

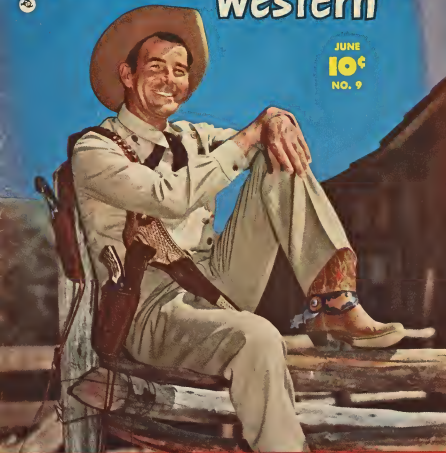
Rod Cameron

western

A Fawcett Publication



JUNE
10¢
NO. 9



THE VIGILANTE OF THE PLAINS BATTLES A NEST OF KILLERS AMIDST
A HAIL OF BULLETS IN... ***THE RUSTLERS' RUSE!***

AMBLING ANDY SQUEAKY CHORE!



(YAWN) NOW PLEASE BE A GOOD BOY AND LET ME SLEEP! DON'T KEEP WAKING ME UP LIKE YUH DID LAST NIGHT!

ALL RIGHT, UNCLE ANDY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.....



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

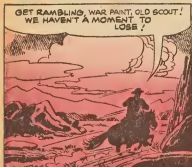
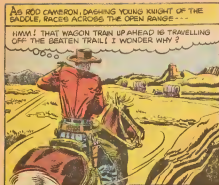
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
 WHITE COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
 CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
 ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB COLT
 MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

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

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



Blanking prejudices fanned into raw hatred by vicious badmen who aimed on ripping the law asunder to gain their own ginister ends! These were the forces that the indomitable Rod Cameron met in head on combat as he battled *The Flame Salters!*





TALK UP, MISTER! YOU'VE GOT A HEAP OF EXPLAINING TO DO!

WHEREVER I AND MY PEOPLE TURN, THE HAND OF MAN IS RAISED AGAINST US BECAUSE WE ARE GYPSIES! THAT IS WHY WE SEEK A PEACEFUL LAND WHERE WE CAN SETTLE AMONG GOOD NEIGHBORS!



THAT DOESN'T ALLOW YOU THE RIGHT TO GO TRYING TO BUSHWHACK ME WHEN ALL I WAS AIMING TO DO WAS HELP YOU FOLKS.

THEN YOU ARE NOT LIKE THE OTHERS? YOU HELP US?



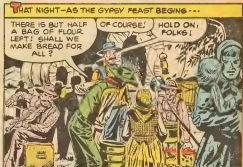
RIGHT! YOU FOLKS WERE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THOSE QUICKSAND BOTTOMS AHEAD!

YOU ARE INDEED A FRIEND! YOU MUST STAY AND BREAK BREAD WITH US! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?



ROD CAMERON'S MY HANDLE, AND I'D BE MIGHTY PLEASED TO EAT WITH YOU.

GOOD! WHAT WE HAVE IS YOURS, ROD CAMERON! START THE COOK FIRES, MY PEOPLE! TONIGHT WE EAT DRINK AND DANCE IN HONOR OF ROD CAMERON!



WHAT NIGHT—AS THE GYPSY FEAST BEGINS...

THERE IS BUT HALF A BAG OF FLOUR LEFT!

OF COURSE!

HOLD ON, FOLKS!

LETT! SHALL WE MAKE BREAD FOR ALL?



THIS SHINDIG IN MY HONOR IS PLUMB NICE OF YOU FOLKS, BUT SEEING AS HOW YOUR SUPPLIES ARE RUNNING MIGHTY LOW, IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!



WITH A ROUNDABOUT TRAIL TO TRAVEL, SKIRTING THE QUICKSAND PITS, YOUR SUPPLIES WON'T HOLD OUT TO SEE YOU SAFELY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS AHEAD!

YOU ARE RIGHT! WHAT WILL WE DO?



THERE'S A TOWN SOUTH OF HERE WHERE YOU CAN GET SUPPLIES! GET THE WAGONS ROLLING AT DAWN FOR AN EARLY START! I'LL BE MIGHTY GLAD TO GUIDE YOU INTO TOWN!

GOOD! WE SHALL TURN IN AT ONCE!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

WE SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT WE OWE YOU OUR LIVES, ROD CAMERON!

SHUCKS! IT'S NO MORE THAN ANYONE WOULD DO!



THERE'S RIMROCK PUEBLO UP YONDER! I RECKON YOU FOLKS WILL BE ABLE TO GET SUPPLIES YOU NEED THERE!



WHILE IN TOWN--

LOOK, SNAKE! A PASSSEL OF GYPSIES HEADING THIS WAY!

GYPSIES, EH? WE'LL GIVE THE WARMINTS A HOT RECEPTION AND SEND THEM ON THEIR WAY FRONTO!

YEAH! THEY'RE NOT OUR KIND!



HOLD ON! WHERE DO YOU GYPSIES THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WE WANT NO TROUBLE! WE CAME ONLY TO BUY NEEDED SUPPLIES! THEN WE WILL BE ON OUR WAY!



MAKE TRACKS OUT OF HERE WHILE YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE! WE DON'T GELL TO GYPSIES!



HOLSTER THAT KIND OF TALK, MISTER! WHAT HAVE THESE FOLKS DONE TO YOU?

THEY'RE A PASSSEL OF THEIVING VAR-MINTS AND WE DON'T COTTON TO THEIR KIND HERE--OR THOSE THAT DO!



WHO YOU COTTON TO DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE, ANSTER! THESE FOLKS CAME HERE TO BUY SUPPLIES AND I AIM TO SEE THAT NO BIG-TALKING JASPER LIKE YOU MESSES WITH THEM! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?



I'M SNAKE WINTHROP — THE FASTEST GUN-SLINGER THAT EVER SLAPPED LEATHER! AND WHAT I SAY GOES IN THESE PARTS!

AND I'M ROD CAMERON AND WHAT YOU SAY IN THESE OR ANY OTHER PARTS GOES THROUGH ONE EAR AND OUT THE OTHER!



WHY YOU GYPSEY-LOVING TINHORN, I'LL TEACH YOU ---

DON'T REACH FOR THAT GUN!



M-MY ARM!

ANYONE ELSE HANKERING TO TRY HIS HAND AT SLAPPING LEATHER WITH ME?

BANG!



NOT US!

THAT'S A HEAP MORE LIKE IT! SINCE YOU SIDEWINDERS HAVE PULLED IN YOUR HORNS, I RECKON MY FRIENDS HERE WILL GET ON WITH THEIR BUSINESS OF BUYING SUPPLIES!



GIVE THESE FOLKS WHAT-EVER THEY NEED, MASTER!

I'LL GET THAT ROD CAMERON IN THE BACK!

PEST! PUT UP YOUR SIX-GUNS! I'VE GOT BETTER PLANS!



ONE OF YOU BOYS SLIP AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE WAGON AND SET THEM ON FIRE! WE'LL SHOW THE VARMINTS!

RIGHT! LEAVE IT TO MR. BOSS!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

FIRE! HELP! FIRE! SOMEONE HAS SET A WAGON AFIRE!

SO THAT'S THEIR ROTTEN GAME, IS IT!



MAN THE BUCKETS, MEN! WE'LL DOUSE THE FIRE BEFORE IT SPREADS!

THIS MUST BE THE WORK OF THOSE WHO HATE US!



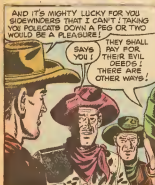
IT'S ALL RIGHT, PARD: THIS WILL PUT IT OUT! IT'S A GOOD THING WE GOT TO IT BEFORE IT HAD A CHANCE TO REALLY GET STARTED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GYPSY? SOMEBODY GIVING YOU A HARD TIME? HA! HA!



YOU SHALL PAY FOR THIS!

YEAH? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING AND THE SAME GOES FOR YOUR TINHORN FRENDO, ROD CAMERON!



AND IT'S MIGHTY LUCKY FOR YOU SIOEWINDERS THAT I CAN'T! TAKING YOU POLICATS DOWN A PEG OR TWO WOULD BE A PLEASURE!

THEY SHALL PAY FOR THEIR EVIL DEEDS! THERE ARE OTHER WAYS!



THE FIRE CURSE OF THE GYPSY - UPON THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! LET THE HAND THAT USES FIRE BE UNDONE BY IT! I HAVE SPOKEN!

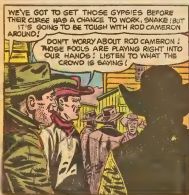
YEAH, AND NOW YOU CAN PULL FREIGHT, YOU GYPSY VARMINT!



SO LONG, FAREWELL, ROD CAMERON, MY FRIEND! THEY CHALL FEEL THE WEIGHT OF MY CURSE!

GOOH! SUPPOSE THE WHOLE TOWN GETS JINXED! WHAT'LL WE DO?

HA! HA!



WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE GYPSIES BEFORE THEIR CURSE HAS A CHANCE TO WORK, SNAKE! BUT IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH WITH ROD CAMERON AROUND!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ROD CAMERON! THOSE FOOLS ARE PLAYING RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS! LISTEN TO WHAT THE CROWD IS SAYING!



MAYBE THIS WHOLE TOWN'LL BE WIPEO OUT BY FIRE! I HEARD TELL GYPSIES ARE PLUMB UNCANNY WHEN IT COMES TO CURSES AND SUCH!

RIGHT! WHAT PROTECTION HAS ANYONE GOT AGAINST A CURSE? I DON'T LIKE THIS!

HEAR THAT?



THOSE VARMINTS ARE UP TO SOMETHING THAT'LL BEAR WATCHING!

THEY'RE PLUMB SCARED OF THE CURSE HITTING THE TOWN AND THEM!

I AIM TO MAKE THAT CURSE WIPE OUT ROD CAMERON AND THE GYPSIES AND CLEAN UP AT THE SAME TIME!



SOUNDS MIGHTY SLICK, BUT HOW?

I'M GOING IN HERE TO HAVE SOME FIRE INSURANCE POLICIES PRINTED — BECAUSE WE'RE GOING INTO THE FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS! I'LL SEE YOU BOYS LATER, WE'VE GOT A JOB TO PULL TONIGHT!



WATER THAT NIGHT ---

WHAT KIND OF A JOB ARE YOU AIMING TO PULL, SNAKE?

WE'RE BUSTING INTO THAT DRUGSTORE! THERE'S A COUPLE OF THINGS IN THERE WE'RE GOING TO NEED TO HELP OUR FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS ALONG.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE DRUGSTORE ---

AH, THESE EMPTY CAPSULES ARE WHAT I WANT! NOW TO GET THE OTHER STUFF AND WE'LL BE THROUGH!

EMPTY CAPSULES! HAVE YOU GONE LOCO?



I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! HERE'S THE OTHER THING I NEED! LET'S MAKE TRACKS OUT OF HERE, PRONTO!

SUITS ME! THIS WHOLE THING IS OVER MY HEAD!



THE NEXT DAY -- LAST NIGHT FRETTING ABOUT THAT CONSNARED CURSE!

I DIDN'T CATCH A WINK OF SLEEP

HA! HA! THERE'S NOTHING TO ALL THIS CURSE HOCUS-POCUS!



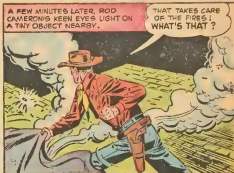
AND TO SHOW YOU FOLKS HOW LITTLE I THINK OF THE FIRE CURSE, I'M OFFERING YOU FOLKS FIRE INSURANCE! IN OTHER WORDS, IF THE FIRE CURSE HITS — IT'LL HIT NOBODY BUT ME!





GET WET BLANKETS, MEN, AND GET ABOARD THESE ROOFTOPS AND START SLAPPING THESE FIRES OUT!

RIGHT, ROD!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, ROD CAMERON'S KEEN EYES LIGHT ON A TINY OBJECT NEARBY.

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FIRES! WHAT'S THAT?



HMM! A CAPSULE OF PHOSPHORUS WITH FAINT POWDER MARKS ON IT! THIS IS BEGINNING TO ADD UP TO A HEAP MORE THAN I RECKONED! I'M KEEPING THIS LITTLE FIRE BOMB FOR FUTURE REFERENCE!



MEANWHILE I AM TO CHECK ON WHAT SNAKE IS UP TO!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE WARMINT IS CLEANING UP! SELLING PHONY FIRE INSURANCE!

LOOK, BOGS! HERE COMES ROD CAMERON AIMING TO SPOIL OUR GAME!



HOLD ON, FOLKS! DON'T LET THESE TINHORN SUCK-TALK YOU OUT OF YOUR HARD-EARNED DINERO! THEY'RE AS CROOKED AS A BARREL OF FISH-HOOKS AND I AM TO PROVE IT!

GET HIM! HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THE GYPSIES!



SUDDENLY SNAKE STRIKES!

THAT'S THE END OF ROD CAMERON!

GOT HIM!



HIT THE SADDLE AND FOLLOW US, MEN! ROD CAMERON IS DEAD! LET'S SEND HIS GYPSY BARD TO JOIN HIM!

RIGHT! THAT'LL WIPE OUT THE CURSE HE BERT ON US ALL!

WE'LL STRING THAT GYPSY UP PRONTO; WITH ROD CAMERON OUT OF THE WAY, THERE'S NO ONE TO STOP US!

WHEN! MY HEAD! I'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE WARMINTS! I'M MIGHTY LUCKY THAT BULLET JUST CREAGED ME!



FASTER, WAR PAINT! USING THIS SHORT CUT WILL SAVE US A HEAP OF GROUND! WE OUGHT TO CUT ACROSS THE GYPSY WAGON TRAIN'S TRAIL UP AHEAD!



...THE QUICKEST WAY IS THIS WAY!

IT'S ROD CAMERON! AFTER HIM, MEN! WE'LL WIPE THEM BOTH OUT THIS TIME!



HANG ON, CHIEF! I'LL GET YOU TO A SAFE PLACE PRONTO!

SHOOT TO KILL!

BANG
BANG
BANG



GET GOING, WAR PAINT!



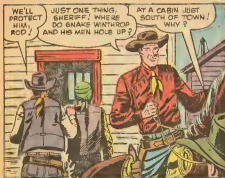
THERE THEY ARE! COME ON, WAR PAINT! WE'VE GOT TO PUT A CRIMP IN SNAKE'S GAME PRONTO AND...



BACK IN TOWN--

QUICK, SHERIFF! TAKE MY FRIEND INTO THE JAILHOUSE AND GET READY TO HOLD THE LYNCHERS OFF! THEY'RE HEADING THIS WAY!

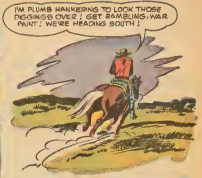




WE'LL PROTECT HIM, ROD!

JUST ONE THING, SHERIFF! WHERE DO SNAKE WINTHROP AND HIS MEN HOLD UP?

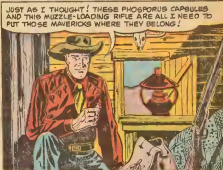
AT A CABIN JUST SOUTH OF TOWN! WHY?



I'M PLUMB HANKERING TO LOOK THOSE DIGGINGS OVER! GET RAMBLING, WAR PAINT! WE'RE HEADING SOUTH!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER—AT THE CABIN...

WHOA, WAR PAINT! NOW TO SEE IF WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR IS HERE! IF IT IS—I'LL HAVE THE PROOF I'M AFTER TO PUT THOSE VARMINTS BEHIND BARS!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THESE PHOSPHORUS CAPSULES AND THIS MUZZLE-LOADING RIFLE ARE ALL I NEED TO PUT THOSE MAVERICKS WHERE THEY BELONG!

AT THAT MOMENT, BACK IN TOWN----

THE GYPSY MUST BE HOLED UP IN THE JAIL-HOUSE!

RIGHT! YOU JASPER'S STORM IN THE JAIL WHILE ME AND MY BOY TRACK DOWN ROD CAMERON!

STAND BACK, YOU PASSES OF KILL-CRAZY MAVERICKS!



WE'RE STANDING FOUR-SQUARE BEHIND OUR DUTY TO THE LAST BULLET! VAMOOSE, YOU LAWLESS COYOTES!

HAND OVER THAT GYPSY, SHERIFF, OR WE'RE BUSTING IN AND TAKING THE VARMINT!



MEANWHILE---

THERE'S A LIGHT INSIDE THE CABIN, BOSS! ROD CAMERON MUST BE IN THERE!

THAT'S FINE! THIS TIME HE'S TRAPPED! SHOOT TO KILL ON SIGHT!

RIGHT!







Howdy, Pals,

I WAS OUT IN WAR PAINT'S CORRAL THIS MORNING GIVING HIM HIS MORNING'S CURRYING WHEN I SAW THE POSTMAN RIDING UP WITH A SACKFUL OF MAIL. LATER, AS I SAT ON A CORRAL BAR READING MY LETTERS, WAR PAINT KEPT TURNING HIS HEAD TO LOOK AT ME EVERY LITTLE WHILE, AND WHEN I DIDN'T PAY ATTENTION HE NUGGED ME AS IF TO SAY, "AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING, ROD?" I GOT THE POINT AND PICKED UP WHERE I LEFT OFF CURRYING HIM. IT SEEMS WAR PAINT WAS TELLING ME TO FINISH A JOB ONCE YOU START ONE, AND HE HAD A MIGHTY STRONG POINT THERE.



WAR PAINT LIKES TO BE BRUSHED DOWN WITH PLENTY OF STRENGTH BEHIND EACH STROKE, BUT MY MIND MUST HAVE GONE BACK TO THE MAIL AND I RECKON I SLACKED UP, BECAUSE WAR PAINT LET ME KNOW IT. SOME FOLKS SIT BACK AND GRUMBLE WHEN THINGS AREN'T GOING JUST RIGHT, BUT NOT WAR PAINT-- HE DOES SOMETHING ABOUT IT, PRONTO!

THERE'S A LOT OF GOOD HORSE SENSE IN THAT. DON'T JUST GRIPE AND WAIT AROUND FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO COME ALONG AND STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT FOR YOU -- PITCH RIGHT IN AND DO IT YOURSELF!

WELL, PARDS, BE GOOD TO ONE ANOTHER! I'LL BE RIDING YOUR WAY AGAIN MIGHTY SOON.

YOUR PARDNER,

Rod Cameron

P.S. - ALL YOU
PARDS WHO
WOULD LIKE
MY PICTURE,
JUST SEND
ALONG YOUR
REQUEST AND
MONEY.

"11" x 14" _____ \$ 1.00

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THE SHERIFF MAKES A SWAP



By Alan Hay



IN THE Red Ace bar Lem Sikes was busy shooting at bottles. Every time he hit one he laughed, and thought of the little jail just down the street. "This is gonna make us famous," he roared to brother Rufe. "Wait till the country hears what we done! Locking that mangy sheriff in his own jail—hah—hah—and taking over his town!"

Rufe missed a bottle and roared with laughter. "You're sure right, brother! I got the shakes from laughing so hard! Can't hit a thing with this here hogleg! Not a thing. . . ." And he went off into another gale of laughter.

In the narrow cell, listening to the uproar, Ranny Lawson felt the bitterness crawl in him like slow-working poison. A fine sheriff he was! Sworn to uphold law and order, to protect honest citizens, and to maintain the peace. So where was he? A prisoner in his own jail!

It happened so fast. Last night, coming back to the jail and his office after dark, he walked squarely into the trap. Burly figures closed in from the shadows, throwing and disarming him before he had a chance. He had been hustled into a cell to a chorus of hoarse jeers, locked in with his own keys while a circle of bearded, grinning faces looked on with relish.

Ranny Lawson groaned aloud. Even if they didn't kill him before they left—and they probably would—he would be ruined. Folks would laugh him out of the West! He'd have to change his name and go far away. The ends of the earth wouldn't be far enough. Ranny groaned again. To have this happen when he'd only been sheriff three months! At that he had been appointed over the objections of those who wanted an older man, who thought Ranny didn't have the experience or the gumption to make a good sheriff. Ranny walked to the steel bars, set so firmly into the adobe, and shook them in futile rage. Just last month he'd had the jail rebuilt, strengthened, for this . . .

One of Sikes' men, left to guard the jail, heard Ranny's groans and came to investigate. A lanky outlaw with gray stubble on his face and teeth like yellow fangs. He peered through the bars at Ranny.

"Something wrong, Sheriff? You just speak up if there is, now. Rufe and Lem said you should be comfortable! Don't want no complaining about this here jail!" The yellow

teeth glinted in a cruel grin.

Over the grinning bandit's shoulder Ranny could see his old Sharps hanging over the desk, the buffalo gun his Dad had left him. He always had it loaded. Oh, if he could just get his hands on it now, for one instant! What a lesson he would teach these mocking killers . . .

The guard went away and came back with a tin bucket of water. This he shoved into the cell, all the time keeping Ranny covered. "I reckon you're thirsty, Sheriff. Can't have that, especially when we're trying to run such a nice jail. Now you just drink all you want."

Ranny tasted the water, spat it out on the adobe floor. Salty! New rage churned in him as the guard went off into gales of laughter. Finally, still laughing, he went away. Ranny went back to the iron cot and sank down, his head in his hands. He was helpless as a baby.

Pesky, the pack rat, came out of his tiny hole in the adobe wall and stared at Ranny with bright little eyes. He was an old rat, his whiskers and fur streaked with gray. He had been around the jail for months now, popping in and out, harming nothing, and Ranny had not bothered him. Now he sat on his haunches and stared at the young sheriff, almost as though he were looking for something, expecting something.

"Go away," said Ranny miserably. "Go away, Pesky. You don't know how lucky you are."

Pesky did go away, but a moment later he was back. This time he was carrying something in his mouth. He dropped the object on the floor and dived back into his hole. Ranny stared, the hair prickling on the nape of his neck. Pesky had brought him a bullet! A regular .45 caliber slug of the type every puncher wore in his belt. Ranny picked it up, turning it over in his fingers. The once shiny case was now tarnished black with rust and dirt. Probably, thought Ranny, it no longer sparkled enough to attract Pesky. Pack rats liked only shiny objects . . .

Pack rats! Ranny remembered his Dad using a certain phrase: "As honest as a pack rat." No matter what they took, they always brought something to replace it. And Pesky was a pack rat! He had brought Ranny a bullet, something that would be easy for him to find in and around the town, where men dropped them, or perhaps Pesky had gotten into the general store and

looted a cartridge box. Now, because they were rusty, he was giving them to Ranny.

The idea began to grow. Ranny looked at the hole in the adobe, saw shiny eyes blinking out at him. Pesky wanted to swap . . .

A wild, incredible hope rose in the sheriff. It just might work! How many of the bullets did Pesky have in his secret hoard? Was this the only one?

Ranny went to work. He needed something shiny, first of all. Such as the buttons on his new jeans, of glinting brass. Ranny ripped off one of the buttons, polished it to a new gloss on his leg, and put it close to the hole where Pesky lurked. He waited, hardly breathing. Suddenly there was a flash of gray fur and the button was gone. A minute later Pesky was back—with a rusty belt buckle in his mouth.

"No!" groaned Ranny, but softly. He didn't want the guard coming to see what was wrong. "No! You little cheater! Bullets! Cartridges! All the rusty old bullets you got! And hurry, fella!"

For hours they played the game. Outside the shooting and the yelling was stilled. Through the bars of his cell Ranny watched the guard's head droop, saw him slump in his chair, at last heard his loud snores. Over the desk, the old Sharps seemed to beckon to Ranny.

Slowly, painfully, talking softly to the pack rat, Ranny watched his stack of bullets grow. Finally he had nine of them. Nine priceless hunks of lead, tarnished brass—and *black powder*.

They had taken his gun, of course, but for this plan he didn't need it. Luckily, Pesky's hole was in the interior wall, close to the barred door of the cell. Now Ranny poured the salty water over the adobe floor, scratched at the stuff until he had a handful of mud. Some he packed into the rat hole, after shooing Pesky away, then he went to work on the bullets. Here the iron slats of the bed served well; he pried off the cartridge cases, careful not to lose a grain of his precious powder. Finally he was ready. He placed the powder in the hole and sealed it with more mud. Through the mud ran a fuse twisted out of thread from his shirt. They had left him matches and tobacco, and Ranny struck one of the smelly old sulphur sticks, held it to the fuse. He had to light it three times, but finally the spark began to run along the thread. Ranny backed away, tense and ready. He would have to be fast . . .

A blinding red flash ripped through the cell. The stench of black powder seared Ranny's nostrils, bit into his eyes, so that for a moment

he thought he was blind. The cell door moved, seemed to leap into the air, then settled back into place. The scheme hadn't worked! Desperately Ranny threw himself at the door, bulling into it with his shoulder, unmindful of the pain. For a moment the adobe around the frame held, then gave way. The door crashed down with a clang and Ranny was through and running for the office.

The guard came up at him from the chair, bleary eyes wide with astonishment and surprise, his hand clawing for the gun at his side. Ranny leaped, his foot driving ahead like a piston, connecting with the man's jaw. Both chair and man went over backward with a crash, there was a thud as the guard's head struck the wall and he lay in an unmoving heap.

The door of the office was open, letting in cool morning smells of sage and dew-wet earth. Ranny slammed the door shut and reached for the Sharps over the desk. He jacked a shell into the chamber, heard it *click* home with a fierce glee. Now! He dragged the guard by the heels to a cell, disarmed him, and locked him in. Running now, he was back in the office, at the small window, in time to meet the first rush. Voices, hoarse with sleep and surprise, rang through the gray dawn. Ranny leveled the Sharps across the adobe sill and opened fire. He held the advantage, and he was determined not to kill. No! He wanted the Sikes gang in his jail, in the cells, for a long, long time . . .

Lem Sikes caught one in the arm and went down, crying for mercy. Rufe tried to run, too late, and fell with a broken leg. They lay in the open space before the jail, helpless, as the rest of the gang turned and fled. Down at the other end of town some of the honest citizens, inspired by the fight Ranny was making, grabbed for their guns and began to round up the gang. In an hour they had all surrendered. And Ranny put the Sikes boys in one of the cells, a sound one, with no holes for Pesky or any other pack rat.

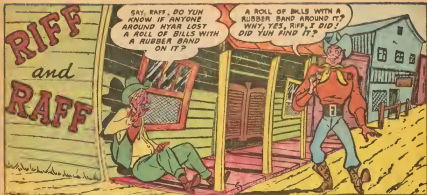
LATER, during the celebration, one of the older citizens mentioned that the town really needed a new jail. Ranny shook his head. The old jail was good enough.

"But you got rats," the man said. "I been meaning to speak to the Town Board about it. Least we can do is get you some cyanide for them rats! Kills 'em quick!"

"Kill your own rats," snapped Ranny. "Leave mine alone. You come around my jail and you got me to deal with!"

The citizen shook his head. Of course, Ranny had been through a lot—must have touched his mind a little . . .

THE END



RIFF and RAFF

SAY, RAFF, DO YUH KNOW IF ANYONE AROUND HYAR LOST A ROLL OF BILLS WITH A RUBBER BAND ON IT?

A ROLL OF BILLS WITH A RUBBER BAND AROUND IT? WHY, YES, RIFF, I DID! DID YUH FIND IT?



NO... I FOUND THE RUBBER BAND! (GULP)



WHAT ARE YUH, A WISE HOMBRE? (GARR) I'LL TEACH YUH TO MAKE FUN OF ME! (GULP)



JEEPERS, TAKE IT EASY! WHAT ARE YUH SO TOUCHY ABOUT? YUH'D BE TOUCHY TOO, IF YUH WERE BROKE AND OWED A LOT OF BILLS!



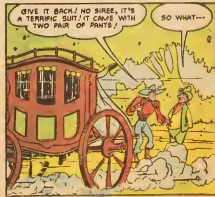
BROKE AGAIN, EN? WAL, YUH CAN BE TOUCHY, BUT DON'T EXPECT TO TOUCH ME FER ANY LOANS!

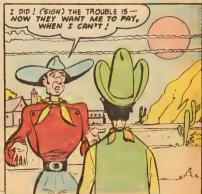
(GULP)!!!



AW, BE A GOOD EGG! LEND ME A FEW BUCKS!

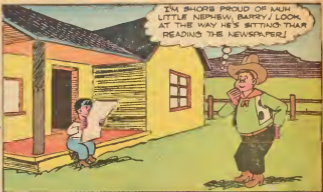
AS FAR AS LENDING YUH MONEY IS CONCERNED, I'M A HARD BOILED EGG! NOTHING DOING!





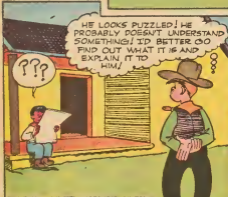


HOG HEAD HARRY



I'M SHORSE PROUD OF MUH LITTLE NEPHEW, BARRY! LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S SITTING THAR READING THE NEWSPAPER!

"HAS OLD IDEAS!"



HE LOOKS PUZZLED! HE PROBABLY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND SOMETHING! I'D BETTER GO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS AND EXPLAIN IT TO HIM!

???



WHAT'S THE MATTER, BARRY? IS THAR SOME-THING IN THE PAPER YUH DON'T UNDERSTAND?

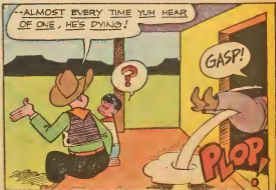
YES, UNCLE HOGHEAD! IT SAYS HYAR THAT MISTER YATES, THE OCTO-GENARIAN*, IS DEAD!



WHAT IS AN OCTO-GENARIAN, UNCLE HOGHEAD?

JEEPERS, I DON'T KNOW, BARRY, BUT THEY MUST BE AN AWFULLY SICKLY LOT--

* AN OCTOGENARIAN IS A PERSON IN HIS EIGHTIES!



--ALMOST EVERY TIME YUH HEAR OF ONE, HE'S DYING!

GASP!

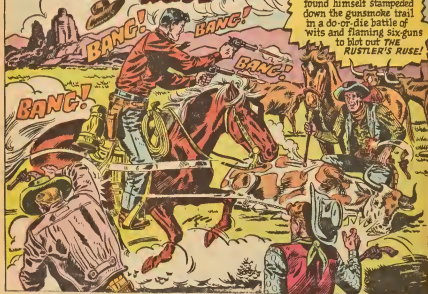
PLOP!



Rod CAMERON

and **THE RUSTLER'S RUSE**

The rustling business was being run mighty slick with critters plumb varmousing into nowhere—until that dashing *Knight of The Open Range*, **ROD CAMERON**, found himself stampeded down the gunsmoke trail in a do-or-die battle of wits and flaming six-guns to blot out **THE RUSTLER'S RUSE!**



AS ROD CAMERON RACES HIS GREAT STALLION, WAR PAINT, THROUGH THE TEXAS BADLANDS...

EASY, WAR PAINT! THINGS APPEAR TO BE PLUMB PEACEFUL IN THESE PARTS—FOR A CHANGE!



SUDDENLY!

I SMELL HIDE SMOKE! GET GOING, WAR PAINT! THIS CALLS FOR ACTION!



HIDE SMOKE IN THE AIR BETWEEN
ROUNDUPS MEANS ONE THING --
RUSTLERS!



THEN...

BANG!
BANG!

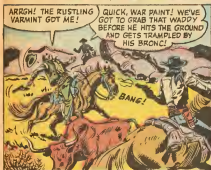
SHOTS!



ARRGH! THE RUSTLING
VARMINT GOT ME!

QUICK, WAR PAINT! WE'VE
GOT TO GRAB THAT WADDY
BEFORE HE HITS THE GROUND
AND GETS TRAMPLED BY
HIS BRONC!

BANG!



GOT HIM!



IT'S MIGHTY LUCKY THAT I CAME
ALONG WHEN I DID OR THAT
RUSTLING SIDEWINDER MIGHT
HAVE FINISHED
HIM OFF!

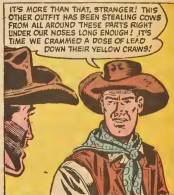
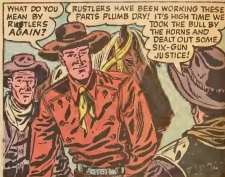
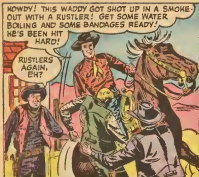


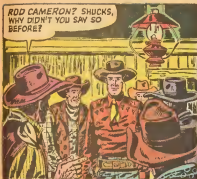
GET GOING, WAR PAINT!
WE'RE TRAILING THIS
WADDY'S BRONC BACK TO
THE OUTFIT HE
BELONGS WITH!



THERE'S HIS SPREAD
AHEAD! TURN THE SPEED
ON, WAR PAINT, OLD SCOUT!
THIS WADDY NEEDS
PATCHING UP!







ROD CAMERON? SHUCKS, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE?

NOW, WHAT'S THIS SUCK RUSTLER'S DODGE THAT'S BEING USED TO HOG-TIE THE LAW?

IT'S THIS WAY, ROD---



—THIS NEST OF COYOTES HAS REGISTERED A "FRYING PAN" BRAND ALL LEGAL AND PROPER, BUT THE DANGED BRAND IS BIG ENOUGH TO BLOT OUT ANY OTHER BRAND IN THE COUNTRY!

HMM! SO THAT'S THEIR GAME, IS IT?



THAT'S THEIR GAME ALL RIGHT, AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO LEGALLY, BECAUSE WE CAN'T PROVE WHAT WE KNOW IS HAPPENING!

WHAT ARE YOU FIXING TO DO, ROD?

PLENTY! FOLLOW ME!



MAKE FOR YOUR BRONCS, MEN! WE'LL SHOW THESE RUSTLING SIDEWINDERS A THING OR TWO!

YIPPEE! LEAD THE WAY, ROD!



LET'S GO, MEN! WE'RE GOING TO SHOW THESE SUCKSTERS THAT WE CAN OUTSLICK THEM AND -- DO IT WITHIN THE LAW!

DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'LL DO IT, ROD, BUT WE'RE ITCHING TO FIND OUT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

SHAKE YOUR ROPES OUT, MEN! FAN OUT AND THROW AND HOG-TIE EVERY COW WITH A CALF AT HER SIDE!

DO AS HE SAYS, DANG YOUR ORNERY HIDE! -- NO MATTER HOW LOCO IT SOUNDS, THERE'S A HEAP OF SAVVY BEHIND IT IF ROD CAMERON SAYS SO!

WHAT?



GET BUSY, MEN, ROPING THESE COWS! THERE'S NO TIME FOR PALAVER NOW!



GOT HER! DRIVE THE CALF BACK TOWARD THE BUNKHOUSE CORRAL!

YIP! YIP! GET RAMBLING, CRITTER!



THAT'S IT, BOYS! RUN THEM INTO THE CORRAL AND SLAP THE CIRCLE DOT ON THEM!

RIGHT, ROD! YOU'RE CALLING THIS PLAY!



WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THESE COW CRITTERS, ROD?

TURN THEM LOOSE AND START FOGGING THEM TOWARD THE FRYING PAN RANGE!

BUT THOSE BRAND-BLOTTING COYOTES'LL BE SURE TO STEAL THEM!



THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING, MEN, AND -- IF THEY DO, THEY'LL BE OUTSLICKING THEMSELVES! LET'S GET BACK TO THE CORRAL AND SEE HOW THE BRANDING OF THOSE CALVES IS COMING ALONG!



NEXT DAY... I DON'T GET ALL THIS, ROD! WHAT ARE YOU AIMING TO DO?

I AIM TO DO WHAT YOU GENTS HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO -- PROVE THAT THE FRYING PAN BUNCH ARE RUSTLERS OR DISPROVE IT!



B-BUT HOW?

IT'S PLUMB SIMPLE! I'M PAYING THE FRYING PAN BUNCH A VISIT TO BRING BACK THOSE CRITTERS WE SENT DRIFTING THEIR WAY! THAT PUTS THE NEXT MOVE SQUARELY UP TO THEM!



IF THEY'RE HONEST, I'LL BE BACK WITH THOSE CRITTERS -- IF NOT... I'LL PLAY MY HAND OUT MY WAY! GET GOING, WAR PAINT!





GOT HIM!

UGH!

CRACK!



HE'S OUT COLD, BOSS! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM? FINISH HIM OFF

NO! PICK HIM UP AND TAKE HIM TO THE BRUNKHOUSE! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!



MAYBE THOSE CIRCLE DOT JASPERS SENT MARKED COWS DRIFTING OUR WAY TO GET THE GOODS ON US, BOSS!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I AIM TO FIND OUT FROM ROD CAMERON!



TIE THE VARMINT TO THAT CHAIR! I'LL MAKE HIM TALK!

RIGHT, BOSS!



WAKE UP, YOU SNOOPING POLECAT! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE PALAVER!

SNACK!



DID YOU CIRCLE DOT RANNIES SEND ANY MARKED COWS DRIFTING OUR WAY? TALK UP BEFORE I KNOCK YOUR BRAINS OUT!

SURE! BUT YOU RUSTLING SIDEWINDERS'LL NEVER FIND OUT HOW THEY'VE BEEN MARKED! YOUR GAME IS UP, TINHORN!



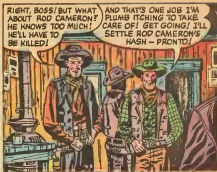
IT'LL TAKE A HEAP MORE THAN YOU TO PUT A CRIMP IN MY GAME! I'LL CONTROL THIS RANGE YET AND BE THE BIGGEST CATTLE BARON IN THE WEST!

SLAP!



SO YOU'RE TRYING TO RUIN THE RANCHERS AROUND THESE PARTS BY BLOTTING THEIR BRANDS OUT AND THEN BUYING THEM OUT FOR A SONG!

YOU SAVVY RIGHT!





LET'S GO, WAR PAINT! BLISTER THE TRAIL, BOY!

ROD CAMERON'S GETTING AWAY! STOP HIM!



FASTER, WAR PAINT! A FEW MORE STRIDES AND WE'LL BE OUT OF RANGE! WE'VE GOT MIGHTY URGENT BUSINESS BACK AT THE CIRCLE DOT!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



WE JUST SAW ROD CAMERON GETTING AWAY, BOSS! SHALL WE GO AFTER HIM?

NEVER MIND HIM! DID YOU FIND ANY MARKS ON THOSE CRITTERS WE BRAND-BLOTTED?



NARY A ONE, BOSS! THAT ROD CAMERON MAVERICK WAS JUST PULLING A BLUFF, I RECKON.

WHAT ABOUT ROD CAMERON, BOSS?

LEAVE HIM TO ME! THE NEXT TIME WE MEET, I'LL MAKE BUZZARD BAIT OUT OF HIM!

GODD! THAT MEANS ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS STAND PAT! IT'S HIS WORD AGAINST OURS!



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE CIRCLE DOT...

KEEP GOING, WAR PAINT! WE'VE GOT TO ACT MIGHTY FAST IF MY PLAN IS GOING TO WORK!

LOOK! HERE COMES ROD CAMERON ... ALONE! THIS PROVES THAT PASSEL OF MAVERICKS ARE RUSTLERS!



DID YOU FIND OUT WHETHER THOSE YARMINTS HAVE BEEN BLOTING OUR BRAND?

I SURE DID! AND NOW I AIM TO PROVE IT AND MAKE IT STICK! START DRIVING THOSE BRANDED CALVES TOWARD THE FRYING PAN OUTFIT!

YIPPEE! GET RAMBLING, YOU ORNERY-EYED MAVERICKS! YOU'RE GOING TO VISIT SOME RELATIVES OF YOURS!



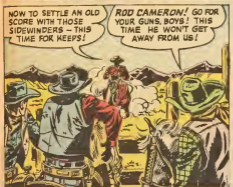
GET INTO TOWN AND TELL THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES TO MEET ME AT THE FRYING PAN SPREAD! I'LL HAVE A PASSEL OF BRAND-BLOTTING RUSTLERS ROUNDED UP FOR THEM!

RIGHT, ROD!
I'M ON MY WAY!



BRING THE BAND OF CALVES TO THE RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE FRYING PAN AND HOLD THEM THERE UNTIL I SIGNAL FOR THEM WITH AN OWL HOOT!

GOOD LUCK, ROD!



NOW TO SETTLE AN OLD SCORE WITH THOSE SIDEWINDERS - THIS TIME FOR KEEPS!

ROD CAMERON! GO FOR YOUR GUNS, BOYS! THIS TIME HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM US!



DON'T MAKE A MOVE FOR YOUR GUNS!

SHOOT TO KILL, BOYS!



DROP THOSE GUNS, YOU PASSEL OF LAME-BRAINED, CRITTER-CRIMPING SIDEWINDERS!

OUCH!
HE GOT ME!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

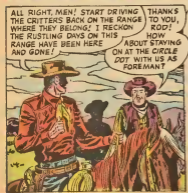
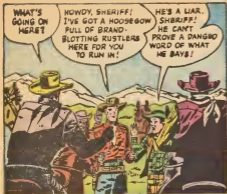


HERE'S A LITTLE EXTRA DIVIDEND I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO HAND YOU THE LAST TIME YOU AND I LOCKED HORNS!



REACH! I'VE GOT YOU VARMINTS COVERED!

DON'T SHOOT! WE QUIT!





"HEAVY SLEEPER!"



YAWN!
YAWN!

SO YUH
FINALLY WOKE
UP, HOGHEAD!



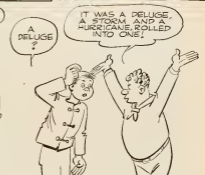
YUP! WHAT--HUH?
CREEPERS! LOOK
AT ALL THE PUDDLES ON
THE FLOOR!

YEAH, YORE
ROOF LEAKS
LIKE A
SIEVE!



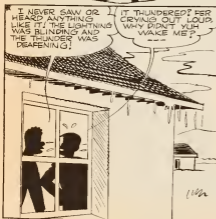
WHY, DID IT
RAIN LAST NIGHT?

DID IT RAIN? WHY,
MAN, IT WAS A
DELUGE!



A
DELUGE
?

IT WAS A DELUGE,
A STORM AND A
HURRICANE, ROLLED
INTO ONE!



I NEVER SAW OR
HEARD ANYTHING
LIKE IT! THE LIGHTNING
WAS BLINDING AND
THE THUNDER WAS
DEAFENING!

IT THUNDERED? FER
CRYING OUT LOUD,
WHY DIDNT YUH
WAKE ME?



--- DONT YUH KNOW I NEVER
CAN SLEEP WHEN IT THUNDERS?

(GASP)!



ROD CAMERON

**RIP-ROARING KNIGHT
OF THE SADDLE**

ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

THE TEEN TITANS

titanfan scan
d miles edit



DC
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