IN THIS HOWL-HAPPY ISSUE:
“CALL ME SCHLEMIEHL!”
...and "HERBIE GOES NAP-HAPPY!"

SO HELP ME,
I’LL BOP HIM
WITH THIS HERE
LOLLIPPOP!

PTOEY!
PHOO!
WASHINGTON, D.C. A GREAT MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF HERBIE POPNECKER...

...AND THIS MEDAL IS BEING AWARDED TO HERBIE FOR BRAVERY, COURAGE, GUTS AND MOXIE, NOT TO MENTION LIBERAL QUANTITIES OF THE OL’ RAZZMATAZZ!

THANKS, VICE-PRESIDENT HUMPHREY. DESERVE IT.

PUFF...SURE, MAYBE IT’S GREAT THING BEING HERBIE POPNECKER, READER, BUT NOT ALWAYS SO EASY ON ACCOUNT I WORRY! TELL YOU ABOUT MY GREATEST WORRY RIGHT NOW...
HAPPENED JUST RECENTLY...

Hiya, Schlemiel! Why, you haven't changed a bit in all these years! Still the same old Schlemiel, eh, Schlemiel?

Urp!

Schlemiel? Making slight mistake, name's Herbie... Herbie Popnecker!

Well, I'll be...! Then you must be his son... Pincus Popnecker's son! Only we used to call him Schlemiel back at Good Old Peepwhistle Prep!

The newcomer was Pud Bimbo, who'd been dad's roommate back at Peepwhistle... and was still its athletic director. He stayed for dinner...

She's not changed a bit... still just as pretty as when she was back at Peepwhistle, where we all met! But you sure look different, Popnecker. I'll never forget how you used to be...

What do you mean? How did I used to be?

Oh, a real little fat nothing... why, I can see you as if it was yesterday!

Golly... sure was ugly all right...

But me... yessir, I was the rage in those days! Real campus champ. My favorite events were boxing, swimming, the mile run and high jump... nobody could beat me in anyone of 'em. And I'll tell you a little secret... I'm just as good today as I ever was!

Gr-r-r-r.

Needless to say, the gals were cr-razy about me... especially a certain coed! Need I say who?

'Ha-ha!' That didn't sit well with a certain fella on the campus... my old roommate, Schlemiel Popnecker! Like I said, he looked a little different in those days...

What's he got that I haven't got?
Uh-huh... he was jealous! That's why he decided to steal my thunder and try out for every team I was on... remember, Schlemiehl?

What gives with Schlemiehl business? Why'd you call him Schlemiehl?

"Why, you ask? Well, there was the time he tried out for the swimming team..."

Help! I'm d-drowning!

"Lucky my little dog Wowser was around to get him out of trouble..."

Gurgle!

Then there was the time he tried out for the boxing team. They had to look for somebody who could really test him out... and since I'd trained Wowser pretty well..."

Wise guy, huh? Well, I can lick you... I th-think...

Arf!

Next came the high jump. Wowser made the team... but Popnecker didn't!

Bam!

Arf!

Gosh-darn...
...AND THEN...
HAW-HAW...
IN THE MILE RUN-
NEVER MIND.
NEVER MIND!
THANK GOSH
THAT AWFUL
LITTLE POOCH
ISN'T AROUND
ANYMORE!

SEZ WHO, BY CRACKY?
G-GOOD GRIEF...
WOWSER!

AND WHO ARE YOU CALLIN' A POOCH.
SCHLIEMLICH POPNECKER?
YEE-OWW!

AFTER DINNER... PUD BIMBO INSISTED ON HELPING MOM WITH THE DISHES...

REMEMBER WHEN WE USED TO BE SWEETHEARTS? UH...
DON'T YOU THINK I'M STILL A PRETTY HANDSOME GUY? AND I'M AS GREAT AN ATHLETE AS EVER... JUST AS YOUNG AND STRONG AS WHEN YOU THOUGHT I WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL!

WELL, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU... I LIKE YOU JUST AS MUCH NOW AS I DID THEN! TOO BAD YOU'RE STUCK WITH A SCHLIEMLICH...

IN-WHAT! SCHLIEMLICH, AM I?

I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I CAN DO ANYTHING BETTER THAN YOU! YOU NAME IT AND I'LL PROVE IT!

OKAY. BOXING SWIMMING, MILE RUN, HIGH JUMP!
I'LL MEET YOU IN ALL THOSE...

...UNLESS YOU WANT TO ADMIT BEFORE YOUR WIFE THAT YOU'RE TOO CHICKEN TO GO THROUGH WITH IT!

GULP! I... I'LL GO THROUGH WITH IT, AI-AL-AI! I'LL SHOW YOU, I... I THINK...
Now Dad had something to worry about, all right... Nobody ever gives me any credit! Never gave me any credit for what I changed myself into... How I managed to rise above being a little fat nothing...

"And then... they stretched me!"

Ugh! We made a good start... now let's put him in the machine!

Meanwhile, Pud wanted publicity. He gave out a press interview...

That's right... Popnecker has agreed that the receipts of our boxing match be donated to Peepwhistle Prep to build a new school of music. And Dean Whiffenpoofski of the music faculty has graciously consented to act as referee!

"Oh, how I dieted..."

"And oh, how I exercised..."

But now I'm in real trouble! I'm so crazy about mom... and I was dope enough to challenge that big lug Pud... and he'll beat me all hollow... and what'll mom think of me then? Oh-hhh...

Feel bad for him. Gotta think of some way to help.

Just before the big fight... Dean Whiffenpoofski was training for his duties as referee by playing his violin.

"Pardon, like to borrow violin for second..."

Want to play for you. Might be greatest violinist in world... you wouldn't want to be responsible for not discovering me, would you? You've got a point there. All right, go ahead... show me!

Dean Whiffenpoofski, referee, eh? Make sure to see him before fight.

Tap! Tap!
Stop... stop... help!

The big fight... refereeing this match, the famous Dean Whiffenpoof of Peepwhistle Prep!

Hurrah! yay!

I'll hold him for the rest of this round—think of something else between rounds...

Between rounds... lace opened. tie it for you, pud.

This'll be short, but sweet, Schlemiel!
BONG!

WHAT! THE... MY GLOVES! THEY'RE TIED TOGETHER!

WELL, IN THAT CASE...

COME ON, YOU SOUNDREL... FIGHT! CHICKEN, HUH?

PLOP! PLOP!

GLURP!

Okay, you asked for it. How's this popnecker?

9... 9...
11... 12...
16... 30...
46... 57...

I WON! I WON!

Not yet. You didn't hear me count to 10 yet, did you?

Saved by the bell! Next round...

Come to papa!

BANG!

Puff...

MINUS 3... MINUS 2... MINUS 1... ZERO... 1... 2...

POW!

... 3... 4...
(Better slip this in Dad's glove.)

Bopping lollipop...
HE GOT UP!
ONE FOR MONEY... TWO FOR SHOW... THREE TO MAKE READY...
HA-HA! NOW TO WIND THINGS UP!
...AND FOUR TO GO!

WINNAR BY KAYO, SCHLIEHL!... I MEAN, PINCUS POPNECKER!
WANNA CHALLENGE =CASSIUS CLAY, SONNY LISTON, FLOYD P. PATTERSON! FIGHT... ALL THREE OF 'EM... ONE TIME!
I'LL GET YOU IN THE SWIMMING RACE, SO HELP ME!

THE SWIMMING RACE...
WE'LL START THE RACE FROM HERE, AND THE FIRST TO SWIM BACK TO SHORE IS THE WINNER. SEE IT'S SIMPLE... JUST TEN MILES OUT!

READY... GET SET... GO!
DON'T BE SCARED... GO ON! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DIVE DOWN INTO THE WATER!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
LIKE THIS. NOW START SWIMMING

BLUB!

OBOYOBY!

SPLASH!

LUNCH!

YOWP!

HELP!

HELP!

HELP!

TROUBLE...ALWAYS TROUBLE...GO DOWN AFTER HIM, I GUESS...BUT WOULDN'T DO IF HE RECOGNIZED ME.

AH-HHHH! STEWED SCHLEMIH! I...I'M WARNING YOU...I'LL TASTE T-TERIBLE!
Butt out, Jack... Or I'll use you for an appetizer.

Taste even worse than he will.

Okay... Don't say I didn't warn ya!

Warn, warn.

PTOOEY! Phoo!

And that's not all, bub.

Ow—eeeee! He bopped me with this here lollipop!

Hold still. Going to need this.

Blam!

Put put put put put.

Ho-ho... He was easy! Left him miles behind!

Gulp!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW...I WON!

BRING ON THE WHOLE BURIED OLYMPIC TEAM! I CHALLENGE EVERYBODY!

NEXT EVENT... THE MILE RUN... AROUND A CIRCULAR TRACK...

THIS TIME I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU, SCHLEMIEHL... YOU COULDN'T BEAT A BUSTED DOWN SNAIL!

ON YOUR MARK... GET SET...

...GO!

UNFAIR! UNFAIR! I FELL!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO... ENTER RACE IN HIS PLACE. LUCKY I HAD RIGHT DISGUISE IN BUSHES.

THERE! GOT TO CATCH UP WITH PUD BIMBO...

PUFF: ...GOT TO GET UP AND GET INTO THE RACE...

WHAT THE... HE'S P-PASSING ME! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING... I'LL TRIP HIM!
ULP! C'COME BACK... YOU LOST YOUR LEG!

STOP. YOU LOST YOUR LEG...
URP! NOW HE'S LOST HIS ARM!

GOLDRUN IT. I TOLD YOU TO COME BACK... YOWWWPP! NOW IT'S HIS HEAD!

CAN TAKE IT EASY, DAD... YOU'VE ALREADY WON.

I HAVE? YIPP-EEEEEE! BRING ON ALL THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN CHAMPS! I'LL GIVE EM A HALF-MILE START AND LICK EM ALL!

THAT NIGHT...

TOMORROW'S THE HIGH JUMP CONTEST... HOW CAN I EVER HELP DAD WIN ITZ CAN JUMP ONLY MAYBE 6 INCHES, SAY... THINK I'VE GOT IT!

THIS LEAPING LOLLIPOP JUST ARRIVED... NEVER HAD TIME TO TRY IT OUT. TAKING BIG CHANCE.

SIX FEET! LET'S SEE YOU TOP THAT!

G-GOLLY...

LOLLIPOPS SPECIAL PURPOSES
TAKE THIS LOLLIPOP. FOR GOOD LUCK.
MM MM MMMMFFF!

PTOOEY!! TAKE THAT DISGUSTING THING AWAY!

HOPE IT HAS EFFECT. ONLY HAD IT IN HIS MOUTH COUPLE SECONDS.

THE BAR'S BEEN SET FOR AN INCH OVER SIX FEET, HERO. THAT SHOULD GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO BEAT ME... HAW-HAW-HAW!

OH, WHY WAS I EVER BORN?

HEY, WHAT THE...

I DON'T GET IT!

EEE-YOWWW! WHAT HAPPENED?

H-HELP! AID!

SOS!

ASSISTANCE!

???

S-SEARCH ME!
AT THAT RATE, KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING TO WIND UP. GOT TO GO AFTER HIM—SEE THAT. HE DOESN'T GET INTO TROUBLE AND BRING HIM BACK, MEANS ANOTHER DISGUISE, SO I DON'T GIVE MYSELF AWAY.

THAT... THAT'S A PLANET DOWN THERE... AND I'M F-FALLING!

WOSSAMATTER... YA CAN'T READ? WATCH OUT FOR DINOSAURS, IT SEZ!

OWOOOOO!

NO USE RUNNING... YA CAN'T GET AWAY! I'M A SPECIAL SCHLEMIEHL-EATING DINOSAUR!

H-HELP ME, SOME-BODY!

SOMEBODY WAS CALLING?

LISTEN, BUSTER... I'M A SCHLEMIEHL-EATING DINOSAUR AND YOU LOOK PRETTY SCHLEMIEHLY TO ME!

PUT YOUR POWER WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS. COME OUT FIGHTING.
YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

POW!

MAD NOW.

YUK-YUK-YUK! I SEZ, 'LISTEN, BUSTER... I'M A SCHLIEML-EATING DINOSAUR AND YOU LOOK PRETTY SCHLIEMLY TO ME!' AND THEN I GIVE HIM THE O' ONE-TWO! "BUMPETY, BUMPETY, BUMP" HE GOES... HAW-HAW!

UH-UH, SOMETHIN' JUST GRABBED MY TAIL...

BONK

SORB BAM BIFF THUD

POW

SAY UNCLE!
UNCLE, NUTS. MAMA MIA!

YOU... YOU LOOK SORT OF FAMILIAR. HAVEN'T WE EVER MET BEFORE?

NEVER BEEN THERE. MUST HAVE BEEN TWO OTHER GUYS.

OHHHH! I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK... HOW WILL I EVER GET BACK TO EARTH AGAIN?

EASY. HERE COMES 5:23 COMET.

YEE-EEECH!

ALL ABOARD!

HELP! I'LL FALL! I'LL BE KILLED!

RELAX. NEVER LOST PASSENGER YET.

ZOOM!

CHANGE HERE.

WAIT, WHERE ARE YOU... G-GOING?

WE'RE HERE. SAFE. YOU DON'T NEED ME ANY LONGER.
Well... DAD NEVER DID THINGS THE EASY WAY...

How'd you come here, Mac? What have you been up to, huh?

Everything's perfectly normal, officer. I'm just high-jumped 183 million miles up to the P-Planet Gooferus... and... and there was this Schlemiel-Eating Dinosaur up there... and along came this other dinosaur, the fat one with the G-glasses... and we left on the 5:23 Comet...

Not only drunk, but a suspicious character! You're under arrest!

You can't do this to me. I'm a citizen! I...

Okay, Mister, you can go. Your wife here just paid your bail.

I knew she was lucky, after all, a champ like me is worth having around! Any woman would be lucky to have me!

Well... so I'm lucky to have you, am I? All of a sudden you're a loud-mouth, just like that awful Pud Bimbo! I can't stand him and I never could... and now I can see that you're no better!

Aw, mom... Puh-leeze!

Why do you think I dropped him back in school and turned to you... because you used to be modest! I liked the old you... not this new model you've turned into!

I... I take it all back! Honest, I'm still the old sweetheart you knew... I've just been trying to impress you!

Show me you still love me, honey. Call me Schlemiel!

Schlemiel... darling! That's more like it!

So you see, reader... my greatest worry turned out all right. Great thing being Herbie Popnecker after all... if you disagreed with me, you want I should bop you with this here lollipop?
In good mood today, fans. Just bopped bejeepers out of dopey Editor and all's right with world. Even you readers look good to me. That's why am bringing you this special issue. Better than you deserve, but am good-natured sort of slob. "Call Me Schlemiehl" different from anything ever read before. Better. Magnificent. Called in accountants, who report 7,316 howls per page. Demand minimum of 7,316 howls from each and every fan reading story. Otherwise, guarantee to go bop-crazy and subtract teeth from everyone falling below this minimum. Demand letters form all you readers reporting on laugh totals. Address mail to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. And before going on to review kind of mail I've been getting, have special announcement. All set? Well, don't dare miss "Herbie" No. 16 March issue, due on newsstands about middle of January. One and only "Fat Fury" due back in laff-action humdinger. Greatest costume-hero of all time, right? What else? So see him poop into action in tooth-chattering yarn called "Don't Mess Around With The Fat Fury!" Read it while you still have tooth left to chatter. Now let's get on with mail.

"Dear Herbie:-

I think your mag is great! But I feel you should have more on the costumed 'Fat Fury' stories. What gets me is how you can get mad, but never change your facial expression. At school (Nash Jr. High), I, too, am called the 'Fat Fury'. If you get mad at this, I'm sorry. But I tell them that I'm Fat Fury The Second—and that Herbie Popnecker is the first and original Fat Fury! From Fat Fury No. 2 to Fat Fury No. 1—

—Steve Causey,
514 Oakview Drive, Smyrna, Georgia.

"Sure my mag's great—goes without saying. Could have more "Fat Fury" stories, but don't want to spoil you fans. Don't want to change facial expression—very handsome the way it is. Not mad because they call you Fat Fury—after all, am fatter and more furious than you.

"Dear Herbie:-

I was just looking over the book where you take a course in being a super-hero. You shouldn't take lessons from them—they should take lessons from you. You are undoubtedly the world's fastest hero. My mother likes you, my brother thinks you are the greatest, my dad likes you—and most of all, I like you! The story I liked best was 'Beware Of The B-Bomb, Buster'. Herbie, you are supercalafragalisticexpialadocious. In other words, the greatest. Your book is worth a billion times more than the 12c it costs. The Fat Fury's costume is the living end. Why don't you have a duel with one of the super-heroes? The biggest Herbie-lover in the world—

—Mark Relovsky,
3153 East 65, Cleveland, Ohio 44127."

Am now giving lessons in being costume hero, Mark. Gladly teach you. Demand pay in lollipops. Carload lots, please. Want to tell you that everybody likes me, discretion being greater part of valor. Even I like me, because—frankly—am bit scared of me. Again frankly, book not worth billion times more than its cost. Trillion more like it. Reason why no duel with super-heroes is because they're too chicken.

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"Dear Herbie:-

In 'Lookin All The Herbies', 4 Herbies came out of the Scannet Ray. So how come we see 5 of them behind the real Herbie in page five, picture 5?

—Edna Peden,
Rte. 6, Dalton, Georgia 30720."

Don't look gift horse in mouth, Edna. You get extra Herbie, right? So how lucky can you get?

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"Dear Herbie:-

The 11th issue (August) of 'Herbie' was magnificent! 'Christopher Columbus Popnecker' surpassed all other 'Herbie' stories in plot, origin and art. Now I realize that our history books are wrong, and am dying to
read the next issue. 'Herbie' is tops with me!
I have a suggestion—in the future I would
like to see a 'Herbie Annual' where old
Herbie stories would be reprinted. I would
also like to see other ACG annuals. A fan
forever—

—Dale Blakeney,
3301 Cimmaron, Midland, Texas."

When you read my book, Dale, you get real
down on history. Every word true, of
course. Never lie. Keep watching . . . some-
time soon, will bring you McCoy on Napol-
leon.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:
Great, stunning, terrific, colossal and the
comic with the most lollipop-bopping in
the universe. I'm talking about 'Herbie'—the
comic that will make your brains fall out!
And I want to say that I'd like to see more
'Fat Fury' adventures!

—Antonio Austria,
6 Citadel Drive, Jackson, N. J. 08527."

Like this fella Antonio. Very smart. Knows
how to use right words.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:
One day I happened to be looking for a
different kind of comic to read. I saw your
picture and had to laugh. Then I read the
book, and it was even funnier than you look!
I showed it to my big brother, who said,'Herbie looks so stupid that he's handsome!'
And then he read it and went mad. If you
ever stop your book, I'll hop you alongside
the head with my tootsie-roll!

—Sammy Duuya,
617 Bell Street, Wharton, Texas."

Sometimes feel bad, Sammy, because of mis-
takes people make about me. Like thinking
I'm funny-looking when am really unanimous
choice for Mr. America. Real lover-type . . .
women mad for me, men jealous. About your
silly threat to me, am curious. Tootsie-rolls
good for bopping?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:
I think your comics book is the best ever
put out. If something made me laugh like
this, it had to be funny! When I got my
first 'Herbie,' I thought it would turn out to
be just another run-of-the-mill comic. Wow!
Was I ever wrong! I could go on and on
about you, but sorry—no more paper to

write on! Please ask your sore-from-bopping
Editor to put your comic out once a week!

—Paul Ruby,
14002½ Yukon Ave., Hawthorne, Cal."

Won't ask Editor anything, Paul . . . fainst
when he sees me coming. Hours even before I
bop him . . . bleeds when I'm just in same
room with him. Can't understand why he
acts scared of sweet, lovable type like me.
Anyway, don't feel I should come out once a
week. Every day would be better.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:
Listen to me! Your comic is great. You
better let it stay that way. I just read No. 11
—it was terrific. Are you thinking of coming
out weekly? P.S.: Keep up the good work, or
. . . Beware the B-Bomb, Buster!

—Jeffrey Prusski,
31 Guilford Court, East Haven, Conn."

You threatening me, Jeffrey? Admire your
nerve, so have decided to let you live. About
this weekly jazz, see what I said to Paul, pre-
ceding letter.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:
I would like to know how you (1) Got
fat (2) Learned to like lollipops (3) Walk
on air and water. I've got to confess that I've
missed a few of your issues—are you going
to bop me with your lollipop? I hope not,
since I still love what comics I have of yours.
I think you're very good-looking, and I like
lollipops just as much as you do. A pretty
faithful fan who's hoping to keep what teeth
he has—

—Ronnie Suptic,
9604 Windsor, Overland Park, Kansas."

Lot of information you want, Ronnie. Am
good-natured type, so will give you answers.
Born fat—gift from gods. And getting con-
tinually fatter. Can't have too much of good
thing my motto. Also born loving lollipops,
sure sign of excellent taste. With every day
that passes, love them more, also positive
sign of superior intelligence. Walking on air
and water bit harder to come by as well as
explain. Can only say that even air and water
love me so much they don't want to let me
down. Lastly, won't stand for your missing
issues of my magazine. Will let you go un-
hopped if promise never to let it happen
again. But next offense will definitely result
in multiple contusions and lacerations.
Go ahead, fans... read! And while you're reading, you'd better laugh. See? Not just one laugh, but lots of 'em, if you value your teeth! The reason? Our Plump Lump's got you bugged, so help us... with special invisible lollipops that count every last chuckle and roar. If you don't give out with plenty, it'll be pow... right in the kisser! Better split your sides or our hero will do it for you as you cast your eyes over... 

Herbie Goes Nap-Happy!

Story: Shane O'Shea
Art: Ogden Whitney

All you parents must remember that a boy needs the proper type of friends—normal, average, down-to-earth friends. I'll buy that, maybe that's what's been wrong with our Herbie!

So Dad decided to observe Herbie's friends very, very carefully. Well... Herbie was very friendly with Professor Flipdome, next door. I'm going to let you help on my new invention, Herbie. You add air to syrup, so it'll never be necessary to breathe again. All you do is order a stack of pancakes and you're in business.

Gulp! This is normal?
Next Morning...

SOMETHING...?

Who are you?

I'm a Herbie fan from the planet Sauerkraut. Read your book every issue, and hey, guy, I came down here to meet you!

Yipe! This is down-to-earth?

No sir, I don't like your friends one bit! I want sane, normal people... they're the only ones I'll let you pal around with. The next time I see you, it's got to be with that kind... sane and normal! Understand?

Not sure. Try hard, anyway.

But Herbie didn't get a chance to try... not just then, anyway. You see, he didn't know what was happening in his favorite lollipop factory, atop a cloud 3 miles due west of the unknown... where a new director had just taken over...

What! According to the books, you've been selling to a mortal... a human named Herbie Popnecker! Why, that's against all regulations!

But Mr. Director... this mortal is well, different! He's not nearly as human as you think!

Don't argue! If it ever became known that we'd sold our lollipops to a mortal, we'd all lose our jobs! And that could happen if he talked. The only safe thing to do is get rid of him... put him where he can't betray us! Now, here's my idea...

DIDN'T SEND FOR YOU, GOT PLENTY OF LOLLIPOPS, ALL KINDS.

Did you send for you, got plenty of lollipops, all kinds.

Not the new kind we just developed. It's a time lollipop you can use without having to travel back into time in your grandfather's clock!
All we ask is that you give it a tryout. Use this free sample and just see if it doesn't give you the fastest, smoothest time trip you ever had!

Sounds fair enough. Try going back to time of Napoleon—never visited with him yet. Works well. May give you good order.

Seems pretty good. Never saw such pickup.

Ha-ha! He doesn't know we've given him a one-way time lollipop! He'll be stranded back in Nap's time and never get back to cause us trouble!

Out of 20th century...in 19th already, very fine lollipop. 20th century

Whizz-zz

Well look what's here! I hit the jackpot!

You wonderful, handsome, romantic dream, you! My name's Josephine...what's yours?

Herbie...what a beautiful name...you're beautiful, too...kiss?

No kiss, Josephine! My empress! What goes on?
WHO WANTS TO KNOW, NAP?

HEH-HEH...N-NOT ME!

HELLO, FELLA, WHAT GIVES WITH NAPOLEON? THOUGHT HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A BIG HERO...

HI, HERBIE. YOU JUST DON'T KNOW JOSEPHINE!

THAT'S RIGHT, HERBIE. LIKE SHE'S A HOLY TERROR!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO GET ME IN TROUBLE... YOU'RE PROBABLY A SPY AT THAT!... GUARDS... ARREST THIS THING!

THEY HAD THEIR WAYS OF EXTRACTING INFORMATION BACK IN NAPOLEON'S TIME...

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHETHER HE'S A SPY. TURN ON THE MACHINE!

HE'S NOT TALKING. SO LET'S GIVE HIM A BIT OF A STRETCH, HUH?

SCRUNCH!

URRR-RRRR! OOF!
ARREST HIM! HE TRIED TO ESCAPE... AND THE PENALTY FOR THAT IS DEATH!

NAP! YOU WOULDN'T!

GUESS HE WOULDN'T AT THAT.

FELLA COULD GET HURT THAT WAY. HE'S GOT TO BE EXECUTED SOME WAY! NAP ORDERED IT!

LET'S BLOW HIM UP!

(Continued on Page After Next)
That settles it . . . I'll teach you to execute my honey-pie!

My L-love . . . I implore you...

Don't want to intrude on these tender moments...

Besides, Nap doesn't appreciate me . . . might as well go home. Use this new time lollipop for return trip.

Funny . . . nothing happens. Doesn't work.

I'll get you yet . . . and when I do...

Yee-oooww!
H-HELP! WHEREVER YOU'RE GOING TAKE ME WITH YOU!

FIRST HAVE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET BACK TO 20TH CENTURY WITHOUT TIME LOLLIPOPS.

WAIT... GOT IDEA. YOU TAKE ONE OF THESE SPECIAL PURPOSE LOLLIPOPS, I'LL TAKE OTHER.

FOR RAPID AGING

YOU OLD FELLAS SEEN THAT SQUIRT NAP? WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

LET'S SEE, THIS IS YEAR 1810... GOT TO GET US BOTH 156 YEARS OLDER... THAT'LL MAKE IT 1966 AGAIN.

W-WHERE ARE WE...? BACK IN MY TIME... 1966, COME ALONG... WORK TO BE DONE. BEEP-BEEP! HONK!

OUT OF THE WAY!
STOP!
WHERE ARE WE GOING...?
UP.

YIPE!
I DONT GET IT!

SIMPLE, NEED SPECIAL LOLLIPOPS TO RESTORE US TO AGE WE WERE BEGINNING OF LAST PAGE. FAVORITE FACTORY RIGHT AHEAD.

TWO SPECIAL LOLLIPOPS FOR RESTORING TO AGE WE WERE BEGINNING OF LAST PAGE. BIG RUSH!

HE MUST BE A SPIRIT OF SOME KIND... HOW ELSE COULD HE HAVE GOTTEN TO THE UNKNOWN? HE'S ENTITLED!

IT... IT'S HERBIE! OH, PLEASE, Puh-Leaze DON'T BLAME ME FOR WHAT HAPPENED! IT WAS HE WHO GOT THE IDEA OF STRANDING YOU BACK IN NAPOLEON'S TIME NOT M-ME!

WHAT THE... MAYBE THAT THING'S NOT HUMAN, BUT IT'S A MORTAL! OKAY-- WATCH ME MAKE HIM INTO A SPIRIT!
GONNA BE GOOD JOE? OR DO I HAVE TO...

SPARE ME, MIGHTY HERBIE! FROM NOW ON I'LL NEVER TRY TO INTERFERE WITH YOU AGAIN! I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET THE VERY BEST LOLLIPOPS...LOADED WITH SPECIAL SUPER-POWERS...I SWEAR IT!

LUCKY THEY HAD BICYCLE PUMP. MADE IT EASIER FOR ME.

I SURE PUT IT TO THAT SON OF OURS PLAIN! I TOLD HIM THAT NEXT TIME I SEE HIM, IT'S GOT TO BE WITH THE SORT OF PAL WHO'S SANE AND NORMAL...AND THAT'S HOW IT'LL BE, WATCH AND SEE!

OH, YES? SUPPOSING YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF!

OKAY, NAP OLD PAL. WE'RE HERE!

OH-HIIIIH!