

A Fawcett Publication

Rod Cameron

western

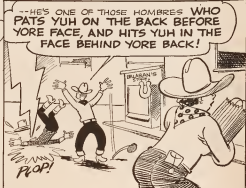
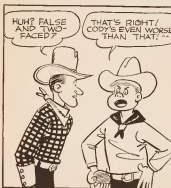
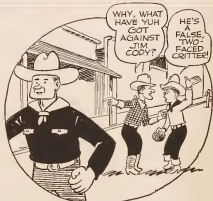
AUG.
10¢
NO. 4



WILD WEST ACTION
AT ITS
RIP-ROARING WILDEST

HOGHEAD HARRY

"MUST BE A
CONTORTIONIST!"

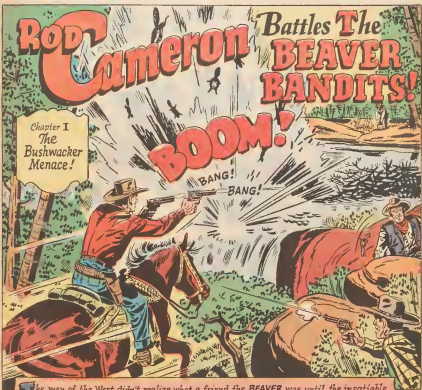


The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LA RUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT MARVEL JR • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALL WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W H Fawcett, Jr., President



The men of the West didn't realize what a friend the **BEAVER** was until the insatiable world-wide demand for their fur threatened to exterminate them. Trapping beaver became a quick way to get rich and attracted ruthless killers mad with the lust for money. Into this maelstrom of death and destruction, **ROD CAMERON** brought his blazing six-guns and indomitable courage to combat the murdering **BEAVER BANDITS!**

ROD CAMERON, courageous young straight-shooter, surveys a sun-scorched range...

IF THIS DROUGHT KEEPS UP MUCH LONGER WE'RE PLUMB LICKED! OUR WATER SUPPLY IS DRYING UP MIGHTY FAST!

IT DOES LOOK MIGHTY BAD, BUT NO MAN IS LICKED UNTIL HE ADMITS IT!



THAT'S MIGHTY FINE, BUT OUR CRITTERS CAN'T DRINK IT! THEY NEED WATER AND --

HAIM! MAYBE WE CAN'T AND MAYBE WE **CAN!**



MEANING WHAT?

MAYBE WE CAN BORROW SOME WATER FROM A MIGHTY GOOD FRIEND WHO BELIEVES IN STORING IT UP!



HAVE YOU GONE LOOD? BORROW WATER FROM **WHOM?**



FROM OUR FRIENDS--
THE BEAVERS!



DOGONE IT, WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THAT BEFORE? THOSE BEAVER DAMS IN THE TIMBERLAND ARE HOLDING BACK PLENTY OF WATER! WE'LL BUST THEIR DAMS AND LET THE WATER DOWN ON THE RANGE!



LET'S GO, MEN!

HOLD ON! THOSE BEAVER DAMS ARE YOUR ACE-IN-THE-HOLE, SO DON'T GO FIXING TO SPOIL YOUR HAND! WE'VE GOT TO **PRESERVE** THOSE BEAVER DAMS AND THE WATER THAT'S IN THEM!



HOW ARE WE GOING TO USE THE WATER AND PRESERVE IT, TOO? WE CAN'T DO BOTH!

WHY NOT? WE CAN PUT A FLOODGATE ON THE BEAVER DAM TO CONTROL THE SURPLUS WATER AND MAKE IT HOLD OUT TILL THIS DROUGHT IS OVER!

WE DON'T HAVE THE SUPPLIES WE NEED TO BUILD ONE!

IN THAT CASE, I RECKON I'LL GET THE SUPPLIES JUST AS SOON AS I CAN ROUND UP A PACK HORSE! WE'RE MIGHTY LUCKY WILLIAMSTOWN ISN'T FAR FROM HERE!



A few minutes later...

ADIOS, FOLKS! I'LL HIT THROUGH THE TIMBERLAND TRAIL AND CHECK THE BEAVER DAMS AND THE WATER THAT'S IN THEM!

WATCH YOUR STEP ON THAT TIMBERLAND TRAIL, ROD! THERE'S BEEN A HEAP OF BUSHWACKING ON IT LATELY!

As Rod rides along the Timberland Trail...

THE BED OF THIS STREAM THAT THE CATTLE DEPEND ON FOR WATER LEADS TO THAT BEAVER DAM UP AHEAD! I SURE HOPE THERE'S PLENTY OF WATER STORED IN IT!



THERE'S A HEAP OF GOOD WATER HERE-- THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS THE BEAVERS! THIS DAM WILL PULL THE CRITTERS THROUGH THIS DRY SPELL, ONCE A FLOODGATE IS PUT IN TO PREVENT WASTE! RECKON I'LL RUSTLE UP SOME GRUB AND TURN IN FOR AN EARLY START TOMORROW!

WELL, THERE'S A BEAVER THAT'S PLUMB FRIENDLY ENOUGH TO DROP OVER FOR A VISIT! RECKON I'LL CALL YOU BUCKY, MY BUCK-TOOTHED FRIEND!

But from an ambush, Blue Jaw Jason, renegade trapper and badman, is making sinister plans...

HAH! ANOTHER CUSTOMER! THE BUSHWACKING BUSINESS IS PICKING UP! I'LL WAIT UNTIL HE TURNS IN AND THEN...

HERE YOU ARE, BUCKY OLD PARD! HAVE ANOTHER LUMP OF SALT!





NOW TO SCOUR THIS FRYING PAN AND I'M THROUGH WITH MY CHORES! YOU SURE ARE A MIGHTY SOCIABLE LITTLE CRITTER, BUCKY! I'M PLUMB TAKEN BY YOUR FRIENDLY WAYS!



THERE! BRIGHT AS A MIRROR... HMM! THERE'S A MIGHTY MEAN-LOOKING JASPER WATCHING ME FROM COVER! HE MIGHT BE THAT BUSHWACKER I WAS WARNED ABOUT! I'LL GIVE THE VARMINT ENOUGH ROPE TO SNARL HIMSELF UP IN!



HO-HUM! I'M PLUMB TIRED! RECKON I'LL TURN IN AND GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!

Later...

I CAN HEAR THE SIDEWINDER SLIPPING UP ON ME! I'LL JUST LET HIM GET A MITE CLOSER!

HAH! A FEW MORE STEPS -- ONE KNIFE-STAB -- AND HIS HORSES AND OUTFIT ARE MINE!

Suddenly-- as steel-muscled Rod Cameron flashes into action...



I'VE GOT YOU!

NOT QUITE, BUSHWACKER--



--I'VE GOT YOU!

ARRRRGH!



I RECKON THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO GO TRYING TO BUSHWACK TRAIL RIDERS!

CRACK!

Half an hour later...

CLIMB ABOARD THAT PACK HORSE, MR. BUSHWACKER, AND MAKE IT PRONTO! WE'RE MAKING TRACKS TOWARD WILLIAMSTOWN FOR A DATE WITH THE SHERIFF!

D-DON'T SHOOT!
I QUIT!

Next morning, on the outskirts of Williamstown...

KEEP THAT BRONC MOVING TOWARD THE JAILHOUSE!

I'VE GOT TO MAKE A BREAK AND DO IT MIGHTY QUICK! WITH ALL THOSE OTHER CHARGES I'M WANTED FOR... I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE IN THE HOOSEGOW!



HOWDY, SHERIFF! ROD CAMERON'S MY NAME! I'VE GOT A CUSTOMER HERE FOR YOU! AN EX-BUSHWACKER!

WHY, THAT'S BLUE JAW JASON!... HE'S WANTED IN HALF A DOZEN STATES!

NOW'S THE TIME TO MAKE MY MOVE!



Suddenly, without warning...

LOOK OUT!

YOU'RE NOT T. KING ME! GIVE ME THAT GUN!



NOW TO GET YOU, ROD CAMERON!

GET MOVING, WAR PAINT! WE'RE HITTING FOR COVER! CAN'T SHOOT WHILE THAT SIDEWINDER IS USING THE SHERIFF FOR A SHIELD!



WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT AND GET ME, ROD CAMERON? ARE YOU SCARED? HAW! HAW!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, ROD! THIS VARMINT IS TRYING TO RILE YOU INTO KILLING ME!

DON'T WORRY, SHERIFF! I'M ONTO HIS GAME!

THIS IS WHERE YOU AND I PART COMPANY, SHERIFF! NOW TO MAKE MY GETAWAY BEFORE THAT ROD CAMERON VARMINT GETS BACK ON MY TRAIL!



HAW! HAW! GOT AWAY CLEAN! BUT I WON'T SWALLOW A DEAL LIKE THIS AND FORGET IT! I'LL GET ROD CAMERON FOR THIS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



TAKE IT EASY, SHERIFF! I'LL HELP YOU UP!

A few moments later, in Roughhouse Riley's saloon ---

I'LL DUCK IN HERE AND LAY LOW WHILE THE SEARCH IS ON FOR ME! THEN, AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK, I'LL MAKE TRACKS!



WELL, IF IT AIN'T BLUE JAW, ONE OF MY OLD PARDS! HOWDY, BLUE JAW!

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! THE SHERIFF AND A JASPER CALLED ROD CAMERON ARE ON MY TRAIL! I'VE GOT TO HIDE SOMEWHERE UNTIL I CAN HIT THE TRAIL OUT OF TOWN TONIGHT!



ROD CAMERON? EVERY GUN-SLINGER IN THE WEST WOULD LIKE TO TURN THAT RANNEY INTO A NOTCH ON HIS GUN!

FOLLOW US! THIS BACK ROOM IS SAFE, I RECHON!



BEAVER HAT CRAZE SENDS BEAVER PELTS SKYHIGH! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

WAIT! GET ME ONE OF THOSE PAPERS! I JUST GOT AN IDEA, A MIGHTY SLICK IDEA!

HERE'S YOUR PAPER, BLUE JAW! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



PLENTY! THIS BEAVER HAT FAD IS GOING TO GET ME OUT OF TOWN ON A GRUBSTAKE, AND WE'LL ALL CLEAN UP BESIDES!

HOW?

NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS! ARE YOU JASPERS WITH ME?

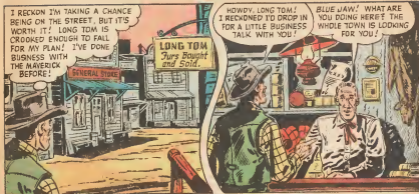
SURE, WE'RE WITH YOU! WHAT'S THE FIRST MOVE?



THE FIRST MOVE IS UP TO ME! JUST BE AT THE SUPPLY POST WITH AN EXTRA BRONC FOR ME RIGHT AFTER DARK! I'VE GOT A GRUBSTAKE TO WRANGLE OUT OF A CERTAIN JASPER.

WE'LL BE THERE, BLUE JAW!





I RECKON I'M TAKING A CHANCE BEING ON THE STREET, BUT IT'S WORTH IT! LONG TOM IS CROOKED ENOUGH TO FALL FOR MY PLAN! I'VE DONE BUSINESS WITH THE MAVERICK BEFORE!

HOWDY, LONG TOM! I RECKONED I'D DROP IN FOR A LITTLE BUSINESS TALK WITH YOU!

BLUE JAW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THE WHOLE TOWN IS LOOKING FOR YOU!

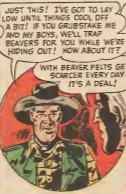
LONG TOM
Fur Bought
and Sold.

GENERAL STORE



RIGHT! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ALL THE BEAVER PELTS YOU CAN USE... AT HALF PRICE?

SOUNDS MIGHTY FINE! WHAT'S THE PROPOSITION?



JUST THIS! I'VE GOT TO LAY LOW UNTIL THINGS COOL OFF A BIT! IF YOU GRUBSTAKE ME AND MY BOYS, WE'LL TRAP BEAVERS FOR YOU WHILE WE'RE HIDING OUT! HOW ABOUT IT?

WITH BEAVER PELTS GETTING SCARCER EVERY DAY -- IT'S A DEAL!



HERE! TAKE THIS LETTER OF CREDIT TO THE SUPPLY POST AND GET THE TRAPS AND GRUB YOU NEED... BUT DON'T DOUBLE-CROSS ME!



DON'T WORRY! I'LL GET GOING RIGHT AWAY!



That night, outside the supply store...

THERE! I RECKON I'VE GOT EVERYTHING WE'LL NEED TO BUILD THAT FLOODGATE WITH!

ROD CAMERON! TAKE IT EASY! THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR IT!

I'LL GUN HIM DOWN NOW!

I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I AIM TO TRAIL HIM WHERE HE'S HEADING, AND BUSHWACK HIM THE FIRST CHANCE I GET!

THAT MAKES SENSE! LET'S GET WHAT WE NEED AND HIT THE TRAIL WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD!

At the supply store...

THIS LETTER OF CREDIT FROM LONG TOM LOOKS ALL RIGHT, I RECKON! WHAT DO YOU WANT -- BEAVER TRAPS AND GRUB?

NO! DYNAMITE AND GUNS AND A PILE OF GRUB! I'VE GOT MY OWN WAY OF GETTING BEAVER!

YOU'RE THE BOSS! THERE'S YOUR DYNAMITE, GUNS AND GRUB!

THAT'S FINE! LOAD THE PACK HORSES, BOYS, AND LET'S SHOVE DOWN THE TRAIL -- THE TRAIL OF ROD CAMERON!

RIGHT!

The following day, as Blue Jaw and his gang dog Rod Cameron's trail past the beaver dam at Big Fir Bend...

HIS TRAIL APPEARS TO BE HEADING FOR THE RANGLAND BELOW! SHALL WE TRAIL HIM OUT INTO THE OPEN FOR A SHOWDOWN?

THERE ARE BETTER WAYS OF BRINGING DOWN A MAVERICK AS FAST WITH HIS GUNS AS ROD CAMERON! WE'LL BUSHWACK HIM!

THERE GOES ROD CAMERON! LOOK! A PASSSEL OF COWMEN ARE RIDING OUT TO MEET HIM; I RECKON HE MUST BE RIDING FOR THAT OUTFIT!

WHAT ARE YOU FIXING TO DO WITH THAT DYNAMITE, BLUE JAW?

I'M GOING TO WIPE OUT THIS BEAVER COLONY WITH ONE BLAST! TRAPPING THE VARMINTS IS A HEAP TOO SLOW! I AIM TO CLEAN UP -- PRONTO!

WHICH MEANS WE'LL BE USING THIS TIMBERLAND TRAIL AGAIN, AND WHEN HE DOES, I'LL GET HIM, MY WAY!



Suddenly, the clatter of flying hoofs echoes down the Timberland Trail...

LOOK OUT, BOSS! HERE COMES ONE OF THOSE COWPUNCHING VARMINTS DOWN THE TRAIL!

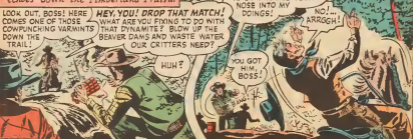
HEY, YOU! DROP THAT MATCH! WHAT ARE YOU FIXING TO DO WITH THAT DYNAMITE? BLOW UP THE BEAVER DAMS AND WASTE WATER OUR CRITTERS NEED?

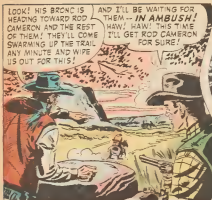
HUH?

THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO GO STICKING YOUR NOSE INTO MY DOINGS!

NO!... ARRGH!

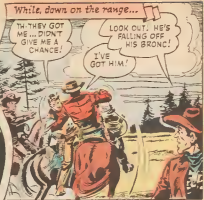
YOU GOT HIM, BOSS!





LOOK! HIS BRONC IS HEADING TOWARD ROD CAMERON AND THE REST OF THEM! THEY'LL COME SWARMING UP THE TRAIL ANY MINUTE AND WIPE US OUT FOR THIS!

AND I'LL BE WAITING FOR THEM -- **IN AMBUSH!** HAW! HAW! THIS TIME I'LL GET ROD CAMERON FOR SURE!

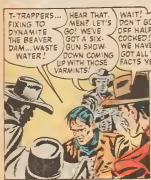


While, down on the range...

TH- THEY GOT ME... DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE!

LOOK OUT! HE'S FALLING OFF HIS BRONC!

I'VE GOT HIM!



T-TRAPPERS... FIXING TO DYNAMITE THE BEAVER DAM... WASTE WATER!

HEAR THAT, MEN? LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT A SIX-GUN SHOW DOWN COMING UP WITH THOSE VARMINTS!

WAIT! DON'T GO OFF HALF-COCKED! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL THE FACTS YET!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR PALAVER, ROD! THIS SHOOTING CALLS FOR **ACTION!**

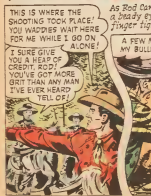
YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT IT CALLS FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF ACTION BY MEN WITH COOL HEADS AND STEADY HANDS! LET ME HANDLE THIS MY WAY!

ROD CAMERON IS PLUMB RIGHT! I'M BEHIND HIM!

ME, TOO!



IF WE RIDE IN ON THEM, SIX-GUNS IN HAND, THERE'S BOUND TO BE A HEAP OF BLOOD SPILLED! I AIM TO MEET THEM **ALONE** AND TALK THIS THING OVER. IF I NEED YOU, I RECKON YOU'LL KNOW IT BY THE SMELL OF GUNPOWDER!



THIS IS WHERE THE SHOOTING TOOK PLACE! YOU WADDIES WAIT HERE FOR ME WHILE I GO ON **ALONE!**

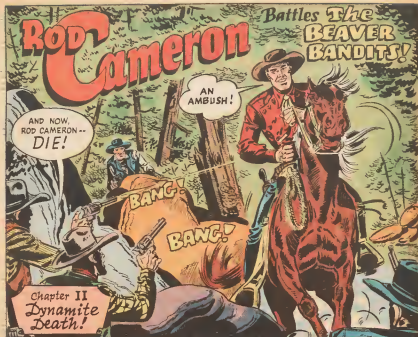
I SURE GIVE YOU A HEAP OF CREDIT, ROD! YOU'VE GOT MORE GRIT THAN ANY MAN I'VE EVER HEARD TELL OF!

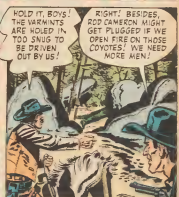
As Rod Cameron rides into the Jaws of Death, a beady eye gleams with hate and a trigger-finger tightens, striking without warning!

A FEW MORE YARDS AND HE'LL BE STOPPING MY BULLET! HA! HA! NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU NOW, ROD CAMERON!



CAN ANY POWER ON EARTH STAY HIS CERTAIN DOOM? Will Rod meet death at the hands of a cowardly assassin? Read **CHAPTER TWO** of **THE BEAVER BANDITS!**







WE'LL HIT BACK TO THE RANGE AND ROUND UP THE REST OF THE WADDIES AND PLUMB SURROUND THE COYOTES!

LET'S GO!

WE'LL BE BACK FOR A FINAL SHOWDOWN, YOU BUNCH OF POLECATS! AND ROD CAMERON BETTER BE ALIVE AND KICKING WHEN WE DO!

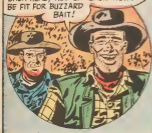
HAW! HAW! LOOK AT THEM COWPOKES YAMOOSE! BY THE TIME THEY GET BACK HERE, ROD CAMERON WON'T BE FIT FOR BUZZARD BAIT!

SHALL I VENTILATE HIM, BOSS?

NAW! PUT UP YOUR SHOOTING IRON! I'VE GOT BETTER PLANS! ROD CAMERON CAN WAIT! TIE HIM UP!

TIE HIM MIGHTY TIGHT! THIS ROD CAMERON IS POWERFUL SLIPPERY!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! HE'LL NEVER SLIP OVER THESE KNOTS! WHEN I TIE THEM-- THEY STAY TIED!



WHEW! MY HEAD... I'VE GOT TO CLEAR IT PRONTO AND LISTEN TO WHAT THESE POLECATS ARE SCHEMING ABOUT!

WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, BOSS?



JUST THIS! WE CAME OUT HERE FOR BEAVER PELTS AND WE'RE GETTING THEM! SAVVY?

YOU MEAN BY BLOWING UP THE BEAVER DAMS?





NAW! THAT'S A HEAP TOO SLOW! WE'LL TAKE THEM!

TAKE THEM? FROM WHO?



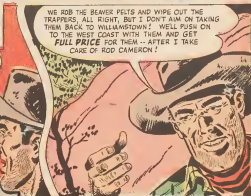
LISTEN! THERE'S A CABIN IN THE WOODS NOT FAR FROM HERE THAT THE TRAPPERS USE TO STORE THEIR PELTS IN UNTIL THEY'RE READY TO BRING THEM INTO WILLIAMSTOWN AND SELL THEM! SAVVVV?

SO THAT'S HIS GAME, EH?



YOU MEAN WE JUMP THE TRAPPERS, CLEAN THEM OUT OF PELTS AND SELL THEM TO THAT JASPER THAT GRUBSTAKED US AT HALF PRICE?

HAW! HAW! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!



WE ROB THE BEAVER PELTS AND WIPE OUT THE TRAPPERS, ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T AIM ON TAKING THEM BACK TO WILLIAMSTOWN! WE'LL PUSH ON TO THE WEST COAST WITH THEM AND GET FULL PRICE FOR THEM -- AFTER I TAKE CARE OF ROD CAMERON!



THAT'S A MIGHTY SUCK IDEA, BOSS! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH ROD CAMERON?

ONE OF YOU GUARD HIM WHILE THE REST OF US JUMP THE TRAPPERS AND GET THE BEAVER PELTS!

I'LL WATCH HIM!

KEEP A SHARP EYE ON HIM WHILE WE'RE GONE! HE'S A MIGHTY TRICKY CUSTOMER!



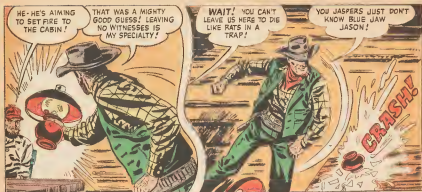
A few minutes later, near the cabin...

GET YOUR GUNS OUT, MEN! THERE'S THE CABIN UP AHEAD! WE'LL TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!

RIGHT!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! HE'LL BE HERE WHEN YOU GET BACK!





HE- HE'S AIMING TO SET FIRE TO THE CABIN!

THAT WAS A MIGHTY GOOD GUESS! LEAVING NO WITNESSES IS MY SPECIALTY!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T LEAVE US HERE TO DIE LIKE RATS IN A TRAP!

YOU JASPERS JUST DON'T KNOW BLUE JAW JASON!

CRASH!



SO LONG, SUCKERS! THEY SAY DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES!

YOU ORNERY SIDEWINDERS'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, BLUE JAW! YOU SURE BELIEVE IN DOING A THOROUGH JOB OF THINGS!

RIGHT! AND NOW FOR THE BEST PART OF IT ALL...

...GETTING RID OF ROD CAMERON!



A few minutes later...

I SEE YOU GOT THE PELTS, BOSS! THE TRAPPERS GIVE YOU ANY TROUBLE?

NAW! SLING THIS ROD CAMERON RANNY ACROSS HIS BRONC! I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO SETTLE WITH HIM!

WHAT ARE YOU FIXING TO DO WITH HIM, BOSS?

I AIM TO BLOW HIM AND THE BEAVER DAM TO BITS AT THE SAME TIME!



THAT'LL GET REVENGE ON THE COWMEN AND ROD CAMERON AT THE SAME TIME! MIGHTY CLEVER!

KNOCKING OFF TWO BIRDS WITH THE SAME STONE IS A HEAP BETTER THAN ONE!

WHAT ARE YOU AIMING TO DO WITH ME, YOU FOUR-FLUSHING POLECAT?

START SAYING YOUR PRAYERS, ROD CAMERON. WHILE YOU'VE GOT THE CHANCE!



I'LL TIE HIS BRONC TO THIS TREE TO PLAY SAFE BOSS! IF SOMEONE SPOTTED ROD CAMERON'S CAVUSE WITH US, IT WOULD COOK OUR GOOSE!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!



THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU, ROD CAMERON! WHEN YOU CROSSED BLUE JAW JASON YOU BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW, I RECKON!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT WHICH ONE OF US BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW! THIS GAME ISN'T DYER YET!



THE GAME'LL BE PLUMB OVER FOR YOU WHEN THIS FUSE SETS OFF THIS BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE! YOU AND THE BEAVER DAM WILL BE BLOWN SKY-HIGH!

YOU MANGY SIDE-WINDER!

SSSSSSSSSS!



SO LONG, ROD CAMERON! IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES YOU'LL BE BLOWN RIGHT INTO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS! YOU'RE PLUMB FINISHED!



C-C-CAN'T BUDGE THESE ROPES AND ... THAT FUSE IS BURNING MIGHTY FAST!

Is there any way that the daring **ROD CAMERON** can block the Grim Reaper, with so horrible an end but a few seconds away? And what of the range itself and the furore-maddened cattle? Will they also perish? Read **Chapter III** of **The BEAVER BANDITS!**

ROD Cameron Battles The BEAVER BANDITS!

Chapter III SIX-GUN SHOWDOWN

How will ROD CAMERON face his dilemma? It looks as if he's plumb caught between the devil and the deep-blue beaver dam!

IF I ROLL INTO THE WATER, I'LL EVENTUALLY DROWN, IF I DON'T, I'LL BE BLOWN UP AND THE RANGE CRITTERS WILL DIE OF THIRST! I RECKON THERE'S NOT MUCH CHOICE!



PSSSS-ST!

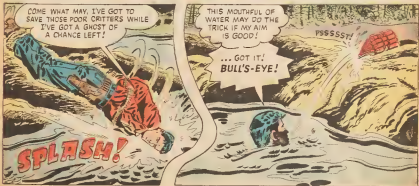
COME WHAT MAY, I'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE POOR CRITTERS WHILE I'VE GOT A GHOST OF A CHANCE LEFT!

THIS MOUTHFUL OF WATER MAY DO THE TRICK IF MY AIM IS GOOD!

... GOT IT!
BULL'S-EYE!

PSSSSST!

SPLASH!



WHEW! MY CLOTHES ARE DRAGGING ME DOWN! MY ONE REMAINING HOPE IS WAR PAINT!



THIS'LL BRING HIM ON THE DEAD RUN, IF HE CAN GET TO ME!



WAR PAINT CAN'T BREAK LOOSE AND NEITHER CAN I? SO LONG, WAR PAINT, OLD PARD! I RECKON THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL! I CAN'T KEEP AFLOAT MUCH LONGER!



Desperately, the great-hearted stallion fights his tether in a mighty effort to reach his beloved master! ... But it is hopeless!



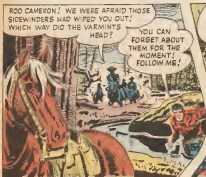
SPLASH!

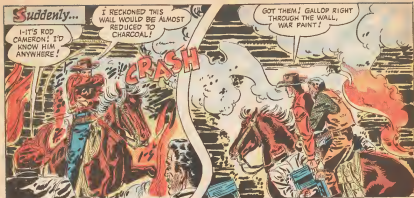
HEY! GET OFF ME! I'M HAVING IT HARD ENOUGH TO KEEP MYSELF AFLOAT WITHOUT GIVING ANY FREE RIDES!

GRIZZLING GRIZZLIES! H-HE'S CHEWING THROUGH MY ROPE! IT'S BUCKY!

But at that very moment...







Suddenly...

I-IT'S ROD CAMERON! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!

I RECKONED THIS WALL WOULD BE ALMOST REDUCED TO CHARCOAL!

GOT THEM! GALLOP RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL, WAR PAINT!

CRASH



MADE IT!

AND NOT A LICK TOO SOON!

IT WAS MIGHTY LUCKY WE PUT IN THAT GREEN FLOOR THIS MONTH! THAT KEPT IT FROM TAKING FIRE TOO QUICK!

THANKS, ROD! YOU'VE PLUMB SAVED OUR LIVES!

NO TIME FOR THAT NOW! THERE'S STILL A HEAP TO BE DONE!

CRASH!



ROD CAMERON GOT HERE AHEAD OF US AND SAVED THEM BY HIMSELF!

HEAD FOR BEAVER DAM! WE'LL BE BACK WITH THE PELTS THOSE VARMINTS RUSTLED FROM YOU--AND THE VARMINTS THEMSELVES!

WE'LL BE THERE! GOOD LUCK!



LET'S GO, MEN! WE'VE GOT A PASSEL OF TINHORNS TO CORRAL!

RIGHT!



FASTER, WAR PAINT! I AIM TO LEAVE THE REST OF THE WADDIES BEHIND! THERE'S BOUND TO BE A HEAP OF POWDER BURNT WHEN I MEET UP WITH THOSE MAVERICKS AND I DON'T WANT THEM STOPPING ANY LEAD!



LOOK IT'S
ROD CAMERON
ON OUR TRAIL!

IT CAN'T BE! WE KILLED
HIM! IT'S HIS
G-GHOST!



GUN HIM
DOWN! WE
OUTNUMBER
HIM!

DON'T MAKE
A MOVE FOR
YOUR
GUNS!



As the badmen flash their
lightning draws, Rod Cameron's
deft hands blize toward his
Six-guns...

OW! HE'S
GREASED
LIGHTNING!

UGH! MY
SHOULDER!

BANG!
BANG!



I'M MAKING TRACKS
OUT OF HERE PRONTO!
YOU'RE NOT
TAKING ME,
ROD CAMERON!



GET YOUR PAWS
UP AND KEEP
THEM THERE,
YOU PACK OF
YELLOW
COYOTES!

DON'T DRILL
US! WE
QUIT!



WELL, I'LL BE
HOG-TIED! ROD'S
ROUNDED UP THE
WHOLE MESS OF
THEM SINGLE-
HANDED!

COVER THESE
VARMINTS WHILE
I HIT THE TRAIL
AFTER THE
LAST OF THEM!



WHO
IS
HE?

BLUE JAW
JASON--THE
BEAVER
BANDIT!

A few minutes later...



I'LL KNOW YOU DEAD, YOU...
UGH!

ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS!

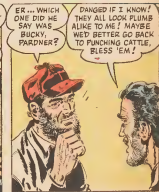
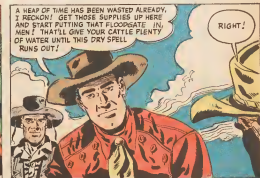
FROM HERE ON IN, I RECHON THEY'LL BE CALLING YOU **BLACK** AND **BLUE JAW** JASON!

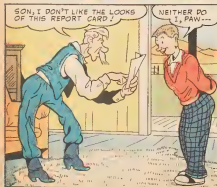
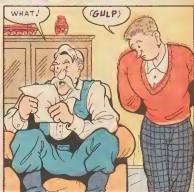
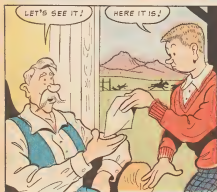
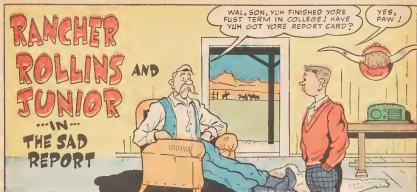
D-DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! I QUIT!

ON YOUR FEET, YOU MANDY POLECAT! I THOUGHT YOU'D QUIT ON ME JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING WARMED UP!

CRACK!

ARRGGH!





Riding Trail
with
Rod CAMERON
9172 SUNSET BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIF.



Howdy, Folks!

I reckon I'll start this letter by telling you how much I enjoyed reading all the letters that have been coming my way from all over the country. I wish I could answer each one of them separately, but if I did, I reckon I wouldn't have time for anything else. That's why we have this page so that I can write to all you buckeroos at the same time.



War Paint and I went rambling down one of the oldest trails in the West - the Camino Real - the other day, to see some of the missions the Spanish padres built along the trail they blazed. Those old padres were mighty kind and helpful folks as well as being mighty brave. They didn't just think of themselves, but of everybody - even the folks who'd be coming along long after they were gone.

They put bells in the towers of all their missions, so that folks going West in the years ahead could get their bearings by following the sound of those mission bells. That was a right smart thing those Spanish padres did - and mighty helpful, too, I reckon. They did all this hundreds of years ago, long before the Mayflower hoisted anchor to sail to America, but it's a still mighty important thing to look out for the welfare of other folks.



Well, folks, it's been mighty nice riding part of the trail with you this way. I'll come riding your way again soon on this same page, but meanwhile put a point on your pencil and drop War Paint and me a line or two real pronto. We sure look forward to hearing from everyone of you!



Your Pard,

Rod Cameron



UNDER SUSPICION

By Clement Good



COLONEL CRAGGS hired William Berstam. Stock, the foreman, didn't much like it. He didn't like it on general principles. As foreman, it was his job to hire the cowhands, and work with them, and make sure they earned their pay. It was his job to size them up.

And he didn't like it for a couple of other reasons. He didn't like the look in William Berstam's eyes. Those eyes were keen, searching. They looked right through you—maybe beyond you. To Ken Stock, the foreman, they seemed to be looking around for what they could steal.

Ken Stock disliked William Berstam for still a third reason. He could not trust a man who was called *William*. It just seemed wrong. It seemed like putting on airs. Ken would have hated, just as strongly, anyone called "Kenneth," which was his own name. Why didn't William Berstam call himself "Bill"? No, Ken Stock definitely did not like his new hired hand.

The foreman awaited his chance, and when he got Colonel Craggs alone, he spoke to him about it. "I don't like the looks of this man Berstam," he said.

"Why?" asked the Colonel, looking up with round eyes.

Oddly enough, Ken Stock wasn't prepared for this simple one-word question. He fumbled. He looked at the ceiling. He looked at the floor.

"Why?" repeated Colonel Craggs.

"I dunno. I just got a feeling," said the foreman, at last finding voice. "He jest doesn't set right with me, somehow!"

The ranch owner chuckled. "Not much reason there, my boy!" The Colonel stretched his legs out and warmed his toes before the crackling fire in the fireplace.

Ken sounded a little desperate as he said, "I'm warning you, Colonel! I've got a hunch about this hombre. The way he looks at you! He's up to no good! You know how much rustling's been going on in these parts!"

However, the colonel seemed unimpressed. He chuckled again and said, "Ken Stock, I'm a good judge of human critters. I looked this hombre right in the eye, and I picked him. I say he's right as rain. You let him be."

"But . . ." The embarrassed foreman's one word was cut short.

"Remember," said Colonel Craggs, "that I picked me out a foreman when all the world said he was a hoss thief. I've never regretted that—up to now!"

Blushing, Ken Stock retired.

It was true that Colonel Craggs had saved Ken Stock from being branded a horse thief. He had, in fact, probably saved him from lynching. When Ken was arrested, several years ago, things looked very black for the young man. Circumstantial evidence was against him. He was friendless in a strange town. As by a miracle, Colonel Craggs had come to the jail, looked the young man over, talked to him, and become convinced of his innocence. The Colonel had gone right down the line to free the young man and clear his name, even to hiring the best lawyer in the territory.

A fierce loyalty to the Colonel burned in the soul of Ken Stock. He determined that this new man, *William Berstam* would not get away with anything. "If he does, it'll be over my dead body!" thought Ken, grimly.

THE bunkhouse was not quite pitch dark. A fading moon sent just enough light through the windows to make the interior grey-black. Some of the men slept peacefully and soundlessly after a hard day in the saddle. Others, sleeping just as hard, gave forth with raucous snores, snores to rival the sounds of a zoo at feeding time.

Foreman Ken Stock was snoring, too, but his snore was a fake. His half-closed eyes were firmly riveted on the black form of the new man, Berstam, just two bunks away. Ken was lying on his left side in order to keep Berstam fully in view. He did not see or hear the three



men behind him, who quietly crept off their bunks and noiselessly exited through the open window at the far end of the bunkhouse.

Ken saw Berstam rise. He could tell, even in the grey light, that Berstam was fully clothed, even to the pair of .45's strapped by his sides. Catlike he moved along the line of bunks, past the sleepers to the open window. He slid through and moved into the shadows. Cautiously the foreman followed.

"I knew that sidewinder was up to no good!" thought Ken. "I can't savvy how Colonel Craggs was taken in so! But whatever his dirty business is, I won't let him get away with it!"

Ken could hear the muffled hoofbeats of Berstam's horse moving at an easy even pace toward the arroyo. Far ahead he could hear the lowing of cattle. He held his own mount in check, careful not to overtake the other, as he tried to plan his own action. His mind summed up the situation.

HE knew there were two capable, trusted men riding herd, good men with guns and hard fists. However, if Berstam got the jump on them, surprised them, took them out one at a time, their two-to-one advantage would be lost. Besides, there was always the chance that Berstam had confederates waiting out here for some signal.

The twisting trail and deep shadows kept Berstam's mount well out of sight, but Ken could hear its even cloppity-clop tread. He decided to wait until they were almost upon the herd before showing his hand. A low hanging tree loomed ahead across the trail. Ken ducked low to go under the tree.

Without warning, something hit him and pulled him off his horse. His attempted cry was muffled to nothingness by a steel-like hand across his mouth. A bandana replaced the hand, cut at his lips, and kept him silent. Before he could put up a struggle, his hands and feet were tied.

In silent, frustrated rage, he watched the tall familiar figure of Berstam step away from him, mount Ken's own horse, and ride off toward the sound of lowing cattle.

Ken struggled desperately with his bonds, till his wrists were bleeding and his ankles sore. He couldn't budge. He chewed on his gag till he nearly choked, but he had no luck,

In the distance he heard the gentle lowing of the cattle change to frightened bellowing, he heard shots and shouts. His ears were so keenly strained toward the shots and the herd that it wasn't till the last minute he heard hoofbeats approaching on the trail from the ranch house.

Colonel Craggs dismounted. "Well, Ken, what's all this?" exclaimed the Colonel, as he sliced the gag with his hunting knife, then set to work on Ken's other bonds.

"That man Berstam! *William Berstam!* He's a rustler!" cried Ken.

"I deny it!" drawled a voice behind him.

Ken whirled. He saw Berstam, mounted, and behind him, tied to a long rope, were three walking figures—the three men who had first sneaked out of the bunkhouse.

A fresh fire crackled merrily in the big open fireplace of the ranch house. The first light of dawn was beginning to glow beyond the mountains. Ken Stock thoughtfully sipped his black coffee, and William Berstam thoughtfully sipped his. Colonel Craggs leaned back, puffing on his black panatella, and chuckled.

"Ken," he said, "I reckon maybe I should have told you right off that William Berstam here wasn't just an ordinary cowpuncher but a special agent from the U. S. Marshal's anti-rustling division. However, he made me promise not to tell anybody. See, he got a tip that some men on our spread were tied up with a rustling outfit, and he didn't want *anybody* to see his hand."

"Matter of fact, I suspected you, Stock," said Berstam. "Something about the way you looked at me. No hard feelings, I hope."

KEN emitted a wry chuckle. "No hard feelings. To tell the truth, I reckon I sized you up mostly on account of your name. Why do you use that handle, *William?*"

It was Berstam's turn to chuckle drily. "My father's name is William, too, but they call him Bill. If I hadn't chosen the name William, they'd be calling me *Junior*. Do you still blame me?"

Colonel Craggs got such a fit of laughing he spilled brown coffee all over his white vest.

SAM *the* SHERIFF

... AND ...
THE ESCAPED PRISONER

I WONDER WHAT'S IN THIS ENVELOPE FROM THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE! WAL, I'LL OPEN IT AND SEE 'HAWF' IT'S A PICTURE OF AN ESCAPED PRISONER!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

GOSH, HE SHORE IS A POWERFUL TOUGH-LOOKING HONKER! I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT TUH TANGLE WITH HIM!

**WANTED:
DEAD OR ALIVE!**

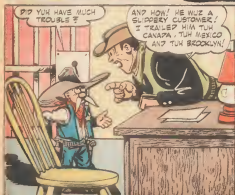
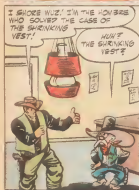
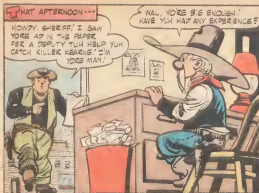


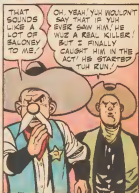
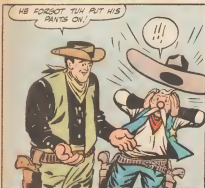
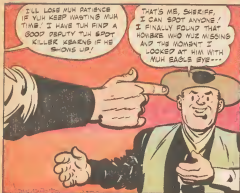
**KILLER KEARNS
ESCAPED PRISONER**

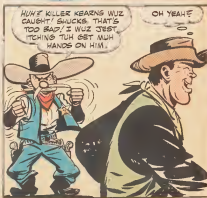
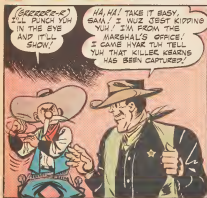
HUNT THAT'S A NOTE ON THE BACK OF THE POSTER! LET'S SEE WHAT--- (GULP) IT SAYS KILLER KEARNS WUZ LAST SEEN HEADING FOR THESE PARTS AND THAT I SHOULD BE ON THE LOOKOUT FER HIM!

(GULP) IF THAT MURDERING WORMINT IS COMING HYAR, THAT'S ONLY ONE THING FER ME TUH DO--- GET MYSELF A POWERFUL DEPUTY!

I'LL GO PUT AN AD IN THE PAPER FER A DEPUTY! BY THIS AFTERNOON SOME BE STRONG HONKERS SHOULD BE ANSWERING IT! THAT'S NO TIME TUH LOSE! THAT KILLER MAY SHOW UP AT ANY TIME!



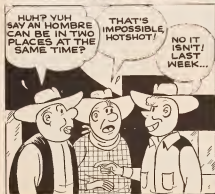
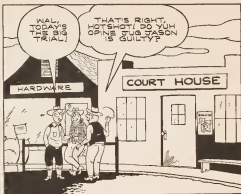




HOTSHOT

HORACE

LOVES HIS HOME!





ROD CAMERON

GUN-SLINGING HERO OF THE WEST

CHARLES MACKAY / PUBLISHED BY DC COMICS

THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration by [unreadable]

For Sale #100

June 22, 1960



For Sale #100