

Rod Cameron

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THE
**OUTLAW
STALLION!**



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

W. W. Lindsey, Jr., President



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IM GOING AFTER THEM! SHERIFF DANWELL IS SET A SHERIFF'S CONVENTION IN BIRKOCK AND HNT EXPECTED UNTIL THIS AFTERNOON!



THEYRE HIT LEATHER! IVE GOT TO MOVE FAST BEFORE THEY GET TOO MUCH OF A HEAD START!



HUR! SHERIFFS WAK THAT I LEFT HIM AT THE RITARDAN RAIL!



ILL WHISTLE FOR A HORSE! HE CANT BE TOO FAR AWAY!



THAT'S WAK PRANT'S ADDRESS! BUT WHATS HE DOING IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET?



NOW I GET IT! THOSE BRACKETS WERE BLIND! THEY TIED ALL THE WORNEN BAGS HERE TO DELAY PURSUIT!



ALL RIGHT, WARD! ILL BE WITH YOU, ILL GET YOU OUT OF HERE IN A MINUTE!

LET'S RIDE, WAK PRANT! WE'VE GOT AHEAD OF THEM! TO BRAD! IF WE'RE TO CHASE, TAKE THOSE BRACKETS ON!



SEVERAL MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN

HOLD UP, WERE WANT! THEIR TRACKS LEAD TO THE STREAM, BUT THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING WHETHER THEY WENT UP OR DOWN STREAM! I BEGON THEY'RE OVER ON THE SLIP!



WE'RE COMING BACK TO TOWN TO HELP SHERIFF DANWELL ROUND UP A SEARCHING PARTY WHEN HE RETURNS! JAKE TRUMAN WAS RIGHT!



THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

YES, MR. NICHOLS, I KNOW THEY BOBBED YOUR BANK, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. SHERIFF DANWELL SHOULD BE BACK SOON FROM THE CONVENTION!



I'LL WAIT FOR THE SHERIFF, TOO; HE'LL PROBABLY WANT TO GET OF A POSSIE!

I HEAR THOSE ROBBERS WERE NOT TOOH DANWELL; DID EITHER ONE OF 'EM RECORDE THE ROBBERS?

THEY KAD ME SHAPPOLED BEFORE I WEN WHAT WAS HAPPENING; THEY WEN OVER CORNER OF MY BANK AS WELL AS I DO!

AND I WAS TOO FAR AWAY TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE VARMINTS!



AT THE ROBBERS

I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT! I TOOK A PICTURE OF THOSE VARMINTS AS THEY CAME OUT OF THE BANK; MIGHT IT WILL HELP TO IDENTIFY THEM!

LET ME SEE IT, FRANK!



HOLD IT CAMERON! THIS IS OFFICIAL EVIDENCE AND SHOULD NOT BE SEEN BY ANYONE BUT THE SHERIFF AND HIS CLERK!

FOR BERN DANWELL CLERK OF THE SHERIFF, YOU'RE A REALITY OFFICER-BELLY!



IT'S GETTING DARK IS HERE; I'LL GET SOME WOOD IN THE STOVE!



HOWON, BOB; WHAT'S THIS BERN ABOUT A BANK ROBBERY?





IN THREE HRS. BACK TO OUR SIDE-OUT WHERE NO ONE WILL
 FIND THE BULLET THAT WILL KILL US! AT THE GARDEN!

PHOTO
 STUDIO



WHILE LIVING IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

SHERIFF, THEY'VE BEEN
 LIES BY PULASKI'S STUDIO
 A HEAVY LINGER, THAT IT
 SHOULD TAKE TO MAKE
 A POINT OF A NEGATIVE!

YOUR ROOM, BOB! LET'S
 HURRY! CHECK THESE TO
 SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED
 HERE!



BOON... SOMETHING MONEY
 STAMPEDE IS ABOVE!
 I KNOW DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

THE PLACE IS
 EMPTY!



LET'S LOOK AROUND!
 THERE MUST BE AN
 ANSWER TO THIS!

I'LL LOOK THROUGH THESE
 NEGATIVES!



HOWEVER CONVICTS! THIS IS
 THE PICTURE OF THE BANK
 ROBBER!

WE'VE RUN OUT TO
 GET A PORTION OF THAT
 BROT, BOB! YOU WERE EARLY-
 TIME ABOUT DEVELOPING?



I KNOW A WIFE ABOUT IT! I'LL
 SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



QUARTY AFTER—

LET ME SEE
 IT!

HERE IT IS, DRWELL!
 WHAT DO YOU
 MAKE OF IT?





THESE WANTS ARE WASTED SO IT'S PLAIN
EASY TO TALK, BUT I THINK IT MIGHT BE
THE TIGHT TUCKER BROTHERS WHO LIVE IN THE
HOLE!

WANTS YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT IT WON'T
HELP BE THOSE TWO STRANGERS WHO
WAS BEEN LIVED IN THAT OLD BRACK
IN THE HOLE FOR THE PAST FEW
YEARS.



WE'RE GOING TO LOOK
SOMEONE! LET'S GO! YOU
GO AFTER THE TUCKER BROTHERS
AND YOU GO TAKE A LOOK AT
THOSE STRANGERS!

RIGHT ROD! WE CAN'T
JUST STAY HERE FOR
TOM AND FRANK! LET'S
GO!



SO JOE, SHERRIF! I MIGHT ONE OF US
OUGHT TO COME BACK WITH THE
BANDY GOATS!



BLUES! THE TRAIL WAS RIGHT, OLD FRED! IF THOSE HOMBERS
DID THE JOB, THEY WON'T COME AROUND THESE PLATS LONG!



KEEP GOING, HUNGRY! SOMEONE'S FRANK-
ING TO PUT AN END AND BETTER NOT
AT FOOT ALL!



WILCOX ISN'T THAT BRACK
AND AN FEAT THROUGH
FRANK AND'S ALIVE TOO
GOOD A THING UP HERE!
I'LL SET IN THE PIT FOR
A SPELL!



WATCH OUT, ROD!
THESE BILGERS AND
TOM, BUCKLE IS ONE
OF THEM!



ALL I CAN DO IS SIT HERE, HOPING THEY WILL GET TIRED OF SHOOTING! IF THEY DO, THERE'LL TRY TO PUSH ME, WHICH IS WORSE! WHAT I WANT!



FOR SOME TIME, BULLETS WERE OVER ROD, THEN SILENCE! ... THEY'VE STOPPED SHOOTING! THERE'S PROBABLY GOING TO COME IN OR ARE! GOOD! IN REACH!



FOOLISH GUY! THEY'RE GOING TO BURN YOU OUT OF THAT HOLE!

GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW!



I UNDERSTAND THEM! THEY'RE FOLLOWS THAT NO MATTER HOW HIGH THE COCKS WERE AGAINST ME, I WANT TO KNOW CAN MY HORSE GET!



THE BRASS IS GOING AND THE WIND IS BLOWING TOWARD ME! IT WON'T TAKE LONG FOR A FIRE TO COME UP TO ME AND FOR ME TO WORK!





MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO BEAT THEM AT THEIR OWN GAME --



...AND TO FIGHT THEM WITH FIRE !



THESE ! THIS RING OF FIRE WILL BURN OUT ALL THE GRASS AROUND ME !



WHEW ! THE HEAT IS TERRIBLE, BUT THE WAY I BEGAN, IT'S NOT WORTH SITTING THROUGH THIS !



IN THE END OF FIRE ONLY DROPPING A BURNED AREA AROUND THE OTHER

HERE COMES THE BIG FIRE ! IF ANY TRICK WORKS, THE BIG FIRE WILL DIE DOWN FROM LACK OF FUEL WHEN IT REACHES THE CHAINED AREA !



THAT CAMERON SCHEME WILL BE ROASTED BROWN IN THE TIME THE FIRE PULSED OVER HIM !

THE FIRE WAS A REAL GOOD IDEA, TOM !

ROAR
CRACKLE



IT WORKED ! THE FIRE'S DRAGG DOWN, AND A FIRE OVER THE HUNDREDS-YARDS BEHIND IT !



ALL GROWN DOWN AND LAY AND FASTENED THE FIRE GOT ME GOVT, THEY GET WITHIN RANGE !







TROUBLE AT TRAIL'S END

By Hank Spector



"YOU'VE done a great job, Sid. You brought those cattle through in fine shape, and it gives me real pleasure to pay you off at the top price." Lannon dug into the side pocket of his coat, and brought out a bundle of greenbacks. With ostentatious carelessness, he flung the money across the table. "There's twenty thousand dollars there," he said. "You'll want to count it before you sign this receipt."

Sid Hampton looked down at the money. It formed a packet, a little over an inch high. There was something about this he didn't like. He couldn't put his finger on the reason for his discomfort. Maybe it was just that he felt ill at ease here in town and couldn't want to get on the trail again, headed for home. There were all sorts of crooks and bad men in a cow town. The place existed solely for the purpose of taking profits off the range, in one way or another—and some of the men weren't too particular how they got theirs.

Now this Lannon fellow—Sid didn't cotton to him at all. The man was short and heavily built, with a bullet head that rested, without evidence of a neck, on chunky shoulders. His eyebrows sloped downward over eyes that were small and expressionless. His voice, also, was carefully devoid of feeling. Sid had heard him carrying out a careless waster, downward, in just the same level tone which was now conveying congratulations.

"You see," Lannon continued. "You've brought me a thousand head of prime cattle, and now your troubles are over."

"Yes, I guess they are," Sid said, reaching doubtfully for the money. He wondered if this expensively-garbed business man could appreciate what it meant to push a thousand head of cattle up the long trail. Sid and his boys had nursed those creaky critters through drought and rain, had fought off rustlers, had conquered the dangers of swollen rivers and prairie fires and mad stampedes. Yes, those troubles were over, and the cattle were safe now in the redtop pens, waiting to be shipped out. They were off Sid's hands, as attested by the receipt in his shirt pocket. Now, as soon as he would count the money, and sign for it, the transaction would be completed.

"Yes, twenty thousand—it's all here," Sid said. "But this is a powerful lot of money to be carrying around. Do you have to give me cash?"

Lannon smiled condescendingly. "It may be a lot of money to you," he said, "but it's

nothing to me. In these next few weeks, when a million dollars will change hands in this town."

Sid persisted, despite the suspicion of contempt in the man's voice. "Couldn't you give me a bank draft?" he asked. After all, the money represented so much—he would be unable to draw an easy breath until it was safe in the hands of the boss, back on the home ranch. And from here on, the responsibility would be solely upon Sid's shoulders. The boys were scattered all over the town, seeking re-education after the long drive.

"I can't give you a draft now," Lannon said. "But if you're afraid to handle the cash, you can exchange it at the bank in the morning."

Sid's lanky figure unfolded itself from the chair, and he looked down at the man with eyes suddenly gone fussy. "No, I'm not afraid," he declared. "I'm just being careful." He stuffed the money into his trousers pocket, picked up the pen, and scrawled his signature on the receipt.

Lannon also rose, and shook the rider's hand. "It's been a pleasure dealing with you, Mr. Hampton," he said. "Maybe I'll be meeting you again here next year."

Sid's mind was hardly on what the man was saying. He was thinking about the money, as he left the room, and made his way down the creaking stairs into the hotel lobby.

The evening crowd had not yet begun to gather. The place was empty except for the Sheriff, at the bar, and the clerk dozing behind the counter. Sid approached the latter. "Sorry to disturb you," he said. "Can I have a pen and ink? I have some writing to do."

He then retired to a writing desk in the corner of the room, and busied himself for about fifteen minutes. No one came in to interrupt him. He then returned the pen and ink, and left the hotel.

As the door closed behind him, Sid walked for his eyes to adjust to the sudden darkness. The single street of the town was quiet. There was not a rider in sight. He wondered where his boys were. It was too much to hope that they had heeded his advice and returned early so where they were making camp, outside the town. He turned and walked toward the livery stable, where he had left his horse.

Halfway up the block, as Sid passed a narrow alleyway between two buildings, he suddenly heard, or sensed, a movement behind him. Before his head could reach the gun at his belt, a heavy blow upon the head plunged

him into unconsciousness.

With agonizing effort, Sid struggled back to an awareness that he was lying on the ground, and that his head was throbbing with pain. His aching fingers tenderly explored a large lump, under blood-matted hair. It was painful, but nothing serious. Hastily, he got to his feet. Then a sudden apprehension flashed through his mind. His hand darted to his pocket. It was empty! The money was gone!

Soberly, he took stock of the situation. He could not return home without the money. It mattered little whether or not the boss would believe that he had been robbed. The old Sullivan ranch could not stand the loss of twenty thousand dollars. He just had to get that money back, somehow.

As Sid retraced his steps to the hotel, his mind raced furiously, weighing out suspicions, working out a plan of action. He did not enter the building, but walked around to the rear, and climbed up onto the wooden awning that extended out over the sidewalk. Crawling silently, he moved from one lighted window to another, until he came to the room he sought. It was the room he had left just a few minutes ago. There was Lennon, the cattle buyer, still seated at the table. Across from him, now, there was a saddy-looking saddle tramp.

Sid could not hear what they were saying, but he could see them clearly through the flimsy curtain. He had little doubt that these men had maneuvered the robbery. No one other than Lennon had known that he was carrying so much money. And now Sid could understand why Lennon had paid him off in cash. He wondered where the money was now. If the saddle tramp were to hand it over to Lennon, that would be the signal for Sid to break in on them. But suppose they had already hidden the money? After all, he could prove nothing against them without actual evidence.

The saddy-looking character stood up, apparently ready to leave the room. Sid could wait no longer. He had to take a chance.

He came crashing in through the window and the startled men turned to see him standing amid shattered glass and broken window frame, a gun in his hand.

"Don't either of you move," he said warningly. "I've come back for my money, Lennon."

Lennon laughed quietly, mirthlessly. "Don't make a fool of yourself, son," he said. "I paid

you once tonight. Now get out of here."

Sid came closer to the table. "I aim to see how much money's in that drawer," he said.

A flicker of apprehension seemed to pass over the cattle buyer's face. "There's plenty of money in that drawer," he said. "Don't you recall my telling you that your little transaction was only one of many?"

Sid sighed with relief. "That's all I wanted to know," he replied. He drew his second gun, and fired two shots behind him, out of the open window.

"What are you trying to do?" Lennon asked.

He was answered by the sound of footsteps pounding up the stairs.

"What's going on in there?" a gruff voice called. "You in trouble?"

"Come on in," Sid invited.

The door was flung open, to reveal the hotel clerk, a cowboy, and the sheriff.

Lennon hastily arose and turned to the sheriff. "This crazy cow-eggs is trying to hold me up," he said. "I've already paid him, and I have the receipt to prove it. If he's been robbed since then, as he claims, that's no concern of mine."

"It's your concern," Sid replied, "when your man robbed me, and when my money is in that drawer, right there."

Lennon laughed unsmilingly. "I have some money there, for buying other cattle," he said. "In fact, I have another package of twenty thousand dollars, like the one I gave you. You can't identify this money as yours."

"If it's mine, I can identify it," Sid said.

"Before I left the hotel, I stopped in the lobby and marked every bill with my trail brand."

HE LEAPED forward and shoved Lennon back, as the latter reached into the drawer for a weapon. While the sheriff covered the cattle buyer and his men, Sid took from the drawer a packet of money. "There it is," he said proudly. "There's my JPS brand on every last bank note!"

"Sure enough," agreed the sheriff, in awed surprise. "Well, I'll just lock those billers up, and if you want, I'll take care of that money of yours for tonight. Then, as soon as the bank opens in the morning, you can exchange it for a bank draft, and quit tempting people."

THE END



'A CURT ALL!'



SPECIAL SPECIAL!

???



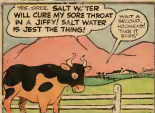
WHAT'S THE MATTER, HOGHEAD?

(MOAN) I HAVE A SORE THROAT!



WELL, YUH MIGHT TRY GARDENING WITH SALT WATER!

SALT WATER! OF COURSE! THAT'LL BE TERRIFIC!



WELL, GOOD. SALT WATER WILL CURE MY SORE THROAT IN A JIFFY! SALT WATER IS JUST THE THING!

WAIT A SECOND, HOGHEAD! TRICK IT BAW!



SALT WATER IS PRETTY GOOD, BUT IT'S NO MIRACLE WORKER! WHAT MAKES YUH SO SHORE IT'LL CURE YORE SORE THROAT SO FAST?

I'LL TELL YUH WHAT MAKES ME SO SHORE--



" DID YUH EVER HEAR OF A FISH WITH A SORE THROAT?"

BAW!!



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Rod CAMERON in The BAR ROOM INCIDENT

ONE DAY IN CRYSTAL HORSE CORNERS, AS ROD CAMERON, THE ARMY OF THE OPEN RANGE, QUENCHED HIS THIRST WITH A GLASS OF AINR—

"YOU HAD TWO DOLLAR, PARTNER! THAT'S ALL BE FIFTY CENTS!"

"YEAH, I KNOW! BUT I GOT BENDS FOR YEM ... I CAN'T PAY FOR THEM! WHAT ARE YEM GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

"GIDDY! THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE!"



"I'LL SHOW YEM WHAT I'LL DO ABOUT IT!"

"I'LL — TAKE IT EASY! THERE'S NO SENSE IN SCAMMING FOR FIFTY CENTS! I'LL PAY FOR TWO HUNDRED DRINKS!"

"AND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, YEM BARBON!"

"AWAY!"





I TOLD YOU TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! MAYBE THIS WILL MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND BETTER!

WAA—OOOOP!



WATCH OUT!

SO LONG, FELL GUYS! HA, HA!



THAT NO-GOOD BUNCH OF SCUM AND SWAG!

NOT IF I CAN BELLY IT!



I'M GOING TO CATCH THAT SNEAKY SCUMMER AND TEACH HIM SOME BUSINESS!

I'D BE PLUMS HAPPY TO DO THAT JOB ANYDAY!



CHECK! THIS IS GOING TO BE A HEAP OF FUN!

I HOPE THEY CATCH THAT CREEPY! HE DESERVE A SCOLDING!



BUT DO THEY RUN OUT AND THE STREET—

HEHT! I DON'T SEE THE ELEMENT!

HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR!



LET'S FIND HIM!



Scow—

NOT A CHANCE OF THAT PRESH GAGGOT! HE JUST WANDERED INTO THE ME!

SOME THINGS ARE PECULIAR! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!



WELL, THERE'S NO USE WASTING ANY MORE TIME! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO WORK!

I'LL FINISH MY BIKR, AND THEN FLOG 'EM!



YUPPIE! MY CASH TILL HAS BEEN CLEARED OUT!

WHAT?



SOME NO GOOD CROOK STOLE ALL THE MONEY FROM THE CASH BOX WHILE WE WERE OUTSIDE LOOKING FOR THAT SLASSY WARRICK!

WANT A SECOND? THIS IS BEGGING! TO HAVE REVENGE! IS THERE A BAKK WHY OUT OF THIS CASE?



YESS! THAT IS! WHY?

DON'T YOU SEE? THAT FOLSCAT PULLED A FAST ONE! HE DELIBERATELY STARTED THE FIGHT SO HE WOULD CRASH HIM AND LEAVE HIS PLACE EMPTY!



THERE'S WHY WE COULDN'T FIND HIM! HE DIDN'T RUN DOWN THE STREET! HE JUST RACED AROUND TO THE BACK DOOR, ENTERED, SWAPPED THE MONEY WHILE WE WERE GONE, AND BOAT IT OUT THE BACK WAY 'ROUND!

WARRICK YOU MUST BE RIGHT!



HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN TOO FAR YET! MARRICK I CAN SPOT HIM!



THERE HE IS—IN THE DISTANCE!



HE'S GOT A BIG HEAD START! BUT NOT TOO BIG FOR ME TO CUT DOWN WITH SOME FINE CHANGING UP THE CHANGERS! I'LL HANDLE FOR HIM!





HOWDY, PARTNERS!

SOBBI' IF I'M A MITE LATE BUT I STOPPED TO CONGRATULATE BILL JENKINS ON WINNING THE GRAND PRIZE AT THE FAIR SHOW LAST WEEK! IT WAS A REAL VICTORY, LET ME TELL YOU, FRIENDS! WHY I REMEMBER WHEN BILL JENKINS BOUGHT THAT PARCEL OF LAND, THERE WERE MANY WHO SAID NO-BODY COULD EVER WORK THAT GROUND! FARMERS HAD TRIED BEFORE BUT IT'D NEVER YIELDED ANYTHING BUT SMALL CROPS! AND AS FOR RAISING GOOD HEALTHY STEERS AND LIVESTOCK, THAT, THEY CLAIMED WAS IMPOSSIBLE!

BILL JENKINS NEVER SAID SO, THOUGH! I CAN HEAR HIM TELLING ME NOW "BOY, WHATEVER I GET DISCOURAGED FARMING THIS LAND, I THINK OF THE BOYS WHO DROVE THE CATTLE DOWN THE CHOROS A TRAIL THROUGH UNCHARTED COUNTRY, TERRIBLE STRETCHES OF SAND AND WITH HOSTILE INDIANS ALL AROUND, AND STILL THEY MADE IT! I JUST THINK OF THEM AND GET TO WORK AGAIN!"

BILL'S WORDS MADE SENSE, TOO, FRIENDS! IF YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, YOU'LL FIND A WAY! WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY! AN OLD PROVERB, BUT PLAINLY TRUE, IM THINKING!

REMEMBER THAT SADDLE-PALS, AND DON'T BE DISCOURAGED JUST BECAUSE A JOB SEEMS MIGHTY BIG OR A CHORE MIGHTY HARD!

WELL, NOW, PARTNERS, I'LL HAVE TO BE GOING ON! BUT THERE'S ONE THING I WANT WITH ALL MY HEART... TO BE SEEING EVERY ONE OF YOU AGAIN NEXT MONTH! TILL THEN, GOOD RIDING!

YOUR PAL,

Rod Cameron



P.S. ALL YOU PARDS WHO WOULD LIKE MY PICTURES SEND YOUR MONEY WITH YOUR LETTER -

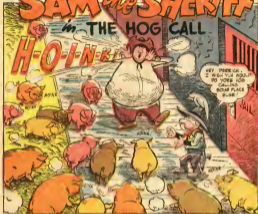
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SAM *the* SHERIFF

in THE HOG CALL

H-O-I-N-E!



HEY PEEBLES,
I WISH YOU WOULD
DO YOUR HOG
CALLING SOME PLACE
ELSE!



WANTS THE MARRIAGE,
SAM? WHEN I LET
OUT A HOG CALL, NO
PEEBLES LISTEN! IT
SEE YA BUCKLE &
SPRINKLE!

THERE'S A FINE FINE
TO TALK TO ME AFTER
I GAVE YOU A
TICKET FOR THE
OVEY HOUSE!



I PLEASE FORGOT
ABOUT THAT,
SAM!

WELL, NOW
DID YOU LEAVE
THE HOG?







Rod CAMERON **OUTLAW** STALLION!



EVERY FORTUNE
ROD CAMERON
WAS AS GOOD AS FOUND
IN FLAME, THE OUTLAW
WAS 'BUT DEATH IS
NOT BRIBED WITH
WASH HE WETS THE
MARCHING, PROUD
HAPPY WARRIOR OUTLAW
WHO IS ABOUT TO KILL
TO PATIENCE
HE DREAMS!

HE SAYS, HE ROD CAMERON RIDES THE
HARMS BY HIS GREAT STALLION, THE
PART ...



THAT HORSE OVER YONDER
HAS GIVEN A HAND ON SOMETHING,
I ASKED THIS IN GOOD
HUNTING COUNTRY?



HE'S NOT HUNTING!
HE'S ASKING AT THAT
HORSE ON THE
HILL!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOUR GAME IS, BUT
I'M GOING TO STOP
IT FIRST!

Mm!



YOU MISGUIDED FOOL, I'LL...



OW! MY GUN!

I OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A GOOD BARTING, WOPPER! NO ONE WOULD DARE PUT HIM OUT OF HIS NESTERY!



BUT THAT'S A RILDER HOLE, HE TRAMPLED MY CORNERS, JIM SAYS, TO DEATH!

WHO ARE YOU, WESTER? AND WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



GRAD BRANCH IS MY HORSE! DOUBLE T SPRING OWNERS I'VE HAD A LARGE HEAD OF BASTARD CORN HORSES, BUT WE'VE BEEN BRANDED SEVERAL TIMES AND MOST OF THE HORSES HAVE BEEN RUN OFF!



AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS BUCKS, BUT MY FOREMAN, TEX TAPPIN, TOLD ME HE SAW THE WILD BOSS, FLANKING INTO THE MESSY, RUN OFF THE HORSES AND TAKE THEM WITH HIM TO JOIN HIS WILD BAND IN THE BLUE!



WELL, WHAT DID YOU DO ABOUT IT?

I SENT JIM HEATER, THE BEST HORSE ROUNDER IN THE COUNTY, TO BRING IN THIS WILD CREATOR, THE HEAT GUY HE FOUND JIM TRAMPLED TO DEATH!



I RECKON YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM, PARTNER, BUT KILLING THE HORSES IS NOT THE ANSWER, WASN'T IT YOU CORRAL THE HORSES AND CHASE 'EM?



AFTER JIM WAS KILLED, TEX AND SOME OF THE BOSS BOSS' MEN DECIDED TO TRY FLIGHT, BUT THE BOSS OUSTERMARSH THEM!



I SORT OF COTTON TO THE BOSS OF PARTING WAYS WITH THIS OUTLAW HORSE!

YOU'RE TRADING YOUR LIFE IN YOUR HAND, BOSS! BUT I CAN SEE YOU'RE NOT ONE TO DISCOURAGE EASILY! YOU COME I'VE GOT RIGHT AT THE SQUARE T AND YOU CAN GET AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING!





"IT'S A PACK OF FURRY, ALL RIGHT, STRANGE THING, I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OTHER WILD HORSES OR TRAILS OF HIS KIND! I WONDER WHAT BECAUSE OF THEM?"

NEIGH!



"THERE! I MANAGED TO GET THE ROPE HALTER ON HIM! WELL, FLASH, YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT WHO IS GOING TO WIN THIS GAME!"

GM AN AND HORSE SPIN AND TWIST AT A FURIOUS PACE, SEARCHING FOR SPOTS, EACH DETERMINED TO CONQUER THE OTHER!



FULLY...
"WELL, HUH! HUH! FLASH'S HORSEMANSHIP DOES ARE OVER! LET'S HEAD BACK FOR THE BRANCH!"



"BUT FIRST I RECKON WE CAN ALL USE A DRINK OF WATER!"



"YOU FIRST, WAS RIGHT, OLD FART! WE'D BETTER GET FLASH GOIN' OFF A WITTY HORSE WE OWE HIM TWO PELL!"



AFTER WAITING FOR PAINT, ROD RETURNS TO FIND...

SLAIN IS DOWN! HE MUST HAVE BEEN...



NO, HE DIDN'T BREAK AWAY! THE KNOB WAS CUT BY A WIRE!



WHO--? TEX?

YEAH, IT'S ME, COWBOY! JUST KEEP YOUR BACK TO ME WHILE I GET YOUR GUNS!



THAT'S THE SAME, TEX?

I JUST DON'T WANT TO HAVE A GOOD KNIFE SPOILED BY A DODGY TRAMP WHO COULDN'T HOLD HIS WORD WHEN IT DOESN'T SOUND!



AS LONG AS PLAIN RODS FREE I CAN BLAME THE DISAPPEARANCES OF COPS' HORSES ON THAT OUTLAW BODE, WHILE I WILL THE BARRING HORSE ANVUS! AND I INTEND TO KEEP THAT OUTLAW CUTTER FREE!

SO THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T SEE OTHER HORSES AROUND!

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ANYONE, BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT TO DO TO YOU THE SAME AS I DID TO THE BARRING WHEN HE DISCOVERED MY SECRET!



GET ON YOUR HORN, COWBOY, AND RIDE! WITH MY HORSE FOR ROD CAMERON WHEN I'M GOING TO MAKE IT LOOK AN' PLUCK THROUGH YOU TO DEATH!



OFF YOUR HORSE, CAMERON!



WOW! I'M HOT THAT DAMN, CAMERON! I'VE HEARD OF YOUR REPUTATION! NOW I'LL JUST TRIP UP YOUR HORSE AND GET MYSELF!



THERE! THAT WILL HOLD YOU IN ONE PLACE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO DO A JOB!

NO! PULLING THAT! TAKE THOSE ROPES OFF AND WE'LL SETTLE THIS MAN TO REST!



RIGHT SPURS CUT INTO THE HORSE, SLUICING AWAY WITH ABOY, WHILE HIS ARMS AND THROAT WOUND THE DEADLY ROPES!

YOU'RE AS SLIPPERY AS AN EEL! BUT WE'LL GET YOU YET!

THAT ROPE HORSE ISN'T A BELLE! HE IS JUST PRICKED AND HURT! BUT I CAN'T KEEP HOLDING THIS MUCH LONGER!



LIP! LIP!



THE SHAWLIE, REMOVAL OF WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO HIS MASTER, HIS FEET ARE BEING STRIPPED AT HIS HEED! POWELL!

SWAP!

BEEYEE!

