

A Fawcett Publication

Rod Cameron

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NO. 12



In this issue:

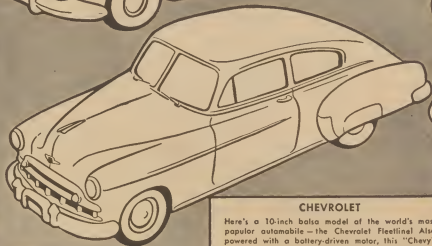
THE CARBINE RUNNERS

HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile — the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER:

Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

PRIZES FOR EVERYONE

Get Yours Now!

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get fine prizes like these. Most prizes shown here and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one order of 45 Xmos Packs at 10c each. Some of the prizes require extra money as stated.

It's easy to sell these pretty Xmos Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each Pack contains 48 sparkling Xmos Seals in brilliant colors—all for 10c. When sold send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, or take 1/3 cash commission. Many boys and girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE. You can too!

Mail the coupon TODAY for Xmos Packs and that Big Prize Book that shows 75 exciting prizes to choose from. Send no money—we trust you.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. 803, Lancaster, Pa.

MANY MORE PRIZES See them in the Big Prize Book

Packet Watch, Football Game, Ukulele, Table Tennis, Movie Projector, Skates, Flash Camera, Indiana Pen, Girl's Purse.

Our 33rd Year

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Dept. 803, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 45 Xmos Packs. I will resell them at 10 cents each, send you the money, and get my prize.

Name _____
Address _____
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BEAUTIFUL DOLLS
Your choice of Bride or Bridesmaid Doll. Movable eyes. Sell one order of Xmos Packs



DAISY'S COWBOY CARBINE
A fast shooting 1000 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00




Famous Chemcraft Set for interesting experiments, with Magic Book. Sell one order.



TEXAN HOLSTER SET
Cap Pistol puffs smoke at each shot. Leather Holster & Belt. Sell one order



CINDERELLA GLASS SLIPPER WATCH
Comes packed in beautiful glass slipper. Adainty guaranteed watch for girls. Sell one order plus \$3.00



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Complete 2-way talking system. Just string out the wire and start talking. No batteries needed. Sell one order.



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Matched lenses, special shoulder strap. Sell one order.



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Boys! Get this Official Size Football. Sell one order.



DICK TRACY CAMERA
Camera, complete with carrying case. Sell only one order.



Professional Style Varnish
Made by Ben Pearson for boys and girls, includes hardwood bow, arm guard, instructions. Sell one order plus 75c.



"LAGUNA" PEARLS
Glowing simulated pearls. A 3-strand necklace with matching earrings. Sell one order of Xmos Packs.



COWBOY JR. GUITAR
Ideal for beginners. Complete instructions, nylon strings. Sell one order plus 75c.



A GREAT KNIFE OUTFIT
Husky Hunting knife plus 4 blade Scout Knife. Double leather belt sheath. Sell one order.



ROY ROGERS WRIST WATCH
A handsome guaranteed watch with cowboy strap and buckle. Picture of Roy Rogers on dial. Sell one order plus \$1.75.



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
WHIZ 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

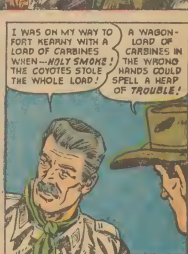
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



Bent upon driving the roots of a great nation deep into the new soil, settlers braved the untold perils of the untamed wilderness of the far West! But ruthless renegades, glutted with greed, fanned the flames of hate into a holocaust of fury aimed at bloody massacre!

Undaunted, indomitable ROD CAMERON plunged roughshod over blazing sixguns into the maelstrom of singing lead and blazing gunpowder for a whirlwind showdown with **THE CARBINE RUNNERS!**





DROP THAT GUN, MISTER !

STAY OUT OF THIS, SADDLE TRAMP, IF YOU WANT TO BREATHE LONGER ! I GIVE THE ORDERS IN THESE PARTS !



SADDLE TRAMP IS NOT THE HANDLE, YOU MAVERICK ! IT'S ROD CAMERON, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED !

OW ! MY GUN !

ROD CAMERON !

BANG



GET YOUR HANDS UP AND KEEP THEM THERE !

YIPPEE ! IT'S ROD CAMERON, FOLKS ! I RECKON THESE TINHORNS WON'T STAND IN THE WAY OF OUR SETTLING THIS TERRITORY NOW !



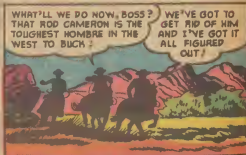
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT ?

THESE POLECATS AIM TO KEEP US FROM SETTLING THE NEW HOMESTEAD TERRITORY THAT'S SET BY LAW TO OPEN AT NOON TODAY !



SO THAT'S YOUR GAME ? WELL, YOU AREN'T GOING TO MOLEST THESE SETTLERS ANYMORE BECAUSE YOU'RE RIDING OUT OF HERE PRONTO !
GET !

YOU WIN FOR NOW, MISTER, BUT I'LL GET YOU LATER ! LET'S RIDE, BOYS !



WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, BOSS ? THAT ROD CAMERON IS THE TOUGHEST HOMBRE IN THE WEST TO BUCK !

WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM AND I'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT !



WE'VE GOT TOO GOOD A RACKET IN THESE PARTS TRADING WITH THE REDSHINS TO LET OURSELVES BE RUN OUT OF BUSINESS ! I AIM TO SET A TRAP FOR MISTER CAMERON USING THE SETTLERS AS BAIT !



HOW, BOSS?

LISTEN CLOSELY! WE'LL RIDE TO ARAPHOE PASS AND THEN.....



MEANWHILE....

ONE MINUTE TO GO, FOLKS! WHEN I FIRE THE STARTING SHOT, SET OUT TO STAKE YOUR HOMESTEAD CLAIMS! I'LL FOLLOW JUST IN CASE THOSE HARDCASES GIVE YOU ANYMORE TROUBLE!



READY-SET... GO!

GIDDAP! YIPPEE!

WE'RE OFF!

FOLKS THAT LOVE LAND AS THOSE SETTLERS DO WILL TAKE MIGHTY GOOD CARE OF IT AND MAKE A FOUNDATION FOR THE FUTURE!



I'M GOING TO TAKE THE RIDGE THAT OVERLOOKS THE PLAINS! IN THAT WAY, I'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THOSE TROUBLE-MAKING VARMINTS WE JUST RAN OFF! I'M CERTAIN THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE UP SO EASILY!



LATER, AS ROD RIDES THE RIDGE TRAIL.....

INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS! THEY SPELL TROUBLE!



LET'S RIDE, WAR PAINT! THIS CALLS FOR ACTION PRONTO!



I WONDER IF THOSE GUN-SLINGING POLECATS ARE BEHIND THIS? THEY MIGHT HAVE SPARKED AN UPRISING AMONG THE INDIANS!

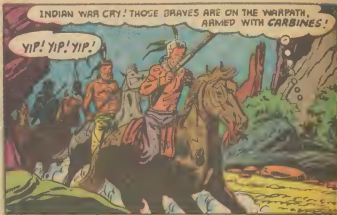


HOOFBEATS--HERDING THIS WAY FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE SMOKE SIGNALS! WE'LL TAKE COVER AND SEE WHO THE RIDERS ARE!

CLIPPETY-CLOP... CLIPPETY-CLOP... CLIPPETY-CLOP...



DOWN, WAR PAINT! THIS BRUSH OFFERS US A GOOD COVER AND VANTAGE SPOT! LOOK AT THE JASPERS HEADING THIS WAY!



INDIAN WAR CRY! THOSE BRAVES ARE ON THE WARPATH, ARMED WITH CARBINES!

YIP! YIP! YIP!



INDIANS SUPPLIED WITH CARBINES ADDS UP TO A HEAP MORE THAN I FIGURED! I'VE GOT TO WARN THE SETTLERS!



WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE, WAR PAINT, SO WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THIS SHORTCUT! NO TELLING WHEN THE INDIANS MAY STRIKE!



SUDDENLY...

YIP YIP! SHOOT PALEFACE!

MORE INDIANS!

BANG! BANG!



I'M PLUMB THANKFUL THOSE BRAVES HAVEN'T HAD RIFLES LONG ENOUGH TO BECOME MARKSMEN! I COULD PICK THEM OFF EASILY, BUT I'VE GOT BETTER PLANS!

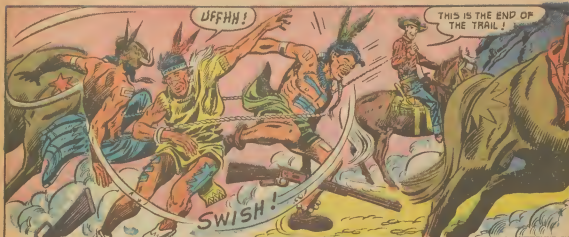
BANG!

BANG!



THIS IS ONE WAY OF ENDING THIS LITTLE FRACAS WITHOUT BLOODSHED!

AAAAHHH!



DON'T MOVE! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED! WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE CARBINES?
TALK!

WHITE MAN SWAP GUNS FOR PONIES! TELL US SETTLERS COME TO KILL US AND STEAL OUR LAND!

THAT'S A LIE! THE WHITE MEN WHO SOLD YOU THE CARBINES ARE BADMEN WHO STIR UP TROUBLE TO MAKE MONEY! THE SETTLERS ARE GOOD FOLKS WHO AIM TO BE YOUR FRIENDS!

YOU SPEAK WITH A STRAIGHT TONGUE! WHO ARE YOU, PALEFACE?

MY NAME IS ROD CAMERON!

ROD CAMERON! YOU ARE A GOOD MAN -- FRIEND OF REDMEN! MANY TALES OF YOU HAVE REACHED OUR CAMPFIRES!



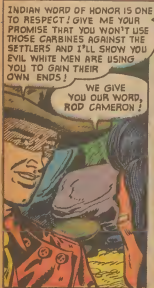
INDIAN WORD OF HONOR IS ONE TO RESPECT! GIVE ME YOUR PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T USE THOSE CARBINES AGAINST THE SETTLERS AND I'LL SHOW YOU EVIL WHITE MEN ARE USING YOU TO GAIN THEIR OWN ENDS!

WE GIVE YOU OUR WORD, ROD CAMERON!

THAT'S ALL I NEED, PARDS! I KNOW REDMEN NEVER BREAK THEIR PROMISE!

GOOD LUCK, WHITE FRIEND!

GET RAMBLING, WAR PAINT! WE'VE GOT TO WARN THE SETTLERS!



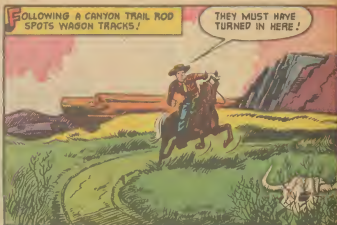
AS ROD REACHES THE NEW HOMESTEAD TERRITORY...

NOT A SIGN OF THE SETTLERS ANYWHERE! THEY SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED AND BE STAKING OUT THEIR HOMESTEADS!





WE'LL BACKTRACK AND SEE IF WE CAN PICK UP THE SETTLERS' TRAIL! THEY MIGHT HAVE TAKEN A WRONG TURN AND BE LOST!



FOLLOWING A CANYON TRAIL ROD SPOTS WAGON TRACKS!

THEY MUST HAVE TURNED IN HERE!



THE WAGON TRACKS LEAD TO THAT CANYON UP AHEAD!



THEY TOOK THE WRONG TURN INTO THIS CANYON AND IT'S PLUMB PLAIN TO SEE WHY! THE TRAIL SIGN HAS BEEN REMOVED!



I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING, WAR PAINT. THE WAGONS ARE TRAPPED BEYOND THAT NARROW PASSAGE UP AHEAD! IT'S A PERFECT DEATH-TRAP!



ON A LEDGE ABOVE THE CANYON FLOOR....

HERE COMES ROD CAMERON, BRAGGE!

ALL RIGHT, MEN, GET READY TO HELP ME PUSH THIS BOULDER DOWN ON HIM AS HE RIDES THROUGH THE PASS!



HIS GOOSE IS PLUMB COOKED! NEH! NEH!

THE RENEGADES!

THE DIBBOLICAL DEATH-TRAP IS SPRUNG AS THE TWENTY-TON BOULDER HURTLIES DOWN ON ROD CAMERON!

HOW WILL ROD ESCAPE THIS DEATH SNARE?
 READ
SEALED DOOM
 CHAPTER II
OF THE CARBINE RUNNERS!

STAN MUSIAL
1950 NATIONAL LEAGUE
BATTING CHAMPION



WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION SPARKS YOU!
and Champions choose Wheaties!



IRON

ENERGY

VITAMINS

CUTAWAY VIEW OF
WHEAT KERNEL.

**THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

Every Wheaties flake you eat gives you a whole wheat kernel's worth of energy... to help you turn in a champion performance at whatever you do!

"Breakfast of Champions"

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills.

BROTHER, THAT SPELLS
PLENTY OF WHEAT
POWER TO ME!



WHEATIES

*Breakfast of
Champions*



Rod CAMERON

AND The CARBINE RUNNERS

Chapter II
SEALED
DOOM

BAAROOOM!

The valiant plains rider and his great stallion are caught under an avalanche of rocks and dirt! And the pendulum of death swings closer and closer!



BOSS! IT CAN'T BE -- BUT CAMERON IS STILL ALIVE! HE'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CROSS-EYED BLACK CAT!

DON'T FRET! HE'LL BE NEEDING THEM BEFORE I GET THROUGH WITH HIM!

BUT FATE RIDES WITH THOSE THAT RIDE THE TRAIL OF JUSTICE! AS THE HUGE BOULDER DESCENDS IT LODGES ITSELF IN A NARROW WEDGE ABOVE ROD CAMERON!



IT SEEMS THAT THE PARCEL OF COYOTES INTENT ON KILLING US, OLD SCOUT, ARE DUE FOR A DISAPPOINTMENT! WE'LL PLAY THEIR GAME TO THE FINISH!





SEE THAT LAKE? IT'S FED BY THE MELTING SNOW FROM THE MOUNTAINS! WHEN IT OVERFLOWS, IT EMPTIES INTO THE COULEE BELOW IT WHERE THE SETTLERS' WAGONS ARE!
GET IT?

WE GOT IT! THE SETTLERS AND CAMERON TRAPPED
IF THEY STAY THERE AND IF THEY TRY TO LEAVE WE SHOOT THEM!



RIGHT! WE'VE GOT THEM DEAD TO RIGHTS! THEY DO AS WE ORDER OR WE DROWN OR SHOOT THEM LIKE RATS IN A TRAP!

MIGHTY 'CK, SG!
Hm... HAW!



WE'RE PLUMB TRAPPED HERE, ROD! WHAT'LL WE DO?

KEEP UNDER COVER AND WAIT FOR THEIR NEXT MOVE! THE YARMINTS WILL OPEN FIRE ON YOU IF YOU ATTEMPT TO LEAVE THIS COULEE!



SHALL WE TRY PICKING THE MAVERICKS OFF, ROD? I RECKON WE MIGHT AS WELL DIE FIGHTING AS ANY OTHER WAY!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE COULDN'T HIT THEM FROM HERE! NO SENSE IN WASTING AMMUNITION! WE MIGHT NEED IT LATER!



YOU COYOTES DOWN THERE! I'M GIVING YOU ONE CHANCE TO PICKER FOR YOUR LIVES!

WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS?



PUT ALL YOUR GUNS AND POWDER IN A BARRREL! WE'LL LOWER A ROPE TO ATTACH TO IT AND HAUL IT UP HERE, THEN WE'LL TALK TERMS!

AND IF WE REFUSE?



IN THAT CASE WE'LL PICK YOU OFF LIKE SITTING DUCKS AND LEAVE YOU FOR BUZZARD BAIT! WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?

ALL RIGHT! LOWER YOUR ROPE!



ARE YOU LOCO, ROD, STRINGING ALONG WITH THE SIDEWINDERS LIKE THAT? WE'LL BE PLUMB HELPLESS WITHOUT GUNS!

JUST LET ME PLAY MY HAND MY WAY, FOLKS.



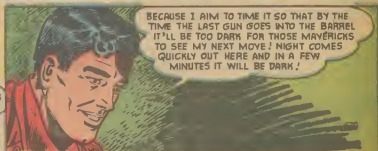
WHY DID YOU KICK THE BOTTOM OUT OF THAT BARREL, ROD?

YOU'LL SEE SOON ENOUGH! THERE'S JUST ENOUGH LIGHT OF DAY LEFT FOR MY PLAN TO WORK! I WANT THOSE MAVERICKS TO SEE YOU GENTS TOSS YOUR GUNS INTO THE BARREL!



LINE UP, FOLKS! START TOSSING YOUR GUNS INTO THE BARREL, BUT TAKE YOUR TIME ABOUT IT!

HOW COME WE SHOULD BE SLOW-LIKE?



BECAUSE I AIM TO TIME IT SO THAT BY THE TIME THE LAST GUN GOES INTO THE BARREL IT'LL BE TOO DARK FOR THOSE MAVERICKS TO SEE MY NEXT MOVE! NIGHT COMES QUICKLY OUT HERE AND IN A FEW MINUTES IT WILL BE DARK!



AS THE LAST GUN ENTERS THE BARREL.....

HERE'S MY GUN, ROD. HOPE YOUR PLAN WORKS!

OUR TIMING WAS PERFECT! NOW FOR MY NEXT MOVE!



ALL RIGHT UP THERE! OUR GUNS ARE IN THE BARREL! HAUL AWAY!



THE HARDCASES ARE GOING TO BE MIGHTY SURPRISED! THE GUNS STAY DOWN HERE WHILE I GO UP!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN CARRYING AN ARSENAL! THIS BARREL IS MIGHTY HEAVY!



HOWDY, PACKRATS!

ROD CAMERON???

DON'T STAND THERE GAPING-- GUN HIM DOWN!



GRIZZLING GRIZZLIES! LOOK AT ALL THOSE RIFLES IN THAT CAVE! I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLANS!

POW!



DON'T SHOOT!
I GIVE UP! YOU
GOT ME!

SO THE GREAT ROD CAMERON GIVES UP, EH?
YOU BIT OFF A HEAP MORE THAN YOU COULD
CHEW WHEN YOU BUCKED ME, CAMERON!
KEEP YOUR GUNS POSTED ON HIM.
MEN! SLIM, TAKE HIS
GUNS!



GET IN THERE,
YOU TINHORN!

CARBINES! I SEE YOUR GAME
IS TO STIR UP TROUBLE AND THEN
SUPPLY THE INDIANS WITH
RIFLES, EH, BRAGGE?



I TRADE WITH THE REDSKINS—
TWENTY HORSES FOR ONE
CARBINE! THEN I SELL THE
HORSES TO THE
ARMY POSTS!



HEY, BOSS! THERE'S
A BAND OF REDSKINS
WITH ANOTHER HEAD
OF BRONCS TO SWAP
FOR MORE GUNS
OUT HERE!

GOOD! YOU KEEP
A SHARP EYE
ON CAMERON, SLIM.
WHILE THE REST
OF YOU HELP ME
TAKE CARE OF
THE
INDIANS!



LEFT ALONE WITH THE GUARD SLIM, ROD
GETS INTO ACTION.

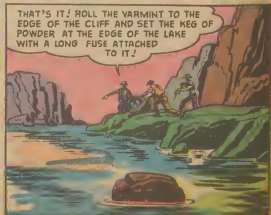
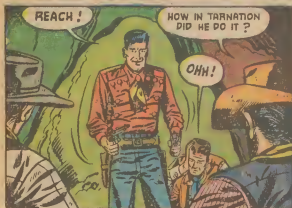
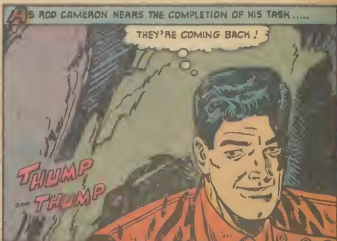
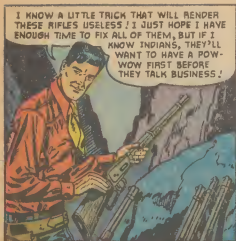
ALL RIGHT, GUNHAWK,
YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN
NOW IT'S MY TURN!

JFFH!

SPLAT!



NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY SIXGUNS BACK
I AIM TO GO TO WORK ON THOSE
RIFLES!





HOW'S THAT, BOSS?

FINE! BRING THE END OF THE FUSE OVER TO ME!

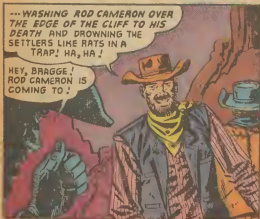
HA! NOW TO LIGHT THE END OF THE FUSE LIKE THIS! THIS IS ONE RIX ROD CAMERON WILL NEVER GET OUT OF ALIVE!



Psst



THERE GOES THE LIT FUSE! WHEN IT REACHES THE KEG OF POWDER IT'LL BLOW OUT A SPILLWAY AND THE LAKE'LL EMPTY INTO THE GOULEE BELOW---

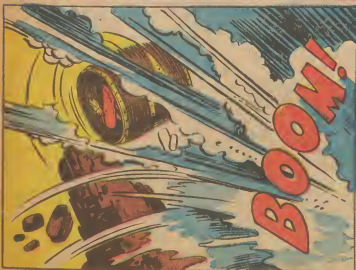


---WASHING ROD CAMERON OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF TO HIS DEATH AND DROWNING THE SETTLERS LIKE RATS IN A TRAP! HA, HA!

HEY, BRAGGE! ROD CAMERON IS COMING TO!



SO WHAT? IN ANOTHER SECOND THE POWDER WILL GO OFF! SO LONG, ROD CAMERON-- HAPPY HUNTING!



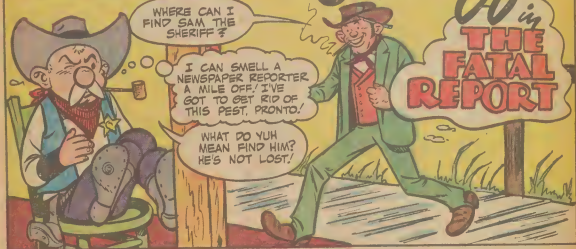
IN THE NEXT AWESOME MOMENT A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RENDERS THROUGH THE CLIFF AND CUTS THROUGH THE STILLNESS OF THE MOUNTAINS WITH A DEAFENING ROAR!

HOW CAN ROD SAVE HIMSELF FROM THIS INESCAPABLE DESTRUCTION?

READ CHAPTER III
PASSPORT TO JUSTICE!

SAM *the Sheriff*

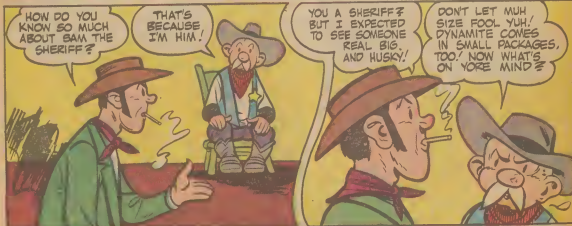
in THE FATAL REPORT



WHERE CAN I FIND SAM THE SHERIFF?

I CAN SMELL A NEWSPAPER REPORTER A MILE OFF! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS PEST, PRONTO!

WHAT DO YUH MEAN FIND HIM? HE'S NOT LOST!



HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT SAM THE SHERIFF?

THAT'S BECAUSE I'M HIM!

YOU A SHERIFF? BUT I EXPECTED TO SEE SOMEONE REAL BIG, AND HUSKY!

DON'T LET MUH SIZE FOOL YUH! DYNAMITE COMES IN SMALL PACKAGES, TOO! NOW WHAT'S ON YORE MIND?

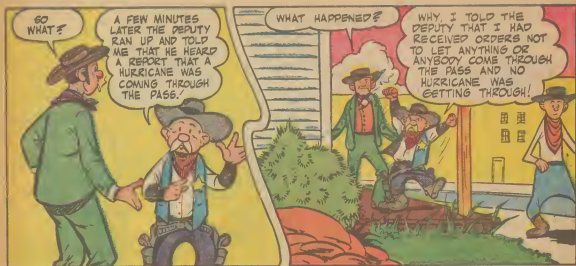


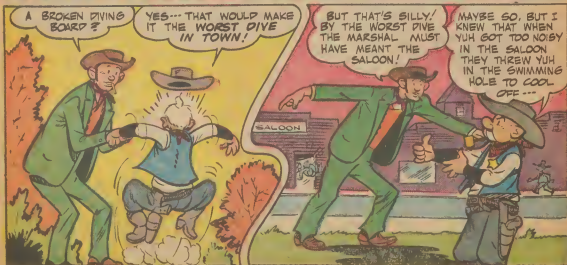
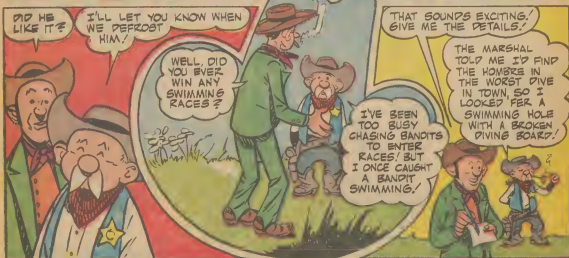
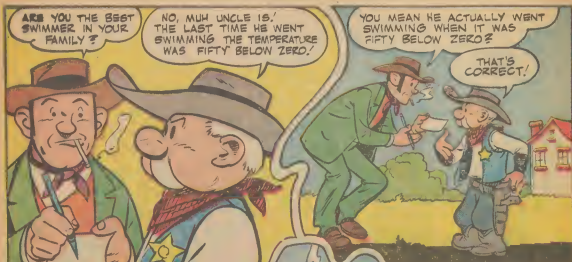
I'M A REPORTER! I WAS SENT OUT TO GET AN INTERVIEW WITH A REAL TOUGH SHERIFF!

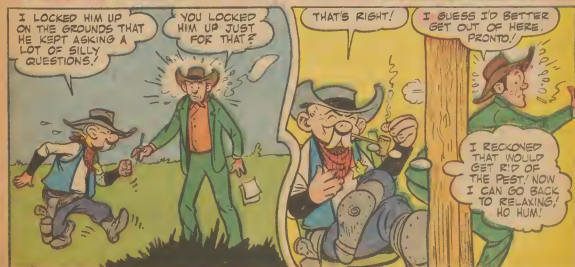
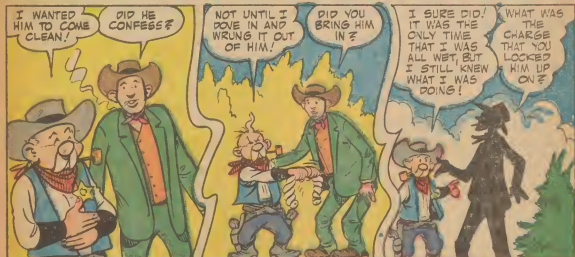
WELL, I'M YORE MAN!

BUT YOU DON'T LOOK TOUGH TO ME!

I'LL PROVE I'M REAL TOUGH! WHY, ONLY LAST WEEK THE CHIEF MARSHAL TOOK ME UP IN THE HILLS AND TOLD ME TO GUARD THE MOUNTAIN PASS --- NOT TO LET ANYBODY OR ANYTHING THROUGH!









THE WEANER

By Westbrook Wilson

"COME and get it!" bellowed the cook. The men sat up, rubbing their sleepy eyes and shivering in their wet, chilly blankets. The rain had begun to fall through the early morning air, a drenching downpour of ice-water. Now the punchers were stiff and cold and they pulled on their socks and boots with numbed fingers. They growled and grumbled as they dressed, then moved in ones and twos toward the big, glowing fire and the pungent aroma of strong coffee in the huge, smoke-blackened pot.

Circling the fire they gulped the near-boiling liquid and it sent a welcome warmth through them. Then they ate, fast and wolfishly as hungry men do. Tex Barney, the wagon boss, tried to interject a note of cheer into the gloomy morning with the comment, "Well, boys, it could be worse. Tonight we'll be home."

A puncher named Freckles retorted grumpily through a mouthful of food, "Yeah, if we don't all get drowned first." He meant it as a sarcastic joke, but no one laughed.

The wagon boss looked around at the circle of faces illuminated by the firelight as if he were counting noses. Suddenly he bellowed, "Say! Where's Chauncey?"

Nobody knew. Tex rose and walked with purposeful stride toward the chuck wagon. Peering under it he saw a bundle of blankets. He grabbed a leg and pulled. A rumple of blankets and a tall young man were hauled from under the shelter of the wagon into the driving rain.

"Hey, leggo!" howled Chauncey, in a half-asleep voice. "You're getting me wet!"

"Now isn't that just too bad!" Tex was sarcastic, and an echo of laughter came from the circle of punchers. Tex released the leg and said, "Stand up!"

Chauncey made a dive to get back under the wagon. Tex grabbed him by the shoulder and hauled him to his feet. Even hunched against the rain, Chauncey stood a head taller than the squat wagon boss. In sleepy anger he took a roundhouse swing at his tormentor. Tex blocked the first with his left arm and sent a

straight right to the young man's jaw. Chauncey staggered back against the wagon, rubbing his pain-throbbled cheek.

"You can't hit me!" he whimpered. "Uncle John will give you the sack for this!"

"Maybe so," replied Tex, complacently. "But until he does, I'm boss. And while I'm boss, there are no favorites. You'll get your prize carcass rained on just like everybody else. Now get dressed and hop to it. Too bad you're too late for breakfast. It'll be right uncomfortable riding through this rain on an empty stomach!"

Half the men had already roped their horses from the milling, stamping mass by the time Chauncey, angry, cold and hungry, approached with his rope. He waited sullenly until there was but one horse remaining. That had to be his. Inexpert roper that he was, it made his chances better if he had only one mount to loop. On his third try he made it.

Rounding up weanlings was hard, slow, provoking work. The cold, penetrating rain didn't make it any easier. Tempers were raw, and Tex Barney was thankful they were on the last leg of their journey. He gave no further thought to his brush with young Chauncey, nephew of John L. Billings, owner of the JL spread. Chauncey Billings was troublesome, but Tex took that trouble in stride. "He's just another weaner," thought Tex.

It was nearly night when the drive ended and the young cattle were under fence. It was not long afterward that Tex Barney was summoned to the ranch house, to the office of John L. Billings. As he entered, he saw the boss sitting at his desk, frowning, and young Chauncey leaning against the fireplace mantel, a smirk on his face.

After a solemn, preliminary greeting, the boss said, "Tex, you are aware that this young man is my nephew, I believe."

"Yes, sir," said Tex.

"He claims you punched him in the jaw this morning. Do you admit it?"

"It's true," said Tex.

Owner Billings pulled open a drawer of the desk and began counting out bills on the flat

top. He shoved it across toward Tex and said, solemnly, "Here is a month's pay, Tex."

"Thank you," said Tex dryly. "Do you want me to leave now or in the morning?"

"Leave?" exclaimed the boss. "Who said anything about leaving? Why I couldn't get along without you, Tex. You're the best wagon boss it was ever my good luck to employ. This is merely a bonus for obeying orders. I told you to treat my nephew just like any other hand and by George you did it! That took guts, man—guts! Take the money and keep it in good health. And if the market's good, you'll get a raise, besides."

"Thank you," said Tex, leaving the room.

The smirk had left young Chauncey's face. He bit his lip, turned his face away from his uncle, and stalked out of the room behind Tex Barney.

Tex hit the sack right after supper. It was good to get into a dry bunk with dry bedclothes. The rain hammering on the roof was better than a lullaby for putting a man to sleep. He stretched out, closed his eyes, and was soon off to dreamland.

But it seemed he had been asleep only a minute when a hand was shaking his shoulder, roughly. The words, "Tex! Tex! Wake up!" came to him, mistily. He opened sleep-heavy eyes. John L. Billings in a dripping poncho was bending over him.

"Wake up, Tex!" John L. said. "I need your help. It's that young fool!"

"What young fool?" asked Tex, sitting up.

"Chauncey! My nephew!" Mr. Billings exclaimed. "He's run away."

Tex rubbed his eyes. "I wouldn't worry about that," he said. "The kid got his feelings hurt. He'll be back. Why I ran away many a time when I was younger."

"You don't understand," cried the boss excitedly. "He left a note. He said he's heading for town. Going to take the stage back east. The only way he can get to town is to ford Rapid River. And with this rain, the ford is bound to be flooded. The young fool will be drowned unless we can head him off. And with this blame lame knee of mine, I can hardly ride at all, let alone ride fast. You'll have to head him off, Tex!"

The wagon boss was already out of bed and half dressed before John L. Billings had finished his speech. All the cobwebs of sleep had been cleared from Tex's mind as he fully realized Chauncey's danger.

Saddling up was a matter of seconds. Then he was off into the driving rain. He had left instructions with Mr. Billings to rouse certain other men to follow him. Tex had the fastest mount on the J L spread, and even in the slippery, muddy road, they made time. But when they arrived at the Rapid River ford, it seemed they were already too late. Tex could see the shadowy figure of a horseman, crossing the stream. Then a seething, rushing whirl of water tripped the horse and the horseman was flopped into the stream. The horse scrambled free and swam back to shore, leaving Chauncey clinging desperately to a slippery rock in midstream.

"Help! Help!" The cry drifted across the rushing water.

Tex sized up the situation at a glance. He wouldn't risk his own horse in the rushing water. Quickly he fastened a rope around his own middle, tied the free end to a tree, and plunged into the stream. Half walking, half swimming, he moved forward. He reached midstream just as the battering current loosed Chauncey's hold on the slippery rock. Tex lunged for the youth, grabbed his jacket, and hung on. The water swept them both downstream, but the rope held and the current pulling against the rope moved them toward shore in a half circle until, battered and bruised, they reached shoal water and could stagger ashore.

DRIED and bandaged, Tex and Chauncey sat in John L. Billings' office, gulping hot coffee. "Tex saved your life," said John.

"I know," said Chauncey sarcastically. "Give him another bonus, will you, Unc?"

Tex rose quietly and flashed his left to the point of Chauncey's chin. Mr. Billings looked down at his unconscious nephew. Then he turned to Tex and said, "I'm not too sure it can be done. But if it *can* be done, you'll make a man of him yet!"

THE END



Howdy, pals,

I almost brought a friend along with me this month to meet you. Tad Somers is his name, and he sent his apologies he couldn't come. He had a previous appointment in town. Tad's a mighty fine and mighty old hombre—some say he's over ninety years. But you'd never know it to look at him. He's hale and hearty, spry and young-looking.

I asked him one day how he kept looking and feeling so young and his answer is something I've never forgotten. I'd like to pass it on to you, partners. "Every day, when a man wakes in the morning," Tad said to me, "he has the

choice of being happy or unhappy. I always choose to be happy." I drew him out a little further. "When you're happy," he continued, "the world's a good and happy place."

"Some folks," I reminded Tad, "seem to have trouble being happy."

"Shucks," he replied, "it's not hard. Just look at the bright side of life. Every problem, every single thing in this world, has two sides—a bright one and a dark one. Keep looking at the bright side of things and they'll turn out right every time!"

Yes, friends, Tad's words are true—mighty true. When you're feeling blue and down, hold up your head, count your blessings and look at the bright side of things. You'll be surprised how mighty fine they'll turn out then!

But, now, I've got to be riding on, and I'm sure sorry for that. But I've a bright side of my own to look at there, too—the side that says I'll be back here next month with all you good friends. So till then—good riding, partners!

Your partner,

Rod Cameron

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

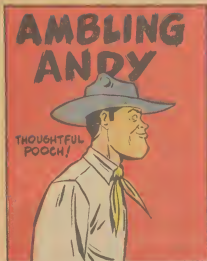
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"MAKES US ILL!"





Rod CAMERON AND The CARBINE RUNNERS

chapter III
PASSPORT
to
JUSTICE



I'VE GOT ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION TO SAVE MYSELF! IF I CAN HIT THAT CANVAS WAGON COVER JUST RIGHT, I CAN GLANCE OFF IT AND BREAK MY FALL!



I MADE IT!

AS ROD CAMERON'S PIERCING WHISTLE CUTS THROUGH SPACE, THE GREAT STALLION, WAR PRINT, RESPONDS WITH A FLASHING BURST OF SPEED!



TWEEEEET!



QUICK, FOLKS! GET ABOARD YOUR WAGONS AND FOLLOW ME!

LET'S GET GOING!



FASTER, WAR PAINT! I AIM TO USE THIS WATER THOSE YARMINTS ARE FIXING TO DROWN US WITH TO MAKE A WAY OUT OF THIS TRAP!



BACK UP, WAR PAINT! PUT YOUR WEIGHT AGAINST THIS BOULDER BEFORE THE WATER STRIKES US!



WITH THE GATHERED FORCE OF TONS OF WATER AIDING HIM, THE MIGHTY STALLION, WAR PAINT, HURLS HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH INTO THE BALANCE!

YOU DID IT, WAR PAINT, OLD PAID!



THE FORCE OF THIS WATER WILL LIGHTEN THE WEIGHT OF THIS BOULDER AND WITH YOUR WEIGHT ON IT, WAR PAINT, IT MIGHT DISLodge ITSELF!



QUICK, MEN! BRING OUT THE CARBINES AND GIVE THEM TO THE REDSKINS FOR THE HORSES THEY BROUGHT US! WE'LL LET THEM WIPE OUT ROD CAMERON AND THE SETTLERS AT THE SAME TIME!

HERE'S YOUR GUNS, BOYS! THE SETTLERS THAT AIM TO STEAL YOUR LAND ARE DOWN AT THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON—USE THEM AGAINST THEM AND THE WHITE MAN THAT LEADS THEM!

WE GO!



GET THOSE WHEELS ROLLING, FOLKS! ONCE WE'RE OUT OF THIS CANYON WE'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!

THE PASS IS OPEN!



DEATH TO THE PALEFACE'S
STERILE LAND!
YIP! YIP! YIPP!

REDSKINS ON
THE RAMPAGE!

HOLD YOUR
FIRE!
I'VE GOT A WAY
OF HANDLING THIS
WITHOUT BLOODSHED!



GET YOUR FIREARMS READY
TO COVER THE INDIANS AFTER
THEY OPEN FIRE ON YOU.
THEN SHOOT OVER THEIR
HEADS!

THAT'S PLUMB
CRAZY!



IF IT WERE ANYONE BUT ROD CAMERON,
I'D SAY HE HAD GONE
PLUMB LOCO!



GUNS NO GOOD...
NO SHOOT!

I KNEW THOSE
CARBINES
WOULDN'T
WORK!

THIS IS WORKING OUT MIGHTY
PERFECT! THE SETTLERS ARE
PLAYING THE GAME FINE!

THIS TRAP!
HEAP BAD
MEDICINE!

WHITE MEN WHO
SWAP US GUNS
BAD MEN! THEY
TRADE NO GOOD
GUNS SO WE
GET KILLED!

UGH! THEY IN
CAHOOTS WITH
SETTLERS! WE
KILL THEM!

HOLD ON
THERE, PARDS!



I AM HERE TO HELP YOU SO DON'T STIR UP TROUBLE! THE MEN WHO WERE TRADING YOU CARBINES FOR HORSES LIED TO YOU! BY MAKING THE REDMEN WAR ON WHITE MEN THEY MADE HEAP BIG BUSINESS!

HEAP BIG MAN SEEMS TO BE REDMAN'S FRIEND!



ALL OF YOU STAY HERE UNTIL I GET BACK! I'VE GOT A MITE OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!



KEEP BLISTERING THAT TRAIL, PARD! WE'RE RUNNING THE POLECATS PLUMB INTO THE GROUND!



LOOK! BAD MEN RIDE BRONC HARD FOR GETAWAY!

I'LL HANDLE THOSE VARMINTS!



WE'VE GOT TO OVERTAKE THOSE SLIMY SIDEWINDERS! SCOOP DIRT WAR PAINT!



I'LL SMOKE YOU COYOTES OUT OF THE SADDLE!

BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME, ROD CAMERON!



OW! MY HAND!

HE WINGED ME!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



D-DON'T SHOOT! WE QUIT!

YOU FLEA-BITTEN YARMINTS START CRAWLING WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER TRUSSING THE RENEGADES UP SECURELY, ROD ANCHORS THEIR BRONCS DOWN WITH AN OLD FRONTIER TRICK!

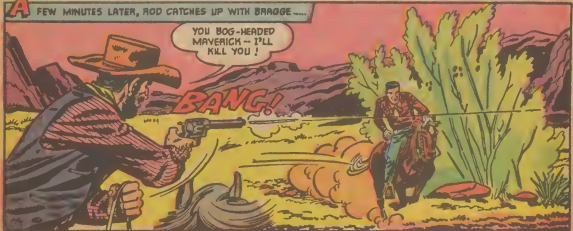
NOW TO TIE THESE LINES TOGETHER TO KEEP THE BRONCS IN A TIGHT CIRCLE TO MAKE SURE THEY CAN'T DO ANY TRAVELLING! THERE! I RECKON THAT'LL KEEP THEM PLUMB PUT!



GET RAMBLING, WAR PAINT, OLD SCOUT! WE'RE HITTING THE TRAIL OF THE KINGPIN BUZZARD OF THIS PACK OF VULTURES!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, ROD CATCHES UP WITH BRAGGE.....

YOU BOG-HEADED MAVERICK - I'LL KILL YOU!





THESE MEN PLANTED THE SEEDS OF *DISTRUST* AND *HATE* IN REDMAN AND WHITE FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR OWN GREED! WITH THEM OUT OF CIRCULATION ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT, WORKING TOGETHER AS BROTHERS, BOTH RED AND WHITE MEN WILL FIND A LIFE OF PEACE AND HAPPINESS!



THAT'S WHAT I CALL PURE *SENSE*!



YOU'RE PLUMB RIGHT, ROD CAMERON! THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM FOR ALL WHERE THERE'S GOODWILL! PUT 'ER THERE, CHIEF...ER, I MEAN *NEIGHBOR*!

ROD CAMERON SHOOT STRAIGHT AND TALK STRAIGHT!

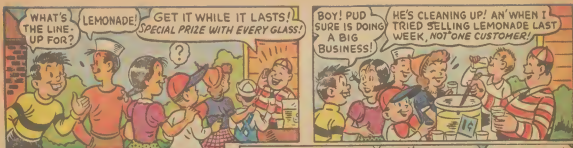


THERE GOES AN HOMBRE WITH A TWO-FISTED HEART!

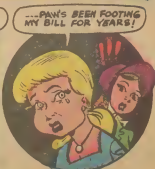
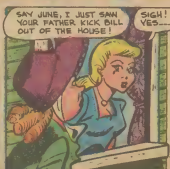
ROD HEAP *GOOD* MEDICINE FOR GOOD MAN -- HEAP *BAD* MEDICINE FOR BAD MAN!

SO LONG, FOLKS! BE NEIGHBORLY TO EACH OTHER! GUESS I'D BETTER BE SHOWING THESE POLECATS DOWN THE JAILHOUSE TRAIL!





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