

LOOK FOR ME ON TV

THE FRIENDLY GHOST

Casper

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

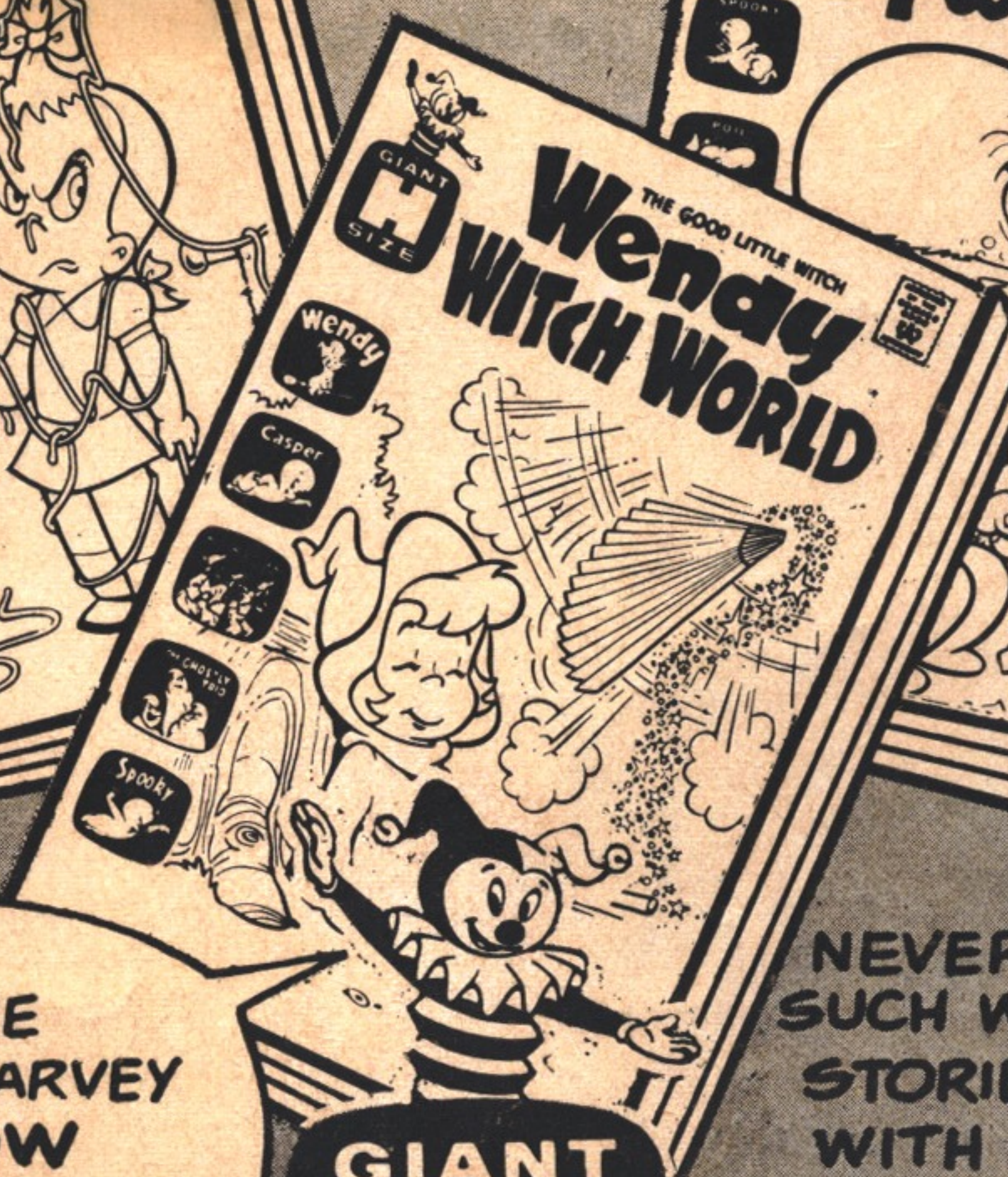
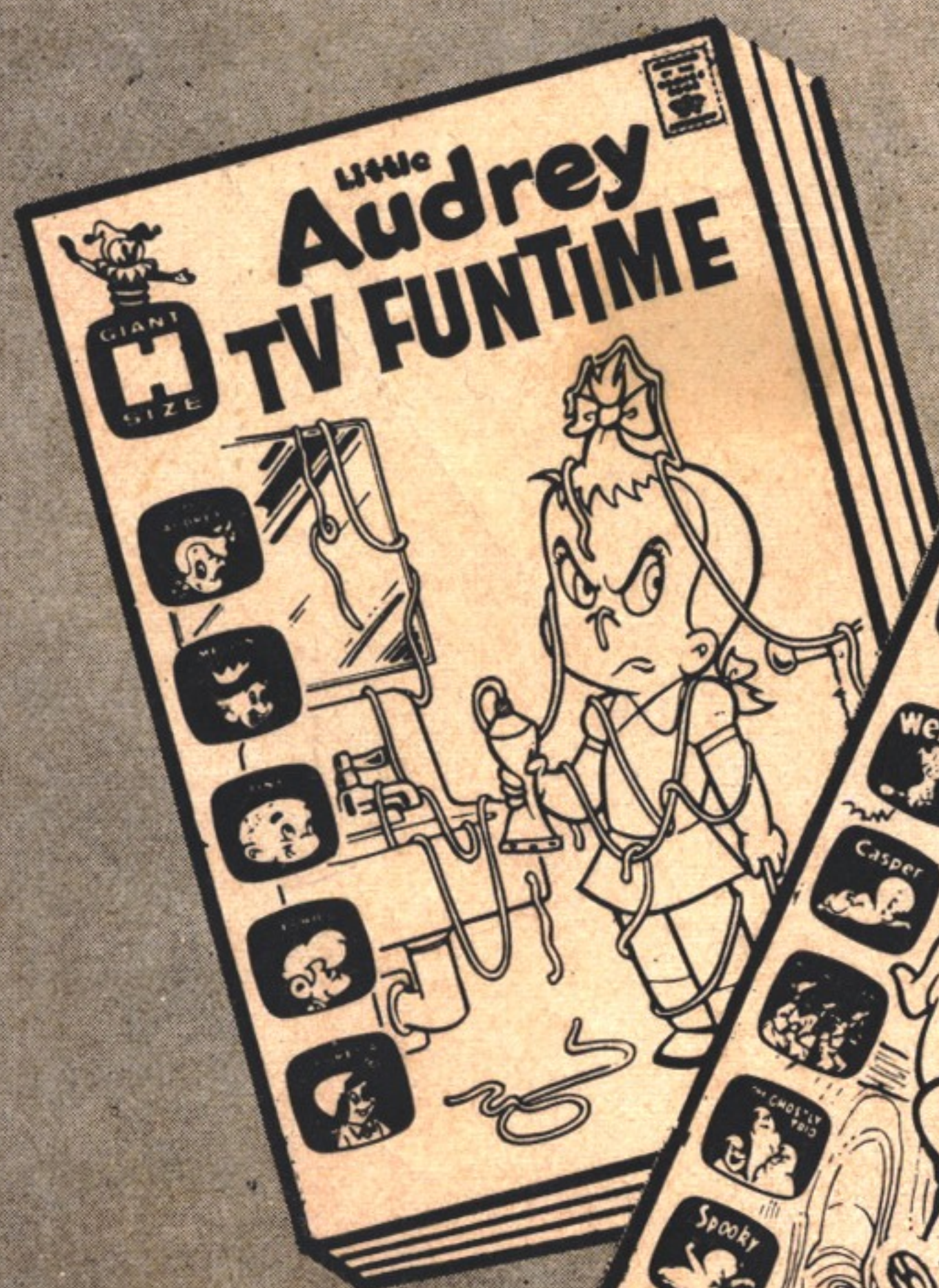


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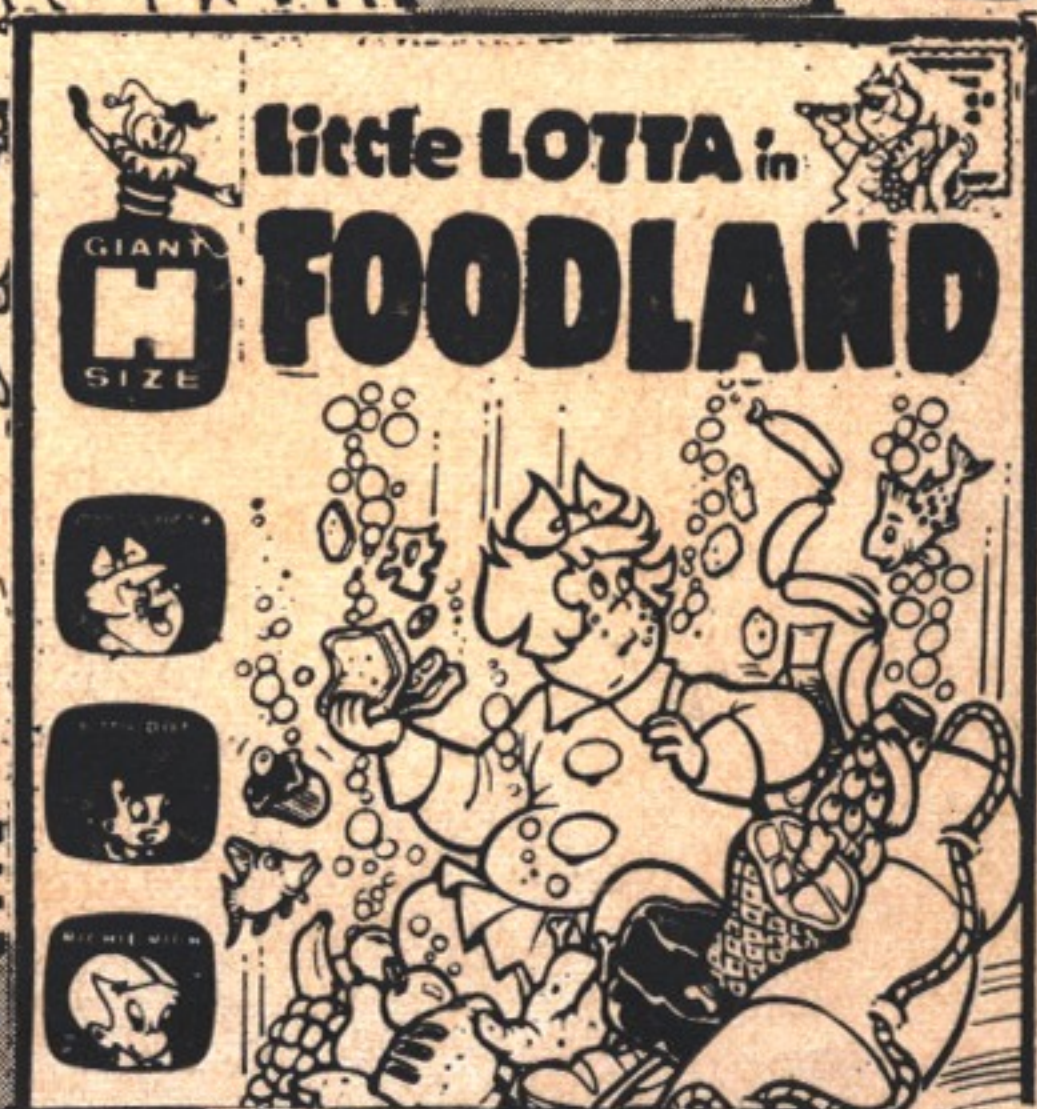
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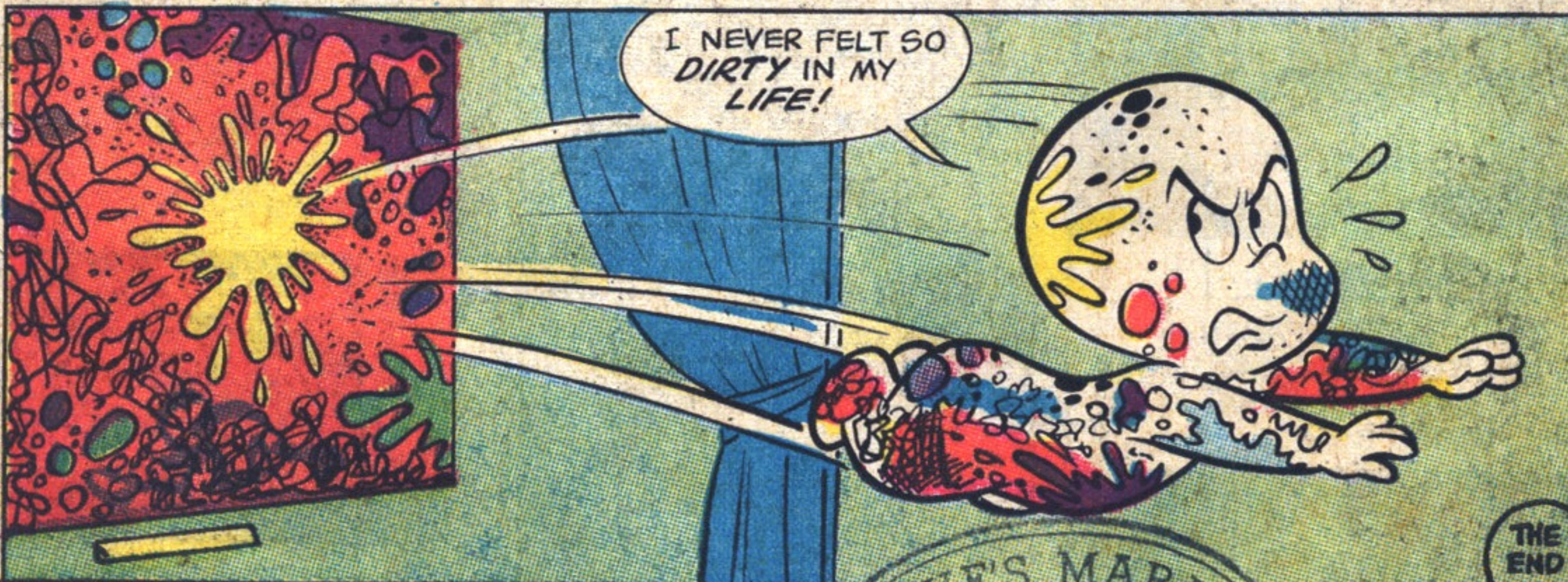
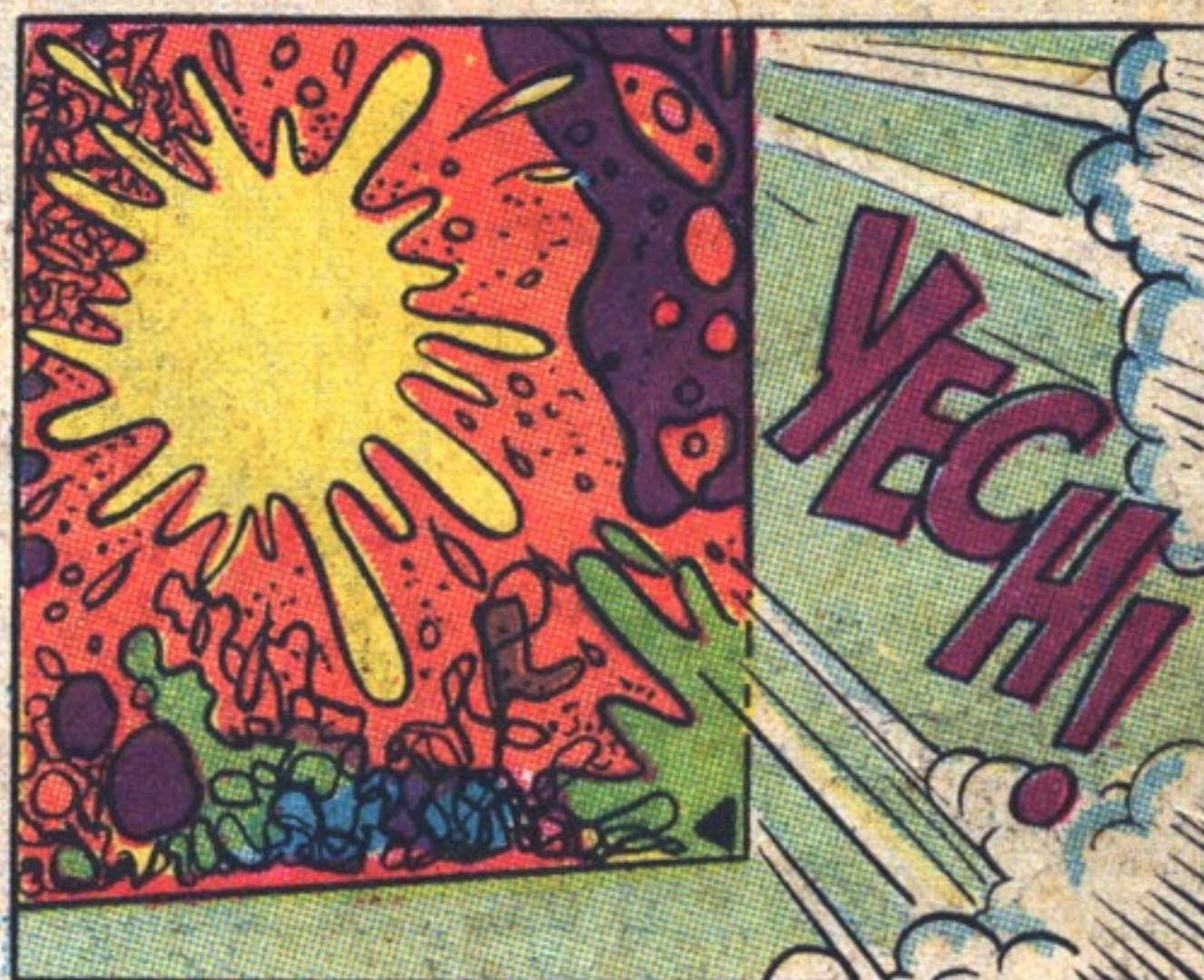
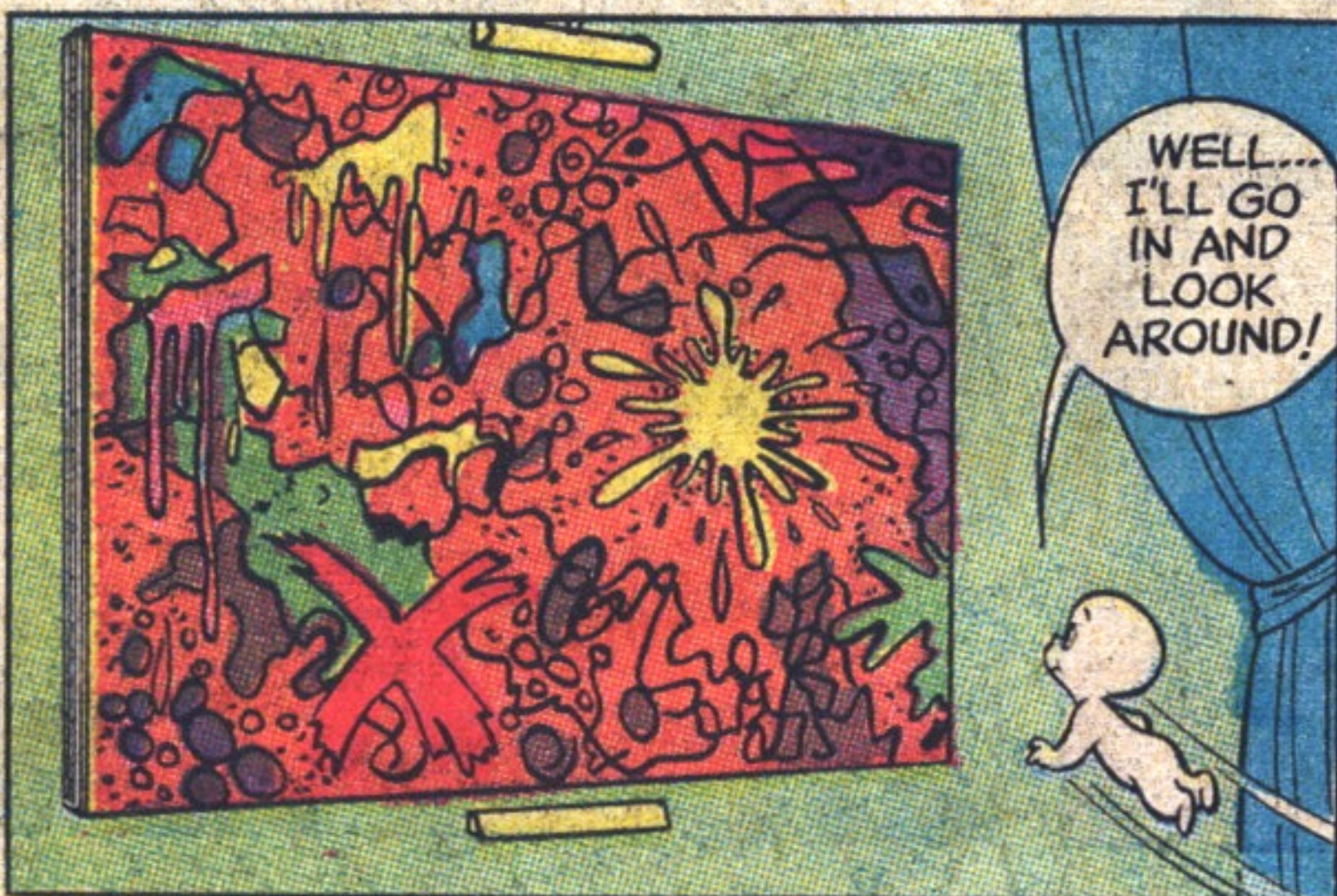
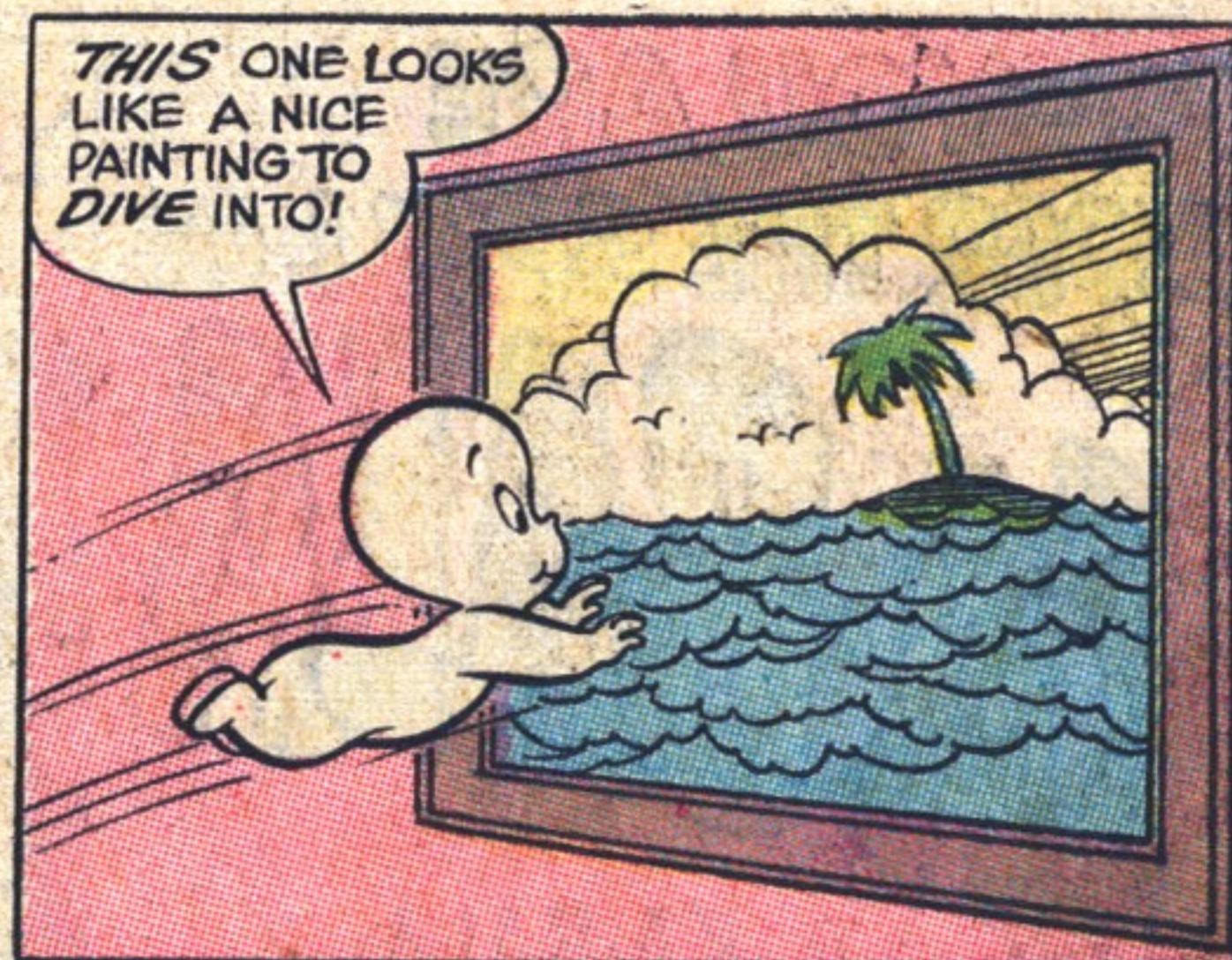
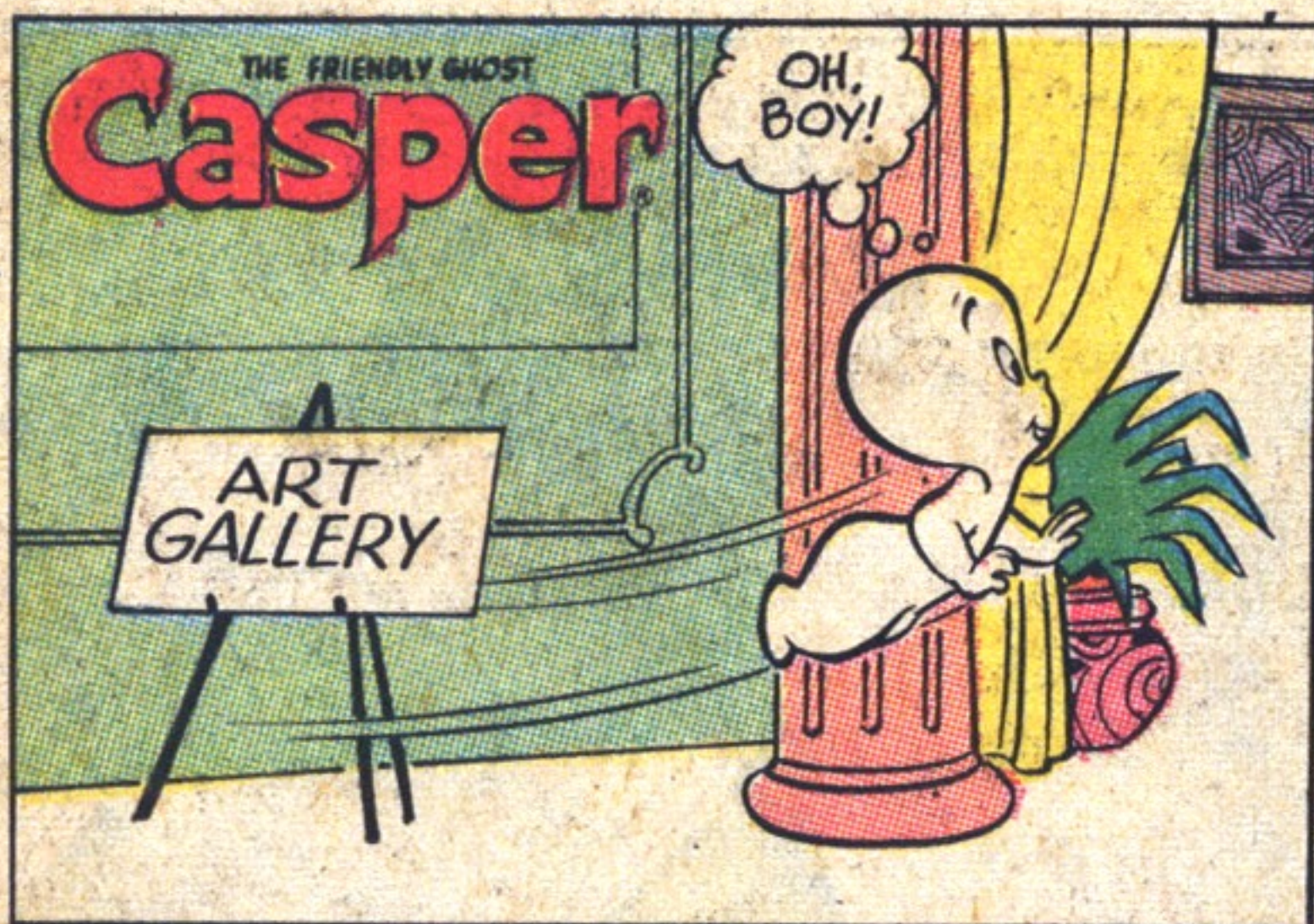




HERE ARE
SIX GIANT HARVEY
COMICS NOW
ON SALE! GET
THEM TODAY!

NEVER BEFORE
SUCH WONDERFUL
STORIES PACKED
WITH HUMOR
AND LAUGHS!
YOU'LL KEEP THEM
FOREVER!



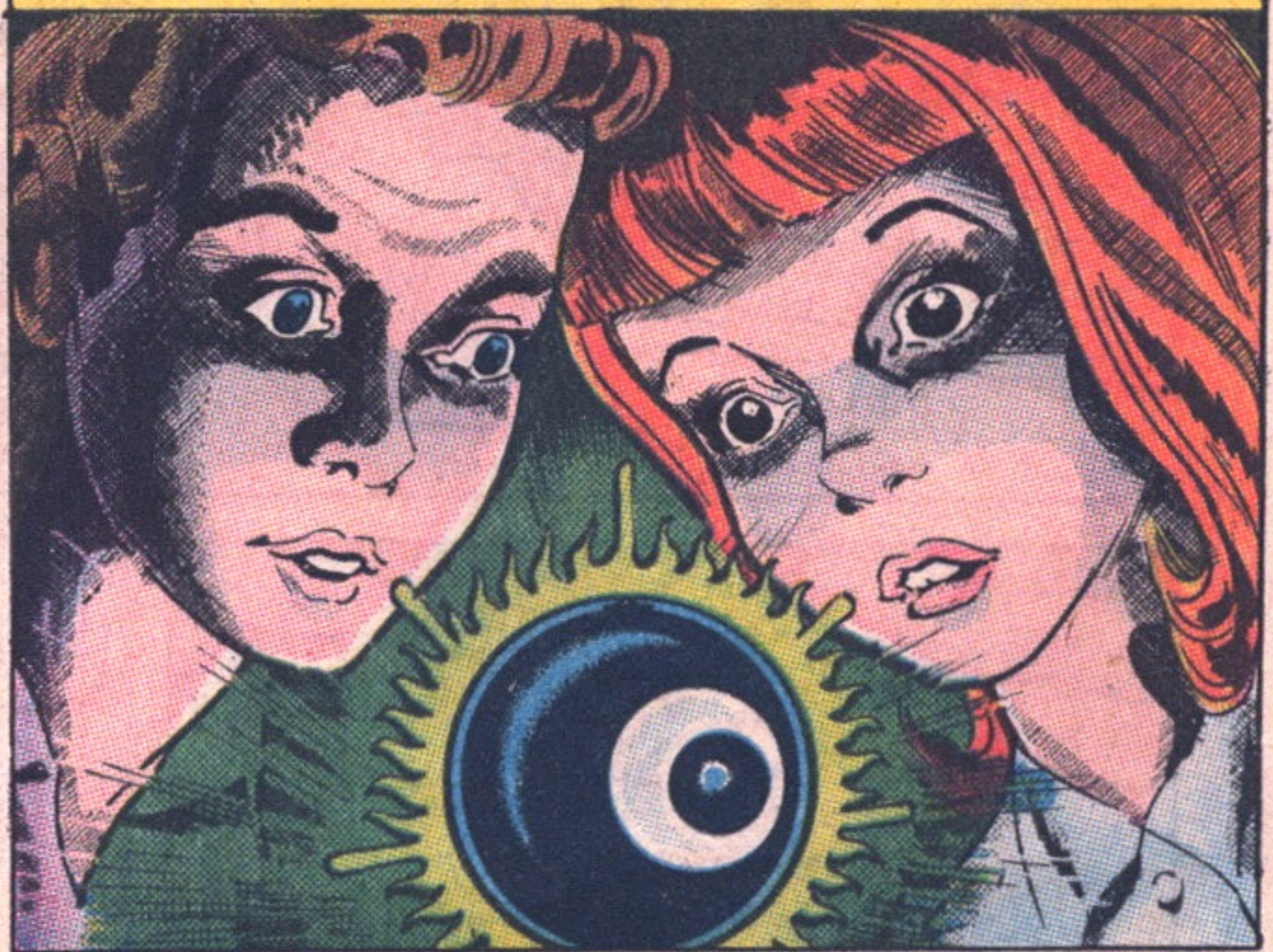


YOU ARE
UNDER THE SPELL OF

KA-BALA

KA-BALA
THE MYSTIC ONE
SEES ALL... TELLS ALL
THE SECRETS OF YOUR
FUTURE

YOU'VE TURNED OUT ALL THE LIGHTS. IN THE DARK
OF THE ROOM AN EERIE GREEN GLOW.
IT'S **KA-BALA!**



THE MOMENT IS TENSE.
BUT UNDAUNTED, YOU
PLACE YOUR HANDS ON
THE MYSTERIOUS BOARD.



A DEEP BREATH, AND
YOU'RE READY WITH YOUR
FIRST QUESTION... "WI...
WILL I EVER PITCH A
WINNING GAME?"



YOU WATCH THE EVER-SEARCHING EYE
OF **ZOHAR**. ROUND AND ROUND THE
CRYSTAL MARBLE GOES. WHERE WILL IT
STOP? **ONLY KA-BALA KNOWS.**
WILL IT SPELL "YES"? WILL IT SPELL
"NO"? ANXIOUSLY YOU WAIT AS THE
FUTURE UNFOLDS.



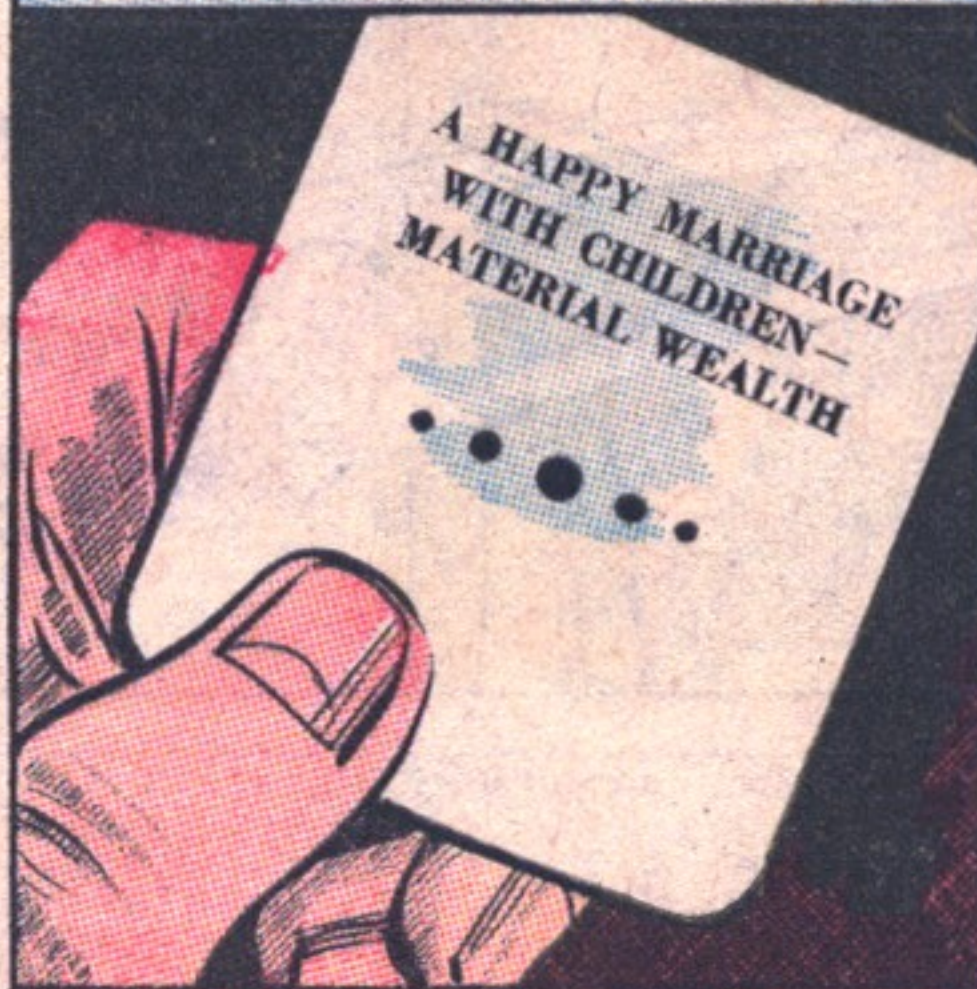
SEE
KA-BALA
CAST ITS SPELL
ON **TV**

MINUTES LATER...

NOW IT'S YOUR PARTNER'S
TURN. "THE TARO CARD'S FOR
ME!", SAYS SHE, "WHAT WILL
MY FUTURE BE?"



SLOWLY SHE REACHES FOR
A CARD, THEN SWIFTLY
TURNS IT UP. "SEE!"
A HAPPY MARRIAGE
WITH CHILDREN-MATERIAL
WEALTH "WHEE!"



LEARN THE DEEP SECRETS OF **YOUR**
FUTURE. GET **KA-BALA** TO TELL YOU
ALL. IT'S AN EXCITING GAME FOR
EVERYONE. COMES COMPLETE WITH
LUMINOUS BOARD, THE EYE OF **ZOHAR**
AND CRYSTAL MARBLE WHICH SPELLS
OUT ANSWERS. PLUS 22 FUTURE-
TELLING TARO CARDS AND INSTRUCTIONS.



TRANSOGRAM
where
the fun comes
from



THE FRIENDLY GHOST Casper

IN
THE MISSING
GUADRULNIK

LOOK! A
RED SIGNAL
FLARE FROM
CREEPY
CASTLE
ON FRYTMORE
MOUNTAIN!

YEAH! MAYBE
SOMEBODY'S BEING
HELD CAPTIVE BY
THAT EVIL OGRE,
BRUTO!

WE'D BETTER
GO UP THERE
AND LOOK
INTO IT!

ANYBODY WHO'D
GO TO BRUTO'S
CASTLE WOULD
BE OUT OF HIS
MIND!

I'VE HEARD OF PEOPLE
WHO WENT THERE AND
WERE NEVER HEARD
OF AGAIN!

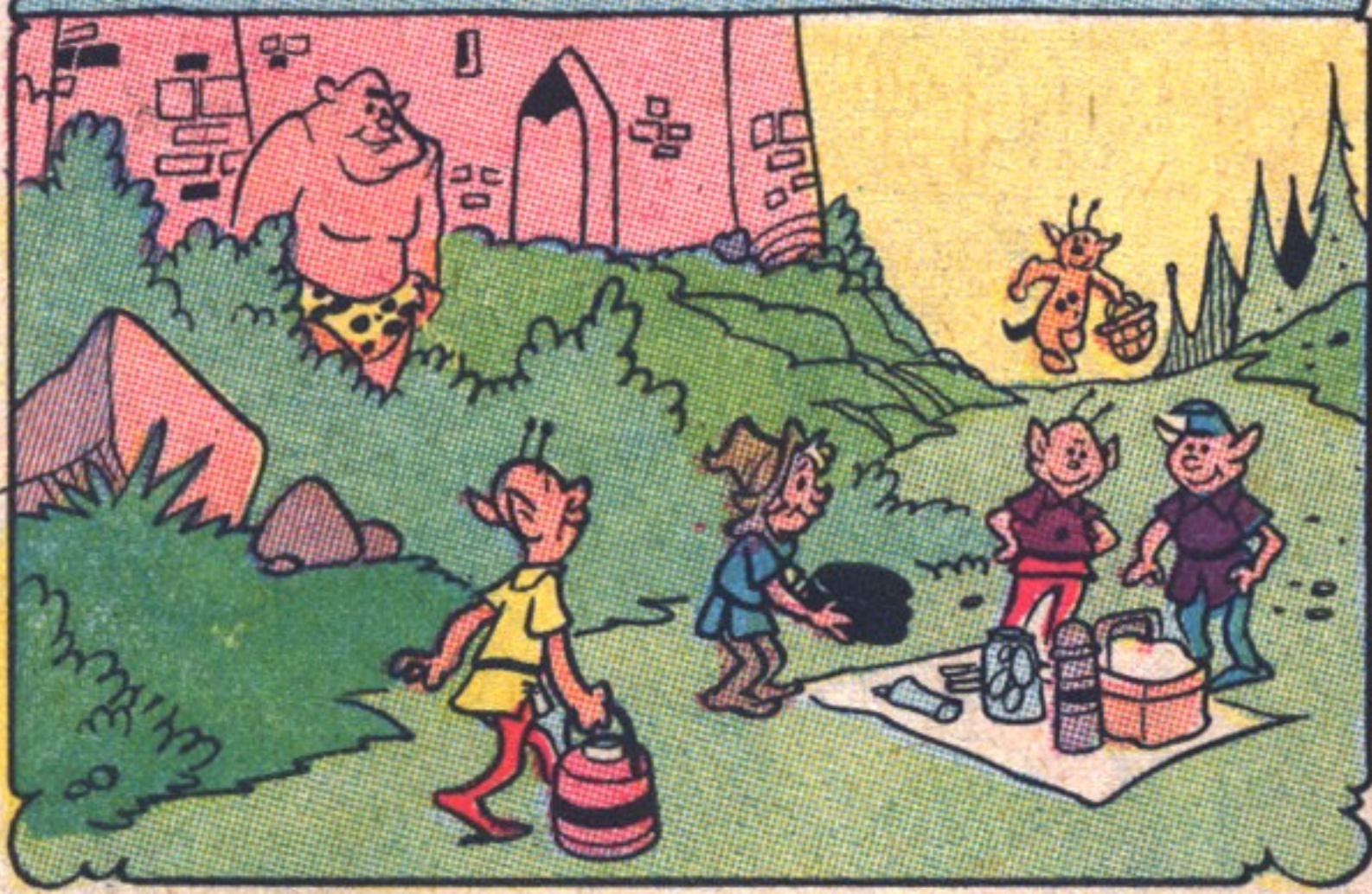
THAT OGRE
HATES US
FOREST
FOLK!

WHY,
OLD
TIMER?

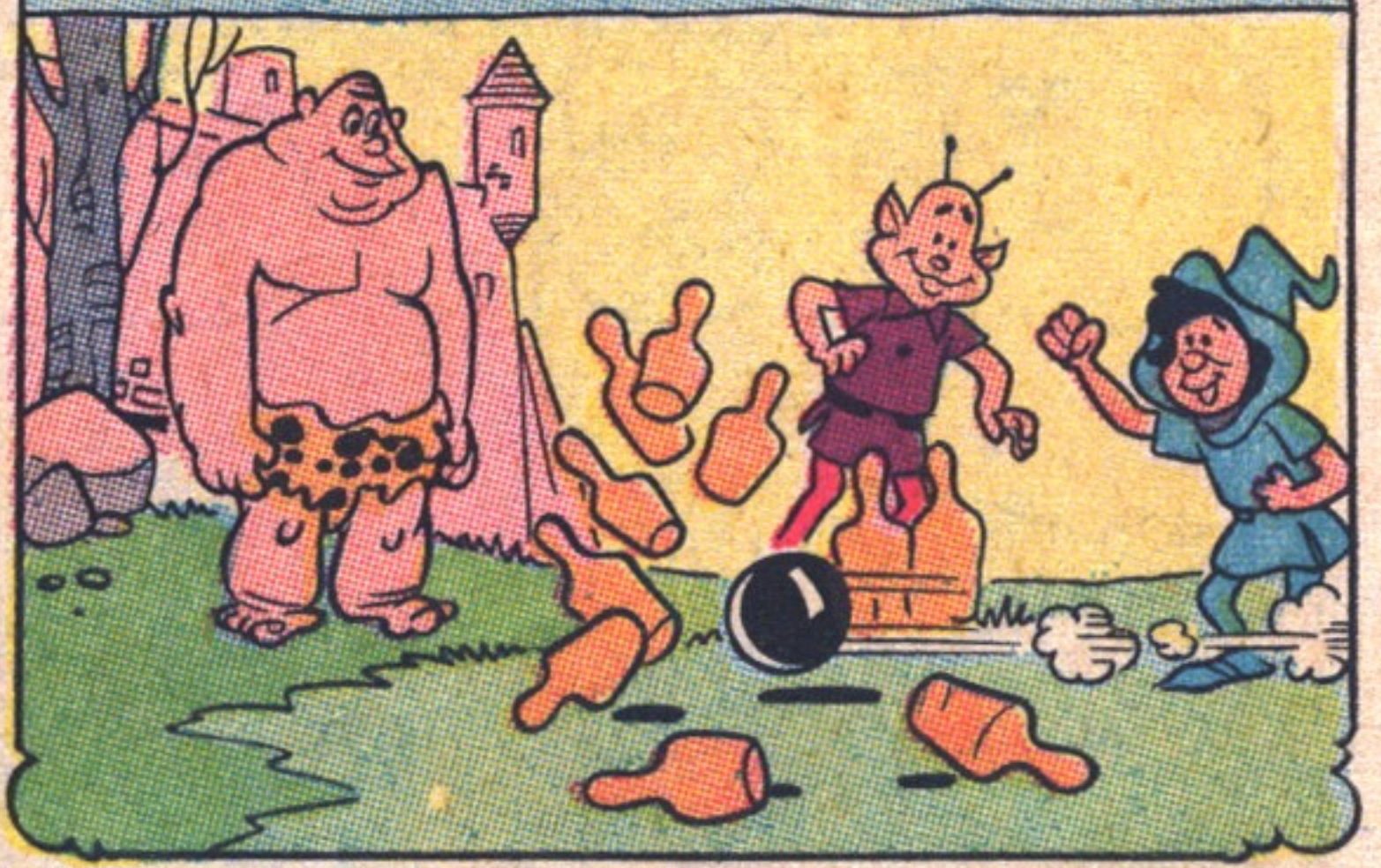
WELL... IT
HAPPENED SOME
YEARS AGO,
CASPER!

...A BUNCH OF US WERE
ON A PICNIC NEAR BRUTO'S
CASTLE... HE
WAS A YOUNG
OGRE
THEN...

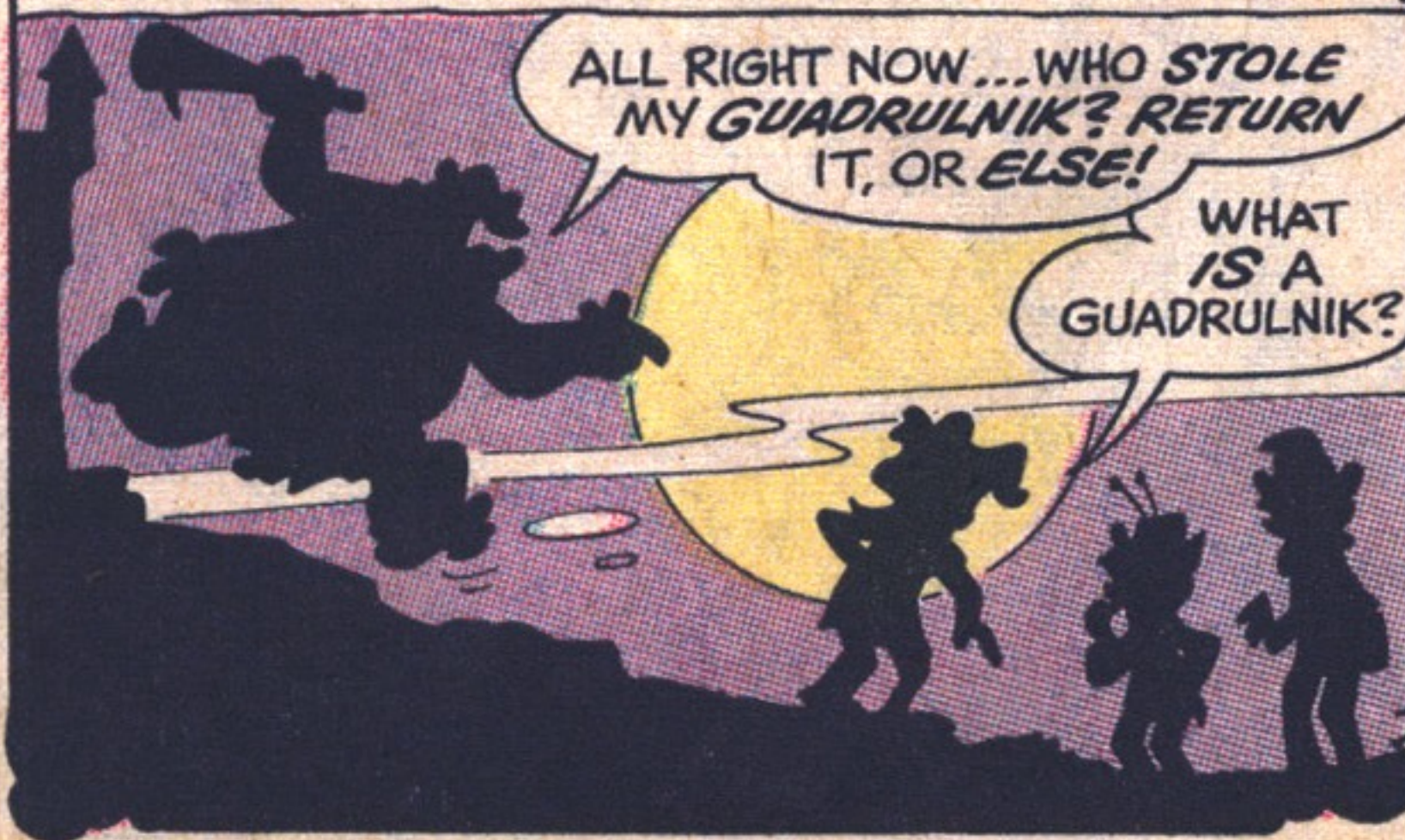
WE DIDN'T BOTHER HIM AND HE DIDN'T BOTHER US...



SOMETIMES HE WOULD WATCH US BOWL ON THE GREEN!



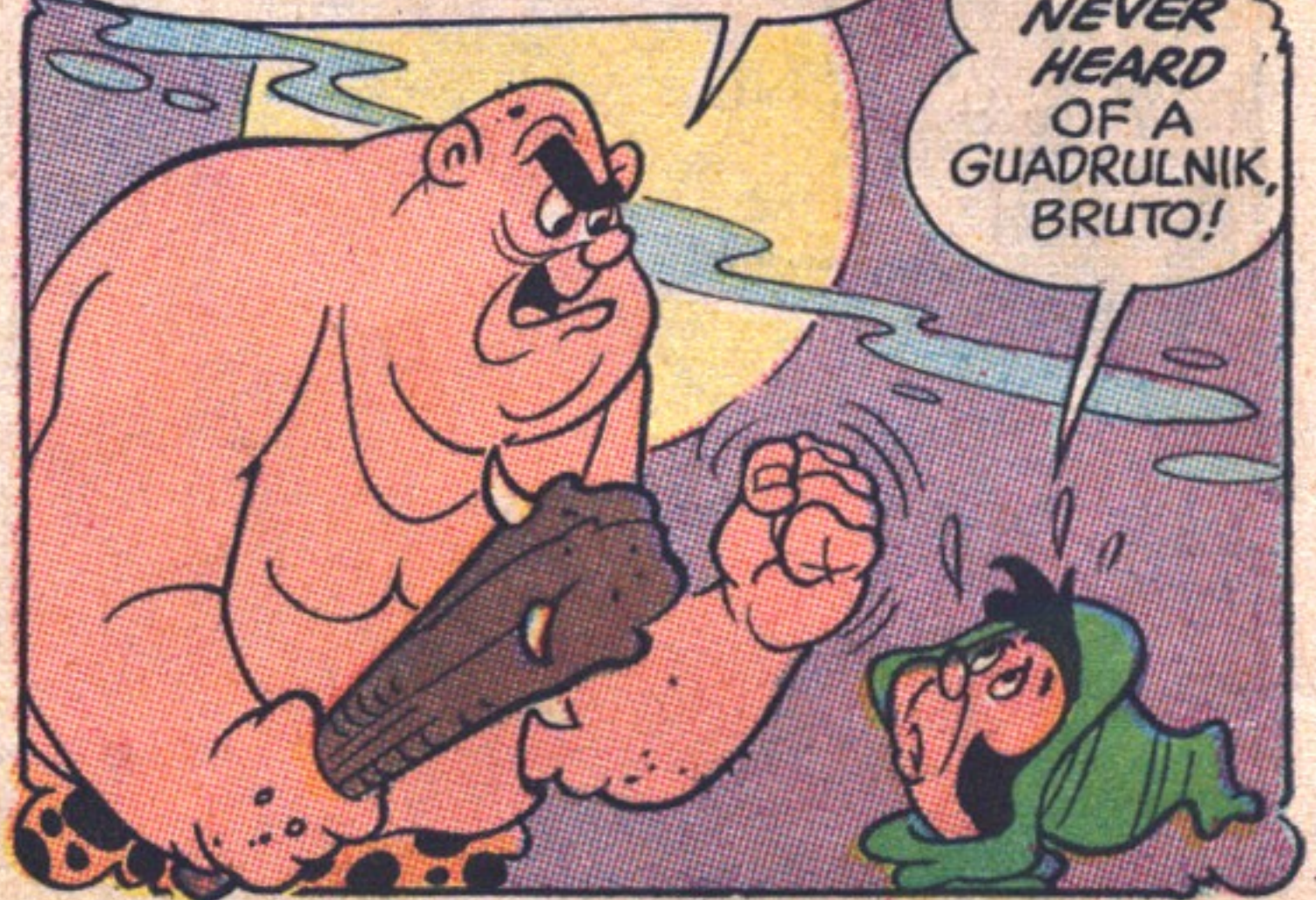
"BUT THAT NIGHT HE CAME DOWN SNORTING AND SNARLING WITH RAGE..."



ALL RIGHT NOW...WHO *STOLE* MY *GUADRULNIK*? RETURN IT, OR *ELSE*!

WHAT IS A *GUADRULNIK*?

AS IF YOU *DIDN'T* KNOW!



W-WE NEVER HEARD OF A *GUADRULNIK*, BRUTO!

I RECKON *NOBODY* DID KNOW WHAT A *GUADRULNIK* WAS... 'CEPT MEBBE THE ONE WHO *STOLE* IT!

AND HE'S HATED US EVER SINCE!



JUST THE SAME IF SOMEONE IS IN *TROUBLE*, I THINK WE SHOULD TRY AND *HELP* HIM!



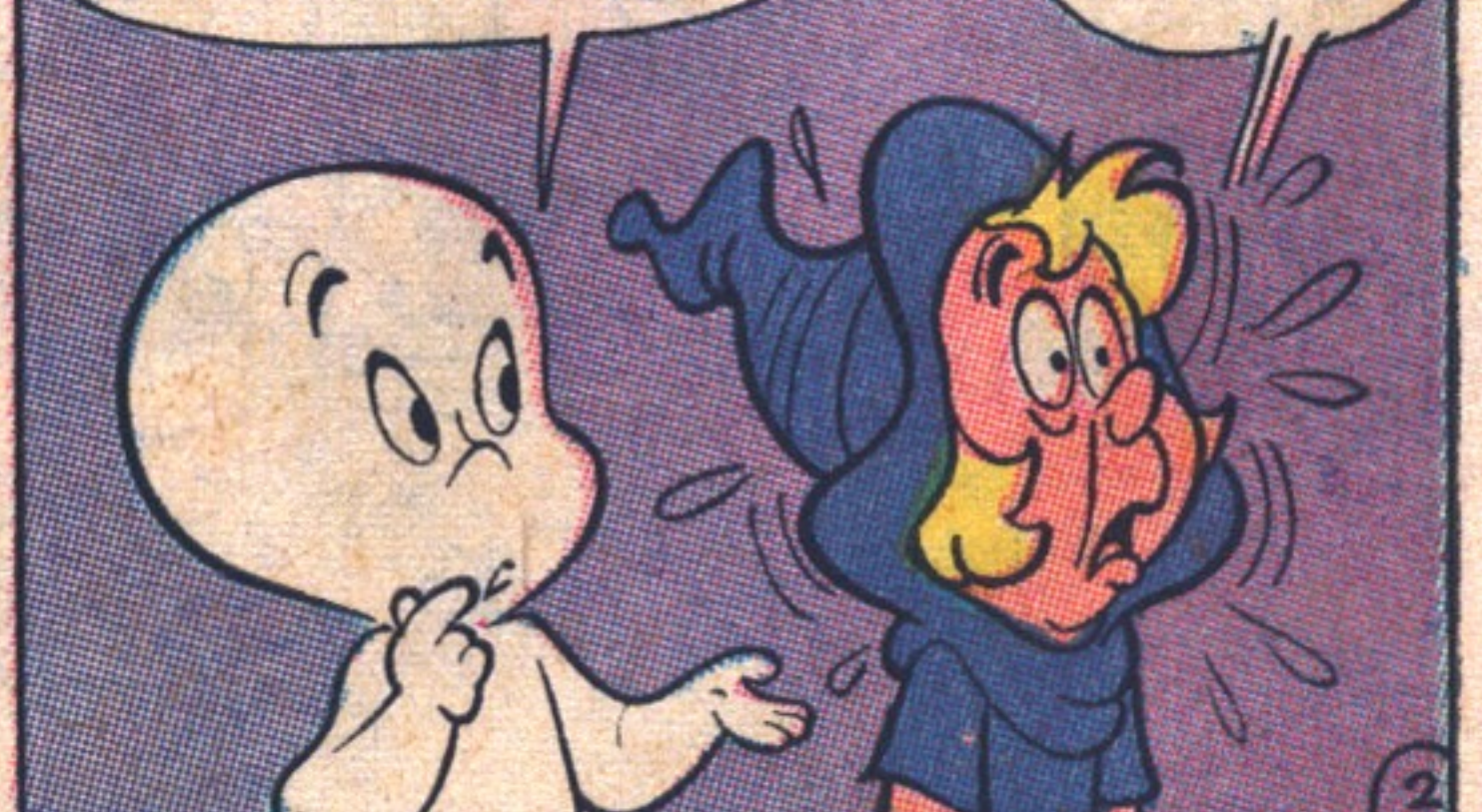
WHAT IF THAT RED FLARE WAS JUST A *TRICK* TO GET US UP THERE?

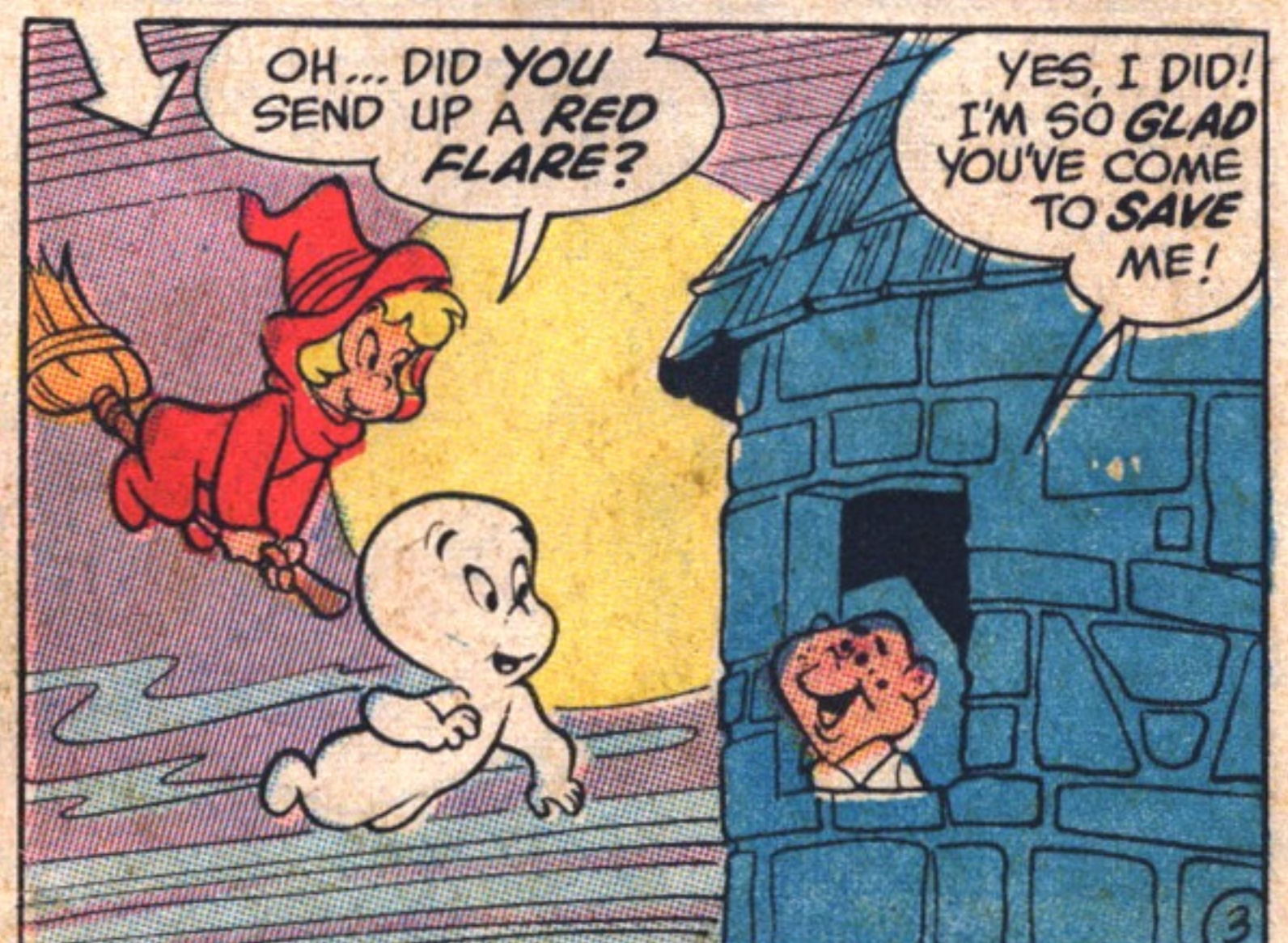
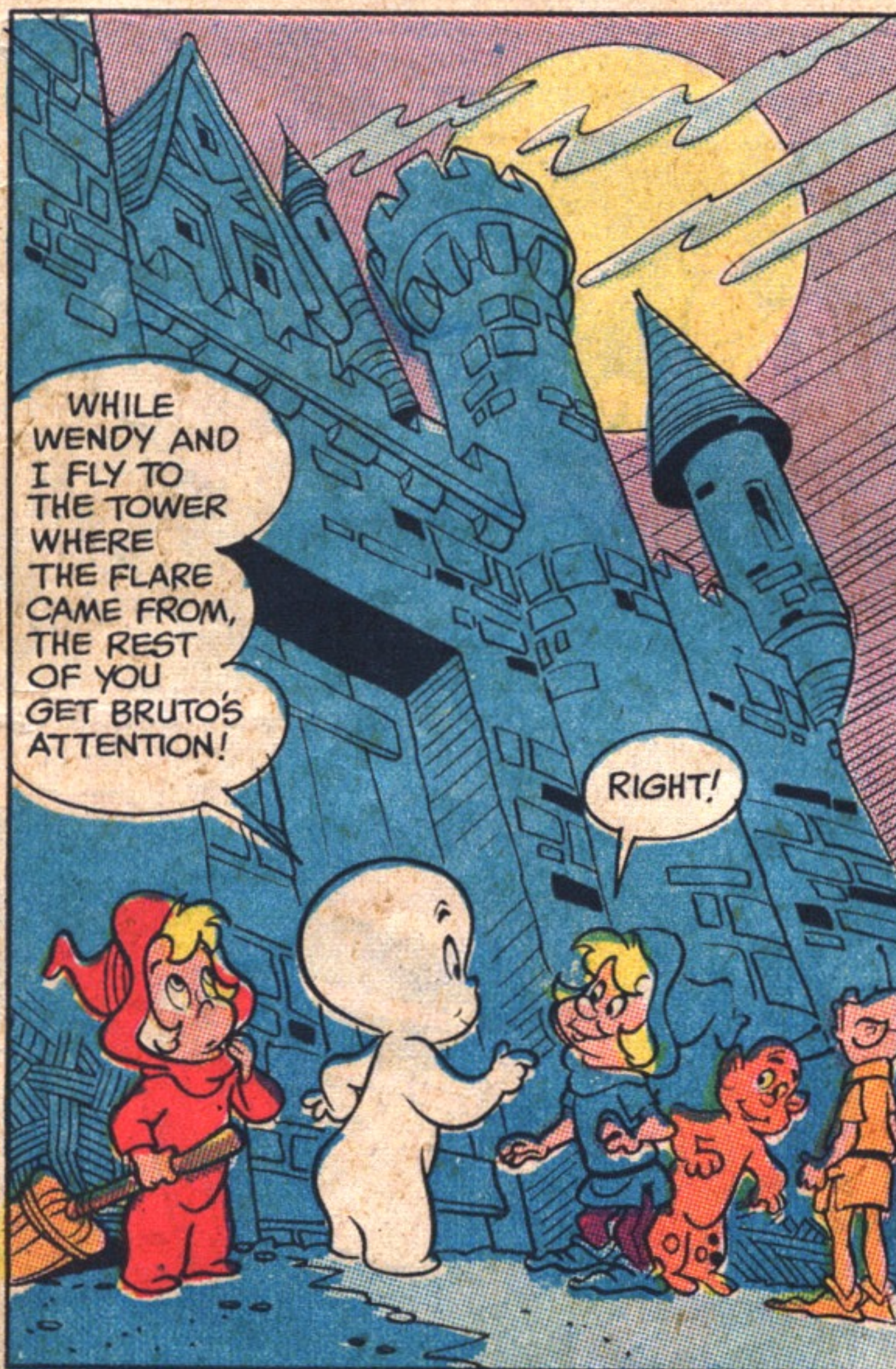
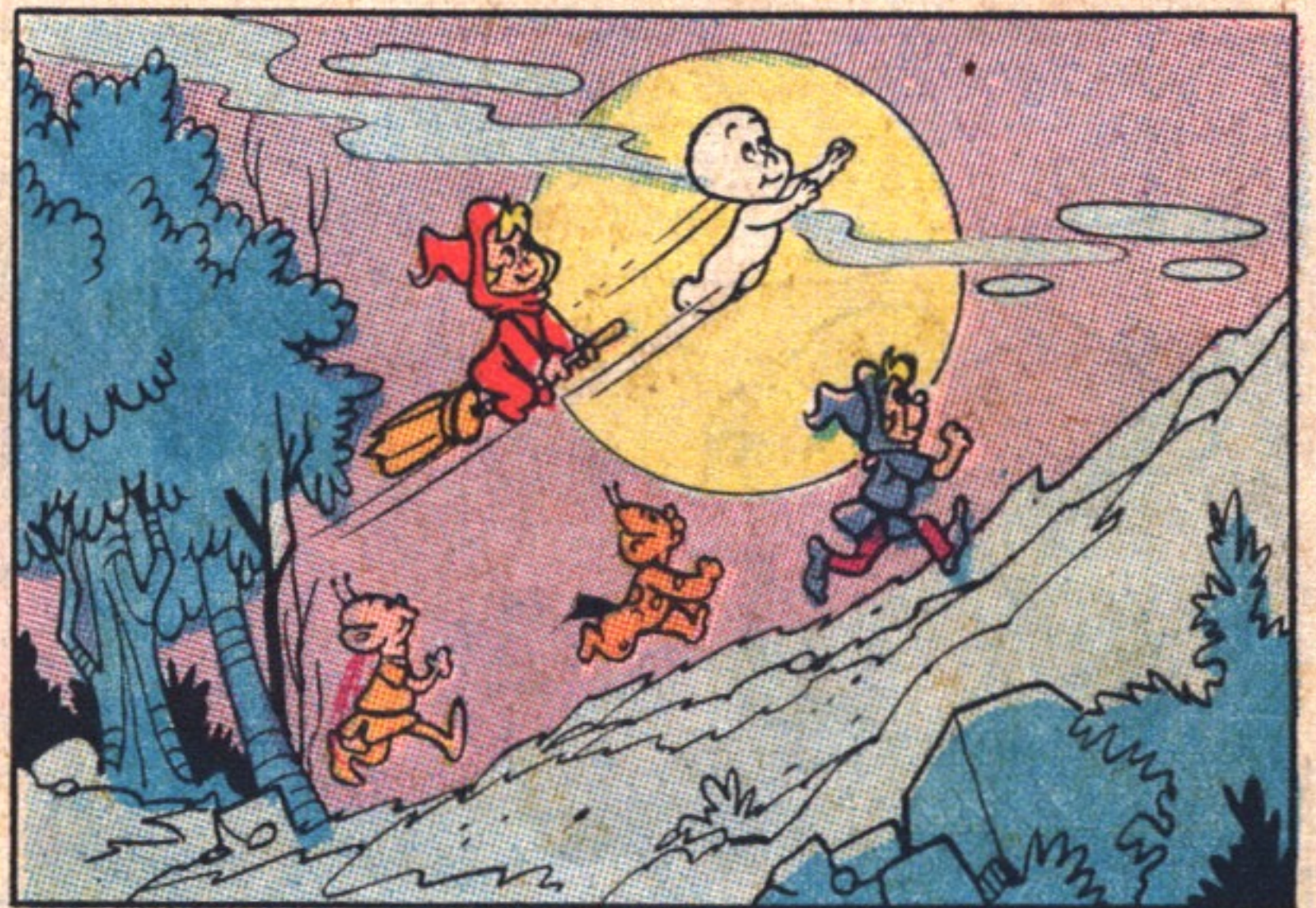
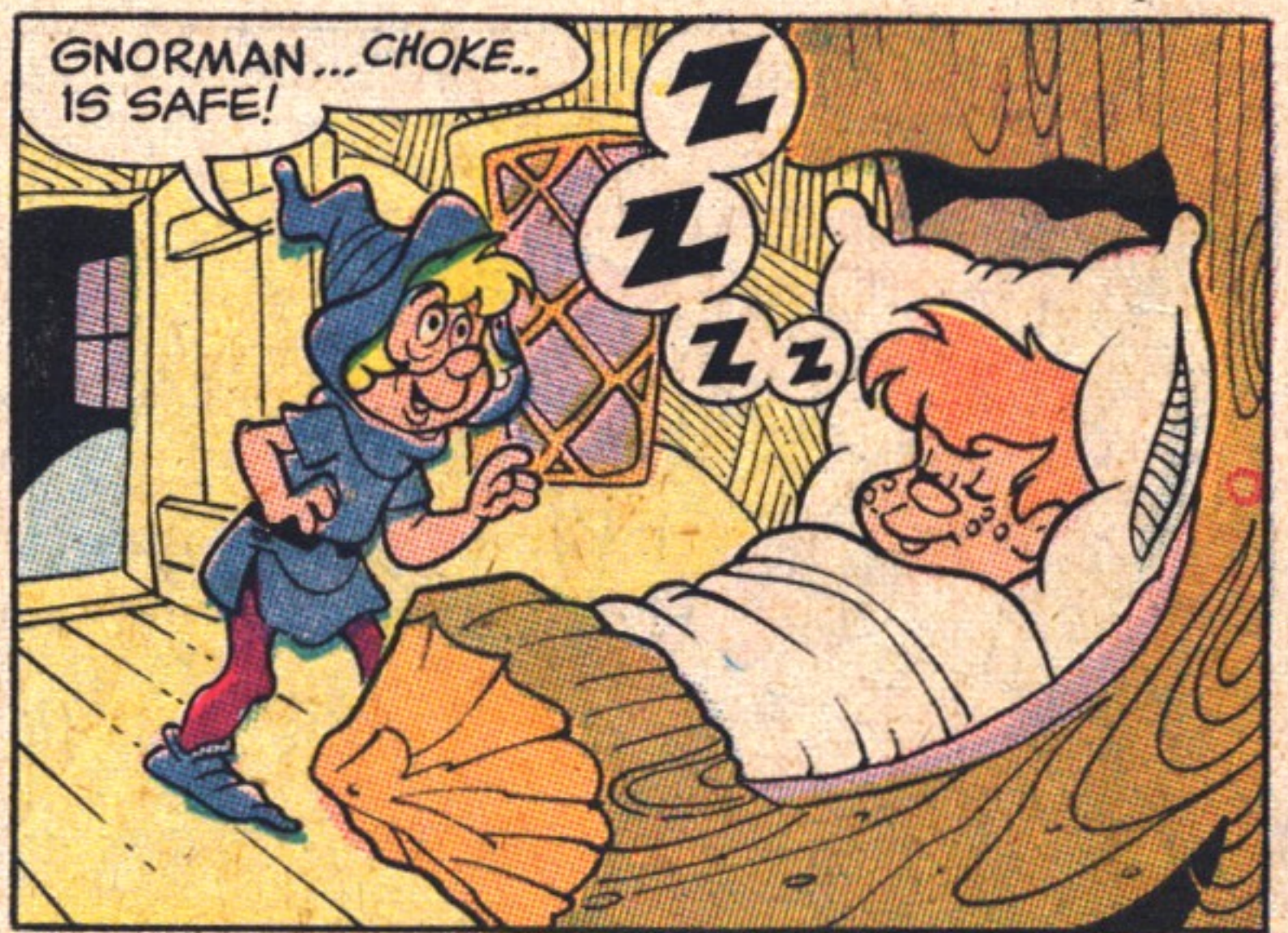
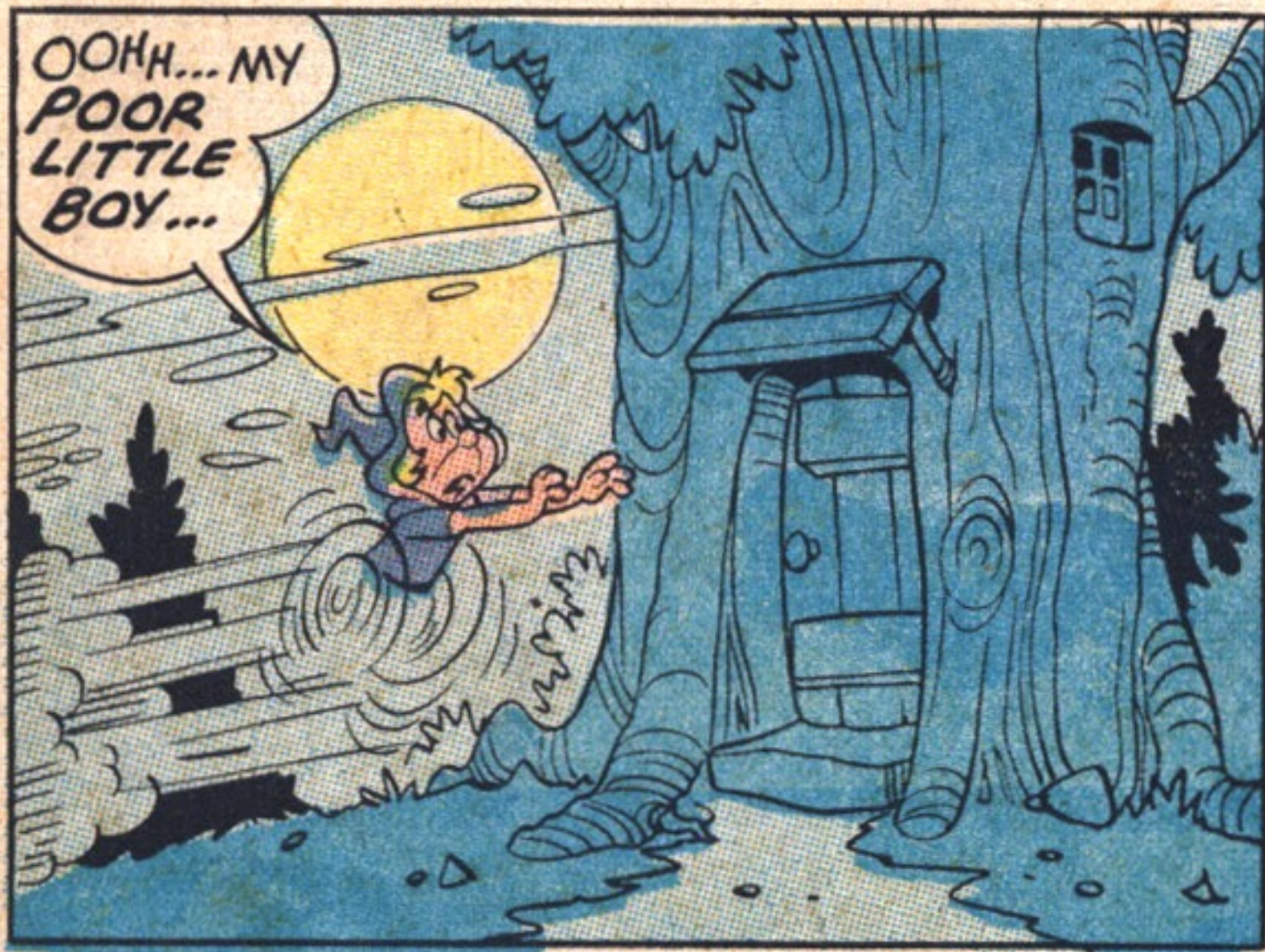
YEAH...AND *TRAP* US!

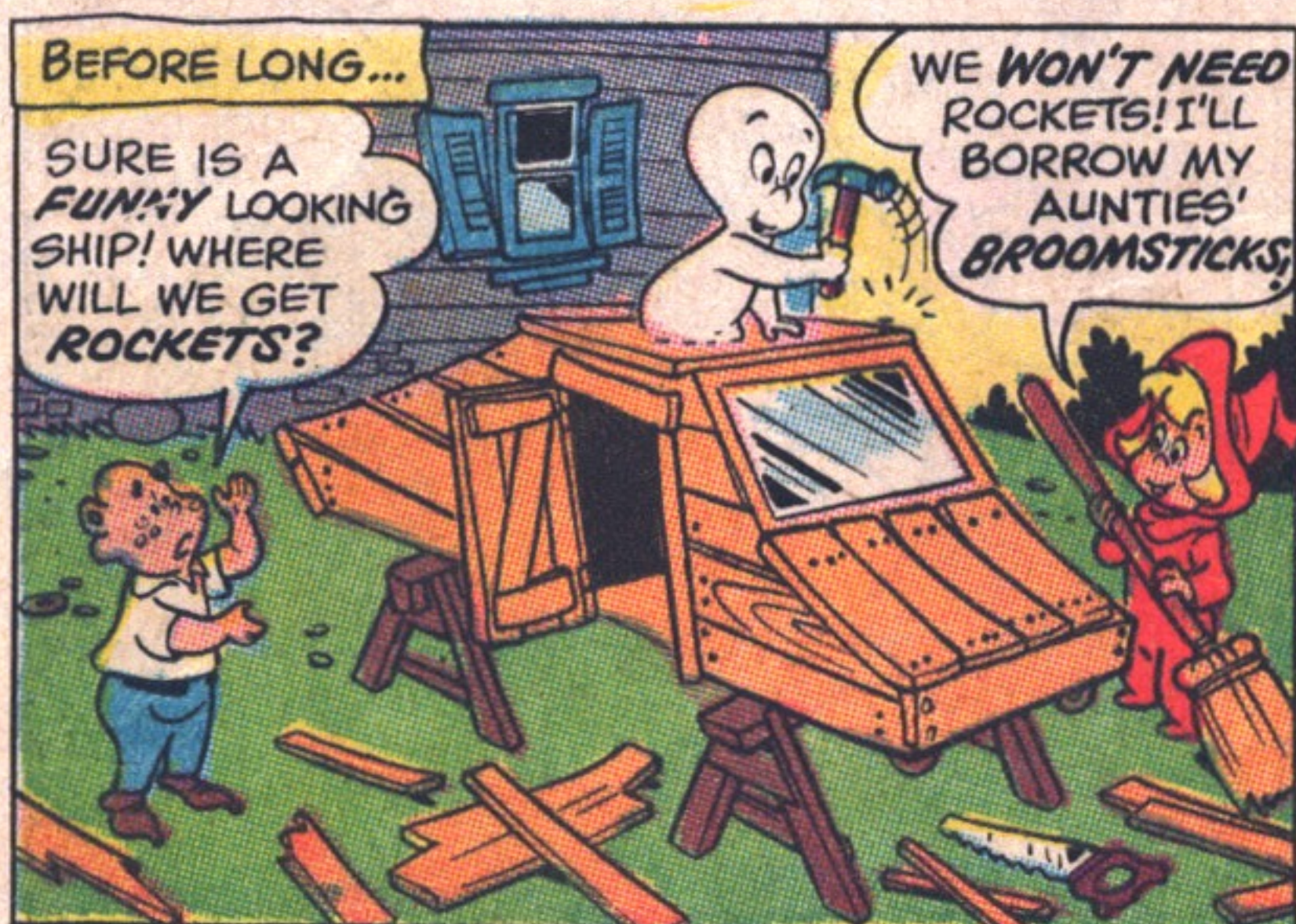
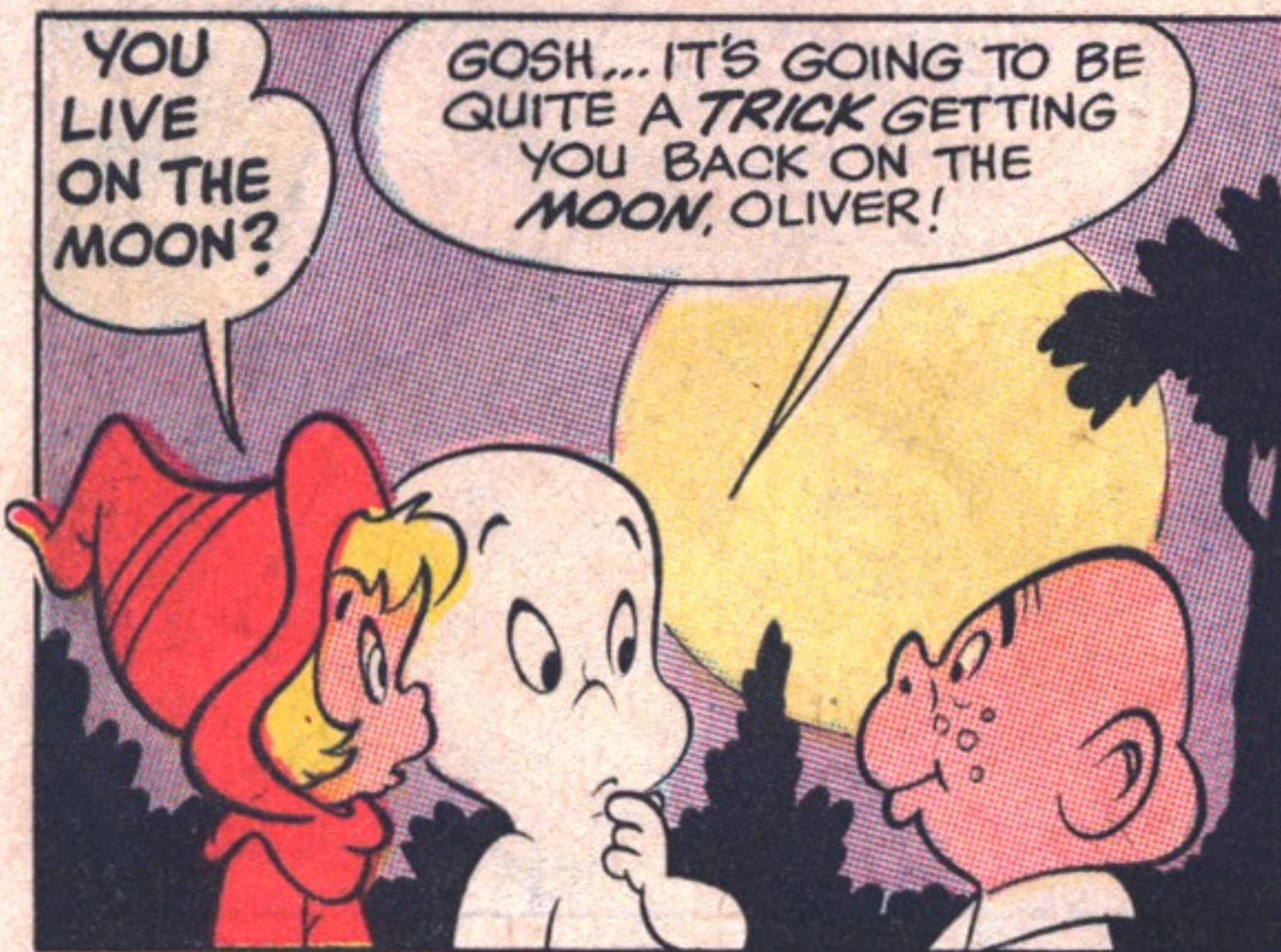
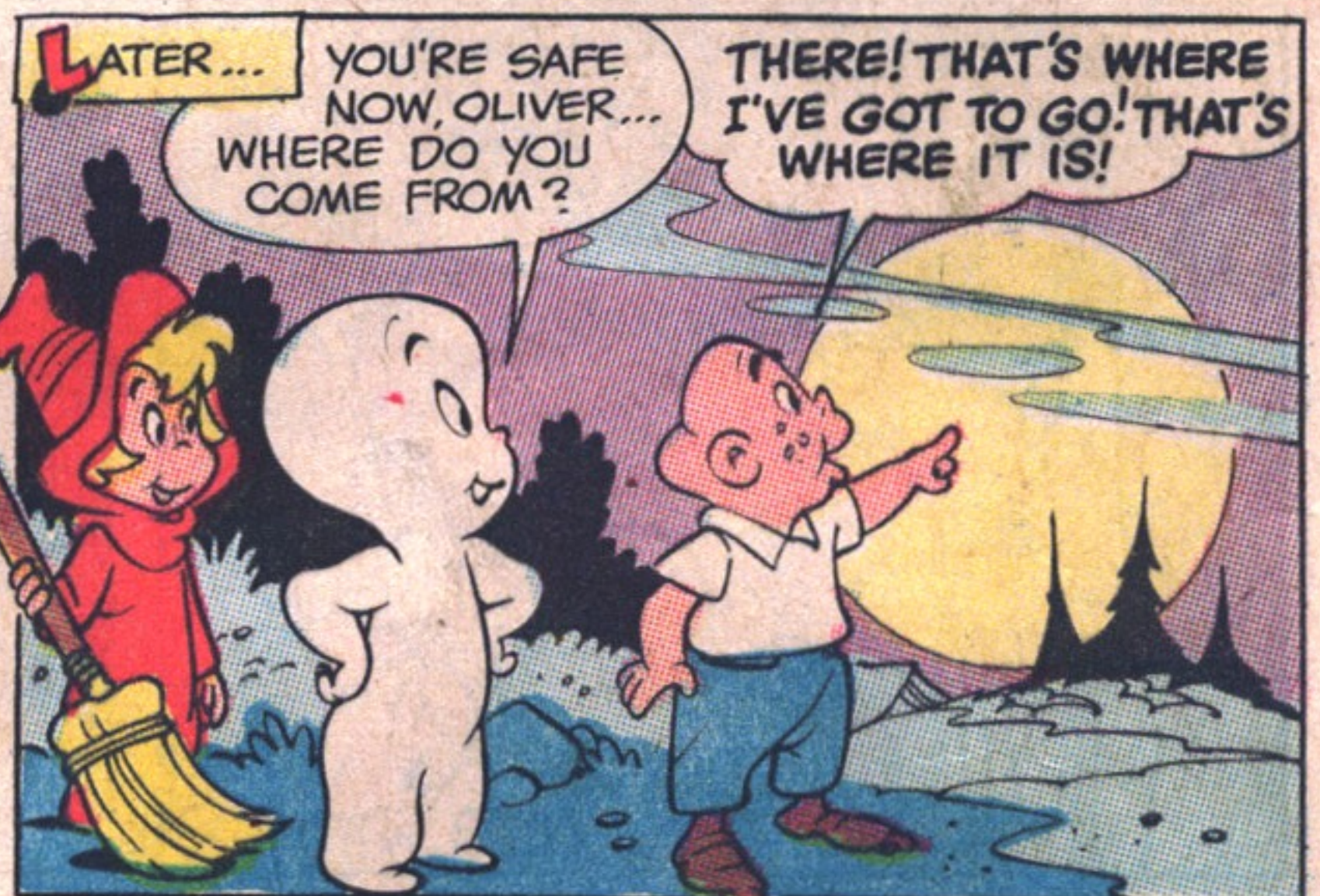


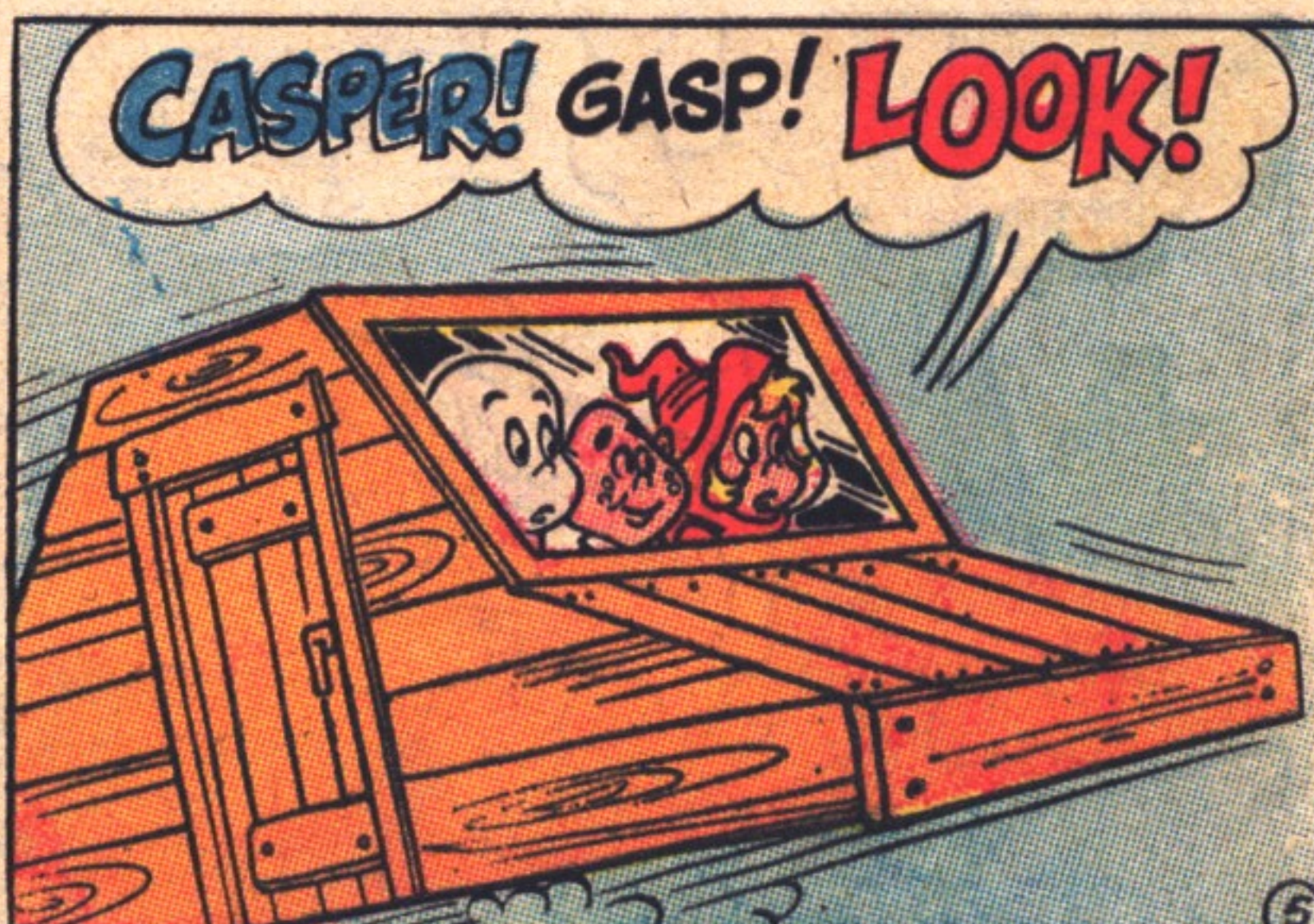
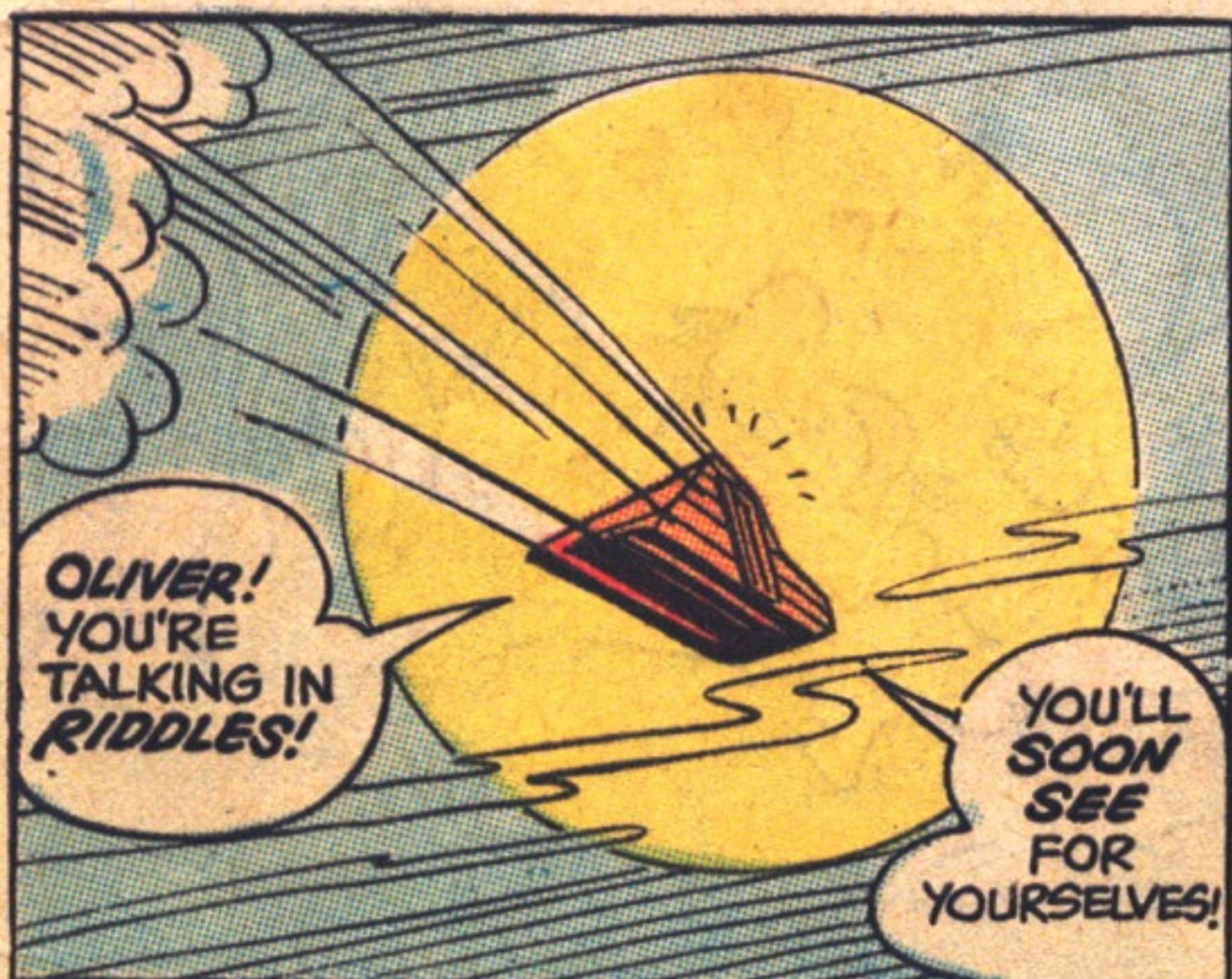
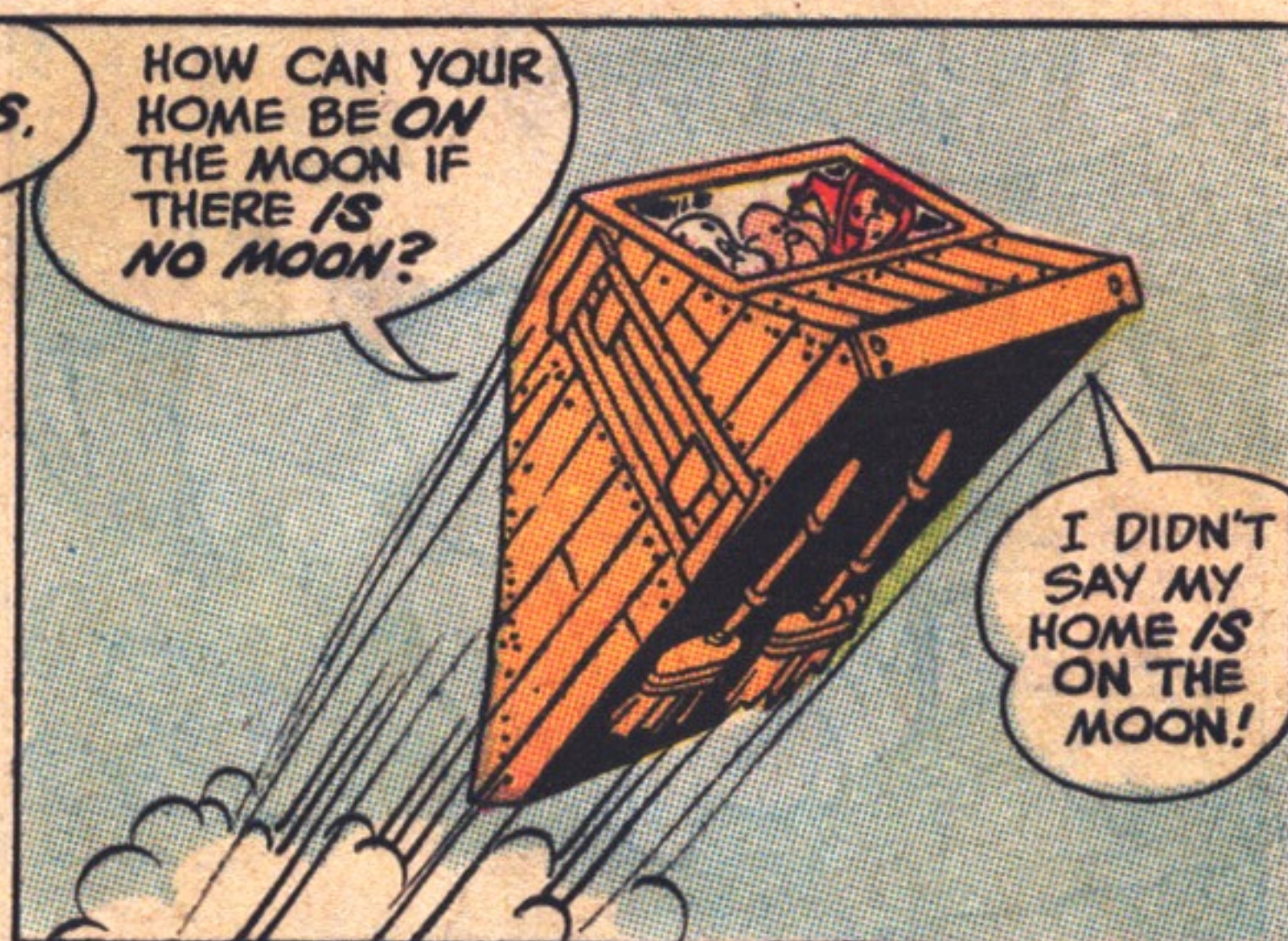
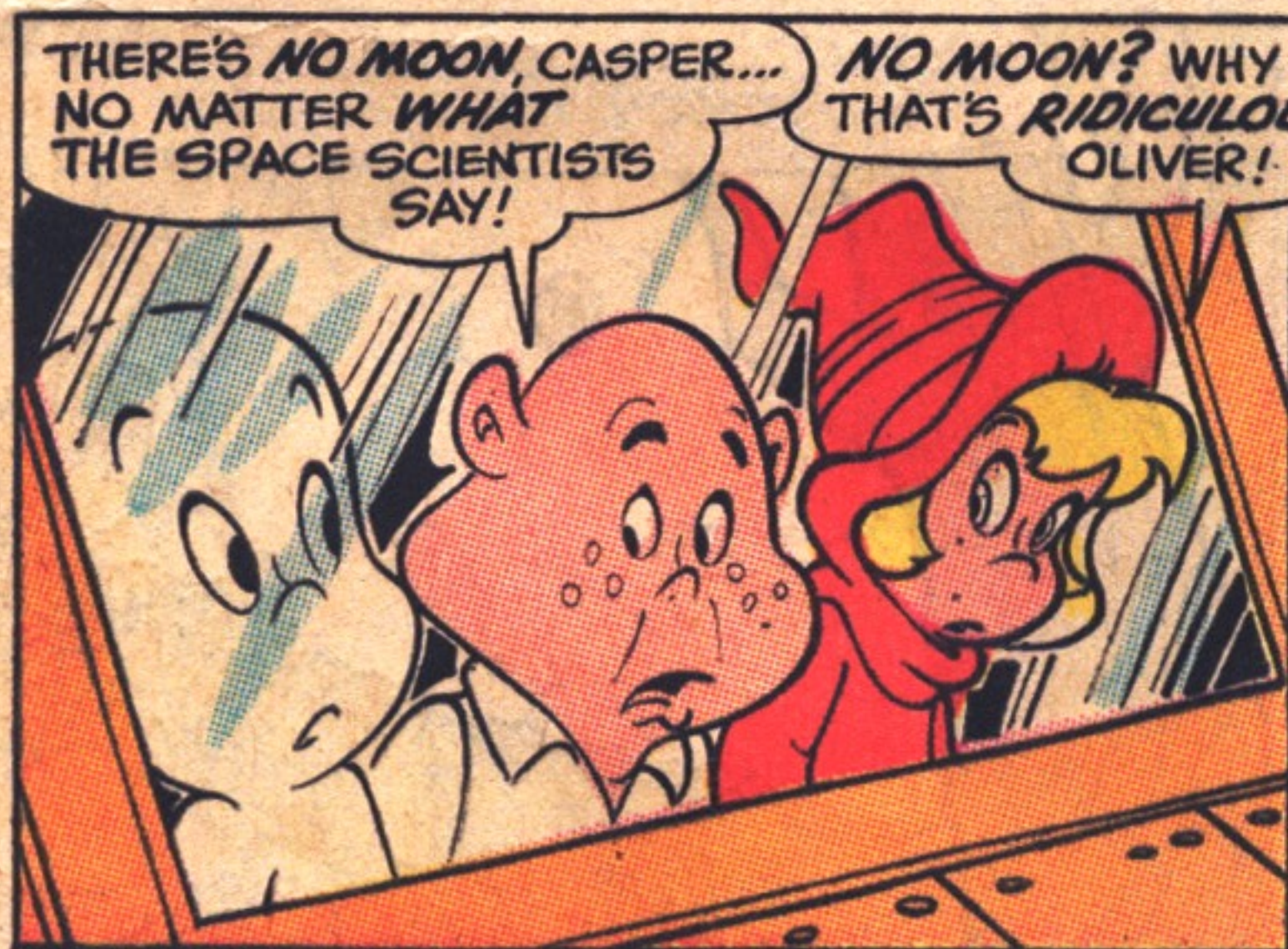
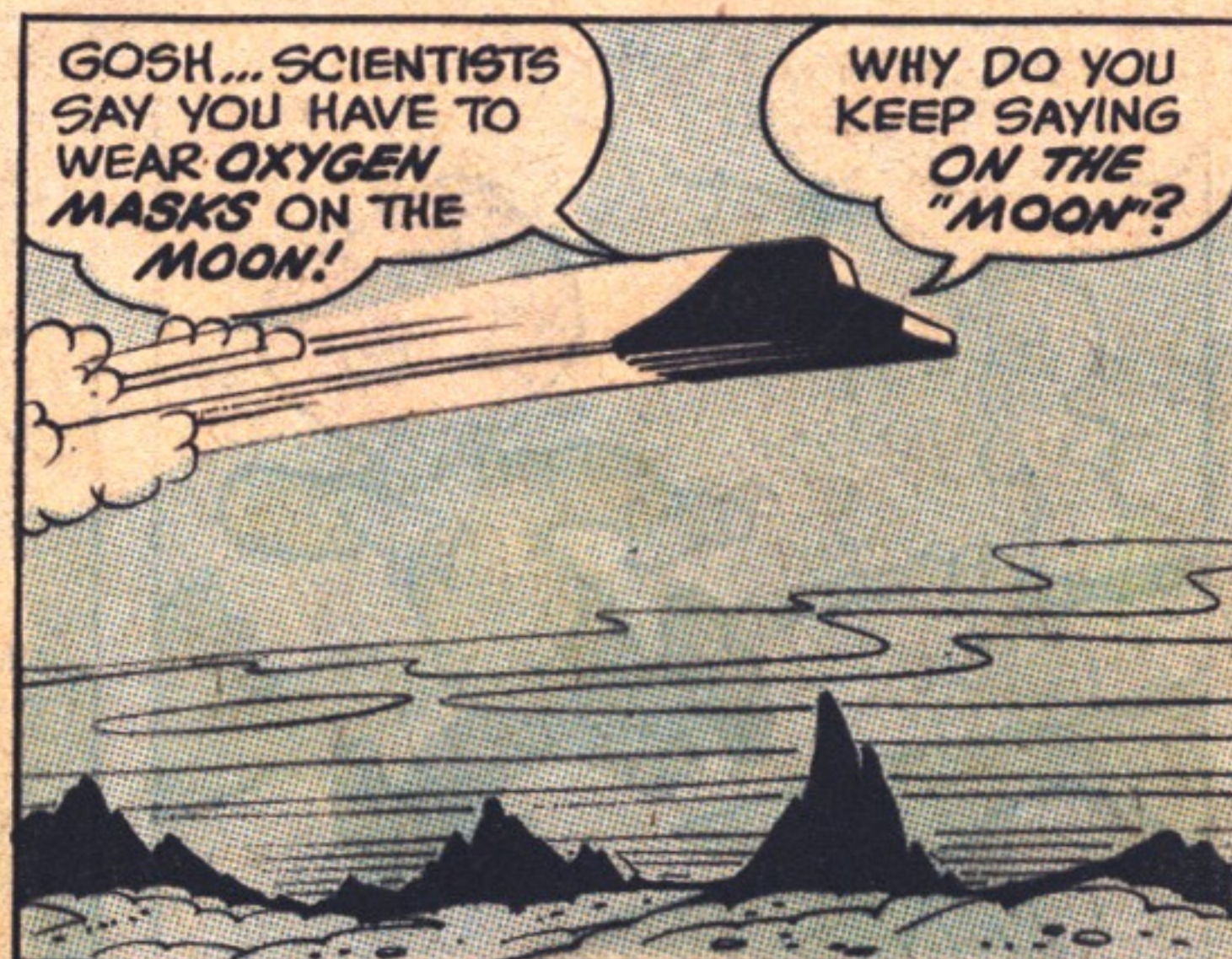
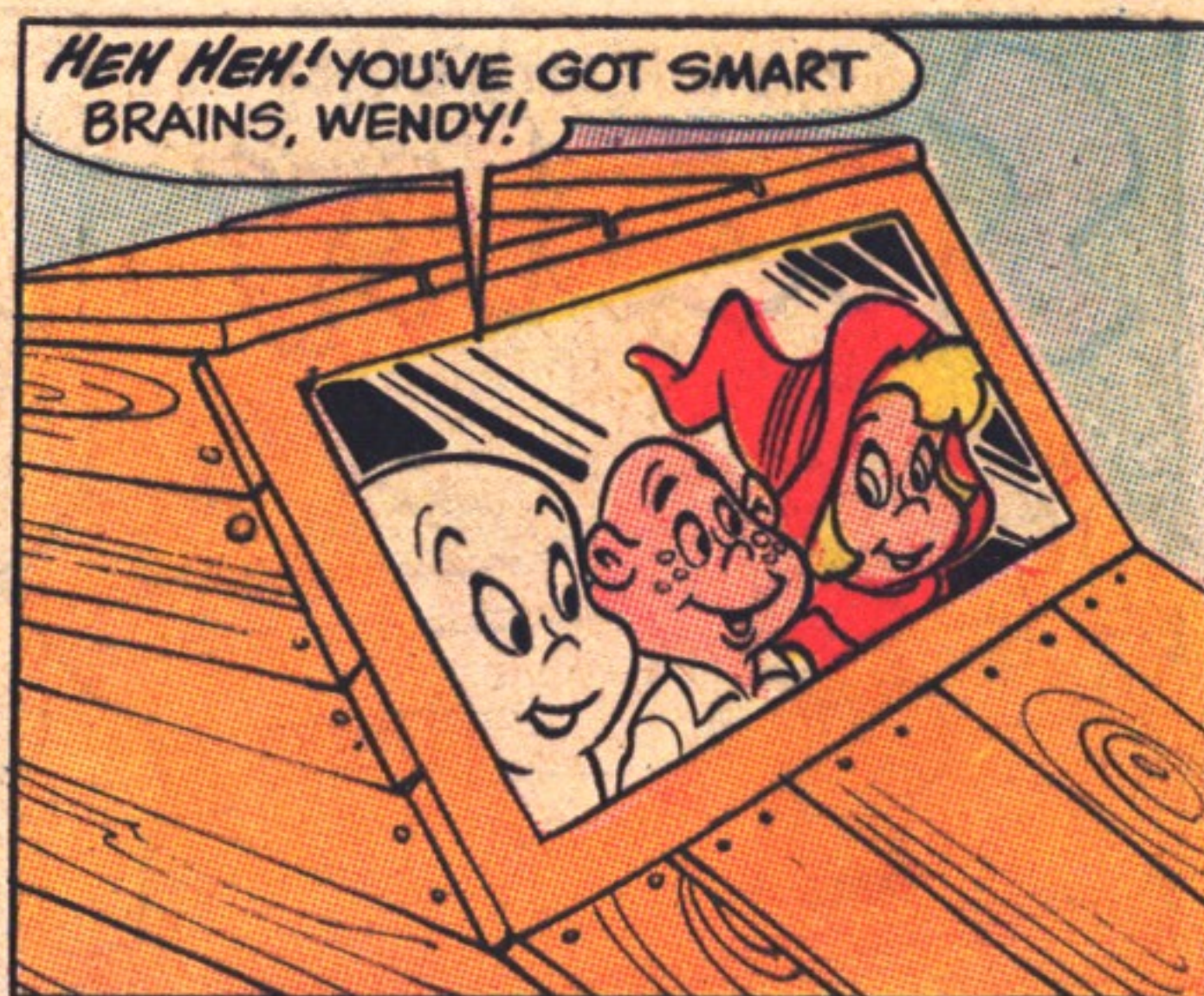
BUT WHAT IF BRUTO SNEAKED DOWN HERE AND *MADE OFF* WITH YOUR SON, *GNORMAN*, *GNEXTON*?

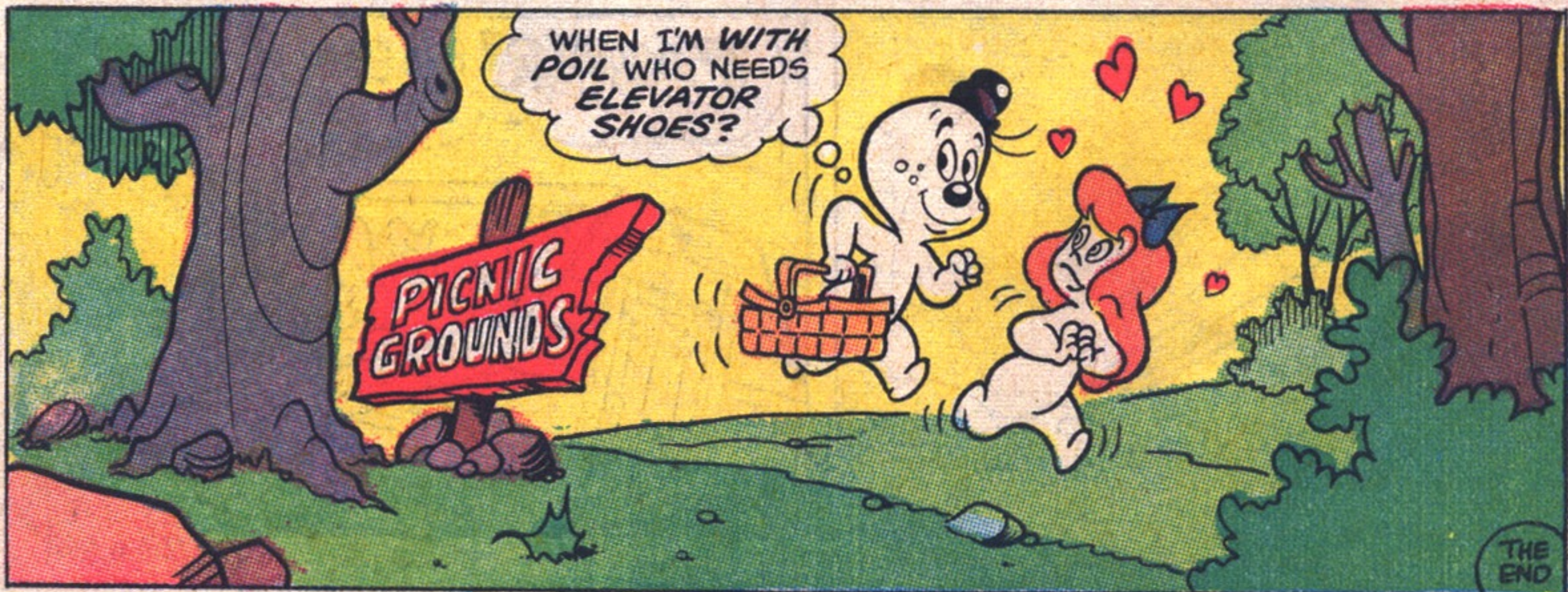
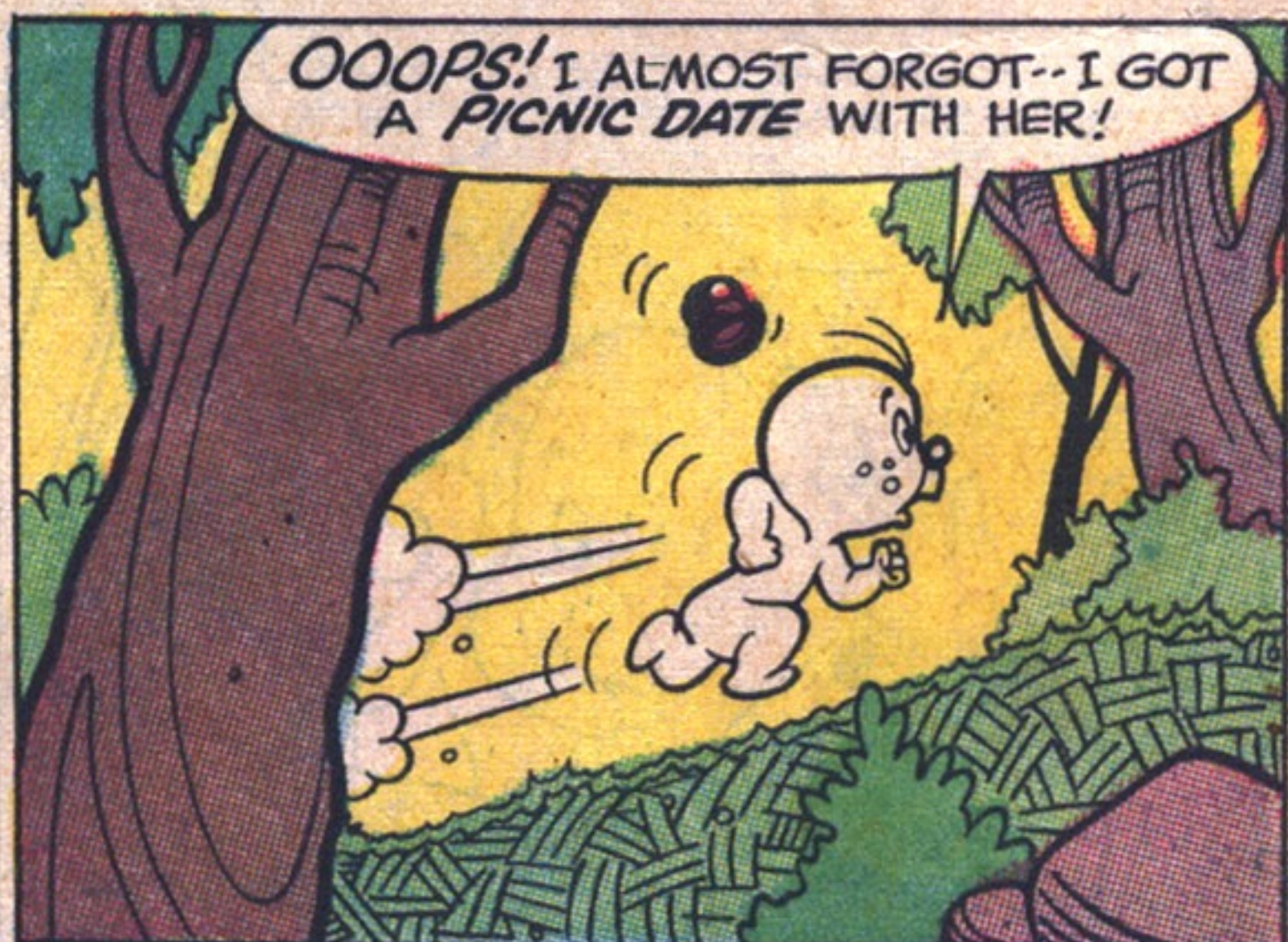
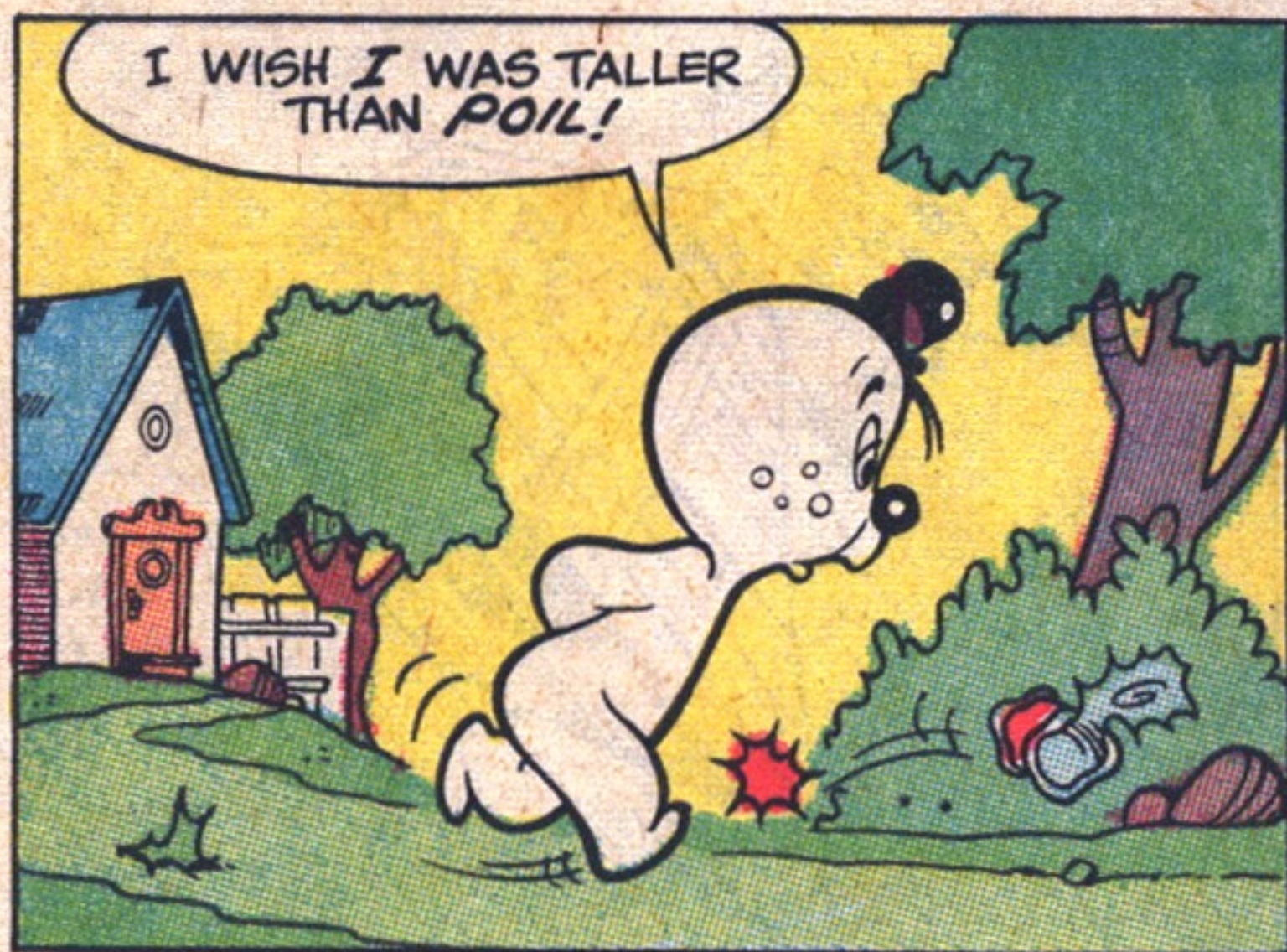
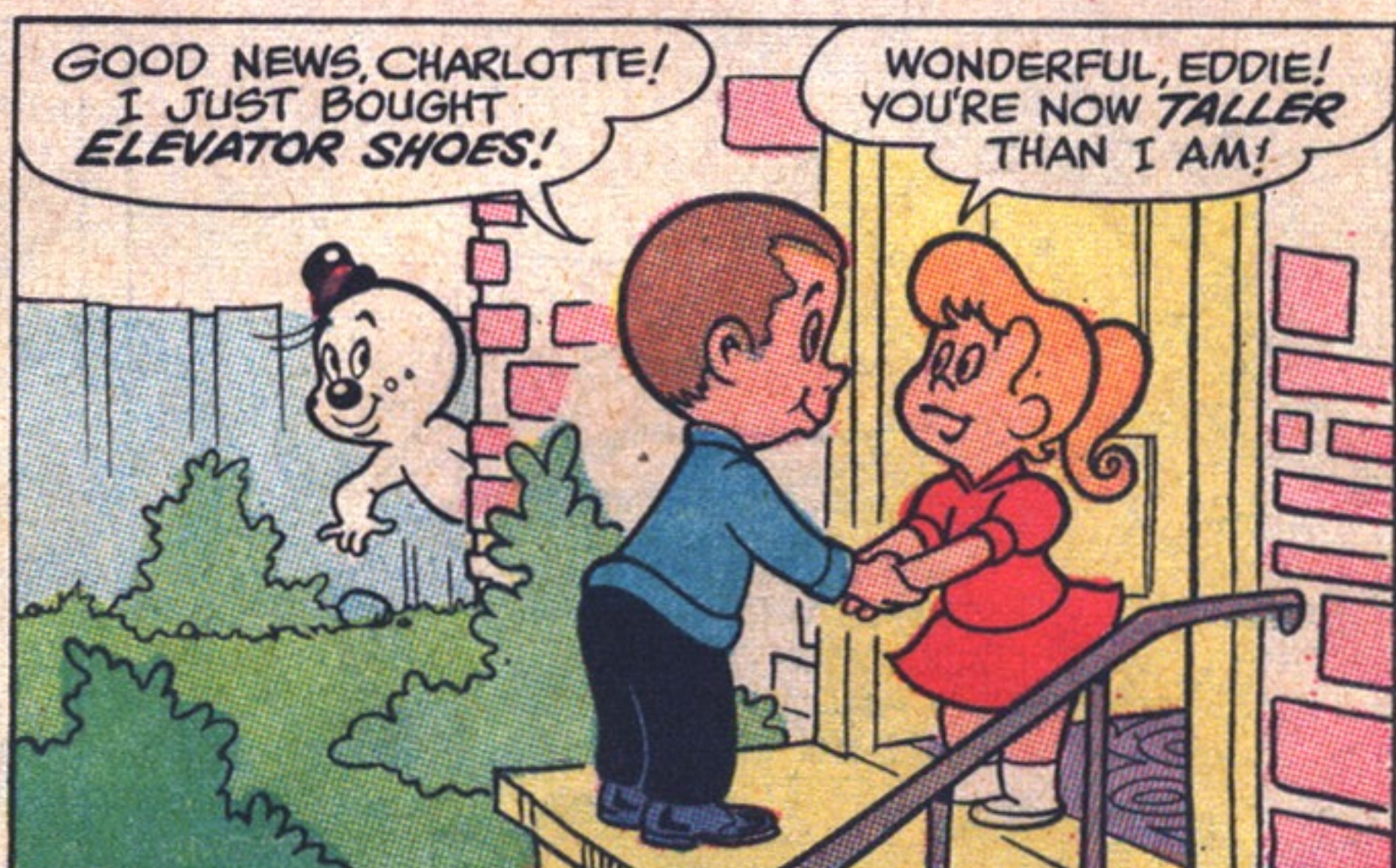
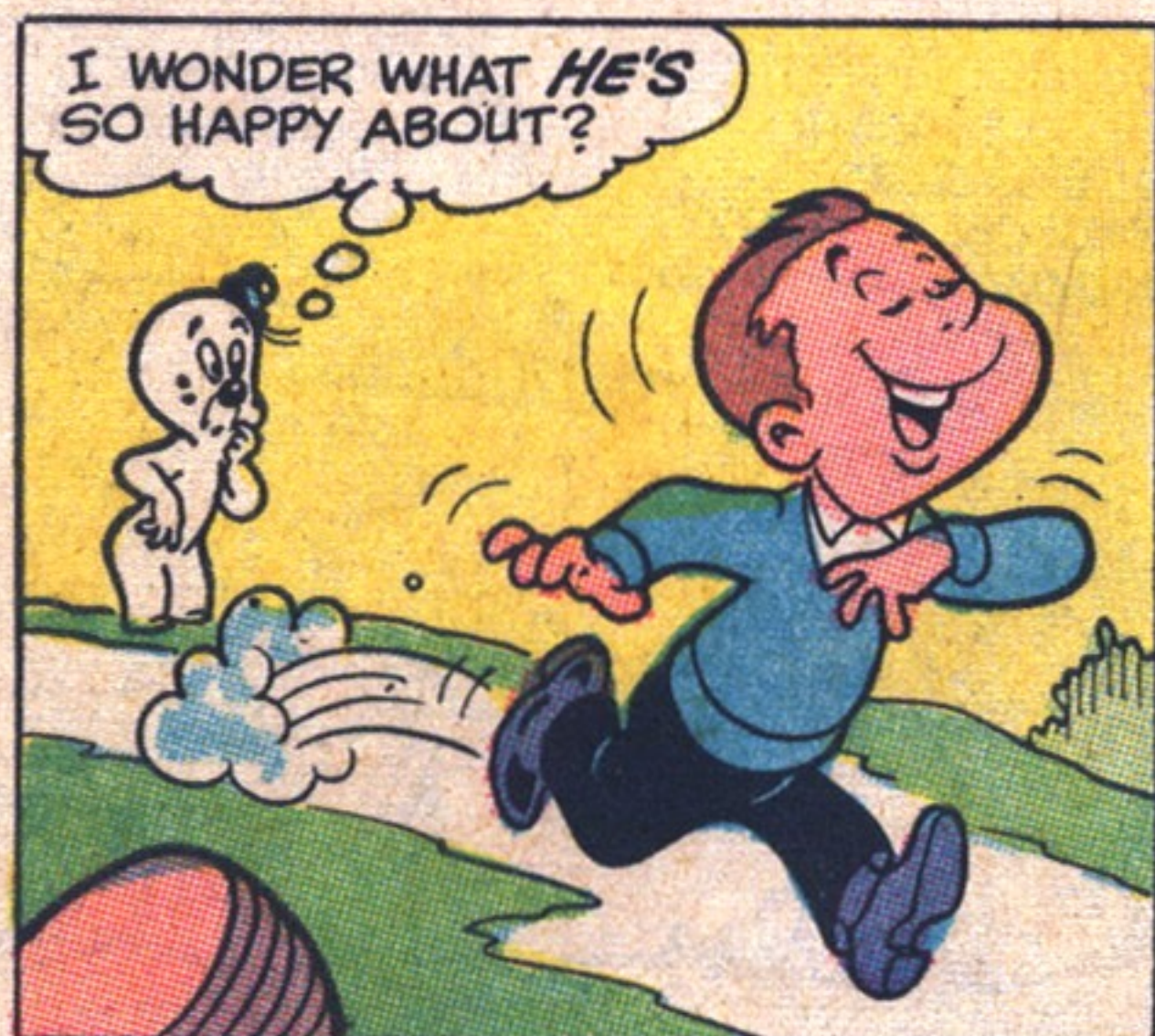
WHAT?

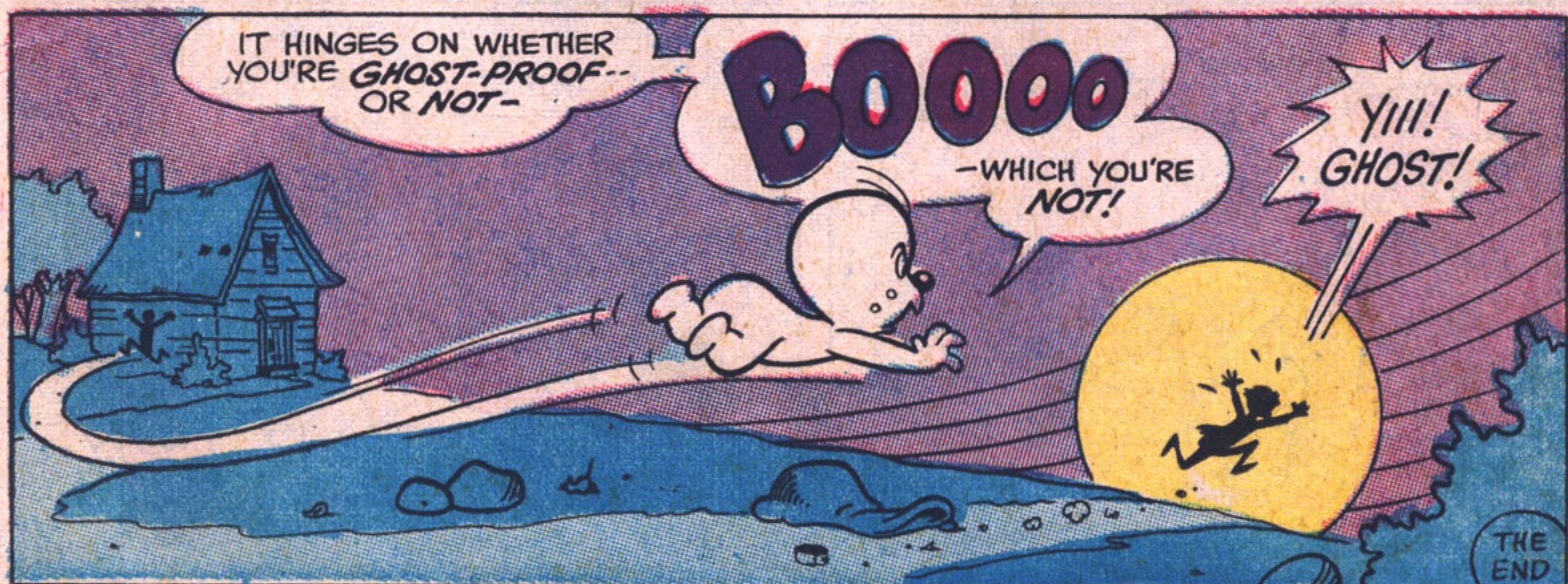
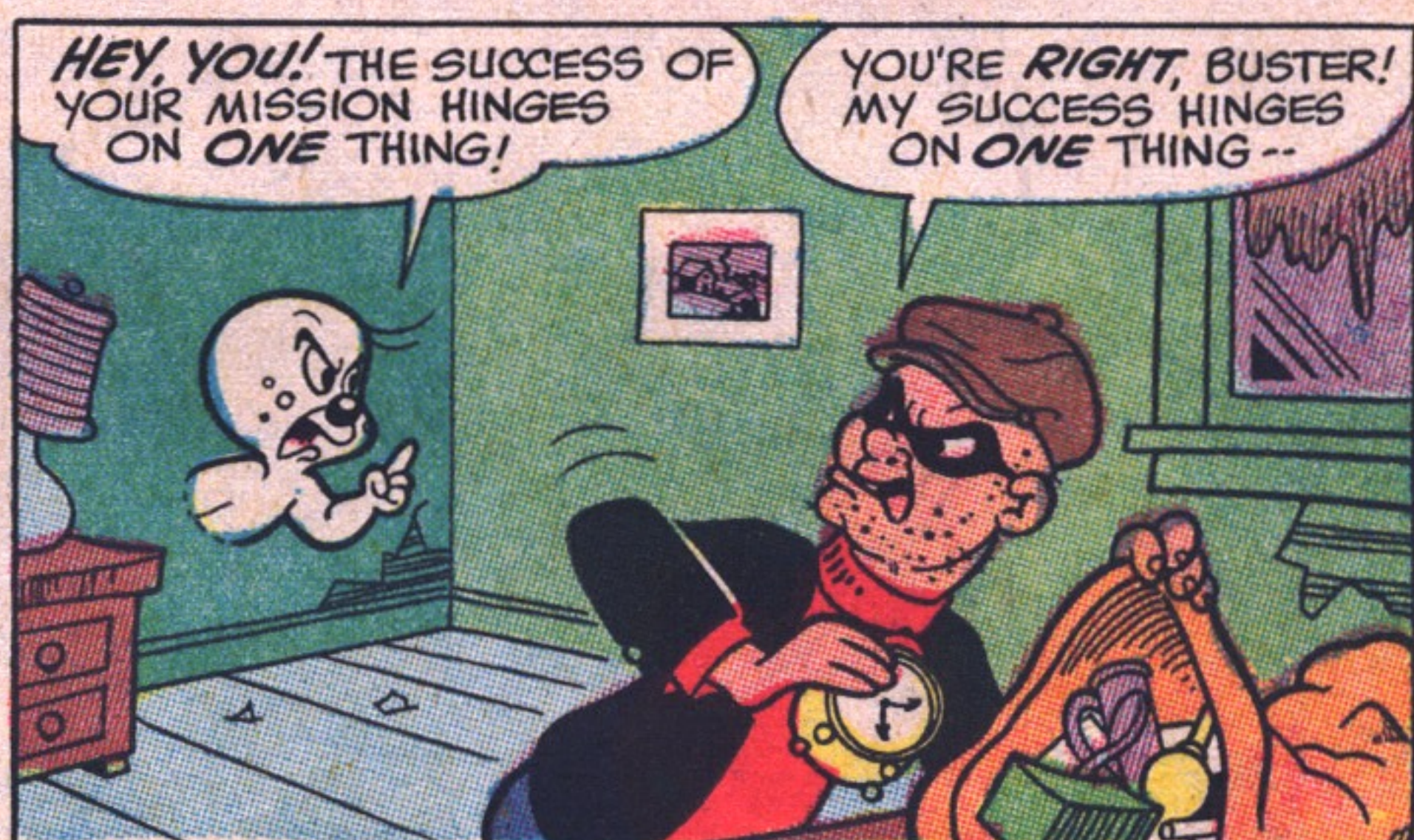
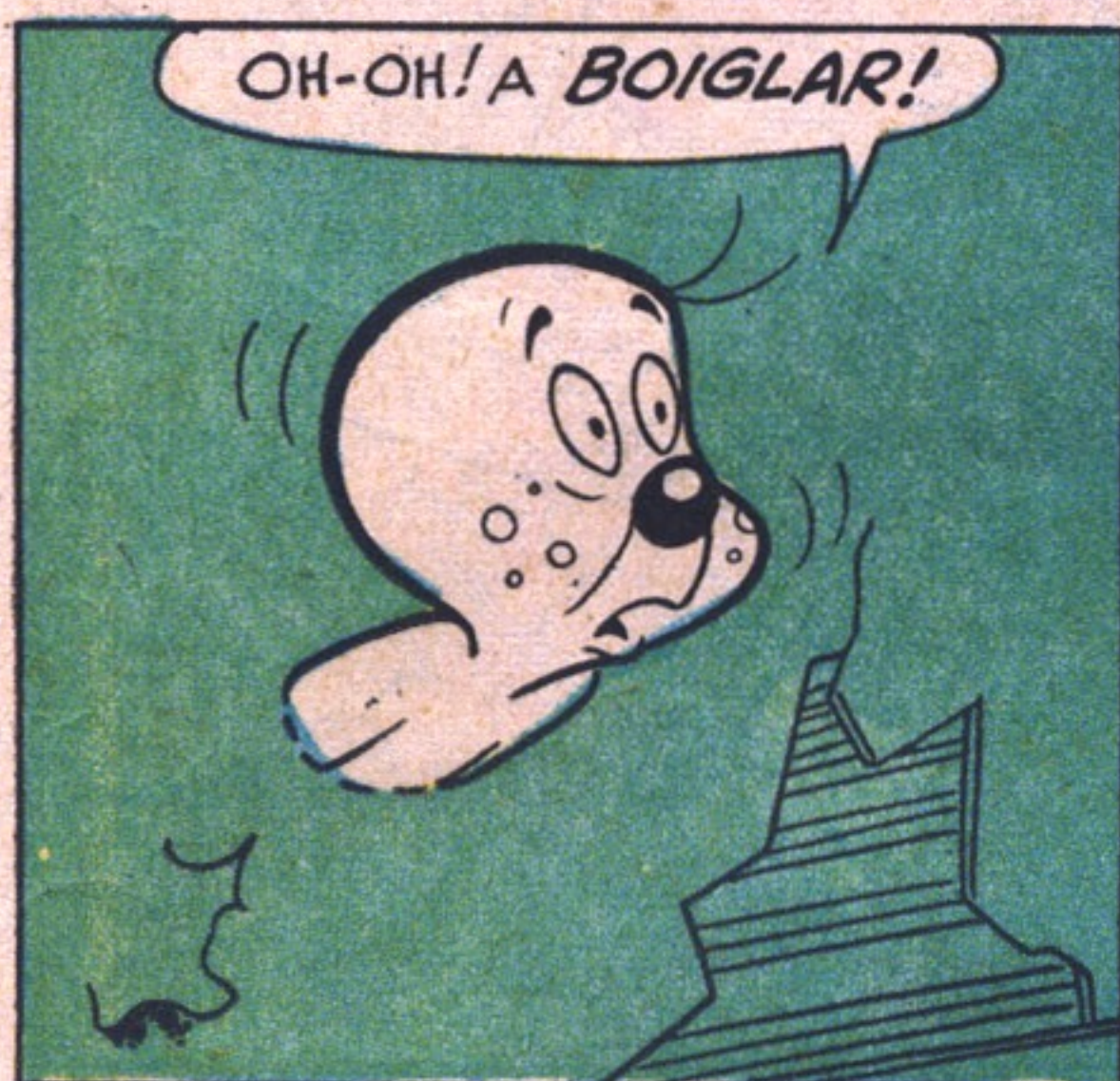
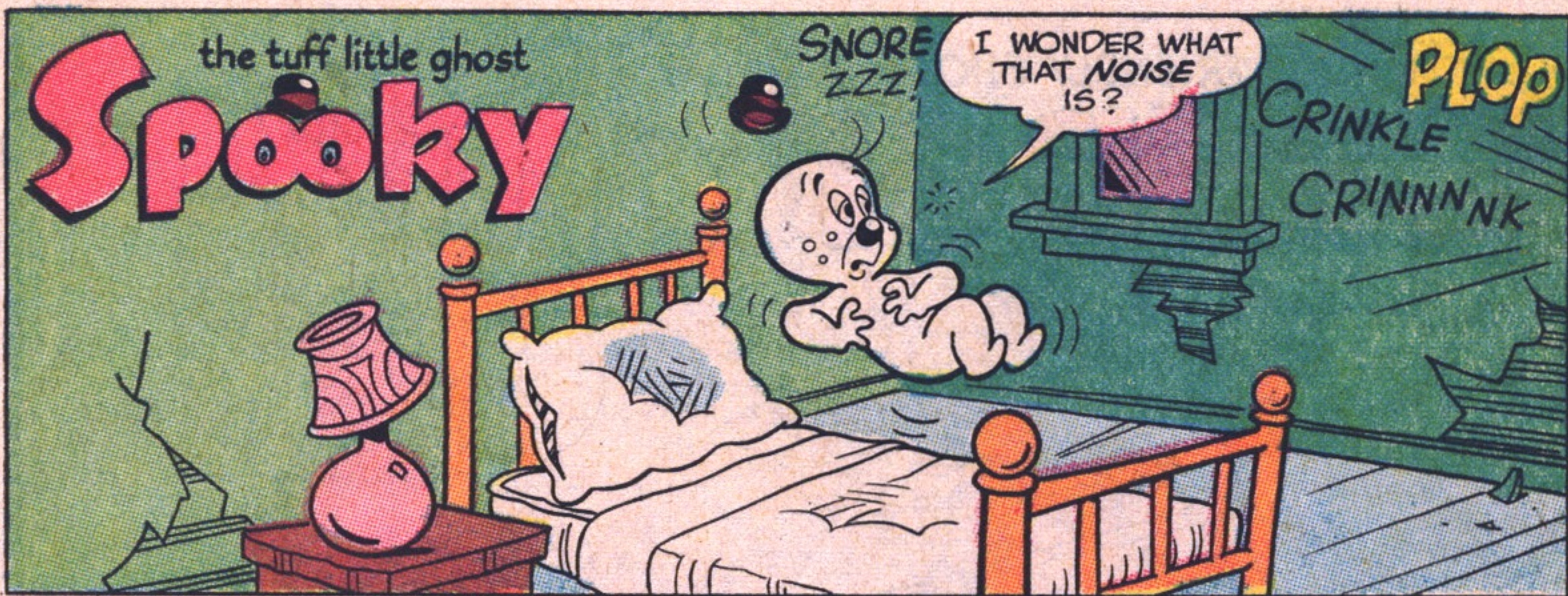




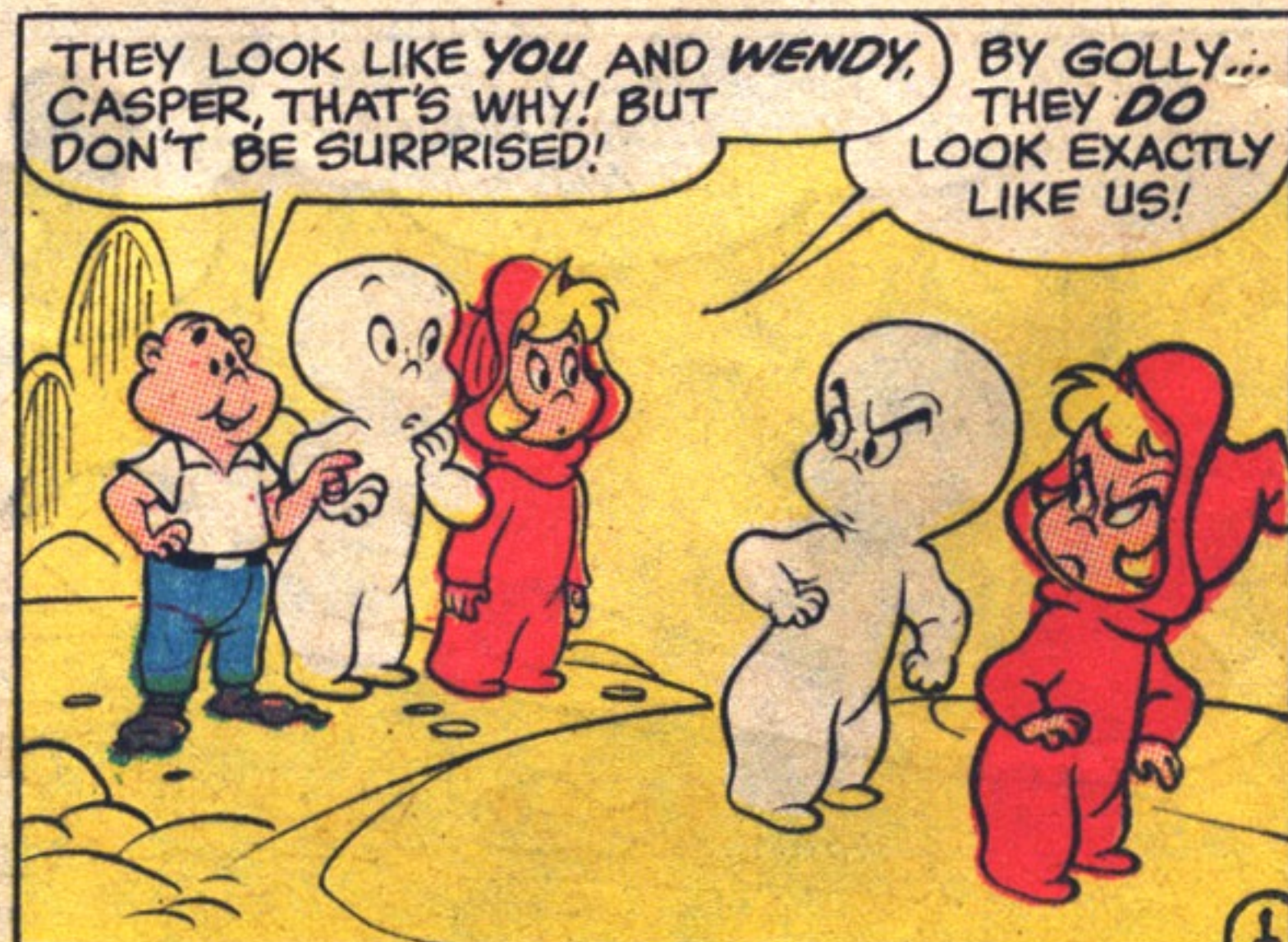
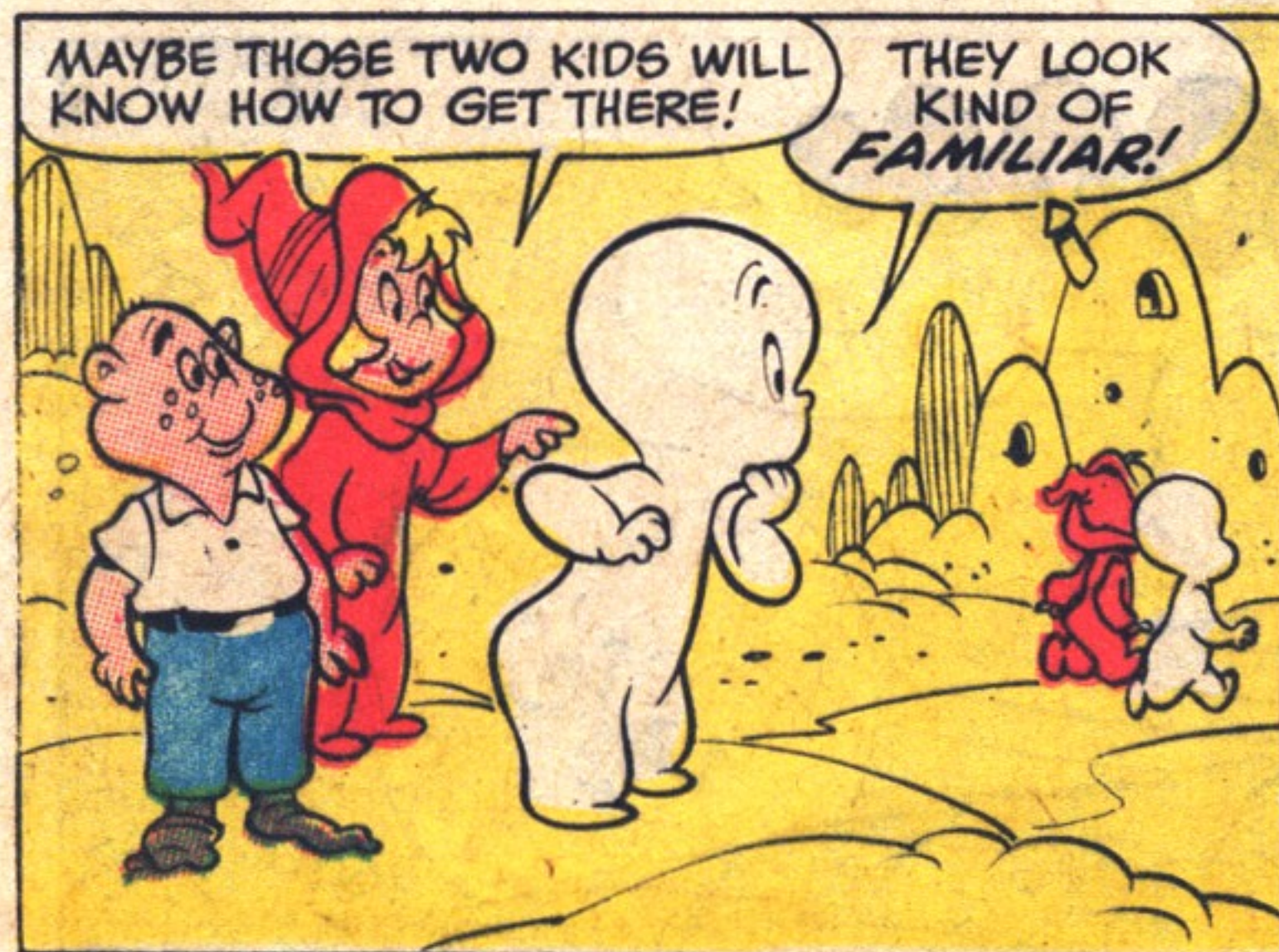
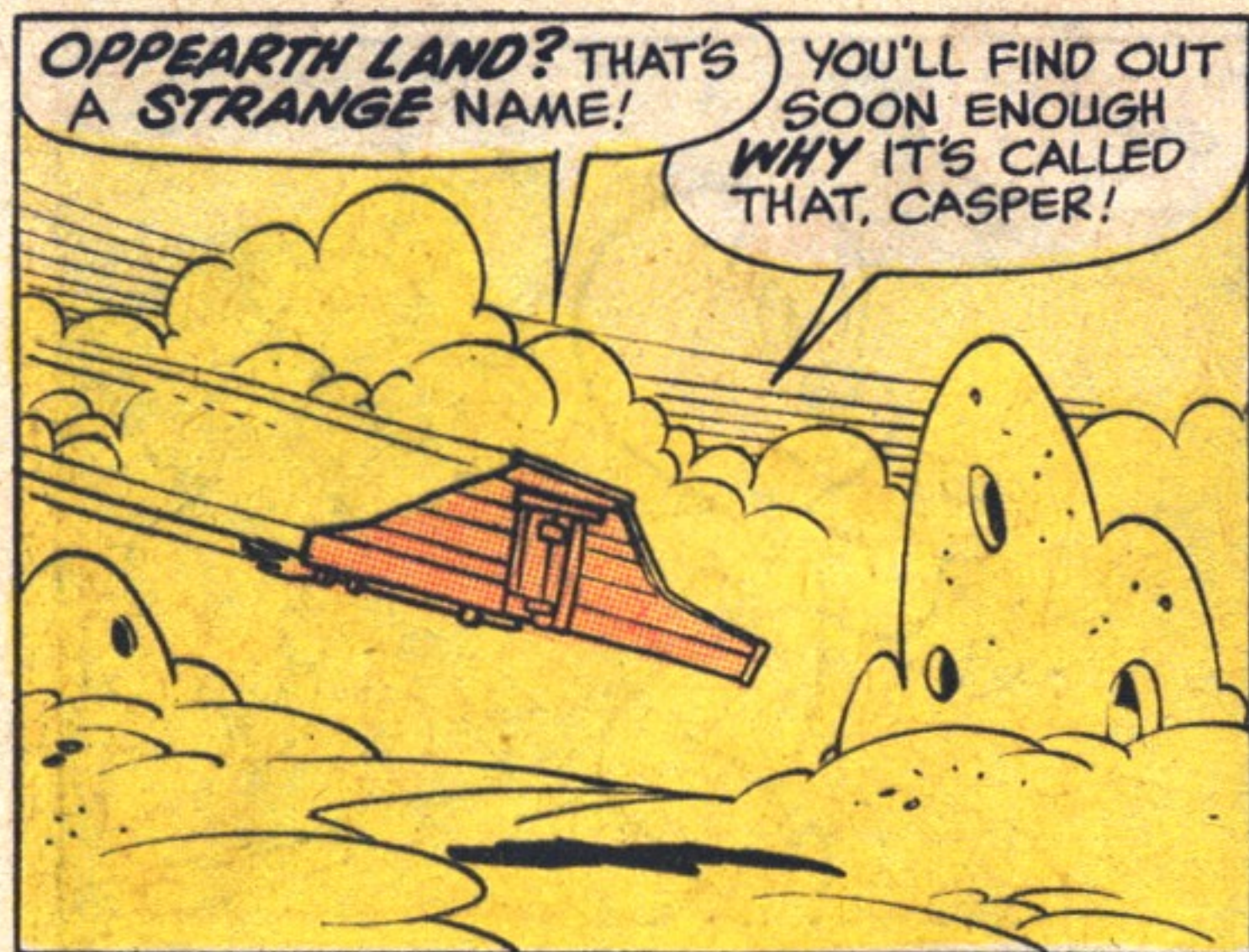
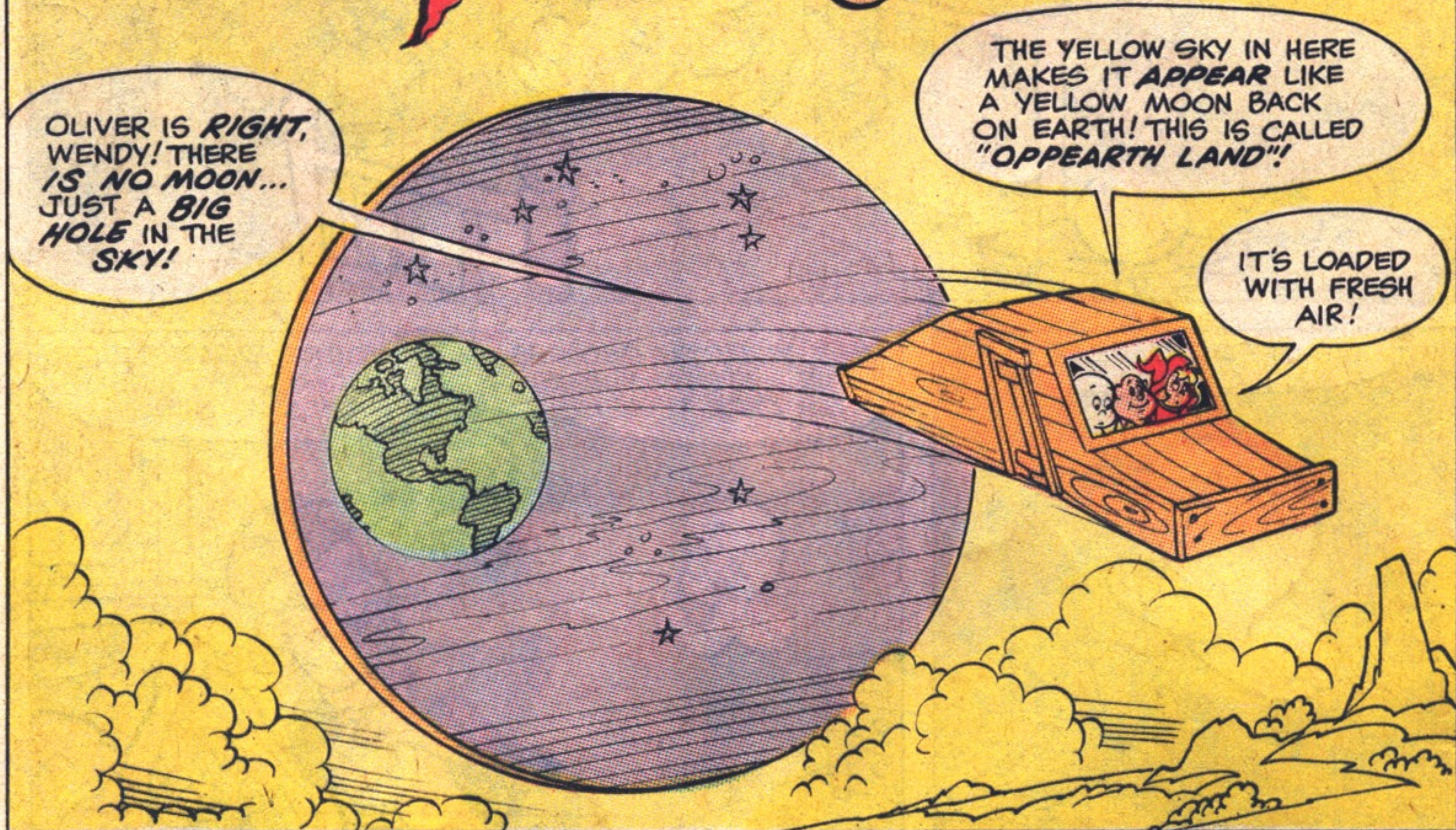


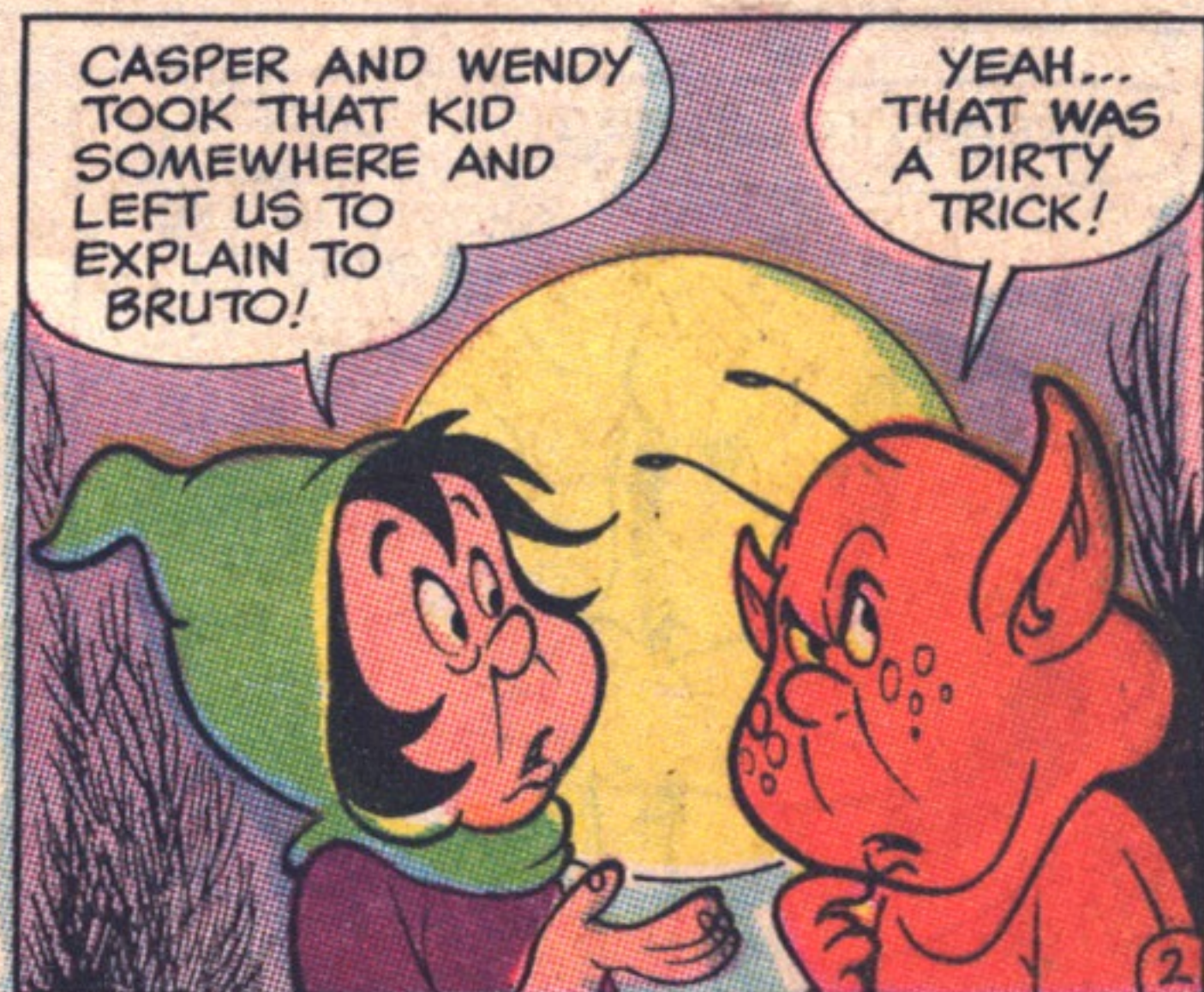
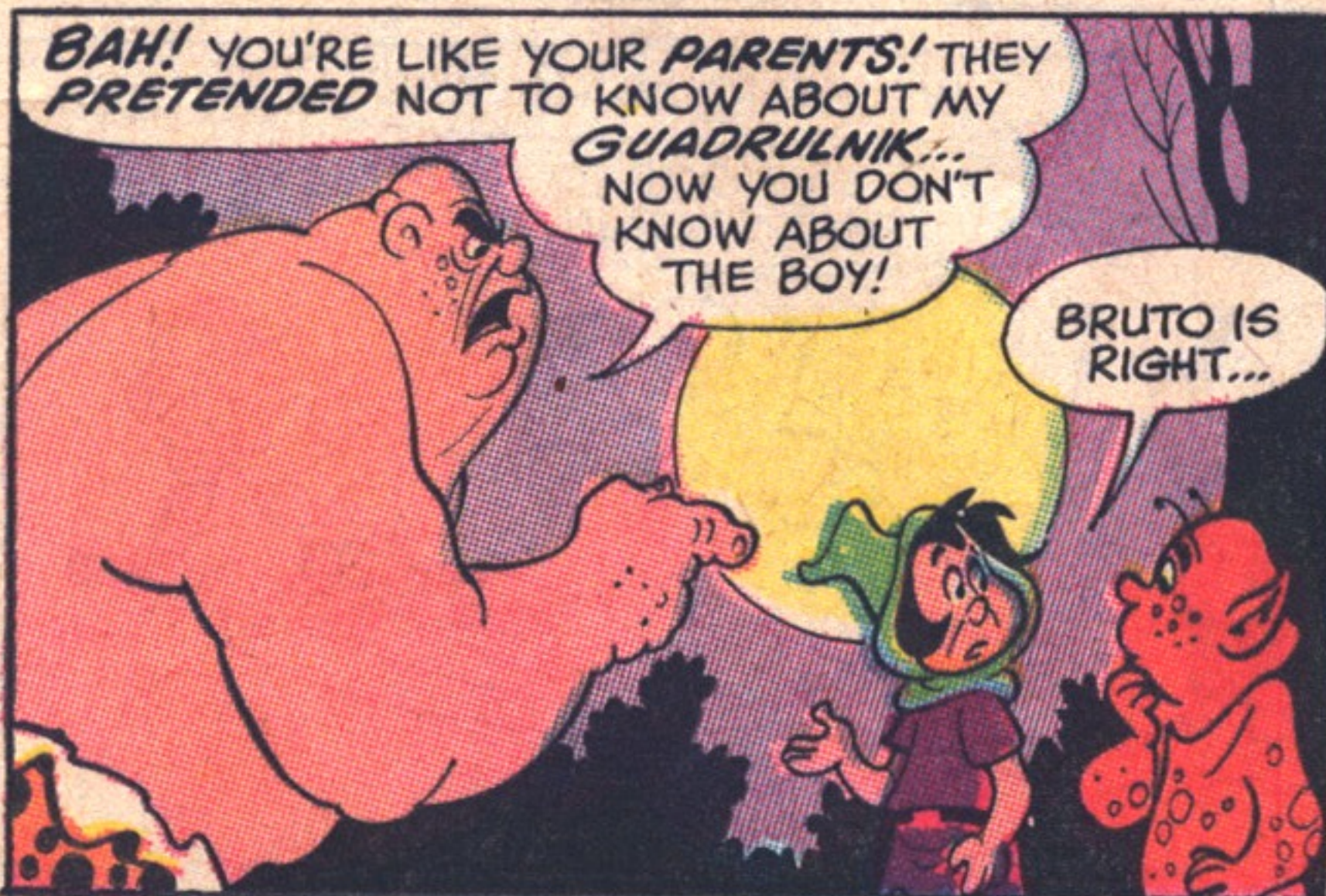
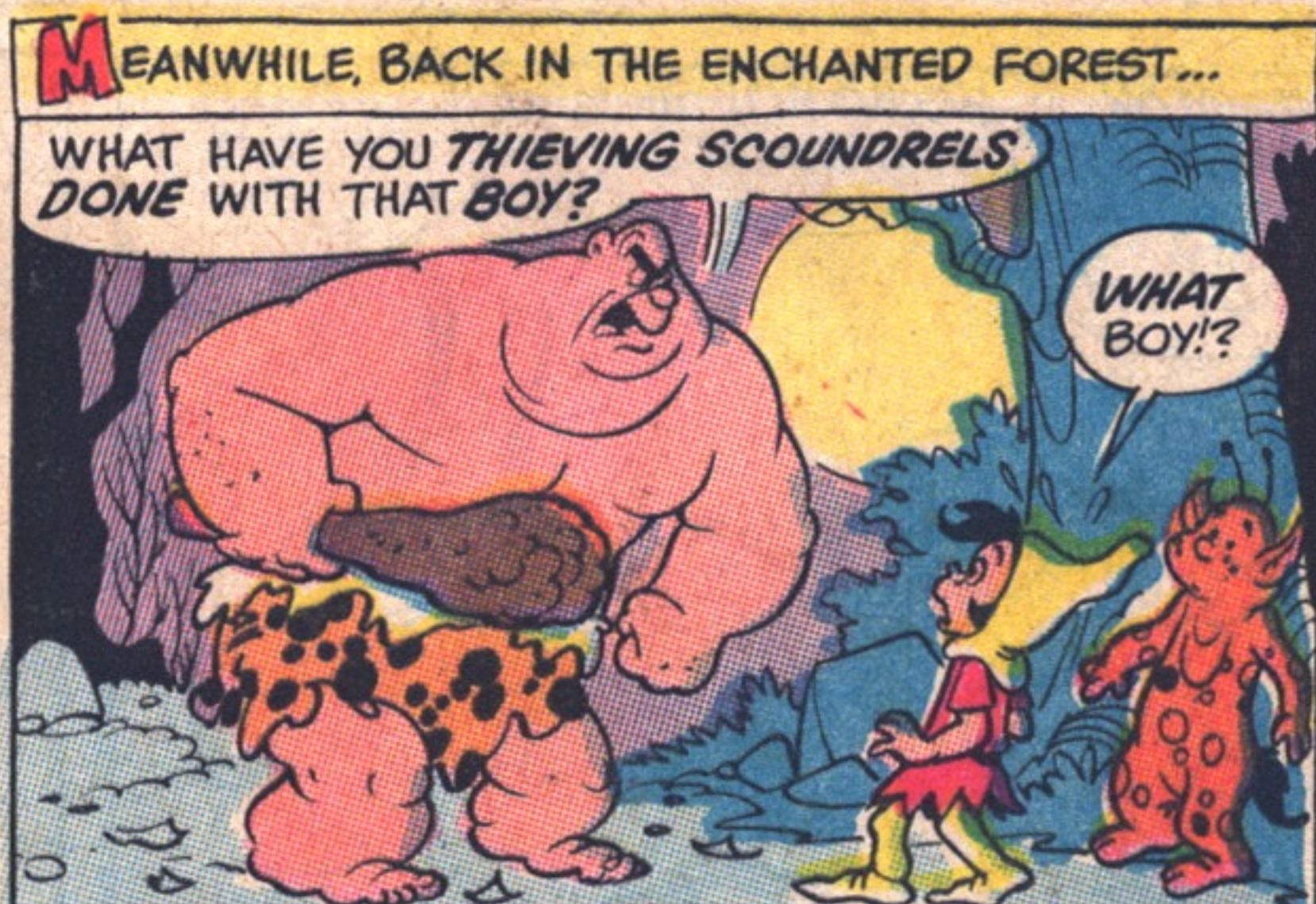
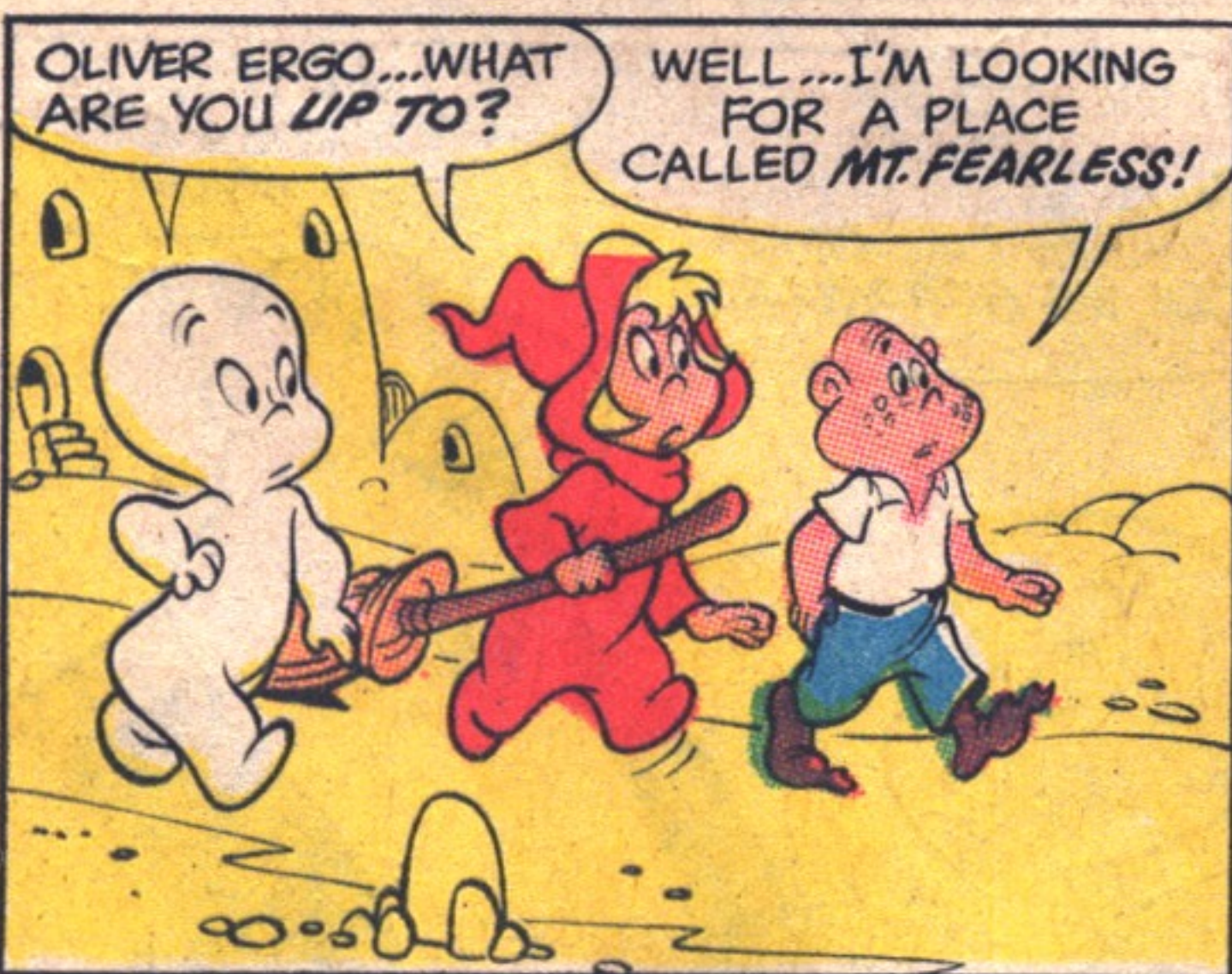
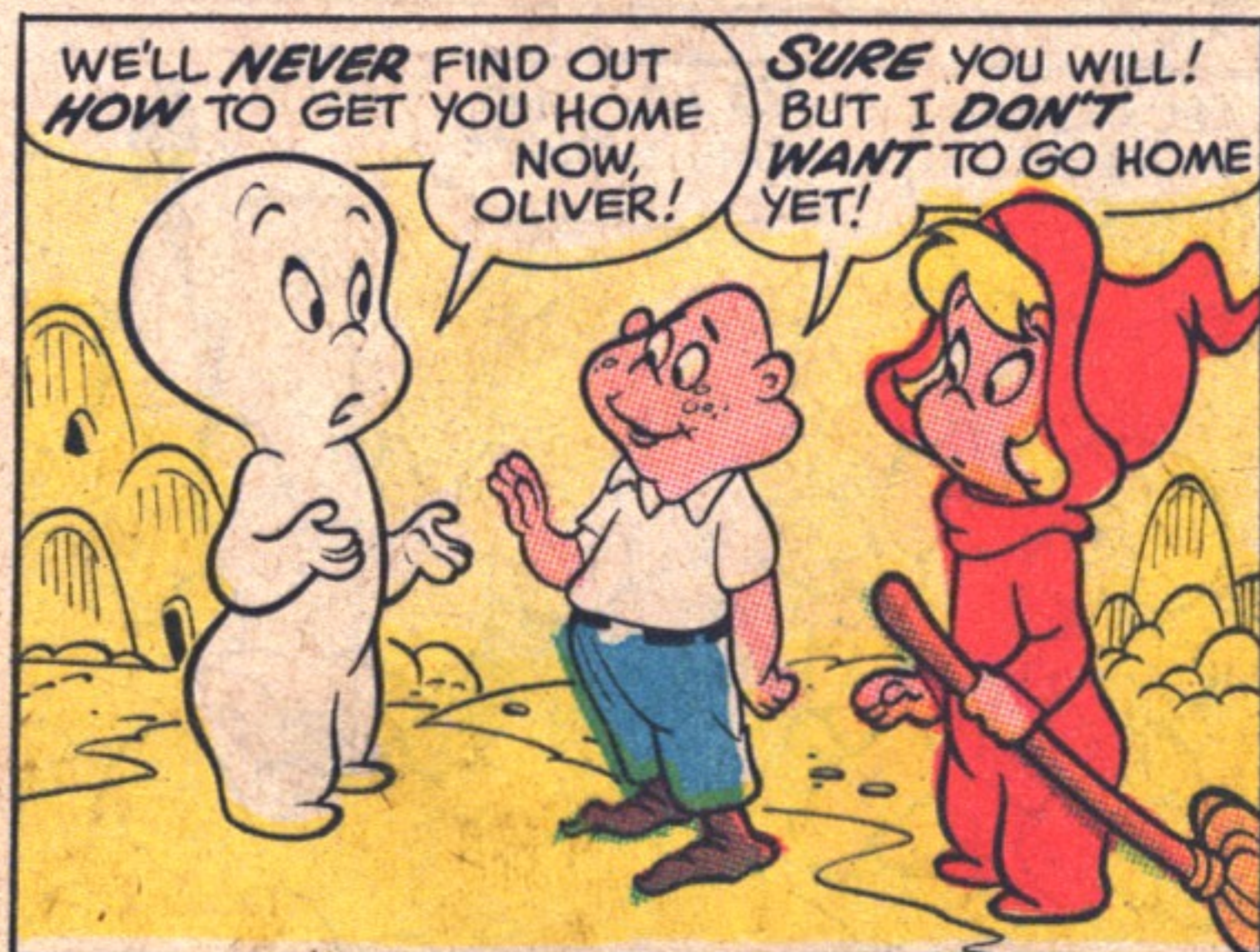
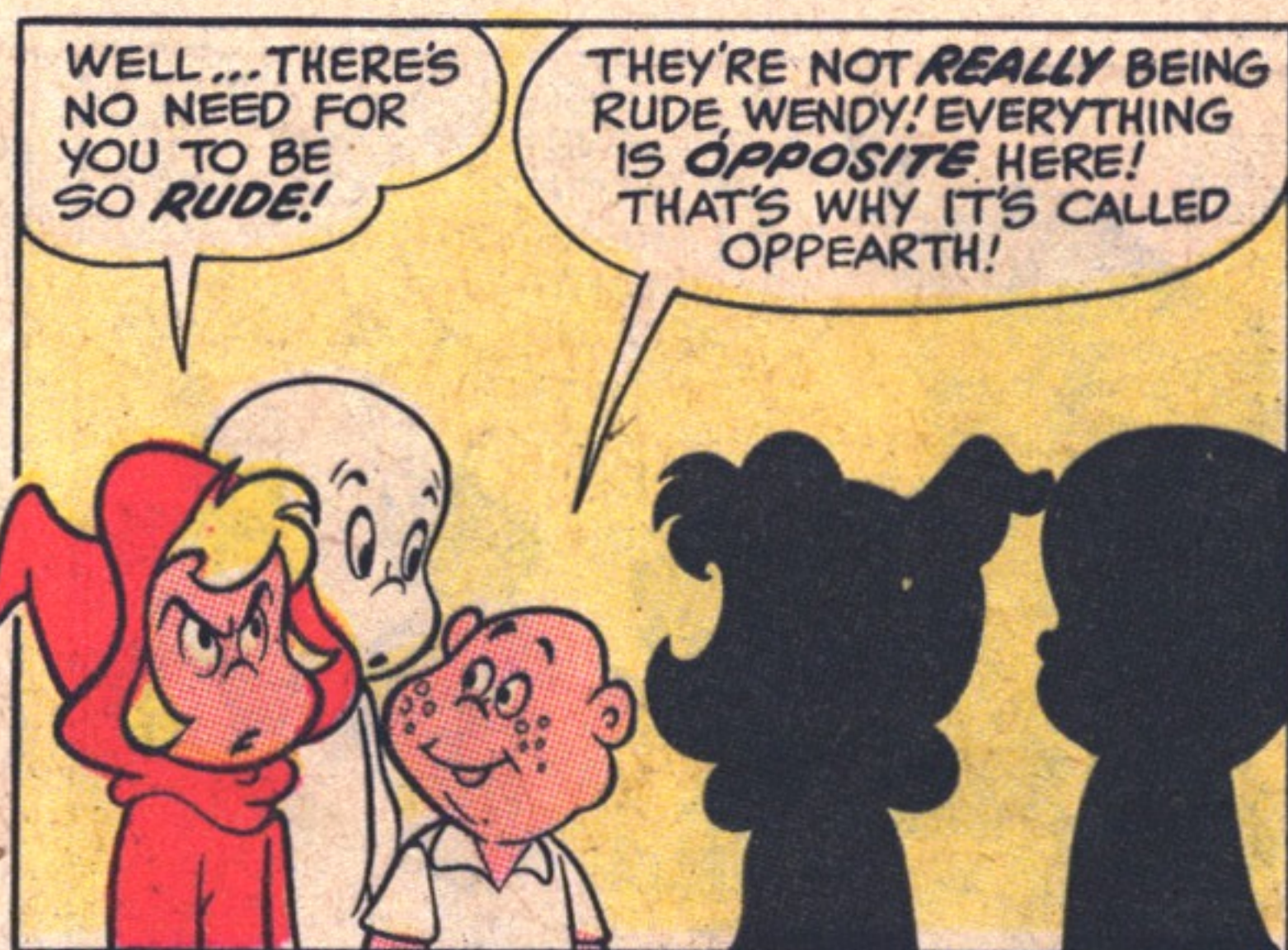
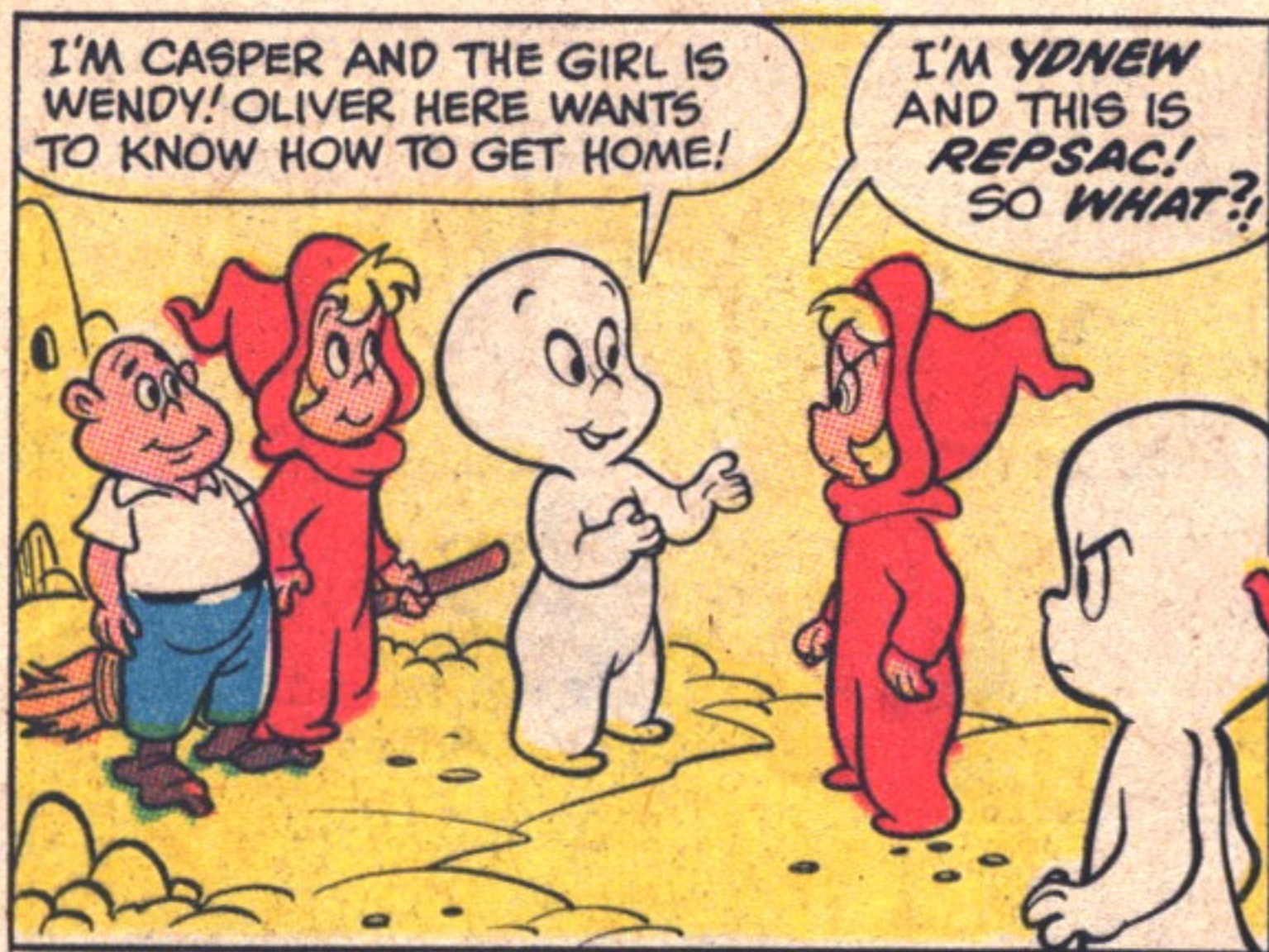


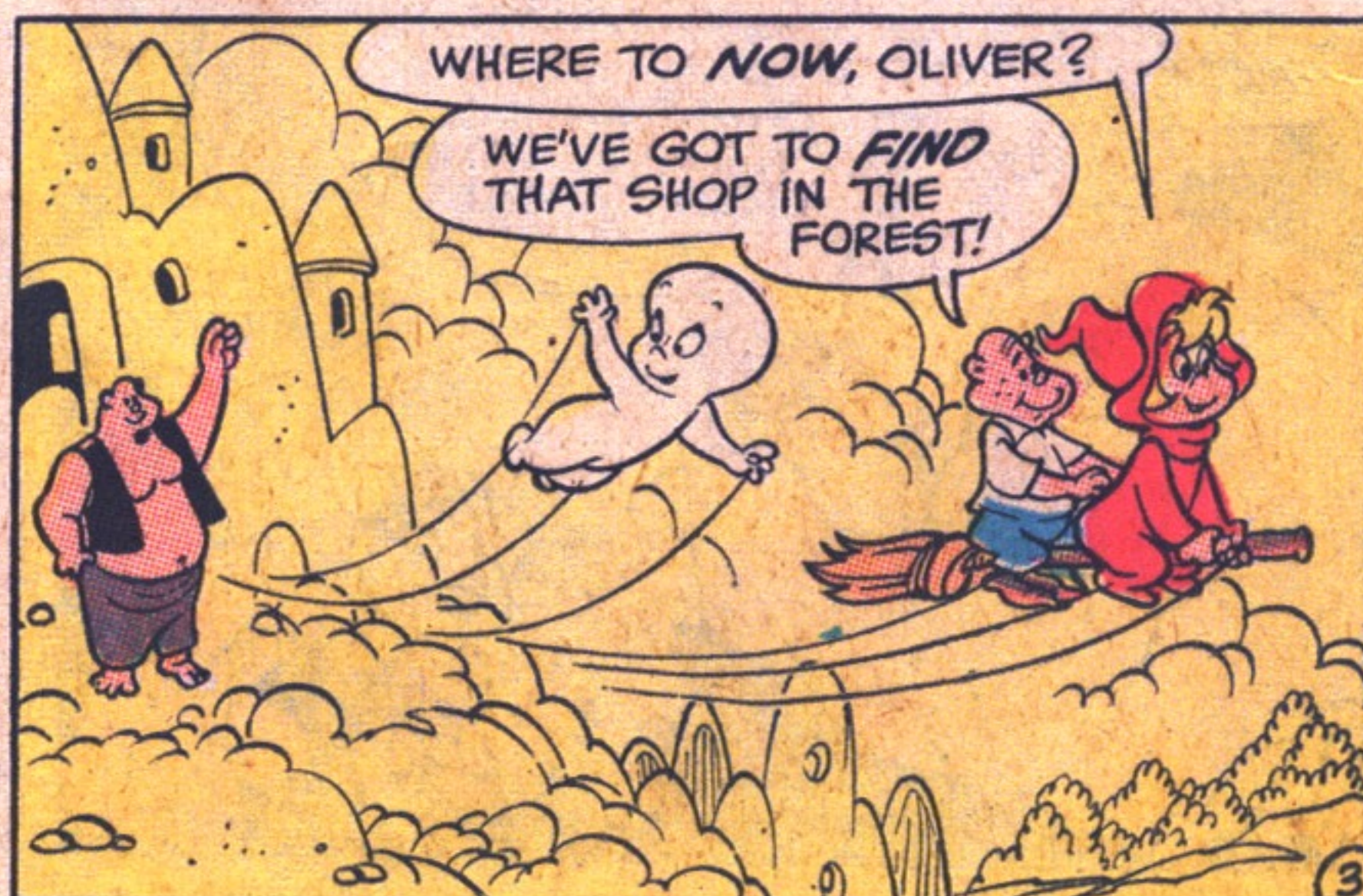
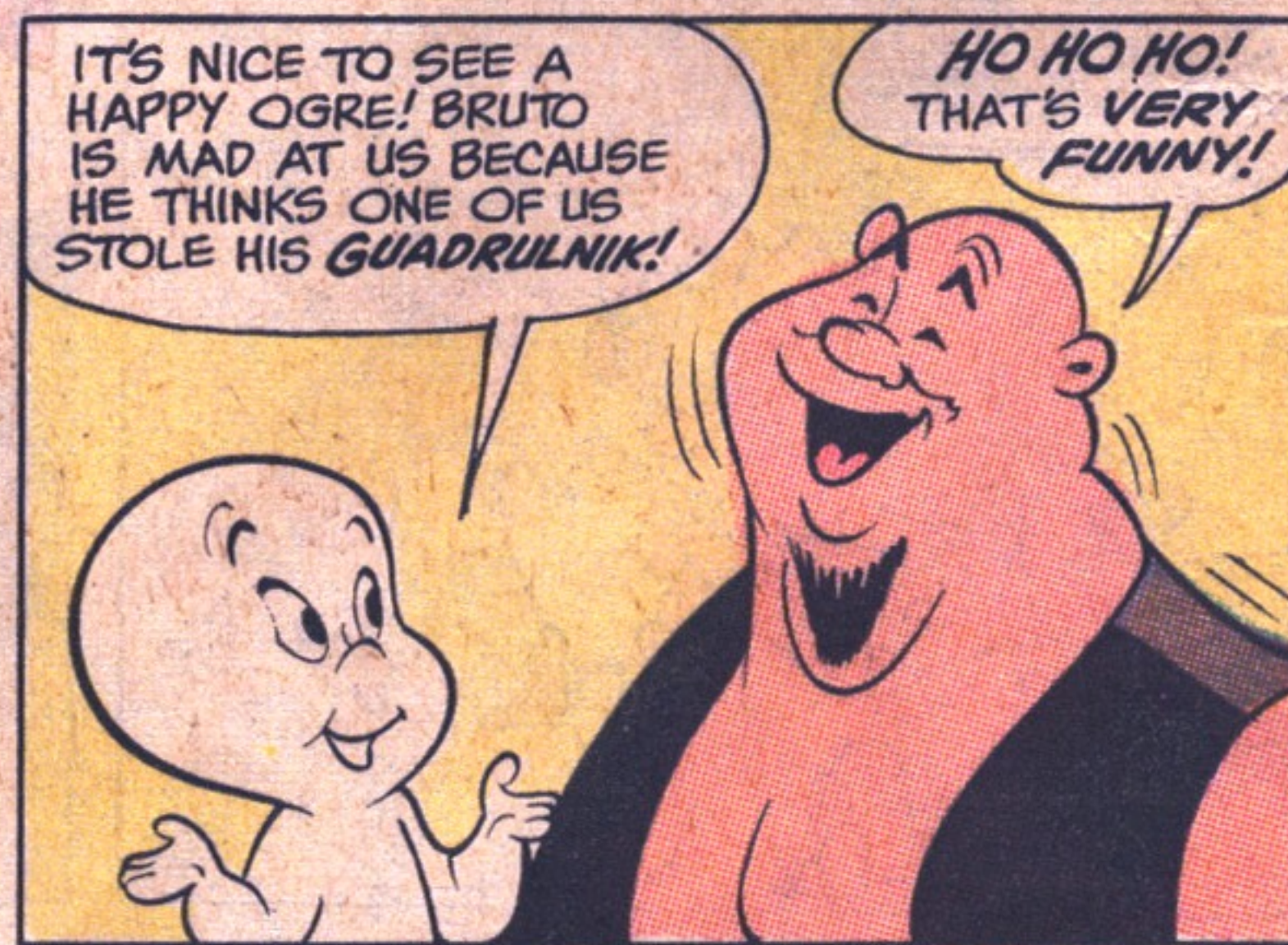
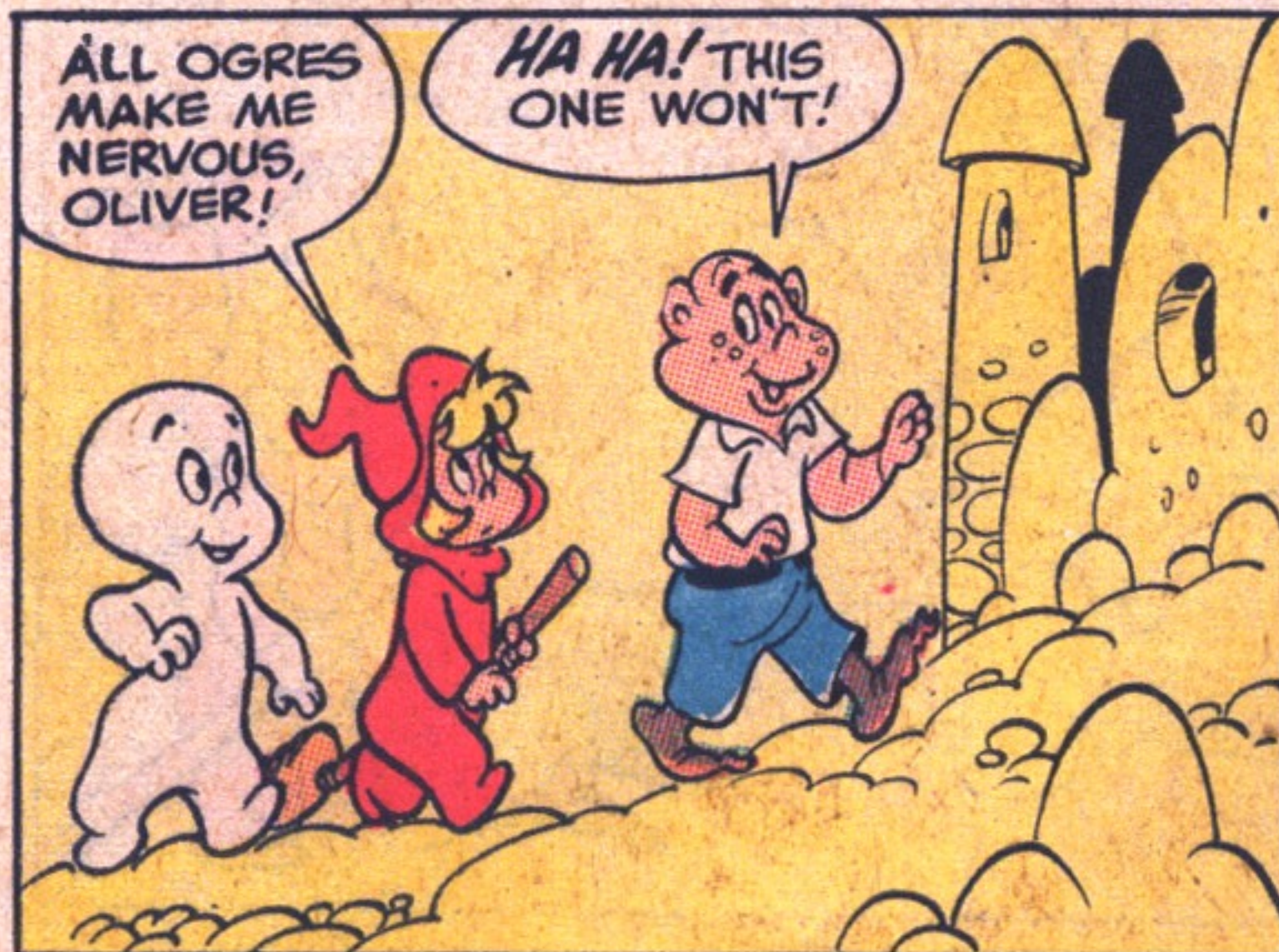
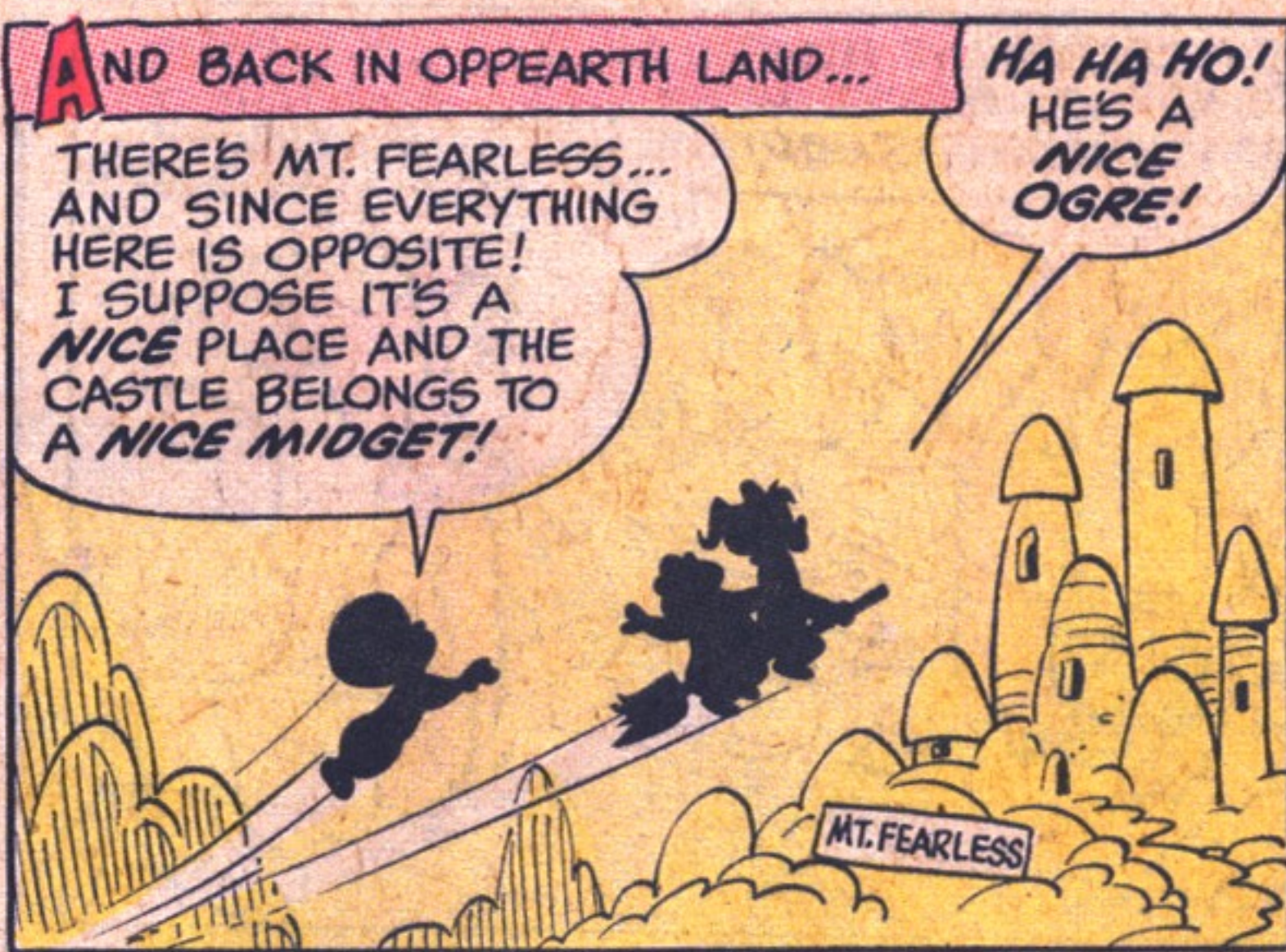
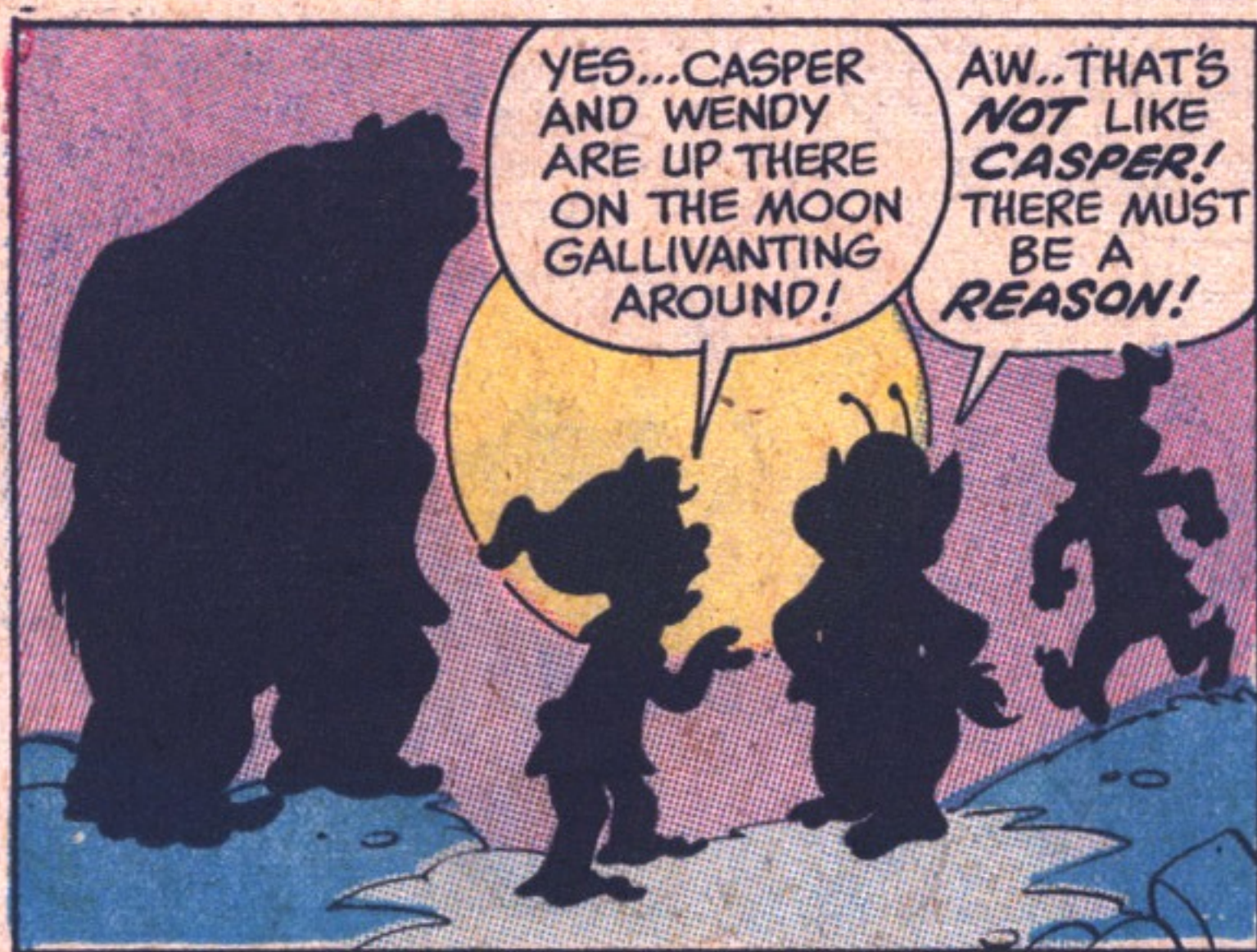


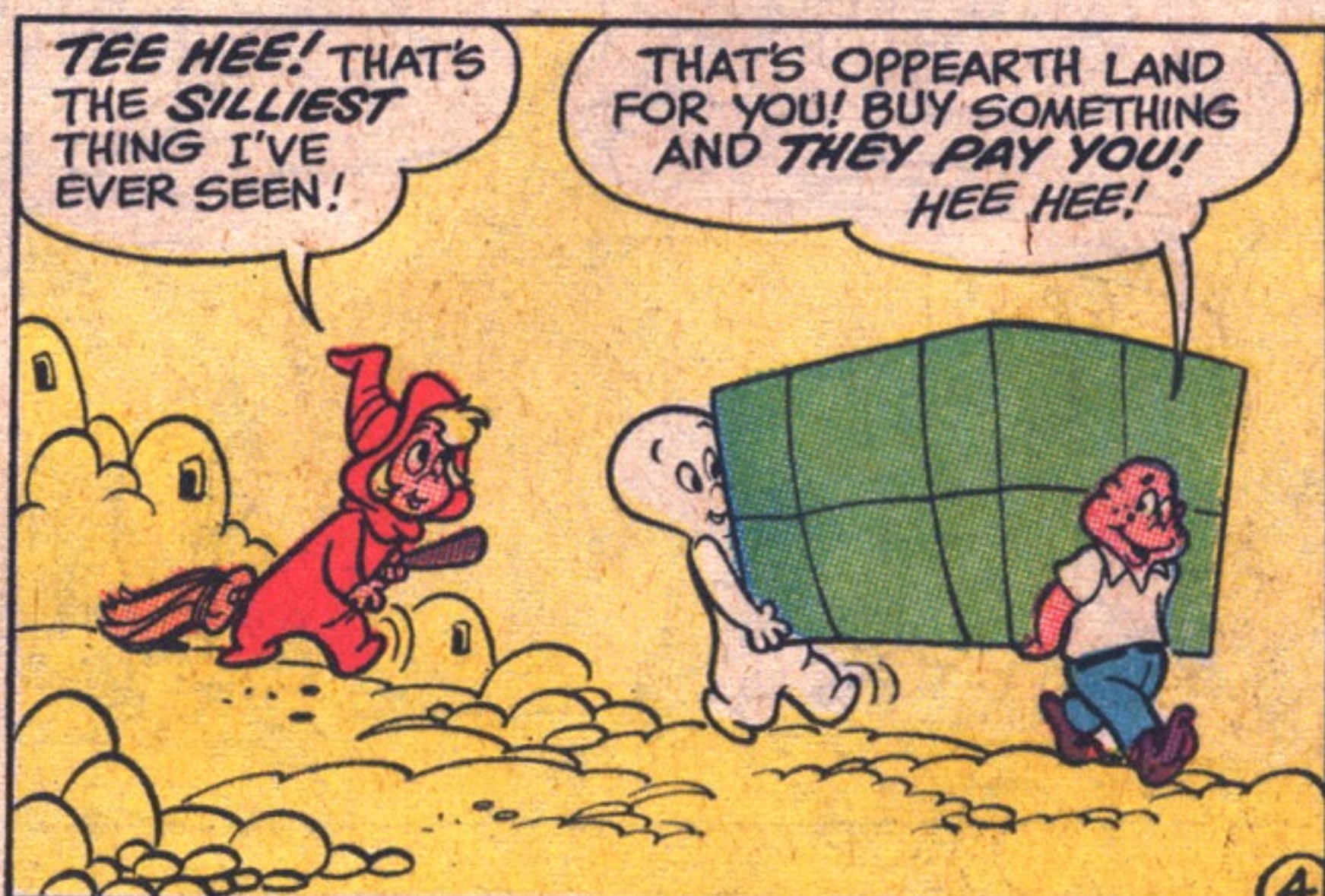
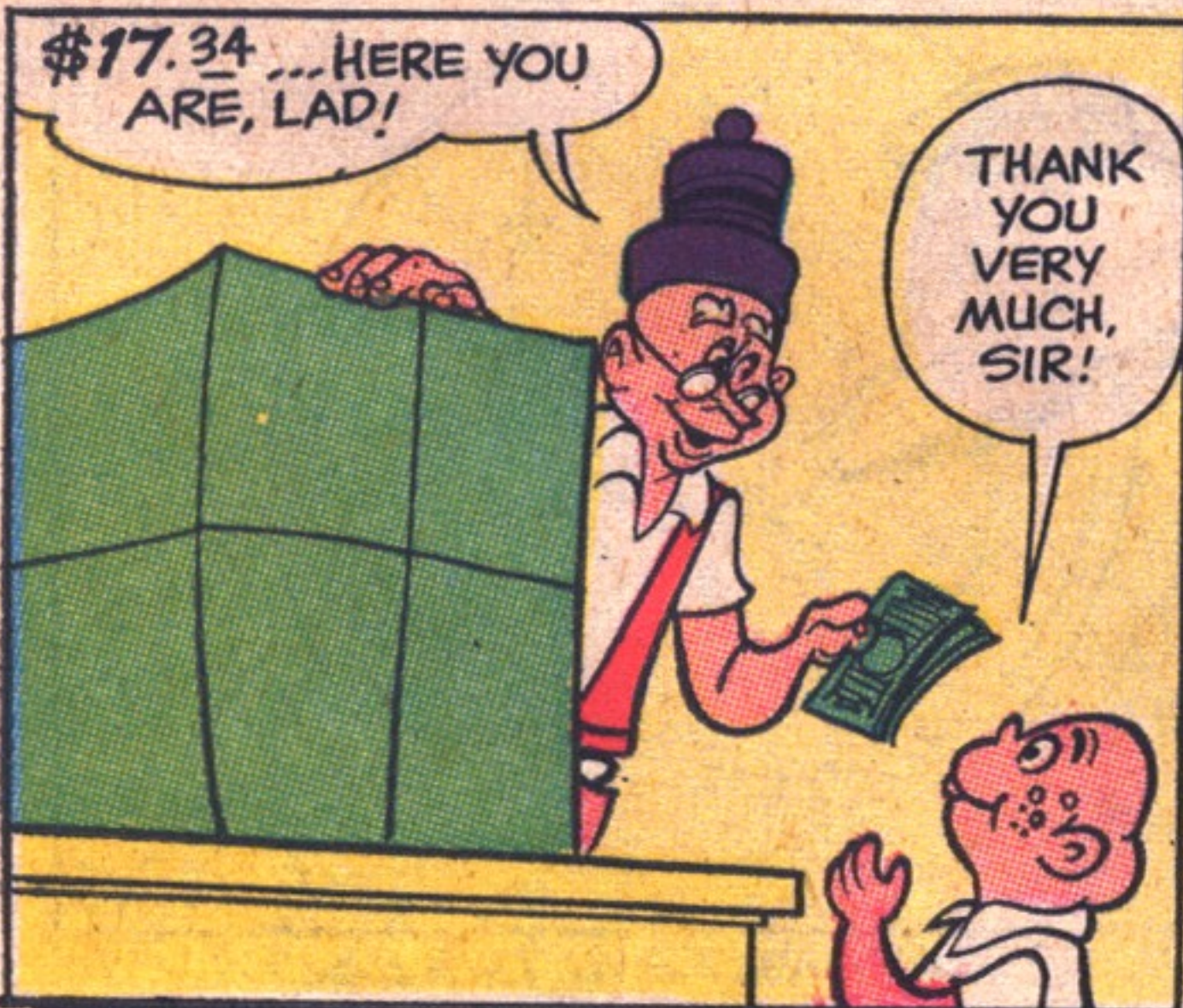
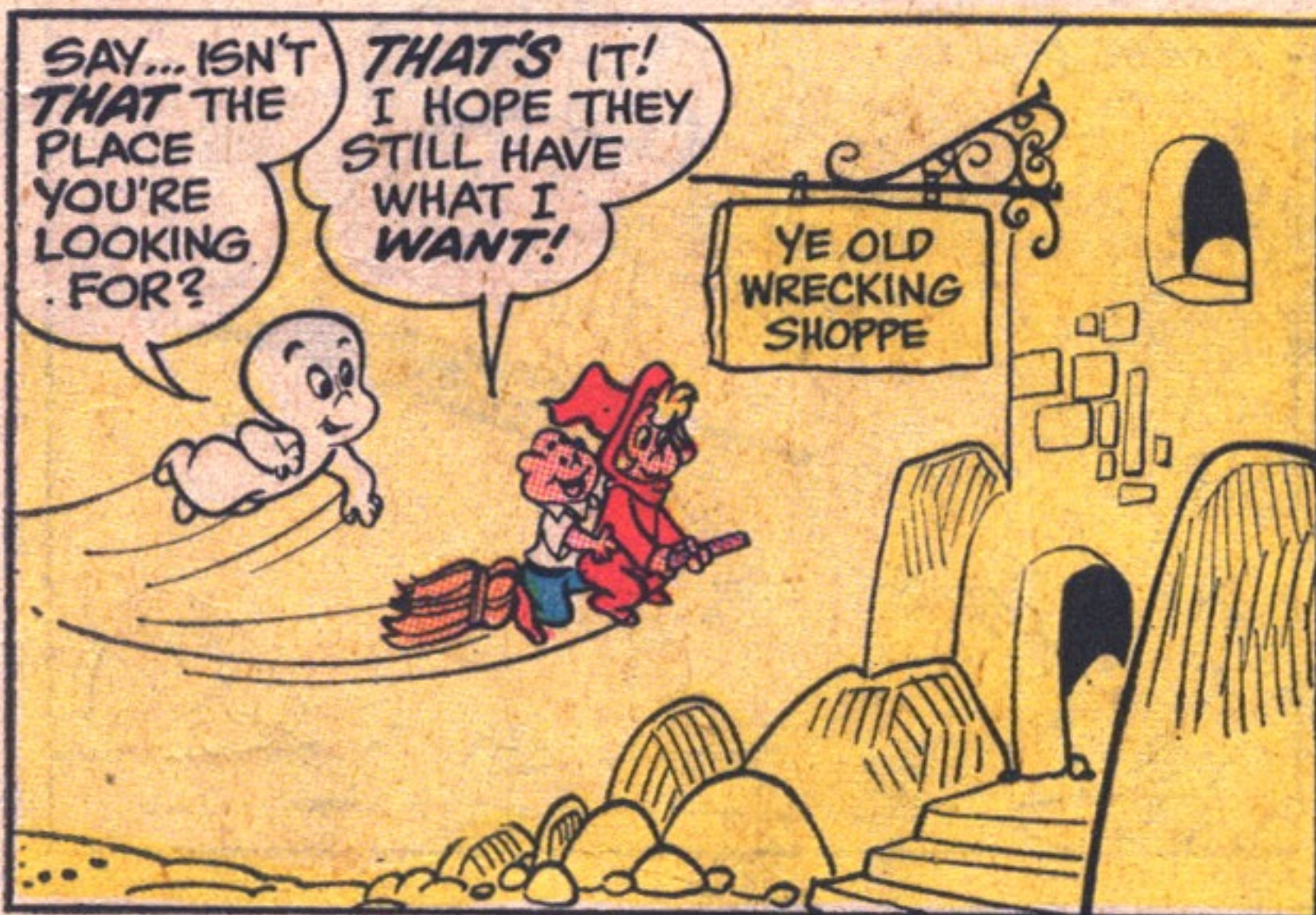
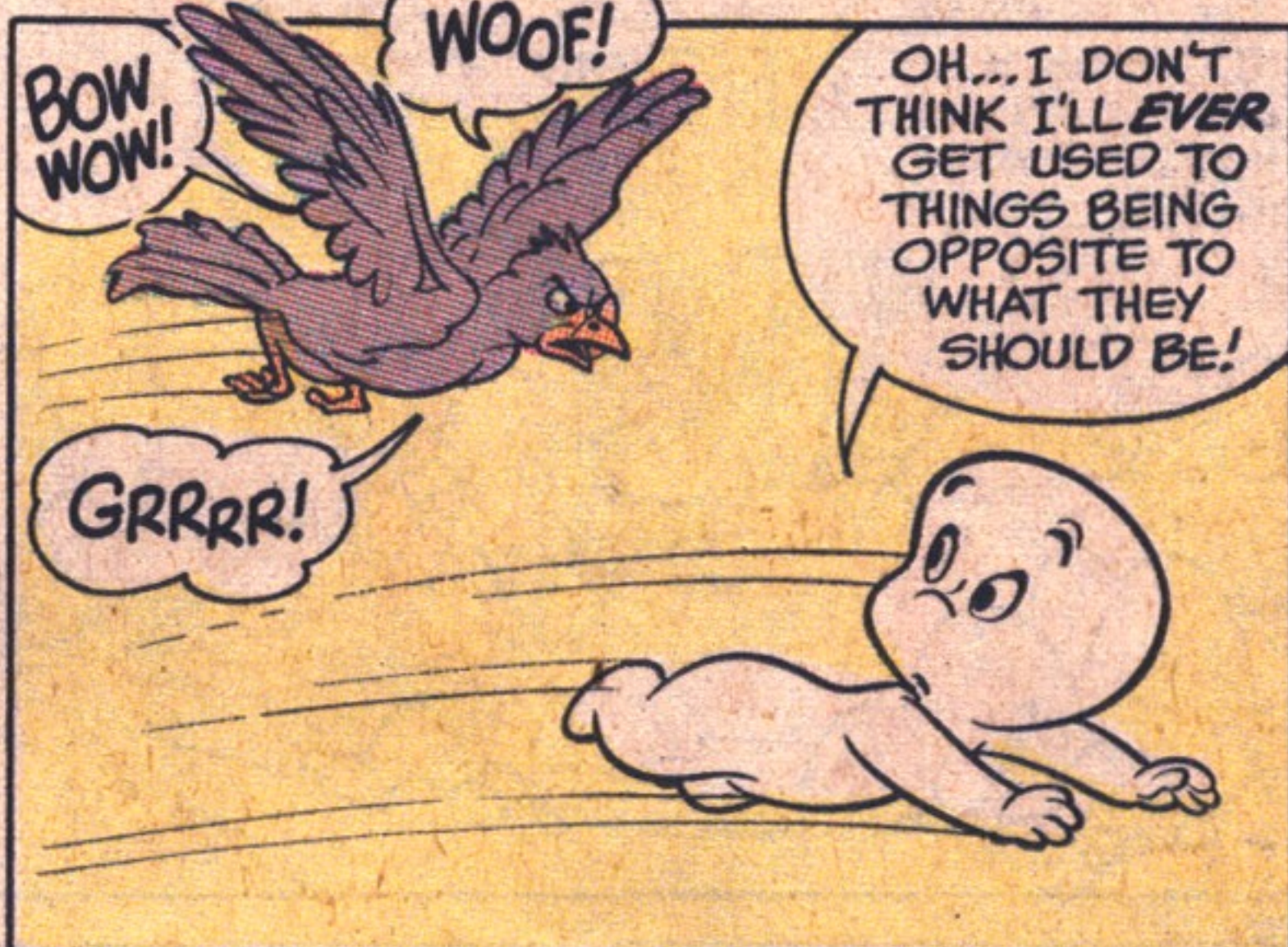
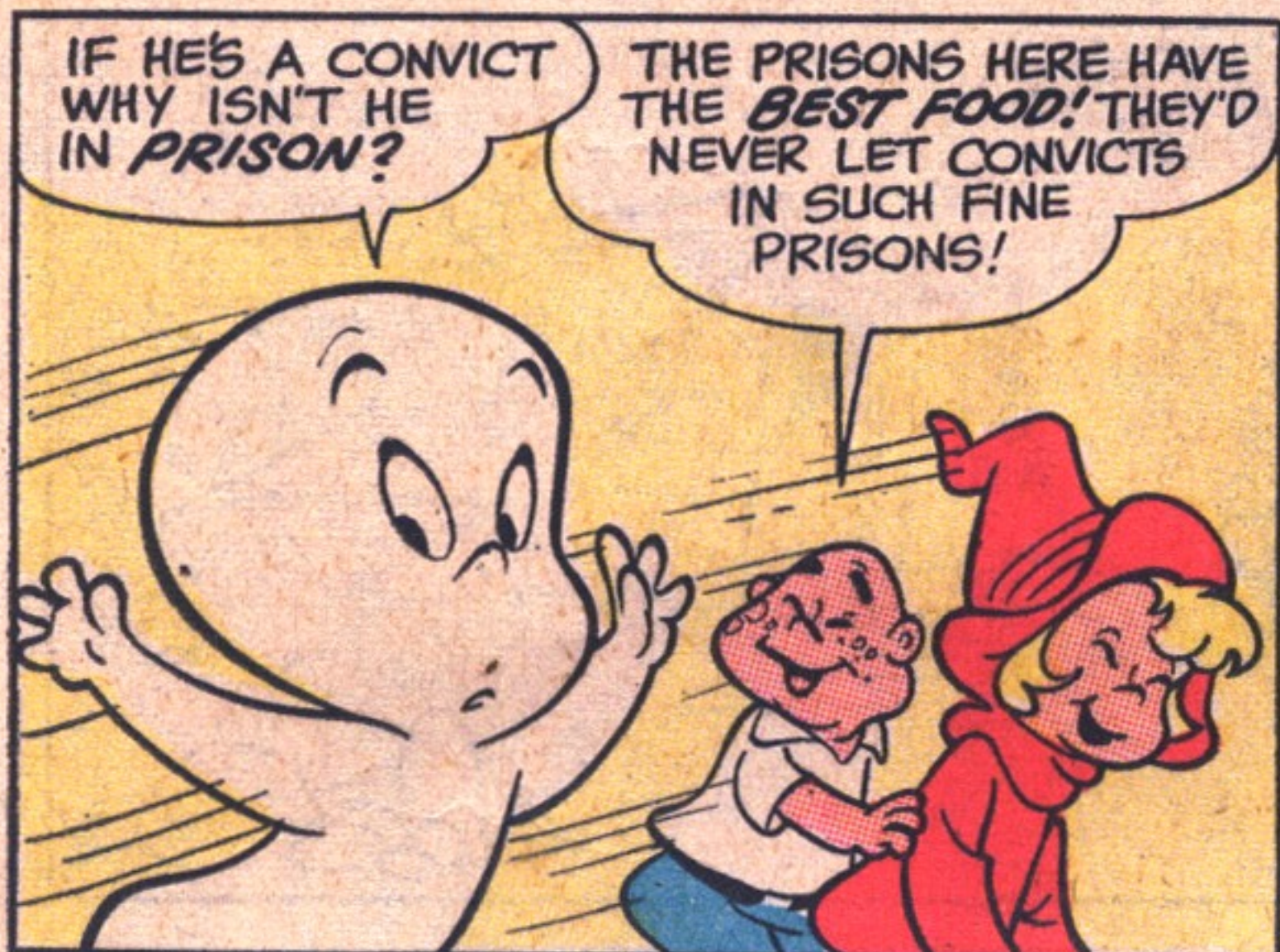
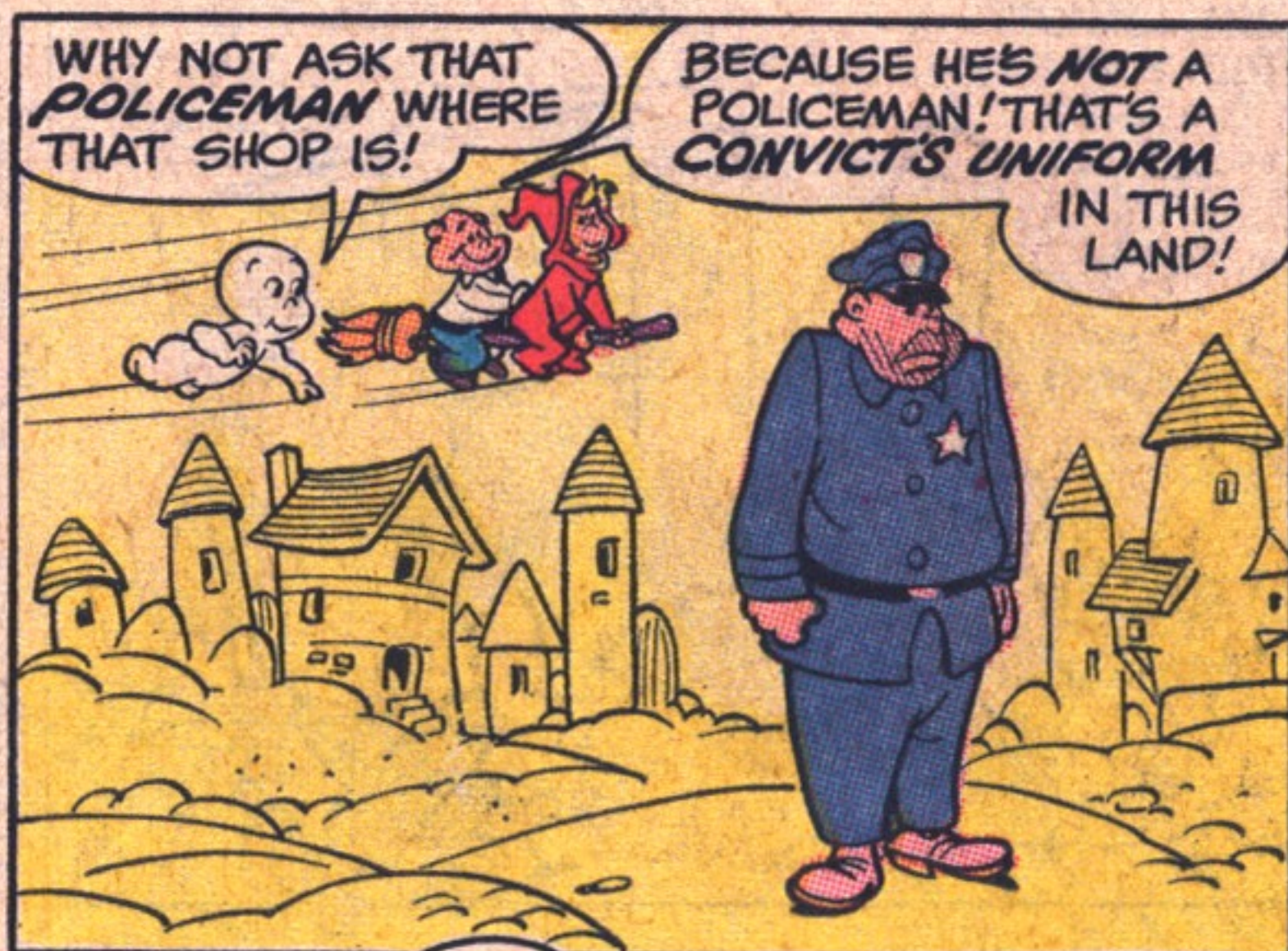
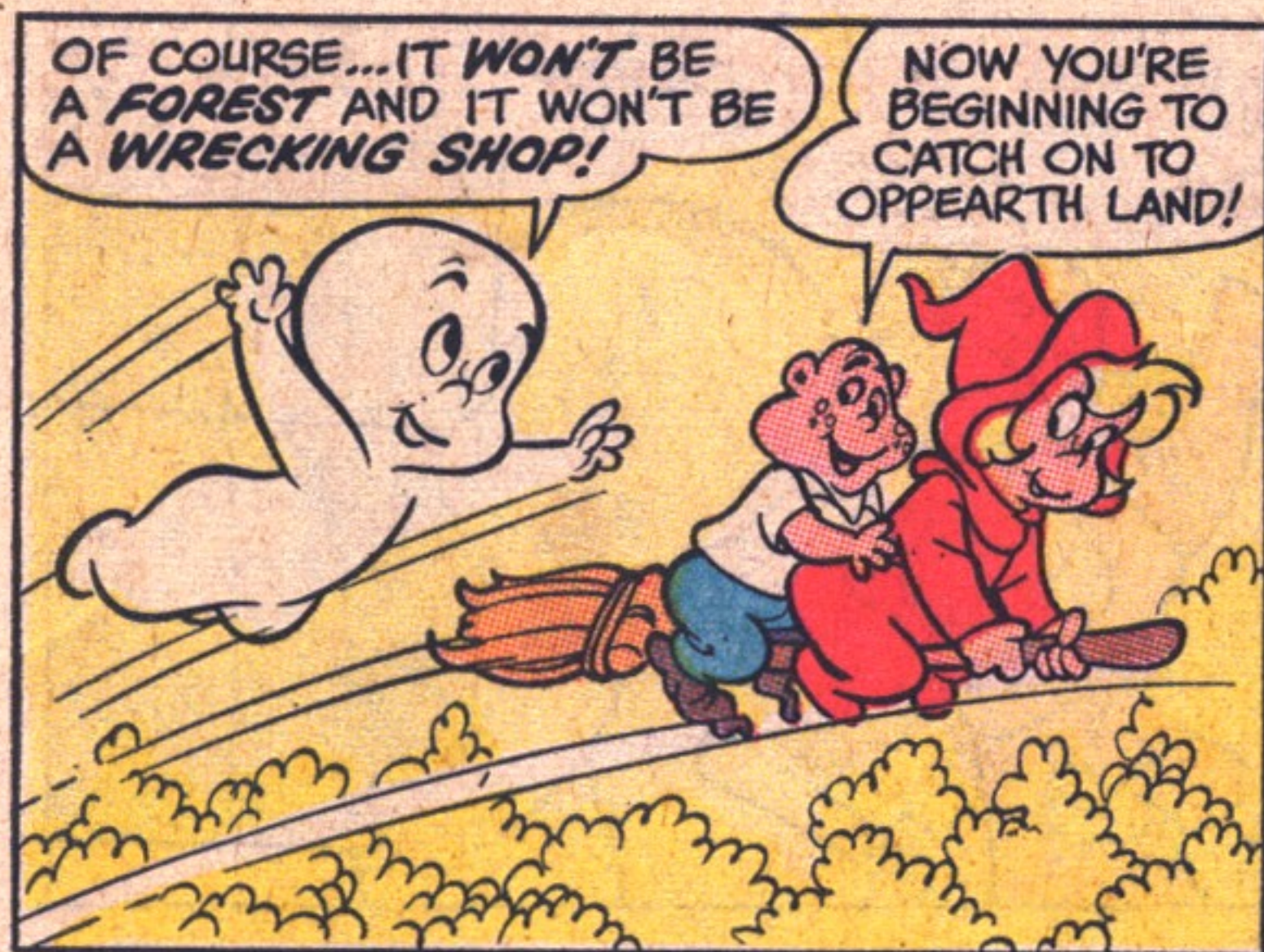


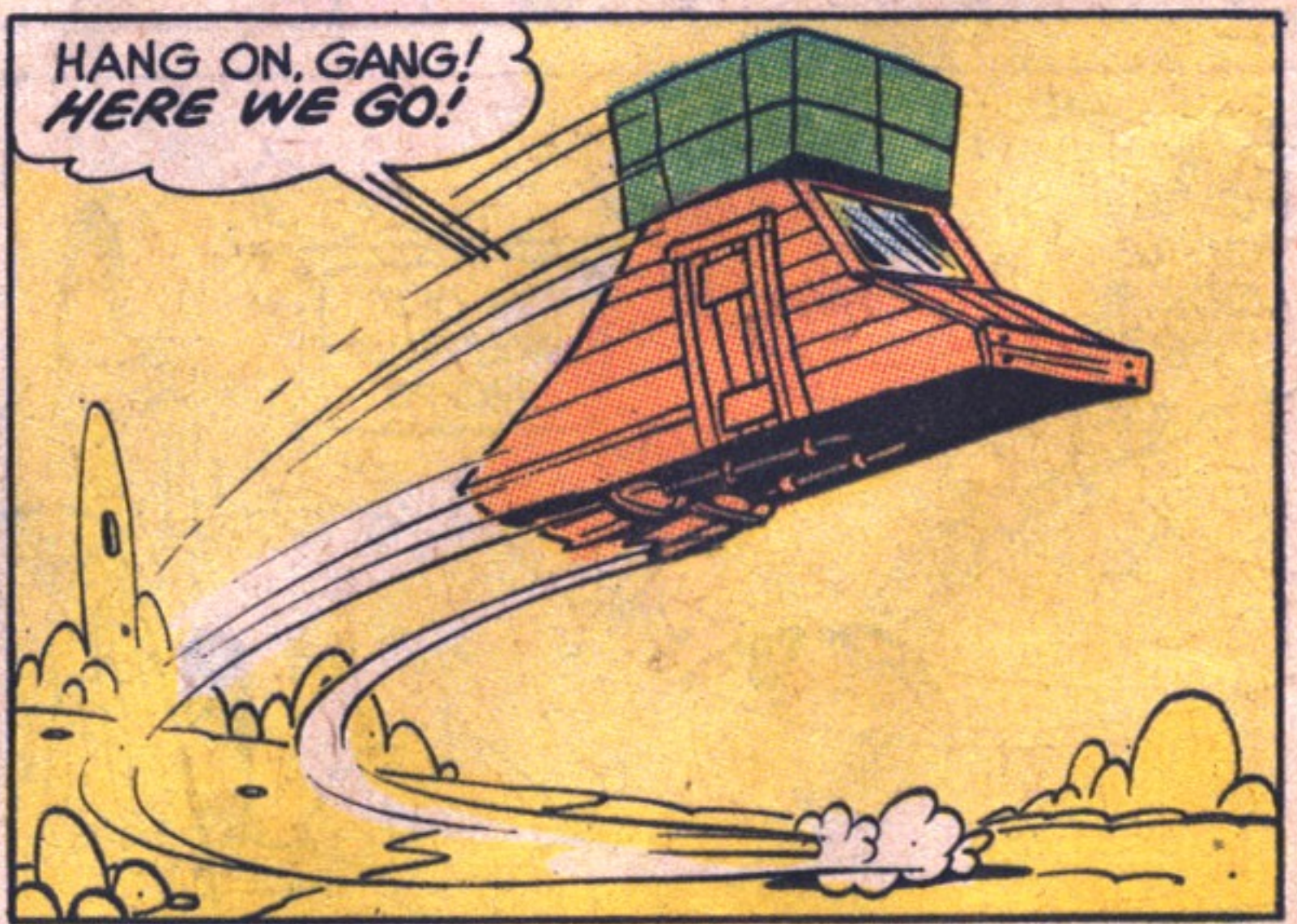
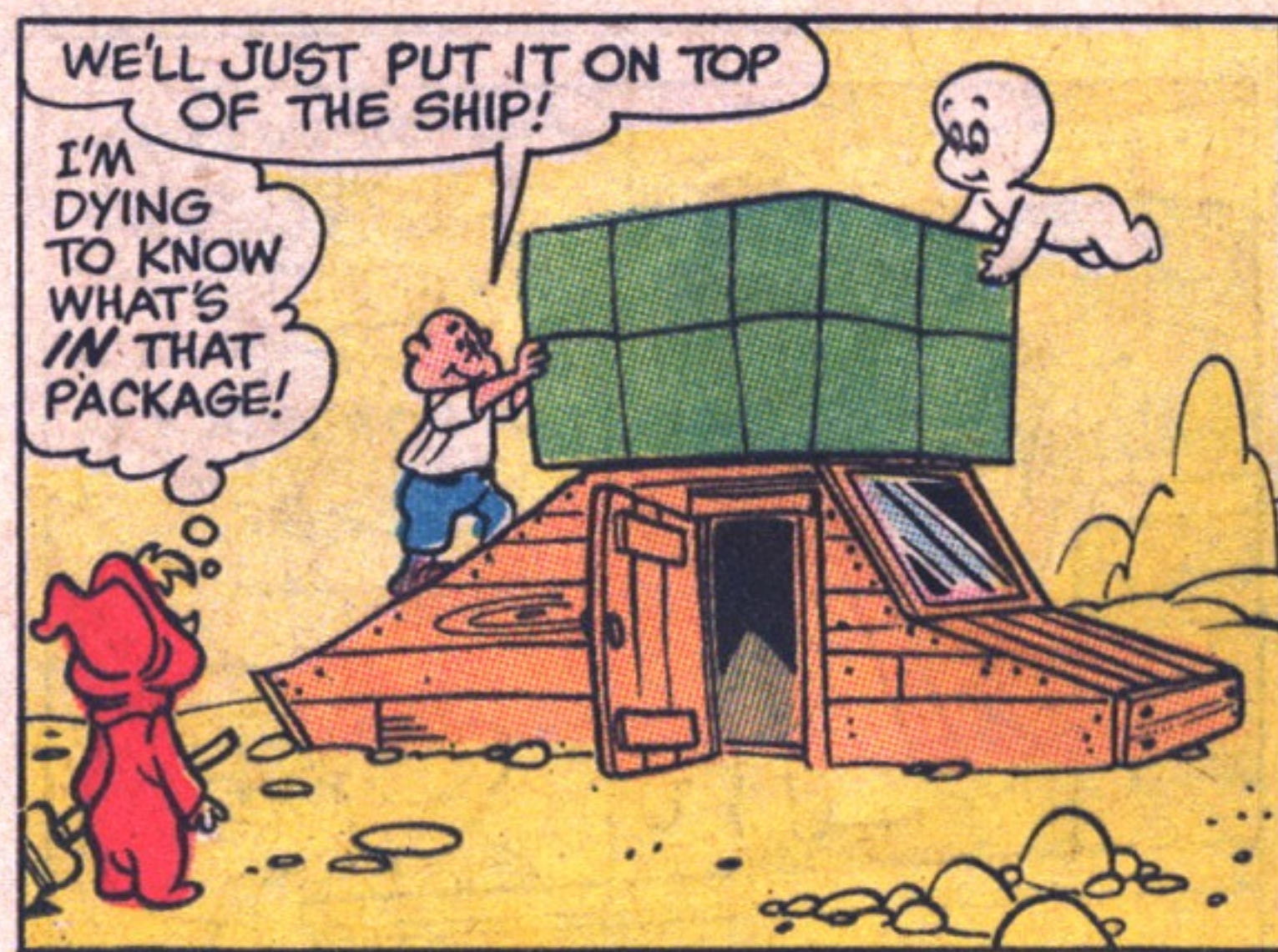
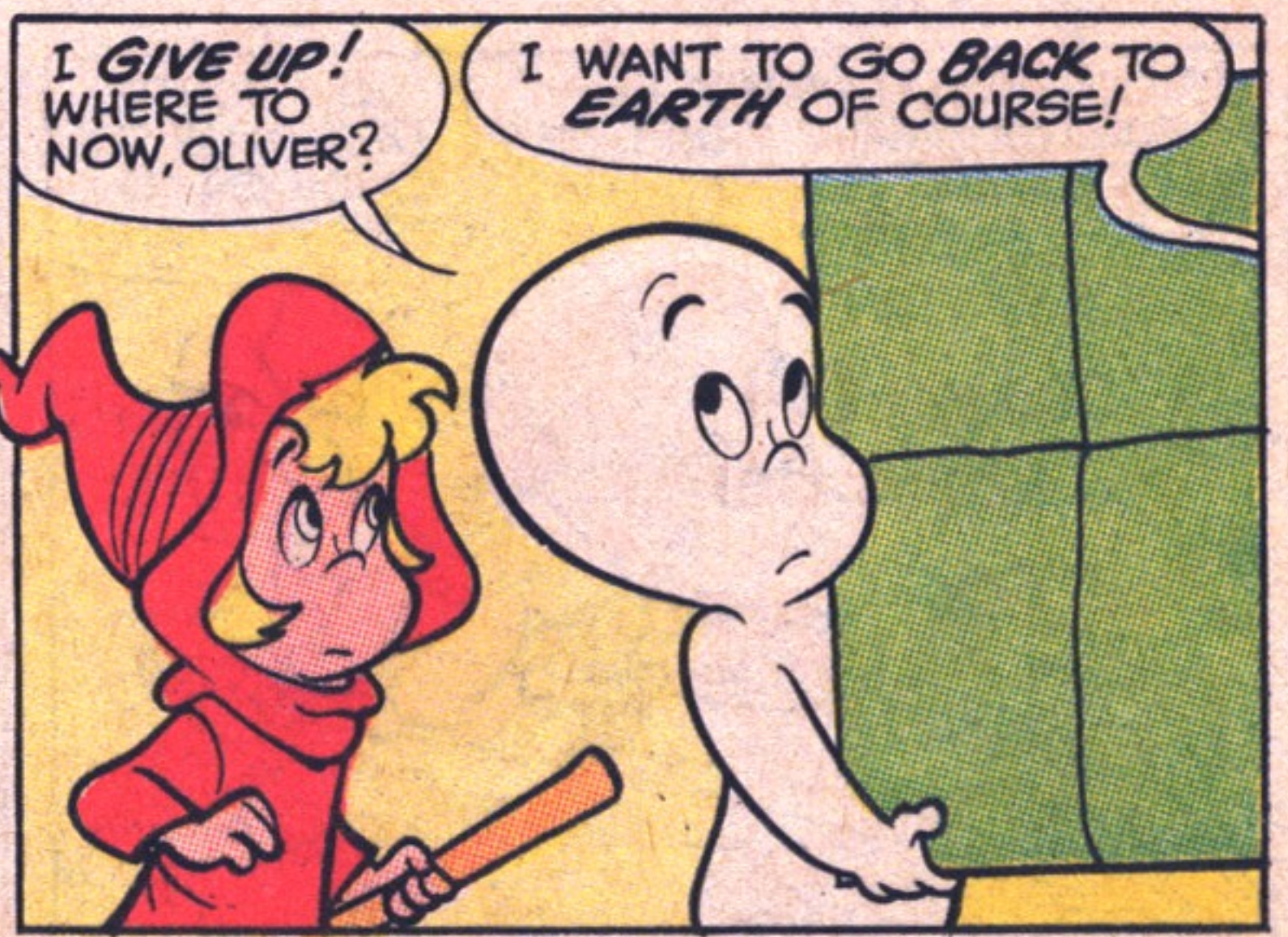
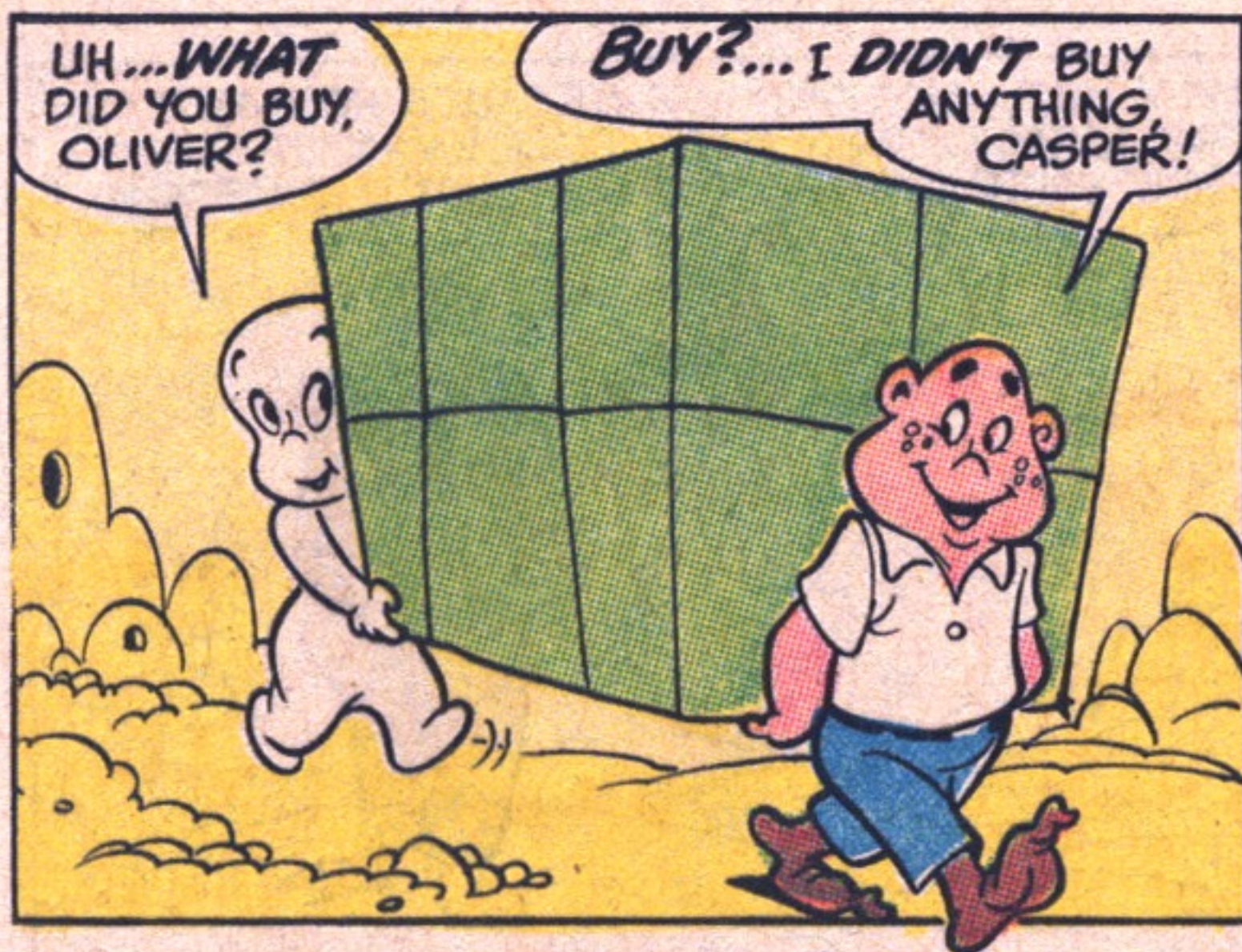
THE FRIENDLY GHOST **Casper** IN **OPPEARTH**







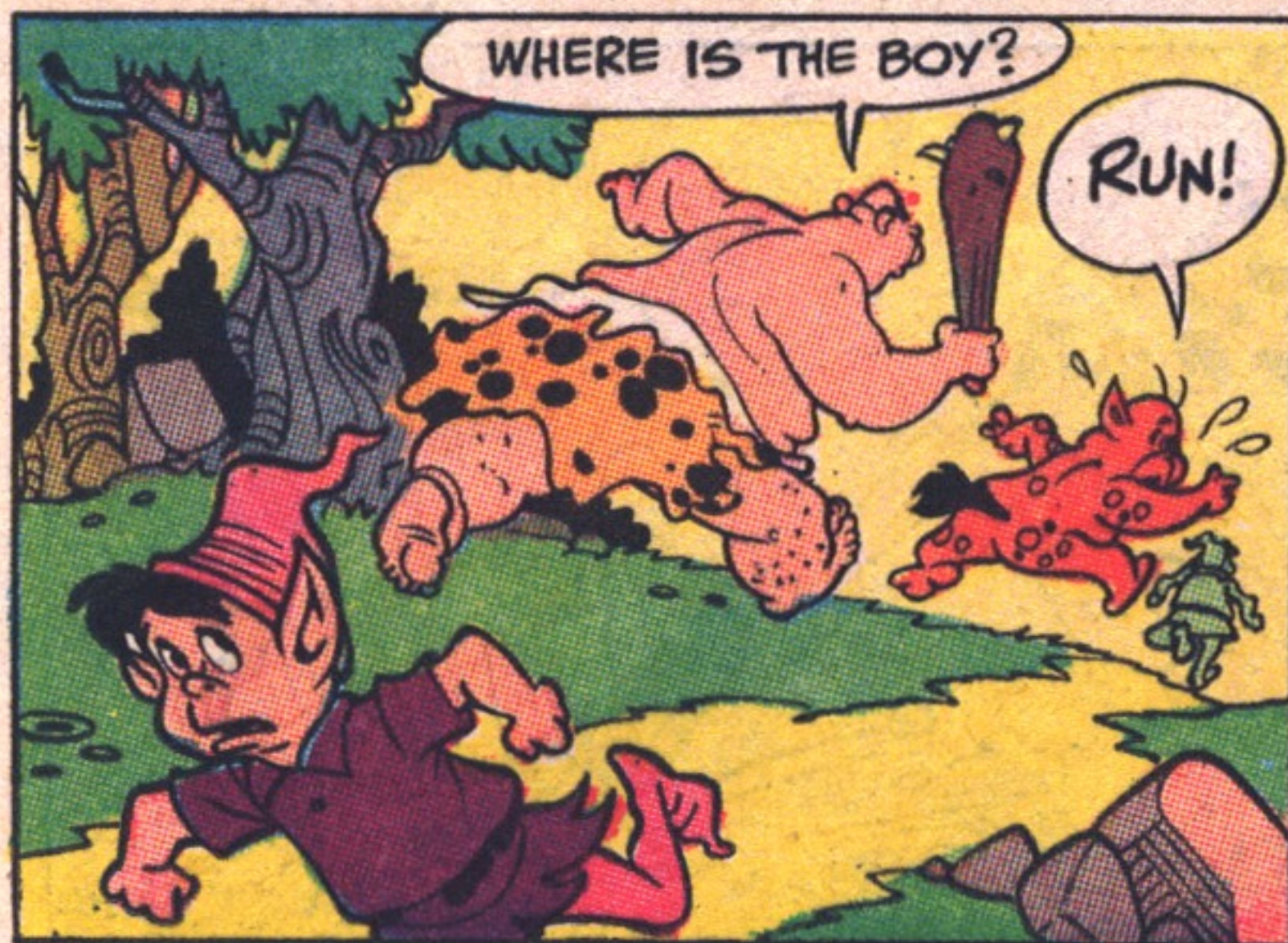
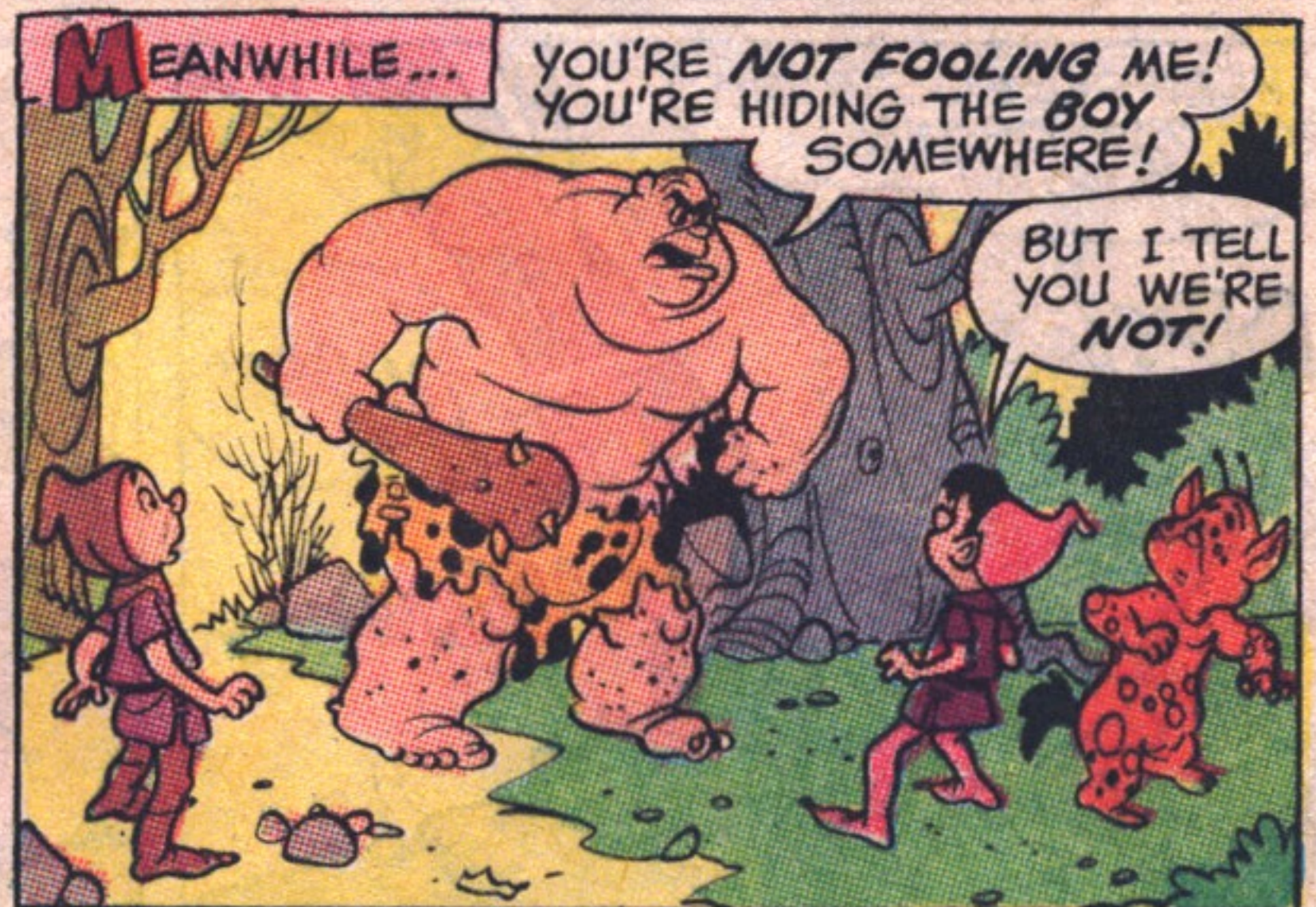
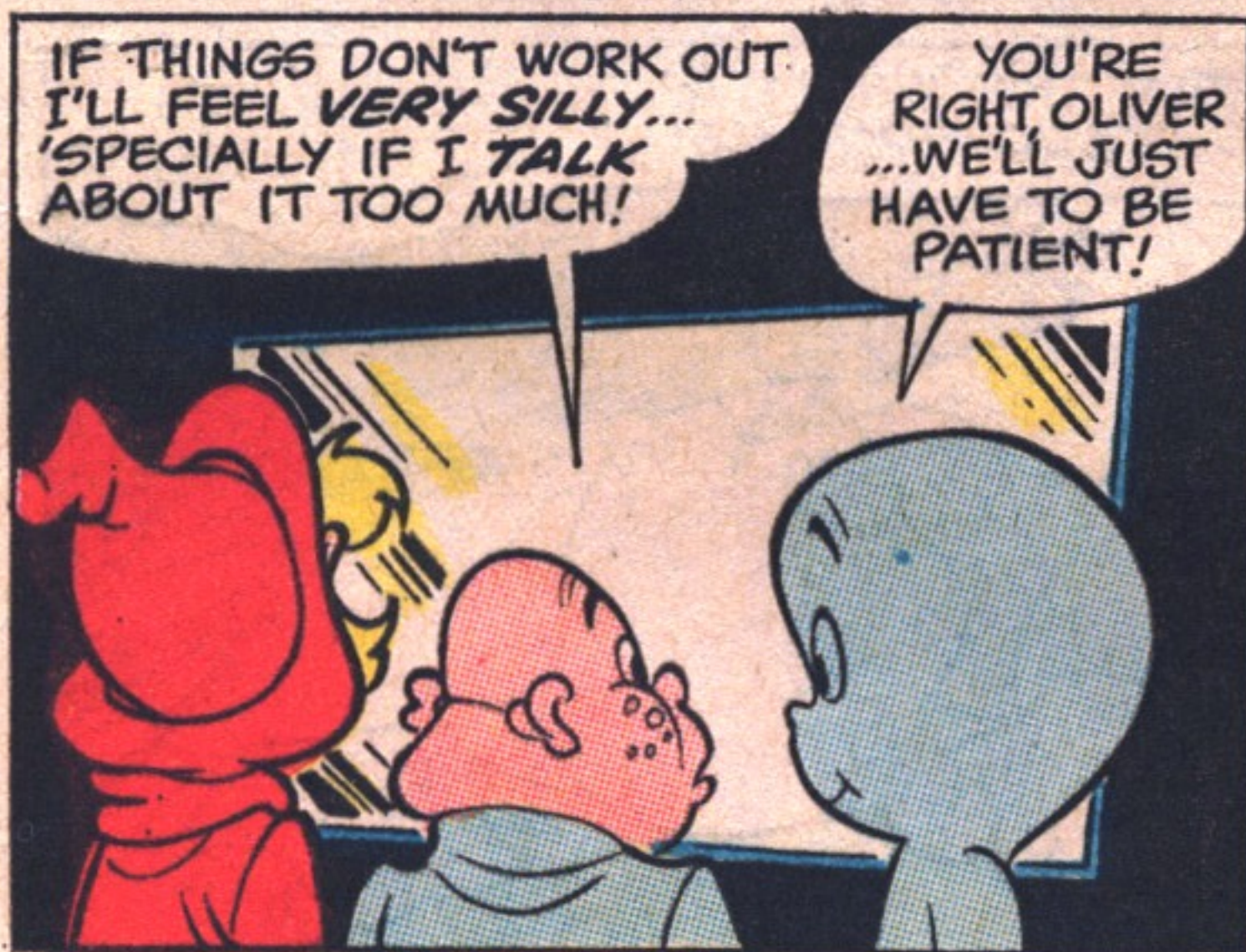
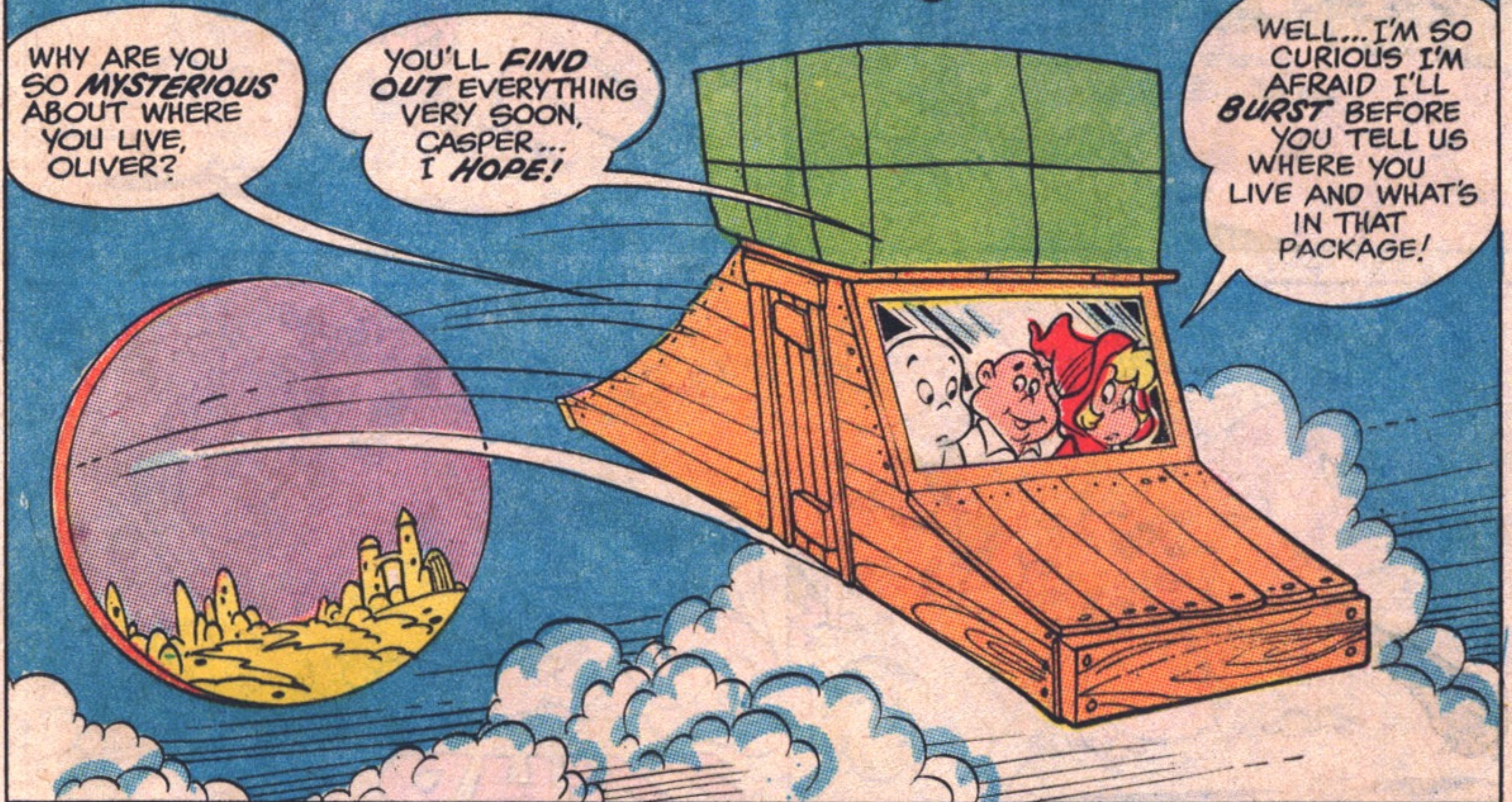


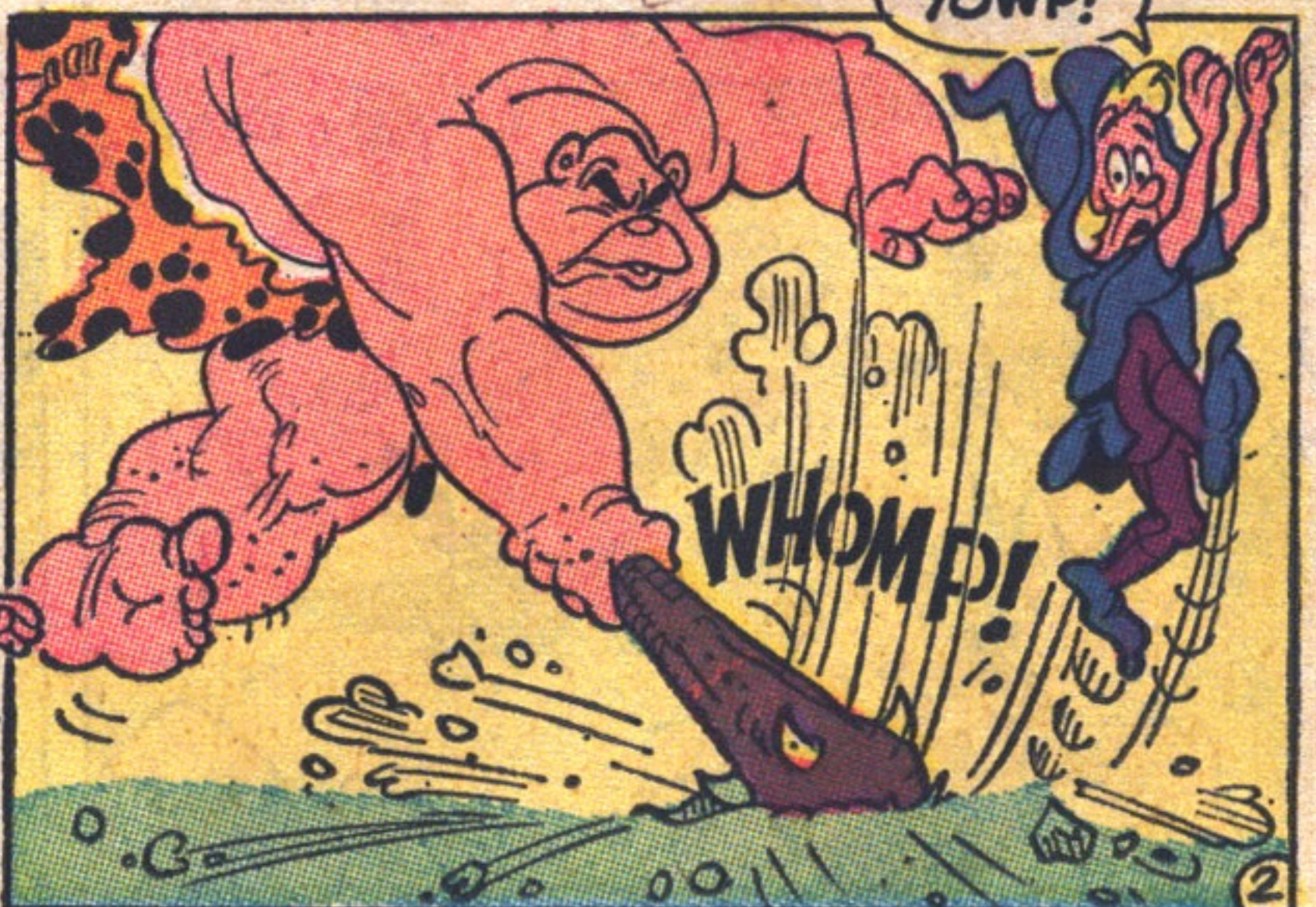
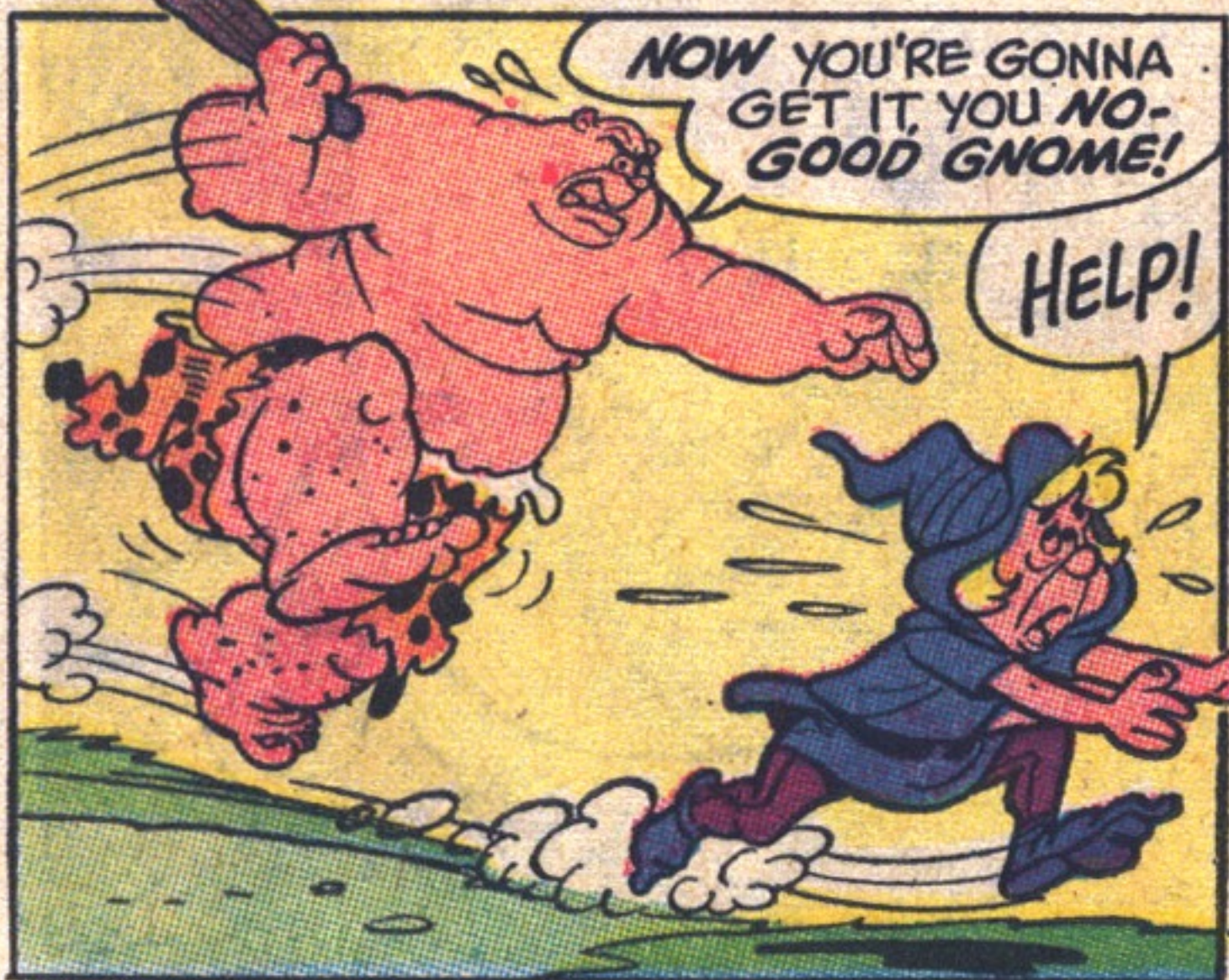
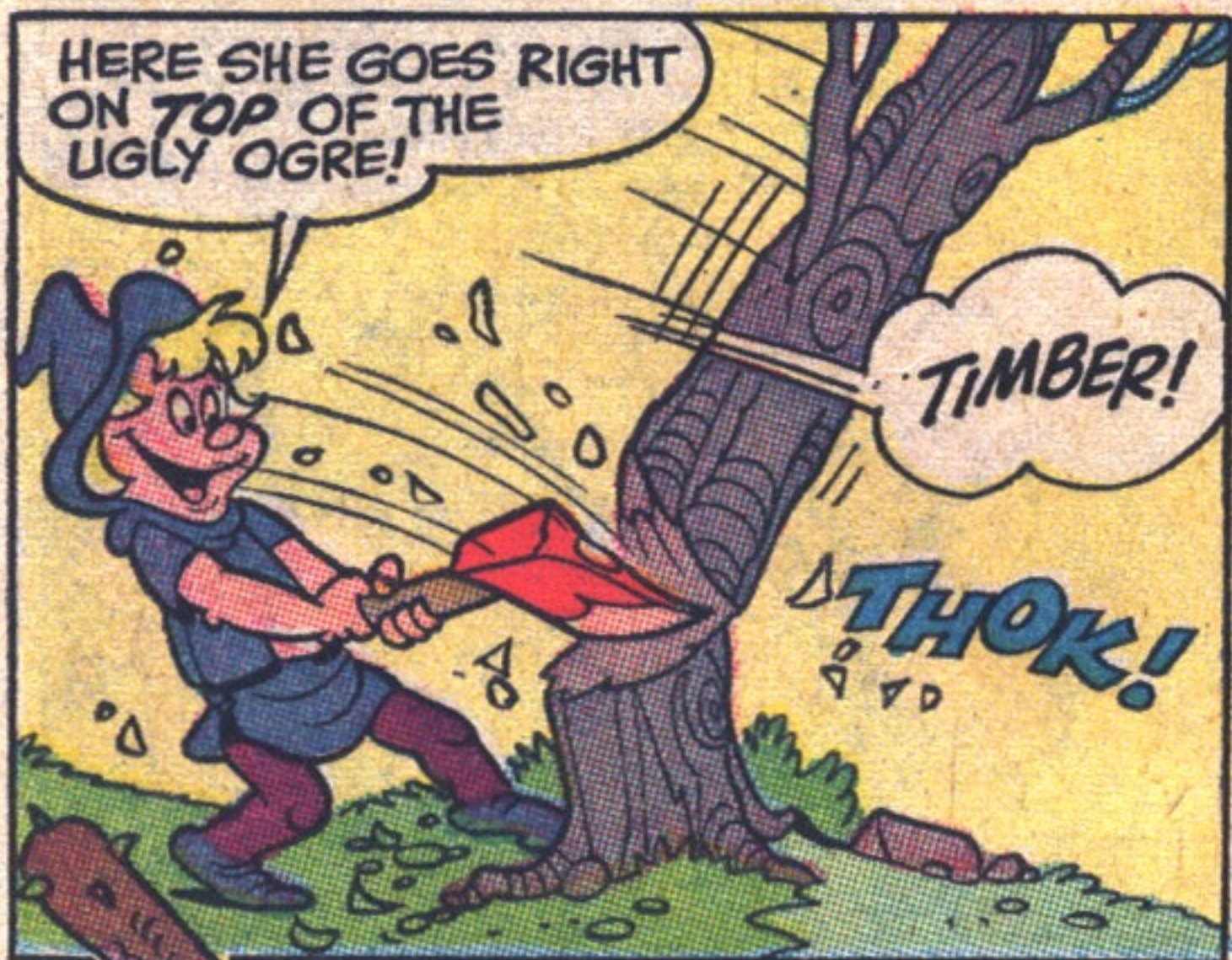
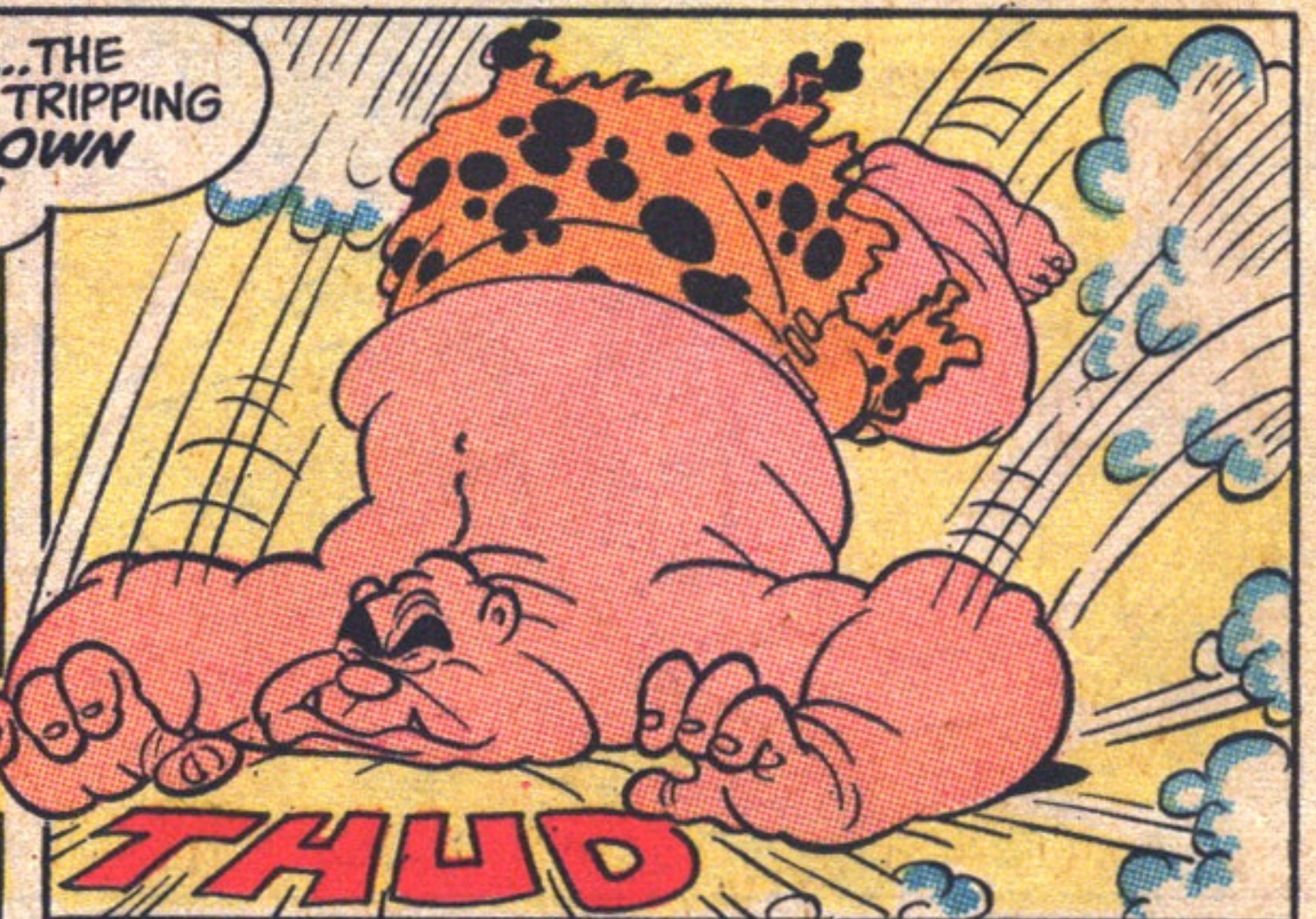
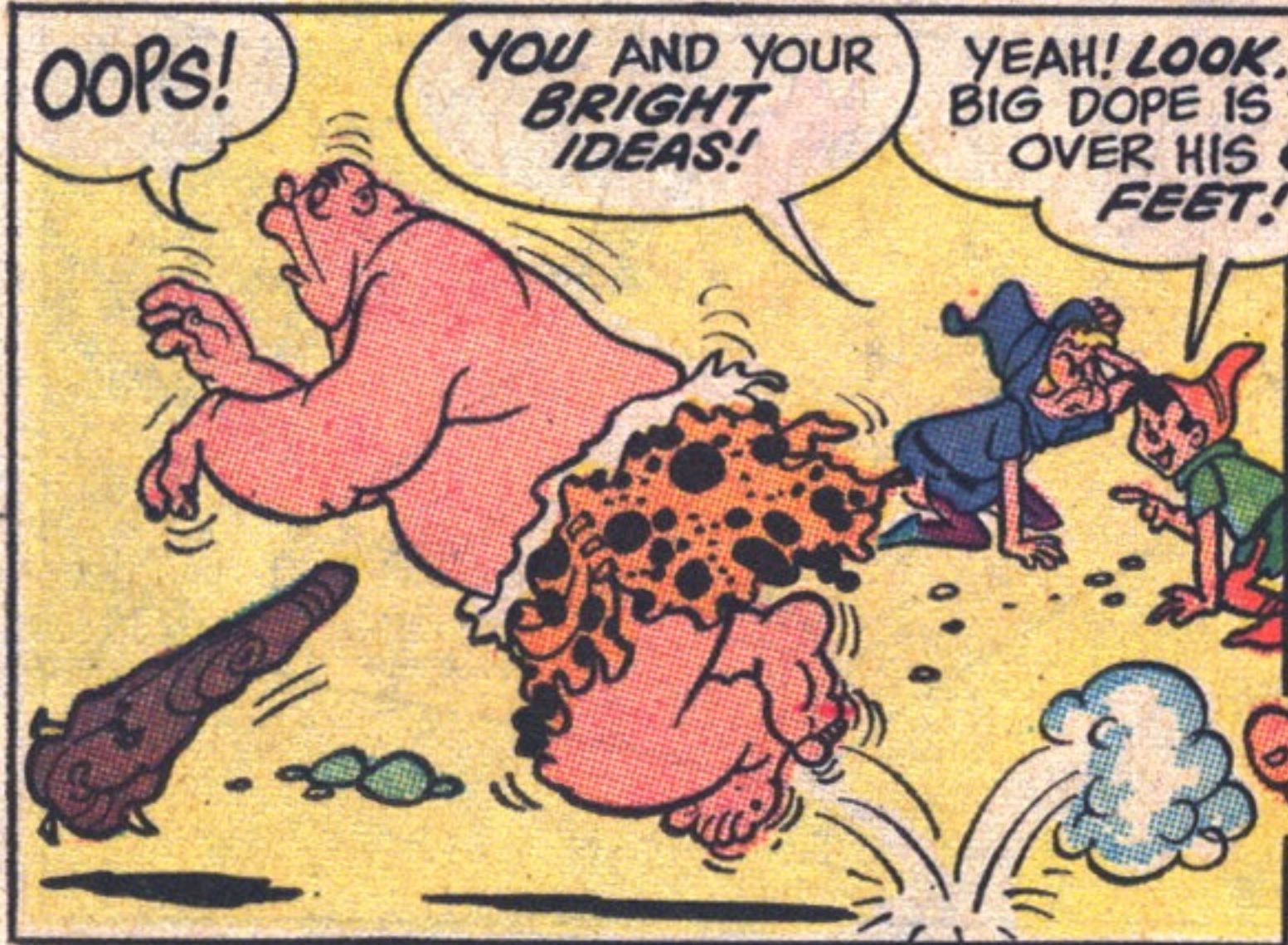
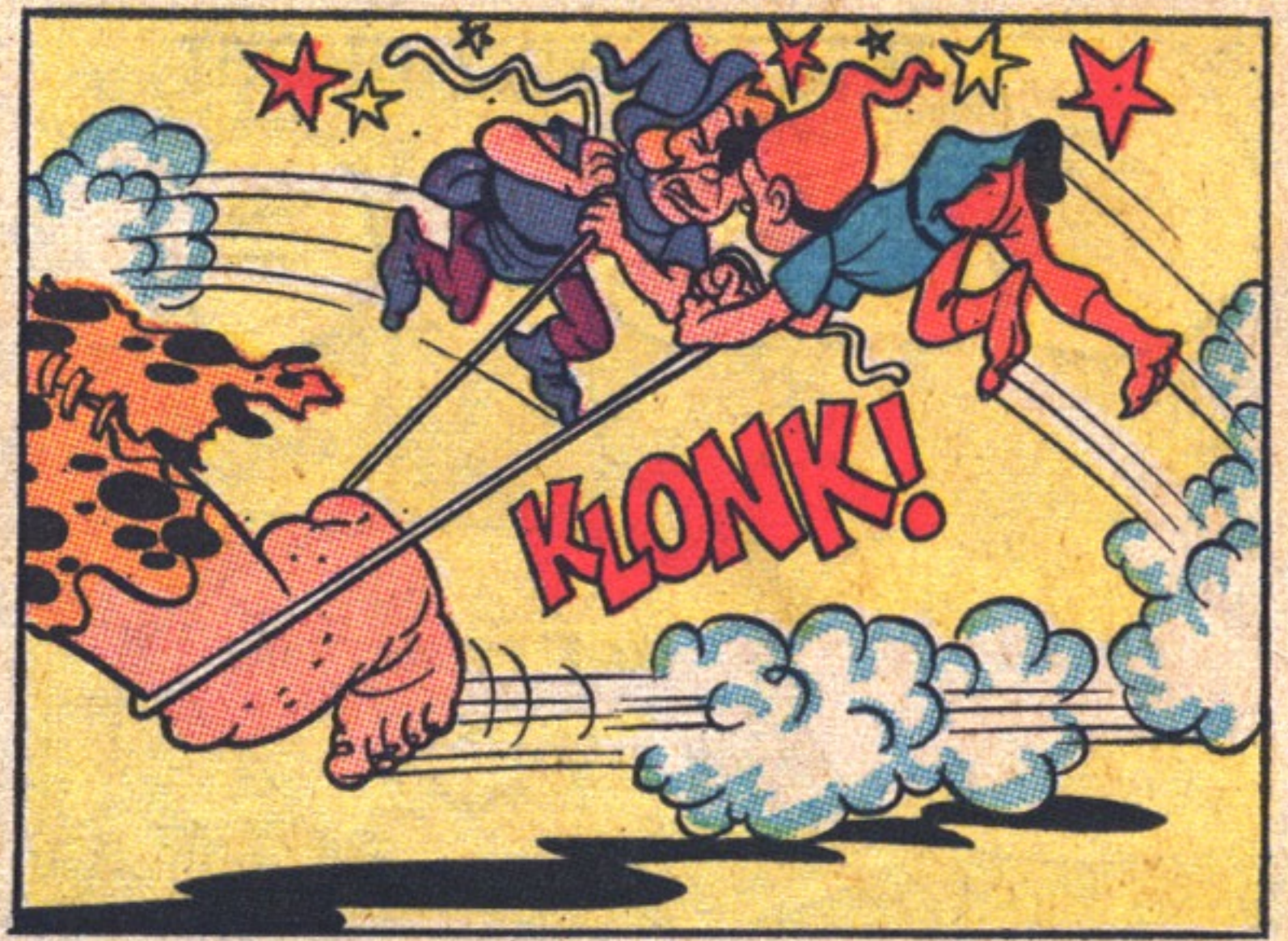
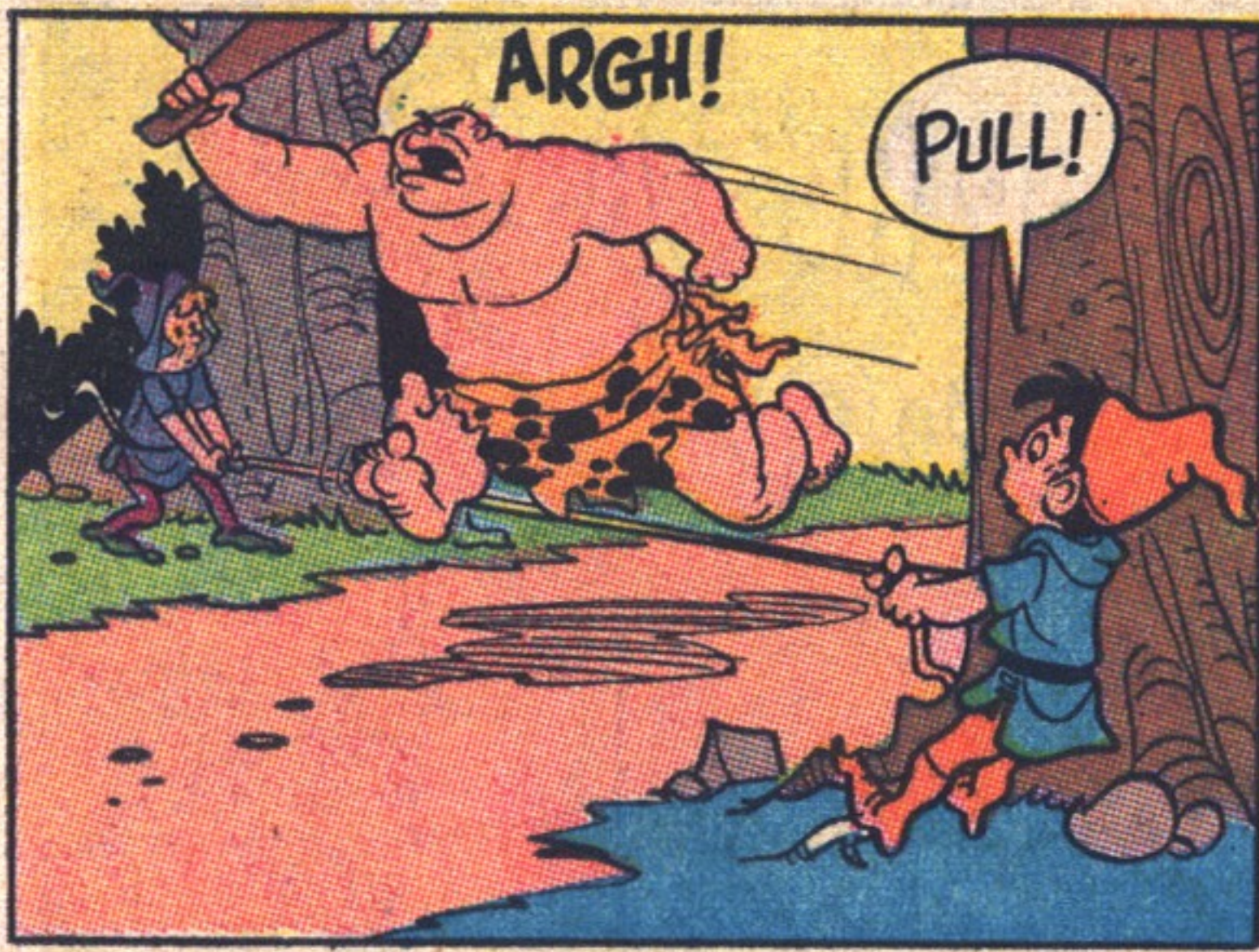


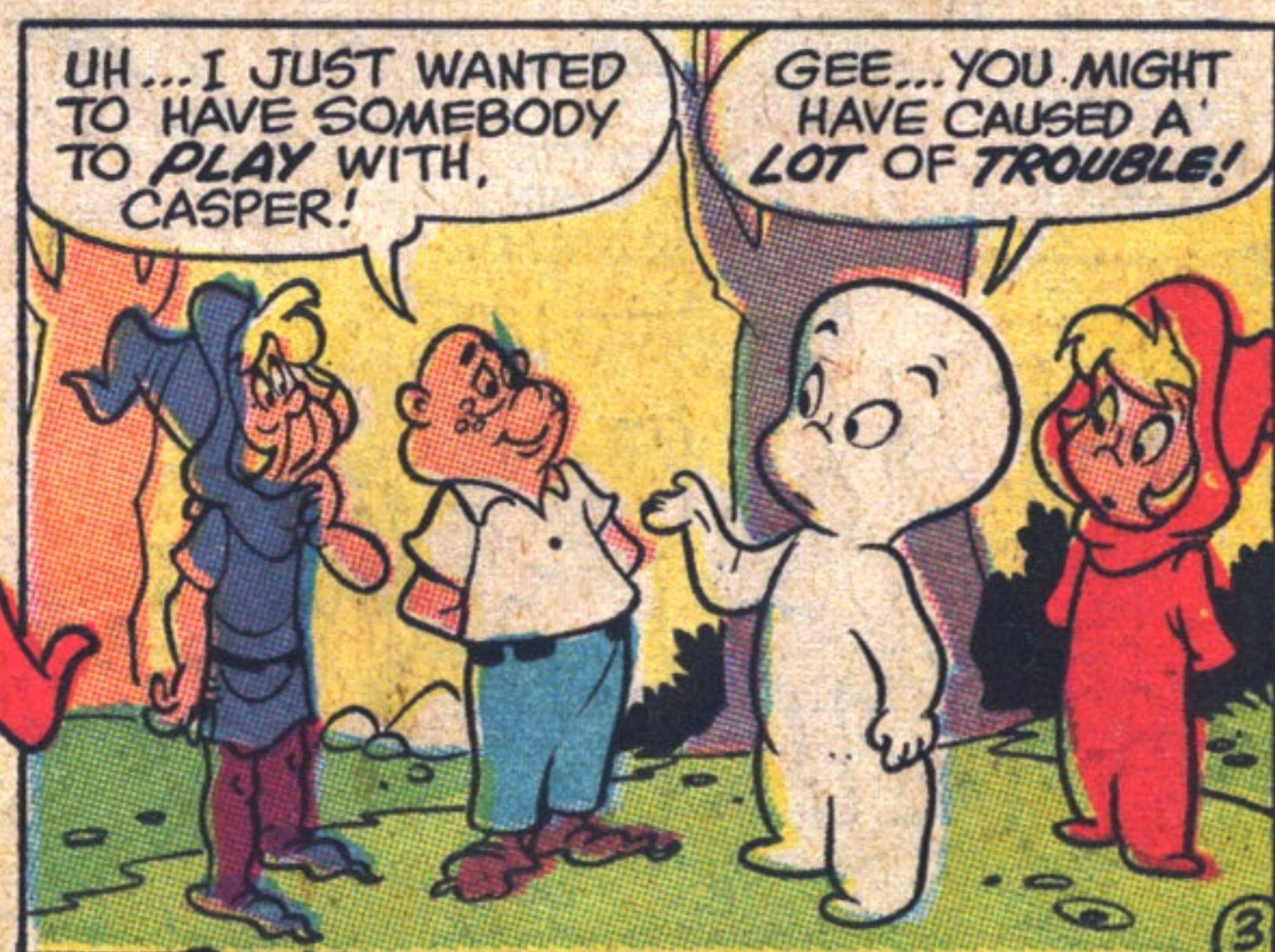
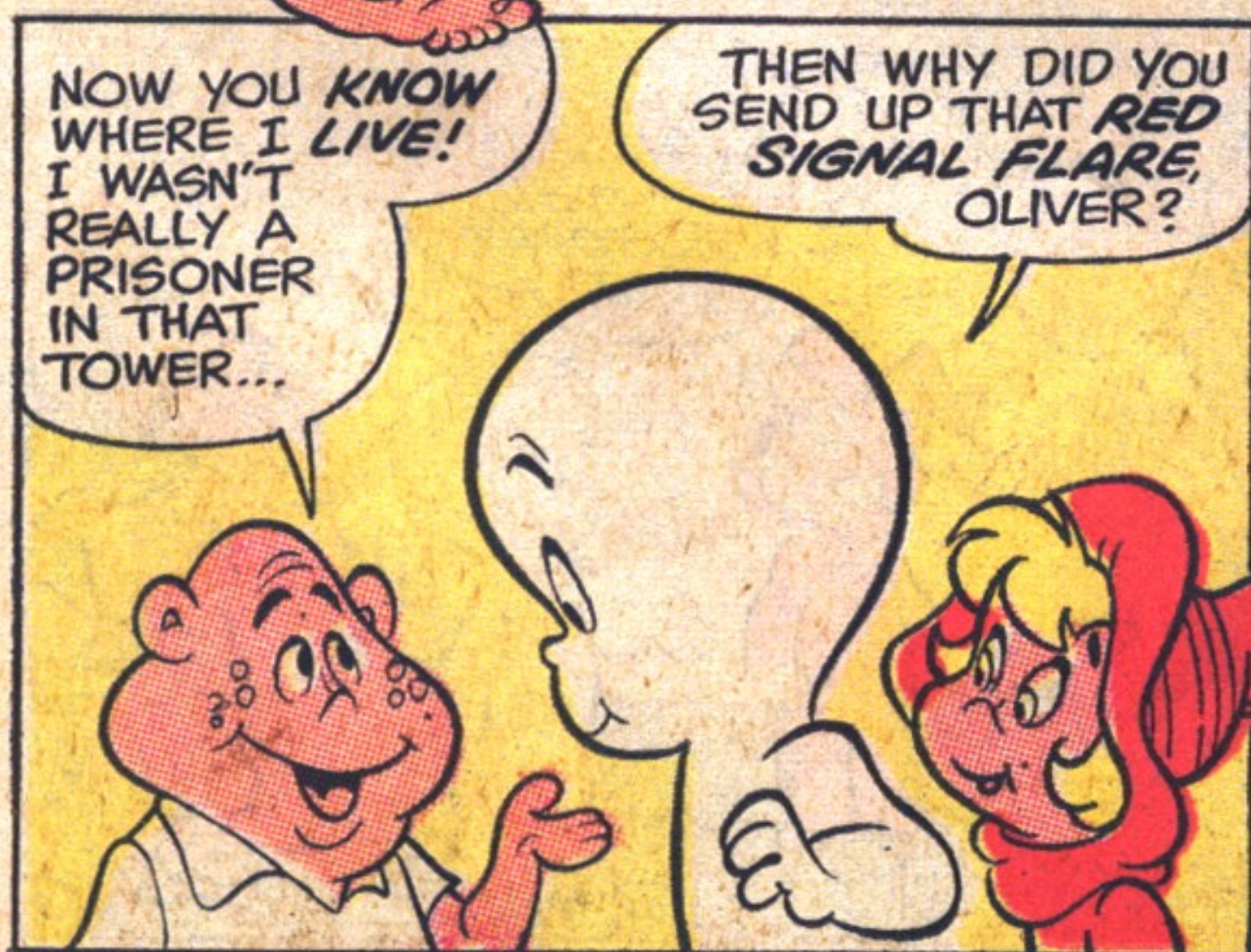
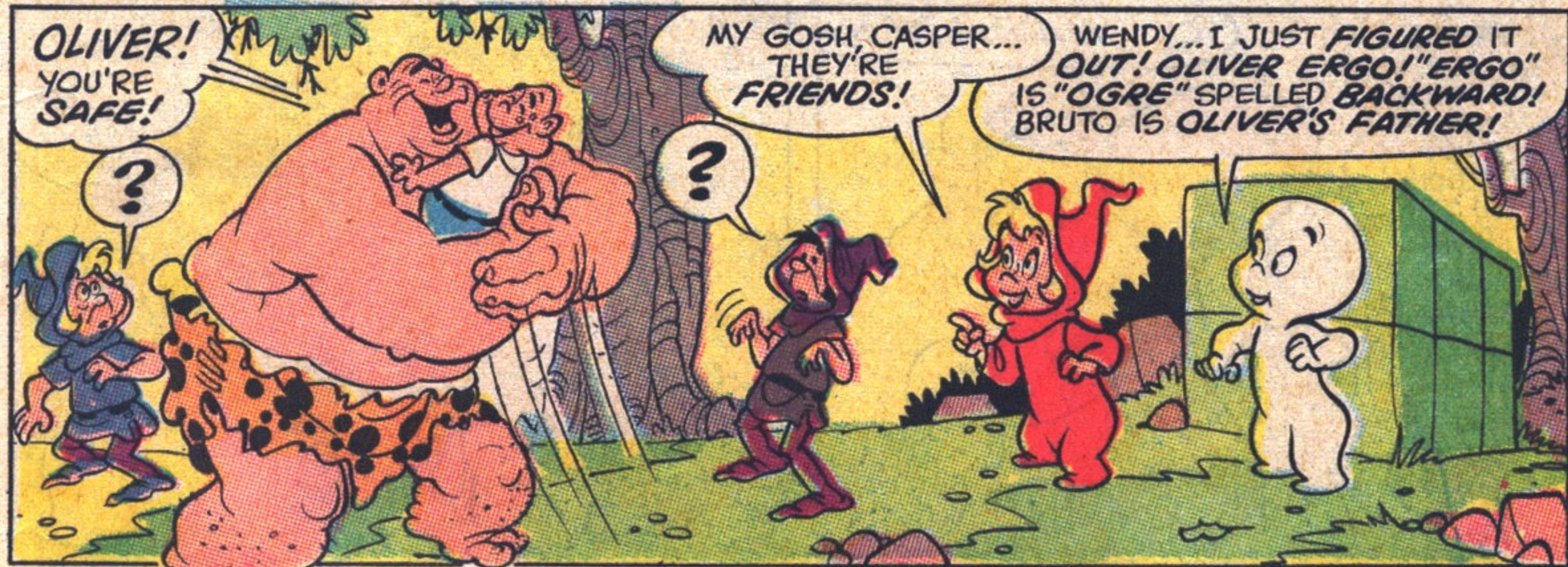
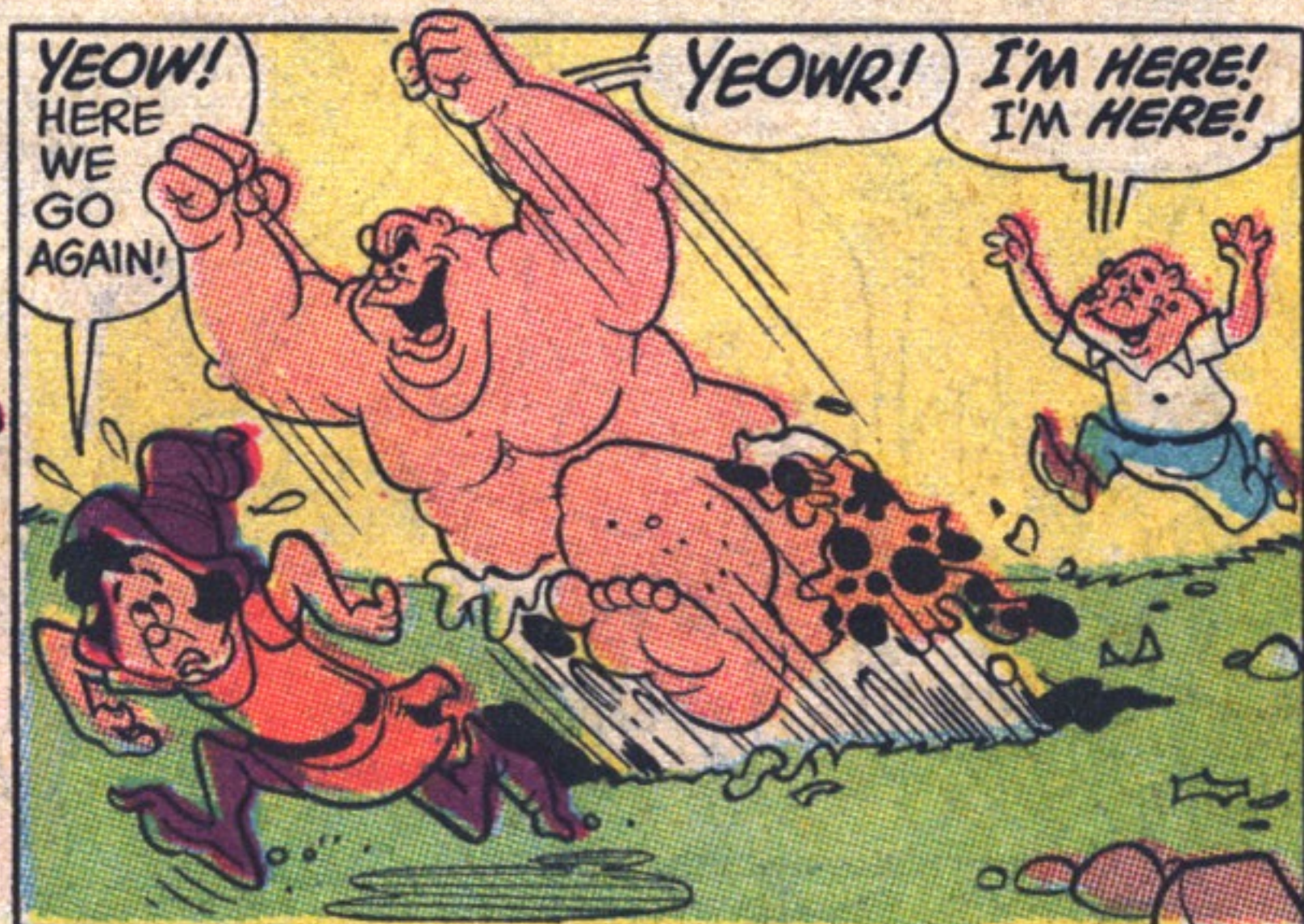
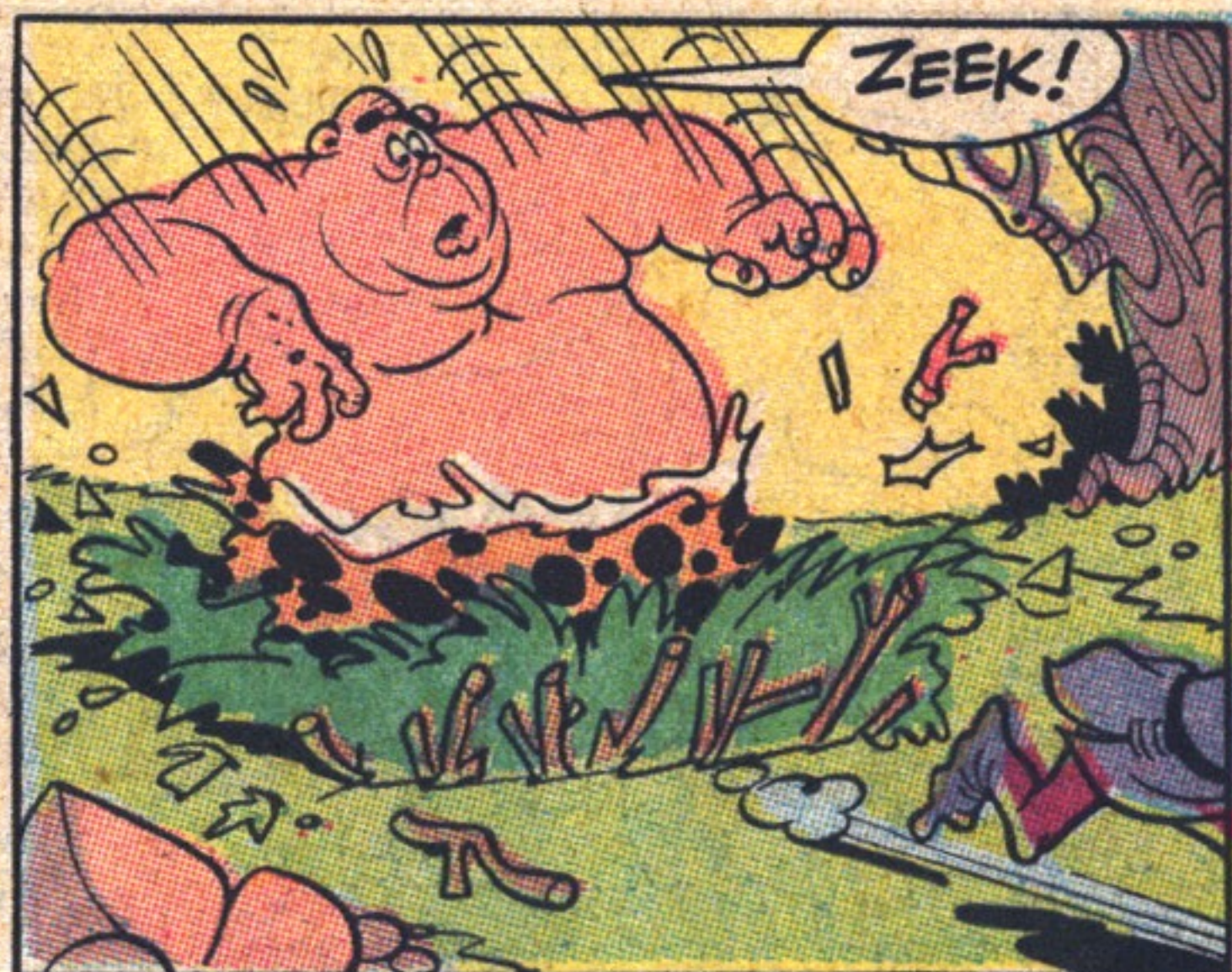
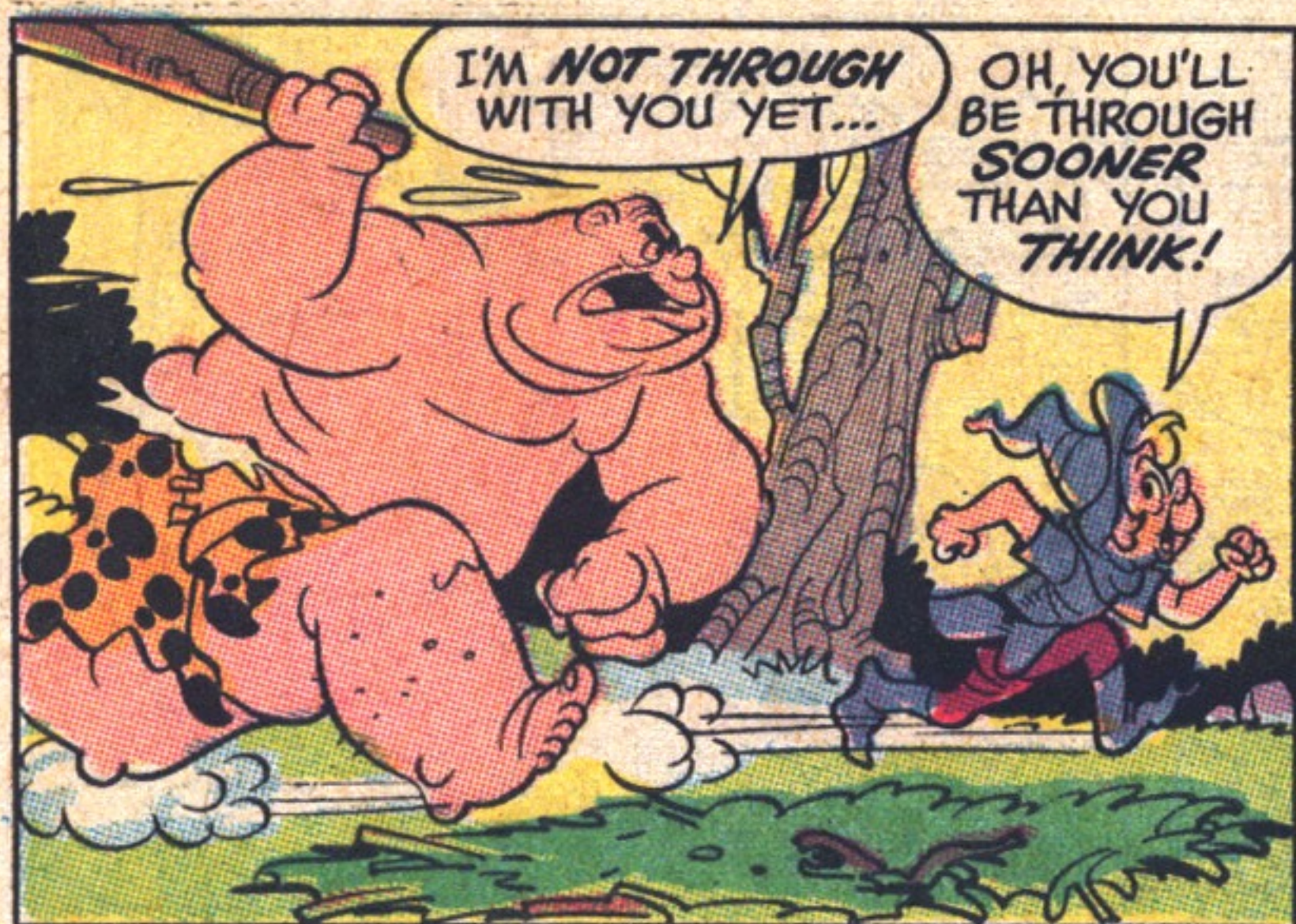
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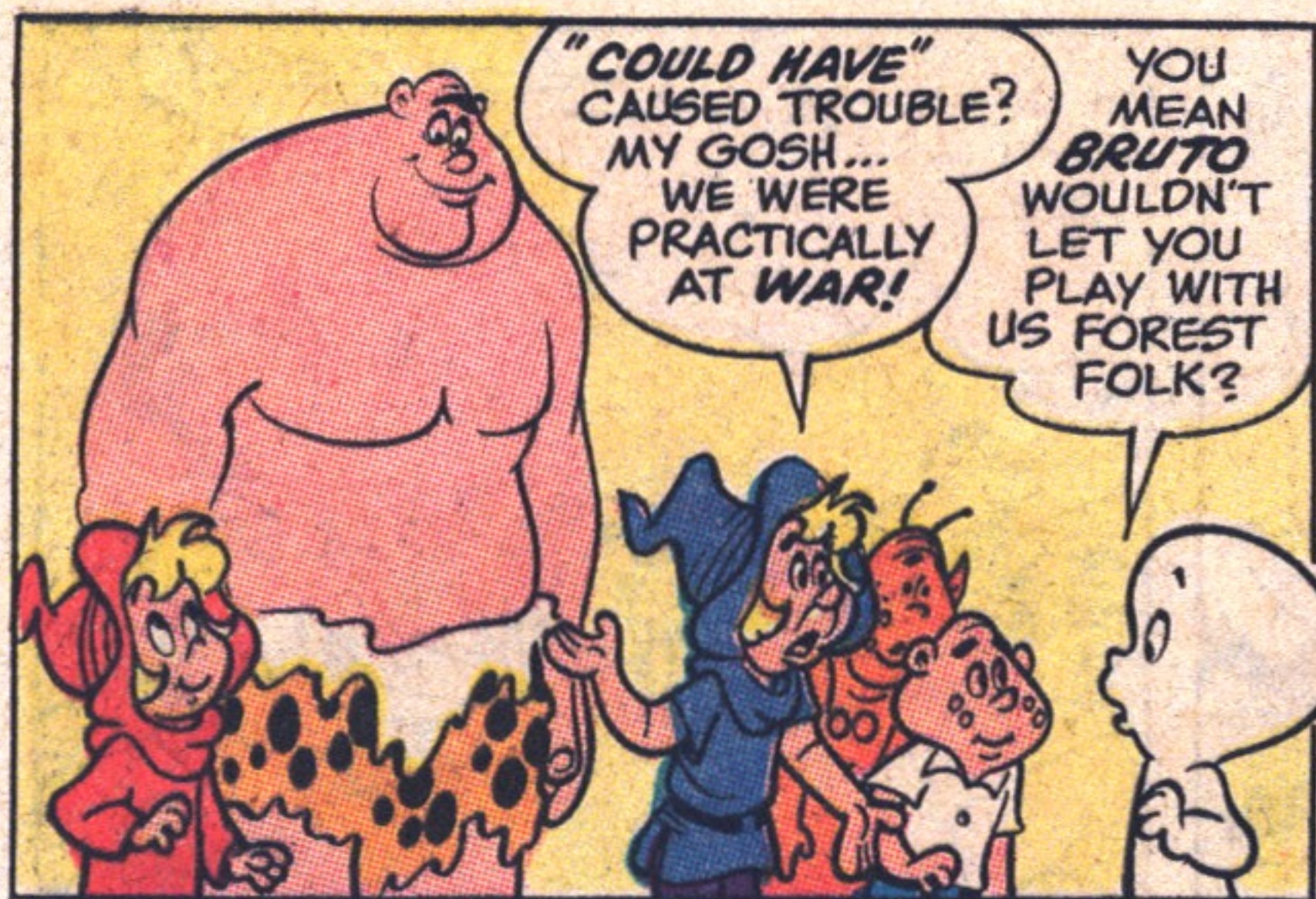
THE FRIENDLY GHOST Casper

IN
FOR HE'S A JOLLY
GOOD OGRE



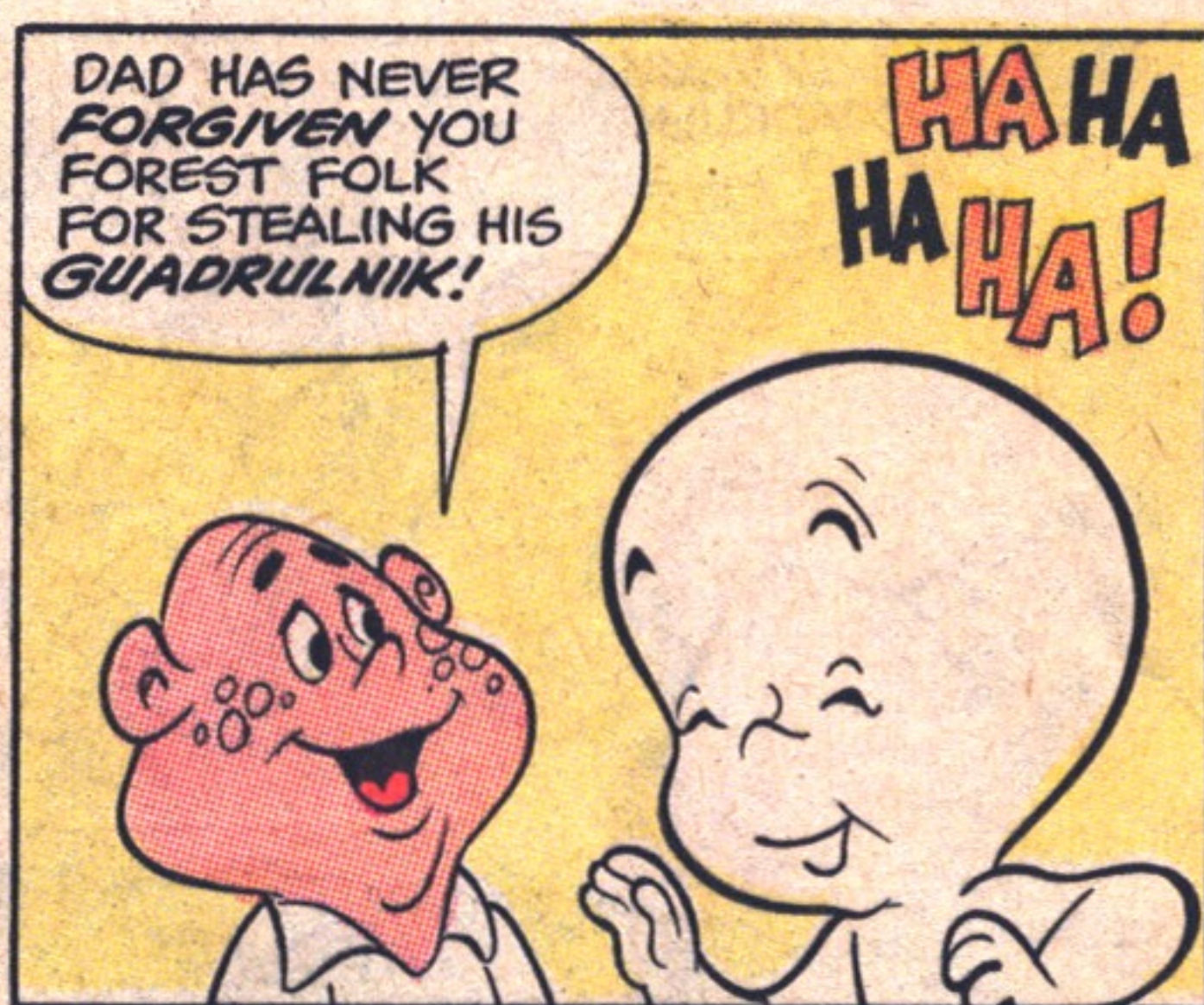






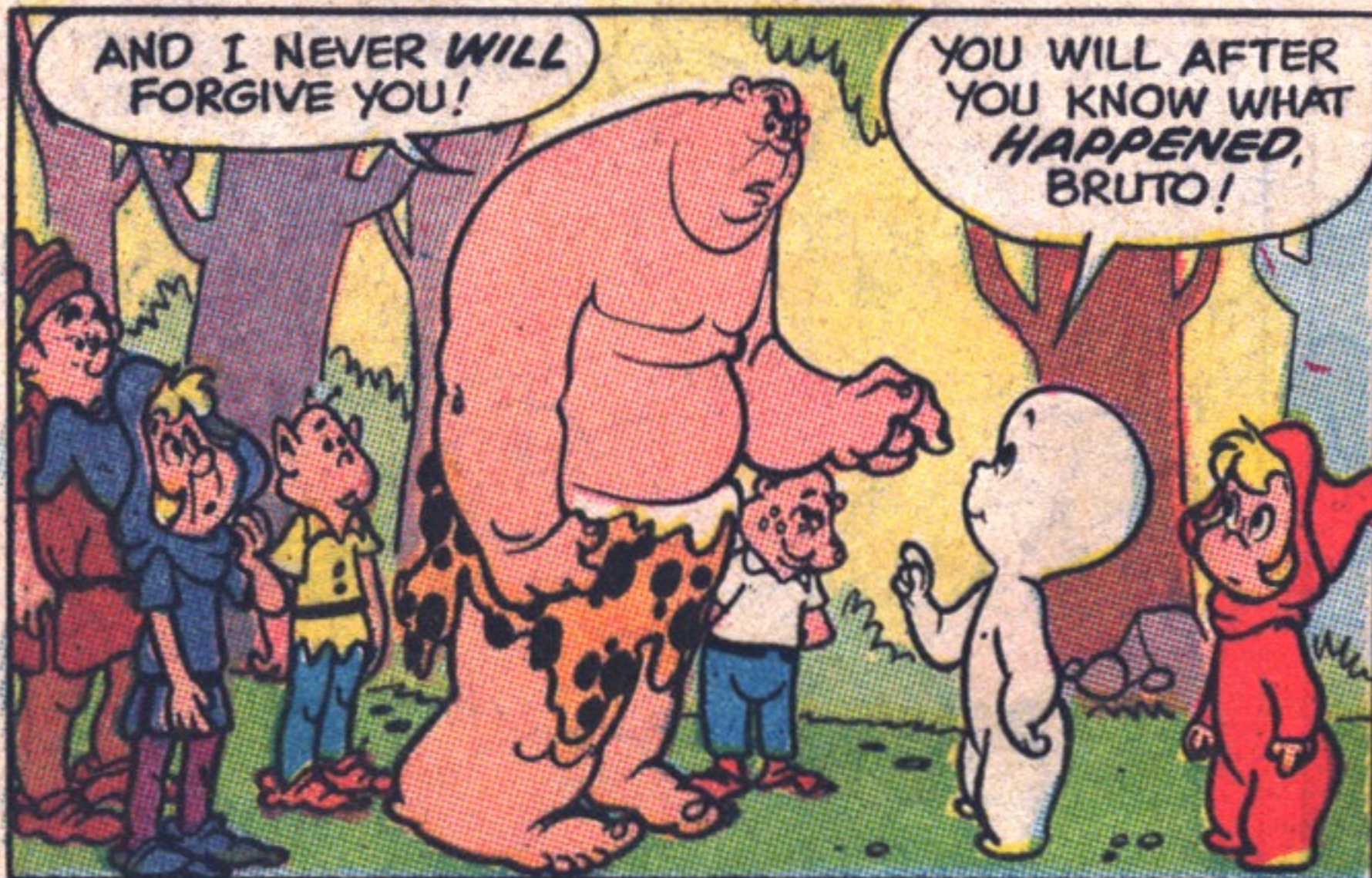
"COULD HAVE" CAUSED TROUBLE? MY GOSH... WE WERE PRACTICALLY AT WAR!

YOU MEAN BRUTO WOULDN'T LET YOU PLAY WITH US FOREST FOLK?



DAD HAS NEVER FORGIVEN YOU FOREST FOLK FOR STEALING HIS GUADRULNIK!

HA HA HA HA!

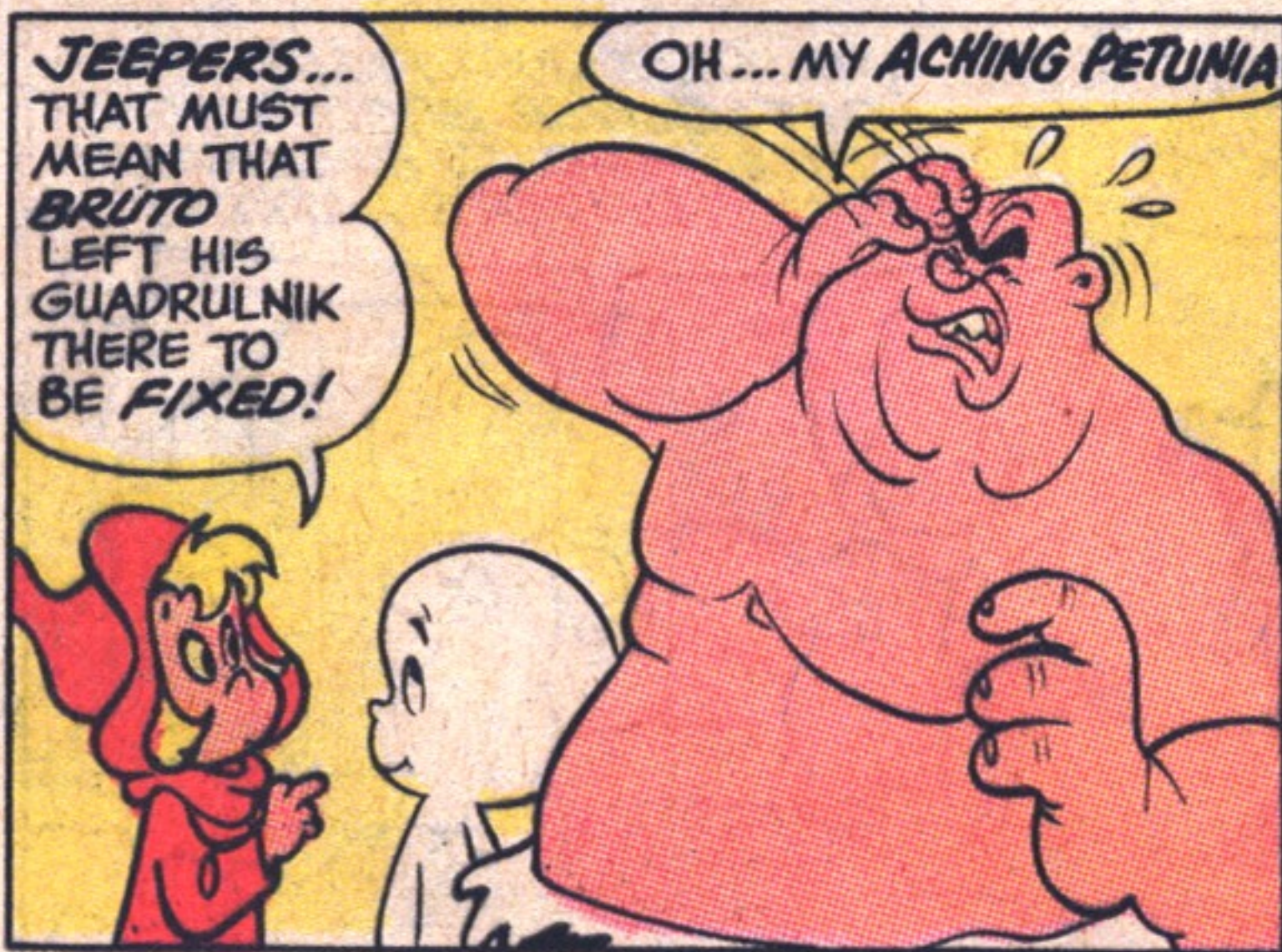


AND I NEVER WILL FORGIVE YOU!

YOU WILL AFTER YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, BRUTO!

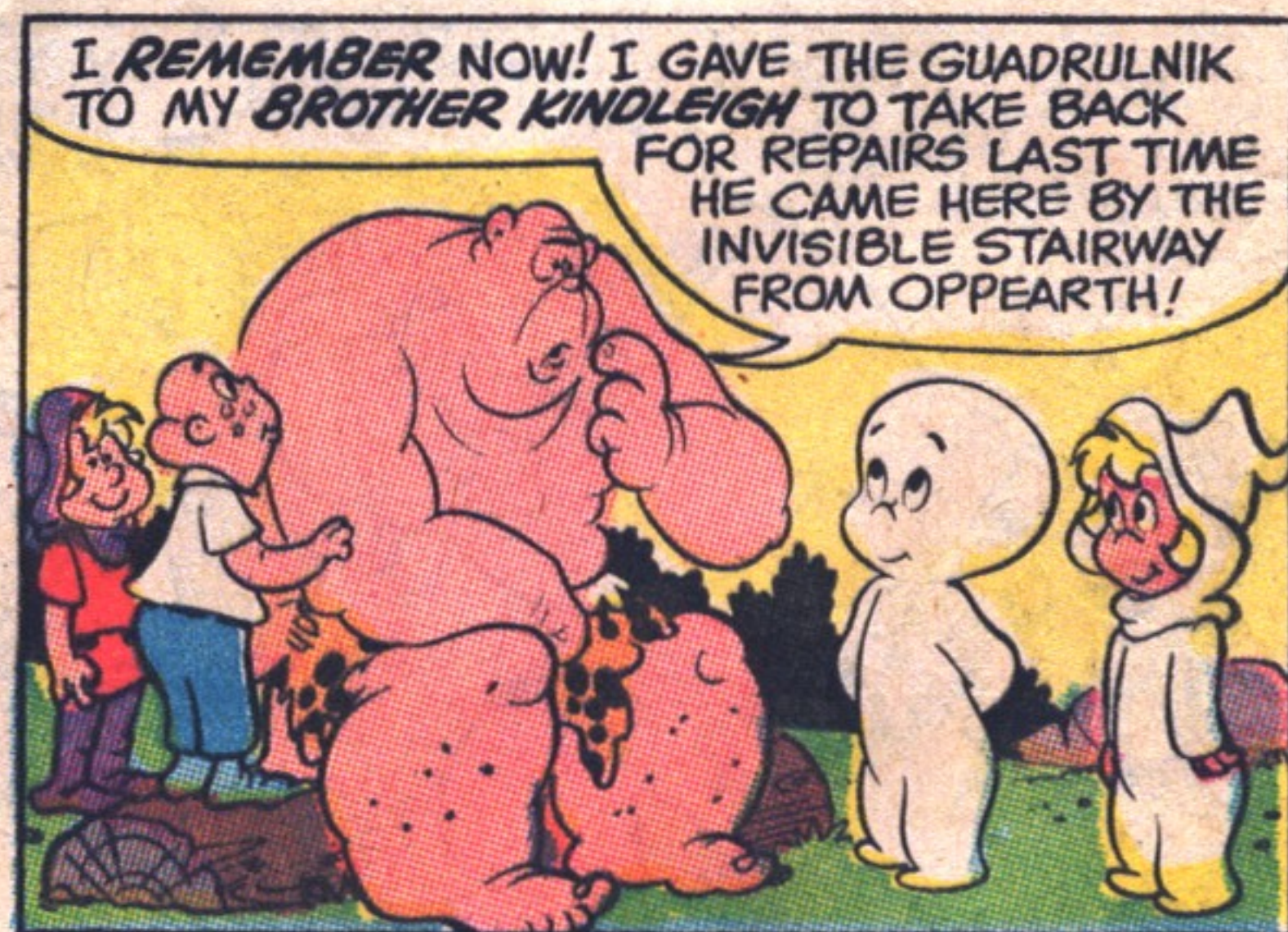


I'VE GOT THE WHOLE PICTURE NOW! OLIVER HAD US TAKE HIM TO OPPEARTH JUST SO HE COULD GET A PACKAGE FROM YE OLDE WRECKING SHOP!

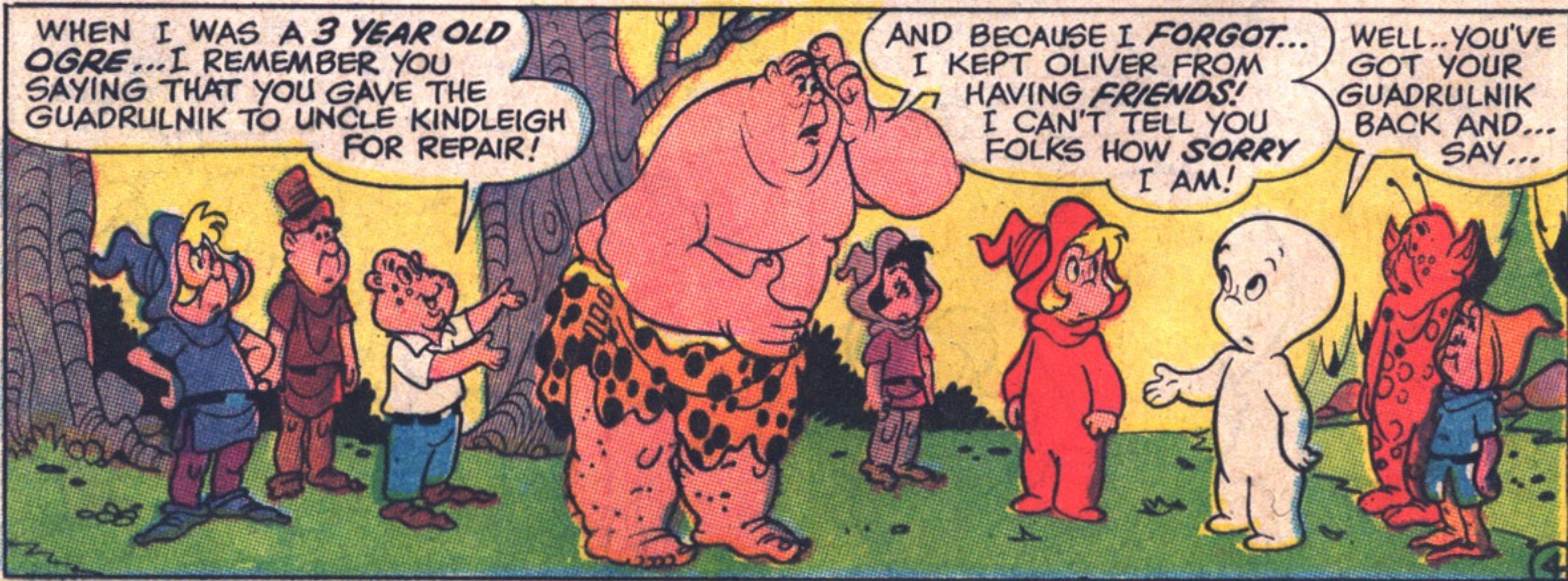


JEEPERS... THAT MUST MEAN THAT BRUTO LEFT HIS GUADRULNIK THERE TO BE FIXED!

OH... MY ACHING PETUNIA



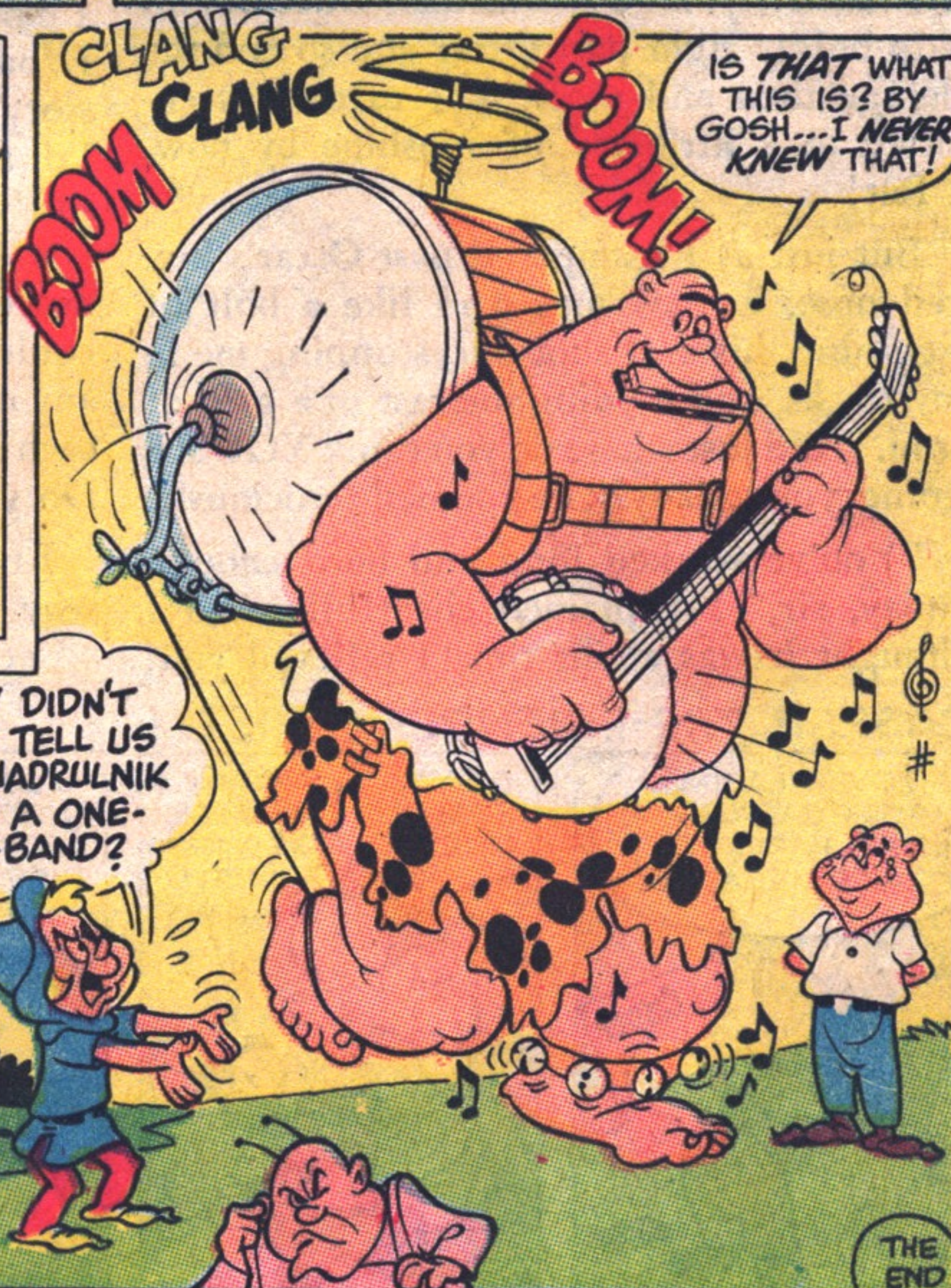
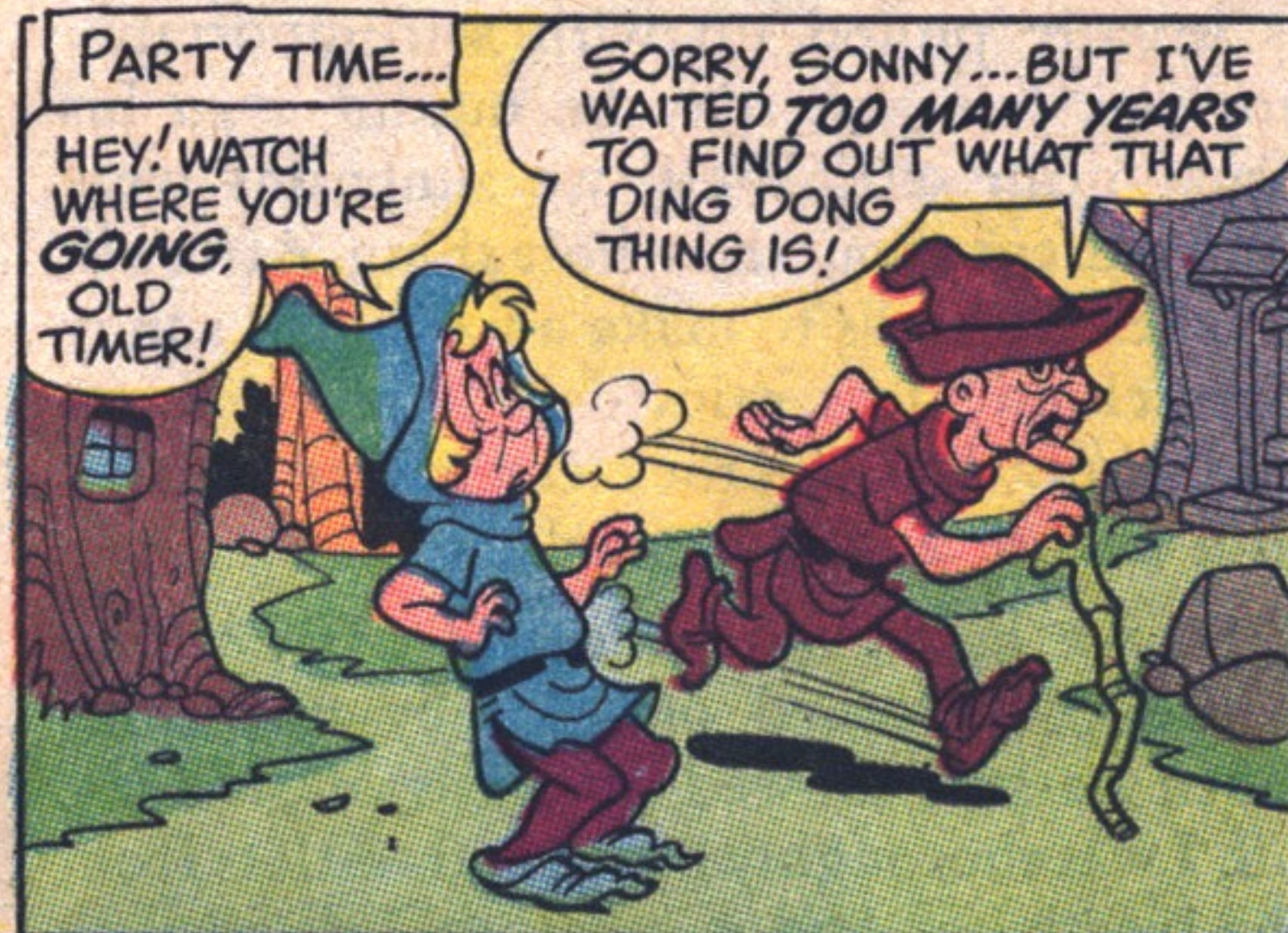
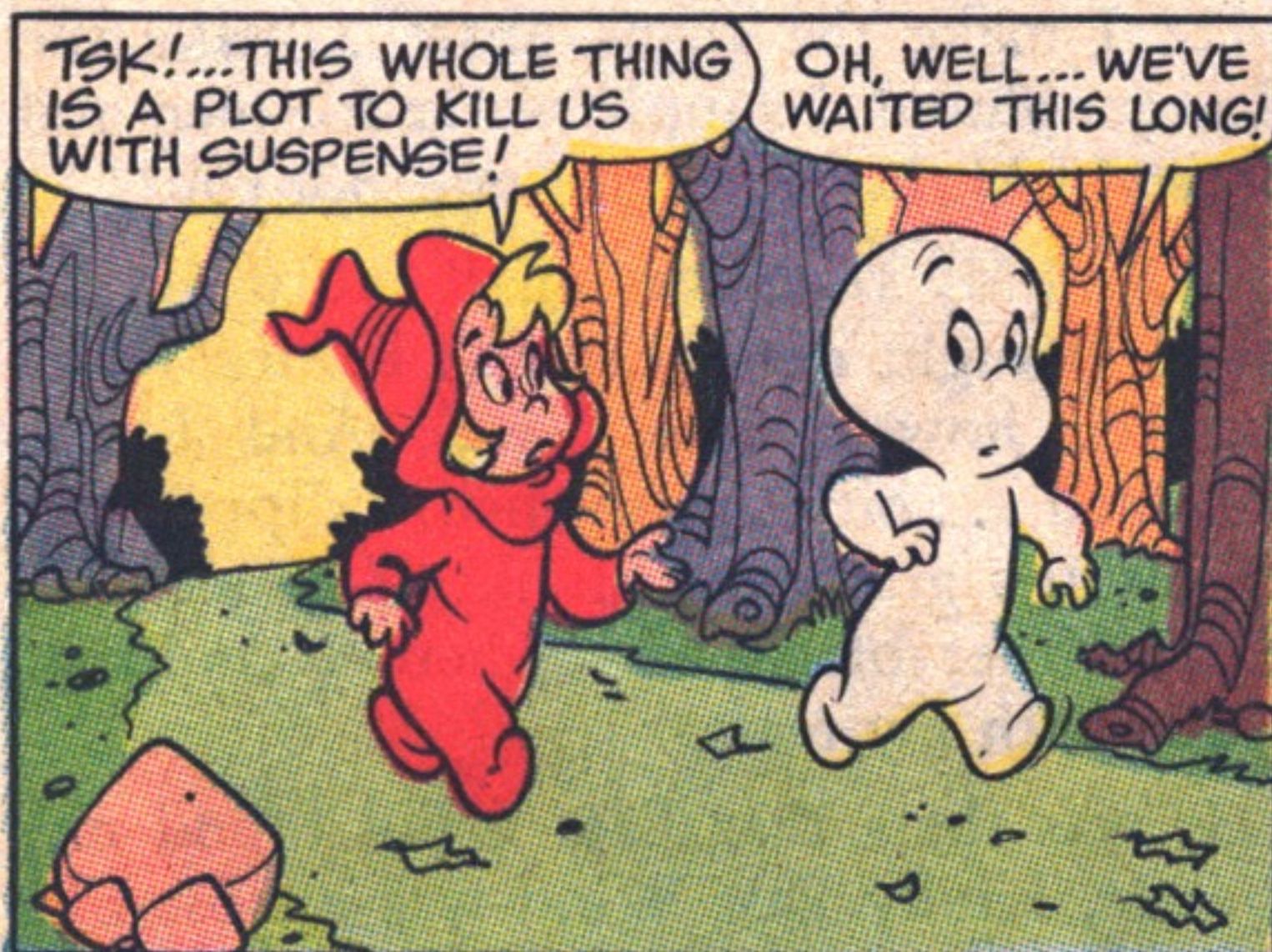
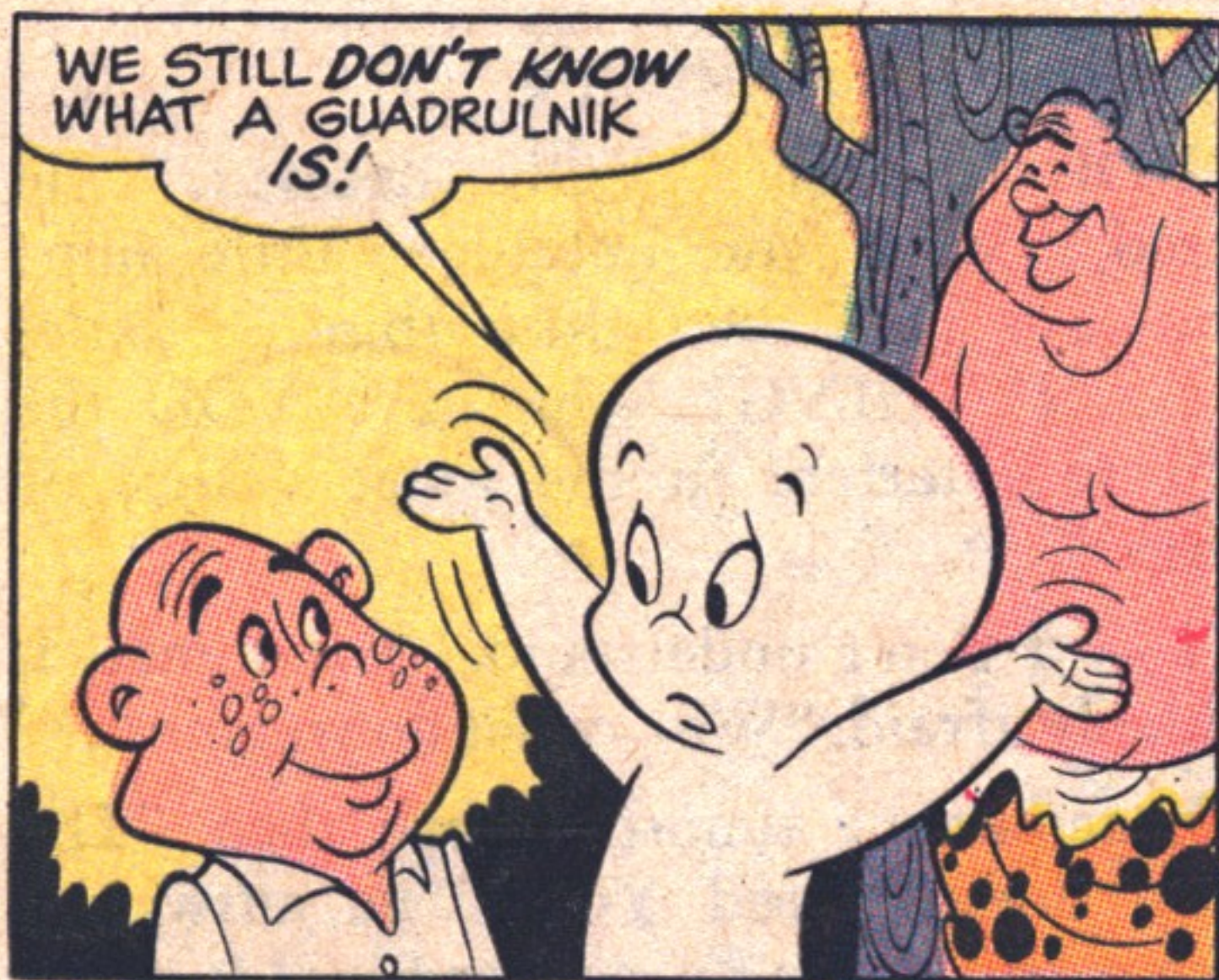
I REMEMBER NOW! I GAVE THE GUADRULNIK TO MY BROTHER KINDLEIGH TO TAKE BACK FOR REPAIRS LAST TIME HE CAME HERE BY THE INVISIBLE STAIRWAY FROM OPPEARTH!



WHEN I WAS A 3 YEAR OLD OGRE... I REMEMBER YOU SAYING THAT YOU GAVE THE GUADRULNIK TO UNCLE KINDLEIGH FOR REPAIR!

AND BECAUSE I FORGOT... I KEPT OLIVER FROM HAVING FRIENDS! I CAN'T TELL YOU FOLKS HOW SORRY I AM!

WELL... YOU'VE GOT YOUR GUADRULNIK BACK AND... SAY...



THE END

THE SORROWFUL SUNBEAM

My name is Sarah, and I'm a sunbeam. And until yesterday, a very happy sunbeam indeed is what I was.

But let me tell you exactly what happened. As you probably remember, it rained all yesterday morning. And Oscar, the big rain cloud, was in his glory. His sour old face is usually puffed up with self-importance anyway, but yesterday he outdid even his usual grim self. Well, we sunbeams were very patient about the whole thing. After all, it takes all kinds to make a world . . . sunny days, cloudy days, rainy days . . . even snowy and windy days. All the elements are entitled to a chance at the controls.

So we bided our time and did nothing while Oscar raged on. But by noontime, when he still showed no signs of slacking off, I was thoroughly bored and restless from the inactivity. And it was then I decided to skip boldly right past Oscar and so end the deluge then and there. The earth was entitled to a little ray of sunshine by now, I felt!

But just as I scampered past Oscar's big, red nose, he saw me! And like a bolt of lightning, his arm shot out, stopping me in my tracks, and holding me fast in a grip of iron. "And just where do you think YOU'RE going, young lady?" he boomed ferociously.

"You've worked long and hard enough today, sir," I explained cheerfully. "So I thought it was about time I relieved you!

I decided to start shining!"

"YOU thought? YOU decided?" he roared. "Why, you impudent little imp! Who gave YOU the right to think or to decide ANYTHING? Who gave YOU the right to interfere in the great design of things?"

"I — I don't understand," I stammered, suddenly afraid. "Wh—what do you mean?"

Oscar became almost fatherly then. "The world doesn't need YOU," he answered. "The world doesn't need sunshine! It needs ME! I make the crops grow, I make the flowers bloom, I supply water for men and beasts! I'M the important one, not you!"

"Oh!" My voice was small and weak. I'd never thought of it that way before, never realized how useless I was. And I was ashamed . . . bitterly ashamed. I slipped out of Oscar's grasp and slunk off to a small, dark corner of the sky where I could be alone with my tears.

It was there that East Wind found me. Gentle, kindly East Wind was almost like a mother to all of us, and before I knew it, I found myself sobbing out the whole sad story to her. Her face was very tender when I'd finished. "Listen, my child," she said softly, "the good Lord made each of us for a purpose. The crops couldn't grow, the flowers couldn't bloom, and men and beasts couldn't live and thrive without sunshine any more than they could without rain! We each have a place and we each fill a need. Do you understand?"

I nodded, too happy to speak. And that's why today I'm shining down upon you, a wiser . . . and even happier . . . sunbeam!

CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST



THE NUTTY SQUIRREL

"But, Stanley, you must be kidding. All squirrels love nuts!" Joey Squirrel couldn't believe what his friend Stanley had just told him. He looked at Stanley with amazed eyes.

But Stanley only repeated what he had said before: "I hate nuts and I don't know what any squirrel sees in them!"

"Look," said Joey. "It just ain't natural. Everyone knows that squirrels are supposed to eat and love nuts. Just like goats love salt, horses love oats, rabbits love carrots, we're supposed to love nuts!"

"Well," smiled Stanley, "I don't care about tradition, and the fact is I can't understand it. I just don't know what anyone — squirrel or not — can see in eating nuts!"

"Well, each to his own taste," said Joey. "And now if you'll excuse me, I'll be off. I'm getting hungry and I know where I can get some delicious pecans."

"So long," said Stanley as Joey trotted off down the road.

Joey's little figure disappeared on the road, and then Stanley decided that he was hungry, too. "I could eat anything," he said, "that is, anything but nuts!"

So he looked up and down the road, on the left and on the right, to see if he could find anything to eat. But poor Stanley couldn't find a thing.

"I'm getting hungrier by the second," moaned Stanley, and he began to walk faster. "Gosh, if I only liked nuts," he thought, as he spotted piles of them, "I could have a feast!"

Suddenly, he saw the back of Joey bobbing up and down from behind a bush. Joey had probably found his dinner, and was munching away.

"Perhaps Joey knows where I can find something to eat," Stanley told himself. So he began walking toward his friend.

As he grew closer, he noticed a most amazing thing.

"Gosh," he yelled out to Joey, "it's no wonder you don't mind eating nuts, you throw more than half of it away!"

"Huh!" was all Joey could say for a moment. Then he realized everything, and began to laugh and laugh.

"What's so funny?" said the puzzled Stanley.

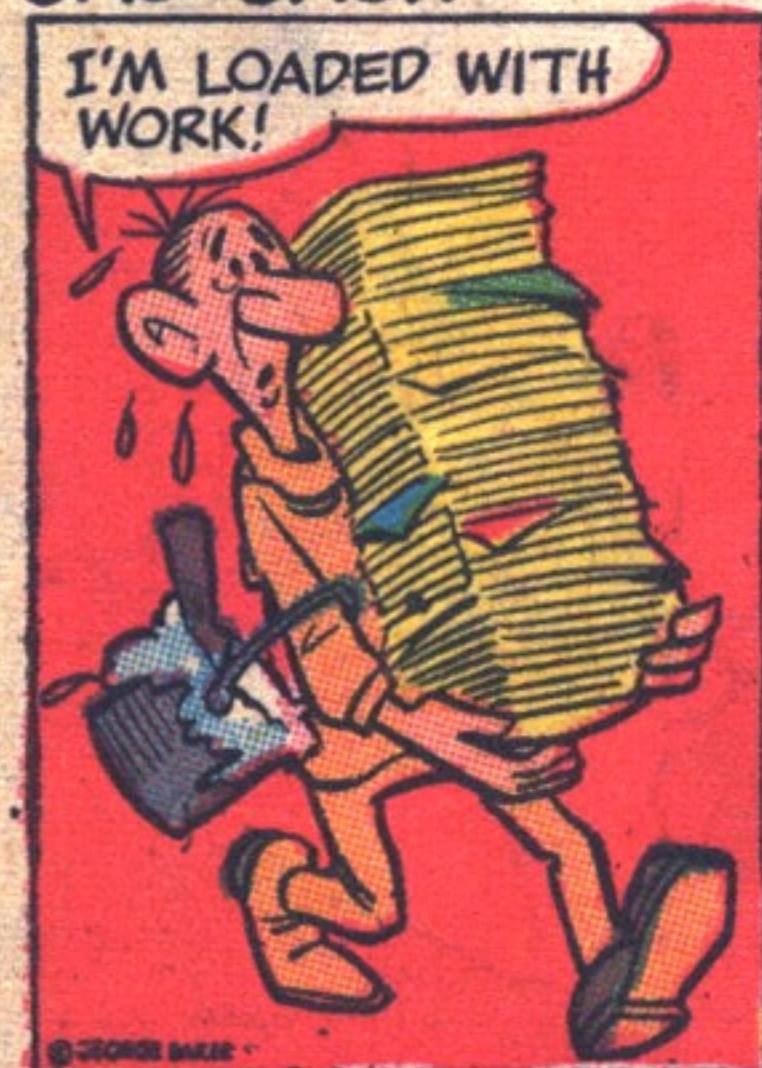
"You're sure a funny guy," Joey managed to say between chuckles. "Now I know why you don't like nuts . . . you've been eating the SHELLS!"

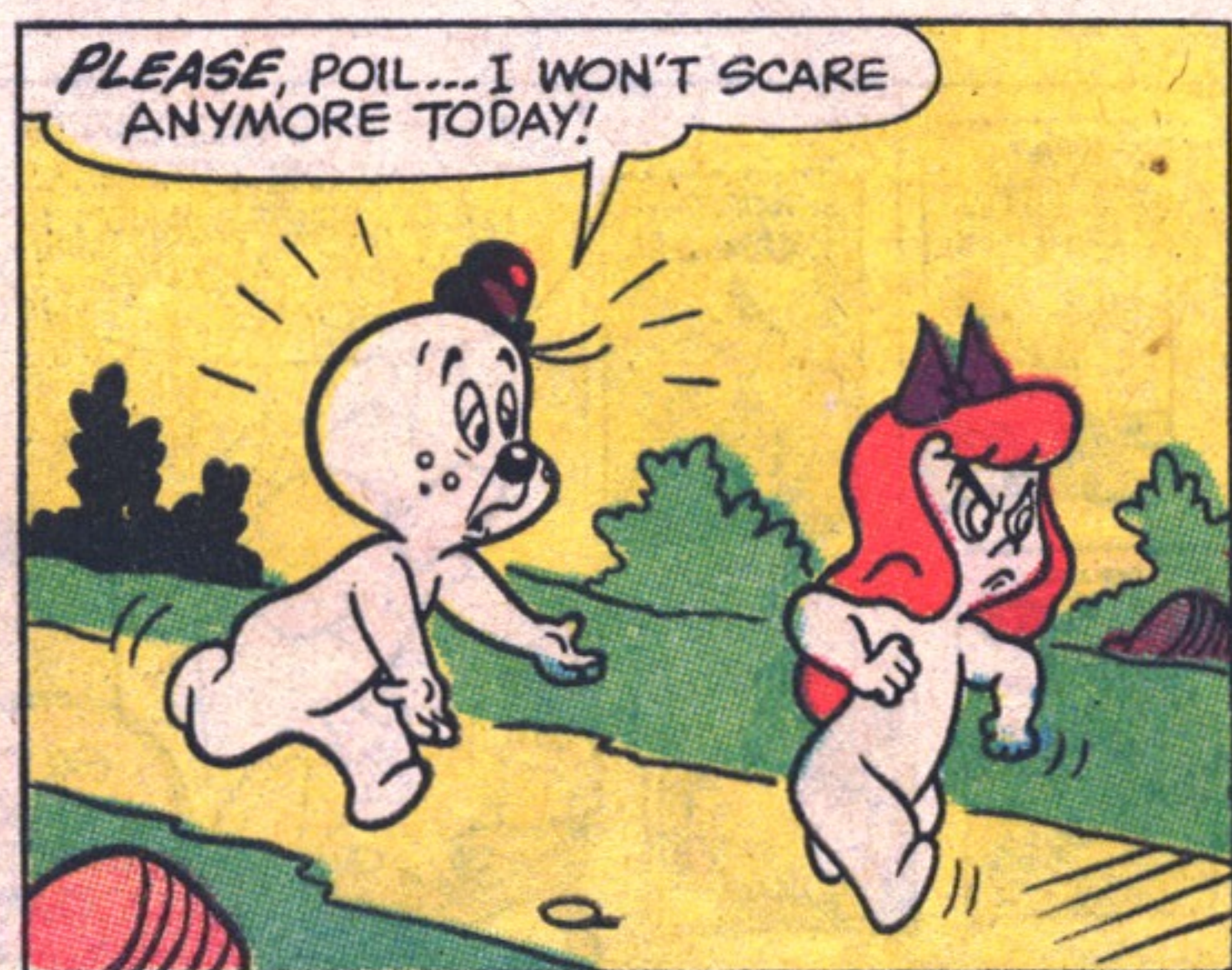
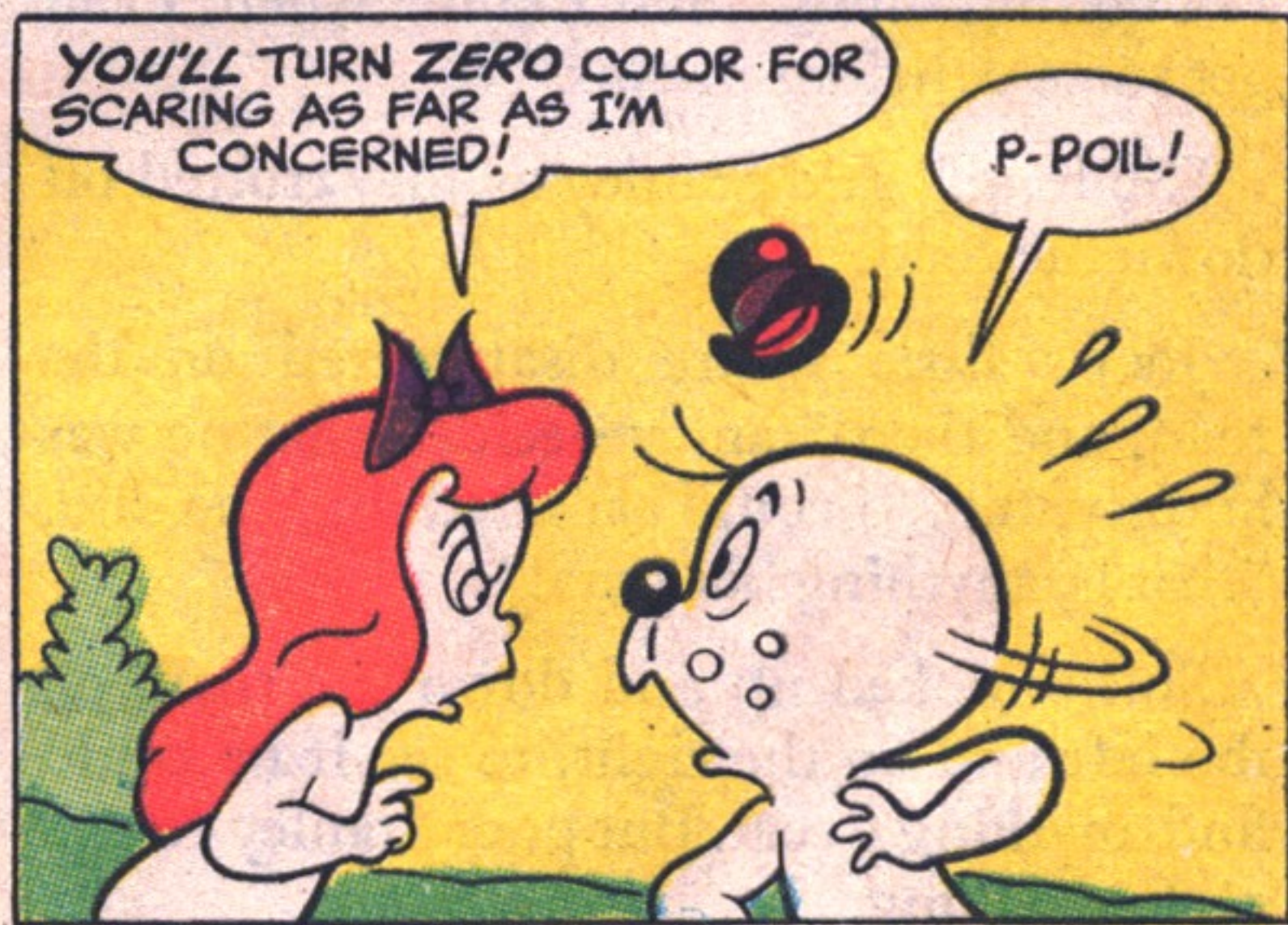
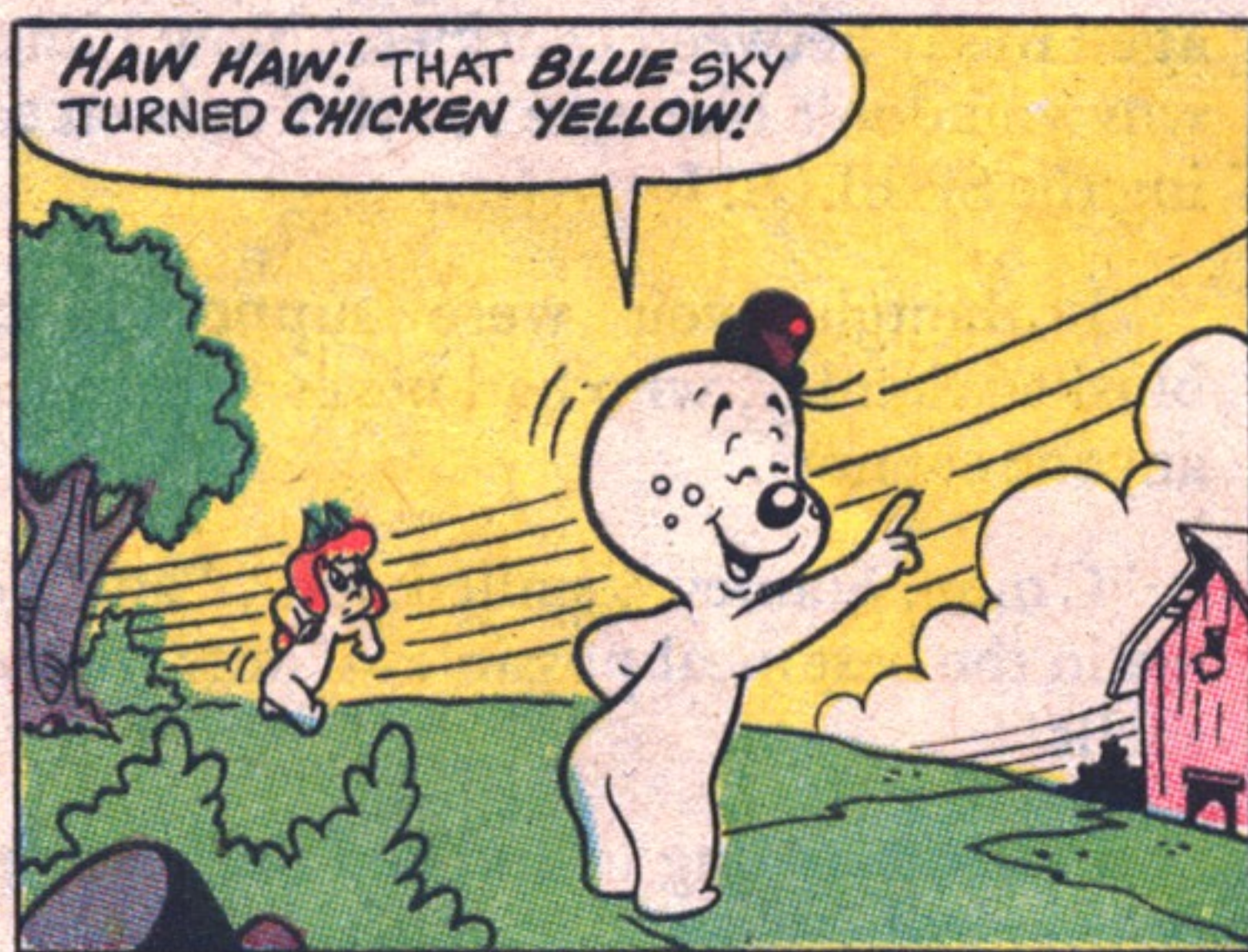
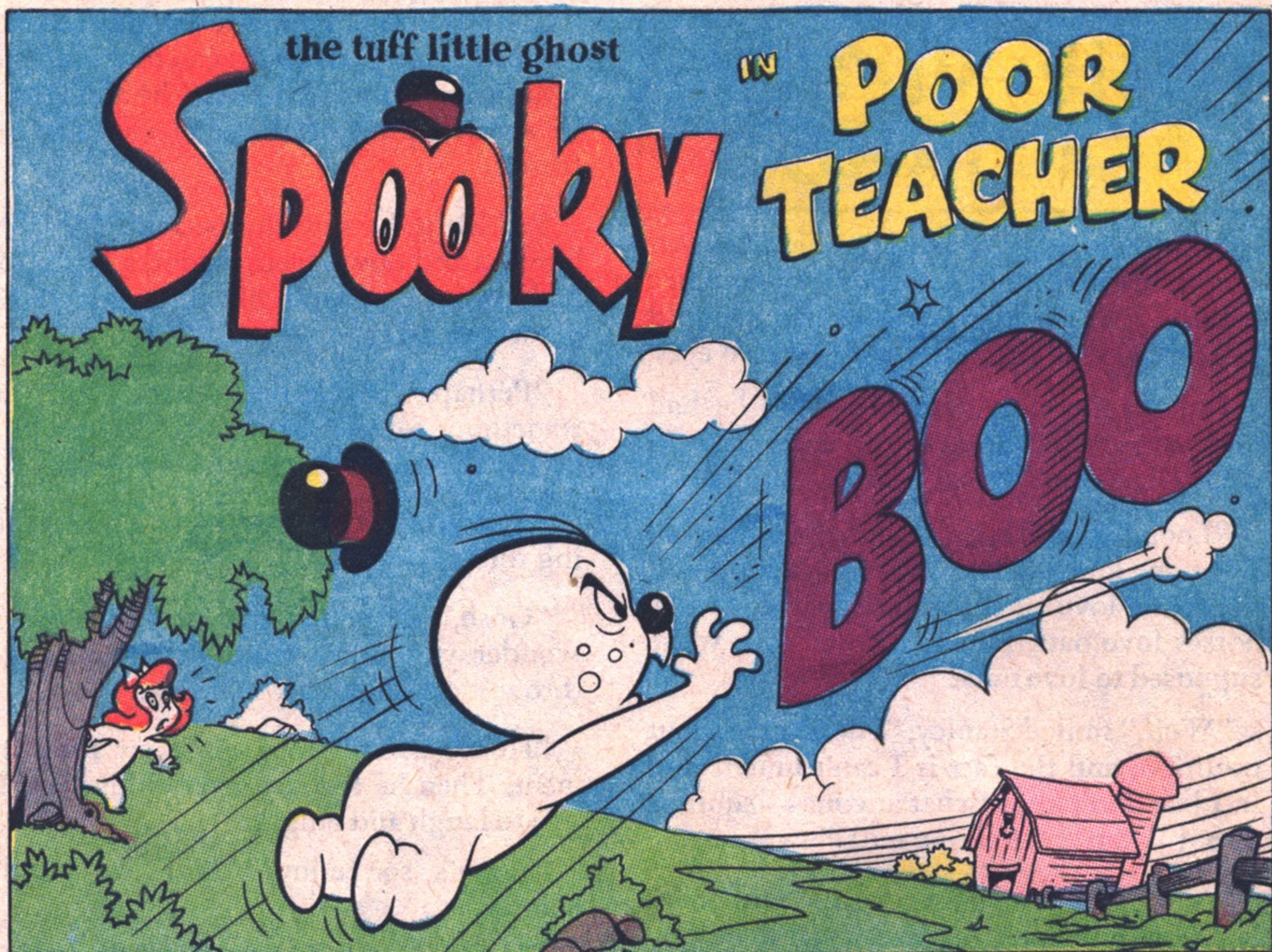
"I thought you were supposed to," blushed Stanley, who had never before seen anyone eat nuts.

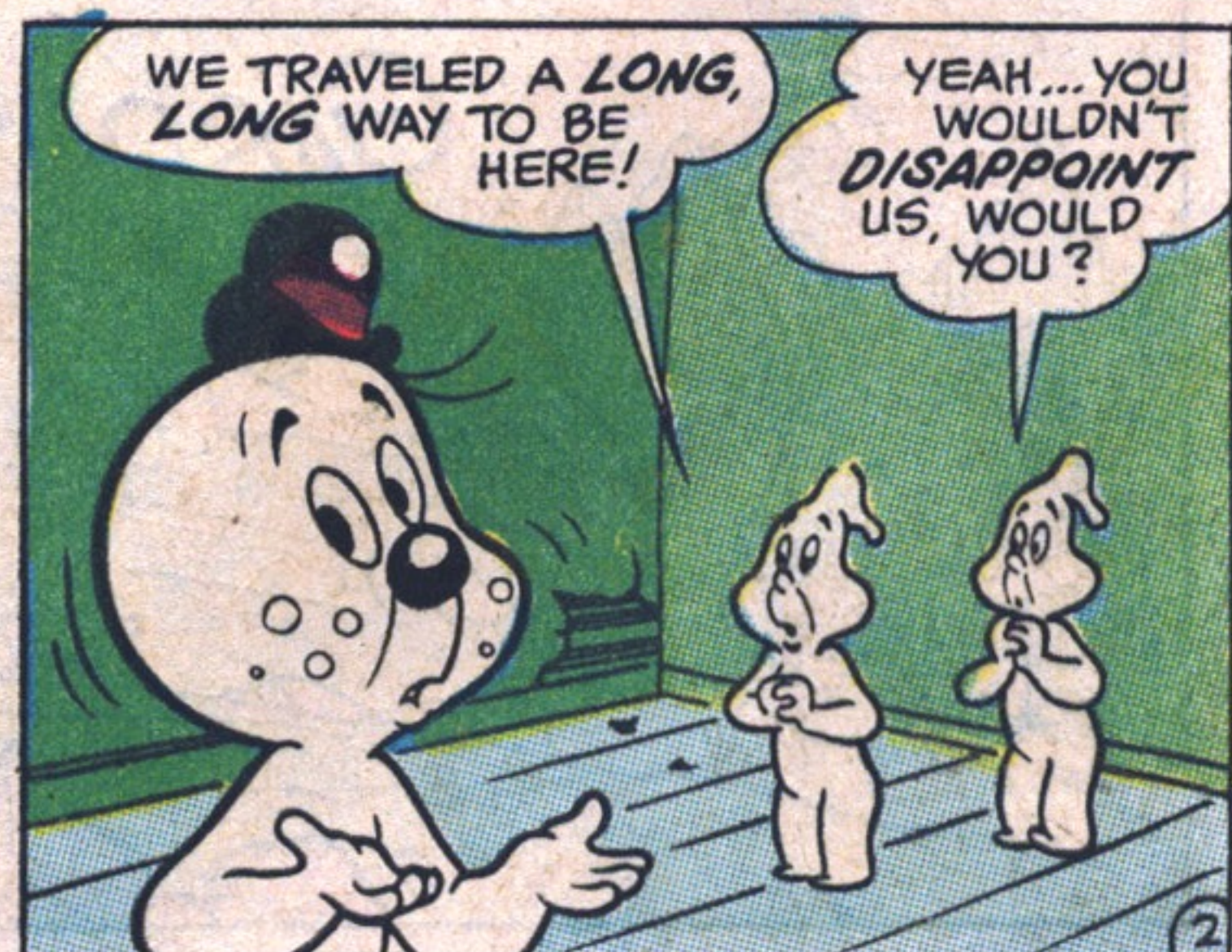
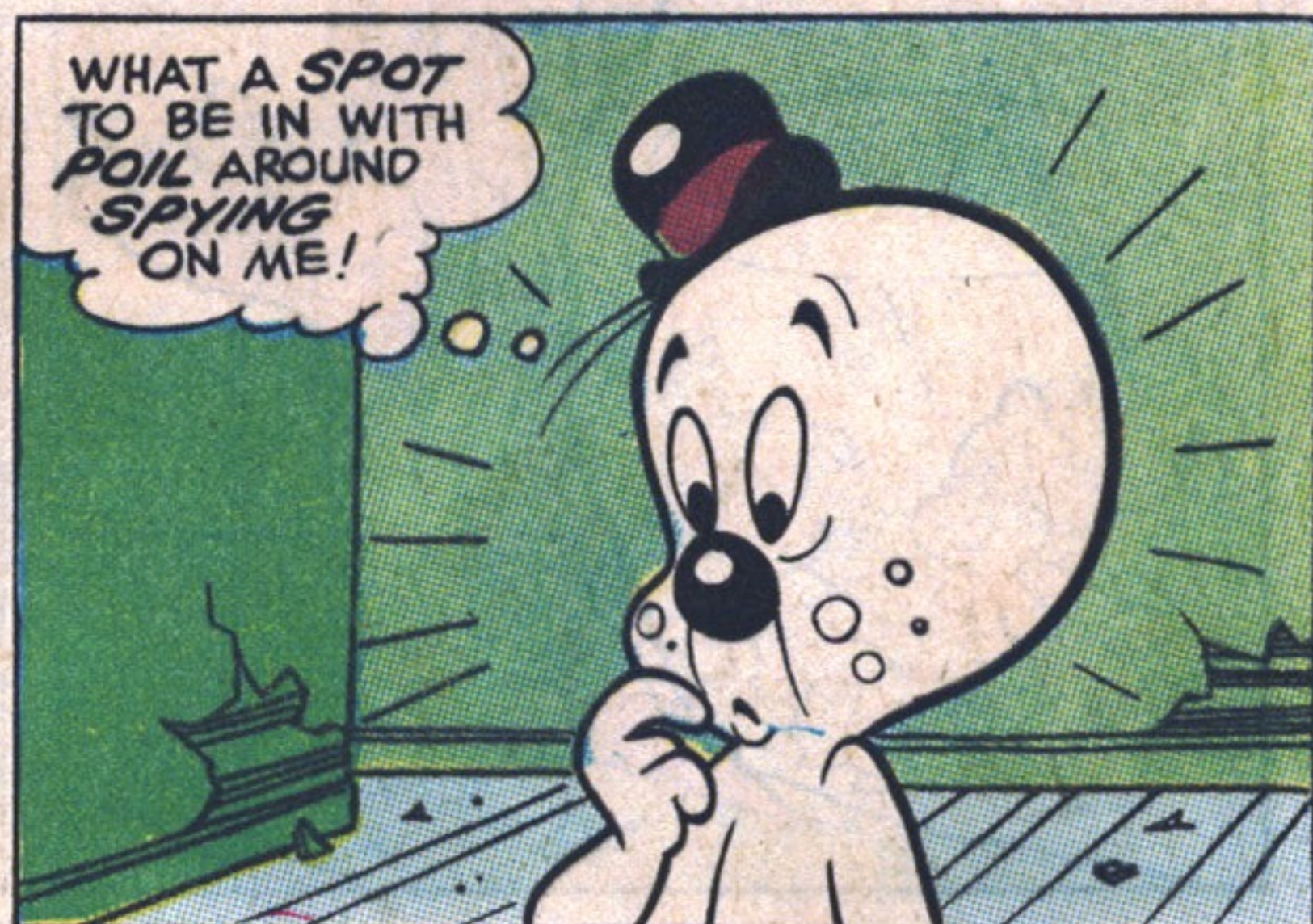
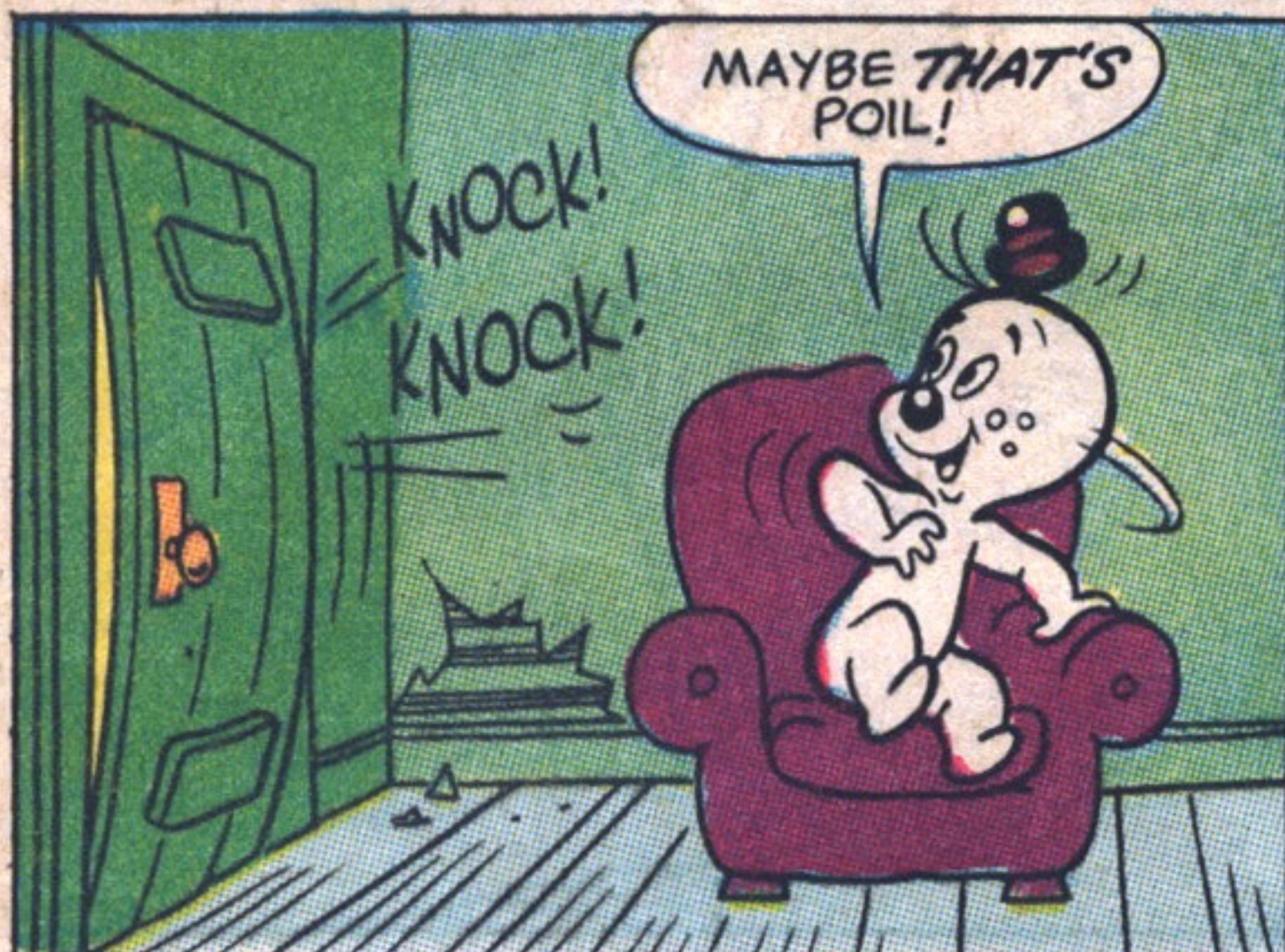
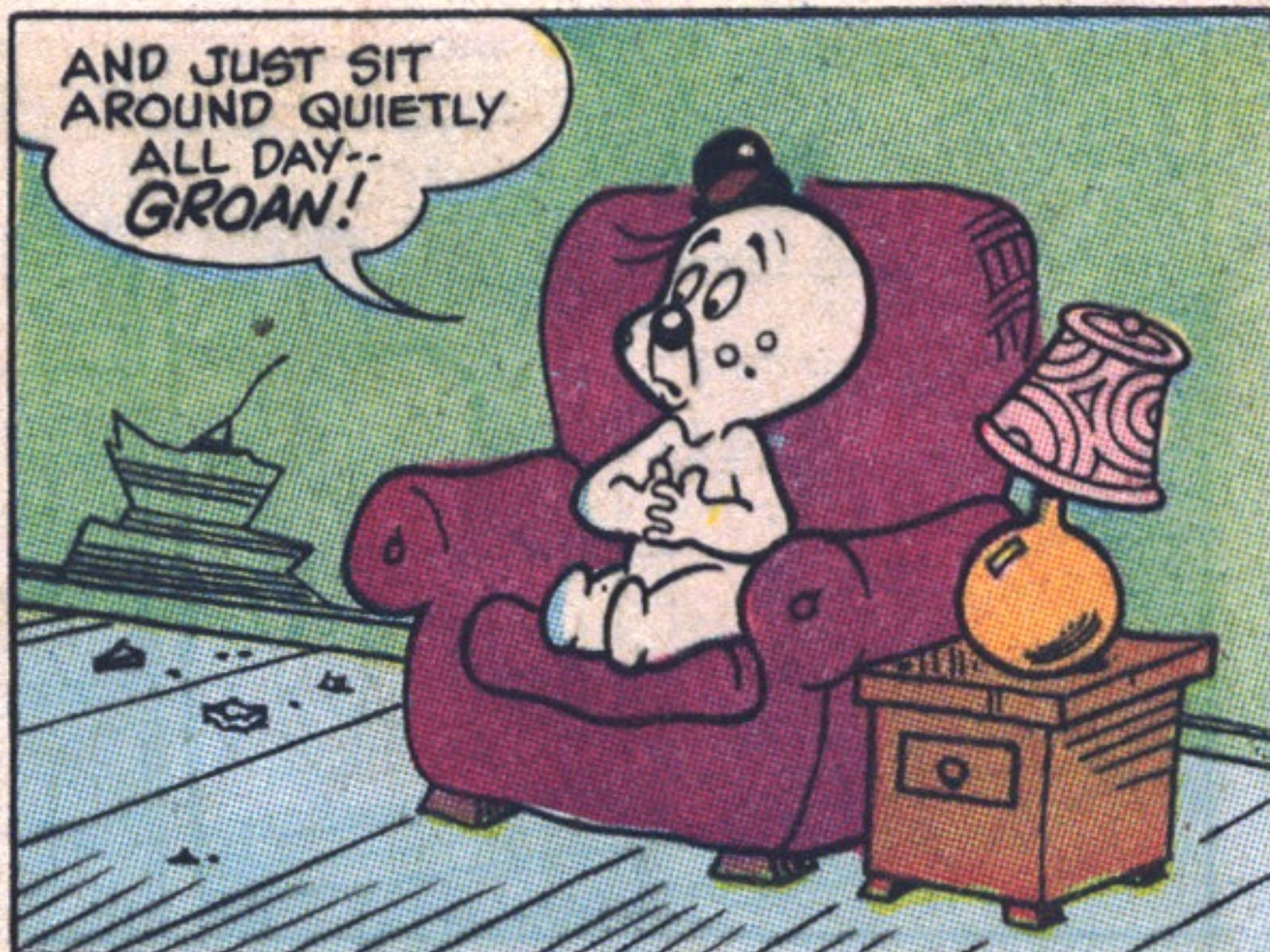
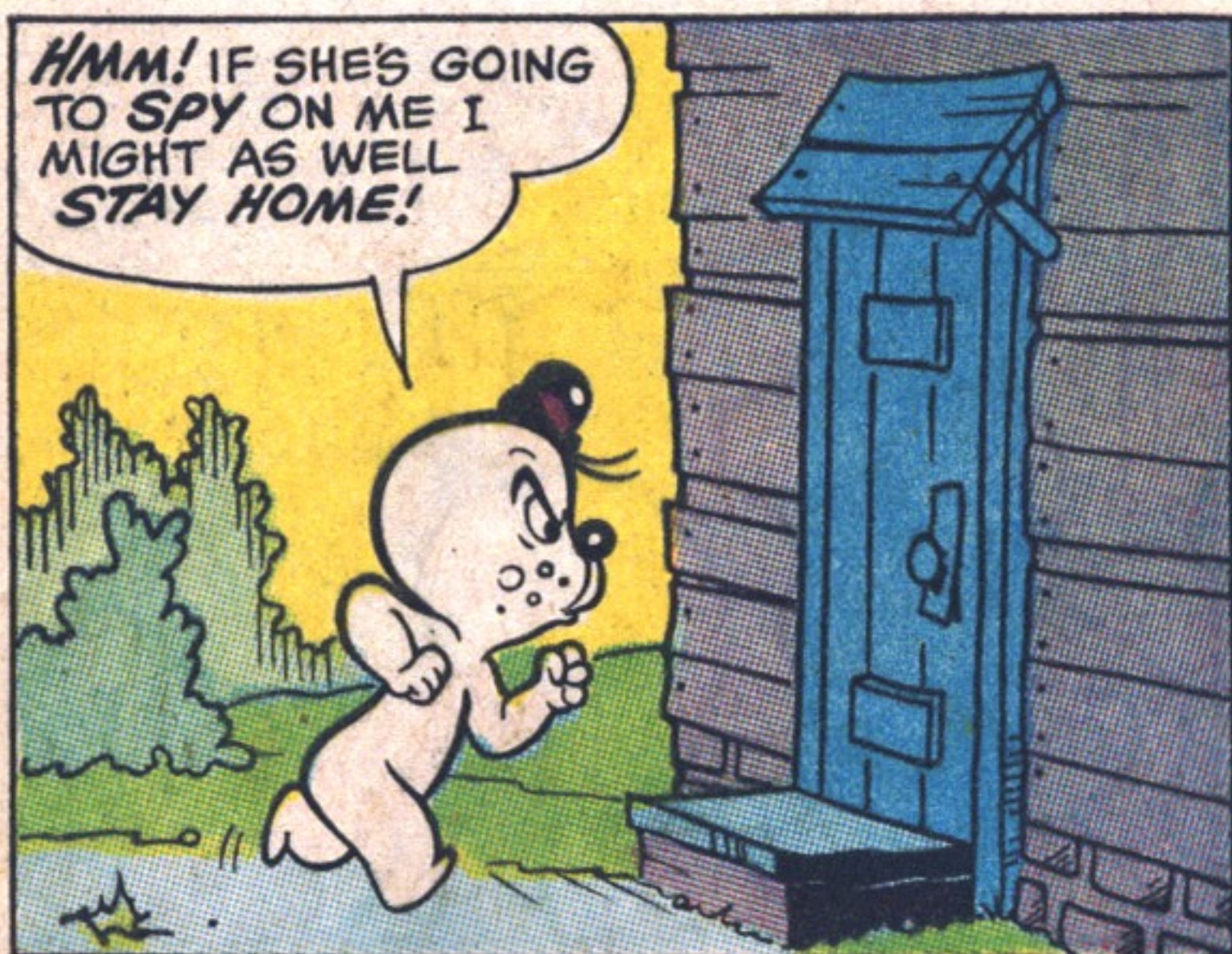
"C'mon, Stanley," smiled Joey, "and join me in the best meal possible — nuts without shells!"

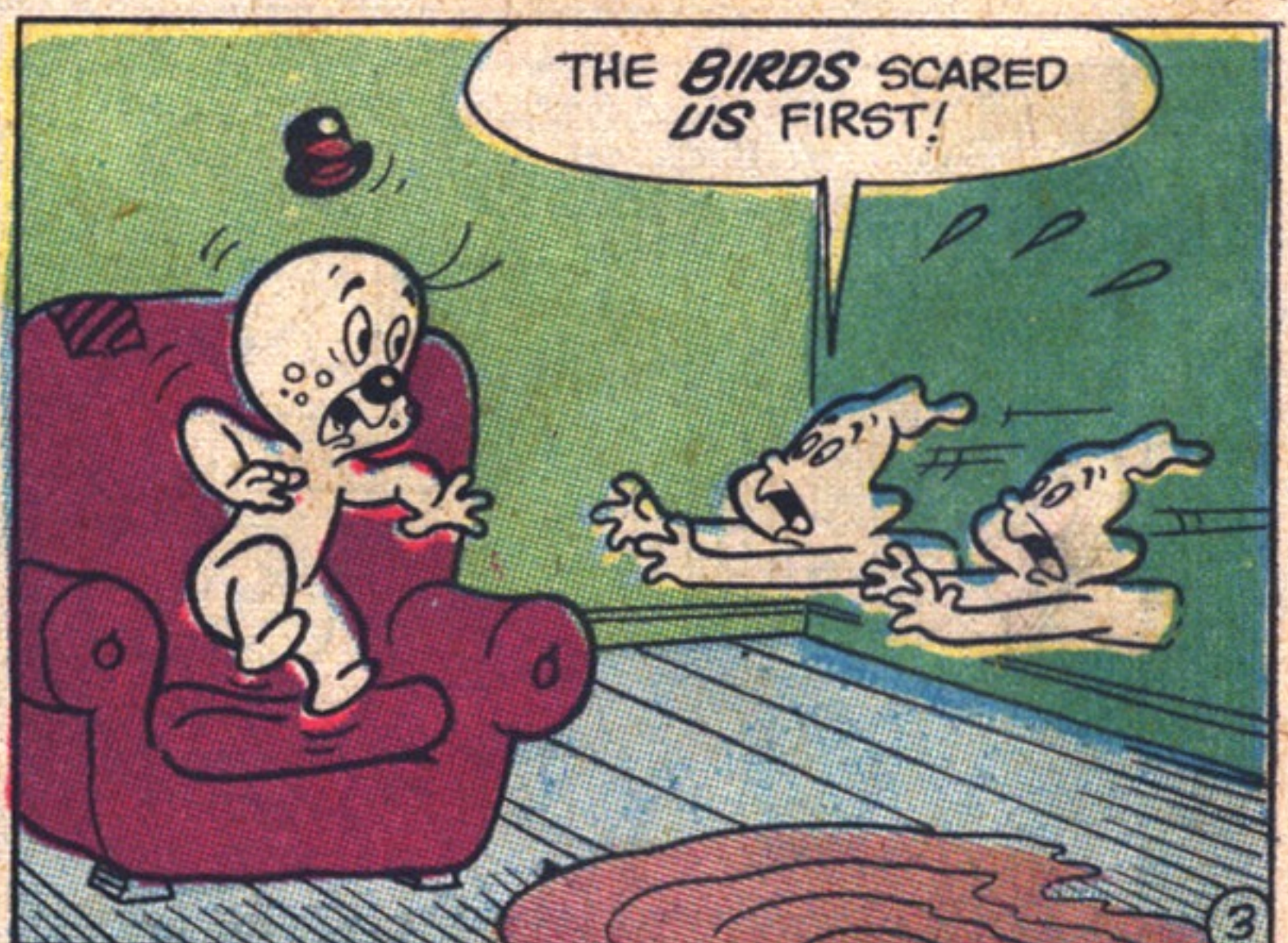
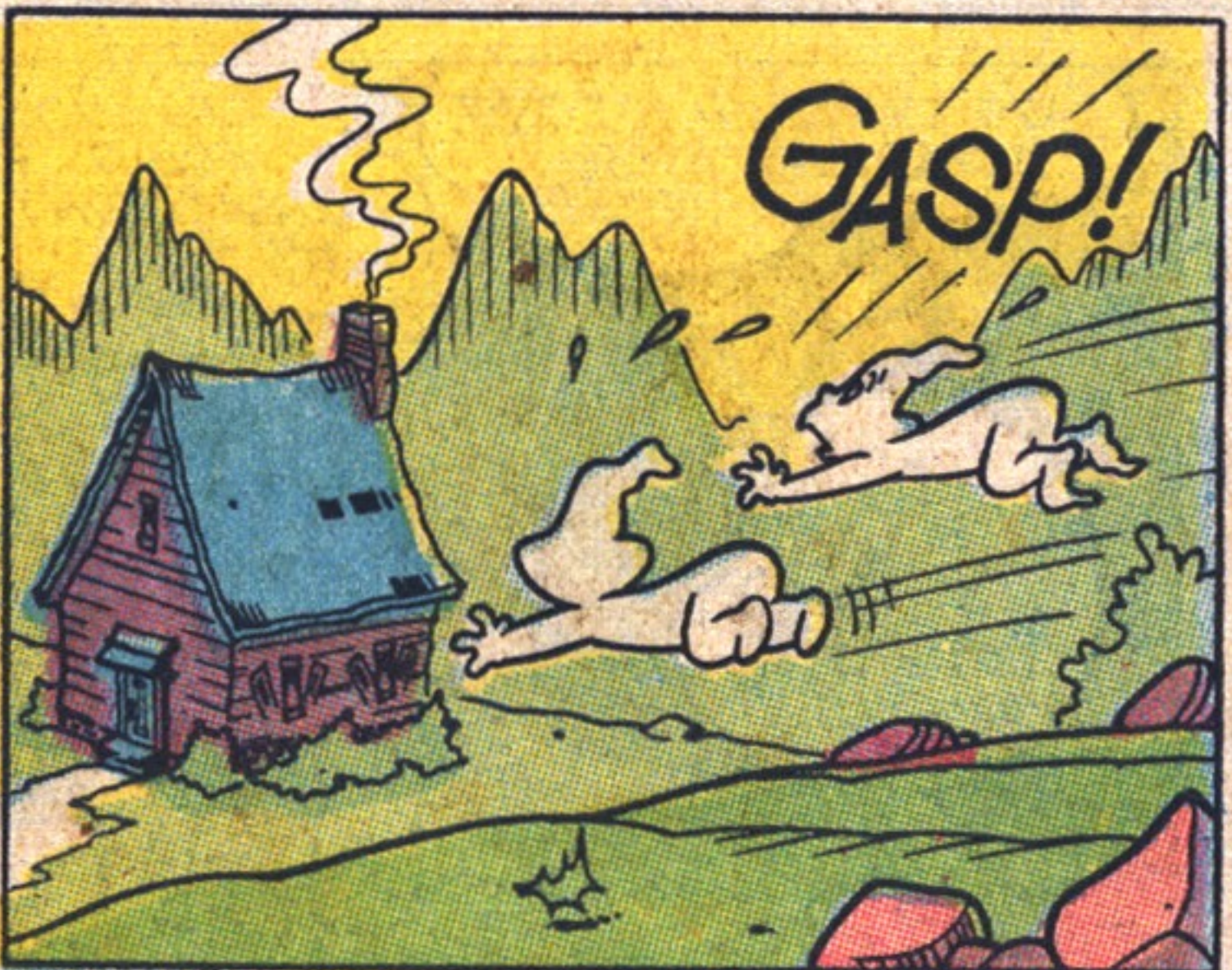
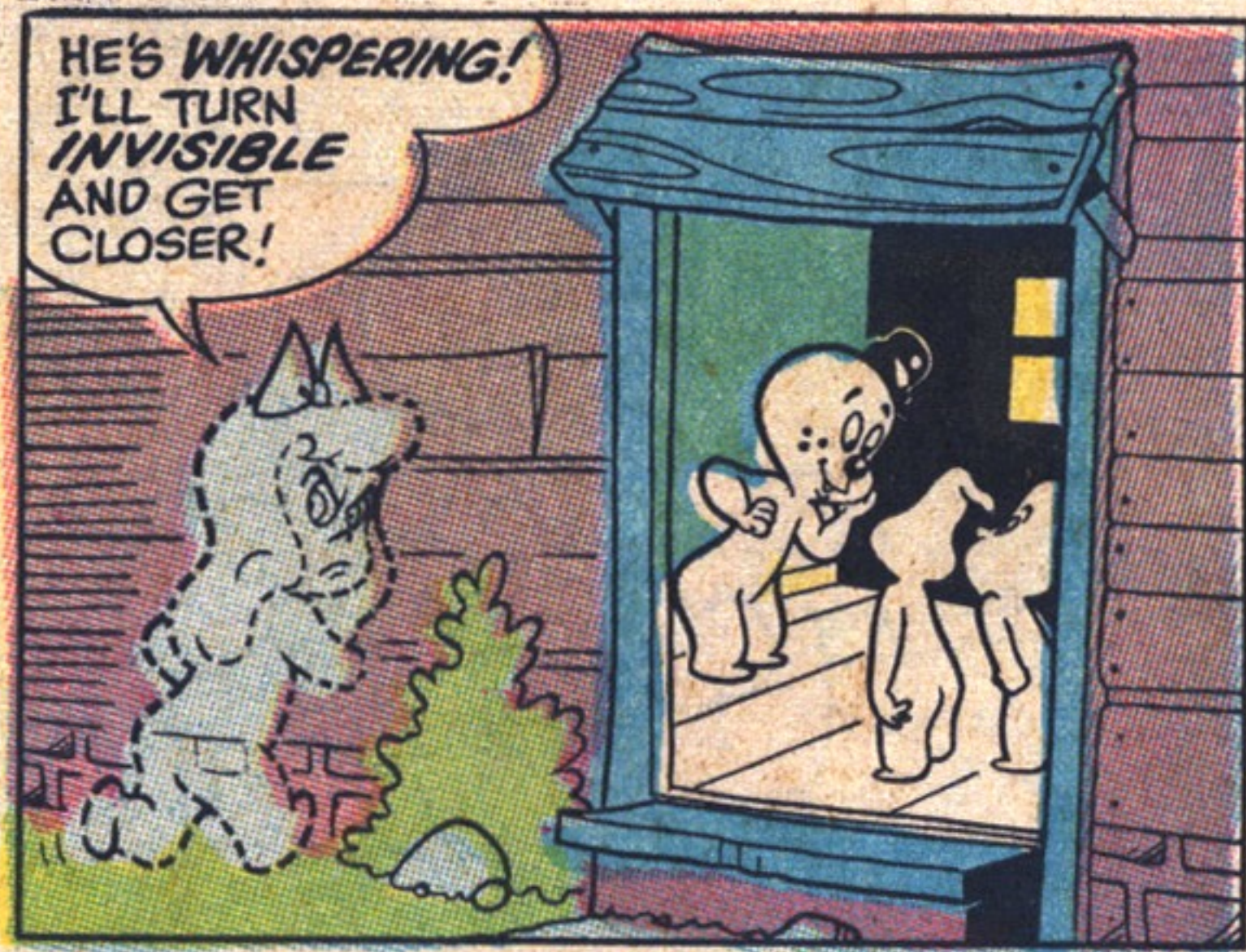
And Stanley dug in and had the best meal he ever had.

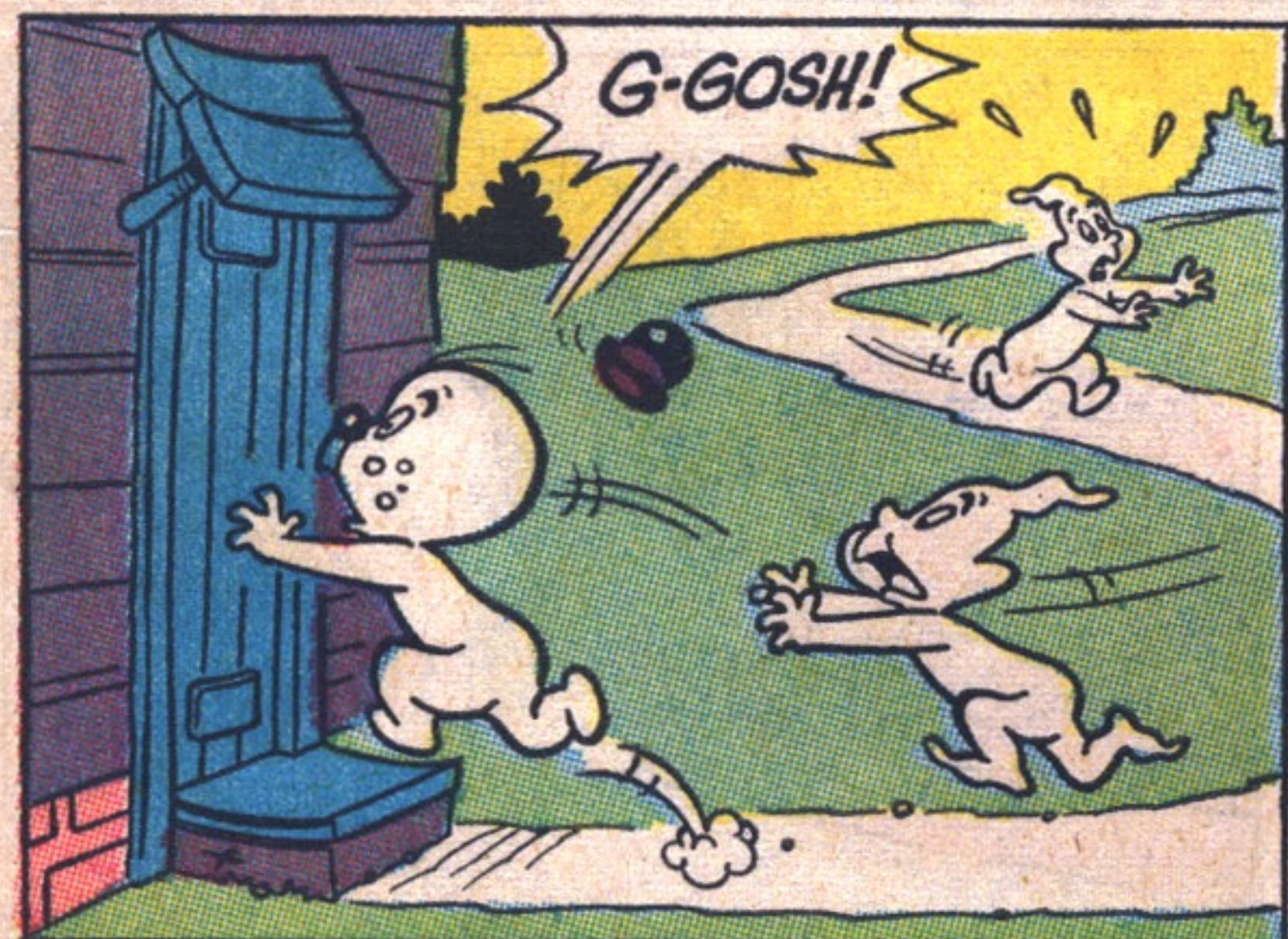
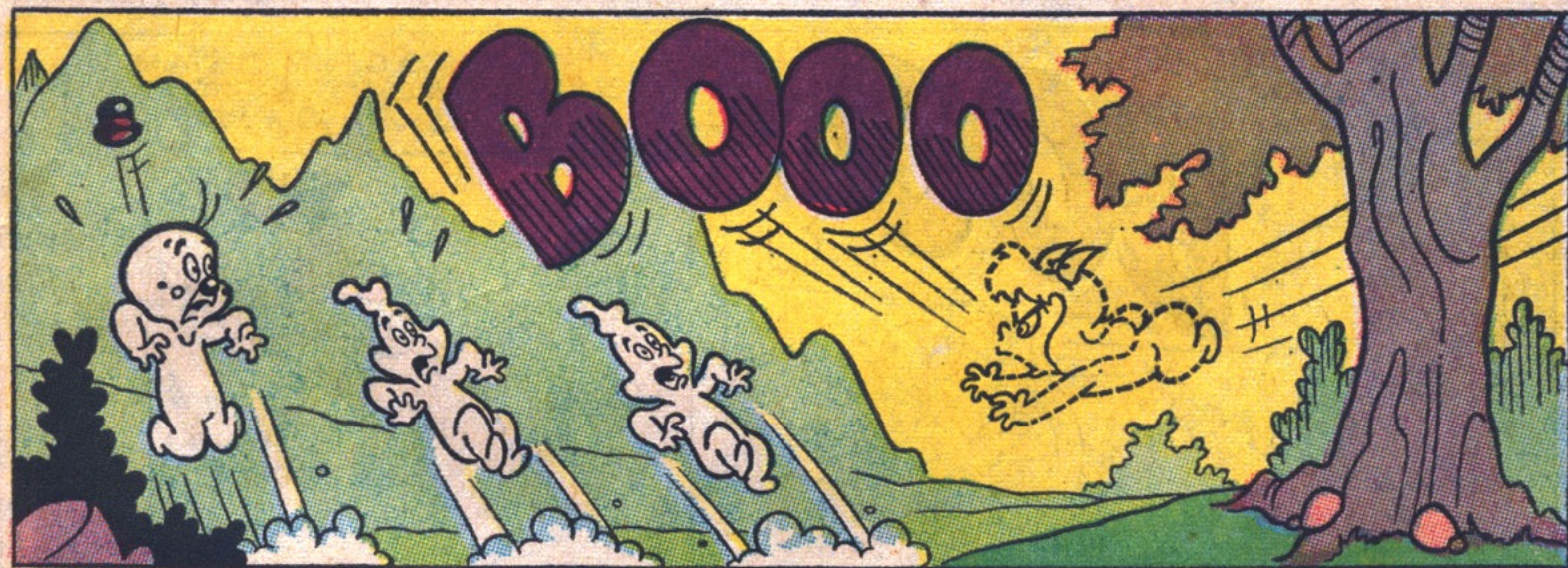
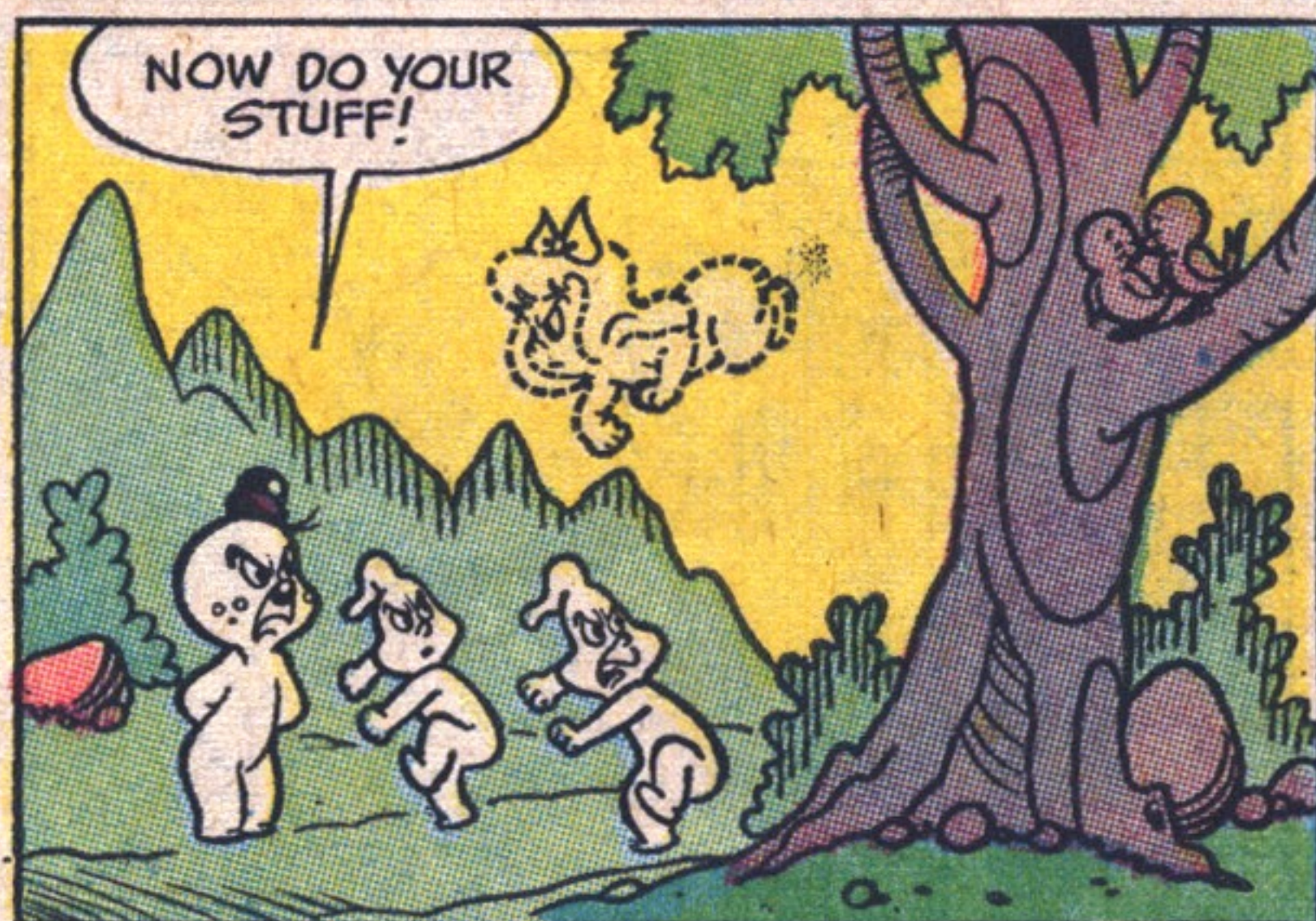
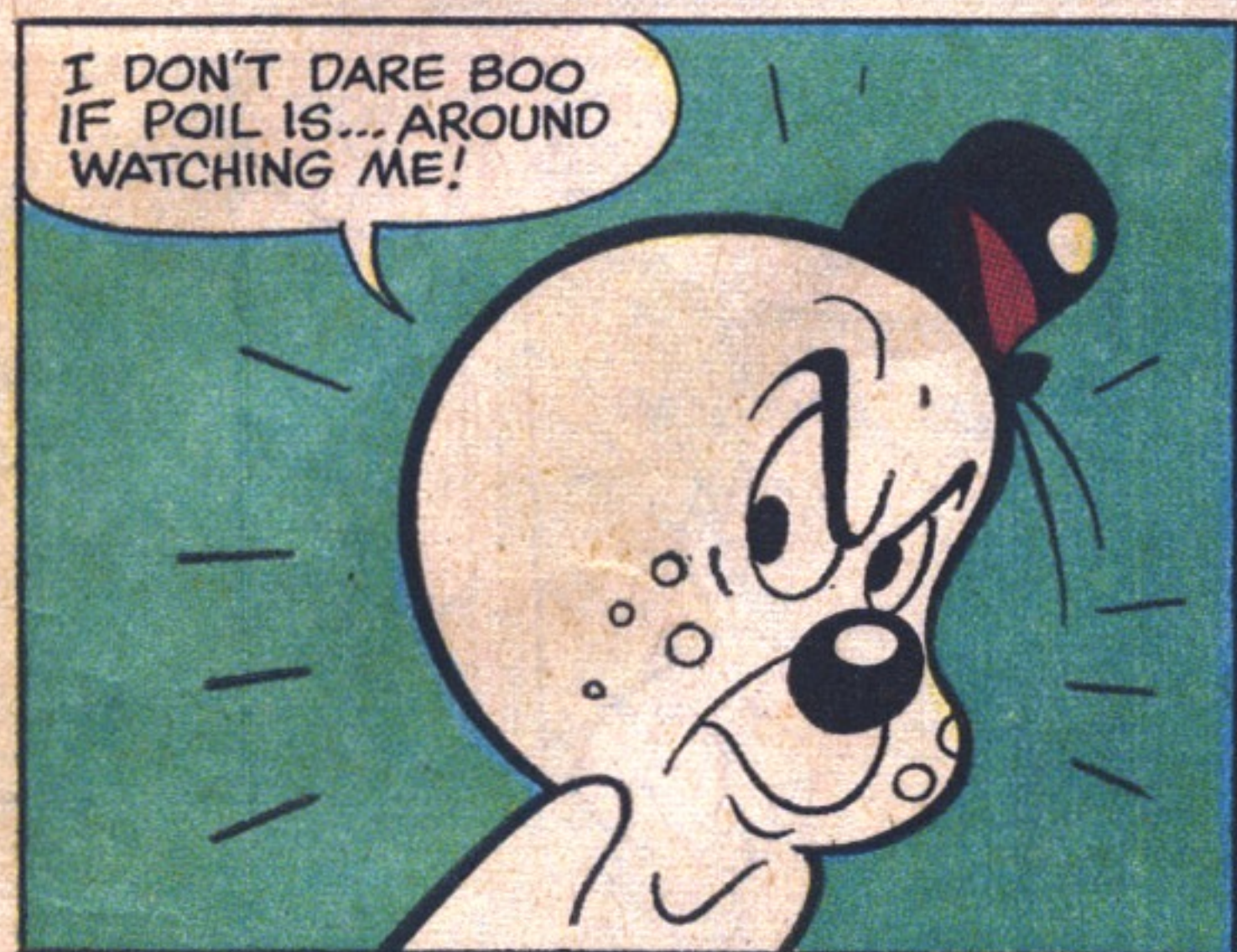
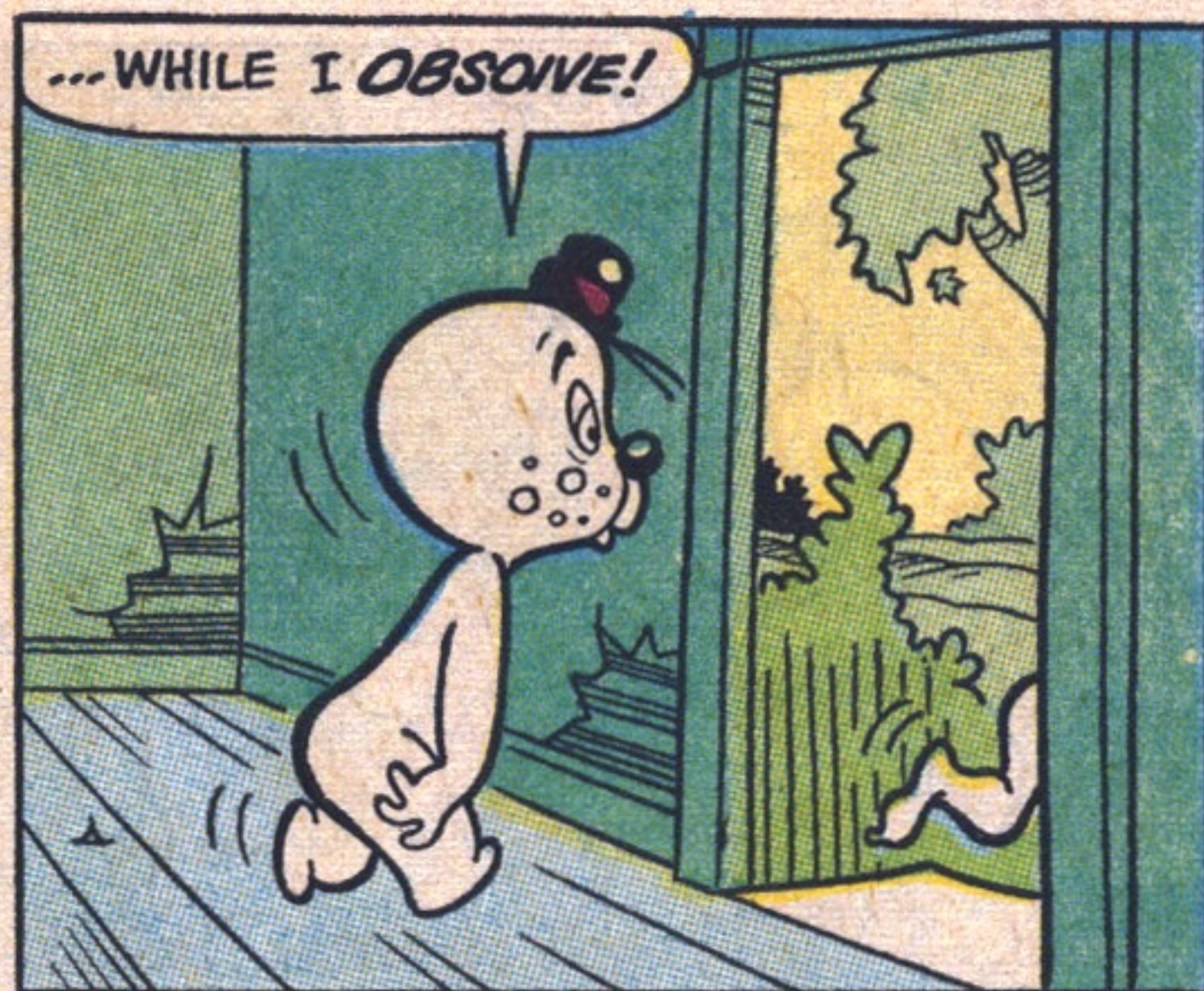
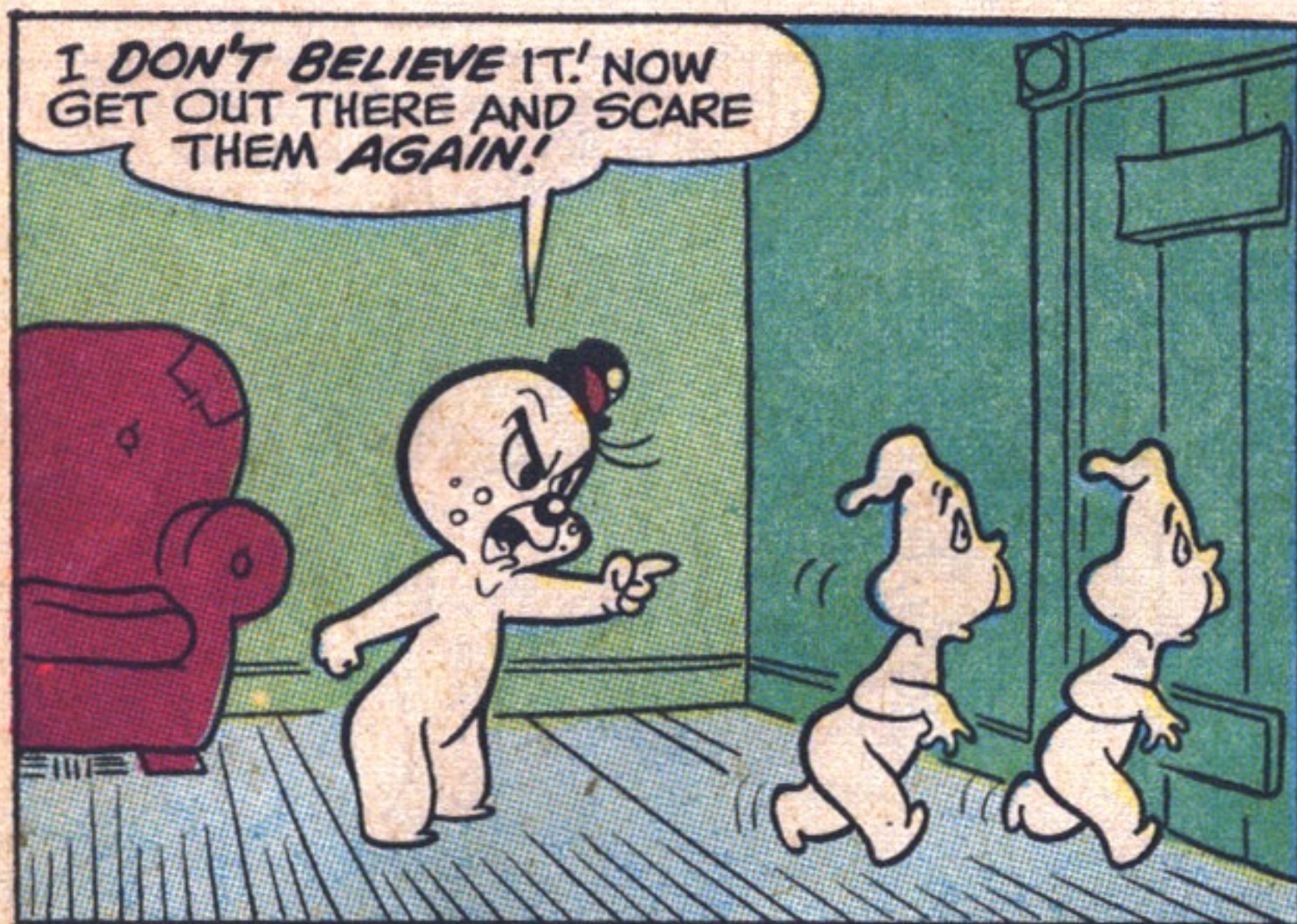
SAD SACK

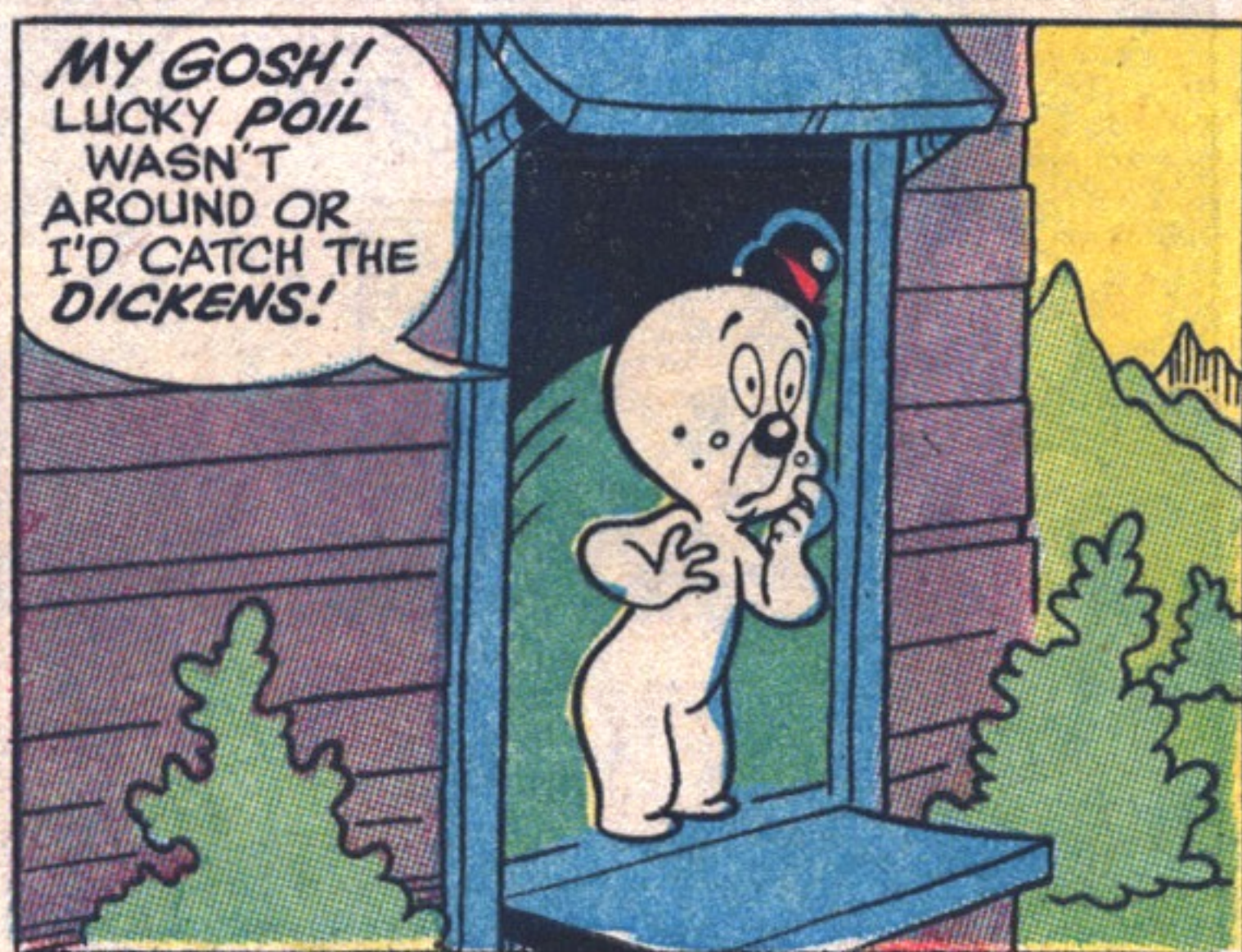
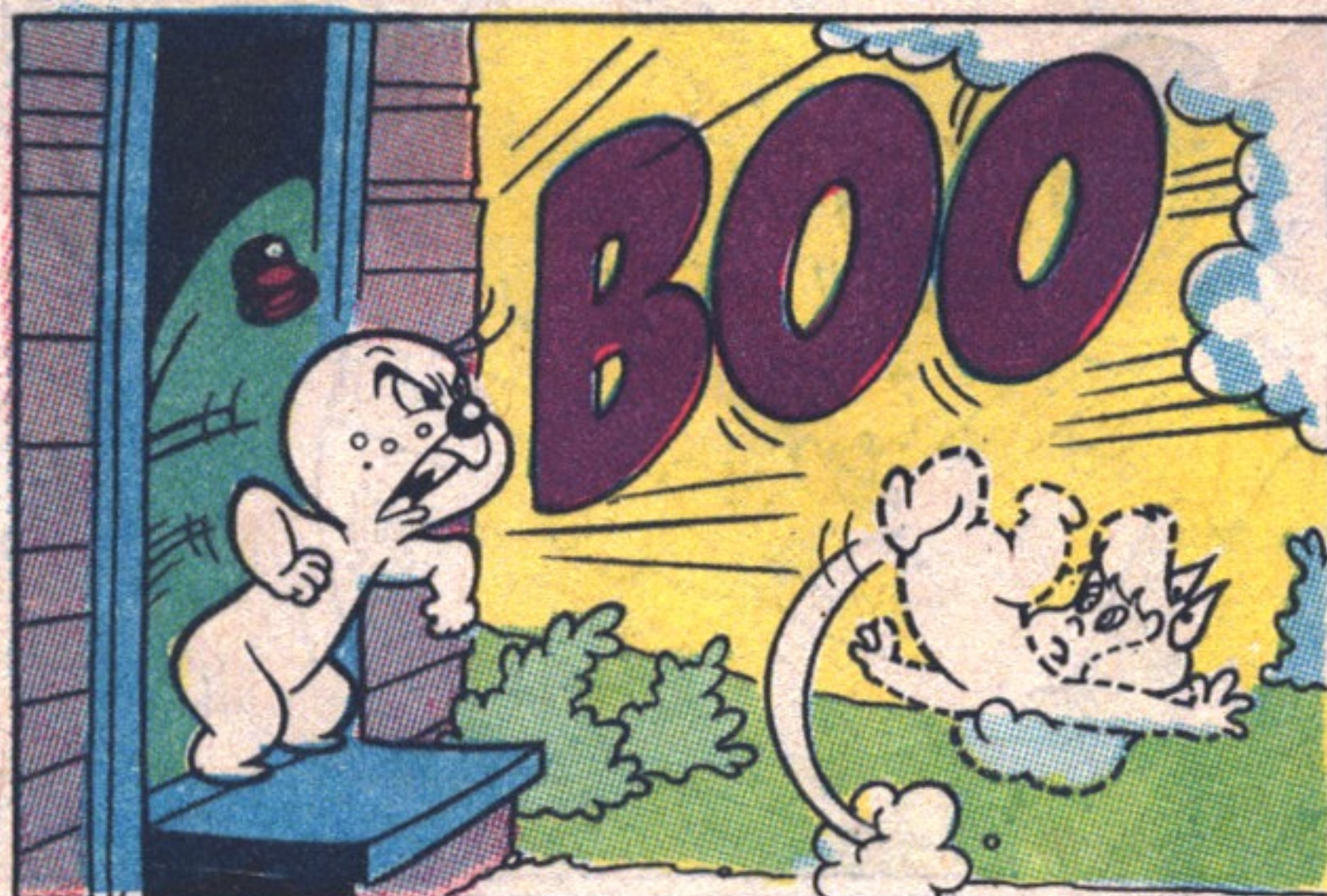
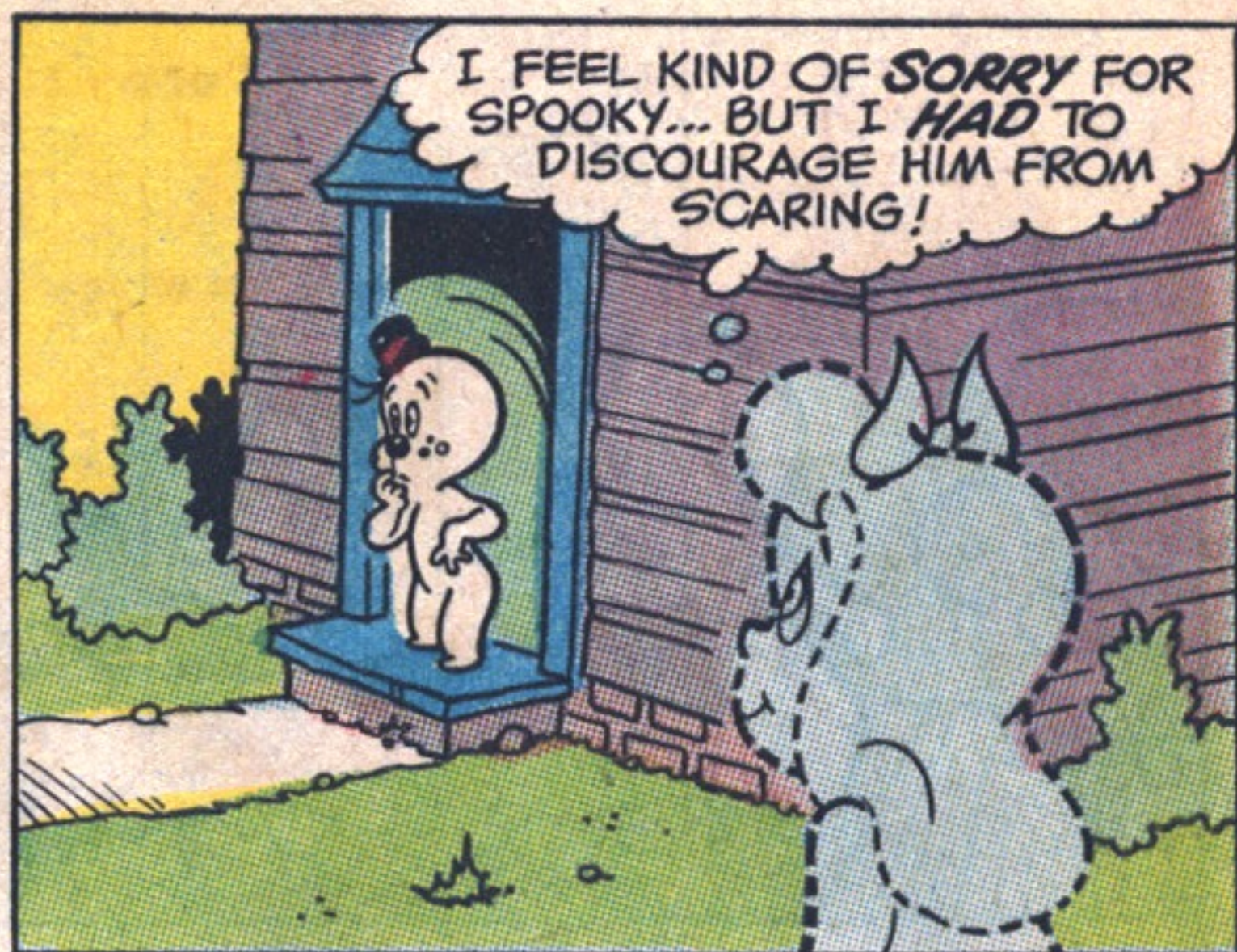












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