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

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

OUCH! IT FEEL LIKE I'VE GOT SOME STONES IN MY SHOE!

I SURE DO!

NEARBY...

IF WE COULD ONLY AFFORD IT, WE COULD DEVELOP THIS DESERT AREA!

BUT WE CAN'T!

CRASH!

BAM!

EUREKA! THE RIVER HAS BEEN DAMMED UP! NOW WE CAN IRRIGATE THE DESERT!
How to make really sure you get a Cadet this Christmas


The Cadet, you know, points the way to ten thousand miles of bike-hiking fun. Look at the dial. It shows every exciting mile you ride. And the Cadet’s fire-orange pointer shows how fast you travel... up to 50 miles an hour. Works like a car speedometer! Shockproof, too. Really looks sharp in its streamlined case. And it fits all bikes. Imagine how it will look on yours. You’ll be the talk of your block with your genuine Cadet Bike Speedometer. Just remember to let folks know you want one. Why not start right now by tearing out this ad and putting it where it will do the most good? Maybe at Dad’s place at the table tonight? MERRY CHRISTMAS!
STUMBO, the Giant

MISSING = ONE TOWN

I'LL ENJOY IT BETTER KNOWING THAT MY GOOD COUSIN, DRUMBO, WILL BE LOOKING AFTER YOU!

OVER TO THE RIGHT A LITTLE, STUMBO!

DEAR DRUMBO, PLEASE COME TO GUARD THE TINYTEWOMEN WHILE I'M ON A 3-DAY VACATION. THANKS, STUMBO

THAT'S PERFECT!

WE'RE NOT WORRYING! WE JUST WANT YOU TO GO AND ENJOY YOURSELF!

I KNOW MY COUSIN DRUMBO WILL COME, SO DON'T WORRY!

WE SURE HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME ON YOUR 3-DAY VACATION, STUMBO!

YOUR POST CARD IS FINISHED, STUMBO! I HOPE I GOT IT RIGHT!

THANKS!

DEAR DRUMBO, PLEASE COME TO GUARD THE TINYTEWOMEN WHILE I'M ON A 3-DAY VACATION. THANKS, STUMBO

THANKS!
WE, THE POSTMEN OF TINYTOWN, WILL DELIVER IT TO YOUR COUSIN NOW!

THANKS A LOT, FELLAS!

AND THE TINYTOWN LADIES HELPING HAND AND BE-GOOD-ME HAND EVERYBODY SOCIETY HAS BAKED YOU A CAKE!

Wow!

WE BOYS FROM DAVE'S DELICATESSEN MADE YOU A HERO SANDWICH! LIFT IT OFF US, STUMBO! OR WE'LL BE DEAD HEROES! UGH!

I THINK I HAVE EVERYTHING NOW!

BYE, STUMBO! DON'T WORRY... JUST RELAX AND ENJOY YOURSELF!

GEE... IT WAS SO NICE OF THEM TO GIVE ME THIS 3-DAY VACATION!

AND I WON'T BE WORRIED! I CAN TRUST MY COUSIN DRUMBO TO TAKE CARE OF THEM WHILE I'M GONE!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER... This is WONDERFUL! Just lying by the OCEAN... DOING NOTHING BUT RELAXING! ZZZZ.

LOOK! There's STUMBO SLEEPING on the BEACH!

Hey, STUMBO!

Tap him with a LIGHTNING BOLT! RAIN CLOUD! He's too SLEEPY to HEAR ANYTHING!

Well... There's only ONE OTHER WAY I can WAKE him!

Go to it! We MUST WAKE him!

CRACK!

H-Hey! WHAT'S the IDEA of pouring DOWN on me?

Ha! He's AWAKE now!
We're sorry, Stumbo! We had to wake you to tell you something important!

We flew over where Tinytown used to be...

...and it isn't!

What! Where is it?

W-we don't know!

If this is some kind of a joke, I'll be very angry with you clouds!

It's not, Stumbo! Honest!

We'll go along with you to prove it!

Soon

See? No Tinytown!

Gulp! N-no Tinytown!

T-thanks, friendly clouds for telling me about this!

I g-guess my post card never got to cousin Drumbo! Everything went wrong!

M-maybe some meanies stuck them down in my volcano storage place!

That's the only place around here they could be hidden!
HAL-L'O-O-O-Q! ANY OF YOU TINYTOWNERS DOWN THERE!

NO TINYTOWNERS DOWN HERE IN CHINA, STUMBO!

THANKS, CHINESE FRIEND!

YOU REALLY WELCOME!

STUMBO, FRIEND!

SIGH! MY VOLCANO STORAGE PLACE GOES ALL THE WAY TO CHINA... SO I'M SURE THE TINYTOWNERS AIN'T STUCK IN THERE!

GEE! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM? WHO COULD I ASK?

WAIT A MINUTE! I KNOW WHAT TO DO!

I'LL GO TO THE PRESIDENT AND TELL HIM THAT ONE OF HIS TOWNS IS... GULP... MISSING!
HOT STUFF
THE LITTLE DEVIL

They say he's got a bad temper!

Look—you elves! I don't like anyone saying I'm bad tempered! It makes me mad!!

Y—you mean, you're not bad tempered??

That's right!

Good-bye!

Psst! I'll bean him with this beech nut and see if he loses his temper...

Ha!

Pok!

Yeow! He lost his temper!

Not at all! I just feel a little warm!

The End
HOT STUFF
THE LITTLE DEVIL

HA! WHAT A TARGET! HA HAW!
I COULDN'T RESIST!

OW!

I'LL FIX YOU FOR THAT, TRIDY!
GRR!

I CAN'T WAIT!!

HE OUTRAN ME, DARN IT!
MAYBE HE WENT IN THERE!

DID YOU SEE A TRIDENT COME IN HERE?
TRIDENT, EH? WAL. THE PITCHFORKS ARE OVER THERE!

OHMI GOSH!! LOOK AT THEM ALL!
BUT THERE IS A WAY I CAN FIND OUT WHICH ONE IS TRIDY!

I CAN'T RESIST!

OUCH!
NOW I'VE GOT YOU!

MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS!

BAW!

THE END
STUMBO
THE GIANT
WHERE DO YOU
HIDE A TOWN?

GULP!
OH, IT'S
YOU, STUMBO!

YES! I CAME
TO WEE CITY
TO SPEAK TO
THE PRESIDENT!
I HAVE SOMETHING
VERY IMPORTANT
TO TELL HIM!

HE'S SUCH A
BUSY MAN, STUMBO!

BUT I'LL SEE IF
HELL COME OUT!

IT'S SO EMBARRASSING
TO HAVE TO
TELL HIM!!
I'M SCARED!

YAS... STUMBO
THE GIANT,
ISN'T IT?

Y-Y-YES,
S-SIR!

ER... WHILE I WAS
ON MY VACATION...
I LEARNED THAT
T-TINYTOWN
VANISHED!
I was wondering, sir... if you knew what happened to it, Mr. President!

Ah... might I say at this juncture... that it is... unfortunate indeed... shall we say... to hear of this unfortunate matter! We have had no report of a missing town until hearing of it from you, Stumbo!

But... I'm sure... it will be found safe and sound by you... if you employ all your viggan! Next question!

Duh... th-thank you, Mr. President, for not being mad at me! No more questions!

'Bye!

'Bye!

What do you know! He's leaving it up to me to find Tinytown! He sure has faith in me! I'll get busy right away!

Here comes a witch! I hate to ask them anything! They're so mean!

Er... could you please tell me if you've seen a misplaced village named Tinytown anywhere around?
No, I didn’t! And don’t go accusing any witch of stealing it either... 'cause I’d have heard of it if they did! Hmph!!

I should have known better than to ask her. I’ll start looking myself!

Maybe up here in the Arctic regions!

Yipe!

A giant!

Sorry! Gee... I accidentally scared that glacier into flowing back!

Oh, well! I won’t find Tinytown up here! So I’d better go elsewhere!

I’ll try the jungle country!
Uh... Has anyone down here in the jungle seen Tinytown?

Yeep! Eep! I say... Gaws-sp!

A g-giant! W-we know nothing of Tinytown!

But we do know this...

W-we're going to vanish, too!

All I'm doing is scaring everyone I ask... Sayy...

Maybe they went under the sea!

Say... King Neptune! Did a small town happen to sink into the sea?

No! It didn't!

And all I can say to you for losing a town is "buttery fingers!" Hee hee hee!

Ohhh... I'm so miserable! This is the saddest day of my life!
I GIVE UP! Those nice little people are gone forever! Sniff... I should never have taken that trip!

There just isn't any sign of those cute little people around here! Sniff. Sniff!

I guess I'll go and visit Cousin Drumbo... just to pass the time!

Sigh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-

Well... there's Cousin Drumbo's castle!

WHEN YOU FEEL BLUE IT HELPS TO FIND SOMEONE SYMPATHETIC.

KNOCK KNOCK

COME IN!

Y-you're here! Safe!

Why, sure! I figured I could keep an eye on them a lot better here in the comfort of my castle! And they like it, too!
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The Friendly Ghost

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STUMBO
The Giant

DE DE DUM DUM

THE BIG SHAPER

BUMP!

OOPS! I DROPPED MY RAZOR!

KLANG!

I H-HOPE IT'S OKAY!

WHAT A GOOD GIANT STUMBO IS! SHAVES EVERY MORNING SO HE'LL LOOK NICE FOR US!

GOSH... THE BLADE IS ALL NICKED! I CAN'T SHAVE TODAY!
Golly... I never went two days without shaving!

Oh... don't worry about it, Stumbo!

Wash off your lather and put your shaving things away!

The next day...

GASP! Look at Stumbo's whiskers! They've grown so fast!

Uh... it makes you look real neat, Stumbo!

What was that?

I said it makes you look beat... er... ah... I mean neat!

Frankly, I think he looks like a big bum, Mr. Mayor!

Let's just hope his whiskers don't get any worse!

Go away, you eagles!

Stop pulling out my whiskers for nesting materials! It hurts!
Soon...

Stumbo sounds happy now!

Hee Hee

My whiskers keep tickling me! Hee Hee!

They're growing longer! And more raggly!

Oh, for corn sakes! Let's get rid of his silly beard for him!

Sure... but how?

Get Pete's powerful power mower! The one he uses for cutting tough grass and weeds in our park!

Good thinking!

Wow! These whiskers are busting the blades on my powerful mower!

Clang

Snap!

We better get Willie the woodcutter on the job! He's our champion lumberjack!

Yeah! That will do it!

Here goes!
Clang

DIDN'T EVEN DENT IT!
Uh... TEE HEE HEE HEE!

PICK ME UP STUMBO! A WHISKER IS GROWING UP MY PANTS LEG!
HAH HAW!

AND SO...
I'LL TRY DYNAMITE!
THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

OW! THAT GETS RID OF SOME OF THE BRISTLES, BUT IT MAKES MY FACE HOT!
KA-BOOM!

IN FACT... I'M ON FIRE!
OW!

SIZZLE
AHHH!

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM A GIANT-SIZE BLADE FOR HIS RAZOR!

LET'S GET THE BLAST FURNACE GOING!

BANG BANG
ROAR CLANG!
Later...

FOR YOU, STUMBO!

WE WRAPPED IT LIKE A GIFT!

WHAT IS IT?

IT'S A GIANT-SIZE SAFETY RAZOR BLADE!

OH, BOY! THANK YOU!

AT LAST I CAN GET RID OF THIS UNTIDY BEARD!

HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S IN PAIN!

IT MUST BE HARD SHAVING THOSE THICK WHISKERS!

SCRAPED OW! GROAN

POOR STUMBO! I GUESS HIS FACE IS ALL SCRATCHED UP FROM THOSE DYNAMITE BLASTS!

I CAN'T TELL THEM IT WASN'T THE DYNAMITE THAT GAVE ME THOSE NICKS!

SIGH! THOSE NICE LITTLE PEOPLE THOUGHT MY RAZOR BLADES WERE TOOTHED!

OH, WELL! WHEN ALL THE POINTS WEAR OFF IT'LL BE AS GOOD AS THE ONE I HAD!

THE END
I don't even know how to spell 'X.' Officer O'Floodle butted in at this point. "Oh, let him alone! Stumbo doesn't want to be a movie star. He likes living right here!"

"Go away, Mac!" growled Mr. Footage, who was not used to having people tell him what to do.

"I could arrest the lot of you!" O'Floodle threatened, glaring at the director.

Mr. Footage laughed nastily and retorted, "We're not in your town. You can't arrest anyone in these mountains, you comical cop!"

Officer O'Floodle knew this was true, so he hurried to town hall to tell the mayor that Hollywood was trying to take Stumbo away, and Stumbo was willing to go.

"This will never do!" stormed His Honor. "That silly giant is Tinytown's protector!"

"He wouldn't be happy in Hollywood. Nobody would like him as much as we do!"

The mayor called a meeting of the town council, and they quickly came up with a plan, which His Honor told O'Floodle to carry out. The officer was disturbed.

"Stumbo won't like it!" he protested. "Nobody asked you, O'Floodle!" the Mayor snorted. "You just do as I order!"

By this time, Colossal Pictures had put the Hollywood touch on the friendly giant. Makeup men were high up on scaffolds painting him with lipstick and all sorts of goo.

"Hey, I'm not a sissy!" Stumbo com-
plained.

"Phooey!" shrugged director Footage. "Even Snooty Pooch, our dog star, wears makeup, and he's no sissy!"

This satisfied Stumbo, and he didn't say a word when studio tailors turned hundreds of yards of loud cloth into a sports jacket, trousers and a beret for him.

Right after he had put on these clothes, a big balloon held by ropes in the hands of dozens of Tinytowners floated up to within a yard of Stumbo's face. Sitting in a basket peeling onions was Officer O'Floodle, wearing a gas mask. The basket hung from the balloon. The giant began to weep at once from the onion fumes.

Stumbo's tears flowed down like a waterfall on the movie folk below, carrying with them pounds of makeup from Stumbo's face, too.

Miles O. Footage, whose face would have been red right then, even without the globs of lipstick the giant's tears had smeared on him, raged at the Tinytowners, "I'll sue! You have no right to interfere..."

The mayor, looking very important, yelled back, "We have at least as much right to be here as you, sir!"

"Nobody stops Footage!" grumbled the director, marching back to his big movie crew. Then he hollered, "Keep shooting the screen test. Then we'll take that human mountain to Hollywood!"

Right then and there, and with tears in his eyes—not from the onions, but because he hated to do it—O'Floodle hurled mud-balls at Stumbo's flashy jacket. "Forgive me, big friend...I've got my orders!"

"I guess you mean well," gulped the gentle giant, "but you know how much I want to be a movie star!" He looked down at the cameras that were still grinding away far below.

The mayor noticed that O'Floodle, high up in the balloon, was getting absolutely nowhere with his attempts to stop Stumbo from heading for Hollywood.

"All right, Tinytown Brass Band, let's put plan number three into action!" he cried.

The band started playing "Home, Sweet Home" while the rest of the Tinytowners sang the words, and Stumbo sobbed and drenched the movie-makers with a torrent of tears again.

"PLAY 'CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME!'" bellowed Miles O. Footage to the Colossal Film Band. The bands tried to drown each other out, and puzzled Stumbo just sat down on the snow clad peak of a mountaintop. Suddenly, there came a rumble.

"AVALANCHE!" bawled Officer O'Floodle, who could see the tumbling snow from his seat in the balloon. "Tinytown is doomed!"

Stumbo sang out, "I'm not going to let anything happen to Tinytown!" And he began to scoop back snow as fast as he could move his enormous hands. A cheer rang out. Tinytown was saved.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Footage," said Stumbo. "I can't be a movie star. Tinytown needs me more than you need a handsome giant!"

---

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!
HOT STUFF
THE LITTLE DEVIL

Ding Dong Land

RR-RINNG!

YOW!

THE NERVE! PHONING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!!

GRRRR!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!??

I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A PHONE!!

HA-HA! WRONG NUMBER!

HUH??

RING-A-DING-A-DING!

WAKE ME UP AND LAUGH AT ME- WILL YOU!

HA-HA! RING-A-DING!

HA-HA! RING-A-DING!
WHERE'S HE LEADING ME?!

WELCOME TO DING DONG LAND

UH-OH!

I THINK I'VE BEEN LED HERE ON PURPOSE!

BELL PEOPLE?!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BRINGING ME HERE?

I'M TINKLE AND THIS BELL'S CRACKED!

Yeah-cracked!!

THAT CRACKED BELL DOES LOOK KIND OF FAMILIAR!

SO YOU'VE GOT TO FIX CLANG'S CRACKS!

I'M NOT FIXING anything! I'm going home!

SO, HE'S CRACKED—SO WHAT?!

YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHEREs, BUB!

SCRAM! OR I'LL FRY YOUR TIN HIDE!!

YEOW! HA! NO FAIR!
NO FAIR! FIGHT HIM LIKE A MAN!
I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE HIM ON!

SOON... I'M YOUR SECOND, HOT STUFF!
THEY WOULD GIVE ME A DUMBBELL!

LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!
OKAY! MAKE WITH THE GONG, BONG!

Huh?? HE'S TIME-KEEPER?!

BONG!

GO GET HIM, BOSS--OOPS!

OW!
HA! LISTEN TO HIM YELL!
AND I HAVEN'T EVEN HIT HIM YET!

CLUNK

JUST FOR THAT, I'M GOING TO COBBER YOU WITH THIS DUMBBELL!

BONG!

ROUND'S OVER!

BONG!

OUCH!

THERE'S THE BELL AGAIN!
COME ON BACK AND FIGHT!
BONG!

SO: YOU WANT TO FIGHT DIRTY, EH? WATCH THIS!

I'LL JUST MAKE MYSELF INVISIBLE!

OOGIE!

HIT HIM, BONG!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO SWING!

I GIVE UP!

UNLESS SOMEBODY ELSE WANTS TO ARGUE, I'M GOING HOME!

HA!

BOY, AM I SLEEPY! I JUST CAN'T WAIT TILL I HIT THE HAY!

A SPARK FALLS FROM THE TRIDENT ONTO THE DRY HAY!
I didn't give Trixy time to cool off after that hot ride! My bed's on fire!!

I've got to go get the fire brigade!

Yeow! The fire bell's gone!

This is where I saw that cracked bell before!

I've got to get back to Ding Dong Land!

Soon...

There you are! Your cracks are welded like new again. Let's go!

Swell! Now I can ring for the fire brigade again! Let's go!

Fire bell

All set! Let 'er rip!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Soon...

When you help somebody else, you're helping yourself!

We've got the fire out, boys!

I guess it usually works out that way...
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