

Rod Cameron

western

10¢



ON THE ROAD
**THE LOBE
RAIDERS!**





ROD CAMERON'S HAND STREAKS IN A BLUR OF MOVEMENT AS HE MAKES HIS FAMOUS FASTEST DRAW IN THE WEST!

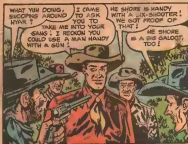
HUH, I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM DRAW!



BUT THE SOUND OF THE GUNFIRE HAD BROUGHT THE OTHERS!

DROP YORE SUN, STRANGER; IF ONE OF US DOESN'T GET YUH, THE OTHER WILL!

THAT'S JODY! THIS IS THE GANG I'M LOOKING FOR!



WHAT YUH DOING, SHOOTING AROUND HIRAN?

I CAME TO ASK YOU TO TAKE ME INTO YOUR GANG; I RECKON YOU COULD USE A MAN HANDED WITH A GUN!

HE SHORE IS HANDED WITH A LIX-SHOOTER! WE GOT PROOF OF THAT!

HE SHORE IS A BIG SALOOT, TOO!

BIG SALOOT! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU RIGHT BAWD, JODY!



CHECK, KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!

I SAW THAT HOMBRE A FEW DAYS AGO IN TOWN, JODY! HE WAS RIGHT FRIENDLY WITH THE MARSHAL AND I RECKON HE'S SOME KIND OF LAWMAN!



FRIENDLY WITH THE MARSHAL, IS HE? THAT GIVES ME A GOOD IDEA! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



YOU CAN PICK UP YORE HARDWARE, FRIEND! IF YORE WILLING TO RISK YORE HIDE RIDING WITH US, WE CAN USE YOU!

THAT'S WIGHTY FINE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

HERE'S OUR NEXT JOB! WE'RE GOING TO EMPTY THE HINESDALE BANK!



I'VE GOT EVERYONE'S JOB RAPPED OUT! I WANT YOU BACK TO LEARN EXACTLY WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO DO!

THE HINESDALE BANK, EH! I'VE GOT TO GET WORD TO THE MARSHAL!

WE'RE GOING TO NEED SOME SUPPLIES FOR THE HEAVY RIDING WE'LL HAVE TO DO AFTER THE JOB. AND, YOU AND THE NEW MAN GO INTO TOWN AND GET WHAT WE NEED.

WHAT A BREAK. I SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING WORD TO THE MARSHAL ONCE I'M IN TOWN.



Carter---

WHY ARE YUH STOPPING?

I THINK MY HORSE HAS PICKED UP A PEBBLE!



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE HIDE-OUT---

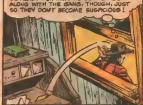
NOW THAT YOU'VE TIPPED OFF THE MARSHAL TO THE HIDE-OUT JOB, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHAT OUR REAL PLANS ARE, ROD CAMERON!

HUH!

DON'T MOVE, OR YOU'RE A DEAD HORNED! QUICK, TAKE HIS GUNS!



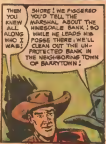
WHEN THE MARSHAL READS THAT NOTE, HE'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT JOEY'S PLANS AND BE READY FOR HIM! I'D BETTER GO ALONG WITH THE GANG, THOUGH, JUST SO THEY DON'T BECOME SUSPICIOUS!



THEN YOU KNEW ALL ALONG WHO I WAS!

SHORE! HE FIGURED YOU'D TELL THE MARSHAL ABOUT THE HIDE-OUT BANK! SO WHILE HE LEADS HIS POSSE THERE, WE'LL CLEAN OUT THE UN-PROTECTED BANK IN THE NEIGHBORING TOWN OF BARRYTOWN!

BUT FIRST, WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU!



PUT HIM ON HIS HORN, BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE HIM AS A MESSAGE TO THE MARSHAL THAT YOU CAN'T FOOL AROUND WITH THE JOEY GANG!





SOON---

GRAB THAT END OF THE ROPE AND TIE IT TO THE TREE! WE'LL STRIKE THE HOMBRE IF RIGHT HANR WHERE THEY'RE SHORE TO FIND HIM LATER!

RIGHT, BOSS!



HE'S A BIG HOMBRE, BUT THIS WILL HOLD HIM!

GOOD! NOW GET READY!



RIDE! EYAH! YAH!

SLAP!



AGH!



WITH HIS LAST BREATH, ROD GRIPS A CALL FOR HIS FAITHFUL HORSE!

WAR PAINT! (GASP) COME BACK!



AND THE STEED HEEDS HIS MASTER'S CALL---



UH--AGH! (GASP) GOOD BOY! YOU CAME BACK JUST IN TIME, TOO!



THEY DIDN'T TIE ME TOO TIGHTLY! THANK HEAVENS I'LL BE OUT OF THESE ROPES SOON!





AMBLING ANDY

ALL GONE!



NOT SO GOOD AFTER THE NERVE-SHATTERING EXPERIENCE I HAD!



YUH HAD A NERVE-SHATTERING EXPERIENCE?



WHAT WAS IT? ALL RIGHT! IT HAPPENED THIS WAY! I OPENED MY EYES AND FELT FOR MY WATCH... IT WAS GONE!



I FELT FOR MY PANTS...THEY WERE GONE! I FELT FOR MY SHOES...THEY WERE GONE!



BUT IT WAS ALL RIGHT... I WAS IN BED! HA, HA!



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HOGHEAD

INDEPENDENT HOMERS

HUH! YOU'RE BATTERED AND BRUISED BECAUSE YUH DECIDED YUH WEREN'T GOING TO LET YOUR UNCLE BOSS YUH AROUND ANY MORE?

THAT'S RIGHT!

(GASP) LOOK AT HOGHEAD!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

YESTERDAY WHEN I STARTED TO WALK DOWN THE STAIRS HE SAID "BE CAREFUL! DON'T FALL!"

JEEPERS, HOGHEAD! WHAT IN TARNATION HAPPENED TO YUH?

I JUST DECIDED MY UNCLE WASN'T GOING TO BOSS ME AROUND ANY MORE!

SO JUST TO SHOW HIM I WAS THROUGH WITH HIS TELLING ME WHAT TO DO, I FELL DOWN THE WHOLE FLIGHT OF STAIRS!

GASP!

**RIDING
TRAIL**
WITH

ROD CAMERON
POST OFFICE BOX #1164
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

HONKY, PARTNERS.

MAYBE YOU SAW A CLOUD OF DUST FLY BY HERE A LITTLE WHILE AGO! THAT WAS AN HONDER NIE (CALL "RUSH" WILLARD, DRIVING HIS TEAM LICKETY-SPLIT FOR LITTLE CREEK! THAT'S THE WAY RUSH GENERALLY APPEARS TO FOLKS. WHETHER HE'S DRIVING HIS WAGON OR ON HIS OWN TWO FEET! RECKON YOU MIGHT KNOW SOMEBODY OR OTHER LIKE RUSH. FRIENDS, THE KIND OF WARMINT WHO NEVER PLANS ANYTHING OR THINKS TODAY OF WHAT HE HAS TO DO TOMORROW!

SURE, YOU KNOW THE KIND! THEY'RE FOLKS WHO NEVER LEARNED THAT WASTE MAKES WASTE, SO THEY USE UP ALL THEIR ENERGY NEEDLESSLY WHEN IT ALL COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED! THEY'RE THE KIND OF FOLKS WHO NEVER SIT DOWN TO ARRANGE THEIR SCHEDULE AND TIME WITH A LITTLE COMMON SENSE! WITH THEM EVERYTHING IS RUSH--RUSH---RUSH! YES, PARTNERS, THAT'S "RUSH" WILLARD AND A LOT OF OTHERS YOU AND I BOTH KNOW!

WHEN WILL THEY EVER GET SMART AND LEARN THAT IN LIFE YOU HAVE TO PLAN AHEAD. EVEN A BROCKYRAL WARE KNOWS THAT! IF YOU KNOW A "RUSH" WILLARD IN YOUR OWN SECTION OF THE COUNTRY, TRY TELLING HIM TO PLAN FOR TOMORROW AND HE WON'T GO THROUGH LIFE BREATHLESS!

BUT THERE'S ONE PLAN I MAKE FAR AHEAD. THAT'S TO BE HERE WITH YOU EVERY MONTH! SO I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU ALL NEXT MONTH AGAIN! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES TILL THEN, FRIENDS!

YOUR PARTNER,

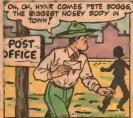
Rod Cameron

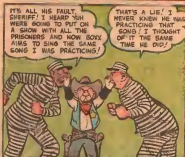


P.S.
ALL YOU PARDS WHO WOULD LIKE MY PICTURE, JUST SEND YOUR MONEY WITH YOUR LETTER!
11" x 14" size \$1.00
8" x 10" size .25
5" x 7" size .10



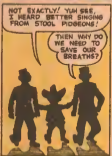
AMBLING ANDY ON TOP!











Rod CAMERON and The BORDER ESCAPE

ONE NIGHT, AS ROD CAMERON IS RIDING THROUGH THE BORDER TOWN OF WAGON JUNCTION...

JAIL BREAK!
JAIL BREAK!
SLIPPERY GIBSON
JUST ESCAPED!

COUNTY
JAIL



WOOGA, WAR BUNT! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME TROUBLE BACK THERE! MAYBE WE CAN LEND A HAND!



SUDDENLY...

HEY!

DON'T MAKE A MOVE, PRISONER!



THIS 250-SHOOTER IN YOUR BACK WILL GO OFF RIGHT SUDDEN IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT I TELL YOU! NOW RIDE!





YOU GOT THE DROP ON ME, STRANGER! WHERE'RE WE RIDING TO?

JUST KEEP RIDING! I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO STOP!



SOME TIME LATER...

YOU'VE BOWED FAR ENOUGH!

CONK!

OOF!



THIS IS WHERE YOU GET OFF, MISTER! I'M HEADING FOR THE BORDER ALONE!



LATER...

THERE'S ROD CAMERON, MEN! GIBSON MUST HAVE KNOCKED HIM OUT AND GOTTEN AWAY!

WHY! MY HEAD! WHERE'D THE SIDEWINDER GO?



THAT'S A NASTY CUT YOU'VE GOT ON YORE HEAD, ROD! I RECKON YOU'D BETTER COME BACK TO TOWN AND HAVE THE DOCTOR FIX IT UP!

I CAN'T! I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THAT POLECAT! HE GOT AWAY WITH WEE PAINT!



WE'D NEVER CATCH SLIPPERY GIBSON NOW! WITH THAT HEADSTART AND WAR PAINT UNDER HIM, I CALCULATE HE MUST BE WELL OVER THE MEXICAN BORDER!

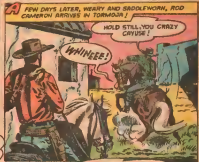
I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF! I'LL GO BACK TO TOWN AND GET A FRESH MOUNT AND THEN TAKE AFTER THAT HORSE THIEF!



THE NEXT DAY...

EVEN IF YOU FIND GIBSON, ROD, REMEMBER THE ARM OF THE LAW DOESN'T REACH ALL THE WAY DOWN THERE!

I WON'T LET THE BORDER STOP ME! I'M GOING TO GET MY HORSE BACK AND BRING THAT POLECAT BACK TO JAIL!





NOW GET UP ON THAT OTHER HORSE! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO THE JAIL YOU BROKE OUT OF!

YOU CAN'T FORCE ME OVER THE BORDER!



A T THAT MOMENT...
SHERIFF! ARREST THIS MAN! HE'S TRYING TO KIDNAP ME!

WHAT'S ALL THIS BUCKS GOING ON NOW?



THIS WANTED IS WANTED BACK IN THE STATES FOR BREAKING JAIL!

IT SHOWS LOOKS LIKE A FRONT NOTICE TO ME! GIBSON, NOW, IS A RIGHT RESPECTABLE MEMBER OF THIS TOWN!

WANTED
REWARD



BUT, SHERIFF--

WE CAN'T ALLOW EVERY SADDLE THUMP TO COME INTO THIS TOWN AND START A FRACK! GET MOVING, STRANGER! YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL FOR ATTEMPTED KIDNAPPING!



SOON... I TOLD YOU THAT YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT IN MY TOWN! THAT LAWMAN WILL STAY IN THERE TILL HE ROTTS!

IT'S TOO BAD WE DIDN'T THINK OF THIS DEPUTY SHERIFF BUCKET WHEN WE WERE BACK IN THE STATES! IT WOULD HAVE COME IN RIGHT HANDY WHEN WE WERE HOLDING UP STAGECOACHES!

SO THAT'S IT! THEY'RE BOTH OUTLAWS!



WHINEE!

YOUR PRIN! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! COME CLOSER!



THIS LAWNT IS ALL I'M GOING TO NEED TO BREAK OUT OF THIS CROOKED JAIL!



I'VE GOT NOTHING ROBBET THE OLD JAIL KEEPER, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET HIS KEYS!

HEN! SPUT!



I'LL TAKE THESE KEYS!



AND IN A FEW MOMENTS...

THE JAIL KEEPER TOLD ME WHERE THAT PHONY DEPUTY LIVES! COME ON, WAR PAINT! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!



LATER...
THERE'S THE PLACE!



I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY HENCHMEN HE MAY HAVE IN THE HOUSE, SO I'LL WAIT OUT HERE AND TRUST TO LUCK!



SOON...

THERE GO THE TWO COYOTES! LET'S GO, WAR PAINT!



NUH!
IT'S THE --

YES, IT'S ROD CAMERON! AND I'M JUST ITCHING TO TANGLE WITH YOU TWO OWLHOOTS!



THIS OUGHT TO KNOCK THE PHONY BRIDGE OFF YOUR CHEST!

BAM!

YOU WON'T BE USING THAT GUN! NOT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



SMASH!

OW!



SOON...

THIS IS GOING TO BE AN EXTRA HEAVY LOAD FOR YOU TO CARRY, WAR PRINCE, BUT IT WILL BE WORTH IT TO GET THESE TWO ORNERY CANNYS BACK INTO A JAIL, WHERE THEY BELONG!



DON'T WORRY, GIBSON! HE'S KIDNAPPING US AND TAKING US OVER THE BORDER! IT CAN'T BE LEGAL!

LET'S GO, WAR PRINCE! WE'RE HEADED FOR THE BORDER!



THERE'S A BORDER PATROL STATION UP AHEAD AND A BORDER GUARD STANDING NEAR IT! HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF! ONLY, WAR PRINCE, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!



THOSE ARE A COUPLE OF OUTLAWS WHO ARE GOING BACK TO THE STATES TO GIVE THEMSELVES UP! JUST TO AVOID ANY TECHNICAL CHARGES OF KIDNAPPING I WANT YOU TO WITNESS THAT I'M NOT TAKING THEM OVER THE BORDER! THEY'RE GOING BY THEMSELVES!

SURE THING, ROD! I'LL BE YOUR WITNESS!



WHOA! WHOA! HOLD IT UP, YOU ORNERY HOSS!

THE HOSS WON'T LISTEN! HE'S TAKING US ACROSS THE BORDER!



WELL, NOW THAT YOU TWO OUTLAWS DECIDED TO COME BACK TO THE STATES, I CONSIDER IT MY DUTY TO BRING YOU BACK TO THE SHERIFF!



LATER...

WITH THESE VARIANTS IN JAIL, I RECKON I'LL MOSELBY ALONG!

WHAT A MAN! HE GOES OUT AFTER ONE OUTLAW AND RETURNS WITH TWO!



"CHANCE TAKER!"



HOWDY, HOGHEAD. I'M GLAD I RAN INTO YUH!

HUH? YUH DIDN'T RUN INTO ME! YUH WOULD HAVE KNOCKED ME OVER IF YUH DID!



NEVER MIND. STUPID! FORGET THE WHOLE THING! THE REASON I'M GLAD TO SEE YUH IS BECAUSE YUH CAN DO A GOOD DEED!

A GOOD DEED?



THAT'S RIGHT! THE TOWN IS RUNNING A RAFFLE FOR A POOR, OLD COWBOY!

A RAFFLE FOR A POOR, OLD COWBOY?



YUP! WHAT DO YUH SAY? WILL YUH TAKE A CHANCE? IT ONLY COSTS TEN CENTS!

NO!



WHAT! YUH WON'T TAKE A TEN CENT RAFFLE FOR A POOR, OLD COWBOY?

NO, I WON'T! THE TEN CENTS IS ALL RIGHT, BUT SUPPOSE I WIN THE RAFFLE—



"WHAT WOULD I DO WITH A POOR, OLD COWBOY?"

PLOP!



BULLET WOUND

By R. R. Symes



FROM out of the Black Hills a lone horseman galloped through the moonlight. In town, he rode directly up on the board sidewalk and without dismounting began banging on a door. Above the door hung a shingle on which were fading letters spelling out "A. J. Witherspoon, M.D."

Upstairs, shutters were thrown open and Doc Witherspoon stuck his night-capped head out. "Who is it? What do you want?" he asked.

"Jump into your pants and grab your satchel, Doc," yelled the horseman. "There's been an accident!"

It was only a matter of seconds before the doctor, still tucking in his shirt, appeared at the street door. A. J. Witherspoon, M.D., was used to midnight emergency calls and he could get dressed faster than a fireman. "Got a horse for you here, Doc," said the rider, indicating a spare mount he had led. "She's all saddled and ready to go. We'd better make time because I think the kid is dying."

"A child, eh? What happened?"

"No time to palaver. You'll find out when we get there."

Without another word, the doctor mounted and spurred his pony to a gallop matching that of the other man's mount. They followed the stage road for about a mile, then cut northward up a narrower trail that rose gradually toward the hills. The trail led into a thick stand of pines and finally ended in a small clearing where stood a weather-beaten cabin.

A man with a rifle stood before the door and growled, "You should've sung out, Buck. I came dang near plugging you before I recognized you."

"Shucks, Lefty, you weren't expecting anybody else, were you?" responded Buck. "Come on, Doc. The kid's inside."

The lamplight revealed the physician's look of astonishment when he saw, not a child as he had expected, but a full grown man lying on the bunk, his shirt stained a dark red. "So this is the kid?"

The man on the bed replied throatily, "So you recognize me, do you, Doc? Well, then you'll know better than to try any tricks with the Killer Kid. And you'd better fix me up because if I croak, you croak too! The boys have got their instructions, savvy?"

Calmly starting his examination of the wounded man, the doctor replied, "You don't have to threaten me to make me do all I can for you. I have taken an oath to do my best to save lives, even the life of a worthless outlaw and murderer like you."

"Stow the chatter and get that lead out of me," grumbled the patient. "It's making it tough for me to breathe."

"You're weak from loss of blood," said the doctor. "We'll have to make a stretcher and move you to the hospital."

"You think I'm crazy?" asked the Kid. "I'm not going to any hospital where the law can get at me. What's the good of saving my life just to put my neck in a noose?"

"I see your point," said the medico. "Well, it's taking a chance, but I'll just have to operate on you right here by this lamplight, I guess. I'll ride into town and get the nurse to assist me. Then I'll . . ."

"You're not going anywhere, Doc," responded the patient, his heavy eyes glinting. "You're going to stay right here with me until I get well!"

"But I can't do that!" declared the doctor. "You may be in bed for weeks. I've got other patients who need me. I'll . . ."

Doc Witherspoon felt the pressure of steel

against his back and heard the voice of the man called Lefty ordering, "You do just what the Kid says, Doc. To the devil with your other patients. You're going to stay right here till the Kid gets well. We're not going to take any chance on you tipping off the law that we're holed up here."

The physician shrugged. He realized that these outlaws meant business. There were three besides the Killer Kid, Lefty, Buck and one called Faro. They were hard-faced men and doubtless quick on the trigger. The doctor would have hesitated to tangle with even one of them and he realized he'd have no chance at all against three. Yet he was the only doctor in the territory and he was aware that several of his patients, on the critical list, would surely die if he were kept out of circulation for two or three weeks.

He said, resignedly, "You boys hold all the aces. I reckon I'll just have to go ahead and probe for the bullet without any nurse. But you fellows will have to help. One of you boil some water, pronto."

He reached into his bag and drew out a gleaming scalpel. The Killer Kid frowned and growled, "That knife better not slip into my heart, Doc, or it's curtains for you!"

"Don't worry, it won't slip," responded the medical man, reaching again into his bag and bringing out a small bottle. "Now listen," he said, addressing the other three outlaws. "We'll all have to wear masks."

"Masks? Are you trying to be funny, Doc?" asked Faro. "This isn't a holdup."

"It's not a joke," responded the doctor. "It's necessary for the operating surgeon and his assistants to wear breathing masks. Keeps out the germs."

"He's right about that," said Buck. "I saw an operation once and by jingo they *did* wear masks!"

"All right, let's not waste any more time.

Hand me your handanas and I'll sterilize them." As the big handkerchiefs were handed over, he poured drops of liquid on them from the little bottle. Then he tied one over the nose and mouth of each of the men. He got out a big white handkerchief and tied it over his own face.

"That sterilizer stuff sure smells funny," commented Faro, his voice sounding strangely muffled. Without replying, the doctor started probing for the bullet, first taking the precaution of moving a pistol the Kid had hidden under his blanket. The Kid protested but the surgeon said, "Either we remove that gun or I refuse to operate."

He was busy with his scalpel when Lefty moaned and collapsed on the floor with a thud. "What happened to him?" asked the Kid.

"Lots of people faint when they see an operation," replied Doc Witherspoon. As if to confirm his words, Buck and Faro collapsed almost simultaneously. Suspicion glinted in the Kid's beady eyes and he tried to rise, but the doctor pushed him firmly down and the weakened man was unable to offer further resistance.

The Kid had fallen peacefully to sleep by the time the doctor fastened the final bandage in place. He made no protest as A. J. Witherspoon, M.D., tied his hands and feet, and then repeated the process on each of his confederates.

"OPERATION was a success," chuckled the doctor as he made his way, unmolested, through the little cabin door. "Now I'll just ride into town and tell the Sheriff where he can find four of the meanest owlbrights in all the hills. Sure is a lucky thing for me that none of them suspected I was dousing their handanas with chloroform. Not enough to kill 'em—just enough to knock 'em out!"

THE END

SAPPY NAPPY

DOG CRAZY!



Rod CAMERON

IN THE LODE RAIDERS

BAD MEN bent on plundering a gold strike before it is struck, backing their sinister plan with six-guns and dynamite! Can even indomitable **ROD CAMERON** hope to win against such odds as he matches wits for an all-out showdown with **THE LODE RAIDERS**?



MOVING INSIDE THE BLUE OYER GOLD MINE, NOTICING JAKE GRIMES SPEAKS TO HIS MENCHMEN —

HA, HA! WHEN THE MINERS USE THESE STICKS OF DYNAMITE TO BLAST WITH, THINGS ARE GOING TO START HAPPENING AROUND HERE!

I DON'T GET IT, BOSS!



YOU WILL! NOTICE HOW THOSE VEINS OF GOLD ORE GROW THICKER AS THEY HEAD THIS WAY? ACCORDING TO THIS COMPASS IN MY HAND, THE VEINS ARE RUNNING TOWARD THE NORTHWEST!

I FIGURED SO, B-BUT—





IT HEARS THAT THOSE VEINS LEAD TO THE MOTHER LOBE WHICH IS SOMEWHERE NORTHWEST OF HERE!

MIGHTY SICK FIGHTING, BOSS!



THE MINERS ARE DIGGING ALONG THE VEIN, BUT I AIM TO STRIKE THE MOTHER LOBE FIRST!



LOOK! THOSE JASPER'S ARE GETTING READY TO BLAST WITH THE STICKS OF DYNAMITE YOU PLANTED, BOSS!

GOOD! MAKE TRACKS TOWARD THE EXIT, MEN! BUT DON'T LET THE MINERS SEE YOU!

WHEN THOSE STICKS OF DYNAMITE LOADED WITH SULPHURIC ACID GO OFF, THEY'LL FILL THE WHOLE MINE WITH FUMES! THAT'LL HOLD UP WORK AND GIVE US THE TIME WE NEED TO WORK THAT ARMORED MINE NEARBY!

AT THAT MOMENT, WE FIND TWO-FISTED, STRAIGHT-SHOOTING ROD CAMERON ASTRIDE HIS GREAT STALLION, WAR PAINT, RACING TOWARD—TROUBLE!



AN EXPLOSION FROM INSIDE THE MINE! THAT WAS NO ORDINARY BLAST!

BOOOOM!



H-HELP! HELP!

GET GOING, WAR PAINT! WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!



STAND BACK! I'M GOING IN AFTER THEM!

IT'S ROD CAMERON!

HELP!



HELP!
HELP!

WHEW! THESE
FUMES ARE MIGHTY
READY!



WE THOUGHT
WE WERE...
→ ENDS →
→ GONERS!

SAVE YOUR
BREATH
AND HANG
ON!



MADE IT! JUST IN
TIME, TOO! THESE
POOR KARKIES WERE
ALMOST DONE IN!

WHAT
HAPPENED
IN THERE?



SOME OWLHOOTS FILLED THE
MINE TUNNEL WITH SULFURIC
ACID FUMES AND I AM TO
FIND OUT WHO AND WHY!



I RECKON YOU HAD BETTER START
PUMPING CLEAN AIR INTO THE TUNNEL
TO CLEAR THOSE FUMES OUT BEFORE
GOING BACK
TO WORK!

KEEP YOUR SHOUT OUT
OF THIS, STRANGER!
THERE'S NOBODY GOING
BACK TO WORK!



THIS MINE IS JINKED, MEN!
NO TELLING WHAT MIGHT
HAPPEN NEXT! I SAY
QUIT WHILE YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE!



I RECKON IF YOU WANT TO
QUIT WORKING HERE, THAT'S
YOUR BUSINESS, MISTER!
BUT HOW COME YOU'RE SO
PLUMBS SET ON GETTING
EVERYONE ELSE TO QUIT?
YOU MUST HAVE A REASON!

W-WHAT?



WHY, YOU LIP-SPOUTING BEAN-POLE, I'LL BUST YOU INTO HUNKS OF BUZZARD BAIT WITH MY BARE HANDS!

I'VE HEARD OTHER NERDICKS OF YOUR BREED TALK BEFORE!



BAM!

DOOPH!



UGH!



IF YOU'VE MAD ENOUGH, CLIMB UP ONTO YOUR HIND LEGS AND MAKE TRACKS OUT OF HERE! YOU'VE MADE ENOUGH TROUBLE!

YOU WIN FOR NOW, ROD CAMERON, BUT I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!



WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, BOSS?

FIRST, WE'VE GOT TO GET CAMERON OUT OF THE WAY—FOR KEEB'S!



I'VE GOT A PLAN, SO LET'S CLAIM THAT OLD ABANDONED NINE UP THE ROAD! ITS MAIN TUNNEL CROSSES THE MOTHER LODGE OF THE BLUE CHIP MINE!



THERE! NOW TO LURE ROD CAMERON OUT HERE AND FINISH HIM OFF!

ROD CAMERON IS NIFTY SLIPPERY, BOSS! HOW'RE YOU GOING TO DO IT?



SIMPLE! YOU BUSTER THE TRAIL BACK TO ROD CAMERON HOLLERING THAT I'VE GONE SIX-GUN LOCO AND I'M HAVING A SHOEBOX WITH MY PARD'S! THAT'LL BRING THE TIMORN HERE, FRONTO! WE'LL DO THE REST!

