

TIM HOLT

WESTERN ADVENTURES



10c

No. 1

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

In this issue:

Terrible Tenderfoot

Sixgun Sheriff

Mine Menace

AND OTHER STORIES



TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM



Tim didn't always own Lightning. Here he is in the scoring saddle of the high-rearing Sheik, a strong, Lippizan stallion, who likes to pose for the camera.



The beautiful blonde's in trouble, and anyone in trouble can always count on Tim Holt—if they're on the side of law and order, that is!



Tim drives a tractor that was given as a prize to a 4-H Club winner. Tim is a member of the Advisory Board of the 4-H Clubs of America.

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

OUT OF THE WIND-BROOD WASTES OF UTAH COMES A TALE OF RUTHLESS MURDER AND ROBBERY, AND A DESPERATE CRY FOR HELP!

TO ANSWER THAT CALL, TIM HOLT PUTS ASIDE HIS GUNS AND SADDLE, ABANDONS HIS NAME, AND SETS OUT TO BECOME

The
**TERRIBLE
TENDERFOOT!**

THIS SPREAD...
IS IT THE T BARE H?
I'M LOOKIN' FOR...
TIM HOLT...

DON'T WASTE STRENGTH
ON TALK, MISTER! YOU'RE
WOUNDED! YOU CAN SPEAK
YOUR PIECE AFTER
YOU'VE RESTED!



NO TIME... FOR THAT! GOT TO SPEAK... AT
ONCE! TELL TIM... NO TIME TO LOSE! I'VE
COME ALL THE WAY FROM UTAH! A VAGABY
UP THERE... SKY GAP... OWNED AND RUN
BY... KILLERS!



THAT'S ALL... GOOD BURN...
IS FACT! THE KILLERS ALONE.
HIS MEN SHOT DOWN... HIS CATTLE
RUSTLED... NO LAW THERE...
ALL DEAD! I GAWW!



CHITZ!
HE'S
PASSED
OUT!

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



HERE HE IS, BOYS!

WE'RE BRIN' YOU A SOCIABLE CALL, TENDERFOOT!

WHY COME RIGHT IN. JUST A MINUTE WHILE I EMPTY THE WASH BASK.



OOO OPS! I TRIPPED!

MY EYES!

HEY! GLAW!



LOOK OUT! I'M STILL TRIPPING!

CRASS BONN



I TRIED TO GRAB THIS CHAIR TO KEEP FROM FALLING, BUT I'M AFRAID I'VE BUNGLED IT!

WATCH IT!

LOOK OUT!



HOOD WHIFF!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? YOU SAVED ME FROM A BAD SPILL!



I SEE HIM!

HE TOO!

SOapy WATER IN THEIR EYES!

BLAMM BLAMM

BOON



HERE...LET ME HELP YOU UP!

?

TIM HOLT



WHAM... SEEMS I LIFTED A LITTLE TOO HARD

CRACK!



TOO BAD YOU HATE TO RUSH OFF LIKE THIS. COME AND SEE ME ANY TIME AT ALL!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE OUTLAW'S RANCH...

WELL, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO! THAT TENDERFOOT SURE TRICKED US NICE AND HEAT!

HE AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH IT, I TELL YOU!



WE ROBBED AND KILLED TOO MUCH TO LOSE THIS SOFT TOUCH NOW BY SCARIN' OUT NESTERS AND SOME WEAK RANCHERS. WE OWN THE BEST RANCH IN THE VALLEY! FOLKS ARE SCARED OF US NOW ALONG COMES THE TENDERFOOT, AN...



IF THAT INSTANT GUNSHOT'S SLAM SHARPLY IN THE NIGHT AIR...

WHO'S THAT?

HOBBOY'D DARE ATTACK US HERE.

IT'S ONE MAN! BUT WHO?



HE'S REARIN' OFF OUR HORSES!

BLAW! FLAW!



SOMEBODY DROP HIM. IF WE DON'T HE'LL RUN OFF ALL OUR SADDLE MOUNTS... AN' WE'LL HAVE TO WALK!

I THINK I GOT HIM! HE'S STOPPIN'!

TIM HOLT



WITH A CRASH, THE STOVE TOPPLES OVER! A FLOOD OF BLAZING WOOD AND BLOWING COALS SPREAD IN A WIDE CIRCLE ON THE DRY FLOOR....



THE SUN-BAKED WOODEN FRAME BENCHHOUSE, DRY AS MOUNTAIN AIR, BURSTS INTO FLAMES, WITHOUT WATER, THE OUTLAND STAND HELDLESSLY BY...



SOME--SCORCHED AND WEARY, THE DELTA "ON-A-ROCK" BUNCH ENTER SKY GAP AFTER A FIFTY-MILE WALK UNDER A BLAZING UTAH SUN...



...ONLY TO FIND THAT THE TOWN STORES ARE SEEMINGLY OUT OF FOOD, WATER, AND EVERYTHING BUYABLE!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



THROUGHOUT THE LONG AFTERNOON, THE MASKED MAN GATHERED UP THE BEST OF THE OUTLAW BUNCH...

MUCH LATER, AFTER THE LAST OF THE GANG HAS BEEN PLACED BEHIND JAIL BARS, AND A FEDERAL MARSHAL SUMMONED TO SEND THEM TO THE TERRITORIAL DEPTO...



the CALICO KID

SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF FORT ARMSTEAD, CALIFORNIA, AN ISOLATED FAMILY OF HOMESTEADERS STIFFEN AS THE SOUND OF HOOFBEATS SHATTER THE SILENCE OF THE NEIGHBORING HILLS ...



MIGHT AS WELL PASS THE GOOD WORD ALONG TO THOSE HOMESTEADERS THAT — **HEY!**



HEY, HOLD ON THERE!

BY THUNDER! THEY AIN'T NAVAJOS!



MIGHTY BORRY, BENTS! I HAD YOU FIGURED AS RAIDIN' REDSKINS!

RECKON YOU'VE JUST ABOUT SEEN THE LAST OF THE WARRIN' NAVAJOS! CHIEF GREY BULL'S AGREED TO SIGN A TREATY WITH US!



WHAT EVENING, AS THE NEWS OF THE PENDING PEACE SPREADS FARTHER SOUTH...

WHEN'S THIS HERE POW-WOW COMIN' UP, CALICO?

FROM WHAT I COULD LEARN UP AT FORT ARMSTEAD, THOSE CAVALRY OFFICERS OUGHT TO BE HERE BY MORNIN'!



WHAT DO YOU SAY, BOYS? RECKON THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE CELEBRATIN'; HUH?

-UH-UH, FRIEND... THIS CALLS FOR SOME MIGHTY FAST NIGHT RIDIN'!



TIM HOLT

AN HOUR LATER, APPROACHING
A HILL-HEMMED SHACK....



PUT UP THAT
GUN, YUH OLD
FOOL... IT'S
ME!

BACK, KINDA
EARLY, AIN'TCHA
SON? HEH, WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
COULDN'T KETCH
YOURSELF A
DANCIN' GIRL
IN TOWN?

VERY FUNNY,
POW! NOW TRY
LAUGHIN' THIS
OFF... THE ARMY'S
MOVIN' IN
TOMORROW
TO MAKE
PEACE WITH
TH' NAWAJOS!

WHAT?

THEM NO GOOD
HEATHENS! WHEAT ABOUT
ALL THESE GUNS I
RELIED ON
SELLIN' 'EM?



RECKON YOU'LL
JUST HAVE TO
BEAT 'EM IN YA
PLOWSHARE!

PLOWSHARES, HEY? NOT
ON YOUR LEFT, YUH WHIMPERING
WHELP! I'VE WORKED TOO
HARD TO HAVE THIS RIFLE-
RINNIN' BUSINESS BURST
UP BY A POW-YOW!



AND A FEW HOURS BEFORE DAWN,
AS THE SOLDIERS NEAR SAN CANYON...



WATER, AS THE CALICO WAGON STARTS
NORTH ON ITS APPOINTED ROUNDS...



PLEASE FORGIVE
UNMANNERED YAWN!
HORRIBLE HOUR, NOT
ESTEEM'D COMPANY
IS CAUSE OF SAME!

SORRY, PAL,
BUT WE'VE A
LOT OF BRIDG' TO
COVER TODAY
AND... OH-OH,
LOOK UP AHEAD
THERE, BING-
SONG!

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

FAIRING THE RIVER, CALICO FINDS FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE MURDERER'S WANTON RAMPAGE ...



H-HELLO...

HOLD UP, BOY!

EASY NOW, SON! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT LEG!

THE PAIN OF THE WOUND IS LESS THAN THE HURT IN THIS HEART! FOR, EVEN AS MY PEOPLE PREPARE FOR PEACE, YOUR SOLDIERS COME AND SHOOT DOWN LITTLE BEAR!



BUSILY ENAGED IN BANDAGING THE WOUNDED BOY, THE CALICO KID AT FIRST FAILS TO HEAR THE SOFT TREAD OF MOC-CASINED FEET...



OH-OH!

LITTLE BEAR, MY SON, WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

YOU ARE HURT! THIS ONE DID HE ... ?

NO, NO, REVERED FATHER, HE IS A FRIEND! THE DEED WAS DONE BY WORTHLESS WHITE WARRIORS!



BUT I TELL YOU THOSE KILLERS ARE?? SOLDIERS! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME...



GO, WHITE MAN, BEFORE I FORGET THAT YOU BEFRIENDED MY SON! TELL YOUR PEOPLE THAT THE NAVAJOS CAN ALSO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF THUNDERING DEATH!

GATHER HORSE AND WARRIORS! WE WILL RIDE TO THE MAN CALLED TURNBULL FOR FIRESTICKS!



TURNBULL'S, EH? ALRIGHT, EBONY... LET'S GO!

RECKON MY CHANCES OF TALKING THAT GUN-RUNNING RENEGADE OUT OF ARMING THOSE NAVAJOS ARE PRETTY SLIM! BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY... I'VE GOT TO !!



TIM HOLT





YAA-HAA!

COME ON, TURNBULL,
RECKON YOU'VE GOT
SOME CALLERS
OUTSIDE!



FATHER - THIS ONE...
HE IS THE SOLDIER
THAT SHOT
LITTLE BEAR!

HIM NOT
WARRIOR!
HIM SON OF
TURNBULL!



D-DON'T LET
'EM T-TAKE ME...
DON'T!

WAIT, NAWAJO FRIENDS!
THIS IS A MATTER FOR
THE WHITE WARRIOR
CHIEF! IT IS ONLY FAIR
THAT HE DECIDE HOW
TO DEAL WITH THE
KILLERS OF HIS
BRAVES!



IT SHALL BE SO!
TELL YOUR CHIEF
THAT MY PEOPLE
BID HIM WELCOME
TO PEACE POW-WOW!

THANKS,
GREY-GULL!



NOW THEN...
FIRE THIS EVIL
HOUSE OF
THUNDER STICKS
!!!

ERRR...
YAA-HAA!

MINUTES LATER, A MIGHTY
MUNITIONS EXPLOSION
ROCKS THE TURNBULL SHACK...



BLAM-MAAA!



E-EASE UP ON THE
ROPE, STRANGER...
WE'RE A-COMIN'!

MIGHT AS WELL
GET USED TO IT,
TURNBULL! YEAH...
MIGHT AS WELL
GET USED TO IT...!

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

A TWO-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD VASE AND A SERIES OF ODD ACCIDENTS AT THE HORSE-SHOE SILVER MINES COMBINE TO PRODUCE A QUEER PUZZLE NOT FAR FROM TIM'S HOME RANGE. AND WHEN TIM AND HIS PRAIRIE PARTNER, CHITO, RIDE INTO A BLASTING SHOCK OF BLAZING GUNS AND EXPLODING DYNAMITE, THEY FIND THEMSELVES CONFRONTED WITH THE MYSTERY OF — — —

The Mine Menace!



A MILE ABOVE THE LARGE HACIENDA OF SPANISH GRANDEE DON ESTEBAN DE MIRANZA, FIVE MEN SPUR AT FULL GALLOP DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE OF AN ARROYO — — —

WE WILL HIT AND RUN. WASTE NO TIME FIGHTING — IF WE CAN AVOID IT!

YEAH! WE GOT TO GET THAT VASE!



REMEMBER — THE VASE...!





TIM HOLT





"YOU'LL NEVER SETTLE THIS BY ARGUING AND FIGHTING. WHY NOT SMOKE THE PEACE-PIPE FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS? CHITO AND I WILL CHECK THE MINES."

"IT'S FAIR ENOUGH, THAT IS!"

"ALL RIGHT, TIM."



"YE SEE, TWO BEAM PROPS HAVE BEEN DAMED TO MAKE THEM BREAK. AND THESE ARE POWDER STAINS WHERE GUNPOWDER WAS USED."

"HMM... LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE WANTED TO FORCE THE MINERS TO STOP WORK... MAYBE SO THEY COULD BUY THE MINE CHEAPLY...?"



"BUT THIS MINE IS PETERED OUT. IT'S OLD - JUST ABOUT PAYS OPERATING EXPENSES. NO ONE WOULD GO TO THE TROUBLE OF CAUSING ACCIDENTS TO GET CONTROL - IT ISN'T WORTH IT!"

FOR A NIGHT AND A DAY TIM AND CHITO HIDE IN THE MESQUITE AND THE MALPAIS WITHOUT SUCCESS. AND THEN, ON THE SECOND NIGHT, AN HOUR AFTER MOONRISE---



"OVER THERE, CHITO: FIVE MEN!"

"CARAMBA! SET WAS FIVE MEN WHO STOLE THIS MINE OF DON ESTERAN!"



THEY WENT INTO THE HILLSIDE - THROUGH THAT SWINGING ROCK DOOR:

"HAH! SET IS PLENTY CLEVERER OF THEM, TIM. SHRUBBERY HAS GROWN OVER THAT ROCK SO THAT NO ONE WOULD THINK TO FIND IT!"



"AN OLD MINE SHAFT! VERY OLD! WHY - I'LL BET THE HORSESHOE MINES PEOPLE THEMSELVES DON'T KNOW OF THIS!"

"BUT WHO BUILT IT? (ESP THE HORSESHOE MINES) DIDN'T THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES TO DO ANY MINING HERE!"



"TRUE ENOUGH. BUT, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE SPANISH, UNDER LAND GRANTS FROM THEIR KING, WERE ALL AROUND THIS COUNTRYSIDE. THEY MIGHT HAVE MINED HERE..."

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

DIGGING AND CLAWING AT THE LOOSE EARTH AND ROCK WITH THEIR FINGERS, THE SWEAT POURING FROM THEM, TIM AND CHITO BATTLE FOR THEIR LIVES IN THE SEALED MINE TUNNEL.

KEEP MOVING, CHITO! IF YOU STOP TO REST, YOUR MUSCLES WILL TIGHTEN UP...

I HEEL! KEEP MOVING!

MY FINGERS, SHE ARE BLEEDING, TIM!

SO ARE MINE - BUT IT'S BETTER TO HAVE SORE FINGERS THAN NOT TO BE ABLE TO FEEL THEM AT ALL!



WE MADE IT!

CAGARRA! I AM FOR TO BE ALIVE ALL OVER!



HERE ARE THEIR TRACKS, CHITO! WE CAN FOLLOW THEM.

STAND STILL, YOU OMBLEY ANIMULE!



LET'S GO, CHITO!



SOME MILES AHEAD, IN THE MINING TOWN OF HANGRAN QUICH, IN A SMALL REAL ESTEADOFFICE...

MY CLIENTS WILL BE HERE IMMEDIATELY TO SIGN THE DEED. IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL READ IT TO YOU.

FINE, FINE! I'M ANXIOUS TO GET THAT HORSESHOE MINE, SO GET AHEAD!



AH - HERE THEY ARE NOW. THEY'LL SIGN THE DEEDS, AND THE MINE WILL BE YOURS!!

GIVE ME THE PEN, I'LL SIGN AT ONCE. I WANT TO LEAVE TOWN ON THE MIDDAY STAGE.

TIM HOLT



HOLD IT! DON'T ANYONE MAKE A MOVE! THAT HORSESHOE MINE IS WORTH A FORTUNE - AND BALDY KNOWS IT WELL ENOUGH!

WHA - WHAT'S THAT?

A VASE WAS STOLEN FROM DON ESTEBAN'S HACIENDA, IMMEDIATELY THE MEN WHO STOLE IT WERE ABLE TO GO TO A LOST SILVER MINE NEAR THE HORSESHOE MINE'S DIGGINGS, BUT BEFORE THAT KNOWING THERE WAS A SILVER MINE BUT NOT KNOWING ITS LOCATION, THESE MEN CAUSED ACCIDENTS AND DISASTERS AT THE MINE TO FRIGHTEN THE MINERS INTO QUITTING!



GET HIM! HE DOESN'T DARE SHOOT IN HERE FOR FEAR OF HITTING THE LAWYER AND THE MINE OWNERS!

WE'LL GET HIM, ALL RIGHT!

AND WE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN WE DO!

BURIED UNDER FIVE MEN, TIM GOES BACKWARD INTO THE STREET, AS A GUN IS PRESSED AGAINST HIS MIDDLE IN THE SAVAGE CONFLICT...



DON'T WANT TO SHOOT IN THE OFFICE, AND NOW I CAN'T SHOOT OUT HERE!



THEN, LED BY CHITO, WHOOPING MINERS FALL ON THE FIVE GUNMEN...

SO YOU'RE THE GUYS WHO BROKE MY ARM!

-AND JIMMY'S LEGS!

I BROUGHT THEM AS YOU SAID, TIM - AND JUST IN TIME!

BLAMMA!



LATER, AFTER THE GUNMEN AND THEIR RINGLEADER HAVE BEEN TAKEN OFF TO JAIL...

WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, TIM, WE'RE GOING TO KEEP THE MINES, BUT WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THEM ANDELL MINES! ALL THE BEST SAFETY EQUIPMENT THAT CAN BE FOUND WILL BE USED IN THE SHAFTS AND TUNNELS.

GOOD! THEN I'LL RETURN THIS VASE TO DON ESTEBAN. HE KNEW OF THE RAP BUT NEVER CONNECTED IT WITH THIS LOCALITY!

THE END



by Gardner E. Fox

THE WAR ARROW quivered in the tree trunk, humming shrilly. The shrill Kiowa war-whoop whistled in the cool morning air. Half a mile away, a red shadow slipped over the farther side of a paint pony and galloped to safety, yowling his taunts.

Lieutenant Rex Gordon of the 7th Cavalry, U. S. Army, turned a haggard face to his chief scout, the Pawnee sub-chief, Little Egg. He croaked with a dry tongue. "We must have help, Little Egg. We've no water, and not much ammunition. Three of our detail are dead, and only that medical orderly is un-wounded! What are we going to do?"

The Pawnee's bearded face never changed expression as he said, "Send orderly to Fort Riley. Let him take horse and run."

"But he's the only man with us without experience! Why, he hasn't been at the Fort long enough to get tired!"

"Better that way. Him little, not weigh much on horse. Him no good shoot. We need man who shoot good here!"

Lieutenant Gordon granted, and crawled along the bottom of the shallow sink toward a white-faced medical orderly who was bandaging over a wounded cavalryman, bandaging his arm. The orderly turned a startled face as the lieutenant touched his shoulder. Abruptly, he thrust the roll of white medical tape into his uniform pocket.

"Gill, we'll never last two days, with all these Kiowas around us," Gordon said.

Medical orderly Gilbert Callen nodded. He wet his lips with his tongue. "I know. I've been thinking about it."

"Do you think you could get to Fort Riley on a horse? If you do, bring word to Colonel Bennett where we are!"

"I'll try. I'll slip away after dark."

"If they catch you, you know what might happen?"

Medical orderly Callen shuddered. He had seen soldiers or when the Kiowas had worked their tortures. But he lifted his chin, and

there was a brief, hard light in his eyes. He said slowly, "I'm studying to be a doctor, Lieutenant. If I can save lives by running for help, I'll run!"

"Good boy!" smiled Gordon. "Leave everything here but your clothes. Don't even take a weapon."

Callen grinned weakly. "That's all right with me. I couldn't hit a barn-door with a gun, anyhow!"

Callen glanced at the sky. The sun was red. It would be dark in a few hours. Until then, he could keep busy looking after the wounded man.

When the stars were glittering in the black bowl of the heavens, medical orderly Callen mounted a sleek bay mare. Beside him, looking up at him, was Lieutenant Gordon. Gordon whispered, "Tell the colonel we're at Delta Basin. He knows where that is."

Callen nodded, "I'll tell him."

"Good luck, orderly."

"I'll need it!"

And then the bay mare was leaping up the slope of the sink. Callen bent low over his neck, the mane whipping against his face in the breeze that swept in over the sage flats. Callen whispered, "It's up to you, boy! You can make it. Easy now!"

There was no moon, and the only sound was the thudding beat of the mare's hooves on the ground. A wild hope leaped inside Callen's chest. *Maybe I can make it!* he thought wildly. *Maybe these moccasins won't bear me!* He croaked lower, hands wound in the reins, and then he heard it!

Owwwoooo-ooooooo!

It sounded like the high, shrill call of a coyote, but even medical orderly Callen knew it was no coyote. For the wild cry was answered here and there on the black plains by the calls of other coyotes. Only an Indian could make a sound like that!

He came out of the mesquite clumps at full

TIM HOLT

gallop Far to the right he saw the Kiowas bent over their paleo ponies, riding backward, moonlight glinting on the barrels of their rifles. One of the Indians lifted his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The whiplike crack came sharp in the night wind. Instinctively, medical orderly Callen ducked, but the bullet was wide.

To lessen his weight, Callen slipped his jacket off and dropped it. The wind caught at his thin shirt and chilled him. But the bay mare would have a little less weight to carry!

The Kiowas were separating. A dozen of them, painted with red and yellow and green stripings, were racing after him, and the others were turning their mounts' heads back toward the west. But those dozen were more than enough to catch him. Without a weapon, he had to put all his hope on the slim bay legs of the little mare!

* * *

The sun was blistering hot, high in the heavens, as medical orderly Callen shook his empty canteen and threw it away. His shirt had gone the way of his jacket and his canteen at dawn. Naked to the waist, he held the bay mare to a steady pace.

The mare was tired. She had run all night to escape the pursuing Kiowas, and to prevent her from foundering, he had to let her run at a trot for half the morning. Behind him, not so far away but that his blood ran cold when he thought of them, came the Kiowas.

They were shooting now. The bullets stopped and hit in the dust all around him. Callen frowned. One of those bullets might hit him, and topple him from the saddle. If there were some way of taking that message in even if I were dead— he thought.

He could tangle his hands in the reins, and his legs in the stirrups, and thus remain on the horse, dead or alive. But he had no way of carrying that message! Hopelessly, knowing there was nothing that would help him, he began to feel around in the pockets of his uniform trousers.

His fingers touched the roll of medical tape that he had absent-mindedly shoved into his pocket back at Delta Basin. He took it out and looked at it. The tape might hold, and it might not. Still—

Medical orderly Callen grinned. Sure! He had a way to carry a message! Why hadn't he thought of this before?

It was while he was grinning that the Kiowa bullet caught him under the left shoulder and knocked him almost over the neck of the mare. Blackbirds came down out of the sky and settled over his eyes for one brief, pain-racked moment. Fingers tangled in the mare's mane, he hung on, grimly ripping tiny

strips of medical tape from the roll in his almost nerveless left hand. . .

* * *

He swung up out of the blackness that was dark with the red flashes of pain. His shoulder was on fire, and his entire back was a mass of agony. He lay on hot white sheets in a cot, face down. By staring his neck, even though the pain made him shudder, he could see the white wall of the sick bay.

A mass of starched white shirt made him lift his eyes. A pretty nurse was bending toward him, her eyes misty with tears. She whispered, "Does it hurt—very badly?"

"Enough. But never mind me. What about . . ."

"Lieutenant Gordon? He's outside, with the colonel, to see you. Shall I send them in?"

He nodded, his heart thudding wildly. Then he had gotten his message through! It was so hard to remember, thinking only of the pain, and the fire on his back and chest and the incoming Kiowas. He remembered vaguely that he had twisted hands in reins and legs in stirrups, and fallen forward over his mount's ears. He must have come through, for he was still alive!

The door opened and closed. He heard voices in the hall, and he shook his head, trying to think. The horse must have carried him to the fort. He had no remembrance of the hands that had eased him from the saddle, of the voices that must have exclaimed at seeing him. Did they wonder about Gordon and the others at Delta Basin? The colonel had no way of talking with him. Now, then—?

His thoughts were broken off by the opening door. A nurse clanked as Colonel Bennett came across the floor to stand over him. "Well, orderly? How do you feel? Blisters still bother you?"

"Blisters, sir?"

Lieutenant Gordon was kneeling, his hand going out to Callen's hand, squeezing it. "Thanks, Gal. You got through just in time. We didn't lose a man, thanks to you—and your seburns!"

"Se-surns?"

"He's forgotten and no wonder," smiled the colonel. "You must have expected to be wounded or killed, orderly. You used medical tape on your chest, to form a triangle, or delta? Since I knew the route your detail was taking, it was obvious that in or near Delta Basin the rest of the men were trapped by the Kiowas! Although the tape came off sometime during your ride, your chest was blistered, except for the area protected by the tape—which was white and clearly showed a delta."

The End

T-H Home Range

THIS IS A MAP OF TIM'S HOME RANGE, INCLUDING THE TOWN OF BULLET AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE.
(SAVE FOR FUTURE REFERENCE AS YOU FOLLOW TIM'S ADVENTURES ON THIS RANGE.)



TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

THE DEEP BARK OF A COB in the hands of a killer marks the opening move of a game of ruthless outlaws!

As a deputy sheriff plunges toward the street, run out to defend himself, other deputies join the number!

And when deputy after deputy falls with his life for his devotion to duty, only Tim Holt will step forward into that spot

marked by death and agree to become one more

SIXGUN SHERIFF!

FROM BEHIND BARREL AND MASHBURNER, AARD! EYES MEN FOUR A FURILLADE OF LEAD INTO A VILLAGE STREET...



TIM HOLT



AND WE DON'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT THEM! THEY WERE ALL BEHIND COVER!

THEY CAN'T GET FAR AWAY!



MAYBE THEY COULDN'T BUT THEY ENDED LAUGHED RIGHT INTO THE GROUND! WELL, LET'S OBEY THE SHERIFF. SODS IS THE TOWN'S DEPUTY TO BE SHOT THIS MORNING!

SEE SODS JOB BEING DEPUTY SHERIFF!



SODS GRIN-FACED BACKLASH SHERIFF SPREADS SOFTLY IN THE SHERIFF HOTEL, SOME MINUTES LATER.

SODS IS DEAD—JUST LIKE THE OTHERS! WHO DID IT? WHY? I KNOW YOU MEN, SO I CAN ASK THE QUESTION TOO—WHO ARE THE STRANGERS WHO'VE GROWN INTO TOWN LATELY?



SODS SHERIFF SAYS, "I'VE SEEN 'EM ALL, HARRACED MEN THEY ARE, WEARING THEIR GUNS LOW..."



"MUST BE TWENTY OF 'EM, ALL TOLD, THE KILLINGS STARTED SINCE THEY GOT HERE. WHAT DO THEY WANT? WHY DO THEY JUST HANG AROUND AND—" WANT I?"



I'M WORRIED, I'M, THEY KILL AN DEPUTES, BUT DON'T FURT ME! AGAIN—WHY? I WISH I HAD SOMEBODY TO DEPEND ON—BUT TO BE AN DEPUTY MEANS AN HORROR, WON'T LIVE VERY LONG!

I'LL BE YOUR DEPUTY SHERIFF JUDGE WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THESE PARTS!



SODS THAT MOMENT IN A SALOON AT THE END OF TOWN...

WE'LL MEET BENTS IN THE BACK ROOM!

YEAH! IT'S TIME TO DO WHAT WE CAME HERE TO DO...

TIM HOLT



WE'VE DONE OUR PART, BINTY, THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

WHEN IS THIS BIG 'DEAL' TAKING PLACE?

ON THE FIFTYFIFTH! ALL THE CASH RAVOLLS COME INTO TOWN ON THAT DAY! AND THE SILVER SHIPMENT COMES TO THE SALUNDO FROM THE MINE'S SOUTH OF HERE...

...AND THAT'S WHEN THE BANK INSPECTS ITS BOOKS, THERE'LL BE ONLY A FEW TELLERS WORKING IN IT, MY IDEA IS TO HIT ALL THREE PLACES...STAGE, SALUNDO AND BANK...AT THE SAME TIME! BY KILLING OFF THOSE DEPUTIES, WE'VE LEFT ONLY ONE LAWABID IN TOWN...



...OF COURSE, HE HAD TO LET HIM LIVE, IF WE'D KILLED HIM TOO, THEY MIGHT HAVE SENT FOR THE BANGERS! BUT THE SHERIFF CAN'T BE IN THREE PLACES AT THE SAME TIME!



I RECKON BINTY DON'T KNOW IT, BUT ONE OF THOSE DEPUTIES HE KILLED WAS MY COUSIN!



THE SHERIFF ISN'T IN... BUT I HATE TO WASTE SOMEBODY! RECKON TIM HOLT WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON...

OUT ACROSS THE BOYAL-BOYOTTED PLAINS RACES JOHNNY ON HIS PONY, AS HE HEADS UP AND CACTUS PAGES...



HE STEPPED IN A PRAIRIE DOG'S HOLE...
YEEEEEOW!

WITH A HEAVY THUD JOHNNY HITS THE SUN-BASED GROUND! HE SAUNDERS CONVULSIVELY, AND LIES STILL!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

AND THEN THE WHOLE CRACK OF A BANG! STEVE WOULD STARE THE SCORCH! ANOTHER RIFLE CRACKS --- AND ANOTHER!



THEY HAVEN'T GOT FIFTY-TO-ONE ODDS NOW! THE DIRTY KILLERS!

MAKE EVERY SHELL COUNT!

THE FURILLADE OF SHOTS DROPS OUTLAW AFTER OUTLAW! YET STILL THEY COME ON!



WE CAUGHT THEM JUST IN TIME! ANOTHER FEW MINUTES AND WE WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!



SEE A PLEASURE TO PULL THEIR TRIGGERS WITH SUCH HOPE FOR TARGETS! WHEN I THINK OF THOSE POOR DEPUTIES THEY MURDERED... GRRR...!

THERE'S SOMETHING I DON'T UNDERSTAND, CHITO!



HOW DO TIM KNOW THE OWLHOOTS WOULD COME THIS WAY! HUH?

AY DI HUH! I DON'T HAVE FOR TO TELL YOU SHOULD TIME RIGHT THREE MINUTES, GONOR! WHOOPS! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WITH GRIN, DEADLY DETERMINATION, THE CONTINUED BOLD IN THEIR EYES! THE MURDERED MEN WERE THEIR FRIENDS! MEN LIKE THESE... GUNMEN AND KILLERS... MUST PAY THE PRICE FOR MURDER!



WE AIN'T GOT A SNOWBALL'S CHANCE IN HADES UNLESS WE GET OUT OF THIS PINE!

YOU LEAD THE WAY! I'M WITH YOU...!



"WE'RE GETTIN' AWAY!"

"WE'LL GET MORE MEN AND COME BACK. I GOT A FEW DEBTS TO PAY!"



"RELAX, WOMPERS! YOU AIN'T GOIN' NO PLACE!"

"BUT YOU ARE —!"

TIM MOVES FORWARD, HIS RIGHT HAND DROPS AND LIFTS.



"STOP BELLOWING HORSES. I JUST CRASSED YOUR GUN-HAND. I WANT YOU TO SWING FOR THOSE ORVES."

SOME MINUTES LATER...



"HERE THEY ARE, SHERIFF -- THE ORVES THAT ARE STILL ALIVE!"

"THEY'LL SWING LIKE YOU SAID, TIM! FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY!"

TIM, THERE'S A PUZZLE ABOUT THIS I CAN'T UNRAVE. HOW'D YOU KNOW THEM KILLERS WOULD COME THROUGH CACTUS PASS?



"THAT WAS EASY, SHERIFF. I SENT RIDERS ON THE FINEST HORSES THE T-BAR OWNS TO NEIGH-BORING RANCHES."

...WHILE I DON'T LEARN ABOUT THEIR PLANS FROM JOHNNY UNTIL TOO LATE TO PREVENT THEM FROM ROBBING... I COULD GET THE RANCHERS TO SET LOOKOUTS TO WATCH FOR THEM HITTING THE TRAIL FROM TOWN... AND TO GUIDE ME BY SMOKE SIGNALS! WHICH THEY DID!



THE BEST DOGSBONE DEPUTY I EVER HAD! HE CAN DO THINGS ON HIS OWN AND CARRY OUT AN ORDER... BEFORE I EVEN KNOW WHAT ORDER TO GIVE HIM.





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