

DELL
COMIC

APRIL-JUNE 10¢

Bill Elliott

Wild

He was the only one who knew how to
stop the TORNADO TERROR!



Tornadoes

The word "tornado" is a Spanish one which means twister when translated into English.

Tornadoes, as a general rule, form within a thunderstorm and occur on warm days when the humidity is unusually high. A tornado cloud is densely black and shaped like a funnel. It pours downward from dark storm clouds in great upheaval.

It is believed to be formed when there is a warm layer of heated air next to the earth and a cooler layer above it.

Some element of disturbance in the atmosphere causes the warm air to rise. As the cold air rushes in from the surrounding areas, the mixture of the warm and cold air causes a whirling movement.

It spins so rapidly at the center that a tiny area of low pressure is produced, the temperature goes down, and the moisture is condensed, forming the cloud.



The whirling mass of a tornado, which moves counterclockwise, is the destructive part of it. Tornadoes usually travel at the rate of 40 or 50 miles an hour, and have been known to travel as fast as 100 miles an hour. While the path of the storm may be only a short distance in width, the destruction is very widespread. Whole buildings are torn down, trees uprooted, and bridges swept away.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER DUNN FOR A LITTLE BOY

Wild Bill Elliott

In TORNADO TERROR

THAT WIND SOUNDS LIKE A
PACK OF HUNGRY WOLVES.
WE SHOULD BE HEARING
ARROW ROCK SOON. WE'LL
FIND SHELTER THERE.

WHINEEE!

ONE AFTERNOON, AS A STORM
LASHES THE SOUTHWEST TERRITORY.

THERE'S ARROW ROCK NOW! I'LL
BE GLAD TO GET OUT OF THIS
STORM!

SAY, THAT'S STRANGE!
THAT FUNNEL-SHAPED
CLOUD IS DRIPPING
DOWN TOWARD THE
EARTH!

GLORY BE! IT'S A
TORNADO---AND IT'S
HEADING STRAIGHT FOR
ARROW ROCK! LET'S
GO, STORMY!

A TORNADO LIKE THAT COULD RIP THIS TOWN
TO MATCHWOOD IN SECONDS! WE'VE GOT TO
WARN EVERYONE. FAST!

THEY'VE GOT THEIR SHUTTERS CLOSED TIGHT AGAINST THE STORM! NO WONDER THEY DIDN'T SEE THAT TWISTER COMING



WELL, BILL, ELLIOTT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT IN THIS GALE?

NO TIME FOR PALAVER, PARTNER! THERE'S A CYCLONE HEADED THIS WAY!



GREAT DAY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND COVER, pronto!



RIGHT! BUT FIRST HELP ME ROUSE THE TOWN. THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME EVEN IF THAT TWISTER DOES MOVE FORWARD SLOWLY.

IN MOMENTS, THE TOWN IS ALERTED AND---

FOOLS, YOU'RE WELCOME TO USE THE CELLAR UNDER MY PLACE. IT'S THE ONLY CELLAR IN TOWN AND YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE!



THANKS, ROCK!

YOU MEN CAN PUT YOUR HORSES IN THIS STABLE BEHIND MY CAFE. IT'S MADE OF ADobe AND SHOULD OUTLAST THAT TWISTER!



COME ON, STORMY! GET IN THERE BEFORE THAT BIG BLOW HITS!

I DON'T GET IT, BILL. THAT TINHORN, ROCK HARPER, IS IN EVERY CROOKED DEAL FROM RUSTLING TO CLAM JUMPING. IT DOESN'T FIGURE FOR HIM TO BE PLAYING THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

I KNOW I'VE TANGLED WITH HIM MYSELF, BUT I RECKON WE HAD HIM SIZED UP WRONG, PARTNER.



AND ROCK HARPER'S MEN ARE PUZZLED, TOO.

HEY, ROCK, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LETTING EVERYONE TAKE COVER DOWN THERE? GETTING SOFT ON US?

RELAX, STASH! THIS IS ONE ILL WIND THAT'S GONNA DO US ALL A LOT OF GOOD.

IF WE WORK IT RIGHT THAT TWISTER CAN PUT US ALL ON THE GRAY TRAIN FOR LIFE. NOW LISTEN CLOSE.

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THAT HARPER HOMBRE IS WHISPERING TO HIS MEN.

AT THAT INSTANT THE CYCLONE STRIKES!

HOWWWWRRRRREEEEEEEE!

RO-O-O-ARRRR! CRR-A-ASH!

LISTEN TO IT! IT'S HORRIBLE! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

EASY DOES IT, HOMBRE! YOU'RE SAFE DOWN HERE IF WE LET OURSELVES GET PANICKED SOMEONE WILL BE HURT.

THE WORST OF THE STORM WILL BE OVER IN A LITTLE WHILE. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS STAY CALM.

BILL'S RIGHT, WE'RE IN NO DANGER HERE, THANKS TO ROCK HARPER!

BUT, AS THE STORM DIES AWAY

ALL RIGHT, STASH, WE'RE ON OUR WAY. REMEMBER, DON'T LET ANYONE OUT UNTIL YOU GET MY SIGNAL. WE'LL NEED LOTS OF TIME FOR THE JOB

TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED, ROCK. NOBODY'S LEAVING THIS COLLAR TILL I GET THE HIGH-SIGN, FROM YOU



KNOCKEY! THE TOWN'S KNOCKED FLATTERY'S A PANCAKE. NOTHING'S LEFT STANDING BUT YOUR ACQBE STABLE!

THAT SUITS ME FINE! TWO OF YOU MEN SADDLE US SOME HORSES AND THEN STAMPEDE THE REST OF THE STOCK



THE REST OF YOU FOLLOW ME. OUR FIRST STOP IS THE EXPRESS OFFICE, -- OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT. THERE WAS A TEN-THOUSAND-COLLAR GOLD SHIPMENT IN THERE THIS AFTERNOON.

EASIEST PICKINGS WE EVER HAD!



MEANWHILE

EXCUSE ME, HONORE, YOU'RE BLOCKING THE STAIRWAY

THAT'S RIGHT, PARDNER. AND THIS FORTY-FIVE I GOT SAYS IT STAYS BLOCKED!



SO, ROCK AND HIS BUNCH ARE UP TO SOMETHING I MIGHT'VE KNOWN THAT LEOPARD WOULDN'T CHANGE HIS SPOTS.

DON'T TRY ANYTHING, ELLIOTT! REMEMBER ALL THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS!



I CAN'T START ANY GUNPLAY HERE. WITH ALL THESE WOMEN AND CHILDREN AROUND, I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOME OTHER ANGLE -- PRONT!



MEANWHILE, AT THE FAR END OF TOWN---

TEN THOUSAND FROM THE EXPRESS COMPANY, AND ANOTHER THREE THOUSAND FROM THE POST OFFICE. NOT A BAD HAUL SO FAR.

CHICKEN FEED! WHEN WE BLAST OPEN THIS BANK SAFE WE'LL HAVE AT LEAST THIRTY THOUSAND MORE.



SECONDS LATER---

DON'T GET EXCITED, POLKS! THE BOYS ARE JUST DOING A LITTLE EXCAVATING!

BRROOOOM!

I MUST GET OUT OF THIS PLACE, BUT FAST!



THOSE EMPTY BARRELS GIVE ME AN IDEA!



THE KEG TOPPLES THE PILE OF BARRELS!

EEEYAH!

RUMMBBBLE!

RECORD THAT STARTED THINGS ROLLING!



UNWWW! RECORD I STUMBLED ON THAT KEG!





THE THEIVING COYOTES WERE LOOTING THE TOWN, BILL! THAT'S WHY ROCK WANTED US DOWN IN THAT CELLAR!

THEY'RE MAKING A BREAK FOR IT! COME ON, MEN, GET THE HORSES! WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THEM!

FOLLOW US? *HWAT WITH?* WE STAMPEDED YOUR HORSES! *AAK, AAW!*



THE STABLE'S EMPTY! OUR GRITTERS MUST BE SCATTERED FROM HERE TO CREATION!

MAYBE THEY SPOOKED THE OTHER HORSES, BUT STORMY DOESN'T SPOOK EASILY!

WHINNEE!

TUN-WHEEET!



LET'S GO, STORMY!

BUT IN THE GATHERING DARKNESS, THE TRAIL SOON GROWS FAINT...

MIGHTY ROCKY COUNTRY, STORMY SURE HOPE THOSE HOMBRES DON'T GIVE US THE SLIP

WE LOST THEM, STORMY, BUT THE TRAIL WAS HEADING SOUTH WHEN IT PETERED OUT. SO THAT'S THE DIRECTION WE'LL TAKE

AT DAWN, BILL IS READY TO GIVE UP THE SEARCH WHEN...

IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN THE FOREMAN OF THAT LINE REPAIR CREW IS MY OLD FRIEND, SPARKS FLANGERS!

BILL TELLS SPARKS OF HIS MISSION...

LOOTING, ENF THOSE COYOTES WILL HAVE A FIELD DAY, WIRES ARE DOWN ALL OVER THE AREA

THEN I RECKON I'D BETTER PICK UP THEIR TRAIL, PRONTO!

SUDDENLY...

BILL, THERE'S A MESSAGE COMING OVER OUR TEST WIRE, IT'S FOR YOU!

FOR ME?

ALL REPAIR CREWS ARE TO TRY TO CONTACT YOU WITH A MESSAGE FROM THE GOVERNOR! YOU'RE TO RIDE TO YUMA CITY, CAPITAL OF THE TERRITORY AT ONCE!

BUT I CAN'T, SPARKS! NOT WHILE THOSE LOOTING WARMINTS ARE ON THE PROUD!

SOUNDS LIKE THE GOVERNOR HAS A MORE IMPORTANT JOB FOR YOU YOU'RE TO CONVOY A RELIEF TRAIN BRINGING FOOD AND MEDICINE INTO THE DISASTER AREA.

BUT ANYONE CAN DO THAT!



NOT JUST ANYONE, BILL THAT CONVOY WILL BE CARRYING A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS FOR EXPENSES THAT MONEY WILL BE THE TARGET FOR EVERY OALHOOT IN THE TERRITORY

THAT DOES CHANGE THE PICTURE RECKON I DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE THEN



I HATE TO LET ROCK HAPPER GET AWAY WITH IT, BUT I GUESS THE CONVOY COMES FIRST LET'S GO, STORMY!



MEANWHILE, ABOUT FIVE MILES AWAY---

WELL, ACE, YOUR EXPERIENCE AS A TELEGRAPHER FINALLY PAID OFF!

THAT'S RIGHT, ROCK! WAS A MIGHTY UPRIGHT CITIZEN -- BEFORE THE TELEGRAPH COMPANY CAUGHT ME STEALING FROM THE TILL!



SO, THERE'S A WAGON CONVOY COMING THROUGH WITH A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS? WELL, I RECKON WE ALL KNOW WHAT OUR NEXT JOBS GONNA BE

BUT, BOSS, I'M NOT HANKERING TO MEET UP WITH WILD BILL ELLIOTT AGAIN. HE'S TOUGHER THAN A DEN OF GRIZZLIES!



FOR A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS I'D TANGLE WITH A COZEN LIKE ELLIOTT, BESIDES I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM!



NOT LONG AFTERWARD, AT THE SAME SPOT

LOOK AT ALL THOSE HOOPPRINTS!



THE BARE SPOTS ON THOSE WIRES SHOWS SOMEBODY WAS HOOKED IN TO THE TELEGRAPH LINE... WHOEVER IT WAS PROBABLY OVERHEARD THE MESSAGE THE GOVERNOR SENT ME!



A GHEROOT, AND STILL SMOKING! ROCK HARPER SMOKES CIGARS LIKE THAT! I WONDER



ROCK PROBABLY KNOWS ABOUT THE MONEY. I RECKON HE'LL TRY TO GET HIS HANDS ON IT.



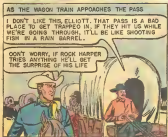
ROCK HARPER'S A SHREWD COYOTE, BUT I RECKON I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HIM AND HIS HOLECATS I'LL TALK TO THE GOVERNOR ABOUT IT IN YUMA CITY



THEN YOU AGREE WITH MY PLAN FOR CAPTURING THE HARPER GANG, SIR?

ELLIOTT, I'M AUTHORIZING YOU TO PROTECT THE WOOD AS YOU SEE FIT AND TO CAPTURE THE GANG, IF YOU CAN!











COME ON, STORMY! WE CAN'T LET THAT
SIDEWINDER, HARPER, GET AWAY!



WHEE-
HUR-
HAUGH!

THAT TRAIL'S MIGHTY ROUGH! I'D BETTER
FOLLOW HIM ON FOOT.



I'M SAVING ON HIM!
BUT IF HE MAKES THAT
PILE OF ROCKS UP
THERE...



TOO LATE! HE'S FORTED-UP IN THOSE
ROCKS ABOVE ME!



RECKON I KNOW A WAY TO SMOKE HIM OUT,
THOUGH! AN OLD INDIAN TRICK, BUT IT
MIGHT WORK

SPANG!

CRACK! BANG!

AFTER THAT FISKLADE, HE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THE TRAIL, BUT I'LL POOL HIM BY CIRCLING AROUND THESE BOULDERS.



NOW IF I CAN CRAWL QUIETLY THE REST OF THE WAY, THAT HARPER HOMBRE IS OUE FOR A SURPRISE.



ALL RIGHT, ROCK! ON YOUR FEET! YOU'RE CORNERED AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!



YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG, ELLIOTT! I KNEW I COULD SUCKER YOU WITH THAT TRICK!



TRY TO OUTSMART ME, ENY? YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK, ELLIOTT!

HE'S SO BUSY GLOATING, I MIGHT STILL HAVE A CHANCE--- IF I MOVE FAST ENOUGH!



HA! YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU STOP ROLLING!

BANG!
BANG!



WILD BILL MAKES HIS PLAY.



Wild **Bill Elliott**
AND
THE FLOODED MINE



I'LL SURE BE GLAD TO SEE MY OLD FRIEND, DOCTOR SAWYER. I'VE BEEN PROMISING TO VISIT HIM EVER SINCE HE MOVED INTO THIS PART OF THE TERRITORY.

ONE AFTERNOON, IN THE SIERRA FOOTHILLS---



OGG SURE PICKED BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY TO LIVE IN. AND MIGHTY PEACEFUL, TOO.



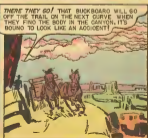
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR UP THE TRAIL.

GOOD! HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS. REGION THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE TO FINISH THE JOB



HI-YI-YIHUUU!

WHEE-HAUGH-HEEEEE!



THERE THEY GO! THAT BUCKBOARD WILL GO OFF THE TRAIL ON THE NEXT CURVE WHEN THEY FIND THE BODY IN THE CANYON. IT'S BOUND TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

MOMENTS AFTERWARD!

A RUMBLE! GET OVER, STORMY---
OR WE'LL BE SWEEPED OFF THE TRAIL!

HAUSH!



GERONWO! THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THE BACK
OF THAT BUCKBOARD!



AFTER THEM, STORMY! HE'S A
GONER IF WE DON'T STOP THAT RIG!



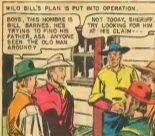
BYEHO! JUST IN TIME! ANOTHER FEW FEET
AND TO END UP AT THE BOTTOM OF
THE CANYON.



AHH! THIS MAN WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD!
MY GUESS IS THAT SOMEONE KNOCKED HIM
UNCONSCIOUS AND THEN STAMPEDED THE
HORSES, FORGING THEY'D GO OVER INTO
THE CANYON!









IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN, BILL. ASA HAD A PREMONITION THEY'D GET HIM. RECKON THAT'S WHY HE SIGNED OVER HIS MINE IN THE EVENT OF HIS DEATH. OF COURSE, IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENED, THE MINE BELONGS TO YOU NOW.

I'M NOT GIVING UP HOPE, JIG. HE MAY TURN UP YET.

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT IF ANYONE'S KILLED ASA, I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL THEY'VE PAID THE PENALTY.

I RECKON ASA'S GOT AT LEAST ONE TRUE FRIEND IN EAGLE ROCK.



THE NEXT DAY ALL EAGLE ROCK IS SUSPICIOUS ABOUT ASA'S DISAPPEARANCE

I JUST DON'T GET ON TO THAT HOMBRE WHO CALLS HIMSELF ASA BARNES'S SON!

MIHTY CONVENIENT FOR HIM TURNING UP WHEN ASA DISAPPEARED JUST IN TIME TO INHERIT THE OLD MAN'S MINE

MORAN, I'M THINKING THAT HOMBRE KNOWS A BIT MORE THAN HE'S TELLING ABOUT ASA'S DISAPPEARANCE

YOU'RE DEAD WRONG ABOUT THAT, PARTNER. I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON BELL BARNES.



JUST REMEMBER, FRIEND--- IF YOU'RE AIMING TO START TROUBLE FOR ASA'S BOY YOU'LL HAVE ME TO DEAL WITH!

ALL RIGHT, MORAN! I--- I DON'T MEAN ANY HARM!



THAT AFTERNOON, MORAN PROVES HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR BILL.

LET'S FACE THE FACTS, BILL. ASA WON'T BE BACK. SOMEBODY WILL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THE CLAIM. I'LL BE GLAD TO SHOW YOU THE ROPES.

THANKS, MORAN! I'M A TENDERFOOT AT THE MINING GAME.



INSIDE THE MINE.

YOU SEE HOW IT IS, BILL. THE WHOLE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT IS FLOODED. WORKING THE MINE IS A HOPELESS JOB UNTIL THE WATER IS CLEARED OUT.

I SEE!

SO, WHAT'S THAT NOISE, MORAN?

OH, THOSE ARE THE PUMPS GOING IN MY OWN MINE, JUST UP THE CANYON. BOTH SHAFTS WERE FLOODED AT THE SAME TIME.

THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!

AS SOON AS MY SHAFT IS DRY, I'LL LEND YOU THE PUMP TO USE HERE.

THANKS, MORAN, I'D SURE APPRECIATE IT.

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO SHOW YOU. WE MIGHT AS WELL GO UP TO THE SURFACE.

HMM? THOUGHT I'D FIND SOME GLUES DOWN HERE BUT WHO'D WANT TO KILL ASA FOR A FLOODED WORTHLESS MINE?

THE NEXT EVENING IN EAGLE ROCK

WELL, WELL, LOOKS LIKE ASA BARNES'S BOY IS IN TOWN!

RECKON HE'S ON HIS WAY TO SPEND SOME OF THE OLD MAN'S GOLD.

I'M FOR MAKING THAT HOMBRE TALK ABOUT ASA'S DISAPPEARANCE

RIGHT! THE GOYOTE PROBABLY KILLED THE OLD MAN AND HO THE BODY





BUT LATER, AS BILL PREPARES TO LEAVE TOWN, A FURTIVE FIGURE LURKS IN AN ALLEY



UHHHH!



PARALYZED BY THE BLOW, BILL IS ONLY DIMLY AWARE OF EVENTS.



HE'S DRY-GULCHING ME! GOT TO SAVE MYSELF!



THE SHOCK OF THE IGY STREAM REVIVES BILL.

THIS COLD WATER IS WHAT I NEEDED TO BRING ME AROUND!



WHOEVER SLUGGED ME IS PROBABLY STILL WATCHING FROM THE SHORE. I'LL STAY UNDER THE SURFACE AS LONG AS I CAN AND PRETEND I'M GONE FOR.



BILL SWIMS DOWNSTREAM UNTIL AT LAST



NO SENSE IN GOING BACK TO TOWN NOW. I DON'T KNOW WHO TRIED TO KILL ME ANYWAY. I'LL HEAD BACK TO THE MINE.

BUT, WHOEVER IT WAS, TRIED TO KILL ME BECAUSE I WAS GETTING IN HIS WAY. MAYBE I CAN SMOKE HIM OUT BY KEEPING UNDER COVER.



AS BILL PASSES MORAN'S MINE



O-BILL!
YOU---!

YOU SEEM MIGHTY SURPRISED TO SEE ME, JIG!

BILL, I LOOKED ALL OVER FOR YOU IN TOWN, BUT I COULDN'T FIND YOU. I THOUGHT SURE---SOMEBODY FINISHED YOU OFF. THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE ALIVE AND SAFE!



YEAH, I'M STILL ALIVE BUT I CAN'T SAY HOW SAFE.

MORAN WAS SURE SURPRISED WHEN I SHOWED UP...
I WONDER



AND WHAT WAS HE DOING IN HIS MINE AT THIS HOUR? MIGHT PAY TO CHECK ON MORAN'S DIGGINGS



HOURS LATER, BILL SLIPS INTO MORAN'S MINE---

MORAN WASN'T LYING ABOUT HIS MINE BEING FLOODED, THE PUMP'S GOING NIGHT AND DAY TO DRAIN THIS SHAFT! NOTHING SUSPICIOUS DOWN HERE

THUMP-
THUMP!



THAT'S FUNNY! THOSE PUMPS OUGHT TO BE MAKING SOME HEADWAY AGAINST THE FLOOD, BUT INSTEAD, THE WATER LEVEL SEEMS TO RISE WITH EVERY SOUND OF THE PUMP!



ADIOSHAWAT! THAT INTAKE VALVE IS HOOKED UP TO A PIPE THAT LEADS STRAIGHT DOWN INTO THE ROCK.



AND THIS HOSE ISN'T DRAWING THE MINE---IT'S FLOODING IT! MORAN MUST BE TAPPING SOME UNDERGROUND STREAM IN ORDER TO FLOOD THE SHAFT



AND WITH ASA'S MINE SO CLOSE, MORAN IS FLOODING IT TOO. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS, BUT THE FIRST THING TO DO IS SHUT OFF THE PUMP



THE PUMP STOPS, THE WATER SEEPS RAPIDLY THROUGH THE TUNNEL FLOOR, THEN--

GALLOPING GORHERS! A VEIN OF ALMOST PURE GOLD--RIGHT ACROSS THE TUNNEL FACE! AND FROM THE WAY THE ORE RUNS, THE SEAM CUTS RIGHT DOWN INTO ASA'S CLAIM!



SO MORAN FLOODED THE TUNNELS TO KEEP ASA FROM REACHING THAT HEAVY VEIN OF GOLD IN HIS OWN MINE.

SMART FIGURING, HOMBRE? NOW REACH AND DON'T TURN AROUND!



MORAN! SO, YOU'RE THE HOMBRE WHO BUSHKACKED ASA, SO YOU COULD GET CONTROL OF HIS MINE!

THAT'S RIGHT, BILL, BUT NO ORES GOING TO PIN IT ON ME! I FIXED IT TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!



AND I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO ARRANGE A LITTLE ACCIDENT FOR YOU!

UHHHHH!



I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT OUT OF THAT RIVER ALIVE, BUT I'LL FIX HIM FOR CERTAIN, THIS TIME!



SOON AFTERWARD, AS BILL COMES TO...

MORAN! GOT TO GET HIM BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!





THERE'S THAT GOBLINER NOW---



BEHOLD THAT'S THE FINISH FOR THAT HOMBRE!

THAT DYNAMITE SEALED OFF THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE. EVEN IF HE LIVED THROUGH THAT BLAST, HE'LL BE DEAD OF STARVATION BY THE TIME THEY OIG HIM OUT.



NOW TO TELL THE SHERIFF ABOUT HOW POOR BILL BARNES GOT TRAPPED IN MY MINE, BY A ROCKSLICE. TON! TON!



SOON THE SHOCKED CITIZENS OF EAGLE ROCK ARE AT THE SCENE.

POOR BILL! IT HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY I LET HIM BORROW MY PUMPS. HE WAS DOWN THERE UNHOOKING THEM WHEN THE TUNNEL GAVED IN

IT'LL TAKE US WEEKS TO OIG THROUGH ALL THAT ROCK. I'M AFRAID HE'S GONE FOR, MORAN.



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE MINE---

FOUND THAT LAMP JUST IN TIME. THAT WAS MY LAST MATCH





MORGAN DID A RIGHTLY SLICK JOB OF SEALING THE MINE. I'M A GONE GOOSE, UNLESS I CAN FIND SOME WAY OUT OF THIS SHAFT.



BILL'S SEARCH FOR AN ESCAPE ROUTE SEEMS HOPELESS UNTIL---

GREAT DAY! THERE'S A HOLE HERE AND IT SEEMS TO HEAD RIGHT IN THE DIRECTION OF ASA'S MINE.



IF I FIGURE RIGHT THE PRESSURE OF THE FLOOD WASHED THE EARTH AWAY AND HOLED THROUGH INTO ASA'S DIGGINGS



A LONG CHANCE, AND A TIGHT SQUEEZE-- BUT I MADE IT!



BETTER HUNT FOR COVER, MORGAN!

MEANWHILE, UP ON THE SURFACE ...

NOW, NOW, MORAN, YOU MUSTN'T TAKE IT SO HARD.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. FIRST I LOSE ASA BARNES, MY BEST FRIEND! NOW ASA'S BOY IS GONE TOO!



AND NOW THAT THEY'RE BOTH GONE, I'M SADDLED WITH THAT FLOODED MINE ASA LEFT ME IN HIS WILL.

ALL RIGHT, MORAN! YOU CAN DRY YOUR CROCODILE TEARS NOW.



OH-BILL! HELP! BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D ---

---YOU THOUGHT YOU FINISHED ME OFF IN THAT BLAST, EH?



HOMBRE, IT PLUMS BROKE MY HEART TO HEAR YOU MOURNING OVER ME!

OOOFFFF!



WATCH IT, BILL!



THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL INTERFERE WITH ME!

WHOOOSH!





THE LAST TIME IS RIGHT, MORAN! THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU.

owww!



ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF---THIS IS THE MAN WHO'S BEEN TRYING TO KILL ASA BARNES. IF YOU'LL CHECK WITH ASA ABOUT THAT WILL MORAN'S BEEN FLASHING AROUND, I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND IT'S A PHONY.

YOU-YOU MEAN ASSA'S NOT DEAD?



THAT'S RIGHT, MEN. ASA'S ALIVE AND WELL... HE'S BEING TAKEN CARE OF BY OGG SAWYER.

LET'S SET THIS SIDEWINDER TO JAIL, AND I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY.



NEXT DAY, AT OGG SAWYER'S...

HOWDY, MR. BARNES, YOU LOOK A WHOLE LOT STRONGER THAN WHEN I SAW YOU LAST.

ELLIOTT, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU I'D BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT CANYON RIGHT NOW...



... AND THANKS TO YOU, MY GOLD MINE PROMISES TO BE A BONANZA... WELL, HALF OF IT IS YOURS!

NO, THANKS, OLD-TIMER. I DIDN'T DO IT FOR A REWARD. JUST CATCHING A POLECAT LIKE MORAN MAKES IT WORTHWHILE TO ME.



BILL, THEY TELL ME EVERYONE THOUGHT YOU WERE MY SON. I--- I JUST WANT TO SAY I'D HAVE BEEN PROUD TO HAVE A SON LIKE WILD BILL ELLIOTT.

THANKS, OLD-TIMER. I RECKON THAT'S THE NICEST THING ANYONE EVER SAID TO ME.