TCH. TCH. SHOULD NEVER LOSE HEAD IN FIGHT.

GIGGLE YOURSELF GOOFY at
"CALLING all CARS! BRING in FAT FURY!"
"CLEAR the ROAD for SKINNY!"
There's a fella in Peru, Indiana, who only laughed 27,316 times while reading a HERBIE story. Fixed his wagon, boy, so don't fall into the same trap, better open your yap and roar at the slap-happiest story this side of a madhouse. It's called...

"CALLING ALL CARS!
BRING IN FAT FURY!"

WHY DON'T YOU EVER DO ANYTHING, HERBIE? LIKE YOUR GRANDFATHER... 75 YEARS OLD AND HE'S STILL DOING THINGS, BE LIKE HIM! BETTER STILL, BE LIKE ME!

WHEN DAD HAD LEFT...
DON'T FEEL BAD, HERBIE, HE JUST DOESN'T UNDERSTAND YOU. I DON'T UNDERSTAND ME, EITHER...

JUST LIKE ME WAY I AM, GRANDPA FAT... HANDSOME. FAT.

GULP!
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING LIKE THAT, DAD?

IT... IT'S HERBIE. THAT LITTLE FAT NOTHING OF OURS. HE'S IN A BAD STATE... HE'S TALKING TO P-PICTURES!

AND IF DAD HAD BEEN ABLE TO LOOK INTO HIS SON'S ROOM AT THE MOMENT, HE'D HAVE BEEN EVEN MORE AMAZED...

FAT FURY COSTUME. TIME FOR REGULAR PATROL... SEE THINGS ARE GOING SMOOTHLY.

WELL... THEY WEREN'T GOING ENTIRELY SMOOTHLY...

PUT 'EM UP! PUT UP YER DUKES! I'LL FIGHT YA WITH ONE PAW! FIGHT YA WITH BOTH OF 'EM TIED BEHIND MY BACK! COME ON, MOUSE!

C-CAN'T HEAR YOU. INSIST ON FAIR FIGHT. MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY RULES.

SURE SURE! LET'S GET WITH IT!

HE'S CRAZY!

NEXT TIME BRING YOUR WHOLE FAMILY! I'LL TAKE 'EM ALL ON!

THANKS, FAT FURY! IF YOU'RE EVER IN TROUBLE AND I CAN HELP... COUNT ON ME, PAL!

THANKS... BUT WHAT SORT OF TROUBLE WOULD I BE IN?
If the Fat Fury could have witnessed this scene, he might have changed his mind. It's the Question Mark, greatest and most powerful criminal of all time... and he's laying black plans...

How lucky you bums are... to be working for the first genius ever to put crime on a scientific basis!

See these? A machine for every black purpose... You name it and I've got it! They're going to usher in my new era of mechanical crime... and we'll all get rich!

And so, the giant crime wave commenced...

GOT THE SUPER-GIANT VACUUM CLEANER ALL SET UP, BOYS? HERE GOES!

Jewelry store

ROAR-RRRRR

Ah! All those lovely jewels!

Next...

When I think of all the money we carry, sometimes I worry!

So what's to worry? Who could ever get at us?

Ulp! Do you feel a sort of lifting sensation...?

The hijacked armored car contained three million dollars! The outlaw plane, still carrying it, has been observed heading southeast...

Fat Fury head southeast too.
AWAY! AWAY-YYY!

IT WAS A CINCH! HA-HA... NOTHING CAN STOP US!

FAT FURY CAN.

CRASH!

VERY STRONG MUSCLES ON MY MUSCLES EVEN.

SOK!

DOH!

BAM!

CLEAN LIVING TELLS. CLEAN LIVER.

R-RIPP!

CRAK!

WHEN THE QUESTION MARK RECEIVED THE NEWS... 10,416 CURSES! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... THE FAT FURY IS MY GREATEST ENEMY! I'VE GOT TO PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY... BUT FOR THAT, I'VE GOT TO LOCATE HIM FIRST. HA... I'LL USE THE LOCATE THINGS MACHINE!

FAT FURY AT YOUR SERVICE.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
NOPE...NOPE
NOPE...

AHA... GOT HIM AT
LAST! NOW TO ESTABLISH
THE SOURCE OF HIS POWERS.
THAT CALLS FOR MY SOURCE
OF HIS POWERS
MACHINE!

LOCATE THINKING
MACHINE

LET'S SEE NOW.
COULD IT BE HIS
BRAINST BETTER
HAVE A LOOK...

"COULD IT BE SOMETHING HE
SAYS...?"

UH-UH.
MAN OF
FEW
WORDS.

"WAIT... MAYBE IT'S HIS
UNIFORM! IT HAS SOMETHING
WRITTEN ON IT... I'LL USE THE
MACHINE TO BRING IT INTO
FOCUS...."

"COULD BE MAYBE HE
INHERITS HIS POWERS
FROM HIS FATHER? BETTER LOOK INTO
THAT...."

OH, ALL RIGHT...
IF THE SPOON'S
TOO HEAVY FOR
YOU, I'LL FEED
YOU!

GUARANTEED
SHRINKPROOF

WAIT! DON'T BE DIS-
COURAGED, QUESTION
MARK... SOMETHING ELSE
IS COMING INTO FOCUS!

AHA!
That's what does it for him...that's his secret...lollipops! Destroying his great powers is simply a matter of destroying all lollipops! And that calls for my special lollipop-destroying machine!

The lollipop-destroying machine was a lulu! Just see how it worked...

Oh-hhh! Our lollipops are burning up!

Yee-eech! My lollipops are disappearing!

Help!

It even reached the fat fury...

Lollipops not holding up like used to.

Away... Away-yyy!

Either are your powers, fury! No pops... no powers!

Fwoinng!

Now let's look in on the question mark! He had swung into action, but Big...

We're all set for our job, boss. What sort of crazy machine ya got this time?

Ha-ha... This is the cleverest I've ever been yet. It isn't enough just to get the fat fury out of the way... now I'm going to see that he takes the rap for all our awful crimes, watch!
Make way for the phony Phat Phury! He was all there when it came to phighting...

Clank!
Boola!
Boola!

Ker-pow!

And should the police chance to arrive... It... It's the Fat Fury! There he goes...

Whoosh!

These photographs are conclusive, gentlemen. They prove that the Fat Fury has turned to crime! He's the man behind this great crime wave... Bring him in!

"Calling all cars! Bring in the Fat Fury!" The call went out... but meanwhile, what of the real Fat Fury? He was in a bad way...

Lollipops!

Lollipops...
Lollipops!
Gasp...
Suddenly...

Something?

We've got him!

Ah-huh! With you out of the way, I can proceed safely with my master plan?

What kind of master plan?

Now that I've proved that I can take away your powers, I'm going to try the same thing on President Johnson... after all, he's the most powerful president we've had! I'll take over as president then -- President Question Mark!

Could stop you, maybe.

With what? You've got no power left, and besides... you won't be around to interfere with me! The police have been searching for you... and now they're going to get you!

It's the Fat Fury! Grab him!

Tough spot. Police wouldn't believe plot against President Johnson and no powers left... can't get out...

Pssst!
I couldn't help overhearing you, Fat Fury. I said that someday I'd help you... so how's about now?

Hi, mouse. Only thing I could help is if somewhere, somehow, you could dig up a lollipop even one lollipop... restore just a little of my powers.

Oh, yeah? Well, read this! No wonder that question mark crook overlooked that one... he must have thought it was only a sign, just like we did.

The sign hanging above is made of genuine and high class lollipop material, in order to prove how long a Whambo Lollipop can last.

Never been in fix like this. If only could escape, but how? No powers... sigh...

Cheer up, Fat Fury! You're saved!

It can't be... can't be...
...but it is!

Well? Power coming back...?

RRRR-RRRR-RRRRRR

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

BEFORE YOU LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS THE GREAT EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...

AND IF YOU LOOK THROUGH THIS WINDOW, YOU WILL SEE THE FAMOUS FAT FURY...

YI! THE FAT FURY!

WHAM!

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, I DO BELIEVE THAT IT'S THE FAT FURY!

VICE-PRESIDENT HUMPHREY, I DO BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
When the Question Mark's Black Plot was told...

We're in Washington, Fellas. I'll start in by spreading destruction with my special disintegrator ray machine...

SO HE WANTS TO TAKE OVER THE PRESIDENCY, DOES HE? FAT FURY, I APPOINT YOU AS A SPECIAL PRESIDENTIAL AIDE TO STOP HIM!

ALL I wanted to know, will see they never get here.

...AND THERE'S NOBODY WHO CAN STOP ME!

ABOUT ONE MINUTE MAKE HIM EAT THOSE WORDS, DOESN'T KNOW I'M ON TOP OF BALLOON.

GRR-RUNN!

SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE, UGLY.

TROUBLE, ALWAYS TROUBLE.

BAM!

PETEABLE GUY, BUT MAD NOW.

STANDOFF, GOT TO MAKE SPECIAL EFFORT.

THE ONE AT THE LEFT IS THE REAL FAT FURY! WE GOTTA HELP HIM!
DON'T WORRY, F.F....WE'RE ON YOUR SIDE!

OH?

WE'VE STRETCHED THAT ARM FAR ENOUGH. NOW...LET GO!

TCH, TCH...DOESN'T PAY TO LOSE YOUR HEAD. NOW...GOT TO ATTEND TO QUESTION MARK.

WON'T OPERATE THAT MACHINE IF I WERE YOU.

THE FAT FURY!...I'LL DISINTEGRATE YOU!

HATE BEING DISINTEGRATED.

WORK, WORK...ALWAYS WORK...

SQUISH!

HELP!

HELP!

HELP!
The Question Mark found out, soon enough...

But I'm an innocent man! After all, it was proved that the Fat Fury was behind all those crimes, right? You arrested him for them, didn't you?

Say, that's right... and he escaped! Maybe you got somethin' there... what have you got to say for yourself, Fat Fury?

But the Fat Fury didn't say, he just looked... at the Question Mark...

Well, who could take it? Could you?

I'll confess! I'm guilty of all those crimes... and I tried to frame the Fat Fury! Send me to jail for life... execute me... only take that face away! Nobody deserves punishment like that!

Back home...

Not forgetting what you did for me, thanks.

How about what you did for me? I've licked all the cats in the neighborhood...

Forget cats, mouse! Time you started in on tigers!

Why are you looking like that, Dad?

It... it's Herbie again... that little fat nothing of ours! He's worse off than I thought... now he's talking to mice!

The end!
Sometimes get to thinking how lucky "Herbie" readers are. Like this issue... get extra-special goodies like "Calling All Cars! Bring In Fat Fury!" Then come sugarplums like "Clear The Road For Skinny!" Yessir, envy you fans. Get the very best on shiny 12c platter. And if you don't appreciate all this good fortune, even get to be bopped with this here lollipop. All part of good fortune of "Herbie" fans. Doesn't stop there, either. By printing for newsstand about middle of June, fortunate readers can get hold of "Herbie" #19, August issue. Like striking gold by the ton. Issue features me in "Egyptian Conspiration". Story merely stupendous... invite you along on great trip back through time. Visit with Cleopatra herself. In person. Great adventure, 5,932,-483 laughs. Come back from this trip without busting, got something else for you. "Race Through Space". So thrilling, so funny there should be law against it and there probably is. Demand to know what you think of these yarns. Will run amok if no letter from you, so beware. Send yours to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

"Dear Herbie:" I was wondering how I could get back issues of "Herbie". I am willing to pay 25 to 50 million dollars for each one I've missed. I am also wondering what flavor lollipop you like. I will send you 1 million of your favorite. I think this is just about enough payment for your generosity in giving your faithful fans and readers your wonderful stories at only 12 cents. P.S.: I am a prisoner in a Chinese Fortune Cookie Factory and I wish you'd bop the foreman on the head with your lollipop.

—Tony O'Brien, 174 19th Avenue, San Francisco 21, California.

Listen, O'Brien... don't like cheap skates. Missed issues worth much more than 25 to 50 millions each, Piker. Million cases of favorite lollipop little bit better, but still on mixer side. About bopping foreman... calls for Special Purpose Lollipop... very special. No. 163418-A... For Bopping Fore-

men of Chinese Fortune Cookie Factories. Will do, but feel am much too good to you.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:" I just finished issue No. 9. It was great! I almost laughed my head off. Keep up the good comics! Your fan—

—Paul Huber, 17 Austin Street, Rochester, N.Y.

Issue No. 9, you say? No different from all others... all great. Demand laughs from all readers, Paul, but object to laughing head off. Would rather knock it off with this here magnificent lollipop.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:" I think your magazine is great! Issue No. 8 was one of the best. Every page was tops. I have every issue of 'Herbie' and I'm going to keep buying it until I run out of money! Your comic's the greatest one ever written—how about a big 'Herbie' annual?

—Peter Reiss, 271 Wheeler Avenue, Valley Stream, N.Y.

Valley Stream excellent community... raises very smart readers. Share your opinions, Peter, only more so. About big "Herbie" annual... not so sure. What I mean is... all that wealth between two covers. Might go to readers' heads, make them even softer than they are.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:" Love you! Hate Editors! Wrote to inform you that your issue No. 9 was great. Especially 'Only Robin Hood Can Help You, Herbie!' Only trouble is you really don't need his help, and I think it was a corny title. Was wondering how come government doesn't put your handsome face on a coin. Like you very much. I have a girl friend named Laura. Pretty good looking. Almost as good looking as you. Then there's a kid named Millette who says you're a skinny
jerk. Make sure you hop him with a straw-
berry lollipop. Your admirer—
—Bill Gobber, 5825 Albin Terrace,
Berkeley, Illinois."

Now come to case of Bill Gobber. Didn't
have to tell me issue No. 9 was great, Bill.
Knew it. About title being corny ... of
course title was corny. But what magnificent
corn. Wish to report that government now
considering issuing 12c coin bearing my face.
Only thing holding it up is weight of coin
that fat. About this kid named Millette ... 
refuse to hop him ... he bad sense enough
to foresee great story, "Clear The Road For
Skinny", in this issue. Anyway, would not
hop him with strawberry lollipop in any case.
Strawberry not coming through too well re-
cently. Contains ingredient which stops blood
... can't stand this.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

When I first saw your comic, it was love
at first sight! Beautiful! Magnificent! Even
good! I've read an awful lot of comics in
my life, but you take the cake—er, lollipop.
How do you get so fat? I've tried to be as
fat as you, but without success. The best
story you've ever featured in was 'Make
Way For The Fat Fury'. But as usual, we
always want more, so keep 'em comin'!
—Tom Stevens, 728 Hyman Avenue,
West Islip, L.I., New York."

Love at first sight very touching idea, Tom.
Compliment you on good taste. Born fat
and air on this planet agrees with me ... 
keeps making me fatter. But can't have too
much of good thing, always say.

* * *

"Shane O'Shea and Ogden Whitney, Dear
Sirs:-

I have read all of the 'Herbie' comics since
they were only specials. I would like to in-
form you that you are doing a great job
in both the plots, although archaic, and the
personification of various non-human beings
—that is, animals, etc. I find 'Herbie' to be
very relaxing after reading complex ma-
terial. Mr. Whitney should try to improve
the detail work somewhat, but at present his
art is singular in form and is identifiable.
Here are some ideas to ponder on: 'The Day
The Fat Little Nothing Was The Skinny
Little Nothing', in which Herbie, due to a
rare disease, becomes skinnier than a bean-
pole and loses all his power. (And his loll-
pops?) How about giving a story on how
Herbie was created and by whom? In con-
clusion, you should not give all the credits
to an ink drawing. In issue No. 12, Shane
O'Shea and Ogden Whitney were mentioned
only four (4) times. P.S.: If you like, I
could write up a script for the story idea
mentioned above. Sincerely, a devoted
'Herbie' fan—
—John Gut, 2338 West Walton Street,
Chicago, Illinois."

Very brave fan, this John Gut. Risking con-
tusions, fractures, bloodstream in letter like
this. Should know how I feel about letters
addressed to anyone but me, Herbie. For in-
stance, Editor now in splints and traction
because reader wrote to him. Got anything
against Shane O'Shea and Ogden Whitney,
John Gut? But will let them off the hook
this time and you too. You should have rea-
ized that when stories involve so much pure
fat; would be bound to come up with skinny
version before long. Which is why you'll
find "Clear The Road For Skinny" in this
issue—story which has been kicking around
in our files for long time. Too bad you didn't
submit idea earlier, when special "Herbie"
story contest from fans was in full swing.
At that time, might have been one of win-
ers. At any rate, this is reason why we can't
accept your idea for script, but congratula-
tions for seeing possibility, anyway. Last, this
business about "you should not give all the
credits to an ink drawing." Who's ink draw-
ing—me? Am real, but you're probably ink
drawing, see?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

I collect comics. Out of all my comics, I
like yours best. My sister likes your maga-
zine so much that she brings her friends
home to read every issue of it. But there's
one thing that puzzles me... why don't
your parents know that you're the 'Fat
Fury'?
—Don Ehrenhaft, 10808 S. Princess,
Chicago Ridge, Illinois."

Smart boy, Don Ehrenhaft. Knows comic to
like best. Smart girl, his sister. Were here
this second, would give each choice of any
lollipop — except hard-to-find cinnamon.
Now, about parents not knowing I'm really
"Fat Fury", good reason for this. If knew,
would be proud. So proud they'd probably
bust. So who wants busted parents?
Fat, Fat, Water Rat... That's you-know-who! But now you're in for the Earth's most stunning surprise! There's something new on the scene, something amazing. So get set... and

CLEAR the ROAD for SKINNY!

What happened to Herbie? Read this goofy story by Shane O'Shea... and dig the crazy Ogden Whitney pictures!

Dad's daydreaming... As if we didn't know it...

Ah-hhh! Who knows but maybe someday... my Herbie... Zzzzz Zzzzz.

SNORT... THAT does it! There's not going to be anymore fooling around... Herbie's got to reduce, to start with!

He'd heard that riding was good for it... so... Oof...
THEN CAME LIFTING WEIGHTS... OKAY... YOU CAN LET THEM DOWN NOW.

PUFF:

YOW-WWWW!

Net result: Herbie gained twelve pounds! There was only one thing to do... cut down on the intake...

3 peas and a glass of water... that should be plenty for you. After all, being hungry is just a state of mind!

WOE

After a few days of this diet...

YOU... YOU SAY IT'S ABOUT MY BOY HERBIE & I'M TO COME DOWN TO 124 ELM STREET RIGHT AWAY? ...GULP!

124 ELM STREET...

W-WHAT HAPPENED?

He comes into my restaurant, asks for the menu, looks it over and says "I'LL HAVE IT ALL!"

AND SO... DOCTOR'S OFFICE...

With all that weight, there's got to be something wrong with him, Doc.

I'll have my diagnosis soon, now let's weigh him.

OOF!
MY DIAGNOSIS IS A CLEAR CASE OF ALEGAZOO BIMBLEITIS... WITH DEFINITE COMPLICATIONS OF ALSATIAN RAZZMETALZ. THERE IS JUST A TRACE OF BACTERIAL HUNKUS ON THE BLUNKUS...

ULP!!

C-CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT ALL THAT M-MEANS, IN PLAIN ENGLISH?

HE'S FAT LIKE A SLOB!

DAD RETURNED HOME DEPRESSED... ABOUT HERBIE, ABOUT LIFE, ABOUT EVERYTHING...

NOTHING GOES RIGHT FOR ME, MOM... YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE I'M JUST A FAILURE, THAT'S WHY. NEVER SUCCEEDED IN BUSINESS... NEVER WON ANY RECOGNITION...

TCH, TCH. HE'S IN BAD WAY. GOT TO HELP HIM, MAKE HIM THINK HE'S SUCCESS...

HUH?

WHY, THAT'S A LETTER FROM HERBIE. HE ALWAYS SENDS IT HAREMAIL!

HMMM... WANTS US TO APPOINT HIS DAD AS AN AMBASSADOR? THAT'S A PRETTY TALL ORDER, PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

NONSENSE. VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY... LOOK WHAT HERBIE'S DONE FOR THIS COUNTRY! IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO.

AND SO...

WHAT'S ALL THIS BUSINESS ABOUT BRINGING ME DOWN TO WASHINGTON, ANYWAY? WHAT'S ALL THE BIG SECRET?

PATIENT. YOU'LL SEE.

YOU'RE EXPECTED, HERBIE... THE PRESIDENT'S WAITING FOR YOU! UH... MAY WE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

HUH?

DIDN'T WANT THIS TO HAPPEN, GOLDURN IT! HE COULD FIND OUT ABOUT ME THIS WAY.

ER... BETTER IF I GO IN FIRST, DAD. YOU CAN FOLLOW LITTLE LATER.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
He didn't know that Dad was following at his heels...

Herbie! Long time no see! Governor Rockefeller.

Monsieur Herbie! I bow to you... all France bows to you!

Hello, De Gaulle... yoiks! I must be dreaming.

Herbie Popnecker! What a great day for England when I return and tell my people that I met you!

Nice running into you, Queen Elizabeth.

I'm C-crazy, that's what!

Wait! What do you say we make him Ambassador to Mongadanga?

Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho! Haw-haw!

...and as Ambassador to Mongadanga, your first big job will be to bring an end to the war between the two factions there... the Hissians and the Pigurtles.

Yessir, Mr. President. Yessir!
I needed a great honor. A great recognition like this, by George, can you imagine? I was in such a bad way that I even thought I saw the greatest people in the world making a fuss over Herbie! Heh-heh... I was dreaming, of course.

Yessir, Herbie. When we get there, they'll probably give me dinners, balls, receptions wherever I go... I'm glad I brought my press clothes with me.

Pilot to Popnecker! We are over Hongadingia. Stand by!

What the...!

I can't understand this! But anyway, now you can see why I brought you along, Herbie. Great method of losing weight!

Better look at map again... find way to city of Missians. Wonder what they're like?....

Well... they soon found out...

SS-STOP! Whom did you want to SSS-SEE?

G-Gulp! Take us to your leader.

Missian City

...and as Ambassador, I'd like you to end the B-Big War with the PIGURTLES, your Worship, huh? Please?

Never... we can't SSS-STAND them! Hoss... SSS-abilities will go on, get it, Jerk? And you better SSS-SCRAM outta here, SSS-SEE?
YES...SURE... I'LL G-GO... TEACH YOU TALK TO MY DAD LIKE THAT TAKE THIS. CRUNCH!

GO NOW... YIPE. SS-SMASH MY SS-SILK HAT. WILL YOU? TAKE THAT!

NOT SNAKE HISsing ME.

FEEL FUNNY LIKE CHANGING.

SSS-SSSSSS

CHANGED.

NOW WHAT? ALL FINE FAT GONE...

PICTURE OF MY SWEETIE... FRANK SINATRA.

PICTURE OF MY SWEETIE... ROCK HUDSON.

HERBIE POPNECKER!

KNOW ME. MAYBE HELP ME.

ISN'T HE DREAMY?

OH-HHHH!
LOOK, GIRLS! YEEECH! UGLY! UGLY!

ANY OF YOU FELLAS SEEN OUR PAL HERBIE LATELY?
HERBIE? YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT THE BEST... THE FATTEST!
OLD FRIENDS, SURE TO COME TO MY HELP.

FELLA'S! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME? I'M HERBIE! HERBIE POPNECKER!
HUH? THE NERVE OF HIM... POSIN' AS OUR PLUMP AND PERFECT PAL!
HERBIE, HE SEZ! WE'LL TEACH HIM THE IMPOSTOR!

YESSIR, WE'LL GIVE HIM A REAL LESSON!
UP HE GOES...

BLUB.

SIGH...

SPLUSH!
FLOWER, PRETTY.

OOF! LEGGO, JERK...

I SAID LEGGO!

GOTTA GET BACK FAT... BE OLD HERBIE... BUT HOW? ANYWAY... I D'LL LIKE ME LIKE THIS...

BUT AT THE MOMENT, DAD WAS APPROACHING HIS OWN PROBLEMS...

SO THOSE ARE PIGURTLES! I MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

PIGURTLE CITY

WHY DON'T YOU GET SMART, PIGURTLE PRESIDENT? CALL OFF YOUR WAR WITH THE HISSIANS, HUH?

NEVER! MATTER OF FACT, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A BIG BATTLE AND FIGHT IT OUT THIS AFTERNOON!

WHAT? YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'VE COME TO STOP THIS WAR AND PINCUS POPNECKER, A VERY IMPORTANT MAN AND WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

GR...RRRR...
He bit me... I feel funny! What's happening to me?

That strange puffy sensation... whatever can it be?

Yee-owww!

Snap!

Eeebe-eep! C-can that mirror be telling the truth?

Oh-hhhh

Oh- hhmm

Oh- hhmm

My father... fat!

My son... skinny!

You... you know how I got this way? Bitten by a pigurtle. That's how!

If that's way it's done, I'll get bitten by one faster the quicker.
Get bitten by a pigturtle! But when Herbie tried, it wasn't so easy...

And then... Herbie got an idea...

This doesn't do it, nothing will.

SSS-SSSS. Come to SS-seize your SS-sity...

Yipe!

Good. Got two bites.

Ah...

Ah-hh...

Fine fat fella again. Handsome.

Now have to break up war. Not much time... Dad told me battle ready to start.
There they come. I think I'll visit the local rain god. Ought to be glad to help stop fighting.

Refuse—um, have anything to do with it. Let 'em fight... who cares?

I care. If I won't do anything, have to take matters in own hands.

Rain cloud... right over Hissians. Open it up.

There they go... retreating. Pigturtles think they'll pursue and mop up. Have to change their minds about that.

Nyah. You're all wet, rain god.

Oh, yeah? Me put tum you in place, but good!

Lightning bolts missing me...

...but hitting pigturtles!

Wham!
AND SO THE HISSIANS AND THE PIGS-TURTLES MET TO SIGN A PEACE TREATY... I'VE GOTTEN THEM TO SIGN PEACE. NOW IF I COULD ONLY GET BACK TO WHAT I WAS... WITHOUT ALL THIS FAT...

OH-HH... THESE NEW TEETH OF MINE ARE SS-SLAVING ME!

THERE... I'VE TAKEN THEM OUT. NOW I CAN SS-SIGN IN COMFORT.

I'M TIRED OF LUGGING ALL THIS FAT AROUND... THINK I'LL SIT DOWN.

YEE-OWWNNCH!

WELL... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WHEN YOU'RE BITTEN BY A HISSIAN...

BY GEORGE... SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME!

I'M FEELING THINNER!

555-5555

GOOD. BOTH BACK TO NORMAL.

BACK TO AMERICA! BUT DAD, WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY, WAS BLUE...

BY GEORGE, I'M A BUSINESSMAN AT HEART AND I WANT TO BE A SUCCESS IN BUSINESS! THIS AMBASSADOR'S LIFE IS TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

HERE IT IS... HERBIE'S GREAT IDEA:

PINCUS PONNECKER'S BEAUTY SALON
"Be the Woman of Your Dreams"
And now... as we approach the happy ending...

You should be happy now, dad. You're a big success in business... you've got everything you want...

Yes... except for one thing!

ZZZZ... ZZZZ... ZZZZ...

Snort!

If only that son of ours amounted to something!