TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE. WE CLOBBER FAT FURY!

YOU'LL HOWL AT—
"DON'T MESS AROUND WITH THE FAT FURY!"
"IT'S LOVE, LOVER!"
"DON'T MESS AROUND with the FAT FURY!"

IF YOU LIKE ESPIONAGE — SPY STORIES TO YOU, JACK — YOU’LL FLIP YOUR LID OVER THIS ONE. IT'S VERY SPECIAL, BECAUSE IT'S ABOUT A VERY SPECIAL KIND OF SPY WHO'S GUARANTEED TO FRACTURE YOU. AND WHILE HE'S AT IT, HE PRACTICALLY FRACTURES HERBIE — IN...

STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY

THE MINISTRY OF MONKEY BUSINESS, RED CHINA...

IF AMERICA WINS WAR IN VIET NAM, IT REAL SOCK IN PUSS FOR HON. REDS. BUT HOW WE MAKE YANKS LOSE...

Huh, fellas?

SABOTAGE, THAT'S HOW... ON THE AMERICAN HOME FRONT!

I, MAO TSE TUNG, YOUR PRACTICALLY PERFECT LEADER, SAY THIS: WHAT US BAD GUYS NEED IS A MASTER SPY, ONE WHO WON'T BE CONSPICUOUS, WHO'LL LOOK JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE, A REAL 100% AMERICAN BOY TYPE, AVERAGE AND NORMAL AS BLUEBERRY PIE!

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TIME: ONE WEEK LATER.  
PLACE: AMERICA...OUTSIDE THE BIG BUTTERBALL ARSENAL.  

WE BEEN WARNED TO BE ON THE ALERT AND GRAB ANYBODY OUT OF THE ORDINARY. HEE... HERE COMES SOMEBODY NOW.  

HIM: WHY, HE LOOKS JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE: A REAL 100% AMERICAN BOY TYPE...  

SEE! I TOLD YOU HE WAS A REAL 100% AMERICAN BOY TYPE... JUST LIKE THE WRIGHT BROTHERS!  

A FEW DAYS LATER... OUTSIDE THE OFFICES OF AMERICAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE...  

THE DANGER STEMS FROM ENEMY ALIENS, SO LOOK OUT FOR PEOPLE WHO AREN'T JUST LIKE THE GUY NEXT DOOR. REMEMBER, PEOPLE WHO LOOK DIFFERENT ARE SUSPECT!  

MOMENTS LATER...  
GOOMBY, PLEASE...  

BR-ROOOM!  

THIS GUY'S OKAY... LOOKS LIKE GOOD OLD YANKEE STOCK TO ME!  

MILITARY SECRETS  

BR-RRRRRRR!
AND NOW... TOO BAD... WE GET TO HERBIE...

IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS, ARSENALS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED, MILITARY SECRETS STOLEN AND THE WAR IN VIET NAM HAS TAKEN A TURN AGAINST AMERICA. BEHIND THIS CAN BE SEEN THE HAND OF RED CHINA...

NEED REAL HERO WHO'LL GIVE US, FAT CHANCE FOR VICTORY... AND WHO'S FATTER THAN FAT FURY?

BUT HE'D HAVE TO EXPLAIN HIS ABSENCE...--SO... DECIDED TIME TO PAY VISIT TO GRANDPA UP AT ELMVILLE.

WHEEEE! GRANDPA'S LOSS IS OUR GAIN!

AWAY...

AWAY-YYY!

SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT THE GARBAGE RACKET... DULL IT AIN'T!

A FAST FLIGHT TO RED CHINA...

MINISTRY OF MONKEY BUSINESS... BEST PLACE TO FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON.

MINISTRY OF MONKEY BUSINESS
BANQUET. MAO TSE TUNG, RED CHINESE LEADER, INTRODUCING REAL 100% AMERICAN BOY TYPE, AVERAGE AND NORMAL AS BLUEBERRY PIE.

MEET THE MASTER SPYFoo-Manchoo, FOLKS WHO WILL PERSONALLY TELL OF HIS GREAT EXPLOITS AGAINST THE YANKS!

MY NAMEFoo... WHAT YOUR NAME?
MANCHOO!

GEZUNDHEIT!
HAW-HAW!
HO-HO!
YUK-YUK!

FIRST WE TELL VERY FINE CHINESE JOKES TO HON. AUDIENCE!

NOW SERIOUS! DID GREAT JOB AGAINST AMERICA. SABOTAGED 6 ARSENALS, 4 HOT DOG STANDS...

12 DEFENSE PLANTS 27 MUNITIONS DEPOTS, 3 PIZZA JOINTS!

LOUSED UP RADAR INSTALLATION...
CANT'T HEAR TOO WELL FROM HERE.

SO YOU SEE, Foo-Manchoo VERY FINE SPY! NOW HAVE MASTER PLAN TO DEFEND YANKS ...
REAL HUSH-HUSH STUFF!

MUST BE KEPT VERY QUIET...
LOUDER! CAN'T HEAR YOU!
R-RIP!

PLEASE TO EXCUSE INTERRUPTION. I, MAO TSE TUNG, WILL NOW REVEAL PLAN! ALL SET...?
Uh-huh. Go ahead, Mao!

Sabotage and military secrets not enough, fellas. What we need is a great victory against America's fighting forces!

What's all this jazz?

Menu! You can pick any entree from Group A or Group B on the regular Chinese family dinner. But the won ton soup's out.

Eat Chinese food. Hour later feel empty. Just like all other Americans?

What! D-did you say Americans?

Wham!

Gone... brave Chinese must have reduced him to powder and powder blew away! Can now proceed to tell master plan without fear of spy overhearing!

The Yankees are to be knocked out of Vietnam by a sudden surprise 3-pronged attack... on the land, in the air and on the sea! Even now it is taking place...
THE U.S. FLEET IS ABOUT TO BE SECRETLY ATTACKED BY A FLOTILLA OF RED CHINESE SUPER-SUBMARINES LIVING IN WAIT FOR IT! THEN AMERICAN INSTALLATIONS WILL BE PULVERIZED BY A SNEAK ATTACK BY ULTRA-MODERN RED CHINESE PLANES!

AT THE SAME TIME, WE WILL UNLEASH A LAND ATTACK THAT WILL WIPE OUT THE SURPRISED YANKEES! NEXT PLAN IS TO CARVE THIS TURKEY...

EEE-HOOOOOOOOO!

THAT SPY AGAIN! AFTER HIM, FOO-MANCHOO... ONLY YOU CAN CONQUER HIM!

CAN DO! WILL DO!

BR-RRRRRRRR...

HIM FAST, GAINING ON US.

OH! WAIT, I ADJUST CONTROLS...

THREE!

2-800-MA!

HUUH?
Foo-Manchow touched a button on his amazing control panel—rockets! Bam! Crump! Splush!

Haw-haw! Fat like Hon. Water rat—and even wetter! Ho-ho! Fat fury kaput!

Hmmm... Red Chinese subs on the way to surprise our fleet. Gotta do something... but what?

Hey! It's the Fat Fury! Isn't he dreamy? If you're in trouble, maybe we can help, F.F.!

Fine. Just do like I say.

Eee-yipe! "Do like I say," Fat Fury sez! So...

"Just walk up to it and sit down," Fat Fury sez. Like this!

Fr-rrrrrrr... Crunch!
LOOK! HON. CHORUS GIRLS!

MERMAIDS DOING SWELL JOB. HOPE I DON'T RUN OUT OF ROPE...

AI-EEEE! WHAT GREAT RED CHINESE DO NOW?

ONLY ONE FELLA COULD DO A JOB LIKE THAT... THE FAT FURY!

IN ONE DAY, WE SEE THE NEW CHINESE WARPLANES AND THE FAT FURY!

CHINESE WARPLANES? WANT TO HELP ME, SHOW ME 'EM!

IF THE FAT FURY IS AGAINST THEM, SO ARE WE. LET'S GO!
VAROOM!
REEEEEREEREE!

YAH!
YAH!
YAH!

??????

THANKS.
DISTRACTED HIS
ATTENTION.

MY
PLEASURE!

MEANWHILE...

ACK-ACK-ACK!

BAM!
BAM!

WELL,
I'LL BE...

WODDEYA
KNOW!

ALL THIS TIME, THE FAT FURY WAS BUSY...

BUSY
DAY.
HMMM... BAD SPOT.

SO....

CR-RASH!

THE SEA AND AIR ATTACKS HAD BEEN DEFEATED, ONLY ONE DANGEROUS ONSET REMAINED... BY LAND...

LOT OF 'EM, MAYBE TOO MANY.

GUNK! GUNK! GUNK! FAT FURY!

GOOK! GOOK! GOOK!

BUT FIRST, HE HAD TO GET THEM UNIFORMS. THE NEAREST AMERICAN ARMY POST WAS DESERTED, ITS SOLDIERS OUT FIGHTING THE REDS...

VOTING ME HONORARY APE! MEANS THEY'RE ON MY SIDE... NOW IF I COULD ONLY USE 'EM TO BREAK UP REDS' LAND ATTACK...

NO UNIFORMS... BUT THIS UGO HUT FULL OF COSTUMES, COME IN AND PICK.

THEN... ON TO THE ATTACK!
GUNK! GUNK! GUNK!

LISTEN... WHAT'S THAT?

GUNK! GUNK! GUNK!

IT WAS REINFORCEMENTS... PUTTING THE REDS TO ROUT!

YEEOWWW! RUN!

TAKE IT ON HON. LAM! GUNK! GUNK!

AND AS FOR THE FAT FURY...

MUCH TOUGH ENEMY... THE FAT FURY!

WATCH! I RUN HIM DOWN!

YEE-OWWW!

BUT THE REDS WEREN'T QUITE THROUGH... NOT YET...

WHAM!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

SOMETHING...?
DON'T LIKE FOLKS SHOOTING AT ME. COULD GET HURT.

G-GULP!

SOS! SOS! FAT FURY BEATING NON-BEEJAPPERS OUT OF RED HEROES!

HAL-LUP!

NOW, TO THE RESCUE CAME RED CHINA'S MOST DANGEROUS FIGHTING MAN...

FASTER, FOO!

WATCH ME PILE ON SPEED, MANCHOO!

BR-RRRRRR

FINISHED BEATING OFF REDS' LAND ATTACK ONLY ONE MORE THING TO DO... GET THAT FOO-MANCHOO CHARACTER, DANGEROUS...

...BUT DON'T KNOW WHERE I COULD LOCATE HIM.

????

BR-RRRR

WHIZZ- ZZZZZ

POW! BAM!
But you don't mess around with the Fat Fury... not unless your insurance is paid up...

MAD NOW.

WHAT WE DO NOW, Foo?

LET'S TRY NUMBER 3, MANCHOO.

1. EARTHQUAKE
2. ROCKETS
3. CLOUDBURST
4. SHOCK TREATMENT
5. HOT TIME
6. DEEP FREEZE

BLUB!

HAW-HAW!

WHAT WE DO NEXT, Foo?

POLITE THING, MANCHOO... DRY HIM OFF! NUMBER 5!

3. CLOUDBURST
4. SHOCK TREATMENT
5. HOT TIME
6. DEEP FREEZE

YUK-YUK!

NOW NUMBER 6!

HO-HO!

HON. JACK FROST ROUTINE!

THE PRED AT NUMBER 6...

EEE-YAAAAH-HAAAAANNN!

HEH-HEH!

NOW WE MELT HIM DOWN AGAIN...

...BY TOSSG HIM INTO HON. VOLCANO!
CRRAK!

EXHAUSTED... PANT: WEAK... NEED... LOLLIPOP.

GULP!: OUT OF EATING LOLLIPOPS... WHAT DO I DO NOW?

JUST GOT THIS ONE LEFT. TRY THAT...

SPECIAL BOPPING LOLLIPOP

FAT FURY
AWAY-YYY! MAKE WAY FOR THE FAT FURY! WHERE'S THAT FOOMICHOH?

HEE-HEE! YOU TERRIFIC, FOO!

HO-HO! YOU COLOSSAL, MANCHOO!

ULP!

GULP!

PLAYING DOUBLE-HEADER TODAY.

WHAT... HAPPENED?

MIND STICKING OUT YOUR JAWS?

LIKE SO...?

EXACTLY LIKE SO.
Heading for outer space, rate he's going never see him again.

Toughest opponent I ever had, that Foo-Manchoo. Glad I'll never see him... or them... again.

Hiya, Miss Liberty.

Hello, Fat Fury. Glad to see you back again!

But before heading homeward, he had something to do...

Told mom and dad I was going to Elmville to see Grandpa and never lie, going there now.

Great relief knowing Foo-Manchoo will never be back. Dangerous.

Elmville!

Station is Elmville! G-gulp!

Oh-oh... Foo-Manchoo still lives! and he's due back in a future issue in a scream story you'll never forget!

The end!
Here's 16th issue I'm bringing all you readers. Sixteen magnificent issues loaded with laughs, pulsing with excitement, filled to gills with greatest adventures in history of world. Why am I so good to you? Good-natured. Sweet type. Handsome, too. Nature's nobleman. Who else would bring you stories like "Don't Mess Around With The Fat Fury" and "It's Love, Lover". Herbie Popnecker, that's who. Want to report, by the way, that disposition is improving by the minute. Turning sunny, gentle. No need to worry any longer about my kicking out all your teeth if you step out of line. Uh-uh, New Herbie no longer goes in for that. Only kick out half your teeth, that's all. Not all I'm doing for you fans, either. Effective next issue, will double number of laughs—triple number of shrieks. See for yourselves if you value health. See me star in "Popnecker The Pilgrim". Gives real lowdown on Myles Standish and what I did about him. Amazing truth about Frisilla and what I did about her. And if you think that's anything, invite you to come along with me in "Adventure At The Center Of The Earth". Haven't lived until you read this one. Get your kicks out of both these astounding, howl-packed yarns in "Herbie" No. 17, April-May issue, on sale about middle of February. Read—then write. Send me letter about how you like my stories. Address to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Will print interesting letters if space allows.

"Dear Herbie:-
In issue No. 9, the first story was very funny, but the second one wasn't the best. Will you please bop my brother Howard and my friend Gary with your strongest lollipop? They say you're not better than 'Dennis The Menace'. After that, bop Dennis—then they'll have to like you!
—Charles Warady
8111 Chappel Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60617."

First story "Lookit All The Herbies"—second story, "Only Robin Hood Can Help

You, Herbie". Maybe second story wasn't the best—was only magnificent and sensational. Will try do better just to show you how good I can be. Have already arranged for official bopping of both Howard and Gary. Justified, because am better than everybody, even Herbie. Will also take care of Dennis if he talks out of turn. By the way—may bop you, too.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-
Just finished reading 'Beware Of The Bomb, Buster'. The story was great, as was 'Christopher Columbus Popnecker'. But... I'd fire story writer Shane O'Shea if I were you, because he isn't letting you bop many people anymore. He is making you seem weak! You are the biggest, best blob of fat in the world. Your stories are great and I always buy your comic. Keep turning out a fine mag!
—Jay Geiss
946 Madison Ave., Plainfield, N.J."

Don't worry about Shane O'Shea... acts under my commands. Toned down on bopping because want to inspire false confidence in bad actors. Soon as they think they've got it made, will come down on them like pile of bricks. Fat bricks.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-
Your stories are so great that I could jump up and down from laughing so much. Sorry, Herbie, but you are not my favorite comic, but you are my second favorite comic. I enjoy 'Nemesis' and 'Magician' too. I have numbers 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 of your magazine—I had more, but I lost them. My cousin, Matthew Grande, thinks that you are a fat slob—his favorites are 'Nemesis' and 'Magician' too. I'm now going to write you the names of 'Herbie' fans that live on my street. John Fuiiano, Robert Fuiiano, Joseph Scalatino, Louis Affanoeto and Ronny Barbella. Could you kindly put this letter in your 'Herbie' book—or write back if you know how! Your loyal fan—
—Richard Erace
728 Ellsworth St., Phila. 47, Pa."

Don't mind your enjoying "Nemesis" and
"Magicman"—they're all in family. "Nemesis" appears in "Adventures Into The Unknown" and "Magicman" in "Forbidden Worlds", companion publications. Thought I ought to tell you, though, that have taken care of both of them already. Don't believe it, read "Gangway For The Three Musketeers", couple of issues back—in "Herbie" No. 14, December-January—was on sale middle of October. Your cousin, Matthew Grande, right. Am fat slob. Very fat. Very slob.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—
I have just read issue No. 9, June-July, of 'Herbie'. It is not only superb, stupendous and colossal, but it is way out! I am eleven years old, wear glasses and love lollipops. Once, just once, I would like you to bop me with a lollipop.
—Roger Halstead,
1208 Wards Ferry Rd., Lynchburg, Va."

Right about No. 9, but even more so. Ever-living, ever-loving best. Just consulted psychiatrist about your request to be bopped. Psychiatrist had funny name for you. Masochist.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—
When I first began reading 'Herbie', you seemed to be the fattest, plumpest thing in creation. But lately, I have noticed that slowly but surely, you are losing weight. Furthermore, in 'Herbie' No. 9, you are seen stuffing yourself in only four panels. What's up? Have you been eating dietetic lollipops?
—Paul Harrison,
336 E. 25 St., Hamilton, Ont., Can."

Eyesight going back on you, Paul? Am gaining weight steadily—feel can't have too much of good thing. Eat steadily between issues of this magazine, day and night. Eat anything that won't eat me first. Eat fat lollipops, not dietetic. What's more, better love every rolling acre of me. Don't crowd—plenty to go around. Fat, fat, water rat.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—
Sure did enjoy 'Make Way For The Fat Fury'. I've just finished reading it for the 100th time. (Don't bop me, Herbie, I'll read it for the 200th time by tonight!) I also enjoyed 'George Washington's Teeth'. I've got only one thing to ask you—how many kinds of lollipops do you have?
—Sammy Seegmiller,
17325 Denker Ave., Gardena, Cal."

How many kinds lollipops? Let's see. All usual flavors. Then there's Mimosa, Cardiolic, Buttercup, Axlegrease, Whiffenpool, Nectar, Ambrosia and all those others. Round figure, 73,836, including hard-to-get cinnamon.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—
First time I got your 'Herbie' magazine, I loved it. Can't wait to get your next issue. Was going to draw and send in picture of you, but was afraid you would bop me with this here lollipop. Just got through reading No. 8 ... thought it was best. Like ice cream, pie, cake, cookies, but lollipops even better. Keep bopping. P.S.: Think your language is the best. Will practice on it every day. You've got best magazine in world!
—Cheryl Bennett,
1809 S. Ohio, Martinsville, Ind."

Let's see. No. 8. Of course ... one with "Make Way For The Fat Fury" and "George Washington's Teeth". Liked that issue too, Cheryl. What do you think of me as costume hero? I'm very critical of me, because am only the best. Agree completely that my language is best. Thinking of having changes made ... all other countries to drop their languages, speak only Herbie in future.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—
Bop Editor. Make print 'Herbie' more often. Once month. Otherwise I and all friends will call you skinny. I'll read all 'Herbies' and so will everyone else. What do you say? Editor had better not answer.
—Johnny Banks, 7092 Canyon Road, San Bernardino, California."

Agree with you "Herbie" should appear much more often. But difference of opinion in frequency. You say once month, I say twice day. You and your friends guarantee read all these "Herbies"? Don't worry about Editor answering ... doesn't dare. I just look at him. Starts screaming. Then real fun begins. Fractures and contusions. Don't ever say Editors aren't good for something. Have their place ... usually hospital bed.
Even a tiger gets tender at times... and a lion longs for his lady! So let's see how it is with the plump lump, in the hilariously heart-rending tale of

**HERBIE, in**

"**IT'S LOVE, LOVER!**"

Shane O'Shea wrote this and Ogden Whitney drew it!

Spring coming... love in air. Before I buy daily supply of lollipops, want to tell story about how I almost got married.

All started when... every boy in town has volunteered to help the big charity bazaar except you, Herbie!

That's right. What are you going to do about it? Go down. Offer my services.

All the handsome boys at school are raffling themselves off for dates, but let's face it... who'd want a date with you?

Can't understand... I'm very handsome type. Must be something I can do for anybody lucky enough to win me.

Charity bazaar headquarters
GOT IDEA. JUST PUT DOWN ON TICKET THAT I PROMISE TO PERFORM ANY SERVICE REQUIRED BY WINNER.

AND SO THE RAFFLE TICKETS WERE SOLD... AND FATE TOOK A HAND...

COMING. WHO IS IT?

RING! RRRAIRR RRRMM IIINNNNGGS!

MISS HEPZIBAH HIGGINS FOR MR. HERBIE POPNECKER!

UGH: W-WHAT'S WANTED?

TEE-HEE-- I WON YOU IN A RAFFLE!

WON ME IN A RAFFLE, YOU SAY. UH--TICKET SAID I PROMISE TO PERFORM ANY SERVICE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU--?

MARRY ME, LOVER!

JUST REMEMBERED... HAVE TO SEE A MAN...

COME BACK! YOU PROMISED!
YOU GREAT BIG HANDSOME ROMEO! YOU WOULDN'T RUN OUT ON YOUR OWN TRUE LOVE, WHO LOVES YOU SO MUCH, WOULD YOU?

GOT SENSE OF HONOR. HAVE TO MEET MY OBLIGATION.

AND SO HERBIE AND NEPZIBAH BECAME AN ITEM -- A GRUESOME TWOsome...

LOOK, LOVER! DON'T YOU THINK THAT ONE'S JUST MY TYPE?

LITTLE TOO STEEP, GOT 16¢.

Jewel Ple

$250,000

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL LIFE TOGETHER! LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT'S GOING TO BE.

KNOW HOW IT'S GOING TO BE.

I CAN JUST SEE IT NOW... HOW YOU'LL TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS... KISS ME TENDERLY...

GOT GOOD EYESIGHT.

AND SOMEDAY, THERE'LL BE A LITTLE STRANGER... UGLY!

WE'LL HAVE THE SWEETEST LITTLE LOVENEST, HONEYBUN, AND EVERYDAY, WHEN YOU COME HOME FROM WORK, YOU CAN TAKE IT, EASY...

GIMME A HAND, PAL. HUH?

Uh-uh. Got my own problems.
Yes, Herbie had his problems, all right. Hepzibah was just cr-r-azy about dancing...

You lead divinely, sugar!

Puff... I'm not too rough...

Beetle Pie... I baked it myself!

Uh... no thanks, if you don't mind.

Her home-cooking... that was another problem...

When I bake pie for you, pie you get!

-Urf-!

Had enough. What am I... man or mouse?

Mouse woman scares me.

Herbie was in a pickle, all right... he needed advice. Whenever that happened, he called upon his friend Gilmartin, the gorilla...

Real fix. Want to get out of it, but honorable. Got any ideas?

Maybe if she fell for somebody else, somebody no girl could resist. Like Richard Burton...

Way I figure is when she gets look at you, will be glad to break engagement.

For you, Herbie... anything!
AH, MY LITTLE PASSION FLOWER... WHO CAN RESIST YOUR MAD BEAUTY? COME TO ME, LITTLE LOTUS BLOSSOM...

WHO, ME?

NEVER! MY HEART BELONGS TO HERBIE, BUB!

NOW HERBIE LOOKED ELSEWHERE FOR HELP... TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON...
DONE THINGS FOR YOU, THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD USE YOUR INFLUENCE...
FOR YOU, HERBIE... ANYTHING!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND... I'M OFFERING YOU AN APPOINTMENT TO MY CABINET AS SECRETARY OF EVERYTHING! IT'S REQUIRED THAT YOU BE SINGLE FOR THIS HIGH TITLE...

SORRY, BUT I'M GETTING AN EVEN HIGHER TITLE... MRS. HERBIE POPNECKER!

TRIED WHAT YOU SUGGESTED AND MORE, DIDN'T WORK.

MAYBE IF YOU MADE YOURSELF REPULSIVE TO HER. MAYBE IF SHE THOUGHT YOU WERE SOME KIND OF FREAK...

HUMAN SKELETON  DOG-FACED MAN

TINY TIM
YOU CAN'T DO THIS, JACK. YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE POWERS LIKE HERBIE'S GOT POWERS...

RING! RING! RING!

I'M COMING!
I'M COMING!

I'M SO GLAD YOU DROPPED IN, MY GREAT BIG HANDSOME LOVER! I WANT TO DISCUSS OUR WEDDING PLANS. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY A BIT ABOUT THE COST, BECAUSE MY FATHER'S A WEALTHY MANUFACTURER!

HE DOES A BIG BUSINESS AND HE CAN AFFORD AN EXPENSIVE WEDDING, HE...

HMMMMM... YOU BEEN PUTTING ON WEIGHT LATELY?

GARR-RRRR...

I JUST HAVE TO CONGRATULATE MYSELF ON GETTING SUCH A GORGEOUS, HANDSOME HUSBAND! ONE GOOD THING ABOUT YOU, LOVER... YOU NEVER CHANGE!

DID WHAT YOU TOLD ME AGAIN, GILMARTIN... STILL DIDN'T WORK.

THEN THERE'S NO HELP FOR IT... YOU'VE GOT TO COME OUT AND LAY IT ON THE LINE, HERBIE. YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW HER THAT YOU CAN'T BE PUSHED AROUND. THAT YOU'RE NOT LIKE OTHERS. SHOW HER YOUR MAGICAL POWERS!

AND SO...

GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU, HEPZIBAH.

AND SO...

YES...? WHAT IS IT, HERBIE?
YOU SAID THERE WAS SOMETHING YOU WANTED TO SHOW ME. WHAT WAS IT?

GULP: Uh... show you something else.

BOUND TO DO IT. THIS TIME SHE'LL SEE I'M DIFFERENT.

YES? I'M WAITING TO SEE WHAT YOU SAID YOU'D SHOW ME!

Herbie had to prove his point even if it involved going to the nearest planet and you can bet that Hepzibah came right along!

Sucking special bopping lollipop makes this easy.

Not bad... not bad at all! Mind if I try my hand at it...?

Ker-pow!

Enough of all this! We're getting married right now, see?

See. Don't mind. I'll stop off for minute... say goodbye to friend of mine down there.

GOT ANY OTHER IDEAS? SHE'S GOT ME ON ONE-YARD LINE... HELPLESS. KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS... KNOWS REAL HANDSOME TYPE WHEN SHE SEES ONE.

TCH. TCH. I've run out of ideas... it looks like nothing can save you now, Herbie!

HERBIE! You never told me you had such wonderful friends!
GILMARTIN, HE SAYS YOUR NAME IS... OH, MY MY... HOW HANDSOME YOU ARE... HOW CHIC, HOW LOVELY, HOW MANLY! JUST THE TYPE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ALL MY LIFE!

FOR ONCE, I'M GRATEFUL FOR THOSE BARS!

LET'S HAVE A COZY LITTLE CHAT, SHALL WE?... DO YOU MIND? THESE BARS ARE IN THE WAY!

OR-RRAK!

H-Help...

LET'S GO OVER TO MY PLACE, LOVER. YOU'LL LOVE IT.

THE WAY I SEE IT, WE'LL HAVE ABOUT 500 GUESTS. I WANT SIX FLOWER GIRLS AND A HUNDRED MAIDS OF HONOR... OH, WE'LL BE SO HAPPY TOGETHER. MY GREAT BIG HONEYBUNCH!

I GIVE UP! WHEN A WOMAN HAS STRENGTH OF MIND LIKE SHE'S GOT, I'M HELPLESS. DO SOMETHING!

AT A LOSS, IF ONLY I COULD FIGURE OUT WHERE SHE GETS HER POWERS....

SUDDENLY, A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL ODOR ASSAILED HERBIE'S NOSTRILS...

AH-HHHH....
He followed it to its source, behind the house—and there...

Go that's it. She said father was wealthy manufacturer, but never told me he manufactures lollipops. No wonder she's got all those powers.

Higging Lollipop Co.

And now—it's too late. She's found another love. I've lost greatest chance man could ever have.

It was the biggest marriage of the social season...

Ah, me...

Just married

That's the way it all happened. Nothing left for me but try to drown sorrow in lollipops...

Want to buy lollipops... lots of 'em.

Sorry, but they've gone up in price. You can't possibly have enough money for them!

Well, reader, that's story about how I almost got married... and you see fix I'm in now. Could have had lollipops free—millions of 'em.

DID I HEAR SOMEBODY LAUGHING? Okay, wise guy... you want I should bop you with this here last lollipop I've got?