

A Fawcett Publication

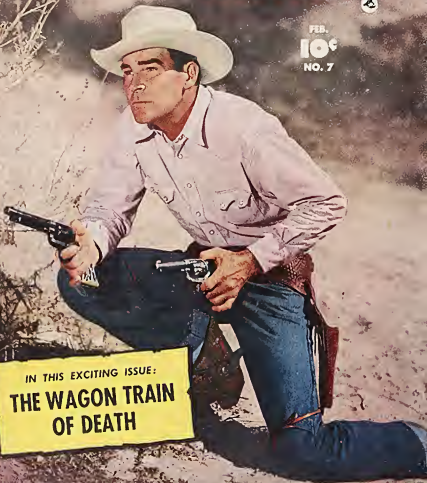
Rod Cameron

western

FEB.

10¢

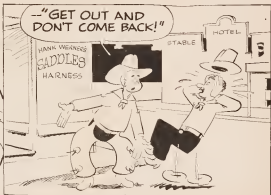
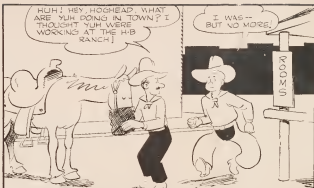
NO. 7



IN THIS EXCITING ISSUE:
**THE WAGON TRAIN
OF DEATH**

HOGHEAD HARRY

"NOT TO HIS LIKING"



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

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LO RUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
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. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



Rod CAMERON

CHAPTER ONE

in THE WAGON TRAIN OF DEATH

THE GOLD SWINDLE!



Only daring Rod Cameron reckoned that the valiant pioneers of the wagon train were being led into the jaws of death by gold-hungry Bat Gorn!

Ride the Western Plains with Rod and his fearless stallion, War Paint, as they race against time in a six-gun effort to save THE WAGON TRAIN OF DEATH!

ONE DAY ON THE BANK OF HORNED OWL CREEK IN CALIFORNIA ---

ANOTHER PASSEL OF TENDERFEET COMING THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN PASS FROM THE EAST TO SETTLE THE LAND AND GRUB FOR GOLD ! THEY GET ME TO THINKING !



ABOUT HOW TO SEPARATE THE FOOLS FROM THEIR WAMPUM, BAT ?

NOT THEM, BOYS--BUT THEIR KIND ! THERE'S PLENTY OF THEM HEADING OUT HERE EVERY DAY ! CLIMB DOWN, MEN ! WE'RE CLIMMING ALL THE FREE LAND THIS SIDE OF HORNED OWL CREEK !

WHAT FOR ?



GET BUSY STAKING CLAIMS AND DON'T ASK FOOL QUESTIONS !

OKAY, BAT ! DON'T GET RILED UP !



THERE ! WITH ALL THESE STAKES I RECKON WE NOW OWN DANGED NEAR ALL THE LAND AROUND HORNED OWL CREEK !

I'LL TELL YOU WHY ...

YEAH ! BUT WHAT FOR ?



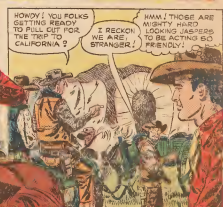
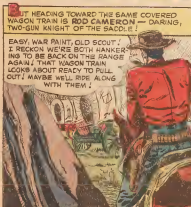
... BECAUSE WE'RE GOING INTO THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS !

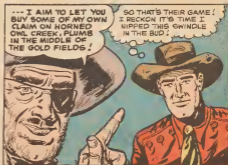
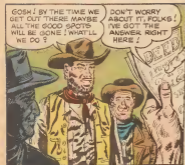
WITH ALL THE FREE LAND AROUND HERE THAT ANYONE CAN CLAIM ? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE !

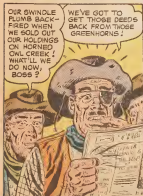


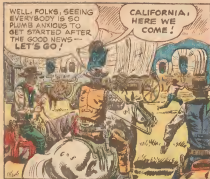
WE CLAIM ALL THIS LAND AND THEN GO EAST AND SELL IT TO THE TENDERFEET PLANNING ON THE TRIP OUT HERE ! THEN WE GET THEM TO PAY US TO GUIDE THEM CUT HERE AND CLAIM MORE LAND FOR THE NEXT TRIP !











WELL, FOLKS, SEEING EVERYBODY IS SO PLUMB ANXIOUS TO GET STARTED AFTER THE GOOD NEWS— LET'S GO!

CALIFORNIA! HERE WE COME!



STEADY, WAR PAINT! OLD SCOUT! WE'LL LET THEM GET A GOOD START BEFORE WE HIT THEIR TRAIL! SOMETHING TELLS ME THOSE JASPERS WILL MAKE A PLAY TO GET THOSE DEEBOS BACK!



MONTHS LATER, AS THE TREACHEROUS RENEGADES LEAD THE COVERED WAGON TRAIN DOWN COUGAR TRAIL---

LOOK, WAR PAINT! THE WAGON TRAIN IS BEING LED TOWARD RAPID RIVER TO TRY A CROSSING! AND THERE'S A STORM BREWING!



THOSE JASPERS LEADING THE WAGON TRAIN ARE EITHER DELIBERATELY ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF THE SETTLERS OR THEY DON'T KNOW THESE PARTS! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

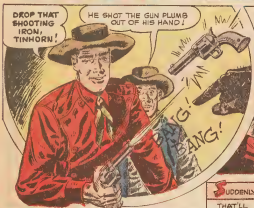


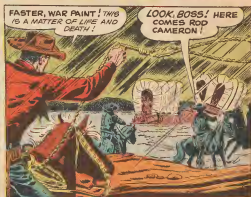
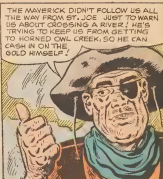
IF THAT STORM BREAKS WHILE THEY'RE ATTEMPTING A CROSSING— THEY'LL BE WIPED OUT!



HOLD ON THERE! DON'T TRY A CROSSING WITH THAT STORM FIXING TO CUT LOOSE! BETTER WAIT UNTIL IT BLOWS OVER!

YOU AGAIN!







MY FIRST STEP IS TO ANCHOR ONE END OF MY ROPE AROUND THAT BOULDER!

I'LL GET YOU THIS TIME, ROD CAMERON -- FOR KEEPS!



THIS TAKES CARE OF YOU, SIDEMINDER!

UGH!



QUICK! GET THOSE CANVAS COVERS STRIPPED OFF BEFORE THE WIND OVER-TURNS THE WAGONS!

NOW'S MY CHANCE! WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED, I'LL CUT THE ROPE AND YANK HIS BRONC OFF BALANCE! THE RIVER'LL DO THE REST!



THERE! THAT DOES IT, I RECKON!



HA, HA! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE THE BANK AGAINST THAT CURRENT, ROD CAMERON! THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU IS WAITING....



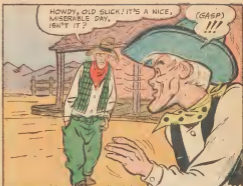
...ON THE ROCKS BELOW THE WATERFALL!



HA, HA! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, ROD CAMERON!

WITH BAT'S MOCKING LAUGHTER RINGING IN HIS EARS, ROD CAMERON AND WAR PAINT SWEEP EVER CLOSER TO THEIR FEARFUL DOOM! IS THIS TO BE THEIR TERRIBLE FATE? READ CHAPTER TWO OF THE WAGON TRAIN OF DEATH!

OLD SLICK



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A COMIC MAGAZINE!

DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION!

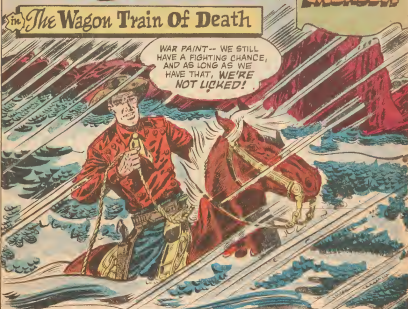
CAPTAIN VIDEO

10¢ SOON TO APPEAR ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢


Rod CAMERON

Chapter Two MOUNTAIN MURDER

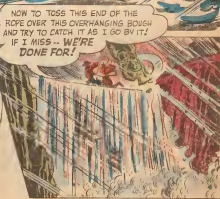
The Wagon Train Of Death



WAR PAINT-- WE STILL
HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE,
AND AS LONG AS WE
HAVE THAT, WE'RE
NOT LIKED!

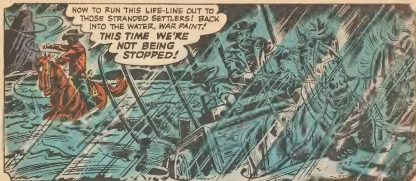


STEADY, WAR PAINT,
WHILE I WRAP THIS END
OF MY ROPE AROUND
YOUR SADDLE HORN!



NOW TO TOSS THIS END OF THE
ROPE OVER THIS OVERHANGING BOUGH
AND TRY TO CATCH IT AS I GO BY IT!
IF I MISS -- WE'RE
DONE FOR!





NOW TO RUN THIS LIFE-LINE OUT TO
THOSE STRANDED SETTLERS! BACK
INTO THE WATER, WAR PAINT!
**THIS TIME WE'RE
NOT BEING
STOPPED!**



DON'T SET THERE, MISTER!
START LASHING THESE WAGONS
TOGETHER -- PRONTO!

SURE THING,
ROD!

THESE BRONCS CAN'T
STAND UP AGAINST THIS
STORM AND THE RAMPAGING
RIVER MUCH LONGER! I'LL
SLIP MY ROPE THROUGH THIS
SHAFT RING AND HAUL THEM
OUT TO THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE RIVER!



GET GOING, WAR PAINT!
WE'LL HAVE THESE WAGONS
ON LAND MIGHTY
PRONTO!



PUT YOUR WEIGHT INTO
IT, OLD SCOUT! THE WAGONS
ARE STARTING
TO MOVE!



AND HERE'S ANOTHER!

SOCK!



HAH! MISSED THAT TIME, BUT I DON'T AIM...



RIGHT! AND NOW TO FINISH THE VARMINT OFF WITH THIS KNIFE!

AH-MY HEAD!

LOOK! THE BOSS GOT ROD CAMERON!



...TO MISS WITH THIS!

BONK!



Suddenly, a thunderous barrage of mighty hoofbeats trembles the earth...

LOOK OUT--
ARRGH!

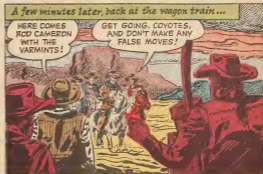
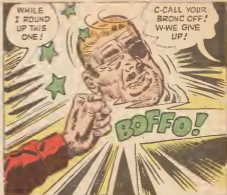
IT'S ROD CAMERON'S BRONC!



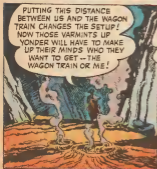
HELP!...
ARRGH!

GOOD WORK, WAR PAINT, OLD PARD!









Are these to be the last words of courageous Rod Cameron as he fearlessly goes to his death? And what of the settlers trapped in the blocked mountain pass?

Read Chapter Three of *The Wagon Train Of Death!*

GREAT SNAKES

By John Michel



AS THEY rode down the valley toward the lake, they heard the sharp, resonant ring of an axe. Ken Winslow, son of rancher Dick Winslow, turned puzzled eyes on his friend, Jim Arrow, son of the chief of the Arrogo reservation.

"Somebody's chopping a tree down!"

Jim, a few months younger than Ken's fifteen years, frowned.

"That's against the state law. Those trees are twenty years old—and besides, only the Arrogo tribe can use them for cuttage!"

Jim reined his horse in toward a narrow trail that led to the vicinity of the axe sounds.

"Guess we'd better investigate!" he said.

Ken hesitated. "It couldn't be one of your own tribe, could it?" he asked, embarrassed. "Maybe we'd better not . . ."

Jim's answer to his friend was sharp, decisive.

"If an Arrogo is cutting down trees under thirty years of age, pop will scalp him!" He chuckled, the grim look dissolving on his face.

A few hundred feet down the trail they came out into an open space. Jim walked his horse to the edge of a slight rise and gasped.

"Duck back," he warned Ken.

They back-trailed a few yards and dismounted. Then, flat on their bellies, they crawled to the edge of the rise. The sight they saw bugged their eyes out.

Down the incline, at the base of a pine they had just cut, stood two men. One was dressed in rough dungarees and mackinaw; the other was a townsman in slick fedora and store clothes. Both were armed. It wasn't the guns that amazed the boys watching from the rise. Nor was it the pine that had been felled as a bridge across a narrow gorge beyond which lay Bear Lake, the biggest in the state. What excited Ken and Jim and set their hearts pounding was a box of dynamite sticks and percussion caps that lay open at the foot of the pine.

"I know the one on the right," said Ken. "That's Charlie Swadden—he owns the big saloon in Dog City. My dad says he's one of the biggest crooks in the state!"

Jim surveyed the scene critically. "That's interesting, Ken—but I'm wondering what he's doing out here." His face contracted with the effort of thought, Jim pondered. Suddenly, as his eyes again fell on the box of dynamite,

a blasted look of comprehension dawned in his eyes.

"What—what's the matter, Jim?" asked Ken.

"That dynamite," Jim whispered. "They're going to carry it over the gorge. That's what they cut the pine down for."

"Far as I can see, all they've done wrong so far is cut a tree down!" Ken snorted. "There no law against using dynamite!"

"There is if you use it on public land—or on the Arrogo reservation," replied Jim. "And Bear Lake is public land! That means all they could possibly do with that dynamite is blow a hole in the lake wall so that the water could flow down the gorge into the reservation! Hmhmhmhm. Now I'm beginning to really see it!"

"See what?" muttered the completely puzzled Ken.

"That gorge cuts our grazing land off from our corrals on the other side of the Arrogo reservation. If the gorge is full of water our cattle can't cross it—it's too deep! And grazing land that isn't used goes to anyone who steps in to claim it!"

"Charlie Swadden!" Ken exclaimed. In his excitement, he had forgotten that he had inched forward until he practically overhung the edge of the rise as a tree might hang over a gentle cliff. Ken toppled forward.

"Ken!" Jim Arrow clutched at Ken's disappearing heels, but to no avail. He watched Ken slide down the incline, rolling and bumping, and come to a battered rest at Charlie Swadden's feet!

Swadden whirled from his task as soon as Ken's passage down the incline became audible. The frightened look on his face gave way to relief when he saw that the intruder was only a boy.

"Spying on us, eh?" he grated angrily, picking Ken up by the collar of his mackinaw. Swadden's tough-looking accomplice made a significant movement toward a holstered gun. But Swadden stopped him.

"No shooting," he warned. "There's only one kid," he said, scanning the entire circling horizon of trees and rises. "If he's found dead with a bullet in his head there'll be an investigation—and that we can't take!"

The other grunted. "Bash his head in, say I!"

Ken said nothing as Swadden considered

for a minute. Then, an evil smile lit his face.

"Tie him up," Swadden ordered. "As soon as the lake starts pouring water into the gorge, we'll drown the kid. Then, when the body's found, they'll think he croaked swimming in Bear Lake!"

Jim Arrow, whose heart was hammering the earth flat under his leather tunic, cautiously watched the two men truss Ken's arms behind his back and turn again to their preparations. He knew he could do nothing to help Ken all by his lonesome, for he was unarmed. But he also knew that Ken would depend on him and trust that Jim would do something. An instant's thought decided Jim. Swiftly he mounted his horse and disappeared in the direction of the Arrogos village. The braves and women were out in the corn fields, but a number of his brothers and friends in the tribe would be there.

Ken lay on his back watching Swadden and his companion brace the pine that had fallen across the gorge. And then, a few sticks at a time, they conveyed the dynamite across the gorge. Ken's wrists went cold with the pressure of the rope knotting them together, but, although his spirits were low, he didn't lose heart altogether. He knew that Jim must have already ridden away for a rescue party, but he had no way of knowing how long it would take them to get back. And, worst of all, he didn't know how long it would take Swadden and his accomplice to finish their crooked work. At the rate they were going, any rescue party would be too late!

Swadden carried the last batch of dynamite across the gorge. Then he and the other set them at the very top of the lake wall, their long fuses pointing at the sky, arranged in a row like ninepins.

Ken's heart sank as Swadden gave a curt order to his accomplice. The other got up from the dynamite sticks that Swadden was already lighting, and came toward Ken, a deadly smirk on his face.

Ken, who had been trying his bonds experimentally, realized that the moment had come for a last attempt. He strained to pull his wrists apart, strained until the blood came—and the rope held! Then a weird bird call floated suddenly down from the rise, and Ken's blood went boiling through his veins! It was Jim Arrow!

Simultaneously, Ken's Swadden's and the other's eyes fell on the top of the rise, to see fourteen Indian kids of various ages ranged in battle formation along the ridge. Around their shoulders each had strung a short bow. And each carried in one hand a writhing, hissing rattlesnake!

Jim Arrow bounded down the incline toward Ken, followed by his Arrogos friends. It was only the work of a minute to slash the ropes

holding the pine tree fast and topple it into the gorge. Swadden and his accomplice stood on the other side and raged, going for their guns.

"You blasted Injun cubs," fumed Swadden. "We'll make crow-bait out of you for this!"

Jim who was busily untying Ken's bonds gave a crisp order, one eye on the fizzing dynamite sticks atop the lake wall.

Fourteen young pairs of arms drew back, each with its deadly freight. Fourteen young arms came forward, swiftly, casting the rattlers to form an unbroken chain of writhing danger at Swadden's feet. The two men immediately backed up the slope.

"Rattlers!" quavered Swadden. "I—I can't stand snakes. They make me nervous!"

"I can't either," trembled the other. "Let's shoot 'em!"

Both lifted their guns and blazed away, hands trembling with fear. When the fusillade died away, only three of the snakes lay quiet. The others hissed and advanced, slipping somewhat on the steep lake wall.

Ken pointed to the fuses on the dynamite sticks, getting shorter by the minute. Jim nodded and barked another order. The line of Indian boys suddenly bristled with arrows—and then the air vibrated to the sudden melodious twinging of fourteen bowstrings.

Swadden stared in astonishment, forgetting his peril for a moment, as the row of dynamite sticks atop the lake wall rose gracefully into the air, impaled on arrows. The flying missiles disappeared over the top of the lake wall and almost instantly came a thunderous crash as they exploded harmlessly over the surface of Bear Lake!

While the snakes, who were unable to completely climb the sharp incline, kept Swadden and his accomplice trapped, Jim sent some of the boys for help. They returned soon after with the sheriff and a posse. As the miscreants were bound on their horses, Ken turned to Jim, a puzzled look in his eyes.

"THOSE snakes did a good job of keeping those rats cornered," he said to Jim. "But weren't you afraid the snakes might kill them? Swadden and his pal are low-life rocktoads, but one bite from those rattlers and they'd have been crow-bait!"

Jim and his Arrogos friends laughed. "Oh, no, they wouldn't!" Jim said, still chuckling. "I'll let you in on a tribal secret. Ken. Those snakes are the sacred snakes of the Arrogos! They're fat and lazy. Our medicine men aren't in as much danger as you think when they hold their old-fashioned snake dances, because every one of those rattlers is as *fang-less* as a *chicken*—but Swadden and his pal didn't know it!"

THE END

LOCO LEW

FOOT SORE!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1932, OF ROD CAMERON WESTERN, published weekly at Greenwich, Conn., 5th October 1, 1934.

State of Connecticut: I do, County of Fairfield)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of ROD CAMERON WESTERN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1932, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, B. J. Heyman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Dalah, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner (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 one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. M. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Bagg, Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; V. D. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; H. A. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. F. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. King, Oxnard, Cal.; Gloria Leary, Oxnard, Cal.; V. F. Kerr, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Eva Roberts, Seattle, Wash.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and

security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1934.

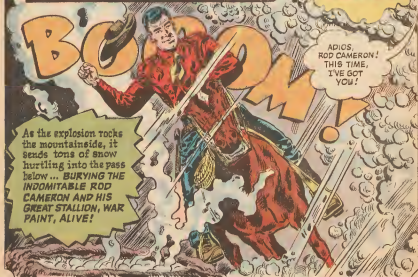
(Notary)
LILLIAN M. BURNLEY,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1935.)

Rod CAMERON

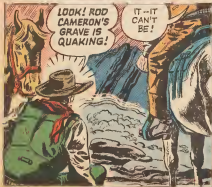
in *The Wagon Train Of Death*

Chapter
Three
**BURIED
ALIVE**



ADIOS,
ROD CAMERON!
THIS TIME,
I'VE GOT
YOU!

As the explosion rocks
the mountainside, it
sends tons of snow
hurtling into the pass
below ... **BURYING THE
INDOMITABLE ROD
CAMERON AND HIS
GREAT STALLION, WAR
PAINT, ALIVE!**



LOOK! ROD
CAMERON'S
GRAVE IS
QUAKING!

IT--IT
CAN'T
BE!



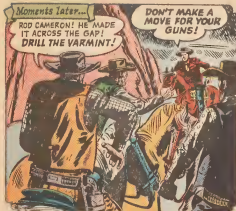
IT--IT'S EXPLODING
IN A CLOUD
OF STEAM!

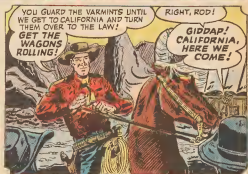
AND
MELTING
THE
SNOW!











**RIDING
TABALL**
with
Rod CAMERON
9172 SUNSET BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIFORNIA



HOWDY PALE,
IT'S MIGHTY FINE TO BE RIDING OUT PAST YOUR CORRAL
ONCE AGAIN. I JUST WISH I COULD BE STOPPING FOR MORE
THAN THE LENGTH OF A LETTER, BUT I'VE BEEN MIGHTY BUSY
THESE DAYS. BUT I DON'T MIND HARD WORK. I LIKE IT, IN FACT.



YOU KNOW, IT'S THE SIGN OF A REAL
AND RESPECTED RANCH HAND WHEN A MAN'S
BIG ENOUGH TO ADMIT THINGS HONESTLY,
TO OWN UP TO MISTAKES EVEN WHEN
THEY'RE HIS FAULT. THAT'S WHY RANGE
RIDERS AROUND HERE ALL LIKE CHUCK
THOMSTON, AND WHY THEY CAN'T TAKE TED
LEMMINS, WHEN TED AND HIS MEN ARE OUT ROUNDING UP WILD HORSES
AND A GOOD ONE GETS AWAY ON HIS SIDE OF THE HERD, HE IS QUICK
TO SAY HE WOULD HAVE HAD THE CRITTER BUT SOME OTHER HAND CUT
IN HIS WAY. OR, IF TED IS DRIVING A WAGON AND TURNS IT OVER, HE
WILL BE SURE TO CLAIM THE WHEEL CAME LOOSE. HE'LL NEVER
ADMIT HE WAS DRIVING TOO FAST AND CARELESSLY. NO, WITH TED
IT'S ALWAYS SOMEONE OR SOMETHING ELSE'S FAULT!



BUT WHEN CHUCK CUT A SERIES OF FENCE POSTS TOO SMALL
THE OTHER DAY, HE DIDN'T COMPLAIN THAT THE RANGE BOYS HADN'T
TOLD HIM THE RIGHT SIZE. HE JUST OWNED UP AND ADMITTED HE
HADN'T LISTENED THE WAY HE SHOULD HAVE. BEING BIG ENOUGH TO
ADMIT YOUR OWN MISTAKE IS THE SIGN OF A GOOD HAND ON THE
RANGE --- OR ANYPLACE ELSE!

WELL, PARD, THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, BUT I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING
YOU AGAIN NEXT MONTH!

YOUR PARONER,

Rod Cameron

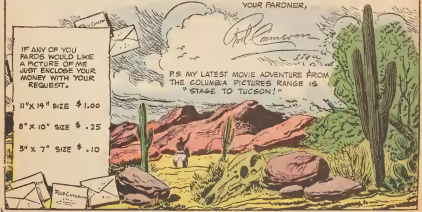
P.S. MY LATEST MOVIE ADVENTURE FROM
THE COLUMBIA PICTURES RANGE IS
"STAGE TO TUCSON!"

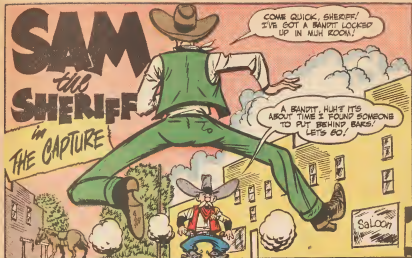
IF ANY OF YOU
PARDS WOULD LIKE
A PICTURE OF ME
JUST ENCLOSE YOUR
MONEY WITH YOUR
REQUEST.

11" X 14" SIZE \$ 1.00

8" X 10" SIZE \$.25

5" X 7" SIZE \$.10





SAM the SHERIFF in THE CAPTURE

COME QUICK, SHERIFF!
I'VE GOT A BANDIT LOCKED
UP IN MUH ROOM!

A BANDIT, HUH? IT'S
ABOUT TIME I FOUND SOMEONE
TO PUT BEHIND BARS!
LET'S GO!



I'LL SHOW YUH WHERE
HE IS, BUT THE
ONLY TROUBLE IS
YUH CAN'T FIN ANYTHING
ON HIM!

WHY NOT?



BECAUSE HE'S
A NUDIST!

A NUDIST?



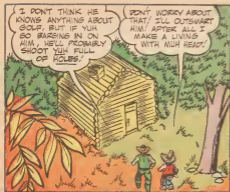
THAT'S RIGHT! HE
GOES COATLESS
AND VESTLESS
AND WEARS PANTS
TO MATCH!

IN THAT CASE HE
SHOULD HAVE BECOME
A GOLFER INSTEAD
OF A BANDIT!



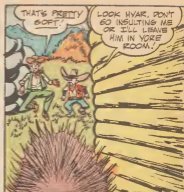
WHY A
GOLFER?

ALL GOLFER'S LIKE
TO GO AROUND THE
COURSE IN NOTHING!



I DON'T THINK HE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT GOLF, BUT IF YUH SO BARSING IN ON HIM, WE'LL PROBABLY SHOOT YUH FULL OF HOLES!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! I'LL OUTSMART HIM! AFTER ALL I MAKE A LIVING WITH MUH HEAD!



THAT'S PRETTY SOFT!

LOOK HYAR, DON'T GO INSULTING ME OR I'LL LEAVE HIM IN YORE ROOM!



DON'T GET SORRY, SAM! TO SHOW MUH APPRECIATION, THE NEXT TIME WE GO INTO A RESTAURANT I'LL PICK UP THE CHECK!

THAT'S MIGHTY PERCENT OF YOU!



THAT'S RIGHT, I'LL PICK IT UP--- AND HAND IT TO YUH!

YUH KNOW YUH PLAYED A DIRTY TRICK ON YOUR PARENTS!



HOW DID I DO THAT?

BY GROWING UP!



OKAY, NOW WE'RE EVEN WITH THE INSULTS, SO I'LL UNLOCK THE DOOR AND YUH CAN LOCK UP THE OUTLAW!

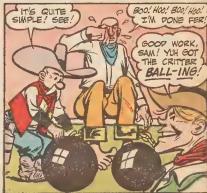
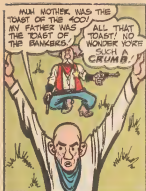
JUMP ASIDE AS SOON AS YUH OPEN UP, THERE MAY BE LOTS OF SHOOTING!



HYAR GOES!

STICK EM UP!





AMBLING ANDY



"SAVES FACE!"

SEE THAT ALL THE COWBOYS LOOK PRESENTABLE, ANDY! I'VE INVITED THE NEW MAYOR TO COME UP AND LOOK OVER MY RANCH!

OKAY, MISTER BARTON!

THE ONLY WAY SOME OF THESE COWPOKES WOULD LOOK PRESENTABLE IS WITH PLASTIC SURGERY! BUT I'LL SEE TO IT THAT THEY'RE ALL CLEANLY SHAVED!

HEY, ALL YUH RANNIES, MAKE SHORE YUH SHAVE TODAY! MISTER BARTON IS EXPECTING THE MAYOR!

SHORTLY AFTER.....

DID YUH ALL SHAVE?

YUP!

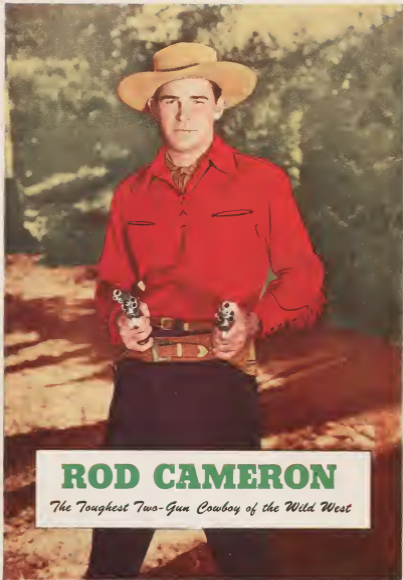
HEY, PHEPS, YUH NEED A NEW RAZOR BLADE DON'T YUH?

HUH? WHY, YES! BUT HOW DID YUH KNOW?

A LITTLE BEARD TOLD ME!

GULP!

HA, HA!



ROD CAMERON

The Toughest Two-Gun Cowboy of the Wild West

CHARLES NOLAN • PUBLISHED MONTHLY

THE TEEN TITANS

WORLDWIDE COMICS

POC 8441 #1001

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