bop you, Dennis, but you should bop yourself for having missed magnificent yarn. Your arithmetic's lousy, all except part about my magazine worth $12 million. That part's pretty accurate. Even more.

... ... ...

"Dear Herbie: -

Everytime I go to get comics and see a comic about you, I get it. I think it's the best, funniest and greatest comic and I'd fight for it and never surrender! I've learned that there language with that there accent. And I wrote this here letter so you wouldn't hit me with that there lollipop. How do you keep from letting your father know about your powers? I'll never stop buying your comics, Fatso!

—David Suarez,
7115 Narrows Avenue, Brooklyn 9, N.Y."

Very right about lots of things, David, but would suggest you learn more of that there language and accent. Never hit with lollipop—BOP with lollipop. Old adage: "What Herbie bops let no man UNbop!" Easy to keep my powers from father... have powers even I don't know about yet.
"Dear Herbie:

I shall hang my head in shame forever, for like Robert Rauch, I missed your first issue. So if anybody knows where I could get one, please, please, please write! I think Herbie is great, fracturing and even funny—and the greatest thing since lollipops!

—Jim McVicar,
Sussex Kings Co., New Brunswick, Canada"

Smart, this Jim. Knows what's good.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—"

I agree with your father. I think you're a little fat nothing. And you better stop all them wise answers, too, or I'll be right down to Madison Avenue and hop you with this here baseball bat. P.S.: Come to Gloucester and I'll beat you up.

—Roger Mattson, Gloucester, Massachusetts."

Remember Roger? Used to be fine, strong specimen—good health, lots of muscles, stuff like that. Won't recognize him if you see him today. Tch, tch. All three eyes black, both noses flat, five legs in splints. Awarded consolation prize as Most Bopped Personage Of Year. Like we said, tch, tch!

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—"

Your magazine is wonderful, stupendous, colossal, fabulous, cool, wunderbar and neat, too! One thing irks me—in 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral', you first had a shotgun shooting bullets and then shotgun shells—how come? Please, please don't get mad at me, Herbie!

—Tom Grant,
810 West White Oak, Independence, Mo."

You got something against my magazine, Tom? Better say nice things about it that it deserves or may lose my temper. Fatal. About shotgun: it got slightly confused, that's all. Things like that happen around me.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—"

I am a 16-year-old girl who has gone Herbie-Mad. I think you have the best comics to be found anywhere, so please keep up the good work!

—Barbara Cooper,
1339 E. 34th Street, Cleveland, Ohio."


"Dear Herbie:—"

Please don't hop me with this here lollipop, because I have read almost all of your comics. True, I missed the first three, but that was before I knew about your great stories. Since I latched onto Herbie, you can be sure I'll never miss another one of your issues, because I value my life. In your No. 8 issue, I don't think you should have let Mr. Horrible twist you. In your next story, hop the bully on sight. And, oh yes—I think 'Nelly No-Date' is a waste of time and paper. Your friend and fan—

—Steve Schmutz,
1515 Tuolumne Street, Vallejo, California."

Missed first three issues, huh? Pretty grave offense, but may forgive slightly upon receipt of 50-year subscription. Otherwise may consider wiping Vallejo off map. Notify mayor in case he desires evacuate place. Don't worry anymore about "Nelly No-Date". Have already be-bopped this character.

* * *

"Dear Herbie Fat Creep Popnecker:—"

Want subscription, see?

—Michael D. Laus,
562 Rodi Road, Pittsburgh 35, Pennsylvania."

Paid your money, get your subscription. Lucky, lucky man . . .

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—"

You are the most magnificent, superb, stupendous comics character there is. In issue No. 6, I must compliment the stories. 'A Caveman Named Herbie' was a masterpiece. 'Space-Age Herbie' was colossal, too. I know that anybody who doesn't like your magazine should be bopped with your lollipop. My friend, Richard Onley, and I are positively crazy about you and we aren't the only ones. But some people are saying to me, 'Herbie? Who's Herbie?' And I say to them, 'Only the best comics character ever, Bub! Herbie, your stories are excellent. Keep them that way, please. I am a steady reader of your magazine. You're not a Fat Little Nothing. You mean a lot to many kids like me!'

—Vernon Proctor,
409 Sheffield Drive, Wallingsford, Penn."

Man after my own heart, Vernon. Don't mind being Fat Little Nothing as long as am Fattest Little Nothing in world. And who can doubt that?
First Prize Fan Story Award!

Winner

Richard Rossberg
21 Gainor Avenue
Maple Shade, N.J.

Pincus Popnecker, Private Eye!

Art: Ogden (Himself) Whitney

What better place to open a Herbie story than his own home town? Here's Officer Killarney pounding his beat. He's even fatter than Herbie—and proud of it....Midnight and all is well...ah, tis a fine, fat figure of a man ye are, Pat Killarney...

I...I've been robbed, becorrah! Some crook stole me fat!

Ha-ha-ha!
Meanwhile, in the civic museum, Dino Dinosaur was as happy as you could expect a fat dinosaur dead a million years to be...

Yessir...I'm a fine, fat figure of a dinosaur, prehistoric, too...

Saurian Tyrannosaurus

All that wonderful prehistoric fat---G-Gone!

Ha-ha-ha!

It was happening all over...even in the Mother Goose Book...

Old King Cole was a merry old soul

Yee-oww!

Ha-ha-ha!

$50,000 reward! For that, I'll become what I've always wanted to be...a private eye! I'll get on the trail of the fat thief and use my talents to capture him!

Talents? Private eye?

That's right...and if you don't believe I've got talents, just wait till you see them in action! By George, I'm a livewire...not a little fat nothing like you, you little fat nothing!

Oh, Dad...I'm so afraid you'll get into trouble that I won't draw a free breath!

Daily Noose

Mystery Fat Thefts Continue

$50,000 reward offered for guilty man
Well, Herbie didn’t want Mom to have to worry about Dad... so next morning, when Pincus Popnecker hit the trail...

THIS IS THE START OF A GREAT NEW CAREER FOR ME... PINCUS POPNECKER, PRIVATE EYE!

Follow--try to keep him out of trouble.

9:23 A.M. I was looking for a lead and spoiling for a fight... nobody was pushing me around...

PINCUS POPNECKER’S THE NAME... YOU WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF IT?

10:10. I knew a bad actor when I saw one... and Mister, I saw one then...

TOUGH GUY, HUH? WELL, I DON’T TAKE NOthin’ FROM NOBODY, SEE?

10:10 and 1/8 and I was feeling tough, dangerous. So I swung into action...

GLUG! CRASH!

See how I showed that hard character? It was 10:16 A.M. as I walked down the main drag, ready for trouble. I could see guys crossing the street to get out of my way... but not the dolls! A knock out was heading my way and I could tell she was giving me the old eye...

Why not? I was Pincus Popnecker, Private Eye, and I was all man! So...

Hiya, Babe!
Noon...and I was feeling hungry and mean, mean. So I put a tough grin on my face and dared the world to start something.

CITY ZOO

Yella, huh? Can't take it, huh?

Well, I'm the guy who can dish it out, see? Guns or fists, either way!

GULP! I'm sorry, Herbie! I didn't know he was your old man!

Yes Sir, in my line of work you need guts...and Buster, you're lookin' at the fella with plenty!

Draw a Roscoe on me, will you? BAM! BAM!

Snap! GULP! Safe falling on pad...

Tell the coroner he died of a case of lead poisoning...courtesy of Pinicus Popnecker, private eye!
That's the way it went all week... until...

I might as well admit it, Mom... I haven't found a single lead to the fat-thief! I'm a flop, a failure... almost as bad as Herbie there!

He can't be that bad. Must be losing his grip... gotta build him up. Only way is if he makes big success and cracks case!

Means I've gotta crack case on him. Let's see... Villain steals fat, all the time fat. Maybe would like fattening things. Give it a try...

So next day... in the town's second-best restaurant...

Die biggest, sweetest, fattest cake in the world. Very fattening.

Crash!

The boss'll love us for this!

Foof: cream in my eyes.

Run! That thing's alive!

Getting away... can't see where they're going.
But you couldn't discourage Herbie...not that easily. So next night...in the window of the town's best restaurant...

The fattest, tastiest roast pig in the world, even more fattening than fattening cake!

Crash!

The boss'll love us for this!

Can't get apple out, need help if I'm going to go into action.

MMMFF!!! Apple...stuck mouf...EEE-Yipe!

Run! That roast pig's a ghost!

Clang!

Rugga-rugga-rugga

(Continued on page after next)
And when the concrete-mixer arrived...

Blup!

Yi!

Ugh! Better we should have left him covered up!

Bam!

Bam!

Bam!

Meanwhile--in a hideout nearby...

Sorry, boss, we lost out on that big fat roast pig...the same way we did on that big fat delicious cake.

Look, you fools, I want fat--any kind! Get me a fat-head, then--the biggest in town! AND this time DON'T fail!

This time they didn't fail. They went after the biggest fat-head in town--and they got him!

H-help! You can't do this to P-Pincus P-popnecker!

Herbie slept all through it...but next morning you can be sure that he hit the trail--not going to fail this time. Got to find Dad--bring him back.

Seen my father? Missing.

Know some-thin', Herbie? I was almost missin' meself a coupla hours back. There I was, flyin' over a soitant rooftop, mindin' me own business...

"...when all of a sudden, up comes a big net--and just misses grabbin' me off!"

Ack! Catch him! That fat-head you brought in last night isn't doing me any good!
Dad—... and too scared to want to see or hear what goes on.

Ha—... that ought to do it, boys! That's the fattest, plumpest, most stuffed thing I've ever seen!

You know how ambitious I am to be Public Enemy No. 1—... but it's the fat folks of the world who are the big fat successes! Look at Humpty Dumpty—... look at Santa Claus—... look at Nero—... Look at the Fat Fury!

I get it. You figured you had to get fat, even if it meant stealing it. Uh—... what are you gonna do with me?

There's only one thing left to do! So far, I've had all the fat I've stolen made into a fat potion—... and what happened? I lost weight! But this time I won't—... because I'm going to eat you!

A pinch of salt—... a touch of gravy. Hate pinch of salt—can't stand touch of gravy.

I wouldn't taste lousy.

Had it. Enough is enough.
YOWP! He bopped us with this here lollipop!

D-don't d-dare touch me! I--I got this hostage...

Can talk business maybe. You want to be fat... this lollipop might do it. Butter-fat flavor!

Hmmm... how do I know it'll make me fat?

Eat it all the time... and I'm fat.

I'll try it! I'll try it!

Just happened to be carrying this bicycle pump...

Fat you want...

Whoosh... whoosh...

...fat you get!
HOLD IT, GOT TO ATTACH THIS LABEL. VERY IMPORTANT.

PINCUS POPNECKER... MUST BE THE GREATEST PRIVATE EYE EVER! HE DESERVES THAT $50,000 REWARD!

OH, DAD, WHAT HAPPENED?

THE POLICE... I THOUGHT THEY WERE COMING TO ARREST ME... BUT INSTEAD, THEY BURY ME IN BANKNOTES!

HERE'S YOUR FAT-THEIF!
COMPLIMENTS OF PINCUS POPNECKER, PRIVATE EYE!

THEY... THEY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT ME CATCHING THE FAT-THEIF! I DON'T REMEMBER EXACTLY HOW I DID IT, BUT THEY WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN ME THE REWARD IF I HADN'T. WOULD THEY?

YOU AIN'T JUST WHISTLIN', DIXIE, BABY... AND YA KNOW WHY? BECAUSE I'M HARD AND I'M TOUGH WITH MY DUKE'S AND A ROSCOE. AND NO BAD ACTOR CAN PUSH ME AROUND...

OH, DEAR, LOOK... HE'S AT IT AGAIN.

IF ONLY MY SON COULD FOLLOW IN MY FOOTSTEPS. WHAT A CHANCE, WHEN ALL I'VE GOT IS A LITTLE FAT NOTHING!

OF COURSE NOT, DAD. YOU MUST BE A WONDERFUL PRIVATE EYE!