

GOLD



KEY®

90252-502

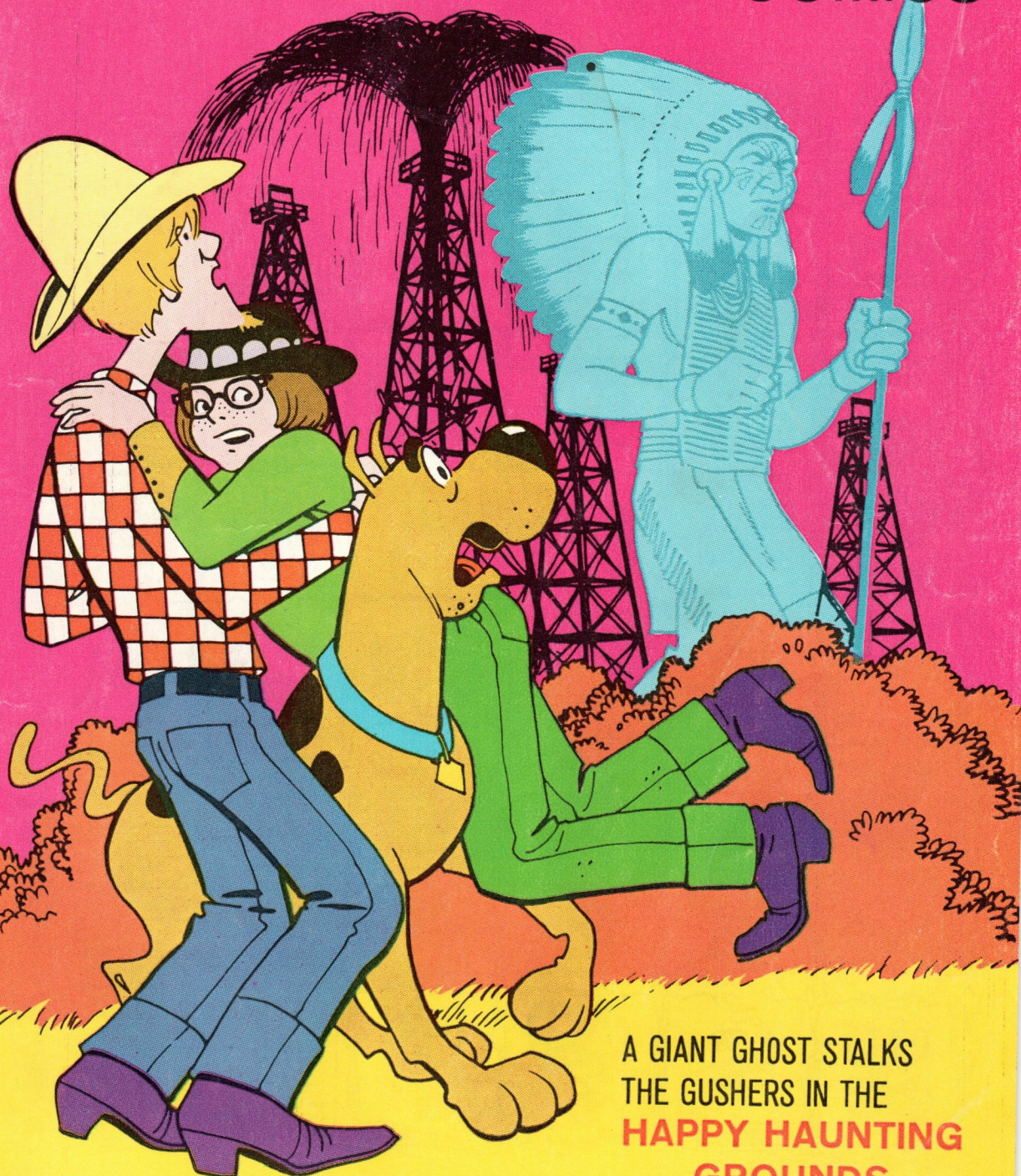
SCOOBY DOO

25¢

HANNA-BARBERA

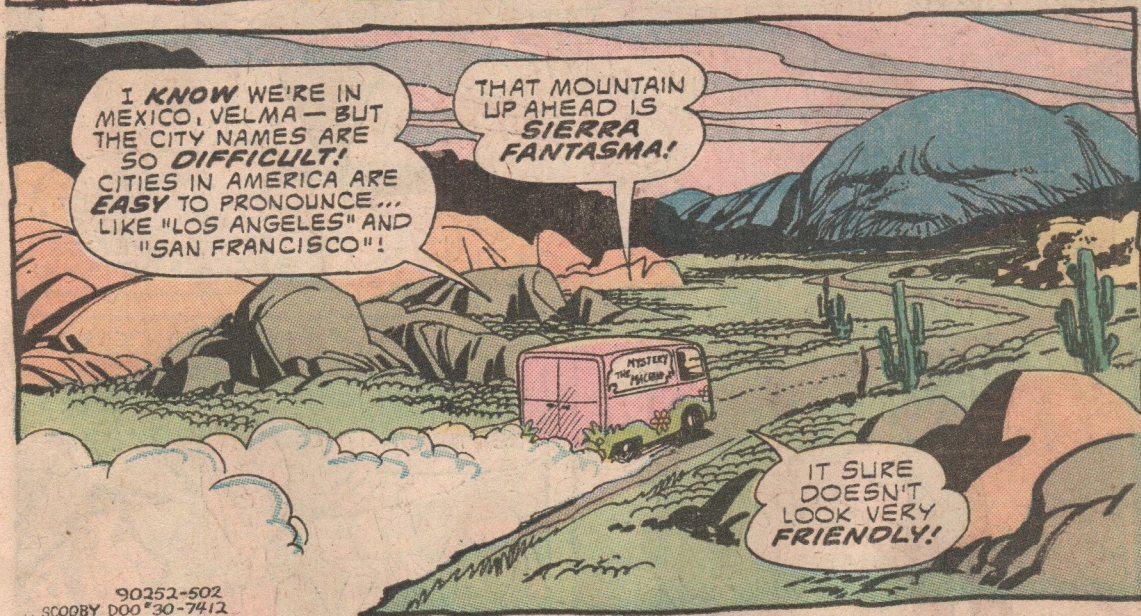
SCOOBY DOO..

MYSTERY COMICS



A GIANT GHOST STALKS
THE GUSHERS IN THE
HAPPY HAUNTING
GROUNDS

The TREASURE of SIERRA FANTASMA



90252-502
SCOOPY DOO #30-7412

Hanna-Barbera SCOOPY-DOO . . . MYSTERY COMICS, No. 30, February, 1975. Published monthly except January, March, May, September, and November by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1974, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

GOLD KEY & DESIGN is a registered trademark of Western Publishing Company, Inc. in the U.S.A. and Canada.

This Periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

TRADEMARK OF HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. Western Publishing Company, Inc. authorized user.



FROM WHAT THE POLICE CHIEF SAID ON THE PHONE, THIS MAY BE THE ROUGHEST CASE WE EVER TACKLED!

AREN'T THEY ALL?

DID YOU EVER NOTICE THAT SCOOPY DOESN'T HANG HIS HEAD OUT THE WINDOW LIKE MOST OTHER DOGS?

NONE OF THAT SILLY DOG STUFF FOR ME!

I WEAR A SEAT BELT AND SHOULDER HARNESS!

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE MYSTERY MACHINE IS PARKED ON THE DUSTY STREETS OF **SIERRA FANTASMA...**

THE FELLOW WHO DESIGNS THESE ROAD MAPS MUST HATE TOURISTS! THERE ARE NINETY-FOUR WAYS TO FOLD THEM, NONE OF THEM RIGHT!

IT LOOKS LIKE OUR WELCOMING COMMITTEE IS APPROACHING!

THAT MUST BE **SEÑOR LOPEZ!**

¡HOLA!
¡BIENVENIDO!
¡ME LLAMO EL SEÑOR LOPEZ DE SIERRA FANTASMA!

TAKE CARE OF THIS MAP, DAF! I'LL USE MY **GUIDEBOOK** TO COMMUNICATE WITH THIS GENTLEMAN!

NON RICORDO IL PREZZO DELLA CARTA DE LETTERE!



SHAGGY, THAT BOOK IS FOR ITALIAN! YOU JUST SAID, "I DON'T RECALL THE PRICE OF A BOX OF STATIONERY!"

IT CAME FREE WITH A FROZEN PIZZA I BOUGHT!

YOUR MAP, SIR!



HOW DID YOU DO THAT? I SPENT **FORTY MINUTES** TRYING TO FOLD THIS MAP!

PARDON HIM, PLEASE, SEÑOR LOPEZ! HE'S SHAGGY, I'M FRED AND THE GIRLS ARE VELMA AND DAPHNE!



AHEM!

OH, YES! AND **THIS** IS SCOOBY DOO! SCOOBY, SAY HELLO TO SEÑOR LOPEZ!



¡BUENOS DÍAS! ¿COMO ESTA' USTED?

I LEARNED THAT FROM A CHIHUAHUA I ONCE TRIPPED OVER!

WELCOME TO MEXICO, EL SEÑOR PERRO!



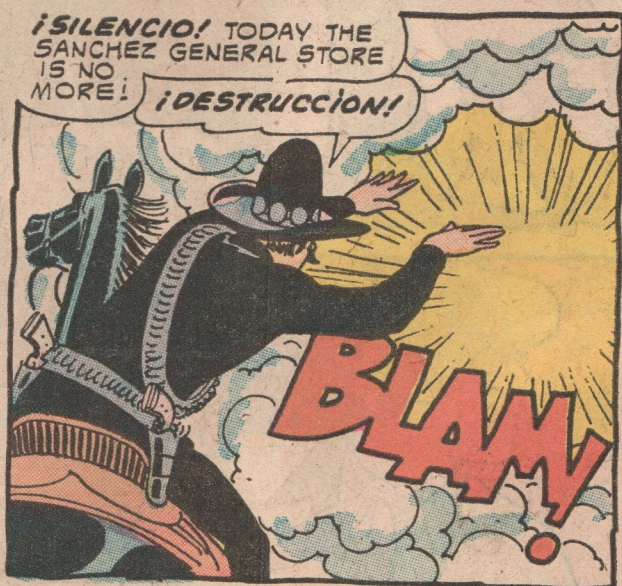
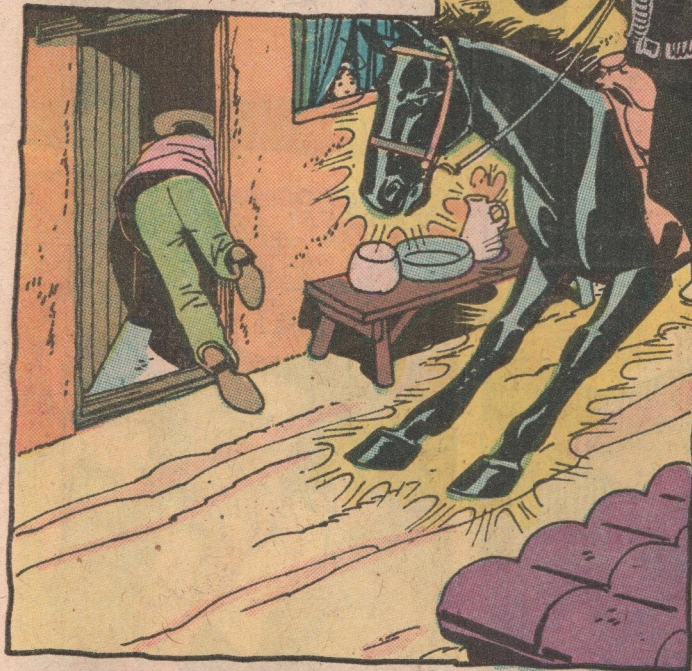
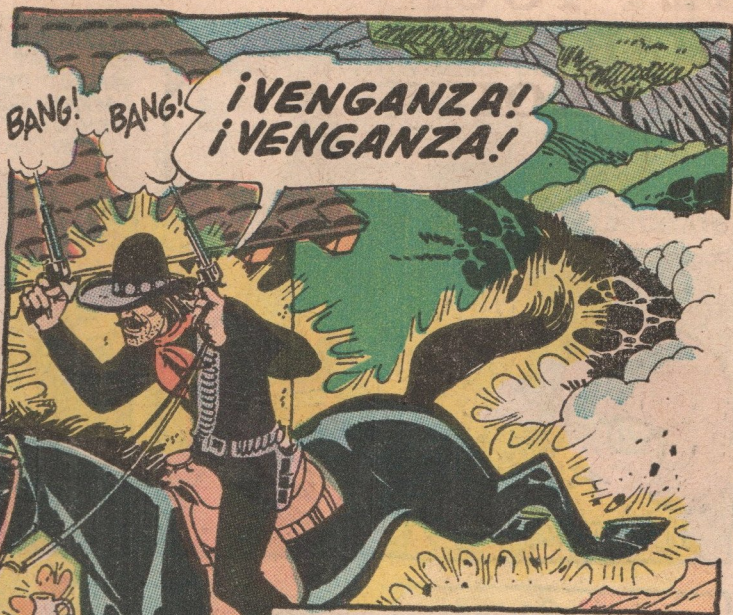
I'LL GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! I AM THE SHERIFF HERE IN SIERRA FANTASMA— BUT THE MENACE OF OUR TOWN IS BEYOND ME!

FORTY MINUTES I SPENT TRYING TO FOLD THIS THING!



SHAGGY, PAY ATTENTION!

HE COMES THROUGH TOWN EVERY DAY AT **PRECISELY** THREE O'CLOCK! IT IS ALMOST THAT TIME **NOW!**





MY STORE!
IT IS
DESTROYED!

AS THIS WHOLE
TOWN WILL
BE, BY THE TIME
I AM THROUGH!
ENRIQUE
LADRÓN RIDES!
¡VENGANZA!



THERE
HE GOES—
OFF
INTO THE
HILLS!

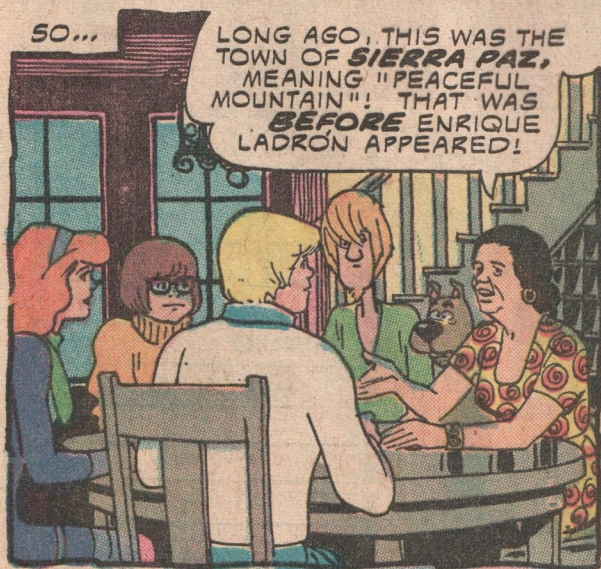
I WILL NOT RUN!
I WILL **REBUILD!**
FROM THE
GROUND UP, I
WILL REBUILD!

BUENO,
SANCHEZ!
SIERRA
FANTASMA
SHALL
LIVE ON!



SEÑOR LOPEZ, CAN
YOU FILL US IN ON
THIS?

I AM NOT THE ONE TO
DO THAT! LYDIA
BANUELOS RUNS THE
HOTEL AND IS THE
TOWN HISTORIAN...



SO...

LONG AGO, THIS WAS THE
TOWN OF **SIERRA PAZ**,
MEANING "PEACEFUL
MOUNTAIN"! THAT WAS
BEFORE ENRIQUE
LADRÓN APPEARED!

"HE HAD BEEN CHASED FROM EVERY
TOWN IN MEXICO! IT WAS A BLACK
DAY WHEN HE CAME TO SIERRA PAZ..."



GIVE ME ALL
YOUR GOLD!

HE FLED
TO THE
MOUNTAINS,
AND THAT IS
WHERE HE
MADE HIS
MISTAKE...

"THE TOWNS-
PEOPLE
GATHERED
TOGETHER
TO KEEP
LADRON A
PRISONER
IN THE
MOUNTAINS..."

YOU'LL **NEVER** LEAVE THOSE
HILLS, LADRON! SOME-
ONE WILL ALWAYS BE
ON GUARD
AGAINST IT!

"THAT WAS EIGHTY YEARS AGO
AND LADRON WAS NEVER SEEN
AGAIN! BUT HE **WAS**
HEARD..."

DID YOU HEAR
THE **NOISES**
FROM THE
MOUNTAIN
LAST NIGHT?

SI! THEY
WERE
HORRID! IT
MUST BE
THE SPIRIT
OF ENRIQUE
LADRON!

THE GHOST NOISES
CONTINUED FOR YEARS
AND THE TOWN'S NAME
WAS CHANGED TO
SIERRA FANTASMA...
"GHOST
MOUNTAIN!"

...BECAUSE
THE
ONLY WAY OUT
WAS THROUGH
THE TOWN
AND EVERY
MAN THERE
WAS WAITING
FOR HIM!

NO! SOMEWHERE
IN THOSE HILLS
LIES THREE
HUNDRED POUNDS
OF GOLD... **EL
TESORO DE ORO!**

THAT MEANS
"THE
TREASURE OF
GOLD"! MANY
HAVE
SEARCHED
FOR IT BUT
ALL HAVE
FAILED!

AND THE GHOST
STARTED
APPEARING,
TEARING UP
THE TOWN
LAST WEEK!

WELL, LET'S
GET SOME
DINNER AND
THEN SOME
SLEEP!
WE'VE GOT A
LOT OF
WORK TO DO
TOMORROW!

BUT, WHEN TOMORROW ROLLS AROUND...

RISE AND SHINE, GANG!
IT'S A LOVELY MEXICAN MORNING!

IT MAY BE MORNING BUT IT'S **NOT** LOVELY! I DON'T FEEL WELL...

LIKEWISE! IT MUST BE SOMETHING WE **ATE**!

IT **CAN'T** BE! YOU ATE THE SAME FOODS I ATE—BURRITOS, FRIJOLES, REFRIED BEANS, TOSTADAS...

ICK! PLEASE, SHAGGY, **DON'T** REMIND US!

GO ON BACK TO YOUR ROOMS AND GET SOME EXTRA SHUT-EYE! WE'LL BEGIN THE INVESTIGATION WITHOUT YOU!

OH, **GREAT!**

IT'S YOU, ME AND SCOOB, VELMA! FRED AND DAF BOTH CAME DOWN WITH A BAD CASE OF TACO-TUMMY!

LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE RUBBLE OF SEÑOR SANCHEZ'S SHOP!

IT'S A PIECE OF A **LAND MINE**—WAR SURPLUS, PROBABLY! **THAT'S** WHAT BLEW UP THE STOREFRONT!

AND LOOK AT THAT OLD MAN! HE'S BEEN WALKING UP AND DOWN THE STREET ALL MORNING!

TALISMANS! TALISMANS! KEEP THE EVIL FROM YOU!

EL GA



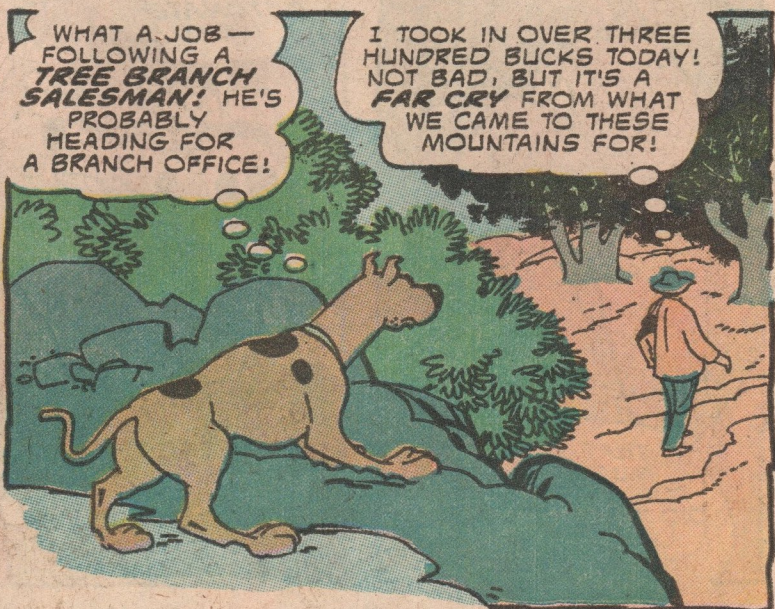
DO YOU GUARANTEE THAT YOUR CHARM WILL KEEP THE GHOST FROM MY STORE?

SÍ, SEÑOR — THIS BRANCH IS FROM THE **TREE OF ALL SPIRITS!** IT WILL KEEP ENRIQUE LADRON AWAY!



THAT MERCHANT'S PAYING HIM **MONEY** FOR THAT BRANCH! YOU THINK HE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE GHOST?

HE MIGHT! SCOOPY, FOLLOW!



WHAT A JOB — FOLLOWING A **TREE BRANCH SALESMAN!** HE'S PROBABLY HEADING FOR A BRANCH OFFICE!

I TOOK IN OVER THREE HUNDRED BUCKS TODAY! NOT BAD, BUT IT'S A **FAR CRY** FROM WHAT WE CAME TO THESE MOUNTAINS FOR!



PLATT, I'VE ABOUT **HAD IT** WITH THIS NICKEL-AND-DIME STUFF!

SO HAVE I! I THINK WE'D BETTER HAVE A LONG TALK WITH OUR **"EMPLOYER"**!



WE'RE FILLING **OUR** END OF THE BARGAIN! NOW I'D LIKE TO SEE A LITTLE OF THAT **GOLD** HE KEEPS PROMISING US!



YOU'LL SEE IT WHEN THE TOWN OF SIERRA FANTASMA IS **NO MORE** — WHEN IT IS **DESTROYED** OR WHEN EVERYONE HAS **MOVED AWAY!**

TALK ABOUT YOUR DUMB DOGGY LUCK — I'VE FOUND THE **WHOLE GANG** BEHIND THE PHONY GHOST!



THAT TOWN MUST **PAY** FOR WHAT THEY DID TO ENRIQUE LADRON! AND THEY **SHALL** PAY!

I PLANTED THE EXPLOSIVES AT **BANUELOS HOTEL!** PLATT WILL RIDE INTO TOWN LATER, AS THE GHOST, AND **DETONATE** THEM!



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!

THE BANUELOS HOTEL IS WHERE WE'RE STAYING! I'LL PUT THE TRUSTY SCOOBY SCHNOZ TO USE AND **SMIFF** OUT THAT BOOBY-TRAP!



AND, LATER...



WE'RE BOTH FEELING A LITTLE BETTER...

...GOOD ENOUGH TO COME DOWN FOR THE GHOST'S DAILY APPEARANCE!

HE'S ALMOST DUE, AND WE HAVE A LITTLE **SURPRISE** FOR HIM!

THE GHOST APPROACHES!

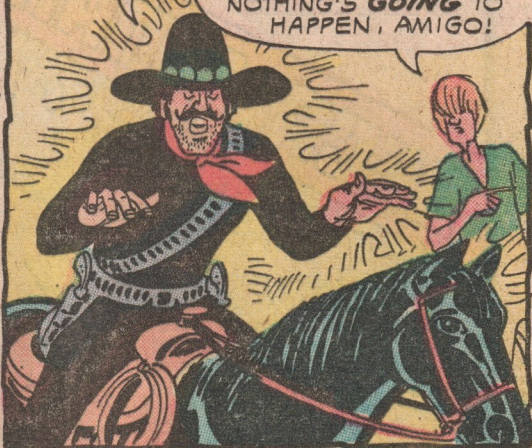


OUT
OF
HIS
WAY!

YOU ARE
SMART TO
CLEAR THE WAY
FOR THE GHOST
OF ENRIQUE
LADRON!
TODAY I THINK
I DESTROY
THE **BANUELOS**
HOTEL!

NOTHING'S
HAPPENING!

WE **FOUND** YOUR
HIDDEN EXPLOSIVES
AND DEFUSED THEM!
NOTHING'S **GOING** TO
HAPPEN, AMIGO!



OH, I FORGOT.— SOMETHING **IS**
GOING TO HAPPEN! DID YOU
KNOW SHERIFF LOPEZ USED TO
DO **TRICK-**
ROPING?

I KNOW NOW!



WELL, WELL, WELL...
WHAT HAVE WE
HERE? AND WHO
MIGHT **YOU** BE?

WELL, I **MIGHT**
BE CAPTAIN
KANGAROO!
BUT I'M NOT!



I'LL **TELL** YOU
WHO YOU ARE!
YOU'RE A THUG
WHO'S UNDER
ARREST!

THIS MASK IS COATED
WITH FLOURESCENT
POWDER! THAT'S WHAT
MADE THE "GHOST"
GLOW!



HALF AN
HOUR
LATER...

IT'S ABOUT **TIME** YOU
GOT BACK! COME ON—
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE
A LITTLE TALK WITH
MR. BOSS-MAN ABOUT
WHEN WE GET THAT
GOLD!

REMEMBER—NOT A
WORD ABOUT THE
"MAGIC BRANCHES"
I'VE BEEN SELLING
IN TOWN TO KEEP
YOU AWAY!

I'M SURE HE
WOULDN'T APPROVE
OF OUR LITTLE "EXTRA"
BUSINESS SIDELINE—
EVEN IF IT **IS** TO
TIDE US OVER UNTIL
WE GET THE GOLD!

THERE YOU ARE! WE'D
LIKE A **WORD** WITH YOU!
IN FACT, WE'D LIKE
SEVERAL WORDS!

DID YOU
DESTROY
THE
BANUELOS
HOTEL?

THE BANUELOS
HOTEL IS SAFE
AND SOUND!

**WE'RE
SURROUNDED!**
YOU **FOOLS**,
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE?

¡CARAMBA! I DO
NOT **BELIEVE** WHO I
SEE THERE! THE
BOSS BEHIND ALL
THIS IS...

...**ENRIQUE LADRON HIMSELF!**

IN PERSON! DON'T I LOOK **SPLENDID** FOR A MAN OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE YEARS?

PLATT! USE YOUR PISTOLS!

MY PISTOLS ARE EMPTY— AND I'M **NOT** PLATT! PLATT IS IN THE SIERRA FANTASMA JAIL!



I'M **NOT** JOINING HIM! I DIDN'T LIVE ALL THESE YEARS AS A **HERMIT** TO LAND IN JAIL!

THE DAY I CAN'T CATCH A 105-YEAR-OLD MAN, I TURN IN MY DOG LICENSE!

I COULD'VE CAUGHT HIM WITH **ONE PAW** TIED BEHIND MY BACK!

LADRÓN, WHERE IS THE GOLD?

I'LL NEVER TELL! NEVER!



FOR YEARS, FOOLS HAVE COME TO THIS MOUNTAIN SEARCHING FOR THE GOLD! FOOLS LIKE **HIM!**

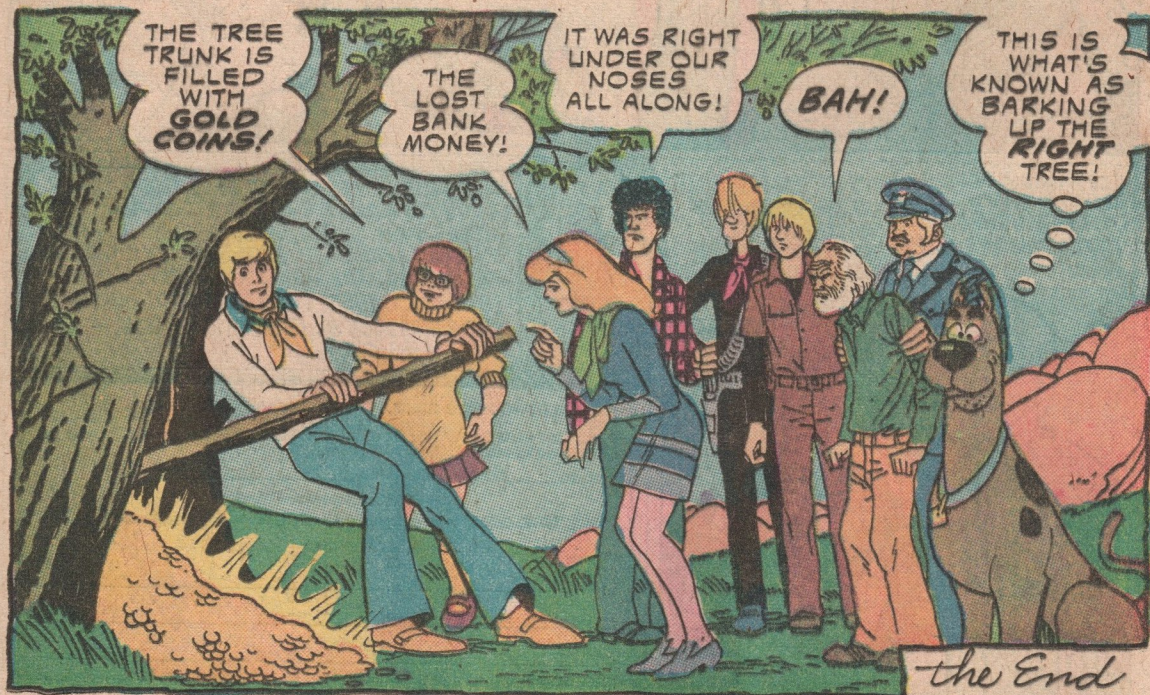
EVERYBODY WANTS IT BUT ONLY **ENRIQUE LADRÓN** HAS IT!

YOU PROMISED IT TO **US!**

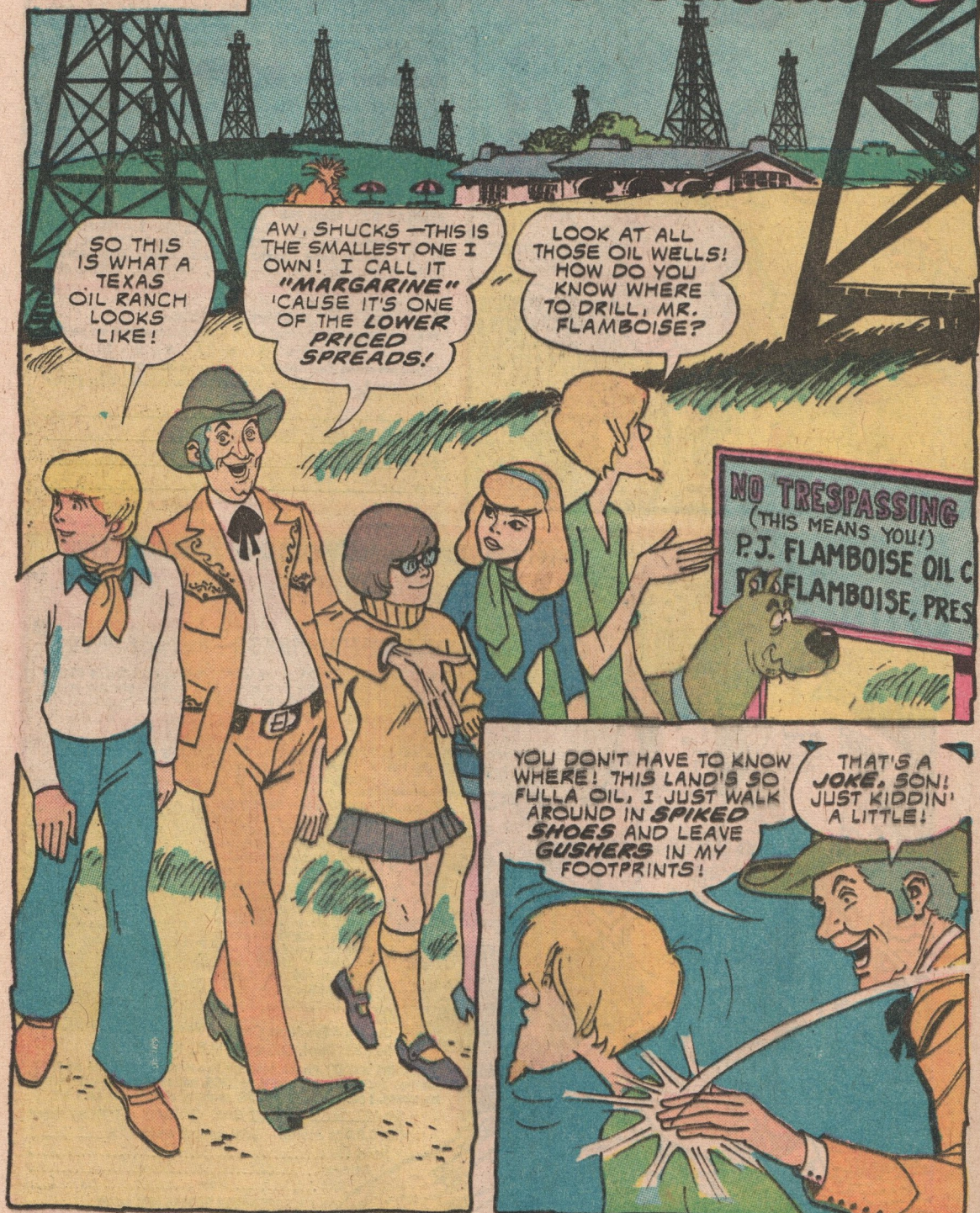
I PROMISED, I **PROMISED**— BUT ENRIQUE LADRÓN DOES NOT HAVE TO **KEEP STINKIN' PROMISES!**

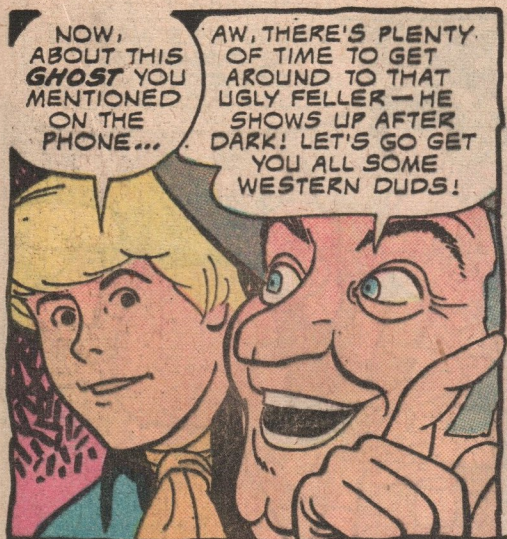
YOU AND YOUR AMIGO CAME HERE TO SEARCH FOR THE GOLD— INSTEAD, YOU FOUND **ME!**





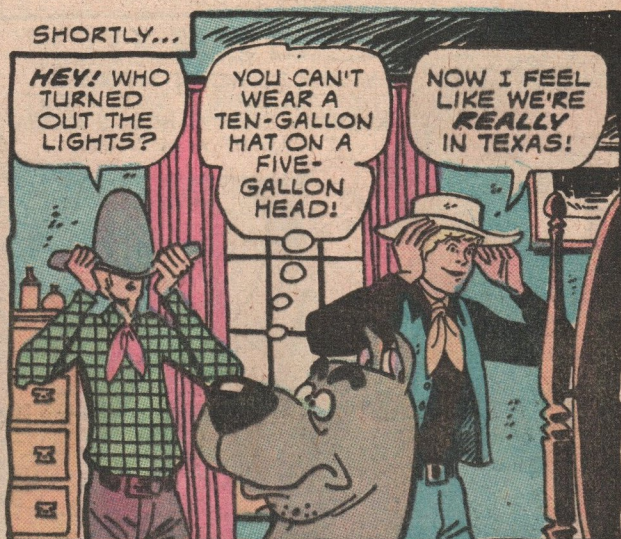
HAPPY HAUNTING GROUNDS





NOW, ABOUT THIS **GHOST** YOU MENTIONED ON THE PHONE...

AW, THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME TO GET AROUND TO THAT UGLY FELLER — HE SHOWS UP AFTER DARK! LET'S GO GET YOU ALL SOME WESTERN DUDS!

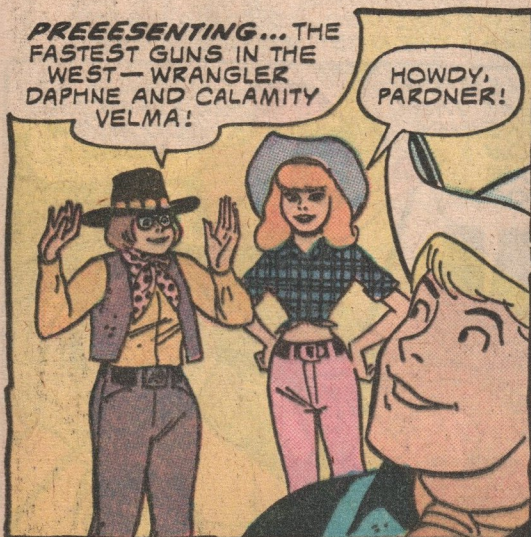


SHORTLY...

HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

YOU CAN'T WEAR A TEN-GALLON HAT ON A FIVE-GALLON HEAD!

NOW I FEEL LIKE WE'RE **REALLY** IN TEXAS!



PREESENTING... THE FASTEST GUNS IN THE WEST — WRANGLER DAPHNE AND CALAMITY VELMA!

HOWDY, PARDNER!



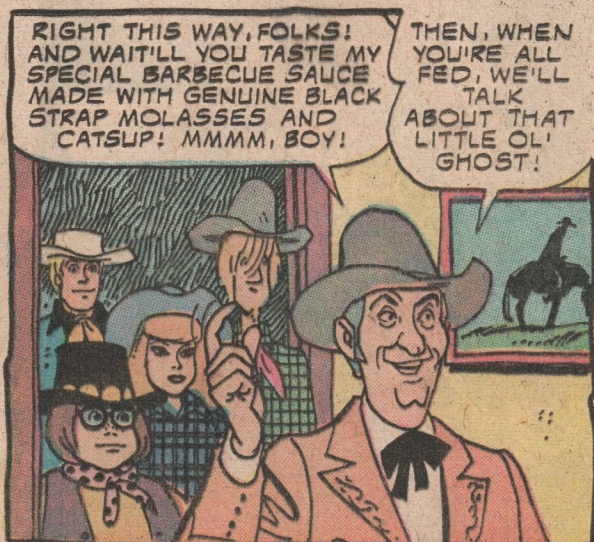
SAY, MR. FLAMBOISE, NO OFFENSE, BUT DOES **EVERYONE** IN TEXAS DRESS LIKE THIS?

THE NAME'S P.J., MA'AM! AND, **NO**. THEY DON'T! — NOT **EVERYONE**! BUT SOME OF US LIKE TO PRESERVE THAT WESTERN FLAVOR!



UH, SPEAKING OF "WESTERN FLAVOR," P.J., YOU MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A **BARBECUE**—!

THE **MASTER** OF THE SUBTLE HINT STRIKES AGAIN!



RIGHT THIS WAY, FOLKS! AND WAIT'LL YOU TASTE MY SPECIAL BARBECUE SAUCE MADE WITH GENUINE BLACK STRAP MOLASSES AND CATSUP! MMMM, BOY!

THEN, WHEN YOU'RE ALL FED, WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT LITTLE OL' GHOST!

ONE BARBECUE LATER...

LATER... SEE, I EMPLOY
THREE HUNDRED
HANDS TO WORK MY RIGS!
THEY ALL SAW IT THAT FIRST
NIGHT — THAT'S HOW I KNOW
IT WASN'T A MIRAGE!

I SEE! THIS WAS ON
THE **ADJOINING**
PROPERTY—NOT ON
YOUR RANCH, RIGHT?

YEP! THE LAND
BELONGS TO THE
WANTAWAU
INDIANS! IT
WAS SOME
SORT OF
CERE-
MONIAL
GROUNDS!

THEY WERE
FIXIN' TO SELL
IT TO ME, ALL
FAIR AND
SQUARE...
THEN **IT**
APPEARED!

"IT FLOATED AROUND FOR A WHILE,
MAKIN' THE MOST **AWFUL NOISE...**"

**FLEMING!
GET THE
SHERIFF
ON
THE
HORN!**

CAN'T HEAR YOU,
MR. FLAMBOISE!
**TOO MUCH
NOISE!**

SAKES ALIVE!
THAT THING
MUST BE
TWENTY
FEET TALL!

...THEN IT JUST **VANISHED!**
THE SAME THING'S
HAPPENED EVERY
NIGHT SINCE! I'M
PLUMB
BEFUDDLED!

**SHED! YOU
WERE
ABOUT TO BUY
THIS PROPERTY,
YOU SAY?**



I SAY **NO** TO SELLING LAND! LAND WAS **CEREMONIAL SITE** FOR WANTAWAU!



MY GRANDFATHER! HE **STILL** DOESN'T UNDERSTAND — IF I **DON'T** SELL, THERE'S NO MONEY FOR HIM TO LIVE ON!

FLAMBOISE OFFERED US TOP DOLLAR! I WANT TO SELL THE LAND SO THE FEW REMAINING WANTAWAUS CAN LIVE IN COMFORT!



FRED CAN HANDLE THE DETECTIVE STUFF! **ME**, I'M GOING EXPLORING!

WELL, IF **YOU** WANT TO SELL — AND FLAMBOISE WANTS TO BUY — WHY WOULD **ANYONE** TRY AND STOP THINGS BY FAKING A GHOST?



IF IT **IS** A FAKE! THE WANTAWAU TRIBAL LOGS ARE FULL OF WEIRD HAPPENINGS!

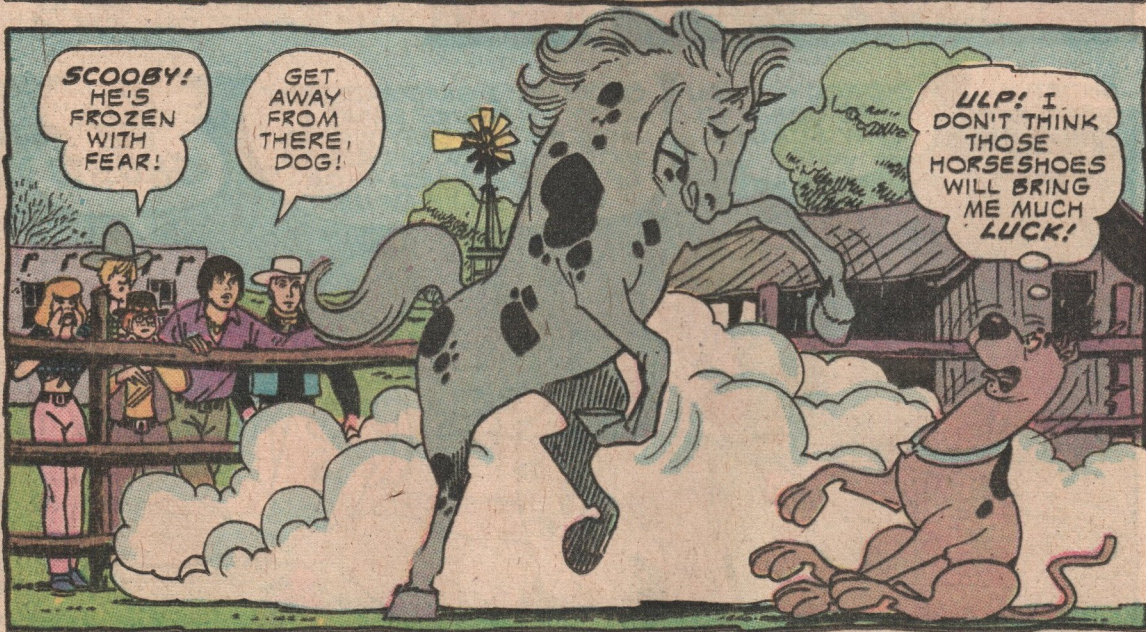
SAY, GANG, WE'VE GOT AROUND FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE BIG CHIEF GHASTLY IS SUPPOSED TO SHOW!



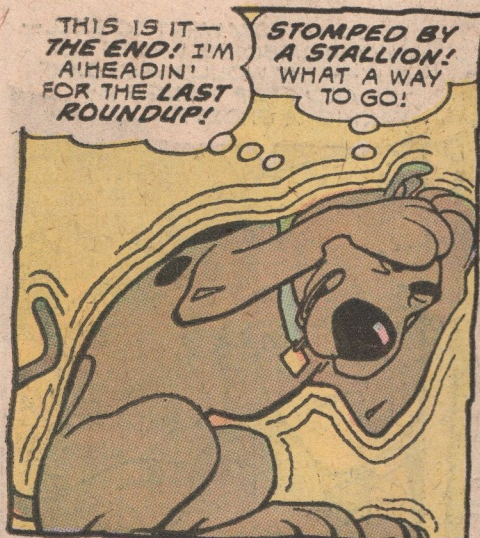
EVERYBODY — **OUTSIDE!** SCOOPY WANDERED INTO THE HORSE CORRAL!

SCOOPY! HE'S FROZEN WITH FEAR!

GET AWAY FROM THERE, DOG!



ULP! I DON'T THINK THOSE HORSESHOES WILL BRING ME MUCH **LUCK!**



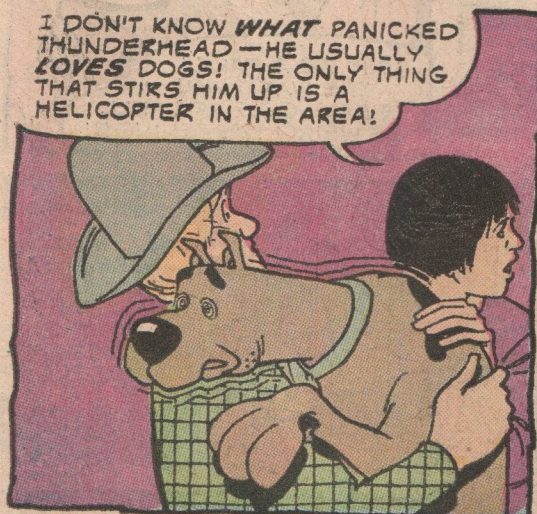
THIS IS IT—
THE END! I'M
A'HEADIN'
FOR THE LAST
ROUNDUP!

STOMPED BY
A STALLION!
WHAT A WAY
TO GO!



COME ON, HOUND!
LET'S GET YOU OUT
OF HERE!

BEST IDEA
I'VE HEARD
ALL DAY!



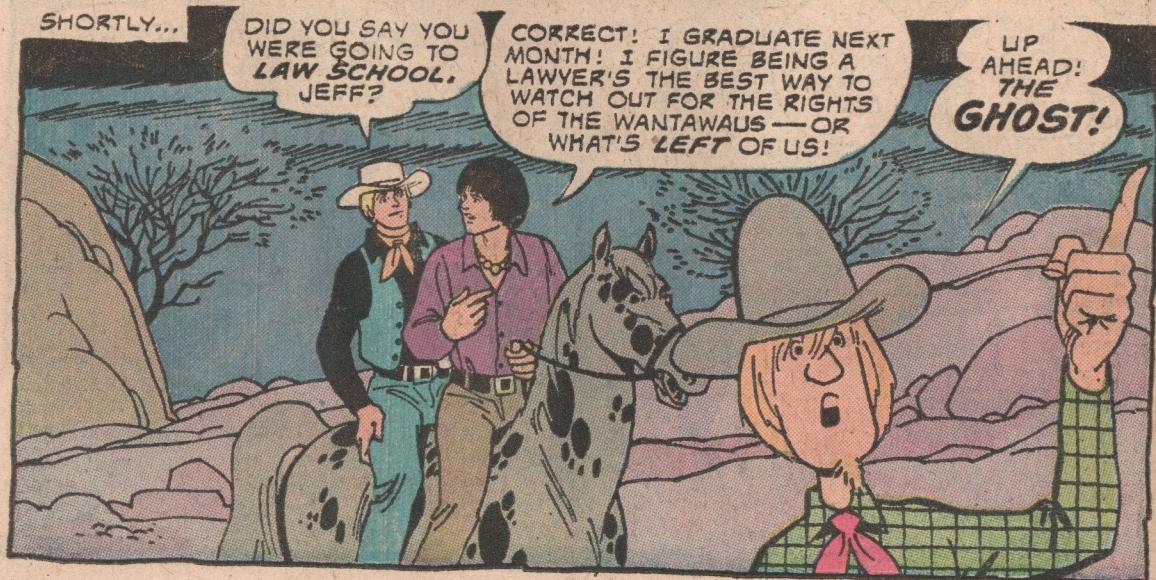
I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* PANICKED
THUNDERHEAD—HE USUALLY
LOVES DOGS! THE ONLY THING
THAT STIRS HIM UP IS A
HELICOPTER IN THE AREA!



A
HELI-
COPTER?

YES, SOMETHING TO DO WITH
THE SOUND VIBRATIONS THEY
GIVE OFF!

BRING THUNDERHEAD
AND LET'S GET
OVER TO THE CEREMONIAL
GROUNDS! DAPHNE,
I'D LIKE YOU AND VELMA TO
MAKE A PHONE CALL FOR ME!

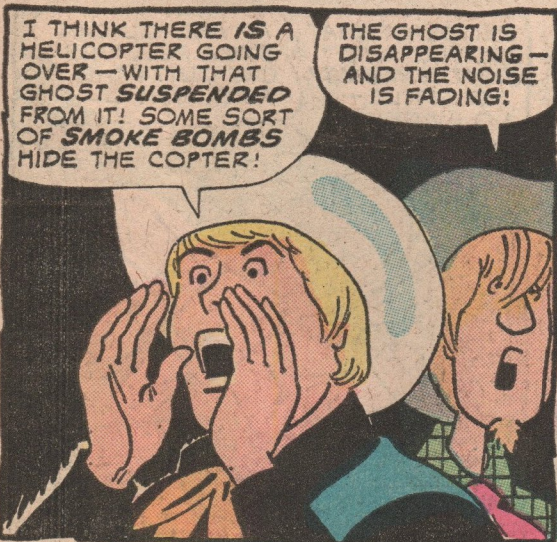


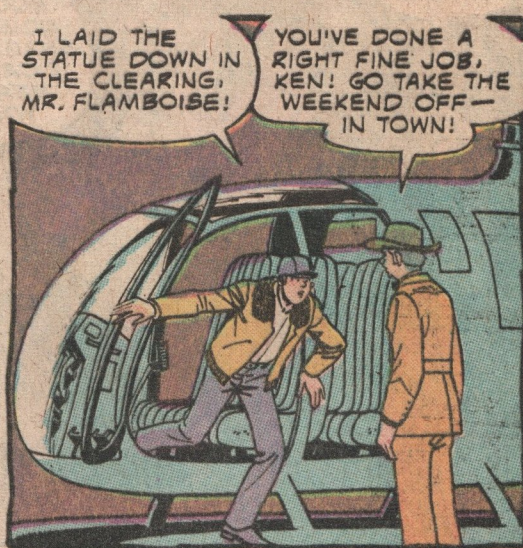
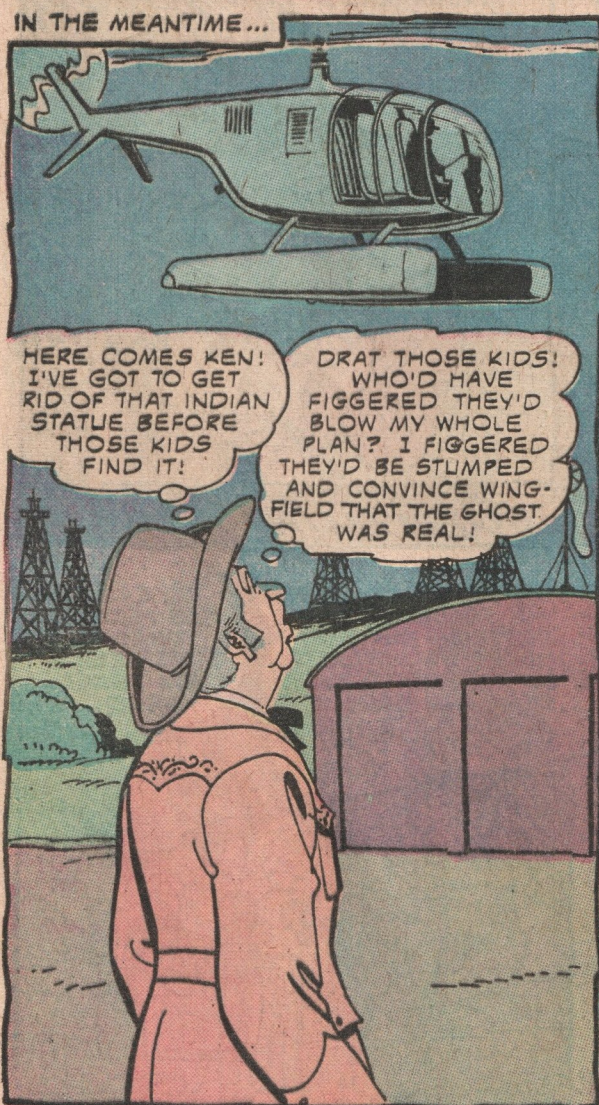
SHORTLY...

DID YOU SAY YOU
WERE GOING TO
LAW SCHOOL,
JEFF?

CORRECT! I GRADUATE NEXT
MONTH! I FIGURE BEING A
LAWYER'S THE BEST WAY TO
WATCH OUT FOR THE RIGHTS
OF THE WANTAUS—OR
WHAT'S LEFT OF US!

UP
AHEAD!
THE
GHOST!





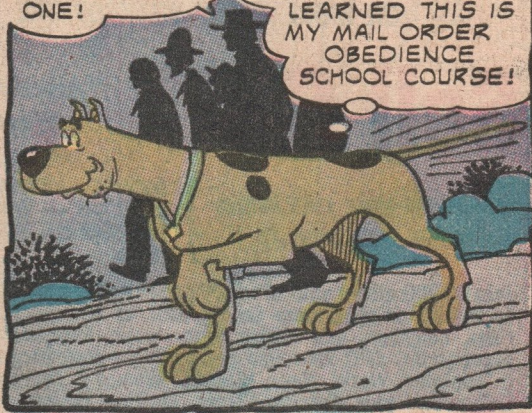
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE—
WHY WOULD FLAMBOISE
BID A HIGH PRICE FOR THE
LAND... THEN FAKE A GHOST
TO FOUL UP THE DEAL?

MAYBE
HIS CREW
PLANNED IT
WITHOUT
HIS
KNOWLEDGE...



MAYBE! BUT P.J.
SURE STRUCK ME
AS A SLIPPERY
CHARACTER—A
WELL-OILED
ONE!

OBSERVE—THE
OFFICIAL "**POINTER
DOG**" STANCE TO
INDICATE OBJECTIVE
DIRECTLY AHEAD! I
LEARNED THIS IS
MY MAIL ORDER
OBEDIENCE
SCHOOL COURSE!



AND HERE'S
OUR GHOST—
A COLOSSAL
**WOODEN
INDIAN!**

COMPLETE WITH
A SPECIAL
HARNESS FOR
THE HELICOPTER!

HOLD YOUR EARS
TIGHT, P.J.! THAT
DYNAMITE'S GONNA
BLAST THAT
STATUE INTO A
MILLION PIECES!



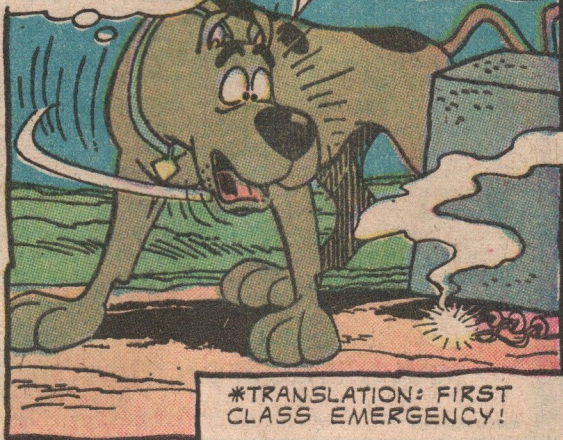
SAY, I SMELL SMOKE—
MUST BE ANOTHER
BARBECUE GOING
AROUND HERE!

IT SMELLS
LIKE THEY'RE
HAVING
BARBECUED
SNEAKERS!
ICK!

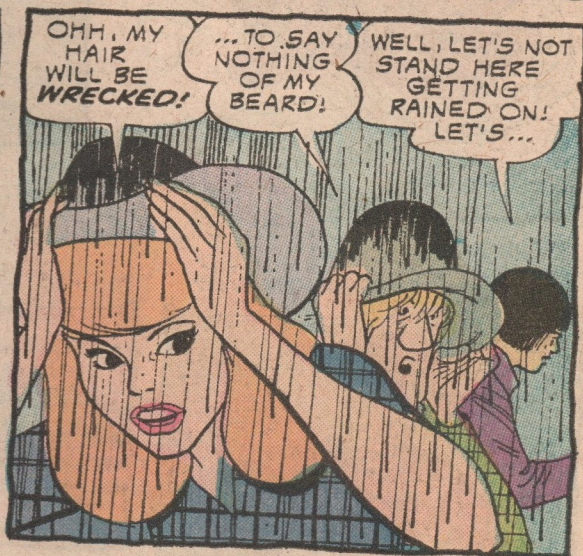
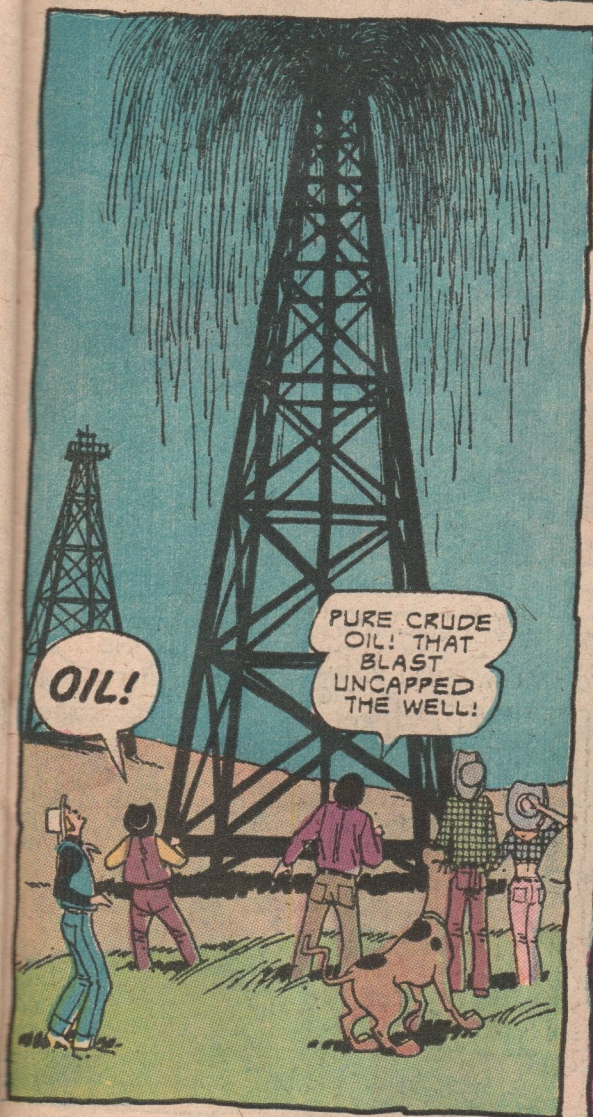


'YIPE! THAT'S
NO BARBECUE—
THAT'S
DYNAMITE!

**SCOOBY DOO!
SCOOBY DOO!***



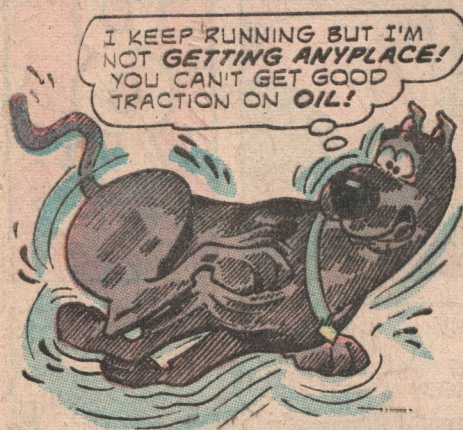
*TRANSLATION: FIRST
CLASS EMERGENCY!



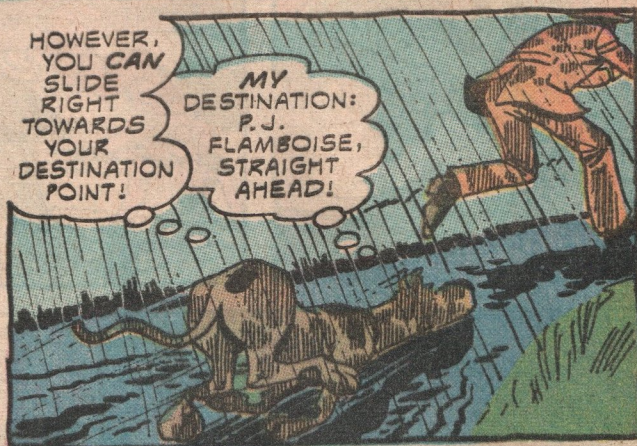


SCOOBY!
STOP
FLAMBOISE!

NEITHER RAIN NOR SNOW
NOR OIL STORMS WILL STAY
THIS CANINE FROM HIS
DUTY!



I KEEP RUNNING BUT I'M
NOT **GETTING ANYPLACE!**
YOU CAN'T GET GOOD
TRACTION ON **OIL!**



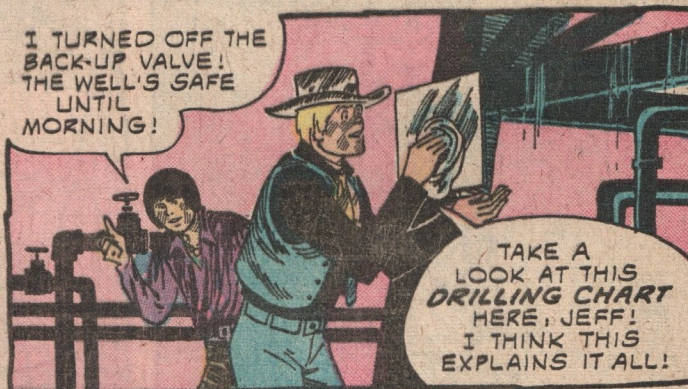
HOWEVER,
YOU **CAN**
SLIDE
RIGHT
TOWARDS
YOUR
DESTINATION
POINT!

MY
DESTINATION:
P.J.
FLAMBOISE,
STRAIGHT
AHEAD!



GOING
SOME-
WHERE?

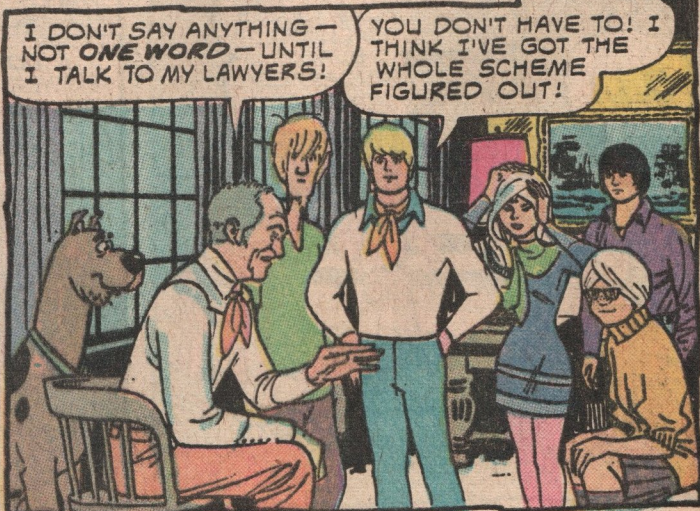
HUH? WHY, YOU
MUTT! YOU AND
YOUR FRIENDS
HAVE RUINED
EVERYTHING!



I TURNED OFF THE
BACK-UP VALVE!
THE WELL'S SAFE
UNTIL
MORNING!

TAKE A
LOOK AT THIS
DRILLING CHART
HERE, JEFF!
I THINK THIS
EXPLAINS IT ALL!

AND SO, SEVERAL SHOWERS LATER...



I DON'T SAY ANYTHING —
NOT **ONE WORD** — UNTIL
I TALK TO MY LAWYERS!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO! I
THINK I'VE GOT THE
WHOLE SCHEME
FIGURED OUT!

THE IDEA WAS TO STOP
THE CEREMONIAL
GROUNDS FROM BEING
SOLD TO **ANYONE!**
P.J. PUT IN THE TOP
BID FOR THIS LAND...

...THEN, HIS FAKE GHOST
GAVE HIM A REASON
TO BACK OUT — **PLUS,**
IT SCARED OFF
ANY OTHER BUYERS!

BUT I
THOUGHT MR.
FLAMBOISE
WANTED THE
OIL FROM
UNDER-
GROUND!

HE **DID!** IN FACT,
HE **ALREADY**
HAD IT! AS THIS
DIAGRAM
SHOWS, HE
PUMPED IT OUT
ILLEGALLY!

YOU **SLANT-
DRILLED** UNDER THE
WANTAWAU LAND,
YOU CHARLATAN!
WELL, I KNOW WHAT
MY **FIRST LAW**
CASE WILL BE...

WHEN I GET DONE HE
WON'T HAVE ENOUGH
OIL TO MAKE A
SALAD! FRED, I WANT
YOU ALL TO COME TO
THE WANTAWAU
SUNRISE CEREMONY

...TO **SUE YOU.**
ON BEHALF
OF THE WANTAWAUS,
FOR **EVERY DROP**
OF OIL YOU STOLE!

IT'S ALMOST SUN-UP,
NOW — IT'S BEEN A
LONG, LONG NIGHT!

AND SO...

WE HOLD ONTO THE
TRADITIONS — LIKE
MAKING FOLKS HONORARY
WANTAWAUS — JUST FOR
OCCASIONS LIKE **THIS!**

**CHIEF
SCOOPY!**
IT HAS A
NICE
RING
TO IT!

WOULD IT BE
CORNY TO SAY
"OIL'S WELL.
THAT ENDS
WELL"?

DEFINITELY,
YES!

the END