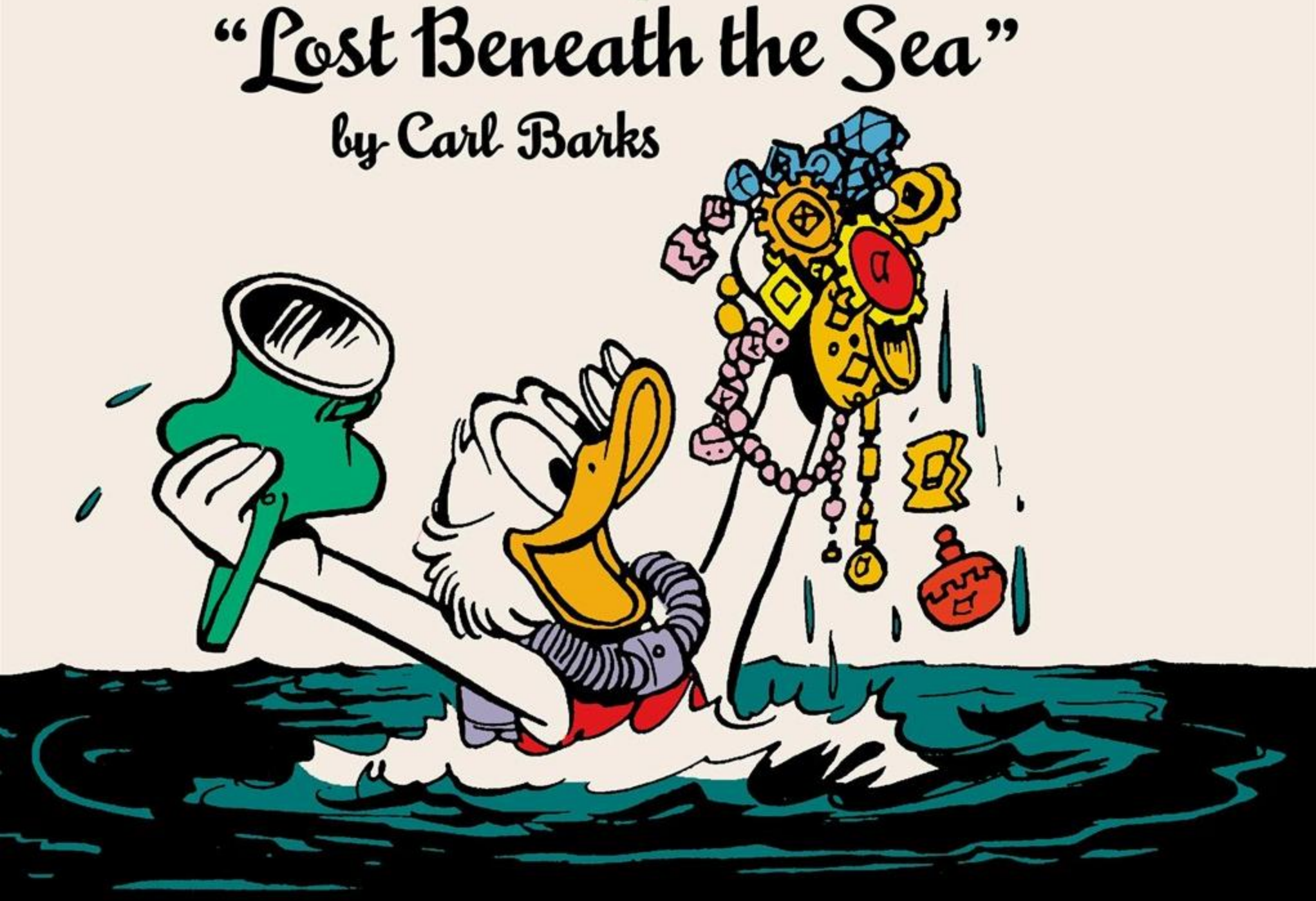


Walt Disney's

UNCLE $CROOGE

"Lost Beneath the Sea"

by Carl Barks



Walt Disney's

UNCLE $CROOGE

by Carl Barks



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Walt Disney's

Uncle $crooge

"Lost Beneath the Sea"

by Carl Barks

FANTAGRAPHICS SEATTLE

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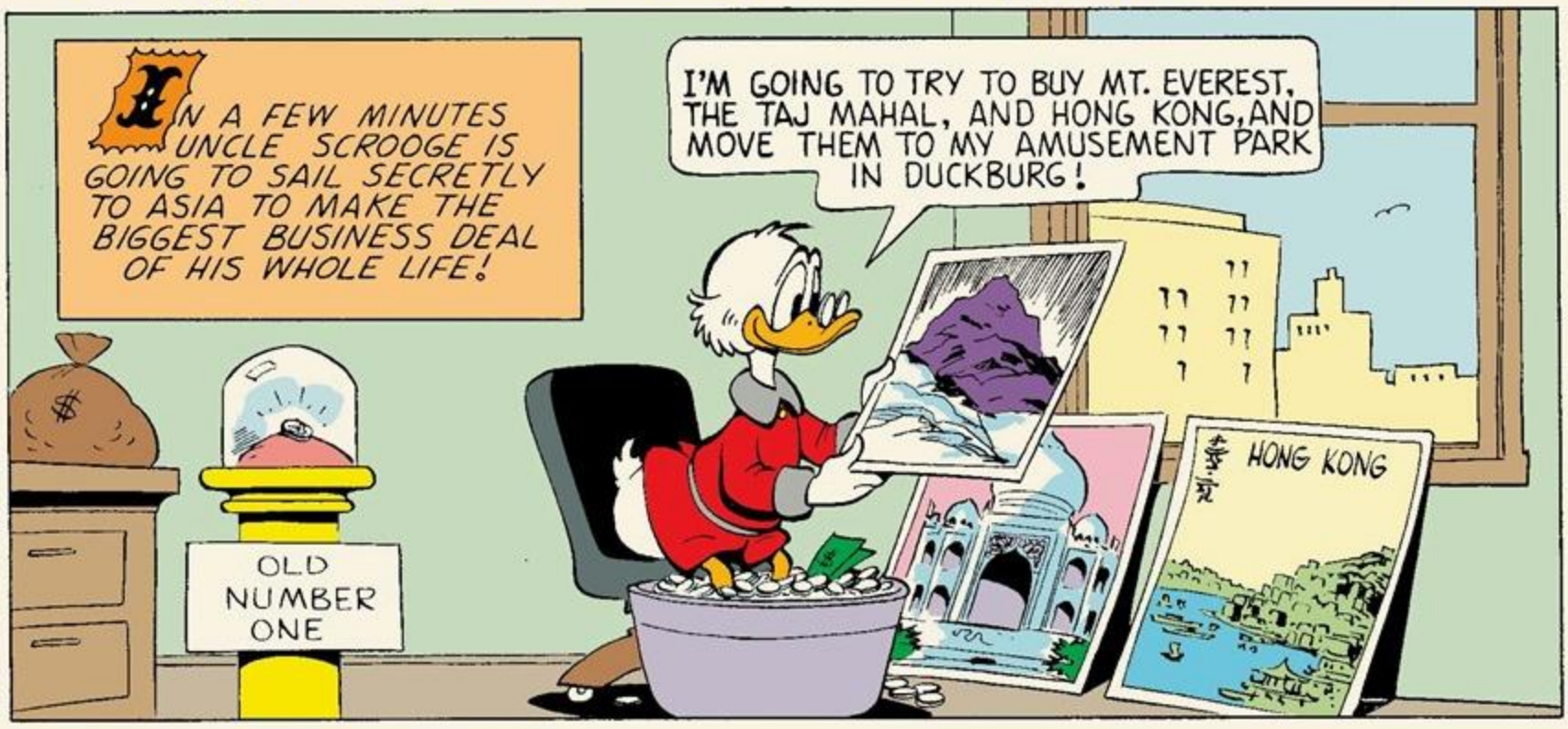
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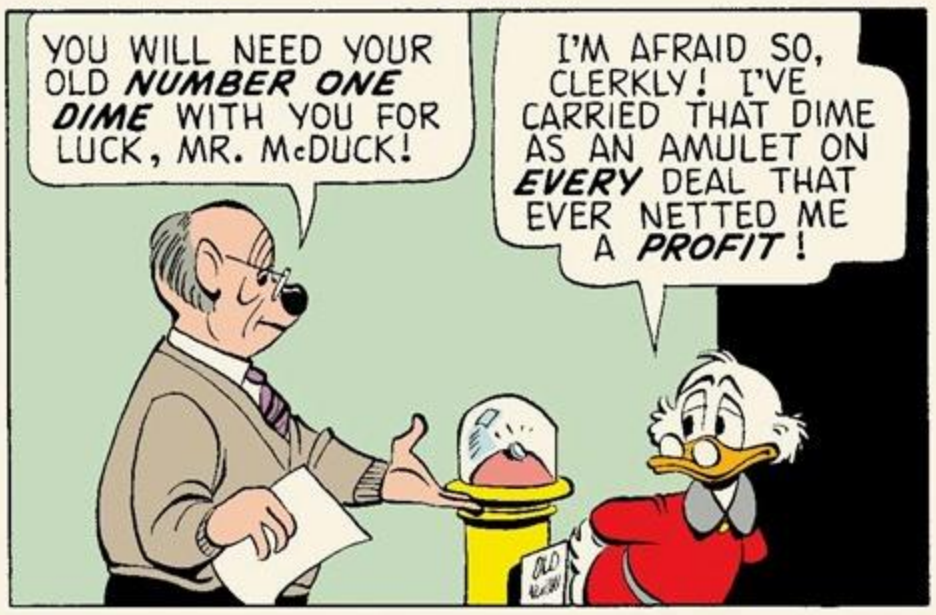
Some of the stories included in this title are presented as originally created and may contain stereotypes or negative depictions.

Walt Disney's UNCLE SCROOGE

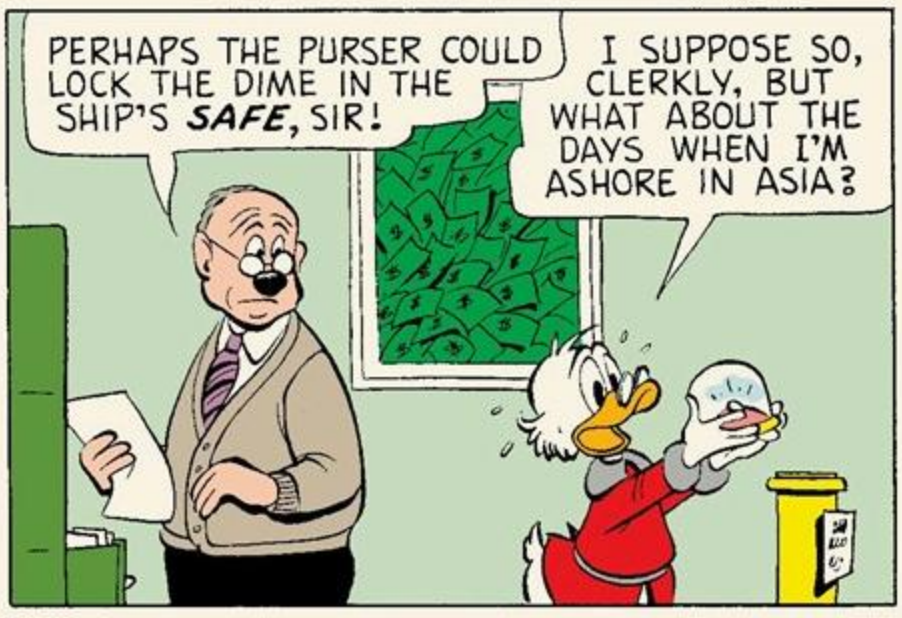
LOST BENEATH THE SEA

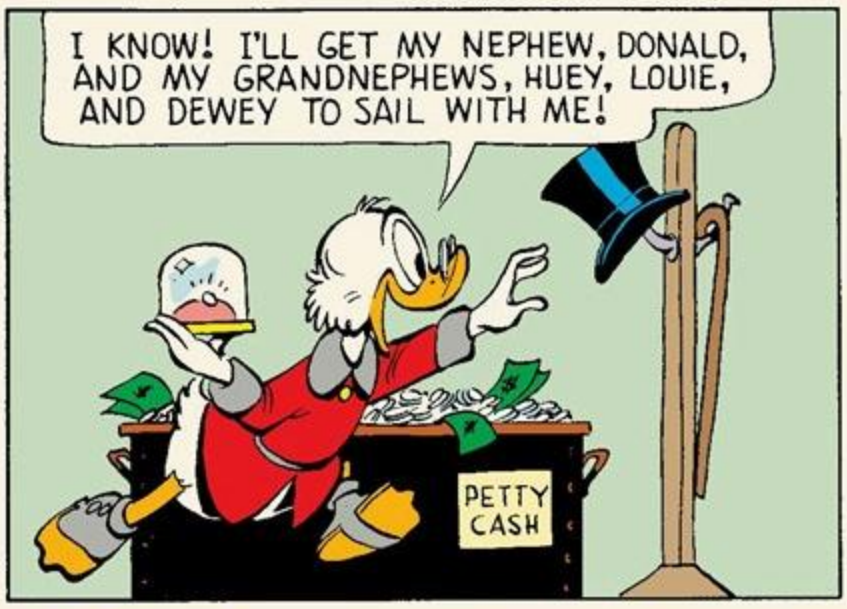


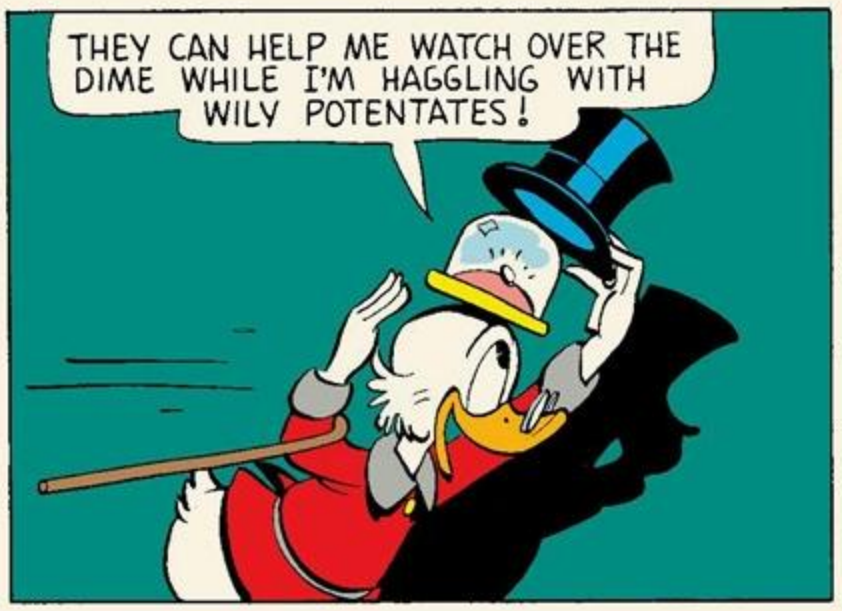


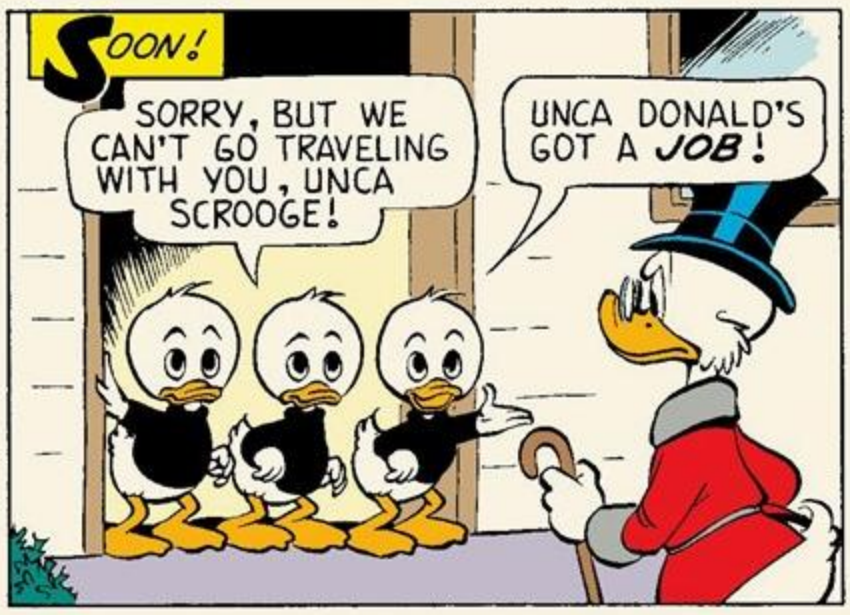


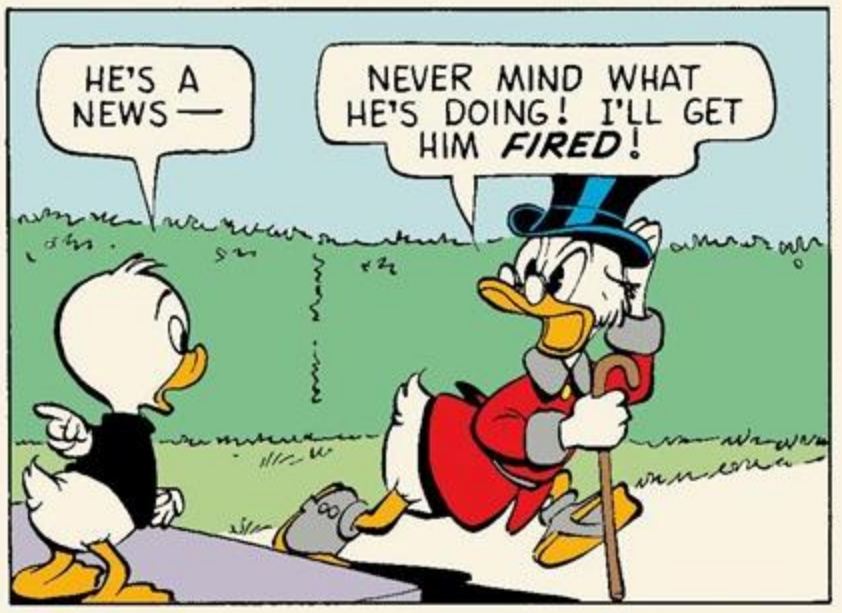




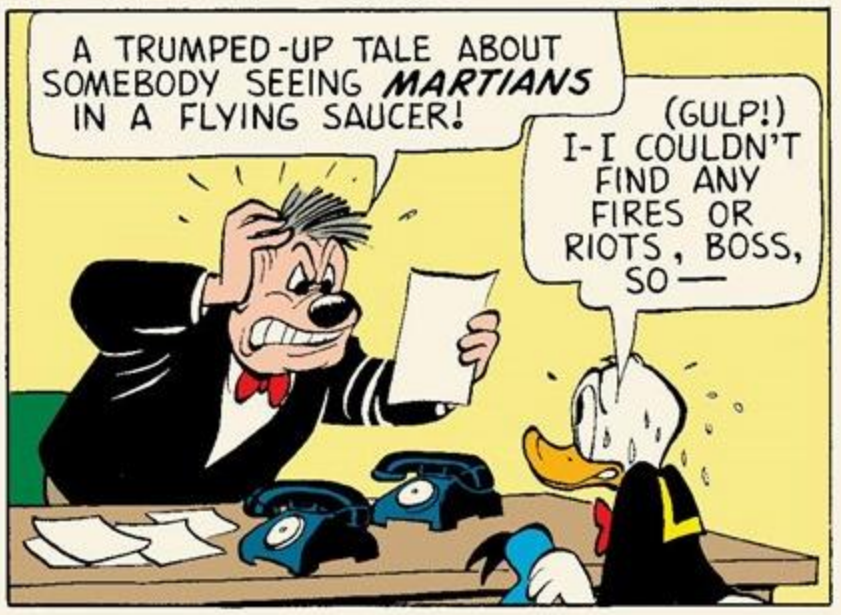

I KNOW! I'LL GET MY NEPHEW, DONALD, AND MY GRANDNEPHEWS, HUEY, LOUIE, AND DEWEY TO SAIL WITH ME!
PETTY CASH


THEY CAN HELP ME WATCH OVER THE DIME WHILE I'M HAGGLING WITH WILY POTENTATES!

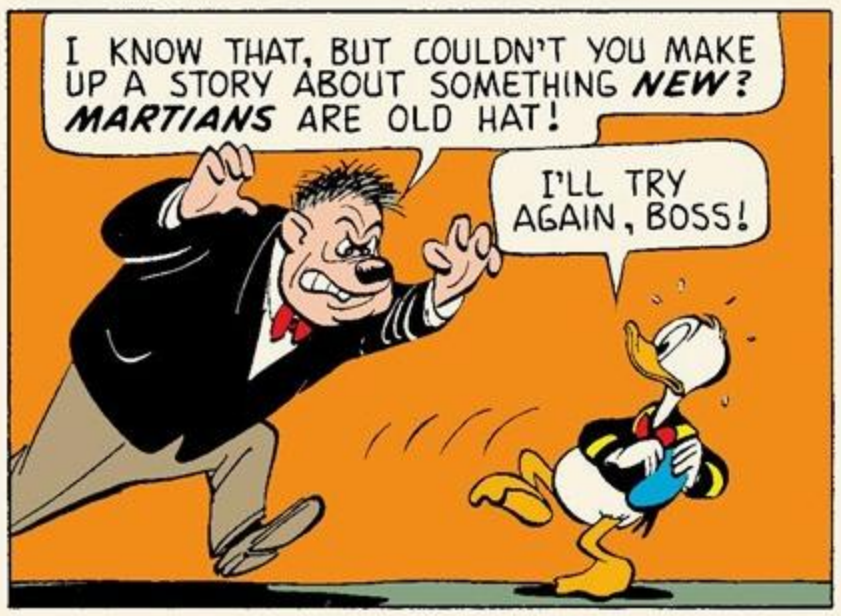

SOON!
SORRY, BUT WE CAN'T GO TRAVELING WITH YOU, UNCA SCROOGE!
UNCA DONALD'S GOT A JOB!


HE'S A NEWS—
NEVER MIND WHAT HE'S DOING! I'LL GET HIM FIRED!


UNCLE SCROOGE WON'T NEED TO BOTHER!
YOU CALL YOURSELF A NEWSPAPER REPORTER, DUCK! WHAT'S THIS STORY YOU'VE TURNED IN?
EDITOR
HOT NEWS
NEW NEWS
OLD NEWS


A TRUMPED-UP TALE ABOUT SOMEBODY SEEING MARTIANS IN A FLYING SAUCER!
(GULP!) I-I COULDN'T FIND ANY FIRES OR RIOTS, BOSS, SO—


SO YOU MADE UP A STORY, EH?
ER-YES—BUT THE READERS WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE, BOSS!


I KNOW THAT, BUT COULDN'T YOU MAKE UP A STORY ABOUT SOMETHING NEW? MARTIANS ARE OLD HAT!
I'LL TRY AGAIN, BOSS!

NOT ON *MY* PAYROLL, DUCK! YOU'RE *FIRED*!

BUT IF YOU COME UP WITH A REAL NEWSY *TRUE* STORY, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR JOB BACK!

YES, BOSS— I MEAN, *EX-BOSS*!

NEWS

TRASH

PIED TYPE

NOW, WHAT WOULD BE A NEWSY STORY?.. A MAN BITES A DOG?.. NO!...THAT'S BEEN USED!....

DONALD, YOU'RE *HIRED*! COME ALONG WITH ME TO— NEVER MIND! I'LL TELL YOU LATER!

SOON!

YOU LADS ARE TO HELP ME *GUARD* MY OLD NUMBER ONE DIME WHEN WE GET TO WHERE WE'RE GOING!

YEAH! *WHERE* ARE WE GOING?

WHY THE SKULKING *SECRECY*, UNCLE SCROOGE?

PURSER

S.S. FATSONIA

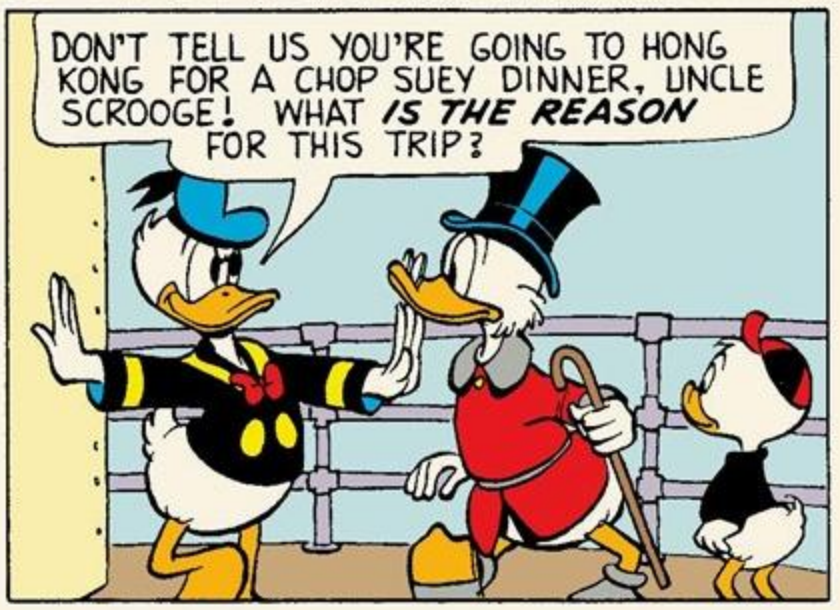
I'M TRYING TO KEEP MY TRIP OUT OF THE NEWS FOR BUSINESS REASONS! SIMMER DOWN!

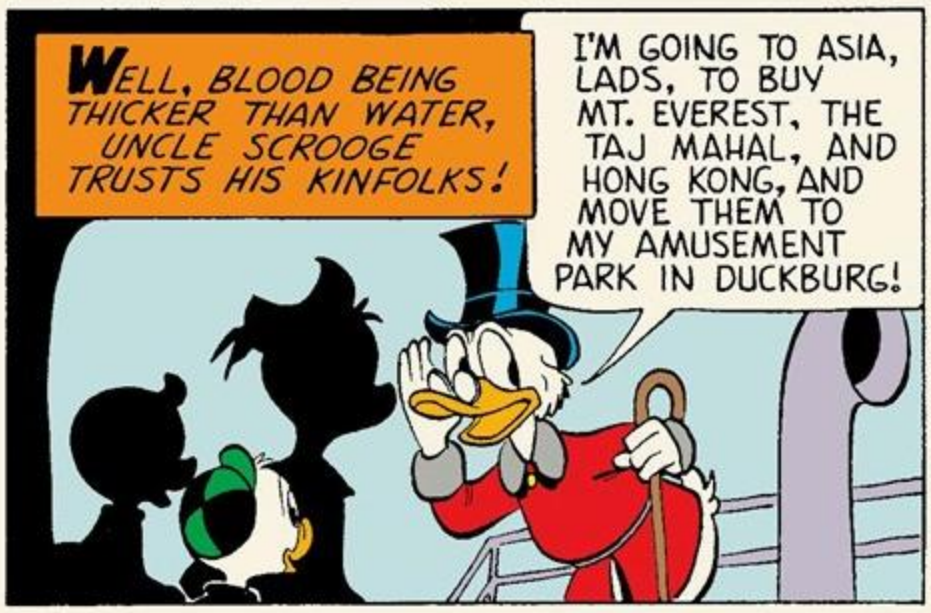
THAT TICKET IN UNCA SCROOGE'S POCKET SAYS *ASIA*!

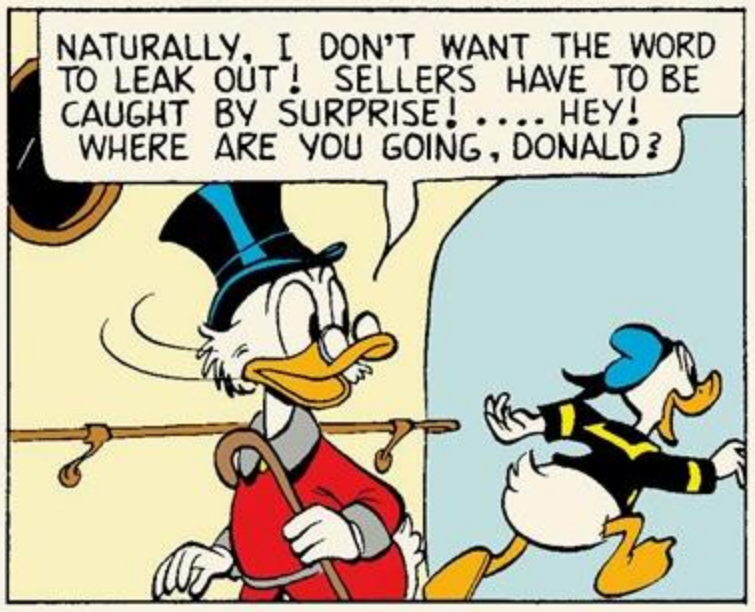
ASIA

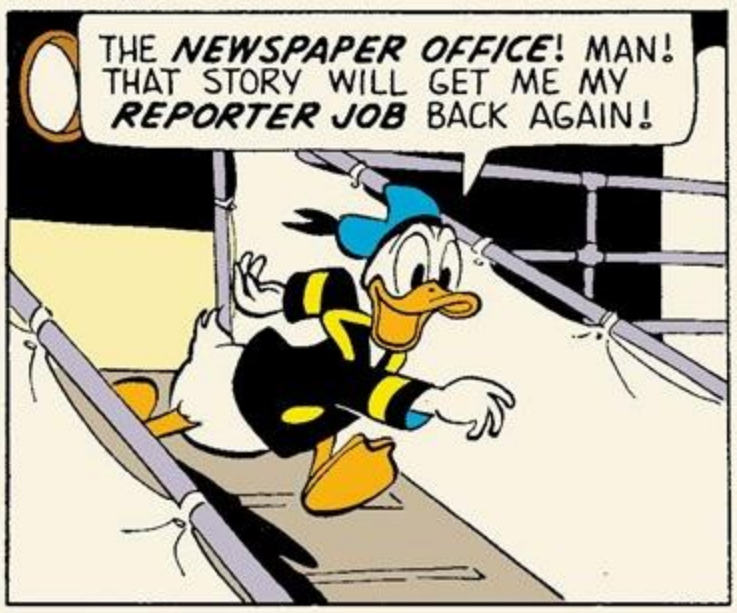
HMM!..BILLIONAIRE IN SECRET TRIP TO ASIA!... THAT SOUNDS LIKE A *NEWS STORY* SHAPING UP!

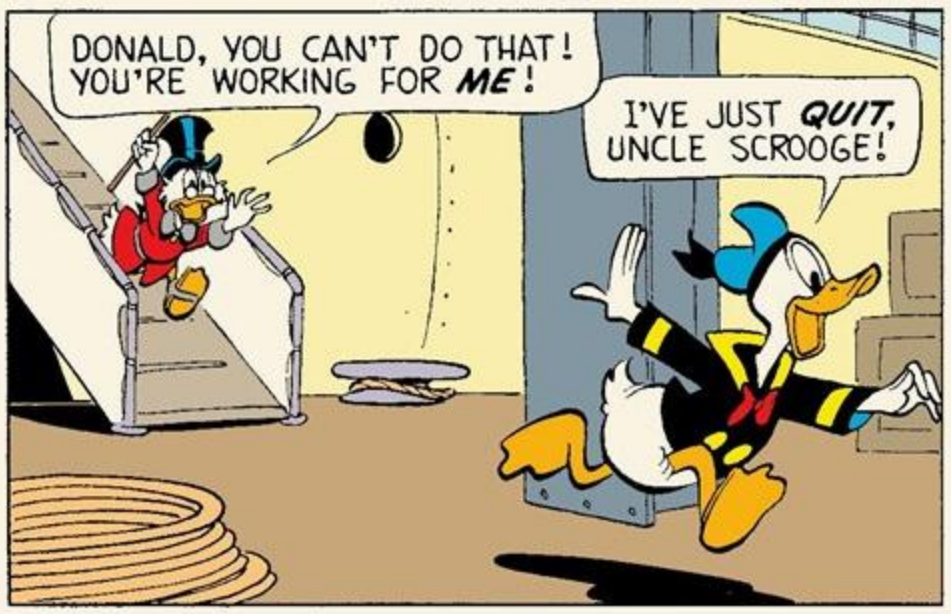

KEEP THIS DIME IN THE SHIP'S SAFE, PURSER, UNTIL I CALL FOR IT IN HONG KONG!
HONG KONG!
PURSER


DON'T TELL US YOU'RE GOING TO HONG KONG FOR A CHOP SUEY DINNER, UNCLE SCROOGE! WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THIS TRIP?

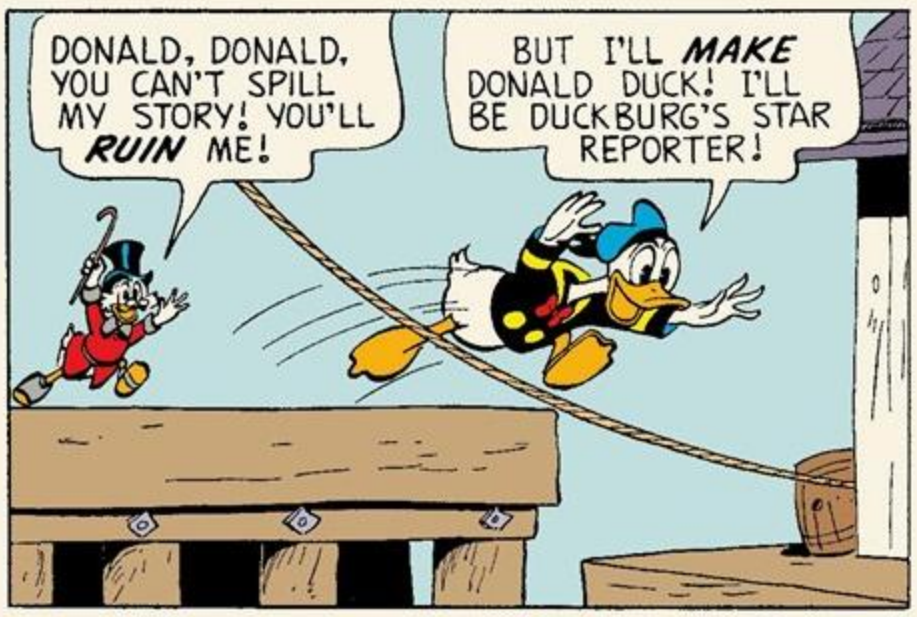

WELL, BLOOD BEING THICKER THAN WATER, UNCLE SCROOGE TRUSTS HIS KINFOLKS!
I'M GOING TO ASIA, LADS, TO BUY MT. EVEREST, THE TAJ MAHAL, AND HONG KONG, AND MOVE THEM TO MY AMUSEMENT PARK IN DUCKBURG!


NATURALLY, I DON'T WANT THE WORD TO LEAK OUT! SELLERS HAVE TO BE CAUGHT BY SURPRISE! .... HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DONALD?


THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE! MAN! THAT STORY WILL GET ME MY REPORTER JOB BACK AGAIN!


DONALD, YOU CAN'T DO THAT! YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME!
I'VE JUST QUIT, UNCLE SCROOGE!


HEY, YOU GUYS! COME BACK! THE SHIP'S ABOUT TO SAIL!


DONALD, DONALD, YOU CAN'T SPILL MY STORY! YOU'LL RUIN ME!
BUT I'LL MAKE DONALD DUCK! I'LL BE DUCKBURG'S STAR REPORTER!

WAK! WHO PUT THAT ROPE ACROSS HERE?

THUD

DONALD WON'T BE WRITING ANY NEWS STORIES FOR QUITE A WHILE! MEANWHILE, I'LL GET HIM BACK ABOARD THE *FATSONIA*!

COAL

OR WILL I? THE SHIP'S ***SAILING***, AND IT'S CARRYING MY OLD DIME — AND NOT ***ME***!

UNCLE SCROOGE HASTILY GETS DONALD ABOARD A TRANSOCEAN JET!

WE'LL FLY TO MANILA AND REBOARD THE *FATSONIA* THERE!

MEANWHILE, I'M ***SURE*** MY OLD NUMBER ONE DIME IS ***SAFE*** IN THE SHIP'S SAFE! ...I HOPE!

DAYS PASS!

BETWEEN WATCHING FOR THE *FATSONIA* AND WATCHING DONALD, I'M GETTING A CASE OF JITTERS!

SOMEHOW I KEEP THINKING I WAS GOING TO TELL MY EDITOR A BIG ***NEWS STORY***, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS!

WE WON'T TELL YOU, UNCA DONALD!

I *KNOW* MY OLD DIME IS STILL SAFE AND EXUDING ITS POWERS OF GOOD LUCK, BECAUSE EACH DAY I'VE GROWN *RICHER* AND *RICHER*!

CABLEGRAM FOR MR. SCROOGE McDUCK!

NO DOUBT A MESSAGE FROM CLERKLY TELLING ABOUT ANOTHER BILLION DOLLARS I'VE AMASSED!

OH, *NO*! I'VE *LOST* A BILLION! TEN OIL WELLS WENT DRY! TWO TIN MINES CAVED IN! AN ICE PLANT'S ASSETS *FROZE*!

WHAT'S GONE WRONG?... HAS SOMETHING *HAPPENED* TO MY OLD DIME?

THIS'LL TELL YOU, UNCA SCROOGE! IT'S THE LATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER!

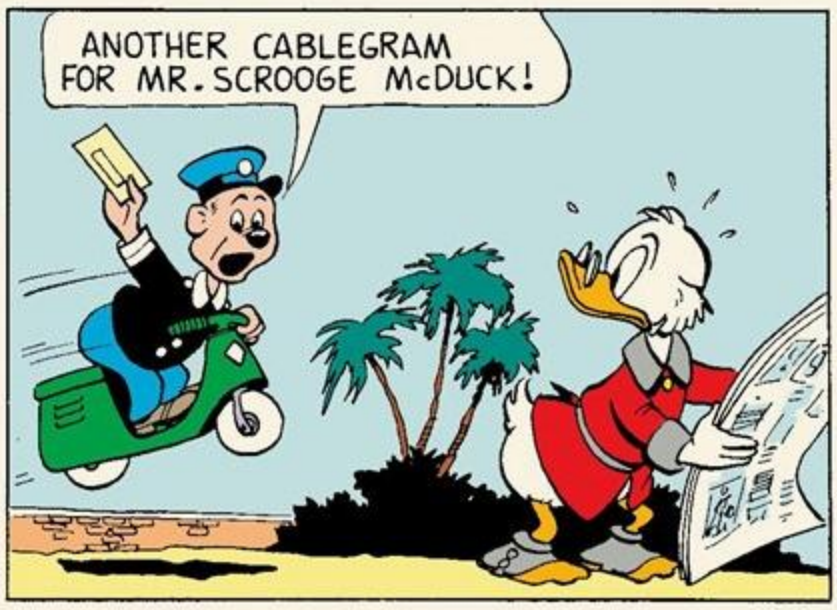
STEAMSHIP *FATSONIA* *SINKS* IN SUDDEN STORM!

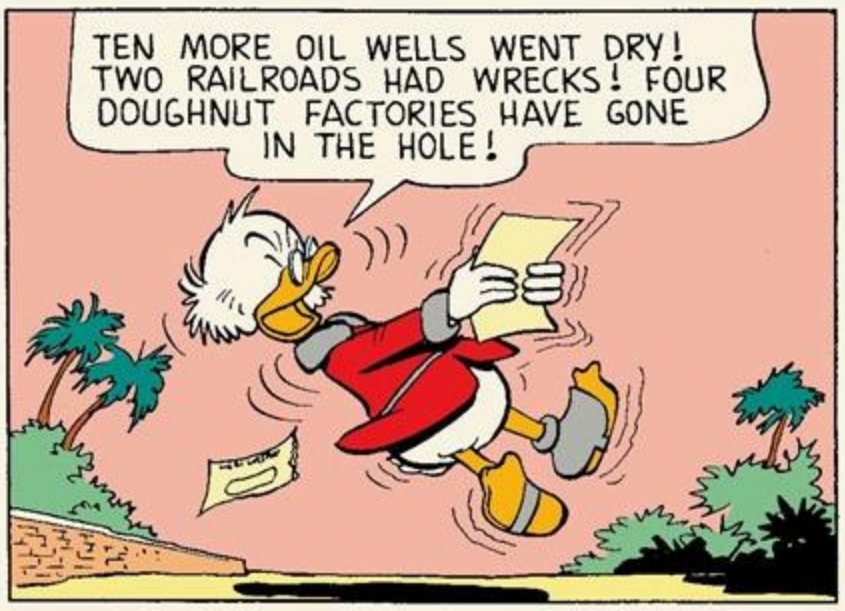
MANILA MESSENGER

S.S. FATSONIA SINKS IN SUDDEN STORM

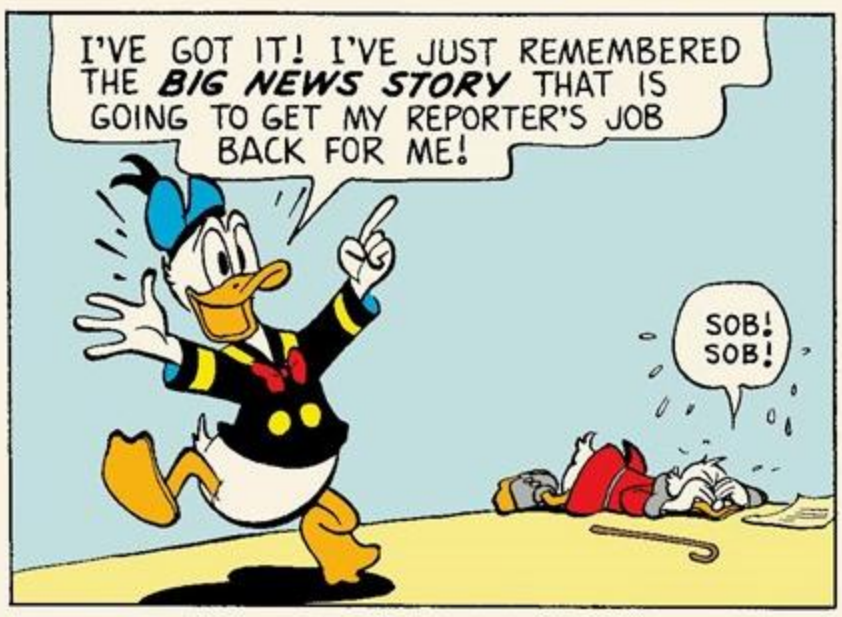
"A ROARING TYPHOON CAPSIZED THE LINER! THERE WAS ONLY TIME TO SAVE PASSENGERS AND CREW!... ALL *CARGO* IS LOST!"..... MY OLD *DIME* IS *SUNK*!

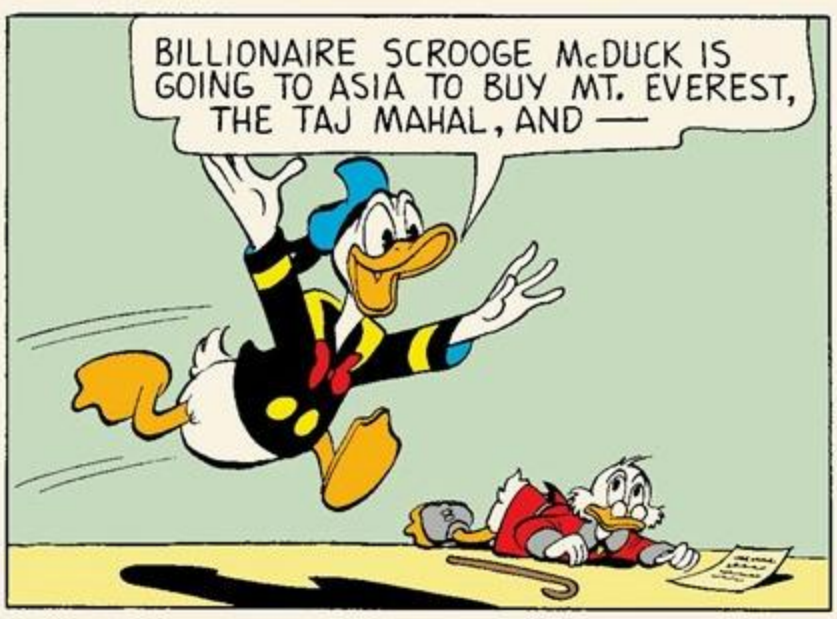
SWINDLE SALE


ANOTHER CABLEGRAM FOR MR. SCROOGE McDUCK!

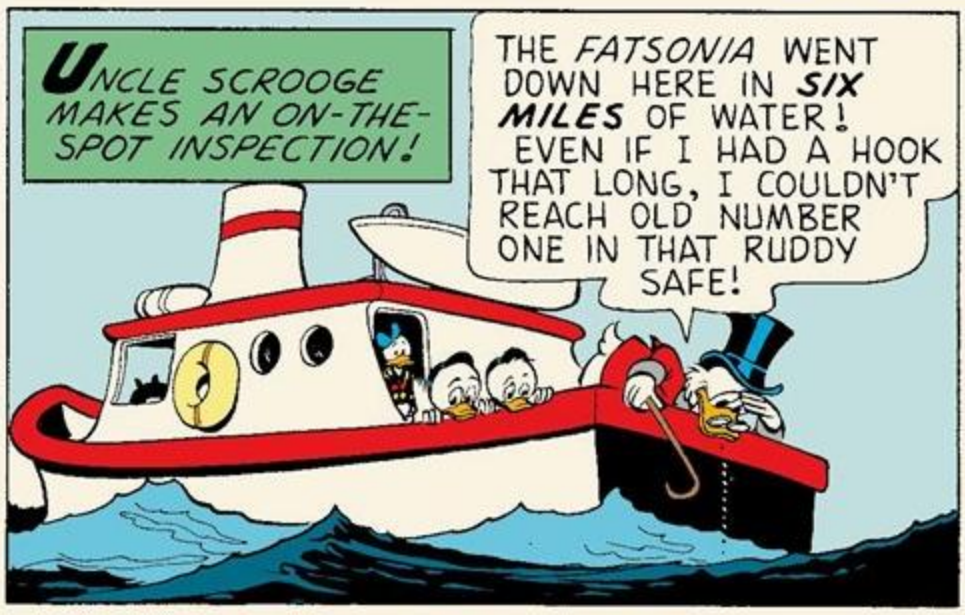

TEN MORE OIL WELLS WENT DRY! TWO RAILROADS HAD WRECKS! FOUR DOUGHNUT FACTORIES HAVE GONE IN THE HOLE!

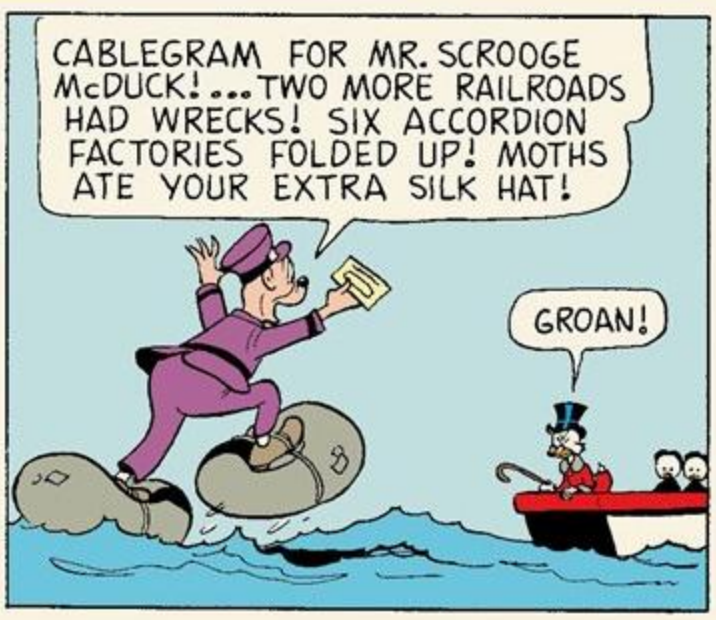

BAD NEWS — AND MORE COMING! WITH MY OLD FORTUNE BRINGER SUNK IN THE OCEAN, I'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO BAD NEWS!


I'VE GOT IT! I'VE JUST REMEMBERED THE BIG NEWS STORY THAT IS GOING TO GET MY REPORTER'S JOB BACK FOR ME!
SOB! SOB!


BILLIONAIRE SCROOGE McDUCK IS GOING TO ASIA TO BUY MT. EVEREST, THE TAJ MAHAL, AND —


TOO LATE, REPORTER! SCROOGE McDUCK ISN'T GOING TO BUY EVEN A LICHEE NUT! YOUR NEWS STORY HAS GONE DOWN WITH THE FATSONIA!


UNCLE SCROOGE MAKES AN ON-THE-SPOT INSPECTION!
THE FATSONIA WENT DOWN HERE IN SIX MILES OF WATER! EVEN IF I HAD A HOOK THAT LONG, I COULDN'T REACH OLD NUMBER ONE IN THAT RUDDY SAFE!


CABLEGRAM FOR MR. SCROOGE McDUCK!...TWO MORE RAILROADS HAD WRECKS! SIX ACCORDION FACTORIES FOLDED UP! MOTHS ATE YOUR EXTRA SILK HAT!
GROAN!

EVERY DAY BRINGS MORE BAD NEWS!

WEEVILS EATING FIVE THOUSAND ACRES OF COTTON! SIX PRETZEL FACTORIES HIT BY TWISTERS!

I CAN'T GO ON LOSING MONEY LIKE THIS! IN TWO HUNDRED YEARS I'LL BE **BROKE**!

SOB!

GROAN!

ONLY ONE THING CAN SAVE MY FORTUNE — I MUST GET MY OLD **DIME** BACK AGAIN!

DONALD IS STILL LOOKING FOR A BIG NEWS STORY TO WIN BACK HIS REPORTER JOB!

MAYBE IF I FOLLOW UNCLE SCROOGE AROUND, I'LL SEE HIM DO SOMETHING NEWSY!

PIER 10

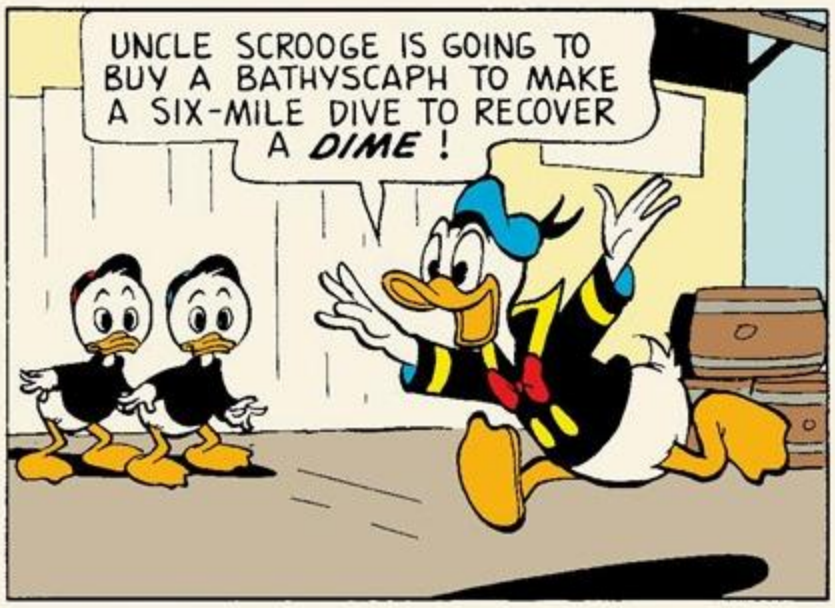
UNDERWATER EXPLORERS CLUB

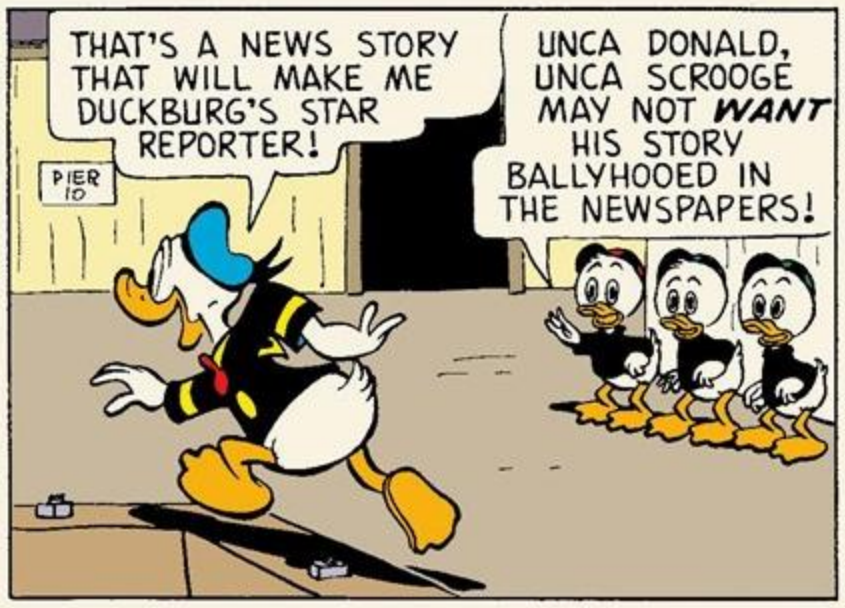
HE'S GOING TOWARD THAT **DIVING GIZMO** — THE ONE THAT SUBMERGED TO THE **BOTTOM** OF THE OCEAN!

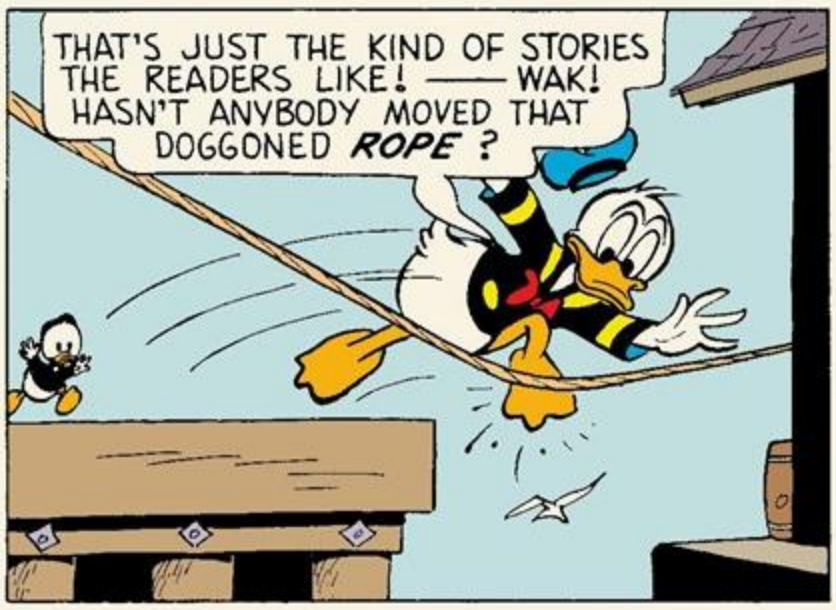
COULD THIS BATHYSCAPH BE RIGGED WITH GEAR FOR OPENING A SHIP'S SAFE SIX MILES DOWN IN THE BRINE?

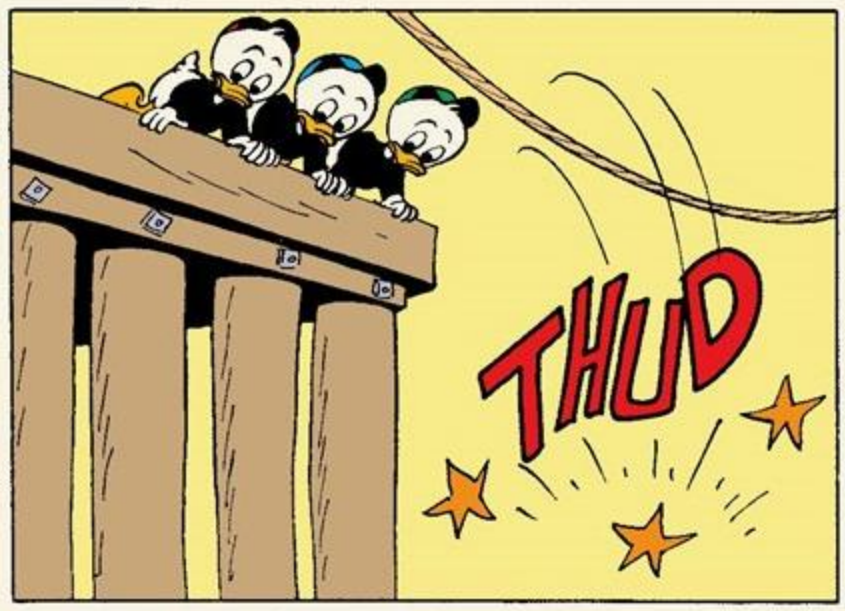
PERHAPS! BUT, MAN! **I** WOULDN'T WANT TO BE **IN** IT!

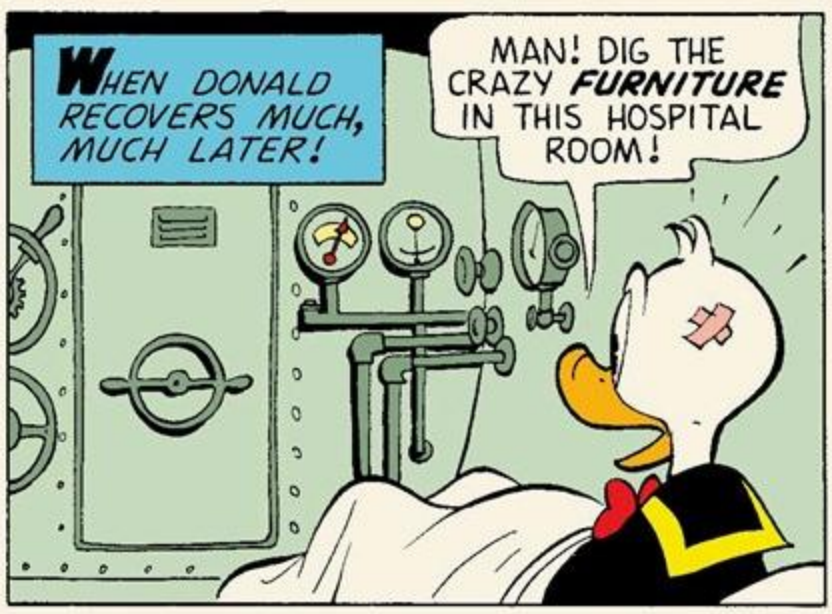
YOU WON'T HAVE TO! I'LL TAKE ALL THE RISKS! HOW MUCH FOR THE TUB AS SHE STANDS — OR **SINKS**, AS THE CASE MAY BE?


UNCLE SCROOGE IS GOING TO BUY A BATHYSCAPH TO MAKE A SIX-MILE DIVE TO RECOVER A *DIME*!


THAT'S A NEWS STORY THAT WILL MAKE ME DUCKBURG'S STAR REPORTER!
PIER 10
UNCA DONALD, UNCA SCROOGE MAY NOT *WANT* HIS STORY BALLYHOOED IN THE NEWSPAPERS!

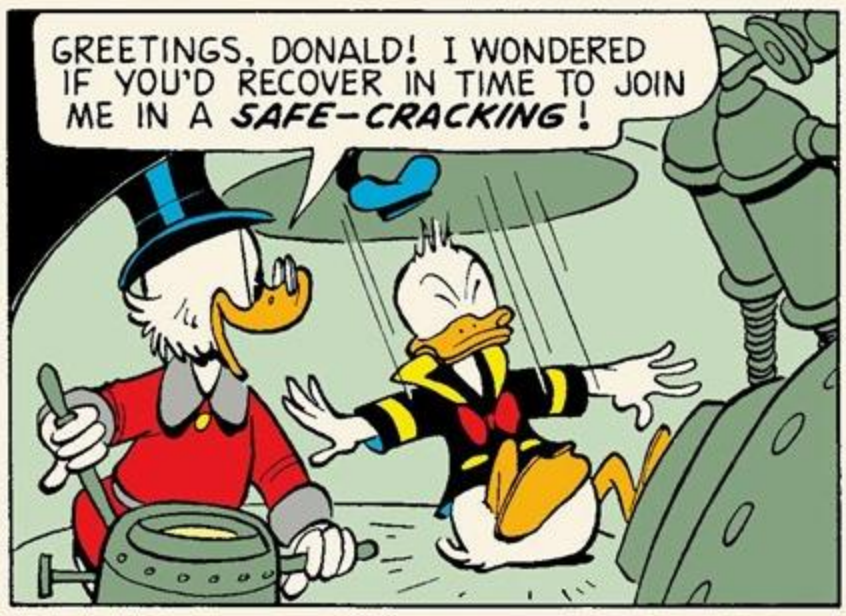

THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF STORIES THE READERS LIKE! —— WAK! HASN'T ANYBODY MOVED THAT DOGGONED *ROPE*?


THUD


WHEN DONALD RECOVERS MUCH, MUCH LATER!
MAN! DIG THE CRAZY *FURNITURE* IN THIS HOSPITAL ROOM!


LET ME OUT OF HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET TO MY EDITOR WITH A HOT *NEWS SCOOP*!


I'VE GOT TO — *HEY*?


GREETINGS, DONALD! I WONDERED IF YOU'D RECOVER IN TIME TO JOIN ME IN A *SAFE-CRACKING*!

WHERE AM I, UNCLE SCROOGE? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

YOU'RE IN THE SALON OF A BATHYSCAPH, REPORTER, JUST STARTING A SIX-MILE DUNK TO THE HULK OF THE S.S. *FATSONIA*!

ACCORDING TO LAST-KNOWN POSITIONS THE *FATSONIA* SHOULD BE STRAIGHT ***DOWN*** FROM HERE!

BUT IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SIX-MILE DEEP VALLEY IS ***NOTHING!***

WHAT COULD HAVE BECOME OF THE SHIP? SHE COULDN'T HAVE SUNK INTO THE MUD WITHOUT LEAVING A ***DENT***!

HOLD IT, UNCLE SCROOGE! THERE'S AN ODD TRENCH BELOW US WHERE SOMETHING BIG HAS BEEN ***DRAGGED***!

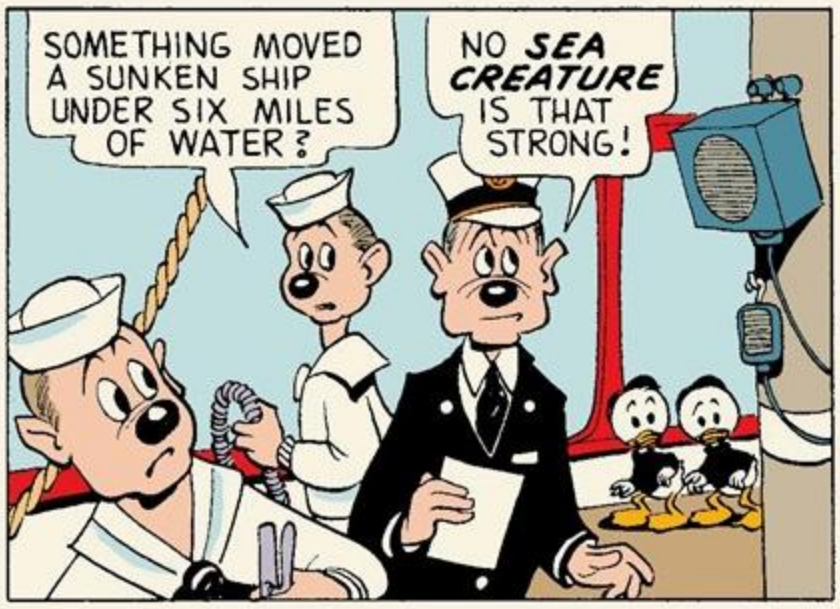
IT ***IS*** A DRAG MARK! THE *FATSONIA* WAS MOVED BY SOME ***HUGE FORCE*** THAT WASN'T QUITE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO LIFT HER!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

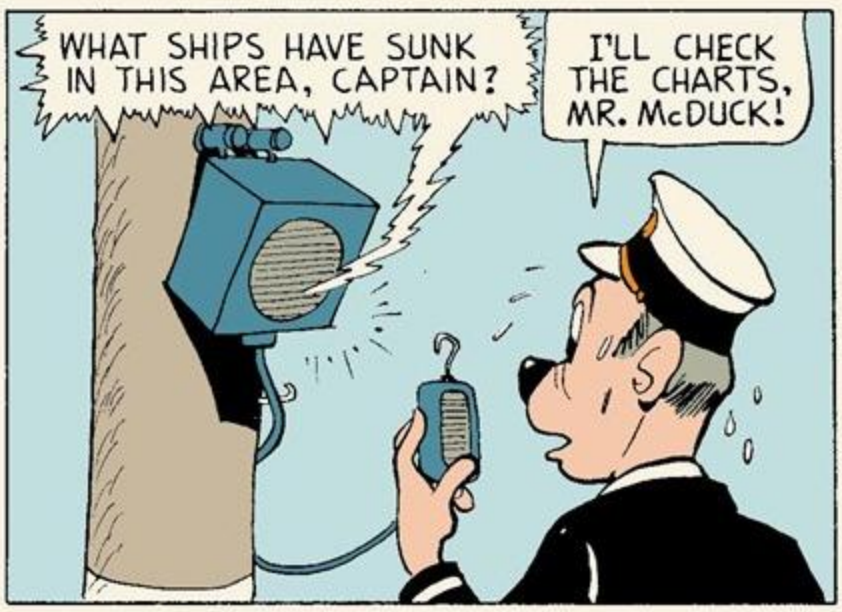
I'LL FOLLOW THE MARK! I CAN SEE THE IMPRINT OF THE SHIP'S KEEL!

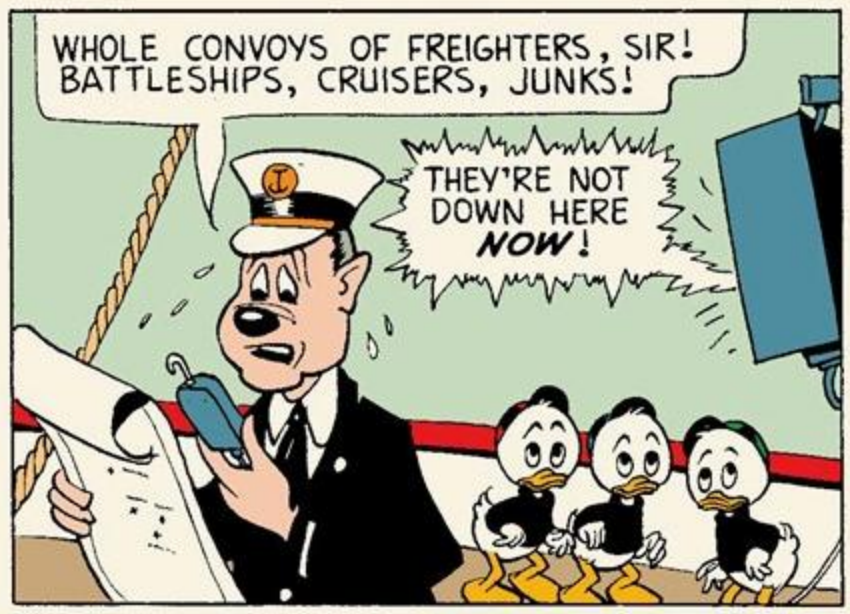
IT GOES THAT-A-WAY!

CALLING MOTHER SHIP!... FOLLOW US BY SONAR!.... ***SOMETHING'S*** STOLEN THE FATSONIA, AND WE'RE GOING TO TRACK IT DOWN!

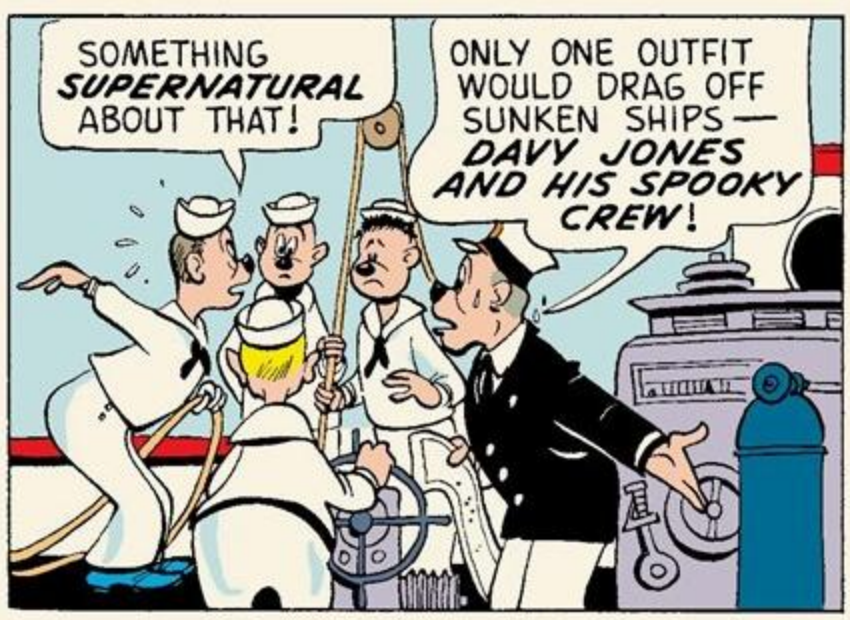

SOMETHING MOVED A SUNKEN SHIP UNDER SIX MILES OF WATER?
NO SEA CREATURE IS THAT STRONG!

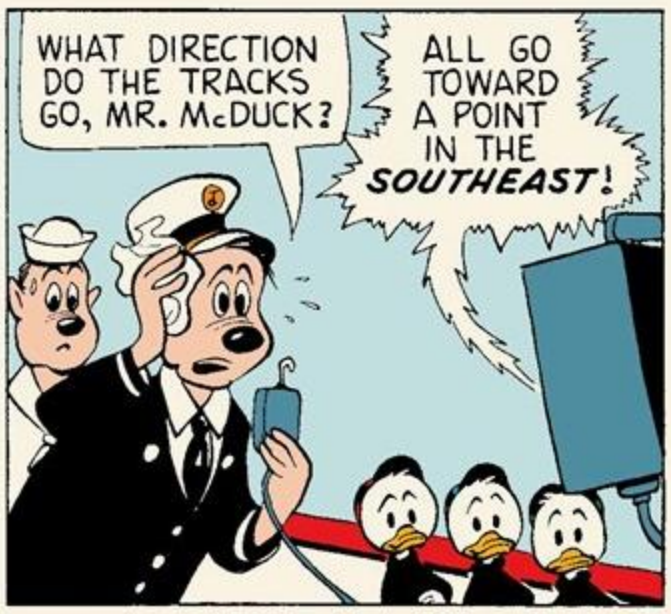

NOW WE SEE OTHER DRAG MARKS WHERE OTHER SHIPS HAVE BEEN MOVED!


WHAT SHIPS HAVE SUNK IN THIS AREA, CAPTAIN?
I'LL CHECK THE CHARTS, MR. McDUCK!


WHOLE CONVOYS OF FREIGHTERS, SIR! BATTLESHIPS, CRUISERS, JUNKS!
THEY'RE NOT DOWN HERE NOW!


BUT WE CAN SEE THE MARKS WHERE THEY'VE ALL BEEN DRAGGED AWAY!


SOMETHING SUPERNATURAL ABOUT THAT!
ONLY ONE OUTFIT WOULD DRAG OFF SUNKEN SHIPS — DAVY JONES AND HIS SPOOKY CREW!


WHAT DIRECTION DO THE TRACKS GO, MR. McDUCK?
ALL GO TOWARD A POINT IN THE SOUTHEAST!


THEN, WE'RE GOING NORTHWEST!
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, SIR!

DOWN BELOW!

GOLLY! MARKS WHERE DOZENS OF SHIPS HAVE BEEN DRAGGED TO SOME MYSTERIOUS DAVY JONES'S LOCKER!.... WHAT WOULD A GOOD NEWSPAPER REPORTER DO IN THIS SITUATION?

HE'D *SURFACE* AND GET THE STORY TO HIS NEWSPAPER IN THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE TIME!

WAK! WHAT'S GOING ON?

HPP

WE'RE GOING *UP*, UNCLE SCROOGE! I'VE GOT WHAT THEY CALL A *SCOOP*!

YOU CALL THIS *UP*?

THUD

(ULP!) DID I OPEN THE *WRONG VALVE*?

YOU DUMPED THE *GAS* THAT WAS TO TAKE US *BACK UP*, NEWSMAN! NOW WE'RE *WRECKED* HERE ON THE *BOTTOM*!

McDUCK CALLING MOTHER SHIP! ... WE'VE NO WAY TO SURFACE! WE NEED *HELP* IMMEDIATELY!

CAN YOU FIND US WITH *GRAPPLING HOOKS*?... HURRY!... WE'RE LOSING POWER AND *AIR*!

WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO LOWER GRAPPLING HOOKS, UNCA SCROOGE! WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO *STOP* THIS COMPLICATED SHIP!

WE'RE THE *ONLY ONES* ABOARD, AND WE DON'T *KNOW ANYTHING*!

OF ALL THE PREDICAMENTS UNCLE SCROOGE HAS FACED, THIS IS THE WORST!

IT'S THE CLIMAX OF THE AWFUL LUCK THAT'S PLAGUED ME SINCE I LOST MY OLD NUMBER ONE DIME!

IS THERE ANY HOPE, UNCLE SCROOGE?

NO! BUT I'LL TURN OFF THE LIGHTS SO WE CAN USE OUR LAST ELECTRICITY TO DRUM OUT S.O.S'S ON THE SONAR!

CREEPS! IT'S SPOOKY DOWN HERE IN THE DARK, UNCLE SCROOGE!

YES, YOU COULDN'T EVEN WRITE THAT NEWS STORY TO YOUR EDITOR NOW!

HOURS PASS!

OUR S.O.S. IS GETTING WEAK! BATTERIES ARE ABOUT RUN DOWN!

OUR AIR TANKS ARE FAILING, TOO!

HOORAY! WE FINALLY GOT THE SHIP STOPPED!

GOOD! AND I THINK I'VE FIGURED OUT HOW TO SEND MESSAGES ON THIS COMPLICATED RADIO!

IF I PLUG THIS WIRE IN HERE, AND PUSH THIS SWITCH HERE, THE AUTOMATIC S.O.S. SHOULD START FLASHING!

POOF

WRONG WIRE! WRONG SWITCH!

I BEGIN TO SEE WHY RADIO OPERATORS GO TO SCHOOL FOR TWO YEARS!

THE SONAR STOPS! THE AIR GROWS HEAVY!

I'M PASSING OUT, UNCLE SCROOGE! ...I'M DREAMING WE'RE *MOVING*!

I'M HAVING THE SAME DREAM, DONALD!...IT'S CARBON DIOXIDE FANTASIES!.... THE *END*!... GOOD-BYE!

THE DOOMED DUCKS AREN'T DREAMING! THE BATHYSCAPH **IS** MOVING!

TIME PASSES!

DONALD, DONALD! WAKE UP! WE'VE GOT *AIR* AGAIN —AND *LIGHTS*!

THEN, WE *WERE* MOVING — BUT *WHERE*?

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE ANSWER, NEPHEW!

WE'VE BEEN TAKEN TO *DAVY JONES'S LOCKER!*

YE CATS! THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE A *SHIPYARD*!

IT *IS* A SHIPYARD, DONALD — WITH BUSY *WORKMEN* INSTEAD OF GHOSTLY SAILORS!

I DON'T GET IT, UNCLE SCROOGE! THESE WORKMEN DON'T EVEN LOOK LIKE *PEOPLE*!

THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE *LABOR UNION MEMBERS*, EITHER!

IMAGINE A SHOP STEWARD LETTING A WORKMAN USE *FOUR WRENCHES* AT ONCE!

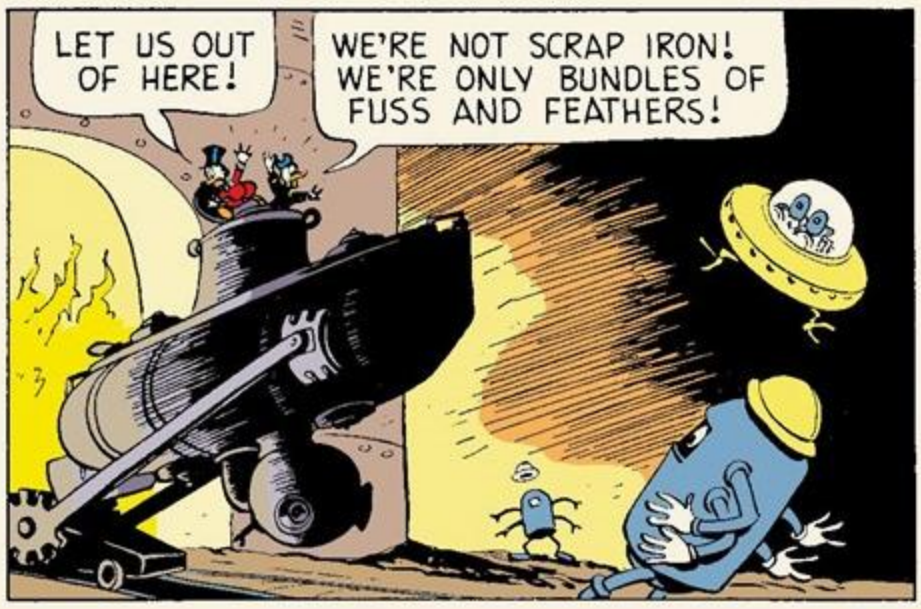
UNCLE SCROOGE, WE'VE BEEN DRAGGED OFF BY SOME STRANGE RACE OF UNDERSEA CREATURES!

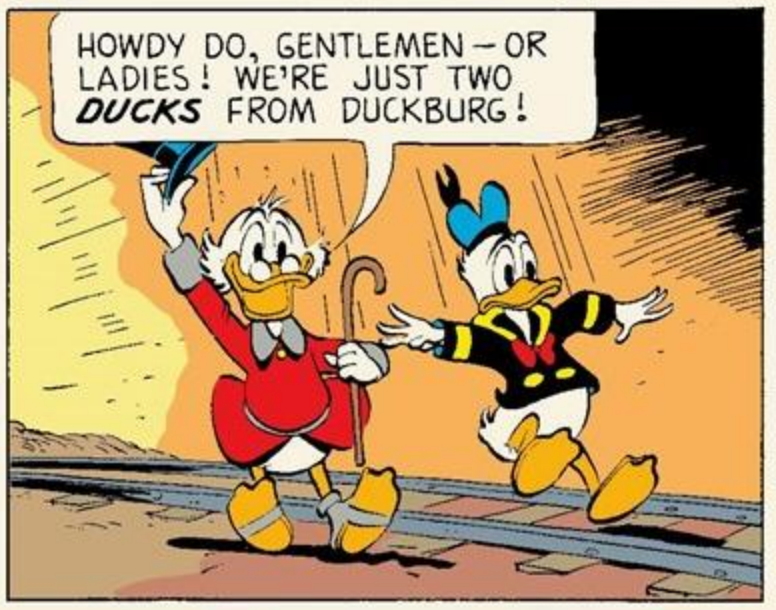
WE WON'T SHOW OURSELVES TILL WE'VE STUDIED THEM AWHILE!

WAK! THE BATHYSCAPH IS *MOVING* AGAIN! I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING IT!

I'LL GRAB A LOOK THROUGH THE PERISCOPE!

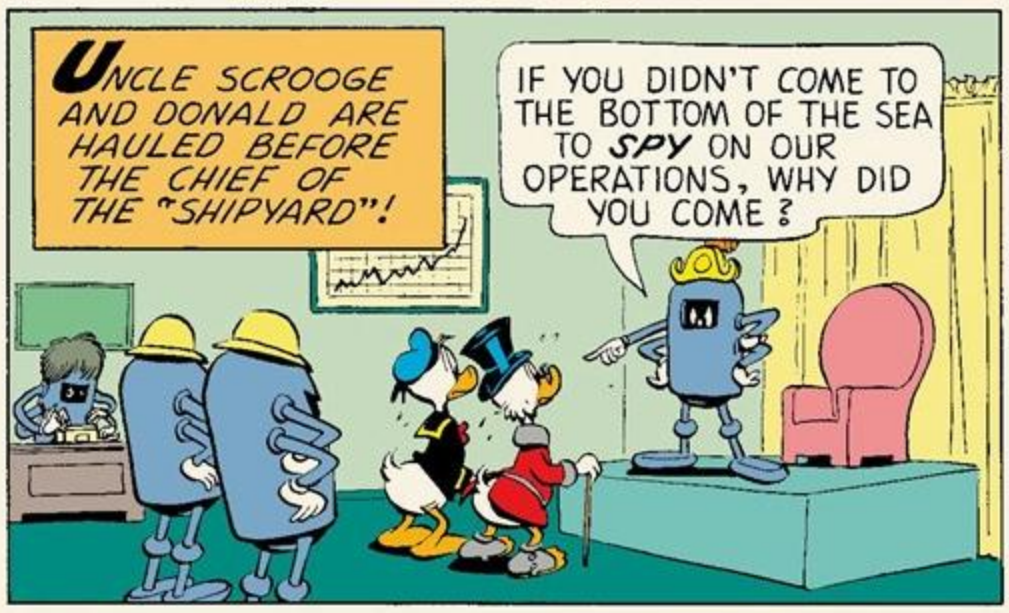
BLAZIN' BRIMSTONE! THEY'RE BOOSTING US *WHOLE* INTO A *MELTING FURNACE*!

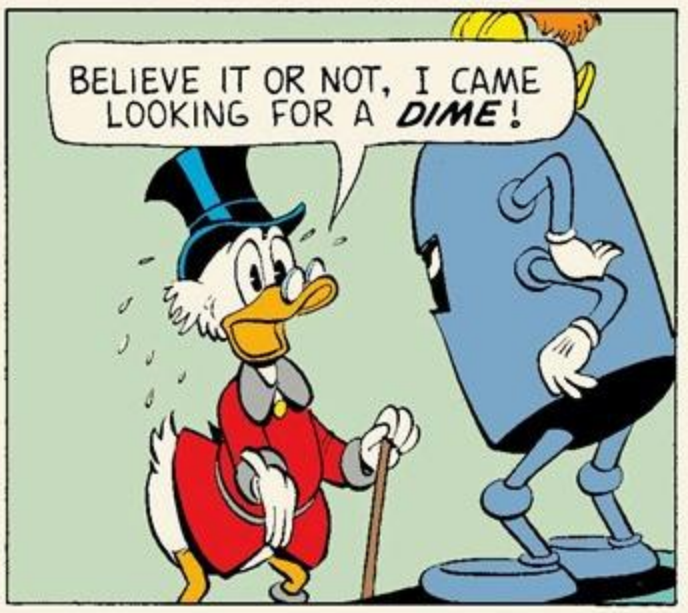

LET US OUT OF HERE!
WE'RE NOT SCRAP IRON! WE'RE ONLY BUNDLES OF FUSS AND FEATHERS!

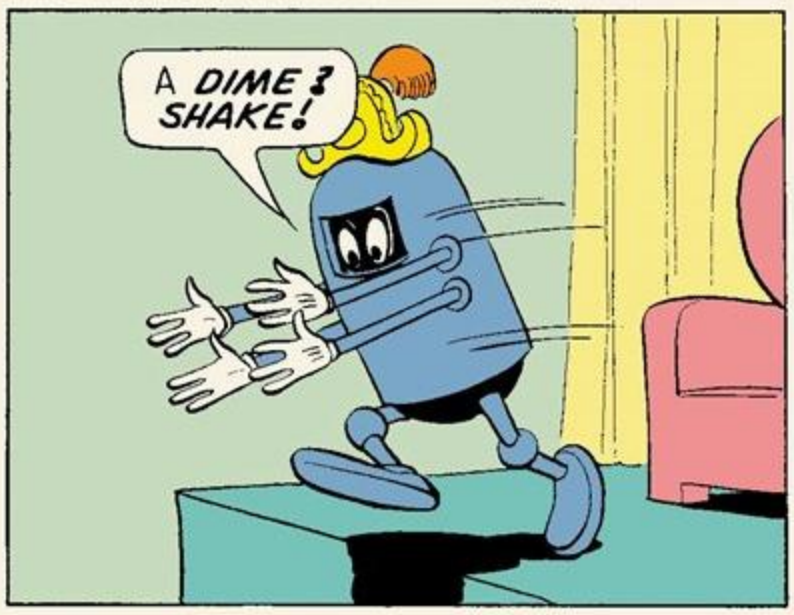

HOWDY DO, GENTLEMEN – OR LADIES! WE'RE JUST TWO *DUCKS* FROM DUCKBURG!

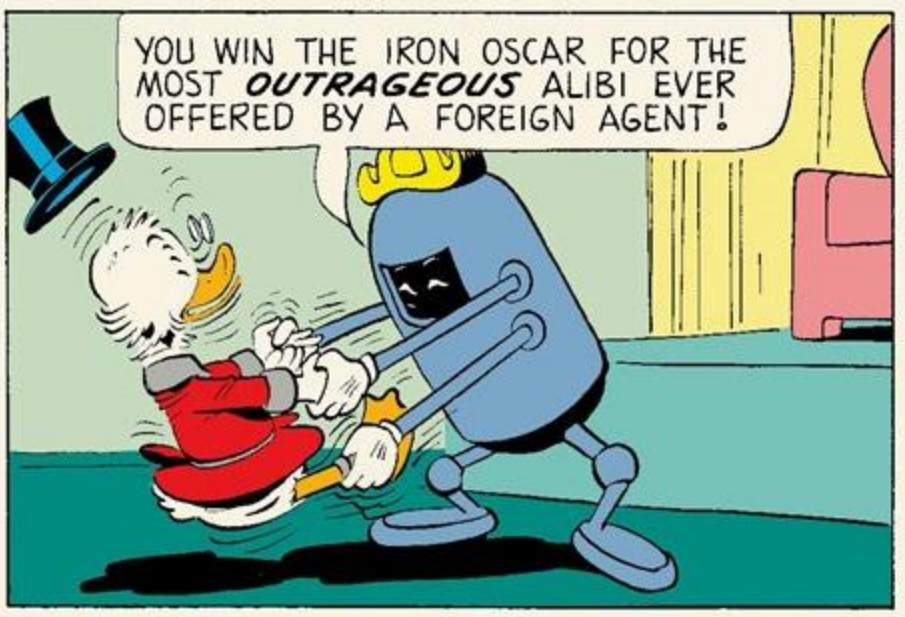

SPIES!


NOW, WAIT A MINUTE! WE'RE NOT EVEN *SALESMEN*!
THEY SPEAK EARTH LANGUAGE NUMBER 623 X WITH A SLIGHT 737 K ACCENT!


UNCLE SCROOGE AND DONALD ARE HAULED BEFORE THE CHIEF OF THE "SHIPYARD"!
IF YOU DIDN'T COME TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA TO *SPY* ON OUR OPERATIONS, WHY DID YOU COME?


BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I CAME LOOKING FOR A *DIME*!


A *DIME*? *SHAKE*!


YOU WIN THE IRON OSCAR FOR THE MOST *OUTRAGEOUS* ALIBI EVER OFFERED BY A FOREIGN AGENT!

TOSS THE OLD FIBBER AND HIS HELPER INTO THE ***DUNGEON***! WE'LL SEE WHAT EXCUSES HE CAN TELL US TOMORROW!

HEAR THAT, UNCLE SCROOGE? YOU MAY BE ABLE TO ***TALK*** US OUT OF THIS JAM!

IF IT MEANS ANOTHER FOUR-BARREL ***HANDSHAKE***, I ***WON'T TRY***!

UNCLE SCROOGE AND DONALD SEE SOME STRANGE SIGHTS THROUGH THE JAIL WINDOW!

THESE PEOPLE – OR WHATEVER THEY ARE – ARE RUNNING A BIG ***SALVAGE*** OPERATION HERE IN A HUGE CAVE!

MAYBE THIS IS A HOLLOW ***VOLCANO***!

THEY DRAG SUNKEN SHIPS FROM THE DEPTHS WITH ***TUGS*** LIKE FLYING SAUCERS!

THEN THEY CUT UP THE SHIPS AND MELT THEM DOWN FOR THEIR METAL!

AND ***THAT'S*** WHAT THEY DO WITH THE METAL!

A DE-ATOMIZER CONVERTS THE IRON INTO LIGHT RAYS THAT THEY SHOOT OUT THE TOP OF THIS VOLCANO FOR SOME SILLY REASON!

THAT IRON, EARTHMEN, IS BEAMED ALL THE WAY TO ***MARS***, OUR HOME PLANET, WHICH IS IN DIRE NEED OF THE STUFF!

YE CATS! THESE PEOPLE ARE *MARTIANS*! WHAT A *NEWS* SCOOP!

IT'S NOTHING TO ME BUT *BAD NEWS*!

THAT SHIP THEY'RE TAKING TO THE SMELTER NOW IS THE *FATSONIA* — WITH MY OLD DIME, NO DOUBT, STILL IN THE SAFE!

AT SEA!

WELL, WE'VE LEARNED HOW TO RUN THIS OVER-GADGETED SCOW AT LAST!

RUN IT TO THAT SMOKING ISLAND, DEWEY! MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOMEBODY THERE WITH A RADIO!

PLACE LOOKS *DESERTED*!

IT ISN'T!

GLOM

BOM

FIRST TIME IN HISTORY MY *JUDO* TRAINING EVER WORKED!

SAME HERE! I NEVER BEFORE HAD A FOE WITH SO MANY ARMS I *COULDN'T MISS* GRABBING ONE!

THESE GUYS IN THE PRESSURE SUITS NEED SOME EXPLAINING!

YES! THIS ISLAND LOOKS LIKE IT COULD STAND AN *INVESTIGATION*!

UNCLE SCROOGE RAISES SUCH A FUSS ABOUT HIS OLD DIME THAT HE GETS A VISIT FROM THE BOSS MARTIAN!

YOU CLAIM YOUR DIME FROM THAT SHIP'S SAFE IS A FABULOUS *GOOD LUCK* AMULET?

YES! ALL I NEED IS A CHANCE TO PROVE IT!

BRING THE SAFE! IF THAT DIME IS SO MIGHTY, IT MAY HELP *US* AS WELL AS HIM!

SOON!

OLD NUMBER ONE, THE FIRST DIME I EVER OWNED! NOW MY LUCK WILL CHANGE!

IF THE DIME WILL PERFORM A *MIRACLE* REAL FAST, WE MAY SPARE YOUR LIFE!

UH — IT S MIRACLES DON'T SHOW THEMSELVES SO OPENLY!

HOW *DO* THEY SHOW?

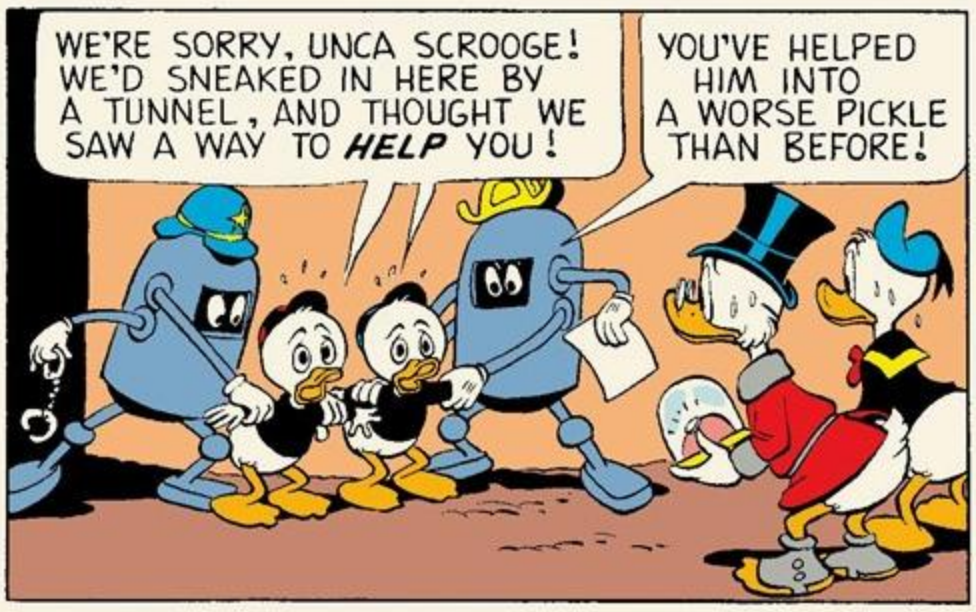
WELL - UH - I'VE BEEN GETTING CABLEGRAMS TELLING OF MINES CAVING IN AND SO ON! NOW THE NEWS SHOULD HAVE A BETTER TONE!

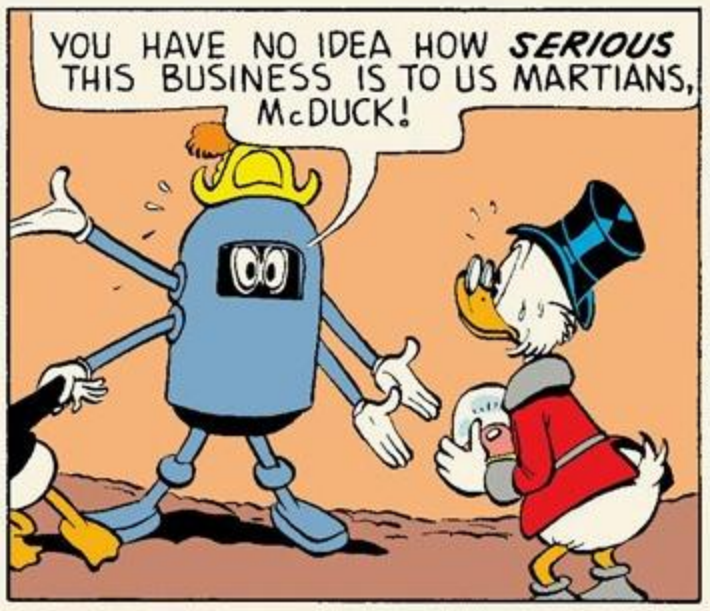
CABLEGRAM FOR SCROOGE McDUCK! YOUR CREWS HAVE FOUND TEN NEW BRASS MINES! SIX OIL WELLS GUSH! FOUR SOOT MILLS IN THE BLACK!

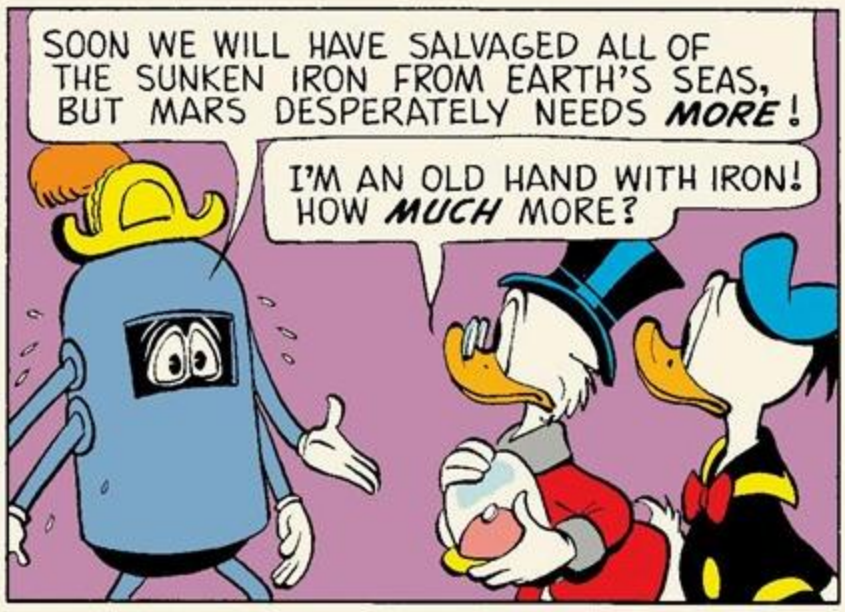
A CABLEGRAM? THIS IS ONLY A SHEET OF *BARE PAPER*!

THESE MESSENGERS ARE *SPIES*, TOO!

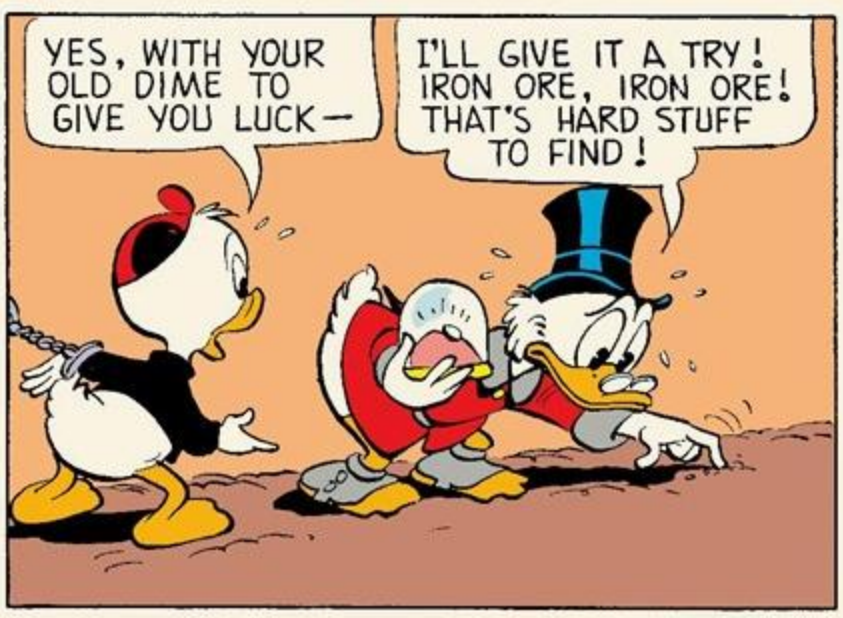
SNATCH

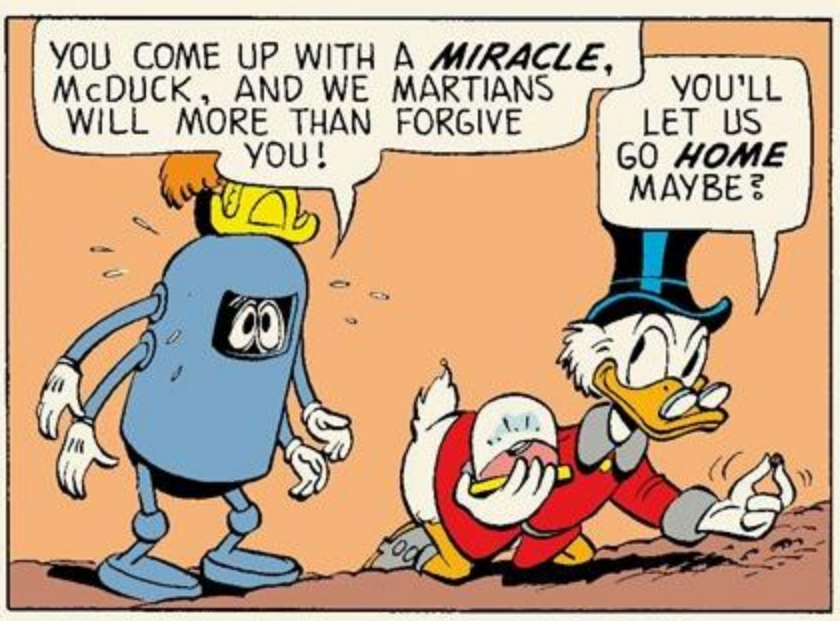

WE'RE SORRY, UNCA SCROOGE! WE'D SNEAKED IN HERE BY A TUNNEL, AND THOUGHT WE SAW A WAY TO HELP YOU!
YOU'VE HELPED HIM INTO A WORSE PICKLE THAN BEFORE!

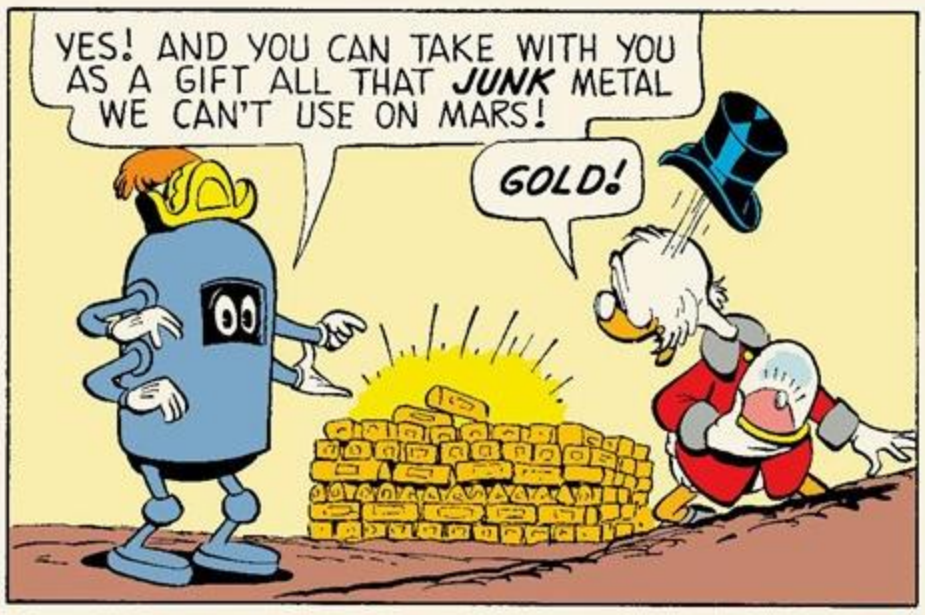

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW SERIOUS THIS BUSINESS IS TO US MARTIANS, McDUCK!

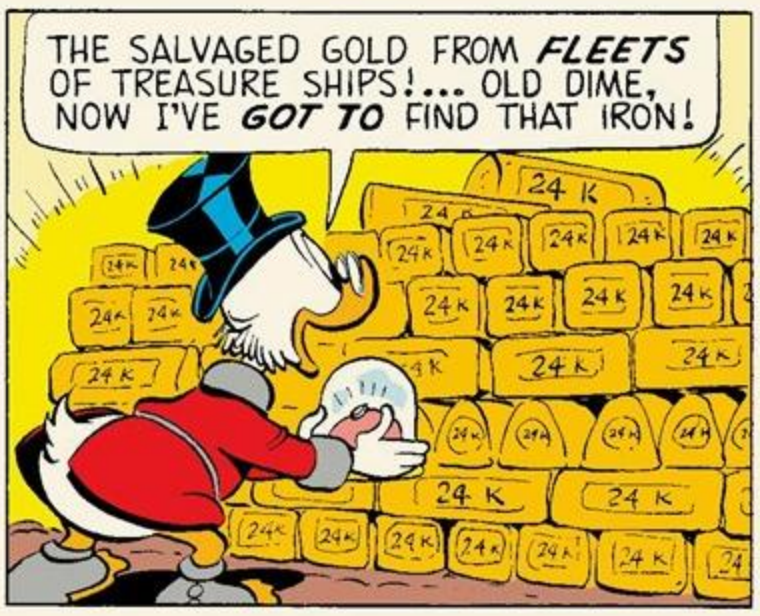

SOON WE WILL HAVE SALVAGED ALL OF THE SUNKEN IRON FROM EARTH'S SEAS, BUT MARS DESPERATELY NEEDS MORE!
I'M AN OLD HAND WITH IRON! HOW MUCH MORE?


A MILLION TONS! A HOPELESS AMOUNT!
YOU MIGHT FIND AN ORE BODY FOR THEM, UNCLE SCROOGE!


YES, WITH YOUR OLD DIME TO GIVE YOU LUCK—
I'LL GIVE IT A TRY! IRON ORE, IRON ORE! THAT'S HARD STUFF TO FIND!


YOU COME UP WITH A MIRACLE, McDUCK, AND WE MARTIANS WILL MORE THAN FORGIVE YOU!
YOU'LL LET US GO HOME MAYBE?


YES! AND YOU CAN TAKE WITH YOU AS A GIFT ALL THAT JUNK METAL WE CAN'T USE ON MARS!
GOLD!


THE SALVAGED GOLD FROM FLEETS OF TREASURE SHIPS!... OLD DIME, NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT IRON!
24 K

UNCLE SCROOGE HAS NOTICED A PECULIAR "FEEL" TO SOME OF THE GRITTY SOIL!

IT IS MY EXPERT OPINION THAT YOU WILL FIND IRON ABOUT FIFTY FEET DOWN!

IRON IN AN EXTINCT VOLCANO! ONLY UNCLE SCROOGE COULD HAVE SENSED ITS PRESENCE!

YOU FOUND A **HUGE** ORE BODY, McDUCK! MARS IS SAVED, AND **YOU** ARE, TOO!

SO UNCLE SCROOGE SAILS FOR HOME WITH HIS OLD NUMBER ONE DIME - **RICHER** THAN EVER!

REMEMBER YOU'VE PROMISED TO TELL NO OTHER EARTH PEOPLE ABOUT US!

WE'LL REMEMBER, CHIEF! GOOD LUCK!

BUT WHEN THE SHIP LANDS IN DUCKBURG!

DONALD, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WHERE **WOULD** A NEWSPAPER REPORTER GO WITH A STORY LIKE I'VE JUST SEEN?... TO HIS **EDITOR**, OF COURSE!

DONALD, YOU CAN'T TATTLE ON THOSE MARTIANS — NOT TILL THEY'VE MINED THEIR IRON AND GONE HOME!...WE PROMISED!

PHOOEY ON PROMISES! THOSE MARTIANS ARE **NEWS**!

THAT ROPE DIDN'T **TRIP** ME THIS TIME! I'M ON MY WAY TO FAME AND GLORY!

THE EDITOR IS IMPRESSED!

YOU SAY YOU *SAW* A CREW OF STRANGE MEN HAULING SHIPS FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA?

YES! THEY WERE LITTLE MEN WITH FOUR ARMS!

EDITOR

BAD NEWS

GOOD NEWS

FOUR ARMS? THEY *WERE* STRANGE, INDEED!

THEY WERE SENDING IRON BACK TO THEIR HOME PLANET BY LIGHT BEAMS! THIS IS A *TRUE* STORY!

HOME PLANET?...*WHERE* DID THESE FOUR-ARMED MEN COME FROM?

MARS! THEY CAME YEARS AGO IN *FLYING SAUCERS*!

DONALD, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT REPORTERS WHO BRING IN STORIES OF MARTIANS AND FLYING SAUCERS! I NO LONGER DROP THEM OUT THE WINDOW!

I *THROW* THEM OUT!

So-

I GUESS I'LL NEVER BE A SUCCESS, UNCLE SCROOGE!

YOU NEED A KINDLY OLD NUMBER ONE DIME LIKE MINE, NEPHEW!

TELEGRAM FOR MR. McDUCK! TEN MORE OIL WELLS START GUSHING! SIX COAL VEINS ARE DRIPPING DIAMONDS! FOUR LARD FACTORIES SHOW FAT PROFITS!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, DONALD?

GRIPE! GRIPE! GRIPE! GRIPE!

The End

Walt Disney's

UNCLE SCROOGE

I'M RICHER THAN YOU ARE! SO THERE!

NO! I'M RICHER THAN YOU ARE!

YOU'VE INSULTED ME, McDUCK!

SLAP

MY HONOR DEMANDS THAT YOU MEET ME UPON THE DUELING FIELD!

I'LL MEET YOU, BANKER BULGEWALLET! OUR SECONDS WILL ARRANGE THE PLACE AND THE WEAPONS!

DAWN!

READY, GENTLEMEN? EACH TAKE TEN PACES!

TURN AND FIRE!

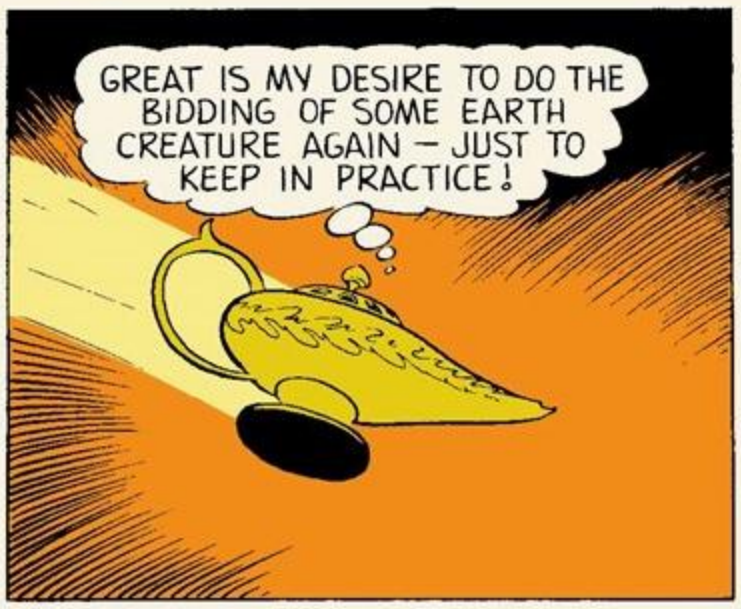
BANG BANG BANG BANG

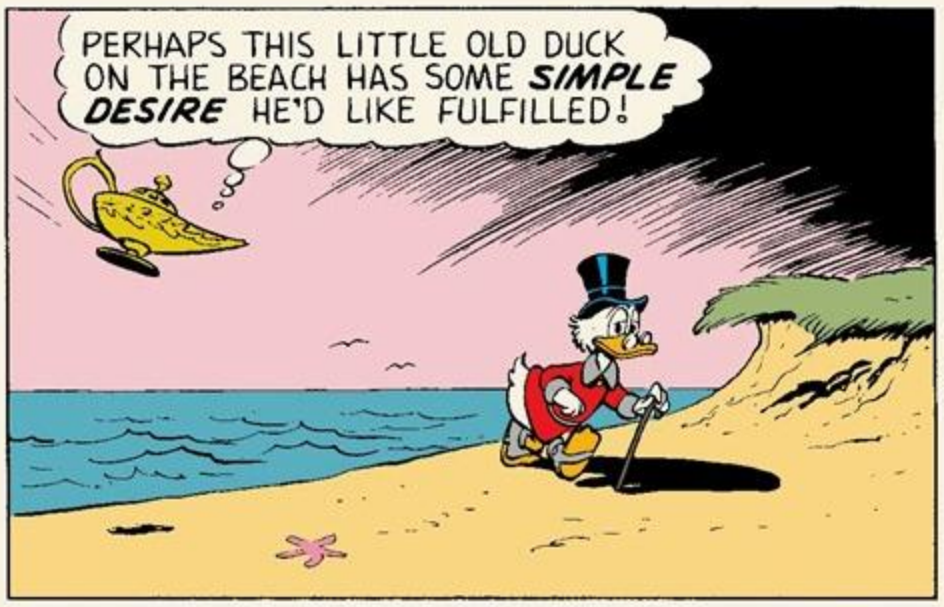
BANG BANG BANG BANG

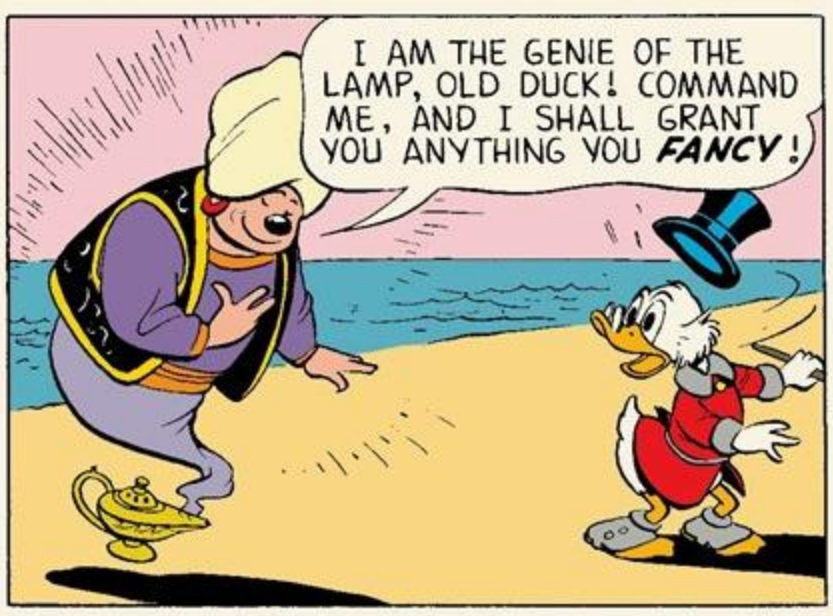
Walt Disney's

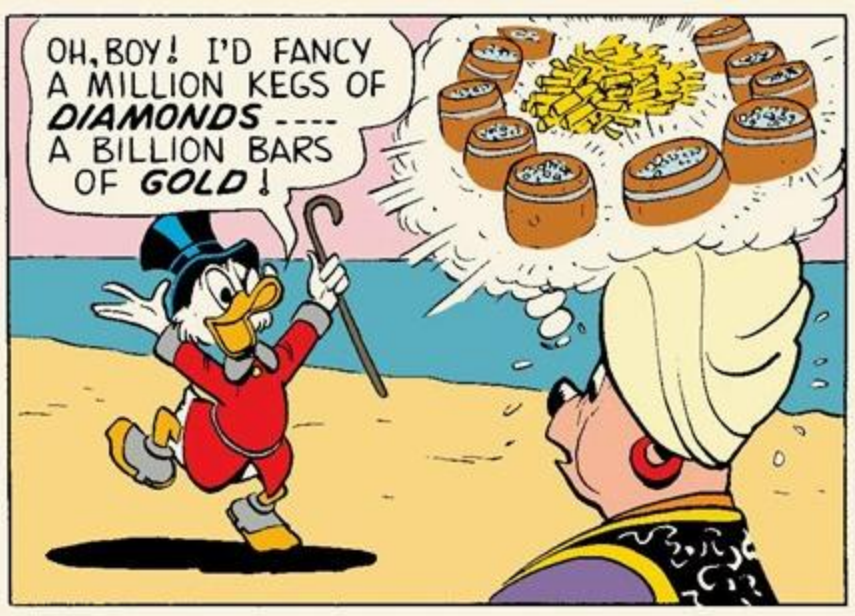
UNCLE SCROOGE









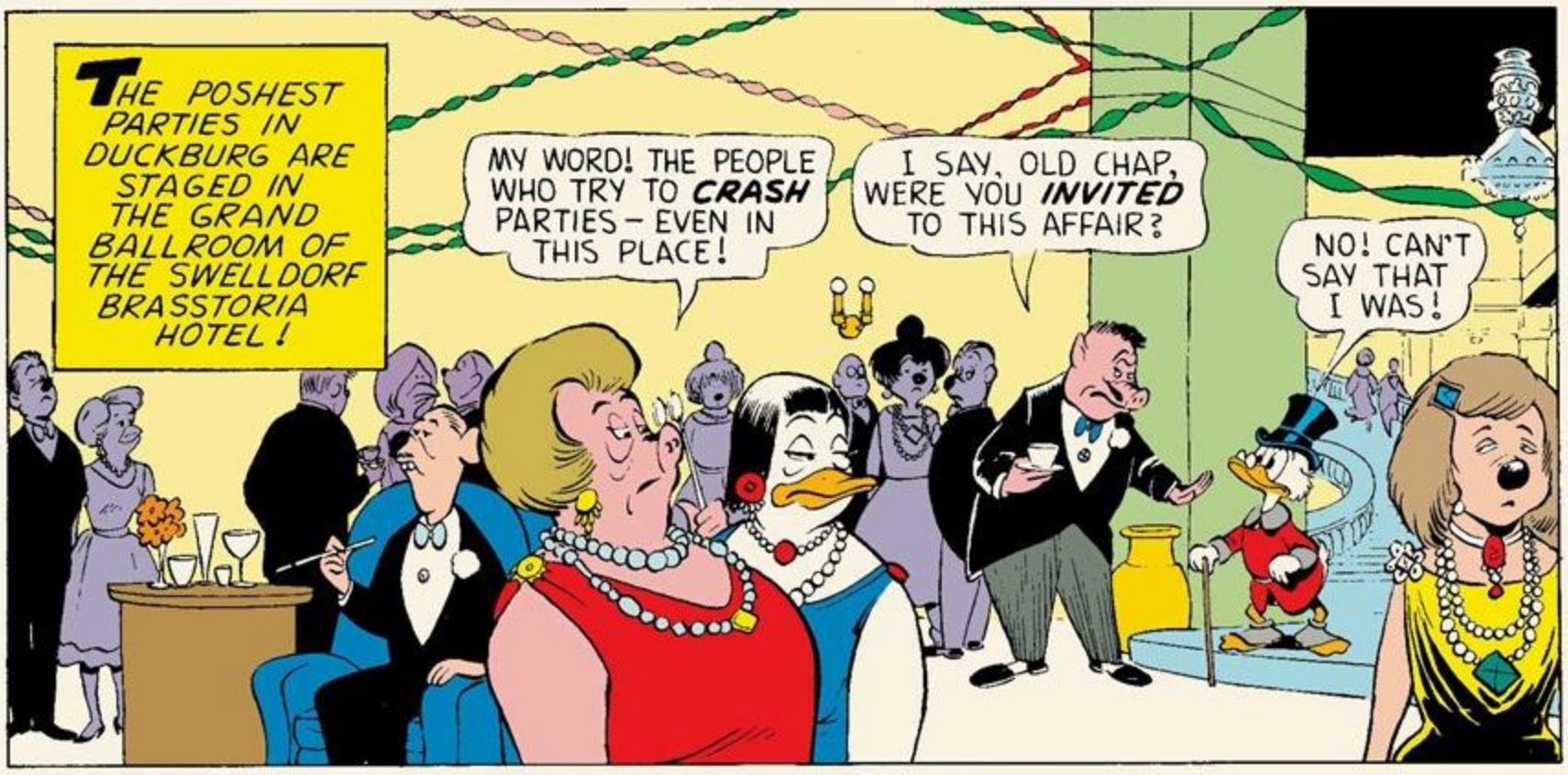


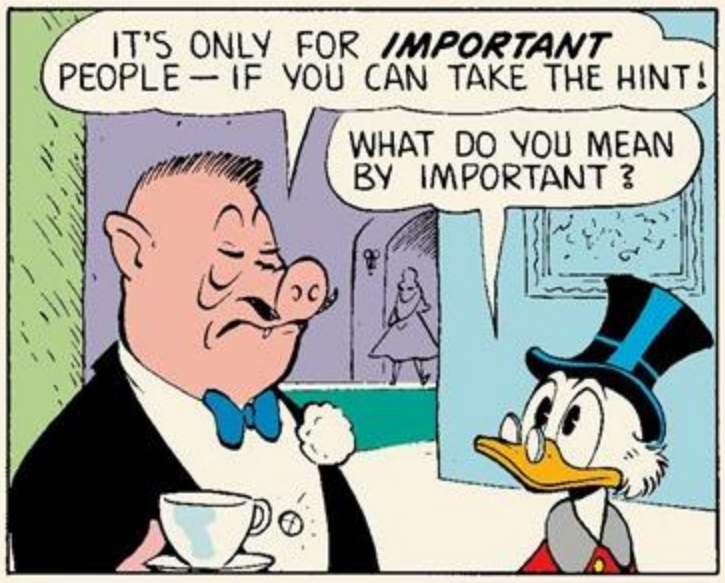


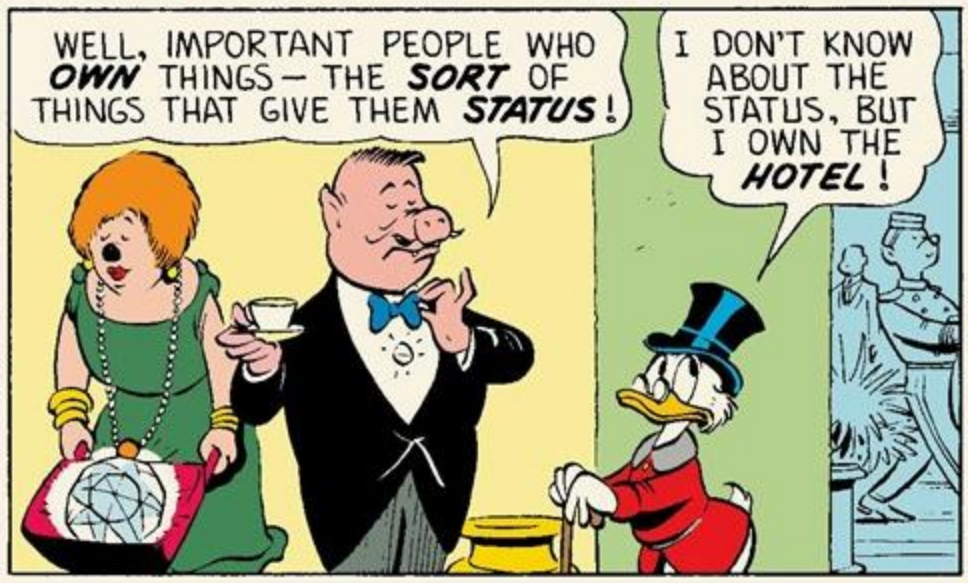


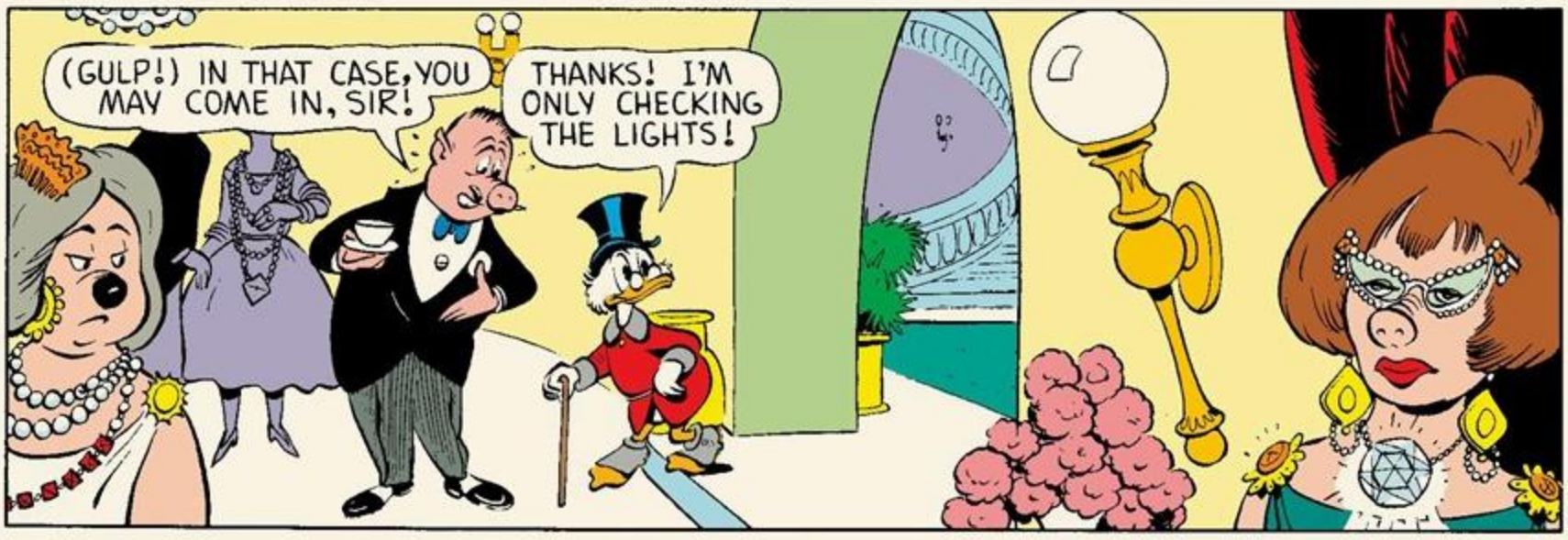
Walt Disney's
UNCLE SCROOGE

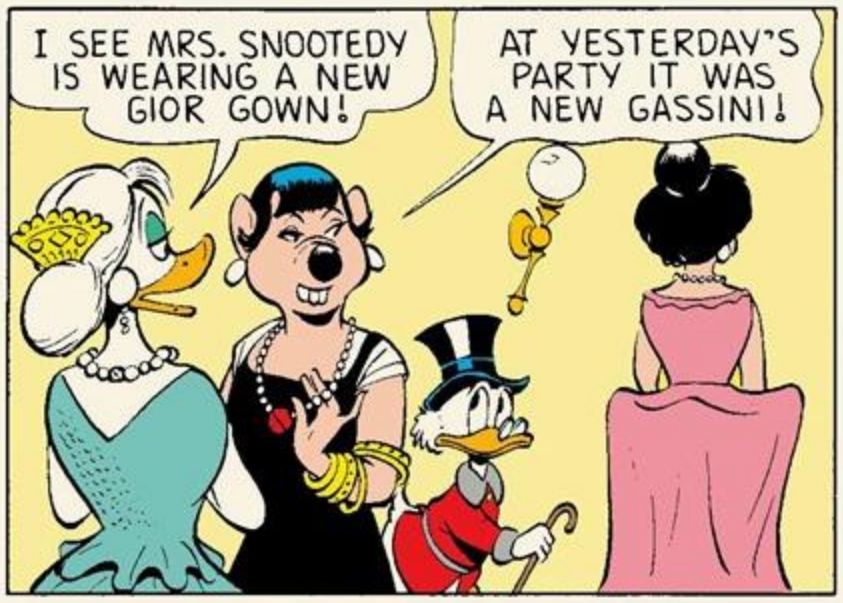
THE STATUS SEEKER

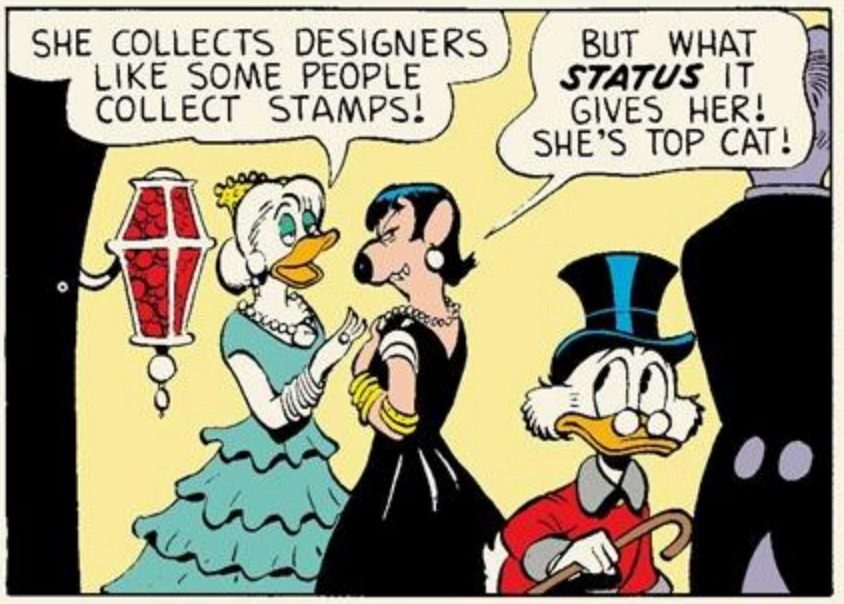


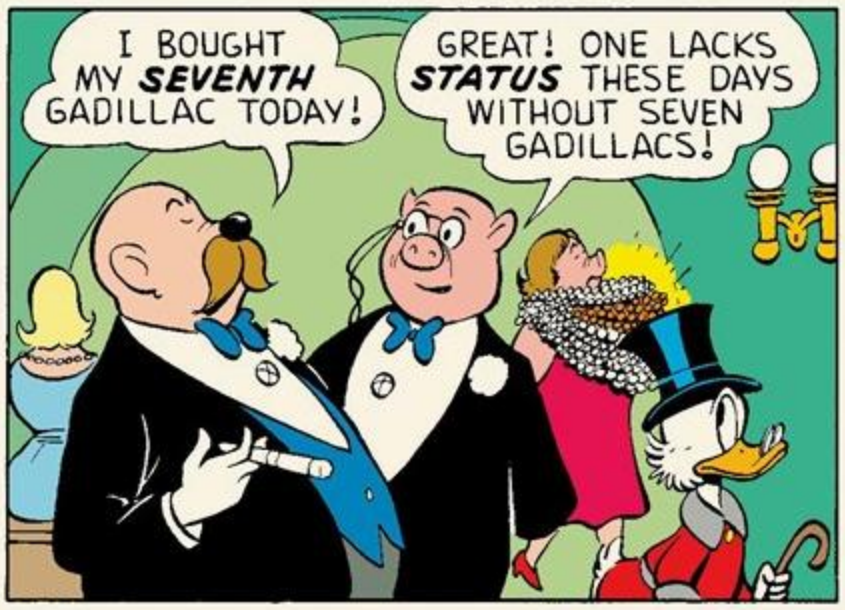


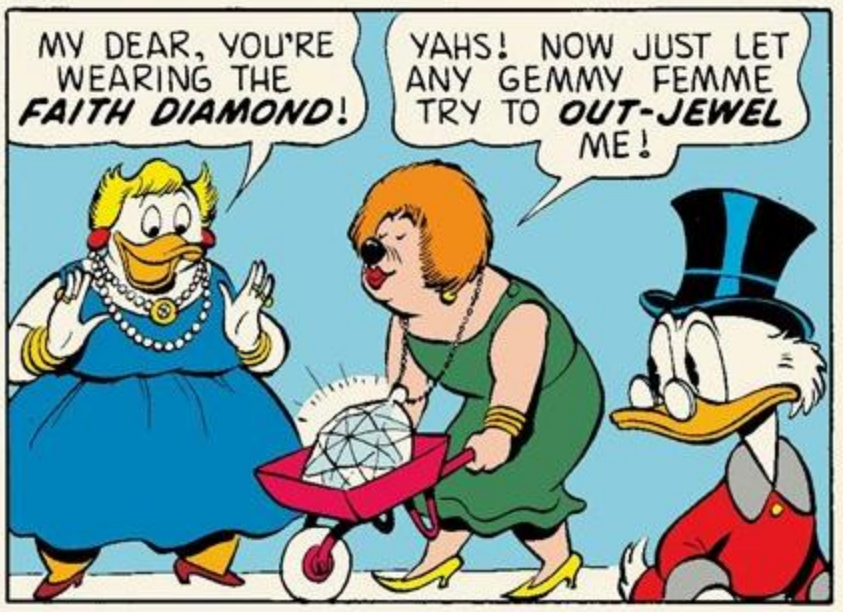


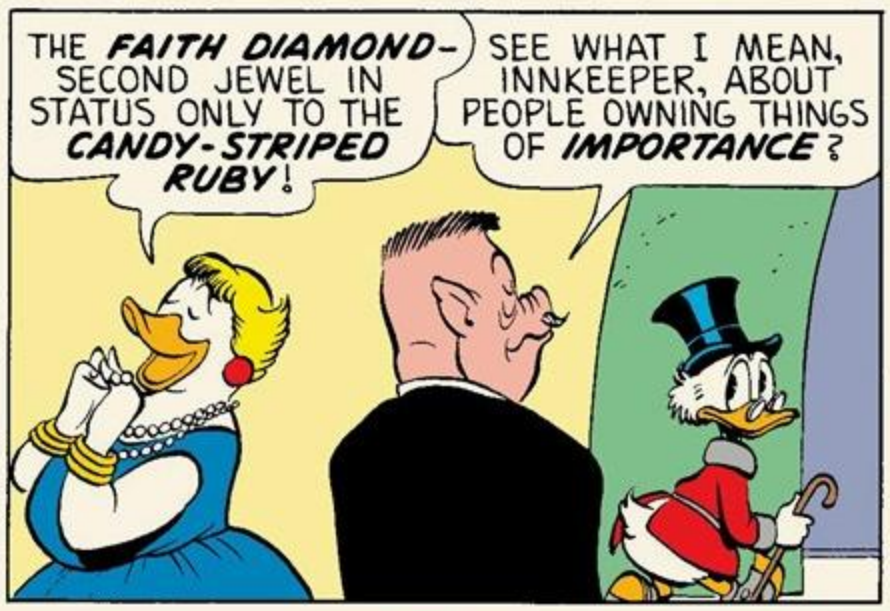



I SEE MRS. SNOOTEDY IS WEARING A NEW GIOR GOWN!
AT YESTERDAY'S PARTY IT WAS A NEW GASSINI!


SHE COLLECTS DESIGNERS LIKE SOME PEOPLE COLLECT STAMPS!
BUT WHAT *STATUS* IT GIVES HER! SHE'S TOP CAT!

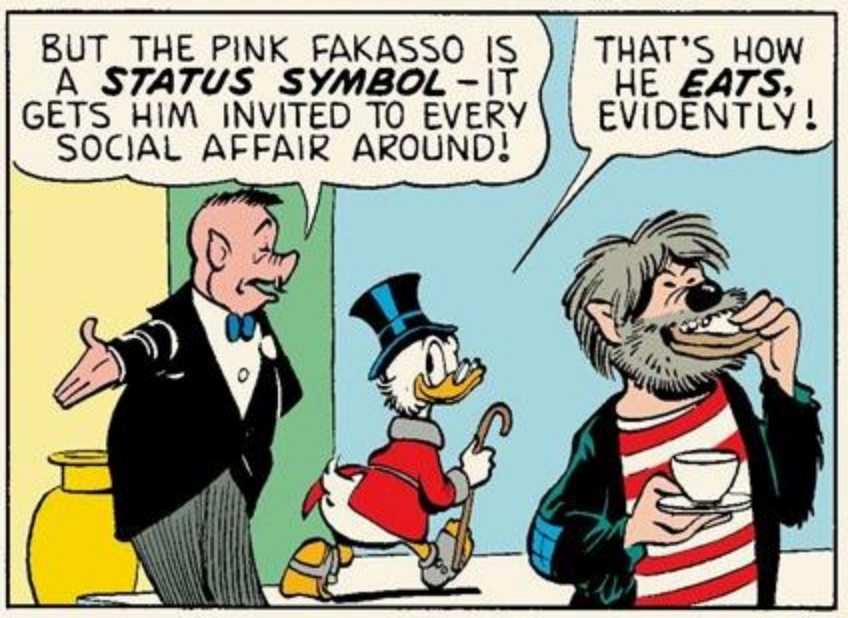

I BOUGHT MY *SEVENTH* GADILLAC TODAY!
GREAT! ONE LACKS *STATUS* THESE DAYS WITHOUT SEVEN GADILLACS!


MY DEAR, YOU'RE WEARING THE *FAITH DIAMOND*!
YAHS! NOW JUST LET ANY GEMMY FEMME TRY TO *OUT-JEWEL* ME!

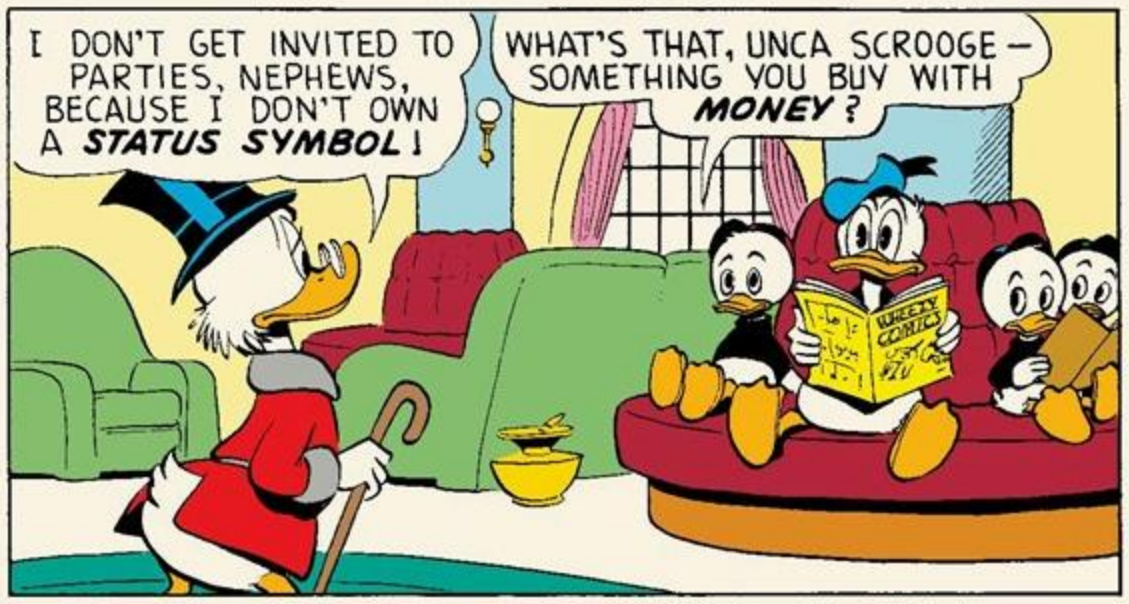

THE *FAITH DIAMOND*- SECOND JEWEL IN STATUS ONLY TO THE *CANDY-STRIPED RUBY*!
SEE WHAT I MEAN, INNKEEPER, ABOUT PEOPLE OWNING THINGS OF *IMPORTANCE*?


WELL, YES - BUT WHAT CAN *THAT GUY* IN THE *RAGS* OWN WHICH ENTITLES *HIM* TO BE HERE?
HE OWNS (SIGH!) THE *PINK FAKASSO*!

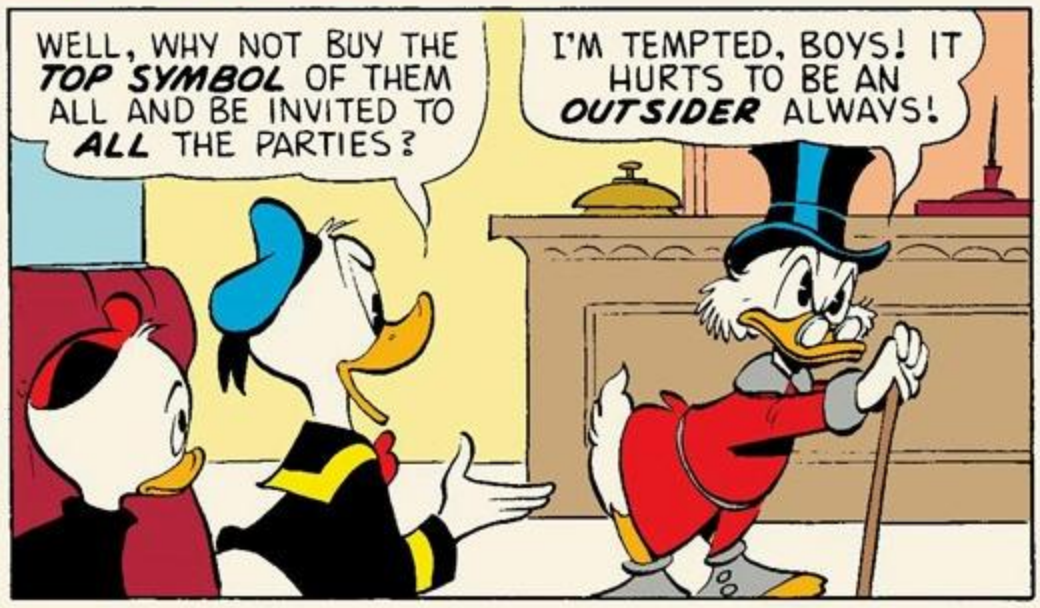

SOLD HIS MOTHER'S GOLD TEETH TO BUY THE PAINTING!
AND NOW HE'S A *PAUPER* WITH A PAINTING - WHICH MAKES HIM *IMPORTANT*!

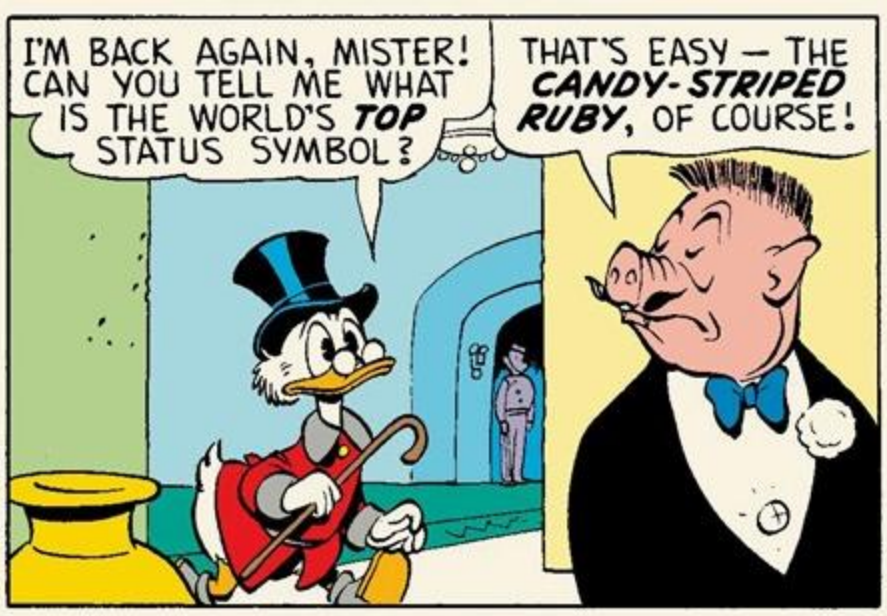

BUT THE PINK FAKASSO IS A *STATUS SYMBOL* - IT GETS HIM INVITED TO EVERY SOCIAL AFFAIR AROUND!
THAT'S HOW HE *EATS*, EVIDENTLY!

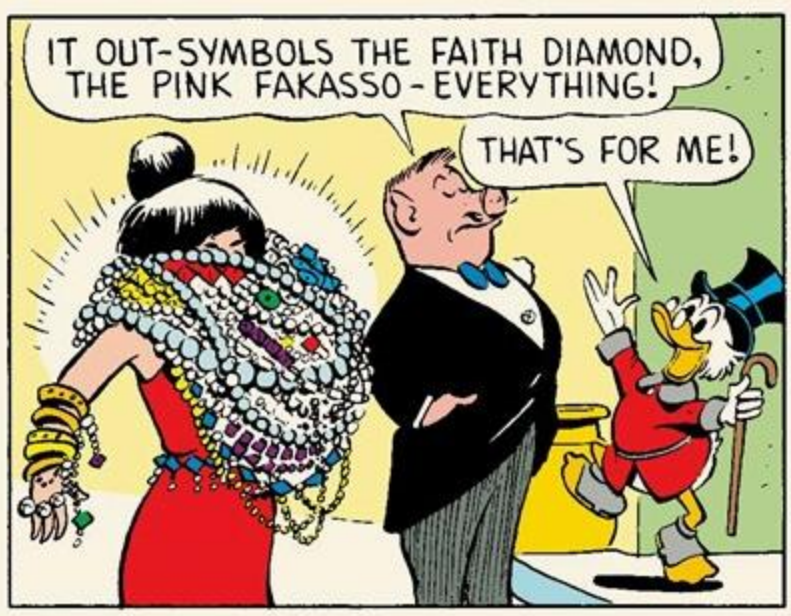

WELL, I LEARNED SOMETHING!

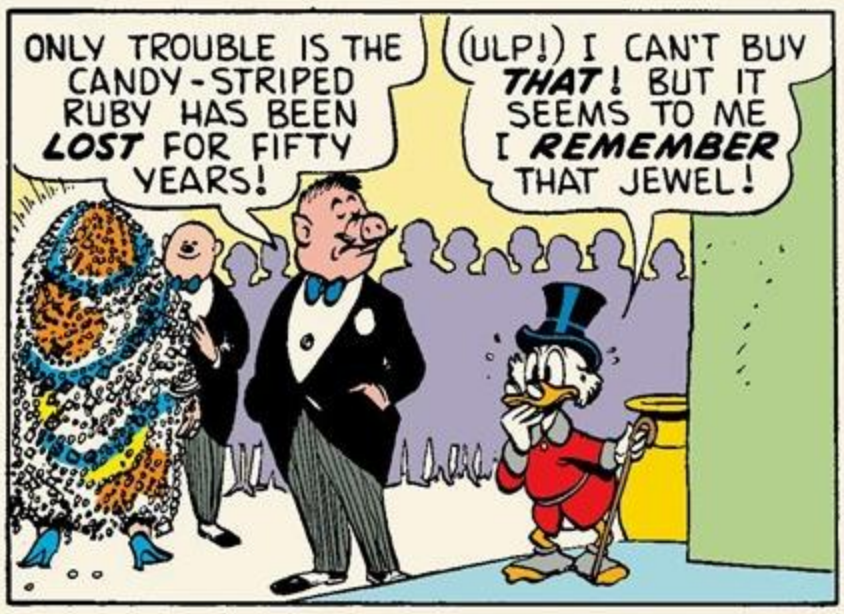

I DON'T GET INVITED TO PARTIES, NEPHEWS, BECAUSE I DON'T OWN A STATUS SYMBOL!
WHAT'S THAT, UNCA SCROOGE — SOMETHING YOU BUY WITH MONEY?
WEEKLY COMICS

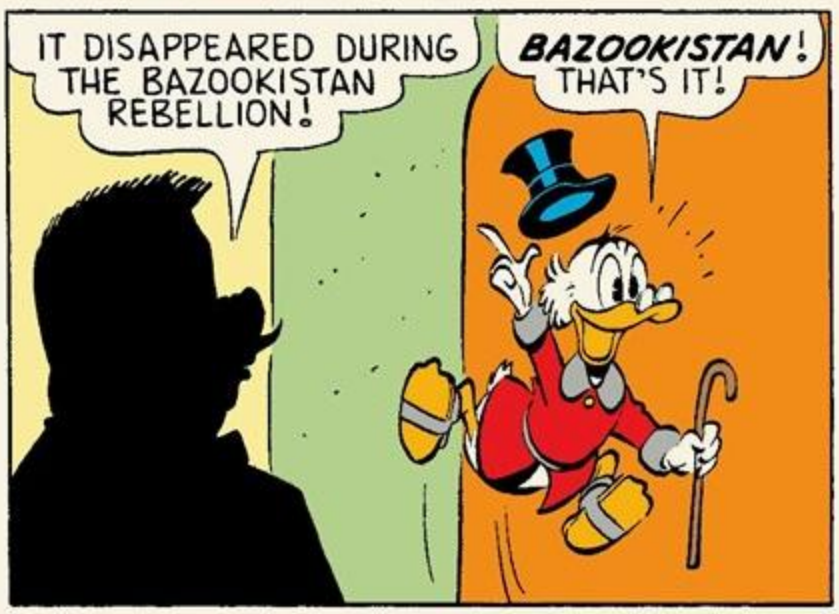

YES, NEPHEWS — BUT NOT JUST ANYTHING! STATUS SYMBOLS HAVE ANOTHER SORT OF VALUE!


WELL, WHY NOT BUY THE TOP SYMBOL OF THEM ALL AND BE INVITED TO ALL THE PARTIES?
I'M TEMPTED, BOYS! IT HURTS TO BE AN OUTSIDER ALWAYS!


I'M BACK AGAIN, MISTER! CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS THE WORLD'S TOP STATUS SYMBOL?
THAT'S EASY — THE CANDY-STRIPED RUBY, OF COURSE!


IT OUT-SYMBOLS THE FAITH DIAMOND, THE PINK FAKASSO - EVERYTHING!
THAT'S FOR ME!


ONLY TROUBLE IS THE CANDY-STRIPED RUBY HAS BEEN LOST FOR FIFTY YEARS!
(ULP!) I CAN'T BUY THAT! BUT IT SEEMS TO ME I REMEMBER THAT JEWEL!


IT DISAPPEARED DURING THE BAZOOKISTAN REBELLION!
BAZOOKISTAN! THAT'S IT!

I *OWN* THE CANDY-STRIPED RUBY! I GOT IT IN A HORSE TRADE WITH BAZOOKIAN BANDITS IN 1912!

I'M *RICH*, NEPHEWS! I'M A SOCIAL LION! I'M THE *TOP SYMBOLEER* OF THE STATUS QUO!

YOU SAY YOU OWN THE CANDY-STRIPED RUBY? I'LL GIVE A *MILLION DOLLARS* FOR IT!

I'LL PAY YOU *TWO* MILLION!

THREE MILLION!

IT'S NOT FOR SALE, GENTS, BUT I'LL *SHOW* IT TO YOU!

Mc DUCK MONEY BIN

TIME PASSES!

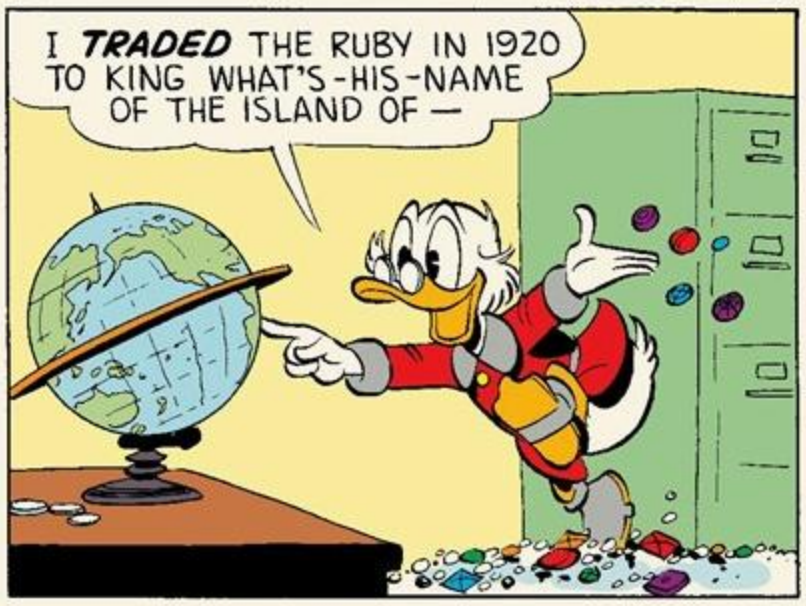
WH-WHAT BECAME OF MY RUBY? I *KNOW* I HAD IT IN ONE OF THESE BARRELS!

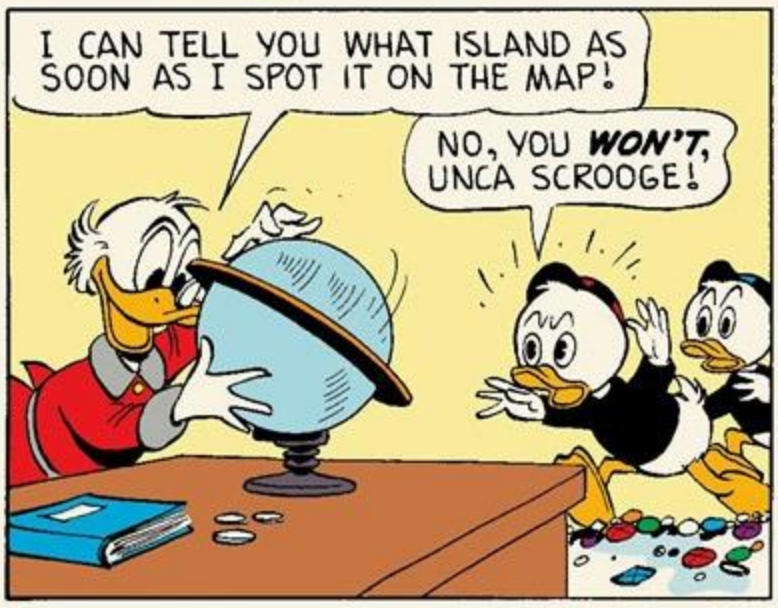
I'VE GOT DOTTED RUBIES AND PLAID-PATTERNED RUBIES —

BAH!

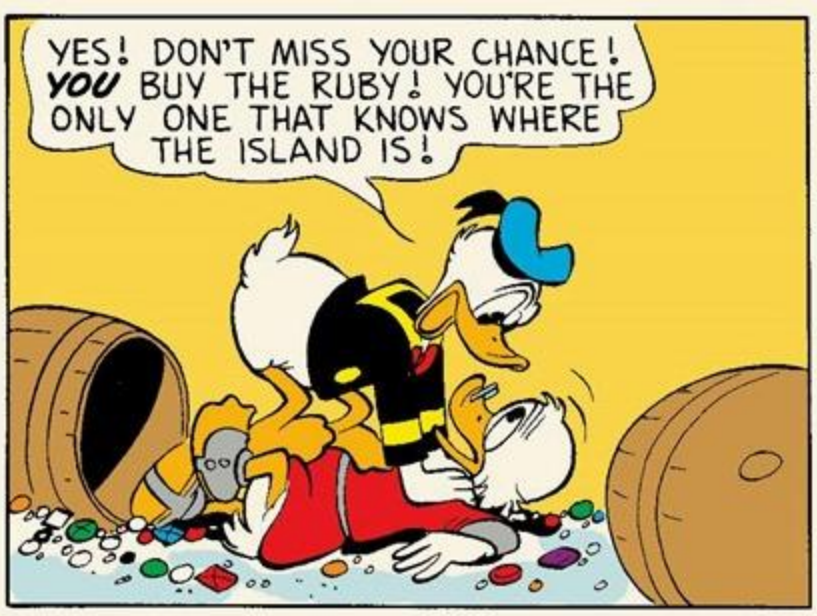
JUST ANOTHER SOCIAL CLIMBER TRYING TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION WITH *NOTHING* OF IMPORTANCE!

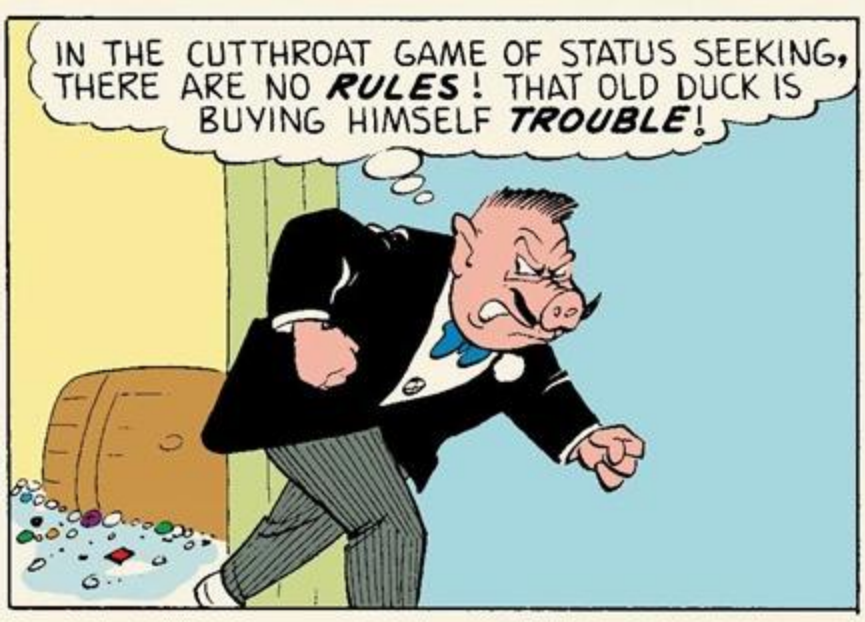

WAIT! I REMEMBER SOMETHING!

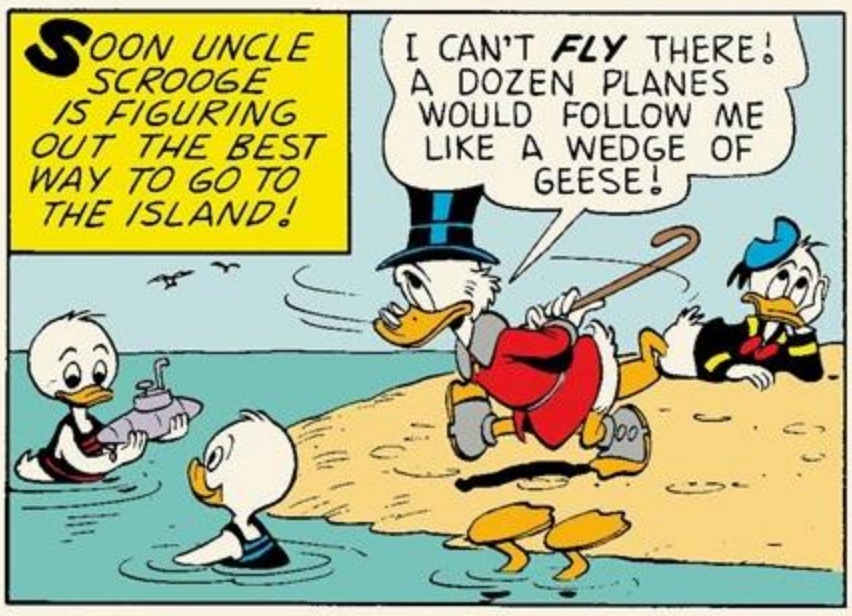

I *TRADED* THE RUBY IN 1920 TO KING WHAT'S-HIS-NAME OF THE ISLAND OF —

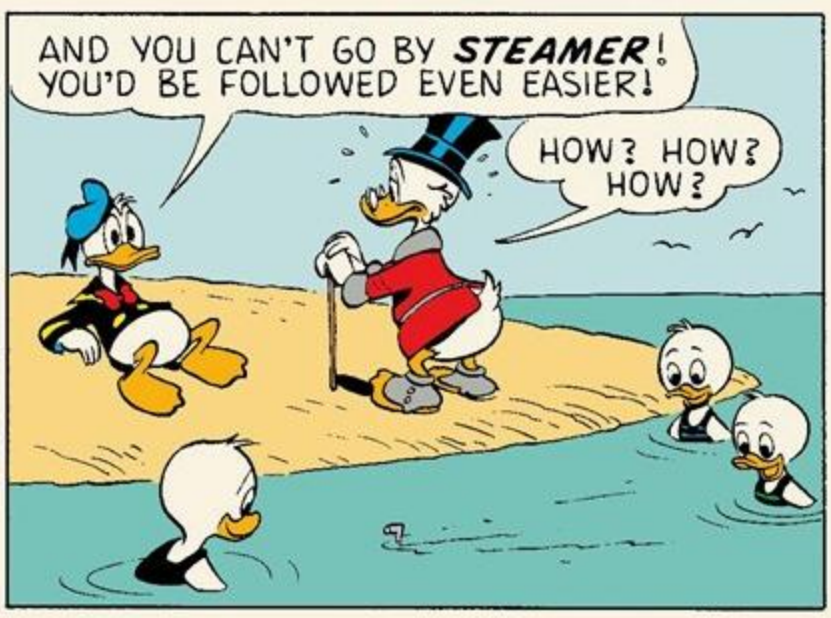

I CAN TELL YOU WHAT ISLAND AS SOON AS I SPOT IT ON THE MAP!
NO, YOU *WON'T*, UNCA SCROOGE!

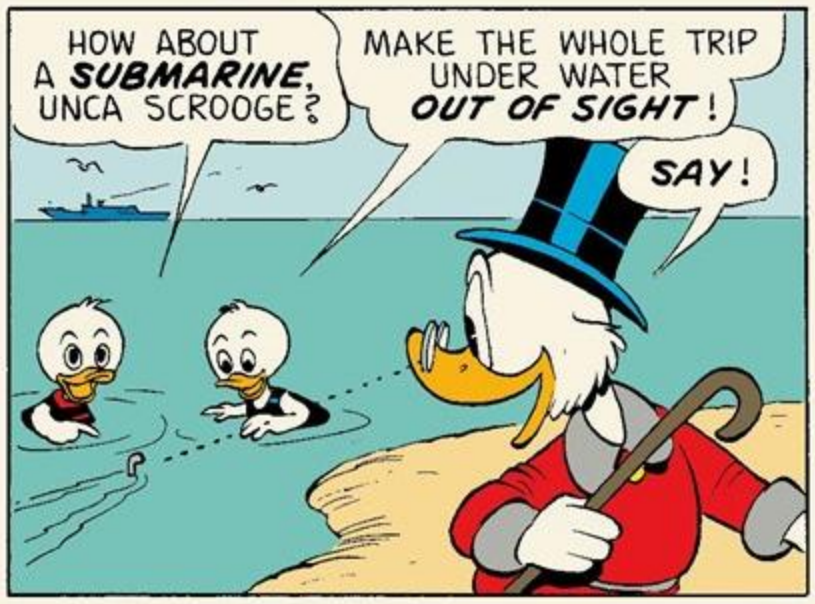

DON'T TELL THOSE STATUS SEEKERS BEHIND YOU *ANYTHING*!
THEY'LL STREAK TO THE ISLAND AND BUY THE RUBY THEMSELVES!

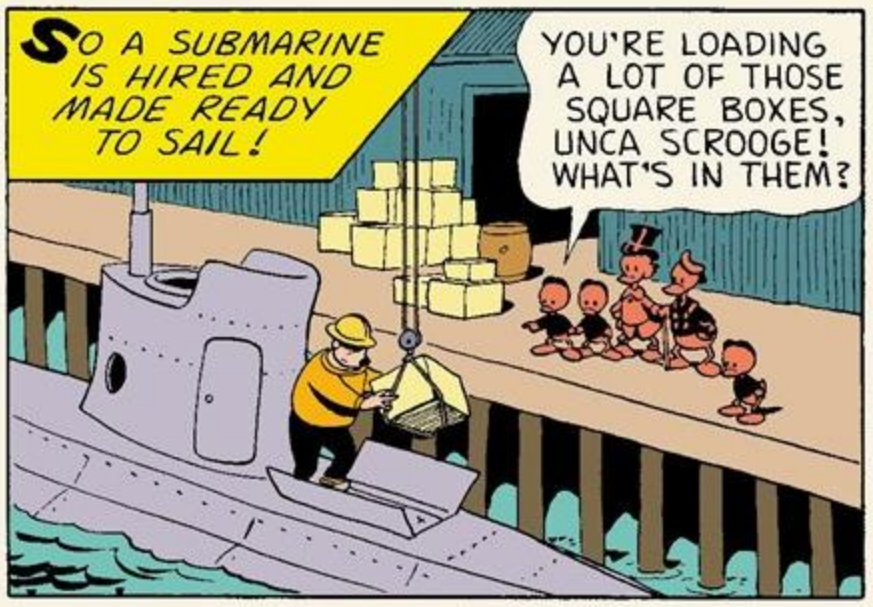

YES! DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE! *YOU* BUY THE RUBY! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT KNOWS WHERE THE ISLAND IS!

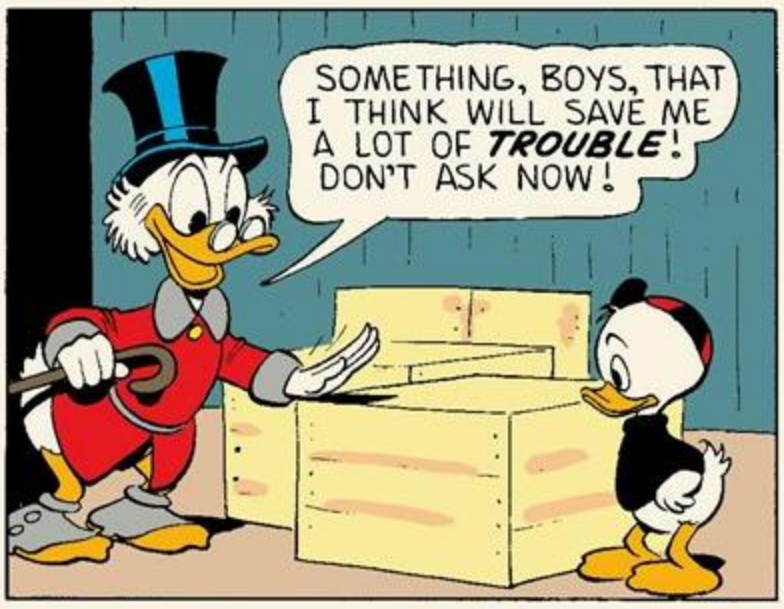

IN THE CUTTHROAT GAME OF STATUS SEEKING, THERE ARE NO *RULES*! THAT OLD DUCK IS BUYING HIMSELF *TROUBLE*!

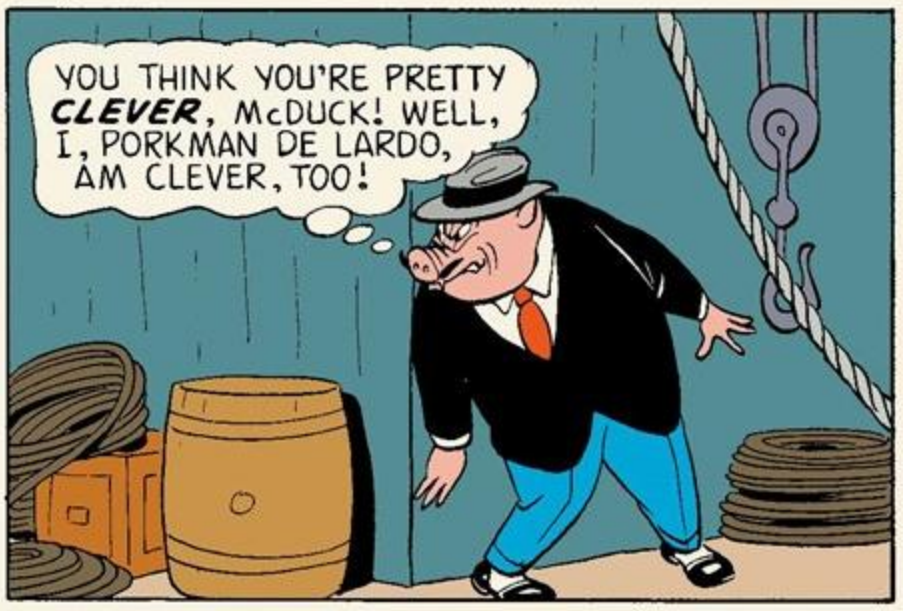

SOON UNCLE SCROOGE IS FIGURING OUT THE BEST WAY TO GO TO THE ISLAND!
I CAN'T *FLY* THERE! A DOZEN PLANES WOULD FOLLOW ME LIKE A WEDGE OF GEESE!

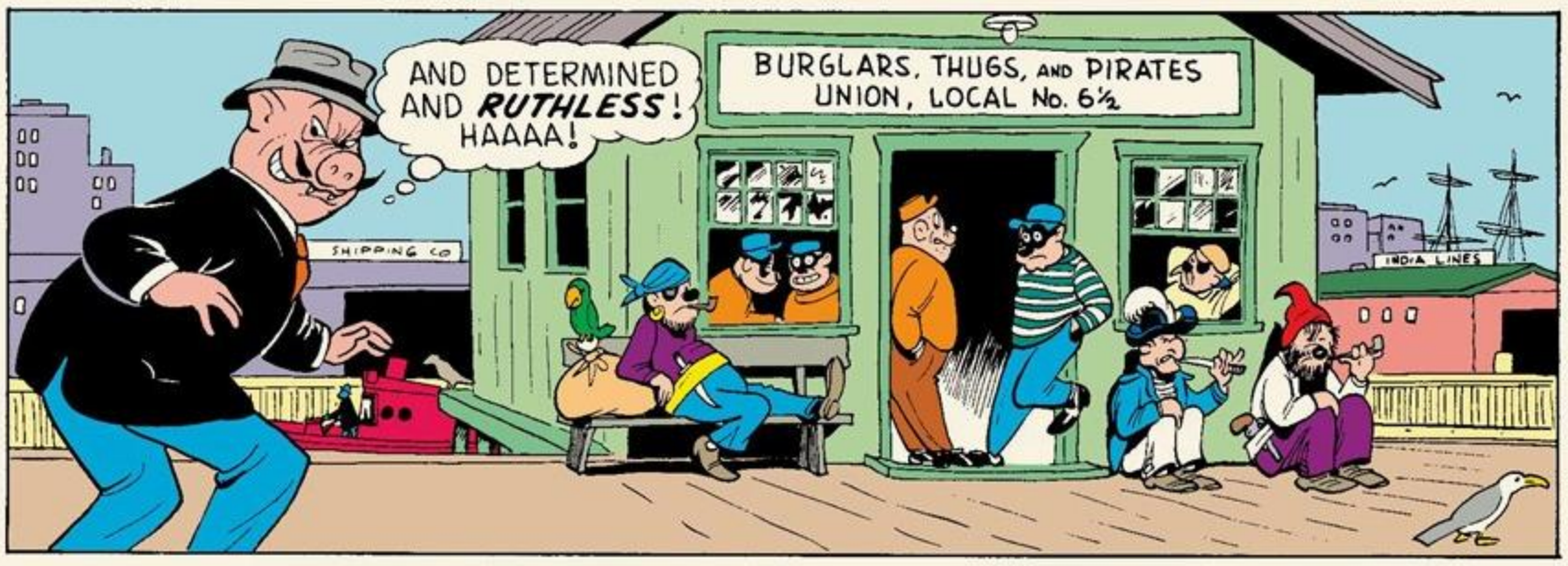

AND YOU CAN'T GO BY *STEAMER*! YOU'D BE FOLLOWED EVEN EASIER!
HOW? HOW? HOW?


HOW ABOUT A SUBMARINE, UNCA SCROOGE?
MAKE THE WHOLE TRIP UNDER WATER OUT OF SIGHT!
SAY!


SO A SUBMARINE IS HIRED AND MADE READY TO SAIL!
YOU'RE LOADING A LOT OF THOSE SQUARE BOXES, UNCA SCROOGE! WHAT'S IN THEM?


SOMETHING, BOYS, THAT I THINK WILL SAVE ME A LOT OF TROUBLE! DON'T ASK NOW!


YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER, McDUCK! WELL, I, PORKMAN DE LARDO, AM CLEVER, TOO!


AND DETERMINED AND RUTHLESS! HAAAA!
BURGLARS, THUGS, AND PIRATES UNION, LOCAL No. 6½
SHIPPING CO
INDIA LINES


I WANT TO HIRE A CREW OF PIRATES FOR A HIJACKING AT SEA!
JOB LIST
BANK STICKUP.. 2 MEN
PICKPOCKETS TO WORK AT RACETRACK.. ½ of TAKE
CHICKEN THIEVES FOR NIGHT WORK.. TOP PAY
SECRETARY
176-671
BEAGLE BOYS


YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE BEST PIRATES IN THE BUSINESS!
WE BEAGLE BOYS ARE TOPS!
176-761
BEAGLE BOYS INC.

YES, HIRING THOSE BEAGLE BOYS WILL GIVE YOUR JOB ***STATUS***, SIR!

YOU MEAN THERE ARE STATUS SYMBOLS IN THIS BUSINESS, TOO?

OH, YES, INDEED!

WELL, COME ALONG, YOU STATUS SYMBOLS! I HADN'T EXPECTED TO BE ***PROUD*** OF THIS JOB!

SECRET

THE WHOLE TOWN WATCHES UNCLE SCROOGE'S SUB SAIL OUT OF DUCKBURG HARBOR!

TOOT TOOT

176

BUT ONCE AT SEA THE SUB DIVES!

GLURGLE

AND THEN **NOBODY** SEES WHERE IT'S GONE!

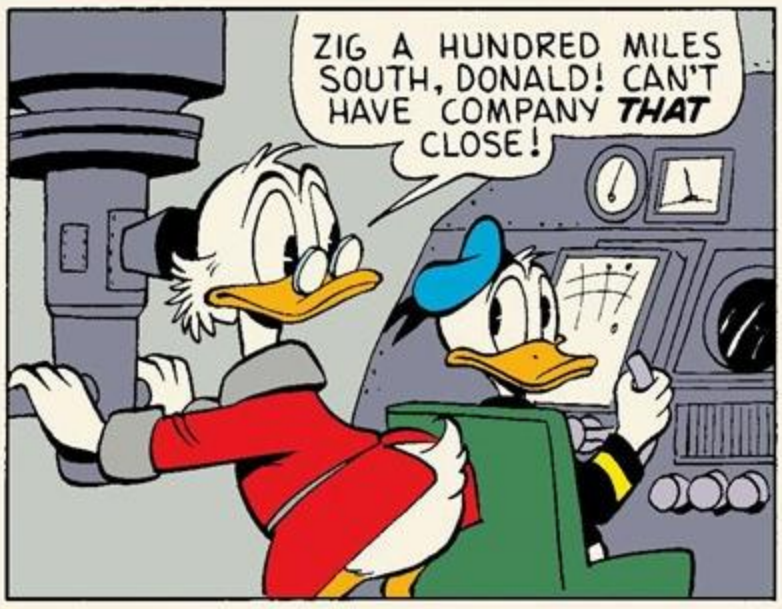
IT'S A HI YI YO! EVEN THE WINDS DON'T KNOW WHERE THE WILD DUCKS GO! HI YI YO!

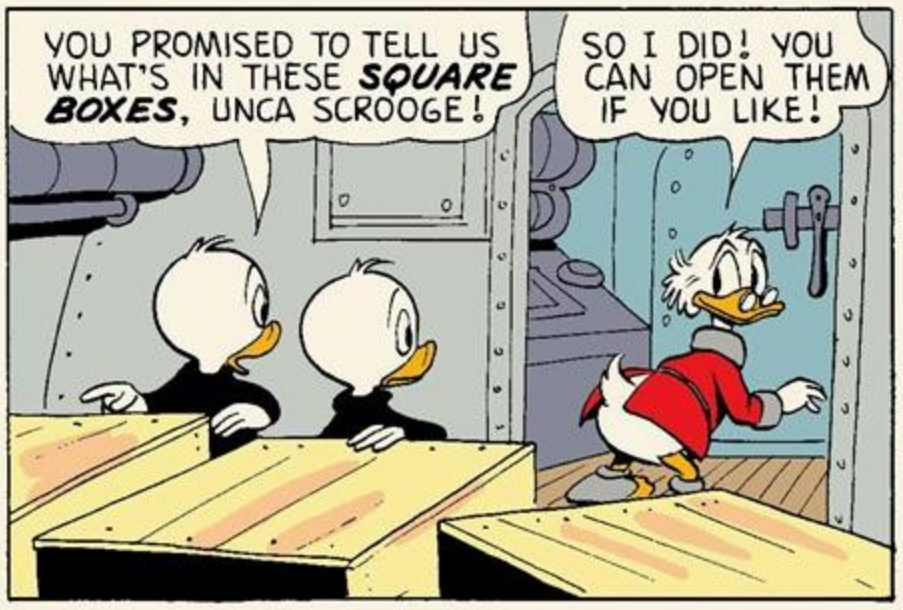
HOURS LATER!

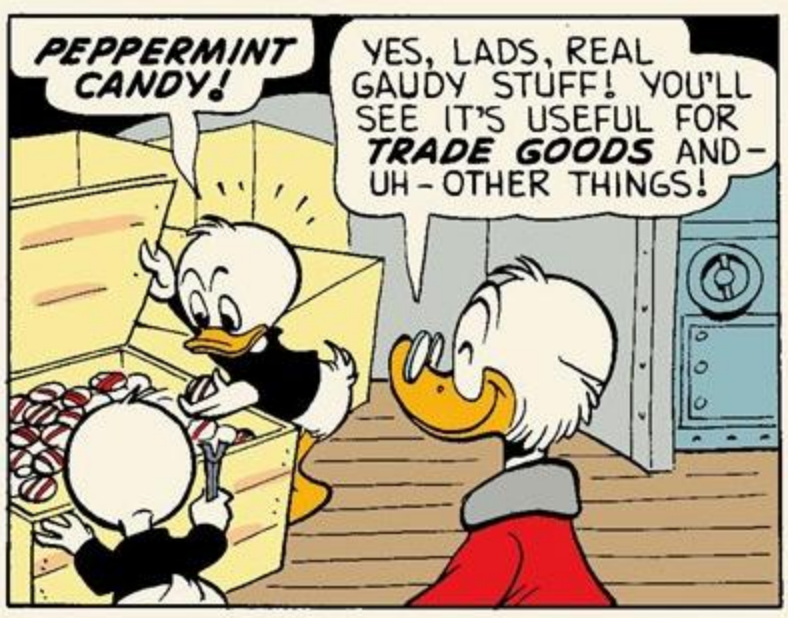
WE'RE FAR AT SEA! I'LL PUT UP THE PERISCOPE FOR A LOOK AROUND!

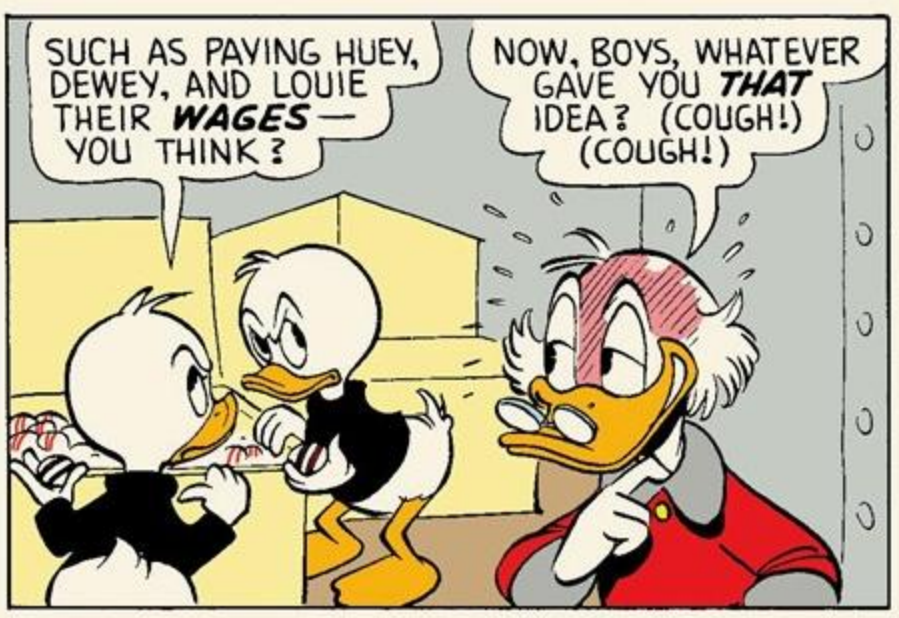
OH! OH!


THERE'S A SHIP ABOUT ONE MILE BEHIND US — ON THIS SAME COURSE!


ZIG A HUNDRED MILES SOUTH, DONALD! CAN'T HAVE COMPANY THAT CLOSE!


YOU PROMISED TO TELL US WHAT'S IN THESE SQUARE BOXES, UNCA SCROOGE!
SO I DID! YOU CAN OPEN THEM IF YOU LIKE!


PEPPERMINT CANDY!
YES, LADS, REAL GAUDY STUFF! YOU'LL SEE IT'S USEFUL FOR TRADE GOODS AND- UH - OTHER THINGS!


SUCH AS PAVING HUEY, DEWEY, AND LOUIE THEIR WAGES — YOU THINK?
NOW, BOYS, WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA? (COUGH!) (COUGH!)


LATER!
TIME FOR ANOTHER LOOK AT THE UPPER WORLD!


WAK! THAT SAME SHIP IS STILL ONE MILE BEHIND US!

IMPOSSIBLE! HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S THE SAME SHIP?

IT HAS A QUEER MAST-LIKE A *SPIDER'S FEELERS*!

ZIG WEST! DOUBLE BACK NORTH! RUN IN CIRCLES! WE HAVE TO SEE IF THAT SHIP *IS* FOLLOWING US!

OKAY, BOYS! NOW IF IT'S STILL BEHIND US AFTER THESE MANEUVERS, WE'LL KNOW SOMETHING'S *FISHY*!

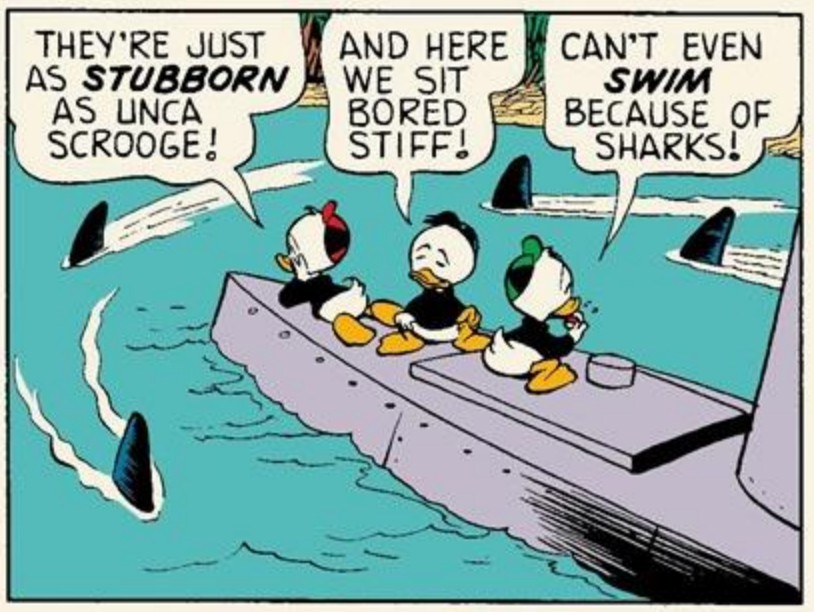
SOMETHING'S FISHY, ALL RIGHT, AND IT AIN'T COD! THIS CALLS FOR DESPERATE MEASURES!

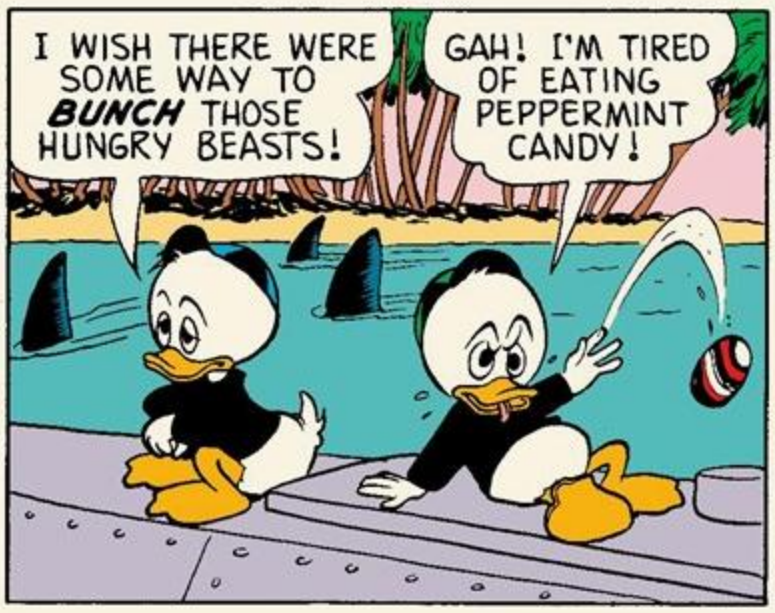
PUT INTO THIS COVE ON THE COAST OF HIPSO JIVA, DONALD, AN WE'LL LAY LOW FOR A SPELL!

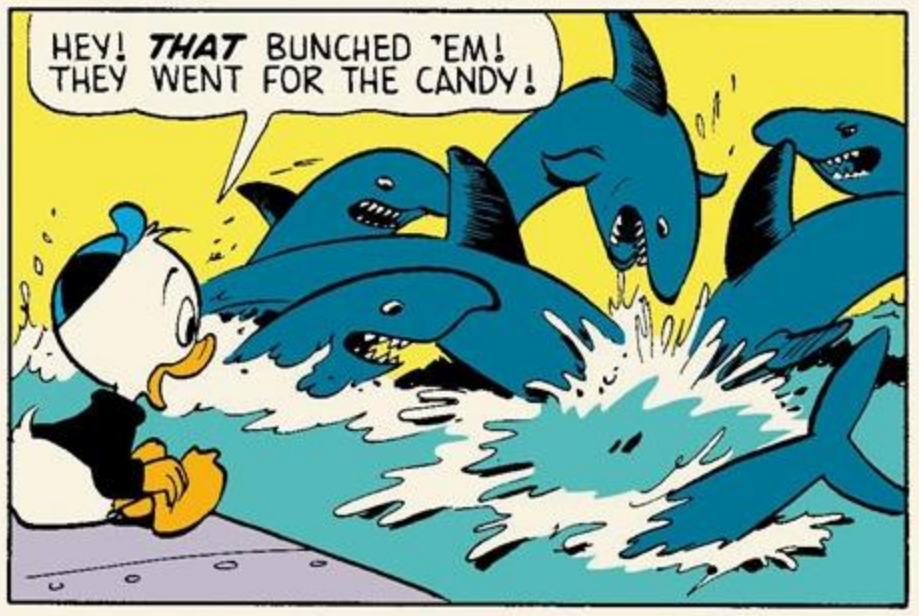
LATER!

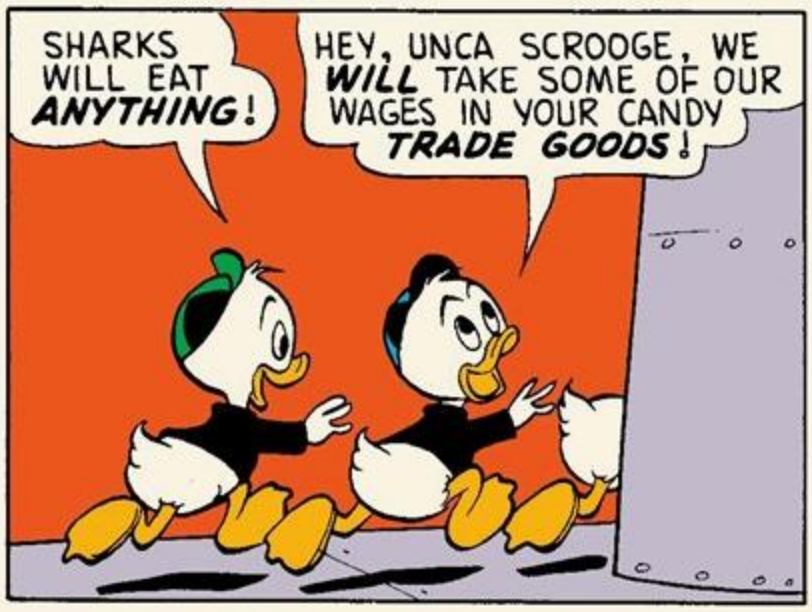
DROP ANCHOR! IF WE *WAIT* HERE LONG ENOUGH, THAT SEA-GOING BLOODHOUND WILL GET IMPATIENT AND REVEAL HOW IT TRACKS US!


DAYS PASS!
IT'S SURE HANGING ON, DONALD!
WE SUBMERGE EVERY NIGHT, CHANGE POSITIONS, BUT NOTHING FOOLS THOSE GUYS ABOARD!

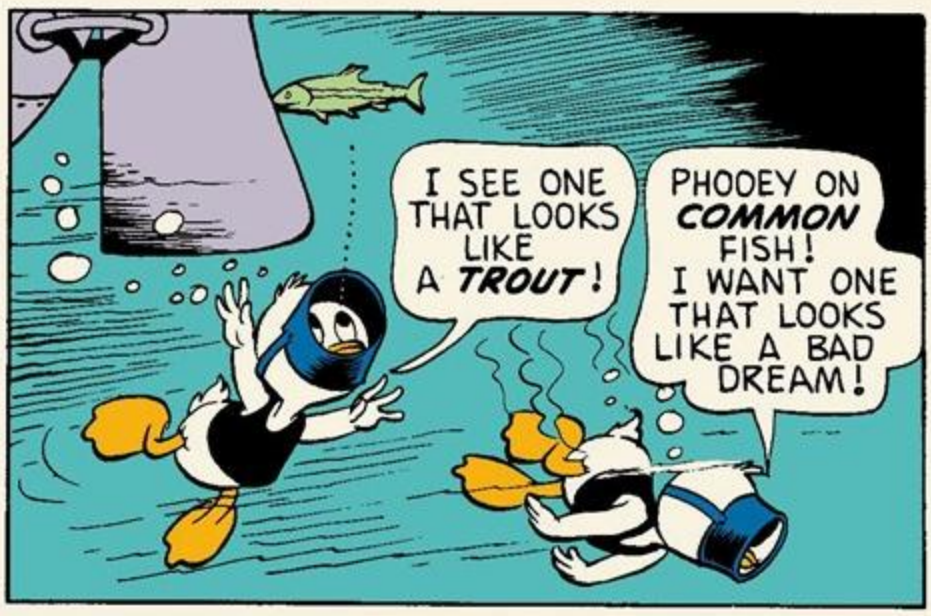

THEY'RE JUST AS STUBBORN AS UNCA SCROOGE!
AND HERE WE SIT BORED STIFF!
CAN'T EVEN SWIM BECAUSE OF SHARKS!

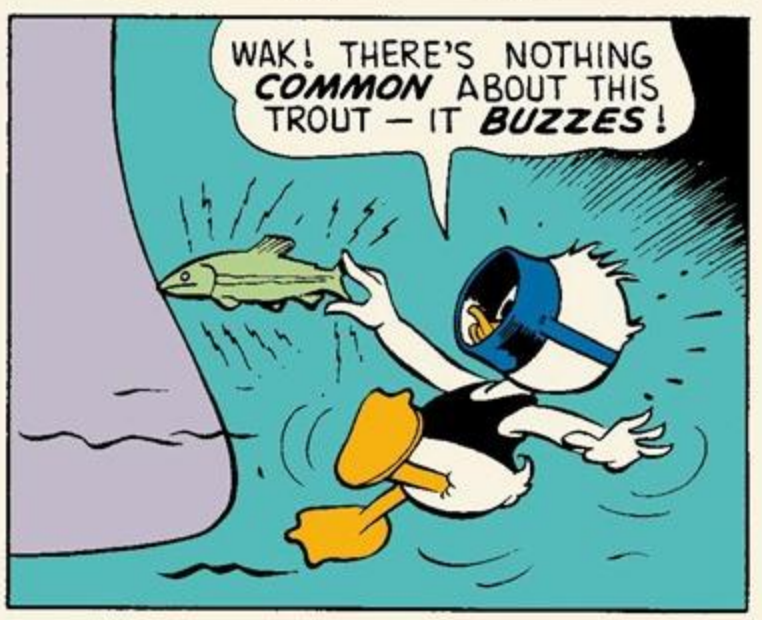

I WISH THERE WERE SOME WAY TO BUNCH THOSE HUNGRY BEASTS!
GAH! I'M TIRED OF EATING PEPPERMINT CANDY!

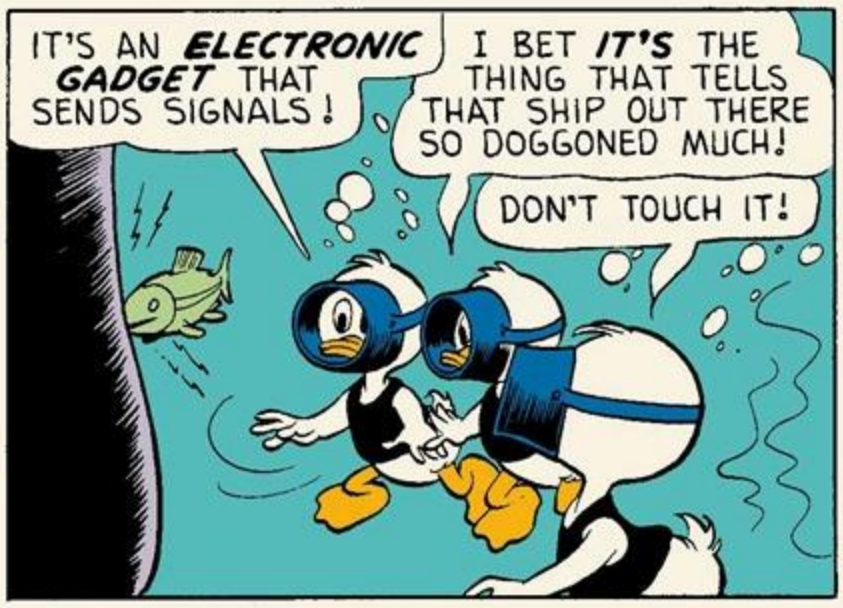

HEY! THAT BUNCHED 'EM! THEY WENT FOR THE CANDY!

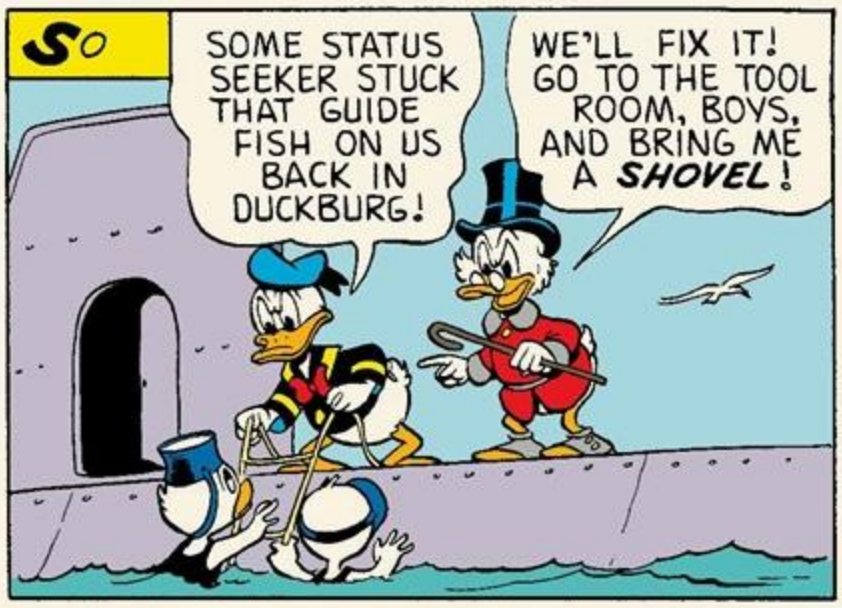

SHARKS WILL EAT ANYTHING!
HEY, UNCA SCROOGE, WE WILL TAKE SOME OF OUR WAGES IN YOUR CANDY TRADE GOODS!


SOON!
WE TRADED CANDY TO THE SHARKS FOR A CLEAR SPACE TO SWIM IN!
LET'S LOOK FOR RARE FISH!

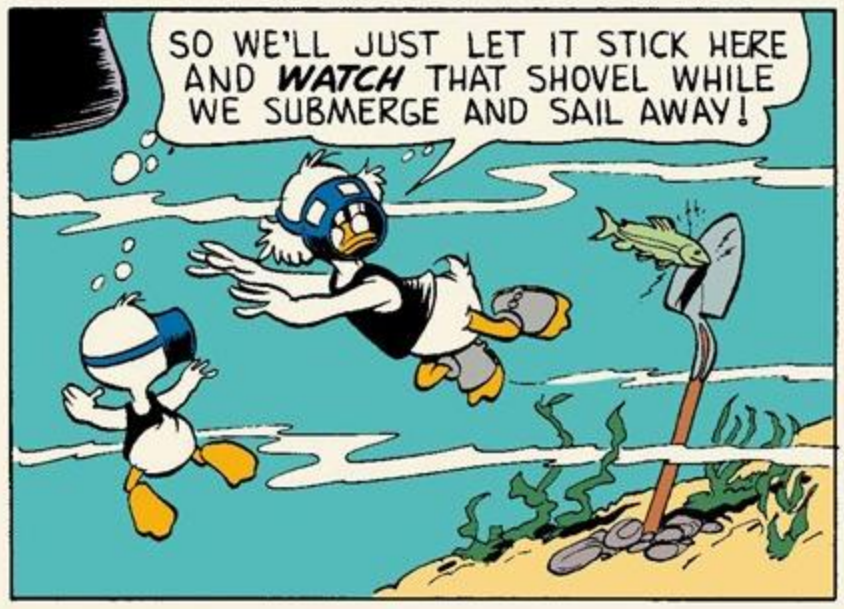

I SEE ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE A TROUT!
PHOOEY ON COMMON FISH! I WANT ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE A BAD DREAM!

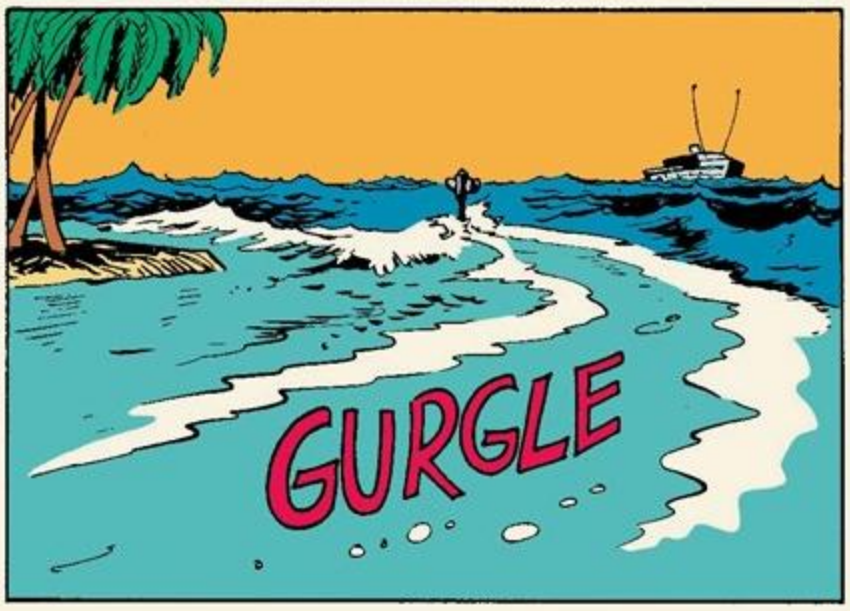

WAK! THERE'S NOTHING COMMON ABOUT THIS TROUT — IT BUZZES!

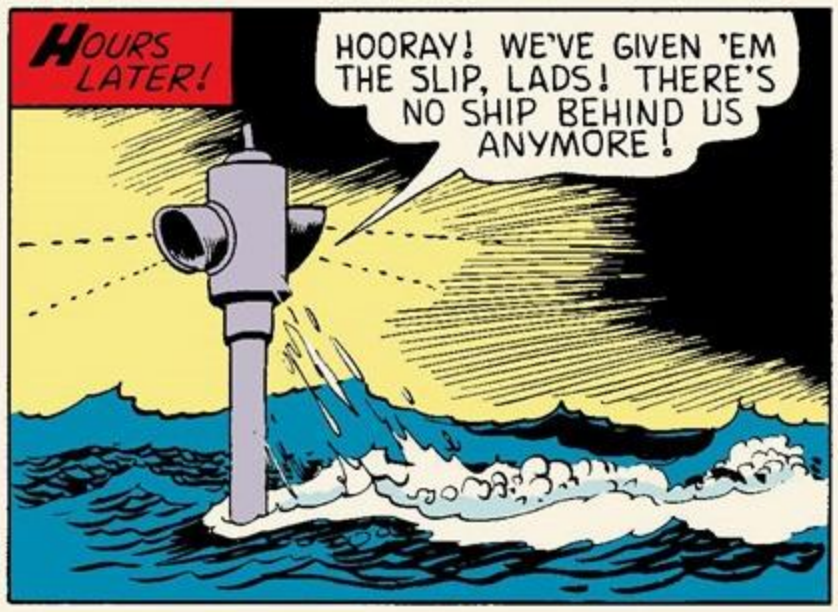

IT'S AN ELECTRONIC GADGET THAT SENDS SIGNALS!
I BET IT'S THE THING THAT TELLS THAT SHIP OUT THERE SO DOGGONED MUCH!
DON'T TOUCH IT!

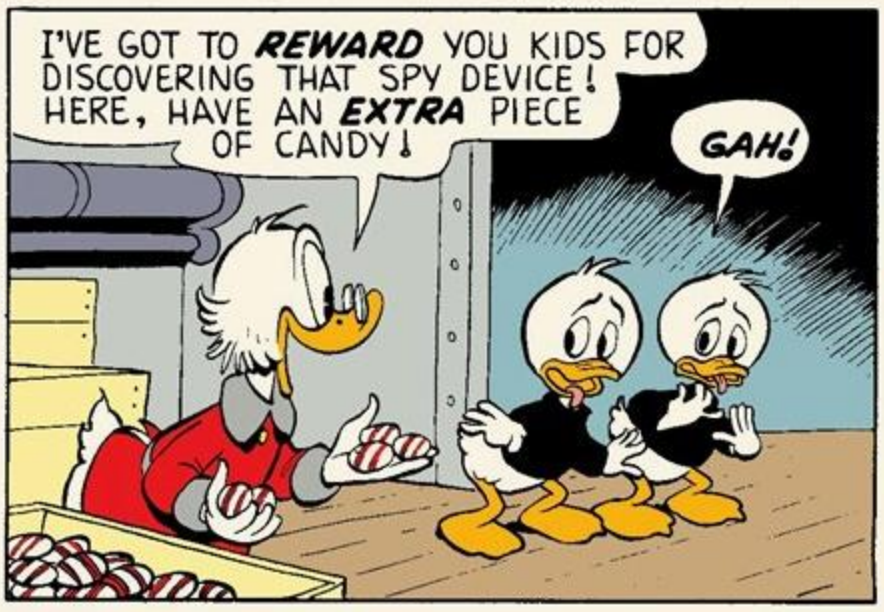

So
SOME STATUS SEEKER STUCK THAT GUIDE FISH ON US BACK IN DUCKBURG!
WE'LL FIX IT! GO TO THE TOOL ROOM, BOYS, AND BRING ME A SHOVEL!

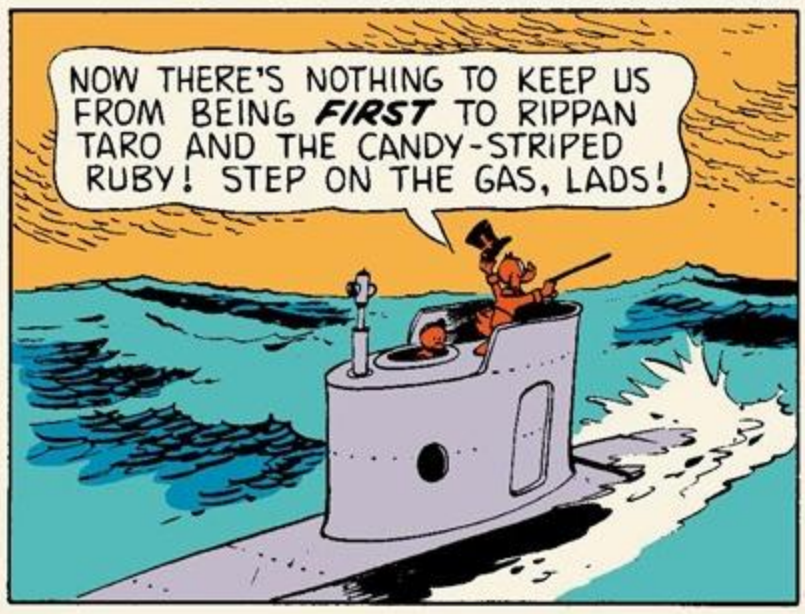

EVIDENTLY THIS FISH IS MAGNETIC! IT STICKS TO IRON!

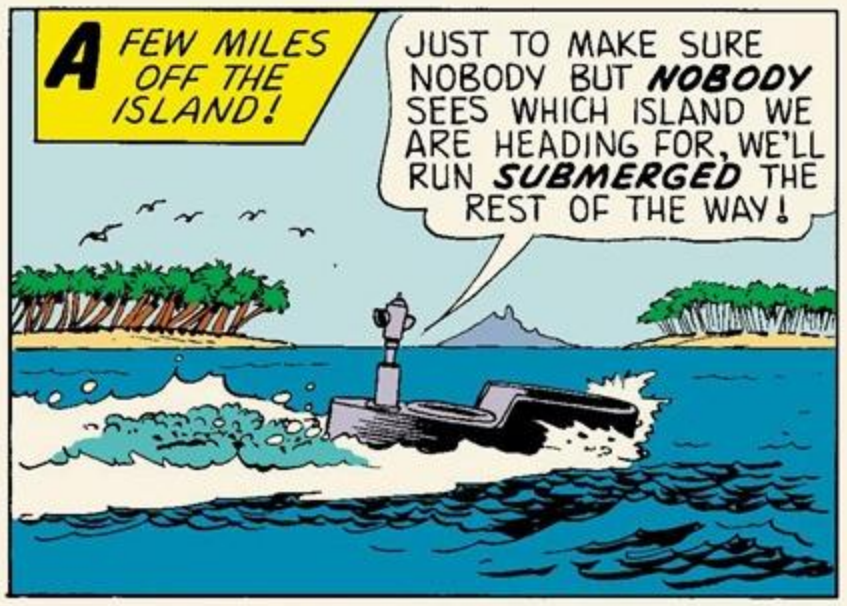

SO WE'LL JUST LET IT STICK HERE AND WATCH THAT SHOVEL WHILE WE SUBMERGE AND SAIL AWAY!


GURGLE


HOURS LATER!
HOORAY! WE'VE GIVEN 'EM THE SLIP, LADS! THERE'S NO SHIP BEHIND US ANYMORE!


I'VE GOT TO REWARD YOU KIDS FOR DISCOVERING THAT SPY DEVICE! HERE, HAVE AN EXTRA PIECE OF CANDY!
GAH!


NOW THERE'S NOTHING TO KEEP US FROM BEING FIRST TO RIPPAN TARO AND THE CANDY-STRIPED RUBY! STEP ON THE GAS, LADS!

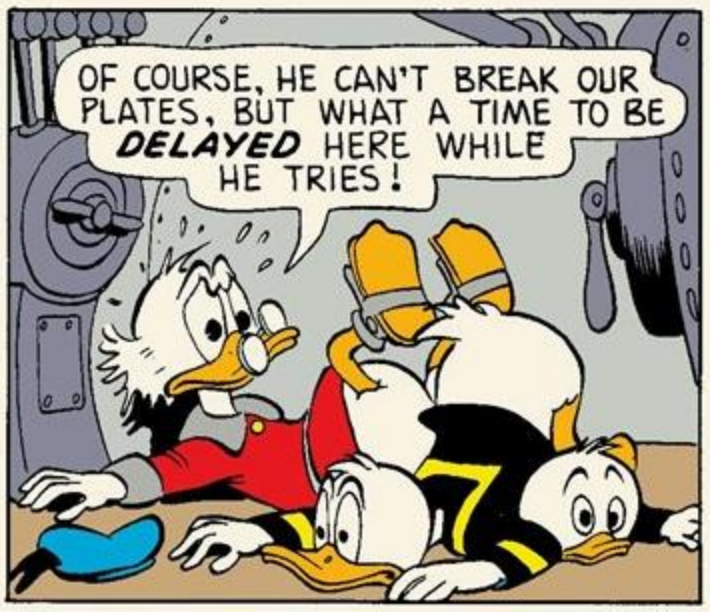

A FEW MILES OFF THE ISLAND!
JUST TO MAKE SURE NOBODY BUT NOBODY SEES WHICH ISLAND WE ARE HEADING FOR, WE'LL RUN SUBMERGED THE REST OF THE WAY!

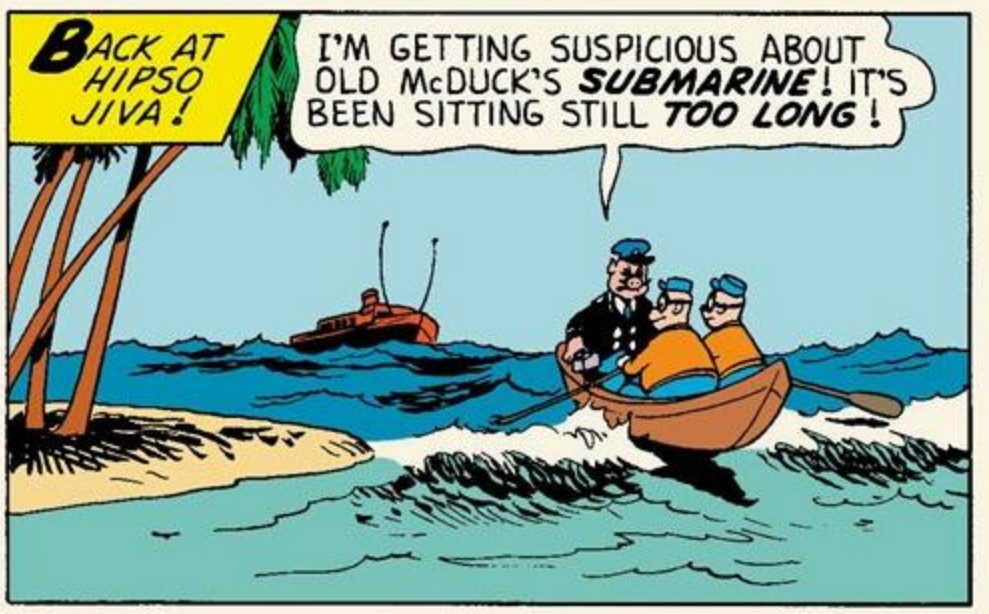

ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE, UNCLE SCROOGE? THERE'S A LOT OF SEA PLANTS DOWN HERE!

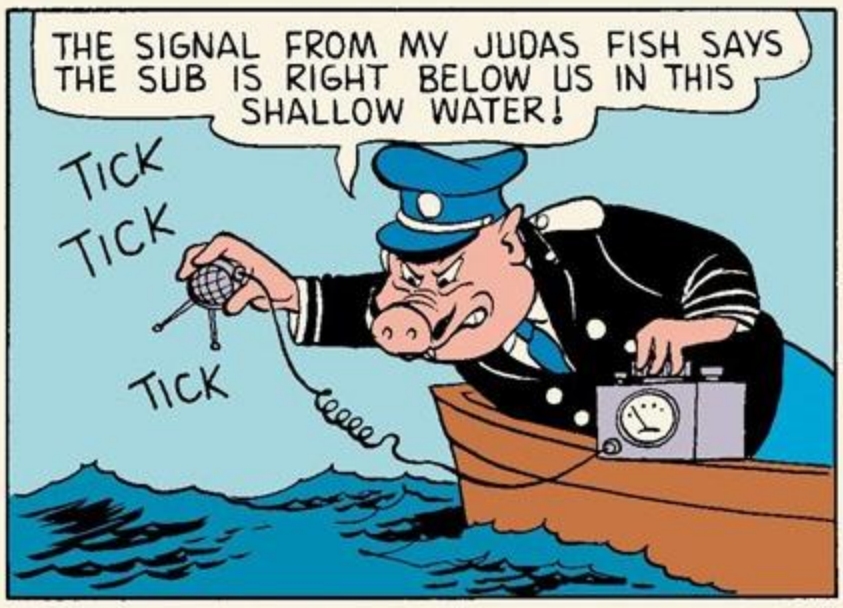

OF COURSE IT'S SAFE! DON'T BE SUCH A SHIVERING JELLYFISH!


AWK! WHATS HAPPENED?

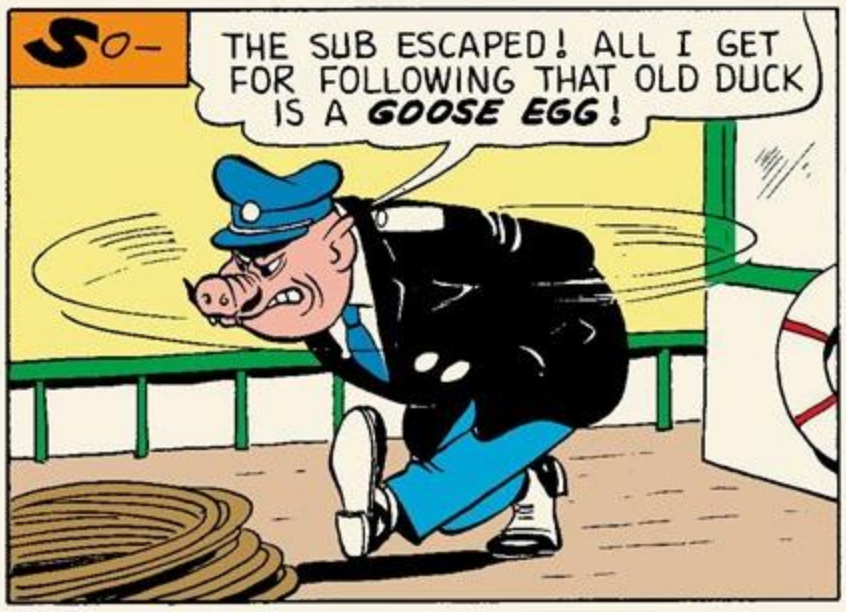

PLENTY! THERE'S A JELLYFISH AS BIG AS A CORN FIELD WRAPPED AROUND OUR HULL!

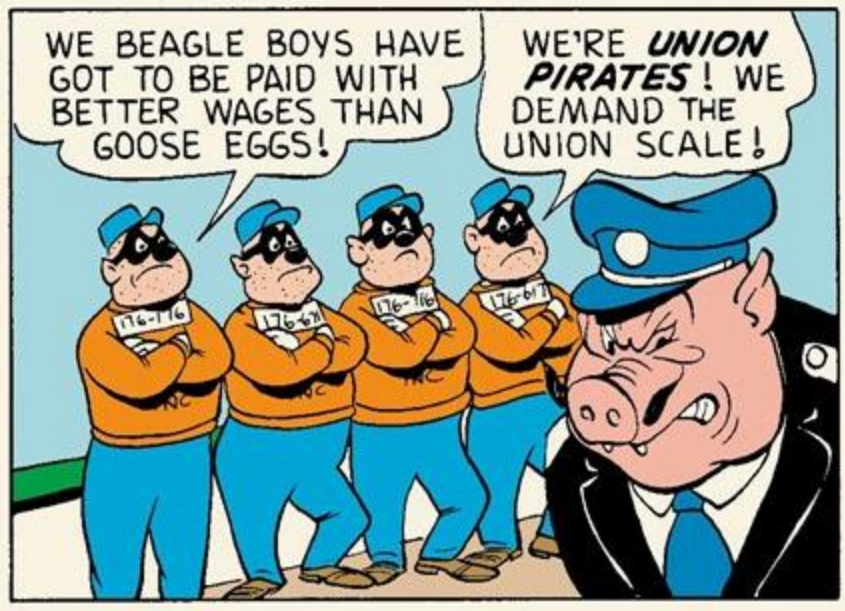

OF COURSE, HE CAN'T BREAK OUR PLATES, BUT WHAT A TIME TO BE DELAYED HERE WHILE HE TRIES!

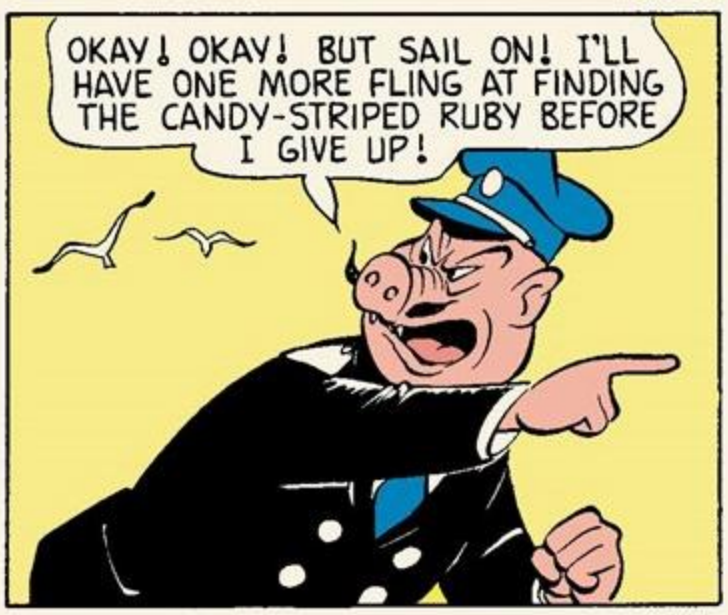

BACK AT HIPSO JIVA!
I'M GETTING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT OLD McDUCK'S SUBMARINE! IT'S BEEN SITTING STILL TOO LONG!

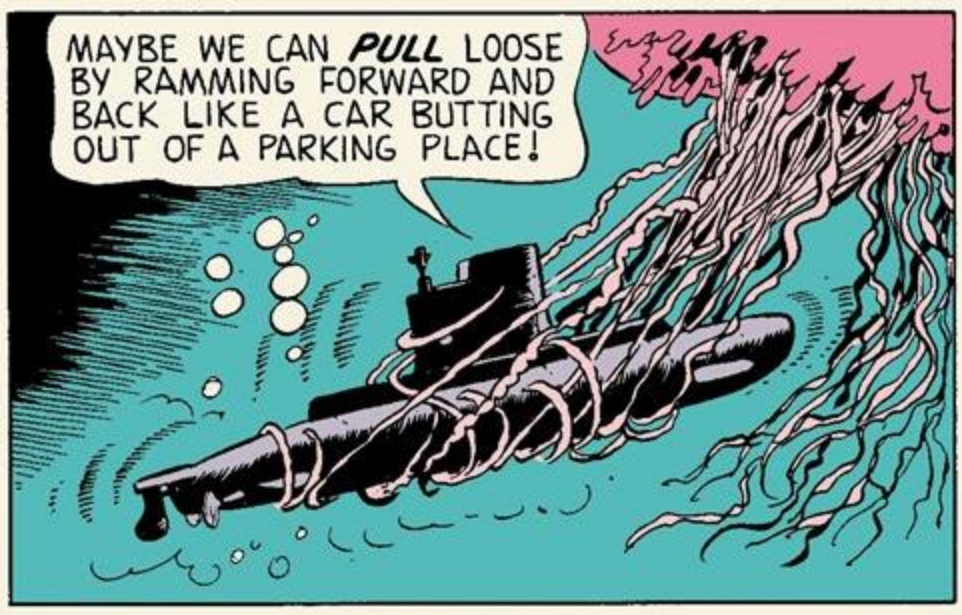

THE SIGNAL FROM MY JUDAS FISH SAYS THE SUB IS RIGHT BELOW US IN THIS SHALLOW WATER!
TICK
TICK
TICK


OH! OH!

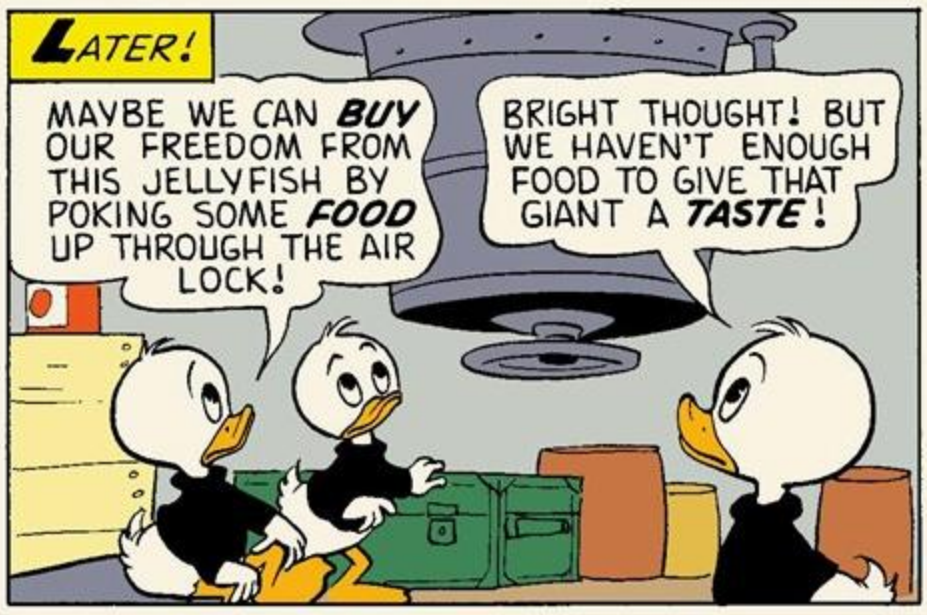

SO—
THE SUB ESCAPED! ALL I GET FOR FOLLOWING THAT OLD DUCK IS A GOOSE EGG!


WE BEAGLE BOYS HAVE GOT TO BE PAID WITH BETTER WAGES THAN GOOSE EGGS!
WE'RE UNION PIRATES! WE DEMAND THE UNION SCALE!


OKAY! OKAY! BUT SAIL ON! I'LL HAVE ONE MORE FLING AT FINDING THE CANDY-STRIPED RUBY BEFORE I GIVE UP!


MAYBE WE CAN PULL LOOSE BY RAMMING FORWARD AND BACK LIKE A CAR BUTTING OUT OF A PARKING PLACE!


NO LUCK! HE ONLY CLAMPS US TIGHTER!


LATER!
MAYBE WE CAN BUY OUR FREEDOM FROM THIS JELLYFISH BY POKING SOME FOOD UP THROUGH THE AIR LOCK!
BRIGHT THOUGHT! BUT WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH FOOD TO GIVE THAT GIANT A TASTE!

IT'D HAVE TO BE FOOD WITH A LOT OF *POWER* — LIKE PEPPER!

OR CANDY — HEY! HOW ABOUT THIS *PEPPERMINT*?

MY *TRADE GOODS!*

YES! IF A BOX OF THIS STUFF ISN'T TOO VALUABLE TO *TRADE* FOR OUR LIVES!

WELL— UH!

HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS, BOYS! WE DON'T KNOW HOW OLD JELLY BOY WILL TAKE THIS!

GLURGLE

ABOVE!

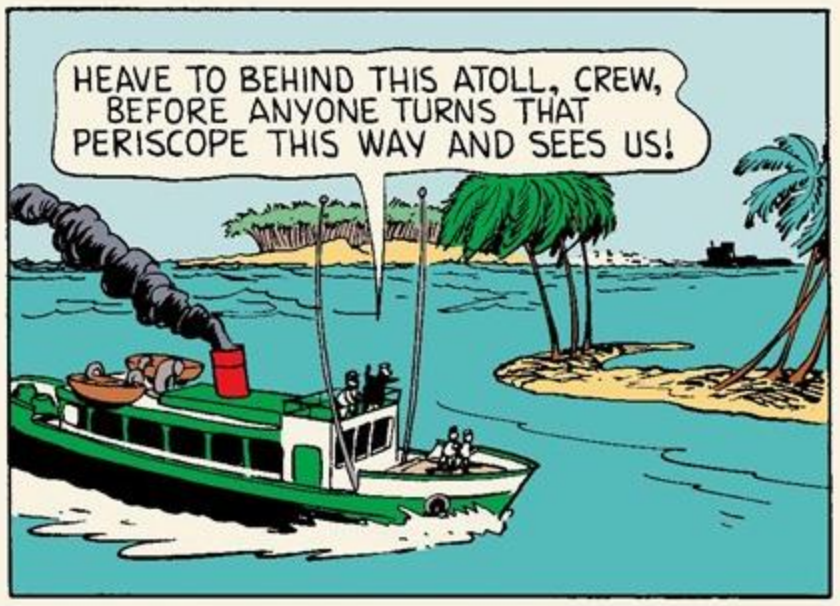
SAIL ALONG AMONG THESE ISLANDS! WE'LL LOOK IN EVERY LIKELY HARBOR FOR McDUCK'S SUB!

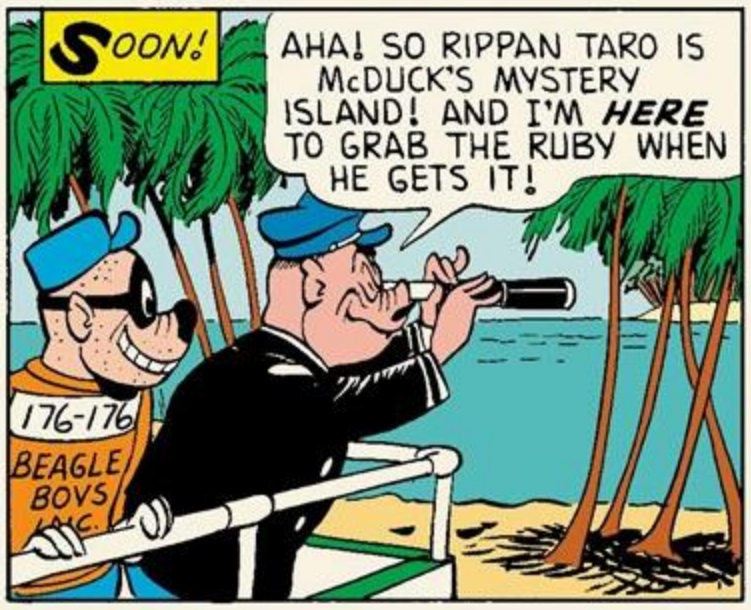
(TRANSLATED) *WHEE!*

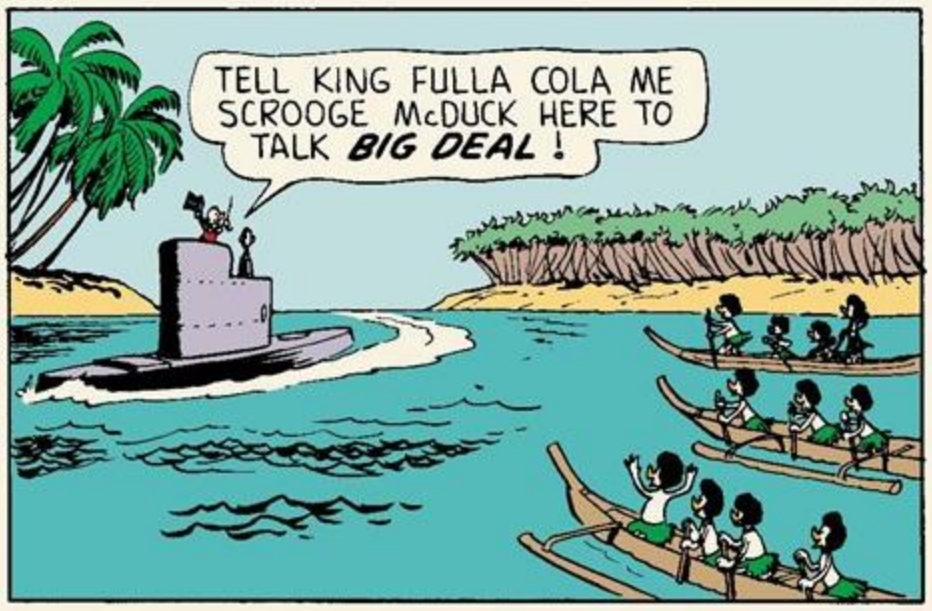
THE SEA *EXPLODED,* BOSS!

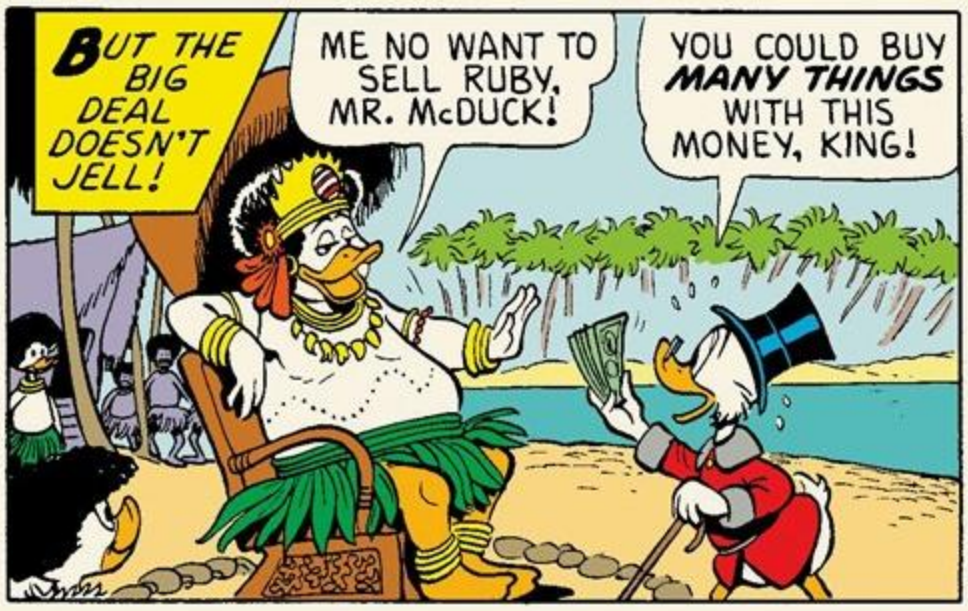
I'LL BE CALLED THE CHAMPION LIAR OF DUCKBURG IF I EVER TELL THE *TRUTH* ABOUT THIS!


WE'RE FREE! SCOOT FOR RIPPAN TARO, DONALD! FULL SPEED!

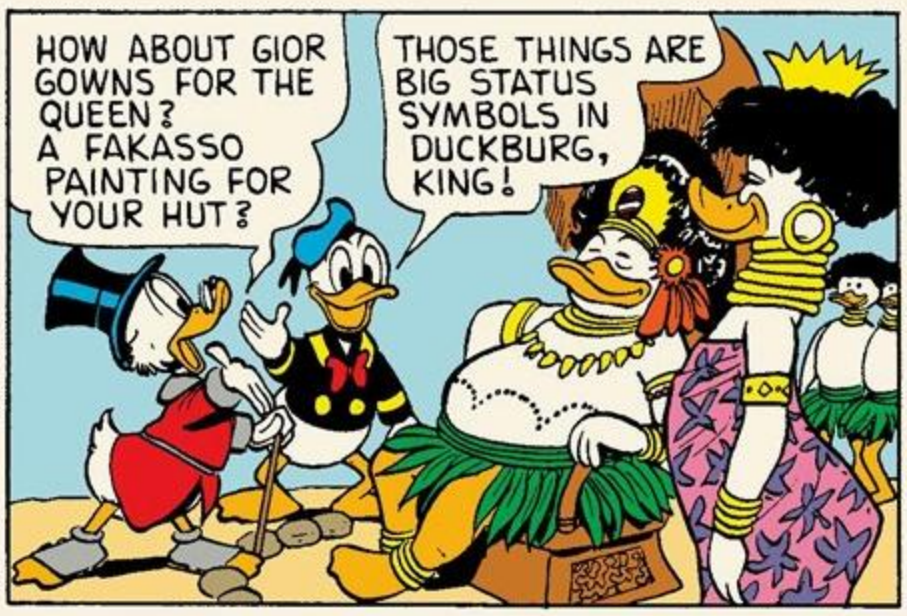

HEAVE TO BEHIND THIS ATOLL, CREW, BEFORE ANYONE TURNS THAT PERISCOPE THIS WAY AND SEES US!

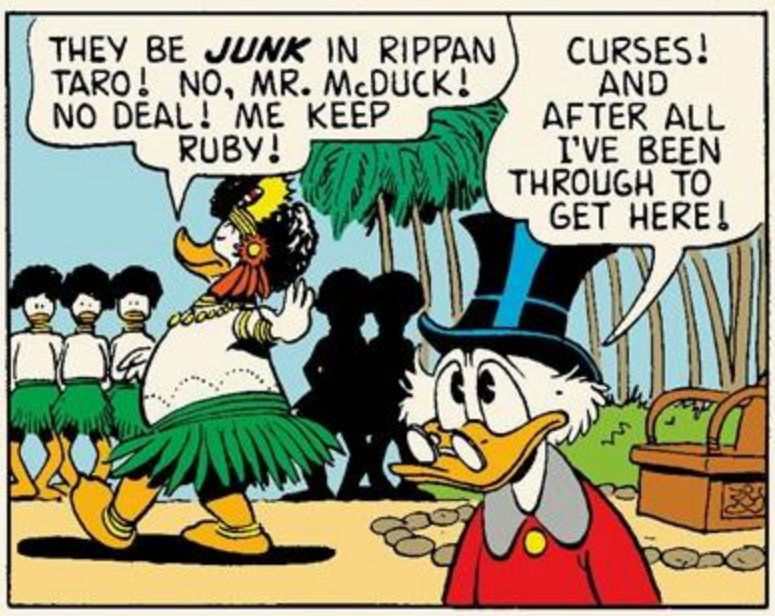

SOON!
AHA! SO RIPPAN TARO IS McDUCK'S MYSTERY ISLAND! AND I'M HERE TO GRAB THE RUBY WHEN HE GETS IT!
176-176
BEAGLE BOYS INC.

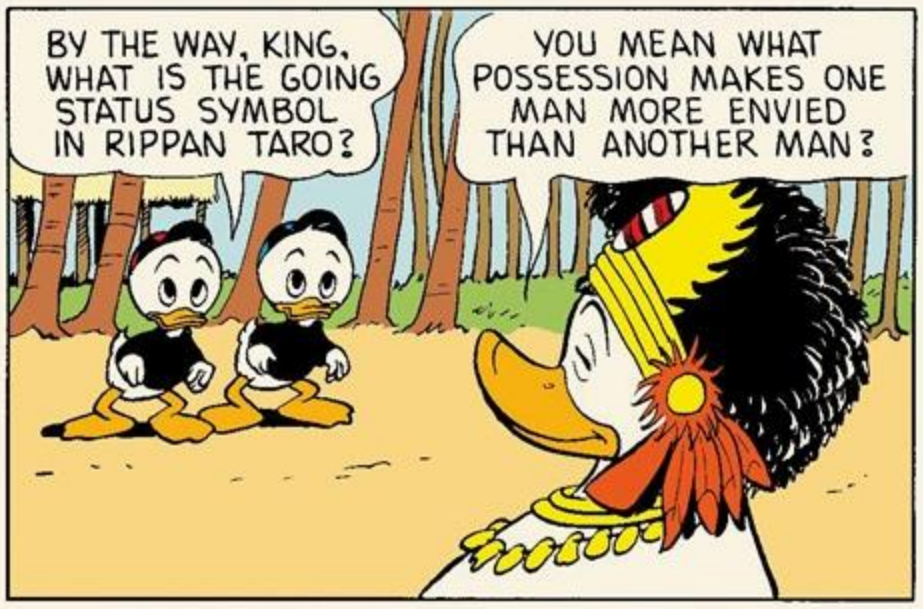

TELL KING FULLA COLA ME SCROOGE McDUCK HERE TO TALK BIG DEAL!

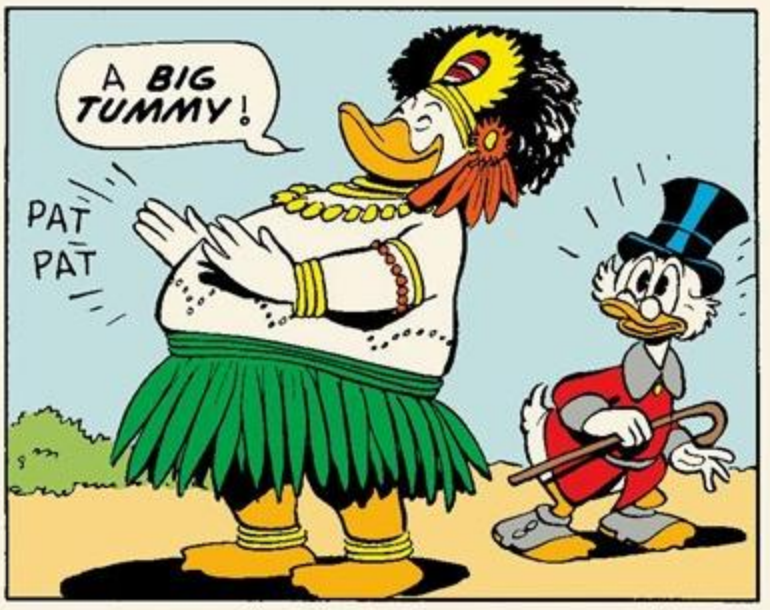

BUT THE BIG DEAL DOESN'T JELL!
ME NO WANT TO SELL RUBY, MR. McDUCK!
YOU COULD BUY MANY THINGS WITH THIS MONEY, KING!

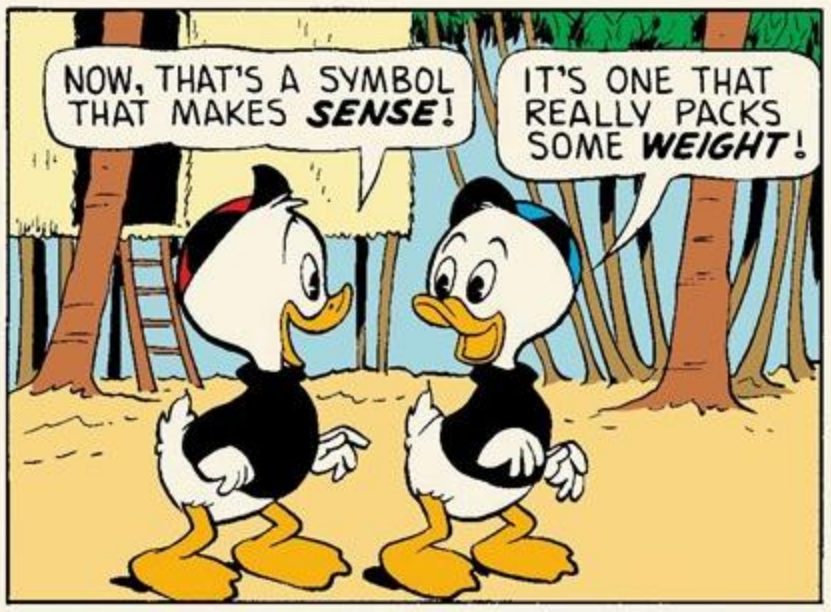

ON RIPPAN TARO WE NO NEED MANY THINGS!
A GOLD GADILLAC WOULD BE A FINE STATUS SYMBOL, KING!

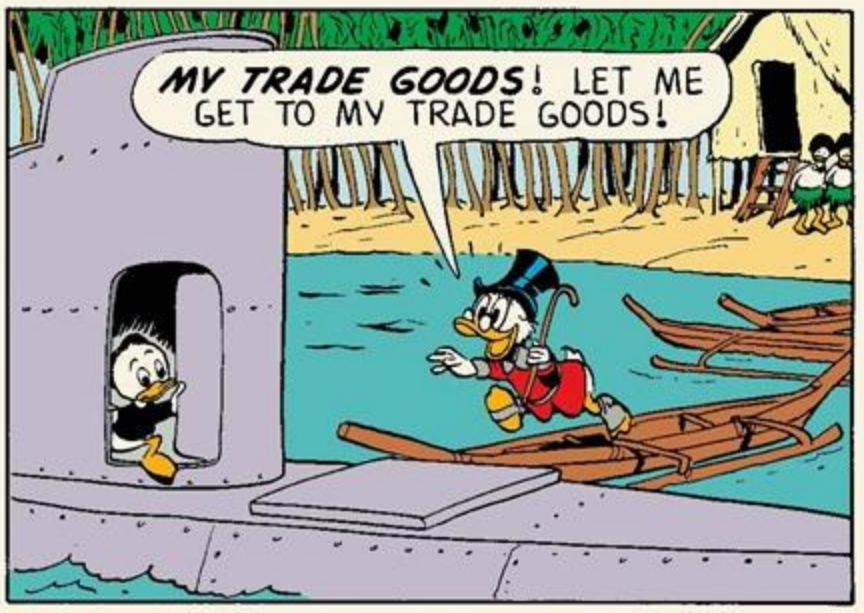

HOW ABOUT GIOR GOWNS FOR THE QUEEN? A FAKASSO PAINTING FOR YOUR HUT?
THOSE THINGS ARE BIG STATUS SYMBOLS IN DUCKBURG, KING!

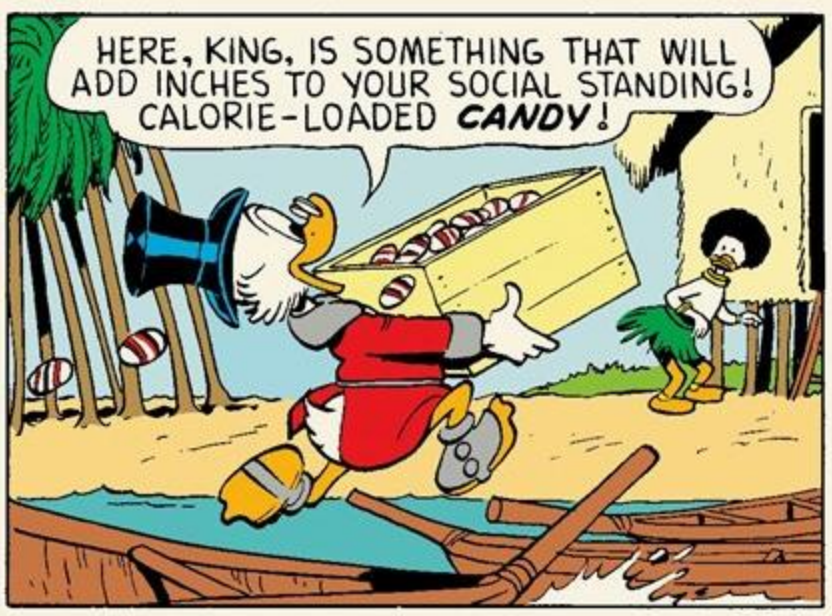

THEY BE JUNK IN RIPPAN TARO! NO, MR. McDUCK! NO DEAL! ME KEEP RUBY!
CURSES! AND AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH TO GET HERE!


BY THE WAY, KING, WHAT IS THE GOING STATUS SYMBOL IN RIPPAN TARO?
YOU MEAN WHAT POSSESSION MAKES ONE MAN MORE ENVIED THAN ANOTHER MAN?

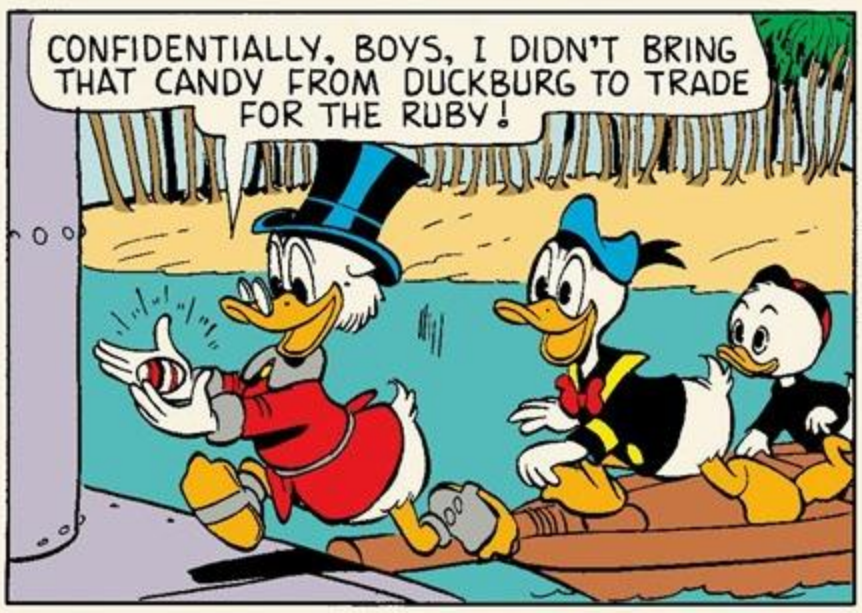

A BIG TUMMY!
PAT PAT

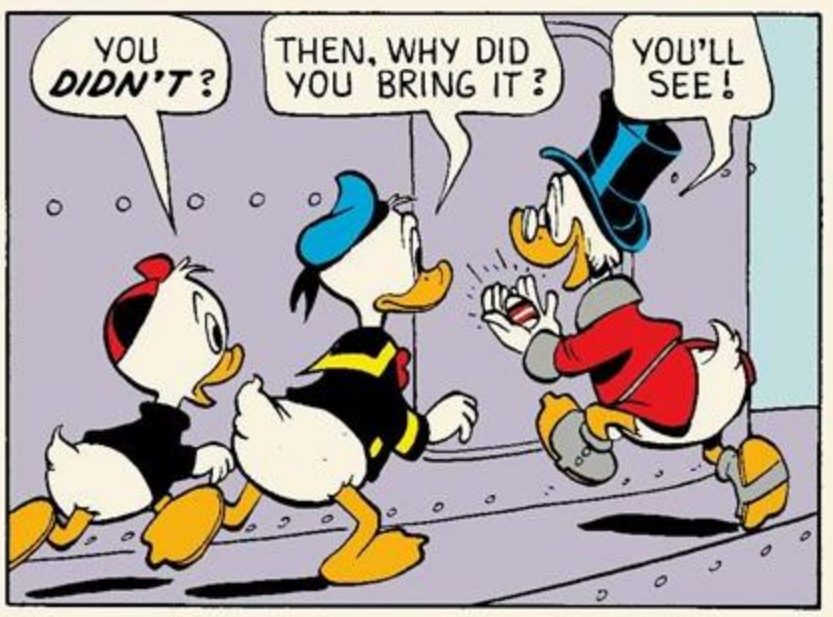

NOW, THAT'S A SYMBOL THAT MAKES SENSE!
IT'S ONE THAT REALLY PACKS SOME WEIGHT!

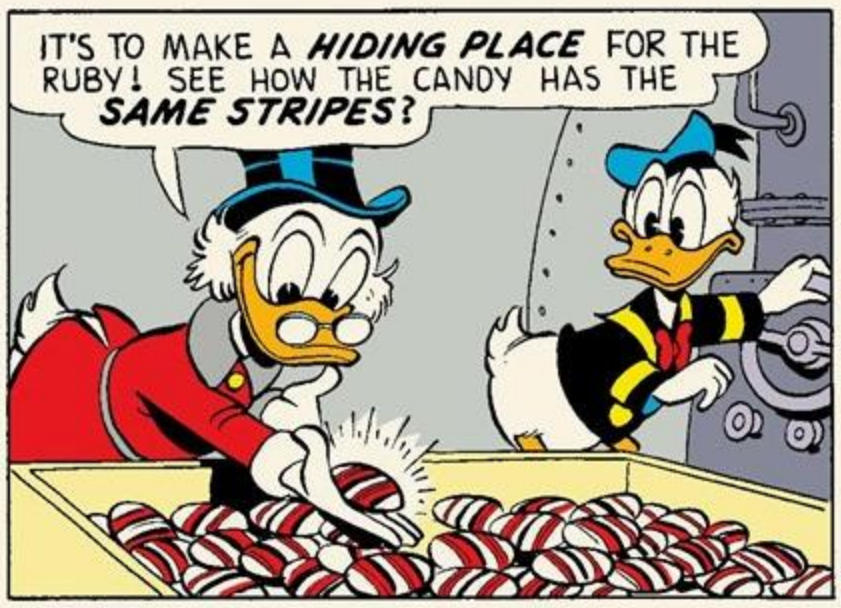

MY TRADE GOODS! LET ME GET TO MY TRADE GOODS!

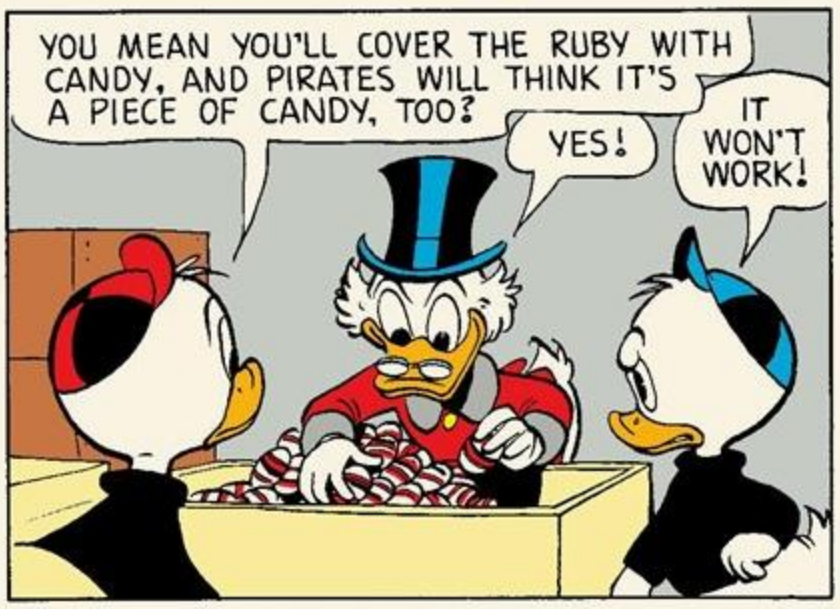

HERE, KING, IS SOMETHING THAT WILL ADD INCHES TO YOUR SOCIAL STANDING! CALORIE-LOADED CANDY!

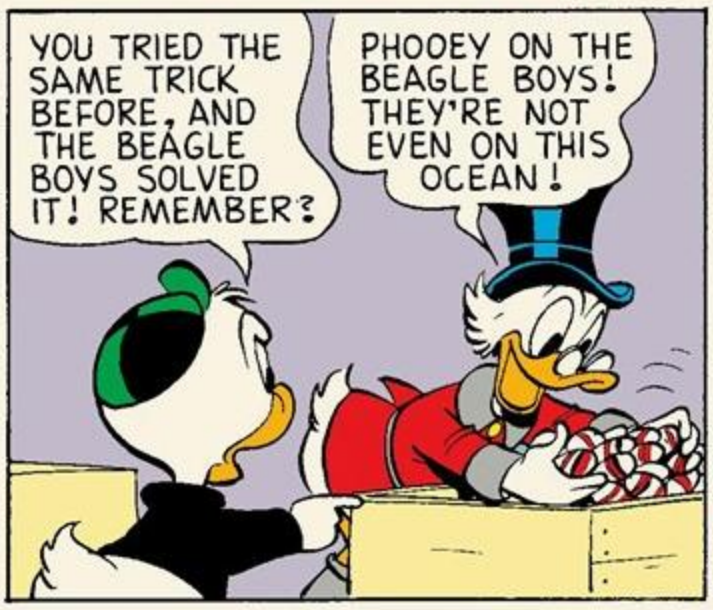

YUMMY! THE GOOD OLD SWEET KIND THAT MAKES FAT! McDUCK, YOU'VE GOT YOU A DEAL!

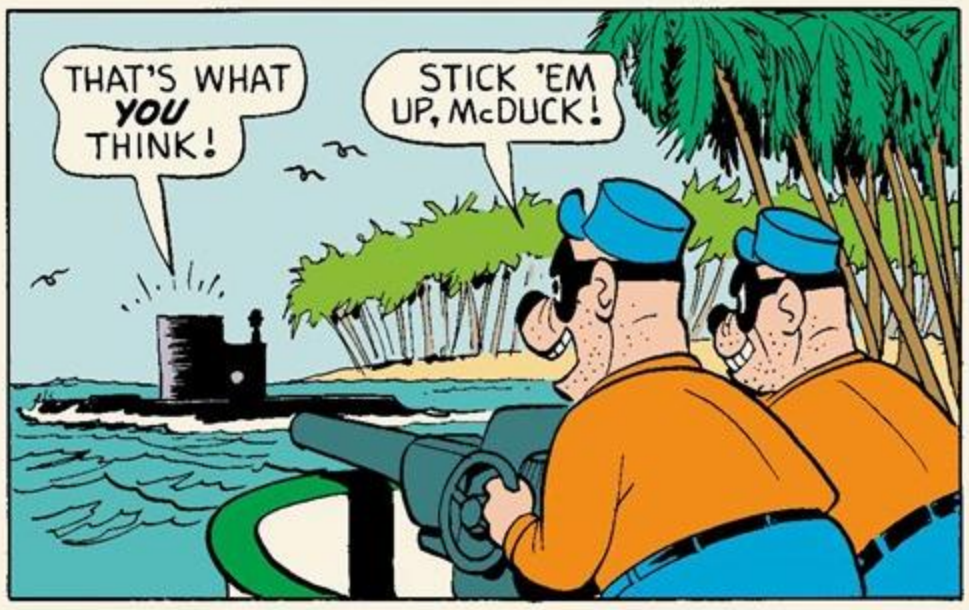

CONFIDENTIALLY, BOYS, I DIDN'T BRING THAT CANDY FROM DUCKBURG TO TRADE FOR THE RUBY!

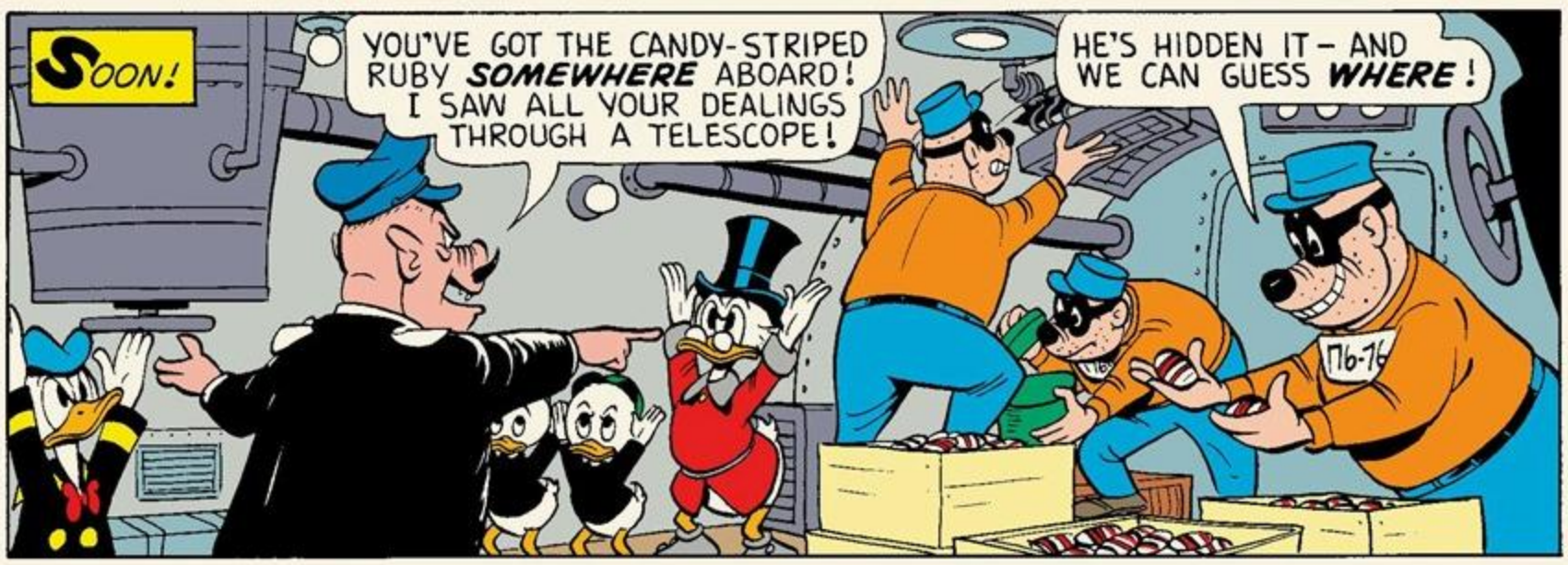

YOU DIDN'T?
THEN, WHY DID YOU BRING IT?
YOU'LL SEE!

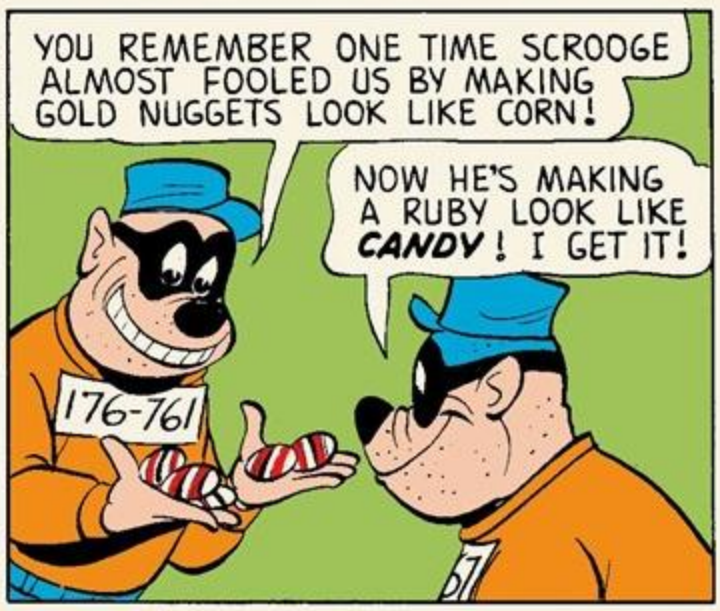

IT'S TO MAKE A HIDING PLACE FOR THE RUBY! SEE HOW THE CANDY HAS THE SAME STRIPES?


YOU MEAN YOU'LL COVER THE RUBY WITH CANDY, AND PIRATES WILL THINK IT'S A PIECE OF CANDY, TOO?
YES!
IT WON'T WORK!


YOU TRIED THE SAME TRICK BEFORE, AND THE BEAGLE BOYS SOLVED IT! REMEMBER?
PHOOEY ON THE BEAGLE BOYS! THEY'RE NOT EVEN ON THIS OCEAN!

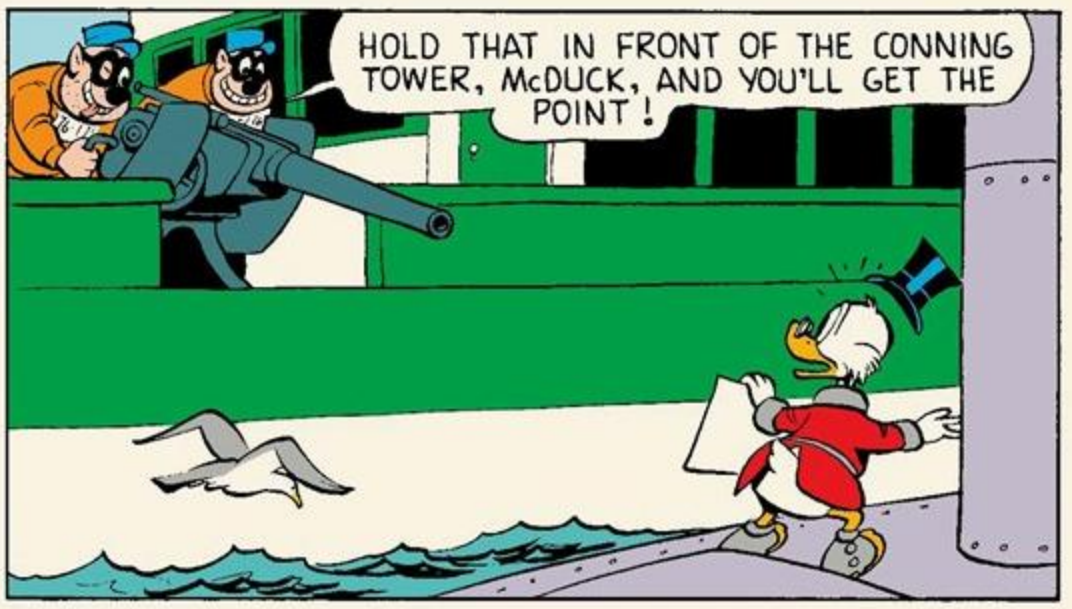

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
STICK 'EM UP, McDUCK!

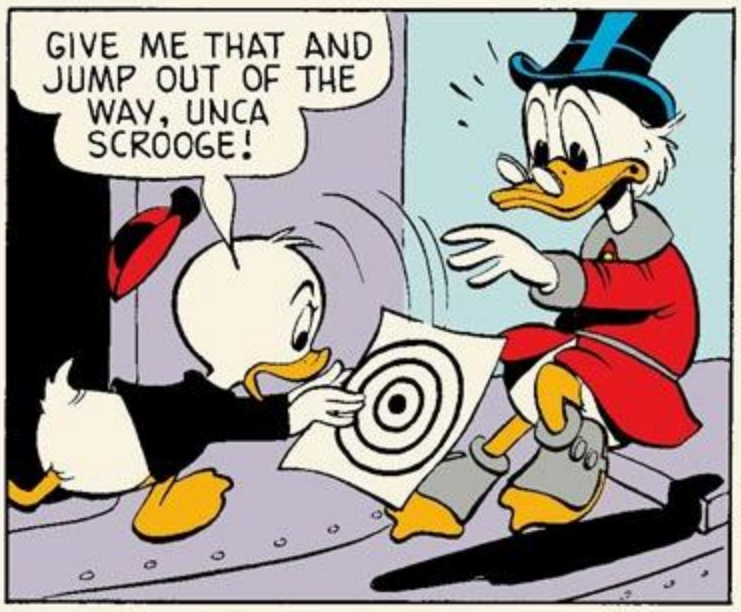

SOON!
YOU'VE GOT THE CANDY-STRIPED RUBY SOMEWHERE ABOARD! I SAW ALL YOUR DEALINGS THROUGH A TELESCOPE!
HE'S HIDDEN IT – AND WE CAN GUESS WHERE!
176-76


YOU REMEMBER ONE TIME SCROOGE ALMOST FOOLED US BY MAKING GOLD NUGGETS LOOK LIKE CORN!
NOW HE'S MAKING A RUBY LOOK LIKE CANDY! I GET IT!
176-761


SO-
NO, NO! DON'T TAKE THAT CANDY! IT'S ONLY TRADE GOODS!
FINE! YOU'VE JUST TRADED IT TO ME FOR THIS!
?

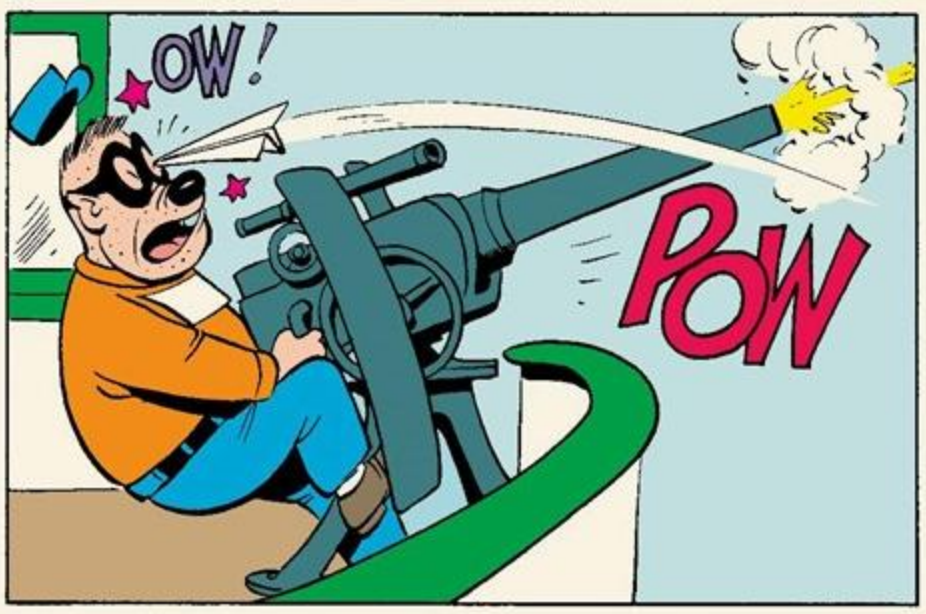

A PAPER TARGET! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!


HOLD THAT IN FRONT OF THE CONNING TOWER, McDUCK, AND YOU'LL GET THE POINT!

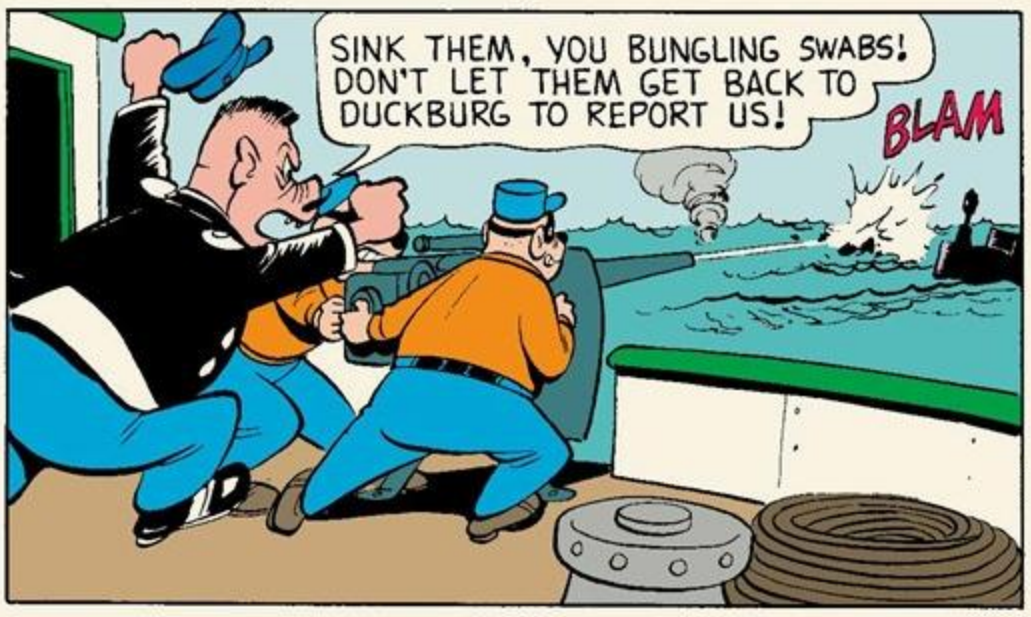

GIVE ME THAT AND JUMP OUT OF THE WAY, UNCA SCROOGE!

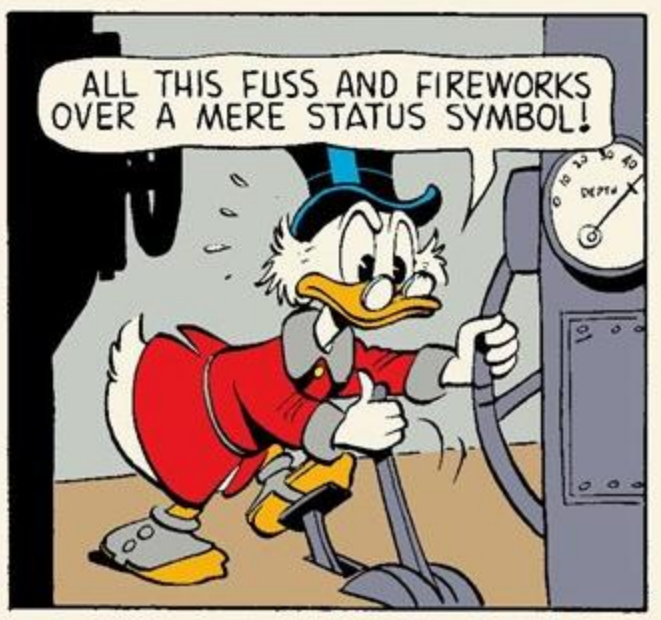

WHIT
WHIT


ZIP


OW!
POW

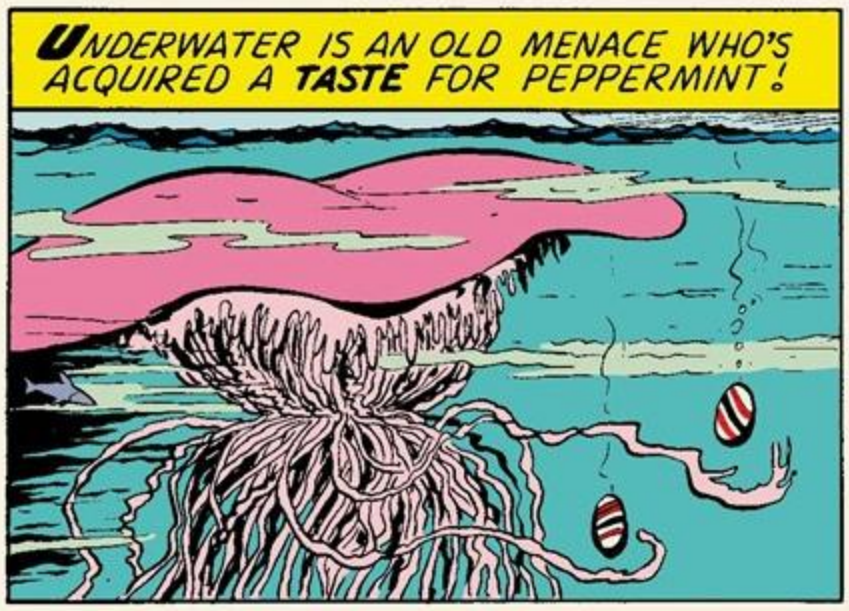

HE MISSED! GET UNDER WAY BEFORE HE CAN LOAD AGAIN!

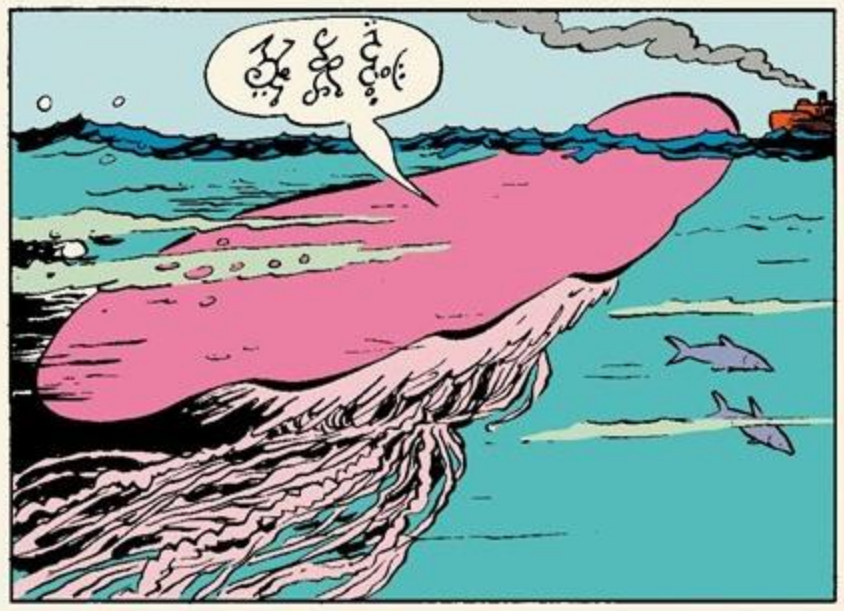

SINK THEM, YOU BUNGLING SWABS! DON'T LET THEM GET BACK TO DUCKBURG TO REPORT US!
BLAM


ALL THIS FUSS AND FIREWORKS OVER A MERE STATUS SYMBOL!


LATER!
THEY SHOT OFF OUR RADIO RIG! WE CAN'T CALL FOR THE NAVY!
AND THEY'LL BEAT US TO DUCKBURG WITH THEIR STORY! YOU'VE LOST YOUR RUBY FOR SURE, UNCLE SCROOGE!

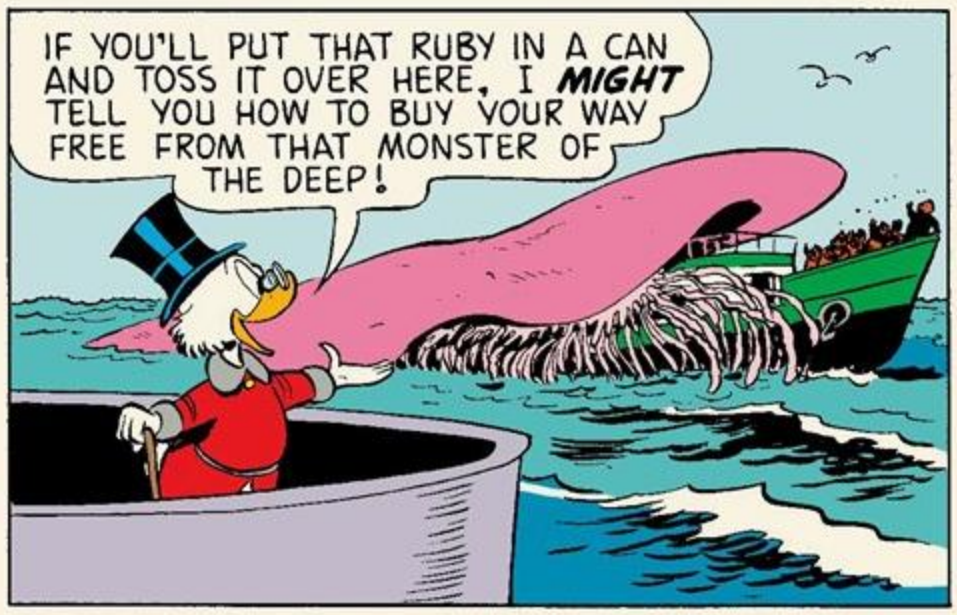

THE RUBY IS THE ONLY PIECE OF THIS STUFF THAT WON'T TASTE LIKE PEPPERMINT! BE SURE TO BITE EACH PIECE BEFORE YOU TOSS IT OVERBOARD!
116-671
BEAGLE

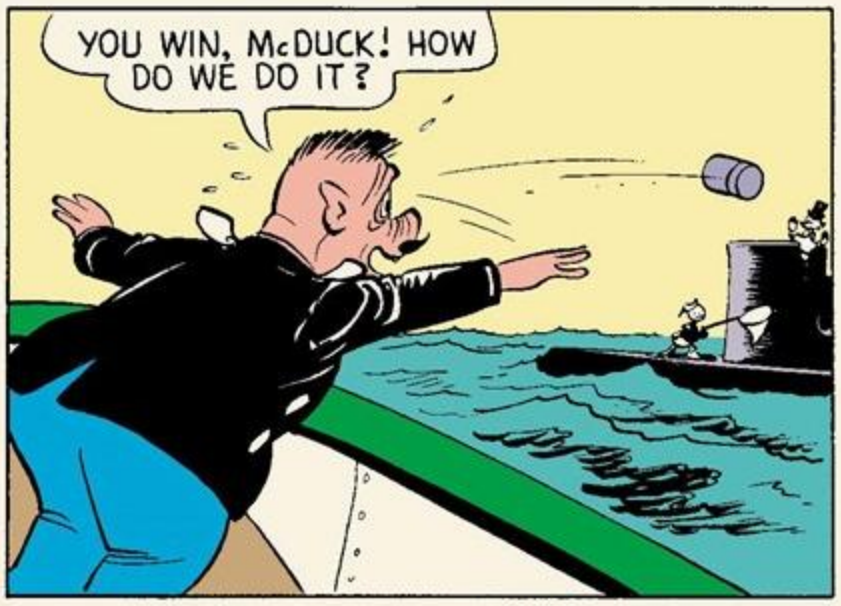

UNDERWATER IS AN OLD MENACE WHO'S ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR PEPPERMINT!


GLOM

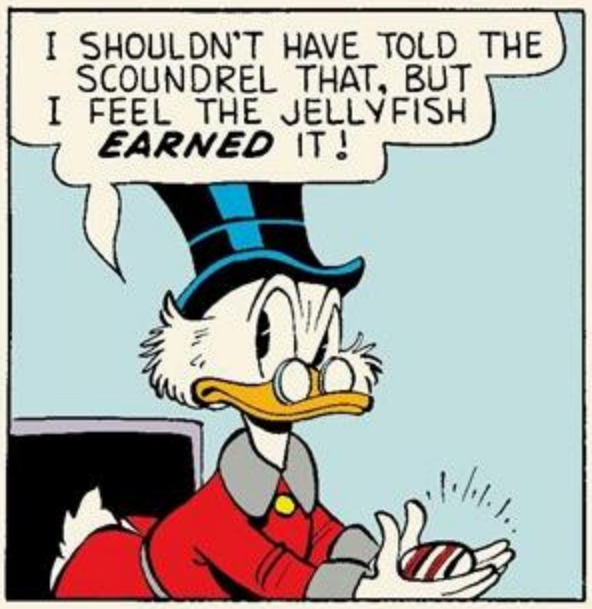

GLOM
YOICKS!
A SEA MONSTER!
HELP! HELP!

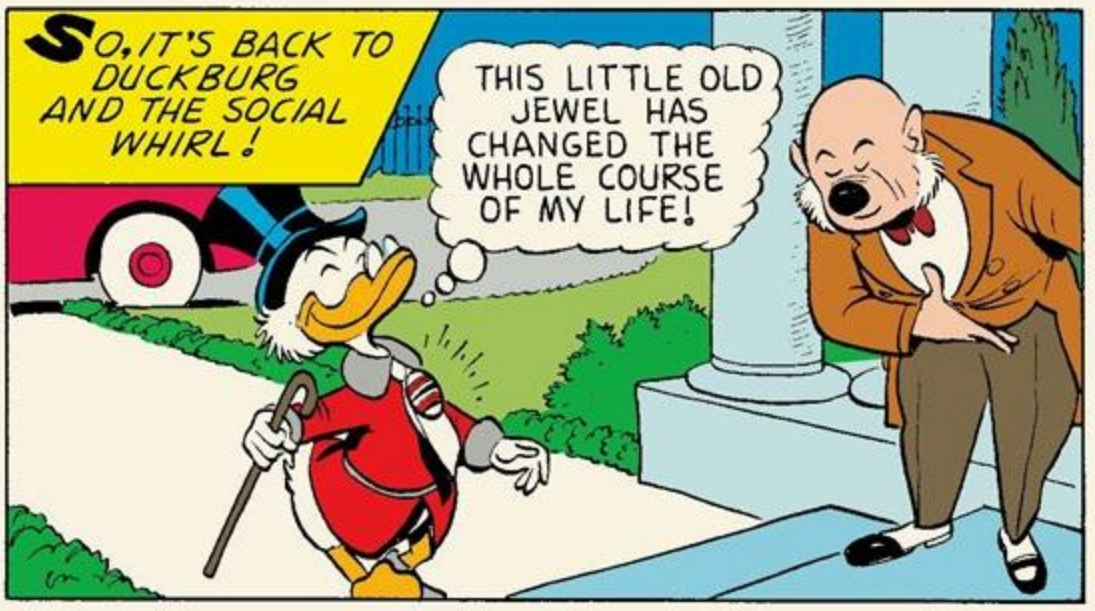

GOOD NIGHT! WE'RE GOING TO BE SUNK — AND JUST WHEN I'VE FOUND THE CANDY-STRIPED RUBY!


IF YOU'LL PUT THAT RUBY IN A CAN AND TOSS IT OVER HERE, I MIGHT TELL YOU HOW TO BUY YOUR WAY FREE FROM THAT MONSTER OF THE DEEP!

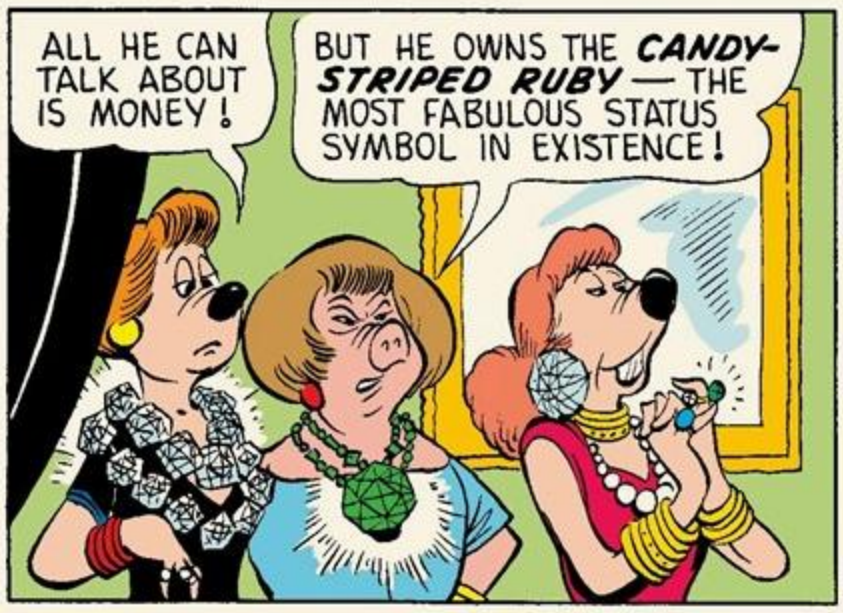

YOU WIN, McDUCK! HOW DO WE DO IT?

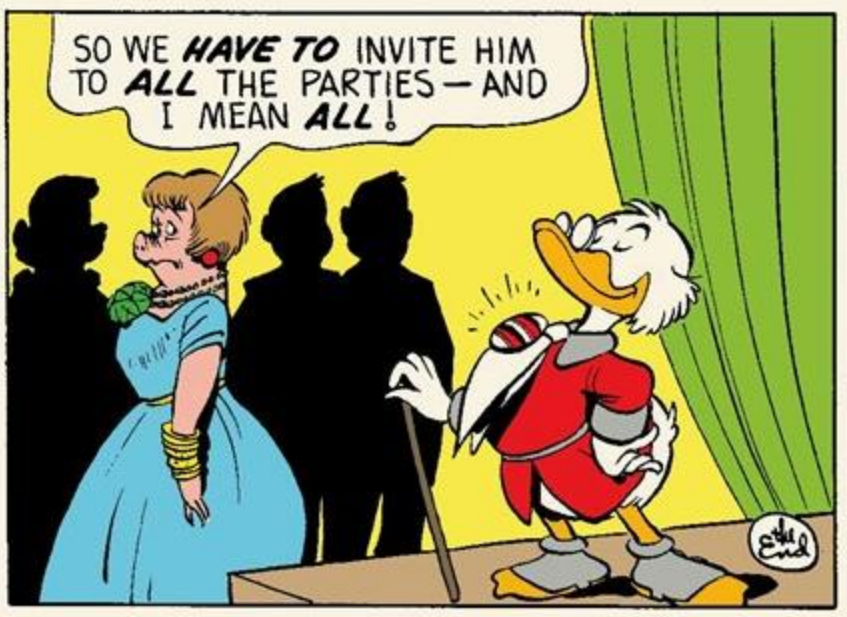

JUST FEED THE CANDY TO THE JELLYFISH, DE LARDO!


I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD THE SCOUNDREL THAT, BUT I FEEL THE JELLYFISH EARNED IT!


SO, IT'S BACK TO DUCKBURG AND THE SOCIAL WHIRL!
THIS LITTLE OLD JEWEL HAS CHANGED THE WHOLE COURSE OF MY LIFE!


I SEE THAT McDUCK CHARACTER QUITE OFTEN LATELY!
TOO OFTEN! HE'S STINGY, DOWDY, AND DREADFULLY BORING!

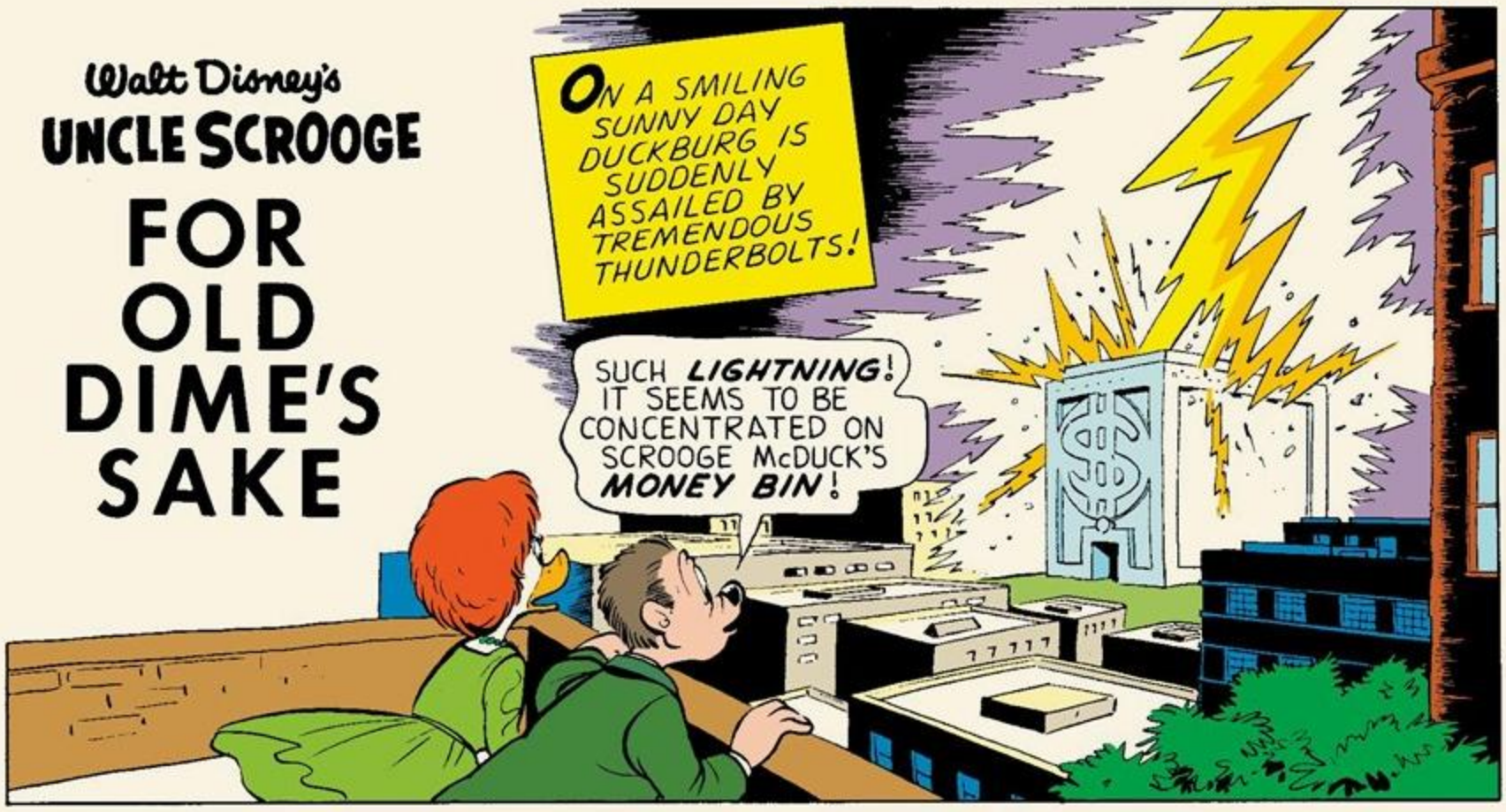

ALL HE CAN TALK ABOUT IS MONEY!
BUT HE OWNS THE CANDY-STRIPED RUBY — THE MOST FABULOUS STATUS SYMBOL IN EXISTENCE!


SO WE HAVE TO INVITE HIM TO ALL THE PARTIES — AND I MEAN ALL!
THE END

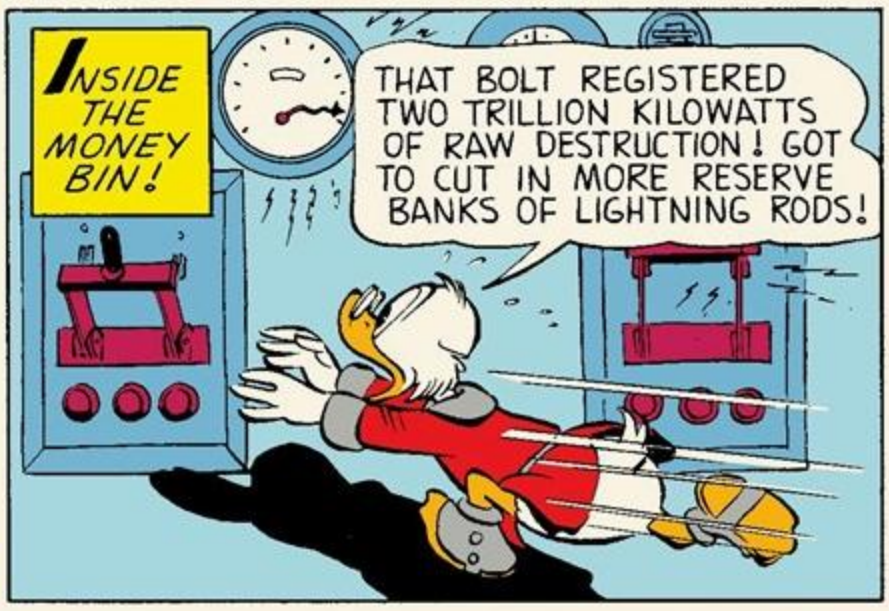
Walt Disney's

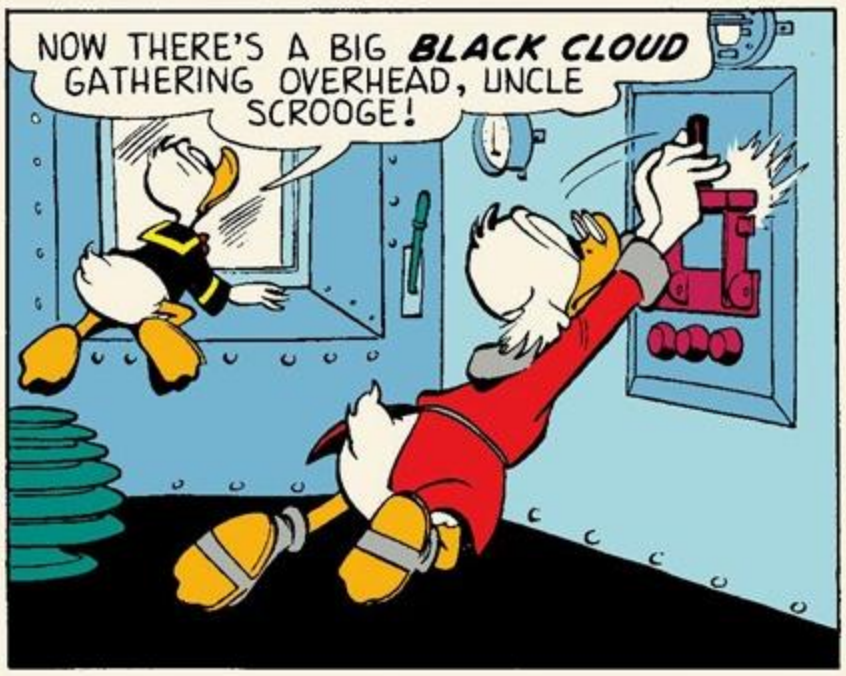
UNCLE SCROOGE

FOR OLD DIME'S SAKE











EEEREEEEEEE

MAN! THAT CYCLONE'S HIT McDUCK'S MONEY BIN!

WIND SPEED 2000 M.P.H. AT THE VORTEX! PUSH THAT LONG LEVER, DONALD!

THE CYCLONE'S BREAKING UP! HOW ODD!

CRACK

POP

NOW PUSH THE SHORT LEVER, DONALD!

ALL'S CALM AGAIN! ODD THE WEATHERMAN DIDN'T PREDICT THIS STORM!

THE LIGHTNING AND WIND MUST BE A SURPRISE TO EVERYBODY!

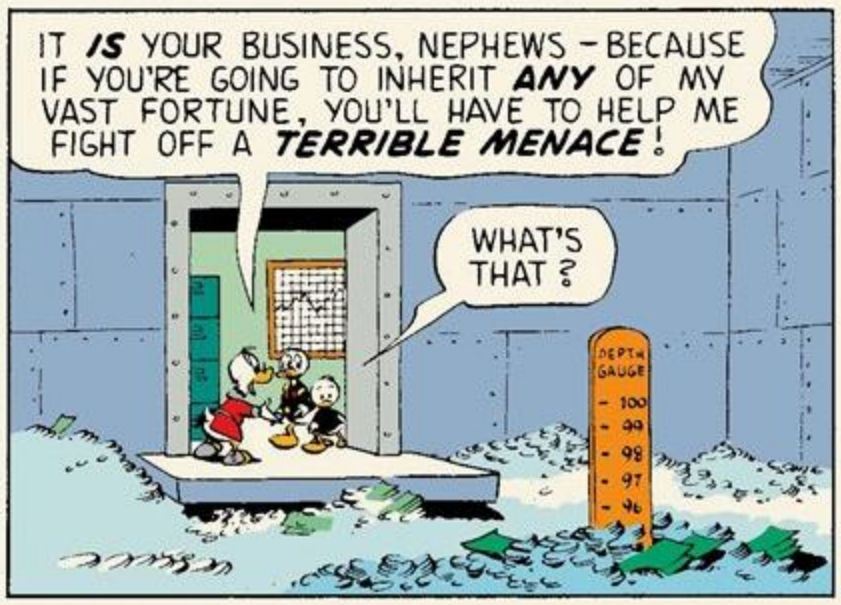
NOT TO ME, IT WASN'T! I'VE KNOWN FOR QUITE A WHILE THAT ALL TARNATION WAS GOING TO BREAK OUT!

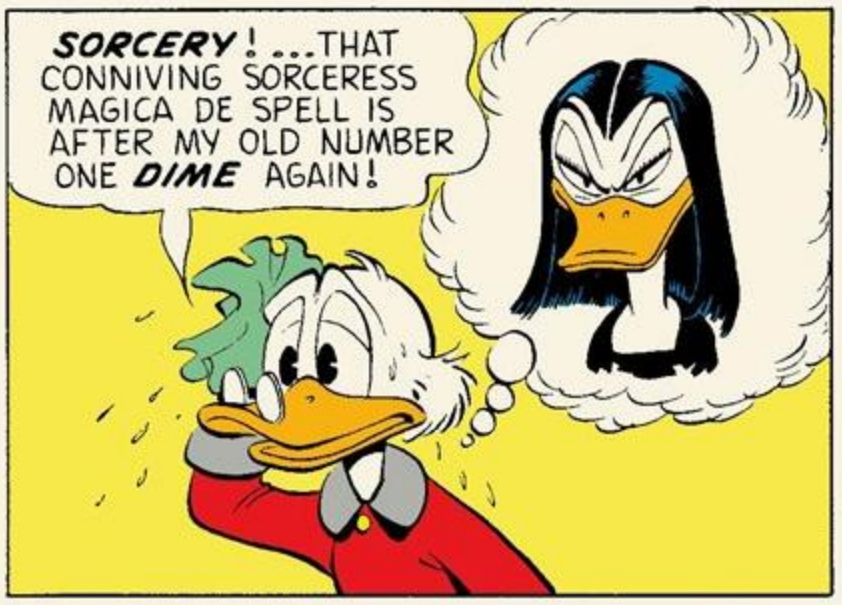
YOU KNEW?

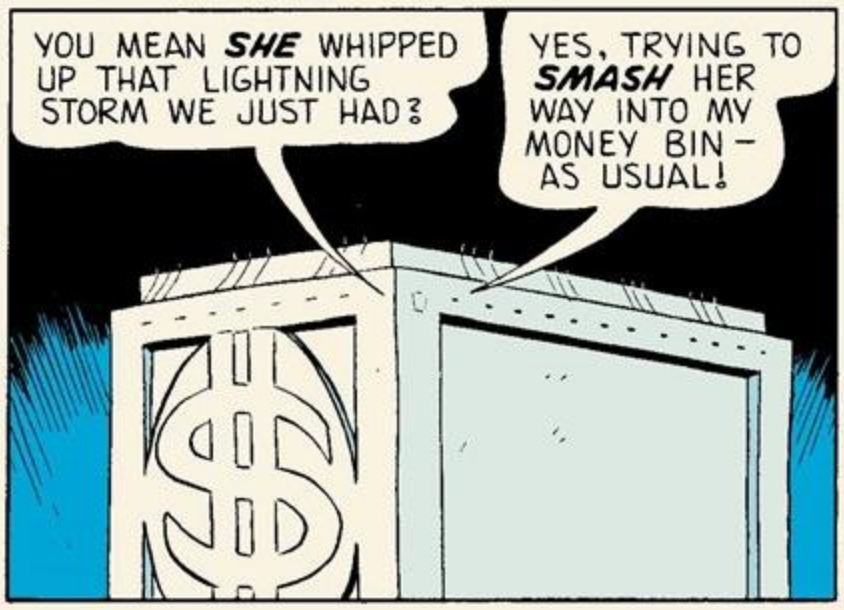
SURE, LADS! HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED I INSULATED THE BIN WITH BANKS OF LIGHTNING RODS, AND INSTALLED THOSE CYCLONE SPIN DIFFUSERS?

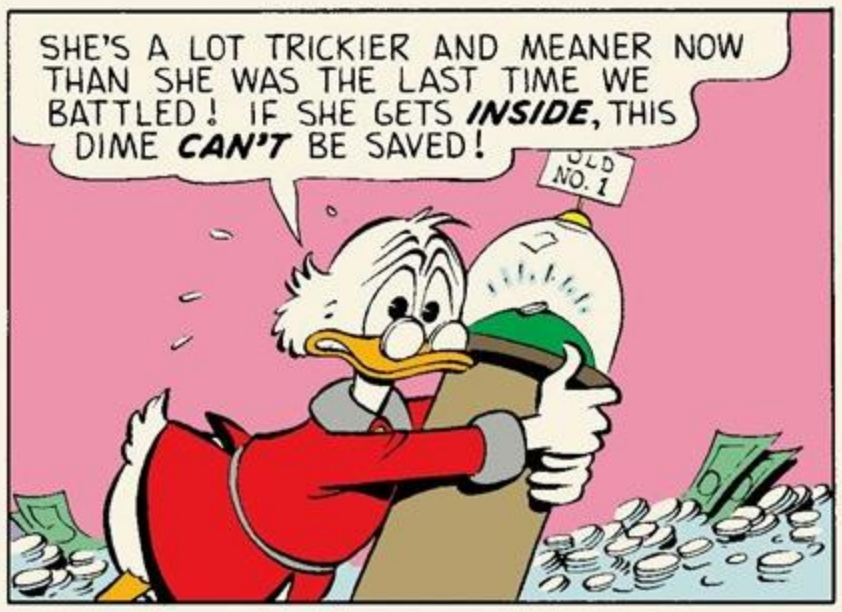
YES — BUT —

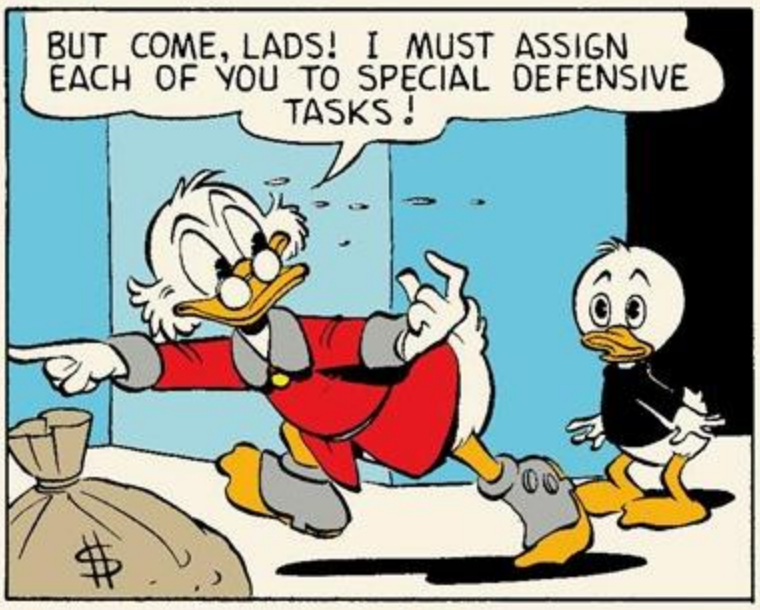
WHAT'S THE STORY BEHIND ALL THESE GIZMOS AND GAZMOS, UNCLE SCROOGE? IF IT'S ANY OF OUR BUSINESS!

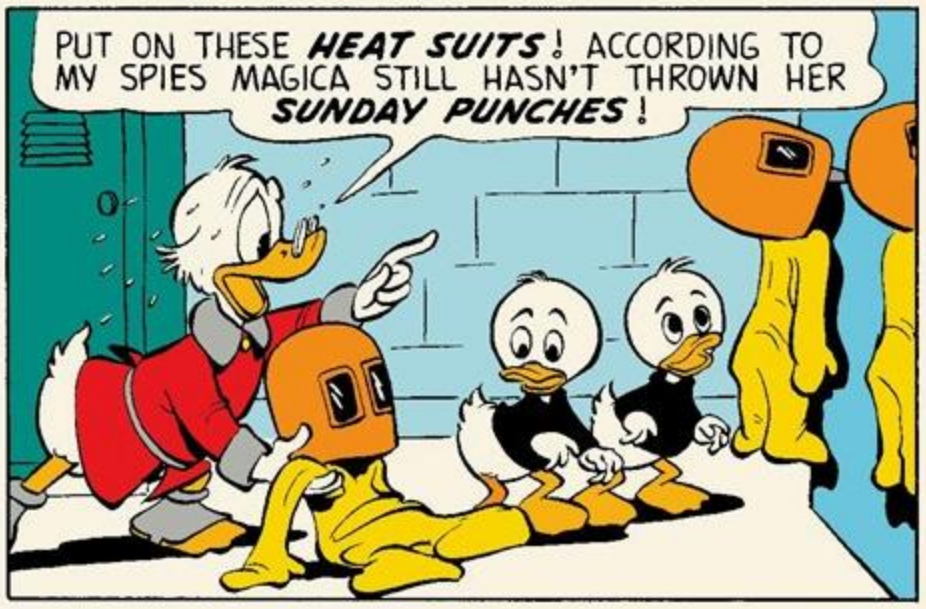

IT IS YOUR BUSINESS, NEPHEWS – BECAUSE IF YOU'RE GOING TO INHERIT ANY OF MY VAST FORTUNE, YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP ME FIGHT OFF A TERRIBLE MENACE!
WHAT'S THAT?
DEPTH GAUGE
100
99
98
97

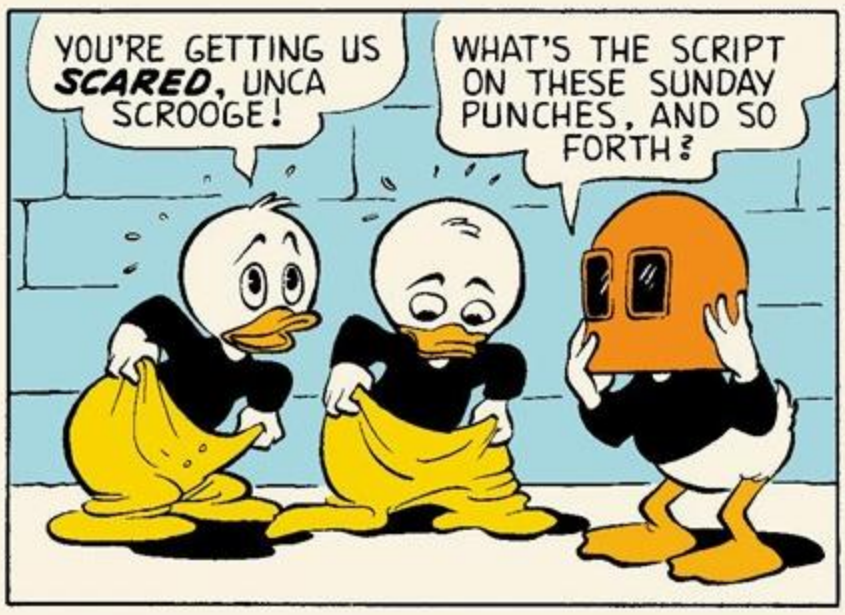

SORCERY! ...THAT CONNIVING SORCERESS MAGICA DE SPELL IS AFTER MY OLD NUMBER ONE DIME AGAIN!

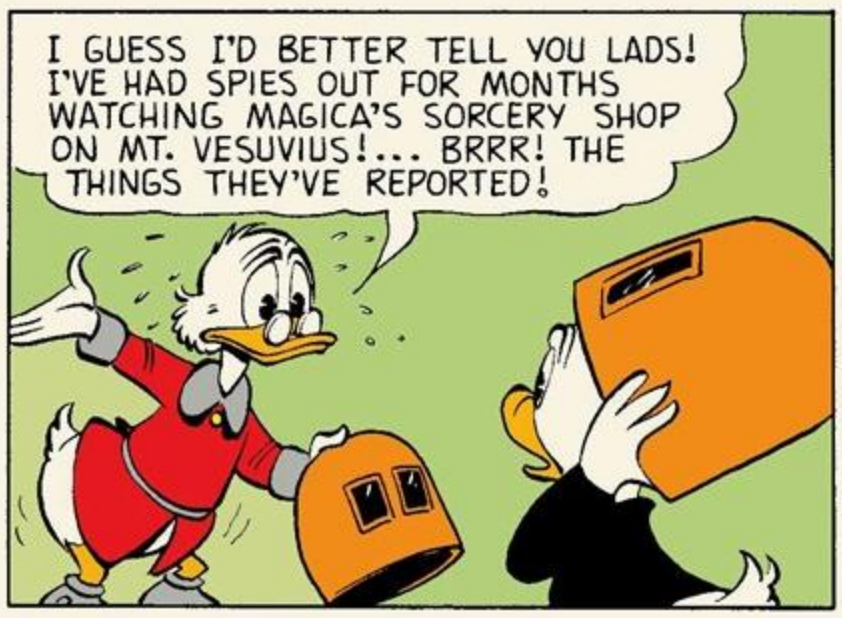

YOU MEAN SHE WHIPPED UP THAT LIGHTNING STORM WE JUST HAD?
YES, TRYING TO SMASH HER WAY INTO MY MONEY BIN – AS USUAL!


SHE'S A LOT TRICKIER AND MEANER NOW THAN SHE WAS THE LAST TIME WE BATTLED! IF SHE GETS INSIDE, THIS DIME CAN'T BE SAVED!
NO. 1


BUT COME, LADS! I MUST ASSIGN EACH OF YOU TO SPECIAL DEFENSIVE TASKS!


PUT ON THESE HEAT SUITS! ACCORDING TO MY SPIES MAGICA STILL HASN'T THROWN HER SUNDAY PUNCHES!


YOU'RE GETTING US SCARED, UNCA SCROOGE!
WHAT'S THE SCRIPT ON THESE SUNDAY PUNCHES, AND SO FORTH?


I GUESS I'D BETTER TELL YOU LADS! I'VE HAD SPIES OUT FOR MONTHS WATCHING MAGICA'S SORCERY SHOP ON MT. VESUVIUS!... BRRR! THE THINGS THEY'VE REPORTED!

THE SPIES HAVE INDEED SEEN SOME HAIR-RAISING GOINGS-ON WHILE WATCHING MAGICA PERFECT HER NOISY WEAPONRY!

RRROAR

THAT GAL HAS GOTTEN HOLD OF SOME POWERFUL ***FORMULAS*** LATELY!

YOU'D THINK SHE WAS ***ZEUS*** THE WAY SHE WHIPS UP THUNDERBOLTS AND GOOSE DROWNERS!

ONLY THE ANCIENT GODS OF MYTHOLOGY COULD DO THE THINGS SHE'S DOING!

BUT THOSE GODS WERE ***IMAGINARY*** BEINGS – THIS MAGICA DE SPELL IS ***REAL***!

YOW! HERE COMES ANOTHER OF HER ***CYCLONES***! DIVE FOR COVER!

THAT DAME CRANKS UP MORE TWISTERS THAN BOREAS!

INSIDE THE SORCERY SHOP!

PEOPLE SAY THE ANCIENT GODS NEVER EXISTED – THAT THEIR FEATS WERE ALL MALARKEY!

TOADS' TEETH

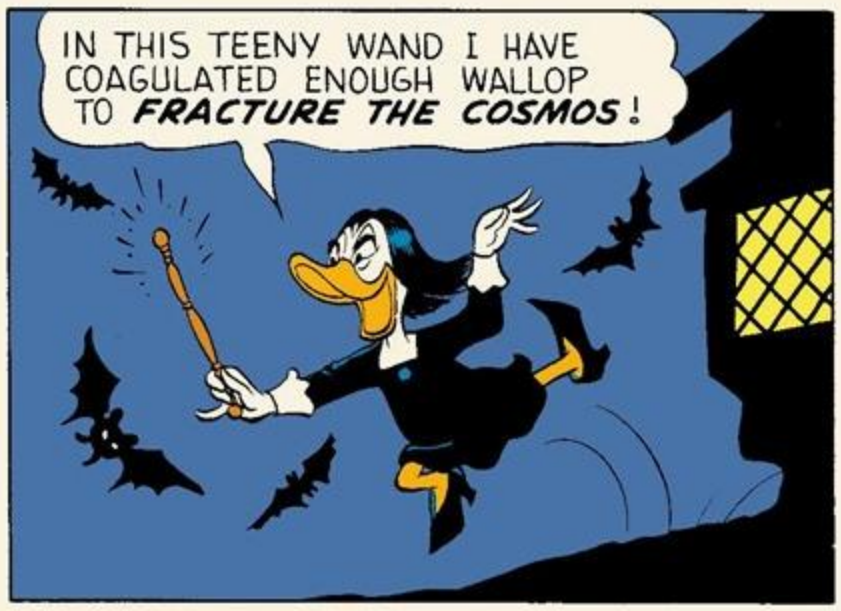
BAT CLAWS

THAT MAY BE! BUT IN A CRYPT BENEATH THE OLDEST TEMPLE OF ZEUS I FOUND THESE ***RECIPES*** FOR COOKING UP ***GHASTLY*** GALES!

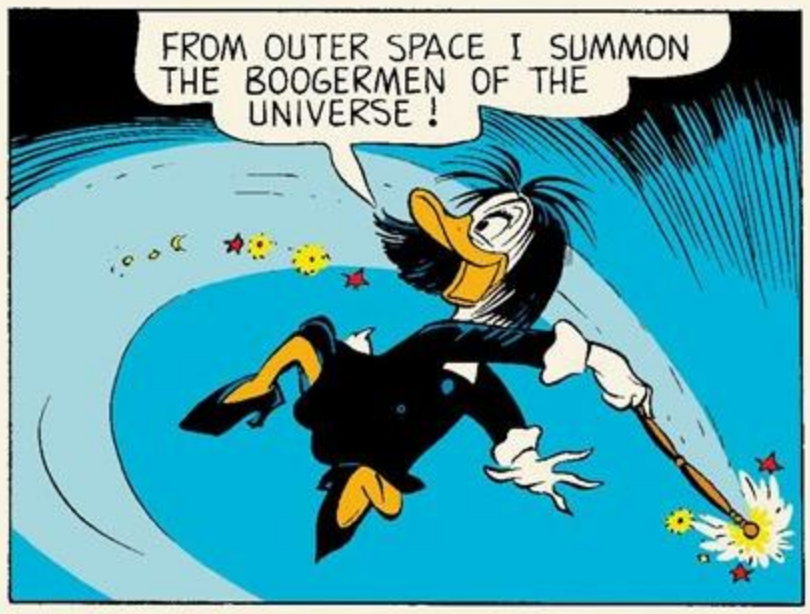
AND IN THE CAVE OF CIRCE I FOUND THESE HEINOUS HERBS OF HORRENDOUS POWER!

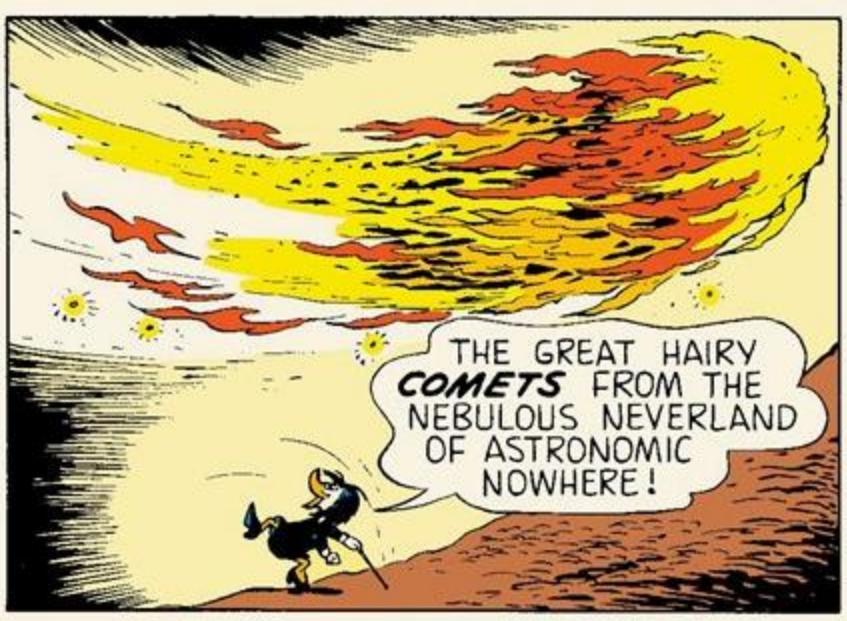
AND IN THE RUINED TEMPLES OF BOREAS, JUNO, AND THE FURIES, I SCROUNGED ***SECRETS*** THAT TELL ME THOSE GODS WERE MORE LIKELY ***LIVE SORCERERS*** THAN FIGMENTS OF ANCIENT DREAMS!


NOW *I*, A MODERN SORCERESS, HAVE FUSED ALL OF THOSE GREAT SKILLS INTO ONE ***FANTASTIC POWER***!

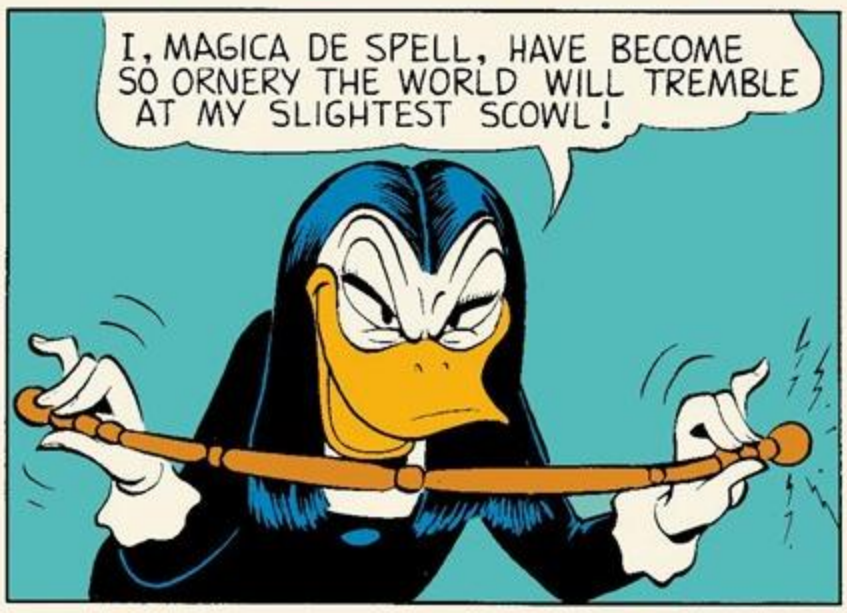

IN THIS TEENY WAND I HAVE COAGULATED ENOUGH WALLOP TO ***FRACTURE THE COSMOS***!


DANCE A FANDANGO, YOU THUNDERBOLTS! DO THE ***TWIST***, YOU HURRICANES!


FROM OUTER SPACE I SUMMON THE BOOGERMEN OF THE UNIVERSE!


THE GREAT HAIRY ***COMETS*** FROM THE NEBULOUS NEVERLAND OF ASTRONOMIC NOWHERE!


THE MASSIVE ***METEORS*** FROM THE AWESOME VOIDS BEYOND THE MILKY WAY!


I, MAGICA DE SPELL, HAVE BECOME SO ORNERY THE WORLD WILL TREMBLE AT MY SLIGHTEST SCOWL!


HISS!

HEEE! HEEE! HEEEEEEE! HAAAH, HAAH! HEH! I'LL CALL THOSE RIP-ROARERS MY ***SUNDAY PUNCHES***!

LUCKY, LUCKY IT IS THAT UNCLE SCROOGE'S SPIES REPORTED THESE FIREWORKS, FOR NOW MAGICA IS IN DUCKBURG FIRING HER WHOLE ARSENAL!

BE READY TO DRENCH THE OUTER WALLS WITH ***ICE WATER***, DEWEY!

PILE SHOCK CUSHIONS AROUND THAT MAGNETIC DEPOLARIZER, LOUIE!

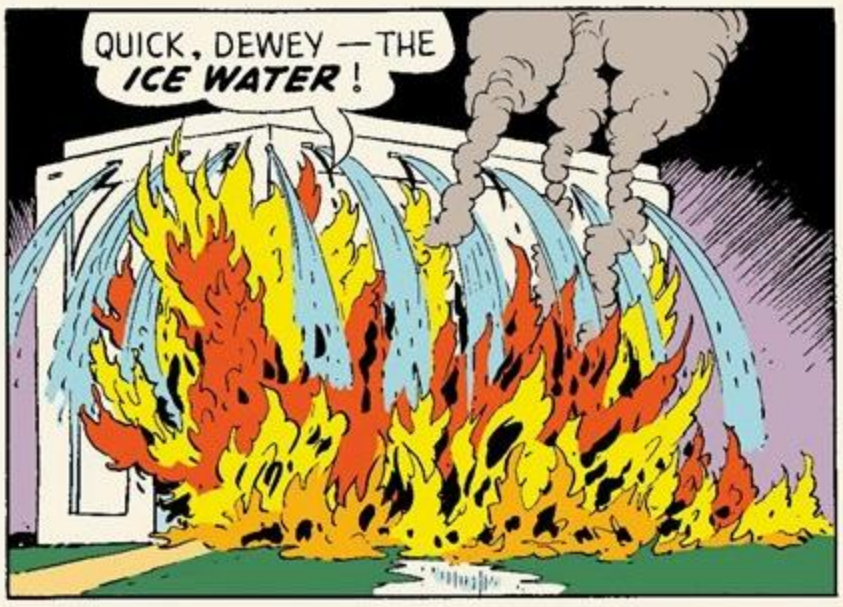
SO MY LIGHTNING AND CYCLONE BARRAGE DIDN'T BREAK OPEN THAT MISERLY BIN!

OKAY! COME ON, ***COMET***! WE'LL SEE IF McDUCK BUILT A DEFENSE AGAINST ***YOU***!

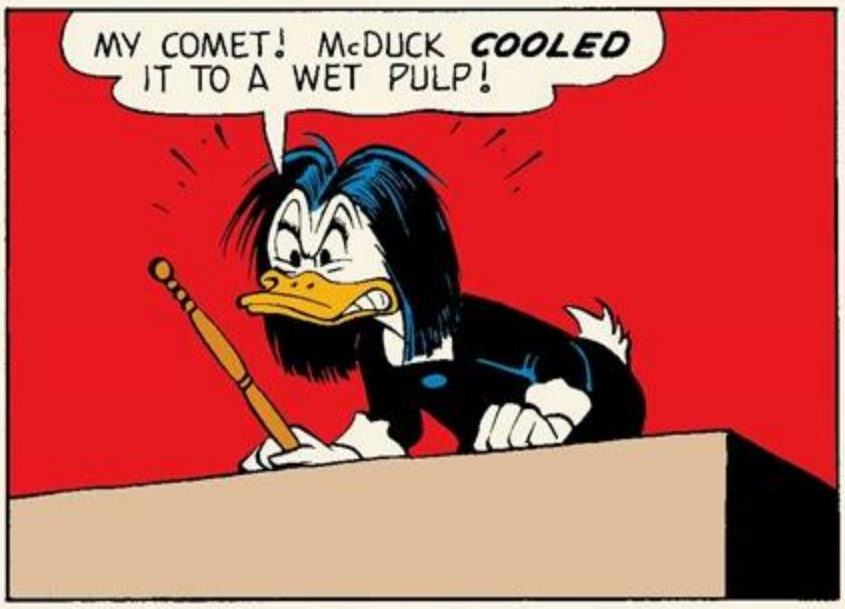
ROAR

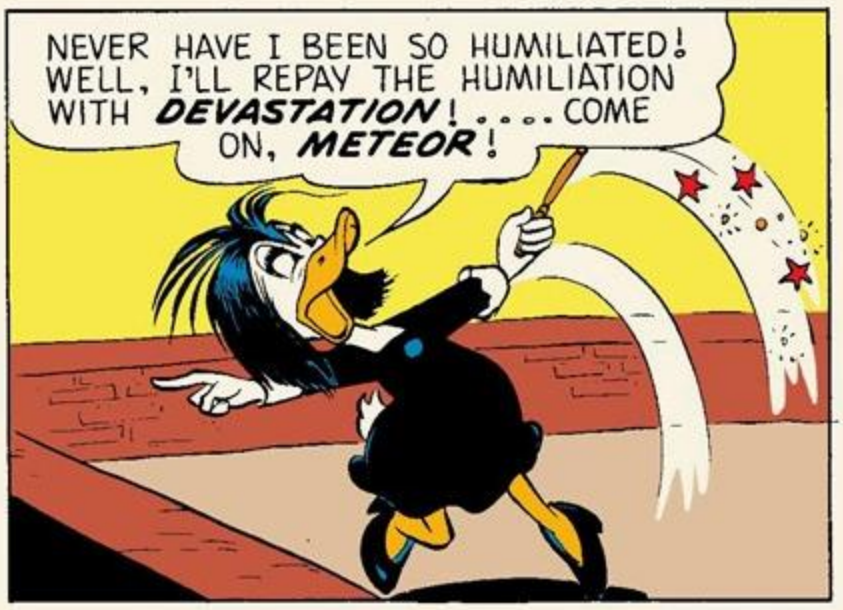
I'LL GET THAT OLD ***DIME*** OF HIS — OR I'LL GET ITS ***ASHES***!

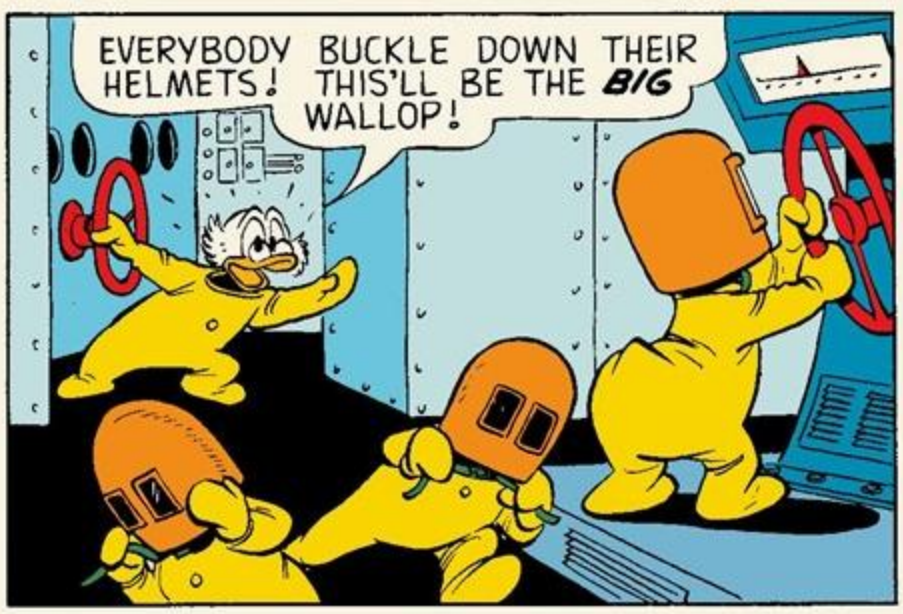
THOOD

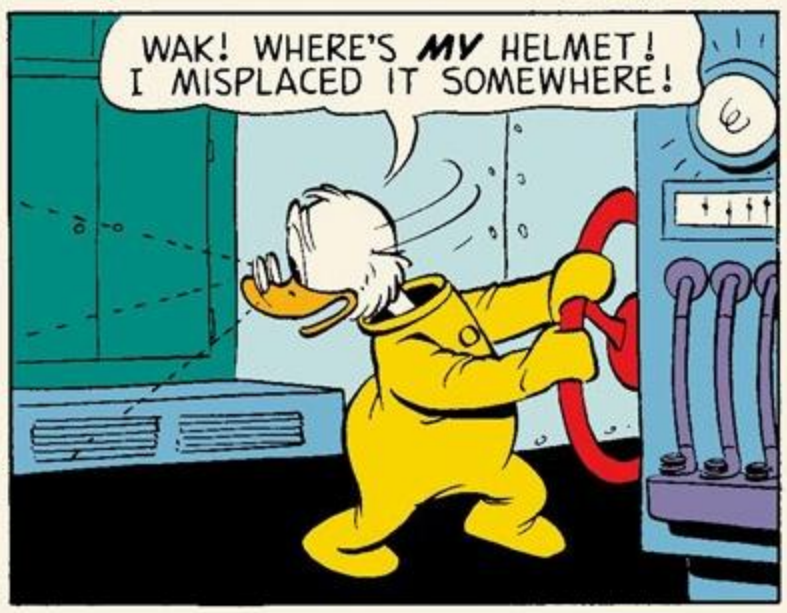

QUICK, DEWEY — THE ICE WATER!


PFFTT

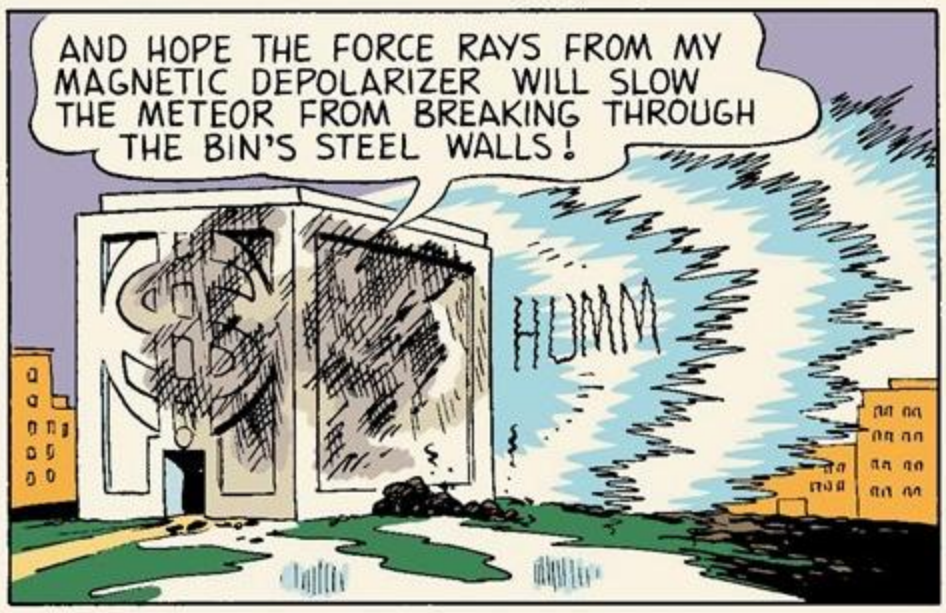

MY COMET! McDUCK COOLED IT TO A WET PULP!


NEVER HAVE I BEEN SO HUMILIATED! WELL, I'LL REPAY THE HUMILIATION WITH DEVASTATION! .... COME ON, METEOR!

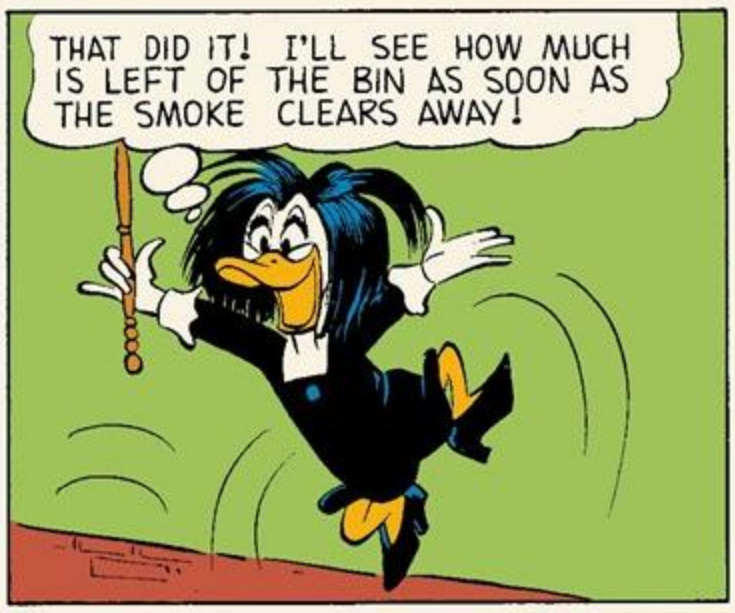

EVERYBODY BUCKLE DOWN THEIR HELMETS! THIS'LL BE THE BIG WALLOP!

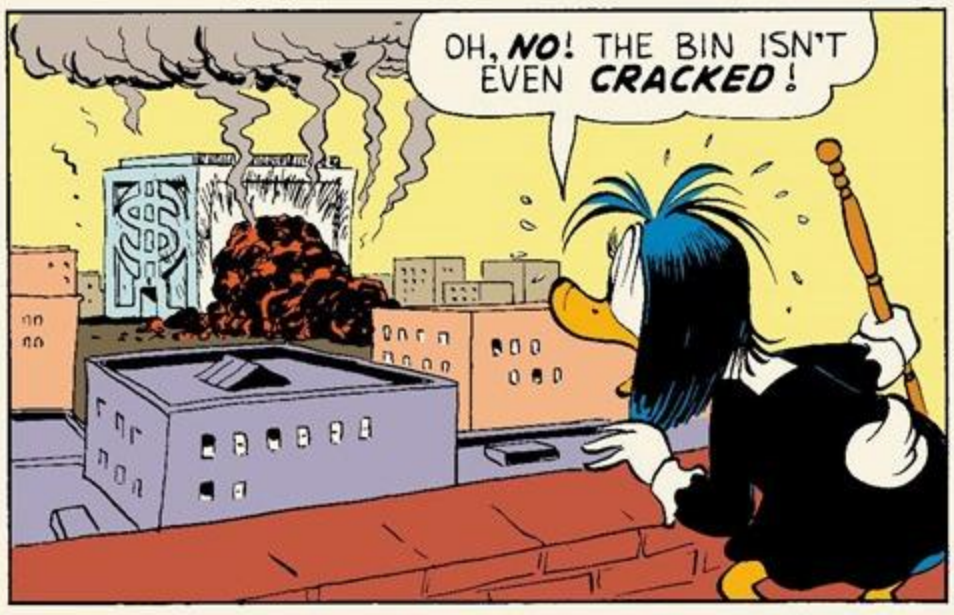

WAK! WHERE'S MY HELMET! I MISPLACED IT SOMEWHERE!


NO TIME TO SEARCH! I'LL HAVE TO FIND WHAT PROTECTION I CAN IN THIS STORAGE CUPBOARD!


AND HOPE THE FORCE RAYS FROM MY MAGNETIC DEPOLARIZER WILL SLOW THE METEOR FROM BREAKING THROUGH THE BIN'S STEEL WALLS!
HUMM


KA-WAM

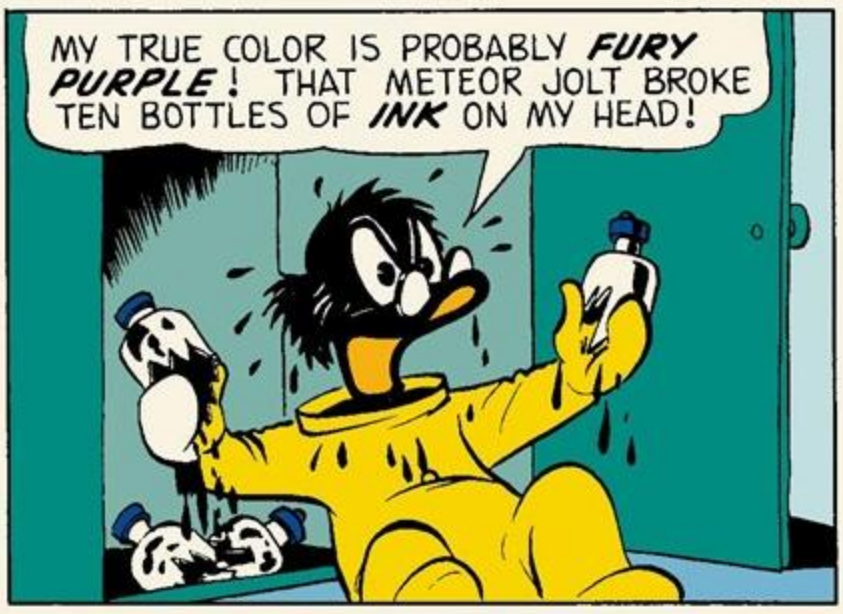

THAT DID IT! I'LL SEE HOW MUCH IS LEFT OF THE BIN AS SOON AS THE SMOKE CLEARS AWAY!


OH, NO! THE BIN ISN'T EVEN CRACKED!


THE WALLS HELD, KIDS! BUT WE SURE GOT SHOOK UP!
GUESS WE DON'T NEED THESE HELMETS NOW! THAT WHITE-HOT METEOR DIDN'T GET THROUGH TO US!


MY STARS, UNCA DONALD! YOU'RE PALE AS A GHOST!
I GUESS I'M JUST SCARED WHITE, THAT'S ALL!

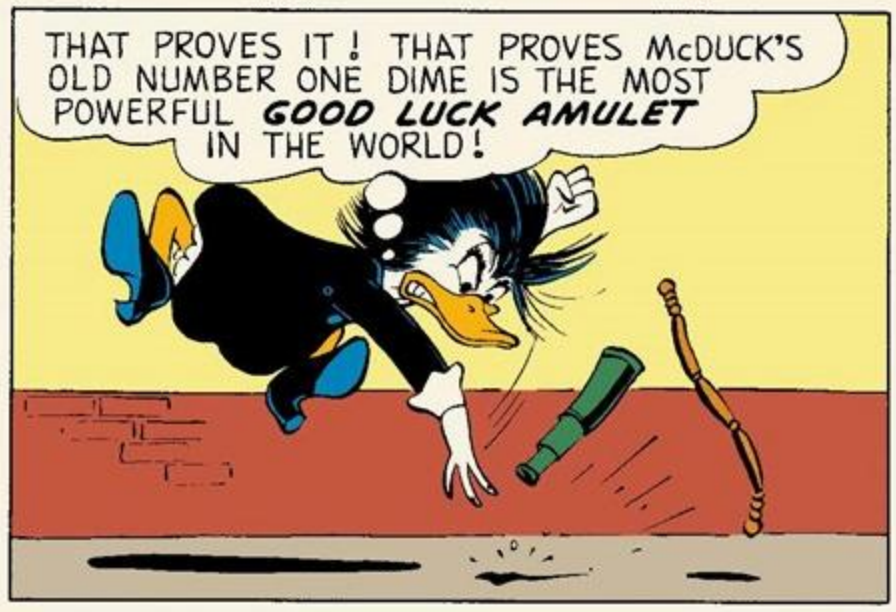

IF THAT'S THE CASE, HOW WOULD YOU EXPLAIN UNCA SCROOGE'S COLOR?
HE'S SCARED BLACK!

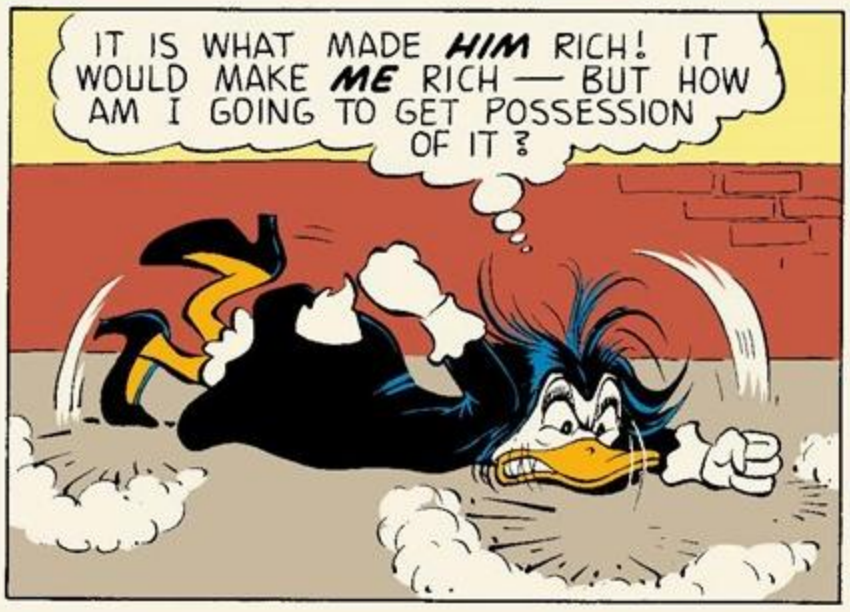

MY TRUE COLOR IS PROBABLY FURY PURPLE! THAT METEOR JOLT BROKE TEN BOTTLES OF INK ON MY HEAD!

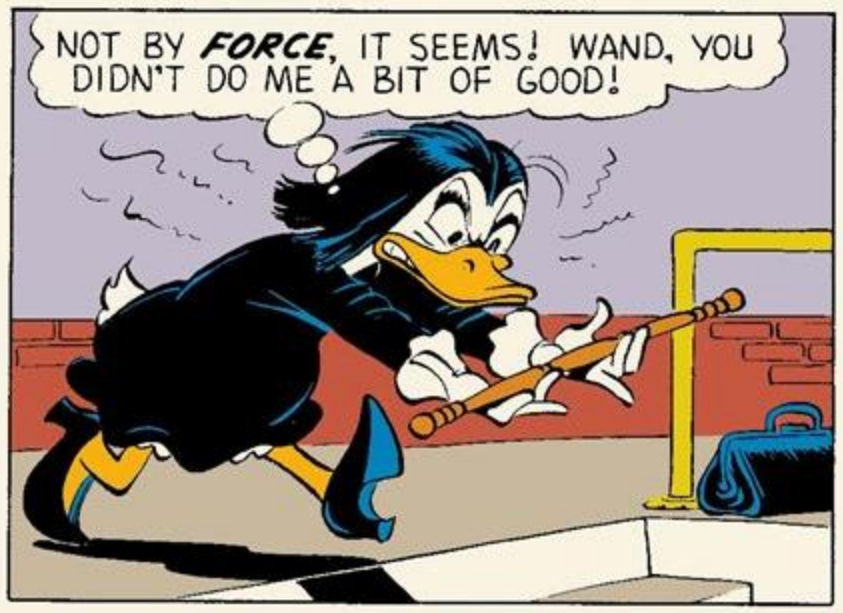

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW! THAT METEOR IS JUST FULL OF MOLTEN GOLD AND FRESHLY-FUSED DIAMONDS!


AND, SINCE THE METEOR LANDED ON MY PROPERTY, ALL THAT WEALTH IS MINE!


OH, NO!


THAT PROVES IT! THAT PROVES McDUCK'S OLD NUMBER ONE DIME IS THE MOST POWERFUL GOOD LUCK AMULET IN THE WORLD!


IT IS WHAT MADE HIM RICH! IT WOULD MAKE ME RICH — BUT HOW AM I GOING TO GET POSSESSION OF IT?


NOT BY FORCE, IT SEEMS! WAND, YOU DIDN'T DO ME A BIT OF GOOD!


WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THE SORCERESS WILL DO NOW, UNCA SCROOGE?
I'M HOPING SHE WILL GIVE UP THE FIGHT AND GO HOME!


BUT I'M NOT GOING TO VENTURE OUTSIDE THIS BIN UNTIL MY SPIES TELL ME SHE IS ON HER WAY!
CLANG

BUT WHETHER I GO OUTSIDE OR NOT, I'VE GOT TO GET MY FACE CLEAN!

YOU'RE DOING FINE, UNCA SCROOGE! ALL THE INK'S WASHED OFF—

EXCEPT ONE LITTLE ***SMUDGE*** ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD!

WELL, I'LL ***KEEP*** THAT SMUDGE AS A ***SOUVENIR*** OF THIS WILD AND WOOLY DAY!

PHONE CALL FOR YOU, UNCLE SCROOGE!

IT'S FROM MY SPIES! THEY REPORT MAGICA IS GOING BACK TO THE AIRPORT, A BEATEN AND DEJECTED SORCERESS!

HOORAY! YIPPEE! WHEE! MY OLD DIME IS ***SAVED***!

WE SURE HOPE YOU'RE ***RIGHT***, UNCA SCROOGE!

HELPING YOU GUARD THAT MUSTY COIN IS MAKING US ***OLD*** BEFORE OUR TIME!

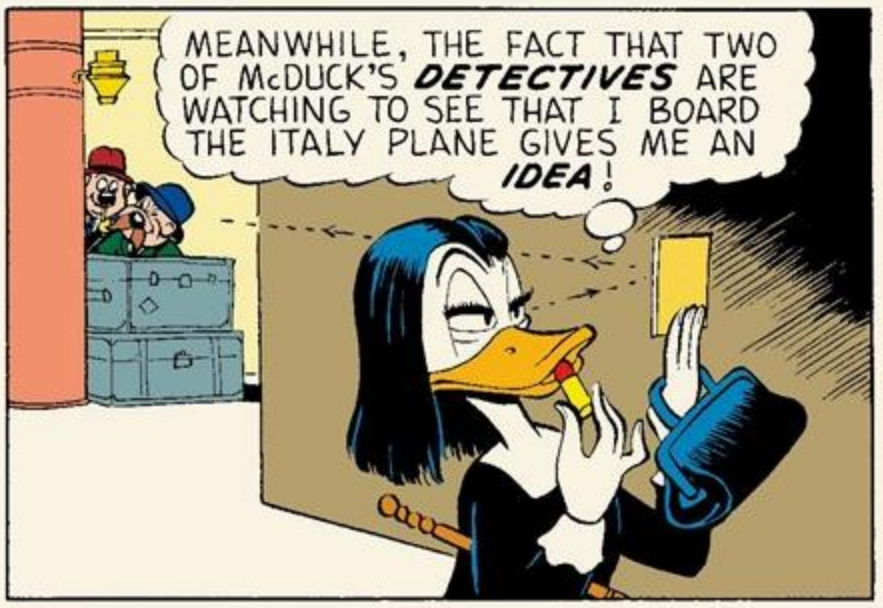
I SHOULD THROW THIS FUTILE ***WAND*** INTO A TRASH CAN, BUT I'LL KEEP IT!

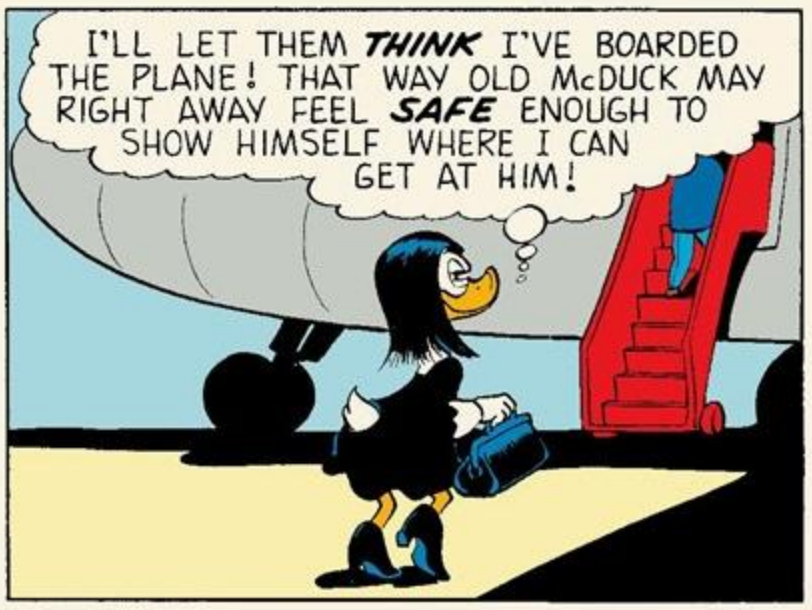
OVERSEAS FLIGHTS ➡

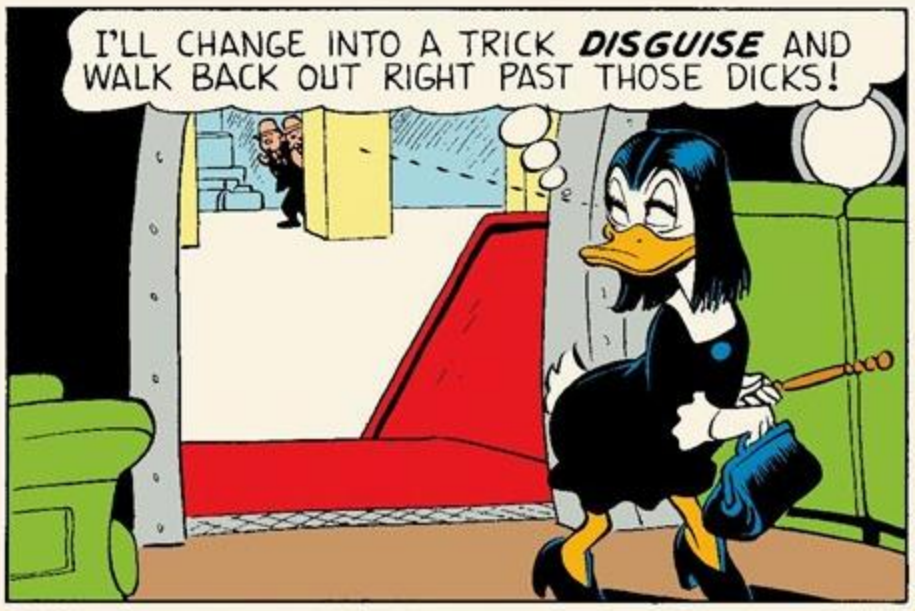
TRASH

IT MIGHT BE USEFUL FOR ***ANOTHER ATTACK*** ON McDUCK'S BIN LATER— IF THE WILY OLD DUCK EVER LETS HIS GUARD DOWN!

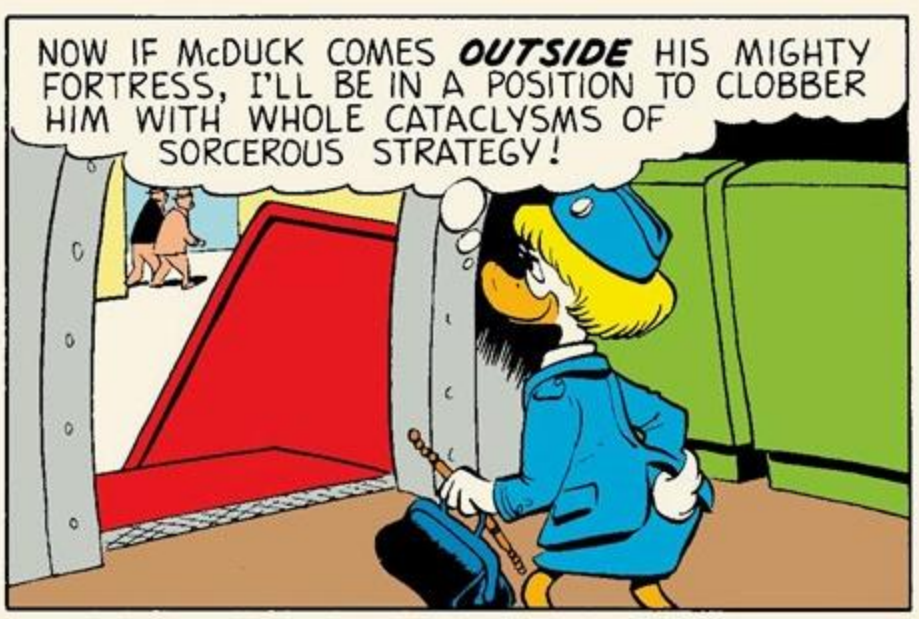
TICKETS

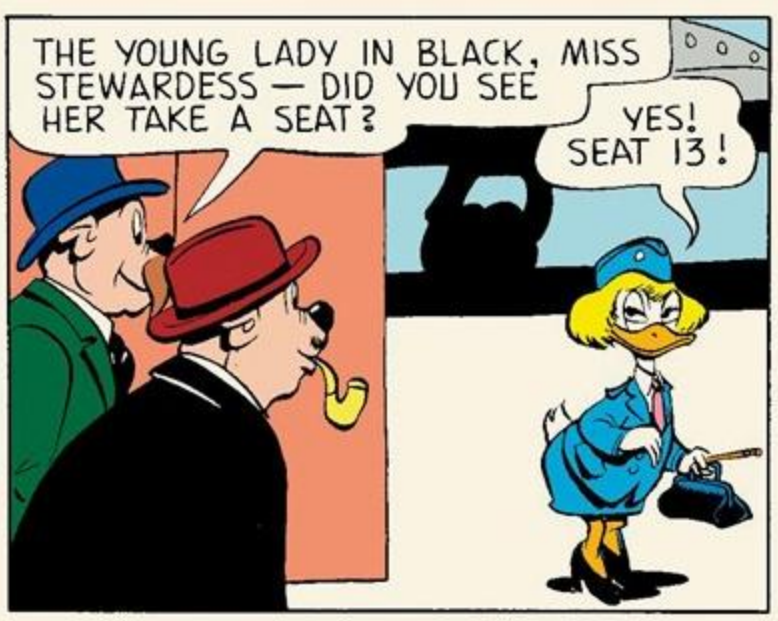

MEANWHILE, THE FACT THAT TWO OF McDUCK'S DETECTIVES ARE WATCHING TO SEE THAT I BOARD THE ITALY PLANE GIVES ME AN IDEA!


I'LL LET THEM THINK I'VE BOARDED THE PLANE! THAT WAY OLD McDUCK MAY RIGHT AWAY FEEL SAFE ENOUGH TO SHOW HIMSELF WHERE I CAN GET AT HIM!


I'LL CHANGE INTO A TRICK DISGUISE AND WALK BACK OUT RIGHT PAST THOSE DICKS!

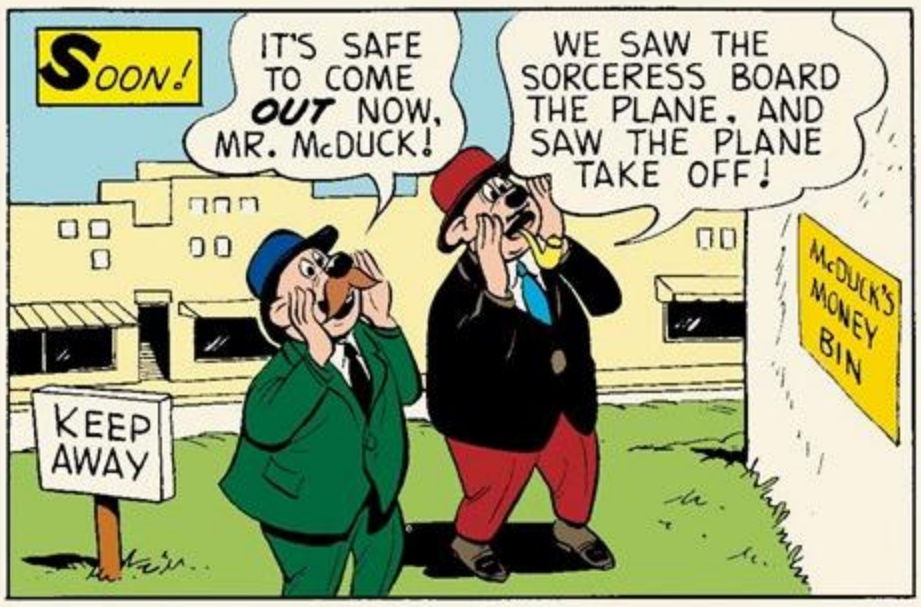

POOF

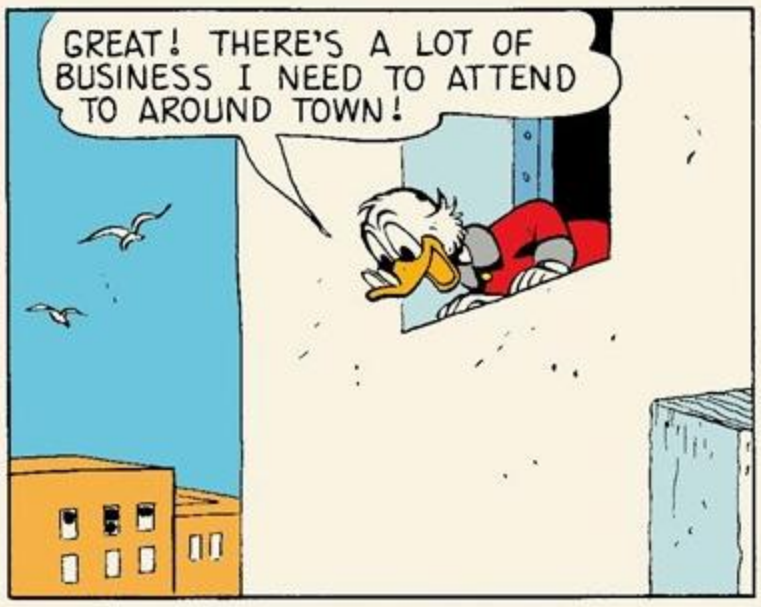

NOW IF McDUCK COMES OUTSIDE HIS MIGHTY FORTRESS, I'LL BE IN A POSITION TO CLOBBER HIM WITH WHOLE CATACLYSMS OF SORCEROUS STRATEGY!

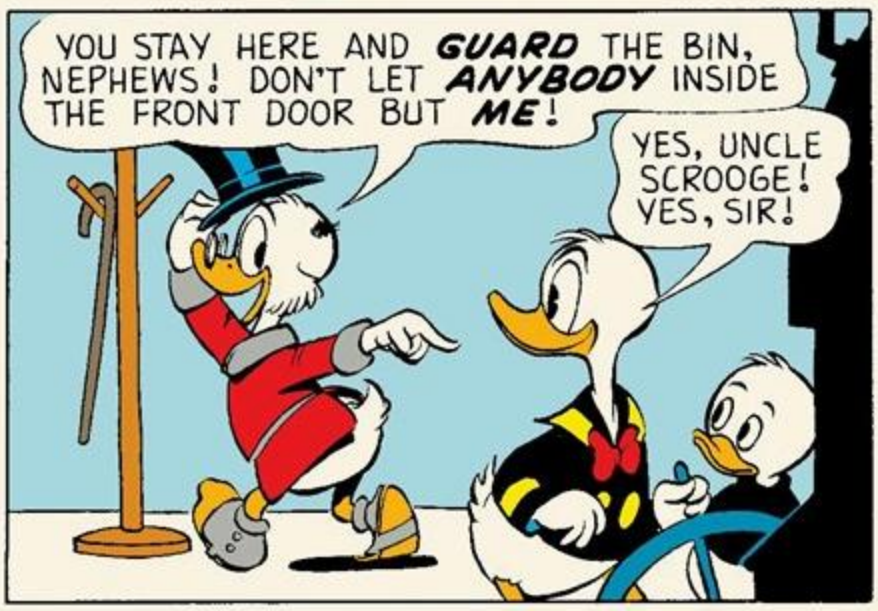

THE YOUNG LADY IN BLACK, MISS STEWARDESS — DID YOU SEE HER TAKE A SEAT?
YES! SEAT 13!

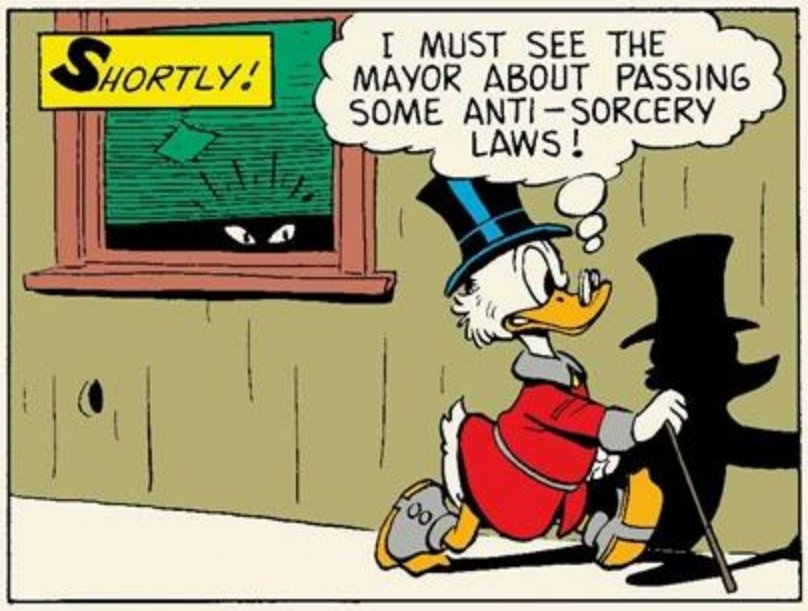

SHE LOOKED VERY DEPRESSED! POOR THING!
HAR! HAR! SMALL WONDER! SHE'S GOING BACK TO VESUVIUS, ALL RIGHT! HAR! HAR!

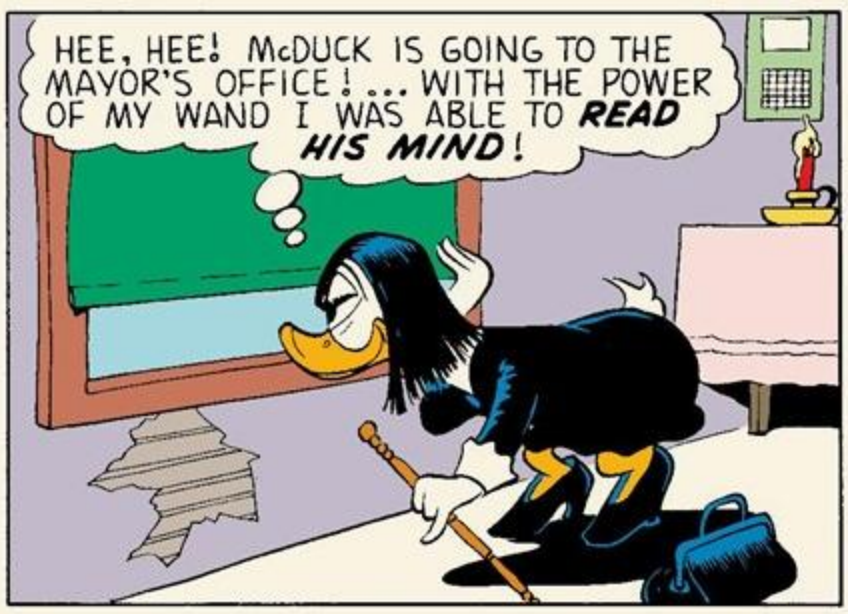

HAR! HAR!
TAXI
CAN

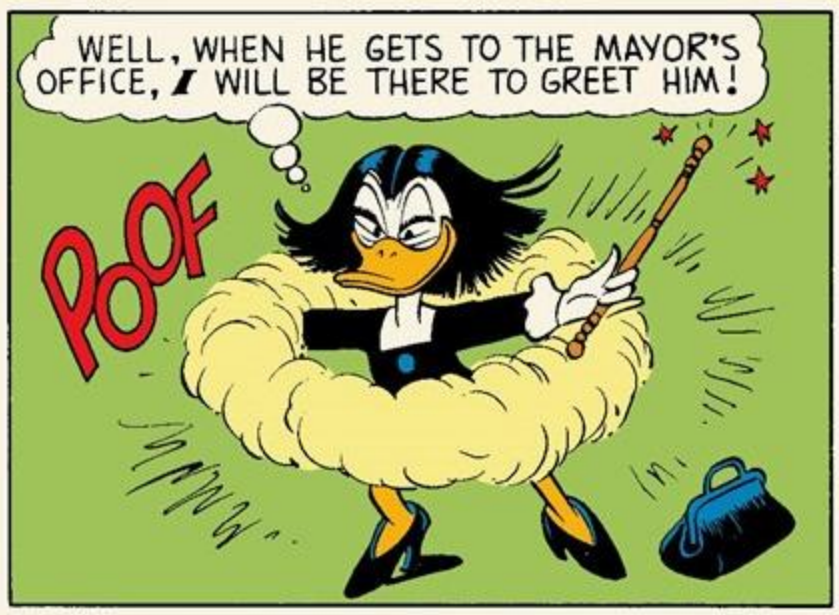

SOON!
IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT NOW, MR. McDUCK!
WE SAW THE SORCERESS BOARD THE PLANE. AND SAW THE PLANE TAKE OFF!
KEEP AWAY
McDUCK'S MONEY BIN

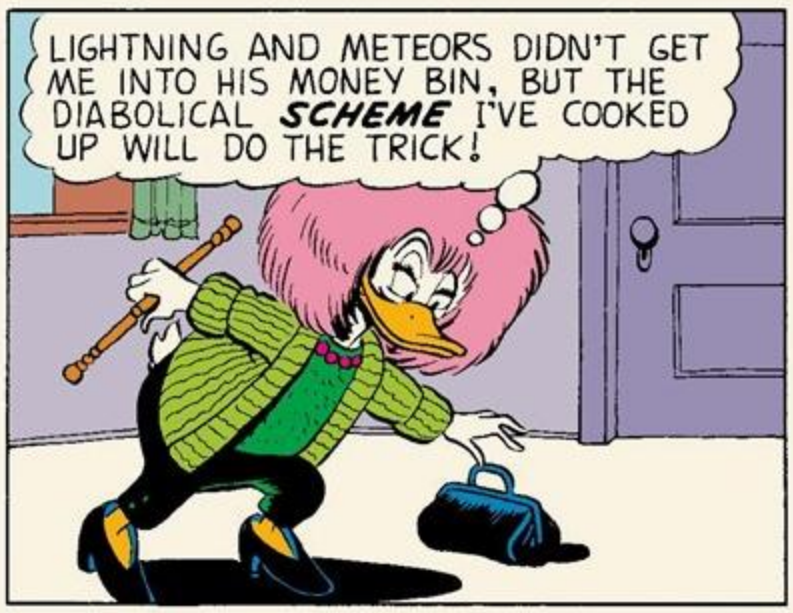

GREAT! THERE'S A LOT OF BUSINESS I NEED TO ATTEND TO AROUND TOWN!


YOU STAY HERE AND GUARD THE BIN, NEPHEWS! DON'T LET ANYBODY INSIDE THE FRONT DOOR BUT ME!
YES, UNCLE SCROOGE! YES, SIR!

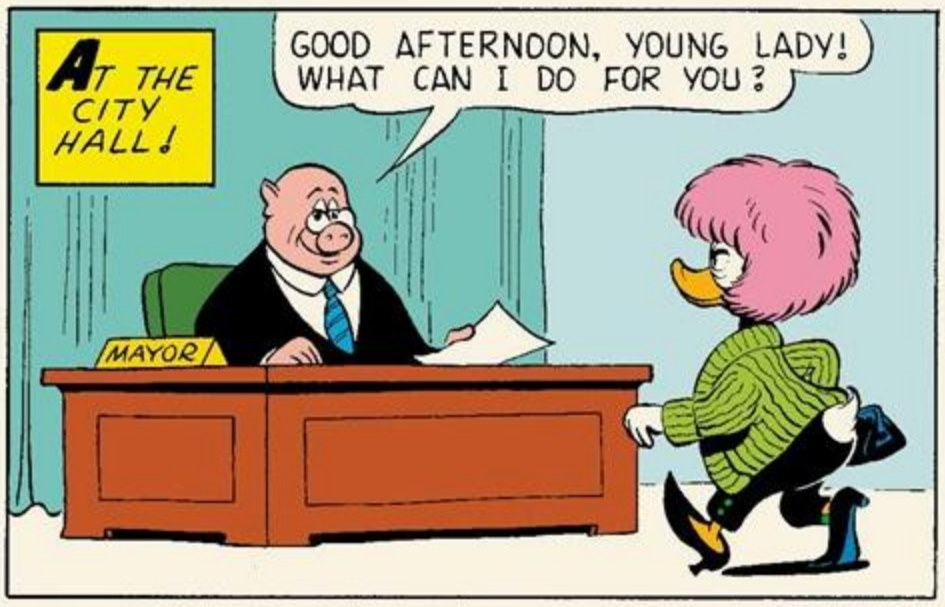

SHORTLY!
I MUST SEE THE MAYOR ABOUT PASSING SOME ANTI-SORCERY LAWS!


HEE, HEE! McDUCK IS GOING TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE! ... WITH THE POWER OF MY WAND I WAS ABLE TO READ HIS MIND!


WELL, WHEN HE GETS TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE, I WILL BE THERE TO GREET HIM!
POOF

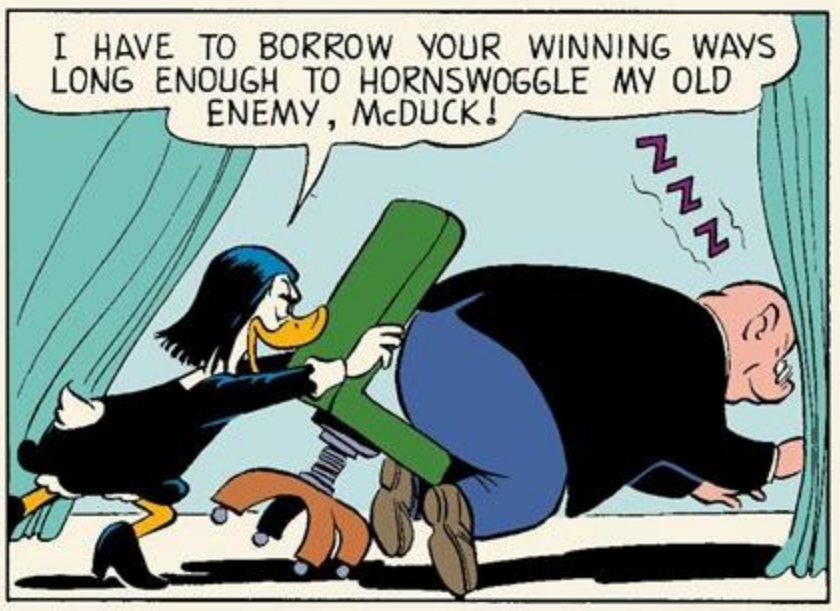

LIGHTNING AND METEORS DIDN'T GET ME INTO HIS MONEY BIN, BUT THE DIABOLICAL SCHEME I'VE COOKED UP WILL DO THE TRICK!


MOVE OVER, EVERYBODY! I'M ON MY WAY TO GET RICH!


AT THE CITY HALL!
GOOD AFTERNOON, YOUNG LADY! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
MAYOR


POOF


YOU CAN GO TO SLEEP FOR ABOUT TWO HOURS, YOUR HONOR!
MAYOR

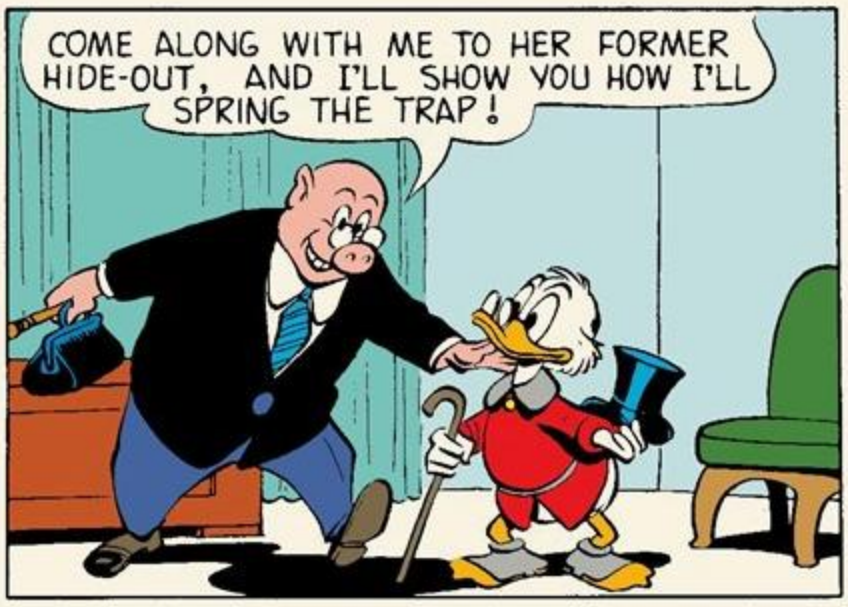

I HAVE TO BORROW YOUR WINNING WAYS LONG ENOUGH TO HORNSWOGGLE MY OLD ENEMY, McDUCK!
ZZZ


FIVE-FEET-FOUR! ABOUT 36-48-40!
ZZZ

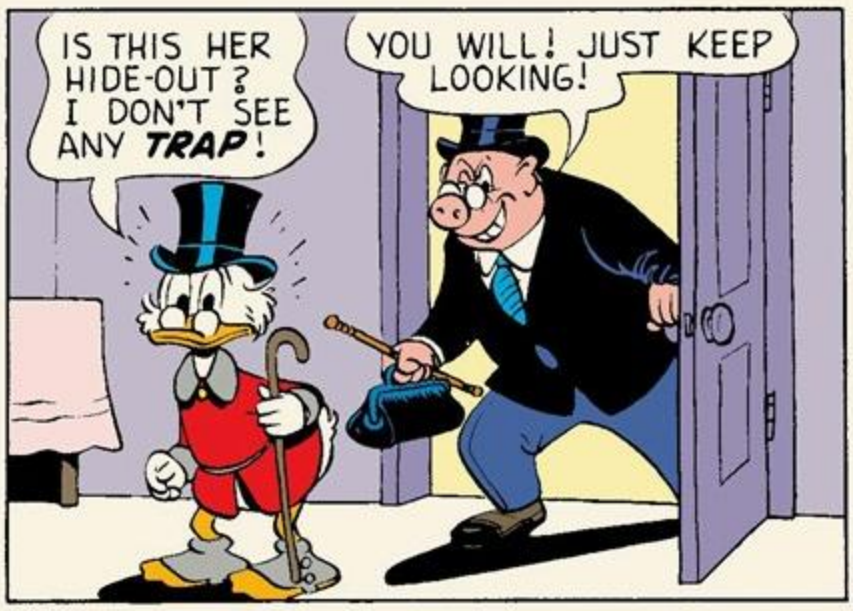

POOF

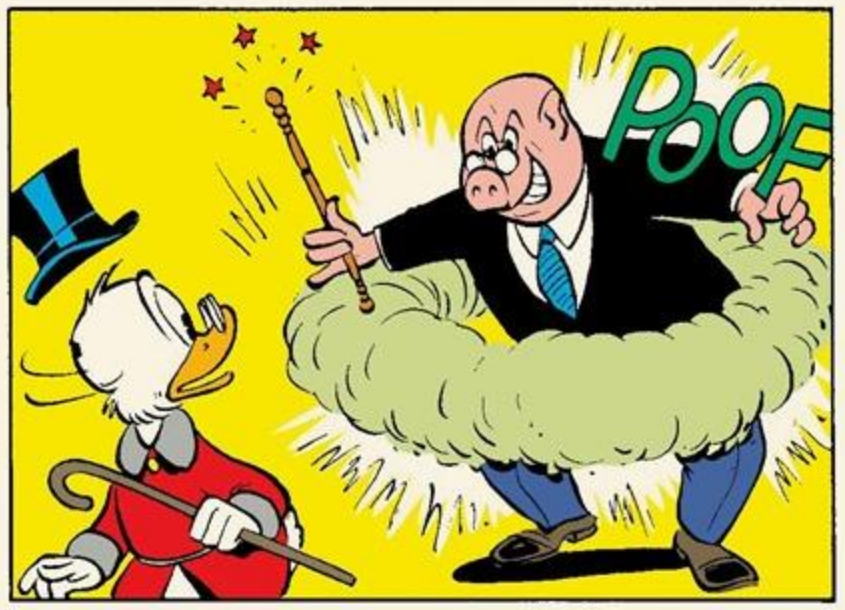

I CAN TURN MYSELF INTO A DEER, A TIGER, OR A BATTLESHIP—SO WHY NOT A MAYOR?
ZZZZ


SO-
I WAS HOPING YOU'D CALL, SCROOGE! MY MEN HAVE DISCOVERED A WAY TO FOIL THAT SORCERESS WHO'S BEEN BEDEVILING YOU!
Y—YEAH?
MAYOR

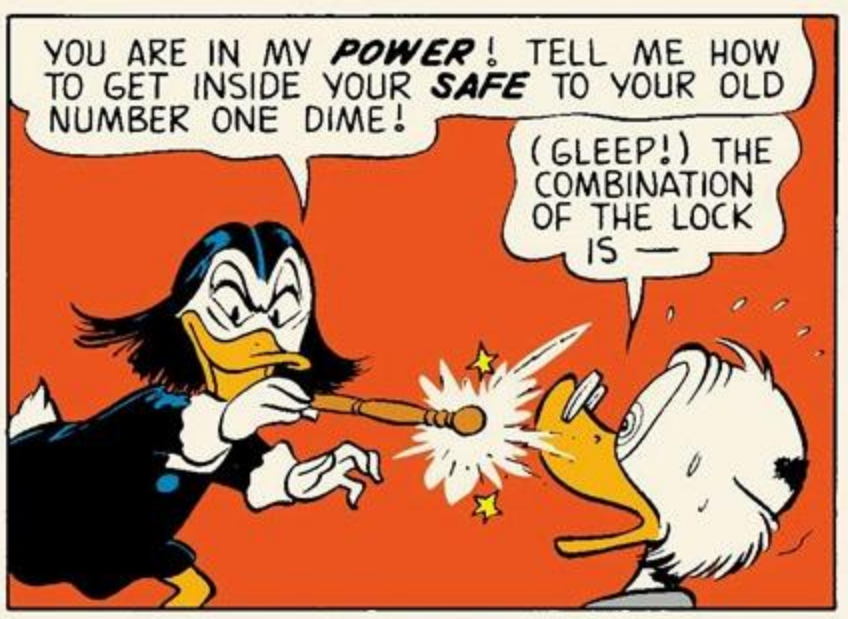

COME ALONG WITH ME TO HER FORMER HIDE-OUT, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I'LL SPRING THE TRAP!

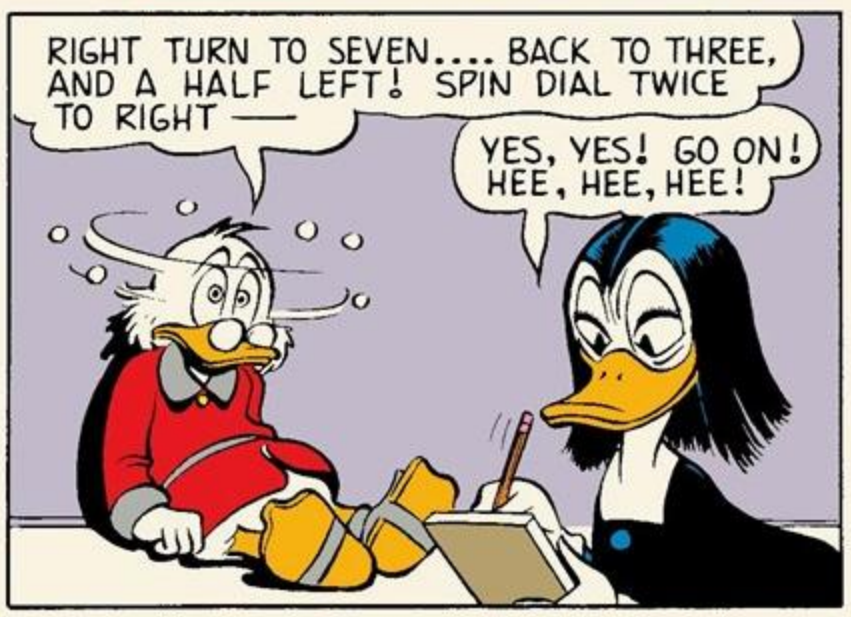

SCROOGE, OLD PAL, ALL DUCKBURG IS WITH YOU IN YOUR FIGHT AGAINST THAT TERRIBLE WITCH!

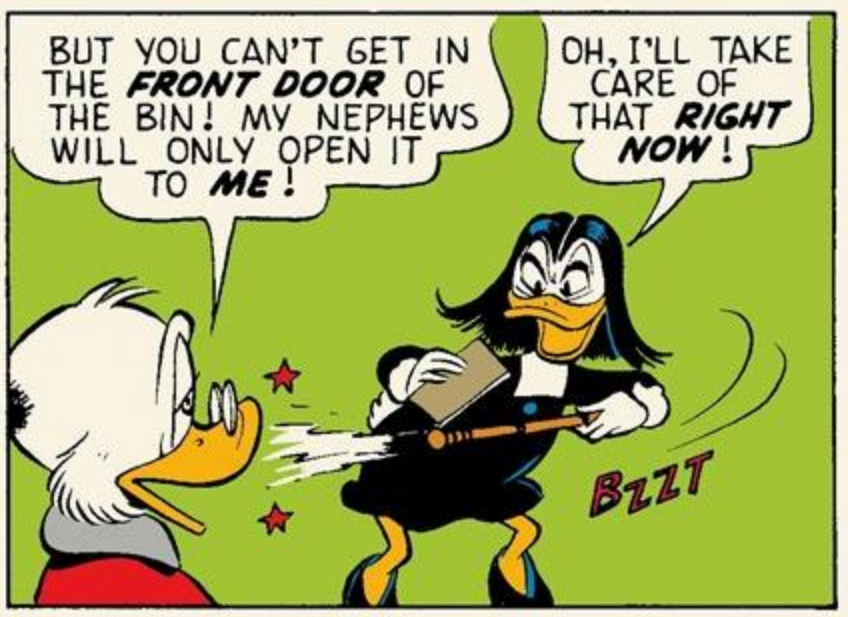

IS THIS HER HIDE-OUT? I DON'T SEE ANY TRAP!
YOU WILL! JUST KEEP LOOKING!


POOF

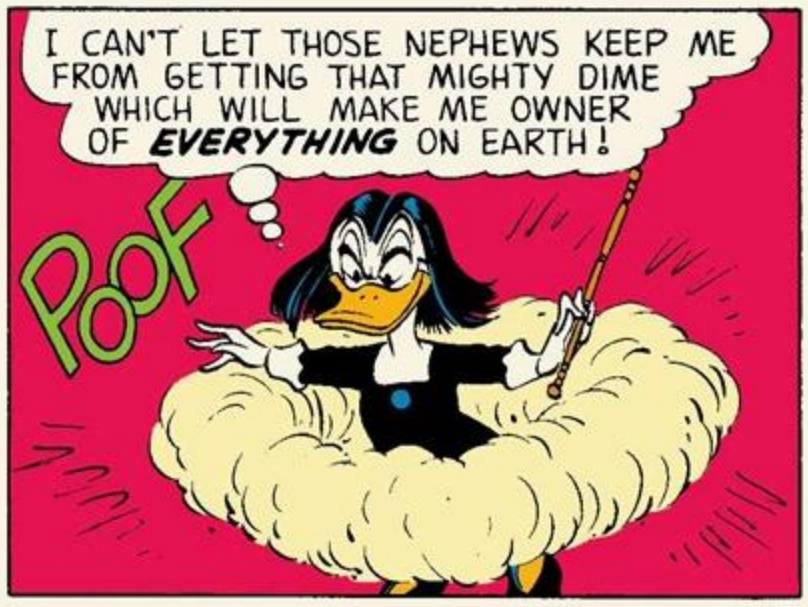

MAYOR!... YOU'RE NOT THE MAYOR!
AND YOU'RE NOT THE BILLIONAIRE McDUCK ANYMORE! YOU'RE SCROOGE McDUCK, PAUPER!

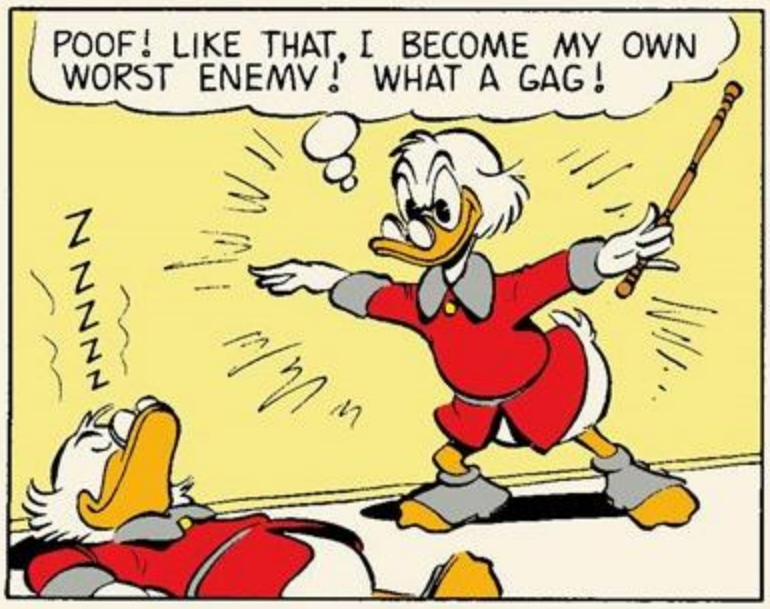

YOU ARE IN MY POWER! TELL ME HOW TO GET INSIDE YOUR SAFE TO YOUR OLD NUMBER ONE DIME!
(GLEEP!) THE COMBINATION OF THE LOCK IS —

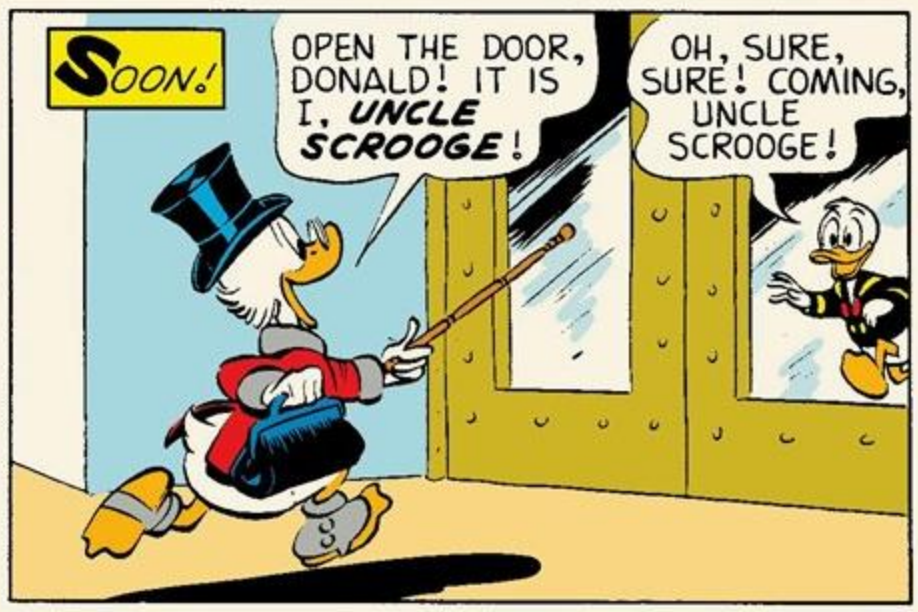

RIGHT TURN TO SEVEN.... BACK TO THREE, AND A HALF LEFT! SPIN DIAL TWICE TO RIGHT —
YES, YES! GO ON! HEE, HEE, HEE!

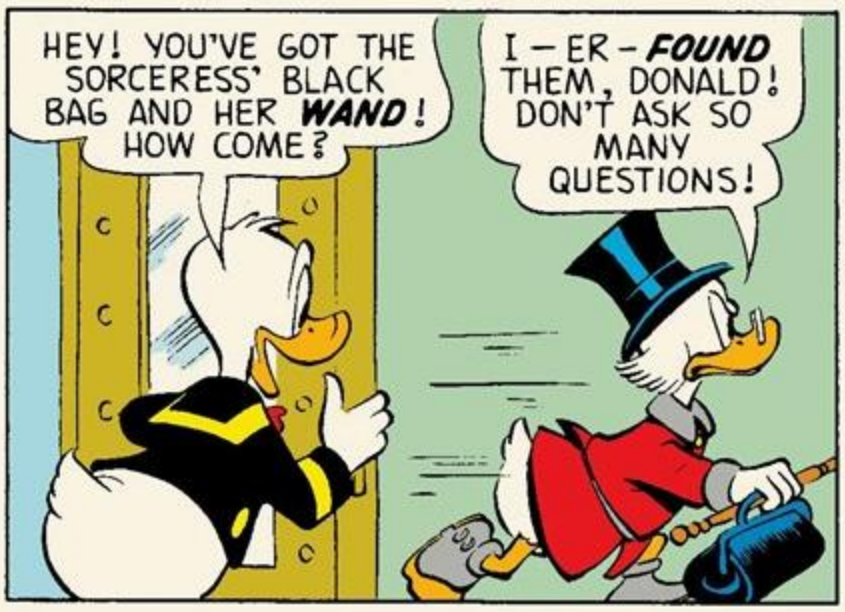

BUT YOU CAN'T GET IN THE FRONT DOOR OF THE BIN! MY NEPHEWS WILL ONLY OPEN IT TO ME!
OH, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT RIGHT NOW!
BZZT

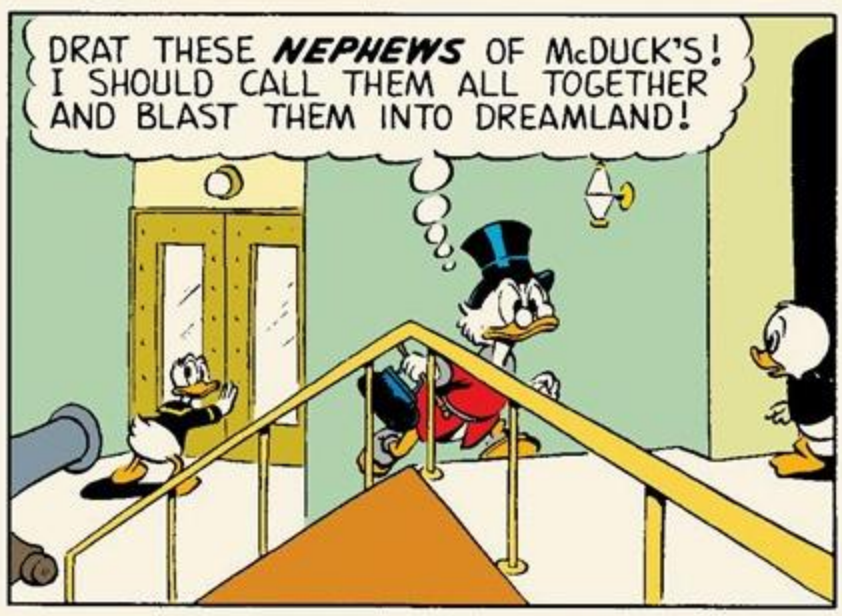

YOU'RE ABOUT THREE FEET TALL, AND ABOUT 14 – 16 – 24 !


I CAN'T LET THOSE NEPHEWS KEEP ME FROM GETTING THAT MIGHTY DIME WHICH WILL MAKE ME OWNER OF EVERYTHING ON EARTH!
POOF

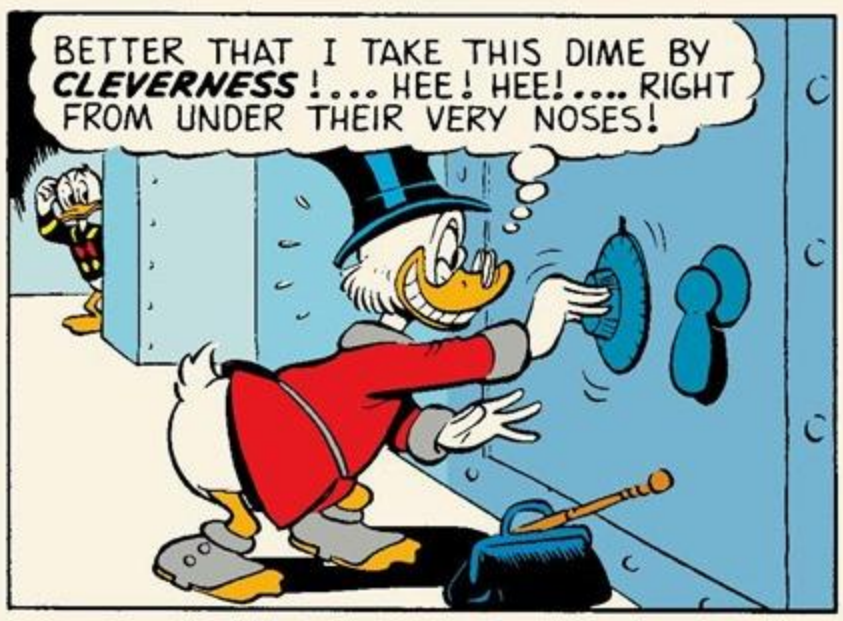

POOF! LIKE THAT, I BECOME MY OWN WORST ENEMY! WHAT A GAG!
ZZZZZ

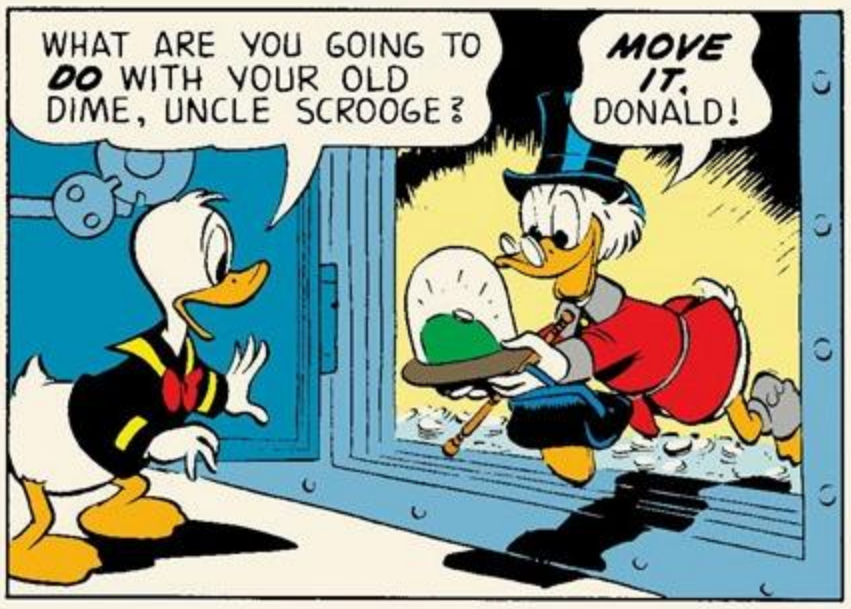

SOON!
OPEN THE DOOR, DONALD! IT IS I, UNCLE SCROOGE!
OH, SURE, SURE! COMING, UNCLE SCROOGE!

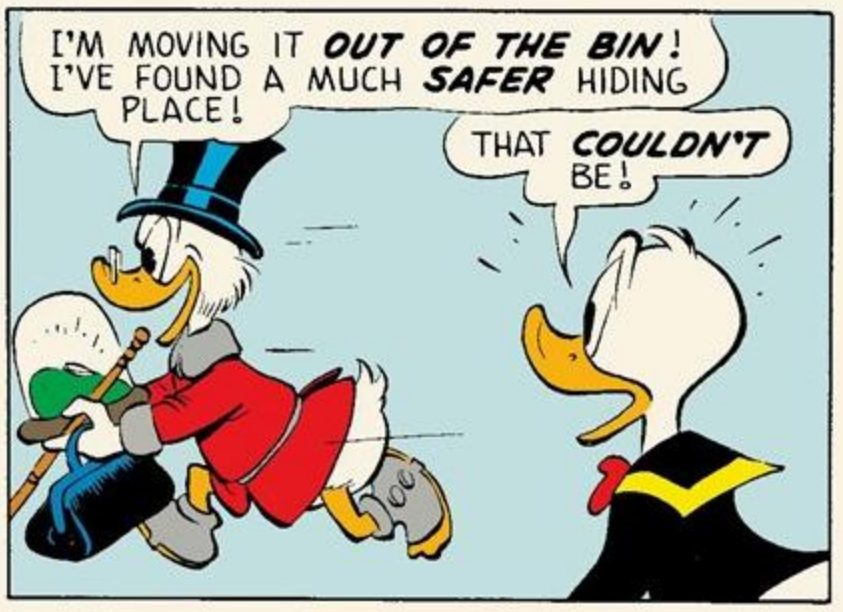

HEY! YOU'VE GOT THE SORCERESS' BLACK BAG AND HER WAND! HOW COME?
I – ER – FOUND THEM, DONALD! DON'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS!

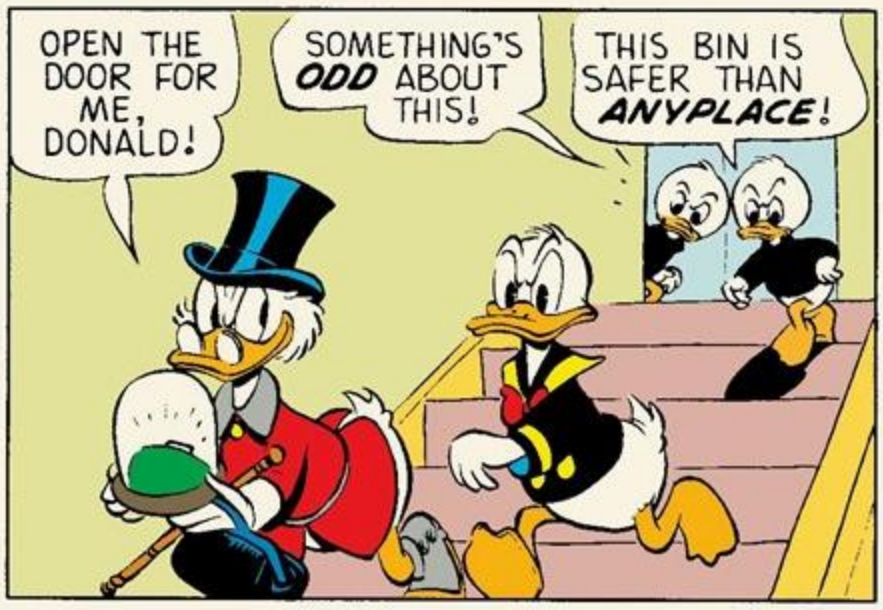

DRAT THESE NEPHEWS OF McDUCK'S! I SHOULD CALL THEM ALL TOGETHER AND BLAST THEM INTO DREAMLAND!

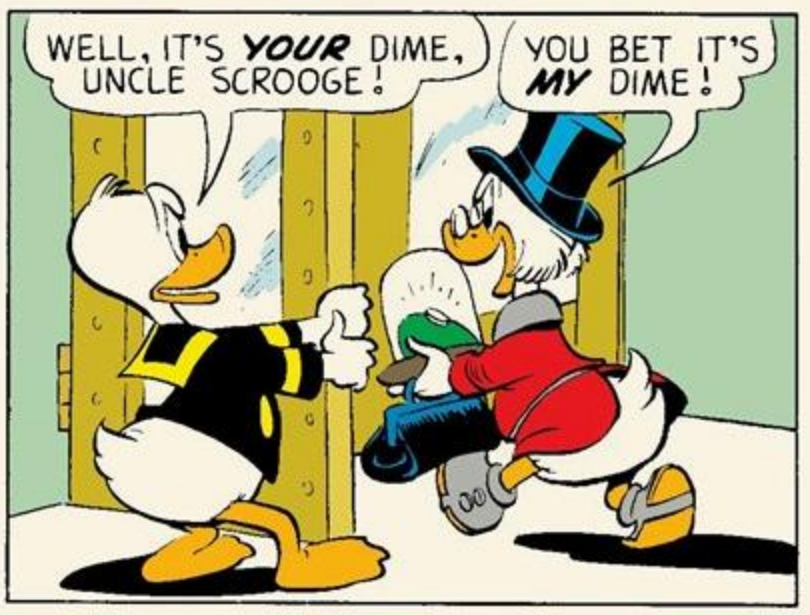

BUT IF I MISSED JUST ONE OF THOSE WILY KIDS, I'D BE IN TROUBLE!

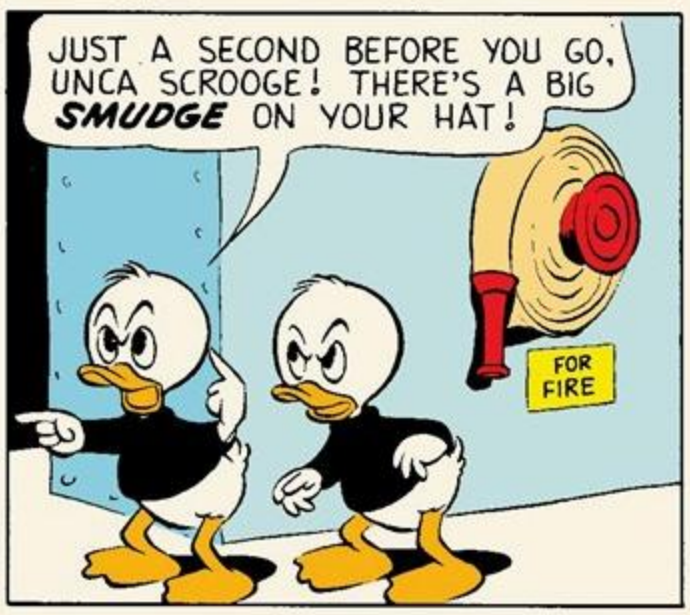

BETTER THAT I TAKE THIS DIME BY CLEVERNESS!... HEE! HEE!.... RIGHT FROM UNDER THEIR VERY NOSES!

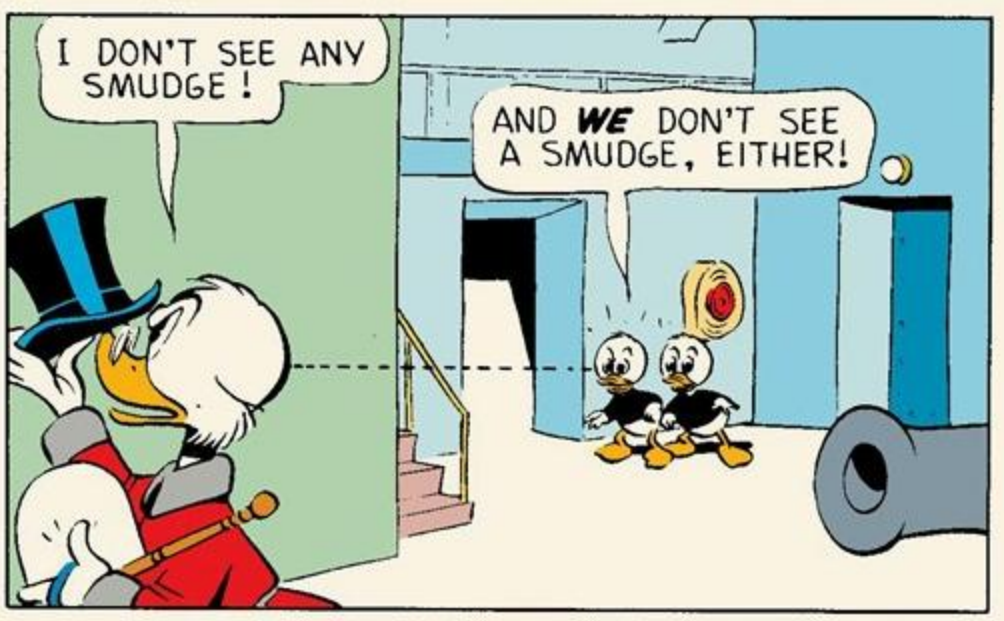

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH YOUR OLD DIME, UNCLE SCROOGE?
MOVE IT, DONALD!

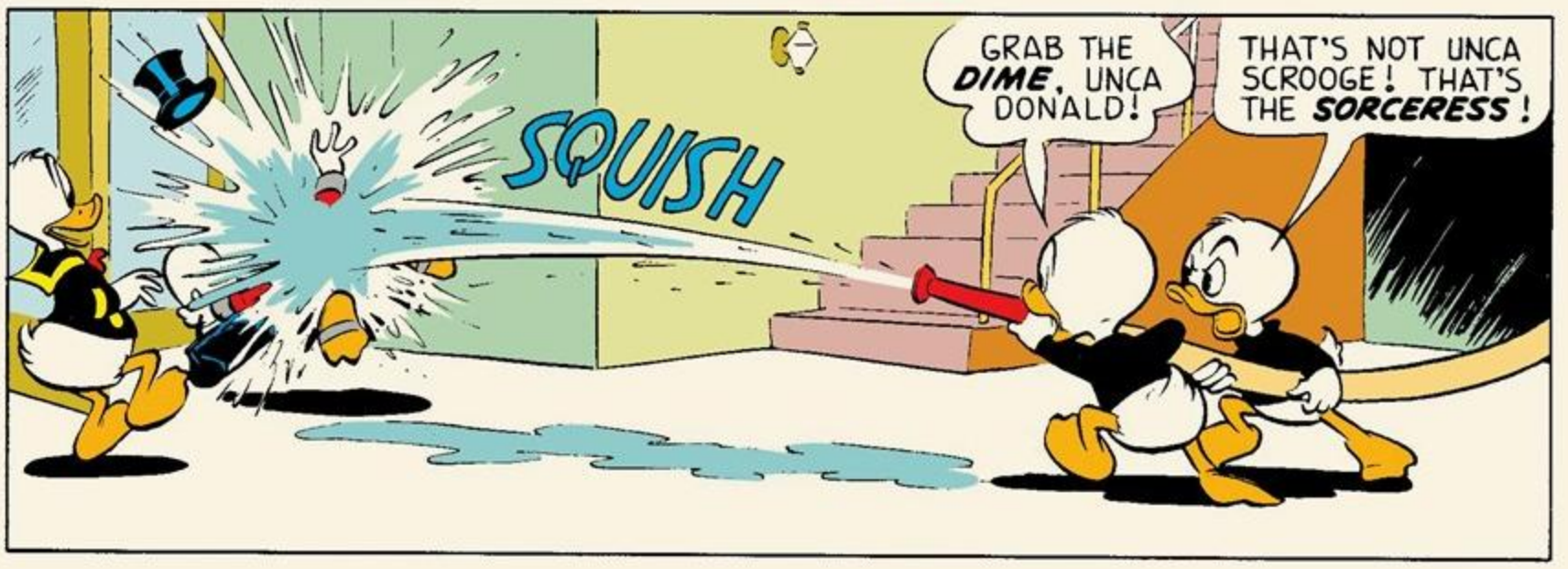

I'M MOVING IT OUT OF THE BIN! I'VE FOUND A MUCH SAFER HIDING PLACE!
THAT COULDN'T BE!


OPEN THE DOOR FOR ME, DONALD!
SOMETHING'S ODD ABOUT THIS!
THIS BIN IS SAFER THAN ANYPLACE!


WELL, IT'S YOUR DIME, UNCLE SCROOGE!
YOU BET IT'S MY DIME!

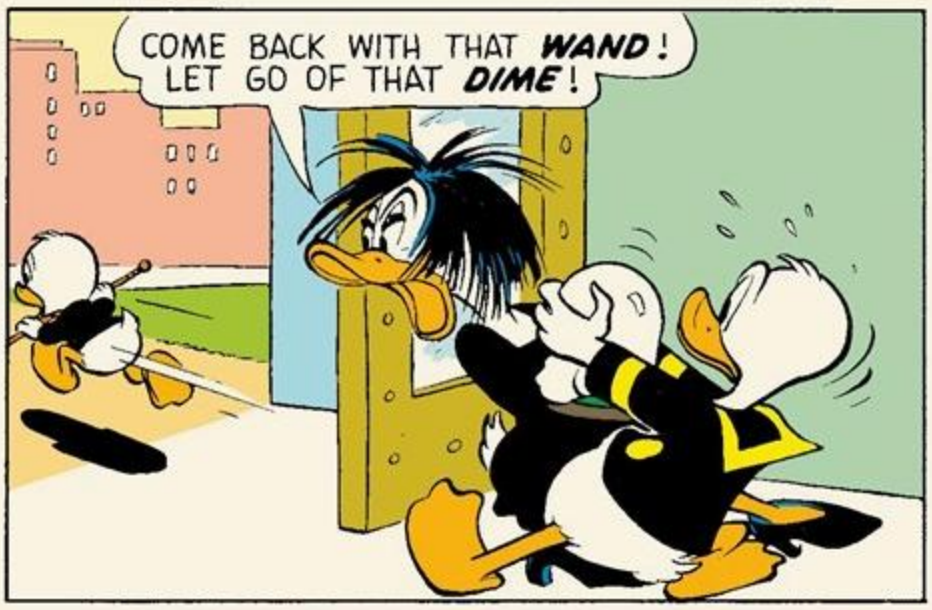

JUST A SECOND BEFORE YOU GO, UNCA SCROOGE! THERE'S A BIG SMUDGE ON YOUR HAT!
FOR FIRE


I DON'T SEE ANY SMUDGE!
AND WE DON'T SEE A SMUDGE, EITHER!


SQUISH
GRAB THE DIME, UNCA DONALD!
THAT'S NOT UNCA SCROOGE! THAT'S THE SORCERESS!


I'LL FRY YOU LITTLE FIENDS!
POOF


NOT WITH YOUR FIERY COMETS, YOU WON'T!

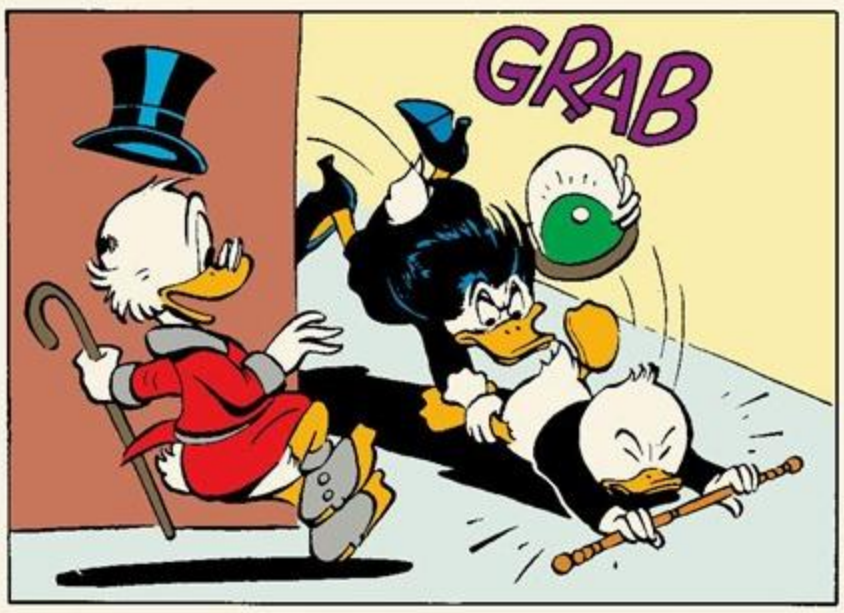

COME BACK WITH THAT WAND! LET GO OF THAT DIME!


AT THIS MOMENT!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'VE BEEN ASLEEP!


THAT SORCERESS! I REMEMBER NOW! SHE HYPNOTIZED ME — TOOK THE COMBINATION OF MY SAFE!


LET GO OF THAT DIME, I SAID!


AND COME BACK WITH THAT WAND, I SAID!


GRAB

ZOW

SNATCH

I'LL SMACK YOU WITH **COMETS**, McDUCK!

CRACK

THEY'LL HAVE TO BE **LITTLE** COMETS! THERE'S NOT MUCH **LEFT** OF YOUR **WAND**, MAGICA!

CRACK POP

OKAY! THEY'LL BE **LITTLE COMETS**!

YOW!.. OWCH!.. WOW!

BLAM

MADE IT!

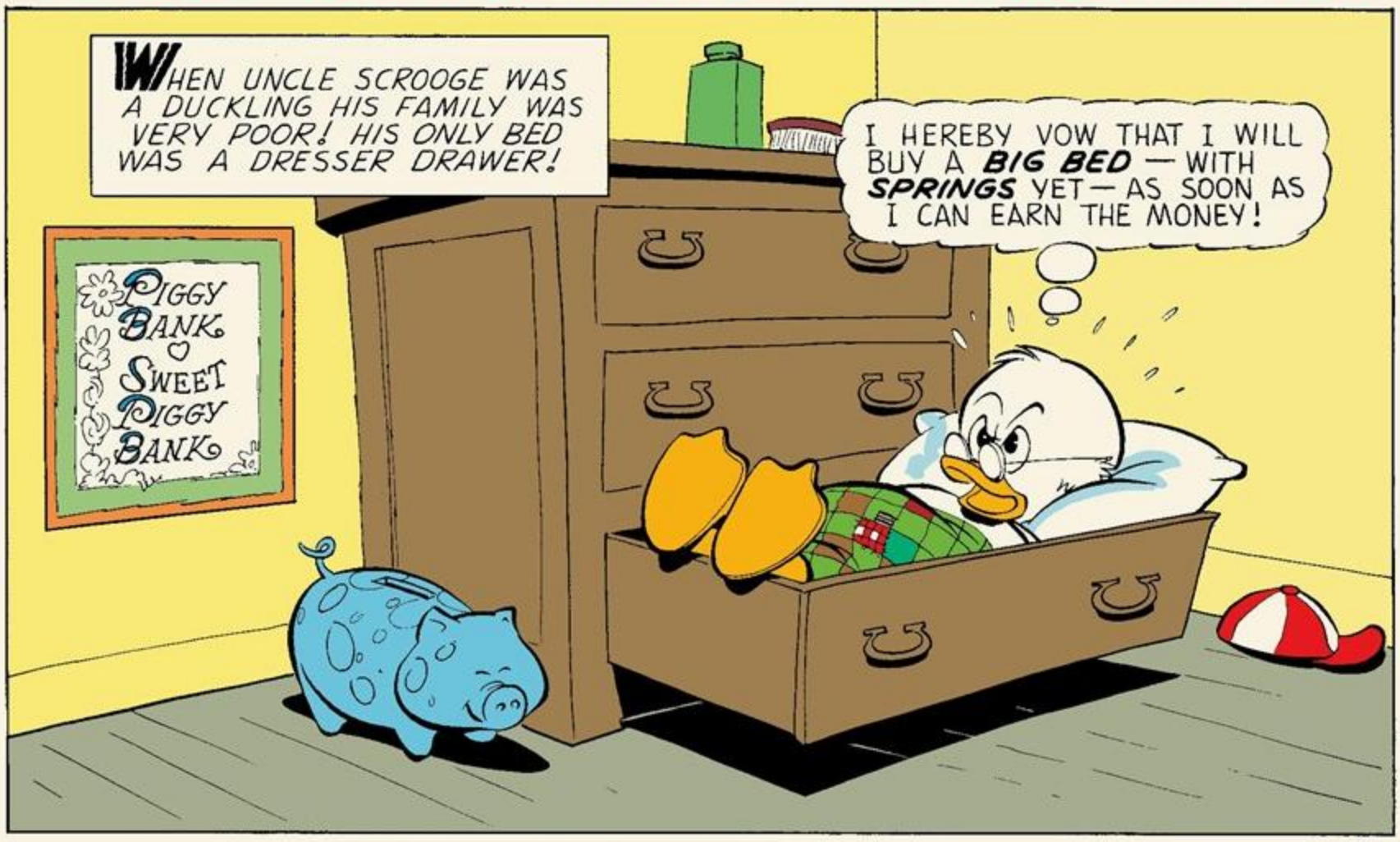
SO UNCLE SCROOGE SAVES HIS OLD NUMBER ONE DIME AGAIN!

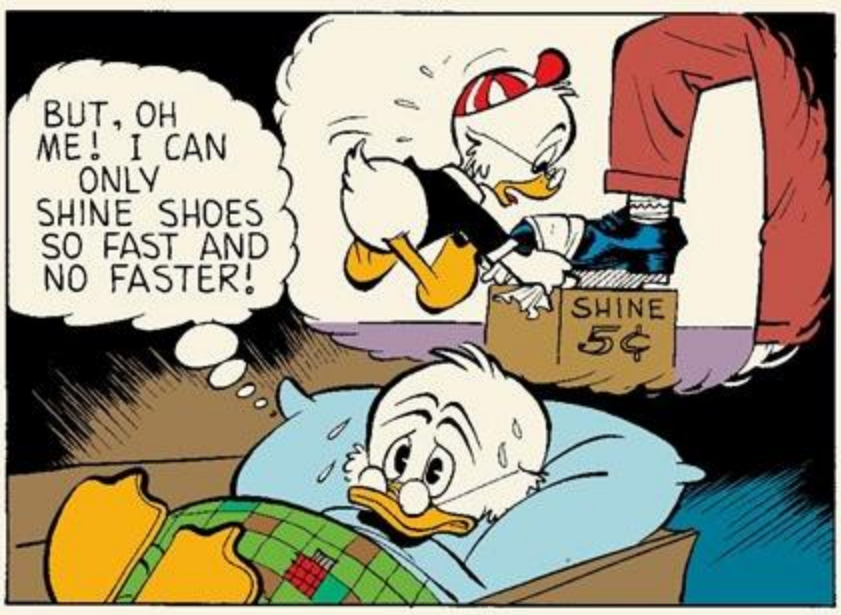
I'VE GOT AN INK SMUDGE ON THE BACK OF MY HEAD AS A SOUVENIR OF THE BATTLE!

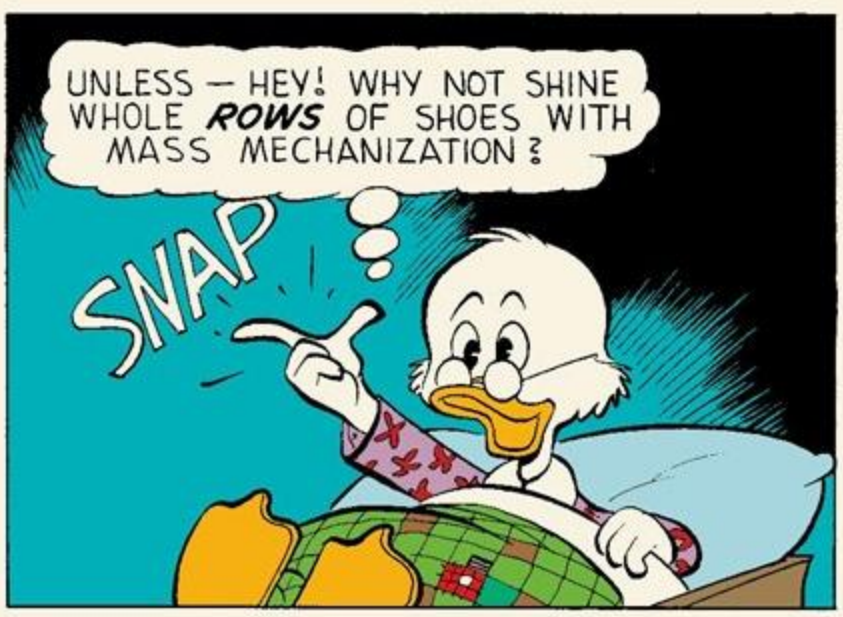
I'VE ALSO GOT **OTHER SOUVENIRS** – BUT WE WON'T DISCUSS THAT!

Walt Disney's UNCLE SCROOGE

THE INVISIBLE INTRUDER











BUT AS HE GREW BIGGER, HIS DESIRES GREW BIGGER, TOO!

OW! IF I HAD A WIDER BED, I COULD ROLL OVER WITHOUT FALLING OVERBOARD!

BUT I CAN ONLY SHINE SHOES SO FAST, EVEN WITH JUMBO-SIZED SUSPENDERS!

SO LITTLE SCROOGE MOVED HIS MASS PRODUCTION SYSTEM INTO A DIFFERENT BUSINESS — WOOD SAWING!

FOUR CORDS OF WOOD EQUALS FOUR DOLLARS! FOUR DOLLARS EQUALS FOUR INCHES OF BED!

AS HIS WEALTH GREW, HIS DESIRE FOR ROOMIER BEDS ALSO GREW!

Z

A GUY NEEDS ROOM TO STRETCH OUT!

AND OUT, AND OUT!

TODAY, UNCLE SCROOGE OWNS MANY FACTORIES!

AND, EXCEPT FOR AN OCCASIONAL BUSTED SUSPENDER, THEY PROVIDE HIM WITH THE MEANS TO BED HIMSELF AS HIS FANCY PLEASES!

SNAP

AND RIGHT NOW IT PLEASES HIM TO TRY OUT A BED TO END ALL BEDS - A VERITABLE PIECE OF SLUMBER ACREAGE!

I'M BRINGING YOU THE **BILL** FOR THIS NEW BED, SIR — AND A GLASS OF MILK TO HELP YOU WEATHER THE SHOCK!

WAK! DON'T HIKE OUT HERE, CLERK! IT MAKES THE BED QUIVER LIKE A PUDDLE OF JELLY!

LEAVE THE MILK AT THE DOOR AND TOSS ME A LONG, LONG DRINKING STRAW, PLEASE!

AND SO TO SLUMBER PEACEFULLY! EVEN IF HE WALKS IN HIS SLEEP, UNCLE SCROOGE ISN'T LIKELY TO FALL OUT OF THIS BED!

Z

BUT ALONG ABOUT MIDNIGHT!

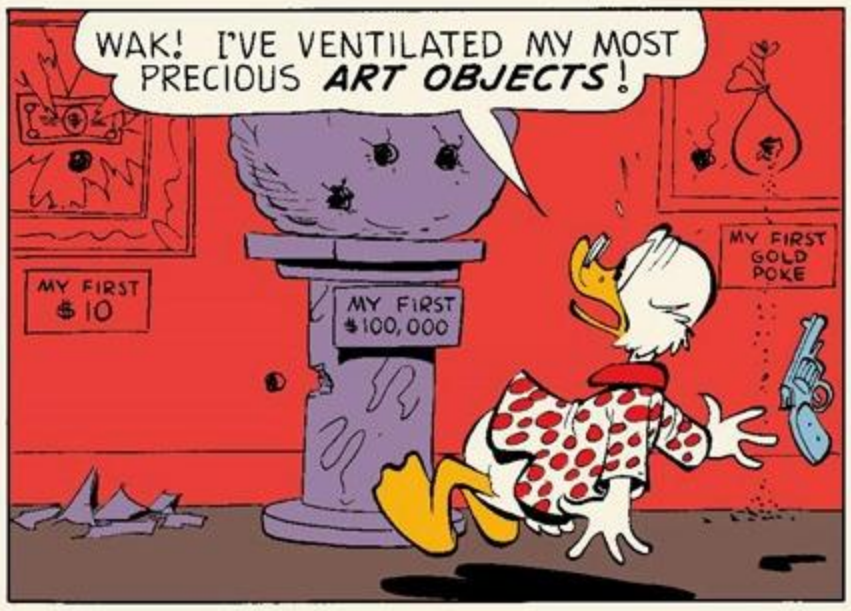
WAK! MY BED'S QUIVERING! **WHO'S WALKING ON MY BED?**

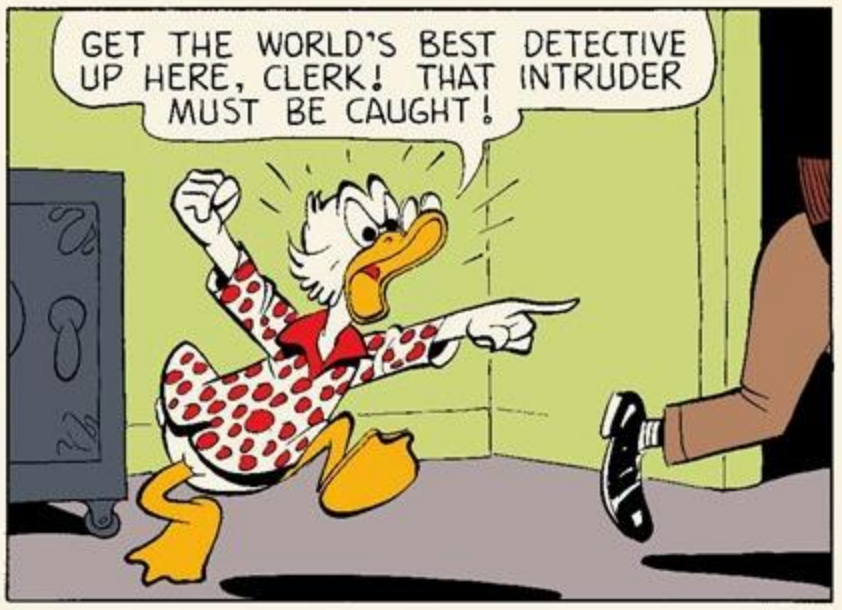
ANSWER ME! I KNOW YOU'RE TREADING ON MY BEDDING! **HALT** OR BE SORRY!

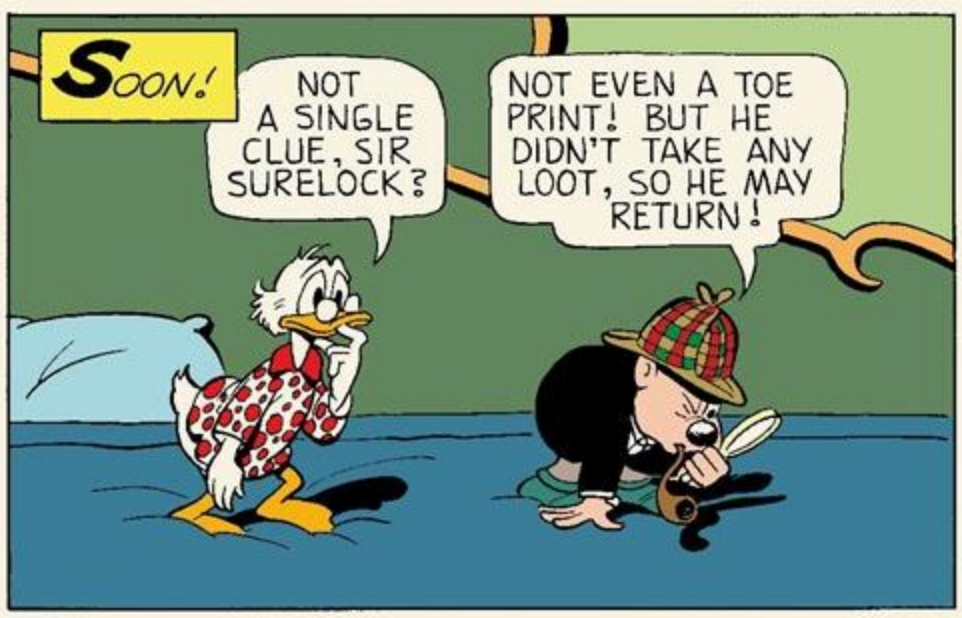
ALL RIGHT — YOU ASKED FOR IT!

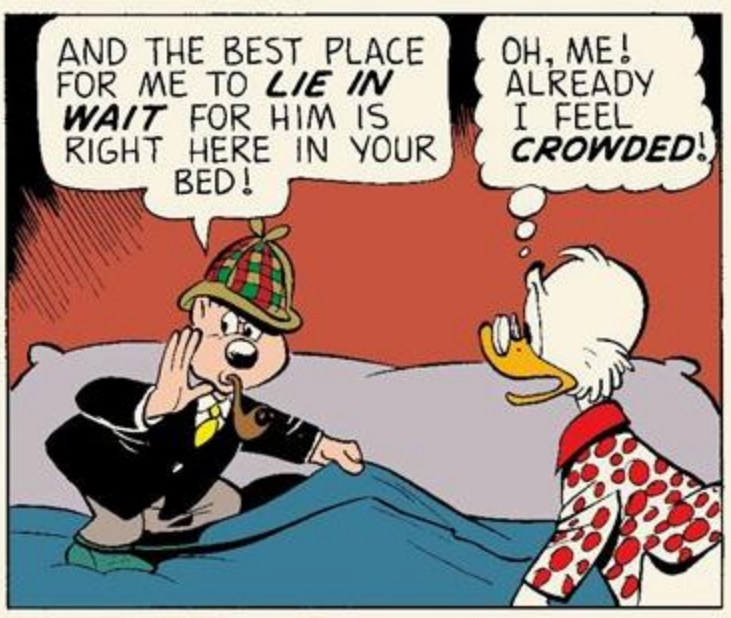
BAM BAM BAM BAM

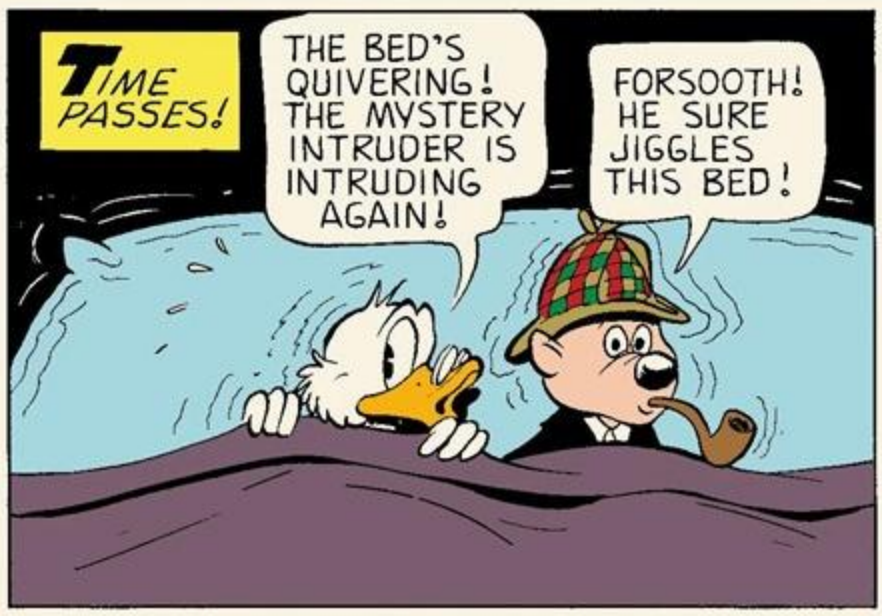

SOMETHING WRONG, SIR?
CLICK
YES! SOMEBODY WAS WALKING ON MY BED JUST A SECOND AGO! HOW DID HE ESCAPE SO FAST?

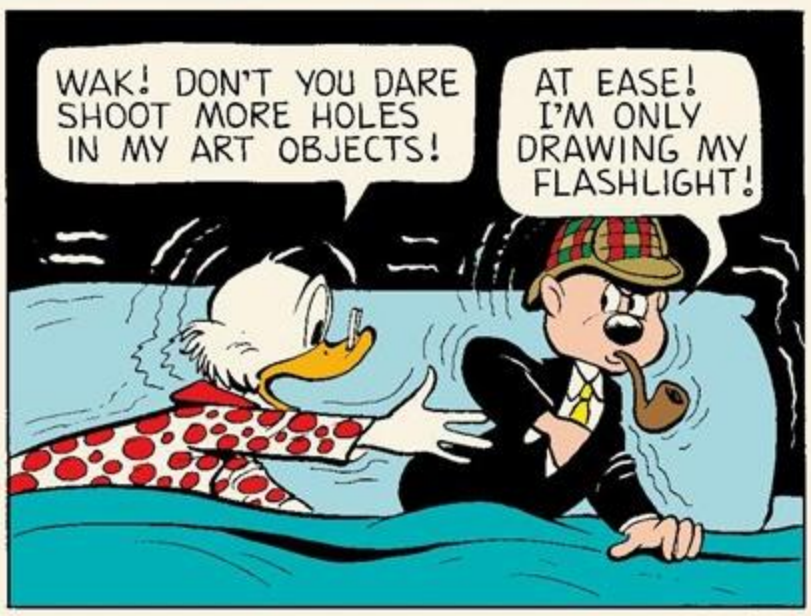

WAK! I'VE VENTILATED MY MOST PRECIOUS ART OBJECTS!
MY FIRST $10
MY FIRST $100,000
MY FIRST GOLD POKE


GET THE WORLD'S BEST DETECTIVE UP HERE, CLERK! THAT INTRUDER MUST BE CAUGHT!


SOON!
NOT A SINGLE CLUE, SIR SURELOCK?
NOT EVEN A TOE PRINT! BUT HE DIDN'T TAKE ANY LOOT, SO HE MAY RETURN!


AND THE BEST PLACE FOR ME TO LIE IN WAIT FOR HIM IS RIGHT HERE IN YOUR BED!
OH, ME! ALREADY I FEEL CROWDED!


TIME PASSES!
THE BED'S QUIVERING! THE MYSTERY INTRUDER IS INTRUDING AGAIN!
FORSOOTH! HE SURE JIGGLES THIS BED!


WAK! DON'T YOU DARE SHOOT MORE HOLES IN MY ART OBJECTS!
AT EASE! I'M ONLY DRAWING MY FLASHLIGHT!

N-NOBODY'S HERE!

IMPOSSIBLE!.. I STILL FEEL THE BED QUIVERING!

NOBODY'S *UNDER* THE BED, EITHER!

IT'S AN *INVISIBLE INTRUDER!*

WAIT! MY GREAT POWERS OF DEDUCTION TELL ME HE'S IN THE *NEXT ROOM*!

IN MY *MONEY BIN*... OH, *NO*!

YOU, IN THERE — *HALT*!

OKAY! OKAY! WHAT'S THE GRIPE?

?

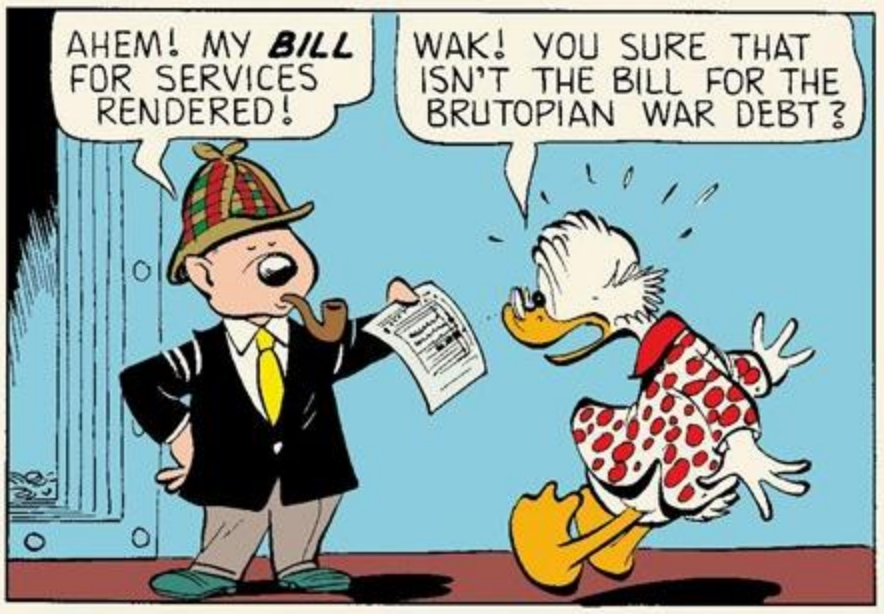
THE BED STOPPED QUIVERING — BUT HOW?

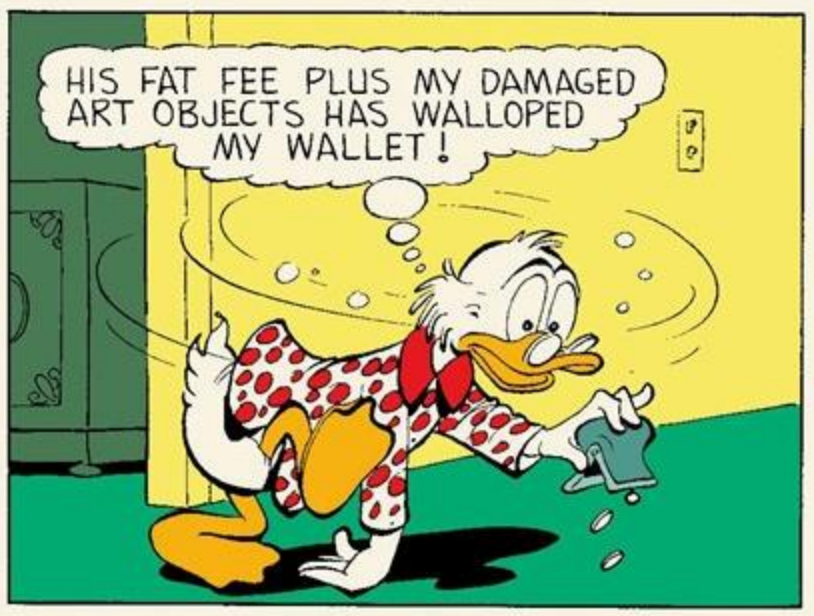
ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR MATTRESS MOGUL!

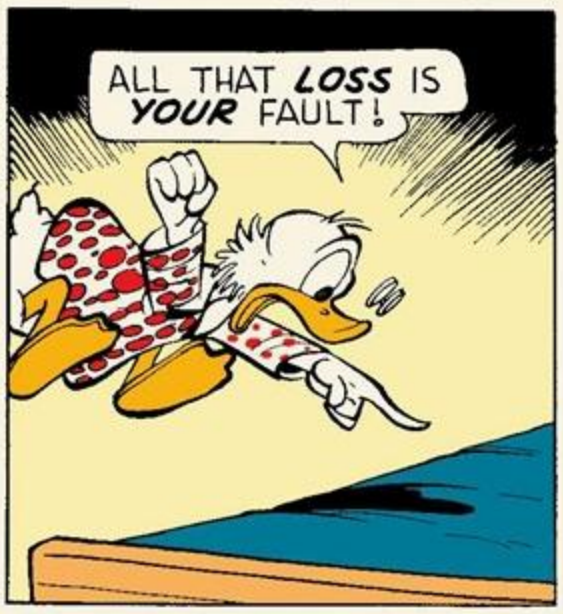
YOUR MANY INTERLOCKING *SPRINGS* MAGNIFIED THE *CLUMPING VIBRATION* OF YOUR MONEY-TAMPING MACHINE!

JUST THE REGULAR NOISE OF MY NIGHT SHIFT!..IS MY FACE RED!

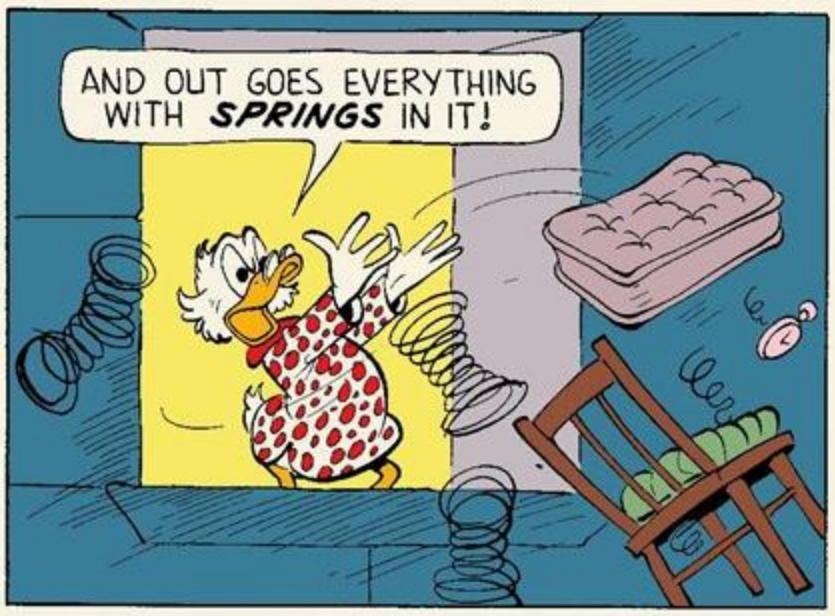
CLUMP CLUMP

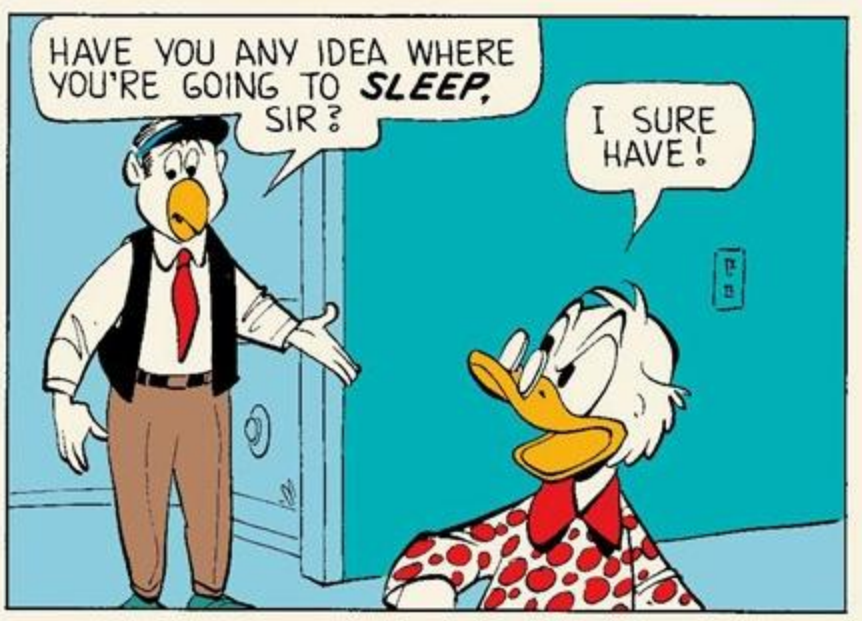

AHEM! MY BILL FOR SERVICES RENDERED!
WAK! YOU SURE THAT ISN'T THE BILL FOR THE BRUTOPIAN WAR DEBT?


HIS FAT FEE PLUS MY DAMAGED ART OBJECTS HAS WALLOPED MY WALLET!

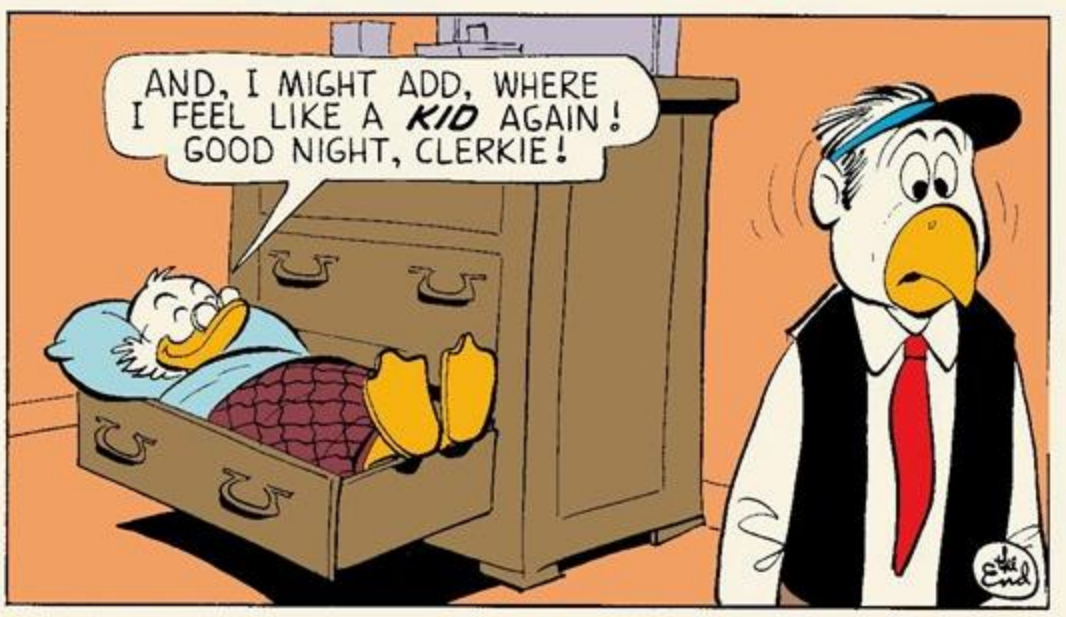

ALL THAT LOSS IS YOUR FAULT!


OUT YOU GO, YOU MONEY-COSTING MONSTER, YOU KING-SIZED BEDACHE— I MEAN, HEADACHE!


AND OUT GOES EVERYTHING WITH SPRINGS IN IT!

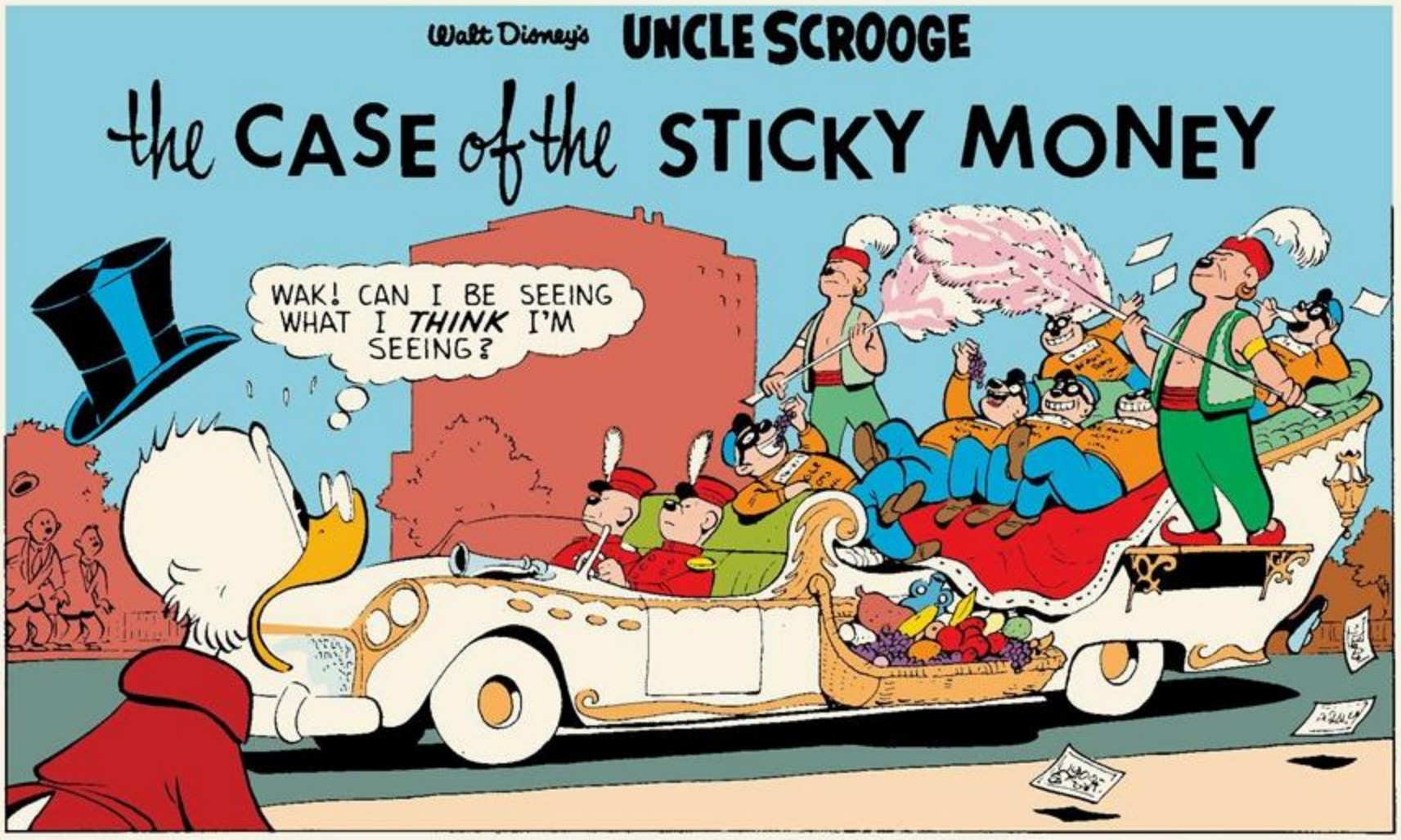

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP, SIR?
I SURE HAVE!

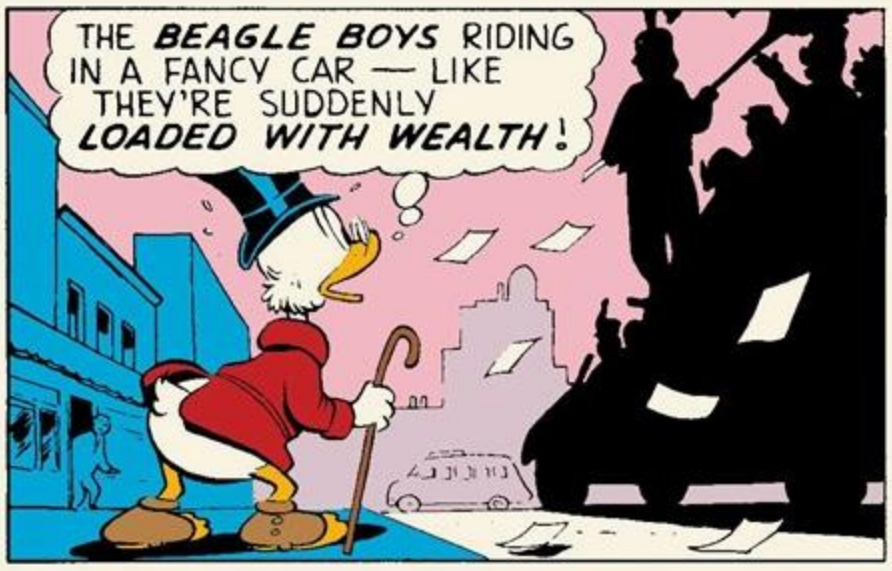

I'VE PICKED OUT A SPOT WHERE I KNOW NOTHING WILL UPSET ME!
MY WORD!

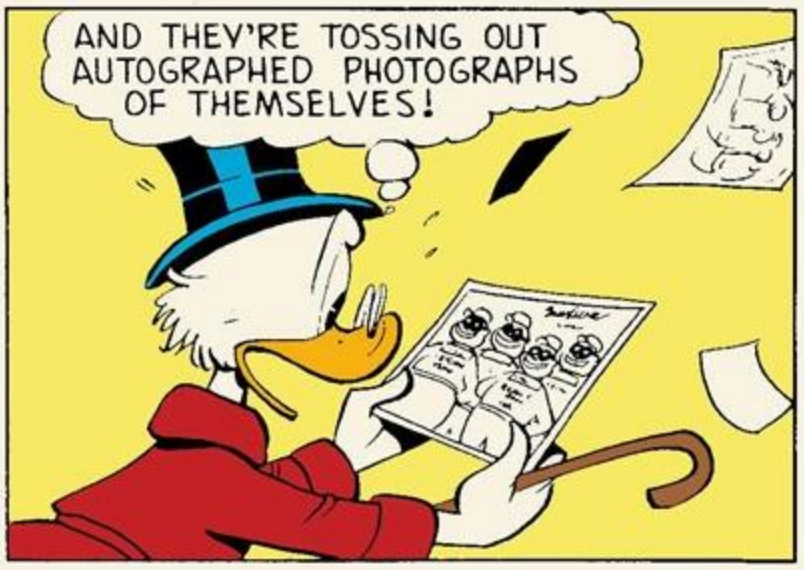

AND, I MIGHT ADD, WHERE I FEEL LIKE A KID AGAIN! GOOD NIGHT, CLERKIE!
The End

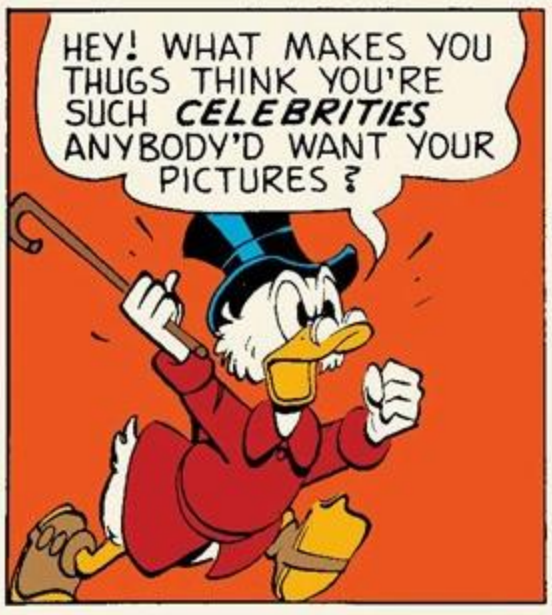
Walt Disney's UNCLE SCROOGE

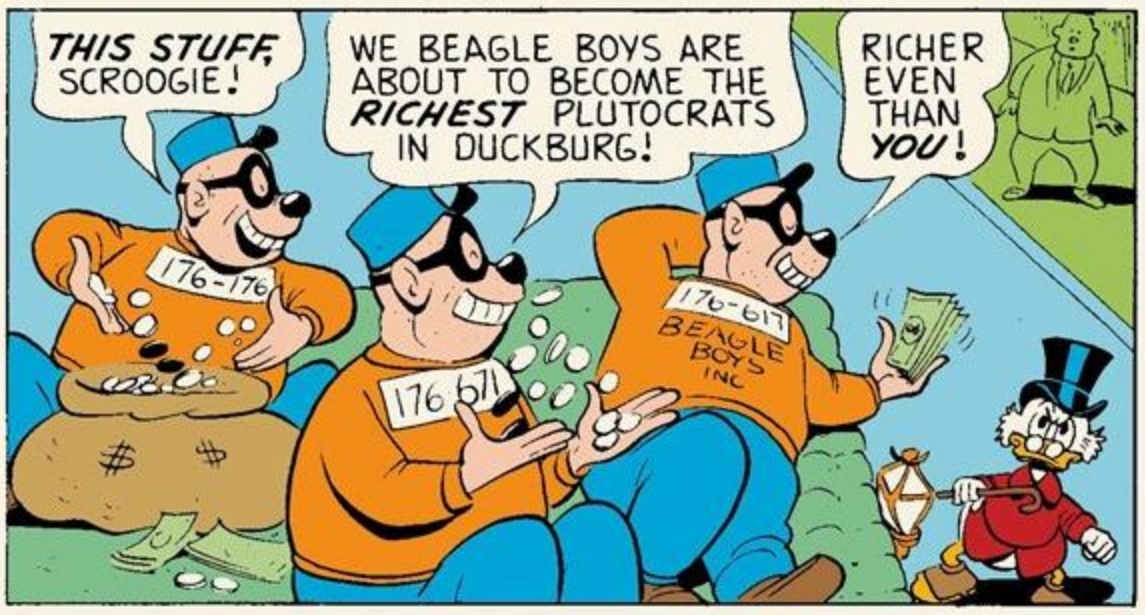
the CASE of the STICKY MONEY



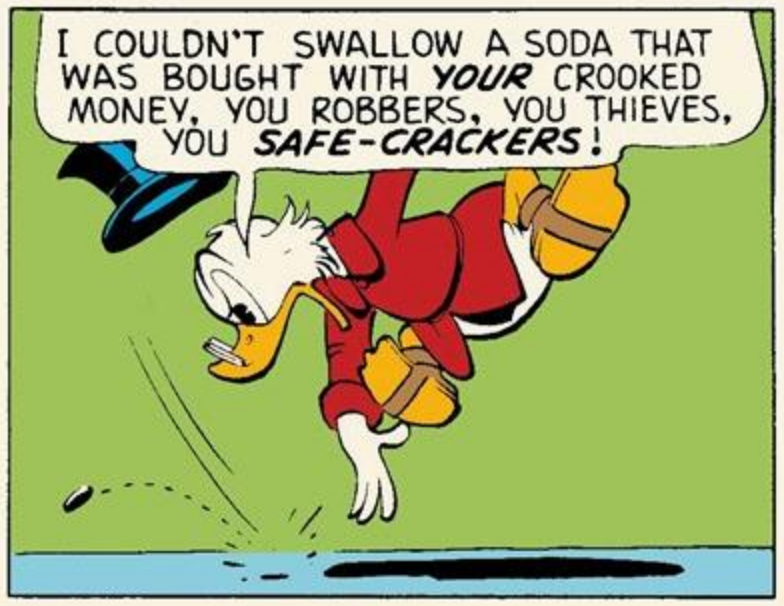


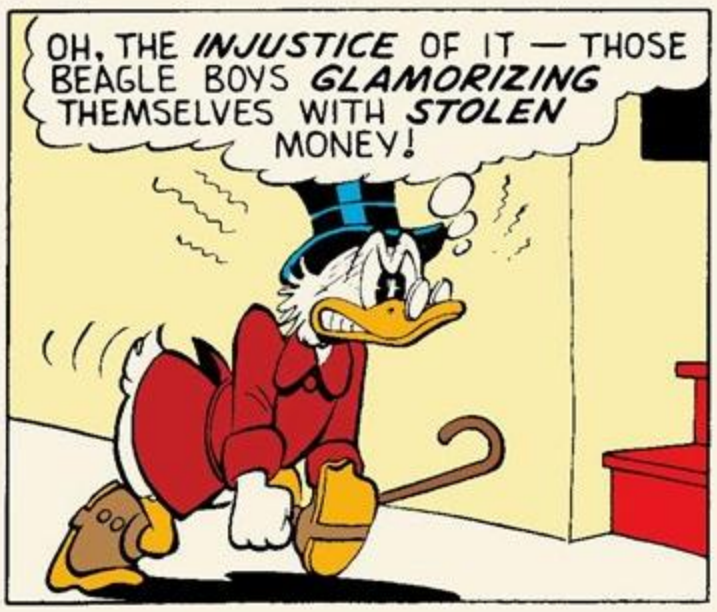


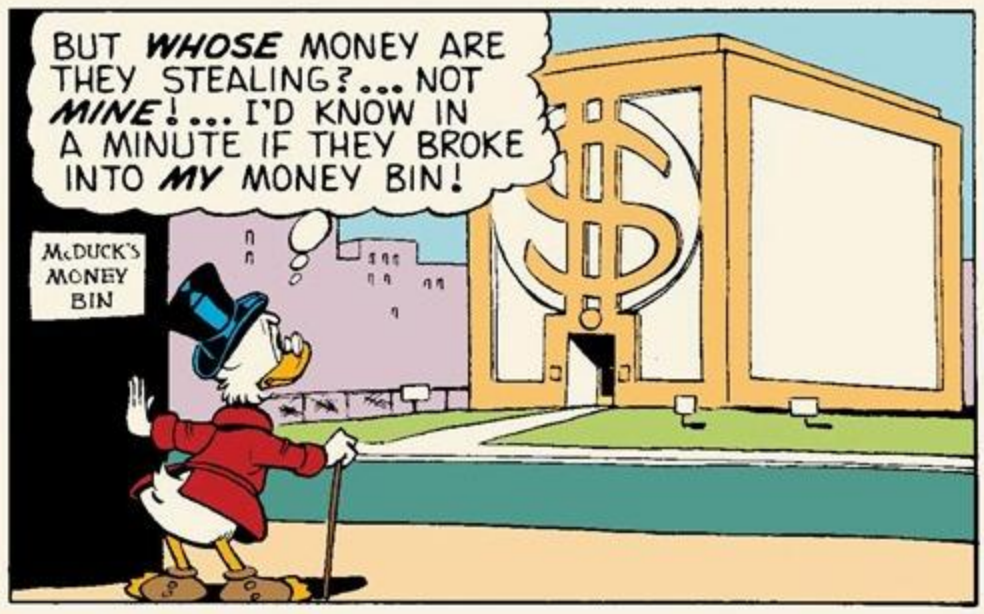




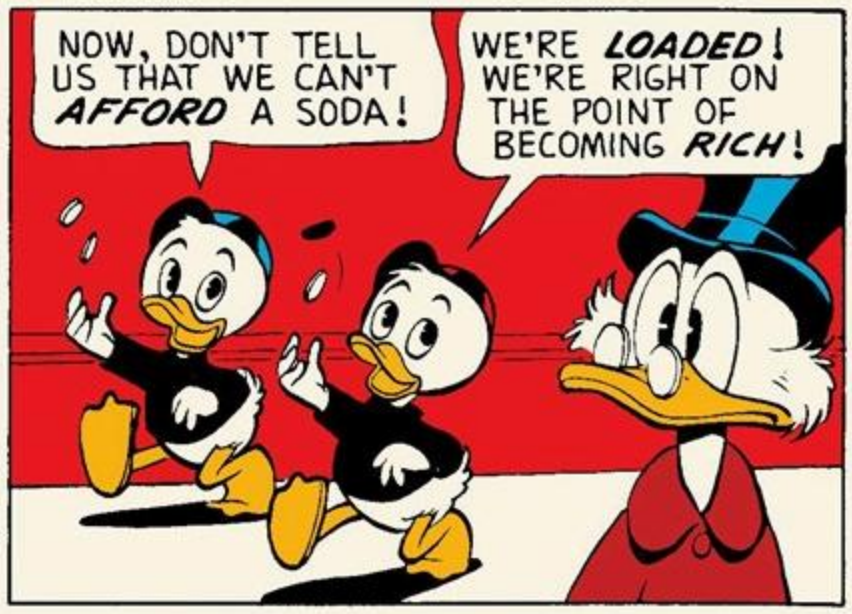

HERE! HAVE A QUARTER, SCROOGIE! GO BUY YOURSELF A SODA!
176-617
BEAGLE BOYS INC


I COULDN'T SWALLOW A SODA THAT WAS BOUGHT WITH *YOUR* CROOKED MONEY, YOU ROBBERS, YOU THIEVES, YOU *SAFE-CRACKERS*!


OH, THE *INJUSTICE* OF IT — THOSE BEAGLE BOYS *GLAMORIZING* THEMSELVES WITH *STOLEN* MONEY!

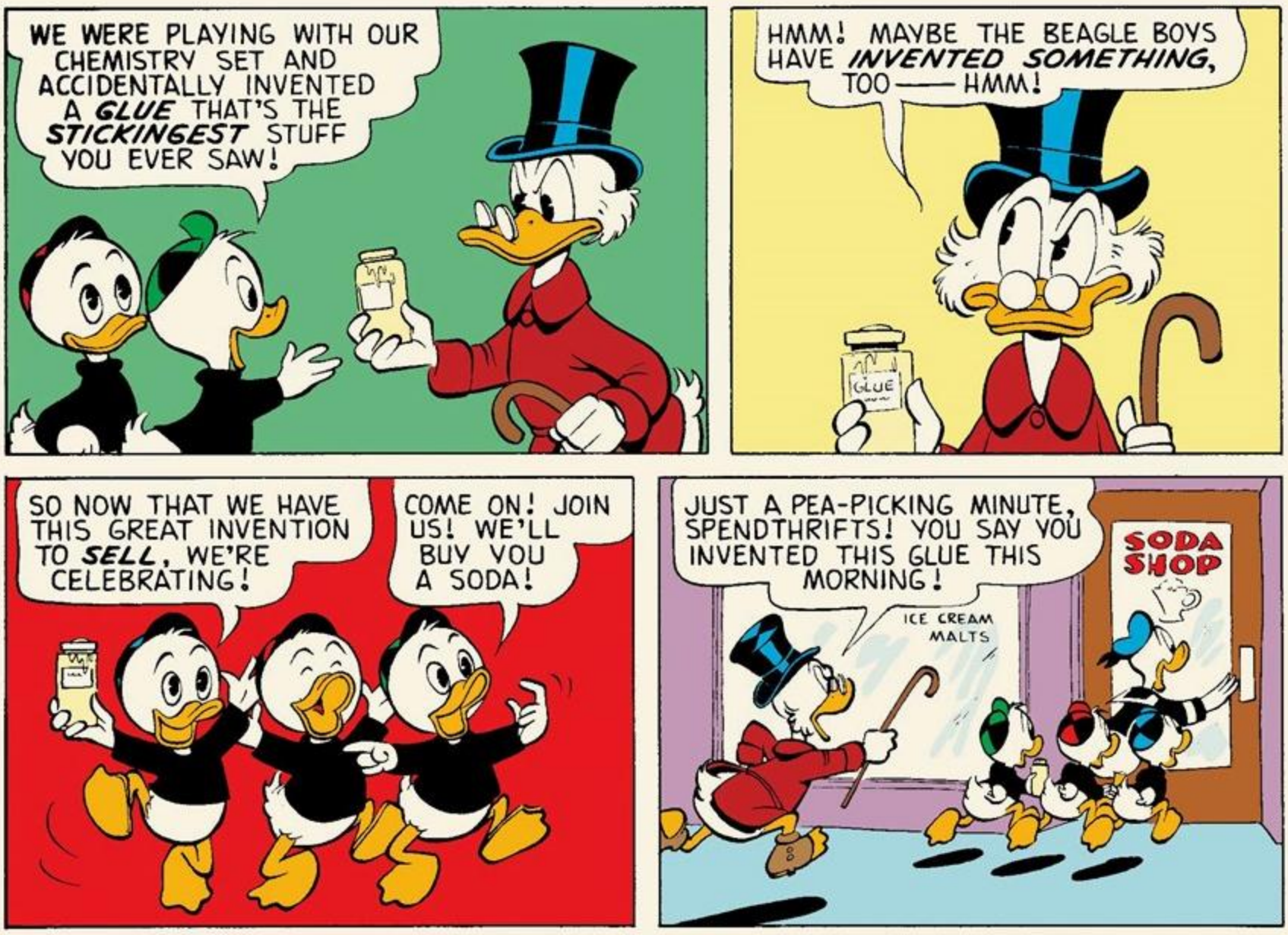

BUT *WHOSE* MONEY ARE THEY STEALING?... NOT *MINE*!... I'D KNOW IN A MINUTE IF THEY BROKE INTO *MY* MONEY BIN!
McDUCK'S MONEY BIN

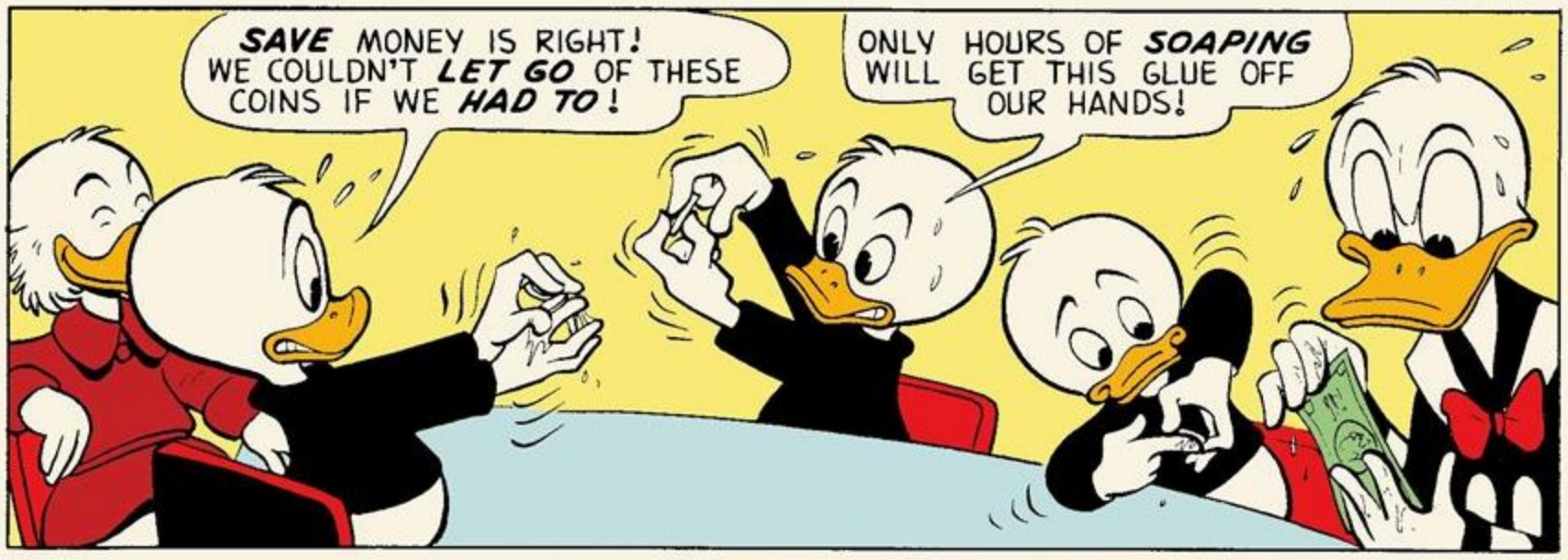

HI, UNCLE SCROOGE! CAN WE TAKE YOU TO A JERKERY AND BUY YOU A SODA?
HUH?

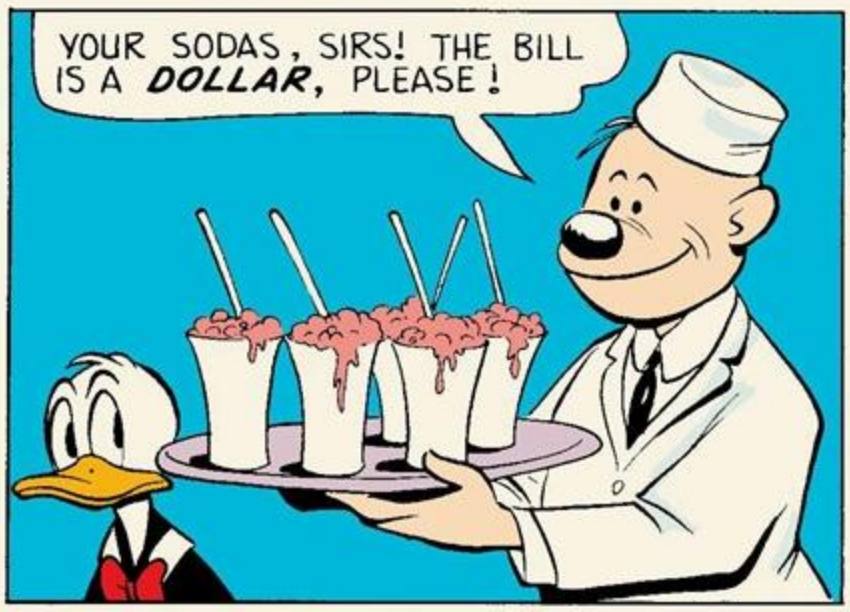

NOW, DON'T TELL US THAT WE CAN'T *AFFORD* A SODA!
WE'RE *LOADED*! WE'RE RIGHT ON THE POINT OF BECOMING *RICH*!


HOLD IT! WHAT'S *MAKING* ALL THESE NEWLY RICH — SOMETHING I HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT?

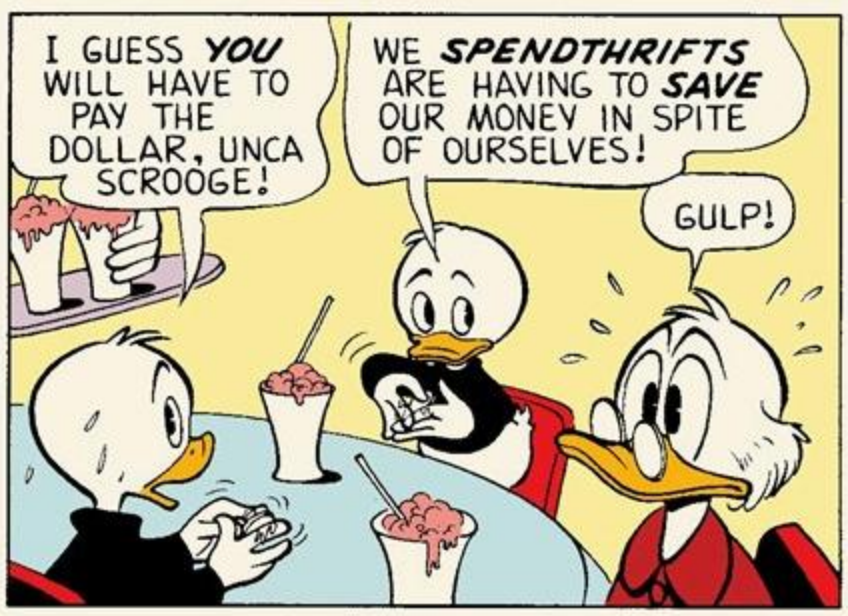

MOST LIKELY! IT'S JUST THAT WE KIDS MADE A GREAT *DISCOVERY* THIS MORNING!

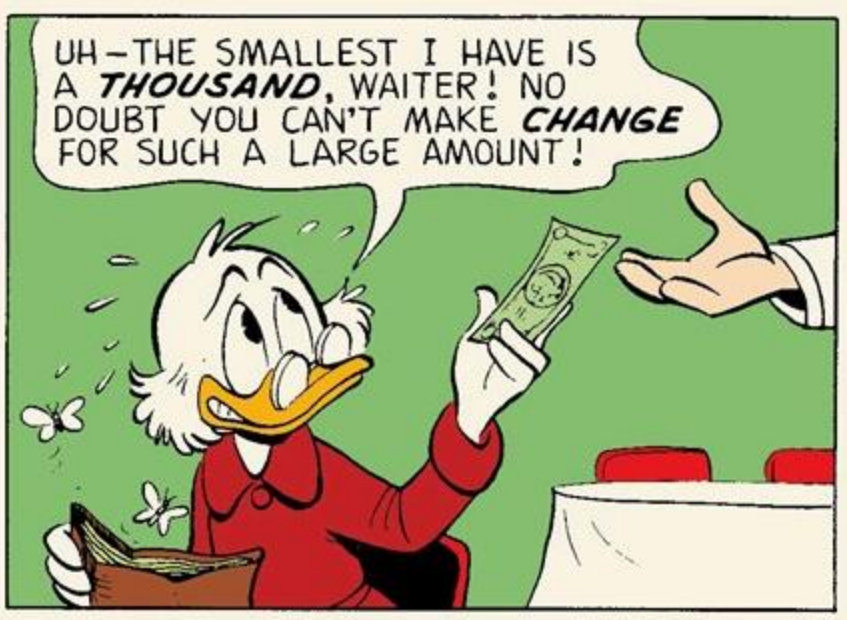

WE WERE PLAYING WITH OUR CHEMISTRY SET AND ACCIDENTALLY INVENTED A GLUE THAT'S THE STICKINGEST STUFF YOU EVER SAW!
HMM! MAYBE THE BEAGLE BOYS HAVE INVENTED SOMETHING, TOO — HMM!
GLUE
SO NOW THAT WE HAVE THIS GREAT INVENTION TO SELL, WE'RE CELEBRATING!
COME ON! JOIN US! WE'LL BUY YOU A SODA!
JUST A PEA-PICKING MINUTE, SPENDTHRIFTS! YOU SAY YOU INVENTED THIS GLUE THIS MORNING!
SODA SHOP
ICE CREAM MALTS
AND ALREADY YOU'RE SPENDING YOUR FORTUNE BEFORE YOU EVEN KNOW IF YOUR GLUE WILL SELL!
DON'T BE A
TERESA + MR. IN-BETWEEN
Joe + Carol
BRAD + LIL
FIVE TALL, COOL CHERRY SODAS, WAITER!
SLOBBY + BLOBBY
MALTS — 20
FLOATS — 20
FIZZES — 20
SODAS — 20
SUNDAES — 40
SPLITS — 50
NO CREDIT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE CURE FOR WASTRELS LIKE YOU — SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE MONEY STICK TO YOUR FINGERS!
NOW IF YOUR GLUE'S ANY GOOD, YOU SQUANDERERS WILL RAPIDLY SAVE ENOUGH GILT TO START A GLUE FACTORY OF YOUR OWN!
DON + MAGGIE
JACKIE + PATTIE

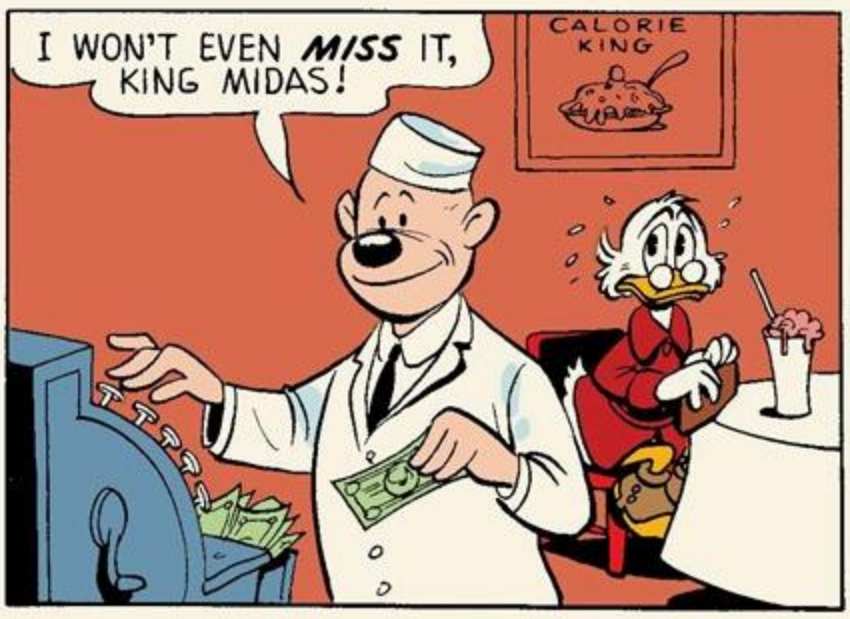

SAVE MONEY IS RIGHT! WE COULDN'T LET GO OF THESE COINS IF WE HAD TO!
ONLY HOURS OF SOAPING WILL GET THIS GLUE OFF OUR HANDS!


YOUR SODAS, SIRS! THE BILL IS A DOLLAR, PLEASE!

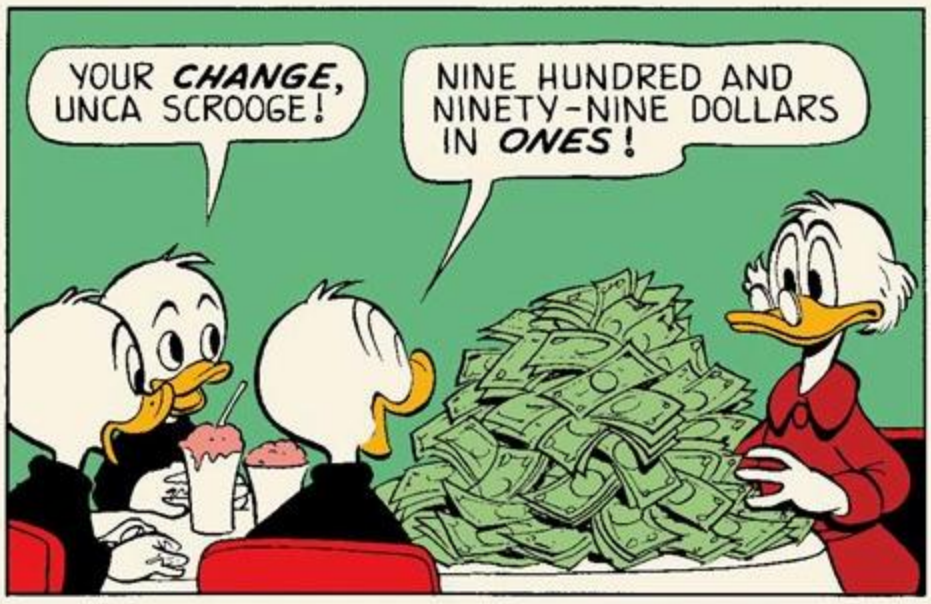

I'VE GOT A DOLLAR HERE, BUT I CAN'T GET IT OFF MY FINGERS!
ME, TOO!

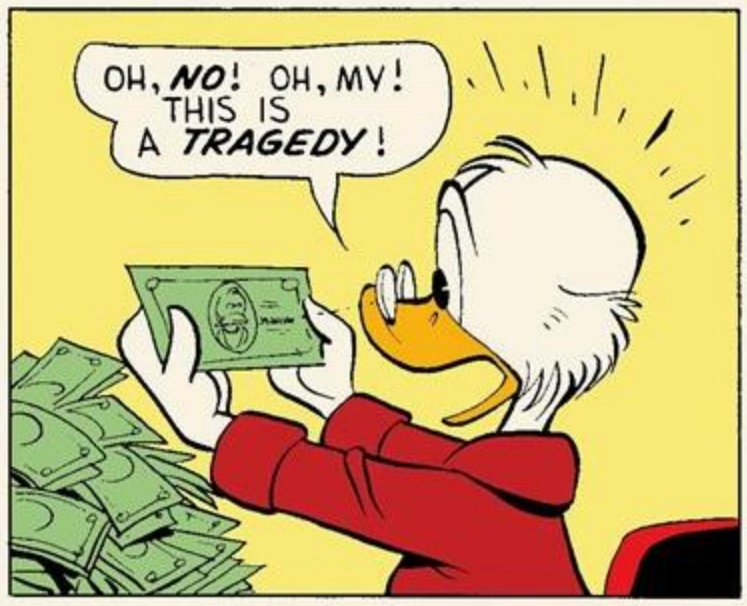

I GUESS YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY THE DOLLAR, UNCA SCROOGE!
WE SPENDTHRIFTS ARE HAVING TO SAVE OUR MONEY IN SPITE OF OURSELVES!
GULP!


UH—THE SMALLEST I HAVE IS A THOUSAND, WAITER! NO DOUBT YOU CAN'T MAKE CHANGE FOR SUCH A LARGE AMOUNT!

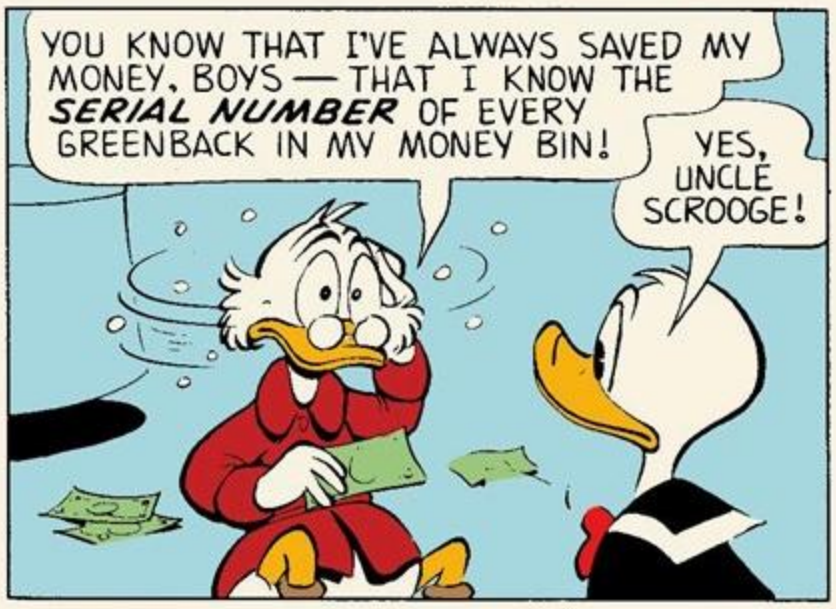

I WON'T EVEN MISS IT, KING MIDAS!
CALORIE KING

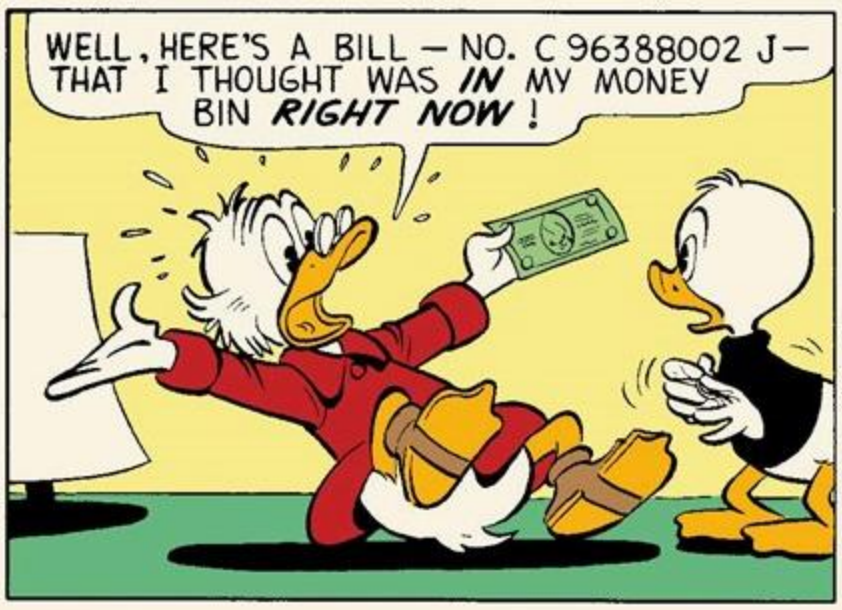

I HAD SOME CUSTOMERS IN HERE TODAY WHO WERE REAL BIG SPENDERS!

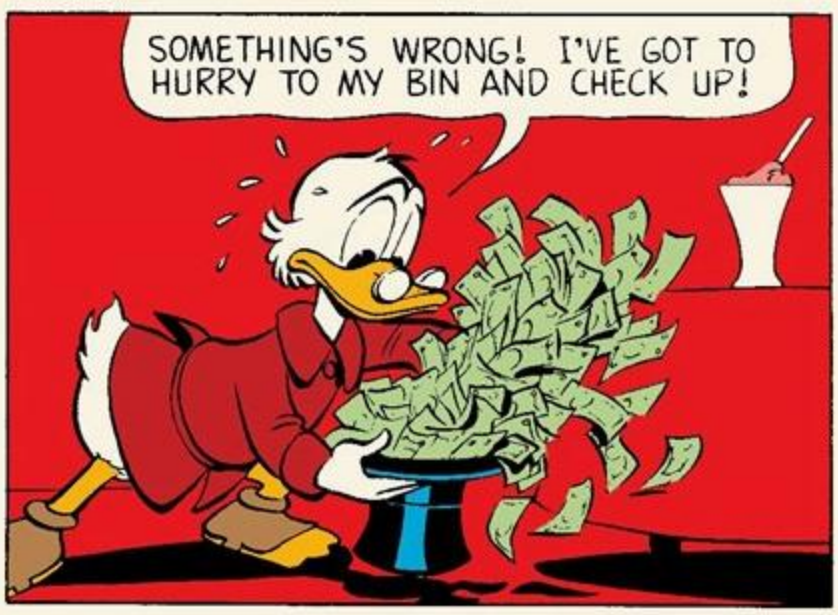

YOUR *CHANGE*, UNCA SCROOGE!
NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE DOLLARS IN *ONES*!

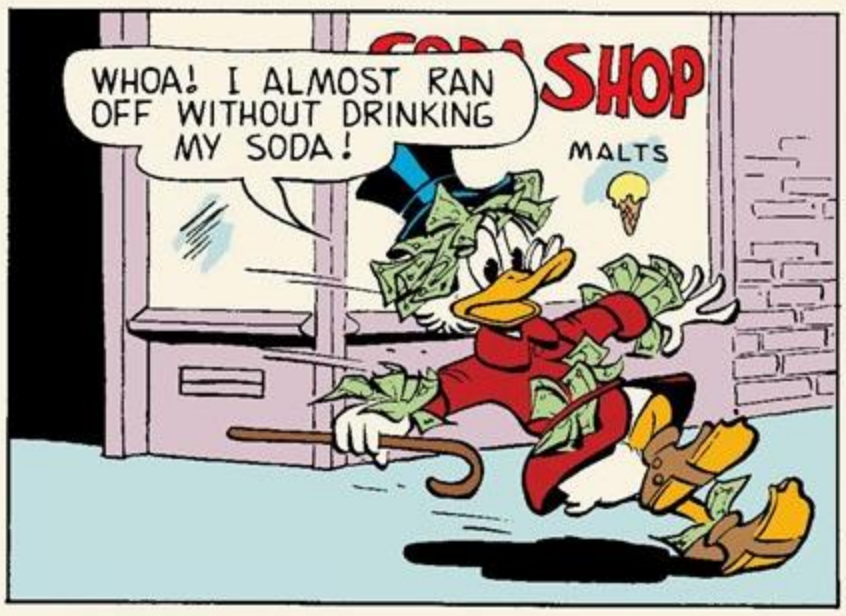

OH, *NO*! OH, MY! THIS IS A *TRAGEDY*!


WHAT'S A TRAGEDY, UNCLE SCROOGE?
DOES *SPENDING* A DOLLAR ALWAYS AFFECT YOU THIS WAY?


YOU KNOW THAT I'VE ALWAYS SAVED MY MONEY, BOYS — THAT I KNOW THE *SERIAL NUMBER* OF EVERY GREENBACK IN MY MONEY BIN!
YES, UNCLE SCROOGE!

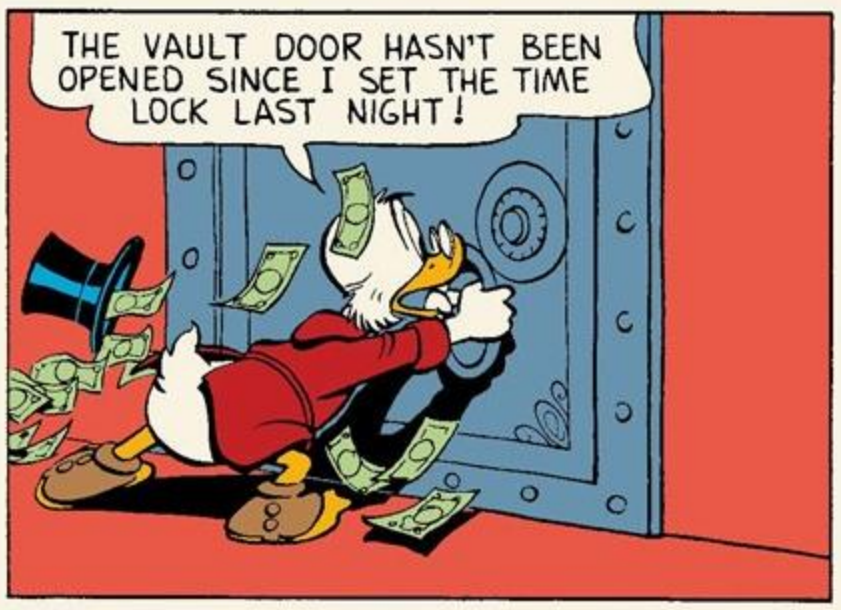

WELL, HERE'S A BILL — NO. C 96388002 J — THAT I THOUGHT WAS *IN* MY MONEY BIN *RIGHT NOW*!


SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'VE GOT TO HURRY TO MY BIN AND CHECK UP!

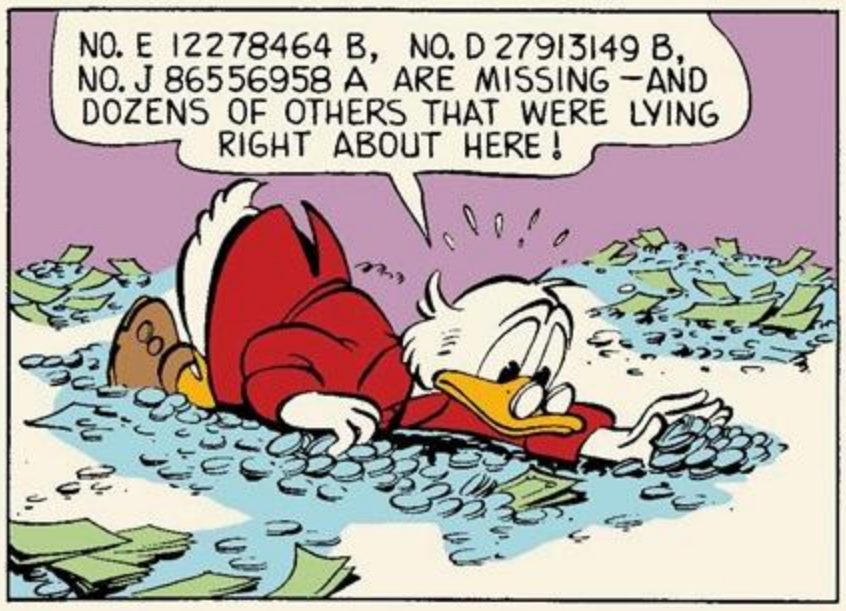

WHOA! I ALMOST RAN OFF WITHOUT DRINKING MY SODA!
SHOP
MALTS


IT WASN'T *WASTED*, UNCA SCROOGE! *WE* KIDS SAW THAT IT GOT DRUNK!

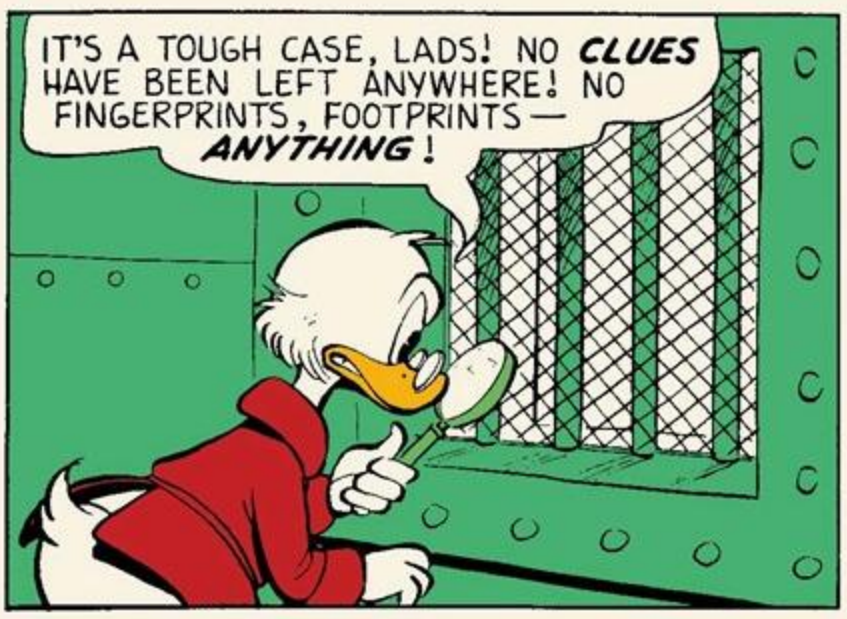

THAT BILL, C 96388002 J, SHOULD HAVE BEEN RIGHT ON TOP OF THE TWO MILLION DOLLARS I TOSSED INTO THE BIN YESTERDAY!
McDUCK'S MONEY BIN


THE VAULT DOOR HASN'T BEEN OPENED SINCE I SET THE TIME LOCK LAST NIGHT!

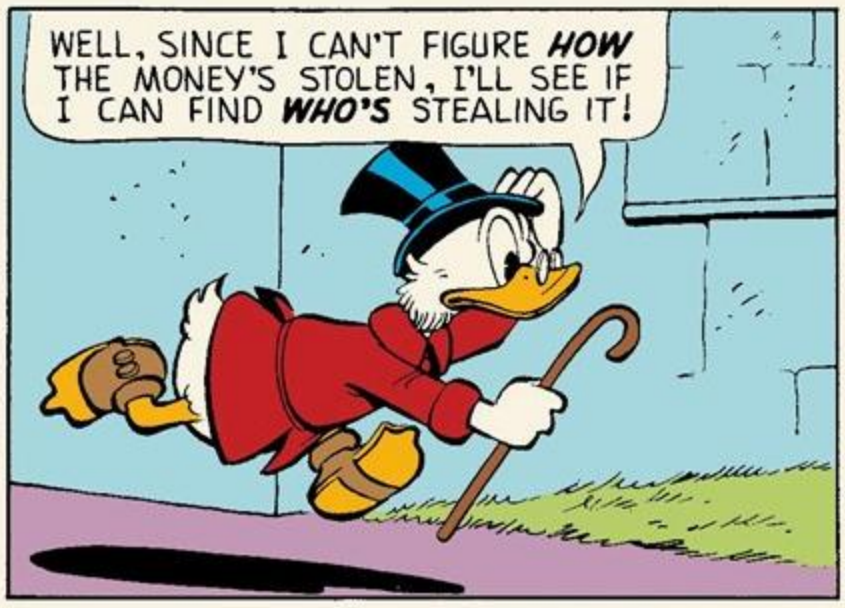

NOBODY COULD HAVE GOTTEN INTO THIS BIN! THAT'S PLAIN!
BUT SOME BILLS GOT OUT! THAT'S EVEN PLAINER!

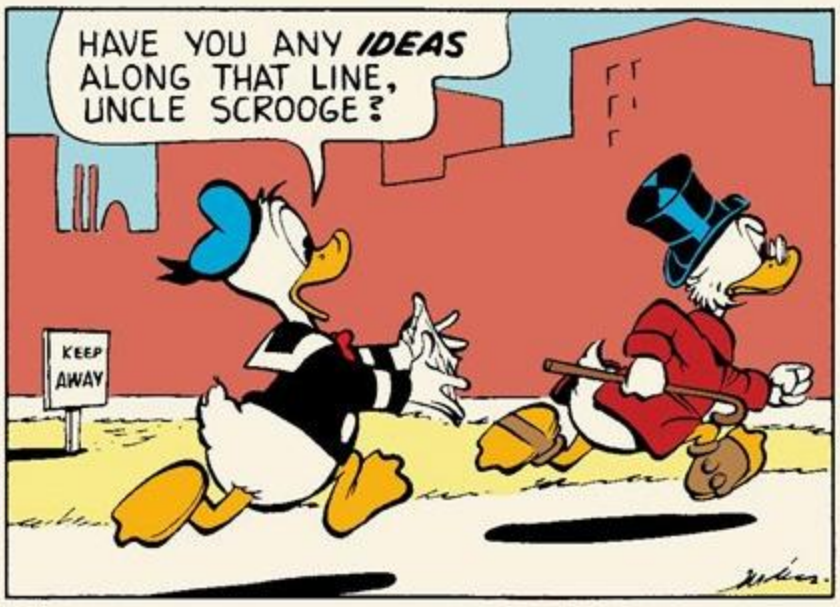

NO. E 12278464 B, NO. D 27913149 B, NO. J 86556958 A ARE MISSING—AND DOZENS OF OTHERS THAT WERE LYING RIGHT ABOUT HERE!

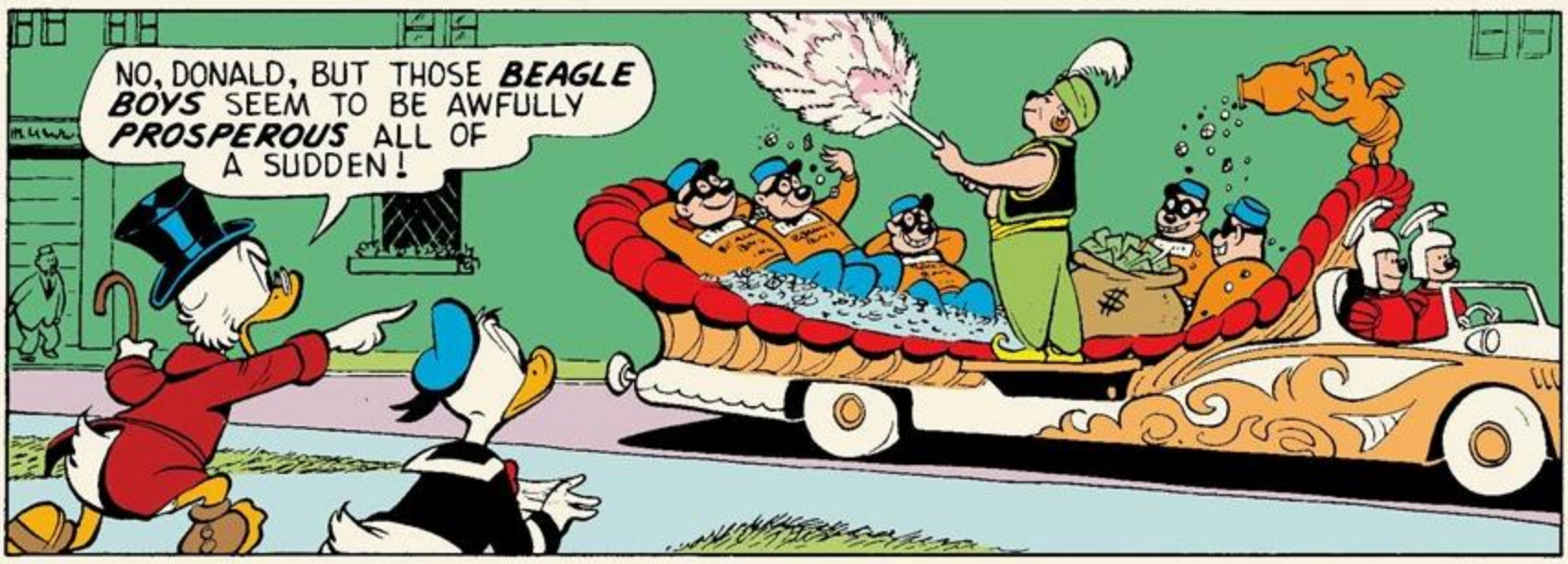

IF WE CAN EVER WASH THIS GLUE OFF OUR HANDS, WE'LL HELP YOU WITH YOUR DETECTIVE WORK, UNCA SCROOGE!

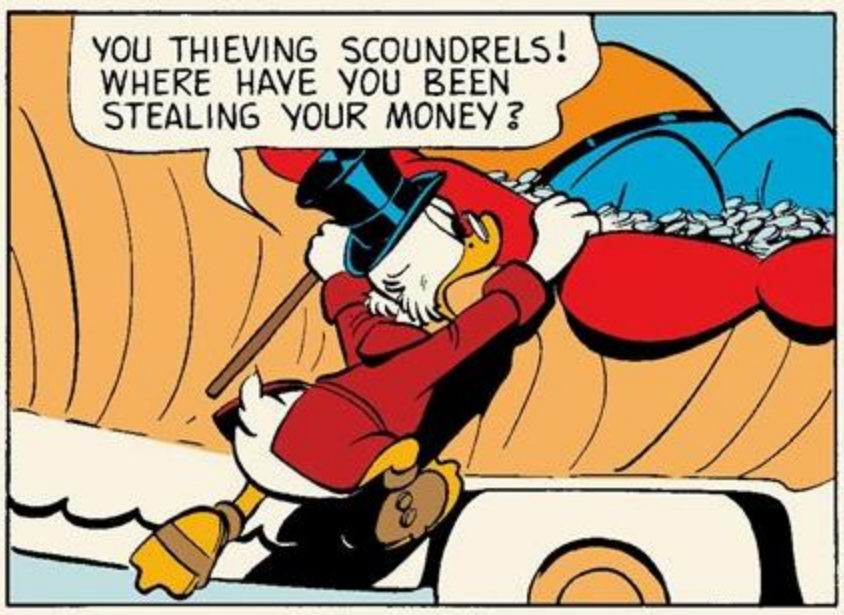

IT'S A TOUGH CASE, LADS! NO CLUES HAVE BEEN LEFT ANYWHERE! NO FINGERPRINTS, FOOTPRINTS— ANYTHING!

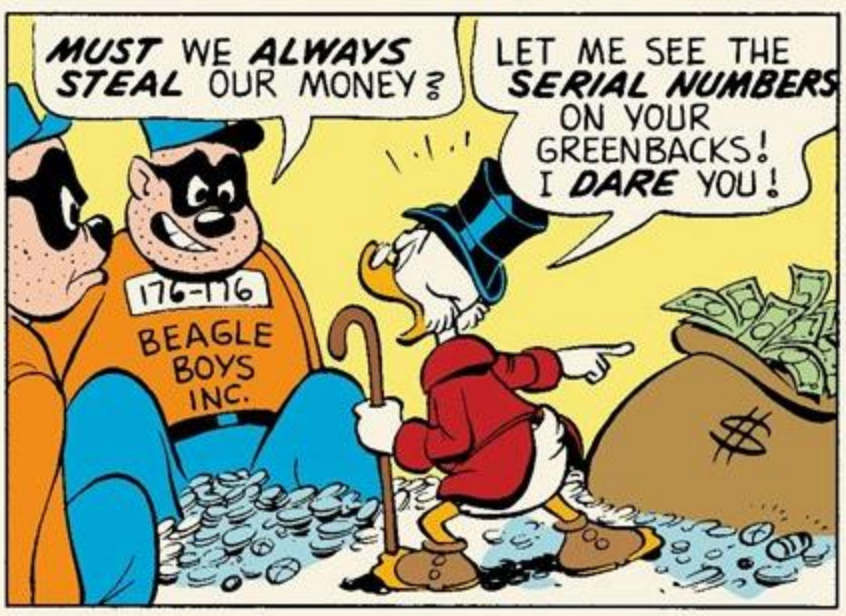

AND NOBODY CAN APPROACH THESE BARRED WINDOWS! THE GROUND BELOW IS SOWED WITH LAND MINES!


WELL, SINCE I CAN'T FIGURE HOW THE MONEY'S STOLEN, I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND WHO'S STEALING IT!


HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS ALONG THAT LINE, UNCLE SCROOGE?
KEEP AWAY

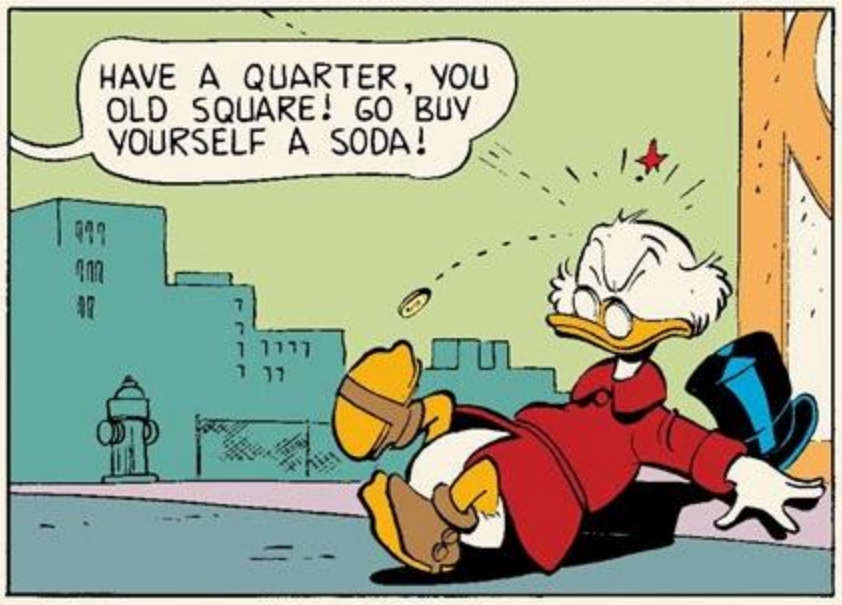

NO, DONALD, BUT THOSE BEAGLE BOYS SEEM TO BE AWFULLY PROSPEROUS ALL OF A SUDDEN!

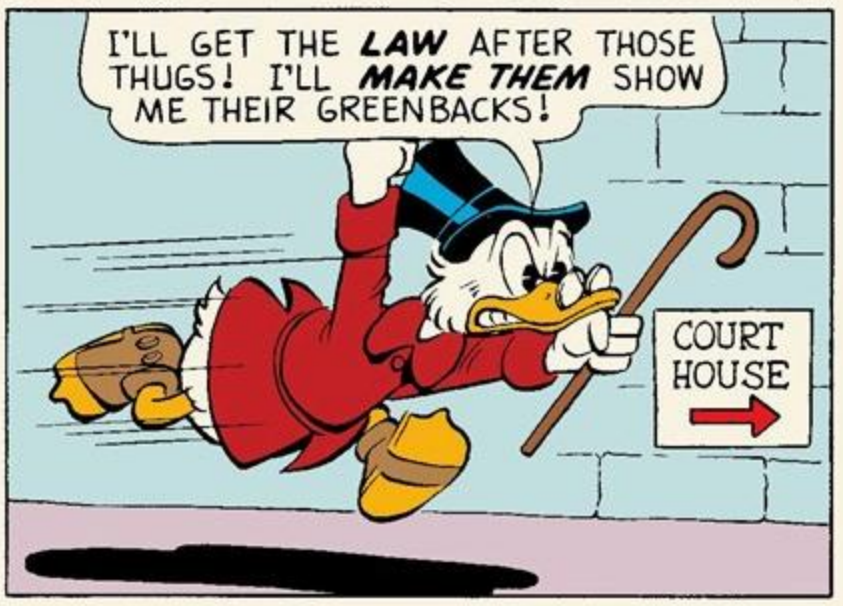

YOU THIEVING SCOUNDRELS! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN STEALING YOUR MONEY?


MUST WE ALWAYS STEAL OUR MONEY?
LET ME SEE THE SERIAL NUMBERS ON YOUR GREENBACKS! I DARE YOU!
176-116
BEAGLE BOYS INC.

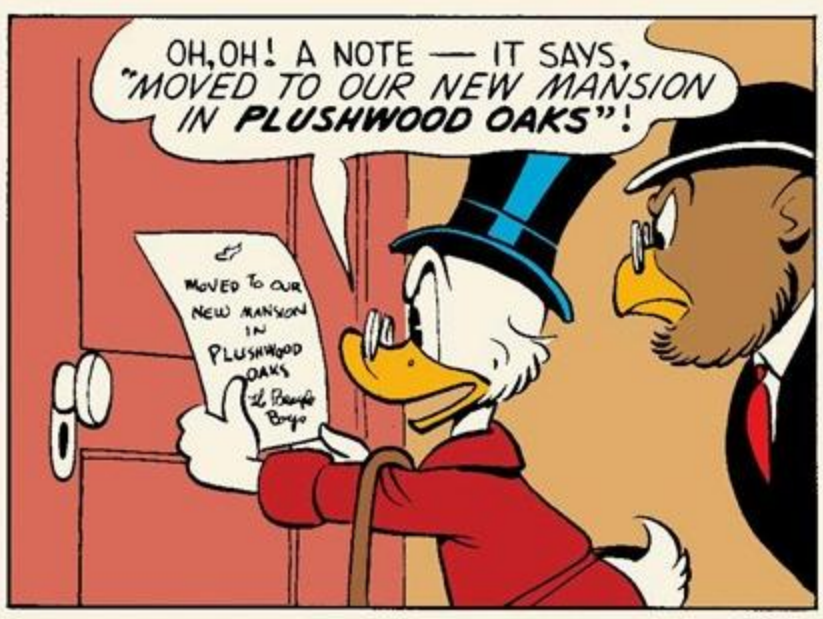

THIS RUFFIAN INSULTS US, BEN ALI! SWEEP HIM OFF OUR PREMISES!
176-671
BEAGLE BOYS

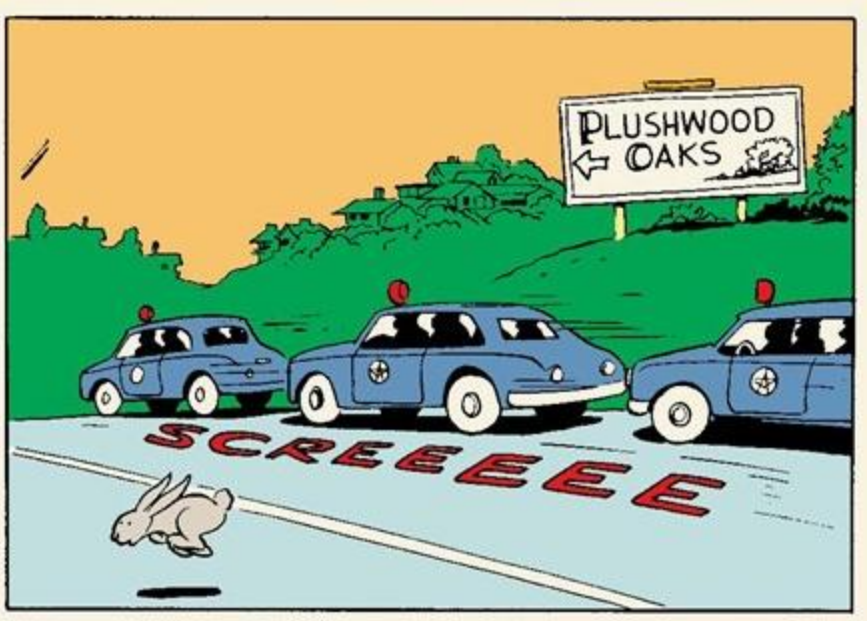

SPLOK

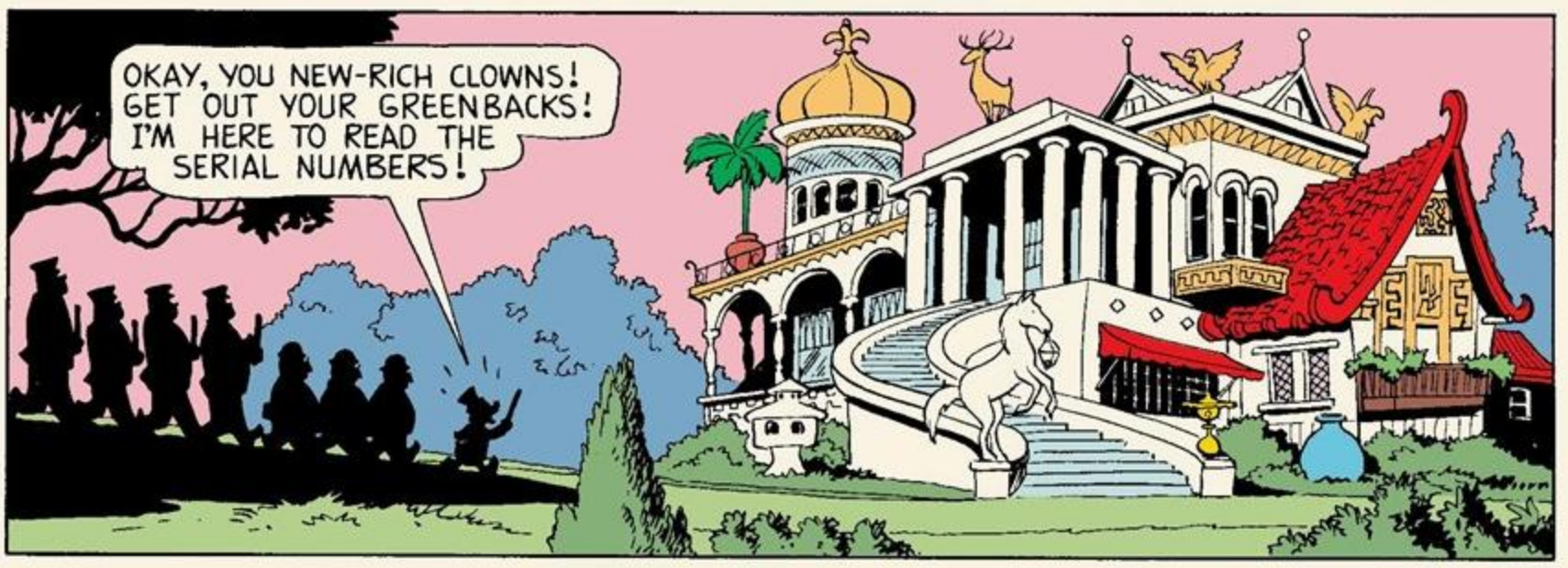

HAVE A QUARTER, YOU OLD SQUARE! GO BUY YOURSELF A SODA!


I'LL GET THE LAW AFTER THOSE THUGS! I'LL MAKE THEM SHOW ME THEIR GREENBACKS!
COURT HOUSE

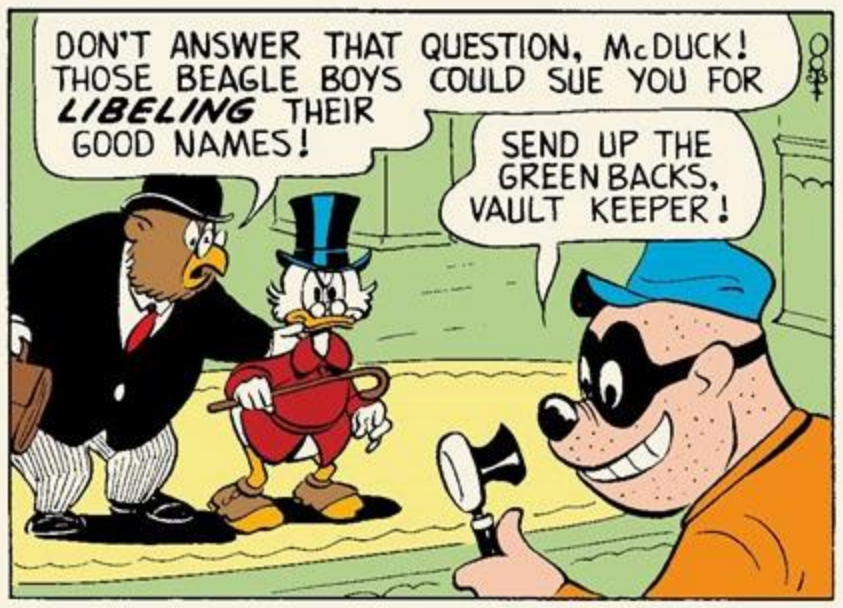

SOON!
HERE'S THE BEAGLE BOYS' HANGOUT, OFFICERS!
WE'LL SERVE THEM WITH SEARCH WARRANTS, INJUNCTIONS OF DUE PROCESS, AND WRITS OF HABEAS CORPUS!
SCOWL
GROWL
AND OWL
ATTORNEYS

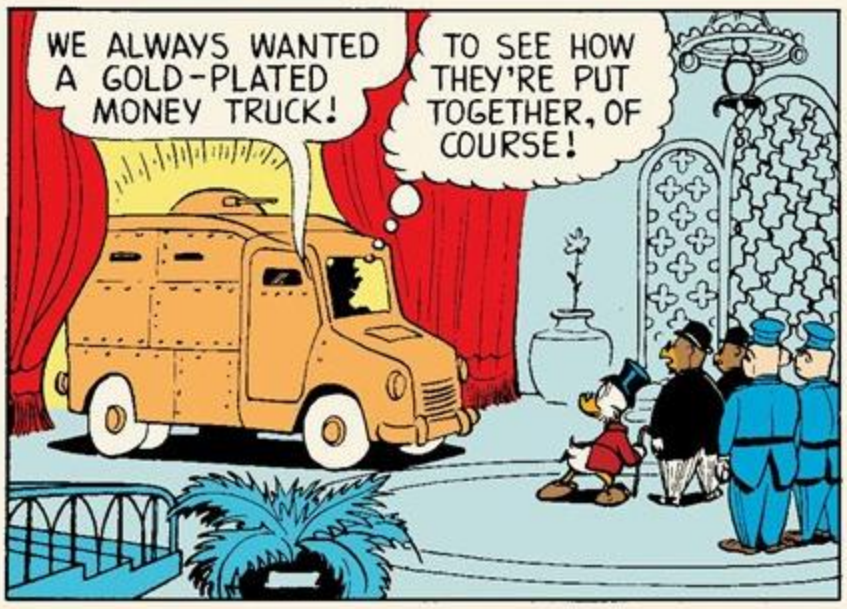

OH, OH! A NOTE — IT SAYS, "MOVED TO OUR NEW MANSION IN PLUSHWOOD OAKS"!
MOVED TO OUR NEW MANSION IN PLUSHWOOD OAKS
-the Beagle Boys


PLUSHWOOD OAKS
SCREEEEE

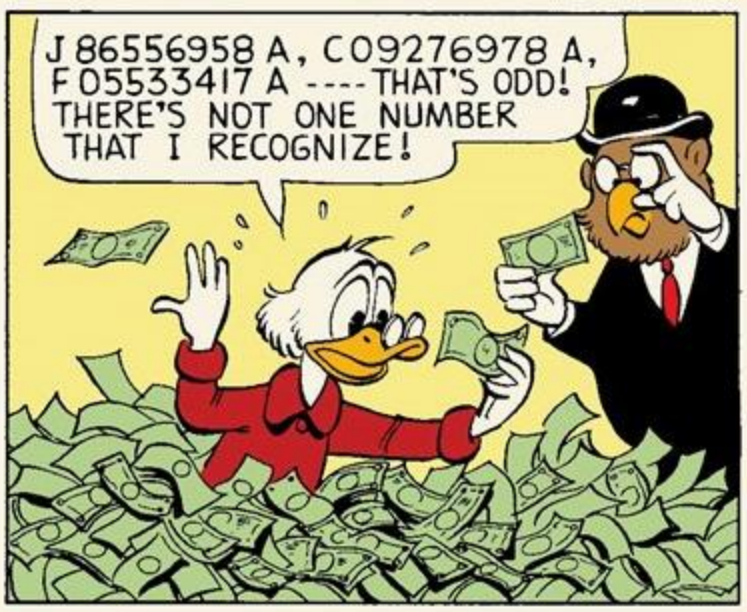

OKAY, YOU NEW-RICH CLOWNS! GET OUT YOUR GREENBACKS! I'M HERE TO READ THE SERIAL NUMBERS!

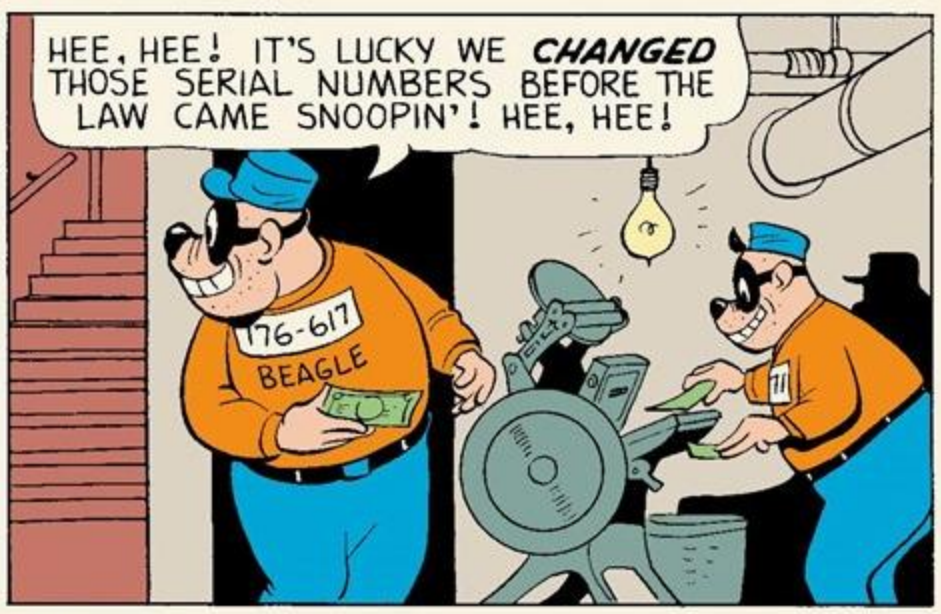

YOU WOULDN'T BE MEANING *OUR* MONEY CAME FROM *YOUR BIN*, WOULD YOU, SCROOGE?
BEAGLE BOYS INC.

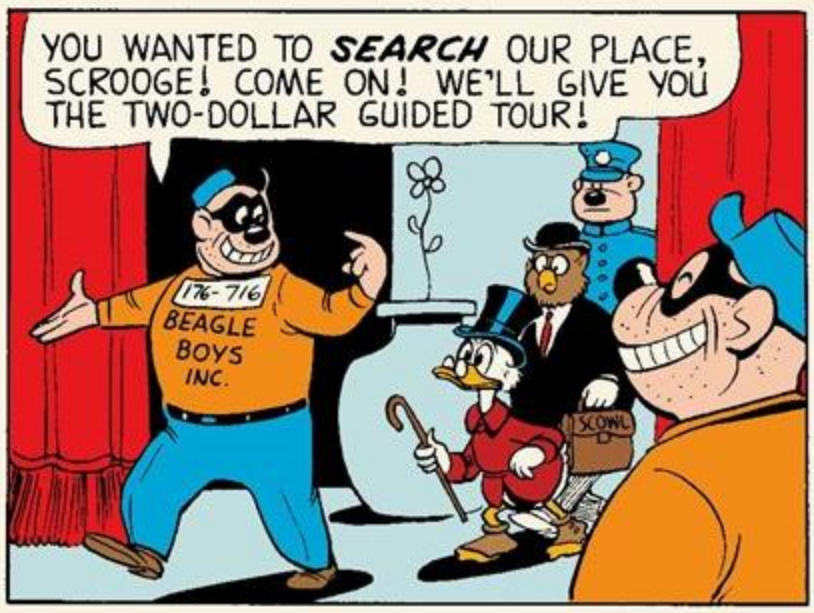

DON'T ANSWER THAT QUESTION, McDUCK! THOSE BEAGLE BOYS COULD SUE YOU FOR *LIBELING* THEIR GOOD NAMES!
SEND UP THE GREENBACKS, VAULT KEEPER!

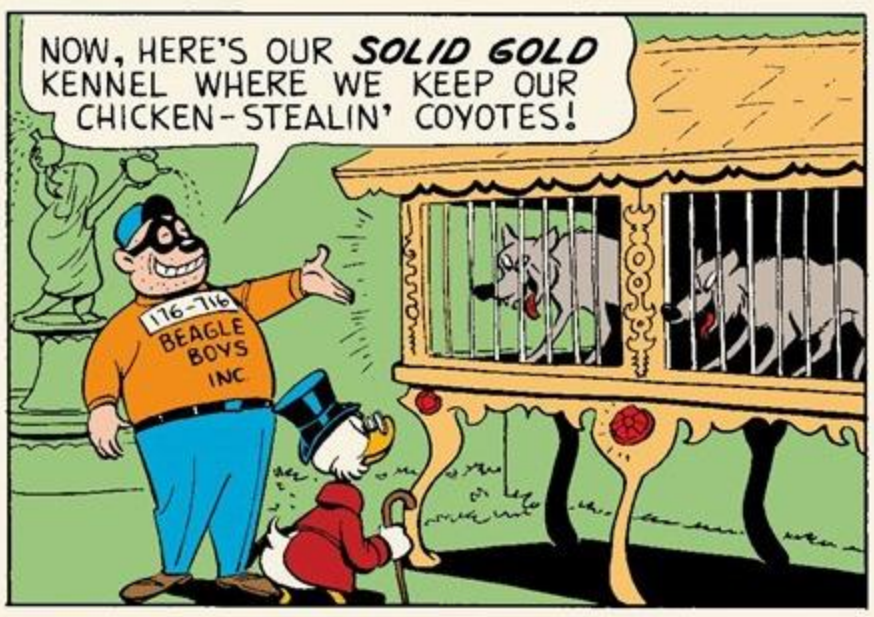

WE ALWAYS WANTED A GOLD-PLATED MONEY TRUCK!
TO SEE HOW THEY'RE PUT TOGETHER, OF COURSE!

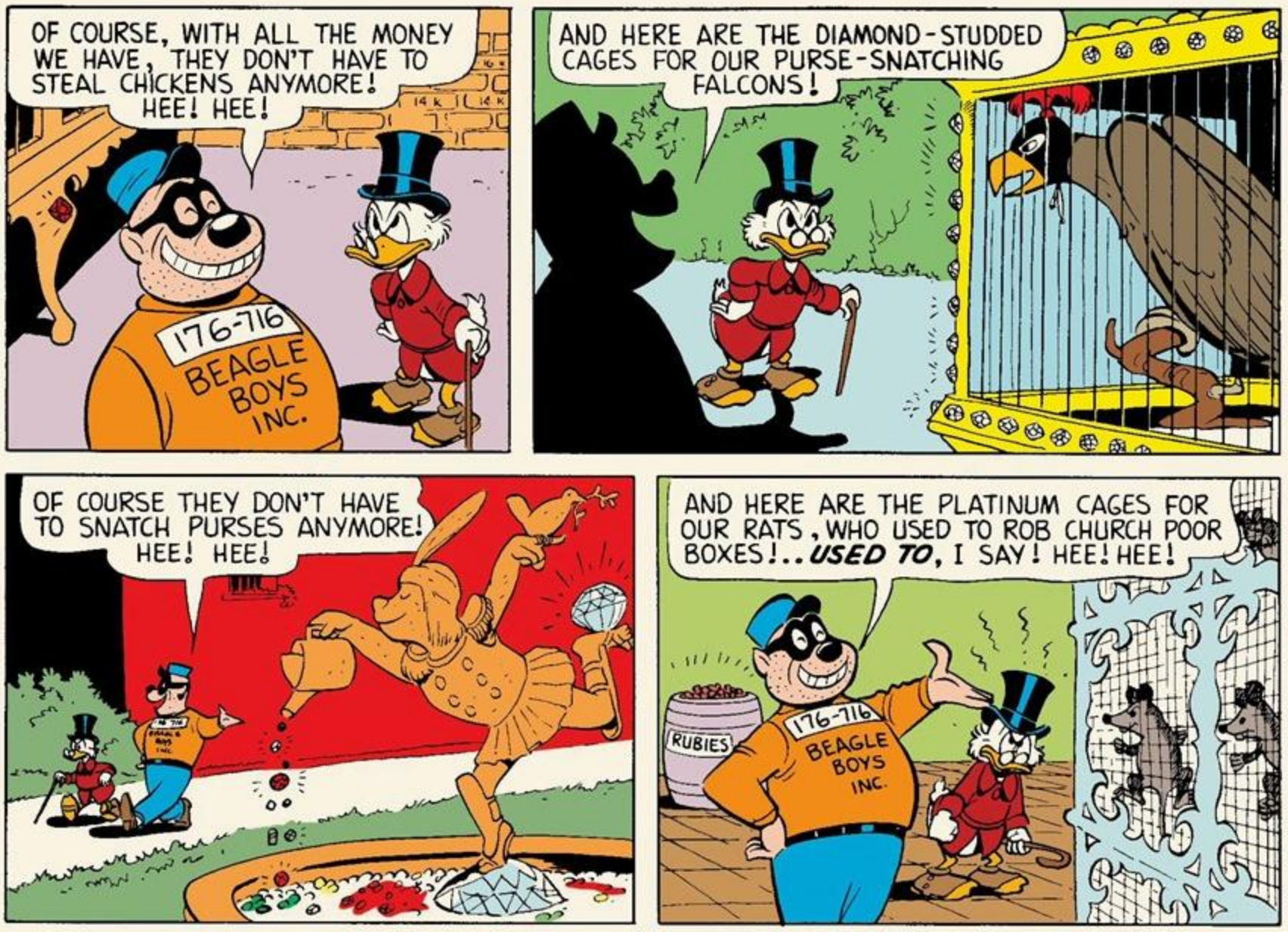

OKAY, McDUCK! HERE'S ALL OUR LOOSE CHANGE!
SPLOOK


J 86556958 A, C09276978 A, F 05533417 A ---- THAT'S ODD! THERE'S NOT ONE NUMBER THAT I RECOGNIZE!


HEE, HEE! IT'S LUCKY WE *CHANGED* THOSE SERIAL NUMBERS BEFORE THE LAW CAME SNOOPIN'! HEE, HEE!
176-617 BEAGLE


YOU WANTED TO *SEARCH* OUR PLACE, SCROOGE! COME ON! WE'LL GIVE YOU THE TWO-DOLLAR GUIDED TOUR!
176-716 BEAGLE BOYS INC.


NOW, HERE'S OUR *SOLID GOLD* KENNEL WHERE WE KEEP OUR CHICKEN-STEALIN' COYOTES!
176-716 BEAGLE BOYS INC.


OF COURSE, WITH ALL THE MONEY WE HAVE, THEY DON'T HAVE TO STEAL CHICKENS ANYMORE! HEE! HEE!
176-716
BEAGLE BOYS INC.
AND HERE ARE THE DIAMOND-STUDDED CAGES FOR OUR PURSE-SNATCHING FALCONS!
OF COURSE THEY DON'T HAVE TO SNATCH PURSES ANYMORE! HEE! HEE!
AND HERE ARE THE PLATINUM CAGES FOR OUR RATS, WHO USED TO ROB CHURCH POOR BOXES!.. USED TO, I SAY! HEE! HEE!
RUBIES
176-716
BEAGLE BOYS INC.
ARE YOU SURE YOU BOYS HAVE CHANGED YOUR NAUGHTY WAYS?
OH, YES INDEED, OFFICER! WE HAVE PAROLE PAPERS TO PROVE WE'RE REHABILITATED!
LOOK! WE EVEN STAY CLEAN— IN TEN-DOLLAR-AN-OUNCE PERFUME!
176-617
SCANDAL No. 5
176-671
SUCH EXTRAVAGANCE! SUCH WASTE OF MONEY!
BY THE WAY, HOW DID YOU BEAGLE BOYS COME BY SO DOGGONED MUCH MONEY?
176-617
IT'S A SECRET, OFFICER! YOU SEE, WE SORT OF INVENTED SOMETHING!
176-617

AND HERE'S *ANOTHER* OF OUR INVENTIONS!

A SOLID SILVER *NUISANCE REMOVER*!

FOR BOOTING NOSY OLD MEDDLERS OFF OUR PLUSH PLANTATION!

POW

AND STAY OUT!

So-

I CAN'T FIND OUT A THING, LADS! I'M NOT EVEN SURE THE BEAGLE BOYS *ARE* THE THIEVES!

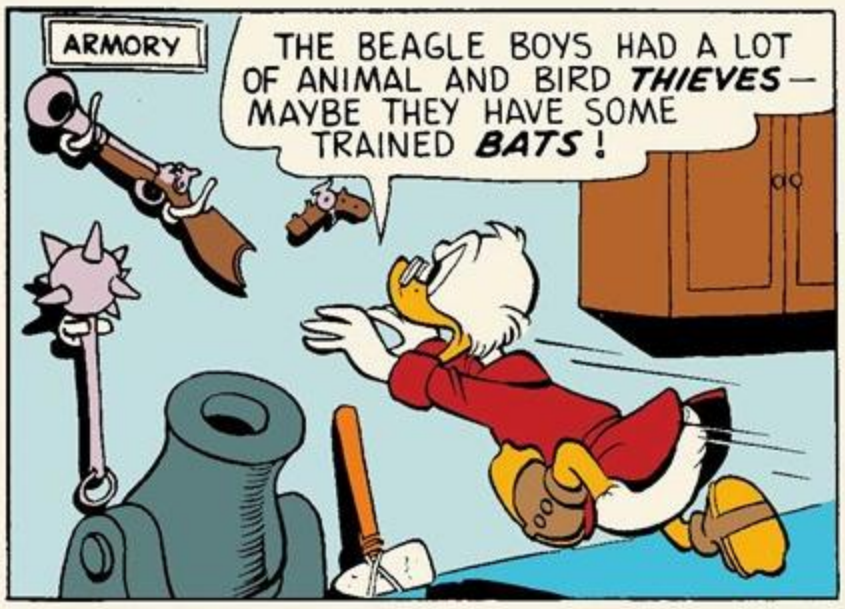
BUT I *AM* SURE THAT FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO BE *GUARDING* MY MONEY NIGHT AND DAY!

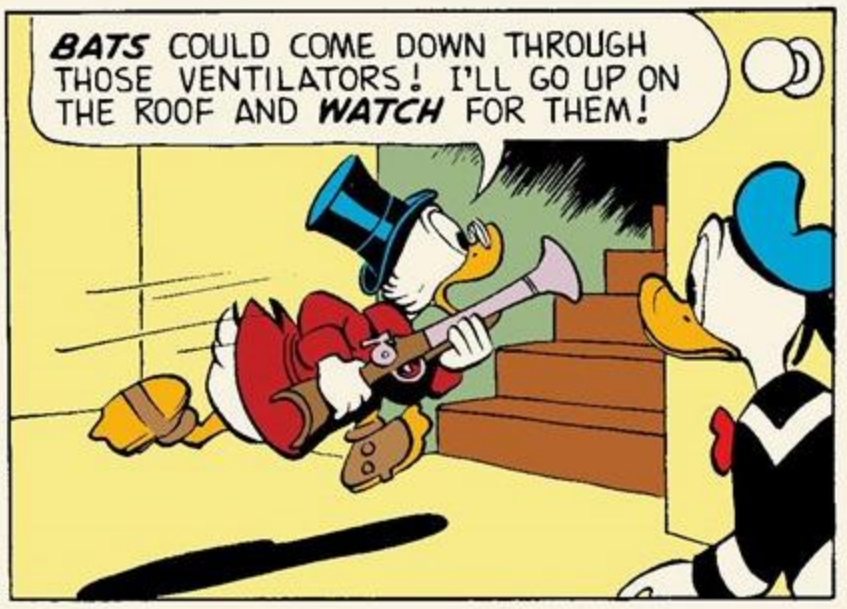
ATTABOY, UNCLE SCROOGE!

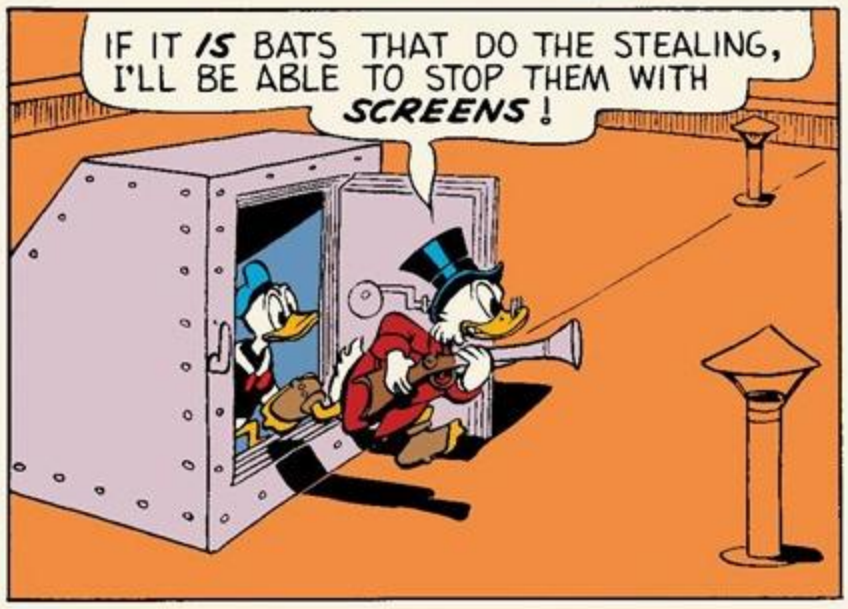
WHAT ABOUT THOSE LITTLE *VENTILATOR HOLES* IN THE ROOF? COULD SOMEBODY LET HOOKS DOWN THROUGH THEM?

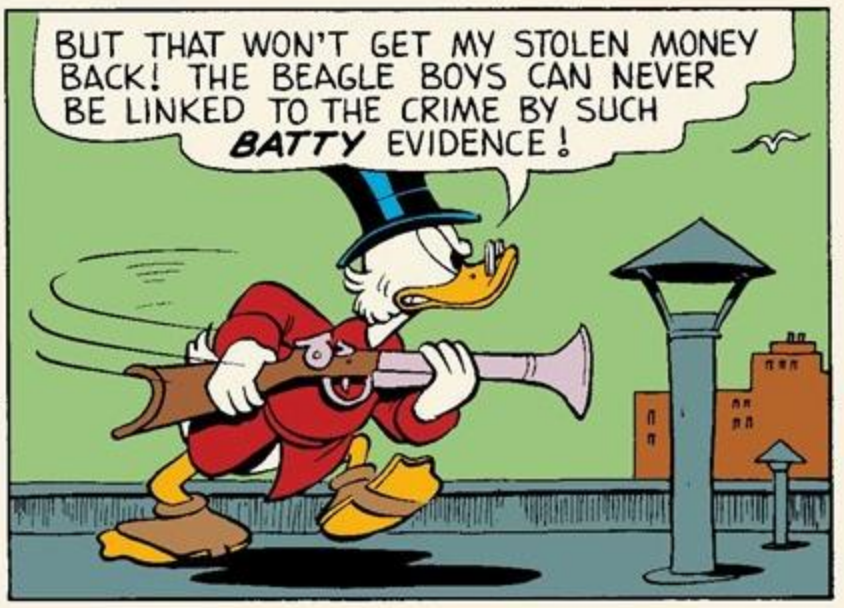
NOBODY COULD GET *ON* THE ROOF— BUT *SAY*!

SNAP!

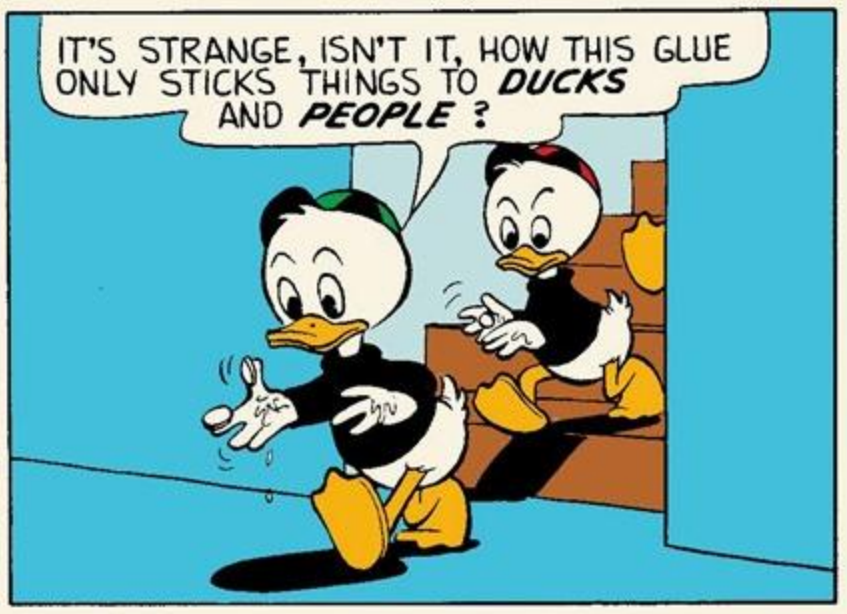

ARMORY
THE BEAGLE BOYS HAD A LOT OF ANIMAL AND BIRD THIEVES— MAYBE THEY HAVE SOME TRAINED BATS!

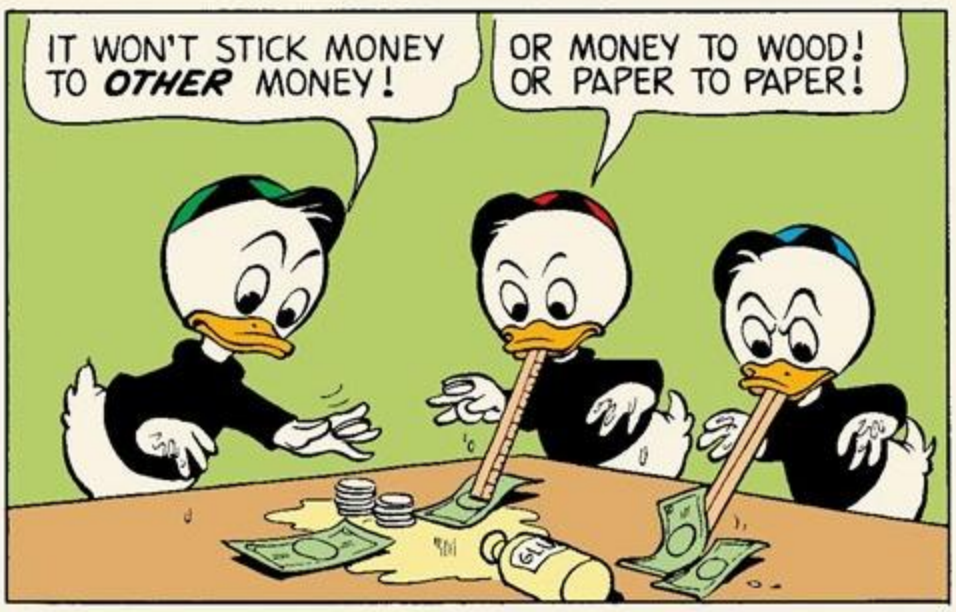

BATS COULD COME DOWN THROUGH THOSE VENTILATORS! I'LL GO UP ON THE ROOF AND WATCH FOR THEM!

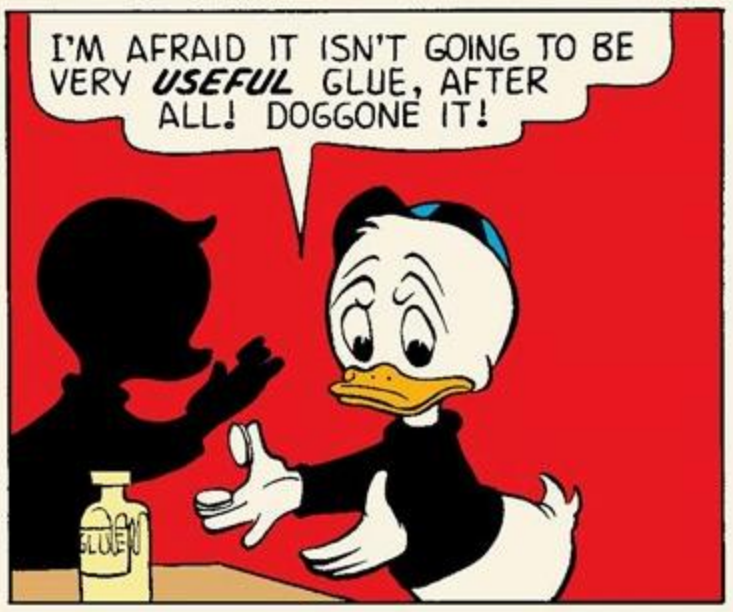

IF IT IS BATS THAT DO THE STEALING, I'LL BE ABLE TO STOP THEM WITH SCREENS!

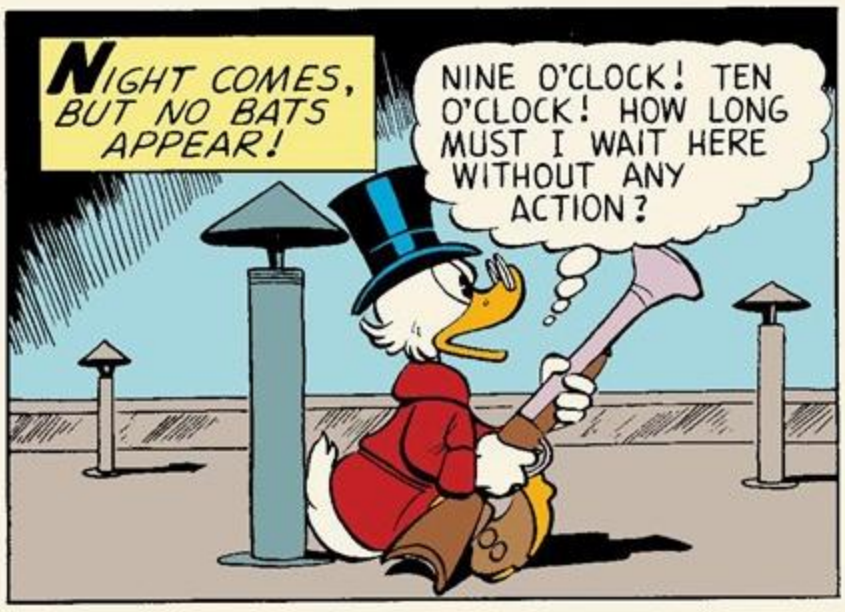

BUT THAT WON'T GET MY STOLEN MONEY BACK! THE BEAGLE BOYS CAN NEVER BE LINKED TO THE CRIME BY SUCH BATTY EVIDENCE!

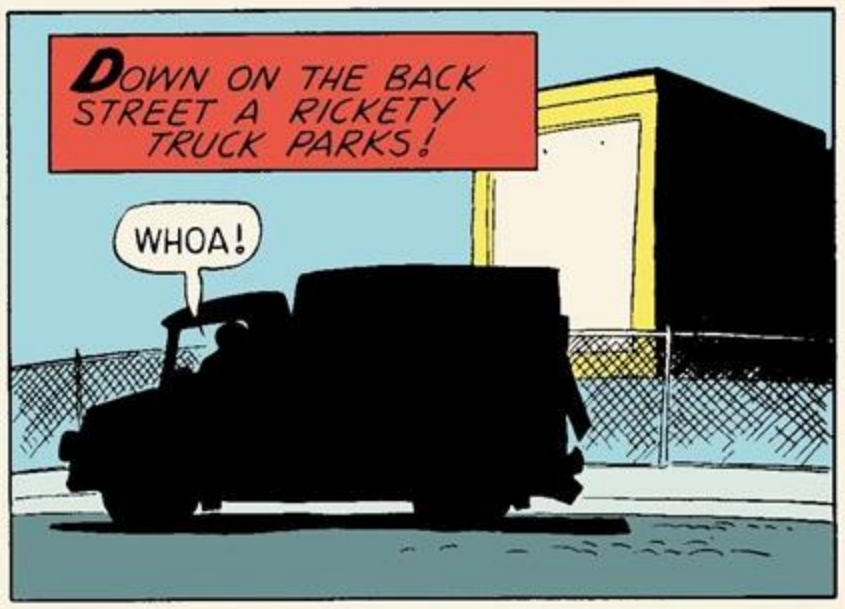

WE'D HELP YOU WITH YOUR GUARDING, UNCA SCROOGE, BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T GOT THIS GLUE OFF OUR FINGERS!

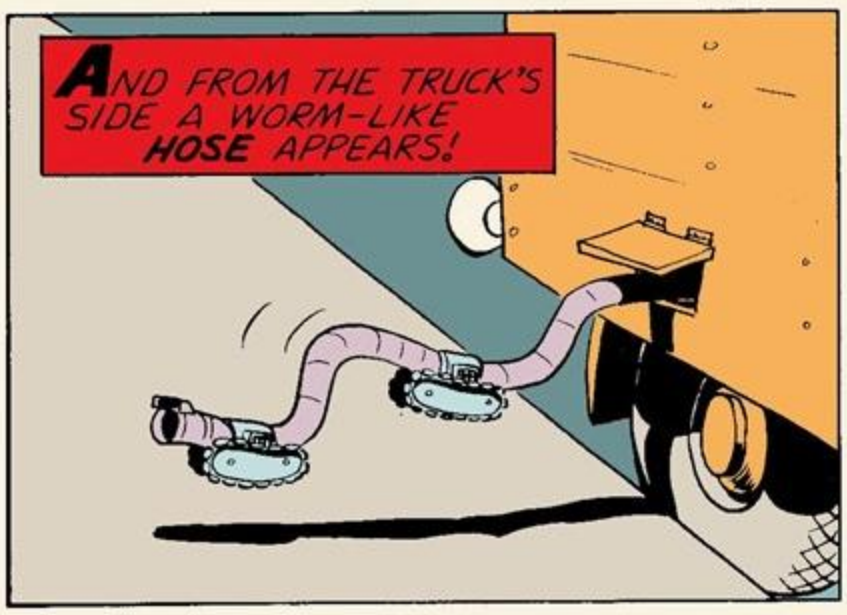

IT'S STRANGE, ISN'T IT, HOW THIS GLUE ONLY STICKS THINGS TO DUCKS AND PEOPLE?

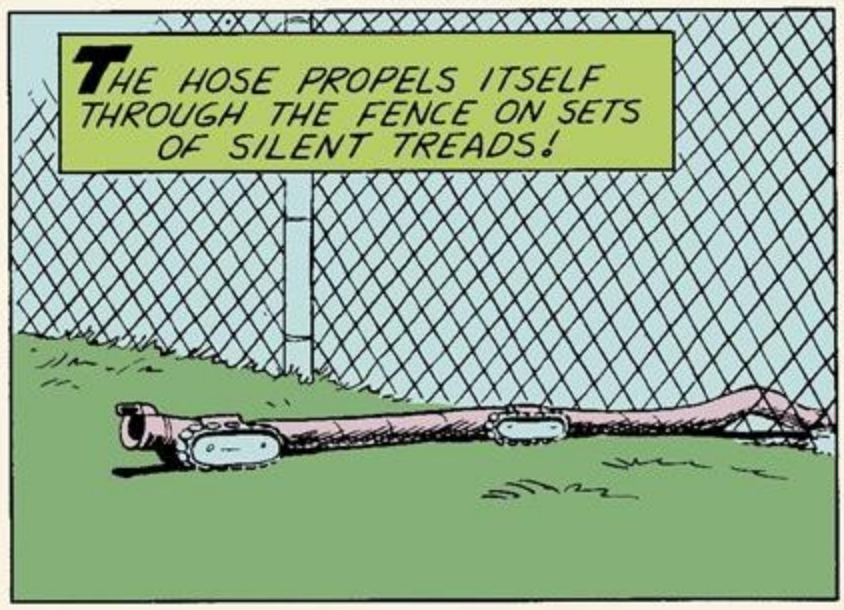

IT WON'T STICK MONEY TO OTHER MONEY!
OR MONEY TO WOOD! OR PAPER TO PAPER!

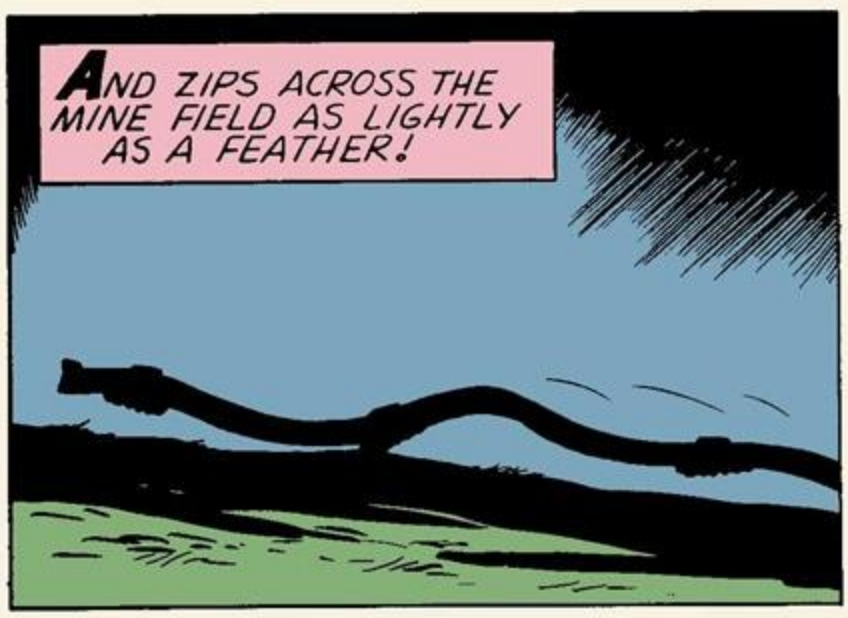

I'M AFRAID IT ISN'T GOING TO BE VERY USEFUL GLUE, AFTER ALL! DOGGONE IT!


NIGHT COMES, BUT NO BATS APPEAR!
NINE O'CLOCK! TEN O'CLOCK! HOW LONG MUST I WAIT HERE WITHOUT ANY ACTION?

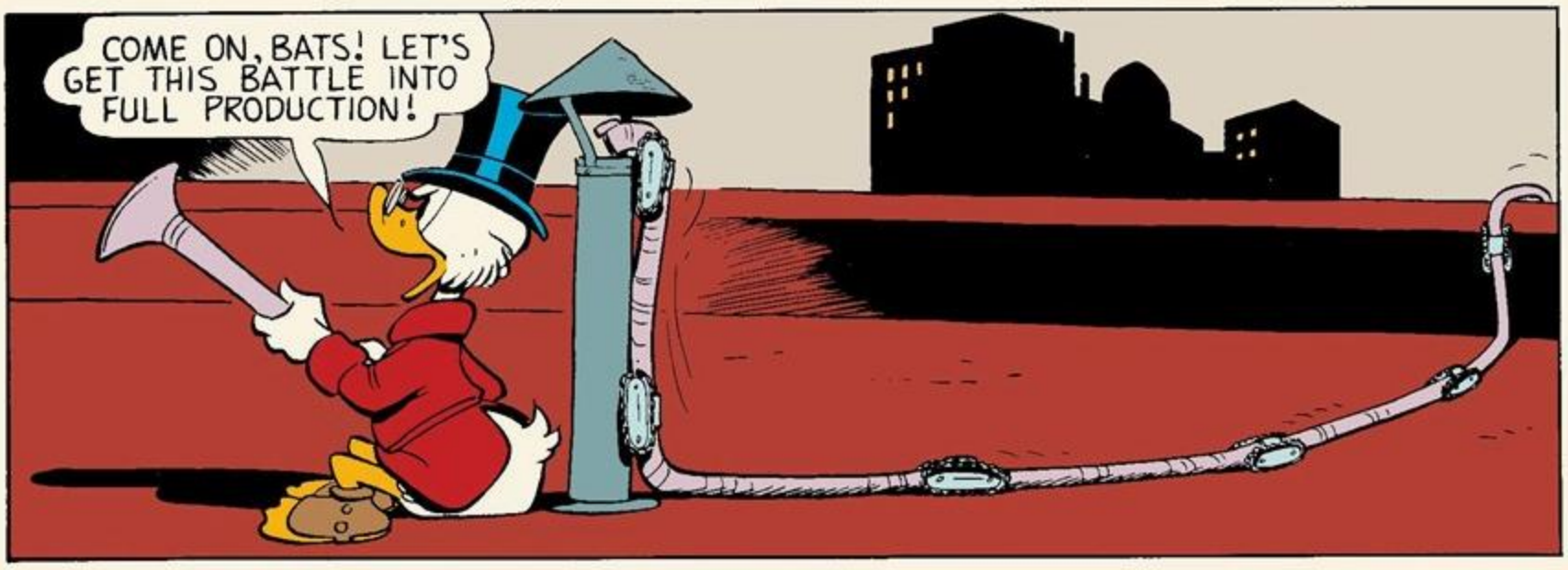

DOWN ON THE BACK STREET A RICKETY TRUCK PARKS!
WHOA!

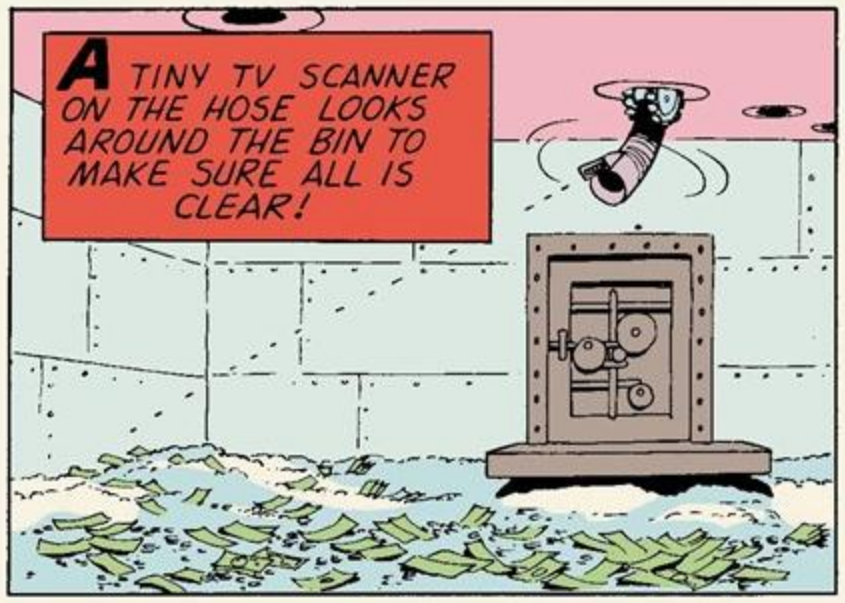

AND FROM THE TRUCK'S SIDE A WORM-LIKE HOSE APPEARS!

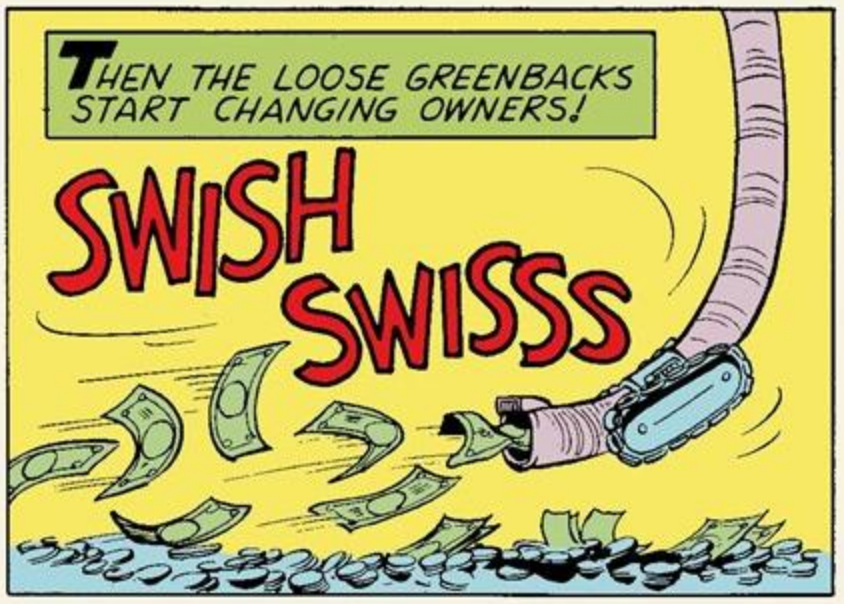

THE HOSE PROPELS ITSELF THROUGH THE FENCE ON SETS OF SILENT TREADS!


AND ZIPS ACROSS THE MINE FIELD AS LIGHTLY AS A FEATHER!

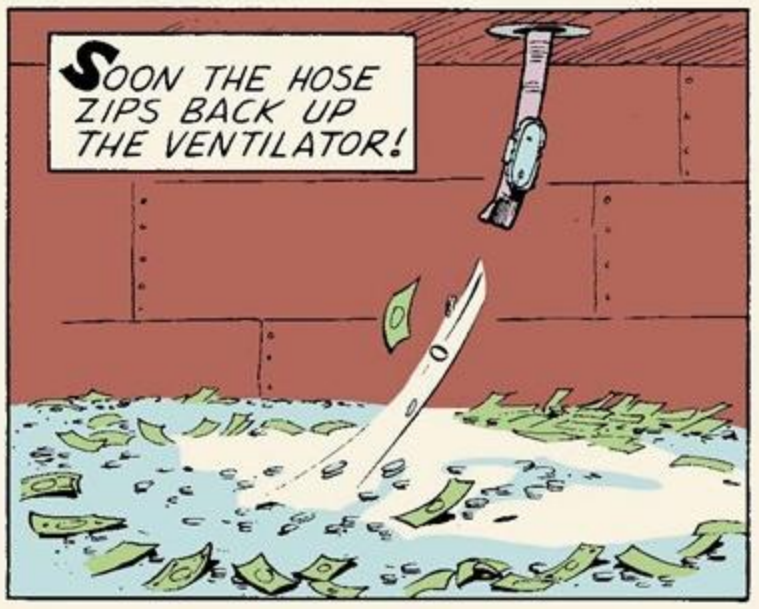

ITS SUCTION CUP TREADS TAKE IT SWIFTLY UP THE MONEY BIN'S SLICK WALL!


COME ON, BATS! LET'S GET THIS BATTLE INTO FULL PRODUCTION!

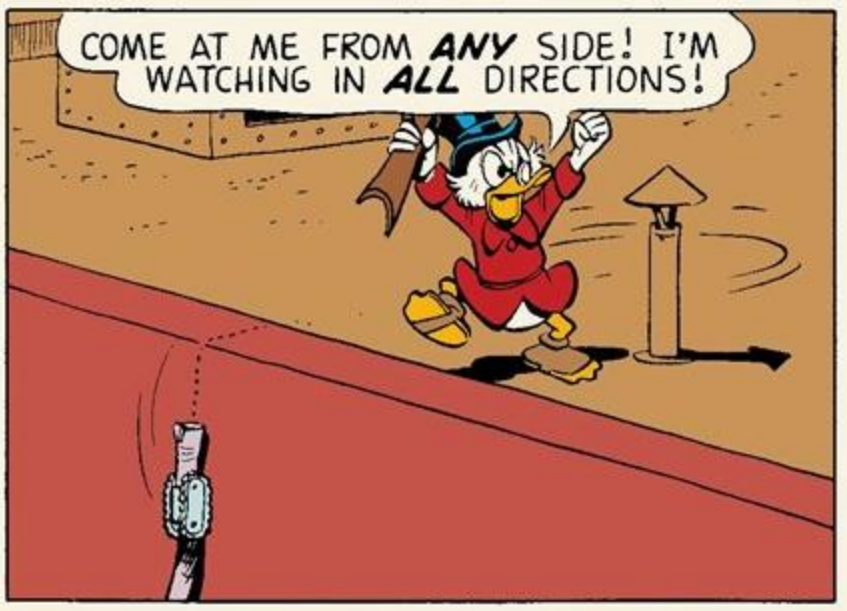

A TINY TV SCANNER ON THE HOSE LOOKS AROUND THE BIN TO MAKE SURE ALL IS CLEAR!

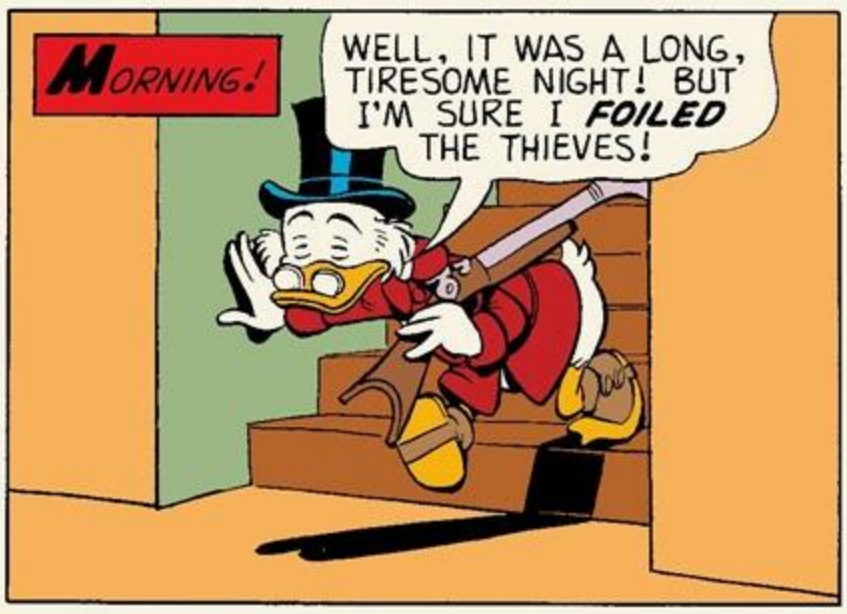

THEN THE LOOSE GREENBACKS START CHANGING OWNERS!
SWISH
SWISSS


SWISH
SWISSH
I THINK I CAN HEAR THE SWISH OF BATS' WINGS, BUT I GUESS THEY'RE TOO FAR AWAY TO BE SEEN!


SOON THE HOSE ZIPS BACK UP THE VENTILATOR!


COME ON, BATS! TRY TO ROB ME TONIGHT! I DARE YOU!


COME AT ME FROM ANY SIDE! I'M WATCHING IN ALL DIRECTIONS!


MORNING!
WELL, IT WAS A LONG, TIRESOME NIGHT! BUT I'M SURE I FOILED THE THIEVES!


OH, NO!

A WHOLE SECTION OF PAPER MONEY HAS BEEN SWEPT *CLEAN*! AT LEAST A THOUSAND BIG C-NOTES ARE *GONE*!

AND THE ROBBERY TOOK PLACE RIGHT UNDER THE VENTILATOR WHERE I WAS STANDING *GUARD*!

I CAN'T FIGURE IT! I JUST CAN'T SAVVY ANYTHING SO *IMPOSSIBLE*!

LATER!

HOORAY! AT LAST WE'VE GOTTEN THAT *GLUE* OFF OUR HANDS!

ONCE MORE WE CAN SPEND MONEY WITHOUT THE COINS *STICKING* TO OUR FINGERS!

WHILE WE'RE IN THIS MOOD LET'S RUN DOWN TO THE JERKERY AND HAVE A SODA!

OH,OH! LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE IS *CROWDED*!

10¢

HURRY ANOTHER SUPER FIZZER, WAITER—BIG ENOUGH TO *WALLOW* IN!

LOOK, MATES, HOW MY SUNDAE *SPARKLES* WHEN I SPRINKLE IT WITH *DIAMONDS*!

I LOVE TO *SQUISH* BANANA SPLITS THROUGH MY TOES! *WHEE*!

MALTS--

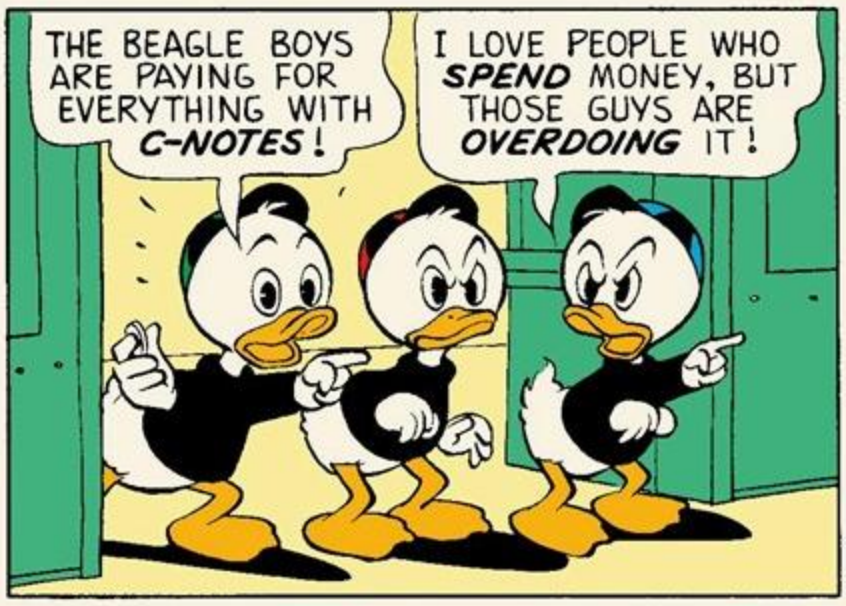
176-716

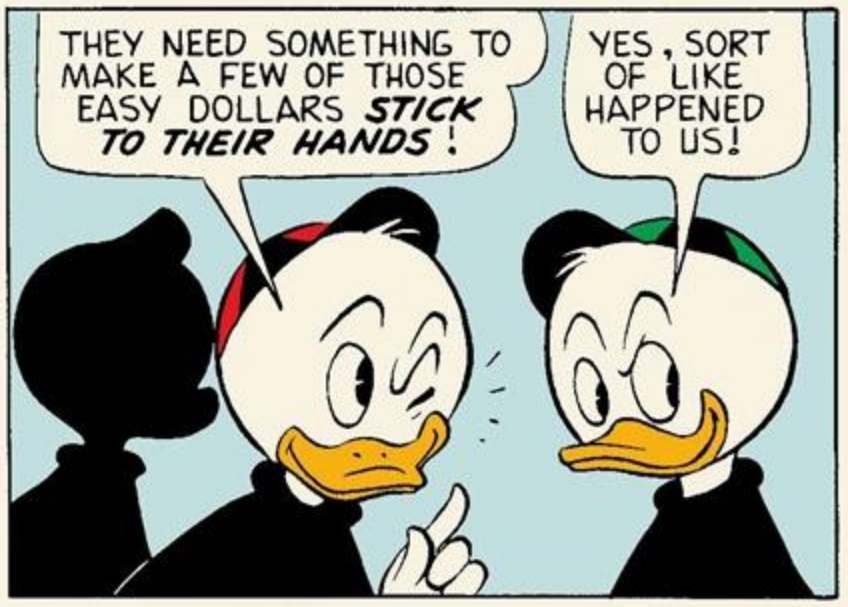
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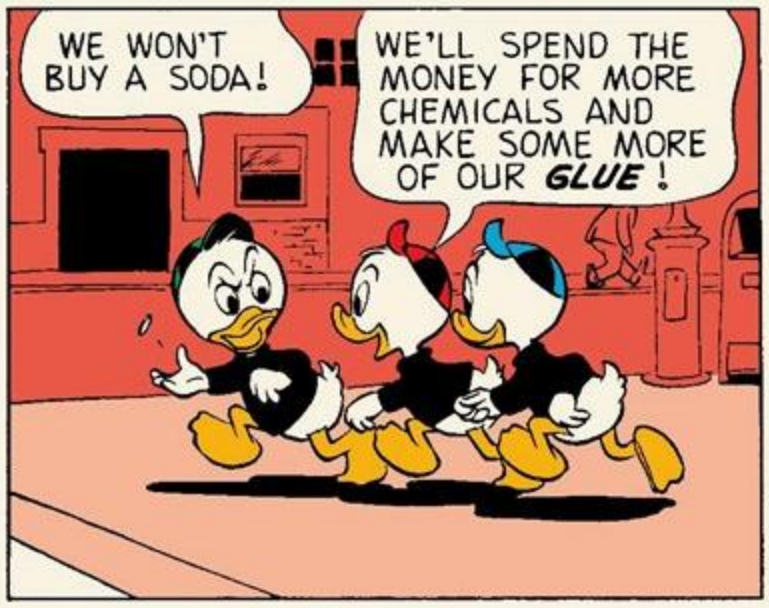
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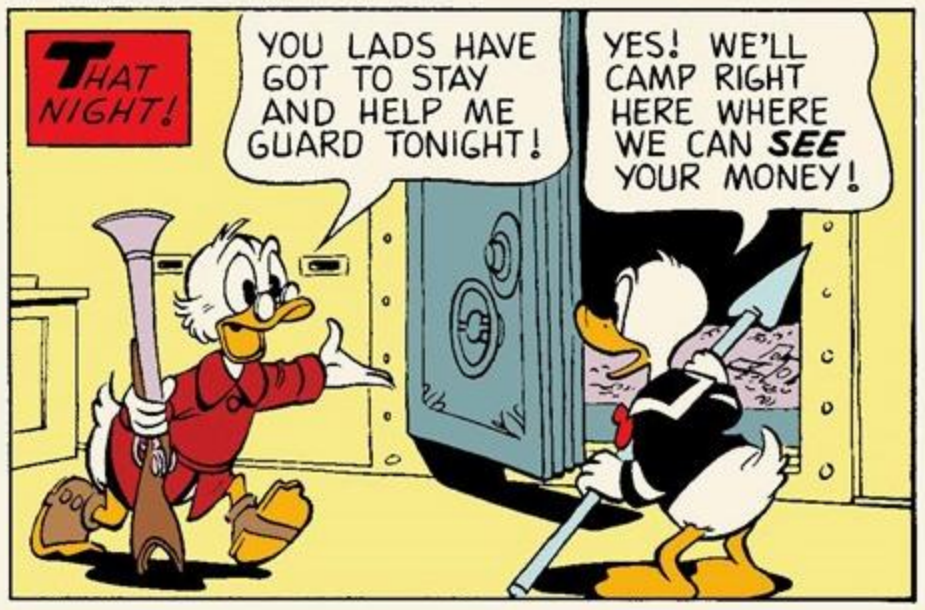
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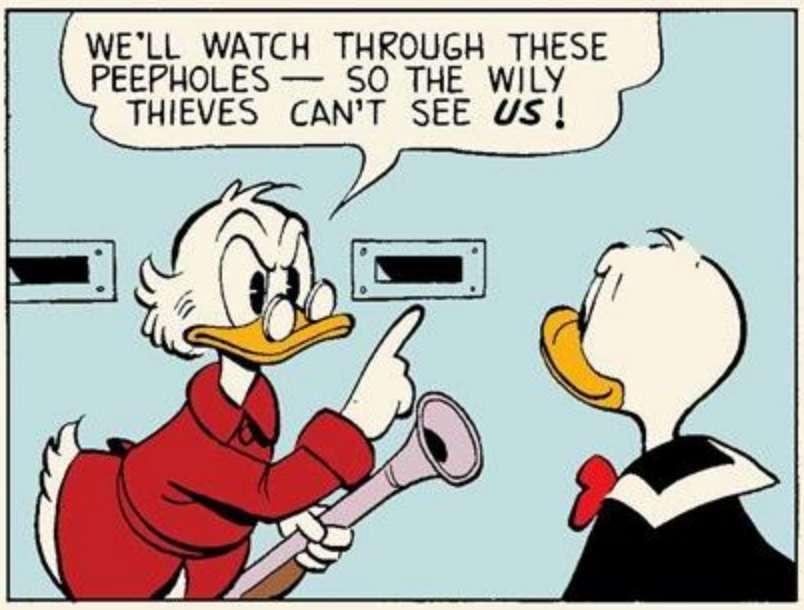
BEAGLE

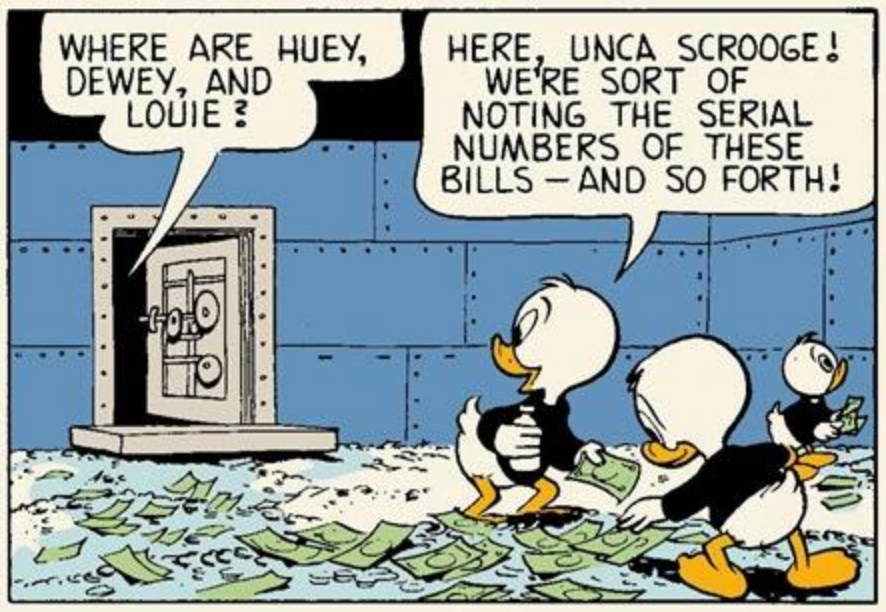

THE BEAGLE BOYS ARE PAYING FOR EVERYTHING WITH C-NOTES!
I LOVE PEOPLE WHO SPEND MONEY, BUT THOSE GUYS ARE OVERDOING IT!

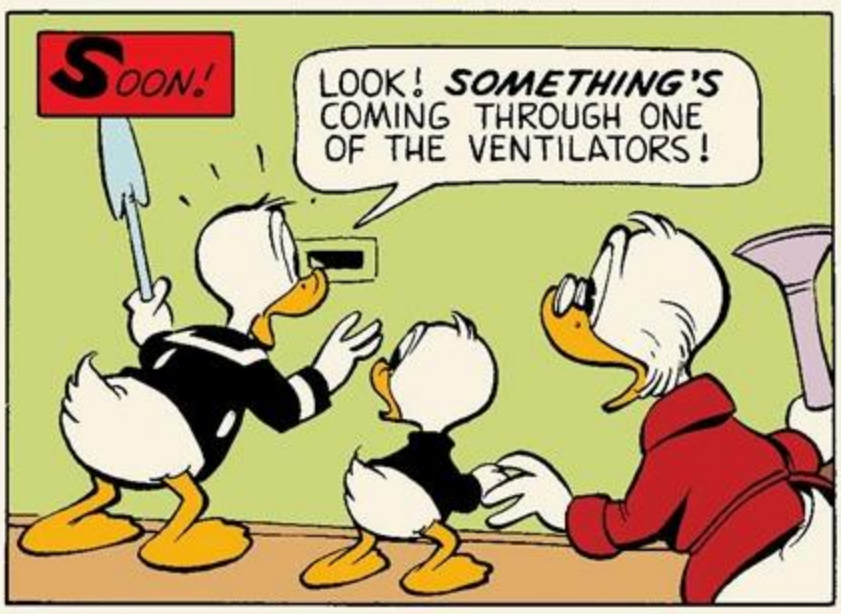

THEY NEED SOMETHING TO MAKE A FEW OF THOSE EASY DOLLARS STICK TO THEIR HANDS!
YES, SORT OF LIKE HAPPENED TO US!


WE WON'T BUY A SODA!
WE'LL SPEND THE MONEY FOR MORE CHEMICALS AND MAKE SOME MORE OF OUR GLUE!

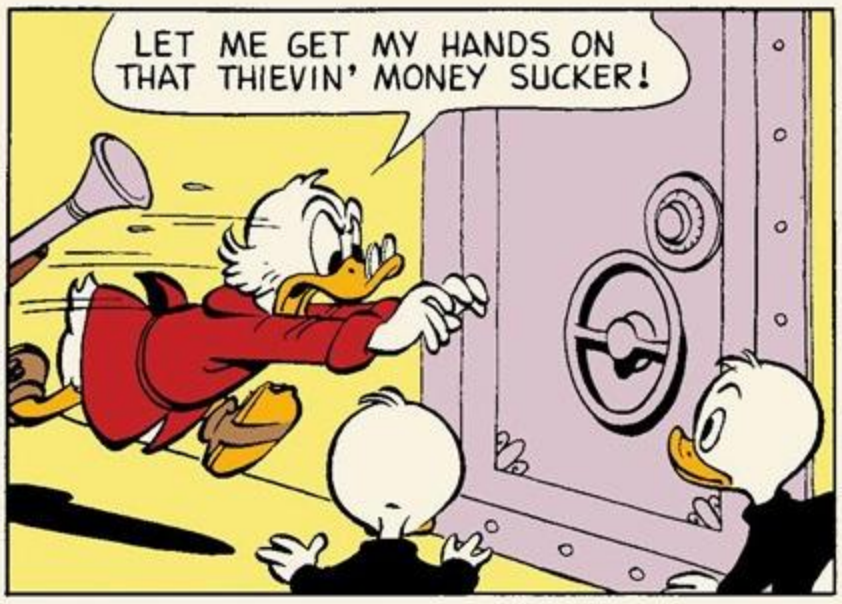

THAT NIGHT!
YOU LADS HAVE GOT TO STAY AND HELP ME GUARD TONIGHT!
YES! WE'LL CAMP RIGHT HERE WHERE WE CAN SEE YOUR MONEY!

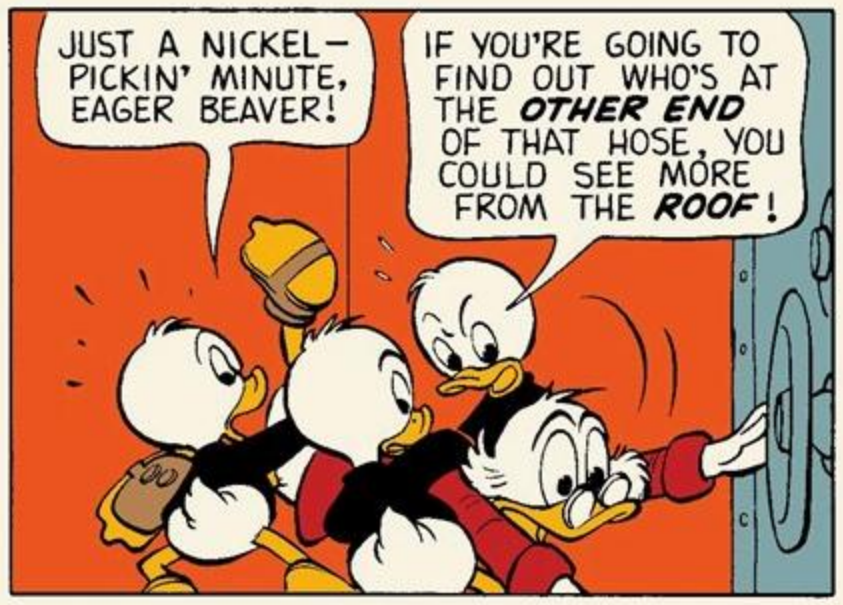

WE'LL WATCH THROUGH THESE PEEPHOLES — SO THE WILY THIEVES CAN'T SEE US!


WHERE ARE HUEY, DEWEY, AND LOUIE?
HERE, UNCA SCROOGE! WE'RE SORT OF NOTING THE SERIAL NUMBERS OF THESE BILLS — AND SO FORTH!


SOON!
LOOK! SOMETHING'S COMING THROUGH ONE OF THE VENTILATORS!


A HOSE THAT'S SUCKING UP MY MONEY LIKE A VACUUM CLEANER!
SWISH
SWURP


LET ME GET MY HANDS ON THAT THIEVIN' MONEY SUCKER!

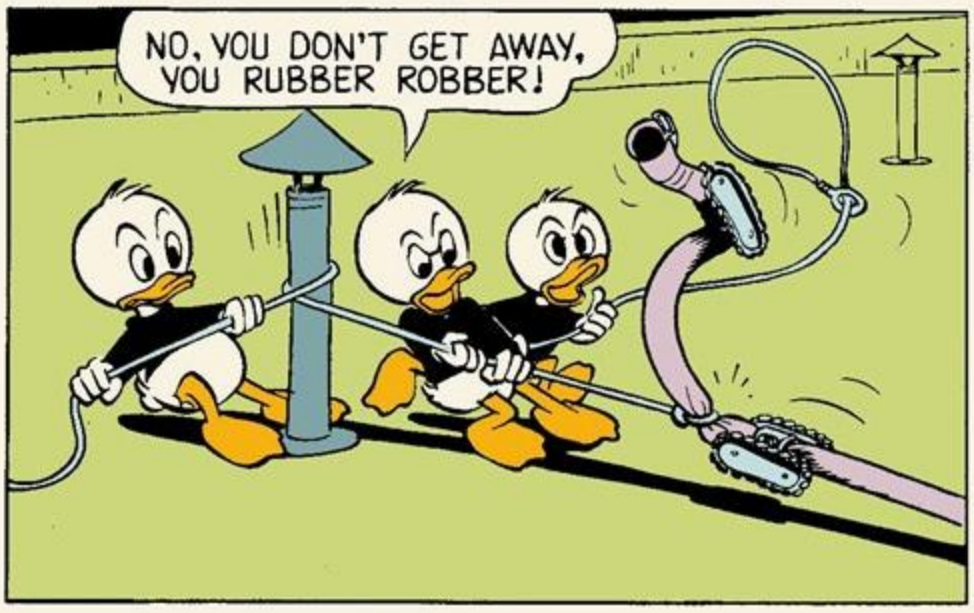

JUST A NICKEL— PICKIN' MINUTE, EAGER BEAVER!
IF YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHO'S AT THE OTHER END OF THAT HOSE, YOU COULD SEE MORE FROM THE ROOF!


THAT'S RIGHT! I'LL CATCH THE CROOKS RED-HANDED!


HANDS UP, YOU— YOU— ???


ULP! NOBODY'S HERE! NOT EVEN A BAT!


SCROOGE HAS SEEN OUR HOSE! REEL IT IN FAST!


NO, YOU DON'T GET AWAY, YOU RUBBER ROBBER!

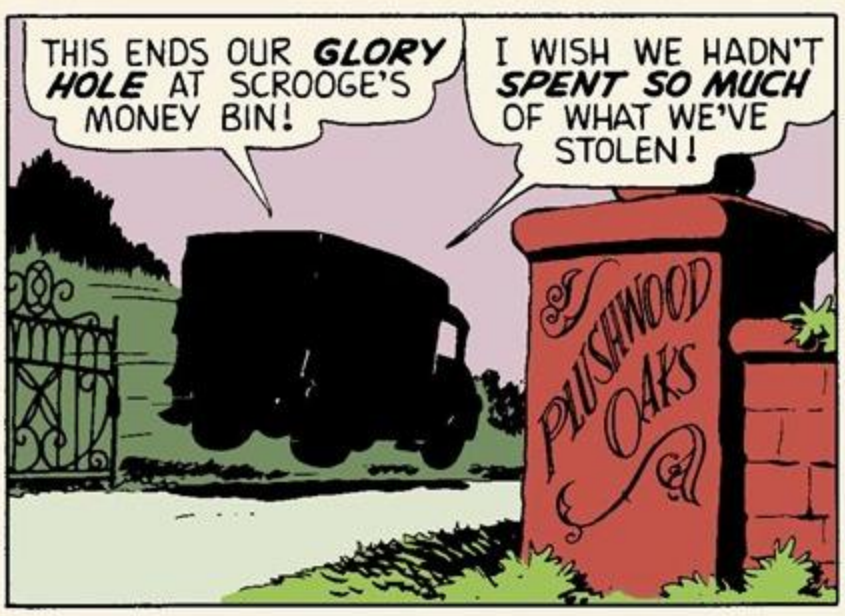

I'LL TRACK THIS THING TO ITS RASCALLY OWNERS!


CUT THE HOSE! GUN THIS TRUCK OUT OF HERE!

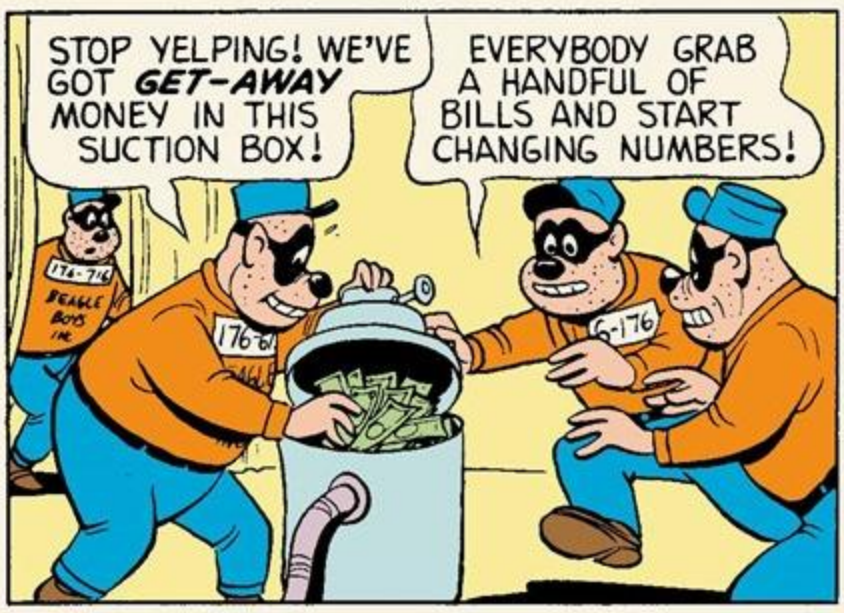

HALT, OR I'LL SHOOT!

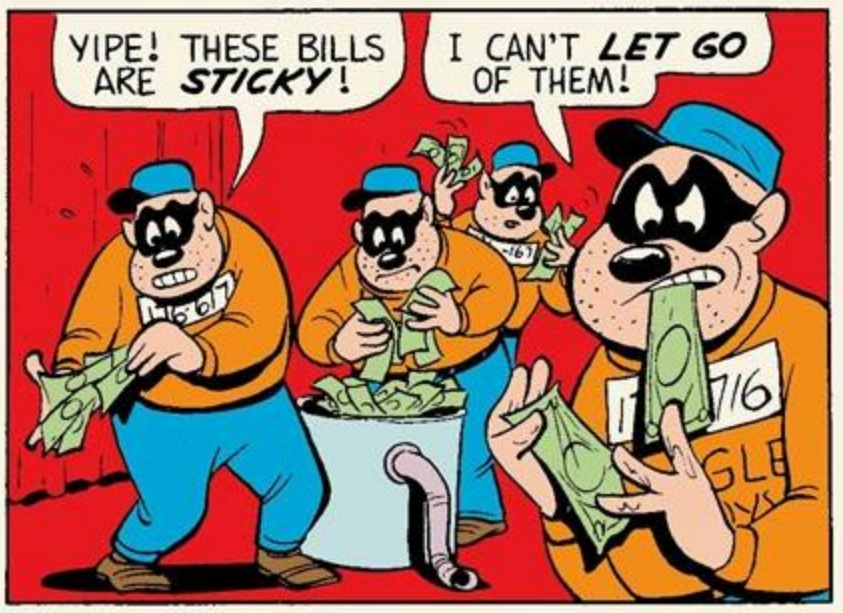

BLAM
I FORGOT ABOUT MY LAND MINES!


BOOM
OW! I STEPPED ON ANOTHER ONE!


THIS ENDS OUR GLORY HOLE AT SCROOGE'S MONEY BIN!
I WISH WE HADN'T SPENT SO MUCH OF WHAT WE'VE STOLEN!
PLUSHWOOD OAKS


I WISH WE HADN'T SPENT SO MUCH MORE THAN WE'VE STOLEN!
MAN, WE'RE UP TO OUR EARS IN DEBT!


STOP YELPING! WE'VE GOT GET-AWAY MONEY IN THIS SUCTION BOX!
EVERYBODY GRAB A HANDFUL OF BILLS AND START CHANGING NUMBERS!
176-716
BEAGLE BOYS INC
176-67
6-176


YIPE! THESE BILLS ARE STICKY!
I CAN'T LET GO OF THEM!
176-67
716

I TRIED TO RUB THE MONEY OFF ON THE WALL! NOW *I'M* STUCK TO THE WALL!

I'M STUCK TO MY OWN *FEET*!

I'LL *NEVER* CATCH THE THIEVES NOW, LADS! I DIDN'T GET THE TRUCK'S *NUMBER* OR ANYTHING!

YOU DON'T NEED IT, UNCA SCROOGE!

ALL YOU NEED IS ANOTHER LOOK AROUND PLUSHWOOD OAKS!

SO-

OPEN THIS DOOR IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

WE *CAN'T* OPEN IT! BUT BUST IT DOWN AND COME IN! WE SURE NEED YOUR *HELP*!

MY *MONEY*! I'VE CAUGHT YOU SCOUNDRELS WITH THE LOOT!

DON'T *TOUCH* THAT MONEY, UNCA SCROOGE! WE KIDS COATED IT WITH *GLUE*!

I'M TAKING YOU TO *JAIL*, BEAGLE BOY! WHAT IN THE WORLD?.... I CAN'T *LET GO* OF YOU!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER THE CRIMINALS AND THE LOOT ARE TAKEN OUT OF PLUSHWOOD OAKS IN ONE PACKAGE!

THIS METHOD OF CAPTURING CROOKS SURE *STICKS* THEM WITH THE EVIDENCE!

(BOO, HOO, HOO!) NOW WE'LL BE SENT BACK TO PRISON TO BE *REHABILITATED* AGAIN! (BOO, HOO, HOO!)

AND AFTER *THAT* YOU RASCALS CAN START PAYING BACK THE *TEN MILLION DOLLARS* YOU OWE FOR GOLDEN COYOTE CAGES, PERFUME SWIMMING POOLS, AND FOUNTAINS THAT SPRAY DIAMONDS!

OH, SOB, SOB! BOO, HOO!

WELL, I'LL GET BACK *SOME* OF MY MONEY, IT SEEMS!

THAT CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! LET'S ALL HAVE A *SODA*!

HOW ABOUT YOU, UNCA SCROOGE?

I'D LIKE TO— BUT YOU LADS WILL HAVE TO *PAY* FOR IT!

IT SEEMS I'M HAVING TO SORT OF *HANG ON* TO MY MONEY FOR A WHILE!

Walt Disney
UNCLE SCROOGE

the TRAVEL TIGHTWAD

ONE OF THE DEMANDS OF BEING A BILLIONAIRE IS THAT ONE MUST LIVE IN THE STYLE OF BILLIONAIRES!

DRAT! TO BE IN STYLE I'VE HAD TO HIRE A ***CHAUFFEUR*** TO DRIVE ME AROUND!

AND THE CHAUFFEUR HAS TO WEAR A ***CLEAN*** UNIFORM EVERY DAY, AND ALL THAT JAZZ!

E. PLURIBUS KEEPUM

AND, OF COURSE, THE CHAUFFEUR HAS TO HAVE SOMETHING TO DRIVE, SO I HAD TO BUY THIS MONSTER LIMOUSINE!

AND THE MONSTER, OF COURSE, HAS TO HAVE ***GAS***!

GASOLINE

GREAT CAESAR, MAN! HOW MANY GALLONS OF THAT LIQUID GOLD DOES THIS THING HOLD?

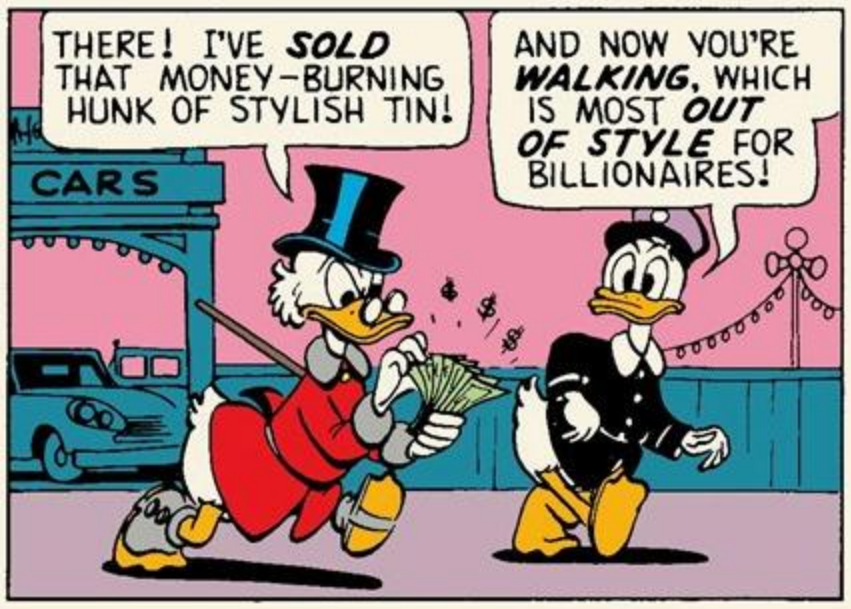
SIXTEEN DOLLARS' WORTH, SIR!

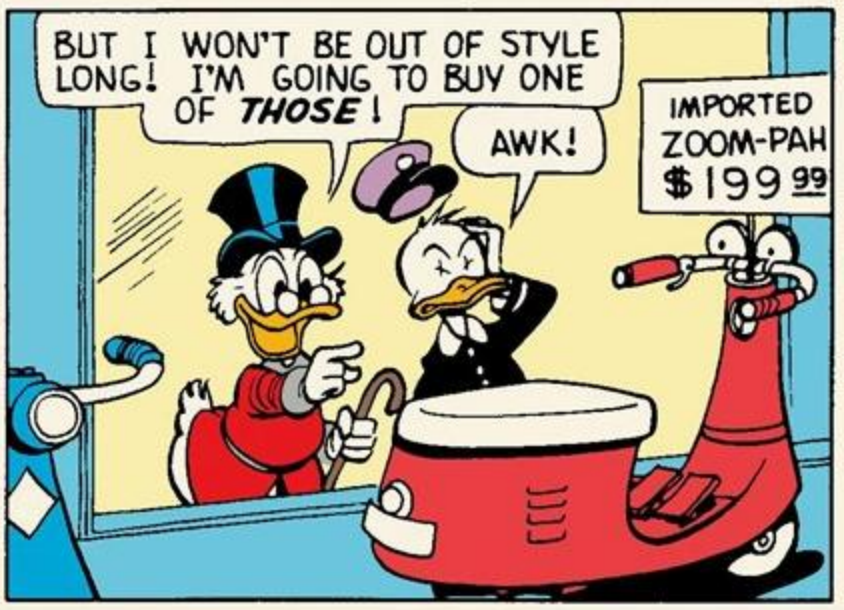
VIP

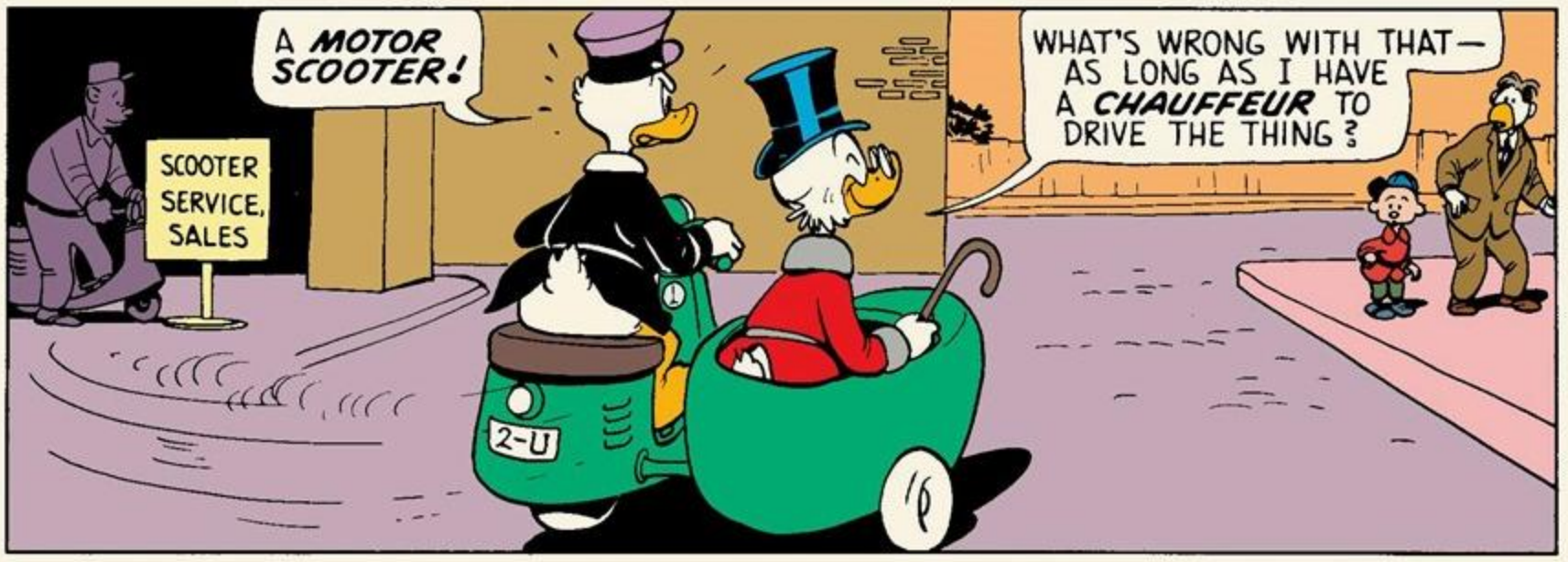
AND YESTERDAY IT NEEDED ***FOURTEEN*** DOLLARS' WORTH, AND THE DAY BEFORE—

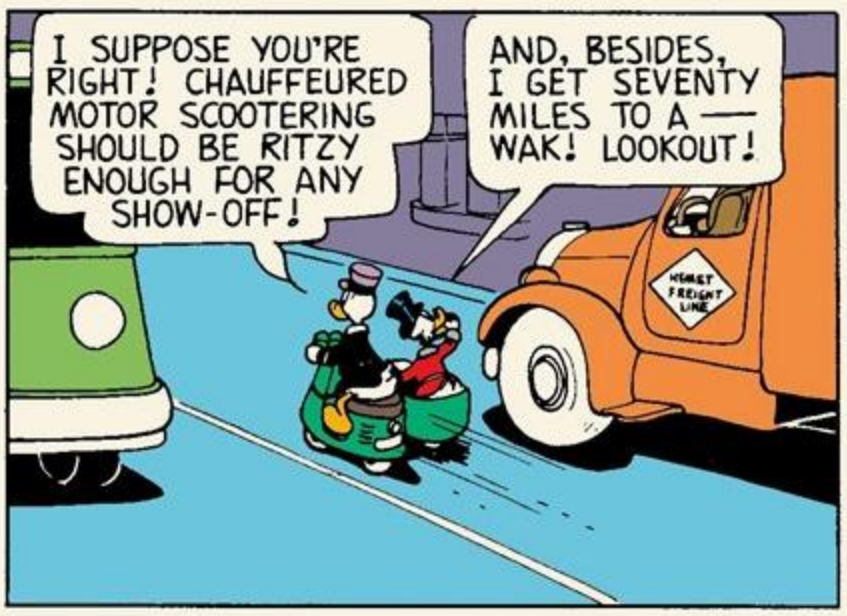
AWK! I CAN'T STAND IT! THIS CAR IS TOO ***EXPENSIVE***!

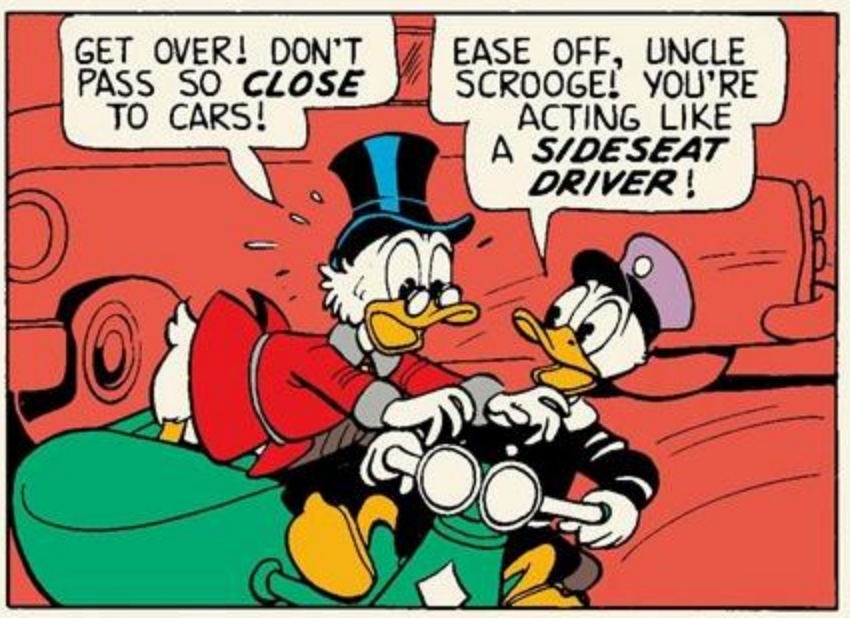
DRIVE ME TO A USED-CAR BUYER, CHAUFFEUR! I'M GOING TO START CHANGING THE STYLE OF BILLIONAIRES' TRAVEL!

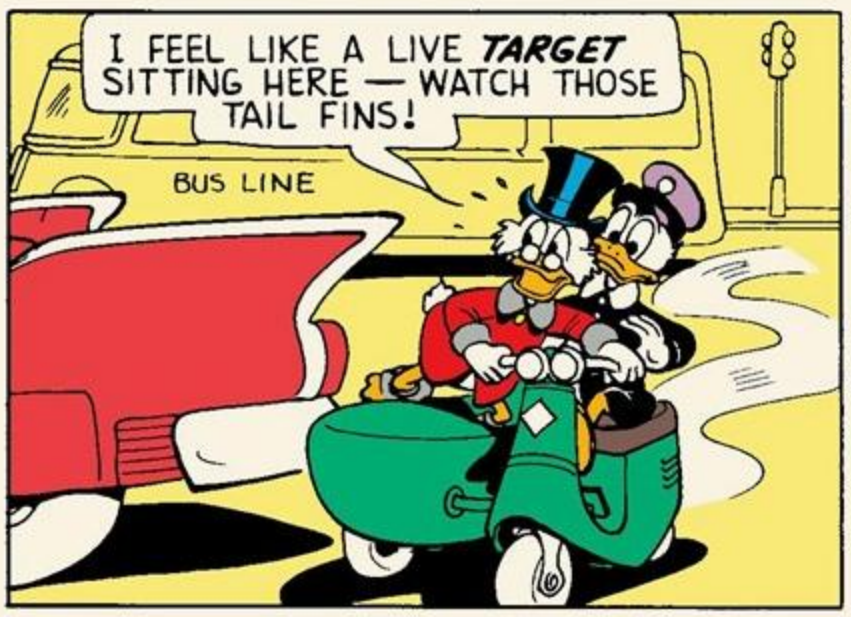

THERE! I'VE SOLD THAT MONEY-BURNING HUNK OF STYLISH TIN!
AND NOW YOU'RE WALKING, WHICH IS MOST OUT OF STYLE FOR BILLIONAIRES!
CARS


BUT I WON'T BE OUT OF STYLE LONG! I'M GOING TO BUY ONE OF THOSE!
AWK!
IMPORTED ZOOM-PAH $199.99


A MOTOR SCOOTER!
SCOOTER SERVICE, SALES
2-U
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT— AS LONG AS I HAVE A CHAUFFEUR TO DRIVE THE THING?


I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT! CHAUFFEURED MOTOR SCOOTERING SHOULD BE RITZY ENOUGH FOR ANY SHOW-OFF!
AND, BESIDES, I GET SEVENTY MILES TO A — WAK! LOOKOUT!
MIDWEST FREIGHT LINE

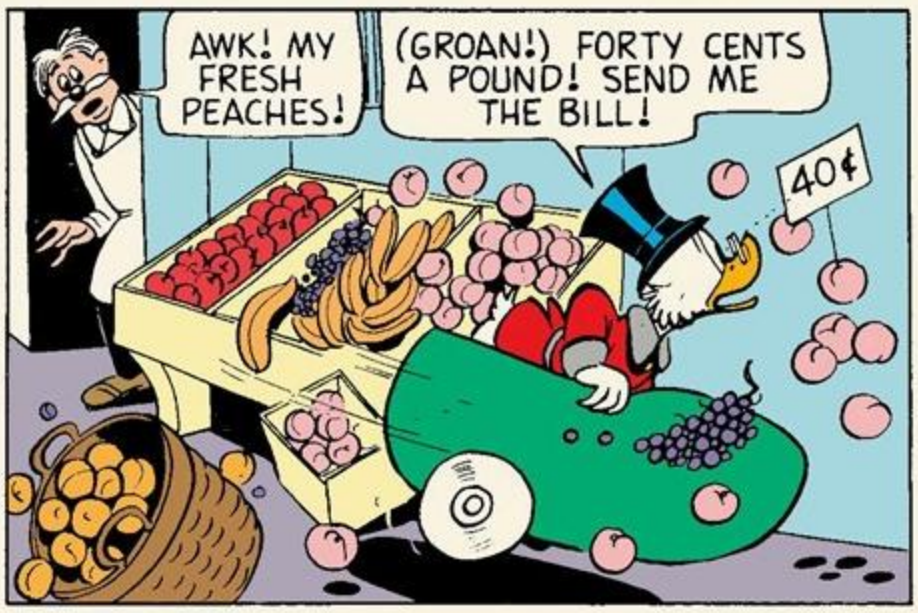

GET OVER! DON'T PASS SO CLOSE TO CARS!
EASE OFF, UNCLE SCROOGE! YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A SIDESEAT DRIVER!


I FEEL LIKE A LIVE TARGET SITTING HERE — WATCH THOSE TAIL FINS!
BUS LINE


EEK!
SLOW DOWN!
DODGE THAT TAXI!
GO


NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, UNCLE SCROOGE!
BLAM
YOU DID IT, CHAUFFEUR! I'M ONLY THE PASSENGER!
2-U

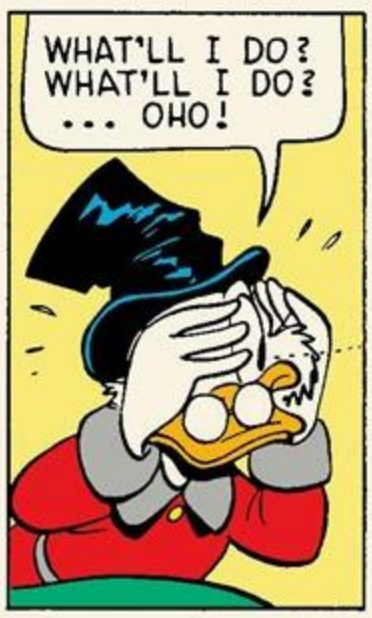

I'M OUT OF CONTROL! COME BACK WITH THOSE HANDLEBARS!


AWK! MY FRESH PEACHES!
(GROAN!) FORTY CENTS A POUND! SEND ME THE BILL!
40¢


I'VE GOT TO GUIDE THIS CAREENING CHARIOT INTO THE STREET WHERE DRIVING IS CHEAPER!


HEY! OUR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS' WORTH OF PLATE GLASS!
CRASH
OUCH! MY COSTLY NEW SUIT!
EEK! MY NERVES! I'LL SUE FOR MY DOCTOR BILL!


(GROAN!) MY SUFFERING BANK ACCOUNT!


WHAT'LL I DO? WHAT'LL I DO? ... OHO!


I'LL HAVE ONE MORE CRASH TO END ALL CRASHES!
ZOW

CRASH

MR. McDUCK! HOW NICE OF YOU TO POP IN!

I'VE DECIDED I'LL HAVE TO BUY ANOTHER MONSTER LIMOUSINE, DEALER!

MARK XX MONSTER V-16

IT SEEMS THERE ARE MORE PAINFUL WAYS TO RIDE TO THE POORHOUSE!

SO—

COME ON, DONALD! NO MORE SIDE-SEAT DRIVING! WE'RE BACK IN *LIMOUSINE* STYLE AGAIN!

GREAT! YOU'LL FEEL *SAFER* IN THAT PADDED CELL — I MEAN PARLOR CAR!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE MONSTER GASOLINE BILLS, UNCLE SCROOGE?

I'LL CUT DOWN ON SOME *OTHER EXPENSE*!

LIKE, FOR INSTANCE, THE *LAUNDRY BILL* FOR YOUR CLEAN UNIFORMS!

BUT, UNCLE SCROOGE, I WOULDN'T BE IN *STYLE* IN A *DIRTY* UNIFORM!

WHO SAID YOUR UNIFORMS WOULD BE *DIRTY*?

AND SO—

I'M GOING TO SAVE THAT LAUNDRY BILL BY BEING A *BACK-SEAT SCRUBBER*!

YES, SIR! WHERE TO, SIR — A CLOTHES-LINE?

XXX SOAP

Walt Disney's UNCLE SCROOGE

CROWN OF THE MAYAS

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, A JITTERY MAYAN EMPEROR TOSSED HIS JEWELED CROWN INTO A CREEPY "WELL OF SACRIFICE"!

THE GODS ARE ANGRY! WE MUST APPEASE THEM!

THEY HAVE MADE THE MOUNTAINS RAIN FIRE AND ASHES ON OUR CITY! PERHAPS OUR GIFTS OF JEWELS AND GROCERIES WILL COOL THEIR TEMPERS!

BUT THE GODS STAYED GRUMPY, AND THE GREAT MAYAN CITY OF TEMPLES AND HUTS SLOWLY BECAME A DESERTED RUIN!

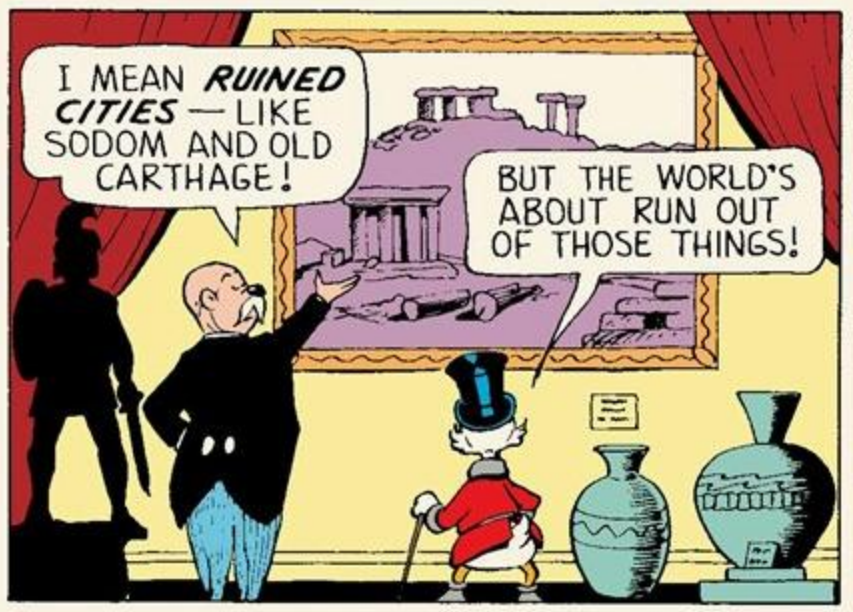
TREES GREW OVER THE CRUMBLED TEMPLES, AND, BY AND BY, NO ONE ANY LONGER KNEW THAT A GREAT CITY HAD ONCE STOOD BY THE DARK POOL THAT HAD BEEN A "WELL OF SACRIFICE"!

IN THE FAR-OFF CITY OF DUCKBURG, A HAPPENING IS HAPPENING THAT WILL JOLT THE ANCIENT RUIN FROM ITS LONG SIESTA!

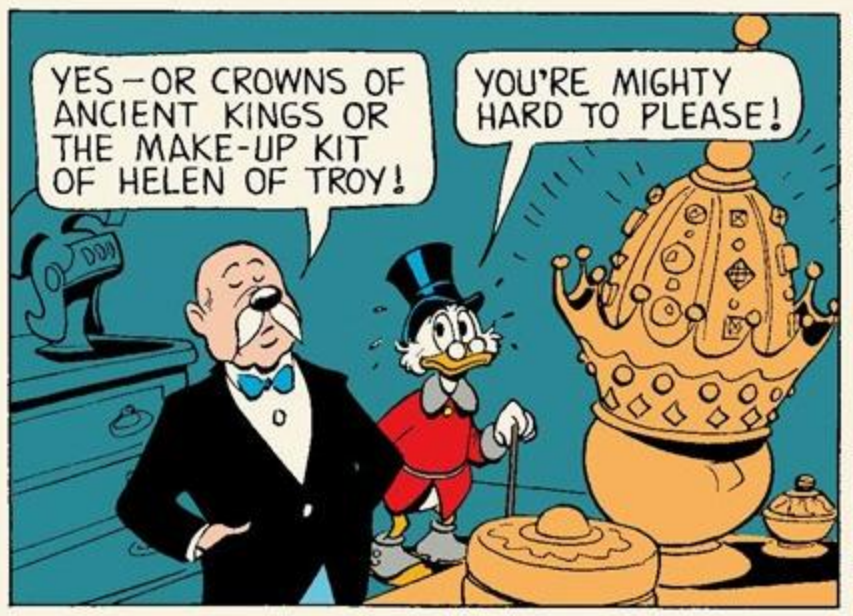
NO, SCROOGE! FOR THE NINETIETH TIME, YOU ***CAN'T*** JOIN THE ARCHEOLOGISTS' CLUB!

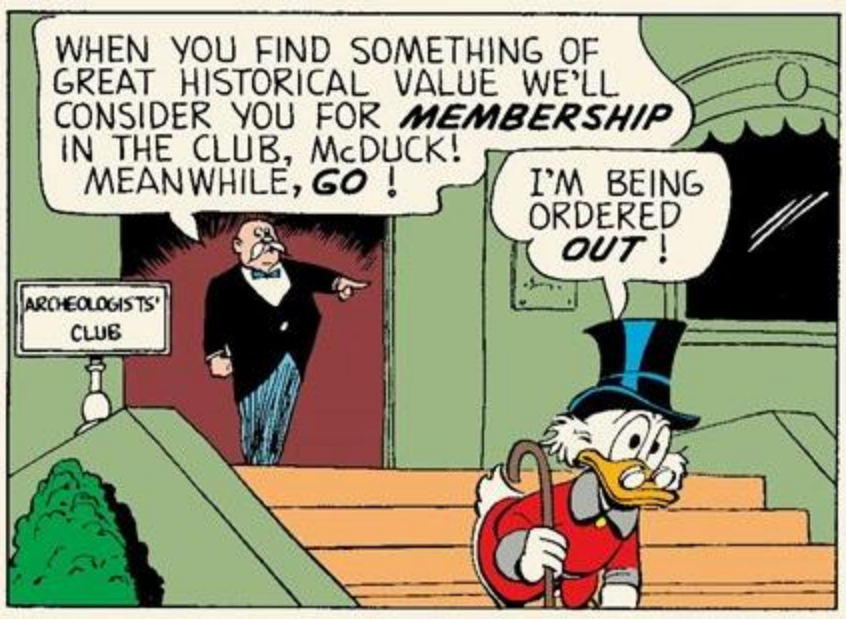
TELL ME WHY NOT FOR THE NINETIETH TIME — I KEEP FORGETTING!

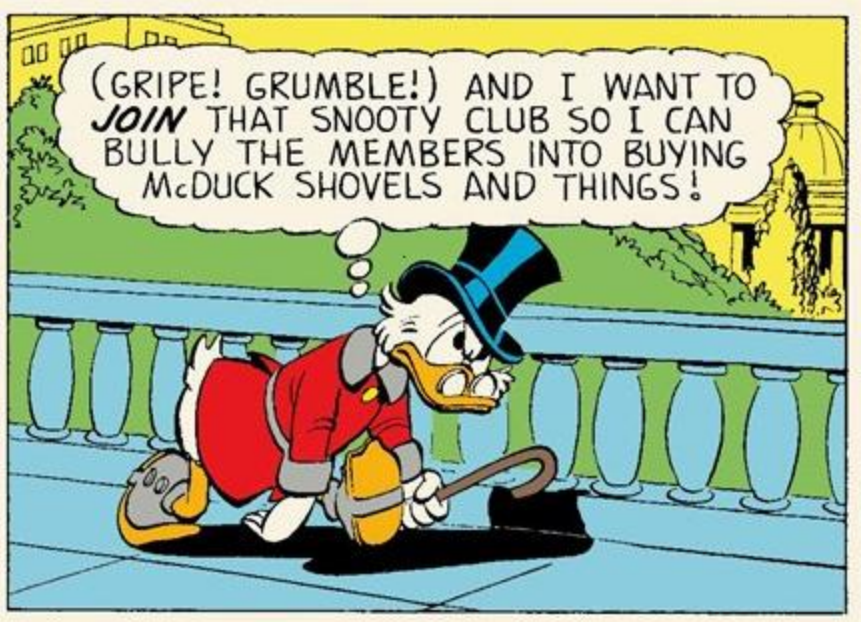

YOU HAVEN'T DISCOVERED ANY *RUINS* — THAT'S WHY!
I'VE FOUND RUINED GOLD MINES!

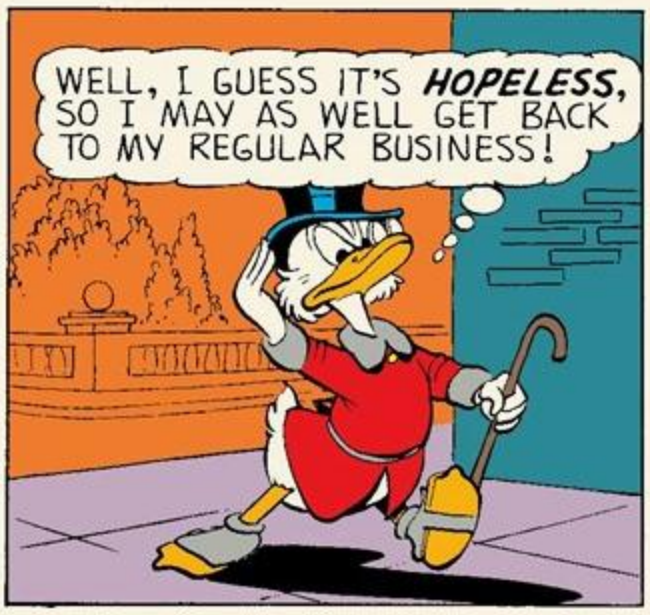

I MEAN *RUINED CITIES* — LIKE SODOM AND OLD CARTHAGE!
BUT THE WORLD'S ABOUT RUN OUT OF THOSE THINGS!

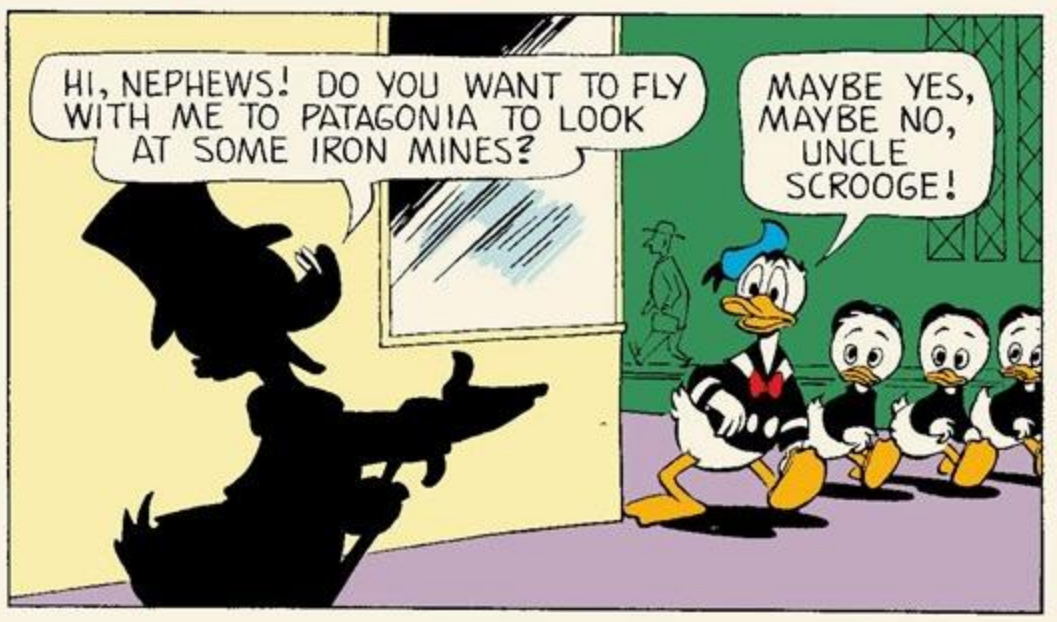

THEN THE SECOND BEST STUNT IS TO FIND SOME *ARTIFACTS*!
LIKE PHARAOHS' MUMMIES?

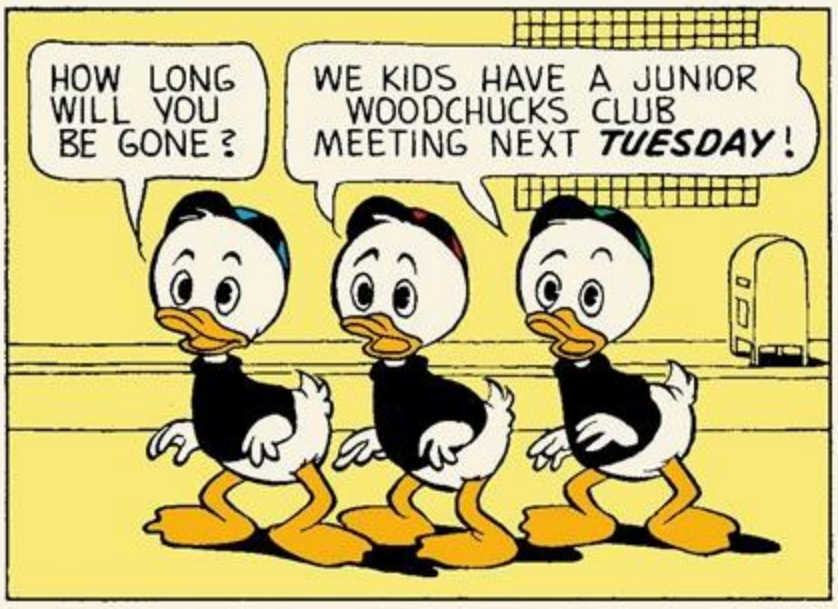

YES — OR CROWNS OF ANCIENT KINGS OR THE MAKE-UP KIT OF HELEN OF TROY!
YOU'RE MIGHTY HARD TO PLEASE!


WHEN YOU FIND SOMETHING OF GREAT HISTORICAL VALUE WE'LL CONSIDER YOU FOR *MEMBERSHIP* IN THE CLUB, McDUCK! MEANWHILE, *GO*!
I'M BEING ORDERED *OUT*!
ARCHEOLOGISTS' CLUB


(GRIPE! GRUMBLE!) AND I WANT TO *JOIN* THAT SNOOTY CLUB SO I CAN BULLY THE MEMBERS INTO BUYING McDUCK SHOVELS AND THINGS!

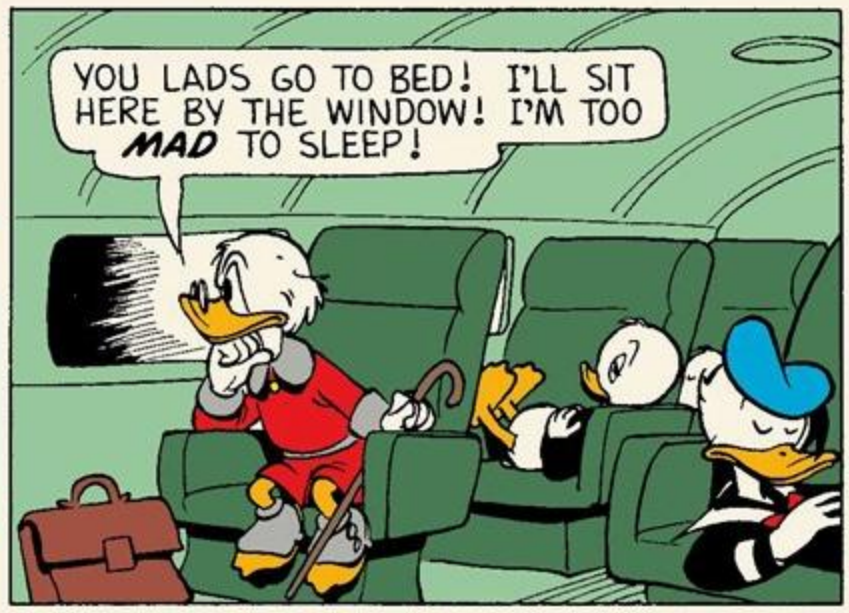

WELL, I GUESS IT'S *HOPELESS*, SO I MAY AS WELL GET BACK TO MY REGULAR BUSINESS!

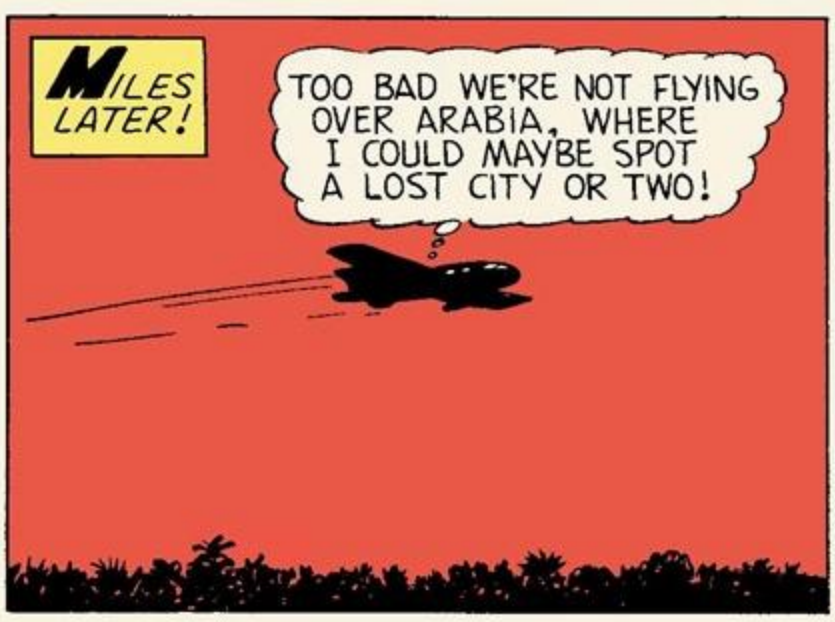

HI, NEPHEWS! DO YOU WANT TO FLY WITH ME TO PATAGONIA TO LOOK AT SOME IRON MINES?
MAYBE YES, MAYBE NO, UNCLE SCROOGE!

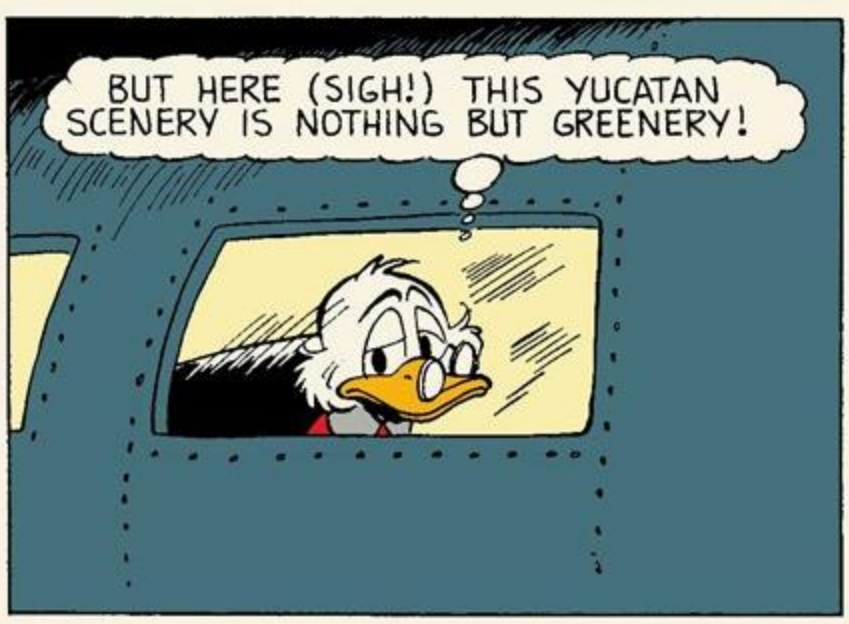

HOW LONG WILL YOU BE GONE?
WE KIDS HAVE A JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS CLUB MEETING NEXT TUESDAY!

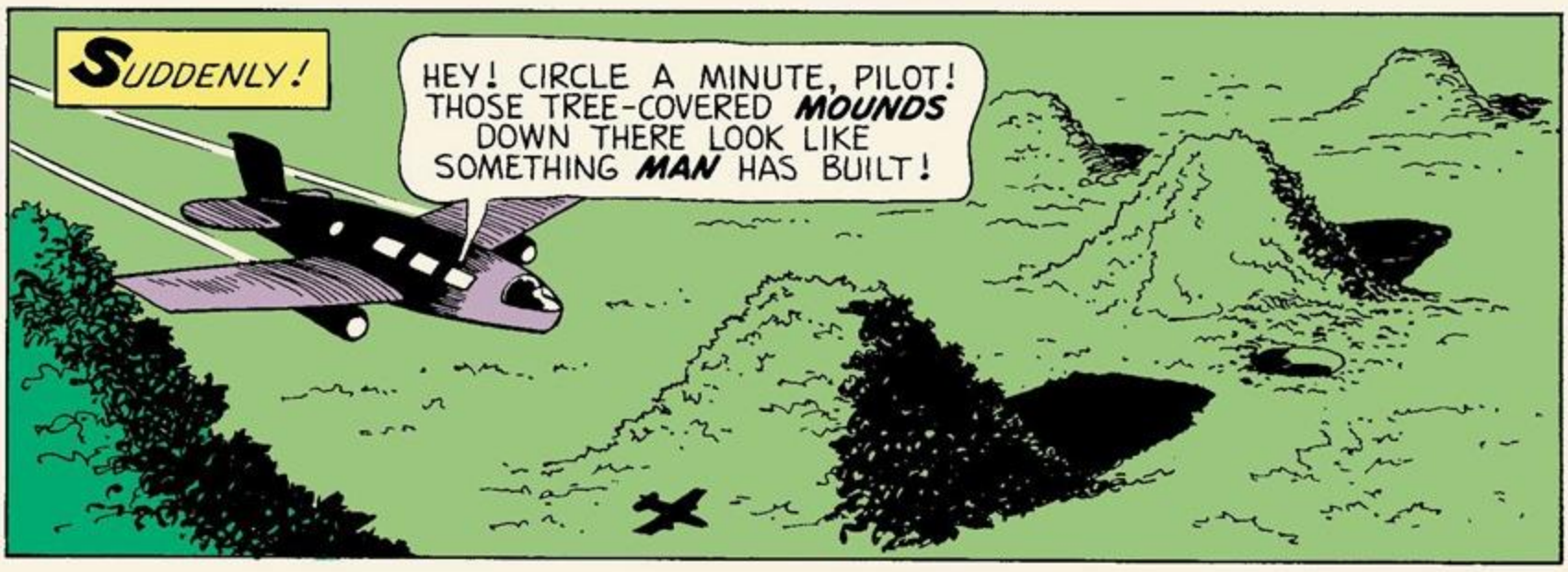

TAXI
WE'LL ONLY BE AWAY A FEW DAYS! COME ON, BOYS!


SOON UNCLE SCROOGE IS AIR-BORNE AND PLOTTING HIS COURSE!
THERE'S A STORM TO THE WEST OF US! WE'D BEST CUT ACROSS THE YUCATAN PENINSULA!


YOU LADS GO TO BED! I'LL SIT HERE BY THE WINDOW! I'M TOO MAD TO SLEEP!


MILES LATER!
TOO BAD WE'RE NOT FLYING OVER ARABIA, WHERE I COULD MAYBE SPOT A LOST CITY OR TWO!


BUT HERE (SIGH!) THIS YUCATAN SCENERY IS NOTHING BUT GREENERY!


SUDDENLY!
HEY! CIRCLE A MINUTE, PILOT! THOSE TREE-COVERED MOUNDS DOWN THERE LOOK LIKE SOMETHING MAN HAS BUILT!

THEY MUST BE TAILING DUMPS OF ANCIENT *MINES*!

UNCA SCROOGE, YOU KNOW WE HAVE TO GET BACK FOR OUR CLUB MEETING!

PLEASE DON'T BE LOOKING AT *MINES* ALL THE WAY TO PATAGONIA AND BACK!

BESIDES, THOSE *AREN'T* MINES YOU'RE EYEING WITH SUCH GREED!

THOSE MOUNDS ARE CRUMBLED *TEMPLES* OF AN *ANCIENT CITY*!

ANCIENT CITY?

YES! WE HAVE PICTURES OF SUCH RUINS IN OUR JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS' GUIDEBOOK!

!

NEVER MIND FLYING TO PATAGONIA, PILOT! THIS ANCIENT CITY BUSINESS IS MORE *IMPORTANT*!

SET US DOWN AT THE NEAREST AIRFIELD! WE'RE GOING DIGGING FOR *ARTIFACTS*!

BUT, UNCA SCROOGE! THAT'LL TAKE *WEEKS*!

WHAT ABOUT OUR *CLUB MEETING*?

I GUESS WE SHOULD HAVE LET HIM GO ON THINKING THOSE MOUNDS WERE MINES!

YIPPEE! KI, YI!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE ARCHEOLOGISTS' CLUB IN DUCKBURG!

GET OUT, YOU *DECEIVERS*!

THE *ARTIFACTS* YOU USED TO GAIN MEMBERSHIP IN OUR CLUB ARE ARTY-*FAKES*!

WE'VE DISCOVERED YOUR "PRE-BABYLONIAN CHOP SUEY COOKERS" ARE ONLY *TWO WEEKS OLD*!

WELL, WE MANAGED TO BE "*ARCHEOLOGISTS*" FOR TWO WEEKS, ANYWAY, SLYVIPER!

EVEN A SHORT FLING IN HIGH SOCIETY BEATS NOTHING, FOULCROOK!

(SIGH!) WE WON'T GET BACK *IN* WITH ANY MORE FAKE RELICS, SLYVIPER!

I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME *REAL* RELICS, FOULCROOK!

THAT MEANS WE MAY HAVE TO *DIG* WITH OUR OWN LILY-WHITE HANDS, SLYVIPER!

LET'S TRY LOOKING FOR ARTIFACTS IN *YUCATAN*, FOULCROOK! THEY'RE SAID TO BE *PLENTIFUL* DOWN THERE!

WE'LL DO THAT! WE MAY EVEN FIND A *LOST CITY*!

OR A *GOLDEN TEMPLE*, OR THE *JEWELED CROWN* OF A MAYAN KING, FOULCROOK!

AT A VILLAGE IN OLD MEXICO!

GET OUR SUPPLIES ABOARD THE HELICOPTER, LADS! WE'LL TAKE OFF FOR THE LOST CITY AT DAWN!

WHAT A LOAD! SHOVELS, PICKS, ROPES, EATS—!

AND *AQUALUNGS* FOR EXPLORING THAT CREEPY *WELL*!

IF THAT CITY'S LIKE SOME MAYAN RUINS, IT SHOULD BE FULL OF RICH *TREASURES*, UNCLE SCROOGE!

I ONLY NEED TO PROVE I *FOUND* IT TO QUALIFY FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ARCHEOLOGISTS' CLUB!

IF WE FIND YOU A FEW *ARTIFACTS* REAL FAST, MAYBE WE CAN STILL FLY HOME IN TIME FOR *OUR* CLUB MEETING, UNCA SCROOGE!

I'LL NEED A *TERRIFIC* ARTIFACT – LIKE A JEWELED *CROWN*, AT LEAST!

TWO TRAVELERS HAVE JUST ARRIVED AT THE AIRFIELD!

DID WE OVERHEAR THE WORD *ARTIFACT*, SLYVIPER?

YES, FROM JUST BEYOND THIS FENCE, FOULCROOK!

A HELICOPTER LOADED WITH *ARCHEOLOGICAL* GEAR, SLYVIPER!

SOMEBODY'S ON THEIR WAY TO A *NEW FIND*, IT SEEMS!

WE'LL GO TO OUR HOTEL NOW, LADS, AND PLAN HOW WE'LL FLY TO THE LOST CITY!

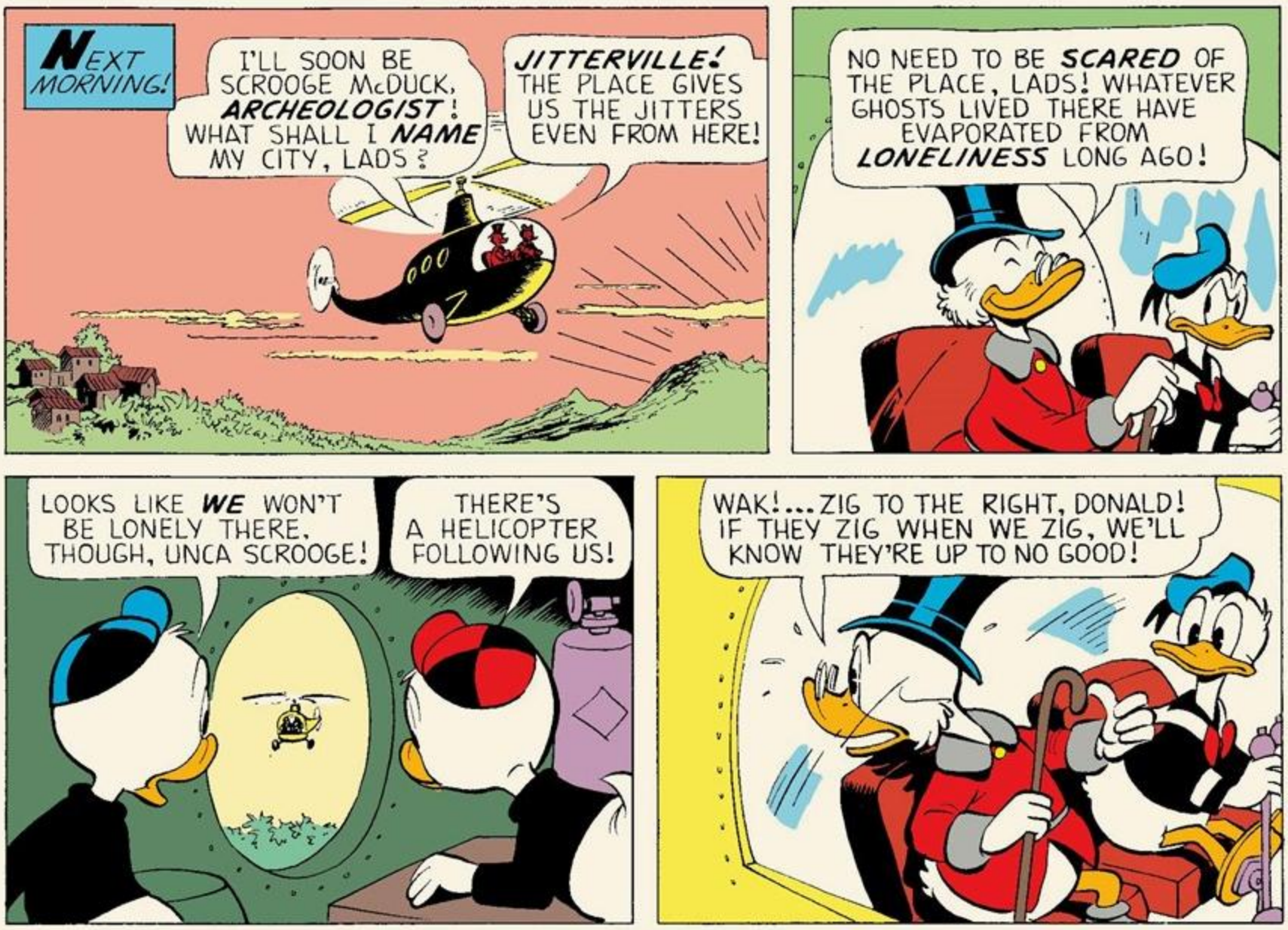
A *LOST CITY*, SLYVIPER!

WE'LL HAVE TO LISTEN TO THOSE *PLANS*, FOULCROOK! MAYBE WE WON'T *NEED* TO FIND A LOST CITY OF OUR OWN! HEH! HEH!

So-

WE'LL FLY ZIG-ZAG TO THE TAMALE RIVER, LADS, TO BEFUDDLE ANYONE WHO TRIES TO FOLLOW US!

THEN WE FLY *DIRECT* TO YOU-KNOW-WHERE, UNCLE SCROOGE!


NEXT MORNING!
I'LL SOON BE SCROOGE McDUCK, ARCHEOLOGIST! WHAT SHALL I NAME MY CITY, LADS?
JITTERVILLE! THE PLACE GIVES US THE JITTERS EVEN FROM HERE!
NO NEED TO BE SCARED OF THE PLACE, LADS! WHATEVER GHOSTS LIVED THERE HAVE EVAPORATED FROM LONELINESS LONG AGO!
LOOKS LIKE WE WON'T BE LONELY THERE, THOUGH, UNCA SCROOGE!
THERE'S A HELICOPTER FOLLOWING US!
WAK!...ZIG TO THE RIGHT, DONALD! IF THEY ZIG WHEN WE ZIG, WE'LL KNOW THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD!
NOPE! THEY'RE GOING ON TOWARD THE TAMALE RIVER!
PROBABLY BUTTERFLY HUNTERS!
ZIP
IF THEY'RE LOOKING FOR BUTTERFLIES, THEY CAN FIND PLENTY OF THEM IN MY STOMACH!
LATER!
ALL'S CLEAR NOW!
THAT'S THE TAMALE RIVER BELOW, DONALD! CHANGE COURSE HERE AND HEAD FOR JITTERVILLE — IF YOU MUST CALL IT THAT!

SHORTLY-

I HATE TO BOTHER YOU WITH BAD NEWS, UNCA SCROOGE, BUT THAT HELICOPTER IS *FOLLOWING* US AGAIN!

IT *IS*!...THAT MEANS WE'VE PRACTICALLY *SHOWN THEM THE WAY* TO MY LOST CITY!

GIVE ME THE CONTROLS, DONALD! I'M GOING TO TRY TO *STOP* THOSE TWO CHISELERS, WHOEVER THEY ARE!

UNCA SCROOGE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?...YOU'LL *CRASH* THIS CHOPPER!

ZOW

I'M GOING TO *HIDE* IT FOR JUST A SECOND, NEPHEWS!

NOW, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF *THAT*, SLYVIPER?

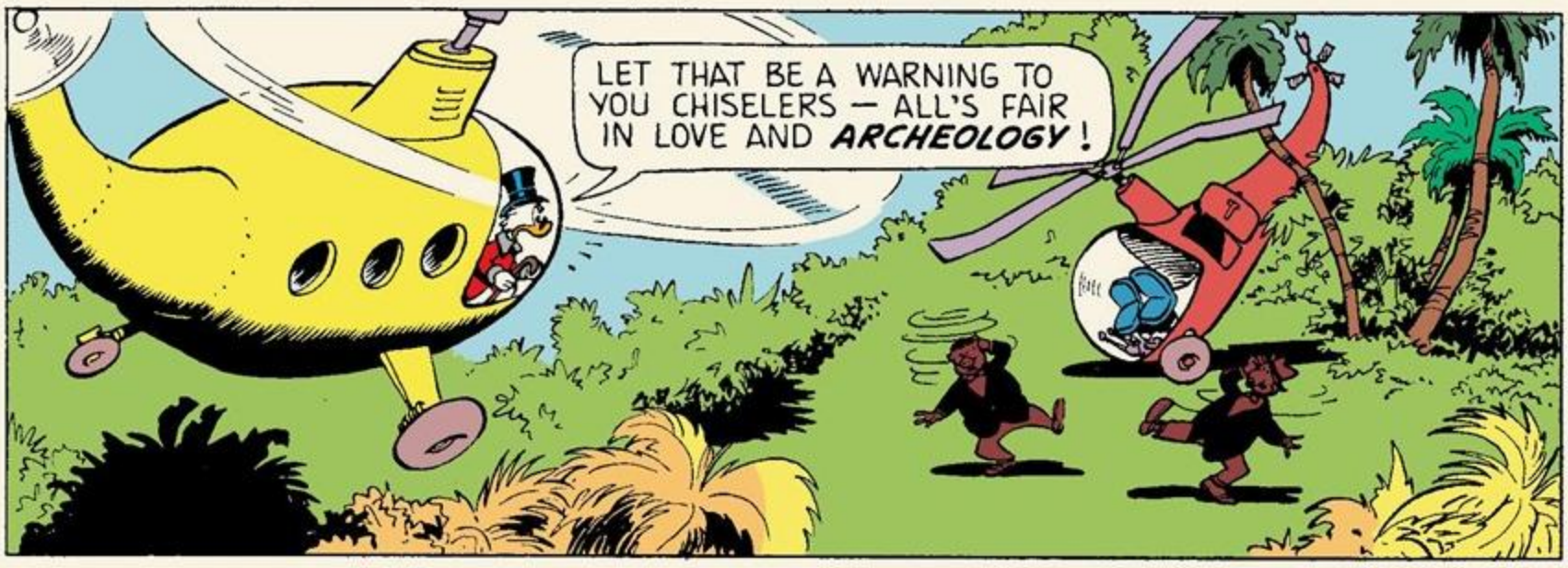
WHERE DID THAT OLD DUCK *GO*? IS HE TRYING TO *TRICK* US?

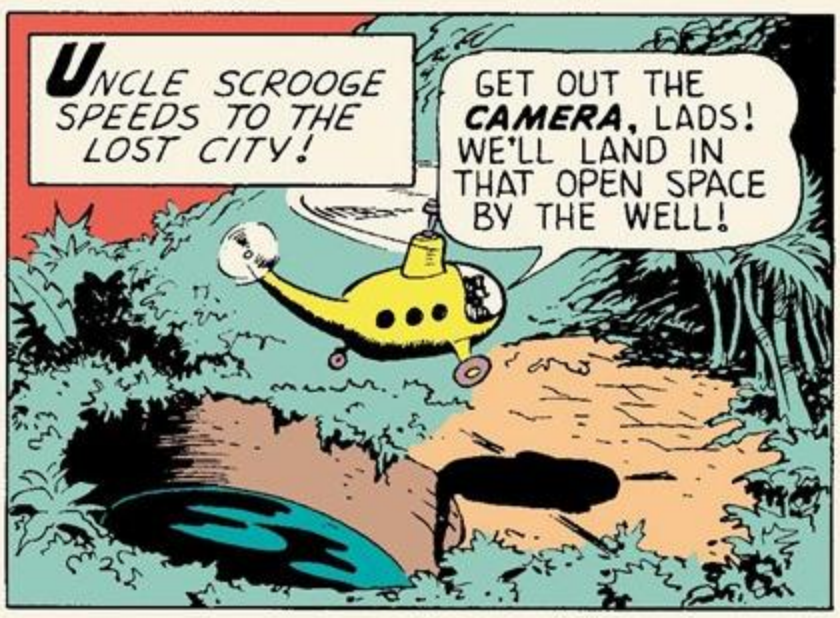
BLAZZZ

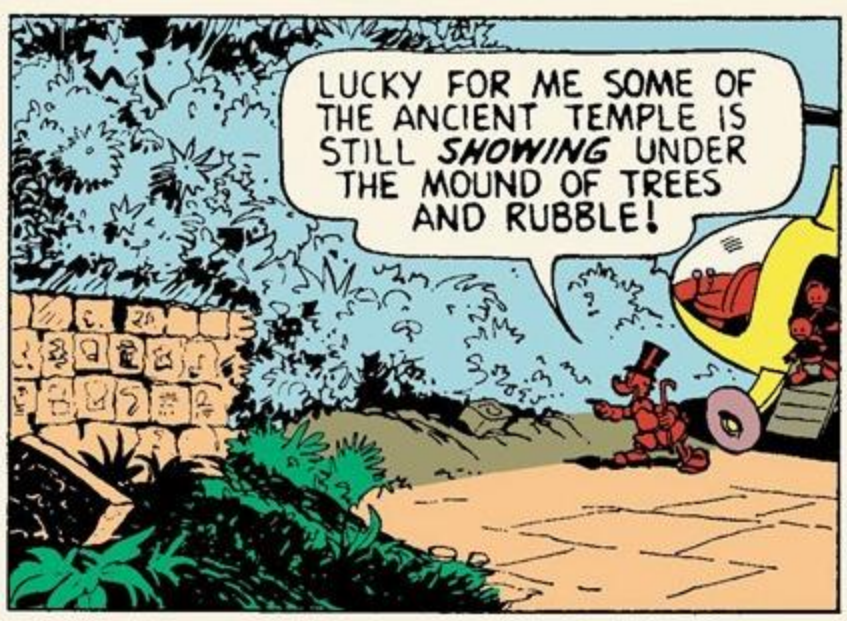
HE *IS* TRICKING US, SLYVIPER! LOOK AT OUR RUDDER FAN!

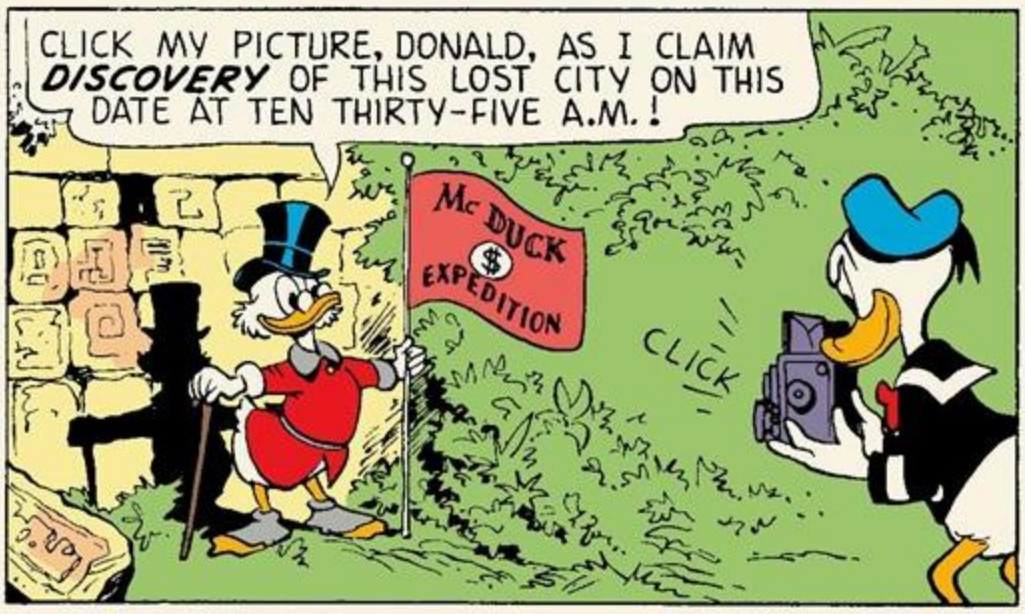

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH, SLYVIPER!
GOOD! ONE MORE OF THESE SPINS, AND I WON'T FEEL IT HAPPEN!

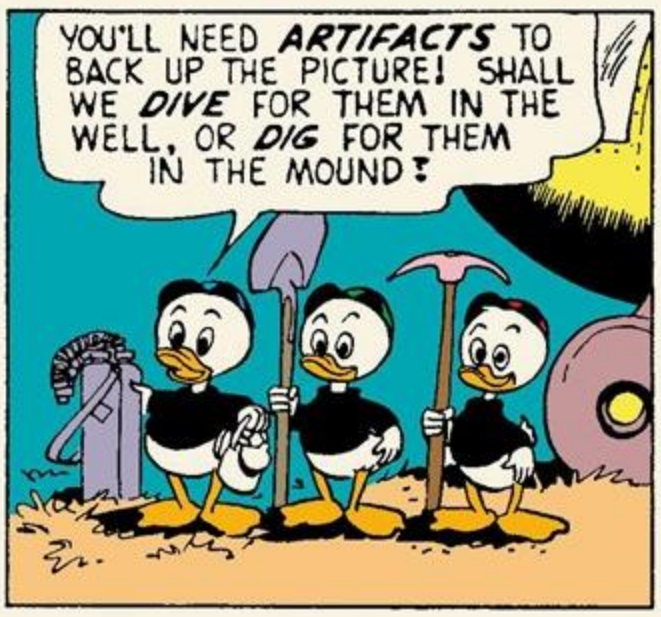

YOU SURE PLAY ROUGH, UNCA SCROOGE!

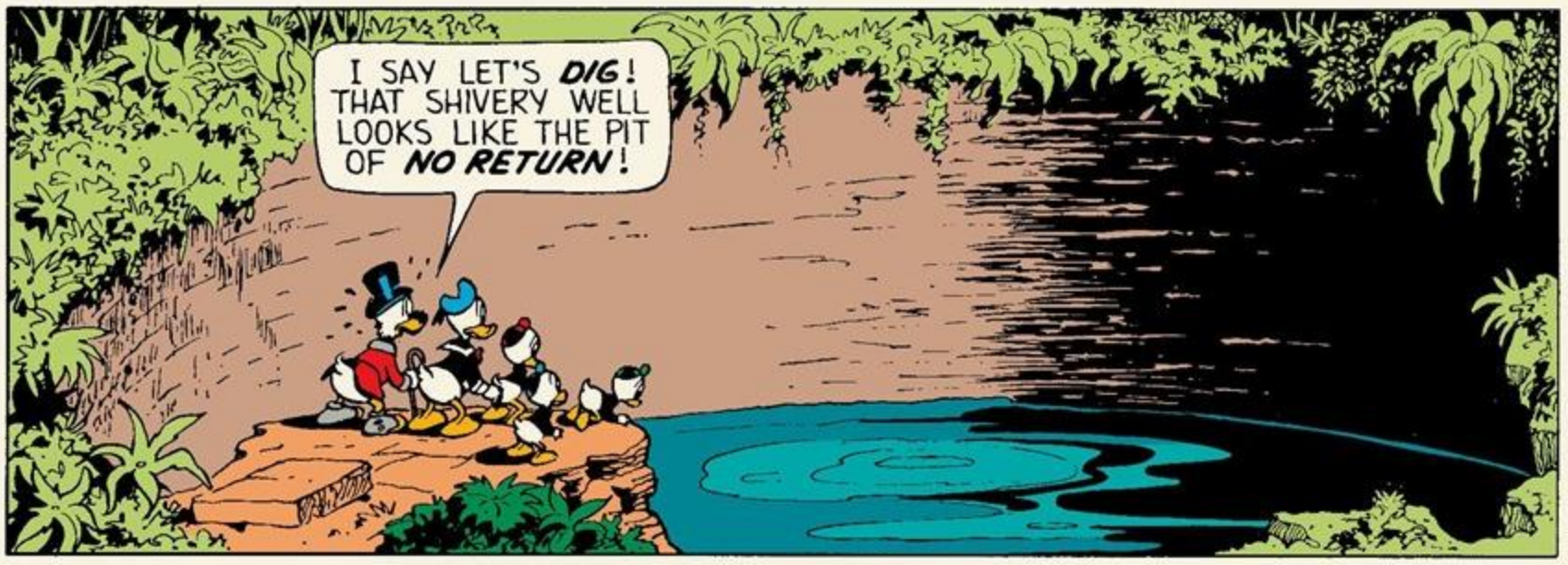

LET THAT BE A WARNING TO YOU CHISELERS — ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND ARCHEOLOGY!

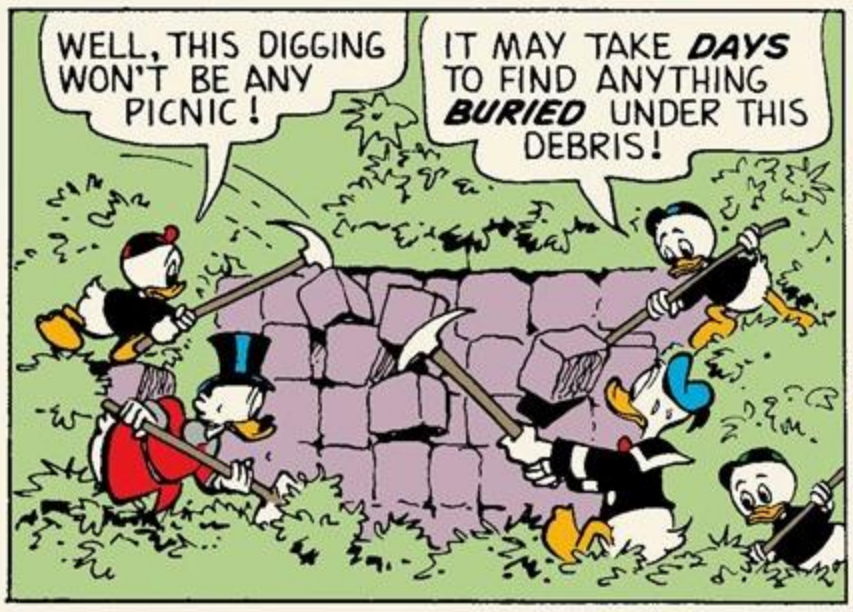

UNCLE SCROOGE SPEEDS TO THE LOST CITY!
GET OUT THE CAMERA, LADS! WE'LL LAND IN THAT OPEN SPACE BY THE WELL!


LUCKY FOR ME SOME OF THE ANCIENT TEMPLE IS STILL SHOWING UNDER THE MOUND OF TREES AND RUBBLE!


CLICK MY PICTURE, DONALD, AS I CLAIM DISCOVERY OF THIS LOST CITY ON THIS DATE AT TEN THIRTY-FIVE A.M.!
Mc DUCK $ EXPEXPEDITION
CLICK!

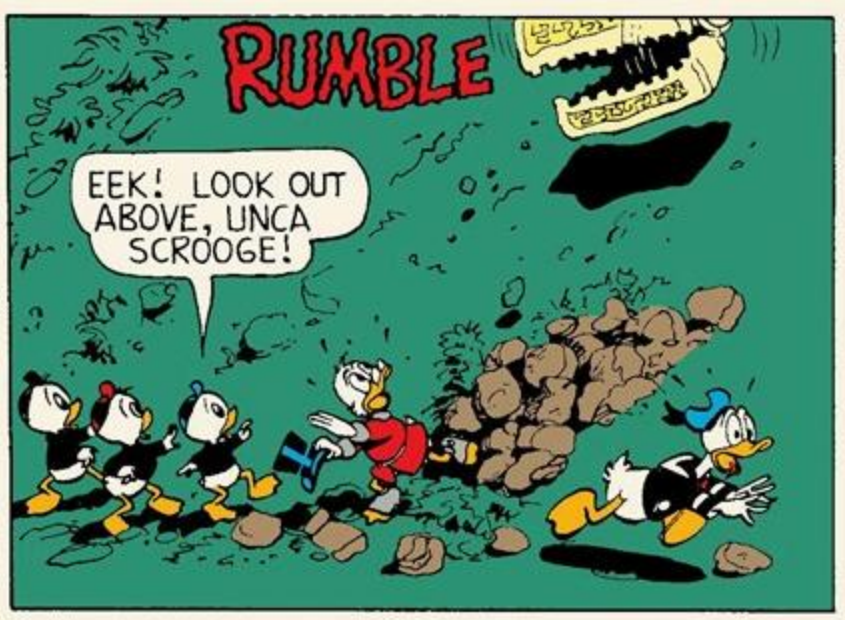

YOU'LL NEED ARTIFACTS TO BACK UP THE PICTURE! SHALL WE DIVE FOR THEM IN THE WELL, OR DIG FOR THEM IN THE MOUND?

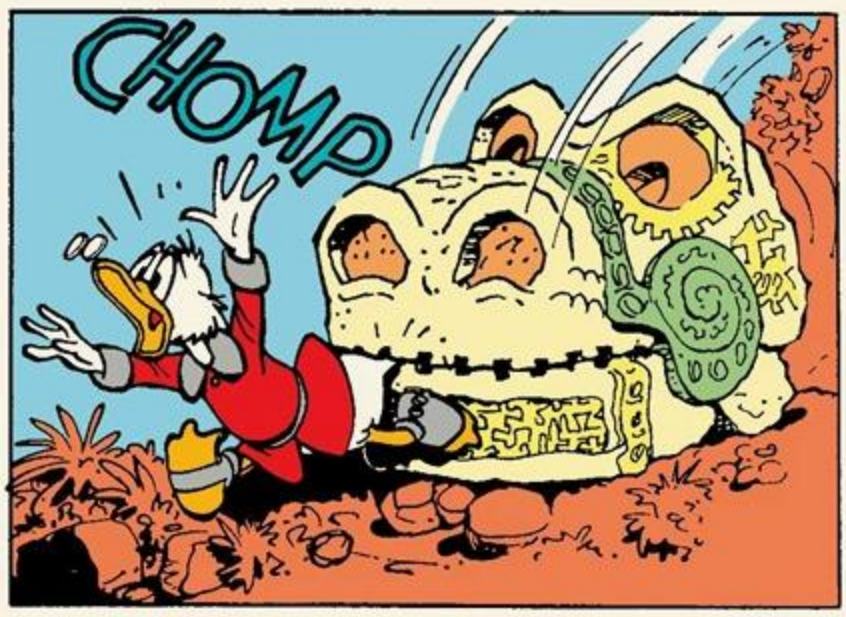

I SAY LET'S DIG! THAT SHIVERY WELL LOOKS LIKE THE PIT OF NO RETURN!

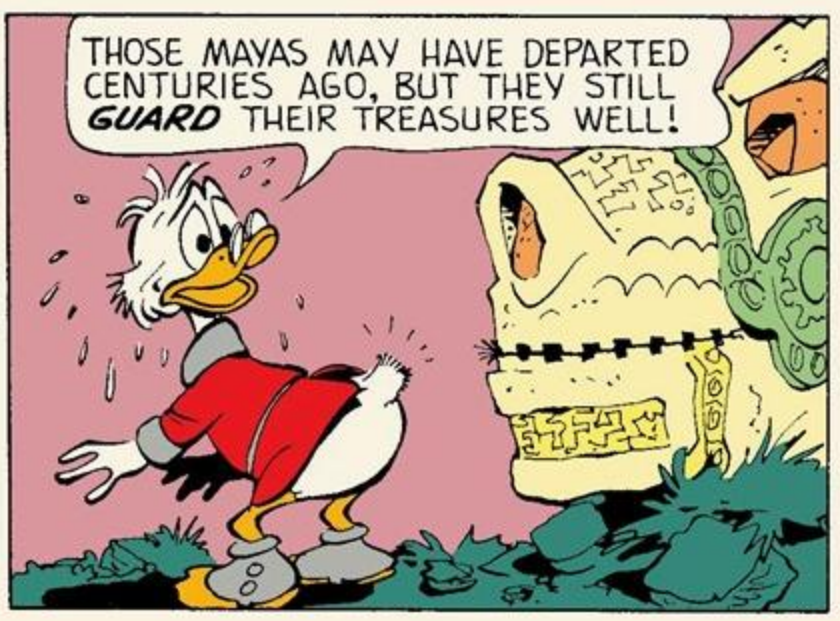

WELL, THIS DIGGING WON'T BE ANY PICNIC!
IT MAY TAKE DAYS TO FIND ANYTHING BURIED UNDER THIS DEBRIS!

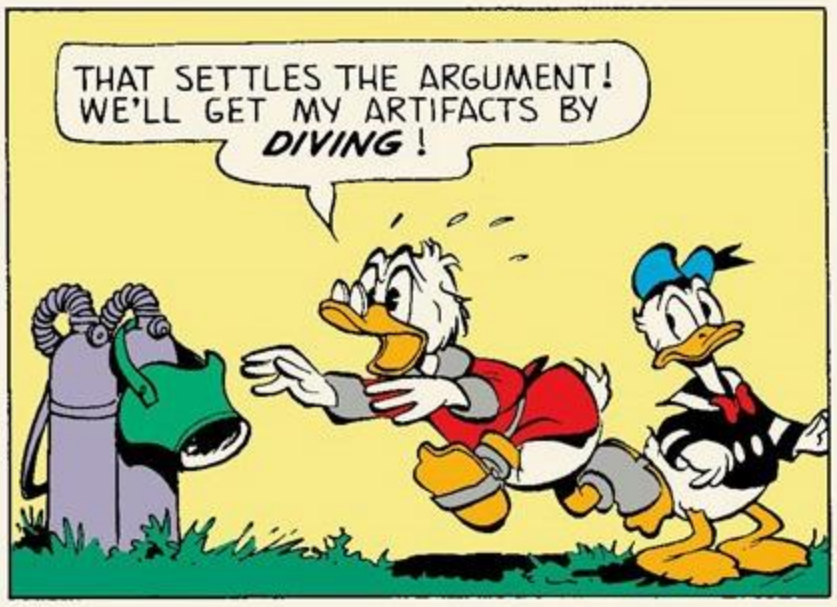

CRUNK

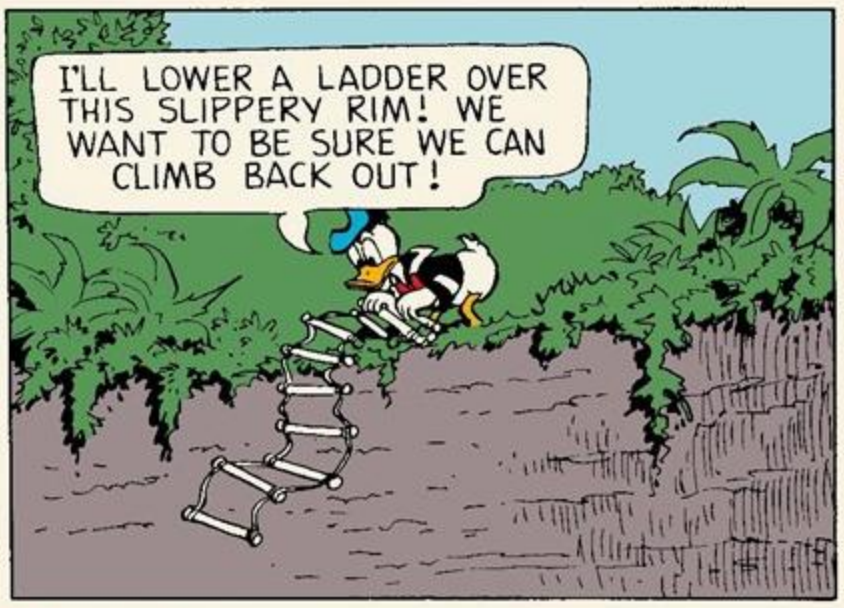

SUCH AS BURIED DUCKS!

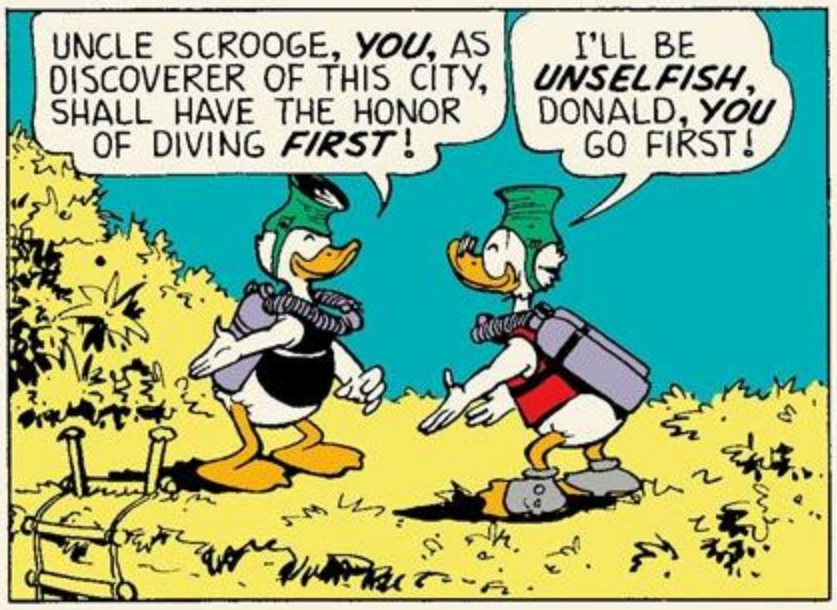

RUMBLE
EEK! LOOK OUT ABOVE, UNCA SCROOGE!

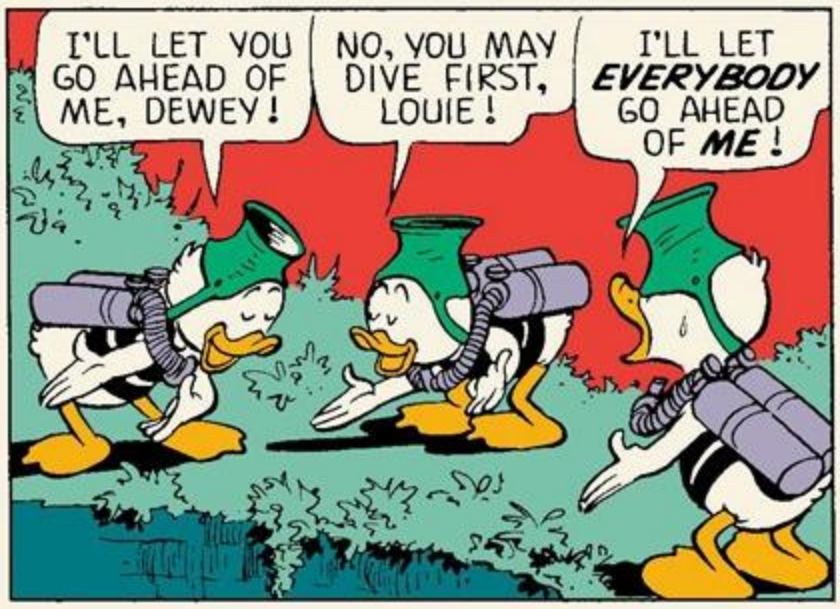

CHOMP

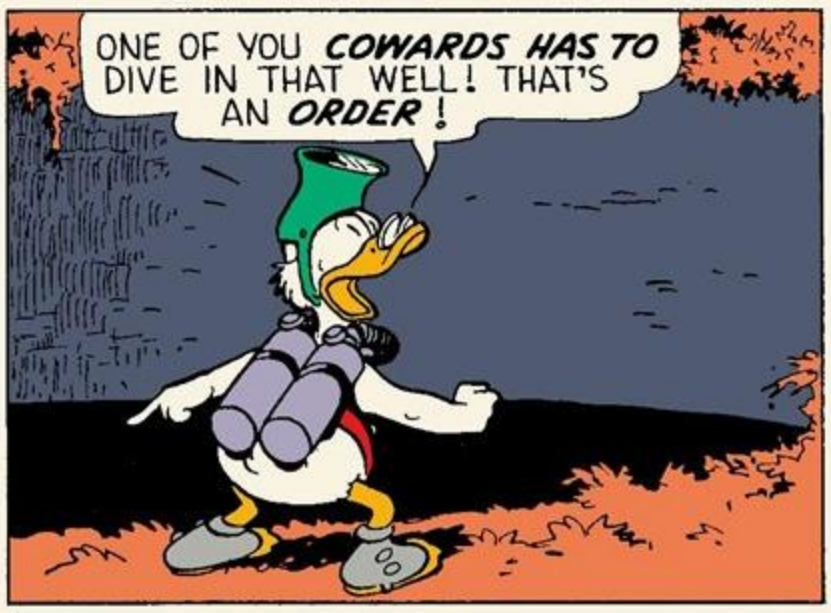

THOSE MAYAS MAY HAVE DEPARTED CENTURIES AGO, BUT THEY STILL GUARD THEIR TREASURES WELL!

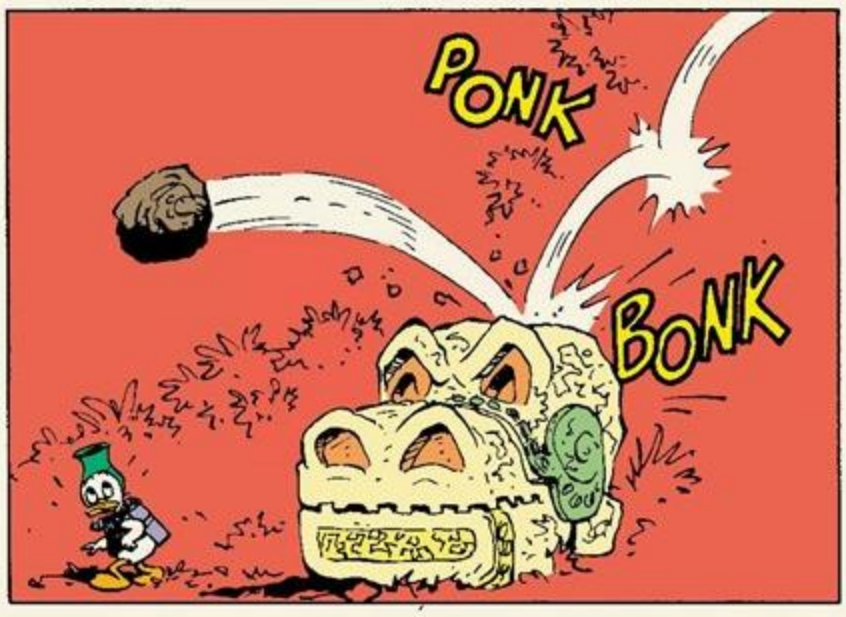

THAT SETTLES THE ARGUMENT! WE'LL GET MY ARTIFACTS BY *DIVING*!

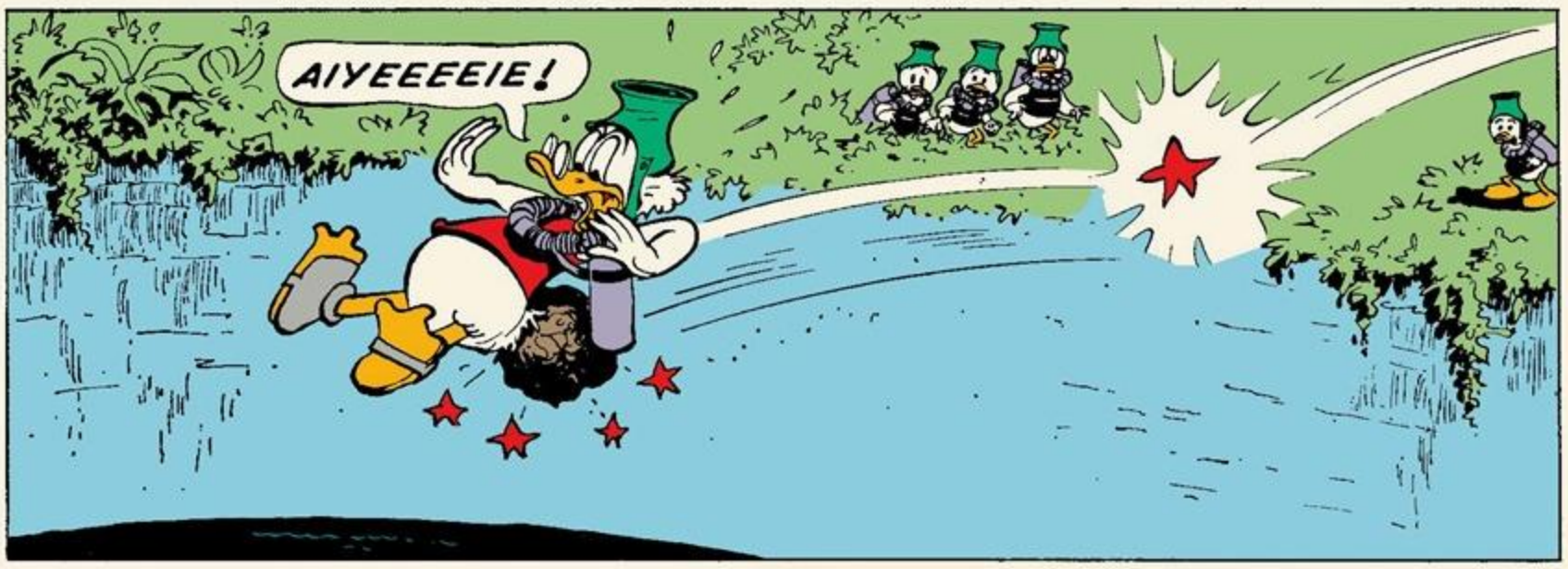

I'LL LOWER A LADDER OVER THIS SLIPPERY RIM! WE WANT TO BE SURE WE CAN CLIMB BACK OUT!


UNCLE SCROOGE, *YOU*, AS DISCOVERER OF THIS CITY, SHALL HAVE THE HONOR OF DIVING *FIRST*!
I'LL BE *UNSELFISH*, DONALD, *YOU* GO FIRST!

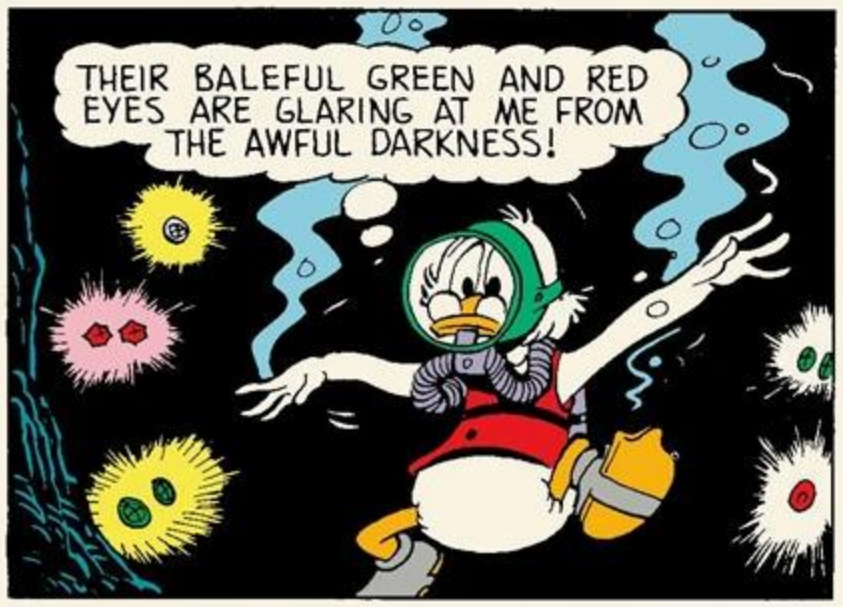

I'LL LET YOU GO AHEAD OF ME, DEWEY!
NO, YOU MAY DIVE FIRST, LOUIE!
I'LL LET *EVERYBODY* GO AHEAD OF *ME*!


ONE OF YOU *COWARDS HAS TO* DIVE IN THAT WELL! THAT'S AN *ORDER*!

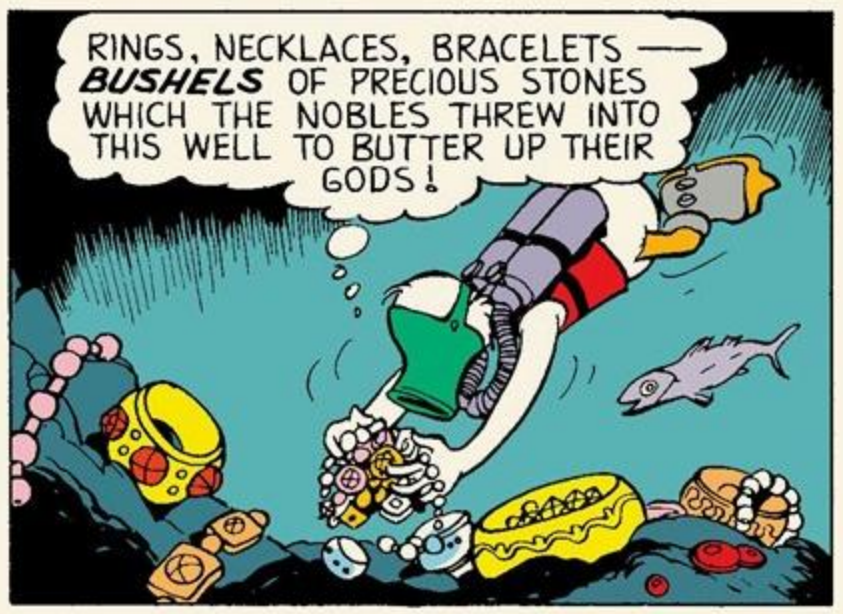

PONK
BONK


AIYEEEEIE!

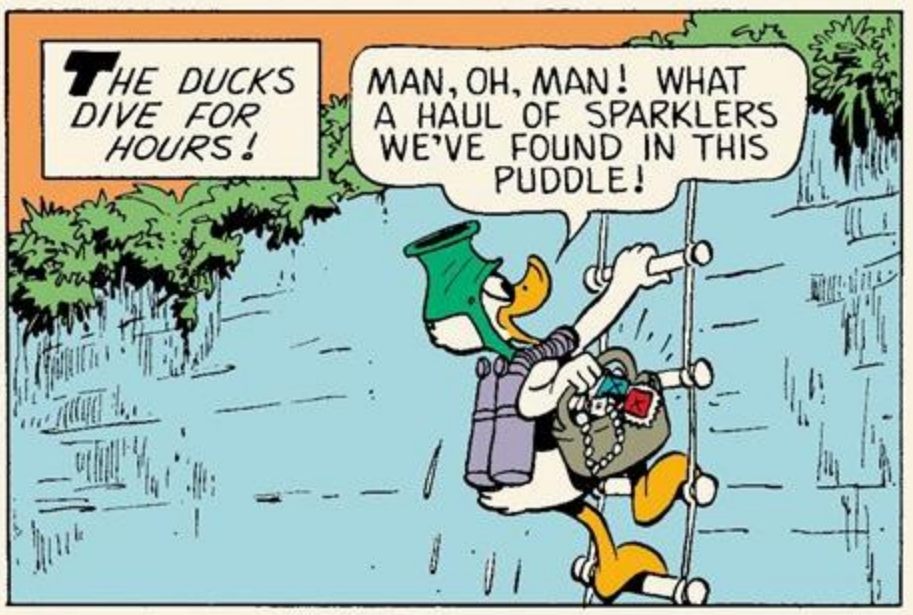

I NEVER BELIEVED IN GHOSTS AND SPIRITS, BUT I *DO* NOW! THIS IS THE *END*!

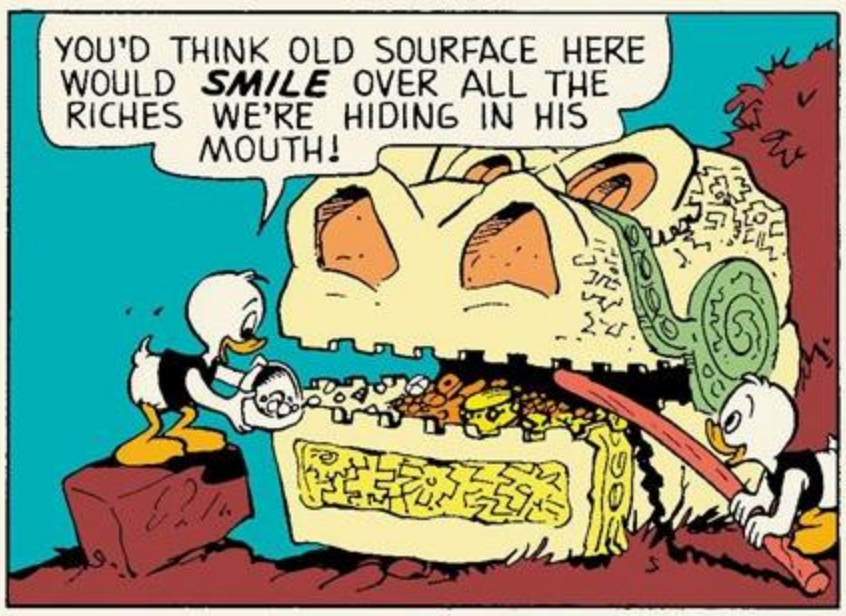

THEIR BALEFUL GREEN AND RED EYES ARE GLARING AT ME FROM THE AWFUL DARKNESS!

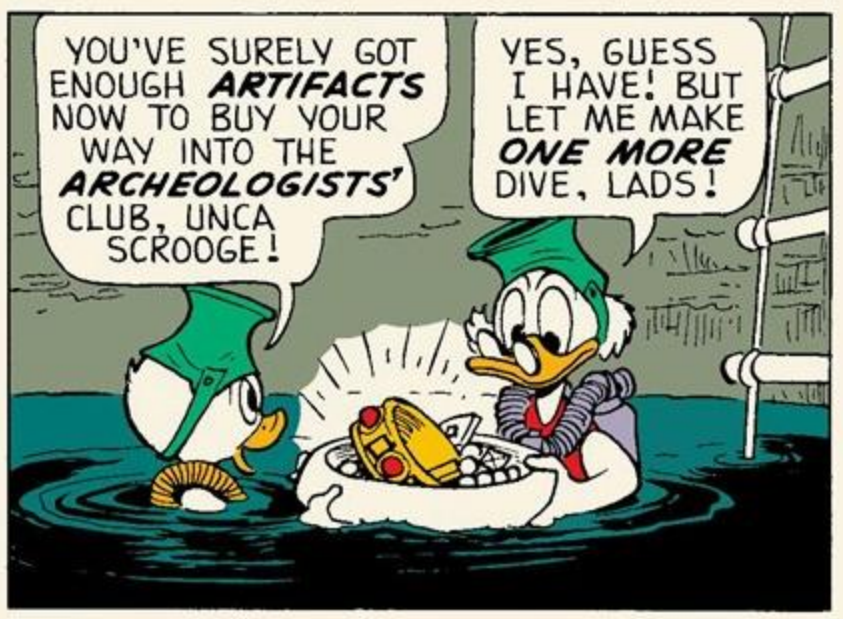

EYES?...THOSE ARE *JEWELS*!

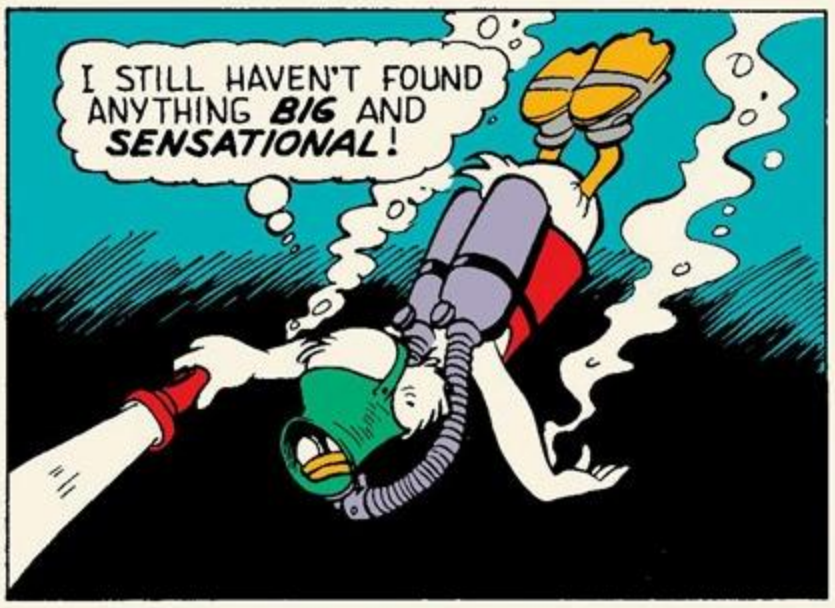

RINGS, NECKLACES, BRACELETS — *BUSHELS* OF PRECIOUS STONES WHICH THE NOBLES THREW INTO THIS WELL TO BUTTER UP THEIR GODS!

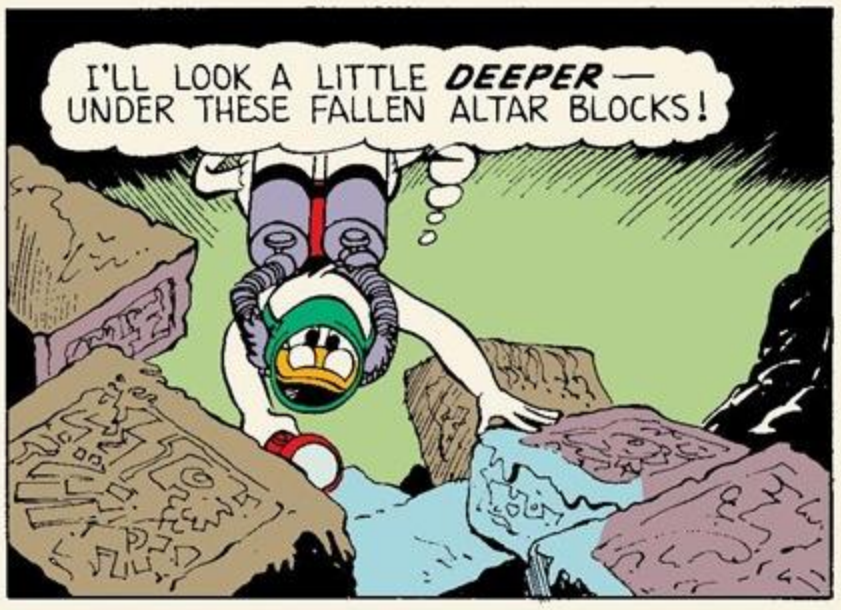

COME ON IN! THE *HUNTIN'S FINE!*


THE DUCKS DIVE FOR HOURS!
MAN, OH, MAN! WHAT A HAUL OF SPARKLERS WE'VE FOUND IN THIS PUDDLE!


YOU'D THINK OLD SOURFACE HERE WOULD *SMILE* OVER ALL THE RICHES WE'RE HIDING IN HIS MOUTH!


YOU'VE SURELY GOT ENOUGH *ARTIFACTS* NOW TO BUY YOUR WAY INTO THE *ARCHEOLOGISTS'* CLUB, UNCA SCROOGE!
YES, GUESS I HAVE! BUT LET ME MAKE *ONE MORE* DIVE, LADS!


I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING *BIG* AND *SENSATIONAL*!

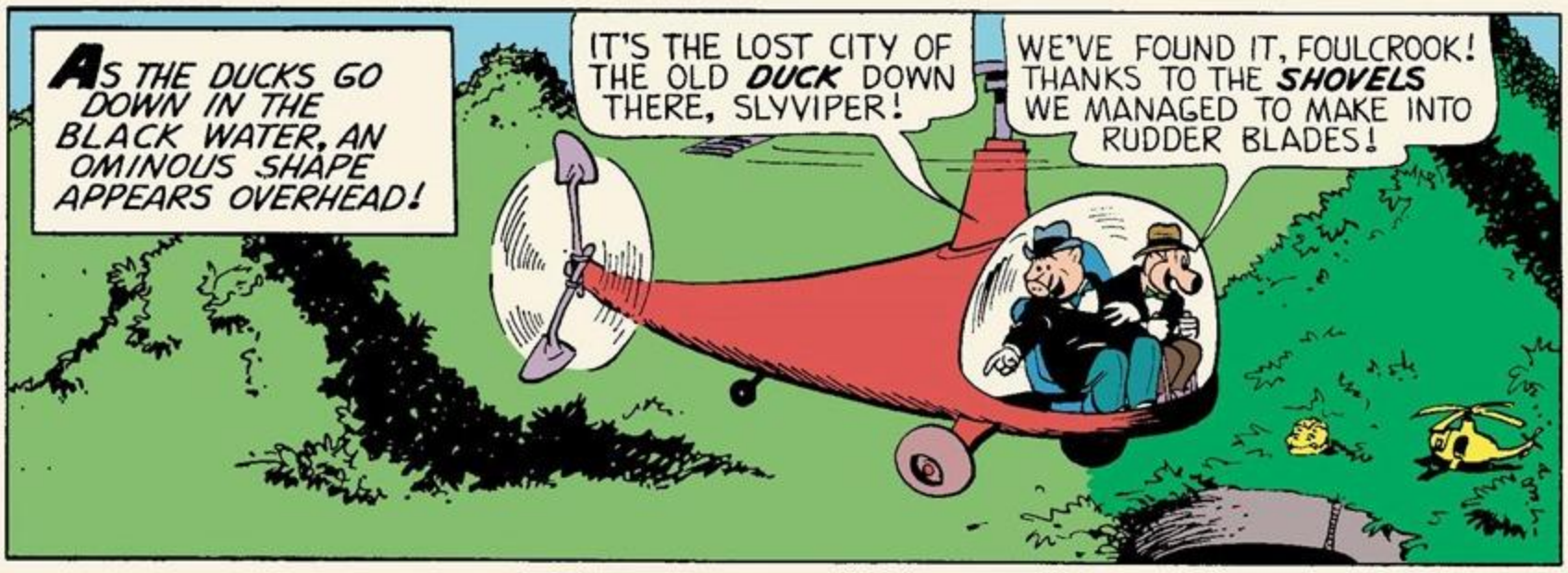

I'LL LOOK A LITTLE *DEEPER* — UNDER THESE FALLEN ALTAR BLOCKS!


WAK! WHAT'S *THAT*?


PUFF! PANT! GRUNT!


DONALD, KIDS, COME DOWN AND *HELP* ME! I'VE FOUND THE BIGGEST, FLASHIEST *CROWN* THAT EVER MADE A HEAD UNEASY!


WE'LL BRING THAT UP — *THEN* WE'LL GO HOME! I PROMISE!


AS THE DUCKS GO DOWN IN THE BLACK WATER, AN OMINOUS SHAPE APPEARS OVERHEAD!
IT'S THE LOST CITY OF THE OLD *DUCK* DOWN THERE, SLYVIPER!
WE'VE FOUND IT, FOULCROOK! THANKS TO THE *SHOVELS* WE MANAGED TO MAKE INTO RUDDER BLADES!

UNCLE SCROOGE AND HIS NEPHEWS PRY THE CROWN FREE!

WHAT A PRIZE! THE KING WHO THREW *THAT* IN THE WELL MUST HAVE HAD A *REAL* CASE OF JITTERS!

DONALD AND I WILL HOLD THIS BAUBLE WHILE THE KIDS CLIMB UP AND RIG A HOISTING BOOM!

HEY! WHAT BECAME OF THE *LADDER*?

OH, OH!

OUR LADDER! YOU CAN'T TAKE OUR LADDER! *WE CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE*!

THAT'S WHAT WE FIGURED, OLD DUCK!

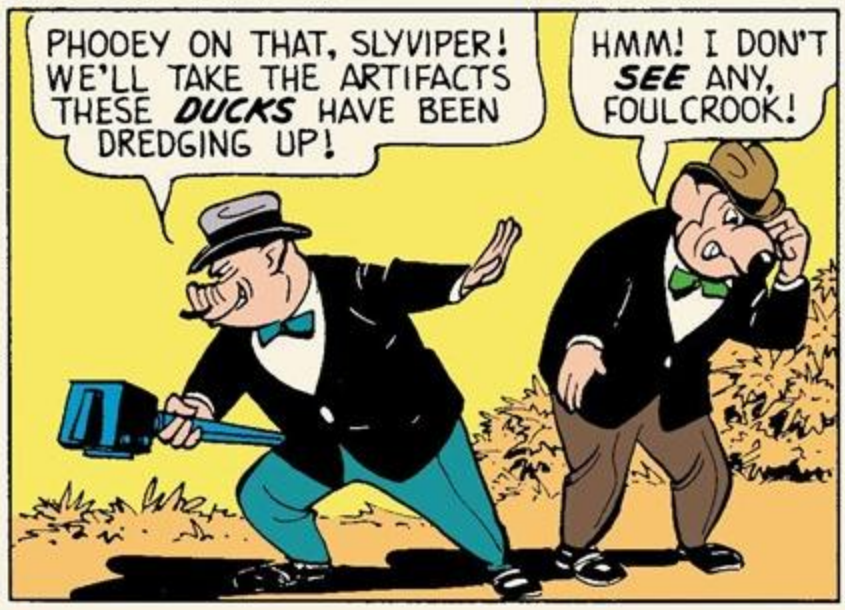
AS YOU SAID THIS MORNING, ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND *ARCHEOLOGY*!

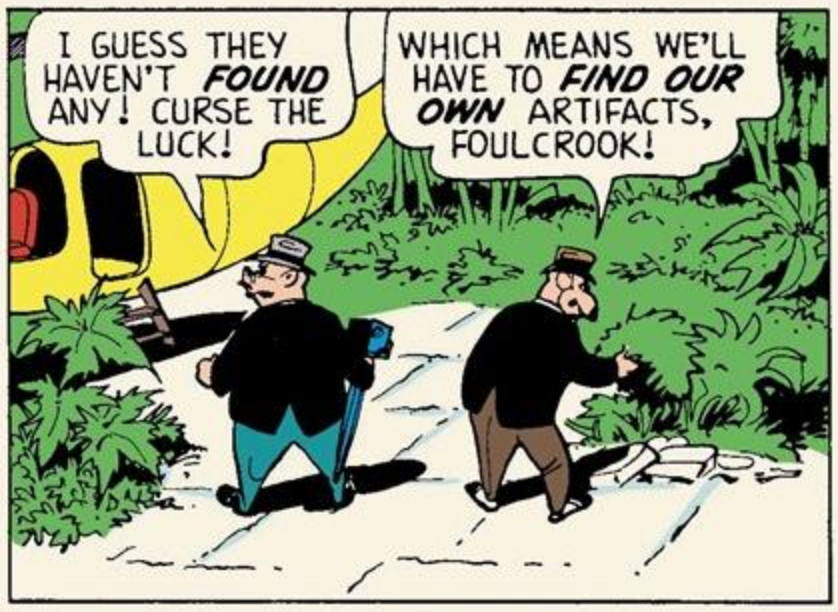
AND NOW, SINCE THERE'S *NOBODY* ABLE TO DISPUTE OUR CLAIM, WE'LL PHOTOGRAPH OURSELVES AS *DISCOVERERS* OF THIS LOST CITY! HEH! HEH!

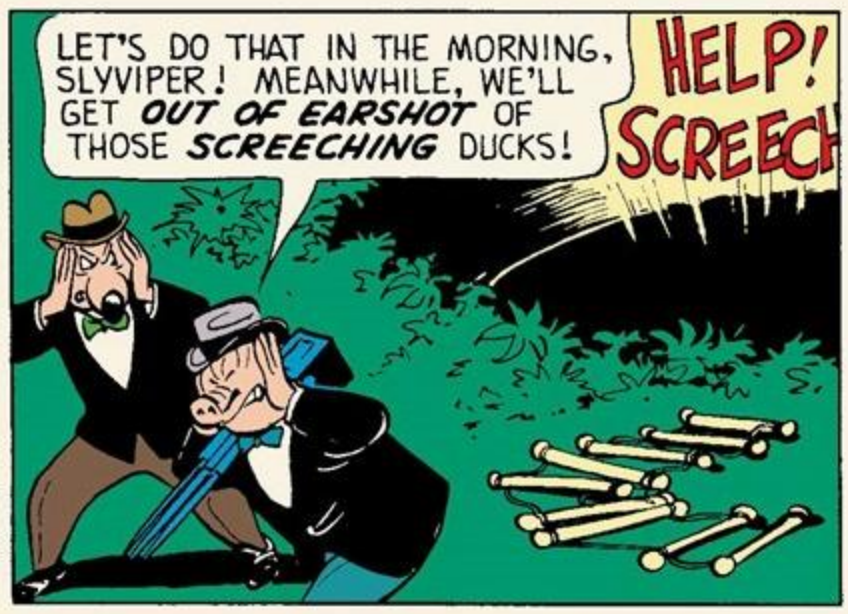
SLYVIPER AND FOULCROOK MAKE ARCHEOLOGICAL *FIND* OF THE CENTURY!

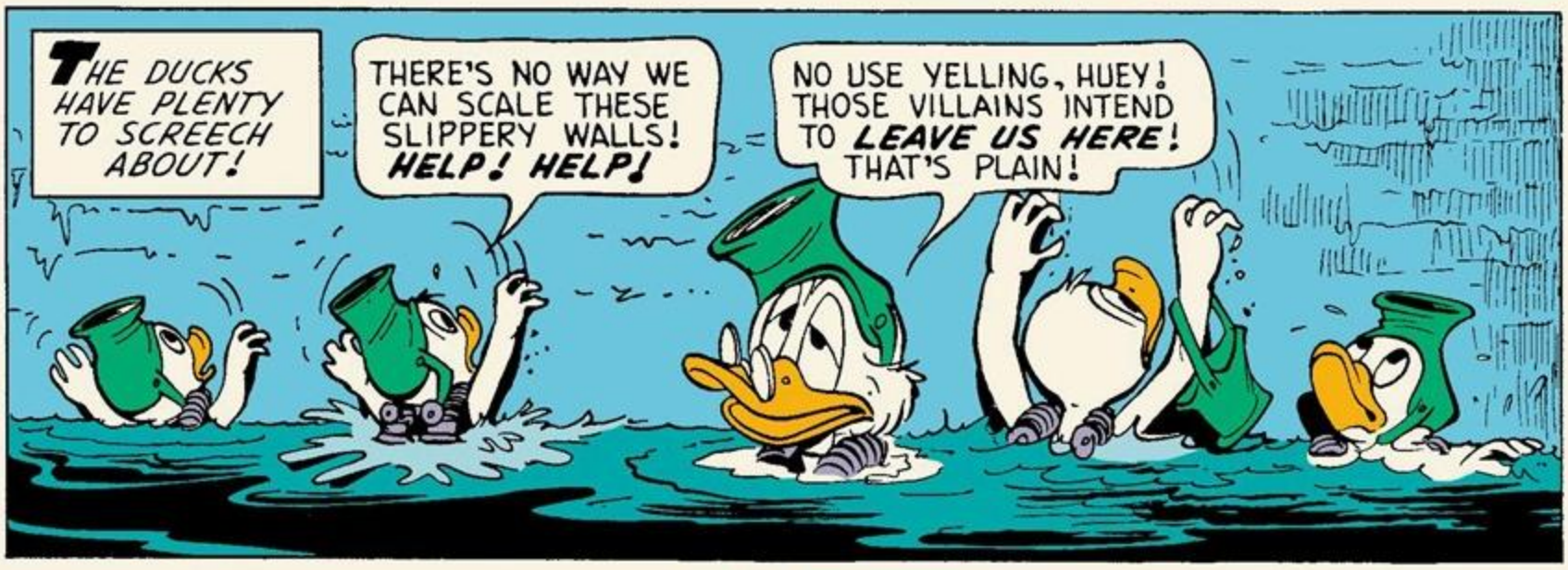
CLICK


NOW TO GATHER UP SOME ARTIFACTS AND FLY BACK TO DUCKBURG, SLYVIPER!
THIS GIANT HEAD IS AN ARTIFACT, BUT IT'S TOO BIG TO HAUL AWAY, FOULCROOK!

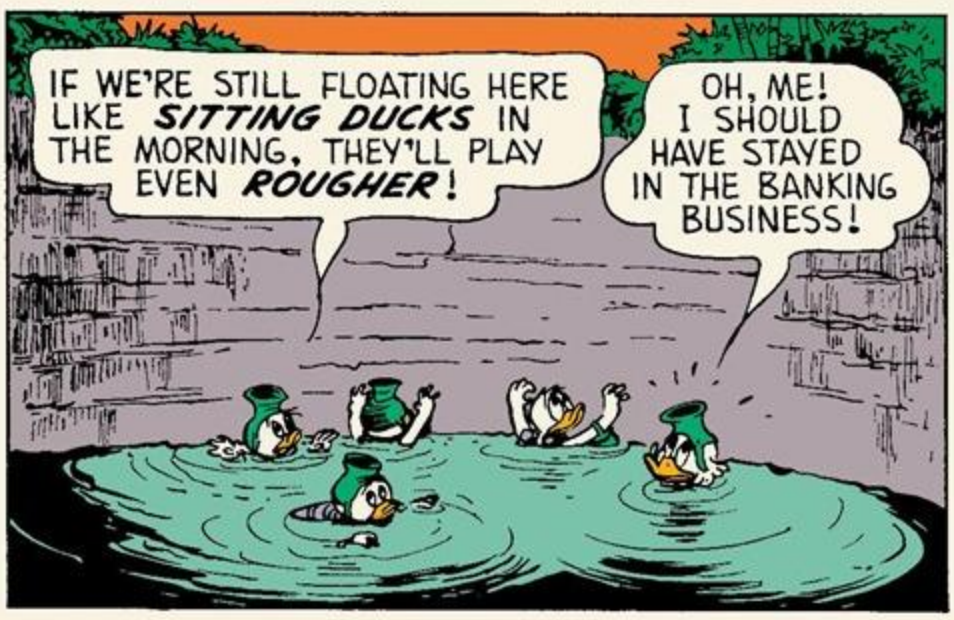

PHOOEY ON THAT, SLYVIPER! WE'LL TAKE THE ARTIFACTS THESE DUCKS HAVE BEEN DREDGING UP!
HMM! I DON'T SEE ANY, FOULCROOK!

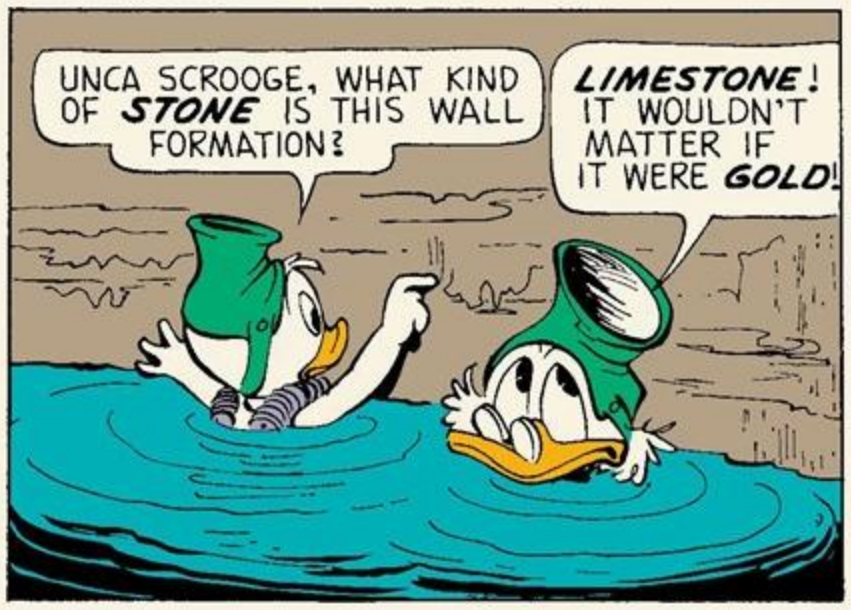

I GUESS THEY HAVEN'T FOUND ANY! CURSE THE LUCK!
WHICH MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO FIND OUR OWN ARTIFACTS, FOULCROOK!

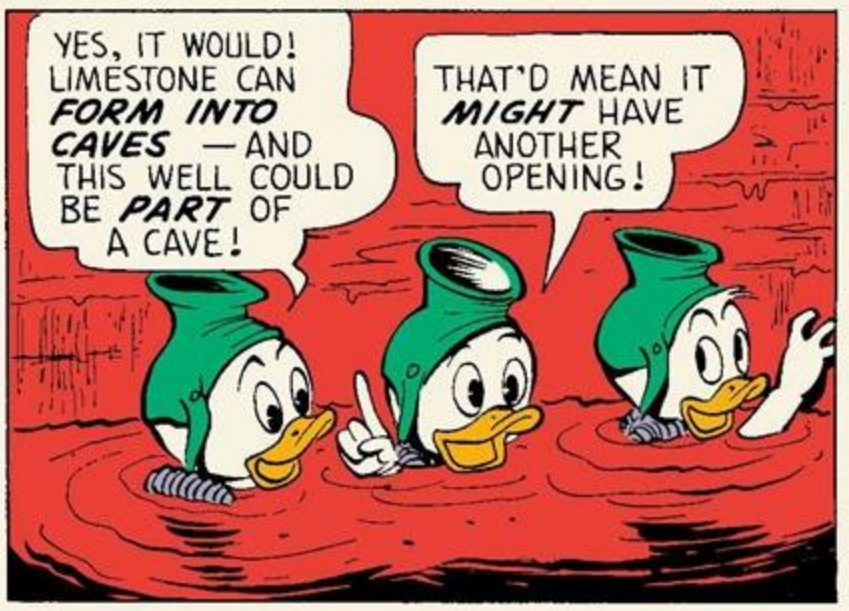

LET'S DO THAT IN THE MORNING, SLYVIPER! MEANWHILE, WE'LL GET OUT OF EARSHOT OF THOSE SCREECHING DUCKS!
HELP! SCREECH

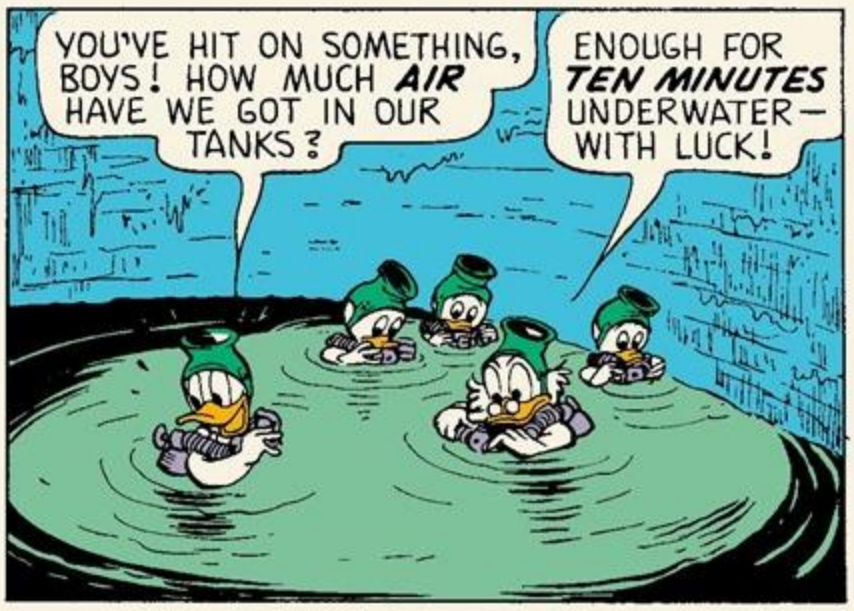

THE DUCKS HAVE PLENTY TO SCREECH ABOUT!
THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN SCALE THESE SLIPPERY WALLS! HELP! HELP!
NO USE YELLING, HUEY! THOSE VILLAINS INTEND TO LEAVE US HERE! THAT'S PLAIN!


THOSE GUYS PLAY ROUGH, TOO, UNCLE SCROOGE!

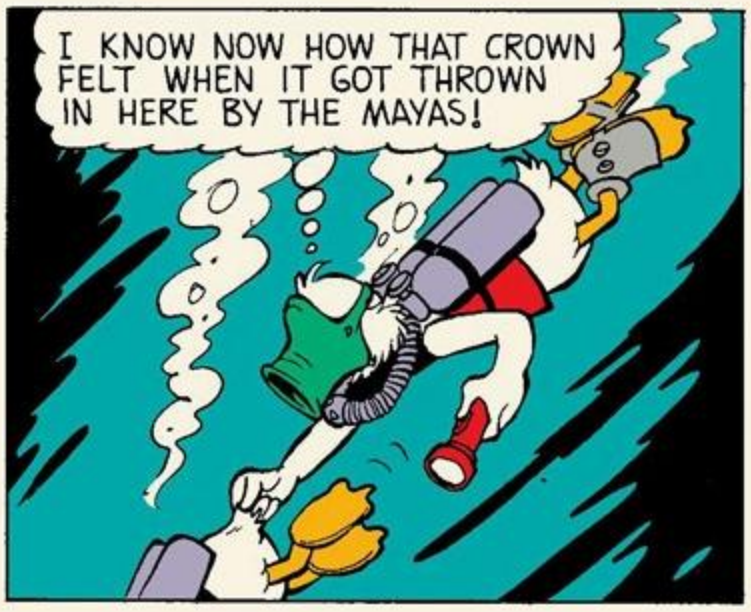

IF WE'RE STILL FLOATING HERE LIKE SITTING DUCKS IN THE MORNING, THEY'LL PLAY EVEN ROUGHER!
OH, ME! I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE BANKING BUSINESS!

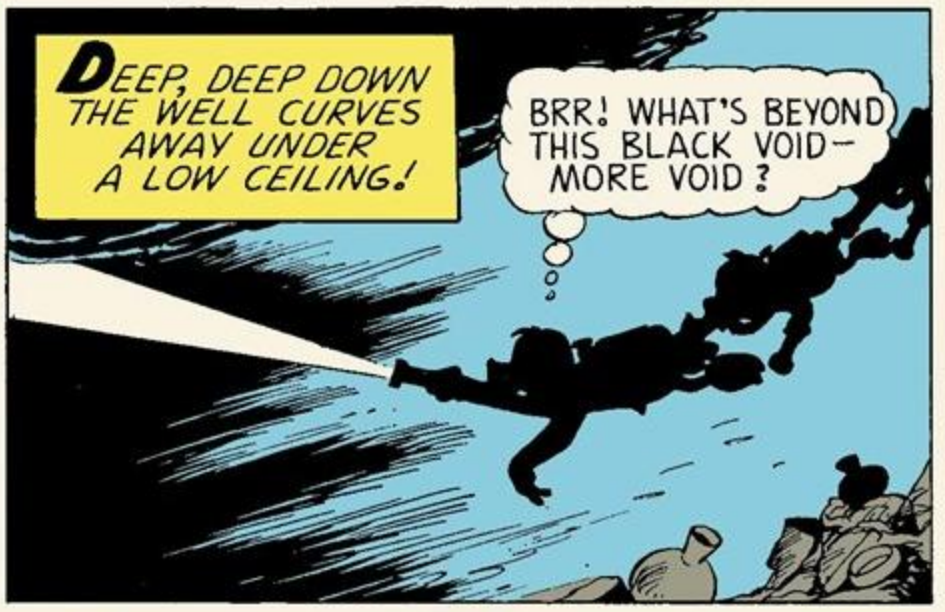

UNCA SCROOGE, WHAT KIND OF STONE IS THIS WALL FORMATION?
LIMESTONE! IT WOULDN'T MATTER IF IT WERE GOLD!


YES, IT WOULD! LIMESTONE CAN FORM INTO CAVES — AND THIS WELL COULD BE PART OF A CAVE!
THAT'D MEAN IT MIGHT HAVE ANOTHER OPENING!


YOU'VE HIT ON SOMETHING, BOYS! HOW MUCH AIR HAVE WE GOT IN OUR TANKS?
ENOUGH FOR TEN MINUTES UNDERWATER — WITH LUCK!

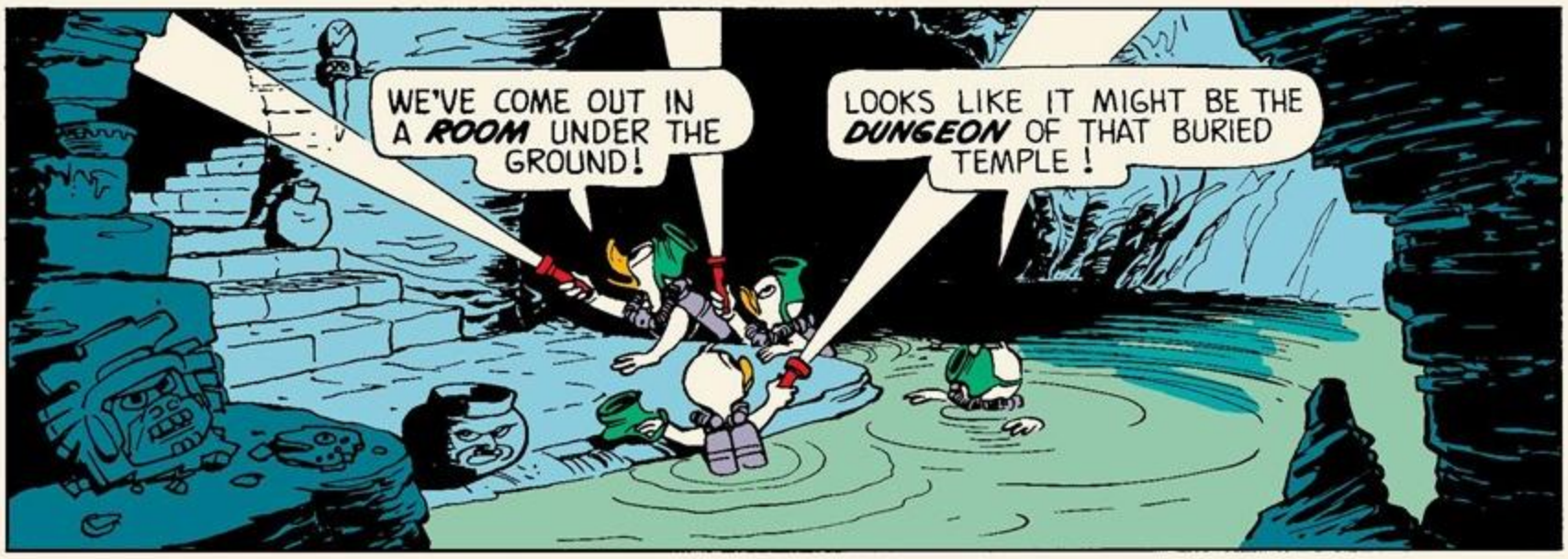

THAT WILL HAVE TO BE ENOUGH! COME ON! GRAB EACH OTHER'S TAIL AND FOLLOW ME!
WE'RE GOING EXPLORING!

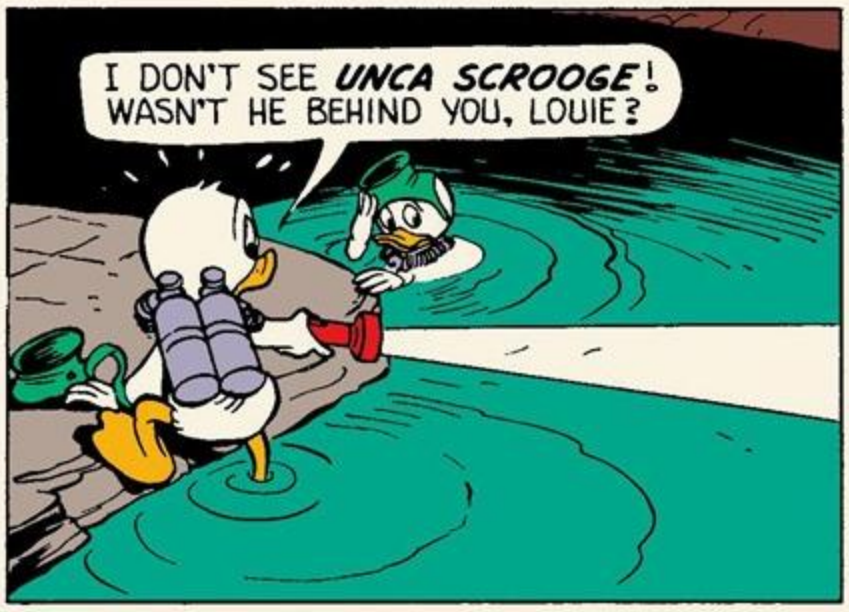

I KNOW NOW HOW THAT CROWN FELT WHEN IT GOT THROWN IN HERE BY THE MAYAS!

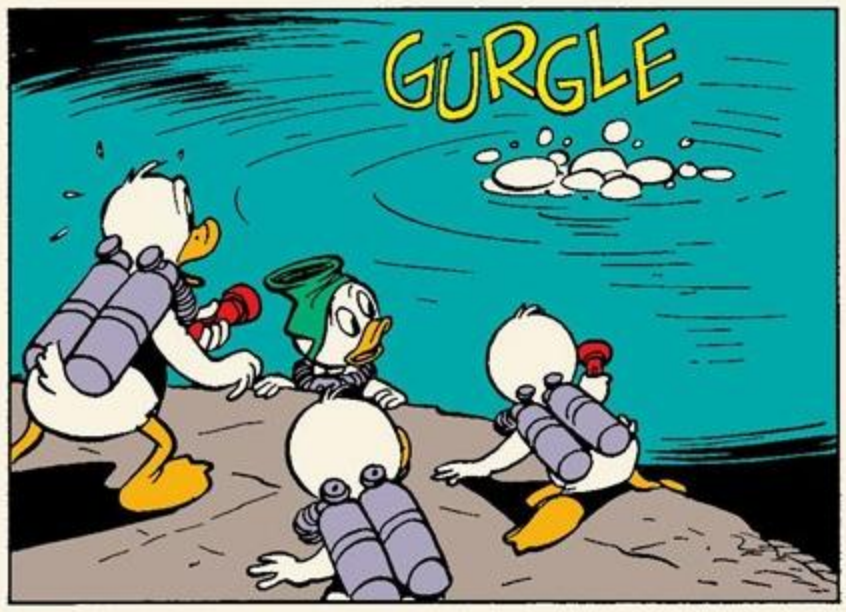

DEEP, DEEP DOWN THE WELL CURVES AWAY UNDER A LOW CEILING!
BRR! WHAT'S BEYOND THIS BLACK VOID — MORE VOID?


A PLACE WHERE THE BOTTOM SLOPES UP AGAIN!

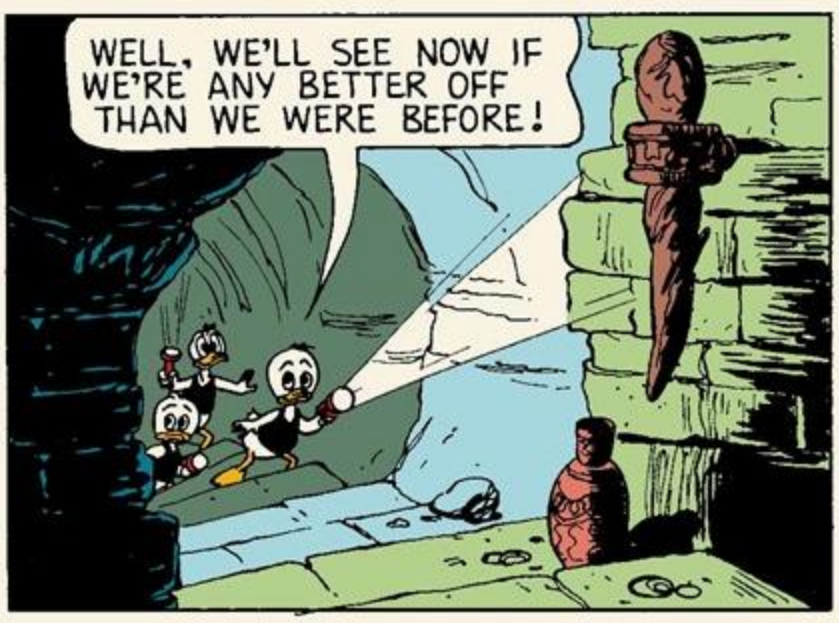

AND UP AND UP!

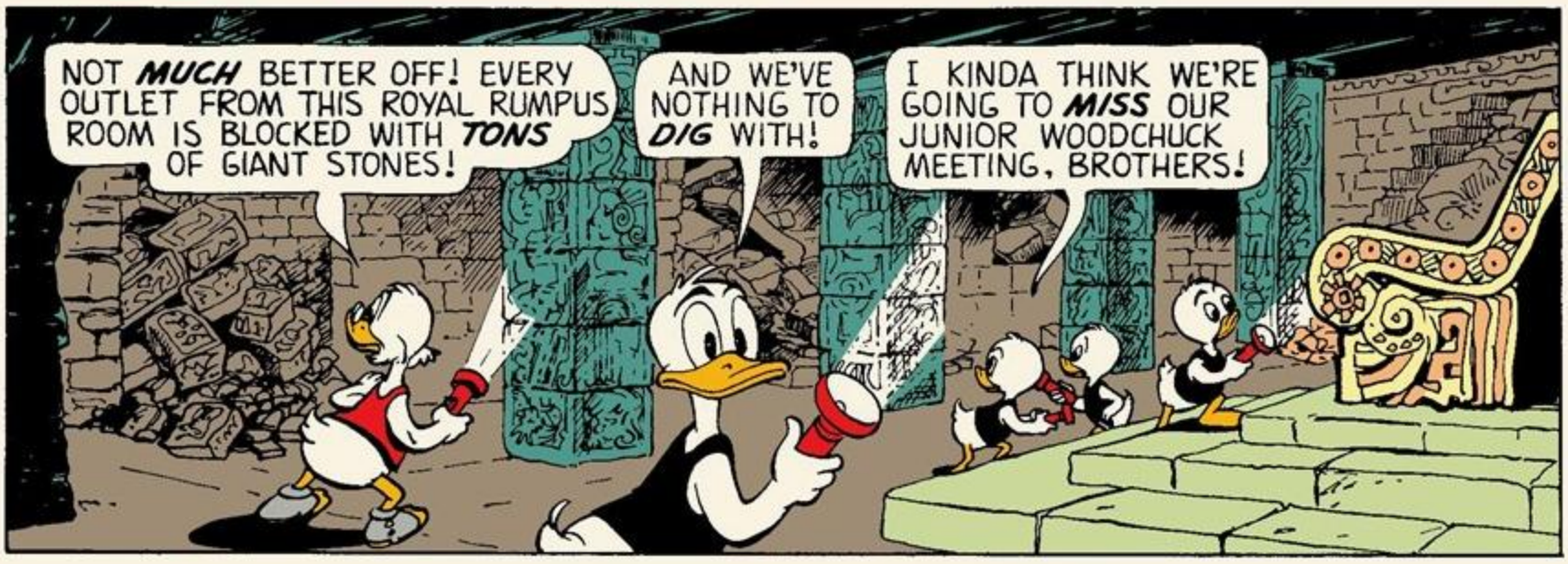

WE'VE COME OUT IN A ROOM UNDER THE GROUND!
LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE THE DUNGEON OF THAT BURIED TEMPLE!


I DON'T SEE UNCA SCROOGE! WASN'T HE BEHIND YOU, LOUIE?


GURGLE


I WENT BACK FOR THIS CROWN, BOYS! I GUESS I JUST CAN'T STOP BEING GREEDY!


WELL, WE'LL SEE NOW IF WE'RE ANY BETTER OFF THAN WE WERE BEFORE!


NOT MUCH BETTER OFF! EVERY OUTLET FROM THIS ROYAL RUMPUS ROOM IS BLOCKED WITH TONS OF GIANT STONES!
AND WE'VE NOTHING TO DIG WITH!
I KINDA THINK WE'RE GOING TO MISS OUR JUNIOR WOODCHUCK MEETING, BROTHERS!

DAWN!

I'VE BEEN WONDERING *WHERE* TO LOOK FOR ARTIFACTS, SLYVIPER!

NOT IN THE *WELL*, FOULCROOK! WHICH REMINDS ME, WE MUST FEED THOSE *DUCKS* FROM TIME TO TIME!

I'LL TOSS THEM A CRUMB! THEN WE'LL *DIG* INTO ONE OF THOSE BURIED TEMPLES!

DIG! (GROAN!) OH, MY LILY-WHITE HANDS!

INSIDE THE NEAREST TEMPLE!

MAN! LOOK AT THOSE *RICH ROBES*, UNCLE SCROOGE!

CROWNS, MASKS! EVERYTHING DRIPPING WITH *GEMS*!

PHOOEY! WE KIDS HAVE FOUND *TREASURE* RICHER THAN *ANY* OF THAT STUFF!

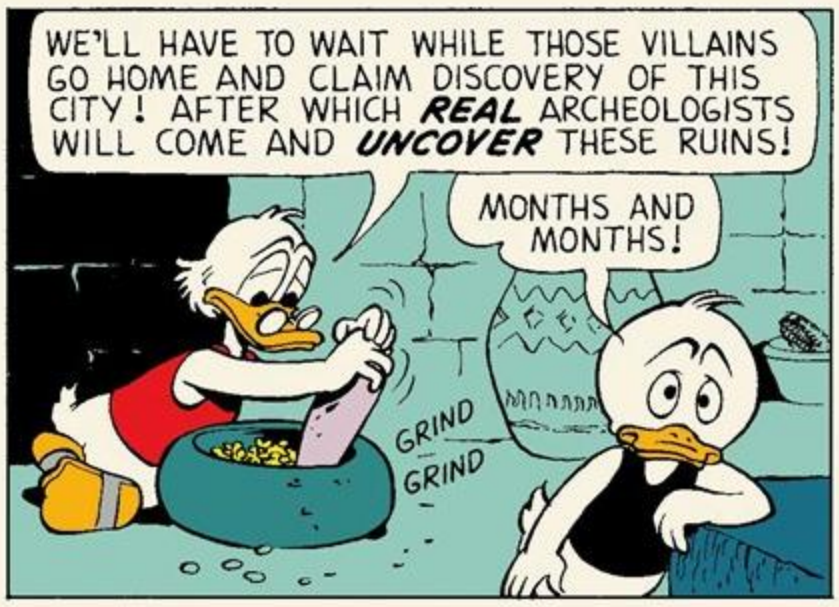
CORN! WITH A LITTLE GRINDING, WE CAN *EAT* IT, UNCA SCROOGE!

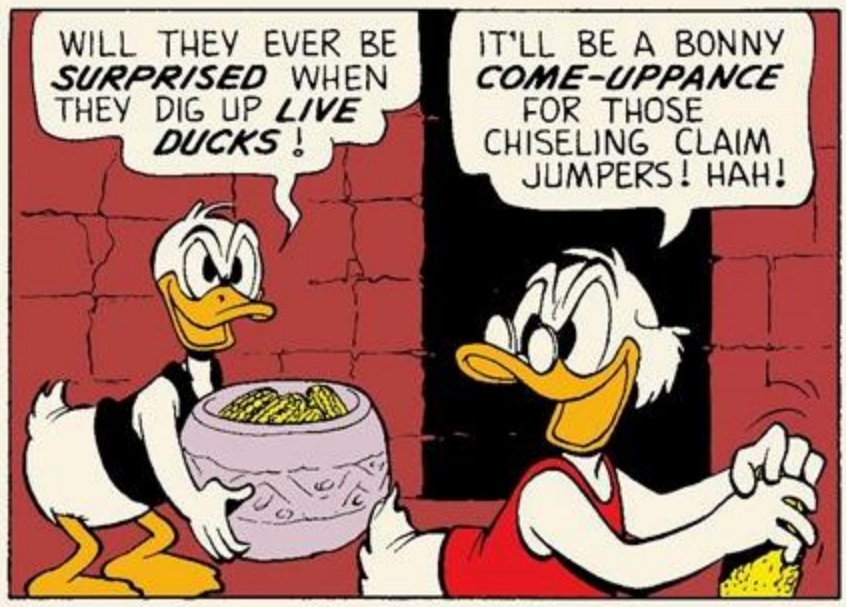
I CAN'T WAIT TO GRIND IT, LADS! I'LL EAT IT ON THE *COB*!

CHOMP GRIND

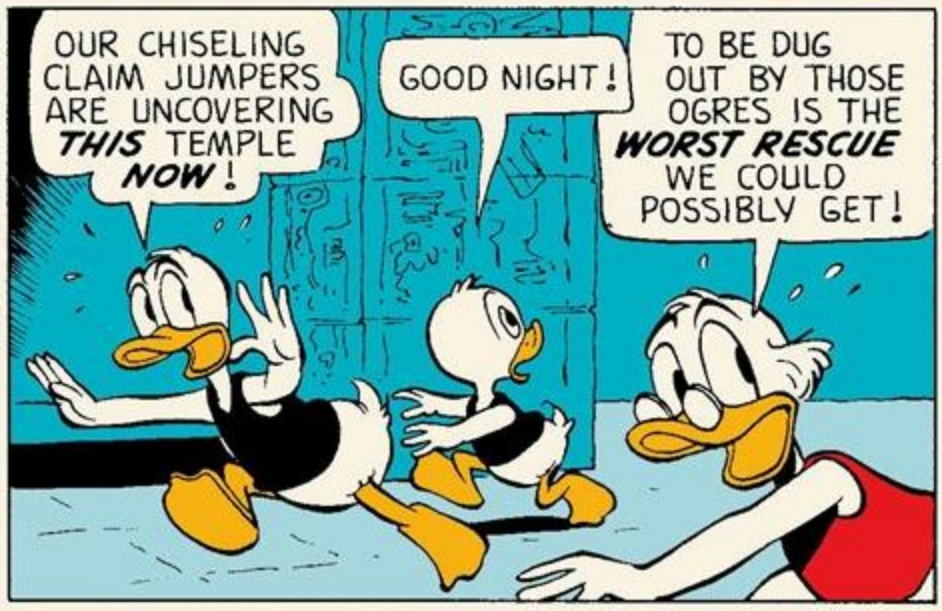
IF THERE'S ENOUGH CORN TO KEEP US PERCOLATING A FEW MONTHS, WE *MAY* BE SAVED!

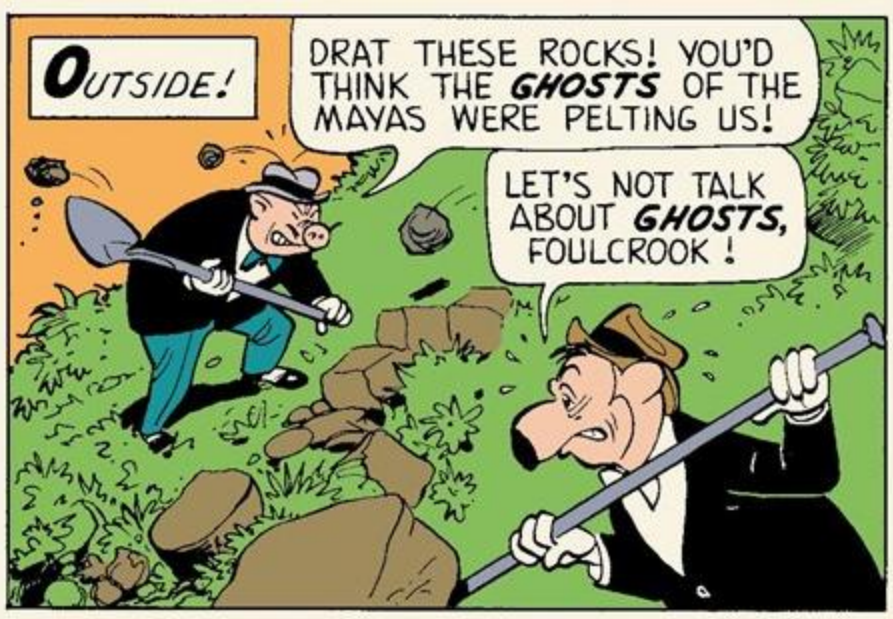
MONTHS! OH, WOE IS US!

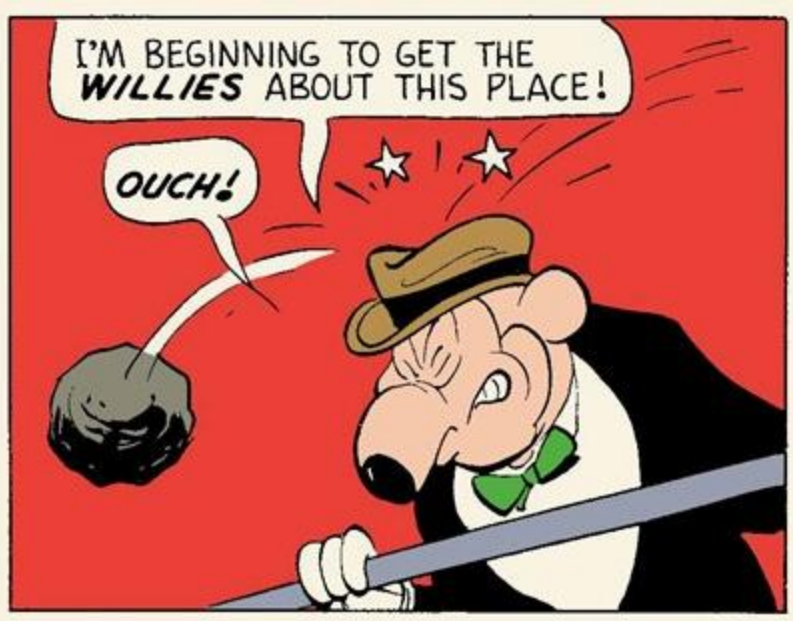

WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT WHILE THOSE VILLAINS GO HOME AND CLAIM DISCOVERY OF THIS CITY! AFTER WHICH REAL ARCHEOLOGISTS WILL COME AND UNCOVER THESE RUINS!
MONTHS AND MONTHS!
GRIND
GRIND


WILL THEY EVER BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY DIG UP LIVE DUCKS!
IT'LL BE A BONNY COME-UPPANCE FOR THOSE CHISELING CLAIM JUMPERS! HAH!


CLUNK
CLUNK
CHOCK
OH,OH!


OUR CHISELING CLAIM JUMPERS ARE UNCOVERING THIS TEMPLE NOW!
GOOD NIGHT!
TO BE DUG OUT BY THOSE OGRES IS THE WORST RESCUE WE COULD POSSIBLY GET!


OUTSIDE!
DRAT THESE ROCKS! YOU'D THINK THE GHOSTS OF THE MAYAS WERE PELTING US!
LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT GHOSTS, FOULCROOK!


I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE WILLIES ABOUT THIS PLACE!
OUCH!


AHA! HERE'S A BIG ROCK THAT SEEMS TO BE KEYING THAT WHOLE MASS ABOVE!


I THINK OUR DIGGING WILL BE FASTER FROM NOW ON, SLYVIPER!

HACK

THE SCOUNDRELS HAVE FOUND THE DOORWAY!

PUT OUT OUR TORCHES! THEY'LL BE ***IN HERE*** IN A MINUTE!

CHOP

HIDE! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

WHERE'LL WE HIDE? THEY'LL LOOK ***EVERYWHERE*** IN THIS ***DUCK TRAP***!

THE DOOR IS SOON CLEARED!

I GUESS IF THE MAYAS DON'T OBJECT, WE CAN GO INSIDE, SLYVIPER!

WHAT ***MAYAS*** WE SEE WON'T HAVE ***ANYTHING*** TO SAY, FOULCROOK!

BUT, EVEN SO, I FEEL AS IF HIDDEN ***EYES*** ARE WATCHING US FROM THE DARK CRANNIES OF THIS SPOOKY PLACE!

(ULP!)...THIS LIGHT IS TRICKY—BUT I THINK I SEE ***MAYAS SITTING*** ON A THRONE!

TH-THEY ***ARE***! AND LOOKING AWFULLY ***REAL***!

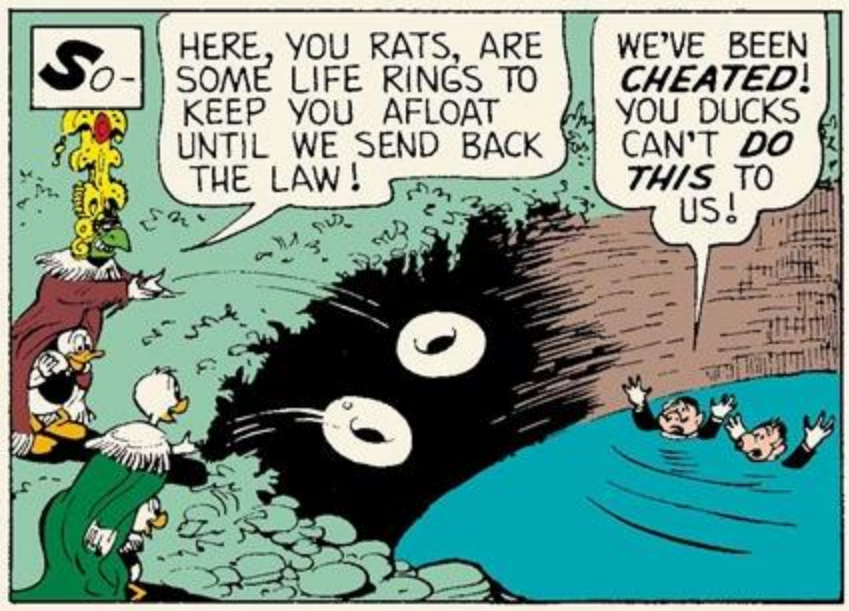
UXMAL!

AKAB! DZIB!

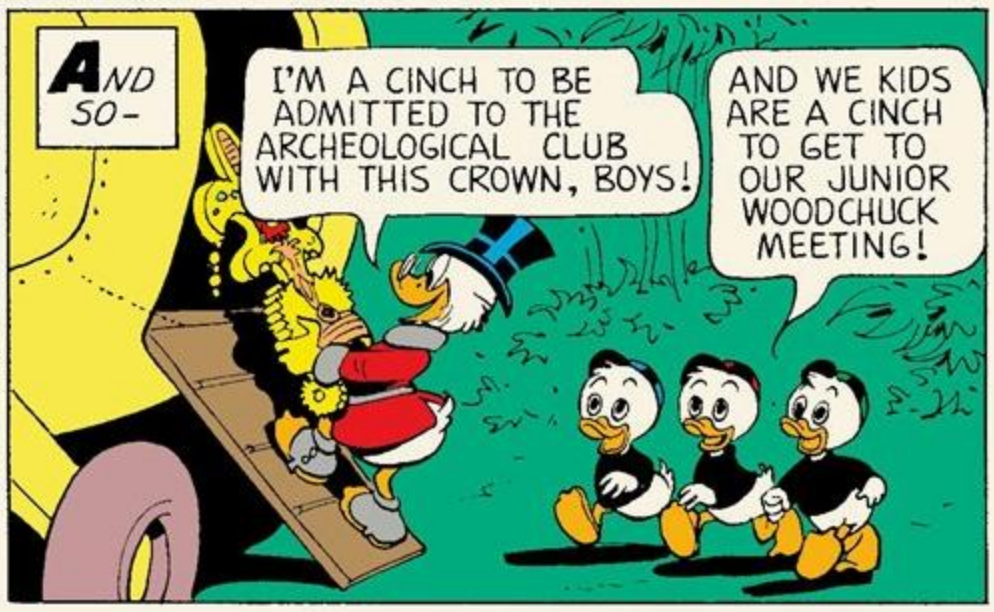

I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING FROM NOW ON, SLYVIPER!
BELIEVE YOU CAN RUN A HUNDRED MILES A SECOND! WE'RE GOING TO NEED THE SPEED, FOULCROOK!


OW! OUCH! LOOK OUT FOR ROLLING ROCKS!
WE'RE SLIDING TOWARD THE WELL, FOULCROOK!


AIYEEEEEEE!


SO-
HERE, YOU RATS, ARE SOME LIFE RINGS TO KEEP YOU AFLOAT UNTIL WE SEND BACK THE LAW!
WE'VE BEEN CHEATED! YOU DUCKS CAN'T DO THIS TO US!


OH, SO? REMEMBER, MR. SLYVIPER AND MR. FOULCROOK, ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND ARCHEOLOGY!

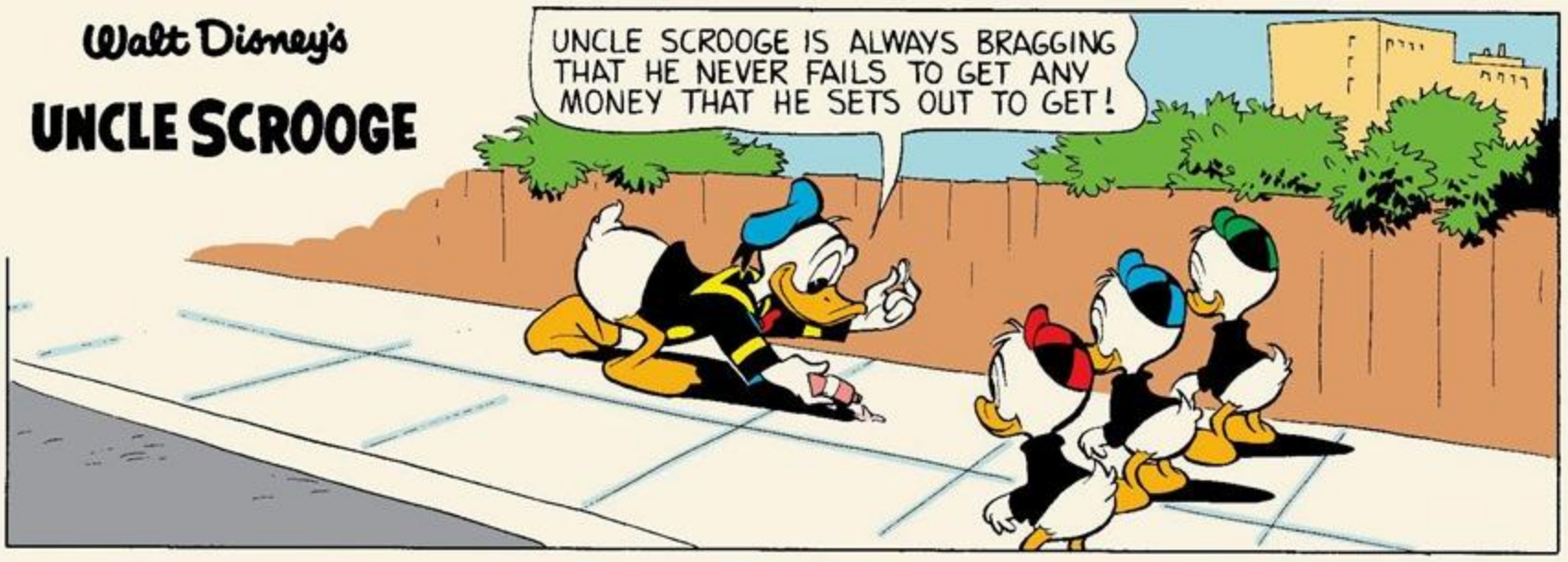

AND SO-
I'M A CINCH TO BE ADMITTED TO THE ARCHEOLOGICAL CLUB WITH THIS CROWN, BOYS!
AND WE KIDS ARE A CINCH TO GET TO OUR JUNIOR WOODCHUCK MEETING!


BUT IT WON'T MATTER MUCH!
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE AN ADVENTURE TO TELL ABOUT AT THE MEETING!


BUT WE WON'T HAVE TIME NOW TO DO ANYTHING INTERESTING, SO WE'LL JUST SIT AND LISTEN! (SIGH!)
The End

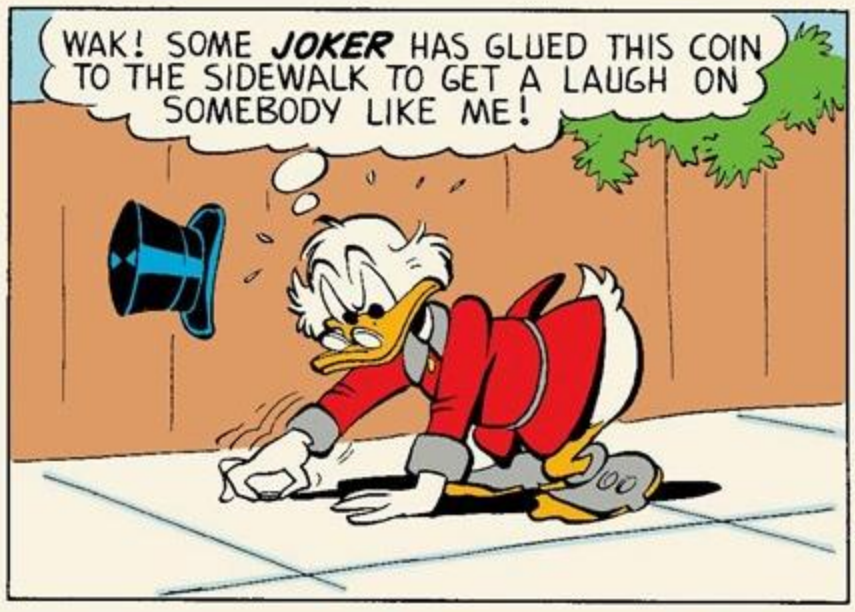
Walt Disney's

UNCLE SCROOGE

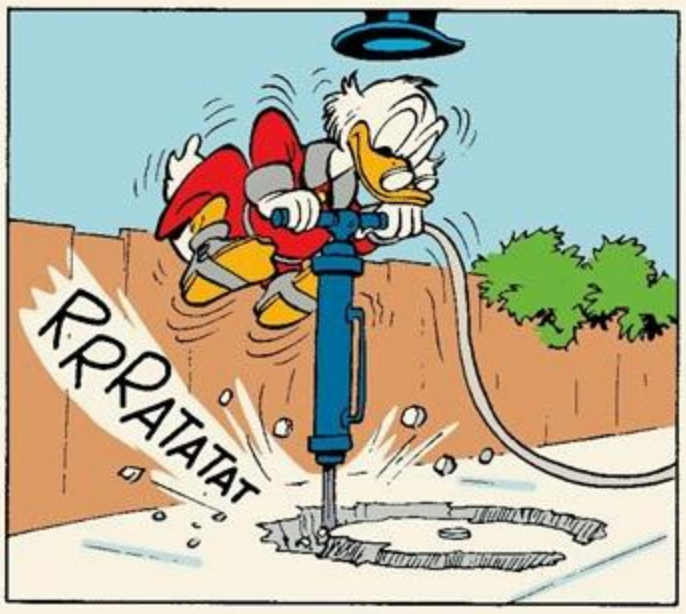


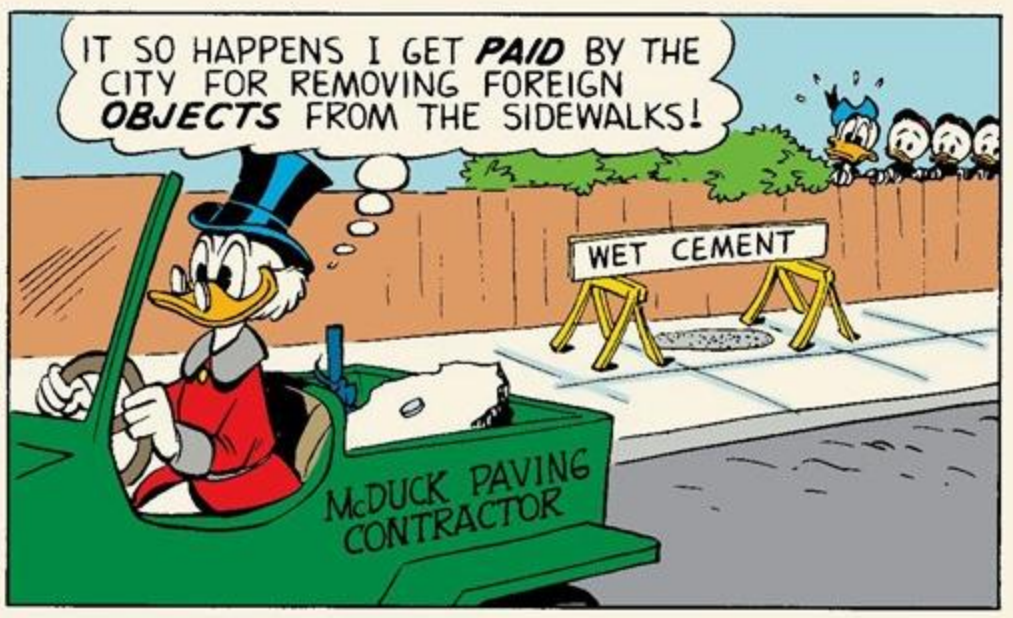












Walt Disney

UNCLE SCROOGE

ISLE OF GOLDEN GEESE

ON A STORMY NIGHT LONG AGO, A WINDJAMMER GASHED HER HULL AND SANK IN SHOAL WATERS OFF DUCKBURG'S DREADED HAG'S TOOTH ROCK!

HER FLOATABLE CARGO DRIFTED ASHORE WHERE TIDES BURIED IT IN THE SAND!

UMPTEEN GENERATIONS PASSED - AND THEN ONE CHEERY MORNING SOME CLAM DIGGERS WERE DIGGING!

CLUNK

WAK!

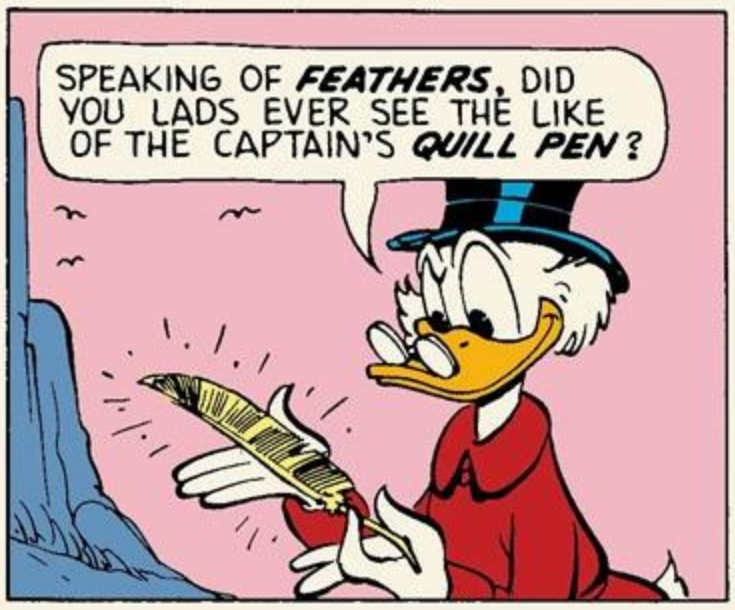
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE STRUCK A *GIANT* CLAM, UNCLE SCROOGE!

AN OLD, OLD *SEA CHEST*, LADS — SEALED WITH LEAD TO KEEP ITS CONTENTS DRY!

LOOKS LIKE THE CHESTS SEA CAPTAINS KEPT THEIR *PAPERS* IN!

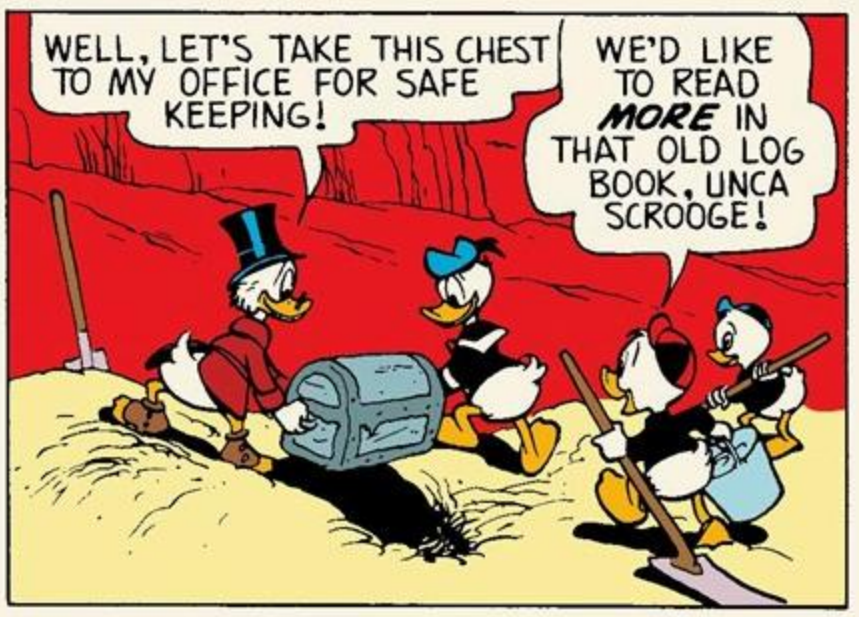
IT IS! THE LOG BOOK SAYS THE SHIP WAS THE *PILLOW QUEEN*, BOUND NORTH WHEN SHE SANK!

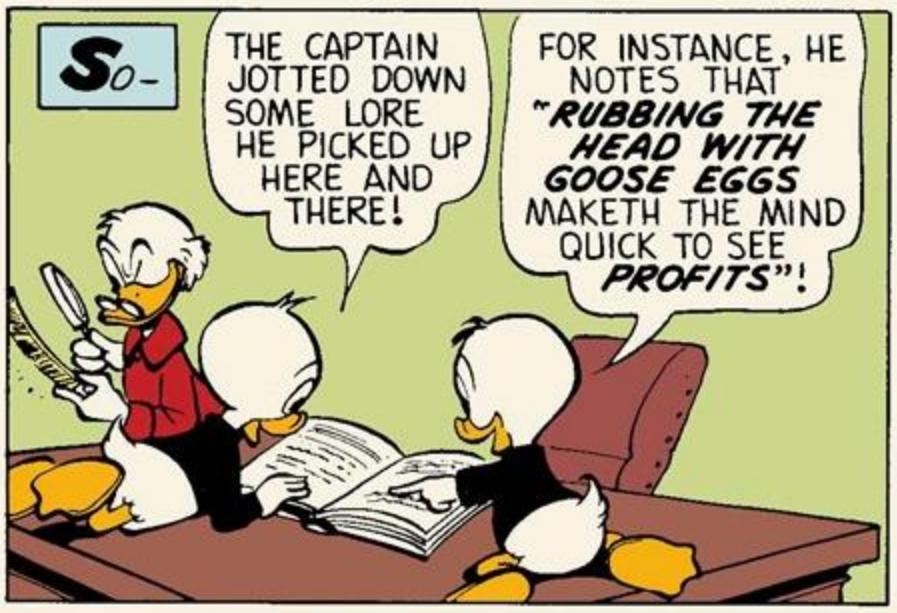
SHE WAS IN THE FEATHER TRADE, IT SAYS HERE!

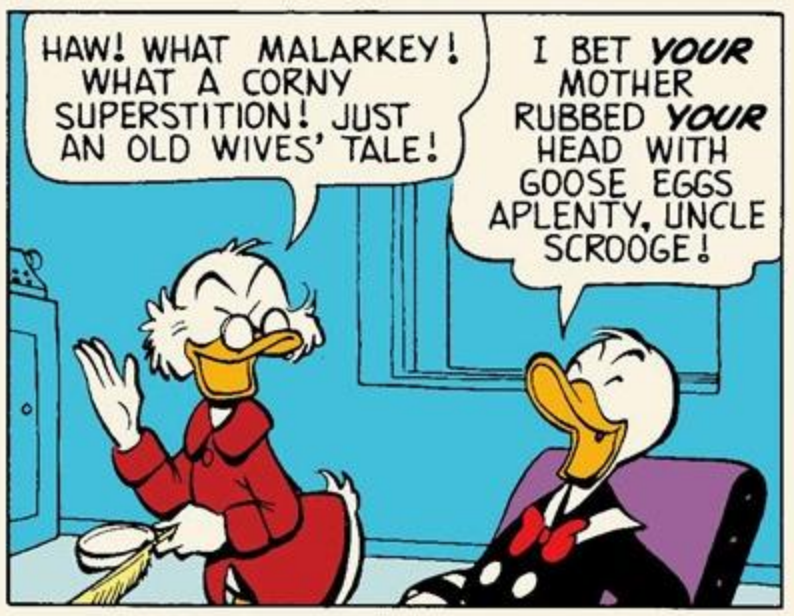

SPEAKING OF *FEATHERS*, DID YOU LADS EVER SEE THE LIKE OF THE CAPTAIN'S *QUILL PEN*?

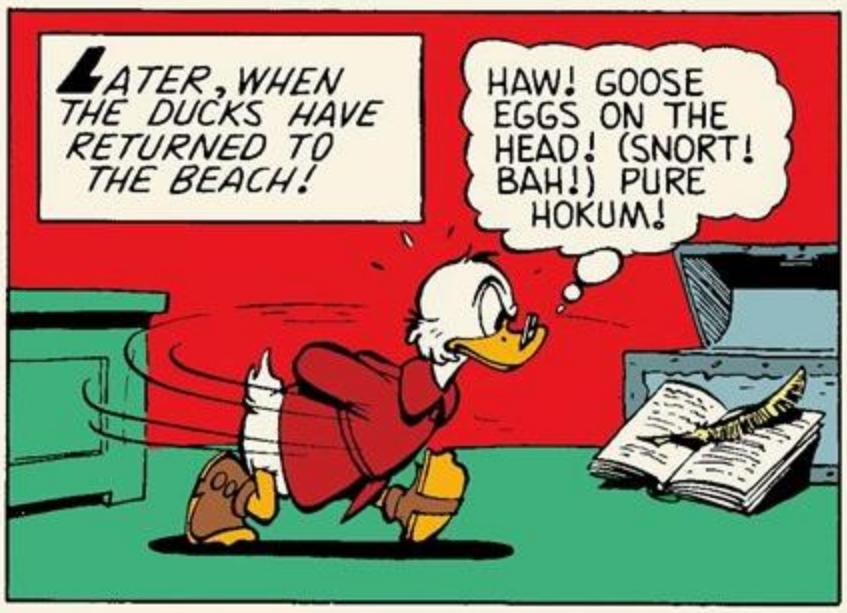

IT'S *YELLOW*!
I'LL SAY! IT'S MADE OF THE MOST FLEXIBLE *GOLD* I EVER SAW!

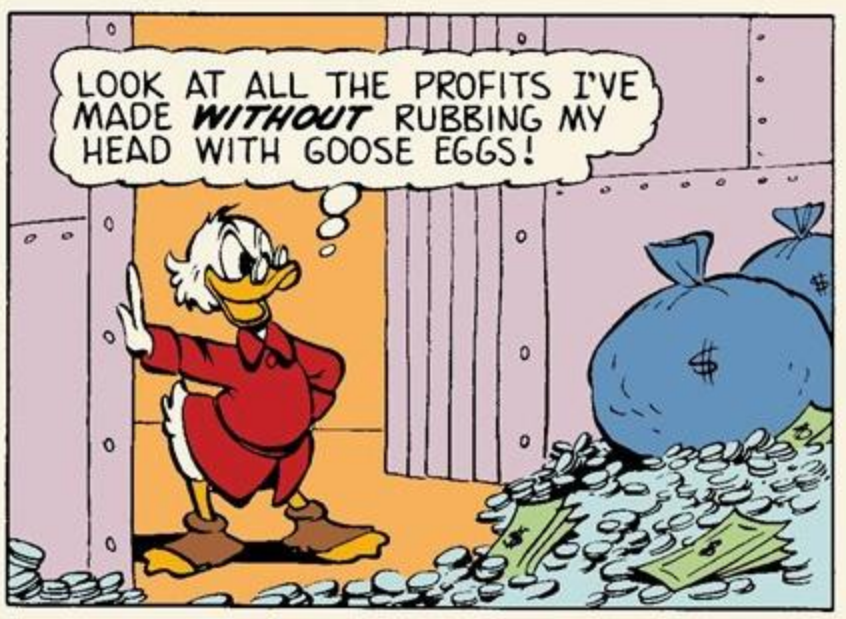

WHY, IT'S AN *EXACT* COPY OF A GOOSE FEATHER!
SO PERFECT YOU'D ALMOST THINK IT *GREW* ON A GOOSE!

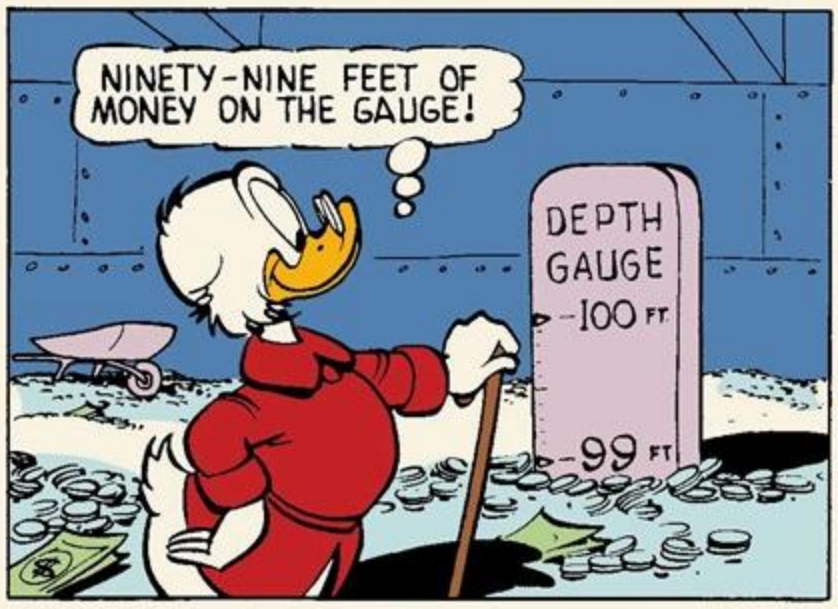

WELL, LET'S TAKE THIS CHEST TO MY OFFICE FOR SAFE KEEPING!
WE'D LIKE TO READ *MORE* IN THAT OLD LOG BOOK, UNCA SCROOGE!

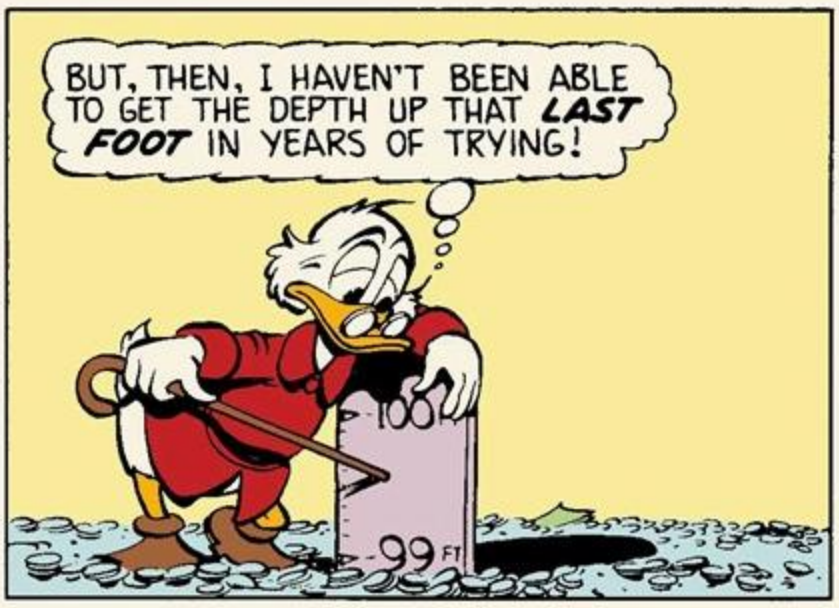

So-
THE CAPTAIN JOTTED DOWN SOME LORE HE PICKED UP HERE AND THERE!
FOR INSTANCE, HE NOTES THAT *"RUBBING THE HEAD WITH GOOSE EGGS* MAKETH THE MIND QUICK TO SEE *PROFITS"*!

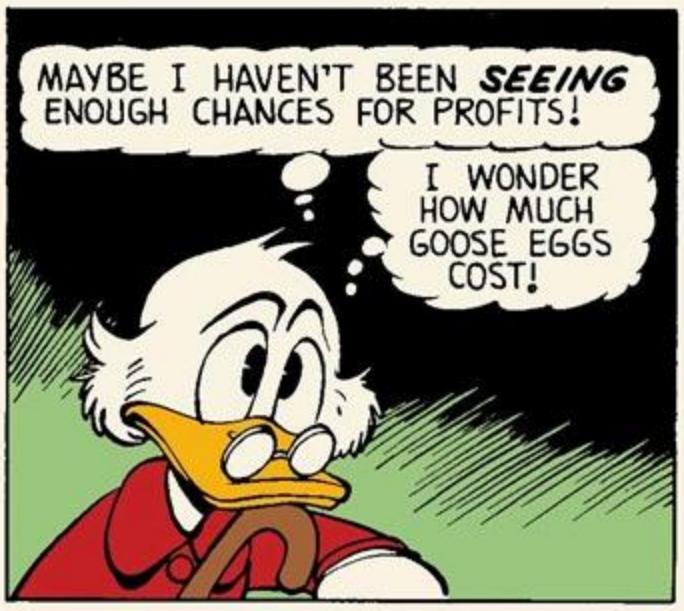

HAW! WHAT MALARKEY! WHAT A CORNY SUPERSTITION! JUST AN OLD WIVES' TALE!
I BET *YOUR* MOTHER RUBBED *YOUR* HEAD WITH GOOSE EGGS APLENTY, UNCLE SCROOGE!

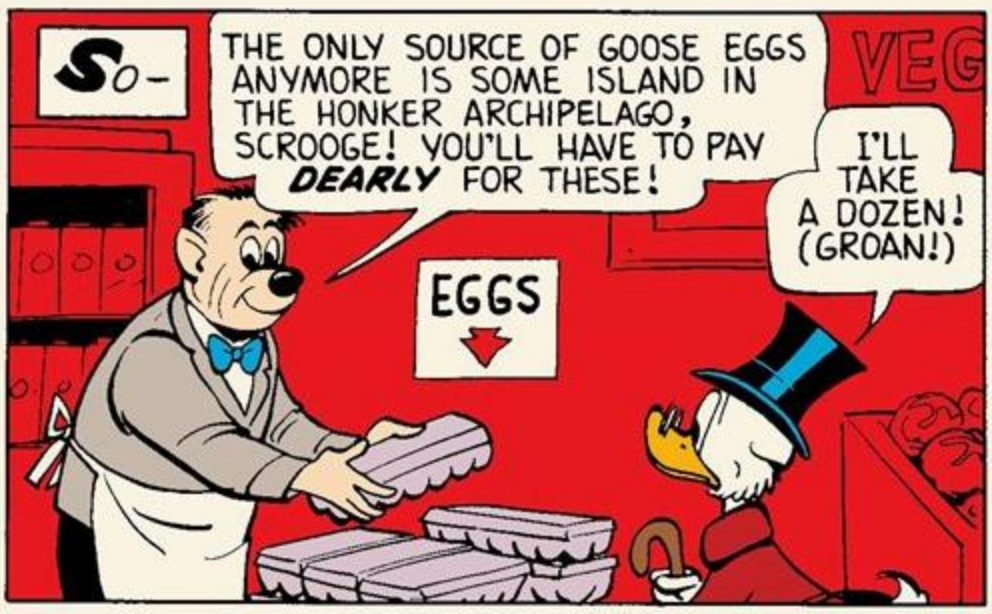

LATER, WHEN THE DUCKS HAVE RETURNED TO THE BEACH!
HAW! GOOSE EGGS ON THE HEAD! (SNORT! BAH!) PURE HOKUM!

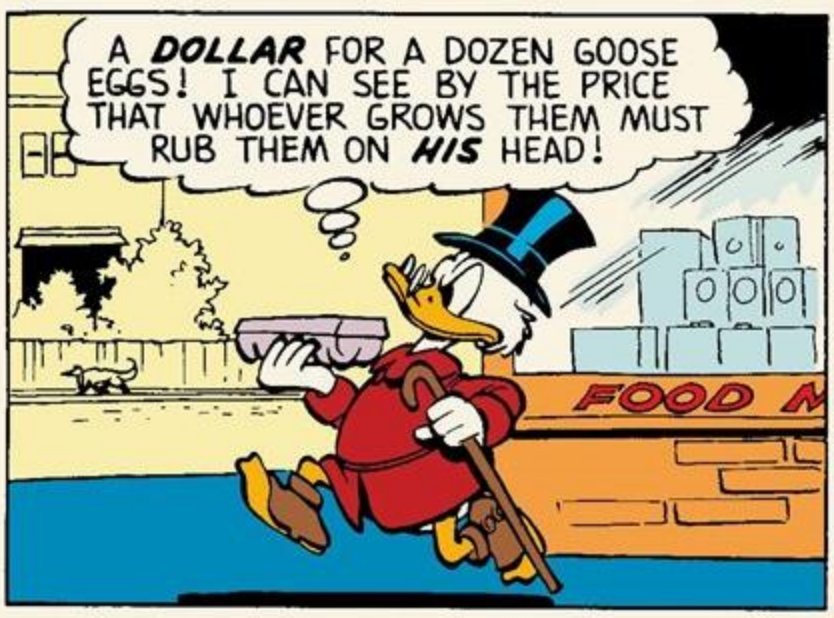

LOOK AT ALL THE PROFITS I'VE MADE *WITHOUT* RUBBING MY HEAD WITH GOOSE EGGS!

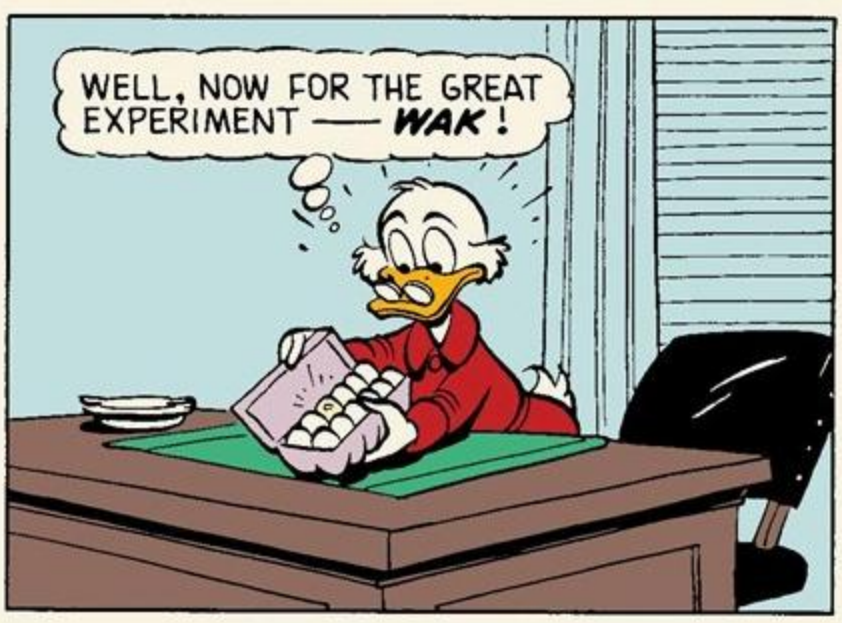

NINETY-NINE FEET OF MONEY ON THE GAUGE!
DEPTH GAUGE
100 FT
99 FT

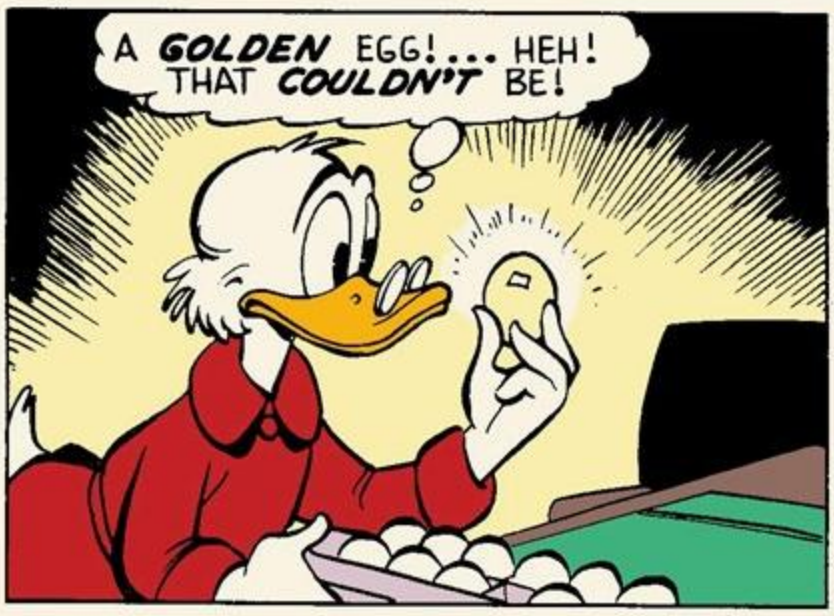

BUT, THEN, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET THE DEPTH UP THAT LAST FOOT IN YEARS OF TRYING!
100
99 FT

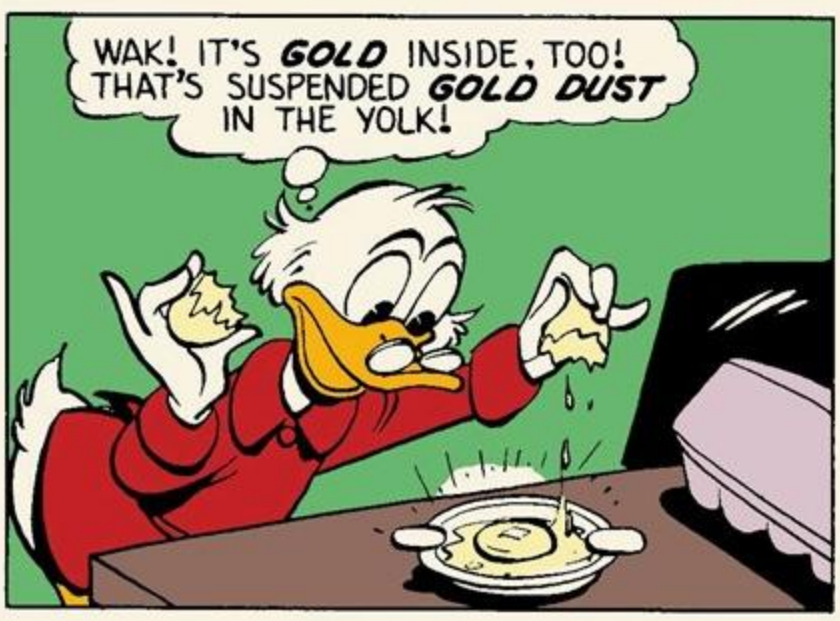

MAYBE I HAVEN'T BEEN SEEING ENOUGH CHANCES FOR PROFITS!
I WONDER HOW MUCH GOOSE EGGS COST!


So-
THE ONLY SOURCE OF GOOSE EGGS ANYMORE IS SOME ISLAND IN THE HONKER ARCHIPELAGO, SCROOGE! YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY DEARLY FOR THESE!
VEG
EGGS
I'LL TAKE A DOZEN! (GROAN!)

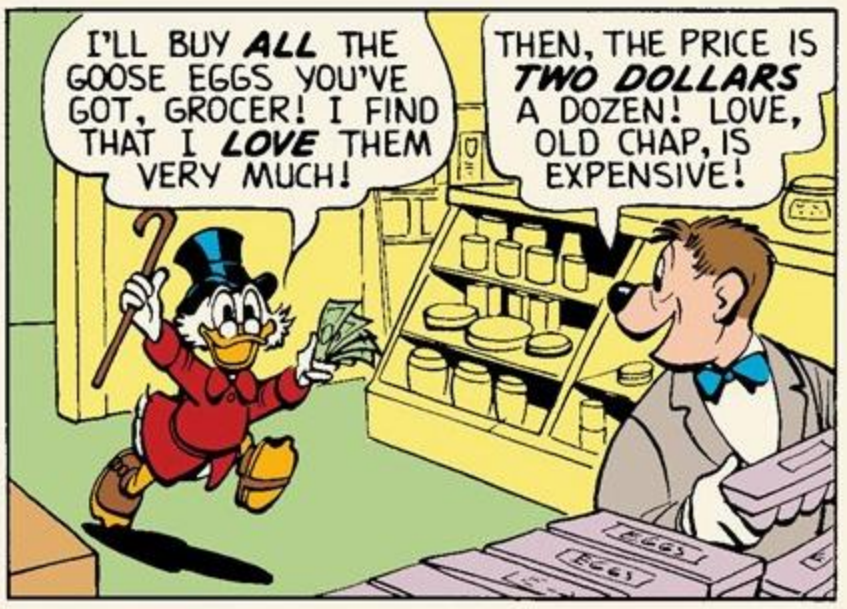

A DOLLAR FOR A DOZEN GOOSE EGGS! I CAN SEE BY THE PRICE THAT WHOEVER GROWS THEM MUST RUB THEM ON HIS HEAD!
FOOD


WELL, NOW FOR THE GREAT EXPERIMENT — WAK!

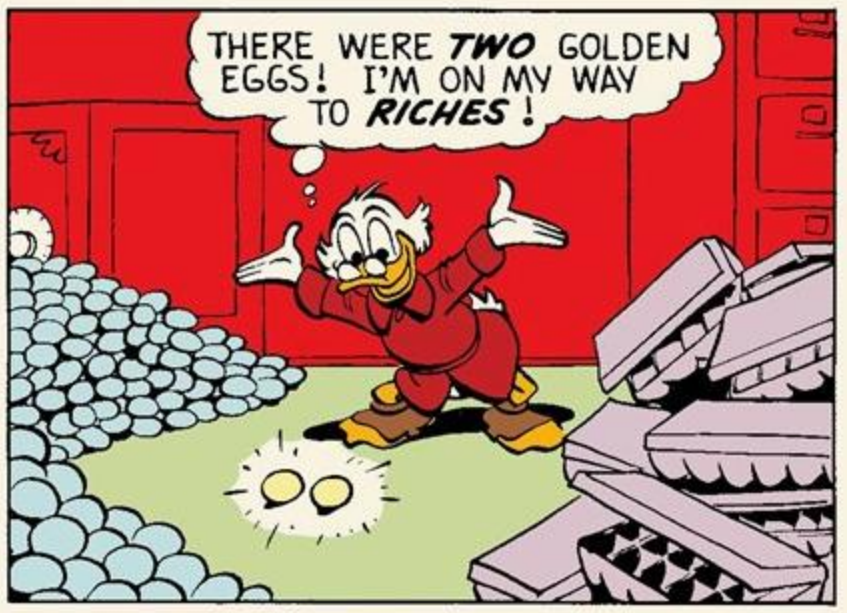

A GOLDEN EGG!... HEH! THAT COULDN'T BE!

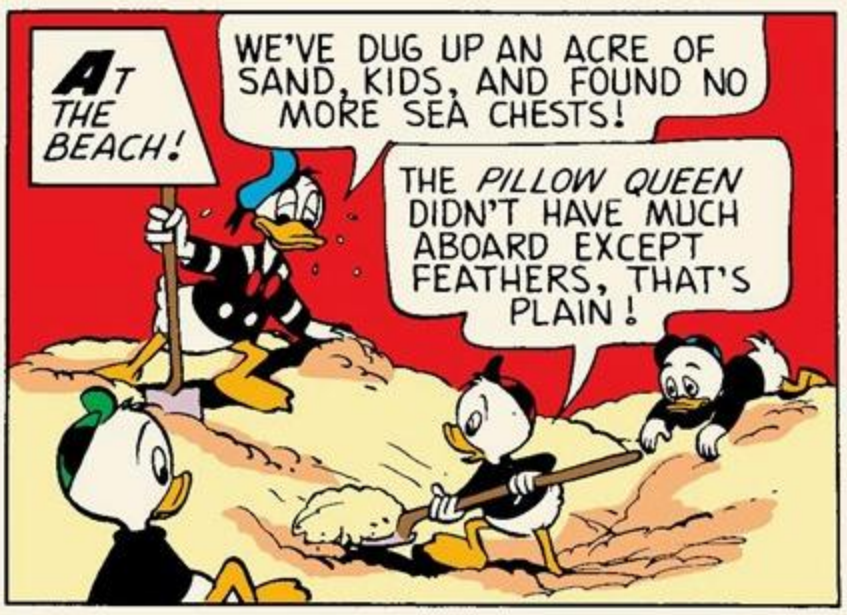

WAK! IT'S GOLD INSIDE, TOO! THAT'S SUSPENDED GOLD DUST IN THE YOLK!

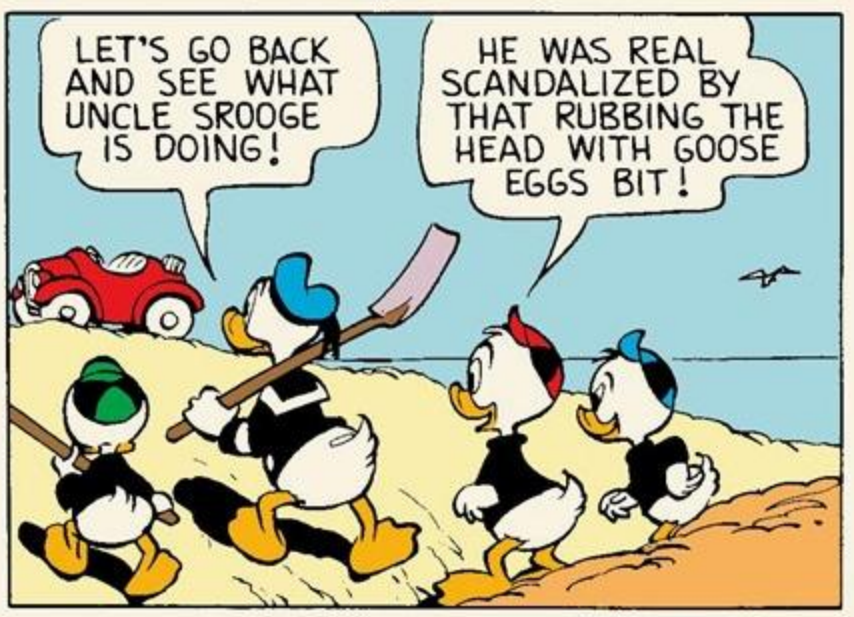

A GOLDEN EGG! A REAL GOOSE-LAID GOLDEN EGG!
?


I'LL BUY ALL THE GOOSE EGGS YOU'VE GOT, GROCER! I FIND THAT I LOVE THEM VERY MUCH!
THEN, THE PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS A DOZEN! LOVE, OLD CHAP, IS EXPENSIVE!
EGGS
EGGS


IF THERE'S ONLY ONE GOLDEN EGG IN THESE DOZENS AND DOZENS, I'LL HAVE MADE A PROFIT ON THE DEAL!

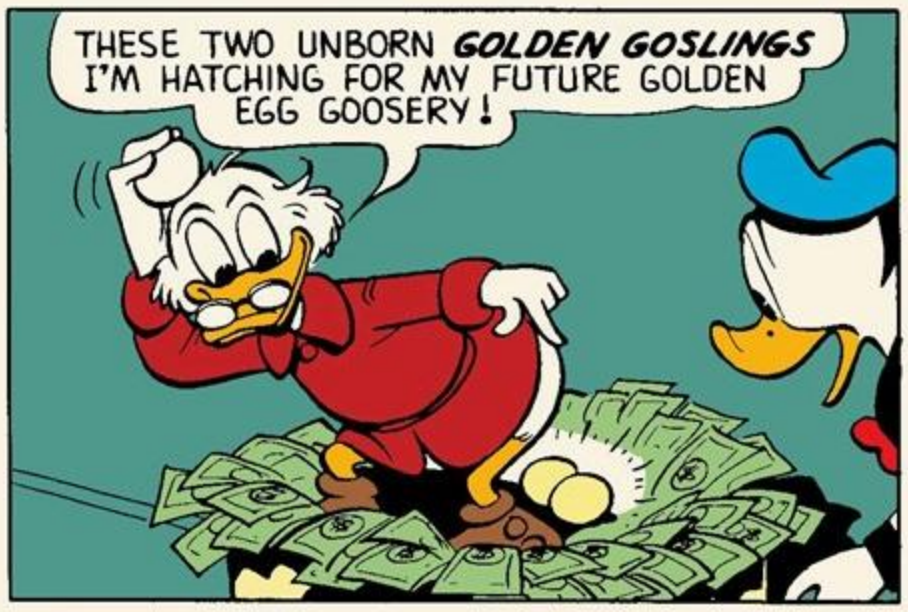

THERE WERE TWO GOLDEN EGGS! I'M ON MY WAY TO RICHES!

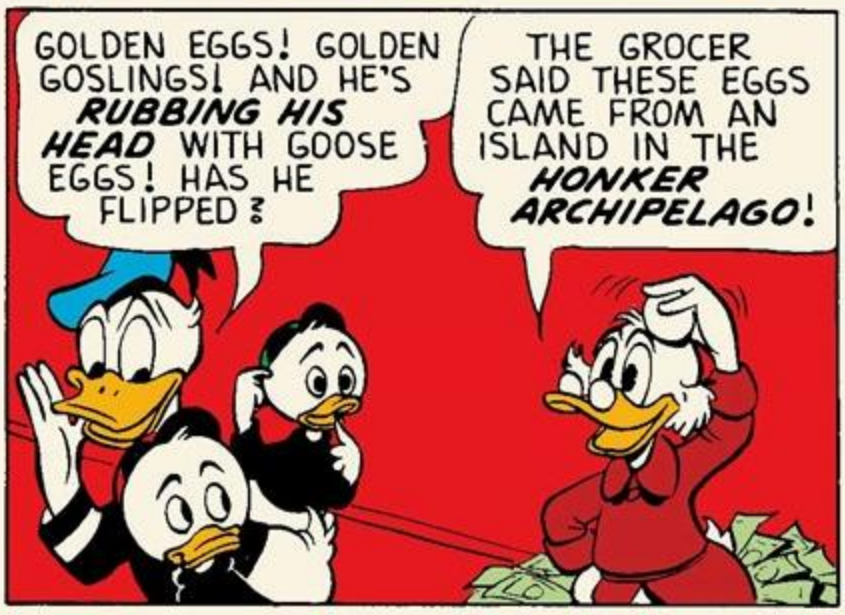

AT THE BEACH!
WE'VE DUG UP AN ACRE OF SAND, KIDS, AND FOUND NO MORE SEA CHESTS!
THE PILLOW QUEEN DIDN'T HAVE MUCH ABOARD EXCEPT FEATHERS, THAT'S PLAIN!

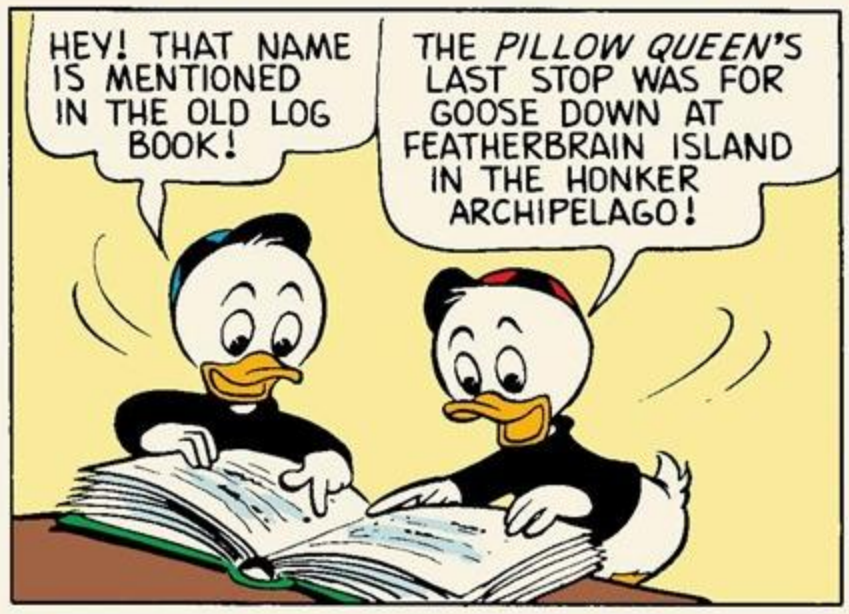

LET'S GO BACK AND SEE WHAT UNCLE SROOGE IS DOING!
HE WAS REAL SCANDALIZED BY THAT RUBBING THE HEAD WITH GOOSE EGGS BIT!


OH, OH!
CLOSE THE DOOR, LADS! DON'T LET ANY COLD DRAFTS HIT GRANVILLE AND GRETCHEN!

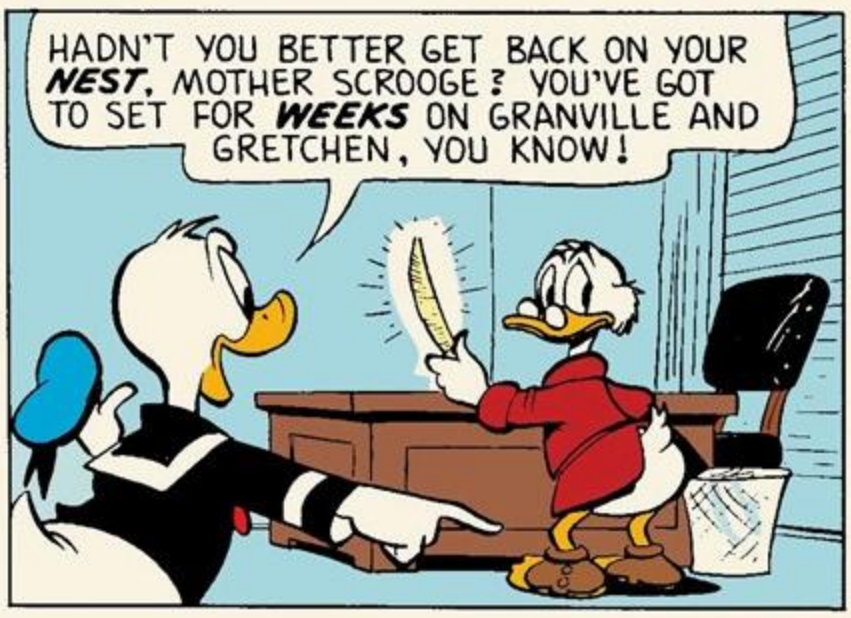

WHO ARE GRANVILLE AND GRETCHEN?


THESE TWO UNBORN GOLDEN GOSLINGS I'M HATCHING FOR MY FUTURE GOLDEN EGG GOOSERY!

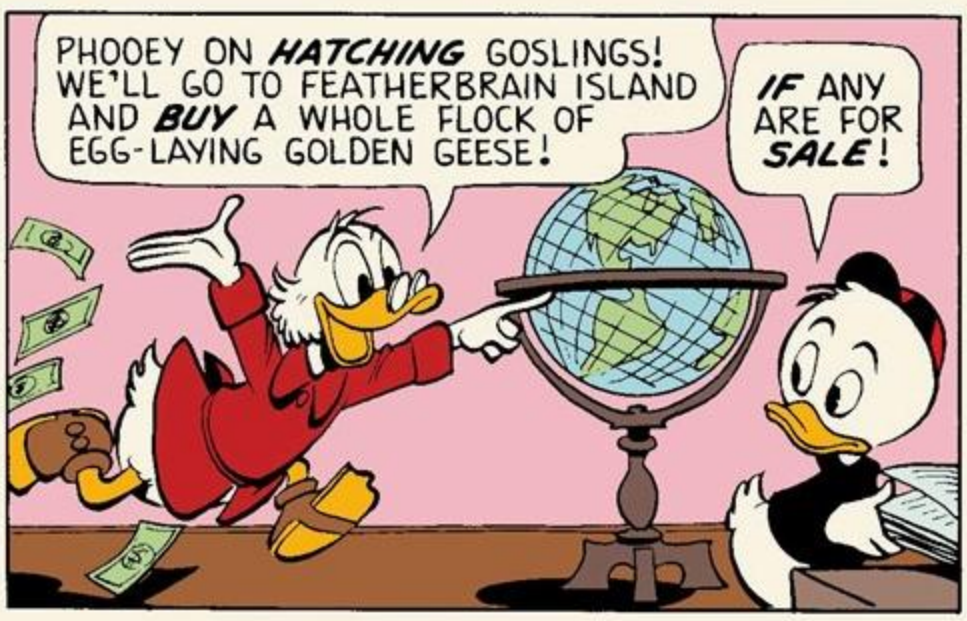

GOLDEN EGGS! GOLDEN GOSLINGS! AND HE'S RUBBING HIS HEAD WITH GOOSE EGGS! HAS HE FLIPPED?
THE GROCER SAID THESE EGGS CAME FROM AN ISLAND IN THE HONKER ARCHIPELAGO!


HEY! THAT NAME IS MENTIONED IN THE OLD LOG BOOK!
THE PILLOW QUEEN'S LAST STOP WAS FOR GOOSE DOWN AT FEATHERBRAIN ISLAND IN THE HONKER ARCHIPELAGO!


THE GOLDEN GOOSE FEATHER, THE GOLDEN GOOSE EGGS! IT ALL TIES IN, LADS!.. THERE ARE GOLDEN GEESE ON FEATHERBRAIN ISLAND!


HADN'T YOU BETTER GET BACK ON YOUR NEST, MOTHER SCROOGE? YOU'VE GOT TO SET FOR WEEKS ON GRANVILLE AND GRETCHEN, YOU KNOW!


ALL OF A SUDDEN I FEEL KIND OF SILLY SITTING HERE!


PHOOEY ON HATCHING GOSLINGS! WE'LL GO TO FEATHERBRAIN ISLAND AND BUY A WHOLE FLOCK OF EGG-LAYING GOLDEN GEESE!
IF ANY ARE FOR SALE!

MEANWHILE IN A SINISTER SORCERY ACROSS THE TRACKS!

BAT WHISKERS, DRIED TULEBUGS, LEFT SHOE FROM A MEAN MULE, D.D.T!... I HAVE MOST OF THE INGREDIENTS FOR MY NEW SECRET POTION!

BUT I NEED SOME GOOSE EGGS!

WELL, I'LL JUST SLITHER TO THE GROCER'S AND BUY SOME!

SO-

WHAT? YOU SAY YOU CAN'T SELL ME ANY GOOSE EGGS! WHY NOT?

UH!.. A RICH CUSTOMER, SCROOGE McDUCK, HAS ORDERED EVERY EGG I CAN POSSIBLY GET!

SCROOGE McDUCK, MY BEHATED OLD ENEMY! (HISS! SNARL! HISS!)

GROCERY

AND SO-

SCROOGE McDUCK IS CORNERING ALL THE GOOSE EGGS! YOU WILL FLY TO HIS OFFICE AND FIND OUT WHY, RATFACE!

HEE! HEE!

BOOGER BRINGER | SNAILS TEETH | POTION NO. 2 | OGRE BALM

SPY ON HIM, RATFACE! GET THE LOWDOWN RIGHT OUT OF HIS TOP DRAWER!

I'LL RENT A FAST CRUISER, LADS, AND WE'LL SAIL TO FEATHERBRAIN ISLAND FOR A CARGO OF THOSE GEESE THAT LAY THE GOLDEN EGGS!

HEE! HEE!

I DON'T THINK ANYONE ELSE HAS FOUND OUT ABOUT THE EGGS! SO WE'LL GET AHEAD OF EVERYBODY BY LEAVING TOMORROW MORNING!

SOON!

TURN YOURSELF INTO AN ELEPHANT, BOSS LADY! YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A **BIG EAR** FOR THE WHOPPING SCOOP I'VE GOT TO SPILL!

HEE! HEE! HEE!

NEXT DAY UNCLE SCROOGE IS OUTBOUND!

ROUND THE BREAKWATER, DONALD, THEN POUR ON THE COAL!

THAT WILY OLD DUCK THINKS HE'LL BEAT EVERYBODY TO FEATHERBRAIN ISLAND WITH HIS **FAST** CRAFT, EH?

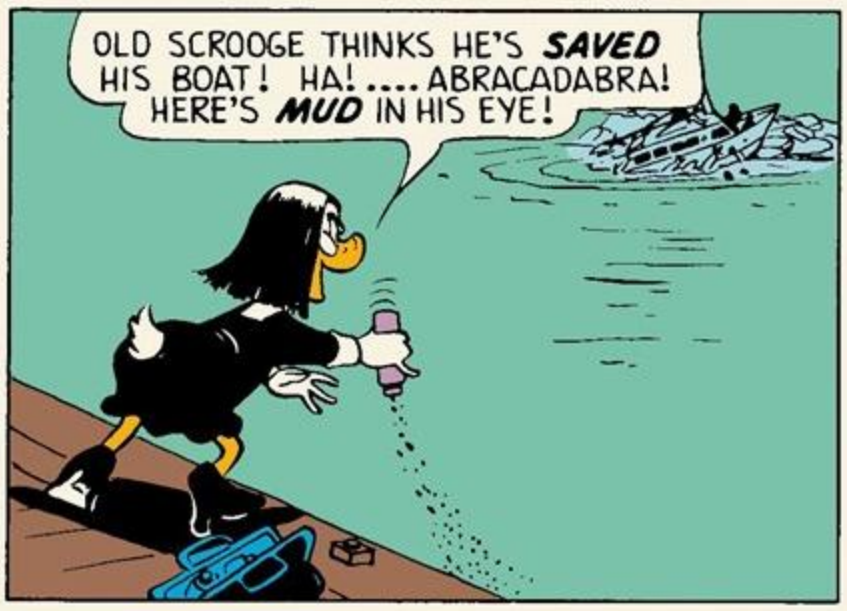
WELL, IT WON'T BE **FAST** FOR LONG! I, THE SORCERESS MAGICA DE SPELL, INTEND TO REACH FEATHERBRAIN ISLAND **FIRST**!

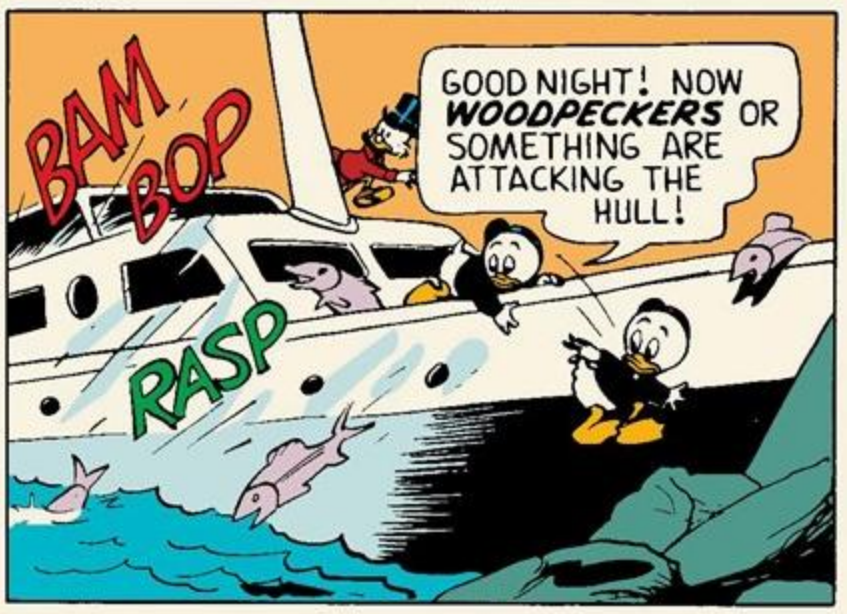
MY HORRENDOUS POTION NUMBER SIX GIVES ME POWER OVER THE CREATURES OF THE DEEP!... HOCUS POCUS SHRIMP COCKTAIL CALOCUS!

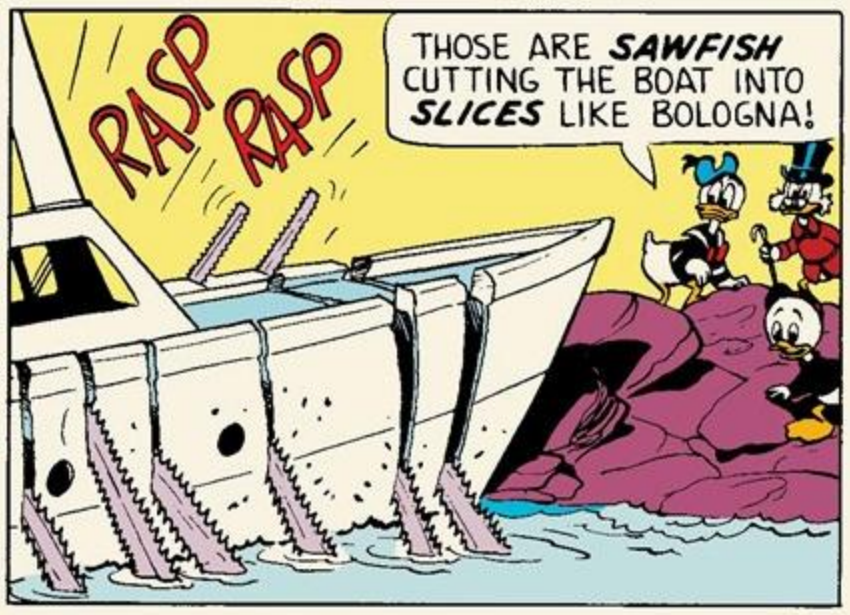
HEE! HEE!

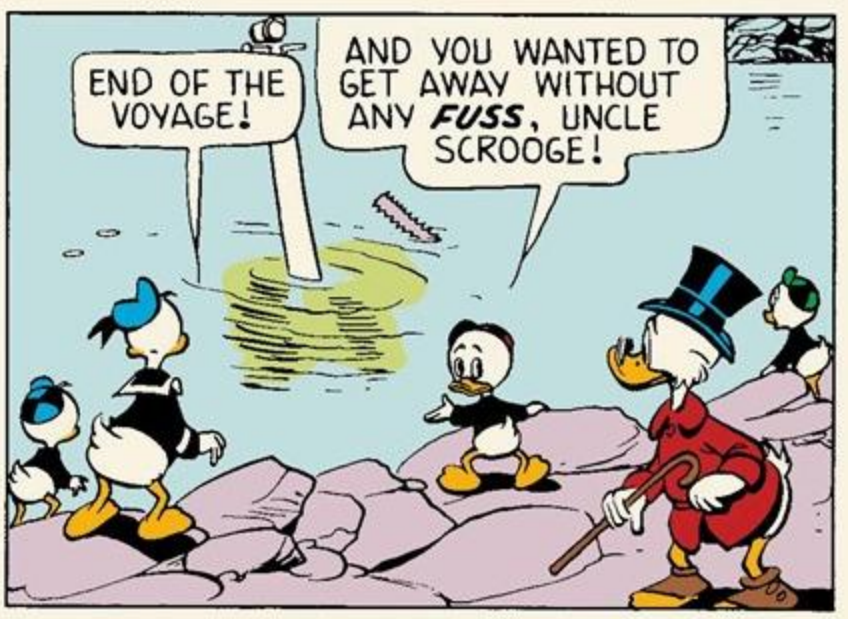
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING? A MILLION **FISH** ARE JUMPING ABOARD OUR DECKS!

WE'LL **SINK**! RUN AGROUND ON THE BREAKWATER, DONALD— IF YOU CAN **SEE** THE BREAKWATER!


OLD SCROOGE THINKS HE'S SAVED HIS BOAT! HA! .... ABRACADABRA! HERE'S MUD IN HIS EYE!

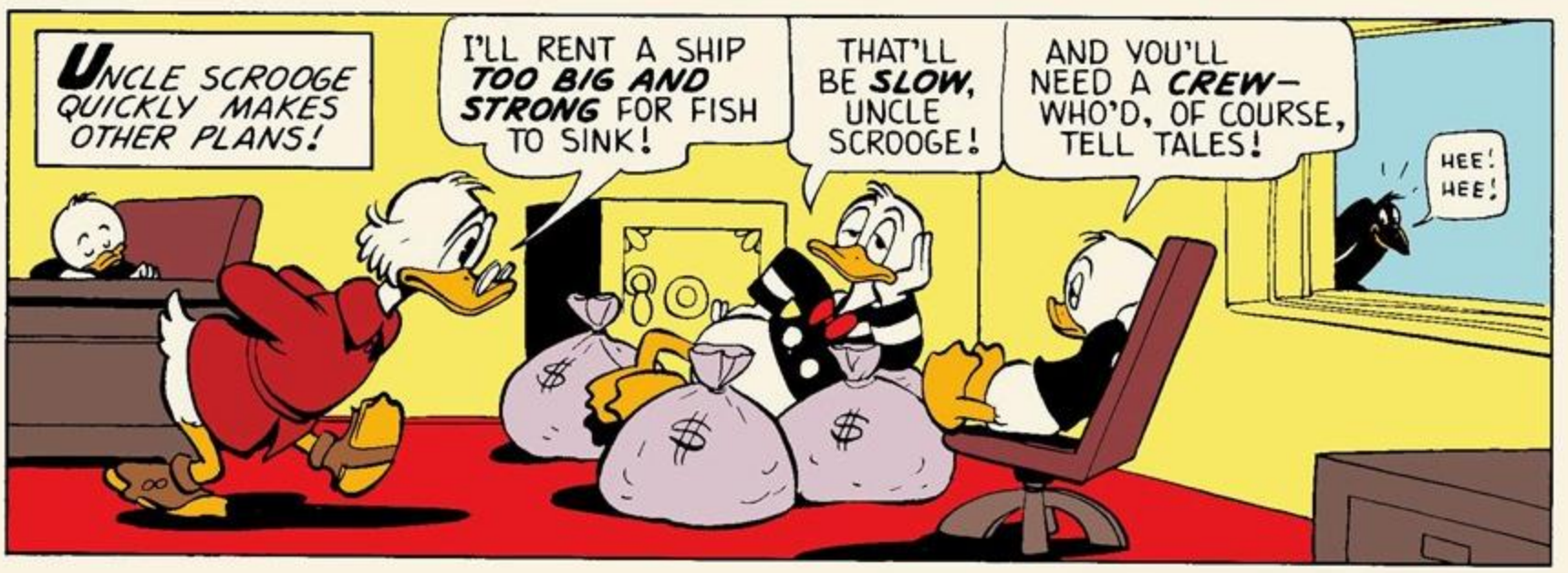

BAM
BOP
RASP
GOOD NIGHT! NOW WOODPECKERS OR SOMETHING ARE ATTACKING THE HULL!


RASP
RASP
THOSE ARE SAWFISH CUTTING THE BOAT INTO SLICES LIKE BOLOGNA!


END OF THE VOYAGE!
AND YOU WANTED TO GET AWAY WITHOUT ANY FUSS, UNCLE SCROOGE!


I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! I NEVER KNEW FISH TO BE SO CANTANKEROUS!
GURGLE


HEE! HEE! HEE! MAYBE THAT WILL DELAY HIM TILL I CAN GET A SHIP AND CREW AND BEAT HIM TO THOSE GOLDEN GEESE!


UNCLE SCROOGE QUICKLY MAKES OTHER PLANS!
I'LL RENT A SHIP TOO BIG AND STRONG FOR FISH TO SINK!
THAT'LL BE SLOW, UNCLE SCROOGE!
AND YOU'LL NEED A CREW— WHO'D, OF COURSE, TELL TALES!
HEE! HEE!

I'LL FIX THAT, LADS!.. WE'LL ***FLY*** TO CHILE AND RENT OUR SHIP ***THERE***!

GREAT, UNCLE SCROOGE! THAT'D LEAVE ONLY A ***SHORT VOYAGE*** TO FEATHERBRAIN ISLAND!

HEE! HEE! HEE!

SOON UNCLE SCROOGE IS READY TO TAKE OFF!

GOODBY, DUCKBURG! HELLO, CHILE!

THINKS HE'S GOING TO ***FLY***, DOES HE? ... MY POTION NUMBER SEVEN GIVES ME POWER OVER THE CREATURES OF THE AIR!

GATE 3

MUMBO JUMBO! NYET TO THAT JET!

KA PLOP

BIRDS HAVE COVERED THE PLANE! .... IT CAN'T MOVE!

CALL OFF THE FLIGHT!

STOPPED AGAIN BY SOME ***WEIRD*** BUSINESS, BOYS! ... IT'S LIKE I'M BEING ***HEXED*** BY A MALICIOUS ***MAGICIAN***!

HEE! HEE! HEE!

SOON THE SORCERESS IS ON HER WAY!

SET A COURSE FOR THE HONKER ARCHIPELAGO, YOU SWABS! HEE! HEE! HEE!

AYE, AYE, SIR — WE MEAN, ***MA'AM***!

AND WHEN WE GET THERE WE'LL DIVIDE THE LOOT ***EVENLY***! SEE?

AYE, AYE, MA'AM!

CRACK

ONE GOLDEN EGG FOR YOU SWABS, AND ***SIX*** GOLDEN EGGS FOR ME! HEE! HEE! HEE!

OH, ***NO***!..OUCH! WE MEAN, AYE, AYE, MA'AM!

176-718

BEAGLE BOYS INC.

YOU HEAR THAT, MEN?

ANOTHER SHIP IS ON IT'S WAY TO GET GOLDEN EGGS!

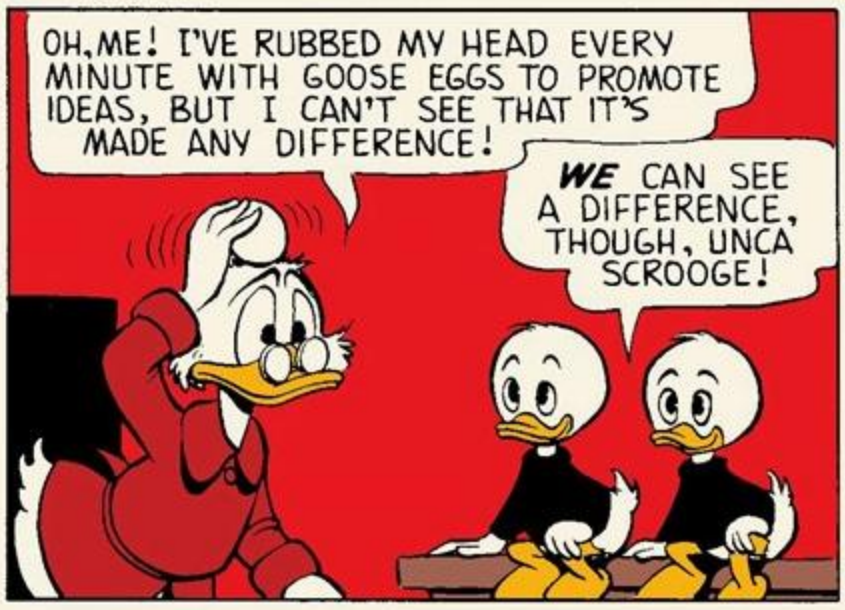
UNCA SCROOGE, WE HAVE ***BAD NEWS***!

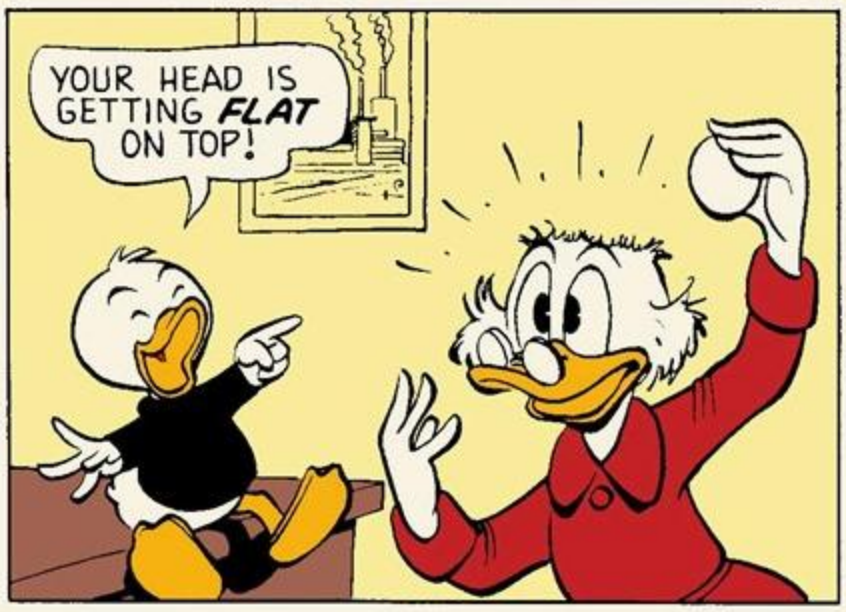
SO-

FIRST SOME HEXER STOPS ***ME*** FROM GETTING STARTED AFTER THE GOOSE EGGS, AND NOW SOME OTHER SHIP IS GOING TO ***BEAT*** ME TO THEM!

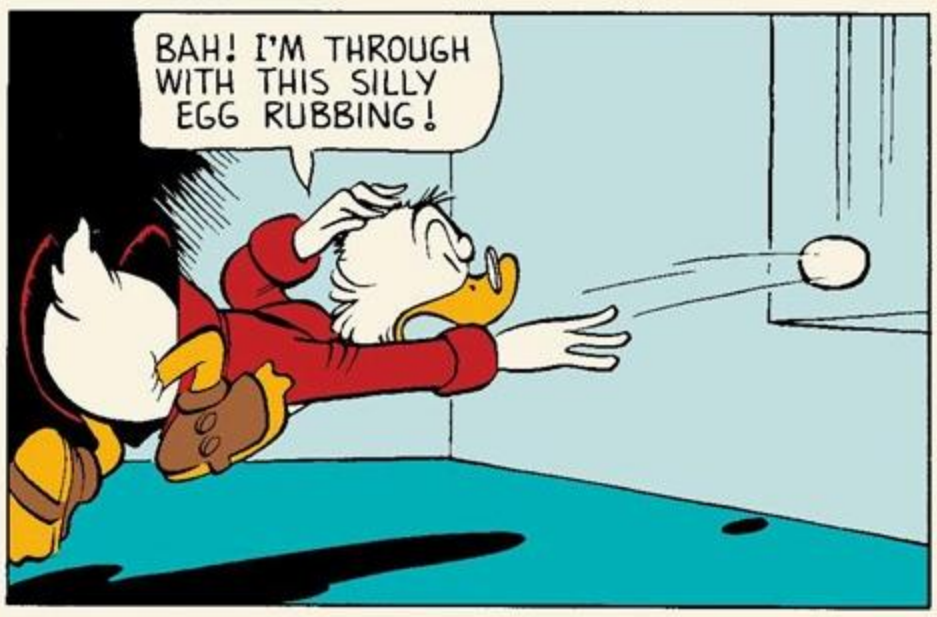
TIME'S PASSING, UNCLE SCROOGE! YOU'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOME ***NEW*** CLEVER WAY TO GET GOING!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE I'VE ***BEEN*** THINKING ABOUT FOR HOURS AND HOURS AND HOURS?

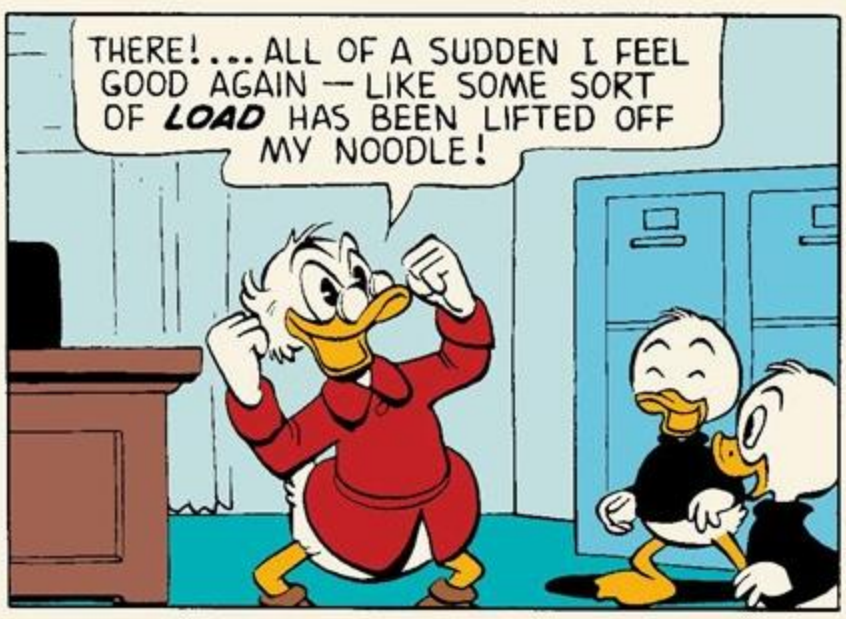

OH, ME! I'VE RUBBED MY HEAD EVERY MINUTE WITH GOOSE EGGS TO PROMOTE IDEAS, BUT I CAN'T SEE THAT IT'S MADE ANY DIFFERENCE!
WE CAN SEE A DIFFERENCE, THOUGH, UNCA SCROOGE!

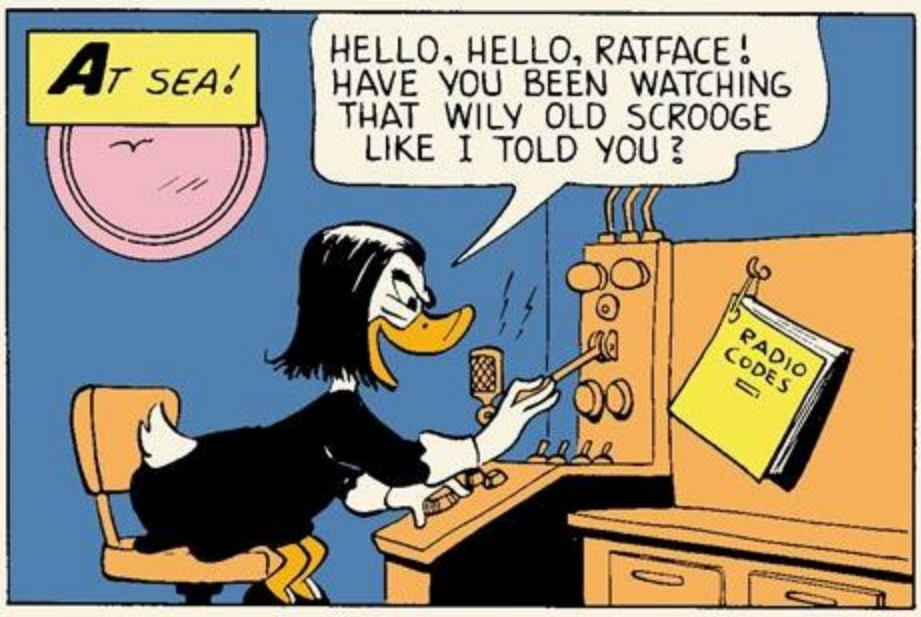

YOUR HEAD IS GETTING FLAT ON TOP!


OUTSIDE, RATFACE, THE RAVEN, IS KEEPING TRACK OF UNCLE SCROOGE'S EVERY MOVE!
HEE! HEE! HEE!

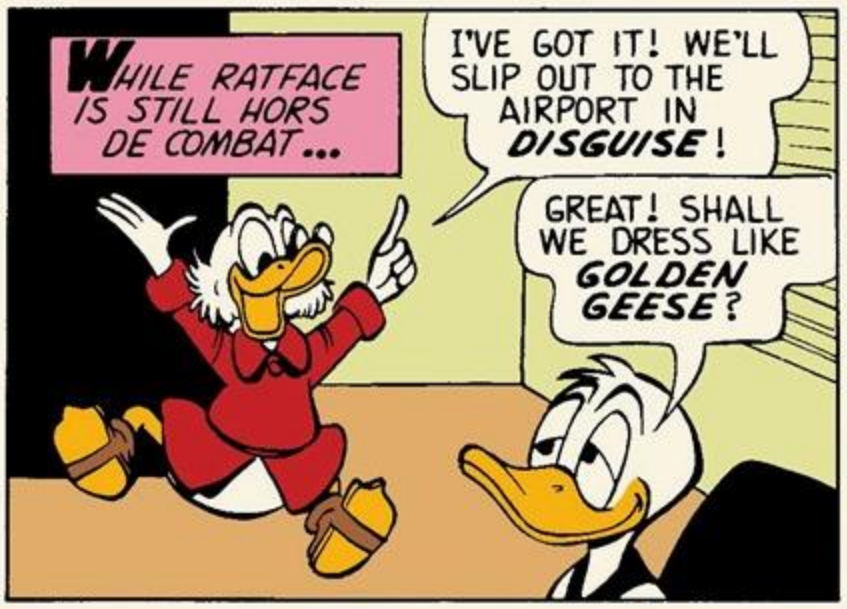

BAH! I'M THROUGH WITH THIS SILLY EGG RUBBING!


SPLOK
ZOW


THERE!... ALL OF A SUDDEN I FEEL GOOD AGAIN — LIKE SOME SORT OF LOAD HAS BEEN LIFTED OFF MY NOODLE!

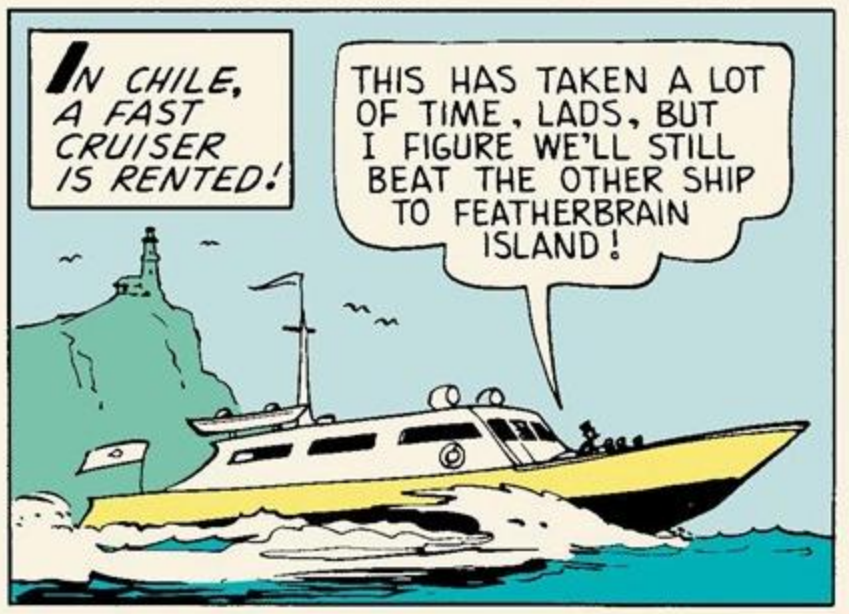

AT SEA!
HELLO, HELLO, RATFACE! HAVE YOU BEEN WATCHING THAT WILY OLD SCROOGE LIKE I TOLD YOU?
RADIO CODES

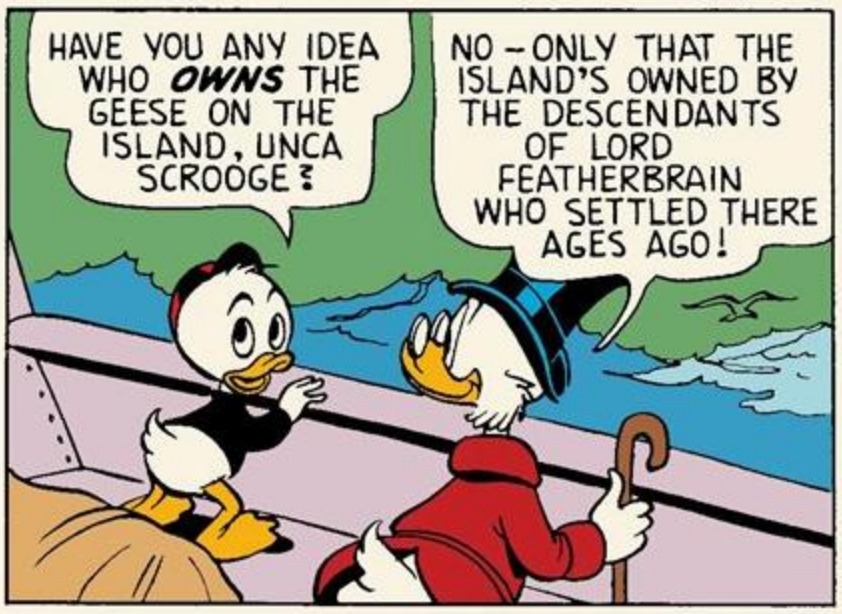

YES, BOSS LADY! I'VE WATCHED HIS EVERY MOVE! BUT THAT LAST ONE I DIDN'T SEE COMING!

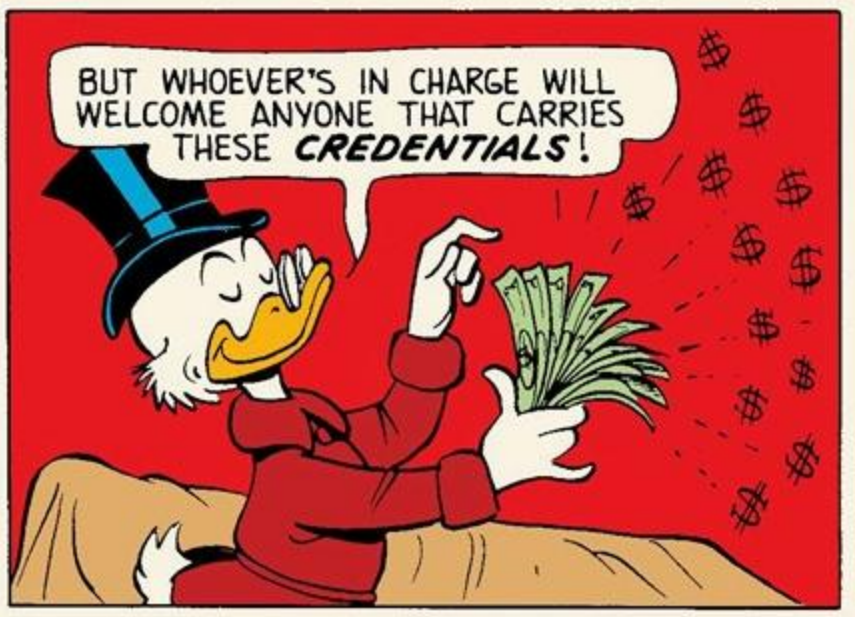

WHILE RATFACE IS STILL HORS DE COMBAT...
I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL SLIP OUT TO THE AIRPORT IN DISGUISE!
GREAT! SHALL WE DRESS LIKE GOLDEN GEESE?

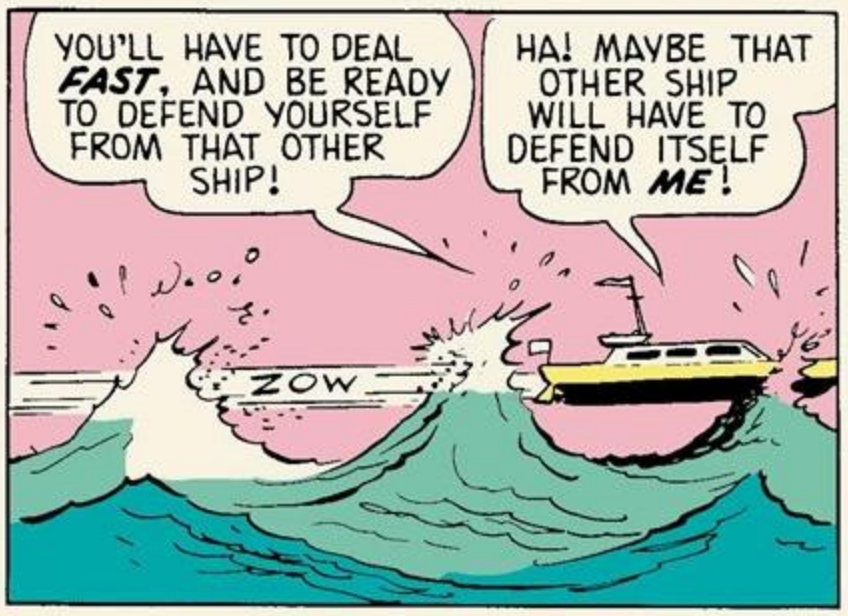

SO-
WE'RE OFF TO CHILE, UNCLE SCROOGE!
WHAT LUCK THAT WE MANAGED TO ELUDE WHOEVER'S BEEN HEXING US!

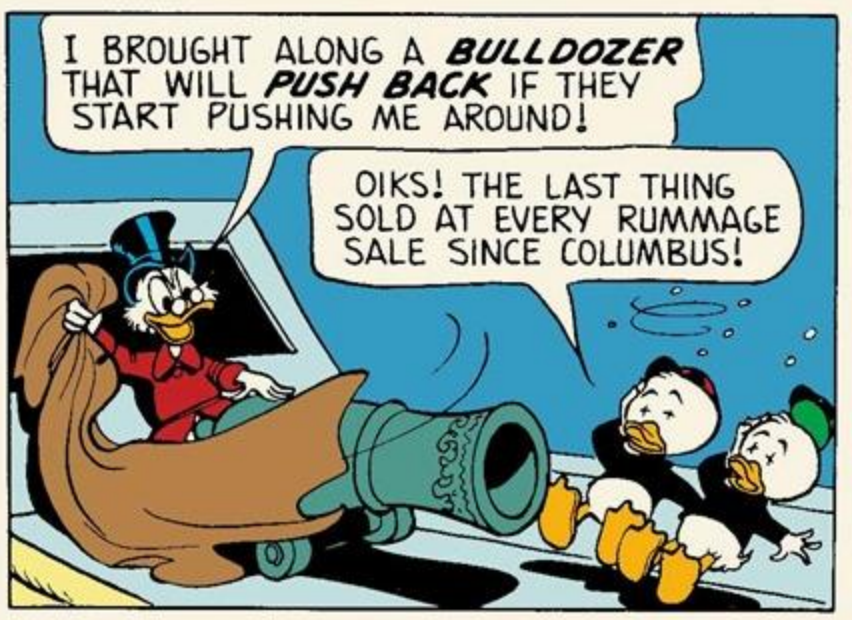

I IMAGINE THESE DISGUISES HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT, UNCLE SCROOGE!
HAW! HAW! HAW!
WITCHES' TRAVEL CLUB

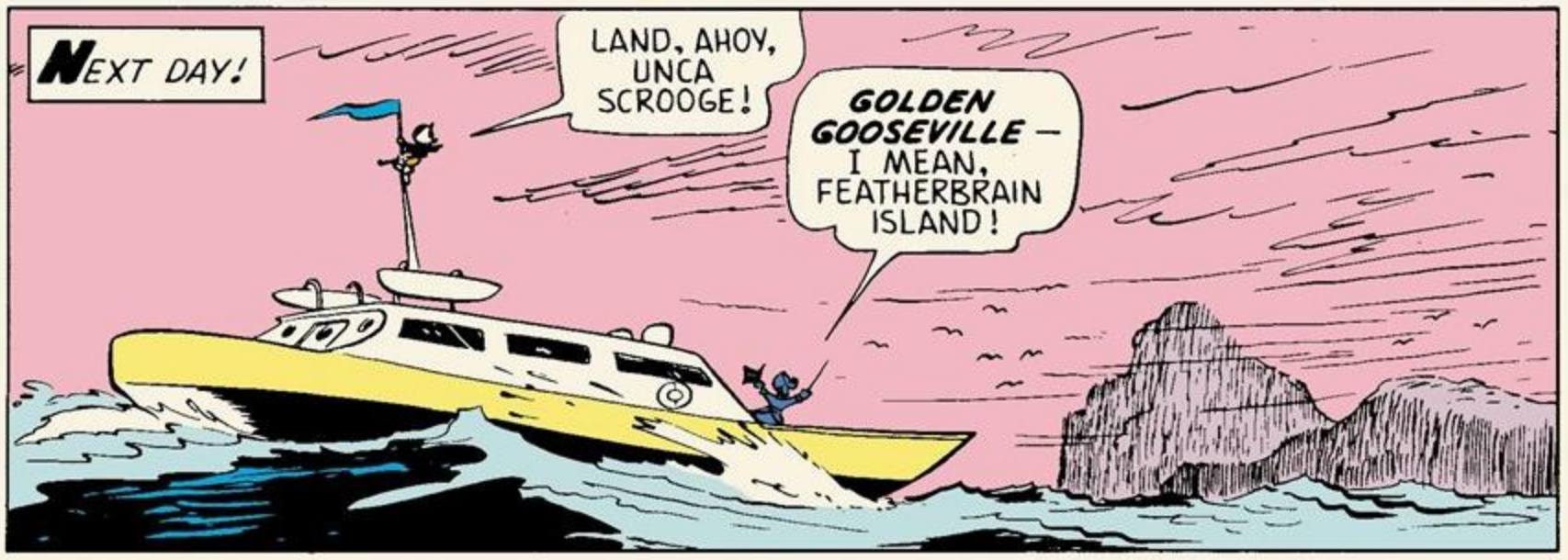

IN CHILE, A FAST CRUISER IS RENTED!
THIS HAS TAKEN A LOT OF TIME, LADS, BUT I FIGURE WE'LL STILL BEAT THE OTHER SHIP TO FEATHERBRAIN ISLAND!


HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO OWNS THE GEESE ON THE ISLAND, UNCA SCROOGE?
NO - ONLY THAT THE ISLAND'S OWNED BY THE DESCENDANTS OF LORD FEATHERBRAIN WHO SETTLED THERE AGES AGO!

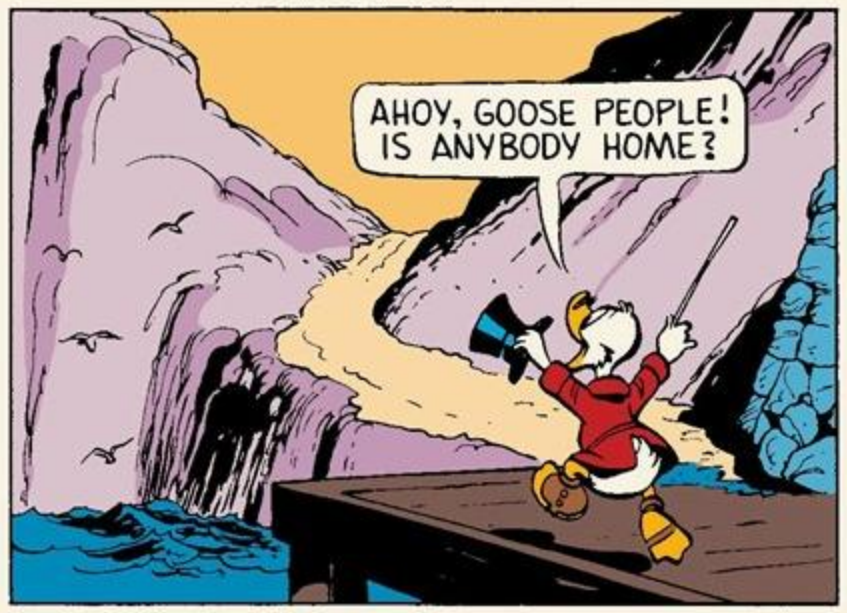

BUT WHOEVER'S IN CHARGE WILL WELCOME ANYONE THAT CARRIES THESE CREDENTIALS!

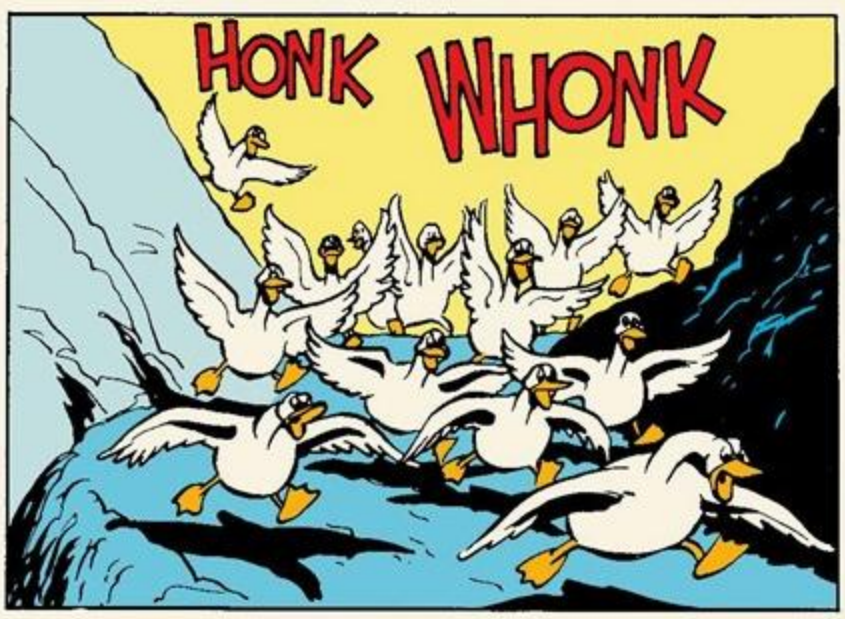

YOU'LL HAVE TO DEAL FAST, AND BE READY TO DEFEND YOURSELF FROM THAT OTHER SHIP!
HA! MAYBE THAT OTHER SHIP WILL HAVE TO DEFEND ITSELF FROM ME!
ZOW

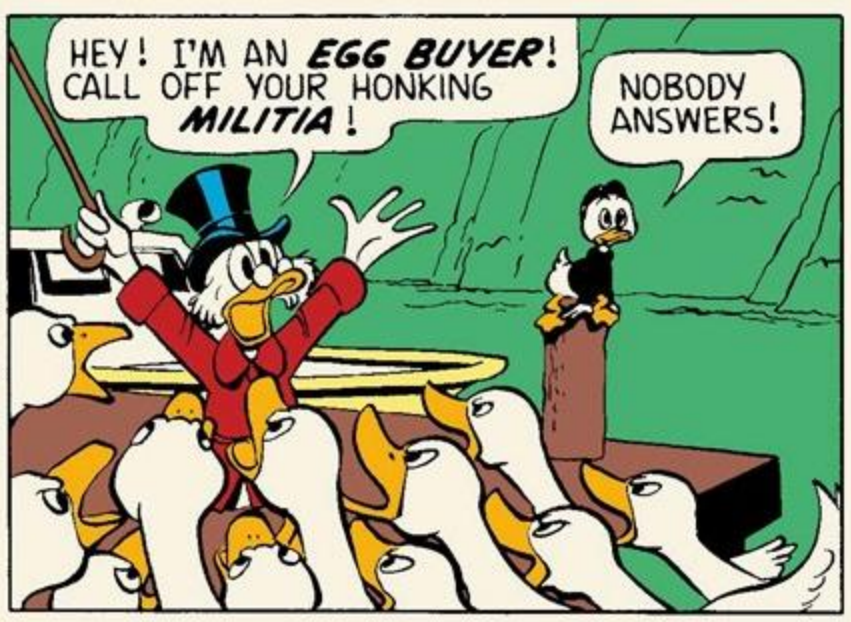

I BROUGHT ALONG A BULLDOZER THAT WILL PUSH BACK IF THEY START PUSHING ME AROUND!
OIKS! THE LAST THING SOLD AT EVERY RUMMAGE SALE SINCE COLUMBUS!

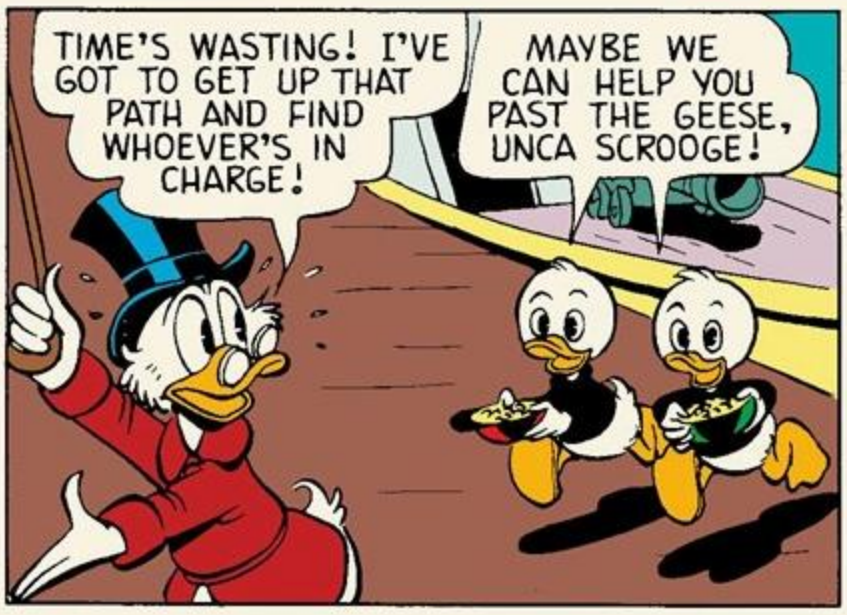

NEXT DAY!
LAND, AHOY, UNCA SCROOGE!
GOLDEN GOOSEVILLE — I MEAN, FEATHERBRAIN ISLAND!

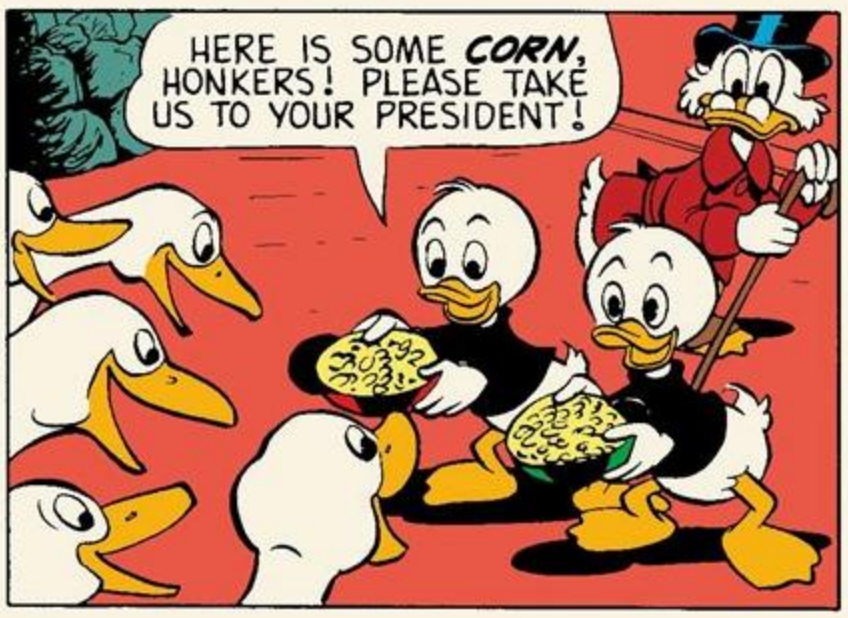

NO SIGN OF THE OTHER SHIP! DOCK QUICKLY, DONALD, AND WE'LL GET THIS BUSINESS OVER WITH SOON!

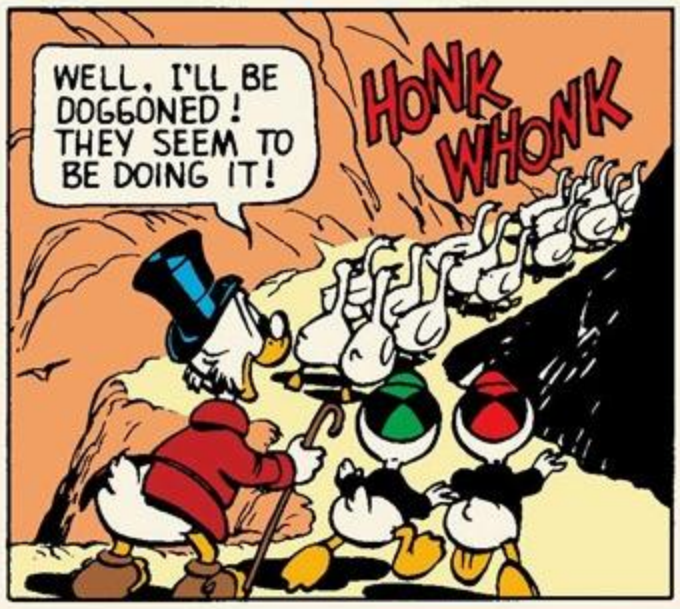

AHOY, GOOSE PEOPLE! IS ANYBODY HOME?

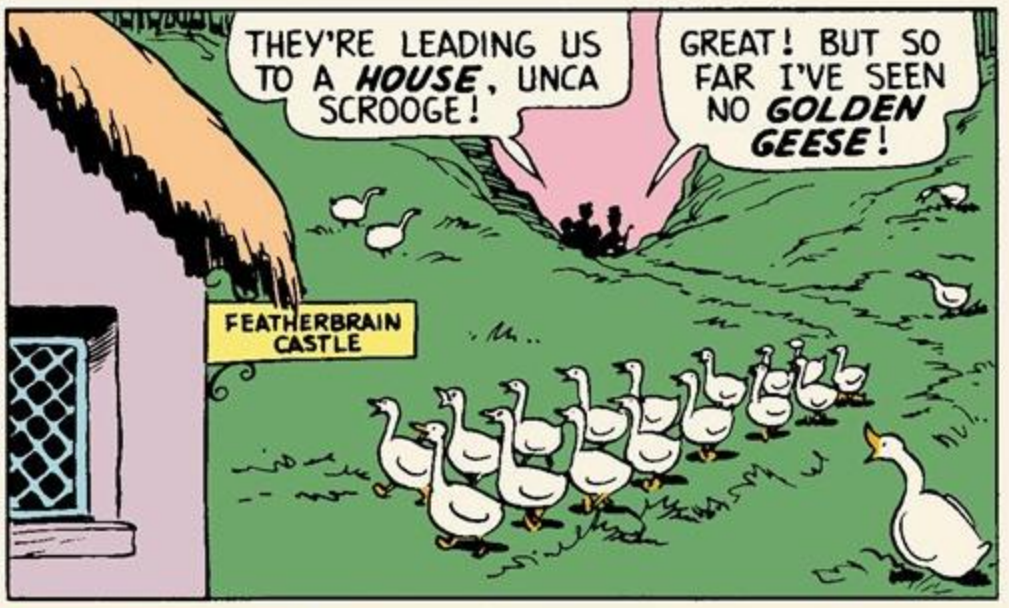

HONK
WHONK

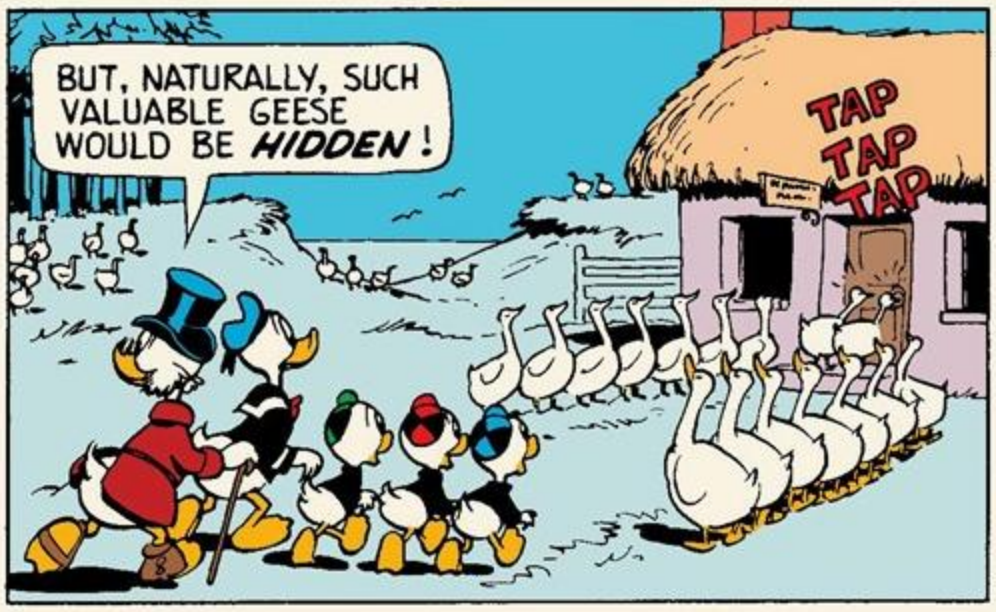

HEY! I'M AN EGG BUYER! CALL OFF YOUR HONKING MILITIA!
NOBODY ANSWERS!

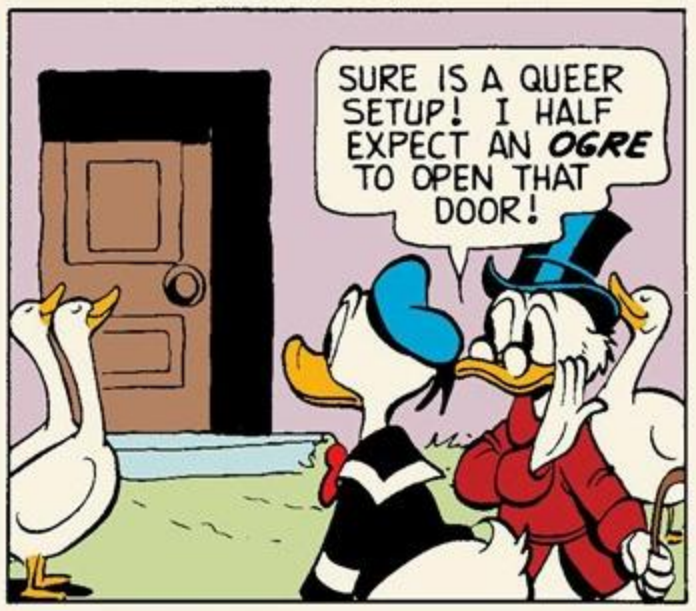

TIME'S WASTING! I'VE GOT TO GET UP THAT PATH AND FIND WHOEVER'S IN CHARGE!
MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU PAST THE GEESE, UNCA SCROOGE!


HERE IS SOME CORN, HONKERS! PLEASE TAKE US TO YOUR PRESIDENT!


WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED! THEY SEEM TO BE DOING IT!
HONK WHONK

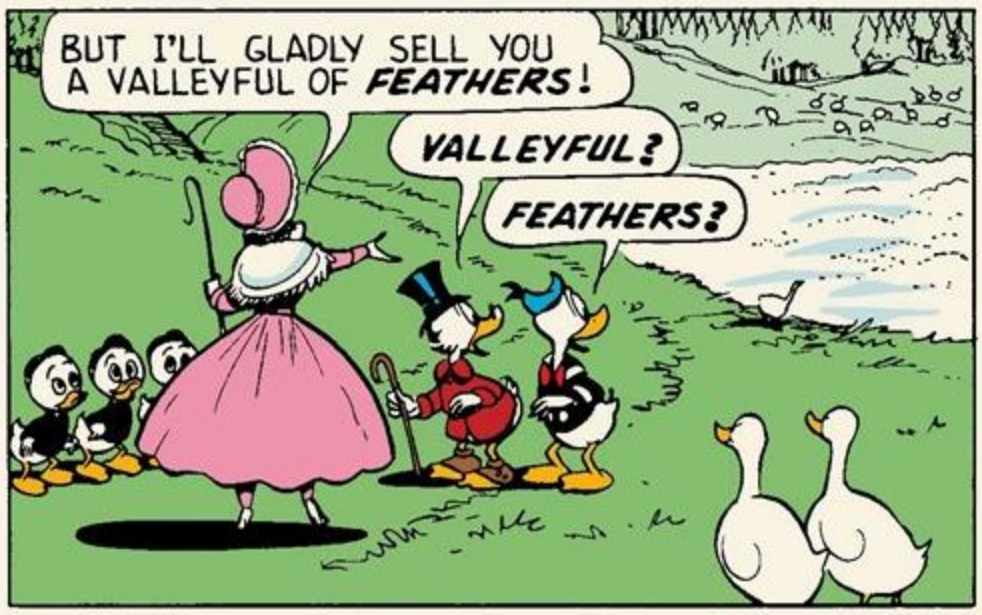

THEY'RE LEADING US TO A HOUSE, UNCA SCROOGE!
GREAT! BUT SO FAR I'VE SEEN NO GOLDEN GEESE!
FEATHERBRAIN CASTLE


BUT, NATURALLY, SUCH VALUABLE GEESE WOULD BE HIDDEN!
TAP TAP TAP


SURE IS A QUEER SETUP! I HALF EXPECT AN OGRE TO OPEN THAT DOOR!


HALLOO! ♫ I AM FANNY, LAST OF THE FEATHERBRAINS! I HAVE NO GOOSE EGGS FOR SALE! I AM SORRY!


AND I HAVE NO GEESE FOR SALE! THE REGULAR TRADING SHIP EACH MONTH TAKES ALL THAT I CAN SPARE!


BUT I'LL GLADLY SELL YOU A VALLEYFUL OF FEATHERS!
VALLEYFUL?
FEATHERS?

THIS KIND OF FEATHERS?

OH, NO!... GOOD FEATHERS! THE SOFT, WHITE DOWNY KIND!

?

I'D ARGUE THAT POINT WITH YOU, MISS! DO YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE FEATHERS?

OH, YES, INDEED— BUT—

WE FEATHERBRAINS HAVE NEVER SOLD THEM TO PEOPLE, SIR! THEY'RE THROWN IN THE TRASH PILE WITH THE YELLOW EGGS!

YELLOW EGGS?

YES! THERE'S THE TRASH PILE BEHIND THE PILLOW SHED!

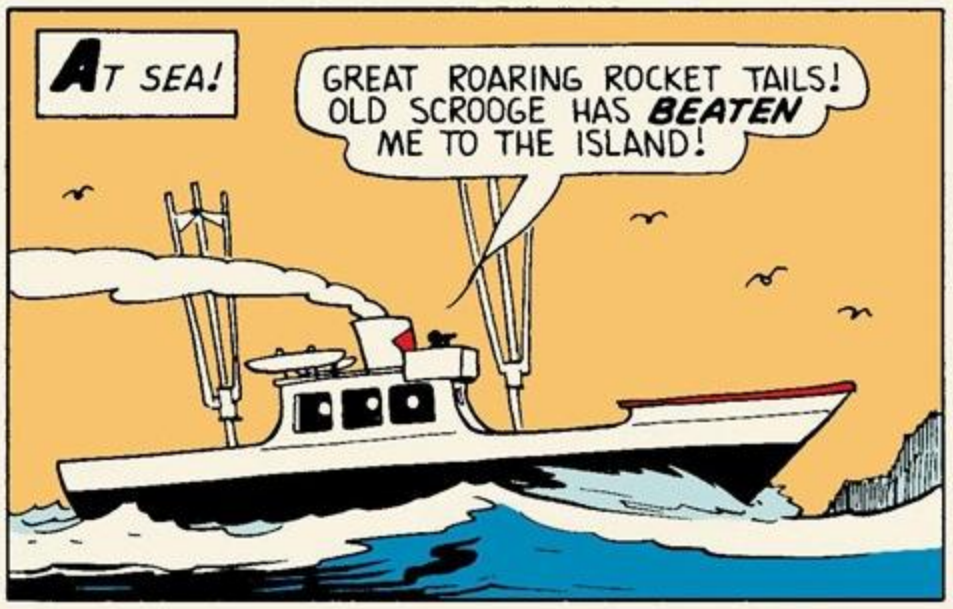
MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLDEN EGGS AND FEATHERS!

GOOD NIGHT! MISS FEATHERBRAIN DOESN'T KNOW GOLD FROM PEANUTS!

AND DO YOU HAVE YELLOW GEESE THAT LAY THESE GOLDEN - I MEAN YELLOW EGGS?

YES — THE GEESE WITH THOSE WIRY NO-GOOD YELLOW FEATHERS!

MISS, NAME ANY PRICE UP TO FIVE DOLLARS! I'LL BUY THE WHOLE WORTHLESS KABOODLE FROM YOU!

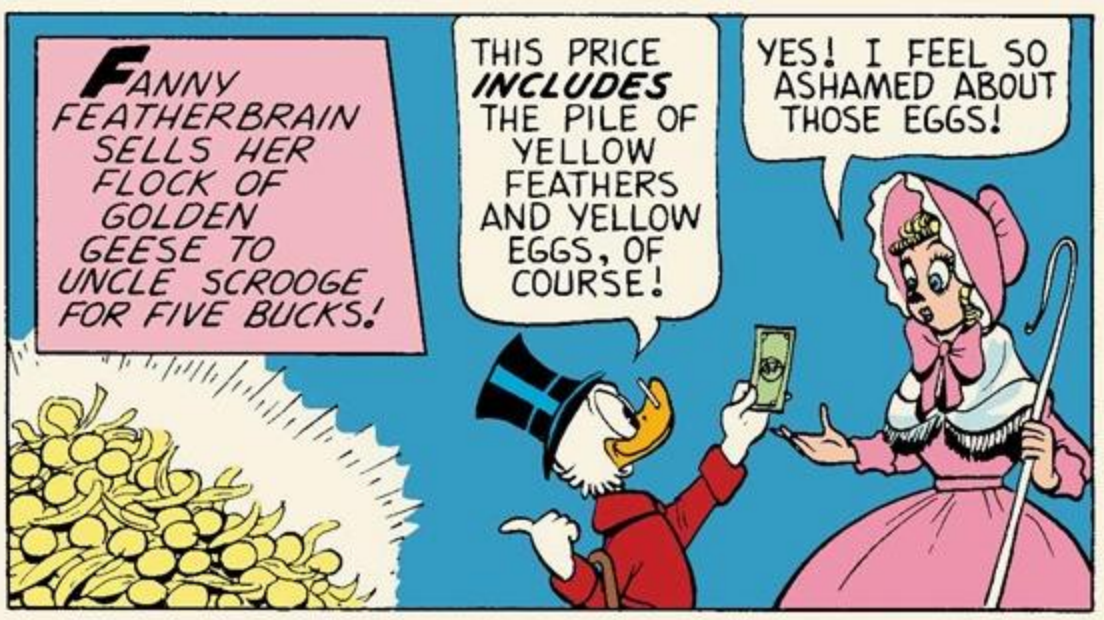

AT SEA!
GREAT ROARING ROCKET TAILS! OLD SCROOGE HAS BEATEN ME TO THE ISLAND!

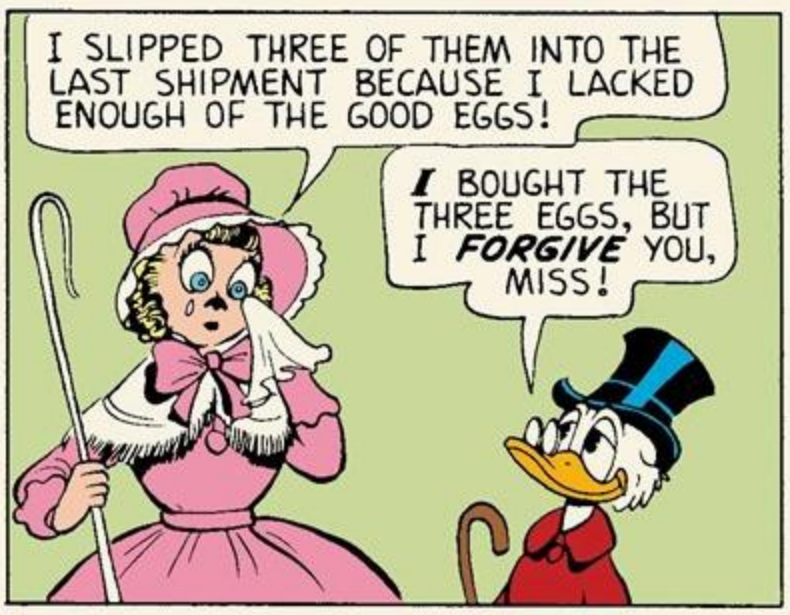

I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY STRATEGY! STEER AROUND TO LEEWARD, SWABS!

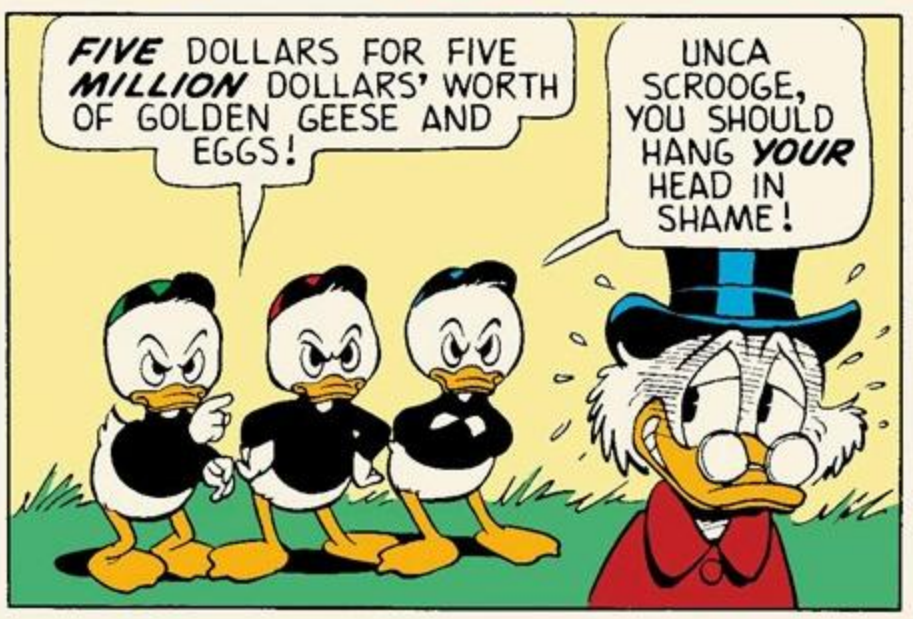

SHALL I WAIT TILL HE LEAVES AND JUMP HIM? ... WAK!

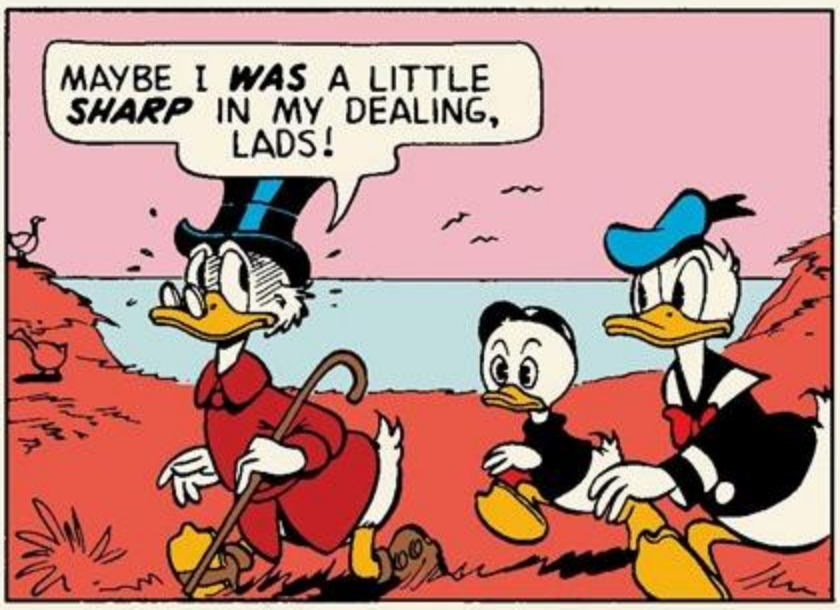

OH, GILLY, GOLLY, GEE!


HANG THE STRATEGY! WE'RE GOING ASHORE WITH ALL HANDS SNATCHING!

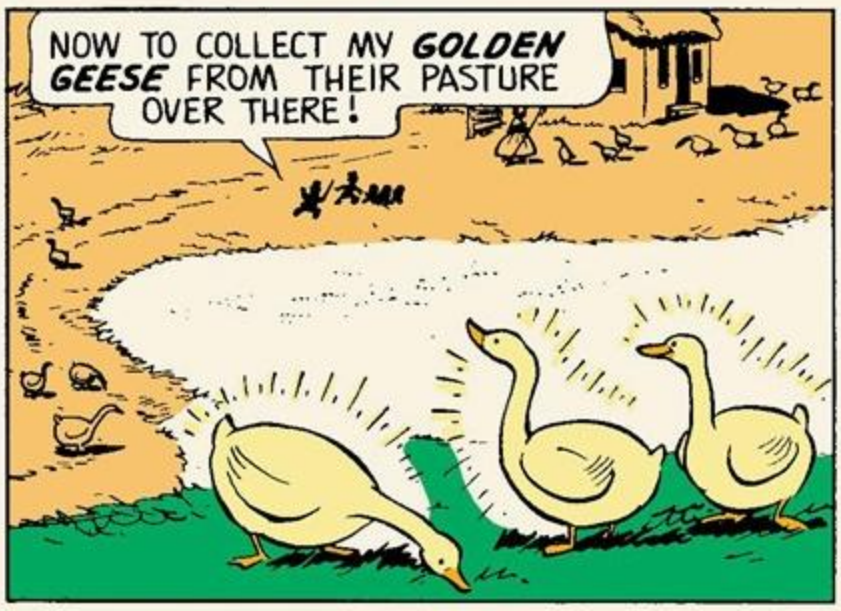

FANNY FEATHERBRAIN SELLS HER FLOCK OF GOLDEN GEESE TO UNCLE SCROOGE FOR FIVE BUCKS!
THIS PRICE INCLUDES THE PILE OF YELLOW FEATHERS AND YELLOW EGGS, OF COURSE!
YES! I FEEL SO ASHAMED ABOUT THOSE EGGS!


I SLIPPED THREE OF THEM INTO THE LAST SHIPMENT BECAUSE I LACKED ENOUGH OF THE GOOD EGGS!
I BOUGHT THE THREE EGGS, BUT I FORGIVE YOU, MISS!

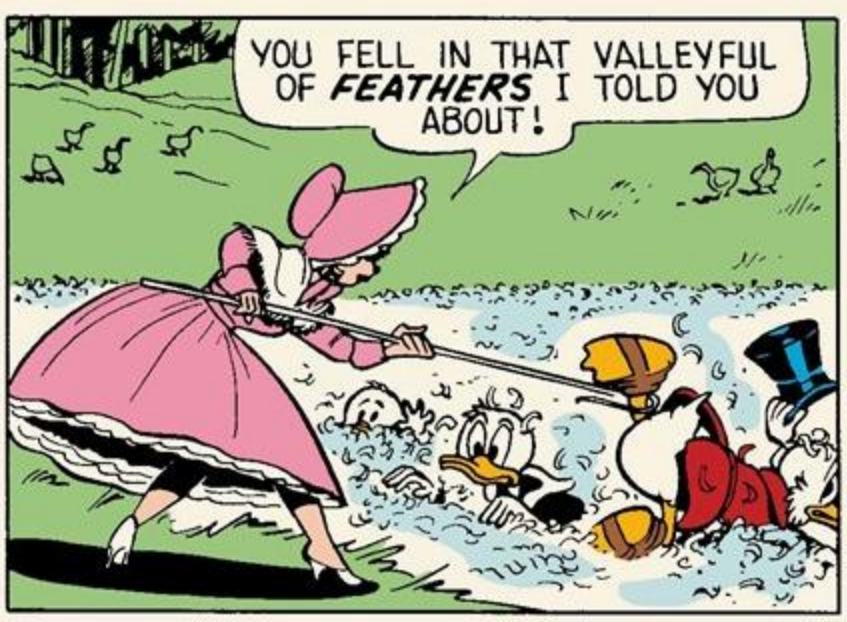

FIVE DOLLARS FOR FIVE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLDEN GEESE AND EGGS!
UNCA SCROOGE, YOU SHOULD HANG YOUR HEAD IN SHAME!


MAYBE I *WAS* A LITTLE *SHARP* IN MY DEALING, LADS!

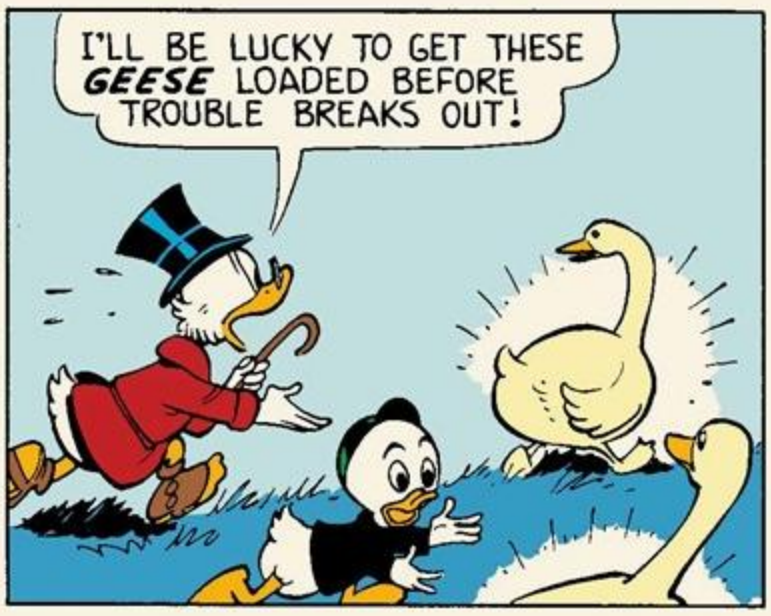

HERE, MISS, I'LL *DOUBLE* THE AMOUNT OF THAT PAYMENT! I'LL GIVE YOU *TEN* DOLLARS!

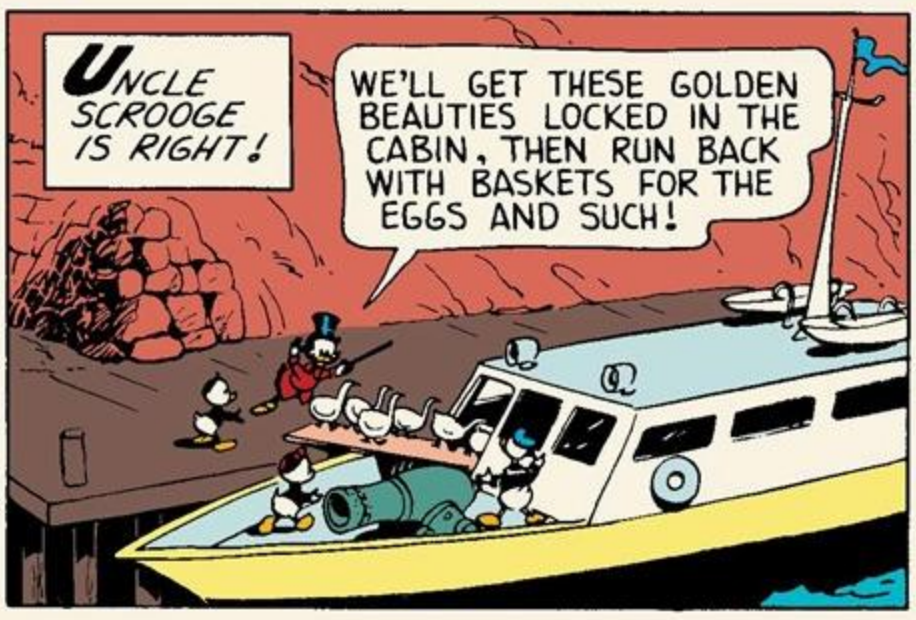

NOW TO COLLECT MY *GOLDEN GEESE* FROM THEIR PASTURE OVER THERE!


OOPS!
WAK! I'M SINKING!


YOU FELL IN THAT VALLEYFUL OF *FEATHERS* I TOLD YOU ABOUT!


YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO *BUY* THESE FEATHERS?
NO, MISS! *NO*!

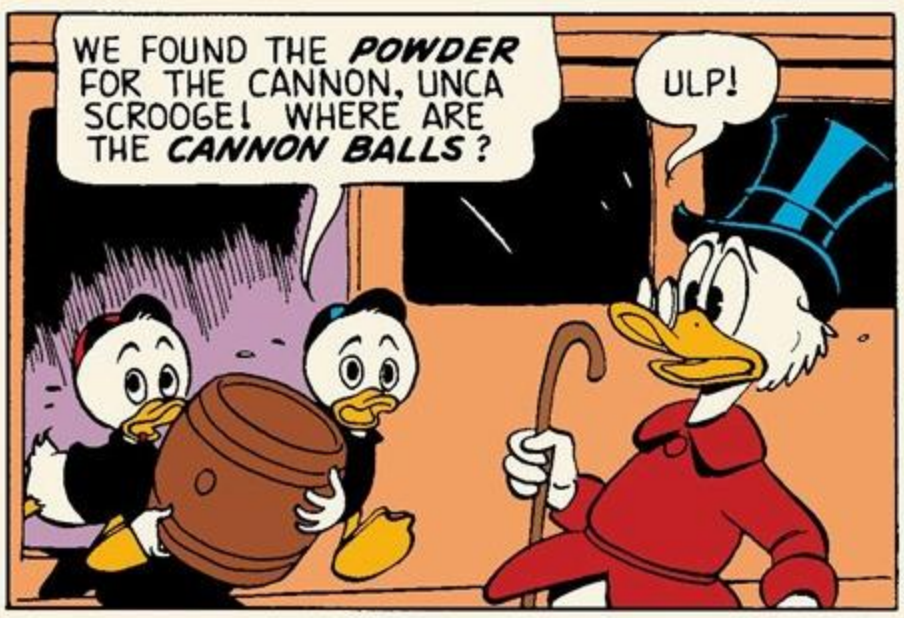

I'LL BE LUCKY TO GET THESE *GEESE* LOADED BEFORE TROUBLE BREAKS OUT!

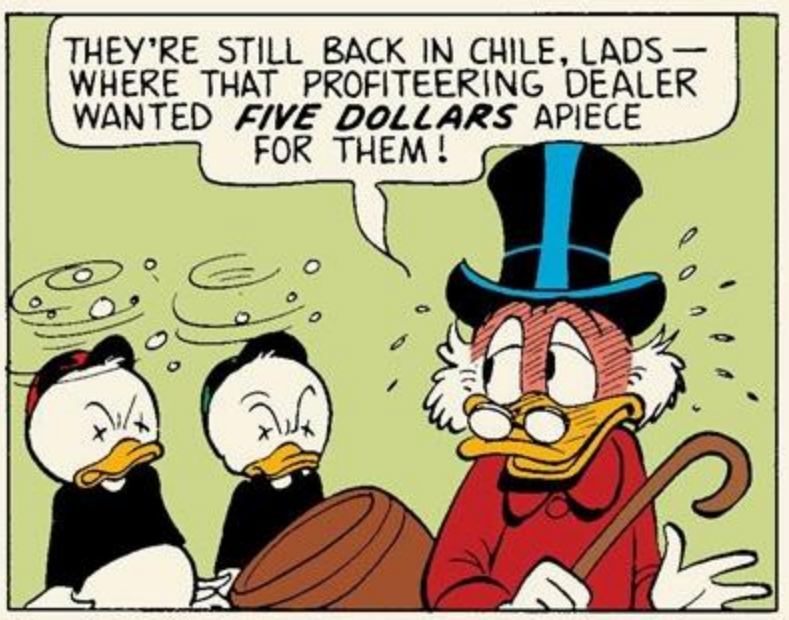

UNCLE SCROOGE IS RIGHT!
WE'LL GET THESE GOLDEN BEAUTIES LOCKED IN THE CABIN, THEN RUN BACK WITH BASKETS FOR THE EGGS AND SUCH!

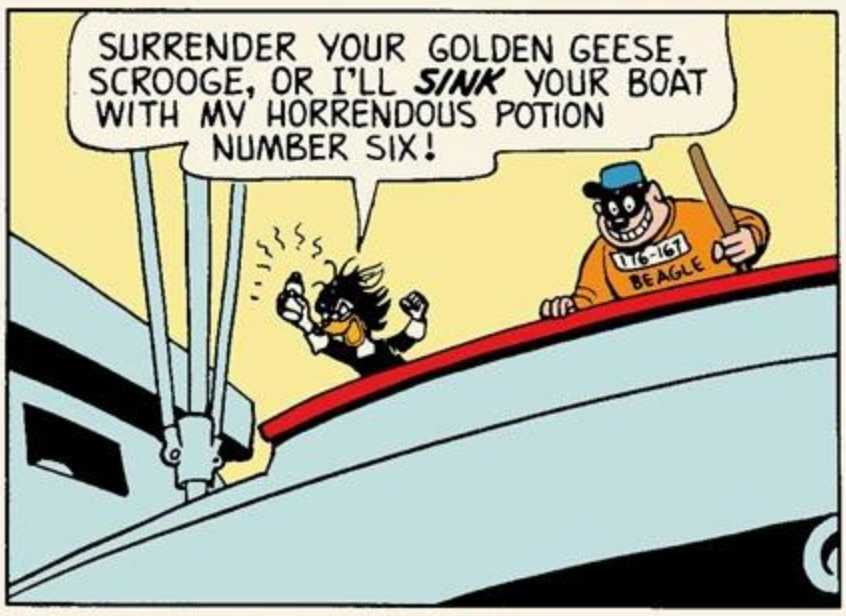

OH! OH!
PUT UP YOUR HANDS, SCROOGE, AND COLLAPSE! I'M TAKING OVER THE GOLDEN GOOSE BUSINESS!

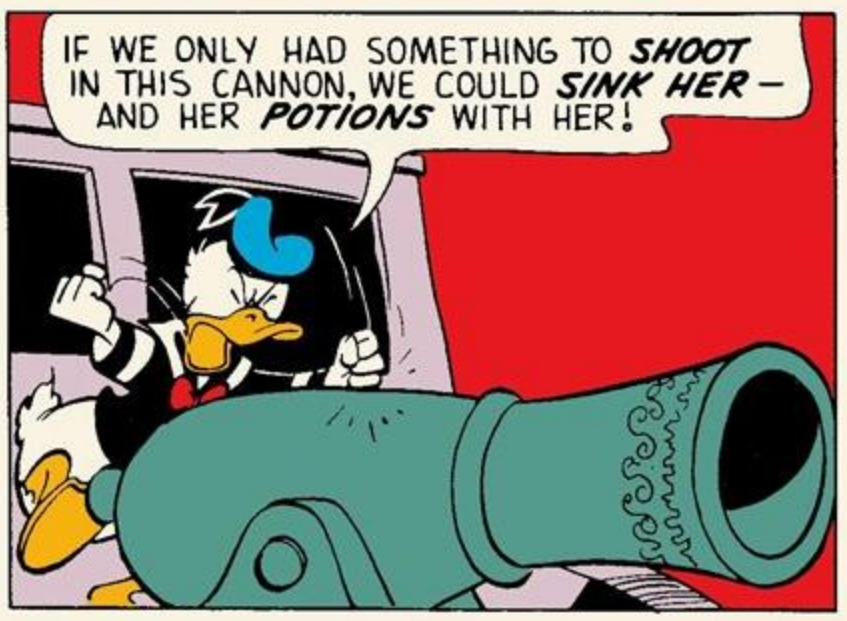

WE'RE DOOMED! IT'S THE TERRIBLE SORCERESS, MAGICA DE SPELL, AND THE BEAGLE BOYS!

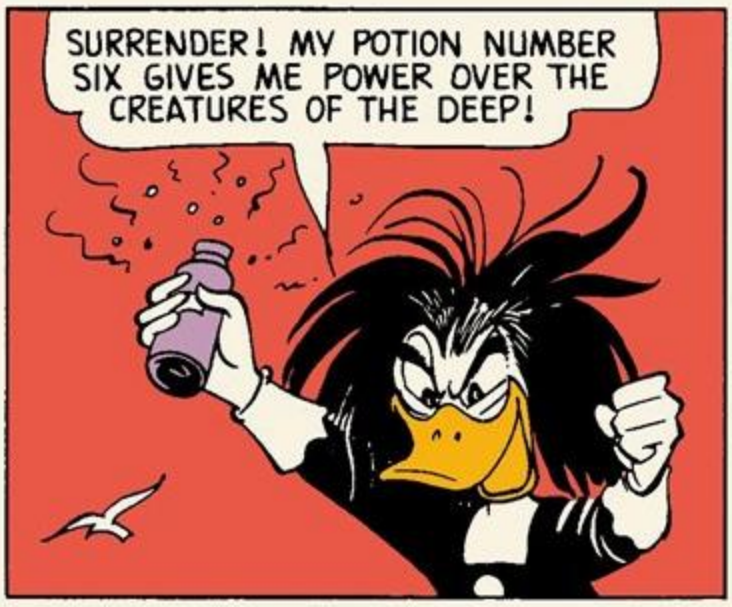

WHAT MATTERS WHO IT IS? THIS OLD HEATER WILL MAKE THIS COVE TOO HOT FOR THEM!

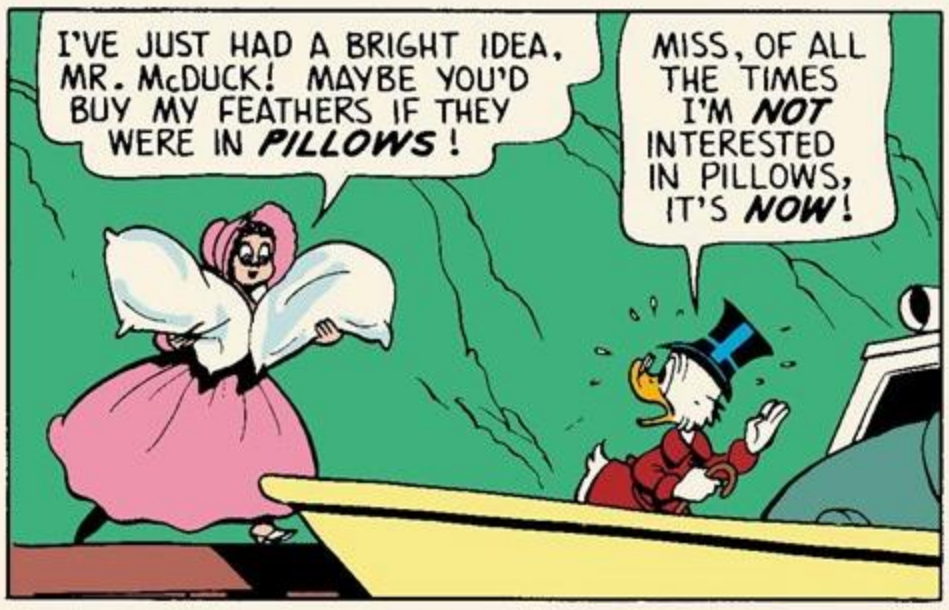

WE FOUND THE POWDER FOR THE CANNON, UNCA SCROOGE! WHERE ARE THE CANNON BALLS?
ULP!

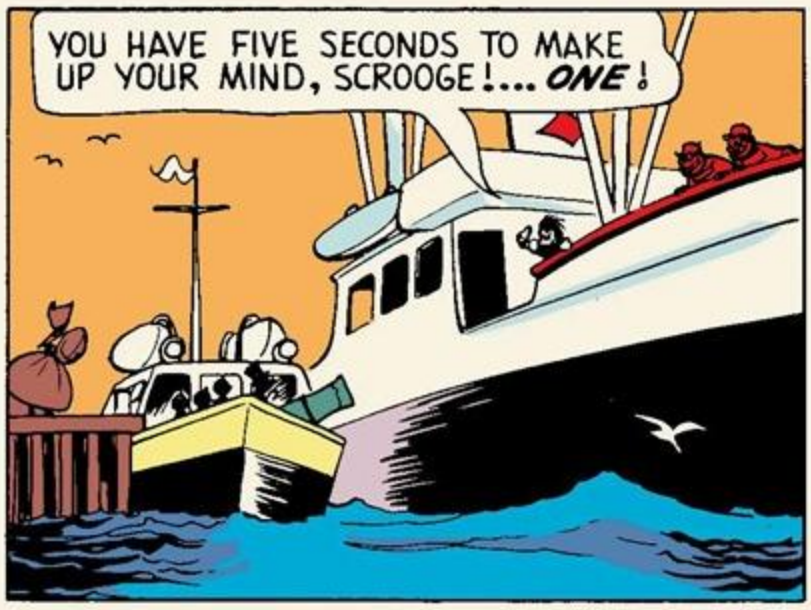

THEY'RE STILL BACK IN CHILE, LADS — WHERE THAT PROFITEERING DEALER WANTED FIVE DOLLARS APIECE FOR THEM!

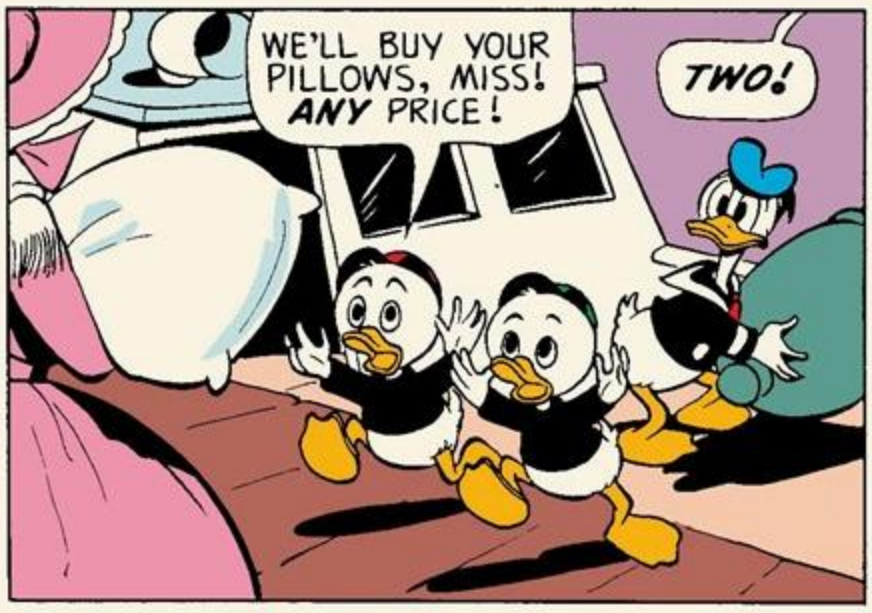

SURRENDER YOUR GOLDEN GEESE, SCROOGE, OR I'LL SINK YOUR BOAT WITH MY HORRENDOUS POTION NUMBER SIX!
176-167
BEAGLE


IF WE ONLY HAD SOMETHING TO SHOOT IN THIS CANNON, WE COULD SINK HER — AND HER POTIONS WITH HER!

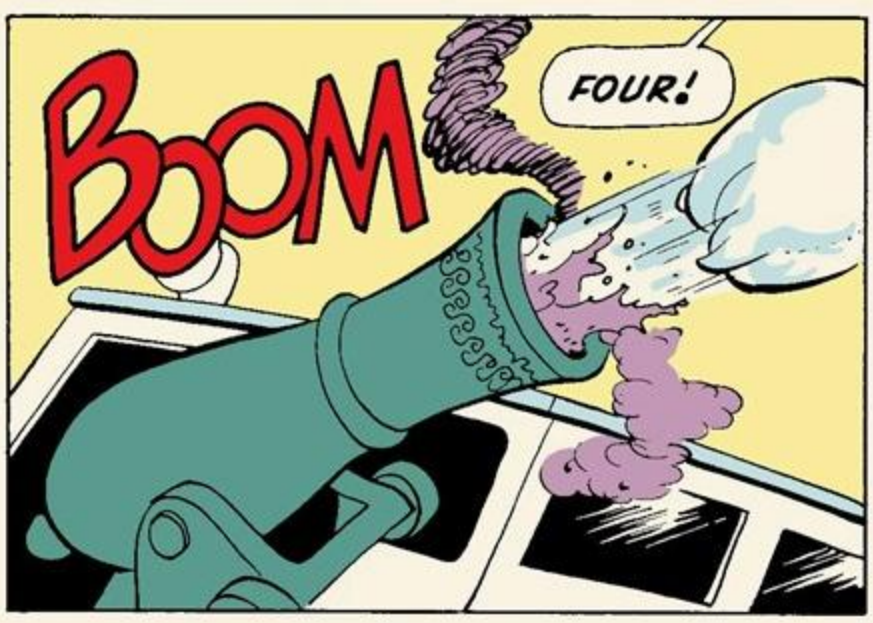

SURRENDER! MY POTION NUMBER SIX GIVES ME POWER OVER THE CREATURES OF THE DEEP!


I'VE JUST HAD A BRIGHT IDEA, MR. McDUCK! MAYBE YOU'D BUY MY FEATHERS IF THEY WERE IN *PILLOWS*!
MISS, OF ALL THE TIMES I'M *NOT* INTERESTED IN PILLOWS, IT'S *NOW*!

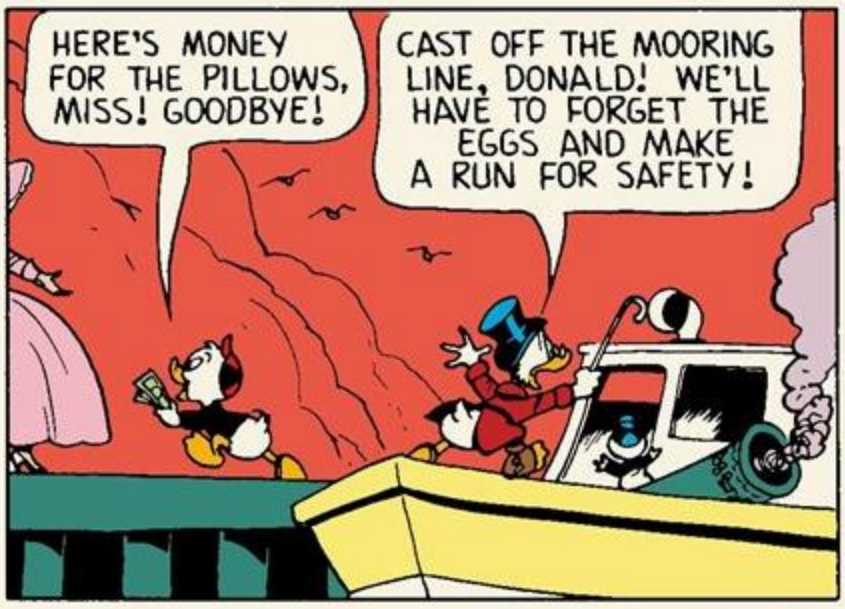

YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND, SCROOGE!... *ONE*!

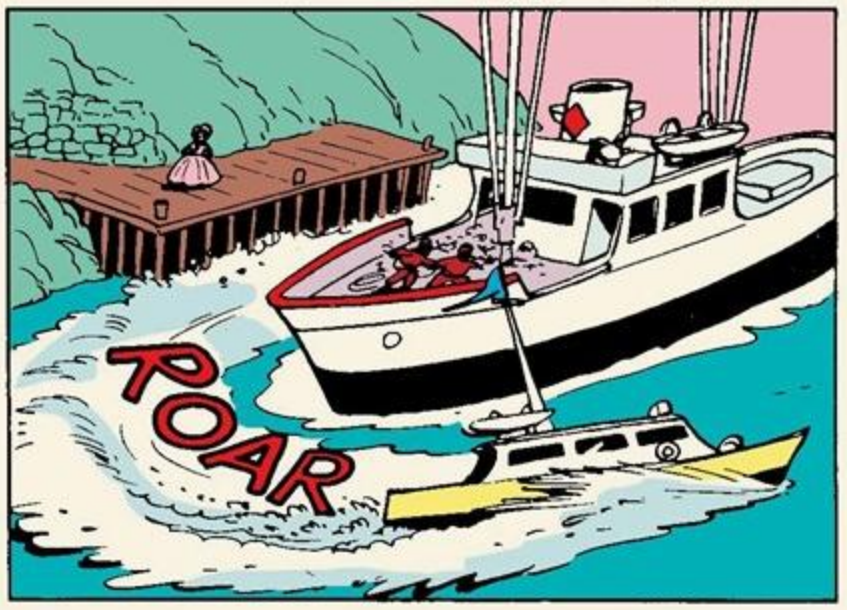

WE'LL BUY YOUR PILLOWS, MISS! *ANY* PRICE!
TWO!

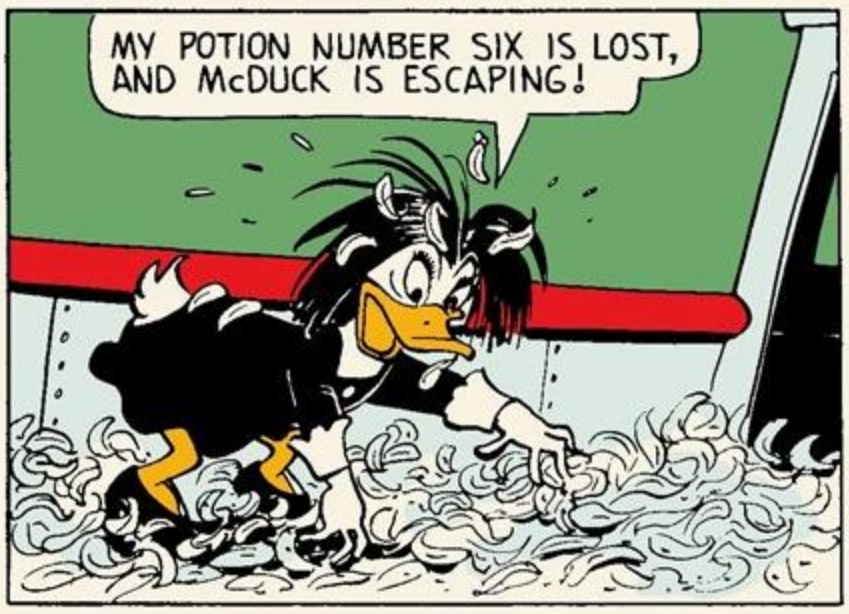

THREE!

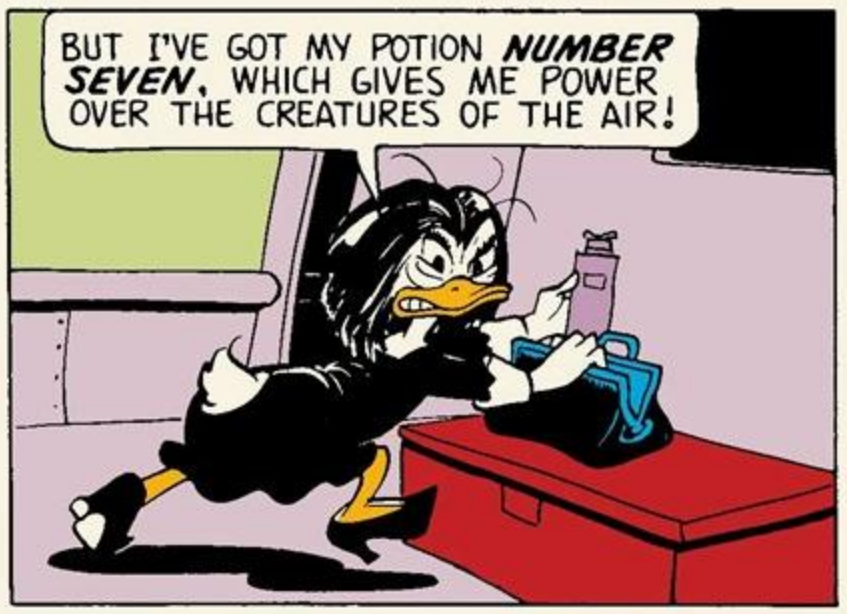

BOOM
FOUR!

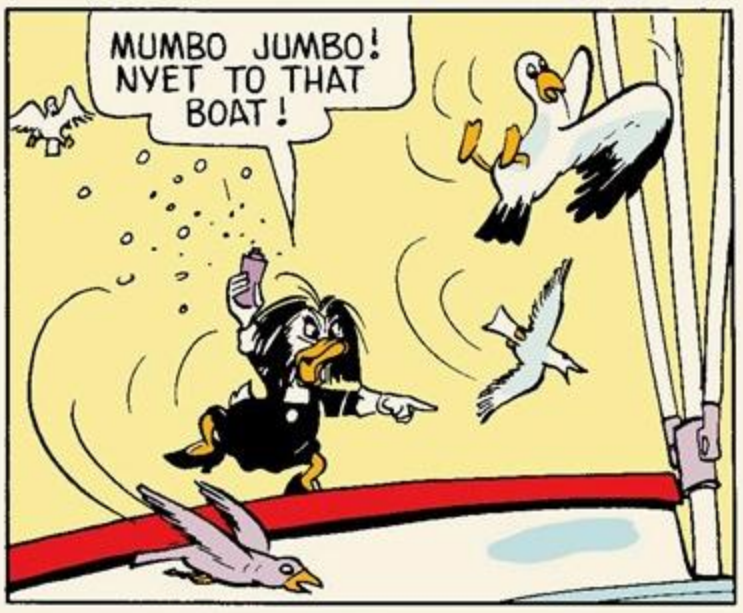

PLOOP
FIVE!


HERE'S MONEY FOR THE PILLOWS, MISS! GOODBYE!
CAST OFF THE MOORING LINE, DONALD! WE'LL HAVE TO FORGET THE EGGS AND MAKE A RUN FOR SAFETY!

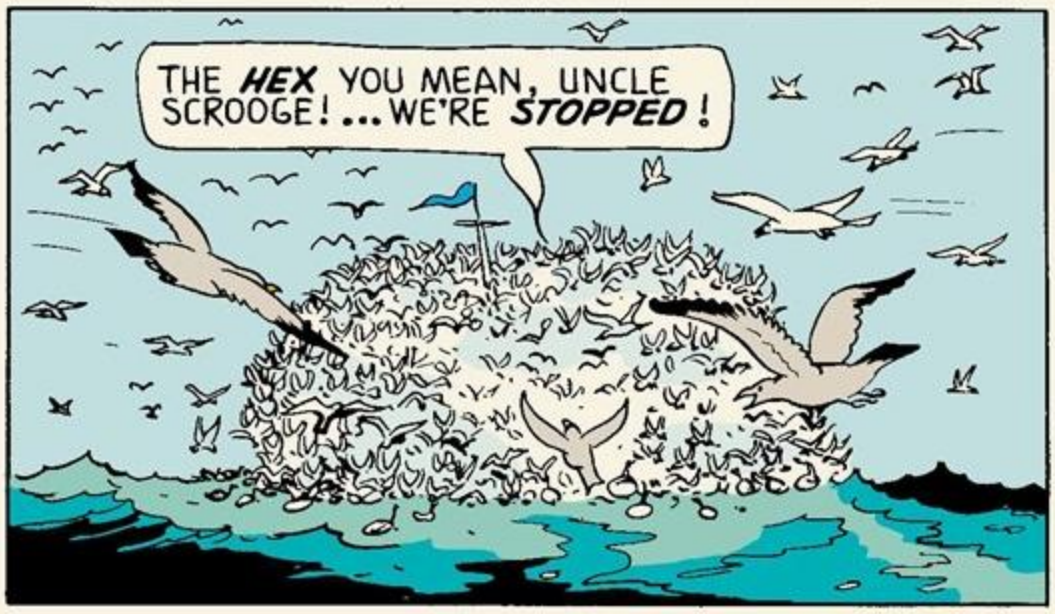

ROAR


MY POTION NUMBER SIX IS LOST, AND McDUCK IS ESCAPING!

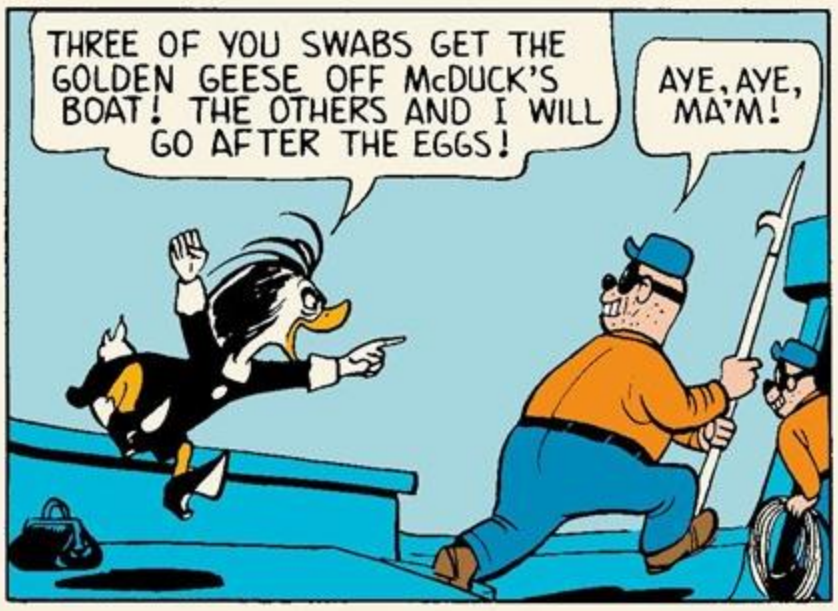

BUT I'VE GOT MY POTION NUMBER SEVEN, WHICH GIVES ME POWER OVER THE CREATURES OF THE AIR!


MUMBO JUMBO! NYET TO THAT BOAT!


OH, MY STARS! BIRDS AGAIN!

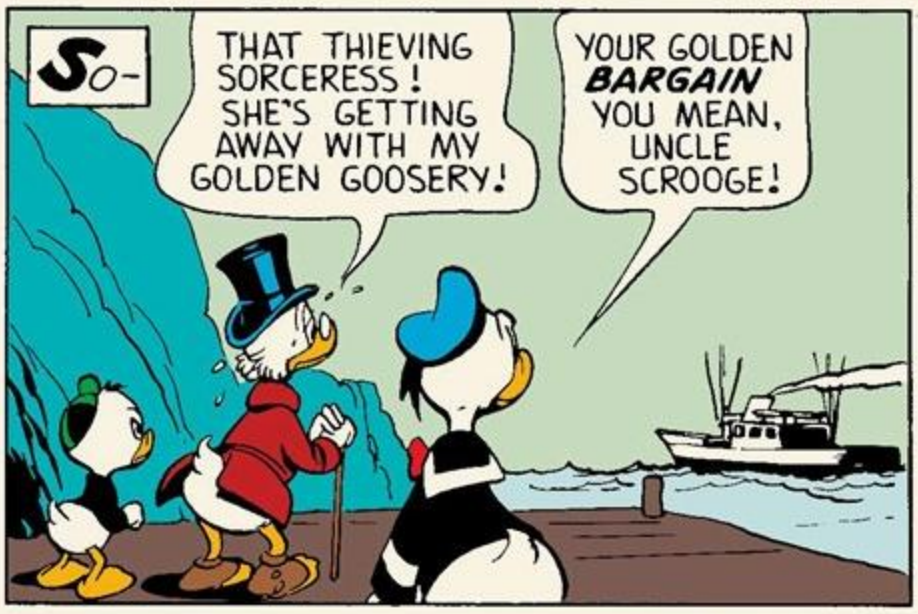

THE HEX YOU MEAN, UNCLE SCROOGE! ... WE'RE STOPPED!

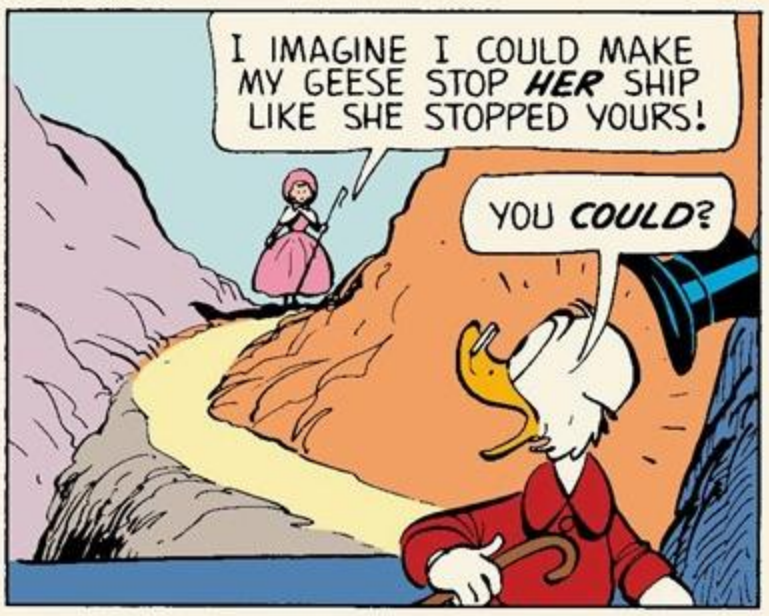

CUTE — THE WAY SHE MADE BIRDS DO THAT — REAL CUTE!

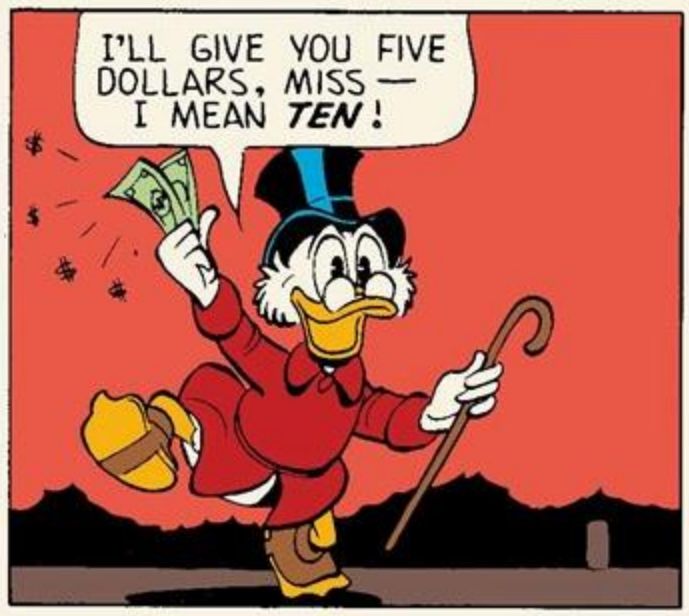

THREE OF YOU SWABS GET THE GOLDEN GEESE OFF McDUCK'S BOAT! THE OTHERS AND I WILL GO AFTER THE EGGS!
AYE, AYE, MA'M!

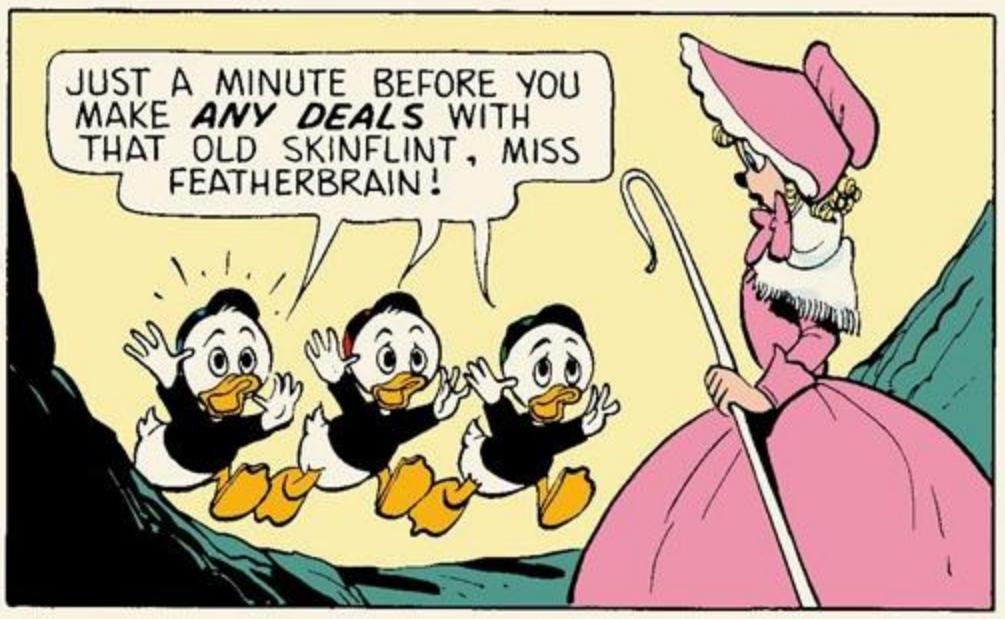

SOON!
KEEP OUT OF THIS, SISTER, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!


AND YOU STAY OFF MY TRAIL, SCROOGE, OR YOU WILL GET HURT!


SO-
THAT THIEVING SORCERESS! SHE'S GETTING AWAY WITH MY GOLDEN GOOSERY!
YOUR GOLDEN BARGAIN YOU MEAN, UNCLE SCROOGE!


I IMAGINE I COULD MAKE MY GEESE STOP HER SHIP LIKE SHE STOPPED YOURS!
YOU COULD?


I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS, MISS — I MEAN TEN!


JUST A MINUTE BEFORE YOU MAKE ANY DEALS WITH THAT OLD SKINFLINT, MISS FEATHERBRAIN!

YOU WANT TO SELL THAT VALLEYFUL OF FEATHERS, DON'T YOU?

WELL, MAKE HIM ***BUY THEM*** BEFORE YOU MAKE ONE MOVE WITH YOUR GEESE!

AND THE PRICE IS ONE ***MILLION*** DOLLARS!

I'M BEING ***PLUNDERED*** BY MY OWN KINFOLKS!

THE FEATHERS CHANGE OWNERS!

THE DEAL WILL BE WORTH THE MILLION IF I GET MY GOLDEN GOOSERY BACK!

MUMBO JUMBO!.. HWONK! CWONK! WHONK!

WHAT ON EARTH IS TAKING OFF FROM THE ISLAND— A ***CYCLONE*** OF GEESE?

THEY'RE COMING AFTER ***US***, MA'M!...TURN 'EM BACK WITH YOUR POTION NUMBER SEVEN!

I CAN'T! I ***USED*** IT ALL!

KA-PLOOP

AHOY! WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD FROM UNDER THAT BLANKET OF HAPPY HONKERS?

I SURRENDER!

SO UNCLE SCROOGE SAILS FOR HOME WITH THE WORLD'S ONLY FLOCK OF GOLDEN EGG-LAYING GOLDEN GEESE-AND A STUPENDOUS RAFT OF FEATHERS!

I'LL HAVE QUITE A PROBLEM STORING ALL THE MONEY I'LL MAKE WITH THESE GEESE!

YOU SURE HAVE AWFUL *TROUBLES*, UNCA SCROOGE!

AND ON THE ISLAND-

WHAT A DAY! WHAT A DAY! I NOT ONLY SOLD MY VALLEYFUL OF FEATHERS, I GOT RID OF THOSE WORTHLESS YELLOW GEESE THE OUTSIDERS CALLED *GOLDEN*!

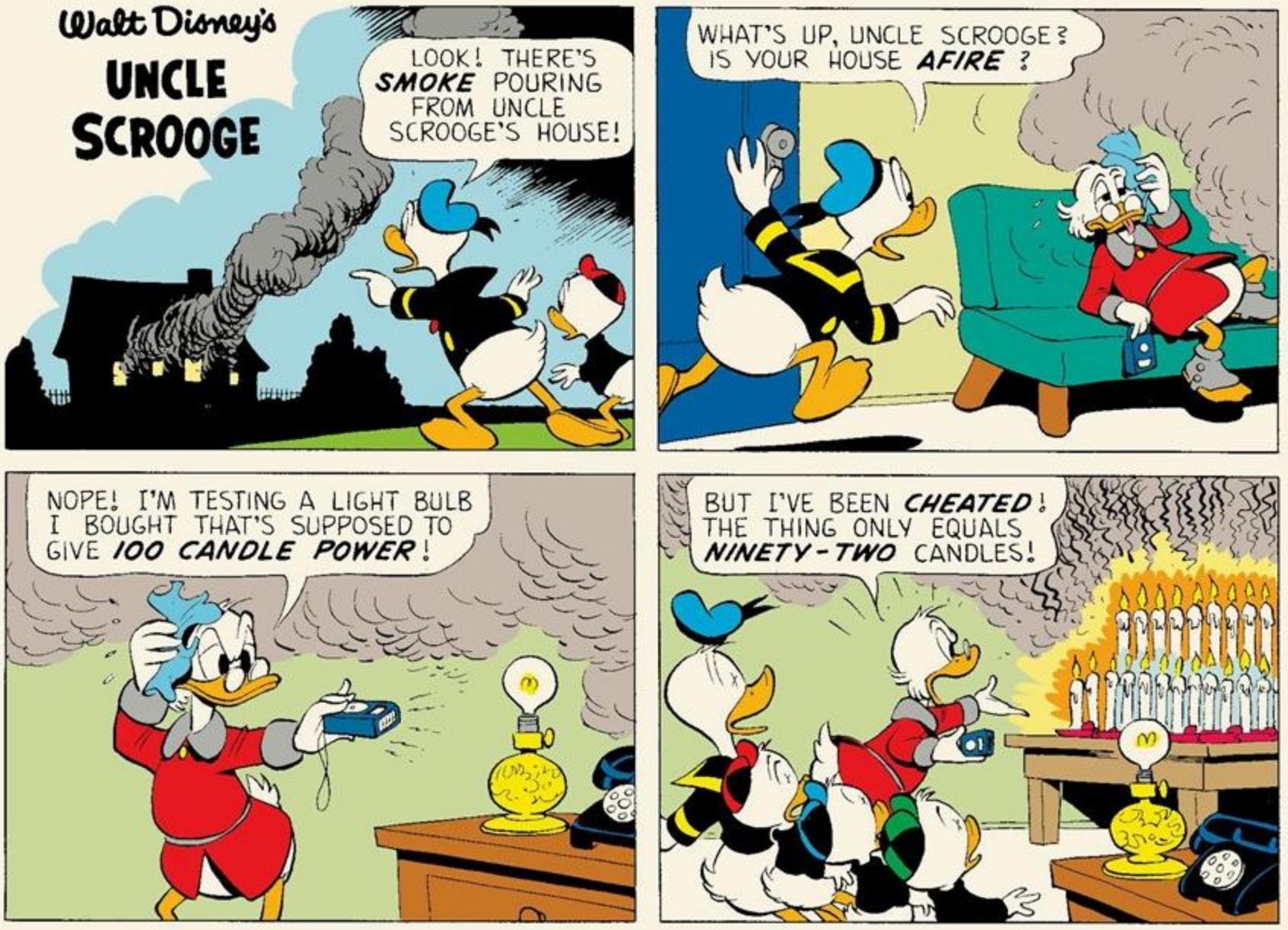
MY! WHAT A LOT OF SQUABBLING THEY DID BECAUSE OF THAT YELLOW COLOR!

AND *WHY*?.. THE STRINGY GEESE WERE TOO *TOUGH* TO BAKE, THEIR FEATHERS WERE TOO *HARD* TO MAKE PILLOWS,

AND THEIR YELLOW EGGS TOO *GRITTY* TO EAT!... I GUESS PEOPLE OUT IN THE MAIN WORLD ARE JUST PLAIN *DUMB*!

Walt Disney's

UNCLE SCROOGE





Walt Disney's UNCLE SCROOGE

THE THRIFTY SPENDTHRIFT

EVERY YEAR ABOUT THIS TIME UNCLE SCROOGE HAS TO BUILD UP HIS COURAGE FOR THE TERRORS OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING!

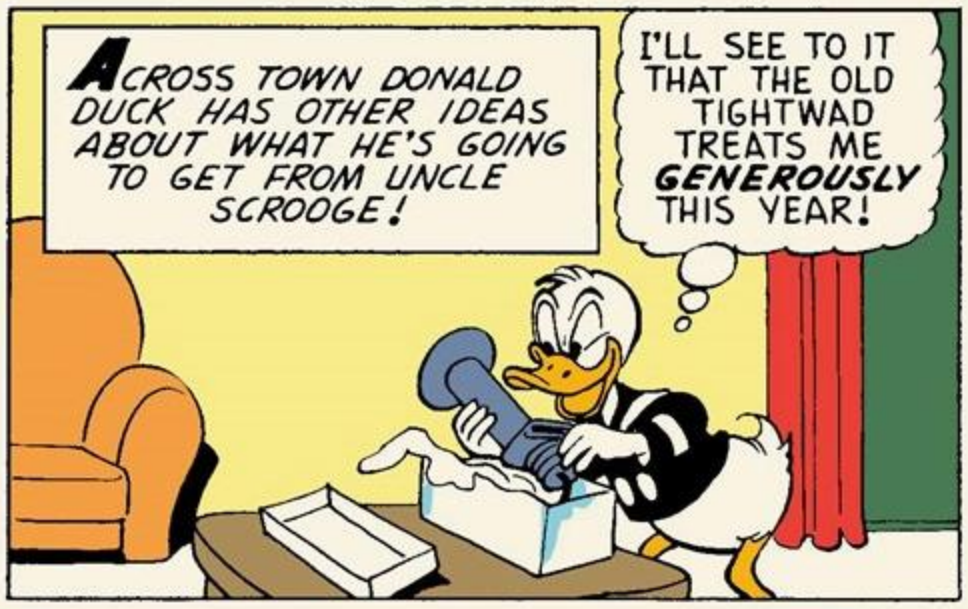
MY MONEY! IT VIGAHRIZES ME TO DIVE AROUND IN IT LIKE A PORPOISE!

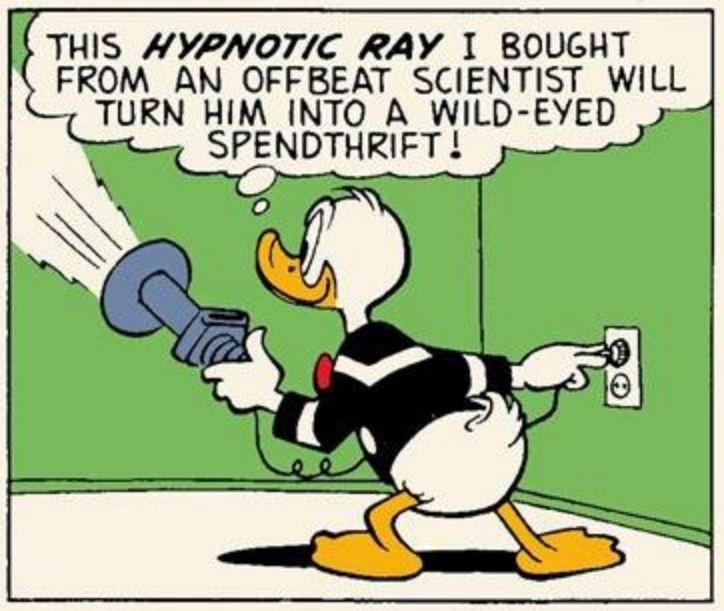
AND TO BURROW THROUGH IT LIKE A GOPHER!

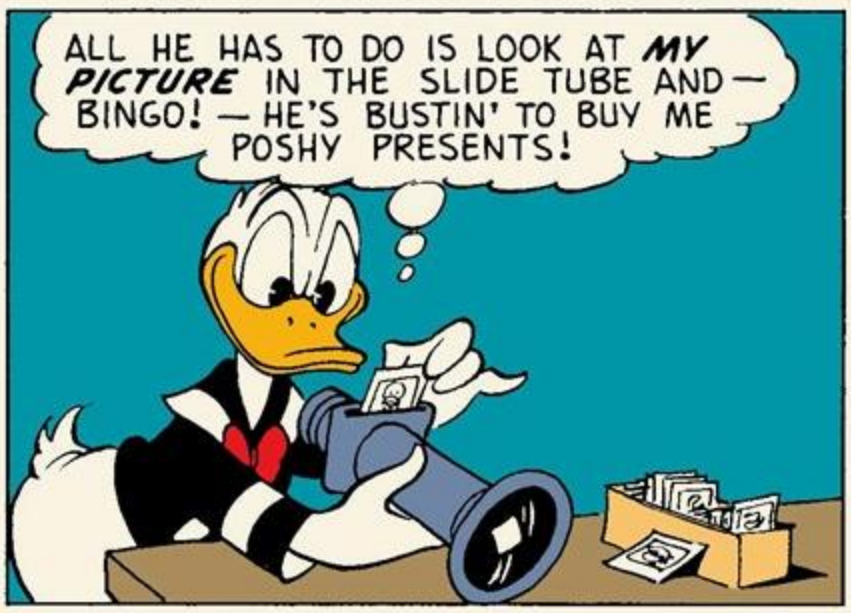
AND TO TOSS IT UP AND LET IT HIT ME ON THE HEAD!

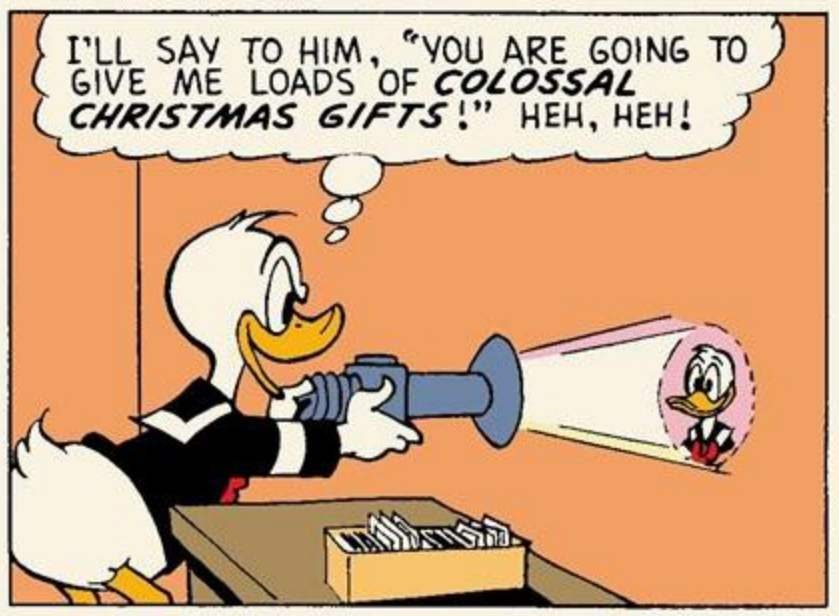
NOW I AM STRENGTHENED FOR THE ANNUAL ORDEAL! CLERKLY, HAND ME MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING LIST!

FOR MY NEPHEW, DONALD DUCK, ONE GOLF BALL! FOR MY GRANDNEPHEWS HUEY, LOUIE, AND DEWEY, ONE MARBLE EACH!

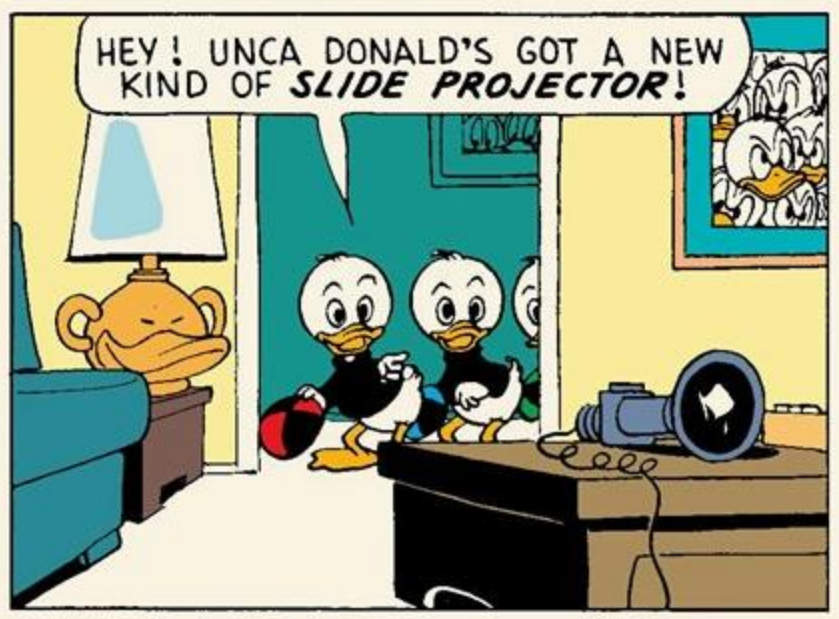

ACROSS TOWN DONALD DUCK HAS OTHER IDEAS ABOUT WHAT HE'S GOING TO GET FROM UNCLE SCROOGE!
I'LL SEE TO IT THAT THE OLD TIGHTWAD TREATS ME GENEROUSLY THIS YEAR!

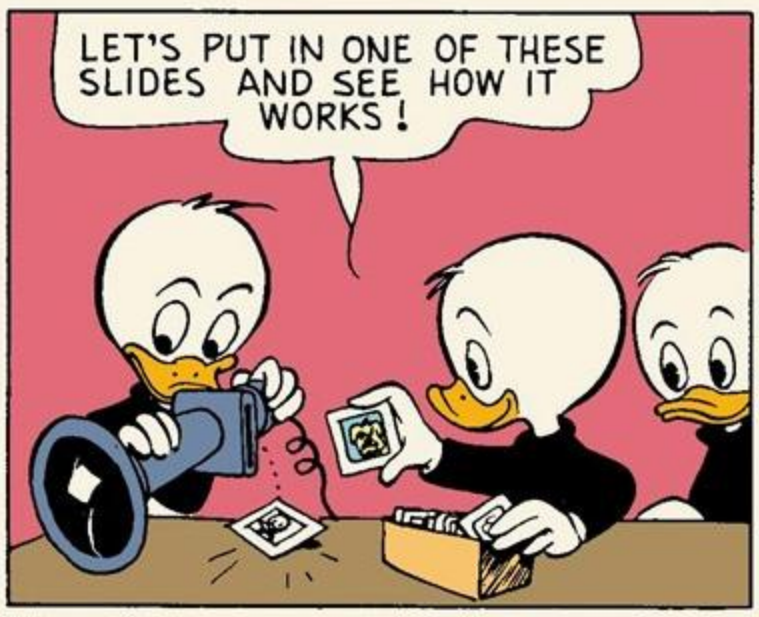

THIS HYPNOTIC RAY I BOUGHT FROM AN OFFBEAT SCIENTIST WILL TURN HIM INTO A WILD-EYED SPENDTHRIFT!

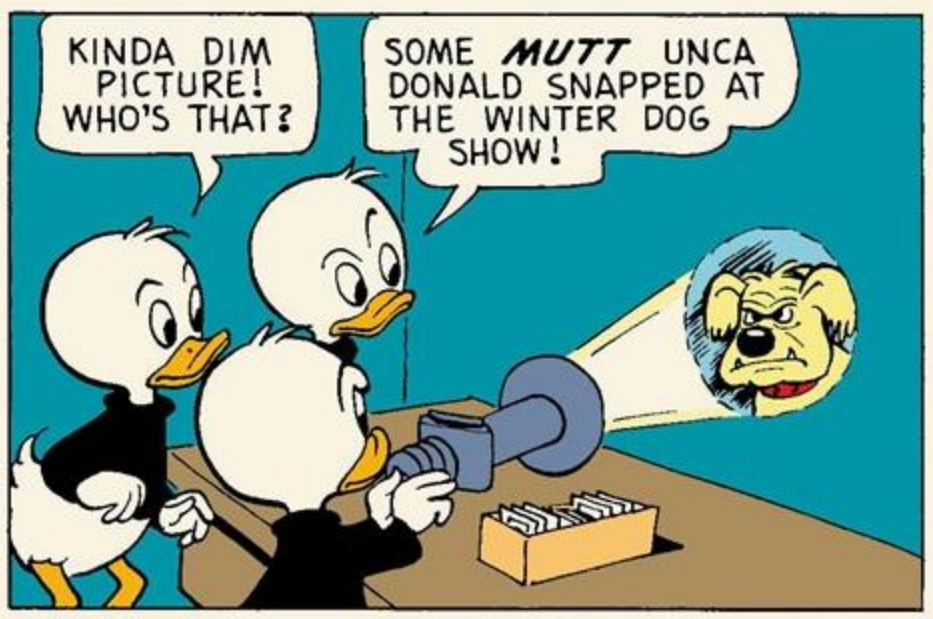

ALL HE HAS TO DO IS LOOK AT MY PICTURE IN THE SLIDE TUBE AND — BINGO! — HE'S BUSTIN' TO BUY ME POSHY PRESENTS!

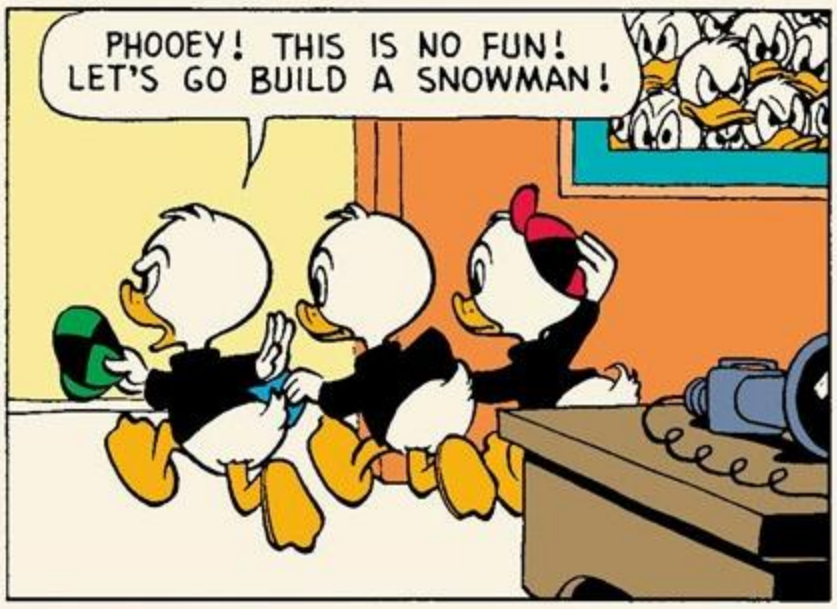

I'LL SAY TO HIM, "YOU ARE GOING TO GIVE ME LOADS OF COLOSSAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS!" HEH, HEH!

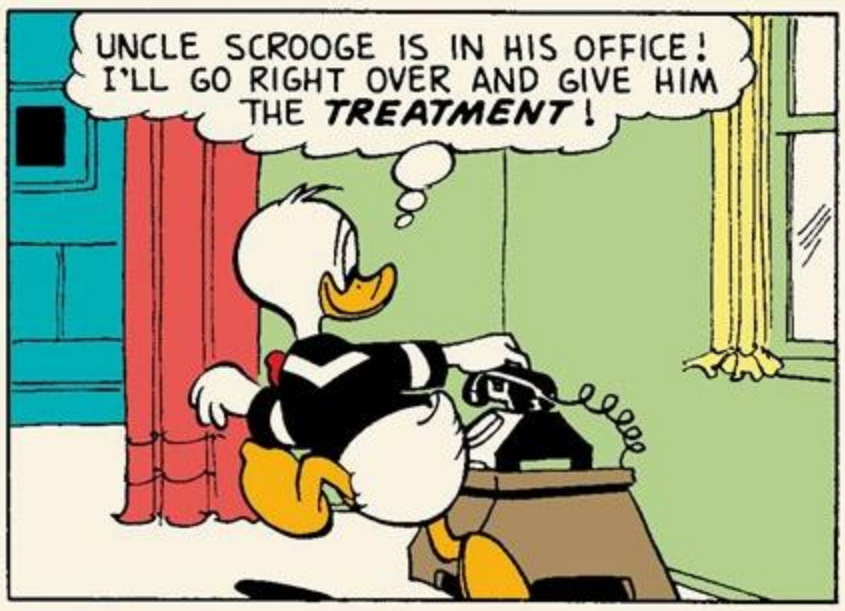

I'LL PHONE HIS MONEY BIN TO MAKE SURE HE'S THERE!

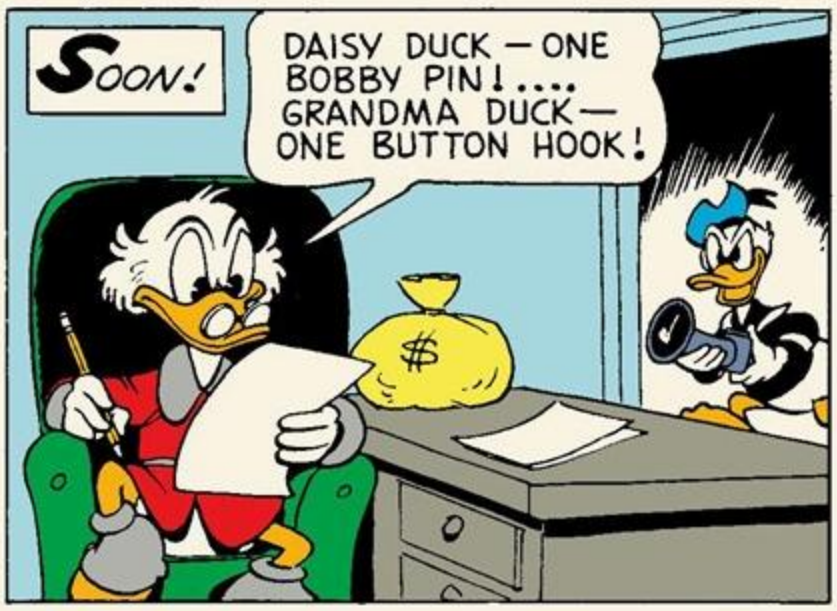

HEY! UNCA DONALD'S GOT A NEW KIND OF SLIDE PROJECTOR!

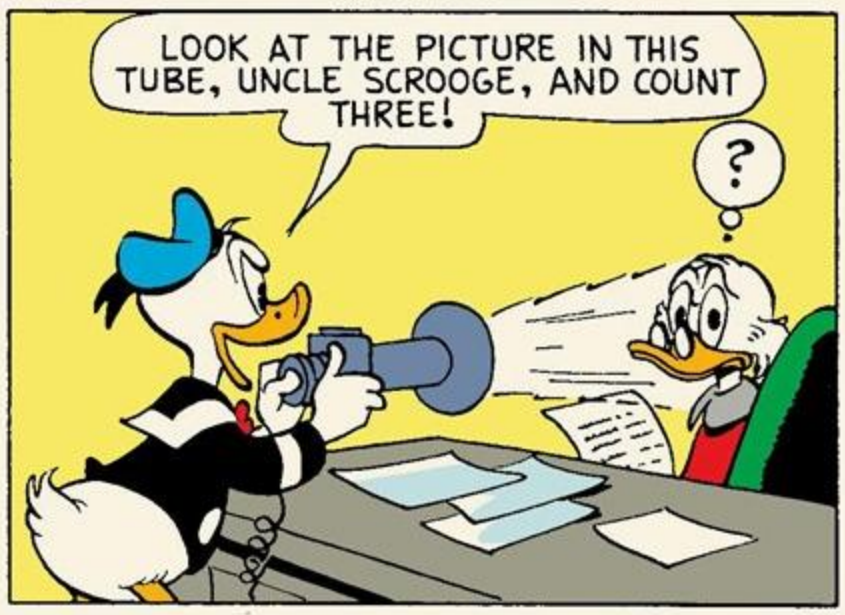

LET'S PUT IN ONE OF THESE SLIDES AND SEE HOW IT WORKS!

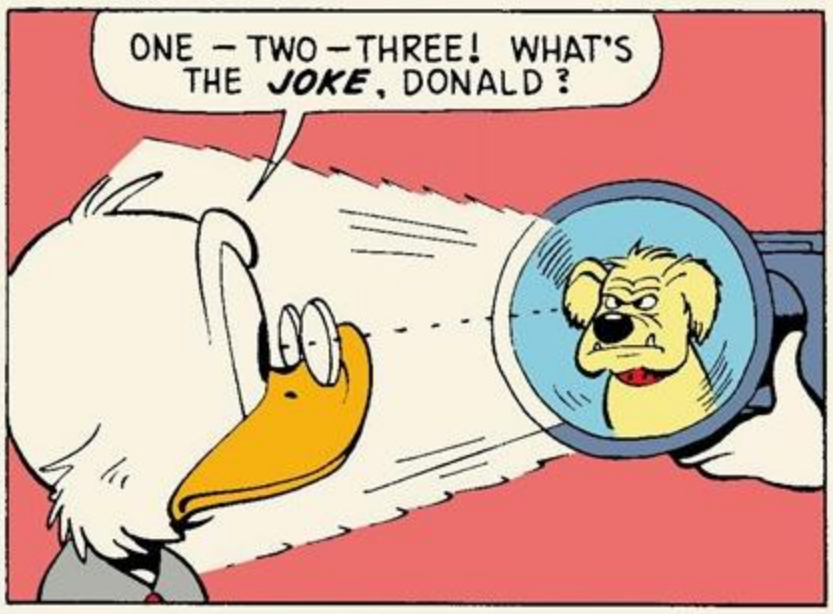

KINDA DIM PICTURE! WHO'S THAT?
SOME MUTT UNCA DONALD SNAPPED AT THE WINTER DOG SHOW!

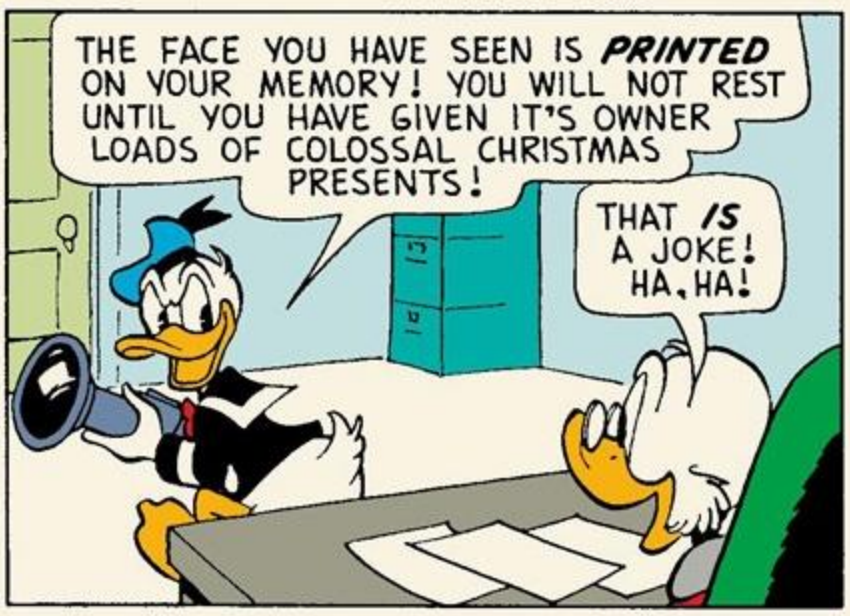

PHOOEY! THIS IS NO FUN! LET'S GO BUILD A SNOWMAN!

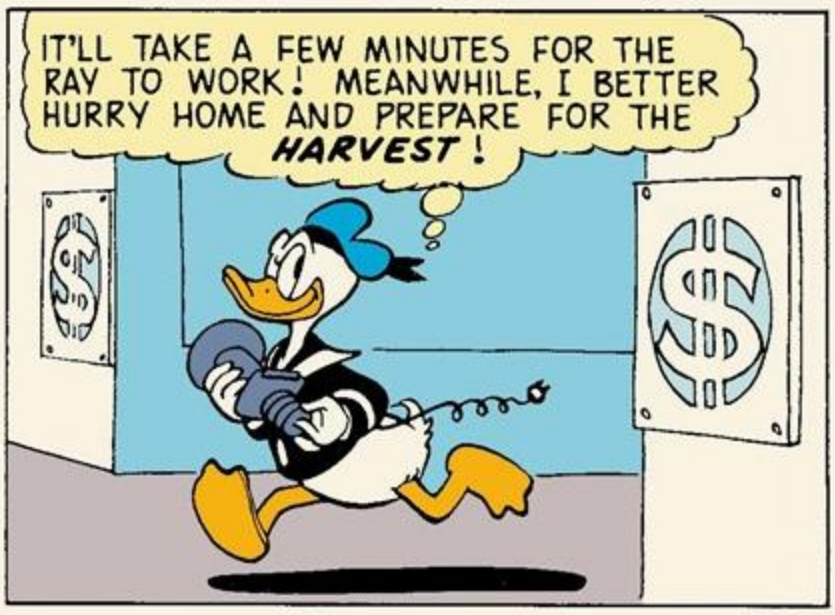

UNCLE SCROOGE IS IN HIS OFFICE! I'LL GO RIGHT OVER AND GIVE HIM THE TREATMENT!

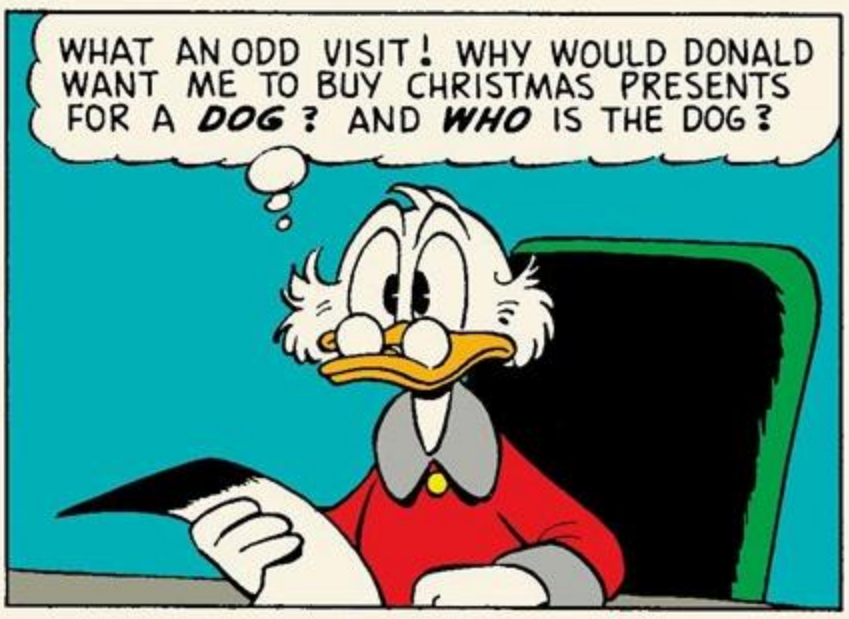

SOON!
DAISY DUCK — ONE BOBBY PIN!.... GRANDMA DUCK— ONE BUTTON HOOK!


LOOK AT THE PICTURE IN THIS TUBE, UNCLE SCROOGE, AND COUNT THREE!
?


ONE — TWO — THREE! WHAT'S THE JOKE, DONALD?


THE FACE YOU HAVE SEEN IS PRINTED ON YOUR MEMORY! YOU WILL NOT REST UNTIL YOU HAVE GIVEN IT'S OWNER LOADS OF COLOSSAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!
THAT IS A JOKE! HA, HA!


IT'LL TAKE A FEW MINUTES FOR THE RAY TO WORK! MEANWHILE, I BETTER HURRY HOME AND PREPARE FOR THE HARVEST!


WHAT AN ODD VISIT! WHY WOULD DONALD WANT ME TO BUY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR A DOG? AND WHO IS THE DOG?

I – I – FOR SOME REASON THAT DOG *BUGS* ME! I CAN'T GET HIM OUT OF MY MIND!

BONK BONK

CHICKEN FEED

I HAVE THE *WILDEST DESIRE* TO BUY SOME SPLENDIFEROUS *PRESENTS* FOR THE BEAST! I MUST FIND WHO HE IS!

SHIN PLASTERS

DONALD CAN PROBABLY TELL ME! I'LL SEE IF HE HAS GONE HOME!

THERE'S A SHORT CUT ACROSS THIS OLD ESTATE! I CAN GAIN A FEW SECONDS TIME!

RRRRARR

BEWARE OF DOG

I'M NOT A TRESPASSER, HOUND! PLEASE! I'M A *DOG LOVER*!

WAK! THE *DOG*! IT'S *HIM*!

HOW *GRAND* THAT I SHOULD MEET HIM! HE MUST BE THE PET OF THE DUCHESS OF DUCKSHIRE WHO LIVES IN THAT OLD MANSION!

I HAVEN'T TIME TO GO MEET THE DUCHESS! MY SENSE OF DUTY TELLS ME TO RUSH ALONG AND BUY THAT NOBLE DOG'S ***PRESENTS***!

AND SUCH A LOVABLE BEAST DESERVES THE ***BEST***! ***WHAT*** SHALL I BUY HIM?

A TRAINLOAD OF IMPALA STEAKS WOULD BE TOO ***ORDINARY***! SO WOULD A SHIPLOAD OF CAVIAR!

NOT HAY

I MUST FIND SOMETHING VERY ***UNUSUAL***!

HERE'S A CUTE CHRISTMAS CARD THAT CAME TODAY, MISTER McDUCK!

IT QUOTES AN OLD ENGLISH FESTIVAL SONG! ..."ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME TWELVE DRUMMERS DRUMMING, ELEVEN PIPERS PIPING — !"

HEY, THAT'S INTERESTING! .... "TEN LORDS ALEAPING, NINE LADIES DANCING, EIGHT MAIDS AMILKING!"... SAY! THIS IS THE KIND OF SHOPPING LIST THAT ***SENDS*** ME!

THESE ARE THE SORT OF OFF-BEAT PRESENTS THAT A NOBLE DOG WOULD ***ENJOY!***

"SEVEN SWANS ASWIMMING, SIX GEESE ALAYING, FIVE GOLD RINGS, FOUR CALLING BIRDS, THREE FRENCH HENS, TWO TURTLE DOVES, AND A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE!" ***DEE-LIGHTFUL***!

IMAGINE THE FUN THAT LOVABLE DOG COULD HAVE WITH A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE!

HAM & HAM THEATRICAL AGENCY

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO FIND SOME OF THESE ITEMS!

HORSE OPERA

ONE-MAN JUG BAND

BENNY BADMAN ORCHESTRA

CAN I BUY *TWELVE DRUMMERS* WITH DRUMS, ALSO ELEVEN PIPERS?

MY DEAR SIR, WE DON'T *SELL* DRUMMERS LIKE TEDDY BEARS! WE *RENT* THEM OUT LIKE SANTA CLAUSES!

OH? WELL, I HOPE THE DOG WILL TREAT THEM GENTLY!

JOBS

JUGGLER
STOOGE
VILLAIN
FLUTIST
MONSTER

SOON!

RAT TAT TAT

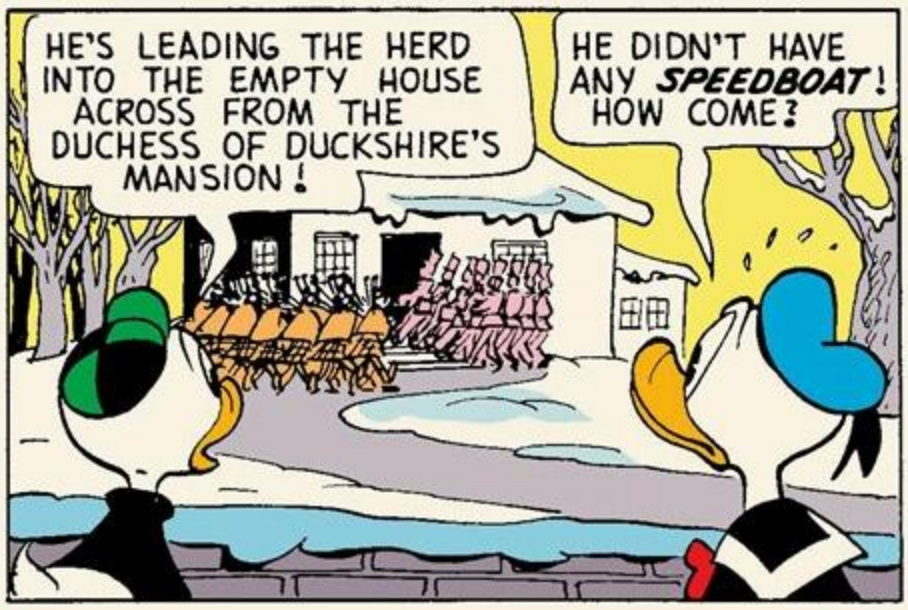
UNCA DONALD, THERE'S A *PARADE* OR SOMETHING COMING THIS WAY!

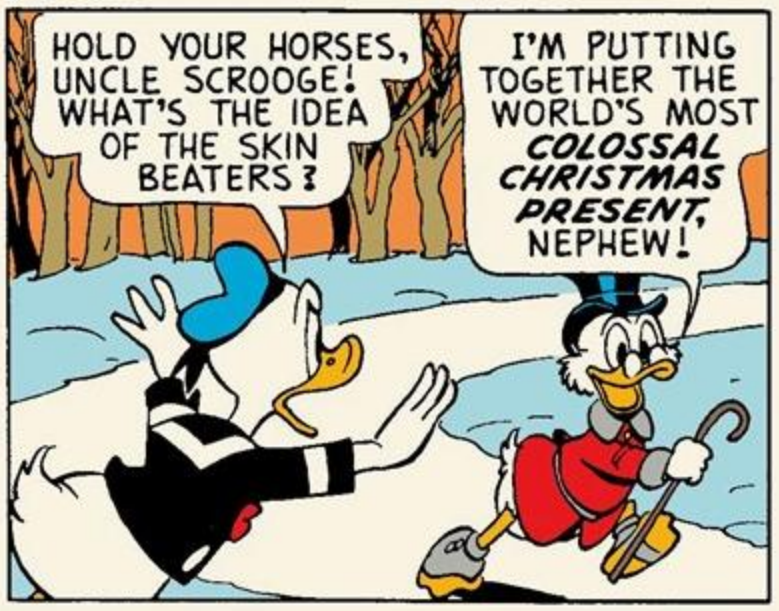
WE'LL LOOK IT OVER AS SOON AS I CLEAR OUT THESE BOXES!

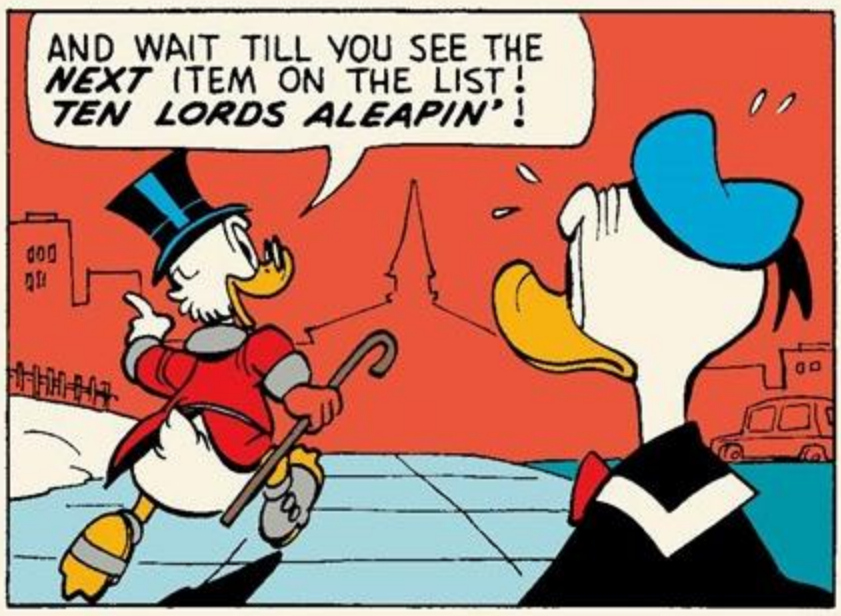
GOTTA MAKE ROOM IN THE GARAGE FOR THE *SPEEDBOAT* AND THINGS I'M EXPECTING!

WAK! IT'S *UNCA SCROOGE* LEADING TWELVE DRUMMERS AND ELEVEN PIPERS!

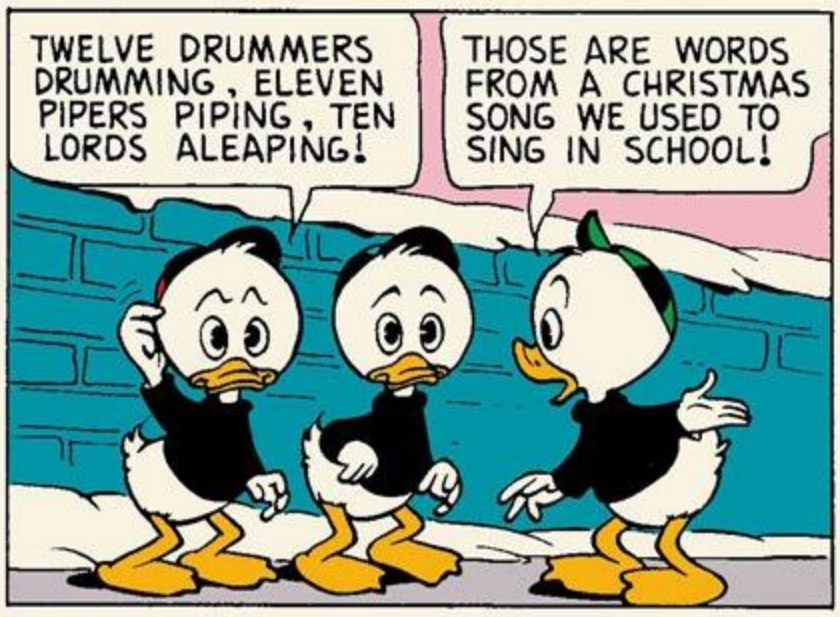
IF HE'S BRINGING MY PRESENTS, HE'S SURE DOING IT WITH *FANFARE*!

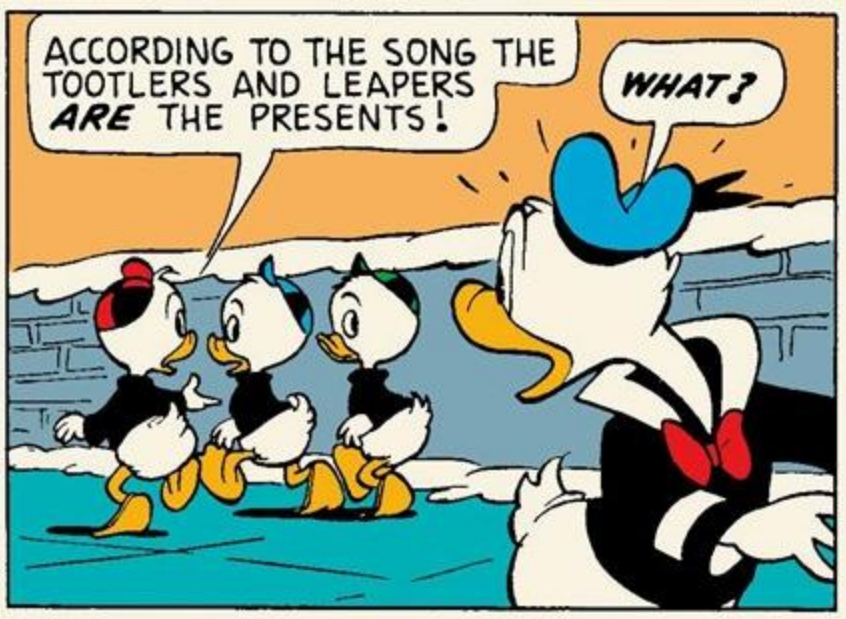

HE'S LEADING THE HERD INTO THE EMPTY HOUSE ACROSS FROM THE DUCHESS OF DUCKSHIRE'S MANSION!
HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY SPEEDBOAT! HOW COME?

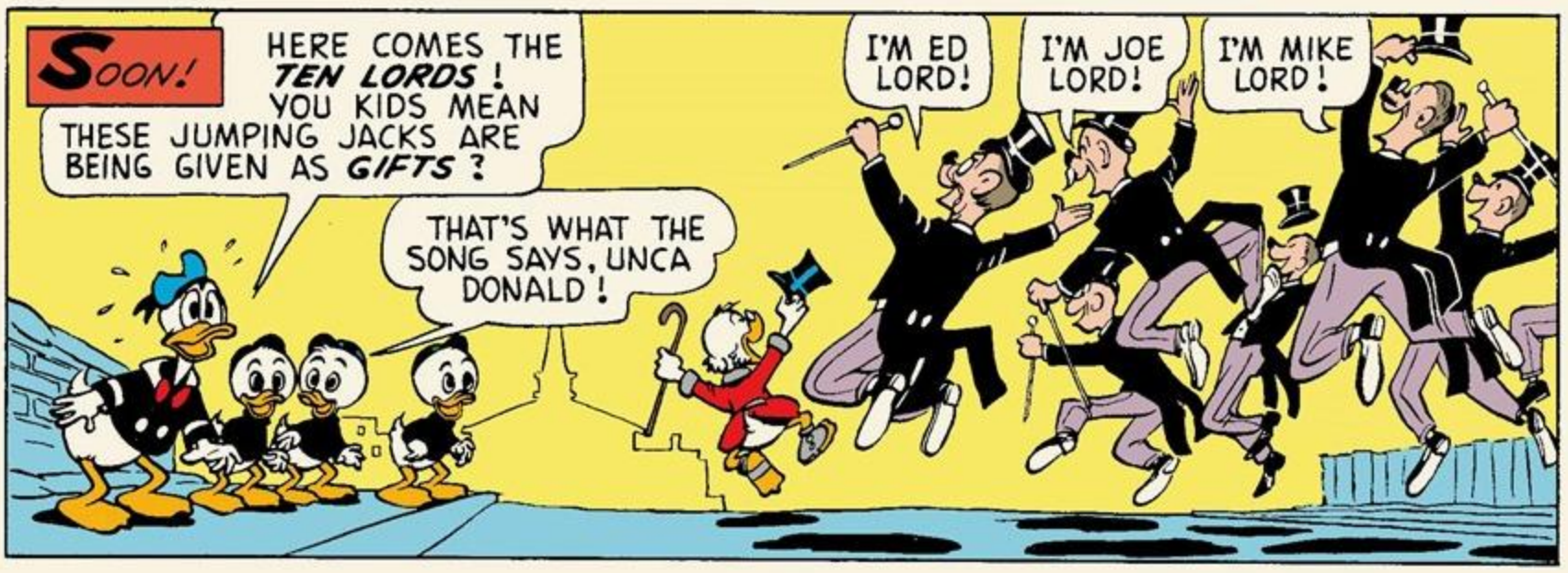

HOLD YOUR HORSES, UNCLE SCROOGE! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE SKIN BEATERS?
I'M PUTTING TOGETHER THE WORLD'S MOST COLOSSAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT, NEPHEW!

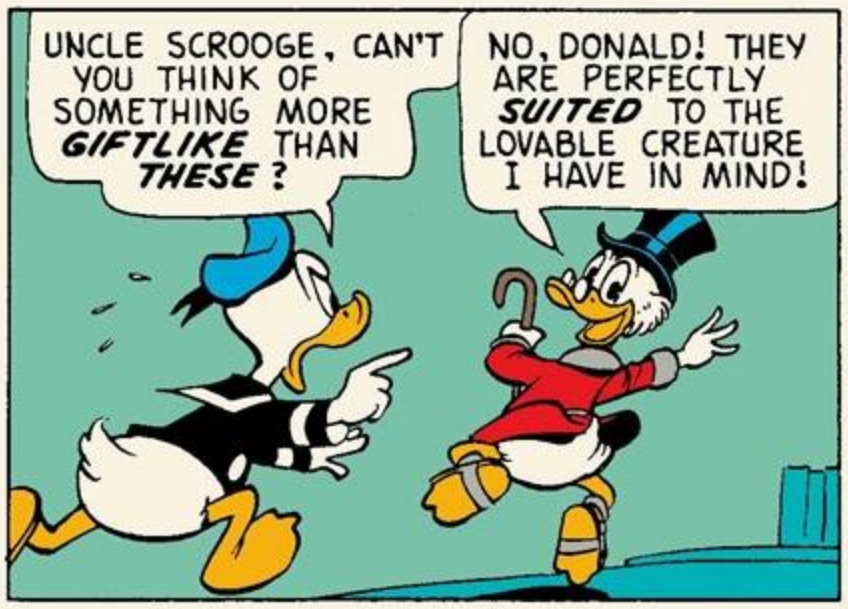

AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE NEXT ITEM ON THE LIST! TEN LORDS ALEAPIN'!

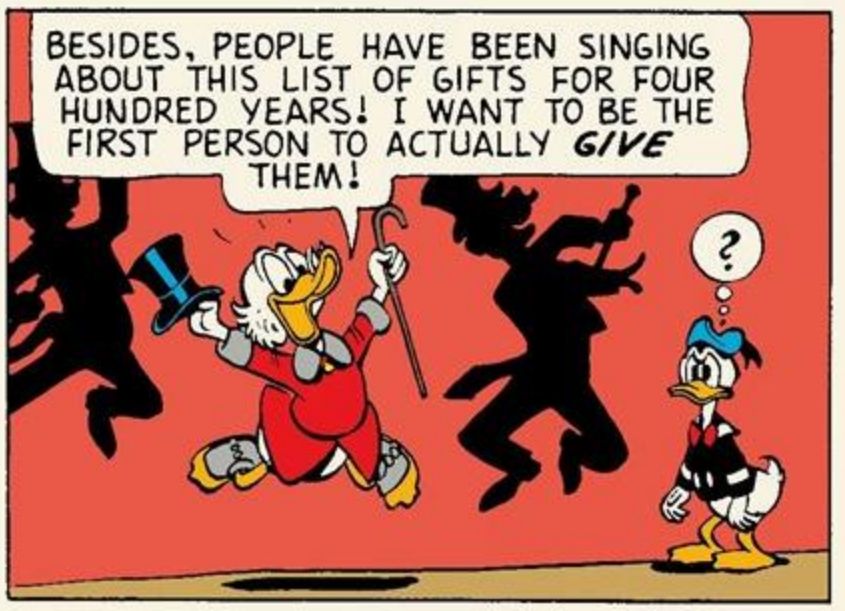

NOT MORE FANFARE! I WANT TO SEE TEN SPEEDBOATS AROARIN'!


TWELVE DRUMMERS DRUMMING, ELEVEN PIPERS PIPING, TEN LORDS ALEAPING!
THOSE ARE WORDS FROM A CHRISTMAS SONG WE USED TO SING IN SCHOOL!

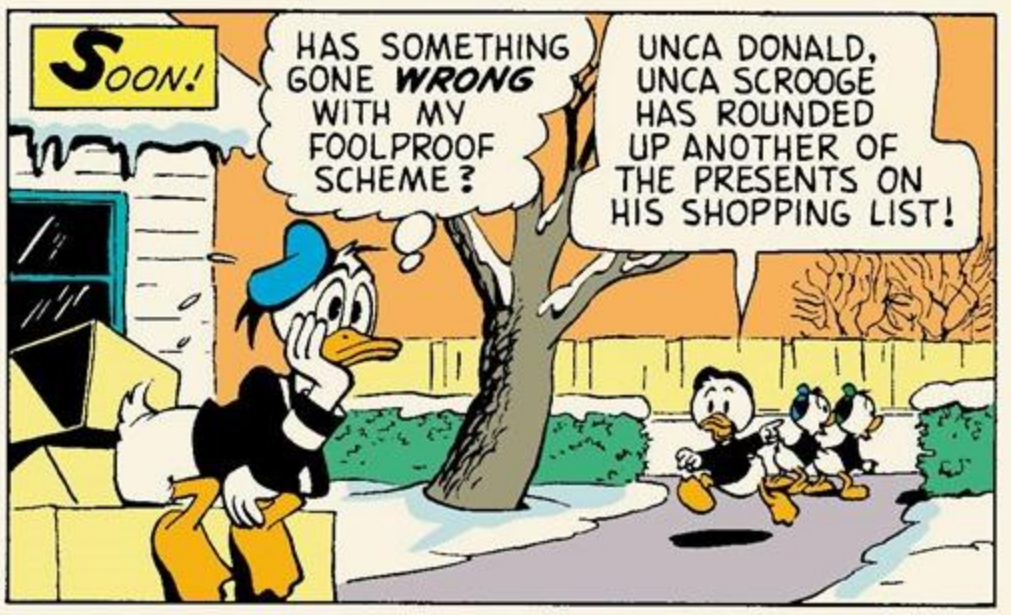

ACCORDING TO THE SONG THE TOOTLERS AND LEAPERS ARE THE PRESENTS!
WHAT?

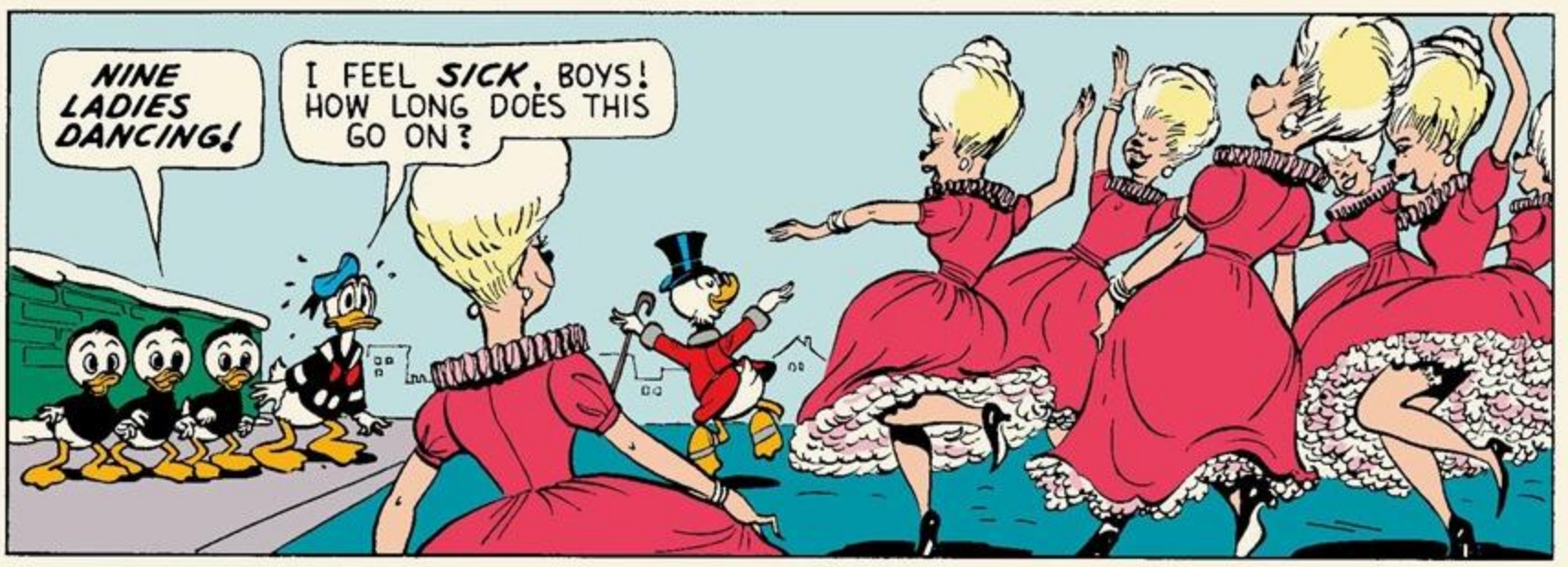

SOON!
HERE COMES THE TEN LORDS! YOU KIDS MEAN THESE JUMPING JACKS ARE BEING GIVEN AS GIFTS?
THAT'S WHAT THE SONG SAYS, UNCA DONALD!
I'M ED LORD!
I'M JOE LORD!
I'M MIKE LORD!

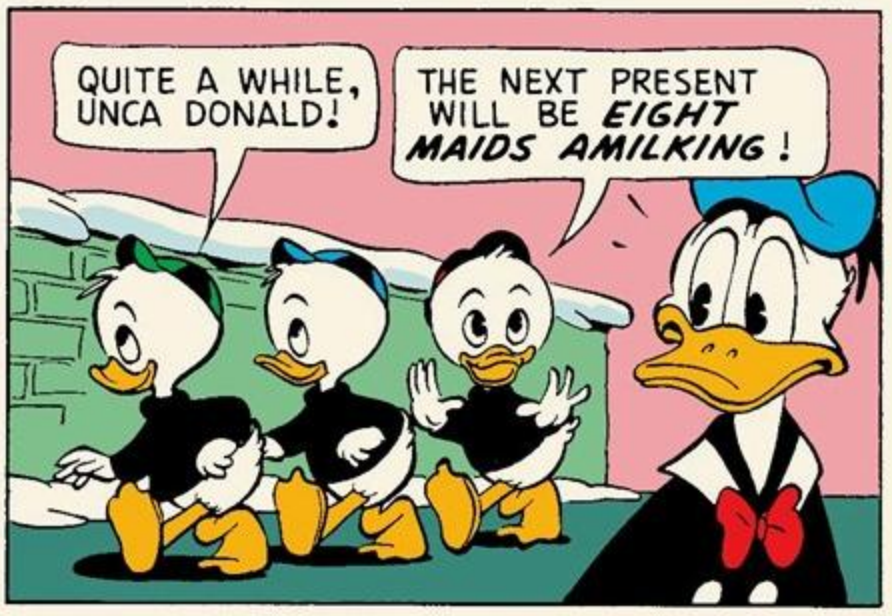

UNCLE SCROOGE, CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING MORE *GIFTLIKE* THAN *THESE*?
NO, DONALD! THEY ARE PERFECTLY *SUITED* TO THE LOVABLE CREATURE I HAVE IN MIND!

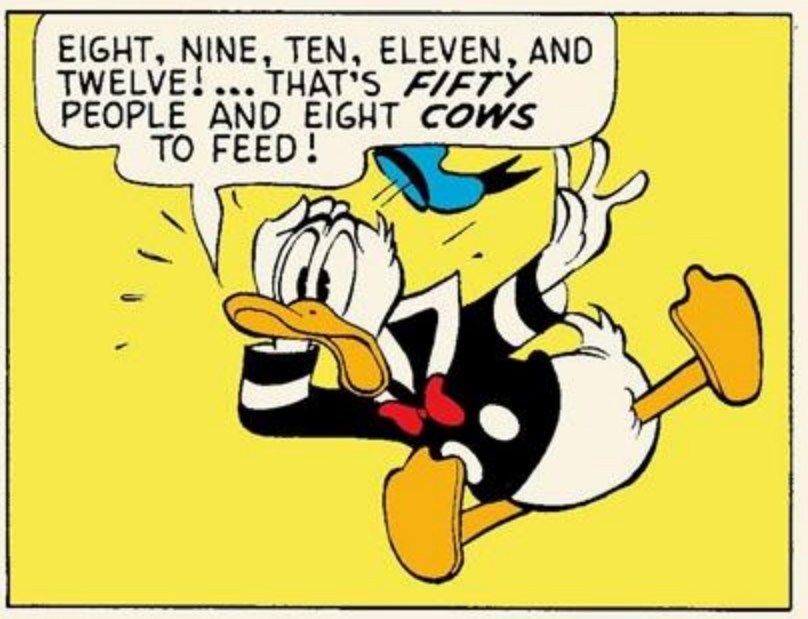

BESIDES, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SINGING ABOUT THIS LIST OF GIFTS FOR FOUR HUNDRED YEARS! I WANT TO BE THE FIRST PERSON TO ACTUALLY *GIVE* THEM!
?


HE CALLED ME A *CREATURE*!


SOON!
HAS SOMETHING GONE *WRONG* WITH MY FOOLPROOF SCHEME?
UNCA DONALD, UNCA SCROOGE HAS ROUNDED UP ANOTHER OF THE PRESENTS ON HIS SHOPPING LIST!


NINE LADIES DANCING!
I FEEL *SICK*, BOYS! HOW LONG DOES THIS GO ON?


QUITE A WHILE, UNCA DONALD!
THE NEXT PRESENT WILL BE *EIGHT MAIDS AMILKING*!


EIGHT, NINE, TEN, ELEVEN, AND TWELVE!... THAT'S *FIFTY* PEOPLE AND EIGHT *COWS* TO FEED!

KIDS, WE'VE GOT TO *STOP* UNCLE SCROOGE, OR *WE* WON'T BE EATING AFTER CHRISTMAS!

I'LL GO VISIT THE DAIRIES AND ASK THEM NOT TO SELL HIM ANY COWS!

?

?

?

THIS JERSEY HERD WILL DRIVE HIM WILD WITH DESIRE!

I'LL DRIVE THEM BEHIND THOSE HAYSTACKS WHERE HE WON'T SEE THEM!

GET ALONG, BOSSIES!

NOW IF I CAN DO THE SAME AT THE NEXT DAIRY —

KAWAM

LATER! MUCH LATER!

I'VE BEEN KNOCKED GROGGY — WAK! WHILE I WAS 'OUT' UNCLE SCROOGE GOT HIS *EIGHT MAIDS AMILKING!*

KIDS, YOU'VE GOT TO *HELP* ME! WHAT'S THE NEXT PRESENT ON UNCLE SCROOGE'S LIST?

SEVEN SWANS ASWIMMING!

WHY ARE YOU SO *JITTERIZED*, UNCA DONALD?

BECAUSE THOSE PRESENTS ARE FOR *ME*!

MY STARS! *SEVEN SWANS ASWIMMING*! YOU KIDS GO THAT WAY! CHASE EVERY SWAN YOU SEE CLEAR OUT OF DUCKBURG!

JUST AS I THOUGHT — THERE'S A *HERD* OF SWANS IN THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK!

SHOO, YOU GLUTTONOUS *GIFTS*! SHOO!

GLOM

WHAT'S THE IDEA? LET ME OUT OF HERE!

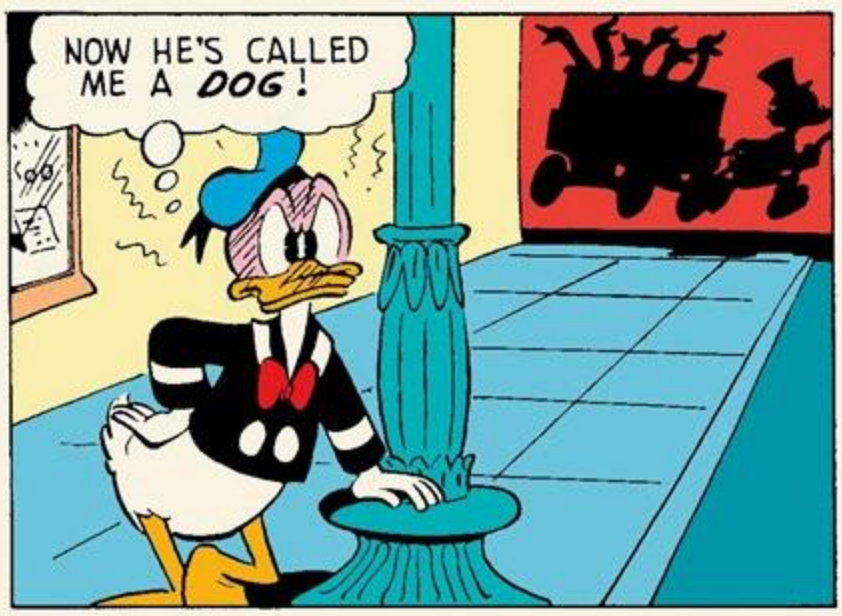
SIMMER DOWN, BUSTER! THESE SWANS HAVE JUST BEEN BOUGHT BY SOME RICH TYCOON FOR *CHRISTMAS PRESENTS*!

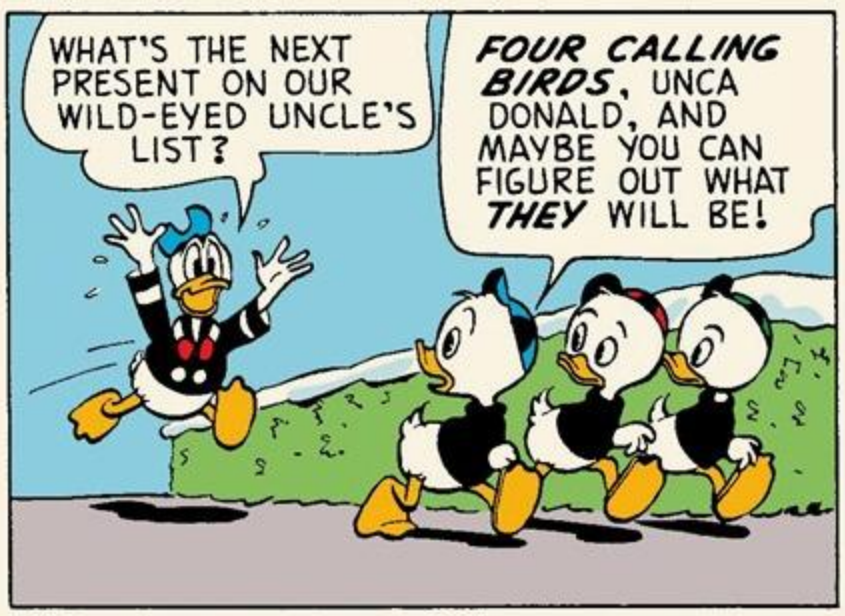

POULTRY
UNCLE SCROOGE IS SOON FAR AHEAD OF DONALD!
THE SIX GEESE ALAYING WERE EASY TO FIND!
THE BLUE GOOSE COMPANY


WAK! THERE HE GOES AGAIN!
THE NEXT PRESENT ON MY LIST IS FIVE GOLD RINGS!
JEWELRY
RING
THE BLUE GOOSE COMPANY

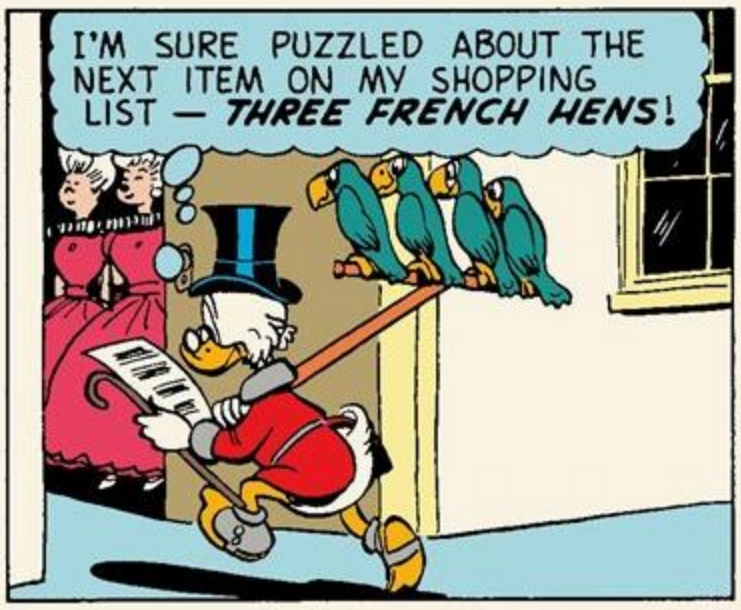

GOLD RINGS! AT LAST I GET SOMETHING VALUABLE!

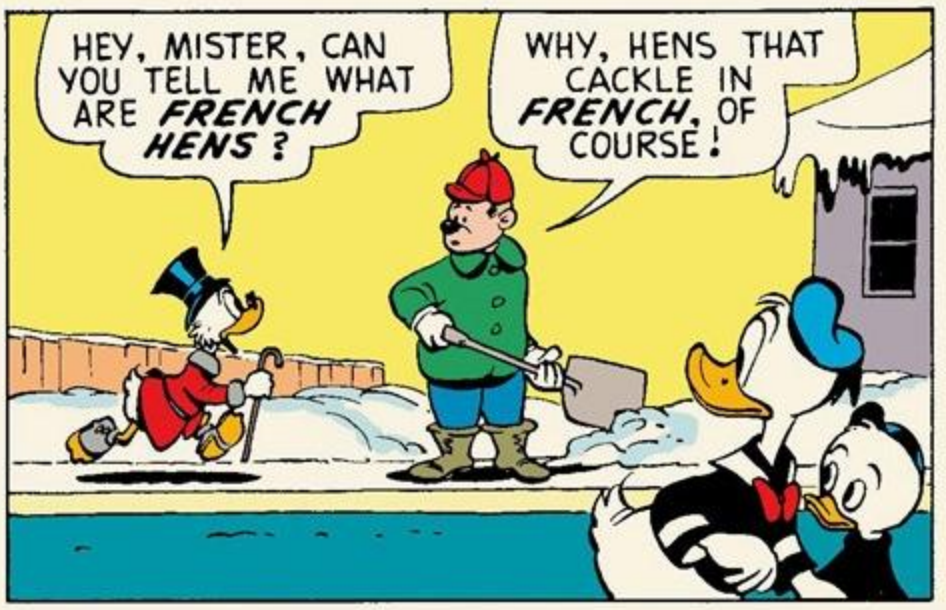

WHAT SIZE RINGS, SIR?
IT DOESN'T MATTER! THEY'RE FOR A DOG!


NOW HE'S CALLED ME A DOG!

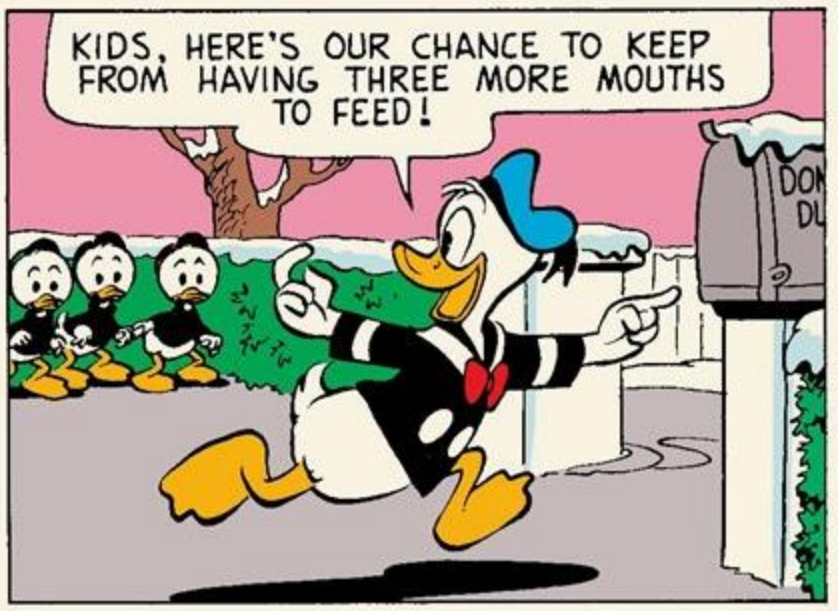

WHAT'S THE NEXT PRESENT ON OUR WILD-EYED UNCLE'S LIST?
FOUR CALLING BIRDS, UNCA DONALD, AND MAYBE YOU CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT THEY WILL BE!


SHORTLY!
I GUESS THAT'S OUR ANSWER!
HELLO, STUPID!
YOO, HOO TOOTS!
HI, YOU OLD BAG!
STOP CALLING TO EVERYBODY ON THE STREET, YOU HAWK-NOSED CHATTERBOXES!

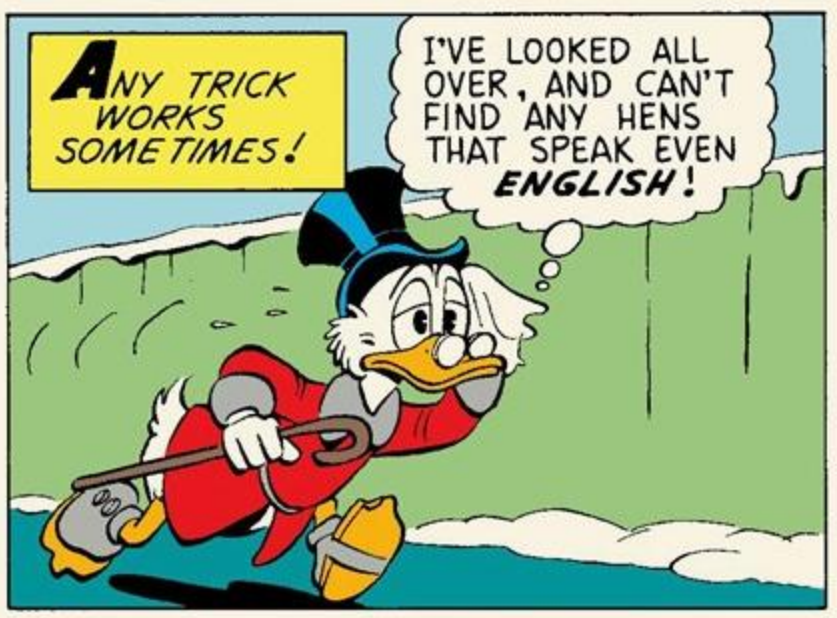

I'M SURE PUZZLED ABOUT THE NEXT ITEM ON MY SHOPPING LIST — THREE FRENCH HENS!


HEY, MISTER, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT ARE FRENCH HENS?
WHY, HENS THAT CACKLE IN FRENCH, OF COURSE!

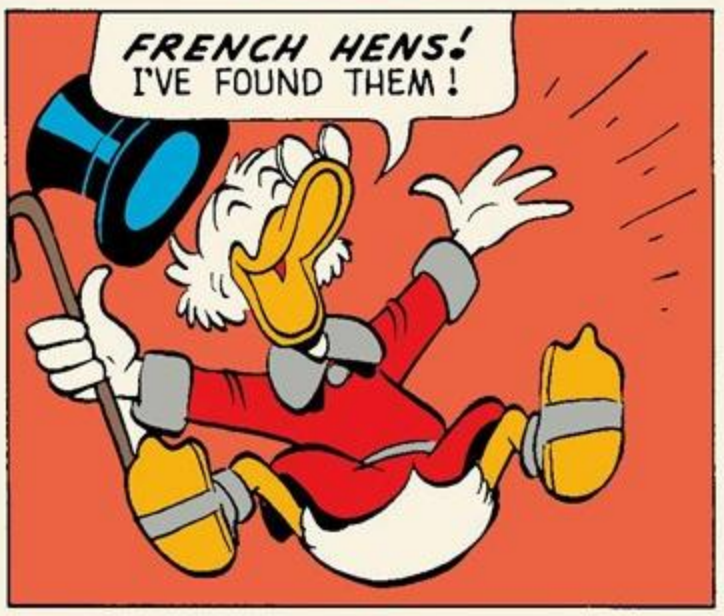

OF COURSE! THANKS A LOT!
I WONDER IF THAT WAS A SENSIBLE ANSWER!


KIDS, HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO KEEP FROM HAVING THREE MORE MOUTHS TO FEED!


YOU KIDS WILL PUT ON THESE HALLOWEEN CHICKEN SUITS AND BRUSH UP ON YOUR FRENCH!


ANY TRICK WORKS SOMETIMES!
I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER, AND CAN'T FIND ANY HENS THAT SPEAK EVEN ENGLISH!


MY WORD! WHAT'S THIS?
OOO LA LA!
PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAISE?
OUI, MON AMI, TOUJOURS!

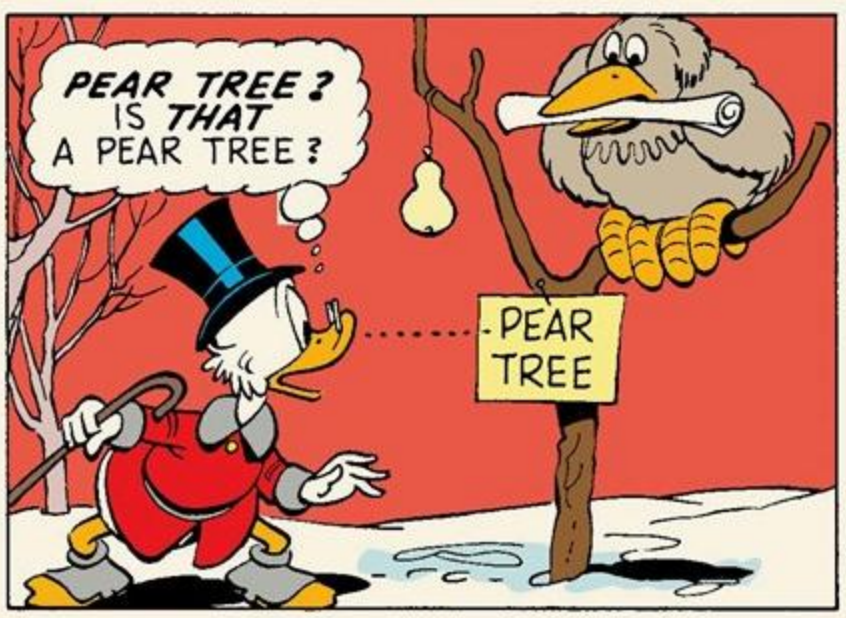

FRENCH HENS! I'VE FOUND THEM!


THEY SEEM TO BE RUNNING WILD LIKE QUAILS AND THINGS! I'LL DRIVE THEM UP TO JOIN THE OTHER PRESENTS!


HEE, HEE! ACCORDING TO THE KIDS, UNCLE SCROOGE HAS TWO TURTLE DOVES NEXT ON HIS LIST! I CAN'T BE TWO DOVES!


BUT I CAN BE THE LAST ITEM IN HIS WACKY COLLECTION!

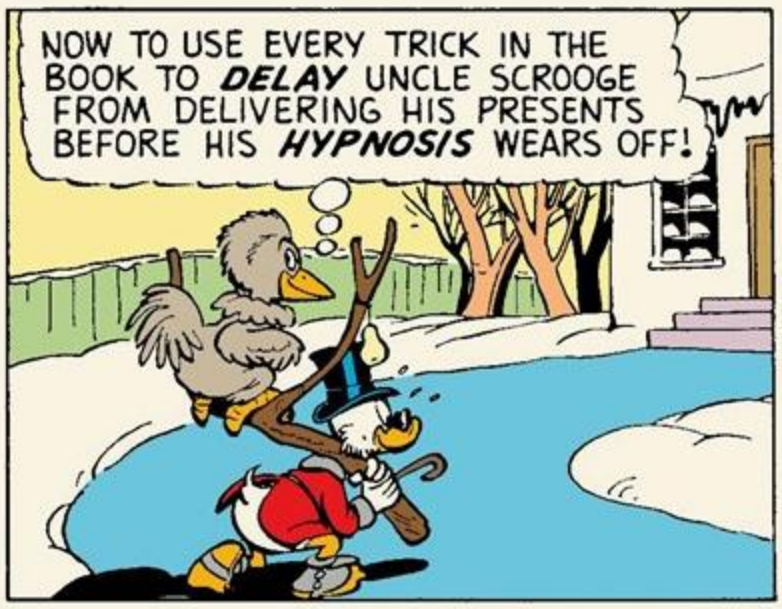

So-
A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE! WHERE AM I GOING TO FIND A PARTRIDGE IN A —

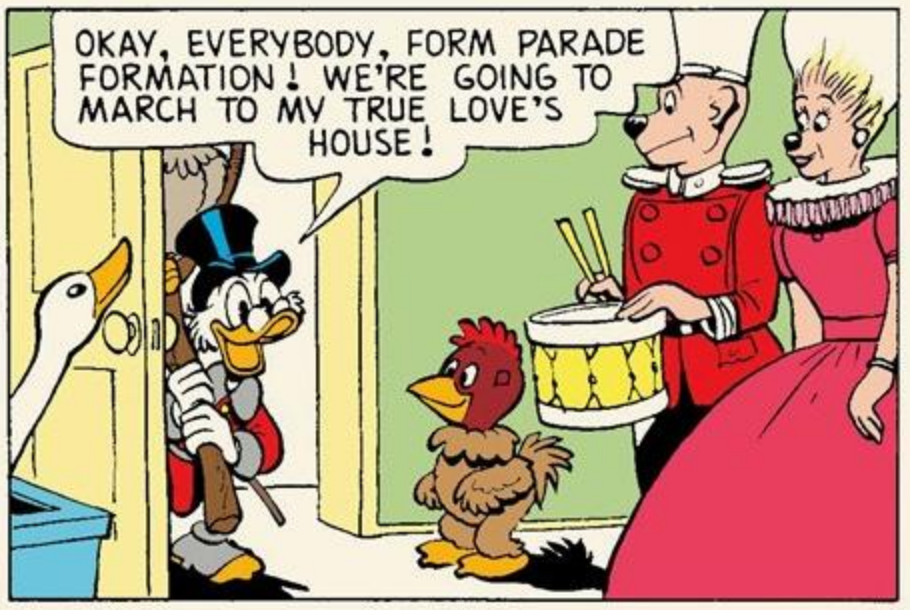

PEAR TREE? IS THAT A PEAR TREE?
PEAR TREE


IT IS!
AND THIS BIRD IS A PARTRIDGE

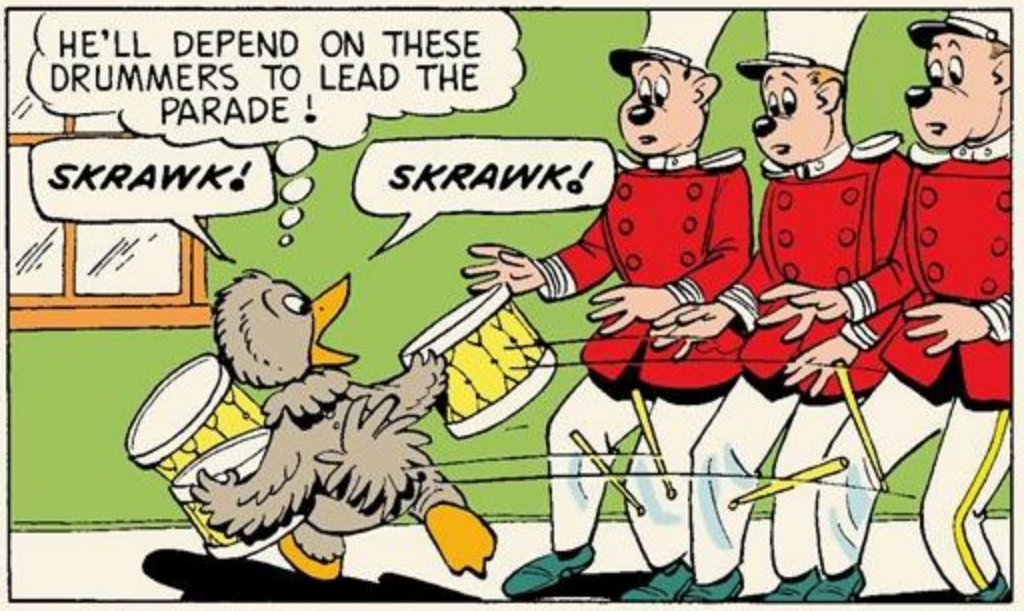

A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE — AND MARKED FREE!
AND THIS BIRD IS A PARTRIDGE FREE!


I'M ALWAYS SUSPICIOUS OF BARGAINS THAT GROW IN TREES, BUT I NEVER QUARREL WITH THAT WORD "FREE"!
FREE


NOW TO USE EVERY TRICK IN THE BOOK TO *DELAY* UNCLE SCROOGE FROM DELIVERING HIS PRESENTS BEFORE HIS *HYPNOSIS* WEARS OFF!

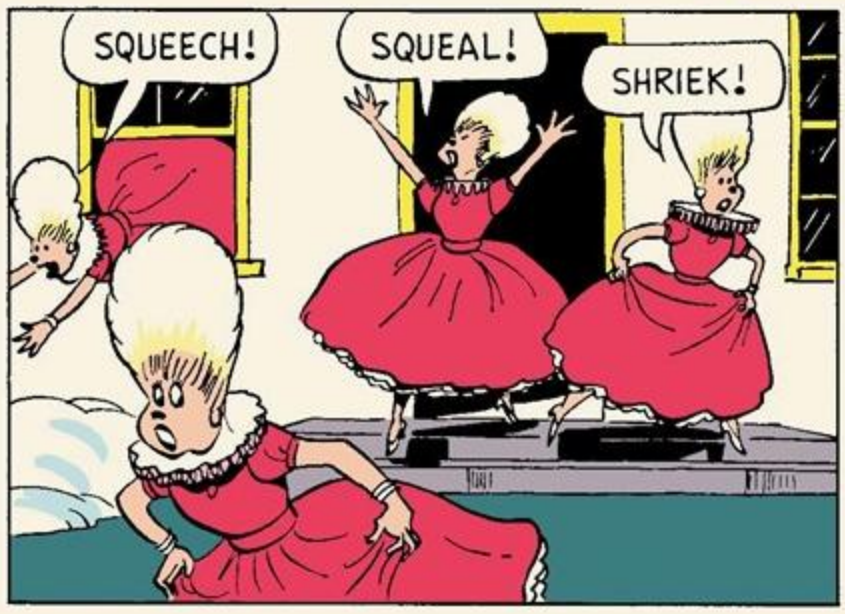

OKAY, EVERYBODY, FORM PARADE FORMATION! WE'RE GOING TO MARCH TO MY TRUE LOVE'S HOUSE!

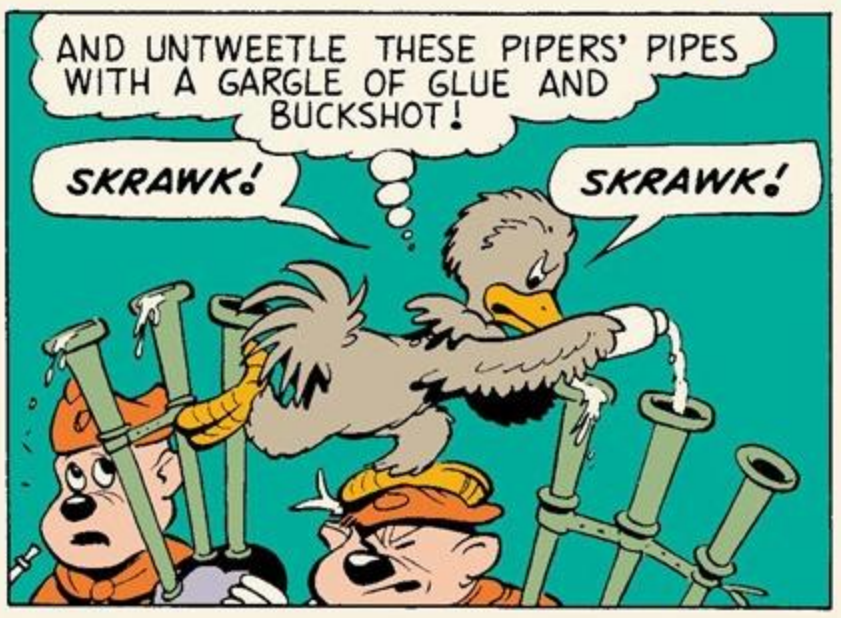

THAT MEANS HE'S DELIVERING THIS THUNDERING HERD *NOW*! I'VE GOT TO DESTROY HIS PROGRAM FAST!

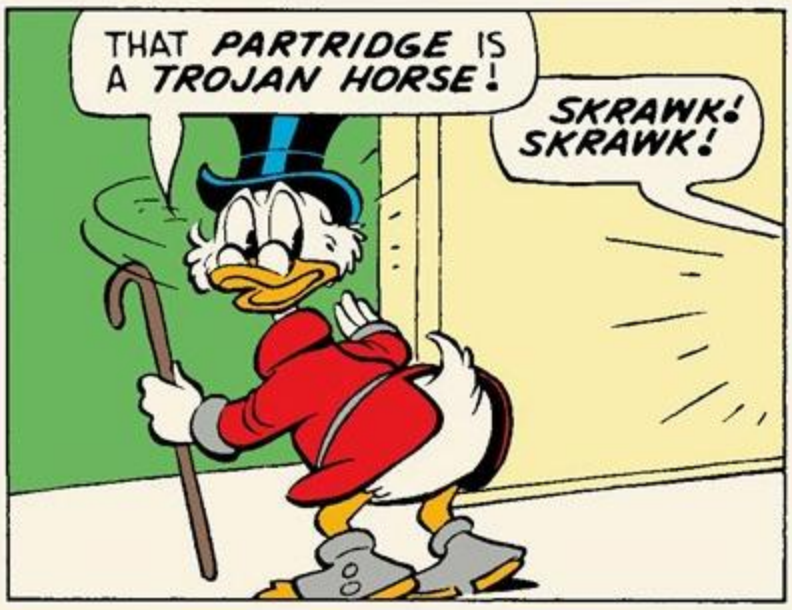

HE'LL DEPEND ON THESE DRUMMERS TO LEAD THE PARADE!
SKRAWK!
SKRAWK!


THEY'LL NEED A FEW MINUTES TO GATHER UP THESE SKIN BOXES!

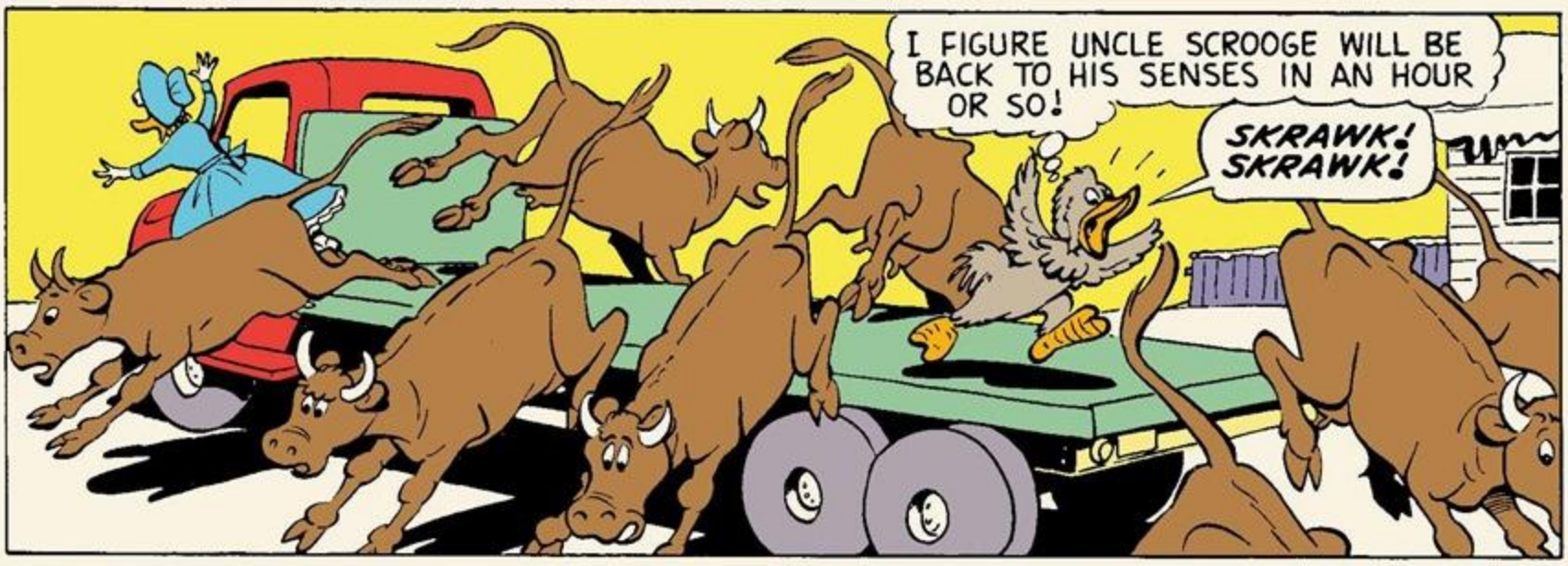

MEANWHILE, I'LL SCATTER THESE DANCING LADIES WITH SOME FAKE *MICE*!

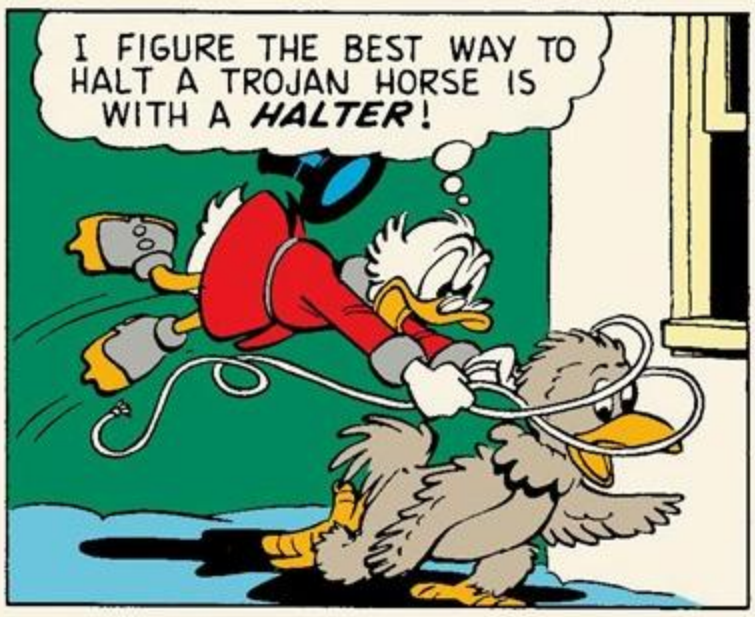

SQUEECH!
SQUEAL!
SHRIEK!

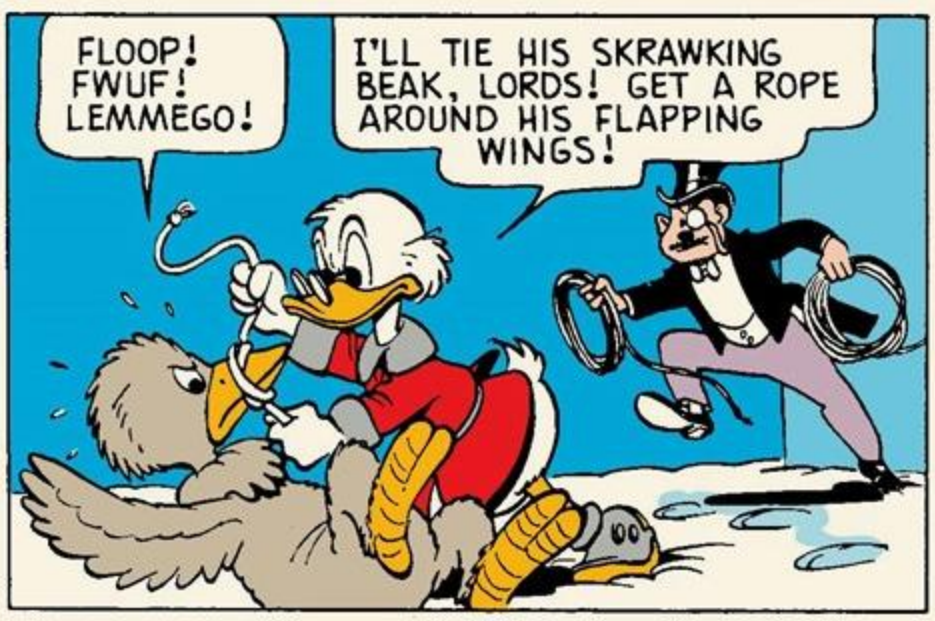

AND UNTWEETLE THESE PIPERS' PIPES WITH A GARGLE OF GLUE AND BUCKSHOT!
SKRAWK!
SKRAWK!


THAT PARTRIDGE IS A TROJAN HORSE!
SKRAWK! SKRAWK!

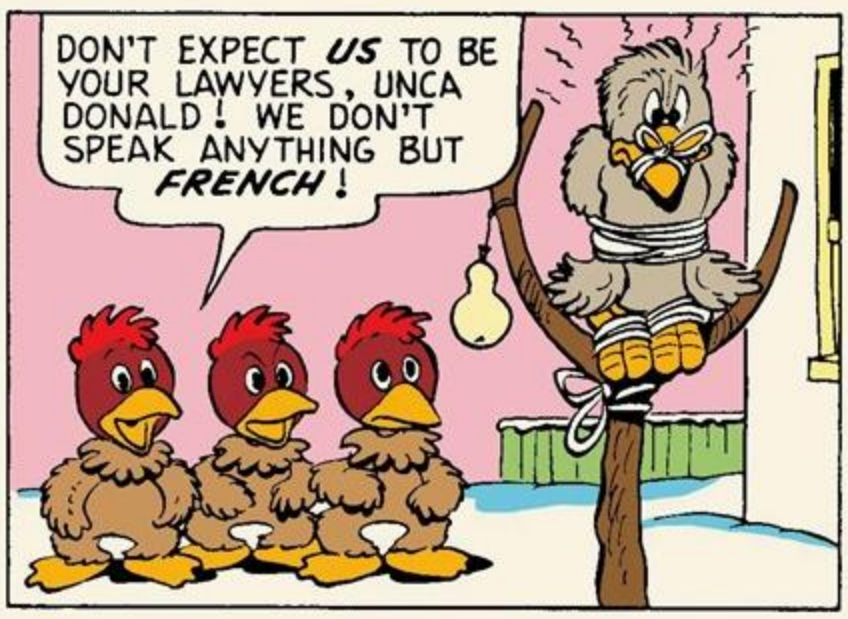

HONK
WONK


I FIGURE UNCLE SCROOGE WILL BE BACK TO HIS SENSES IN AN HOUR OR SO!
SKRAWK! SKRAWK!


I FIGURE THE BEST WAY TO HALT A TROJAN HORSE IS WITH A HALTER!


FLOOP! FWUF! LEMMEGO!
I'LL TIE HIS SKRAWKING BEAK, LORDS! GET A ROPE AROUND HIS FLAPPING WINGS!


NOW THE BEST-BEHAVED PRESENT IN THE WHOLE PARADE IS GOING TO BE THE PARTRIDGE IN THE PEAR TREE!


DON'T EXPECT US TO BE YOUR LAWYERS, UNCA DONALD! WE DON'T SPEAK ANYTHING BUT FRENCH!

THE WORLD HAS WAITED FOUR HUNDRED YEARS TO SEE THIS SPECTACLE IN THE FLESH!

DONALD'S DELAY HAS FIZZLED! UNCLE SCROOGE SOON HAS HIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!

OH, ME, OH, MY! ALL THIS TOOTLING, JUMPING, DANCING, MILKING, SWIMMING *JUNK* IS GOING TO BE DUMPED ONTO *ME*!

BUT WHAT'S THIS? UNCLE SCROOGE IS LEADING THE PARADE *AWAY* FROM MY HOUSE!

HE'S MARCHING THE HORDE TOWARD THE *DUCHESS OF DUCKSHIRE'S*! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

IF DONALD THINKS HE'S PUZZLED, HE SHOULD SEE THE DUCHESS OF DUCKSHIRE!

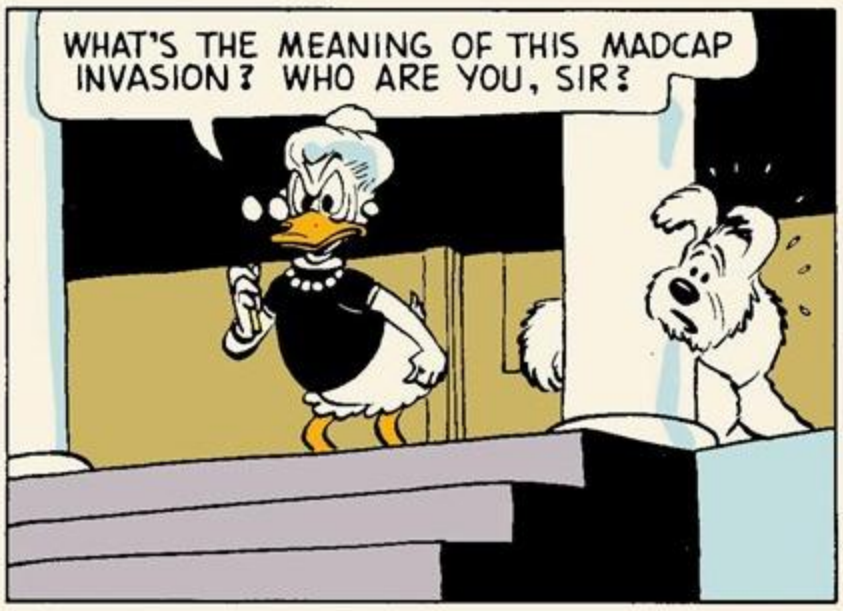
RAT A TAT TAT! FEETLE TE TWEE MOO QUONK! OOO LA LA!

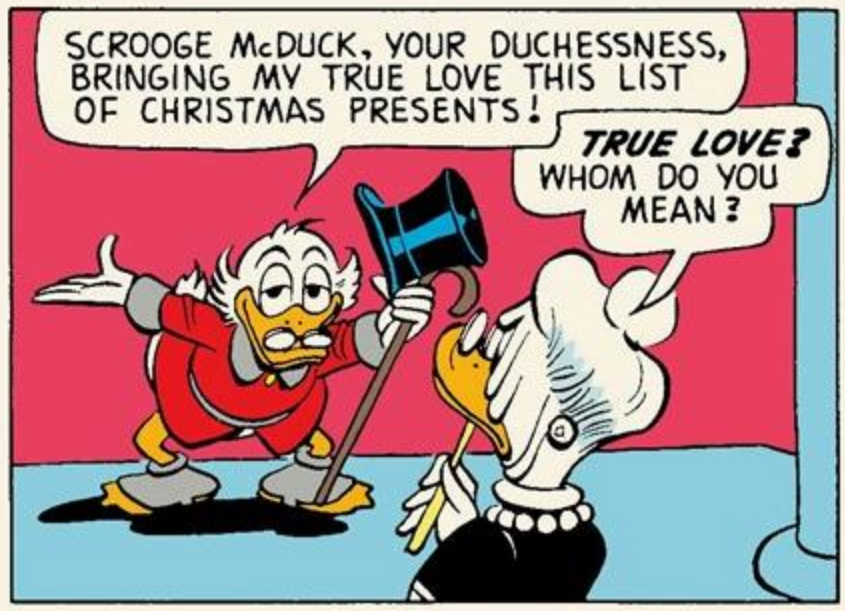
AND THE DUCHESS OF DUCKSHIRE'S *DOG*!

RRARR!

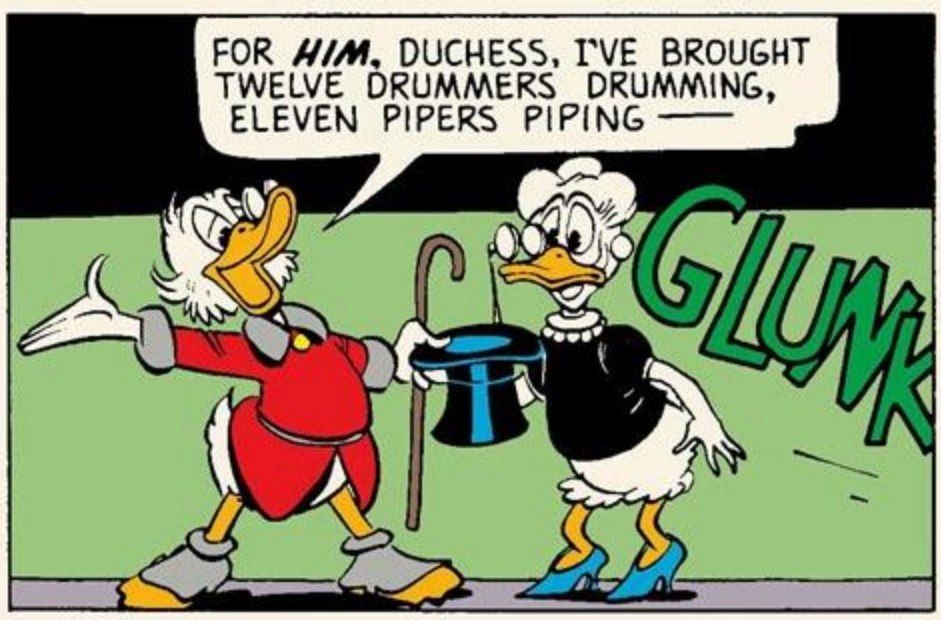

YIPE


YOWP!


WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS MADCAP INVASION? WHO ARE YOU, SIR?


SCROOGE McDUCK, YOUR DUCHESSNESS, BRINGING MY TRUE LOVE THIS LIST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!
TRUE LOVE? WHOM DO YOU MEAN?


YOUR LOVABLE, WONDERFUL DOG, MA'AM!
?
!


FOR HIM, DUCHESS, I'VE BROUGHT TWELVE DRUMMERS DRUMMING, ELEVEN PIPERS PIPING ——
GLUNK


WHAT'S THE COMMOTION BACK THERE?


THE PARTRIDGE, SIR, JUST FELL OUT OF THE PEAR TREE!

THE DUCHESS OF DUCKSHIRE IS DULY IMPRESSED!

YOU MEAN ALL THESE WONDERFUL GIFTS — DANCING LADIES, COWS, AND SO ON — ARE FOR MY DEAR, SWEET DOGGIE WOGGIE?

SURE ARE, MA'AM!

YOU DEAR, GENEROUS STRANGER! I MUST SHOW YOU BRUTO'S AND MY GRATITUDE FOR YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS!

SMACK

JAMES, TAKE ALL THE PRESENTS INSIDE TO BRUTO'S QUARTERS! I'M SURE HE'LL OVERCOME HIS ***FEAR*** OF THEM!

AND WHILE YOU'RE NEAR THE SCULLERY, JAMES, HAVE THE COOK PREPARE THE THREE ***FRENCH HENS*** FOR DINNER TONIGHT!

AWK!

I WANT YOU TO BE MY ***GUEST***, MR. McDUCK!

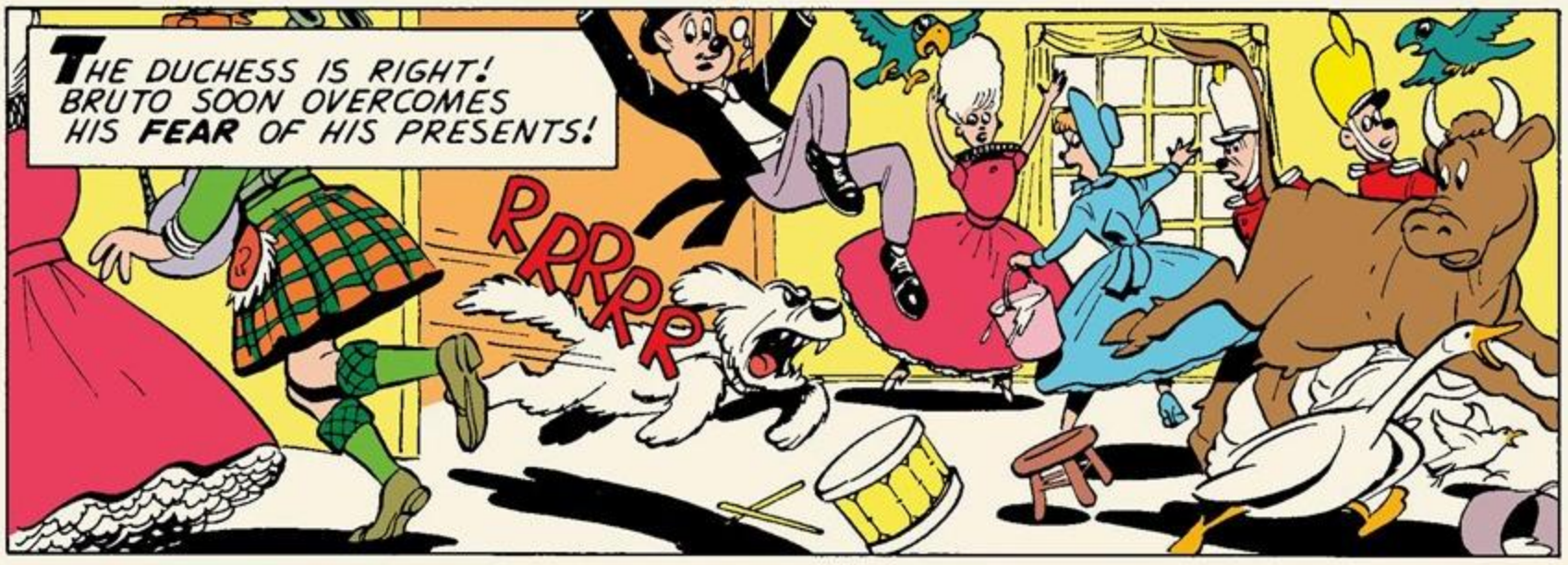
SHE'LL HAVE TO FEED HIM ***SARDINES***!

LUCKY WE FRENCH HENS CAN PARLEZ VOUS ***ENGLISH***!

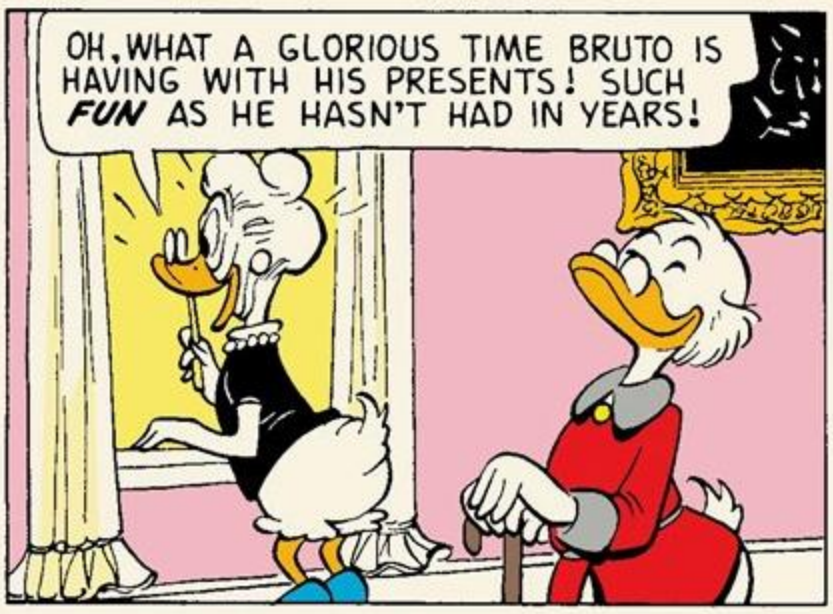
I'D GIVE MY TAIL FEATHERS TO KNOW HOW THIS ***DOG*** GOT EXCHANGED FOR ME IN THIS CHRISTMAS SNAFU!

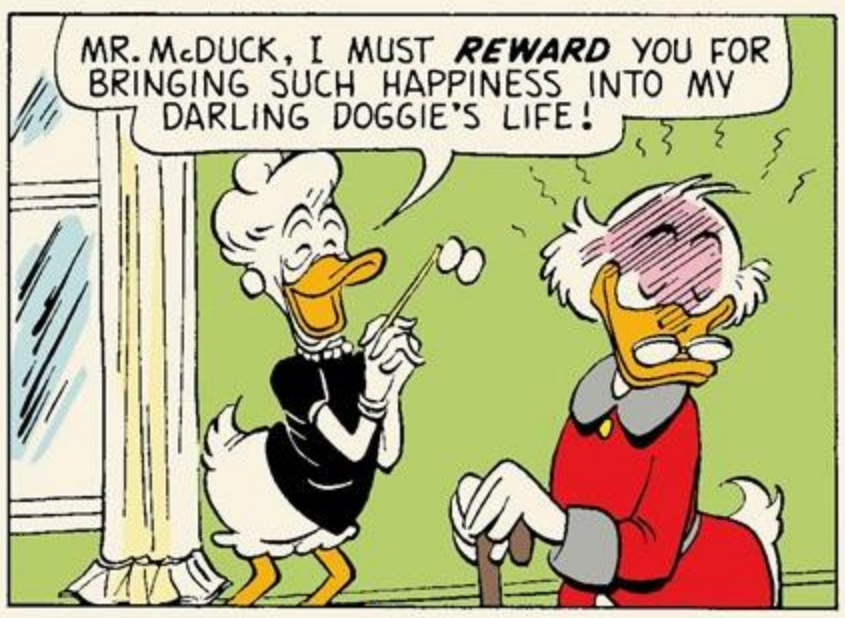
RARRR

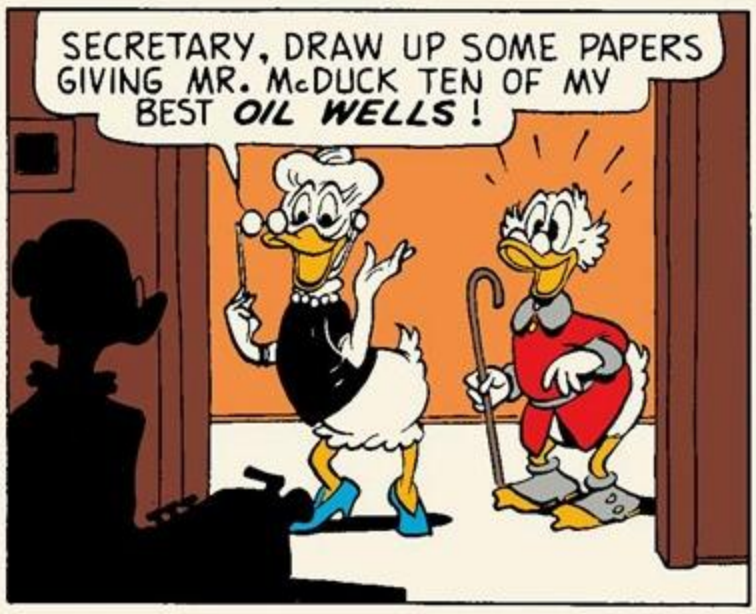
AND, JAMES, SEE THAT BRUTO'S CHRISTMAS DINNER IS THE PARTRIDGE IN THE PEAR TREE!

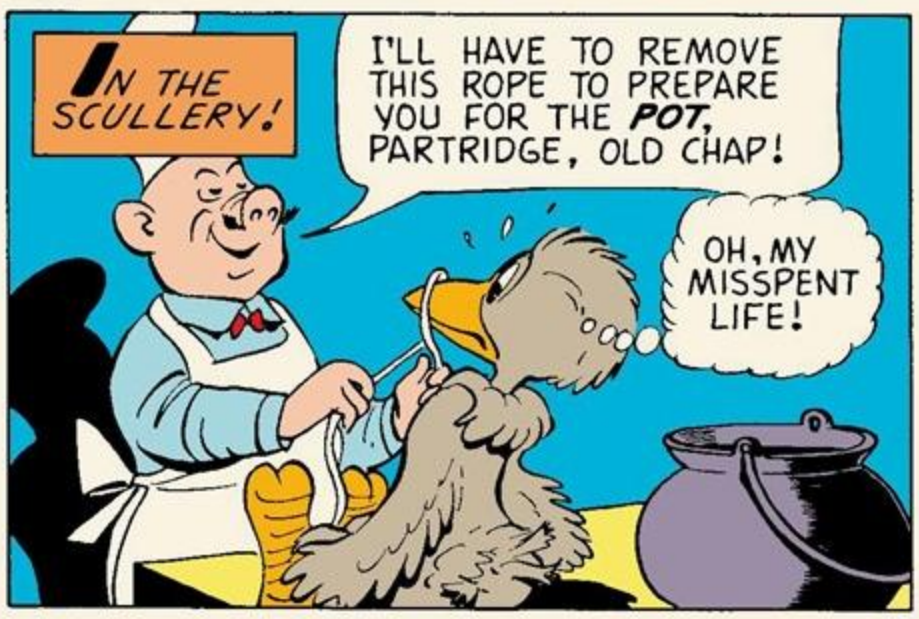

THE DUCHESS IS RIGHT! BRUTO SOON OVERCOMES HIS FEAR OF HIS PRESENTS!
RRRRR

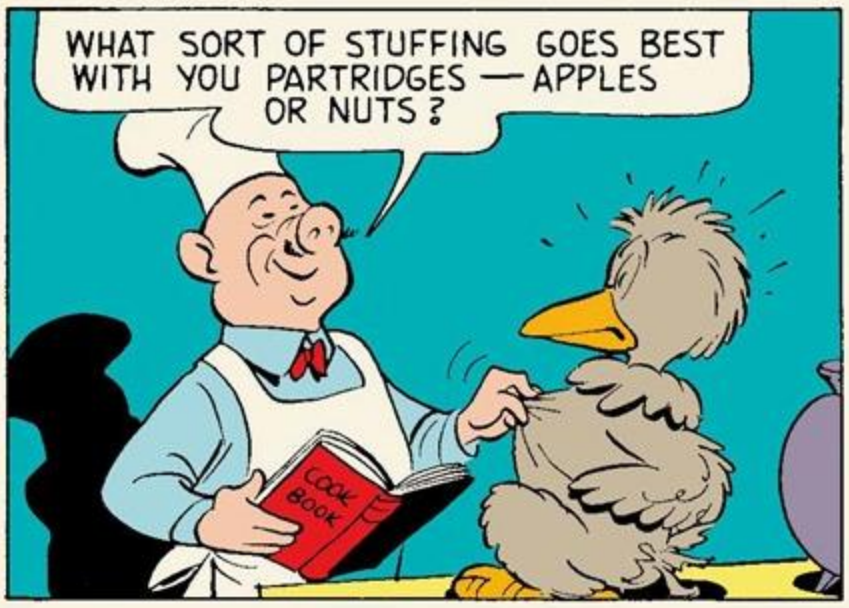

HE EVEN OVERCOMES HIS PRESENTS!
RARRR

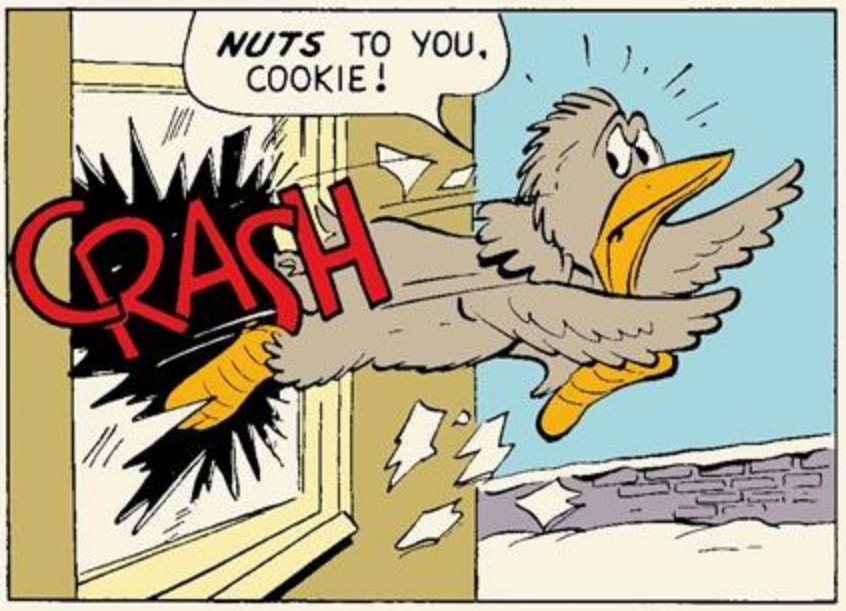

OH, WHAT A GLORIOUS TIME BRUTO IS HAVING WITH HIS PRESENTS! SUCH FUN AS HE HASN'T HAD IN YEARS!

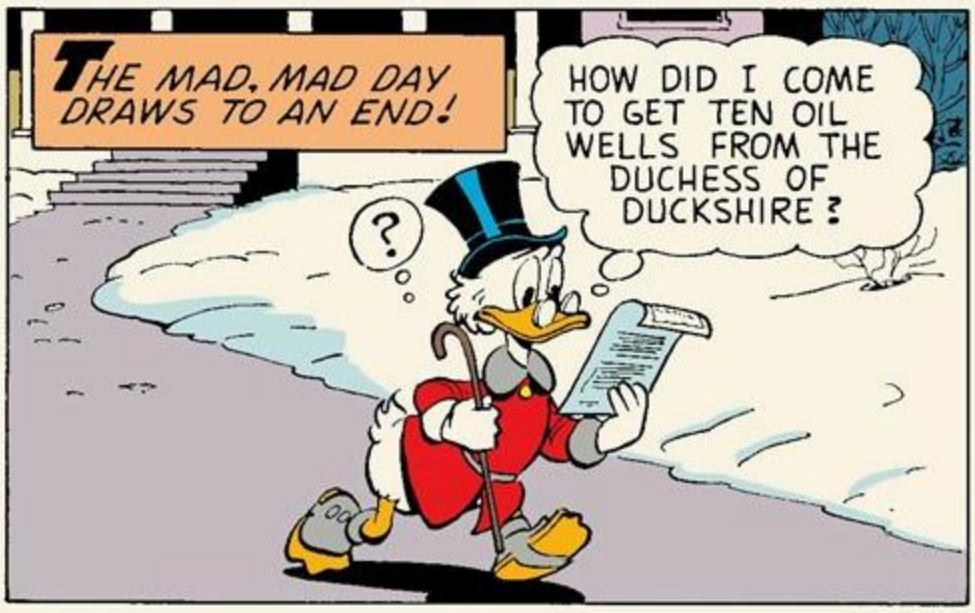

MR. McDUCK, I MUST REWARD YOU FOR BRINGING SUCH HAPPINESS INTO MY DARLING DOGGIE'S LIFE!

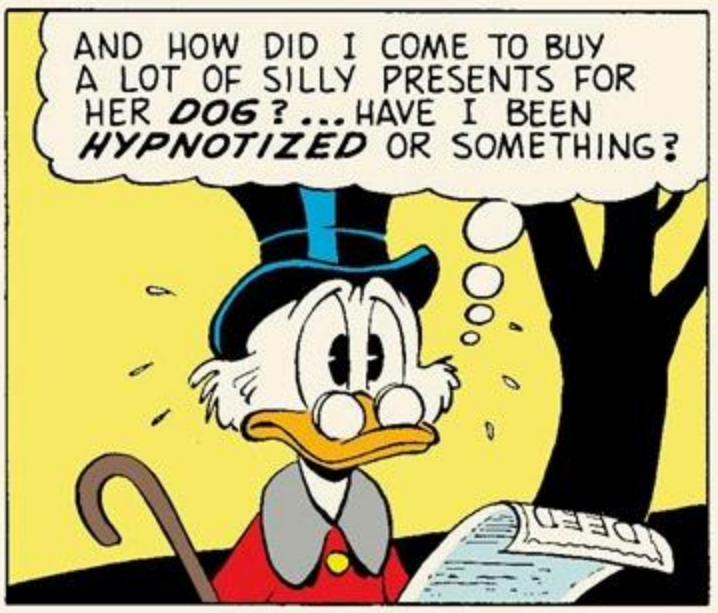

SECRETARY, DRAW UP SOME PAPERS GIVING MR. McDUCK TEN OF MY BEST OIL WELLS!


IN THE SCULLERY!
I'LL HAVE TO REMOVE THIS ROPE TO PREPARE YOU FOR THE POT, PARTRIDGE, OLD CHAP!
OH, MY MISSPENT LIFE!


WHAT SORT OF STUFFING GOES BEST WITH YOU PARTRIDGES — APPLES OR NUTS?
COOK BOOK


NUTS TO YOU, COOKIE!
CRASH

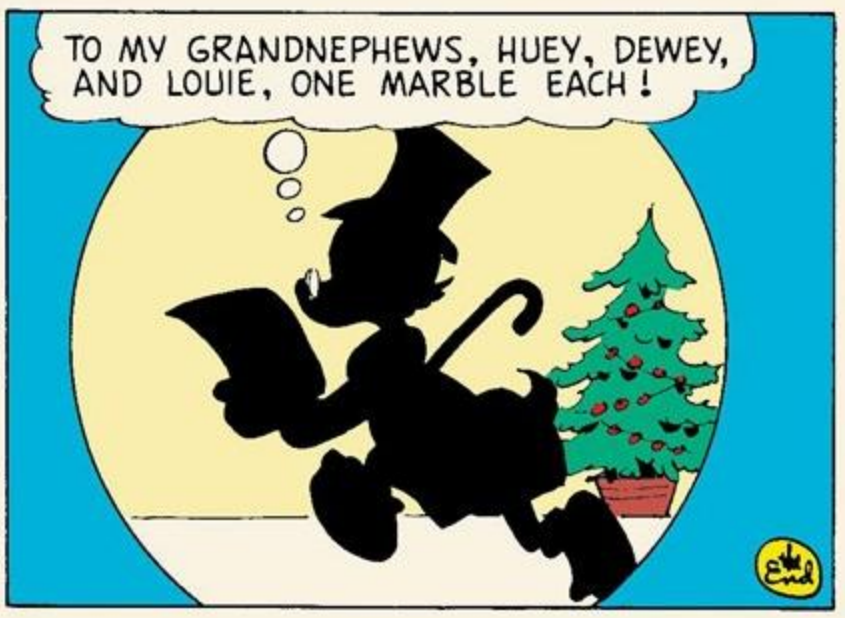

THE MAD, MAD DAY DRAWS TO AN END!
HOW DID I COME TO GET TEN OIL WELLS FROM THE DUCHESS OF DUCKSHIRE?
?


AND HOW DID I COME TO BUY A LOT OF SILLY PRESENTS FOR HER DOG?...HAVE I BEEN HYPNOTIZED OR SOMETHING?


THE LAST I REMEMBER CLEARLY, I WAS CHECKING MY LIST TO GO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING!

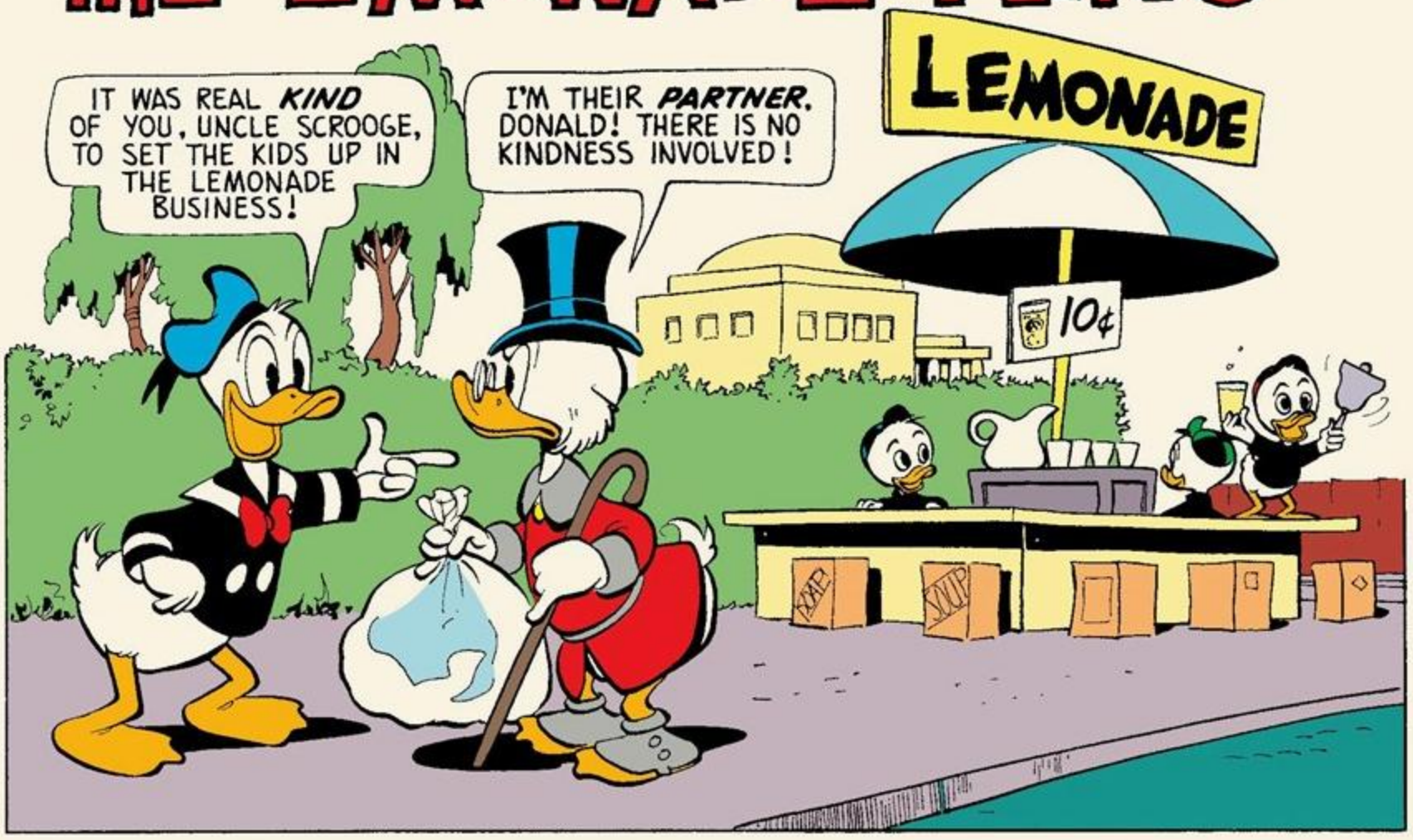

AND THAT REMINDS ME — I'VE STILL GOT THAT AGONY TO GO THROUGH!

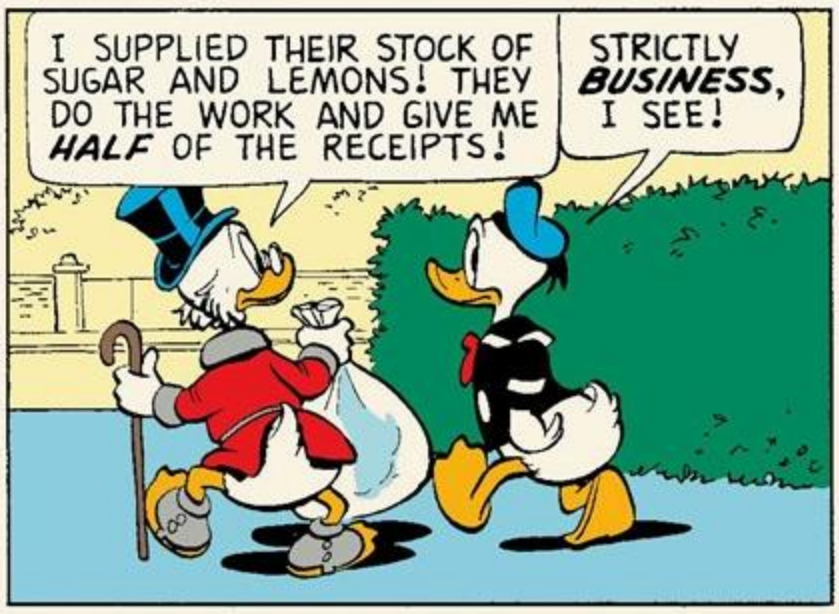

BETTER GET GOING ON IT BEFORE THE STORES CLOSE!...(GROAN!) TO MY NEPHEW, DONALD DUCK, ONE GOLF BALL!

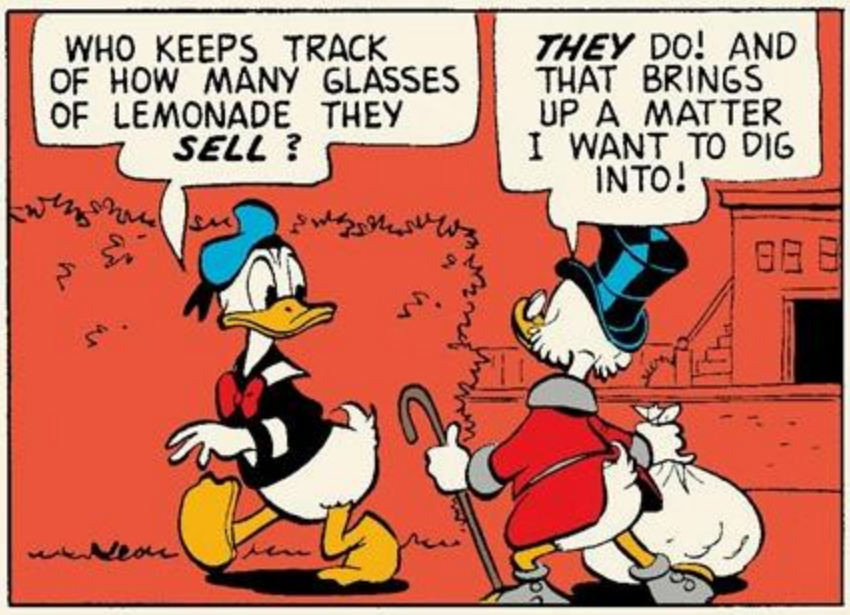

TO MY GRANDNEPHEWS, HUEY, DEWEY, AND LOUIE, ONE MARBLE EACH!

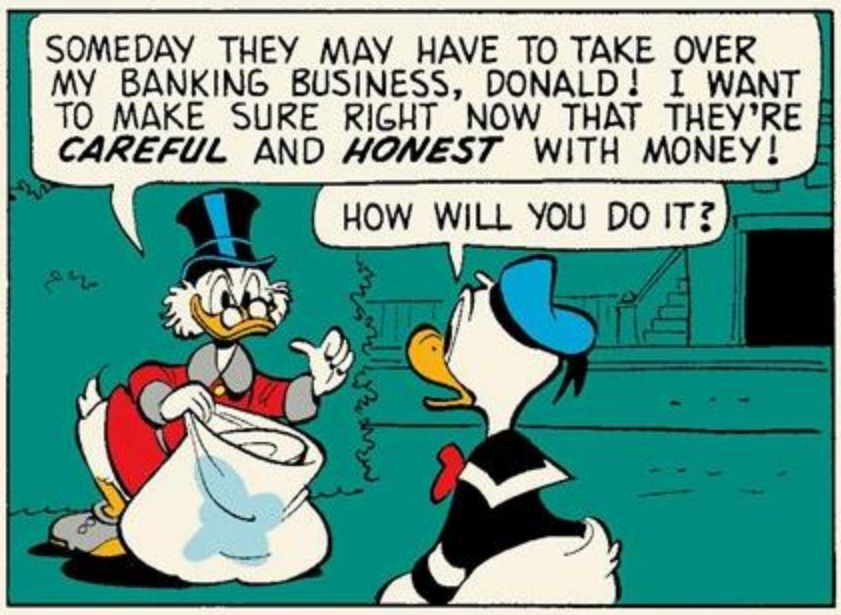
Walt Disney's UNCLE SCROOGE

THE LEMONADE FLING

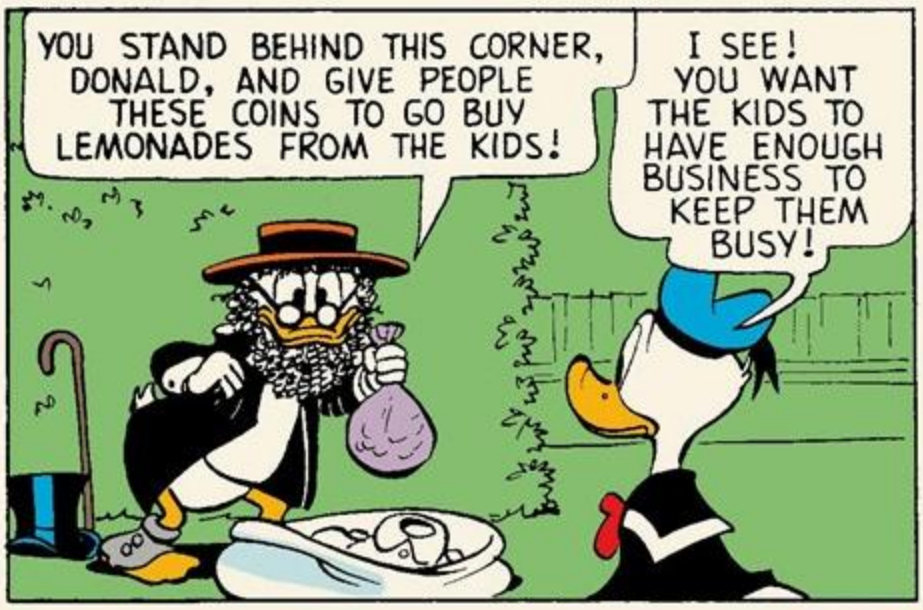




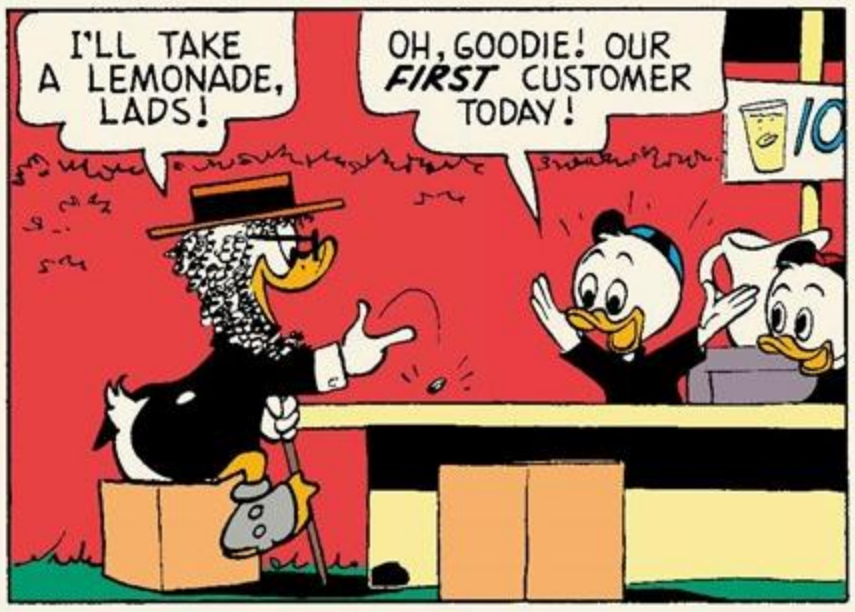


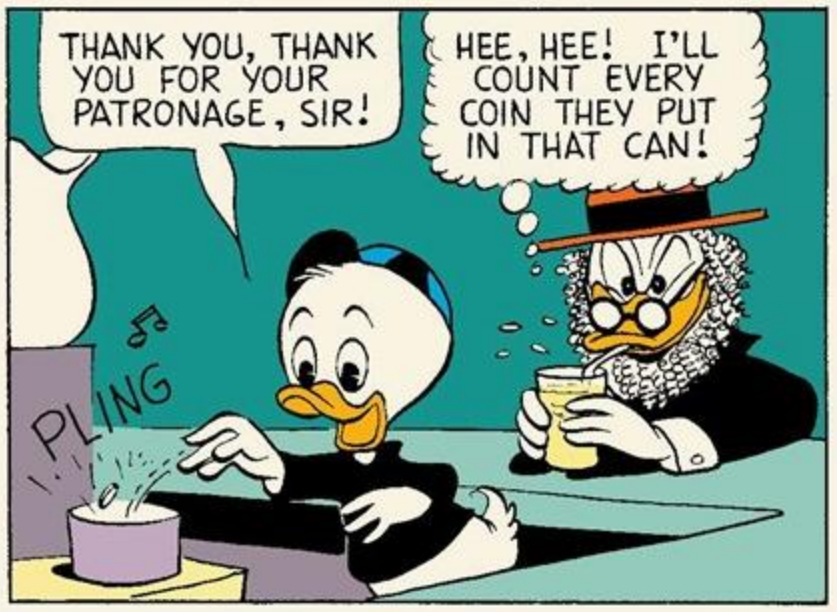


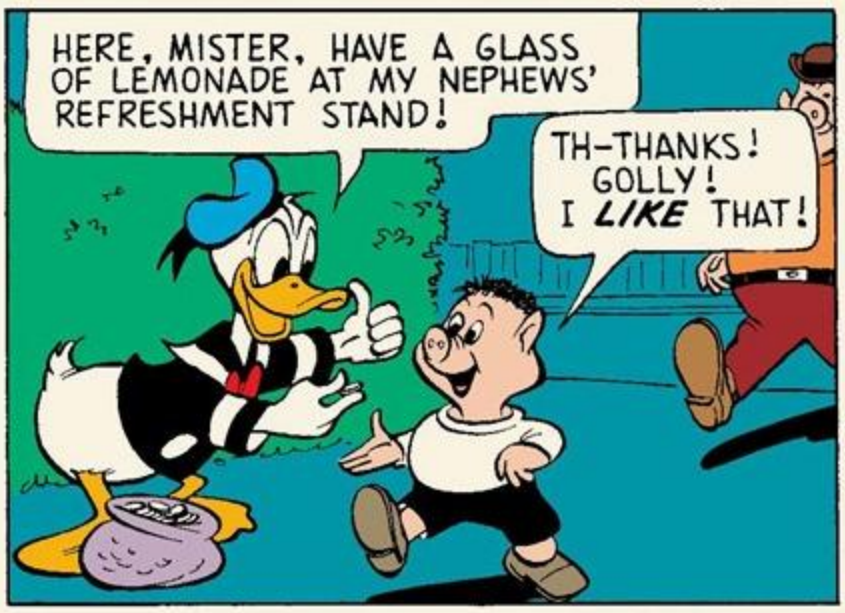


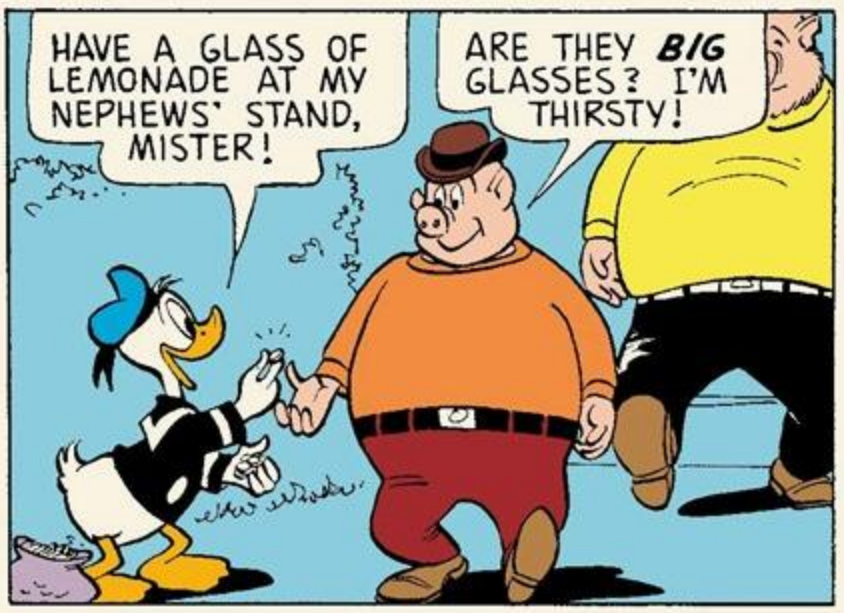

YOU STAND BEHIND THIS CORNER, DONALD, AND GIVE PEOPLE THESE COINS TO GO BUY LEMONADES FROM THE KIDS!
I SEE! YOU WANT THE KIDS TO HAVE ENOUGH BUSINESS TO KEEP THEM BUSY!

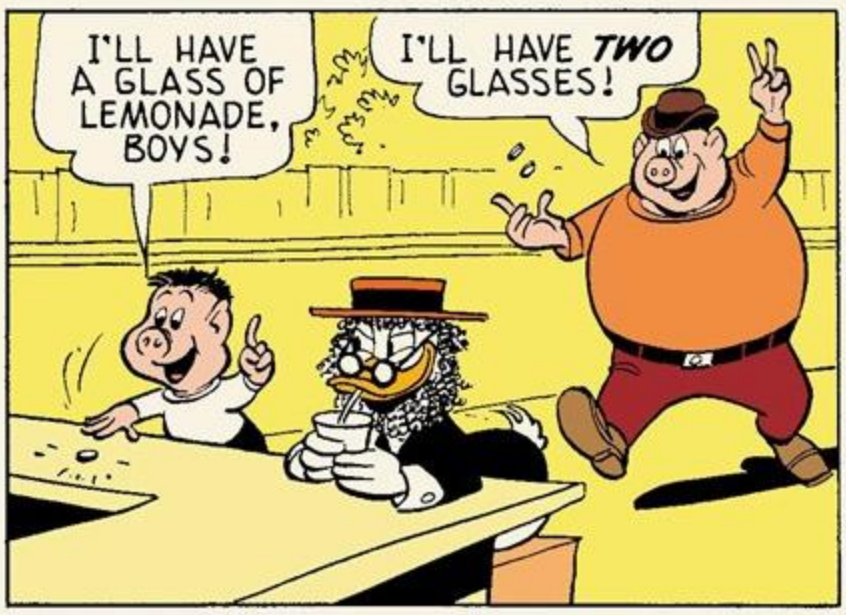

I WANT THEM TO FEEL SO *PROSPEROUS* THEY'LL BE TEMPTED TO *SLIP* A LITTLE IN THEIR BOOKKEEPING!

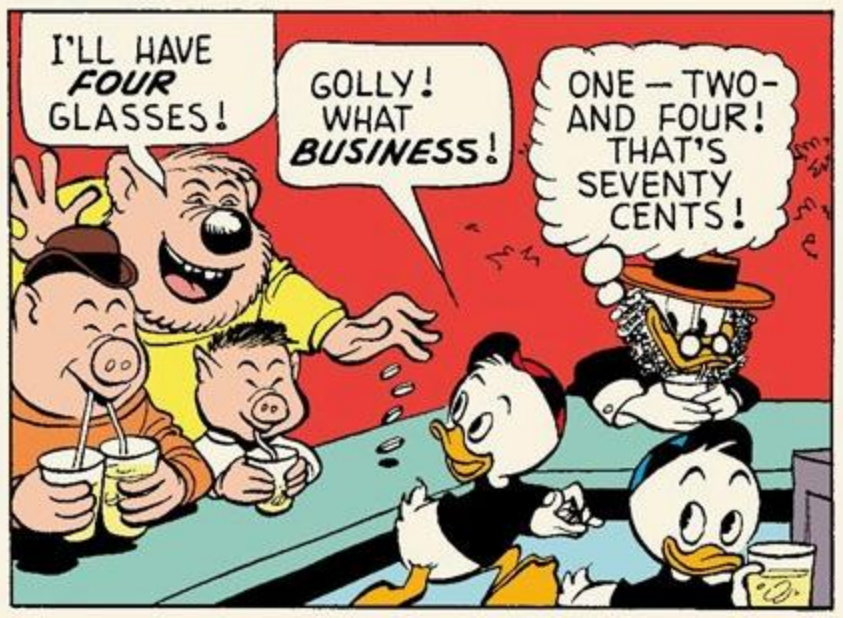

I'LL TAKE A LEMONADE, LADS!
OH, GOODIE! OUR *FIRST* CUSTOMER TODAY!
10


THANK YOU, THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATRONAGE, SIR!
HEE, HEE! I'LL COUNT EVERY COIN THEY PUT IN THAT CAN!
PLING


HERE, MISTER, HAVE A GLASS OF LEMONADE AT MY NEPHEWS' REFRESHMENT STAND!
TH-THANKS! GOLLY! I *LIKE* THAT!


HAVE A GLASS OF LEMONADE AT MY NEPHEWS' STAND, MISTER!
ARE THEY *BIG* GLASSES? I'M THIRSTY!


I'LL HAVE A GLASS OF LEMONADE, BOYS!
I'LL HAVE *TWO* GLASSES!


I'LL HAVE *FOUR* GLASSES!
GOLLY! WHAT *BUSINESS*!
ONE — TWO — AND FOUR! THAT'S SEVENTY CENTS!

I'LL HAVE *FIFTY* GLASSES OF LEMONADE!

FIFTY? Y-YOU CAN'T DRINK *THAT* MUCH, MISS!

OF COURSE NOT! BUT MY *ELEPHANT* CAN!

SQUEEZE MORE LEMONS! OPEN MORE SUGAR!

THAT'S *FIVE DOLLARS* FOR THE CAN!

I'LL HAVE *ANOTHER* LEMONADE!

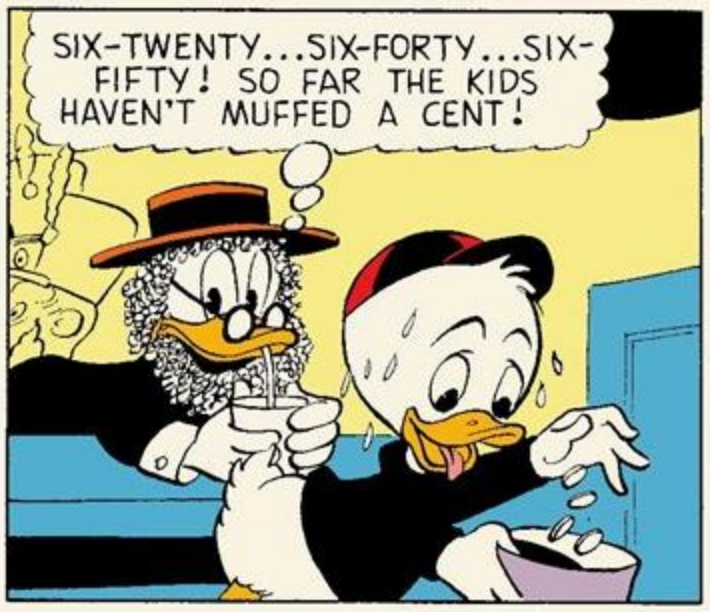
I'LL NEED IT FOR STRENGTH IF DONALD IS GOING TO SPEND MY MONEY *THAT* FAST!

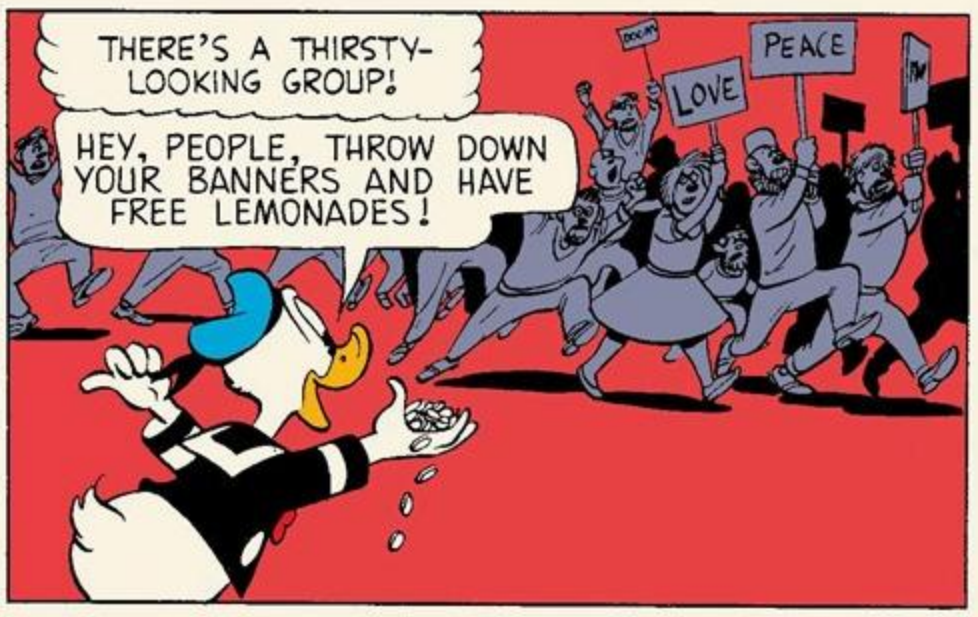
HAVE A TREAT, TROOPERS! FREE LEMONADES FOR ALL OF YOU AROUND THE CORNER!

SIXTY-FOUR LEMONADES! TEN WITH EXTRA SUGAR! FOURTEEN WITH STRAWS!

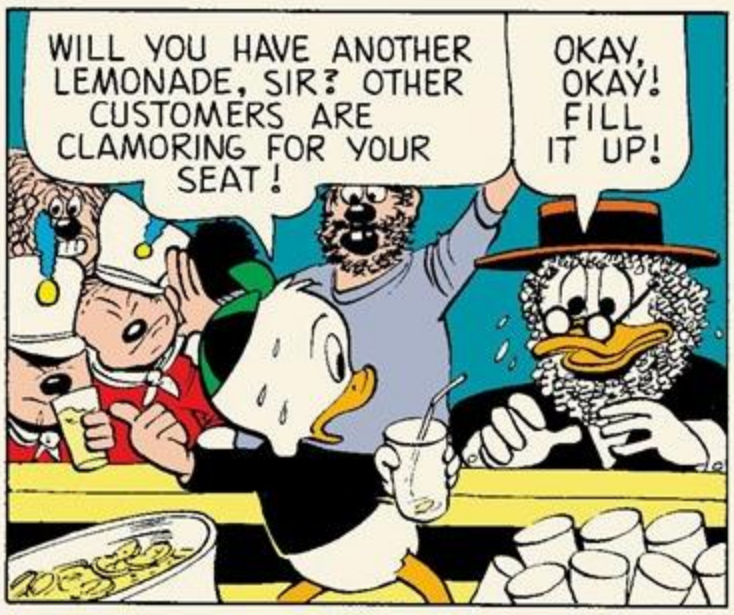
I'LL TRY TO SIGNAL DONALD TO SLOW DOWN A LITTLE!

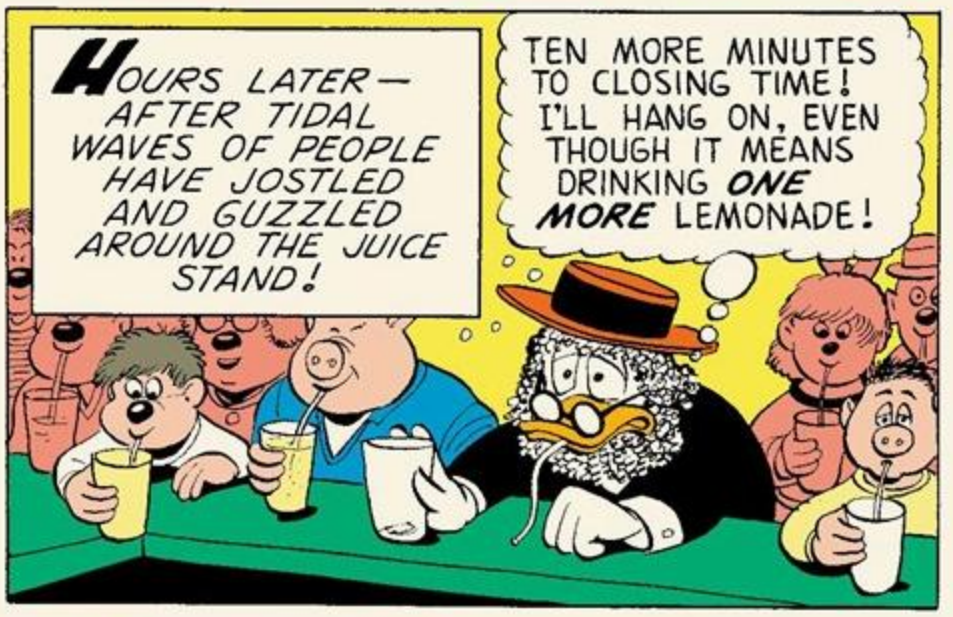
YOU *SIGNALED*, SIR! WAS IT TO ASK FOR ANOTHER LEMONADE?

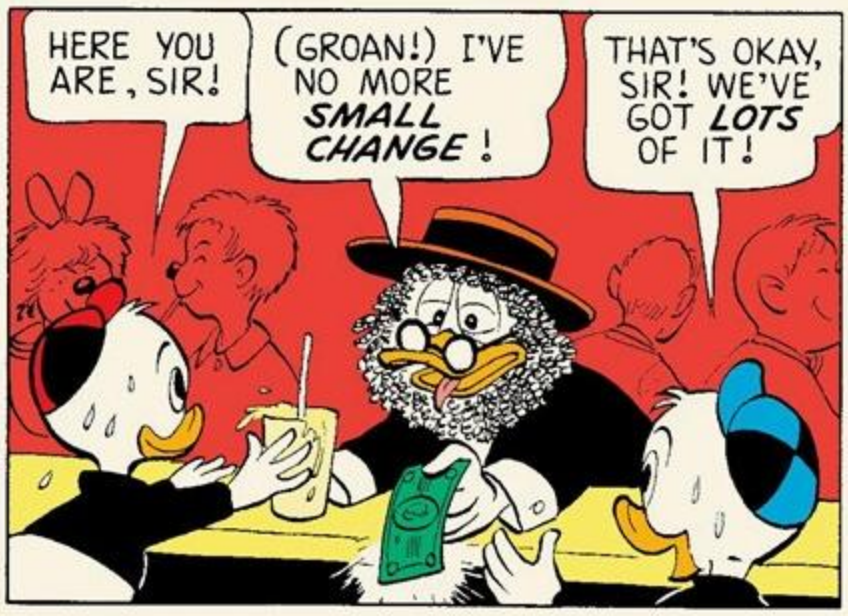

SIX-TWENTY...SIX-FORTY...SIX-FIFTY! SO FAR THE KIDS HAVEN'T MUFFED A CENT!

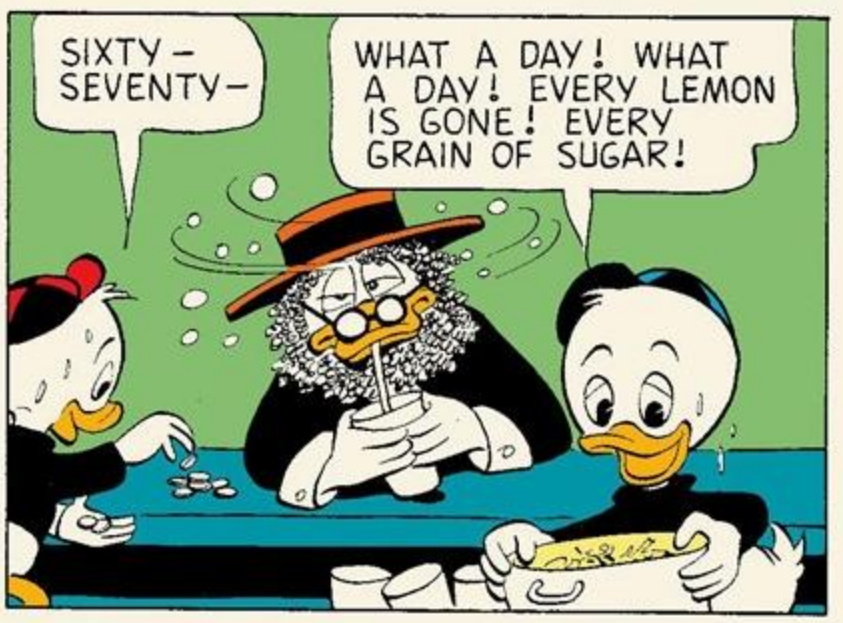

THERE'S A THIRSTY-LOOKING GROUP!
HEY, PEOPLE, THROW DOWN YOUR BANNERS AND HAVE FREE LEMONADES!
LOVE
PEACE


A TALL COOL ONE, MERCHANTS!
TEN LEMONADES!
I'LL HAVE ONE HERE AND ONE FOR THE ROAD!
PEACE


WILL YOU HAVE ANOTHER LEMONADE, SIR? OTHER CUSTOMERS ARE CLAMORING FOR YOUR SEAT!
OKAY, OKAY! FILL IT UP!


HOURS LATER— AFTER TIDAL WAVES OF PEOPLE HAVE JOSTLED AND GUZZLED AROUND THE JUICE STAND!
TEN MORE MINUTES TO CLOSING TIME! I'LL HANG ON, EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS DRINKING ONE MORE LEMONADE!


HERE YOU ARE, SIR!
(GROAN!) I'VE NO MORE SMALL CHANGE!
THAT'S OKAY, SIR! WE'VE GOT LOTS OF IT!


SIXTY— SEVENTY—
WHAT A DAY! WHAT A DAY! EVERY LEMON IS GONE! EVERY GRAIN OF SUGAR!

BUT OUR CAN IS *FULL OF MONEY*! I WONDER HOW MUCH!

I KNOW HOW MUCH! (URP!..GROAN...SIGH!) I COUNTED EVERY PAINFUL *CENT* THAT WENT INTO THAT CAN! (MOAN!)

(GROAN! MOAN! GRUNT!) THE KIDS TOOK IN NINETY-NINE DOLLARS AND TEN CENTS! EVERY BIT OF WHICH WAS *MY* MONEY!

SO WHEN THE KIDS COME TO DIVIDE THE DAY'S RECEIPTS!

THIS WHOLE AWFUL DAY WILL HAVE BEEN WORTHWHILE IF I FIND THAT HUEY, DEWEY, AND LOUIE ARE *HONEST*!

SODA

WE HAD A *BIG* DAY, UNCA SCROOGE!

OUR BUSINESS TOOK IN NINETY-NINE DOLLARS AND TEN CENTS!

GLORY BE! THEY'RE *RIGHT* TO THE LAST PENNY! NO ONE COULD ASK FOR MORE *HONESTY* THAN THAT!

BUT THE WHOLE CANFUL TOTALS ONE *HUNDRED* DOLLARS!

A *HUNDRED*? WHY, THAT'S NINETY CENTS *TOO MUCH*!

WE DIDN'T GET IT *DISHONESTLY*, UNCA SCROOGE!

THE NINETY CENTS CAME FROM AN OLD GUY IN A FLAT HAT WHO HUNG AROUND ALL AFTERNOON DRINKING LEMONADE!

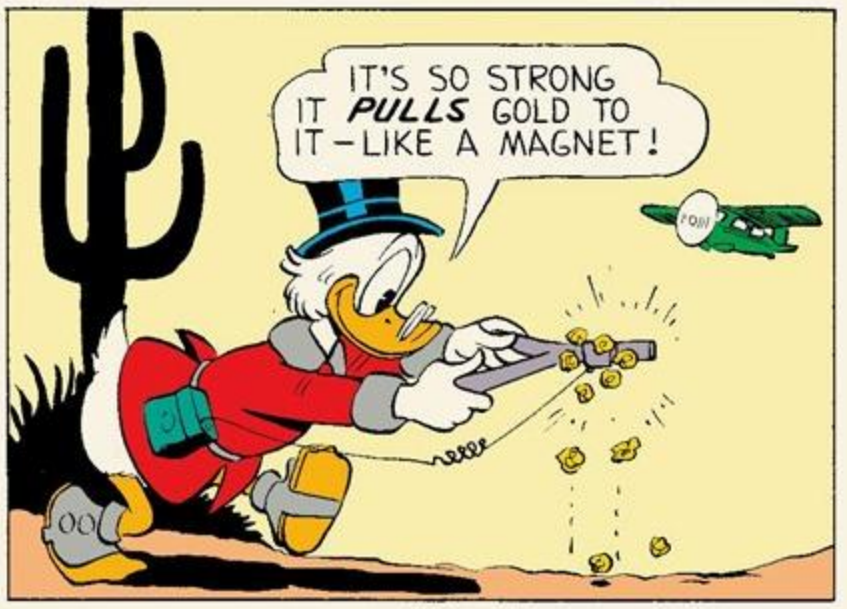
HE HANDED US A *DOLLAR* FOR HIS LAST GLASS!

BUT HE WAS SO *GROGGY* FROM SIXTEEN LEMONADES THAT HE STAGGERED AWAY WITHOUT PICKING UP HIS *CHANGE*!

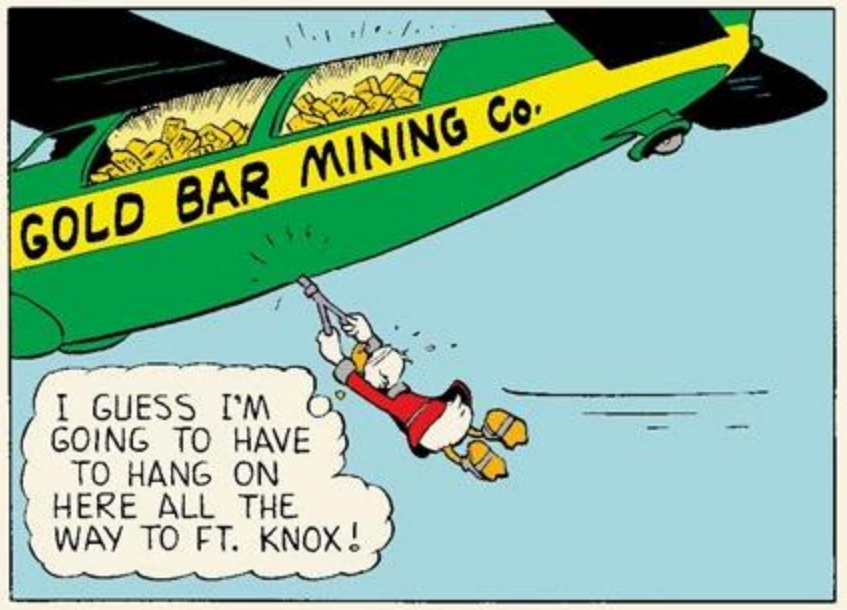
Walt Disney's

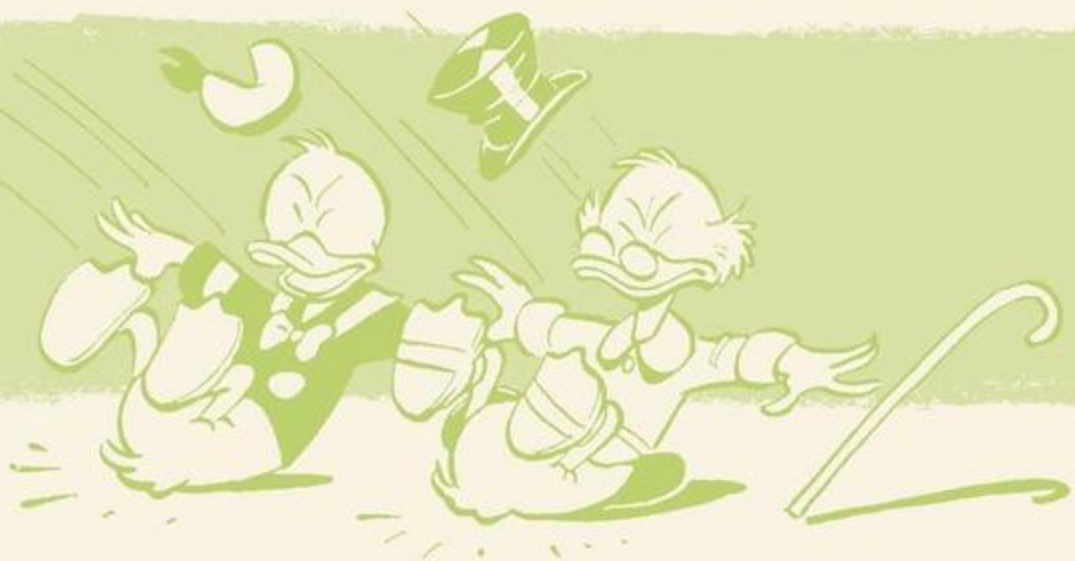
UNCLE SCROOGE





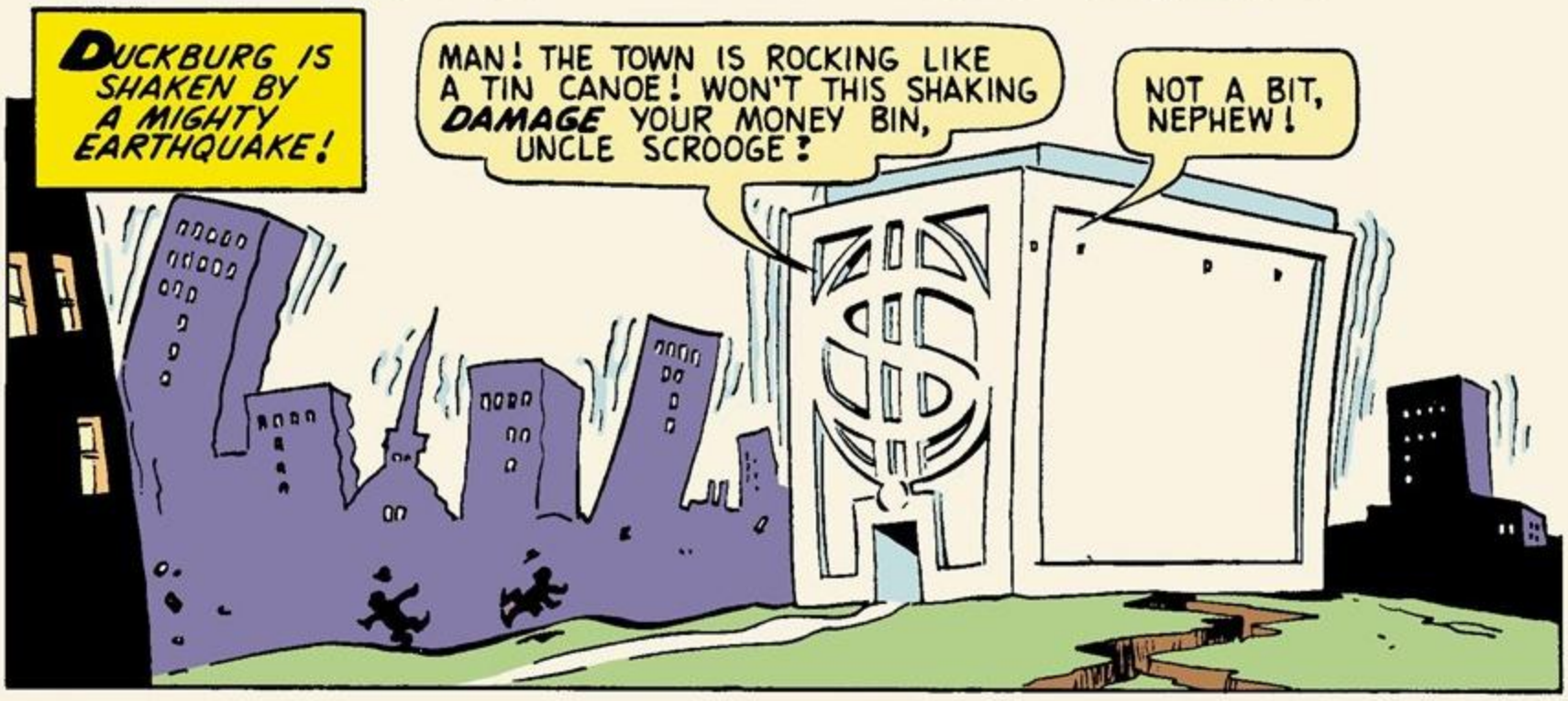


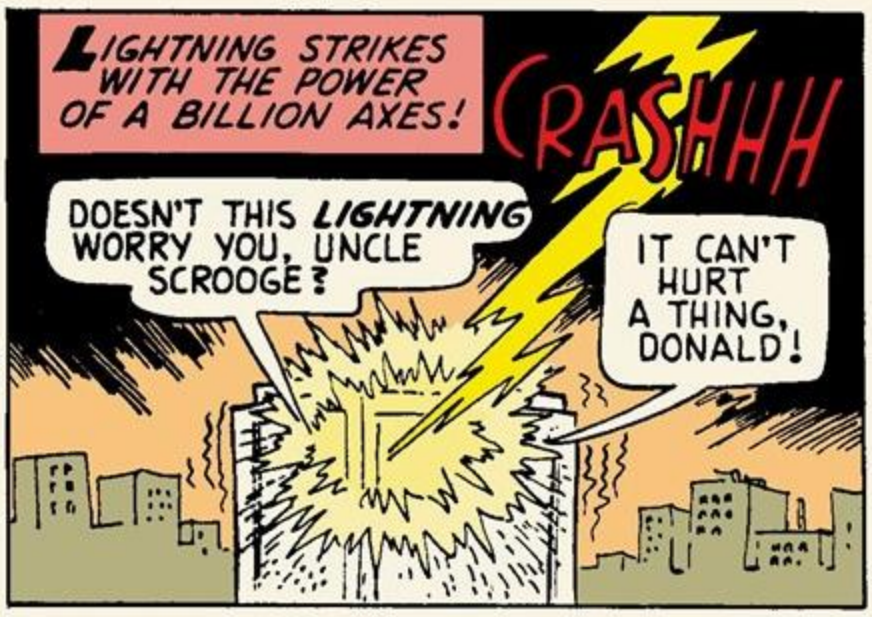




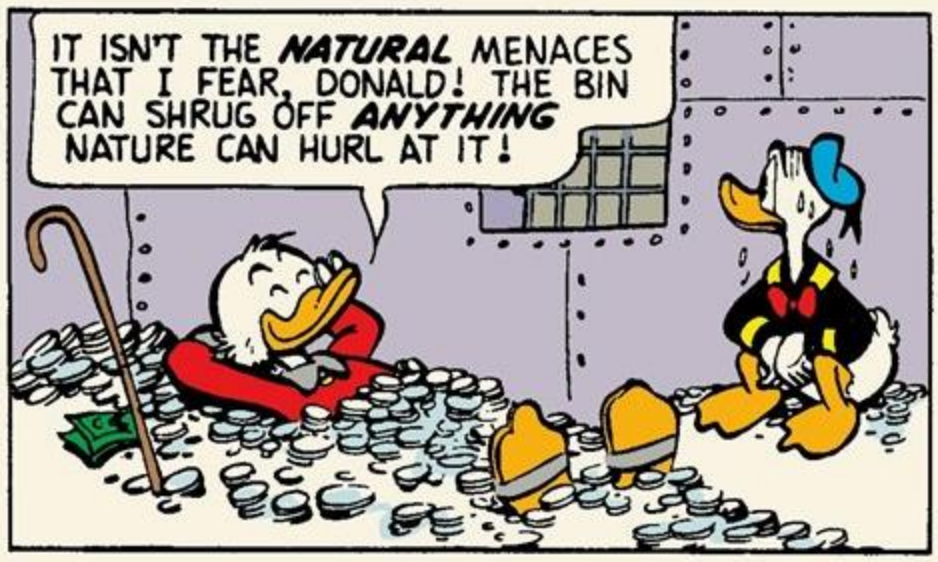
Walt Disney **UNCLE SCROOGE**

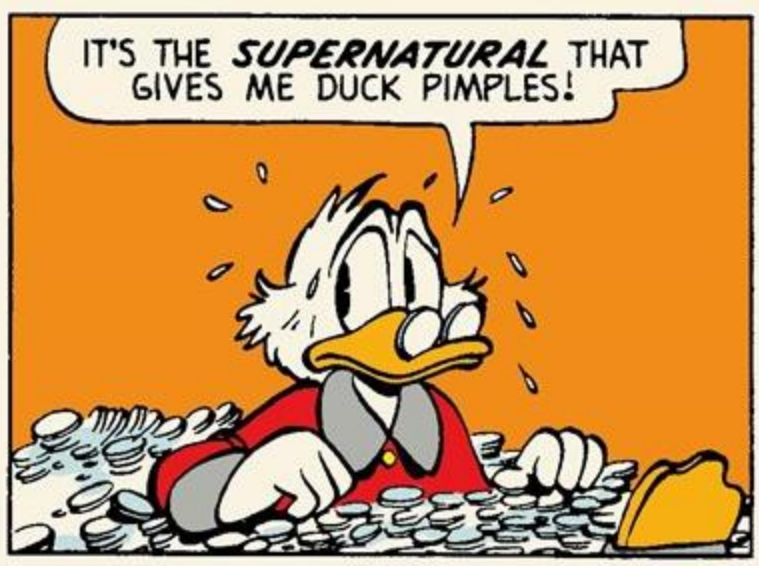
THE MANY FACES OF MAGICA DE SPELL











MOST OF ALL I'M SCARED OF *HER*!

THE SLINKY *SORCERESS* MAGICA DE SPELL!

I AGREE, UNCLE SCROOGE! WHEN IT COMES TO TOSSING AROUND SUPERNATURAL POWERS, THAT GAL OUT-TOSSES EVERYBODY! (SHUDDER!)

SHE CAN USE HER POWERS OF *TRICKERY* TO GET *INSIDE* THESE MIGHTY WALLS!

SHE'S DONE IT BEFORE, BUT YOU'VE ALWAYS MANAGED TO KEEP HER FROM TAKING ANYTHING!

THAT'S BECAUSE I WAS *LUCKY*, NEPHEW! SHE STILL HAS HOPES, THOUGH, OF GETTING MY OLD *NUMBER ONE* DIME, HERE!

YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS?

AT THIS MOMENT? I SURE DO! I HAVE SQUADS OF SLEUTHS WATCHING HER *ALL THE TIME*!

WELL, THEY'LL GIVE YOU WARNING *EARLY* IF SHE STARTS ANOTHER RAID ON YOUR OLD KEEPSAKE!

SURE, SURE! THEY CAN TELL ME *WHEN* SHE'S COMING, BUT THEY CAN'T TELL WHAT DREADFUL NEW TERRORIZER SHE'LL BE BRINGING WITH HER! OH, I'LL BE A *POOR* OLD PAUPER!

UNCLE SCROOGE HAS GOOD REASON TO WORRY! IN HER SORCERY SHOP ON MT. VESUVIUS, MAGICA DE SPELL IS COOKING UP A GIMMICK THAT WILL MAKE HIS WILDEST NIGHTMARES COME TRUE!

I'LL GET HIS OLD DIME THIS TIME! I'LL GET THAT OLD NUMBER ONE COIN WHICH IS THE SPARK PLUG OF ALL OF McDUCK'S VAST FORTUNE!

HEE, HEE! THEN *YOU'LL* BE THE *RICHEST* DUCK IN THE WORLD, BOSS LADY, AND McDUCK WILL BE THE *POOREST*! HEE, HEE, HEEEE!

SPELLS

HOO-DOOS

WITH THAT OLD DIME TO BRING ME LUCK I'LL BE ABLE TO QUIT THE SORCERY BUSINESS AND LIVE LIKE KING MIDAS' WIDOW!

SEVEN-YEAR PLAGUES

THIS FORMULA I FOUND IN THE CAVE OF CIRCE WILL MAKE OLD McDUCK DANCE TO MY MUSIC!

HEE, HEE! POWDERED DRAGONS' TEETH, FAT FROM A ROYAL FATHEAD, DINGBAT FUZZ, A CROSS-EYED CAT'S WHISKERS!

IF THIS BREW LIVES UP TO CIRCE'S CLAIMS, IT WILL GIVE OLD McDUCK CAT'S WHISKERS — AND WORSE!

HEE, HEE! IT MIGHT EVEN GIVE HIM A *KINDLY LOOK*!

SNIP

A LAYER OF THIS HEX JUICE ON A FACE WILL MAKE THAT FACE LOOK LIKE WHATEVER FACE IT LOOKS AT!

HEE, HEE! WHAT IF THE FACE LOOKS AT AN *ALLIGATOR*?

I'LL SEE WHAT IT DOES TO *YOUR* FACE, CHATTERBOX!

HEY! DON'T TEST IT ON ME!

NOW LOOK AT *ME*, RATFACE!

IT WORKS! IT WORKS! NOW LOOK AT KITTY, RATFACE — I MEAN *PRETTY* FACE!

CLICK

WHEE! WITH A TOUCH OF THIS GOO McDUCK'S FACE WILL CHANGE AND CHANGE FOREVER!

CLICK

HE'LL COME TO ME ON HIS KNEES, BEGGING ME TO RESTORE HIS OLD NATURAL FACE TO THE FRONT OF HIS HEAD! HA HA HEEEEEEE!

DREAM DUST

AND MY *PRICE* WILL BE HIS OLD *NUMBER ONE DIME*, HIS OLD FETCHER OF FABULOUS WEALTH — THE FIRST TEN CENTS HE EVER OWNED! HAHA HEEEEEEEE!

GLOOM DROPS

D.D. TEA

HEY, BOSS LADY! HOW ABOUT RESTORING *MY* FACE TO ITS OLD *RAVENOUS* LOOK?

CLICK

I — I — ER!

THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY FORMULA FOR *UNHEXING* THAT HEX JUICE!

(GULP!) THEN, I'M *STUCK* WITH THIS FACE!

I'M AFRAID SO! AND McDUCK WILL BE STUCK WITH *HIS* UNSTABLE FACE, TOO!

OH, WELL! AFTER I GET McDUCK'S OLD NUMBER ONE DIME I WON'T CARE IF HE *EVER* GETS HIS REAL FACE BACK!

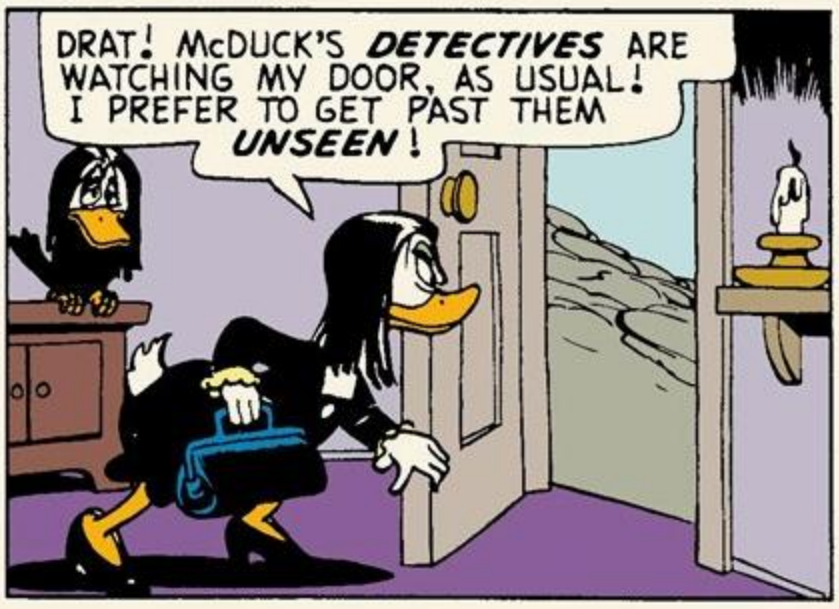
SIGH!

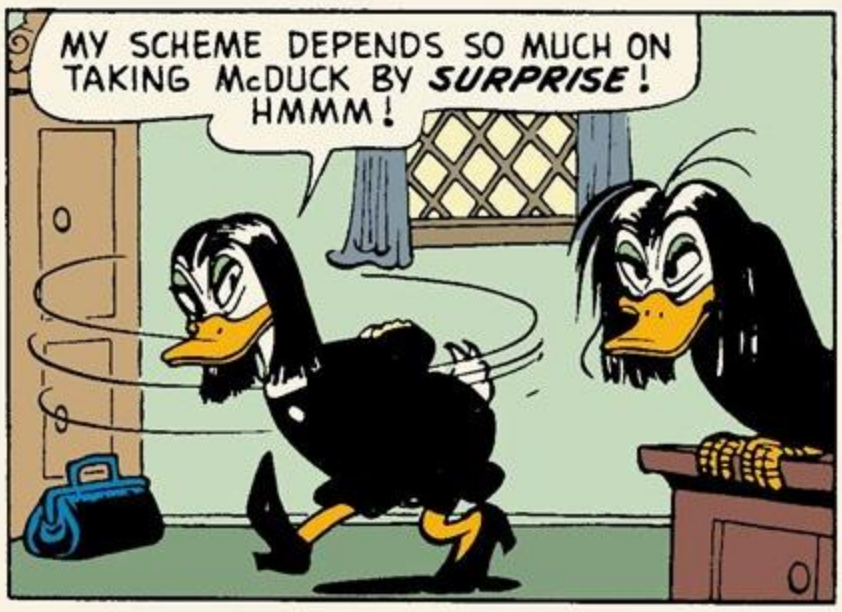
OUTSIDE!

FROM ALL THE CACKLING AND SQUEALING INSIDE THERE, I'D SAY MAGICA IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF ON A SORCERY SAFARI!

BE READY TO RADIO A WARNING!

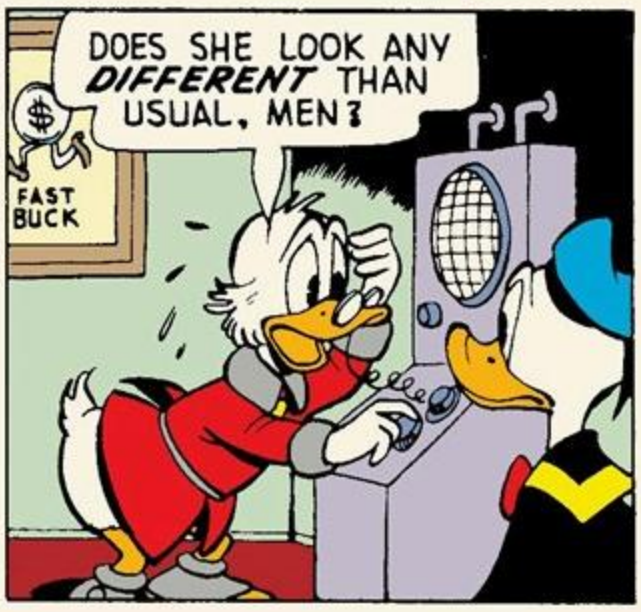
HEE, HEEEE! WHEE!


DRAT! McDUCK'S *DETECTIVES* ARE WATCHING MY DOOR, AS USUAL! I PREFER TO GET PAST THEM *UNSEEN*!


MY SCHEME DEPENDS SO MUCH ON TAKING McDUCK BY *SURPRISE*! HMMM!


YOUR BODY AND *MY* FACE ARE GOING TO COME IN *USEFUL*, RAVEN, OL' CRAVEN!

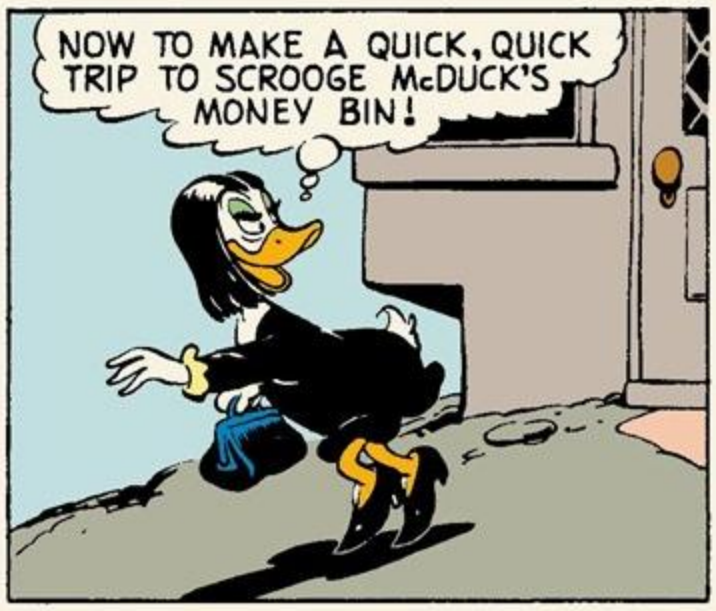

McDUCK, McDUCK! MAGICA IS ABOUT TO *LEAVE*!... SHE'S OPENING HER DOOR!... SHE'S *COMING OUT*!

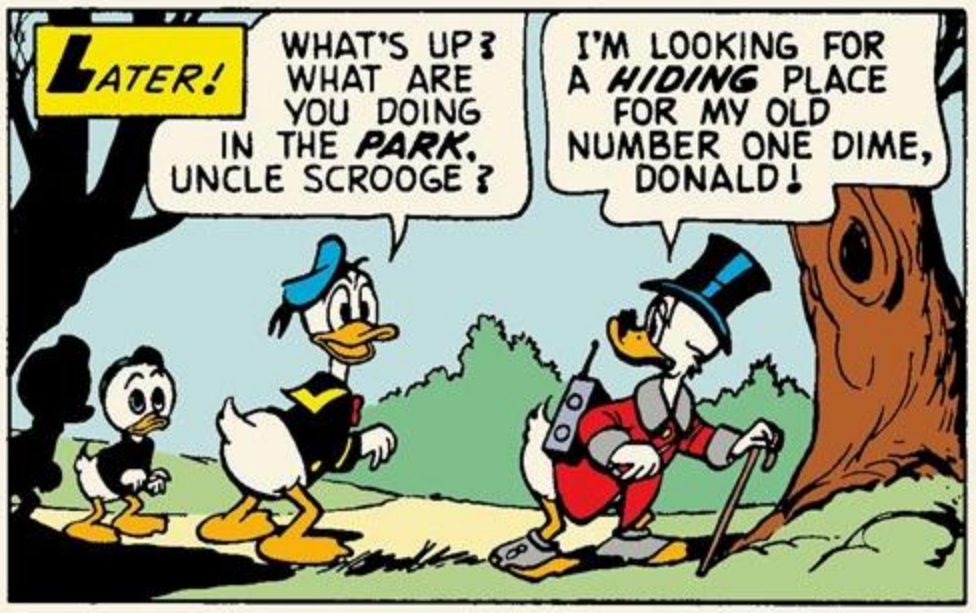

DOES SHE LOOK ANY *DIFFERENT* THAN USUAL, MEN?
FAST BUCK

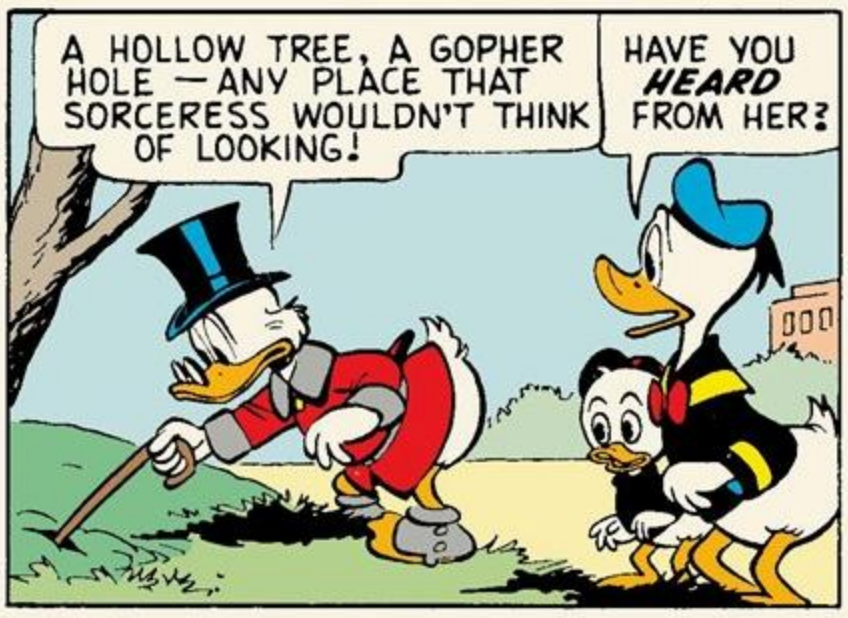

WE'LL SAY! SHE'S TURNED INTO A *WITCH*!

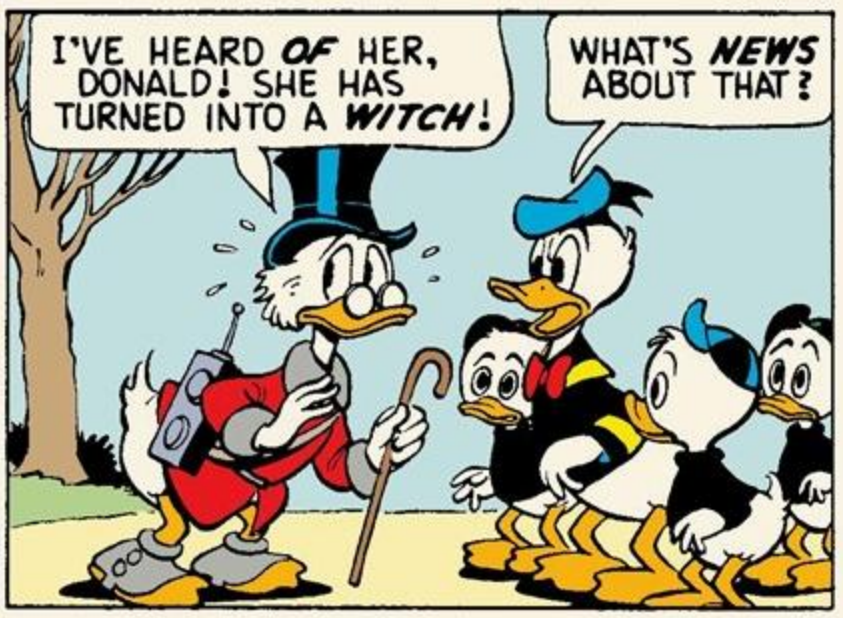

AND SHE'S *FLYING* AWAY WITHOUT A BROOM!
FOLLOW HER! DON'T LET HER GET OUT OF YOUR SIGHT!

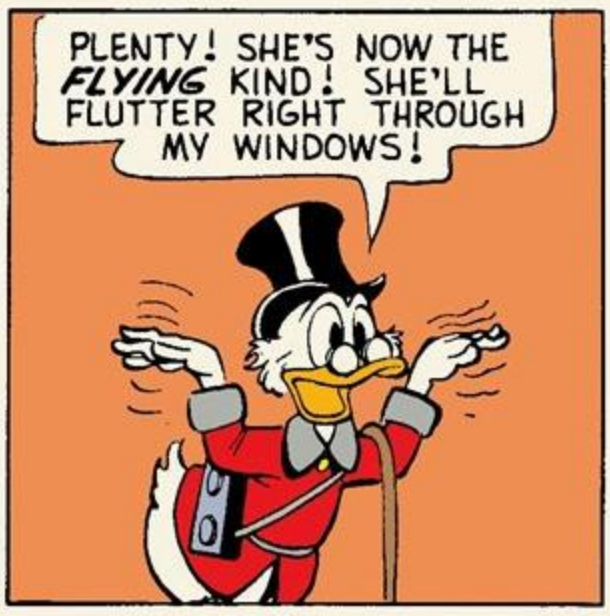

HEE, HEE, HEEEEE!
MAGICA DE SPELL
SORCERESS
SPELLS CAST
OGRES SUMMONED
POTIONS BREWED

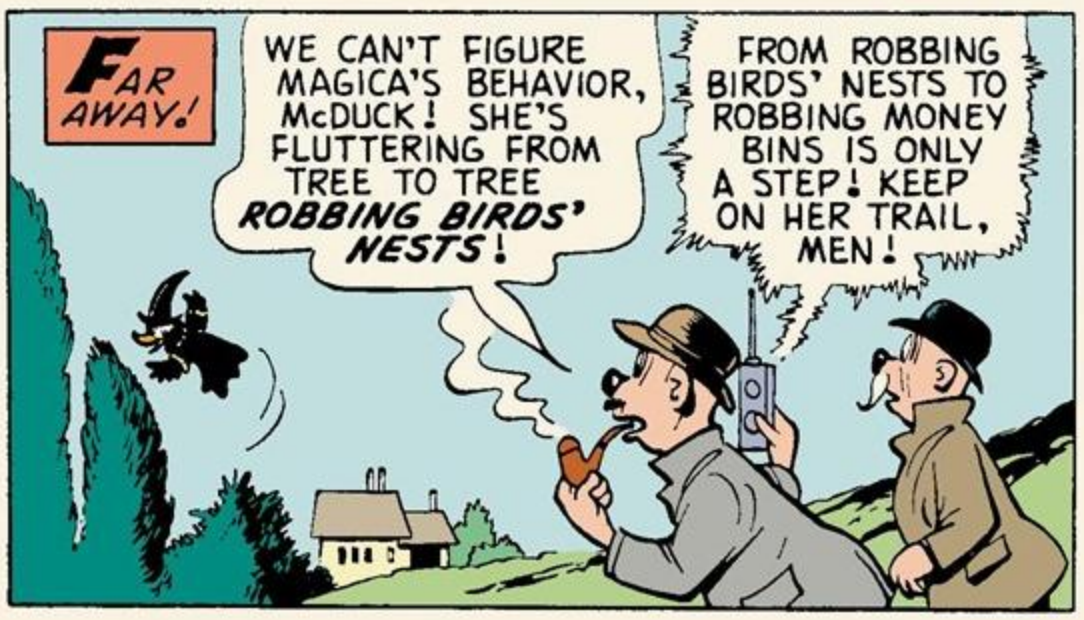

NOW TO MAKE A QUICK, QUICK TRIP TO SCROOGE McDUCK'S MONEY BIN!


LATER!
WHAT'S UP? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE PARK, UNCLE SCROOGE?
I'M LOOKING FOR A HIDING PLACE FOR MY OLD NUMBER ONE DIME, DONALD!


A HOLLOW TREE, A GOPHER HOLE — ANY PLACE THAT SORCERESS WOULDN'T THINK OF LOOKING!
HAVE YOU HEARD FROM HER?


I'VE HEARD OF HER, DONALD! SHE HAS TURNED INTO A WITCH!
WHAT'S NEWS ABOUT THAT?


PLENTY! SHE'S NOW THE FLYING KIND! SHE'LL FLUTTER RIGHT THROUGH MY WINDOWS!


FAR AWAY!
WE CAN'T FIGURE MAGICA'S BEHAVIOR, McDUCK! SHE'S FLUTTERING FROM TREE TO TREE ROBBING BIRDS' NESTS!
FROM ROBBING BIRDS' NESTS TO ROBBING MONEY BINS IS ONLY A STEP! KEEP ON HER TRAIL, MEN!

AT THE AIRPORT!

AH! DUCKBURG, AND NOT A DETECTIVE IN SIGHT! I'M GOING TO CATCH OLD McDUCK WITH HIS GUARD DOWN!

CONFOUNDED *DOGS*! THEY ALWAYS BARK AT ME, NO MATTER WHERE I GO!

YOUR *UGLY FACE* ANNOYS ME, BEAST! LET ME CHANGE IT TO SOMETHING *PRETTY*!

BRAAAAAK!

CLICK

THAT WAS A MISTAKE!

HEE, HEE, HEE! CIRCE'S FORMULA IS SUCH AN AMUSING TOY TO PLAY WITH!

?

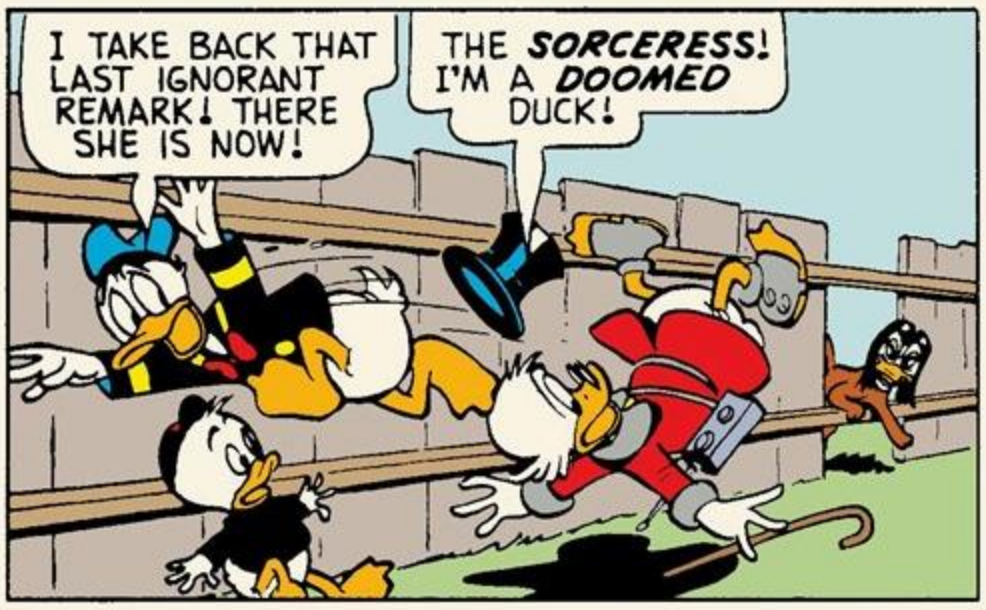
NEARBY!

IF MAGICA IS STILL ON MOUNT VESUVIUS, YOU'VE NO REASON TO BE JITTERY, UNCLE SCROOGE!

I KNOW, BUT HER NEW *FLYING* TECHNIQUE BUGS ME!

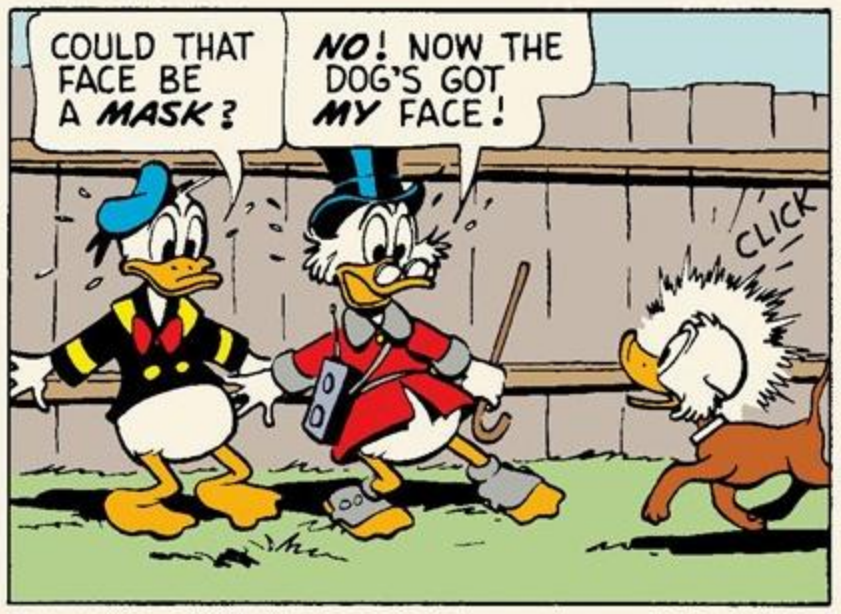
SHE'S NOW ABLE TO APPEAR ALMOST *ANYWHERE* ANYTIME!

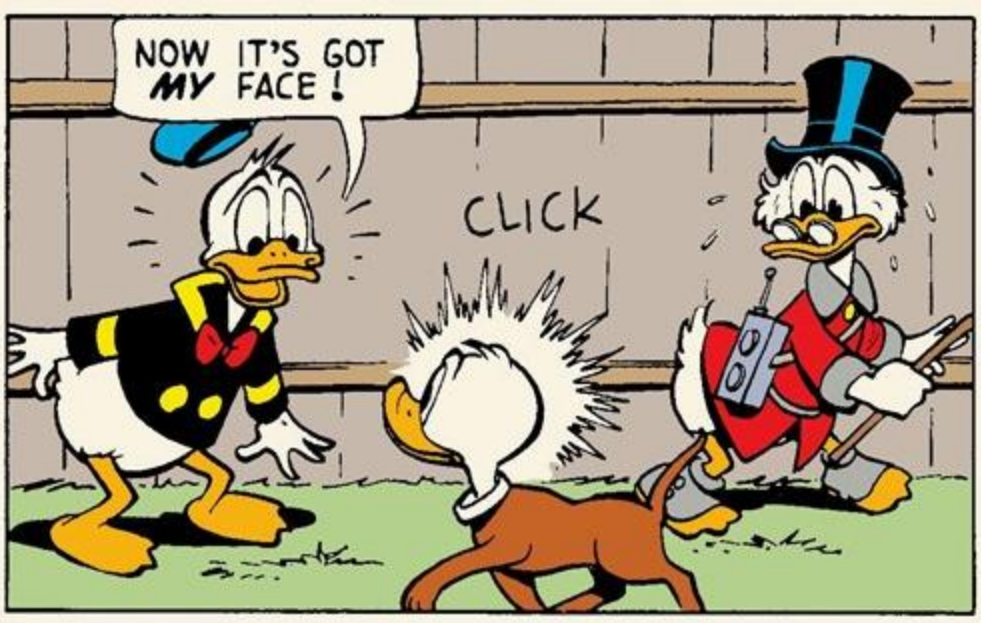
UNCLE SCROOGE, YOU'RE BEING UNREASONABLE!

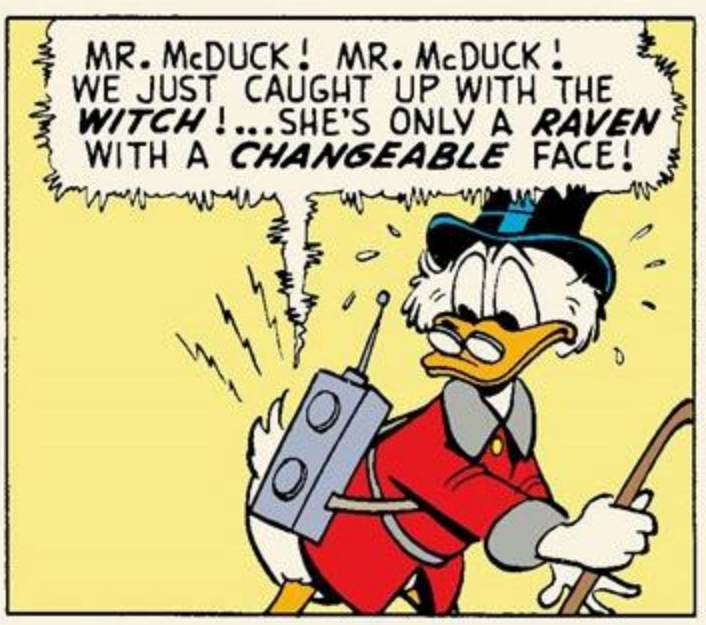

I TAKE BACK THAT LAST IGNORANT REMARK! THERE SHE IS NOW!
THE SORCERESS! I'M A DOOMED DUCK!

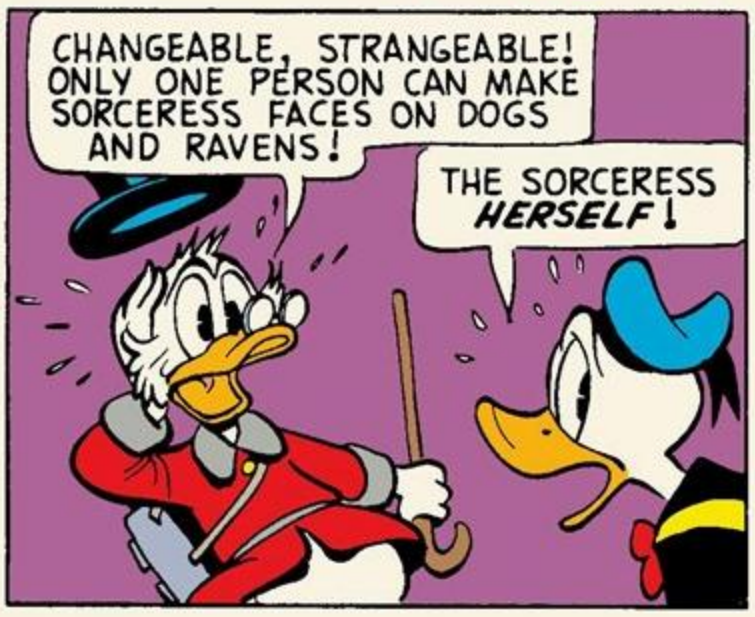

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

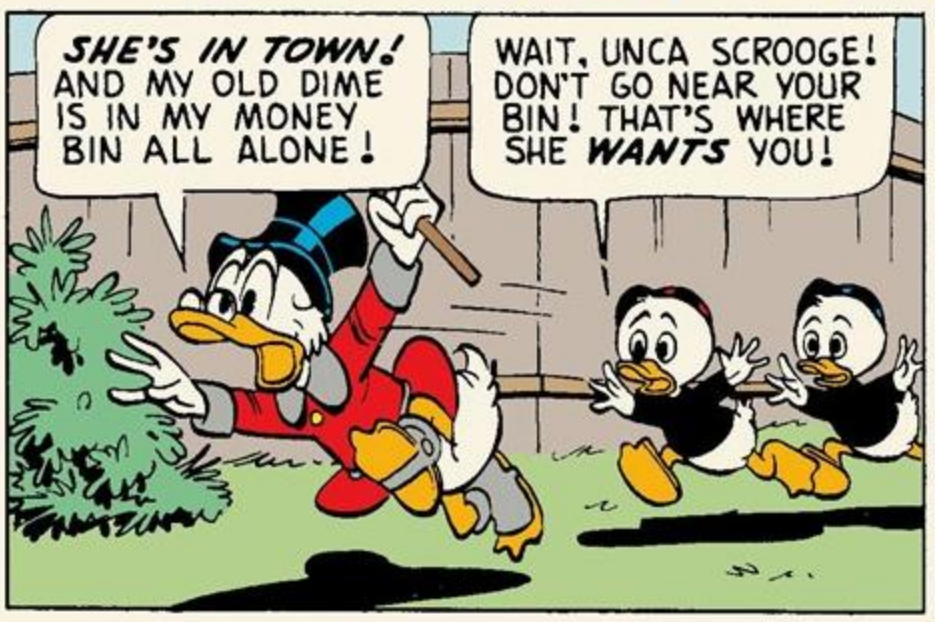

WAIT, UNCA SCROOGE! THAT'S ONLY A DOG WITH MAGICA'S FACE!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

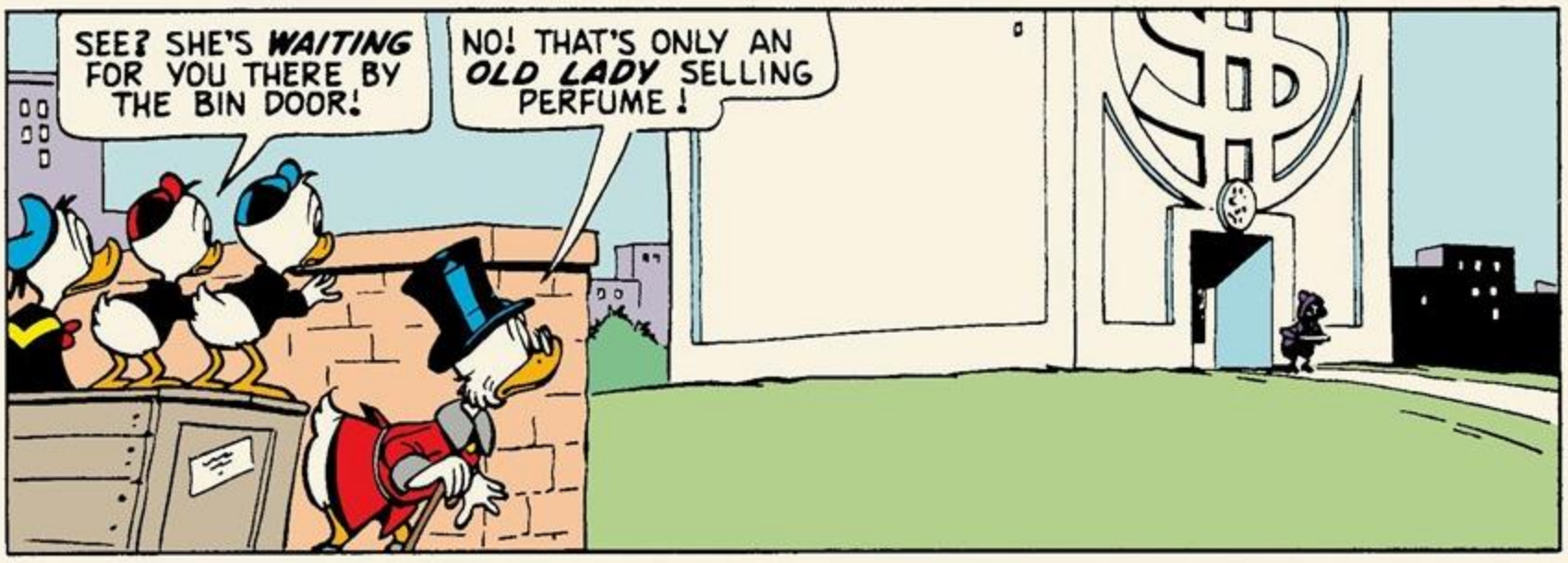

COULD THAT FACE BE A MASK?
NO! NOW THE DOG'S GOT MY FACE!
CLICK

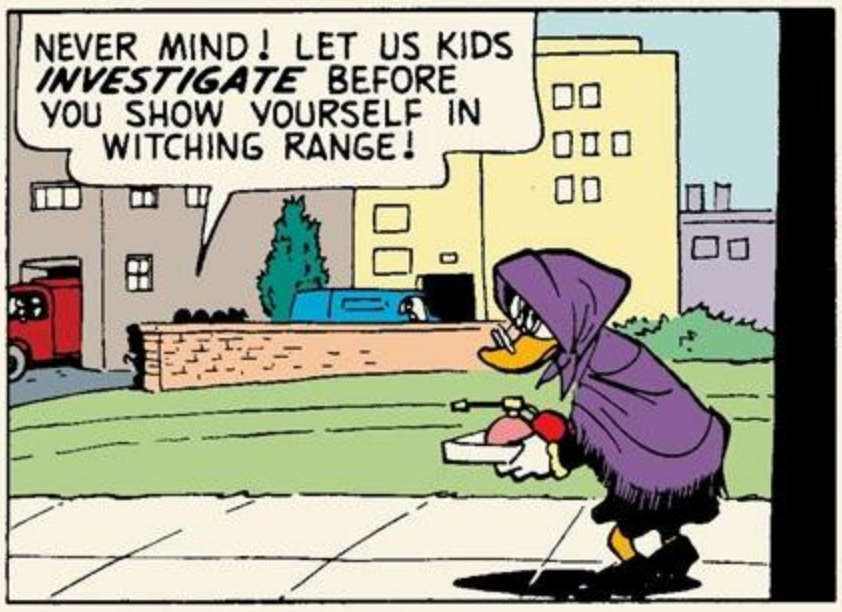

NOW IT'S GOT MY FACE!
CLICK

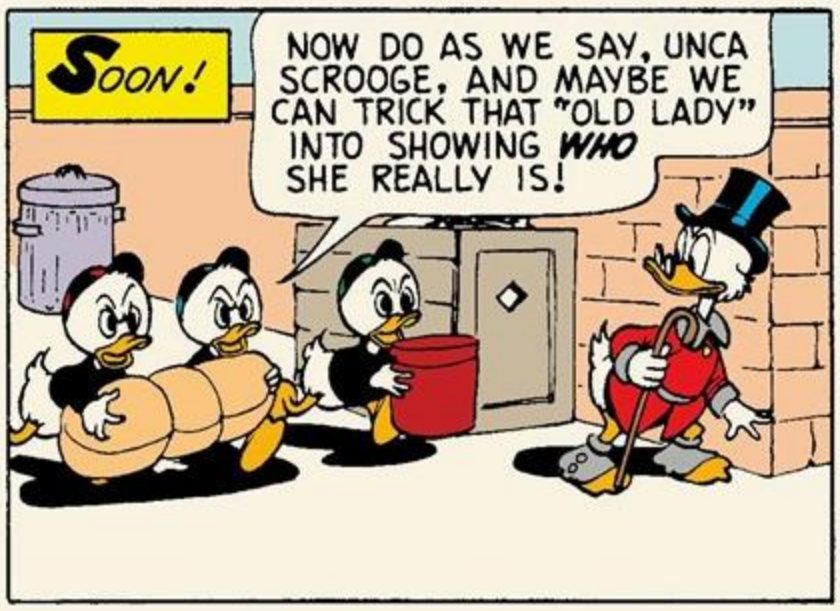

MR. McDUCK! MR. McDUCK! WE JUST CAUGHT UP WITH THE WITCH!...SHE'S ONLY A RAVEN WITH A CHANGEABLE FACE!


CHANGEABLE, STRANGEABLE! ONLY ONE PERSON CAN MAKE SORCERESS FACES ON DOGS AND RAVENS!
THE SORCERESS HERSELF!

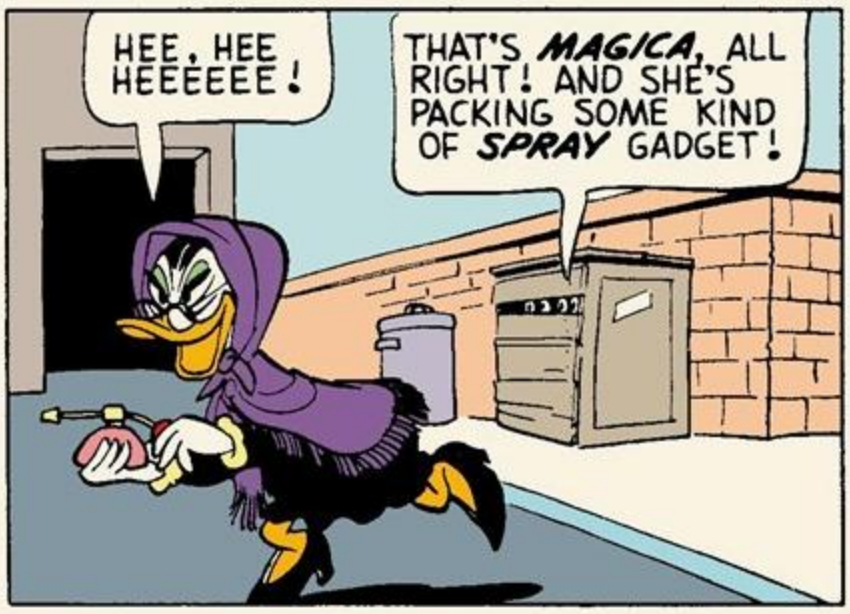

SHE'S IN TOWN! AND MY OLD DIME IS IN MY MONEY BIN ALL ALONE!
WAIT, UNCA SCROOGE! DON'T GO NEAR YOUR BIN! THAT'S WHERE SHE WANTS YOU!


SEE? SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU THERE BY THE BIN DOOR!
NO! THAT'S ONLY AN OLD LADY SELLING PERFUME!

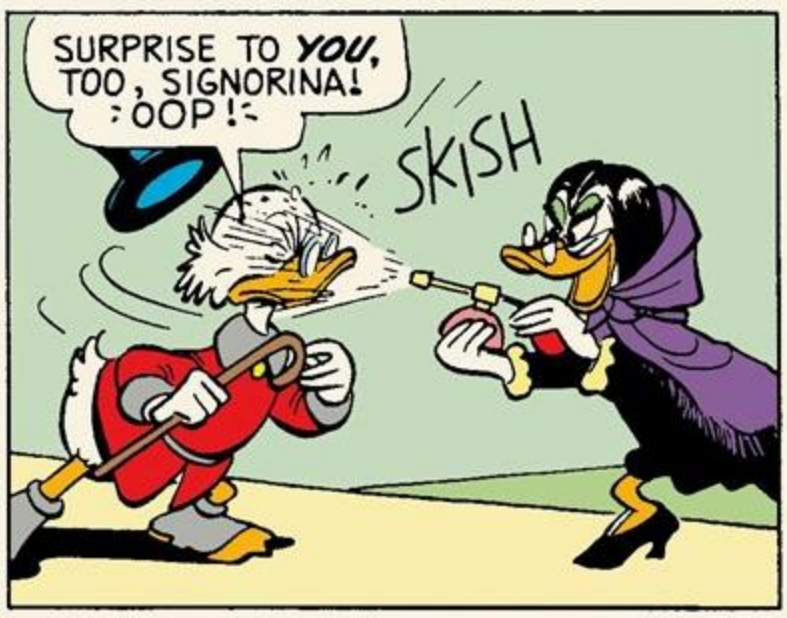

NEVER MIND! LET US KIDS INVESTIGATE BEFORE YOU SHOW YOURSELF IN WITCHING RANGE!

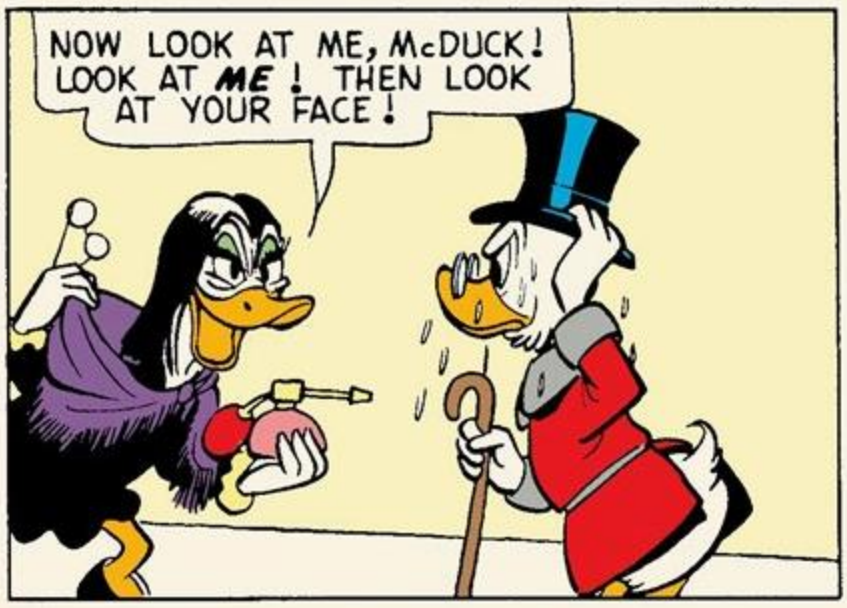

SOON!
NOW DO AS WE SAY, UNCA SCROOGE, AND MAYBE WE CAN TRICK THAT "OLD LADY" INTO SHOWING WHO SHE REALLY IS!

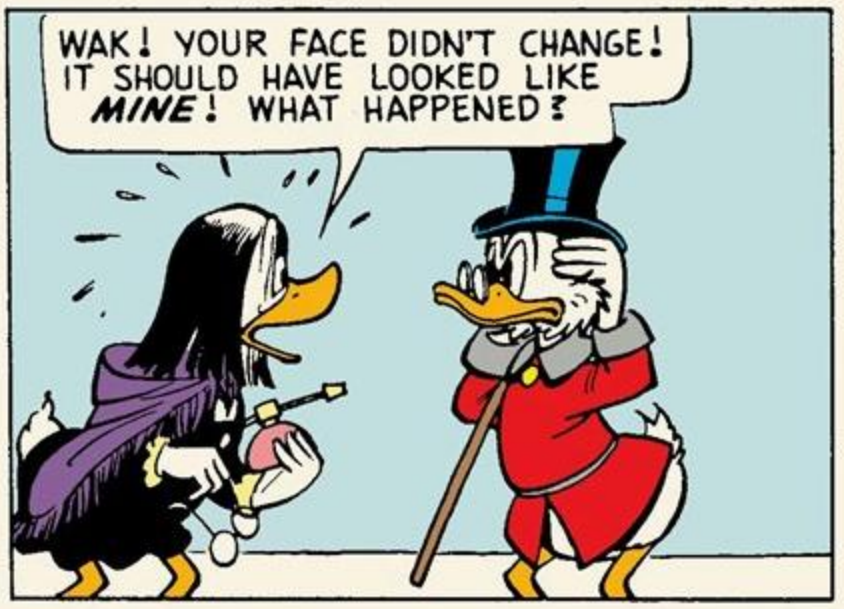

So-
AHA!... I SEE McDUCK! HE'S WALKING TOWARD THE PARK WHERE I CAN CORNER HIM EASILY!

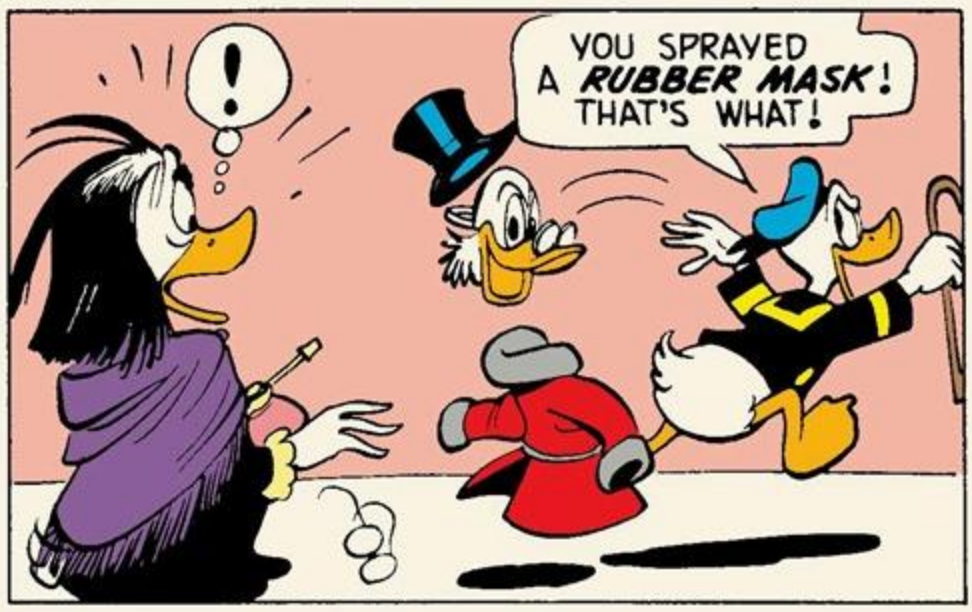

HEE, HEE HEEEEEE!
THAT'S MAGICA, ALL RIGHT! AND SHE'S PACKING SOME KIND OF SPRAY GADGET!

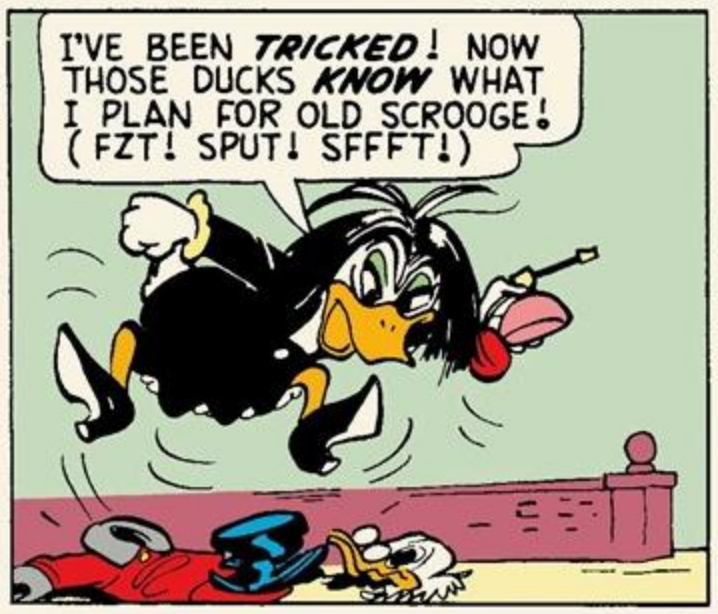

I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET THE KIDS TALK ME INTO THIS!
TURN AROUND, McDUCK, AND GET THE SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE!

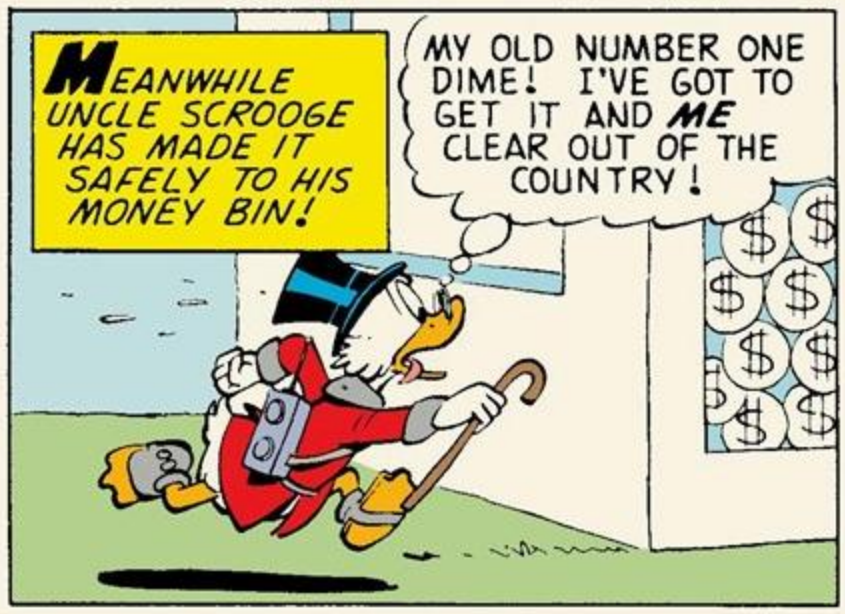

SURPRISE TO YOU, TOO, SIGNORINA!
:OOP!:
SKISH


NOW LOOK AT ME, McDUCK! LOOK AT ME! THEN LOOK AT YOUR FACE!

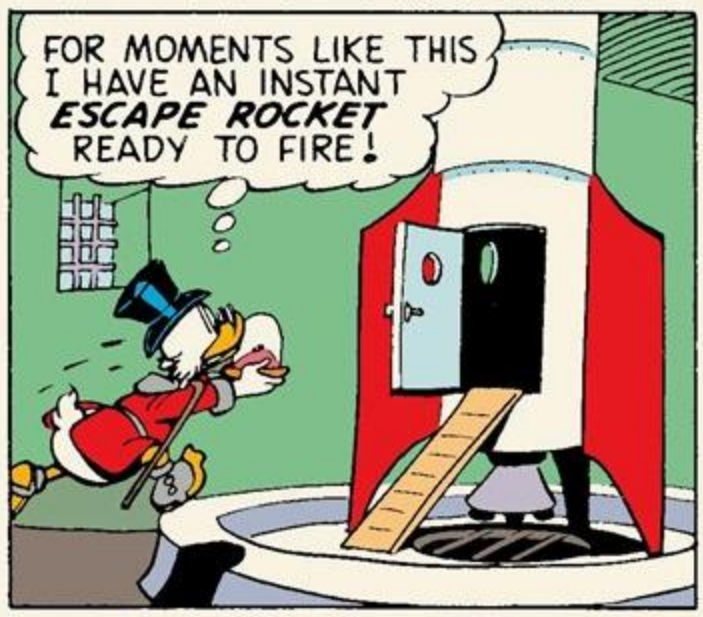

WAK! YOUR FACE DIDN'T CHANGE! IT SHOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE MINE! WHAT HAPPENED?

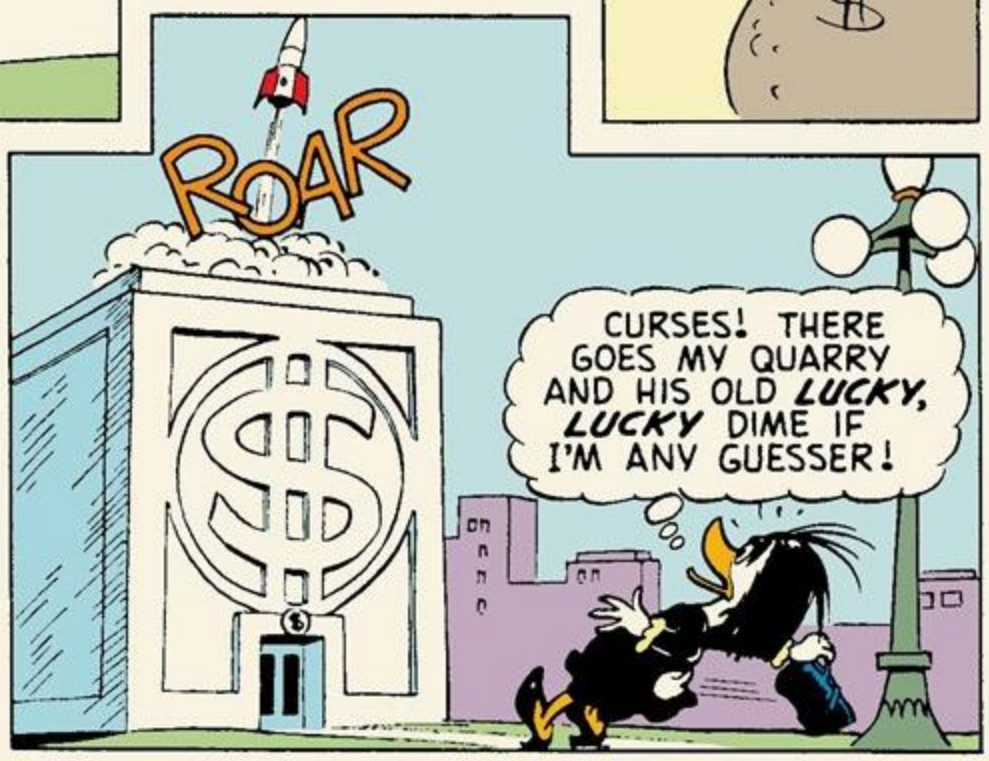

!
YOU SPRAYED A RUBBER MASK! THAT'S WHAT!

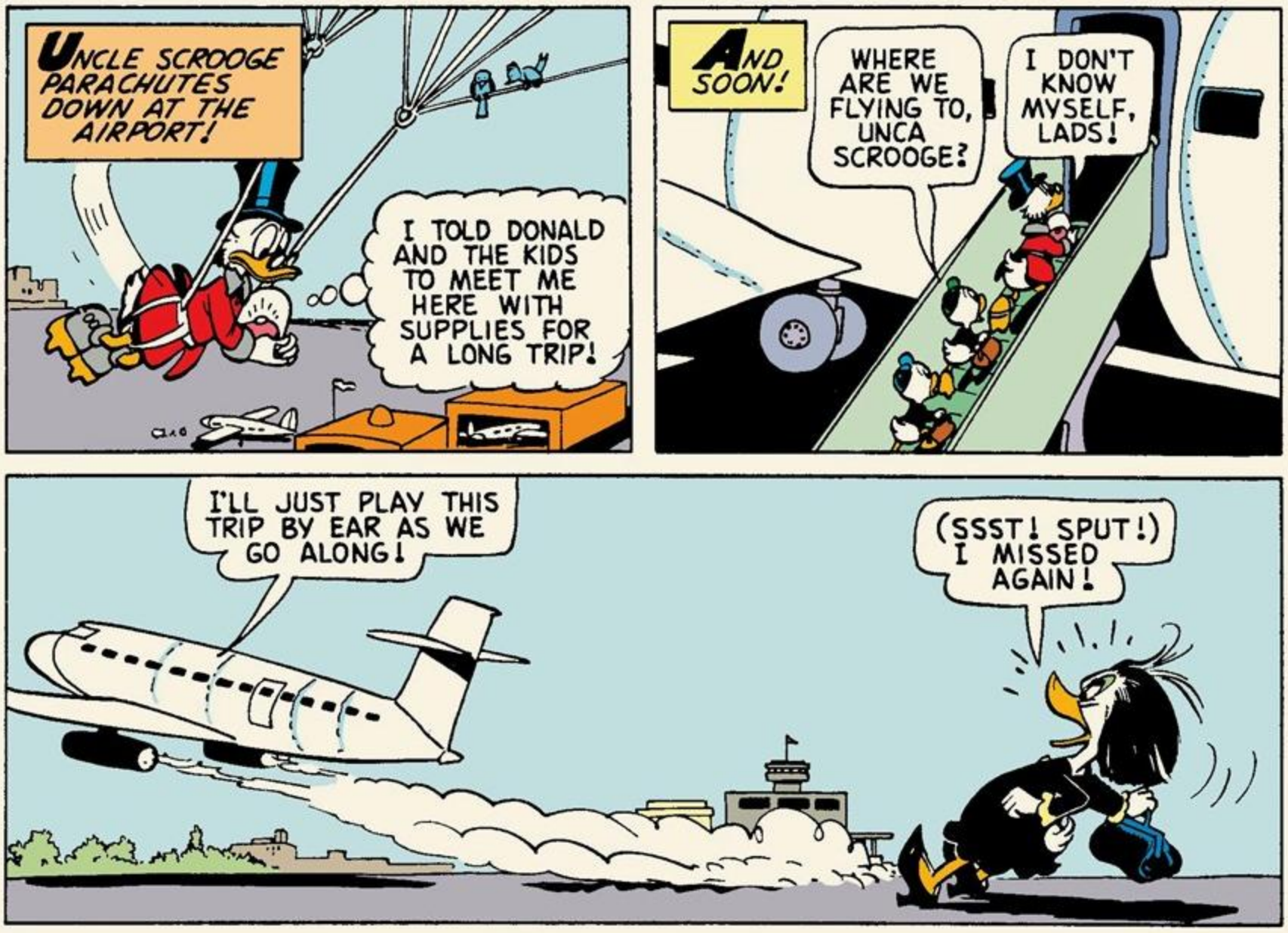

I'VE BEEN TRICKED! NOW THOSE DUCKS KNOW WHAT I PLAN FOR OLD SCROOGE! (FZT! SPUT! SFFFT!)

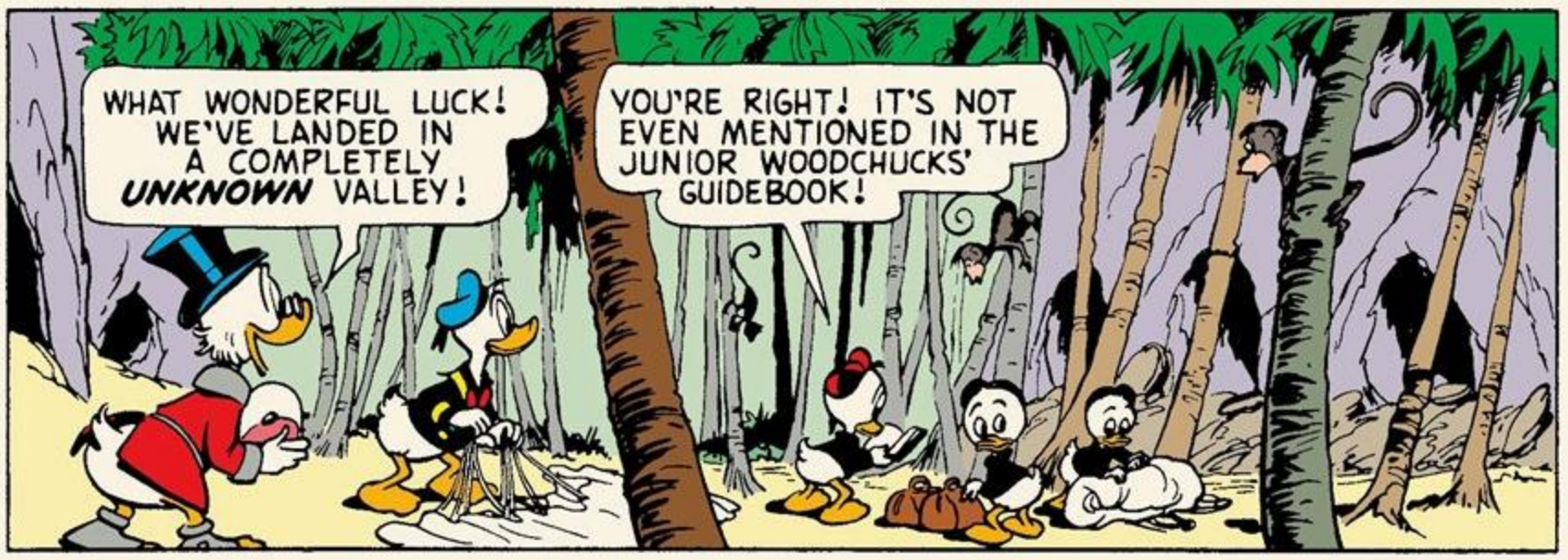

MEANWHILE UNCLE SCROOGE HAS MADE IT SAFELY TO HIS MONEY BIN!
MY OLD NUMBER ONE DIME! I'VE GOT TO GET IT AND ME CLEAR OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

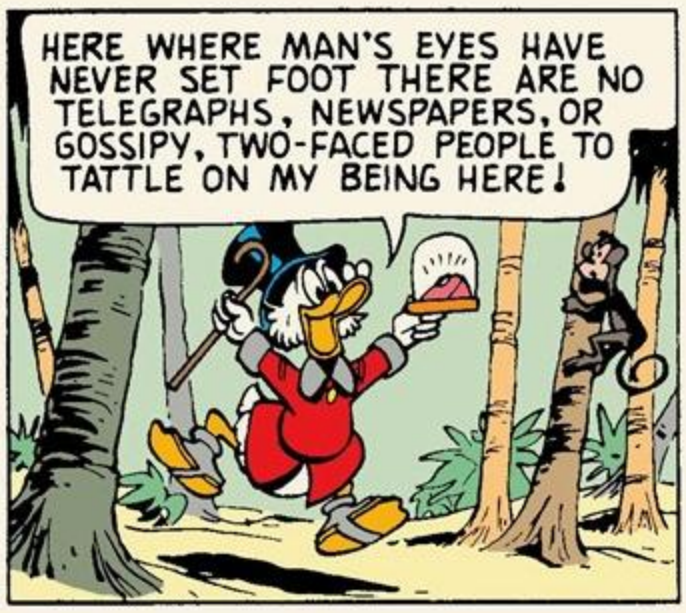

FROM THE GLEAM IN MAGICA'S EYES I DEDUCE THAT SHE ESPECIALLY WANTS A CRACK AT ME!

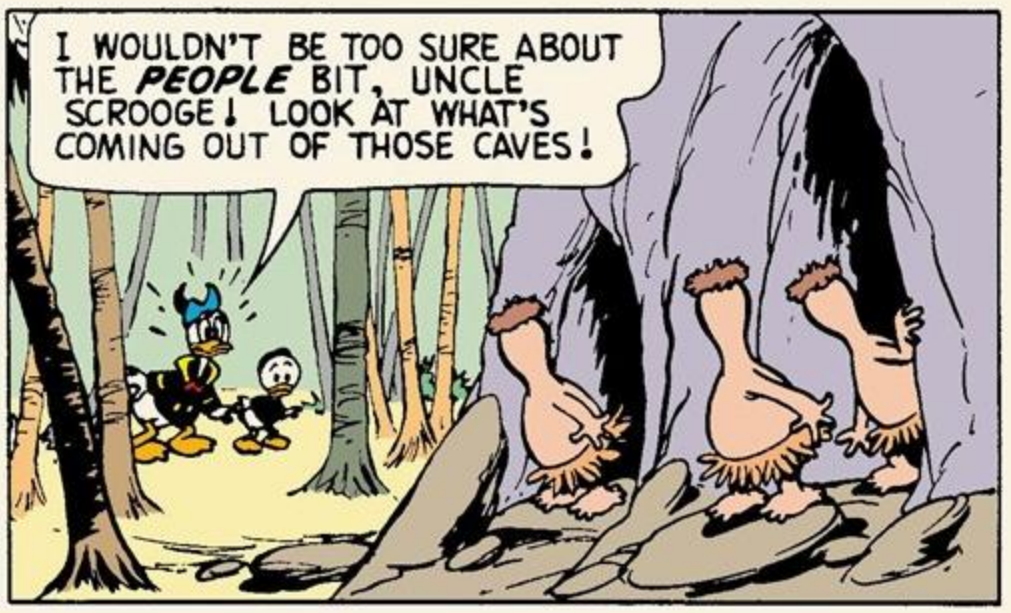

FOR MOMENTS LIKE THIS I HAVE AN INSTANT ESCAPE ROCKET READY TO FIRE!


ROAR
CURSES! THERE GOES MY QUARRY AND HIS OLD LUCKY, LUCKY DIME IF I'M ANY GUESSER!

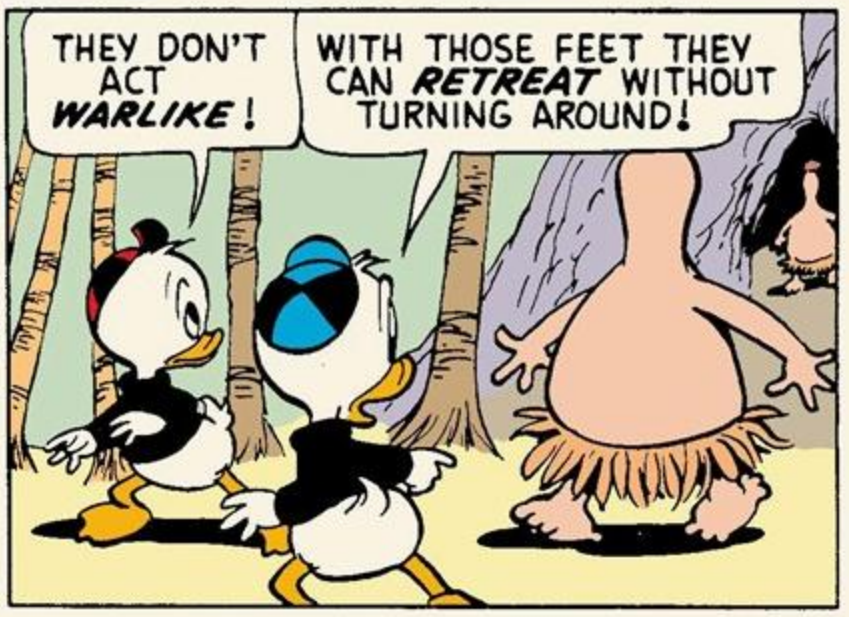

UNCLE SCROOGE PARACHUTES DOWN AT THE AIRPORT!
I TOLD DONALD AND THE KIDS TO MEET ME HERE WITH SUPPLIES FOR A LONG TRIP!
AND SOON!
WHERE ARE WE FLYING TO, UNCA SCROOGE?
I DON'T KNOW MYSELF, LADS!
I'LL JUST PLAY THIS TRIP BY EAR AS WE GO ALONG!
(SSST! SPUT!) I MISSED AGAIN!
OH, WELL! OF THE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN MILLION SQUARE MILES ON THIS EARTH, McDUCK WILL HAVE TO HIDE IN ONE OF THEM! I'LL FIND HIM!
FAR, FAR AWAY!
MAN! LOOK AT THAT VAST TRACKLESS JUNGLE BELOW!
THE PILOT CALLS IT THE JUNGLE OF NOWHERE!
NOBODY'S EVER EXPLORED IT! NO MAP SHOWS ITS LOCATION! IT'S TRULY NOWHERE—A PERFECT HIDING PLACE! PREPARE TO JUMP, LADS!
THIS WIND IS BLOWING US FORTY MILES FROM WHERE WE JUMPED!
WON'T MATTER! STILL PLENTY OF HIDING ROOM OUT HERE FORTY MILES FROM NOWHERE!

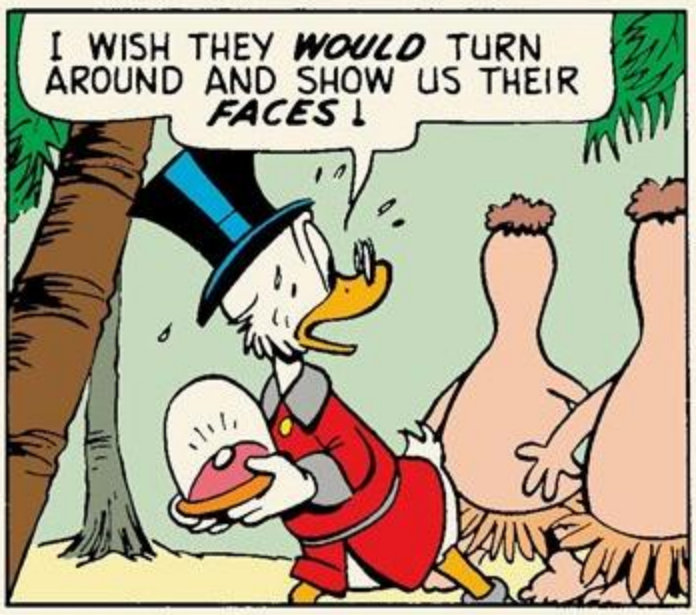

WHAT WONDERFUL LUCK! WE'VE LANDED IN A COMPLETELY *UNKNOWN* VALLEY!
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S NOT EVEN MENTIONED IN THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS' GUIDEBOOK!

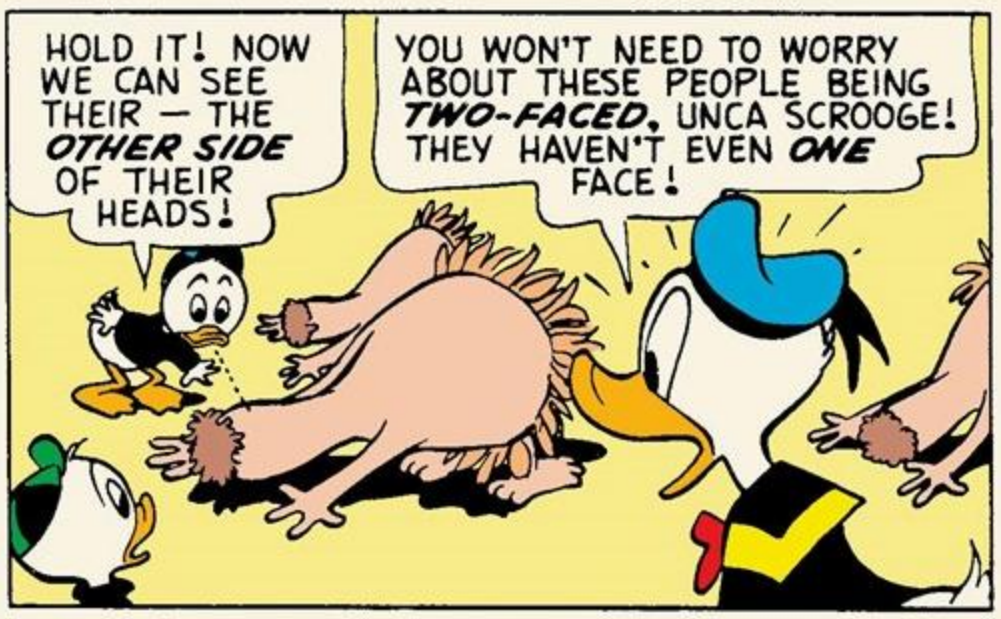

HERE WHERE MAN'S EYES HAVE NEVER SET FOOT THERE ARE NO TELEGRAPHS, NEWSPAPERS, OR GOSSIPY, TWO-FACED PEOPLE TO TATTLE ON MY BEING HERE!


I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THE *PEOPLE* BIT, UNCLE SCROOGE! LOOK AT WHAT'S COMING OUT OF THOSE CAVES!


BASHFUL SORT OF PEOPLE WHO SEEM TO BE WALKING TOWARD US *BACKWARD*!


THEY DON'T ACT *WARLIKE*!
WITH THOSE FEET THEY CAN *RETREAT* WITHOUT TURNING AROUND!


I WISH THEY *WOULD* TURN AROUND AND SHOW US THEIR *FACES*!


HOLD IT! NOW WE CAN SEE THEIR — THE *OTHER SIDE* OF THEIR HEADS!
YOU WON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THESE PEOPLE BEING *TWO-FACED*, UNCA SCROOGE! THEY HAVEN'T EVEN *ONE* FACE!

UNCLE SCROOGE HAS LANDED IN THE NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN VALLEY OF THE FACELESS PEOPLE! HE SOON LEARNS THAT HIS HOSTS HAVE NO WRITTEN OR SPOKEN LANGUAGE!

I DON'T EVEN HEAR THESE PEOPLE GRUNT, UNCLE SCROOGE!

GREAT! THAT MEANS THEY'LL NEVER TELL ANYBODY THAT I'M HIDING HERE!

AND I LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE CAVES! IF THESE PEOPLE DON'T MIND, I'LL RENT ONE AND MOVE IN — WAY BACK IN!

SOON UNCLE SCROOGE IS UNDER COVER IN HIS PERFECT HIDING PLACE!

RADAR, SONAR EYES-IN-THE-SKY — NOTHING KNOWN TO MANKIND CAN FIND ME HERE!

WE KIDS WON'T GO OUTSIDE WITHOUT WEARING PROPER DISGUISES!

OLD DIME, I THINK I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU FROM THAT WILY WITCH!

UNCLE SCROOGE DOESN'T REALIZE THE TERRIBLE POWER OF SORCERY!

THERE ARE WAYS TO TRACE SKULKING PERSONS! WAYS AND WAYS AND WAYS!

MAGICA SORCERY SHOP

RATFACE, I HAVE WORK FOR YOU!

BROADCAST THIS DESCRIPTION OF McDUCK BY *BIRD TELEGRAPH!*

IF I DO, WILL YOU INVENT A POTION TO RESTORE MY RAVEN FACE?

DOOM DUST

YES, YES! NOW GET BUSY ON THAT MESSAGE!

HMM! "WHO HAS SEEN AN OLD DUCK WITH SIDEBURNS, GLASSES, ETC, ETC?"

CAWR! CAWK! KERWAWK!

FAR OFF, OTHER RAVENS REPEAT THE CALLS!

CAWR! CAWK! KERWAWK!

CAWR! CAWK! KERWAWK!

OTHER BIRDS REPEAT THE MESSAGE IN THEIR OWN SPECIAL TONGUE!

TWEE! CHEET! WHIRRUP!

CHIK! CHIK! CHIKKAREE!

TWIRP! FWEEP! CHIRP!

CHA-BEEP!

TWITTTTER!

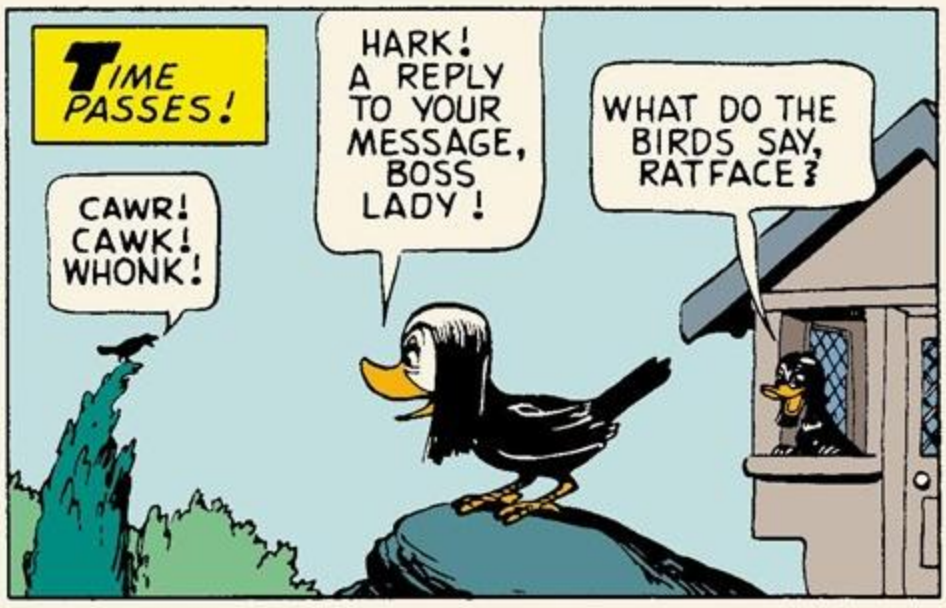
WHEEEP!

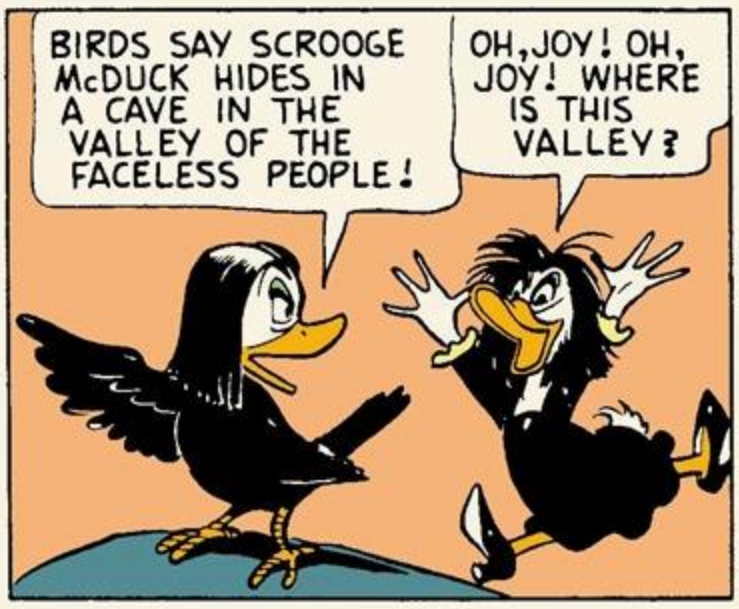
LIKE RIPPLES ON A POND THE SORCERESS' MESSAGE GOES ON AND ON, SPREADING OVER THE FACE OF ALL THE WORLD!

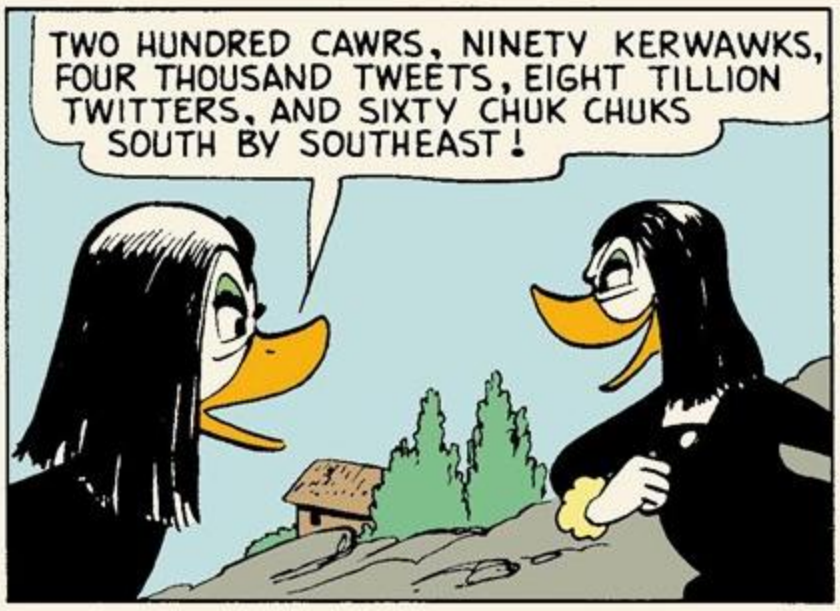
CAW! WHEET! TWIT! CHEEP! CHIP! WHIRRUP!

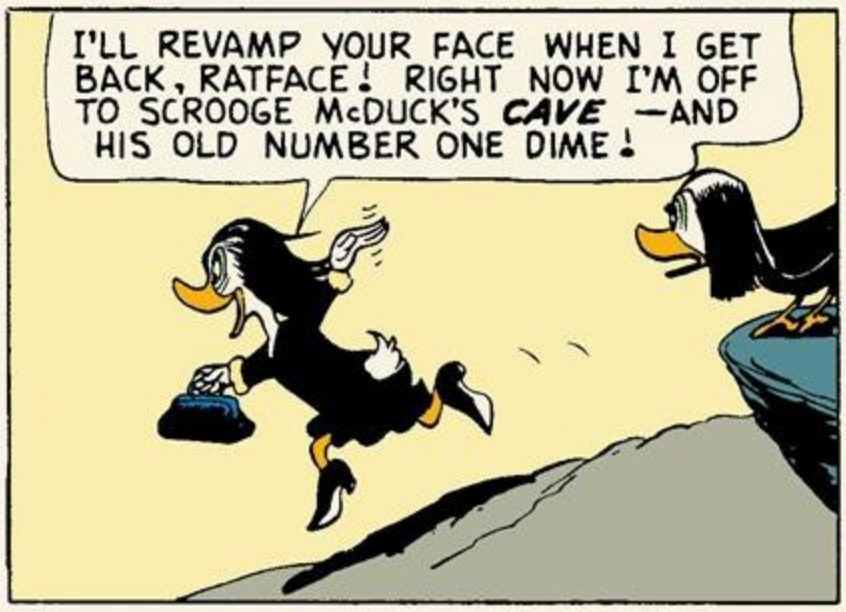
IT IS EVEN HEARD IN THE VALLEY OF THE FACELESS PEOPLE!

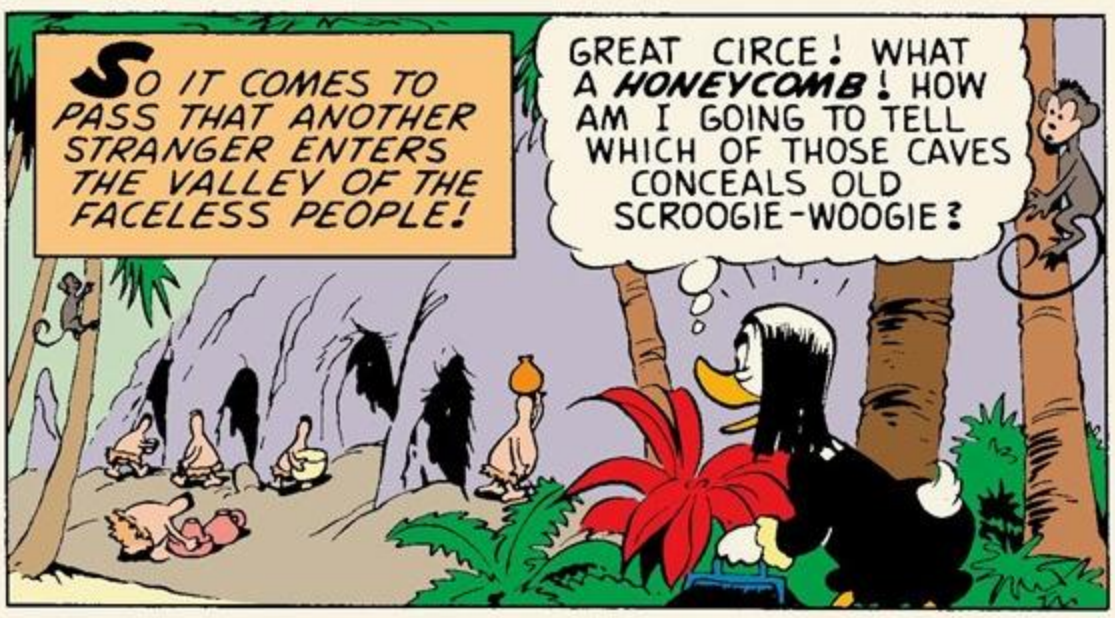
CHREE! CHUK! CHUK!

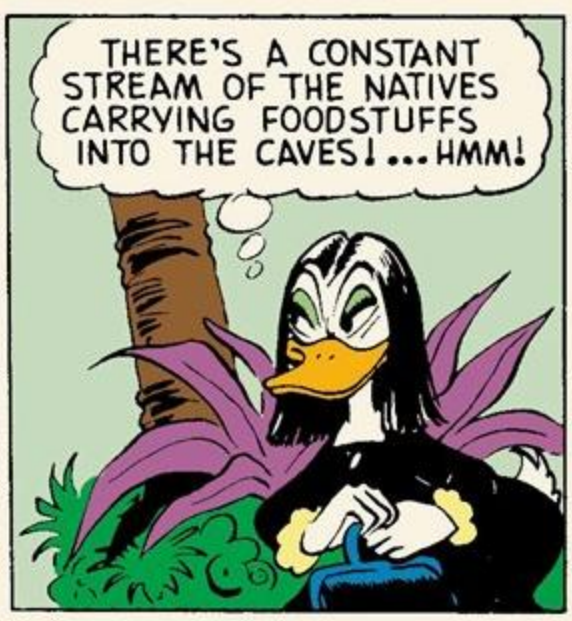

TIME PASSES!
CAWR! CAWK! WHONK!
HARK! A REPLY TO YOUR MESSAGE, BOSS LADY!
WHAT DO THE BIRDS SAY, RATFACE?


BIRDS SAY SCROOGE McDUCK HIDES IN A CAVE IN THE VALLEY OF THE FACELESS PEOPLE!
OH, JOY! OH, JOY! WHERE IS THIS VALLEY?

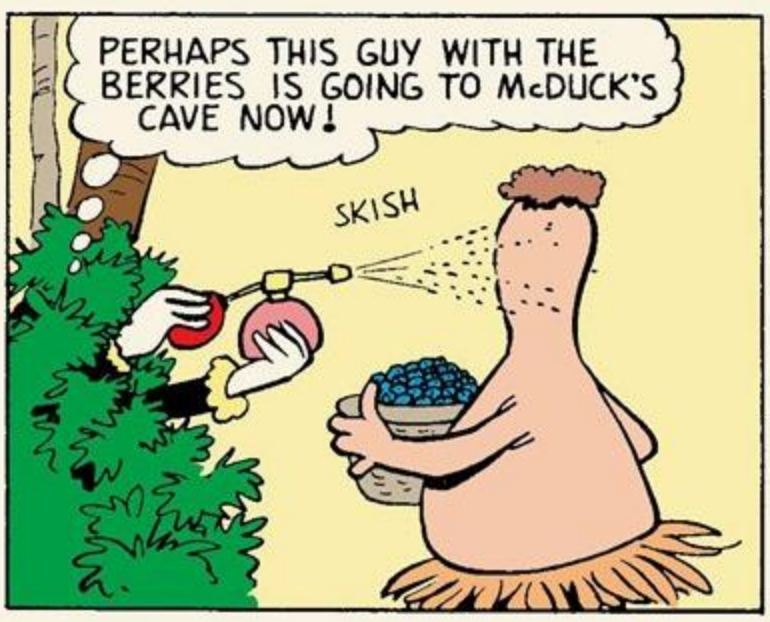

TWO HUNDRED CAWRS, NINETY KERWAWKS, FOUR THOUSAND TWEETS, EIGHT TILLION TWITTERS, AND SIXTY CHUK CHUKS SOUTH BY SOUTHEAST!

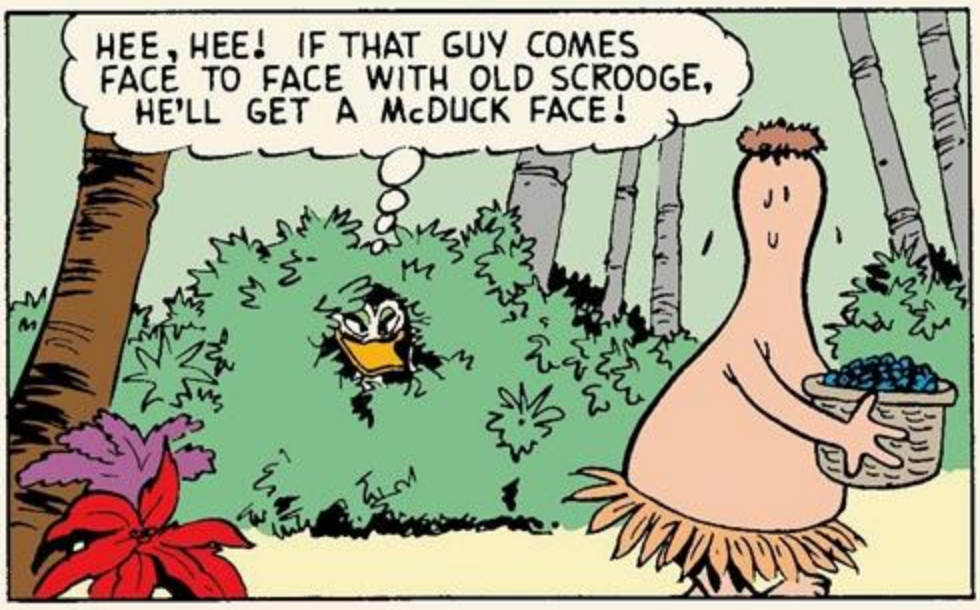

I'LL REVAMP YOUR FACE WHEN I GET BACK, RATFACE! RIGHT NOW I'M OFF TO SCROOGE McDUCK'S CAVE —AND HIS OLD NUMBER ONE DIME!


SO IT COMES TO PASS THAT ANOTHER STRANGER ENTERS THE VALLEY OF THE FACELESS PEOPLE!
GREAT CIRCE! WHAT A HONEYCOMB! HOW AM I GOING TO TELL WHICH OF THOSE CAVES CONCEALS OLD SCROOGIE-WOOGIE?

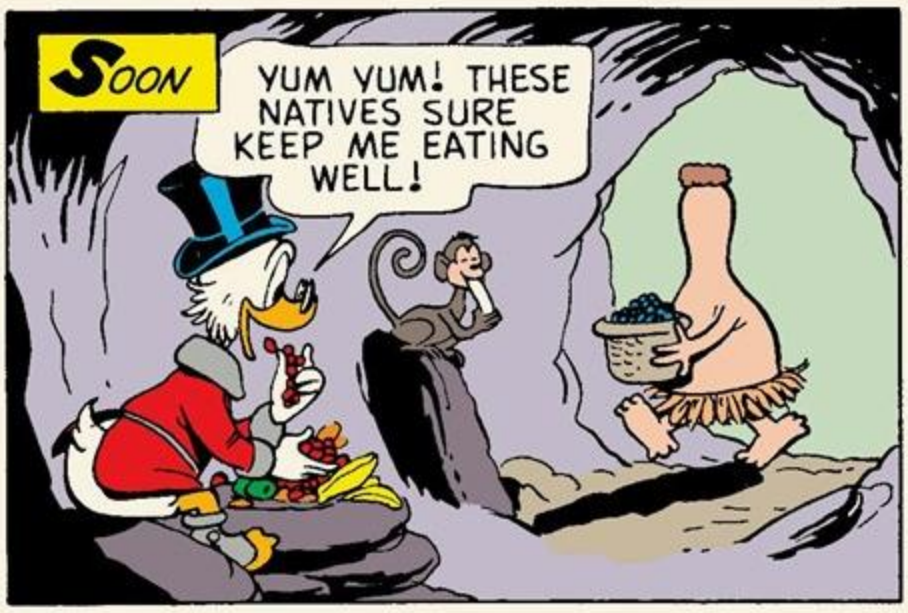

THERE'S A CONSTANT STREAM OF THE NATIVES CARRYING FOODSTUFFS INTO THE CAVES! ... HMM!

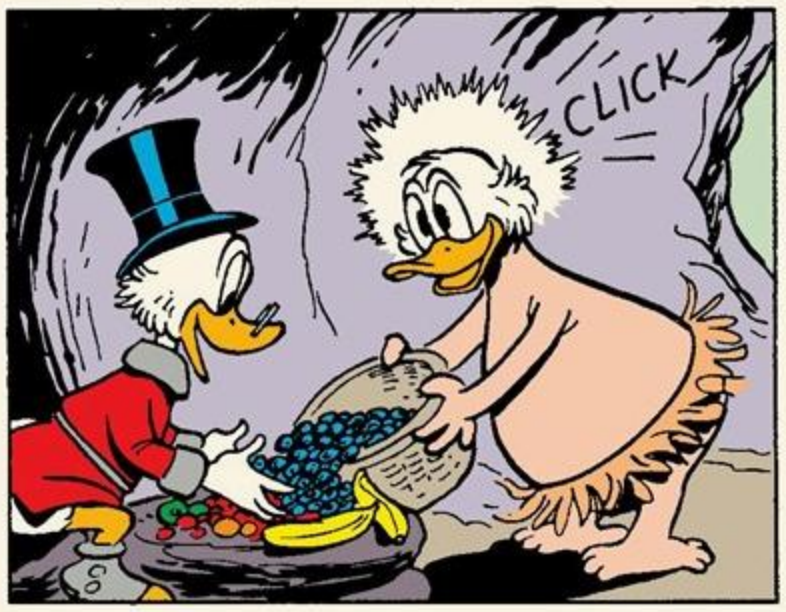

OBVIOUSLY SOME OF THEM ARE TAKING GROCERIES TO OLD McDUCK! MY LITTLE OLD FORMULA WILL HELP THEM TO LEAD ME TO HIM!

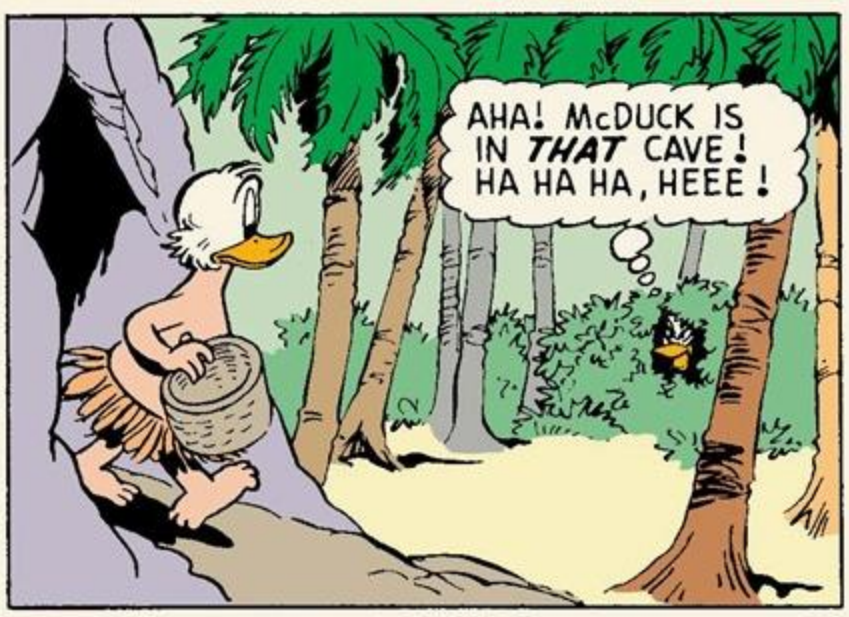

PERHAPS THIS GUY WITH THE BERRIES IS GOING TO McDUCK'S CAVE NOW!
SKISH

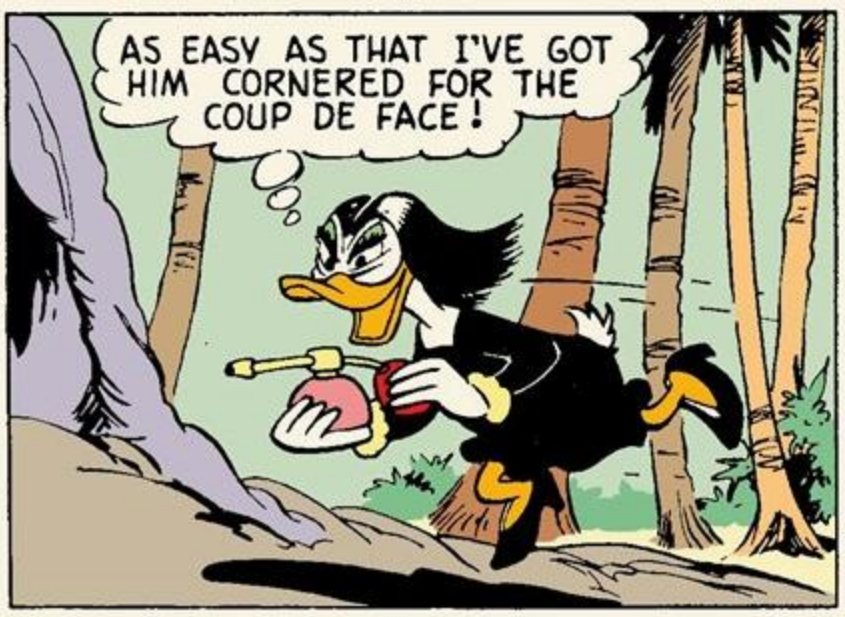

HEE, HEE! IF THAT GUY COMES FACE TO FACE WITH OLD SCROOGE, HE'LL GET A McDUCK FACE!


AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS NOTE WHICH CAVE HE LEAVES!

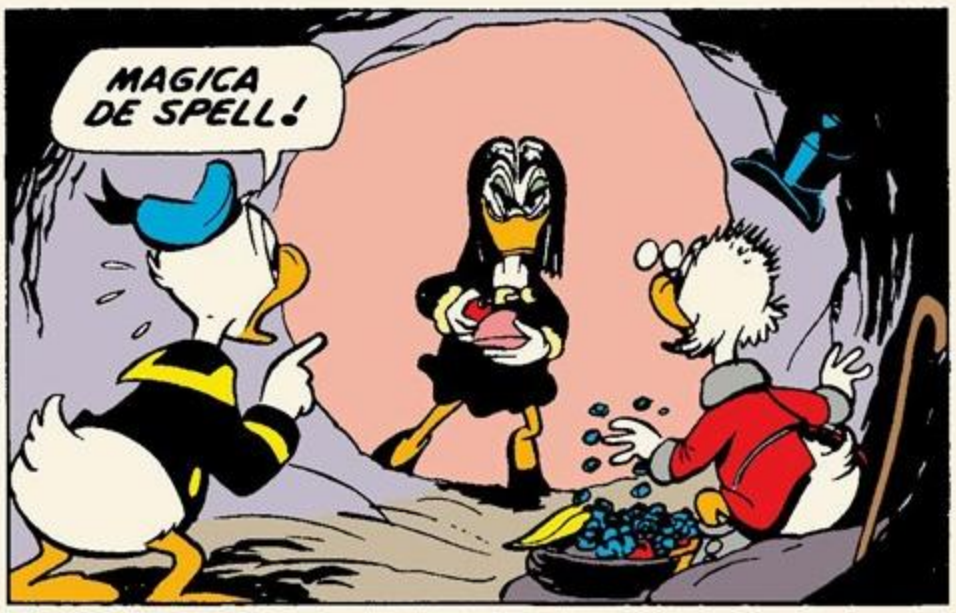

SOON
YUM YUM! THESE NATIVES SURE KEEP ME EATING WELL!


CLICK


AHA! McDUCK IS IN THAT CAVE! HA HA HA, HEEE!

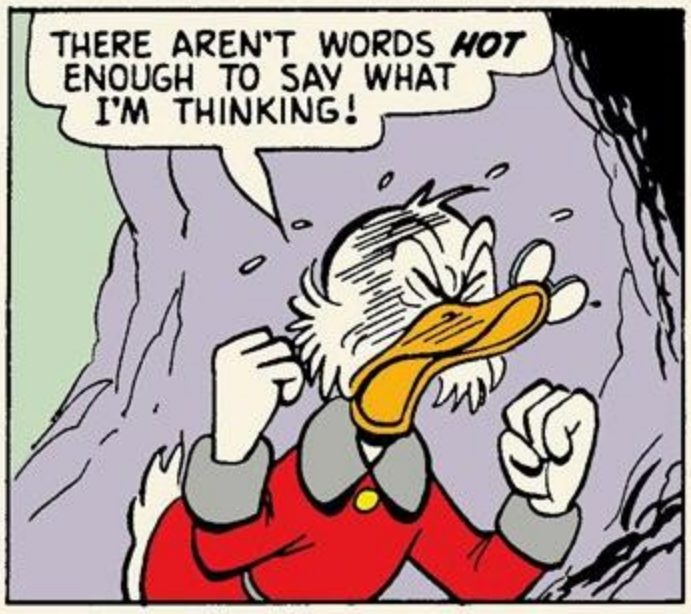

AS EASY AS THAT I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED FOR THE COUP DE FACE!


HAVE SOME BERRIES, DONALD!... WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?

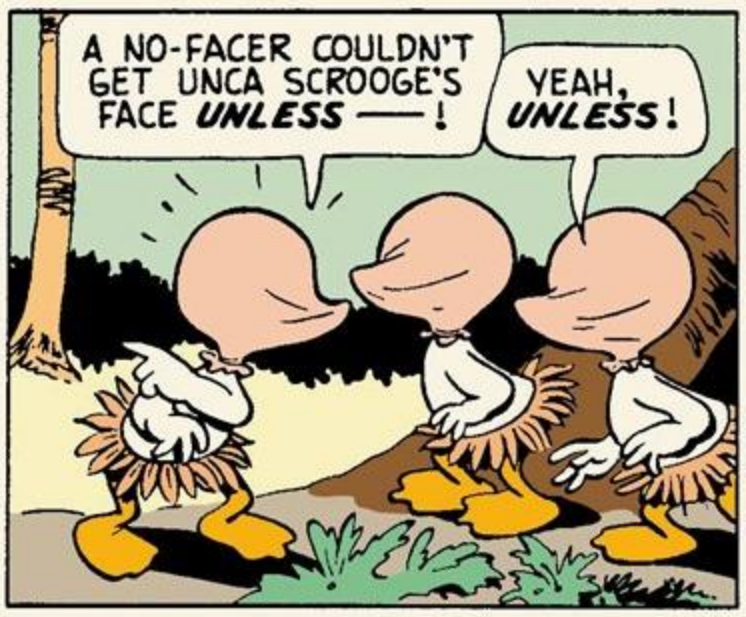

MAGICA DE SPELL!

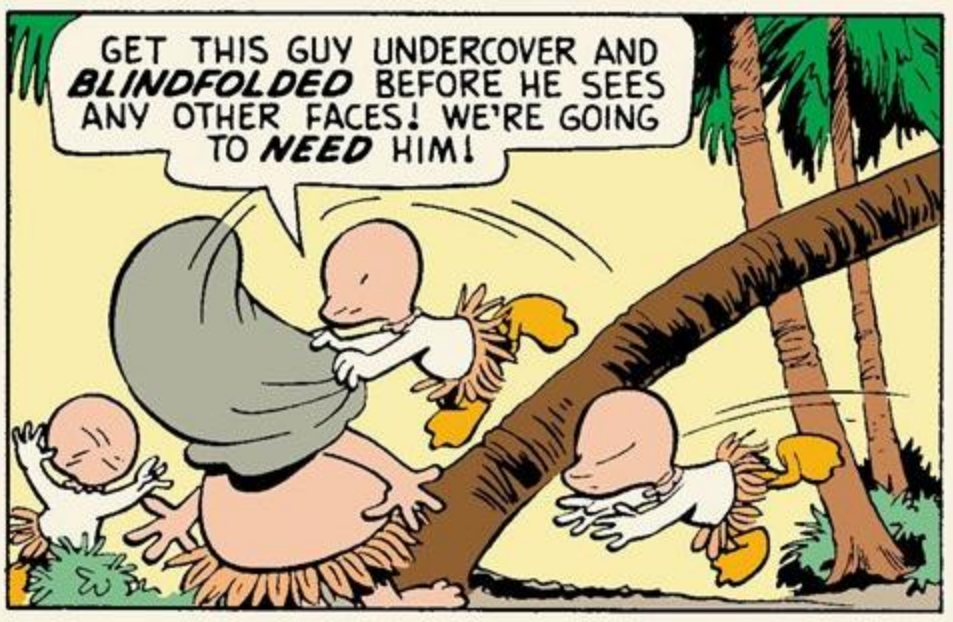

SQUISH

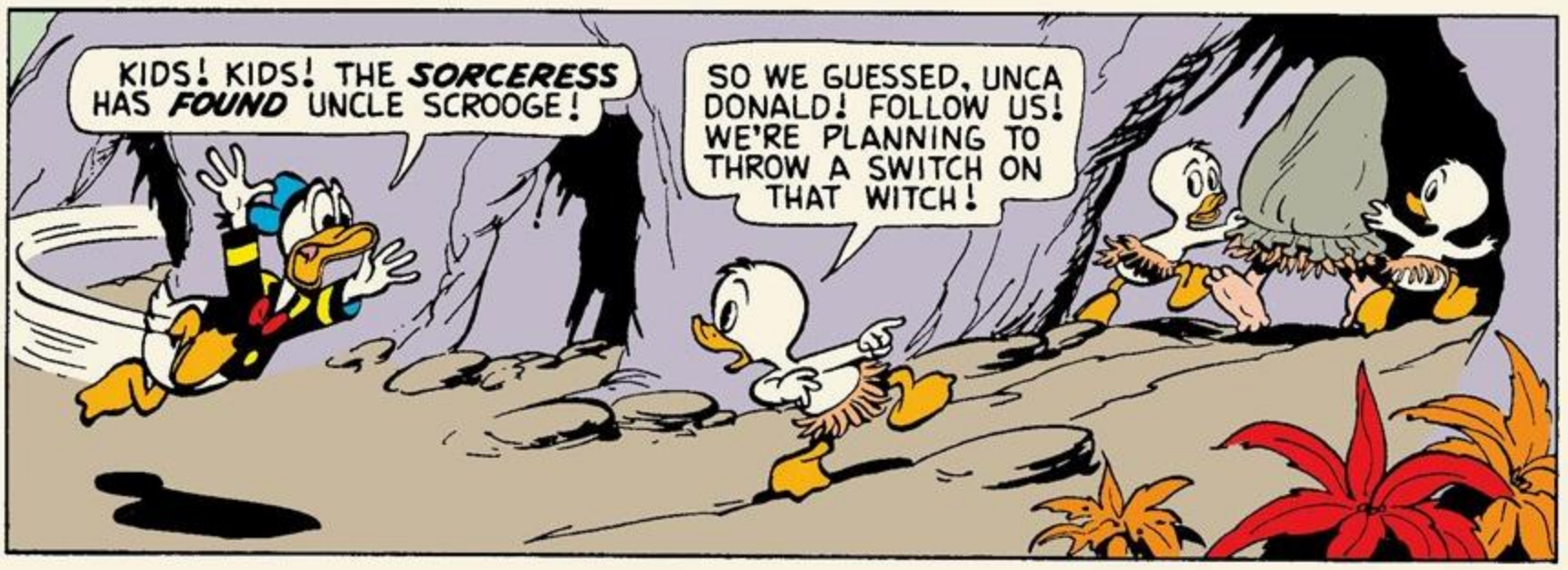

NOW WE'LL START TALKING, McDUCK, ABOUT A TRADE YOU'LL BE MOST ANXIOUS TO MAKE!
I WOULDN'T DARE TALK RIGHT NOW, LADY!

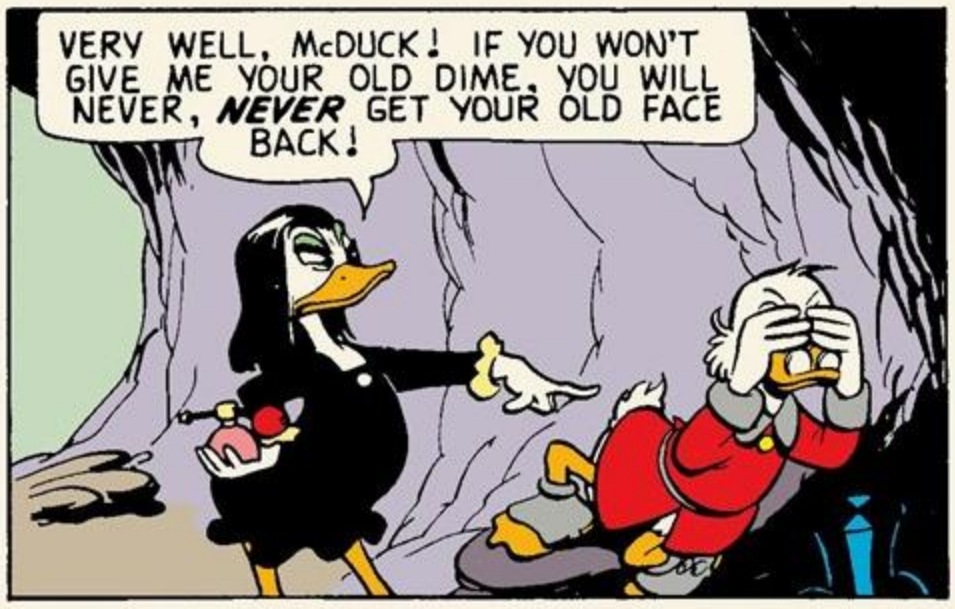

THERE AREN'T WORDS HOT ENOUGH TO SAY WHAT I'M THINKING!


OUTSIDE!
HEY, LOOK! THERE'S UNCA SCROOGE WALKING AROUND TAKING THE SUN!
NO! NO! NOT WITH THAT FIGURE!


A NO-FACER COULDN'T GET UNCA SCROOGE'S FACE UNLESS ——!
YEAH, UNLESS!


GET THIS GUY UNDERCOVER AND BLINDFOLDED BEFORE HE SEES ANY OTHER FACES! WE'RE GOING TO NEED HIM!

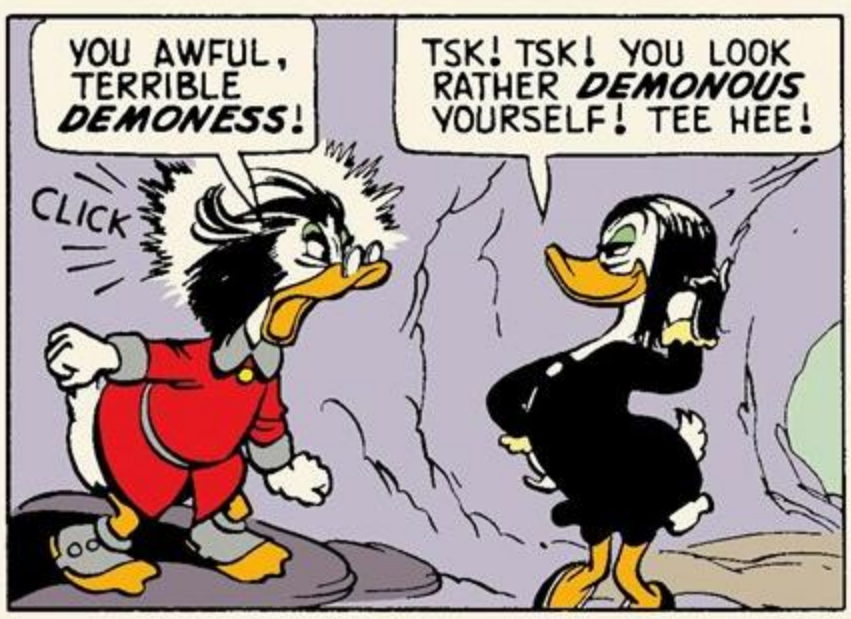

KIDS! KIDS! THE SORCERESS HAS FOUND UNCLE SCROOGE!
SO WE GUESSED, UNCA DONALD! FOLLOW US! WE'RE PLANNING TO THROW A SWITCH ON THAT WITCH!


VERY WELL, McDUCK! IF YOU WON'T GIVE ME YOUR OLD DIME, YOU WILL NEVER, NEVER GET YOUR OLD FACE BACK!

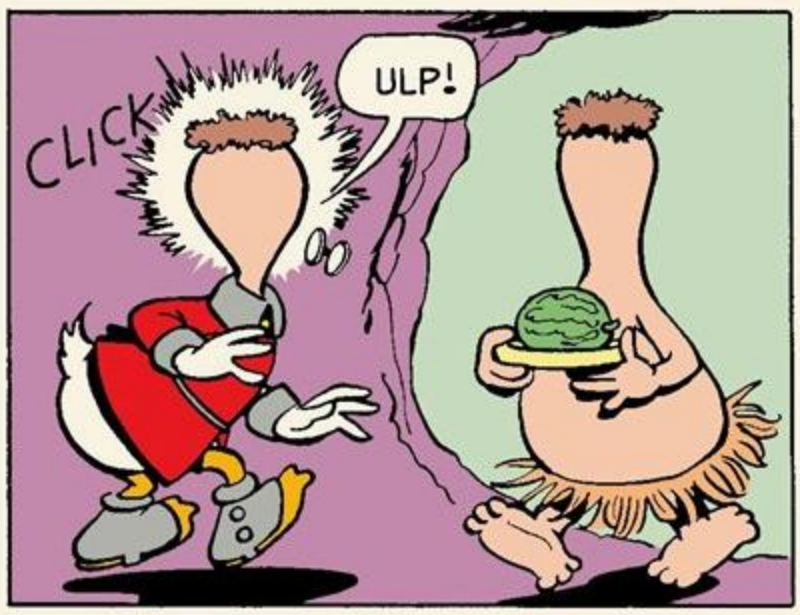

I WON'T LET IT GO! I'LL FOIL YOUR SORCERY! I'LL NEVER LOOK AT ANOTHER FACE!

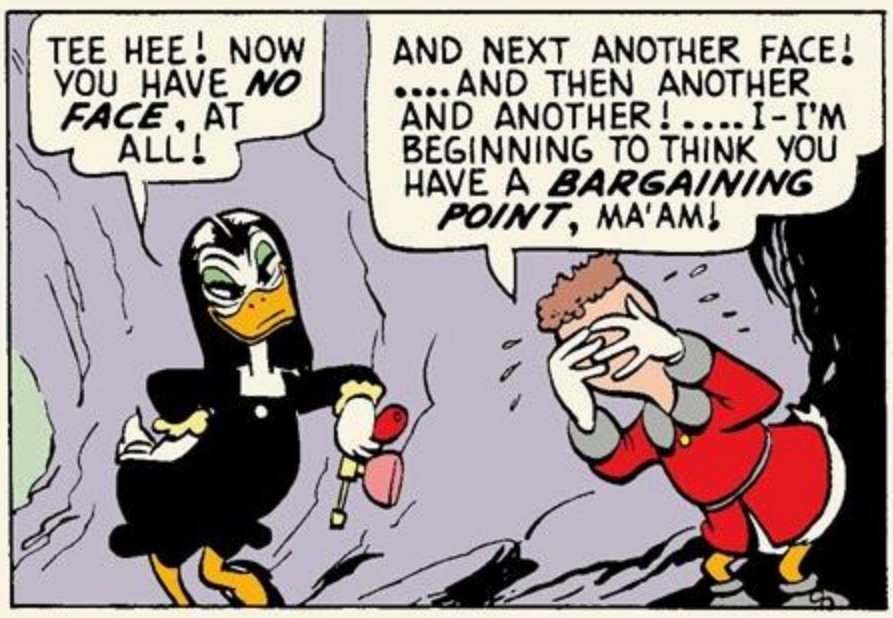

CHIK!


OH,OH! TOO LATE! I'VE TURNED INTO A MONKEY!
CLICK
?


YOU AWFUL, TERRIBLE DEMONESS!
TSK! TSK! YOU LOOK RATHER DEMONOUS YOURSELF! TEE HEE!
CLICK


I CAN'T STAND IT! LET ME GO SOMEWHERE AND EXPLODE!


CLICK
ULP!


TEE HEE! NOW YOU HAVE NO FACE, AT ALL!
AND NEXT ANOTHER FACE! ....AND THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER!....I-I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU HAVE A BARGAINING POINT, MA'AM!

KEEP YOUR FACES COVERED SO MAGICA CAN'T *SPRAY* YOU!

AND BE READY TO *AMBUSH* HER WHEN SHE COMES OUT!

NOW IT'S AGREED THAT IF I GIVE YOU MY OLD DIME, YOU'LL *REMOVE* THIS CURSE FROM MY FACE?

OH, YES! YES, *INDEED*, McDUCK! TEE, HEE!

OKAY! LET ME HAVE MY OLD FACE BACK!

CLICK

HA HA, HEEEE! *SOMETIME*, McDUCK!... SOMETIME!

RIGHT NOW I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF THERE *IS* A WAY TO RESTORE YOUR FACE! *GOODBYE*!

MY GIRLISH INSTINCT TELLS ME I MIGHT BE *AMBUSHED* OUTSIDE THAT DOORWAY!

I'LL JUST CLEAR THE WAY WITH A *FOOF BOMB*!

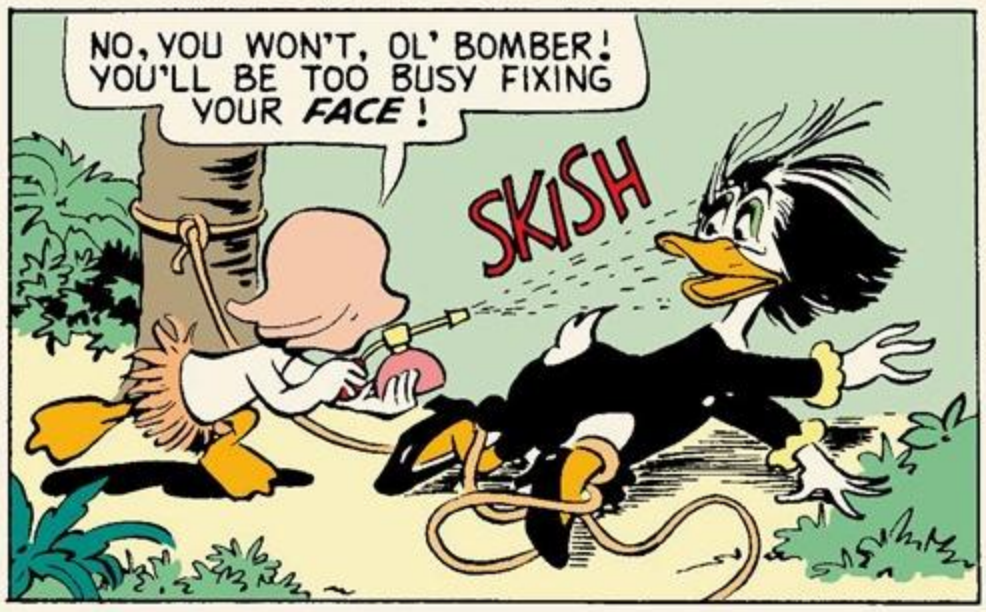
FOOF

HEE, HEE, HEE!

WE KINDA FIGURED YOU'D TOSS A FOOFER OUT THAT DOOR, MAGICA!

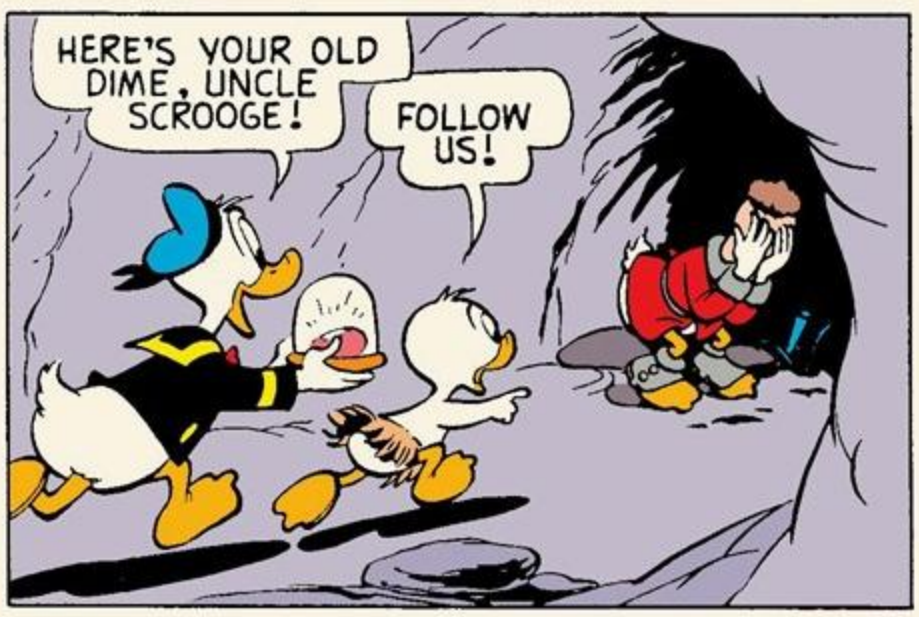
SPLAT


GRAB
SNATCH
(SCREECH! SSFFT! YOWL!)
COME BACK WITH MY THINGS!
I'LL VAPORIZE YOU BRATS
WITH SUPER FOOF BOMBS!
GRAB

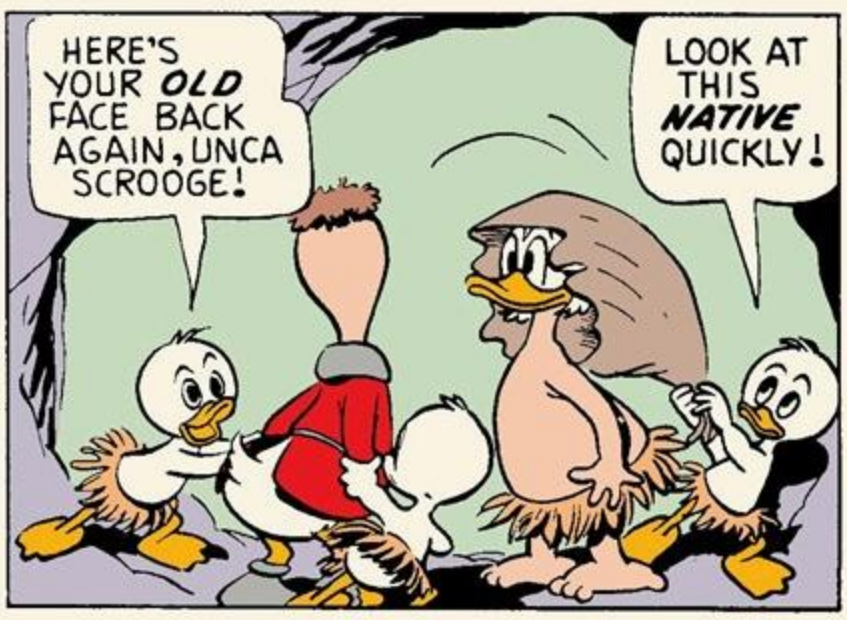

NO, YOU WON'T, OL' BOMBER!
YOU'LL BE TOO BUSY FIXING
YOUR *FACE*!
SKISH

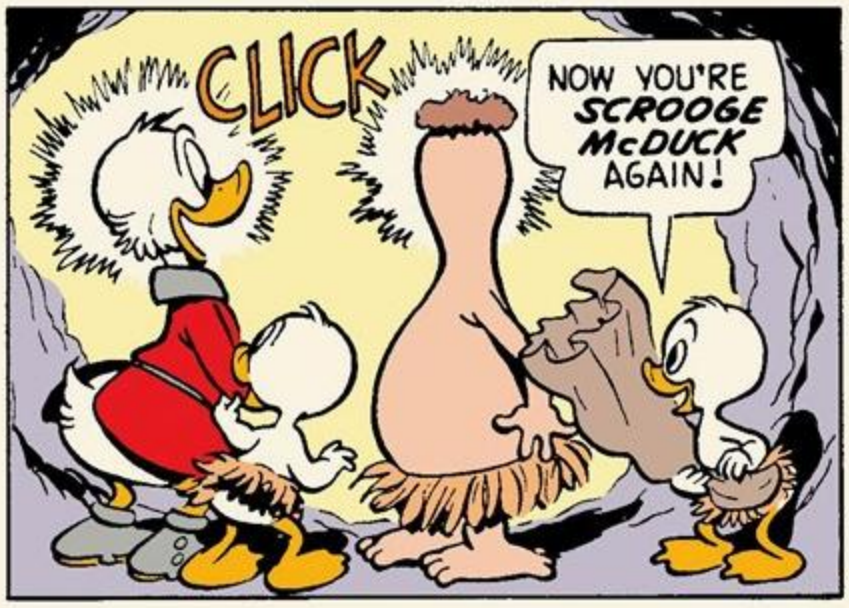

OH, OH, OH, OH!


CHIK!
SCREEEEEEE!
SCREECH!!
CLICK

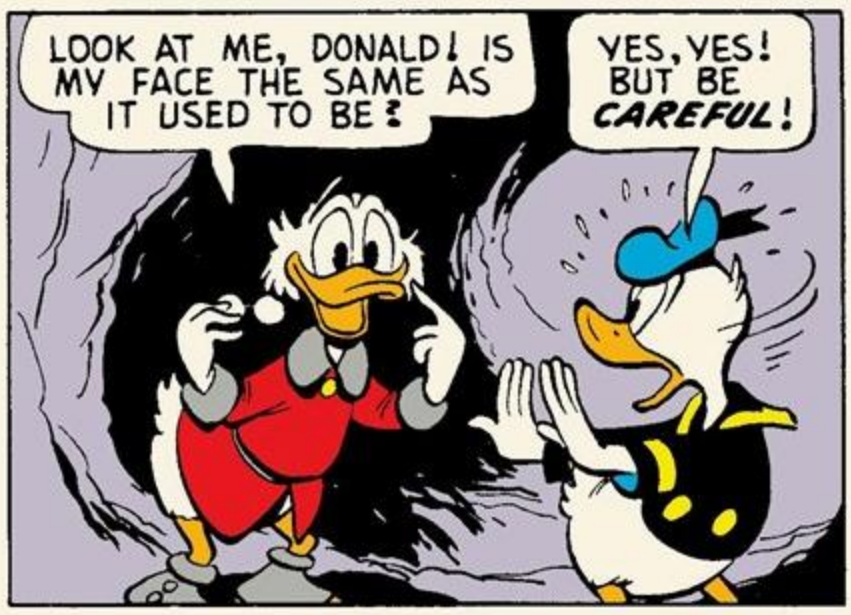

HERE'S YOUR OLD
DIME, UNCLE
SCROOGE!
FOLLOW
US!

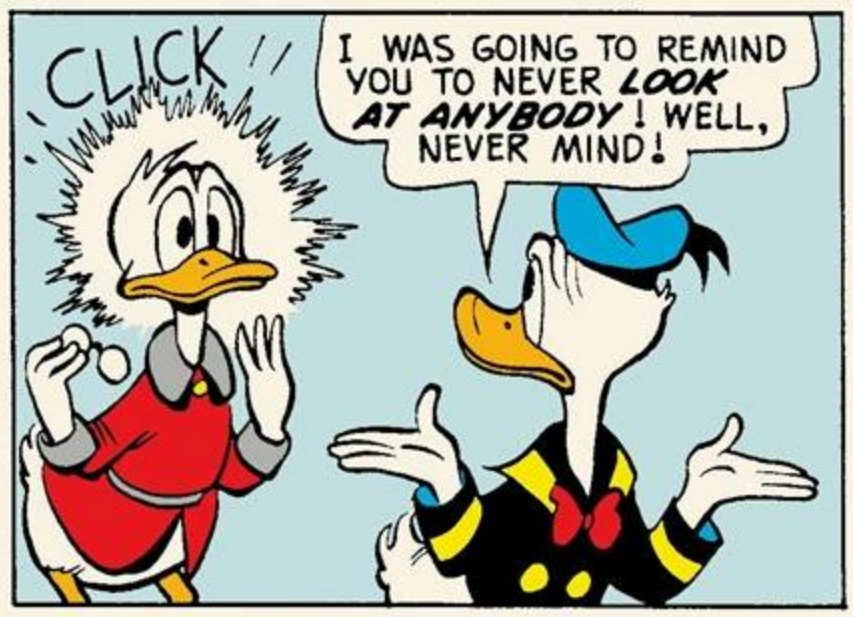

I DON'T CARE IF I EVER GO
ANYPLACE AGAIN, LADS!
I'M ASHAMED TO BE SEEN
WITH THIS FICKLE FACE!
FOLLOW
US, WE
SAY!

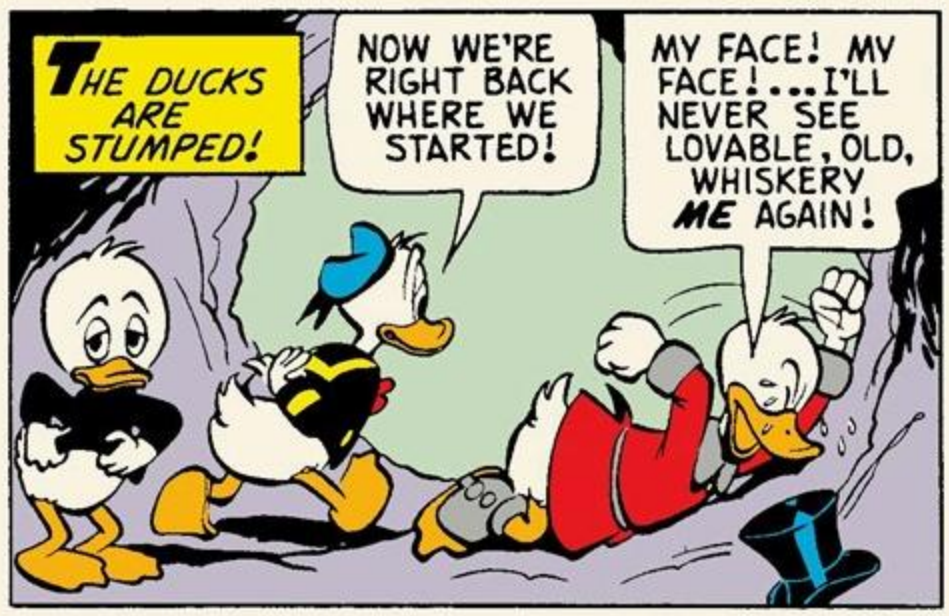

HERE'S
YOUR *OLD*
FACE BACK
AGAIN, UNCA
SCROOGE!
LOOK AT
THIS
NATIVE
QUICKLY!

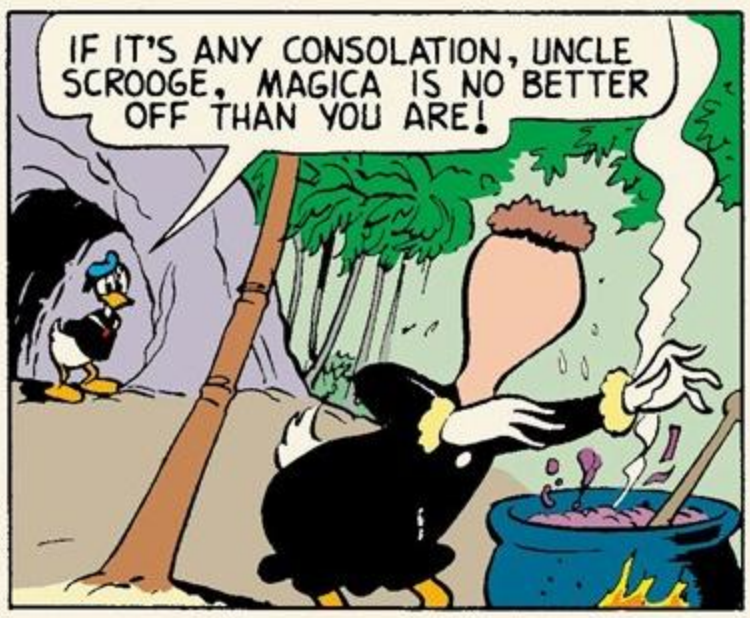

CLICK
NOW YOU'RE SCROOGE McDUCK AGAIN!

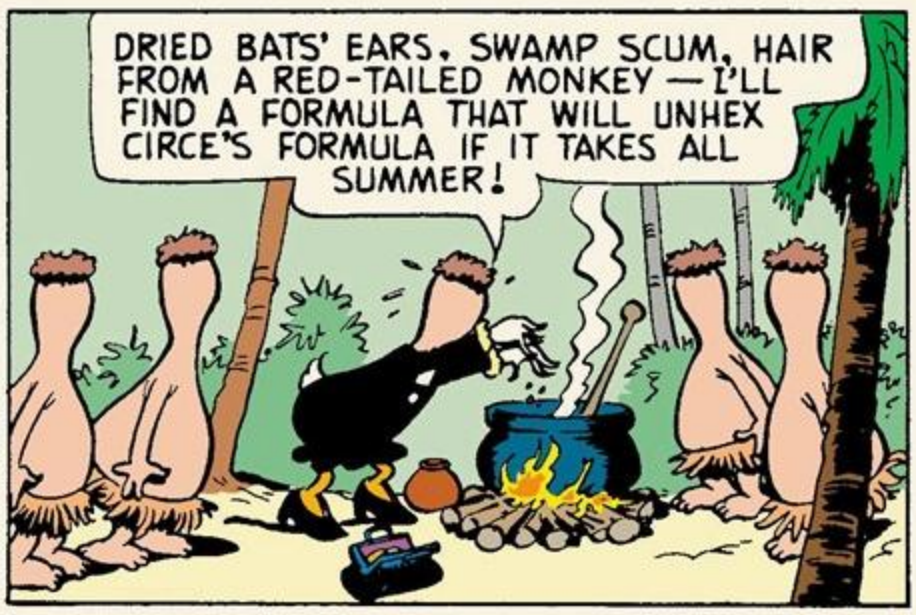

IT JUST TOOK US FAST-THINKING FIXERS TO DO THAT RESTORING JOB!
WE'RE TOPS, MEN!

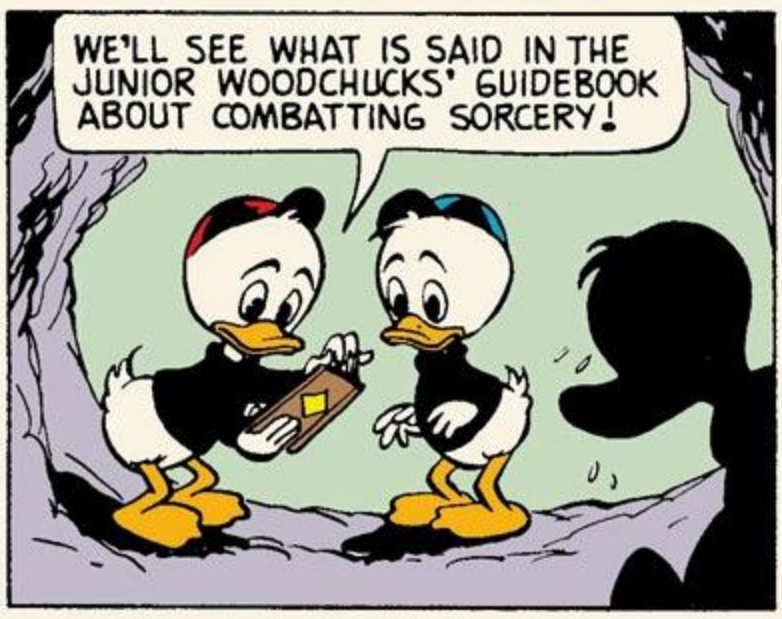

LOOK AT ME, DONALD! IS MY FACE THE SAME AS IT USED TO BE?
YES, YES! BUT BE CAREFUL!

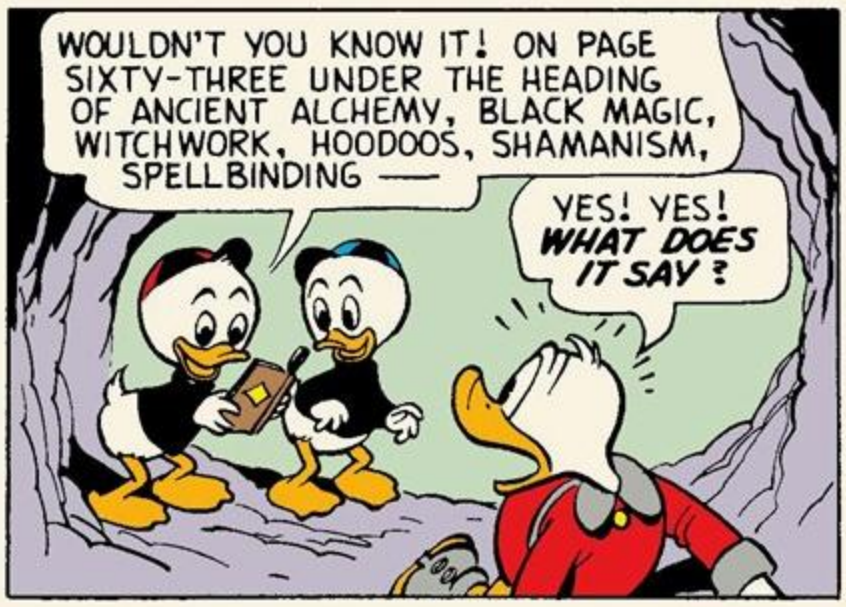

CLICK
I WAS GOING TO REMIND YOU TO NEVER LOOK AT ANYBODY! WELL, NEVER MIND!

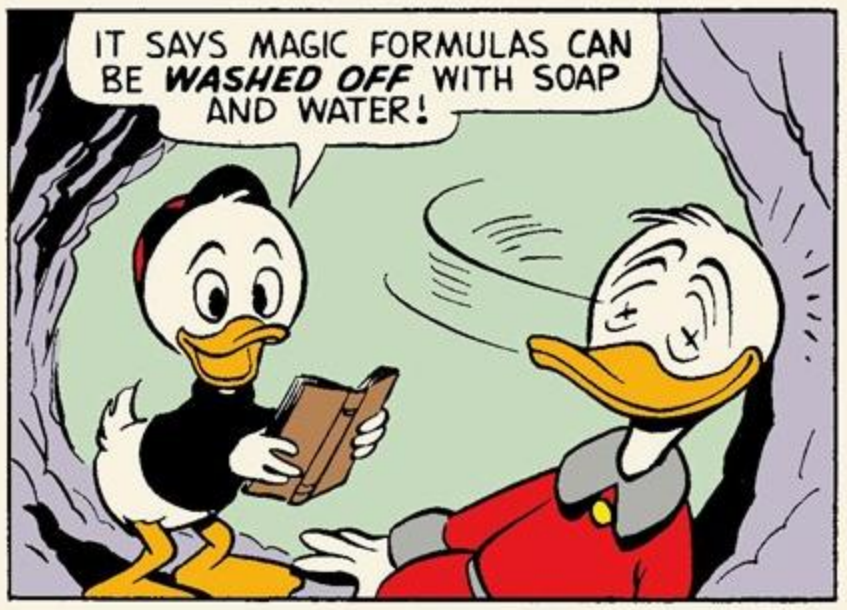

THE DUCKS ARE STUMPED!
NOW WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED!
MY FACE! MY FACE!...I'LL NEVER SEE LOVABLE, OLD, WHISKERY ME AGAIN!

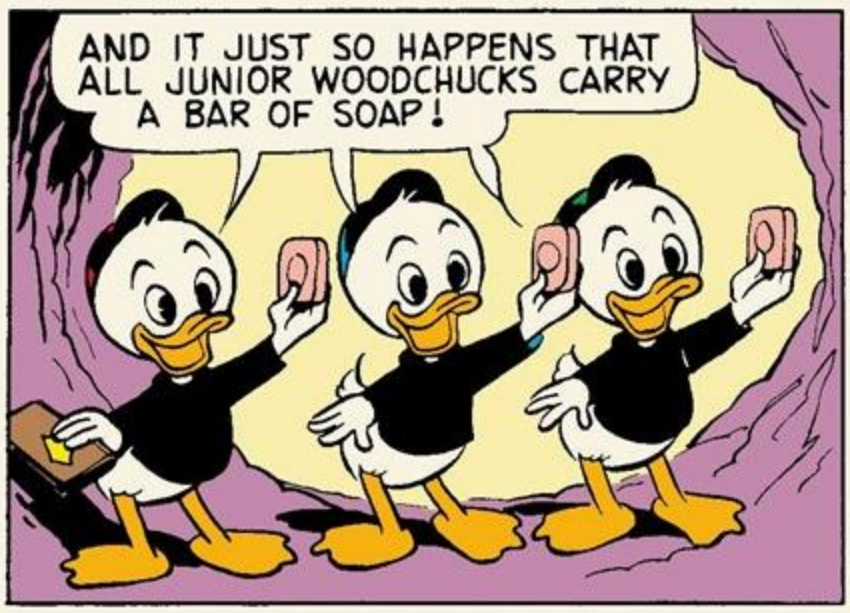

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, UNCLE SCROOGE, MAGICA IS NO BETTER OFF THAN YOU ARE!

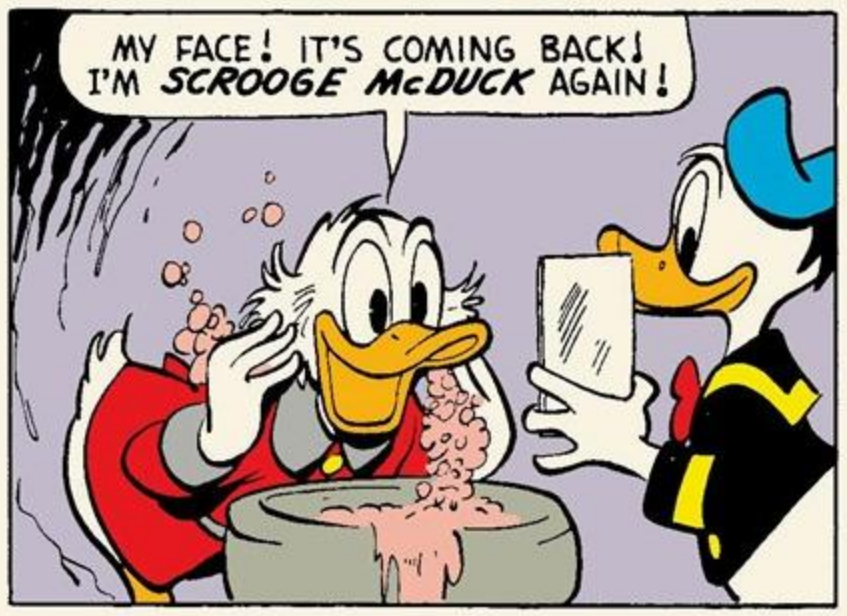

DRIED BATS' EARS, SWAMP SCUM, HAIR FROM A RED-TAILED MONKEY — I'LL FIND A FORMULA THAT WILL UNHEX CIRCE'S FORMULA IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER!


WE'LL SEE WHAT IS SAID IN THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS' GUIDEBOOK ABOUT COMBATTING SORCERY!


WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT! ON PAGE SIXTY-THREE UNDER THE HEADING OF ANCIENT ALCHEMY, BLACK MAGIC, WITCHWORK, HOODOOS, SHAMANISM, SPELLBINDING —
YES! YES! WHAT DOES IT SAY?

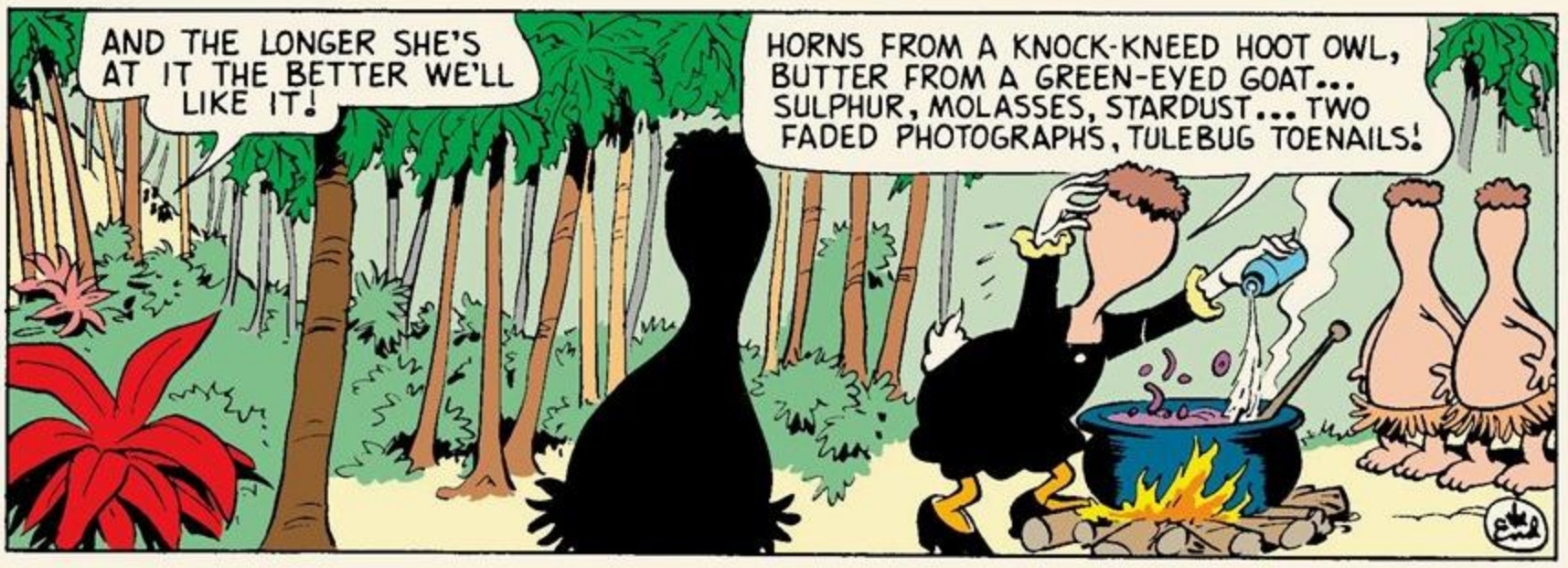

IT SAYS MAGIC FORMULAS CAN BE WASHED OFF WITH SOAP AND WATER!


AND IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT ALL JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS CARRY A BAR OF SOAP!


MY FACE! IT'S COMING BACK! I'M SCROOGE McDUCK AGAIN!


AND SO—
OKAY, UNCLE SCROOGE! LET'S HUSTLE YOU AND YOUR OLD DIME BACK SAFELY TO DUCKBURG!
I FEEL SORRY FOR MAGICA, LADS! MAYBE WE COULD TOSS HER A BAR OF SOAP, TOO!

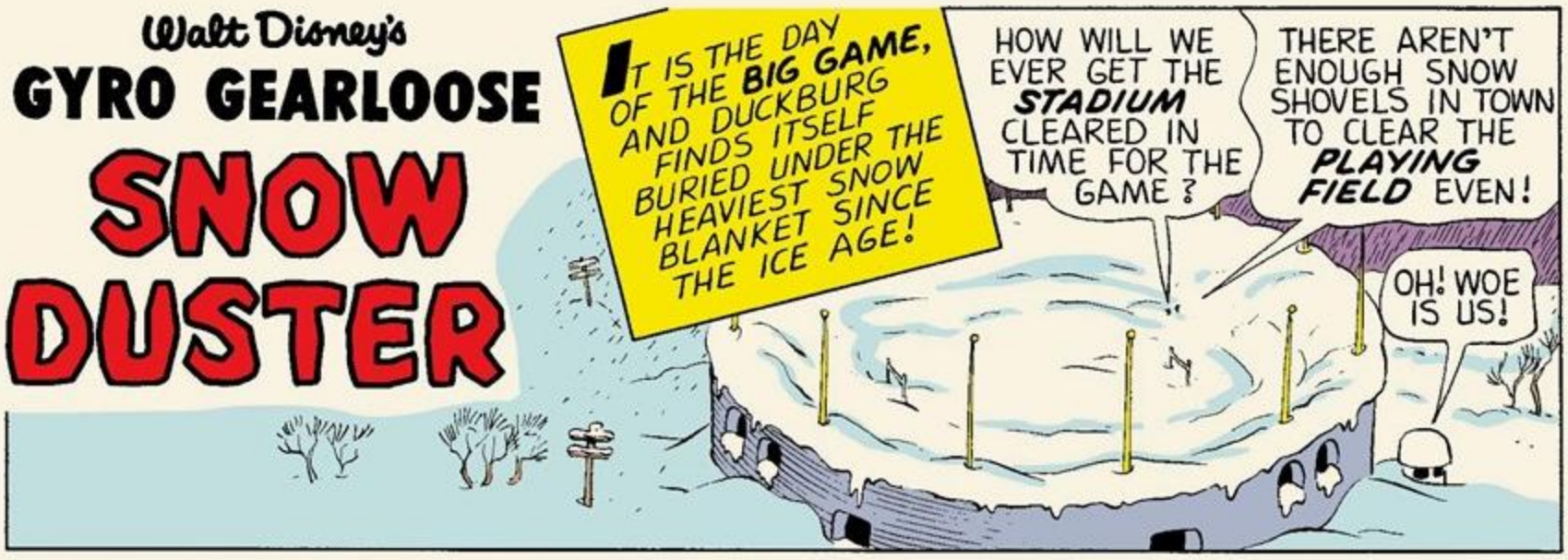

YOU GET ALONG, AND LET HER INVENT HER OWN SOAP!

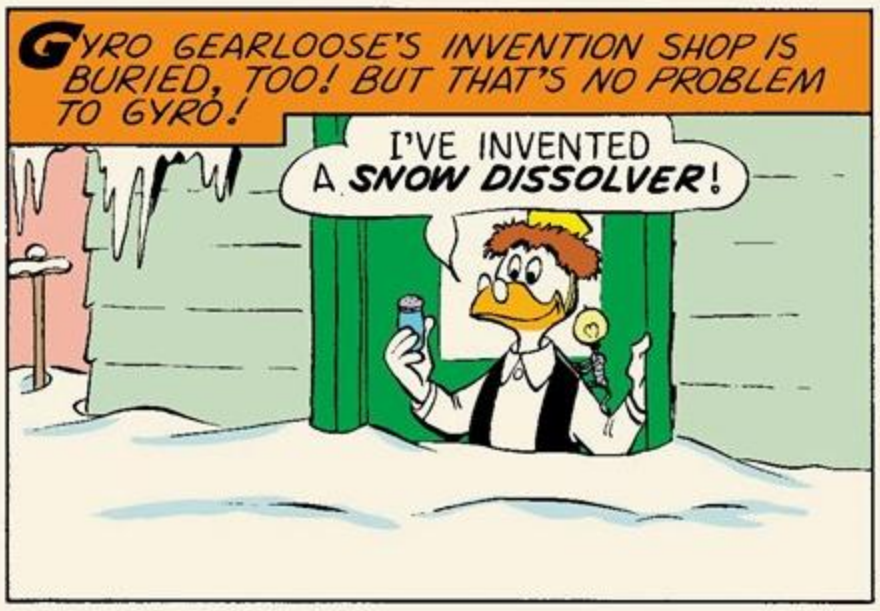

AND THE LONGER SHE'S AT IT THE BETTER WE'LL LIKE IT!
HORNS FROM A KNOCK-KNEED HOOT OWL, BUTTER FROM A GREEN-EYED GOAT... SULPHUR, MOLASSES, STARDUST... TWO FADED PHOTOGRAPHS, TULEBUG TOENAILS!

Walt Disney's

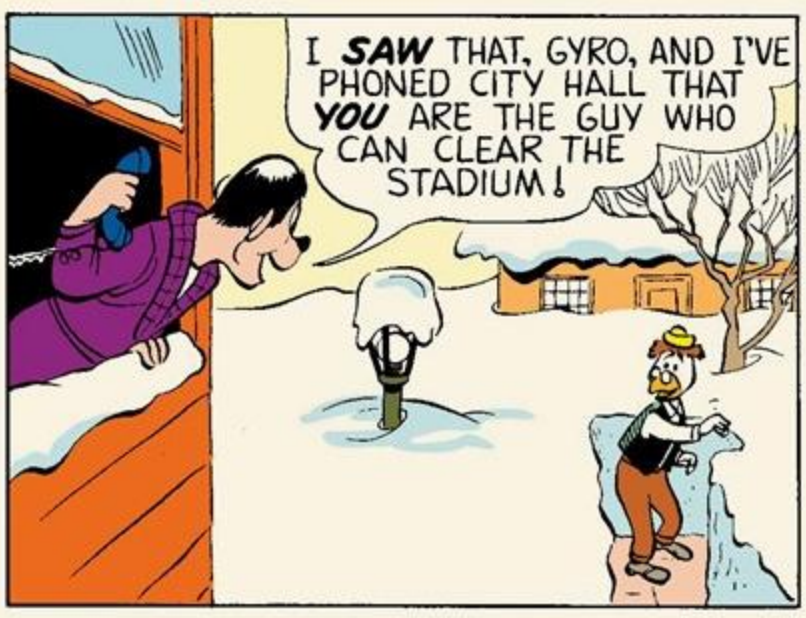
GYRO GEARLOOSE

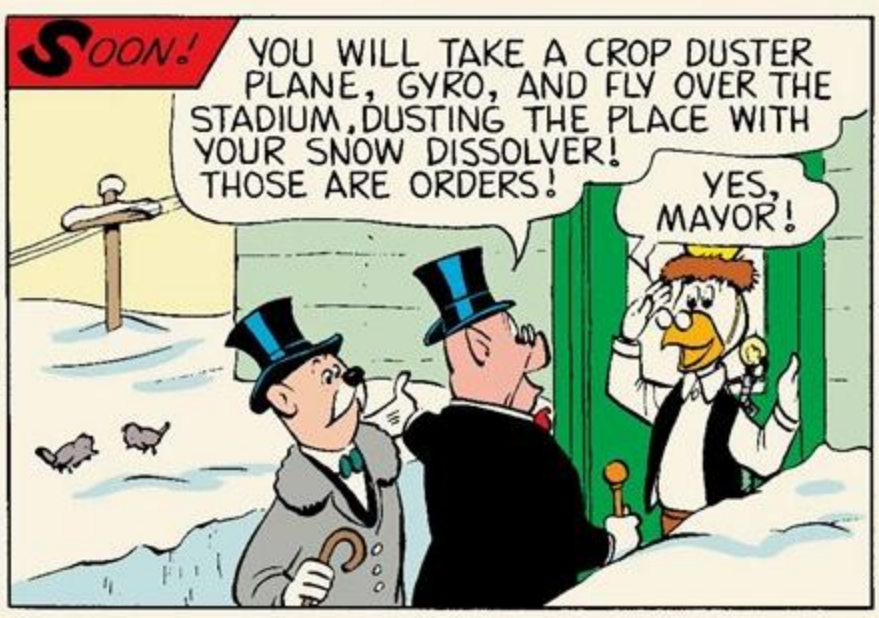
SNOW DUSTER

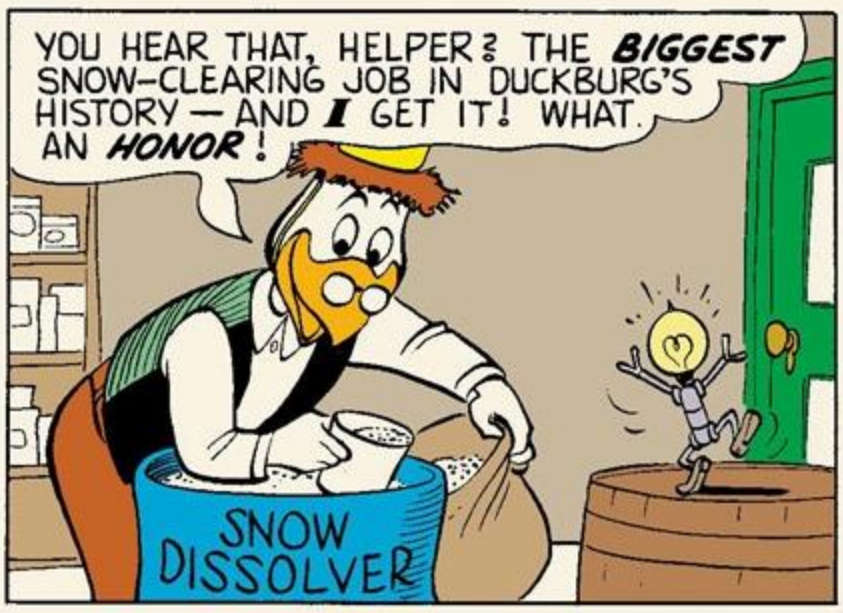


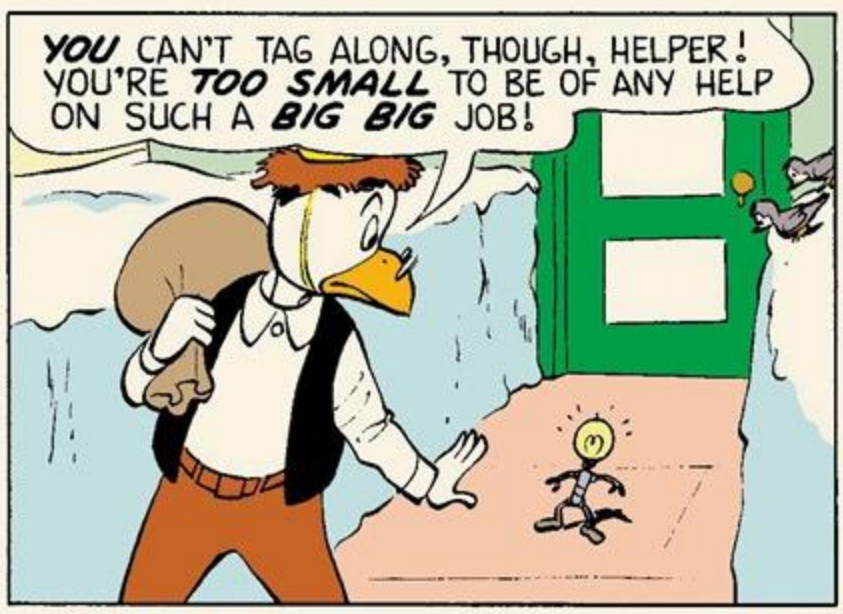












YOU STAY HERE, AND DO *LITTLE* JOBS, HELPER! MAYBE YOU CAN FEED SOME CRUMBS TO THE *SNOWBIRDS*!

SOB! FWEEP! SOB! FTWEEF!

TWEET! CHEEP! WHEEP!*

* *TRANSLATED: "HEY, LISTEN, GUYS!"*

THAT LITTLE MAN-THING MAKES SOUNDS LIKE *BIRD TALK*!

I *HEARD THAT!*

YOU SNOWBIRDS MUST SPEAK ON *MY* MICROWAVE FREQUENCY!

AND VICE VERSA! YOU SOUND A LITTLE *EDUCATED*, BUT WE DIG YOU, MAN!

WELL! COME INSIDE, FELLOWS, AND LET'S GET ACQUAINTED!

THAT'S RIGHT SOCIABLE, PAL! YOU GOT SOME *CRUMBS*, MAYBE?

OVER THE STADIUM!

BRR! THERE'S SO MUCH WIND AND SO MANY FLAGPOLES, I'M SCARED TO FLY AS *LOW* AS I'D LIKE!

GEARLOOSE HAS MADE FOUR PASSES OVER THE STADIUM, AND HIS DUST HASN'T MELTED THE SNOW AN INCH!

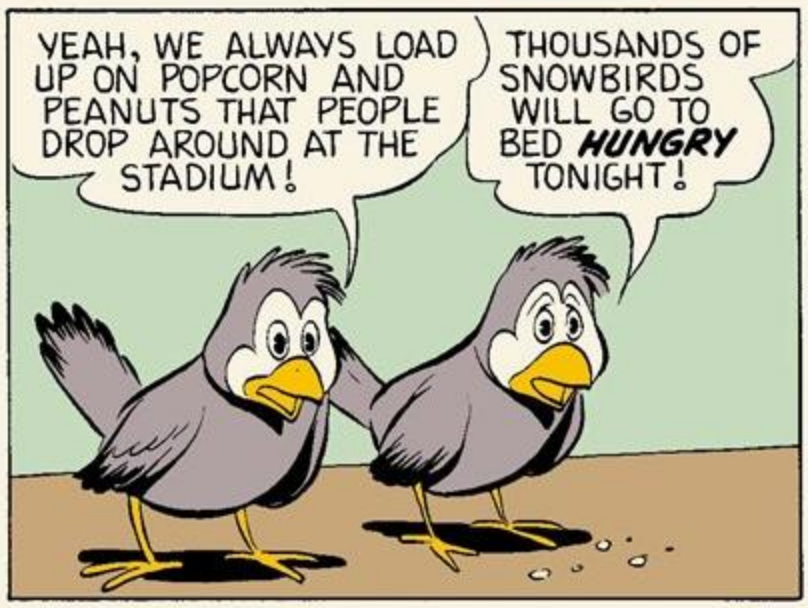
MAYBE HE'S NOT SUCH A *HOT INVENTOR* AFTER ALL!

I'VE *GOT TO* RISK FLYING *VERY LOW* WHERE THE DUST WON'T ALL BLOW AWAY ACROSS THE RIVER!

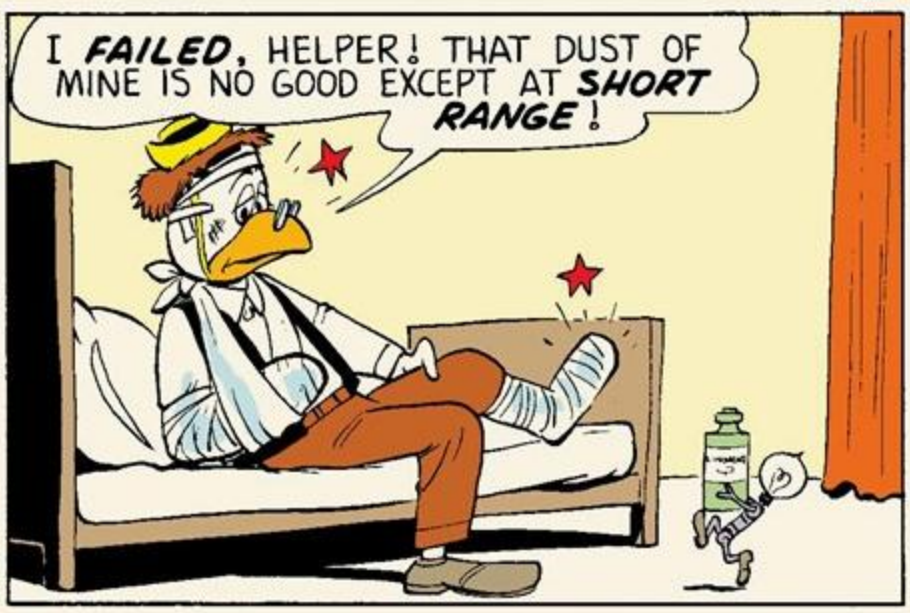

CRACK
CLIP


CRASH
HMPF! THAT GEARLOOSE ISN'T EVEN A GOOD AIRPLANE PILOT!


MAN, THIS SNOW BUGS US BIRDS!
WE WERE FIGURING ON BIG EATS AT THE BIG GAME TODAY, BUT THERE WON'T BE ANY GAME WE HEAR!


YEAH, WE ALWAYS LOAD UP ON POPCORN AND PEANUTS THAT PEOPLE DROP AROUND AT THE STADIUM!
THOUSANDS OF SNOWBIRDS WILL GO TO BED HUNGRY TONIGHT!


SCRAM FOR THE WOODS, PALS! IT'S THE LORD AND MASTER COME HOME!


I FAILED, HELPER! THAT DUST OF MINE IS NO GOOD EXCEPT AT SHORT RANGE!


I GUESS THERE'S NO WAY NOW TO CLEAR THAT STADIUM BY GAME TIME!


HEY! DON'T GO AWAY, SNOWBIRDS! THERE'S A BIG JOB A LOT OF US LITTLE FELLOWS CAN DO!

...SO THAT'S THE PICTURE! IF YOU GUYS CAN ROUND UP A FEW THOUSAND SNOWBIRDS—

WITH RIDICULOUS EASE! AND I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A BOX OF EMPTY ***WALNUT SHELLS***!

LET'S GO!

SOON!

REMEMBER, SPRINKLE THIS STUFF THIN... LIKE SALT, BOYS!

AT THE STADIUM!

WING TO WING, BOYS! GROUND STRAFING FORMATION! ***DIVE***!

ZOOM

HEY! THE SNOW'S ***MELTED***!

OF ALL THE MIRACLES! MAYBE THAT GYRO GUY WAS ***OKAY***, AFTER ALL!

SO DUCKBURG'S BIG GAME IS A BIG SUCCESS, WITH MUSIC AND THRILLS AND GOOD CHEER FOR EVERYBODY!

GUEST OF HONOR

AND POPCORN AND PEANUTS — MAN! THIS IS THE ESSENCE OF PLENTYVILLE!

SPEAKING OF THAT ***FOOTBALL GAME*** GOING ON DOWN THERE — DON'T YOU THINK IT'S THE ***CRAZIEST***?

MAN! IT'S STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS!

Walt Disney's GYRO GEARLOOSE

A HELPER'S HELPING HAND

GYRO HAS INVENTED A **FAST WAY** TO PAINT JUST ABOUT ANYTHING!

WITH THIS ROCKET BELT AND PORTABLE SPRAYER I CAN DO AWAY WITH LADDERS, SCAFFOLDS, SLINGS, AND BUCKETS!

FIZZZZ

INVENTION SHOP

THERE ARE ***HIGH-PAID*** PAINTING JOBS WAITING FOR EQUIPMENT LIKE THIS! ...COME ON, HELPER! LET'S GO FIND A ***BIG*** JOB!

INVENTIONS WHILE U WAIT!
BIG-$2
WEE $1.0
PEEWEE 0

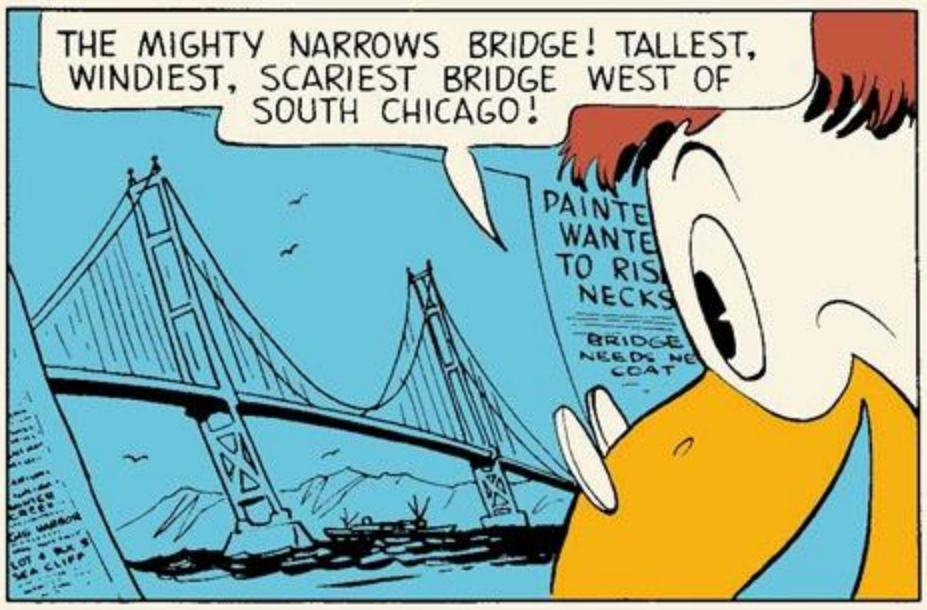
BUZZT
BZZT
ZITT!
ZITT!

OH! SO YOU THINK WE'D DO BETTER AT PAINTING FACES ON DOLLS AND ***TOYS***?

PHOOEY ON SUCH KID STUFF! I WANT A BIG HE-MAN PAINT JOB THAT WILL MAKE ME AND MY INVENTION THE TALK OF THE TOWN!

AND—HEY! LOOK AT THIS! DUCKBURG WANTS ***DAREDEVILS*** TO PAINT THE ***NARROWS BRIDGE***!

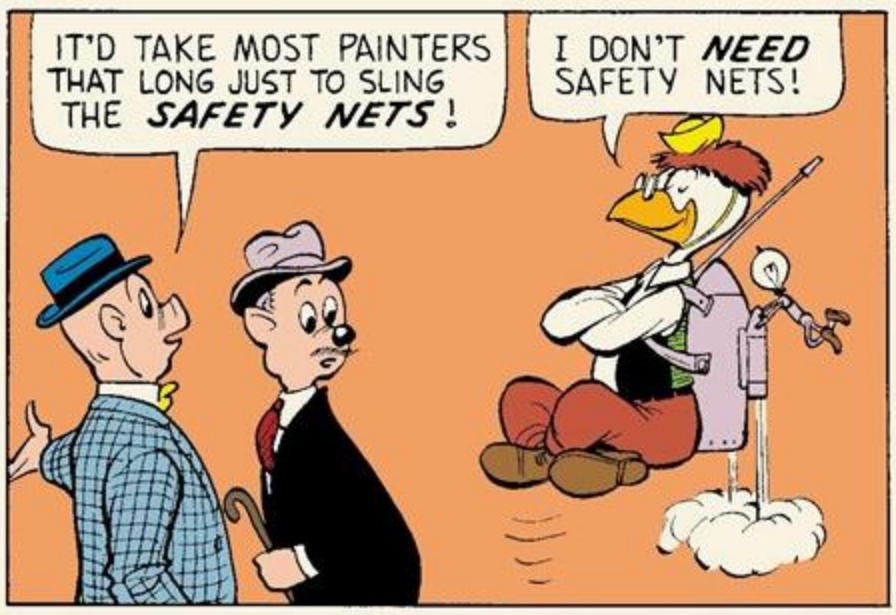
DAILY DIRGE


THE MIGHTY NARROWS BRIDGE! TALLEST, WINDIEST, SCARIEST BRIDGE WEST OF SOUTH CHICAGO!
PAINTE
WANTE
TO RIS
NECKS
BRIDGE
NEEDS NE
COAT

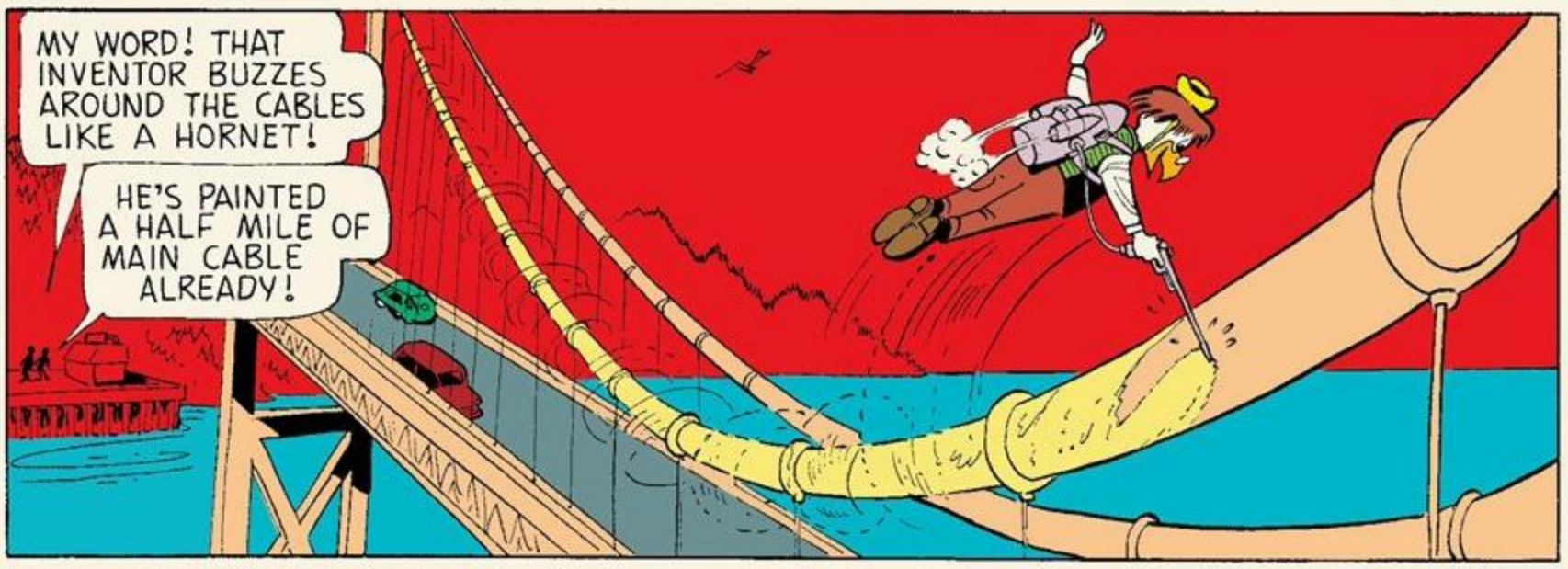

COME ON, HELPER! I'M OFF TO PAINT MY WAY TO FAME AND FORTUNE!


BZZT
ZUT
ZITT
COME ON, I SAID! THAT KID STUFF IS TOO DULL FOR DAREDEVIL GYRO AND HIS CREW!


GYRO GETS THE JOB!
YOU SAY YOU CAN PAINT THE ENTIRE BRIDGE BY SUNDOWN, MR. GEARLOOSE?
FANTASTIC!


IT'D TAKE MOST PAINTERS THAT LONG JUST TO SLING THE SAFETY NETS!
I DON'T NEED SAFETY NETS!


WELL! SEE YOU AT SUNDOWN, GENTLEMEN!


MY WORD! THAT INVENTOR BUZZES AROUND THE CABLES LIKE A HORNET!
HE'S PAINTED A HALF MILE OF MAIN CABLE ALREADY!

EVEN WITH TIME LOST ZOOMING ASHORE TO REFILL THE SPRAYER, I SHOULD FINISH WELL AHEAD OF SCHEDULE!

GYRO DOES INDEED BEAT HIS BEST ESTIMATE!

WHEN I PAINT THE FINIALS ON THIS LAST TOWER I'LL BE DONE!

TEN MINUTES TO SUNDOWN, AND ONLY ONE FINIAL TO FINISH!

WELL! ... YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO *MOVE*, MRS. GULL, WHILE I SPRAY UNDER YOUR NEST!

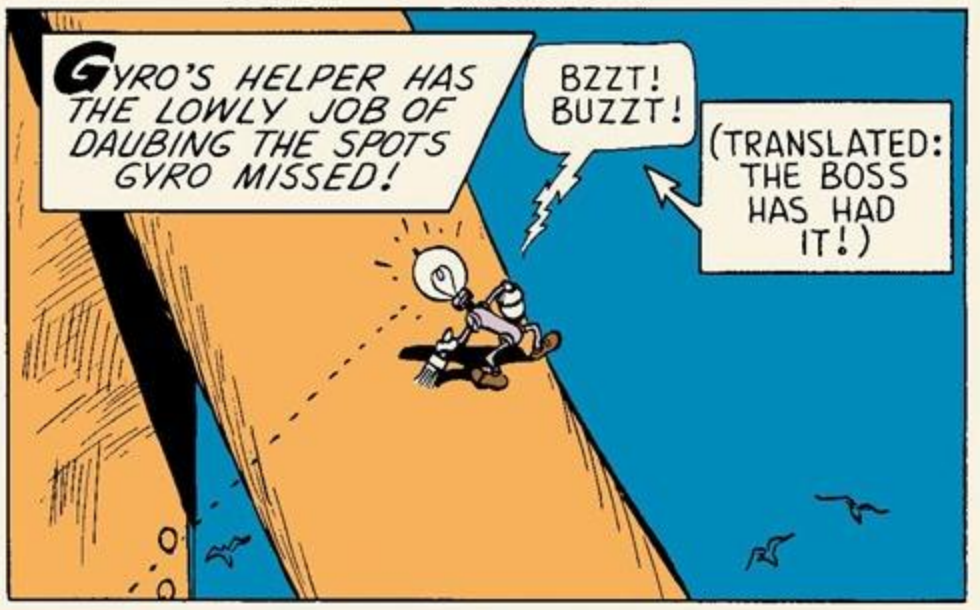
NOW, LISTEN, MA'AM! BE REASONABLE!

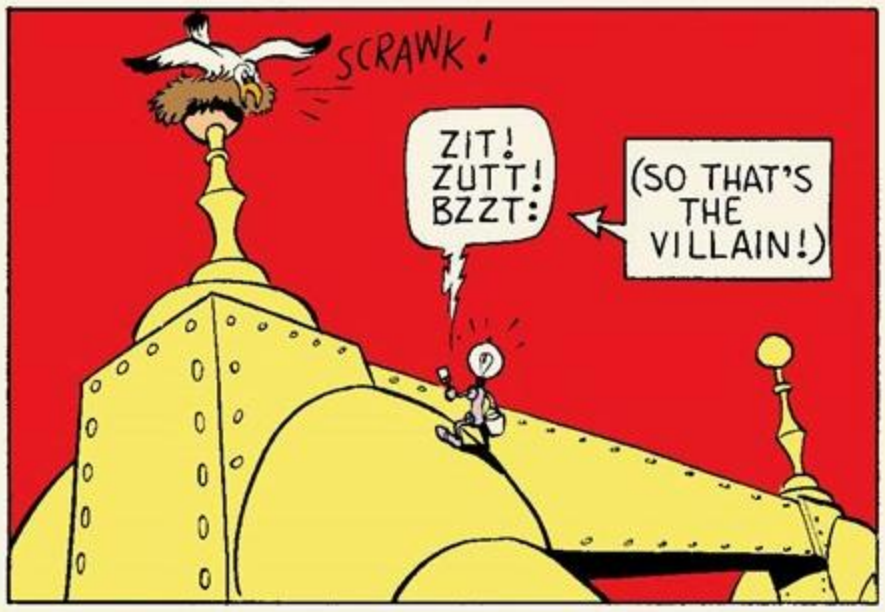
WHOA! MY ROCKET'S QUIT! THAT GULL PULLED THE CORK OUT OF THE FUEL TANK!

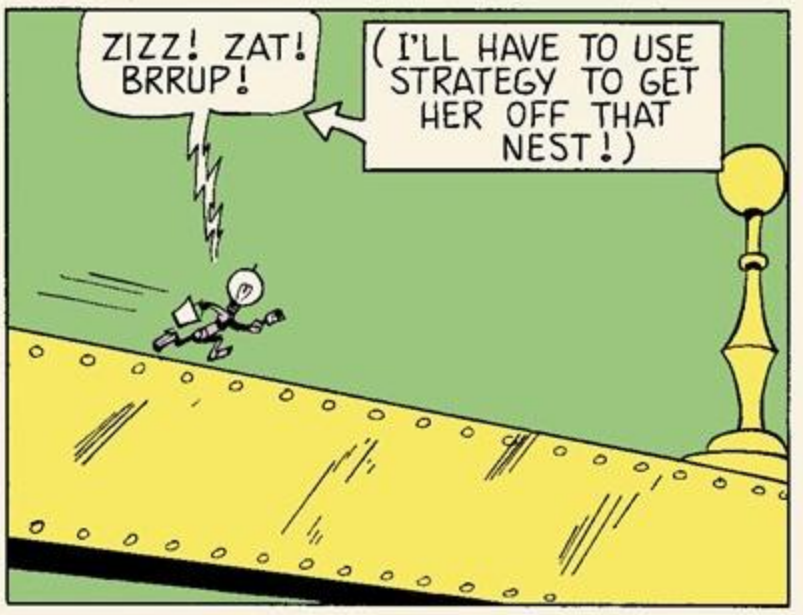
IT'S A FIVE-MINUTE DROP TO THE WATER, AND I'VE NO WAY TO INVENT AN INSTANT PARACHUTE!

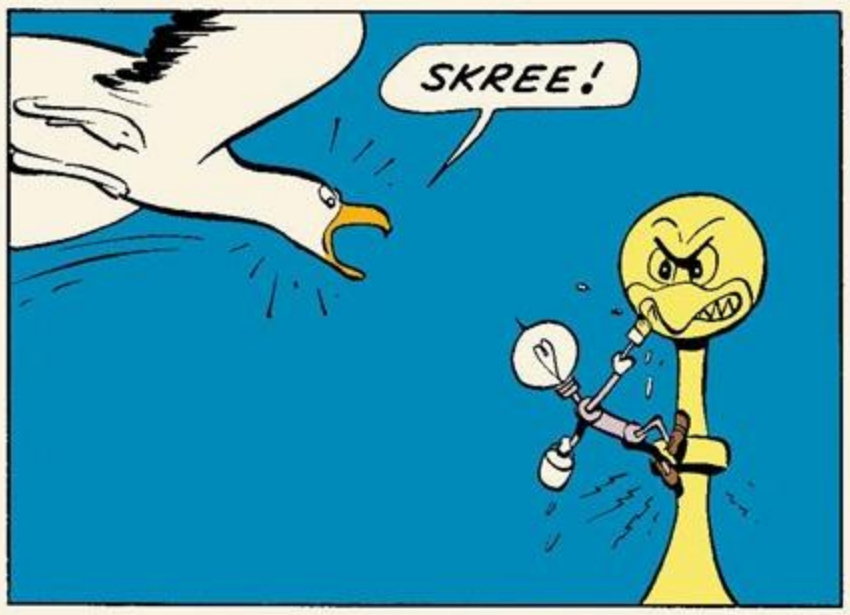
I WAS TOO COCKY TO BRING MY POCKET INVENTION KIT! ... DISASTER, HERE I COME!


MR. GEARLOOSE LEFT WITHOUT QUITE FINISHING THE LAST FINIAL!
THE CITY WON'T PAY HIS FEE IF THE BRIDGE ISN'T DONE BY SUNDOWN!

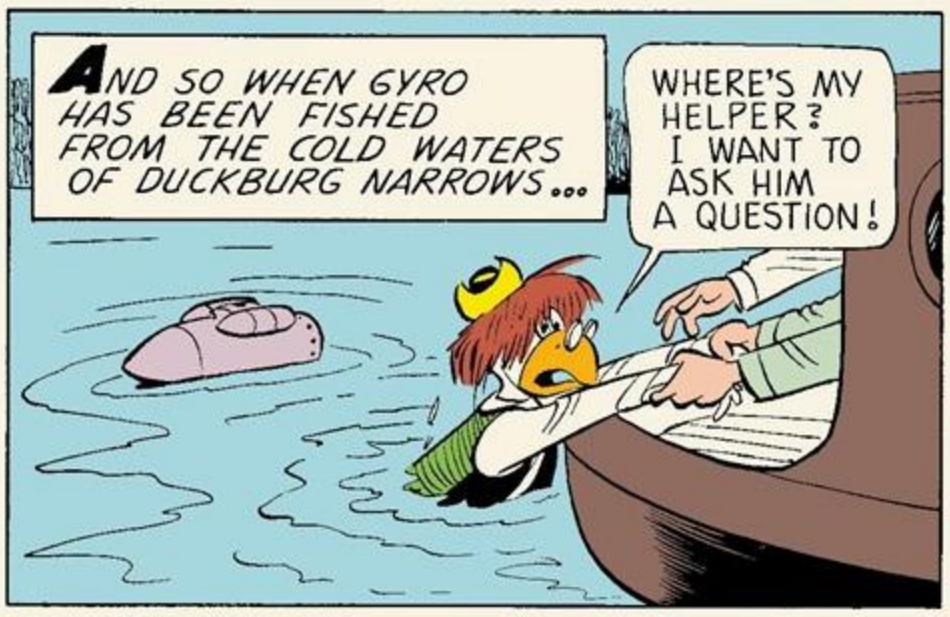

GYRO'S HELPER HAS THE LOWLY JOB OF DAUBING THE SPOTS GYRO MISSED!
BZZT! BUZZT!
(TRANSLATED: THE BOSS HAS HAD IT!)

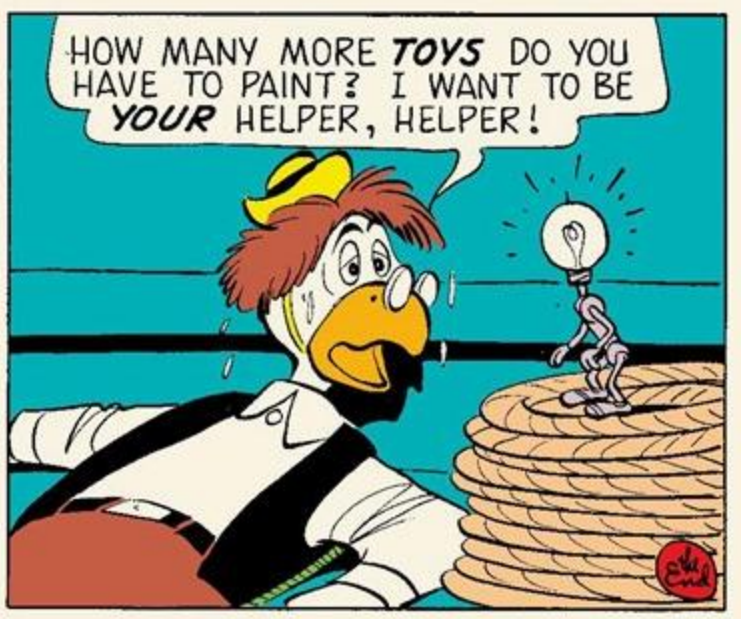

SCRAWK!
ZIT! ZUTT! BZZT:
(SO THAT'S THE VILLAIN!)


ZIZZ! ZAT! BRRUP!
(I'LL HAVE TO USE STRATEGY TO GET HER OFF THAT NEST!)


SKREE!


SKRAWK! BOP!
SOCK!

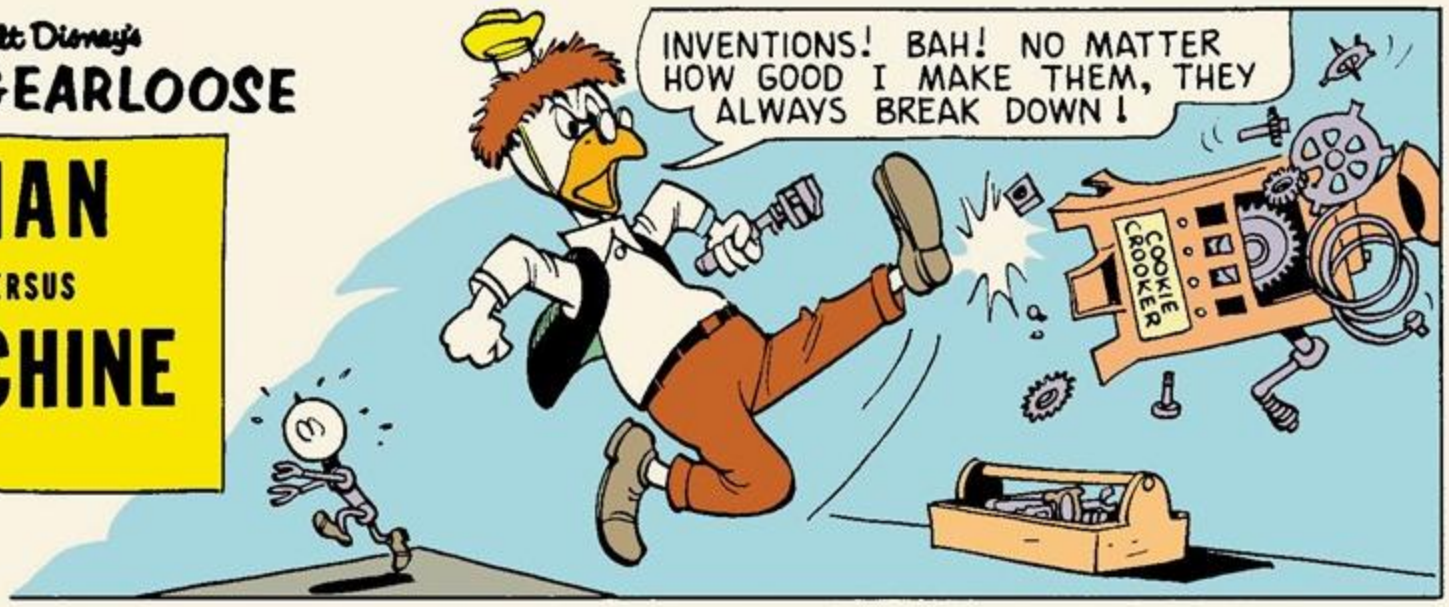

AND SO WHEN GYRO HAS BEEN FISHED FROM THE COLD WATERS OF DUCKBURG NARROWS...
WHERE'S MY HELPER? I WANT TO ASK HIM A QUESTION!

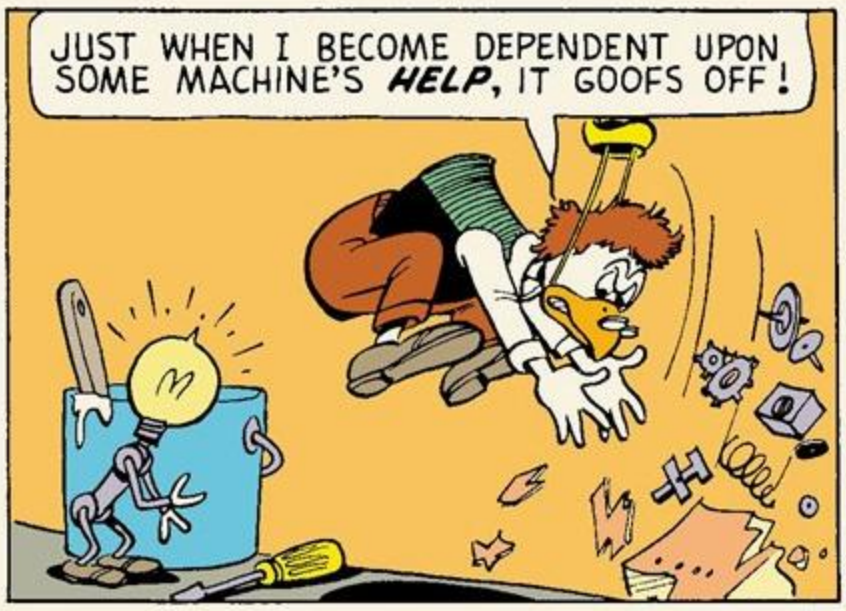

HOW MANY MORE TOYS DO YOU HAVE TO PAINT? I WANT TO BE YOUR HELPER, HELPER!
THE END

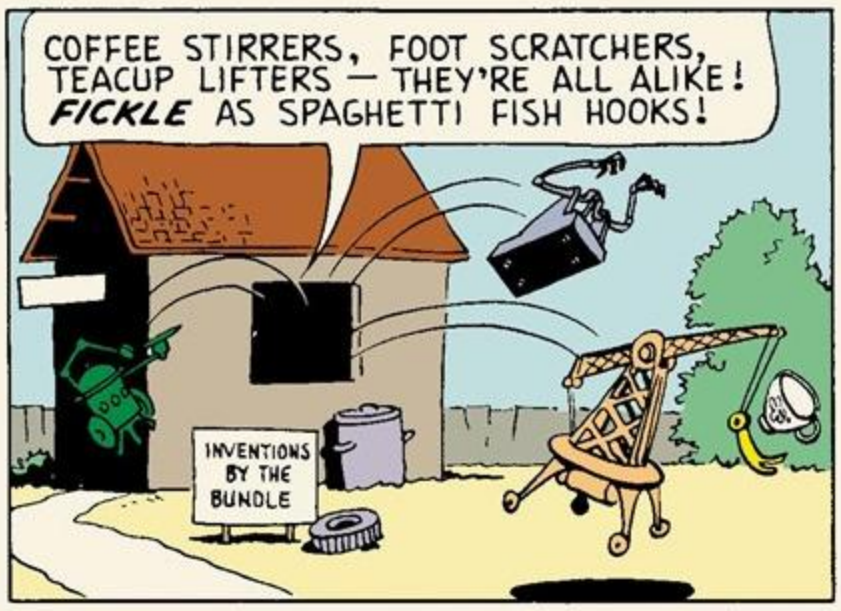
Walt Disney's

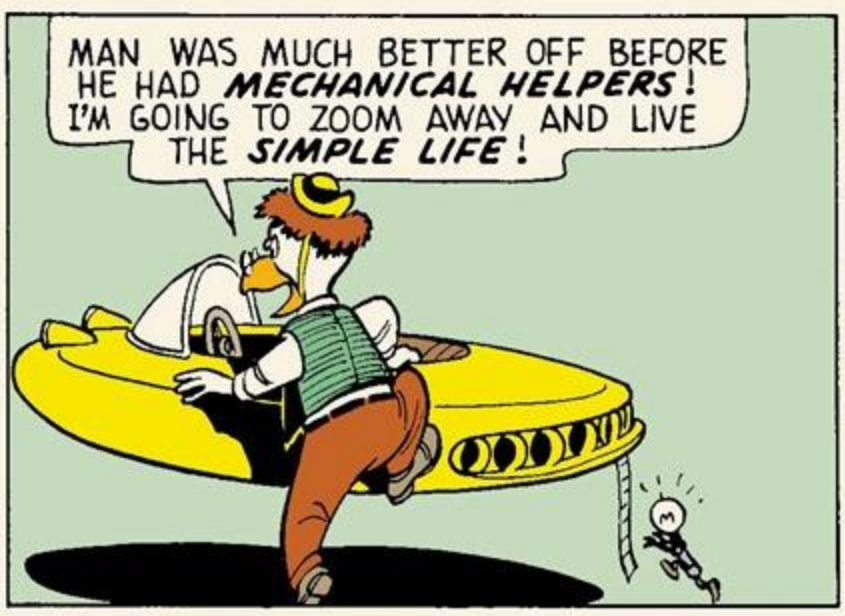
GYRO GEARLOOSE

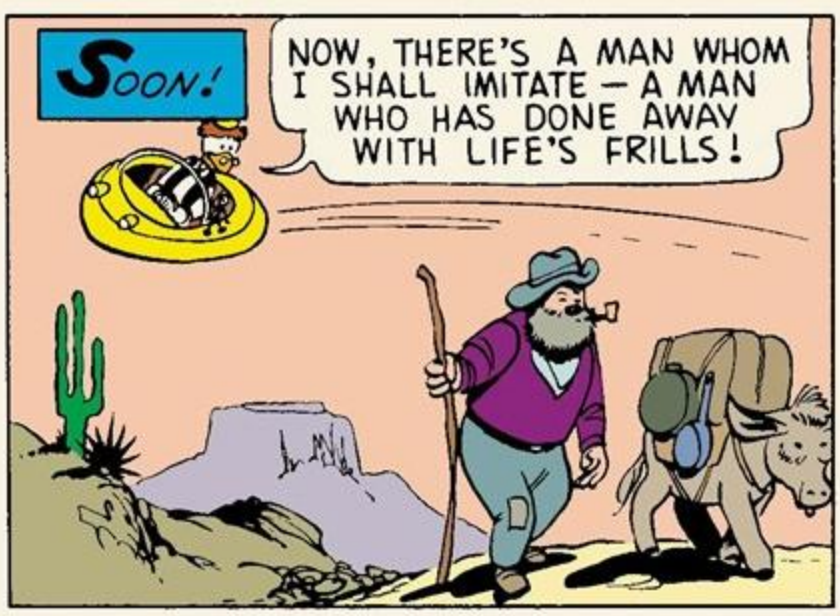
MAN VERSUS MACHINE

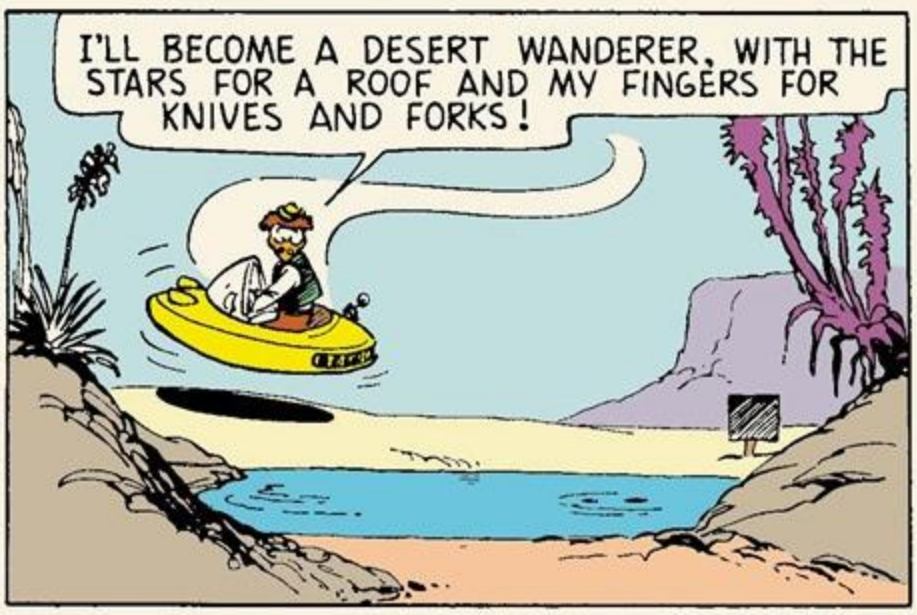














AND *YOU*, HELPER, BEGONE FROM MY SIGHT! I WANT NOTHING AROUND THAT WILL REMIND ME OF MY YEARS AMONG FICKLE MACHINES!

I'M *THROUGH* WITH MECHANICAL THINGS — EVEN THROUGH WITH DRINKING CUPS!

SWIG

AWK! THAT WATER'S *POISON*! I'VE CAMPED BY AN *ARSENIC* SPRING!

GOT TO FIND *PURE* WATER IF I'M TO LIVE LONG IN THIS SIMPLE ROUTINE!

FLOOP

NOW ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE A MACHINE?.... *CONKED OUT* FROM A FIBRILLATED SIGGLESTAT!

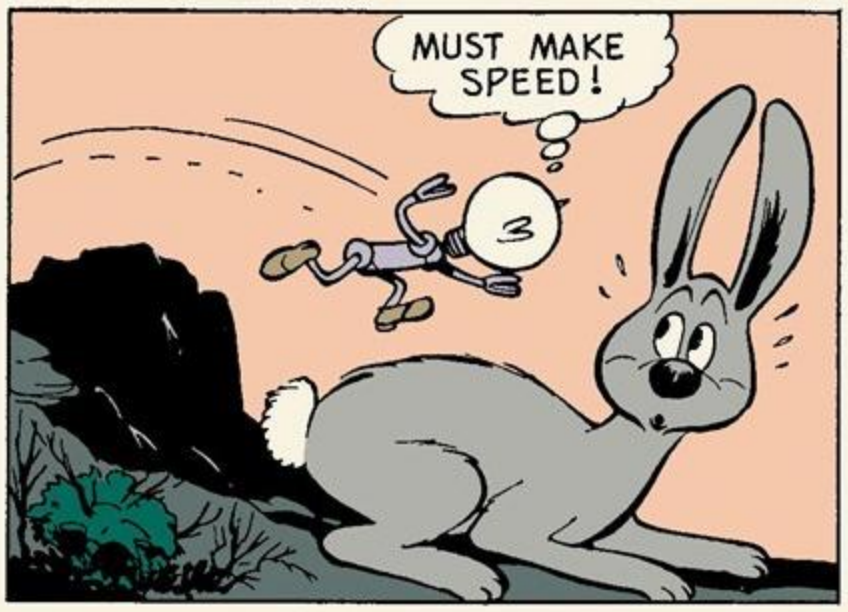
MECHANICAL HELPERS — THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME! I'VE ONLY MY *LEGS* NOW TO HELP ME FIND WATER!

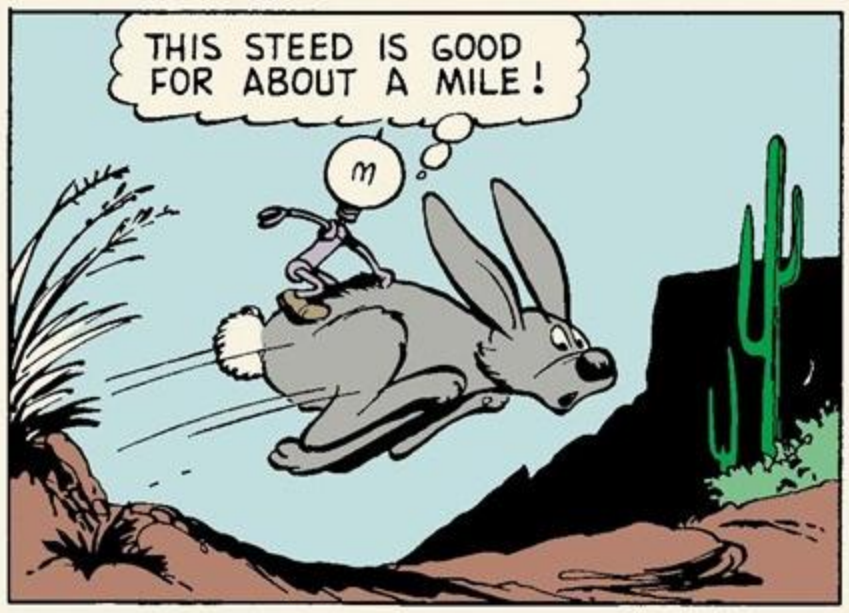
HOURS LATER!

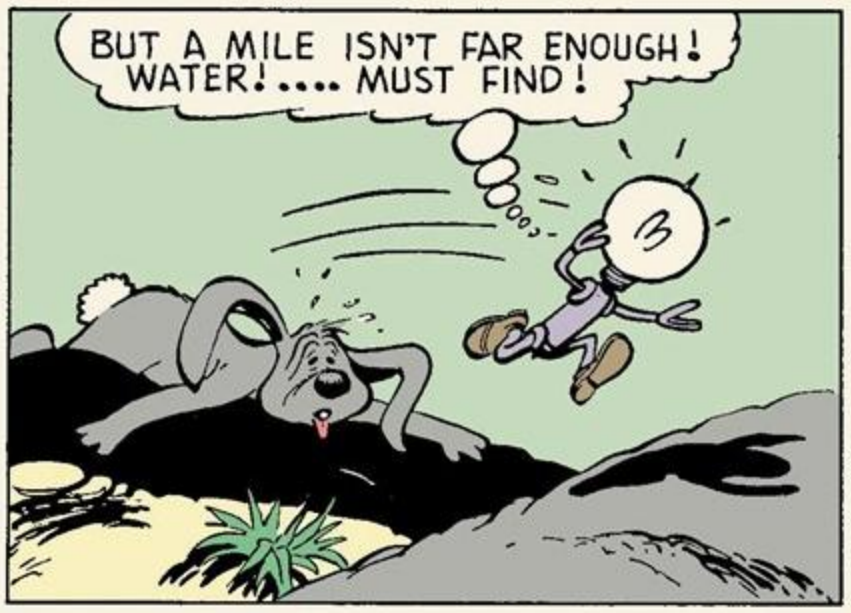
FAREWELL, CRUEL WORLD! I WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO ENJOY MY NEW WAY OF LIFE!

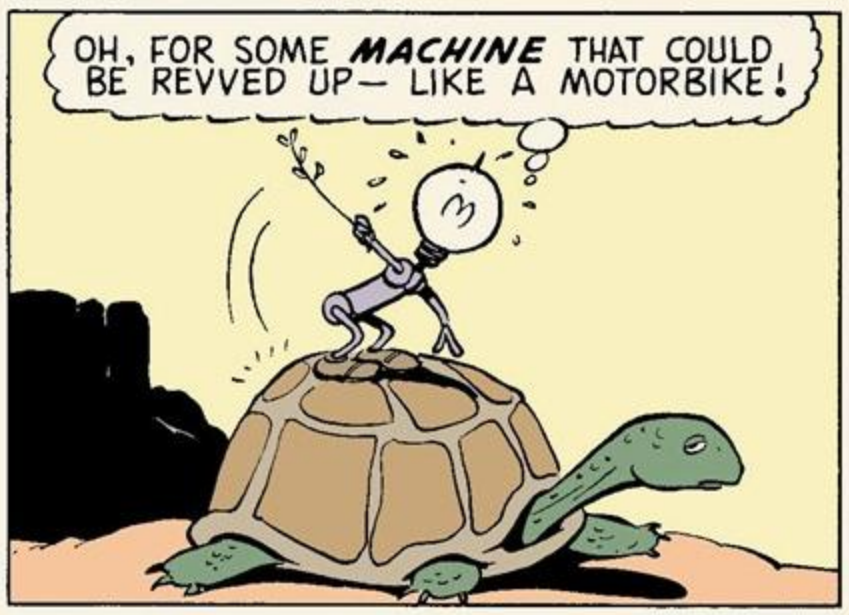
GYRO'S HELPER SEES THAT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!

H^2O! WATER! MUST FIND!

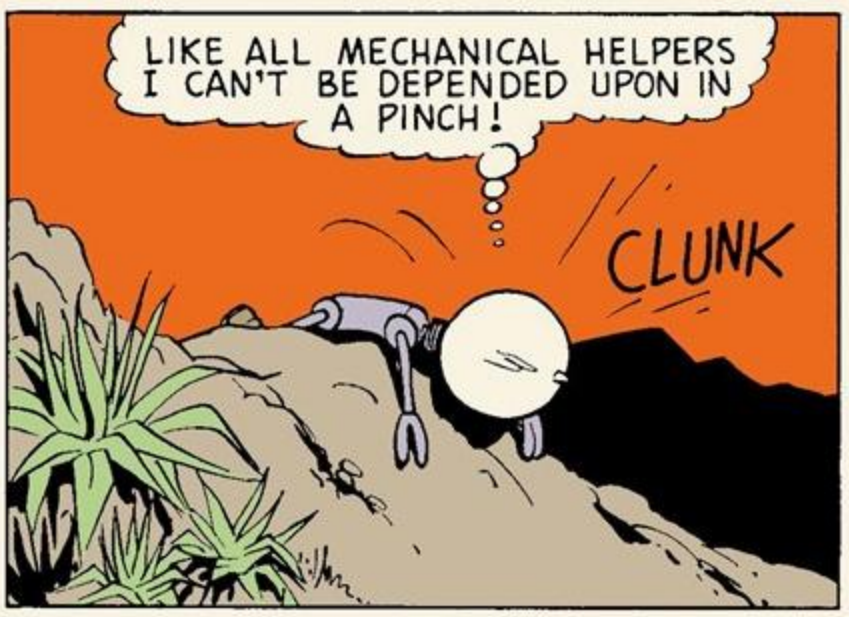

MUST MAKE SPEED!


THIS STEED IS GOOD FOR ABOUT A MILE!


BUT A MILE ISN'T FAR ENOUGH! WATER!.... MUST FIND!

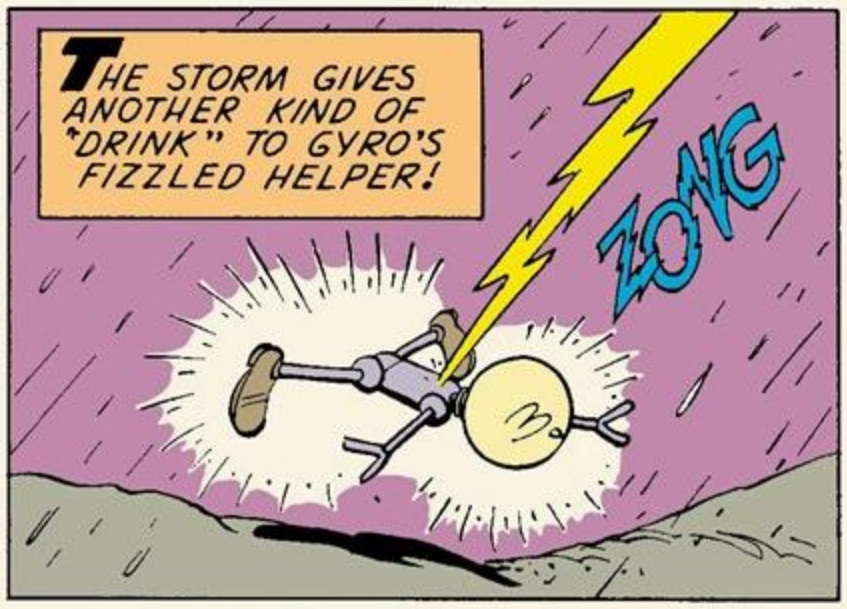

OH, FOR SOME MACHINE THAT COULD BE REVVED UP— LIKE A MOTORBIKE!


SOON!
NOW I'M GROWING WEAK, TOO! .... MY BATTERY IS FIZZLING OUT!
FIZZT
FZUT!

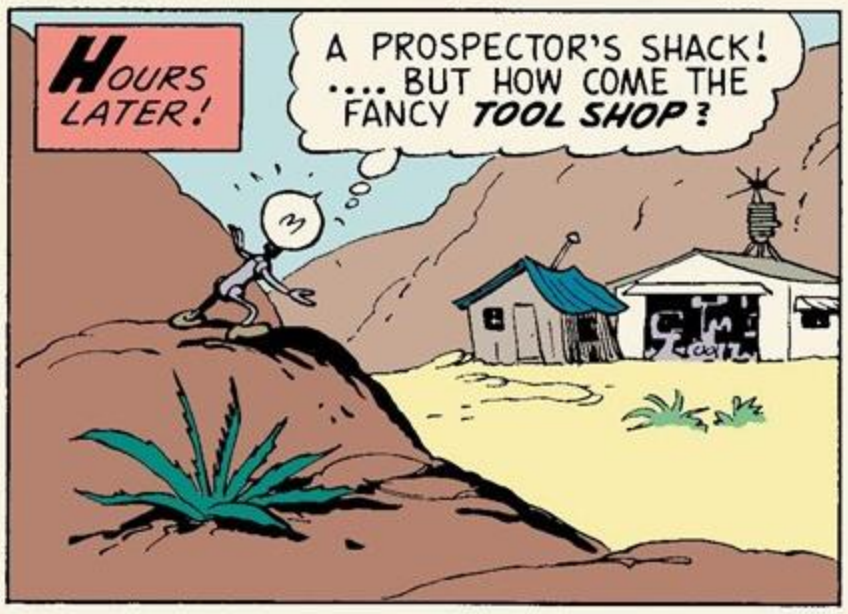

LIKE ALL MECHANICAL HELPERS I CAN'T BE DEPENDED UPON IN A PINCH!
CLUNK

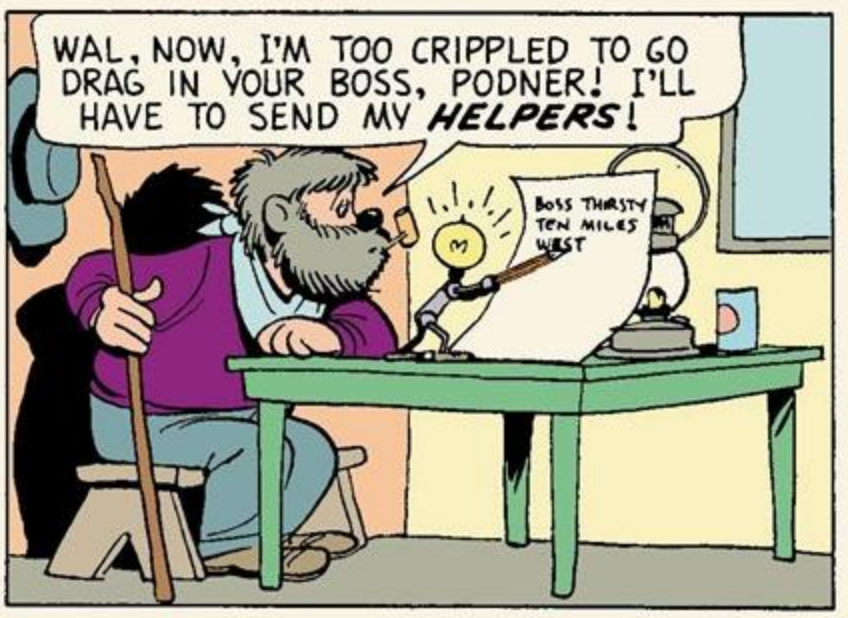

LIGHTNING! THUNDER! RAIN! ...WATER FROM THE SKY!

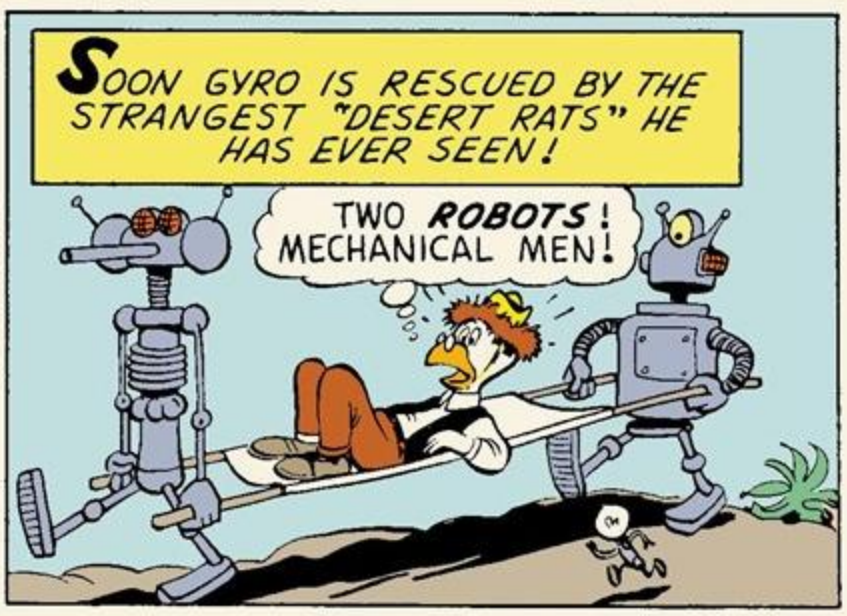

(GASP!) I CAN'T CATCH IT IN MY HANDS —AND MY HAT LEAKS!

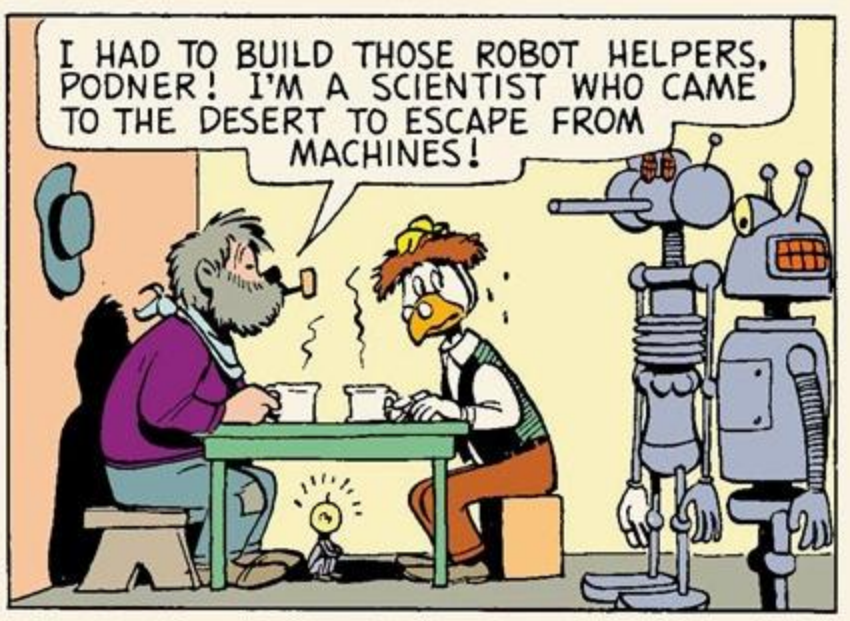

THE STORM GIVES ANOTHER KIND OF "DRINK" TO GYRO'S FIZZLED HELPER!
ZONG

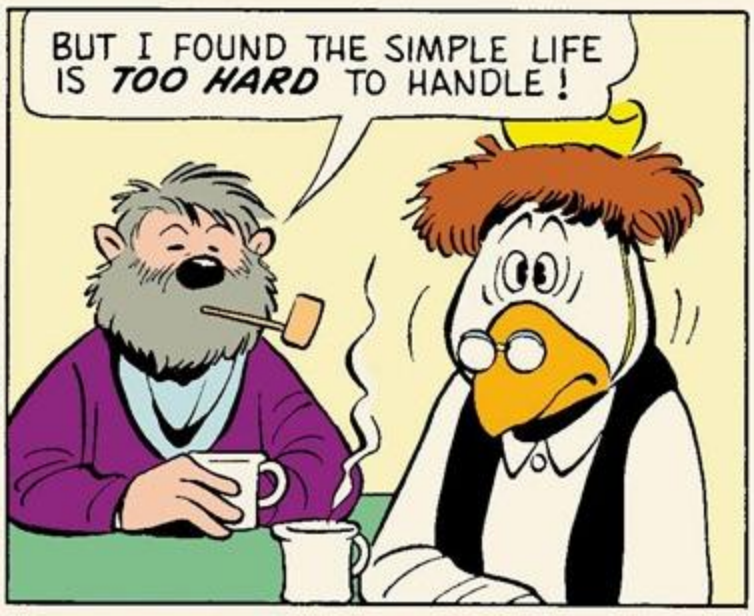

LIGHTNING RECHARGED MY BATTERY! I'M OFF TO THE RESCUE!

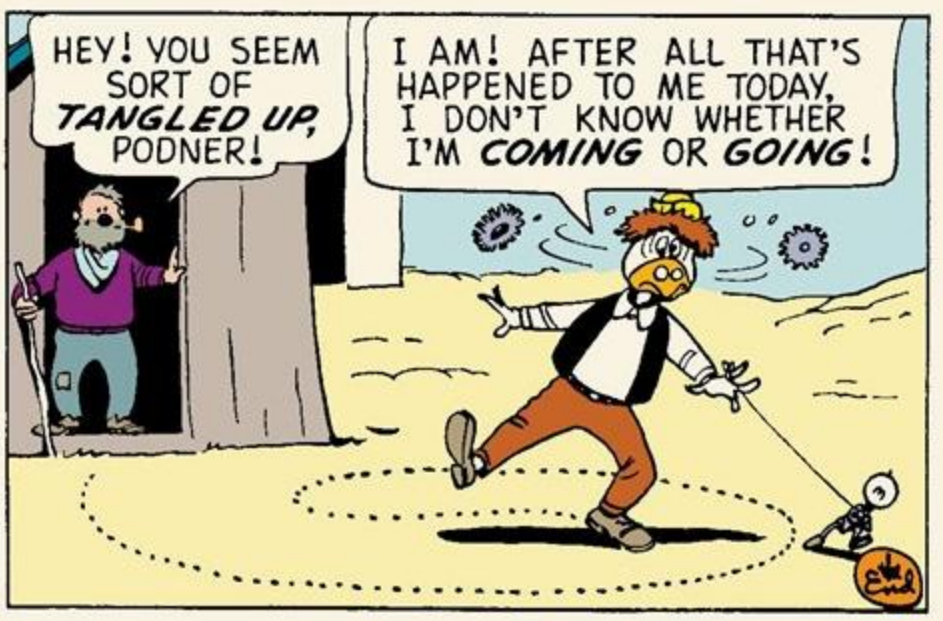

HOURS LATER!
A PROSPECTOR'S SHACK! .... BUT HOW COME THE FANCY TOOL SHOP?


WAL, NOW, I'M TOO CRIPPLED TO GO DRAG IN YOUR BOSS, PODNER! I'LL HAVE TO SEND MY HELPERS!
BOSS THIRSTY TEN MILES WEST


SOON GYRO IS RESCUED BY THE STRANGEST "DESERT RATS" HE HAS EVER SEEN!
TWO ROBOTS! MECHANICAL MEN!


I HAD TO BUILD THOSE ROBOT HELPERS, PODNER! I'M A SCIENTIST WHO CAME TO THE DESERT TO ESCAPE FROM MACHINES!


BUT I FOUND THE SIMPLE LIFE IS TOO HARD TO HANDLE!


HEY! YOU SEEM SORT OF TANGLED UP, PODNER!
I AM! AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME TODAY, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'M COMING OR GOING!

Walt Disney's
GYRO GEARLOOSE

JONAH GYRO

THAT GUY ON THE LOG IS CATCHING FISH, AND *WE* DON'T GET A NIBBLE!

HE'S JUST *LUCKY*! THAT LOG IS WHERE THE FISH *ARE*!

HE'S A SELFISH *PIG*! HE SHOULD MOVE ON AND GIVE OTHER GUYS A CHANCE AT THAT CHOICE FISHING SPOT!

BOO! BOO! GO AWAY AND LET OTHER PEOPLE HAVE SOME FISH!

BOO! STINGY CAT! DOG IN THE MANGER!

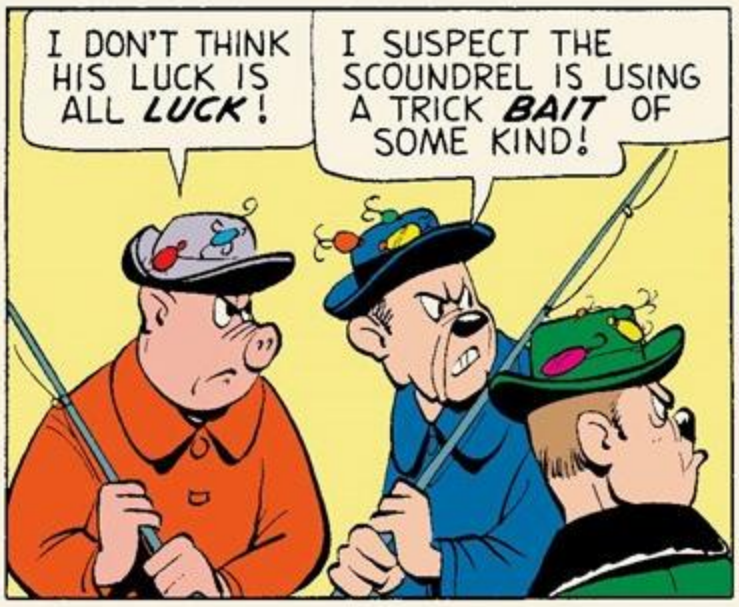
I GUESS I'D BETTER *MOVE* BEFORE I *GET* MOVED — IN A BASKET!

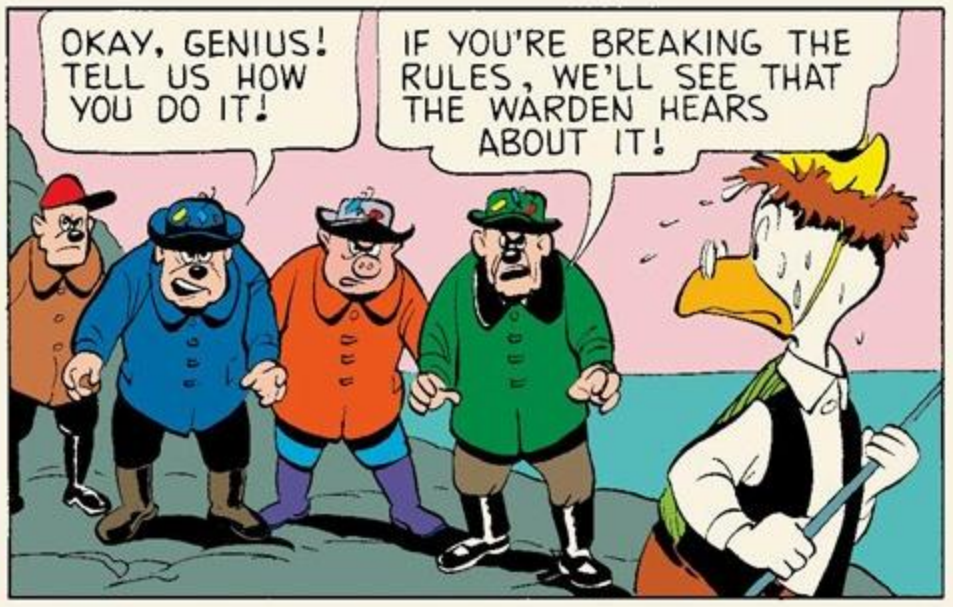
COME, SALOME! WE'LL GO TRY OUR LUCK ON THE POINT OF ROCKS!

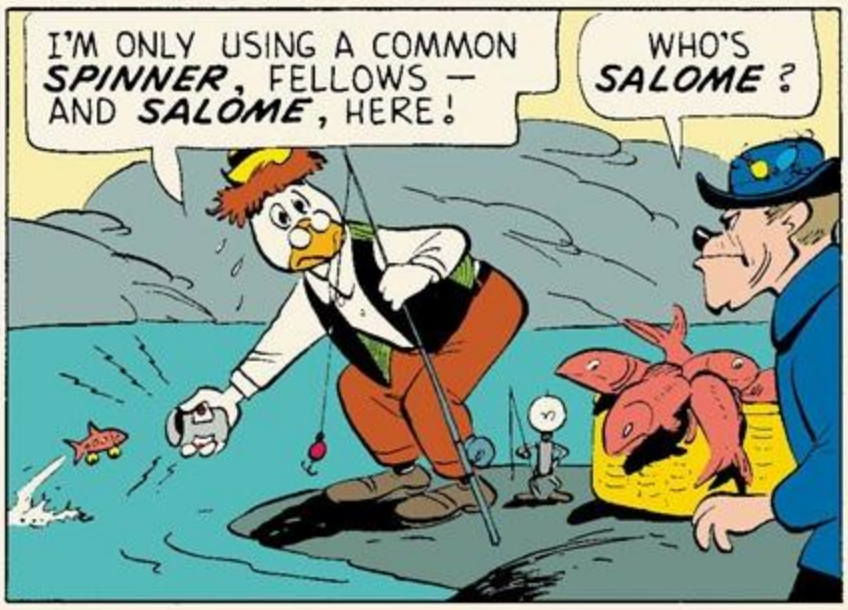
SOON!

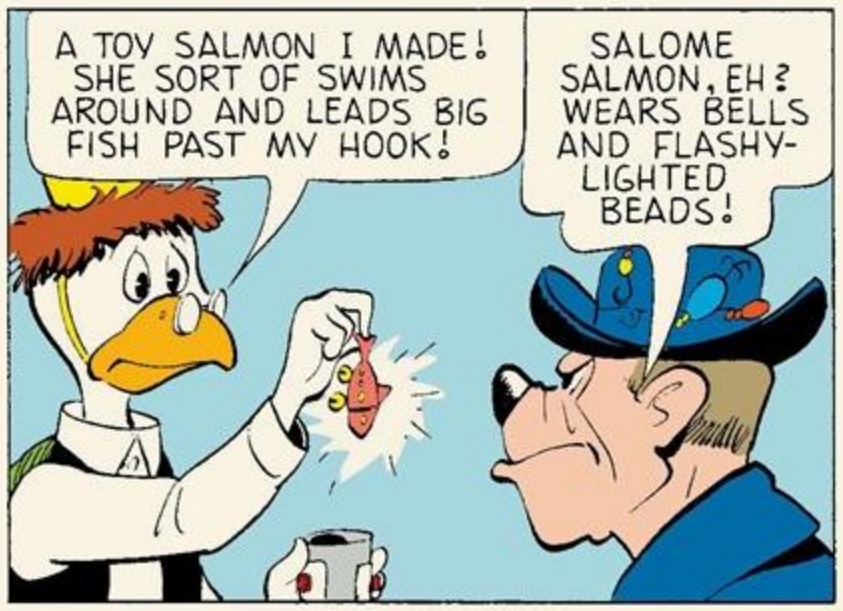
NOW THE FISH ARE *BUNCHING* AROUND THE *POINT OF ROCKS*!

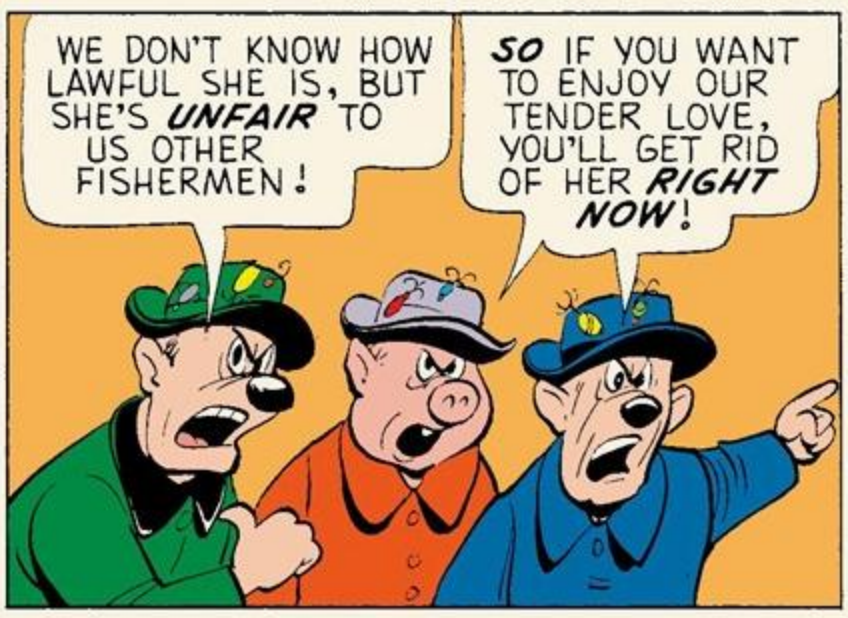
WHERE THAT *LUCKY* FISHERMAN IS!

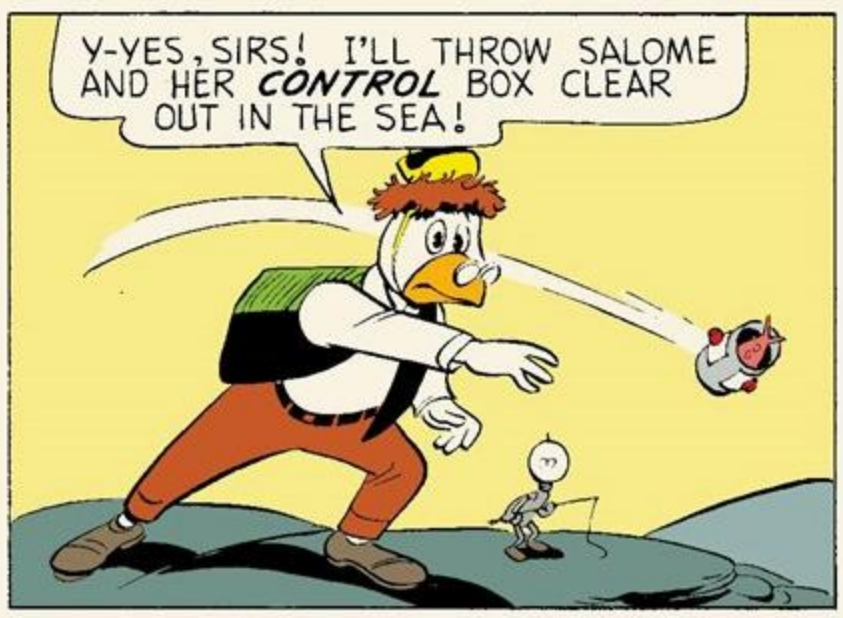

I DON'T THINK HIS LUCK IS ALL LUCK!
I SUSPECT THE SCOUNDREL IS USING A TRICK BAIT OF SOME KIND!

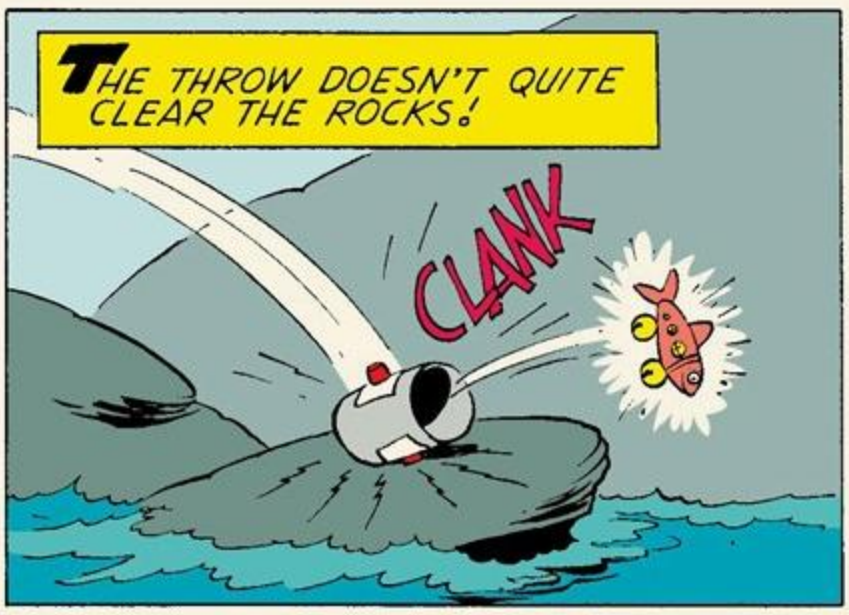

OKAY, GENIUS! TELL US HOW YOU DO IT!
IF YOU'RE BREAKING THE RULES, WE'LL SEE THAT THE WARDEN HEARS ABOUT IT!

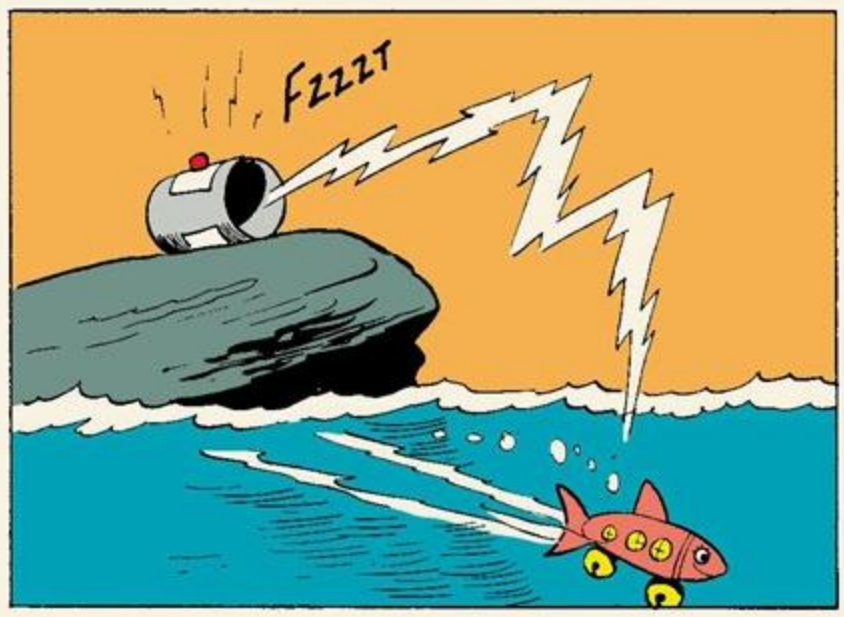

I'M ONLY USING A COMMON SPINNER, FELLOWS — AND SALOME, HERE!
WHO'S SALOME?


A TOY SALMON I MADE! SHE SORT OF SWIMS AROUND AND LEADS BIG FISH PAST MY HOOK!
SALOME SALMON, EH? WEARS BELLS AND FLASHY-LIGHTED BEADS!


WE DON'T KNOW HOW LAWFUL SHE IS, BUT SHE'S UNFAIR TO US OTHER FISHERMEN!
SO IF YOU WANT TO ENJOY OUR TENDER LOVE, YOU'LL GET RID OF HER RIGHT NOW!


Y-YES, SIRS! I'LL THROW SALOME AND HER CONTROL BOX CLEAR OUT IN THE SEA!


THE THROW DOESN'T QUITE CLEAR THE ROCKS!
CLANK


FZZZT

TIME PASSES!

I STILL NEED A FEW MORE SALMON TO FILL MY FREEZER! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CATCH THEM THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY!

NOW THERE ARE NO SALMON HERE, THERE, OR ANYWHERE!

EVEN OLD LUCKY OUT THERE IN THE BOAT ISN'T CATCHING ANY FISH!

WUP! HERE COMES A WHOLE SCHOOL OF SALMON ALL AT ONCE — AND A WHALE IS AMONG THEM!

SCOOP

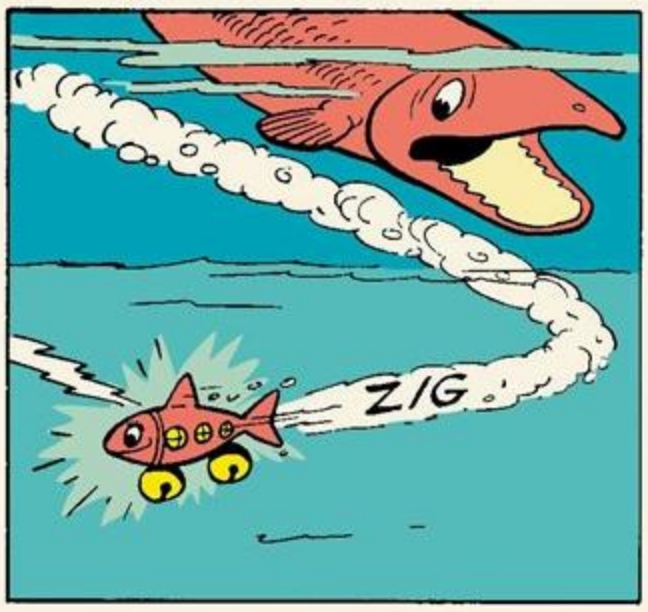
DID YOU SEE THAT? A WHALE SCOOPED UP THE SALMON — AND OLD LUCKY, TOO!

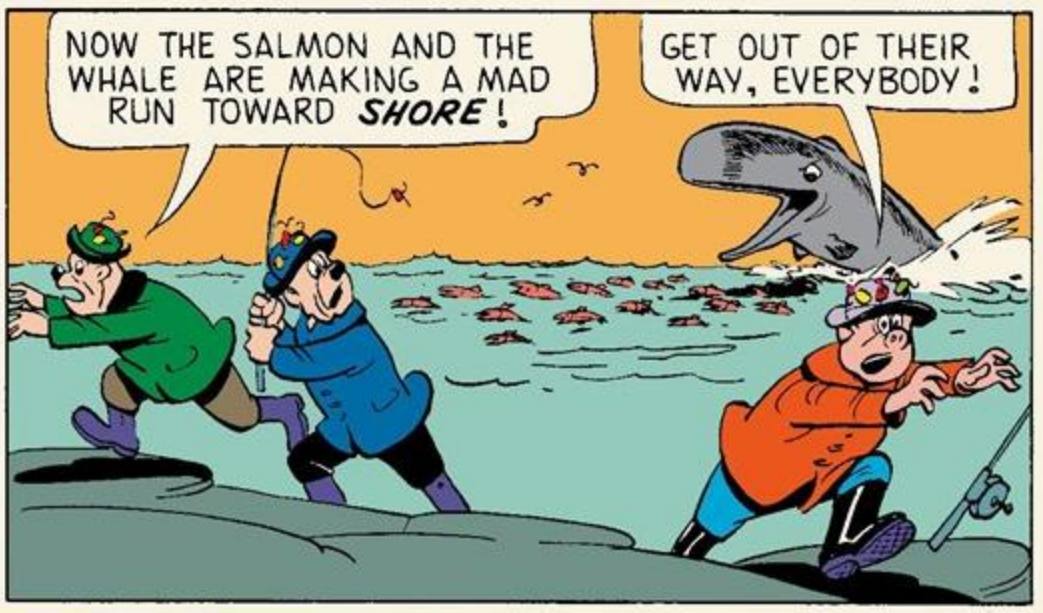
WHAT BROUGHT SO MANY SALMON SO SUDDENLY? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

IT MAKES SENSE TO GYRO'S HELPER, WHO PADDLES ASHORE IN A BAIT CAN!

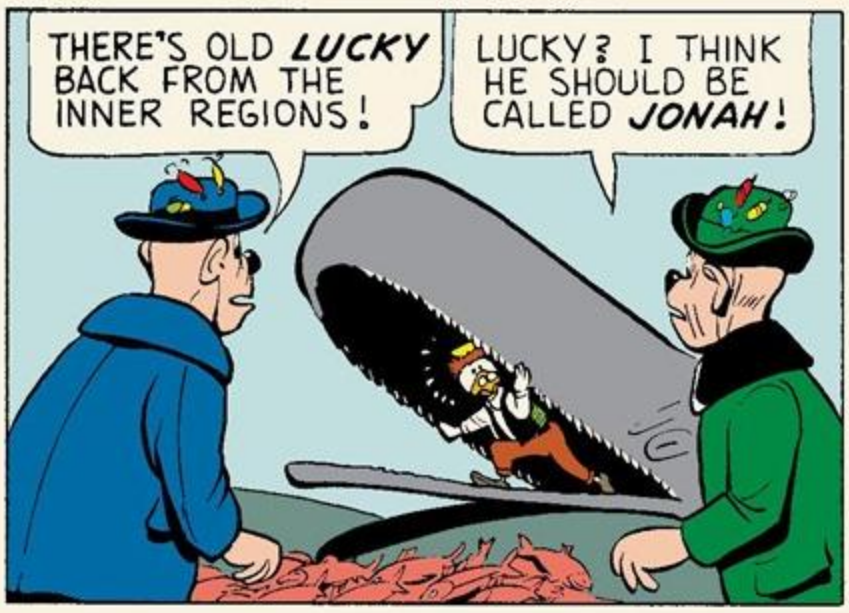
FIZZZT

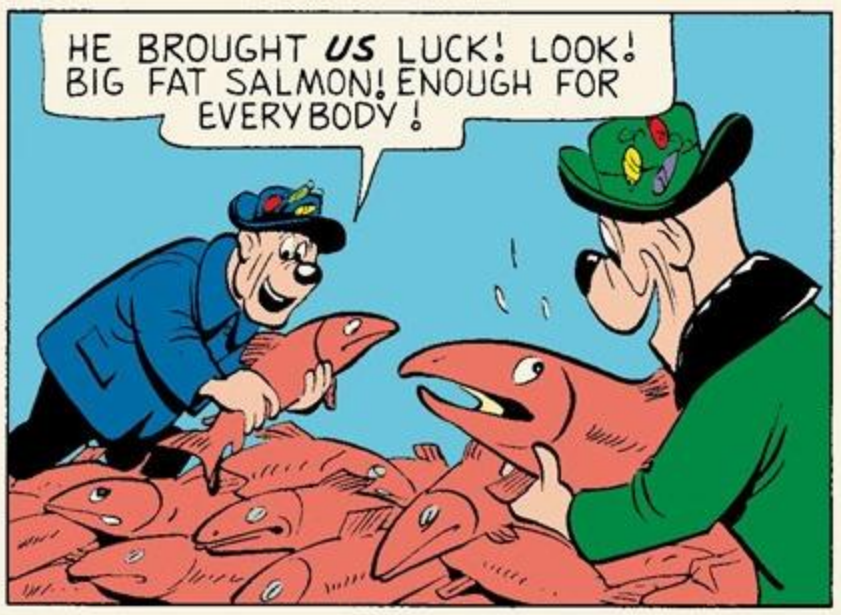
(BZZT! BZZZT!) THE CONTROL BOX IS SENDING SALOME IN BIG CIRCLES AT SEA! MUST BRING HER IN FAST!


ZIG

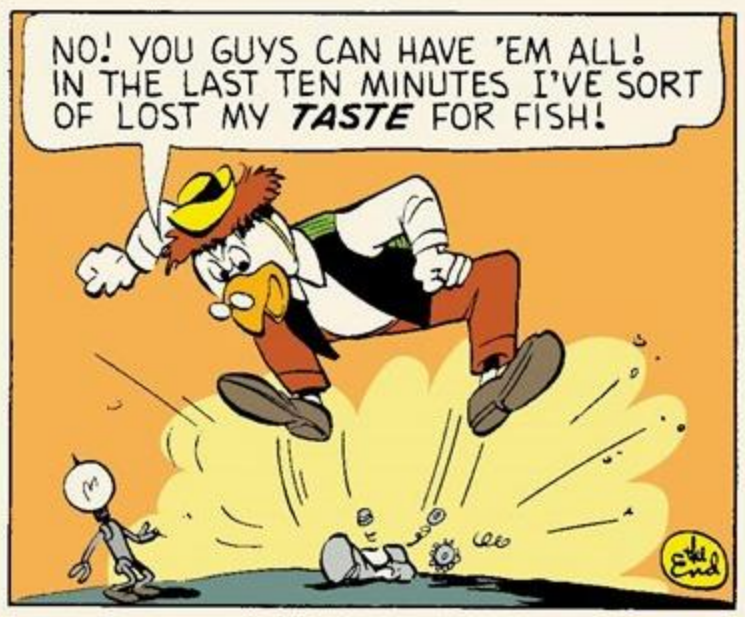

NOW THE SALMON AND THE WHALE ARE MAKING A MAD RUN TOWARD SHORE!
GET OUT OF THEIR WAY, EVERYBODY!


SPLOOK


THERE'S OLD LUCKY BACK FROM THE INNER REGIONS!
LUCKY? I THINK HE SHOULD BE CALLED JONAH!

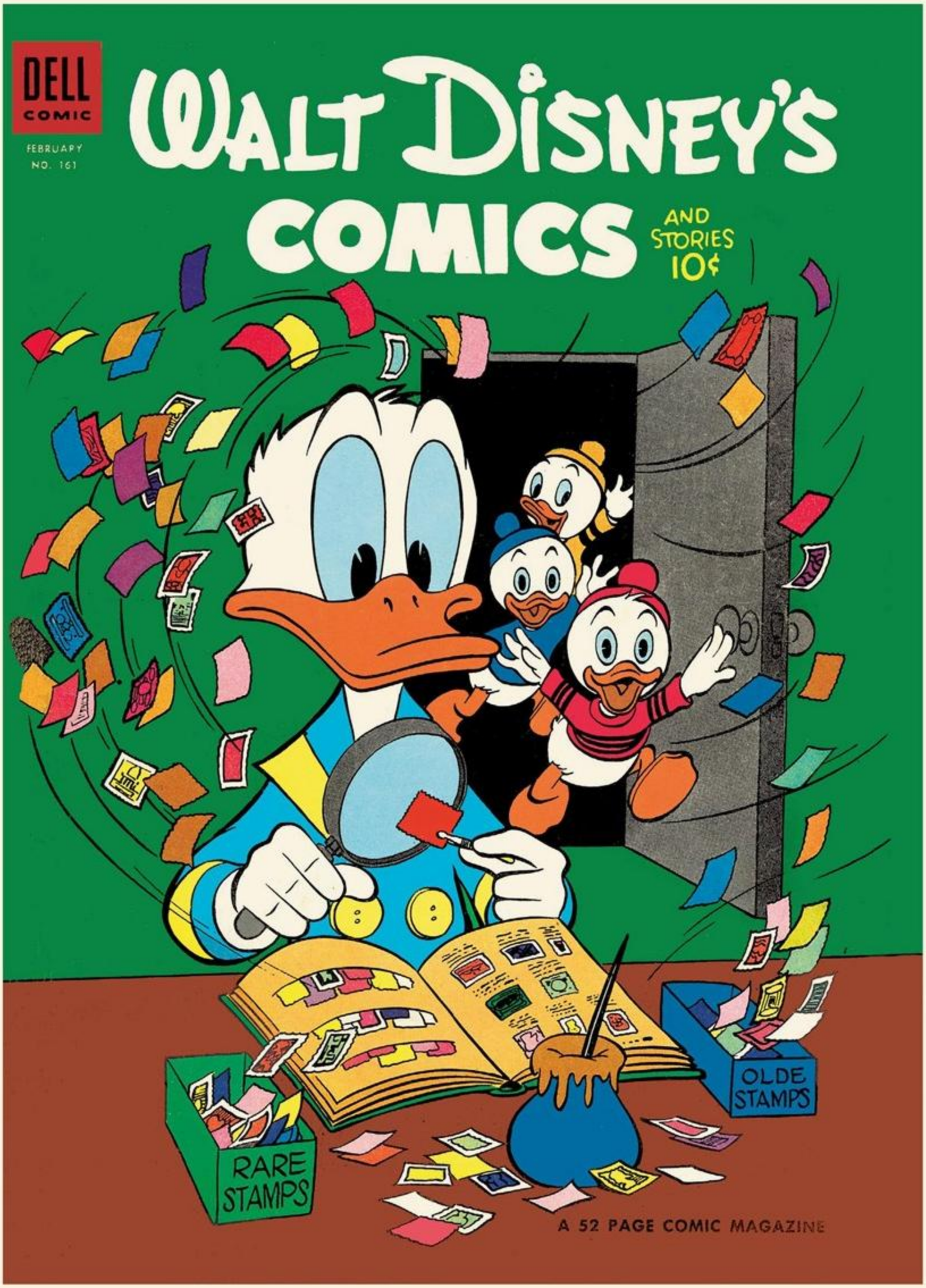

HE BROUGHT US LUCK! LOOK! BIG FAT SALMON! ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY!


HEY, MISTER! AREN'T YOU GOING TO PICK UP YOUR SHARE OF THESE FISH?

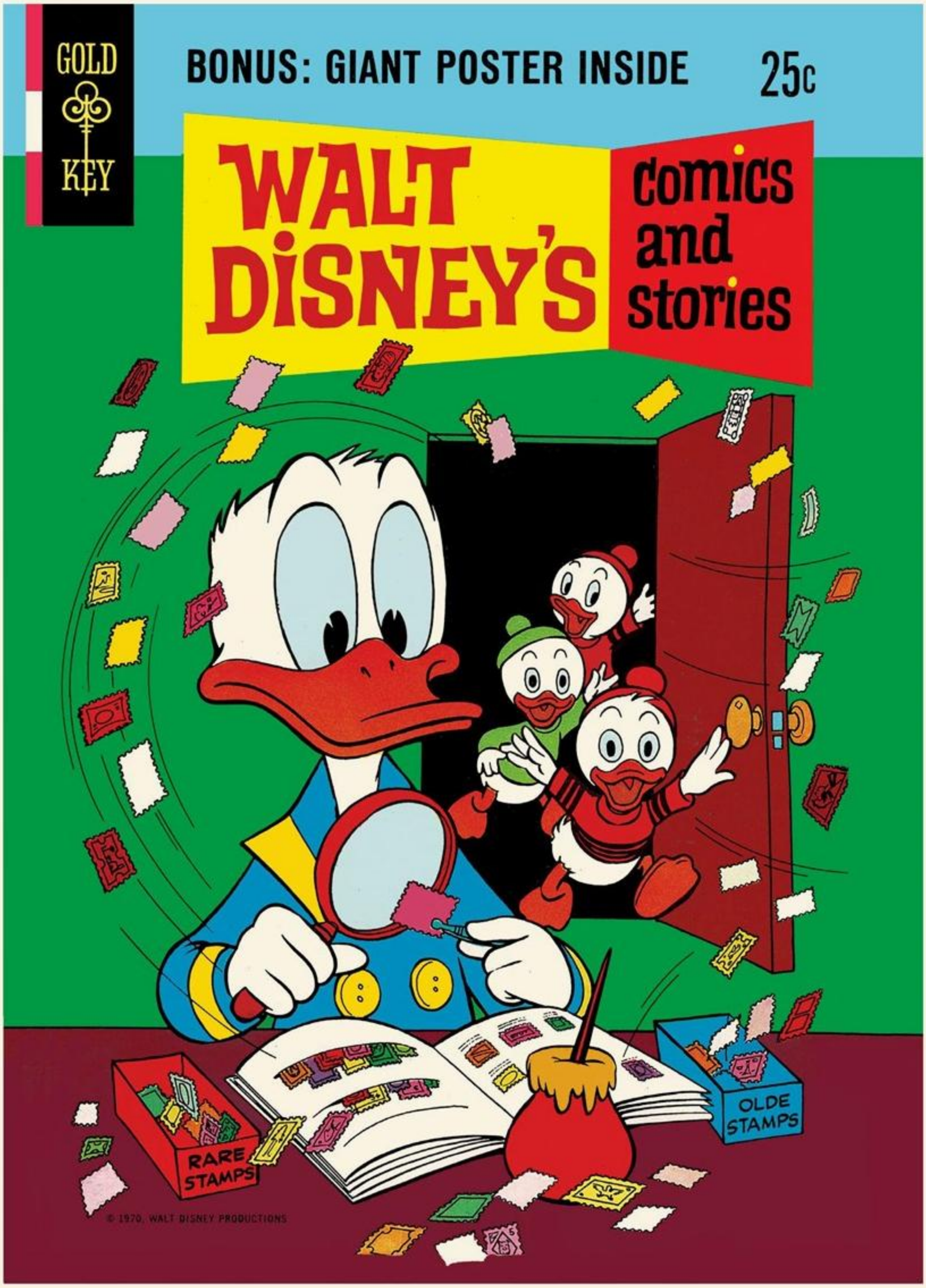

NO! YOU GUYS CAN HAVE 'EM ALL! IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES I'VE SORT OF LOST MY TASTE FOR FISH!
THE END



Barks sent this pencil art to his editor September 9, 1969. The sketch was given to Larry Mayer to turn into a poster insert for a special edition of *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories*. To make it fit the poster format, Mayer made changes, most obviously extending the mechanical arm upward. When Barks later sold the sketch to a fan, he added the copyright notice, labeled it "Unpublished Cover Idea," and signed it. Open this special double foldout to see the finished poster.



Carl Barks's original cover for *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* #161, February 1954 (see *Walt Disney's Donald Duck: "The Ghost Sheriff of Last Gasp,"* Volume 15).



Larry Mayer's redrawn version of that Barks cover for *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* #355 [Giant Poster Edition], April 1970, heralding the poster inside that issue, which is reproduced here in this special double foldout.

WALT DISNEY

GYRO GEARLOOS



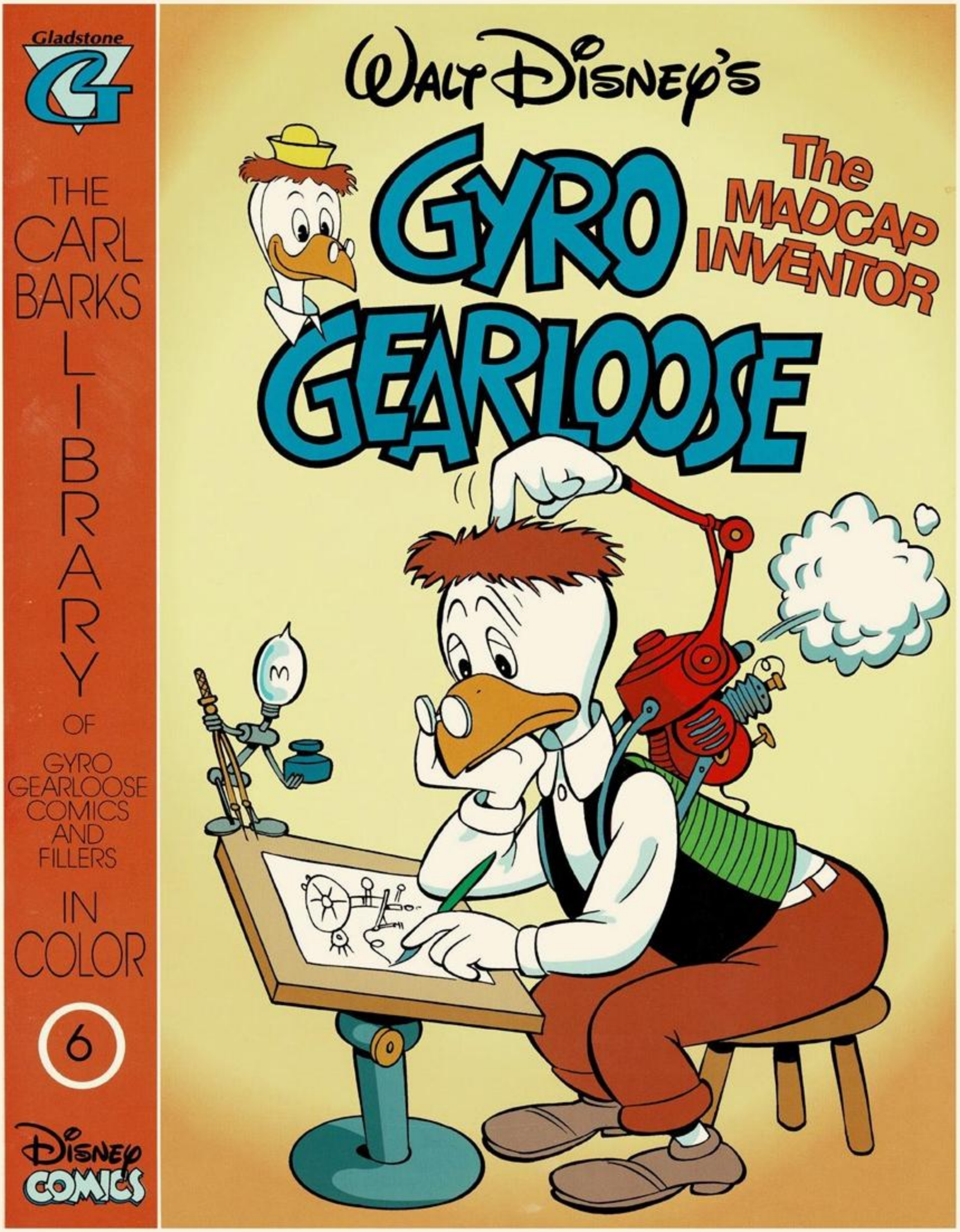
SE







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In 1993, William Van Horn inked Barks's 1969 "Head Scratcher" drawing (p. 203) for the cover of *The Carl Barks Library of Gyro Gearloose Comics and Fillers in Color* #6. Since that cover's proportions were similar to Barks's design, Van Horn's rendering is more faithful to Barks's original work. The result, above, was colored by Gary Leach. (Open this fold to compare.)

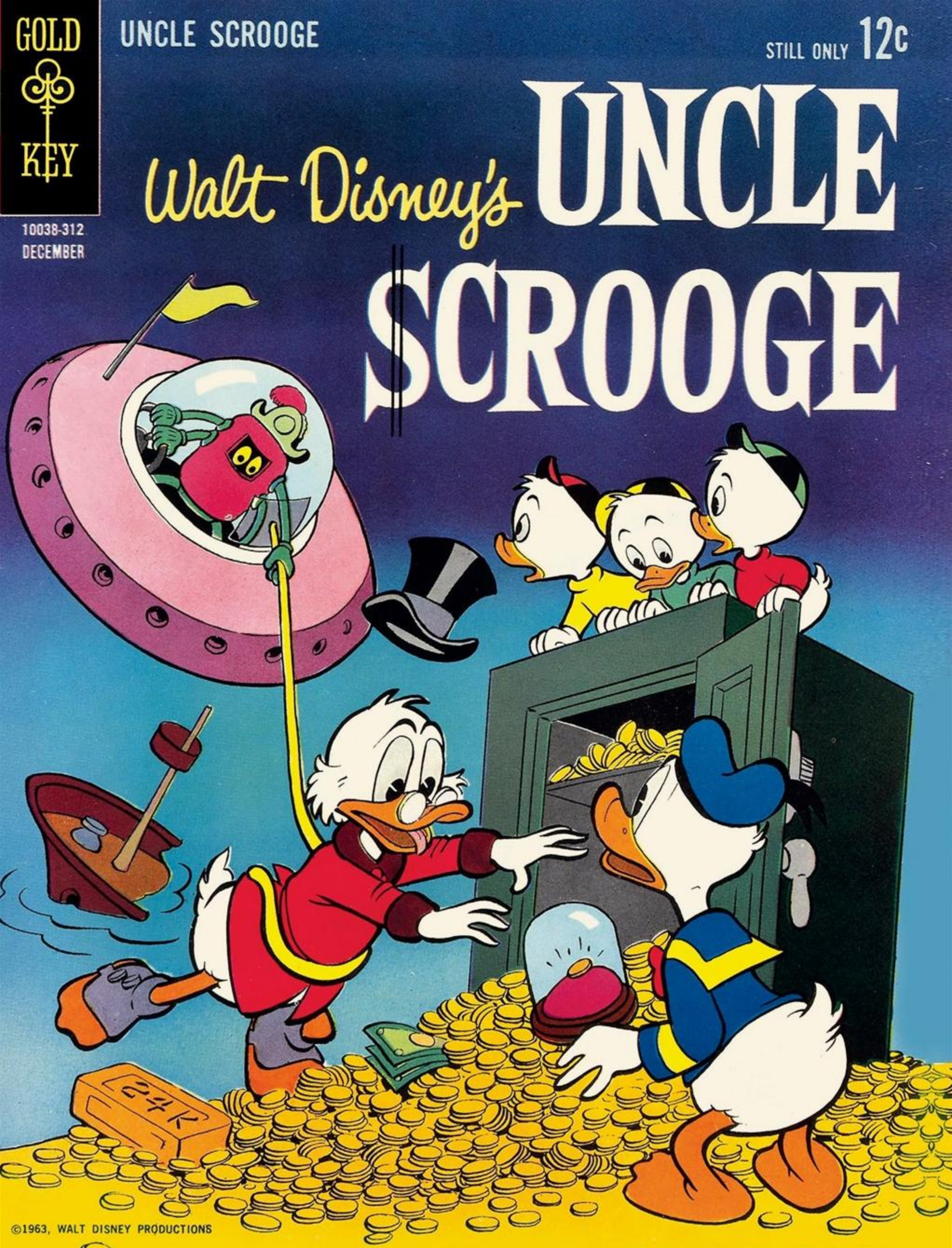
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10038-312
DECEMBER

Walt Disney's UNCLE SCROOGE



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LOST BENEATH THE SEA!

Story Notes

LOST BENEATH THE SEA *p. 1*

"Lost Beneath the Sea" is one of the few times that Carl Barks explicitly depicts Scrooge's Number One Dime as a magical good-luck charm (Scrooge calls it "my old fortune bringer"), which, previously, only Magica De Spell believed. The story gets underway after Scrooge secures the Dime with the purser of the *S.S. Fatsonia*, and he and the Nephews pursue Donald off the ship, only to witness it set sail without them.

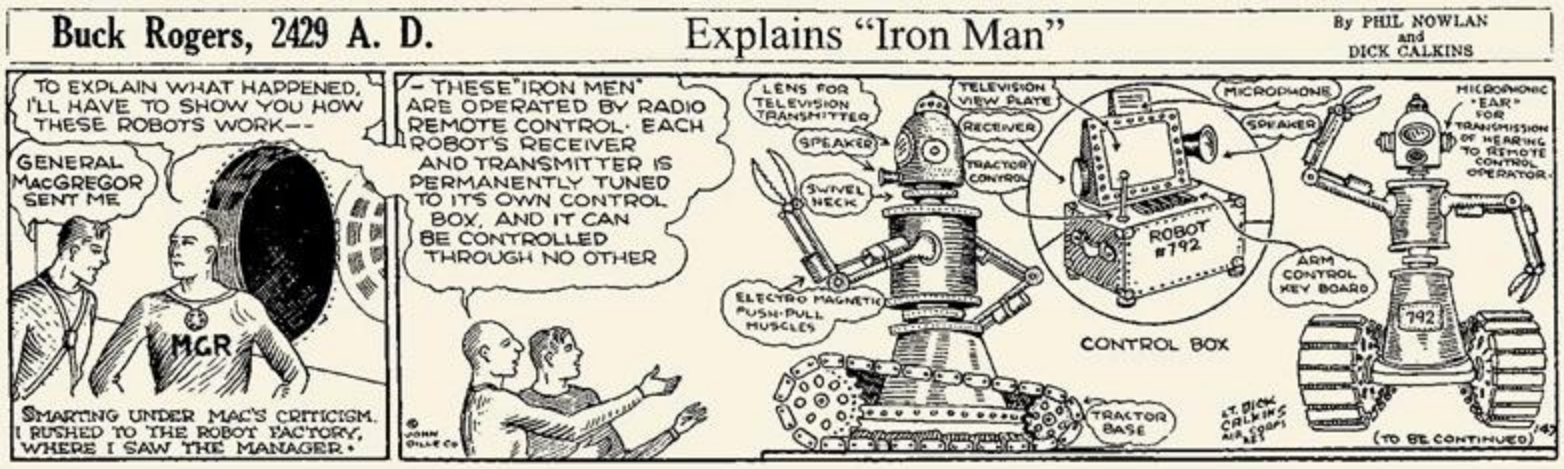
Thus, it is the Dime that gets "lost beneath the sea" when the ship sinks in a storm. This looks a bit like karmic punishment for Scrooge's greed, as his avowed intention from the outset was to buy Mount Everest, the Taj Mahal, and Hong Kong and move them to his amusement park in Duckburg.

This story has some parallels to "The Secret of Atlantis" (*Walt Disney's Uncle Scrooge: "Only a Poor Old Man,"* Volume 12 in this series), in which the Ducks also dive into the ocean (to retrieve a single 1916 quarter suddenly worth ten skyrillion dollars) and end up discovering the lost continent of Atlantis, which is inhabited by fish-men.

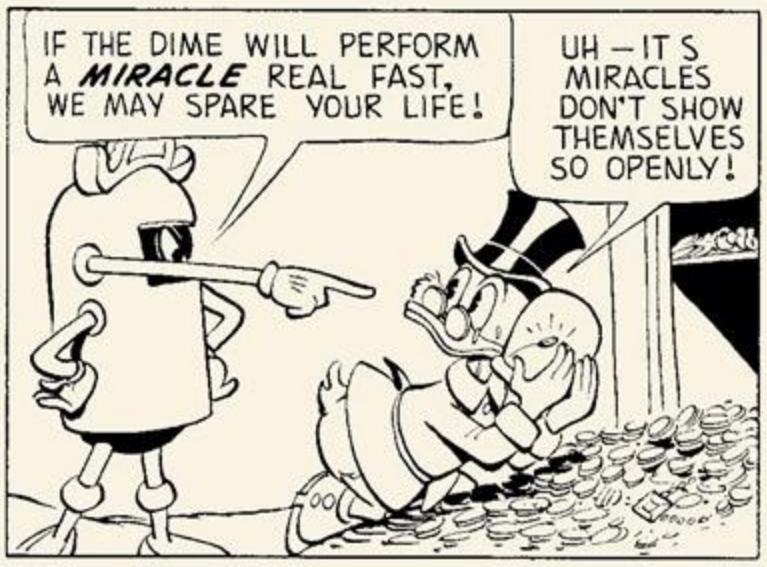
In "Lost Beneath the Sea," the Ducks use an experimental bathyscaphe (which Barks spells as "bathyscaph") but get stuck at the bottom of the ocean, then are dragged into a shipyard hidden inside a hollow undersea volcano by — Martians. Barks establishes a connection with the article that reporter Donald has unsuccessfully presented to his newspaper editor on page 2, a story he made up about Martians in a flying saucer.

But these are *real* Martians, and they remind us of other "aliens in need" that Barks has portrayed in previous stories. In fact, they are salvaging sunken ships to melt down the scrap metal and convert it into "light rays" that they shoot out to their own planet, which is in "dire need" of iron. (An ironic twist here since Mars is called the "Red Planet" because of all the rust particles — *iron* oxide — that cover its surface and give it its crimson hue.)

Barks chooses to hide the Martians' actual appearance (although they appear to have four arms, like the Tharks in Edgar Rice Burroughs's *John Carter of Mars* series), as he depicts them wearing Iron Man–like armor (a kind of industrial body suit, perhaps), so that only their two eyes (two that we can see, anyway) show. Barks's inspiration here seems



An inspiration for the Martians in this Story? *Buck Rogers, 2429 A.D.*, by Phil Nowlan and Dick Calkins, Wednesday, July 24, 1929.



to come from the *Buck Rogers* newspaper strip, where similarly trash-can-shaped robots appeared as early as 1929. The Martians' chief wears a bicorne hat or crown with its points positioned sideways, which visually connects him to Napoleon Bonaparte and the notion of power.

Artwise, it must be pointed out how cleverly Barks juxtaposes the humorous shapes of the Ducks and the Martians with the realistic depictions of the sunken ships and the bathyscaph. (Page 15, panel 7 is particularly impressive in this respect.)

Before the story ends, Barks makes another parallel to "The Secret of Atlantis" when the chief Martian reminds Scrooge that he has promised "to tell no other Earth people about us," and Scrooge agrees. Similarly, the king of Atlantis asks the Ducks to "tell no *greedy* ones about us," and the Nephews in that story, "*promise* as Junior Woodchucks" to keep the underwater people's secret. But Donald, in this case, has no compunction about pitching the story of their outrageous adventure to his newspaper editor — only to be pitched out himself.

— ALBERTO BECATTINI

EDITOR'S NOTE: About that Dime. While Barks did portray "Ol' Number One" as bringing Scrooge luck in this story, he later decided that that was a mistake. In Kim Weston's *Complete Carl Barks Index* (Kim Weston, 2016), Weston notes, "While Don Rosa was writing and drawing his *Life and Times of Scrooge McDuck* [see page 242], he was corresponding regularly with Barks."

In a letter to Rosa dated April 22, 1991, Barks wrote: "I agree with you that the Number One Dime should not be treated as a *good luck charm.* It contradicts the way Uncle Scrooge *really* made his fortune, but woe is me! I blatantly violated that rule in at least one story, U.S. #46, 'Lost Beneath the Sea'."

Rosa was unequivocal about it in *Life and Times* when he had Scrooge proclaim, "That dime wasn't my luck — it was my *inspiration!*"

THE STATUS SEEKER *p. 25*

"The Status Seeker" is perhaps Barks's most unsung masterclass in mockery. Scrooge's bizarre quest for the status-laden Candy-Striped Ruby deserves equal standing among the best of his farces, simply because of its scathing send-up of every stripe and style of superciliousness.

The first panels drip with venom as Scrooge arrives at the Swelldorf Brasstoria for his initial lesson in snobbery. Much of Barks's funny-animal comedy appropriates anthropomorphic forms for satiric purposes, rooting his characters in the same traditions as cautionary myths and fables. This story's opening panel sets the snooty tone with no fewer than fourteen snidely poised scene-makers, displaying contemptuous expressions and patronizing gazes.

Preeminent humans become rats, birds, pigs, and dogs, draped in ostentatious, oversized jewels — Barksian portraits of excessive exclusivity and ignorant privilege. There are clear parallels to the human/animal grotesques of J.J. Grandville and T.S. Sullivant, both significant influences on Disney funny-animal design.

The subsequent pages take aim at designer fashions, luxury automobiles, trendy art styles, and the smarmy public fascination with prestige gems like the Hope Diamond, which Harry Winston donated to the Smithsonian Institution in 1958, four years before Barks developed these allegorical antics. This story's fuss and bother over the Candy-Striped Ruby also heralds the tabloid storm that would erupt around Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton's acquisition of a 68-carat diamond in 1969.



A snooty zebra and tiger by T.S. Sullivant (1854–1926) from *Life*, August 20, 1914, as seen in *A Cockeyed Menagerie: The Drawings of T.S. Sullivant* (Fantagraphics Books, 2020). Sullivant's work was a key inspiration for the Disney Studios, especially in *Fantasia*, *Dumbo*, and *Alice in Wonderland*.

As the ruby hunt escalates, we encounter some of Porkman De Lardo's finest villainy. Appearing in several stories, sometimes as Argus McSwine, this is perhaps Porkman's greatest turn in Barks's oeuvre. He not only initiates the story by explaining the rules of the status game to Scrooge, but his ambitions also drive him to become a master adversary.

When he hires the Beagle Boys, he discovers that even in crime, prestige branding bestows respect. There may not be honor among thieves, but in Barks's world, trends, buzz, and cachet can influence even dirty deeds and criminal intrigue. The panel depicting Porkman's sneer as he surrounds himself with Duckburg's criminal elite is among Barks's finest portrayals of self-satisfied evil. The envious De Lardo actually seeks to murder Scrooge, handing him the very bull's-eye with which he hopes to drown him. His aptly named Judas Fish renders the Ducks' secret submarine strategy useless, and his easy transition from high-society celebrity to high-seas piracy suggests how viciously shallow such status seekers truly are.

Scrooge's race for the ruby is also great fun. The giant peppermint-addicted jellyfish provides some of the best gags. The actual animal world once again becomes a formidable challenge for Barks's treasure seekers as the sea beast discovers the addictive kick of Scrooge's high-calorie trade goods. A goofy version of the infamous giant squid that attacks Captain Nemo's *Nautilus* in Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* (famously adapted into a live-action movie by Disney Studios in 1954 starring Kirk Douglas, James Mason, Paul Lukas, and Peter Lorre), Barks augments his version with absurdly asemic jellyfish gibberish. The mammoth panels

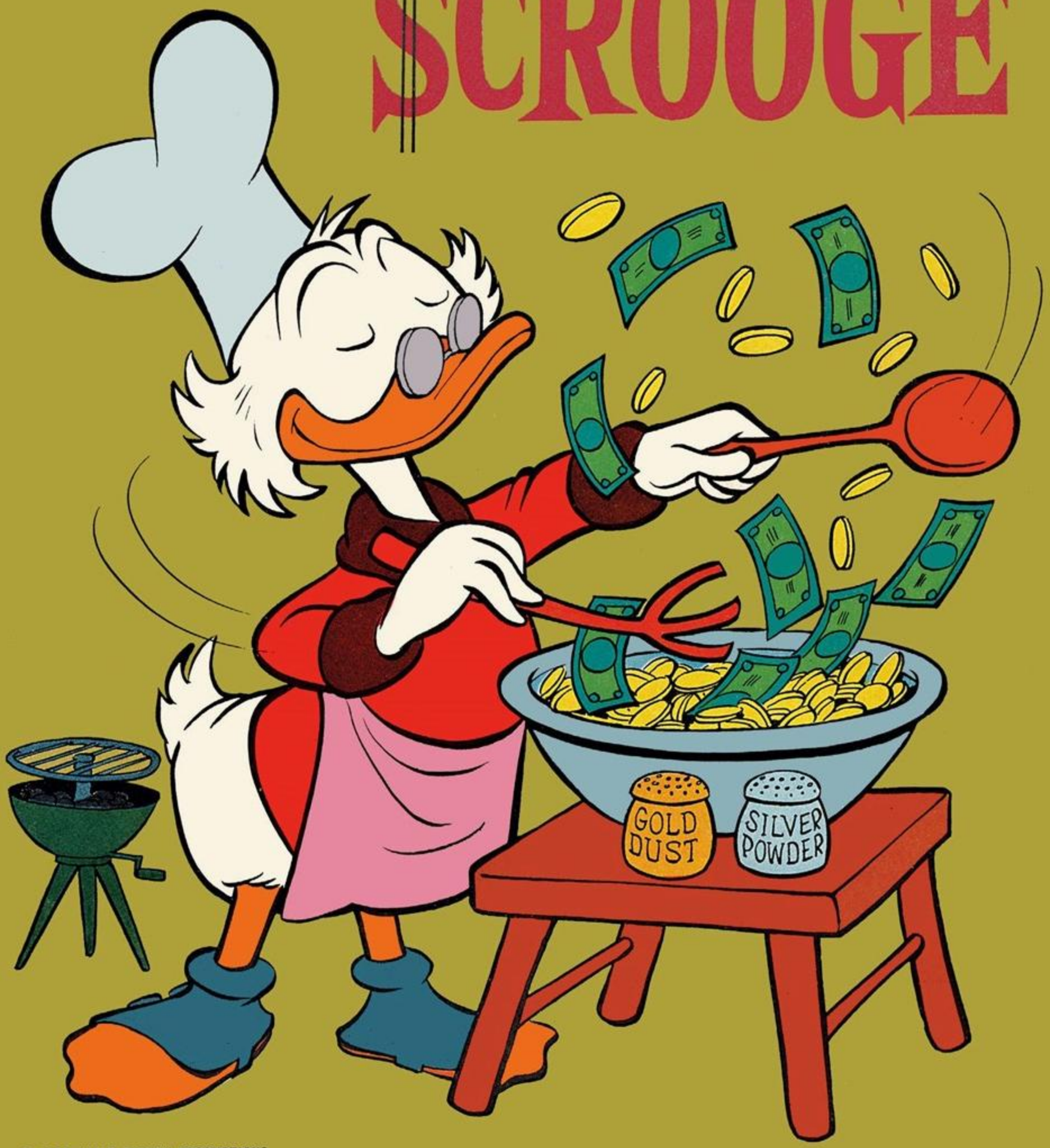
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depicting its peppermint-inspired antics are also reminiscent of the celebrated surfacing scenes from 1950s giant monster films.

Much is also made of Scrooge's mysterious "trade goods" — the peppermint candy in which he hopes to camouflage the "the most fabulous status symbol in existence." That's a scheme similar to the one in "All at Sea" (*Walt Disney's Uncle Scrooge: "Island in the Sky,"* Volume 24) when Scrooge disguised gold to look like corn to sneak it past the Beagle Boys.

Nephew Louie, recalling how that turned out, cautions Scrooge ("You tried the same trick before, and the Beagle Boys solved it!") only to have Scrooge dismiss his concern.

But the Beagle Boys remember it, too. ("He's hidden it — and we can guess *where!*") Previously, almost all the "corn" was gold, but now the situation is reversed. All the candy *is* candy, except for the one piece that is the Candy-Striped Ruby. The Beagle Boys' solution? Take a bite out of each piece until one of them chomps down on the jewel.



But the candy, importantly, provides more agency and utility than any ruby ever could. It helps the kids distract the sharks, allowing them to discover and disable De Lardo's Judas Fish. It eventually convinces King Fulla Cola to trade his actual jewel for extra tummy inches. And it keeps the jellyfish menace on the hunt for sugary thrills.

Barks's adventurers find more useful value in the trivialities of penny candy than the scarcity or provenance of iconic jewels. The sweetness of Scrooge's "trade goods" appeals to every animal except the status seekers, who, perversely, value fashion over function.

Scrooge finally strikes a deal with King Fulla Cola, outfoxes De Lardo and the Beagle Boys, and affixes his status-defining prize to his ascot. But he is openly ridiculed as "stingy, dowdy, and dreadfully *boring!*" because "all he can talk about is money!"

Barks's double-edged satire is especially subtle here. Scrooge works, saves, and strives to earn his wealth while the bejeweled and festooned Swelldorf set do not. Like Porkman, they are solely concerned with notoriety.

Scrooge's final moment of poignant pride is not about getting the best of anyone or coveting others' social prestige. It's about his delight in showing them all that they are no better than he is. He doesn't care that they find him dull or that they snicker behind his back. Immune to their jealousies and insecurities, he is the only truly contented status seeker in the room.

— DANIEL YEZBICK

FOR OLD DIME'S SAKE *p. 45*

Compare the first page of "For Old Dime's Sake" to that of "The Many Faces of Magica De Spell" (p. 165). Both corroborate the ferocity and fearfulness of Scrooge's nemesis, Magica. In "Many Faces," nature's haphazard wraths are preamble for the villainess's unrelated malevolent plan. There's no such lead-in in "For Old Dime's Sake." We are plunged *in medias res*, smack into the middle of an unnatural fury, the spectacular opening salvo of a calculated, sustained onslaught.

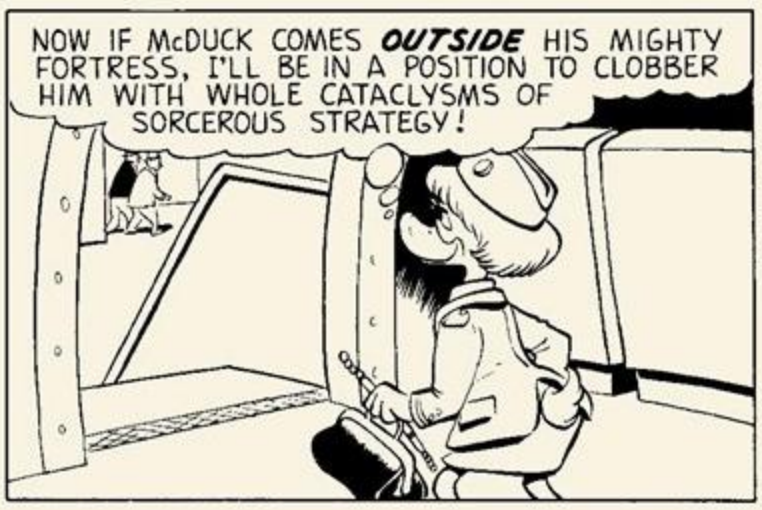
One reason for this immediacy lies in another comparison with "The Many Faces of Magica De Spell." *That* adventure is propelled by a solitary, tangled, evil scheme. It possesses a single malicious through line. (The same is true for Magica's other assault in this volume, "Isle of Golden Geese," p. 115). But "For Old Dime's Sake" boasts two distinct dastardly machinations, two complete and completely satisfying skirmishes — the siege of the money bin and the total body transformations of Magica.

These two campaigns split the story into neat near-halves, and Carl Barks knits them together by several formal means. The first is

through overarching narrative elements. Most crucial, of course, is the ink smudge on the back of Scrooge's head, gained in the first half and pivotal in the second. We never lose sight of it during interludes (as when Scrooge meets with Magica, who is disguised as the mayor).

Likewise, the recurrence of Scrooge's detectives serves to augment linkage. Their reports meaningfully influence Scrooge's behavior, first when they are informants, later when dupes (and as far as continuity goes, the two reprise their roles in "The Many Faces of Magica De Spell").

Another device Barks employs is sustaining a compulsive, propelling momentum. This is advanced through small but significant ways. For instance, we are kept abreast — never in the dark about strategies or maneuvers by either side. When Magica wises up to the detectives tailing her at the airport, we clearly see how she does it. When Scrooge warns of *"Sunday punches,"* we find out in short order exactly what those are. We're never left hanging, never lagging behind.



Narrative drive is also generated through pacing and structure, of which Barks is a master. The initial three-page blitzkrieg that opens "For Old Dime's Sake" is followed by an extended flashback of Magica celebrating her powers in an ecstatic ballet on distant Mount Vesuvius. The scene ends abruptly with a single panel marooned on the top tier of the following page (the one where Magica identifies those "*Sunday punches*"). The rest of the tier and page snaps us back to Duckburg in a sudden transition that telescopes the far-flung previous into the in-your-face present — oh yeah! That's *right!* She's *here! Now!* And round two is *on!*

It's that kind of unifying energy that defies bisection and keeps us on our toes the whole way.

— RICH KREINER

THE INVISIBLE INTRUDER *p. 63*

Drawn by Barks but written by Vic Lockman, this short run-of-the-mill story would ordinarily land in the "forgettable" bin, and the only reason we'd want it included here is for pure Barks completism. Yes, sure, the gag with the sequence of ever-larger beds is cute, and so is the preteen Scrooge already sporting his trademark sideburns, but is there anything else worth noting?

Unexpectedly, it turns out, there is. None other than that undisputed king of Barks completists, Don Rosa, found in this very story the graphical inspiration for a scene in the first chapter of his masterpiece, *The Life and Times of Scrooge McDuck* (see p. 242). Although he regarded only Barks "facts" as canon for Scrooge's story, "I allowed a non-Barksian 'fact' to direct me this once," he says, in reference to "Getting That Healthy, Wealthy Feeling," a 9-pager from *Uncle Scrooge* #50, July 1964. In that story, artist Tony Strobl depicts Scrooge earning his first dime by cleaning the muddy boots of a ditchdigger.



Then Rosa adds, with reference to this Lockman/Barks tale, "There was another story ... which also showed a scene of a young Scrooge shining shoes; I re-created only some of the Barks art from that tale and disregarded the silly plot." He speaks, of course, of the sequence on page 1 (p. 63) in which Scrooge is shining shoes, initially individually, but shortly thereafter in a suspenders-empowered "production line."

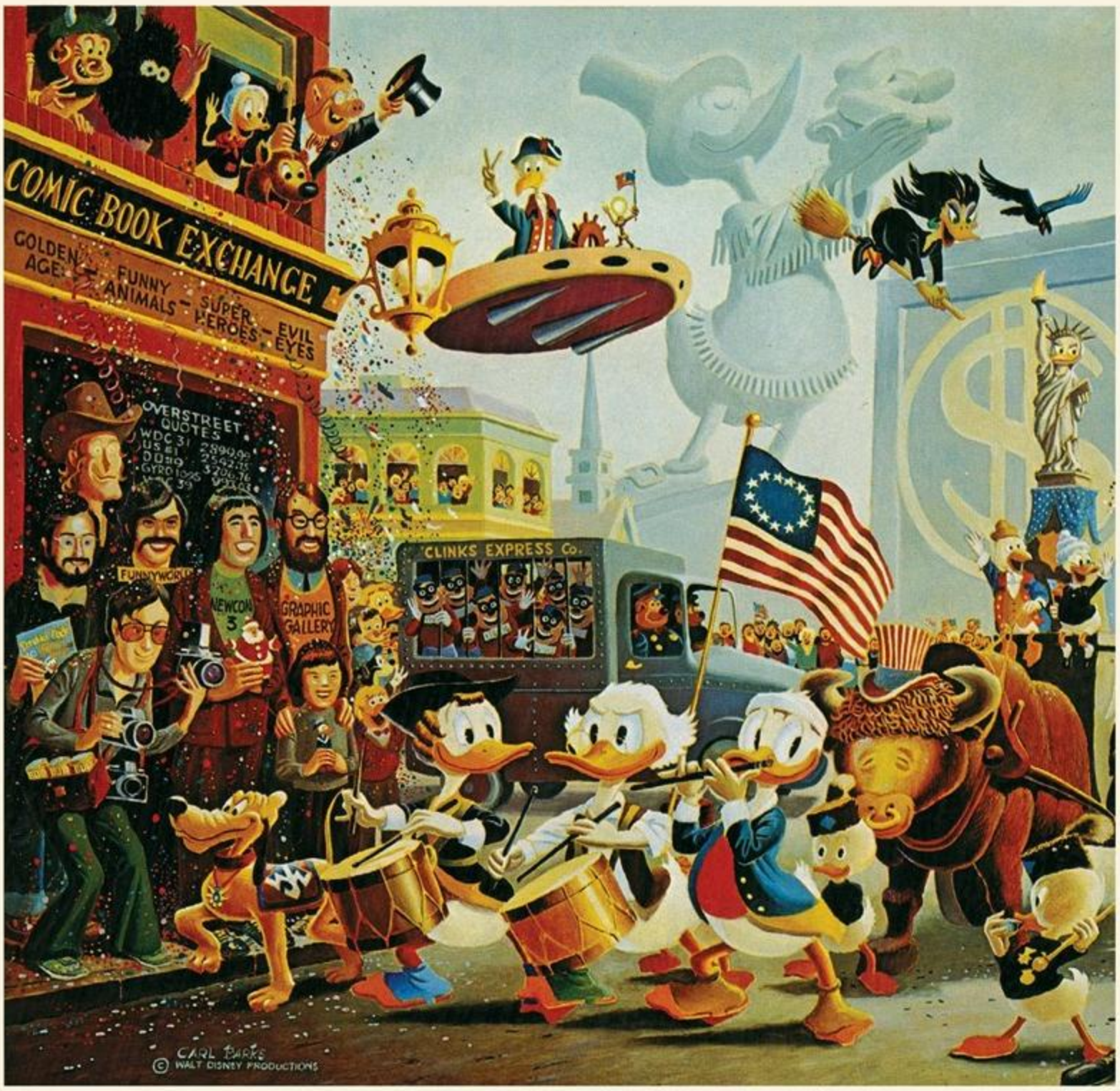
Rosa mirrors the latter panel with uncanny attention to detail on page 7 of Chapter 1 of *The Life and Times of Scrooge McDuck*, down to the specific attire of the three "headless" men whose shoes the young Scrooge is shining simultaneously.

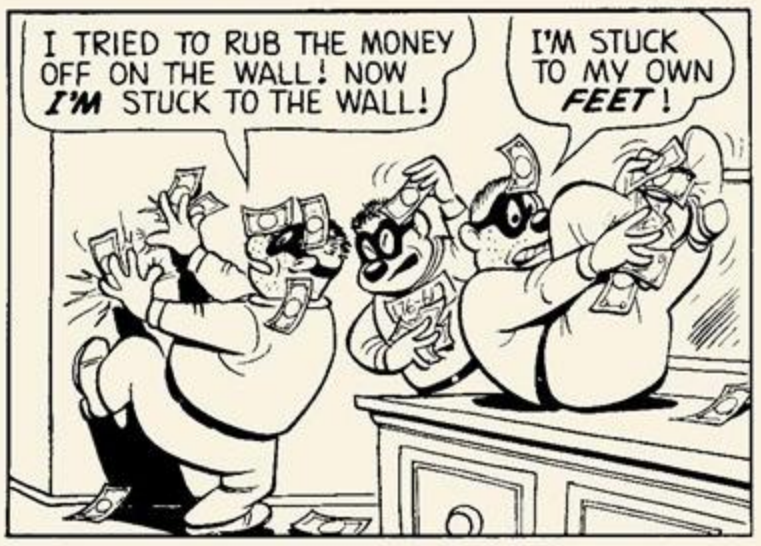
— FRANCESCO STAJANO AND LEONARDO GORI

THE CASE OF THE STICKY MONEY *p. 69*

In 1929, English Catholic priest and detective fiction writer Ronald Knox declared his "ten commandments" for mystery stories — among them that the criminal should be mentioned in the early part of the story. Carl Barks deftly delivers that here and establishes the mystery on the first page. While this adventure does

In his American Bicentennial patriotic oil painting, *July Fourth in Duckburg* (1976), Carl Barks includes portraits of several fans and scholars of the Duck Man. Standing, right, in the detail reproduced here: Bruce Hamilton (with cowboy hat); in the row below, Donald Ault (holding a copy of *Donald Duck Finds Pirate Gold*), Michael Barrier, Donald Phelps, and Russ Cochran and his son, Vance. Below Ault: E.B. Boatner. Bob Overstreet, Bud Plant, and others on the opposite side of the street are not shown in this portion of the painting.





not follow *all* traditional rules of the genre, it invites the reader in by beginning with a search for clues.

This tale of crime (and punishment) is filled with satisfying twists, turns — and more mysteries, some of them requiring invention as well as detection to find solutions.

But Barks also embedded among these twenty pages *another* mystery. Although he couldn't sign his work (because it was supposedly written and drawn by Walt Disney), by late 1962, when Carl created this story, his name had become known to a handful of dedicated fans among his millions of readers.

I'd written to Dell Comics in 1960 to ask who wrote and drew the Donald Duck stories in *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* and the Uncle Scrooge stories in *Uncle Scrooge*. The year after I was given Carl's name and address, my future husband Don Thompson and I sent him the first issue of our fanzine, *Comic Art*. In the second issue (August 1961), we named the letters column "Oh, So?" in honor of his Duck expletive. We ran his letter to us in that first column, including his kind remark about *Comic Art*: "I got quite a kick from reading it."

While he wasn't allowed to identify himself in the stories he created, he sometimes used names of real people. A mystery in this adventure is who those names on the wall on page 3 (p. 71) represent. More than half a century later, fans continue to wonder: Who are "Teresa + Mr. In-Between," "Joe + Carol," "Brad + Lil," "Slobby + Blobby," "Don + Maggie," and "Jackie + Pattie"?

Well, the "Don + Maggie" part of that question has long been answered. Don and I had married earlier that year, and you can imagine our reaction when we read this tale not long before we celebrated our first anniversary. Still, the identity of the five other couples remains a challenge.

The internet says that Carl had grandchildren named Teresa Jane, Bradley, Jackie, and Pattie. Understanding that being an in-betweener was already an animation job in the 1930s, we can guess that "Mr. In-Between" combined that fact and a lyric in the 1944 "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive" song by Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer. But who was the specific in-betweener whom Carl linked with "Teresa"? At some point, perhaps members of the extended family will provide more annotations.

It should be noted, by the way, that this story wasn't Carl's only shout-out to real people. His *July Fourth in Duckburg* oil painting (1976), for example, includes his portraits of several well-known fans, including Mike Barrier, Bruce Hamilton, Bob Overstreet, and Bud Plant. No mystery there.

Meanwhile, back at the soda shop, those of us whose names are scribed upon the wall find ourselves inhabiting a Barks-enriched universe without being acquainted with one other. But what we — and all Barks fans — *do* know is that, thanks to the joys that Carl brought us, we are all Lucky Ducks.

— MAGGIE THOMPSON

THE TRAVEL TIGHTWAD *p. 89*

"The Travel Tightwad" is a one-pager's worth of content padded to fill out an issue, and, skilled as he is, Barks can't hide his utter lack of enthusiasm for this script by Vic Lockman. There was no need for the whole detour with the motor scooter — Scrooge's stinginess could have *immediately* leaped to the silly solution of saving gas money by doing laundry in the car.

What makes this story noteworthy is the baffling use of *Donald* as Scrooge's chauffeur. Yes, these characters could change on a whim, but nothing about Donald's presence makes sense, nor does his servitude to Scrooge's image. One of McDuck's many incidental workers would have sufficed. Scrooge only addresses



his nephew by name once — every other time it's "chauffeur!" — but not in a contemptuous manner, as Scrooge might have done in a different story. A forgettable four-page filler.

— THAD KOMOROWSKI

CROWN OF THE MAYAS *p. 93*

A sustaining fascination lies at the heart of some of Carl Barks's greatest Duck adventures. The attraction is that of ancient civilizations, archeological remains, exotic cultures, and far-flung locales with insulated natives. It was an unfailing stimulus for Barks and, in turn, a surefire way to captivate readers. Among the many such inspired classics are "Lost in the Andes" (the title story of volume 7 of this series) and "Uncle Scrooge and the Prize of Pizzaro" (*Walt Disney's Uncle Scrooge: "The Twenty-four Carat Moon,"* Volume 22). Certainly, the "Crown of the Mayas" belongs in this group.

There's far more to these stories than name-dropping mysterious settings and period antiquities. Barks builds whole worlds around these wonders, imagining interactions and fleshing out environments through direct, expressive language; strategic-yet-revealing details; and striking, transporting visuals.

To that last: "Crown of the Mayas" opens with a vivid historical progression, a dramatic time-lapse depiction going from hasty, desperate action to leisurely centuries of decay. On the first page, the Well of Sacrifice is "creepy," a "dark pool," one that Scrooge will later call a "shivery well" and a "pit of *no return.*" Its rim is slippery. Its walls are slippery. The fraught dive down through its deepest depths — black void after void — is one of the most chilling sequences in this entire book. (Another for me is the running-out-of-air-in-the-bathyscaph sequence in "Lost Beneath the Sea," p. 13–14).

Sunken gems initially emerge from the "awful darkness" as glowing, demonic eyes. Unstable rocks and dirt covering the pyramid threaten collapse when disturbed. How many times does some form of the word "jittery" appear in this tale? This is a scary, dangerous place, even before the two villains make the scene.

Small measures expose providence. In a single, easily overlooked panel, the Nephews stash the early haul of treasures in the pried-open mouth of the giant stone head — they *have* to, in order to force the bad guys to search for their own artifacts and ultimately to unearth the throne room that traps the Ducks. Notice, too, the third panel of the penultimate page: as Slyviper and Foulcrook



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break through to the pyramid's interior, the Well yawns directly below and behind them, where it *must* be, so they can — fleeing and sliding — fall headlong into it.

Such meticulousness and verisimilitude don't come without scrupulous attention and actual research, with Barks's favorite reference being *National Geographic* magazine. Barks scholar Geoffrey Blum has even identified the very articles the artist used for source material and pictorial models. He cites, for the archivists among us, "Up from the Well of Time," "Lost City of the Maya," and "Into the Well of Sacrifice," all from the January 1959 issue, and "Return to the Sacred Cenote" (a natural, deep well) from October 1961.

Blum also notes that Barks declines to depict that, in addition to "jewels and groceries," Mayans also threw living human sacrifices into the Well. And those peculiar nonsensical syllables the disguised Ducks thunder from the thrones to frighten the scoundrels near the end? They're actually modified placenames of the Mayan realm, another nod by Barks to the once-great empire.

— RICH KREINER

ISLE OF GOLDEN GEESE *p. 115*

An ominous flashback opens this noteworthy adventure: no people, no screams, no word balloons, no sound effects — only the silent wreckage of a majestic ship in the middle of a storm and the commentary of an anonymous narrator. Then, "umpteen generations" later, it's our Ducks who bring us back to today and to the customary business of treasure hunting.

In many stories, Barks is careful to give rational and engineer-like explanations for what happens in his tales, but in others he is not afraid to venture into the unexplained. Suddenly, the stuff of fairy tales becomes plausible and real: a quill pen made of flexible gold that later turns out to have been shed by a goose. (Yes, a golden goose, of course.) And no need to question or explain why one might serendipitously find a golden egg or two when buying a dozen goose eggs from the corner grocery store. What is going on? Curiosity builds. All avenues are open, and Barks keeps teasing the reader with this interplay between the magical and the mundane.

Magica De Spell, Scrooge's beautiful raven-haired antagonist, brings another kind of wizardry to this tale. We witness her exerting her power over the creatures of the sea, and especially over the creatures of the air, in scenes reminiscent of Alfred Hitchcock's classic horror thriller *The Birds.* The movie was released in March 1963, a few months before the publication of this story, so one might think that it served as Barks's inspiration — but no. Michael Barrier's *Carl Barks and the Art of the Comic Book* (M. Lilien, 1981) records that Barks submitted this story January 28, 1963.

It might instead be that both Hitchcock and Barks were inspired by the actual event in Capitola, California, on August 18, 1961, when hordes of seabirds, apparently poisoned by toxic algae, attacked the town's residents. We further note, incidentally, another little-known Disney connection: Ub Iwerks, of Mickey Mouse fame, was nominated for the Academy Award for Best Special Effects for his work on *The Birds.*



The narrative core of this tale is, however, what happens on the island: the contrast between the valley of immaculate soft feathers and the pile of worthless gold that the innocent blue-eyed gooseherd discards in shame. We hear echoes of that Donald who once kicked those worthless "old, hard, dry *diamonds*" in "The Magic Hourglass" (*Walt Disney's Donald Duck: "The Pixilated Parrot,"* Volume 9), and of the Venusian magnate to whom a handful of dirt was worth more than a whole moon of solid gold (the title story in *Walt Disney's*

GOLD KEY

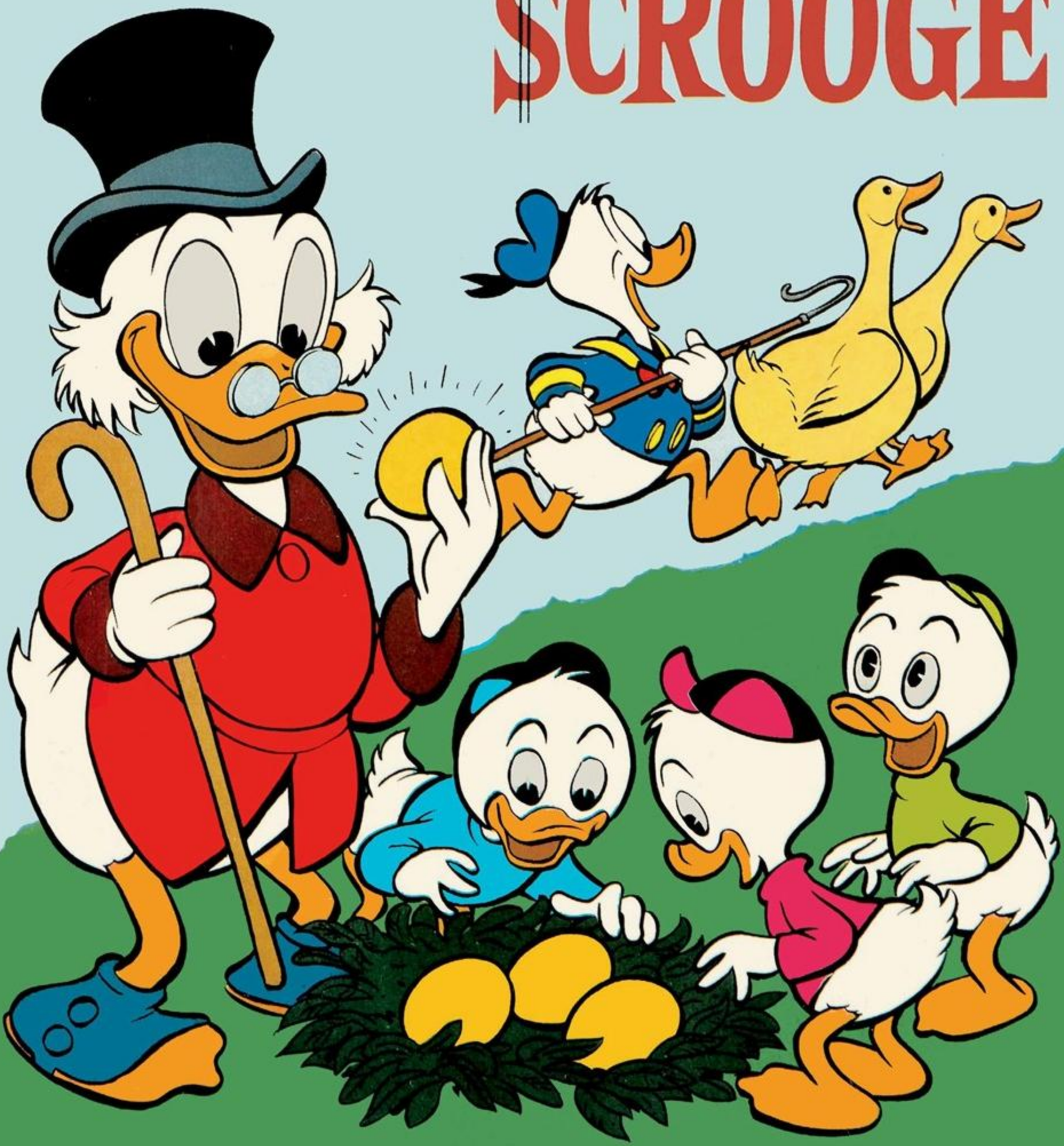
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THE THRIFTY SPENDTHRIFT

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Uncle Scrooge: "The Twenty-four Carat Moon," Volume 22). Barks's whole philosophy is masterfully summarized in the final four panels.

— FRANCESCO STAJANO AND LEONARDO GORI

THE THRIFTY SPENDTHRIFT *p. 139*

Slapstick unleashed. That's "The Thrifty Spendthrift," dealing, as most of these kinds of stories do, with a too-clever plan gone wrong.

Donald buys a hypnotic ray gun from an offbeat scientist (not Gyro Gearloose, but probably just as genially bizarre) in order to mesmerize Uncle Scrooge into giving him expensive Christmas gifts (instead of the usual golf ball). The Nephews, mistaking it for a slide projector, slip in a picture of a dog instead of a picture of Donald, so a hypnotized Scrooge then wants to give presents to the dog.

Inspired by the traditional English Christmas song "The Twelve Days of Christmas," he decides to lavish the dog with "twelve drummers drumming, eleven pipers piping, ten lords a-leaping, nine ladies dancing," and so on.

Donald and the Nephews try to sabotage such a waste of money, disguising themselves as two other gifts in the song, respectively "a partridge in a pear tree" and "three French hens," but they fail to stop Scrooge's plan. Scrooge's hypnotically induced generosity is rewarded, however: the dog belongs to the wealthy Duchess of Duckshire, who returns the favor by giving him ten of her oil wells.

Some of Barks's better stories are set at Christmastime, often satirizing consumerism ("Letter to Santa," *Walt Disney's Donald Duck: "Trail of the Unicorn,"* Volume 8) or hypocrisy (the title story in *Walt Disney's Donald Duck: "A Christmas for Shacktown,"* Volume 11). This one isn't a masterpiece like those, but it is very clever and funny. Barks in the early 1960s is like today's tennis legend Novak Djokovic: no longer Number One in the world, but still a master at his craft and far from retirement.

The beginning is classic: Scrooge "vigahrizes" himself by diving into his money, reprising his famous exultation, first uttered in "Billions to Sneeze At" ("I like to dive around in it like a porpoise! And bore through it like a gopher!") and later revised and expanded in Barks's masterwork, "Only a Poor Old Man" ("I love to dive around [in] it like a porpoise! And burrow through it like a gopher! And toss it up and let it hit me on the head!"). (See *Walt Disney's Donald Duck: "Terror of the Beagle Boys,"* Volume 10, and *Walt Disney's Uncle Scrooge: "Only a Poor Old Man,"* Volume 12, respectively.)

Then in a crescendo, the story becomes a satiric farce with hints of surrealism, with one of the "calling birds" (a parrot) squawking to Scrooge "Hi, you old bag!," the Nephews speaking French (because they are disguised as French hens), and Donald disguised as a partridge and perched on a sad little tree, which he has helpfully labeled with a sign proclaiming it a "pear tree."

A genuinely funny story, full of the best spirit of the '60s — a great decade for comedies in all kinds of media.

— STEFANO PRIARONE



HISTORICAL NOTE: Barks's use of a variation of "vigah" in panel 1 was no doubt a nod to President John F. Kennedy, who famously pronounced "vigor" in his Boston accent, as "vigah." The popular president's accent was often the object of a bit of good-natured fun. The Sixth Floor Museum at Dealey Plaza in Dallas, Texas, holds in its collection a photograph of a well-wisher greeting Kennedy upon his arrival at Dallas's Love Field Airport, November 23, 1963, with a handwritten sign that reads "We Welcome you with Vigah J.F.K." The photo was taken just hours before the president was assassinated. Barks had submitted "The Thrifty Spendthrift" some three months earlier, on August 14, 1963.

THE LEMONADE FLING *p. 159*

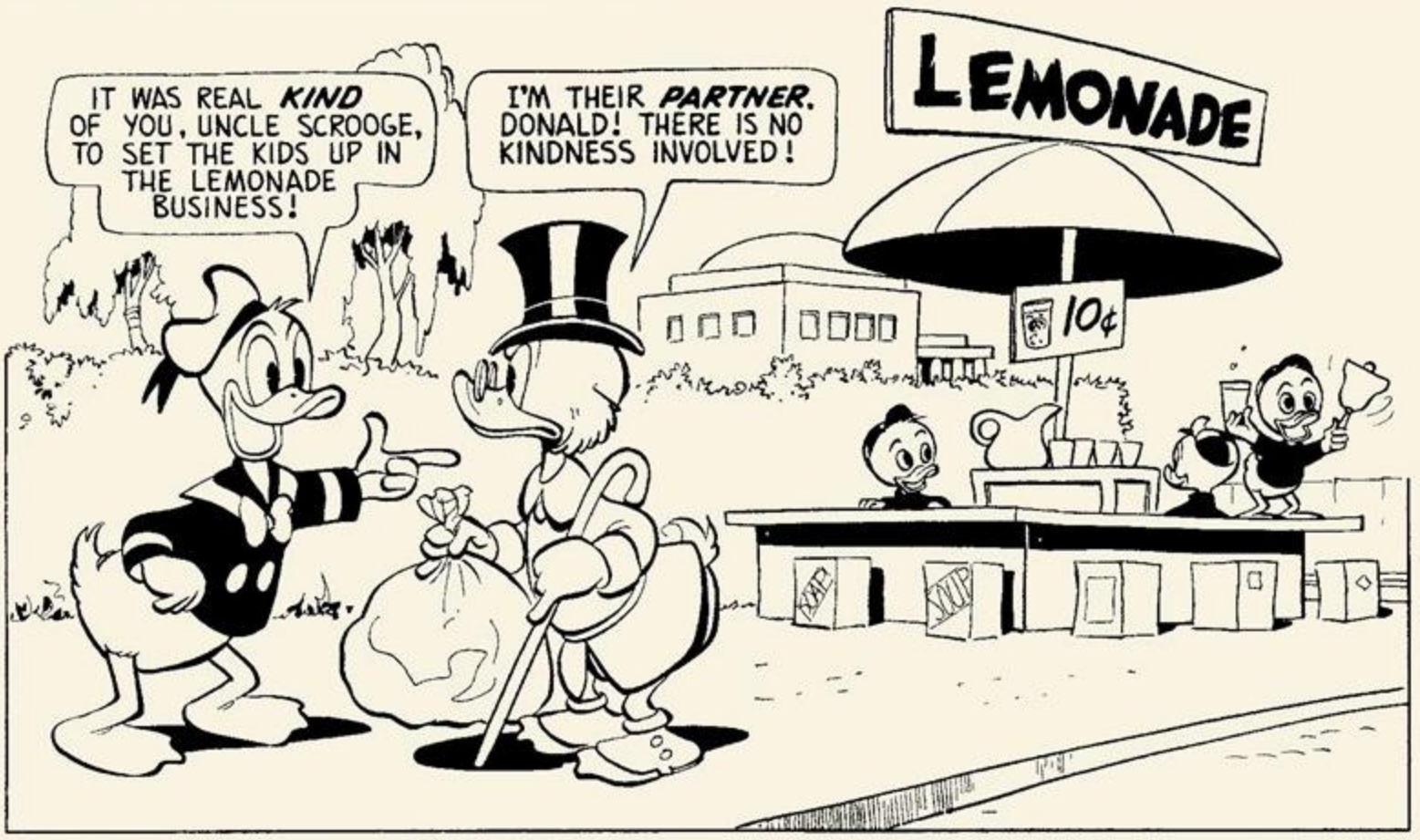
If there's one story that illustrates that Scrooge loves his family — well, Huey, Dewey, and Louie, anyway — and isn't simply out to exploit them, it's the short and sweet "The Lemonade Fling." Yes, he *says*, "There is no kindness involved!" But Scrooge could have posed as a stranger to keep tabs on the boys *without* having Donald pay people to buy lemonade with Scrooge's own money — which he has to give half of to the boys as part of their arrangement!

Scrooge is literally paying for this lesson of honesty in business affairs, providing the supplies *and* profits. It calls to mind the earlier "Some Heir Over the Rainbow" (*Walt Disney's Donald Duck: "Trick or Treat,"* Volume 13), but that story was all about the fate of Scrooge's fortune come the day when he "checks out."

The stakes were a little higher, and Scrooge was quite a bit nastier in Barks's golden period. This is a later, more genteel Scrooge, who just wants to teach ethics to his family. The softer Scrooge is an easy magnet for chaos, as Donald, naturally, is too fast and loose with giving out Scrooge's money — inviting whole troops, protesters (they've been made as generically inoffensive as possible given that Barks wasn't shy with commentary during these years), and even an elephant to partake in the boys' lemonade stand.

It provides a nice influx of anarchic energy that makes it entirely believable that Scrooge, while keeping his eye on the prize and counting every cent the boys collect, would get sick off lemonade and forget to take his change. His reward for the awful day is finding out the boys are *too* honest — which *might* have been worth a hundred dollars — but was *not* worth consuming sixteen lemonades!

— THAD KOMOROWSKI



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THE MANY FACES OF MAGICA DE SPELL

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Some researchers have suggested that the script for this story was written by Vic Lockman, but the amount Barks was paid indicates that he both wrote and drew it.

THE MANY FACES OF MAGICA DE SPELL

p. 165

Barks's early-1960s cycle of stories featuring the sorceress Magica De Spell and centered on her attempts to possess Scrooge's Number One Dime form a coherent arc that describes thematic as well as character development. This is in contrast to his general principle of making standalone stories.

Each Magica story seems creatively to lead to the next, her threat against Scrooge becoming increasingly supernatural. This one, among Barks's weirdest and most disturbing, emphasizes that the symbolic battle of the sexes central to the Scrooge-Magica conflict is ultimately about identity.

We pick up where we left off in "For Old Dime's Sake" (p. 45) in which, when control of the elements failed her, Magica resorted to polymorphic subterfuge, stealing Scrooge's appearance to access his impregnable money bin. First acquired in the cave of Circe (Odysseus's female antagonist in classical myth) in "Oddball Odyssey" (*Walt Disney's Uncle Scrooge: "Cave of Ali Baba,"* Volume 28), Magica's shapeshifting powers here become a truly destabilizing force, threatening the very integrity of Scrooge's being: "With a touch of this goo McDuck's face will change and change forever!"

Barks recognizes that our sense of self is closely connected to our face, as is our sense of the "other." Crucial to our identity is our understanding of the people around us and how they see us. Magica is Scrooge's "other," and an opposite to him in everything from her gender to her morals — while dogs bark at her, a squirrel exchanges a friendly glance with him. In other qualities, they are strikingly similar: intelligent, resourceful, and covetous of wealth. He has achieved wealth, though, and she has not. So she seeks to reverse that by taking possession of the totem of his identity, Old Number One. In the process, she momentarily becomes his literal mirror image.

"Most of all I'm scared of *her!*" Scrooge exclaims, pointing to the image of her face, which, as Barks draws it here, is identical to — and appears as fully three-dimensional as — her "real" presence at the bottom of the page. Soon enough, it is "able to appear *anywhere*," as Scrooge remarks in one of the story's most eerie panels: as they walk trepidatiously, a chimera-like dog endowed with her likeness quietly intrudes upon the Ducks through a broken fence.

Beyond wanting his wealth, Magica seems to want to *be* him, and to humiliate him in the process, to negate his identity as a successful person: "*You'll* be the *richest* duck in the world, boss lady, and McDuck will be the *poorest!*," caws her raven familiar, whose fate as the first victim of her face-change potion is anticipated by his rodent-inspired nickname, Ratface.

The threat of Magica so terrorizes Scrooge that he flees to "nowhere," leaving everything behind but Donald, the kids, and the Dime —

all that he values in the world, as he declared in "Oddball Odyssey." The jungle locale where they find momentary refuge is populated by faceless ciphers seemingly bereft of identity. Their curious anatomy allows them to move in any direction, like automatons ready to serve the first stranger with a face.

On one level, this is redolent of colonialist instrumentalization of people as property, but the setting is so surreal that it suggests, rather, an inner landscape, a phantasmagorical topography of the erasure that Scrooge both fears and seeks, honeycombed with caves in which he can lose himself from the prying eyes of the world around him. Of the "other."

Yet, even in this Edenic refuge, reality intrudes, first in the form of the worldwide network of "bird telegraph," then in the arrival of the "demoness" to render Scrooge properly "demonous" himself. Facetasmic hijinks ensue, with local monkeys mixed up in the action. They emphasize the story's theme of mirroring identities by their historical association with imitation — monkey see, monkey do. Relatedly, they indicate how Barks's choice of visual genre, so-called funny-animal (or anthropomorphic) cartooning, further supports it: all of them have animal faces, but their status as animals in contrast to the humanity of the Ducks is never in doubt.

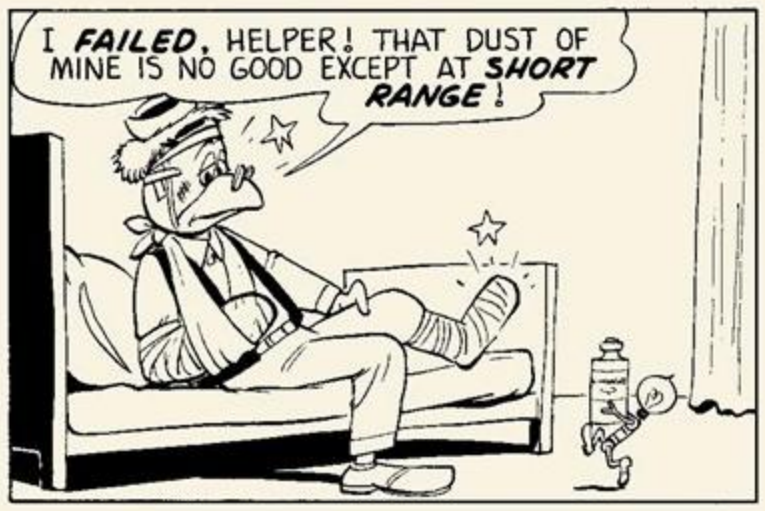
In the end, stability is reasserted through the medium of the Junior Woodchucks guidebook, established in previous stories as the rational (masculine) counterforce to Magica's (female) irrationality. As in every story, she ends up impotent, her magic this time foiled by the bar of soap carried by every true boy scout! It's a resolution so contrived as to be almost absurd.

It is also cruelly ironic. The dark fate of Magica, rendered faceless and relying for her salvation on her now-worthless magic, reminds us of the continual fragility of identity and, further, how women under patriarchy are particularly vulnerable to its discontents. Scrooge momentarily sympathizes, but at the urging of his nephew, he ultimately leaves her to negotiate her own oblivion.

— MATTHIAS WIVEL

SNOW DUSTER *p. 187*

When last we left Gyro, at the conclusion of "Posthasty Postman" (*Walt Disney's Uncle Scrooge: "Cave of Ali Baba,"* Volume 28), he seemed "trapped in a world he never made." A world of reduced background detail; panel backgrounds (and often the incidental objects — and even characters — therein) covered in one flat color; rectangular dialogue balloons; and wider-than-normal gutters. Panels were often borderless, or alternatively, surrounded by thick borders of pastel colors, concluding with the curious coda of an imperfect circle containing the words "The End." Add to that list of editorially imposed abnormalities the absence of the invaluable accompaniment of Gyro's faithful Helper.



All of this was as antithetical to the traditional graphic and storytelling techniques of Carl Barks as is the summer sun to the winter chill. This sudden artistic aberration, ushered in with the transition from the Dell imprint to the Gold Key imprint, was apparently not pleasing to Barks, as he was perhaps the first of the classic Western Publishing "funny" artists to overcome these editorially imposed abnormalities and return to the pen-and-ink "comfort food" we knew — and still love!

"Snow Duster" is "comfy" as a story as well, with Gyro's Helper again acting as the "small entity" that gets the inventor out of another big jam. And, after being absent from the previous Gyro story, one would easily say he was missed.

— JOE TORCIVIA

A HELPER'S HELPING HAND *p. 191*

With "Snow Duster" (p. 187) behind us, things seem to return to normal for Gyro and his intrepid Helper, as well as for Carl Barks and his many anxious readers after experiencing the otherworldly graphic transition of the *Uncle Scrooge* title from Dell to Gold Key.

But what is *"normal"* in a constantly evolving field such as comics publishing? A key step in that relentless evolution, as applicable to Carl Barks, was Western Publishing's good sense in promoting the *Uncle Scrooge* title to a bi-monthly frequency, from its customary quarterly. This was a huge step, considering that most Gold Key titles were published quarterly. Only the best-selling titles were granted a bi-monthly frequency, with *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* as Western's sole monthly.



Its effect on Barks was immediate. With six issues of *Uncle Scrooge* a year instead of four, along with his ongoing twelve Donald Duck 10-pagers for *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories*, the Duck Man's output (even as he eyed an eventual retirement) was adjusted to accommodate the increased frequency of *Uncle Scrooge*. He no longer wrote and drew entire issues of *Uncle Scrooge*. Backups — including Gyro — were often left to others. Barks's Gyro was absent for four consecutive issues as others produced Gyro shorts, and then he returned for three more successive issues before the Good Artist "Gyro-ed" his last.

To the extent that readers knew anything about the creators of their favorite comics in 1963, we welcomed that anonymous-but-easily-recognized talent back to once again chronicle the (mis)adventures of Gyro Gearloose and his Helper with "A Helper's Helping Hand."

And, just as with "Snow Duster" (Barks's last installment before his four-issue Gyro break), we again have Gyro's Helper as the unheralded underling getting the inventor out of yet another jam! Snow clearance or bridge painting, it matters not. The less initiated might call it "repetition," but we have a better — and truer — word for it: "*comfy!*"

— JOE TORCIVIA

MAN VERSUS MACHINE *p. 195*

Perhaps out of the embarrassment and frustration over his last two Barks-born botched endeavors — mass-melting snow and brightening-up bridges — we open on Gyro in the midst one terror of a temper tantrum! The once-introspective inventor, who largely spent some of his earliest solo stories literally thinking to himself, cuts loose with a tirade against machines — not merely those everyday must-have modern mechanisms we live by and love, but, particularly, those he's created himself.



Strictly speaking, this is not such an unusual feeling for anyone whose car breaks down or whose refrigerator conks out, but Gyro's extreme blanket renunciation of all things electronic is not only a hefty tad over

the top, but could be treading into a form of self-recrimination, given the Gearloosean genesis of many of the objects of his ire.

He may even be justified in the wholesale heave-ho he gives his own inventions, which often fail due to a prideful blind spot or misapplication, but not in the cruel dismissal of his greatest creation, his faithful Helper.

Thankfully, though, Gyro's guardian-angelic automaton sticks close to save him from disaster — *as usual!*

— JOE TORCIVIA

JONAH GYRO *p. 199*

For his last Gyro Gearloose outing, Carl Barks, intentionally or not, returns his eccentric inventor and oft-accommodating source of miracles to his roots — or something very close to them.

Ask any Gyrophile what the gangly genius enjoys most, and the obvious answer is inventing. But the clear runner-up, as a review of Barks's time with the character reveals, is fishing. From his fifth appearance ("Worm Weary" in *Walt Disney's Donald Duck: "Trick or Treat,"* Volume 13), Gyro is seen as a sometimes-frustrated fisherman who turns to inventing, either to alleviate his angling issues or, just as often, exacerbate them.

Fishing — the practice of, or other involvement with — becomes a thread finely woven throughout the fabric of Gyro's Barksian journey. Consider "Forecasting Follies" and "Fishing Mystery" (*Walt Disney's Uncle Scrooge: "The Mines of King Solomon,"* Volume 20), "Fun? What's That?" (*Walt Disney's Uncle Scrooge: "Island in the Sky,"* Volume 24), "You Can't Win" (*Walt Disney's Uncle Scrooge: "The Golden Nugget Boat,"* Volume 26), and "The Madcap Mariner" (*Walt Disney's Donald Duck: "Duck Luck,"* Volume 27), and it becomes all the more fitting for Barks to have his Gyro's swan song turn out be a great big fish story!



In one final (and admittedly tenuous) connection to Gyro's earliest days — before we'd ever seen him packing a fishing rod — it is *Donald* who gets swallowed by a whale in "The Talking Dog" (also in *"Trick or Treat,"* Volume 13), prefiguring our angst-ridden angler's adventure here.

Given such history, "Jonah Gyro" is an eminently suitable fish-themed finale for Barks's Gyro to leave with a finny, funny farewell.

— JOE TORCIVIA

THE ONE PAGERS
DUELING TYCOONS *p. 23*
WISHFUL EXCESS *p. 24*
SIDEWALK OF THE MIND *p. 114*
NO BARGAIN *p. 138*
GOLD MAGNET *p. 164*

These one-page micro-features reveal how fully formed Scrooge's character has become by the early 1960s. The once sour, reclusive Scrooge has been successfully remodeled as a crafty curmudgeon. Much of the humor in these tiny tales turns on our assumptions about how this fiercely thrifty tycoon reacts to chance meetings, direct threats, or new opportunities to augment his fortune.

In "Dueling Tycoons," the rivalry between Scrooge and another top-hatted plutocrat turns surprisingly violent (cartoonishly speaking). Banker Bulgewallet glove-slaps the diminutive McDuck, summoning him to the dueling field. Barks makes subtle use of a potted fern throughout their exchange. Its curved fronds are visually paired with Scrooge's furious body in several panels. Similar shrubbery also emphasizes his presence in the elegant, elongated duel silhouette. Even in the final pay-off panel, both duelists are visually mocked by serene greenery. This "observing

fern" effect is more consistently successful than the final panel's riotous reveal of the money bags themselves, precariously poised like twin Swords of Damocles, threatening to flatten their angry owners.



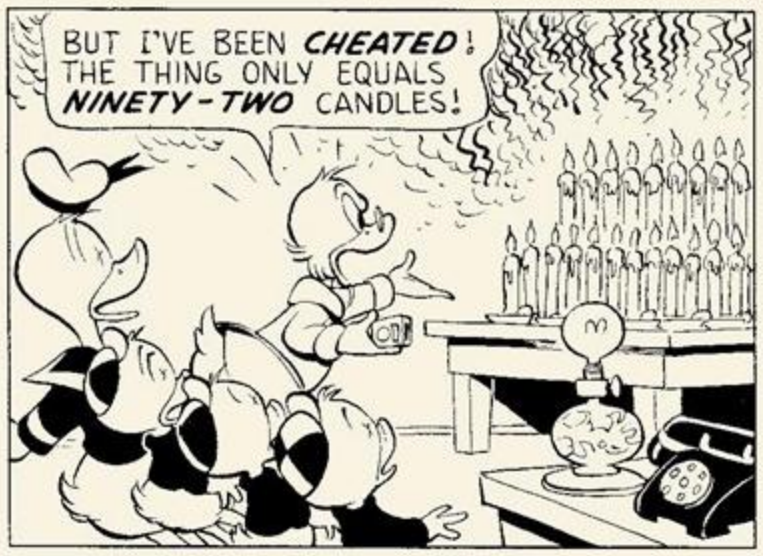
Next there is "Wishful Excess," a strange encounter that turns on Scrooge's limitless, unabashed love of wealth. Here, Ouija Land's eager genie randomly mistakes the mega-skajillionaire for a "little old duck" likely to have fairly quaint desires. The joke's on the genie, though. Scrooge delights in requesting not just diamonds, gold bars, emeralds, and silver dollars, but impossibly vast amounts of each. We are hardly surprised by Scrooge's outlandish requests or the joyous exuberance with which he states them. Barks makes efficient use of his story space by rendering massive piles of wealth in fabulous detail inside the genie's thought balloons, making each a mini-panel within a panel. But it seems that even supernatural wish-granters balk at satisfying McDuck's colossal cravings. Overwhelmed, the genie retreats, surfing away ridiculously on his tiny lamp.



In "Sidewalk of the Mind," Barks uses the same idea of focalizing flora from "Dueling Tycoons." Four overgrown bits of greenery peek over a fence as Donald and the Nephews prepare to fool Scrooge with a coin they have epoxied to a sidewalk.

From the first panel, the plants seem eager to observe the prank, bending in toward Donald and the kids. The uneven organic shapes also contrast with the hard edges of industrial Duckburg. When Scrooge resorts to jackhammering the dime out of the concrete with an outrageous *Rrratatat*, the silent leaves seem to scoff at the extreme effort he exerts.

Finally, though, Scrooge drives off with his dime — a goodly chunk of sidewalk still attached. Above the sawhorses and wet cement he leaves behind, we find the disbelieving Ducks, their heads directly in line with the same shrubs that seemed to watch their foiled plot from the outset.



Other one-pagers make Scrooge himself more central to the joke. In "No Bargain" and "Gold Magnet," Barks builds unexpected reveals into surprisingly brief scenarios. "No Bargain" is perhaps my favorite of these flash farces. Instead of plants and cactus, Barks uses Donald and the Nephews to set up the fiery fun. When clouds of smoke pour out of what is supposedly Scrooge's pre–Money Bin home, his family rushes to his aid. The opening two panels' bookended left- and right-facing Donalds present a smooth, swift continuity, getting us inside fast and close to the action. The second panel's exhausted Scrooge appears suggestively off-kilter and uneven.

He leans against a couch that seems partially consumed by smoke.

Panels three and four are delightfully direct. The miser takes center frame with his light meter, genuinely irritated that his new 100-candle-power light bulb only emits energy equal to 92 lit (and smoking) tapers. The final panel leaves Donald and the boys in shock and an offended Scrooge in high dudgeon facing the flaming bank of candles that fill the background.

"Gold Magnet" also emphasizes character motivation. In the first two panels, Scrooge is paired amusingly with a saguaro cactus, and in the third, a scrubby bit of desert grass. McDuck blithely celebrates his newly fortune-seeking electro-divining rod, moving from left to right with the flow of the panels, gathering nuggets as he goes. Once he is yanked into the air, however, we find that the landscape has been pointing upward off frame from the beginning, hinting at the aerial humor to come.

Even the little patch of scrappy grass mirrors and mocks Scrooge's surprised stance when his gold-finding gizmo sends him suddenly skyward, clinging to the gadget for dear life.

— DANIEL YEZBICK

GYRO GEARLOOSE "HEAD SCRATCHER" POSTER *p. 206*

As he so often did, Gyro, in this singular illustration, has created a motor-driven device to perform a vital task, thus freeing him from distraction to concentrate on the design for his next important invention. Can't you just hear the "putt-putt" of that engine?

This poster, penciled by Carl Barks and inked by Larry Mayer, ran as a pullout in the 25-cent "Giant Poster" edition of *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* #355, April 1970. (It was not included in the regular 15-cent edition.)

Later, William Van Horn also inked Barks's pencils, and Gary Leach colored the result (p. 210). That version ran as the cover image for *The Carl Barks Library of Gyro Gearloose Comics and Fillers in Color* #6, November 1993 (Gladstone Publishing).

— J. MICHAEL CATRON



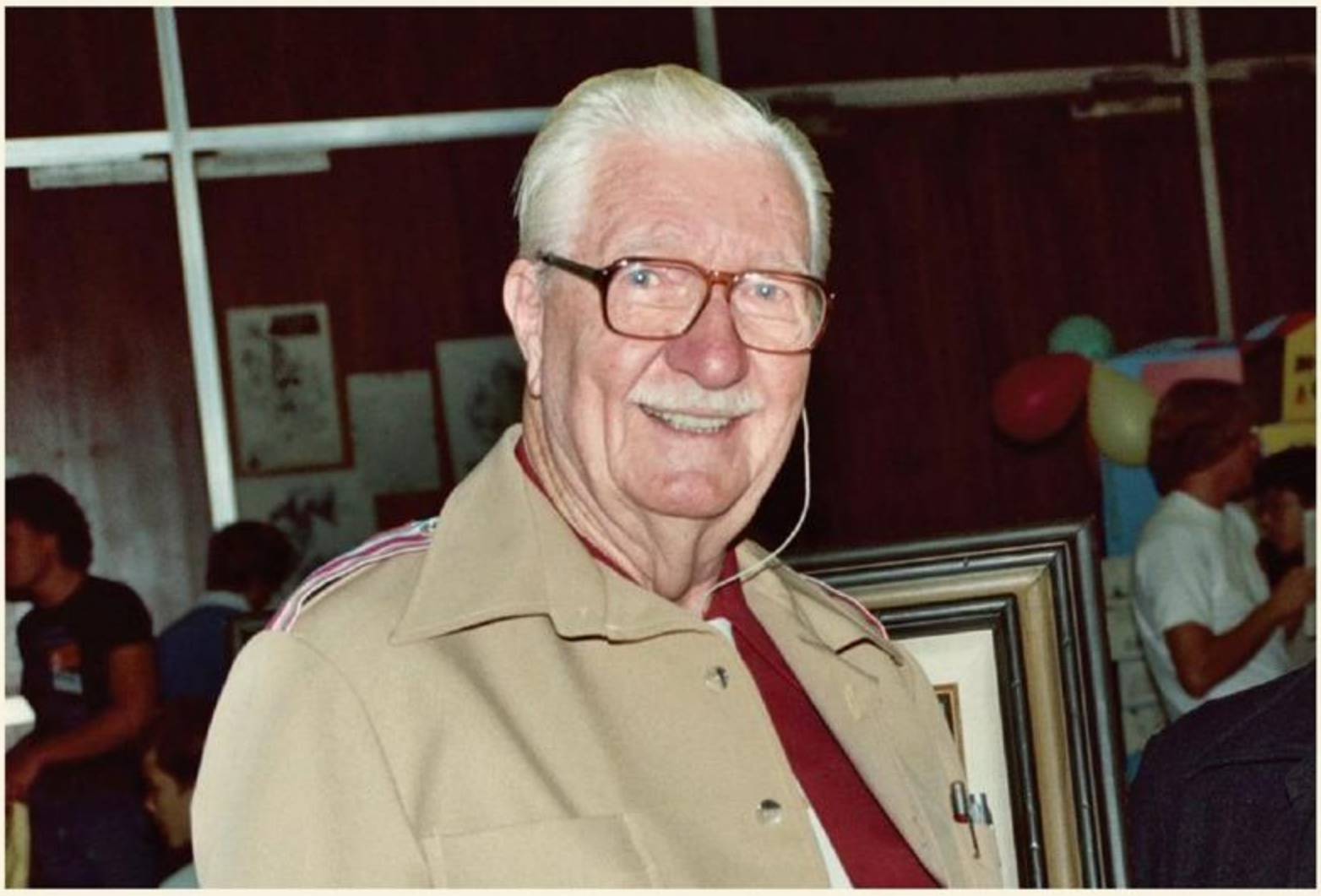


Carl Barks painted this breezy watercolor of his creation, Gyro Gearloose, zipping along an idyllic park path on his motorized unicycle with Helper, circa 1994. (Barks had just returned from a whirlwind tour of Europe to celebrate the 60th anniversary of Donald Duck.) Note Duckburg's skyline with its giant statue of Cornelius Coot (Duckburg's founder) and Uncle Scrooge's money bin in the background. The original measures 9 inches by 11.5 inches (approximately 23 by 29 cm).

Carl Barks

LIFE AMONG THE DUCKS

by DONALD AULT



ABOVE: *Carl Barks at the 1982 San Diego Comic-Con. Photo by Alan Light.*

"I was a real misfit," Carl Barks said, thinking back over an early life of hard labor — as a farmer, a logger, a mule-skinner, a rivet heater, and a printing press feeder — before he was hired as a full-time cartoonist for an obscure risqué magazine in 1931.

Barks was born in 1901 and (mostly) raised in Merrill, Oregon. He had always wanted to be a cartoonist, but everything that happened to him in his early years seemed to stand in his way. He suffered a significant hearing loss after a bout with the measles. His mother died. He had to leave school after the eighth grade. His father suffered a mental breakdown. His older brother was whisked off to World War I.

His first marriage, in 1921, was to a woman who was unsympathetic to his dreams and who ultimately bore two children "by accident," as Barks phrased it. The two divorced in 1930.

In 1931, he pulled up stakes from Merrill and headed to Minnesota, leaving his mother-in-law, whom he trusted more than his wife, in charge of his children.

Arriving in Minneapolis, he went to work for the *Calgary EyeOpener*, that risqué magazine. He thought he would finally be drawing cartoons full time, but the editor and most of the staff were alcoholics, so Barks ended up running the whole show.

In 1935 he took "a great gamble" and, on the strength of some cartoons he'd submitted in response to an advertisement from the Disney Studio, he moved to California and entered an animation trial period. He was soon

promoted to "story man" in Disney's Donald Duck animation unit, where he made significant contributions to 36 Donald cartoon shorts between 1936 and 1942, including helping to create Huey, Dewey, and Louie for "Donald's Nephews" in 1938. Ultimately, though, he grew dissatisfied. The production of animated cartoons "by committee," as he described it, stifled his imagination.

For that and other reasons, in 1942 he left Disney to run a chicken farm. But when he was offered a chance by Western Publishing to write and illustrate a new series of Donald Duck comic book stories, he jumped at it. The comic book format suited him, and the quality of his work persuaded the editors to grant him a freedom and autonomy he'd never known and that few others were ever granted. He would go on to write and draw more than 6,000 pages in over 500 stories and uncounted hundreds of covers between 1942 and 1966 for Western's Dell and Gold Key imprints.

Barks had almost no formal art training. He had taught himself how to draw by imitating his early favorite artists — Winsor McCay (*Little Nemo*), Frederick Opper (*Happy Hooligan*), Elzie Segar (*Popeye*), and Floyd Gottfredson (*Mickey Mouse*).

He taught himself how to write well by going back to the grammar books he had shunned in school, making up jingles and rhymes, and inventing other linguistic exercises to get a natural feel for the rhythm and dialogue of sequential narrative.

Barks married again in 1938, but that union ended disastrously in divorce in 1951. In 1954, Barks married Margaret Wynnfred Williams, known as Garé, who soon began assisting him by lettering and inking backgrounds on his comic book work. They remained happily together until her death in 1993.

He did his work in the California desert and often mailed his stories in to the office. He worked his stories over and over "backward and forward." Barks was not a vain man, but he had confidence in his talent. He knew what hard work was, and he knew that he'd put his best efforts into every story he produced.

On those occasions when he did go into Western's offices he would "just dare anybody to see if they could improve on it." His confidence was justified. His work was largely responsible for some of the best-selling comic books in the world — *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* and *Uncle Scrooge*.

Because Western's policy was to keep their writers and artists anonymous, readers never knew the name of the "good duck artist" — but they could spot the superiority of his work. When fans, determined to solve the mystery of his anonymity, finally tracked him down (not unlike an adventure Huey, Dewey, and Louie might embark upon), Barks was quite happy to correspond and otherwise communicate with his legion of aficionados.

Given all the obstacles of his early years and the dark days that haunted him off and on for the rest of his life, it's remarkable that he laughed so easily and loved to make others laugh.

In the process of expanding Donald Duck's character far beyond the hot-tempered Donald of animation, Barks created a moveable locale (Duckburg) and a cast of dynamic characters: Scrooge McDuck, the Beagle Boys, Gladstone Gander, Gyro Gearloose, the Junior Woodchucks. And there were hundreds of others who made only one memorable appearance in the engaging, imaginative, and unpredictable comedy-adventures that he wrote and drew from scratch for nearly a quarter of a century.

Among many other honors, Carl Barks was one of the three initial inductees into the Will Eisner Comic Book Hall of Fame for comic book creators in 1987. (The other two were Jack Kirby and Will Eisner.) In 1991, Barks became the only Disney comic book artist to be recognized as a "Disney Legend," a special award created by Disney "to acknowledge and honor the many individuals whose imagination, talents, and dreams have created the Disney magic."

As Roy Disney said on Barks's passing in 2000 at age 99, "He challenged our imaginations and took us on some of the greatest adventures we have ever known. His prolific comic book creations entertained many generations of devoted fans and influenced countless artists over the years.... His timeless tales will stand as a legacy to his originality and brilliant artistic vision."

Contributors

Donald Ault (1942–2019) was Professor of English at the University of Florida, founder and editor of *ImageTexT: Interdisciplinary Comics Studies*, author of two books on William Blake (*Visionary Physics* and *Narrative Unbound*), editor of *Carl Barks: Conversations*, and executive producer of the video *The Duck Man: An Interview With Carl Barks*.

Alberto Becattini was born in Florence, Italy. He taught high school English for 37 years. Since 1978, he has written essays for Italian and U.S. publications about comics, specializing in Disney characters and classic American comic strips and comic books. He has written books about such artists as Milton Caniff, Alex Raymond, Alex Toth, Bob Lubbers, Matt Baker, and Dan Barry. Since 1992, he has been a freelance writer and consultant for multiple Italian Disney publications. He has also written three noir novels.

J. Michael Catron is the editor of *The Complete Carl Barks Disney Library*.

Jared Gardner studies and teaches comics at The Ohio State University, home of the Billy Ireland Cartoon Library & Museum. He is the author or editor of a dozen volumes, including, most recently, the first *Norton Critical Edition* dedicated to the work of a cartoonist: Will Eisner's *A Contract With God and Other Stories of Dropsie Avenue* (2022).

Leonardo Gori is a comics scholar and collector, especially of syndicated newspaper strips of the 1930s and Italian Disney authors. He has written, with Frank Stajano and others, many books on Italian "fumetti" and American comics in Italy. He has also written thrillers, which have been translated into Spanish, Portuguese, and Korean.

Thad Komorowski is an animation historian, digital film restoration artist, and a regular contributor and translator of Disney comics publications. He is also the author of the acclaimed *Sick Little Monkeys: The Unauthorized Ren & Stimpy Story*.

Rich Kreiner is a longtime writer for *The Comics Journal* and a longer-time reader of Carl Barks. He still lives in Maine but in a different house with a different cat. Same wife, though.

Stefano Priarone was born in Northwestern Italy about the time a retired Carl Barks was storyboarding his last Junior Woodchucks stories. He writes about popular culture in many Italian newspapers and magazines, was a contributor to the Italian *Complete Carl Barks* collection and wrote his thesis in economics about Uncle Scrooge as an entrepreneur. His Barks initiation was due to his aunts, Pinuccia and Gaia, who began reading him Barks's Uncle Scrooge stories when he was 3 years old.

Francesco "Frank" Stajano is Professor of Security and Privacy at the University of Cambridge and a 5-dan practitioner and teacher of kendo, the Japanese "Way of the sword." He runs a cybersecurity company and a small YouTube channel. He is dad to a charming half-Japanese young daughter. He learned to read at age 3 by devouring Disney



comics and has been writing articles and books about them since 1996. He still can't believe his luck of having been invited as a houseguest over the years by great Disney authors who became personal friends, such as Carl Barks, Don Rosa, Rodolfo Cimino, Giorgio Cavazzano, and Silvia Ziche.

Maggie (née Curtis) Thompson describes herself as a "celebrity-adjacent, award-winning pop-culture nerd." When she was 18, she and future husband Don Thompson created the pioneering comics fanzine *Comic Art*, for which they interviewed Carl Barks. After a variety of activities over the years, Don and Maggie began a three-decade run as co-editors of *Comics Buyer's Guide* in 1983. Following Don's death in 1994, she remained as editor until its final issue in 2013. In 2020, she joined many comics luminaries, including Carl Barks, in the Will Eisner Award Hall of Fame.

Joe Torcivia is one of Carl Barks's original readers from the waning days of Dell Comics and their transition to the Gold Key imprint. Receiving his first comic book at age 4, Joe never looked back — or up — from those comics (thanks to which, he was reading proficiently before entering kindergarten). He hopes to get grandchildren Averi, Cici, and Logan to eventually follow in his footsteps.

Today, he provides translations and dialogue for a number of American Disney comics publishers, most importantly (well, to us, anyway) for Fantagraphics's *Disney Masters* series.

He is a prolific contributor to the Grand Comics Database (www.comics.org) and shares the data and observations he's accumulated over the decades at *Joe Torcivia's The Issue at Hand Blog* (https://tiahblog.blogspot.com/)

Matthias Wivel is Head of Research at Ny Carlsberg Glyptotek, Copenhagen. An art historian specializing in the Italian Renaissance, he has published widely in that field and was formerly a curator at the National Gallery in London. He has written regularly on comics and cartooning for more than a quarter of a century. He is a co-founder and the current chair of the Danish Comics Council.

Daniel F. Yezbick is Chair of English at Wildwood College outside of St. Louis, Missouri, where he teaches writing, media, and Humanities courses. He has lectured and published on diverse topics, including Hollywood Cinema, Radio Theater, Animal Studies, and Globalized Shakespeare. His *Perfect Nonsense: The Chaotic Comics and Goofy Games of George Carlson* (Fantagraphics Books, 2014) is a celebration of the classic American children's artist. His recent essays on media and culture have appeared in a variety of journals and anthologies including *The Blacker the Ink*, *The Other 1980s*, *Monstrous Women in Comics*, *Disney Channel Tween Programming*, and *The Oxford Handbook of Comics Studies*. He lives happily in South City St. Louis with his two quirky children and two idiot rescue mutts.

Where did these Duck stories first appear?

The Complete Carl Barks Disney Library collects Donald Duck, Uncle Scrooge, and related Disney character stories by Carl Barks that were originally published in the traditional American four-color comic book format. Barks's first Duck story appeared in October 1942. The volumes in this project are numbered chronologically but are being released in a different order. This is Volume 30.

Stories within a volume might or might not follow the publication sequence of the original comic books. We may take the liberty of rearranging the sequence of the stories within a volume for editorial or presentation purposes.

The original comic books were published first under the Dell logo and later under the Gold Key logo. Some stories appeared in the so-called *Four Color* series — a name that appeared nowhere inside the comic book itself but is generally agreed upon by historians to refer to the series of "one-shot" comic books published by Dell that have sequential numbering. The *Four Color* issues are also sometimes referred to as "One Shots."

To be as faithful as possible to Barks's work, we reproduce these stories from the best available source materials, but in almost every case, the original art itself has long been lost or destroyed. In rare instances, some minimal restoration of linework or lettering may be deemed necessary to more accurately reproduce the work.

The coloring has been re-created to both preserve the overall look of the original printings and to meet and take advantage of today's higher paper and printing standards. No changes to the text or artwork have been made to the stories in this volume.

Except for our lead story, the longer stories in this volume are presented in the order in which Carl Barks drew them, according to his records. The following is the order in which these stories were originally published.

***Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* #161, February 1954**
Cover (p. 204)

***Uncle Scrooge* #41, March 1963**
The Status Seeker (20 p)
Snow Duster (4 p)

***Uncle Scrooge* #42, May 1963**
Dueling Tycoons (1 p)
The Case of the Sticky Money (20 p)
Wishful Excess (1 p)
Sidewalk of the Mind (1 p)

***Uncle Scrooge* #43, July 1963**
Cover (p. 216)
For Old Dime's Sake (18 p)

***Uncle Scrooge* #44, August 1963**
Cover (p. 222)
Crown of the Mayas (21 p)
The Invisible Intruder (6 p)

***Uncle Scrooge* #45, October 1963**
Cover (p. 224)
Isle of Golden Geese (23 p)
The Travel Tightwad (4 p)

***Uncle Scrooge* #46, December 1963**
Cover (p. 212)
Lost Beneath the Sea (22 p)
A Helper's Helping Hand (4 p)
The Lemonade Fling (5 p)

***Uncle Scrooge* #47, February 1964**
Cover (p. 225)
The Thrifty Spendthrift (20 p)
Man Versus Machine (4 p)
No Bargain (.5 p)
Gold Magnet [a.k.a. Up and at It] (.5 p)

***Uncle Scrooge* #48, March 1964**
Cover (p. 228)
The Many Faces of Magica de Spell (22 p)
Jonah Gyro (4 p)

***Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* #355, [Giant Poster Edition], April 1970**
Cover (p. 205)
Gyro Gearloose "Head Scratcher" Poster (4 p)

***The Carl Barks Library of Gyro Gearloose Comics and Fillers in Color* #6, November 1993**
Cover (p. 210)

Untitled (Gyro and Helper on Motorized Unicycle in Duckburg Park), circa 1994
Watercolor on paper, 9 x 11.5 inches (23 x 29 cm) (p. 235)

***July Fourth in Duckburg* (1976)**
Oil painting by Carl Barks (detail) (p. 219)
