

A Fawcett Publication

# Rod Cameron

## western

APRIL  
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NO. 2



 **GUN-SMOKING THRILLS**  
AS  
**ROD CAMERON**  
RIDES AGAIN!



**PUT MORE OPPORTUNITY  
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**"THEY'RE  
MONEY-MAKING  
MARVELS"**

**SAYS  
CAPTAIN MARVEL**



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

*W. H. Fawcett Jr., President*

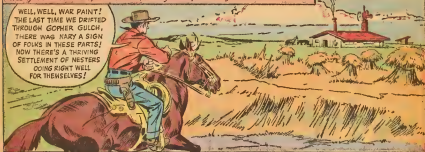
A colorful illustration of a cowboy on a brown horse in a western landscape. The cowboy is wearing a red shirt and blue pants, and is leaning forward, holding a lasso. The horse is galloping towards the right. In the background, there are other cowboys working in a field, and a small building. The sky is blue with some clouds. The title 'ROD Cameron in Open Range Freeze-Out' is written in large, stylized letters at the top.

# ROD Cameron in Open Range Freeze-Out

**C**OWMEN AGAINST NESTERS! Such were the battle lines that were drawn when the Homestead Act of 1862 opened the vast prairies of the West to settlement by farmers! The cowmen fiercely resented the approach of these "nesters" and stopped at nothing to bar their path! **ROD CAMERON**, free-wheeling, gun-slinging Knight of the Saddle, strives to bring justice to both sides as he plunges into a gun-smoke struggle for survival on the plains between the cowmen and the nesters in **OPEN RANGE FREEZE-OUT!**

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As Rod Cameron, gay, trouble-shooting Knight of The Saddle, races his great stallion, War Paint, along the open range...



WELL, WELL, WAR PAINT! THE LAST TIME WE DRIFTED THROUGH GOPHER GULCH, THERE WAS NARY A SIGN OF FOLKS IN THESE PARTS! NOW THERE'S A THRIVING SETTLEMENT OF NESTERS DOING RIGHT WELL FOR THEMSELVES!



WHOA, WAR PAINT! THAT'S THE FIRST HOME COOKING I'VE SMELLED FOR A LONG SPELL AND I AIM TO ENJOY IT!

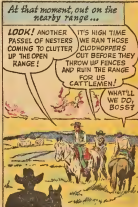
HOWDY, MAM!

HOWDY, STRANGER! CLIMB DOWN AND JOIN MY MENFOLKS! THEY'RE JUST SETTLING DOWN TO THEIR VITTLES!

THANK YOU, MAM! I'D COVER A HEAP OF TRAIL FOR A HOME-COOKED MEAL -- ANYTIME!



YOU'RE PLUMB WELCOME! COME IN!



At that moment, out on the nearby range...

LOOK! ANOTHER PASSEL OF NESTERS COMING TO CLUTTER UP THE OPEN RANGE!

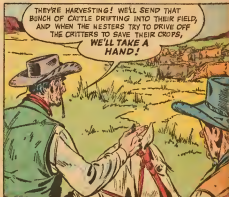
IT'S HIGH TIME WE RAN THOSE CLONNOPPERS OUT BEFORE THEY THROW UP FENCES AND RUIN THE RANGE FOR US CATTLEMEN!

WHAT'LL WE DO, BOSS?



I'VE GOT A PLAN! ONE THAT'LL MAKE THEM PLAY RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS AND GIVE US AN EXCUSE FOR RUNNING THEM OFF THE RANGE!

WHAT IS IT?



THEY'RE HARVESTING! WE'LL SEND THAT BUNCH OF CATTLE DRIFTING INTO THEIR FIELD, AND WHEN THE NESTERS TRY TO DRIVE OFF THE CRITTERS TO SAVE THEIR CROPS, WE'LL TAKE A HAND!





JUST GIT TIGHT WHILE I HANDLE THIS!



COME ON, WAR PAINT! WE'LL SEND THOSE CRITTERS FOGGING BACK TOWARD THEIR OWN RANGE PRONTO!



YIP! YIP! GET RAMBLING, YOU LONG-HORNED MESS OF BEEFSTEAK!

WHACK!



WHAT IN THUNDER DO YOU MEAN, WHACKING OUR CATTLE LIKE THAT? YOU DOGGONE SQUATTERS HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR TROUBLE LONG ENOUGH AND NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT!

YHOA, WAR PAINT! THAT SOUNDS LIKE WAR-TALK!



GUN THE VARMINT DOWN, BOYS! THEN WE'LL RUN OUT THE REST OF THESE DIRT-GRUBBING NESTERS!

DON'T MAKE A MOVE TOWARD YOUR GUNS! WE CAN SETTLE THIS PEACEABLY!



LISTEN TO THE YELLOW COYOTE CRAWL! GUN HIM DOWN, BOYS!

RECKON I'M BEING FORCED TO CALL YOUR HANDS...



...LIKE THIS!

BANG! BANG!  
BANG! BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!



**OUCH!  
MY GUNS!  
YIKE!**

**DROP THOSE GUNS AND  
VAMOOSE... BEFORE I  
CHANGE MY MIND AND  
VENTILATE SOME OF  
YOUR HIDES!**



**WHAT A DRAW! I'M MAKING  
TRACKS OUT OF HERE PRONTO!  
THAT JASPER'S PLUMB  
UNCANNY WITH A  
SIX-GUN!**

**I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!  
IF HE'S A FAIR SAMPLING  
OF WHAT NESTERS ARE LIKE,  
I'M STICKING TO MY PART  
OF THE RANGE FROM  
NOW ON!**



**YOU'VE GOT US STOPPED FOR THE  
MOMENT, STRANGER, BUT WE AREN'T  
TAKING THIS LYING DOWN! WE'LL  
BE BACK TO DRIVE YOU CUSS'D  
NESTERS OUT AND NEXT TIME  
WE WON'T  
FAIL!**



**WE SAW THOSE POLECATS TRY  
TO GUN YOU DOWN, STRANGER,  
AND WE AIM TO CALL  
THEIR HAND!**

**RIGHT! IF THEY'RE  
ITCHING FOR A GUN-SMOKE  
SHOWDOWN, WE AIM TO  
SEE THAT THEY GET IT!**

**HOG-TIE  
THAT WAR-TALK,  
FOLKS!**



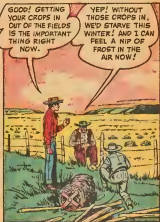
**HOG-TIE THE WAR-TALK  
NOTHING! THEY STARTED  
THIS AND WE'RE  
FINISHING IT!  
COME ON, MEN!  
LET'S SMOKE  
THOSE VARMINTS  
OUT! IT'S THEM  
OR US!**

**HOLD  
ON!**



**THIS IS NO TIME TO LOSE YOUR  
HEAD WITH YOUR CROPS STILL TO  
BE HARVESTED! IF THOSE  
CRITTERS STRAYED INTO  
YOUR FIELDS,  
IT'S YOUR  
FAULT FOR  
ALLOWING  
THEM TO!**

**HE'S RIGHT!  
WE'LL PUT UP  
WIRE FENCES  
TO KEEP OUT  
THE CATTLE!**



**GOOD! GETTING  
YOUR CROPS IN  
OUT OF THE FIELDS  
IS THE IMPORTANT  
THING RIGHT  
NOW.**

**YEP! WITHOUT  
THOSE CROPS IN,  
WE'D STARVE THIS  
WINTER! AND I CAN  
FEEL A NIP OF  
FROST IN THE  
AIR NOW!**

In the distance, hate-filled eyes watch and tempers flare!

LOOK! THE NESTERS ARE STRINGING FENCES! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FAST... BEFORE THEY GET THOSE FENCES UP!

YEAH, BUT WHAT? I DON'T AIM TO CALL THAT LIGHTNING-DRAWING GUN-SLINGER'S HAND AGAIN!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO! WE'LL ROUND UP A BIG HERD OF CATTLE AND SEND THEM STAMPEDING RIGHT THROUGH THE NESTERS AND THEIR FIELDS! THEY'LL TRAMPLE THE FENCES AND THE CROPS INTO A MASH! LET'S GO!



A short while later...

YIP! YIP! GET ROLLING, YOU SLAB-SIDED VARMINTS!

THOSE BIG BULLS'LL SURE DO THE TRICK!



THERE THEY GO! NOTHING ON EARTH'LL STOP THEM! GOODBYE, NESTERS!

WHAT IN TARNATION IS THAT COMING TOWARD US... A TORNADO?

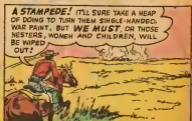
HMMMM! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, IT MIGHT BE A LOT WORSE THAN A TORNADO!

WHERE'RE YOU HEADING, ROO?

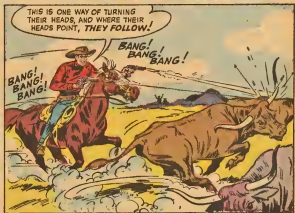
I'M RIDING OUT TO MEET THAT "BUSTER" HEAD ON!



A STAMPEDE! IT'LL SURE TAKE A HEAP OF DOING TO TURN THEM SINGLE-HANDED, WAR PAINT, BUT WE MUST, OR THOSE NESTERS, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WILL BE WIPED OUT!





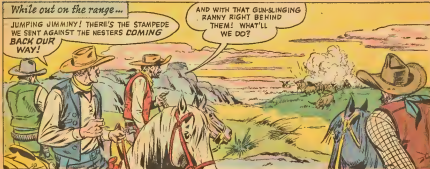




While out on the range...

JUMPING JIMINY! THERE'S THE STAMPEDE WE SENT AGAINST THE NESTERS COMING BACK OUR WAY!

AND WITH THAT GUN-SLINGING RANNY RIGHT BEHIND THEM! WHAT'LL WE DO?



COME ON, LET'S GET BACK TO THE BUNKHOUSE! OUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET THIS RANNY IS TO GET HIM TO TAKE HIS GUNS OFF!

YOU BOYS HIDE IN THE BUNKHOUSE WHILE I MEET HIM ALONE AND CHALLENGE HIM TO A FIST FIGHT!

BY THE LOOKS OF THAT HOMBRE, HE'S JUST AS GOOD WITH HIS FISTS AS HE IS WITH HIS GUNS!

WHO CARES? WHEN HE TAKES HIS GUNBELT OFF, WE'LL ALL JUMP HIM! OUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET RID OF THOSE NESTERS IS TO GET RID OF HIM FIRST!



HERE HE COMES! TAKE MY GUNBELT AND LAY LOW UNTIL I NEED YOU!

OKAY, BOSS!

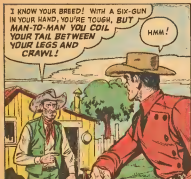
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE -- LOOKING FOR TROUBLE AGAIN?

I'M HERE TO TALK TO YOU AND WHEN I TALK -- YOU LISTEN! SAVVY?

DON'T YOU COME RIDING UP HERE TRYING TO RUN A BLUFF ON ME OR I'LL KNOCK YOU INTO A BACKHANDED HALF HITCH!

YOU'LL WHAT?







SO YOU BOYS WANT TO PLAY MAN, EH?

HOLD HIM!

CRACK!



GOT HIM!

IT'S ABOUT TIME! HE ALMOST GOT US!

WHEW! I'D SOONER WRESTLE WITH A GULLY FULL OF MOUNTAIN LIONS THAN TANGLE WITH THAT JASPER AGAIN! I WONDER WHO HE IS?

YOU GOT ME, BOSS, BUT HE SURE IS A TWISTER ON BRIGHT RED WHEELS WHEN IT COMES TO SCRAPPING! GUNS OR FISTS!

PICK HIM UP AND TIE HIM TO A BUNK BEFORE HE COMES TO!

RIGHT, BOSS!



HURRY UP! HE'S STARTING TO COME OUT OF IT!

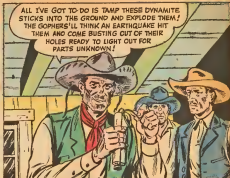
M-MY HEAD! W-WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE WHERE YOU WON'T STAND IN OUR WAY AGAIN WHILE WE'RE TAKING CARE OF THOSE FENCE-STRINGING NESTERS!

THIS TIME, THEIR GOOSE IS COOKED AND SO IS YOURS!

REALLY? AND HOW DO YOU AIM TO COOK THEIR GOOSE?

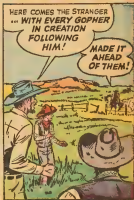
GOPHER GULCH IS FULL OF GOPHERS! MILLIONS OF THEM! I AIM TO SEND A PLAGUE OF THEM AGAINST THE NESTERS! WIRE FENCES WON'T STOP THEM!

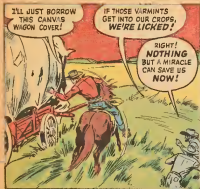












IF THOSE VARMINTS GET INTO OUR CROPS, WE'RE LICKED!

RIGHT! NOTHING BUT A MIRACLE CAN SAVE US NOW!

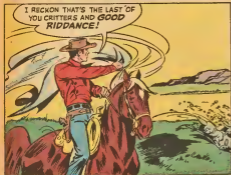




KEEP GOING, YOU  
SHADOW-DODGING  
VARMINTS!



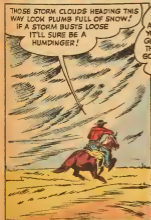
INTO THE RIVER  
WITH YOU!



I RECKON THAT'S THE LAST OF  
YOU CRITTERS AND **GOOD  
RIDDANCE!**



LOOKS AS IF I MADE IT JUST IN TIME!  
THERE GOES THE SUN BEHIND THAT  
SNOWCLOUD. **BARR!** THAT  
WIND FEELS MIGHTY COLO!



THOSE STORM CLOUDS HEADING THIS  
WAY LOOK PLUMB FULL OF SNOW!  
IF A STORM BUSTS LOOSE  
IT'LL SURE BE A  
HUMDINGER!



DON'T RECKON  
WE'LL EVER BE  
ABLE TO THANK  
YOU ENOUGH FOR  
GETTING RID OF  
THAT CHANGED  
GOPHER PLAGUE,  
STRANGER!

IF THAT  
ISN'T A  
BLIZZARD  
HEADING  
THIS WAY,  
**I'LL EAT  
IT!**

NEVER  
MIND THE  
GOPHERS!  
NO TIME  
FOR TALK!  
**START  
GETTING  
YOUR CROPS  
IN... PRONTO!**



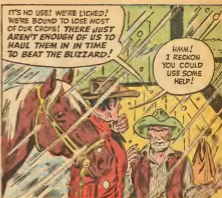
COME ON, MEN! WE'VE  
**GOT TO GET THESE  
CROPS IN! YOUR  
LIVES DEPEND  
ON IT!** WE CAN'T  
LET THIS BLIZZARD  
BEAT US!

I DON'T SEE  
HOW WE CAN  
HELP  
OURSELVES  
IF THIS  
BLIZZARD  
GETS ANY  
WORSE! WE'RE  
ONLY HUMAN!



**WHEW!** THE STORM IS GETTING WORSE BY THE MOMENT! DROP YOUR LOADS IN THE BARN HERE AND GET BACK OUT THERE ON THE DOUBLE FOR THE NEXT LOAD!

I'M PLUMP EXHAUSTED FROM BUCKING THAT STORM ALREADY!



IT'S NO USE! WE'RE LICKED! WE'RE BOUND TO LOSE MOST OF OUR CROPS! THERE JUST AREN'T ENOUGH OF US TO HAUL THEM IN IN TIME TO BEAT THE BLIZZARD!

HMM! I RECKON YOU COULD USE SOME HELP!



HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FOR THAT HELP WE NEED!



IF THOSE COWMEN HADN'T CAUSED ALL THIS TROUBLE, THOSE FOLKS BACK THERE WOULD HAVE HAD THEIR CROPS IN BY NOW AND WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS!



I AIM TO DROP IN ON THOSE COW-WADDIES AND SEE THAT THEY MAKE AMENDS PRONTO!



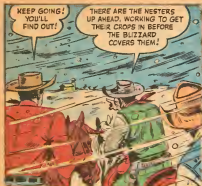
NOW TO USE MY POWERS OF "PERSUASION" ON THESE JASPER!



YOU HERE AGAIN?

YES—AGAIN! AND THIS TIME I'M NOT WASTING WORDS ON YOU VARMINTS!

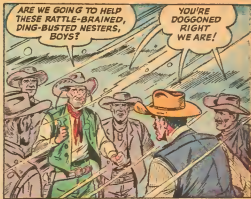






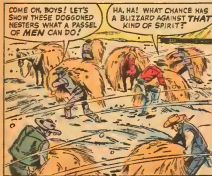
PUT IT THERE, ROD!  
WE'RE ALL PLUMB SORRY  
ABOUT ALL THE  
TROUBLE WE  
PUT YOU TO!

**SHAKE!**  
LET'S KEEP THE  
PAST WHERE IT  
BELONGS AND START  
FROM SCRATCH THIS  
MINUTE, BOYS!  
ARE YOU GOING  
TO HELP?



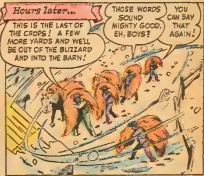
ARE WE GOING TO HELP  
THESE RATTLE-BRAINED,  
DING-BUSTED NESTERS,  
BOYS?

YOU'RE  
DOGGONED  
RIGHT  
WE ARE!



COME ON, BOYS! LET'S  
SNOW THESE DOGGONED  
NESTERS WHAT A PASSSEL  
OF MEN CAN DO!

HA, HA! WHAT CHANCE HAS  
A BLIZZARD AGAINST **THAT**  
KIND OF SPIRIT?



*Hours later...*  
THIS IS THE LAST OF  
THE CROPS! A FEW  
MORE YARDS AND WE'LL  
BE OUT OF THE BLIZZARD  
AND INTO THE BARN!

THOSE WORDS  
SOUND  
MIGHTY GOOD,  
EH, BOYS?

YOU  
CAN SAY  
THAT  
AGAIN!



**WHEW!** WHAT A JOB!  
BUT WE GOT IT DONE  
AND **THAT'S**  
WHAT COUNTS!

WITHOUT THE HELP OF  
YOU DAD-BURNED  
COW-NURSES, WE COULDN'T  
HAVE MADE IT THROUGH THE  
WINTER, BUT NOW WE  
HAVE GRAIN TO SPARE!



*Later...*

THE STORM IS  
LETTING UP, BUT THE  
SNOW IS HIGH BELLY-  
DEEP! OUR CATTLE  
CRITTERS'LL FLOUNDER  
AND STARVE TO DEATH  
IN THIS SNOW!

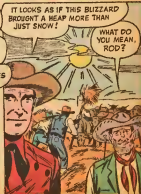
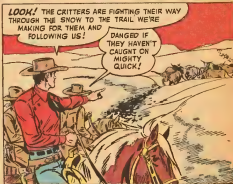
YOU'RE PLUMB  
RIGHT! WE'VE  
GOT TO  
SAVE  
THEM!

HOW? EVERYTIME A  
BLIZZARD LIKE THIS HITS  
THE RANGE WE LOSE  
HUNDREDS OF CRITTERS  
THAT CAN'T DIG FOR THEIR  
FEED! BUT  
WHAT CAN  
WE DO  
ABOUT  
IT?

HMM! I'VE  
GOT A PLAN  
THAT MAY  
WORK!



ROD CAMERON WESTERN





I MEAN THIS! YOU COWMEN HAVE BEEN LOSING CATTLE FOR LACK OF EXTRA FEED AND YOU FOLKS WHO GROW PLENTY OF FEED DON'T HAVE A MARKET FOR IT. THIS BLIZZARD SOLVES BOTH YOUR PROBLEMS! SAVVY?



I SURE DO! WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO WIPE OUT EACH OTHER WHEN WE NEEDED EACH OTHER ALL THE TIME! WE WERE JUST TOO BLIND WITH ORNERINESS TO SEE IT!



PUT 'ER THERE, NESTER! I RECKON THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM HERE ON THE RANGE FOR COWMAN AND NESTER ALIKE!

YOU'RE PLUMS RIGHT, COWMAN! SHAKE!



WELL, FOLKS! I RECKON WAR PAINT AND I'LL BE MOVING DOWN THE TRAIL!



THANKS TO YOU, ROD CAMERON!

SO LONG, FOLKS AND BE GOOD... TO EACH OTHER!



SO LONG, ROD CAMERON --PARD!

AMEN! PARD IS RIGHT!



THERE GOES THE FINEST HOMBRE THAT EVER BURNED POWDER FOR THE GOOD OF EVERYBODY!

WHY COULDN'T I HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT TO SAY FIRST?



# THE DESERT RATS

By Dick Kraus



**I**T HAD been a long, hard forty years for Smoky Marsh and his partner Flapjack.

Together the two old prospectors had covered every square acre of likely territory in six Western states. For forty years they had scraped and starved and somehow continued their search. At last, in a remote corner of the Sierra Nevadas, in a spot they had passed at least three times before, they struck it rich!

Rich? It was fabulous. A tiny outcropping of brightly colored rock that crumbled away as they swung their picks, and opened up to a solid base of almost pure gold ore. Together Smoky and Flapjack dug and loaded sacks, until Sarah, their pack mule, was laden with as much as she could carry.

Then they set out for Groversville—the nearest town.

As they tramped along, one on either side of the almost-staggering Sarah, the two old prospectors chortled their jubilation.

"Mansions! Banquets! Fine clothes!" dreamed Smoky Marsh aloud. "Flapjack when we get back to civilization, I'm entering society. I'll build a big house in California and entertain all the swells! And—and you can come, too!"

"Thanks," said his partner dryly. "As for me, I'm putting it all in the savings bank. And then I'm going to get a chair, sit outside the bank with a shotgun, and watch the interest grow—just like a cornfield. Be pleasant, I reckon. . . ."

Through the day the desert rats and their pack mule moved slowly across the mountain slope. Then, as they reached level ground, Smoky's gnarled hand pointed out the trail that lay ahead.

"Follow that, son," he said, "and we'll be in Groversville by the end of the week. Folks won't believe it at first, but when they see the load of gold old Sarah's carrying, they'll have to!"

"Load of gold?"

A sudden, harsh voice cut through the desert air.

The two prospectors turned as one, there, standing by the side of the trail, next to a giant boulder, was a tall man with a gun in his hand. The gun was a double-barreled shotgun, and it was pointed straight at Smoky and Flapjack. The man's jaw was grim and covered with a three day's stubble.

"Load of gold," the man said again, this time more softly.

**"D**ON'T move, either of you." He went on, "Here I been standing behind this boulder with my horse, ever since I saw you a mile away, coming down the slope."

With sudden, decisive steps, he walked over to the pack mule's side. His fingers clawed at the top of one of the sacks on her back. Opening it, his hand went in and came out, holding a palmful of gleaming golden nuggets. Quickly, unbelievably, his hand explored the other sacks.

"Full! All full!" he grunted. "I—I never saw anything like it! Must be worth—"

His words cut off short, and he swung the shotgun in a menacing arc!

Smoky Marsh and Flapjack each moved back a cautious step. "Listen, Mister," said Smoky in an almost pleading voice. "We looked for this bonanza for forty years. Flapjack and me, we just about dug our lives out to find it—and now that we've got it, nobody's taking it away!"

"Do you understand that," he said, with his hand gripping the sawed-off pick-ax that always hung at his side. "Nobody's taking it from us!"

The big man with the gun did not move, but deep-cut lines of anger suddenly appeared on either side of his mouth. Then he spoke.

"Since you've told me your life history, Mister, I'll tell you mine. Been in jail six times.

Killed two men. Been hunted just about everywhere you can name. A short time ago I robbed a bank—shot the teller and another guard. Don't know for sure, but if they died, too, that makes four!"

He stepped forward a pace, and his broad hand gripped the mule's halter

"There's a posse after me," he said. "Maybe half a day behind. But I'm taking your mule—and the gold on her back—and I'm heading for Mexico. When I get across the border I'll be safe, and neither you nor a dozen old desert rats can stop me!"

**S**MOKY MARSH'S face went white! Then, with a choking cry, the old prospector suddenly gripped the pick-ax and, swinging it high, lugged at the outlaw. But, even as Smoky went forward, the badman stepped aside. Deftly, he avoided the prospector's attack—and slammed the butt of his shotgun down on his shoulder. Smoky staggered, but whirled about gamely, ready to try again.

This time the younger, bigger man slammed his gun down hard, grazing the prospector's head.

Groaning, Smoky Marsh slumped to the ground.

Immediately, the outlaw turned his gun to bear on Flapjack, who had made a move toward a shovel on the mule's back!

"Get back," he commanded.

When Flapjack moved back, the badman gave him a stern order. "Get my horse," he said. "He's picketed behind that big boulder. Get him—and hurry!"

Obediently, Flapjack turned away, and went behind the boulder. He was out of sight for several moments, and the badman stirred impatiently. Then he came out again, leading a big bay horse.

The outlaw mounted the horse, and took the mule's halter in his hand.

"What took you so long," he asked.

"I—I couldn't undo the rope," Flapjack answered. "Nervous, I g-guess."

The big man laughed once, contemptuously. Then, raking the bay with his spurs, he wheeled away, with Sarah following.

When he was fully out of sight, Smoky Marsh raised himself on one elbow, still rubbing his head.

"What a pal you are!" he said. "Flapjack, here I practically give my life, to save our haul, and you obey his orders like a tame pussycat. Flapjack, you're nothing but a no-account—"

But Flapjack shook his head, and a smile was on his old lips.

Suddenly, he held out his hand, palm up. In it were several long, twisted nails.

"See these?" he asked. "Recognize them?"

Smoky Marsh was bewildered. "They're nails. Nails from a horse's hoof. But—but where'd they come from? I don't understand."

**F**LAPJACK grinned again. "When I went behind the boulder to get his horse, I took a little extra time. I also took four or five nails from each of that horse's hoofs. Before I ever met you, I was a blacksmith, Smoky. Still comes easy. Anyway," he chuckled, "in a couple of miles, the rest of the nails on that horse will come loose, and his shoes are going to start coming off. When that happens, he won't travel anymore. That outlaw's going to be left without transportation—in a mighty mean spot!"

Smoky's eyes were wide with triumph.

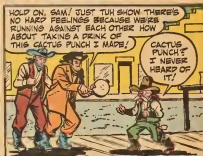
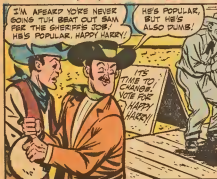
"Then—then the posse'll follow him . . . and catch him . . . sure as blazes! He can't get away! We'll get our gold back—plus, maybe, a reward!"

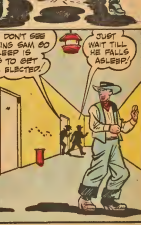
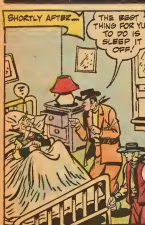
Flapjack nodded.

"That's right," he said. "Now who's a no-account—"

"Stop!" interrupted Smoky. "I take it all back! And Flapjack, I just wanted to tell you, when I build my big mansion out in California, you're welcome to come and visit after all! But remember, I'll be high society. You'll have to shаве—at least once a month!"

# SAM THE SHERIFF AND the ELECTION HOAX



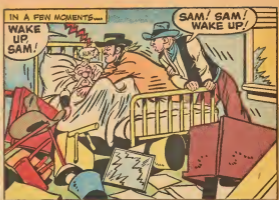




LATER...

GOOD! NOW LET'S WRECK THE ROOM!

GAM'S FAST ASLEEP!



IN A FEW MOMENTS...

WAKE UP SAM!

SAM! SAM! WAKE UP!



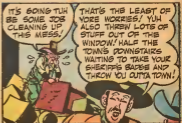
WHAT HAPPENED HYAR?

WHAT HAPPENED? WHY YUH DID ALL THIS!



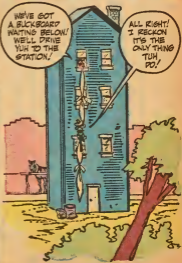
ME? I WAS ASLEEP!

NO YUH WEREN'T! IT WAS THAT DRINK WORKING ON YUH AGAIN! WE TRIED TUH STOP YUH, BUT IT WUZ NO USE!



IT'S GOING TUH BE SOME JOB CLEANING UP THIS MESS!

THAT'S THE LEAST OF YORE WORRIES! YUH ALSO THREW LOTS OF STUFF OUT OF THE WINDOW! HALF THE TOWN'S DOWNSTAIRS WAITING TO TAKE YOUR SHERIFFS SABLES AND THROW YOU OUTTA TOWN!



WE'VE GOT A BACKBOARD WAITING BELOW! WE'LL DRIVE YUH TO THE STATION!

ALL RIGHT! I RECKON IT'S THE ONLY THING TUH DO!



I'M RUINED! WHAT AM I GOING TUH DO?

THE SAFEST THING FER YUH TO DO IS CLIMB OUT THAT WINDOW, GO THROUGH THE BACK WAY AND CATCH THE FIRST TRAIN OUTTA TOWN!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THANKS AGAIN PER HELPING ME!

DON'T MENTION IT! SO LONG NOW!

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SLOW MOVING TRAIN...



WITH AN ELECTION FOR SHERIFF COWING UP, BOTH CANDIDATES WILL PROBABLY BE LOOKING FOR ME! THE BEST THING I CAN DO IS GET OUT OF TOWN!



HA, HA! AND NOW WHEN THE FOLKS HEAR THAT SAM LEFT TOWN ON THE EVE OF THE ELECTION, THEY WON'T EXPECT HIM TO COME BACK AND I'LL WIN THE ELECTION!

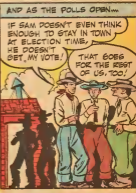


KIT BARSON!

YIKE! IT'S THE SHERIFF! I WALKED INTO A TRAP!



EVEN IF THE FOLKS IN TOWN ARE ANGRY AT ME, I'M TAKING YUH BACK TO JAIL. WE'RE GETTING OFF THIS TRAIN AT THE NEXT STOP AND GOING BACK!



AND AS THE POLLS OPEN...

IF SAM DOESN'T EVEN THINK ENOUGH TO STAY IN TOWN AT ELECTION TIME, HE DOESN'T GET MY VOTE!

THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF US, TOO!



HOLD EVERYTHING! HERE COMES SAM NOW, AND HE'S GOT THE BANDIT, KIT BARSON, WITH HIM! THAT'S WHY HE LEFT TOWN --- TO CATCH HIM!



THAT NIGHT...

CATCHING THE CROOK CINCHED THE ELECTION FOR YUH, SAM! YUH GOT ALL BUT TWO VOTES!!

SOME TRICK YUH PLAYED ON HIM, YUH JUST CINCHED THE ELECTION FOR HIM THAT'S ALL!

SHUT UP, WILL YUH!

# Hoghead Harry



"ORDERS ARE ORDERS"



HEY, HOGHEAD HARRY, WILL YUH MIND MUH STORE FER AWHILE? I HAVE TUH RIDE OUT TUH JESS BENTON'S RANCH!

SHORE, I'LL MIND YORE STORE FER YUH, MISTER YANCEY!



YUH'LL KNOW HOW TUH WAIT ON ANY ONE WHO COMES IN, WON'T YUH?

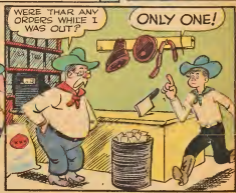
SHORE, DON'T WORRY!



LATER THAT AFTERNOON--

OH, YO'RE BACK ALREADY, MISTER YANCEY?

THAT'S RIGHT, HOGHEAD!



WERE THAR ANY ORDERS WHILE I WAS OUT?

ONLY ONE!



THAR WAS ONE ORDER?

YEAH, TWO HOMBRES CAME IN--



--AND ORDERED ME TUH PUT MUH HANDS UP WHILE THEY TOOK YORE SAFE!



**RIDING  
TRAIL**  
with  
**Rod Cameron**

**ROD CAMERON**  
9172 Sunset Boulevard  
Hollywood 46, California

**Bucky Bait**

After a hard day's work, nothing makes a fellow feel so good as to sit down and talk to his friends. But since I can't talk to you, Buckeye, I figured I'd do one more bit of old writing table and write you all.

I just got in from a real fine hunting trip. I threw a saddle on my Chief about a week ago, sailed up my old 10-gauge shotgun, and took off for the foothills, where an old Indian said there was a parcel of dove. Boy, he was sure right. There was the greatest bunch of hunting out there I've seen in many a moon. It was almost dark when I pulled up my Chief, so after turning his loose in a safe corral, I fixed myself some chow and turned to under the stars.

You know there's just nothing like stardust for a roof, especially when there's a cool breeze and the smell of pine needles in the air. It sure makes sleeping a real pleasure.

Next morning, after a steaming plate of beans and eggs, I showed off. It wasn't too long before that first dove came swooping over the trees, but my faithful shotgun reached right up there and brought it down. Look about an hour or so later I had my limit, so even though there was plenty of time left, I turned back for soap.

You know, goodness, once a long time ago, there were birds and herds of buffalo and wild turkeys and all kinds of wild game roaming over the plains and hills. But then hunters came west and killed them by the thousands, because there wasn't any limit in those days, and they thought that the animals would last forever. But they didn't. Game started to get scarce and pretty soon the government noticed that it was getting mighty hard to find a buffalo or an antelope, so they set a limit on the number shot a fellow can shoot for sport. Now, slowly, the animals are beginning to come back, and soon, if everyone will just watch the limit, the country will be plump full of wildlife.

Well, fellows and girls, it's getting late and tomorrow I'll be real busy as my old picture, *ROCKY MOUNTAIN*, sets on the West's big picture-show circuit, so I reckon I'll turn in. Don't forget to let me be hearing from you.

Your Buck,

*Rod Cameron*

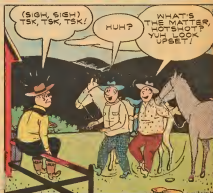
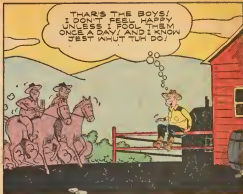


# Hotshot



# Horace

TRAPPED!



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**ROD CAMERON**

FILMDOM'S FIGHTIN'EST COWBOY

ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

# THE TEEN TITANS

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