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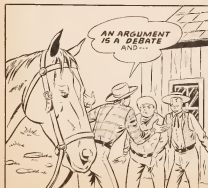
Rod Cameron

western

OCT.
10¢
NO. 5



IN THIS SPECTACULAR ISSUE: SIX-GUN SABOTAGE



ROD CAMERON WESTERN

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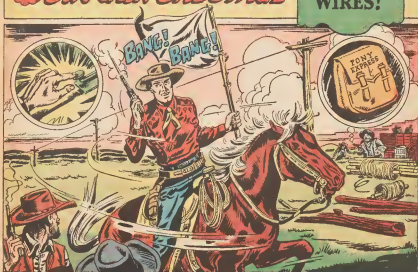
W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President



ROD CAMERON

in SIX-GUN SABOTAGE

Chapter I
DEATH RIDES THE WIRES!



Of undying fame in the history of the Great West was the **PONY EXPRESS!** But with the advent of the telegraph, the Pony Express had to struggle for existence! And when that struggle became a blazing, lead-slinging battle between the two services, **Rod Cameron**, fearless knight of the range, stepped in to prevent bloodshed, and unravel a stunning mystery!

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ROD CAMERON, rambling knight of the West, comes upon a sign of progress in the great plains...

LOOKS AS IF A TELEGRAPH LINE IS BEING STRUNG INTO THESE PARTS! COME ON, WAR PAINT! LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!



HOWDY, PARDS! I'M ROD CAMERON! JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, HOW FAR IS THIS TELEGRAPH LINE GOING?

ALL THE WAY TO BIG FORK, A HUNDRED MILES NORTH!

WHAT'LL THIS GO TO THE PONY EXPRESS BUSINESS?

RUIN IT, I RECKON! ONCE THIS LINE IS OPERATING, MESSAGES CAN BE SENT IN SECONDS! THOSE SLOW-FOOTED RIDERS, TAKING DAYS, WON'T STAND A CHANCE!



IT'S SORT OF SAD TO SEE A GRAND OLD THING LIKE THE PONY EXPRESS PASS INTO DISCARD! THOSE HARD-RIDING GALOODS OFTEN MADE HISTORY!

And, up above...

BUSHWHACKERS!
AHHHHH!

IF THE BULLET DIDN'T KILL HIM, THE FALL WILL! GET UNDER HIM, WAR PAINT... PRONTO!



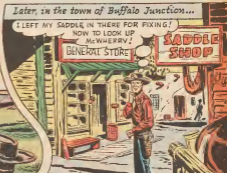
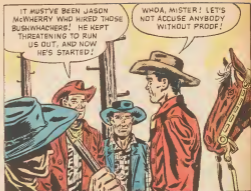
OLD JASON McWHERRY, OWNER OF THE PONY EXPRESS, IS THROWING A FIT OVER THIS TELEGRAPH LINE! HE THREATENED TO THROW US OUT OF THIS TERRITORY, BUT HE AIN'T MADE A MOVE YET TO STOP US!

BANG!
BANG!

WAIT... SHOTS!











WELL, SHERIFF, SINCE I WAS IN ON THAT BUSHWHACKING, SUPPOSE YOU LET ME HANDLE THE REST OF THE CASE?

SURE THING, ROD! I KNOW YOUR REPUTATION! GO TO IT!

GRIZZLY GARSON, THE NOTORIOUS BADMAN! IS HE OPERATING IN THESE PARTS?

YEH! HE WAS ROBBING THE PECOS COUNTRY, UNTIL THE TELEGRAPH CAME IN! THE TELEGRAPH ALLOWED THE SHERIFF TO SEND QUICK MESSAGES AHEAD AND NEARLY TRAP GRIZZLY GARSON! SO HE'S UP HERE NOW!

GRIZZLY GARSON
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE!



DID McHERRY HIRE GRIZZLY GARSON FOR THE BUSHWHACKING? AND PAY HIM OFF WITH THE WATCH, IN PART? THAT'S WHAT I MUST FIND OUT-- AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT...

... BY KEEPING WATCH OVER THE TELEGRAPH LINE! UNDOUBTEDLY THERE'LL BE MORE SABOTAGE AGAINST IT!

LET'S GET RAMBLING WAR PAINT!

SADDLE SHOP



Later, back at the telegraph line...

I'LL HANG AROUND AS A SORT OF UNOFFICIAL GUARD! WONDER WHAT THOSE HIRED JASPER'S WILL TRY NEXT!

Meanwhile, just around the next bend of the railroad tracks, which the telegraph line follows...

A WAGONLOAD OF GUNPOWDER IS WHAT THEY GET NEXT! THE TRACKS HAVE A DOWNGRADE HERE, SO THE WAGON'LL GO LICKETY-SPLIT RIGHT AMONG THEM!



GREAT HORNED TOADS!
A LOAD OF GUNPOWDER!
WE'LL BE BLOWN TO
SMITHEREENS!

FULL SPEED, WAR
PAINT! THIS
IS IT!



ONLY ONE CHANCE TO SAVE THE FLATCAR!
GOT TO HITCH A RIDE
ON THIS WAGON...



... AND RIP OUT
THIS FUSE!



BUT THE SHOCK OF HITTING THE FLATCAR
MIGHT STILL SET OFF THE CHARGE! IF
THESE BREAKS DON'T
HOLD, I'M A GONER!



WHEW! JUST
IN TIME!



IF McWHERRY ORDERED THIS
PIECE OF SABOTAGE, IT'S ANOTHER
BLACK MARK AGAINST HIM! LET'S
SEE IF THOSE COYOTES ARE
STILL AROUND THE BEND!



THEY HAD TIME TO SLIP AWAY! THE
ONLY WAY I CAN PROVE McWHERRY
INNOCENT OR GUILTY IS TO NAB THOSE
HIRED BADMEN AND MAKE THEM
TALK! BUT NOT THIS TIME,
BLAST IT!



WE'RE SURE GLAD YOU'RE AROUND,
ROD! WELL, NIGHT'S COMING, SO
WE'LL RUN THE FLATCAR ONTO
THIS SIDE SPUR
AND MAKE CAMP!

RECKON
I'LL CAMP
WITH YOU
TONIGHT!



WE CAMP EACH NIGHT RIGHT WHERE THE LINE ENDS EACH DAY! OUR BOSS, CYRUS GIBSON, WANTS THE LINE PUSHED THROUGH FAST--IF THAT BLASTED McWHERRY DOESN'T STOP US!

IF HE'S GUILTY IN THE FIRST PLACE!



WHO ELSE WOULD WANT TO STOP THE TELEGRAPH GOING THROUGH? IT'S ONLY TO THE BENEFIT OF McWHERRY AND HIS WHEEZY OLD EXPRESS! RIGHT?

RECKON SO! BUT STILL--



--SOMEHOW, IN SPITE OF HIS BLUSTER AND BLOW, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT GRAND OLD MAN WOULD STOOP TO THIS!



Suddenly...

HEY! WHAT'S THAT FLARE OF LIGHT 'WAY DOWN THE TRACKS? I'LL SADDLE WAR PAINT AND TAKE A LOOK!



THOSE SABOTAGING JASPERS AGAIN. THEY'RE BURNING DOWN A TELEGRAPH POLE! THAT'LL SNAP THE LINE!



THAT CAMERON VARMINT AGAIN! BUT HE CAN'T STOP THE FIRE IN TIME!



LUCKY THERE'S A DITCH OF WATER HERE! KICK, WAR PAINT! SPLASH WATER AT THAT POLE!

THE LINE IS UNBROKEN! THEY CAN PUT IN A NEW POLE TOMORROW! RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT A CHANCE TO OVERTAKE THOSE MAVERICKS, IF THEY FOLLOWED THE TRACKS!



DON'T SEEM TO HEAR ANY HOOFBEATS AHEAD! I RECKON THEY TURNED OFF AFTER ALL!



A second too late, Rod Cameron suspects his danger...

UNLESS THEY STOPPED AND...

RIGHT, PARDNER! YOU RAN PLUMB INTO OUR TRAP! GRAB SHY!



HAW! WE FIGURED ON THAT! YOUR GUNS GOT WET FROM THE SPLASHING BEFORE!



LOOKS AS IF YOU WIN THIS ROUND, GRIZZLY GARSON!

SO YOU FIGGERED THAT OUT, EH?



DID OLD JASON McWHERRY HIRE YOU TO WRECK THE TELEGRAPH LINE?

SMART, AIN'T YOU? WHO ELSE? AND NABBING YOU, ROD CAMERON, FITS IN PERFECT WITH THE WHOLE SCHEME!

WE'RE STRINGING YOU UP ON A TELEGRAPH POLE, AS A WARNING TO ALL THAT JASON McWHERRY WON'T LET THE TELEGRAPH LINE GO THROUGH!

READY, BOYS?



How can Rod Cameron escape certain death from the rope?

Is there any power on Earth that can save him from Grizzly Garson's murderous trap?

Read Chapter Two of **SIX-GUN SABOTAGE!**

Rod CAMERON

in *SIX-GUN SABOTAGE*

Chapter II
The
BRIDGE OF DOOM!

Like a common horse thief, Rod Cameron faces the grim fate of lynching at the hands of Grizzly Garson and his gang!



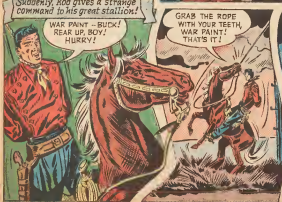
THAT BIG BUCKAROO IS SURE A TALL DRINK OF WATER! WELL, LET'S STRETCH HIM ANOTHER FEW INCHES! STRING HIM UP, BOYS!



Suddenly, Rod gives a strange command to his great stallion!

WAR PAINT - BUCK!
REAR UP, BOY!
HURRY!

GRAB THE ROPE WITH YOUR TEETH, WAR PAINT! THAT'S IT!



PULL, OLD PARD!

HEY! OOF!
HUH?





NOW AWAY, WAR PAINT! AWAY!

AFTER HIM, MEN!

But no other horse in the great West has the speed of mighty War Paint!

LEFT THEM BEHIND AS IF THEY WERE STANDING STILL! GOOD OLD WAR PAINT! I CAN WORK OFF THESE ROPES NOW!

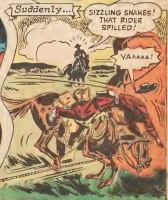


WHEN! THAT WAS CLOSE! TOMORROW WE'RE RIDING INTO TOWN TO TELL THE SHERIFF THAT McWHERRY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SABOTAGE AGAINST THE TELEGRAPH LINE! I'M SORRY IT TURNED OUT THAT WAY!



The next day, as Rod makes his way toward town...

HERE COMES THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER! THAT MAY BE THE LAST RIDE MADE BY HIS MEN-- AFTER McWHERRY IS CLAPPED IN THE HOOSEGOV!



Suddenly...

SISSILING SNAKES! THAT RIDER SPILLED!

YAAAAA!



A ROPE STRETCHED ACROSS THIS GULCH! THIS IS SABOTAGE AGAINST THE PONY EXPRESS!



WHAT? DID CYRUS GIDEON LOSE HIS HEAD AND DECIDE TO FIGHT McWHERRY IN THE SAME LOW-DOWN WAY, SABOTAGING THE PONY EXPRESS IN REVENGE!

TWO CAN PLAY YOUR GAME, JASON McWHERRY! GUESS WHO?



THIS PUTS A PLUMB DIFFERENT LOOK TO THE WHOLE CASE! IF GIDEON DID THIS, THEN HE'S AS GUILTY AS McWHERRY OF LAWLESS PRACTICES!



SEEMS THIS WHOLE BLAMED AFFAIR IS BUILDING UP INTO A BIG, KNOCK-DOWN, DRAG-OUT FIGHT BETWEEN McWHERRY AND GIDEON, WITH NO HOLDS BARRED!

A ROPE SPILLED YOUR RIDER, McWHERRY! I BROUGHT HIM IN!

WHY, THAT LOW-CRAWLING RATTLESNAKE OF A CYRUS GIDEON! HE MUST HAVE DONE IT!



SO HE'S TRYING TO SABOTAGE MY PONY EXPRESS! I'LL HORSE WHIP HIM WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE!



And at the same time...
THOSE HIRED BUSHWHACKERS OF McWHERRY TRIED TO BLOW UP MY WORK CREW AND BURN DOWN THE LINE! I WON'T STAND FOR IT ANY MORE!



YOU LOCO YARMINT!

YOU OLD SIDEWINDER, I'LL SHOW YOU!



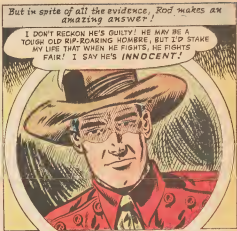
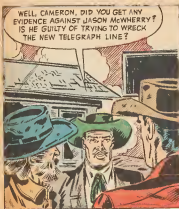
WHOA, YOU TWO!

STOP, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

HE'S TRYING TO WRECK MY PONY EXPRESS!

HE'S BUSHWHACKING MY TELEGRAPH LINE!

SHUT UP, BOTH OF YOU! ROD CAMERON'S WORKING ON THIS CASE! LET'S HEAR WHAT HE'S GOT TO SAY!





STAMPEDE! HELP!



THAT WADDIE IS GOING TO BE TRAMPLED BY THE MAIN HERD! FASTER, WAR PAINT!



HOPE HIS BELT HOLDS!



HE'S OUT COLD! I'LL TAKE HIM TO McWHERRY AS SOON AS I ROUND UP HIS HORSE!



I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THE OWLHOOTS WHO DID IT! I STILL CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON CYRUS GIDEON --OR CLEAR HIM!

As the Pony Express station...

ANOTHER RIDER BUSHWHACKED BY THAT CONSNARKED GIDEON? WHY DON'T YOU JAIL HIM? WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR?



EASY, McWHERRY! LET ME HANDLE THIS MY OWN WAY!



I'M TAKING THE PONY EXPRESS THROUGH! WHAT'S THE NEXT LAP?

TEN MILES WEST, TO GULCH TOWN! GOOD LUCK -- LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL BE NEEDING IT!



THIS IS A NEW ONE FOR US, WAR PAINT, TAKING THROUGH THE PONY EXPRESS! LET HER RIP, OLD PARD!



I'VE GOT ONE GOOD REASON FOR DOING THIS-- I RECKON THE BUSHWHACKERS ARE GOING TO STRIKE AGAIN, SOMEWHERE AHEAD!



A TREE COMING RIGHT DOWN IN FRONT OF US!



HE'S DONE FOR! COMING AT HIS SPEED, HE CAN'T STOP HIS HORSE IN TIME!



FASTER, WAR PAINT! FASTER YET! THAT'S OUR ONE SLIM HOPE...



...TO SPEED UP AND BEAT ITS FALL!

WE DID IT!

CRASH!



Meanwhile, unaware of Rod's daring trick...

HAW! HAW! CRUSHED HIM FLATTER'N A PANCAKE, I RECKON!



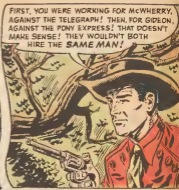
PLUMB SORRY I DIDN'T OBLIGE, AMIGOS! GRAB SKY, YOU SLAB-SIDED JASPERS!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

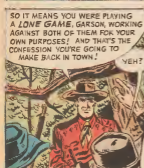


NOW, UNLESS I'M LOCO AS A STEER, I'LL GUESS WHO YOU ARE BEFORE I UNMASK YOU -- **GRIZZLY GARSON!** AM I RIGHT?

SO WHAT?



FIRST, YOU WERE WORKING FOR McWHERRY, AGAINST THE TELEGRAPH! THEN, FOR GIDEON, AGAINST THE PONY EXPRESS! THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! THEY WOULDN'T BOTH HIRE THE **SAME MAN!**



SO IT MEANS YOU WERE PLAYING A **LOVE GAME**, GARSON, WORKING AGAINST BOTH OF THEM FOR YOUR OWN PURPOSES! AND THAT'S THE CONFESSION YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE BACK IN TOWN!

YEH?



I DON'T HANKER TO SASHAY TO TOWN, SO --

OOF!



UGH! CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE! BUT WE'LL OVERTAKE THEM, WAR PAINT!



I SAW THEM ROUND THIS POINT!



WHAT THE---?

HERE HE COMES! SHOOT THIS END LOOSE!

In pursuit of the outlaws, Rod Cameron crosses a hanging bridge, only to find the other end being shot loose! Below lies a plunge of hundreds of feet to sharp rocks! Is it the end for the great western hero? Read **CHAPTER THREE of SIX-GUN SABOTAGE!**

Rod CAMERON

Chapter III
**FIGHT
 to the
 FINISH!**

in **SIX-GUN SABOTAGE**

As the hanging bridge collapses, Rod Cameron flings his lariat with lightning speed! What is his desperate plan?

IF WE HANG ON THE BRIDGE, WE'RE SUNK!
 IF WE DROP ON THE ROCKS, WE'RE GONERS!
**BUT THERE'S
 A THIRD
 POSSIBILITY!**

Unerringly, the lasso snags an outjutting rock for anchorage!

NOW IF THE SADDLE HORN HOLDS, WE'LL BE JERKED CLEAR OF THE BRIDGE AND THE SHARP ROCKS AT THE SIDE OF THE GULCH!

AND IF I USE THE ROPE RIGHT, TO SWING US INTO POSITION, WE COULD DROP SMACK DOWN INTO...



... THIS SMALL POOL!



WE WERE PLUMB LUCKY THERE WAS A POOL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GULCH!

After climbing to the top of the gulch again...

GRIZZLY GARSON YAMOOSED! RECKON HE TOOK IT FOR GRANTED I WAS KILLED WHEN I FELL! LET HIM KEEP THINKING THAT FOR THE TIME BEING!



RIGHT NOW, WE'LL FINISH OUR JOB FOR THE PONY EXPRESS AND DELIVER THE GOODS! IT'S ONLY A FEW MORE MILES!



BACK WE GO, WAR PAINT!

BUT AIN'T YUH GOING TO REST YOUR HORSE? YOU'LL KILL HIM!



HE WAS TALKING ABOUT ORDINARY HORSES, WASN'T HE WAR PAINT? YOU CAN TAKE IT OLD PARD. BACK TO BUFFALO JUNCTION PRONTO!



WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR McWHERRY AND GIDEON — THAT GRIZZLY GARSON WAS PLAYING A CUNNING GAME OF HIS OWN, TRYING TO RAISE A BIG RIUMPUS BETWEEN THE PONY EXPRESS AND THE TELEGRAPH!



But as Rod nears Buffalo Junction...

WHAT'S UP? SOUNDS LIKE A BIG BATTLE!

**BANG!
BANG!
BANG!**





THE PONY EXPRESS AND TELEGRAPH MUST HAVE STARTED AN OPEN WAR! IT'S WORSE THAN A RANGE WAR!

SIZZLING SNAKES! THE WORST HAS HAPPENED!

BLAST DOWN THEM TELEGRAPH MAVERICKS!

WE'LL RUN THEM PONY EXPRESS VARMINTS CLEAR OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



WHY DOESN'T THE SHERIFF TRY TO STOP THIS?

HE WENT TO CHECK UP ON RUMORS OF AN INJUN UPRISING TO THE NORTH!

RECKON IT'S UP TO ME TO STOP THIS BATTLE -- IF I CAN! GOT TO GET INTO McWHERRY'S PLACE THROUGH A WINDOW!



TAKE THAT, YOU WIRE-STRINGING COVOTES!

McWHERRY-- STOP! THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE! CYRUS GIDEON NEVER BUSHWHACKED YOUR MEN!



IT WAS GRIZZLY GARSON, THE BANDIT! HE PLAYED A LONE WOLF GAME TO EMBROIDER THE PONY EXPRESS AND TELEGRAPH IN WAR!

WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THAT? I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT UNLESS I HEARD IT FROM GRIZZLY GARSON HIMSELF!



STUBBORN OLD CAYUSE! BUT MAYBE I CAN REASON WITH GIDEON!



Rod fares no better with enraged Cyrus Gideon!

GRIZZLY GARSON? A LIKELY STORY, CAMERON!



THIS IS PLUMB AWFUL! GRIZZLY GARSON HAS SUCCEEDED IN MAKING WAR BETWEEN THE PONY EXPRESS AND TELEGRAPH, TO THE RUINATION OF BOTH! HELLO! HERE COMES THE SHERIFF!



THERE'S AN INJUN UPRISING TO THE NORTH! THEY MADE POW-WOW LAST NIGHT, AND THEY'LL ATTACK BIG FORK AT DAWN! HOW CAN I GET THE INFORMATION THROUGH TO THE FEDERAL ARMY POST IN TIME?



THE TELEGRAPH ONLY GOES HALFWAY TO THE ARMY POST! WE CAN'T ALERT THE FEDERAL TROOPS IN TIME!

YES, WE CAN! BY USING BOTH THE TELEGRAPH AND PONY EXPRESS!



BUT THEY WON'T HELP! THEY'RE FIGHTING LIKE MAD DOGS!

I'LL STOP THEM IF I CAN! THIS IS IMPORTANT!



TRUCE! I CALL A TRUCE!

IT'S ROD CAMERON! HOLD YOUR FIRE!



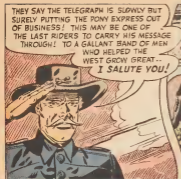
WE AIN'T STOPPING — YUHUUUU!

HOLD YOUR FIRE ON BOTH SIDES — OR ELSE! THIS IS A TRUCE, AND FOR A REASON FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN THIS LOCAL FRACAS OF YOURS!

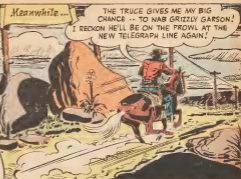


REDSKINS ARE ON THE WARPATH UP NORTH — READY TO MASSACRE BIG FORK! THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE BIG FORK IS TO GET THE WARNING THROUGH TO THE ARMY POST!



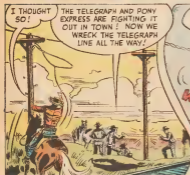


THEY SAY THE TELEGRAPH IS SLOWLY BUT SURELY PUTTING THE PONY EXPRESS OUT OF BUSINESS! THIS MAY BE ONE OF THE LAST RIDERS TO CARRY HIS MESSAGE THROUGH! TO A GALLANT BAND OF MEN WHO HELPED THE WEST GROW GREAT--
I SALUTE YOU!



Meanwhile...

THE TRUCE GIVES ME MY BIG CHANCE -- TO NAB GRIZZLY GARSON! I RECKON HE'LL BE ON THE PROWL AT THE NEW TELEGRAPH LINE AGAIN!



I THOUGHT SO!

THE TELEGRAPH AND PONY EXPRESS ARE FIGHTING IT OUT IN TOWN! NOW WE WRECK THE TELEGRAPH LINE ALL THE WAY!



YOU OWLHOOTS WERE GOING TO SWING ME ONCE FROM A TELEGRAPH POLE! SUPPOSE I TRY IT AGAIN-- THIS WAY!

OOOF!

VIII!

BANG!

BANG!



YOU MEDDLER! I'LL--

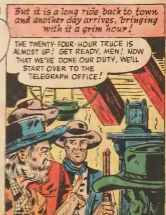
SOME CINDERS IN YOUR UGLY FACE OUGHT TO SPOIL YOUR AIM!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



DON'T SHOOT! WE KNOW WHEN WE'RE LICKED AND HOG-TIED!

WELL, THAT MAKES YOU ALL A SHADE SMARTER THAN A STEER BEING BRANDED! NOW LET'S ALL RAMBLE TO TOWN, NICE AND SOCIABLE LIKE!



But it is a long ride back to town and another day arrives, bringing with it a grim hour!

THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR TRUCE IS ALMOST UP! GET OUR MEN! NOW THAT WE'VE DONE OUR DUTY, WE'LL START OVER TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE!

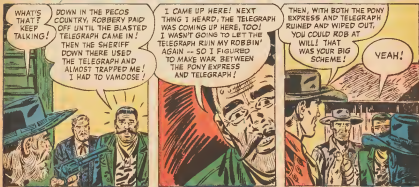


Then...

READY!...
AIM!...

GET GOING, GRIZZLY! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN STOP THIS! TALK -- AND TALK FAST, OR YOU GET BLASTED DOWN FROM BOTH SIDES!

W-WAIT! D-DON'T FIRE! I'M GRIZZLY GARSON AND I GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE! I--I STARTED THIS WHOLE TROUBLE BETWEEN YOU! GULP!



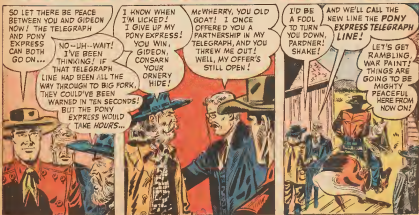
WHAT'S THAT? KEEP TALKING!

DOWN IN THE PECOS COUNTRY, ROBBERY PAID OFF UNTIL THE BLASTED TELEGRAPH CAME IN! THEN THE SHERIFF DOWN THERE USED THE TELEGRAPH AND ALMOST TRAPPED ME! I HAD TO VAMOOSE!

I CAME UP HERE! NEXT THING I HEARD, THE TELEGRAPH WAS COMING UP HERE, TOO! I WASN'T GOING TO LET THE TELEGRAPH RUIN MY ROBBIN' AGAIN -- SO I FIGURED TO MAKE WAR BETWEEN THE PONY EXPRESS AND TELEGRAPH!

THEN, WITH BOTH THE PONY EXPRESS AND TELEGRAPH RUINED AND WIPED OUT, YOU COULD ROB AT WILL! THAT WAS YOUR BIG SCHEME!

YEAH!



SO LET THERE BE PEACE BETWEEN YOU AND GIDEON NOW! THE TELEGRAPH AND PONY EXPRESS CAN BOTH GO ON...

NO--UH--WAIT! I'VE BEEN THINKING! IF THAT TELEGRAPH LINE HAD BEEN ALL THE WAY THROUGH TO BIG FORK, THEY COULD'VE BEEN WARNED IN TEN SECONDS! BUT THE PONY EXPRESS WOULD TAKE HOURS...

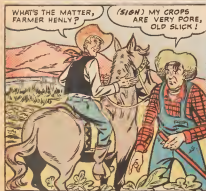
I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED! I GIVE UP MY PONY EXPRESS! YOU WIN, GIDEON, CONSNARK YOUR ORNERY HIDE!

McWHERRY, YOU OLD GOAT! I ONCE OFFERED YOU A PARTNERSHIP IN MY TELEGRAPH, AND YOU THREW ME OUT! WELL, MY OFFER'S STILL OPEN!

I'D BE A FOOL TO TURN YOU DOWN, PARDNER! SHAKE!

AND WE'LL CALL THE NEW LINE THE PONY EXPRESS TELEGRAPH LINE!

LET'S GET RAMBLING WAR PAINT! THINGS ARE GOING TO BE MIGHTY PEACEFUL HERE FROM NOW ON!



RIDING TRAIL

with
Rod CAMERON

9172 SUNSET BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIFORNIA



Howdy, Fellows and Girls,

My old pal, Red Eagle, was telling me something interesting the other day that I'd like to pass on to you. Wherever the Indians went they would always blaze a trail for others to follow. A broken branch, a pile of stones -- any simple sign so others wouldn't get lost. They even had certain warning signs to indicate a water hole that was poisoned or an area where killer animals roamed. By spreading these markers all over, they helped others avoid many dangers.

Well, pards, isn't that pretty much the way it is today? Instead of old Indian trails we have streets, but we still use signs to warn us of danger. For instance, now we have traffic lights to tell us when it's safe to cross a street -- and if you cross against the red light, it's just like an Indian ignoring a danger signal and walking into a nest of rattlers.

War Paint and I have been mighty pleased that so many of our pards have asked for our picture, and we sure are real anxious to send them to you. But if you don't write out your names and addresses mighty clear, it's plumb difficult for us to oblige.

Well, War Paint and I have to get rambling now, but remember, fellows and girls, there's nothing we like better than hearing from our pards all over the country.

Your Pard,

If any of you pards would like a picture of me, just write your name and address real legibly and enclose as much money as the picture costs.

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



ROD CAMERON WESTERN

THE SILVER STRIKE

A Fast-Moving Western Yarn

By Dick Kraus



MA Taylor and her two young sons had come a long way to settle in the Okemah Territory. All the way from Tennessee, they had ridden in the jolting old prairie schooner that was loaded with the furniture and farm equipment of their past life. And, in a corner of the wagon, there was a chest filled with the family's most precious possessions.

"Boys," Ma Taylor said, as they sat around the campfire on the night before the Territory was to open up, "that chest is mighty important to me . . . and it's going to be to you, too! Do you know what's in it?"

"Silver!" said young Jed Taylor, his eyes wide in the firelight.

"And dishes, and linen!" added his brother Bob.

"That's right!" their mother nodded. "When we get a home out here in the Okemah land, we're not going to live like savages. We'll have a nice house, and we'll eat from good dishes, with the silverware that belonged to my mother and her mother before her. And when you boys get married and settle down, you can divide up the dishes and silver and linen among you. That's a promise."

Her eyes grew misty in the firelight.

"We've come a long way to be here, Jed and Bob. Tomorrow they're opening up the Territory, and we're riding in to stake ourselves out a hundred acres! It'll be our home, boys. Our home!"

But there were many others in the Okemah Rush. Men who had come a long way to start life afresh, and some men who did not care what happened to others, just so *they* got the land they wanted.

Ben Cruger was one of these men. A burly former blacksmith, he had loaded up a wagon and ridden west to be in on the Okemah Rush! Now, on the morning of the big settlement, he waited next to Ma Taylor and her boys.

"Howdy, neighbor!" young Jed called across to him. "We wish you luck."

Ben Cruger scowled back without replying. He was a man who made his own luck, and it

was too bad for those who got in his way.

Now all the wagons were pressing forward, waiting eagerly at the line. The U. S. Marshal rode before them, bellowing in a loud voice that carried far down the row of settlers.

"You know the rules!" he shouted. "At the signal, you all ride in together. You pick the place you want, and stake it out! I'll be along with the land agent, toward evening, and we'll register your claim exactly. But you must stay on your land to claim it!"

Now all the settlers tensed. The Marshal raised a revolver high in the air. It went off with a sharp explosion.

Uttering shrill yippees, the settlers pressed their wagons forward. Whips cracking in the air, children shrieking, hooves pounding—there was a veritable bedlam of sound for a few moments! Then, as the horse and ox and mule teams steadied down to the long pull there was little to be heard but the creaking of the wagons and the urging cries of the drivers.

The sun was high in the heavens, when Ma Taylor and her boys found the spot they wanted. It was along a stretch of the Okemah River, and the ground was rich and black. Lazy green willows grew along the bank, and the soil looked as if it would grow just about anything.

"This is the spot for us, boys!" the sturdy farm woman said. "Unhitch the team and let's begin to unload the wagon."

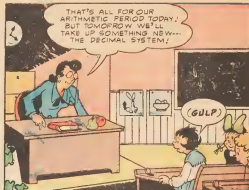
But, as Jed and Bob worked industriously, a broad shadow suddenly loomed before them. They looked up to see Ben Cruger standing before them. He stared at them, his face expressionless.

"I had a bad break," he said. "My wagon wheel came off, and it took me an hour to get it back on. By the time I caught up, I found that all the good places had been taken. But there's one spot that hasn't been claimed yet. It's not too good, I reckon, but if you work hard enough, you can make something of it!"

He pointed up at a ridge of land that lay

BRONKO BETSY

DISMAL OUTLOOK!



THAT'S ALL FOR OUR ARITHMETIC PERIOD TODAY! BUT TOMORROW WE'LL TAKE UP SOMETHING NEW--- THE DECIMAL SYSTEM!

(GULP)

LATER THAT DAY.....



(SIGH, SIGH)



WHAT'S WRONG, BETSY? YUH LOOK UNHAPPY!

(SIGH) I AM, PAW!



(SIGH) NO, BUT SCHOOL IS GOING TO BE VERY GLOOMY TOMORROW!

WHY, DID SOMETHING GO WRONG IN SCHOOL TODAY?



HUH? SCHOOL IS GOING TO BE VERY GLOOMY TOMORROW?

(SIGH) THAT'S RIGHT! THE TEACHER SAYS WE'RE GOING TUH TAKE UP---



---THE DISMAL SYSTEM!

above the hundred acres the Taylors had chosen for their own.

"There it is," he said. "How about swapping? I'll trade you that land for yours down here!"

Ma Taylor looked at him, wide-eyed. "You must be loco, Mister," she said. "That land is dry and sandy, overgrown with weeds and stumps and filled with rocks, too. This land down here is rich and loamy—good for planting. No, we're not interested in trading. Not by a far sight!"

"I reckoned you might say that," the big man grunted. "So I brought this along!" His hand drew a heavy, long-barreled revolver out from under his fringed jacket. "There aren't any witnesses about, and no one to hear this Colt going off! Let me say it again. I'm swapping that ridge land up yonder for your claim down here. How about it?"

He moved the gun in a menacing arc. Ma Taylor slowly shrugged her shoulders. "Well," she said softly, "I thought I'd met about every kind of mean critter there was, but of all the polecats, boll weevils, and rattlesnakes I've known, Mister, you're the prize." She turned to her sons, fists clenched. "All right, boys," she said. "We're moving uphill."

An hour later, the Taylor wagon was atop the rocky, overgrown ridge, and Ben Cruger was down below.

The big, former blacksmith was busy pacing off the border of the claim that he had taken by force from the Tennessee family. Ma Taylor stared sadly down at him. "Some folks . . ." she began. She turned to look at her sons. "The hard thing is that we've got no proof to tell the Marshal when he comes to register the claims with the land agent. Whoever's on the land . . . that's who gets to own it."

Suddenly she snapped her fingers. "Hold on!" she said. "I've got an idea that may—that *must* work! Quick! Jed, you start a fire! And Bob, get me my silver service from the big chest. And hurry!"

THREE HOURS later Ben Cruger, engaged once more in pacing off his borders, stopped and bent over. He scraped away with his hand in the soil. Then, slowly, he walked a few paces up toward Ma Taylor's wagon, stooped, and began to scrape away again. Then, furtively, he climbed a few paces more, onto the rocky, dry soil, and dug a few more

mounds of dirt.

At once, he rose. Dusting his hands on his grimy pants, he hurried up the hill to where the farm woman and her sons were eating supper.

They turned to look at him coldly.

"Get out of here," Ma Taylor said. "You took our claim away from us, and left us with this good-for-nothing stretch of rock and stumps! Now what do you want? Get out!"

"G-gosh!" the big man said. "I've been thinkin' it over, and I'm mighty ashamed of the way I behaved. Look, let's forget the whole thing. Suppose you take that bottom land, down by the river, and I'll take this ridge land again. We'll trade back."

"How come?" The Taylors looked at him suspiciously.

He smiled and spread his hands wide, disarmingly. "I told you," he said. "I'm ashamed. C'mon, let's swap back. You can have the good land again, and I'll take this worthless claim. See? I'm not as bad as you thought I was . . ."

AN hour later, he was high atop the ridge, and Ma Taylor and her sons were down in the bottom land again with their wagon and goods. Far off in the distance, they could see the Marshal and the land agent approaching to register the claims.

Jed Taylor shook his head, bewildered. "I don't get it, Ma. How come Cruger decided to let us have this land back?"

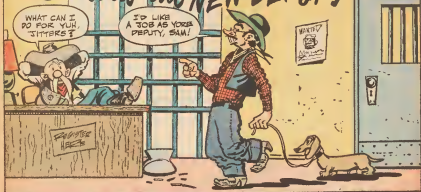
His mother grinned. "I'll tell you, son," she said. "While he was walking around his claim, he found some particles of silver. He found that there was a vein that led right up onto our claim . . . onto the ridge land. And it looked mighty rich . . . like practically pure silver. So he decided he'd swap back!"

Bob's eyes opened wide. "Silver?" But is it really a silver lode?"

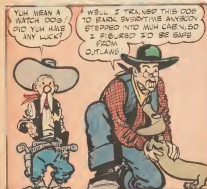
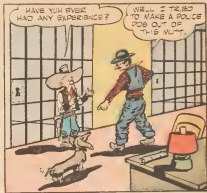
"Not exactly," laughed his mother. "I had to melt down two tablespoons of your Granny's best silver service and mix them with gravel to produce that lode. Then I had to scatter it just right, when Cruger went back to his wagon for some measuring pegs." She sighed. "Two tablespoons . . . just plumb gone! But I reckon it was worth it. Here's the Marshal now . . . and we're ready to register our claim on the land we wanted!"

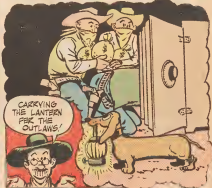
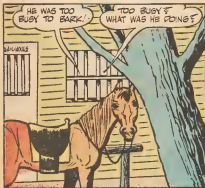
THE END

SAM the SHERIFF and the NEW DEPUTY









HOGHEAD HARRY

"HAS HURT FEELINGS"

HUH? JEEPERS, LOOK AT
HOGHEAD HARRY RUN!



HEY, HOGHEAD,
WHAR ARE YUH
RUSHING?

TUH THE
DOCTOR!



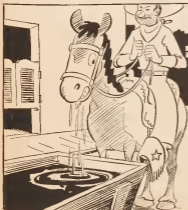
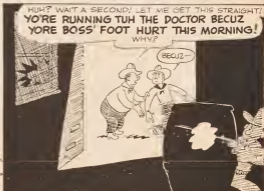
TUH THE
DOCTOR!
WHY?

MUH BOSS'
FOOT HURT
THIS MORNING!



HUH? WAIT A SECOND! LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT!
YO'RE RUNNING TUH THE DOCTOR BECUZ
YORE BOSS' FOOT HURT THIS MORNING!

WHY?



--HIS FOOT HURT ME IN THE
SEAT OF MUH PANTS! (GROAN)



ROD CAMERON... *two-fisted knight
of the saddle*



CHARLES, MILES & PETERLIN (1966) Trade

THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: 1966

For Sale #198

June 01 1966



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