

A Fawcett Publication

Rod Cameron

western

APRIL

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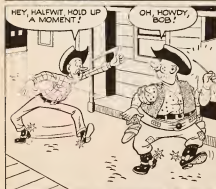
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IN THIS ISSUE:

ROD CAMERON

BATTLES

THE BAYOU BADMAN



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

CAPT MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LUKUE 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 & Fawcett, Jr President



Rod CAMERON

and The BAYOU BADMEN

Chapter
• One •
**Pirate
Menace!**



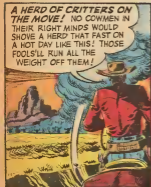
ONLY ROD CAMERON STOOD IN THE PATH OF THE MURDERING PIRATES FROM THE MYSTERIOUS BAYOUS! BUT WOULD EVEN ROD CAMERON'S FIGHTING COURAGE SAVE A GREAT CITY FROM DESTRUCTION AND THE RICHEST PRIZE IN THE SOUTH FROM BEING STOLEN? RIDE WITH ROD AS HE SENDS HIS GREAT STALLION THUNDERING TO AN ALL-OUT BATTLE WITH **THE BAYOU BADMEN!**

One day, as ROD CAMERON rides across the plains ...

EASY, WAR PAINT! THAT CLOUD OF DUST OUT YONDER IS HEADING THIS WAY IN A POWERFUL HURRY! I WONDER WHAT'S UP?



A HERD OF CRITTERS ON THE MOVE! NO COWMEN IN THEIR RIGHT MINDS WOULD SHOVE A HERD THAT FAST ON A HOT DAY LIKE THIS! THOSE FOOLS'LL RUN ALL THE WEIGHT OFF THEM!



THERE MAY BE ANOTHER ANSWER TO THIS—ONE I AIM TO CHECK ON PRONTO! GET RAMBLING, WAR PAINT!



THERE MAY BE SOME POWDER BURNT WHEN I CALL THOSE RANNIES' HANDS! I HAVE A HUNCH THEY ARE RUSTLERS!



HALT!

WHOA! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, STRANGER?



THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO FIND OUT, MISTER! YOU JASPERS SEEM IN TOO POWERFUL. I AIM TO FIND OUT WHY!

YOU MEAN...?





ONLY RUSTLERS
WOULD PUSH A
HERD THIS FAST
IN THIS
HEAT!

SO THAT'S IT!
WHO ARE YOU,
MISTER?



ROD
CAMERON!

ROD CAMERON! EVERY-
BODY'S HEARD TELL OF
YOU, I RECKON! PUT
IT THERE, PARD!



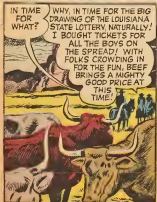
I'M CY WOODS, OWNER OF THE
BENT HORN SPREAD, AND HERE
ARE MY PAPERS TO PROVE
IT!

LET ME
SEE
THEM!



THESE LOOK ALL RIGHT! HOW COME
YOU WERE BLISTERING THE
TRAIL WITH
YOUR
HERD?

BECAUSE WE'RE
IN A POWERFUL
HURRY TO GET
OUR CRITTERS
INTO NEW
ORLEANS
IN TIME!



IN TIME
FOR
WHAT?

WHY, IN TIME FOR THE BIG
DRAWING OF THE LOUISIANA
STATE LOTTERY NATURALLY!
I BOUGHT TICKETS FOR
ALL THE BOYS ON
THE SPREAD! WITH
FOLKS CROWDING IN
FOR THE FUN, BEEF
BRINGS A MIGHTY
GOOD PRICE AT
THIS
TIME!



SO THAT'S WHY YOU WERE ALL IN
SUCH AN ALL-FIRED HURRY! AT THE
PACE YOU WERE SETTING YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE MORE THAN
BUNDLES OF BONES BY THE
TIME YOU REACHED NEW
ORLEANS! WHY NOT TAKE
THE EASY TRAIL?



WHAT EASY TRAIL, ROD?

THE RIVER ROUTE! THE RED RIVER CUTS THROUGH JUST NORTH OF HERE! WHY NOT LOAD THE CRITTERS ONTO FLATBOATS AND FLOAT THEM CLEAR DOWN TO NEW ORLEANS?



YOU'LL MAKE A HEAP BETTER TIME THAT WAY AND GET THEM INTO NEW ORLEANS IN PRIME CONDITION!

YOU'RE PLUMB RIGHT, ROD! HOW ABOUT THROWING IN WITH US FOR THE TRIP?



RIGHT! NEW ORLEANS, HERE WE COME!

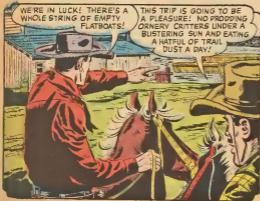
I'VE GOT AN EXTRA LOTTERY TICKET THAT I AIM TO SLAP YOUR BRAND ON!



Next day...

THERE'S DENISON UP AHEAD! I RECKON WE CAN GET THE FLATBOATS WE NEED THERE!

RIGHT!



WE'RE IN LUCK! THERE'S A WHOLE STRING OF EMPTY FLATBOATS!

THIS TRIP IS GOING TO BE A PLEASURE! NO PRODDING ORNERY CRITTERS UNDER A BLISTERING SUN AND EATING A HATFUL OF TRAIL DUST A DAY!



HOWDY! WE'D LIKE TO HIRE SOME BOATS FOR A TRIP DOWN TO NEW ORLEANS!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, MISTER! THESE FLATBOATS JUST BROUGHT UP LOADS FROM NEW ORLEANS AND WERE GOING BACK EMPTY!



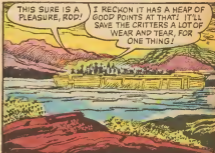
IN THAT CASE, I RECKON WE'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE TRIP! DRIVE THE CRITTERS ABOARD THE BOAT, MEN!

SEEING AS HOW I AIM TO PICK UP AN UNEXPECTED CARGO, I'LL THROW IN THE FEED FOR FREE!

A few minutes later...

I SURE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, ROD! THIS WAY OF TRAVELLING HAS PUSHING A HERD DOWN THE TRAIL BEAT ALL HOLLOW!

NOW TO CAST OFF AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



THIS SURE IS A PLEASURE, ROD!

I RECKON IT HAS A HEAP OF GOOD POINTS AT THAT! IT'LL SAVE THE CRITTERS A LOT OF WEAR AND TEAR, FOR ONE THING!

BY THE WAY THE MAVERICKS ARE WORKING ON THE FEED, THEY'LL EVEN PUT ON WEIGHT DURING THE TRIP! THAT'LL BRING BETTER PRICES ON THEM!

RIGHT!



Several days later...

WE'LL BE HEADING INTO THE MISSISSIPPI SOON! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE PEACEFUL BOAT RIDE THROUGH THE QUIET BAYOU WATERS!

NO-HUM! THAT'S FOR ME, ROD! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PEACE AND QUIET!



While, in a Mississippi bayou downstream...

ANY SIGN OF A PRIZE HEAVING INTO SIGHT YET, BLACK BART?

HAWSER, YOUR TONGUE, YOU SWAB! I'LL CLAP SIGHT ON A PRIZE AFORE LONG!



AHOY! A PRIZE IS HEADING DOWNRIVER DEAD ATWART OUR BEAM! MAN YOUR CUTLASSES AND STAND BY READY TO BOARD HER AS SOON AS SHE HEAVES TO WITHIN REACH!



WHAT CARGO DOES SHE CARRY?

CATTLE! NOT WORTH OUR TAKING!



CATTLE, EH? THAT SETS AN IDEA TO BREWING IN MY MIND! WE'LL TAKE THE PRIZE AND USE THOSE CATTLE AS A WEDGE TO TAKE A BIGGER ONE, THE RICHEST PRIZE IN THE SOUTH!



WHAT PRIZE?

THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY PRIZES, ALL OF THEM!



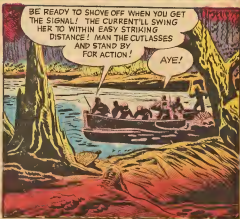
THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY PRIZES'LL MAKE US ALL AS RICH AS KINGS!

AYE, AND THAT'S NOT ALL! WE'LL SACK AND LOOT NEW ORLEANS IN THE BARGAIN!

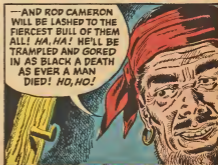


BE READY TO SHOVE OFF WHEN YOU GET THE SIGNAL! THE CURRENT'LL SWING HER TO WITHIN EASY STRIKING DISTANCE! MAN THE CUTLASSES AND STAND BY FOR ACTION!

AYE!









WE'LL BE PULLING INTO NEW ORLEANS JUST BEFORE THE DRAWING OF THE LOTTERY TONIGHT, BLACK BART!

GOOD! HEAVE ROD CAMERON TO THE TOP OF THAT RED EYED BULL AND LASH HIM FAST!

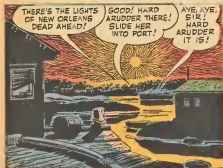
AYE, AYE!



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU BUZZARDS!

HA, HA! I'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! BIND THE SWAB STOUTLY!

AYE! HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THOSE ROPES!



THERE'S THE LIGHTS OF NEW ORLEANS DEAD AHEAD!

GOOD! HARD ARUDDER THERE! SLIDE HER INTO PORT!

AYE, AYE, SIR! HARD ARUDDER IT IS!



A FEW MINUTES LAYER---

OPEN THE CHUTE AND TURN THE CATTLE LOOSE! MAN YOUR CUTLASSES AND GET READY TO FOLLOW IN THEIR WAKE!

AYE! GET READY FOR THE END, ROD CAMERON! HA, HA!



THERE THEY GO!

AYE! AND ROD CAMERON TO HIS DEATH WITH THEM! HO, HO!

SO LONG, ROD CAMERON! NOTHING CAN KEEP YOU FROM DAVY JONES' LOCKER NOW!



AND WITH THESE WORDS, **ROD CAMERON** GOES TO A FRIGHTFUL DOOM! IS THIS TO BE THE IGNOMINIOUS FATE OF THE GREATEST SQUARE-SHOOTER THAT EVER RODE THE DANGEROUS TRAILS OF THE OLD WEST, CHAMPIONING THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE? READ CHAPTER TWO OF **THE BAYOU BADMEN!**



FEAR

By Al Packer



CERTAINLY Sheriff Ted Howe was no coward. Yet now he was afraid—terribly afraid of the man he would meet in an hour. It wasn't that he dreaded the prospect of gun play. This was obvious, for the record of law enforcement that was his could never have belonged to a craven. Many times his guns had blazed for justice, and he wore his wounds as medals.

Nor did he dread the outcome of the pending duel with Red Dineen, even though he sensed what its ending would be. Great as his own skill was, he knew that he could never hope to match the effortless ease with which the owlhoot used his hoglegs. The sheriff realized that he would die. Yet he was not afraid of dying.

What was this fear then that hung over him? The picture of his family on the desk explained it. Sadly, he looked at it again. Cissy, little Cissy, and her even younger brother—What would become of the motherless tots, once their dad had died at the hands of Dineen? This was the thought that chilled him and made him hate the battered wall clock that ticked off the moments of his approaching doom.

The rendezvous was set for three o'clock, and it was only a half hour until that time now. Why, he groaned, did he not face Dineen down yesterday, when the outlaw first blew into town? Why had he not drawn on him then, and died quickly? Wouldn't that have been better than to sit here dying by inches, worrying about the future of an orphaned Cissy and Jimmy? Yes, he should have fought it out with Dineen yesterday. But his strong sense of justice had held him back. Even Dineen deserved consideration from the law. Having just served time, there were no current charges outstanding against him. The sheriff

first had to give him a warning to leave town as an undesirable.

Well, he had done it. Crisply he had snapped an order for the owlhoot to hit the trail before three o'clock today. He knew, of course, that Dineen wouldn't. He did not need the raucous laugh with which the tough had greeted his ultimatum to tell him that.

And, now the time was fast approaching when he must make good his threat to run Dineen out of town—and in his heart he knew he would die for it.

Perhaps there was a chance, though! Perhaps-luck would ride with him just this once. But if it did—a man had to make his own luck. Surely, he wouldn't help his case (or that of Cissy and Jimmy) by sitting and brooding. Certainly Dineen had a reputation as a gun slinger! But then, so did Sheriff Ted Howe. His own draw was lightning fast, and many infamous renegades had felt the sting of his lead.

Swiftly his hands darted to the twin holsters in the gesture that had quailed the Quincy gang. Almost magically they seized the hoglegs and trained them on an imaginary opponent. He smiled in satisfaction. This was the noted Ted Howe draw—the second fastest in the West. But his smile gave way to a frown as he recalled the draw that he had always considered the fastest—that of Red Dineen.

He sighed, realizing the futility of hoping for a victory. Yes, he was good, but Dineen was better. Dineen knew it, too. Why else had he hooted in mirth when the Sheriff had ordered him to head for the hills? There was no chance. All he could do for Cissy and Jimmy now was to die like a man.

The door! It was opening! Had Dineen been too impatient to wait until three o'clock?

There were only fifteen minutes left, but that could be a long time for a killer anxious to get on with bloodshed.

However, the open door revealed no kill-hungry Dineen, but the only face more worried than the sheriff's own—that of his deputy, Slim Towne. Slim nodded a greeting and eased his great length into one of the office chairs. Pretending calm, he struck fire to a cigarette. But his anxious glance over the smoke betrayed how worried he, too, was over the grisly fate that awaited Ted Howe at the end of the little frontier town's main street.

"Ted," Slim said, trying to make his voice casual, "I've been thinking about this little meeting you've got set with Red Dineen."

"I've been thinking, too, Slim," sighed the sheriff. "Not so much about Red as I have about Cissy and Jimmy. What will become of them if—or I reckon I should say when—I bite the dust. I'm not afraid of dying, but I am afraid of leaving orphans."

"Then that makes it a heap easier for me to say my piece, Ted! Why don't you let me meet Dineen? I've got nobody to leave behind. Even so, I've always been a lucky galoot. You can't tell—"

His outburst was broken off by the negative wig of the sheriff's head. Slim had offered him a way out, but the call of duty was too loud and clear for him to even consider it. Fate had dealt Ted Howe this hand, and no one else could play it for him. He'd go it alone, even though he was positive he'd draw the black ace. He smiled grimly as he looked into the pleading eyes of Slim.

"Sorry, Slim, I'm facing Dineen myself. But there is something you can do for me pronto. Take yourself a little walk to the end of the street and tell Dineen I'm coming along in a minute. Get going, boy," he barked authoritatively. "I'm still sheriff of this town—for at least another ten minutes."

Slim started to protest, then turned to the door. He knew now how foolish his offer had been. He should have known that Ted Howe would never turn tail from any man—even though that hombre be Red Dineen, with death in either holster.

The door slammed behind Slim, and Ted Howe turned back once more to his desk. His solemn gaze took in the picture of Cissy and Jimmy again. Smiling ruefully at his own gesture, he detached the photograph from the frame and tucked it into his shirt pocket. Cissy and Jimmy would be with him to the end.

He locked the door carefully, then breathed a deep sigh before starting his purposeful walk down the street. An ominous hush hung over the town, and Ted Howe recognized it all too well. He had walked through it many times before en route to meet some owlhoot who had had the audacity to defy his orders to get going by a stated deadline.

It was different now, though. On past occasions some of the bolder citizens had dared to venture a word of encouragement from a doorway as their sheriff strode forth to maintain law and order. Now, nothing but silence accompanied him as he paced off the yards that carried him closer to the fatal rendezvous. Yes, things were different this time, for now the sheriff was the one who would fall. No one knew it better than the sheriff himself. Still, determination carried him on.

There was a figure now at the other end of the street coming toward him rapidly. Ted Howe shivered, then brushed his fingers against the picture in his pocket, and continued walking.

But wait! This man did not have the bulky physique of Red Dineen. He was much too long and lean. Why it was—it was Slim!

"Out of my way, Slim," Ted Howe thundered. "You're not keeping me from meeting Red Dineen."

"**Y**OU'LL have to go to the jail to meet him," Slim gasped. "I told the jasper you were coming and you never saw a more frightened varmint. He begged me to hide him—so I did—in jail. Seems he worried all night about trading lead with you. You see, he tried to run a bluff on you, but in his heart he always had you figured as the fastest draw he ever did see. He just wasn't having any."

THE END

Rod CAMERON

Chapter Two
**The Bell
of
Doom!**

and THE BAYOU BADMEN

But, even in the face of certain death, Rod Cameron seeks the solution that will wrest victory from certain defeat!

I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF THIS!



SUDDENLY-- AS ROD IMITATES THE DEEP-THROATED GROWL OF A TIMBER WOLF ON A KILL...

GRRRRR!

I'M BETTING THIS LOBO GROWL'LL PULL UP THIS ORNERY CRITTER BEFORE HE GETS THE IDEA OF ROLLING AND CRUSHING ME!



THAT DID IT! NOW TO RIP THESE ROPES OFF WITH MY SPURS!











WHILE, AT THAT MOMENT,
ON THE STREET BELOW...

FASTER, WAR PAINT! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THOSE SEA-GOING VARMINTS HAVE DONE! THERE'S TOWN HALL UP AHEAD!



GOOD SCOUT, WAR PAINT! I JUST HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE, BECAUSE I'M PLUMB HANKERING TO RUN UP ON THOSE POLECATS PRONTO!



MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THEY'VE BEEN HERE AND LOOTED THE PLACE! BUT I'D HAVE SEEN THEM IF THEY CAME OUT, SO THOSE JASPER'S ARE STILL HERE HERE SOME-PLACE! WELL, I AIM TO FIND THEM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE BELFRY...

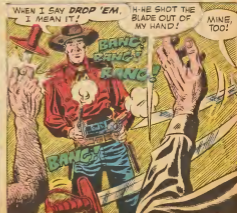
NO ONE HERE, EITHER! HMM! THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY PECULIAR ABOUT THAT BELL SITTING ON THE FLOOR INSTEAD OF BEING HUNG IN ITS PLACE!



SUDDENLY!

CUT THE SWAB DOWN!

DROP THOSE CUTLASSES!



WHEN I SAY DROP 'EM, I MEAN IT!

H-HE SHOT THE BLADE OUT OF MY HAND!

MINE, TOO!





TIAS HIS ANKLES AND WRISTS AFORE THE SWAB COMES TO! SHAKE A LEG AND LOOK LIVELY!

AYE!



THERE! THE SWAB IS LASHED UP! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE LUBBER, BLACK BART!

YOU'LL FIND OUT QUICK ENOUGH! TAKE THE CLAPPER OUT OF THE BELL!

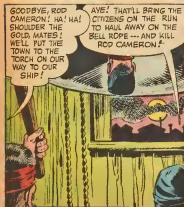


LASH HIS ANKLES TO THE CLAPPER HOLDER AND LET HIS BODY HANG FREE WHEN THE BELL IS HAULED BACK IN PLACE!

THAT'LL MAKE HIS HEAD THE CLAPPER!



RIGHT! THIS BELL IS USED BY THE CITIZENS TO SUMMON HELP IN FIGHTING FIRES! AND, BY ALL THE SEA SERPENTS, I'LL SEE THAT THEY USE IT -- TO KILL ROD CAMERON!



GOODBYE, ROD CAMERON! HA! HA! SHOULD THE GOLD, MATES! WE'LL PUT THE TOWN TO THE TORCH ON OUR WAY TO OUR SHIP!

AYE! THAT'LL BRING THE CITIZENS ON THE RUN TO HAUL AWAY ON THE BELL ROPE --- AND KILL ROD CAMERON!

AS THE PIRATE HORDE STORMS THROUGH TOWN, SETTING IN ACTION THEIR DIABOLICAL PLOT TO DESTROY COURAGEOUS ROD CAMERON ---



TO THE TOWN BELL TO TOLL THE ALARM!

As the panic-filled throng rushes to sound the alarm, valiant **ROD CAMERON** hangs precariously upon the brink of doom! Can even Rod Cameron meet this challenge of grim, mocking death? Read Chapter Three of **THE BAYOU BADMEN!**

ROD CAMERON WESTERN

MUSTANG MACK STORY TELLER!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A COMIC MAGAZINE!
DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION!



CAPTAIN VIDEO

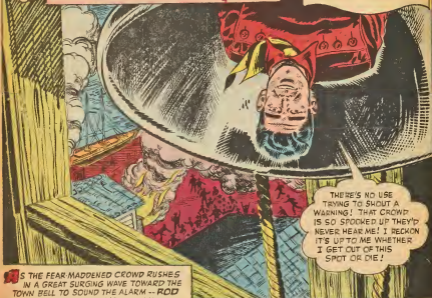
10¢ ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢

Rod CAMERON

and *The BAYOU BADMEN*

Chapter
Three...

FLAMING VENGEANCE



THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO SHOUT A WARNING! THAT CROWD IS SO SPOOKED UP THEY'D NEVER HEAR ME! I BECKON IT'S UP TO ME WHETHER I GET OUT OF THIS SPOT OR DIE!

AS THE FEAR-MADDENED CROWD RUSHES IN A GREAT SURGING WAVE TOWARD THE TOWN BELL TO SOUND THE ALARM -- **ROD CAMERON** HANGS PRECARIOUSLY UPON THE BRINK OF ETERNITY! CAN EVEN THE INCOMPARABLE **ROD CAMERON** MEET THE CHALLENGE AS HE STARES GRIMLY INTO THE HOLLOW, MOCKING EYES OF CERTAIN DEATH?



IF I CAN JUST GET MY HANDS ON THAT CLAPPER HOLDER, I MAY HAVE A CHANCE!



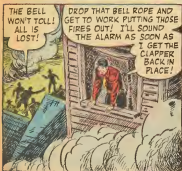
I'VE GOT IT! NOW I CAN TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF MY ANKLES AND SLIP THEM OUT OF MY BOOTS -- I HOPE!



MADE IT! NOW TO DROP TO THE GROUND AND CHEW THESE ROPES OFF MY WRISTS!



I'LL HAVE THESE ROPES OFF IN A FLASH! THEN I'LL GET THAT CLAPPER BACK IN THE BELL SO THE FOLKS CAN USE IT TO WARN THE REST OF THE TOWN!



THE BELL WON'T TOLL! ALL IS LOST!

DROP THAT BELL ROPE AND GET TO WORK PUTTING THOSE FIRES OUT! I'LL SOUND THE ALARM AS SOON AS I GET THE CLAPPER BACK IN PLACE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER ---

NOW THAT THE CLAPPER'S BACK IN PLACE, I'LL WARN THE TOWNFOLK AND HIT THE TRAIL OF THOSE PIRATE JASPER'S AT THE SAME TIME!

**BONG!
BONG!**



THE PIRATE SHIP! THEY'RE JUST SAILING AWAY FROM THE PIER AND I AIM TO SAIL WITH THEM!

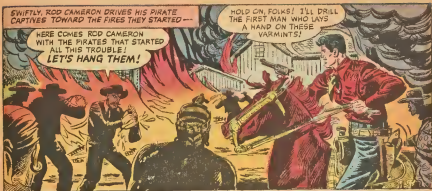


I RECKON THOSE VARMINTS THINK THEY'RE PLUMB SAFE, BUT I PLAN TO SHOW THEM OTHERWISE!









SWIFTLY, ROD CAMERON DRIVES HIS PIRATE CAPTIVES TOWARD THE FIRES THEY STARTED—

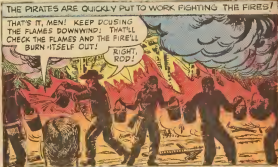
HERE COMES ROD CAMERON WITH THE PIRATES THAT STARTED ALL THIS TROUBLE! LET'S HANG THEM!

HOLD ON, FOLKS! I'LL DRILL THE FIRST MAN WHO LAYS A HAND ON THESE VARMINTS!



I STAND FOUR-SQUARE FOR LAW AND ORDER, AND THERE'LL BE NO LYNCHING WHILE I CAN STILL SQUEEZE A TRIGGER!

YOU'RE RIGHT, ROD! WE GOT A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY! WHAT YOU SAY GOES WITH US!



THE PIRATES ARE QUICKLY PUT TO WORK FIGHTING THE FIRES!

THAT'S IT, MEN! KEEP DOUSING THE FLAMES DOWNWIND! THAT'LL CHECK THE FLAMES AND THE FIRE'LL BURN ITSELF OUT!

RIGHT, ROD!



THAT'S THE LAST OF THE FIRE!

GOOD! NOW YOU VARMINTS CAN LINE UP! I'M TURNING YOU SIDEWINDERS OVER TO THE LAW!

SPLASH!



HERE COMES THE POLICE CHIEF NOW!

HOWDY CHIEF! I'VE GOT A PASSEL OF COYOTES HERE FOR YOU TO PEN UP BEHIND BARS!



BLACK BART--AND HIS BLOODY CREW! THE WORST CUT-THROATS SINCE THE DAYS OF LAFITTE! THERE'S A BIG REWARD OUT ON THESE MURDERERS!

THE TOWN HALL BELL IS TOLLING! LET'S GET OVER THERE AND SEE WHAT'S UP, ROD!

RIGHT! LET'S GO!

DING!
BONG!
BONG!





HOWDY, PALS,

HERE I AM RIDING BY AGAIN, AND MIGHTY NICE IT IS, TOO! IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO RIDE THE TRAIL WITH OLD FRIENDS!

I DON'T RECKON ANY OF YOU PARTNERS KNOW CHUCK DENTON, BUT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT HIM. HE'S AT HOME NOW, AND THE DOCTOR SAYS HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, IN TIME. CHUCK HAS LEARNED HIS LESSON NOW AND HE'LL BE MUCH THE BETTER FOR IT. YOU SEE, HE WAS ONE O' THOSE PEOPLE WHO NEVER LEARNED TO DO THINGS IN MODERATION. WHEN CHUCK WENT OUT ROPING WILD HORSES, HE'D RIDE TILL HE JUST ABOUT DROPPED FROM THE SADDLE. HE HAD TO ROPE AS MANY WILD HORSES AS POSSIBLE. WHEN HE WOULD GO OUT FOR A NIGHT IN TOWN, HE'D PLAY SO HARO AND FURIOUSLY THAT HE WAS PLUMB EXHAUSTED FOR A WEEK.

THAT WAS CHUCK DENTON'S WAY OF LIVING -- AND NOT A VERY SMART WAY. FOLKS WOULD TRY TO TELL HIM, BUT HE'D JUST LAUGH IT OFF. THEN ONE DAY A RODEO HIT TOWN AND CHUCK ENTERED IT. BUT INSTEAD OF ENTERING A FEW EVENTS AS SENSIBLE COWPUNCHERS DO, CHUCK HAD TO ENTER EVERY EVENT AND TRY TO WIN EVERY PRIZE. WELL, THE RESULT WAS THAT HE SO TUCKERED HIMSELF OUT THAT HE WAS GORED BY A STEER IN THE BULLDOGGING CONTEST. CHUCK LEARNED THE HARD WAY A LESSON HE NEEDED TO KNOW -- THAT IT NEVER PAYS TO DO ANYTHING TO EXCESS. AND THAT'S A GOOD LESSON FOR EVERYONE TO REMEMBER. NO MATTER WHAT IT IS -- PLAYING, EATING, SWIMMING, YES -- EVEN WORKING -- DO THINGS IN MODERATION AND YOU'LL BE MUCH THE BETTER FOR IT.

IT LOOKS AS IF I'VE GOT TO BE RIDING ON NOW, BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU MIGHTY SOON. TILL THEN, KEEP SMILING.

YOUR PARD,

Rod Cameron



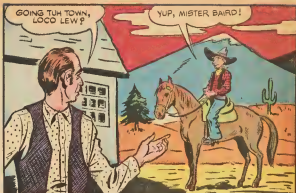
P.S. --- ALL YOU PARDS WHO WOULD LIKE MY PICTURE, PLEASE SEND YOUR MONEY WITH YOUR LETTER.

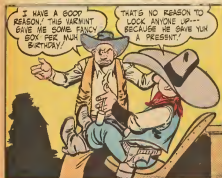
- " 11 x 14 " _____ \$1.00
- " 8 x 10 " _____ .25
- " 5 x 7 " _____ .10

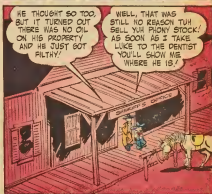
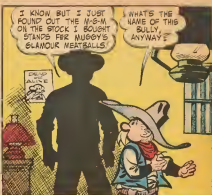


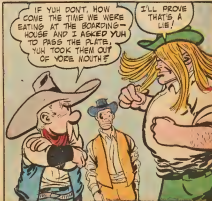
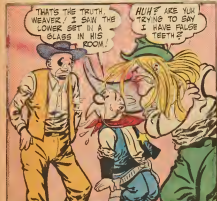
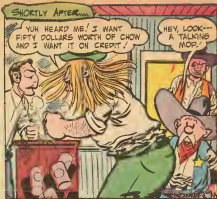
Loco Lew

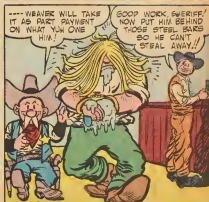
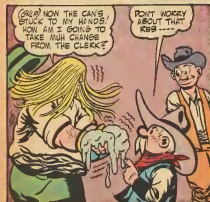
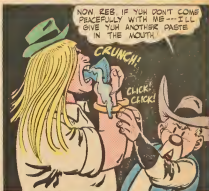
NOT HAPPY ABOUT IT!











Chief gray matter

NOT LOST
FOR
WORDS

HEY, INJUN, COME HYAR!

THAT MAN MUST BE
NEW AROUND HERE OR
HE'D KNOW HE CAN'T
TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!

HEY, I'M TALKING
TUH YUH! I'M LOST
AND I NEED
SOME HELP!

YOU WON'T GET
ANY HELP FROM
ME!

C'MON, SPEAK
UP! WHAR
DOES THIS
ROAD GO
TO?

I'VE
NEVER SEEN
IT SO
ANYWHERE!
IT ALWAYS
STAYS RIGHT
WHERE IT
IS!

THAT'S ENOUGH OF
THAT! HOW FAR
IS IT TUH
THE NEXT
TOWN?

I DON'T
KNOW---
I NEVER
MEASURED
IT!

YUH DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING, YUH
DUMB REDSKIN!
YOU'RE THE BIGGEST
FOOL I EVER SAH!

I KNOW I DON'T
KNOW ANYTHING! I
KNOW I'M A FOOL!
BUT----

---- I'M NOT THE ONE WHO'S LOST!





**ROD
CAMERON**

**DARING DEFENDER
OF LAW AND ORDER**

ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

THE TEEN TITANS

titanfan scan
d miles edit



Teen Titans copyright of DC Comics