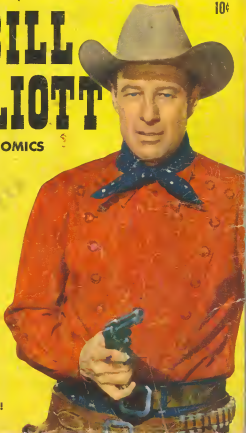


DELL  
BILL COMICS  
NO. 278

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# BILL ELLIOTT

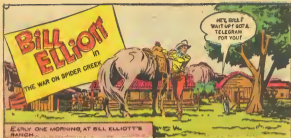
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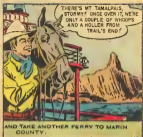


52 pages  
ALL COMICS!



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I HATE LAWREN--  
WITH OR WITHOUT STAGE!  
I'LL TAKE CARE O'  
ELLIOTT-- PRONTO!

NOTHIN' DOIN' RIGHT  
NONE, BNONE, YOU'VE  
GOT A MORE  
IMPORTANT JOB TO  
SEE TO!



WE'LL LET ELLIOTT WAIT TILL WE  
FIND OUT FOR SURE WHAT BROUGHT  
HIM TO THESE PARTS--HAPPEN-  
STANCE, OR CLAY  
FIELDING?

OR TALL I SEE  
A GOOD CHANCE TO  
BUSHBACK HIM!



GOOD! I BEAT THE  
SHIPMENT TO DEATH CURVE!  
THAT'LL MAKE THIS JOB A  
HEAP SIGHT EASIER!

A LITTLE LATER,  
ON THE MAIN  
TAMALPAIS  
TRAIL...



WE'RE COMIN'  
TO DEATH  
CURVE, ZONE!  
BETTER WAKE  
UP!

WHEN I WANT ASLEEP,  
STAN! JEST RESTIN' MY  
EYES!



WELL, PUT 'EM TO WORK AGAIN,  
WATCHIN' THAT REAR WHEEL! IF IT  
CATCHES ON THE SOFT SHOULDER  
-- BNONE! THE WHOLE KIT AN  
CARBOULE GOES DOWN INTO  
THE GORGE!



AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW!  
I'D BE ROLLIN' IN CASH IF  
I HAD A DOLLAR FOR EVERY  
TIME I'VE CLIMB THIS  
DOGGONED MOUNTAIN!



HERE  
GOES!



WHAT'S THAT? --  
HOLY SMOKE!



ROLL YOUR WHEELS, ZEK!  
THERE'S A BOLDER SACKETY-  
SPLITIN' THIS WAY!





HAT HAT THAT'S ANOTHER  
BATCH OF MACHINERY  
FIELDING'LL NEVER  
USE!



THEM POOR OXEN'  
GETTIN' KILLED BY A  
RUNAWAY BOULDER!



RUNAWAY, MY HAT!  
THAT ROCK'S TOO DAMNED  
BIG TO UP AN' ROLL  
DOWN BY ITSELF!









WU IT DIDN'T? THERE'S NO SENSE TRYING TO TRAIL HIM INTO THOSE BIG STICKS.



IT WOULD BE THE SAME AS ASKING FOR A DRY GULCHING?



BENIGNOTS? WHAT D'YEM S'POSE IS GOIN' ON BACK THERE?

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! COME ON!



DON'T SEE NOTHIN'.

NEITHER DO I? KEEP QUIET! MABBE WE CAN HEAR SOMETHIN'!



HMM. CAN'T BE TOO MANY HOMBERS IN THESE PARTS WEARING RATTLESN' SKEINS ON THEIR STETSONS...



M'YEB IT'LL BE CASEY'N I FIGURED TO IDENTIFY THAT BUSHWHACKER?



STAN! AIN'T THAT HOOFBEATS REACHIN' THIS WAY?

YEP! GRT BACK! IT COULD BE THAT BOULDER PUSHIN' HONKIE!



IT IS HM! I RECKONIZE THAT HORSE!

DUICK! BACK AROUND THE CURVE! WE'LL GIVE THAT BOZD THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!



PULL UP, MISTER! AN' REACH-- AFORE WE MAKE WOLF MEAT OUT O' YOU!

SOME COUNTRY! FIRST, A SUN-BLINDIN' HARMINT TRIED TO DRY-GULCH ME! AND NOW A PAIR O' ROAD AGENTS --



WE'Y STAN AIN'T ROBBERS! WE'RE RESPECTABLE, HARD-WORKIN', LAN-AGIN' GENTS!

THEN WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE DANGS?



'CAUSE SUN TALK'S THE ONLY LANGUAGE A LOW-DOWN CORDITE LIKE YOU UNDERSTANDS!





















NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET EVIDENCE THAT'LL SATISFY A COURT!



NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

HOLD IT, YOU POOL!



BUT, BOSS, THAT JASPER'S BAD MEDICINE!

I KNOW IT! AN' WE'LL TAKE CARE O' HIM AFTER WE PUT RIDING OUT O' BUSINESS.



AN' THAT WON'T BE LONG -- PROVIDIN' THAT NEWS YOU SPOKE ABOUT IS GOOD NEWS!

IT SURE IS! EVERYTHING'S SET! TO-MORROW AT MIDNIGHT!



McNELL! GOT A MINUTE OR TWO TO SPARE?

SURE! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

BACK AT THE MILL



A PLAN FOR FINDING OUT JUST WHO WHIT GUNTHER IS-- AND WHY HE'S SO KEEN ON WORKING HERE! I'LL NEED YOUR HELP TO CARRY IT OUT!













GOOD OL' WHITEY HE'S A  
REAL DEPENDABLE  
REHIRE!



A COUPLE OF MINUTES  
LATER...

OKAY, BOYS! YOU EACH KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TO DO!  
GET MOVIN' -- QUIET AN' FAST!



GOLLY, IT'S PITCH DARK IN  
HERE! HOW'LL WE SEE...

KEEP YOUR  
SHIRT ON,  
BOYS!



CLOSE THE DOOR, AN' I'LL  
TAKE A CHARGE ON  
LIGHTIN' THIS HALF-  
PINT LANTERN!



RECKON THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY,  
WESTY THANKS TO SURTHEY'S  
COMMISSION, WE'RE READY  
FOR YOU!

ELLIOTT!





ONE MORNING IN THE SIERRA FOOTHILLS...







RISE YOUR FEET, MISTER!  
THAT'LL KEEP YOU FROM  
SINKING TILL I GET  
THERE!

I CAN'T MOVE!  
I'M CAUGHT IN THE  
CURRENTS! HURRY!  
THROW ME A  
ROPE!



THAT WOULDN'T HELP!  
QUIT STRAGGLING!  
I'LL GET YOU OUT  
IN TWO SHAKES!



THIS'LL LOOSEN THE  
SAND SO YOU CAN  
GET FREE . . .

HOW IN BLAZES  
IS WATER GOIN'  
TO DO THAT?



THE SO-CALLED  
SLUGSAND OF MANY WESTERN  
RIVERS IS FULL OF MUD! A  
BODY FALLING INTO IT  
PUSHES OUT THE WATER



AND MAKES THE  
SAND HARDER 'N ROCK!  
A PICK AND SHOVEL  
COULDN'T GET YOU  
LOOSE . . .





"WHEN I COME TO, HE HAD PUSHERD ME INTO THAT QUICKSAND."

"WHAT THE--? OLLIE! YOU'RE TRYIN' TO DROWN ME!"

"I FIGURE ON LETTING THE QUICKSAND DO THAT!"



"IT WILL TOO! THE QUICKSAND'LL PULL YOU DOWN, AN' HOLD YOU FAST! NOBODY'LL EVER FIND YOUR BODY!"

"OLLIE! IT'S WEEZER? YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!"

"THEN HE RODE OFF TO FILE OUR STRIKE IN HIS NAME ALONE."



"IS THIS DENTON A BIG MAN, BLACK-BEARDED, RIDING A BLACK-FACED CHESTNUT?"

"RIGHT? YOU SAW HIM? WHERE? WHEN?"



"I'LL TELL YOU WHILE WE'RE RIDING? THAT IS, IF YOU FEEL UP TO STRUGGLING THAT GUYSE FOR A FEW MILES?"

"NEEDN I CAN MAKE IT? WHERE BE WE HEADIN'?"

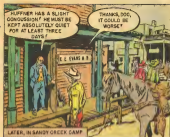


"TO FIND A DOCTOR? THAT'SH IN YOUR HEADS PRETTY DEEP? IT'LL NEED A COUPLE OF STITCHES?"



"I'LL GET YOU TO A DOG-- THEN GO AFTER DENTON!"

"THERE'S A DOG AT SANDY GUTTER CAMP-- YOU'VE FOUR MILES BY THIS CANYON?"









NEXT DAY  
BY  
JOE TOSHI...



CAMPED ON A RISE ABOVE RAINBOW VALLEY, BILL ELLIOTT WAKENS SUDDENLY...



BUT THE PRE-DAWN SKY IS CLOUDLESS...



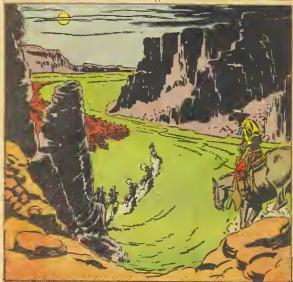
AT THAT MOMENT, OVER THE RISE...



RECKON MY SLEEPIN'S OVER FOR  
TONIGHT! THOSE BIRDS SPELL  
TROUBLE!



LET'S GO, STORMY! SOMEBODY  
MAY BE NEEDING OUR HELP!







THERE GOES ANOTHER!



WHO IN BLAZES--

YONDER'S THAT GONFOKE!



ZOWIE! HE'S A SHOOTIN' FOOL!



I'LL GET HIM!



LUCKY! JUST MISSED MY ARM!



LOOKS LIKE YOU MISSED, ABE!  
I'M CLEARIN' OUT!



ME, TOO!

AGAIN BILL'S SIX GUNS BLAZE...







KNOW EITHER  
OF THEM, KIT?

YES! THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS --  
I MEAN WAS BIFF TAYLOR!  
ONE O' REX DEVLIN'S  
GUNSLINGERS!



LATER...

REX DEVLIN?  
WONDER IF HE'S  
ANYKIN TO 'DEVIL'  
DEVLIN, WHO RAN  
A DEADFALL OVER  
IN TOMBSTONE?

KIN? HE IS 'DEVIL' DEVLIN? SHOWED  
UP HERE A MONTH AGO WITH A PILE  
O' CASH, AN' TRIED TO BUY OUT  
US SMALL RANGERS...

WHEN WE WOULDN'T SELL,  
HE GAVE US TWO WEEKS TO  
YANOOSE! SAID HE WAS  
GODDIN' TO RAISE CATTLE ON  
A BIG SCALE, AN' NEEDED  
THE WHOLE DAMN VALLEY  
FOR RANGE...



AN' IF WE WOULDN'T GO  
PEACEABLE, HE'D DRIVE US  
OUT! SURE WISH HE'D WAITED  
TILL AFTER ROUNDUP  
AN' THE DRIVE TO  
THE RAILHEAD...

AS IT IS NOW, HE'LL PICK  
US AN' OUR TRAIL HERDS  
OFF, ONE BY ONE, AN'--

NOT IF YOU POOL YOUR HERDS!  
THERE'S STRENGTH IN  
NUMBERS, YOU KNOW!



THAT'D BE KENO IF  
WE HAD A TOP TRAIL  
JOB?— SAY, BILL!  
HOW ABOUT YOU TAKIN'  
OVER THAT JOB?

SUITS ME! I'D  
DO ANYTHIN'—  
LEGAL—TO GET  
THE BETTER OF  
MEN LIKE DEVLIN!

GOOD! I'LL CALL A  
MEETIN' AT MY PLACE  
TONIGHT! AN' IF EVERYBODY  
IS AGREEABLE, WE CAN  
START ROUNDUP,  
MUY PRONTO!



KIT! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL BE  
READY TO TAIL OUT  
TOMORROW AT  
SUNUP!

IF DEVLIN DOESN'T PULL SOMETHIN'  
TONIGHT! HE'S SURE LAID LOW  
SINCE LONNY'S MURDER

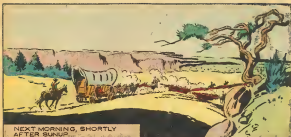


SIX DAYS  
LATER...

I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S  
WAITIN' TILL WE'RE ON THE  
TRAIL! THERE'S A HEAP O'  
PLACES BETWEEN HERE AN'  
THUNDER BUTTE WHERE HE  
COULD DO PLENTY O' GAMBAGE!

WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM! I'VE GOT  
SOME EXTRA RIDERS COMING IN  
TONIGHT! THEIR JOB WON'T BE  
TO DRIVE CATTLE— BUT TO  
FIGHT!





NEXT MORNING, SHORTLY  
AFTER SUNUP.



ELLIOTT'S SURE  
GOT A HEAP O'  
RIDERS TRAILIN'  
O' THEM ARE REALLY  
SUNWISE? AN' MY BOYS  
ARE CRACK SHOTS!

YEAH! BUT EXCEPT FOR  
HIM AN' ROBERTS, NONE  
O' THEM ARE REALLY  
SUNWISE? AN' MY BOYS  
ARE CRACK SHOTS!

LET'S GO! OR WE  
WON'T GET TO  
SUNRISE PASS IN  
TIME FOR THE  
FUN!

OR IN TIME FOR ME TO  
MAKE WOLF MEAT OUTA GLEN!  
BAILEY FOR GUNNIN' DOWN  
PETE--UH-- AN' BIFF!



OKAY? YOU CAN HAVE HIM!  
I'LL TAKE ELLIOTT! WITHOUT  
THAT COWPOKE, THOSE SHIRT-  
TAIL OUTFITS WOULDN'T BE  
RAISIN' ALL THAT DUST!



YONDER'S SUNRISE  
PASS, BILL! WHAT'LL YOU  
BET IT'S FULL O' DEVLIN'S  
GUNFIGHTERS?

NOTHING! I NEVER  
BET ON A SURE  
THING!

TOWARD  
NOON..





AS  
DEVLIN  
SKINS  
HIS  
GUN...



A SHOT RINGS  
OUT...



LIKE BLAZES IT IS!  
ROLL YOUR GUNS,  
BOYS!



REACH HIGH, GENTS! THE  
GAME'S UP!



BLAST THAT ELLIOTT!  
HE'S GOT US PINNED--

MAYBE NOT, BOSS! SEE  
THAT OPENIN' IN THE  
ROCKS? OUR HOGSES'RE  
JUST BEYOND IT!

I SAVVY! TELL THE BOYS TO POUR  
IT ON! WHILE THOSE COMPOKS  
ODDSE OUR LEAD, WE'LL  
MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

KEEP DOWN, BINGHAM!  
THOSE BIRDS'RE  
REALLY BURNING  
POUNDER!

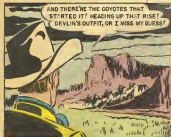
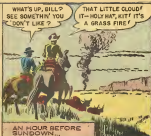
THEY'RE  
LETTIN' UP A  
MITE! I'LL--  
ELLIOTT! LOOK!

ODDSEONE IT! I'M  
GONNA SET ONE O'  
THEM BUZZARDS!

HA! BULL'S-  
EYE!

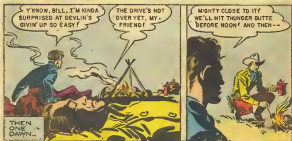
SHUCKS! LOOKS  
LIKE DEVILIN WON  
THIS HAND!

RIGHT, BINGHAM! BUT  
IT'S THE LAST HAND  
I AM TO WIN!





FOR THREE DAYS, THE HERD MOVES EAST WITHOUT FURTHER TROUBLE...







BILL!  
THAT WAS  
DYNAMITE!

RIGHT! LOOK AT THE HERO!  
ALREADY ON THE MOVE! GET  
TO THE LEADERS! FAST!



WHOO-EE-EEEE!

START SINGING, BOYS!  
MAYBE WE CAN STOP THIS  
STAMPEDE BEFORE IT  
REALLY GETS STARTED!



BINGHAM! ROUND UP YOUR  
BOYS! WE'RE GOING  
AFTER GEVLIN!



NO NEED O' THAT,  
ELLIOTT! DON'T TOUCH  
YOUR GUNS! YOU'RE  
ALL COVERED!

THE SINGING DOES THE TRICK ...  
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER ...





Bill  
Elliott



Art by [unreadable]