

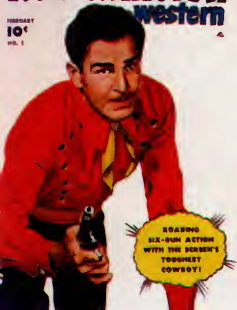
A Foxconn Publication

# Rod Cameron Western

FEBRUARY

10¢

NO. 1



ROARING  
SIX-GUN ACTION  
WITH THE SCREEN'S  
TIGHTEST  
COWBOY!



# ROD CAMERON WESTERN

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WILL LEBERSON

Editor  
WISWELL CROWLEY

The following outstanding magazines are neatly identified  
on their covers by the words & FAWCETT PUBLICATION

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS  
WHITE COMIC • WESTERN HERO • BOCKY LAKE WESTERN • NYORA THE JUNGLE QUEEN • BARRY HAYES WESTERN  
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Every effort is made to insure that these week magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment. *W. L. Leberson, Jr., President*

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# ROD CAMERON

## Battles The Marauders of Maverick Trail



**T**HE OLD DODGE CITY TRAIL, a rutty, dusty highway beaten into the earth of our western plains by the millions of cattle that were driven to market over it, was the locale of many an explosive drama of the Old West! **ROD CAMERON**, rambling knight of the open range, rides into one such drama when he tries to discover the answer to the vanishing longhorns and gallops smack-dab into a blazing six-gun showdown with the slickest band of cowhocks ever to rustle a steer ... **THE MARAUDERS OF MAVERICK TRAIL!**

LET'S CATCH UP TO ROD CAMERON, RAVELING, YOUNG KNIGHT OF THE SADDLE, AS HE CONTINUES IN HIS FELD, WAR PAINT!

KEEP BANGLING, WAR PAINT! RECKON IT'S HIGH TIME I STARTED SCOUTING A JOB! OUR WAMPUM IS RUNNING POWERFUL LOW!



THE TOWN UP AHEAD SHOULD BE AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO START LOOKING, I RECKON!



WHOA, WAR PAINT! LET'S SEE WHAT THAT BULLETIN HAS TO SAY!



TRAIL RIDERS WANTED AT THE DOUBLE T, RECKON YOU'RE IN LUCK, WAR PAINT! YOU AND I HAVE RIPPEN PLENTY OF TRAIL FOR NOTHING---



---SO WE MIGHT AS WELL RIDE A BITS MORE OF IT AND GET PAID!



SOON...

BY THE BOND THOSE CUTTERS ARE WEARING, I RECKON THAT MUST BE THE DOUBLE F RANCH HOUSE UP AHEAD!



WHOA, WAR PAINT! WHO'S THE HIRING BOSS OF THIS SPREAD?



I AM! YOU HANKER ON DOING SOME TRAIL RIDING FOR US?

RECKON I MIGHT!

WERE AIMING TO PUSH A BIG HERD UP THE OLD DODGE CITY TRAIL TO MARKET! I SEE YOU'RE PACKING TWIN SIX-GUNS... TIED DOWN! NOW COME!





LISTEN, BUSTER! I CAME HERE TO HIDE OUT AS A TRAIL RIDER, NOT TO ANSWER PERSONAL QUESTIONS! SAVVY?

MAYBE I SAVVY A HEAD ACRE THAN YOU THINK!



MEANING WHAT?

MEANING YOU CAN START THAT BUCKIN' YOU'RE FORKING ON ITS WAY OFF THIS SPREAD, BECAUSE I'M NOT TAKING ON ANY SUN-BLINDING JASPEERS! GET ME?



AT THAT MOMENT...

WAIT, STRANGER! I OVERHEARD THE TALK ABOUT THOSE SIX-GUNS YOU'RE WEARING AND I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU! TO YOU AND THE REST OF THE DOUBLE F TRAIL RIDERS!



I'M FLAME SORRY, MAH, IF I SAID ANYTHING TO GO AGAINST YOUR GEAR, BUT MY SIX-GUNS AND I STAND PAT!



AND I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY SO! I OWN THE DOUBLE F AND FROM NOW ON I'M RUNNING IT **MY WAY!** AND I'M GOING TO START BY **HIRING YOU!**



AND WHILE I'M AT IT, I'VE GOT A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO THE REST OF YOU! THOSE OF YOU WHO AREN'T WEARING GUNS BETTER START WEARING THEM IF YOU WANT TO WORK FOR THE DOUBLE F! **THOSE ARE ORDERS!**



RESTLESSERS HAVE BEEN RAISING ONE HEEKS MOVING IF THE DOODGE CITY TRAIL TO MARKET. IF THEY GET AWAY WITH THIS HEEKS, I'LL BE WIPED OUT!



THAT'S WHY I SAY FROM NOW ON, NO MAN RIDES FOR THE DOUBLE F WITHOUT SIX-GUNS, AND IF ANY OF YOU ARE PEECKY ABOUT USING THEM, **QUIT NOW!**



IT'S ABOUT TIME A SHOWDOWN WAS CALLED BETWEEN THE RUSTLERS AND THE DOUBLE F. AND THE TIME IS COMING ALONG WITH YOU BOYS TO CALL IT IN PERSON! IF ANY OF YOU BOYS HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY, SAY IT NOW!



I'VE GOT JUST THE THING TO SAY, MAM! I FLUME ABOVE YOUR SPUNK, AND YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME TO HELP GET YOU NEED THROUGH OR JUST A TRIGGER-FINGER TRYING!

THAT GOES FOR US, TOO, MAM! YOU CAN COUNT ON US!

THANKS, ALL OF YOU! I KNOW YOU WON'T FAIL ME!



THERE'S SOMETHING EIGHTY QUERER ABOUT THIS SETUP! NOW COME THAT HEND BOSS WAS SO FURRY AGAINST MY HINDING OURS WITH RUSTLES AS EXPECTED TO STAKE ON THE TRAIL? HMM! KEECHON TO BETTER KEEP A SHARP EYE ON THAT JAWKER!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AS THE BIG DRIVE GETS UNDER WAY...

YIP! YIP! GET UP THERE WITH THE REST OF THE HERD, YOU SLAB-SIDED, STAGGERS! WAGGENTS!



NOW IS THE HEED ACTING, ROD?

A MITE DENERY, MAM, BUT I RECKON THEY'LL GET USED TO EATING TRAIL DUST IN A DAY OR TWO AND SETTLE DOWN TO THE LONG JOB!



EXCUSE ME, MAM, BUT I CAN SEE THAT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE BEEN ON A TRAIL DRIVE!

Y-YES, IT IS! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?



IT'S FLUME SIMPLE! I CAN TELL BY THE DART YOU'VE HENDING!

DUST?



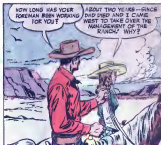
FOLLOW ME, MAM! WE'LL GO ACROSS THE LEADERS AND RIDE THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HERD! ONLY A SANDFOOT WOULD DELIBERATELY RIDE THE DOWN-WIND SIDE ON A DRY DAY WITH A HERD THIS SIZE ON THE MOVE!

THANKS FOR THE TIP!



WELL IF I ASK YOU A QUESTION, MARY

NO! WHAT IS IT?



HOW LONG HAS YOUR FOREMAN BEEN WORKING FOR YOU?

ABOUT TWO YEARS -- SINCE DAD DIED AND I CAME WEST TO TAKE OVER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE RANCH. WHY?



AND SINCE YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING THE SPREAD, RUSTLERS HAVE RAIDED YOUR HERDS EACH TIME AND PUSHED THEM UP THE TRAIL!

RIGHT! THAT'S WHY I'M GOING ALONG THIS TIME TO TRY TO PREVENT THE RUTH OF THE DEVIL F!



I SURE ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE, MAM! BECAUSE I'LL BE GETTING BACK TO WORK NOW, KEEPING THESE DOGSIES ROLLING!



I MAY BE WRONG, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT FOREMAN IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THESE RUSTLINGS AND ---



--- I'VE GOT MY OWN LOW OPINION OF A SIDEWINDER WHO'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF AN ORPHANED GIRL TRYING TO MAKE A GO OF A MAN'S JOB!



BUT I'VE SURE GOT MY MIND MADE UP ON ONE THING! THIS HERD IS GETTING THROUGH TO DODGE CITY, COME WHAT MAY-- INCLUDING FIRE, FLOOD AND RUSTLERS!



AND THE RUSTLERS STRIKE AGAIN IN A SURETY MAELSTROM OF THUNDERING HOOPS AND ROARING SIX-GUNS, STAMPEDING THE HERD!





NEVER MIND THE RUSTLERS! QUICK, MEN! DROUSE YOUR BLANKETS WITH WATER FROM YOUR CANTENS AND BEAT OUT THOSE FLAMES!

HOW DARE YOU CONTEMPT ME, DEEM?



ONE SIDE, HAH! WHEN I SAID I'D HELP GET YOUR HERO INTO DOGGE CITY, I MEANT WHAT I SAID! JUST DON'T CROWD ME!

BUT THE RUSTLERS ARE GETTING AWAY WITH MY BEES, YOU FOOL!



SO I NOTICE, BUT FIRST THINGS COME FIRST -- WHICH HAPPENS TO BE THIS FIRE, AT THE MOMENT!

YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE!



GET AFTER THOSE RUSTLERS! DO YOU HEAR ME?

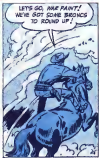
HOW ARE WE GOING AFTER THE RUSTLERS WHEN WE DON'T HAVE ANY BRONCS, HAH?

KEEP BEATING OUT THOSE FLAMES! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BRONCS!



ROD CAMERON'S SMELL POWTLES UNDER THE NIGHT, AND THE GREAT SULLUCH, WAR PAINT, WHOLE AND TALKING'S BACK TO HIS MASTER...

COME ON, WAR PAINT, OLD PARD! I KNOW THAT WHISLE WOULD BRING YOU BACK ON THE DEAD RUN!

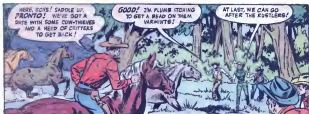


LET'S GO, WAR PAINT! WE'VE GOT SOME BRONCS TO ROUND UP!



GET BACK THERE, YOU RATTLE-BRANDED CAYBER!





HERE, BOYS! SADDLE UP, FRONTO! WE'VE GOT A SKEW WITH SOME COW-THIEVES AND A HEAP OF CRITTERS TO GET BACK!

GOOD! I'M PLUMB STARVING TO GET A BEAD ON THEM WARRIORS!

AT LAST, WE CAN GO AFTER THE KIDNAPERS!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

I TRIED TO PROTECT THE HERD FROM THE BUSTLEDS, MAAM, BUT THERE WERE TOO MANY OF THEM. THEY GOT AWAY WITH THE WHOLE DOGBOOED HEAD!

NOT YET THEY HAIN'T, BECAUSE WE'RE RIDING OUT AFTER THEM, AND WE'RE STAYING ON THEIR TRAIL TILL WE GET THEM!



LET'S GO, BOYS! WE SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE TRAILING A WHOLE HERD THAT SIDE! GET YOUR SIX-GUNS UNLIMBERED AND FOLLOW ME!

RIGHT!



FASTER, HOLE PAINT, OLD PAINT! WE'VE GOT A HEAP OF GROUND TO MAKE UP!



THE TRAIL LEADS TO THAT OVERTHROPPING OF ROCK! LOOKS AS IF THESE JAPPOES KNOW THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY BETTER WELL!

WE CAN'T TRAIL THEM OVER ROCK! THEY'VE GIVEN US THE SLIP!



WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT A TRAIL TO FOLLOW!



THAT MEANS THIS IS THE END OF THE DOUBLE F AND EVERYTHING I HAVE IN THE WORLD! I'M WYED OUT-EDGED!

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, MAAM! NO ONE IS BEAT UNTIL THE LAST CARD IS PLAYED—AND—BY HAWK! ISN'T PLAYED OUT YET!



THOSE COYOTERS MIGHT'VE AURLED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH, BUT IF THEY DIDN'T, I AM TO FIND THEM!



IF THOSE POLECATS THINK THEY CAN THROB AWAY OFF THEIR TAIL, THIS EARLY, I RECKON THEY'VE GOT A BIT TO LEARN!



THE FIRST THING I MUST FIND OUT IS IF THEY'VE STILL GOT THE HEED TRAVELING ON THIS OUTCROPPING OF ROCK!



NOT A SOUND! IF THEY WERE SOMEWHERE NEARABOUTS, I'D HEAR THEM!



GET GONG, BROT PAINT! I AM TO CUT OUT IN A CIRCLE AND PICK UP THAT LOST TRAIL!



WERE BOUND TO CUT THEIR TAIL SOMEWHERE ON THIS SIDE OF THAT OUTCROPPING OF ROCK! FASTER, BO BO!



THERE'S A HELL OF WAGON TRACKS COMING OFF THE OUTCROPPING, BUT WE'RE LOOKING FOR COW TRACKS! KEAR! GOING, PAARD!



HOURS LATER....

NOT A SIGN OF THEM! HANNA! THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY QUIER ABOUT THIS! THE HEED IS NOT ON THE ROCKY OUTCROPPING AND THEY DIDN'T LEAVE IT, EITHER!



ONE THING IS SURE! THE HEED WAS DEIVEN ON THAT ROCKY GROUND AND THE ONLY THING THAT CAME OFF IT RECENTLY WAS WAGGONS! HANNA! I WONDER....



COME ON, HAZZ POINT!  
WE'RE GOING BACK  
FOR ANOTHER LOOK  
AT THOSE WAGON  
TRACKS!



THERE THEY ARE! THE **ONLY** TRACKS LEADING  
OFF THE ROCK OUTFROPPING AND STILL  
MIGHTY FRESH!



WHY! THOSE WAGONS PURE  
MUST HAVE BEEN LOADED DOWN  
MIGHTY HEAVY TO LEAVE SUCH  
DEEP TRACKS! WHY! ...  
I WONDER, WHAT KIND  
OF WAGONS THEY WERE!



AND I AIM TO FIND  
OUT **FRONTO!**



I MIGHT BE ABLE TO  
SPOT THOSE WAGONS FROM  
ATOP THIS BLUFF! THEY  
CAN'T BE TOO FAR  
AWAY!



**COVERED WAGONS!**  
SO THAT'S WHAT KIND  
THEY ARE, EH? JUST AS  
I THOUGHT!



COVERED WAGONS CAN  
COVER PRACTICALLY ANYTHING—  
INCLUDING STOLEN  
CATTLE!



AND I'VE GOT MY  
MIND PLUMB SET ON  
FINDING OUT IF  
THEY DO!







THE WAGONS ARE HEADING FOR THAT RANCH FENCED UP AHEAD! I RECKON THIS MUST BE THEIR HEADQUARTERS!



STEADY, WHEE HAWT! WHEN THIS WAGON STOPS, THESE LAWYERS ARE GOING TO GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY! LOOK! CLAY'S BEEN ROG-TIED AND GABBED!

WHAT? GET YOUR GUNS UNLAMBERED! WE'RE LOOKING INTO THIS!



SUDDENLY!

A STRANGER! MUST BE A LAWYER! GUN HIM DOWN!

DON'T MAKE A MOVE WITH THOSE GUNS! DROP THEM!



DROP THOSE GUNS, I SAID!

YIKE! HE'S GRAZED LIGHTNING WITH HIS GUNS!

BANG



BUT...

GOT HIM!

OHNNHH!



IS HE DEAD?

HAH! JUST DREAMS! WONDER WHO HE IS AND HOW HE GOT IN THAT LAST COVERED WAGON - BRONG AND ALL?



SEARCH HIM! HE MUST BE A LARMAAN OR FLUMBE LOCO TO TRY A SHOWDOWN WITH US SHOULDER-HANDED!

NOT A SIGN OF A SHOOBE ON HIM! WED BETTER TAKE HIM TO THE BOSS! HE'LL FIND OUT WHO HE IS MIGHTY REGATO!



HAY! HAW! YOU CAN BET YOUR BOTTOM FEEDS ON THAT! WHEN IRON-FISTED BRUNTLEY SAYS TALK -- THEY TALK, OR ELSE! LET'S GO!



WHO'S THAT YOU'VE GOT THERE? I NEVER SAW THAT BROW BEFORE!

WE DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, BOSS! HE JUMPED OUT OF THE LAST WAGON AND STARTED THROWING LEAD! HE HAD THE OTHER HOOD-TIED AND GAGGED!



MUST HAVE GOT THE JUMP ON US! AND SQUARED HIMSELF AND HIS BROW INTO THE WAGON SOMEHOW!

BRING HIM INTO THE RANCH HOUSE! I'LL MAKE HIM TELL ME WHAT HIS GAME IS!



THE RIM IN THAT CHAIR! WHEN I GET DONE WITH HIM, HE'LL BE GLAD TO SPILL EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING!

RIGHT, BOSS!



WAKE UP, YOU SNOOPING HAWK! I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK AND YOU'D BETTER HAVE THE ANSWERS!



SO YOU'RE AWARE SHE ARE YOU A LARMAAN ANSWER ME!

WHO ARE YOU?



I ASK THE QUESTIONS! YOU ANSWER THEM! SAVVY?

WEN! NO, I DON'T!



THEN I'LL BEAT SOME SAVVY INTO YOUR NOBBIN!







FOR PERSONAL REASONS! I HAD BIG-FOOT GET THE FOREMAN'S JOB AT THE DOUBLE F WHEN THAT GIRL TOOK OVER! CLEANING IT OUT WAS A SINCH!



WITH BIG-FOOT AS FOREMAN OF THE DOUBLE F, I ALWAYS KNEW WHEN THEY WERE SENDING A HEAD UP THE TRAIL AND HE TOOK HIS ORDERS FROM ME!

SO THAT PRE MAY HE WOULDN'T HIRE ANYONE WEARING OUNDS!



EXACTLY! THOSE WERE MY ORDERS! WHY TAKE CHANCES?

YOU'VE SLICK, BENTLEY, BUT YOU OVERLOOKED ONE THING!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

EVERYBODY IS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE MISSING DOUBLE F CATTLE! THE MINUTE YOU TRY TO SELL THEM, YOU'LL GET YOUR NECK STRETCHED!



YOU'RE A SMART JASPER, ROD CAMERON, BUT I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU! I DON'T AIM TO TRY TO SELL THEM!



I'M JUST USING THE STOLEN HERDS TO BUILD UP A HERD UNDER A LEGITIMATE BRAND OF MY OWN! ONCE I'VE GOT ENOUGH CALVES UNDER MY OWN BRAND OUT OF THE STOLEN CRITTERS, I AM TO SLAUGHTER THE OTHERS AND CUT THE DOUBLE F BRANDS OUT OF THEIR SIDES! SIMPLE, HNT?



YES! BUT I'M GOING TO UPSET YOUR APPLE-CART, YOU TWO-BIT, COW-STEALING KILLER!

W-WHAT?



YOU HEARD ME! I RECKON YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME NOW IN THE SAME DAMNED WAY YOU DID BIG-FOOT BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO YELLOW TO TRY IT ANY OTHER WAY! AM I RIGHT, HEN?

MAN! HE SURE IS CALLING YOUR HAND, BENTLEY!

W-WHY— YOU —



**20** THE SPARKLED BULL LOWERS ITS MADDENED HEAD TO CHARGE. ROD CAMERON DIVES HIS HEELS INTO THE GROUND! HIS SIGHTY MUSCLES KNOT AND HE BEGINS TO STRAUGHTEN...

OOOF!

...TO HIS FULL HEIGHT, UPRIGHTING THE SHRUBBING POST!

FOR ONCE, BEING SIX FOOT FIVE INCHES TALL IS COMING IN MIGHTY HANDY!

SUDDENLY, AS THE BULL CHARGES, ROD CAMERON SLATES INTO ACTION!

LOOK! HE'S USING THE SHRUBBING POST AS A BATTERING RAM!



NOW TO SETTLE A FEW SCORES!

HE'S LOOSE! GUN HIM DOWN!



I'LL BORROW A SIX-GUN OR TWO ---

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



---AND TAKE CARE OF THE REST OF YOU SIDEWINDERS!

MY GUNS! HE'S INCANNY!



GET YOUR HANDS UP!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME, ROD CAMERON!

DON'T SHOOT! WE GIVE UP!



HAH! HAH! WHILE HE'S BOUNDING UP THE OTHERS, I'M GETTING HARRY CLEAN! SO LONG, ROD CAMERON! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS... SOME OTHER TIME!



BRUNTLEY THINKS HE'S ESCAPING, BUT I'LL GET HIM AFTER I FIX THESE JASPER'S SO THEY'LL STAY PUT! THIS CHAIN OF SELF-KNOTS AROUND THEIR WAISTS WILL DO THE TRICK!

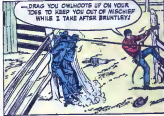


HOW TO HAIL ON THE END OF THIS ROPE AND BRING YOU BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCKING TOGETHER!

OUCH!



THEN I'LL TOSS THIS END OVER THE TOP CORRAL BAR AND—



—DRAG YOU CHILHOOTS UP ON YOUR TORS TO KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF WHILE I TAKE AFTER BRUNTLEY!



THERE! REMEMBER, RIGHTING YOUR ROPES WILL ONLY MAKE THEM TIGHTER! SO LONG FOR A WHILE AND —BE GOOD!

BAH!



ONCE AGAIN, ROD CAMERON'S SHARP, PERCING WHISTLE BULLETS THROUGH SPACE...



—AND HUR FAWT COMES GAUPOING!

COME ON, FUR FAWT! WE'RE OFF TO ROUND UP THE KING FILM OF THESE FOUR-FUSHERS — IRON-FIST BRUNTLEY!







AT THIS MOMENT, MILES AWAY...

I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO BIG-FOOT, MY FOREMAN? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK BY THIS TIME!

HE WAS PLANNED SET ON GOING AFTER ROD CAMERON, AND NOW BOTH OF THEM ARE GONE!



LOOK! SMOKE BOMBS! THREE BALLS OF SMOKE! WHAT DO THEY MEAN?

THAT'S A CALL FOR HELP, MAN!



LET'S GO, BOYS! MAYBE ROD CAMERON OR BIG-FOOT HAVE PICKED UP THE TAIL OF THE STOLEN HERD AND ARE SIGNALING US FOR HELP!

RIGHT, MAN!



FASTER!

I HOPE WE CAN GET THERE IN TIME IF A SHOWDOWN WITH THOSE RUSTLEKS IS COMING UP!



THERE'S THE RUSTLED HERD — ONLY IT'S A NEAF BUGGER!

AND THERE'S ROD CAMERON WITH A BUNCH OF RANNERS ALL TIED UP BY THE CORRAL!



WHERE'S BIG-FOOT, THE FOREMAN? HE SET OUT AFTER YOU!

YOUR FOREMAN WAS IN CAROOBS WITH THE RUSTLEKS, MAN! BRUNTLEY, THEIR LEADER, DOUBLE-CROSSED HIM BY KILLING HIM SO HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO SPLIT WITH HIM!

IF BRUNTLEY, YOU SAY?



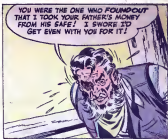
YES, MAN! THAT'S THE COW-STEALING WORMY OVER THERE!

WHY, HE'S MY FOSTER-BROTHER! DID ADOPTED HIM, BUT WHEN I CAUGHT HIM STEALING FROM DAD, RAPPOACHED HIM AND CUT HIM OUT OF HIS WILL!



SO HE WAS THE ONE WHO WANTED TO KID ME!

YES! AND I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, TOO, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ROD CAMERON!



YOU WERE THE ONE WHO FOUND OUT THAT I TOOK YOUR FATHER'S MONEY FROM HIS SAFE! I SWORE I'D GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR IT!



BUT HE DIDN'T! ALL THE CATTLE YOU LOST SINCE YOUR DAD DIED, MAAM, ARE STILL HERE AND THOSE OFFERING — SO YOU'VE REALLY GAINED BY THE FEISTLING! BRUNTLEY WAS TEAPPED BY HIS OWN HATE!



LOOK! HERE COMES A SHERIFF WITH A FORCE!

WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE? I SAW YOUR SMOKE SIGNALS FOR HELP AND HIGH-TAILED IT OUT HERE WITH MY HORSE!



THIS IS WHAT I CALL SERVICE! I NEED HELP IN GETTING RID OF THESE FEISTLING VANDALS—AND HELP IN ROUNDING UP THESE DOUBLE F CROTTERS—AND I GET BOTH!



BROCKN' I'LL BE RAMBLING ON NOW, MAAM!

WAIT! WONT YOU STAY ON AN FERRISWHEEL OF THE DOUBLE F'S PLEASE, BE—R-ROD!



SORRY, MAAM! THE... ER, WOOK SOUNDS INTERESTING, BUT THE HOURS MIGHT GET A NITE TOO LONG! FULL SPEED AHEAD, WAA PAINT!



I WISH HE'D STAYED! HE'S THE GREATEST COWBOY IN THE WHOLE WEST!

YOU SAID IT, MAAM! THAT'S ROD CAMERON, SURE ENOUGH!



# RIDING TRAIL WITH ROD CAMERON

**ROD CAMERON**  
9172 BALIANT BOULEVARD  
HOLLYWOOD 48, CALIFORNIA

WELL, RELAXING AND SLEEPING  
IT SURE TAKES ME PLUCK HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO WRITE YOU A SWIFT LITTLE LETTER  
LIKE THIS. IT TALKS ME WITH THE HURRY THAT YOU'RE ALL REAL CLASS BUSINESS.  
SPEAKING OF BUSINESS, I JUST BRANT A COUPLE OF WEEKS ON A BEARIN TRIP WITH A  
FEW OLD BUSINESS OF MINE. I WAS BRANT IN LOVELY PICTURE, SOMETHING WTY  
WATER, BEARING AND BEAUTIFUL AFRICAN BOOTS, AND NEEDED A GOOD VACATION. SO  
I SADDLED UP ONE PUNK AND TOOK OFF FOR SOME CALIFORNIA AMP RELAXIN IN  
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE FISHING FOR FUN AND RELAXATION. COOL DAYS FISHING  
ARE COOL, BRINGING VISTERS OF A SMOXY HYDRAL BURN-AND PART YOUR FEET. THE  
VIBRATING TUG OF A TROUT OR A BASS AT THE END OF THE LINE. THAT'S REAL SPORT!  
ONE THING YOU'VE GOT TO WATCH, THOUGH, IS THAT YOU FOLLOW THE VARIOUS  
SNAKE LANE IN THE DIFFERENT STATES. YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP UP WITH THEM SO  
PROPER LENGTH ARE.

I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET MY LIMIT A FEW TONDS WITH BOTH BASS  
AND TROUT. AND AFTER A DAYS FISHING WED MY AROUND THE CAMPFIRE  
AND COOK THEM UP TO A SIZZLING BROWN AND EAT THEM BLAST OUT OF THE  
PAN. THEN WED LEAN BACK, SWAP A FEW TALKS, AND SONG SOME AND  
REALLY HIT THE BACK FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE  
TO LIVE IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS.

BUT I HAD TO COME BACK TO WORK IN LAPE, BRACING THE AIRMAIL  
STARTED ON MY NEW PICTURE. IT'S A BRACING TOOTER CALLED  
BANDYTA ALL FOR TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

WELL, THAT'S ABOUT ALL FOR NOW. I JUST WERE YOU'LL BRANT  
THESE ADVENTURES OF MINE IN COMIC BOOK FORM. THEY'LL BE COMING  
YOUR WAY REGULARLY NOW. AND IF YOU'VE A MIND TO, SWAP ME A NOTE  
NOW AND THEN. THERE'S NOTHING I LIKE MORE THAN TO HEAR FROM  
MY FANDE ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

YOURS FROM THE WEST,