

TIM HOLT



LEAF FROM THE

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'TERROR IN THE SMOOK MASH'



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Europe had its "man-in-the-iron-mask" whose face was never seen, and the American South-west was to know its own man in a metal mask, too — with the coming of this notorious outlaw who robbed and killed with arrogant boldness...

When Tim Holt, as deputy sheriff of the town of Bullet, stepped in to track him down, the man in the iron mask stepped into a horseman's shoes! They — what could be done to save himself from the hands of —

## "THE IRON MASK!"

IRON MASK MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE END OF THE BRASSOON RIVER —



HIS NEXT APPEARANCE WAS AT THE BULLET BANK —



# TIM HOLT

HE GALLERD DOWN ON THE UPOON PACIFIC TRAIN AS IT CHUGGED UP MOUNTAINS HILL...

G-666!



WITH A TAKING LEAP HE WENT OFF THE NORMS AND INTO THE BAGGAGE CAR—

THERE'S A BOX WITH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THIS CAR. I WANT IT!



FOR TWO DAYS, SICK MARK REMAINED AWAY. ON THE EVENING OF THE THIRD DAY AFTER HIS TRAIN ROBBERY—

DON'T MOVE GEMPS! SICK MARK IS AFTER JOEY! —THE GAGE YOU HAVE ON HAND FOR THIS BRANCH GUY!



I WISHED YOU WERE TO MOVE!



YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T PULL THE TRIGGER ON YOU!



I'LL TAKE THE MONEY AND WARRAGE! THAT WAY YOU GENTS WON'T BE MAKING ANY MORE FOOL PLAYS TO PROTECT IT! AGONY!



TWO DAYS LATER, IN BULLET—

HE COMES AND GOES— AND NOBODY SEES HIS FACE! WE'RE LUCKY!

I WON'T BE THAT SURE! MATTER OF FACT I KNOW WHERE THE RED MAN LIVES!





WHAAT?? YOU KNOW WHERE HE LIVES?

IT ALL ADDS UP! HE LIKES SOMEWHERE AROUND SHELBY, OR IN TOWN ITSELF! HE KNOWS WHERE TO FIND THE MONEY IN THE TRAIN ROBBERY! HE ONLY REMAINS HAS GONE TO SELL HIS HORSE!



IN OTHER WORDS—OUR IRON WAGON FRIEND GETS INFORMATION THAT COULD BE WORTH ONLY TO A MAN WHO LIVES HERE, AND IS FAMILIAR WITH WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND TOWN!

SHUREN IT, TIM! I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT!

FOR FIVE DAYS, TIM RIDES AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE. FINALLY HIS SEARCH BRINGS TO A SMALL FURCH NEARBY THE OVERLOOKING MOUNTAINS OF THE BUREAU CLARK—



CAL FRANK HAS A SPOUSE, ONLY HE SAYS HE'S BEEN HOME WHEN THOSE ROBBERIES WERE PULLED OFF. BUT WHAT BROTHER WAGON COULD A MAN HAVE TO NEED AN IRON WAGON, THAN TO PROTECT A JUSTLY RABBIT?

FOR FIVE DAYS, TIM CAMPS OUT WITH CAL FRANK'S LITTLE BROTHER ALWAYS WAKING HIS SLEEP—



I TAKE THE NIGHT TROOP, TIM, YOU GET SOME SLEEP!

WAKE, DUTY!

ON THE MORNING OF THE SIXTH DAY OF THE LOVELY YEAH—



IRON WAGON JUST ROBBED THE BLUES CITY BANK!

JUST PLEASE CAL FRANK! ROBERT'S BEEN IN OR OUT OF THAT FURCH FOR DAYS.



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK! GOT ANY MORE IDEAS, TIM?

NOT A ONE! COME ON, LET'S HIT BACK TO TOWN. I WANT TO SLEEP IN A BED FOR A CHANGE!

IN TOWN, A DISSENTFUL DEPUTY TURNS OVER HIS GEAR TO THE LOCAL SHERIFF—



OR CLEAN UP MY GUNS, WILL YOU? BEEN CAMPING OUT AND I DON'T WANT 'EM TO GET RUSTY—JUST IN CASE I RUN INTO IRON WAGON—SOME DAY!

# TIM HOLT

FOR GENERAL, TIM HOLT WANTS TO FORGET THE PAST AND THE CASE OF THE IRON MASK IN ORDER AT THE YEARLY RACE—



HIS ATTENTION DEFLECTED BY THE SHOW, TIM IS FLUNG AWAY BY THE SURPRISING BUCK!



# TIM HOLT



A MOMENT LATER, TIM HANGLES AT  
THE END OF A SCOPES—

HOURS AFTERWARD AT APACHE  
SPRINGS—

MAKING NO HAY BETWEEN THE  
SHOOTING GAZE, HE PLUMPS DOWN  
ONTO THE SADDLE CART—



# TIM HOLT

HEAVENLY—SHORT MOMENTS AFTER HE HAS BEEN TAVED FROM HIS TROUBLE—THE REAR OF HIS WRIST AND LEFT A HAND TO THE ROPE ABOVE HIM!

—OH HEY! HAVE BEEN THE LEATHER COLLAR I'M WEARING! WHEN I TOOK THAT SWELL OFF THAT BRONC IN THE T-BAR'S COOKIN', THE BARBER AND CHIC! PILED THIS UP FOR ME—TO PROTECT MY SPANDED NECK!

LUCKILY THIS COLLAR TOOK THE SHOCK OF BEING HAWKED OFF THE HORSE WHEN IRON MAGE TRIED TO HANG ME—AND PREVENTED THE ROPE FROM SINKING ME!

LUCKY FOR ME IRON MAGE DIDN'T LOOK UNDER THE GROUND—COULD'VE SEEN ME THERE!



SOMEWHAT LATER—

RUN ABOVE THE QUAYING TRAIN BELOW, BEHIND A CROWD—

WON'T IRON MAGE SUME TIE HOLT DEAD JESUS HE WILL BE! BUT ANYHOW I'VE GOT DEAD—AND AIMS TO KEEP A DATE WITH IRON MAGE AT ANCHOR AHEAD!

THE LAST THING I HEARD AS THE ROPE PULLED ME OFF AN BRONC WAS THAT IRON MAGE WAS GOING AFTER THE GOLD BARS BEING CARRIED ON THAT TRAIN!



BUT BEFORE HE GETS THAT GOLD HE'S GOING TO TANGLE WITH ME!



# TIM HOLT

LIVE A MACHINED WILCOCK, FISHMARK LEAFS!



FEELING AND JAWING BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE SHAKING GARD, THEY FIGHT BANGGLY—WITH EACH ANIMATING ONE OF THE OTHER!



FROM THE BALCONY BRIDGE OVER WHICH THE TRAM IS PLOGGING TO THE WATER OF THE GARD—WATER THERE IS A PROOF OF ONE HUNDRED FEET FROM JASK HITS THE WATER HARD—

JASK — FOOT AGGNY!  
TAKING THE JASK —  
DROPPING ME —  
LIKE AN — ANGRY!



HIS RIF SHAKS DEEP INTO JOHN MARKS' STOMACH!



I CAN'T HIT THAT FACE WITHOUT BREAKING A HAND— BUT I SURE CAN GO TO WORK ON YOUR ANKLE!

AS JOHN MARK STEPS BACK FOR ROOM TO PULL HIS GUN, HIS FOOT SLAPS OUT FROM UNDER HIM—



I'M FALLING—  
AARGGHH!

LATER— HE WAS ED LACERTON—THE TODAY GARDENING HIS FACE HAD SO PACKED WITH COMPROMISE ABOVE HE CAME ANYONE THAT SAY EVEN A SMALL PART OF HIS FACE WOULD SHOW TRAL. HE HAD TO USE A SPECIAL MASK. AN ARDIN MASK!

FUNNY! THE VERY THING THAT PROTECTED YOU—BETRAYED AND DROGGED HER AT THE END!





# TIM HOLT

ROMBERG IS HOT ON THE TAIL OF AN OUTLAW BAND OF KILLERS WHO HE IS SHOT DOWN AND RESCUED BY—

"The Sheriff of Silver Creek!"

"YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY, BECAUSE I THINK YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS FACE BEHIND THIS MASK!"



FOR DAYS JEROMARK HAS FOLLOWED THE NOTORIOUS CROWN CITY BANDITS THROUGH THE WIND-BROKEN ROCKS OF THE SHERIDAN SADDLERS...

"IT TOOK US TWO WEEKS AND I'VE TRAVELLED A LONG WAY FROM SILENT—BUT I HAVE THEM NOW!"



"HOPE YOU'VE FINISHED THAT REAL, ROMBERG—BECAUSE IT'S THE LAST ONE YOU'LL GET IN THIS AREA!"

JEROMARK!



# TIM HOLT

LIKE A MADDOGGED BATTERED, BUT  
COURAGEOUS TROOPER, TIM  
HOLT STANDS UP AGAINST THE  
OUTLAW BAND!





# TIM HOLT



EVER SINCE PAUL DALVET—THE FRENCH  
DETECTIVE FROM THE BUREAU—DIED AND  
LEFT HIS HIS-AND-SOULS CORSE LEGEN-  
DARY, THE GARDEN SOME OF THOSE YEARS  
IN THIS SPECIALLY FURNISHED BUILT THE  
SMALL, FORTIFED MAJESTY DAILY TO COME  
IN HANDY...



THE SHADY WILL  
CATCH THE UNPLEAS-  
ANT AND FELD AND  
TURN THEM  
UNLOCKING THE CELL  
DOOR...

SLIDING THE DOORS BEHIND HIM, KESNAR RACES  
OFF INTO THE NIGHT...



WHILE MY FRIEND THE  
OLD, SHERIFF, IS  
FIZZLING OVER MY  
SUSPICIONS FROM  
A LOCKED UP, I'LL  
BE AFTER THAT GUY  
SOON!

MOVING STEADILY ACROSS THE MOON-CRATERED  
SAGE FLATS, BERNARD FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF THE  
OUTLAW BAND...



THEY MAY HAVE  
BOUGHT THEY WERE  
SAFE ENOUGH—THEY  
WANT NOTHING TO  
COVER THEIR  
TRACKS!

ARISE HIM, A SHOCK STRUCK HIS BILE



FORGIVELY—ALREADY! WELL, HE  
MIGHT BE ALIVE MUCH LONGER!



LET BERNARD  
BEHOLD THE  
FARTHEST SHERIFF  
DURING MONTH  
OF HIS LIFE  
HE WAS LEFT  
IN LIVED!

GAWNED!

# TIM HOLT

BEHIND THE LEGS HERE, THE BUCKY STOOD; LIE THE DREAM  
SUCKER AND BOSS OF LOST PLATS...



SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IN THOSE  
BOOTS IS A BIG BOSS, LARGER  
ENOUGH TO HOLD A CARRIAGE AND  
A CORRAL FOR HORSES! IT'S  
AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND, BUT  
I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE  
IT'S TRUE!



IF I TOOK FIFTY DOLLARS IN  
THIS TRIP TO FIND THE BOSS?  
BUT THE OUT-LAW WOULD?  
LEAVE A BUCKY LEGS WALKING  
THAT'S WHERE THEY WERE HELD  
OUT! SINCE I'M STOPPED—AD!  
MAYBE THERE IS A CHANCE...



A WINDLESS MORNING WILL  
ALWAYS BELIEVE TO ITS OWN  
CORRAL, AND AN ANIMAL WILL  
KNOW THE TORTUROUS PATH  
THROUGH THESE BOGS! ALL  
I HAVE TO DO IS TRAIL HIM...



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER,  
IN THE OUT-LAW'S BOSS  
HORSE, THAT SITE LIKE A  
STONE IN A SEA OF SAND...

I'LL GET RID OF THESE  
BUCKS, THEN TAKE  
THE BAD HATS  
THEMSELVES!



ON SILENT FEET, BUCKY MOVES  
THROUGH THE DOOR...



ALL RIGHT, YOU  
BROTHERS,  
WAKE UP!  
YOU'RE ALL  
SLEEPING  
AWAY!



LEAVE YOUR SASSYBOPPER  
INSIDE! THEY DON'T DO YOU  
ANY GOOD NEARLY YOUR  
GONE!

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SOON AFTER LEAVING AFTER THE CAPTIVE CHILD, A MAN AND WOMAN THE CALL NAME OF THE SILVER CREEK...



AS KNOWING MORE AND FROM SILVER CREEK, THE WOMAN'S BROTHER CHARGED BACK A MAN.

