

A Fawcett Publication

Rod Cameron

western



FEB.

10¢

NO. 13

In this issue:

"THE SECRET WATER MINE"

**A HAIL OF BULLETS FLY WHEN
A RANGE WAR IS STARTED!**

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W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



Rod CAMERON in THE SECRET WATER MINE!

“CHAPTER I”
RANGE WAR!

BANG!
 BANG!
 BANG!
 BANG!

SIX-GUN TERROR SWEEP THE RANGE AS CUNNING GUNHAWKS HURLED SHEEPMEN AGAINST CATTLEMEN IN A MAD HOLOCAUST OF VIOLENCE, BENT UPON THE DESTRUCTION OF BOTH FOR A PRIZE GREATER THAN BOTH CATTLE AND SHEEP! BUT THE INDOMITABLE ROD CAMERON FLUNG THE WEIGHT OF HIS LIGHTNING SIX-GUN WIZARDRY AND BULLDOG COURAGE INTO THE BALANCE FOR A SMASHING FIGHT-TO-THE-FINISH TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF
“THE SECRET WATER MINE!”



ON THE RIM OF THE TEXAS BADLANDS...

I RECKON WE PLUMB SHOOK THAT POSSE OFF OUR TRAIL, HOSSTHIEF!

WE SURE GAVE THEM THE SLIP SIDESGRIN! LET'S MAKE CAMP IN THAT ARROYO UP AHEAD AND REST OUR BRONCS!



WE'RE SAFE HERE! NO LAWMAN'S POSSE IN THEIR RIGHT MINDS WOULD FOLLOW US INTO THE BADLANDS! THERE ARE TOO MANY SPOTS FOR A PERFECT AMBUSH HERE!



BUT AS THE OUTLAWS PREPARE TO DISMOUNT...

LOOK OUT! A LANDSLIDE! GET BACK INTO YOUR SADDLES!



HURRY! SPUR THOSE NAGS OUT OF HERE PRONTO OR WE'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!



HOSSTHIEF, LOOK! THAT LANDSLIDE UNCOVERED THE MOUTH OF A CAVE! LET'S HAVE A LOOK INSIDE IT: MIGHT MAKE A GOOD HIDE-OUT!



INSIDE THE CAVE...

THIS IS MIGHTY QUEER: HERE'S A POOL OF WATER WITH LITTLE WHITE FISH IN IT!

SCOOP A FISH OUT, SIDESGRIN! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT IT!



THE CRITTER DOESN'T HAVE EYES! IT'S PLUMB SIGHTLESS!

BOYS, I KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS AND IT GIVES ME A MIGHTY BIG IDEA!



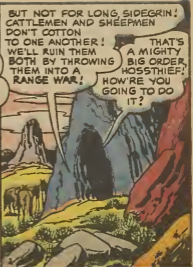
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HOSSTHIEF?

THIS SIGHTLESS FISH MEANS THERE'S AN UNDERGROUND LAKE HERE; IF WE PLAY OUR HANDS RIGHT, THE DISCOVERY OF THIS CAVE IS BETTER THAN A GOLD STRIKE!



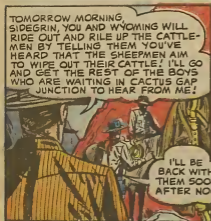
WITH THE PRICE OF COTTON BOOMING, WE COULD USE THIS LAKE TO IRRIGATE THIS TERRITORY AND BE RICH AS KINGS!

BUT THE LAND IS TAKEN BY SHEEP AND CATTLEMEN!



BUT NOT FOR LONG, SIDEGRIN! CATTLEMEN AND SHEEPMEN DON'T COTTON TO ONE ANOTHER! WE'LL RUIN THEM BOTH BY THROWING THEM INTO A RANGE WAR!

THAT'S A MIGHTY BIG ORDER, HOSSTHIEF! HOW'RE YOU GOING TO DO IT?



TOMORROW MORNING, SIDEGRIN, YOU AND WYOMING WILL RIDE OUT AND RILE UP THE CATTLEMEN BY TELLING THEM YOU'VE HEARD THAT THE SHEEPMEN AIM TO WIPE OUT THEIR CATTLE! I'LL GO AND GET THE REST OF THE BOYS WHO ARE WAITING IN CACTUS GAP JUNCTION TO HEAR FROM ME!

I'LL BE BACK WITH THEM SOON AFTER NOON!



THE NEXT DAY, HOSSTHIEF HAWLEY RETURNS WITH HIS OTHER MEN AND...

GET YOUR FACES COVERED AND YOUR SHOOTING IRONS OUT AND LET ME DO THE TALKING!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, HOSSTHIEF!



DON'T MOVE, YOU SHEEP-LOVING POLECATS! HOGTIE THE MAVERICKS, BOYS!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? THOSE MASKS DON'T COVER THE FACT THAT YOU TALK 'COWMAN' TALK! I'LL REMEMBER THAT, HOMBRE!



SO YOU'RE NOT AS DUMB AS I RECKONED, EH? HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU CAN REMEMBER! NOW YOU SHEEP CRITTERS ARE GOING TO SHEAR YOUR FLOCK WHILE WE WATCH! ONE WRONG MOVE OUT OF ANY OF YOU AND WE'LL CUT YOU DOWN WITH HOT LEAD!

YEAH, WE COWMEN DON'T COTTON TO SHEEP NURSEMAIDS! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO SPLIT YOU WITH A BULLET!

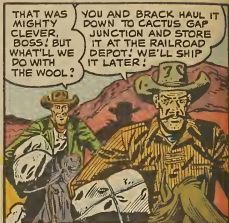
SMACK!



HOURS LATER...

YOU COYOTES'LL PAY FOR RUINING US THIS WAY!

HAW! HAW! ANYTIME YOU WANT TO TRY YOUR HAND AT A SHOWDOWN, LOOK US UP! LET'S RIDE, MEN!



THAT WAS MIGHTY CLEVER, BOSS! BUT WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE WOOL?

YOU AND BRACK HAUL IT DOWN TO CACTUS GAP JUNCTION AND STORE IT AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT! WE'LL SHIP IT LATER!



THE REST OF YOU, FOLLOW ME! WE'RE GOING TO FREE THE SHEEPHERDERS! THIS TIME WE PUT ON THE ACT OF BEING THEIR FRIENDS! THEN WE LEAD THEM AGAINST THE COWMEN!

HA! HA! THIS IS GETTING TO BE MORE FUN THAN A HOEDOWN!



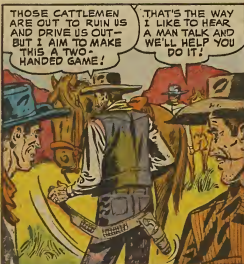
BED ME DOWN IN TUMBLEWEED! WHAT ARE YOU HOMBRES DOING TIED UP LIKE THAT?

WE'LL HAVE YOU CUT LOOSE PRONTO!



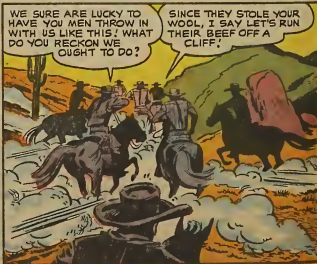
THOSE COWPOCKS WE PASSED BACK ON THE TRAIL MUST HAVE BEEN THE ONES! THEY WERE TOTING BAGS FULL OF SOMETHING AND LAUGHING!

BLAST THEIR ORNERY HIDES! WE'LL GET EVEN WITH THEM FOR THIS!



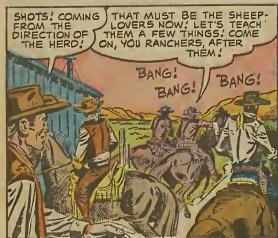
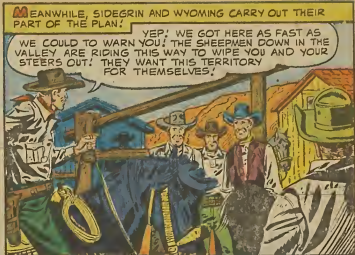
THOSE CATTLEMEN ARE OUT TO RUIN US AND DRIVE US OUT— BUT I AIM TO MAKE THIS A TWO-HANDED GAME!

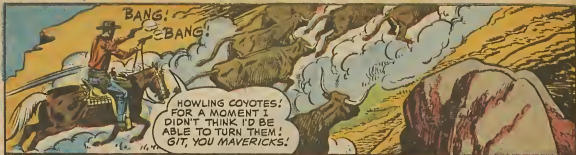
THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO HEAR A MAN TALK AND WE'LL HELP YOU DO IT!



WE SURE ARE LUCKY TO HAVE YOU MEN THROW IN WITH US LIKE THIS! WHAT DO YOU RECKON WE OUGHT TO DO?

SINCE THEY STOLE YOUR WOOL, I SAY LET'S RUN THEIR BEEF OFF A CLIFF!





BANG!
BANG!

HOWLING COYOTES:
FOR A MOMENT I
DIDN'T THINK I'D BE
ABLE TO TURN THEM!
GIT, YOU MAVERICKS!



THE CATTLE ARE
SAFE NOW, BUT
THIS SHOOTING
HAS GOT TO
STOP!

WE'VE GOT THE
SHEEPHERDERS
ON THE RUN!

BANG! BANG!



PULL UP,
GENTS!
WHAT'S ALL
THIS
SHOOTING
ABOUT?

HOLD UP YOUR
FIRE! IT'S
MY FRIEND,
ROD CAMERON!

BANG!



TEXAS, YOU
OLD CATTLE
NURSE! WHAT'S
GOING ON?

PLENTY, ROD!
WE'VE GOT
A RANGE
WAR ON
OUR HANDS!



AFTER THE TEXAN
RANCHER EXPLAINS...

--AND THEY
TRIED TO
RUN OUR
CATTLE
OVER THE
CLIFF FOR
NO REASON
AT ALL!

MUST BE A
REASON SOME-
WHERE, TEXAS!
PULL IN YOUR
HORNS AND SIT
TIGHT, WHILE
I FIND OUT WHAT
THAT REASON
IS!



LOOK! THAT'S ROD
CAMERON ON OUR TRAIL!
HE AIMS TO FIGHT US!
DRIVE THE FLOCK
DOWN THE SLOPE
AND TRAP HIM!

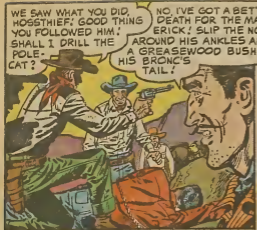


THESE CRITTERS
HAVE ALL BEEN
SHORN TO THE
SKIN!

I FOLLOWED THAT
CAMERON HERE!
HE'S NOT GOING TO
STOP ME FROM
MY PLAN!

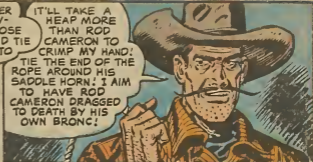


I'VE GOT THE
SNOOPING HOMBRE!



WE SAW WHAT YOU DID, HOSSTHIEF! GOOD THING YOU FOLLOWED HIM! SHALL I DRILL THE POLE-CAT?

NO, I'VE GOT A BETTER DEATH FOR THE MAY-ERICK! SLIP THE NOOSE AROUND HIS ANKLES AND TIE A GREASEWOOD BUSH TO HIS BRONC'S TAIL!

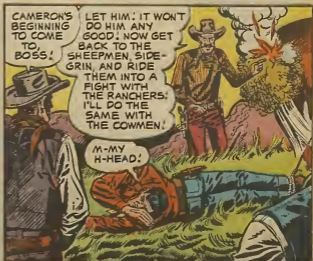


IT'LL TAKE A HEAP MORE THAN ROD CAMERON TO CRIMP MY HAND! TIE THE END OF THE ROPE AROUND HIS SADDLE HORN! I AIM TO HAVE ROD CAMERON DRAGGED TO DEATH BY HIS OWN BRONC!



SLAP A BLINDFOLD ON THE BRONC WHILE I SET THIS BRUSH AFIRE!

RIGHT, BOSS!



CAMERON'S BEGINNING TO COME TO, BOSS!

LET HIM! IT WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD! NOW GET BACK TO THE SHEEPMEN SIDE-GRIN, AND RIDE THEM INTO A FIGHT WITH THE RANCHERS! I'LL DO THE SAME WITH THE COWMEN!

M-MY H-HEAD!

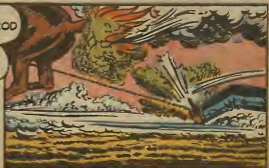


GET GOING, HORSE, AND TAKE ROD CAMERON WITH YOU-- TO HIS DEATH!

THE COYOTE! I'LL GET OUT OF THIS SOMEHOW TO PAY HIM BACK IN FULL!



YOU MET WITH MORE THAN YOUR MATCH THIS TIME, ROD CAMERON! SO LONG, HOMBRE! IT'S A LONG BUMPY TRAIL TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS FOR YOU! HAW! HAW!



THE SEARING FLAMES SEND THE GREAT STALLION, WAR PAINT, PLUNGING AWAY IN WILD PANIC! WILL HE BE THE INSTRUMENT OF HIS BELOVED MASTER'S TERRIBLE DEATH?

READ CHAPTER II OF "THE SECRET WATER MINE!"

RIDING TRAIL
with
Rod CAMERON
121 SO. BEVERLY DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA



HOWDY, PALS!

AS USUAL, IT'S MIGHTY FINE SEEING OLD FRIENDS AGAIN, ESPECIALLY AFTER ALL THOSE FINE LETTERS YOU'VE BEEN SENDING MY WAY. THANKS, PARDS.

I JUST RODE OVER HERE FROM THE TOWN MEETING HALL AND YOU KNOW, IT WARMED MY HEART TO SEE BRAD BENSON THERE. HE EVEN VOLUNTEERED TO BE A ONE-MAN COMMITTEE ON THE REPAVING PROJECT FOR MAIN STREET. YOU SEE, NOT SO LONG AGO, BRAD WAS ONE OF THOSE HOMBRES WHO NEVER LIFTED A FINGER IN COMMUNITY AFFAIRS. HE NEVER ATTENDED A TOWN MEETING, NEVER TOOK AN INTEREST IN ANYTHING HIS NEIGHBORS WERE TRYING TO DO TO BETTER THE CONDITIONS IN THE TOWN. HE DIDN'T EVEN ALLOW HIS SONS TO TAKE PART IN THE RANCHERS' BOYS' CLUB. FOR WEEKS, THE CIVIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE TRIED TO RAISE ENOUGH MONEY FOR AN UP-TO-DATE FIRE DEPARTMENT. BRAD WOULDN'T EVEN SIGN THE PETITION, SAID IT WAS NO CONCERN OF HIS. BUT AN UNFORTUNATE THING HAPPENED ONE NIGHT, THAT CHANGED BRAD'S MIND. SOMEONE CARELESSLY LEFT A SMOLDERING CIGARETTE IN HIS BARN, AND THE WHOLE BARN WENT UP IN FLAMES. YOU SHOULD'VE HEARD BRAD RANT ABOUT WHY THE TOWN DIDN'T MAINTAIN A MODERN FIRE DEPARTMENT. WHEN THEY REMINDED HIM THAT HE HAD REFUSED TO SIGN THE PETITION, HE TURNED RED AS THE FLAMES THAT HAD RUINED HIS BARN.

YES, PARDS, THAT WAS CERTAINLY A HARD AND EXPENSIVE LESSON THAT BRAD LEARNED. IT PROVED TO HIM HOW IMPORTANT IT WAS FOR EVERYBODY TO TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN ALL THINGS PERTAINING TO THE WELFARE OF THE COMMUNITY ONE LIVES IN. AND THAT LESSON IS A GOOD ONE TO REMEMBER. DON'T SIT BACK AND WAIT UNTIL SOMETHING HAPPENS TO MAKE YOU REALIZE WE'RE ALL A PART OF OUR COMMUNITY. LET'S NOT FORGET OUR CIVIC RESPONSIBILITIES-- ESPECIALLY IN THESE TIMES.

GUESS I'LL BE LOPING ALONG NOW, SO KEEP SMILING. I'LL BE RIDING INTO YOUR CORRAL AGAIN REAL SOON.

YOUR TRAIL PARTNER;

Rod Cameron



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

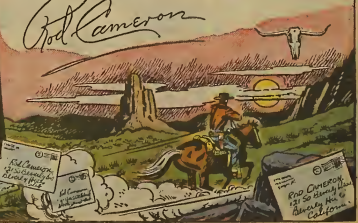
11" x 14"	—	\$ 1.00
8" x 10"	—	.25
5" x 7"	—	.10

ALBION
1950

Rod Cameron
121 So Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills
California

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California

start your letter with—

Dear Santa I WANT A
ROADMASTER
 the bicycle with **BUMPERS**



When you write to Santa or talk with Mom or Dad about that Christmas bicycle you want, be sure to say "I want a Roadmaster, the bicycle with bumpers." The safest, smartest bicycle you can get. It has everything!

OTHER FEATURES

- Shockmaster coil barrel-spring fork
- Auto-type chrome Gothic fenders
- 100% stronger electronic welded frame
- Searchbeam headlight—not a flashlight
- Brake-operated stoplight for safety



send this Coupon!

ROADMASTER
 West 117th Street & Berea Road, Cleveland 7, Ohio

Mail this coupon for a colorful folder on beautiful new Roadmaster. Show it to Mom and Dad. Send it to Santa.

Name Age

Address

City Zone State

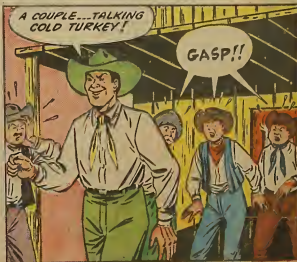
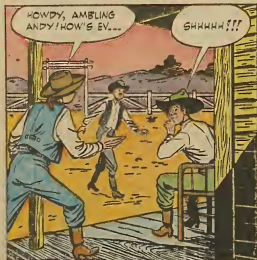
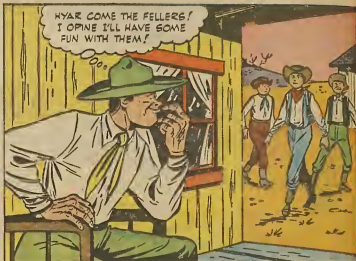
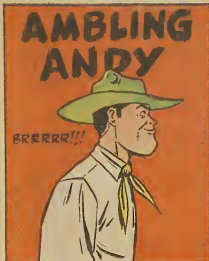


FRONT
 BUMPER



REAR
 BUMPER





**JOHNNY
LUJACK**

Ace Quarterback
Chicago Bears



What Sparks
a Champion
Sparks YOU!

and Champions
choose Wheaties!

IRON

CUTAWAY VIEW
OF WHEAT KERNEL

ENERGY

VITAMINS

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

Hitting the line—or hitting the books—you need lots of energy to see you through. Pour on the wheat-power. Eat lots of Wheaties like the champions do!

"Breakfast of Champions"

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WHEATIES ENERGY
HELPS YOU CARRY THE
BALL AT WHATEVER
YOU DO!



Rod CAMERON

in *The SECRET WATER MINE!*

CHAPTER II
BRONC
TERROR



IS THIS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR THE GALLANT TRAIL BLAZER, ROD CAMERON? AND WHAT OF THE UNSUSPECTING CATTLE AND SHEEPMEN CAUGHT IN THE SINISTER WEB OF THE DIABOLICAL PLOT DESIGNED TO DESTROY THEM BOTH?

BUT THE INDOMITABLE FIGHTING HEART OF ROD CAMERON NEVER ACKNOWLEDGES DEFEAT. A DARING PLAN FLASHES THROUGH HIS KEEN MIND AND IN THAT VERY INSTANT IT IS TRANSLATED INTO ACTION!

I'VE GOT A CHANCE IN A MILLION, BUT I'M GOING TO TRY IT JUST THE SAME!

I'VE GOT TO GRAB THAT CLUMP OF BRUSH!

GOT IT! NOW TO TRY TO GET IT UNDER--

--MY FEET AND RIDE IT LIKE A SLED!





STEADY, WAR PAINT, OLD PARD! I'LL HAVE THIS BURNING BRUSH OFF YOUR TAIL PRONTO!



THERE, THAT DOES IT! EASY, WAR PAINT, OLD SCOUT! EASY, BOY! NOTHING'S GOING TO HARM YOU!



ROD CAMERON'S SOOTHING VOICE BRINGS THE GREAT STALLION TO A HALT.

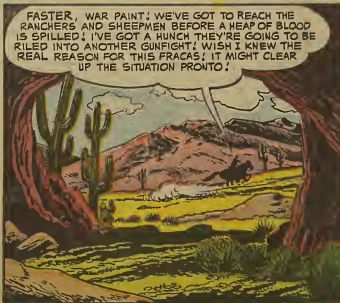
GOOD BOY WAR PAINT! NOW TO GET THESE ROPES OFF MY ANKLES AND--



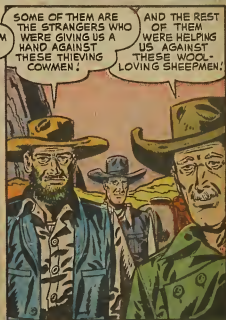
--SWING BACK INTO ACTION! I'VE GOT TO GET A DEBT PAID BACK AND I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT FOR IT!



LET'S DIG UP DUST, OLD SCOUT! WE'VE GOT A LONG TRAIL TO BLISTER IN A POWERFUL HURRY!



FASTER, WAR PAINT! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE RANCHERS AND SHEEPMEN BEFORE A HEAP OF BLOOD IS SPILLED! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THEY'RE GOING TO BE RILED INTO ANOTHER GUNFIGHT! WISH I KNEW THE REAL REASON FOR THIS FRACAS! IT MIGHT CLEAR UP THE SITUATION PRONTO!



IT'S MIGHTY STRANGE THAT THEY SHOULD SUDDENLY GET TOGETHER AFTER BEING ON DIFFERENT SIDES OF THIS FRACAS! BUT LET'S FIND OUT ONE THING AT A TIME! WHAT'S THE REASON FOR YOUR ATTACK ON THE CATTLEMEN?



THOSE SIDEWINDERS STOLE THE WOOL OFF OUR SHEEP'S BACKS--THEN LEFT US HOGTIED! WE'RE ONTO THEIR RANGE-GRABBING GAME!



SOME OF THE JASPERS THAT JUST RODE OFF!

I THOUGHT SO! IT LOOKS AS IF THOSE COYOTES WERE USING YOU BOTH TO PLAY AGAINST EACH OTHER!



THAT'S A CONSERNSD LIE! ROD, WE WERE WARNED THAT THESE MAVERICKS WERE OUT TO WIPE OUT OUR STOCK AND THEY WOULD HAVE, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU!



WHO WARNED YOU, TEXAS?

NAME IT AND WE'LL DO IT, ROD! I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT THE JUSTICE ROD CAMERON DEALS OUT!

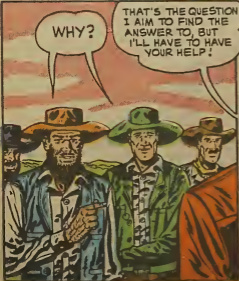
GOOD! GIVE ME YOUR WORD THERE'LL BE NO MORE GUNPLAY UNTIL I GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MESS!

I'LL SPEAK FOR THE RANCHERS, THEY'LL WANT IT THAT WAY! NO GUNPLAY!



WHY?

THAT'S THE QUESTION I AIM TO FIND THE ANSWER TO, BUT I'LL HAVE TO HAVE YOUR HELP!





AGREED! AND WE'LL HELP YOU ROUND UP THOSE VARMINTS TO BOOT!

THANKS, MEN, BUT IT'LL BE BETTER IF I HANDLE THIS SINGLEHANDEDLY!

RIGHT!



LET'S GO, WAR PAINT! WE'RE GOING ON A HUNT FOR A PASSEL OF PACKRATS!

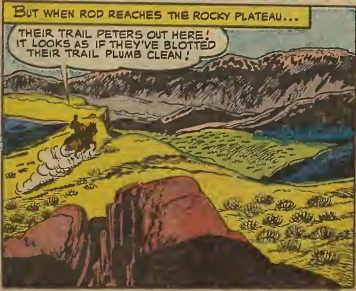


THEY RODE THIS WAY! I'M PLUMB ITCHING FOR A SHOW-DOWN WITH THOSE VARMINTS!



ROD FOLLOWS THE OUTLAWS' TRACK FOR MANY MILES UNTIL...

THEY HEADED FOR THAT ROCKY BLUFF UP AHEAD!



BUT WHEN ROD REACHES THE ROCKY PLATEAU...

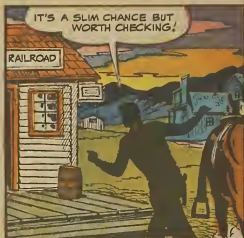
THEIR TRAIL PETERS OUT HERE! IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE BLOTTED THEIR TRAIL PLUMB CLEAN!



WITH NIGHT DUE SOON, I DON'T STAND A CHANCE OF PICKING UP THEIR TRAIL AGAIN, BUT I'VE GOT ANOTHER ANGLE TO PLAY-- THE WOOL FROM THE SHEEP! LET'S MAKE TRACKS FOR THAT TOWN YONDER, WAR PAINT!



THIS TOWN IS A SHIPPING POINT! AND THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE STORED THE WOOL IN THE RAILROAD DEPOT!



IT'S A SLIM CHANCE BUT WORTH CHECKING!



YES, SIR, STRANGER! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

HOWDY! DID ANYONE BRING IN ANY WOOL CLIPPINGS HERE IN THE PAST DAY OR SO?



NOPE! ONLY THING THAT CAME IN WERE SOME SACKS OF COTTON!

COTTON, EH? MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK AT IT?



NOT AT ALL! IT'S ON THAT SHIPPING PLATFORM WAITING TO BE PICKED UP. IT'S MARKED COTTON!

THANKS! NO COTTON IS GROWN AROUND THIS AREA! I THINK I'LL LOOK INTO THOSE COTTON SACKS!



WE'LL SOON SEE IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THIS IS WOOL-- NOT COTTON!



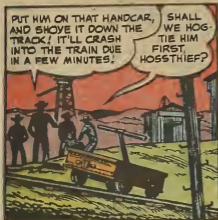
REACH, ROD CAMERON! I DIDN'T GET RID OF YOU BEFORE, BUT I'LL MAKE SURE THIS TIME, YOU'LL END UP IN BOOT HILL!



GRAB THE BROOM-TAIL, MEN! TAKE THIS!

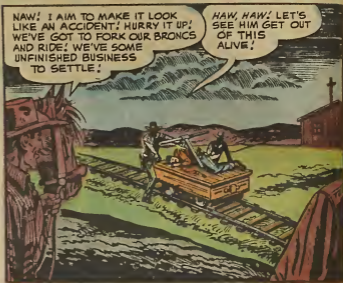
UGH!

CRACK!



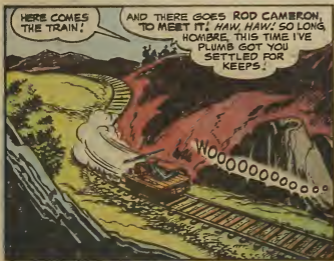
PUT HIM ON THAT HANDCAR, AND SHOVE IT DOWN THE TRACK! IT'LL CRASH INTO THE TRAIN DUE IN A FEW MINUTES.

SHALL WE HOGTIE HIM FIRST, HOSSTHIEF?



NOW! I AIM TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT; HURRY IT UP! WE'VE GOT TO FORK OUR BRONCS AND RIDE! WE'VE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO SETTLE!

HAW, HAW! LET'S SEE HIM GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!



HERE COMES THE TRAIN!

AND THERE GOES ROD CAMERON, TO MEET IT! HAW, HAW! SO LONG, HOMBRE, THIS TIME I'VE PLUMB GOT YOU SETTLED FOR KEEPS!

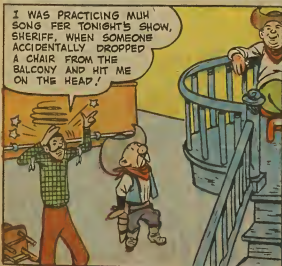
WOOOOOOOOOOOO

THE HANDCAR ROLLS DOWN THE TRACK CARRYING THE UNCONSCIOUS PLAINS RIDER TO AN INEVITABLE END. WILL HOSSTHIEF HAWLEY AND HIS GANG OF HARCASSES OVERRIDE JUSTICE AND SUCCEED IN CARRYING OUT THEIR DIABOLICAL PLAN? READ CHAPTER III OF "THE SECRET WATER MINE!"

SAM *the* SHERIFF



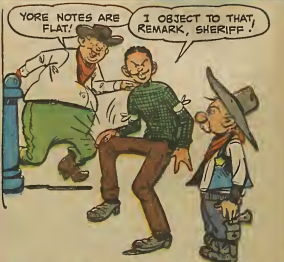
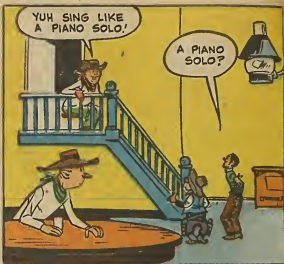
I WAS PRACTICING MUH SONG FER TONIGHT'S SHOW, SHERIFF, WHEN SOMEONE ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED A CHAIR FROM THE BALCONY AND HIT ME ON THE HEAD!



WHAT MAKES YUH THINK IT WAS AN ACCIDENT?

OH, THEN YUH ADMIT YUH THREW IT, BIXX!









INHERITED
YORE VOICE?

WHEN HE WAS A
BOY SOMEBODY
PROBABLY HIT HIM
OVER THE HEAD
AT A PICNIC WITH
A SAXOPHONE!



NEVER MIND,
BIXX! TELL ME,
SINGER, ARE
YUH A HIGH
TENOR?

NO! HE'S
A ROOF
THINNER!
LOOK AT
THE HOLES
HE PUT IN
THE CEILING
WITH HIS
CUTTING
NOTES!



I'LL HAVE YUH KNOW
I SANG IN
GRAND.....

OPERA?



NO! GRAND RAPIDS AND
GRAND JUNCTION! WHY
I EVEN SANG WITH
THE JACKSON HALL
CHOIR! HAVE YUH
HEARD OF THEM?

OF COURSE! THE
JACKSON HALL
CHOIR IS THE
FINEST GROUP
OF SINGERS IN
THE COUNTRY!



I'D BET JACKSON
THREW HIM OUT
OF THE HALL!

THAT'S A LIE! THE
DAY I AUDITIONED FOR
THE CHOIR I HAD A
FROG IN MY THROAT!

WHAT
HAPPENED?



THEY PROBABLY
TURNED HIM
DOWN AND
HIRED THE
FROG!

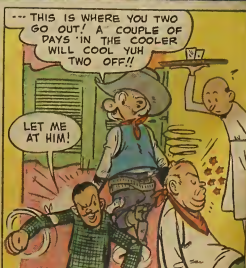
I DON'T
WANT ANY
FAVORS FROM
YUH! YUH
GAVE ME
THIS CHAIR!



SO LET
ME RETURN
IT!

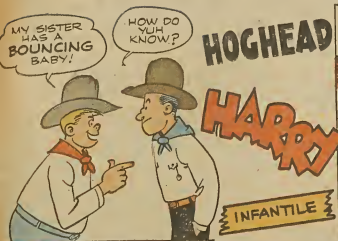
THIS IS
WHERE
I CAME
IN AND--

CRACK!



--- THIS IS WHERE YOU TWO
GO OUT! A COUPLE OF
DAYS 'IN THE COOLER
WILL COOL YUH
TWO OFF!!

LET ME
AT HIM!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933; AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Sec. 233) OF ROD CAMERON WESTERN, published bi-monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Mercedes Shull, Scarsdale, N.Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, Pelham Manor, N.Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was. (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1951.

(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY,

(My commission expires April 1, 1953)



THE NO GUN SHERIFF

By Eando Binder



AS WILD BULL BARTON loped along on his horse, he reflected that he was just about the toughest hombre in the west. Ten notches were on his gun, and three of them represented sheriffs. Behind him was a trail of robberies and killings, as he forged into new territory.

Every hour or so he tickled himself by pulling out a wrinkled poster showing his brutal whiskery face, offering a reward for his capture. His coarse laugh grated through the air. "I'm wanted man number one in the whole dern west," he boasted aloud to nobody in particular. "And mighty proud of it. Yes, sir, I'm the roughest, toughest badman in these hyar parts and all other parts."

"Then I arrest you in the name of the law," came a quiet voice from behind a clump of bushes.

Wild Bull Barton whirled and drew with blurring speed, ready to trade lead. But he didn't fire when the owner of the voice stepped out into view. Instead, Barton's mouth fell open in astonishment.

First of all, the man was unarmed, and didn't even carry a gunbelt. Secondly, he was small and weak and had silvery white hair. And what was most astonishing, he carried a bouquet of flowers in his hand, as if he had just picked them.

But he did wear a sheriff's badge. Barton burst out laughing. "You a sheriff? Why, you ain't no bigger'n a hoptoad. I'll bet a rabbit could lick you with one leg tied behind him! Go away, grampaw, afore I step on you and squash you like a bug."

"Halt," said the little man in a mild voice. "I said you're *under arrest*. I'm sheriff Quincy Quentin. They call me the no gun sheriff. Ready to put on the handcuffs without any fuss?"

"Dear me, you scare me to death," guffawed Barton. Then he drew his black brows together in a threatening scowl and bellowed. "Do you know who yo're talking to, you little worm? Wild Bull Barton, number one badman! Why, I have a sheriff for breakfast every morning, and my best fun is licking three men at once

and knocking their skulls together. Look out now, or I'll sneeze and blow you clean out of sight!"

The little man smiled gently, patiently, as if dealing with an obstinate child. "Please don't make me use force," he chided, moving forward. "Be a good boy and submit."

Barton started to laugh again, but suddenly he choked off and yelled. "Look out, Pop! An iguana behind you! I'll shoot it . . ."

"No," snapped the little man. "He won't hurt me. You see, he's my pet."

And to the utter amazement of the badman, the sheriff leaned down and petted the head of the deadly reptile. He straightened up smiling. "You see, I make friends with all the wild creatures. You can tame them with patience and understanding. In fact, I live here out of town, in a cabin, so I can always be near my animal friends." He pointed and Barton could see a cabin nestled in a grove of trees, with a big bull buffalo tamely grazing in the front yard, in between the big flower beds.

"Barton didn't like it. "You tame animals! You grow flowers. You're a kind-hearted little old geezer—and yet you're a sheriff? What's yore biggest job—stopping two alley cats from fighting? Haw, haw, haw!"

"The handcuffs, please," Quincy Quentin said wearily. "No nonsense now."

"I've had enough of this," roared Barton angrily, jumping off his horse. "You asked for it, you little pipsqueak. I'm gonna take you in my two hands and mangle you into pulp and—OOF!"

The last was a pained grunt from Barton as two hairy arms grabbed him around the waist, mightily. Barton turned pale, hearing the growl behind his ear.

"Bruno, my pet bear," explained the sheriff in a soft voice. "He's a tame grizzly. How many grizzlies have you licked in your time, Wild Bull Barton?"

Barton couldn't answer, with his breath squeezed out. His face turned purple. "That's enough, Bruno," the sheriff said quietly. "Release him. I think this big, bold badman realizes now that I *mean* business when I say he's

under arrest."

The bear obediently let go, and Barton sank to the ground, gulping air. The sheriff went on, smiling just a little. "You see, my methods of capturing badmen are a bit different from the ordinary, shall we say. I never carry a gun. With the help of my tame animals, I'm a match for any obstinate bandit like you. Now the handcuffs, if you please."

But Barton wasn't through yet. Not Wild Bull Barton who had once shot and mauled his way through a posse of ten men. He had been playing possum, recovering his breath and strength. Suddenly, like a coiled spring, he jumped to his feet and leaped on his horse. The lumbering bear was too slow and clumsy, making a grab with his great paws, missing.

Barton's gloating voice came back from a thunder of hoofs. "Haw, haw! I got away. Go back to yore fowers, Grampaw."

Barton didn't hear the soft answer that followed him. "You can't get away. You'll be behind bars by nightfall."

The little sheriff then whistled and a shaggy brown shape slithered up. "Ah, there you are, Brownie! Pick up his scent and trail that criminal."

But it wasn't a dog that sniffed and set off with a yelp. It was a coyote. And behind him followed Quincy Quentin on the broad back of the buffalo. "Never did like riding horses," the old sheriff ruminated. "Bounce too much. Now, you take a buffalo, he's too heavy to bounce much as he runs. A buffalo is built by nature to run all day if he has to, without resting, but even the best horse has to rest at times. So in the long run, I'll overtake Barton. Giddap, Ferdinand!"

It was only an hour later, bringing his horse to a trot, that Barton looked back and grunted in disbelief. "Why, that doggone little pest is follering me with a buffalo! And my horse is too winded to get up speed. Got to find me a hiding place. By golly, what luck! I see a cave!"

The sniffing coyote led the sheriff to the cave, but a gloating voice roared out from the black mouth. "All right, so you know I'm in here. But I can shoot out at you or any of your blasted animals, if you try to come in. I'll hold you off while it's daylight and then sneak off at night, see? And nothing'll roust me out of this cave—nothing!"

"Nothing?" The sheriff had a faint smile on his lips as he dismounted. Soon he kneeled and petted a small animal that crept out of the thickets, talking to it softly, as he outlined his plan. The little creature finally ambled into the cave and only a second later Wild Bull Barton ran out madly, as if confronted by a terrible monster.

"Skunk!" he screeched. "What a dirty trick!"

The sheriff stood in plain view. "Now, will you put on the handcuffs?" he sighed wearily.

"I've still got my gun!" roared Barton. "You'll be notch number eleven, you ornery little varmint!"

Barton aimed deliberately, not noticing the dark shadow cast down from the sky. Before he could squeeze the trigger a black shape wheeled down and a strong beak snatched the gun out of his hands.

"No—no!" screamed Barton, becoming more unnerved by the minute. "You even tamed vultures?"

The sheriff nodded. "Took me quite a spell, but I trained Blacky there to always follow me and grab guns out of itchy hands like yours."

Snarling, wild-eyed, his brain in a whirl, Wild Bull Barton pulled a knife out of his boot, and snapped back his hand for the expert throw. "Straight for your throat, sheriff!" he grated.

BUT A SILENT furry shape sprang up behind Barton and seized his wrist on the back swing. Barton yelped in pain, as sharp teeth made him drop his knife.

"Oh, I forgot to mention Prince, my pet wildcat," Quincy Quentin said apologetically. "He follows me, too."

Barton turned to stare at the huge wildcat that now sat on its haunches, purring. Then Wild Bull Barton, the biggest, toughest badman in the whole dern west, sank down to his knees and sobbed.

"Put the handcuffs on me!" he begged. "I can't stand any more. I'm only human!"

"Land sakes," muttered Sheriff Quincy Quentin, snapping on the bracelets. "Why didn't you say so in the first place? Look at all the time we wasted. I could have been home tending my flower."

THE END

Rod CAMERON

and
**THE SECRET
WATER
MINE!**

...CHAPTER III... **RAMPAGE!**



(GROAN)
WHERE
AM I?

WHOOOOOO!!

SLOWLY THE
VEIL OF BLACKNESS
BEGINS TO DISSOLVE
AS PAINFUL CONSCIOUSNESS
RETURNS TO THE GALLANT
COWBOY!

THE RESOURCEFUL ROD
GRASPS THE GRIM
SITUATION...

THIS IS THE TOUGHEST SPOT
I'VE EVER BEEN IN! IF I TRY
TO SAVE MYSELF BY JUMPING
OFF, THE TRAIN WILL BE WRECKED
WHEN IT CRASHES INTO THE
HANDCAR! I'VE GOT TO GET
THIS HAND-
CAR OFF
THE TRACKS!



I'LL WHISTLE FOR
WAR PAINT! HE'S
BOUND TO BE
NEARBY!



TWEET!

THE MAGNIFICENT STALLION WHO NEVER
LETS HIS BELOVED MASTER OUT OF HIS
SIGHT, FLIES TO HIS SIDE!

WAR PAINT, OLD PARD, YOU NEVER
FAIL ME! NOW IF I COULD SLOW
THIS CAR DOWN A MITE...





JUST A BIT CLOSER,
WAR PAINT! WE'VE
ONLY A MOMENT'S
FIGHTING CHANCE!



IT SURE FEELS MIGHTY GOOD TO HIT THIS SADDLE!
NOW TO SWING MY LASSO
INTO ACTION PRONTO!



ROPE, DON'T FAIL ME
THIS TIME!

SWISH!!



WE MADE IT,
OLD SCOUT!

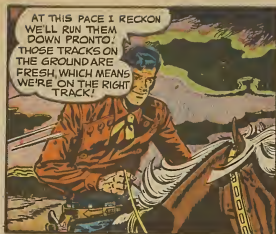
KRAASH!



NOW WE'RE GOING TO
TRY TO PICK UP THE TRAIL
OF THOSE GUNSLINGERS!
I'VE GOT MORE THAN A
FEW SCORES TO SETTLE
WITH THEM!



THE MAVERICKS HAVE HAD
THEIR FUN LONG ENOUGH! IF IT
TAKES THE LAST BREATH
OUT OF ME, I'M RIDING THEM
DOWN TO THE END OF
THE TRAIL!



AT THIS PACE I RECKON WE'LL RUN THEM DOWN PRONTO! THOSE TRACKS ON THE GROUND ARE FRESH, WHICH MEANS WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!



MOMENTS LATER... THERE THEY ARE! FASTER, WAR PAINT! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THEM!



JUMPING JUNIPERS! IT'S CAMERON ON OUR TRAIL AGAIN! THAT HOMBRE HAS THE LIVES OF A BOWLEGGED CAT!

HEAD FOR OUR SECRET CAVE! WE'LL BUSHWHACK THE TINHORN THERE!



WE'RE TRAPPED! HERE COME THE CATTLEMEN AND THE SHEEPMEN TOO!

STOP GABBING AND HEAD INTO THE CAVE! WE'LL GIVE THEM ALL A HEAVY SMOKE SHOWDOWN!



TAKE YOUR PLACES, MEN! FROM HERE WE CAN SHOOT THEM DOWN LIKE SITTING DUCKS! LEAVE ROD CAMERON TO ME; I'VE GOT A NICE HOT BULLET WITH HIS NAME ON IT.

WE'LL HAVE THEM ALL BLASTED IN NO TIME!

BANG! BANG!



AS ROD CAMERON RACES UP FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE ARROYO...

ROD, THE VARMINTS ARE HOLED UP IN THAT CAVE; WE'LL NEVER GET TO THEM!

YOU MEN COVER ME WITH AN OUTBURST OF GUNFIRE; I'M GOING TO TRY TO CRASH MY WAY UP THERE!

WITH RECKLESS COURAGE, ROD CAMERON MAKES A BOLD RUN TO THE CAVE'S ENTRANCE!

IF THOSE JASPER'S AIM ON MAKING THIS A MEXICAN STANDOFF, THEY'RE PLUMB LOCO! WE'RE GOING TO MEET THEM FACE TO FACE!



BANG!
BANG!

SIC THEM, WAR PAINT, OLD PARD!

I CAN'T GET A BEAD ON HIM! THAT BRONC OF HIS HAS GONE LOCO!

YOU AIM FOR THE NAG WHILE I DRAW ON CAMERON!



DROP THAT GUN!

OW!! HE'S PLUMB UNCANNY WITH GUNFIRE!



BANG!

BANG!

YOU PASSEL OF RING-NECKED BUZZARDS AREN'T GOING TO HAVE THE CHANCE TO DO MUCH MORE SHOOTING! IT'S MY TURN NOW!



BANG! HE-HE'S NOT HUMAN!

BANG!

BANG!

M-MY GUN; HE SHOT IT OUT OF MY HAND!

HIS GUNS ARE EMPTY! CROWD HIM, MEN, AND BEAT HIS BRAINS OUT!

DON'T COUNT ME UP AS A CORPSE UNTIL I'M COLD, YOU COYOTE!

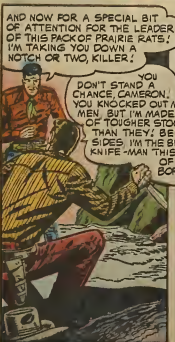
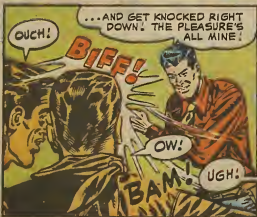


I'M EMPTY!

CLICK!

CLICK!





AND NOW FOR A SPECIAL BIT OF ATTENTION FOR THE LEADER OF THIS PACK OF PRAIRIE RATS! I'M TAKING YOU DOWN A NOTCH OR TWO, KILLER!

I'LL CUT YOUR HEART OUT!

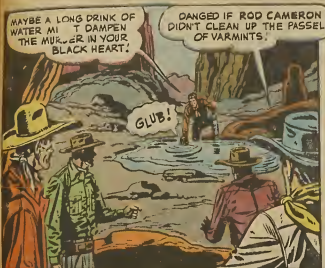
I'M WAITING!

YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE, CAMERON! YOU KNOCKED OUT MY MEN BUT I'M MADE OF TOUGHER STOCK THAN THEY! BE SIDES I'M THE BEST KNIFE-MAN THIS SIDE OF THE BORDER.

WITH MATCHLESS SPEED, ROO REACHES OUT FOR THE OUTLAW'S EXTENDED ARM AND CROUCHING, TOSSES HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER!

ALL CROOKS HAVE A HABIT OF BOASTING TOO MUCH!

MY ARM!!



MAYBE A LONG DRINK OF WATER MIGHT DAMPEN THE MURDER IN YOUR BLACK HEART!

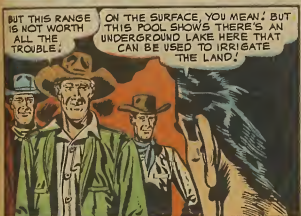
DANGED IF ROD CAMERON DIDN'T CLEAN UP THE PASSEL OF VARMINTS!

GLUB!



WHAT'S YOUR GAME? TALK! OR DO YOU WANT MORE?

DON'T! I'LL TALK! I WAS AIMING TO DRIVE THE CATTLE AND SHEEP MEN OUT, AND GRAB THIS LAND!



BUT THIS RANGE IS NOT WORTH ALL THE TROUBLE!

ON THE SURFACE, YOU MEAN! BUT THIS POOL SHOWS THERE'S AN UNDERGROUND LAKE HERE THAT CAN BE USED TO IRRIGATE THE LAND!



YIPPEE!! WITH ALL THIS WATER WE CAN GROW THE BEST GRASS IN THE COUNTRY AND EVEN COTTON!

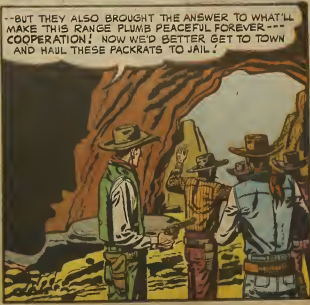
RIGHT! THIS COUNTRY NEEDS COTTON BADLY AND IT WOULD HELP YOU A HEAP IF YOU TURNED THIS RANGE INTO COTTON FIELDS.



THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'LL DO! RAISE COTTON! ALL OF US!

DANGED GOOD IDEA, PARTNER!

THAT MAKES A HEAP OF SENSE, GENTS! THOSE POLECATS BROUGHT A HEAP OF TROUBLE TO THESE PARTS---



--BUT THEY ALSO BROUGHT THE ANSWER TO WHAT'LL MAKE THIS RANGE PLUMB PEACEFUL FOREVER--- COOPERATION! NOW WE'D BETTER GET TO TOWN AND HAUL THESE PACKRATS TO JAIL!

OFFICE THE DAILY SCOOP
EDITOR PUD

I WANT A BIG STORY ABOUT DUBBLE BUBBLE FOR THIS ISSUE. THERE'S A PRIZE FOR THE BEST!

EVERYBODY'S INTERESTED IN FLEER'S. LET'S ALL TEST IT!

NOTICE SOMETHING DIFFERENT? BLOWS BEST BUBBLES EVER! THE FLAVOR LASTS LONGER!

YUM!

TURN IN YOUR REPORTS - WE'VE GOT TO GO TO PRESS!

HERE'S MINE!

WHAT'S THE PRIZE, PUD?

HERE'S THE FIRST COPY-HOT OFF THE PRESS - SIS WINS!

GOLLY! LOOK AT THE PRIZE - A WHOLE BOX OF DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!

The DAILY SCOOP
I FOLLOW FLEER'S FUNNIES!

FLEER'S FLAVOR LASTS, AND LASTS!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES!

FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!

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ME HOPE
YOU GETTUM
DAISY FOR
CHRISTMAS.
NOW READUM
AD!—*Little
Beaver*

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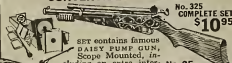


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