

ENTC

W. A. WOOD

# TIM HOLT

WESTERN ADVENTURES

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

10c  
JAN - FEB



# TIM HOLT'S

## WESTERN ALBUM

The West was ruled by the gun, but there were times when the heroic men who tamed the desperadoes used their fists to good effect too — as here demonstrated by battling Tim Holt!



To the right is a scene from RKO's "Gun Runners," which stars Tim—supported as usual by the colorful Chito Jose Gonzales Bustamante Rafferty (Richard Martin, in real life). They are waiting for members of a bandit gang to show themselves.



The horse was part of the man, and the man was part of the horse; the two were inseparable, Centaur-like. Tim's horse, Lightning, is a great palomino stallion, physically beautiful and highly intelligent. Here he and Tim are alerted for action!



TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT



# WANTED



WITH A POSSE SCOURING THE BRUSH AND FOOTHILLS FOR HIM, WITH A REWARD ON HIS HEAD, DEAD OR ALIVE, TIM HOLT FACES THE GREATEST FIGHT OF HIS CAREER TO CLEAR HIMSELF OF A CHARGE OF MURDER! EVERYONE—FROM THE SHERIFF TO THE TOUGHEST BAND OF OUTLAWS THAT EVER BOSSED A BANK—WANTED: TIM HOLT!

# TIM HOLT

THUNDERING HOOVES AND ROARING SIX-GUNS SHATTER THE LONELY SILENCE OF THE SAGEBRUSH-DOTTED WASTELAND...



FLYING THE HARD-RIDING POSSE IS—TIM HOLT!

CAN'T LET THEM... CATCH ME! TOLD CHITO TO MEET ME... BACK IN HILLS... BEFORE ALL THIS HAPPENED...



THEY'LL NEVER MAKE THIS JUMP! WE'RE SAFE!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AS TIM FLIES FOR HIS LIFE, THE TAP-TAP OF HAMMERS RE-SOUNDS ON BARN DOORS, ON RESTAURANT WALLS—



IN THE BOOTHELLS TIM KEEPS NO APPOINTMENT WITH CHITO...

CHITO! I'M SURE I KNOW YOU GLAD TO SEE YOU... YOU BROUGHT FOOD, THEN YOU KNOW?



LOOK! FOR YOU, YOU SAY TO MEET ME HERE BEFORE ALL THESE HAPPEN! WHEN I HEAR WHAT YOU SAY, I BRING YOU FOOD, WHAT YOU DO NOW, HEY!



I'M CONVINCED THAT WHOEVER KILLED NOLAN IS PLAYING A DUBBED GAME, I AM TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT GAME IS LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED—



NOLAN, I SAID THAT TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE!

"I WAS RIDING OUT TO THE EAST BASIN LINE CABIN, WHEN I SAW SOMETHING WAS WRONG..."

THAT'S DEPUTY SHERIFF NOLAN! NIGHTTALL IT, LIGHTNING!



FUNNY! HIS VEST AND BADGE ARE GONE!

WE GOT THE COYOTE WHO MURDERED HIM, TIM — JIM BENDER!



BENDER? THEN WHERE'S NOLAN'S VEST AND BADGE?

HUH? I DROPPED 'EM. BENDER DIDN'T HAVE IT!



"THOSE MEN HERE IN AN UGLY MOOD. THEY WOULD HAVE HANGED BENDER THEN AND THERE; I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE. I HAD TO DO SOMETHING..."

BENDER DIDN'T KILL NOLAN! I DID! NOW... GET DOWN OFF THOSE HORSES AND DROP YOUR GUNS!



OF ALL THESE CRAZY THINGS!

I DROVE OFF THEIR HORSES AND CAME UP HERE, CHITO. THERE'S SOMETHING NIGHTY FUNNY GOING ON. WHY SHOULD THE MAN WHO KILLED NOLAN STEAL HIS VEST AND BADGE? I HAVE TO FIND THAT OUT!

YOU WEE! NOT FIND IT IN THESE HILLS. ONE OF THESE POSSESS WEE! KILL YOU!

I HAVE TO RISK IT, CHITO. THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT..

I DIDN'T TELL CHITO, BUT I'VE SEEN TRACES OF OLD CARPHURS SORTED IN THE HILLS, THEY LEAD TOWARD RED BUTTE!



AMID THE RED VOLCANIC ROCKS OF THE BUTTES, TIM SPOTS A THIN COLUMN OF SMOKE

THERE'S A FIRE THAT ISN'T SO OLD, HAHN... NO CATTLE OUTFIT WOULD BUD DOWN THIS DEEP IN THE ROCKS!



RECKON WE'D BETTER BE RIDING IF WE'RE GOING TO HIT THE ONISOUR TRAIL WHEN THE HERDS GET THESE.

SURE EVERYTHING IS FIXED SO WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE?

SURE! WE GOT FAKE BRAND BOOKS, AND A SHERIFF'S BADGE. WE CAN CUT OUT WHAT CATTLE WE WANT AND THEN TRAIL DROVERS. I'M GOT NO KICK!

"CUTTING OUT" A TRAIL HERD WAS DONE IN ORDER TO REMOVE ANY STEERS THAT MIGHT HAVE DRIFTED IN WITH THE MOVING STEERS FROM THE RANGE. THE TRAIL HERD WAS PUSHING THROUGH IT WAS A LEGAL PEEVING BUT OFTEN CROOKED WHEN OUT-LAW USED A LAW BADGE AND A FAKE BRAND BOOK. --



THEY HAVE A HEAD START, BUT LIGHTNING WILL CUT IT DOWN WHEN WE REACH THE FLA



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THE GREAT BELLOWING ROUNDS THE GROUND THEN IN THE FIRST PAW OF DAWN



# TIM HOLT





ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES TIM HULLS HIS MOONED BELTS - AND FAILS THEN, ON THE FOURTH TRY ---



AN HOUR LATER, RESTED AND CLEANED, TIM AND THE HUGE PALOMED AGAIN TAKE THE HARBENT TRAIL.





# TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



MEANWHILE...

THEY GOT THE BOSS IN JAIL CROND'S GETTIN UP TO STRIKE HIM TO A TREE!

RIDE TO THE EAST LINE. THERE ARE MEN THERE REPAIRING THIS FENCE. HURRY!

GET LOOKS LIKE I AM JUST EBN TIME! A FEW MORE MINUTES AN' SET WOULD BE TOO LATE!

FUN'S OVER, BOYS! BETTER QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS HURT!

OWWWWFFF!

NICE GOIN', CHITO. RECKON YUH RANNIES CAN GET BACK WHEN YUH BELONG, NOW!

GET A HORSE, TIM! WE'LL RIDE OUT TOGETHER!

NO, YUH BONT! WHEE STILL MY PRISONER, HOLT I AM TO SEE YUH FACE JUSTICE FOR SUREBY MY DEBITTY!

RELAX, SHERIFF CHITO JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE IM NOT UNCHED ILL STAND TRIAL I KNOW IM INNOCENT!

TIM GOES BACK TO THE JAIL CELL, BUT NOW CHITO STANDS GUARD WITH LONGO WINGHETAL...

THEE BOYS WEL BE IN TOWN MUY PRONTO, TIM. WE'LL GET YOU OUT THEM

SORRY CHITO. I WONT GO AGAINST THE LAW I'LL HAVE TO STAND TRIAL...

AT THAT MOMENT...

WHY... THOSE ARE THE OUTLANDS WHO KILLED NOLAN... AND GET THAT TRIAL NEED...

# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT

THEY USED THE BADGE, TOGETHER WITH A FORGED BRASS BUCK, TO CUT TRAIL HERE'S MOVING UP THE CASOLA TRAIL IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, SEND A RIDER UP THE TRAIL TO CHECK MY STORY!

CLOSE HIS MOUTH WITH LEAD!

THEN SHOOT US A WAY OUT OF HERE!

MAKE YOUR PLAY!

THE KILLERS' HANDS DART DOWN AND UP, BUT THEIR GUNHANDS ARE SLOW COMPARED WITH TIM HOLT'S LIGHTNING MOVES!

THERE THEY ARE, SHERIFF - THE REAL MURDERERS. RECOGNIZE NOLAN'S VEST?

I THINK I DO BUT SURE

THEN PERHAPS THESE HOLES MADE BY NOLAN'S BADGE OVER THE 7 YEARS WILL CONVINCE YOU!

BY CRACKY! YOU'RE RIGHT! HOLT... I DUNNO WHAT TO SAY!

BUT I CAN RIGHTLY SAY I'M WORTHY DEAD 'EM AIN'T GOIN' BACK TO MY JAIL, AN' FORGET THE BUSTED BARS, RECKON THE TOWN CAN PAY FOR THEM - SINCE 'EM SAVED IT 'TH' EXPENSE OF A TRIAL FOR THESE MURDERIN' CATS!

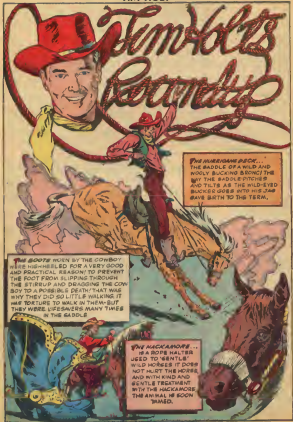
THE END

# Tim Holt's Rodeo

**THE AMERICAN SADDLE...**  
THE SADDLE OF A WILD AND WOOLY BUCKING BROWNIE THE WAY THE SADDLE PITCHES AND TILTS AS THE WILD-EYED BUCKER GOES INTO HIS JAW GAVE BIRTH TO THE TERM,

**THE BOOTS** WORN BY THE COWBOY WERE HIGH-HEELED FOR A VERY GOOD AND PRACTICAL REASON: TO PREVENT THE FOOT FROM SLIPPING THROUGH THE STIRLEUP AND DRAGGING THE COWBOY TO A POSSIBLE DEATH! THAT WAS WHY THEY DID SO LITTLE WALKING IT WAS TORTURE TO WALK IN THEM—BUT THEY WERE LIFESAVERS MANY TIMES IN THE SADDLE.

**THE HACKAMORE** ... IS A ROPE HALTER USED TO "GENTLE" WILD HORSES IT DOES NOT HURT THE HORSE, AND WITH KIND AND GENTLE TREATMENT WITH THE HACKAMORE THE ANIMAL IS SOON TRAINED.





# TIM HOLT

## *The Corral...*

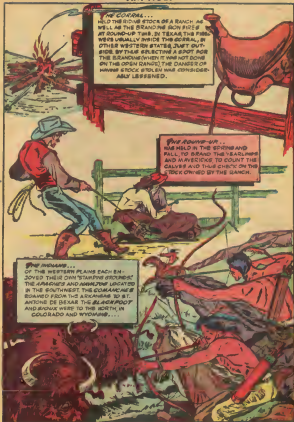
Held the young stock of a ranch as well as the branding iron fires at round-up time. In Texas, the fires were usually inside the corral, in other western states, just outside. By their selective a spot for the branding (when it was not done on the open range) the danger of having stock stolen was considerably lessened.

## *The Round-up...*

Was held in the spring and fall to brand the yearlings and maybirds to count the calves and thus check on the stock owned by the ranch.

## *The Indians...*

Of the western plains each enjoyed their own "starving records" the Arapahos and Cheyennes located in the southwest. The Comanches roamed from the Arkansas to St. Antonio de Béjar. The Blackfoot and Sioux were to the north, in Colorado and Wyoming....



# TIM HOLT



IN THE FRONTIER TOWNS OF THE OLD WEST, THE TELEGRAPHER WAS AN IMPORTANT FIGURE. IT WAS HE WHO RECEIVED THE LATEST NEWS FLASHES. IT WAS HE WHO SENT WORD OF DISASTER OR GOLD STRIKES. HE KNEW THINGS MANY MEN WOULD HAVE KILLED TO LEARN!

IN THE TOWN OF TROTTER'S CREEK, THE OPERATOR WAS A MAN NAMED JOHN ABERSEN. AND WHEN OUTLAWS AND CIRCUMSTANCES CONSPIRED AGAINST HIM, IT WAS TIM HOLT WHO STEPPED INTO THE PICTURE TO REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT ---

THE TELEGRAPHER AT TROTTER'S CREEK.



SOME MILES SOUTHEAST OF THE PAINTED DESERT, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE MOGOLLON.

LOOKS LIKE A REDDIE  
CREW TO FIX THAT  
TELEGRAPH WIRE, TIM.

FIRST TIME I EVER  
SAW A REPAIR CREW  
WITH GUNS AND  
RIFLES!



YEEBOOW! THEY KNOW HOW TO  
USE THOSE GUNS, TOO.  
COME ON, CHITO. THEY'RE  
NOT REPAIR MEN.  
THEY'RE TRIPPING  
THAT WIRE...!

# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, JOHN. FOUR'S TROOP HERE MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO TAKE A SHOT AT YOU IN JAIL, YOU'RE SAFE.

IT'S INNOCENT, SHERIFF! I'M NOT HOOKED UP WITH ANY OUTLAWS!

SHERIFF, WE FOUND SOME FEN WIFE-DIPPING BALK IN THE HILLS. THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

HUH? I TOLD YOU I WASN'T GUILTY!



CALM DOWN, JOHN LET'S HEAR ABOUT WHAT YOU T, BOYS

MY NAME'S HOLT HERE'S A SCRAP OF PAPER WE FOUND BACK THERE. CAN YOU MAKE ANYTHING OF IT?

WARRM "LA GAP"

THAT'LL BE O-GALLALA GAP. I JUST GOT THROUGH SENDING A MESSAGE THAT THE STAGE WOULD TAKE THE GAP WITH ANOTHER GOLD SHIPMENT!

AM I SEND ALL AN DEPTIES IN MOST OF THE ABLE-BOOSED MEN OF THE TOWN ON A WED GOOSE CHASE AFTER THEM BANK ROBBERS! LOOKS LIKE THE STAGE WILL HAVE TO STRY HERE AN NOT GO ON SCHEDULE...



HOLT, TO LIKE IT FINE IF YOU WOULD THROW IN WITH ME I NEED A MAN WHO CAN TEND HARDWARE LIKE YOU CAN

BE GLAD TO HELP YOU, SHERIFF JUST AS SOON AS CANTO AND I PUT IN OUR ORDERS FOR SOME HEREFORDS, WE'LL BE BACK

MY IDEA IS THIS... THOSE OULDOOTS ARE EXPLOITING THE STAGE. THEY'LL GET IT WITH YOU DOWN, AN WE AN WHAT MEN I CAN ROUND UP JUST A-LAXIN' BACK AN WITHIN PER TEN!

# TIM HOLT

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING ---

I'VE LOADED 'ER UP WITH  
WIRE AND TOOLS TO WRENCH 'ER DOWN.  
THE OWLHOOTS WILL THINK SHE'S  
CARDON GOLD .. BUT SHE WON'T BE!



HOW DON'T YUH WORRY NONE,  
TIM. WE AN' THE BOYS WILL  
BE ON HAND TO TAKE CARE  
OF THEM OWLHOOTS!

I KNOW YOU WILL  
SHERIFF



BETTER GO IN AN' OIL  
UP MY SHOOTIN' IRONS ..  
RECKON I'LL BE NEEDIN'  
THEM!

BETTER HURRY, TOO. BE MIGHTY  
UNCOMFORTABLE IF I DON'T  
SHOW UP AT OGALLALA GAP!



SHERIFF LANNIN TRIPS AND  
SPRWLS, AND HIS GUNS,  
LOOSENED IN THEIR HOLSTERS,  
DROP AND FIRE!

Uggggg!



MEANWHILE, TIM PARTS COMPANY WITH  
CHITO, WHO REMAINS BEHIND TO LEAD  
THE SHERIFF TO A SECRET SHORTCUT  
IN THE MOUNTAINS ---

I'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER WHEN  
THIS ROAD IS FINISHED. IF THE SHERIFF  
BOUGHT GET TO THE GAP ON TIME - I'M  
A BONE GOING!

WE AELL BE  
RIGHT BEHIND  
YOU, TIM!

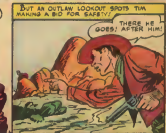
NOT TOO FAR,  
BEHIND,  
CHITO!



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT

GOT ONE BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY TO HOPE TO OUTSHOOT THEM ALL IN THESE ROCKS...



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRICK THEM SOMEHOW... GET THEM TO CHASE ME... THEN MAYBE THIS WIRE WILL PROVE THEIR UNDOING!



SHOOT TO CRIPPLE HIM, BOYS!

YUH BEE! IFN HE'S KILLED—HE CANT TELL US WHERE THAT GOLD IS!



THEY'RE RIGHT ON MY HEELS!



NOW THEY'RE HEELS OVER HEAD... AND MY PRISONERS!

WHAT THE... WEYYY! Oooops!

A FRANTIC CHASE... AND A HURRIEDLY BANDAGED SHERIFF... SEE A STRANGE PROCESSION RIFLING DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF TROTTER'S CREEK...



EES TIM!

I'LL BE DOGGONED! HE BROUGHT 'EM ALL IN...

IT WAS POETIC JUSTICE, SHERIFF. THEY ROBBED BY TAPPING THE WIRE... AND ENDED UP BY TRIPPING OVER IT!



RECKON THE TOWN'S GONNA HAVE TO MAKE A PUBLIC APOLOGY TO THE TELEGRAPHER! BUT IT SHORE WILL BE A READER!



# NOOSE FOR A KILLER

## A Flip Carson Storyette

FLIP CARSON was at the hitch-rail in front of the 'Dobe Bottoms blacksmith shop when they brought the dead body of Ben Tobin down Main Street. Flip passed with the reins in his hand, and turned to look. This might be a job for a federal marshal.

A bow-legged puncher was riding a paint horse ahead of a rangy bay. Across the saddle of the bay, his body lashed down with a lariat, lay the dead man. Even from this distance, Flip could see the halter wound in his back, and the dark crimson stain of dried blood oozed in his dusty shirt.

Sheriff Nish Patterson raised dust from the wooden sidewalk as he thundered down toward Flip. His husky voice was bellowing, "Flip, don't yuh ride off! I'm a-gonna need yuh here, boy. That there is Mark Simpson's foreman, that dead palooka in the saddle! Trouble is brewin', yuh can bet yuh hide!"

Mark Simpson oozed the big Tumbling T spread north of Dobe Bottoms. Flip Carson was well aware that Simpson and young Ed Hecker of the Flying Hat ranch were pawing the earth like angry bulls whenever they saw each other. Simpson had flatly accused young Hecker of ridding his Tumbling T steers. Ed Hecker had laughed nastily, thumb hooked in his girth-belts, and called Mark Simpson a red-faced liar.

Flip reiterated the rules at the rail and followed Sheriff Patterson down the street. The bow-legged puncher had reined in his saddle, was saying to a group of open-mouthed on-lookers, "Found him flat on his face, the other side of the draws. Shot in the back, as yuh can see plain enough. Looks like a Hecker job, don't it, boys?"

"Hold on, now, George," said Sheriff Patterson, broaching hoarsely. "Yuh got any proof to back up that statement?"

"Yuh bet I have," retorted George, fumbling in his vest. He brought out a checkered blue-and-white bandanna and tossed it at the sheriff.

It was Ed Hecker's neck-piece. Everyone around Dobe Bottoms knew it. As George said, "I found it right behind poor Ben. Layin' on the ground," everyone nodded their heads wisely. It was an open-and-shut case. All that remained was for Sheriff Patterson to ride out to the Flying Hat and bring Hecker in.

Flip took the bandanna from the sheriff's fingers. It was stained with dry sweat, and caked in with the sweat was the characteristic red clay dust that was found near the draws. Flip looked at the dead man's shirt. It, too, was specked with the red clay dust.

Flip said, "Right stupid of Hecker to shoot down a man and leave a clue like this a-layer' there."

The sheriff raised his bushy eyebrows, in a questioning look. Flip went on, "I'd like to money out to the draws an' have a look for myself, Sheriff. You can always go out an' bring in Hecker."

Two hours later, Flip set the halter of his rebarbed white gelding and stared with furrowed brows at the scene of the murder. He saw the imprint where the body had lain, a tiny blot of dried blood. He saw the clear trail of one horse—and that was all.

"The killer sure took pains to make certain he wouldn't leave any tracks. Reckon he was a plumb careful gent. And a careful man wouldn't leave his own neckerchieved right out in plain sight to be discovered!"

Flip dismounted, and checked the hoof-marks of George's paint horse. It had ridden in toward the dead man from the east. The dead man had come from the north. That eliminated George as a suspect. He couldn't have shot Ben from the back when he was riding in front of him. No, the killer must have trailed Ben, then flung down on him with his Colt when he was sure he would surprise him.

"An' that's a funny thing," Flip mused. "A man would have to get plenty close to be sure of gettin' his man with one shot. Ben sure would have heard him ride up on him. . . . unless the killer was a friend of Ben's and dropped back just enough to plug him in the back!"

He left the murder scene and trotted the white gelding in wide circles. To the west a row of sandstone ridges calved their red, raw balks against the blue sky. To the south the red clay draws undulated here the distance. Eastward lay the sage flats, mile after mile of unbroken sand and desert shrub. He rode from sandstone ledge to sage flats and back, always circling wider, wider—

Ten miles into the stone ridges of the mountains, he found where the tracks of a horse were blotted out, then appeared in the dirt. A wry grin touched the marshal's tanned face.

"Old Indian trick, to drag a blanket behind, so as to wipe out the tracks your horse makes. Only thing is, if another man knows that trick—well, you can't carry a blanket around forever!"

Where the sandstone ended, a horse's tracks led away from them, straight north. Flip knooed the gelding into a gallop.

Hours later, he reined in before the sprouting ranchhouse of the Tumbling T ranch. A big man, whose head was a shaggy mop of black hair, cowhide vest opened to disclose the plant chest, waved a long arm at him.

"Howdy, marshal. Light down a spell," called Mark Simpson.

"Can't say," said Flip Carson, swinging from the saddle. "I'm ridin' on to the Flying Hat. Your regards was killed near the draws, some time ago."

Simpson looked shocked. "Yuh don't mean to say that hot-head Hecker want so far as to shoot down my foreman, do yuh? By the eternal I'll have his hide!"

Flip chuckled. "He need to go on the prod. I'll bring in the killer."

Simpson eyed him from under heavy brows. "Yuh wait right here, young feller. I'll ride over with yuh. I don't want yuh gettin' shot in the back!"

There was a peculiar smile on Flip Carson's lips as he watched the big Tumbling T ewer stalk toward his corral, where saddles and bridles were hung across the top rail of the fence. He rolled a cigarette, watching Simpson catch and tame a horse, saddle him and tie a bridle over his head.

Startled by stirrup, the two men rode from the Tumbling T across the flats, toward the Flying Hat.

As they eased down the little slope in front of the small Flying Hat ranch, Flip said, "I don't want any gunplay, Simpson. I want the killer to hang for this crime!"

Big Mark Simpson grunted earnestly. "He'll hang, all right. From the nearest tree—all legal, all square, marshal. I won't go for my lion."

Ed Hecker was chopping grasswood to they rained to a halt in front of him. He was a heavyset man, with a homely but rugged face. He dropped his axe and looked at Flip, ignoring the scowling Simpson.

"Anything I can do for yuh, marshal?" he asked.

Flip said, "Someone shot Mark Simpson's foreman over near the draws. Reckon you had as good a motive as any. You were right smart, Hecker—hidin' your boss' hoofprints with an Indian blanket."

Mark Simpson laughed cruelly. He leaned forward across the swiftpack of his saddle; said, "We ought to search his place, marshal. Reckon he might try to hide that blanket!"

Flip nodded. He asked, "You have any objections, Hecker?"

Hecker looked at the smooth butts of Flip Carson's low-slung Colts and wet his lips nervously. He mumbled, "Reckon yuh can look."

The search did not take long. It was Mark Simpson who found the blanket, shoved under a pile of old saddles in a corner of the corral. He held it up, waving it in triumph. Ed Hecker stared at the blanket as if his eyes would pop out.

Hecker yelled, "Yuh must've planted that blanket there, yuh so-good—"

Ans held high, Hecker started at a run for

the grinning Simpson. Simpson called, "Yuh ain't gonna split my head open, Hecker?" His right hand blurred, moving for his gun. He flung it out of the holster—

Flip Carson barely moved his gunhand, but his Colt was spurring red flames and roaring thunder, and the gun in Simpson's hand leaped high and away, kicking and rolling into the dirt.

Simpson whirled, face black with rage. Flip shook his head gently, smiling. "You promised me there'd be no gunplay, Simpson. Have you forgotten that we want to hang the killer?"

The big man paused in the middle of a belated Ha growl. "Reckon you're plumb right, marshal. I kind of forget myself, sartin' that sneaky murderer sartin' at me with that axe. I hate his killer's guts so much, I'd—"

Muttering, Simpson broke off and picked up his gun. Hecker had turned and was staring at Flip. He said, "I give yuh my word, marshal. I didn't kill his foreman."

Flip shook his head. "Ferry, Hecker. I want yuh to come along."

In town, Flip brought Simpson and Hecker into the sheriff's office. He closed the door. The sheriff looked at him in surprise.

Flip said, "I brought in the killer, sheriff—Mark Simpson!"

Simpson put a hand on his gun, but the Colt leaped into Flip's hand. Flip said coldly, "It's a cinch Hecker didn't kill Ben. He was unfriendly with Simpson's crowd. Ben wouldn't let him alone enough to shoot him in the back. Ben's gun wasn't touched, showin' that he didn't think he had anything to fear. When I found the tracks, they led toward the Flying Hat. I found the blanket under the saddles. But the tracks didn't stop at Hecker's. They went on to the Tumbling T!"

"At the Tumbling T, Simpson looked surprised that his foreman was killed—yuh he know he had been shot . . . and shot in the back! He told me he didn't want me to get shot in the back!"

"I couldn't prove Simpson did it, so I had to let him convict himself. He found that blanket mighty fast at Hecker's. Walked right to it! Nobody who hadn't hid that blanket could've found it so fast!"

Simpson swore blindly, face dark with anger. He moved his hand to his gun but Flip stepped alone and knocked his hand aside. Flip growled, "Talk, yuh yellow sidewinder!"

Simpson hung his head. "I did it, Ben was helping me brand my own cattle an' plant them on Hecker so's I could accuse him of stealin' an' get his land. He wanted more money or he said he'd apply to the law. I had to shoot him!"

"Just as we have to hang yuh!" said the sheriff, and the handcuffs clicked on Mark Simpson's wrists.

TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT



WHEN DEATH STALKED THE PARTED DESERT, TIM HOLT AND HIS SIDKICK CHITO MET HIS HEAD-ON. DEATH WON THAT FIRST ROUND — BUT TIM HAD ANOTHER CHANCE AGAINST THE MAN WITH THE SCYTHE!

AND TIM KEPT HIS DATE WITH DEATH WHEN IT TOOK HOT LEAD, FAST GUN-PLAY, AND FAST RIDING TO FIND — THE GHOST ON HAUNTED MOUNTAIN!

A REELING FIGURE STAGGERS DUNDRY ACROSS THE ODDLY COLORED DUNES OF THE PARTED DESERT...

DOWN IN...  
NO WATER...  
NOT MUCH TIME  
LEFT TO... FIND  
MY LITTLE  
GIRL...

EVEN BEEN MIRAGES...  
MEN ON HORSES... BUT  
THAT'N'T DO ME NO GOOD...  
EVEN IF THEY WAS REAL...

THE OLD MAN SEEMS SICK,  
SORRY, CHITO, BUT WE MAY  
BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM...  
BRING THE WATER CANTEREN!



# TIM HOLT

FOR LONG HOURS THE OLD MAN SIPS IN THIS APPROXIMATE MANNER, BUT HIS TREMBLING HAND FINDS A LITTLE POUCH AND PRESSES IT INTO TIM'S FINGERS ---



GOT A LITTLE GIRL IN SILVER CITY -- GIVE HER... WHAT'S IN... THIS POUCH...



SILVER CITY IS ON OUR WAY, CHITO. WE'LL STOP BY AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR THE YOUNGESTER...

SEE GOOD IDEA!



IN SILVER CITY --- YUH LISTEN TO ME, BETTY. I HIRED YUH AS A DANCEHALL GAL, AN' I KNOW YUH'LL BE A GOOD ONE.

I-I HOPE SO I HAVE TO EAT SOMEHOW UNTIL I LOCATE MY FATHER!



PARDON ME, I'M LOOKING FOR A LITTLE GIRL NAMED BETTY LEE BRADFORD...

LITTLE GIRL? I'M BETTY LEE BRADFORD!



I'VE SOME BAD NEWS, YOUR FATHER -

DADDY? YOU KNOW HIM? OH, WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE?



WITH A BELLOW, CHINOOK CHARLEY SHALL SUDDENLY LUNGE FORWARD -

WHY, YUH NO-GOOD POLE-CAT! YUH CAN'T COME IN MY SALOON AN' ANNOY MY DANCEHALL GALS!

Ugggh!



WE KNOW HOW TO HANDLE VAGABONDS AROUND HERE, STRANGER!

TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT

HEARD... OF DOGGONE GHOST SCREAMIN' AN' YOWLIN' AT ME! BRER!... I NEEDED THIS!

FRIENDS, STAY AWAY FROM HAUNTED MOUNTAIN. I GOT AWAY FROM THE GHOST THERE ONLY BY A JUMP AND A LICK!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO ANY HAUNTED MOUNTAIN. WE'RE JUST GOING TO SEND THAT YOUNG LADY BACK EAST— THEN BE ABOUT OUR OWN AFFAIRS!

NEXT MORNING, AT THE WELLS—FARGO EXPRESS OFFICE—

STAGE LEAVE IN AN HOUR.

I'LL HAVE THE YOUNG LADY ON IT WITH TIME TO SPARE

IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR THAT GAL, SHE'S GONE OFF WITH A COUPLE OF RANNERS FROM SHALE'S SALOON.

WHAT? BUT SHE'LL MISS THE STAGE— CHIT! COME ON! I'VE A HUNCH CHMOOK PULLED THIS TO GET RID OF HER!

WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT HER ALONE!

WAIT UP, YE YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPERS! I'LL RIDE WITH YE!

OUT ACROSS THE SAGE FLATS, THE DRUMMING HOoves OF THE GALLOPING SADDLERS RAISE A BALLOONING CLOUD OF DUST...

LISTEN! THAT THUNDERING SOUND—

SOUNDS LIKE BUFFALO— ONLY THERE AIN'T ENOUGH OF THEM 'ROUND THEM PARTS TO MAKE SUCH A NOISE!

HOT BUFFALO— LONGHORNS! STAMPEDING!— AND THEY'RE GOING TO RUN DOWN PETTY LEE BRADWOOD!

# TIM HOLT

TIED, HELPLESS, IN FRONT OF AN INFURIATED  
HERD OF WILD-EYED STEERS —



HER SCREAMS ARE DROWNED IN  
THE FURY OF POUNDING HOOVES!



ONLY CHANCE TO  
SAVE HER — IS BY  
CUTTING IN FRONT  
OF THAT HEAD...!



THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION  
KEEPS HIS FEET BY A MIRACLE  
AFTER THE DESPERATE SLIDE DOWN  
THE SLOPING ARROJO WALL!  
HEADING INTO THE MASS OF  
TOSSING, CLUCKING HORNS, HIS  
STRODE NEVER FALTERS!



NO TIME TO CUT  
HER BONDS! HAVE TO  
TRUST MY GUNS AND —  
SHOOT THEM OFF!



HOT LEAD SMASHES THE  
TIGHT BONDS! BETTY GASPS,  
TRIES WEARILY TO RISE —



LIGHTNING! DON'T  
FALL  
NOW!

OWHH!



# TIM HOLT

LIGHTNING STAGGERS, BUT RECOVERS HIS BALANCE! AND THEN THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION RACES AWAY WITH HIS DOUBLE BURDEN --



WE MADE IT!

IT'S BECAUSE OF THE SILVER MINE DADDY DISCOVERED... CHINOOK CHARLEY SHAIL WANTED TO KILL ME... AS HE KILLED MY FATHER! I-I HEARD THOSE HORRIBLE MEN WHO BROUGHT ME OUT HERE... TALKING ABOUT IT!



CHINOOK FOUND THE MINE. HE SAW IT WAS WORTH A FORTUNE. HE SENT HIRED KILLERS OUT TO GET DADDY, WHO HAD FILED A CLAIM TO IT.

THEN HE HIRED YOU TO HAVE YOU GET RID OF YOU AT HIS CONVENIENCE! HARR... THIS IS A MAP OF THE LOST MINE!

DANGER! THAT THERE'S A MAP OF THAT HAUNTED MOUNTAIN!

GUESS WE HAVEN'T FINISHED THIS AFFAIR, AFTER ALL! LET'S RIDE! OVER THERE AND SEE WHO'S DOING!

AHEAD OF THEM, AT THE SILVER MINE IN HAUNTED MOUNTAIN...

LOOK AT 'EM! BIG AS ROCKS! SOLID SILVER! I'LL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WHOLE STATE!



OLD MAN BRADFORD'S DEAD! SO'S HIS DAUGHTER! AN NOBODY'S GOT ANYTHING ON ME. RECKON CHINOOK CHARLEY IS A SMART MAN!

YUH SHORE ARE!



CHINOOK! THAT DAVE AIN'T DEAD! SHE'S COMIN' THIS WAY WITH THREE HORNBILLS!

HUH?... THEN WE'LL DITCH! 'EM! YU BARRER GRAB YORE GUNS- AN' COME ON!





# TIM HOLT



TEA AND CHITO DO NOT LINGER. THEY DROP OVER THE LIP OF THE RIDGE AND RUN DOWN ON THE SURPRISED CHIRCOK CHARLEY SHAL AND HIS GUNNER —

WITH BUCKLE ROARING AND RIFLE CRASHING, TIM AND CHITO THUNDER DOWN ON THE AMAZED GUNNER —



# TIM HOLT





A slow draw meant a quick grave, in the old West, and the gunfighter who could throw iron from any position (Tim demonstrates one here) had an edge on his enemies.



Tim looks pretty cheerful watching Chito do the hard work (Tim carries the hammer) as they mend a fence on the range. The scene is from RKO's "Gun Runners," which is coming soon.



One of Tim's biggest problems is his pal, Chito — or, rather, Chito's one consistent weakness, which is: fondness for and persistent pursuit of beautiful girls. Tim is shown here looking on with jaundiced eye as Chito tries hard to impress dance hall hostess Rita Lynn — who looks a bit skeptical herself.

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