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western

James F. ...

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Rod CAMERON

SENTINEL OF THE GOLD WAGONS

More than gold was at stake when Rod Cameron got caught in the middle of a death feud between two partners. A feud that threatened to hurl the two gun warriors into Boot Hill to meet the end of the trail! But Rod's Hazing guns met the challenge as the **SENTINEL OF THE GOLD WAGONS!**



ROD CAMERON WESTERN, No. 1, 1941, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20, No. 21, No. 22, No. 23, No. 24, No. 25, No. 26, No. 27, No. 28, No. 29, No. 30, No. 31, No. 32, No. 33, No. 34, No. 35, No. 36, No. 37, No. 38, No. 39, No. 40, No. 41, No. 42, No. 43, No. 44, No. 45, No. 46, No. 47, No. 48, No. 49, No. 50, No. 51, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54, No. 55, No. 56, No. 57, No. 58, No. 59, No. 60, No. 61, No. 62, No. 63, No. 64, No. 65, No. 66, No. 67, No. 68, No. 69, No. 70, No. 71, No. 72, No. 73, No. 74, No. 75, No. 76, No. 77, No. 78, No. 79, No. 80, No. 81, No. 82, No. 83, No. 84, No. 85, No. 86, No. 87, No. 88, No. 89, No. 90, No. 91, No. 92, No. 93, No. 94, No. 95, No. 96, No. 97, No. 98, No. 99, No. 100, No. 101, No. 102, No. 103, No. 104, No. 105, No. 106, No. 107, No. 108, No. 109, No. 110, No. 111, No. 112, No. 113, No. 114, No. 115, No. 116, No. 117, No. 118, No. 119, No. 120, 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IT'S THE SOUND OF BURNING BURNED SCORCH THE PRANGS

SWORN FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL! LET'S MOUNTLE RIDE, MAN!



THESE LIGHTED ONE ROOTS DOWN THERE SEEM TO BE IN THE ACT OF HARCHING AN ONE WAGON! PECKER WOULD TAKE A BANG IN THIS!



OUCH!

BANG!

AN OUCH!



HEAVING OUT OF HERE! THAT WAGON! THE WAGON! IT'S BEING KEPT AT BAY BY A FORCE!

THEY'RE TURNING THE!



I RECKON WE ONE WIT A WIFE OF TRAMPS, STRANGER, IF IT WAGN'T BEEN FOR YOU, THEY WOULD HAVE TAKEN THIS LOAD OF GOLD ONE

WELL YOU DON'T TALK JUST TALK THEY TRAP IT! WHERE DO YOU WANT GO, ANOTHER?



FROM THE TRAINERS WITH ME! WE WOULDN'T SIGH! I'D LIKE TO RUN A WAGON THROUGH FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS NOW, NO MATTER WHAT TRAIL WE TAKE! THESE COUNTRY ARE SURELY WAITING FOR US!

MY NAME'S BOB CAMERON AND WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME IS JUST THE KIND OF TRAIL I WANT! COTTON ON! I'D LIKE TO HELP!



I'M BOUND UP WITH YOU, MAN! I'D LIKE A TALK WITH THE WAGON DRIVERS!

THE CREEK AND JOHNSON ARE THE DRIVERS! THEY'LL BE WANTING TO TALK YOU IN PERSON!

The Trouble with Me!

THE GREAT PLAY
APPEAL, CAMERON!
THE BOYS TOLD ME
WHAT YOU DID FOR
US, AND WE'RE
MOSTLY HAPPY!

AND YOU
WHO WOULD
BE HATED
THE BURN-
ING OF YOUR
WAGON?

WELL - I HATE TO SAY IT -
BUT THE ONE I THINK IS
BURNING IT IS MY FRIEND,
JOHNSON! I WOULD LIKE
YOU TO KNOW THE TRUTH
THIS MAN WOULD BE
WANTING TO GET
EVEN THE WAGON
BURNING HAPPY
WITH THE LAST
MINUTE!

WANT
PROTECTED
YOUR
SUSPICION
OF JOHNSON!

I FOUND OUT SOONER THAT HE WOULD
BE A MURDERER! HE ADMITTED
IT - BUT SURE HE'S DOING SOMETHING
NOW! WE'RE ABOUT TO GO NOW
WITH ALL THIS BURNING!
WELL I THINK HE WOULD
BE WANTING TO GET OUT
WITH A BANG!

I BELIEVE
I'LL TALK
TO HIM!

SOON AFTERWARDS

I HEARD YOU WERE INTO CAMP,
ROD CAMERON! LOOKING
FOR ME?

WELCOME
JOHNSON!

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME,
ROD - BUT I STILL REMEMBER
THE REPUTATION YOU HAD
WITH TWO BUNS!

SURE - I WAS A WILD
ONE! BUT I WANT YOU TO
BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY
I'VE REFORMED, CAMERON!
I'VE LEARNED IT DOESN'T PAY
TO BE A CRUEL
PERSON!

I'VE BEEN
TALKING TO
YOUR FRIEND,
JOHNSON!

AND HE'S
REALLY
WANTED
THAT I'M
BEHIND THE
BURNING!

EVER AN OUTLAW - I BELIEVE
YOU WERE THE BRING FOR LIFE!
I'VE GOT MY OWN WAGON ABOUT
YOUR TALKING THAT ONE GREAT'S
STING MIGHTY NEED TO COME
AND TAKE BY FORCE!
THE FINGER AT ME!

I WANT MY NAME CLEARED,
CAMERON! KNOWING YOUR
SENSE OF JUSTICE, I THINK YOU'LL
BE WILLING TO HELP ME! WILL YOU
ACCEPT THE JOB AS AN AMERICAN
AND WAGON GUARD? I'LL
HAVE CAMERON INTRODUCE YOU
TO THE MAN!

ALL RIGHT,
JOHNSON!
I'LL ACCEPT
IT!



SOON AFTER

YOU HEARD ME, BOY? CAMERON IS TAKING OVER THE REIGNS OF THE TOWN - AND THAT'S ALL YOU NEED!

NOT WITH ME! IT DOESN'T! I'VE GOT THE MAN OF THE HOUR!



NO OUTSIDE IS COMING IN HERE AND TELLING US ABOUT TRACY AND HIS MOVIE. WE'RE GOING TO GO! WE WERE GOING ALL RIGHT!

I HEARD THE BOARDS WILL RUN THIS AREA, BOY! NOT YOU!



AND IF THEY WANT ME TO TAKE OVER - WELL, THAT'S ABOUT WHAT I AM GOING TO DO, TRACY!

WELL - THEY TELL ME YOU'RE PRETTY TOUGH!



BUT YOU DON'T LOOK SO POWERFUL TO ME!



WHERE YOU NEED SOME SPECIAL CONVICTION!

POW!



POW!

VOCK!



THAT'S THE BEST TIME I EVER SAW ANYBODY LICK TRACY!

CAMERON'S GOOD OLDER BROTHER BETTER GO BACK WITH HIM!



3 BUT AS THE WIND BEGS TO WHIRL TO THE ANOTHER WINDSON LORD OF GODS AND OUT OF THE SKY, THERE'S CONTINUES!

LOOK OUT, ROD!



THAT WAS CLOSED!

CRASH!



IT ALMOST SEEMS AS THOUGH SOMEONE PRESSED THAT ROCK LOOKS ON PURPOSE, TENDY!

I'LL NEED BY ACCIDENTS WRITTEN IN NAME, CAMERON! YOU JUST HAVE TO KNOW YOUR WHO ARE!



AND THERE MIGHT BE A LOT MORE ACCIDENTS YOU BETTER BE ABLE, CAMERON!

I WANT TO GO!



4 AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, ROD JUST MANAGED TO AVOID OTHER WILD ACCIDENTS!

CRASH!



SOMEONE IS OUT TO GET RID OF ME -- AND I KNOW IT'S BECAUSE I'M GETTING MIGHTY CLOSE TO SOMETHING!



THE GEAR IS READY TO ROLL, CAMERON! I'M GOING ALONG WITH IT! THE BOYS AND I WILL LEAVE AT THE CROSS OF DEATH AND THEY'LL BE THERE TO GET YOU!

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO TO STOP PEOPLE BELIEVING FROM BEING THE COMPANY?



SOMETHING SPECIAL! YOU'LL BE READY FOR THEM!



The following morning, on the main trail...

SEEMS JUST A LITTLE TOO QUIET, BOB!

KEEP BEING ROLLING! IF THE HUNTERS ARE BOWS TO DRAW US, THEY'LL GET US AT THIS POINT OF THE ROAD!



SURPRISE!

DON'T MOVE!



ARE YOU TRYING TO FIGHT THEM, MEN? THEY HAVE THE DROP ON US!

BUT, BOB?



HEY, WHO'S THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE TONGUE HUNTERS THEY WAS GOING TO PROTECT THE WAGON?

THAT VOICE IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR!



LET'S RISE, BELLAS! WE'VE GOT AN ANOTHER PICK-UP!



I THOUGHT YOU INTENDED TO FIGHT THE CHANGERS, YOU DON'T WANT TO TO MAKE A FIGHT OF IT?

IT'S PART OF A PLAN I HAVE, MEN. LET'S GET BACK TO THE WAGON!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THE BOYS TELL ME YOU DON'T EVEN TRY TO PUT UP A FIGHT!

THERE WAS NOTHING TO FIGHT FOR! ALL THEY GOT WAS A LOAD OF WARE (DARE!) DON'T LEAVE THE GOLD ON THE TRAIL! IT WAS JUST BAIT - AND THEY WANT FOR IT!











I'M IN HERE, BARE POINT!
WICH A HOLD THROUGH?
BERRY!

WAAAAAAAAH!!!



GOOD BOY! A LITTLE MORE,
YOU WANT - AND YOU'LL
BE ABLE TO CRAWL
THROUGH!



MY OWN HORSE KNOWS IT
THAT I'LL NOT BE TOO
LATE TO SAVE
-ARRRRRR-



I'M NOT SHARING ANY OF THAT
GOLD COIN WITH YOU OR ANYBODY
ELSE! YOU'LL BE WITH
FATHER, JOHNSON!

YOU BLUNT
BUTTLE HEAD!
GO AWAY
AND SHUT UP!



THIS IS YOUR
FATHER, CAREY!

YOU'P
ALIVE!



THESE COIN TO PROVE TO
YOU THAT I'M VERY
MAD ON ALIVE!

POW!



4 FIVE YEARS AFTER CAREY TRAVEL AND
THE REST OF THE SANDHOLE BOON
WAS TO GO TO THE

WELL, JOHNSON - THE
MIND IS YOURS NOW! ALL
YOU WANT TO DO IS GET YOUR
MIND TO GET THAT GOLD COIN
CAREY COIN OUT OF THE
ABANDONED MINE! IT'S TIME
FOR ME TO GET THE TRAIL!

I'LL NEVER FORGET
WHAT YOU DID,
CAMERON! I RECKON
YOU PROVED
ONCE MORE
TO ME THAT
IT WERE TO
JURY IT
STRAIGHT!



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"Streaking Star"



Northrop F-4
"Thunderbolt"



Northrop F-4
"Thunderbolt"

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One in every package³ of



Northrop F-4
"Thunderbolt"



Northrop F-4
"Thunderbolt"



Lockheed P-28
"Streaking Star"



Northrop F-4
"Thunderbolt"



Northrop F-4
"Thunderbolt"



Lockheed P-28
"Streaking Star"



Northrop F-4
"Thunderbolt"

Kellogg's
**RAISIN
BRAN**
CEREAL WITH BRAN

AMBLING ANDY



NERVY HOMERES!



JEFFERS, THE FELLERS SURE LOOK AS IF THERE'S A HEATED PROSECUTION!



I'LL RIDE OVER AND SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



WHAT'S ALL THE AROUSING ABOUT, TELLERS?

WE'RE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT AND THE NERVEST HOMERES IN THE WORLD IS AND HE ALL DRAGGIN'!



THAT'S RIGHT! I SAW THE NERVEST HOMERES IN THE WORLD IS A DENTIST WHO BRINGS HIS OWN CHAIR TO A RESTAURANT AND ASKS FOR A KNIFE AND FORK!

THAT'S PLUFTY NERVEY!



SURE IT IS BUT AN HOMERES WHO DON'T PAY A DENTIST FOR MAKING A PAIR OF PAUSE TEETH FOR HIM AND CHEERS AT HIM WITH THE STORE TEETH IS EVEN NERVEYER!



THAT'S PLUFTY NERVEY, BUT IF YOU ASK ME, THE NERVEST CENTER IN THE WORLD IS THE HOMERES WHO DURING A BARRAGE TAKES SHELTER IN AN UMBRELLA STORE WITHOUT BUYING ONE!

NO, NO, THAT'S RIGHT!

PHIL RIZZUTO
 NEW YORK YANKEES PLAYED AMERICAN LEAGUE

WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!

WHEATIES

THAT'S AN
 IMPORTANT
 TRAINING
 FACT!

Contains 100% whole wheat
 bran, the heart of wheat.

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

See that wheat kernel bumping with dynamic
 energy through the top of wheat in every
 Wheaties flake! Naturally to start you
 every day.

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

GET 8 WALT DISNEY CHARACTER

MASKS

RIGHT ON
 WHEATIES BOXES

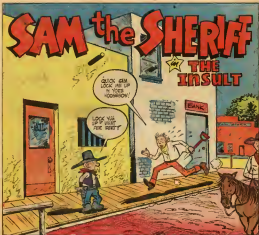
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SAM the SHERIFF

★ THE INSULT











PROVERB, PAUL.

IT'S GOOD TO BE STOPPING BY YOUR FAVORITE READ ALONG. THIS IS ONE THAT I LOOK FORWARD TO EVERY MORNING. I'M A HATE SHO, NOT ON MY OWN ACCOUNT, FRIENDS, BUT BECAUSE OF THE COWBOY'S PROVERB AND PLACE TODAY AND WOULD LIKE A VERY COWBOY CONVERSATION YOU SEE, THE WAY ONE OF THOSE BARBERS WHO BELIEVED IN PLAY FIRST AND WORK AFTERWARDS! MOST SAYS FIRST AND WORK AFTERWARDS! AND NUMBER TWO! (SPOONING LET BY PLAYING OR PLAYING IS IMPORTANT TO A HORSEY, UNUSUAL, EXTENSIVE, BUT A PERSON SHOULD ALWAYS DO THE WORK FIRST TO THE BEST OF HIS ABILITY.)

TED FURNISH A GOOD PIECE OF LAND A FEW WEEKS AGO IT WAS NEARBY THAT TED'S WIFE AND COOK WERE CUT, READY FOR DISHING IN THE SIGN) HE WAS ABOUT AS GOOD AS TWO MORE OF

WORK TO DO, STANDING BY WHAT WAS PAID IN THEIR FISH THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO TOWN FOR A NIGHT OF SQUARE DANCING! WELL, MOST OF THE TIME HIS WORK AND THEN CATCHING THEM, BUT THERE WERE NO FOOD AND SPOONING RIGHT ON THE RUN WITH THEM'S APPROVED TO BE RIDDEN ON BY THE TRAIL AND I WISHED TO THAT IT WAS THE SCISSOR FOR SURELY SPOONING, RIGIDLY THOUGH THAT BLEW UP HIS OUT ON THE PRONG, AND WOULD ACROSS THE COUNTRY! ALL THEY BLAME THEMSELVES OUT I OFFERED TO LEAD A HAND SO HE COULD GET THROUGH FASTER, BUT HE WOULDNT LISTEN, AND WENT AS GOOD TO HAVE HIMSELF A GOOD TIME.

WELL, UNFORTUNATELY, MY WISHING CAME TRUE: A TWISTER WHIRLED DOWN OUT OF THE PLAINS AND SCATTERED FEET FROM FROM THE PROBABLY TO THE MOUNTAIN SIDE! THE SAME WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO HOLD THE PRESENT HOUR BUT ON TED'S PLACE! THEY'RE GIVING HIM THE NEXT SPANISH CRIP TO ME, BUT WAS LISHED ON LUCK! NOW HE HAD TO IT WERE TO FORGET ONE'S WORK THOROUGHLY AND PLAY AFTER!

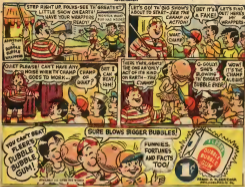
IT'S A LESSON HE SHOULD ALL REMEMBER---DON'T LEARN THE HARD WAY AND TED WAS! THE OUT TO BE BOUND ON FRESH, BUT ILL BE LOVING THIS WAY AGAIN SOON! THANKS FOR ALL YOUR GREAT FINE LETTERS AND DON'T FORGET KEEP SMILING!

Your PAUL.

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

11" x 14"	\$1.00
8" x 10"	62c
5" x 7"	37c






BE SURE TO HAVE

Cracker Jack

WHEN YOU GO TO THE ZOO-AMUSEMENT PARK-CIRCUS-CARNIVAL-BALL PARK-PKNIC-PARTY OR VACATION RESORT

IT ADDS TO YOUR FUN!





PURPLE PISTOL

By R. R. Symes

GEORGE HEDD did not ride with the big posse that was searching the badlands below Arrowhead Peak for the Purple Pistol bandits. He had volunteered his services and had been turned down cold. The sheriff, departing and handing out stars, to all other men, young and old, white or lava, had flatly refused to give one to George Hedd's shaggy shirt.

The lawman had said, "Sleepy, there's no sense in wasting a badge on you. You're too slow to catch a cold."

George Hedd had a slow draw, deliberate movements, and eyes that appeared to be only half open. It was only natural that they hung the nickname, "Sleepy," on him. Hedd took the sheriff's star calmly and without protest.

Behind those sleepy eyes was a thoughtful brain. A brain that studied and analyzed men, their ways and their worth. Sleepy had great respect for the sheriff, a wiry, vigorous, active, honest man. Sleepy instinctively knew that such a man would have little use for one who appeared to be lazy. These thoughts occupied Sleepy's mind as he rode along the narrow gulch, with sheer granite walls rising at his left and a vast open space at his right. Sleepy held the reins loosely, letting his gray steed do the climbing and choose the footing.

Suddenly, the saddle seemed to drop from under Sleepy. His horse had found a treacherous bed of shale, loosened by spring rains. By reflex, Sleepy locked his feet free of the stirrups, just as man and beast were plunging off the wall into nothingness. A high-pitched whinnee—a cry of sheer terror—came from the horse as it fell, sprawling and kicking. Characteristically, Sleepy made no outcry. Even in the face of death he was not using his breath needlessly.

He had been separated from the horse in the first instant of falling. He grabbed at a scrub tree, growing out of the side of the sheer cliff and clung to it with burning hands as the screaming horse fell crashing, smashing to the jagged rocks far below. The scrub cracked and threatened to tear under Hedd's weight. The man saw what appeared

to be a narrow, bushy ledge, below him and a few feet beyond him. If he could reach that ledge . . . but between him and that possible place of safety, the cliff wall offered no footing, no handhold.

"If I can swing over there . . . if I can land on that ledge," thought Sleepy, "it's a long shot, but my only chance."

Carefully he dug his heels against the granite wall, walking them away from the horse ledge, getting ready for a pendulum swing that would bring him to safety . . . or death. The scrub tree creaked and groaned and threatened to break loose at any time.

When he had worked his body out at the farthest possible angle that the slight push of his heels against the wall would give him, he kicked free and swung. He let go the scrub and flew through the air. His body arched among the bushes on the ledge and then he fell forward, into a hole in the cliff.

Sleepy heard exclamations of surprise, most of them profane. But he was not in the unconscious state he pretended to be. When his slightly parted eyes became accustomed to the dim light, he saw the men lowering over him. He saw the guns they held on him—purple guns!

One of the men was growling, "Dell him, Purple! He's from that posse. He's found our hide-out."

"Shut up!" responded Purple. "Wait till he comes to. We've got to find out if anybody's with him. That will be time enough to put a lead of lead through his heart."

Hearing this, Sleepy Hedd decided not to "come to" for a long, long time. Unconsciously he turned to be his only life insurance at the moment. He kept his eyelids closed and listened and learned.

He had literally fallen into the secret hide-out of the notorious Purple Pistol outfit (so-called, because they used a certain dye to give their blood-stained revolvers a purplish glow). Jutting rocks hid the cave mouth from the eyes of anyone on the trail above, and likewise, kept secret a narrow path leading down to the gorge. It explained how the Purple

Fincol Bandits had been able to make periodic raids on banks, stage coaches, mail trains and ranches without ever being caught.

Sleepy Hatedad. One of the outlaws said, "Aw, there's nobody with him. He fell in here. Let's plug him and shove his carcass into the gorge."

"Hold your horses!" ordered the one called Purple, the leader of the outfit. "I recognize him now. This is the fellow called 'Sleepy.' Latest man on earth. The sheriff would never make him a deputy. Search him. See if he's got a star."

Somebody poked around Sleepy's checkered shirt and found no badge. A rasping chuckle came from the lips of Purple. He said, "I've got a real good idea. This here's ain't a deputy. Nobody will ever make him. Instead of killing him right off, we'll keep him around as our slave! He'll work for us till we get tired of his company—then we'll do him in!"

Hedd shuddered involuntarily. A moment later he felt the jarring kick of a heavy boot and heard the rasping words, "Get up, you lousy varmint! We'll give you a choice—work for us or die!"

Sleepy rolled to avoid any further kicks and pretended to be just washing up. "I'll work," he drawled.

The rasping laugh echoed through the cave as Purple declared, "Boys, as you know, Purple can do anything. But this will be my greatest triumph of all. Getting work out of the latest man in the world." The others didn't join in his laughter, but they kept their grumbling low pitched. None dared cross this outlaw leader.

Purple now ordered Sleepy to bring a cord of firewood up to the cave from the gorge below. This would be a hard job and a humiliating one for, as Purple knew, and as Sleepy figured, firewood was something they didn't need and would never use. Sleepy could see that no fire had ever burned in or near the cave. The outlaws would not risk a splash of smoke giving away their hide-out.

Now, it was not true that Sleepy Hedd was a lazy man. He just hated useless work. He was able to do the inventions who have perfected time-saving and work-saving machines. The thought of climbing and trudging up from

the gorge with firewood that would never be burned, angered him to the core. His mind set to work at once as a way to make the job easier.

He made what was, for him, a long speech. "Mr. Purple, I know you've got me here just for a plaything and when you get tired of me, you'll gun me down. Well, that's not frustrating me too much—everybody's got to die sooner or later. But I sure hate to carry all that wood up here. I can make you a lift that will bring the wood up without the use of manpower. And after I'm dead and gone, you can still use it. For instance, if you boys want a safe and wanted to get it up here to your hide-out, you could just put it on the lift!"

Purple was interested. A couple of his men growled, "Look out for traps." But Purple said, "Let's hear about it, Sleepy."

"I need a rope to demonstrate," said Sleepy. They gave him a rope. Purple assured his men it was perfectly safe, because, after all, they had their purple pistols trained on Sleepy Hedd.

Sleepy took the rope and, in his easy going manner, fastened a chunk of wood to the end of it. He held the rope idly in hand, dangling the wood, as he talked as if giving a lecture. "You take a long rope. Run it through a pulley up here. One end down below holds the safe. The other end, down below, is attached to the horse. You whip the horse. He moves away. That brings the safe right up here to the cave."

Purple and the men were impressed. They were discussing the idea with each other as Sleepy said, "Here's how you whip the horse!" He lashed the rope around with his heavy wood chunk and sent the outlaws sprawling, with their purple pistols clattering to the cave floor. Sleepy then gathered the guns and held them prisoner until the posse arrived.

IT WAS only a few hours later when the sheriff was shaking Sleepy's hand and said, "George Hedd, you've rounded up the Purple Pined Bandits! I refused to give you a badge, but you're the best deputy of all!"

Hedd grinned. He had noticed that now, even the sheriff called him "George."

Rod CAMERON

LEAD POISON



THE SMALL SPINDS WERE BEING SCOURLED OUT BY THE BIG RANCHERS! AND WHEN A GUY COULDN'T STAND UP TO THEM HE BRINGS ABOUT A GREAT DEFEAT, HE DECIDES LIVE OUT FOR THE QUARTERS WHO HADN'T IDEA YOU WOULDN'T BE! ROD CAMERON, HIGHEST DEMAND OF THE PLAINS, THREW HIS GUNS INTO THE MIX, AND THE WINGS WILDED OUT A TON OF YOUR SPECIAL BRAND OF "GOLD" JUNCTION!

THEY'RE THE FRIENDS FROM TEXAS...

SO THE BIG RANCHERS ARE STILL TRYING TO TAKE OVER YOUR LANDS. BUT YOUR FATHER AND THE GUY WHO'S TROUBLE WITH THEM BEFORE HE DIED?

IT'S ONLY A SMALL STRIP, BUT I WANT TO HOLD ON TO IT! THE FRIENDS FROM TEXAS IS THE ONLY GUY WHO CAN HELP YOU. HE'S GOT THE BIG FELLOWS SCARED OUT OF BUSINESS!

WELL, I WANT TO HOLD ON TO THE FRIENDS FROM TEXAS, THE TRUCK, THE GUY WHO'S TROUBLE WITH THEM BEFORE HE DIED, AND THE LETTER FROM TEXAS!

WELL, I WANT TO HOLD ON TO THE FRIENDS FROM TEXAS, THE TRUCK, THE GUY WHO'S TROUBLE WITH THEM BEFORE HE DIED, AND THE LETTER FROM TEXAS!











SURE I WANT YOUR LITTLE SPREAD— BUT I WANNED SCOTT! NOT TO MENTION TOUGH STUFF! THE TRIPLE T SCOTT'S JUST KILLED ON THE MOUNTAIN!

YOU KNOW SCOTT BENT THOSE HORN!



IF SCOTT WAS BEHIND THAT BULLWHACKING JOB, HE'S THROUGH HERE! COME ON OVER TO THE BARRIOLOGUE! SCOTT'S THERE!

I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU AND I'M WATCHING EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE!



SEAN I WANT THE BORN TO OWN DEL OFF THE LAND! DON'T WORRY, I GET A PROPORTION OF THE PROFITS FROM YOUR SPREAD AND SO SHALL THE COMPANY BE GOING TO STAND IN MY WAY! NO MORE THE MOUNTAIN WE ARE!

I WANNED YOU ABOUT THING ANYTHING LIKE THAT, SCOTT!



YOU GOT A GOOD JOB AROUND HERE, SCOTT— MAYBE YOU GOOD, I DON'T GIVE COTTON TO SOME OF THE THINGS YOU'VE BEEN DOING. BUT I HATE TO SEE THAT YOU WANT FOR ME! YOU'VE TROUBLE!

WHEN IS YOURS LACK!



YOU DON'T FEAR ME, YOU ARE THANNING SCOTT! NOT AFTER THE YEARS! I'VE WANNED BARRIOLOGUE OF THE BARRIOLOGUE! THE BARRIOLOGUE SHOULD BE BARRIOLOGUE! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO SCOTT? SPEND A LITTLE MONEY TO START IT?

GET OFF THE SPREAD — PLEASE!



IT HAVN'T GOING TO BE ME THAT CLEAR OUT! YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE ONE TO CASH IN, SEAN! THE TRIPLE T'S AND COVER YOURS, SEAN!

DON'T WORRY, SEAN! I'VE GOT AN OTHER TROUBLE FINISH!



I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, SEAN! BUT EVERYBODY IS GOING TO THINK IT WAS DEL CLAY WHO TOOK OVER TO SEAN YOU!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! EVERYBODY KNOWS THERE'S TWO BLOOD BETWEEN YOU AND DEL. AFTER HE TAKES FOR IT, THE MOUNTAIN AND SEAN ARE GOING TO BELONG TO ME!





HE'S RIGHT! THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME! BY HELL, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU AND NIGHT THIS SITUATION!



I WISH IT WERE IN TIME! THOSE COWBOYS ARE SHOOTING FIRST, AND ASKING QUESTIONS LATER!



NO SENSE IN STAYING AT HIM ANY MORE! HE'S OUT OF RANGE! HE'LL MAKE GOOD ON HIS ESCAPE, TOO! BY THE TIME WE LOCATE HIM, HE'LL BE OUT OF SIGHT!



AT A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE RANGERS...

YOU STAY HERE, MAH PRINCE! I'M RUNNING BACK TO THE TRAP! UNDER COVER!



WELL, HOW DID YOU GET BACK TO THE TRAP?

THEY GOT INTO A FIGHT ABOUT THAT LITTLE SPREAD YOUR FATHER WANTED FOR THEM TO. THEY SAID WITHOUT DRIVING HIM & CANNON!

COULD I-I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT IT! (SOS)



THE BOYS ARE DRIVING HIM OUT OF THE SPREADS! THEY'RE GETTING READY TO MAKE HIM THE QUARTER MASTER OF A JACKING PRINCE! HE'LL NOT BEAT HIS NO LAW TO PLAY WITH HIM!

HOW-COULD HE HAVE DONE IT? (SOS)



BEHIND LIKE THE BOSS AND
FOLLOW, BABBY, WANT TO
COME ALONG AND
SEE THE FUN?

I WON'T DO IT, BABBY!
SCOTT SAID THAT AND, WHO
WAS BELIEVE ME?

(SCOTT)
NO!



I WISH YOU WOULD
TRY TO EXPLAIN THAT
LONG TONGUE OF
MR. BOY, OUT THE
MOUTH BRACK! WHO'S
STAND AND UP
FRONT?

THAT GASPEN HAS
ALL THE COMMANDS
BEHINDS! IT WAS
TOLD WHO JUST
DRINK.



I MUST DO SOMETHING--TO MAKE
MANY HAPPEN AND BELIEVE ME!



HOW, HOW IS HE,
FOLLOW? WELL--
WELL, WE FINISH
LIVE?

WE'S FINISH FIRST, BABBY!
IT NEEDS AS IF WE'S TRYING
TO TELL ME SOMETHING--
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT
IT IS!

I CAN--!



YOU?!

IF YOUR FATHER IS STILL
ALIVE, I CAN PROVE IT
WAS SCOTT WHO
KILL HIM AND
NOT ME!

WE'S
MIGHT
TALK
BACK,
BAB!



THERE'S NO TIME FOR MUCH TALK,
BABBY! AN INSTANT MINDS, IT'S
IN AT STAKE! I'D NEED YOUR FATHER
TO PROVE AND TO CONVINCED ME
BOYS WHO REALLY GOOD AND!

I-I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO SAY!



SCOTT--?
DID--
BWA--

SAVE YOUR
STRENGTHS, AND BRING
IT ME THROUGH THE OUT
OF WAY TO HELP
BRING UP A
NIGHT'S PARTY!



GRABING THE WOODS MEN ONLY IN HIS ARMS, RUP FACED THE LYNCING CROWD!

IT'S THE BOSS!
HOLD IT, MEN! THERE'S SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO HEAR BEFORE YOU TRY YOUR HAND AT LYNCING!



HE'S DELICIOUS! HE WON'T TASTE WHAT WE'RE SERVING!

SECRET! HE JUST HATE!



ALL RIGHT, BO I DID IT! WHO'S GOING TO HANDLE WITH ME? I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE WHO WARRS IN AIN!

WELL, MR. DAVIS, DOO!



IT'S DELICIOUS! HE WON'T TASTE WHAT WE'RE SERVING!

I'LL SEE YOU ON SCOTTY! TELL THEM IT'S YOUR FATHER!

ANGG... MY HAND!

BANG!



I DON'T BELIEVE IN LYNCING, OR I'D ESCORTED THE BOYS TO STRUNG YOU UP! BUT THE LAW WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU AND YOUR KIND!

POW!



I DECIDE YOU STOPPED US FROM HANGING A RUFFY SCOUND!

WELL, YOU KNOW WHY WE HERE LIVE IN THIS COUNTRY, ANYBODY WHO TAKES THAT AS A LYNCING IS GUT TO FIND HIMSELF A MURDERER!



THE NEXT MORNING...

GOOD TO HEAR YOUR FATHER IS GOING TO GET WELL, MARY!

WELL, AS IT IS, I'M SURELY NOT HOLD-UP DEL'S PIECE OF LARD!

BUT WERE YOU, MARY'S INTO THE TRAP!

YOU'VE BEEN FORGOT! WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US, BOY!

Rod Cameron (1912-)

Rod Cameron was born Rod Cox on December 7, 1912, in Calgary, Canada. After going to Hollywood in 1939 he appeared in supporting roles in *Christmas in July*, *Northeast Mounted Police*, and *Wake Island* in addition to serving as a double for some stars. In 1943, he starred in two serials for Republic—*Secret Service in Darkest Africa* and *G-Men vs the Black Dragon*—each being 15 episodes. Universal then signed him as their new western star, and he appeared in a number of films in 1944 and 1945 including *Boys of Boomtown*, *Trigger Trail*, *Riders of Santa Fe*, *The Old Texas Trail*, *Beyond the Pecos*, *Renegades of the Rio Grande*, and *Frontier Gal*. Fuzzy Knight appeared with him in most of these films. After the war Cameron appeared in westerns for Monogram, 20th Century-Fox, Allied Artists, United Artists and others. He also starred in several non-western TV series including *City Detective* (1958-1955),



Rod Cameron with Fuzzy Knight in *Boys of Boomtown* (Universal, 1944).

State Trooper (1957-1959) and *Coronado 8*, all for Revue Studios.