LIKE YOUR STORIES SHUDDERY-BLODDERY? HERE'S A TERROR TALE SHIVERRY-QUIVERY SPECIAL DELIVERY! BUT IF YOU DON'T LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF, HERBIE WILL KNOCK IT OFF, SO BETTER BE CAREFUL. MAKE THOSE GIGGLES LOUD AS YOU READ...

The FAT FURY in "PASS A PIECE OF PIZZA, PLEASE!"

STORY: MASTERPIECE by SHANE O'SHEA!
ART: STROKE OF GENIUS by OGDEN WHITNEY!

HERE'S FLAMING ACTION... HERBIE POPNECKER AT HIS FLAMINGEST! IF YOU DON'T THINK HE'S A POWERHOUSE, JUST WATCH THERE! HE TURNED OVER!

SOMETHING--?

CONFUIND IT! IN THIS DAY WITH MAN REACHING FOR THE MOON AND STARS... WITH ACTION THE BYWORD... WHAT DO YOU DO?

No. 20, September, 1966.
SLEEP... SLEEP VERY HARD...

SLEEP! MUST YOU BE THE WAY YOU ARE? HERBIE, YOU CAN ACHIEVE HIGHER THINGS! YOU CAN PULL YOURSELF UP BY YOUR OWN BOOTSTRAPS, REALLY GET PLACES ABOVE THE OTHERS!

NOW GO OUT AND DO LIKE I SAY, GO! GO!

SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT HE'S MY DAD. IF HE WANTS ME TO TRY IT, SO OKAY, I'LL TRY.

PULL MYSELF UP BY BOOTSTRAPS, HE SAYS. DON'T KNOW WHAT BOOTSTRAPS ARE, SO I'LL TRY SHOELACES... PULL MYSELF UP BY THOSE, MAYBE. UGH... UGH!

OOF...

URP! I HELP ME... GONNA STICK TO SELTZER IN THE FUTURE...

UP, UP HE WENT... AND WHEN HE GOT TIRED, HE RESTED...

HERBIE! LONG TIME NO SEE... MATTER OF FACT, I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYBODY FROM PLANET EARTH.

HI, GRIM REAPER. WAY YOU FELLA'S FROM UNKNOWN GO AROUND SCARING HUMANS, IT'S NO WONDER YOU GOT BAD PRESS DOWN ON EARTH... OUGHT TO IMPROVE IT. MAYBE APPOINT GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR.

IT SEEMED LIKE GOOD ADVICE... SO THE GRIM REAPER RETURNED TO THE UNKNOWN... AND PROCEEDED WITH THE JOB OF SELECTING A GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR...

NOPE... NEED A SWEETER TYPE...

UH-UH. WANT SOMEONE MINDER, MORE GOOD-NATURED.

WON'T DO. I'M LOOKING FOR A REGULAR GUY, A REAL RAY OF SUNSHINE.

HE'S NO GOOD EITHER. A FELLA WHO'S SYMPATHETIC, BIG-HEARTED, ANGELIC... WHY CAN'T I FIND ONE LIKE THAT!
THE VERY GUY, JUST THE ONE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR... DRACULA! WHY, HE'LL MAKE A WONDERFUL GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR TO EARTH!

At first, Dracula didn't seem very willing...

Who wants to go down there, anyway? I used to live there a few hundred years ago, ya know, and I'm tellin' ya... it's strictly from Dulsville!

But the place has changed so you'd hardly know it! Look... I've got a newspaper here which will show you how things are down there today!

Miss America lovely, full-blooded type!

FULL-BLOODED! Hey... this begins to sound INTERESTING!

The drink that has society cheering BLOODY MARY!

What a beautiful name! Maybe I've been wasting my time up here!

And so the new good will ambassador from the unknown headed downward towards his new post... accompanied by a couple of aides he had appointed to his staff...

HEH-HEH! I just can't wait to get there...

New Red Cross blood bank

This does it... Zowie! They even keep it in banks down there! Earth certainly has changed... the way I like it!

Help, Dracula! If those things hit us, we'll be deader than ever!

Quiet! Can't you see that...

HONK!
- I've got other things to do?

- Oh, dear... what's he following me like that for?

- Oh, yeah? Gulp!

- Ya know what I do to guys who annoy my girlfriend Tessie?

- No, what?

- Tch, tch. Maybe we'd better take him to the Red Cross...? Red Cross... Red Cross Blood Bank! Help me up... There's someplace I've gotta get to fast!

- I came about some blood... and I want fast action, see?

- Fast action you want, fast action you'll get!

- Red Cross Blood Bank

(Continued on page after next)
YOWP!

H-HELP!

CLANK

CLANK

RRR-RRRRR

OW-WWWW!

DON'T WORRY

THAT'S WHAT

I'M AFRAID

OF!

BIG MISTAKE...THEY TOOK

THE BLOOD FROM ME!

GOLDBURNIT, I'VE JUST

GOTTA GET SOME

NOURISHMENT QUICK

-- BUT WHERE?

HEY! NOW, THERE'S

THE SORT OF FELLA I

LIKE! CLEAR THE

ROAD FOR ACTION!

GARR-RRRRR!

GRR-ROWWW!!

ULP!!

PIZZA

PALACE
NUTS... HE RAN AWAY!... SAY, I WONDER WHAT THIS IS...?

WHAM!

WOTTA TASTE SENSATION... HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON? NO WONDER THE GRIM REAPER TOLD ME THAT EARTH HAS CHANGED!

!!!

ARRR... ARRRR... ARRRR! MAKE WAY FOR A WALKING APPETITE!

LOOK OUT!

MUNCH... SLURP... AH-HHHHHH! DEE-LICIOUS!

IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A REIGN OF TERROR...

DESPITE THE ALL-OUT EFFORTS OF THE POLICE, THE DARING RAIDS ON PIZZA STORES AND FACTORIES EVERYWHERE WILL BE LEFT... AND NOBODY KNOWS WHEN OR WHERE THE DREAD CRIMINAL WILL STRIKE AGAIN!

THEY SAY HE'S SUPER-NATURAL! IN THAT CASE, THE POLICE HAVE NO MORE CHANCE OF EVER CATCHING HIM THAN HERBIE WOULD... HA-HA!

LIKE YOU SAID, HA-HA.
There seemed to be no way of halting the awful raids...

Run! Run! He's here!

Crash!

How'm I doin' - huh, folks?

No place was too small to be safe from him... Not if there were pizzas on the premises...

It's a G-ghost!

Yeah... the ghost of a pizza pirate! Let's get out of here!

We... we got arsenic pizza... carabolic pizza... genuine leather pizza... cross-eyed pizza... Elizabeth Taylor pizza... and just plain pizza!

I'll take 'em all... and I'll eat 'em right here!

Look at him tear into those things! I just can't understand his changed tastes in food...

Sure... when he could have bagels!

Well, isn't it about time for Herbie... before there isn't a pizza left? It happened this way... his favorite source of supply had sent him a new type lollipop to try out... the special television-pop...

Wonder why they call it television-pop? Can't lose anything... give it try-out.
So... Herbie gave the TELEVISION-POP a tryout. Like so many of his others, it seemed to have a strange power...

Mrs. O'Toole's pet goat Milford isn't happy...
Lousy grade of cans they got on the market now!

Rodeo aspirin, popular man about town is in love again...
Sigh!

Bozo is in training for the Kentucky Derby...
That's for horses!

The mysterious marauder who has been mooching pizzas is striking again at this very moment!

Peters Pizza Plant
Lemme at 'em!

Gives me clue I want. He's at Peters Pizza Plant...

Away! Away-yyy!

Eeeeeek!

Oops. Pardon.

Meanwhile... at the Peters Pizza Plant...

Away! Away-yyy!

Fat Fury

Ate up all the loose ones they had lying around. Maybe they've got some baking in here...?
MAKE WAY FOR FAT FURY.

FAT FURY...?

BETTER CLOSE THE DOOR AFTER HIM, SEEMS LIKE THE ONLY POLITE THING TO DO!

WHOOSH!

AND WHEN HE OPENED THE OVEN DOOR AGAIN...

NOPE... NOT A SIGN OF HIM... MUST HAVE GONE UP THE CHIMNEY IN SMOKE!

OH WELL... GUESS I'LL TRY ANOTHER PIZZA— THERE'S ONE IN THERE.

AH-HH! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

PTOOGY!

OH-HH... I'M SICK...

WISE GUY!

BUT NOW DRACULA WAS GONE... WHERE?

THE FAT FURY FOUND A CLUE...

MEMO TO DRACULA

Don't forget to buy Wax. Love and kisses, Dracula.

WHY WAX? MAY BE CLUE TO HIS HIDEOUT— BETTER FOLLOW UP.
BACK HOME... VILLAIN ALREADY SAW ME AS FAT FURY. BETTER FIND COSTUME HE WOULDN'T SUSPECT ME IN WHILE I HUNT FOR HIM.

WAX HE MENTIONED IN MEMO... WHAT COULD THAT HAVE BEEN FOR...?

AND SO... UNDER COVER OF NIGHT...

NO... NO... NO... CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE FELLA I'M LOOKING FOR.

UGLY...

MAYBE ALL WRONG ABOUT WAX BUSINESS. MAYBE NOT HERE AT ALL.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
I seen it all, Herbie! There were THREE of 'em...and I heard the Bossman sayin' he'd meet the others at two tomorrow, corner of Oak and Fifth!

THANKS...

That character more dangerous than I thought. Go to Oak and Fifth tomorrow, but won't try to grab him right away. Better see where he goes. Find out if there's any more in gang...

Next Day...

Now for our most fiendish crime! We'll drive it where we want to go...and we won't leave ANYTHING!

Well, the old nag got us here! HA-HA!

Let 'em go inside...then take off this disguise, follow 'em in. Nab 'em whole setup.

So the Fat Fury entered and searched through the house. But...nobody in whole house...only attic left.

Still Nobody...where could they have gone to? Hmmm...wonder what this gadget is...
THING I WAS SITTING ON
MUST HAVE GONE OFF.
MAYBE HOW THOSE OTHERS
GOT OUT OF
HOUSE, TOO.

TWANN-
NANNG!

CLOUD. THINK
I FOUND REAL
HIDEOUT NOW...
GOOD HIDEOUT.

HA-HA... THEY
CAN'T STOP US!
HERE'S TO CORNERING
EVERY PIZZA ON
EARTH!

YOU'RE FORGETTING,
BOSS. WITH US,
IT'S BAGELS!

CURSES... THE FAT FURY AGAIN!
IT'S TIME WE SHOWED HIM THAT
WE'VE GOT EVEN GREATER
POWERS THAN HE HAS!
AFTER ALL... WE'RE
SUPERNATURAL,
AREN'T WE?

CRASH!
OKAY, FELLA'S... MAKE WITH THE LIGHTNING BOLTS!

CR-RAAK! CR-RAAK! CR-RAAK!

THANKS. APPRECIATE.

MIND IF I RETURN FAVOR?

YEE-OWWW!

BZZ-ZZZZ... BZ-ZZZZ...

SPIRITS EVIL, SPIRITS BASE... SEND US HELP FROM OUT OF SPACE!

ULP: VERY UNDIGNIFIED.

LONG AS I'M RIDING COMET LIKE BUCKING BRONC, MIGHT AS WELL BREAK IT.

WHOOSH!
Hey, how'd we do. Huh? Not bad, I'd say.

We sure settled his hash! Fat Fury... Haw!

Just made with one of our super-special, magical incantations... and wham! He's done for!

Help!

Crash!

Hold it. You're staying here.

Yowp!

Huh? W-what happened?

The Fat Fury... What else?

P-please... let me go back to the unknown. It's safe.

Uh-uh... got to be punished for what you've done. Bringing you down to Earth, where I can keep eye on you.

And down on Earth...

Some punishment! I was never so happy in all my death.

And as for the Fat Fury...

Not so dumb. Made him put in line of lollipops, sell 'em to me at big discount.

Dracula's Pizza Parlor

Lollipops to all flavors including the hard-to-get cinnamon.
Big Announcement

This is great issue. Next great issue, "Herbie" No. 21, October-November, due on newsstands middle August. Don't miss two magnificent features starring one-and-only Herbie—"Yay, Team!" and "A Viking To Your Liking!" Read them or else!

Better do like big announcement says or may be forced to start swinging. Am charitable type, don't like bloodshed. Just love it. You've been warned. But something else on my mind. Have ordered all sane readers to write, telling how insane they were about my terrific stories. So far, seven readers disobeyed order. Suggest you send flowers. Also letter from every fan to me immediately, whether have written before or not. Just simple letter containing praise, admiration—stuff like that. Address all correspondence "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

"Dear Herbie:—

I think your magazine is great. Not only that, it's the greatest. I read all the copies I could when you used to be in 'Forbidden Worlds'. Then I didn't see you there for at least a year. I was afraid I'd never meet up with you again until one day, when I found a number 8 'Herbie' in a drugstore. I've been reading them ever since! Enclosed is $1.44, for which please send me a 12-issue subscription to 'Herbie'. Also, please tell me how to get 'Herbie' numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. P.S.: My favorite 'Herbie' stories were 'Mom's New Coat' and 'Christopher Columbus Popnecker'.
—Dean Moberg, 269 Pleasant Hill, Palatine, Ill.

Reader who knows what's good. Any fans having magazines Dean wants, write him at once. Nice fella.

..."

"Dear Herbie:—

I have just been looking over issue No. 15, and notice that, as in other issues, you don't let your father know about your powers. I mean, some of the animals know how powerful you are, so why not your father? And why do you make your father think you're a fat little nothing? I have missed a lot of issues, but I would like you to answer my questions anyway. And by the way, do you know where I could get some super lollipops cheap?
—Paul Townsend, Box 9, Tahoe Valley Calif."

Let father know about powers, will just be jealous. Don't make him think I'm little fat nothing—does this very well on his own. Sure do know where you could get super lollipops cheap, but not telling miserable wretch who misses issues.

..."

"Dear Herbie:—

Get every one of your issues. Like your language.

Is the greatest. Just finished reading 'It's Love, Lover!' It's best one. Not too good at your language yet, but will keep practicing. By the way, will you lend me a lollipop? Just ran out of 'em. Other story in book was 'Don't Mess Around With The Fat Fury'. Great too. About that part in an answer to Johnny Banks, is the editor in the hospital now? Bye!
—Lynn Della Palumbo,
120 Solomon Road, Whitesburg, Ky.

My language not only best, but fairly good. What flavor lollipop you want to borrow? Depends on powers you wish. Happy to state editor now out of hospital... can now proceed to put him in again. May break left arm, right leg—or possibly right arm, left leg. Contusions, lacerations to follow, involving much blood. Screams, too.

..."

"Dear Herbie:—

Just finished reading 'Herbie' No. 16 and had to write to you about it! I think you've finally met your match in Foo-Manchoo, when he nearly beat you—quite unbelievable! Question—why doesn't your *!*? Editor print your mag every month? That idiot doesn't seem to realize that he's got a good thing going. Anyway, I sure am glad you decided to become a super-hero. You make those brand Ecch heroes look puny when you soar through the air in your long red underwear. (No rhyme intended!) In my opinion, your comic is the greatest! Well, before I sign off I'm leaving a small tribute to you, Herbie—a picture of you. (Ugh!) Being an amateur artist, I decided to get your flabby form on paper. Keep up
the good work and don't eat too many lollipops
—amen!

—Noel Gouveia,
1029 Prospect Street, Somerset, Mass.

Foo-Manchoo tough. Herbie tougher. And only
reason *?*? Editor doesn't print this magazine
more often is because he's in hospital so much
. . . must learn to control my temper. Thanks for
picture, Noel. Very fine.

* * *

"Dear Fat Fury:—"
Just finished No. 16. Greatest. Foo-Manchoo's
heads only good for hat racks. Where do you ever
run into characters like him? But keep putting out
swell stories like that. 'It's Love, Lover' was great
too. I don't know how you could marry Hepzibah
Higgins even for her lollipops. Tell me how to
make special lollipops, including hard-to-get cin-
namon, and I will sell them to you for a low
price. Thank me by not bopping me with a lollipop.
If you do, I'll sic my two mice on you!
—Kerry J. Thompson, Bldg. 23, Apt. 1,
Reeves Terrace, Orlando, Fla. 32806.

Funny thing . . . just got phone call from Foo-
Manchoo, asking where I run into characters like
Kerry J. Thompson. Face it, Kerry . . . Hepzibah
ugly, but had beautiful lollipops. Write her for
recipes. About those two mice, tell me . . . tough?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—"
Hard to get your comics over here. So far, have
Nos. 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 12. Go outa my way to get
them. Enjoyed 'Pincus Popnecker, Private Eye' very
much. You're easily the best comics book hero
in a million mile radius. Reason why I started
reading your book is that I was sick of all these
slim, handsome comics book heroes—so when I
saw 'Herbie,' wow! Also, I'm fat, and I was glad
to see that there was someone else in the world
like me! Also, I think you're right in pretending
to be a Little Fat Nothing, as your father makes
out. (He's dumb!) Anyway, your comics are easily
the best!

—Stephen C. D'Arcy,
56 Seabridge Lane, Clayton, Newcastle-
Under-Lyme, Staffordshire, United Kingdom.

Like getting letters from foreign countries . . .
shows "Herbie" world-famous, as should be. But
pretty steamed about insult, calling me best comics
book hero in million miles. Trillion miles more
like it. May just bop you with this here lollipop
for downgrading me, Stephen.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—"
I hope you will put the following in your
'Here's Herbie' column. I love Herbie. He is my
hero. I am fat too, so that is why I love him.
He is the best in his 'Fat Fury' costume. I liked
issues No. 10, 11 and 9. I liked 'Tickepuss Rides
Again.' 'Beware Of The B-Bomb, Buster' was good,
too. I enjoyed 'Christopher Columbus Popnecker'
and 'Plump Lump vs. Black Whack.' Oh, I just
love Herbie Popnecker—he's just wild!
—Buddy Weltz, Box 368, Cordele, Ga.

Like you, Buddy. Great critical judgment. Know
what's good. Everybody should be like you. How-
ever, am even better than you say. Much better.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—"
As you can probably see, I have found the
error of my ways. When I last wrote to you, you
had not yet taken over your magazine from Ye
Editor. Thus, my last letter was directed toward
him. I hope you will forgive me for this mistake.
I would like to thank you for publishing this
same letter, and also for the compliment about
my having perception. I bought 9 or 10 copies
of that issue. One thing that I left out of that
letter was a question—how old are you? The only
clue that I could find to answer this query was
that you tried to enter Peepwhistle Prep, which
would lead me to believe that you're a teenager.
I like 'The Fat Fury' very much. So much, in fact,
that I made myself an as-close-to-it-as-you-can-get
'Fat Fury' costume for Hallow'e'en. In case it isn't
noticeable, I have been trying to write a bop-
free letter. You know, I think I've made it! Yours
till you go on a diet—

—Charles Meyerson,
22919 Masonic, St. Clair Shores, Mich. 48080.

Refuse to tell you age, Charles. Reason is that
small number of years will make everyone grieve
about all the time world had to do without me.
Have placed your name on non-bopping list, but
this is no permanent guarantee of safety, as list
is subject to constant revision. So keep nose clean,
Bub.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:—"
Herbie? Voted the best humor mag by the Acad-
emy of Comic Fans and Collectors? Good show!
I'm glad—you have a fine magazine. The 'Fat
Fury' is very fat, very repulsive and very good.
I especially like your bulging midriff. Annoys me
when your dad calls you a nothing—why not bop
him? Really dig 'Call Me Schlemielh'. By the way,
how do you pronounce it? Flipped over 'Herbie
 Goes Nap-Happy'. Some of those panels were
really wild. Need fattening up myself—how about
sending me a lollipop? Please bop your dopey
editor an extra time so he publishes your mag
more often!

—John F. Lebar,
305 North Jordan, Allentown, Pa. 18102.

Am most repulsive hero in world . . . very proud
of it. Refuse to bop father, on account of may
be parent myself someday. Ugh. For your in-
formation, 'Schlemielh' pronounced 'Schlemielh'.

* * *
All aboard for the wackiest action-feast of the century! And if you go for goofy giggles and kooky kicks, this one's for you. So hop aboard the Squirm-Worm with...

**Herbie**

"Adventure at the Center of the Earth!"

Pardon... which way to center of Earth?

Story: You were expecting hominoid? Art: Rembrandt. It ain't!

Here he is... Herbie Popnecker...

But he's careful to keep these powers secret from the folks at home...

Bye, Herbie. Now be careful...

Of what? He wouldn't know what to do if a tiger came after him! Let's face it, our son is just a little fat. Nothing and that's all he'll ever be!

As you can see, a young man of strange powers!
So here we see our hero at school. Definitely not the noisy or trouble-some type... He left that for others.

Hiya, Plump Lump! Always did wanna see if ya had fat in yer head!

That's Butch Nelson pitching... the joker who put the juvenile in delinquent! He's terrorized old Dr. Plum Duffel, the long-suffering teacher...

Dear, dear! D-don't you dare...

Aw, c'mon, Doc. You know I'm just a growin' boy havin' fun... don't you?

Yes... I mean no... gulp!

Could fracture him but Dad would hear about it. He likes to think I'm little fat nothing... better if he keeps thinking so, but have to do something...

Herbie's got powers even he doesn't know... and if you don't believe it... watch!

Let me dust off yer desk for ya, tch, tch... guess I dust too hard, huh?

Oh-hhh!

Yee-Owwww! Bonk!
AS HERBIE LEFT SCHOOL...PASSING THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE...
I DO MY BEST, BUT THAT BUTCH NELSON...HE...HE'S LIKE NO OTHER STUDENT I EVER HAD!

TEACHING...THE ONLY THING I EVER LOVED...AND NOW...THEY...THEY DON'T WANT ME ANY LONGER...
SOMETHING Gotta BE DONE. BUT IF HE'S GOING TO HAVE RESPECT, HE HAS TO LOOK AS IF HE DID IT HIMSELF...

HE DISCUSSED THE SITUATION WITH HIS NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR...PROFESSOR FLIPDOME, THE INVENTOR...
SO THAT'S THE STORY. GOT ANY IDEAS? IDEAS? IDEAS? I'VE GOT LOTS OF IDEAS!

LIKE MY IDEA TO MAKE RAIN COME IN FLAVORS AND BOTTLE IT...OR MY IDEA TO HAVE TWO PAIRS OF PANTS WITH EVERY COAT OF PAINT...

NOT WHAT I MEANT. PRACTICAL IDEAS.

HOW'S THIS? I CALL IT THE SQUIRM-WORM...IT'S A SUPER-DUPER MECHANICAL BORER IN WHICH I'M GOING TO TUNNEL TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T COME ALONG, HERBIE!

CAN IF IT'S OKAY WITH MY FOLKS. MID-YEAR RECESS JUST STARTED...WEEK OFF FROM SCHOOL SAVE ME FROM WORRYING ABOUT POOR DR. PLUMDUFFLE.

GOT WEEK OFF. OKAY IF I GO TO CENTER OF...

DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY YOU WANTED TO GO SOMEWHERE AWAY FROM HERE FOR A WEEK? YES...YES...BEFORE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND! GO AHEAD! GO NOW!
All set to leave, prepared for everything. Then let's go!

Clear for action! Raise the sails! Give the horse oats! According to my calculations, the center of the Earth is just 7,618½ miles straight down.

Never get there this way, got to start motor first.

Br-rrrrrrrrrr

Chugga-chugga-chug...

So professor flip dome changed course, destination still center of Earth...

Must have been pointed wrong--you're in my cellar.

But... but according to my calculations...

According to my calculations we're heading downwards at a steep angle! Yessir!
THIS COMES TO YOU FROM YOUR FAVORITE ASTRONAUT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—FAR UP IN SPACE AND COURAGEOUSLY FLOATING FREE WHERE NO HUMAN HAS EVER DARED TO VENTURE: YESSIR, THE FIRST, THE ONLY MORTAL EVER TO DARE...

PARDON... WHICH WAY TO CENTER OF EARTH?

THIS WAY, HUH? THANKS!

RRRR-RRRRRRRRR

OOF... UH...

TCH, TCH. ALWAYS HAVE TO DO THINGS MYSELF.
AH-HA! ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, WE'VE ARRIVED AT OUR DESTINATION, HERBIE!

CR-RUNCH!

GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN! OH-OH! THINK MIGHT WE'RE IN WRONG PLACE.

HADES

INTO THE FLAMING FURNACE WITH THEM!

LOUSY HOSPITALITY.

BETTER BREAK IT UP, FELLAS. OR... YOU WANT I SHOULD BOP YOU WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPPOP?

WHAM!
N-NOW D-DON'T DO ANYTHING HASTY...

GANGWAY!

NOBODY DARED STOP THEM AS THEY LEFT AND CONTINUED THEIR JOURNEY. DESTINATION CENTER OF THE EARTH!

AND FINALLY...

ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, THIS HAS GOT TO BE RIGHT!

THIS IS IT! DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARM YOU!

GOING EXPLORING.

WHAT A LOVELY FLOWER. I'LL PICK IT...

YOWP!

WHOOSH!
GULP!

DEE-licious!
I'll try him
WELL-DONE!

EEE-YOWWW!
HALP!

SS-SSS

ALLOW
ME.

FAT, FAT,
WATER
RAT!

BLAM!

CAN'T STAND
THAT
WATER RAT.
BUSINESS.
HATE RATS.

LOOK,
MAN.

A MAN?
WHAT SORT
OF MEN WOULD
THEY HAVE
HERE?

BUT THEY WEREN'T DESTINED TO FIND
OUT YET. FROM ABOVE, A SUDDEN
ATTACK...

HELP! AID!
ASSISTANCE!

SKREE-EEE!

LOOK, HERBIE!
THAT CREATURE--
IT GRABBED THE
MAN...

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
Hang on. Coming right now.

Pardon. Word with you, bird.

Yargh!

So help me, I saw it! It...it was fat like a water rat...

As previously... Help! Aid! Assistance?

Told you I was coming, here.

Dr. Plumduffle... my teacher. What are you doing here...?
I LIVE HERE!
YOU SAVED ME...I'LL DO ANYTHING TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE!
DON'T YOU SEE HOW IT IS DOWN HERE? LOOK!
LITTLE FAT NOTHING...BOP YOU WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP...
ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS...
DON'T GET IT.

LET ME EXPLAIN! HERE AT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH THERE'S AN EXACT DUPLICATE FOR EVERYONE ON THE SURFACE!
GIVES ME IDEA. SAID YOU'D DO ANYTHING TO SHOW GRATEFUL. HOW ABOUT COMING UP TO SURFACE WITH ME... JUST FOR LITTLE WHILE?
SURE THING...AS LONG AS YOU SEND ME BACK.

YES SIR, I'M GONNA ENJOY SEEING THE SURFACE. YOU SEE US FOLKS AT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH DON'T GET TO TRAVEL MUCH...
MIND TURNING OFF FLAMES? GETTING HOT IN HERE.

Soon after, the real Dr. Plumduffe received a telegram...
Hmmm... It says to come back to school TUESDAY, instead of Monday. They must have decided to extend the mid-year recess by a day...

But they didn't! He didn't know it, but school was open on Monday... and Butch Nelson was up to his old tricks...

That week off was just what I needed... I'm in form again. Now to have some fun with old Plumduffe!
Strange enough, Dr. Plumduffle was there, at least... it looked like Dr. Plumduffle... well, well... if it isn't an ol' fossil, the wind musta blown in. Haw-haw!... bet that makes ya hot under the collar, huh?

It does indeed. Matter of fact... everything makes me hot under the collar.

Ee-yipe! You... you're on fire!

Let's just say I'm steamed up enough to make things hot for you!

Gangway! I'm g-gettin' outa here!

Ow-ooooo0000!

S-somebody save me! So help me, I'll turn over a new leaf... I'll be g-good...

Ah-aaaaahhh!

SPLASH!
Next day was Tuesday... and here comes the real Dr. Plumbuffel...

Sigh... I can hardly face the day ahead, with that awful Butch Nelson...

Huh?

Good mornin', teacher!

I brung ya a big red apple, on account yer such a nice teacher!

Gulp! I've got to change my thinking... Dr. Plumbuffel has done the best job of disciplining I ever saw! We can't retire a man like that... We'll double his salary instead!

Back...

So I see... might have known it was too good to last. By the way... where'd you say you'd gone?

What are you looking so strange about, dad?

Either that little fat nothing is crazy or I'm deaf. Mom, I could have sworn he muttered something about having gone to the center of the earth!

END!