



NO. 40

Still 10c



Tim

HOLT

3-D

DRAWINGS IN FULL COLOR!



with TIM HOLT as **REDMASK**

TIM HOLT

Tim HOLT

SKULLHEAD—DARING ROBBER AND KILLER OF THE WILDERNESS PLAINS!
REDMASK—FIGHTER FOR LAW AND ORDER ON THE EARLY FRONTIER!
BLACK PHANTOM—FORMER OUTLAW QUEEN TURNED DEPUTY SHERIFF WHOSE SECRET LOVE FOR REDMASK AND JEALOUSY OF TIM HOLT?—CATAPULTS HER INTO THE MISTAKE THAT THREATENS TO TAKE HER LIFE AND THE LIFE OF REDMASK BEFORE THE TERRIBLE—

"SIXGUNS OF SKULLHEAD!"



Illustration by FRANK BOLLE



TIM HOLT

AND SO THE BLACK PHANTOM KICKS OUT OF BULLET. SOME NIGHTS LATER, IN THE STREETS OF THE TOWN—



MOST OUTLAYS JOB BANKS AND TREASURY—BUT NOT BULLHEAD! I TAKE THE MONEY FROM THE RICH BANCHERS—BEFORE THEY PUT IT AWAY FOR BANKERS!



TRAIL HEROES KEEP PLOTTING INTO BULLET! WHERE THERE ARE TRAIL HEROES, THERE ARE MEN TO BUY THEM, AND MEN TO RECEIVE MONEY FOR THEM. SOON AS A MAN IS KIDNAPED— I SHOW UP!



A PROFITABLE TRADE, THIS ONE OF BULLET—AND ALMOST AS SWEET AS THE HAPPY CANDY I GET TO RELAX MY NERVE!



ONE ROBBERY LEADS TO ANOTHER, AND SOON THE STREETS OF BULLET ARE THE STAMPEDE SOUNDINGS OF THE SKELETAL ROBBER!



HERE! ANOTHER ONE! THE THIRD THOUGHT!

SOME NIGHTS LATER, BULLHEAD MEETS A MAN WHO IS NOT TAKEN BY SURPRISE—

SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ROBS US BANKERS? HELP! HELP!

FOOL! YOU FORCE ME TO USE LEAD ON YOU!



ANOTHER HOLDUP!



TIM HOLT



ACROSS THE STREET, THE FIGHTING COMBATANTS SWAY, REELING AND SHUDDERING UNDER FURIOUS BLOWING 'UNTIL FINALLY SKULL-HEAD CRIES OUT HOARSELY—

HOLT—DON'T BE A FOOL!
IF YOU KILL OR CAPTURE ME—
THE BLACK PHANTOM
WILL DIE!



TIM HOLT

HE GOT CLEAN AWAY! IF HE
MEANT WHAT HE SUGGESTED
ABOUT THE BLACK PHANTOM,
THEN IF ANYBODY TRIES TO
STOP HIM... SHE MAY DIE...



IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE
MOMENTS LATER...

NOW THE BLACK
PHANTOM IS IN
DANGER—AND
I BLAME
YOU!

WHY?
TIM—YOU
LOST?



THE BLACK PHANTOM
IS A DUFFY LIKE ME
BUT WHENEVER A JOB
COMES UP YOU IGNORE
HER ENTIRELY!



WHEN THE BALDWIN GANG CAME
TRAIN-ROBBERING AT APACHE ARROYO,
YOU SENT ME AFTER THEM...



EVEN WHEN THERE'S ONLY A HARD-
LEGGED DRUNK TO BE BROUGHT IN, YOU
NEVER LET HER DO ANYTHING!



DOESN'T HESSE YOU'RE RIGHT
TIM, BUT WHY SHE HESITATED
IT OUT OF TOWN, I CAN'T
SEE.

BEN 'WHATE
THIS?



YOUR SCRATCH-AND-
THERE ARE DEEP LINES
IN IT MADE BY A PENCIL
PRESSING HEAVILY!
YOU WRITE ANY
MESSAGE?

NOT ME! SAY YOU
THINK HESSE THE
BLACK PHANTOM
FOUND SOME SORT
OF MESSAGE AND TOOK
IT— TO SHOW US BOTH
WHAT SHE COULD DO
ON HER OWN?



TIM HOLT

I DON'T KNOW BUT I WILL WHEN I SCATTER THE GUNPOWDER OVER THE MARKS, IT WILL SETTLE IN THE GROOVES MADE BY THE PENCIL AND MAKE THEM LEGIBLE!



A CHALLENGER FROM SKULLHEAD TO REDHARK TO MEET HIM ON ANYWHERE RIDGE!



THE BLACK PHANTOM HEAT INCREASED! "WELL DO YOU THINK SHE'S DEAD?"

HOURS LATER REDHARK RIDES TO KEEP A LATE APPOINTMENT WITH THE FABULOUS OUTLAW.

I TOLD THE SHERIFF TO LEAVE THE NOTE IN THE LIGHTNING-BLASTED TREE TO ALERT REDHARK TO THAT CHALLENGER. CAN'T LET WORDS KNOW THAT TIM HOLT AND REDHARK ARE ONE AND THE SAME, BUT SINCE "TWE" SET IN TOUCH WITH REDHARK BY LEAVING HIM NOTES IN THE TREE HOLLOW, I'M SAFE ...



AS RATHER RIDGE—

THE SIGN IS SOME DAYS OLD, BUT I CAN STILL READ WHAT HAPPENED HERE WHEN BLACK PHANTOM RODE TO MEET SKULL-HEAD ...



HE DRAGGED HER FROM THE SADDLE, PROBABLY WITH A ROPE ...



"SHE MUST HAVE PUT UP A TERRIBLE FIGHT JUDGING FROM THE SIGNS"



LUCKILY THERE'D BEEN NO RAIN OR WIND-SQUALLS FOR THE PAST FEW DAYS THESE TRACES ARE AS FRESH AS WHEN SKULLHEAD MADE THEM, CARRYING OFF THE BLACK PHANTOM AS A HOSTAGE!



TIM HOLT

Arrrr! Two words of riding—



NO HORSE THERE
BUT WHERE THERE
IS SMOKE...

That's the Cash—



STOWAWAY!

BRUSHHEAD SAID
A TRAP I STIPPED
INTO IT!

I DUBBED AS MUCH—
BUT DON'T TAKE MEY! I
WANT TO GET YOU OUT
AND TO SAFETY BEFORE
I COME BACK AFTER
THAT THEFTAL
BENTLEMAN!



THE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE
THAT'S HERE IS TO A—
GRASS!



NEED
THRAPED!

WITHOUT A WEAPON
TO FIGHT BACK!



IT'S GONNA TO BE A
REAL PLEASURE, KILLING
YOU TWO—AUSST AS MUCH
A PLEASURE AS EATING
ONE OF MY OWN CANDIES!
A SORRY OF MEAS, YOU
KNOW MAKING
CANDY...



TIM HOLT



CANDY? IF HE MAKES CANDY THEN —



YES SIR — SURELY — THIS IS A REAL PLEASURE. ONLY THING THAT BOTHERS ME IS — WHICH OF YOU SHALL I KILL FIRST?



SUDDENLY REDMASK WHIRLS TOWARD THE KITCHEN TABLE! HIS HAND SHOOTS OUT —

WHAT I WANT HAS TO BE HERE... AH YES!



HE LIFTS AND HURLS A BOX TOWARD THE FIRE-PLACE FLAMES...



REDMASK — YOU FOOL!



BUT WHAT HAPPENED?

I THREW A BOX OF POWDERED SUGAR — USED IN MAKING CANDY — INTO THE FIRE! POWDERED SUGAR EXPLODES VIOLENTLY WHEN HEATED. THAT'S WHY CANDY FACTORIES HAVE TO BE SO CAREFUL WHEN USING IT! IT KNOCKED HIM COLD — AND SAVED OUR LIVES!

THE GHOST RIDER



RED-HEADED, HOT-HEADED AND STEELING WITH A MILLION WILD SCENES—THIS BOY WAS DYNAMITE! HE WAS FOOT-LOOSE AND HORN-BRAINED, AND PROBABLY WAS HIS SAVAGE TWIN... BUT WHEN HE DREAMED OF THE HEART SCOVING OF ALL DEATH SUGGED DOWN TO BOSS FRODO'S OVER—BECAUSE NOW THE BOY WAS YEARNING TO BE ...

The Ghost Riders'
APPRENTICE!

HE NAME IS TIM O'BRIEN, HE HAS A TOUCH OF RED HAIR AND A COCKY WALK THAT KEEPS STEERING HIM INTO MORE SCRAMS THAN THERE ARE FRECKLES ON HIS NOSE ...



HER NAME IS ELLA DRAKE, SHE'S TIM'S CLEAR-EYED GUARDIAN-ANGEL, SORT OF KEEPS TAKING CARE OF HIM, SHE LOVES THE GAP, AND YEARNING FOR HIM TO STAY ALIVE TILL THEIR WEDDING DAY ...



THIS NIGHT AS THEY WALK THRU LONG JUMP CANYON, TIM'S WORDS STRIKE A CHILL OF FEAR INTO ELLA'S HEART.

I'M GOIN' TO CLEAR CUTTA THIS TERRITORY, ELLA. I HEAR THERE'S PLACES FURTHER WEST WHERE A MAN REALLY WOULD MAKE SOMETHIN' OF HIMSELF.



IF TIM GOES ANYWHERE THEY I CAN'T FOLLOW, HE'LL BE KILLED FOR SURE ...

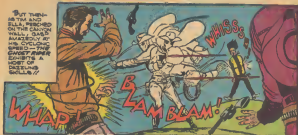
THU ... WHO ARE THOSE MEN RIDIN' UP BEHIND US ...?

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

BUT THEN—
AS TIM AND
ELLA, PERCHED
ON THE CANYON
WALL, GAZED
AMAZEDLY AT
HIS CYCLOPIC
SPEED—THEY
CHASTISER
EXISTS A
HOST OF
DARING
SCHEMES //



"E-STOP,
E-SHOOT
SIDES!
WAVE ONE
UP!!"

GOSH... HE CAPTURED THOSE
OWLHOOTS ALL BY HIMSELF...
I BET IF HE HAD SOMEBODY
TO GIVE HIM A HAND—WHY NOT
HIS PARTNER, COULD WIFE OUT
EVERY OWLHOOT IN THIS WHOLE
WORLD...



AM I KNOW
JUST THIN ONE
TO GIVE HIM THAT
HAND—ME!

TIM—
WHERE
ARE
YOU
GONE?

BUT BEFORE TIM CAN MAKE HIS
QUOTIC PROPOSITION TO THE
SHOOT RIDER—



"IN THE PASSES—!
HERE ARE THE
VILLAINS YOU WERE
PURSUING, THEN FY,
THEY ARE TAKEN AND
BAGER FOR JAIL...
AND NOW I
MUST RETURN
TO THE
GRAVE."



A SHOTS-
SOME, A
COCK CAPE
SEVERAL
FROM WAYS
TO BLACK—
AND I HAVE
SERVED
ANOTHER OF
MY SPECIAL
DISAPPEARANCES.



HE'S SOLE— HE
SPOOKED OUT INTO
TIM A'S BEFORE I
COULD SAY HIM TO
TAKE ME ON AS
HIS PARTNER...

TIM'S DREAMED UP
SOME NEW WILD SCHEME,
I CAN TELL BY THE
GLEAM IN HIS EYE,
I HOPE IT'S NOTHER
CRAZIER THAN
USUAL...

TIM HOLT

SO TIM STAYS ON IN THE TERRITORY— BUT SO STAYS IN, ACTS MORE STRANGELY THAN EVER.



TIM: NOW COME YOU'RE 'SPICIN' SO MUCH TAKE 'EM WITH YOU GUN?

IT'S A SECRET, BILL. ALL I'LL SAY IS THAT I'M PREPARIN' MYSELF FOR SOMETHIN' BIGGER AN' MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANYTHIN' I EVER DREAMED OF BEFORE...



WIPPER! TWO MINUTES— AN' HE AIN'T THROWN ME YET!

NOW HE'S TAKIN' TO SHOOTIN' THIN' OR BEST BRONCOS AROUND. AN' HE STILL WON'T TELL ME WHY HE'S DOIN' ALL THIS!



AIN'T MISSED A THIN' ALL DAY! CHANCES ARE I'LL BE SAVED AGAIN. INSTEAD OF HONORIN' AG, THIS NEXT TIME I'LL BE IN THE GHOST RIDER!

SO THAT'S THE WAY YOU SCHEDULE YOURS? YOU'RE TRYIN' TO TALK UP WITH THE GHOST RIDER!

AWWWW—THE ONLY MAN THAT'LL GET THE GHOST RIDER TO COME TO HIM WILL BE TO GET INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE— AN' IF THE GHOST RIDER'S BURY SOMEONE ELSE AT THE TIME— WHAT'LL HAPPEN THEN...?

EXACTLY AS BILL FEARED, TIM GETS INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE A FEW WEEKS LATER— AND THE GHOST RIDER ISN'T AROUND!



HOTEL

HOW'S THAT FOR SHOOTIN', BU? ANYBODY HERE EVER SEE THIN' LIKES OF IT BEFORE? NOW SOMEBODY WANT TO TALK A COP UP INTO THIN' AN' P?



HERE GOES, TIM— LET'S SEE YOU NICK IT!

WATCH ME— JUST WATCH ME...!



BUT BEFORE TIM CAN SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER—

OWW! AN' WHO'S THAT SHOT THIN' GUN GOTTA SHUT DOWN!

BLAM!

TIM HOLT

TIM'S ASSISTANT & BART BAILEY, A KEEF, DRAWING CALICOOT WHO IS JEALOUS OF ALL THE ATTENTION TIM'S RAUCY SHOOTING HAS BEEN ATTRACTING!

TIM'S TEMPER IS AS RED HOT AS THE TATCH OF HAIR ON TOP OF HIS HEAD. HE RUSHES FORWARD...

ONLY TO BE FLUNG CONTUMPTUOUSLY AWAY BY BAILEY WHO OUTWEIGHTS HIM BY MORE THAN FIFTY POUNDS!

NOBODY FLUNG BART BAILEY AND LIVES TO TELL THIN TALE...!

ME? SONNA DO EUMPHIN' ABOUT IT, SONNY BOY?



AT THAT MOMENT—

LEF OFF THAT BOY!

GIT YOUR HANDS OFF MY NECK, BLOWY! I DON'T LIKE TO BE TAWED BY FEDERAL MARSHALS!

JUST AS YOU SAY... DOES IT BUT YOU KNOW NOW THAT MY HANDS BELONG TO YOUR LAW!



THANKS, MARSHAL— YU SURE CAME IN HANDEY THEN! I WOULDN'T MIND TRESKIN' UP WITH YOU! IF I DON'T GIVE MY HEART SET ON WOONIN' WITH THE GHOET RIDER!

THE BOY WILL BEAR WATCHES. HE LOOKS THE TYPE THAT HAS TO DO EVERYTHING THE HARD WAY...

AFTER DEK RUFFY LEAVES, ELLA COMES TO GUN UP DOGGED AND AGGY BECAUSE TIM WAS ALMOST GOT HIMSELF KILLED.



SONN, ELLA— LOOK WHAT DROPPED FROM BAILEY'S ROCKET— A MAP SHOWIN' THIN LOCOUT OF THE RANNEY SLOOP GANG! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO'S CONTACT THIN GHOET RIDER— AN' WU AN' ME TOGETHER WILL CLEAN UP THIN WORST PARSAL OF CUTTHROATS IN THIN WHOLE WEST...!

TIM HOLT



A SECOND LATER, ELLA IS SORRY SHE EVER SAID THOSE WORDS, FOR TIM'S FACE HAS TURNED THE COLOR OF MOST PLASTER!



TIM HOLT



ELLA!
YOU FOLLOWED
ME HERE!

I WAS AFRAID
YOU'D
GET IN TROUBLE,
TIM...

HEY-HEY-HEY—
LOOKS TO ME
LIKE YU'RE
BOTH IN
TROUBLE
NOW!



STAND RIGHT
NEXT TO HIM—
WE'LL SHOOT
YU BOTH AT
THAT SAME
TIME!

NO... NO! DON'T
SHOOT ME!!
I'LL DO ANYTHIN'
YU SAY— BUT
DON'T SHOOT
HER!

HUSH,
TIM—
IT'S TOO
LATE
NOW!



I'VE BEEN A FOOL — ELLA
LOVES ME — THAT'S WHY
SHE FOLLOWED ME HERE —
BECAUSE OF ME, SHE'S
GONNA DIE TOO — AN'
I DON'T WANT TO DIE
ANYMORE / I WANT TO
LIVE AN SETTLE DOWN
MY MARRY ELLA
SOME DAY...



SHOOT WHEN
I COUNT THREE.
MEAN, THEN WE'LL
ALL HIT LEATHER
OUT OF HERE, IF
THESE YOUNG LIVES
WAGON OUR HIDEOUT—
NO TELLIN' WHO ELSE
DOES... /
ONE -- TWO --



THAT
SHOOT
BROKE!

WHOO!

-THREE!

THE SHERIFF TIES THE
COWBOYS UP AND HERDS
THEM TO TOWN AND THE
LOCAL SHERIFF...

LUCKY THAT MY NATURAL
SUSPICION AS BEX PURY, I SPOTTED
THE BOY AS A TROUBLE-
MAKER, THAT'S WHY
I TRICKED HIM TOUGHLY. COUSIN,
I BETTER CLIMB UP RIGHT NOW.
THE MATTER OF HIS WANTING
TO TEAM UP WITH ME!

WHAT ARE
YOUR PLANS
FOR THE
FUTURE
YOUNG MAN?

THEY'RE MIGHTY
DIFFERENT PLANS FROM WHAT
THEY WERE TEN MINUTES AGO...
I'VE MADE UP MY MIND ONCE AND
FOR ALL... IT'S BETTER TO BE A LIVE
FEDERAL MARSHAL LIKE BEX PURY,
THAN A SHOOT-NO-APPEAL MIGHTY...
LIKE YOU...

REDMASK'S CAVE

Dear Bess and Gerta:

Please keep writing! We are unable to print all your letters but we will answer them. If you do not find your questions answered, it may be because it has already been answered in a previous issue. But look for your name in these pages!

TO David Young, Pontreac, Ill. - Write after date, Deereburg, Ontario. Under name, Hayward, California. Pick a word or name part, then change it any 26 ways. Example: Michigan, P-m-i-g-h-i-a-n, M-i-g-h-i-a-n, M-i-g-h-i, P-i-g-m-i-g-h-i, M-i-g-h-i-g, M-i-g-h-i-a, B-i-b-b-y-i-g-h-i-o, M-i-g, A-m-i-g, G-e-o-r-g-i-a, M-i-g-h-i-t, P-r-i-m-i-g, M-i-g-h-i, P-i-g-g-i-a, M-i-g-h-i-t, P-i-g-g-i-o, N-e-w-i-g-h-i-o, P-a-s-a-d-e-i-n-g, M-o-n-t-i-g, M-i-g-h-i-t, M-i-g-h-i, A-l-i-g-n-a, C-o-m-e-H-u-m-p, C-u-y-e-r-C-i-t-y, C-o-l-a, D-a-g-a, W-a-r-m-e, P-e-a, L-a, B-a-t-t-e-r, M-e-r-y, S-c-o-l-l-e, M-i-g-h-i, D-e-e-r, M-i-t-h, P-e-r, S-i-g-n-e-l, C-l-e-a-r, C-a-l-i-f-o-r-n-i-a, S-e-l-e-c-t-i-o, M-I.

There are a number of good books dealing with horses. Frank Dobie has done several, as well as Will James. For riding gear and equipment, see "Trail Saddle and Saddle Leather" by Jo Vera, also "The Cowboy Encyclopedia." Your library will be glad to secure these books for you.

My horse is Wrasler. My former horse, a palomino was lightning. After lightning, I had a roan called Sam Dyer. Sam Dyer broke a leg and, unfortunately, had to be destroyed.

A palomino is NOT a white horse. It is a soft gold color with white mane and tail. There are also past-palos, but a palomino is "Bred." It is simply a term applied to horses by cowboys. A "rogue" is also such a term, though it originated through the Cayuse Indians of the northwest. A stallion is a male horse. A stallion is a wild horse. It is derived from "pristine," Mexican for "mountain-horn."

A roan horse is usually reddish in color, but it may also be blue.

A "cow pony" is a horse that had been trained to "cut and" cattle, work with a rope and stand with legs called around the saddle-horn.

TO Robert Lindsay, Charlotte, West Va.

"Buck tom" is slang for "buck team" - meaning, of course, the wild team in a wild-and-cowboy show. It is the current slang going to the wrangler who was employed by a ranch to lead horses to the saloon.

A statement to that effect, and a description of a road-built train to cut the railroad men keep their gear and equipment.

TO Max Baur, New Martinsville, W. Va. ; Parkville, Mo. in a post marked Mo., Riverdale, Mo. - See your letter in this Vol. East Martinsville, California 200,000.

"Fool's gold" is iron pyrites. To test the difference between them and real gold, throw them into a fire. Real gold will stay yellow, but the 'fool's gold' will turn black. Gold 'dust' is genuine gold composed of very tiny nuggets. ' Nuggets' of gold are small pieces of gold, shaped like bits of rock or stone.

TO Benny Dorr, Richmond, N. J.

Saddletags were tied to the saddle by long strips of buffalo attached to corners and called 'tugs.' Some saddletags, or girths, were hung behind the cantle, instead to the back jerkey of the saddle.

TO Barbara Martin, Oxford, N. Y.

The sheriff in a western law did not hang people, as a general rule. His duty was to arrest criminals and furnish over to a judge and jury for a fair trial. The hanging function is usually carried out by a public executioner. In the towns where there was no such appointed official, a sheriff could hang a man if so ordered by the court.

TO Paul... in a post marked... -
..... ..
..... ..
..... ..

The thunderbird is Indian design representing a BIRD OF PREY but used by the Indians to fly high in the air, and the sound of its wings caused thunder. The Indians built, on the front of their tipis, cones used for the American West Company. A good book for all you Indian enthusiasts is "Fighting Indians of the West" by Martin Schwartz. Your library will be glad to have a copy for you to look at. Straight Arrow was a Comanche warbird. The Comanches wore the drawskin leggings and shirts and breech-beds, greatly inferior to those worn by other Indians of the great plains. They did not wear the feathered headdresses only the Kiowa wore them, despite the coyotes. A dictionary of the Kiowa language may possibly be secured by writing to The U. S. Government, Bureau of Linguistics, Washington, D. C. However, there are a few written records of the

plains Indians. They did not possess a written language as such, just pictures and drawings, and captured by the U. S. Army and sent to an Indian reservation.

The Sioux are divided into the American, Arapaho, Ojibwa, Cheyenne, Minniconjou, Sisseton, Black arc, Brule, Teton, Yankton, Teton, Rosebud, Walapato, Walapato, and Mandan. The latter two were eastern Sioux, the rest two were middle country (Minnesota), and the first eight were Dakota Sioux.

The Comanches were called the "barbarians of the plains" because they were the fiercest of the plains for that matter, the best horsemen in the whole world.

To tell you about the Karagi and Gypsians would take a couple of books! You can read "The Fighting Gypsians," by Colonel, in your local library, and see also, the "Fighting Indians of the West," mentioned above.

TO J. R. Dawson, Jr., Washington, D. C.,
Robert Bennett, Springfield, Mass., Thomas
Rogus, Mystic, Conn., James V. Hatcher,
Macon, Ill.

Probably the two most famous outfits of the west were Billy the Kid and Jesse James. The Colt revolver, used by these Indians, was designed by Samuel Colt. The Remington model was the Colt gun usually carried by sheriffs and lawmen. Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Perry, and Billy Tidgman were the most famous sheriffs.

The Redmask Redman carry a Colt, Peacemaker .38&C.

The cavalry carried Colt revolvers as part of their equipment.

Belle Starr was one of the most famous women outlaws.

TO James Popewell, East Hartford, Conn.

A "weekie party" is a hanging, usually informal. (That is, without benefit of court and jury.)

TO Monte Montgomery, Delhi, Louisiana, Alan
Singer, Burlington, Conn., Larry Crandall,
North State, Nebraska, Martin Horton,
Hercules, Tenn., John Shepard, Sioux Falls,
South Dakota, Jackie Jones, Austin, Texas,
Joe Pitt, Fairport, N. C.

The "Maerskik" along with a chackwagon is a "wagon," and is more often made of cowhide. In it, the "weekie" collects firewood and chips from the plains with which to make his fire. The food water by cowboys at these chackwagons as their trail drives was usually beans, bacon, beef, biscuits and coffee.

A "weekie" is an unbranded calf. In the past, most branded calves were the ancestors for a cattle war. A cow or calf without a brand is supposed to be the property of anyone who can

slap a brand on him. The "weekie" of the song, is the song, "Get Along, Little Cowie" is an unbranded calf.

A "Langhore" was a brand of cattle from Texas that was very tough. It could go as long trail drives without losing too much meat. Since the cattle-men are paid according to the weight of the cattle, this was an important form later, when the railroads were built, cattle did not have to travel so far to market, and ranchers raised Herefords and Durhams instead of Langhorens.

Cattle are nervous animals when out of their home range. Bad weather, a stamping buckler, or an unusual sound could send them off in a stampede. An veteran cowboy said, there was no "weekie" to it. Cattle were just contrary by nature!

Backstays were light wagon used to bring goods to the ranch, or for members of the family to go visiting. Covered wagons are not used today out west, except to make movies, or in some very isolated cases. They are usually found only in western museums.

The best way to ride a bucking bronco is to get in the saddle and hang on, no matter how. There is no real technique for this. Strength, courage and a firm grip in the hal are a man's best friends at such a time.

Tim Holt has a ranch, and cattle. He also has his own radio show, as well as travels during the radio season.

TO Annie Phelps, Bowling Green, Kentucky

People left towns, which they became "ghost towns," because the gold or copper or silver, or whatever it was that caused the town to be built in the first place, petered out. Usually the town's population moved on to the next spot where a "mine" was located. Wild Bill Hickok is generally conceded to be the fastest man with a gun ever known, and the most accurate shot.

TO --any boys and girls who sent in letters

There is an advertisement on the market as of this date, if the publishers decide to market such a well, an announcement will be made in this magazine. However, you can get a Giant Rider mask that glows in the dark by sending one dollar to

COMPEN, 20 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK 7, N.Y.,
with your name and address.

If you are in a hurry for some information, or want a personal answer, please send the stamped, self-addressed and envelope!

REDMASK'S CAVE
% Magazine Enterprises
11 Park Place New York 7, N.Y.

TIM HOLT

Tim HOLT

"FATE PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS ON THE MAN WHO WORE THE WESTERN SUITS, BUT NO JOKE WAS MORE LAUGHAL THAN THE ONE IT PLAYED ON HIM—a cowboy—as it INVOLVED HIM AND AN ENEMY IN A DUEL WITH DEATH! FOR WHEN REDWATER TOOK UP THE CHARGE OF A GAME OF BULL-HOGGERS, HE WAS EXPECTED TO FIND ALE PLAYING A BIG PART IN THE FIGHT WITH—

"THE DESERT ROBBERS!"



3D effect illustrated by FRANK BOYLE

"MY LIFE AS A COWBOY WAS MUNDANE AND BORING, FOR I WAS HUNG ON A HOOK FOR SALE IN JAIL UNTIL A GENERAL STROVE TO RESCUE ME."

"THEN THE DESERT ROBBERS CAME TO BULLET, AND MY LIFE CHANGED! THEY CAME GALLOPING IN IN A SWIRL OF DUST, SLID IN THEIR HANDS—



TIM HOLT

LATER I LEARNED THAT THESE WERE BRONX BOSSY MEN. THEY WENT ABOUT THEIR ROBBERY IN SUIT, PRACTICED MACHO—



KEEP THOSE FEAS UP HIGH, HOBBS! I'LL TAKE WHAT I WANT: NOW BACK AWAY FROM THAT CASH BOY.

BUT TOM ADLBY—WHO IS DEPUTY SHERIFF IN THE TOWN OF SULLY—CAN BE TALKED WHEN HE WANTS. HE CANE RUNNING—



I'LL HANDLE YOU FIRST! WITHOUT A LOOK-BUT, AND WITHOUT 'EM! BRONX! THOSE BADMEN WON'T GO FAR!

HEM THROWS IN THE BANK DOOR AND HIS COLTS WERE THROWING HOT LEAD!



'TIS 'EM HOLT! WE'LL MAKE THE PEOPLE TOWN DOWN ON US! GET'S AWAY! IT OUT OF HERE!

THEY RACED OUT THE BACK DOOR OF THE BANK AND DOWN AN ALLEYWAY. TAKEN THEY OUT IN TRAPPING & STONE. IT WAS MY STONE THEY PICKED.



WE GOT TO GET HOBBS! THAT DEPUTY HOT JES AND OUR BRONX!

WE'LL SHAME HIM LOOSE IN THE DESERT IF HE FOLLOWING US!

HE'LL NEED A CANTON IN THE DESERT.



WITH STOLEN HORSES UNDER THEM, THE CHANGERS RODE FOR SAS ONLY DESERT BEHIND THEM, THE HOT RODE WENT TO A LIGHTNING BUSTED TREE DEEP IN THE MOUNTAIN, THERE WAS A CAVE IN THAT CAVE WERE HIS REDWAGE GARMENTS.



TIM HOLT

"MOMENTS LATER REDWALK CAME ALONG AFTER US..."

"THOSE BARK DOBBERS KNOW TIM HOLT WILL FOLLOW THEM—BUT THEY WON'T SUSPECT REDWALK IS ON THE TRAIL!"



"AFTER FILLING ME WITH WATER FROM A SPOCK, THE OUTLAWS MOVED FAST OVER THE DESERT, LEAVING A BEAMON BEHIND THEM TO DELIBERATE THEIR TRACKS..."



*EDITOR'S NOTE: A WATERBINK IS A STONE HOLLOW FED BY RAIN OR A MOON SPRING

"SO SUCCESSFUL WAS THE RUSE THAT REDWALK WAS HOPEFULLY BLOCKED..."

"LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE DONE A PERFECT JOB THERE'S NO TRAIL TO FOLLOW!"



"GUESS I'LL HAVE TO ADAPT MY BRACKET! THEY'LL GET AWAY SCOT FREE! NOW WHATS THAT I SEE SINKING WAY OFF IN THE DISTANCE? I'LL TAKE A PASSAGE AND CHECK ON IT!"



"WHY IS A CANTREEN? HMM... SEEMS I'VE SEEN TACKY CANTREEN HANGING IN JAY SMATHERS' GENERAL STORE. THE OUTLAWS RAN THROUGH THAT STORE AS THEY ESCAPED FROM ME. WOULD ONE OF THEM PICKED IT UP..."

"SURE ENOUGH HERE ARE THEIR TRACKS. SURELY THEY ASKED THEM WERE FAR ENOUGH OUT ON THE DESERT TO THROW AWAY THAT BRAND? I'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM NOW."



"ALL THAT DAY I LAY THERE BAKING IN THE SUN. THOUGHT EVEN AN OLD PROSPECTOR COULD STAND..."



"WELL, DOB MY AGE? A BRAND-NEW CANTREEN I COULD LIVE ONE OF THOSE MY OLD DAYS ARE LEARNING BAD!"

TIM HOLT



"TOWARD SUNSET, AFTER CROSSING A STRETCH OF WHITE SALT FLATS MY MEN— BUT REMEMBER— OWNER STOPPED TO FILL ME UP



TIM HOLT

SET UP ACE AND BLOW HIM?
WE GOT A LITTLE TRIP TO MAKE
ACROSS THESE SALT FLATS AND
THE DESERT BEYOND THEM!



SO WE'LL BE
RECOVERING THE
CANTER'S
AGAIN!



LATER I LEARNED THAT THE OLD MAN LAY UPRIGHT
AT THE EDGE OF THE WATERHOLE UNTIL SUNSET,
THEN REARUP, SWUNG DOWN FROM HIS SADDLE...



THOSE OUTLAWES CAME
THIS WAY, ALL RIGHT, TAKES
THE EVIDENCE OVER
THERE! BUT WHY SHOULD
THEY SLAY AN OLD
MAN?

THEY WANTED MY
CANTER - GONNA ADDRESS
THE DESERT WITH IT.

DON'T TALK, OLD
TIMMY, YOUR HEAD
IS BLEEDING!



IF I PLAY DOCTOR, IT
MEANS THOSE OUTLAWES
Y'LL GET AWAY - BUT IF
I DON'T BANDAGE YOUR
HEAD, YOU MAY DIE!

FOUND THE CANTER AND
FILLED IT FROM THE
WATERHOLE, DESERVE
IT? I FIGURED I WOULD
SOMETHING GOOD.
INSTEAD, IT GOT ME
THIS BANDAGED-UP
HEAD!



WELL, THAT'S GOOD NEWS!
I DON'T MEAN YOUR HEAD -
I MEAN THAT CANTER! IT
WILL BRING THOSE OWL-
BOOTS BACK HERE! -
PLUMB FAST!

HUH?



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

CHAPMANS AND BERTHELE
 QUALITY AND WORTH—
 THESE ARE THE PEOPLE
 WHO FIRST CAME TO
 AND WHO HE TALKED
 OF HIS OWN "WILD
 WEST" BUT GREATER.
 THAN THESE MEN WHO
 LIVED FOR GOLD AND
 RICHES ARE THOSE
 WHOSE LIVES WERE
 DEDICATED TO THE
 SPIRIT THOSE WHO
 FOUGHT THE GREATER
 FIGHT, THOSE WHO
 HELD OUT A
 WIDE IN THE WEST—



For Heaven's Sake!

ONE OF THE GREATEST PRIESTS OF
 THE WEST WAS FRAY AUGUSTINE
 WOODS SERRA (MORE POPULARLY
 KNOWN AS "MURPHY SERRA") WHO
 HAS BEEN CALLED "THE FATHER OF
 THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS." BORN IN
 1713 HE WAS THE MOTIVATING FORCE
 BEHIND THE BUILDING OF THESE
 MARVELOUS EDIFICES.



FROM 1769 TO 1823 MORE THAN 21
 MISSIONS WERE BUILT IN CALIFOR-
 NIA BY THESE SERVANTS OF GOD—
 GREAT EDIFICES SUCH AS SAN
 LUIS OBISPO, SANTA YSABEL AND
 OTHERS.



THE STORIES OF THESE MISSION
 PRIESTS ABOUND IN COURAGE AND
 HEROISM. FRAY ANSEL SOMERS AND
 FRAY PIERRE DAMBON WERE
 ABOUT TO BEGIN WORK ON THE
 MISSION OF SAN GABRIEL,
 ARIZONA, WHEN ATTACKED BY
 INDIANS.



ONE OF THE PRIESTS QUICKLY BEAT
 AND LIFTED OUT A GREAT OIL
 BURNING OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.
 AT SIGHT OF IT THE INDIANS BOWED
 LOW, DROPPED THEIR WEAPONS,
 AND BECAME CONVERTS.



ONE OF THE GREATEST MISSIONARIES
 OF THE FAR WEST WAS THE FAMOUS
 "FATHER OF THE ROCKIES," FATHER
 JOSEPH. HE LABORED FOR YEARS
 IN THE DAYS OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN.



THE LIFE WAS GREAT AMONG THE
 PEOPLE BLACKSTAY HOME. HE GAVE
 HIMSELF TO THE TASK IN LIFE, NOT
 HIS OTHER PEOPLE BROTHERS NOT
 FOR GOLD OR SILVER BUT—FOR
 HEAVEN'S SAKE!



TIM HOLT

Tim HOLT

A BAND OF APACHES—AND A PISTOL-WICKED GUN—ARE BOTH OUT TO KILL "FEATHER"! THIS IS THE DEADLY CHALLENGE HE FACES WHEN APACHE WAR CHIEF TALL FEATHER IS CAPTURED, AND THE U. S. CAVALRY SENDS THE MARRIED RIDER OF THE RED BRANCH ON A —

"RIDE AGAINST DEATH!"

WE KILL YOU NOW, REDHEAD!

IF YOU DON'T — I WILL!

FROM THE ARMY CAPTURED TALL FEATHER, IT WAS THOUGHT THAT THE APACHE WARRIOR TROUBLE WAS ALL OVER AND GONE WITH



BUT THE AUTHORITIES SOON FOUND THEY HAD CAUGHT A TIGER BY THE TAIL.

MORE APACHE VICTIMS? THE TRIBES ARE UP IN ARMS BECAUSE OF TALL FEATHER!



3 STORIES DRAWN BY
FRANK BOLLE

TIM HOLT



*From another story



TIM HOLT





AS HE SWAYED BACKWARDS IN THE PLUNGE, RICHARD DROVE HIS BOOTHEELS DEEP INTO THE GROUND, AS IF TO DRIVE AWAY FROM THAT BLOWING WIND.



AS REDWASH SHOUTS HIS DEFENSE, HE UNNERS AGAIN—

THAT BOUNDER HAS BALANCED ON HAZARDOUS EDGE ON THE ROCK BENEATH IT BY DIGGING MY BOOTHEELS IN, AND ROCKING BACK AND FORTH. I STARTED FIGHTING.



I DON'T LIKE TO FIGHT A WARRIOR BUT I'M OBLIGED TO IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO BE CHALLENGED AT THE MOMENT!

AWAY!



ROUNDED OFF AGAIN REDWASH RISES OFF IN REVERENT WITTE...



BUT THE SPYERS HAVE A QUANTY TO TRACK DOWN THEIR QUARRY AND SOON—

WE HAVE YOU REDWASH!

CATCH HAND, BRING DOWN!



HOLD THEM!

BRING DOWN! WE'LL KILL DOWN!



THE FLOWING OF A FLAT STONE EDGES ACROSS THE SPICE, THIS IS THE FIRST STEP IN ANACHE TORTURE, WITH THE VICTIM SPREADABLE HELPLESS ON THE GROUND.



THE NEXT STEP IS THE HEAVING OF THE TORCHES INTO WHICH TO SLIP A PAIR FEET.

YOU TELL ME WHERE TALL FEATHER RODE IN HIS BRACE WITH HORSE. YOU WON BE TORTURED!

I DON'T TELL ANYTHING, GET BUDY.

AS A SCOWLING APACHE ADVANCED ON A SIZZLING REDHAWK, A WIFE CRACKS IN THE ROCKS ABOVE...

WAAAAH!

AS THE APACHES CRAW BACK BEFORE THE FURIOUS MARRIAGE, REDHAWK THROWS PART OF THE ROPE THAT BINDS HIM AT THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

THE FIRE WILL BURN THESE ROPES EVEN FASTER THAN A KUPPE!



A MOMENT LATER, WITH HIS SCOWLS BITTING, HE RACES AWAY AMONG THE ROCKS...



YOU! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME DEAD? OR ARE YOU SAYING ME TO KILL ME YOURSELF?

I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT TALL FEATHER! WHEN I REALIZED HOW DESPERATELY THOSE APACHES WANTED TO KILL HIM, I REALIZED WHAT A PERSON MEANT TO AN INDIAN!

A PRISON IS A WORSE PUNISHMENT FOR AN INDIAN THAN DEATH! I CAME AFTER YOU, SHOT EVERY APACHE I COULD LAY MY HANDS ON, UNTIL YOU COULD GET AWAY!

LOOKS LIKE YOU DO A GREAT JOB! COME ON— LET'S RIDE FOR FREEDOM!



IN FREEDOM, AFTER A DAY AND A NIGHT OF HARD RIDING—

HERE IS THE INFORMATION ABOUT TALL FEATHER, GENERAL— COULDN'T DESSAN SAID YOU WOULD ARRANGE FOR A TRAIN!

SO THAT'S WHERE YOU HAD IT HIDDEN!



THE END

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GIRLS



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MEN



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AND WIN

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BOYS
GIRLS

WE
TREAT
YOU



LADIES
MEN

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OUR 54th YEAR

CASH - GIVEN - PREMIUMS

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BOYS
GIRLS



LADIES
MEN

OUR 54th YEAR

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