

WESTERN PAGES  
**TIM**

WESTERN

PAGES



# **HOLT**

No. 8

**COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES**



# TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM



Chito Roloff's horse seems to be smiling at his master as Tim asks the Mexican Irishman if he can't take his mind off food and women?



But this looks more serious! Tim and a hoodlum prepare to fight it out. If Tim can duck that right and get in an uppercut, the war's over!



Tim, framed by outlaw enemies, is in jail, but Chito is right on deck with hooks, chains and mules to rip out the bars if Tim says it's OK.



**T**HE HUMAN BUZZARDS THAT HOVERED ON THE BIA OF PEACEFUL BUCKHORN VALLEY LINED THEIR LIPS IN GLEE AS THEY STARED DOWN AT SLEEPY FAT STEERS AND FAT COW BONES. BUT SLASH RABLEY KNEW HE AND HIS OUTLAW BAND WERE NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR A DIRECT ATTACK. THEY PLANNED SOMETHING DIFFERENT, BUT JUST AS DEADLY —

**A**ND WHEN TIM HOLT AND CHITO DROVE A PICKED HERD OF T-H STOCK IN TO JOHN BEN CARVER'S TRAIL HERD BOUND FOR KANSAS RAILROADS, THEY RODE INTO THE HATE-FED REELSTRON OF FLAMING GUNS THAT WAS THE WORK OF —

**THE WAR-MAKERS!**

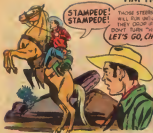
**I**T IS DARK WHEN TIM GETS THE LAST OF HIS CATTLE THROUGH MESA GAP AND ONTO THE BROAD FLATS OF BUCKHORN VALLEY —

RODE OVER TO SAY HELLO  
BEN. MY CATTLE ARE REST-  
LESS. I'M GOING TO  
STAND RIGHT HERE  
WITH THEM

MUST BE  
SOMETHING IN THE  
AIR. MY STOCK  
FEEL IT, TOO. I'M  
AFRAID OF A  
STAMPEDE...



**GIT, YOU LONGHORNS!**  
**YANOOOO!**  
**GIT A-ROLLIN'!**



STAMPEDE!  
STAMPEDE!

THOSE STEERS  
WILL RUN AWAY.  
THEY OODP IF WE  
DON'T TURN 'EM—  
LET'S GO, CHITO!



AAAGGHH!



GRAB HOLD!  
DON'T MISS! WE  
WON'T HAVE A SECOND  
CHANCE!



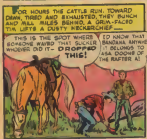
MADE  
IT!



THE WAVE OF MADDERED  
STEERS SWEEPS OVER THE  
CAMP, TRAMPLING GEAR  
AND BIDDING

THESE  
GO BY  
COONIN  
UTENSLS!

AN' BY  
NEW SHIRT AN'  
FORTY DOLLAR  
STETSON!



FOR HOURS THE CATTLE RAN, TOWARD  
DOWN, TIRED AND EXHAUSTED, THEY BUNCH  
AND HULL MILES BEHIND, A GRIM-FACED  
TIA LIFTS A DUSTY NECKERCHIEF

THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE  
SOMEONE WAVED THAT SUCKER  
WHOOER DID IT— DROPPED  
THIS!

TO KNOW THAT  
BANDANA ANYWHERE:  
IT BELONGS TO  
ASA DOONE OF  
THE RAFTER AT



LATER, AT THE WRECKED CAMP...

THAT NECKERCHIEF IS  
PROOF ENOUGH GRAB  
HOLD OF THESE MULES!  
YOU PUNCHERS! WE'RE  
GOING TO RA THE  
RAFTER A AN  
UNSOCIALB  
VISIT!

# TIM HOLT



WE AN ASA DOONE HAVE BEEN HAVIN' A FEW WORDS ABOUT WATER RIGHTS TO THE BUTTERFLUT RIVER — BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D STOOP TO BUCK A LOWDOWN, COWBOY STUNT!



HERE'S YORE HECKERLINE, DOONE! YH DECIDED IT WHEN YH STAMPED OFF MY CATTLE!

ARE YH LOCO, CARRER? I AIN'T BEEN OFF MY RANCH IN THREE DAYS!



TIN YELLA-LIVERED SIDEWINDER! THAT STAMPEDE COST ME THE LIVES OF TWO GOOD COWHANDS! YOU MURDERER!

I TELL YEH I DIDNT DO —!



HOWEVER, IF YEHRE SPOUN FOR A FIGHT, I'LL BE GLAD TO CRUSH!

I'LL CUT YORE YELLA GUTS OUT!

HOLD ON!



FIGHTING LIKE SCHOOL-KIDS WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE! LET'S GO SEE THE SHERIFF, BEN!

THE SHERIFF? PSH! I CAN HANDLE MY OWN FIGHTS. WHY SEE THE SHERIFF?



BECAUSE IF YOU BIG RANCH OWNERS START A FIGHT THERE'LL BE A BIG RANGE WAR THAT WILL SPILT THE VALLEY WIDE ODER. MEN WILL BE KILLED... WOMEN WILL BE WIDOWED... IT'LL BE BLOODY AND COSTLY — AND WON'T PROVE A THING! LET THE LAW HANDLE IT!



ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE TRIAL HERD... RANGE WAR OR NO RANGE WAR, I WON'T STAND BEN STAMPED ON. I'D NEED JUST ONE MORE PUSH TO MAKE ME GRAB MY IRONS!

JUST WHAT SLASH WANTS TO HEAR!

# TIM HOLT



I SAW 'EM, SLASH! THEY COME TO BLOWS ON THE PORCH — THEN THIS HOLT HOMBRE STAMPEDED BETWEEN 'EM



CARVER SAID IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH TO MAKE HIM REACH FOR HIS SADDL'

IT WON'T, HUH? WELL, I GOT THE VERY THING THAT'LL MAKE HIM DO IT!



ASA DOONE WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO — WHEN HE FINDS THIS SPUR, TOMORROW OR THE NEXT DAY...

FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, TIM AND CHITO WORK WITH THE RUNNING Y HANDB, ROUNDING UP STRAYS FROM THE STAMPEDE, ON THE MORNING OF THE SECOND DAY —



SAY, HIDE COMES SHERIFF HAL LACEY, YUH DIDN'T SEND FOR HIM, DID YUH?

NO HUH — HE LOOKS MIGHTY GRIM.



I'M ARRESTIN' YUH FOR MURDER, CARVER. I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE. COME ALONG PLEASABLE TO STAND TOMORROW!

TARNATION! I AIN'T KILLED NOBODY — THOUGH I WON'T SAY I HAVEN'T BEEN TEMPTED TO, LATELY.



YUH SHOT ASA DOONE'S FOREMAN FROM BEHIND, GOT HIM RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BACK, ONE OF DOONE'S MEN FOUND YORE SPUR RIGHT WHERE YUH WERE LAYIN' IN AMBUSH!

THIS IS A DIRTY FRAMEUP! I LOST THE SPUR A WEEK AGO!



I DON'T LIKE THIS, CHITO. TRICE NOW DOONE OR CARVER HAVE BEEN ACCUSED OF SOMETHING THEY DENY! AND BOTH TIMES SOMETHING WAS LEFT BEHIND — TO BE FOUND!

AWA! ONCE MAYBE COULD GET BE. BUT TWICE EES FOR TO BE TOO MUCH TO BELUEVE, EH?



WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THE SHERIFF AND HIS PRISONER I'M AFRAID DOONE AND HIS BOYS WON'T TRY TO STRING BEN UP!



THERE THEY ARE NOW! LET'S GO, CHITO!

THE GRIM RACE TO SAVE BEN CARVER'S LIFE IS ORGAZIZED BY THE THUD OF RACING-HOOVES ON BARREN GROUND! FOAM FLECKS THEIR HORSES' MOUTHS AS TIM AND CHITO RIDE BENT LOW IN THE SADDLE...

WE'VE A HEAD-START ON THEM WE'LL GET TO BEN AND THE SHERIFF AFTER MINUTES BEFORE DOONE. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, CHITO?



2!



SHERIFF, WE JUST PASSED ASA DOONE AND SOME OF HIS HANDS. THEY'RE RIDING AFTER YOU TO TAKE BEN AND STRING HIM UP!

HE WOULDN'T DARE! NOW, YOU GET, HOLT! I CAN HANDLE THEM BANANAS!

CHITO'S SPUR "ACCIDENTALLY" JABS INTO HIS MOUNT'S SIDE...



LOOK OUT, YUH DINGBUSTED GALLOOT! DON'T YUH KNOW NO BETTERN TO-HEY!

SO SORRIDE SHERIFF!

SHERIFF! SARE ME! SARE ME! MY 'ORSE, SHE HAS FOR TO GONE CRAZZES!

LEAVE GO! HEY, YOU? LET GO MY ARMS—!



# TIM HOLT



NOW LOOK WHAT YUH DONE!  
MY PRISONER IS NIGHTALIN'  
IT LIKE SIXTY OUT OF HERE!

I AM SO  
EMBARRASSED!  
MY FACE,  
SHE BEE VED RED  
LIKE A  
SUNSET!



SPUR YOUR SADDLER, BEN!  
CHITO WILL KEEP SHERIFF LACEY  
FROM FOLLOWING US, BUT HE  
CAN'T HOLD BACK DOONE!

I'M  
WITH YUH,  
BOY!



**A** CHITO AIDS A RED-FACED  
SQUATTERING, RAGE-SHAKING SHERIFF  
TO HIS FEET, A COLD YOKE CUTS IN...

I OUGHT TO  
HORSE-KICK—!

NEVER MIND HIM,  
SHERIFF WHERE'S  
YORE PRISONER?



EDGE OF  
YORE BLANKETY  
BUSINESS!

TAKE YORE HAND OFF YORE GUN,  
SHERIFF! I'M GOIN' TO SWING  
BEN CARVER FOR MURDER AN'  
YUH AIN'T GOIN' TO STOP  
ME! ALL RIGHT, BOYS. HOLT  
HELPED CARVER ESCAPE.  
LET'S GO GET  
'EM!



CHITO, WERRE YOU AN'  
TIM HOLT WAS SMARTER!  
I RIPPED 'EM GETTIN'  
CARVER AWAY FROM ME.  
DOONE WOULD'VE SHOT  
ME DOWN LIKE A DOG  
IF I'D HAD HIM WITH ME!  
THERE WAS PLAN MURDER  
IN HIS EYES!



**S**OME HOURS LATER, IN A  
SHALL CAVE HIGH IN THE  
SWEETWATER MOUNTAINS...

I'LL HAVE CHITO RIDE UP  
HERE WITH FOOD, BEN.  
YOU STAY HIDDEN!

I'LL DO  
LIKE YUH  
SAY, TIM, BUT  
I'D RATHER  
BE OUT  
FIGHTIN' IN  
TH' OPEN!



**W**HAT  
NIGHT  
AT THE  
RAFTER A...

**TIM  
HOLT!**

EASY, DOONE!  
I'M NOT  
HERE TO  
FIGHT — I  
WANT TO  
TALK!



# TIM HOLT

DOONE, YOU CLAIM YOU DIDN'T STAMPEDE CARVER'S HERD, AND I KNOW HE DIDN'T KILL YOUR FOREMAN BECAUSE HE WAS IN MY SIGHT EYER, SINCE HE RODE OFF YOUR RANCH TOGETHER!

IF HE DIDN'T— WHO DID?

SOMEONE WHO WANTS YOU TWO RANGERS TO START A LONG, BLOODY RANGE WAR! YOU'D LOSE MAN AFTER MAN— WEAKEN BOTH YOUR OUTRITS. WHEN THAT HAPPENS, THIS OUTSIDER CAN MOVE IN HIS GUNNER AND TAKE OVER YOUR RANGE!

BY THE ETERNAL! HOLT, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! SURE! SOME HUMAN OUTSIDER IS SETTING UP IN THE HILLS, BOOM! US ON TO A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!

NOW, IF YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME A LITTLE LONGER...

AS THE SUN LIFTS OVER THE PEAKS OF THE SWEETWATER HILLS...

THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON AT CARVER'S RANCH. LOOKS LIKE HOLT PASSIN' OUT RIFLES TO A BUNCH OF IDIOTS! WHAT'S IT MEAN?

REMEMBER, WHEN WE SIGHT DOONE'S MEN— START SHOOTING FAST!

THE OUTLAW LOOKOUT PULLS IN HARD ON A PARTING MOUNT. MINUTES LATER—

ALL HADES HAS DUSTED LOOSE! HOLT AN' CARVER'S MEN ARE HEADED FOR THE RAFTER A, THE RANGE WAR HAS STARTED!

YUH MEAN IT?

SEE FOR YOURSELF!

IT'S A RUNNING SUN FIGHT, ALL RIGHT! THOSE OUTRITS WILL KILL EACH OTHER OFF, THEY'RE SO EVENLY MATCHED!... NOW'S OUR CHANCE! LET'S HIGHTAIL IT FOR THE RUNNING Y!

FAR BELOW, THE WAR-MAKERS SEE TIM'S MEN AND THE CREW OF THE RAFTER WITH BOARDING GUNS...

**A** THE EDGE OF SWEETWATER CREEK...

LET'S GO, CHITO!



**R**IFLES CRACK! THE SHARD BOND OF SPITTING SOULS DROWNS OUT THE ANGRY SHOUTS OF FIGHTING MEN!



STOP! HOLD EVERYTHING, BOYS! I THINK I SEE WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR !!



IT SURE WAS A SMART IDEA OF YOURS TO STAGE THAT FAKE BATTLE, TIM, AND USE BLANK CARTRIDGES TO FLUSH THEM, OWLHOOTS!

THEY FELL FOR IT, BO— WE'VE FLUSHED THEM FROM COVER! NOW LET'S SEE HOW THOSE "WAR-MAKERS" ENJOY A WAR THAT THEY'RE WAGED UP IN !!

**S**OME MILES TO THE SOUTH.

TIM WAS RIGHT! A BUNCH OF OWLHOOTS ARE COMIN' OUT OF THE HILLS— HEADIN' FOR THE RUNNIN' Y!

I RECKON TIM CAN SEE THIS SMOKE, WHEREVER HE IS!



**A**S THE HILLS, THE "DEAD" MEN GET TO THEIR FEET WITH CRIES OF BARRERESS

COME ALONG, YOU RANNEES. THE PLAY-ACTING IS OVER! NOW WE HAVE A REAL FIGHT AHEAD OF US!



# TIM HOLT

**A** AS THEY NEAR THE RUNNING Y THE WAR-MAKERS ARE STARTLED BY A BURST OF RIFLE FIRE...

LOOK! THEY FOILED US! THOSE MEN ARE DOONE'S PUNCHERS, AND CARVER'S — TOGETHER!



**A** FLOOD OF HOT LEAD COVERS THE FRONT YARD AS THE OUTLAWS RUN VAINLY FOR THE SHELTER OF THE RANCH HOUSE...



GET BEHIND THEM WALLS! WE CAN STAND THEM OFF IN THERE...

**W**ITH A BOLT OF GOLDEN LIGHTNING TIM HOLT STRIDES AFTER THE CHIEF OF THE WAR-MAKERS...



I'M COMING FOR YOU, OUTLAW!

YUH RUINED MY SCHEME, YUH BLASTED COYOTE! I'LL SEE YUH DEAD....!



BLAMM! BLAMM!

AND I WANT YOU — ALIVE!



**T**IM HOOKS A CLUB-LIKE RST, AND SLASH FURIOUSLY ENDS HIS WAR-MAKING CAREER WITH A SHATTERING CRASH!



THIS IS ONE TIME A RANGE-WAR ENDED BEFORE IT STARTED!

**N**EXT DAY, AS BEN CARVER AND ASA DOONE CLASP HANDS IN FRIENDSHIP, TIM'S VOICE RINGS OUT LOUDLY...



TIME TO HEAD FOR HOME! LET'S GO, CHITO!

TIM HOLT



NICE SHOT, KID! THAT  
TACKE WAS RIGHT  
ON TOP OF  
US!

I WAS LUCKY, MR BRANDON,  
BUT I WASN'T SO LUCKY  
WHEN I JOINED YOUR  
WAGON TRAIN AT  
MUDDY CREEK...



I THOUGHT TO BE SAVED IN YOUR TRAIN,  
BEN! THE TACKS WERE ON THE WAGON,  
BUT HERE I AM IN TROUBLE FARAWAY!  
I DON'T LIKE IT!

HOW  
DON'T LIKE  
IT-?



THAT'S JUST TOO BAD!  
YEH THINK I'M ENJOYIN' THIS?  
BUT GO ONWAL INTO YER  
BLASTED CALICO WAGON  
AN' HIDE IF YUH'RE  
SCARED...!

# TIM HOLT

LATER, AS DARKNESS FALLS

WELL, THEY'RE GONE - FOR THE TIME BEING - 'CAUSE IF THEY RAN ONTO US LATE IN THE DARK, AN' COULDN'T ATTACK TILL NEAR SUNDOWN

THEY HAD TO HIT US A FEW WE GOT TOO CLOSE TO FORT TILSON

RIGHT 'AN' AT DAWN THEY'LL BE BACK TUN FINISH THE JOB 'SO I WANT A VOLUNTEER TUN TRY TUN SURE AN' THROUGH TUN FORT TILSON FOR HELP

GOOD LUCK, CHARLIE!

BE CAREFUL - HE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THE TRACHE LIKE'S ON' HORSEBACK!

GO NOW 'IN YER WAGON, PEEDELY 'N' ME'S NOT A FORD!

AS THE VOLUNTEER REACHES THE SURROUNDING HILLSIDE ...

UH-HUH!

I'M GOING INTO THE WAGON, SING BONG, DON'T LET ANNOBY GET TOO NOSEY!

WHO NOBBE'S ABOUT NOBBEY? SING BONG FEARFUL FOR SCALPEE!

IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF THAT CHARLIE GETS THROUGH 'I BETTER TRY IT MY WAY.

AND, FIVE MINUTES LATER

NOW MAYBE I CAN PASS FOR A PACHE IN THE DARKNESS. I ONLY HOPE I DON'T GET SPOTTED BY ONE OF OUR OWN SIDE ...!

# TIM HOLT



THERE GOES THE MOON BEHIND A CLOUD GOOD! I'LL TRY MY BREAK NOW!

AFTER WRIGGLING RAPIDLY LIKE A SNAKE ALONG THE GROUND FOR ABOUT FIFTY YARDS, THE CALICO KID RISES AND, CROUCHING LOW, RUNS TOWARD THE INVISIBLE ENCIRCLING BESIEGERS...



SO FAR SO GOOD! THAT IS IF THE APACHE SENTRIES DON'T SEE ME!



OH-OH, THIS IS KINDA SUDDEN?

?

MOVING SWIFTLY BEFORE THE UNCERTAIN APACHE REALIZES THAT HE IS AN ENEMY, THE CALICO KID SWITCHES THE INDIAN'S LARIAT AND-



UGG!

THANKS, PAL!



I DON'T THINK HE'LL GIVE ANY ALARM NOW!, THE NEXT THING TO DO IS TO FIND WHERE THEY'VE PACKED THEIR HORSES...

THUNK

# TIM HOLT

THERE'S THE MAIN  
CAMP THE HORSES GOVT  
BE FAR AWAY...



AFTER AN HOUR OF CAREFUL  
CIRCLES CREEPING, THE (PAID) KID  
APPROACHES THE PICKET-ARCH  
HORSES, AND -



- A SUDDEN SHIFT OF THE NIGHT  
WIND BRINGS THE SCENT OF  
THE WHITE MAN TO ONE OF THE  
HALF-WILD INDIAN HORSES!



UHNT!

THOUGHT YOU'D FIND  
A COYOTE SNEAKING UP  
ON THE POWERS, HET I SEE!  
YOU DON'T EXPECT  
ME ...!



LISTEN!  
SOMETHING TROUBLES  
THE HORSES!



WAA-  
HOO!

ENEMY! HE  
STAMPEDES OUR  
HORSES!

AAGH!



TIM HOLT





TIM HOLT-



THE END

# TIM HOLT

**D**EATH IS SWIFT AND SURE ON THE WILDERNASS RANGES. IT LEADS FROM OUTLAW GUNS, FROM THE LURCH OF A LOCO-CRAZED HORSE, FROM THE SHARP HORN OF A RANGE STEER. DEATH FROM HORSE AND HORN IS A RISK A COWBOY WILLINGLY TAKES — BUT THE DEATH THAT SPURTS FROM LAWLESS GUNS CALLS ALOUD FOR RETRIBUTION!

**W**HEN TIM HOLT AND HIS PRAIRIE PARTNER, CHITO, GO TO THE AID OF PUZZLED SHERIFF GATES, THEY FIND AN UNEXPECTED ALLY IN —

## The Accusing Statue



**T**HE STEADY POUND OF HOOVES EDGES THROUGHOUT CACTUS PASS IN THE IPSAW RANGE SOUTH OF BUILT.

HERE COMES HARDER, NOW!

DON'T MISS HE'S GOT A SNAKEY GUNHAND!



**T**WO HEAVY WIND-ESTERS ROAR AS ONE — A MOMENT LATER A MAN LIES LIFELESS ON THE TAIL.

PLUNGED HIS PLUMB CENTER!

"SNAKE" WILL BE TICKLED WHEN HE HEARS THIS. LET'S HIGHTAIL IT...



# TIM HOLT

**M**EANWHILE, SOME MILES TO THE SOUTH

JIM HARPER SURE IS GETTING HIMSELF OBLIKED BY TRYING TO FENCE IN THAT WATER FOR HIS OWN USE. IT'S FREE TO ALL THE RANCHERS IN THIS BUSIN, BY WRITTEN AGREEMENT.

WELL IT'S NOT MY AFFAIR— MY STOCK ALL DRINK FROM THE RIPSAW STREAMS. BUT THIS FENCING COULD LEAD TO TROUBLE— **BAD TROUBLE!**

LOOKS AS IF TROUBLE IS ALREADY HERE! THAT'S JIM HARPER— **DEAD!**

**T**WO HOURS LATER, IN BULLET—

THE CATTLEMAN WARNED HIM, SHERFF THEY NEED RIGHTS TO THAT WATER, OF COURSE, THAT DOESN'T SALUSE MURDER...

— SURE— NOT A CHANCE OF FINDIN' THE KILLER, TIM, EVERYBODY ROUND THESE PARTS WILL PROTECT THEM!

LOOKS LIKE A HOPELESS JOB. YOU CAN'T FIND A MURDERER WITHOUT A CLUE.

WELL, ANYHOW, TIM, THANKS FOR BRINGIN' HARPER'S BODY IN. IF ANYTHING NEW BREAKS, I'LL LET YUH KNOW.

SHY BEAR HELP TIM. SHY BEAR KNOW INDIAN MAGIC. FIND KILLER!

WHY, THANK YOU, SHY BEAR. BUT I DON'T THINK YOUR SPELLS CAN HELP IN THIS!

**NOT SPELL!** STATUE OF GREAT MANITOU! MANITOU BETRAY KILLER. TAKE HIM. TRY HIM! GOOD MAGIC. SHY BEAR MIGHTY SHAMAN!

# TIM HOLT

HIDING A SMILE SO AS NOT TO OFFEND THE PROUD OLD MAN, TIM RECEIVES THE STATUE.

HOW CAN I THANK YOU?

NO THANK! TIM HOLT GOOD MAN, FEED SHY BEARDY PEOPLE WHEN PARKIE COME. SHY BEAR NOT FORGET. THIS GOOD MEDICINE FIND KILLER...



TIM! TIM! DON'T RIDE BACK TO YOUR RANCH YET - THE WELLS-FARGO PEOPLE TELL ME JIM HARPER'S DAUGHTER IS DUE IN ON THE NEXT STAGE!

WELLS-FARGO  
STAGE

YOU THINK THE CATTLEMEN RIGHT CONTINUE THE QUARREL WITH HER?



DINNO, I'D BREATHE A LOT EASIER IF I KNEW SHE WAS SAFE.

HEAR, RIGHT BE THAT THE BOYS WOULD WANT TO SCARE HER AWAY! LET'S RIDE OUT AND MEET THE STAGE, ANYHOW!



AS A STAGE OF THE STIRRUP STAGE COMEY ROUNDS A TURN IN A WESTERN REPSAW MOUNTAINS, A HORSE VOICE CRIES OUT --

REIN UP, DRIVER! DON'T MAKE A MOVE! AN' YER WON'T BE HURT!



COME ON OUT, MISS HARPER, YOU'RE THE ONE WE'RE AFTER!

BUT?



NOW, YOU LOOKY HERE! IF YUH'RE AFTER GOLD, YUH CAN TAKE IT - BUT NOBODY HARM'S A FEMALE WHILE I'M HANDLIN' THE RIBBONS...

I'LL CLOSE HIS YAP...



AT THAT MOMENT, LIGHTNING'S BOOMER TATTOO THUNDER ON THE ROAD AS TIR'S SIX-GUN LEAPS FROM ITS HOLSTER.

SHERIFF! IT'S A HOLDUP!



Owww! HIGHTAIL IT! IT'S THE SHERIFF!



# TIM HOLT

I WAS SO FRIGHTENED. THEY WANTED ME... EIA ELLIE HARPER; THEY— THEY LOOKED SO CRUEL!

I'D NEVER BELIEVE IT OF THE BOYS AROUND BULLET!

DON'T BE SILLY SHERIFF! THIS WAS AN OUTSIDE JOB!

OUR BOYS ONLY QUARRELED WITH HARPER ABOUT WATER RIGHTS. THAT QUARREL DIDN'T EXTEND TO HIS DAUGHTER, BUT THIS ATTEMPTED KIDNAPPING SHOWS THAT THE KILLERS ARE AFTER MORE THAN WATER RIGHTS...

AFTER TIM AND THE SHERIFF BOOKER THE SAD NEWS OF HER FATHER'S DEATH AS GENTLY AS POSSIBLE TO THE HEERING GIRL...

I DECIDED IT WAS RIGHTLY THOUGHTLESS OF US. MISS, TO TELL YOU SO SUPPERLY, BUT WE WANT TO CATCH THOSE KILLERS. ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL US THAT WILL HELP US...?

-SOB-SOB-  
I—I UNDERSTAND, AND THERE IS SOMETHING...

YOU SEE, MY FATHER WAS AN OUTLAW, AND HE RAN WITH A BUNCH OF OUTLAWS UP NORTH. ONE DAY HE STOLE ALL THE MONEY THEY HAD ROBBED, AND CAME SOUTH WITH IT. HE BOUGHT THE SLASH-ROE RANCH, AND SETTLED DOWN TO LIVE PEACEABLY...

ON THE WAY TO BULLET, ELLIE HARPER TELLS HER STORY...

I KNEW NOTHING OF ALL THIS UNTIL RECENTLY. I WAS IN AN EASTERN FINISHING SCHOOL, WHERE MY FATHER HAD SENT ME WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE GIRL. WHEN I GRADUATED, I WAS GOING TO COME LIVE WITH HIM. THEN, ANONYMOUS LETTERS CAME, TELLING ABOUT MY FATHER'S PAST...

THE OUTLAWS FROM WHOM HE STOLE THE LOOT WERE AFTER HIM HE FINALLY WROTE TO ME, TELLING ME OF THIS DANGER, ADVISING ME TO STAY BACK FAST UNTIL IT WAS SETTLED BUT I CAME OUT HERE TO BE BY HIS SIDE... TOO LATE!

AS ELLIE HARPER RESTS IN THE BULLET HOTEL, TIM AND SHERIFF GATES TALK IN LOW WHISPERS ON THE FIRST FLOOR...

THEY'LL MAKE ANOTHER TRY FOR HER. SHE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO THEM ALONE. THEY WROTE LETTERS ABOUT HER FATHER— AND THOSE LETTERS MIGHT CONVICT THEM IN A LAW COURT.

I'LL SEND A MAN FOR CHITO. HE AND I WILL GUARD HER UNTIL THIS THING IS SETTLED!

# TIM HOLT



AFTER A SHORT SLEEP...

YES, MA'AM. I'LL RIDE WITH YOU.

TIM, I'M GOING TO THE RANCH. IT'S MY DUTY TO TAKE CHARGE OF COURSE. I KNOW THE RANCH MUST BE SOLD TO PAY BACK THE PEOPLE MY FATHER ROBBED...



MY FRIEND, CHITO WILL MEET US SOMEWHERE THE OTHER SIDE OF CACTUS PASS. HE'LL RIDE TO YOUR RANCH WITH US.

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'RE TAKING!



'ALLO, TIM! THESE MEN FROM TOWN STOPPED AT THIS RANCH I AM COME LIKE THE WIND!

GOOD, CHITO THERE MAY BE TROUBLE AT THE SLASH BOY. IF THERE IS - BE READY FOR IT!



EVERYTHING SEEMS ALL RIGHT.



OUTSIDE

LISTEN! THAT SOUNDED LIKE A WAGON-WHEEL CREAKING OUTSIDE "SMOKE"!

POUSE THE LAMP, I'LL HAVE A LOOK!



IT'S HER, WITH THAT RANBY THAT SHOT THE GUN OUT OF MY HAND THIS AFTERNOON! THIS TIME HE WON'T GET A CHANCE TO SHOOT!



WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT.

YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW RELIEVED I AM TO HAVE YOU HERE WITH ME!

# TIM HOLT

AS BILL HARPER TURNS UP THE NEARBY LAMP A HAIL OF HOT LEAD SWEEPS TOWARD TIM...



WALKED RIGHT INTO IT!  
— AND I HOPE I CAN  
WALK OUT...!

MISSED... AND  
MISS AGAIN!

RUN  
FOR  
IT!

WE CAN'T  
TAKE A  
CHANCE ON  
STOPPIN'  
LEAD!

YEAH  
— WE GOT  
WHAT WE  
CAME  
FOR!



I WAS ON OTHER  
SIDE OF HOUSE TIA.  
THEY RIDE TOWARD  
CACTUS PASS!

PROBABLY  
ON THEIR  
WAY TO  
BULLET.

THEY STOLE MONEY  
AND JEWELS — THE  
LOOT THAT MY  
FATHER TOOK  
FROM THEM!

WE'LL  
CATCH  
THEM!

LET'S  
GO,  
CHITO!



THROUGH ARROYO AND CANYON  
THE MOONLIGHT CHASE CONTINUES.  
RIGHT INTO TOWN ITSELF...

WE ALMOST CAUGHT THEM ONTO  
THESE THEY GO — INTO THE  
PRAIRIE QUEEN SALOON! YOU  
STAND GUARD OUTSIDE... DON'T  
LET THEM LOSE OUT!

EEP  
THEY COME  
OUT. THEY  
RIND OUT  
NOW THESE  
TOWN OF  
BULLET GET  
HER NAME



COME ALONG,  
SHERIFF. CHITO  
AND I HAVE  
CORRALLED  
HARPER'S  
KILLERS  
IN THE PRAIRIE  
QUEEN!

GOOD! BUT—  
WHAT YUH WANT  
WITH THEM  
SULPHUR MATCHES,  
TIA? YUH DON'T  
SMOKE NONE!

THESE MATCHES, SHERIFF —  
ARE GOING TO HELP CAPTURE  
THOSE KILLERS FOR US! RIGHT  
NOW I DON'T KNOW WHO  
THEY ARE... BUT THE MATCHES  
WILL TELL ME!



# TIM HOLT



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE PEARLE QUEEN...

WE'RE AFTER THREE KILLERS WHO DRENCHED JIM HARPER! TIM HERE HAS AN IDEA HOW TO TELL WHO THEY ARE. GO AHEAD, TIM!

I'M GOING INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND LEAVE THIS LITTLE INDIAN STATUE IN THERE...

YOU POLAKS ARE GOING INTO THAT ROOM ON BY ONE AND PUT YOUR HAND ON THIS STATUE. IT WILL THEN, BY A SECRET WAY KNOWN ONLY TO MYSELF, REVEAL TO ME WHICH OF YOU KILLED JIM HARPER....!



YUH REALLY DON'T BELIEVE THAT NOOGASH, DO YUH, TIM?

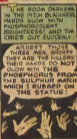
SEEG SEELY, TIM! NO STATUE CAN DO THAT!

BUT THIS STATUE CAN! WAIT! YOU'LL SEE...

ONE AFTER ANOTHER COWBOY, POKE AND MINER, DANCEHALL GIRL AND BARTENDER, FILE INTO THE SIDE ROOM, WHEN THEY COME OUT, FIFTEEN LATER...

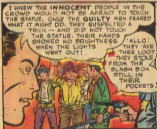


ALL RIGHT, CHITO — TURN OUT THE LIGHTS!



THE ROOM DARKENS IN THE PITCH BLACKNESS, HANDS GLOW WITH PHOSPHORESCENT BRIGHTNESS! AND TIM CRIES OUT SUDDENLY...

ARREST THOSE THREE MEN, SHERIFF! THEY ARE THE KILLERS! THEIR HANDS DO NOT GLOW WITH THE PHOSPHORUS FROM THE SULPHUR MATCHES WHICH I RUBBED ON THE STATUE!



I KNEW THE INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THE CROWD WOULD NOT BE AFRAID TO TOUCH THE STATUE. ONLY THE GUILTY MEN FEARED WHAT IT MIGHT DO. THEY SUSPECTED A TRICK — AND DID NOT TOUCH THE STATUE. THEIR HANDS SHOWED NO BRIGHTNESS WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!

'ALLO! THEY ARE THESE LOOT THEY STOLE FROM THE SLASH BOX STILL IN THEIR POCKETS!



A GOOD JOB, TIM, THE FEDERAL JUDGE WILL TRY THEM ON HIS NEXT SHINING AROUND THESE PARTS.

ELLIE HARPER WILL SELL THE RANCH AND RAY BACK THE PEOPLE HIS FATHER BOBBED THEN SHE IS GOING EAST, AND I'M GOING TO THANK OLD SHY BEAR.

THE END



# CANYON TRAP



**E**VEN in the dry Arizona air, the sweat beaded on his forehead as Flip Carson looked down at the white sea of woolly backs. Mark Hedger was driving his sheep forward toward the Coxy Canyons with reckless disregard of the agreement between himself and the cattlemen of the Talus Basin ranges. Once Hedger got his woolies through those twisted canyons onto the rich grasslands of the basin, this entire section would blast into a bloody range war!

Federal Marshal Carson grunted savagely. It was easy for the Chief Marshal to tell him, "There's a powder bag in Talus Basin, Flip. A sheepman-cattlemen war, all set to pop. So I'm sending you there. See Hedger. See the ranch owners. Make some sort of compromise but—stop that war!"

He shifted in the saddle, animating the fire as would take the sheep to hit the first stretch of tele-dotted canyon slopes. He was one man against a range, but he was a federal marshal. A surge of gride made him smile a little as he toed his big white gelding down the gentle slope. *He thinks one man can do it; one good man, that is, he thought. And it's up to me to prove he's right!*

He came down the twisting, narrow trail toward the canyon floor with reckless disregard. Stones and shale clattered and bounced under the gelding's hooves. As he went, Flip loosened the twin, walnut-butted argans strapped low on his thighs. It would have been smarter, he knew, to run for the Poch-fork ranch and help; but if he brought the ranchers into this attempt to stop the sheep, the range war he came to avert would explode with blood and bullets.

Calmly, unawakened, Flip knew this was his job alone. Either he stopped the sheep by himself, or he failed in his mission.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of a big herd of antelope grazing in one of the bas canyons. Their white, bobbing tails made flashes of brilliance in the sunlight as they ran. Flip swung his mount southward, toward the entrance into the canyons.

He rode for ten minutes when the thunderous beat of bounding hooves brought him up with right rain. A crowpuncher, bent low over

the saddle, was flailing his paint pony with a quirt. Behind him came three sheepmen, rifles in their hands. The man in the lead of the sheepmen Flip recognized as Hedger.

When the crowpuncher was twenty feet from Flip, Hedger lifted his Winchester. A red flame leaped from the blue-steel muzzle. The crowpuncher sobbed hoarsely and tumbled sideways, dropping like a stone from the hill. Flip's hands dropped and lifted. His fingers roared, but at this distance he could not expect a hit. The three sheepmen seized in sharply at sight of him, spurred their mounts back the way they had come, bending low against the whipping manes.

Flip knelt in the dust of the canyon floor. The crowpuncher's face was a mask of pain. He choked, "... was riding back from town. Took a shortcut ... they saw me ... thought I was there to spy on 'em. They chased me."

His head slipped sideways and his eyes closed. Flip growled low. There was no time to take the cowhand to his ranch, for desert burial. It would have to be done here, now, quickly and crudely; for Hedger would waste no time getting his sheep through the canyons. However, Flip realized, Hedger would have to get out of him, Flip Carson, too; he was a witness to the cold-blooded killing.

Less than thirty minutes later, Flip was moving forward along the rimrock, pausing to glance back at the wind-eroded rocks where three stacks of dynamite were set at strategic spots in the rocks. One good blast from that dynamite, and fifty tons of rock would cascade down the side of the canyon wall to block the floor to anything less than a mountain goat!

When Flip reached the lip of the rimrock, he turned and looked far down the canyon, where the moving sheep made a tearing white blanket along the sandy canyon bottom. They were near enough now to see the rock as it exploded, yet far enough away to be unharmed.

Flip pressed down on the plunger, and a solid sheet of red flame roared the canyon with ear-blasting echoes. Head down, he crouched on the edge of the cliffside, hearing the rock split and crack, hearing it rattle and

## TIM HOLT

beams as it rumbled down the sloping wall toward the flat canyon floor. Dust lifted in gigantic mushrooming tiny chips of stone thudded around him.

When the noise faded, and as the dust was settling, Flip heard the frightened bawling of the sheep. Half a dozen men had run forward, and were peering at the boulders along the road through Otter Canyons. It would take them days to remove that block. In that time, he would have made his arrest of Hedger for the murder of the cowpuncher, and the throat of a sheep was would be over. Without Hedger, his men would turn back.

Flip rose to his feet, balancing himself carefully on the slender walk.

"Positioning!"

The shell white of a Winchester bullet ended with a dull cluppup on the canyon wall inches from his face, then sang shrilly as it ricocheted upward toward the blue sky. Flip was forward on his stomach, crawling toward the wider top of the cliff.

Again the rifle cracked, and again. The bullet hit close to his chest. He raised a glance behind and below him. Hedger was standing on the canyon floor, lowering another shell into his .44-45.

"I'm after you, lawman!" the sheep owner bellowed. "It's between you and me now! I got three days to clear that block—three days in which to run you to your grave!"

And Hedger ran forward and began to climb. He paused to wave a blue-shirted arm, and then Flip saw the men who were with him—four—no, five sheepmen, with long-barreled Colts and Winchester, and bandoliers of shells across their saddles.

Flip travelled fast, up the sheer rock-faces, clinging to shrubs and clumps of mesquite. He could not fight off six men in these rocks. While three of them pinned him in some hiding place with their fire, the other three could circle above or behind him, and a well-placed shot would end his come-lighting career. Somehow he would have to let Hedger get close to him—but how?

From the height of the canyon wall, extending almost to the other side, was a sheer bluff of red sandstone. It made a natural bridge that stretched to within four feet of the other wall. Flip ran along it, knowing Hedger was close behind him, panting and ransing, eager for a spot to stop and shoot. Flip hung himself into the air when he came to the gap between the pidge. He hurtled through the air in a jump, landed and spilled amid the rocky debris littering the top of the wall on the opposite side.

Hedger was covering, running fast, bent low. Flip might have dropped him with a shot, but the distance was gone, and he wanted Hedger alive, not dead.

Flip turned and fled, moving downwards now, toward the canyon floor. Behind him he heard Hedger bellow.

"He's headed downward! You hornbros go back—cut him off from below, while I pin him to the rocks from above. We'll get him in a crossing that way!"

Flip moved as fast as he dared. A slip here on the steep slopes would spell him more than a hundred feet below, once back, jagged talus rock. He kicked another glance into the nearby box canyon. The pronghorn antelope herd was moving restlessly. Flip grinned and angled down toward the box canyon.

The breeze was on his face as he dropped the last few feet into the box canyon. It was a wide, huge natural arena of a place, with sheer rock walls towering up into the blue sky. With a grance of restlessness, Flip realized that it might prove a trap for him. He could hear excited shouts, and drawing feet coming up the outside floor. He had to turn this post right. . . .

His guns flashed into his hands, started blasting against the wall behind the pronghorns. Antelope will inevitably head upward when startled. Now, with white tails flashing, they went bounding and leaping forward toward the narrow canyon entrance through which the wind was whipping.

The antelope and the five sheepmen came into the narrow entrance together. Craved by the screaming bullets bouncing off the rock walls behind them, followed by a wildly screaming federal marshal, the pronghorns never faltered. They hit the five sheepmen, crushed them to the ground and ran over them.

Flip whirled, and his smoking guns were refilled with shells. Hedger, hearing his own yell, must have reasoned that they had cornered the marshal. He was standing on a ledge fifteen feet from the ground, a rifle in his hand, outlined against the red-and-white, veined canyon wall like a target in a gallery.

Flip said, "Toss your rifle first, Hedger—then slip off your shell belts and let them fall. You're coming into town as my prisoner, to face a murder charge. Don't expect any help from those five hornbros of yours, either. They're too busy patching up their wounds. A pronghorn's hoof can do a lot of damage when you catch it in the ribs."

Hedger let his rifle fall. His shellbelts slipped from his hips. His shoulders rounded and his head fell forward. He was a beaten man.

Flip knew the danger of a range war was over. He whistled a few bars of a dancehall tune as he followed Hedger toward his house. He felt good.

THE END.

TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT'S RANGE BOOK

## THE STRAIGHT IRON...

A BRANDED IRON USED BY SLYTERS, ROE WITH A STRAIGHT COP (LARGED) BRAND, ANOTHER BRAND CAN EASILY BE CHANGED, OR COINED, PROVIDE A STRAIGHT IRON ON A MAN WAS ALMOST A DEAD SUREBET THAT HE WAS A RUSTLER!



## THE BUFFALO...

JUST ONCE BOMBED THE REMAINS OF THE WEST HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO IN ONE HEAVY HURGE DEPENDED ON THE BUFFALO FOR FUR, CLUTING, TEA, TONG, AND HALF A DOZEN OTHER KINDS OF DAILY LIFE. NOW ALMOST EXTINCT, A FEW HERDS REMAIN IN NATIONAL PARKS



EXAMPLE OF  
SPRING - DRAWING  
BANK BY BOB A. JONES

## CANYONS...

FROM THE GRAND CANYON IN ARIZONA TO SLYCE CANYON IN UTAH, AND HELL'S CANYON IN OHIO, THESE WILTY BAYS IN THE EASTERN COAST ARE TYPICALLY AMERICAN, FOLLOWED OUT BY ANCIENT RIVERS, AND ERODED BY BRANTIC WIND STORMS, THEY ARE DIPPED IN THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW!



## GLOSSARY

MESCAL: AN INDIAN AND MEXICAN DRINK MADE FROM THE SAGUARO PLANT

MORGAN: A STREAM OF HORSES

TO COUNT COUP: COWBOY TERM FOR COUNTING UP THE DEAD AFTER A BATTLE

# TIM HOLT

**D**OG OR WOLF? WOULD THUNDER STAND THAT STRANGE TEST OF LOYALTY BETWEEN MAN AND DOG, OR WOULD THE WOLF BLOOD THAT COURSED IN HIS VEINS TURN HIS MIZZLE TO THE WILD? THOUGH TIM BELIEVED IN HIM, THUNDER HIMSELF HAD TO GIVE THE ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF THE WILD BREED



SOMEWHERE ON THE SOUTHERN PRINCE OF THE T BAR H BANCH, AMID THE VOLCANIC ROCK RIDGES OF THE BADLANDS —





THIS IS ONE KILLING OF YOURS I AIM TO PREVENT!



TWISTING AND ROLLING IN A PRESENCE OF BAKING CLAYS, TIM THUMBES THE HAMMER OF HIS COLT WITH INCREDIBLE RAPIDITY...

YOU'LL SWALLOW LEAD INSTEAD OF THE HELPLESS ANIMAL, YOU KILLER!



WELL, YOUNG BELLA - LOOKS LIKE YOU AND I ARE WICKY TO BE ALIVE RIGHT NOW!

-YAP-  
-YAP-



LATER, AT THE T BAR H...

HA, EES WOLF, TIM! LOOK AT HEE'S LIME. I WEEB SHOOT HEEER!

DON'T BE SLY, CHIT. LISTER TO HIS BARK. NO WOLF EVER BARKED IN HIS LIFE. NITE BE A LITTLE WOLF BLOOD IN HIM, BUT HE'S ALL DOG!

-YAP-  
-YAP-



FOR MANY DAYS TIM WORKS WITH HIS BLACK CUB, TEACHING HIM TRICKS -

FETCH IT, THUNDER!



THE DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS, THE WEEKS INTO MONTHS. THUNDER GROWS BIG OF LIMB, STRONG AND POWERFUL. BY DAY HE ROARS WITH TIM AND LIGHTNING -

I AM NOT SURE AS YOU TIL HE STEEL LOOKS LIKE DEED BLACK WOLF TO ME! SOME NITE HE WEEB BE FOR TO RUN AWAY.

I DON'T THINK SO. TO PROVE HIS LOYALTY, I'LL TAKE HIM TO DEED WEEA WITH ME.



BUT, BY NITE, THE GREAT BLACK ANIMAL CHIFFS THE WINDS, PERAL EYES BLAZING AS THE WILDS BECKON HIM -

TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



WE'D BETTER COVER LIGHTNING WITH A BLANKET WITH A THUNDER. IT GETS MIGHTY COOL AT NIGHT.



GOT HIM!



OUT OF THE SHADOWS A LYING BLACKNESS LEAPS, A SNARL GIBBERING FOR A FURRY THROAT IN SAVAGE FURY!

YEEEOOOOW!



SHOOT HIM! SHOOT HIM! IF HE SNARLS THEN FANGS IN MY THROAT, HE'LL KILL ME!

YOU AN' HIM ARE MOVIN' TOO MUCH!

THERE - I GOT HIM, CHARLEY!

WE DON'T DARE SHOOT WE MIGHT HIT YOU!



THAT DOGSONE DOG NEAR TORE ME IN TWO!

WE GOT TO LIGHT OUT OF THIS TOWN! THE SOUND OF THAT GUNSHOT WILL BRING THE SHERIFF!



SOME MINUTES LATER, A WIN WALKS INTO THE NIGHT, A LIMP DOG IN HIS ARMS...

HE'S STILL ALIVE - I'LL SEE IF THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF SAVING HIM...

# TIM HOLT



I'VE PATCHED HIM UP. NOW IT'S UP TO HIM. I'LL CALL FOR HIM AFTER I CATCH THOSE MEN WHO DRYGULCHED ME — IF HE LIVES —

WE'LL DO THE BEST WE CAN TO SAVE HIM, TIM.



THOSE SIDEWINDERS CAN'T BE FAR AHEAD. LIGHTNING WILL EAT THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US IF ONLY I'D CAUGHT A LOOK AT THEIR FACES! ALL I CAN DO IS FOLLOW THE MARKS OF THOSE 'MOUNTS' HOOFES!



IT'S HIM! HE'S FOLLOWED US!

THEY'VE HIT THE TOWN. NOW I'LL HAVE TO CHECK CALK-MARKS OF A LOT OF HORSES. IT'S LIKE TRYING TO FIND THE PROMERBIAL NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK — AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE JOB!



HE'S AFTER US, ALL RIGHT. THE THING TO DO IS RIDE OR — THEN WAIT UNTIL HE CATCHES UP TO US.

YEAH! A WINCHESTER BULLET WILL FINISH HIM, OFF, THEN!



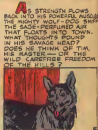
LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER —

THEY WERE HERE! THEY ROSE OFF TO THE NORTH



IN THE MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE COW TOWN WHERE THUNDER IS RECONVESCING —

HERE, THUNDER. YOUR WOUND IS CLEARING UP NICELY, AND ALL YOU NEED IS MEAT AND MILK TO BE JUST AS STRONG AS EVER!



**A**S STRENGTH FLOWS BACK INTO HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES THE WIGHTY WOLF-DOG SHUFFS THE SAGE-PERFUMED AIR THAT FLOATS INTO TOWN. WHAT THOUGHTS BOUND IN HIS SWAGE HEAD? DOES HE THINK OF TIM, HIS MASTER — OR THE WILD CAREFREE FREEDOM OF THE HILLS?



# TIM HOLT



OH! HE'S  
RUNNING  
AWAY!



RELESSLY, THE GREAT DOG,  
THUNDER, SPEEDS ACROSS THE  
SAGEBRUSH-DOTTED PLAINS —



AS TIM GALLOPS  
LIGHTNING-NORTHWARD,  
THREE MEN BELLY  
DOWN ON A FLAT  
ROCK LEDGE,  
RIFLES ALERT —

HE'S  
COMIN'!

SHOOT TO KILL  
I'M GETTIN'  
TISED OF BEIN'  
WOUNDED! WE  
CAN'T GET A  
CHANCE TO SPEND  
ANY OF THE  
MONEY WE LIFTED  
OFF HIM!



SUDDENLY, ON THE TRAIL  
BELOW, A HUGE BLACK  
DOG LEAPS UPWARD!

THUNDER!  
WHERE DID  
YOU  
COME  
FROM?

—WROOF!  
—WROOF!—



WHAT IS IT, BOY?  
WHAT DO YOU SEE  
OR SMELL DANGER?  
IS THERE A TRAP  
UP AHEAD?

GERRR...



IT WAS A TRAP, I SEE THE  
THREE OF THEM RIGHTTAILING IT  
INTO THE SHRUB  
COUNTRY! YOU  
SAVED ME,  
THUNDER!



I WON'T HAVE TO  
WORRY ABOUT KNOWING  
THOSE OWLHOOTS  
NOW, YOU KNOW  
THEIR THUNDER —

— SO LET'S  
GO GET 'EM!

# TIM HOLT



WESBIE WE CAN CHANGE THEM BY TRAVELIN' ON THIS LAVA ROCK!

THAT DOG WILL SMELL US OUT NO MATTER WHERE WE GO!

WE GOT TO LIGHT DOWN AN TRY ANOTHER ANGUH IT'S ALL WE CAN DO!



TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW. TAKE COVER BEHIND SOME ROCKS!

WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED THAT GUY AFTER WE ROBBED HIM!



START SHOOTIN'!

WE'RE SHOOTIN'! STOP SHAKIN' AN HIT HIM!



WITH BOTH SIDINGS BLAZIN', TIM LEAPS LIGHTNING OVER THE ROCK, GALOPIN' —

DROP YOUR GUNS, YOU HOMBERS! I'M TAKIN' YOU TO THE NEAREST JAIL...!



**T**IM HEADS HIS PRISONERS SOUTHWARDS.

DON'T TRY A BREAK, YOU'D GET TANGLED UP RIGHTY UNPLEASANTLY IN THOSE ROPES!



**S**OME DAYS LATER, THEIR PRISONERS BEHIND BARS IN A COW BOWN JAIL, TIM RIDES ON WITH HIS MONEY, HIS HORSE AND — HIS DOG!

YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF THUNDER. YOU'RE NO WOLF — BUT A MAN'S FRIEND, A DOG...!

THE END



**TIM HOLT**

# HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who built his body, in the original "The Iron Will" Mail For Body Development Man

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