TCH, TCH. HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS ONE?

LAFFS UNLIMITED!
The Plump Lump in "YAY, TEAM!"
HERBIE in "A VIKING LIKING!"
HERO---DICTIONARY DEFINITION ANY PERSON RASH ENOUGH TO READ HERBIE AND NOT LAUGH HIS HEAD OFF! DON'T BE THAT SORT OF IDIOT, JACK. IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ALL YOUR TEETH AND VALUE YOUR BONES, SETTLE BACK FOR A REAL FUNFEST. IT'S

The Plump Lump

in "YAY, TEAM!"

STORY: Amazing O'Shea
ART: Wonderful Whitney

Here's Herbie, who's invented a machine. Just look at it work...

RRR-RR-RR

Ho-hum...

Clank! Wunk!

What the...

---and now, by George, that little fat nothing has built himself a lollipop-fedding machine! Other people have sons who do great things...great things, things that make a father proud...

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LIKE GOING OUT FOR FOOTBALL! YESSIR...RUNNING DOWN THE FIELD, ELUDING THE OPPOSITION...STRAIGHT-ARMING ONE MAN...THEN ANOTHER...THE GOAL LINE REELS CLOSE...THE CROWD GOES WILD AND...OOPS!

IT...IT WOULD BE WORTH IT IF ONLY I COULD SEE MY SON MAKING THE FOOTBALL TEAM...BUT HOW COULD I EVEN MAKE HIM TRY OUT...WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

CRASH!

OH-HH! MY B-BEST VASE!

WINNING A GAME FOR HASSENFPEFFER WAS NO CINCH...FRANKLY, THE TEAM WAS LOUSY...

WELL...YOU CAN BET THAT HERBIE DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA...

COULD BREAK CHAINS...BUT WOULD RUN RISK OF BREAKING LOLLIPOPS TOO, CAN'T HAVE THAT.

WELL? HERE'S THE KEY...ALL YOURS WHEN YOU MAKE THE FOOTBALL TEAM AND WIN A GAME FOR GOOD OLD HASSENFPEFFER HIGH!

AND THINGS WEREN'T GOING TOO WELL WITH COACH BUMPO, EITHER...

AS PRINCIPAL, I MUST POINT OUT THAT YOU HAVEN'T WON A GAME ALL SEASON, COACH, AND NOW THERE'S JUST ONE MORE GAME TO PLAY BEFORE WE LEAVE FOR THE BIG INTERSECTIONAL MATCH WITH WAHOO PREP THAT INDIAN SCHOOL DOWN IN THE EVERGLADES. SO?

SO THIS! UNLESS YOU WIN THAT LAST HOME GAME BEFORE LEAVING FOR WAHOO, YOU'RE BEING REPLACED! MURGATROYD WIMPUS THAT HOT-SHOT COACH FROM BACK EAST HAS APPLIED FOR YOUR JOB, AND THE BOARD OF EDUCATION HAS DECIDED THAT UNLESS YOU COME UP WITH A VICTORY FAST, HE'S GOING TO GET IT!
SIGH!! GUESS... I HAVEN'T GOT VERY MUCH TO FIGHT WITH...

BUT I CAN'T JUST QUIT! OH, IF ONLY I HAD ONE REAL FOOTBALL PLAYER ON MY TEAM...

COME TO TRY OUT FOR TEAM. VERY GOOD FOOTBALL PLAYER.

GULP!! THIS IS ALL I NEEDED TO MAKE MY DAY... BUT WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? START IN BY TRYING THE TACKLING DUMMY!

HERBIE POPNECKER IS UNFAIR

SUPPOSE... SUPPOSE YOU SHOW ME HOW YOU CAN KICK!

BAM!

THUD!
Now Herbie got a chance to run with the ball in practice...

But there was a witness to all this... Murgatroyd Wimpu...

Curses... If that plump lump gets to play in next Saturday's game, he's a cinch to win it! That means that Coach Bumpo will keep his job... and I won't get to take over! I've got to fix things!

Saturday...

Second half already. How come you haven't put me in yet? I'm just waiting for a chance to score. Then in you go! I'm saving you as a surprise... to catch our opponents off guard!

They fumbled and we recovered on their 20-yard line! Go ahead in, Popnecker!

Sure, go ahead... but you won't go very far!

Hurray! It's our boy going into the game, mom! Now we'll see something, by George! Just watch!

Got it. Clear field, can run for touchdown, win game.

(Continued on page after next)
Coach Bumpo was out and Murgatroyd, Wimpus took over as new coach! And now the team entrained—destination, Florida—and the big final intersectional game with Wahoo Prep!

My fault, failed not only lost game for team, but coach lost job, had to come along to help... even if nobody knows.

Glad I got rid of that fat, fat water rat... I'd never have gotten the job otherwise. I hope I never see him again.

Ray 3 cheers for the team! Beat Wahoo!

Gulp!

I... I can't look!

Gone! Must have been my imagination! Excuse me...
--Don't think you'll want all this food, help you--

GLEEP!

NO... NO...

NOBODY--must have dreamed the whole thing up, funny--first time I ever heard of IMAGINATION eating up a dinner like that!

Hope I get to sleep right away--and I don't dream about that PLUMP LUMP! I couldn't stand that!

Yi--EEEE! That face again!

Help! H-HELP!

FLORIDA. Herbie went at once to the campus of Wahoo Prep--he wanted to see the Indian team at practice...

Mathematics, UGH!

Science UGH!

History UGH!

Language UGH!

Stadium--that's for me.

Heap Big Stadium.
Ugh! Also Ugh!

Tch, tch. Big strong Hassenpfeffer high team won't stand chance.

Hmm... What's wimpus doing here, whispering to Wahoo coach? Something up.

Looks like he's got proposition he wants to put to Indian... somewhere where they won't be overheard or seen together... Heap big stadium.

And so Herbie followed the way led through the deepest, wildest Everglades...

Jungle interesting.

Ah... here comes the blue plate special! Wotta cinch! I'll give him the Svengali eye and have him in the stewpot before he can say fat, fat, water rat!

Ss-su-eet. Look into my eyes... deep...

You're in my p-power... I think... uh...
SS-SOMEBODY GET THE NUMBER OF THAT TRUCK...

BOY BOY...

FATBURGER!

YUM, YUM! HA-HA

...HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

GOTCHA!

DON'T HAVE TO ASK. YOU DO WANT I SHOULD BOP YOU WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP?

EEE-YIPE!

SOMEDAYS IT DOESN'T PAY TO GET OUTA BED. I HADDA MEET UP WITH HERBIE POPNECKER YET!

WHAM!

THIS IS MY FIRST GAME AS COACH OF HASSENFPEFFER HIGH... AND I WANT IT TO BE A WINNING ONE. IT'LL MEAN PLENTY OF WAMPUM FOR YOU IF YOU'LL AGREE TO THROW THE GAME...

HUH?

YOU WANTUM ME THROWUM GAME??

I SHOWUM YOU! INDIAN MAGIC... YOU LIKE-UM?

YEE-EECH!

ARR-RRR
HAL'UP! SICCUM!
GOTTA SEE HOW THIS COMES OUT.

THE CHASE LED INTO A WILD FLORIDA AREA...
WHERE...
MAYBE THEY WON'T FOLLOW ME INTO HERE...
I HOPE!

MORE FUN THAN BARREL OF MONKEYS.

BUT WHAT'S THIS?? SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THE BEAR...

DON'T GET IT. WAS BIG BEAR. SHRIMP NOW.

HIM TOO. HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

CRAK!

DA!*

*TRANSLATION: MUST BE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH. NOW WHAT DO I DO?
Translation: Special purpose lollipops. Had them left over when Dad locked up all my others.

Translation: Keep your eye on this, Buster.

See? Might as well find my way out of here—got to get back in time for game.

Help! Don’t go without me! Stay where you are, Wimpus. Be back for you.

Herbie got back just in time to see...in the dressing-room...are we glad to see you, coach Bumpo! Our new coach, Wimpus, hasn’t shown up...and we need somebody on the bench for the big game!

I came down here just to watch you play, Bumpo! As long as your regular coach hasn’t shown up...and if you want me, boys...Okay!

And so, with coach Bumpo in charge, the game commenced. As expected, it was a slaughter...

Yay! Another touchdown for Wahoo!

Not on team myself, can’t play...but can still take hand in game. Time for another special purpose lollipop—this time for extra-special powers.

Now, poor battered Hassennepper had the ball...oh, to be coach of a winning team just once!

C’mon, fellas. We...We gotta give it our best anyway.

(Continued on page after next)
But wait! Take a look at that ball!

Me getsum ball!

Yee-owwch!

Snap!

Now Hassenpfeffer tried a pass...

Missed, Durn it!

Huh?

Skree-eееее

Yay! It's a touchdown for Hassenpfeffer!

Gonna try kick goal now... Terrible kickers. Time for extra-special powers lollipop again!
**Football Game**

**Panel 1:** Missed!

**Panel 2:** So we unmiss it!

**Panel 3:** Oh-hhh...

**Panel 4:** Wotta job... bending like this...

**Panel 5:** Goal for Hassenpeffer! Hurrah!

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**Panel 6:** But wahoo was big and tough! Injury after injury hit our side...

**Panel 7:** What? Not a substitute left... what are we going to do for a team?

**Panel 8:** Time to send out call for reinforcements.

**Panel 9:** Wanted at Wahoo Stadium. Going to come right away, or...

---

**Panel 10:** Or do I want you should stop me with this here lollipop? Right? I'll come... I'll even bring a friend!

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**Panel 11:** Need you at Wahoo Stadium... pronto. Well?

**Panel 12:** 5-sure, sure. Just don't look at me, huh?

**Panel 13:** Back at the stadium... we gottum ball. Now score-um 27 touchdowns!

**Panel 14:** Gleep! Urp! C'mon. Play ball!
HAH-HAH... TOOK THE BALL RIGHT AWAY FROM 'EM AND WE'RE GOIN' FOR A TOUCHDOWN!

BUT WAHOO WAS STILL FULL OF FIGHT...

POW!

WE GETTUM, BRAVES!

GOGIN' S-SOMEWHERE, FELLAS-SSSS?

YOWP!

WELL, I AM!

AND THAT'S HOW THE GAME WENT, UNTIL...

HASSENPFEFFER WINS!

HERBIE RETURNED HOME... AND THE FIRST PLACE HE WENT TO WAS A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION... THIS MEETING HAS BEEN CALLED TO CONSIDER THE APPLICATION FOR RESTORING COACH BUMPO TO HIS JOB! WE WILL START BY HEARING FROM THOSE OPPOSED...

WE NEED A MODERN FOOTBALL MAN... BUMPO IS OLD HAT!

WITH BUMPO, EVERY YEAR IS A LOSING YEAR!

HE NEVER WON A GAME UNTIL THIS ONE WITH WAHOO PREP!
There was only one witness in favor...

Wimpus never won game for Hasenpfeffer. At least Coach Bumpo won big one against Wahoo.

Deny that, can't send boy on man's job. Say you. Wimpus? You can come in now.

Some chance Bumpo's got with only that plump lump to testify for him!

Gulp! It... it is the decision of this board that Coach Bumpo be reinstated with a raise yet!

Herbie rushed home, you see. He had a campaign to get underway...

Okay, okay, I can't stand it anymore! You win!

Pant! Pant!

Gr-rrrrrr! When it comes to football, he's nothing but a little fat nothing...

...but when it comes to lollipops, he's a big fat something!
HERE’S HERBIE!

BIG FAT NEWS!
There’s nothing the great Herbie can’t do, right? Wrong! He can’t do real magic-type magic—at least not until “Herbie” No. 22, our December-January issue! Featuring the famous Fat Fury in “Just Like Magic!” All we can say is “Allega-Poop!”—and you’re dumb like a dope if you miss it! On the newstands about the middle of October and it will be a great, giggly day in your life!

Read what it says up above? Read again, or will feel compelled to fracture you. Buy issue, or just may tear you to pieces. Now to other things. Have been accused of being too soft on readers. Plead guilty. Am loving, sentimental type. Doubt it and probably lose teeth. Want to be loved in return or will cut loose with contusions and lacerations. Also want letters from all fans expressing opinion my stories. This issue, want letters from every fan telling how great “Viking To Your Liking” was. Also, admiring comment on other masterpiece, “Yay, Team!” That’s all. Nothing to be ashamed of in truth. Address letters to “Herbie”, 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

“Dear Herbie:-
Love your comics. Lotsa laughs . . . 675,786,879,-387,000,999 every page. Talent, but watch it . . . might die laughing, police arrest you for murder. Should come out weekly. Should be on television . . . probably get top ratings. Should send you to Vietnam, clear up things fast. Never missed issue, read each one 34,568,908 times, give or take a few. Fan. P.S.: Hope price of lollipops doesn’t go up.

—Ken (The Killer) Miller,
20041 Hubbell, Detroit 35, Michigan.”

Don’t have to take this from you, Ken (The Killer) Miller. Obviously, don’t like my book as much as deserves. Won’t stand for being downgraded. Am known myself as Miller-Killer for way back. Heading for 20041 Hubbell, Detroit, set for lolly-bopping.

“Dear Herbie:-
I am in such a rush to get a subscription to your magazine that I couldn’t even find an extra penny (boy, what happens to my money I’ll never know!) for a lollipop. However, I managed to scrape up $1.44 for a subscription for yours truly!
—Larry Kavert, 725 W. Columbia St.,
Long Beach, Calif. 90805.”

Nice type, Larry. Smart. Recognizes subscription worth more than riches. Also best insurance against broken bones. Get next 12 glorious issues. Envy you your good luck, great fortune, happiness.

“Dear Herbie:-
I would have written to the editor, but I didn’t want him (or me either, for that matter) to get bopped. In the story ‘Beware Of The B-Bomb, Butter’, when Agent X-413-1/3 shot at you, the bullets bounced off. Don’t tell me you’re coated with Jet-Age plastic either, because even with all that fat, the bullets couldn’t bounce off!
—Robert (Butch) W. Pugh III,
Route 1, Myrtle St., Crozet, Va.”

You doubt me, Robert Butch? Sure bullets bounce off me, because am thoroughly repulsive type. Repulsive, fat, handsome. Doubt me, something sure to bounce off you, too. Me.

“Dear Herbie:-
I think you’re the most magnificent, superb, stupendous comic character there is. In school, I’m the greatest drawer and that’s why I drew a picture of you. Hey, Herbie, tell Shane O’Shea and Ogden Whitney that they should publish a 25c issue. ‘Cause you’re the greatest comic character I’ve ever seen. Your friend and fan—
—Carmelo Bevacqua, 633 Tatlow Street,
Prince Rupert, B.C., Ct. ida.”
25c issue too cheap. Considering coming out with hundred dollar issue. That way, will only sell 416 trillion copies and leave enough paper available to publish few daily newspapers. Proves what fine, generous, fat type I am.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Like all your comics, think they're great. Like Fat Fury, Him honorable slob. Should print 'Herbie' twice day. Am brushing up on 'Herbie' language. Soon everybody speak.

Alan A. Sirvent, 20 Jefferson St.,
Brooklyn, New York."

Not honorable slob. Honorable fat slob . . . might as well be right about these things. 'Herbie' language very fine. Considering making it worldwide, compulsory.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I'm writing to let you know that your comic is one of the few that my husband and I read and enjoy. I've been trying to get all your books to send to my husband in Viet Nam. The other boys there like your books too! So when my husband reads them, he passes them around. Are you going to have a TV show? I think you should be put on TV, because you are a great guy. I take that back—you are a great fat slob! Keep up the good work. Please let me know where to send the money and how much it costs to get your book every issue. Thanks!

—Mrs. Windy Alkire, 1133 Tupelo Street,
New Iberia, Louisiana."

Good lesson to all stupid non-readers—Mr. and Mrs. Alkire not in your group. Know what's good, know what to read. My books now being circulated in Viet Nam . . . beginning of end for Viet Cong. May be on TV soon—keep watching. To receive this magnificent magazine each issue, send $1.44 for 12-issue subscription, together with address to which should go. Good luck from Fat Fury!

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

You are the greatest water rat—I mean fat water rat—in the galaxy. I would like to know what kind of nut is Professor Flipdome? Is he a crook? In 'Herbie' No. 4 (way back), in 'Professor Flipdome's Screw Machine', he seems like a gangster, the way he almost killed you and your father with those giant insects. By the way, you did a splendid job in that story, Herbie! I do wish you would print this letter in 'Here's Herbie', because it represents twelve Herbie fans. If it does go in the column, we will get 6 more Herbie club fans. P.S.: If Flipdome is a phony, pop him for me. P.P.S.: I enclose $1.44 for a 12-issue subscription to 'Herbie'!

—Michael Schuck, 626 10th Street North,
Moorhead, Minnesota."

Greatest fat water rat . . . how about that. Beginning to get credit due me. Promise will get still rattier and fatter. Professor Flipdome no phony, no gangster. Just dope is all. May pop you instead.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

You have the coldest magazine on the shelves, speaking for my Herbie-hating pals. But I think your mag is tops! One question: is Herbie supposed to have a Beatle-like haircut? If so, it's too short!

—Robert Moore, 5018 Loring Circle,
Lincoln A.F.B., Lincoln, Neb."

Herbie-hating? Impossible. If low individuals of this type exist, are menace to all fine in human race. Me, in other words. Will act with decision. Bop. Bam. Ai-Eeee. About Beatle-like haircut, perish thought. Own handsome haircut, complete with special Herbie bangs. Very good-looking. Beatles may soon adopt Herbie-like haircut, if know what's romantic and jazzy.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

We think you're the greatest! The only thing wrong is that we've only read one of your magazines. Will you do something for us? The next book you publish, would you have a picture of the Fat Fury on it? It will remind us of the world's funniest and greatest person. P.S.: We think you should have a TV show!

Charles & Tommy Middleton,
1047 Lenox Avenue, Mansfield, Ohio."

Want cover picture of "Fat Fury", don't miss next issue—"Herbie" No. 22, on newsstands about middle of October. Fine picture, much handsomer than Mr. America. If you think I'm greatest after reading only one issue, can imagine what you'll think when read them all . . . and you'll be right.
All aboard, you wonderful Herbie-fans! Laff Express pulling out on track 3, loaded with roars, chuckles and shrieks! Destination: the ancient land of the Vikings and a good time for all. So... take it away, Herbie!

Don't look now... but Dad's in a new business again!

But I'm telling you, Mom... this is the smartest move I ever made! Now that America's on wheels, roadside businesses are coming money... and what's more interesting to folks than a museum?

For Heaven's sake, Dad... what's that?

Like it, eh? It's a genuine old Viking ship over a thousand years old! Getting it was a stroke of genius on my part, even if it did take my last cent!
YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE BARKER FOR THE NEW ATTRACTION? IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT...

JUST TO START OFF—I'M TOO GOOD A BUSINESSMAN TO DO IT PERMANENTLY. REMEMBER...IF YOU WANT TO BE A SUCCESS, IT'S ALL A MATTER OF GETTING THE RIGHT PEOPLE TO WORK FOR YOU!

THIS WAY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... THIS WAY TO THE OLD VIKING SHIP, THAT GR-REAT SPECTACLE OVER A THOUSAND YEARS OLD! PURCHASE YOUR TICKETS HERE!

THIS IS IT, FOLKS... JUST LOOK! AND NO MATTER WHAT PEOPLE MAY SAY ABOUT THE VIKINGS WHO SAILED IT, IT'S MY OPINION THAT THEY WERE A GENTLE, FRIENDLY, SWEET-TEMPERED LOT!

LEettle OUTTA THERE! RUN! IT'S A G- GHOST!

OH, GOODY!

JUST LOVE THEM EVER- LOVIN' PICKLES!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)
At first, they thought it might be a matter for the police, but...

Some cop you are... so scared your hair's standin' on end!

And you're brave huh? Then how come you trembled your pants off?

There just wasn't any getting rid of the haunt of the ship. That's why this happened...

Popnecker Roadside Museum

Closed because what else am I gonna do? - P. Popnecker

What sort of an idiot would spend his last cent on an exhibit like that? Nobody'll buy it or even drag it away free. They're all so scared of the ghost!

WOE WOE

Nothing else to do... I've got to find out what gives with crazy viking spirit.

Which is why Herbie spent the night on watch...

Bong! Bong! Bong!

Midnight. Ghost ought to appear now.

Ha-ha-ha-eeee!

SPLAT!

H-Help! That face... take it away!
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME! I'VE GOTTA STICK AROUND HERE! I'VE GOTTA HAUNT THIS SHIP BY ANCIENT ORDERS I CAN'T DISOBEY!

SURE... BUT YOU LOOK KINDA FAMILIAR. I CAN'T QUITE PLACE YOU, THOUGH... MY EYES ARENT WHAT THEY USED TO BE.

LISTEN, YOU GONNA TELL ME YOUR STORY... OR... I CAN REMEMBER IT LIKE YESTERDAY. THE YEAR WAS 863 AND US VIKINGS HAD LEFT ON A BIG NAVAL EXPEDITION. I WAS A PRETTY IMPORTANT GUY... MATTER OF FACT, I WAS THE COMMANDER...

SURE, SURE. BUT I STILL SAY YOU LOOK FAMILIAR!

CREW TO VIKING COMMANDER ERIC SHAPIRO! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

SAIL STRAIGHT FOR THE ENEMY, WHAT ELSE?

"AH, YES... WE USED TO HAVE GREAT TIMES IN THOSE DAYS. ON THE WAY TO OUR TARGET, WE STOPPED OFF FOR A LITTLE EXERCISE... BOY, WAS IT FUN!"

CHOP 'EM, BOP 'EM, RAH, RAH, RAH!

LIKE BOPPING, EH? LIKE ME... KINDRED SOULS. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TURN YOU INTO EARTHBOUND GHOST?

IT'S NOT EASY TO REMEMBER AFTER ALL THESE YEARS. ALL I KNOW IS, I WAS TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF!

"I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO DID IT, BUT HE WAS A SMOOTH Operator... HE GOT CONTROL OVER ME...

TALK, WHAT'S THIS BIG EXPEDITION ABOUT?

CAN'T... KEEP IT BACK, ATTACKING... CASTLE OF KING..."
MY SHIPMATES BLAMED ME FOR BETRAYING THEM... AND MY PUNISHMENT WAS TO HAUNT THE SHIP FOREVER!

WASN'T YOUR FAULT... FAULT OF GUY WHO MADE YOU BETRAY THEM. EVER. I FIND HIM, I'LL BOP HIM WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP!

DONE WRONG BY, THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE. DON'T WORRY... I'LL SEE YOU'RE CLEARED OF ALL GUILT, WON'T HAVE TO HAUNT SHIP ANY LONGER.

BUT HOW CAN YOU... IT ALL HAPPENED MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS AGO!

BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW HERBIE VERY WELL. HERBIE HAD HIS METHODS...

NEED REALLY GOOD TIME LOLLIPOP TO SPAN THOUSAND YEARS. SPEEDY ONE... GET ME THERE FAST.

SHOULD BE GREAT TRIP, RIGHT? A WRONG AND RELEASE GHOST... WITHOUT GHOST, PEOPLE COME TO MUSEUM. DAD MAKE MONEY... BE LESS JERKY...

VIKING FLEET... GOT HERE PRETTY FAST. LAND ON FLAGSHIP... ONE IN LEAD.

A SPY! SEIZE HIM!

AND SO IT HAPPENED THAT IN THE YEAR 863, HERBIE POPNECKER WAS DRAGGED BEFORE THE VIKING COMMANDER, ERIC SHAPIRO...

SINCE IT'S PROBABLY HIS FIRST OFFENSE, WELL LET HIM OFF LIGHTLY... EXECUTE HIM!
But no matter how they tried to execute him...

YI! WOT GIVES?

They love me... they love me not...

Finally, in despair... they flung him to the sharks...

??

??
PRETTY MANS!

YOU'LL BE CUTE WHEN YOU'RE DRESSED UP RIGHT!

THAT'S WHAT I MEAN BY RIGHT! NOW YOU'RE A VIKING TO ANY WOMAN'S LIKING!

AND WHILE ERIC STROVE MANFULLY TO DROWN HIS GRIEF...

YIP-PEEEEEE! WANTSH... PROPOSHE TOASHT TO SUCCESS OF EXPEDITION... BIG IMPORTANT EXPEDITION...

NEVER KNOW WHAT GIVES AROUND HERE TILL I LEARN WHAT EXPEDITIONS ALL ABOUT. BUT HELL NEVER TELL ME WHAT THIS IMPORTANT EXPEDITION'S GOING TO BE.

YOU! LOVE YOU TO PIECES FOR TAKING THE PRINCESS AWAY FROM ME, JESSIR! KISS-KISS-KISS!

GRATEFUL, HUH? THEN SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS BIG IMPORTANT EXPEDITION'S GOING TO BE.

YOU WANT I SHOULD BE A RAT-PINK'S WORK... YOU'LL NEVER GET ME TO TALK! TRY... JUST TRY. I DARE YOU!

SIGH... IN THAT CASE, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, L, HYPNOTIC LOLLIPPOP... HERE IT IS.

IN MY POWER, TALK... WHAT'S THIS BIG EXPEDITION ABOUT?

TH-THOSE EYES! THAT-FACE! CAN'T KEEP IT BACK. ATTACKING... CASTLE OF KING NINCOMPOOP. KING OF ALL ENGLAND. SURPRISE HIM... TAKE OVER ENGLAND IN SURPRISE BATTLE TOMORROW AT DAWN...
BRITISH OUR ALLIES, CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN.

HAVE TO WARN THEM, SO THEIR SOLDIERS WILL BE ON GUARD.

OPEN UP, IMPORTANT.

RAP, RAP!

GO AWAY, THERE'S NOBODY HERE... ALL MY MEN JUST LEFT ON THEIR VACATION. IT'S PART OF THEIR UNION CONTRACT... 3 WEEKS WITH PAY!

OF!

WHATS FUNNY-LOOKING STUFF DECORATING THEIR UNIFORMS?

FRINGE BENEFITS!

MEANWHILE, THE FIRST WAVE OF VIKINGS HAD LANDED... AND WERE USING LADDERS TO SCALE THE CLIFFS...

DOWN WITH KING NINCOMPOOP!
Ugh! Oof!

Crash!

Wham!

Now Herbie was out of throwing boulders—but he had other means of attack...

That's what you're to do, got it?

Got it!

Enemy sighted. Squadron will proceed with dive-bombing tactics...

--- Bombs away!

Pow! Pow! Pow!

Meanwhile some of the Vikings had managed to reach the top of the cliff...

Just few up here... whole slew of 'em down below. Let's see... how to handle this...

Pow!

Bam... Bam... Crash!

Got gates open... need to get in for what I've got in mind.
OUT OF WAY.

POW! THUD!

BAM! SOK!

KING NINCOMPOOP... NEED YOU!

GOT HERE FUSTEST WITH MOSTEST.

CRASH!

ZOOM!

SPECIAL BOPPING LOLLIPOP, IMPROVED MODEL, DOESN'T KNOW OWN POWER.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A SPECIAL BOPPING LOLLIPOP, IMPROVED MODEL, FOR INCREASING THE SPIRIT POPULATION...

WAIT FOR ME! I'M GOING TO VALHALLA TOO!

VALHALLA'S THE DWELLING-PLACE OF THE VIKING DEAD... BUT IT LOOKS AS IF ERIC'S BEING BARRED!

NOW THAT WE'RE SPIRITS, WE KNOW THAT IT WAS YOU WHO GAVE US AWAY!

FOR THAT, US SPIRITS VOTE THAT YOU CAN'T COME ALONG WITH US! WE SENTENCE YOU TO STAY WITH YOUR SHIP AND HAUNT IT FOR-EVER!

AW, FELLAS...
But meanwhile...

Just remembered... promised Eric's ghost back in museum get even on Scoundrel who made him betray his men. Let's see now... what was it he said guy said to him? "Talk, what's this big expedition about?"

Suddenly came a startling memory... in my power, talk, what's this big expedition about? TH-THOSE EYES! THAT F-FACE! CAN'T KEEP IT BACK... ATTACKING CASTLE OF KING NINCOMPOOP...

URP! ME who made him tell... and said if I ever find guy who made him do it, bop him with this here lollipop.

WHAM!

Oh, well... had to keep promise. Had to bop me with this here lollipop.

TCH, TCH, might as well head back to 20th century... didn't accomplish a thing, failed, not used to failing.

H-HELP! Just the same as when I left.

Closed because what else am I gonna do? A popnecker.

But no... it wasn't exactly the same...

Eric Shapiro, you stop that silly haunting at once. Do you hear? You come right back inside, there's washing to be done... and after that...

You! It's too late, lover... why didn't you come back before I was married...?

Sure too bad. Thank gosh.

I still think there's something familiar about you. Wait... she made me get glasses....
YOU! THE FELLA WHO HYPNOTIZED ME INTO GIVING AWAY OUR PLANS! YOU'RE THE REASON WHY I COULDN'T GET UP INTO VALHALLA LIKE THE OTHER GHOSTS—AND WHY I HAD TO STAY AND HAUNT THE SHIP!

THANK YOU FOR IT! WHY?

YER OUGHTA THANK ME FOR IT.

NOTHING TO DO ALL DAY UP IN VALHALLA BUT PLAY HARPS. BORING. NOT ONE GHOST UP THERE WOULDN'T CHANGE PLACES WITH YOU. GOT CHANCE TO PUT ON REAL PERFORMANCE HERE, STAND'EM IN AISLES, ALL HAVE TO DO IS PUT ON RIGHT KIND OF SHOW.

AND SO...

MOVE RIGHT ALONG AND TAKE YOUR SEATS, PLEASE.

WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT FOR YOU TONIGHT!

WE'RE EACH OF US A KOOKYSPook. OUR ACT IS GREAT—YOU'LL CHEER IT.

POPNECKER ROADSIDE MUSEUM

NOW APPEARING—IN PERSON: THE SHADOWY SHAPIROS'. WORLD'S ONLY MAN-AND-WIFE GHOST TEAM!

YOU MAY NOT SHIVER, EVEN QUIVER, CAUSE YESSIR—THAT'S THE SPIRIT! HURRAH! YAY!

THREE CHEERS!

WOW!

WOWITA SHOW!

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT—THE MUSEUM'S MAKING MILLIONS!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT A GOOD BUSINESSMAN LIKE ME COULDN'T MISS... THAT IF YOU WANTED TO BE A SUCCESS, IT WAS ALL A MATTER OF GETTING THE RIGHT PEOPLE TO WORK FOR YOU? YOU SEE, I WAS RIGHT?

THE END!