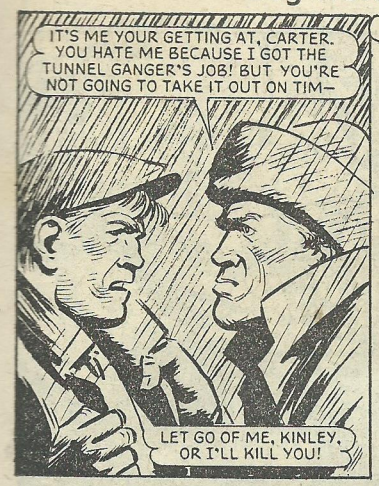
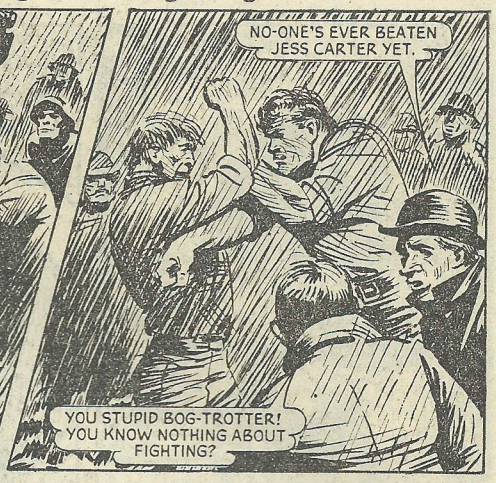
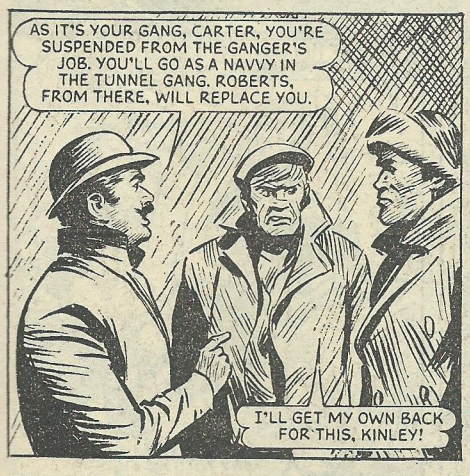

IT'S ME YOUR GETTING AT, CARTER. YOU HATE ME BECAUSE I GOT THE TUNNEL GANGER'S JOB! BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE IT OUT ON TIM—
LET GO OF ME, KINLEY, OR I'LL KILL YOU!

FIGHT, LADS! TWO GANGERS ARE SCRAPPING!
I'LL BACK CARTER ANY DAY.
COME ON, KINLEY! YOU CAN BEAT HIM!

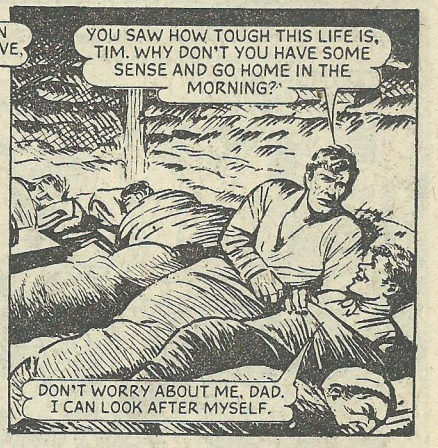

NO-ONE'S EVER BEATEN JESS CARTER YET.
YOU STUPID BOG-TROTTER! YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT FIGHTING?

BOG-TROTTER, AM I? I'LL TEACH YOU SOMETHING ABOUT FIGHTING!
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING BUT A BIG MOUTH, PADDY!
HEY—HE'S PICKING ON PADDY!

Within a minute—
WHAT IS GOING ON? HEY! CARTER—YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN CHARGE OF THIS GANG!

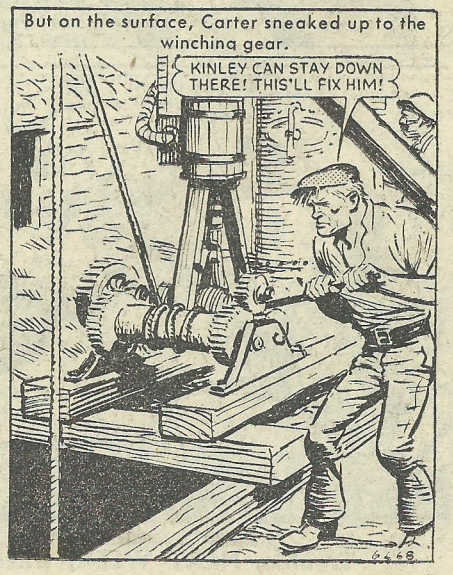

AS IT'S YOUR GANG, CARTER, YOU'RE SUSPENDED FROM THE GANGER'S JOB. YOU'LL GO AS A NAVVY IN THE TUNNEL GANG. ROBERTS, FROM THERE, WILL REPLACE YOU.
I'LL GET MY OWN BACK FOR THIS, KINLEY!

I WISH I COULD HAVE BEATEN CARTER! THIS IS WHERE WE LIVE, LAD.
A TURF HUT. I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO POINT IN BUILDING PERMANENT. YOU'RE MOVING ON ALL THE TIME.


YOU SAW HOW TOUGH THIS LIFE IS, TIM. WHY DON'T YOU HAVE SOME SENSE AND GO HOME IN THE MORNING?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DAD. I CAN LOOK AFTER MYSELF.

The next day, in the tunnel . . .
WE'VE COME UP AGAINST ROCK HERE, BRAD.
WE'LL HAVE TO BLAST AGAIN. GET EVERYONE ON TOP.

RIGHT, LADS—I'VE SET THE FUSES ON THE BLASTING POWDER. HAUL AWAY!


But on the surface, Carter sneaked up to the winching gear.
KINLEY CAN STAY DOWN THERE! THIS'LL FIX HIM!