MAKE WAY FOR the FAT FURY...

HERBIE

SPECIAL LAFFY-DAFFY ISSUE!

EGYPTIAN CONNIPTION!

RACE THROUGH SPACE!
Ever long to adventure into the distant and dangerous reaches of the solar system, reader? Do you dream of rushing recklessly into risky regions? This one's for you, then, together with a million laughs! So climb aboard, all of you amateur astronauts! You're going along with the one-and-only—

Herbie in "Race through SPACE!"

Story: The Stupendous O'Shea
Art: The Miraculous Whitney

On a hot day, what do you do? Go swimming, of course...

WHEW! How hot do you figure it is?

PUH-LENTY! It'd have to be, to bring that out!

What is it, anyway?

Herbie Popnecker, what else?

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L-LOOK! IT'S ALL DRIED UP!
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW? THERE'S NO OTHER PLACE TO SWIM!
AW, GOLLY...

HI, DAD, SPARE A LITTLE CASH FOR WORTHY CAUSE?
WHY SURE, ABOUT HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED?

ALREADY PRICED IT... GOT ESTIMATE, $50,000!
YOWP! FOR THAT, I'D HAVE TO FIND A GOLD MINE... OR WIN A CONTEST!

ELEPHANTS AND HERBIES NEVER FORGET/50...
WHEN THIS AD APPEARED...

ENTER THE BIG SPACE RACE TO THE PLANET GIMPFLHEIMER! $100,000 TO WINNER!
Apply CHAUNCEY GOTGELT

$100,000... IF DAD WON, WOULD MEAN $50,000 FOR HIM, $50,000 FOR SWIMMING POOL. BUT GO TO SELL HIM THE IDEA FIRST...

ME... ENTER A SPACE RACE? YOU CRAZY OR SOMETHING?...
JUST THE MAN FOR IT. SPACE RACE CALLS FOR REAL ADVENTUROUS TYPE... HERO NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING. YOU.

WHAT DID WRIGHT BROTHERS HAVE? COURAGE. WHAT DID LINDY HAVE? GUTS. WHAT DID ASTRONAUTS HAVE? MOXIE. AND WHO WERE ANY OF THEM ALONGSIDE OF PINCUS POPNECKER?

YES... YES... YOU'RE RIGHT, BY GEORGE!
SOMEDAY, KIDS WILL READ ABOUT YOU, GREATEST OF ALL STATUES OF YOU EVERYWHERE... MEDAL FROM PRESIDENT...

YOU'VE SOLD ME! I'LL BE GLAD TO ENTER THE SPACE RACE... BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A ROCKET!

NO PROBLEM. PROFESSOR FLIPDOME NEXT DOOR GOOD FRIEND OF MINE. BE HAPPY TO BUILD FINE ROCKET FOR YOU.

TELL HIM TO GET ON IT RIGHT AWAY!

NOW WHAT? ONLY ONE THING TO DO... BUILD ROCKET MYSELF.

GONE TO WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON, BACK NEXT MOUR.

NEVER BUILT ROCKET BEFORE, FIRST TIME.

FINALLY...

VERY FINE ROCKET. PROUD OF IT.

PLANET GIMPELHEIMER... RACE AGAIN OR BUST

HOLD ON. WHAT'S GOING TO MAKE IT FLY? HMMM...

IT TOOK THOUGHT... AND MORE WORK...

TREADMILL... VERY SIMPLE, ALL YOU FELLAS HAVE TO DO IS WALK ON IT.

OKAY, BUT ONLY BECAUSE WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, HERBIE.

BELIEVE ME. IF IT WAS ANYONE ELSE, WE WOULDN'T DO IT!

ENGINE ROOM.
There were other friends to contact...

Only have to sit in rocket. Very comfortable. Just waggle wings a little.

Okay, but only because you're our pal!

On the morning of the day of the race, they went down to sign in...

I'm Chauncey Goltzelt, promoter of the event. Glad you're entering the race because so far, there's only one other contestant. Black Bumby here! Guess that's because of the deadly risks involved.

Deadly risks? All of a sudden, my hand feels weak... I don't know if I can sign up after all!

Don't worry, Dad. Help you sign.

Good, you're entered in the race, Popnecker... You can't back out now!

Arminus Popnecker

But before we go any further, I'd like you to meet my fiancée, Lizzie Gimpfleimer. It's in her honor that I've organized the big race to the planet that just happens to bear her name!

Gulp! Your fiancée?

What a lovely little boy. What would you say if I asked you for a kiss?

Ugh!

Hmph!... Better proceed with the rules, Chauncey.

(1) Contestants are to blast off at noon. (2) They are to reach the planet Gimpfleimer and claim it in the name of my lovely fiancée. (3) They are then to return with evidence of having reached the goal. (4) In event of tie winner of the $10,000 grand prize to be chosen by my lovely fiancée.
Huh -- you call THAT a rocket? Wait till you see mine!

All right, Herbie... Suppose you show me the rocket that Professor Flipdom built for us to use in the big race. Remember, I haven't seen it yet.

Uh... didn't exactly build one for us... but no matter. Got fine rocket... right over there.

Come on in... sure you're gonna like it.

Groan!: There's only one comfort... it'll never leave the ground!

Promptly at noon... there goes Black Bumby. Guess better get with it.

Okay, fellas. Time to wake up.

Something...?
NICE GOING.

SOMETHING YOU WANTED, HERBIE?

TIME TO GET TO WORK, BOYS.

POWER COMPARTMENT

R-RUMBLE!

UP SHE GOES.

FLAP! FLAP!

FLAP!

FLOOR!

W-WHERE AM I...?

YIPE! H-HELP!

PERFECTLY SAFE, NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING OUTER SPACE

OH NO! LOOK WHAT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!
GOT A RESERVATION IN HEAVEN? SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE GOING TO NEED ONE!

OH-HHHH!

NOW LET'S LOOK IN ON BLACK BUMBY...

HA-HA... IT'S IN THE BAG! NO COMPETITION... THE IDIOT WHO ENTERED THAT BROKEN-DOWN CRATE MUST BE WRECKED LONG AGO!

CONFOUND IT, I'LL FIX THEM! OPEN FIRE WITH THE SPACE-SHELLS!

YOWP! TAKE COVER!
TAKE THAT. THAT. THAT. BAM!

BEG TO REPORT ENEMY ROCKET STILL INTACT!

I'LL SHOW 'EM! TURN LOOSE THE SPACE RAYS!

SQUAWK!

EESST!

SQUAWK!

SQUAWK!

SQUAWK!

TCH, TCH.

EEEE--EEEE--EEEE
GOT BOYS IN ENGINE ROOM BACK ON JOBS. NOW FOR YOU.

EVERYTHING IN ORDER, DAD. ON OUR WAY AGAIN.

THINK THIS MIGHT BE IT. STAND BY TO LAND.

LOOK... BLACK BUMBY. GOT HERE FIRST, BUT RACE ISN'T OVER TILL END.

AND I CLAIM THIS PLANET IN THE NAME OF LIZZIE GIMPFLHEIMER!
Then... all of a sudden...
Claiming our planet, huh? You looking for trouble, Jack?

Ulp!

Don't worry, Herbie, these are women... lovely women... and I'm at my best here, just watch me operate!

Come here to me, baby, yes sir, you're my type! Ooze lil whoozis is oo, honey pie?

Don't look now... but honey pie's mad!

Uh... if you don't mind...

Mmmm, mmmm! Sigh... kiss me, my big, strong man!

No kiss, my dad... don't like folks getting rough with him.

But they were prisoners now... being marched towards the king's castle...

Did... did you see how scared she was of me? Knew she didn't stand a chance starting up with Pincus Popnecker!
THE KING WAS A RATHER STRANGE KING...

YOU'RE CHARGED WITH TRYING TO TAKE MY PLANET FROM UNDER MY NOSE. HOW DO YOU PLEAD... GUILTY OR EVEN GUILTIER?

PELAD INNOCENT. DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR PLANET.

FOR DARING TO PLEAD INNOCENT, I SENTENCE YOU BOTH TO IMMEDIATE EXECUTION! HEH-HEH... I GET TO DO ALL THE EXECUTIONS AROUND HERE!

FIRST I'M ENTITLED TO A PRACTICE SWING, ACCORDING TO THE RULES!

SWISH!

OH-HHHH!

ENOUGH OF THIS.

UNFAIR, UNFAIR! RULE BOOK SAYS PRISONERS AREN'T ALLOWED TO WALK IN THE AIR!

WALK-SCHMANK.

::PUFF::
BLASTOFF!

YIPE! LEMME OUT!

OH... URG...

BLK... DUNNO...

SORRY, KING... TOO LATE, WHO INVITED YOU ANYWAY?

BLACK BUMBY'S ROCKET, AHEAD OF US... BETTER CROWD ON SPEED.

FASTER: FASTER.

TOO SLOW. MORE SPEED.

PUFF

IM A POOPED PIG!

NO USE FELLAS. WE CAN'T... PUFF: LIFT ANOTHER WING...

OH-HHHH...

PANT PANT
As usual... it was up to Herbie...

I can't look out... space s-scares me! --- HERBIE --- Where have you gone to? Hiding, I guess, because he's even more scared than I am!

The two rockets touched down in a tie... back on Earth. Good feeling.

They reported to Mr. Gotgelt immediately...

Here's the evidence that I followed all the rules. A picture of the planet Gimpflheimer. A picture of me claiming it for your lovely fiancée. Pictures of the planet's flora and fauna, because you wanted something brought back from the planet to prove we were there!

Fine, fine! How about you? What evidence did you bring back?

Er... I forgot to take p-pictures. I'm afraid I didn't bring back anything!

Excuse me...

Forgetting, brought back this...

HMMMMM... HMMMMM...

You honeypie, sweetums!

How about the prize money? I still insist I won!
Wait a second. The rules say that in the event of a tie, I'm to decide on the winner—and it was a tie! I decide in favor of the Popnecker entry... because they brought me my sugar-plum here!

.98-.99... $100,000! Yessir, it's all here, and I won it!

And look what I won! Oh, well. Guess there's got to be one loser... and I'm it!

My share, $50,000 for swimming pool.

Huh? Why should I give you $50,000? It's not as if you did anything for it. It was my great courage, my valor, my heroism that won through. You just went along for the ride, that's all!

Okay, if you say so. Uh... mom might like to know how bravely you made love to girl who was leader of king's guard. Took real grit.

Gulp! You—you must have heard me wrong. Herbie, heh-heh... I meant to say I'd give you $60,000 for that pool, instead of just so!

Well... you can sure get a lot of swimming pool for $60,000...

Whee! Eeee! Is this ever fun!

Know something? I think Herbie has the best time of all of us...

He's learning how to float... and he's doing it his way!
Memo from Ye Editor!

If you think this issue’s a side-splitter—and you’d better if you value your teeth—just wait until you see our next! It features the one-and-only “Fat Fury” (thank Heavens) in “Pass A Piece Of Pizza, Please!” The greatest, got to admit it. And there’s another fat frolic, too—Herbie, in “Adventure At The Center Of The Earth”. All complete, crazy and comic in “Herbie” No. 20, September, due on the newsstands about the middle of July. Write and tell our overweight pop-muncher what you think of it, huh? Address your letter to “Herbie”, 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

“Dear Herbie:—

I think you put out some of the funniest comics that I have ever read. But the parts I love best are where somebody looks real close at you and faints... that’s when I bust out laughing. Hey! I just remembered that the next issue of “Herbie” is due on the newstands, so goodbye for now!

—Ricky Myrick, 104 S. Michigan, Ocala, Fla.”

You just think my comics funny—I know. What’s business about folks looking close at me, fainting? Only faint because handsome. Might just pop down to Ocala, Florida, turn this here lollipop loose.

“Dear Herbie:—

Have enjoyed your cool magazines since they came out. Got (number beyond counting) laughs from each issue. Since I joined the Navy, it is hard for me to find copies of each issue, so I have decided to go to the source and get them direct by way of a subscription to your mag. Here is my hard-earned money, $1.44 of it, so hurry and send my mags before I volunteer to be bopped. At the moment, I only have enough for a one-year subscription, but I’ll slave and work hard to get money to extend it as soon as possible. Thanks for tons of enjoyment!


Fellas in service my pals. Not only see that you get your comics fast, but are ready for personal favors. Like plopping over to Viet Nam, turning loose this here lollipop. Bop. Bop. Bam.

“Dear Lovely, Adorable, Fat Herbie:—

I am (please forgive me) a horrid, skinny English lish thorn (the rose wilted) who adores your stories. I have been faithful since I first saw you. Love ya always! One problem. Out here, “Herbie” comics are scarce. Many days I tramp for miles searching for your welcoming face. Often I miss your lovely stories. Wait—don’t bop me. Not my fault. I do try. Save me from a fate worse than death—a missed issue! Miserable for months! Please come up with a travel pop and come to see me. I’ll have a whole factory full of lovely English lollipops for you. I understand they come in excellent flavors, P.S.: My mum and dad love you too, but my boy friend was dodgy. I fixed him good—I bopped him, and he loves you now!

—Marilyn Mills, 17 Bush Court, Prior’s Road, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England.”

Horrid, skinny English thorn. Ugh. But sorry for you, Marilyn. No beautiful, lovely fat. About missing issues... have already taken up matter with Queen Elizabeth. Glad to report prospects for increase in number of “Herbie” comics sent to England very good. Queen has offered entire British treasury to bring this about. So be of good heart. Fat heart.

“Dear Editor:—

As I wrote you after winning the prize in the “Herbie” contest, I went to the New York Comics Convention. I held a costume party there, with the people dressed as all the different heroes in comics. Inasmuch as I didn’t want to be dressed as everyone else was, I came in the most unusual costume of all—the Fat Fury!” I finally developed the film taken of me in the costume and had a copy made for you to see. The picture is in black and white, so it detracts from the original, which is in full color, and does look like the real fatty costume. My stomach is slightly out of place in this photo, but I think you can still tell something about it.

—Marvin Wolfman, 143-18 59th Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11355.”
Please, please, Marvin, don't ever repeat this practically fatal mistake of addressing a letter to me. Who am I but the loyal editor? It's Herbie's magazine, remember, and whenever I receive mail that he feels should be his, he bops me high, wide and unilateral. I bleed so much! But notwithstanding, you sure looked great in that "Fat Fury" rig. So great that Herbie was a bit jealous, but don't let that worry you. I'll gladly visit you in whatever hospital you name!

• • •

"Dear Herbie:"

I think your comic is great! One day, my friend told me about you, and I bought No. 3 and went hysterical! The wonderful stories were 'Good Old Peepwhistle' and 'George Washington's Teeth'. Glad you hopped 'Nellie No-Date'—worst comic I ever read! I can see why she has no dates. By the way, my sister is crazy about you and can't wait to read your comics. Why don't you hop the Editor for not putting your comic book out once a month? Bop him with the hard-to-get cinnamon! Like I said, your comic is great. Keep it up, and don't reduce!

—Ivan Hodes, 759 Orange St., New Haven, Connecticut.

Of course comic is great, so why shouldn't you throw hysteries? Stories you mention not really wonderful, though... just stupendous is all. Thanks for great suggestion about hopping Editor... will follow promptly. Just love to hear that man scream. Of course won't reduce... can't be too much of good thing.

• • •

"Greatest Herbie:"

I have a question. Are you larger from front to back or from top to toe? P.S.: I am your loyalest fan, so please don't bop me with this here lollipop! Meekly—


Insulting question, so am now on way to Montgomery, Alabama with blood boiling and pops stripped for action. Am much larger from front to back, as any respectable, thinking person would know. All I'm saying is just look out, Rodney.

• • •

"Dear Herbie:"

I protest. In 'Herbie' No. 8, you show what would have happened if the British had won the Revolution. What if we had? A big country like America would have gotten its independence years ago anyway. Tell me, do you really think that the British talk, dress and act like that British guest at the Popnecker house? Even the titled British don't dress like him. Incidentally, your comic is great and so are you, Herbie. I think you deserve all the lollipops you can lay your fat little hands on!

—Alan Patterson, 19 Clydach Street, Grangetown, Cardiff, S. Wales, Britain.

Of course British talk, dress and act exactly like my magazine showed. Don't think I'd exaggerate, do you? Better be careful, Alan. Besides lollipops, just might lay fat little hands on you!

• • •

"Hi, Herbie!"

I just finished one of your comics and it was 'fab'! Fat man, you got what it takes. You should try a satire on Viet Nam—I know servicemen over here would appreciate a little fun poked at the Viet Cong. But make sure you don't drop any lollipops over there—the V.C. have enough weapons as it is! How about a year's subscription to your comic? I'm at sea most of the time, so I miss an issue once in awhile. It's worse than being shot! I'd gladly pay all postage plus the 15¢ for each issue of this great-type funny book. Thanks, Herbie—see ya in the next issue!


Think my mag is "fab", eh? Suggests slogan... "Slow the gab and grab a fab—HERBIE"! Sure I got what it takes—fat, plenty of it. Give my regards to Uncle Sam's fighting men, Chuck. With me on their side, how can they go wrong?

• • •

"Dear Herbie:"

I love your comics and have read Nos. 8 to 15. Enclosed please find one (1) orange lollipop. Any readers with extra copies of issues 1 to 7 please, please write me because I am willing to pay 25¢ each for them. P.S.: Why not put a 'Herbie' show on TV?

—Scott Allen, 14 Winter Street, Malden, Mass. 02146.

Sorry for you, Scot. You're in real trouble. "Enclosed please find one (1) orange lollipop. Inside not one lollipop any flavor? Call this base treachery deserving fractures, contusions, lacerations. Will let it pass, however, because must be some good in you. After all, you like my comics, so can't be all bad. Lastly, agree with you on TV show idea. Might be saving of world."
Orders from the Fat Fury... love this story or lose your life! No ifs, buts or maybe... go crazy about it or get bopped with this here lollipop. Meanwhile, hold on tight, because you're going along on a crazy, cool adventure into Laffland. All aboard with...

Herbie in "Egyptian Connipition!"

Story: Shane (Frankenstein) O'Shea
Art: Ogden (Dracula) Whitney

When mom's away in a distant city, what does dad do? That's right... he goes to see 'Cleopatra'...

Ah-hhhhh... that Elizabeth Taylor...

Like I said... ah-hhhhh...
AND THAT NIGHT...

MAMAMAMA MIA!

AND NEXT MORNING...

IF SHE ONLY KNEW HOW AVERAGE I AM SHE'D FLIP FOR ME. HMM... IT SAYS SHE'S GOING TO MAKE HER PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT THE BIJOU TONIGHT...

DAILY WAHOO
ELIZABETH TAYLOR HAVING PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR
SAYS SHE'S TIRED OF GLAMOUR CLAIMS AVERAGE MAN MORE ON BALL.

THE ONLY WAY TO GET TO KNOW A STAR LIKE THAT IS TO PLAY HARD TO GET! WHY CALL ON HER WHEN I CAN GET HER TO CALL ON ME? OH, HERBIE!

I WANT YOU TO GO VISIT CLEOPATRA... YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS! TELL HER TO CALL ON ME AND MAKE IT FAST, BECAUSE IT'S IMPORTANT!

TELL HER CALL ON YOU FAST, IMPORTANT.

CAN'T FIGURE HOW HE FOUND OUT I HAD POWER TO GO INTO OTHER AGES. SOMEBODY TELL HIM ABOUT MY TIME LOLLIPOPS?

MUST HAVE FOUND OUT, WOULDN'T HAVE ASKED ME TO CONTACT HER IF HE DIDN'T KNOW...

...I COULD GO BACK IN TIME.

YOU GONEN YET HERBIE? DON'T FORGET THAT YOU'RE NOT TO DARE COME BACK WITHOUT HER, SEE?
SO BACK, BACK THROUGH TIME WENT HERBIE POPNECKER...

ANCIENT EGYPT.

W H A M!

TOMB. INTERESTING.

SLOWPOKE!

WANT I SHOULD BOP YOU WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP.
Huh? Don't need you shadowing me.

KER-POW!

SWISH!
Ya get all kinds these days. Such legs I wouldn't bite if ya paid me.

Tell me how beautiful I am, Caesar!

I'm gorgeous, huh, Marc Antony? So what's the matter you can't say so?

To Cleopatra's castle

Uh... you do love us, don't you?

Do I love you? Why... Why...

Come to think of it, I don't!

Lover-rrrr! Come to Cleopatra!

Mmm, mmmmm... doopsie-woopsy!

Want to get one thing straight. You're Cleopatra?
WONDER IF ELIZABETH TAYLOR KNOWS FACTS?
HOW WILL WE EVER GET EGYPT AWAY FROM HER WHILE HE'S AROUND?
WE FIX IT SO HE WON'T BE AROUND, JERK!
SO... THAT NIGHT...
GETTING ARRESTED BACK IN THOSE DAYS WAS DIFFERENT. YOU WERE AS LIKELY TO WIND UP IN THE ARENA -- WHICH IS WHAT HERBIE DID -- YOU AINT SEEN NOTHIN' YET, BOY! RELEASE THE LION!

WE MADE IT TO THE ARENA. HERBIE PONNECKER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
LOOKA HERBIE. HAW-HAW-HAW!

MEAT. FAT MEAT. BOYOBOY!
I BEEN BOPPED! GULP! ... RELEASE THE TIGER!
AH-HHH! ALLA THAT SUBT!
BOPPED. SO HELP ME! HUH? RELEASE THE RHINO. GOLDURN IT!

PLUMP LUMP A LA EGYPTIAN! MMM-MMMM!
LOLLI-BOPPED! OH-HHH! SEND IN THE WHOLE FIRST TEAM!
GOT IT STRAIGHT. FELLAS?
GOT IT!
WHERE IS THAT HERBIE?
LET US AT HIM!

GULP!
THEY WENT THATWAY!

THE JIG'S UP
UNLESS WE CAN GET RID OF THAT PLUMP LUMP! WE'LL DECLARE WAR ON HIM!

WHERE IS THAT HERBIE?
LET US AT HIM!

CHARGE!

AND THUS BUSTED OUT THE GREAT, HISTORIC ROMAN-HERBIE WAR! IF YOU DIDN'T LEARN ABOUT IT AT SCHOOL, YOU SHOULD HAVE... BUT HERE ARE THE FACTS...

DOWN WITH THE DREAD HERBIE!

BUT... BECAUSE ELEPHANTS ARE VERY SMART... URK!
THAT'S HERBIE POPNECKER!

SCREE-EECH!
GANGWAY!

BUT NOW THE HORSE TROOPS MOVED INTO BATTLE...

LET'S GET WITH IT, FELLAS!

WE'LL SHOW THE PLUMP LUMP!

HERE THEY COME... GOT GREAT COMBINATION HERE... CROSSBOWS FIRING SPECIAL BOPPING LOLLIPOPS.

TWANG!  TWANG!

OUR LEADERS ARE DOWNED! RUN!

Enough of this dilly-dallying, Dad wanted Cleopatra fast... so...
Uh... How much you say you weighed...?

Just 423 pounds. Anemic, you know...

Why... Why did we have to come here, Sweetle-Beetle?

Grandfather clock's here... Use it to get back through time. Don't worry... Nothing around to be scared of.

Oh, no?

Creak!

B-but I'm scared anyway.

So I'll walk in back of you.

Bam!

Swish!
TOOK ENOUGH.
THIS GOING TO HURT YOU MORE THAN IT HURTS ME.

GULP! YOU... YOU WOULDN'T HIT YOUR OWN MUMMY WOULD YOU?

IT... IT WAS A BIG TRAILER TRUCK, WHAT ELSE? WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE RED LIGHT...

MY DAD'S WAITING TO SEE YOU.

GOODY... HE WANTS ME TO MEET HIS FOLKS! THAT'S AS GOOD AS A PROPOSAL!

BACK THROUGH TIME... AND INTO THE 20TH CENTURY...

IS THIS YOUR CASTLE--?

I LIKE IT! I LIKE IT!

THAT YOU, HERBIE? DID... DID YOU BRING HER?

I... I'M SO EXCITED I CAN HARDLY T-TALK! JUST IMAGINE... ELIZABETH TAYLOR... HERE!

URP!: OH, PRETTY MAN, BEAUTIFUL MAN!
OOZE TWEETY-PIE IS GO?

Y!! DID WHAT HE WANTED, BUT CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HE SEES IN HER.

WELL, WITH MOM STILL AWAY, CLEO TOOK OVER---LOCK, STOCK AND BAGEL! DOWN AT THE OFFICE---

DANCE OF LOVE... JUST FOR YOU!

GULP! I-LOVE. DID YOU SAY...?

OH-HHH!

LET'S GO, METS! THAT PITCHER STINKS LIKE THE SPHINX!

GROAN...

IN THE SUBWAY...

AT THE BALL GAME...

SHE EVEN TOOK A HAND IN PICKING HIS CLOTHES---

NOBODY KNOWS HOW THINGS MIGHT HAVE TURNED OUT IF HERBIE HADN'T BEEN TESTING OUT A NEW SUPER-LOLLIPOP...

SALESMAN SAYS IT HAS SPECIAL SUPER-POWER. MAKES YOU DREAM TRUE.

SO I'LL TRY IT OUT.
I'M FLYING HOME EARLIER 
TO SURPRISE DAD. I JUST 
CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HOW HE'S 
GOTTEN ALONG WITHOUT 
ME!

IF MOM EVER CAME HOME 
AND FOUND THAT AWFUL 
FEMALE HERE, SHE'D KILL 
ME! AND I CAN'T GET RID OF 
CLEOPATRA! TO THINK IT ALL 
STARTED JUST BECAUSE I 
THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE FUN 
TO HAVE ELIZABETH TAYLOR CALL ON ME...

SO THAT'S IT... HE WANTED 
ELIZABETH TAYLOR WHEN 
HE SAID CLEOPATRA... NOT 
THE REAL CLEOPATRA... 

WHEREVER YOU GO... I GO, 
LOVER!

SO HERBIE TRIED A PLAN...
DUMMY OF DAD... HARD 
TO TELL DIFFERENCE. 
TIME LOLLIPOP IN MOUTH, 
ALL SET FOR ANCIENT EGYPT, 
SHE'S BOUND TO SPOT IT... 
NEVER SLEEPS...

WHOOOSH!

DAD, DARLING... 
I'M BACK! HOW 
WERE THINGS 
WHILE I WAS GONE?

DULL, MOM, UH... 
NOTHING 
EVER HAPPENS 
AROUND HERE, 
YOU KNOW... 
HEH-HEH...

AND WITH YOU, HERBIE...?

CRAZY QUESTION. 
AFTER ALL, 
NOTHING EVER 
HAPPENS TO ME!

THANK GOSH I SAW 
CLEOPATRA FLYING 
OUT THE WINDOW... 
JUST IN TIME!

END!