HERE ARE THE GIANT HARVEY COMICS NOW ON SALE!

GET THEM ALL! YOU'LL LOVE THEM

EVERY ONE DIFFERENT!
MORE STORIES!
MORE ENTERTAINMENT!
YOU'LL READ THEM ALL,
AND KEEP THEM...
TO READ THEM...
AGAIN AND AGAIN!!

HURRY! GET YOUR COPIES!
Stumbo! How about blowing our sail so we can go faster?

Okay, boys! Hold on!

Fooo!

Ollly, boys! Where have you been?

You mean where have we not been?

We've been around the world, around the moon, around the sun and back! Wow!

Heh, heh! That's what I like about kids! They have such big imaginations!

The End
A tough route requires tough tires
(That's why he uses Goodyears)

This is Kirby Hamilton, Florida businessman. Weekdays and weekends, he delivers the Florida Times-Union along a sandy stretch of Jacksonville Beach.

In his business, Kirby has learned plenty about bike tires. For example, his route is so tough...everything from coral-filled hard surfaces to loose beach sand...previous tires lasted only a few months before giving trouble. The Goodyears he's using now are still in great shape after eight months.

There's a good reason for the difference. Because Goodyear tires are built with 3-T Nylon Cord, they pack extra resistance to bumps, bruises and abrasions. And their super-tough treads wear longer, give you better grip, quicker, safer stops.

If you want to get the most possible fun and service out of your bike, better follow Kirby's example. Next time you need tires, see your Goodyear dealer. Goodyear, Cycle Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

GOODYEAR
More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.
STUMBO
The Giant
in
THE MIGHTY MAYOR

This is a problem! We must attend the mayors and police chiefs convention at capital city! and tinytown will be without me! the mayor!

And without a police force! namely me!

Why worry? I'll look after things!

Great! I'll make you a temporary mayor and police chief!

I'll take care of everything! goodbye!

Goodbye!

Lucky I have a giant-size police star to wear!
But what could I wear to look like a mayor?

I know! I have something I can wear...right here in my storage volcano!

I sure feel important now!

Stumbo sure is taking his new duties seriously! Heh heh!

Yes! He looks like a big shot! Hee hee!

Well now...there's a sight for us snow clouds' eyes!

Let 'im have it!

Right!

Pow!

Pow!

Hee hee! Put it back on so we can knock it off again!
GO BACK TO THE ARCTIC WHERE YOU BELONG!

I'M SURE GLAD STUMBO GOT RID OF THOSE SNOW CLOUDS! OUR WEATHER BUREAU HAD PREDICTED A SNOWSTORM TODAY!

SPOIL SPORT!

HELP! THE OLD WAREHOUSE IS ON FIRE AND THE WATER IN THE RESERVOIR IS TOO LOW TO FIGHT IT!

DON'T WORRY! IT'S ONLY 50 MILES TO WET LAKE! I'LL GET THE WATER FROM THERE!

AND THIS HAT IS HANDY FOR CARRYING IT!

THERE! THAT'S THE END OF THE FIRE!

SPASH

SISSSSS

AND I'LL USE WHAT'S LEFT TO RE-FILL THE RESERVOIR!

Hooray for Stumbo!

LATER.... I'LL GET IT....

YA-A-A-A A LANDSLIDE!
...Right in my hat!

What a swell leader you make, Stumbo!

The very best!

Shucks! It was nothing!

Clop!

Oops! I forgot about the rocks in my hat!

Heh heh! What a dopey giant!

Yeah! With only him around... let's hold up the bank!

Help! The bank has been robbed!

I'll get 'em!

Run, Butch!

...And into jail you go, you crooks!

Plop!
WHOOOSH!

Pesky wind! I've got to get my hat!

OOF!

Y U P! I smashed it to smithereens! It's not the hat, Stumbo... it's you who's important! Yes! You'll be our permanent honorary mayor and police chief from now on!

But... gee! I still wish I had a high hat!

G-golly! Thank you very much! Now I feel official!

I've got an extra hat that belongs to my husband... the mayor! You can wear it!

Hooray for Stumbo, our hero!

THE END
You see, son, the lightning rod protected the barn from being struck!

HMMMM!

CRACK!

HA HA!

I should have some kind of protection against him!

YEOW!

SIZZLE!

THE END
HOT
STUFF

THE LITTLE
DEVIL

ONLY ONE
APPLE LEFT!

THE APPLE IS
FALLING
ALREADY!

BONK!

IT'S ABOUT TIME
YOU SPEARED IT!
TEE HEE!

JAB

SIZZLE

THE END
I wonder how deep Stumbo's storage place is! I'm sure it's the deepest dead volcano there is! I'm going to ask him about it!

Oh, Stumbo!

Gee... he went down into it!

Woosh!

Gulp! I'm sorry! I didn't know you were there, Officer O'Floodle!

I'm okay, Stumbo!

Pow!
I just came over to ask you how big your volcano is!

Here...let me lift you up and...

...show you around inside!

See! I've made shelves to keep my things on! But I've got to make it deeper!

Gulph! Nothing like having more room!

Soon... He keeps digging and digging!

Yes, but that isn't all!

What do you mean, Mr. Mayor?

I mean if he keeps throwing out all that dirt...

...that pile will cast a shadow over our town!
YOU'D BETTER GO AND ASK HIM ABOUT IT!

OKAY! I'LL CLIMB UP ON THE SAFE SIDE!

OH STUMBO! G-GEE... HE'S SO FAR DOWN HE CAN'T HEAR ME!

M-MAYBE HE WON'T BE ABLE TO CLIMB BACK OUT! G-GOLLY... I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING!

WE'LL FLY OVER THE VOLCANO AND DROP THIS MESSAGE TO STUMBO!

WHEN! IT'S HEAVY!

HERE GOES!

PING! OW!

OH... A NOTE!

"DON'T DIG ANY DEEPER OR YOU MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO CLIMB OUT!"

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!
"DONT WORRY," HE SAYS! BUT HE MIGHT GET STUCK DOWN THERE!

HE MUST BE HUNGRY! LET'S CATCH HIM A WHALE! ROAST IT AND SEND IT DOWN TO HIM!

PHW! I THINK IT'S JUST ABOUT DONE!

LET 'ER GO!

YAWN! DIGGING GETS MONOTONOUS!

SHLOOOP

MUCH THANKS

THANK GOODNESS HE'S OKAY!

LATER...

I'M WORRIED! HE HAVEN'T THROWN OUT ANY MORE DIRT IN A LONG TIME!

WE BETTER GO UP ON THE RIM AND TAKE A LOOK!

WHY... THAT LOOKS LIKE DAYLIGHT WAY AT THE OTHER END!

BUT WHERE IS STUMBO?!
STOMP STOMP STOMP!

SO YOU SEE, MINGO! YOU CAN USE YOUR END OF MY TUNNEL, AND I CAN USE MINE!

VELLY GOOD IDEA, STUMBO!

IT'S STUMBO WITH A CHINESE GIANT!

GASP! HE DUG CLEAR THROUGH TO CHINA!

UH... STUMBO! WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH ALL THAT DIRTY BEHIND BEING AN EYESORE, IT CASTS A TERRIBLE SHADOW OVER TINTOWN!

OH... I FIGURED THAT ALL OUT! WE'RE TAKING ALL THAT DIRT TO THE MOON!

W-WHAT FOR?!

WE'RE GOING TO FILL UP ALL THOSE UNGILTY HOLES IN THE MOON!

YES!

THE END
100 TOY SOLDIERS $1.25
MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4½"!
Packed in this FOOTLOCKER
TOY STORAGE BOX

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Carle Place, Long Island, N.Y.

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Meet... HOT STUFF
HE'S REALLY RED HOT!
...AND EVERYONE WILL LOVE LITTLE HOT STUFF!
...YOU'LL LAUGH
OUT LOUD AT THE FUNNY ADVENTURES
OF THIS LITTLE RASCAL...

and introducing.... STUMBO
The Giant

A MOUNTAIN OF LAUGHS!

DUH...
EVERYONE WHO LIKES HOT STUFF WILL BE MY FRIEND!

JUST WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS?

HAVE A TREAT! CAN'T BE BEAT! HE'S THE FUNSATION OF FANTASY!
Hi, boys and girls.
Here are the funniest comics
now on sale
at your friendly dealer.

Look for me
and all my friends
in Casper's Ghostland...
...our new Harvey Giant size comics...
you'll love it!
get it today!
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EVERYONE LOVES THE FABULOUS SAD SACK and his FUNNY FRIENDS

GEE, FRIENDS, THANKS FOR READING MY BOOK. I'M SO B.O.O. HOOR HAPPy!!

DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME! THERE'S A BOOK ABOUT ME, TOO!

HMPH! WHEN I'M IN MY OWN COMIC MAGAZINE I'LL ORDER... ER-ER, I MEAN I'LL REQUEST... OUR FRIENDS TO READ MY COMIC!

EVERY SAD SACK COMIC IS DIFFERENT—NEW—CHOCK FULL OF CHUCKLES!

SAD SACK
EVERY MONTH

SAD SACK and his PUPTOWN FRIENDS
EVERY OTHER MONTH

SARCE
EVERY OTHER MONTH

ARMY LIFE
THREE TIMES A YEAR

LOOK FOR

Harvey

By the

Comics

Authority
STUMBO THE GIANT

That's TINYTOWN and there are the NICE TINYTOWN FOOLS! This is MY GRAMPA GUMBO!

HOWDY, WEE PEOPLE!

OH... WELCOME TO TINYTOWN!

GULP! ANOTHER GIANT!

GLAD TO MEET YOU!

LIKEWISE!

HAVE A NICE VISIT!

IT'S ALL RIGHT HAVING ONE GIANT AROUND, BUT IT MAKES ME NERVOUS HAVING TWO!

YOU SURE HAVE GROWN... BUT I BET I CAN STILL BOUNCE YOU ON MY KNEE!

YOU SAID IT, MR. MAYOR!

HA HA! LET'S TRY IT AND SEE!
GASP! The whole town is shookin'!

You sure can, Grampa!

I've got my harmonica here!

WAHAHAHAHA!

Darn thing has a sticky reed!

PHEEET!

Slap... Slap

Now... now... we mustn't show our annoyance toward Stumbo's guest! It isn't polite!

You're right, Mr. Do-Goodly!

But it'll be rough!

KOFF... KOFF... KAFF... GASP
Now he's smoking a pipe, ugh... dreadfully strong!

I have an idea, Mr. Mayor!

There must be a fire! There's a lot of smoke around!

It isn't a fire... It's Grampa's pipe! We'll go for a walk so the smoke won't bother you!

Thanks, Stumbo!

How about a little walk, Gramps? Fine! I could stretch my legs!

Eep! What a squeak! This is a crisis! Order the cobblers to build a new pair of shoes for Grampa Gumbo!

On behalf of the people of Tinytown, we'd like to present Grampa Gumbo with these loafers!

Oh... Thanks!

Yep! They sure look fine!

Squeek squeek squeek

Squeek squeek squeek
STUMBO, WOULD YOU MIND BENDING DOWN! I HAVE SOMETHING TO WHISPER TO YOU!

SQUEEK!

YOU HAVE A GIANT OIL CAN! COULD YOU OIL THE NEW SHOES! THAT SQUEAKING IS VERY NERVE-WRACKING!

SURE!

ER... THIS MIGHT MAKE YOUR NEW SHOES MORE COMFORTABLE, GRAMPS!

SQUEAK

SQUEAK

SQUEAK

SQUEAK

SQUEAK

SQUEAK

I THINK I'LL TAKE OFF THESE NEW SHOES! THEY PINCH A BIT LIKE MOST NEW SHOES!

...AND I'LL WALK AROUND BAREFOOT!

SIGHHHH!

NO MORE SQUEAKS!

HEE HEE! THE GROUND FEELS NICE AND TICKLY ON MY BARE FEET!

SQUEEK!

GRAMPA! YOUR FEET SQUEAK!

SQUEEK!

SQUEEK!
Stumbo... try putting some oil on his foot joints! It won't do any harm!

Duhhh... okay!

Sa-ay! That oil makes my feet real spry!

Well... I've got to be going... "Bye!"

So long, gramps!

'Bye! Sure glad he's going!

He certainly is a nice old gentleman!

I'm so glad you think so...

...now I know you won't mind me inviting my big guy over here!

Plop!

P-Did I say something wrong?!

The end
The big fight was all set. The Alley Cats had finally chosen the cat that was to fight Cecil, the champ of the Home Cats.

Before Cecil had taken to fighting, the Alley Cats would run rampant over the house pets. But now, with the one and only Cecil around, all the Alley Cats would think twice before they started with any of the Home Cats.

Yet all this could quickly disappear if Cecil ever lost — and Louie, the manager was thinking this. Should Cecil lose, the Alley Cats would quickly start making fools of the poor Home Cats!

All the cats of the neighborhood, those who lived in alleys and those who lived in homes, were out to watch this important fight.

"C'mon Cecil!" the voices from the Home Cat section were screaming.

"Boo, Cecil!" answered the Alley Cat rookers.

Then everything became quiet. The Alley cat's fighter was coming into the schoolyard.

"Gee, look at him!" said one Home Catter.

"Wow!" said another.

This certainly was a powerful cat. In fact, he almost looked too powerful for a cat. He was about twice the size of Cecil, and Cecil was quite a big cat. He had muscles the size of watermelons and a chest like a barrel!

No one had ever seen him before, no one from either side.

The fighters were in their corners now. The referee was making the introductions.

"In this corner," said the ref, "is Cecil, world champion and pride of the Home Cats!"

"Yayyy!" shouted all the Home Cats.

"And in this corner," continued the ref, "is Powerhouse Pete!"

"Hey, I heard of Powerhouse P..." started a Home Cat rooter, but an Alley Cat fan stopped him short with, "Whatever he says, he's lying!" The Alley Catter had heard of Powerhouse Pete also.

The fighters were facing each other now, and now they were swinging.

BIFFF! BAMMM! POWWW! went Pete, and he was hitting home.

Poor Cecil was in terrible trouble. He was reeling. He couldn't even get a blow in. And Powerhouse Pete wasn't stopping!

But a voice from the Home Cat section was shouting again. "Hey, I'm sure I've heard of Powerhouse Pete! And he's not a cat! He's a young mountain lion who's been masquerading as a cat!"

The news swept through like wildfire. Until finally it reached the ears of Cecil.

"This is a dirty trick!" was all Cecil had time to say. For now he was moving toward Pete with fire in his eyes. BOOOOM! BIFFF! BRAMMM! BINGG! BLAMMM! went his fists and claws, and before someone could say again, "He's a mountain lion," Powerhouse Pete was down and out on his back.

The referee was lifting Cecil's paw a second later and saying, "Cecil is still champion of all cats and mountain lions, too!"

"I sure agree," puffed Pete, who was still watching stars.

WENDY, THE GOOD LITTLE WITCH

ALL WITCHES ARE BOTH GOOD AND BAD...

BUT WHEN THEY'RE BAD IT MAKES ME SAD!

AND WHEN THEY'RE GOOD IT MAKES ME GAY...

AND I COULD SHOUT TO ALL OUR FRIENDS AND SAY...

READ WENDY COMICS!
"Hah! Hah! They're putting me into the infirmary," Private Justin was telling Private Fuller Trouble.


"Of course, I'm healthy," whispered Justin. "But you've got to take a rest every so often, you know." He winked at his friend, "Told them I had a cold," Private Justin continued. "Achoo! That's all I did. Achoo! Heh, heh! Almost sounds real!"

Private Justin was still giving his phoney sneeze as he left Trouble alone in the barracks.

"That guy's a pretty smart cookie," Trouble was telling himself. "Gets himself a rest when he can really enjoy it . . . when he's healthy enough to enjoy it! Bet I could do it myself."

He began to pace the floor. "I feel great," he said. "Better than I have in a long time. And I could really enjoy a rest. Now what sickness can I tell them I have?"

Private Trouble's mind began to wander in the land of sickness. He vetoed the idea of a bad cold. Sounded too much like Justin. Backache? No, there wasn't much cause for it. His Army life had been too easy lately. Strained eyes? No, everyone knew he didn't care much for reading.

But then it hit him. He'd make believe he was under nervous strain! He laughed at the thought because he never felt better.

But then he figured he was just in the proper frame of mind to put on the best act of his life.

"Better get myself some books on psychology," Private Trouble told himself. "This has got to be done just right."

So a short while later, he combed the camp library for books on psychology and rushed back to the barracks for some important studying.

"Now let me see," he said as he began to run through the books, "what could I have? Inferiority complex? Superiority complex? Depression? A crazy kind of fear?"

Then suddenly Private Trouble became interested in the books. He really was reading them. The sections on symptoms were fascinating. Well, at first, they were fascinating. Then they became frightening! Because Private Fuller Trouble was seeing the symptoms in himself!

"I just like m-me," he gulped out. "I can't even pronounce it . . . and I know I have it!"

It was getting worse and worse. He read about the symptoms of ten disorders, and felt he had all ten disorders! Poor Private Trouble was really in trouble!

He was still staring at the books when the sergeant came walking in. The sergeant took one look at Trouble and he knew what to do.

"It's the infirmary for you," the sergeant ordered. "I just hope they can help you!"

Private Trouble didn't hear a word he said. He had just discovered he was a manic depressive.

---

Richie Rich

I have a big problem—I'm making too much money!

I want to publish a new comic... with better stories, better pictures...

What's wrong with that?

More readers buy my comic magazine... and I have to print more comics and I have more money!

But everyone should read Richie Rich comics because you have a better magazine!
I'm going to travel far and wide through people land! I'm sure it's a sissified place... but I'd like to look around!

Civilization this way

I suppose I'll have a dull time!

But at least I won't be suddenly surprised by something like an ogre!

All right! Who's the wise guy?

Whoomp!
OH, IT'S JUST A STUPID FACTORY!

KOFF KOFF

I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR FRESH AIR!

AH! THERE'S A NICE OPEN AREA!

AN AIRPLANE ON THE GROUND!

WELL... I ALWAYS WANTED TO LOOK UP CLOSE AT ONE!

HERE'S MY CHANCE!
I DON'T SEE ANY PROPPELLERS!

WOOOSH!

FOR CORN SAKE!

WHOOOOOOOSH...

ANOTHER STUPID, DUMB PEOPLE THING!

WHY... I'M GOING TO...

...AW... NUTS! I WON'T BOTHER WITH THEM! I'LL JUST STAY AWAY FROM MACHINERY!

I'LL JUST TRAVEL ON AND ON...

SAY... I WONDER WHERE ALL THOSE CARS ARE GOING?
GEE... THEY'RE ALL PARKING DOWN THERE!

I WONDER WHY THEY'RE ALL STANDING AROUND?

NOTHING IS GOING ON!

A GEYSER! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BEING SO NOSEY! IT SURE IS HOT!

FOOOSH

CHEEEE! I DIDN'T THINK CIVILIZATION WAS SO FULL OF SURPRISES!

I'LL REST SOME PLACE BEFORE I GO ON ANY FURTHER!

THERE'S A LITTLE BUILDING THAT MIGHT BE OKAY!
I'll just go in the back door... no one here... good!

Sniff sniff... I smell smoke!

Danger keep out fireworks

Ka-Boom!

I'm going back to the enchanted forest where it's safe!

Soon... I'm glad to be where I won't be so suddenly surprised as I was in people country!
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Pistol-camera as small as a 5¢ cigarette pack. Weight 2 1/2 ounces and 3 x 1 inches. Can be hidden anywhere. Complete with free roll of film. No. 3117 1.25

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Lynbrook, N.Y.

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[Table for item listing and pricing]

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"SPITTIN' IMAGE" of the famous Model 94 Winchester, $12.98 at your sporting goods store. Other DAISY B·B guns from $5.98 to $17.95.

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