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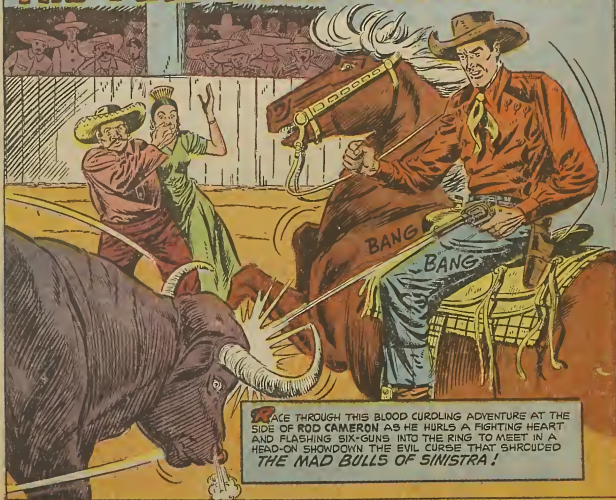


Rod CAMERON

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

in

THE MAD BULLS of SINISTRA



RACE THROUGH THIS BLOOD CURDLING ADVENTURE AT THE SIDE OF ROD CAMERON AS HE HURLS A FIGHTING HEART AND FLASHING SIX-GUNS INTO THE RING TO MEET IN A HEAD-ON SHOWDOWN THE EVIL CURSE THAT SHROUDED **THE MAD BULLS OF SINISTRA!**

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SOUTH OF THE BORDER ON THE RAMOS RANCHO A BEAUTIFUL SEÑORITA SPEAKS TO HER MAJOR DOMO!

I HAVE SENT WORD TO ROD CAMERON, MIGUEL! IF ANY MAN CAN FIGHT THIS CURSE, HE IS THE ONE! WE RIDE AT DUSK TO MEET HIM!

SI, SEÑORITA!



WHILE AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN A SMALL BORDER TOWN...

I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR ROD CAMERON!

GIVE IT HERE, BOY! I'M ROD CAMERON!



HMM! I'LL BE THERE, BUT I WONDER....

Señor Rod Cameron,
If you value good
above evil, you will meet
me at moonrise at the
fork of Border Pass!
Please do not fail
me in my hour of
need.
Elvira Ramos

THAT NIGHT, AT BORDER PASS...

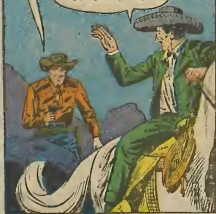
A TRAP, JUST AS I THOUGHT. THE NOTE WAS SIGNED BY A GIRL, BUT THE MAVERICK DRIFTING MY WAY IS A MAN!



SUDDENLY...

REACH, AND START TALKING PRONTO, HOMBRE! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO BORDER PASS AT MOONRISE?

YOU ARE SEÑOR ROD CAMERON?



YES! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM MIGUEL, MAJOR DOMO OF THE RAMOS RANCHO! SEÑORITA RAMOS AWAITS YOU, BORN TO THE BORDER! COME, AMIGO! I WILL TAKE YOU TO HER!



WHAT'S ON THE SEÑORITA'S MIND, MIGUEL? HER NOTE SOUNDED URGENT!

HER MIND IS FIXED WITH THE SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF THAT A CURSE HAS BEEN PUT ON HER LOVER--- A BULLFIGHTER WHO KNOWS NOTHING OF FIGHTING BULLS!



SO THAT'S WHAT'S WORRYING HER: A CURSE, EH?

SI! BUT WHAT MAN BELIEVES IN SUCH NONSENSE? THERE SHE IS NOW! YOU SHALL SEE FOR YOURSELF THAT THERE IS NOTHING TO THE WHOLE THING!



AH, SEÑOR ROD CAMERON! I'M GLAD YOU HAVE COME TO HELP ME!

WHAT SEEMS TO BE WRONG?



SINCE THE DEATH OF MY FATHER THINGS ON THE RAMOS RANCHO HAVE NOT BEEN THE SAME AND NOW A CURSE HAS FALLEN ON DON ALBERTO, MY FIANCE!

THE RAMOS RANCHO? WAS YOUR FATHER THE MAN WHO DEVELOPED THE FAMOUS RAMOS STRAIN OF FIGHTING BULLS?



YES! THE FINEST, PERCEST STRAIN OF FIGHTING BULLS IN THE WORLD! BUT NOW THESE BULLS WHICH WERE ONCE MY PRIDE HAVE BECOME PART OF THE CURSE THAT THREATENS MY HAPPINESS!

SHUCKS, MISS RAMOS! A CURSE IS SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE!



DO NOT SCOFF AT WHAT YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND, SENOR CAMERON! THE CURSE HAS STRUCK AT DON ALBERTO ONCE AND HE HAS BEEN GORED BY A BULL! THE NEXT TIME THE CURSE STRIKES-- A BULL WILL GORE HIM TO DEATH! YOU CAN HELP ME SAVE HIS LIFE, IF YOU WILL!

HOW?



IT IS LATE! I WILL EXPLAIN TOMORROW! MIGUEL WILL SEE THAT YOU ARE MADE COMFORTABLE FOR THE NIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT, MISS! SEE YOU TOMORROW!



COME! WE'LL PUT UP THE HORSES AND I WILL SHOW YOU THE BUNKHOUSE! BEFORE THAT BULLFIGHTING OANDY TURNED THE SENORITA'S HEAD THERE WAS NO TALK OF CURSES HERE AT THE RANCHO!

THIS RANNY SURE HAS NO LOVE FOR DON ALBERTO! WONDER WHY?



I'LL BED DOWN HERE WITH WAR PAINT FOR THE NIGHT! WHO IS THIS DON ALBERTO, MIGUEL? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

BAH! HE IS A CLUMSY FOOL WHO IS NO MATCH FOR A RAMOS BULL AND PROVED IT BY GETTING GORED IN THE ARENA!



GOOD NIGHT, SENOR CAMERON! SLEEP WELL! WISE MEN PAY NO HEED TO CURSES!

GOOD NIGHT!



WELL, WAR PAINT, OLD PARD! I RECKON THIS WHOLE THING IS ALL IN THE SENORITA'S MIND! CURSES AND GOOD SENSE JUST DON'T COTTON! WE'LL GET SOME SHUT-EYE AND HEAD BACK ACROSS THE BORDER COME SUN-UP!

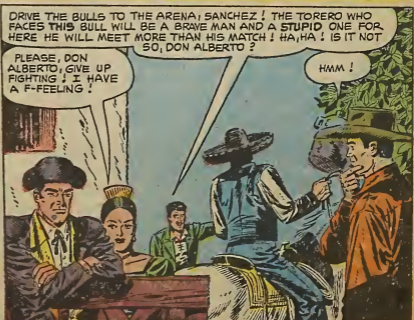
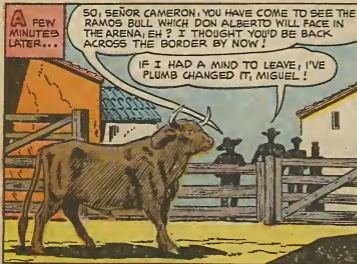
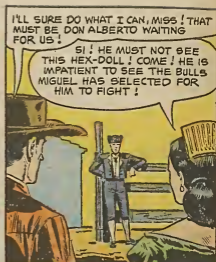
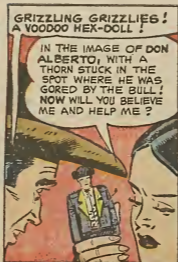


SUDDENLY...
A D-DAGGER!



THE KNIFE-THROWING MAVERICK THAT WROTE THIS PLUMB FORGOT ONE THING-- THAT ROD CAMERON IS NOT THE KIND TO DRIFT ON SOMEBODY ELSE'S SAYSO! WAR PAINT, OLD PARD! WE'RE IN THIS GAME TO THE FINISH!





THERE ARE EVIL FORCES AT WORK THAT--

DON'T BE SILLY, ELVIRA! THIS HAS BECOME AN AFFAIR OF HONOR! I SHALL FACE THIS BULL OF MIGUEL'S AND KILL IT LIKE ANY OTHER! COME! LET US BE ON OUR WAY TO THE ARENA! IT GROWS LATE!



STOP! DON ALBERTO! WAIT!



WH-WHAT HAPPENED? SHE FAINTED! YOU AND MIGUEL TAKE HER TO THE HACIENDA AND BRING HER AROUND! I'LL JOIN YOU LATER AT THE ARENA!



NOW THAT THEY'VE GONE I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT MADE THE SEÑORITA SCREAM THAT WARNING AND FAINT!



ANOTHER HEX-DOLL! SHE TRIED TO KEEP DON ALBERTO FROM PASSING OVER IT, BUT SHE WAS TOO LATE! THIS TIME A THORN IS STICKING INTO THE HEX-DOLL'S HEART WHICH MEANS THEY MEAN BUSINESS AND ---SO DO I!



SUDDENLY ...



SOME TIME LATER, WHEN ROD CAMERON REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

WHEW! M-MY HEAD! THE SIDEWINDER WHO SLIPPED UP AND CONKED ME MUST HAVE HAD A MIGHTY GOOD REASON FOR WANTING ME OUT OF THE WAY FOR AWHILE!



BY THE POSITION OF THE SUN, I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT FOR ABOUT AN HOUR! NOT A SOUL AROUND! I RECKON THEY MUST ALL HAVE GONE TO THE BULLFIGHT! THIS'LL BRING WAR PAINT IN A HURRY!



GET GOING, WAR PAINT, OLD PARD! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT BULLFIGHT BEFORE THE CURSE STRIKES AT DON ALBERTO AGAIN!



NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT SILVER CONCHAS NOW! I'VE GOT TO LOCATE SEÑORITA RAMOS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! THE CHEAP BOXES AT A BULLFIGHT ARE IN THE SUN --- WHICH MEANS HERS WILL BE IN THE SHADE!

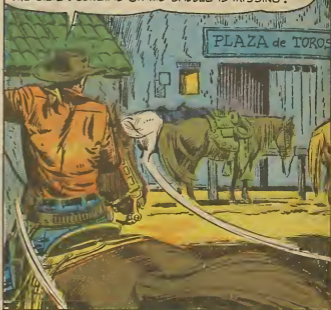


THE BULL IS NOT CHARGING AT THE CAPE! IT IS AFTER DON ALBERTO SEEKING TO KILL HIM.

RIGHT! WITH ITS EYES WIDE OPEN! THAT'S WHAT I NOTICED WAS DIFFERENT ABOUT THE CRITTER BACK AT THE CORRAL!



THERE'S THE ARENA UP AHEAD AND THERE'S MIGUEL'S BRONC AT THE HITCHING RACK! THAT'S FUNNY! ONE OF THE SILVER CONCHAS ON HIS SADDLE IS MISSING!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

QUICK, SEÑORITA RAMOS! WHERE IS MIGUEL?

I-I DON'T KNOW! HE WAS HERE A MOMENT AGO, BUT NOW HE IS GONE! LOOK! DON ALBERTO IS ABOUT TO KILL THE BULL!

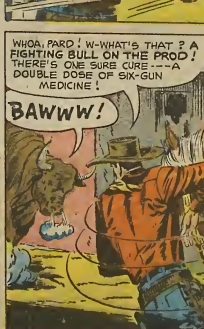
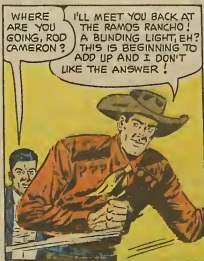
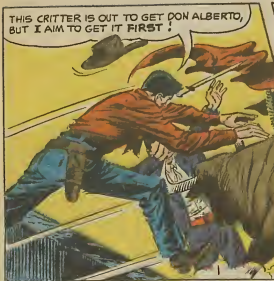


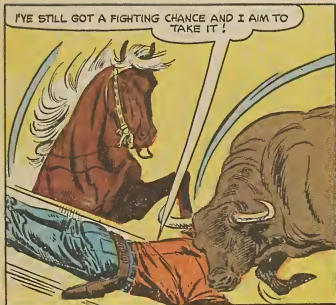
HE IS GOING IN TO KILL THE BULL! IF THE CURSE IS TO STRIKE, THIS IS THE TIME FOR IT!

VIVA DON ALBERTO!
VIVA! VIVA EL TORO!

THE BULL IS GETTING READY TO CHARGE!

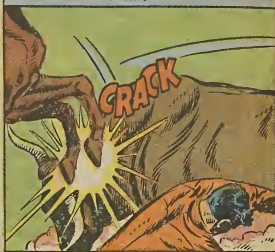






I'VE STILL GOT A FIGHTING CHANCE AND I AIM TO TAKE IT!

DIVING RECKLESSLY BETWEEN THE MAD BULL'S HORNS, ROD CAMERON IS THROWN CLEAR AS THE GREAT STALLION, WAR PAINT, STRIKES A DEATH BLOW!

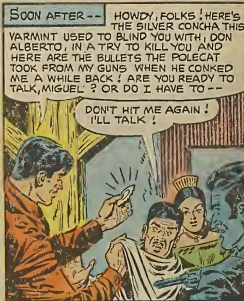


HOLD ON, MIGUEL! YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR HAND WITH YOUR FIGHTING BULLS ONCE TOO OFTEN! THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN!

YOU ARE NOT TAKING ME, ROD CAMERON!

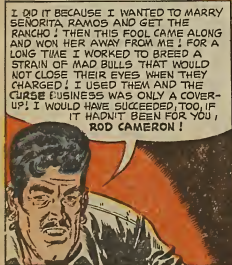


SOCKO



SOON AFTER -- HOWDY, FOLKS! HERE'S THE SILVER CONCHA THIS VARMINT USED TO BLIND YOU WITH, DON ALBERTO, IN A TRY TO KILL YOU AND HERE ARE THE BULLETS THE POLECAT TOOK FROM MY GUNS WHEN HE CONKED ME A WHILE BACK! ARE YOU READY TO TALK, MIGUEL? OR DO I HAVE TO --

DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! I'LL TALK!



I DID IT BECAUSE I WANTED TO MARRY SENORITA RAMOS AND GET THE RANCHO! THEN THIS FOOL CAME ALONG AND WON HER AWAY FROM ME! FOR A LONG TIME I WORKED TO BREED A STRAIN OF MAD BULLS THAT WOULD NOT CLOSE THEIR EYES WHEN THEY CHARGED! I USED THEM AND THE CURSE BUSINESS WAS ONLY A COVER-UP! I WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED, TOO, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, ROD CAMERON!



BUT THE BIGGEST MISTAKE YOU MADE WAS THROWING THAT KNIFE AT ME WITH A WARNING TO DRIFT, MIGUEL!

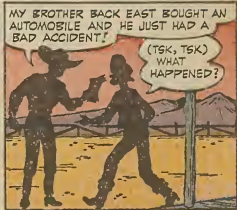
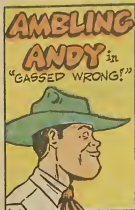
WHAT KNIFE?

HA, HA! THAT WAS MY IDEA, ROD CAMERON! I THREW THAT KNIFE!

MIGUEL MAY HAVE KNOWN ABOUT TRICKS WITH BULLS, BUT I KNOW ABOUT TRICKS WITH MEN -- ESPECIALLY THE ROD CAMERON KIND OF MEN!

THAT'S ALL, FOLKS! I'M HEADING BACK OVER THE BORDER. AFTER THIS I NEED A REST!





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THE CANYON CLAIM

By Hank Spector



EVERYBODY in Twin Forks knew that Clem Sprague had finally struck it rich. The old desert rat no longer had to scrimp and borrow for a grubstake every time he came into town. Now he lived as lavishly as frontier conditions afforded, and paid for entertainment and for supplies with high-grade gold dust. Rumor had it that he was shipping out plenty, too, through Wells Fargo Express for deposit in a big city bank.

But where the gold came from was a well-kept secret. Clem was as solitary and taciturn as the bleak hills which he knew so well. When his dust was all spent, or banked, he would disappear once again, with the pack horse and the pony, into the hills. It was useless to follow him. He could conceal his trail as well as an Indian. Several times, men had camped literally on his doorstep and had left Twin Forks right at the old man's heels. Unable to shake off such leeches, Clem would calmly settle down at some pleasant camp site beside a clear mountain spring, living off the rabbits and grouse which he brought down with his ancient shotgun.

He was as patient as the hills, too. He was able to wait, seemingly unconcerned, until his unwanted guests would depart in disgust.

But this time it was different. The men—there were four of them—had moved right in on him. They were bad hombres, as reckless and deadly as rattlesnakes. Their leader, a thin-lipped bully with a ragged scar down one cheek, had a way of emphasizing his threats with cruel thrusts of his forefinger.

"Listen, Grandpop," he said, prodding Clem's chest, "we want to see that mine of yours. And we're in a hurry."

"I don't know anything about a mine," Clem muttered.

The man struck him a back-handed blow across the face that sent him sprawling. Clem picked himself up, wiping a trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth, while the other men guffawed.

"That's just a little sample of the persuasion we can offer," the leader said. He suddenly grabbed the front of the prospector's shirt,

and pulled him close. His black eyes gleamed with menace. "Don't stall with us," he hissed. "We can make you talk."

Clem supposed they could—and would. He had heard tales of ingenious Indian tortures, and these men, with their studied cruelty, were worse than savages.

"I'll take you to the mine," he said. "It's up in the mountains. It will take us three days to get there." Maybe along the way, or later on, if necessary, he would think of something. These men had no knowledge of the outdoors. He could tell by their soiled city finery, by their smooth hands, by their awkwardness with the horses and with the camping equipment. He should be able to outsmart them, somehow.

That night he tried to give them the slip, despite the fact that on bedding down, they had tied him, wrist to wrist, to one of them. With the horny fingers of his free hand he worried the knots loose and rose cautiously to his knees. And then the man beside him reached out and pulled him down.

They beat him unmercifully, as a warning against attempting another escape. The following day he was barely able to hold his aching body erect in the saddle. And the next night they trussed him up securely, with his hands and feet fastened together behind him. He lay awake, listening to the rough breathing of the men near him. The discomfort of his body was eclipsed by apprehension. These men would not be easy to elude, or to fool. Outdoorsmen they were not, but in their own craft of cruel dishonesty they were practiced and cunning. Should he take them to the mine? They would probably kill him as soon as they had no further need of him. Better to die first, under their tortures, without giving them what they were after. He could lead them around for a couple of days before they would realize the deception. Then they would go to work on him. Could he withstand their tortures? No, that offered him no possible way out. He would lead them to the mine. There, something else might turn up. He was sure they knew little about gold mining. They

would have need of him for awhile and there he would have comparative freedom.

They broke camp early the next morning and resumed their winding way through the foothills. The going grew more rough, the landscape more harsh and barren, as they climbed. On the third day, they entered the mouth of the canyon which led to Clem's hidden mine. They moved in single file through a long fissure between the sheer rock walls. This narrow passageway had in ages past been ground out of the earth by a racing current of water. Reshifting of the mountains had diverted much of the river and lessened the angle at which it had come boiling through the channel. Now, there was but a mere trickle of water among the rocks in the center of the canyon.

After about a half mile, the gorge opened suddenly into a bowl-like valley. Each time he returned here, Clem was struck anew by the rugged grandeur of the scene. They stood at the entrance to a circular park, surrounded by precipitous cliffs.

At the far side of the valley, nestled snugly among the trees, was Clem's shack. Piles of newly-fallen rock and sand, scattered at random along the base of the cliff, showed where the miner had been blasting for gold.

Old Clem led his captors across the valley floor toward his hide-out. They would be cramped in the cabin, but it would do. There was ample water close at hand for the men and the horses and the grass was so lush that there was no question of the animals' wandering out through the barren ravine.

The claim jumpers were impressed. They could not doubt that this place was the source of the old man's gold. But, as Clem had foreseen, they soon revealed themselves to be in complete ignorance of the process of mining. Suspiciously and grudgingly they relinquished their expectations of shoveling gold dust and nuggets off the ground.

They set the prospector to work, following him carefully as he showed them where he had located tiny veins of gold in the rock face and how he had dug in after these tantalizing promises of wealth with pickaxe and with dynamite.

For the first few days they took their ease, keeping their captive at work and guarding him day and night. Meanwhile, they made plans for the future and for the elimination of the prospector, speaking as openly as if he were a steer awaiting the butcher's knife. They were waiting only until they could learn from him how to distinguish gold-bearing ore from glittering and worthless pyrites, and how

to wrest the precious mineral from the grip of the rocky walls.

While his hands were busy, Clem's mind worked with equal concentration, seeking a way of escape. His only exit to freedom would be through the ravine, and he moved steadily toward it, pretending that he was dissatisfied with the gold showings and that a much richer vein might be found in the ravine itself.

Finally, after several days of cautious progress, he stepped into the canyon, out of sight of the men in the valley. He could make a run for it, but he could not hope to get away from them without a horse. And, as if anticipating his plan, they now kept the horses hobbled at the other side of the valley, near the cabin.

The leader of the gang strolled after him, regarding him suspiciously. "I don't know what you're doing out here," he said, "but I don't like it. You may as well stop working. We don't need you any longer."

Old Sprague knew the implications of such a dismissal. He walked along the ravine, carefully scanning the cliff sides. "Look!" he said earnestly, "right along here! There's nothing to equal this in the whole valley!"

"I don't see anything unusual," the man said.

"You will, if I open it up," the miner urged. "Just one day's work, that's all it will take."

Clem hurried back to the cabin for a heavy load of dynamite and frantically set to work, boring holes in the rock face. By the following afternoon he had ten deep holes filled with dynamite.

"This had better be good," the gang leader said impatiently.

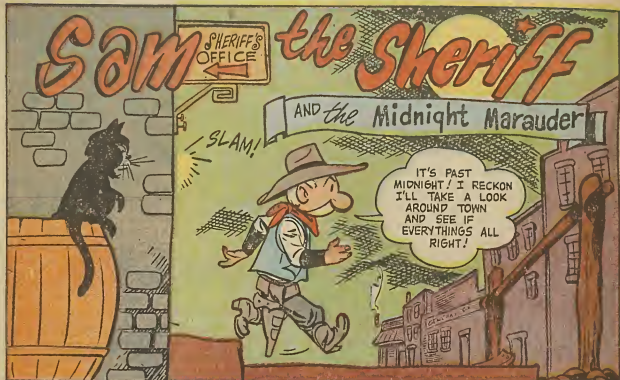
"It will be," Clem promised jubilantly. "Get back. I'm going to light the fuses."

The man retreated around the corner into the valley. Clem lit all ten of the fuses and ran in the opposite direction. He flung himself down behind a boulder just as the blast went off. Rocks rained about him while echoes reverberated up and down the ravine.

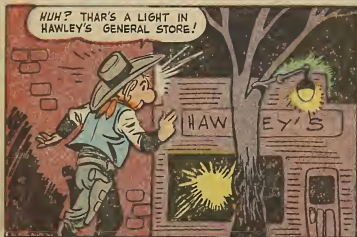
WHEN he arose from behind the boulder he saw that a section of the cliff wall had tumbled into the canyon, effectively sealing off the valley, trapping the crooks inside.

"I'd better be on my way," Clem said aloud. "It's a long walk back to town. I'll have to file a claim on this place, because now people will find out where it is. And I'm sure the marshal will file a claim on those hombres, after we dig them out!"

THE END



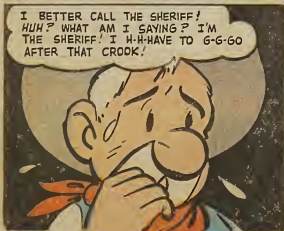
HUH? THAR'S A LIGHT IN HAWLEY'S GENERAL STORE!



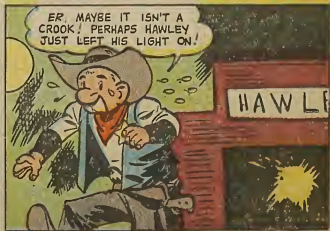
WHY SHOULD THAR BE A LIGHT IN THAR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT? THAR MUST BE A CROOK IN THAR!

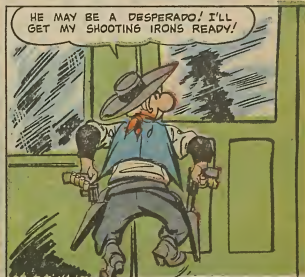
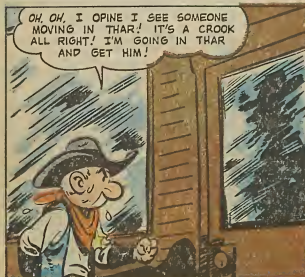
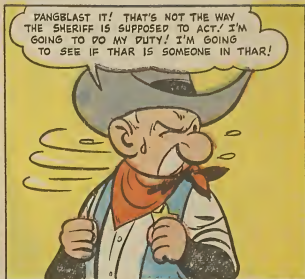
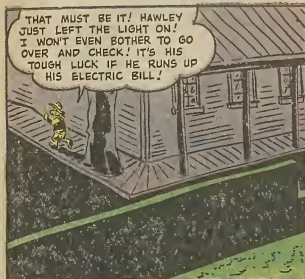


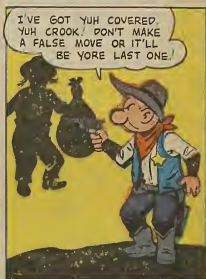
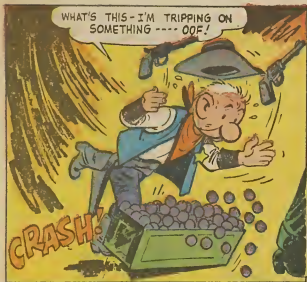
I BETTER CALL THE SHERIFF!
HUH? WHAT AM I SAYING? I'M THE SHERIFF! I H-H-HAVE TO G-G-GO AFTER THAT CROOK!

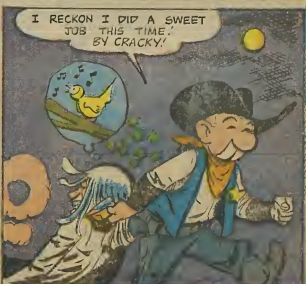
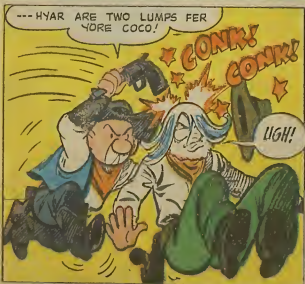
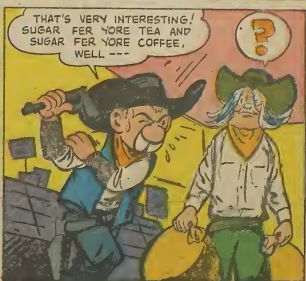


ER, MAYBE IT ISN'T A CROOK! PERHAPS HAWLEY JUST LEFT HIS LIGHT ON!









Rod CAMERON ⁱⁿ BOX CANYON BAIT

ROD CAMERON, acting as guide for a wagon train moving out to the far west, signals for a halt as the gloomy dusk fore-shadows the sudden dark of night on the prairie!

HOLD IT UP! WE'LL STOP HERE FOR THE NIGHT!

IT SEEMS RIGHT QUIET HERE--TOO QUIET!

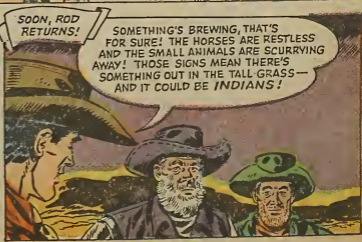
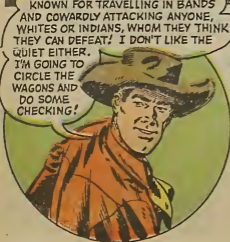
WE'RE IN CHAYGO INDIAN TERRITORY, AREN'T WE, ROD?

YES, AND THE CHAYGOES ARE KNOWN FOR TRAVELLING IN BANDS AND COWARDLY ATTACKING ANYONE, WHITES OR INDIANS, WHOM THEY THINK THEY CAN DEFEAT. I DON'T LIKE THE QUIET EITHER.

I'M GOING TO CIRCLE THE WAGONS AND DO SOME CHECKING!

SOON, ROD RETURNS!

SOMETHING'S BREWING, THAT'S FOR SURE! THE HORSES ARE RESTLESS AND THE SMALL ANIMALS ARE SCURRYING AWAY! THOSE SIGNS MEAN THERE'S SOMETHING OUT IN THE TALL GRASS-- AND IT COULD BE INDIANS!



I'M GOING TO SNEAK OUT THERE AND SEE WHETHER THERE ARE ANY INDIANS MASSING FOR AN ATTACK! IF I CAN GET BACK SILENTLY, I WILL -- BUT IF I CAN'T, I'LL FIRE MY SIX-SHOOTER AS A WARNING OF ATTACK!



ROD SLIPS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT AND SOON--

HUH! THOSE ARE CHAGOGES, ALL RIGHT! AND THEY LOOK READY TO ATTACK!



SUDDENLY--

MMMF!

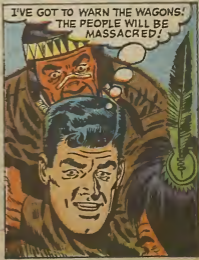


FORM A WAGON CIRCLE AT MY SIGNAL AND PREPARE TO RESIST ATTACK!

GOOD LUCK, ROD!



I'VE GOT TO WARN THE WAGONS! THE PEOPLE WILL BE MASSACRED!



BUT THE THREE INDIAN BRAVES KEEP THEIR GRIP ON THE BIG FRONTIERSMAN AS THEY DRAG HIM BEFORE THEIR CHIEF!

USING ALL HIS STRENGTH, ROD BREAKS LOOSE AND LEAPS AT THE CHIEF!

HE KILL CHIEF! ME SHOOT!



AS THE BULLET CREASES ROD'S SCALP, HE SINKS TO THE GROUND WITH A SATISFIED SMILE ON HIS FACE!

IT WORKED!



I'VE GOT IT! IF I CAN GET THE INDIAN TO FIRE MY GUN AT ME -- THAT WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL!





A FEW MINUTES LATER---

PALEFACES HEAR SHOT! THEY PREPARE FOR DANGER!

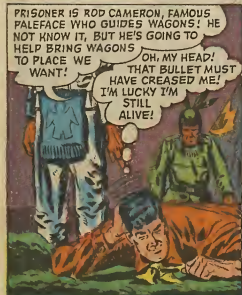
THEY READY FOR ATTACK NOW!

IS NO GOOD! WITHOUT SURPRISE WE BEAT PALEFACES, BUT MAYBE LOSE TOO MANY BRAVES IN FIGHT!

WE USE DIFFERENT PLAN NOW! WE GET WAGON TRAIN IN BOX CANYON, CUT OFF RETREAT, THEN FROM HIGH WALLS WE SHOOT DOWN ON PALEFACES!



IS GOOD PLAN, BUT HOW WE GET WAGON TRAIN INTO BOX CANYON?



PRISONER IS ROD CAMERON, FAMOUS PALEFACE WHO GUIDES WAGONS! HE NOT KNOW IT, BUT HE'S GOING TO HELP BRING WAGONS TO PLACE WE WANT!

OH, MY HEAD! THAT BULLET MUST HAVE CREASED ME! I'M LUCKY I'M STILL ALIVE!

AT DAWN, THE NEXT MORNING---

YOU PUT ON PALEFACE CLOTHES AND RIDE TO HIGH BLUFF NEAR BOX CANYON! WHEN WAGON TRAIN COME BY, YOU SHOOT GUN TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! THEN WAVE ARMS TO SHOW PALEFACE TO TAKE TRAIL INTO CANYON!

YOU BE TOO HIGH UP FOR PALEFACE TO SEE YOUR FACE, BUT BY CLOTHES THEY THINK YOU ARE ROD CAMERON! WE STAY BACK HERE TILL WE HEAR GUN-FIRE! THEN WE RIDE TO CANYON FOR KILL!



WE NO NEED PALEFACE ANY MORE! WE KILL HIM NOW!

WAIT TILL FIGHTING IS OVER! TAKE HIM OUT SOMEPLACE AND TIE HIM UP WHERE HE MAKE NO TROUBLE!

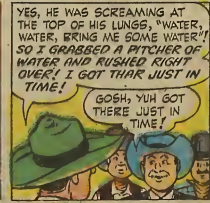
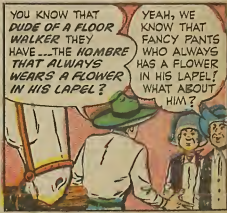
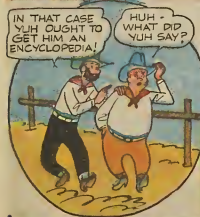


I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE AND BREAK UP THIS FIENDISH MASSACRE THE INDIANS ARE PLANNING! THAT BRANCH UP AHEAD! IT MIGHT DO THE TRICK!









RIDING THE TRAIL
WITH

ROD CAMERON
POST OFFICE BOX # 1164
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA



HOWDY, PARDS:

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU THE LAST FEW WEEKS, WISHING YOU WERE ALL WITH ME ON A LITTLE TRIP I TOOK DOWN INTO THE SOUTHWEST! THAT'S MIGHTY FINE COUNTRY DOWN THERE, NOT SO GREEN AS THE EAST OR MIDWEST, BUT STILL MIGHTY FINE RANCHING LAND! I WAS MOST STRUCK BY THE INFLUENCE O' THE OLD SPANISH SETTLERS THAT IS STILL SEEN EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK!

THE OLD SOUTHWEST NEAR THE MEXICAN BORDER WAS ONCE SPANISH LAND, SETTLED AND WORKED BY THE EARLY SPANISH SETTLERS! THEIR MARK REMAINS ON THE ARCHITECTURE, THE FOOD AND THE LANGUAGE USED EVEN BY COWHANDS FAR FROM THAT REGION! TAKE THE LEATHER LEGGINGS COWBOYS CALL THEIR "CHAPS" THAT'S THE SHORTENED FORM OF THE SPANISH WORD FOR THEM, WHICH IS "CHAPAREJOS".

THEN THE PART OF THE SADDLE-RIG WE CALL A "CINCH", THAT'S THE WIDE BAND THAT PASSES UNDER THE HORSE'S BELLY TO HOLD THE SADDLE ON HIS BACK! IT'S DERIVED FROM THE SPANISH WORD "CINCHA". "CORRAL", A TERM USED BY EVERY COWHAND IN THE LAND, IS A SPANISH WORD MEANING A FENCED YARD OR ENCLOSURE FOR ANIMALS. A "PINTO" HORSE MEANS A SPOTTED HORSE. THE WORD IS DERIVED FROM THE SPANISH, MEANING PAINTED OR, AS WE USE IT, SPOTTED.

YES, FRIENDS, THE INFLUENCE OF THE OLD SPANISH SOUTHWEST HAS SPREAD FAR AND WIDE! THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS WE OWE TO OTHER PEOPLES AND DON'T REALIZE IT! THAT'S WHY IT'S A GOOD THING TO REMEMBER ALL PEOPLES AND ALL COUNTRIES ON EARTH HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE CIVILIZATION OF EVERY OTHER COUNTRY! IF WE ALL REMEMBERED THAT WE MIGHT BE MORE FRIENDLY TO OUR NEIGHBORS NEXT DOOR AND ALSO OUR NEIGHBORS ALL OVER THE WORLD!

WELL, PARDS, I MUST BE MOSEYING ON! TILL NEXT MONTH, "ADIOS" AND YOU ALL KNOW THAT MEANS "I'LL BE SEEING YOU".

YOUR PARD,

Rod Cameron



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

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



QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
 SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT — 4 CORRECT, GOOD —
 3 CORRECT, FAIR — 2 CORRECT, POOR!

① ANTEATERS ARE TOOTHLESS.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



② THE EGRET IS A MONKEY.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



③ COFFEE IS ONE OF THE LEADING IMPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



④ FRANKLIN PIERCE WAS A GENERAL BEFORE HE BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



⑤ HARVARD IS THE OLDEST UNIVERSITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



ANSWERS:

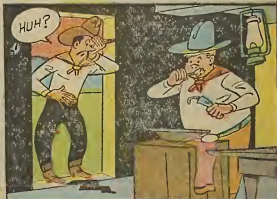
① FALSE, ② FALSE, ③ TRUE, ④ TRUE, ⑤ TRUE, FOUNDED IN 1636.

HOG HEAD



"THE BRUSH OFF"

I RECKON I'LL GO IN AND SEE HOW THAT NEW HIRED HAND IS MAKING OUT!



HUH?

HEY, HOGHEAD, THAT'S MY TOOTHBRUSH YO'RE USING!



HUH? IT IS?

JEEPERS, I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT--



-- I THOUGHT IT BELONGED TO THE RANCH!

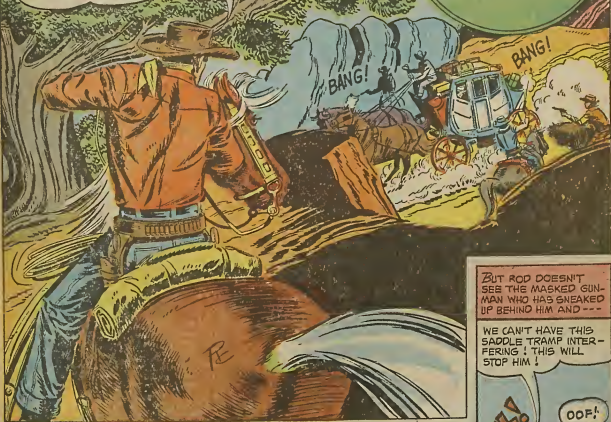


Rod CAMERON *in*

THE RAILROAD SWINDLE

ONE DAY, IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF BEECHER PLATS, ROD CAMERON, FEARLESS FIGHTER FOR LAW AND ORDER, SEES A SCENE WHICH SPURS HIM INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION!

GALLOPING GOPHERHOLES! THOSE MASKED JASPERERS DOWN THERE ARE HOLDING UP THE STAGECOACH!



BUT ROD DOESN'T SEE THE MASKED GUNMAN WHO HAS SNEAKED UP BEHIND HIM AND ---

WE CAN'T HAVE THIS SADDLE TRAMP INTERFERING! THIS WILL STOP HIM!

MAKE TRACKS, WAR PAINT! WE'RE GOING TO LEND A HAND THERE!



HUH! WHERE'D THAT HOMBRE COME FROM?

THAT DOESN'T MATTER! IT'S WHERE YOU SIDE - - WINDERS ARE GOING THAT COUNTS!





TAKE ALL THET CITY FELLER'S IDENTIFICATION PAPERS ! NOW YOU, LEHIGH, GET IN THE COACH AND TAKE HIS PLACE !

RIGHT, CAL, WITH HIS PAPERS I'LL RIDE INTO TOWN AS MR. TAGENT !

I'M DRIVING ON TO TOWN , TAKE TAGENT AND HOLD HIM AT THE HIDE-OUT AND TWO OF YOU DUMP ROD CAMERON OVER THE CLIFF SO HE'LL BE OUT OF OUR WAY FER KEEPS !



SOON--- THIS BROOMTAIL WON'T ANNOY ANYONE ANY MORE!



YEAH ! LET'S FEED HIM TO THE BUZZARDS AND GET BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT PRONTO !

BUT LUCKILY, ROD LANDS ON A JUTTING LEDGE ---



--AND THE JARRING BUMP JOLTS HIM BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS !

WHAT HAP---I REMEMBER ! THE STAGE-COACH WAS BEING HELD UP !



I'VE GOT TO GET TO TOWN TO REPORT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE STAGE !



BUSTER THE TRAIL, WAR PAINT ! LET'S TAKE THE SHORT CUT TO TOWN !



LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE --

--AND WHEN I CAME TO THE STAGE WAS GONE ! DID IT REACH TOWN ?

HYAR, IT COMES NOW ! YOU PROBABLY PASSED IT WHILE RIDING THE SHORT CUT !



I'M SHORE GLAD THE STAGE MADE IT ALL RIGHT! IT'S CARRYING A VERY IMPORTANT PASSENGER! LET'S SASHAY OVER TO THE DEPOT AND SEE IF HE CAME THROUGH WITHOUT ANY HARM!



I RECKON YOU MUST HAVE DONE SOME HARD RIDING TO GET AWAY FROM THOSE ROAD AGENTS BACK THERE!

ROD CAMERON! HUH! OH, YEAH! THEY ALMOST HAD ME, BUT WHEN YOU INTERRUPTED THEM I SAW MY OPPORTUNITY AND I HIT LEATHER!



SO I OFFER YOU A PROPOSITION! FOR THE SUM OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS I WILL CHOOSE YOUR AREA FOR THE NEW ROAD!

WHY, THAT'S BRIBERY YOU'RE ASKING FER!

WHAT?



ALL THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN TOWN SEEM TO BE WAITING TO GREET HIM! WHO IS THIS HOMBRE?

HE'S MR. TAGENT, A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE RAILROAD COMPANY! HE'S COME OUT HYAR TO DECIDE WHETHER THE RAILROAD EXTENSION SHOULD RUN THROUGH THIS AREA OR CROSS THE VALLEY TWO HUNDRED MILES NORTH!



THE "RAILROAD REPRESENTATIVE" LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS AND A MEETING IS HELD IN THE TOWN HALL!

MEN, YOU KNOW THAT THE RAILROAD COMPANY HAS SENT ME OUT HERE FROM THE MAIN OFFICE BACK EAST TO SETTLE THE LOCATION OF THE RAILROAD EXTENSION AND YOU KNOW THE DECISION IS ENTIRELY UP TO ME!



GENTLEMEN, I AM A PRACTICAL MAN! THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE GOING TO PROSPER BY THE PRESENCE OF THE RAILROAD. THEREFORE I SEE NOTHING WRONG IN DEMANDING MY SHARE!



WE'LL NEED SOME TIME TO DISCUSS THIS, MR. TAGENT! WE'LL WRANGLE IT A SPELL BEFORE WE DECIDE WHAT TO DO!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL STAY AT THE HOTEL! YOU CAN REACH ME THERE WHEN YOU DECIDE!



THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT THAT RAILROAD AGENT, SHERIFF! IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT THAT HE MAKE SUCH A PROPOSITION!

I RECKON MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! WHAT DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO DO ABOUT IT?

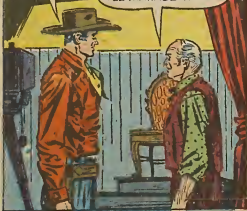


YOU GET THE TOWNSPEOPLE TO STALL GIVING HIM ANY DECISION! STRETCH IT OUT FOR DAYS IF POSSIBLE! IN THE MEANTIME, I'M GOING TO DO SOME INVESTIGATING AND THE FIRST ONE I WANT TO SEE IS THE TOWN PHOTOGRAPHER!



SHORTLY AFTER-- ---SO I WANT A PICTURE OF MR. TAGENT, BUT I DON'T WANT HIM TO KNOW HE'S BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED!

LEAVE IT TO ME, ROD! I'LL MANAGE IT!



LATER-- HERE'S THE PICTURE, ROD! I GOT IT WHILE HE WAS EATING! HE NEVER NOTICED IT!

GOOD! NOW WITH THIS PHOTO I CAN WRITE TO THE MAIN OFFICE OF THE RAILROAD AND CHECK ON HIS IDENTITY!



HYAR YOU ARE, CAL! THIS IS FER YORE RETURN RUN TO THE RELAY STATION!

I'LL TAKE IT RIGHT OUT TO THE STAGE NOW!



BUT IN THE BARN--- SO THAT CAMERON HOMBRE SUSPECTS THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY! I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIM PRONTO!

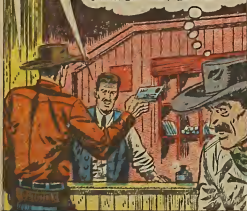


BUT AS ROD DEPOSITS THE LETTER AT THE POST OFFICE THE ALERT EYE OF CAL, THE STAGE DRIVER, NOTICES THE ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOPE!

WILL YOU SEE THAT THIS LETTER GOES OUT ON THE NEXT STAGE?

SHORE THING, ROD!

NOW WHAT WOULD HE BE WRITING TO THE RAILROAD COMPANY FER? I'D BETTER CHECK ON THAT LETTER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE HOTEL--

WITH ROD CAMERON CHECKING ON US, WE'RE SUNK! THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TO KILL BOTH CAMERON AND THE REAL MR. TAGENT. THEN THERE'LL BE NO ONE WHO CAN INTERFERE WITH OUR SCHEME!

YEAH, BUT HOW CAN WE GET CAMERON? HE'S A PRETTY TOUGH HOMBRE!

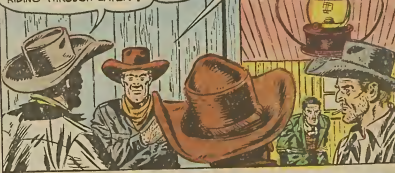


I'LL TAKE CARE OF CAMERON! HE HAS A WEAKNESS FOR LENDING A HELPING HAND WHEN ASKED! BUT FIRST, I'M GOING OUT TO THE HIDE-OUT TO GET THINGS READY!



LATER, AT THE HIDE-OUT---
-- SO I WANT YOU TO BE READY TO JUMP THE STAGE WHEN I COME RIDING THROUGH LATER!

DON'T WORRY, CAL! WE'LL PUT ON A GOOD SHOW!



BACK IN TOWN, CAL TAKES ADVANTAGE OF ROD CAMERON'S WILLINGNESS TO HELP ANYONE IN TROUBLE.

I HATE TO BOTHER YOU, ROD, BUT I'M AFRAID OF THOSE ROAD AGENTS WHO TRIED TO HOLD ME UP ON THE WAY IN! IF YOU'D JUST RIDE WITH ME PAST THE DANGER SPOT I'LL BE MUCH OBLIGED!

LET'S NOT BOTHER! I'D LIKE ANOTHER CRACK AT THOSE OWLHOOTS, ANYHOW!



ON A LONELY BEND IN THE ROAD THE STAGE IS ATTACKED AS PLANNED!

KEEP RIDING, CAL! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE JASPERERS!



BUT CAL HAS OTHER IDEAS!

THIS WILL TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU!



THAT'S IT! PUT THEM BOTH IN THE COACH AND THEN WE'LL STAMPEDE THE HORSES DOWN THE NARROW ROAD NEAR THE CLIFF!



EYEAH! GO AHEAD, YOU CAYUSES! THE STAGE WILL TURN OVER AND IT WILL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!



AS THE STAGECOACH RATTLES DOWN THE DANGEROUS ROAD, ROD REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!

I GUESS THIS IS THE END FOR BOTH OF US! I'M SORRY YOU HAD TO GET MIXED UP IN IT!

YOU MUST BE MR. TAGENT. DON'T GIVE UP YET, PARDNER!



IF I CAN REACH THE DRIVER'S SEAT BEFORE WE TURN OVER, WE'RE SAVED!



THE BRAKES WON'T HOLD! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



THERE IS A BRIEF TEST OF STRENGTH, BUT ROD WINS OUT AS THE PLUNGING HORSES SLOW TO A STOP!



WHOA! THAT'S IT! PULL UP!



AFTER ROD UNTIES MR. TAGENT---

WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THEIR HIDE-OUT!

GREAT! WE'LL TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!



THE SURPRISE IS COMPLETE AS ROD AND MR. TAGENT GET THE DROP ON THE GANG AND CAPTURE THE ENTIRE CROWD WITHOUT FIRING A SINGLE SHOT!

ROD CAMERON !! HE'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A BOBCAT!

HANDS UP, POLECATS! MR. TAGENT, YOU TIE THEM AND GET THEM INTO THE STAGE WHILE I KEEP THEM COVERED!

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE!



LATER--- SHERIFF, HERE'S A WHOLE PASSES OF COYOTES WHO NEED LOCKING UP AND I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT PHONY RAILROAD MAN! THIS IS THE REAL MR. TAGENT!



THEN YOU'D BETTER HOT FOOT IT OVER TO THE TOWN HALL AND STOP THE PEOPLE FROM GIVING THE MONEY TO THAT VARMINT! HE SAID HE COULDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER AND THEY DECIDED TO PAY WHAT HE ASKED!



LET'S MOVE!
WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!

I'VE GOT THE MONEY! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!



STOP! DON'T GIVE HIM THAT MONEY! HE'S AN IMPOSTER!

YOU! HOW DID YOU--



YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN ALL YOUR BUDDIES IN THE TOWN JAIL!



OOP!

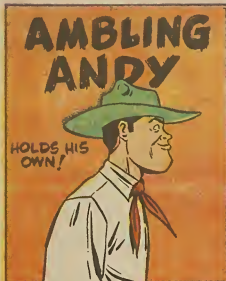
LATER-- ---AND I WANT TO ASSURE YOU THAT THE RAILROAD WILL COME THROUGH HERE! ANY TOWN THAT BOASTS SUCH A MAN AS ROD CAMERON DESERVES IT!



WE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR SHOWING US HOW WRONG WE WERE TO GIVE IN TO THAT VARMINT'S BRIBERY DEMAND JUST TO FURTHER OUR OWN ENDS! WE'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN.

AS LONG AS ALL THE CULPRITS ARE IN JAIL, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!





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, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, C. V. Woods, Sunnyside, L. I.; Managing Editor, Ralph Dalgh, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company

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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, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1952.

(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY,
(My commission expires April 3, 1953)



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