



COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

# TIM HOLT

No. 15

10¢



this issue  
complete Story  
of  
**THE GHOST RIDER**



**KNOCKOUT** on the way! Tim has rocked the badman with a jolting left hook, and is now cocking his right fist for the driving haymaker that will put the villain to sleep!

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WHEN THE SLASHER AND HIS GUN-TOTING PALE CUT DOWN SLOW RUNNER, THE BANNER BRAVE IN DARK INLE PASS, THEY SET FIRE TO THE FERCE AND SAVAGE TEMPER OF HIS TRIBE. BLACK WAR PAINT IS SWAGED ON FACE AND CHEST! SOUS ARE STUNG! ARROW-HEADS ARE SHARPENED!

OUT OF THE FURY THAT WAS TO BLOOD A BLOODY SAMASS INDIAN WAS SWAGED TIM HOLT ON THE GOLDEN STELLION, LIGHTNING—ONE MAN ALONE AGAINST A NATION, RYDING A—  
**"WHITE MAN'S WAR TRAIL!"**



FRANK BOWLE

CRY GURLES IN SLOW RUNNER'S MOUTH AS A FOREARH TIGHTENS LIKE A STEEL BAND AROUND HIS THROAT. A RIFLE LIFTS AND COMES DOWN SAMASSLY...



IF THIS WON'T START AN INDIAN WAR—NOTHING WILL!



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



GLURKK!

CHITO —  
TO THE  
WINDOWS!



ULKKK!

SAR THE OODR,  
CHITO — DON'T LET  
THEM GET TOO  
CLOSE!

WHOPPING AND  
YELLING, THE  
DANCEERS FORM  
A FLOOD OF  
ARROWS FROM  
THEIR TWARD-  
ING BOWSTRINGS



AIEEE! Aieee!



AS THE ACID SMELL OF SMOKE FILLS  
THE BARN HOUSE, TIM CALLS OUT SHARPLY

THEY'RE FIRING FLAMING  
ARROWS! THEY'RE GOING TO  
BURN US OUT!



THUNNNK!



CAN'T SEE TO SHOOT  
ANYMORE! — GAEP —  
SMOKE TOO MUCH!  
GOT TO MAKE A RUN  
TO THAT WILHOUSE!

MRS BAXTER SEE FOR  
PAINTING! RUN, TIM! I  
WEEEL FOLLOWING YOU!



GOT TO RUN FASTER  
THAN I'VE EVER RUN  
BEFORE! IF I STUMBLE  
AND FALL — THE  
CHILDREN AND I  
ARE FINISHED!

# TIM HOLT



I'M GOING TO MAKE IT—  
IF I DON'T CATCH A WAR  
ARROW IN THE BACK!



MAYBE I CAN DRIVE THEM  
OFF LONG ENOUGH FOR CHITO  
AND MRS. BAXTER TO GET  
HERE.



SEE! GOOD SHOOTING!  
TIM! ONLY A FEW MORE  
STEPS AN—

WOOLLY SWING BARCLUS  
CRASHES DOWN ON CHITO—  
SENDS HIM TO THE GROUND!



URR!



DON'T WANT TO KILL ANY  
OF THEM... IF I CAN HELP IT.  
JUST WOUND THEM...  
DRIVE THEM BACK!



THEY CAN'T BURN THIS  
SHELTER DOWN OVER OUR HEADS!  
THESE GREASY COTTONWOOD LOGS  
JUST WON'T BURN!

MY HEAD SHE'S BEES FEEL  
LIKE SHE'S DOING THEM  
BURNING RIGHT NOW!  
Goooo!

AFTER AN HOUR OF SHOOTING  
ARROWS AND HELPING WOUND  
THE PRAIRIES RACE OFF WITH  
THE LITTLE RANCH'S SADDLE STOCK.



HI-YAH!

ARR! ARR!

# TIM HOLT

TAKE MRS BAXTER TO THE T BAR W. ONTS. THEN MEET ME IN THE HILLS. I'M GOING TO THE RAWNEE CAMP.

TO THE RAWNEE CAMP? AFTER WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN SEEING DOING? YOU ARE LOCO, MAN??

NO—NOT LOCO, THOUGH IT MAY SEEM LIKE IT! BUT THE RAWNEES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FRIENDLY! WHAT SET THEM OFF? WHAT TURNED THEM AGAINST THE WHITES?

UNBOWN TO TIM, THE RAWNEE BRIDES HAVE MADE THEIR DEPART, AND THEIR INFAMOUS WOODS AROUND THE ANGLE OF WATCHES-THE-SKY, RAWNEE CAMP...

MY HEART IS SORE AGAINST OUR FORMER FRIENDS, SINCE THEY HAVE MURDERED ONE OF MY PEOPLE, I MUST ORDER THEIR DEATHS!

WATCHES-THE-SKY HAS GIVEN THE WORD!

DEATH TO ALL WHITES!

IF ANY APPROACHES THE CAMP—HE DIES!

UNWARE THAT RAWNEE RIFLES AND ARROWS WAIT FOR HIM, TIM HEADS UP INTO THE THICKER SET...

A WHITE MAN? WATCHES-THE-SKY HAS SAID HE MUST DIE!

SUDDENLY THE GREAT BOW SENDS, FOR AN INSTANT, THE ARROW IS DRAWN TO ITS LONGEST LENGTH— THEN RELEASED!

THE ARROW WHISTLES IN THE AIR— AND TIM PLUNGES HELPLESSLY FROM THE SADDLE!

UGGHHH!

TIM HOLT



HIM MAKE GOOD SCALP! RED BEAR HANG SCALP ON POLE BEFORE HIS LODGE!



YOUR ARROW HIT THE HORN HOLDING THE TE-STRINGS OF MY SONNERSO, RAVINEE! IT DEFLECTED IT JUST ENOUGH...

YOU— STILL ALIVE??



ALIVE — AND FULL OF FIGHT!

GNNYHAH!



ULKKK!

I NEVER THOUGHT THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN AN INDIAN'S CLOTHES WOULD LOOK SO GOOD TO ME...!



RECKON I'LL NEED THIS COSTUME TO GET INTO THAT RAVINEE VILLAGE — IF WATCHES-THE-SAY HAS GUARDS COVERING ALL APPROACHES TO IT. HUH, WONDER WHAT CH'TO'D SAY IF HE COULD SEE ME NOW?

AS ANKET WRAPPED ABOUT HIM, TIM SEEMS JUST ANOTHER INDIAN AS HE RACES PAST THE COOKING POTS AND SHIELD POLES...



IF I CAN GET INSIDE THE CHIEF'S TIP, I'LL HAVE HALF A CHANCE...

AS HE ENTERS, TIM'S EYES SCANNED IN THE SHADOW AND OF THE TIP — THEY WERE IN ALIBREY...



COME IN, WHITE MAN!



# TIM HOLT



RED DEER WOULD NEVER COME IN WITHOUT A RAY BEING SENT TO REPLACE HIM! WHAT DO YOU WANT OF MATCHES—IN THE SKY!

I WANT—  
**PEACE!**



ON SPEARS SWIFTLY MURDERED, HOPING HIS URGENT REASONS WILL CHANGE THE OPINION AND FEATURES OF THE PRINCE CAPTAIN...

IT WAS BAD WHITE MEN WHO KILLED SLOW RUNNER. THOSE BAD WHITE MEN WILL BE CAUGHT AND PUNISHED! BUT YOU MUST BRING YOUR YOUNG MEN OFF THE WIND TRAIL—OR THE ARMY WILL TAKE THE FIELD AGAINST YOU AND FORCE YOU INTO A RESERVATION!



IT IS AS YOU SAY! YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A FRIEND OF SLOW RUNNER, TIM HOLT. I WILL CALL MY YOUNG MEN BACK—FOR ONE WEEK! BUT YOU MUST FIND THE BAD WHITE MEN IN THAT TIME!

I WILL! MY WORD ON IT!



LATER THAT DAY, TOWARD EVENING, ON THE SPOT WHERE SLOW RUNNER WAS KILLED...



A SHELL FROM A HENRY RIFLE! HAWH... THOSE GUNS ARE A WHITE OUT OF DATE AROUND THESE PARTS. OUGHTN'T TO BE TOO HARD TO FIND A MAN WHO USES ONE.

FOR HOURS, TIM AND CHITO WALK THE BRACE GROUND AND LIVING QUARTERS OF FORT DANGER. FINALLY—



LOOK THERE, CHITO! A HENRY RIFLE!

ENS NOT FOR BE SURE PROOF, SLT RES BETTER THAN NOTHING!



WHAT'S THEM BARRER'S GON' WITH THE SLASHER'S GUN? HUH! WONDER IF THEY'RE U.S. MARSHALS—AN' MY REV TUMBLED TO WHAT WERE I TRIN' TO DO?



THOSE ARE THE HONNERS, SLASHER! WHAT'RE YOU AIN' TO DO?



MARSHALS OR NOT—I AIN'T GETTIN' SPOOKED. DEAD MEN CAN'T TALK—AN' THEY'LL BE DEAD AFORE THE SUN RISES TOMORROW! LET'S RIDE!

# TIM HOLT

THAT NIGHT, AS TIM AND CHITO — UNWARE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN SPIED UPON AND TRAILED — DOZE LIGHTLY BRISK A SHOULDERING FIRE...

THESE THEY ARE!  
GUY 'EM DOWN!

DON'T GIVE  
'EM A  
CHANCE!



WAKING TO THE THUNDER OF BOUNDS, TIM AND CHITO DIVE WILDLY ACROSS THE FORD —

NO CHANCE TO GRAB A GUN!

I AM TO FEELING THESE BULLETS ALREADY IN ME, TIM!



AGED BY THE BLAZE OF THE FIRE, PLACED AT THEIR BACKS BY THEIR WILD LEAP, THEY GRAB FOR THEIR MOUNTS SUNDLY...

NOW — BACK AT THEM BEFORE THEY CAN RECOVER FROM THEIR SURPRISE!



OVER THEY GO, CHITO!



I WANTED TO GET CLOSER TO OUR GUNS — BUT THIS PARFLECHE BAG WILL HAVE TO DO!



THEY AIN'T GOT NO BOUNDS, BOYS! THIS IS GOIN' TO BE LIKE SHOOTIN' BITTIN' BRASS!



THERE'S BES LAST TIME WE ARE FOR RIDE TOGETHER, TIM! THEY CATCH US SADDY, NOW!

MAYBE! BUT I'VE A LITTLE TRICK UP MY SLEEVE, CHITO...



# TIM HOLT



**A**S THEY RIDE, TIM EXPLAINS— THEN THE PARFLENE BAG IS OPENED—AND PARFLENE CLOTHES COME OUT! MOMENTS LATER, TWO INDIANS RIDE THE HIGH TRAIL, AMONG THE MOUNTAINS AND THE FIRS...

LUCKY I KEPT THE PARFLENE CLOTHES. NOW—LET'S GO, CHIEF!



**F**LIPPING—APPARENTLY IN DANGER! BEFORE THE SHOOTING KILLED THE TWO SWINE LIGHTING ALONG THE PARFLENE VILLAGE TRAIL...

WHITE MEN FOLLOW PARFLENE! MAN— LET THEM RIDE ON INTO VILLAGE— WHERE CHIEF TAKE CARE OF THEM!



LOOK! INDIANS!

NOT JUST INDIANS— THE PARFLENE! IF THEY KNEW...



DROP YOUR GUNS!

IT'S HOLT! HIM AN' THE INDIANS ARE FRIENDS!



DON'T TURN US OVER TO THEM HOLT!

WE'LL RIDE BACK AN' FACE A WHITE MAN'S COURT—BUT NOT THEM! SCALP DANCE!

WELL, CHIEF—WHAT DO YOU SAY?



YOU HEAR GOOD FRIEND OF RED MAN? YOU DO-UM ACCORDING TO WHITE MAN'S LAW, I TAKE MY BRAVES OFF WAR-DEATH! WE KEEP-UM PEACE, FROM NOW ON!



**A**ND FROM THAT DAY ON, THE PARFLENE TRIBE TURNED FROM WAR WITH THE WHITE, TO HELP INSTEAD IN REBUILDING THE BURNED PEYING RUN RANCH, IN SUPPLYING MEAT AND WEAPONS TO FORT DANGER—AND TO HONORING THEIR ADOPTED SON—TIM HOLT!

THE END

# the GHOST RIDER

A WHITE FORM STREAMING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT / A THUD OF HOOFBEATS IN THE SILENT STILLNESS / A SCREAM OF TERROR FROM A GUNMAN'S THROAT / A MOAN OF FRIGHT FROM A ROBBER'S LIPS — **THE GHOST RIDER** ROAMS THE WASTELANDS!

AND WHERE THE WHITE WARRIOR ROBS — EVIL DOES / EVEN THE EVIL OF THE RED RENEGADES WHO FOUGHT UNDER THE WHITE MAN WHO BETRAYED HIS OWN PEOPLE DOES BEFORE THE DEAD

**"TERROR OF THE NIGHT!"**



BY AGES

AS A WAGON TRAIN CRAWLS BETWEEN THE SAND HILLS SOUTH OF THE ARIZONA DESERT, HEADING TOWARD SANTA FE, FORTY-SEVEN WAR-SMITHS GAZE IN THE SKY, AS A RED THROAT WHOOPS OBEDIENCE ...



**DEGA! DEGA!**

**AAIIIIIIAAA!**

AS BOWING THINGS / A HENRY RIPLE CRACKS WOOLISLY, A MAN SCREAMS AS HE FALLS FROM THE LEAD WAGON ...



**AAAACCONNN!**

# TIM HOLT

FEDERAL MARSHAL BOB FLETCHER LEAPS TO THE LEAD HORSEMAN, TRYING TO SWING THEM AROUND...



GET TO GET 'EM IN A CIRCLE... TO MAKE A STAND AGAINST THOSE RED DEVILS!

NO TIME! THEY'RE ON TOP OF US - EVERYWHERE! ALMOST AS IF THEY WERE TOLD WHEN TO STRIKE!



AAA! AAA!



CAUGHT YOU-- WHEN YOU WERE OFF BALANCE!

WOW!

MARSHAL BOB FLETCHER'S HANDS DROP AND LIFT AS HE SWINGS UP ON TO THE INDIAN PONY. HIS THUMB RELEASES HEAVY...



SAVE YOUR MOUNTS! RUN FOR IT! THEM INJUNS WILL SCALP US ALL!



CORRAL THAT TALK, PROTHERSO! EVEN IF YOU ARE WAGON BOSS-- YOU MIGHT PANIC THESE PEOPLE INTO LITTLE HELPLESSNESS!



GOOD WORK, BOYS! I'M GLAD TO SEE SOME OF US ARE KEEPING OUR HEADS!

BUT IT ISN'T ENOUGH, MARSHAL! LOOK!



THOSE RED DEVILS HAVE KIDNAPPED PRISONS AND ELKINS - THE TWO MEN WHO HAVE ALL OUR CASH ON 'EM! REMEMBER HOW WE PRODDED IT JUST IN CASE OF AN INDIAN ATTACK?

YES, I REMEMBER AND I REMEMBER WHO SUGGESTED IT, TOO! PROFWARD!



# TIM HOLT

AS THE RENEGADE CHEYENNE'S  
WAGON, BEN FURY DRIVES TOWARDS  
HIS MOUNTAIN'S PEAK...

THE CHIEF MARSHAL SENT ME ON  
THE WAGON TRIP TO FIND OUT  
WHY THE REDMEN HAVE BEEN  
ATTACKING THE WAGONS  
ROLLING ALONG THE SANTA FE  
TRAIL. WE SUSPECT A WHITE  
MAN IS LEADING THEM... AND  
I HAVE TO GET HIM!



BUT I'LL NEVER ACCUSE  
ANYTHING AS MY FURY. IT'S  
ALMOST NIGHT-FALL- AND  
TIME FOR THE GHOST  
TO COME TO MAKE HIS  
APPEARANCE!



AND, SECONDS LATER...



IN THE RENEGADES' VILLAGE, CAMPFIRE CHIEF  
SPEAKS ACROSS THE SOUND BODIES OF  
TWO HELPLESS WHITE MEN...



IT IS TIME  
TO LIGHT THE  
TORCHES!

ADD UP A TON!  
TEST THEIR COURAGE!  
TEST THE STRENGTH  
OF THE WHITE ENEMY!  
S O A S T A



WITH  
LIGHTED TORCHES,  
KEEN KNIVES  
AND SHARP  
ARMS, THE  
RENEGADES  
SWEEP DOWN  
ON THEIR  
VICTIMS WITH  
GUTTURAL  
SHOUTS!

KEEP YOUR CIM WEE,  
ARE, THIS IS GON' TO  
BE AWFUL... BUT IT  
CAN'T LAST FOREVER!

YEAH...  
I KNOW...  
GRRR!

AAAA!  
AAAAAA!

KIA!  
KIA!





CAUGHT UP BY HILLSIDE SCRODS, FLUNG FROM ROCK WALL TO CANYON BLUFF, A VOICE STRINGS LOUD AND GOLEMAN...

HOLD, ONE DROP OF EVIL!  
HE WHO RECALLS THE  
MIGHT WIND SPREADS!



THE  
GHOST  
RIDER!

HE CAME WITH  
THE BRIDE AND  
GONE WITH THE  
BRIDE!

AND HIS  
HAND ENTERS  
ALL WHO  
WOULD STOP  
HIM!



COURAGE!  
COURAGE!

IT'S HIM, CHRIS— HIM  
THEY CALL THE GHOST  
AND RIDER A LIVING  
HORSE!



TROVANS AND SEVER ROSES!  
TWO MIGHTY ARMS REACH DOWN...

HOW  
DARE!



HE WHO COMES  
FROM THE GRAVE  
IS GONE!

TAMPING OUR  
PRISONERS  
WITH HIM!



YOU WILL FIND THE  
WISDOM TRAIL BY GONE  
THROUGH THE PASS  
BETWEEN THE ROCKS.  
NOW, TELL ME— WHERE  
IS THE MONEY THE  
MEN SAVE YOU?

THE BRIDE  
TOOK IT!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



INDIANS HAVE NO USE FOR WHITE  
MEN'S MONEY! THEY WANT ONLY  
KAMES AND BLANKETS AND BEADS!  
SEEMS LIKE WE WERE RIGHT AFTER  
ALL... THERE IS A WHITE MAN  
LEADING THEM... BUT— WHO?



IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO IT IS, WHOEVER THE MAN MIGHT BE, HE HAS TO COME TO THE CHEYENNES TO COLLECT THE CASH - AND WHEN HE DOES - I WILL BE THERE!



IT WAS A PLUMB CLOSE CALL! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT GHOST RIDER, WE'D BE UNDERGROUND RIGHT ABOUT NOW!

THE WINEBOBS ROBBED YOU, HUH? BEARS FUNNY TO ME THEY'D TAKE CASH! YUH SURE YUH DIDN'T HIDE IT WHEN THE GHOST RIDER TURNED YUH FREE?



WHY, YUH NEALY-MOUTHED WINDBAG! I'D LIKE TO...

GUILTY CONSCIENCE, HUH?

STOP IT! NO FIGHTIN' T'WIST YOURSELVES!



JUST THE SAME, WERE'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR BACK TERN! YUH MIGHT POOL THEM OTHER HONNERS - BUT NOT ME!

SO AHEAD! HAVE A LOOK!



FOR HOURS, JEPH PROTHORN RODE INTO THE FOOTHILLS, TOWARD SUEW ...

HONDY, BOWE! HEARD YUH COULDN'T KEEP WELD TO YOUR PRISONERS!

THAT GHOST RIDER IS DEVL!



HERE IS THE WHITE MAN'S GOLDEN MONEY! BAW! WHAT GOOD HE WANTED PAPER?

GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. YUH'LL FIND PLENTY OF TRADE GOODS FOR YUH AN' YOUR BRAVED BACK AT THE WAGON CAMP I'M LEAVIN' IT UNDER THE REMAINS OF THE BURNED WAGONS! ADIOS, CHEF!



NOT ADVIS - BUT BATHER - A'Y'OU - AH! HELLO!

HEM? RIGHT?

GHOST RIDER - AGAIN!





HE WHO RIDES THE WIND!

FLIE!  
FLIE!

THERE AN'T NO SUCH THING AS SHORTS! I'LL SALUTE HIM WITH LEAD!



AND THEN - BEFORE JEPH PROTHERO'S BULGING EYES AND SVATING FACE - THE SPECTRAL HODGEMAN RACES FROM BENT EXCEPT FOR...

**YAAHOO!!!**

HE'S SOME AN' LOST - HIS BODY!



FLIPPING OVER THE BLACK LINING OF MY CLOAK CAN GIVE SOME PRETTY WIND EFFECTS! NOW I'LL USE IT ANOTHER 'WID'...

**BLAM!**

**BLAM!**



**NO! LAND O' GODDIN! GO AWAY!**

I AM YOUR DOOM, JEPH PROTHERO! COME WITH ME!



REBELLS AND SHAKING LIKE A LEAF IN A WINDSTORM, THE WHITE BREECHES SLURP AND FALLS FROM THE SADDLE AND LIE HELPLESS, SHUDDERING WITH FEAR...

ARE YOU READY, PROTHERO? WILL YOU GO QUIETLY?

YES! YES! ONLY PUT YOUR HEAD BACK ON! PUT IT BACK! PUT IT BACK!



NEXT MORNING AT DAWN...

SWAM... THE SHOOT RIDER DOA FINE JOB. HE EVEN LEFT YOUR CONFESSION IN WRITING ALONG WITH YOU!

GET US TO JAIL FRONTO, MARSHAL! I DON'T WANT TO RIDE THE COUNTRY PER ALONG TIME TO COME. UGGHH... WHAT A BIGHT!



THEIR CASH HAS BEEN RETURNED, THE INDIANS HAVE FLED. I THINK THE SANTA FE TRAIL WILL BE PLUNTY SAFE FOR TRAVELERS FOR A LONG TIME TO COME.

IT SURE WILL, BUT LET'S DOD DIRT! IT'S GETTIN' LATE... AN THAT SHOOT RIDER MIGHT TAKE A NOTION TO COME BACK!

# TIM HOLT



WHEN YOUNG JEFF MORRIS ROSE HIS WHITE MAZE DEER INTO THE ARIZONA COLORADO COUNTRY TO ENTER HER IN THE ANNUAL LITTLEBERRY'S RACE, HE FOUND HIMSELF SPIND INSTEAD INTO A TITLED OF THOUSANDS HOOFES AND BARKING GUNS THAT GRELLED OUT WARREN!

AND AS BONG LEE RODE ON A KILLER'S TRAIL AFTER YOUNG JEFF, TIM HOLT MADE A DARING JUMP INTO A... "RACE FOR LIFE!"



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT

WIT A TWISTING ROLL, TIM  
TURNS SIDWAYS AND—



HIMMY—LOOKS LIKE THEIR FRIENDS  
ARE COMING ON THE DOUBLE!  
DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART  
OF VALOR HERE! BUT PERHAPS  
A CLOTHING STORE CAN HELP  
WE WHERE MY FISTS CAN'T

WHY, TIM?  
THOSE ARE  
FOR TO BE  
WOMAN'S  
CLOTHES  
SHOP! WHY YOU  
DO TO GET  
THEIR HELP

RELAX, CARO!  
I DIDN'T STEAL  
THEM! I BOUGHT  
THEM—FOR  
YOU  
TO WEAR!

SEE SEE, IMPORTANT  
I SEEING MAN  
ABOUT A HORSE  
I—

HOLD ON!  
I CAN'T  
GET IN TO  
SEE JERRY—  
BUT YOU CAN  
—DISGUISED AS  
A WOMAN!



I DON'T TRUST DUNC BERT! I'VE A  
HUNCH HE'S GOING TO HAVE SOME OF  
GURKING'S RAID THE JAIL, CARRY JERRY  
OFF AND LYNCH HIM! THAT'LL LEAVE  
DUNC FREE TO TELL HIS OWN STORY  
OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HERMIT  
—AND WHO CAN SAY HE LIES?

I AM BRING I SHEAL  
EM TO SEE JERRY, SLEEP  
HEEM ROOM... THEN TONIGHT  
WE RESCUE HEEM HO?

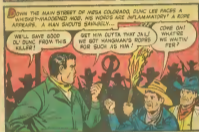
ONE MINUTE LATER

DUNC SENT ME  
HE SAY I AM FOR  
TO GIVE MORGAN  
GOOD MEAL

LAST MEAL  
FOR A  
CONFINED  
MAN, HUH?  
ONLY—GO  
AHEAD!



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



WE'LL JUST MAKE IT! KEEP YOUR HEADS LOW! DON'T GIVE THEM A GOOD TARGET!

GET MY HEAD LOW, FOR BE ANY LOWER, BUT I WOULD BE HITTING THESE DIRT SPOTS ALONG WITH MY HORSE'S HOoves!



LET 'EM GO. THAT WILL BE OUT OF THE VALLEY BY SUN-UP. MEANWHILE I GOT MY WHITE HAZE — AM I'LL BE FREE OF THAT MURDER CHARGE!

SURE! THE SHERIFF WILL HAVE TO GET OUT A WARRANT AGAINST THE AID HE CONVICTED HIMSELF BY RUNNING AWAY!



AT DAWN...

I SAW HIM SHOOT OLD PETE RIGHT BEHIND HIS CABIN. MEBBE HE CAN FND SOME SORT OF CLUE...

HELLO! HERE'S A SILVER COCONA OFF SOMEBODY'S CHAPS', BEING 'S AS I RECOGNIZED IT AS ONE WORN BY LEE. THIS COCONA AND HIS BOOTMARKS WILL TIE HIM IN TO THAT MURDER CHARGE.



AW, BUT WHAT'S THE USE? I NEED MONEY TO HIRE A LAWYER TO DEFEND ME. I'M AN OUT-LAW NOW, WANTED FOR KILLIN' A MAN!

AWWWW... I THINK I CAN RAISE THAT MONEY, JEFF. YOU AND OTO STAY HIDDEN FOR A FEW DAYS IN THE MOUNTAINS.



I WANT TO ENTER MY FALOWING IN THE CATTLEMAN'S RACE.

I'LL TAKE YOUR FEE, HOWEVER, BUT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR MONEY!

OUR LEE'S GOT HIMSELF A WHITE HAZE THAT REALLY IS LIGHTNING WHEN SHE RUNS!



FOUR DAYS LATER THE STARTERS SHOW UP AT THE BEGINNING OF THE RACIAL RACE...

BLAMMM!

THEY'RE OFF!



OUR RULES OUT FROM TOWN, ALONG THE COURSE THE COMPETANT'S TAKE...

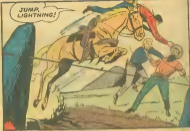
OUR SAG THAT IF THERE WAS ANY ONE IN FRONT OF HIM — TO GET HIM OUTTA THE WAY!

SOME CHANCE! STILL — HEY, LOOK! THERE IS A HOBBER OUT FRONT — SOME BANNY ON A FALOWING, GIT READY, VIC!

# TIM HOLT



WHAT IF LIGHTNING — YOU'LL CUT YOUR NECK ON THAT ROPE!



JUMP, LIGHTNING!

OVER AND OVER IN THE DUST TIM ROLLS, LOCKED WITH THE GUNNERY HIS FISTS BLAM HOME IN RUSH AND ON JAWS, AS THE RACE SWEEPS PAST HIM...

GET TO GET RID OF THESE BAD HATS — DO THEY'LL DELAY ME LONG ENOUGH FOR LEE TO WIN THAT RACE!



FINALLY, TIM LASHES OUT PACE ... TWICE!



GNNNYTAAA!

ONCE AGAIN IN THE SADDLE TIM UNEXPECTEDLY ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE MIGHTY BOLDEN 'SMILLY' LIGHTNING'S MOOVE'S SPURRN THE DRIVING FOOT BY FOOT AS GAINS ON THE DISTANT HORSES...

FASTER BOY, FASTER! YOU CAN DO IT! THOSE HORSES CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO YOU... NOT EVEN THAT LITTLE WHITE HARE FASTER...



THE RACING HAYS!

WOORAY! WOORAY!

WHAT A CRASH!



SHERIFF HERE'S LEE'S CONVIN THAT I FOUND AT THE HERMIT'S CASH I IMAGINE IF YOU SEARCH HIS ROOMS YOU'LL LOCATE THE GOLD BUT HE STOLE FROM OLD PETE. NOW THAT JEFF MORGAN HAS MONEY TO HIRE A LAWYER, HE'LL WIN FREE OF THAT CHARGE LEE WEARRD ON HIM!

I'LL HANDLE EVERYTHING HOLT COME ON LEE — YOU'RE OFF TO JAIL!



# WHITE MAN'S MAGIC

CORPORAL Chris Hecker rode his black gelding past the red sandstone outcropping and reined in. Far above him, dark against the blue bowl of sky, a rising pennon of smoke from an Apache fire broke and dissipated under the tongue of a breeze. Hecker frowned and shifted restlessly in the service saddle. He knew they had seen him. He knew they would be drumming heels in their horses' sides to overtake him. What worried him was—could his tired horse outstrip their fresh ponies?

He had ridden hard and fast from Fort Cobb, swimming the Washita and picking his way through the lower foothills of the Wichita Mountains, carrying orders to the commanding officer directing a new attack on the renegade Apaches who pere out under Mangas. If those orders failed to get through, it would mean a summer of raiding and massacre by the Apaches on the ranches of west Texas! Corporal Hecker tightened his lips until the tan of his face showed white. He knew what Apache raiding meant. He had seen charred timbers and the bodies lying in them.

With a muffled imprecation, he swung the hammerhead gelding around and sent him at a loping run down the shallow side of an arroyo. He thought of the men who had followed the gaudona with him for the past five years: men like Hank Elkton and gruff Bill Standish. He had a thick reading glass for Bill in his gutta-serena cartridge case, and a new revolver for Hank tucked away in his saddle-roll. He wanted to get that glass and gun to his old friends.

The corporal grunted. "Who'm I trying to kid?" he asked himself. "All I'm really interested in is saving my own skin!"

But deep down in his heart, he was aware that more than the loss of his own life troubled him. He remembered those burned ranches, and those inert bodies riddled with war arrows, and he shuddered even in the hot sunlight.

The hammerhead was across the far bank now, and moving along a wide stretch of

scold-packed sandland. Hecker rode with the straightbacked sway of the cavalryman, knees gripping the sides of his mount. Once he turned in the saddle to scan the wasteland behind him.

He was moving through a formation of volcanic rock that caught the hot sunlight and reflected it in shimmering waves of distorted heat. A thin trickle of sweat darkened the back of his blue shirt. His hair, under the black campaign hat, was moist. Faintly, borne on the slow breeze that came up from the flats, he caught the wailing notes of the Apache war cry.

He twisted around, resting momentarily in the stirrups. He could see them—six faint brownish dots on moving colors that were their paste ponies. Hecker grinned mirthlessly. Six to one. He shrugged. It could have been worse.

For the first time since leaving Fort Cobb, the corporal rammed in his spurs. The gelding lurched forward, seizing the bit. He ran with the smooth power of a well-trained saddle, his rider's stiff figure moving easily to his gait.

But they gained swiftly on him. The gelding could not take the rocky *mesquitas* as the ponies did the flat stretch behind him. And once those red devils moved into the rocks with him—

Corporal Hecker had served five years on the frontier. He knew that the Apache was as much at home in the red sandstone tongues and tufa formations as a rattler. But the rattler gave warning. An Apache would creep on top of you silently, with no hint of his coming. And by that time, it would be too late.

The Apaches began shooting from a distance of five hundred yards. The carbine bullets went wide, but their screaming *ping-pong* as they ricocheted off a rock tongue sent a cold chill down his spine.

He was guiding the gelding over a rough section of shale at the rim of a canyon side when a bullet caught the gelding and sent it pitching sideways over the edge of the cliff. Hecker kicked his feet free of the stirrups

## TIM HOLT

and lurched wildly at the reddish bluff. His fingers caught on a curved stone and clung.

Panting, sweating, he pulled himself upward. When he was on firm ground he turned and stared below. "My carbine . . . my ammunition . . . everything down below!" He had five shells in the service revolver at his hip, and a cartridge case he had emptied in order to put Bill's reading glass inside it.

"Six Apaches—five bullets!" he groaned.

The corporal scrambled up the face of the ledge, hunting cover. The fear was screaming his heart against his ribs. "What kind of a chance is that?" he asked himself as his fingers found holds, and his toes dug into shadowed noches. "One white man against six Apaches—in these rocks!"

Only the fierce instinct of self-preservation made him belly down in the dust sunk he found on the red sandstone bluff. He looked down.

The Apaches were nowhere to be seen, but their ponies stood a hundred feet below, their tails switching flies. Hecker rubbed his palm against his yellow-striped cavalry pants, and then put it on the carving grip of his gun. He drew the Colt and held it balanced in his hand.

An arrow, dipped in pitch and set alight, rose high above the rocks. He rolled aside as it dug into the soft earth. The flame went out. Hecker groaned. If he could only relight that arrow . . . hurl it back . . . hit one . . . force him to betray his position!

Hecker froze. Desperately he clawed at his gutta-percha cartridge box where he had put the thick reading glass for Bill Stander. He held the glass above the arrow, watched the beams of sunlight focus into one brilliant dot of whiteness. The patch smoked, burst into flame. Hecker threw the arrow, carefully gauging its flight. It dropped into some sundried grama grass where it lay, smouldering.

Now other arrows sped through the air, bright with flame. One by one he relighted them, hurled them back. The Indians were talking to one another in guttural tones, shouting their amazement at this white man who could set fire to something without match or light.

Hecker chuckled. He'd show them something more in another minute or two!

But the Apaches were losing patience in this game. The white man was proving too elusive! They shouted to each other, urging a quick rush. Hecker heard them, and gripped his revolver tightly.

"HAL-YUA-YUA-AIEEW!"

The warry froze his blood! They would be charging toward his knoll, now—six red fiends to face the five bullets in his Colt. . .

Hecker lifted from the protection of his rocks. He fired—and missed. And then his ears caught the sudden roar that told of dried

grasses long smouldering, springing into instant flaming life! A sheet of red went up all around the knoll! The Apaches were screaming, trying to run, their moccasins banging and their short jackets sparking and smoking.

One of them fell back into the flames, jacket and moccasins flaring red. Two others turned and ran. Three came right at Hecker while he crouched behind the rocks at the top of his knoll. They made good targets. Hecker did not miss at this short distance.

He threw himself down as the fire rolled above and beyond him. The rocks broke the red flames, though in the tiny natural oven where he lay the heat was awful. But it was gone in seconds. Hecker came to his feet and stared at the black charred skeleton. Then he looked down at the reading glass that was still clutched in his left hand. He muttered, "A white man's magic, huh? Reckon Bill Stander will have to find himself a new reading glass. This is one thing I'm carrying with me from now on! It's going to be part of my regulation field equipment. Yea, awww!"

THE END



**B**EFORE the coming of the Spanish, the Indians of the Plains region had no horses. It was the Spanish horse, brought to America by Coronado, deLeon and others, that ran wild, bred and spread across the thickly grazed southwestern plains, that made the Plains Indian great. Horsemen like the Comanche and the Cheyenne originally used dogs to drag their travois from one village site to another. However, when the ponies and probably scattered in large bands across what is now Texas, Colorado and Oklahoma, the Plains Indians were quick to see their possibilities. No longer were they a nation of foot-travellers. Now they made their way on fleet horses!

The Comanches and other tribes evolved an entire art of fighting with the advent of the horse. They rode on horses to steal horses. The horse became a symbol of wealth. A man with a large horse herd was a rich man.

**A**N ODD FACT about the Indians was that they mounted their horses from the off, or right-hand, side. No white man would ever think of mounting in such fashion. Their saddlers—especially the half-wild breed of the cowboy—would pitch and buck and gambol at being treated in such unorthodox fashion. But the Indian mount was used to it. At a distance, such information saved many a lone traveller's life. If he saw distant men mounting from the right, he knew them for Indians, and laid low!

TIM HOLT

# WESTERN RANGE BOOK



**FORMER GRIZZLY BEAR** WAS A FEATURE OF EARLY COWBOY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA. WITH RAWHIDE ROPES ALONE, THE VAQUEROS HUNTED OUT THE GIANT BEAR, AND CAPTURED HIM — ALIVE!

**RESCUERS** WERE A RESPECTABLE CREW TO THE INDIANS. THEY SOON LEARNED THAT A WHITE CHILD OR WOMAN WOULD BRING MUCH RANSOM MONEY AT THE ARMY POSTS, AND WERE QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT. THEY STAGED SUDDEN RAIDS ON MARCH AND WARREN TRAINS TO CARRY OFF SOME CHILD...



**LEAD STEER** — A STEER WHO WAS TRAINED TO LEAD OTHER CATTLE INTO PENS AT THE STOCKYARDS. THEY WERE NEVER KILLED, BEING FAR TOO VALUABLE TO THE CATTLEMEN. SOMETIMES THE LEADING STEER OF A TRAIL DRIVE WAS ALSO KNOWN BY THIS TERM...



TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

▲ HIGHWAY STAGECOACH... A DRIVER SLURVED IN THE WILDLY CASSEING SEAT... A GUN SCREAMING IN TERROR... THE WHIRLASH CRACK OF PURSUING RIFLE FIRE... THESE ARE THE TERRIBLE PORTENTS OF A GRIEV AND DEADLY DRAMA INTO WHICH TIM HOLT GALLOPS DESPERATELY, A DRAMA THAT BECAME LEGEND AS —

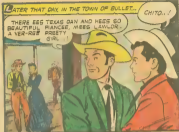
*"The Hands of TEXAS DAN!"*



# TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING THAT AWFUL MAN? AND DO YOU THINK THEY'LL FIND OUT WHO IS TRYING TO KILL YOU DAN?

DUANE, I THINK IT'S SOMEBODY ON MY AGONYING LIST — WANTS TO GET ME BEFORE I GET HIM! I'LL BE HADDERY NOW, THOUGH — BECAUSE TIM HOLT'S BEHIND THE HANDS OF TEXAS DAN...!

TIM AND CHITO TAKE THE BACKUP TO A FRIEND'S STABLE, INHER!

YOU GOT THE KNIVES, CHITO, HUH — OOOO!

SI? SO HOW I WISH, BE ABLE FOR TO PRACTICE SOME MORE — MY LAST TARGET I HIT HER IN TOO SOON...!

WITH GREAT SKILL — BUT WITH SEEMING UNCERTAINTY — CHITO "PRACTICES" KNIFE-THROWING...!

DON'T MOVE, HONDER! CHITO MAY MISS AS IT IS...!



**STOP!  
STOP!**

I'LL TELL!  
I'LL TELL!!



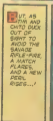
WHO IS IT? NAME THE MAN...!

IT'S SNAKE — **ARRRRGHHH!**



TAKE COVER, CHITO!

W'AT YOU TEEBAK P!P!



PUT AN OIL CAN AND CHITO BACK OUT OF SIGHT TO AVOID THE SAVAGE RIFLE-FIRE, A MATCH FLARES, AND A NEW PEEL RISES...!



THEY'LL COOK THEIR GOOSE...!

# TIM HOLT

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE STABLE BECOMES A ROARING INFERNO...

WE'LL HAVE TO LET THAT SKUNK GET AWAY—WE CAN'T LET THESE HORSES BURN!

I AM HOPING THESE HORSES PERMIT US TO SAVE THEM!

I'M GLAD—COUGH—THAT BACK DOOR—WHEN I CALLED SHOT!

WHAT DIFFERENCE?—COUGH—I WOULD MAKE A GOOD MYSELF!—COUGH—



BEFORE THAT BULLET STOPPED HIM, THAT OUTLAW SAID, "IT'S SNAKE THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU CHIRP?"

COULD BET BEING SNAKE DADDY WHO GETS DOWN THE GOLD STRIKE SALOON?

SNAKE'S RECORD IS CLEAR AS FAR AS I KNOW HE'S BEEN AROUND HERE A LONG TIME—I CAN'T IMAGINE WHEN HE COULD HAVE RUN A FOL OF TEXAS DAP, BUT I'LL CHECK WITH THE MARSHAL.

AN I WEE! GO SO PLAY SOULETTE BEN THE GOLD STRIKE SALOON...

MINUTE LATER WHEN TIM ENTERS TEXAS DAP'S ROOM, HE SEES SOMETHING THAT MOOSES HIS EYES AND LIFTS HIS BROW.



SOME FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER—WARDS IN THE GOLDEN STRIKE SALOON...

BUT OF COURSE I'M LUCKY! I AM JOSE GONZALEZ BUSTANTE SAPPST! JOOST! BING ME IS FOR TO BE LUCKY!

YEP! THAT'S THE DAMNY WHIT WINGED ME THIS MORNIN'...

AND HE'S THE KNIFE-THROWER THAT FORCED ME TO KNOCK OFF POCKY A LITTLE WHILE AGO. I THINK WE BETTER TAKE CARE OF HIM...





# TIM HOLT

ROCKY WAS STARTING TO SAY  
THE SAME DARNED OLD BROTH-  
ER I PLUGGED HIM IN THAT  
STABLE - I GUESS THAT'S  
WHAT BROUGHT HOLTY'S PART-  
NER HERE... GO GET BIGGER  
AND BEND 'EM TO  
ME.



AND EASILY SLIPS UNDER THE  
CLONEY FENCE, AND AS THE  
BULLY TURNS TO ATTACK AGAIN



I THINK I  
CASH IN  
THE CHECKS!

WHAT'S THE IDEA -  
STARTING TROUBLE  
IN HERE...?

NO TROUBLE FOR YOU, SNAKE -  
BUT PLENTY FOR YOUR BROTHER  
BILLY... IF HE HADN'T A SNAK-  
ING, BRAGGING YELLOW-CORNER  
WHO'S AFRAID TO SHOW HIS  
FACE...!



ONE MINUTE LATER...

HOLD IT, FANCY-PANTS! I  
SEEN YOU PICK UP CHECKS  
BES BOW! NEEDS  
TAKE, BENCH - I  
DO NOT GO FOR  
TO STEAL

WHAT  
WEREN'T  
YORRES!



YOU CALL  
ME A  
LIAR - ?

HEY! BENCH!  
DON' BE  
CRAZZE...!



WATCH IT,  
CHITO -!

HOBBOY'S GONNA SAY THAT  
ABOUT ME - AND LIVE!



TIM HOLT



HOLD IT!

WHAT—?



YOU BAITED HIM BUT DON'T OBLIVIOUS CUTE TIM! NOW, COVER THE ROOM, PARTNER — WHILE I ARREST BILL DAREY FOR MURDER AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY...



WELL, WELL! DAN NO-HANDS! HA HA HA! NOW WE'LL TAKE AWAY HIS BLOOD TOO...!

THEY SWIFTLY AS A STRONG ADDER, A BANDAIDED HAND LEAPS FROM A FUNERAL-BLACK SLING — A BANDAIDED HAND WITH A GUN IN IT...!



I'D HAVE HAD YOU A MONTH AGO, IF THAT SHOTGUN HADN'T EXPLODED...!

YOU — ARRRHHH!



DAREY KNEW I WAS HOT ON HIS TRAIL — THAT'S WHAT MADE HIM SO KEEN ON DREGULCHING ME, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE WON'T STAND THAT AFTER ALL... ON EARTH, THAT IS...



I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU BOYS DO FOR ME, TIM... AND I WON'T FORGET HOW SURPRISED YOU LOOKED WHEN YOU WALKED INTO MY ROOM AND SAW ME PRACTICING HOLDING AND THUMBING MY GUN! HA HA HA HA!

ONE THING THOUGH, DAN, I WASN'T AS SURPRISED AS BILL DAREY WAS...!

THE END

A PAIR of "aces" call the hand!  
The smooth-looking gambler with the  
fancy vest stares into the business  
end of Tim's massaging gun and knows  
the chips are down and the game is up.  
And there's no joker in Tim's deck!



PUZZLE picture! Tim didn't tell us  
the story, so we don't know just what  
is going on here! Can you work it out?  
Chito has a gun; so, why is he talking  
Tim's? And who is the man behind  
them? And what do they watch?



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SHOWS HOW TO

# PLAY GUITAR

IN 2 WEEKS

OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Think Of  
The Fun  
You'll Have



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2600 FACILITY  
WORTH TO GET  
NEAR INSTANT  
101 SONGS  
WORTH A GUARANTEE

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I REMEMBER HOW HARD I LEARNED TO PLAY THE GUITAR SO WELL. A COURSE OF WEEKS AND THE COLLEGE PLAYERS ALL WERE I HAD! I HAD TO GET IT ALL RIGHT.

WAS THERE ANYTHING TO IT I JUST WANT NOW BOB WEST'S STEAMROLLER GUITAR COURSE AND I'LL BE RIGHT AWAY!

A FEW DAYS LATER

LOOK, THERE'S ALL I HAVE TO GO ON TO MY FRIENDS AND TO THE GIRLS AND TO THE BOYS AND TO THE GIRLS.

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