MAKE WAY FOR THE FAT FURY...

HERBIE

THE HERBIE LAFF-DERBY

"PIRATE GOLD!"

"MOM'S NEW COAT!"

SOMETHING WRONG HERE.

"PIRATE GOLD!"

"MOM'S NEW COAT!"
YO-HO-HO AND A BUCKET OF LARD! THERE'S ACTION ON THE HIGH SEAS, MATEY... AND ENOUGH LAUGHS TO SINK ANY SHIP! SO LET'S SAIL ALONG WITH HERBIE, IN

"PIRATE GOLD!"

STORY: SHANE WOTTA OSHEA
ART: OGDEN WOTTA WHITNEY

I'VE NOTICED THAT YOU SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND, DAD. WHAT IS IT?

ELECTIONS FOR PRESIDENT OF THE MEN'S CLUB ARE COMING UP. I'D LIKE TO BE THAT MORE THAN ANYTHING!
SO WHAT'S IN THE WAY? I'M SURE YOU'LL MAKE A WONDERFUL PRESIDENT.

LET'S FACE IT, MOM... I'M JUST NOT POPULAR ENOUGH. IF THEY KNEW WHAT A WONDERFUL BUSINESSMAN I WAS, I'D STAND A CHANCE... BUT HANG IT, THEY DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE IT!

BUT AT THE NEXT MEETING OF THE MEN'S CLUB... THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS HAS DECIDED AGAINST SELECTING A PRESIDENT BY ELECTION, AS WAS DONE FORMERLY. WE FEEL THAT THE BEST PRESIDENT WOULD BE THE ONE WHO DOES THE MOST FOR THE COMMUNITY!

THE TOWN CHARITY FAIR IS BEING HELD NEXT WEEK... AND AS A MATTER OF PUBLIC SERVICE, WE WANT EVERY MEMBER TO VOLUNTEER TO RUN A CONCESSION, AND THE ONE WHO MAKES MOST MONEY FROM HIS CONCESSION WILL BE CHOSEN AS PRESIDENT!

WOW! THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE!

WHAT I NEED IS AN IDEA FOR A GOOD CONCESSION!

LOLLIPOPS?

NO, NOT LOLLIPOPS... SAY, I'VE GOT IT!

I'LL RUN A PIRATE CONCESSION... AND I'LL ADVERTISE PIRATE GOLD FOR SALE! JUST STUFF THAT LOOKS LIKE PIRATE GOLD. OF COURSE... AND I'LL SELL IT FOR 50¢ A COIN. HOW'S THAT? GREAT, THAT'S HOW IT IS!

AND SO... THIS IS GOING TO BE SWELL! YOU'LL SEE WHAT A BUSINESSMAN YOU'VE GOT FOR A FATHER, HERBIE. YESSIR, I GET THINGS DONE!
I'm a man of action... not afraid to work, by George! Just look at the fine stand I've built for my concession. Now watch me go!

The fair got under way. All the other concessions did a raging business...

But as for the pirate gold stand...

Sigh! No business... I wonder why...?

Just cardboard painted to look like gold... and he's got the nerve to get 50¢ for it!

I wanted so badly to be president of the men's club... but I'll never make it now, with this concession going broke.

If he knew what pirate gold really looked like, could make better imitation, could sell better.

Entry... so I'll get sample of real pirate gold.

Lollipops special purposes. Time lollipops.
ARE YOU GOING OUT, HERBIE? WHERE TO?

1560!

SOMETIMES I WONDER ABOUT HIS SANITY. WHAT SORT OF ANSWER WAS THAT?

1760
1860
1960

1660

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

1560

THUD!

HIT.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
Caught in sail, lucky.

Battle at sea, interesting.

Boom! Boom!

Take 'em, me hearties!

This orange flavor used to be better. Like to switch to hard-to-get cinnamon.

Victory went to the pirates—they transferred the prisoners to their ship...

He's sure got plenty. Next!
Hey, Cap'n... look what we found!

Nice... take it to my cabin!

You heard him! To his cabin, the man sez!

Uh-uh, mine.

You dare tell Black Bottomley what to do? What are you gonna do about it, landlubber?

Yee-owww!

Crunch!

So help me, I'll tear you into little pieces! I'll separate your ideas from your habits... I... I... uh... th-those eyes...

I can't stand having anything that looks like that around. Make him walk the plank!

Aye, aye, Cap'n!
SO I'LL WALK, BIG DEAL.

SPLASH!

WHO ARE YOU?

MINE, GIVE 'EM BACK.

YOU TELLIN' ME WHAT TO DO, JACK?

WELL, BUTT OUT, SEE?
WISE GUYS!

LOLLIPOPS NOT FOR JUGGLING.

FOR BOPPING LIKE THIS.

BOTTOM OF SEA, INTERESTING.

LOOK, GIRLS... LOOK!

IT'S HERBIE POPENNECKER! YEE-EEEeee!

LOVER BOY! COME TO ME; YOU GORGEOUS HUNK OF MAN!

HE'S MINE! NO, HE'S MINE!
IT WAS QUITE A SCRAMBLE... AND THE VICTOR WAS...

KISS ME, HERBIE-HONEY...

FAT... CAN'T STAND FAT...

SQUIR!

MEANWHILE, UP ABOVE...

THANK GOSH I WON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT THAT FAT LITTLE LANDLUBBER AGAIN!

L-LOOK! HE'S IN AGAIN!

WHOOOSH!

W-WHAT DO YOU WANT?

LIKE HE SAYS!

YOU WANT TO STEAL MY GOLD? DEFEND YOURSELF, RASCAL!

WAIT, GONNA DO THIS PROPER.

WANT TO KNOW ABOUT PIRATE GOLD.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
SURE YOU DON'T WANT SOME FEATHERS, TOO?

OKAY, LET'S GO.

I CAN'T LOOK. JUST REMEMBER—I'M NEUTRAL!

THE DUEL LED UP INTO THE RIGGING...

I'LL CUT YOU TO PIECES...

HA-HA... I'VE CUT AWAY THE SPAR HE WAS STANDING ON! FALL YE SWAB!

PIECES-SCHMIECES.

THWOK!

DON'T WANNA FALL.

GULP!
DON'T SEE THE LITTLE SWAB... I MUST HAVE GOTTEN AWAY FROM HIM. WHew... WHAT A RELIEF!

YEE-Eeeeeee! THAT FACE!

GANGWAY!

HOW DO I GET TO THE FARTHEST POINT FROM HERE?

JUST KEEP ON GOING!

THERE HE IS! GET HIM!

UA-UH.

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

TCH, TCH, TROUBLE... ALWAYS TROUBLE.
BY THE WAY... WHAT HAPPENED TO MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK?

NOW YOU WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT TIME IT IS? IT'S IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN!

KNOCK THE DOOR DOWN! WE'LL GET HIM YET!

BAM! BAM!

...AND THERE'S A TREASURE CHEST FILLED WITH GOLD COINS.

CAN USE THIS...

BAM! BAM!

THERE HE GOES!

TREASURE, WAIT! LL DAD SEES... MAYBE GIVE ME CREDIT THIS TIME. ALL THAT WEALTH...

1760
1860
1960
WELL?  NOT BAD  NOT BAD AT ALL!

BACK AT THE FAIR AGAIN...

STEP UP EVERYONE!  BUY THIS REAL-LOOKING PIRATE GOLD! THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED... INSTEAD OF 50¢, I'M NOW SELLING THESE COINS FOR 10¢ EACH!

ULP!

BUY YOUR PIRATE GOLD HERE... 30¢

WOW!

HERE'S MY MONEY! I'LL TAKE ALL YOU'LL SELL ME!

GIVE ME MY MINE!

I WAS HERE FIRST!

CONGRATULATIONS ON BEING CHOSEN PRESIDENT OF THE MEN'S CLUB, BECAUSE YOUR CONCESSION SOLD THE MOST!

YES MR, AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING? FROM BEGINNING TO END, THE CREDIT BELONGS TO ME!

REMEMBER HOW I WAS SELLING THAT STUFF FOR 50¢? WELL, I REDUCED IT TO 10¢, RIGHT? AND YOU SAW HOW IT SOLD THEN! ADMIT IT, MOM... I'M A GENIUS!

THE END
The HARD DAY of MURGATROYD MINCH!

WOT'S THIS HERBIE GOT THAT I, MURGATROYD MINCH, AIN'T GOT? I COULD BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN GAME! I COULD SHOW HIM THAT I'M SUPERER THAN WOT HE IS!

SO MURGATROYD WENT HOME AND SLURPED LOLLIPOPS BY THE GROSS — EVERY FLAVOR — ORANGE, LEMON, LIME, PINEAPPLE, GRAPE, TOMATO, PEACH — EVERYTHIN' BUT HARD-TO-GET CINNAMON! YESSIR, FOLKS WON'T KNOW ME FROM HERBIE... I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

HMMMM — SOMETHIN' NOT QUITE RIGHT! BUT IF I HAD A FAT FURY COSTUME, THEY'D THINK I WAS HIM. I'LL BET...

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! THEY COULDN'T TELL ME FROM HIM!

AWAY! AWAY-YYY!

CRASH!

MUST BE ALL THE LOLLIPOPS IN ME... I CAN'T FLY SO GOOD. BUT I CAN FIGHT LIKE THE FAT FURY, ALL RIGHT... JUST WATCH ME!

AWRIGHT, YOU... PUT YER DUKE'S UP AN' COME OUT FIGHTIN', YA RYLLA OR SOMETHIN'?
THINGS KEEP ON—GOIN' WRONG! I'LL GIVE MYSELF ONE MORE CHANCE... AND HERE HE COMES...

YER A WEAK-KNEED SISSY! YA CAN'T FIGHT LIKE I CAN FIGHT! YER WHITE-LIVERED BUT THE REST OF YA IS YELLA! YA WANNA MAKE SOMETHIN' OF IT??

HARD DAY...

WONDER WHAT GOT INTO HIM? I HAD TO BOP HIM WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPPOP!
"HERE'S HERBIE!"

This isn't good issue, fans. Just sensational, colossal, is all. Not worth ten million dollars... $7,500,000 more like it. Only be crazy about "Pirate Gold" and nuts about "Mom's New Coat". Expect your letter telling me so, addressed to me, Herbie, at 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. If not received promptly, will deliver your head to you on tray... please return same. Also have few words to say about next magnificent issue coming your way... Number 14, December-January, on sale at best newsstands about middle of October. Purchase of this issue will be strictly enforced... anyone daring not to buy it will be promptly and fatally booped by raspberry lollipop. Only worst kind, that's all. On other hand, smart purchasers will be rewarded by two blue-plate specials—"Herbie Claus Is Coming to Town" and "Gangway For the Three Musketeers", a "Fat Fury" gasser. Gasp, shrieks and roars guaranteed—I, Herbie, appear in both and faster than ever. Be smart. Buy. Butt out now—have to look over mail.

"Dear Herbie:—

You're great! I started a sale on your comics at a buck apiece—one-billionth of what they're worth—but I made no money. You see, everyone had them already! Best story yet, I think, was 'Good Old Peepwhistle'. Don't worry about that fraternity—you were too good for it anyway. Goldwater used to be my idol—now it's you. No comparison. No one is better than Herbie—not even Soupy Sales! P.S.: Just read No. 8. Indescribable... it'll be hard to better. Try. The reward's a package of lollipops! (Don't you ever get cavities with all those lollipops? If you do, my father's a dentist and you're welcome. No charge!)


No problem, Douglas. Second I get cavity, give it immediate lollipop filling. But don't let this ger around... might ruin whole dental profession.

"Dear Herbie:—

On page four, box number 3, you have 'Popneckner' instead of 'Popnecker'. I think you should add Shane O'Shea to your bopping list. Hit him with the strawberry one. I think your comics are extra colossal. Do you have back copies? Don't reduce—we need you!

—Jon Backstrom, 11 Menores Ave., Coral Gables, Florida."

Spelling not Shane O'Shea's fault. Fault of crazy, mixed-up letterer, Ed Hamilton. Got down on his knees, so I spared him this time. Back copies? You trying to insult me? Too popular for that!

"Dear Herbie:—

Hey, you-all, this little ol' Texas Herbie-fan just had a brainstorm! I'd like to see you in a cowboy role, riding broncos and chasing bad guys. You'd be just a dream for the role, with a 10-gallon hat, spurs and lollipop guns in your holsters. You'd be sure to prove what we Texas gals mean by 'In the West, men are men and women are darn glad of it!' I think you'd be just grand in a gangster role, too. You know, as a King of the Underworld. You'd be perfect with your handsome face and manly physic. Love and kisses—

—Lynda Massey, 311 W. 37th Street, Austin, Texas."

Was cast in cowboy role, Lynda... issue No. 4, in "Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral". Made wonderful cowboy, too. Couldn't miss, with my handsome face and—like you say—manly physic.

"Dear Herbie:—

Before I start my letter, I would like to set it straight that I like your comic a lot. Now that that's settled, here's my beef. Where do you get your nerve to push around all the people who buy your comic? I have never seen such an ungrateful person. If there was a law against Little Fat Nothings threatening people, you would never have time to be in your book. You would be in jail all the time. I'm looking for the next few issues, you regain your senses and stop this foolishness!

—Eric Wollman, 1901-84th Street, Brooklyn, New York."

Put you right while you're still in condition to hear human words, Eric—and then P.O.W! Right in the kisser! Life is full of weasel folks who smile at your face, then stab you in back. Not me. Hit you to your face my motto. That way, never any doubt about my intentions. Strictly lethal.
"Dear Herbie:—

Gotta have your comic! Love it. You handsome. My hero. Wish you were here. Stories are superb! You powerful. Make me swoon. More stories, please. You my kind of Man. Love you. Herbie forever!"

—Michelle Henne,
Route No. 1, Stillwater, Minnesota.”

"Smart girl, Michelle. What other kind could be so right about everything?"

"Dear Herbie:—

I have read all of your issues 10,000 times. I know that isn’t enough, but it will do for today. I have my own Herbie Popnecker Fan Club, I weigh 160 pounds, big belly, glasses and my name is Herbie! I like you, Herbie, and all of my friends do, too!

—Herbie Thomas,
156 Royal Ave., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.”

10,000 times enough to read my issues—say that because I’m fair type. But not one time less, see? About your weight... bit on the lean side, and would suggest special high lollipop diet.

"Dear Herbie:—

You’re just too much. ‘Herbie’ is just too great to come out only 8 times yearly. You know that and I know that, but that stupid clod (no offense, editor!) is too dumb to realize it. But I’ve got a plan. You hop him with a strawberry lollipop until he consents to make ‘Herbie’ a monthly. And throw in a personal bop for me!

—Rich Wails,
2096 Cambridge, Des Moines, Iowa.”

Great idea, Rich. Love bopping dopey editor. Turns all black and blue, howls like crazy siren.

"Dear Herbie:—

I think all your issues were a scream. I especially liked ‘Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral’ and ‘High Spirits’. Only in issue No. 7, in ‘Good Old Peepuchistle’, how come you know so many animals like Fosdick? And if you’re so great and stupendous, how come your dad thinks you’re a fat, lousy clod? I love your whole book except for ‘Nellie No-Date’. I think she stinks. I would rather have another great, stupendous, wonderful ‘Herbie’ story to fill in her (ugh!) waste of paper. P.S.: For your Preferred Bopping List, (1) Our teacher, she always piles extra homework on us. (2) People who don’t buy ‘Herbie’ magazines. (3) The Editor. (4) Some other finks in our class. And I promise to tell 10 friends about you too. But I bet they already know! Your pal—

—Chris Toth,
932 Columbus Ave., Benton Harbor, Mich.”

"Big Fat Mess At Okay Corral” only wonderful. Got many personal friends among animals... got things in common. Am pretty fat clod, too... accounts for dad’s opinion. Bopped “Nellie No-Date” good, won’t have any more trouble from her.

—Herbie:—

Sorry, Herb, but you’re not perfect. I hate to say it, but you got a falling: you edit letters crummy. Some letters are all praise (Nothing too wrong there) and then there are a few brief ones with actual comments. Now you can’t tell me that guys like Paul Gambaccini, Dick West, Grasshoppa Green and those other guys that write comments don’t stick praise in their letters too. But you cut their praise out, and print that of your other victims. Shouldn’t do that; makes for a choppy letter column. Keep the intelligent letters intact. Dump the others. It’ll come out easier to read, almost as smooth as the stories... What brand lollipoopers you get? Gotta know, a connoisseur knows quality when he sees it. And I can’t go around supporting second-rate lollipops! Best—

—Paul Thompson,
21 Thrush Street, Carpentersville, Illinois.”


—Herbie:—

Your books have been really funny. Of all the stories you’ve published. I like ‘George Washington’s Teeth’ the most. Couple of things I would like to know. How can your lollipop and grandfather clock take you back in time? And how can you make a hot dog with whiskers? Also, do you know how George Washington got false teeth? Finally, about the Fat Fury. Did he—you—get hurt when you ran into the Statue of Liberty?

—Dana L. Davidson,
1442 50th Avenue, Oakland, California.”

Only Special Purpose Lollipop can do job like that and souped-up grandfather clock necessary. “Whiskers” on hot dog just means squawkraft. About Washington—really had false teeth, but pretty bad ones. Supplied by dentist I’d bopped earlier, so what do you expect? Didn’t get hurt when I bumped into Statue of Liberty, but she’s still convulsing.
TEMPERATURE SOARING... HUMIDITY GETTING YOU DOWN? WELL, CHEER UP... THE PLUMP LUMP HAS GOT SOMETHING VERY, VERY SPECIAL IN STORE FOR YOU. IT'S A FUN-JAMMED TRIP TO THE ARCTIC, LOADED WITH LAFFS. SO CLIMB ABOARD AND HAVE YOUR HYSTERICS WITH HERBIE IN...

"MOM'S NEW COAT!"

I DON'T GET IT. THE TEMPERATURE'S OVER 90... AND ALL YOU CAN FIND TO TALK ABOUT IS COATS! THAT'S A WOMAN FOR YOU...

BUT BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, IT'LL BE WINTER, AND THIS OLD RAG IS ALL I'LL HAVE TO KEEP ME WARM...

ALL THE OTHER WOMEN WILL HAVE NEW COATS... EVERYONE BUT ME...

SHAME. Gotta do something about it...

SO DOWN TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOCK SHOP... WENT HERBIE...

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A FRIEND OF MINE... $1.34 FOR THE LOT.

SIGH...
Anybody else would have confessed defeat—but Herbie was made of sterner stuff...

Best furs come from Arctic. Go there... Hunt them up for myself.

First stop—A Northern Trading Post...

Everybody up in this Northland has to have a dogsled—what sort of hunter would you be without it? Sled and dogs complete, $375!

Canadian Outfitters

What discount do I get?

We don't give no discounts... oops... that face! I just take it away and you can write your own ticket!

Fine. Let's see what you come up with for a buck.

Wise guy—mush!

Crak!

Shhh! Quiet. Fellas, looks like coat.
SNORT!

HMMMM... SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

WOULDN'T HAVE MADE GOOD COAT ANYWAY, WHOEVER HEARD OF COAT WITH TUSKS?

MUSH!

DULL TRIP, HUH? WISH SOMETHIN' WOULD HAPPEN.

ROARR! GULP! YOU HADDA GO WISH!

YOU'RE TOUGH, HERBIE. WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT HIM?

'CAUSE YOU'RE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO INNOCENT BYSTANDERS. DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THAT BEAR'S GAINING!

WHAT HAPPENED TO 'EM? THEY DISAPPEARED!
SO ROUND... SO FIRM... SO FULLY-PACKED... GR-RRRR...

WHY-UM YOU NO SCRAM?

NOT UNTIL I BUY THAT COAT. BUT NOT FOR $10,000. TOO STEEP.

OKAY, $5,000. 34¢, YOU CRAZY IN HEAD? $2,000. 34¢, 34¢, $500. 34¢, 34¢.

LOVER-BOY! OKAY, 34¢, TAKE-UM AND GET OUT, QUICK!

...32...33... 34 CENTS. GR-RRR! BUT CHEAP-UM GET RID OF HIM!

MOM'S GONNA LIKE THIS, FINE COAT. BE PROUD OF ME.
There was someone who knew the crooks in these parts... THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE! So...

After big criminal, need Mountie to help.

Well, you can't have one... they're all too busy, by Jove... see for yourself.

It's our most important beauty contest of the year, d'you know! Can't be bothered by foolish details like a stolen coat!

There was only one way to handle the situation... had to join forces myself, bound to land crook now. Mounties always get their man.

It was easy for Herbie to find the criminal's tracks, now that he was a Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman, but...

Funny... trail stops here, where could he have gotten to?

Bonk!
NOBODY. EVEN SLED GONE.

CAN FOLLOW TRACKS OF SLED ANYWAY.

LEFT ME MY UNDERWEAR, ANYWAY.

???
BRR-RRRR... HAW-HAW-HAW! LOOKA HERBIE!

YUK-YUK! WOTTA SIGHT! ZOWIE!

VERY COMICAL. WANT TO SEE SOMETHING FUNNIER?

Just Right for Jack Frost. Never mind where I got it from either.

I just might turn that off, wise guy--if you tell me where a certain crook went!

All I have to know, thanks.

Must be that place down there. Got him now.

Oh-oh. Behind me. Shadow...
SO YOU'RE GUILTY PARTY. GIVE ME BOX WITH COAT.

NEVER!

OOF! UGH! URP! ARCH!

SPOILED MOM'S NEW COAT. TEACH YOU LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET.

YOU MEAN...

LIKE THIS?

RRIP!

HMMMMMM...

POW!
THUD!

CR-RASH!

But that penguin was awfully tough. He came back for more...

But just about enough of this...

BAM! SOK! CRAK!

BLAM!

Just a little while later...

Looks good on you, Mom. Nice coat, unusual.

Gulp! You can say that again, Herbie!