

GOLD



KEY®

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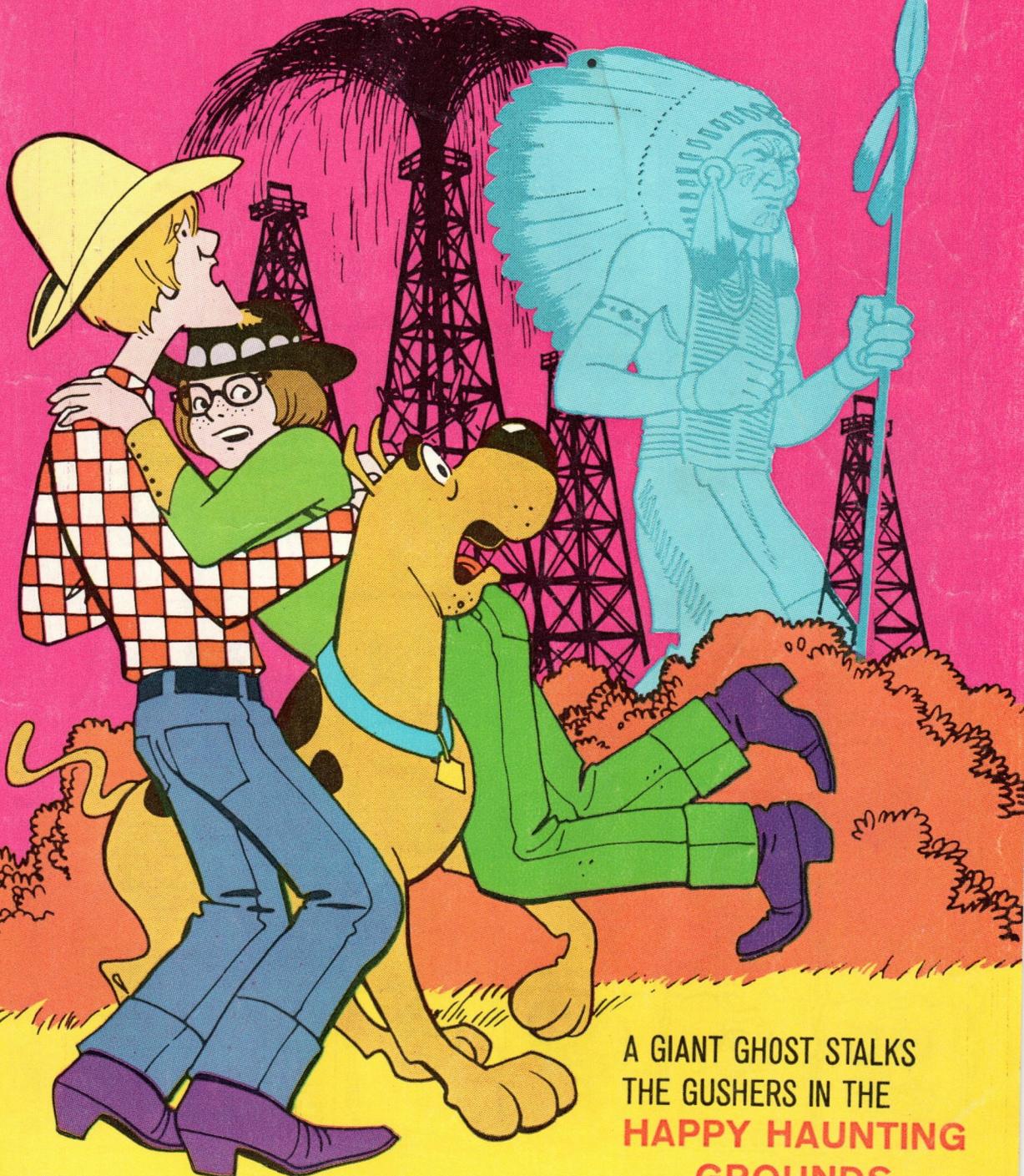
SCOOBY DOO

25¢

HANNA-BARBERA

SCOOBY DOO..

MYSTERY COMICS



A GIANT GHOST STALKS
THE GUSHERS IN THE
HAPPY HAUNTING
GROUNDS

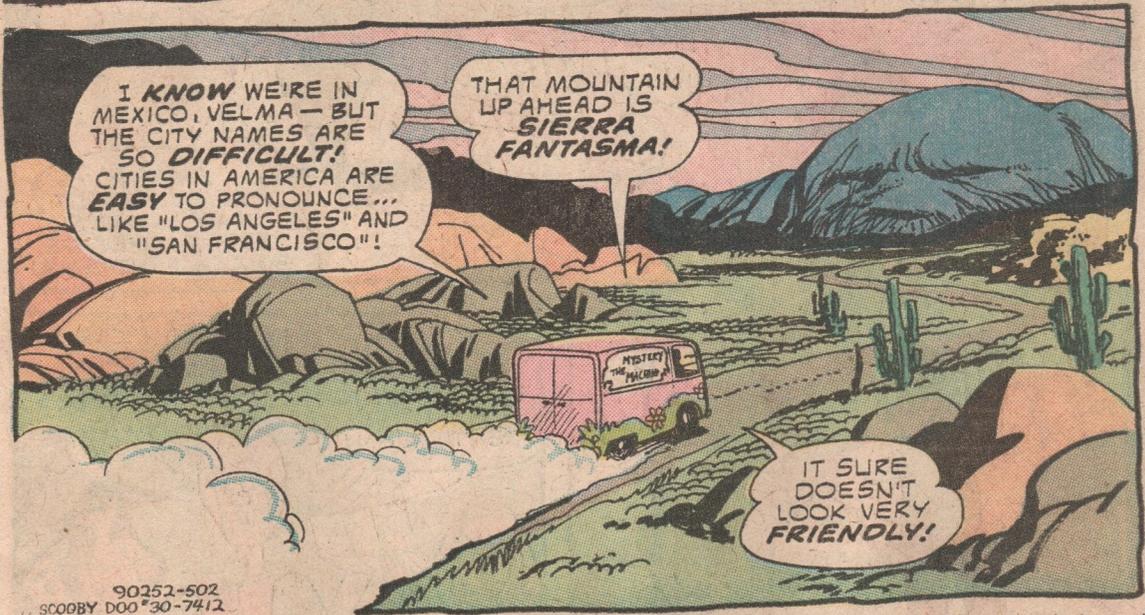
The TREASURE of SIERRA FANTASMA



SO FAR TODAY, WE'VE PASSED THROUGH PIEDRAS NEGRAS, NUEVA ROSITA, PROGRESO AND SAN BUENAVENTURA! WHY DO ALL THESE PLACES HAVE SUCH MEXICAN NAMES?

MAYBE IT HAS *SOMETHING* TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT WE'RE IN *MEXICO*, SHAGGY!

SIERRA FANTASMA IS ONLY A FEW MILES OFF ROUTE 30 — WE SHOULD BE THERE ANY MINUTE!



I *KNOW* WE'RE IN MEXICO, VELMA — BUT THE CITY NAMES ARE SO *DIFFICULT!* CITIES IN AMERICA ARE *EASY* TO PRONOUNCE... LIKE "LOS ANGELES" AND "SAN FRANCISCO"!

THAT MOUNTAIN UP AHEAD IS *SIERRA FANTASMA!*

IT SURE DOESN'T LOOK VERY *FRIENDLY!*

90252-502
SCOOPY DOO #30-7412

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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!



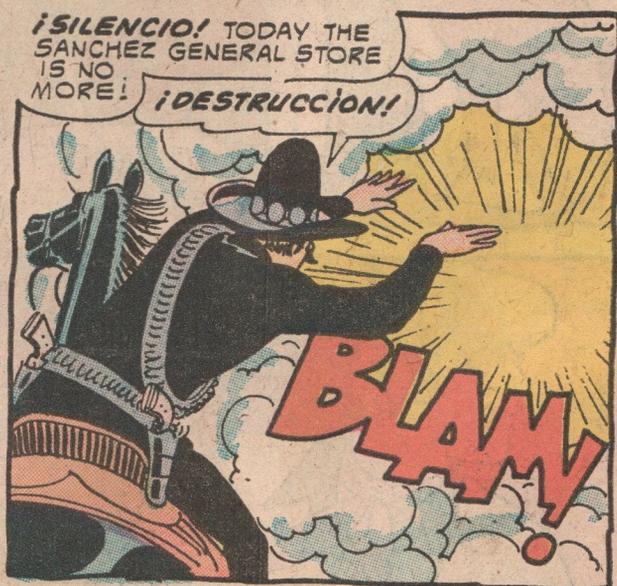
I'LL GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! I AM THE SHERIFF HERE IN SIERRA FANTASMA — BUT THE MENACE OF OUR TOWN IS BEYOND ME!

FORTY MINUTES I SPENT TRYING TO FOLD THIS THING!



SHAGGY, PAY ATTENTION!

HE COMES THROUGH 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!

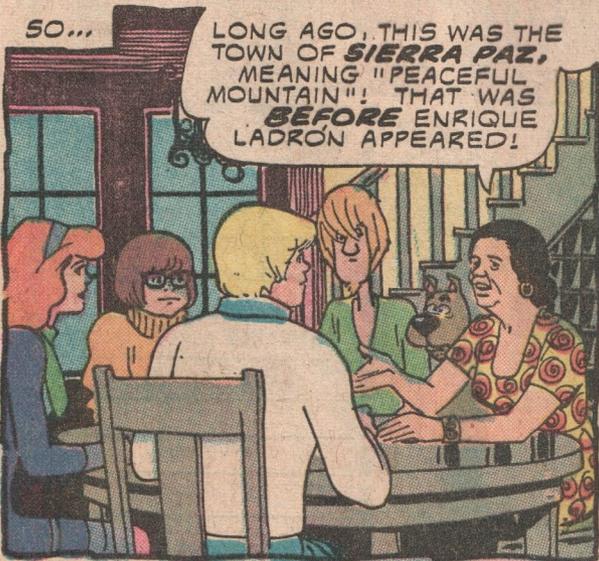
I WILL NOT RUN!
I WILL **REBUILD!**
FROM THE
GROUND UP, I
WILL REBUILD!

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 TOWN-PEOPLE GATHERED TOGETHER TO KEEP LADRÓN A PRISONER IN THE MOUNTAINS..."

YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE THOSE HILLS, LADRÓN! SOMEONE WILL ALWAYS BE ON GUARD AGAINST IT!



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

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

DID YOU HEAR THE NOISES FROM THE MOUNTAIN LAST NIGHT?

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



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



AND THEY NEVER FOUND THE GOLD... THE BANK MONEY?

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



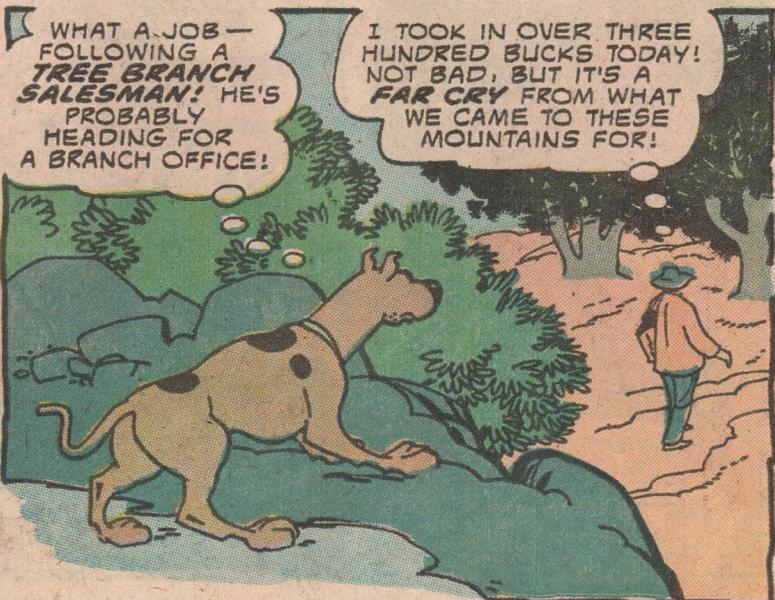
DO YOU GUARANTEE THAT YOUR CHARM WILL KEEP THE GHOST FROM MY STORE?

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



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

HE MIGHT! **SCOOBY, 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!

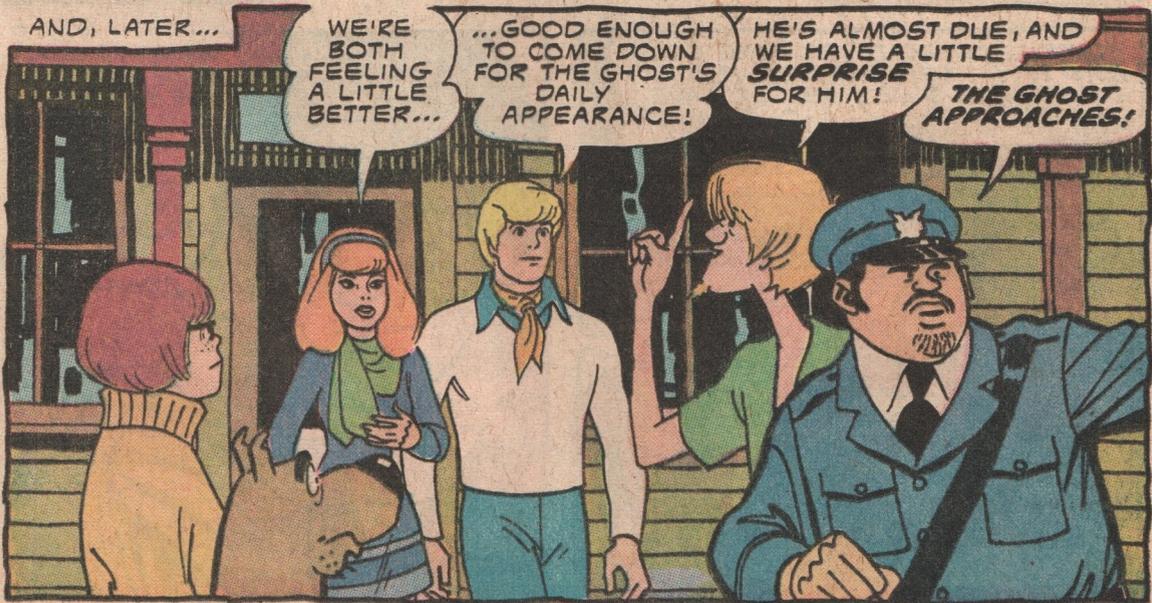


I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!

THE BANUELOS HOTEL IS WHERE WE'RE STAYING! I'LL PUT THE TRUSTY SCOOBY SCHNOZ TO USE AND **SHIFF 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 LADRÓN 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!**





YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD **USE ME** TO GET THE GOLD BUT **I USED YOU!** I MADE YOU CARRY OUT MY REVENGE, DISGUISED AS MY GHOST! YOU **COLOSSAL FOOL!**



WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE MAGIC BRANCHES YOU WERE SELLING? THEY WERE **OAK**, I THINK...

I DON'T KNOW **WHAT KIND** THEY WERE! WE CHOPPED THEM OFF THAT TREE!



THAT'S AN **ACACIA** TREE, NOT AN **OAK** TREE!

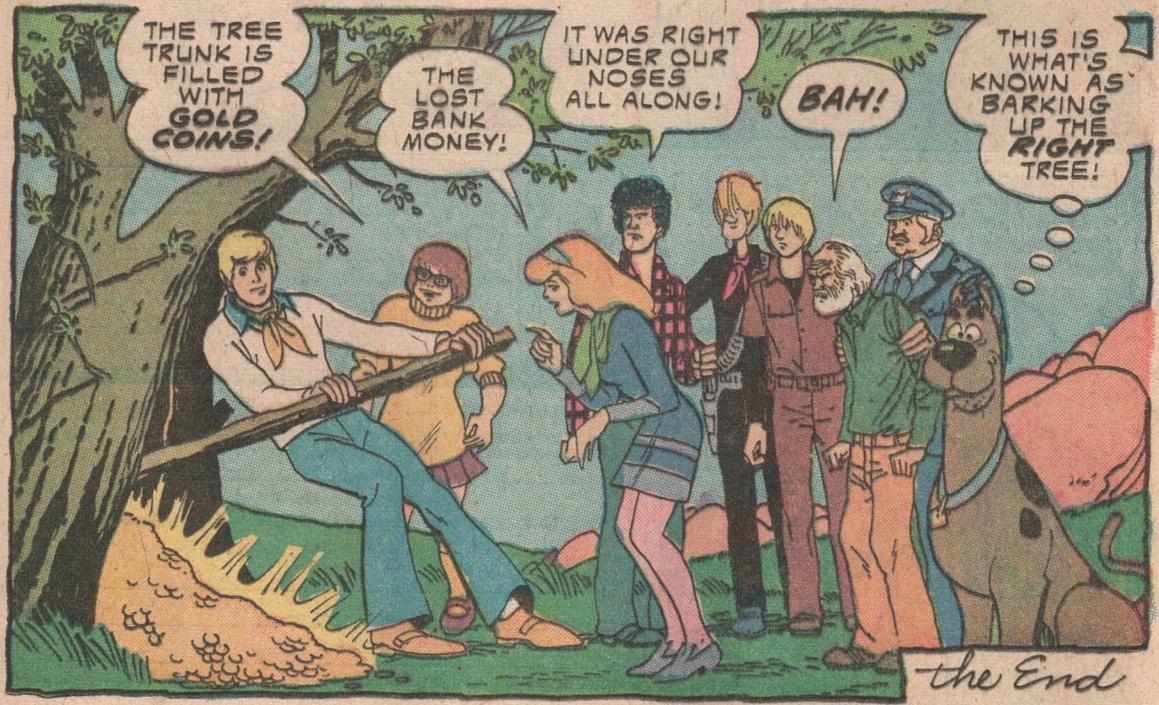
THOSE WERE **OAK** BRANCHES— I LEARNED FROM MY FIRST DAY AS A CUB SCOUT!

STRANGE! THIS MERITS LOOKING INTO—!



THIS IS A DEAD **ACACIA** TREE— BUT SOMEONE SPLICED **OAK** BRANCHES ON IT TO MAKE IT **LOOK ALIVE!**

SEE? DOWN HERE THE BARK JUST PEELS OFF...



THE TREE TRUNK IS FILLED WITH **GOLD COINS!**

THE **LOST BANK** MONEY!

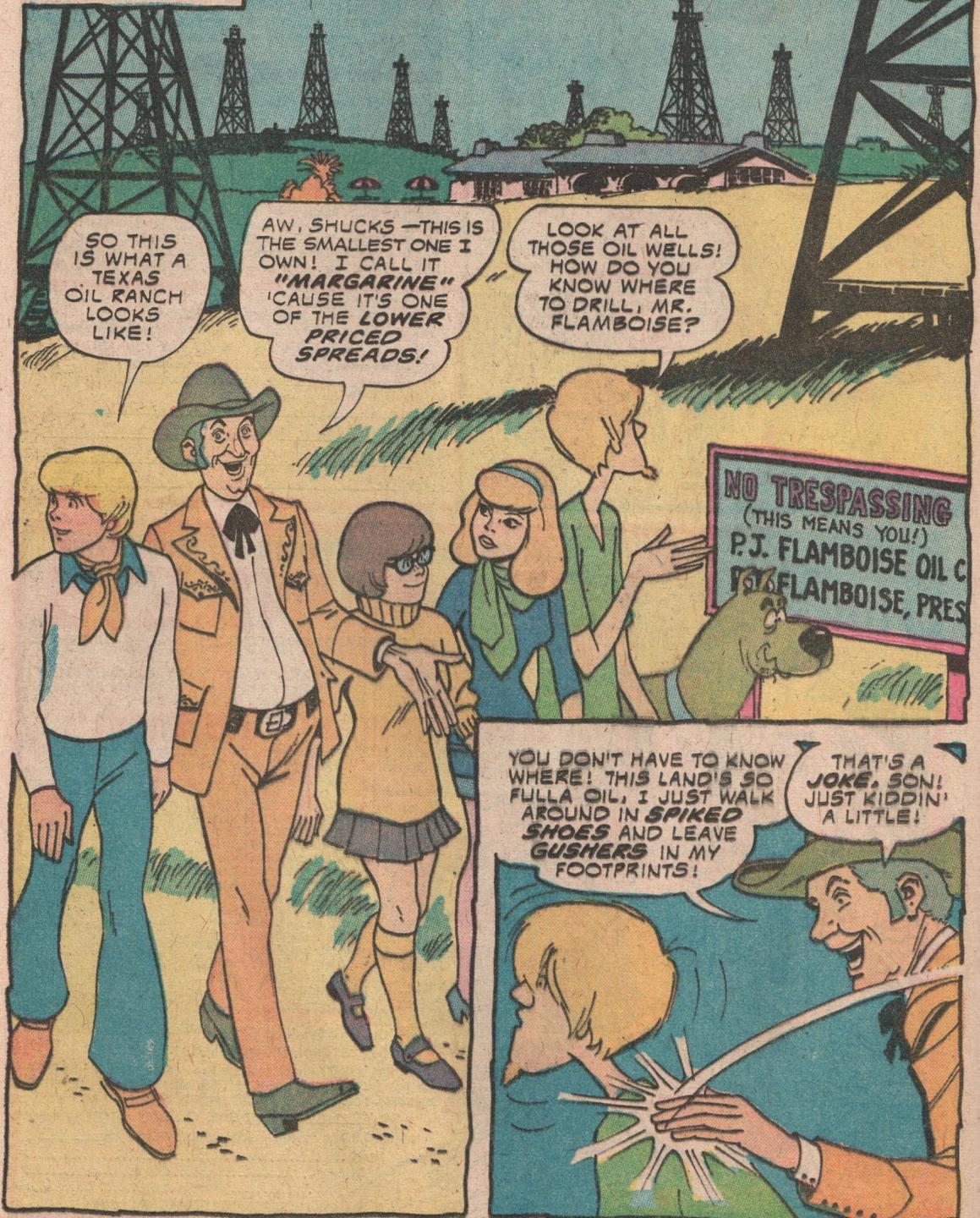
IT WAS RIGHT UNDER OUR **NOSES** ALL ALONG!

BAH!

THIS IS WHAT'S KNOWN AS **BARKING UP THE RIGHT TREE!**

the End

HAPPY HAUNTING GROUNDS



SO THIS IS WHAT A TEXAS OIL RANCH LOOKS LIKE!

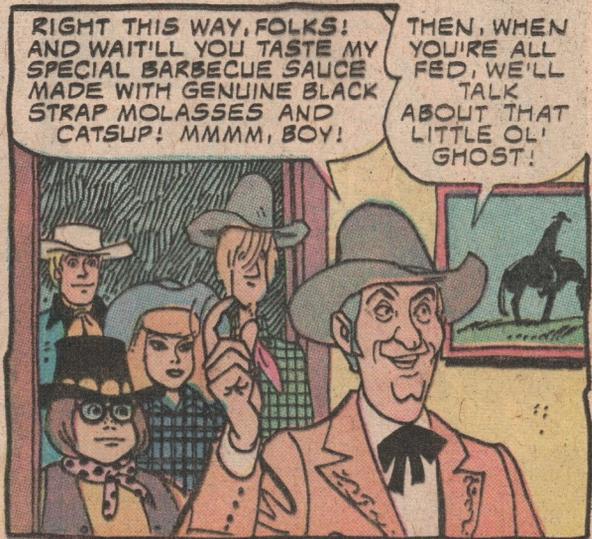
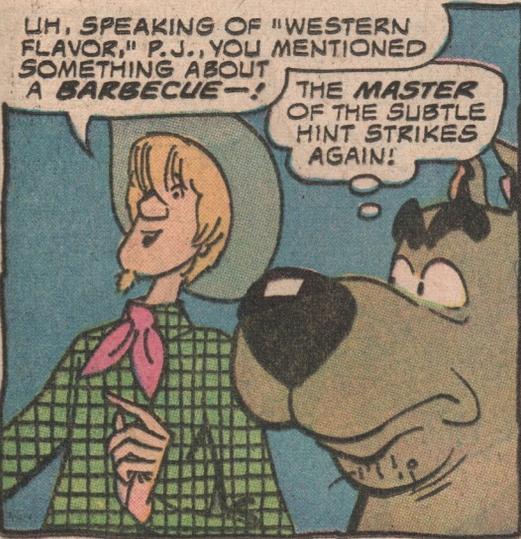
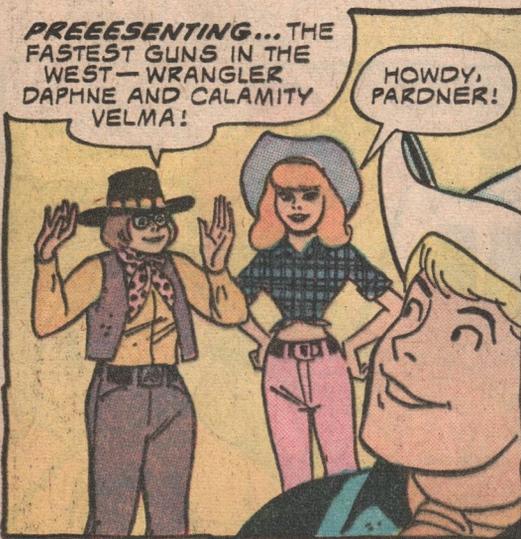
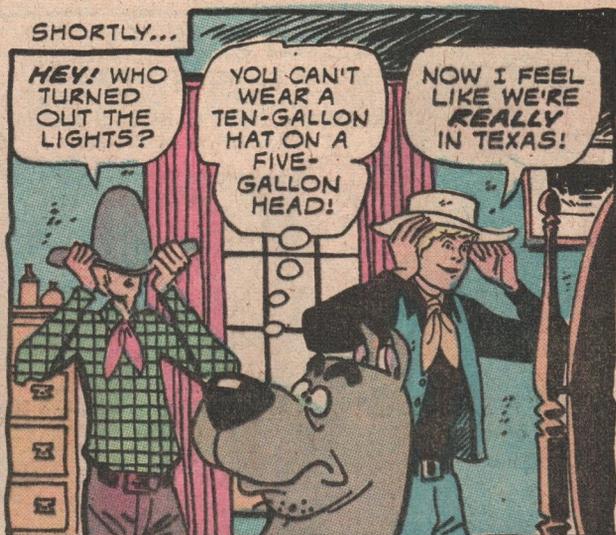
AW, SHUCKS — THIS IS THE SMALLEST ONE I OWN! I CALL IT "MARGARINE" 'CAUSE IT'S ONE OF THE LOWER PRICED SPREADS!

LOOK AT ALL THOSE OIL WELLS! HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO DRILL, MR. FLAMBOISE?

NO TRESPASSING
(THIS MEANS YOU!)
P.J. FLAMBOISE OIL CO.
P.J. FLAMBOISE, PRES.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW WHERE! THIS LAND'S SO FULLA OIL, I JUST WALK AROUND IN SPIKED SHOES AND LEAVE GUSHERS IN MY FOOTPRINTS!

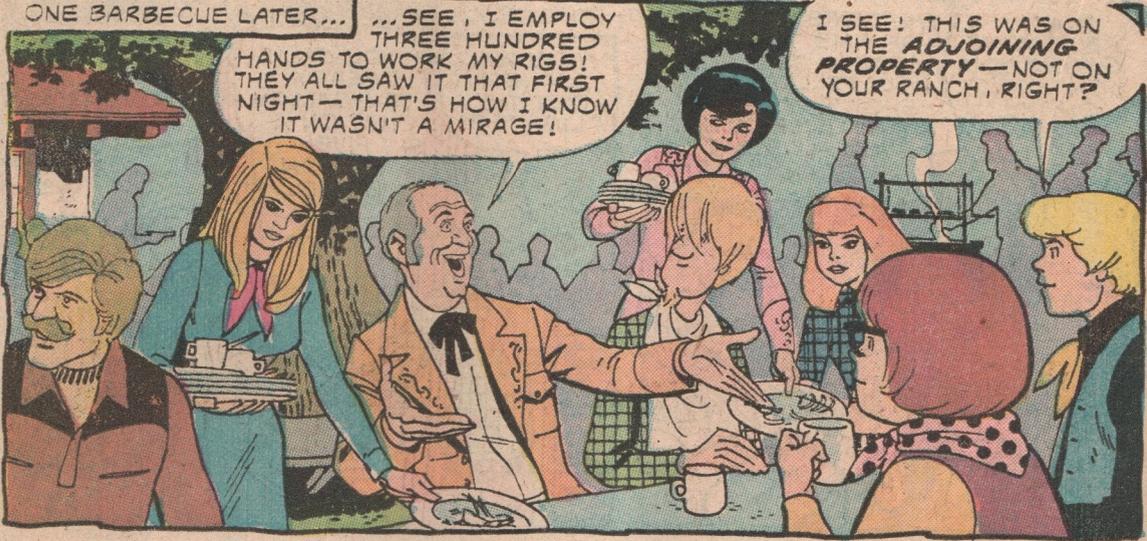
THAT'S A JOKE, SON! JUST KIDDIN' A LITTLE!



ONE BARBECUE 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 CEREMONIAL 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!

YOU WERE ABOUT TO BUY THIS PROPERTY, YOU SAY?





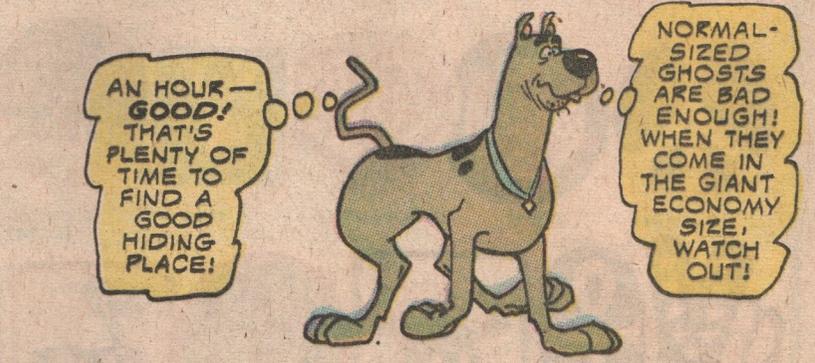
I WAS — AND I STILL WOULD IF NOT FOR THAT GHOST! THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF BARRELS UNDERGROUND, WAITIN' TO BE PUMPED OUT!

WHO WERE YOU DEALING WITH IN THE WANTAWAU TRIBE?



JEFF WINGFIELD — HE'S TRUSTEE FOR THE WANTAWAUS! HERE'S HIS ADDRESS — IT'S DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE!

WE'LL GO TALK WITH HIM! WE STILL HAVE ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE DARK!



AN HOUR — GOOD! THAT'S PLENTY OF TIME TO FIND A GOOD HIDING PLACE!

NORMAL-SIZED GHOSTS ARE BAD ENOUGH! WHEN THEY COME IN THE GIANT ECONOMY SIZE, WATCH OUT!



ARE YOU JEFF WINGFIELD?

CORRECT! WHAT'S WRONG — WERE YOU EXPECTING CHIEF SITTING BULL WITH THE FEATHERS AND BEADS AND WAR PAINT? THEY'D THROW ME OUT OF LAW SCHOOL!



WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT! I'M FRED AND THIS IS...

I KNOW ALL YOUR NAMES — I'VE FOLLOWED YOUR GHOST-BREAKING EXPLOITS IN THE NEWSPAPER! THAT'S WHY I ASKED MR. FLAMBOISE TO CONTACT YOU!



YOU ASKED FOR US? I THOUGHT MR. FLAMBOISE HAD THE IDEA!

NOPE! YOU'RE THE BEST AT GHOST-BUSTING AND, THE SOONER I GET THIS SETTLED, THE SOONER I CAN SELL THAT LAND!

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!



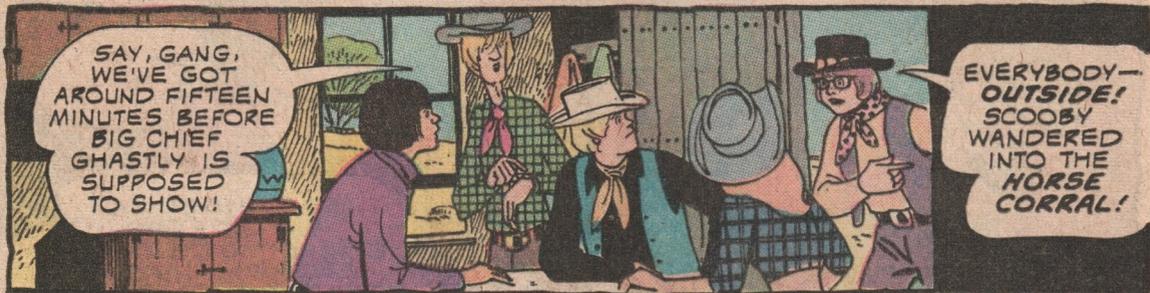
FRED CAN HANDLE THE DETECTIVE STUFF! ME, I'M GOING EXPLORING!

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!

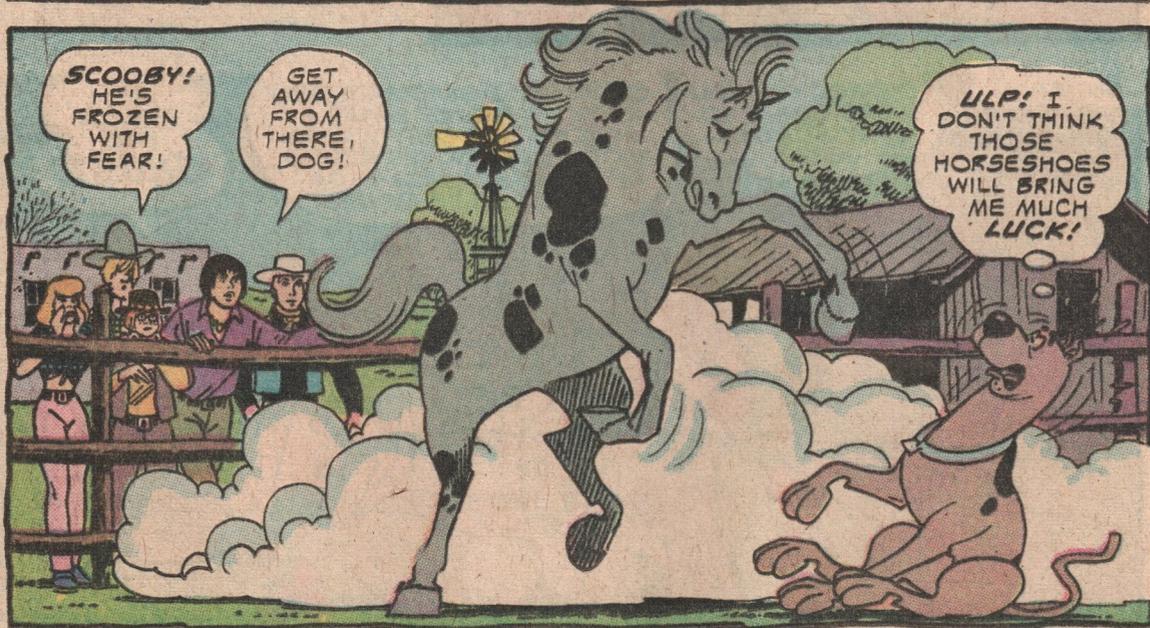
SAY, GANG, WE'VE GOT AROUND FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE BIG CHIEF GHASTLY IS SUPPOSED TO SHOW!



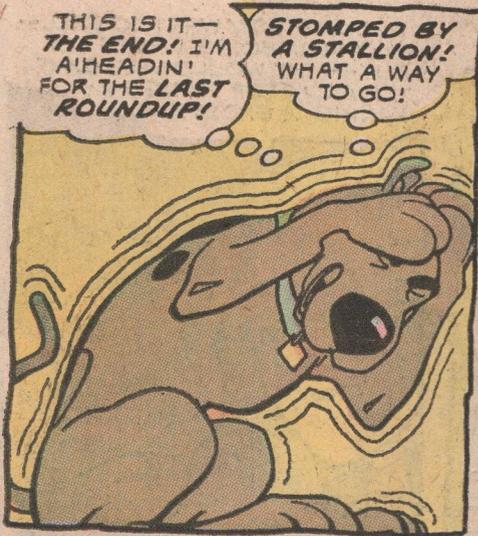
EVERYBODY — OUTSIDE! SCOOBY WANDERED INTO THE HORSE CORRAL!

SCOOBY! 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!



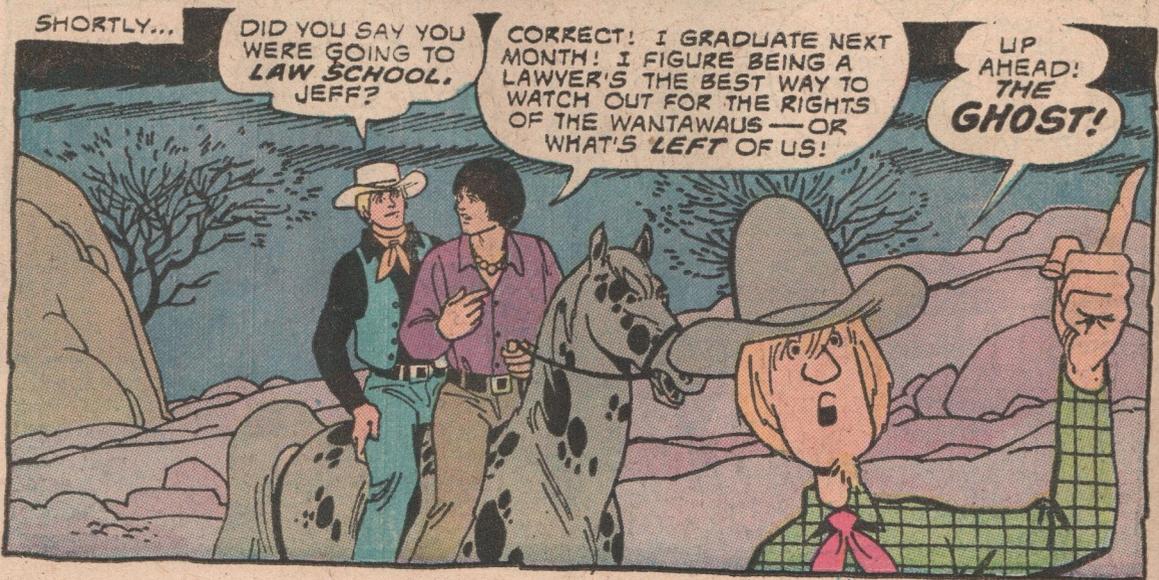
I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* PANICKED
THUNDERHEAD — HE USUALLY
LOVES DOGS! THE ONLY THING
THAT STIRS HIM UP IS A
HELICOPTER IN THE AREA!



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!

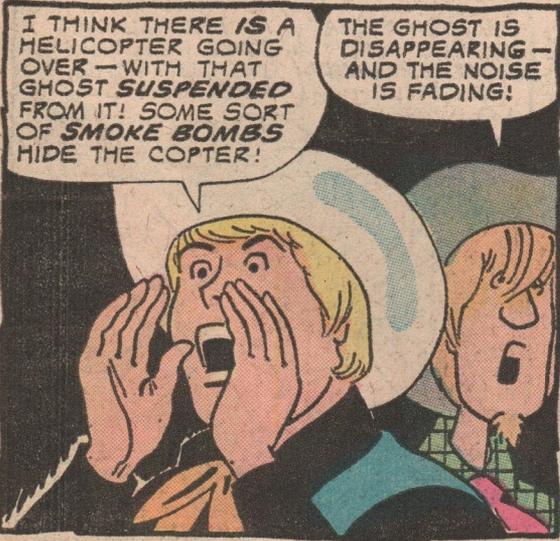


WHIRWEE!

ZOOKS!
LOOK AT
THE *SIZE*
OF THAT
THING!

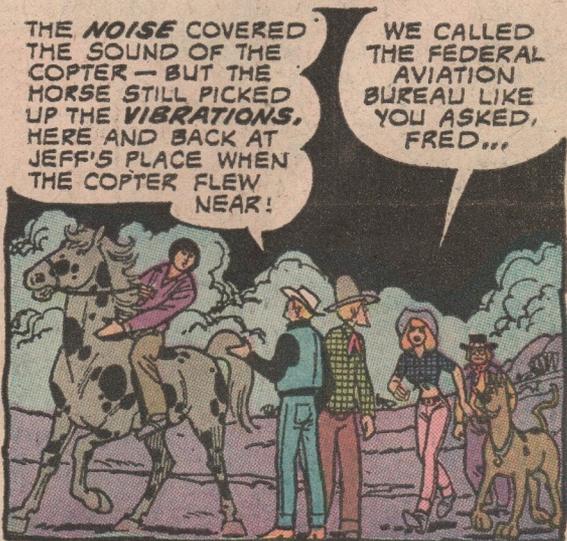
THERE'S
TOO
MUCH
NOISE,
SHAGGY!
I CAN'T
HEAR
YOU!

THUNDERHEAD'S
REARING UP!
JUST LIKE
WHEN A
HELICOPTER
GOES OVER!



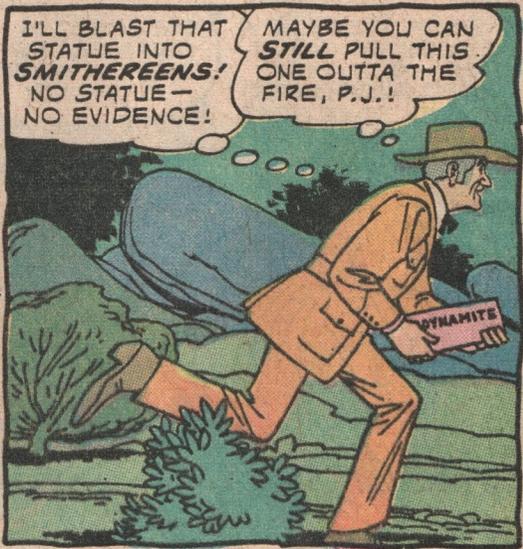
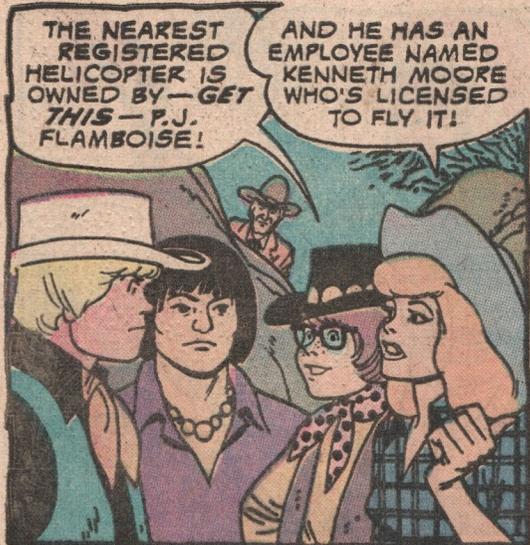
I THINK THERE IS A
HELICOPTER GOING
OVER — WITH THAT
GHOST *SUSPENDED*
FROM IT! SOME SORT
OF *SMOKE BOMBS*
HIDE THE COPTER!

THE GHOST IS
DISAPPEARING —
AND THE NOISE
IS FADING!



THE *NOISE* COVERED
THE SOUND OF THE
COPTER — BUT THE
HORSE STILL PICKED
UP THE *VIBRATIONS*.
HERE AND BACK AT
JEFF'S PLACE WHEN
THE COPTER FLEW
NEAR!

WE CALLED
THE FEDERAL
AVIATION
BUREAU LIKE
YOU ASKED,
FRED...



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!

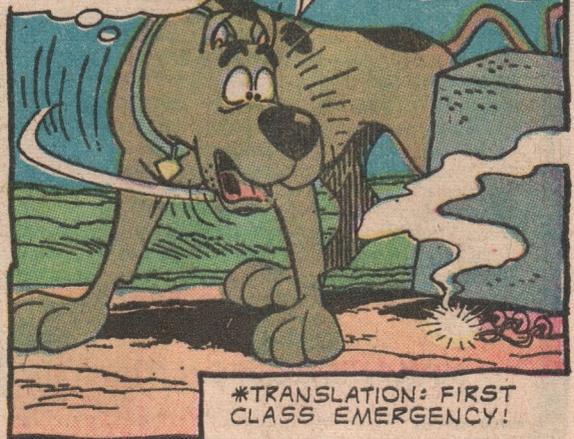


SAY, I SMELL SMOKE — MUST BE ANOTHER BARBECUE GOING AROUND HERE!

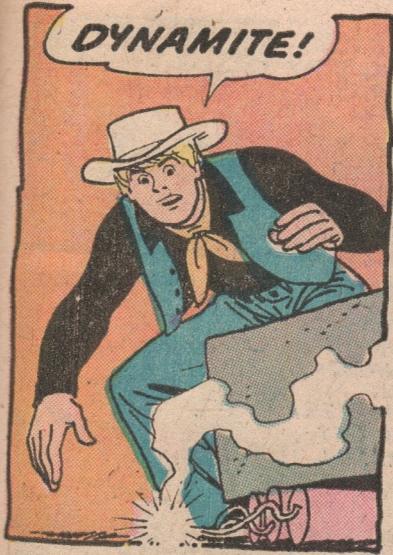
IT SMELLS LIKE THEY'RE HAVING BARBECUED SNEAKERS! ICK!

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

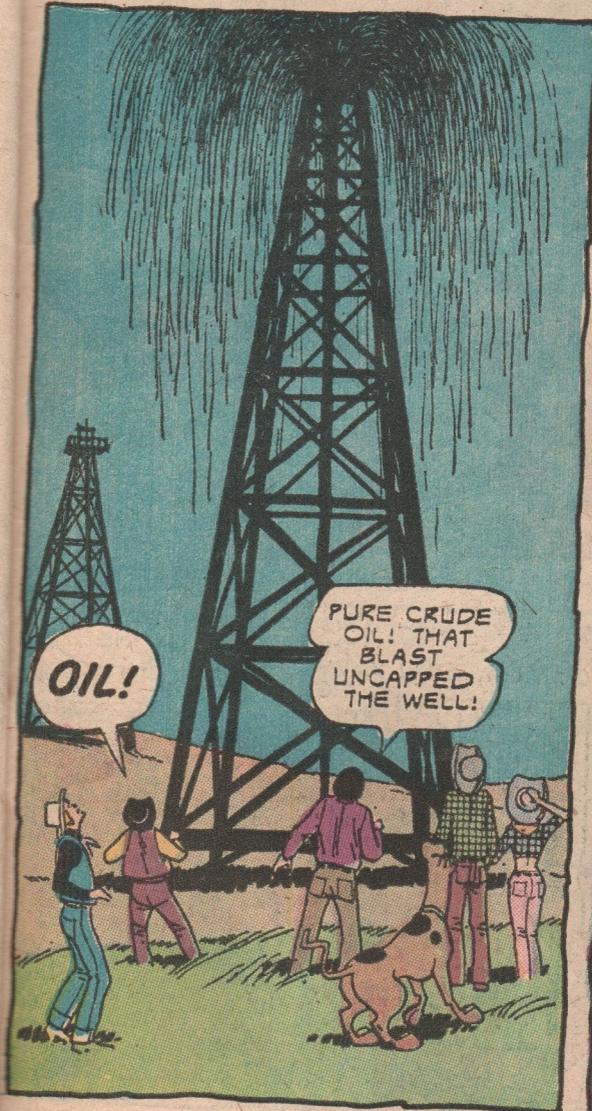
SCOOBY DOO! SCOOBY DOO!*



*TRANSLATION: FIRST CLASS EMERGENCY!



BLOOM



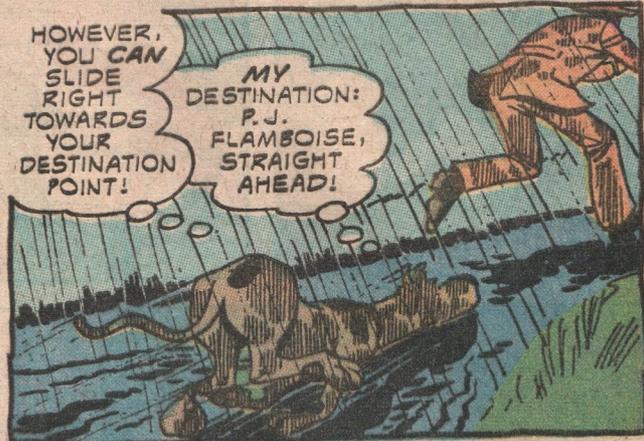


SCOOBY!
STOP
FLAMBOISE!

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!

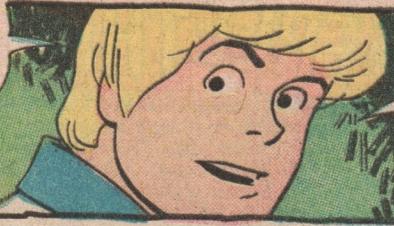
AND SO, SEVERAL SHOWERS LATER...



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...



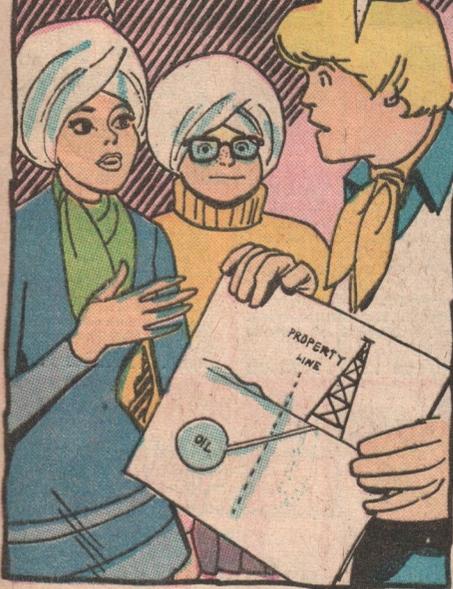
...THEN, HIS FAKE GHOST GAVE HIM A REASON TO BACK OUT — PLUS, IT SCARED OFF ANY OTHER BUYERS!

BUT I THOUGHT MR. FLAMBOISE WANTED THE OIL FROM UNDERGROUND!

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 SCOOBY! IT HAS A NICE RING TO IT!

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

DEFINITELY, YES!



the END