



COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

# TIM HOLT

No. 14

10c



The Bridge at San Gila Gully • The Posse • The Honest Bandits  
Another exciting adventure of The Ghost Riders



## TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM

**ROPE TRICK!** Tim and Chito put a badhat out of action and insure his good behavior for a while by roping him to a tree. But ropes are dangerous things, and Tim says children should never tie up their playmates — it isn't good fun and it isn't very good sense. Believe Tim!

**GUN-TAR** might be a good name for this musical instrument! Tim and Chito are concealing the pistol in the back of the guitar in order to provide a surprise six-gun serenade for an unsuspecting bad-man, who won't like the tune!



# TIM HOLT

**W**HEN A LOAD OF DYNAMITE EXPLODES UNDER THE WOODEN BRIDGE OVER RAY WARD'S BROOK, IT CARRIES THE BULLET-BLANK CITY STAGECOACH WITH IT TO DESTRUCTION. IN THE STAGECOACH IS A WELLS FARGO SHIPMENT BOX, AND A SMALL COPPER MINERED T-BANDY.

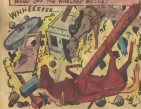
**A**LTHOUGH TIM HOLT AND HIS SAGEBLAD BROTHER, ONTO DO NOT HEAR THE EXPLOSION, IT CARRIES THEM INTO THE BULLET-RIDDLED, ROBBERY-PLASTERED ADVENTURE OF—

THE  
HONEST BANDITS!



**W**ITH A SCREECHING OF WOOD ON WOOD AND THE HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMING OF AGONIZED HORSES, THE STAGECOACH PLUMETS DOWNWARD OFF THE WRECKED BRIDGE!

WHOOOEE...



LOOKS LIKE A GOOD NAIL STUB!

NOT ONLY THE WELLS FARGO GOLD SHIPMENT, BUT THE SAGE COOPER, TOO. FROM THE FEEL OF IT, IT'S GOT CASH INSIDE!



## TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



THE HOUSE LATER, DEEP IN THE SLIMS MOUNTAIN TIMBER BELT



# TIM HOLT

**THE KANSAS-TOWN DIAMOND**  
**STAKE CHASE AROUND THE MOUNTAIN-**  
**BUS CURVES, LEAD BOB CROWBARS**  
**UP THE HILL...**

**A HOLD-UP STUNT!**  
**GRAB YOUR GUN, TIM!**



**CHIT, YOU KNOW**  
**WHAT WE HAVE**  
**TO DO?**

**I AM FOR KNOWING,**  
**BUT WELL, NOT BE**  
**EASY, BUT THEN WE ARE**  
**NOT TO BE EXPECTING**  
**THAT!**



**AND**  
**WELL,**  
**SHOUTING**  
**HOORAY,**  
**THE**  
**LEADS**  
**FOR**  
**THE**  
**PRIZEWORTH**  
**CARS...**

**I ONLY HOPE I CAN**  
**DO THIS WITHOUT BEING**  
**NOTICED BY THOSE SIDE-**  
**WALKERS IN DOWN**  
**WITH!**



**GET**  
**ONE!**



**GET**  
**TWO!**



**NUMBER**  
**THREE!**



**HOW WE DOING, CHIT?**  
**I GOT THREE OF**  
**THE BOYS!**

**I AM FOR GETTING**  
**TWO? BEEZ FOR LEAVING**  
**ONLY TWO MORE!**



# TIM HOLT



## TIM HOLT

WITH THE BANDIT GANG LESSENER BY SEVERAL MENHITS, AND HIMSELF A LITTLE MORE REVELLY, A PART OF IT, TIM'S OCCASIONAL ABSENCE WAS NEVER NOTICED, AND ON THOSE ADVISORS.

THEY BE PLANNING A SMOKE ON THE SILVER CITY STAGE AGAIN, JIM. THEY EXPECT TO HIT IT AROUND NEEDLE ROCK.

NO AN' THE BOYS WILL BE THERE, THEY'LL HAVE ORDERS NOT TO SHOOT AT YOU! ONTO.

NEEDLE ROCK, TWO AFTERNOONS LATER

THE SMOKE ought to start shooting just about now—



WATCH OUT! Run for it!



BY CLIMBING OVER A HEDGELINE, TIM SO MANEUVERS LIGHTNING THAT BANDIT AFTER BANDIT IS DELAYED...

WOULD BE THAT WOOD TO WORKIN' RIGHT? THEIR BULLETS ARE CUTTIN' US DOWN ONE BY ONE!

I'VE THOUGHT HE WOULD PICK A TIME LIKE THIS TO ACT UP!



WHILE ONTO IS NOT SOLE!

BOSS, FOR TO BE SHOOTING SISTING DUCK!



BUT THE TRAP CHANCE BE WILD FOREVER, TIM TURNS AND FLEES WITH THE OTHERS, AND THAT NIGHT IN THE WANTED CASH USED BY THE OUTLAW.

I SENT THE KID AND ONTO TO FETCH WATER BECAUSE I WANTED TO TELL YOU BOYS I'M GETTIN' A TROOP FOR 'EM! THE TELLIN' 'EM WERE GOIN' TO ROB THE SILVER SPRING BANK—BUT WILL REALLY ROB THE ONE AT DOWNSIDE! EVERYTHING'S SOME WOODS! SINCE THEY JOINED UP I'M JUST WONDERIN' IF THEY'RE WHAT THEY CLAIM TO BE!





# TIM HOLT

NO SO THERE'ND LATER, THE SILVER CITY GANG RODE INTO THE COW TOWN OF BUCKHORN...



I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO SALPHUR SPRINGS, CHITO — HE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

THE SHEEP-HEAD AT SALPHUR SPRINGS, EITHER WE HAVE TO HELP THEM ROB THIS BANK — OR FIGHT THEM —

TWO AGAINST EIGHT!



SEE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN ASKING TO DO SINCE WE JOIN THIS GANG!

WOOOFF!



LET'S GO, CHITO!



I WAS FIGHT' YOU —!

THERE ARE PLEASURE HORSEES!



THIS WILL PUT A FEW MORE OUT OF ACTION...

BWH!



CHITO — SHOOT! ALL RIGHT, YOU BURGARS! LET GOOD THOSE BURGARS!

WOOOFF!



WE'LL WAIT FOR THE SHEEP-HEAD TO APPEAR, THEN RIDE OUT TO THE HIDE-OUT AND GET OUR CASH BOY!

THERE'S LOOK LIKE END OF SILVER CITY GANG, EH, TIM? AN OKAY! SET HEE ALMOST THE END OF CHITO JOSE GONZALEZ SUSTAWON'E RAPPERTY, TOO! 'SHT-

TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

**T**HE WESTWARD GROWTH OF AMERICA WAS ADED GREATLY BY THE THROUSTING STEEL AND STEAM-BORN POWER OF THE RAILROAD. OBSTACLES AFTER OBSTACLES THE RAILROAD MET AND OVERCAME — AND MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL WAS THE HIDDEN TREACHERY OF SCHEMING, EVIL MEN. AS TIM HOLT DISCOVERED WHEN HE WAS ENSLAVED TO WORK ON

*THE BRIDGE  
AT  
SAN GILA GULCH!*



# TIM HOLT

**U** NARMED, AND UNFAMILIAR WITH THE TERRITORY, TIM DECIDES NOT TO PURSUE THE GUNMEN....

WHERE WE HEAD, TIM?

STRAIGHT ON TO LARLAKE, CHITO!



ATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN LARLAKE....

AND THE LEADER HAD A DARK, HEAVY-SET MAN TOOK ALL OUR MONEY!

YUH DON'T SAY? I GUESS YUH MUST'VE HEARD ABOUT OUR NEW ORDINANCE CONCERNING VAGRANTS?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'VAGRANTS'? WE'RE NOT VAGRANT! I'VE TOLD YOU OUR STORY...

WE'VE GOT A LAW IN THIS TOWN - VESTED - VAGRANTS HAVE THEIR CHOICE OF GETTING A JOB OR... JAIL! NOW IF YUH WANT A JOB, I'LL HELP YUH.

I SWELL, BUT TOO, TIM! MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE HEE'S OFFER. I DON'T THINK I LIKE JAIL, MAYBE.

OKAY, SHERIFF, WE'LL TAKE YOUR JOB!

GOOD! THIS IS MR. BARRELL - I THINK HE CAN HELP YUH!

SURE THING, SHERIFF! I'VE GOT A CAMP OVER SAN OLA GULLY WAY. GENTS BUILDING A BRIDGE FOR THE RAILROAD CAN ALWAYS USE A COUPLE OF EXTRA HANDS!

THANKS, CHITO AND I'LL TAKE IT - FOR THE TIME BEING.



IS THIS YOUR CAMP? WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE BARBED WIRE?

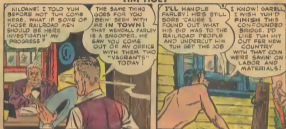
UH... THAT'S JUST TO KEEP THE SPOCCERS AWAY! LOTS OF PEOPLE'D LIKE YUH WRECK THIS BRIDGE...



TIM HOLT



## TIM HOLT



KILDANE! I TOLD YUH BEFORE NOT TUH COME HERE. WHAT IF SOME OF THOSE RAILROAD MEN SHOULD BE HERE INVESTIGATIN' MY PROGRESS?

THE SAME THING GOES FOR YOU DEN! SEEN WITH ME IN TOWN! THAT WENDALL FARLEY IS A SNOOPER. HE SAW YOU COME OUT OF MY OFFICE WITH THEM TWO "VAGRANTS" TODAY!

I'LL HANDLE FARLEY! HE'S STILL SURE 'CAUSE I FOUND OUT WHAT HIS BID WAS TO THE RAILROAD PEOPLE AND UNDERCUT HIM TUH GET THE JOB

I KNOW! GARELL I WISH YUH'D FINISH THIS CONFOUNDED BRIDGE. TO LIKE TUH HIT OUT FER NEW COUNTRY WITH THAT CORN WERE SAWN ON LABOR AND MATERIALS!



DON'T WORRY! WE'LL SCRAMBLE FAST. WE'LL HAVE TO BE GONE BEFORE THE FIRST TRAIN STARTS OVER THAT BRIDGE! IT'LL BE SO WEAK THE TRAIN'LL NEVER GET TUH THE OTHER SIDE!

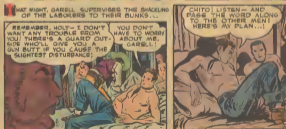
TIM! I HEAR MUCH TALK OVER AT SHACK!

WHAT IS IT, CHITO? WHISPER IT TO ME WHEN THE GUARD'S TURNED THE OTHER WAY!

... AND WHAT'S MORE, I SEE OUR GUNS ON SHELF IN SHACK!

IT ALL TIES IN! THOSE HOLDUP MEN WERE GARELL'S BOYS! WE WERE DELIBERATELY ROBBED SO WE'D BE ACCUSED OF BEING VAGRANTS IN TOWN!

NO BOLDY! I MUST TELL TUH WHAT I HEAR!



WHAT NIGHT, GARELL SUPERVISED THE SHACKLING OF THE LABORERS TO THEIR BUNKS...

REMEMBER, HOLT— I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE FROM YOU! THERE'S A GUARD OUTSIDE WHO'LL GIVE YOU A GUN BUTT IF YOU CAUSE THE SLIGHTEST DISTURBANCE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME, GARELL!

CHITO! LISTEN— AND PASS THE WORD ALONG TO THE OTHER MEN! HERE'S MY PLAN...

TIM HOLT



**A** S THE GUARD BENDS OVER THE ROARING CHITO...



**B** RELEASING THE MEN FROM THEIR SHACKLES, TIM EXPLAINS HIS PLANS.



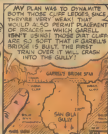
**L** UCKILY, TIM FINDS THE WINDOW OPEN AND SOON LOCATES HIS GUNS.



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT





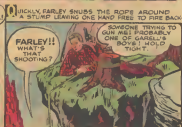
TIM HOLT



SENSING DANGER FROM BEHIND, TIM ROLLS WITH A CROSS TO HIS JAW, JUST AS HANK FIRES -- --



TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



FARLEY! I CAN'T WAIT! THE FUSE IS ALREADY LIT!

TRY LETTING YOURSELF DOWN INTO THE GULLY, TIM! IF I MOVE I'LL CATCH A SLUG!



I MIGHT JUST HAVE TIME TO GET TO THE PROTECTION OF THE BUNKHOUSE DOWN THERE. I HOPE FARLEY CAN GET FAR ENOUGH BACK FROM THE EDGE BEFORE SHE BLOWS!

CAUTIOUSLY, FARLEY CREEPS BACK FROM THE CLIFF'S EDGE, THEN RUNS, KNOWING THAT THE BLAST IS DUE ANY SECOND, AND ---



YAAAAHHH!

GREAT SCOT! THERE HE IS! BUT TIM...!

BELOW, TIM, SAFE WITH GHO, GIVES THE SIGNAL FOR ATTACK AS THE SMALL AVALANCHE SUBSIDES---



ALL RIGHT, MEN! LET'S RAID THE GUARDS' SHACK!



THERE'S BEE THANKS FOR DRINK OF WATER!

UGHHH!

YOU BOYS ARE OUTNUMBERED. BETTER SURRENDER!

OOOFF!

MR. HOLT TURNS SHERIFF WILDONE AND THE GARRELL GANG OVER TO THE U.S. MARSHAL.



MR. HOLT, THE PEOPLE OF THE COMMUNITY OWE YOU A NOTE OF THANKS!

MR. FARLEY, I'M A MAN WHO CAN MAKE A MISTAKE AND ADMIT IT! AS DISTRICT SUPERVISOR FOR THE RAILROAD, I ACCEPT YOUR BID AND PLANS FOR THE BONDS!

THE END

TIM HOLT

# the GHOST RIDER

HEW A BUNCH OF BAD HATS FROM THE MESA COLORADO SECTION OROUVE DOWN INTO THE PEACEFUL VALLEY TOWN OF CANYON CITY TO RIDE LEGION MEN AND BRATS WITH SMOKING GUNS AND CRACKING RIFLES—ONLY THE SPECTRAL FORM OF THE GHOST RIDER DARED BIDE AGAINST BULLET AND HANGMANE NOOSE TO BACH THE PLAY OF

"THE SCARECROW SHERIFF!"



LET WAS THREE HOURS AFTER SUNSET WHEN THE MESA COLORADO BAD HATS MOVED AGAINST THE EAST GASH HERO OF THE GUNNUTT RANCH, AND, LESS THAN THIRTY MINUTES LATER—

THE WINGED FIGURE OF THE GHOST RIDER MOVED LIKE A DEEMBOODD SPIRIT AMONG THE PANG-BODEN RUTTLERS!

YOU RIDE AN EVIL PATH, HONNERS! THIS IS THE LAND OF THE GHOST RIDER!

THIS IS HAUNTED LAND! HAUNTED!

YAAOOWW!



HAUNTED BY THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WHO HAVR OED WALKING THAT SANEV EVIL PATH!

GHWG BEE!



## TIM HOLT

MAKES THEM A HOT TRIGGER COLTS - BUT WHEN THE HEART IS PUMPING FRIGHT THROUGH THE BODY, THE AIM IS BAD... AND THE EYES PLAY TRICKS.

IT'D A SWEET I SHOT RIGHT THROUGH HIM THEN.



I'VE HEARD OF THREE BADMEN / THEY CAME DOWN FROM NEGA, COLORADO... AND HAVE JUST ABOUT TAKEN OVER CANYON CITY. / THEY KILL ANY WHO OPPOSE THEM.



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE MET THEM - ALTHOUGH I'VE BEEN HUNTING THEM FOR WEEKS. / BUT I'LL MEET THEM AGAIN, / AND SOON, THERE WILL BE NO REST FOR THE GHOST RIDER UNTIL THEY ARE BEHIND BARRS ...



AT DAWN, A BADLY SHAKEN GROUP OF GUNMEN MEET UNDER A DIMLY LIT LAMP IN THE BACK ROOM OF A CANYON CITY SALOON...

MY HANDS ARE STILL SHAKIN'.

I'VE HEARD OF THAT NEWS, BUT I NEVER BELIEVED IN HIM.

WELL, WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO?



DO I'LL TELL YUN WHAT WE'LL DO - WE'LL HAVE HIM MADE AN O'FLAME! / WE'LL GET THE SHERIFF TO GO OUT AN' GUN HIM DOWN - OR JAIL HIM.

SHERIFF JACKSON / HE WON'T FALL FOR ANYTHING LIKE THAT!



WESSE SHERIFF JACKSON WON'T LIVE VERY LONG, CACTUS / YUN EVER THOUGHT OF THAT?

YEAH - ALL OF A SUDDEN / WESSE YUN GOT TH' ANSWER, BART.



TWO MORNINGS LATER, AS SHERIFF JEPH JACKSON RIDES TOWARD THE SUNBUIT SPREAD TO CHECK THE EVIDENCE OF RUSTLING ...

HE COULDN'T BE ANY MORE DEAD IF HE WAS GETTIN' IN THE COFFIN RIGHT NOW. / HE'S RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS -



# TIM HOLT



LENDING THE SHERIFF WITH QUICK, SLEF FINGERS, SEX FURY CARRIES HIM UP INTO THE HILLS TO AN ABANDONED LONE CABIN...



MEANWHILE, IN CANYON CITY...



ALL DAY LONG, WITH FISTS AND THREATS, THE BADGERS BEING IN THEIR VOTERS...



# TIM HOLT

ONE DAY LATER, TENDERFOOT BO YARNELL HAS BEEN ELECTED SHERIFF. WHILE OLD SHERIFF JIM JACKSON FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE IN A LITTLE CABIN HIDE AWAY FROM TOWN...

WELL... IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT ME TO BE THE SHERIFF... I'LL BE GLAD TO... BUT I DON'T KNOW VERY MUCH ABOUT...

KID, FORGOT YOUR WORRIES. ME AN' MY BOYS WILL KEEP THIS TOWN UNDER CONTROL - AS YOUR DEPUTIES!

IN THE LITTLE CABIN...

HE MAY PULL THROUGH - WITH LUCK - BUT SOMEONE HAS TO BE WITH HIM ALL THE TIME //

I STAY, I FEED HIM, TEND HIS WOUNDS!



THEN FOLLOWS A SERIES OF DRIVING BANDS ON CATTLE RANCHES - ROBBERIES OF STAGECOACHES - HOLDUPS...



PROTESTING RANCHERS ARE LOADED BEFORE THE GOACREW SHERIFF...

CATTLE RUSTLING, SO I SHALL I LOCK HIM UP?

I HAIN'T RUSTLE, I WAS JUST PICKING UP SOME STRAYS...

ER - I GUESS YOU'D BETTER LOOK HIM UP, IF YOU SAY HE'S A REAL RUSTLER.



HIGH IN THE HILLS...

THOSE VILLAINS HAVE BEEN VISITING RANCHES AND DRAGGING OUT THE OWNERS? WHY? I'VE GOT TO RIDE INTO TOWN - AND LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM!



AN HOUR LATER, THE SHERIFF'S DOOR OPENS -

ALON? WHAT???



IN THE SUDDEN DARKNESS THAT FOLLOWS THE SMASHING OF THE DESK LAMP, A GLOWING FIGURE CONFRONTS THE FEAR-FROZEN TENDERFOOT...



WHA-WHA-WHA? DO-DO YOU WANT?

DO YOU ARE THE NEW SHERIFF? I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED IT. THOSE YELANDS WANT SOMEONE THEY CAN BULLY OR FOOL.

NO... NO! I STAY AWAY FROM HIM IF I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING

YOU'RE EITHER A CLEVER CROOK— OR A FOOL. I MEAN TO LEARN WHICH!



YAAAGGH!

WHY - HE'S SCARED! I MUST HAVE SCARED HIM HALF TO DEATH... WELL, WHEN HE COMES TO, THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT AROUND HERE!



SLOWLY ED YARNELL'S EYELIDS FLUTTER, AS HE COOLES UP OUT OF HIS SWOON, HEED WORDS, POUND INTO HIS BARRN, DAZZLEDLY HE NODS, AND THEN, SOME MINUTES LATER...

HE'LL FREE THE HONEST RANCHERS, THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT HIM... I BECKON HE'S FINISHED IN THESE PARTS...



LEFT TO THE GHOST RIDER'S ASTONISHMENT...

THE GHOST RIDER OPENED MY EYES. I'VE DONE WRONG UNKNOWINGLY, BUT I'D LIKE TO MAKE AMENDS. THOSE BARRNERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE COPPER MINE TO MAKE A TRY FOR THE MINE PAYROLL.

COME ON! WE'LL GET 'EM FOR ONCE AN' ALL!

THE POOR FOOL / HE MEANS WELL - BUT THOSE HAPSPENED BUNMEN WILL CUT HIM AND THOSE BARRNERS DOWN AS IF THEY WERE MADE OF WAX! THOSE BARRNERS ARE MIDDLE-AGED AND OUT OF CONDITION, IT WILL BE HURDLES!





# TIM HOLT

THEIR RUTHLESS WORK AT THE MINE COMPLETED, THE MESA COLORADO BADMEN TURN THEIR SADDLERS HOMEWARD...



LOOK UP YONDER, AN'T THAT OUR PAL, THE SCARECROW SHEEP?

SHORE IS - AN' WHO'S HE GOT WITH HIM? BY THEOR, IT'S THEM OLD RANCH OWNERS!



WE GOT 'EM ALL WHERE WE WANT 'EM!

SURE / BURN 'EM ALL OFF / THEN WE CAN TAKE OVER THEIR RANCHES AND THE TOWN!

UPON ABOVE THE MINE TRAIL, THE GEM BOOM OF THE SHOOT RIGGS STEERS BACK, SOON AN EXPLOSION BRIBES OR DYNAMITE / ROCKS AND STONE DEBRIS LEAP HIGH IN THE AIR - AND SO TUMBLES AND ROLLS DOWNWARD...



YIELD, MEN OF EVIL, YIELD TO THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER! YIELD - OR PERISH!



TO HELP CONVINCE YOU...

**POW!**



WE GOT 'EM! WE GOT 'EM ALL!

THANKS TO THE SHOOT RIGGS BOOM / BECAUSE YOU'RE PLUMS GLAD HE SHOWED UP, HUH?



I SURE AM - ESPECIALLY SINCE I MEAN TO STAY ON AS DEPUTY AND HELP SHERIFF JACKSON TO MAKE UP FOR MY STUPIDITY / WITH ANY HELP, I KNOW I'LL MAKE A GOOD SHERIFF...



TAKOWA, the Comanche boy, stood beside the smoking pots in front of his father's white buffalo skin tipi, and scanned fiercely. His dark black eyes were fastened on the trotting ponies and the black painted warriors outside them, who were following the war chief, One Arrow, out of the encampment for a surprise attack on the Osages who had been raiding the Comanche horse herds.

"I am old enough to go," he told the soft breeze that whirled around the tipi. "I am twelve. If I do not win my eagle feather soon, I will be too old to fight. I will be gray and wrinkled and weak, like Hesty-oh!"

Walking as the dawn, he walked past his father's soap stick and war shield that hung before the tipi. His heart thumped as he cast his eyes over the grisly trophies of the Indian battlefields. Some day he would have such trophies before his own tipi. Some day . . .

Takowa sighed and walked toward the open prairie land where the Indian ponies browsed on the short plains grass. He picked out his own mount, a buckskin pony named Wild Wind. Takowa's father was a rich man and had bought Wild Wind for Takowa three moons before. Even Little Bird the madame man, admitted that Wild Wind was the finest pony in all the Comanche herds!

"With Wild Wind between my knees, I could count camp against the Arapahoes and Osages all on the same day!" Takowa growled angrily. Takowa's camp was to touch no enemy with the hand or weapon in battle. It was a very high honor among the Indians of the plains.

He rode steadily, not wanting to play with his boyhood friends. He felt that hoop and spear and chinny and snow make were games beneath his notice. "Let Cheps and Hihoko play those games. They do not have a pony that can outrun the wind!"

Takowa mounted up from the deep, thick grassy ground of the flats into the shrub-dotted uplands below the timber line. Thin gray limbs of aspen, and the flat, pebbly hills of the mesas, and here and there a splash of color to the blue ground. A breeze ruffled his shiny

black hair that was bound with three ornate manes. His nostrils quivered. Takowa tilted his head, suddenly alert.

He had caught the pungent harsh odor of Indian war paint in that breeze!

"One Arrow will have led the braves far from this point," the Comanche boy told him, all "Therefore, the war party I smell is not Comanche war paint! If not—then whose?"

Like an oil Takowa slipped over the side of Wild Wind and lying there, one hand buried in the dark mane of the little buckskin. The beaded moccasin on his left foot rested on the pony's rump, but with back, it would not be seen!

Bobbing to the buckskin's every stride, Takowa peered under his man's throat. His breath choked, and he gasped.

A thin line of war-painted Osages were moving slowly down from the glass-covered hills the wind rustling the feathers dangling from their painted cheeks, jangling the bits of metal and shell on arms and in hair. Takowa heard the rattle of the bone breastplates as a warrior turned in the saddle to look about. They were bound for the defenseless Comanche camp!

Takowa drummed a heel on Wild Wind's belly. The little buckskin fled like a startled fawn before the tearing of the Indian bowstring. At each a distance he looked to the leading Osage like a wild, masterless horse.

His heart was making so much noise in his excitement that Takowa could hardly think! He knew what would happen when these black-visaged Osage braves hit the Comanche town. There would be screams and flowing blood, scalps ripped from heads, war arrows thrusting into the few crippled or aged men who had been left behind! Takowa thought of his pretty mother, and his baby brother, and his legs tightened.

"What can I do?" he asked himself. "I wanted to be a warrior and a hero. Now I have the chance. But one twelve-year-old Comanche boy cannot fight fifty Osage braves!"

He knew, deep inside him that even Young Buffalo, his father, or One Arrow himself,

## TIM HOLT

could do nothing! And yet—

Forgetting himself, Takowa straightened on the buckskin's back. If his little idea would only work! He banged his moccasined feet into the pony's back and clung with strong young hands to the stock mane.

He rode into the Comanche village—a crowd of them. His young voice carried the grim news from tip to tip—as he lashed by cooking fires and men's voices. Vaguely he was aware of passing women, of an old man hobbling out into the open; it was hence in his feeble hands.

Takowa, crossed before the tipi of Broken Bow, the Comanche warrior who had suffered a thigh wound driving off the last Ojaga attack on the horse lands. Quickly Takowa cut head to his horse. As he turned, a grim smile quivered Broken Bow's mouth. His nodded agreement.

Then Takowa wheeled Wild Wind and sent him at full gallop out onto the flats beyond the village where boys like Chips and Hobeke were stepping their play sticks and running toward him.

"Ojaga braves!" Takowa shouted, pointing behind him. "Riding to the village! We have played many games together, my friends. But we are to play a grim game now—a game of war!"

The flat brown faces of the boys lighted eagerly. With guttural shouts they thronged about him, to listen. Takowa said, "Broken Bow will get us bows and arrows, spears and war paint! Hobeke your fastest ponies and meet me at the council tipi!"

Broken Bow had enlisted the quick, deft hands of the women. Bows and arrows were passed to boy after boy as he sat his horse, his face creased heavily. Takowa was waving Wild Wind back and forth, speaking quickly.

"We have played at ambush many times my brothers! Now we carry a man's weapons! It is not to be play now, but war! And yet—give us good ambush spots, and luck with our first arrows, and we may yet earn back the Ojaga dogs!"

It was a mad scheme. One Arrow or Young Buffalo would have seen the boys to their tips with backhand blows and decisive shots. But One Arrow and Young Buffalo were gone, and there were none to stop these vigorous future fighters. They had the bird's blindness of inexperience in real warfare, play youth's firm, moment held in its own power.

And then—leaving secretly by little Bird, the medicine man—a young puppy was yapping through the Indian village. "Look!" cried Little Bird, lifting a bearded man's face beneath his red blanket. "See the young dog testing its strength. It is a good sign! I promise victory—victory for me and young

whelps riding on their best war steed!

It was all Takowa needed. With a wild shout and a waving, upraised arm, Takowa led his friends out of the village on the gallop.

They went into the hills, at a racing run high in the meadows, among the twisted rocks of some forgotten riverbank, they flung themselves from these passes and ran to the rim of the cañons.

Looking down, they could see the Ojagas advancing at a steady jog. Their eyes were fixed on the distant Comanche village. They could tell the warriors were gone. Only women and old men and a few children were seen near the tipi and the cooking pots. The Ojagas gave harsh, grating cries and yelps. Excitement lifted their tails. They shook bows and knives that flashed in the sunlight. A big, half naked chief threw back his head and yapped like a dog—

It was Takowa's arrow that took the Ojaga chief in the throat between jaw and collarbone. And as his arrow shuddered home, other arrows whined in the air, struck in groin, forearm in chest and arm and leg. The boys above their blistered faces seen here and there above a rock or shrub as they bent their war bows, were fairly silent. Often had they played like this among these very rocks. Now play was—reality!

And yet, as sudden was the attack, so matchless were the long arrows falling in the cañons, that eight of the Ojaga warriors tumbled from their saddles before the others found their weapons! Talps and bowls of rage echoed from their throats. Lances were lifted and holed! Ojaga bows bent and Ojaga bowstrings twanged!

Takowa stood at his full height, "Look! Look!" he shouted. "One Arrow returned! With him ride our Comanche fighting men!"

The Ojagas, sunk in the narrow trail, had no way of measuring the truth of Takowa's shouted words. Grunting and shouting their anger, they wheeled their horses about and presented the alternate sides with their mechanical heels.

It was two days later when the Comanche braves returned from the warpath, to learn the tale of Takowa and his boy-warriors. Little Bird, the medicine man, and the crippled Broken Bow, were profuse in their praise. Pride glittered in Young Buffalo's eyes as the medicine man played a soft stick orate with a feather deriding one coup, beside Young Buffalo's own and said, "He will be a great fighter, your son Takowa," pronounced Little Bird.

And Takowa, hoping in his heart that Little Bird was right, was glad to see Chips and Hobeke at their play. After all, a twelve-year-old boy cannot be a fighting man every hour of the day!

—THE END—

TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

**A**LTHOUGH THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES ENFORCED LAW AND ORDER, THE WESTERN TERRITORY WAS FAR TOO WAST FOR THEIR SMALL NUMBER TO ATTEMPT AN EFFICIENT MARIANET. A LARGE GROUP WAS NEEDED TO COME THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS AND TO SEARCH THE CANYONS AND FORESTS—A FAST-RIDING STRAIGHT-SHOOTING BAND OF LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS.

**T**IM HOLT AND DINTO CLARETTY HELP TRACK DOWN A KILLER WHEN THEY JOIN UP WITH—

## THE POSSE!



# TIM HOLT



**H**OURS GO BY, AS TIM AND CHITO SEARCH THROUGH VERY WOOLY AND ROCKY TERRAIN.



**S**UDDENLY, A HUNGER-MADEEN GRIZZLY LEAPS AT CHITO.



**C**HITO SPUNNED SUDDENLY BY THE IMPACT OF HIS FALL - HE WAS HELPLESSLY AS THE FRENCH GRIZZLY LUNGED AT HIM...



# TIM HOLT



JUST IN TIME, TIM'S LARNEY SAVES THE GAZZELY TO A SUDDEN KALT...

I'D HAVE SHOT HIM— BUT IF BIG HAL IS IN HIS CABIN, THE GUNPOWDER WOULD HAVE WARNED HIM!

AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROAD TO A TREE TRAIL, KEEPING THE BEAST AT A SAFE DISTANCE, TIM RACES TO CHITO...

YOU'RE OKAY, CHITO, YOU HAD THE BREATH KNOCKED OUT OF YOU—AND THAT BEAR'S CLAWS MADE A NASTY GASH IN YOUR ARM. SO, RIDE BACK TO DOCTOR HALE—AND IF YOU RUN INTO THE POSSE, TELL 'EM WHERE I'M HEADED...

ANYWAY, MEL SUTTER, AN OLD DEPUTY-SHERIFF, GETTING THE SAME IDEA TIM HAD, GOES TO BIG HAL'S CABIN WHILE TIM IS DETAINED BY THE BEAR...

WHAT SEEF BLOOD? OR THAT? THESE SEE THE END FOR CH TO RAFFERTY!

I'LL DEHUNT HERE SO IF BIG HAL IS IN HIS CABIN HE WON'T HEAR ME!

MEL NOISELESSLY ENTERS THE CABIN...

APPEARS TO BE DESERTED— GIBBS MY HUNCH WAS WRONG!

OOOFF!

WE DON'T WANT ANY SHOOTING, SUTTER— MIGHT ATTRACT ATTENTION!

UHH..!

# TIM HOLT

**BIG HAL** PRACTICALLY LEAVES THE CABIN...



I'D HAVE BEEN MILES AWAY BY NOW IF MY HORSE DIDN'T GO LAME. WHERE'S THAT DEPUTY'S HORSE?

—OH, THERE IT IS DOWN AT THE RIVER, IN A LOCK!

**THE STUNNY OLD DEPUTY** QUICKLY RECOVERS...



HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY ON MY HORSE!

**BLAST!** THE DEPUTY HORSE WON'T LET ME MOUNT HIM!



YOU'RE NOT GETTIN' AWAY, BIG HAL!



WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME...?

THUD!



THIS IS AS GOOD AS A BULLET — AND NOT SO NOISY!

**MEANWHILE** TIM CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE CABIN... FINDS IT EMPTY. THEN...



THERE HE IS — HE'S DRAWING SOMEBODY!...AND THAT'S MEL. SUTTER'S HORSE STANDING THERE!

**SO FAST** AS HE LEFT, MEL CARRIES HIM. TIM RACES DOWN TO THE BLAZERED...



WHAT?

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM...?

# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT



CHIEF ASK-UM WHAT YOU FIGHT ABOUT, BROTHER B-D HOLT?

I JUST GOT TO MY CABIN AND FOUND HOLT HERE. FOUND A DEPUTY-SHERIFF SHOOTING WIVES.

THAT'S A LIE, CHIEF!



YOU DOWN-UM DEPUTY-LAW-MAN, THAT BAD! YOU BAD! YOU MUST TAKE-UM BAD MEDICINE!

I TRIED TO SAVE THE DROWNED DEPUTY - I FOLLOWED HIS BODY AS IT FLOATED DOWN-UM RIVER... BUT HOLT TRIED TO STOP ME!



DON'T BELIEVE HIM, CHIEF. THE LAW IS AFTER ME... AND HE KILLED THE DEPUTY!

SILENCE! MY TWO BROTHERS WOULD NOT LIE TO CHIEF! BRAVES BIND-UM LAW-MAN UP FROM RIVER BED!



DEPUTY-LAW-MAN GOOD MAN! HOLT, YOU MUST BE PUNISHED. YOU DIE!

HE KILLED A DEPUTY - WHITE MAN'S LAW CALLS FOR A HANGING! HERE'S A ROPE, CHIEF! LET'S HANG HIM!



UM NEED TO ESCAPE BUT THE BR-... MEY ADF TOO CLOSE...

I SAY I DON'T DO IT!



DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



WALLY SURED BY THE OVERWHELMING NUMBERS, TH IS OVERPOWERED - AND A NOOD - IS SLAYED TIGHTLY AROUND HIS NECK...

YOU HAVE-UM LAST WORDS? SPEAK-UM!

THANKS, CHIEF! MY WORDS WILL PROVE THAT I AM INNOCENT... AND THAT B-D HOLT KILLED THE DEPUTY-SHERIFF!

TIM HOLT



DON'T LISTEN TO A WORD THE DEPUTY SAYS, CHIEF! I'LL GET THIS MAN WITH ME RIGHT NOW!

STOP! LET THIS MAN HAVE LAST WORDS!



IF I DISOBEYED THE DEPUTY-SAGERFF HE'D DO HAL SAID—UP BY THE CABIN, HIS BODY WOULD BURN! YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE THAT DO HAL LIED WHEN HE SAID HE FOLLOWED THE DEPUTY'S BODY FLOATING DOWN RIVER!



THAT TRUE? BIG HALL TELL-MA BOLD LIE! YOU SPEAK-MA TO HUNTING BROTHERS WITH ROOY-TONGUE!

THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE ARE LOOKING FOR HIM, NOW ROO KILLING A MAN IN TOWN AND STEALING MONEY!

DON'T MOVE ANYBODY! I'M SETTING OFF OF HERE!



WHA-P?

TRY SITTING IN THAT SADDLE! WHY? WHERE DO THAT GIST COME FROM...?



THE POSSE! JUST A TIME, SHERIFF!

WHITE MAN'S LAW WILL TAKE YOU, BIG HALL!

WE MET CHITO, HE TOLD US... AND I SEE BIG HALL HAS TO KILL AGAIN...



SATER...

WHAT ARE YOU MAKING TO DO, CHITO—JOIN THOSE RED MEN AND HUNT BEAR?

NOT THESE HUNTERS! I DO EVEN THIS SCORE WEEB THAT SHARP CLAWED BEAR, ALONE... AND MAKE ME A BEAR-SKIN RUG!



Inspirebles of the range, Tim and Chito halt their mounts to scan the horizon for signs of danger. Range wars broke out quite frequently in the West and only the very alert survived.

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OR  
HUM A TUNE...**

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