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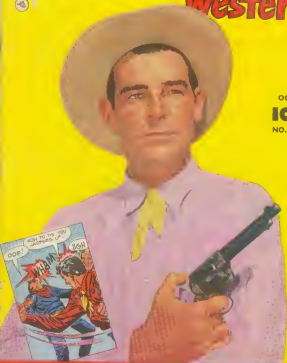
# Rod Cameron western

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NO. 17



*In this issue:* **THE BABYFACED BADMAN!**

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# Rod CAMERON and THE BABY-FACED BADMAN

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER! REALITY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP! THERE ARE NUMEROUS REASONS THAT SHOULD HAVE WARNED ROD CAMERON NOT TO TRUST THE MUGGENT-LOOKING STRANGER!

BUT THE FIGHTING CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER IS EVER READY TO COME TO THE AID OF ANYONE IN TROUBLE -- SOME-TIMES TOO READY!



ONE DAY, OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF HAWK FALLS ...

AW, I HELP, RANDBERT! YOU LOOK PLUMB MIXED UP!

COULD YOU TELL ME WHICH ROAD WILL TAKE ME INTO HAWK FALLS?

I'M GOING THERE ANYWAY! COME ON! WE'LL RIDE TOGETHER!

THANKS, MISTER! DADDY'S MY NAME! SAY, I WOOD-NADE YOU RIDE WITH ME! ROD CAMERON!



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WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO, BOB?

WHEN I GET SO THAT ROD CAMERON CONSIDERS ME HIS FRIEND, THEN WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF FILLING THE JOB! NOW HERE'S THE PLAN ---

WHAT DRIVING IN THE GAMBLING HALL ---

HEAR COMES THE LEHMAN! REMEMBER NOW IN A STRANGER TO YOU HONORABLES, AND YOUR THING TO CHEAT ME AT CARDS!

THERE'S THAT YOUNG FELLOW I MET THIS MORNING, AND IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S BEING CHEATED BY THOSE CAVALLERS! THAT WAGNET IS PULLING A CARD FROM HIS BOOT! I'LL ---

BUT BEFORE ROD CAN ACT ---

YOU LAY-DOWN CARD SHARPS; I SAW YOU PULL THAT CARD FROM YOUR BOOT!

WHY, YOU YOUNG FOOL, I'LL ---

YOU'LL DO NOTHING BUT GIVE THE YOUNGSTER HIS MONEY BACK!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO MESSLE IN OTHER PEOPLE'S ---

BANG!

THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO!

OW! MY HAND!

BANG!

ONE HIM HIS MONEY AND THEN CLEAR OUT OF HERE! THIS TOWN CAN DO WITHOUT A COUPLE OF TRYING LONCHES!

GOSH, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, ROD!

I WAS FOOLISH TO TAKE UP WITH THOSE HOGGERS! FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO DO LIKE YOU SAID---STAY AWAY FROM ALL LAWBREAKING CUTTERS!

GOOD BOY, DICK. NOW I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!



BATER, THAT EVENING AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ---

OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN! DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE GOTTEN INTO MORE TROUBLE!

NO, IT'S JUST THAT I WANT TO SHOW MY APPRECIATION FOR YOUR HELPING ME! THERE'S GOING TO BE SOMETHING I COULD DO TO HELP YOU IN YOUR JOB OF RIDING THE TOWN OF BADMEN!



THAT'S RIGHT, BOB! YOU, FATHER, THE SHERIFF IS PARTICULARLY NOICED ABOUT THE BANK BEING ROBBERED AND HE WANTS TO GET UP A CONSTANT WATCH OUTSIDE THE BANK!



YOU CAN HELP BY TAKING THE WATCH FOR A FEW HOURS WHILE I ROUND UP ENOUGH MEN SO THAT THERE'LL BE OTHERS TAKING TURNS THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT!



I'LL HEAD FOR THE BANK RIGHT NOW AND WAIT THERE TILL SOMEONE RELEASES ME!



BUT DICK MAKES A STOP BEFORE HE GOES TO THE BANK!

WELL, DID IT WORK?

YOU BET! THAT POOR LUNATIC TRUSTING ME TO ACT AS WATCHMAN FOR THE BANK! COME ON! GET TO YOUR HORSES!



THIS JOB'S GOING TO BE EASIER THAN I THOUGHT!



THIS IS THE BACK OF THE BANK! NOW YOU TWO HIDE YOUR HORSES AND GET TO WORK!



RIGHT, BOB! IT WON'T TAKE US LONG!



I'LL STAY NEAR THE LOOKOUT WHILE YOU'RE INSIDE!

WE'VE GOT THE WINDOW OPEN NOW!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ---

I DECIDED I WAS A BITE NERVOUS ASSUMING THAT VOLMASTER WAS WATCHING THE BANK! THAT JOB IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR HIM!



I'LL JUST HOSSEY DOWN TO THE BANK TO SEE HOW HE'S GETTING ALONG!



Edson ---

HOW'D PARDNER! HOW'D EVERYTHING GOING?

ROD CAMERON! UH -- EVERYTHING'S NICE AND QUIET! I JUST CAME AROUND HERE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE GRASS!



SURENLY! THAT HORSE CAME FROM INSIDE THE BANK! GAY, THE WINDOW'S OPEN!



I'D BETTER SEE WHO'S --- THERE'S SOMEONE IN THERE!

STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, CAMERON, AND DON'T TOUCH YOUR GUNS!



WHAT IS THIS? YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED, LAMMIE! ALL MEN ARE LOOTING THE BANK AND WHEN THEY COME OUT, WE'RE RANGING!



DON'T BREATHE, DAVE!  
YOU'LL WAKE UP THE  
WHOLE TOWN!

TAKE HIS GUNS AND KNOCK HIM OUT SO  
HE'LL BE UNABLE TO FOLLOW US!



CRACK!

OOF!



HOW SLIP LEATHER! WE'VE GOT  
TO MAKE TRACKS OUT OF THIS  
TOWN!



LATER...

JUMPING CACTUS BUGS:  
MY HEAD FEELS AS IF  
THE ROOF CAVED IN!



I'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THOSE  
BANK ROBBER VAMPIRES BEFORE  
THEY GET TOO FAR AWAY! SCOTCHIE  
JUST, WAK PAINT! WE HAVEN'T  
EVEN GOT TIME TO GO BACK  
FOR GUNS!



FASTER, WAK PAINT! THEY MUST HAVE  
A BIG HEADSTART FOR I DON'T KNOW  
HOW LONG I WAS ENDOORSER!



SOME TIME LATER...

YOU STAY HERE, BOY! I'M GOING  
TO INVESTIGATE THAT COM-  
FIRE UP AHEAD!



IT'S THE BANK ROBBER,  
ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT TO  
FIGURE A WAY TO GET THE  
JUMP ON THEM BY  
SURPRISE!



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL Toss MY CARTRIDGE BELT INTO THE FIRE AND WHEN THE BULLETS GO OFF, I'LL MAKE MY MOVE!



WHAT'S THAT? OH, IT'S ONLY THE WOOD ON THE FIRE!



YOUR HARMLESS-LOOKING FACE ISN'T GOING TO LOOK SO INNOCENT AFTER THIS!



HOW TO THE YOU JUMPERS UP!



BOOM --- YOU HORNBREDS ARE GOING BACK TO THE TOWN, WHERE I HAVE A NICE STRONG CELL WAITING FOR YOU!



SAH! YOU WERE GOING TO PULL THE WOOL OVER ROD CAMERON'S EYES! HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRY THAT!





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# AMBLING ANDY

SOME  
DIFFERENCE!



WAL, WAL, LOOK WHO'S COMING THIS  
MORNING....BART THEOPY, THE WORST  
ACTOR IN THE WORLD!



THAT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD, BUT HE'S  
ALWAYS SHOOTING OFF HIS MOUTH  
'BOUT WHAT A GREAT PERFORMER  
HE IS!



HORRY, AMBLING ANDY!  
I SWEAR YUH HEARD 'BOUT  
MY LEAVING THE  
SHOW AT THE OLD  
OPRY HOUSE!

I HEARD  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT, THEOPY!



I HAD TO GIVE IT  
UP? I WAS  
AILING!

YUH WERE AILING? WAL,  
THAT'S SOMETHING  
LIKE WHAT THE MANAGER  
OF THE SHOW TOLD  
ME.....



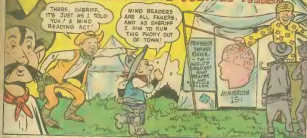
.....HE SAID YUH  
WERE SICKENING!

WUP!!!



# SAM THE SHERIFF

## THE UNFORTUNATE FORTUNE TELLER



THESE, SHERIFF, IT'S JUST AS I TOLD YUH / A MIND READING ACT!

MIND READERS ARE ALL FAKERS, AND AS SHERIFF, I AM TO RUN THIS TOWN OUT OF TOWN!



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

LET GO! I'M THE SHERIFF!



I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE! NO ONE ENTERS WITHOUT BUYING A TICKET!

YUH TELL PROFESSOR SWAMME REEVER THAT THE LAW WANTS TO SEE HIM!



I AM PROFESSOR SWAMME REEVER!

THAT PROVES YORE A FAKE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IF YUH WERE A REAL GENUINE MIND READER, YUH WOULD KNOW I COULDN'T BUY A TICKET!









**RIDING  
TRAIL**  
with  
**Rod CAMERON**

FIRST OFFICE BOX 1847  
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA



**HONDY FARMERS.**

I SAW SOMETHING THE OTHER DAY THAT I DON'T OPEE COULD HAPPEN IN OUR SUPPOSEDLY CIVILIZED AGE ... SOME DAMNED WERE PICKING ON ONE OF THEIR FRIENDS BECAUSE HE WAS THE SHORTEST AND SWINNIEST FELLOW IN THE GROUP!

I RECKON IT'S EASY TO POKE FUN AT SOMEONE ELSE'S PHYSICAL SHORTCOMINGS, PARTICULARLY WHEN YOU KNOW HE HAIN'T DEVELOPPED TO RIGHT BACK, BUT REAL STRENGTH IS STRENGTH OF CHARACTER...BECAUSE THE LITTLE FELLOW WANTS TO FEEL HE BELONGS IN THE GROUP, START UP FOR HIM!

NOT ALL OF US GROW TO BE SIX-FOOTERS, BUT EVERY ONE HAS SOME ABILITY IN WHICH HE'S A LITTLE BETTER THAN OTHERS!

NEVER POKE ON THE SHORT FELLOW BECAUSE YOU'RE TALLER, OR PUSH THE TALL BOY AROUND BECAUSE YOU FORTUNATELY ARE BETTER DEVELOPPED! HE HAS CERTAIN ABILITIES IN WHICH HE CAN DWARF YOU ... BUT HE'S LEARNED NOT TO BULLY OTHERS WITH HIS SPECIAL POWERS! DEVELOP YOURSELF TO THE FULLEST OF YOUR CAPACITY, BUT IF YOU'RE BIGGER THAN THE OTHER FELLOW, AS BIG ENOUGH TO WELCOME HIM INTO THE GROUP AS AN EQUAL!

ALBERT EINSTEIN NEVER RODED A STEER, BUT HE DEVELOPPED HIS MATHEMATICAL ABILITY SO GREATLY THAT HIS FORMULA HELPED CREATE THE ATOM BOMB! NAPOLEON WASN'T MUCH OVER FIVE FEET IN HEIGHT, BUT HIS ONE BREEK DARED CALL THE GREAT GENERAL "SHORTY"!

WELL, I'LL BE HOBBING ALONG! SEE YOU HERE NEXT MONTH!

YOUR FARD,

*Rod Cameron*



# Rod CAMERON

## in SUBSTITUTE TARGET!



THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT! IT'S ONLY A TEMPORARY JOB AWAY! I WANT YOU TO TAKE THE PLACE OF MY GUNNED MAN WHO WAS SHOT STOPPING A ROBBERY HERE LAST NIGHT!

WERE THE WANTEDS CAUGHT?



THE JOB'S YOURS PROVIDED YUH CAN GET ME A REFERENCE ABOUT YOUR HONESTY! BY THE WAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

ROD CAMERON!



ROD CAMERON! THAT'S EXPERIENCE ENOUGH! THE NAME CAMERON STANDS FOR HONESTY! THE JOB IS YOURS!

THANKS, MR. WESTON, BUT I'D BETTER TELL YOU IN ADVANCE, I'VE GOT ITCHING FEET SO I INTEND TO STAY ONLY UNTIL I HAVE EARNED ENOUGH MONEY TO START WANDERING AGAIN!





NO, BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS THE GUARD SHOULD EXPECT HIS COMA BY MORNING AND ONCE HE IDENTIFIES THE BANDITS, THE LAW SHOULD BE ABLE TO RUN THEM DOWN! NOW YUH CAN MAKE IT EASY UNTIL CLOSING TIME!

I RECKON I'LL RIDE INTO TOWN AND GET A ROOM.



I JUST HEARD THAT THE GUARD HE SHOT LAST NIGHT ISN'T DEAD! IN FACT, RUSTY, THEY EXPECT HIM TO COME OUT OF HIS COMA IN THE MORNING, SO I RECKON WE OUGHT TO WAMOOSE BEFORE HE IDENTIFIES US.

WHAT'S THE BURN, FONEY? I'VE GOT TILL MORNING AND I STILL AIM TO GET SOME OF THE GOLD THAT'S LYING AROUND THE MINE!



ARE YUH PLANNING LOGG, RUSTY? AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT, THEY PROBABLY HAD A WHOLE ARMY OF GUARDS AROUND THAT MINE!

I RECKON DIFFERENTLY, CLIFF! AFTER THE ROBBERY ATTEMPT LAST NIGHT I OPEIN THEY WONT BE EXPECTING US BACK AFTER ALL!



BUT IF YU'D WROONG, THEY'LL SHOOT US DOWN AS WE RIDE UP!

NOT THE WAY I'VE FIGURED IT OUT! AND IF WE PLAN WORKS, WE'LL WAMOOSE WITH A WHOLE CARLOAD OF GOLD!



OKAY, SOB, IT'S QUITTING TIME, WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR YUH TO START WORKING! I RECKON YUH'LL MAKE IT WISE AND PEACEFUL! NO BANDIT WOULD BE STUPID ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT TO ROB THE MINE AGAIN AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!

THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE IN TOWN IS SAYING, AND IF THE BANDITS ARE THINKING THAT, TOO, THEY MAY PULL A SURPRISE ATTACK!



IN THAT CASE, DO YUH THINK I SHOULD GET THE SHERIFF TO ROUND UP A FOSSE?

BY THE TIME A FOSSE COULD BE ROUNDED UP AND ARRIVE HERE, IT WOULD BE TOO LATE! I THINK A MUCH BETTER IDEA WOULD BE TO HAVE THE FOSSE GUARD THE PATH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN.



THEN, IF SOMEONE SHOULD GET THEIR HANDS ON ANY OF THE GOLD, THEY COULD BE STOPPED BEFORE THEY GOT OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! I'LL GET A FOSSE POSTED BELOW, PRONTO! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, I'LL YELL IN THE AIR THREE TIMES!



**HELP!**

WHY SHOULD BE ABOUT READY WITH THE TEAM OF HORSES! NOW GET UP TO YANK IF YUH SAUNT DEAL LOUD. BROTHERS GUARDING THE MINE CART HELP BUT HEAR YUH AND COME RUNNING!

OHAY! HOW YUH BETTER START MOVING SO YUH CAN GIVE BUSTY A HAND!



**STILL CALM**

**HELP! HELP! HELP!**

HOW WOULD COULD THEY BE COMING FROM!



**HELP! HELP!**  
I WAS CAMEST IN A LANDSLIDE!

TAKE IT EASY, PARTNER! I'LL GET YOU OUT!



THERE'S NO PATH ON THIS SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN! WHAT WERE YOU DOING HERE, ANYWAY?

I WAS HUNTING FOR MOUNTAIN LIONS WHEN A LOOSE ROCK STARTED A LANDSLIDE!



YOU'RE MIGHTY LUCKY YOU WEREN'T COMPLETELY BURIED! NOW LET'S SEE IF I CAN DIG YOU OUT WITH THIS BITLE!



**ADWAAAA!**  
DIED! EVERYT I GOT THE GOLD CAR MITCHED UP!

HOW DOES IT UP WITH THE CARTS I GAVE YUH AND LETS GO! WE WANT TO BE A GOOD DISTANCE FROM HERE BEFORE THAT GANG GETS BACK!



ALL SET, BROTHER! LET'S GO!

AS SOON AS POWEY GETS FREE, WE'S SUPPOSED TO MEET US AT THE SLECK WALKWAY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN!



**AT THE SAME TIME —**

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE SMART, BUT ALL RIGHT!

A LITTLE SHARPY, BUT THAT'S ALL! I CAN MANAGE BY MYSELF! THANKS AGAIN FOR DIGGING ME OUT!



WHEN RUD GOT BACK TO HIS POST, HE DISCOVERS THE TRAITOR AND ...

**BANG BANG!**

THIS WILL ALERT THE POSSE TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE ROBBERS!

TRY TOOK A HIRE CAR FULL OF GOLD, SO THEY CAN'T BE TRAVELING VERY FAST! I MIGHT EVEN CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THE POSSE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN!

SOON...

WHAT HAPPENED, ROD?

I WANT TO HELP SOME HUNTER WHO WAS CAUGHT IN A LANDSLIDE ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN AND BY THE TIME I GOT BACK, THE GOLD WAS GONE! BUT HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THE BANDIT'S?

NO! YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE TO COME DOWN THIS TRAIL SINCE WE GOT HUNG!

THAT MEANS THEY'RE STILL UP IN THE MOUNTAIN SOMEWHERE.

WELL SINCE THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN, WE'LL GET THEM AS SOON AS THEY TRY TO LEAVE!

MERRYWELL

ARE YOU SURE THERE'S A POSSE POSTED BELOW?

I SAW THEM WITH MY OWN EYES! I BELIEVE THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO WITH THE GOLD IS BURY IT FOR THE TIME BEING!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WHERE'S THE LOCAL CEMETERY?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN. WHY?

EVERYONE RESPECTS THE DEAD! NOW LET'S BUILD OURSELVES A NICE LITTLE BOX! AND YOU'D BETTER SHAVE OFF THAT MUSTACHE, FOGEY!

IF WE BURY THAT GOLD WE MIGHT AS WELL BURY IT! ONCE THAT GILDED COMES TO AND IDENTIFY US, WE CAN NEVER SHOW OUR FACES AROUND HERE AGAIN!

WE CAN IF WE BURY IT RIGHT!



LATER...

HERE COMES SOMEONE!

TAKE OFF YOUR HATS MEN! IT'S A FUNERAL!

WHO'S BEING BURIED?

MY TWIN BROTHER! HE WAS BURIED IN A LANDSLIDE EARLIER TODAY AND INSISTED HE COULD CONTINUE ON THE HUNTING TRIP WITH US! WELL, A MOUNTAIN LION SPOTTED HIM BEFORE HE SPOTTED THE LION AND MY POOR BROTHER WAS CLAWED TO DEATH!



YOU CERTAINLY DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME PUTTING HIM IN A COFFIN!

HE WAS RIPPED APART SO BADLY, IT WAS THE ONLY REASON I'VE BEEN HERE TOGETHER WITH YOU!

WELL, BETTER PUSH ON TO THE CEMETERY BEFORE I GET TOO LATE TO BURY HIM.



I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YOU! YOU SEE, I OULG YOUR BROTHER OUT OF THE LANDSLIDE THIS MORNING AND I FEEL AS IF I OUGHT TO PAY MY LAST RESPECTS!

SURE! SURE!



SHORTLY AFTER ---

I REACH I'LL BE GETTING BACK NOW! YOU HAVE MY DEEPEST SYMPATHY!



I THOUGHT THE PLAN WAS NOT TO STOP AT THE CEMETERY, BUT TO RIDE ON UNTIL WE GOT ACROSS THE BORDER!

WE COULDN'T WITH CAMERON ON OUR HECKS! BUT DON'T WORRY! AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK, WE'LL RETURN AND CIG UP THE COFFIN AND THEN BE ON OUR WAY!



MEANWHILE, BOB RIDES INTO TOWN BEFORE READING BACK TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN!

DID YOU HEAR THE MINE GUARD CAME TO SCOOGE THAN EXPECTED! HE SAYS THAT ONE OF THE BANDITS HAD A BIG HANDLE-BAR MUSTACHE!





IN BEGINNING TO THINK THAT MARRIE THAT TWIN WASN'T A TWIN AFTER ALL! WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE CEMETERY!



SHORTLY AFTER...

HOW TO SEE WHAT'S REALLY BURIED IN HERE!



JUST AS I SUSPECTED—THE MISSING GOLD! THE WHOLE TRAMP INCLUDING THE LANDSLIDE WAS ONE BIG DUPE! AND I WAS THE DUPE OF THE DUPE!



THAT NIGHT...

HEK, LOOK! SOMEBODY DUG UP THE GRAVE!



SURPRISE!

IT'S CAMERON! WE'RE THREE AGAINST ONE! START SHOOTING!



BUT THREE AGAINST ONE ARE NO ODDS FOR THE FRAGILE CAMELIER!

LATER... WITH THAT BIG PAY REWARD YOU RECEIVED FOR CATCHING THOSE BANDITS, I RECKON YUM REALLY DON'T NEED THIS JOB ANY MORE!

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. HESTON, BUT I AGREED TO STAY ON UNTIL YOUR GUARD WAS WELL ENOUGH TO RETURN AND I NEVER BREAK MY WORD!

I RECKON THAT'S WHY EVERYONE RESPECTS YUM SO MUCH!

BEHIND, WITH THOSE BARRELS BEHIND SARG, THIS IS GOING TO BE A BRIGHTLY EASY JOB, AND I COULD USE A LITTLE RELAXATION!





# MENACE AT MIDNIGHT

By Hank Spector

THE SHERIFF reached into the barrel behind him and took out another cracker, which he munched reflectively. "I don't know who could have done it," he said. "Old Sanderson might have been a little touched, but he didn't have an enemy in the world."

Marshall, the owner of the store, leaned across the counter. "You can never tell about these secretive people," he suggested. "Maybe something out of his past finally caught up with him."

"Whoever did it, I'd like to get him," the Sheriff said. "Killing that harmless old man! And I almost did get him, too! I was passing by, and when I heard the shot I would have been right in on him, if the door hadn't been locked." The Sheriff was launched into what had become by now a well-known tale. "And as I broke in the door, he beat it out the open window. I throw a shot after him, but he got away in the darkness." He turned to the light-haired young man who was seated upon the counter. "Isn't that so, Sam?"

Sam Nocella, the owner and editor of the town's only newspaper, nodded affirmation.

"Sam was with me, and came in right behind me," the Sheriff added.

"Yes," Sam said gloomily—"and if I had had the sense to go around the other way I could have caught the killer coming out of the window."

The fourth man in the group, big, bluff Harry Dunn, owner of the saloon and the hotel, grinned mockingly. "That's all right, Sam," he said. "We don't expect you to make the news. You just print it!"

The others laughed, but the slim young newsman continued in a serious vein. "It was someone the old man knew," he said. "Sanderson was too suspicious and solitary to admit a stranger."

"And the man was after his money," the Sheriff put in. "Everybody knew the old coot had a cache somewhere. He didn't keep the money in his cabin, but he did have something just as important—a paper showing where the stuff was buried. The midnight visitor found the paper, or forced Sanderson to tell him where it was. But the old man wouldn't let him take it. He

held onto it, even after he was shot. The lady didn't even have time to pry it out of his hand. He just pulled at it and ran, and left half of the paper in old Sanderson's fist."

"You don't say?" the store owner exclaimed. "You didn't mention any paper before."

"I was keeping it secret," the Sheriff said. "But this news wrangler here—" jerking a thumb in Sam's direction—"has been nagging for permission to print it all. He wants to try something. He might as well, I'm up against a blank wall."

"So the killer has half of the paper he wanted," continued the young editor. "And I have the other half, locked up in my office. The entire story will be in tomorrow's edition of the Bugle." He slid down off the counter, yawned and stretched. "Well, good night, gentlemen. It's time for me to turn in."

But had anyone followed the newsman to his hotel room, he would have been mystified by what followed. Sam locked his door, extinguished the lamp, and then lowered himself to the ground from the window. Keeping to the shadows, and watching carefully to make sure that he was not observed, he made his way to the office where the Bugle was printed and edited. Without striking a light, he spread a quilt upon the floor behind the door and composed himself to sleep.

The night passed without event, and at dawn Sam secretly retraced his steps to his hotel room. The same procedure was followed the next night, and the next. Sam began to lose hope that anyone would come into his carefully laid trap. And then, the next night, Sam suddenly was awakened by a scraping sound outside of the window. He lay there in the darkness, tense and breathless, waiting for the sound to be repeated. Then it came—the squeak of a window being raised. A shadowy figure stepped over the sill and into the room.

Sam's gun lay in readiness, near at hand. But he hesitated to reach for it, lest the intruder notice the movement. He had rehearsed this scene in his mind often enough, planning what to do should anyone rise to the bait he had



dired. Surprise the man now, and he would dare to be an ordinary sneak thief. No, it would be necessary to wait until the intruder faced what he was after. But it was hard to wait alone in a darkened room with a killer!

The man carefully lowered the window and pulled the curtains together. Then he turned and stood motionless, his eyes trying to probe every corner of the room. Sam lay stiff, breathless, with his outstretched hand six inches away from the loaded forty-five.

The figure moved slowly toward the desk. He fumbled with something in the darkness, and suddenly a sulphur match flared brilliantly in his hand. Sam snatched for his gun, only to freeze into immobility when a rough voice growled, "Don't try that, Nocselli! You're warned!"

The newsmen slowly turned his head. A stately mawkish man was facing him, holding a flickering match in one hand and a forty-five in the other! The intruder reached forward with one foot and kicked Sam's gun out of reach. Then, with his attention still centered on the newsmen, he reached behind him and felt about the desk until he encountered the oil lamp.

The mark concealed the man's face up to his eyes, but there was no mistaking the paunch, the ham-like arms of Marshall, the storekeeper. Far from deriving any comfort from this recognition, Sam was chilled by the implacable frown evident in the grim countenance of a man whom he had until now considered a nonentity. He could leap for his pistol, while Marshall was fumbling with the lamp, but he knew that the storekeeper would send a bullet after him in a split second. It would be a dangerous gamble, but Sam was tempted to make the leap, should the match burn out!

But the intruder brought his gun around in front again, took a step to bring the lamp within reach of his other arm, and touched the match to the wick. The yellow light blossomed up, dispelling Sam's hope of making a break for his weapon.

Marshall motioned with his gun. "Get up," he said curtly.

"So it's you, of all people," Sam remarked, striving to make his voice sound calm. "Didn't you make enough profit out of the store?"

The man's eyes never flickered. It was as if he had not even heard.

He reached behind him with his free hand

and tugged at the desk drawer. It was locked. "Is it here?" he demanded.

"In what in there?" Sam countered blandly. He had to stall for time. He knew that Marshall would have to tell him, to protect his identity. To remain alive, Sam would have to draw out this situation to his own climax.

"The paper—Sanderson's paper," the storekeeper said impatiently. "Where is it? C'mon, no stalling or you'll get the same thing I gave Sanderson!"

"It's in there, all right," Sam replied. "Where else could it be?" He gestured widely, to indicate the lack of any other hiding place in the sparsely furnished room.

"Open it up," Marshall ordered.

Sam moved slowly toward the desk and reached up to take down from the wall the key that was hanging there upon a nail. His fingers shook as he inserted the key into the lock. Marshall might shoot him now! The gun was held right against Sam's back. But it was logical that the man would wait until he saw whether or not he could get the paper.

Sam felt the tumbler turn, heard the lock click open. Now for the play that meant life or death to him. "Okay," he said. "It's all yours." He took half a step back.

Marshall delayed for an unbearably long moment. Then he reached forward and yanked the desk drawer open. There was a sudden explosion, and a blinding blue-white flash! Even before the glare had died away, Sam snatched up from the desk a heavy lead of one that served as a paperweight, and smashed it against the gunman's head.

Marshall tottered, blinded and dazed. He was at a disadvantage before the young newsmen, who had anticipated the explosion, and had averted his eyes. Sam struck him again, across the wrist, and caught the gun as it fell from paralyzed fingers.

"SURPRISED by the fireworks, weren't you?" Sam chuckled. "It was nothing but loose gunpowder, set up with a percussion cap to go off when the drawer was opened. I was afraid somebody might get to the desk without waking me up."

"I should have realized this was a trap," Marshall muttered. "I guess you got me now!"

"You bet we've got you," Sam said grimly. "And that other half of the paper that you have is all the evidence we need to hang you! C'mon, we're going to jail!"

THE END

# TOO MANY COOKS



HEY, MR. TOMPKINS, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR--- YUH NEED A NEW COOK? WELL, I'M THE MAN FOR YUH!

OH, NO, YO'RE NOT, I WAS HYAR FIRST!



NO YUH WEREN'T! I WAS!

TAKE IT EASY! YUH BOTH GOT HYAR AT THE SAME TIME! I'LL HAVE TO ASK YUH SOME QUESTIONS TO DETERMINE WHICH OF YUH WOULD MAKE THE BEST COOK!



FIRST, WHICH OF YUH KNOWS HOW TO SHOOT?

THAT'S ME! I KNOW YUH GOT TO BUY MEAT THAT'S TENDER!

WHO DOESN'T KNOW THAT THE IMPORTANT THING IS CAN YUH TELL THE MEAT'S TENDER BY LOOKING AT IT AS I CAN DO!



I SURE CAN! WHY THE OTHER DAY I REFUSED TO BUY A PIECE OF MEAT THAT WAS SO TUGH IT CHERED ITS OWN FAT, JUMPED OFF THE COUNTER AND STRANGLED THE BUTCHER!

DO YUH KNOW HOW TO TELL IF A CHICKEN'S TENDER, TOO?



CHICKENS ARE MUM'S BOILTY, WHY THE OTHER DAY THE BUTCHER TRIED TO SELL ME A THIN SCRAWNY CHICKEN AND HE SAID TO ME, 'THE CHICKEN IS THE MOST TENDER POWL IN THE PLACE!

AND WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I SAID "HOW CAN IT BE TENDER IF IT HAS NO FAT, NO MEAT AND DOESN'T EVEN HAVE WINGS?" AND THEN THE CHICKEN SHOUTED OUT, "IF I HAD WINGS, I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN CAUGHT!"

YUH DON'T EXPECT ANYONE TO BELIEVE THAT STORY, DO YUH?

ARE YUH CALLING ME A LIAR?

I CERTAINLY AM! TAKE IT EASY WHICH OF YUH KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A SALAD?

CRABMEAT SALAD IS MUM SPECIALTY!

SOME SPECIALTY! I'VE TASTED HIS CRABMEAT SALAD AND— OH, BROTHER!



WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH MUM SALAD?

THE CRABMEAT WAS TOUGH, THE LETTUCE WASN'T CRISP AND IF THAT WASN'T ENOUGH, I BROKE MUM TOOTH ON YORE MAYONNAISE!

THAT'S ANOTHER LIE! I KNOW MORE ABOUT COOKING THAN YUH EVER WILL!

QUIET, I CAN'T STAND A TALKING DOG!

NO ONE CALLED ME A DOG!

WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YUH, YUH'LL LOOK LIKE A STRING OF FRANKFURTERS!



GO AHEAD AND MURDER YOURSELVES! AFTER LISTENING TO THE TWO OF YUH, I DECIDED IF I DON'T WANT TO BE POISONED, I'D BETTER DO MUM OWN COOKING!

(GULP) IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE ENDING UP HALF-BAKED!

YUH CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! WE CERTAINLY COOKED OUR OWN GOODBYE!



# Rod CAMERON

in **THE SURE THING!**

**O**NE DAY AS ROD CAMERON IS ON HIS WAY TO CLEVELAND, HE RIDES THROUGH THE TOWN OF RIVERTON AND FINDS THE TOWN IN A BAZZ OF EXCITEMENT OVER THE FORTH-COMING HORSE RACES!

I TELL YOU, MORE HORSE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

YEAH! WE'LL SEE WHO EATS MY DUST AT THE RACE TOMORROW!

YOU'RE BOTH NUTS! MY GUTS IS THE FASTEST THING ON FOUR LEGS!

**HORSE RACING TOMORROW**  
AT OGDEN RACE TRACK  
**BIG PRIZES**

**ANNUAL RIVERTON HORSE RACE ALL INVITED**

WOW, WAR PANT! THIS TOWN SEEMS REEPLY Lively! LET'S FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!



FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, SA? WE'RE KIND OF LOW IN THE FINANCE DEPARTMENT, WAR PANT, OLD BOY'S BECAUSE I'M GOING TO ENTER YOU IN THAT RACE!

HOWDY, PARTNERS! WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE BIG EIGHT, STRANGER?

IN THE LAST RACE TO MORROW, THEY'RE GIVING FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS PRIZE MONEY TO THE WINNER!

YEP! AND I AM TO WIN THAT MONEY!





LAST AFTERNOON, AT THE COUNTRY TRACK

"MOST OF THE OWNERS ARE RUNNING THEIR HORSES AROUND FOR A PRACTICE WINDUP? I reckon I'll take a look at what the competition is going to be like!"



"THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE PACK OF HORSE FLESH! HAWK PRINT IS GOING TO HAVE TO REALLY KICK UP DUST TO BEAT THEM!"



"THAT'S A SORTA LOOKING NAG!"

"HOW? WELL, THAT HORSE IS CALLED STAMPEDE! HIS OWNER MUST BE LUCKY TO EXPECT HIM TO WIN!"



"TODAY NIGHT..."

"THE RACE PAYER IS REALLY RUNNING HIGH IN THIS TOWN! I THINK I'LL GO IN HERE AND GET THE LATEST GOSSIP!"



"THAT'S WHAT I SAID, FOLKS! I'VE STAMPEDE TO WIN TOMORROW AND I'LL COVER ANY BET ANYONE WANTS TO MAKE AGAINST HIM!"

"I'LL TAKE YOUR BET!"

"I'M BETTING UP ALL I OWN AGAINST STAMPEDE! THAT HORSE WON'T EVEN LAST AROUND THE TRACK!"



"SOON..."

"IF THAT'S ALL THE MONEY YOU HAVE, FOLKS, THEN THE BETS ARE CLOSED! I'LL GIVE THE WHOLE PILE TO HONEST JOE WHEELER, THE OWNER OF THIS PLACE, TO HOLD IN HIS SURE FUND, AFTER THE RACE TOMORROW!"

"THE MONEY'S A PILE TO GET ALL THAT MONEY ON THAT OLD HORSE, BUT I RECKON IT'S HIS BUSINESS WHAT HE DOES WITH HIS MONEY!"



"THE NEXT DAY, ROD LINED UP WITH THE OTHER CONTENDERS IN THE RACE FOR THE FINE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE!"

"GO!"

"THEY'RE OFF!"



"COME ON, HAWK PRINT, OLD BOY! LET'S SHOW THESE MULES WHAT A REAL HORSE CAN DO!"



Soon...

GOOD BOY!  
YOU MADE IT!

YEA!  
WAR PRIZE  
WWS!

FINISH



LATER, BACK IN TOWN...

COME ON, ROD, WE'RE GOING TO COLLECT OUR BETS AND THEN WE'LL DO A LITTLE CELEBRATION!

I'VE GOT TO GET ON MY WAY TO CENTERVILLE, BUT I'LL STICK AROUND FOR A LITTLE WHILE!



MAN! IT'S DEAD!  
HE'S DEAD!

THE SAFE'S BEEN BLOWN OPEN!

AND ALL THE MONEY'S GONE!

LET'S GET THE SHERIFF!



SOME TIME LATER...

I RECKON WE'RE UP AGAINST A STONE WALL; THERE AREN'T ANY CLUES TO THE IDENTITY OF THE PERMITS WHO DID THIS.

WHAT ABOUT OBER, THAT GAMBLER? HE'S DISAPPEARED!

YOU CAN'T ACCUSE HIM WITHOUT EVIDENCE! HE MIGHT HAVE LIT OUT OF TOWN BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID HE'D HAVE TO HAVE GOOD THOSE BETS!

I'D LIKE TO STAY AND TRY TO HELP SHERIFF, BUT THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO AND I'VE GOT TO GET ON TO CENTERVILLE!

THANKS FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE, ROD! I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF WE EVER CATCH THE CHERRY BUNNY!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

MAN! IT LOOKS AS IF THIS TOWN HAS THE BETTING FEVER, TOO!



I RECKON THE FIRST THING I'LL DO IS STOP IN AND SEE HOW MY OLD FRIEND POP TITUS IS DOING!



NOW TAKE IT EASY, POLKS! I SWEAR BULL COLLINS WILL WIN THE BULL-BOGGING CONTEST TOMORROW AND I'VE GOT MONEY TO BACK ME UP!

ROD, YOU OLD COUSE, I'M GLAD TO SEE YUH!



I'M HOLDING ALL THESE BETS IN MY SACK! AND IF YOU WANT TO GET IN ON A GOOD BANG I'LL ADVISE YOU TO GET SOME MONEY DOWN WITH THIS CHUCKLEB! EVERYONE KNOWS BULL'S SPENDING HIS WAST AND HAIN'T GOT A CHANCE TO WIN!

THANKS, I DON'T BET! BUT I'M SIGHTY INTERESTED IN THE EVENT!



THE NEXT DAY AT THE RODEO GROUNDS -

POP WAS RIGHT! BULL COLLINS DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE TO WIN!



I MAY BE WRONG, BUT I'VE GOT A PECULIAR FEELING ABOUT THIS! I'M HEADING BACK TO THE GENERAL STORE!



SHORTLY AFTER...

ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME THE COMMISSION TO KORE SAFE, OR AM I GOING TO HAVE TO BEAT IT OUT OF YOU?

OW!



WHY, YOU DERNY SIDEWINDER? I'LL --



FREEZE, YOU SMOLE TRAMP! YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING BUT WHAT WE TELL YOU!

HEH!



GEED! THEN MY SUSPICIONS WERE CORRECT! THIS IS THE SAME BUSINESS THAT HAPPENED IN RIVERTON!

YEAH! AND IT'S A GOOD BUSINESS! WE OFFER ODDS ON A SURE LOSER AND ALL THE SUCKERS BRING OUT ALL THEIR MONEY IN THE HOPE OF WINNING ON A SURE THING!



IN THIS WAY, ALL THE MONEY IN TOWN IS CONCENTRATED IN ONE PLACE, USUALLY HELD BY SOME LOCAL HOMERES KNOWN FOR HIS HONESTY! THEN WHILE EVERYONE IS OUT WATCHING THE CONTEST, WE MAKE OFF WITH THE MONEY!



WE'RE NOT WAITING FOR THAT COMBINATION ANY MORE! TAKE THEM DOWN AND TIE THEM UP AND THEN WE'LL BLOW UP THE GAME!

RIGHT! YOU JUST HOLD THE GUN ON THEM AND I'LL HAVE THEM TRUSSSED UP IN A JIFFY!



BOOM... THERE! THAT DOES IT! LET'S GET THE LOOT!



WE'VE GOT IT ALL!

NOW LET'S TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO BOMBERS!



WHEN THIS GOES OFF THERE'LL BE NO WITNESSES!



WHY? YES, AND WE'LL BE HELL AWAY FROM HERE!

COME ON, LET'S HURRY!

ROD IF THAT THING GOES OFF WE'LL BE BLOWN TO BIZZARD BIT!



WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T GO OFF --- AND I THINK I CAN DO IT!



GOOD BOY!

WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THESE CRITTERS! BUT FIRST, WE'VE GOT TO GET THESE BOMBS OFF! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!





IF I CAN GET TO THAT CHEESE KNIFE  
HE CAN STILL GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE  
THEY'RE GONE TOO FAR!



THERE! I'VE GOT IT!



THAT'S IT! A LITTLE MORE AND  
I'M FREE! THEN I'LL CUT YOU  
LOOSE!



**S**OOON I'M GOING AFTER  
THOSE COODIES AND  
I'M TAKING THIS DYNAMITE  
WITH ME (IT MIGHT COME  
IN HANDY!)



MAKE TRACKS, BOY PAINT!  
WE'RE GOING AFTER A PAIR  
OF BUZZARDS!



**S**HORTLY AFTER...  
THERE THEY ARE!  
FOSTER, BOY PAINT!



THAT BIG GUNSHOT GOT  
FREE! HE'S GAINING  
ON US!

HEAD FOR THE RIVER!  
WE MAY SELL OUT  
FARR!



THERE'S ONLY ONE BOY!  
IF HE BEAT HIM TO IT,  
HE'LL NEVER  
CATCH US!

COME  
ON, THEN!  
RUN!



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# DAISY BULLS EYE B-B NEWS



## SURVEY SHOWS DAISY GIANT BB POUCH GIVES SHOOTERS MORE BBs FOR 5c

128  
Daisy  
Pouch  
5c  
with  
Daisy  
Giant  
BBs  
Five  
Pouches

### ONE BB HELD IN TONGUE

It's easy to see the great value of the new Daisy Giant BB Pouch. It's the only pouch that holds 128 BBs. It's the only pouch that holds 5c worth of BBs. It's the only pouch that holds 5c worth of BBs. It's the only pouch that holds 5c worth of BBs.

### MAKES "LOT OF NOISE" BUT NOT STORE AND BORN BUILT

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### SHOOTING AT THE HOOD

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### DAISY SHOOTING JOURNAL NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION

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### BORN DAISY BUILT TARGET PAGE

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### OUR CIRCULAR MAY HELP YOU GET THIS ONE DAISY

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Every shooter who wants to get the most out of his BB gun should have a Daisy Giant BB Pouch. It's the only pouch that holds 128 BBs. It's the only pouch that holds 5c worth of BBs. It's the only pouch that holds 5c worth of BBs.

It's easy to see the great value of the new Daisy Giant BB Pouch. It's the only pouch that holds 128 BBs. It's the only pouch that holds 5c worth of BBs. It's the only pouch that holds 5c worth of BBs. It's the only pouch that holds 5c worth of BBs.



### WHY BULLS EYE AT DENZERS

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### PARENTS CHOOSE DAISY AS SAFEST TRAINING GUN

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### BB POUCH ALWAYS USED BULLS EYE!

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### IT'S BULLS EYE I TO I

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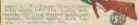
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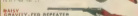
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### IT'S A FACT!



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