Gold! That's what young Scrooge McDuck has decided will pave his road to riches! But little does the Scots lad know that the road is destined to lead him through many far-off lands and adventures before he'll find his rainbow's end.

One particular fork on that road stretches deep into Africa—into the Transvaal! Gold had been discovered on Witwatersrand Ridge, so Scrooge has sailed to Cape Town to join the goldrush to "the Rand."

After long days of jouncing along the rugged trail in a bullock cart...

Ah! There's Kimberley! I'm over halfway to the Rand.

And there's the famous Diamond Mine, still a-booming! It's the biggest man-made hole on earth, with hundreds of miners on tiny claims digging straight down!

Bah! Too much hubbub! Too many people! I'll find a hole that big filled with gold... and all mine!
Meanwhile, at the bottom of the Diamond Gloryhole...

Look out, Kruger! That little sneak is trying to steal your poke again!

No! I was trying to swat a tsetse fly I saw on your pack! I swear it!

Claim #253... thief coming up! Hoist!

You, Viper! Trying to steal diamonds again, eh?

No! I just wanted a cold drink and I thought they were ice! I swear it!

This will send you far enough into the veld that you'll never come back--even if you do get loose!

Wak!

Help! Help!

Sufferin' horntoads! Somebody's tied to that weird-looking steer!

Hang on, buddy! I'm a-coming!

Hanging on is the least of my problems!

This is a mighty ugly cow, but bull-doggin' is the same on the road to Rand as it is on the Chisholm Trail!

Friend, you saved my life!

Pshaw! A Texas Longhorn would make two of this squarehorned critter!
I'd better untie the beast now! But how'd you get so tangled up? Trying to lasso him?

Er...yes! That's a water buffalo! It's tough to rope them when they're...uh...swimming underwater!

The devil you say! You folks have the damndest animals in these parts!

Say, what's with all the gear, stranger?

Humph!

Tippity-tippity-tip!

It's for prospecting in the Johannesburg Goldfields! I spent every penny I had on this stuff!

Hm...it so happens that my advisers in Kimberley suggested I move my business back up north!

If you give me a ride, I'll be your guide and do all the work!

Well, I prefer to do my own work, but I could sure use a guide! Hop on, partner!

My name is McDuck...Scrooge McDuck! From Scotland! How about you?

Me? I'm a Boer!

Oh, you're not bad! I've met worse!

Ship! This might be a long trip!

That night, as the two ducks camp on the African frontier...

Yessir, someday I'll be a rich man! After all, I've learned life's lessons along the way!

I've learned to be ambitious, to fight adversity, and to revel in hard work! But more important, a rich '49er taught me prospecting!
Perhaps I can repay your kindness by teaching you a lesson as well!

You're no older than I! Besides, I always learn from my experiences!

You turn in! I'll stand watch for prowling lions!

Thanks! It's so nice to find a friend in such a remote and fearsome wilderness!

Yessir, Mr. McDuck--I do have a lesson to teach you about life! Too bad you won't ever be able to thank me!

Z!

So, as a new dawn rises over the veld... Ah, that was a grand sleep! It was easy to relax knowing you were watching out for...

Hey! He's gone! I--I'm all alone, abandoned in the middle of Africa!

That Afrikaner--he stole my cart! He stole my gear! Yipes! He even stole the campfire!

I saved his life and shared my food with him, and this is how he repays me! What a... a viper!
I SURVIVED BEING LOST IN THE WILDERNESS BEFORE, BUT THAT WAS IN KANSAS! GIRL! I WONDER IF THEY HAVE ANYTHING HERE AS FEROCIOUS AS A COUGAR!

ROAR!

OH, MY!! I'M NOT IN KANSAS ANY MORE!

AT LEAST THERE'S NOTHING AROUND AS BIG AS A MONTANA GRIZZLY BEAR!

WAHUUU GAAAH!

WAH!

WHEREVER I GO, THERE ARE BLACKGUARDS WHO WANT TO STEAL THEIR FORTUNE RATHER THAN WORK FOR IT!

EVEN SO, THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE INTENT OF CROOKS LIKE THE BEAGLE BOYS WITH THEIR CORNY MASKS! THEY WERE VILLAINS AND PROUD OF IT!

BUT FOR HIS SHEER TREACHERY, THAT AFRIKANER KID IS THE WORST SCOUNDREL I'VE EVER MET!

WELL, HE TAUGHT ME A LESSON, ALL RIGHT! AND IF I SOMEHOW MANAGE TO LIVE THROUGH THIS, I'LL TEACH HIM ONE IN RETURN! NAMELY...

SIZZLE!

POPP!

SPUTTER!

PFEFF!
...nobody double-crosses scrooge mcduck!!

Do your worst, you goofy-looking, snaky-shoted monstrosities!

One time in Wyoming I turned 10,000 stampeding longhorns! Compared to that, you're not so much!

And you're no worse than a charging bison, spike-nose! It's just that your horns are front and back instead of left and right!

In fact, great plains buffalo are hairier, and smell a lot worse!!

Crack!
SORRY, SPIKE, BUT I CAN'T PLAY ANYMORE! I NEED TO TRACK DOWN THE SIWINDER WHO STOLE MY CART!

THAT VARMIN'T THAT'S SHAPED LIKE A TELEGRAPH POLE WILL COME IN HANDY!

CMERE, FRECKLES!

SAY! THIS BEATS ROPIN' MUSTANGS FROM HORSEBACK! IT'S LIKE RIDING IN A GALLOPIN' TREEHOUSE!

BAH! I CAN'T GO RIDING AROUND ON ONE OF THEM STRIPEDY RUNT HORSES! I NEED SOMETHING TO MATCH MY MOOD!

THAT PLUMA WITH THE FRIGHT WIG ON -- HE'LL DO!

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT GIVING A LAD FROM GLASGOW A RIDE TO TOWN, ACE?

GRRRRR!

ROAR!

ROAR!!

PHOOEY! MY OLD HORSE HORTENSE WAS A LOT MEANER THAN YOU!

MEOW...
GIDDYAP! I'LL SHOW THE HOTTENTOTS HOW TO ROOT 'N' TOOT!

FIRST MASTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI! THEN BUCKAROO OF THE BADLANDS! NOW I'M THE TERROR OF THE TRANSVAAL!

YEEHAW! BUCK McDuck Rides Again!

Johannesburg! Located in the semi-desert of the Transvaal frontier, it's indistinguishable from similar towns in the American West! But this African boomtown soon experiences something never seen on the wildest day at the O.K. Corral...

Hah! There's my cart! First off, I need to get something out of my bags!

Stables

Where's the chicken-heart who left this cart here?

He said he was going to the pub to find a buyer for that cart and gear!

Then I'm going there to discuss the ownership of these six-shooters with him! Will you watch my mount for a few minutes?

Certainly! That's my job!

Don't let him get up on the furniture! He's got claws like nobody's business!

Yaaaah!!
I'LL TEACH THAT POLECAT HE CAN'T DRY GULCH SCROOGE MCDUCK!

DO NOT FORSAKE ME, OH MAN, DELILAH!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE PUB...

BLIMEY! SO AFTER YOU SAVED THE BLOKE'S LIFE, THE FILTHY BEGGAR TRIED TO STEAL YOUR CART?

YES! BUT I FOUGHT HIM OFF! AND HIS GANG OF THUGS, TOO!

YESSIR! MINE IS AS THE STRENGTH OF TEN BECAUSE MY HEART IS PURE!

YOU'RE FULL OF PURE SOMETHING, ALL RIGHT!

FREE LUNCH TODAY—½ PRICE

HEY, KID!

THERE'S A COWBOY COMIN', SAYS HE'S LOOKIN' FOR YOU!

A "COWBOY"? WHAT'S THAT? SOME KIND OF APPRENTICE MILKMAN?

NO, IT'S YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE, YOU NO-GOOD, LOW-DOWN, BACK-STABBING, DIRTY-DEALING SO-AND-SO!

FILL YOUR HAND!

SCROOGE! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! I WAS ABDUCTED BY A BAND OF JULU WARRIORS WITH BIG, NASTY SPEARS! I SWEAR IT!

I TOLD YOU I LEARN FROM EXPERIENCE! I WON'T TRUST YOU TWICE! FROM NOW ON, I WON'T TRUST ANYBODY ONCE!

CUT THE YAMMER!
Villains of a more noble ilk than you made me cautious and resourceful and scrappy...

...But you... you just made me mean!

Please! Don’t shoot me!

Relax... I never shoot animals or even people!

So tell me, how did you like our lovely Transvaal countryside? Had a nice stroll to town, I trust?

And where I’ve been, we don’t tie crooks to underwater buffalos!

But once in Cheyenne, I saw how they handled a cheating cardsharp!

Pow!

Ack!

They tarred and feathered him! He never lived down the shame!

Matresses 10 dollars Pow POW POW

Now, over in Dodge City, this is what they call the Yella-Belly Waltz!

Pow Pow Pow Pow Pow Pow Pow!

Come back here, you viper! I’m not done publicly humiliating you yet!

That’s what you think!
WHERE'S THAT CART?

FIRST THAT LION, NOW A GIANT CHICKEN! I'M GOING BACK TO MY TULIP FARM IN AMSTERDAM!

MCDUCK HAD A RIFLE IN HERE SOMEWHERE!

SNARL!!

HUH?

AAARGH! AIGH! OW! CALL HIM OFF! YOW! OOG! HELP! OOH!

TEAR! RIP! SHRED!

DRAT THE LUCK! NOW I GOTTA SAVE HIS HIDE RATHER THAN TAN IT!

SNARL!!

SOFT RIP!

SIGHED!

YOW!

TORN!

SIGHED!

ROAR!

SORRY, I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE! YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP THAT HAIRY COUGAR OFF THE FURNITURE AND THE CUSTOMERS!

MEOW...

ARE YOU THE LAW WEST OF THE PECOS AROUND THESE PARTS?

UH... SOUTH OF THE LIMPOPO, ACTUALLY!

WHATEVER! I'M PRESSING CHARGES AGAINST THIS BUSHWACKER!

I NEVER WHACKED A BUSH IN MY LIFE!

I SWEAR IT!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, McDuck! Someday I'll be somebody, and I'll eat little nobodies like you for afternoon tea!

You'll never be somebody, Sonny! No matter how much money you might make, it won't mean shucks unless you make it square--the way I plan to!

Adios, Mr. Whatch-Your-Name-Is!

But Scrooge McDuck never made his fortune in the African goldfields, even though he toiled there for three long years.

The Transvaal ore was too low-grade for a lone miner to exploit--tons of it needed to be mined and processed to extract a single ounce of gold!

As a result, only Randlords already wealthy from the Kimberley diamond mine could afford the workers and equipment necessary to make a profit mining gold on the Rand.

Finally it came time for young Scrooge to pack up and move on, to again set out on a quest for the end of his rainbow.

He felt he was destined to be a great man, and like other great men, he had already started acquiring his share of enemies on the path to that destiny...

...the Whiskervilles of Scotland...

...the Beagle Boys of the Mississippi...

...the McVipers of the Wild West...

...and one particularly nasty Afrikaner named Flinthart Blomsold!