

A Fawcett Publication

Rod Cameron western



NO. 6 DEC.

10¢

IN THIS
EXCITING ISSUE:

**THE
MEDICINE
BEAD
MURDERERS**







The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words **A FAWCETT PUBLICATION**.

**CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LAURE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
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ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN**

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

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President



What was the strange power of the Medicine Beads that swept the indomitable ROD CAMERON into a turbulent tide of murder and greed? Ride with him as he thunders down the gun-smoke trail, plunging into the petrified forest of the Forbidden Land for a blazing showdown — only to learn that fate was not to be cheated in the final reckoning with THE MEDICINE BEAD MURDERERS!

ROD CAMERON, DASHING TWO-GUN KNIGHT OF THE SADDLE, RIDES THE RANGE OF THE DAKOTAS ON HIS GREAT STALLION, WAR PAINT!

EASY, WAR PAINT, OLD SCOUT! LOOKS AS IF THE RANGE IS GETTING PLUMB CLUTTERED UP WITH FOLKS — ALL HEADING IN THE SAME DIRECTION WE ARE!

WHOA, WAR PAINT! THERE'S A GATHERING OF SIOUX UP YONDER AND THE FOLKS SEEN HEADING RIGHT TOWARD THEM! I WONDER WHAT'S STIRRING?

I RECKON ONE WAY OF FINDING OUT IS TO RAMBLE OVER THAT WAY!

WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO MEET UP WITH SOME OF OUR INDIAN FRIENDS, I HOPE! SAY: THAT LOOKS LIKE MY OLD FRIEND, STANDING BEAR, THE MEDICINE MAN!

HOWDY, STANDING BEAR! IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET UP WITH YOU THIS WAY!

HOW, ROD CAMERON!

WELCOME TO SUN DANCE OF MY PEOPLE!

SO THAT'S WHAT ALL THE FOLKS ARE FLOCKING TO ATTEND, EH? THE ANNUAL SUN DANCE!





LISTEN! DRUMS BEGIN TO SPEAK! SOON SUN DANCE BEGIN! COME! YOU WATCH!

THANKS, STANDING BEAR!

BOOM BOOM

BOOM



AS THE GREAT CEREMONIAL SUN DANCE BEGINS---

BOOM-TUM! BOOM-TUM! BOOM-TUM!



LOOK OUT, STANDING BEAR! YOUR NECKLACE OF MEDICINE BEADS IS COMING OFF!

UGH! THIS HEAP BAD OMEN!



WAIT! I'LL GET THEM FOR YOU! GRIZZLING GRIZZLIES! THESE AREN'T BEADS—THEY'RE JEWELS!

THIS HEAP BAD MEDICINE! TROUBLE COME WHEN WHITE MAN SEE THESE MEDICINE BEADS, THAT WHY STANDING BEAR COVER THEM WITH STRAW!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, STANDING BEAR?

PSST! LOOK, BOSS—REAL JEWELS UNDER THE STRAW!

KEEP QUIET AND LISTEN!



THESE MEDICINE BEADS CAST SPELL ON MINDS OF MEN! WHEN EVIL MEN LOOK ON THEM THAT HEAP BAD MEDICINE! WHEN GOOD MEN LOOK ON THEM THAT HEAP GOOD MEDICINE!

GRIZZLING GRIZZLIES! HERE—TAKE THEM!

YOU HEAR GOOD MAN, ROD CAMERON— YOU GIVE MEDICINE BEADS BACK; EVIL MAN WOULD KILL TO KEEP MEDICINE BEADS----- THEN SPELL OF DEATH WOULD BE ON HIM;



HEAR THAT, BOSS! THOSE MEDICINE BEADS ARE JINXED!

DON'T BE A FOOL! I AIM TO GET THOSE JEWELS AND THE MEDICINE MAN, TOO! HE'LL BE GLAD TO TELL ME WHERE HE GOT THEM WHEN I GET DONE WITH HIM.



WHAT ABOUT ROD CAMERON, BOSS? THAT RANNY IS POISON ON CROOKS AND PURE LIGHTNING WITH HIS SIX-GUN!

LEAVE ROD CAMERON TO ME: BE READY TO GRAB THE MEDICINE MAN WHEN I TAKE CARE OF CAMERON!

YES, BOSS.



SUDDENLY--- ROD CAMERON! GRAB THE MEDICINE MAN AND MAKE FOR YOUR BRONCS, BOYD!

THIS TAKES CARE OF YOU, MEDICINE MAN!

RIGHT! WE'VE GOT HIM!

FREEZE, EVERYBODY! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



THIS'LL KEEP HIM FROM PUTTING UP A FIGHT, I RECKON!

YOU BAD MEN! MEDICINE BEADS HEAR! BAD MEDICINE FOR UGH!

GOOD! MAKE FOR THE BRONCS!



FORK YOUR BRONCS, MEN! WE'RE HITTING THE TRAIL!

RIGHT! THIS WAS A HEAP EASIER THAN I RECKONED IT'D BE!

UP YOU GO, MEDICINE MAN!





LET'S GO, MEN!

BANG
BANG
BANG

HAW, HAW! WE GOT AWAY CLEAN—
EVEN WITH ROD CAMERON ON THE SPOT.

WE SURE GOT TO HAND
IT TO YOU, BOSS!



A FEW SECONDS LATER—AS ROD CAMERON GRIMLY SHAKES
OFF THE EFFECT OF THE CONARDLY BLOW.....

WHUE! MY HEAD!
WHAT HAPPENED?

A P-SSEL OF BADMEN SLUGGED YOU
FROM BEHIND AND MADE OFF WITH
THE MEDICINE MAN!
THEY LIT OUT
THAT WAY!



THE MEDICINE MAN, EH?
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME.
COME ON, WAR PAINT!
WE'VE GOT SOME TALL
RAMBLING TO DO!



WE'VE GOT A
PASSEL OF
SNEAK-HITTING
SIDEWINDERS
TO CORRAL—
PRONTO!



LOOK AT ROD
CAMERON GO.
I SURE WOULDN'T
LIKE TO BE IN
THOSE VARMINTS'
BOOTS WITH HIM
ON MY TRAIL!

FASTER, WAR PAINT! THERE THEY
GO UP AHEAD! I'M PLUMB ITCHING
TO GET WITHIN SIX-GUN RANGE
OF THOSE COVOTES!





LOOK! IT'S ROD CAMERON
HOT ON OUR TRAIL!

ROD CAMERON??



WHAT'LL WE DO,
BOSS? OUR BRONCS
CAN'T MATCH HIS
STALLION AND WE
CAN'T MATCH HIS
SIX-GUNS!

WE'RE
HEADING
FOR BUZZARD
GAP! IT'S
OUR ONLY
CHANCE!



HAW! HAW! THIS
WILL GO OFF JUST
WHEN ROD CAMERON
GETS HALFWAY
OVER!

MIGHTY SLICK, BOSS! HE'LL NEVER
SURVIVE THAT PLUNGE TO THE
BOTTOM!



HERE HE
COMES, BOSS!

I'LL STAY IN SIGHT
TO LURE HIM ON!



THERE'S SOMETHING
MIGHTY STRANGE
ABOUT THAT JASPER
WAITING FOR ME
AFTER BEING IN SUCH
A PANIC TO GET AWAY,
THIS MAY BE A TRAP,
BUT I AIM TO TAKE A
CHANCE
ANYWAY!



THERE GOES THE
BRIDGE!

AND THERE GOES ROD
CAMERON WITH IT!
HAW! HAW!

TOO LATE, THE GALLANT ROD CAMERON
REALIZES HE HAS GAMBLED AND — LOST!
IS THE FIRE OF A BRAVE FIGHTING HEART
TO BE DASHED OUT ON THE MERCILESS
CRAGS BELOW WHILE EVIL LAUGHS IN
HOCKING TRIUMPH OVER GOOD? READ
CHAPTER TWO OF THE MEDICINE
MURDERERS!

GUNMAN'S BLUFF

By Peter Martin



RICK BOLTON let the pinto find its own way across the dried mud flat that had been a stream back in April and into the sparsely wooded hills beyond. Always he kept the thin streamer of blue wood smoke in sight, making for it as though for a beacon. When the smoke was less than a quarter of a mile away he slid from the saddle, took his rifle from the boot, and left the pinto. Today, Rick thought, I find out what that smoke means. It's the third time in a week now that smoke has been spiraling up from Red Rock Gap—smoke that has no business being there!

The going was rough in his tall heeled boots, and rock thorn clawed fiercely at his legs, slashing at the leather chaps he wore.

"I'm probably just a danged fool," Rick told himself. "Seeing rustlers where there ain't none. Chances are it's only some saddle bum fixing his beans and coffee, maybe hiding out a while."

Ten minutes later Rick was crawling Apache style toward a towering rock buttress. The scent of wood smoke, pungent and rather pleasant, was in his nostrils now. And there was something else, another unmistakable smell, that of burning hair. Even as he noted this, and realized its meaning, he heard the bawling of a dogie from beyond the rocks. Cattle only bawled like that when a hot iron was slapped against their hides. In this case, Rick thought grimly, someone was doing a little brand changing!

Yet when he rounded the rocks and gazed at the scene over his rifle sights it seemed innocent enough. A big man was squatting by a fire that was burning itself out beneath a blackened coffee pot. Nearby, a bay stood waiting patiently. There was no sign of the steer Rick had heard bawling, and no running iron was in sight.

A pebble moved and rattled beneath Rick's foot, and the man by the fire turned with a slow smile. He had big hulking shoulders beneath a sweat-soaked flannel shirt, and his nose had at one time been flattened and pushed a little off center. Red stubble covered his jowls.

"Howdy," the man said. He gestured toward the coffee pot. "Still some java if you've a mind. Tastes mighty good when you've been chasing brush poppers all day."

Rick shook his head. "Not for me, Dan. I saw your smoke and thought I'd take a look. Some of our beef strays this way now and again, but I didn't know there was any brush poppers around here. Mavericks usually like a lot of cover."

Dan Moore's face was flat and expressionless. "Brush poppers are where you find them," he said. "The ornery brutes'll range anywhere, I reckon." He stood up, started to move and then stopped as though movement hurt him. He groaned: "I've been stiff and sore for a couple of days now. Can't hardly stay in a saddle. Something out of whack in my back, I reckon."

Five minutes later Rick watched Dan Moore ride slowly away, finally disappearing behind a rock formation. Rick kicked out the smouldering fire, then started back to where his pinto waited. As he walked his facial muscles twisted in anger and his words, spoken to the world at large, were hard and flat with the same anger.

"Dirty, lying coyote! He was running brands sure as I'm alive now. Must have heard me coming, but didn't let on. He had time to chase the dogie off into the scrub—and shove the running iron up his pant's leg. Probably uses the coffee pot as a dodge every time he builds a branding fire."

A thin smile creased Rick's weather beaten features. "That running iron must have been mighty hot! It was all he could do to stay still and talk to me. He had the iron in his pant's leg all the time, and I sure hope it left a mark on the cow-rustling coyote!"

As Rick rode back to the Lazy Y he admitted that there was nothing to be done. He had no proof. Brush poppers, the wild cattle that strayed and lived on remote parts of the range, were the property of anyone with enough guts to go after them. It was dangerous and many a puncher had been killed trying to haze a popper back to the herd. But Rick would have bet his gun that Dan Moore had not been after brush poppers. The man was stealing Lazy Y cattle. But with no proof there was only one thing to be done—forget it!

That, however, turned out to be not so easy. When, a week later, Rick went into town, he found Dan Moore waiting for him in the Silver Palace Café. It was Saturday and the

place was crowded with men from the surrounding ranches. Rick had hardly entered when trouble started.

Moore, on his way out, lurched into Rick. In the collision Moore spilt the contents of his glass. Now he flung the glass to the floor with an oath.

"Durned clumsy fool," he snarled. "You can't let a man have his half of the rightaway! You want it all—just like that outfit of yours wants all the range."

Instantly a little knot of men gathered about them. "Fight," someone shouted. "Hey, fellers, a fight! Come running!"

Rick tried to back away from Moore, but the big man pressed him back against the wall. Moore was forcing a fight, deliberately forcing it, and Rick knew why. The man was afraid of him, because of what he had seen in the hills that day, and of what he might say. Probably Moore had made discreet inquiries and found that thus far Rick had said nothing, and now he saw a chance to close Rick's mouth forever. A man like Dan Moore would think that way, would scheme and plan and wait till the proper moment. Rick felt a cold shudder run through him. This was more than just a brawl. Dan Moore meant to kill him!

Moore wanted gun-play or nothing, and he was staging the whole scene to that end. Now he backed away and still ranting, drew his heavy Colt. He was seeking to give the impression of a man who in a moment of temper might do anything.

"I ought to plug you," Moore said. "You been under my skin for a long time now—you and the whole Lazy Y outfit."

But now a man protested. "He ain't wearing a gun, Dan."

Moore swore again. "A yellow trick to save his skin." He leaned forward and slapped Rick on the face. Just hard enough to make it an unforgivable insult.

Moore said: "I'll give you five minutes, yellow belly. Then I come after you. Five minutes and no more. I'll be here!"

Rick left the café and walked through crowds of staring men to the livery stable where he had left his gun with old Seth Thompson, the smith. As he belted on the gun he could hear the excited murmur of men's voices making wagers on the outcome of the fight.

He was sick at heart. Never had he killed a man, in this country where so many were killed. He had meant to stay that way. Still he must fight. Rick had about two minutes

left in which to make an appearance, to start the slow walk down the street to where death waited for one of them!

Rick struck the stable door in his anger and despair. He rammed his fist against it until the blood came. Then he stared down at the blood as an idea came to him. Rapidly he tore his handkerchief to shreds and made a bandage, wrapping the white cloth tightly around the fingers and palm of his gun hand. Then he turned and walked out the door, heading for the Silver Palace.

Dan Moore was waiting, his hand like a claw over his gun. Rick walked slowly toward him, the bandage on his own hand gleaming in the soft dusk. There were murmurs from the invisible crowd now. A man called softly, "What'd you do to yer hand, Rick?"

Rick answered in tones that carried clear and far. "Nothing at all, Matt. Just a little burn. Old Seth had a little trouble with the forge. Soon as I finish up some business I'll get some grease from the doc. Okay, Moore. Anytime you want to grab . . ."

They faced each other. There was a silence only slightly broken by the muted breath of watching men. Moore's eyes were on the bandage on Rick's hand. Once his own gun hand moved ever so slightly, started to pounce, then hesitated and came back above his belt. Rick waited, hearing only the thudding of his own heart.

DAN MOORE suddenly growled deep in his throat. He turned and walked to a horse, vaulted into the saddle and a moment later was lashing it out of town. The other men converged on Rick, laughing, congratulating him. As soon as possible he left them and went back to the livery stable to hang his gun once more on the wall. Old Seth, the smith, watched him as he took the bandage off his hand.

"There wasn't nothing wrong with yore hand," Seth told him.

Rick nodded. "No, there wasn't. But Moore didn't know that. He thought I was mighty sure of myself, going against him with a burned hand. I was too confident and it worried him. It was just like a poker hand, Seth. All I did was bluff him into thinking I was a lot better than I am!"

Rick hung his gun back on the wall and headed toward the place where his pinto was hitched.

THE END

Rod CAMERON

and THE
MEDICINE
BEAD MURDERERS

CHAPTER TWO
THE CURSE OF
THE SIOUX!



DIE, ROD
CAMERON!
— DIE!

NOT BEFORE
I PLAY MY
LAST CARD!



GOT YOU! IF I AM,
GOING TO DIE — I AIM
TO DO THE WORLD
ONE LAST FAVOR
BY TAKING
YOU WITH
ME!

H-HELP!



AAAAEEEEEEEE!

ROD CAMERON AND HIS WOULD-BE
KILLER HURTLE TOWARD CERTAIN DEATH...



...UPON THE BOULDER-STREW
BOTTOM OF THE GULCH!



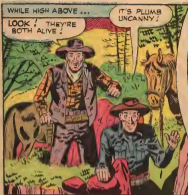
BUT THE ROPE BREAKS THEIR
DEADLY FALL!



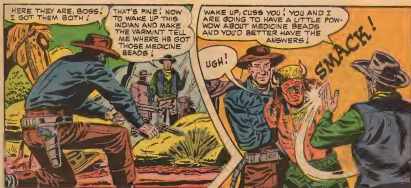
HAH! SAFE! NOW TO
GET OUT OF THIS ROPE
AND GET ROD CAMERON
BEFORE HE CAN REACH
HIS GUNS!

WHEW! THAT WAS A MIGHTY
CLOSE ONE! I'VE GOT TO GET
THAT SIDEWINDER BARE-
HANDED, I RECKON!









YOU EVIL MAN! MEDICINE BEADS HEAP
BAD MEDICINE FOR YOU! IF YOU FOLLOW
TRAIL OF MEDICINE BEADS INTO FOR-
BIDDEN LAND OF PAHA SAPA —
YOU DIE!

WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT,
INDIAN!
MEANWHILE...

...YOU'RE DYING NOW! THIS BULLET FROM
ROD CAMERON'S GUN WILL TAKE CARE OF
BOTH OF YOU!

BANG!

NOW TO LEAVE
ROD CAMERON'S GUN BY
HIS HAND WITH ONE USED CARTRIDGE
IN IT! WHEN THE SIOUX SEE THIS, THEY'LL
THINK CAMERON KILLED THEIR
MEDICINE MAN!

AND THEY'LL
SEE TO IT THAT ROD
CAMERON FOLLOWS THEIR
MEDICINE MAN INTO THE HAPPY
HUNTING GROUNDS/HA! HA!
FORK YOUR BRONCS, MEN! OUR
WORK HERE IS DONE!

MIGHTY
SLICK!
BOSS!

LET'S GO, BOYS!
WE'RE HITTING THE
TRAIL INTO THE BAD-
LANDS OF THE
BLACK HILLS!

THAT INDIAN'S WARNING OF THE CURSE HE PUT ON
THE MEDICINE BEADS GIVES ME THE CREEPS, BOSS!
SUPPOSE THE SIOUX DON'T FALL FOR YOUR
DOUBLE-CROSS OF ROD CAMERON?

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT!



THOSE INDIANS ARE MIGHTY KEEN TRACKERS! IF THEY GET ON OUR TRAIL THEY'LL STAY ON IT TILL THEY GET US FOR KILLING THEIR MEDICINE MAN!

I AIM TO BLOT OUT OUR TRAIL SO THAT NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO TRAIL US!

WE'LL WASH OUT OUR TRAIL BY HEADING UP THIS STREAM AND COMING OUT ON THAT ROCK LEDGE A COUPLE OF HUNDRED YARDS FROM HERE!

MIGHTY GOOD DODGE, BOSS!



I RECKON NOT EVEN ROD CAMERON'S GHOST WILL BE ABLE TO TRACK US DOWN!

SUPPOSE THEY FAN OUT AND PICK UP OUR TRAIL AGAIN, BOSS? WE'LL HAVE TO GET OFF THIS ROCK LEDGE SOMETIME, I RECKON!



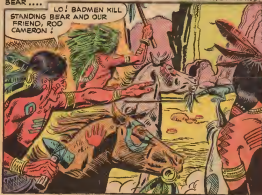
THE WIND SWEEPING THROUGH THESE BADLANDS WILL BLOT OUT A TRAIL IN A FEW HOURS! WE'RE PLUMB SAFE!



I SURE HOPE THERE'S NOTHING TO THAT MEDICINE MAN'S CURSE!

DON'T BE LOCO! JUST KEEP A SHARP EYE PEELED TO FIND THE SPOT WHERE HE FOUND THOSE JEWELS! WHEN WE FIND THEM, WE'RE MADE!

WHILE FAR BEHND, AN AVENGING BAND OF BRAVES THUNDER DOWN THE WARPATH ON THE TRAIL OF THEIR BELOVED SHAMAN, STANDING BEAR



LO! BADMEN KILL STANDING BEAR AND OUR FRIEND, ROD CAMERON!



Swiftly the deadly arrow speeds toward its human target! Can this be the bitter fate of courageous ROD CAMERON — to die at the hand of a friend? Read chapter three of the **MEDICINE BEAD MURDERERS!**

bronko betsy

A HAIR RAISING QUESTION

HELLO, AUNT MARTHA! HELLO, UNCLE HARRY! I CAME TO VISIT YUH!

LOOK WHO'S HYAR --- BETSY!



SMACK!

WELCOME!

IT'S SHORE GOOD TO SEE YUH AGAIN!

HOW'S YORE MAW AND PAW?

FINE, UNCLE HARRY--- HUH?



GEE, AUNTIE, WHY HASN'T UNCLE ANY HAIR?

(GASP) ER, ER---



--- YORE UNCLE HASN'T ANY HAIR BECUZ HE THINKS SO MUCH!

OH!



YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF HAIR, AUNTIE--- YOU DON'T DO MUCH THINKING, DO YOU?

GULP!

HA, HA!



HOGHEAD HARRY CRY BABY



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Rod CAMERON

AND THE MEDICINE BEAD MURDERERS

CHAPTER THREE
THE FORBIDDEN LAND!

But Rod Cameron knows that in the split second before the arrow reaches him, the warriors, holding him will instinctively loosen their grip upon him and draw back! In that split second — Rod Cameron goes blazing into action!



I'M PLUMB SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS, CHIEF!



STAND BACK, WARRIORS OF THE SIOUX! I HAVE NO QUARREL WITH YOU! MY QUARREL LIES WITH CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD WHO HAS CALLED ME THE KILLER OF MY FRIEND, STANDING BEAR!

UGH! ROD CAMERON RIGHT!







NOW ROD CAMERON KILL CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD! THIS FIGHT TO FINISH CHIEF SAY!



GET UP, CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD! I RECKON OUR QUARREL HAS BEEN SETTLED!

Y-YOU NO KILL ME?



WHY SHOULD I? THOSE VAMPIRES WHO RUSTLED STANDING BEAR AND DRILLED HIM WITH MY GUN RECKONED ON POOLING YOU INTO THINKING I DID IT! THEY WANTED YOU TO WIPE ME OUT! HERE'S YOUR KNIFE, CHIEF!

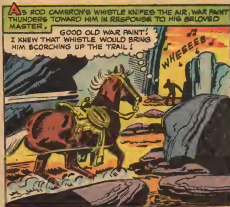


YOU RIGHT, ROD CAMERON! BADMEN MAKE FOOL OF CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD!

THE THING THAT COUNTS NOW, IS THAT ALL THIS GAVE THE SIDEWINDERS A HEAP OF TIME TO MAKE THEIR GETAWAY IN!



FORK YOUR BRONCS, WARRIORS! WE'VE GOT TO ROUND UP THOSE SIDEWINDERS!



AS ROD CAMERON'S WHISTLE KIFFES THE AIR, WAR PAINT THUNDERS TOWARD HIM IN RESPONSE TO HIS BELOVED MASTER.

GOOD OLD WAR PAINT! I KNEW THAT WHISTLE WOULD BRING HIM SCORCHING UP THE TRAIL!



GET RAMBLING, WAR PAINT!



THERE'S THEIR TRAIL! FOLLOW ME, MEN!

WE FOLLOW WHERE YOU LEAD, ROD CAMERON!



THEIR TRACKS LEAD NORTH! IT LOOKS AS IF THEY MAY BE HEADING FOR THE BADLANDS OF THE BLACK HILLS!

THAT HEAP BAD! BLACK HILLS ARE THE LAND OF PAHA SAPA; GREAT MANITOU TAKE HEAP BIG VENGEANCE!

GRIMLY ROD CAMERON SENDS HIS GREAT-HEARTED STALLION, WAR PAINT, THUNDERING DOWN THE RENEGADE'S TRAIL INTO THE HEART OF THE MYSTERIOUS, FORBIDDEN LAND OF THE PAHA SAPA!



THEIR TRAIL LEADS TO THAT STREAM UP YONDER! AN OLD TRICK TO BLOT OUT A TRAIL, BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO DO THEM MUCH GOOD!



FOLLOW ME, MEN! I RECKON THEY HEADED UPSTREAM AND CAME OUT ON THAT ROCK LEDGE SOMEWHERE UP THE TRAIL!

THEY PLENTY SMART! TRY TO BLOT OUT TRAIL!



UP, WAR PAINT ! IT'LL TAKE A HEAP MORE THAN THAT DODGE TO THROW US OFF THEIR TRAIL !



JUST OUR LUCK ! THIS LEDGE OPENS OUT ON A SOLID ROCK PLATEAU ! IT LOOKS AS IF THE TRAIL OF THOSE VARMINTS HAS PLUMB PETERED OUT !



FAN OUT AND START CIRCLING ! WE MAY BE ABLE TO CUT THEIR TRAIL AND PICK IT UP !

IS NO USE, ROD CAMERON ! BY THIS TIME WIND SLOT OUT ANY TRAIL THEY LEAVE !



ONLY CHANCE NOW TO PICK UP TRAIL OF BADMEN IS TO WATCH FOR SMOKE AND—LISTEN ! THIS LAND OF MANY ECHOES !

IN THAT CASE, CHIEF, I AIM TO DO BOTH !



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT—NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

LOOK !! THOSE TREES OUT YONDER ARE BARE ! THAT'S MIGHTY STRANGE FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR !

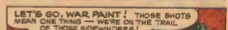
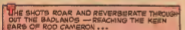
PLUMB PECULIA ! NOT A LEAP ON THEM !



AND WHAT'S THAT QUEER GLOW COMING FROM THEM ? THEY LOOK SHINY !

MAYBE IT'S THAT "SPELL" THE INDIAN WARNED US ABOUT COWING OVER US AND MAKING US SEE THINGS ! I-IT MAKES ME FEEL PLUMB CREEPY !







I AIM TO USE SOMETHING A HEAP MORE POWERFUL THAN SIX-GUNS—DYNAMITE!

LOOK OUT!



BEFORE THE WARNING IS HALF LETTERED, THE SIX-GUNS IN ROD'S HANDS BUCK AND ROAR THEIR BLAZING ANSWER!

BANG BANG
BANG

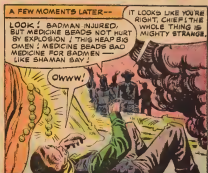


A FEW MOMENTS LATER--

LOOK! BADMAN INJURED, BUT MEDICINE BEADS NOT HURT BY EXPLOSION! THIS HEAP BIG OMEN! MEDICINE BEADS BAD MEDICINE FOR BADMEN— LIKE SHAMAN SAY!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE RIGHT, CHIEF! THE WHOLE THING IS MIGHTY STRANGE.

Owww!



YOU TAKE MEDICINE BEADS— THEY HEAR GOOD LUCK FOR GOOD MAN LIKE YOU, ROD CAMERON!

NO, CHIEF! I'D RATHER LEAVE THEM RIGHT WHERE THEY ARE! I RECKON MY FRIEND STANDING BEAR WOULD HAVE WANTED ME TO DO THAT AS A SYMBOL OF THE POWER OF GOOD OVER EVIL!



ADIOS, PARDS! I'VE GOT TO TAKE THIS CODYOTE TO JAIL! I HOPE THE NEXT SUN DANCE YOU HOLD IS A DANCE— NOT A PANIC LIKE THIS LAST ONE!

A PANIC FOR BADMEN— THANKS TO YOU, ROD CAMERON!





HOWDY, PALS,
I'VE BEEN MEANING TO WRITE YOU ABOUT SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN STICKING IN MY MIND. I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT IT WHEN I STOPPED TO TALK WITH AN OLD ALKALIED LAST WEEK. NOW, A ALKALIED, IN THE COWHAND'S LINGO, IS A HOMBRE WHO'S PLENTY USED TO LIVING IN THE COUNTRY ON HIS OWN, AND THAT BRINGS ME TO WHAT I WANT TO SAY.

OUT HERE IN THE WEST, WE HAVE A LANGUAGE ALL OUR OWN, FILLED WITH EXPRESSIONS THAT MEAN SOMETHING ONLY TO A COWBOY. I FIGURED YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW A FEW OF THEM. FOR INSTANCE, A PROSPECTOR'S BURRO IS KNOWN AS AN "ARIZONA NIGHTINGALE". WHEN A COWPUNCHER SPEAKS OF HIS "WAVECASE" HE'S TALKING ABOUT HIS HAT, AND WHEN HE MENTIONS A "BLACK-EYED SUSAN", HE DOESN'T MEAN THE FLOWER --- HE MEANS A SIX-GUN. A COWHAND HEARS THAT AN HOMBRE IS "AMONG THE WILLOWS", KNOWS THE MAN IS DOCKING THE SHERIFF. WHEN THE RANCH FOREMAN IS "ALL HORNS AND RATTLES" HE'S REALLY ANGRY ABOUT SOMETHING. YOU KNOW --- IT'S THE SAME ALL OVER THE WORLD. FOLKS IN DIFFERENT PLACES AND IN DIFFERENT OCCUPATIONS HAVE THEIR OWN LANGUAGES.

BUT THERE IS ONE LANGUAGE THAT EVERYBODY, EVERYWHERE UNDERSTANDS --- AND THAT LANGUAGE IS THE LANGUAGE OF TRUTH. YEP, A MAN WHO TELLS THE TRUTH IS UNDERSTOOD AND RESPECTED BY EVERYONE. ANY WADDY WILL TELL YOU THAT IF YOU SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF TRUTH YOU'LL GET ALONG, REGARDLESS OF WHETHER YOU'RE TALKING TO WESTERNERS, EASTERNERS, COWANCHES OR FOLKS SOUTH OF THE BORDER.

THAT'S A MIGHTY GOOD THING TO REMEMBER. IT SEEMS TO ME, AND NOW, PARDS, I RECKON I'LL BE HITTING THE TRAIL AGAIN. BUT WAR PAINT AND I WILL BE COMING YOUR WAY NEXT MONTH, READY TO PALAVER WITH EVERY ONE OF YOU.

YOUR PARD,

Rod Cameron

TO ALL YOU PARDS WHO WOULD LIKE MY PICTURE - JUST WRITE ME A LINE REQUESTING IT, AND ENCLOSE AS MUCH MONEY AS THE PICTURE COSTS -

11" X 14" SIZE \$1.00

8" X 10" SIZE \$.25

5" X 7" SIZE \$.10



SAM THE SHERIFF

YOU CAN BANK ON THAT!

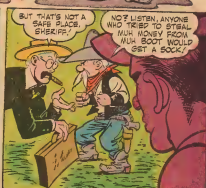
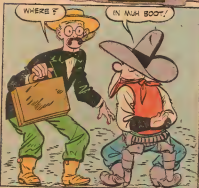
H'YA SHERIFF! I REPRESENT THE NEW BANK IN TOWN AND I'D LIKE TO INTEREST YOU IN OPENING UP AN ACCOUNT!

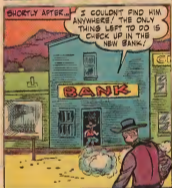
I GOT MUH OWN BANK, STRANGER!

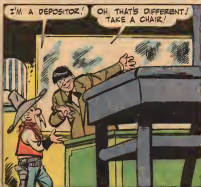
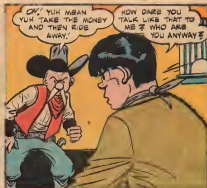
WHAT'S BEEN STOPPED TO IN THE COWHANDS COUNTRY ON HIS

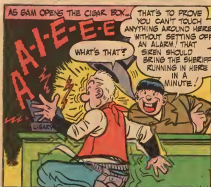
VISIONS THAT THEM. FOR DOWNPUNCHER EYED SUSAN? HOMBRE IS DREMAN IS S THE SAME HAVE THEIR

UNDERSTANDS--- TELLS THE TRUTH ALL YOU THAT IF IS OF WHETHER IS SOUTH



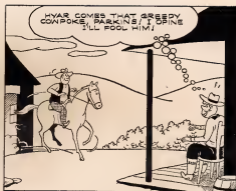






HOT HOT HORACE

FINDER'S KEEPERS!



ROD CAMERON

**RIP-ROARING HERO
OF THE
GOLDEN WEST**

