



TIM HOLT

WITH TIM AS **RED MASK!**



locks, milking and hay

Patented by the U.S. Patent Office

For more information, write to: **W. H. HARRIS, 1000 N. 1st St., Chicago, Ill. 60610**



At many of our dealers



Watch and clock repairing

At home, in your car



operation, 1300, answering

Make your own business



REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

Learn to sell real estate

OPERATIONS



Learn to operate a business

Learn to sell

Learn to sell your own business



Small Business

Start your own business with a small investment.

Small Business



Small Business



Small Business



Small Business



Small Business



Small Business



Study HYPNOTISM!



\$2.00

Small Business



Small Business



Small Business



Small Business



Small Business



Small Business



FREE!

15 DAY TRIAL OFFER

CLICK YOUR OPPORTUNITY

BE A SUCCESS

Production Department of The Money Book
MELSON-HALL COMPANY (Incorporated 1939)
 212 N. Canal St., Dept. 2122, Chicago 4, Ill.

MAIL THIS VOUCHER COUPON TODAY!

Amount Enclosed: \$100.00 (Pay to the order of)

100.00	100.00	100.00
50.00	50.00	50.00
25.00	25.00	25.00
10.00	10.00	10.00
5.00	5.00	5.00
2.00	2.00	2.00
1.00	1.00	1.00
50c	50c	50c
25c	25c	25c
10c	10c	10c
5c	5c	5c
2c	2c	2c
1c	1c	1c

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

This book, and other books, are available to you on a 15-day trial basis. If you are not completely satisfied, you may return the book for a full refund. No questions asked. The only charge is the cost of shipping and handling. This offer is available to you for the first time in your life. It is a real opportunity to get a \$100.00 book for only \$2.00. This is a real opportunity to get a \$100.00 book for only \$2.00. This is a real opportunity to get a \$100.00 book for only \$2.00.

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

BLACK AS THE NIGHT ITSELF WITH A LASH ON HER LIPS, AND A GIBBERY CLUTCH TO HER FINGERS, SHE DROVE UPON OUT OF THE SILENT DUST AS DEADLY A SHOT AS ANOTHER DEADLY, AS DARING AS SLITCH GIBBERY WITH HIS HAIR BUNCH, SHE BOOM A LONG YELL, UNTIL BOOM THROUGH REDMASK ACROSS HER PATH.

AND SHEY REDMASK TUMBLED INTO THE SWIRL ALONG OF THE ROADWAYS AND WITH THE BRUTAL BRIST AND SEIZED HER WITH A BLACKSMITH WHIP— THERE WAS NOISE TO BRISLE AWAY FROM THE WORLDWIDE DOOM OF THE DEATH WELLS! IT LAY BETWEEN—

**"REDMASK-
and THE BLACK PHANTOM!"**



LIKE THE WIND THAT SWIFT THE PLAINS SHE AROSE THE BLACK PHANTOM STRUCK AT STATIONERY AND FROM ALIVE...

BRAND HER DOWN!
BRAND HER DOWN!
OR FAT LEAD!

O-GO-Y
SH-SHOOT!



THE GOLD'S IN
THE PASSAGE CAR,
BOYS! GO GET
IT!

TIM HOLT



LET'S
RIDE,
BOYS!

GLORY BE - IT'S THE
BLACK ANATOMY
PERSON!



THE MOST DANDY SNEAKERS
OF THE TOWN. CAN SHOOT THE
EYE OUT OF A PLAYING-CARD
JACK AT FIFTY PACE. MANS
STEAL THE BUTTONS OFF A
MANS
SUSPENDERS!

I'VE HEARD
OF HER!

OHAY!
I'VE COME
TO PAINT!



I RIDE FOR JOHN BARK!
BARKLE A BARKLE BOY!

YES,
MURDER!



HIDE THE LOOT WHERE HE
ALWAYS HIDE IT. I'LL BE BACK
IN A DAY OR TWO!



IF YOU'VE GOT THE HEART
OF A PLANE SHE BEEB RED
AND BEAUTIFUL - DO ALIVE!

I'VE LOST MY
HEART TO A BIG
COWBOY.



I AM FOR GO SEE MY LITTLE SODAL!
SHE EEN BE SUCH SWEET SINGER, SHE
NEED SURELY WANT FOR TO GO WITH
CHIT!

DON'T BE
IN ANY
TROUBLE!



WHO'S SHE?

RELAX MONEY! IT'S ONLY YOU
- YOUR FINE SINGER
NEEDS!

But in the darks dressing room.



Hilda is NOT THE BLACK ANTHROPOMORPHIC FOR "GIVING" ONE HAND TO GET TO OUTSIDE WORLD & SHAKELY ARMED WITH HER LEGS— AND SHE WOULD LAUGH...



TIM HOLT

THAT'S WHAT! LIFE CAN BE AWFULLY MISLEADING AT TIMES. MAKE UP YOUR MIND—IT IS THE SUREST AND BEST ABOUT HIM.



YOU MUST BEAR
BOY! WHAT DID THE
WORLD HAPPEN
TO YOU?

YOU CAN SEE
THAT YOU—
WHO JUST THREW
ME OUT THAT

NEEDS NEVER MEET
UNDERSTANDING
WOMEN!



OH? YOU ALL RIGHT?
I HEARD YOU TELL... HIM!
HE'S ALL RIGHT!

YOU DID NOT
APPEARING BET?
YOU THOUGHT I
WAS FROGGER?

IS SHE MEET
ME IN MY
HOTEL ROOM
WE GO DORING
BY
MOONLIGHT!

**ONCE AGAIN DATE KILLS THE WILDING STRIPPER. SOME
HOURS LATER, AS ONTO ENTERS JOLLA'S HOTEL ROOM—**



OH! YOU ARE
HAVE COMPANY!

YOU AGAIN! GET
AWAY, BOYS!



NO USE TO BE
ANGRY! BUT YOU
HAVE OTHER
BOY FRIENDS. I
AM NOT CARE
THESE MUCH!

OWWWW!

I CAN'T LET
HIM LIVE—NOW
THAT HE'S SEEN
ME IN MY BLACK
PHANTOM
COSTUME...

I HAVE IT! I'LL TAKE HIM OUT
TO THE BURNED FACONDA, AND
THROW HIM IN THE WINDMILL.
WELL? NOBODY WILL EVER FIND
HIM AFTER THAT!



At That Moment—



FUNNY! JOLLA HAS A
DATE WITH ONTO TO GO
DORING! WHAT'S SHE DOING
GOING BACK IN THE CANTINA?
HAY— SOMETHING VERY
QUEER GOING ON AROUND
HERE...



WHY— THERE'S JOLLA AGAIN!
BUT IT CAN'T BE! SHE COULDN'T
HAVE DESERRED SO FAST! AND—
ONTO'S BIRTH BED —
KIDNAPED OUT...!

TIM HOLT



TOM HOLT



HAVE TO ACT FAST!



THAT'S NOT SOME OF THEM!

HUH?



AS BISHOP DRIVES INTO THE BLACK WAGON'S MEN, THE BOYS GET OUT OF THEIR HIDE...



AND CHITO PLUMMET'S DOWN TO HIS DEATH!

YEE-HUH!

JUST MADE IT!



I CAN'T LET GO OR CHITO'LL FALL INTO THE WHISLPOOL! AND WITHOUT MY HANDS-I CAN'T DEFEND MYSELF!



AS DEATH FOR BISHOP AND CHITO LOOMS BEFORE THEM, THE BROTHER GETS OUT OF A NEW BRANCH TO WAR!

FOR! KILL THEM BOTH, BOYS! SHOOT 'EM AND DUMP 'EM IN THE WHISLPOOL!

TIM HOLT

REDAKAR CANNOT LET GO OF THE ROPE TO USE HIS HANDS TO GRAB HIMSELF — BUT HE CAN GO ON TO HIS KNEES...

THEY'RE MOVING SO FAST THEY CAN'T STOP IN TIME!

AAAAAHHH!



AA DE DE... AAAAAH!



EASY ONTO! I'LL HAVE YOU UP VERY SOON-YOU!



AND THEN THE GREAT'S COME AND FIND EACH OTHER ON BEDKAR! IT STAYS AND COTE...



AAAAH!

CRACK!

WITH HIS BEARING HE GETS FROM THE FEEL... BUT WHEN BEDKAR STAYS ALREADY IN HIS EYE AND THE ROPE END...

IF I LET GO AGAIN... ONTO WILL BE IN THE WHIRLPOOL!



GO TO... HANG ON!

CRACK!

AS BEDKAR GRAB ONTO ONTO, THE GREAT WOULD WITH AUNT...

I'LL CUT YOU TO PIECES! LET GO OF THAT ROPE! LET GO! LET GO!



ONTO'S SAFE! NOW FOR THE MAN WITH THE WHIP!



TIM HOLT



Aiiiiii!

IT'S YOUR TURN FOR THE BATH, BOOBY!



AND NOW FOR THE CHIEF OF THEM ALL— THE BLACK PHANTOM!

NOT! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME— AND NOT ALIVE!

WITH A DEGRADING COPY OF THE BLACK PHANTOM CHOICE'S DEATH TO A CERTAIN JAL FROM...

ROBBY'S SET WAS TOO BAD! SHE WAS BAD GIRL— BUT SHE WAS VERY PRETTY!

WHAT WE MUST FIND OUT NOW IS — THE LOOK SHE CAPTURED FROM HER MANY OBSERVERS WHERE CAN WE LOOK?

AFTER TWO HOURS OF STREAY SEARCHING, DARK LIGHTS THE SKY...



AAAAAGH!



LOOK, ONTO— THESE BERRY PLANTS OVER THERE! YOU'LL NOTICE PLANTS TO ROBBY'S LEAVE THEM ALONE!

WHAT HAVE BEEN BEEN PLANTS TO LOOK WITH THE LOOK?



SOMETHING MUST HAVE KILLED THEM— AND DID! WHEN THE BLACK PHANTOM UPROOTED THEM! SHE KILLED THEM! SHE! THERE IS HER STOLEN LOOK!

SOME DAYS LATER IN THE PLEASANT BUNCH...

I SAW THAT NEW SMOKE RUSTING WITH YOU LAST NIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T GIVE HER A TUMBLE! HOW COME?

I WAS BE ASKED SHE MIGHT HAVE A—BETTER...



TIM HOLT

WHEN YOUNG FRED COLLINS BOOPED INTO THE TOWN OF BULLET WITH TWO SONS BOBBING ON HIS HIPS AND A SNEER TWINKING HIS EYES—TROUBLE SAT ON HIS SHOULDERS AND LAUGHED! FOR FRED COLLINS HAD A DEVLIL IN HIM, BUT HIS THREE OLDER BROTHERS WERE EVEN WORSE, AND THEY ALL MADE A JOY!

DEATH
TO THE
DEPUTY!



THE COLLINS BROTHERS WERE WAITED FOR EVERY CORNER IN THE TOWN—ROBBERY

AND MURDER.



TIM HOLT

THESE ARE THE BROTHERS BILL, THE OLDEST WHOSE FAVORITE WEAPON IS A BULL—ALAN, WHO THROWS A KAPE LIKE AN ACORN—BERT, WHO LIES A WHOP—AND THE YOUNGEST, FRED, WHO LIKES TO KILL ANY OLD MAN.



THE THREE OLDER BROTHERS ARE CONTENT TO DOB THE HILLS, BUT FRED IS RESTLESS.

YOU BOYS CAN ROT UP HERE IN THE TIMBERS BUT I WANT SOME PEAK ACTION FOR A WHILE.



AND SO FRED COMES TO BULL.

BULLDOGS, WHERE A MAN CAN BUY A SHOT OF RED-EYE-TAN WHEISS HAVE A CHANCE OR TWO WITH A PRETTY GUL!



FRED COULD BE HAN HANDED A FLING, WHICH IS ALL RIGHT—HE WOULD ONLY STOP AT THAT.

THE MERRY GAMES ARE ON MEET SET 'EM UP BARKED!



BUT FRED HAS ALERT EYES.

A COLD SHIRT-TAIL? WHY WERE I CAN KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE? A LITTLE PLEASURE—



—AND SOME BUCKLE AT THE SAND THE GET 'EM UP WHEISS AND KAPIN 'EM UP!



THAT WANTS DEPT'S SHIRT—GIVE HONORS JUST KAPIN THE WHEISS-THESS? DEUCE!



TIM HOLT



With a desperate bounding of muscles, Fred jumps free—loses his balance—falls against a rock—



Now, traveling slowly in the cattle camp, one night, some months later—



Seconds later, three men for their saddles and ride a vengeance trail.



TIM HOLT

A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

HERE COMES HOLT NOW—WIN THE PRIZEBULL FOR HIS BUNCH. I GOT A GOOD BEAD ON HIM!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE STARTLED HISS OF A SNAKE MONSTER BREAKS THE NIGHT'S SILENCE...



THE SNAKE HISSER UP IN THE ROCKS SAVED MY LIFE! THEY NEVER MISS UNLESS SOMETHING DISTURBS THEM—AND I GUESS NO ANIMAL WOULD DO THAT!



THREE MEN! I'VE BEEN WARNED THAT THE CORLISS BROTHERS WOULD BE DINING FOR ME! I GUESS THEY'VE ARRIVED!



Will that square CAN SHOOT!

ALMOST CLIPPED HE THEN— LET'S MAKE TRACKS! WE'LL GET HIM SOME OTHER TIME!



THE NEXT ATTEMPT AT AMBUSHING TIM IS MADE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT—

FILL OUT THAT LIST, BO. THE BOYS AT THE BANCHE SURE PAY RESPECT!



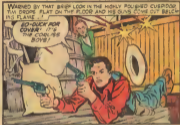
WE GOT HIM NOW! HE CAN'T POSSIBLY ESCAPE!



TIM HOLT



OOOPS—DROPPED IT!
I'LL GET IT, BO. I—



NO-DUCK FOR COVER!
IT'S THE COOLERS BOYS!

THE COOLERS BROTHERS WERE
THEIR TARGET—AND AFTER THAT,
THESE DEADLY COLPS TAKE OVER!



HE GOT ME—
IN THE HIP!

HE, TOO—IN
THE ARM!



COME
BACK
HERE!



I SUPPOSE NO DAYS
WE GOT TO GO CAPTURING
THOSE BAD HATS,
JUST RECORDED.

WELL, I FEEL A
LITTLE SORRY
FOR THEM!



SORRY!
FOR THOSE
REBELS!

NOT BECAUSE THEY'RE
KILLERS, NO, BUT THEY
THINK I SHOT THEIR
BROTHERS DOWN, AND
THEY'RE TRYING TO
EVEN THINGS—FORGETTING
THAT DECENT MEN DON'T
DO THAT! THAT'S THE
JOB OF THE LAW!



I'M GOING TO UPHOLD THE LAW AROUND
HERE, AND TEACH 'EM MEANING TO
THOSE MEN TO DO THAT I DON'T
NEED A POSSE!

YOU ARE
CRAZY—THOSE
MEN ARE
REBELS!

TIM HOLT

SOME MILES AHEAD OF TIM, THE COOLING BROTHERS TOLE UP IN AN ABANDONED LIME CASH.

MY MOUND WAS JUST A SCENT-CAM READY TO GO OUT AFTER HOLT RIGHT NOW!

SO NEED FOR HOLT TO COME TO US NOW!



HE TRAUDED US HERE BUT IT'S THE LAST TRAIL HELL EVER RIDE!

WE GOT HIM WHERE WE WANT HIM!



I DON'T KNOW WHO HAS WHO POWNED IN HERE! THEY KEEP ME FROM GOING IN AFTER THEM BY SHOOTING ALL AROUND ME. WHILE I KEEP THEM IN THE CASH-AWAY! THAT CACTUS PLANT GIVES ME AN IDEA...



LOOK—THE MOON'S COMING UP! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

SURE—IT'S SHINING NICE AND BRIGHT ON THAT LAW BADGE HOLT WEARS! WE GOT A TARGET WE CAN'T MISS!



WE GOT HIM WE GOT THE BADGE CLEAR OFF HIM!

AND HE'S NOW HOLDING HIS LEFT WITH A POUND OF LEAD!



SUBTLY DIVERTING THE BACK DOOR

YOU SHOULD BE VEST ALL RIGHT—BUT I WOULD LIKE TO GET ON UP AND KEEP BY YOUR SIDE!



I THOUGHT THE BADGE ON MY VEST WOULD HOLD YOU JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO RUN AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE CASH AND GET IN THE WAY! AND—IT DID!

EXACTLY!



THE GHOST RIDER

THE

Five
YEARS



LET'S GET, BOO—
BEFORE WE WAKE
UP THE TOWN /
WE'VE DONE
CLEANED OUT
THE BANK!

FEAR TUGS AT THE VITALS OF MEN AS THE WORD SPREADS THAT THE GHOST RIDER IS ON THE RAMPAGE AND HAS TURNED HIS BACK ON JUSTICE! CLUTCHING THEIR GUNS WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, THE SHERIFF AND HIS FOSSE LIE IN WAIT FOR THE ONE-TIME FIGHTER OF CRIME, IN TERROR OF THE NIGHT, AND SET—A TRAP FOR THE GHOST RIDER!



WATCH YOURSELF
BOO! YUH WANNA
WAKE THUH WHOLE
TOWN?

MY SPUR
GON' CAUGHT!



PHU! GLAD WE GOT
OUTTA THERE WITHOUT
STIRRI' UP A MESS
OF TROUBLE!

CHON! WE'RE IN THE
CLEAR! LET'S CHSADDLE
AND YANOOSE!

IT IS NIGHT, AND THE TOWN SEEMS TO SLUMBER EXCEPT FOR BURGOLARS WITH BODIES OF BIG MONEY—

TIM HOLT



ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE BANK, THE LEAN LACONIC, HARD-BITTEN GAMBLER, PUFCE FAUGAR, WATCHES THE GHOST RIDER OPERATE ...



SECONDS LATER, AFTER THE GHOST RIDER HAS MELTED INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT ...

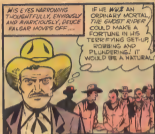


YOU GOT A COUPLE OF BANK ROBBERS, SHERIFF! COURTESY OF THE GHOST RIDER, HE'S TAKEN 'EM ALREADY!

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE GHOST RIDER OPERATE, SHERIFF! HE'S NO ORDINARY MORTAL! THAT'S FOR SURE!



TIM HOLT





THEN YOU KNOW NOTHING, DEW RUBY, OF THE DOBBERY! I AM ROBBY I DOUBTED YOU! BUT — NOW I PLAN THE GHOST COACH THAT THE STAGE COACH DRIVER SAW!



The man... I doubt... NO DOUBT... I'LL BE WAITING INSIDE THE COACH WITH MY GUNS READY FOR THE GHOST COACH TO TURN UP!



LATER, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

I WAS THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALL NIGHT LONG! NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT.

LET'S GET A TRAP FOR HIM, SHERIFF! WHY NOT SPREAD AROUND THE STORY THAT A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF GUNNIBACKS WILL BE ON THE NEXT STAGE COACH FOR THE ISLAND.



ACCORDING TO THE COACH'S CAPTAIN WILL BE WORTHLESS!

GOOD IDEA, DEW! AND I'LL BE WAITING INSIDE THE COACH WITH MY GUNS READY FOR THE GHOST COACH TO TURN UP!

A FEW MILES LATER, THE GHOST BREWERS SET TRAP.

WE'RE GONNA BUST YOU DOWN, LUTE! THE GHOST BREWERS IS GONNA GET A HOT RECEPTION!



BUT AHEAD ON THE DESERT ROAD "THE GHOST BREWERS" IS SETTING A TRAP OF HIS OWN...

I DONA BE A HIGH HULL, TONIGHT! BE ENOUGH FOR ME TO GIVE FOR GOOD, JUDGIN' FROM THE TALK IN TOWN!



WHEN THAT TEAM OF HORSES HITS THAT TRAP IT'S GONNA BE CURTAINS...





TIM HOLT

NEAR THE EDGE
OF A SMALL
PLATEAU....

PROSTER! JUSTICE WILL
SMASH YOUR TRICKERY!



THIS IS TO
SETTLE A
PERSONAL
SCORE!

ASH!



IF YOU'RE A GHOST, WE'LL
SEE IF YOU CAN DODGE
THIS!



THIS KNIFE-EDGE
IS GONNA EXPLAIN
A LOT OF THINGS!



AIEEE!



AT THE VERY LAST, HE WAS
TRIPPED UP BY THE GHOSTLY
REMNANT HE TRIED TO USURP!



SECONDS
LATER...

WE LOSE! THIS GAMBLE,
QUEER! THERE IS ONLY
ONE GHOST HOOP!

DEUCE
FALGAR!
THE
GAMBLER!



the BULLET



THE KID came to his feet with a shocked cry on his lips as he stared down at the bag that his brother had thrown across the tabletop of their little cabin. The bag had spilled open, and a score of packages lay before his eyes.

"One thousand dollars in each package," said Clip Hudson, grinning, rubbing a hand across his stubble-bearded chin. "Twenty thousand men, in all. Not bad for a few hours' work, hey, Kid?"

"Clip! You said you were gone" straight. You promised me, when I left that job at the Diamond K spread to ride with you!"

The Kid's hand went out and caught the leather bag and heaved it against the clamped cabin wall. His face was white with the fury of betrayal that rolled inside him. He pressed his hands down flat on the tabletop, and tried to stop shaking.

His brother laughed. "Why, Kid! I didn't know you cared! I'll go straight. We'll take this twenty thousand and hit over the Sierras and into California. How's that sound to you?"

The Kid was bitter. "It sounds good — if that money was mine, and if I didn't know that when it runs out, you'll steal more money like it, from some bank or stagecoach in California!"

"Clip, you promised! I'll go straight. You promised her when she lay dyin'! I heard you make that promise, Clip!"

In his anger, the Kid flung away from the table and to the bunk where his bullet-maid and a score of empty brass shells lay scattered. He stared down at them, not seeing them, seeing only his mother's face, wrinkled and prematurely old, in his mind's eye. Clip was her oldest boy, the wild one. It had been Clip who'd robbed a stagecoach when he was fifteen, and had gone up the dodge, into the

Sierra hills. It was Clip who came by night and went by night, in the little valley where the Hudsons made their home.

In Butte, Mrs. Hudson had sold her ranch to pay for Clip's robbery, restoring every penny of it to the stage-coach company. The action made her a gasper. She took to washing, and went out to clean house. The Kid had been only a button, then. He remembered the long nights in bed, when his stomach had ached with the hunger in it, when he had gone two, three days without eating anything more than a crust of bread and a glass of milk.

The Kid's eyes were heated above his tanned cheeks as he whirled from the bunk, and the shells and bullet-maid scattered across the rumpled blanket.

"I've starved for you, Clip! I've had the bellyache because Mom couldn't make enough money to feed me, when I was a baby!"

Clip flushed. He waved a hand at the money spread out on the table. "There's more money there'n you'll see in a month of Nevada Sundays, Kid. Take a handful of 'em. Have yourself a time when we cross the Pass."

"Keep your stinking, dirty money. I won't touch it!"

Clip Hudson moved like a stalking cat. His big hand went out and latched on the Kid's faded blue shirt, ripping it across a thin shoulder. The power of his muscles pulled the Kid off his feet, and sent him flying, face first, into a table-leg. The Kid crumpled, and lay still.

Legs apart, Clip Hudson stared at his young brother. His face was flushed with the fury and the passion in him. He whispered: "You'll change your tune, mister high-an'-mighty! I ride the long trail, and I'm gone!"

TIM HOLT

to see you do, too! You're pretty slick with a gun, if you got the guts to use it. I could use an hombre sidin' me in a fight, with a gun like yours!

"Now get on your chicken feet! Stand up! What you?"

His big hand went down and he lifted the Kid easily, and shook him. "Get over to that buffet-table, and busy yourself! Keep your fingers workin'. Let me handle the tishin' end of this permanent!

The Kid's face was bruised where he had struck the table-leg. Pain danced in his skull, and along a shoulder, but he mumbled, "I'm no partner of yours, Clip Hudson. From now on, I'm not your brother! You're no good, and—"

Clip hit the Kid with the back of his hand and knocked him into the bank. The buffet-table went one way and the shell another.

"Pick 'em up!" bawled Clip Hudson harshly. "Get to work, pronto! I'm givin' you an' water down the broncos! When I get back, we'll eat!"

The Kid straightened himself, knelt and picked up the scattered shells. The door slammed behind his brother, and when he was alone, the Kid sat and shivered. *He'll get me killed, one way or another, he thought. If I don't find a way to break clean with him, he'll not use a word—how will he know?*

The Kid worked there in the light of the kerosene lamps, remaining in the powder, pouring the molten lead, setting the shells.

He had worked for half an hour when he heard the door, and the yell, and as he came to his feet the door opened, and a man with a bleeding face fell across the threshold.

Clip Hudson came in at the heels of the man, halting at a smoking Colt. His voice was hot, urgent: "Caught this rascal somethin' around outside! He's a Laramie Kid! A blasted sheriff!"

Clip leaned forward and flipped the man's vest open. A shiny star badge lay inside the vest, pressed tight. Clip laughed, and there was something in the tone of that laugh that made the Kid shudder and sit down caddy by.

"A blunderin' fool sheriff! How dare I guess he trailed me to the cabin, Kid? You pretty smart when it comes to coverin' tracks!"

Clip paused and drew a sudden breath and turned slowly to look at the Kid. Then he laughed. His laughter pruned out rich and full, and the Kid shook when he recognized the end of it.

Clip got to his feet and went to the wooden peg where the Kid's Colt and shell-bag hung. He lifted out the gun and tossed it to the Kid.

"You kill him, Kid! You get the bullet in him that'll take him off our trail! Then you'll me with hit up through the Pass and into

California, like I been tellin' you, with twenty thousand dollars to spend."

The Kid was on his feet. "No! I won't—"

Clip's hand caught his jaw and slammed him back across the bank. He stood there, big and menacing as the lamp-light. His voice was hard deep. "I got a bullhide whip in my wastin' Kid! I ain't never used it on a human bein' yet, but—"

The Kid felt the cold brass shell of a .44 bullet pressed against the back of his head. You'll have to kill a man for him, or he'll hear you to death! And then he caught the bullet in his hand, and there was something wrong with it, and only the Kid's long experience knew what it was, and how he might use that knowledge.

"All right," the Kid said suddenly. "I'll shoot him for you."

Clip grinned, but he pulled his own Colt and held it to the long barrel faced the Kid. "Sure, Kid. I know you will. Go on—part-ner!"

The Kid pushed the fresh-made bullet into the cylinder, and closed it with a snap. On trembling legs he went and stood over the sheriff. The law man opened his eyes. He started to say something, when the Kid pulled the trigger—

Clip rushed out and took the gun from the Kid's shaking hand. He looked at the red stain spreading on the sheriff's chest. He laughed. "Nice shot, Kid. Now go back to makin' more of them bullets. We'll light out of here and be into the pass by sunset."

How long the Kid waited that night, he would never know. It was an hour beyond midnight, as Clip dozed lightly in his chair, that the sheriff got up from the floor. There was a gun in his hand, and it was aimed at the living Clip.

The Kid said: "He made me do it, I—"

The sheriff nodded. "I don't know how you worked it, Kid, but—"

And then Clip Hudson was wide awake, with the stiff bones of the outlaw, and the back-spring to meet him. His guttural came across Clip's face, and the outlaw went down in a sudden heap.

When the sheriff asked him how he'd done it, the Kid said: "When I was makin' them bullets my hands was shaky, so much I spilled a lot of powder. It was an old stunt, really. I took a better that had just about enough powder in it to split the lead beyond the end of the barrel, so I'd only make you bleed and maybe knock the wind out of you, but that's all."

The sheriff grinned. Kid you're givin' it next to me. I ain't use neither you'nig handle no more of that. What do you say?"

The Kid said: "I'll be in the line, mister! Real fast!"

THE END

TIM HOLT

WITH TIM AS REDMASK!

YOUNG BOY EDGATCH IS NO BUN-HEADS BUT WHEN LATE BERING OF THE TRAVELER BAD TRAPTS HIM INTO A ROAT, HE PROS HIS BELT POUND A JIBED TEXAS DUCKHART HE HAS NO CHANCE AT ALL. HE IS A DEAD MAN—FOR EVEN REDMASK CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST THE—

GUNS OF THE KILLER



IT ALL BEGAN ON A SPRING MORNING, IN FRONT OF HENDERSON'S GUNNERY SHOP IN BULLET...

HEY—!

YOU WATCH YOUR STEER, YOURS RELEAS!

WHY DON'T YOU WATCH YOUR STEER, YOURS RELEAS!



IF YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR ARM IN A SLING—!

HAVE! HAVE! RUN ALONG HOME, EDGATCH—FOR VEH OT AGUT!



TIM HOLT





HOLT **MOVING**, **AS** **HE** **CONTON** **DROVES** **DOWN** **FRONT** **STREET**



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



AMID A SHOWER OF ARROWS, THE CELL BARS EXPLODE FROM THE WINDOW



JAIL BREAK, HOLT? I'LL HAVE HALF A DOZEN PIGEONS AFTER HOLT! AND THEY'LL BE SHOOTING TO KILL!

TAT NIGHT, HIGH IN THE TURBUDED SLOPES OF THE RIFLEMAN MOUNTAINS, T.M. BONE THE CRIMSON COWBOY!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

THEY'VE BEEN WASHED AWAY, AND I'VE KEPT LITTLE BUCKLES ON THE SIDEWALKS OF BULLET, EVERY FACE IS A FRIENDLY FACE.

I SURE GOT TO HAND IT TO THAT BUCKLE! HE'S CLEANED OUT THE TOWN, AND THE BUCKLES FOR HIM? HE'S GOT 'EM!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT IN THE ROAD.

I'M NOT WORKING FOR PHIPPS! I'M WORKING WITH YOU MEN! I BELIEVE YOU GOT HERE TO ORGANIZE WHAT WE WANT TO HAVE! WE WANT TO GET BUCKLE AWAY!



PHIPPS HAS FIRST BUCKLE WORKING FOR HIM! NOW CAN HE BEAT THEM?

I'VE GONE AND TOWN NOW! TO TAKE CARE OF THAT!



ONE MAN RIDES INTO TOWN— AS DEPOSE OF HALF A HUNDRED BUCKLES! BUCKLES! BUCKLES! BUCKLES! BUCKLES! BUCKLES! BUCKLES! BUCKLES! BUCKLES! BUCKLES!



IN THE FEDERAL SALOON A BULLET

WELL, SO, I GOT AN IDEA ABOUT— A BUCKLE! GOOD DAY! NOT BUCKLE! BUT BUCKLE! BUCKLE! BUCKLE! BUCKLE! BUCKLE! BUCKLE! BUCKLE! BUCKLE! BUCKLE!



WELL, THAT'S A GOOD ONE!

HYMN... WESSE THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA!



WE'LL ALL GO AND GET BROWN IN!

BEFORE LATE'LL BE PLUMS TROGLED AND SURPRISED WHEN HE HEARS ABOUT THIS!



BUT ONE INSIDE THE JAIL, AND AS SHERIFF TROTTER ADMITTED THE DEED TO HIS 'DEPUTIES'—REDMARK FLAUNTED HIS GUNS!

YOU BOYS FELL FOR MY LITTLE TRAP! NOW BACK UP, ALL OF YOU—INTO THOSE JAIL CELLS!

HUFF? HEY—WHAT IS THIS?



IN THE MEAN, THE RANGERS SET REDMARK'S SIGNALS...

HE DID IT, SOMEHOW! HE GOT RID OF PLenty OF THINGS WOOD QUARTERS!



LATER THAT SAME DAY, WHEN LIFE RANGERS BEYOND HIS BENCH HANDS WERE TOWN.

DUDDS—YOU AND YOUR BOYS ARE UNDER ARREST!

SHERIFF! WHERE'S PEDDERS? WHERE'S THE MEN?



THEY'RE WHERE YOU ARE GOING, RANGERS TO JAIL!

IT'S A TRICK! WE GOT TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT OF THIS!



AS LIFE RANGERS MADE HIS ALLERS TOWARD THE JAIL, THE MAN INTO A SOLDIER OF LIMO.

IF WE CAN GET TO THE JAIL, WE'LL FREE THE OTHERS!



THEY WERE COMING BACK AGAIN TO THE TOWN OF BULL!

YOU GOT ME—IN THE LEGS!

YOUR MEN ARE HIGH-TALKING IT, PEDDERS! YOU'VE MADE YOUR TRY AND FAIL!



WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT HIM!

HE'S A MAN, SO—ALL MAN!



THE END



'ROUND UP'

WILD WEST ASSORTMENT
OF COWBOYS AND INDIANS

AMAZING
your investment with a
GIANT COLLECTION
of 40 mounted pieces
all yours
for only **98¢**
TYRHOUS BARGAIN



Fun for all. Contains 40 plastic mounted pieces in glass. Cowboys, Indians, Horses all in action poses and a wonderful assortment of western scenes. Attractive colors. A terrific collection for all ages. Ideal for table top play with Indians, cowboys and white mounted sets to make a lot with everyone. (When you straighten them, it's your chance of a lifetime to "ROUND-UP" the unattached life.

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO GET THIS SENSATIONAL COLLECTION OF AIRPLANES



Wings away with the new toy sensation. Contains 40 colorful plastic airplanes. 4 different styles—jets, bombers, B-54's, etc. Ideal for any age group. Full of play value and inexpensive. **98¢**

TOY CITY Dept. WE 3
30 Old Farm Rd., Great Neck, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

TOY CITY Dept. WE 3
30 Old Farm Rd., Great Neck, N. Y.

Please send me the following: 1 set (original set only) and as many more as possible:

- 40 plastic pieces, 1 set only \$1.00
- 40 plastic airplanes, 1 set only \$1.00
- 40 airplanes and 40 plastic pieces, 1 set only \$1.00

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____



"Uncle Bernie's" TOY SHOP

FUN FOR ALL!
Order Today!

PEANUT BANK

Send for this fun, new character today! This big, friendly peanut is a real character. He's got a top hat, a suit, and a big smile. He's the perfect companion for your children. Order today!

2.95

AMAZING • FASCINATING • IT'S FANTASTIC!

SUPER DELUXE ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR

4 NEW FEATURES:

1. A NEW "WIDE" VIEW
2. A NEW "DELUXE" SOUND SYSTEM
3. A "COMBINATION" PROJECTOR
4. A "NEW" DESIGN

2.95

SEND NO MONEY

BE A HERO WITH THE GREAT WILLIE WOLF GLASSES!

WILLIE WOLF GLASSES!

SEND NO MONEY

WILLY GINGER!

SEND NO MONEY

ACTION-PACKED BUCKING BRONCO!

SEND NO MONEY

SEND NO MONEY!
G.O.B. you pay postage. Send with dollar we pay postage.

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 200
27 EAST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

FORWARD THIS AND AN ENVELOPE CONTAINING \$1.00 TO G.O.B. (10¢ U.S. POSTAGE)

Fossil Buck \$3.95 Wolf Glasses \$1.95
 Television Projector \$2.95 Bucking Bronco \$3.95
 Peanut Bank \$2.95 Ginger \$3.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TERRIFIC PRICE SMASH

BUY NOW! SAVE 1/2.

Select any article on our
10-DAY FREE TRIAL!



With its beautiful dial and intricate case, this watch is a real gem. It's made of fine metal and has a leather strap. It's perfect for any man who wants to look sharp. **9.95**



With a beautiful dial and intricate case, this watch is a real gem. It's made of fine metal and has a leather strap. It's perfect for any man who wants to look sharp. **7.95**



**PRESS
BUTTON TO OPEN**
CUTS AND
SAVES



**3 IN 1 CASE
& CIGARETTE
LIGHTER**



With its beautiful dial and intricate case, this watch is a real gem. It's made of fine metal and has a leather strap. It's perfect for any man who wants to look sharp. **2.95**



With its beautiful dial and intricate case, this watch is a real gem. It's made of fine metal and has a leather strap. It's perfect for any man who wants to look sharp. **3.95**



**Engagement and
Wedding Set**



6.95

SEND NO MONEY!



**MONEY BACK
Guarantee!**
YOU RISK NOTHING!

**Tear out
and mail
this
COUPON**

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 100
131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

Write in articles desired in lines below. Send no money. Pay price shown plus low costs postage and tax on delivery. Try 10 days. Full price back if not pleased.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____
SEND STAMP OR PAID TO SHOW SEND 1955

CONSUMERS MART
131 W. 33RD ST., N. Y. 1, N. Y.