



LOOK
ME ON TV



MAY No. 67



12¢

the tuff little ghost



Spooky



DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

It costs you nothing to try

\$75.00 IS YOURS

DAINTY REMEMBRANCE ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
21 really deluxe cards. Excitingly different

for selling only 100 boxes of our Dainty Remembrance All Occasion assortment, \$32.50 for selling 50 boxes, \$15.00 for 25 boxes, etc. You can make a few dollars or hundreds of dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere in your spare time.

Everyone needs and buys Greeting Cards.

Cut out Business Reply Card below—mail it today—and free samples of personalized stationery—plus other leading Greeting Card box assortments will be sent you immediately on approval for 30 day free trial with full details of our easy money-making plan. No experience necessary.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY

Last year some folks made only \$25 to \$50 while others made \$150—\$250—\$500 and more selling our entire line of greeting cards. Many church groups, organizations, schools, lodges, etc. do this year after year.

LUXURY PARCHMENT PRINT ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
21 distinctive cards of rare beauty. Tremendous appeal!

DELUXE EVERYDAY GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE
20 large colorful sheets plus matching tags. Terrific value

GOLDEN LEAVES STATIONERY ENSEMBLE
Dainty raised design on rich vellum with charming ribbon tie. Just lovely

FREE SAMPLES PERSONALIZED STATIONERY

**CUT OUT BUSINESS REPLY CARD AT RIGHT
FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY
No Stamp Necessary**

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
Dept. D-40, White Plains, New York

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
★
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Fill in Name And Address On Reply Card Below—CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY—No Stamp Necessary

FROM:

Your

Name _____

Address _____

Apt. No. _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

FIRST CLASS

PERMIT No. 589

White Plains, New York

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

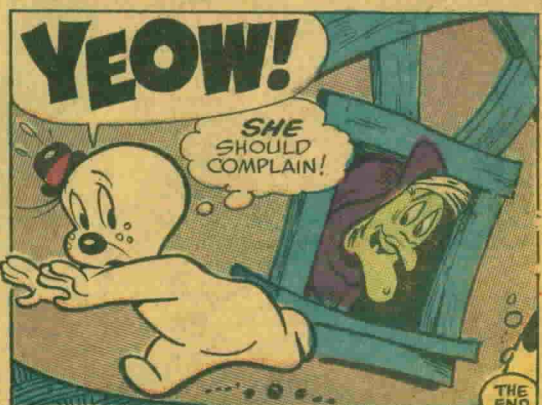
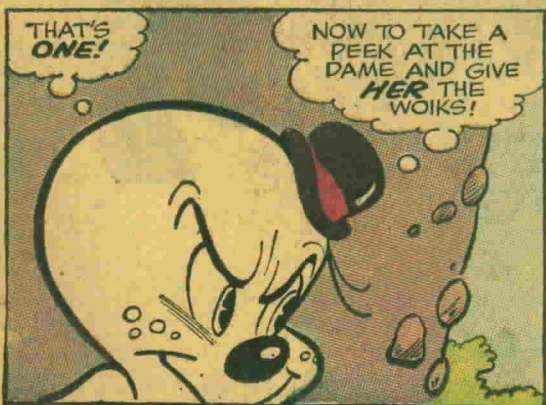
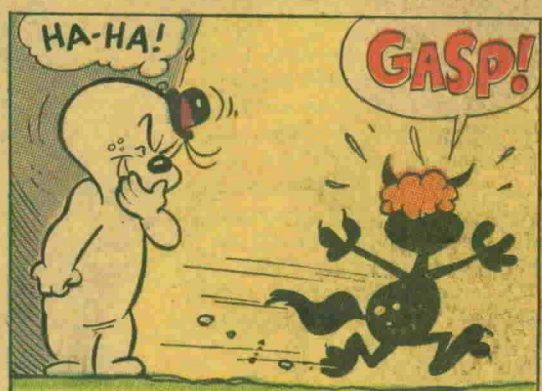
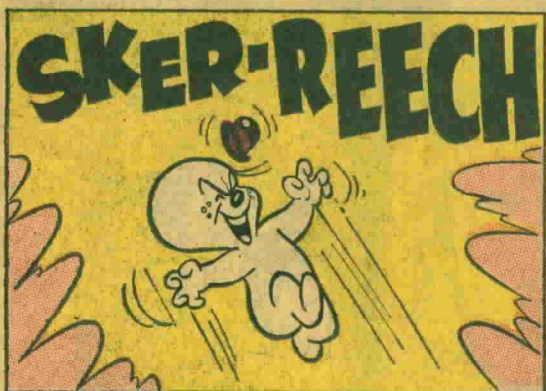
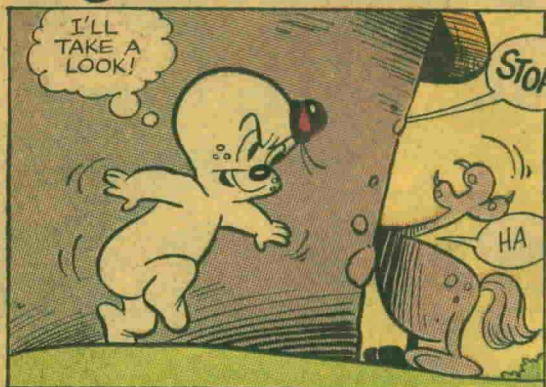
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY

White Plains, New York

Dept. D-40

Cut Along Dotted Line — Mail Today





1800 rugged miles a year

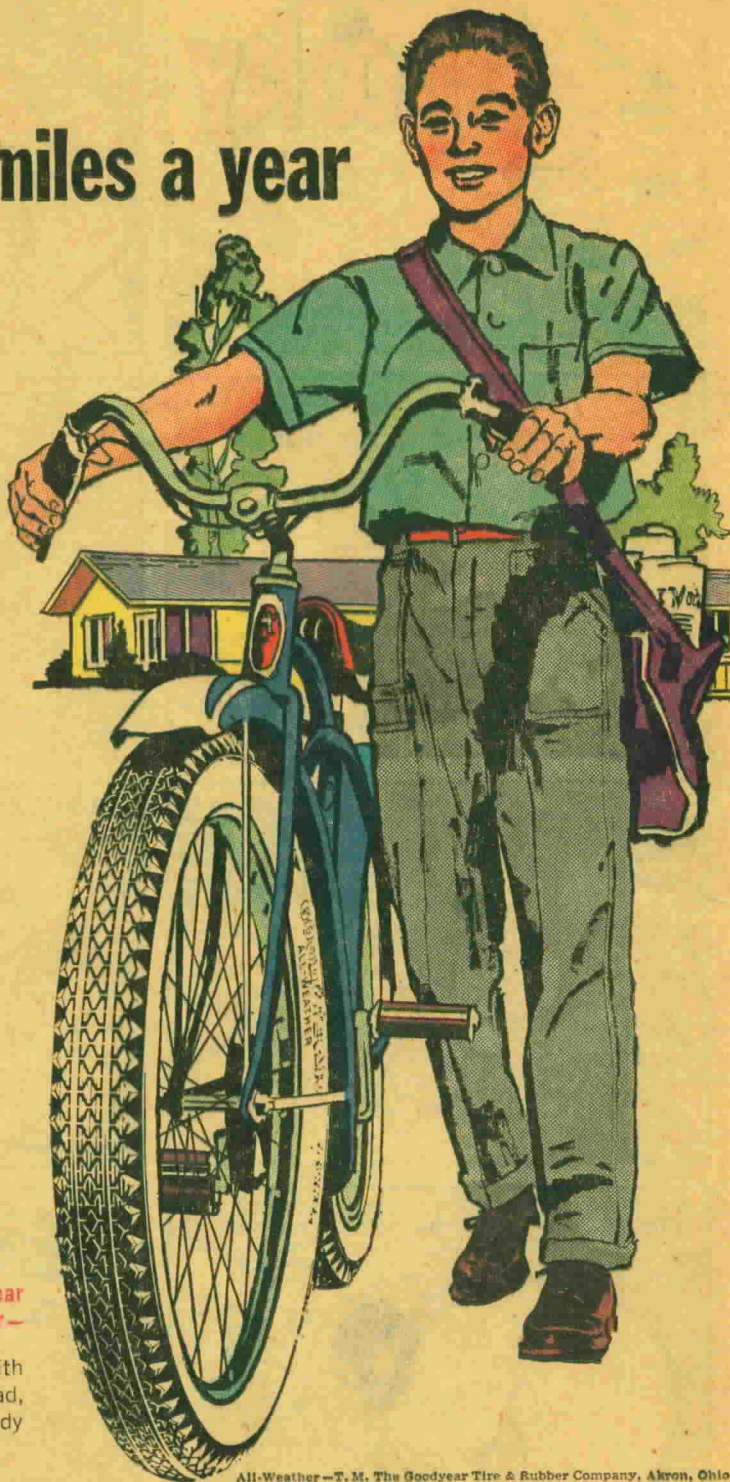
—Meet another experienced rider who depends on Goodyears to get the job done

This is Thomas Hanke, another successful businessman whose office is his bike. Thomas delivers the *Chicago Tribune* over a tough rural route near his home in Hinsdale, Illinois.

His bike has never failed him. Main reason is he rides tough, dependable Goodyear tires. They've seen him through rain, snow, mud and gravel—35 miles a week, more than 1800 miles a year.

Goodyear bike tires are made with stronger bodies for extra resistance to bumps and bruises. Their extra-tough treads grip and hold, for steadier rolling on curves—quick, straightline stops. And they're long on wear.

However **you** use your bike—for work or fun—you'll get more out of it when you ride Goodyears. Let your dealer pick the Goodyear tire best suited to your bike. Goodyear, Cycle Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.



A Typical Goodyear
Long-Wearing Performer—

The G-3 All-Weather with
the famous sure-gripping diamond tread,
bruise-resistant body

All-Weather—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

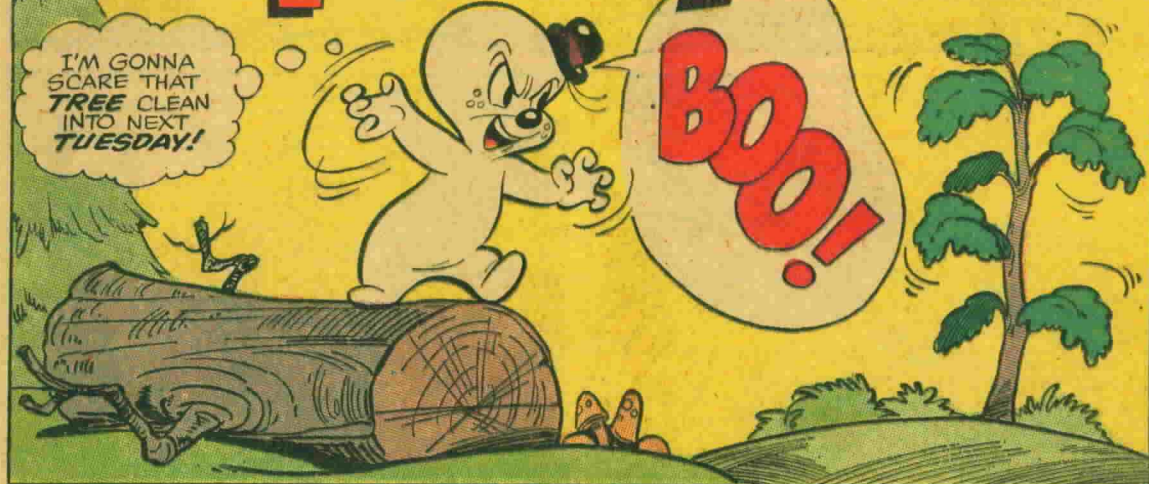
GOOD YEAR

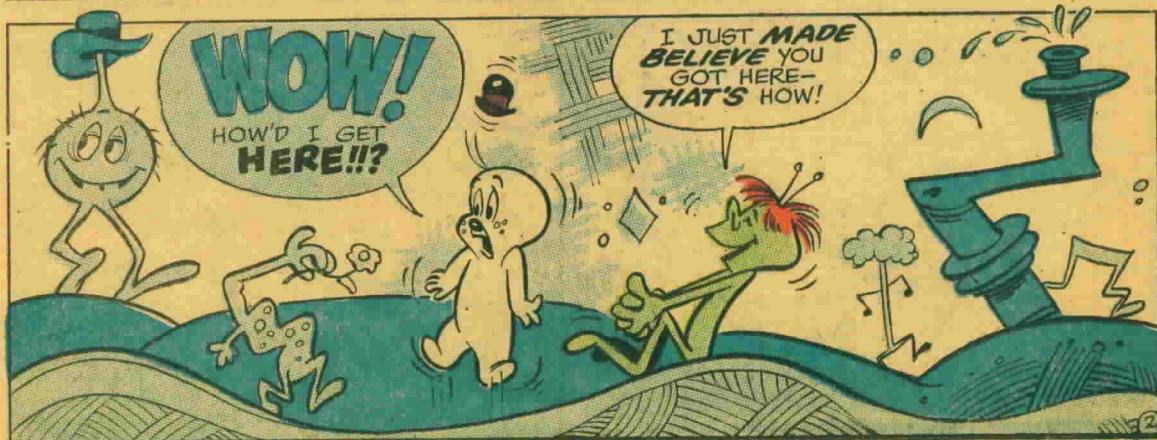
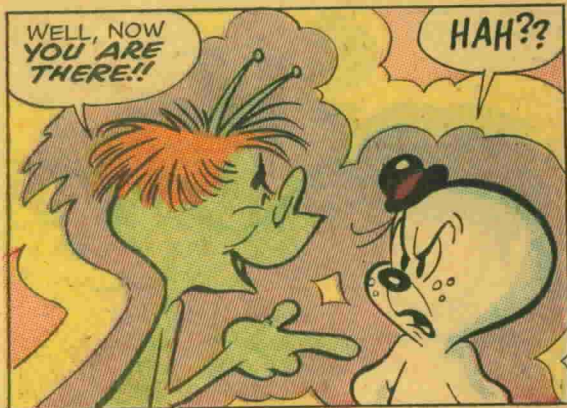
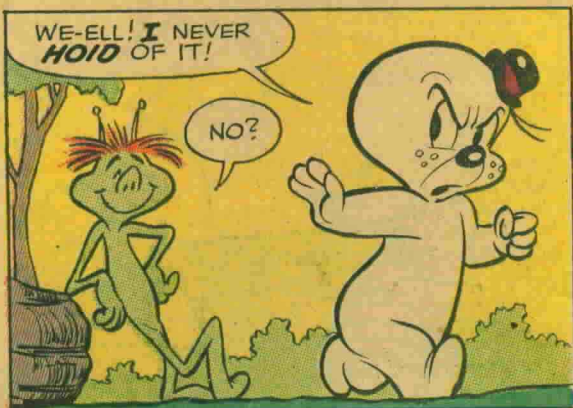
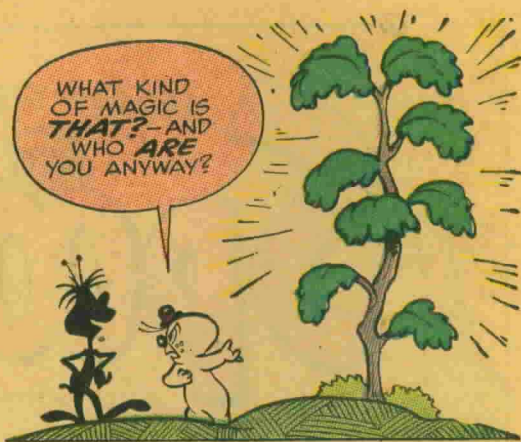
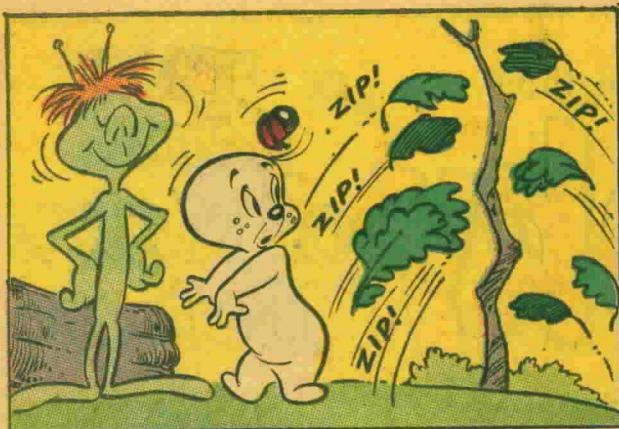
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

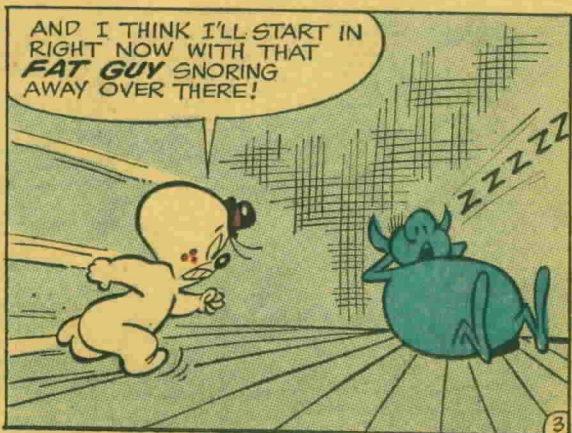
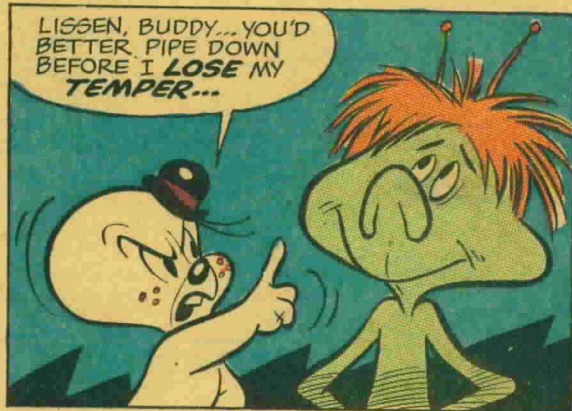
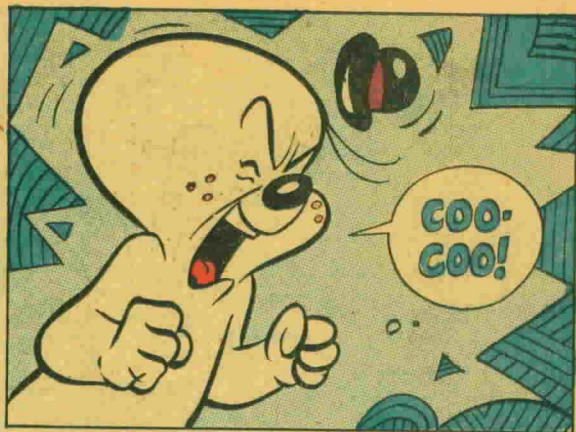
the tuff little ghost

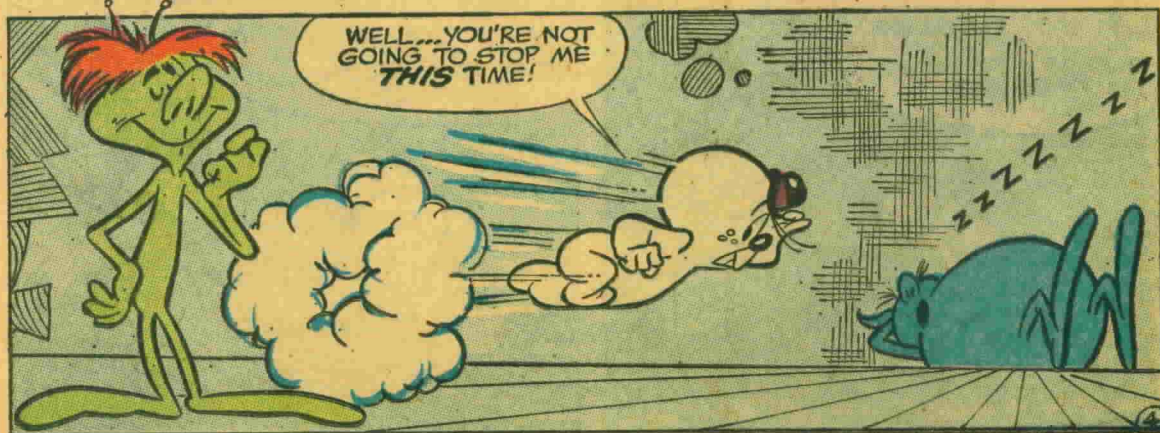
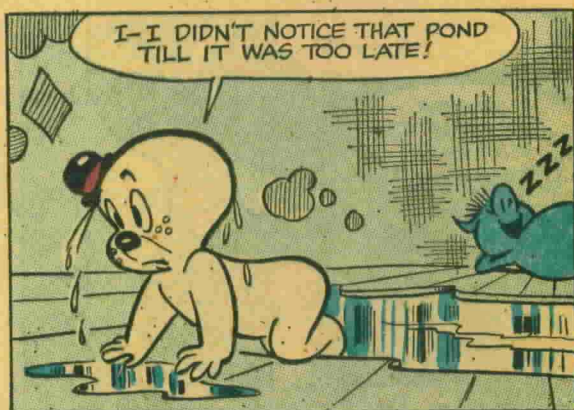
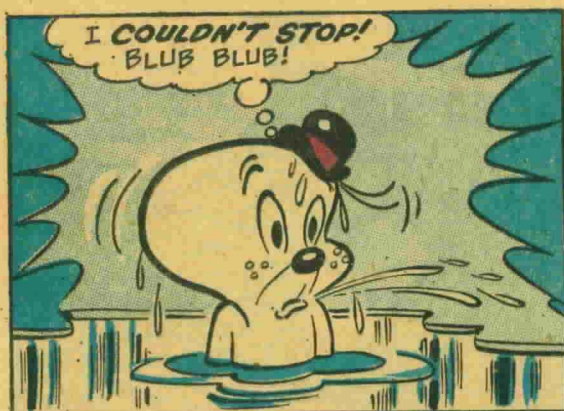
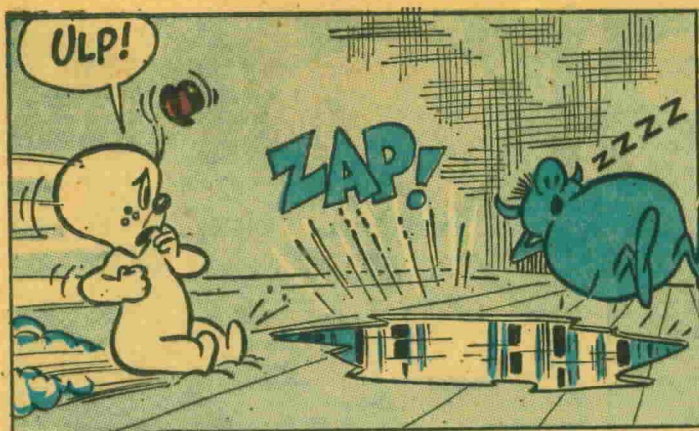
Spooky

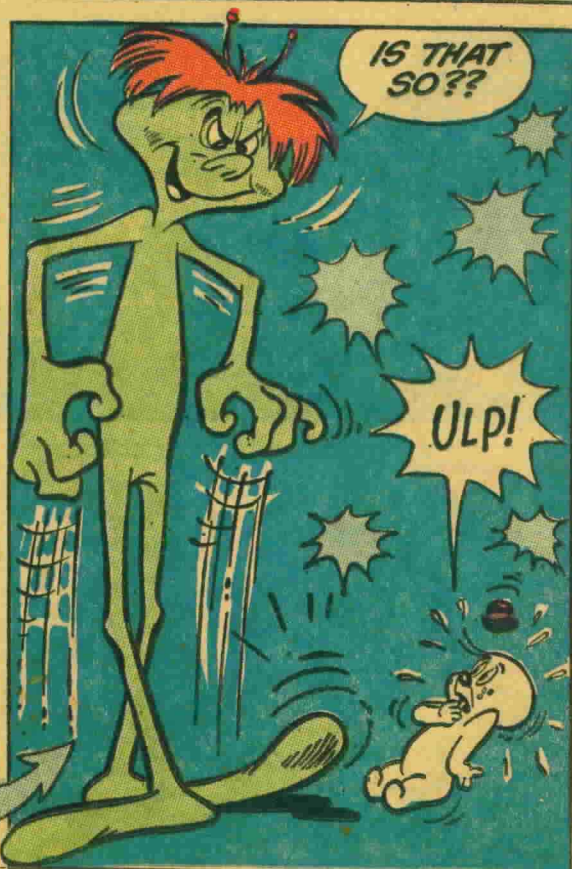
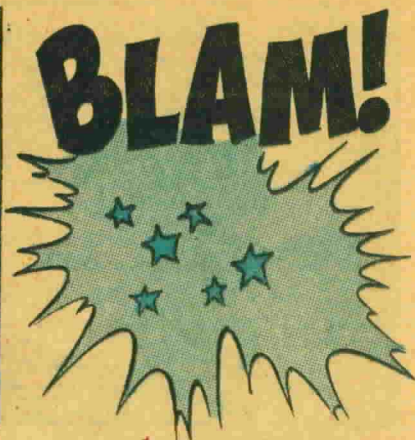
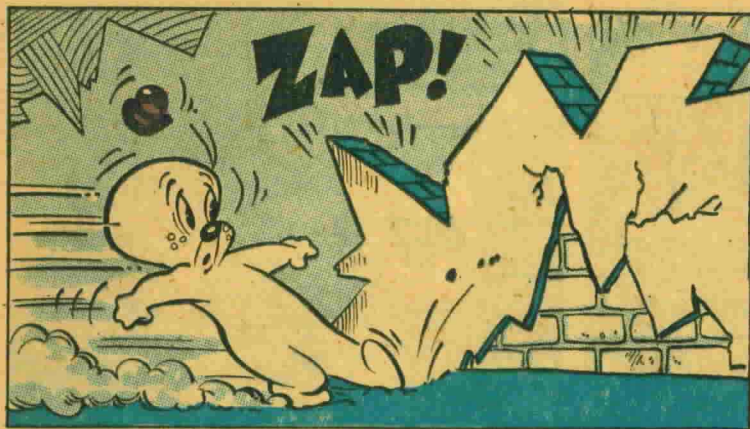
in The Land of Make-Believe



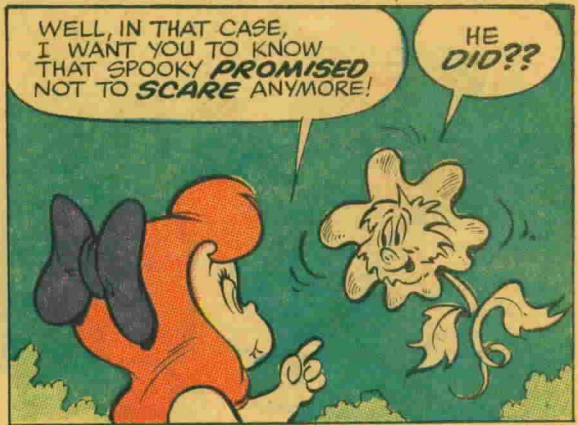




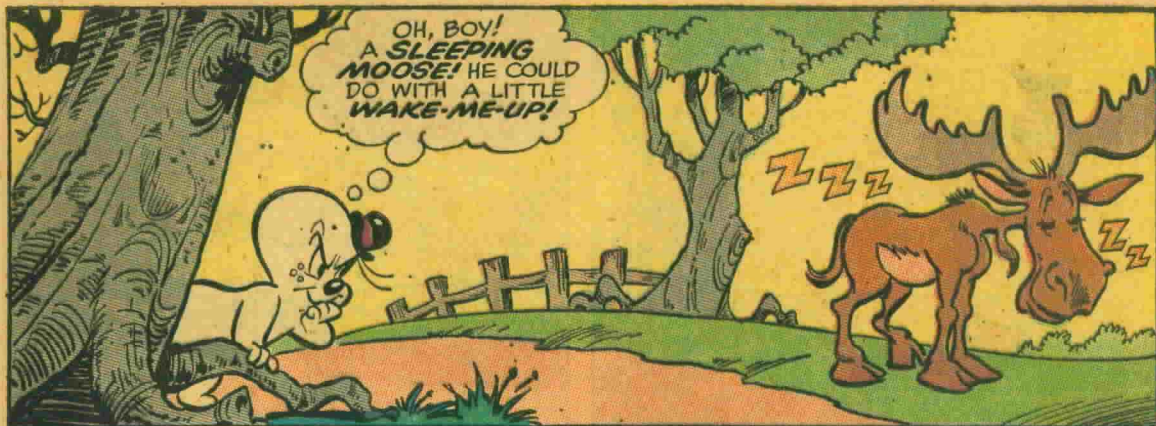








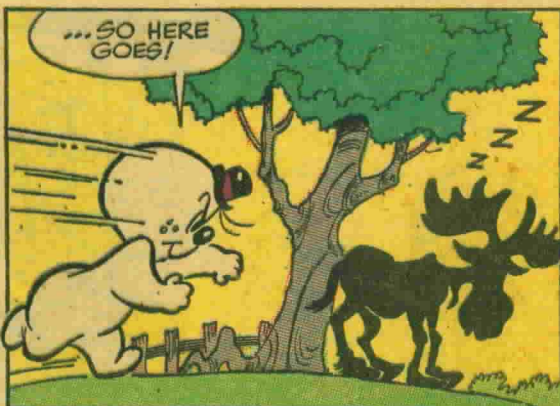




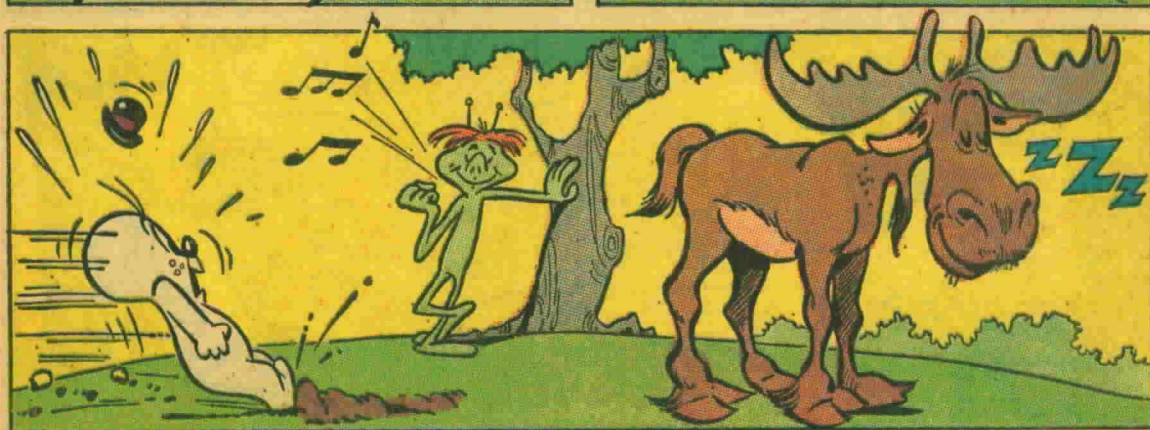
OH, BOY!
A **SLEEPING**
MOOSE! HE COULD
DO WITH A LITTLE
WAKE-ME-UP!



I DON'T SEE
ANY PESKY
MAKE-
BELIEVERS
AROUND...



...SO HERE
GOES!

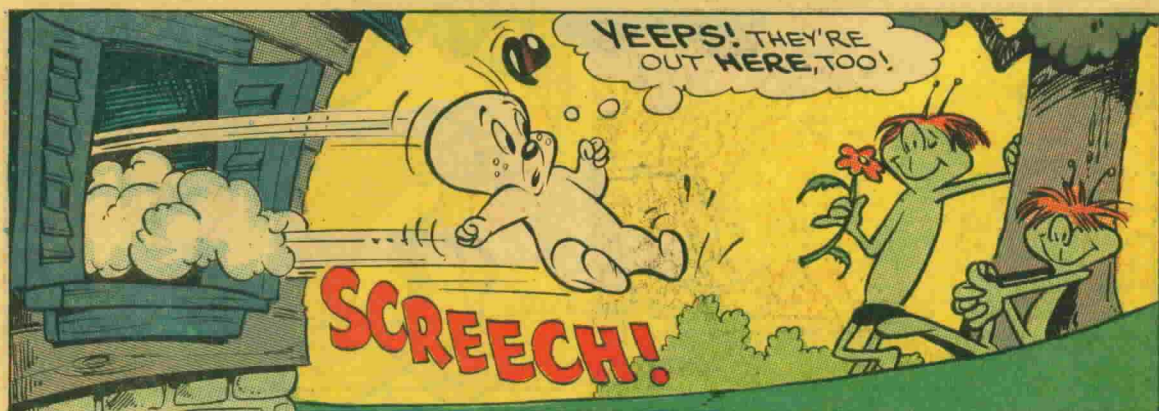


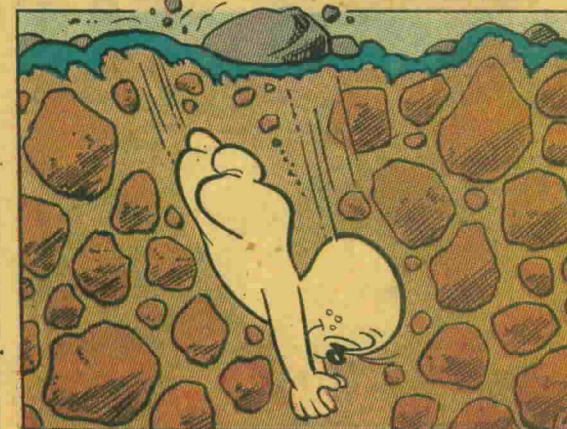
PHOOEY! THEY'RE
STILL SPYING ON
ME!

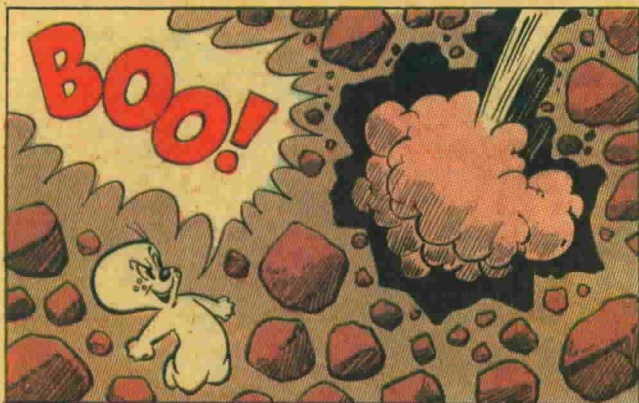
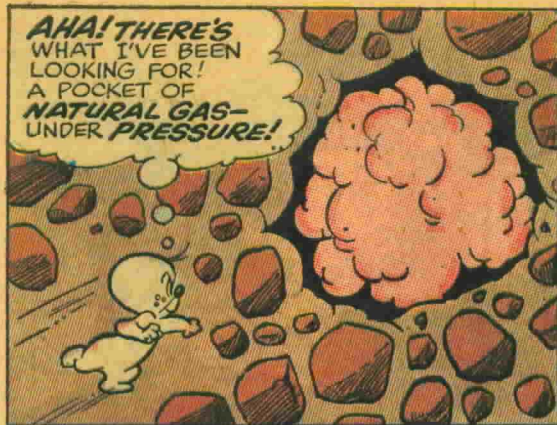


G-GOSH! M-MAYBE
THEY'LL **NEVER**
ALLOW ME TO SCARE
ANYMORE!

THAT'S
A **SCARY**
THOUGHT!







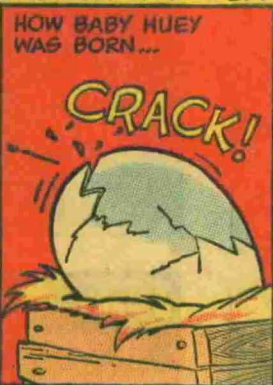
CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST AND COMPANY



STUMBO THE GIANT

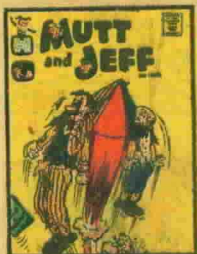
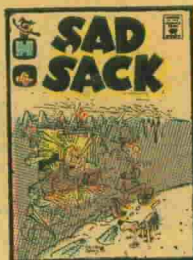
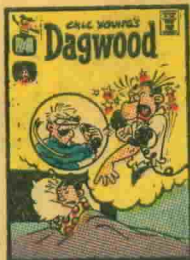
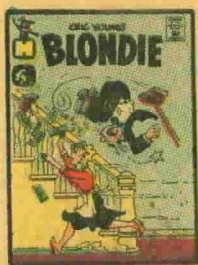


BABY HUEY THE LITTLE GIANT

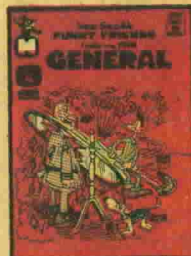
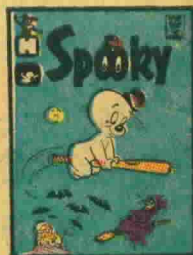
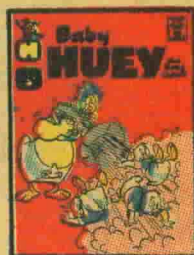
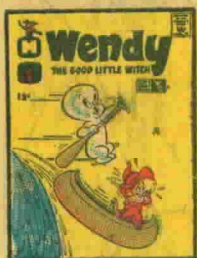
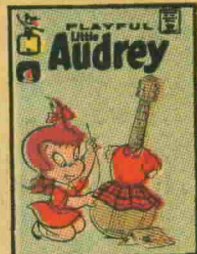


MUTT and JEFF

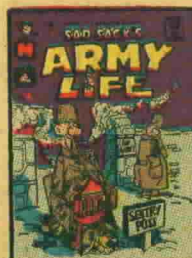




HI, BOYS AND GIRLS
HERE ARE THE
FUNNIEST COMICS
NOW ON SALE
AT YOUR FRIENDLY
DEALER.



LOOK FOR ME
AND ALL MY FRIENDS
IN CASPER'S GHOSTLAND
BIG GIANT COMICS...
...AND ON T.V. IN
CASPER
THE FRIENDLY GHOST
AND COMPANY





presenting

Casper

THE FRIENDLY GHOST

magic tubble bath

in the new disappearing package!

© 1961 HARVEY FAMOUS CARTOONS

Casper, I have to take my bath now—show me your new magic!

It's real magic and real fun!

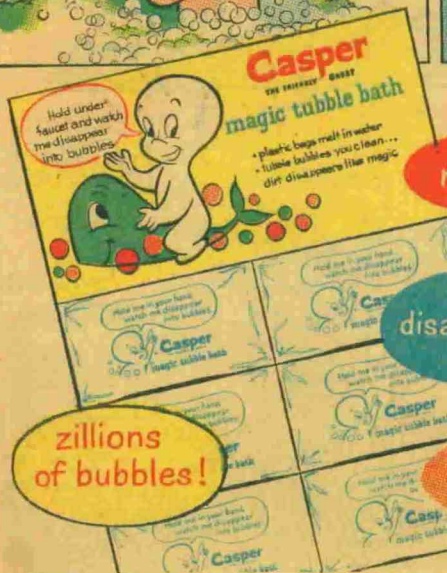
Take a bag and hold it under running water...

and watch it disappear like magic into a zillion tubble bubbles!

Gee! And Casper tubble bath bubbles the dirt away like magic too! It doesn't even sting my eyes!

And it won't leave a bath tub ring!

LOOK FOR CASPER MAGIC TUBBLE BATH AT YOUR STORE FOR BATH-TIME FUN!



IF NOT AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL STORE

MAIL THIS TODAY

for CASPER MAGIC TUBBLE BATH

CASPER BUBBLES
Box 72, Zone 23
New York 23, N.Y.

50¢ EACH SET
OF 8

Please rush my CASPER MAGIC TUBBLE BATH....
It's like magic! Here's my \$ _____ for _____ sets of 8.

PRINT NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE, IF ANY _____ STATE _____

What store did you shop for CASPER TUBBLE?

Meet... **HOT STUFF**

HE'S REALLY RED HOT!
...AND EVERY ONE 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!

JUST
WHO ARE
YOUR
FRIENDS?

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

HARVEY
COMICS

HAVE A TREAT! CAN'T BE BEAT! HE'S THE FUNSATON OF FANTASY!

EVERYONE LOVES THE
FABULOUS
SAD SACK
and his FUNNY FRIENDS

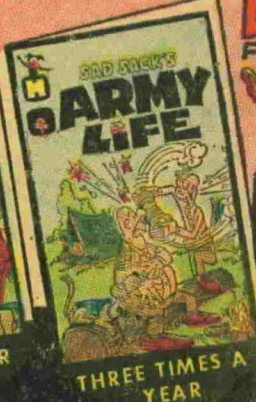
I MAY NOT BE SMART BUT AT LEAST I'M BEAUTIFUL!

GEE, FRIENDS, THANKS FOR READING MY BOOK, I'M SO BOO HOO HAPPY!

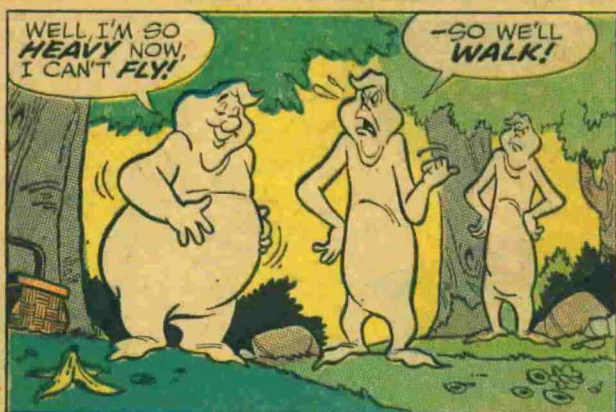
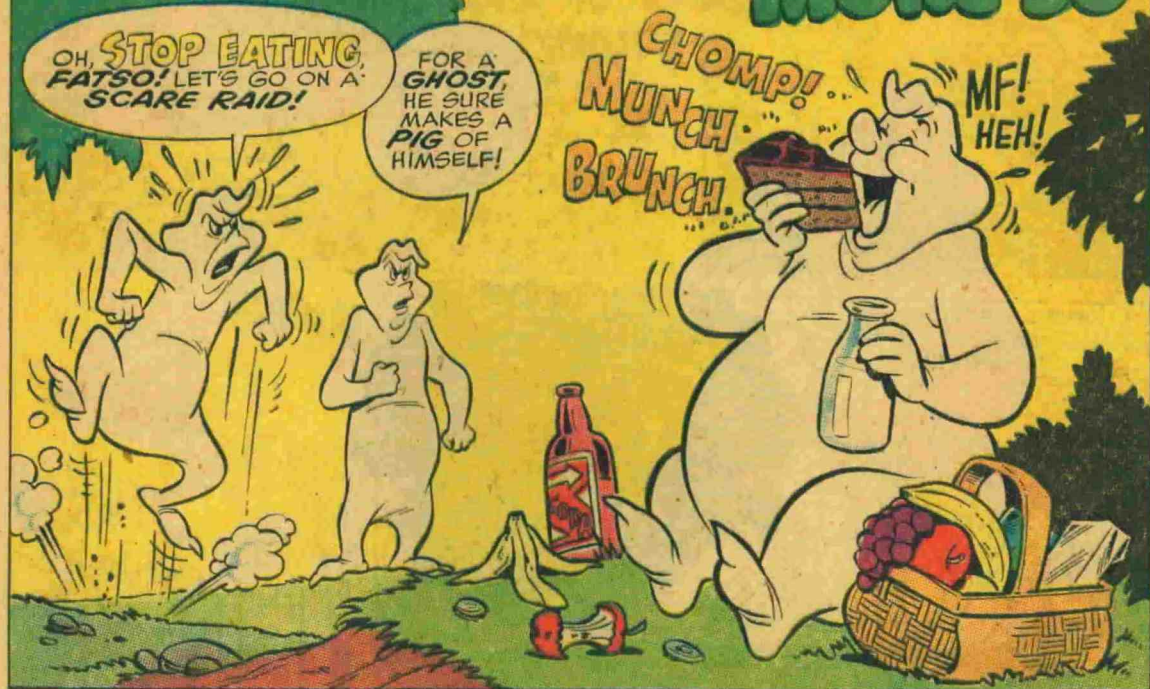
DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME! THERE'S A BOOK ABOUT ME, TOO!

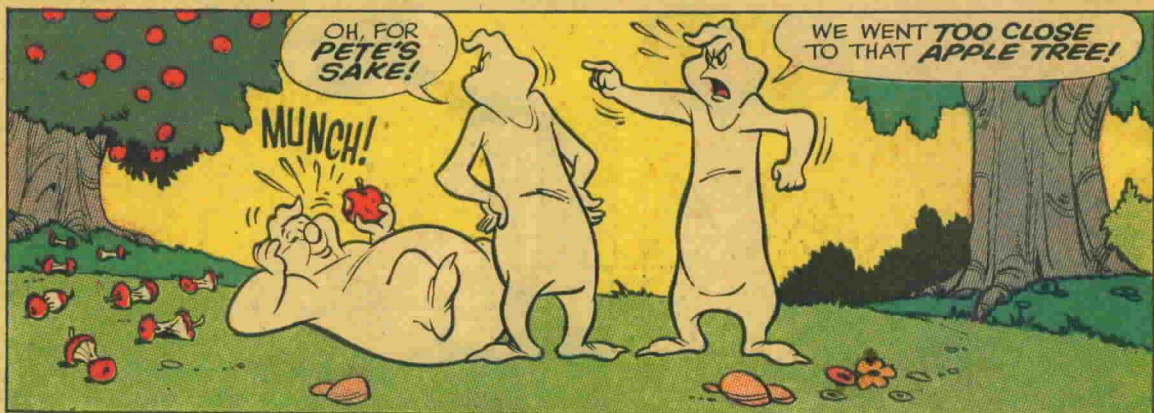
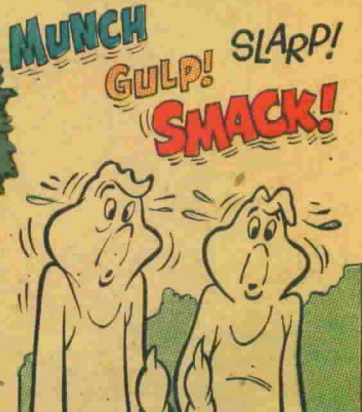
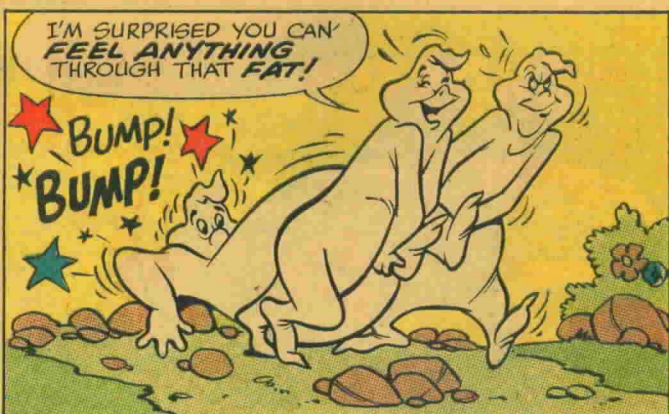
HMMPH! WHEN I'M IN MY OWN COMIC MAGAZINE I'LL ORDER... ER-ER-I MEAN I'LL "REQUEST" OUR FRIENDS TO READ MY COMIC!

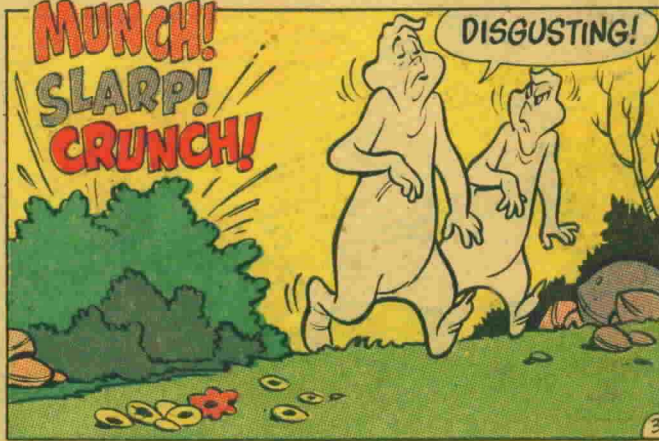
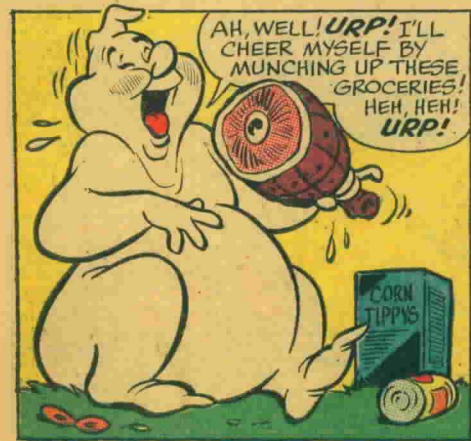
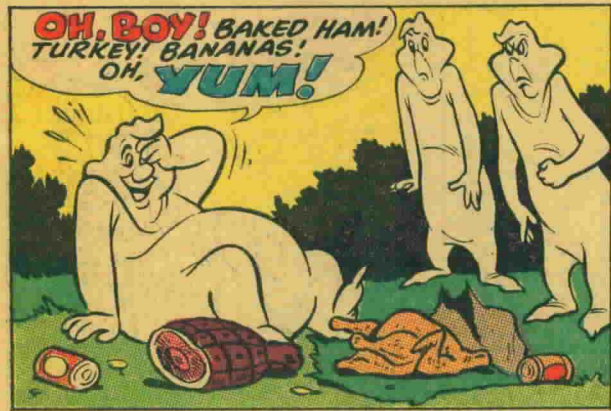
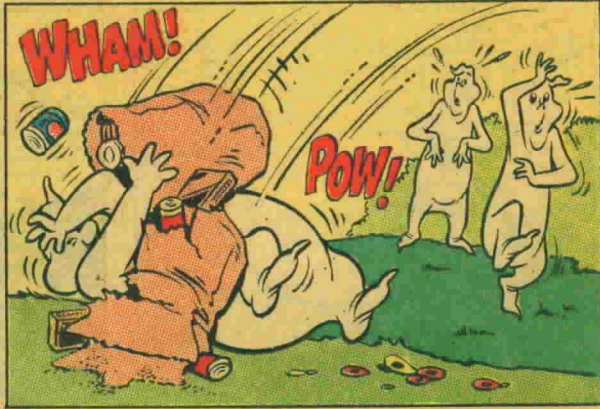
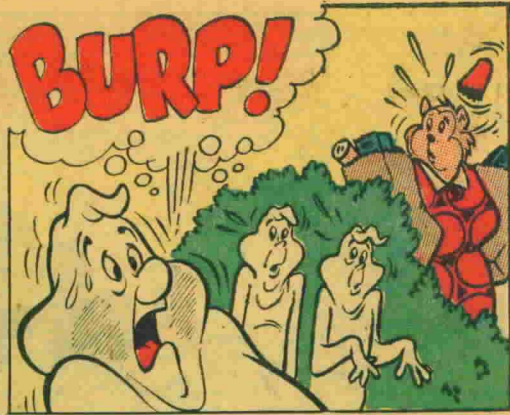
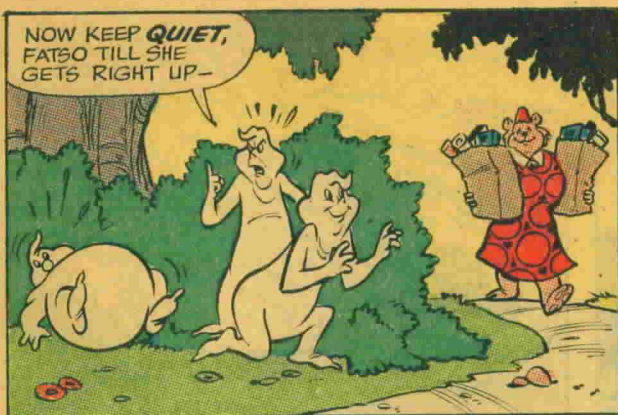
EVERY SAD SACK COMIC IS DIFFERENT-NEW-CHOCK FULL OF CHUCKLES!

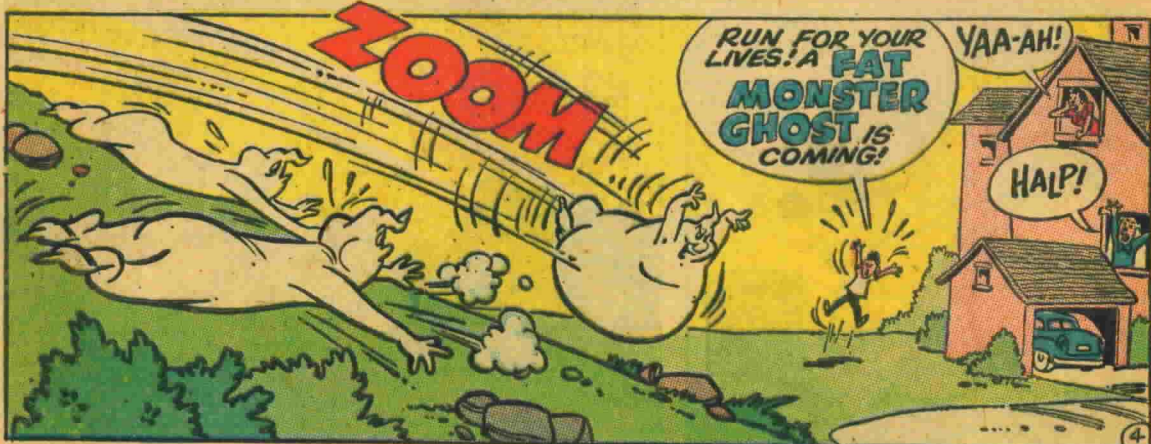
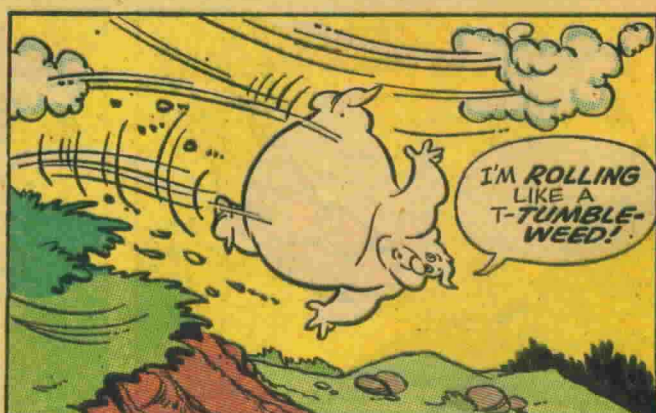
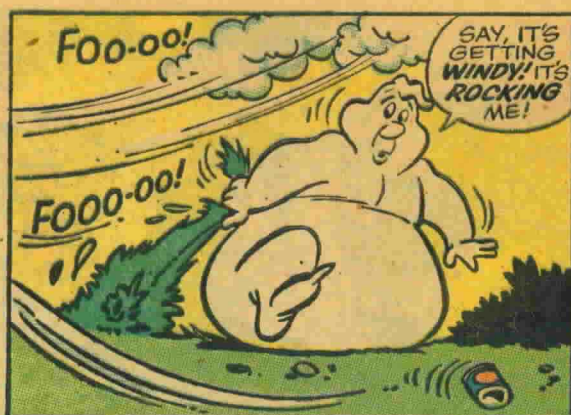
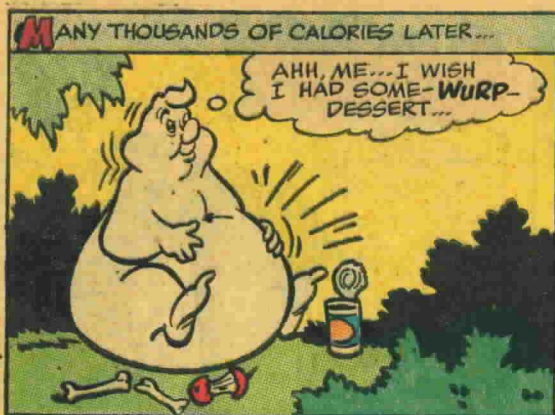


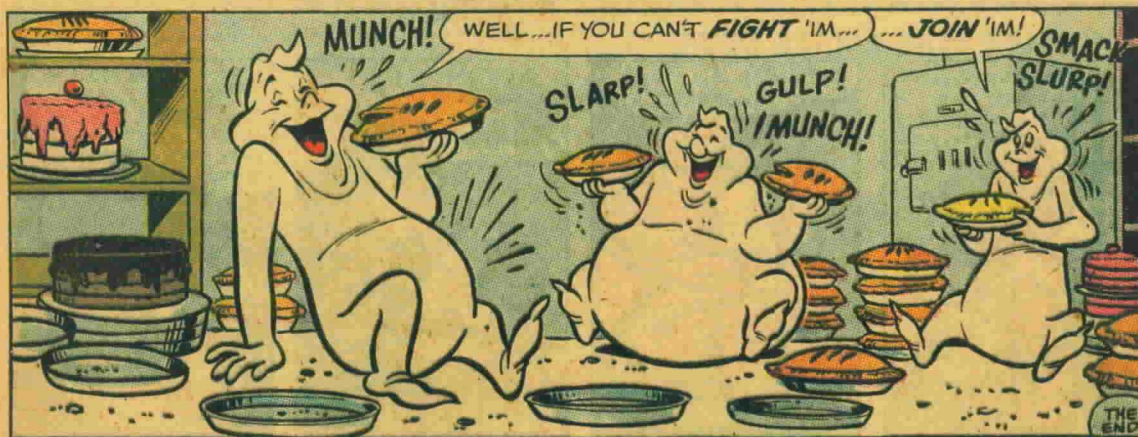
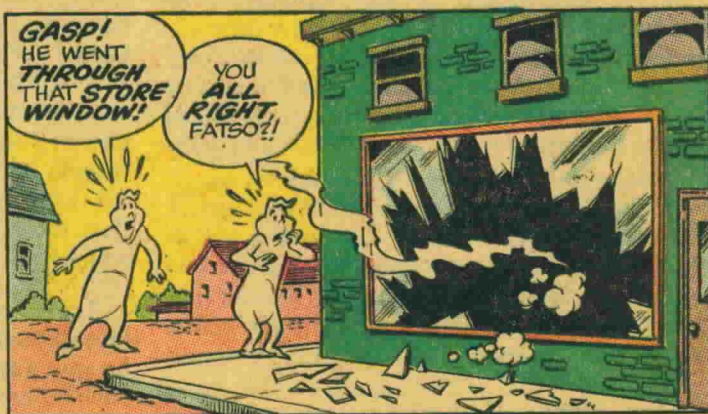
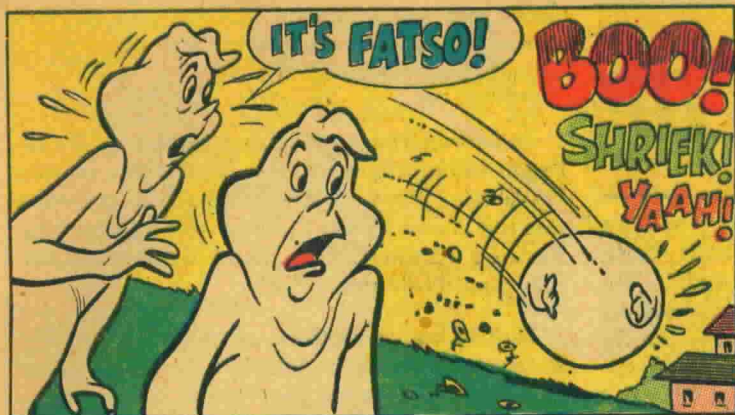
THE GHOSTLY TRIO IN FATSO MORE-SO











GROWING UP

Dickie looked around sadly at the woods in the distance, the brook nearby and the farm-houses where his friends lived. He didn't like thinking about it, but the fact still remained. In one week . . . just one short week, his family would be moving back to Elmersville. The summer would be over and Fall on its way. Why did summers have to end, anyway! Couldn't it be summer all year round . . . living on a farm . . . wading in the stream . . . no homework to worry about . . . no teachers. What a life. It was silly to even think about it. The summer *always* ended and the Farneses always returned to Elmersville.

Packing his things, Dickie looked back on all the friends he had made this year, how he would miss them all and how lucky they were to live at Willow Notch all year round. He had tried to persuade his family to move, but his mother had smiled and said, "Elmersville is still our home, Dickie. You'll see, you'll be happy to get home."

Dickie said he couldn't imagine being happy to get back to a stuffy old town where a fellow had to wear shoes to school and ride miles to go fishing. He knew he would just suffer through the winter until it was time to return to the farm. That's why when the trunks and blankets, pots and pans, and all the other paraphernalia were loaded on the van, Dickie did his best to look the other way.

On the long ride back to Elmersville, Mr. and Mrs. Farnes tried to cheer him up. Nothing they said did any good. Dickie stared out at the countryside, waved at the people he knew and thought of how sad the goodbyes had been. Tommy Nelson had promised to write twice a week and tell him if the new calf had arrived. Tad

Scott was going to send him some of the new cross-bred apples. But somehow or other it wouldn't be the same.

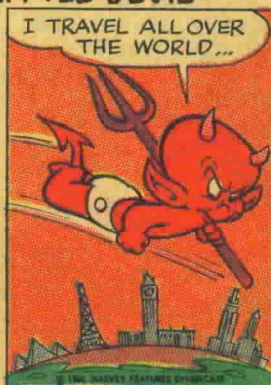
As they started getting closer to home, Dickie began taking more interest. There was the old Halfstetter place . . . a few miles down the road was the Water Tower . . . they were approaching Ferson's Surplus Store . . . and in a few minutes they would be home.

He had known all these people all his life. Mr. Brady was sitting in front of his candy store, Pop Withers was just getting out of his car . . . Everything was just the same. Nothing had changed. In their house, too, everything was the same . . . the furniture, the rooms . . . the yard. It took the rest of the day to get unpacked and established in his room, so he didn't have a chance to see how many of his friends had returned. That night he dreamt of the farm and his gable-roofed room, and when he woke up the next morning he didn't realize, at first, that he was home.

Jumping out of bed, he dressed, had breakfast and walked outside to look around. The first one he saw was Ed Smythe. The two boys greeted each other sort of shyly at first, but after walking a few blocks, both were talking at once. Ed was exclaiming over his summer at camp, Dickie about the farm. They were joined at Maple Street by Phil Reed and George Adams and later by two others. One by one each boy told all the incidents of his summer vacation and before they realized it it was time to go home for lunch.

As each dropped off at his own house, he promised to join the others at 2 o'clock for a softball game. Dickie returned home, excited at the reunion and anxious to rejoin his friends. "Gosh," thought Dickie, "it was pretty nice being home after all. Farms were all right for the summer, but when you got right down to it, it was always good to get home."

HOT STUFF. THE LITTLE DEVIL



The SLOW SNAIL

Sylvester was a snail . . . and the slowest snail of all. Now, as everybody knows, snails are all notoriously slow. But Sylvester was even slower than the other snails. In fact, there was nothing and no one in the whole world slower than Sylvester.

"Come on, Sylvester!" his mother would urge him when the whole family went for a walk, as they often did. "Pick up your feet! You're dragging behind the rest of us!"

"Sylvester is *always* behind the rest of us!" his sister Sally would giggle. "Why, he'd be lost if he ever found himself in front of us!"

"Your sister is perfectly right!" Sylvester's father would fume. "Get a move on, boy! You don't want to be outdistanced by a girl!"

"Why not?" Sylvester would ask reasonably. But his father would only snort in disgust and move on.

And so it went. His family, his friends, his neighbors . . . they all made fun of little Sylvester's slowness. While Sylvester himself blithely ignored them all. "Why should I hurry?" he reasoned. "What for? I'll get where I'm going eventually!"

But no one could understand Sylvester's attitude. They all thought he was just lazy. "You're a disgrace to the family name!" his grandfather would shout.

"You're a disgrace to the whole neighborhood!" Stanford the Seal, who was Mayor of the community, would sniff.

In vain did Sylvester try to explain his philosophy of life to them . . . that there was just nothing to hurry *for*. No one understood him . . . and everyone scolded him.

And then one day, Sylvester found himself all alone on the beach, shuffling along at his own snail's pace . . . and quite contented about it. Suddenly, two great black monsters loomed up in front of him! Closer and closer they moved, crunching into the sand with each step. "Why . . . why . . . they're boots!" gasped Sylvester. "With feet in them! A *man's* boots!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" boomed a voice high above him. "I'll sure get me a full quota of snails for the market today!" It was a *man's* voice!

"Got to sound the alarm!" was the message Sylvester's brain flashed to the rest of his body. "Got to warn the others!" And as though he'd suddenly sprouted wings, the little snail took off, racing along the sand at pell-mell speed! "Fisherman coming!" he yelled at the top of his voice. "Everybody hide! Fisherman coming!" Up and down the length of the beach he dashed, shouting his warning. And only when everyone, his family, his friends and his neighbors, were safely inside their emergency fortress did Sylvester take refuge himself.

It was Mayor Stanford who spoke for all the rest. "Forgive us, Sylvester," he said humbly. "Now we understand you! And you'll never, ever be scolded again!"

WENDY, THE GOOD LITTLE WITCH

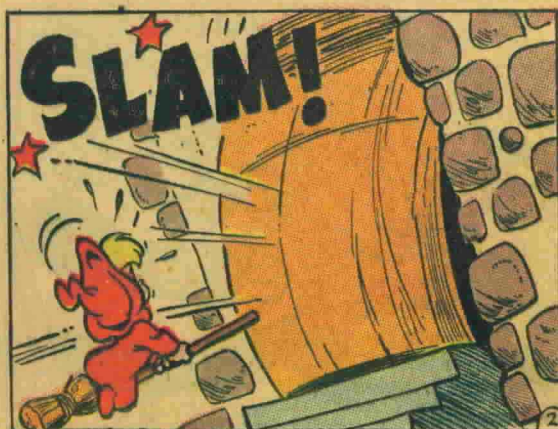
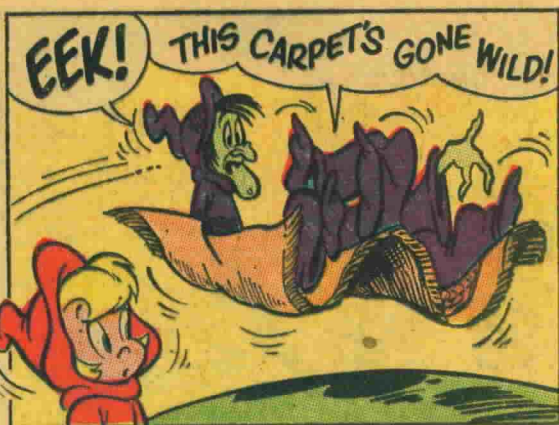


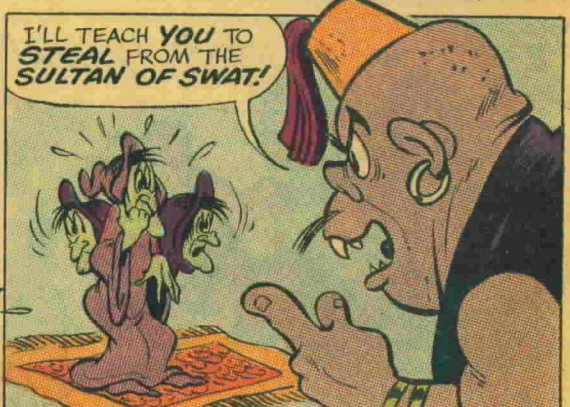
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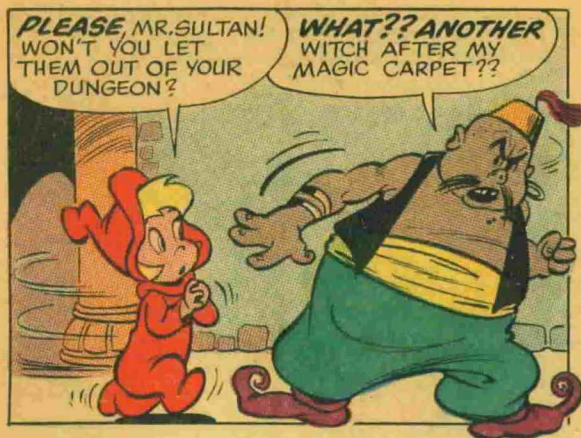
THE GOOD LITTLE WITCH

IN THE FLYING CARPET









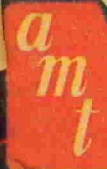


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