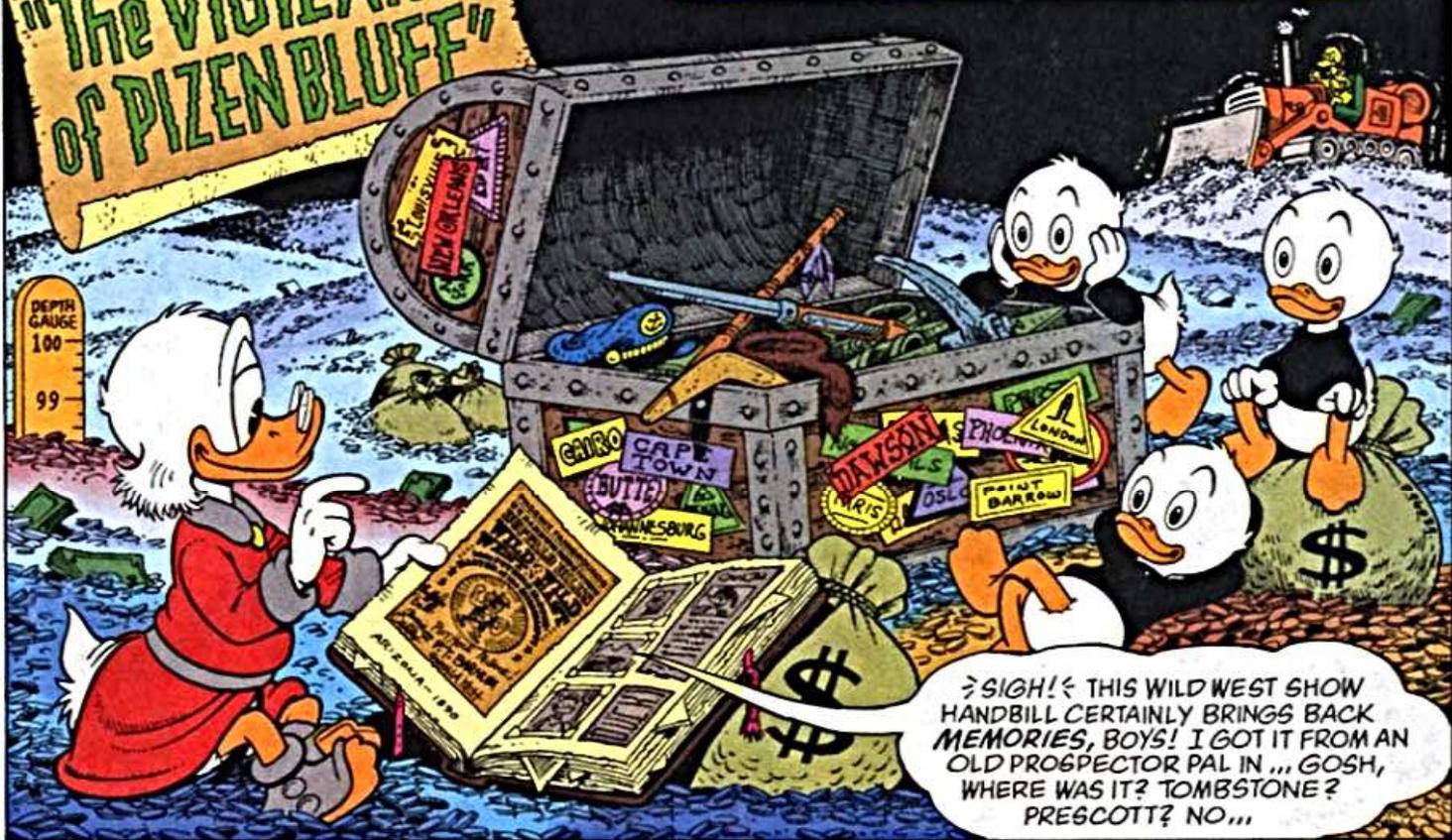


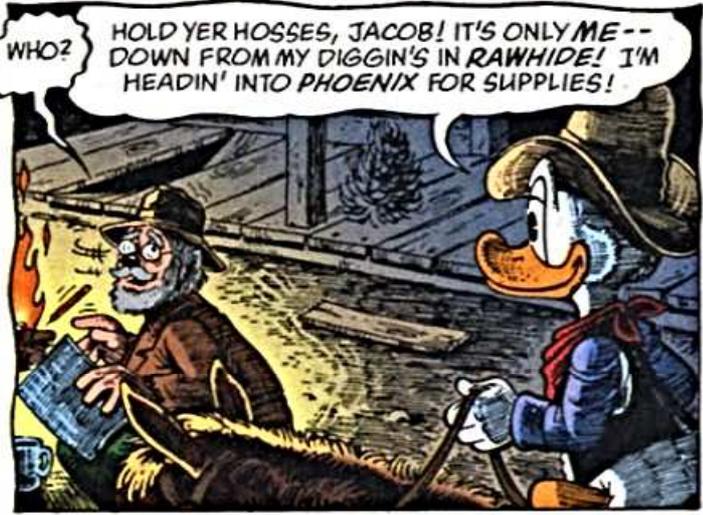
Walt Disney's
UNCLE SCROOGE
"The Vigilante of Pizen Bluff"

ONCE AGAIN UNCLE SCROOGE HAS UNEARTHED (OR UNCOINED) HIS OLD TRUNK OF MEMORIES OF HIS EARLY LIFE AND TIMES WHEN HE WANDERED THE FRONTIERS OF THE WORLD, SEEKING HIS FORTUNE...

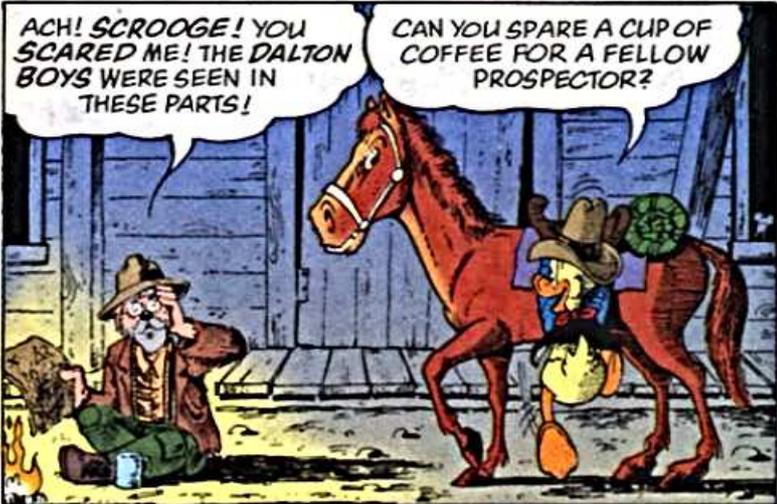


≥ SIGH! ≤ THIS WILD WEST SHOW HANDBILL CERTAINLY BRINGS BACK MEMORIES, BOYS! I GOT IT FROM AN OLD PROSPECTOR PAL IN ... GOSH, WHERE WAS IT? TOMBSTONE? PRESCOTT? NO...

"PIZEN BLUFF, ARIZONA! JUST ANOTHER OF THE GHOST TOWNS LYING IN THE COOLING EMBERS OF A DYING ERA OF HISTORY..."

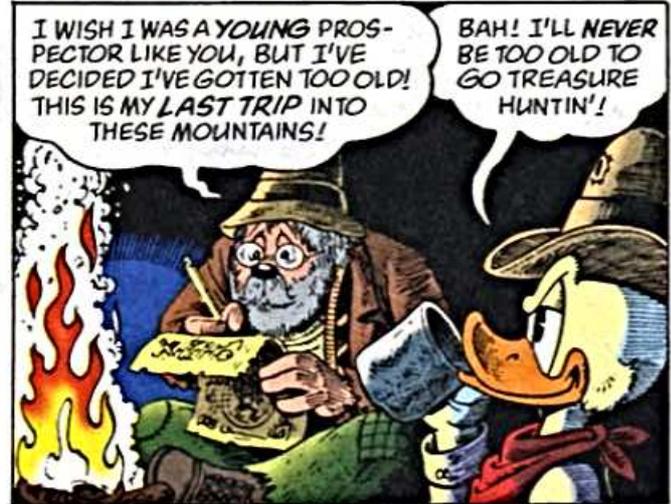


WHO? HOLD YER HOSSES, JACOB! IT'S ONLY ME -- DOWN FROM MY DIGGIN'S IN RAWHIDE! I'M HEADIN' INTO PHOENIX FOR SUPPLIES!



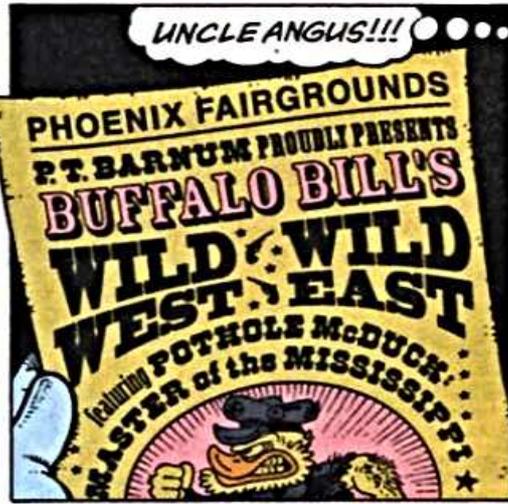
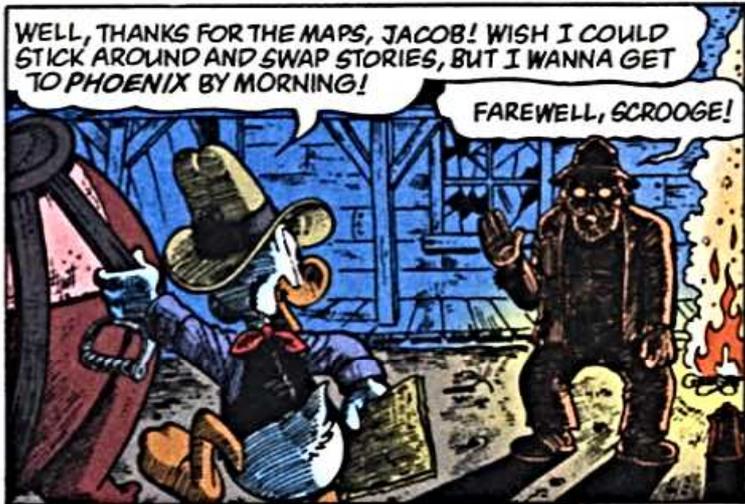
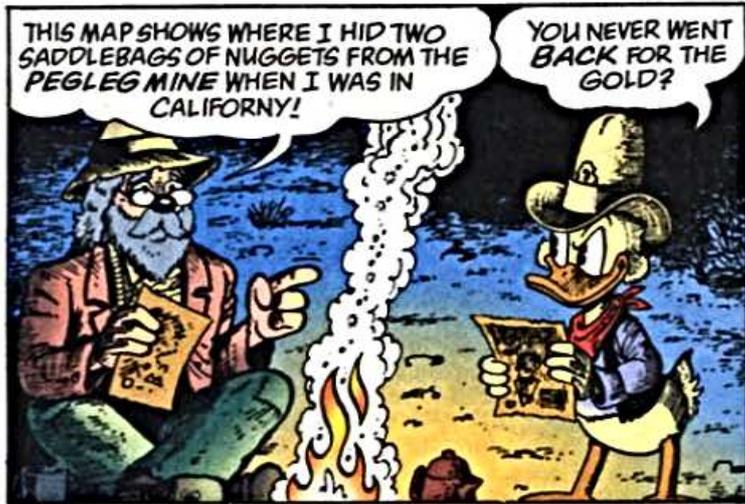
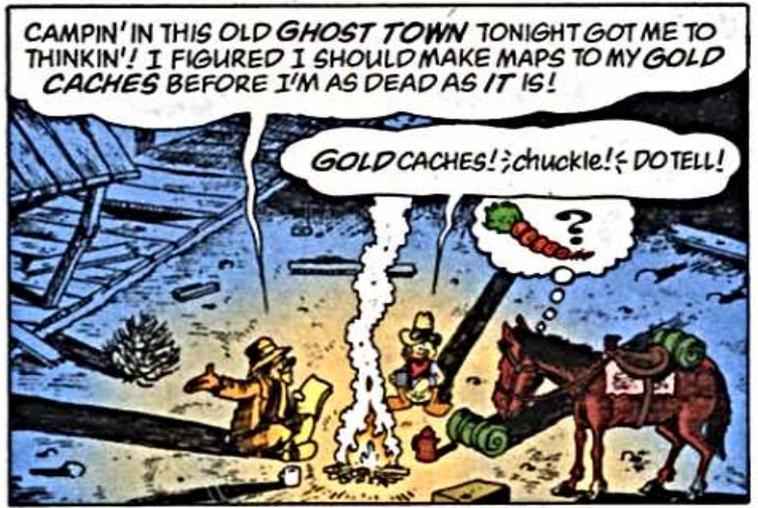
ACH! SCROOGE! YOU SCARED ME! THE DALTON BOYS WERE SEEN IN THESE PARTS!

CAN YOU SPARE A CUP OF COFFEE FOR A FELLOW PROSPECTOR?



I WISH I WAS A YOUNG PROSPECTOR LIKE YOU, BUT I'VE DECIDED I'VE GOTTEN TOO OLD! THIS IS MY LAST TRIP INTO THESE MOUNTAINS!

BAH! I'LL NEVER BE TOO OLD TO GO TREASURE HUNTIN'!





DON'T WORRY, FOLKS--THOSE ARE ONLY **BLANKS** OUR GUNS ARE SHOOTING!

SO, JUST SIT BACK AND ENJOY **BUFFALO BILL CODY'S WILD WEST-WILD EAST EXTRAVAGANZA!**

THE GREAT **PHINEAS T. BARNUM** ASKED ME TO PUT ON A **SPECIAL SHOW** TO CELEBRATE THE CHOICE OF **PHOENIX** AS THE NEW CAPITAL OF THE TERRITORY--SO I'M PUTTING ON A **WILD EAST SHOW** FOR YOU **WESTERNERS!**

AND OUR STAR IS THE AUTHOR AND HERO OF THOSE FAMOUS **DIME-NOVELS**, THE MASTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI HIMSELF--**POTHOLE MCDUCK!**

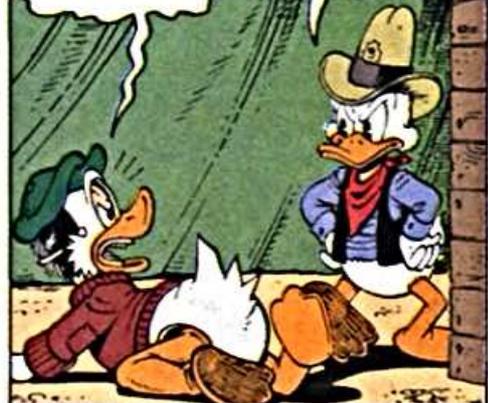


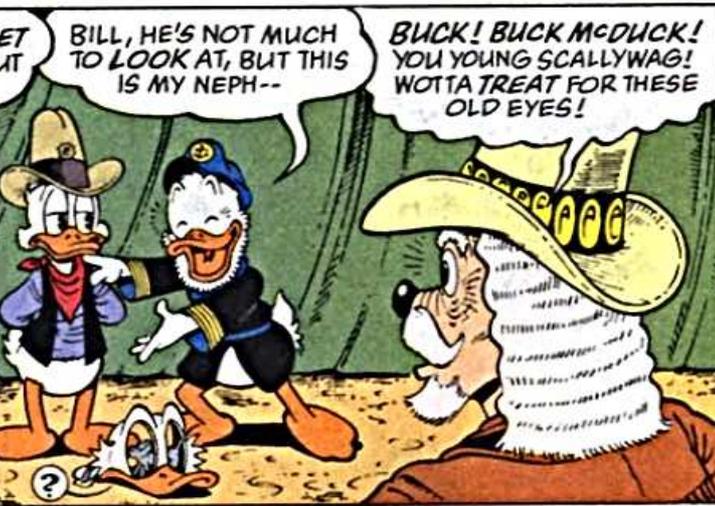
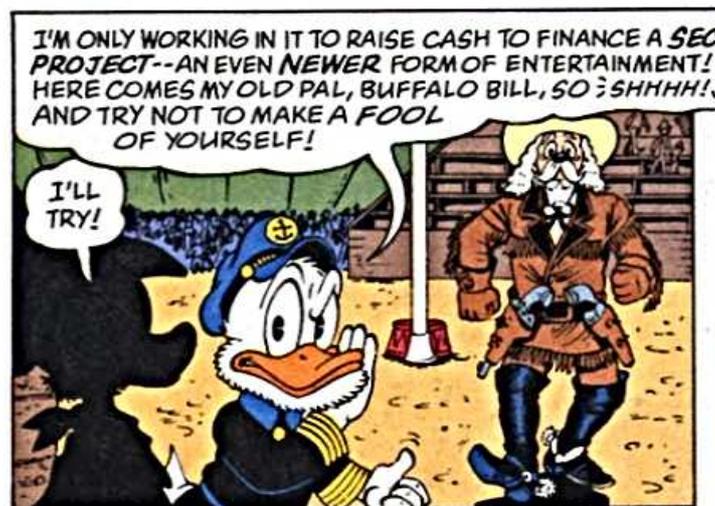
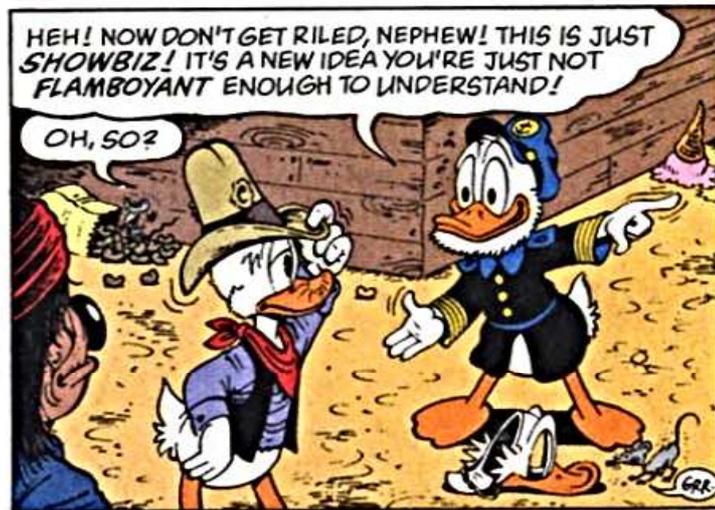
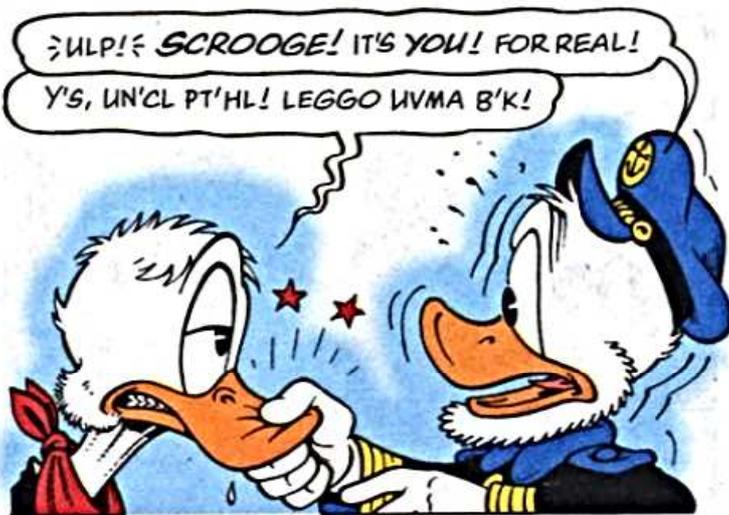
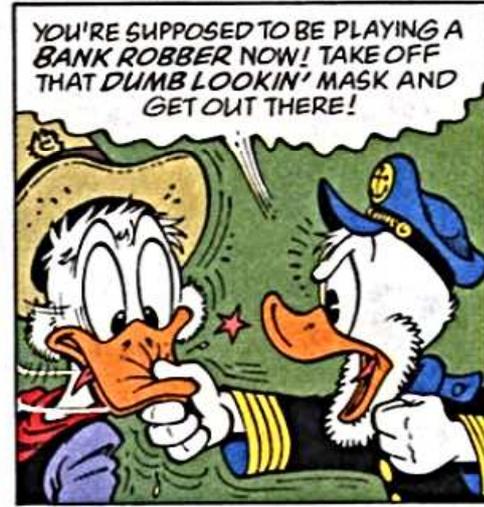
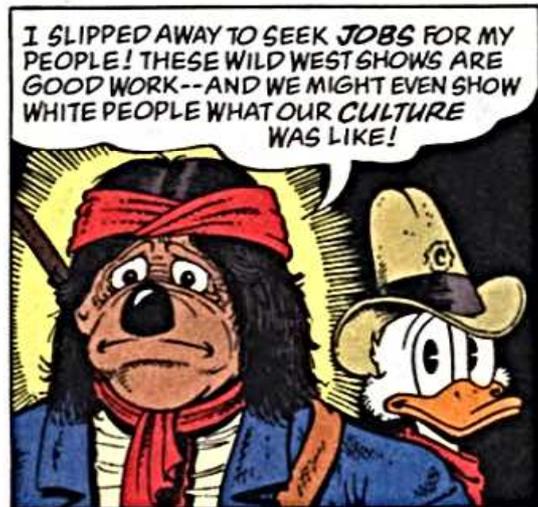
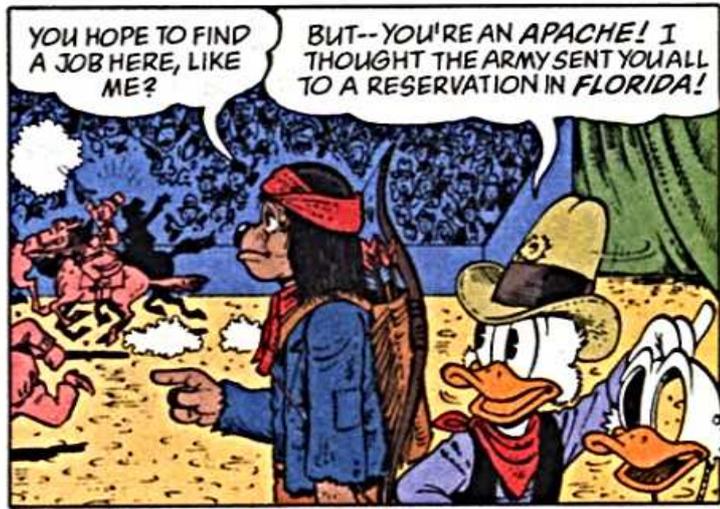
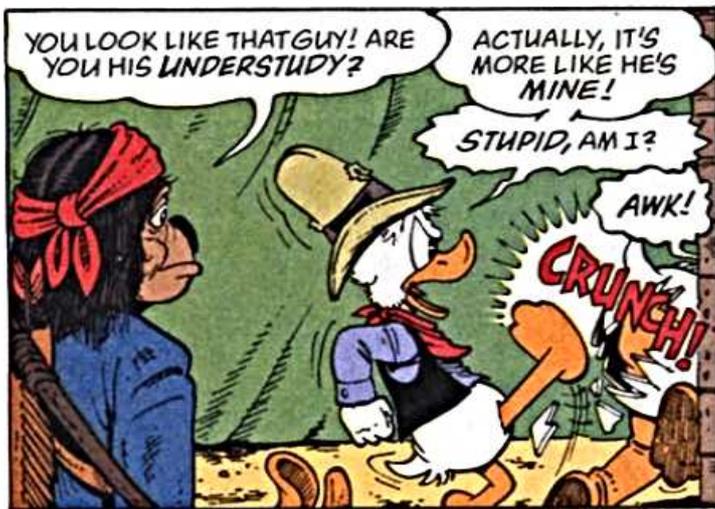
OH, SAVE ME, UNCLE **POTHOLE!** SAVE ME!

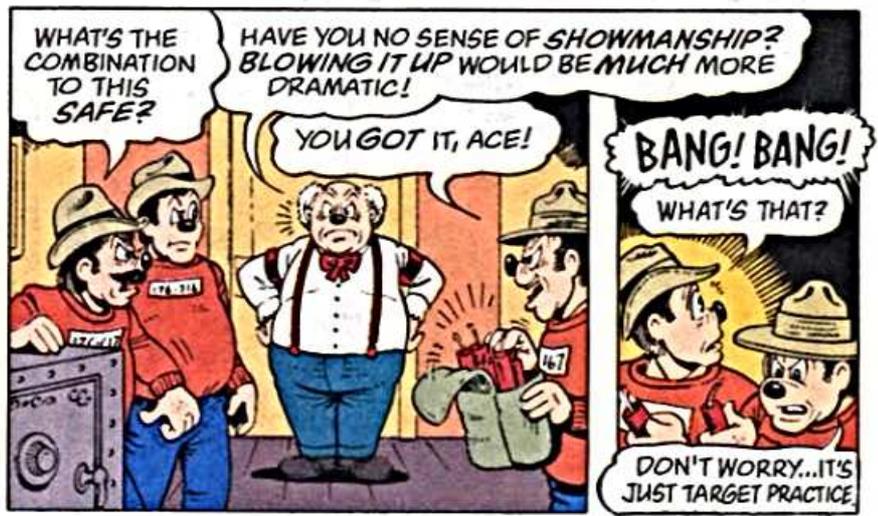
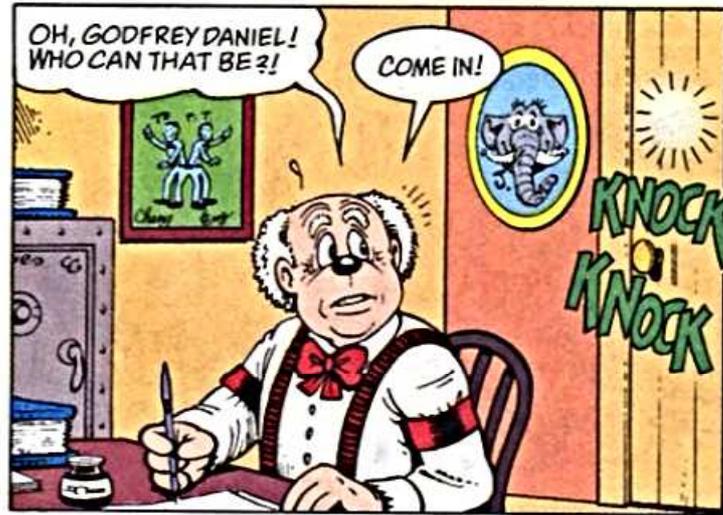
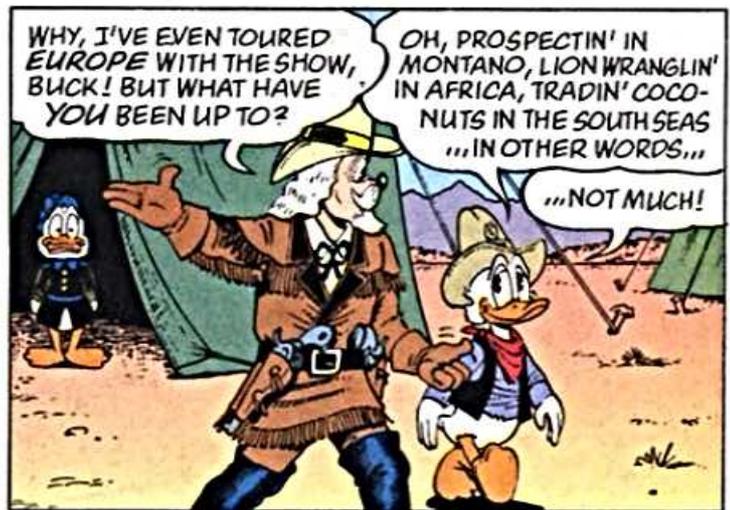
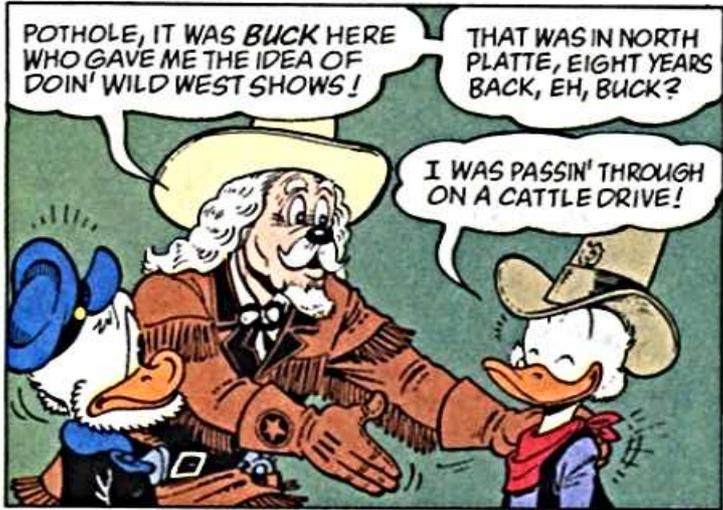
LEAVE MY POOR, STUPID NEPHEW **SCROOGE** ALONE, YOU COWARDLY **BEAGLE BOYS**, OR I'LL BLOW YOU TO **SMITHEREENS!**

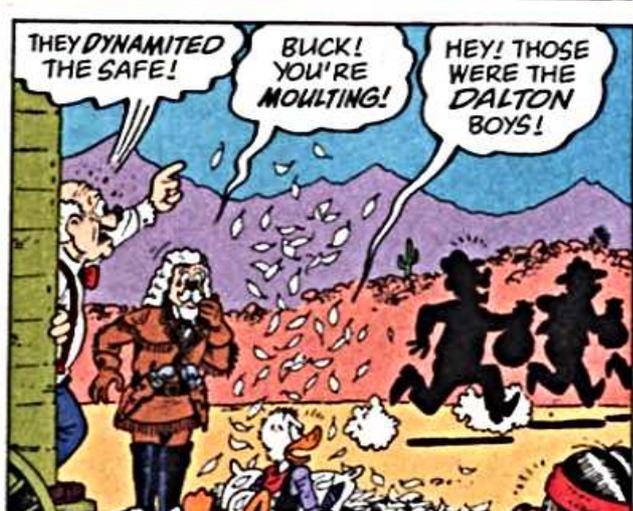
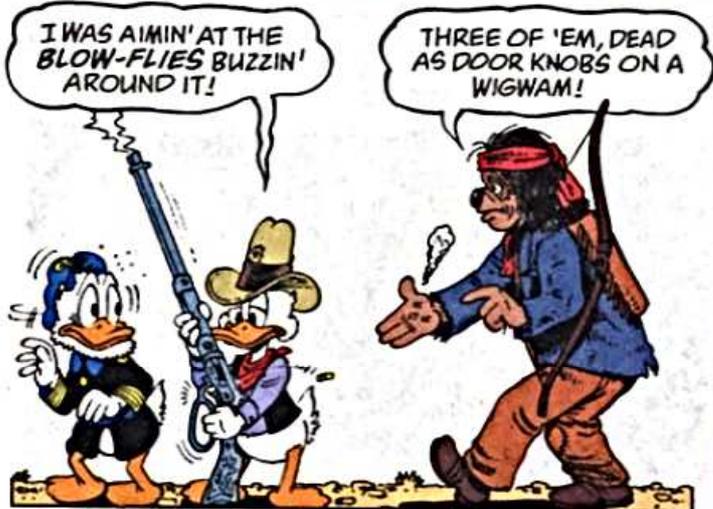
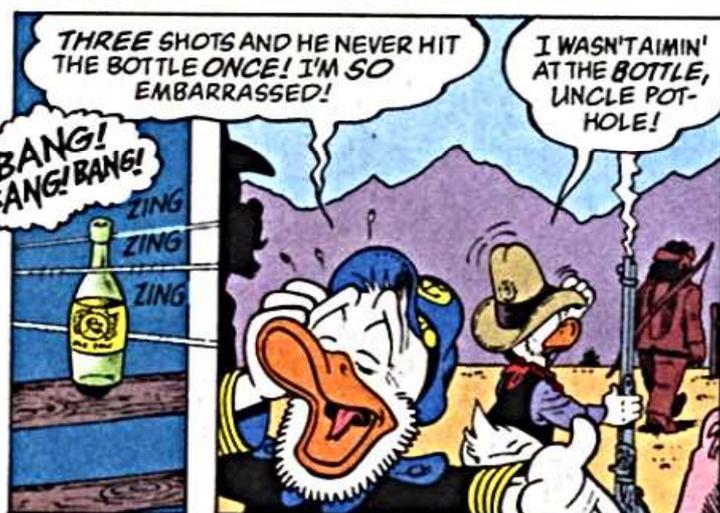
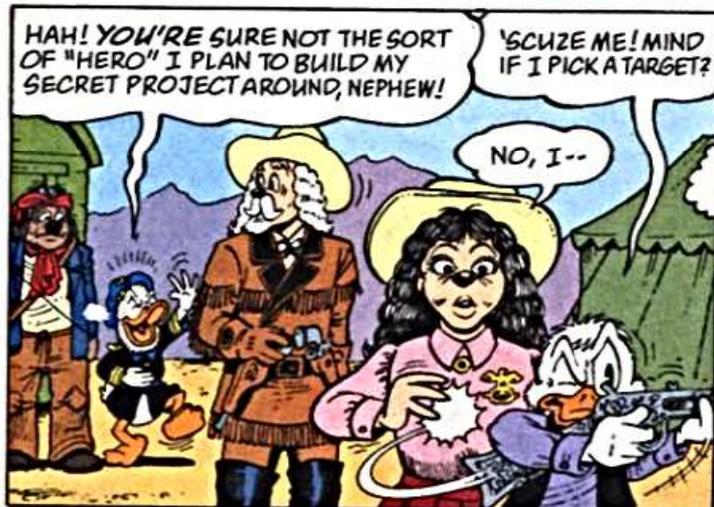
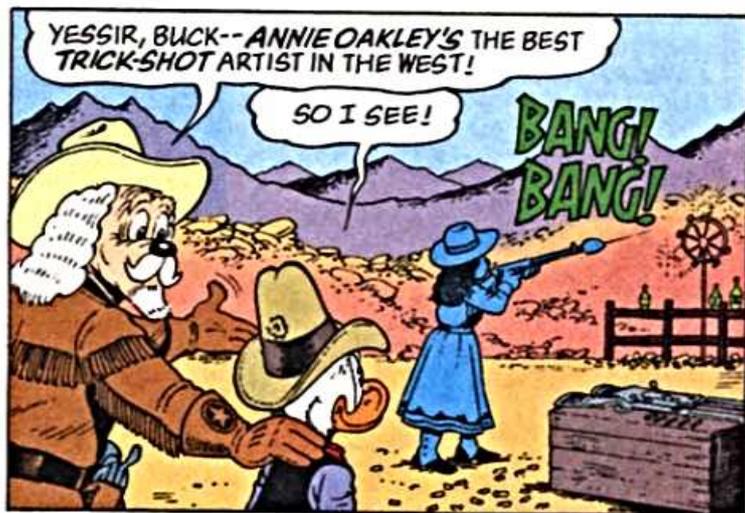
HEY, WHO THE HECK ARE YOU, WISE GUY?

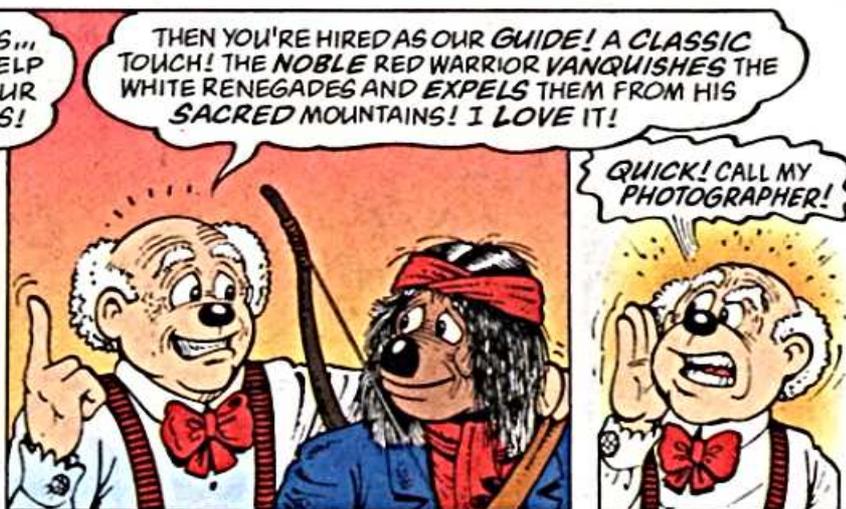
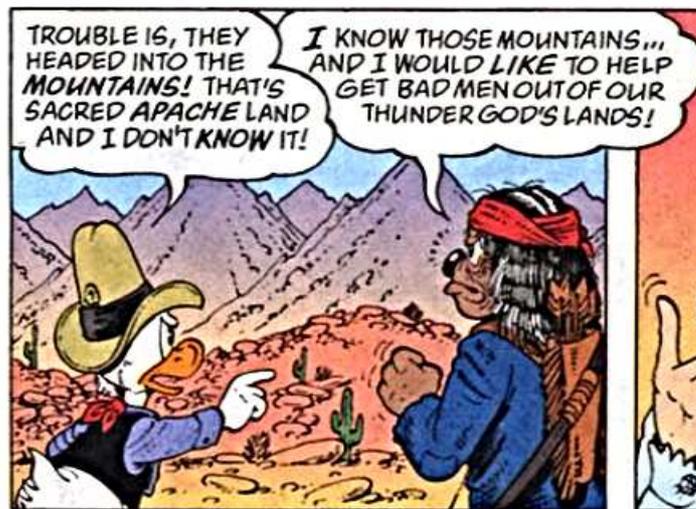
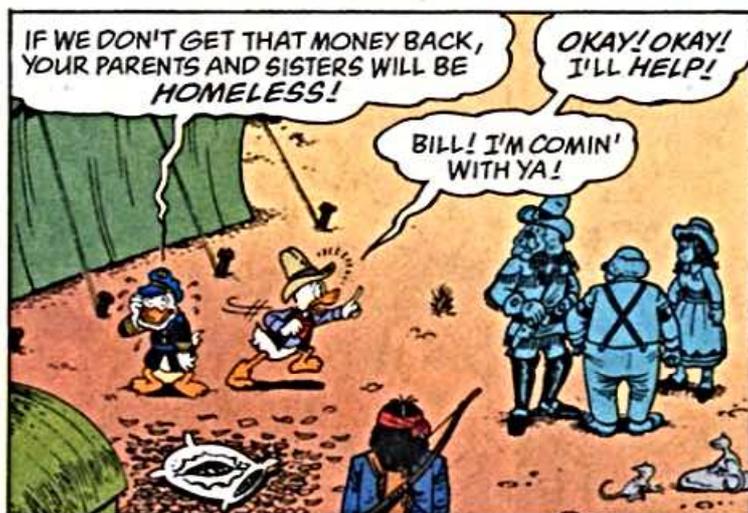
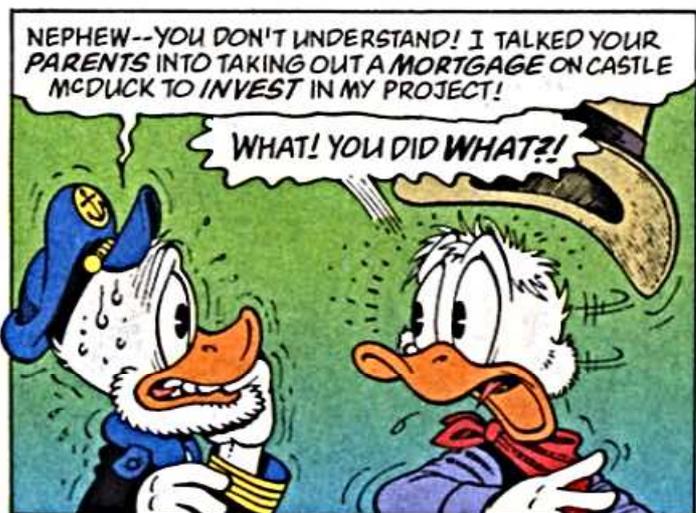
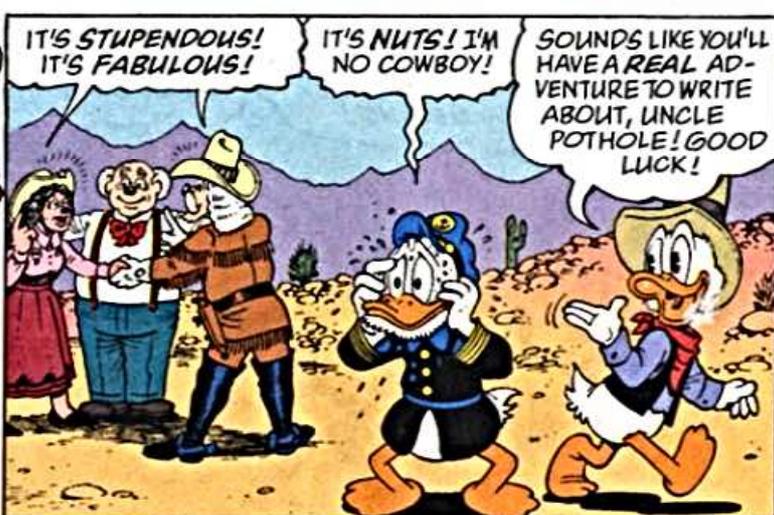
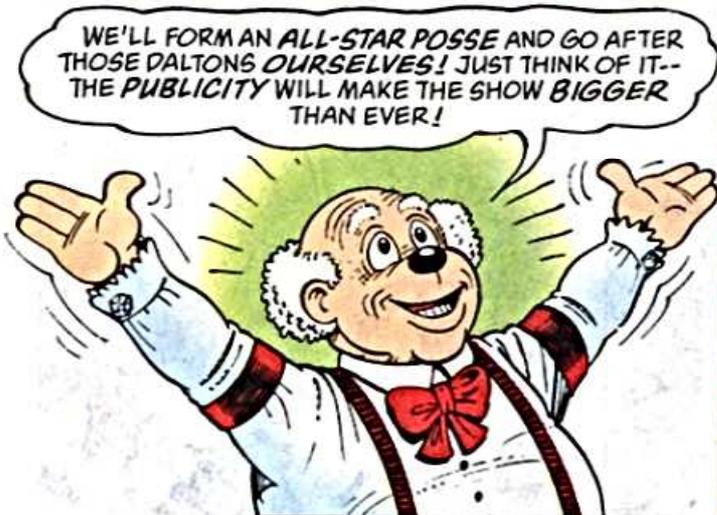
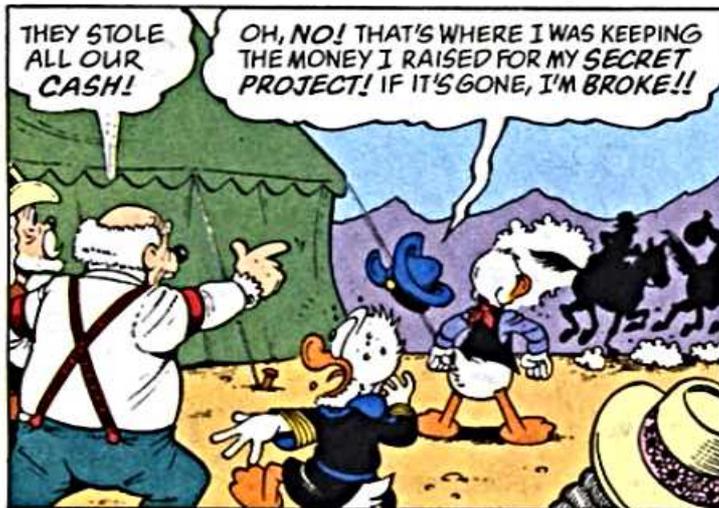
OH, JUST WAIT TILL I TELL YOU!

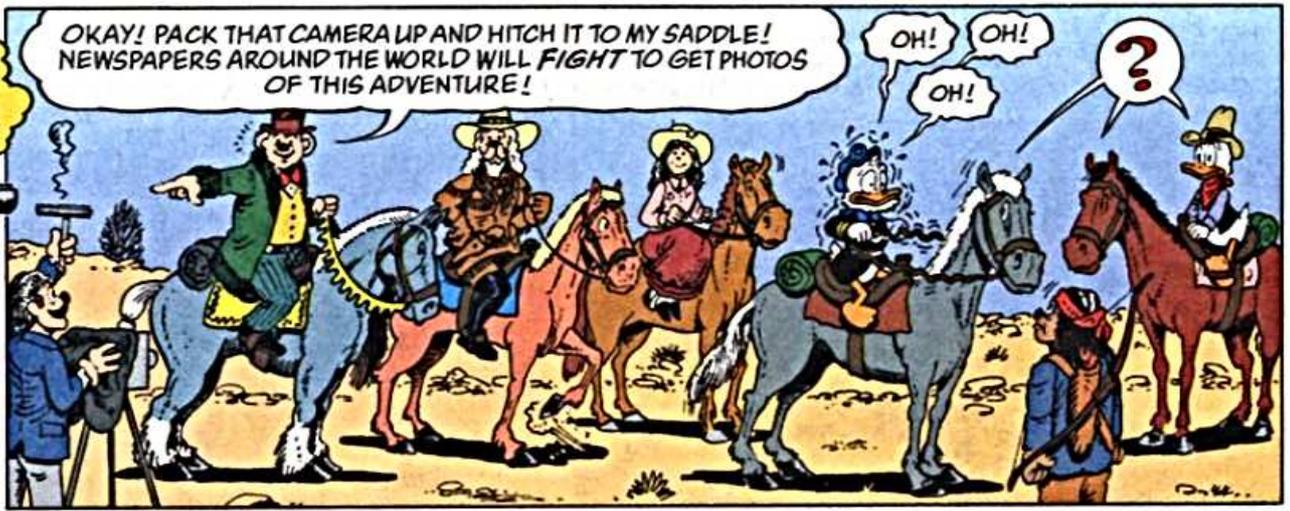












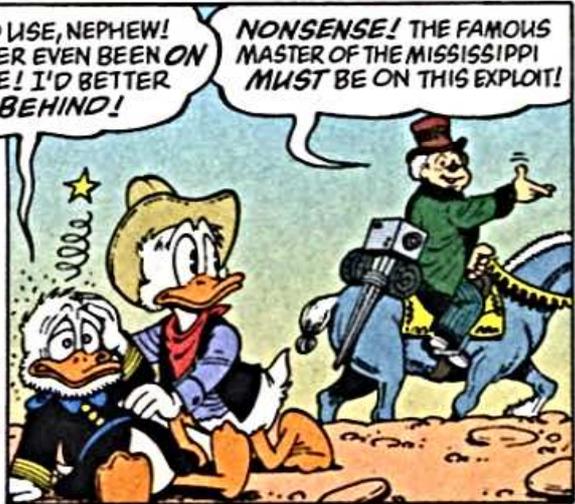
OKAY! PACK THAT CAMERA UP AND HITCH IT TO MY SADDLE! NEWSPAPERS AROUND THE WORLD WILL FIGHT TO GET PHOTOS OF THIS ADVENTURE!

OH! OH!
OH!

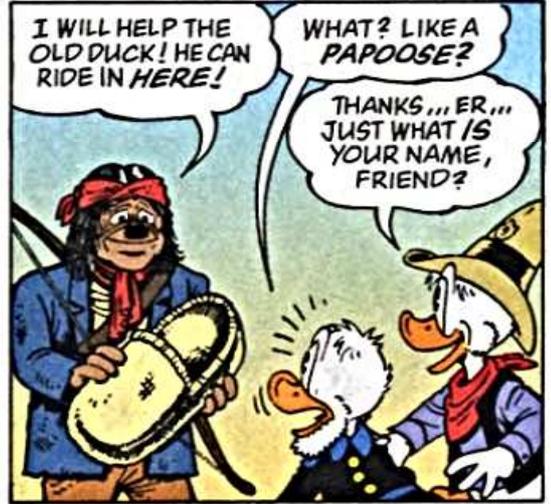
?



IT'S NO USE, NEPHEW! I'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN ON A HORSE! I'D BETTER STAY BEHIND!



NONSENSE! THE FAMOUS MASTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI MUST BE ON THIS EXPLOIT!



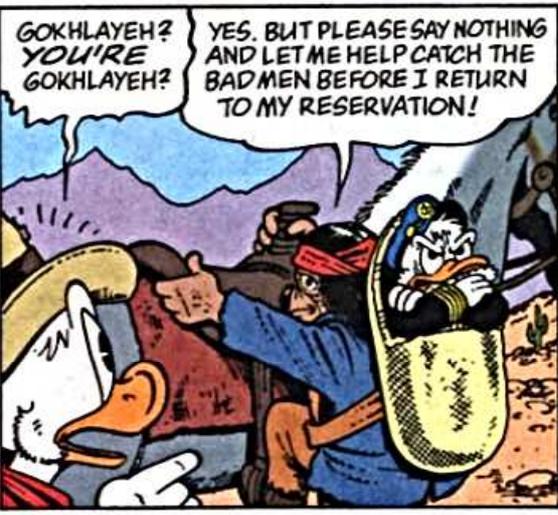
I WILL HELP THE OLD DUCK! HE CAN RIDE IN HERE!

WHAT? LIKE A PAPOOSE?

THANKS... ER... JUST WHAT IS YOUR NAME, FRIEND?

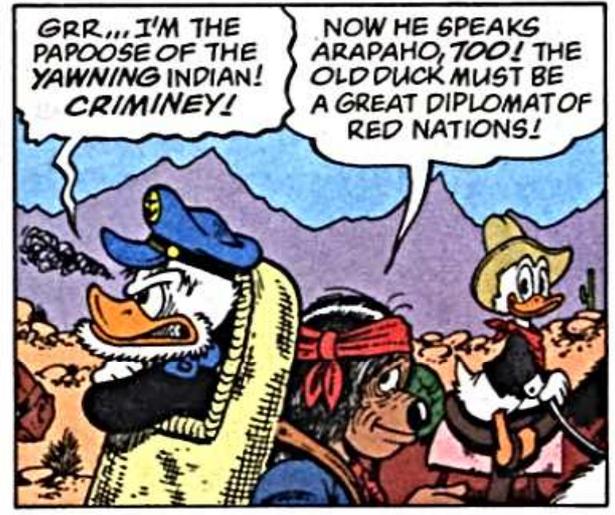


I AM GOKHLAYEH! IT IS APACHE MEANING "ONE-WHO-YAWNS"!



GOKHLAYEH? YOU'RE GOKHLAYEH?

YES, BUT PLEASE SAY NOTHING AND LET ME HELP CATCH THE BAD MEN BEFORE I RETURN TO MY RESERVATION!



GRR... I'M THE PAPOOSE OF THE YAWNING INDIAN! CRIMINEY!

NOW HE SPEAKS ARAPAHO, TOO! THE OLD DUCK MUST BE A GREAT DIPLOMAT OF RED NATIONS!

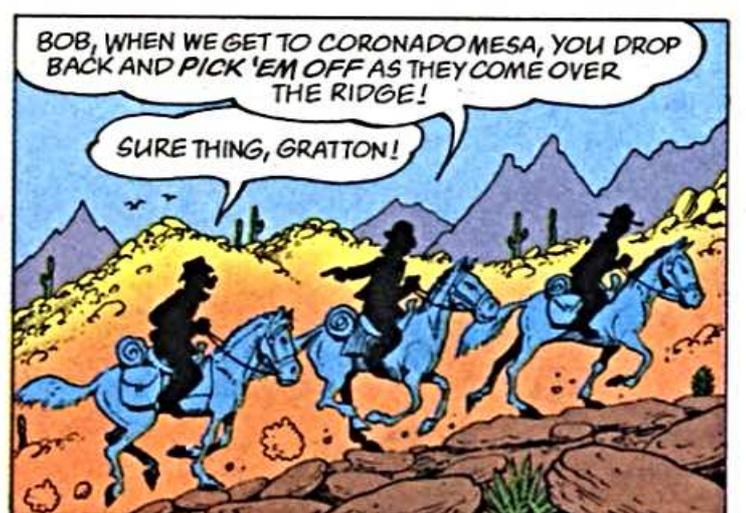
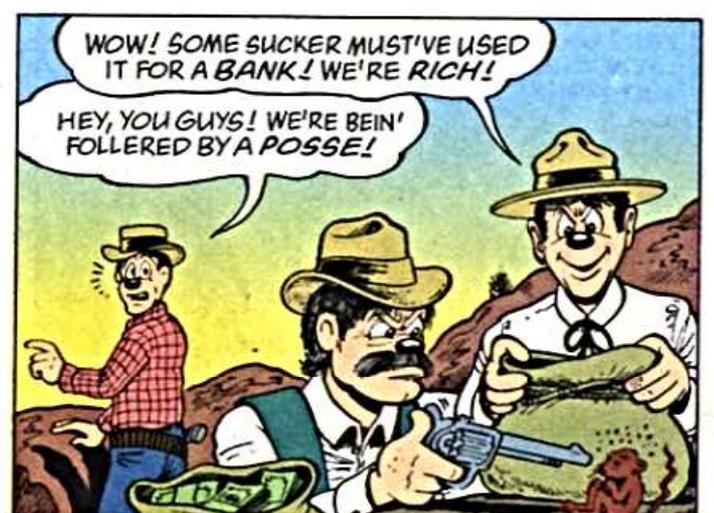
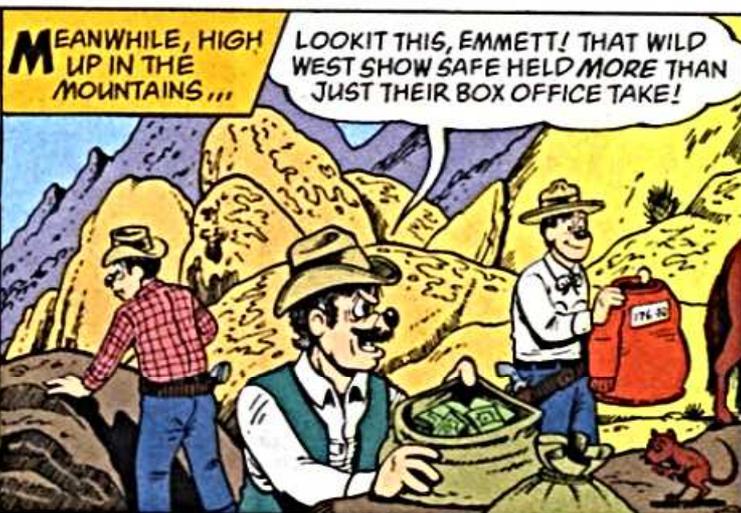
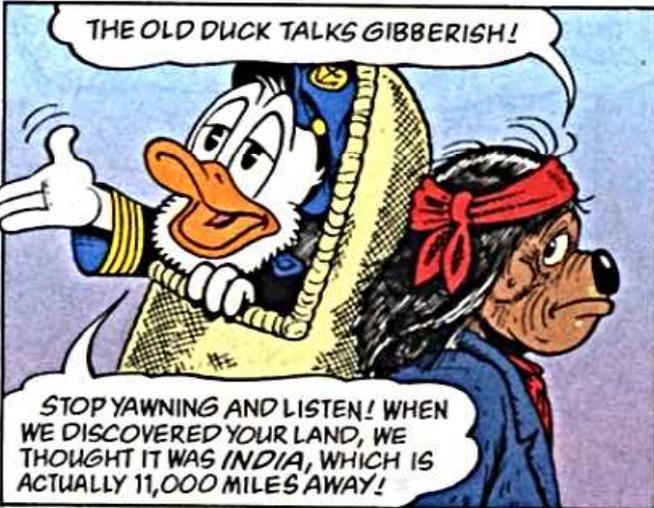
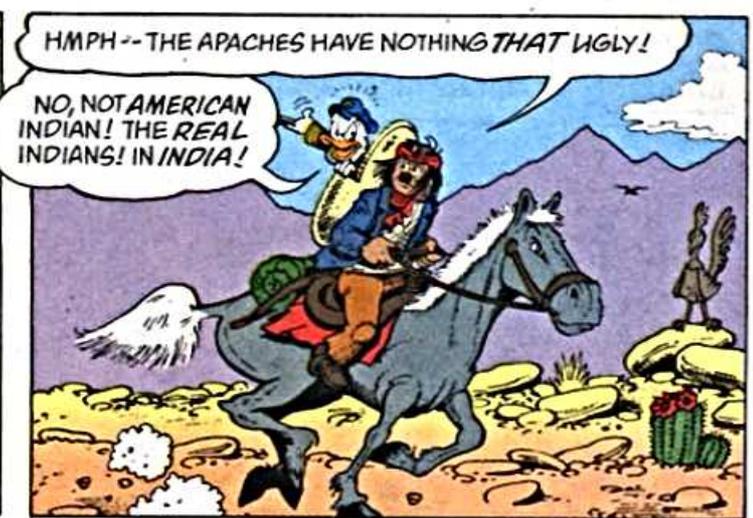
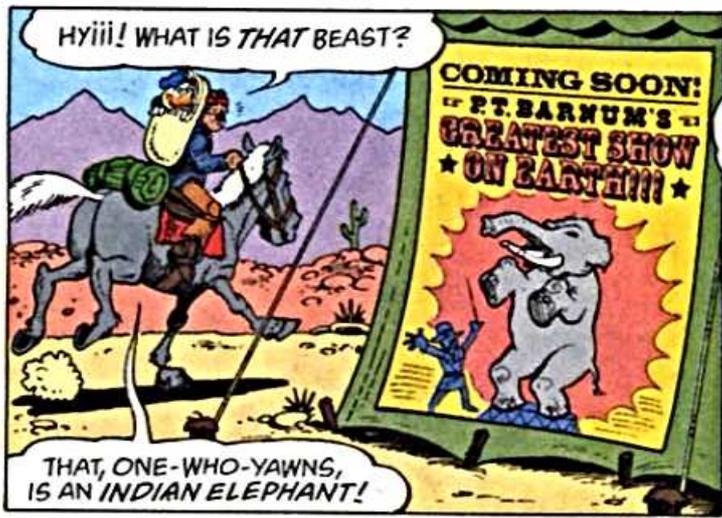


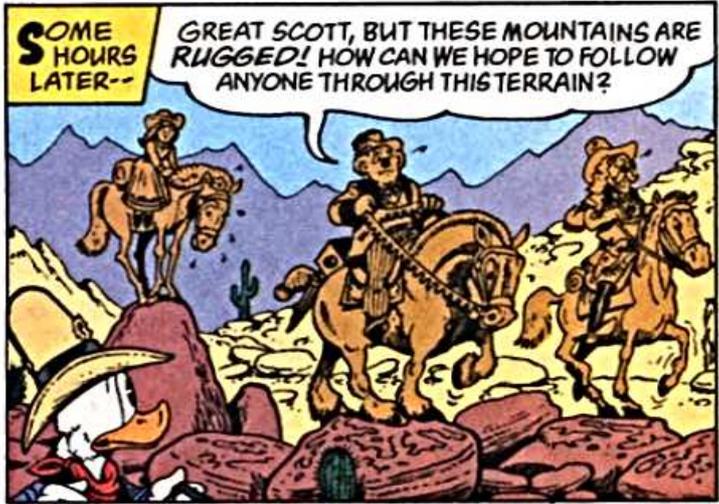
TIME'S A-WASTING! LET'S GET MOVING! THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN RIDE!!

BUT... THERE'S ONLY SIX OF US!



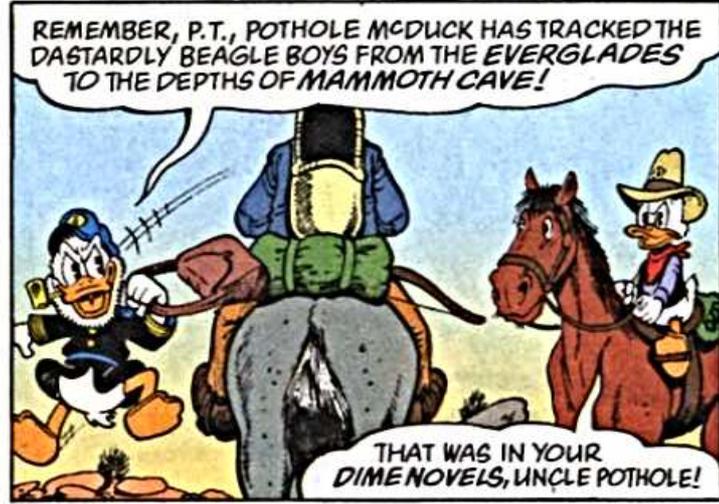
SONNY, I'M PHINEAS T. BARNUM! I COUNT MYSELF TWICE!





SOME HOURS LATER--

GREAT SCOTT, BUT THESE MOUNTAINS ARE RUGGED! HOW CAN WE HOPE TO FOLLOW ANYONE THROUGH THIS TERRAIN?

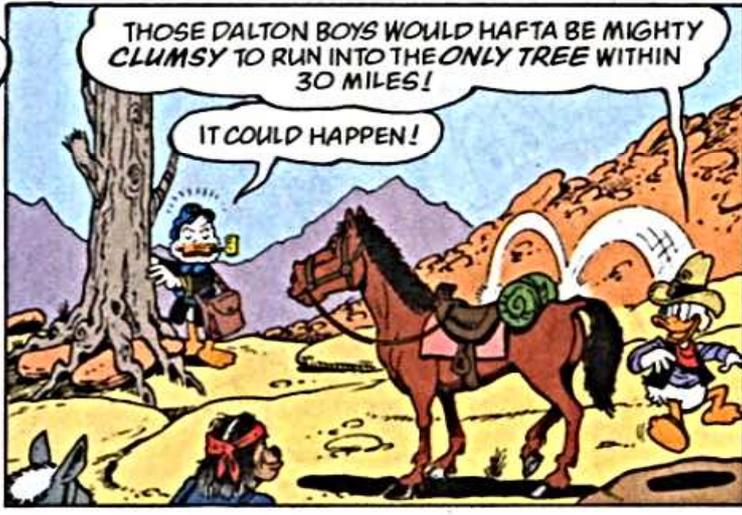


REMEMBER, P.T., POTHOLE MCDUCK HAS TRACKED THE DASTARDLY BEAGLE BOYS FROM THE EVERGLADES TO THE DEPTHS OF MAMMOTH CAVE!

THAT WAS IN YOUR DIME NOVELS, UNCLE POTHOLE!

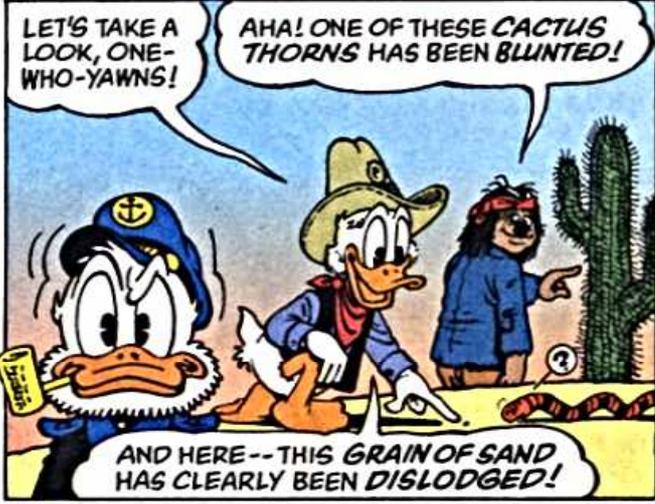


THAT'S RIGHT! JUST TAKE THE WAY I TRACKED BLACKHEART BEAGLE THROUGH THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP IN ISSUE NO. 237 BY FOLLOWING TINY BROKEN TREE TWIGS!



THOSE DALTON BOYS WOULD HAFTA BE MIGHTY CLUMSY TO RUN INTO THE ONLY TREE WITHIN 30 MILES!

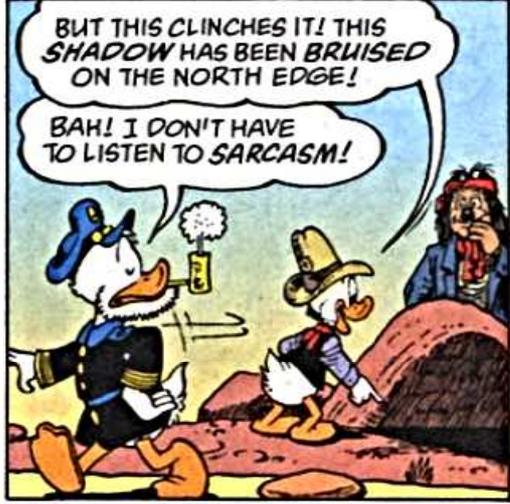
IT COULD HAPPEN!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK, ONE-WHO-YAWNS!

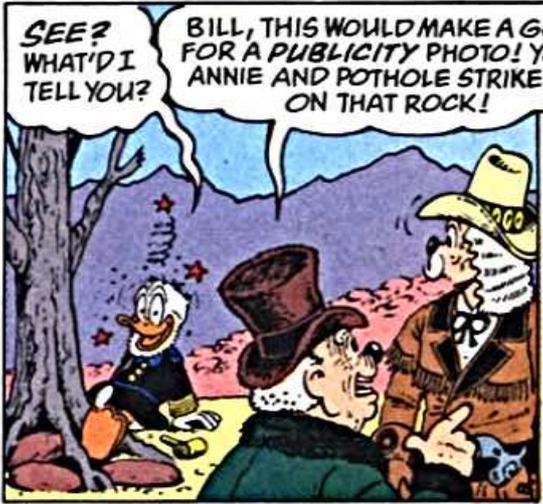
AHA! ONE OF THESE CACTUS THORNS HAS BEEN BLUNTED!

AND HERE--THIS GRAIN OF SAND HAS CLEARLY BEEN DISLODGED!



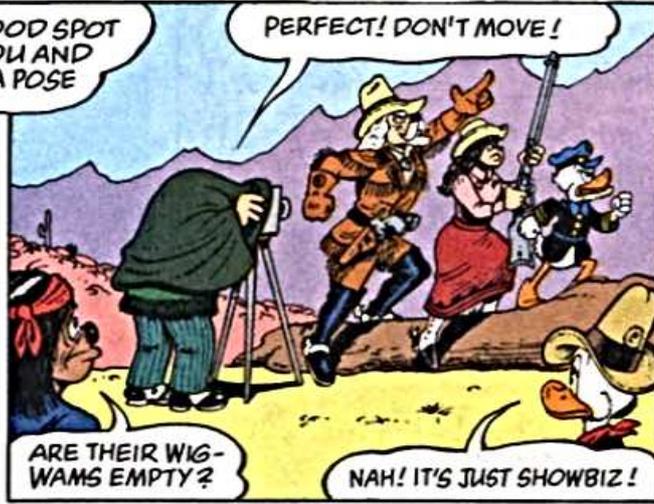
BUT THIS CLINCHES IT! THIS SHADOW HAS BEEN BRUISED ON THE NORTH EDGE!

BAH! I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO SARCASM!



SEE? WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

BILL, THIS WOULD MAKE A GOOD SPOT FOR A PUBLICITY PHOTO! YOU AND ANNIE AND POTHOLE STRIKE A POSE ON THAT ROCK!



PERFECT! DON'T MOVE!

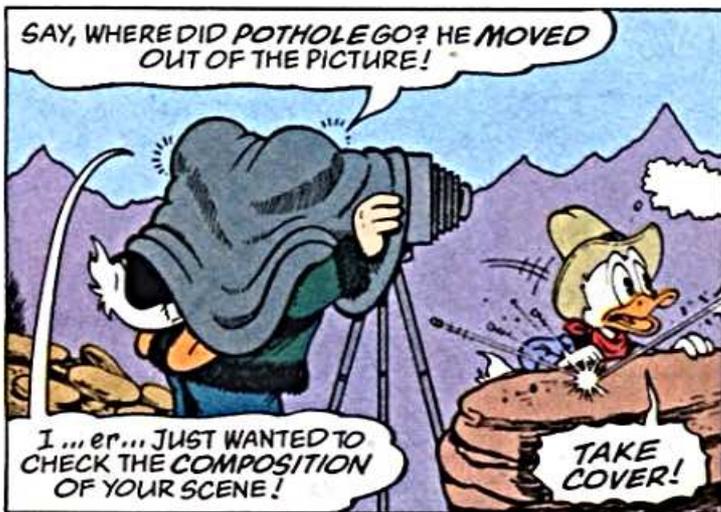
ARE THEIR WIG-WAMS EMPTY?

NAH! IT'S JUST SHOWBIZ!



BANG!

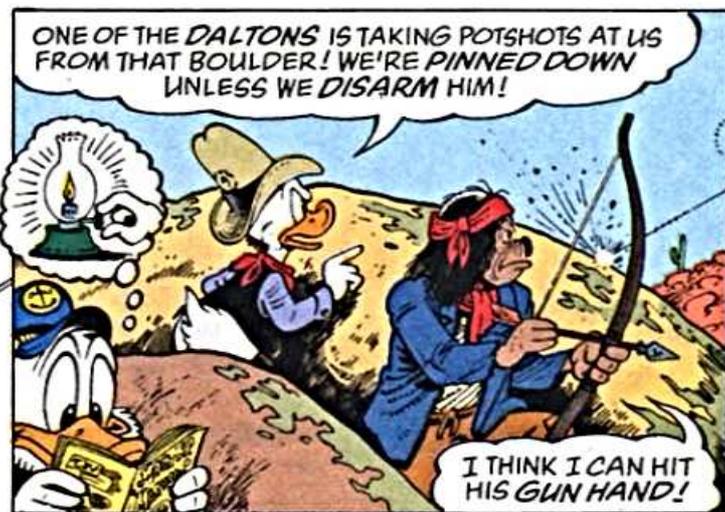
THOK



SAY, WHERE DID POTHOLE GO? HE MOVED OUT OF THE PICTURE!

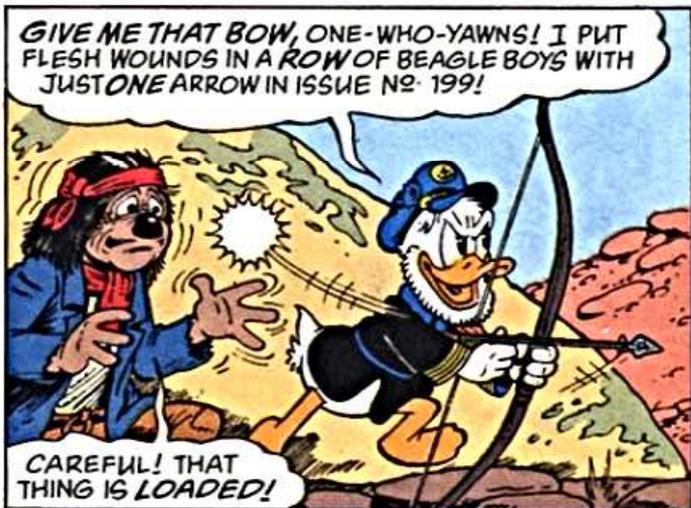
I ... er ... JUST WANTED TO CHECK THE COMPOSITION OF YOUR SCENE!

TAKE COVER!



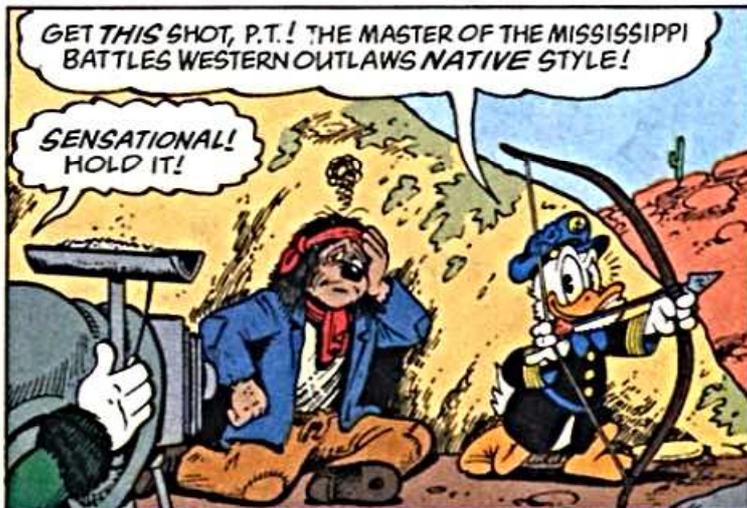
ONE OF THE DALTONS IS TAKING POTSHOTS AT US FROM THAT BOULDER! WE'RE PINNED DOWN UNLESS WE DISARM HIM!

I THINK I CAN HIT HIS GUN HAND!



GIVE ME THAT BOW, ONE-WHO-YAWNS! I PUT FLESH WOUNDS IN A ROW OF BEAGLE BOYS WITH JUST ONE ARROW IN ISSUE NO. 199!

CAREFUL! THAT THING IS LOADED!



GET THIS SHOT, P.T.! THE MASTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI BATTLES WESTERN OUTLAWS NATIVE STYLE!

SENSATIONAL! HOLD IT!



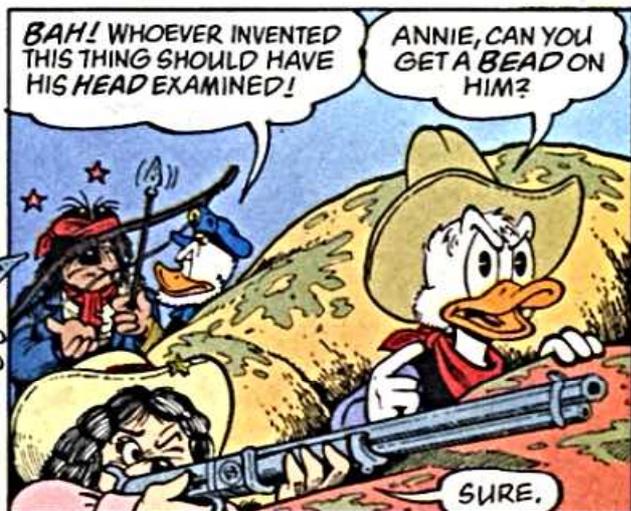
FLASH!

TWANG!

OUCH!



WAIT! HOLD IT, P.T.! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS INFERNAL CONTRAPTION!



BAH! WHOEVER INVENTED THIS THING SHOULD HAVE HIS HEAD EXAMINED!

ANNIE, CAN YOU GET A BEAD ON HIM?

SURE.

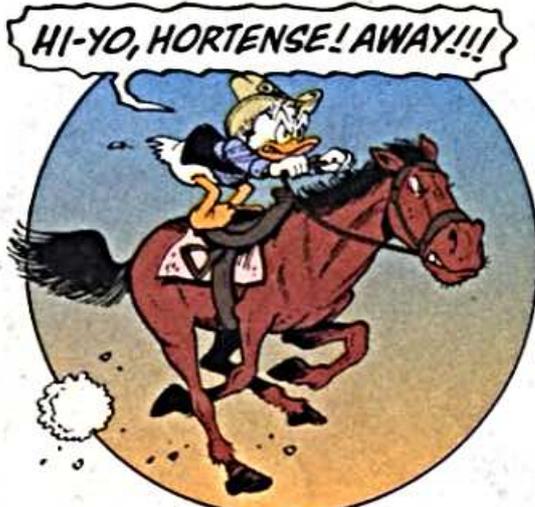


KPOW!

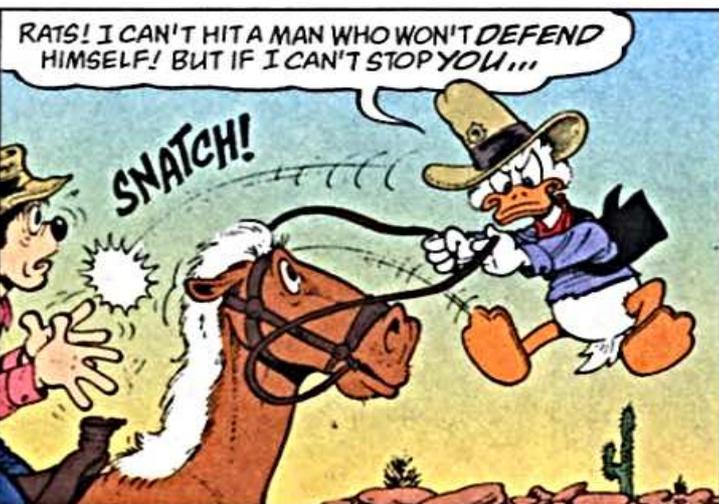
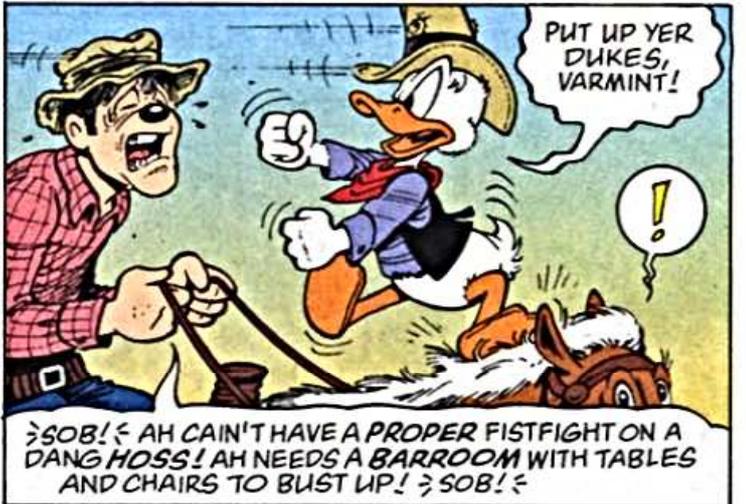
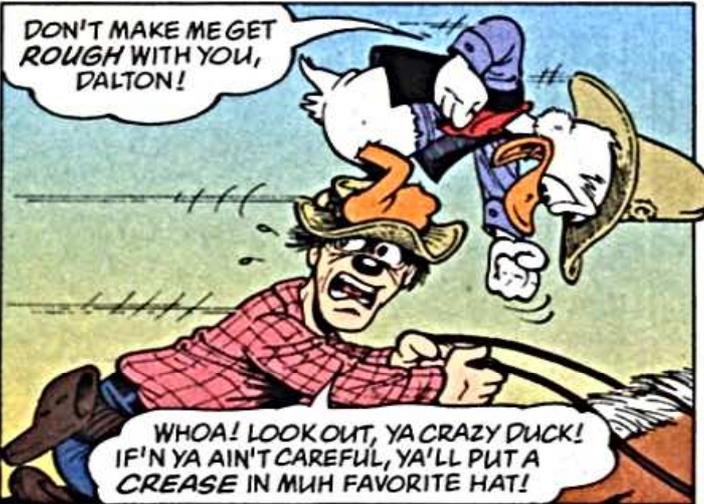
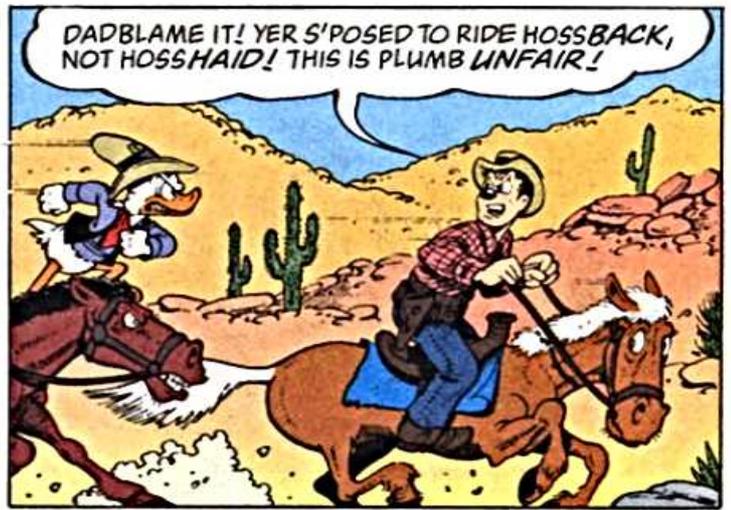
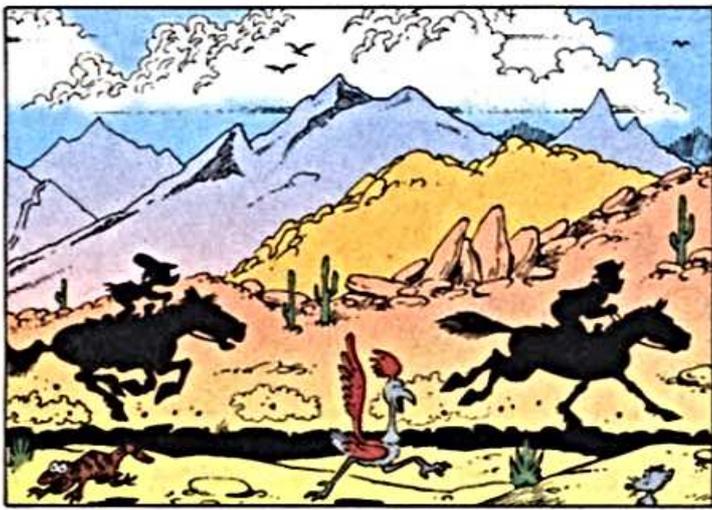


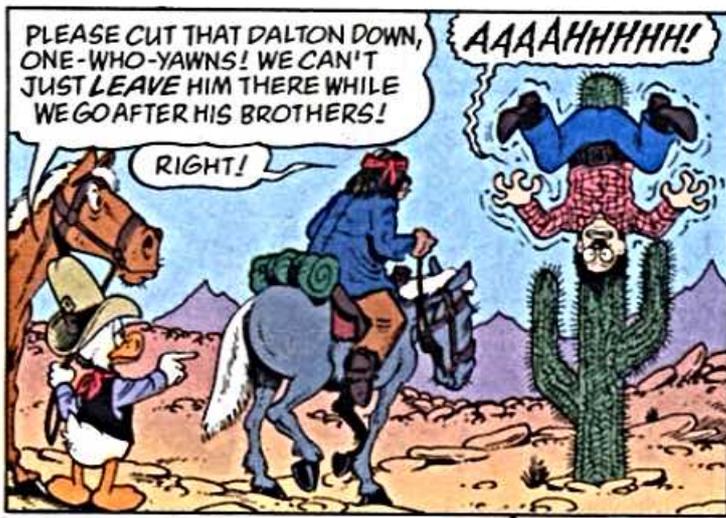
HE'S DISARMED! IF WE COULD ONLY CATCH HIM BEFORE HE REJOINS HIS BROTHERS!

LEAVE IT TO ME!



HI-YO, HORTENSE! AWAY!!!

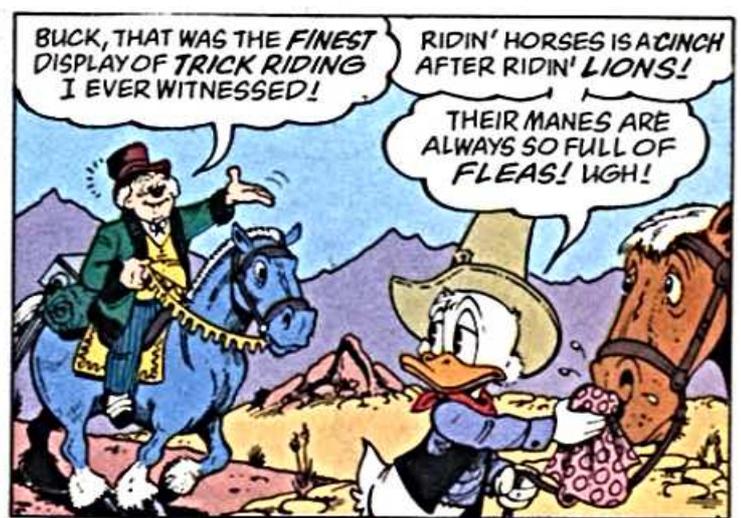




PLEASE CUT THAT DALTON DOWN, ONE-WHO-YAWNS! WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM THERE WHILE WE GO AFTER HIS BROTHERS!

AAAAHHHHH!

RIGHT!



BUCK, THAT WAS THE FINEST DISPLAY OF TRICK RIDING I EVER WITNESSED!

RIDIN' HORSES IS A CINCH AFTER RIDIN' LIONS!

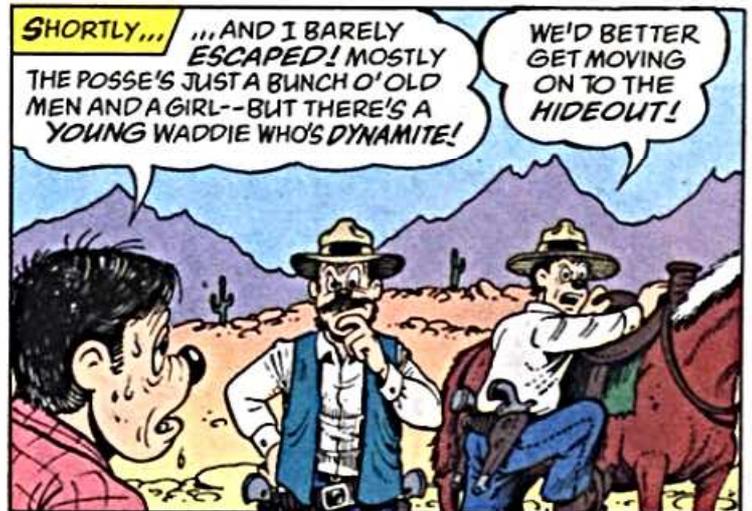
THEIR MANES ARE ALWAYS SO FULL OF FLEAS! UGH!



DUCK-WHO-SEEKS-GOLD! I CUT DOWN THE CACTUS, BUT THE BAD MAN RAN AWAY!

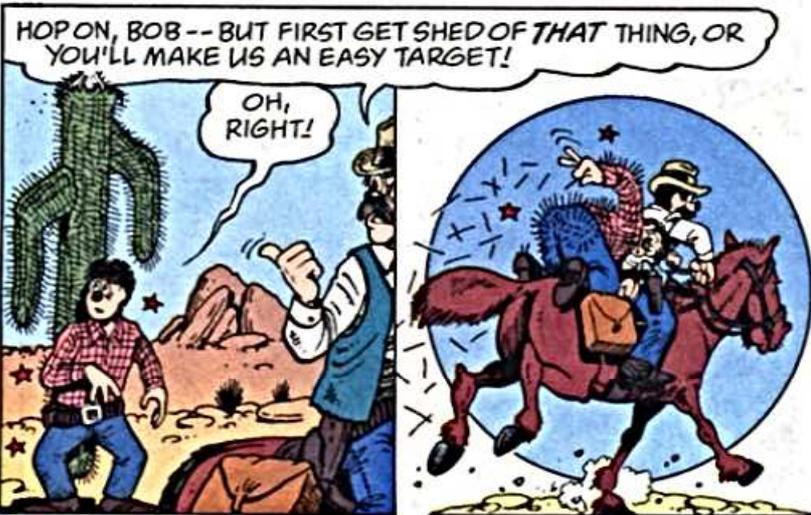
AAAAHHHHH!

WELL, HE'LL BE EASY ENOUGH TO TRACK NOW!



SHORTLY... .. AND I BARELY ESCAPED! MOSTLY THE POSSE'S JUST A BUNCH O' OLD MEN AND A GIRL-- BUT THERE'S A YOUNG WADDIE WHO'S DYNAMITE!

WE'D BETTER GET MOVING ON TO THE HIDEOUT!



HOP ON, BOB -- BUT FIRST GET SHED OF THAT THING, OR YOU'LL MAKE US AN EASY TARGET!

OH, RIGHT!



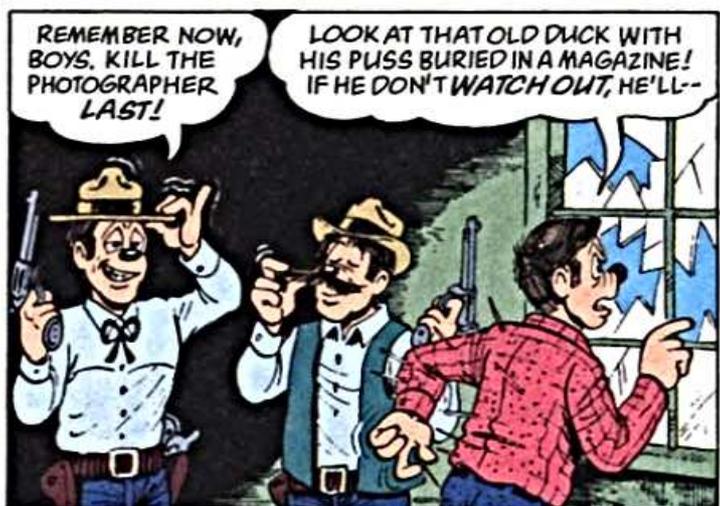
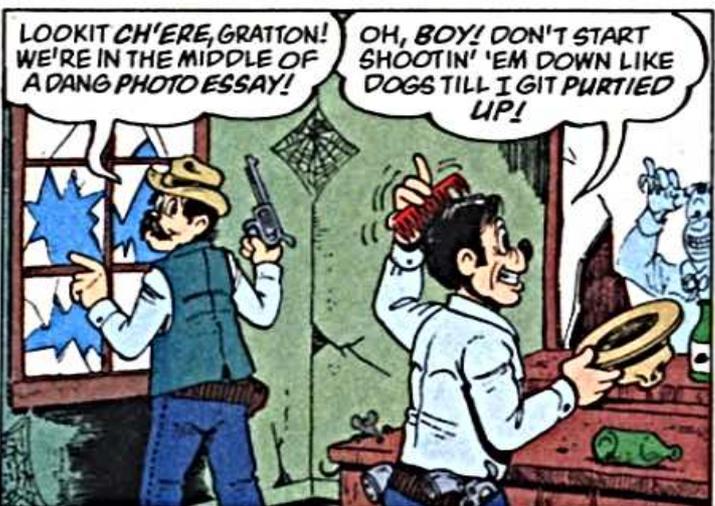
BAD MEN'S TRAIL IS HEADING FOR AN OLD TOWN IN MESQUITE FLATS!

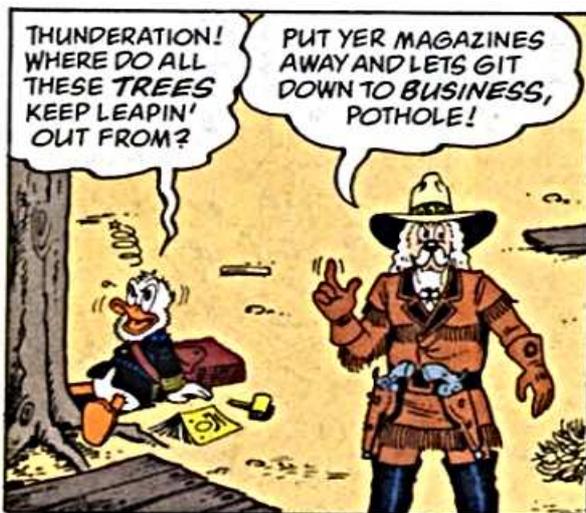
YEAH-- I KNOW THAT PLACE!



THAT'S PIZEN BLUFF! I WAS A PROSPECTOR THERE UNTIL THEY STRUCK GOLD IN RAWHIDE LAST YEAR, AND THE WHOLE TOWN PACKED UP AND MOVED NORTH! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HOLDIN' THOSE RAMSHACKLE BUILDINGS UP!

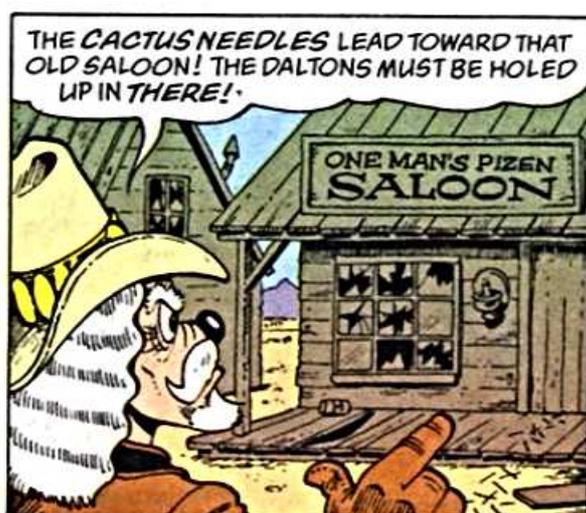
SEEMS LIKE THEY OUGHTTA BLOW AWAY IN THE WIND!



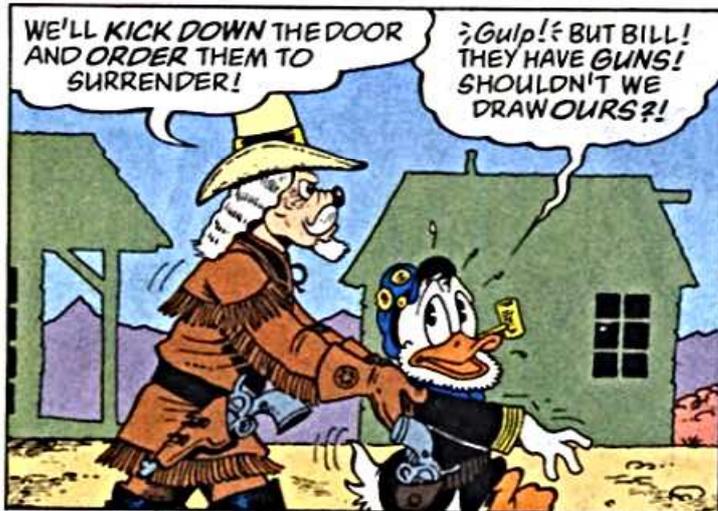


THUNDERATION! WHERE DO ALL THESE TREES KEEP LEAPIN' OUT FROM?

PUT YER MAGAZINES AWAY AND LETS GIT DOWN TO BUSINESS, POTHOLE!



THE CACTUS NEEDLES LEAD TOWARD THAT OLD SALOON! THE DALTONS MUST BE HOLED UP IN THERE!



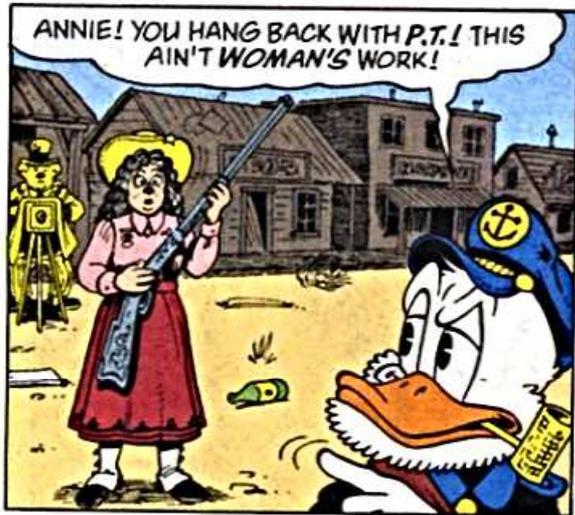
WE'LL KICK DOWN THE DOOR AND ORDER THEM TO SURRENDER!

Gulp! BUT BILL! THEY HAVE GUNS! SHOULDN'T WE DRAW OURS?!

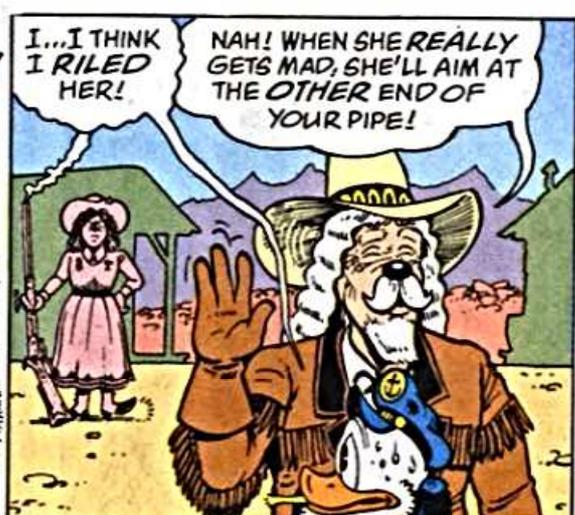


DON'T WORRY! THEY WON'T DARE RESIST BOTH THE GREAT SCOUT OF THE PLAINS AND THE MASTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI!

WE HOPE!

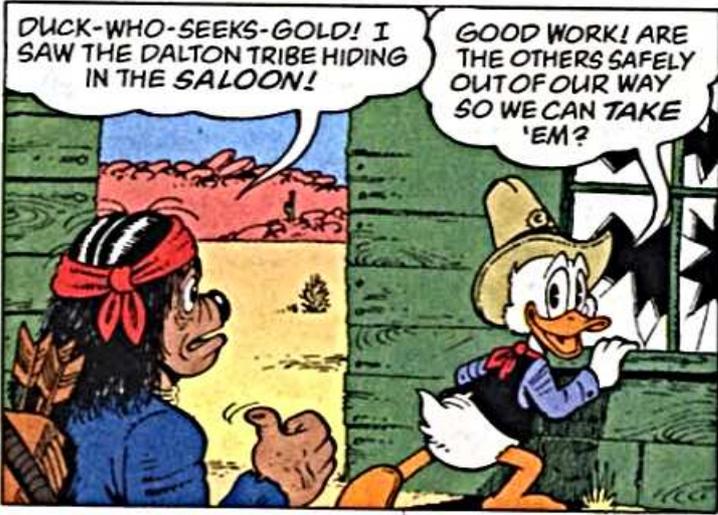


ANNIE! YOU HANG BACK WITH P.T.! THIS AIN'T WOMAN'S WORK!



I... I THINK I RILED HER!

NAH! WHEN SHE REALLY GETS MAD, SHE'LL AIM AT THE OTHER END OF YOUR PIPE!



DUCK-WHO-SEEKS-GOLD! I SAW THE DALTON TRIBE HIDING IN THE SALOON!

GOOD WORK! ARE THE OTHERS SAFELY OUT OF OUR WAY SO WE CAN TAKE 'EM?

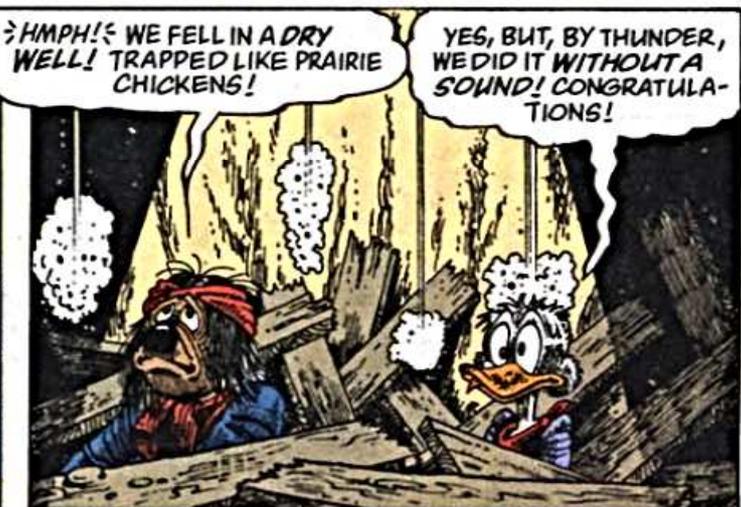
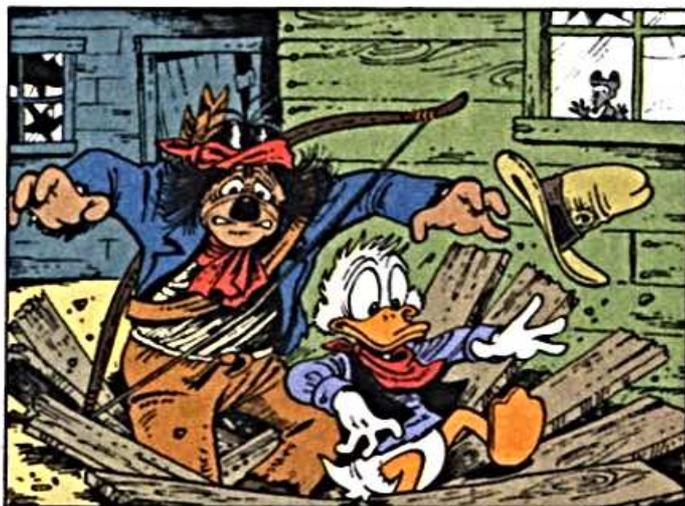


NO! THEY'RE GOING THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR! NOT LONG TO LIVE!

YIPES! WE GOTTA MOVE FAST!!!



HURRY! WE'LL HAVE TO REALLY DO IT INDIAN STYLE NOW! SNEAK AROUND BACK AND JUMP THE DALTONS WITHOUT A SOUND!



HMPH! WE FELL IN A DRY WELL! TRAPPED LIKE PRAIRIE CHICKENS!

YES, BUT, BY THUNDER, WE DID IT WITHOUT A SOUND! CONGRATULATIONS!

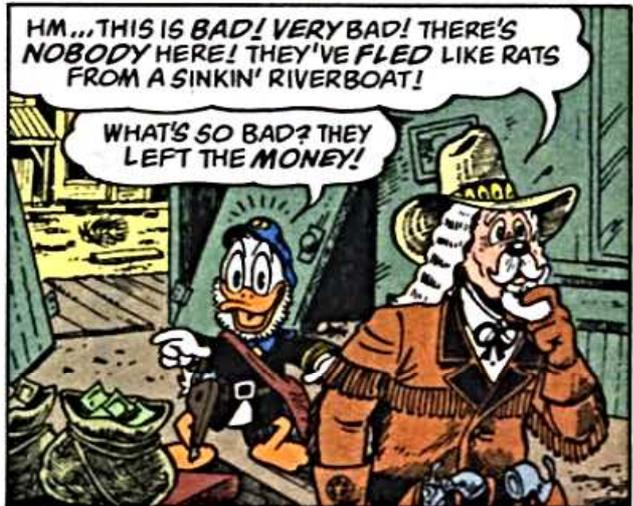


THOSE TWO OLD COOTS ARE COMIN' RIGHT IN THE FRONT DOOR!

THIS IS TOO EASY! QUICK-- GET OUTA' SIGHT!

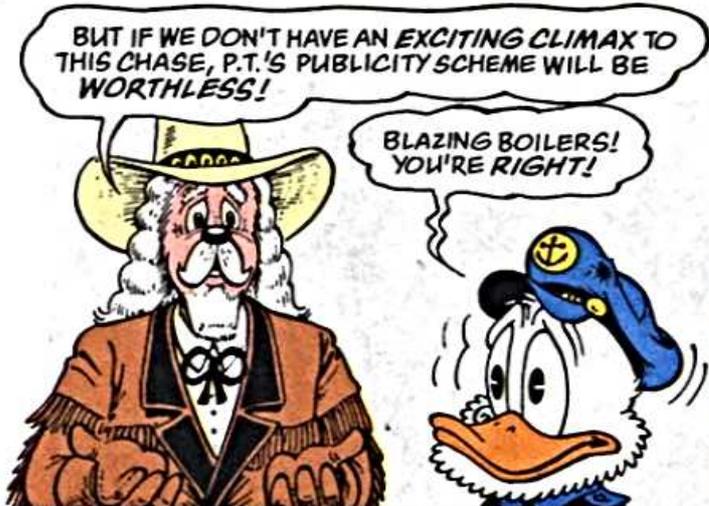


CRASH!



HM... THIS IS BAD! VERY BAD! THERE'S NOBODY HERE! THEY'VE FLED LIKE RATS FROM A SINKIN' RIVERBOAT!

WHAT'S SO BAD? THEY LEFT THE MONEY!



BUT IF WE DON'T HAVE AN EXCITING CLIMAX TO THIS CHASE, P.T.'S PUBLICITY SCHEME WILL BE WORTHLESS!

BLAZING BOILERS! YOU'RE RIGHT!



WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT?

IF THIS WERE ONE OF MY DIME NOVELS, THIS IS WHERE I'D WRITE "CONTINUED NEXT WEEK" TO GIVE ME TIME TO THINK!



HOW ABOUT THIS? THE DALTONS SUDDENLY SPRING ON US FROM THE DARKNESS!

YES! THE DASTARDS HAVE NO SENSE OF FAIR PLAY!



I BUST A BOTTLE ACROSS A DALTON HEAD!

MEANWHILE, I SO DAZZLE ANOTHER DALTON WITH FANCY GUNPLAY THAT HE SWOONS!

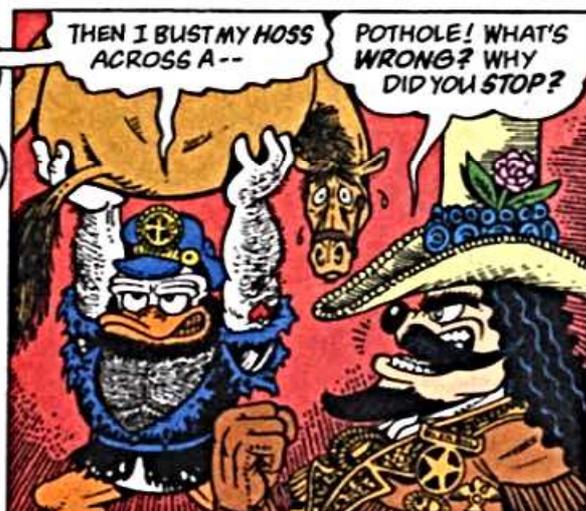


THEN I BREAK A CHAIR ACROSS THE NEXT DALTON'S BACK!

AND I PIN TWO MORE TO THE WALL WITH BOWIE KNIVES!

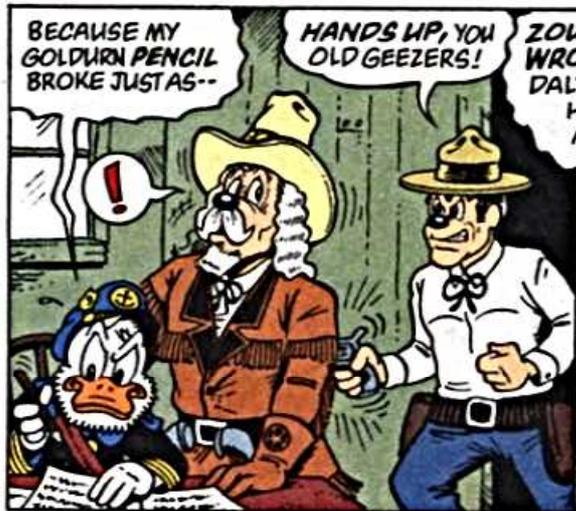


NEXT I BUST A TABLE ACROSS A ROW OF DALTONS!



THEN I BUST MY HOSS ACROSS A--

POTHOLE! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DID YOU STOP?



BECAUSE MY GOLDURN PENCIL BROKE JUST AS--

HANDS UP, YOU OLD GEEZERS!

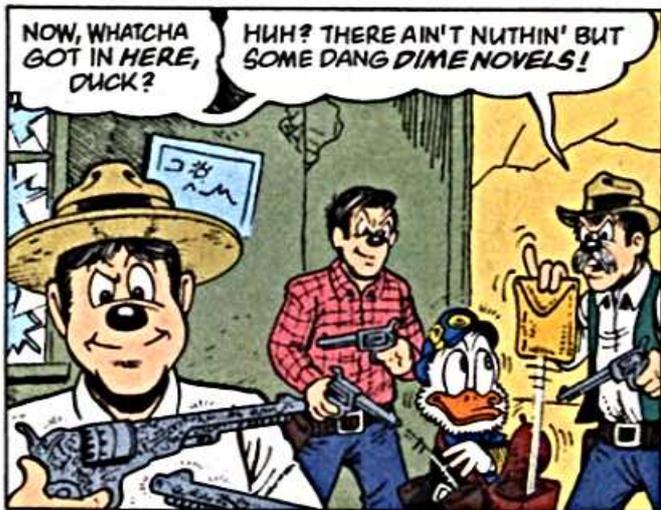
ZOUNDS! I JUST WROTE THAT THE DALTONS WERE HIDING IN AMBUSH!



LIFE IMITATES ART! DONE IN BY OUR OWN SHOWMANSHIP!



LOOKIT WHAT WE GET AS A BONUS, BOYS! SOME HIGH-CLASS, CHAMPEEN SHOOTIN' IRONS!



NOW, WHATCHA GOT IN HERE, DUCK?

HUH? THERE AIN'T NUTHIN' BUT SOME DANG DIME NOVELS!



HEY! THAT'S A COLLECTOR'S EDITION! PUT IT BACK IN ITS OIL-SKIN SLEEVE BEFORE YOU BEND IT!!

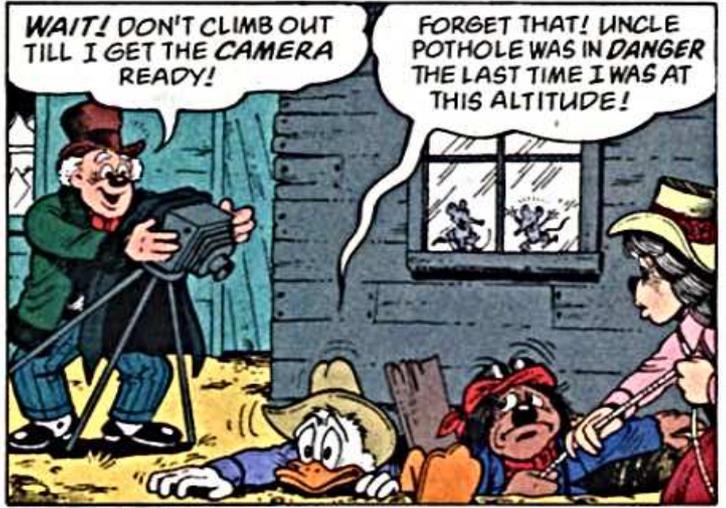
I'LL GUARD THESE TWO COOTS! YOU GUYS GO OUT AND TELL THEIR BUDDIES TO GIVE UP!

MEANWHILE, P.T. BARNUM AND ANNIE OAKLEY HAVE FINALLY LOCATED SCROOGE AND ONE-WHO-YAWNS IN THE OLD WELL...



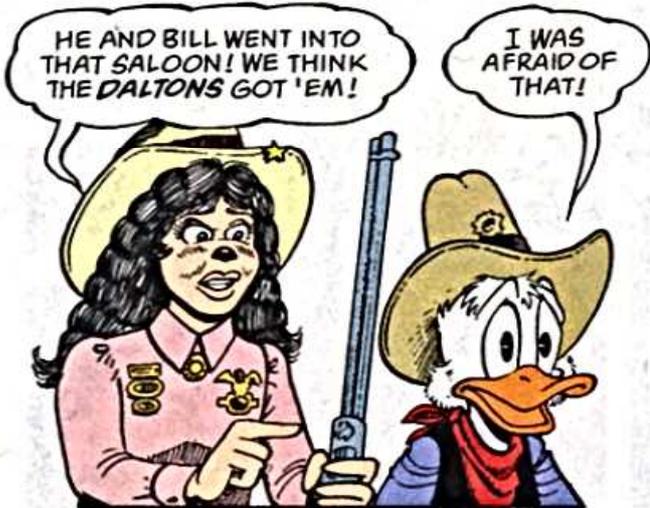
BUT THEY'RE SITTING THERE IN TOTAL SILENCE!

STILL PRACTICING INDIAN STYLE, EH? WELL, DROP THEM A ROPE!



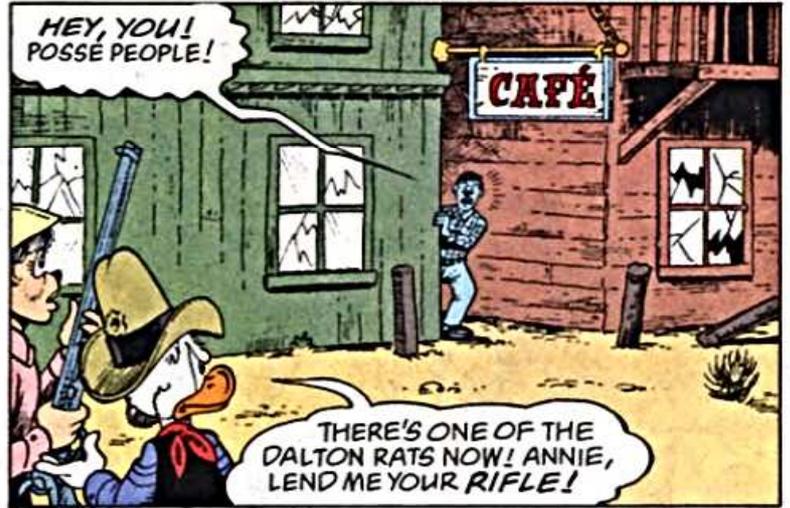
WAIT! DON'T CLIMB OUT TILL I GET THE CAMERA READY!

FORGET THAT! UNCLE POTHOLE WAS IN DANGER THE LAST TIME I WAS AT THIS ALTITUDE!



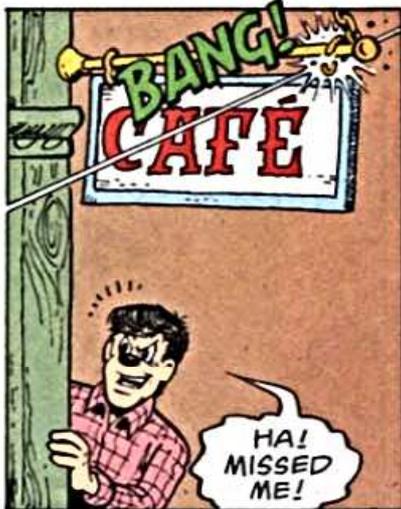
HE AND BILL WENT INTO THAT SALOON! WE THINK THE DALTONS GOT 'EM!

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT!



HEY, YOU! POSSE PEOPLE!

THERE'S ONE OF THE DALTON RATS NOW! ANNIE, LEND ME YOUR RIFLE!



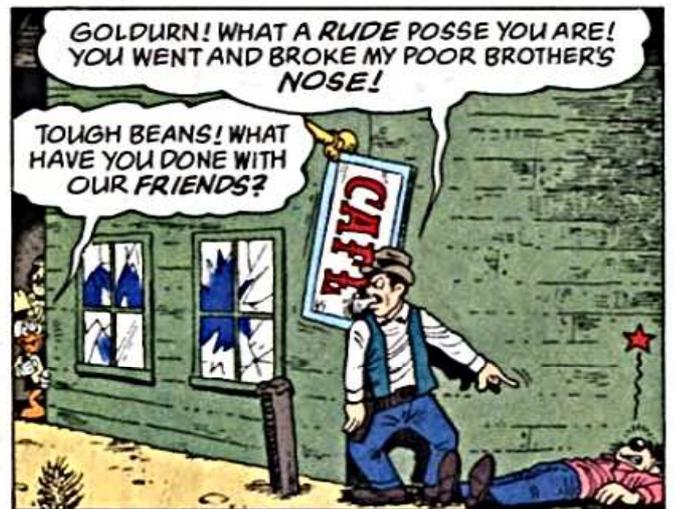
BANG!

HA! MISSED ME!



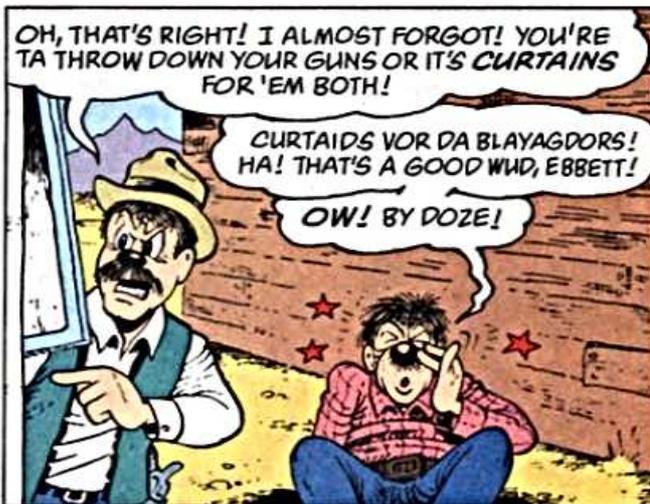
WHOP!

OUCH!



GOLDURN! WHAT A RUDE POSSE YOU ARE! YOU WENT AND BROKE MY POOR BROTHER'S NOSE!

TOUGH BEANS! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH OUR FRIENDS?



OH, THAT'S RIGHT! I ALMOST FORGOT! YOU'RE TA THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS OR IT'S CURTAINS FOR 'EM BOTH!

CURTAIDS VOR DA BLAYAGDORS! HA! THAT'S A GOOD WUD, EBBETT!

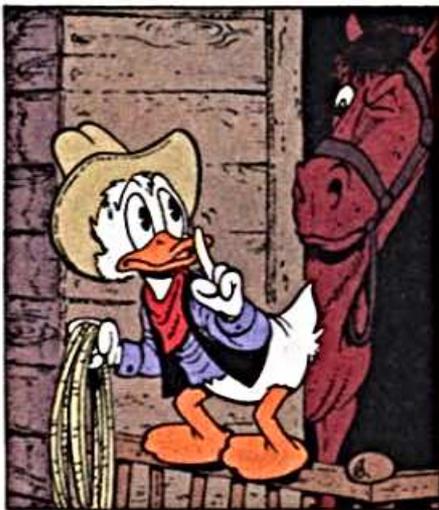
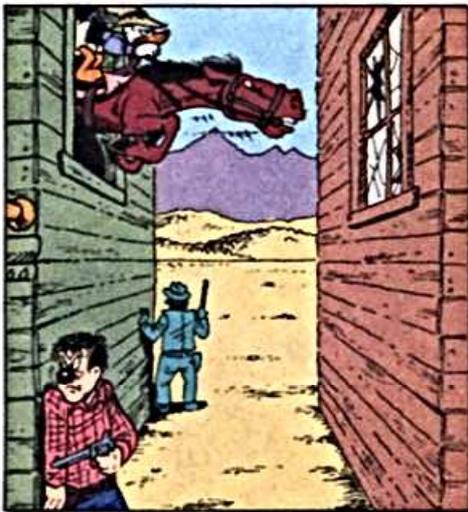
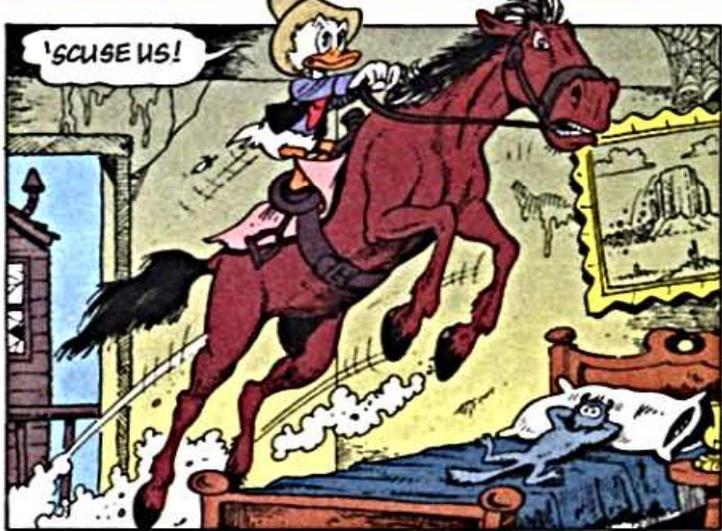
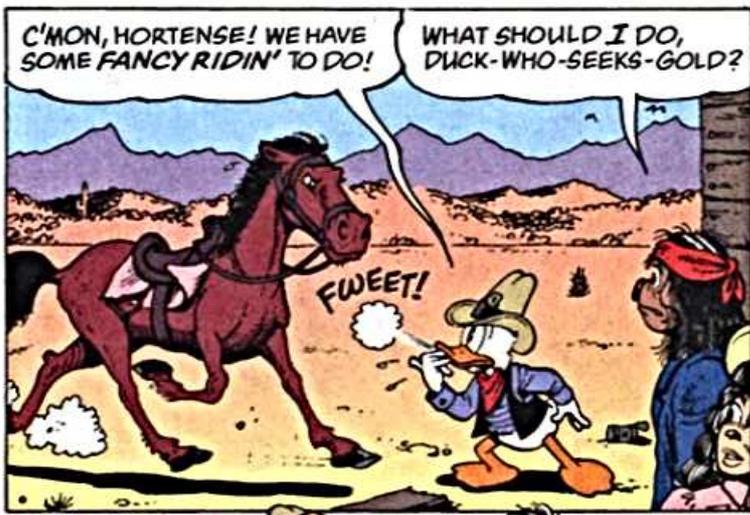
OW! BY DOZE!

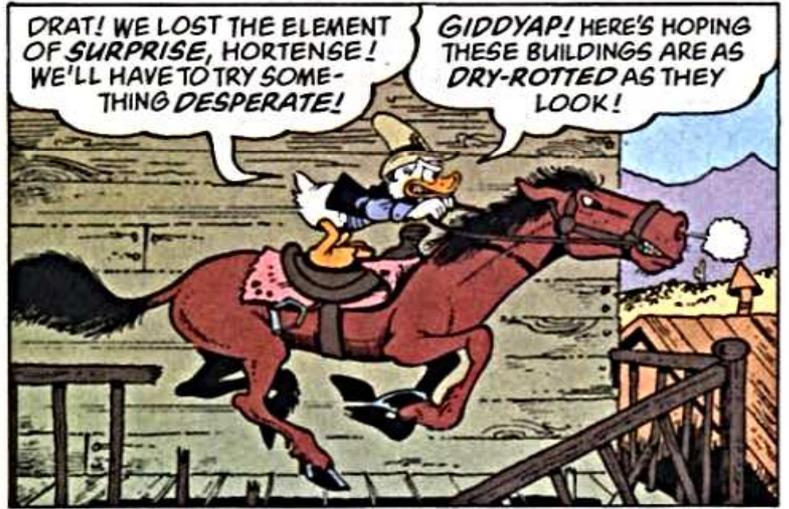
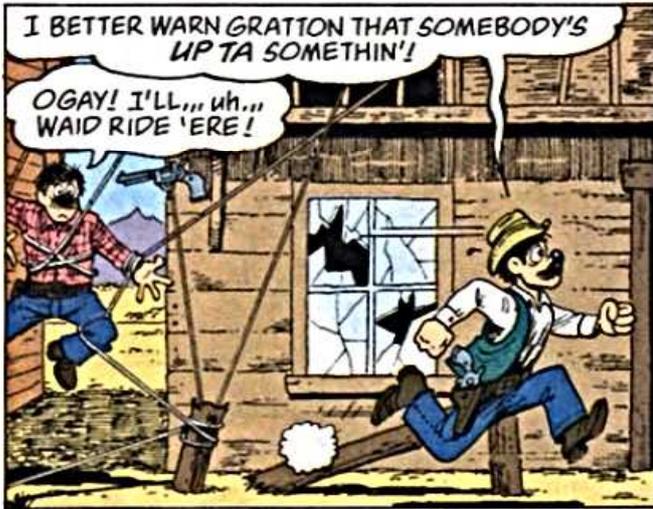
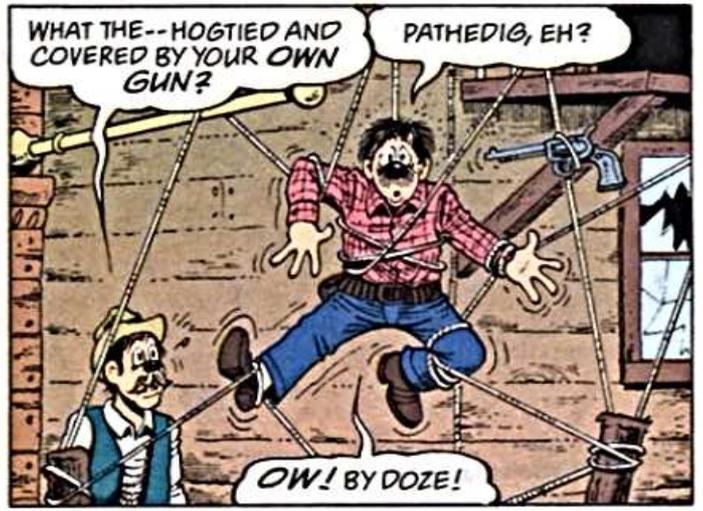


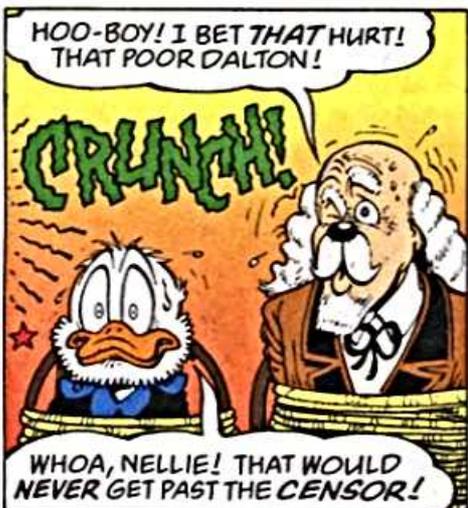
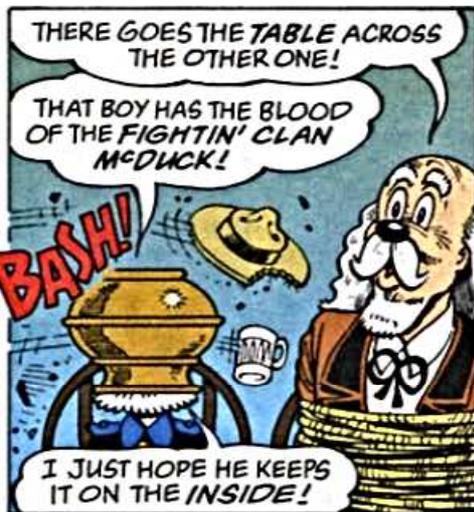
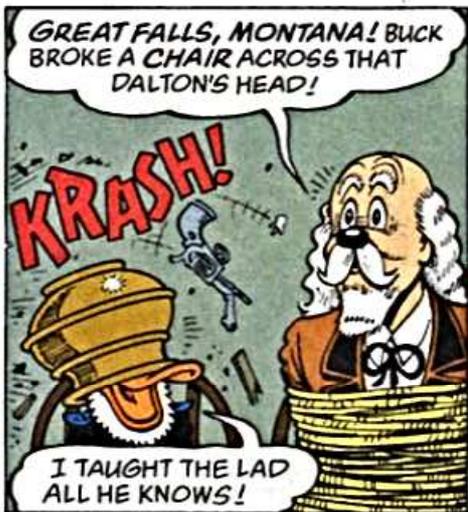
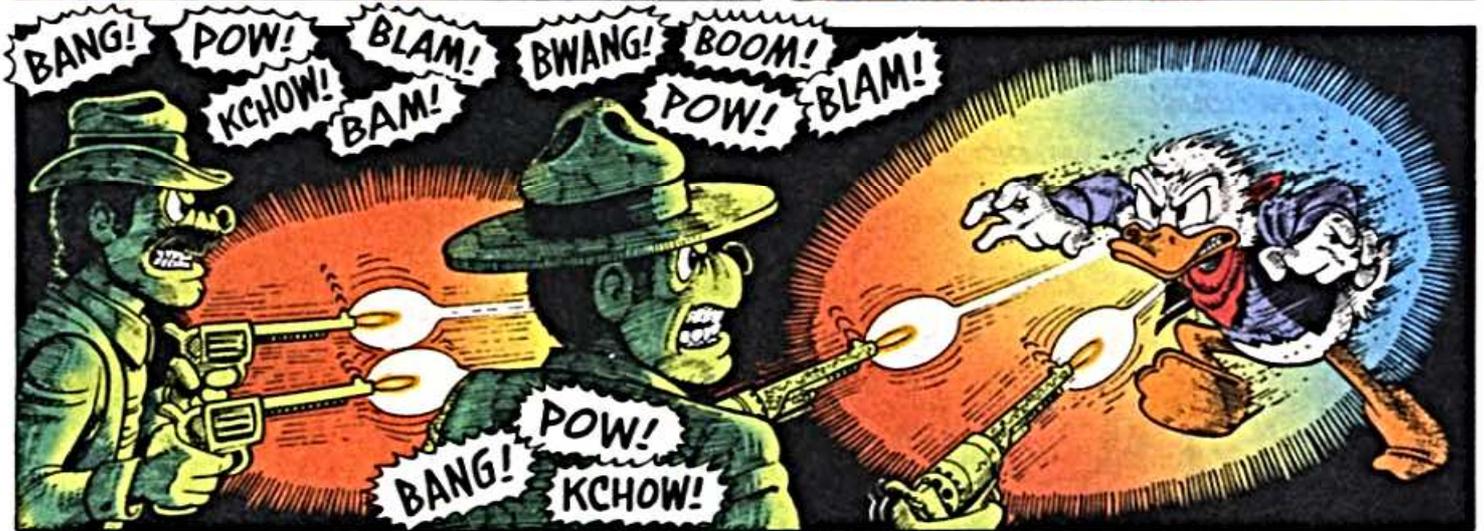
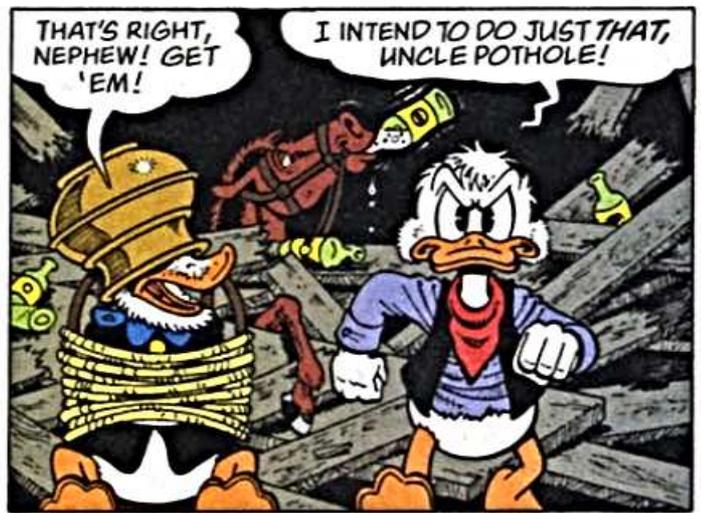
WHAT NOW, DUCK-WHO-SEEKS-GOLD? WE CAN'T GET PAST THEM! THERE'S NO COVER OUT ON THE STREET!

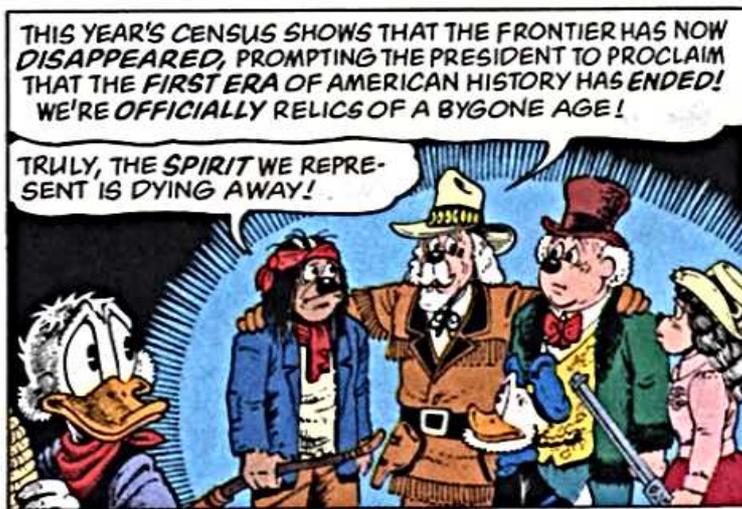
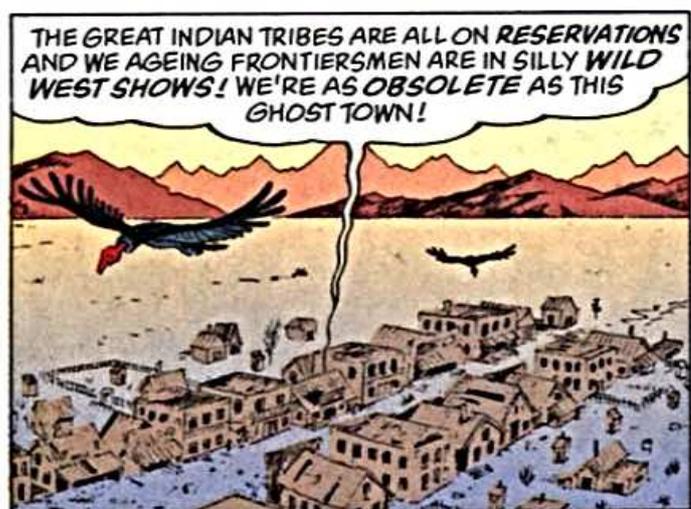
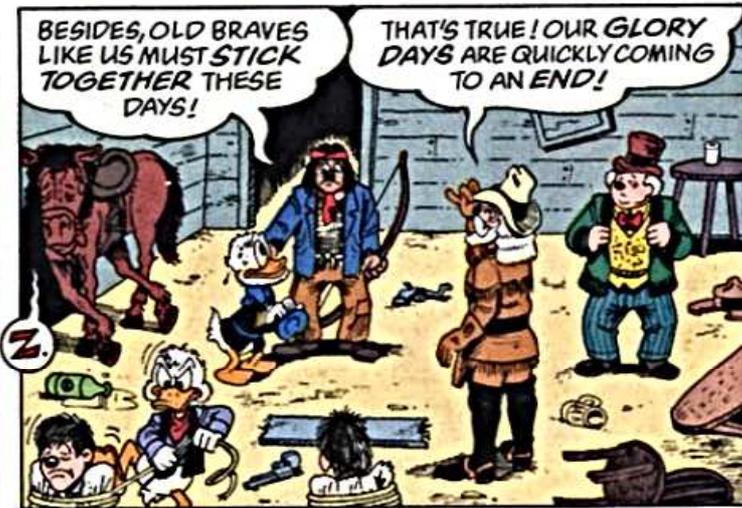
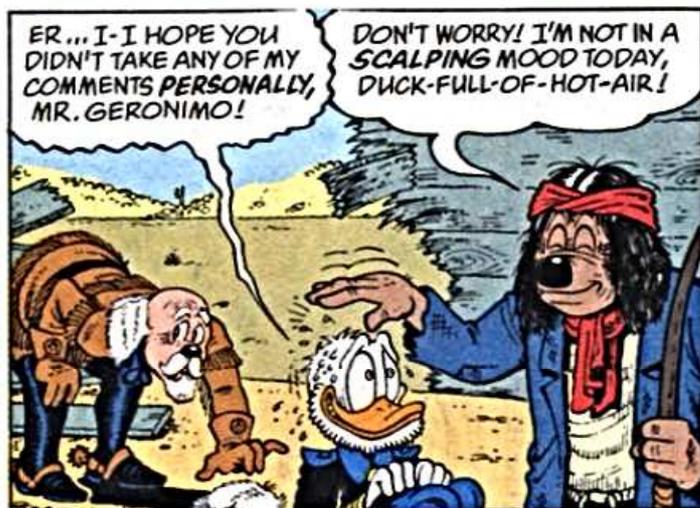
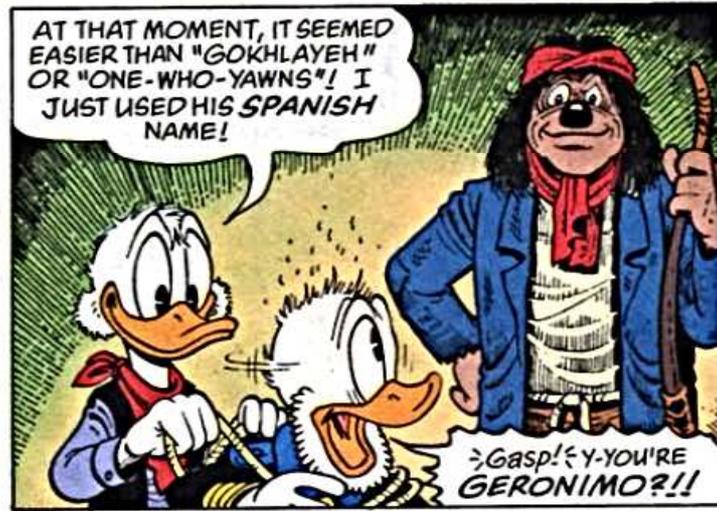
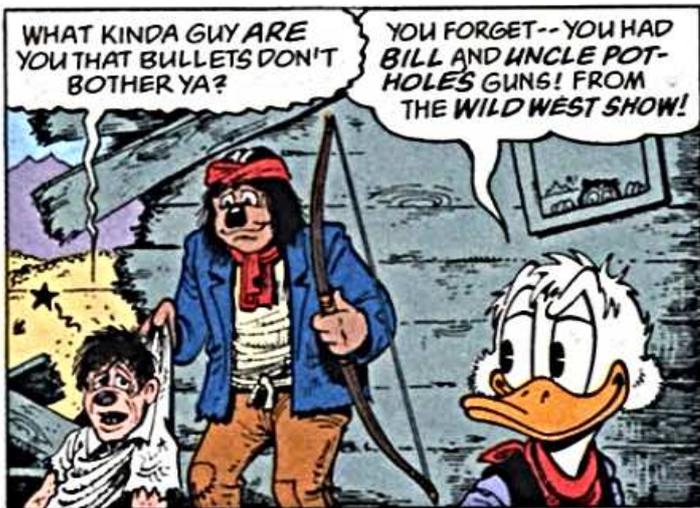
YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT I GOTTA SAVE UNCLE POTHOLE AND THAT MONEY SOMEHOW!

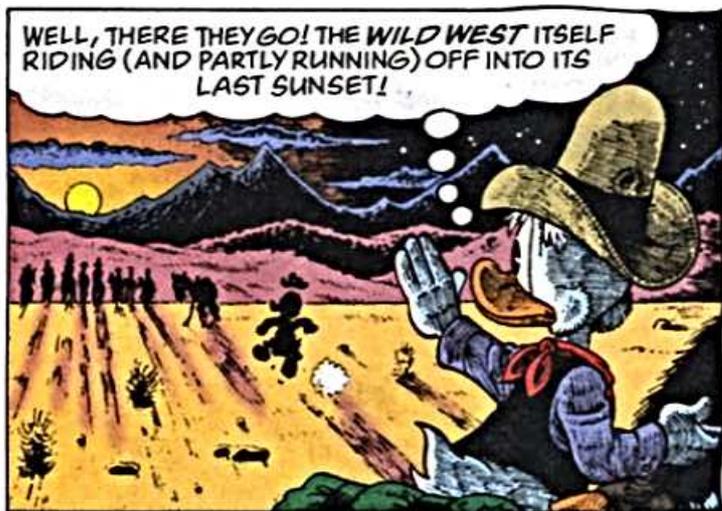
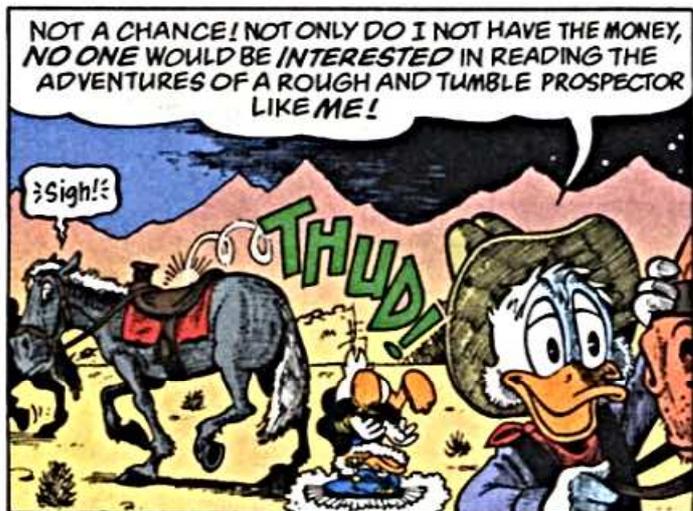
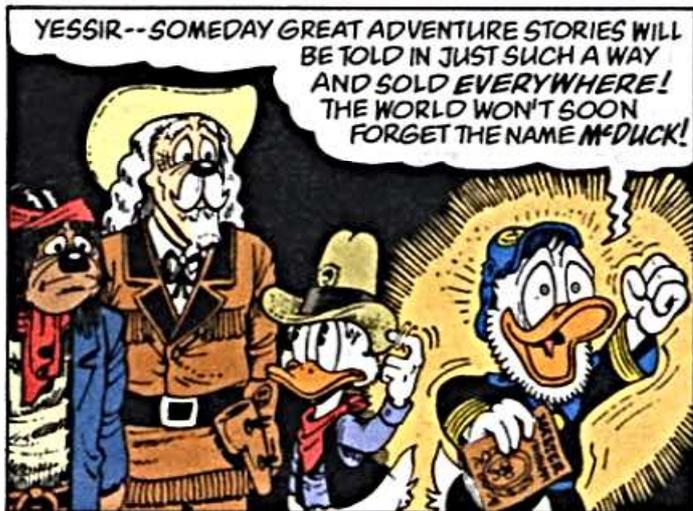
ONE MAN'S PIZEN SALOON

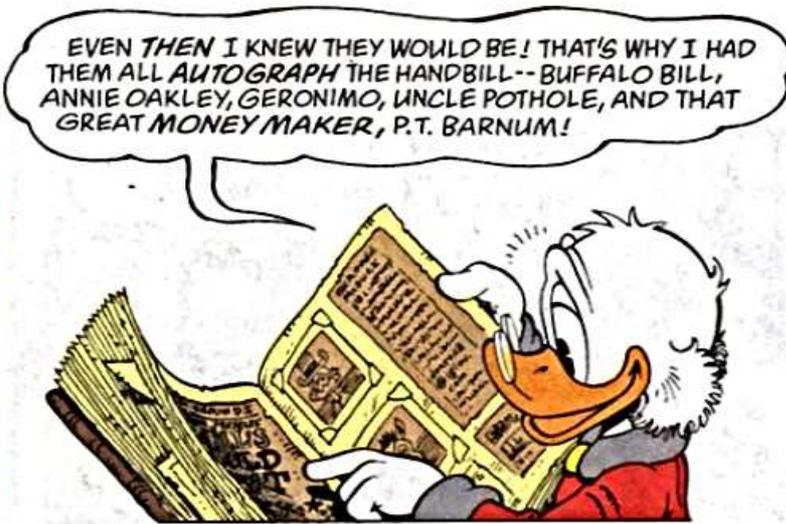












"AND ON THE BACK OF THE HANDBILL ARE THE SCRIBBLES OF ANOTHER ONE OF MY IDOLS-- A GOLD PROSPECTOR!"

