

WHAT EVERY CHOSTBUSTER NEEDS

Proton packs for shooting ghosts

good running sneakers

Ghost trap

Ghostbuster symbol



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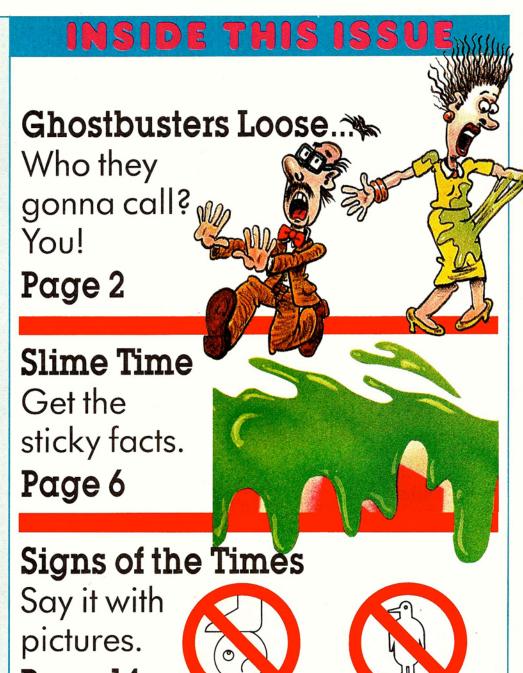
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Advertising Director, Periodicals Group Electric Company Magazine 1 Lincoln Plaza New York, NY 10023 (212) 595-3456

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Rudolph's Red-iculous Night

It's the redhot winner!

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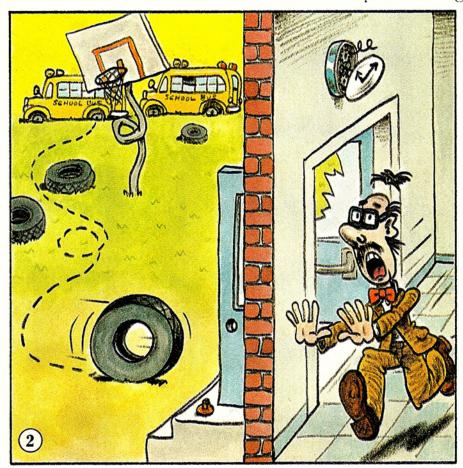
JUNIOR GHOSTBUSTERS IN SCHOOL!

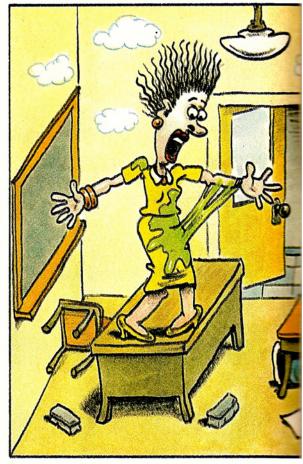
Help the Junior Ghostbusters in this story catch the ghost by filling in the blanks with the right words. You'll find all the words you need in the word list. Answers on page 31.

WORD LIST:

Ghostbusters! Who ya gonna call? Back off, man! I'm a scientist! I've been slimed! It had not been a very good summer for ghostbusting. While other kids in their class were out selling lemonade and cutting lawns, Alison, Boyd, Peggy and Dennis decided to start up their own Junior Ghostbusting team. But not that many ghosts hung around their neighborhood. In fact, they only got one phone call all summer. That turned out to be someone's pet hamster under the covers and not a ghost at all.

On the first day of school, the four friends met in the playground. They were all wearing their Junior Ghostbuster uniforms. They were also carrying their equipment: proton packs and a ghost trap.





"Look at those guys! They think it's Halloween!" said Janine. "Hey, you guys! Halloween isn't until October!" Everybody laughed and pointed their fingers.

"Just ignore her," said Alison.

At that moment, the teacher threw open the doors. The kids filed into the classroom. They all sat down and waited for the teacher to begin.

"I'm Mrs. Davis, your teacher," said Mrs. Davis, their teacher. She started to write her name on the blackboard. Suddenly, a piece of chalk hit her in the back.

"Will the boy or girl who threw that chalk please raise his or her hand," said Mrs. Davis.

No hands were raised.

"If the guilty person doesn't own up, I'm going to have to keep the entire class after school," she said. "This is certainly not a great way to start the first day of..."

Just as she opened her mouth to say "school," two erasers flew into the air. They started clapping themselves right over her head sending a shower of chalk dust into her eyes, hair and mouth.

"I don't know who did that or how," said Mrs. Davis between coughs, "but whoever it is is in big trouble."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Davis," said Alison, "but I think this room's got ghosts."

"Nice try, Alison, but everyone knows there's no such thing as ghosts."

At that minute, a white form flew over the teacher. All the kids screamed. The ghost laughed. Mrs. Davis looked down at her brand new yellow first-day-of-school dress. It was covered with icky, sticky stuff.

"My stars!" she said, "__'__

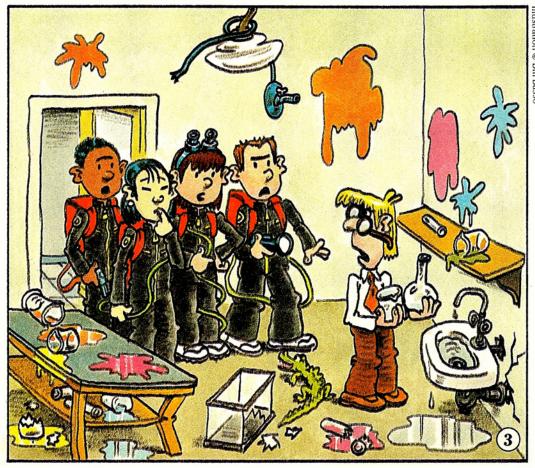
The ghost's laughter echoed through the classroom. "What will we do?" asked Mrs. Davis.

"You'd better call someone," said Dennis.

"					
said Mrs.	Davis.				

sang out Dennis and Alison and Peggy and





Boyd. They went into action.

Plugging in their proton packs, they took aim at the tricky ghost. They shot at it but it was too fast for them. Laughing crazily, it flew out of the room.

"We'll get it!" said Boyd.

The four friends got out into the hall just in time to see the ghost disappear into the science lab. They ran after it.

When they got there, they couldn't believe what they saw. The place was a mess but no ghost was in sight. Beakers had been broken, test tubes lay smashed on the floor. There were puddles of stinky chemicals everywhere. Over at one of the lab tables, trying to clean up, was Jonathan. He was the smartest boy in school. He always won the Science Fair.

"Did you see a ghost in here, Jon?" asked Alison.

"Yes," he said, pushing his glasses back up his nose. "It ruined my experiment. I was going to turn ordinary rubber erasers into bubble gum."

"What happened?"

"Well, it flew in here and asked me what

I was doing. Then it told me I was doing everything wrong," said Jonathan.

"What did you say to it?" asked Peggy.

"I said,	'	 _	_	_	 ,	_	 	!

replied Jonathan. "That's when it threw everything on the floor."

"Which way did it go?" asked Alison.

"That way," said Jonathan, pointing towards the gym.

When the Junior Ghostbusters arrived at the gym, it was clear the ghost had already been there. Basketballs were rolling all over the floor. The whole gym class was just a jumble of bodies on the mat.

"Pardon me but have you seen a ghost?" Alison asked Mr. Purdy, the gym teacher.

"Have we ever!" said Mr. Purdy. Suddenly, his whistle flew off his neck. It blew loudly all by itself. Then the ghost appeared. It picked up one of the basketballs.

"Time in!" it screamed. It dribbled down the court. It sank a shot from 25 feet away. Then it laughed and disappeared out one of





the doors.

"We could use a ghost like that on our basketball team," said Mr. Purdy.

When the Junior Ghostbusters team got out into the hall, they couldn't find that ghost anywhere. They looked in the library. Books were thrown carelessly all over the floor. The card file was open. Cards fluttered down from the air. The ghost had been there but it was gone.

They tried the locker room. It wasn't there but dirty gym clothes were hanging from the lights. Old socks were wound around the doorknobs.

After that, they tried the cafeteria. What a mess! School lunches were bad enough without having to see them splattered all over the walls. And the ghost wasn't through. It was writing something on the wall with spaghetti sauce.

"So that's what that stuff is for," said Alison. "I knew it wasn't for eating!"

The message the ghost was writing said: "Bet vou can't catch me! Ha ha ha!"

Alison and her three friends took aim. They fired their proton packs.

"Got him!" yelled Dennis. He opened his ghost trap. He sucked the ghost inside. Dennis didn't know it but the doors didn't close all the way. The ghost snuck quietly out of the box.

The four Junior Ghostbusters marched proudly back to their classroom. Mrs. Davis (who had cleaned up her dress), gave them gold stars. The whole class sang them this song:

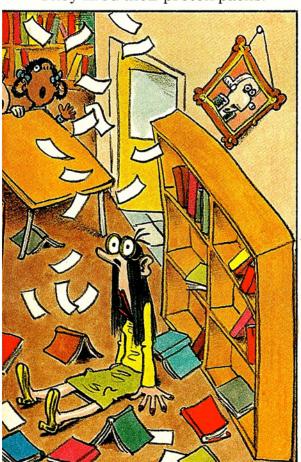
"When there's something strange in your grammar school

"It's your turn to be a Ghost-

buster. This ghost is hiding

somewhere in the magazine









SLIME!





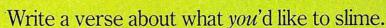
Oh, I love to slime
I could slime all the time
I could slime all day long in the sun.
Slime is sticky and green
And it's not very clean
But that's what makes sliming such fun!



CHORUS:

Slime, slime it's such goo!
I can aim it and drop it on you!
It's icky, you bet
It's sticky and yet
I love it. You know that I do!

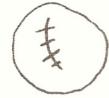




DOODLES

Here are some doodles. Can you guess what they are? The answers are upside-down.

1.



1. Donut after an operation.

2.

2. Pig walking around the corner.

3



3. Four raisins jumping rope on top of a grapefruit.

4. Chicken with one snowshoe on.

5.

6.0000000

6. Tracks made by kids on pogo sticks.

7. Giraffe passing by a window.

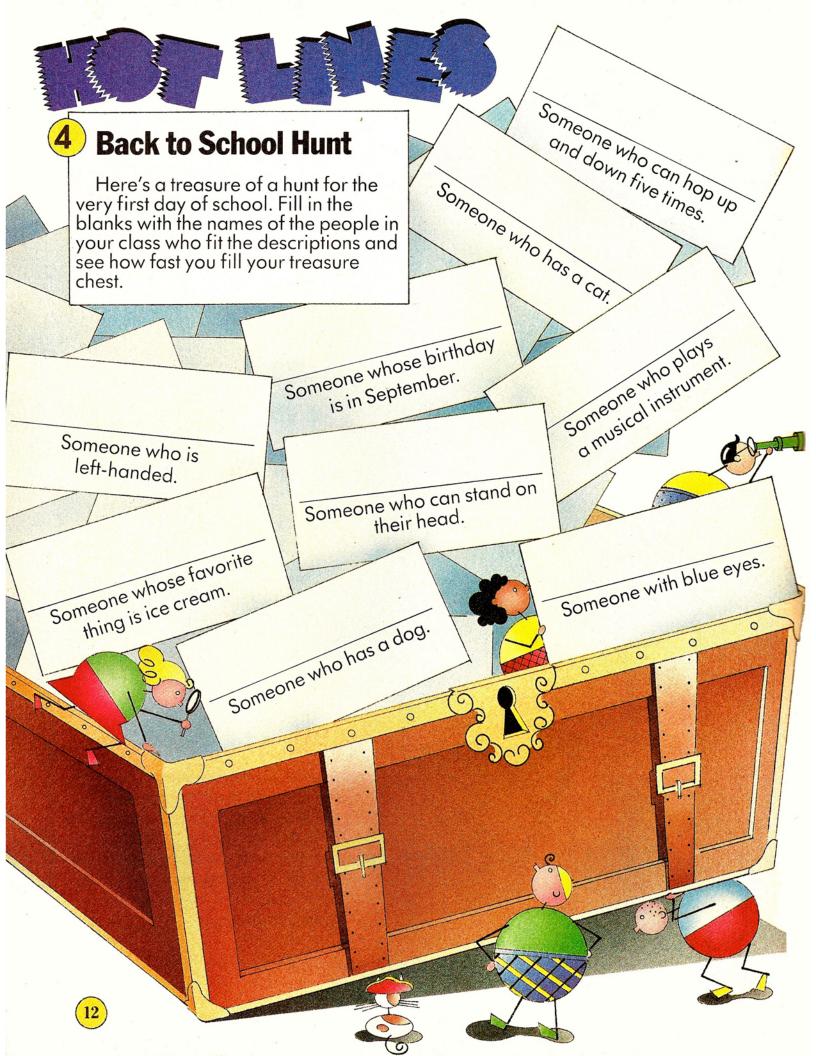
8. C

8. Ping pong ball with the mumps.

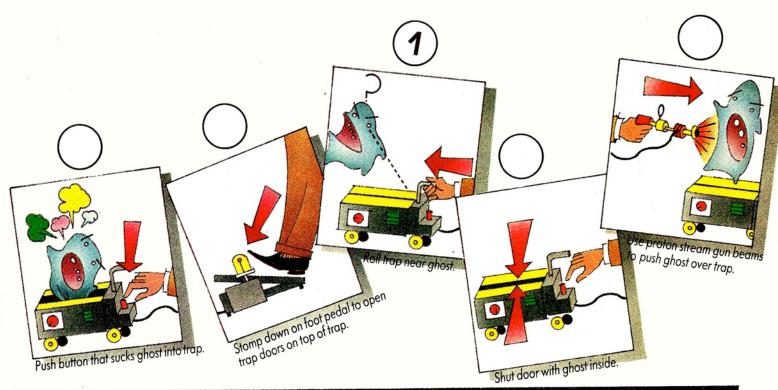
5. Worm taking a date to dinner.

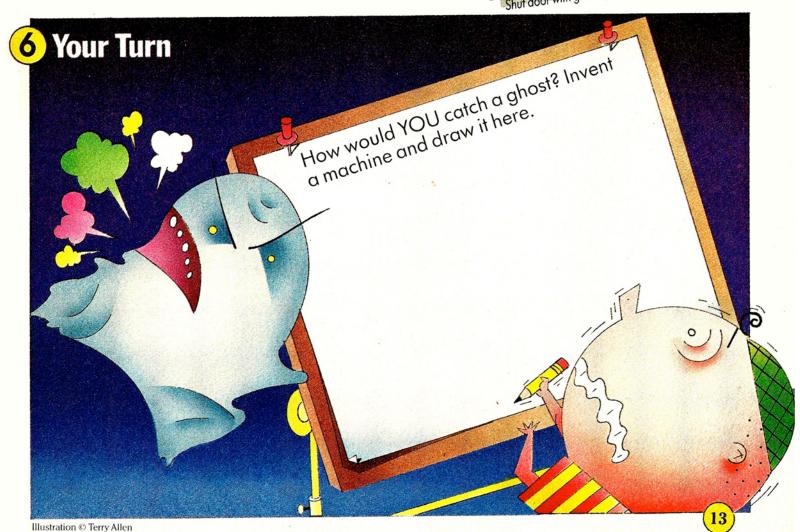






5 Trap It! Help! The ghost was here! All these pictures were in the right order but that trouble-maker messed them up. If you can put them in the right order, you'll know how to use a ghost trap. We did the first one for you. **Answers on page 31.**





Symbols are everywhere. They're signs or pictures that stand for something else. They can be used as words and in place of words. Sometimes they're easier to understand than words. They're easier to spell than some words, that's for sure.

In China, symbols are words. This is the symbol for tree:

What do you suppose this means?



Cowboys used symbols as brands. They put the brands on their cows to show who they belonged to. They used the same symbols to name their ranches. Some were easy to

figure out like this one: And this one:

Diamond T

Circle A

But some were harder. Here's a tough one:

R Lazy 2

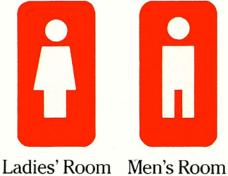
(Anything lying on its side is lazy.)

Symbols are used on signs. You see these signs in airports.

Here's a sign you might see in the jungle.



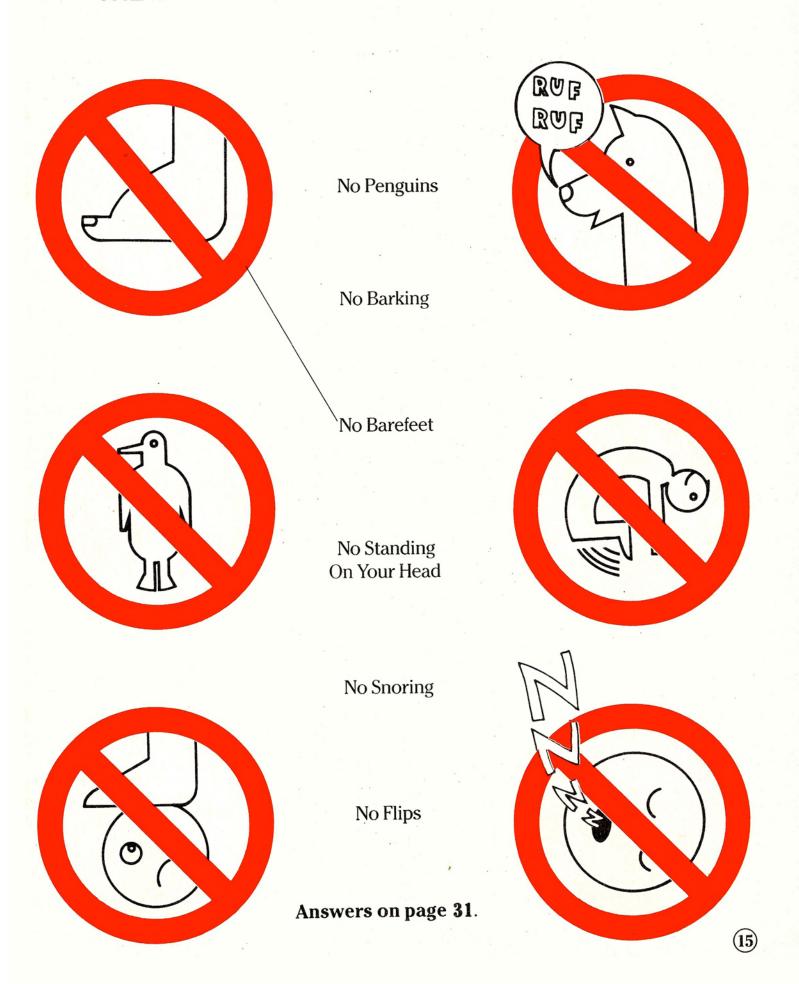
Elephants' Room





A circle with a line through it means "No." This means "No parking."

WHAT DO YOU THINK THESE MEAN? DRAW A LINE FROM THE MEANING TO THE SIGN. WE DID ONE FOR YOU.



MAKE UP YOUR OWN SIGNS AND DRAW THEM BELOW.



LOVE RED WINNERS

Last December we asked you to write a story using ten red things from our friend Fred's red collection. Well, we got thousands and thousands and thousands and thousands...and thousands of I LOVE RED stories. We read them all and picked a Grand Prize Winner. Her name is Heather Wallace and she's eight years old. You can read her story on the next page, BUT... There were so many great stories, we had to do something else. We picked ten more favorite stories and each of these winners will get one of Fred's friends: A Cabbage Patch Kid from Coleco Industries, Inc. Here are the ten other winners.

Alina Smith, age 5 Nashua, New Hampshire

Michael Flynn, age 6 Stoughton, Massachusetts

Shannon Binns, age 7 Oskaloosa, lowa

Jennifer Kahn, age 71/2 Oceano, California

Jacky Doll, age 8 Albany, New York



Photograph © Neil Selkir

Paula Webster, age 8 Nesquehoning, Pennsylvania

Jenni Warjas, age 9 San Jose, California

Adam Werle, age 9 Napa, California

Bree Horwitz, age 10 Sharon, Maryland

Share Ryan, age 12 Phillipsburg, New Jersey Saldsal Kid Her

RUDOLPH'S RED

It was the night after Christmas and Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer, couldn't sleep. He was wound tighter than a spring from all the holiday excitement. His hooves were aching too, from crash landing



on one too many snow-covered rooftops. And they were still cold from standing knee deep in drifts on Christmas Eve. Rudolph got out of bed



to put his favorite red knee socks on his front hooves. "That's better," he thought as he crawled back under the covers. But it wasn't that much better! His back hooves still felt like ice cubes!" What I need are my fluffy red slippers," thought Rudolph as he got up again. He couldn't find them



so he shined his nose (which looked like a big red light bulb) around. There they were—under his new red kite.

With his slippers in place, Rudolph wriggled under the covers to try



again. This wasn't going to work! Every time he tried to roll over, his slippers got tangled in the covers and who can sleep caught in the middle of a big knot!

ICULOUS NIGHT

Rudolph knew just what he needed to relax. He'd take a spin around The Pole in his flashy red sports car—



the one he bought with last year's Christmas bonus check.

When he got back, he was really hungry so he raided the refrigerator. He had a yummy strawberry tart



which he ate with his very own red spoon. It has a picture of the Gerber reindeer on it, by the way.

By this time, he was too full to sleep, so he decided to try a soak in the jacuzzi. He sat in there for a while, wearing his red swim fins and

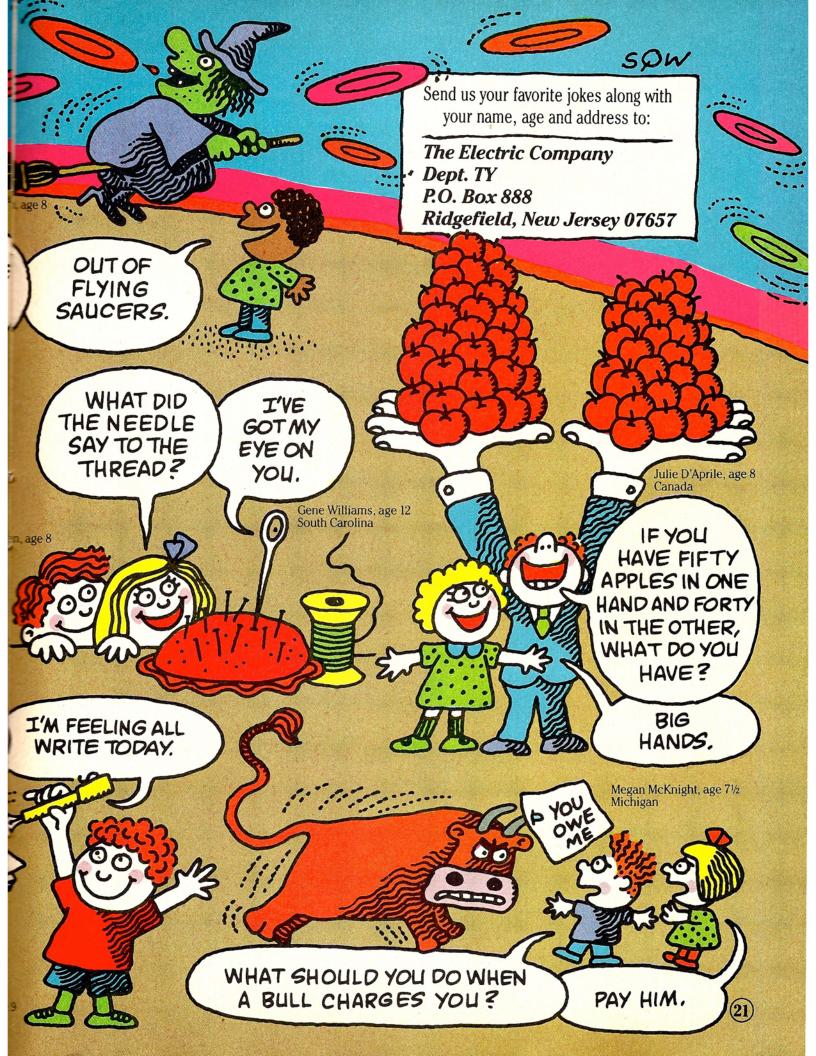


playing Sink the Rubber Duckie. When he got bored with that, he went back up to his room, crawled into bed and tried counting red-nosed reindeer



jumping over bright red stars. And before long, Santa's favorite reindeer was fast asleep.





KIDPOWER

Calling All Playwrights!



Do you like to write plays? then it's time for you to enter The Henny Penny Playwriting Contest. This is a contest for kids ages 5 to 17. All you have to do is write a play for radio and send it in before December 15, 1985. If you win, your play will be produced by the Children's Radio Theatre. If you're interested, write to:

Children's Radio Theatre 1314 14th Street NW, Washington, DC Or you can call (202) 234-4136

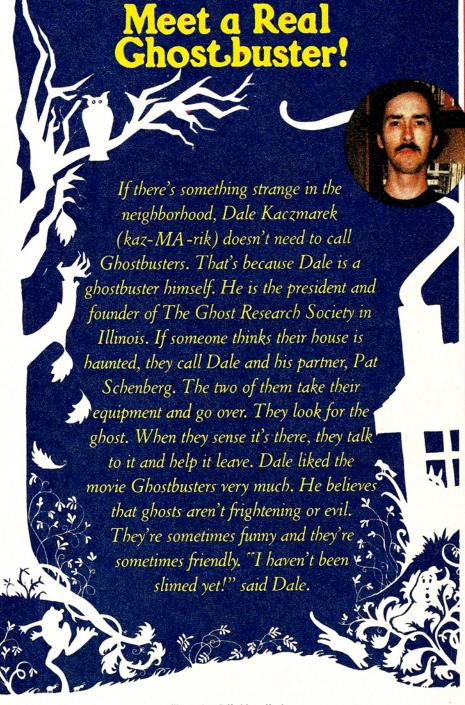


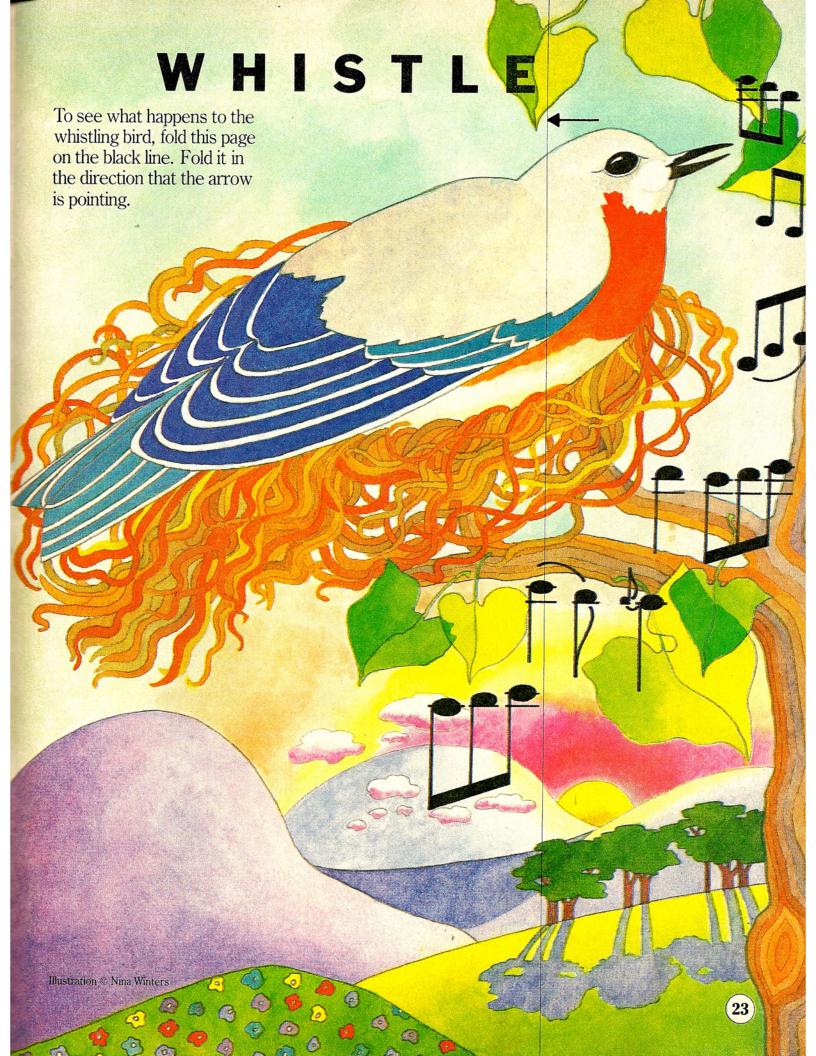
Illustration © Kathleen Kuchera

FREE SOUNDS

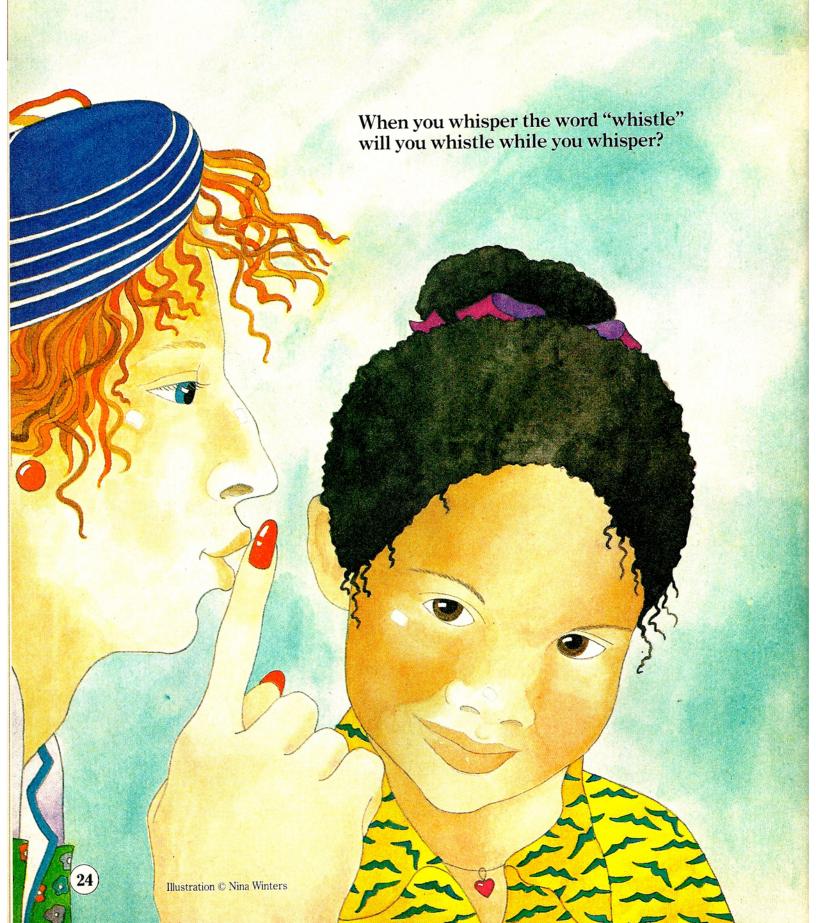
If you want a free catalog of hundreds of sound effects you can use in that radio play you're going to write, write to:

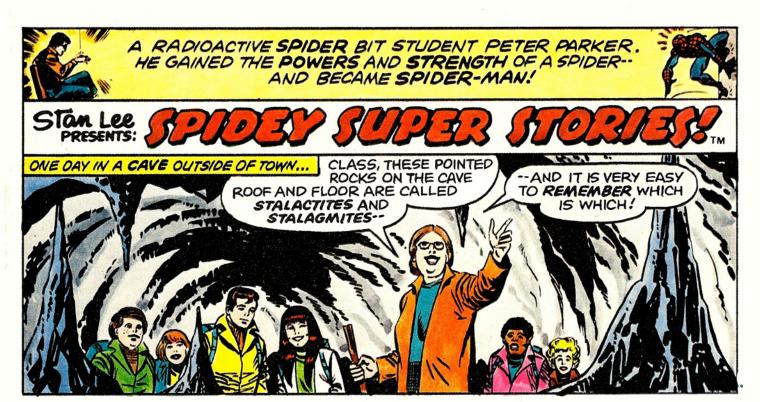
Elektra Records 9229 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 718 Los Angeles, CA 90069

Be sure to tell them you want the catalog of sound effects and to include your name and address.



ISPER



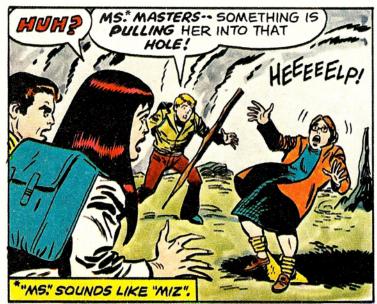




































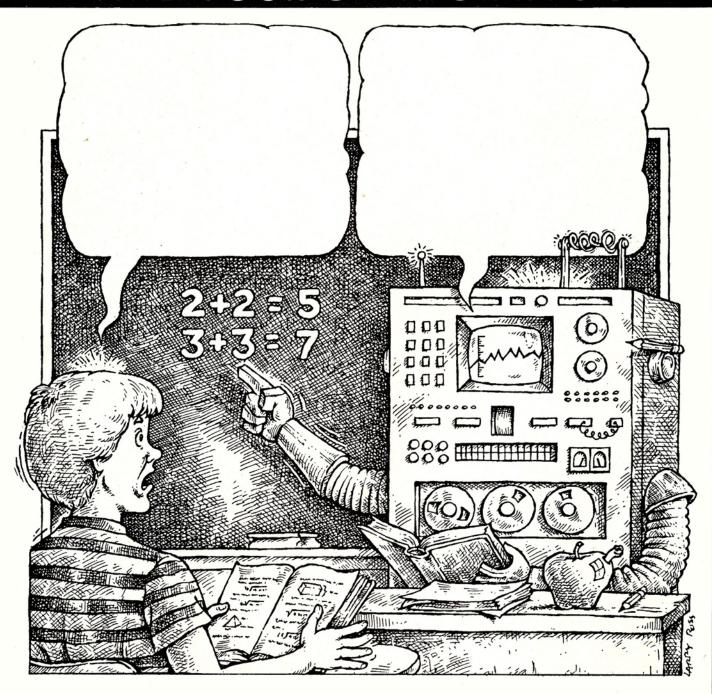








MAKE YOUR OWN CARTOON

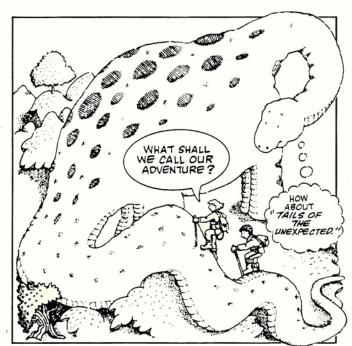


Fill in the cartoon and send it along with your name and address to	Fill in	the cartoon a	nd send it along	g with your name	e and address to
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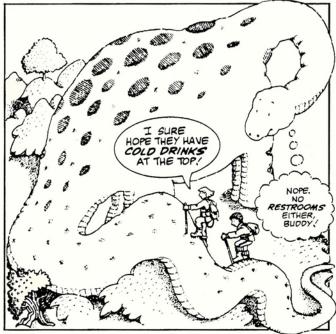
NAME		AGE		
YOUR ADDRESS				
CITY	STATE	ZIP		

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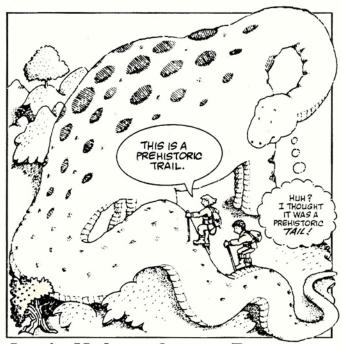
BEST OF MAKE YOUR OWN CARTOON



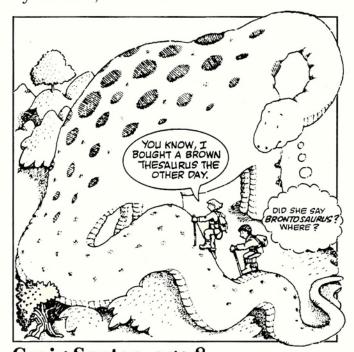
Andy Kleimola, age 9 Ijamsville, Maryland



Kristin Van Dusen, age 10 Syracuse, New York



Justin Holsapple, age 7 Greenville, Maine



Graig Santos, age 8 Elizabeth, New Jersey

We got a lot of great cartoons. These kids sent in some of the best:

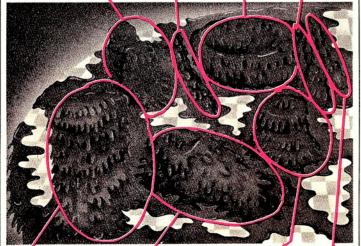
Julie Dickson, age 9 Lake Jackson, Texas Amy Beth Costa, age 11 North Providence, Rhode Island Geraldo Paris, age 6 Harrison, New York

Junior Ghostbusters in School (page 2) | **Where to Wear It** (page 10)

I've been slimed! Who ya gonna call? Ghostbusters! Back of f man! I'm a scientist! Who ya gonna call? Ghostbusters!

Slime Time (page 6)

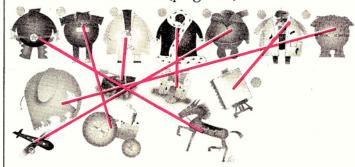
salt and pepper knife bowl spoon shakers



This sneaker cereal glass doesn't belong. box

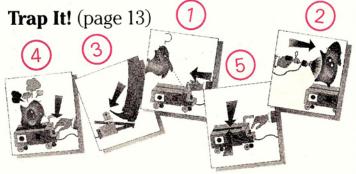
What to Wear (page 10)





One More Job (page 11)

TEACHER



Signs of the Times (page 15)



No Barefeet



No Barking



No Flips



No Penguins



No Standing On Your Head



No Snoring

WHOOPS!

In the April/May issue we printed a poem called "I Like The Music" by Leah Komaiko. We forgot to tell you that it will be published spring, 1986, by Harper & Row, Publishers, New York.

fork

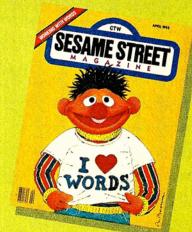
Photos: PP. 1, 17, © Neil Selkirk 1985. Props by Adam Kurtzman. Thanks to P.B. Enterprises, Inc. for the Ghostbuster jumpsuits. Thanks to Peter's Bag Corp. for the back packs. When you want to know what kids want to read about, who do you call? Electric Company readers! Thanks to these kids for helping us with our Ghostbuster survey: • Jamie Chandler, Aberdeen, North Carolina • Kevin Cromstock, Topeka, Kansas • Todd Gilmour, Fayetteville, Arkansas • Laura Mack, Toledo, Ohio • Brian McLaughlin, Brockton, Massachusetts • Ana Smith, Salt Lake City, Utah • Nicholas Šnaith, Townsend, Massachusetts • Jeff McMillan, Helena, Montana • Jason Windham, Phoenix, Arizona





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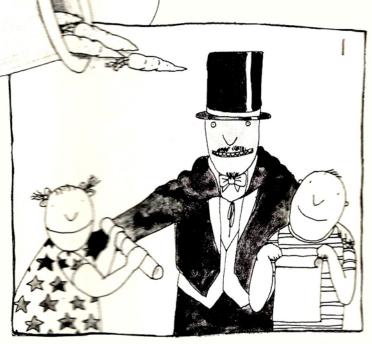


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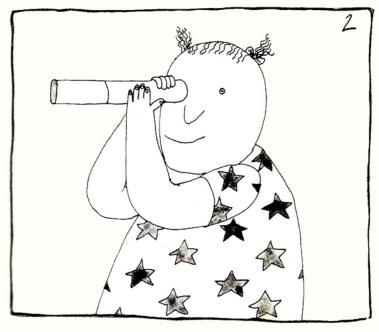
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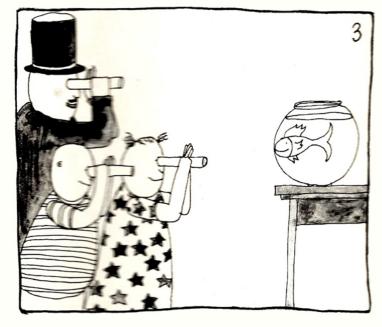
This Month: I Want To Hole Your Hand



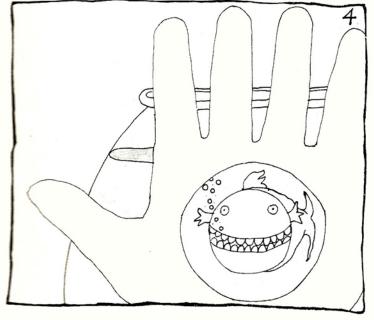
You have a magic hole in your left hand. You don't believe me? It's easy to see. Roll up a piece of writing paper...



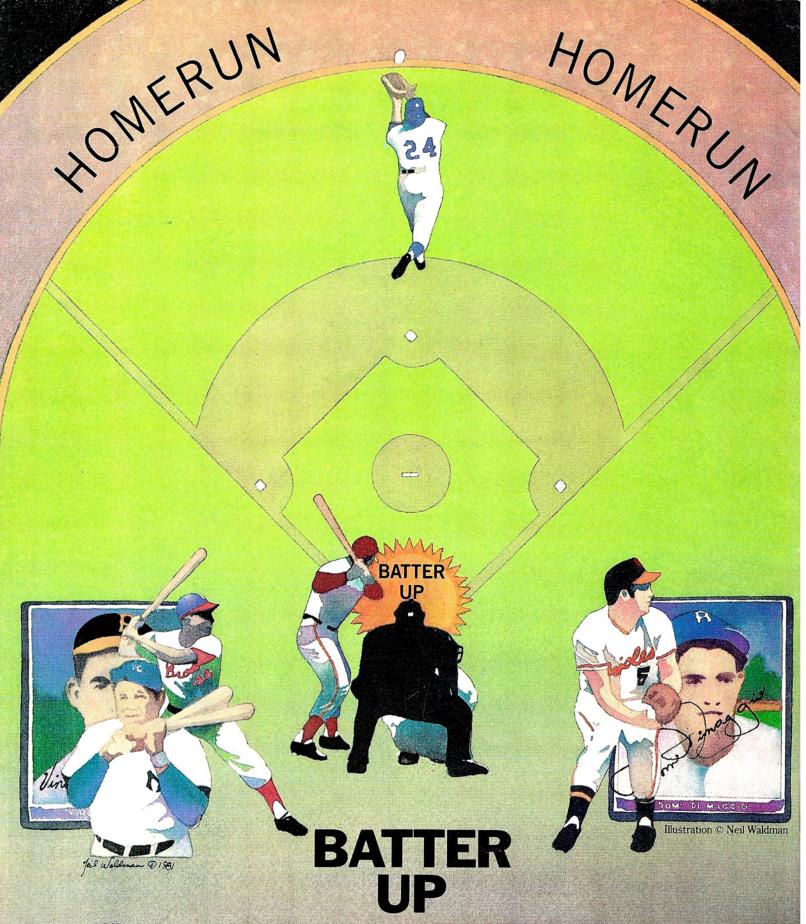
...into a thin tube, like this. Slide a rubber band around it to keep it in place. You have made a magic telescope.



Hold the telescope to your right eye with your right hand. Hold up your left hand, touching the telescope. The palm faces you.



Keep both eyes open. Slide your left hand forward and back along the tube, until the magic hole appears. **Now**, do you believe me?



All you need to play this baseball game is a penny and your finger. Put the penny on the BATTER UP circle, and flick it with your finger. If it touches the stands, you've hit a homer! If it lands anywhere else (or off the page), you're out. You can get three outs. Then it's someone else's turn. Whoever gets five home runs first wins the game!