



No. 17

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

# TIM HOLT



10¢



in this issue

2 thrilling tales of  
**THE GHOST RIDER!**

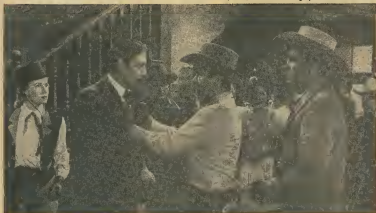
Read "The Hooks of Horror!"



**CAUGHT** in the murderous gunfire that rocks the range when a crooked gambler turns rustler boss to collect a debt, young Robert Clarke receives aid from Tim, Chito, and Jacqueline White.

**GRIPPING** words must be issuing from Tim's mouth, judging by the intent look on the gambler's hard face. Then, too, there's the grip of Tim's hands!

## TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM

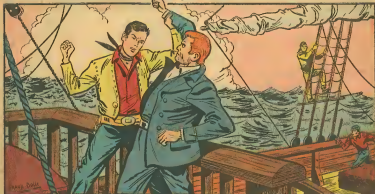


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# TIM HOLT

MUTINY ON THE HIGH SEAS! FISTS AND BELAYING PINS! GUNS THAT AIM TO KILL! DESPERATE MEN WHO STOP AT NOTHING! AND AS HIS CREW REBELS UNDER HIS IRON HEEL, CAPTAIN "ROCKY SHORES" ROARS AND BALKS AND THREATENS—ONLY TO FIND TIM HOLT LETTING GO THE ANCHOR RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA—GOING SAGA OF—

"THE COWBOY AND THE CLIPPER!"



THE FOREDECK OF THE YANKEE CLIPPER, VERMONT, SWARMS WITH MEN MADE DESPERATE BY PANIC...

WE'LL NOT GO INTO THAT OCEAN...NOT WITH THE STORM THAT'S COMIN' UP ON THE HORIZON!

WE NEED REPAIRS—FRESH FRUIT TO PREVENT SCURVY—CLEAN WATER!



ON THE CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE—FIGHTING TO WREST THE LOADED COLT FROM THE CAPTAIN'S HAIRY HAND—IS TIM HOLT!

AVAST, YE MUSCLE-HEADED COW-TENDER! I'LL FLING YE TO THE FISHES!

NO GUNS, CAPTAIN! YOU CAN'T SHOOT DOWN INNOCENT MEN!



# TIM HOLT

WITH A BERSERK MEAVE, THE MADDENED CAPTAIN WHIPS TIM FROM HIM, AND WHIRLS WITH A HORSE BELLOW OF TRIUMPH!

HALT YE CHICKEN-LIVERED SONS O' LANDLUBBERS! I SHOOT THE NEXT GALLEY SLAVE THAT TAKES A STEP FORWARD!



WE DON'T GO TO OUR DEATHS IN THAT STORM THAT'S BREWIN'!

SHOOT! YOU'LL GET ONLY A COUPLE OF US!



TUMBING HIS COLT PEACEMAKERS, TIM LEAPS FORWARD. ONE SHOT BLASTS THE CAPTAIN'S GUN FROM HIS NERVELESS FINGERS! ANOTHER, AND THEN ANOTHER CUTS THE RIGGING SO THAT IT FALLS — TO DROP LIKE A GIANTIC NET OVER THE RAGE-MADDENED SAILORS, ON THE DECK!



SAY YOUR PIECE, CAPTAIN SHORES! TELL YOUR MEN YOU WON'T TAKE THEM INTO THAT STORM! EVEN I KNOW THE MEN NEED FRESH FOOD AND WATER AFTER THEIR LONG TRIP!

HOLT—WHEN I GET YOU WITHOUT THEM GUN...! ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL 'EM!



YOU ARE STOP THESE MUTINEE, BUT YOU STEEL MAKING BAD ENEMY SEN THAT CAPTAIN!

CAN'T HELP THAT, CHITO. IT WAS MORE IMPORTANT TO SAVE THOSE SAILOR'S LIVES. BESIDES, WE'LL BE AT THE END OF OUR JOURNEY, SHORTLY, THINK YOUR FOLKS WILL KNOW YOU?



# TIM HOLT

I AM NOT KNOW. EES BE MANY YEARS SINCE I AM SEE THE BUSTAMONTE FAMILY. I AM BE YOUNG BOY WHEN I RUNNING AWAY. \*SIGH\* EET EES NICE OF YOU TO COMING WEETH ME, TIM.

WELL, WE NEEDED A VACATION AFTER BRINGING THOSE CATTLE ALL THE WAY TO ALTA CALIFORNIA. THIS IS IT!



AS TIM AND CHITO TALK IN THEIR CABIN, CAPTAIN "ROCKY" SHORES IS LIVID WITH RAGE...

BY THE SCARS OF SATAN'S LONG-BOAT! I'LL HAVE THE GIRL YET— AND THAT HOLT WILL BE KEEL-HAULED FROM HERE TO BOSTON!



I DIDNT TAKE THE TROUBLE TO MEET HER IN BOSTON AN' PLAY SWEET FER NOTHIN'! HER FOLKS IS RICH—AN' I'LL GET THEIR MONEY WHEN SHE MARRIES ME LIKE SHE PROMISED ME BACK EAST!

THAT'S WHY I WANT TO SAIL MY SHIP OUT TO SEA! TO FETCH MY GIRL ABOARD! AND BY THE CATHEAD OF THE CONSTITUTION, I'LL DO IT!



THAT NIGHT, AND FOR SEVERAL NIGHTS THEREAFTER, CAPTAIN SHORES STOOD BY THE WHEELBOX, A SPOKE OF THE GREAT WHEEL ALWAYS IN HIS HAND...

I HAVENT HAD MUCH CHANCE TO TELL YOU I ADMIRE YOU FOR TAKING YOUR MEN TOWARD LAND, CAPTAIN. IT WAS BIG OF YOU TO FORGET YOUR OWN DESIRES—

NOT AT ALL, HOLT! AN' I'M MIGHTY SORRY I GOT NOT-HEADED DURING THE FIGHT...



HA. YOU ARE MAKING FRIENDS. WEETH HEEM, HEIN?

WELL—NOT EXACTLY. HE DOESNT TRUST ME—AND I DONT TRUST HIM AS FAR AS I CAN THROW THIS SHIP, WHO KNOWS ANY NAVIGATION BUT HIM?

FOR ALL WE KNOW—THE CAPTAIN COULD BE TAKING US TO CHINA!

AY DI MI! CHINA!



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT

ONE SECOND LATER—"ROCKY" SHORES FREEZES IN HIS TRACKS...



IF I CAN MAKE ENOUGH NOISE TO WARN THEM, THE HACIENDA GUARDS WILL TOSS THE CAPTAIN OUT ON HIS EAR!



FROM HOUSE AND GARDEN, THE GUARDS COME RUNNING...



TIM IS A LITTLE TOO-BUSY TO SPRING TO DOLORES' AID AT THE MOMENT...



THEN, AS TIM WHIRLS TO FOLLOW, HE FINDS HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH HACIENDA REINFORCEMENTS—



# TIM HOLT



HOLD THEM, CHITO!  
KEEP UP THE GOOD  
WORK!

GLAAAWWPPP!



I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A  
WIDE LOOP TO GET  
THEM ALL INSIDE IT...

*LIKE A  
LIVING THING,  
TIM'S LARIAT  
SWINGS  
DOWN AND  
CLOSES ON  
THE GUARDS—*



WE'RE TRYING TO SAVE THE  
GENORITA, TOO, HOMBRES—  
BUT YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE  
ME IF I STOPPED TO TELL  
YOU!



NICE WORK, CHITO!  
WE PUT UP A GOOD  
FIGHT BACK THERE!

WE?? EES USUALLY  
ME WHO IS SAY THAT,  
TIM! OOOOF MY HEAD,  
SHE IS ACHE SOME-  
THING AWFUL!



FASTER, CHITO! FASTER!  
THEY'RE PULLING UP THE  
ANCHOR! THEY'RE GOING  
TO SAIL WITHOUT  
US!

I AM CAN  
GO NO  
FASTER I  
BE TIRED OUT



*BY A LAST STRAINING OF ALMOST EXHAUSTED MUSCLES, TIM  
AND CHITO SWIM TO WITHIN FEET OF THE CLIPPER SHIP—JUST  
AS A GUST OF WIND FILLS ITS SALES—AND MOVES IT  
MAJESTICALLY AWAY...*

IT'S GOING—WITHOUT US!  
WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO  
HELP THE GENORITA NOW!



# TIM HOLT

AND THEN TIM'S DESPERATE FINGERS CLOSE ON A SUBMERGED ROPE! HE PULLS CHITO TOWARD HIM...

CHITO! A DRAGGING LIFT! MUST HAVE BROKEN OFF THE MAST! HAND ON!

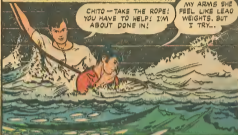
I AM FOR TRY HANGING ON...



HAND OVER HAND, INCH BY INCH, TIM CRAWLS ALONG THE WET LIFT, DRAGGING CHITO WITH HIM. THE TUG OF THE SURGING CLIPPER ALMOST RIPS HIS ARMS FROM HIS SOCKETS...

CHITO—TAKE THE ROPE! YOU HAVE TO HELP! I'M ABOUT DONE IN!

MY ARMS SHE FEEL LIKE LEAD WEIGHTS. BUT I TRY...



HUH! CAPTAIN SHORES AND HIS RELUCTANT FIANCEE...



MARRY YOU? I'D RATHER DIE! AND I WILL DIE—IF YOU DON'T GET OUT—AND LEAVE ME ALONE!

HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY—DARLING! BUT I'LL BE BACK—AND WE'LL BE MARRIED BEFORE THIS JOURNEY'S DONE WITH!



YOU HEARD THAT, CHITO? ON BOARD THIS SHIP SHORES HAS THE POWER AND AUTHORITY OF A KING! WE CAN'T LEGALLY OBFY HIM—HE WOULD HAVE A LEGAL RIGHT TO THROW US IN IRONS!

AY OY! WHAT WE GO NOW?



WE MAY BE THROWN IN IRONS BUT WE HAVE TO HELP THAT GIRL! WE HAVE GUNS AND RIFLES. WE COULD PUT SHORES IN IRONS HIMSELF!

TIM—THEE OODR! SHE EES BE BOLTED FROM THEE OUTSIDE!



SOMEONE DID BOLT IT, CHITO! WE'VE BEEN LOCKED IN!



# TIM HOLT

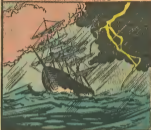
ABOVE DECKS, GRIM EYES STARE UPWARD AS LIGHTNING SPLITS THE DARKENED SKY! A HOT WIND MOVES ACROSS THE SUDDENLY HEAVING WAVES! TENSE FACES WRITTEN IN FEAR.

SHE'S BLOWIN' FAST! A REG'LAR GALE!

IT'S A TYPHOON! I KNEW WE'D RUN INTO TROUBLE THIS FAR OFF THE MAINLAND!



SECONDS LATER, THE WIND AND THE RAIN STRIKE THE CLIPPER LIKE GIANTIC FISTS. THE VESSEL PITCHES AND TOSSES IN THE HUGE WAVES —



AY OY MI! BET EES ALMOST CAVE EEN MY CHEST! CLOSE THE PORTHOLE, TIM!

NO, CHITO! I'VE AN IDEA—!



I'LL WEAKEN THE HINGES WITH THESE BULLETS. THEN, ON THE NEXT ROLL OF THE SHIP, THE FORCE OF THOSE WAVES SHOULD SMASH OPEN THE DOOR...!



AND THEN—

CHITO! DID YOU FEEL THAT ROLL? IT WAS MUCH WORSE THAN THE OTHERS!



LOOK! THE RUDDER'S GONE! IF IT ISN'T FIXED— THE SHIP WILL BE CAUGHT IN THE TROUGH OF THE WAVES — ROLLED OVER! WE'LL ALL BE LOST!

THE CAPTAIN! HE CAN FEEY IT!



AT THAT INSTANT, WHEN ONLY THE CAPTAIN CAN GIVE ORDERS THAT WILL SAVE ALL LIVES ON BOARD SHIP —

YOU WANTED THIS, CAP'N — HERE IT IS!

THE STORM YOU SAID WOULDN'T COME!

THEY ARE KEEING HEEEM! CHOKES'NS HEEEM! BEATING HEEEM TO DEATH!



# TIM HOLT



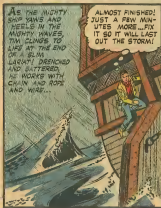
STOP THEM, CHITO!  
THROW DOWN ON THEM!  
I'VE GOT TO LASH  
THAT RUDDER!



HOLD EET! DO  
NOT BE MOVE! OR  
I AM FOR SHOOT!

HEY!  
WHAT--?

HE'S ONE O' THEM  
COMPUNCHERS!  
WHERE'S TH'  
OTHER ONE?



AS THE MIGHTY  
SHIP YAWS AND  
HEELS IN THE  
MIGHTY WAVES,  
TIM CLINGS TO  
LIKE AT THE END  
OF A SLAM  
LARIAT! DRENCHED  
AND BATTERED,  
HE WORKS WITH  
CHAIN AND ROPE  
AND WIRE...

ALMOST FINISHED!  
JUST A FEW MIN-  
UTES MORE...FIX  
IT SO IT WILL LAST  
OUT THE STORM!



HOLT'S CUTTIN'  
THE RUDDER! —  
NOT FIXING IT!

LET'S RUSH  
HIM! I'LL GO  
ON ONE  
SIDE!

I'LL GO  
"ANOTHER!"



BETTER MOVE BACK, BOYS!  
THIS CHAIN AND LARIAT CAN DO  
A LOT OF DAMAGE IF I LET IT  
GO. BESIDES — THE RUDDER  
REALLY WAS BROKEN...JUST  
TAKE A LOOK!



CAPTAIN SHORES WHIRLS TO FLEE TOWARD  
THE COMPANIONWAY — AND TIM LETS FLY WITH  
HIS CHAIN-LOADED LARIAT...

THE CAPTAIN KNOWS  
I'M TELLING THE TRUTH —  
DOOPS! SORRY, CAPTAIN,  
MY HAND SLIPPED!



HOURS LATER, AS THE CLIPPER RIDES OUT THE STORM IN  
A LAND-LOCKED HARBOR, BOATFUL CREWMEN ROW TIM,  
CHITO AND DOLORES IN TOWARD SHORE...

AN' TO BE THENK THAT THEES  
SES MY COUSIN, DOLORES  
DEL FUEGO DID BUSTAMONTE!

AN' DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT CAPN SHORES,  
MA'AM! HE'LL STAY IN  
IRONS UNTIL WE'VE RUN  
RAST BAJA CALIFORNIA!

THE END

# TIM HOLT



**T**IM TREW WAS A RANCHER NEW TO BULLET BASIN. THERE WAS NO REASON TO KILL HIM—THAT ANYONE KNEW. BUT WHEN ROD BUFORD THREW DOWN ON HIM WHEN HE FOUND TREW ALONE ON THE TRAIL, HE SET IN MOTION A DEADLY SEQUENCE OF EVENTS THAT WAS TO DRIVE HIS CONSTABLE FROM HIS HOME, AND SEND TIM HOLT RACING AFTER "THE PAINTED KILLER!"



TWO MEN REEL AND STRUGGLE ON THE TRAIL TO BULLET. A MUFFLED SHOUT—A SNARL—AND TWO FORMS TOPPLE FROM THEIR SADDLES...



# TIM HOLT



YUH WANT IT THIS WAY — HERE IT IS!

NO—NO!

BLAM!

A GURGLE RASPS IN JIM TREW'S THROAT! HE PITCHES FORWARD TO LIE INERT ON THE TRAIL, AND AS ROD BUCKED LEAPS TO HIS SADDLE, HIS HAND DROPS A CRUMPLED TUBE OF PAINT...



GOT TO WADOSE— BEFORE SOMEBODY FINDS ME HERE!



HOURS LATER, SHERIFF BAGE OF BULLET WALKS HIS MOUNT SLOWLY INTO TOWN...

AY DI MI! THE SHERIFF HAS BE FOUND A DEAD MAN!

LOOKS LIKE THAT MAN TREW FROM UP IN THE RIP-SAW COUNTRY!



HE WAS SHOT DOWN, WITH HIS GUN THIRTY FEET AWAY! I FOUND THIS TUBE OF PAINT, RECKON IT'S THE KIND USED BY ARTISTS.

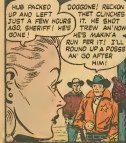
HMMM...ONLY ARTIST AROUND HERE THAT I KNOW OF IS HUB CONSTABLE, OVER ON THE TWIN PEAKS RANCH.



EXACTLY! WE'LL RICK HIM UP AN' BRING HIM BACK TO TOWN FOR QUESTION'!

JUST BE-CAUSE YOU FOUND THE PAINT TUBE DOESN'T MEAN CONSTABLE DO THE JOB! IT SEEMS TOO RAT FOR ME AS THOUGH SOMEONE WANTED YOU TO FIND THAT TUBE!

AT THE TWIN PEAKS RANCH, SOME TIME AFTERWARD...



HUB PACKED UP AND LEFT JUST A FEW HOURS AGO, SHERIFF! HE'S BONE!

DOGGONE! RECKON THAT CLUNCHES IT. HE SHOT TREW AN' NOW HE'S MAKIN' A RUN FER IT! I'LL ROUND UP A POSSE AN' GO AFTER HIM!

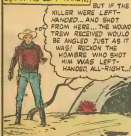
UNEASY AT THE COINCIDENCE, TIM SHOUTS AN 'ADIOS' TO THE SHERIFF AND GALLOPS OFF. LATE AFTERNOON FINDS HIM AT THE SPOT WHERE JIM TREW WAS KILLED...



HMMM...THIS IS WHERE THE KILLER STOOD... TREW WAS SHOT IN THE RIGHT SIDE... AT AN ANGLE THAT WOULD MAKE IT UNNATURAL, IF NOT IMPOSSIBLE FOR A RIGHT-HANDED MAN TO SHOOT...

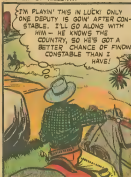
# TIM HOLT

CAREFULLY PLANTING HIMSELF IN THE KILLER'S BOOT MARKS, TIM HOLDS HIS GUN IN HIS LEFT HAND...



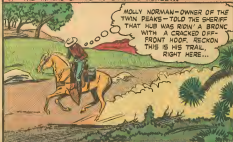
BUT IF THE KILLER WERE LEFT-HANDED... AND SHOT FROM HERE... THE WOUND TREW RECEIVED WOULD BE ANGLED JUST AS IT WAS! RECKON THE HOMBRE WHO SHOT HIM WAS LEFT-HANDED, ALL-RIGHT!

TIM RIDES ON, UNAWARE THAT HE HIMSELF IS BEING FOLLOWED BY A THIN-LIPPED KILLER...



I'M PLAIN' THIS IN LUCK! ONLY ONE DEPUTY IS GOIN' AFTER CONSTABLE. I'LL GO ALONG WITH HIM - HE KNOWS THE COUNTRY, SO HE'S GOT A BETTER CHANCE OF FINDIN' CONSTABLE THAN I HAVE!

A FEW MILES ABOVE THE TWIN PEAKS RANCH WARD, TIM PICKS UP THE TRACKS OF HUB CONSTABLE'S HORSE...



MOLLY NORMAN - OWNER OF THE TWIN PEAKS - TOLD THE SHERIFF THAT HUB WAS RIDIN' A BRONC WITH A CRACKED OFF-FRONT HOOF, RECKON THIS IS HIS TRAIL, RIGHT HERE...

HIGH IN THE TIMBER BELT, YEAH HUB CONSTABLE IS TIAUT WITH FEAR, HIS SHAKING HANDS LIFT A RIFLE AGAIN AND AGAIN...



I'LL KILL HIM! I WON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE. I'LL GUN HIM AS SOON AS I GET EYES ON HIM... IF I GET THE CHANCE...

THAT HOMBRE HAS BEEN SHOOTIN' AT ME FOR THE LAST THREE, FOUR DAYS, EVER SINCE I WENT PAINT-IN' UP IN THE RIPSAWS! I CAN'T TAKE NO MORE! I'M RIDIN' OUT OF THIS RANGE... SOON'S I GET SOME FOOD...



I GOT TO SHOOT ME AN ANTELOPE - JERKY THE MEAT - PACK IT ON MY SADDLE. THEN I -



WHAT'S THAT?

HIS NERVES MADE RAW BY NIGHTS OF SLEEPLESSNESS AND DAYS WHEN ANY MOMENT MIGHT BRING A DEATH-DEALING BULLET, HUB WHIRLS. HIS FINGER TIGHTENS ON HIS RIFLE TRIGGER...



GOT YUH! I GOT YUH, YUH SNEAKIN' KILLER!

# TIM HOLT

WHA-WHAT DID I DO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT YOU, TIM! NOW-NOW I'M A KI-KILLER TOO!

LEADEN SECONDS LATER, TIM GROANS... OPENS HIS EYES, HUB EAGERLY LIFTS HIM TO A SITTING POSITION...

I DIDN'T MEAN TO DRILL YUH, TIM! IT WAS THET OTHER FELLER...!

LUCKY FOR ME YOUR HANDS WERE SHAKING HUB! AS IT IS, THE BULLET PARTED MY HAIR IN THE MIDDLE...BUT ONLY KNOCKED ME OUT!

I WAS RANTIN' UP IN THE RIFSAW, TIM. FIRST THING I KNEW SOME HOMBRE STARTED POT-SHOOTIN' AT ME. I HIGHTALED IT QUICK, EVER SINCE, THE SAME HOMBRE HAS BEEN FANNIN' MY FACE WITH LEAD. SO I TOOK IT ON THE JUMP!

THIS IS THE PICTURE YOU WERE WORKING ON SHORTLY BEFORE HE BEGAN SHOOTING AT YOU? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING DOD ABOUT THIS—EXCEPT YOUR PUTTING IN THOSE TWO MEN THERE ...

THEY WERE STANDING THERE JUST AS I HAVE 'EM THERE ON THE CANVAS, TIM! ONE WAS WATCHING THE OTHER DIGGIN'; I THOUGHT THEYO HELP GIVE PERSPECTIVE TO THE PAINTING...

I'LL JUST TOUCH THIS UP A BIT IF YOU THINK IT'S IMPORTANT, THERE...

HUB IS RIGHT-HANDED! I RECKON HE'S INNOCENT! BUT SHERIFF DAGE WOULD THROW HIM IN JAIL WITHOUT MORE PROOF THAN THAT!

AS TIM LEAVES THE CABIN, HE IS WATCHED ACROSS THE VEE SIGHTS OF A RIFLE SOME TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY...

STAY HERE FOR A FEW DAYS, HUB. I'LL FIND A WAY TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU. I FEEL YOURE INNOCENT, BUT I HAVE TO PRODUCE THE GUILTY MAN TO SATISFY THE SHERIFF...

SURE, TIM—AND THANKS A LOT!

# TIM HOLT

I FIGGERED THE DEPUTY'D BRING CONSTABLE IN WITH HIM—BUT I CAN GET RID OF 'EM SEPARATE JUST AS EASY AS BOTH TOGETHER!



THE PAIN OF HIS WOUNDED HEAD THROBS AND POUNDS! TIM LIFTS A HAND TO EASE THE PRESSURE OF HIS HAT—JUST AS A RIFLE BOLT SNICKS AND A WINCHESTER THUNDERS!!!



HE'S OUT OF THE WAY! NOW FOR CONSTABLE AN' THAT PAINTIN' OF HIS! TOD BAD FER CONSTABLE HE SEEN ME WATCHIN' TREW THAT DAY AS HE WAS DIGGIN'. TOD BAD FER HIM—BUT LUCKY FER ME!



MOMENTS LATER, THE CARN DOOR SHINGS INWARD—

A NICE PICTURE, HONNOR! A REAL NICE PICTURE! EASY NOW! STAND AWAY FROM IT!

HUH? WHA—?



YEAH—THAT'S THE PLACE HE BURIED HIS LOOT. I PLUMBS COULDN'T FIND IT. I SEARCHED FER TWO DAYS, BUT I'D FERGOT THE LANDMARKS. NOW WITH THIS PAINTIN' I'LL FIND IT! YEAH!

LOOT? WHAT LOOT?



WITH A GRIM SMILE, ROD BUFORD EXPLAINS: "I CAME INTO THIS RANGE THROUGH RIFEGAIN PASS, NOBODY KNEW ME HERE. I DIDN'T KNOW ANYBODY, FIRST DAY THOUGH, I STUMBLED ON JIM TREW—DIGGIN'..."

SHINE, YOU BEAUTIES! DOZENS OF PERFECT DIAMONDS! THE LOOT OF A JEWELRY ROBBERY BACK EAST, ALL—MINE!



IT WAS A FORTUNE! I WAS JUST FIXIN' TO SALIVATE HIM WHEN I SAW YOU—PAINTIN'! I WAMOSSED BUT TRAILED TREW—SHOT AN' KILLED HIM—JUST LIKE I'M GOIN' TO SHOOT AN' KILL YUH! I MISSED YUH BEFORE—BUT I WON'T MISS NOW!





# TIM HOLT

LESS THAN A MILE AWAY, TIM STIRS AND MOVES ALONG THE GROUND PAIN THROBBING IN HEAD AND ARM.

SHOT AT TWICE! BUT I'M LUCKY I LIFTED MY ARM BACK THERE... OR THAT BULLET WOULD HAVE GONE RIGHT... INTO... MY HEART



FIGHTING THE SICK DIZZINESS THAT FILLS HIM, TIM CLINGS TO SADDLE AND STIRRUP—

RUN, BOY— TAKE ME TO THAT CABIN ... BEFORE THAT MAD KILLER... GETS... HUB CONSTABLE... HE PLANTED THE PAINT TUBE TO GET US TO TRACK DOWN HUB ... HOPING HUB WOULD BE JAILED... BUT I RECKON HE'S FIGURED THAT'S TOO SLOW...



JUST ABOUT— MADE IT— IN TIME!



OWWW!

NOW'S MY CHANCE!



GNNGGG!

GIT BACK, HOMBRE! I AIN'T KILLED MEN FER NOTHIN'! I AIM TO GET THOSE DIAMONDS!



RECKON THAT HOMBRE I SHOT BACK ON THE TRAIL IS STILL ALIVE. BUT HE WON'T BE— SOONS I CAN THROW DOWN ON HIM AGAIN...



FIGHTING THE AGONY OF HIS TWO WOUNDS, TIM THROWS HIMSELF THROUGH THE DOORWAY OF THE CABIN — JUST AS ROD BUFORD HURTLES OUT —



# TIM HOLT

LIKE AN ENRAGED WILDCAT, TIM FORGETS HIS PAIN! HE CATAPULTS HIMSELF AT THE KILLER! RAMS HIM WITH A MUSCLE STUDDED SHOULDER!



OWFFF!

RECKON—YOU HAVE JUST ABOUT—COME TO THE END OF THE TRAIL!



YUH CRAZY GALDOTT! THIS TIME I'LL FINISH YUH OFF!

ALTHOUGH THE SHOCK OF HIS FALL NUMBS HIS RIGHT SIDE, TIM LASHES OUT WITH HIS FOOT—



NO, YOU DON'T!

TIM LIFTS HIS FEET IN A WILD CONTORTION AS HE THUDS DOWN ON THE WILDLY STRUGGLING BURFORD. THE KILLER CRIES OUT SHARPLY... AND GOES LIMP...



RECKON MY KNEES—AGAINST YOUR SIXGUN—IS A FAIR FIGHT...

HE SHOT TREW. HE TOLD ME TREW HAD DIAMONDS HIDDEN. TREW WAS A CROOK BACK EAST WHO CAME OUT HERE UNTIL THE HEAT DIED DOWN! BUT BURFORD COULDN'T FIND WHERE TREW BURIED THE DIAMMONDS. HE WANTED MY PAINTING TO SERVE AS A SORT OF MAP...



THAT WAS WHY HE WANTED TO KILL YOU, HUB. YOU WERE THE ONLY MAN IN THE BASIN WHO EVER SAW HIM, OUTSIDE OF TREW. AND TREW IS DEAD. HE'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT... IF YOU HADN'T WOUNDED ME SO I WOULD LIFT MY ARM AND SAVE MY LIFE WHEN HE SHOT ME!



RECKON WE CAN BOTH RIDE DOWN TO BULLET NOW, TIM, YOU WITH YOUR PRISONER—AN' ME WITHOUT THE FEAR OF BEING SHOT!

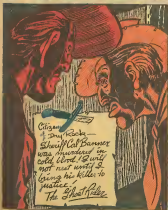
# the GHOST RIDER

DICK  
ANDERS

THE GHOST RIDER, SPECTRAL NEMESIS OF JUSTICE, BRINGS ANOTHER CRIMINAL TO THE END OF A KILLER'S CAREER, STRIKING NERVE-CURDLING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF HIS ENEMIES. THE GHOST RIDER TAKES HIS SKILLFUL KNOWLEDGE OF THE MINDS OF MEN — AND JUDS IT TO THE WHIP OF GUILTY CONSCIENCE IN "SCOURGE OF GUILT!"

THE  
DEAD ONES  
RISE TO  
CONDEMN  
YOUR CRIME  
MURDERER!

GHOSTS!  
GHOSTS!  
GHOSTS!





ME FINKEE CERTAIN TWO BULLIES EARNING MUCH NEEDED KICK N PANTS!



ME, I'M SPIKE!

AN I'M MIKE! YUH SENT FER US?

YES - AH, YES! SIT DOWN, GENTLEMEN!

I SENT FOR YOU BECAUSE OF YOUR FINE REPUTATION AS THE *POUNDEST TOUGHEST* GUNRIDERS IN THE TERRITORY. NO ONE CAN MATCH YOUR *STRENGTH*, YOUR *LITTLER FEARLESSNESS*, BOTH OF YOU ARE *DELIGHTFULLY CRUEL*.

WELL - WE TRY!

I NEED YOUR PROTECTION - AND I'LL PAY YOU WELL! YOU SEE, I'M THE ONE WHO KILLED SHERIFF BANNER. I HAD TO GET RID OF HIM WHEN HE FOUND ME FAKING A LAND TITLE. YOU PROBABLY KNOW ALREADY THAT THE GHOST RIDER HAS PLEDGED TO WENGE THE SHERIFF...?

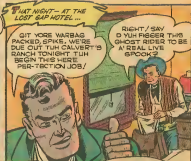
TIM HOLT





BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER, THEY'LL ALL HAVE GOOD REASON TO FEAR THE GHOST RIDER!

OH MY, OH ME - WARM-HOT TIME IN OLD TOWN TONIGHT, YOU BETCHA!



THAT NIGHT - AT THE LOST GAP HOTEL ...

GIT YORE WARBAG PACKED, SPIKE, WE'RE DUE OUT TUH CALVERT'S RANCH TONIGHT TUH BEGIN THS HERE PER-FECT-ION JOB!

RIGHT / SAY O YUH FISSER THS GHOST RIDER TO BE A' REAL LIVE SPOOK?



NOW WHUT KIND O' TALK IS THET? THAR AINT NO SECH THING AS SPOOKS / YUH TURNIN' SOFT ON ME?

AW, I WUZ JIST FUNNIN, PARDNER / IT'LL TAKE A HEAP SIGHT MORE'N A OLD SPOOK TUH SIKSER ME!



*POUNT, SUDDENLY!*

HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?



**THE GHOST RIDER!**

IT IS I - HE WHO RIDES IN DARKNESS, IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT, AND THE GLOOM OF THE GRAVE!



DIDYA GIT'IM?

YUH KIDDIN' AFORE I EVEN STARTED SHOOTIN', HE JST SORTA - GILP - DISAPPEARED!

THE BLACK SIDE OF MY CAPE CERTAINLY COMES IN HANDY FOR THE OLD VANISHING ACT! BUT, NOW TO WORK ...



THOUGH I BE INVISIBLE, STUPID ONES - THOUGH I BE OF MIST AND SPIRIT - STILL YOU MAY FEEL MY FISTS!



GOT 'IM!

I GOT 'IM, TOO!



HOLD STILL, SPOOK!  
PUFF-PUFF!  
WHEE!

YEOW!  
CRASH! WHAM!

QUICK!  
I GOT 'IM  
BY THE NECK!

HEY!  
LAY OFF—  
THAT'S MY NECK!

YERE  
NECK? THEN  
WHAT'S THE  
GHOST?

LET'S GIT  
OUTA HERE!

CRACK!  
BAM!



WALT! GHOSTS!  
LEAVE US OUTA  
HYAR!

WHAM!  
BAM!

HE EVEN  
BOLTED THE  
DOOR!



YONDER GOT TWO  
NOT-SO-HONORABLE  
GENTLEMEN WHO  
NOW BELIEVE  
IN GHOSTS!

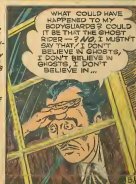
THAT'S  
THE  
LAST THIS  
TOWN WILL  
EVER SEE OF  
THEM! BUT  
THIS NIGHT'S WORK  
IS NOT YET DONE,  
SING SONGS!



THERE REMAINS—  
JEB CALVERT! THIS  
NIGHT, JUSTICE CLAIMS  
ITS OWN! AND JUSTICE  
WILL RIDE ON THE WINGS  
OF GUILT AND FEAR!

THE  
GHOST RIDER  
KNOWS THE  
MINDS OF MEN—  
FOR FEAR  
CLOSES ITS ICY  
FIST AROUND  
JEB CALVERT'S  
HEART...

AT  
CALVERT'S  
RANCHHOUSE



WHAT COULD HAVE  
HAPPENED TO  
MY BODYGUARDS? COULD  
IT BE THAT THE GHOST  
RIDER—? NO, I MUSTN'T  
SAY THAT! I DON'T  
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS,  
I DON'T BELIEVE IN  
GHOSTS, I DON'T  
BELIEVE IN...

TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

**GRALED WITH FEAR AND GUILT, CALVERT TWISTS AND TURNS IN HIS MAD FLIGHT — BUT IT SEEMS THE GHOST RIDER IS EVERYWHERE.**

**NO LONGER ABLE TO REASON SANELY, HE CLIMBS A SILO.**



I'LL BE SAFE UP HERE! ONLY WAY UP IS THE LADDER AND I CAN DEFEND THAT!

NOW, THAT'S A CRAZY THING FOR HIM TO DO — THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BEAT HIM TO THE TOP OF THAT SILO.



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOP MY LARIAT OVER THAT WINCH ARM UP THERE — AND LET MY HORSE, SPECTRE, PULL ONE END ...



... AND I GET LIFTED UP LIKE A BALE OF HAY, MY LARIAT BEING SPECIALLY DYED BLACK, IS *INVISIBLE* — CALVERT WILL THINK I'M FLYING!



HIGH OR LOW, STILL I COME, JEB CALVERT! CONFESS! GIVE UP!



THIS FIEND *FLIES!* HE IS A GHOST! THERE'S NO USE GOING ON — NO USE LYING! I'LL JUMP!

NO, JEB CALVERT! WE WILL GO DOWN TOGETHER!



AND WE'LL GO BACK TO TOWN AND TO JUSTICE TOGETHER!



HERE HE IS, CITIZENS — THE MURDERER OF SHERIFF BANNER! THE GHOST RIDER NEVER FAILS!



YES, I DID IT! I DID IT! JAIL ME, KILL ME. — ANYTHING! JUST GET ME AWAY FROM THIS FIEND!





**J**IM THURLOW shifted his weight in the Pueblo saddle so that the stiff leather creaked. He put a shaking hand to his blue shirt and rubbed the sweat off his palm. He was afraid: afraid of the lurking something that lay in the timbered slopes of the Horsehead Mountains, all around him, afraid of the fate that might await him as it had awaited so many others. Even the weight of his heavy Colt revolver against his thigh brought no reassurance.

A dead man lay huddled in a crushed cactus at the hoofs of his bay gelding. The dead man had been a friend, a little rancher with whom he had laughed back in Natahatchi. On his face was the burned imprint of a branding iron in the shape of a hook. The dead man was the fifth such man that Jim Thurlowe had found in the last two months.

"Might be I was plumb hasty in takin' over this marshal job," he told the gelding. "Now I got to go on up there—back into the high hills—and try to learn what hombra is stampin' dead men with a hook iron."

He eased himself out of the kak and lifted down a short spade from his saddle roll. He dug a shallow grave and covered it with stones. Then he drew a sleeve across his damp forehead and squinted thoughtfully at the setting sun.

"Don't cotton to the idea of bein' alone up here at night, but I reckon I can't ride back down to Natahatchi without some sort of action to show for my ride. Folks have been

askin' embarrassin' questions about me, lately. They want to know who's been doin' all the killin' and brandin' up here on Horsehead."

Sighing, Thurlowe stepped into the stirrup and swung up. He eased the bay forward under the firs and the cedars, moving steadily upward along a carpet of fallen pine needles. As he rode, he loosened the revolver in its holster at his side.

The killings—all five of them, all with the hook brand etched into their faces with a red-hot branding iron—had begun a little over two months ago. Prior to the first killing, the small ranchers on the slopes of Horsehead Mountain had reported cattle missing. There had been no clues as to where they had gone, but one rancher told Thurlowe that he was "fixin' to ride straight up old Horsehead. Them steers got to be somewhere. If they ain't below my spread, they sure got to be above it!" Two days later, the rancher's body, riddled with shells and branded on the cheek, had been discovered.

"It was right after that when the folks got scared," the marshal brooded. "Two other hombra turned up the same way—shot and branded! Those hooks on their faces—burned deep! Hooks of horror, everybody called 'em."

And now old Ed Silliman lay in a shallow grave, back there a few miles. Number five in the hook-brand mystery! A cold wind came down out of the Horsehead pines and made

## TIM HOLT

Jim Thurlowe shiver. Would he be—number six?

He was bending his head to pass under the curving branch of a giant conifer when something thin and wet whipped across his face—

Jim Thurlowe screamed. Whatever it was stung and bit, and clung like a living thing to his chin and throat! After a moment it slipped down off his chin, circling his neck. It tightened, squeezing! Thurlowe heard a low roaring in his ears, saw tiny red globes of pain swim up before his staring eyes!

His hands clawed at the thing. In the darkness he had not recognized it. Now his fingers knew it as a lariat, dipped in water. And then, just when his fingers were ripping at it to loosen it, the red pain swam up all around him, knocking him backwards into a roaring blackness. . . .

Jim Thurlowe opened his eyes to the red dance of a campfire. Three men were watching him carefully. Their cruel little eyes bright in the firelight. One was an Indian with black, dank hair framing his flat, coppery face, his muscular arms bare and long. The others were heavy-browed, their faces revealing the greeds and hungers that directed their every move. In them, Thurlowe recognized typical outlaws.

One of the white men, a man with a dotted neckerchief hanging around his neck, kicked suddenly at a branding iron buried in the glowing red logs of the fire. His grin was sly.

He asked, "Yuh been shadowin' us long enough to have known yore way in an' out of these hills, lawman! We're plumb surprised yuh fell into our little trap."

To speak hurt his throat, but Jim Thurlowe forced his words. "Shadow you? I've never been on these heights before."

The other white man, a slight beard hiding his jaw and mouth, stepped across the edge of the fire and drove a fist into Thurlowe's face. "Don't lie to us, marshal. It ain't healthy! We ain't babes in these woods. We've heard yuh out there, spyin' on us. But even the breed couldn't find yuh! What's yore secret? We sure nuff aim to learn it. Might come in handy, eh, Hal?"

The man with the spotted neckerchief laughed. "Sure will, 'specially when we move down onto the flats some night to rustle off some more beef."

The Indian moved bending forward, staring with his flat black eyes into the bright flames. He grunted in satisfaction. "Brand hot now. Make good mark."

Jim Thurlowe froze. His muscles tensed against the ropes that bound him to a big stake. His eyes were drawn by the brand as by a

magnet. "You—you aren't fixin' to mark me—with that?"

The man with the beard slid around behind Thurlowe and looped another lariat over his arms and neck. The knot of the noose pressed the back of his neck. A savage voice grated in his ear. "That's just what we do aim to do, hombre! We don't want no folks climbin' this mountain! If we want folks to see us, we'll come down—fer their cattle. Haw! Haw! Red-man—grab hold of that iron. Git a move on!"

The brand bent forward, lifted the hot red brand. The man behind Thurlowe tensed his powerful body as Jim prepared to struggle.

And then—

The night came alive with sound!

A horse was thundering through the underbrush—a great giant of a white stallion, mane flying in the breeze, hooves thudding on the hard ground! In the saddle, swaying easily to the mad pace of the white horse—black emptiness! *Nothing!*

A cry broke from the lips of the petrified half-breed! He dropped the branding iron and tried to run. But the man with the spotted neckerchief was thrusting him aside. The white horse hit the two of them with his chest and sent them reeling, screaming with pain and fright onto the blazing fire.

A pale, glowing hand moved from the darkness on top of the stallion—reached down and seemed to bury itself in the shoulder of the man behind Thurlowe—lifted the man and flung him violently aside!

Jim Thurlowe needed only a few seconds to shuck off the ropes that bound him. His hand clawed for his gun on a nearby stool. He whirled, gun in hand—

Now the man that bestrode the white stallion was visible. He was white and shining, as a ghost might be. In his hand a long black whip, almost invisible in the night, lay coiled. Thurlowe gulped in sudden awe. "You—I know you! Men call you—the Ghost Rider!"

A deep, sonorous voice answered him. "That is right. I have been watching these men for some days. They heard me, but could not see me. I have marked their hiding places, their cattle grazelands, on this map— together with a record of the men they have killed. Take it. Take the men to town. See that they pay—at the end of a hangman's noose!"

Jim Thurlowe reached out for the papers the mysterious rider was handing him. Then, with a catch at his throat, he saw the great cloak whirl up—and seemingly blot the Ghost Rider from human sight! Now he was just a black nothingness on the white horse. His voice cried out, "Up, Spectre! On!"

And the marshal was left alone with his groaning, terrified prisoners.

The End.

TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT



**A** CAREENING STAGECOACH BRINGS TO TOPPLE AS ITS FEAR-MADDENED HORSES BOLT WITH TERROR! SUGGINS BLAST THE SILENCE OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS AS MASKED MEN THUNDER ALONGSIDE THE COACH! A GUARD SCREAMS AND FALLS! THE DRIVER LURCHES TO ONE SIDE...

JUST DIE MORE ROBBERY OF THE WARRIPEE STAGE... ONE MORE IN A SERIES OF HOLDUPS THAT CASTS A PALL OF FRIGHT ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE... THAT MAKES MEN SEE DANGER WHERE NONE EXISTS... AND INTO THIS FEAR-HAUNTED COW COUNTRY RIDE TIM HOLT AND CHITO... MARKED AS TWO MORE VICTIMS OF — "PRAIRIE PANIC!"



FRANK BOLLE

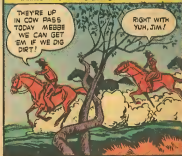
**D**AY AFTER DAY... ROBBERY AFTER ROBBERY... THE PANIC SWIRLED LIKE WILDFIRE THROUGHOUT WARRIPEE VALLEY...



I GOT TH' HORSES!

I'LL GIVE YUH A HAND BY GRABBIN' THE REINS!

**A**LERT EARS HEAR THE GUNSHOTS! HORSES ARE WANKED INTO MAD GALLOPS...



THEY'RE UP IN COW PASS TODAY MEBBE WE CAN GET 'EM IF WE DIG DIRT!

RIGHT WITH YUH, JIM!

# TIM HOLT

**G**RIM-FACED MEN LINE THE BOARDWALKS OF WARPIPE AS STAGE AFTER STAGE COMES INTO TOWN, SOME WITH SHROUDED FORMS BETWEEN THE GRAB-RAILS...



THE YELLER KILLERS GOT CLEAN AWAY!

**I**NDIGNATION MEETINGS RESULT IN A SLOGAN FOR THE PEOPLE IN THE VALLEY...



SHOOT FIRST! ASK QUESTIONS LATER! ANYBODY THAT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS - GETS SHOT!

-ONLY THING TO STOP 'EM!

GOOD IDEA!

...BEHIND YOU, KEN!

**S**OME DAYS LATER, AS TIM HOLT AND CHITO RIDE TOWARD WARPIPE...



BELOW, CHITO-STAGE ROBBERY!



NO TIME TO GET DOWN THE SAFE WAY! GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE -!



- ON THE LARIAT'S GRABBING THAT SHRUB... AND IT DID!



**P**LUMMETING DOWNWARDS AT TERRIFIC SPEED, TIM LANDS WITH THE FORCE OF AN AVALANCHE!

AAAAGGGHH!

# TIM HOLT



**S**OME MINUTES LATER, AS TIM AND CHITO ARE BRINGING THE STAGE TOWARD WARPIPE, ANGRY SHOUTS AND THE BARK OF SIXGUNS SEND THE HORSES INTO A GALLOR...



## TIM HOLT



**S**HOWING HIMSELF FROM TIME TO TIME BETWEEN THE BRANCHES, TIM LEADS THE ANGRY TOWNSMEN AFTER HIM...

THEIR HORSES ARE FRESHER THAN LIGHTNING! GOT TO GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO RUN...WITHOUT MY WEIGHT SLOWING HIM DOWN! ...ON, LIGHTNING...GO ON!



**B**Y HANDHOLD AND TOEHOLD, TIM GOES DOWN THE SHEER CLIFFSIDE. A MISS AT ANY MOMENT WILL MEAN DEATH!

THEY'RE GOING AFTER LIGHTNING! I ONLY HOPE THEY KEEP ON... AND DON'T TURN BACK.



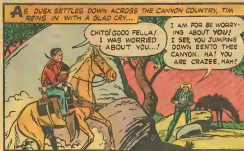
ONLY ONE CHANCE! GOT TO DROP STRAIGHT DOWN — SO THEY'LL MISS ME!



**L**IKE A REVOLVING PINWHEEL, TIM HITS THE SLOPING SAND... AND ROLLS...OVER AND OVER... FASTER AND FASTER...



# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT



**A**N HOUR LATER, AS THE WARRIORS STAGE ROUNDS A MOUNTAIN BEND...

WE CAN GET TO THE NEXT TOWN IN THIS DISGUISE, AND FIND A FRIEND OR TWO TO IDENTIFY US. CHITO! — LOOK OUT!

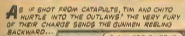
GIT 'EM UP, YUH HOMBRES!



EE'S NO USE! HONEST MEN SHOOT US! OUTLAWS SHOOT US! EE'S TOO MOCH!



WITH THIS DIFFERENCE, CHITO — WE CAN SHOOT BACK AT THE OUTLAWS!



**A**S IF SHOT FROM CATAPULTS, TIM AND CHITO HURTLER INTO THE OUTLAWS' THE VERY FURY OF THEIR CHARGE SENDS THE GUNMEN REELING BACKWARD...



THE POSSE!  
VAMOSE —  
THE POSSE!



POUR IT TO THEM, CHITO!

I AM FOR GIVEING THEM THE BUSINESS!



EE'S FINE THEING! WE ARE BEING FIRING UPON BY BOTH BAD HATS AND THEE SHERIFF!

THEY SURE HAVE US CAUGHT IN A TRAP...

# TIM HOLT

THESE POSSE BBS FOR  
BE FALLING BACK!  
BUENO! GOOD!

NOT SO GOOD,  
CHITO! I  
WANT THEM  
TO FOLLOW  
US... WHILE WE  
FOLLOW THE  
OUTLAWS!



WE'VE RUN THEM TO EARTH— BUT  
WE CAN'T HOLD THEM HERE FOREVER!  
THERE'S JUST THE TWO OF US. IF  
THAT POSSE DOESN'T COME  
SOON...

I AM FOR SEEING  
WHAT YOU MEAN.  
IF THEY ARE NOT  
COME SOON, SHE  
WE'LL BE TOO LATE  
— FOR US!



THE ENRAGED OUTLAWS TURN THE  
FULL FIRE OF THEIR WINCHESTERS  
AND COLTS ON THE PRAIRIELAND  
PARTNERS...

YEEE-WOW!  
BBS FOR BE  
HOT PLACE!



LET 'EM SHOOT!  
IT WILL KEEP THEM  
BUSY... UNTIL I CAN  
SPREAD OUT THIS  
GUNPOWDER... AND  
SET FIRE TO IT!



THE HOT, DRY GRASSES BURST INTO  
VOLCANIC FURY AS A THICK RED FLAME  
LEAPS UP AND ALL AROUND...

THE WIND IS BLOWING RIGHT AT  
THE CABIN! THEY'LL HAVE TO COME  
OUT OR BE ROASTED!



THE FIRE'S CUT OFF THEIR  
ESCAPE FROM THE FRONT! THAT  
REAR WINDOW IS THEIR ONLY  
CHANCE!... YOU—NOMBRE! TOSE  
OUT YOUR SHELLBELT FIRST—  
THAT'S IT!

HA! WE ARE MAKE  
THEM DISARMING  
BEFORE WE BE  
LET THEM OUT!



SOME HOURS LATER, IN WARRIPE...

TIM HOLT! WELL, DOGGONE, NO WONDER  
ME AND THE BOYS COULDN'T CATCH  
YUH HUH! I'M MIGHTY SORRY 'BOUT  
THEY, HOLT— BUT I SURE AM GLAD  
YUH GOT THOSE OWLHOOTS PER US! NOW  
MEBBE ME AN' THE REST O' THIS RANGE  
KIN GIT SOME SLEEP O' NIGHTS...!



THE  
END

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EXCITING DAYS OF THE WEST!**



**STRAIGHT  
ARROW**



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KID**

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