

DELL
COMIC

APRIL - JUNE 10¢

Wild **Bill Elliott**

Comics



HOW TO ROPE A STEER

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- 1** The first step is a good approach. Most right-handed punchers come up from the left rear.



- 2** The horns are the best target. If the animal is caught by the legs, he may break one when the rope is snubbed short.



- 3** Now "set" the loop by a sharp jerk with the right arm. Make sure it's good and tight. Many a steer has thrown the noose at the last moment.



- 4** Then take a "dolly" around your saddle horn to anchor your end of the lariat. Some punchers prefer to tie the rope fast to the horn before they even approach the steer but this sometimes leaves too little rope or too much.



- 5** Now fling the rope over the steer's back so that the line runs along the steer's right side and curves around behind his rear legs.



- 6** Now it's your horse's turn. Urge him on until the rope tightens behind the steer's legs.



- 7** That's it! The tightening rope pulls the steer's hind legs out from under him and pulls his head and horns away from you so that he often turns a complete somersault in the air.



- 8** It's all over but tying his legs together. Keep a hand on your lariat to make sure your horse keeps a strain on the line as all good cowpuncher's should. Otherwise, that steer is likely to jump up when you least expect it.

Wild Bill Elliott

in THE SECRET OF SOURDOUGH CITY

WELL, STORMY, WE OUGHT TO BE IN SOURDOUGH CITY BY NIGHTFALL. RECKON I'LL DROP IN ON MY OLD FRIEND BURT SHIELDS, THERE.



ONE MORNING FINOS WILD BILL MOVING UP A GORGE IN THE BADLANDS.

I'VE SURE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS VISIT. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A CHANGE TO CONGRATULATE BURT ON HIS ELECTION AS SHERIFF.



SUDDENLY--

LOOK! THERE'S SOMEBODY DOWN IN THE RAPIDS BELOW. LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN A BAD WAY!



HEEDLESS OF THE DEADLY ROCKS BELOW, WILD BILL PLUNGES INTO THE RAGING RAPIDS.

S.C. 918-544

IT'S TOO LATE! THIS HOMBRE IS DEAD. I'D BETTER GET THE BODY ASHORE.



GALLANTLY BILL FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE BOILING WATERS, BUT--

THIS MAN DIDN'T DROWN! HE WAS KILLED BY A BULLET IN HIS BACK! GUESS THIS IS A JOB FOR MY FRIEND, BURT SHIELDS.



OH NO! IT'S BURT SHIELDS ---BUSH-WACKED BY SOME TWO-LEGGED COYOTE! HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE.



THERE'S JUST ONE CLUE. THE POLECAT THAT KILLED HIM ROBBED BURT OF HIS WATCH. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT THE BROKEN LINKS OF THE CHAIN.



REST EASY, PARTNER... I'LL GET THE THIEVING SIDE-WINDER WHO DID THIS, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



GRIEF-STRIKEN, WILD BILL BURIES HIS FRIEND, THEN---

LATE THAT DAY WILD BILL RIDES INTO SOURDOUGH, CITY.

EXCUSE ME, PARTNER, WHERE WOULD I FIND THE MAYOR OF THIS TOWN?



THAT'LL BE ZEB BAKER. JUST SAW HIM HEADING FOR THE HOTEL.

SUDDENLY---

SOUNDS LIKE SHOOTING IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT CROWD! COME ON, STORMY!



BANG!
BANG!



BLAST YUH, CASE MARTIN! YOU CANT DO THIS TO ME! I'M THE MAYOR OF THIS TOWN!

FINE! NOW SEEING YOU'RE A PUBLIC SERVANT, HOW ABOUT SHOWING US A LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT?



I TELL YOU, CASE, YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN THE SHERIFF GETS BACK TO TOWN!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S COMING BACK? HAW! HAW!



ALL RIGHT, MISTER! THAT'LL BE ENOUGH GUNPLAY!

WHY, YOU--

BUT A SECOND LATER WILD BILL TAKES A HAND.



HOMBRE, YOU MADE A BAD MISTAKE TO TANGLE WITH CASE MARTIN!

YOU MISSED, FRIEND--

WHOOOSH!



---BUT I DIDN'T!

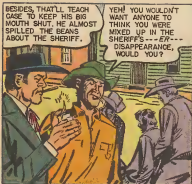
ORRRRAAAAGOKKK!



BUT, MORLEY, YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET A STRANGER BEAT UP CASE AND GET AWAY WITH IT, ARE YOU?

EASY, RIP! WE DON'T WANT ANY UNNECESSARY FUSS.

AS WILD BILL TURNS TO LEAVE...



BESIDES, THAT'LL TEACH GASE TO KEEP HIS BIG MOUTH SHUT, HE ALMOST SPILLED THE BEANS ABOUT THE SHERIFF.

YEH! YOU WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE TO THINK YOU WERE MIXED UP IN THE SHERIFF'S --- ER --- DISAPPEARANCE, WOULD YOU?



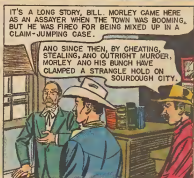
MOMENTS LATER, IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...

---AND THIS BROKEN WATCH CHAIN WAS THE ONLY CLUE I COULD FIND. IF I EVER LAY HANDS ON THE MURDERING COYOTES WHO KILLED HIM---



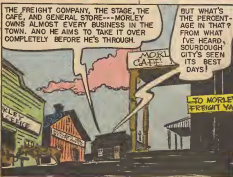
I THINK I KNOW THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING BURT... AN HOMBRE NAMED GABE MORLEY. THAT FELLOW YOU JUST DUSTED OFF WAS ONE OF MORLEY'S BUNCH.

BUT I KNEW BURT-- HE DIDN'T HAVE AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD. WHAT WOULD THIS MORLEY HAVE AGAINST HIM?



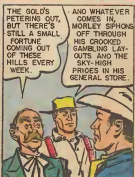
IT'S A LONG STORY, BILL. MORLEY CAME HERE AS AN ASSAYER WHEN THE TOWN WAS BOOMING, BUT HE WAS FIRED FOR BEING MIXED UP IN A CLAIM-JUMPING CASE.

AND SINCE THEN, BY CHEATING, STEALING, AND OUTRIGHT MURDER, MORLEY AND HIS BUNCH HAVE CLAMPED A STRANGLE HOLD ON SOURDOUGH CITY.



THE FREIGHT COMPANY, THE STAGE, THE CAFE, AND GENERAL STORE---MORLEY OWNS ALMOST EVERY BUSINESS IN THE TOWN. AND HE AIMS TO TAKE IT OVER COMPLETELY BEFORE HE'S THROUGH.

BUT WHAT'S THE PERCENTAGE IN THAT? FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, SOURDOUGH CITY'S SEEN ITS BEST DAYS!



THE GOLD'S PETERING OUT, BUT THERE'S STILL A SMALL FORTUNE COMING OUT OF THESE HILLS EVERY WEEK.

AND WHATEVER COMES IN, MORLEY SIPHONS OFF THROUGH HIS CROOKED GAMBLING LAY-OUTS AND THE SKY-HIGH PRICES IN HIS GENERAL STORE.

AND THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A MINER CAN SELL HIS DUST IS AT ONE OF MORLEY'S LAYOUTS AND AT MORLEY'S PRICE!

MORLEY
GENERAL STORE

THE WAY THIS MORLEY OPERATES, IT SOUNDS AS IF THERE WOULDN'T BE MUCH MONEY IN MINING HEREABOUTS.

THERE ISN'T! THE OLD SOURDOUGHS WHO OPENED UP THESE DIGGINGS HAVE BEEN LEAVING THIS TOWN ONE BY ONE---SELLING THEIR CLAIMS TO MORLEY FOR ANYTHING HE OFFERS.



THIS MORLEY HOMBRE SEEMS TO HAVE HAD THINGS ALL HIS OWN WAY! HASN'T ANYONE EVER STOOD UP TO HIM?

THERE'VE BEEN A FEW, BILL, BUT THEY DON'T LAST LONG. LIKE AS NOT THEY END UP DEAD IN SOME ABANDONED MINE SHAFT! THAT'S WHY WE ELECTED BURT SHIELDS AS SHERIFF.

BURT WAS CLEANING THEM UP, HE SENT SEVERAL OF MORLEY'S MEN TO THE STATE PEN! I RECKON THAT'S WHY THEY AMBUSHED HIM!



BUT NOW THAT SHIELDS IS GONE I GUESS IT'S NO USE BUCKING MORLEY ANYMORE. RECKON WE'D BETTER SELL HIM OUR CLAIMS FOR WHAT WE CAN GET!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WITHOUT A FIGHTING SHERIFF THERE'LL BE NO LIVING IN THIS TOWN.

JUST A MINUTE, MEN, I THINK I CAN HELP YOU THERE.

IF THAT SHERIFF JOB IS OPEN I'D LIKE TO TAKE A CRACK AT IT.

WELL, NOW, THAT JOB'S A MIGHTY ROUGH PROPOSITION. I'D HATE TO SADDLE A STRANGER WITH OUR TROUBLES.



I'VE GOT A PERSONAL REASON FOR WANTING THE JOB. AS SHERIFF I'D HAVE A BETTER CHANCE TO SETTLE WITH WHOEVER KILLED MY FRIEND, BURT SHIELDS!

WELL, THEN I RECKON YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB, ESPECIALLY AFTER THE WAY YOU HANDLED CASE MARTIN



AS BILL IS SWORN IN...

I DON'T THINK I'LL SELL MY CLAIM AFTER ALL!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IF THAT NEW SHERIFF IS THE MAN I THINK HE IS, THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME FIREWORKS EXPLODING IN SOURDOUGH CITY SOON.



THAT VERY EVENING THE STORM CLOUDS GATHER...FOR AS WILD BILL ENTERS THE LOCAL RESTAURANT---

HOWDY, PARTNER! MORLEY'S MY NAME. I WATCHED YOU TANGLE WITH CASE MARTIN. THAT WAS A REAL SLICK JOB YOU DID ON HIM!

THANKS! RECKON THE WAY HE WAS RIDING THE MAYOR KIND OF STUCK IN MY CRAW!



BY THE WAY, I COULD USE SOMEONE LIKE YOU IN MY OUTFIT--- JUST TO KEEP MY BOYS IN LINE!

THANKS, BUT SOMEONE ALREADY HIRED ME FOR THAT JOB! I'M THE NEW SHERIFF, BILL ELLIOTT!



AND IF YOU'LL LOOK CLOSE, MORLEY, YOU'LL RECOGNIZE THE STAR I'M WEARING! IT'S BURT SHIELDS' BADGE!

I SEE! I'M SORRY I COULDN'T INTEREST YOU IN MY PROPOSITION... LET'S HOPE THAT PIECE OF TIN BRINGS YOU BETTER LUCK THAN IT BROUGHT BURT SHIELDS!

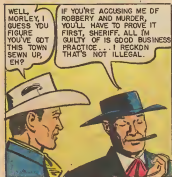


WELL, I TRIED TO BUY HIM OFF, RIP, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! THEY'VE MADE THAT HOMBRE THE NEW SHERIFF!

WELL, IF HE WANTS TO PLAY ROUGH, THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT FINISH HIM OFF!







DO YOU HEAR THAT, BOSS? THEY'RE GOING TO SHIP THEIR GOLD DIRECT TO CARSON! WE'RE WASHED UP UNLESS WE CAN FIX THAT SHERIFF FOR GOOD!

WE JUST TRIED THAT... AND THAT HOMBRE DOESN'T FIX EASY! BUT MAYBE THIS GOLD TRAIN HE'S ORGANIZING MIGHT GIVE US THE CHANCE WE NEED.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GOLD? IF THEY GET THROUGH TO CARSON---

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL GET IT ALL--- AND FOR NOTHING, TOO! REMEMBER, WE'VE DONE IT BEFORE!



LIKE A COILED RATTLER MORLEY SIDES HIS TIME. TWO-DAYS LATER, OUT IN THE HILLS---

THERE'S THE MULE TRAIN NOW, HEADING INTO BOULDER GULCH. THEY'LL BE CROSSING THE FORD SOON. THAT'LL BE OUR CHANCE.

WE'LL CROSS THE RIVER UP HERE. WE'LL WANT THE SUN AT OUR BACKS WHEN WE HIT THEM.



SOON AFTERWARD, A SHORT DISTANCE DOWNSTREAM.

HOLD IT, ZEB! LOOK AT ALL THAT MUDDY WATER COMING DOWNSTREAM!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BILL! THAT MEANS SOMEONE'S GROSSED OVER UPSTREAM. AND THAT SOMEONE IS PROBABLY MORLEY AND HIS BUNCH!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! I RECKON THIS IS IT! NOW REMEMBER OUR PLANS! WHEN THAT ATTACK HITS US YOU ACT PANICKY AND BREAK FOR THE ROCKS. LEAVE THE MULES AND GOLD HERE.



SECONDS LATER THE RAIDERS ATTACK!

WAHOO!
YAHOO!

EEYAH!
OWLHOOTS!
HEAD FOR COVER!



SCARED STIFF! THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE ROCKS LIKE FRIGHTENED RABBITS!

QUICK, MEN, GRAB THOSE MULES!



BUT AN INSTANT LATER, WILD BILL SPRINGS HIS OWN TRAP! THE RAIDERS ARE RINGED BY GUNFIRE!

BLAST IT! IT WAS ALL A TRICK! THEY'RE HIDING BEHIND THOSE BOULDERS AND PICKING US OFF LIKE SITTING DUCKS!



EEYOW! AAAAAH!!! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH, MEN!



THAT DOES IT, BILL! THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT GET THE LOP-EARED CRITTERS TO CARSDN WITH OUR GOLD. RECKON WE'VE LICKED MORLEY'S HANDS DOWN.

BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME MORLEY'S NOT THROUGH BY A LONG SHOT!



AND I'M NOT FINISHED WITH MORLEY---UNTIL I FIND OUT WHO KILLED BURT SHIELDS!

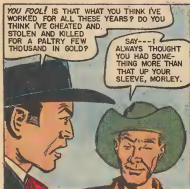


DAYS LATER---

HERE COME THOSE MULES ALL LOADED WITH SUPPLIES FROM CARSDN. I TELL YOU, MORLEY, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING OR YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER DUNCE OF GOLD OUT OF THIS TOWN.

GOLD? IS THAT ALL YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT?





YOU FOOL! IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK I'VE WORKED FOR ALL THESE YEARS? DO YOU THINK I'VE CHEATED AND, STOLEN AND KILLED FOR A PALTRY FEW THOUSAND IN GOLD?

SAY---I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU HAD SOMETHING MORE THAN THAT UP YOUR SLEEVE, MORLEY.



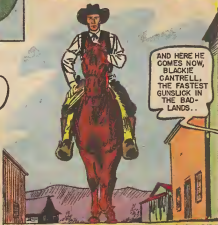
YOU CAN LET ME IN ON THE DEAL. COME ON, BOSS, SPILL IT!

NOT NOW, RIP. THINGS AREN'T QUITE RIPE YET. RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT NEW SHERIFF, BILL ELLIOTT, BEFORE HE PUTS A PERMANENT CRIMP INTO MY PLANS.



LOOK, BOSS, WHY DON'T YOU HANDLE ELLIOTT THE WAY YOU HANDLED BURT SHIELDS? YOU COULD EVEN USE THE SAME MAN FOR THE JOB.

I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, RIP. I SENT TO TOMBSTONE FOR HIM THREE DAYS AGO.



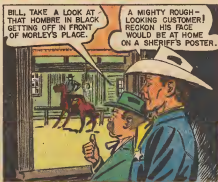
AND HERE HE COMES NOW, BLACKIE CANTRELL, THE FASTEST GUNSLUCK IN THE BADLANDS..



MEANWHILE...

YOU SEE, BILL, I TOLD YOU WE'D HAVE NO MORE TRDUBLE OUT OF MORLEY. I TELL YOU, WE'VE GOT HIM ON THE RUN AND HE KNOWS IT!

I DON'T KNOW, ZEB. THINGS ARE MIGHTY QUIET SINCE WE GOT BACK TO TOWN. TOO QUIET--- LIKE THE CALM BEFORE A STORM.



BILL, TAKE A LOOK AT THAT HOMBRE IN BLACK GETTING OFF IN FRONT OF MORLEY'S PLACE.

A MIGHTY ROUGH-LOOKING CUSTOMER! RECKON HIS FACE WOULD BE AT HOME ON A SHERIFF'S POSTER.

BILL, LISTEN! I JUST REMEMBERED --- THAT HOMBRE RODE THROUGH SOURDOUGH JUST ABOUT THE TIME BURT SHIELDS WAS KILLED!

HM! WELL, IF THAT HOMBRE IS A GUNSLICK THERE MIGHT BE SOME TIE-UP, BUT WE'D HAVE TO PROVE IT FIRST.



BUT, BILL, IF THIS IS THE MAN WHO MURDERED BURT, HE MIGHT BE HERE TO DO A JOB ON YOU!

FINE! IF HE COMES GUNNING FOR ME, I MAY GET A CHANCE TO GET A LINE ON WHO KILLED BURT.



YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO LET HIM PROWL AROUND THIS TOWN WHILE YOU SQUAT THERE LIKE A DECOY?

THAT'S IT, ZEB! IF HE'S OUR MAN AND I CATCH HIM RED-HANDED--- I MIGHT GET HIM TO TALK.



MEANWHILE, IN MORLEY'S OFFICE...

REMEMBER, YOU'VE GOT TO DO THE JOB BEFORE ELLIOTT FINCS OUT WHAT'S UP, AND DON'T BOTHER TO COVER UP ONCE ELLIOTT'S FINISHED, THIS TOWN'LL BE IN MY BACK POCKET.

OKAY, I'LL GIVE YOU THE SAME KIND OF JOB I DID ON SHIELDS. NEAT AND CLEAN.



TWO DAYS LATER, BLACKIE MAKES HIS FIRST TRY--- THEN...

HEY, SHERIFF! COME QUICK! CASE MARTIN AND RIP HANSON ARE SLUGGING IT OUT!

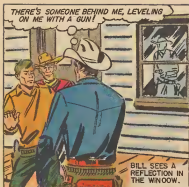
THAT'S OOO! WHY SHOULD MORLEY'S MEN BE FIGHTING ONE ANOTHER?



HOLD IT, BOYS! HERE COMES THE SHERIFF!

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! BREAK IT UP!





THERE'S SOMEONE BEHIND ME, LEVELING ON ME WITH A GUN!

BILL SEES A REFLECTION IN THE WINDOW.



YOWWW! MY HAND!



HEY? WH-WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? I WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU WITH THOSE TWO HOMBRES!

THANKS, STRANGER! I WAS DOING ALL RIGHT BY MYSELF. NOW SUPPOSE YOU PICK UP YOUR HARDWARE AND GET MOVING!



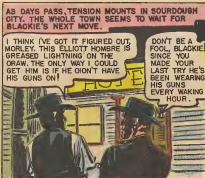
YOU AIN'T LETTING HIM GO, ARE YOU, BILL? NOT AFTER HE WAS GOING TO SHOOT YOU IN THE BACK?

WELL, I HAD NO PROOF OF THAT. HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN PLANNING TO HELP ME. AND, ANYHOW, IF HE'S THE HOMBRE WE WANT, I WANT TO GET HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS.



WHAT HAPPENED, BLACKIE? YOU HAD HIM IN YOUR SIGHTS.

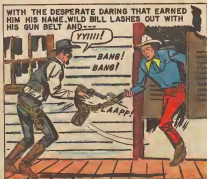
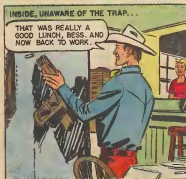
THE BLASTED TIN BAGE MUST HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD TO SPOT ME LIKE THAT. BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL GET HIM YET.

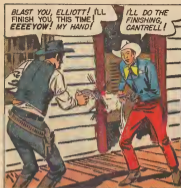


AS DAYS PASS, TENSION MOUNTS IN SOURDOUGH CITY. THE WHOLE TOWN SEEMS TO WAIT FOR BLACKIE'S NEXT MOVE.

I THINK I'VE GOT IT FIGURED OUT, MORLEY. THIS ELLIOTT HOMBRE IS GREASED LIGHTNING ON THE DRAW. THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET HIM IS IF HE DIDN'T HAVE HIS GUNS ON!

DON'T BE A FOOL, BLACKIE! SINCE YOU MADE YOUR LAST TRY HE'S BEEN WEARING HIS GUNS EVERY WAKING HOUR.





BLAST YOU, ELLIOTT! I'LL FINISH YOU, THIS TIME! EEEYOW! MY HAND!

I'LL DO THE FINISHING, GANTRELL!



DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT! I DROPPED MY GUN!

STOP SHIVERING, YOU CRAWLING LIZARD! WILD BILL ELLIOTT WOULDN'T SHOOT A DISARMED MAN!



ZEB, YOU'D BETTER SEARCH THIS TWO-LEGGED RATTLER FOR CONCEALED WEAPONS BEFORE I LOCK HIM UP FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER.

OKAY, BILL!



NOTHING ON HIM BUT A WALLET AND A WATCH WITH A BROKEN CHAIN.

A BROKEN CHAIN? KEEP HIM COVERED WHILE I LOOK AT IT.



ZEB, LOOK! THAT BROKEN LINK MATCHES THE PIECE OF CHAIN I TOOK FROM BURT SHIELD'S BODY!



WELL, GANTRELL, WITH THAT WATCH CHAIN AS EVIDENCE, A JURY WON'T NEED TEN MINUTES TO CONVICT YOU!

NO---NO! TH---THEY CAN'T HANG ME! IT---IT WASN'T MY IDEA.

IT WAS MORLEY WHO HIRED ME TO KILL BURT SHIELDS AND HE HIRED ME TO KILL ELLIOTT, TOO!

MORLEY'S MAKING A BREAK! GET HIM, MEN!



WELL, MORLEY. WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PROOF NOW TO CONVICT YOU IN COURT. BUT I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY A SMART HOMBRE LIKE YOU WOULD GO AS FAR AS MURDER JUST FOR A FEW THOUSAND IN GOLD.

IT WAS MORE THAN JUST GOLD, ELLIOTT. YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME EXPLAIN.



LOOK, MEN, YOU ALL KNOW I WAS A GOVERNMENT ASSAYER IN THIS TOWN. IN THE FIRST FEW MONTHS AFTER I CAME HERE, I SAMPLED EVERY BIT OF ORE THAT CAME FROM THOSE HILLS.



I TELL YOU THE GOLD YOU'VE DUG OUT OF THOSE ROCKS IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE VAST STORES OF SILVER, COPPER AND IRON IN THESE BADLANDS. THIS IS THE RICHEST MINERAL AREA IN THE COUNTRY---AND THE MAN WHO OWNS IT COULD CONTROL THE FUTURE OF THE WEST.



SO THAT'S WHY HE WAS FORGING THE MINERS OUT AND BUYING UP THEIR CLAIMS.

HE WAS TRYING TO TAKE OVER SOURDOUGH CITY, LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL!



LOOK, MEN, I-I DON'T WANT IT ALL FOR MYSELF! THERE'S ENOUGH HERE FOR ALL OF US. I COULD MAKE YOU ALL RICH, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

IT'S YOU THAT DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, MORLEY. YOU'VE ROBBED AND KILLED IN ORDER TO MAKE YOUR CRAZY DREAM OF POWER COME TRUE, BUT NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY THE PENALTY!





NO! YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET! STAND BACK, OR I'LL DRILL THE FIRST MAN WHO MAKES A MOVE!

HOLD IT, MEN! HE HAD A DER-RINGER HIDDEN BENEATH HIS COAT, AND HE'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO USE IT!



HE'S MAKING HIS GETAWAY! PLUG HIM, BILL!

NO, ZEB! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HE WON'T GET FAR.



BECAUSE HE'S STRADDLING MY HORSE, STDRMY NIGHT---



AND STORMY'S MIGHTY PARTICULAR WHO RIDES HIM.



WELL, I RECKON THAT'S THE END OF MORLEY'S GETAWAY.

I SURE HOPE STORMY DIDN'T FINISH HIM OFF. I WANT ENOUGH LEFT OF THIS GOYOTE TO GO ON TRIAL.



HIS MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, WILD BILL ELLIOTT HITS THE TRAIL...

YOU CAN REST EASY NOW, BURT. BLACKIE CANTRELL HAS FIRED HIS LAST BULLET AND GABE MORLEY HAS JUMPED HIS LAST CLAIM.

Wild Bill Elliott

and the RED RIVER RAIDERS



SAY! WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES TRAVELING LATE. THAT WAGON TRAIN MUST BE IN A HURRY TO GET SOMEWHERE, TOO.



SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT ECHOES TO GUNFIRE!

GALLOPING GOPHERS! THAT WAGON TRAIN'S BEING AMBUSHED!



LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WORK BREWING! COME ON, STORMY! LET'S BREAK THIS UP!



RECKLESS OF THE GODS, WILD BILL, GUTS IN WITH GUNS BLAZING.

EEYOW!

YIHIII!
MY HAND!

MY SHOULDER!

CRACK!





BUT, IN THE NEXT UNLUCKY MOMENT,
STORMY STUMBLES AND---



LOOKS LIKE
THAT TUMBLE
FINISHED THEM
BOTH OFF,
BULL.

AND A GOOD THING, TOO! THAT
HOMBRE'S GUNS WERE MUCH
TOO ACCURATE!



I THINK THE BOYS
HAVE STOPPED THE
WAGONS, BOSS!

GOOD! NOW COME
ON, WE'VE GOT TO
FINISH THE JOB.

MOMENTS LATER, BILL COMES TO---TO FIND
STORMY STANDING GUARD.

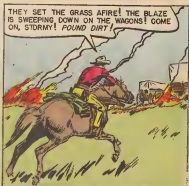
HI, PARTNER! RECKON
WE'RE BOTH MIGHTY
LUCKY TO LIVE
THROUGH A SPILL
LIKE THAT!

WHEE-HEE-
HEE!



SUDDENLY---

THOSE RAIDERS ARE
HEADING AWAY FROM THE
WAGON TRAIN! HEY, WAIT!
WHAT'S THAT STREAK OF
LIGHT ALONG THE
GROUND?



THEY SET THE GRASS AFIRE! THE BLAZE
IS SWEEPING DOWN ON THE WAGONS! COME
ON, STORMY! POUND DIRT!

WITH MATCHLESS COURAGE, WILD BILL PLUNGES THROUGH THE RAGING FLAMES.

WHERE ARE THE WAGON DRIVERS?
THEY OUGHT TO GET THOSE RIGS STARTED BEFORE THE FLAMES CUT THEM OFF!

HERE'S ONE OF THE DRIVERS NOW---
THEY LEFT HIM ALL TIED UP.

THE OTHERS! THEY'RE TIED UP IN THE WAGONS BACK THERE...MOST OF THEM WOUNDED...UNCONSCIOUS!

THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO GET THOSE WAGONS OUT OF HERE, FAST!

BUT HOW'LL WE DO IT WITHOUT ANY DRIVERS?

WAIT! THIS COIL OF HEMP GIVES ME AN IDEA.



WE'LL HOOK UP EACH WAGON TONGUE TO THE AXLE OF THE WAGON AHEAD...

AND THEN DRIVE THEM ALL OUT TOGETHER!
I GET IT!
GOOD IDEA!

AS THE PRAIRIE FIRE ROARS DOWN LIKE A FLAMING FLOOD, WILD BILL FINISHES HIS TASK, THEN---

COME ON, YOU LOP-EARED BROOMTAILS! START MOVING!

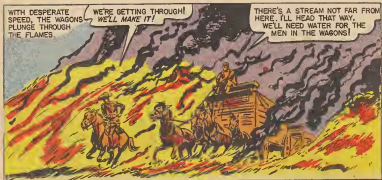
HI-YI-YI-YI!!



WITH DESPERATE SPEED, THE WAGONS PLUNGE THROUGH THE FLAMES.

WE'RE GETTING THROUGH! WE'LL MAKE IT!

THERE'S A STREAM NOT FAR FROM HERE. I'LL HEAD THAT WAY. WE'LL NEED WATER FOR THE MEN IN THE WAGONS!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS WILD BILL HELPS TEND THE WOUNDED DRIVERS.

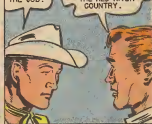
HAP HOBSON'S MY NAME. THESE WAGONS BELONG TO MY FREIGHT LINE. RECKON MY BOYS AND I OWE YOU OUR LIVES, HOMBRE!

WILD BILL ELLIOTT'S MY NAME, AND I WAS SURE GLAD TO HELP, PARTNER.



WHOEVER ATTACKED YOUR TRAIN WAS SURE OUT TO FINISH THE JOB.

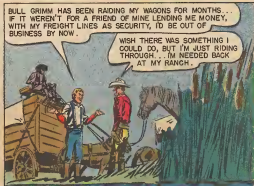
IT WAS A VARMINT CALLED BULL GRIMM AND HIS GANG. THEY'RE THE TOUGHEST BUNCH OF RANGE PIRATES IN THE RED RIVER COUNTRY.



THEY ALWAYS HIT MY TRAIN WHEN I'M FREIGHTING VALUABLE CARGO. THIS TIME IT WAS A SHIPMENT OF GOLD, CONSIGNED TO THE RAIL-HEAD AT GEDAR JUNCTION.

BULL GRIMM HAS BEEN RAIDING MY WAGONS FOR MONTHS... IF IT WEREN'T FOR A FRIEND OF MINE LENDING ME MONEY, WITH MY FREIGHT LINES AS SECURITY, I'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS BY NOW.

WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO, BUT I'M JUST RIDING THROUGH... I'M NEEDED BACK AT MY RANCH.



THANKS AGAIN, FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BILL... RECKON I'LL BE HEADING BACK TO MY TERMINAL AT BIG BEND.

BIG BEND! THAT'S NOT FAR OUT OF MY WAY, HAP. I THINK I'LL RIDE ALONG!



NEXT MORNING, LATE, THE WAGON TRAIN ENTERS THE TOWN OF BIG BEND. THERE---

WELL, HAP, YOUR WAGONS ARE SAFE IN TOWN. RECKDN I CAN SAY GOOD-BYE NOW.

HAP! OH, HAP!



HAP! I JUST HEARD ABOUT THE GOLD SHIPMENT. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING NOW, MARK. BY THE WAY, MEET WILD BILL ELLIOTT. HE'S THE MAN WHO SAVED MY WAGON TRAIN.



BILL, THIS IS MARK DURROC, OWNER OF THE BANK HERE IN BIG BEND. HE'S BEEN LENDING ME THE MONEY TO KEEP MY FREIGHT LINE GOING.

BELIEVE ME, MR. ELLIOTT, I'VE BEEN GLAD TO HELP... BUT IT'S A HOPELESS STRUGGLE.



THESE CONTINUAL RAIDS HAVE SCARED OFF MOST OF HAP'S CUSTOMERS --- AND AFTER HE REPORTS THE LOSS OF THIS GOLD SHIPMENT, THE INSURANCE COMPANY IS SURE TO CANCEL HAP'S POLICY.

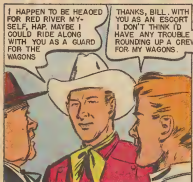
DON'T WORRY, MARK. WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU TO BACK ME UP, I KNOW I'LL BEAT THIS COYDTE, BULL GRIMM, YET.



I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT, HAP. FRANKLY, I CAN'T CARRY YOU MUCH LONGER ON THAT LDAN. IF THESE RAIDS KEEP UP, I'LL HAVE TO FDCRECLOSE ON YOUR FREIGHT LINE---TO PROTECT MY DEPOSITORS.

I UNDERSTAND, MARK. I'M NOT BLAMING YOU.







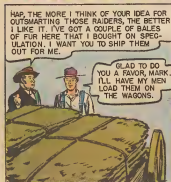
THERE GOES THE BEST FRIEND A MAN EVER HAD.

RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, HAP.



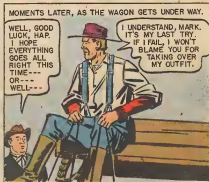
WELL, BILL, THOSE ARE THE LAST OF THE FURS. WE'LL BE READY TO START IN A FEW MINUTES.

WAIT A MINUTE, HAP. HERE COMES YOUR FRIEND, MARK DURROC.



HAP, THE MORE I THINK OF YOUR IDEA FOR OUTSMARTING THOSE RAIDERS, THE BETTER I LIKE IT. I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF BALES OF FUR HERE THAT I BOUGHT ON SPECULATION. I WANT YOU TO SHIP THEM OUT FOR ME.

GLAD TO DO YOU A FAVOR, MARK. I'LL HAVE MY MEN LOAD THEM ON THE WAGONS.



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE WAGON GETS UNDER WAY.

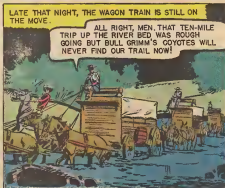
WELL, GOOD LUCK, HAP. I HOPE EVERYTHING GOES ALL RIGHT THIS TIME--- OR--- WELL---

I UNDERSTAND, MARK. IT'S MY LAST TRY. IF I FAIL, I WON'T BLAME YOU FOR TAKING OVER MY OUTFIT.



A MAN'S LUCKY TO HAVE A FRIEND LIKE DURROC, HAP.

HE'S STAKING A LOT ON ME THIS TRIP, BILL. I CAN'T FAIL HIM THIS TIME.



LATE THAT NIGHT, THE WAGON TRAIN IS STILL ON THE MOVE.

ALL RIGHT, MEN, THAT TEN-MILE TRIP UP THE RIVER BED WAS ROUGH GOING BUT BULL GRIMM'S COYOTES WILL NEVER FIND OUR TRAIL NOW!

WE'LL CAMP HERE AND HEAD DOWN THE NEW ROUTE IN THE MORNING.

RECKON THE MEN WILL BE GLAD TO HIT THE SACK, AFTER THAT LONG DAY'S RIDE WE'RE ALL BUSHED, HAP.



(WAUGH!) I THOUGHT I'D CHOKE TO DEATH WRAPPED UP IN THOSE FURS.

QUIET! DO YOU WANT TO WAKE THE WHOLE CAMP!

BUT AS THE WAGON TRAIN SETTLES DOWN FOR THE NIGHT, FURTIVE FIGURES SLIP FROM ONE OF THE WAGONS.



ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET THAT SIGNAL GOING! BULL HAS MEN WATCHING FROM EVERY RIDGE IN THIS CORNER OF THE TERRITORY.

I'LL SWING THIS FLARE IN AN ARC TO LET THEM KNOW WHERE WE ARE.



UP IN THE SURROUNDING HILLS---

THERE IT IS, BULL! IT'S THE SIGNAL WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.

SO HOBSON THOUGHT HE COULD OUTSMART BULL GRIMM? HAW, HAW!



COME ON, MEN! WE'RE GOING TO CLEAN UP THAT WAGON TRAIN ONCE AND FOR ALL... BUT REMEMBER, THIS TIME WE'RE GOING IT INJUN STYLE.

YEH! WE'LL SLIP UP ON THEM WHILE THEY'RE ASLEEP. THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.



SOMETIME LATER, AS THOUGH BY A SIXTH SENSE OF WARNING, WILD BILL IS AWAKENED.

WHEE-AUGH-AUGH!

IT'S STORMY!
LOOKS LIKE STRANGERS
AMONG THE HORSES!



OKAY, BOYS, LIFT 'EM HIGH! AT THIS DISTANCE, I COULDN'T MISS!

NEITHER COULD I,
HOMBRE---



---SO YOU'D BETTER DROP YOUR OWN GUN BEFORE I VENTILATE YOU!

LET'S GET HIM OVER TO THE BOSS, IF THIS RANNIE IS WHO I THINK HE IS, BULL WILL BE MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE HIM.



IT'S THAT TOUGH HOMBRE WE'VE HAD TROUBLE WITH BEFORE... I'VE HEARD THEY CALL HIM WILD BILL ELLIOTT.

WILD BILL, EH? MAYBE I OUGHT TO TAME HIM A LITTLE?



WHENEVER I RUN ACROSS A GANTANKEROUS MAVERICK, I ITCH TO PUT MY BRAND ON HIM!



BUT BILL COMES BACK LIKE A RAGING CYCLONE!

RECKON I'LL DO A LITTLE BRANDING OF MY OWN, FRIEND!





ATTABOY, BILL!

IT LOOKS BAD! I'D BETTER STOP THIS WHILE BULL IS STILL ON HIS FEET.



THAT SHOULD COOL HIM OFF FOR A WHILE!

THIS HOMBRE'S BEEN A SIGHT OF TROUBLE. RECKON I OUGHTA FINISH HIM OFF NOW, BULL?



HOLD IT! I'VE GOT SOMETHING BETTER IN MIND. TIE HIM UP AND LOAD HIM IN THE WAGON WITH THE OTHERS.



THE REST OF YOU START HITCHING UP THOSE HORSES, WITH DAWN COMING UP, I WANT TO GET THIS JOB OVER AND DONE WITH.



AS THE SUN RISES.

WH-WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE TIED UP HERE WITH THE REST OF MY CREW, BILL. THEY'VE GOT US LOADED IN THIS WAGON.

BULL GRIMM HAS HIS MEN HITCHING UP THE HORSES. RECKON THEY AIM TO RIDE OFF WITH THAT CARGO OF FURS.

THAT HOMBRE GRIMM SURE HAS IT WELL ORGANIZED. MIGHTY SLICK WORK!



THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS EVERY TIME HE RAIDED US. BULL ALWAYS KNEW WHAT FREIGHT I WAS CARRYING, AND JUST HOW TO STOP MY WAGONS. BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW HE FOUND US AFTER I WORKED SO HARD TO GIVE HIM THE SLIP.



COME ON, YOU TWO! HAVEN'T YOU GOT THOSE TWO BALES OF FUR TIED UP YET?

HMMM... TWO LOOSE BALES OF FUR. I WONDER---?



MOMENTS LATER---

ALL RIGHT, WE'RE LOADED. NOW GET THESE WAGONS ROLLING AND HEAD FOR THE HIDE-OUT!

OKAY, BULL!



AS FOR THIS RIG, RIP THE CANVAS OFF HER. I DON'T WANT THESE RANNIES TO MISS ANYTHING THAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.



YOU MEN HAVE YOUR ORDERS! START THAT WAGON ROLLING TOWARD THE CANYON.

OKAY, BOSS!



SO LONG, ELLIOTT! I HOPE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS CAN FLY. YOU'LL SURE BE NEEDING WINGS IN A FEW MINUTES!



I WONDER WHAT KIND OF FINISH THESE SIDEWINDERS HAVE PLANNED FOR US?

I DON'T LIKE THIS. THEY'VE GOT US HEADED ALONG THE ROAD TO RIMROCK CANYON.



ALL RIGHT, YOU BROODTAILS! MAKE TRACKS! YAHOOO! YI-YI!

THEY'RE STAMPEDING THE HORSES!



THE MURDERERS! THEY'VE GOT THE WAGON RUNNING WILD ALONG THIS NARROW LEDGE!

IF WE HIT A CURVE IN THIS ROAD WE'LL CRACK UP ON THOSE ROCKS FIVE HUNDRED FEET DOWN!



QUICK, HAP! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! BRACE YOURSELF AGAINST MY LEGS WHILE I LEAN OUT OVER THE SIDE!

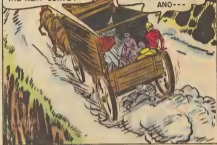
WHATEVER YOU'RE PLANNING TO DO, BILL, DO IT!



IF I FIGURE RIGHT, THE IRON RIM ON THOSE TIRES SHOULD CUT THESE ROPES!



THOSE ROPES BETTER CUT SOON, BILL! I DON'T THINK WE CAN MAKE THE NEXT CURVE!



JUST ANOTHER COUPLE OF TURNS ON THAT WHEEL---A BIT MORE HIDE OFF MY WRIST AND---

THAT DOES IT! NOW TO UNTIE MY FEET!



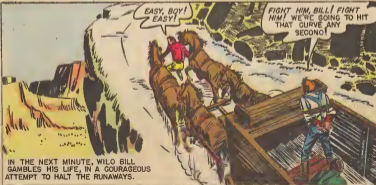
IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WORK FAST, BILL!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THESE HORSES. I'VE GOT TO CLIMB OUT ALONG THE WAGON TONGUE!



CAREFUL, BILL! IT'S SURE DEATH IF YOU FALL UNDER THOSE HOOPS!

AN INSTANT LATER, BILL'S LEGS ARE FREE AND---



EASY, BOY! EASY!

FIGHT HIM, BILL! FIGHT HIM! WE'RE GOING TO HIT THAT CURVE ANY SECOND!

IN THE NEXT MINUTE, WIL0 BILL GAMBLES HIS LIFE, IN A COURAGEOUS ATTEMPT TO HALT THE RUNAWAYS.



WHEE! WE JUST MADE IT!

WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, BILL STRUGGLES TO QUIET THE FRANTIC TEAM UNTIL ---AT THE LAST MOMENT...



JUST THEN---
WHEE-
AUGH-
AUGH!

MY LUCK'S REALLY CHANGING! HERE COMES STORMY, GOOD BOY! I KNEW HE'D GIVE THOSE OWLHOOTS THE SLIP!



YOU DID IT AGAIN, BILL! WE OWE YOU OUR LIVES! BUT THAT RAID FINISHED ME. AFTER THIS DURROC WILL HAVE TO FORECLOSE.

RELAX, HAP. WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE TO HAB THAT GRIMM COYOTE AND SAVE THOSE FURS.



IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, GRIMM FIGURES WE'RE ALL DEAD BY NOW. HE WON'T BE WORRIED ABOUT BEING FOLLOWED. HE'LL BE TAKING HIS TIME WITH THAT LOAD OF PELTS.

SAY--- THAT'S RIGHT, BILL! IF WE USE THOSE WAGON HORSES AS MOUNTS WE CAN OVERTAKE GRIMM! COME ON, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



NOONDAY SUN BEATS DOWN ON THE GRIMM GANG MOVING SLOWLY TOWARD THEIR HIDE-OUT.

I'LL SURE BE GLAD WHEN WE'VE GOT THESE FURS STASHED AWAY, BULL.

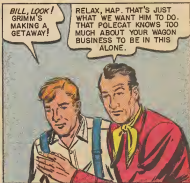
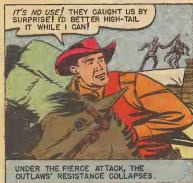
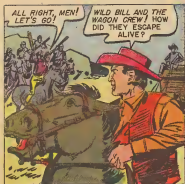
AH, WHAT ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT? THAT WAGON'S AT THE BOTTOM OF RIMROCK CANYON---AND ELLIOTT AND HIS FRIENDS ALONG WITH IT!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE SURROUNDING BRUSH---

REMEMBER, MEN, WITHOUT GUNS OUR MAIN WEAPON WILL BE SURPRISE!

SURPRISE AND THESE WOODEN CLUBS WE PICKED UP ON THE WAY!



SOUNDS LIKE YOU KNOW SOMETHING, BILL!

JUST PLAYING A HUNCH THAT'S GETTING STRONGER ALL THE TIME. LET'S KEEP THAT HOMBRE GRIMM IN SIGHT.



GREAT DAY! WH---WHY GRIMM IS HEADING INTO THE BACK DOOR OF THE BANK! G---GOULD HE BE PLANNING A HOLDUP?

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I DOUBT IT. COME ON, THAT OPEN WINDOW IS A GOOD PLACE TO GET AN EARFUL!



SOON AFTERWARD, THE TRAIL ENDS IN A BACK ALLEY IN BIG BEND.

WHAT? YOU SLIPPED UP JUST WHEN HOBSON'S OUTFIT WAS ABOUT TO FALL INTO MY HANDS! YOU MISERABLE BUNGLER!

BUT, BOSS! WE CAN ALWAYS GET HOBSON ON HIS NEXT TRIP!



FOOL, THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER CHANCE! THIS LETTER IS FROM THE WESTERN RAILWAY EXPRESS COMPANY. THEY'RE BUILDING UP A FEEDER SYSTEM OF WAGON FREIGHT LINES THROUGHOUT THE WEST!



FOR MONTHS I'VE BEEN NEGOTIATING WITH THEM TO BUY OUT THE HOBSON FREIGHT LINE AS SOON AS I FORECLOSE. I DEPENDED ON YOU, GRIMM, TO POLISH HOBSON OFF, ONCE AND FOR ALL. BUT YOU FAILED ME!



THIS LETTER IS THEIR FINAL OFFER. A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS IF I CAN SIGN OVER HAP'S FREIGHT LINE BY TOMORROW. A FORTUNE I'LL NEVER SEE!

NOW ISN'T THAT JUST TOO BAD!

