

A Fawcett Publication



# Rod Cameron

## western

10¢ AUG. NO. 10



THE WEST'S  
FEARLESS DYNAMO  
**ROD CAMERON**  
STARS IN A SAGA  
OF THE WEST  
"THE WHITE  
BUFFALO  
TRAIL!"



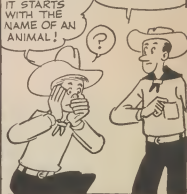
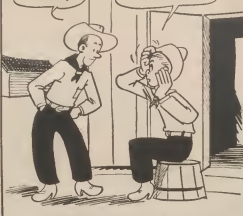
"A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR"

WHAT'S THE MATTER, HOGHEAD? WHAT ARE YUH SO PUZZLED 'BOUT?

I'M GOING LOCO TRYING TUH REMEMBER THE NAME OF THE COUNTRY MUH UNCLE IS VISITING!

I SHOULD BE ABLE TUH REMEMBER WHAT COUNTRY IT IS BECAUSE IT STARTS WITH THE NAME OF AN ANIMAL!

THE NAME OF THE COUNTRY STARTS WITH AN ANIMAL?

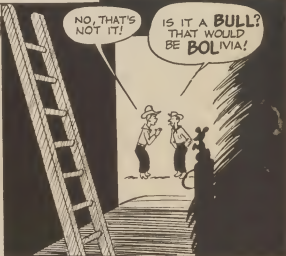
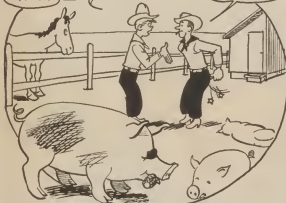


THAT'S RIGHT! GEE, IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER WHAT ANIMAL IT IS, I'D KNOW WHICH COUNTRY IT IS!

IS IT A **BEAR**? YUH KNOW--**BER**ING STRAITS?

NO, THAT'S NOT IT!

IS IT A **BULL**? THAT WOULD BE **BOL**IVIA!



NO, THAT'S NOT IT! WAIT! I REMEMBER! IT'S A **HORSE**!

MUH? A HORSE?

THAT'S RIGHT--**HORSE**-**TRALIA**!



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W H Fawcett, Jr. President



# Rod CAMERON IN THE WHITE BUFFALO TRAIL

chapter I  
 MARKED  
 for  
 DOOM



**RENEGADES!** Behind a wall of bullets they thundered down the rampage trail, hurling Redman against White in a wild bid for an untold treasure!  
 How could the indomitable Knight of the Open Range, **ROD CAMERON**, stem this monstrous deluge when he, too, was **MARKED FOR DOOM** on **THE WHITE BUFFALO TRAIL?**

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**S**UNSET ON THE OPEN PLAINS FINDS ROD CAMERON RIDING HIS GREAT STALLION, WAR PAINT, TOWARDS THE TOWN OF RED BUTTS!



I RECKON WE'LL MAKE TOWN IN PLENTY OF TIME BEFORE NIGHTFALL, WAR PAINT!

A SIGNAL FIRE OVER YONDER AND THE SOUND OF INDIAN CEREMONIAL DRUMS! I WONDER WHAT'S UP?

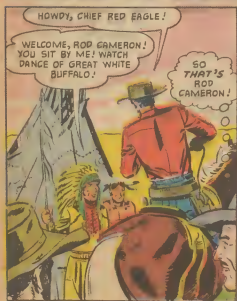


**BOM**...  
**BOMB**...  
**BOMB**...

SCUTTLE DUST, OLD SCOUT! IF THERE'S AN INDIAN CEREMONIAL DANCE FIXING TO START, I'D LIKE TO SEE IT!



THERE'S MY OLD FRIEND, CHIEF RED EAGLE!



HOWDY, CHIEF RED EAGLE!

WELCOME, ROD CAMERON! YOU SIT BY ME! WATCH DANCE OF GREAT WHITE BUFFALO!

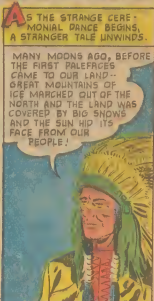
SO THAT'S ROD CAMERON!



YOU LIKE TO HEAR THE ANCIENT LEGEND OF THE GREAT WHITE BUFFALO?

SURE, CHIEF! IT SOUNDS PLUMB INTERESTING!

I'LL LISTEN, TOO!



**A**S THE STRANGE CEREMONIAL DANCE BEGINS, A STRANGER TALE UNWINDS.

MANY MOONS AGO, BEFORE THE FIRST PALEFACES CAME TO OUR LAND-- GREAT MOUNTAINS OF ICE MARCHED OUT OF THE NORTH AND THE LAND WAS COVERED BY BIG SNOWS AND THE SUN HID ITS FACE FROM OUR PEOPLE!

"GREAT BUFFALO HERDS DRIFTED SOUTH BEFORE THE FURY OF THE STORMS AND HUNGER RAVAGED OUR PEOPLE! MANY PERISHED FROM THE COLD BECAUSE THE GREAT SPIRIT HAD NOT YET GIVEN FIRE TO HIS PEOPLE!



"OUR TRIBES DIVIDED AND SOME FORSOOK THE LAND OF THEIR FATHERS AND LEFT IT TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THE BUFFALO! OTHERS STAYED BECAUSE THEY LOVED THE LAND OF THEIR FATHERS AND WOULD NOT FORSAKE IT!



A TOTEM WAS RAISED TO THE GREAT SPIRIT AND BECAUSE THEY LOVED THE LAND OF THEIR FATHERS AND WOULD NOT FORSAKE IT, THE GREAT SPIRIT GAVE THEM THE GIFT OF FIRE AND THE PROMISE OF A GREAT SIGN!



THAT YOUR HEARTS MAY BE STEADFAST, I GIVE YOU THE PROMISE OF A SIGN TO COME! WHEN A GREAT WHITE BUFFALO APPEARS, THIS LIVING FLAME SHALL DIE AND---IN ITS PLACE SHALL BE BORN A NEW TIME OF PLENTY! THAT SHALL BE YOUR REWARD!



THOSE THAT FORSOOK THE LAND OF THEIR FATHERS SHALL RISE TO GREAT GLORY, BUT BECAUSE THEY FORSOOK THEIR LAND THEY SHALL BE THE FIRST TO BE CONQUERED!



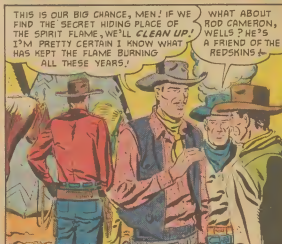
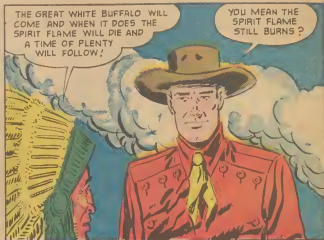
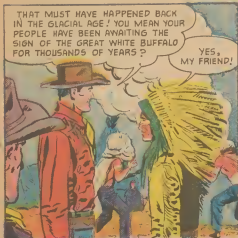
"WHAT THE GREAT SPIRIT SAID, CAME TO PASS! FOR THEY THAT FORSOOK THE LAND OF THEIR FATHERS ROSE TO GREAT GLORY!



"BUT WERE THE FIRST TO BE BROUGHT LOW! PALEFRACES CALLED THEM AZTECS!"











AND THIS'LL HELP  
BLANK OUT YORE  
MEMORY--SAVVY?

**KLONG!**



SLING HIM ACROSS HIS SADDLE AND  
LET'S MAKE TRACKS PRONTO!



AT SUNRISE THE REDSKINS  
VISIT THE SECRET HIDING  
PLACE OF THE SPIRIT  
FLAME! AND I AIM  
TO BE THERE  
WHEN THEY DO!



LATER.... ALL RIGHT,  
MEN! TOTE  
ROD CAMERON INTO  
THE CABIN! TIE THE  
VARMINT IN A CHAIR  
FACING THE DOOR WITH  
HIS **BACK** TO AN  
OPEN WINDOW!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

MAKE SURE HE'S WELL HOG-TIED!  
I'VE HEARD THAT GRITTER CAN  
WORM HIMSELF OUT OF ANY  
SITUATION! WE DON'T WANT  
ANY SLIP-UPS!

HE'LL  
NEVER  
GET OUT  
OF THESE  
ROPES!



I RECKONED I'D FIND  
ANOTHER OUTFIT OF  
HIS IN HIS  
SADDLEBAG!

WHAT ARE  
YUH AIMING  
TO DO WITH  
CAMERON'S  
DUDS, WELLS?



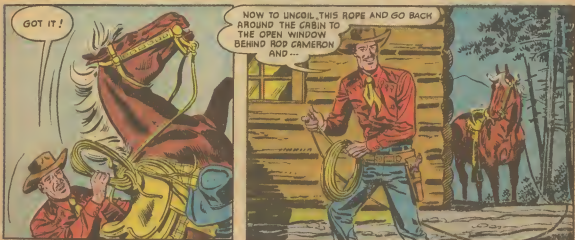
ROD CAMERON AND I ARE BOTH  
OF THE SAME HEIGHT AND GENERAL  
BUILD! WITH HIS DUDS ON AND A  
MASK, NO ONE WOULD BE ABLE  
TO TELL US APART--WHICH  
IS PART OF MY PLAN!

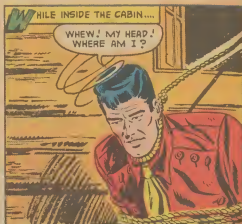


CAMERON'S DUDS  
SURE FIT YUH  
SLICK, BOSS!  
BUT WHAT ARE  
WE GOING TO  
DO WITH  
HIM?

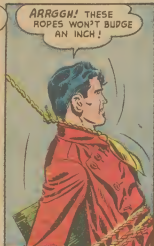
KILL HIM, NATURALLY!  
BUT I AIM TO DO IT **MY**  
WAY--WHICH IS TO MAKE  
THE MAVERICK **MILL**  
**HIMSELF!** FOLLOW'  
ME AND YUH'LL  
SEE!







I RECKON I'D BETTER WHISTLE FOR WAR PAINT! HE'LL BITE THROUGH THESE ROPES MIGHTY PRONTO!



Step by step the noose tightens, casting the valiant Knight in the saddle into the SHADOWS OF THE SEPULCHER!

Read on for chapter II of **THE WHITE BUFFALO TRAIL!**

# NOW! PRIZE

PLASTIC

# PICTURE



# RINGS



Pacahenta—  
Indian Maiden



INDIANS

Buffalo Bill—  
Western Hero



COWBOYS

16 Different  
Pictures!

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SPORT STARS

Sitting Bull—  
Indian Chief



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AIRPLANES

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Collect 'em!  
Swap 'em!

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No Waiting—No Box Tops!

Pan-American  
Double Deck  
Clipper



WHAT YOU GET! Open a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran and get your prize! A bright-colored genuine plastic ring with a picture on top! Pictures of airplanes, cowboys, Indians, sport stars, movie stars! These prize picture rings fit any finger! Most important, you get this double-treat: plump honeycomb raisins, with Kellogg's nourishing golden-crisp flakes!



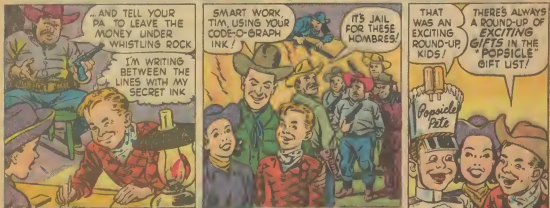
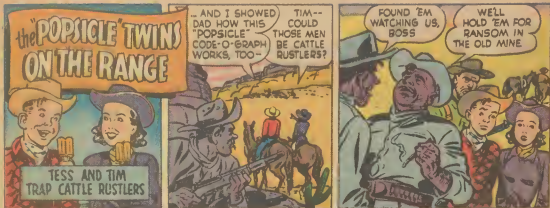
Wanda Hendrix—  
Universal-  
International Star

MOVIE STARS

Surprise—entirely new series  
of prizes coming soon!

Kellogg's  
**RAISIN  
BRAN**  
CEREAL WITH FRUIT





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# Rod CAMERON

chapter II  
SHADOWS  
of the  
SEPOLCHER

## IN THE WHITE BUFFALO TRAIL

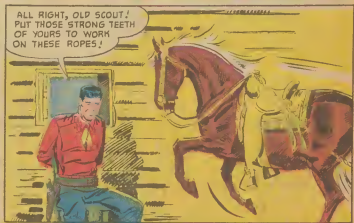
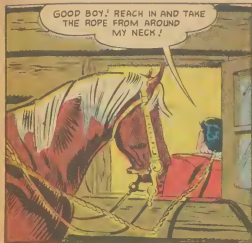


**F**ROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS RESERVE, THE GALLANT TRAIL RIDER COMMANDS ONE LAST SURGE OF STRENGTH AND ISSUES A SHARP COMMAND....



... AND THE GREAT WONDER HORSE, WAR PAINT, OBEYS INSTANTLY!



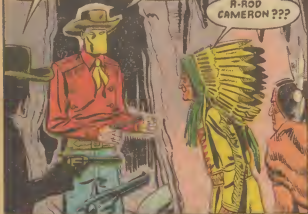


MEANWHILE, THE DISGUISED WELLS AND HIS MEN HAVE FOLLOWED THE INDIANS TO THE SECRET LOCATION OF THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT FLAME! THERE...

SHALL WE DRILL THE REDSKINNED YARMINTS, ROD CAMERON?

SHOOTING IS TOO GOOD FOR THEM! I'VE GOT A WORSE DEATH FOR THE REDSKINNED DEVILS!

R-ROD CAMERON???



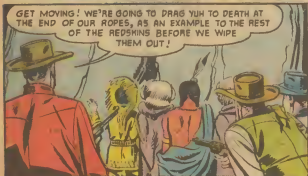
HA, HA! NOW YOU KNOW WHO I AM! WELL, IT WON'T DO YUH ANY GOOD, CHIEF, BECAUSE YUH AND YORE MEDICINE MEN AREN'T GOING TO LIVE TO TELL ANYONE!

Y-YOU NOT FRIEND OF RED-MAN... Y-YOU LIKE OTHER GREEDY WHITE MEN!



THROW A NOOSE AROUND THEIR NECKS AND LET'S GET IT OVER WITH, MEN! I'M PLUMB ITCHING TO GET THE OTHER WHITE MEN AND WIPE THE WHOLE TRIBE OUT!

WITH PLEASURE, ROD!



GET MOVING! WE'RE GOING TO DRAG YUH TO DEATH AT THE END OF OUR ROPES, AS AN EXAMPLE TO THE REST OF THE REDSKINS BEFORE WE WIPE THEM OUT!



NO! SHOOT-- BUT YOU WILL NEVER DRAG CHIEF RED EAGLE TO HIS DEATH!

ROD! THEY'RE MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!

SHOOT OVER THEIR HEADS, MEN! LETTING THEM GET AWAY TO WARN THE OTHERS IS PART OF MY SCHEME! SAVVY?

BUT WHY, WELLS?



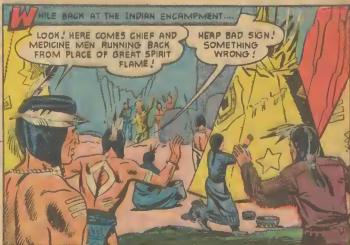
NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT FLAME IS LOCATED, I AIM TO CLAIM THIS WHOLE VALLEY! I AIM TO CLEAR IT OF WHITES AND REDSKINS BY HAVING THEM WIPE EACH OTHER OUT! HA, HA! LET'S RIDE! WE'VE GOT MORE WORK AHEAD OF US AND WHEN WE'RE THROUGH THAT SPIRIT FLAME WILL FILL ALL OUR SADDLE BAGS WITH GOLD!





WHERE ARE WE HEADED, WELLS?

BACK TO TOWN TO GET THE WHITES RILED UP AGAINST THE REDMEN!



WHILE BACK AT THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.....

LOOK! HERE COMES CHIEF AND MEDICINE MEN RUNNING BACK FROM PLACE OF GREAT SPIRIT FLAME!

HEAR BAD SIGN! SOMETHING WRONG!



SOUND THE WAR DRUMS! ROD CAMERON HAS BETRAYED US! HE IS LEADING WHITE MEN TO WIPE US OUT!



LET TWO WARRIORS SCOUT THE TOWN! FIND OUT IF PALEFACES ARE ARMING FOR ATTACK! WE MAY YET HAVE TIME TO STRIKE FIRST!

CHIEF RED EAGLE SPEAKS WISELY! WE GO!



FROM THAT BLUFF AHEAD WE CAN SCOUT THE TOWN AND SEE WHAT THEY ARE DOING!

YES! WE MUST NOT BE CAPTURED



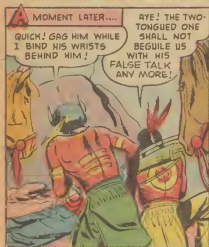
PALEFACES GETTING READY FOR WARPATH!

WE MUST RIDE AT ONCE TO WARN OUR PEOPLE!



LOOK! IT IS ROD CAMERON! HE RIDES INTO TOWN!

COME! WE STRIKE AT HIM FROM BOTH SIDES!



Once again Rod faces death, but WILL THIS be the end of the trail?

Turn to Chapter III for the thrilling climax, **BUFFALO STAMPEDE!**



**RIDING TRAIL**  
with  
**Rod CAMERON**  
121 SO. BEVERLY DRIVE  
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA



## Howdy, Pals,

A LITTLE WHILE BACK, I WROTE YOU PARDS ABOUT SOME OF THE WESTERN EXPRESSIONS WE USE IN THESE PARTS. THERE'S ONE A LOT OF FOLKS USE THAT I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO REALLY HANKER FOR. IT'S CALLED "BARKING AT A KNOT."

THAT PHRASE MEANS TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH THE IMPOSSIBLE. WHEN A COWHAND SEES ANOTHER WADDY TRYING TO DO SOMETHING HE RECKONS CAN'T BE DONE, HE'LL JUST STAND BACK AND SAY, "LOOK AT THAT HOMBRE BARKING AT A KNOT."

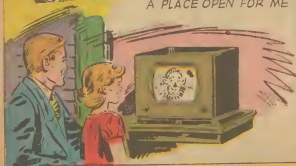
BUT I DON'T USE THE EXPRESSION. WHY? WELL, I JUST THINK BACK OVER HISTORY AND NOTE HOW OFTEN FOLKS LAUGHED AND RIDICULED A MAN THEY THOUGHT WAS "BARKING AT A KNOT." YET THOSE MEN WHO PAID NO HEED AND KEPT RIGHT ON TRYING ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF THE INVENTIONS AND PROGRESS WE KNOW TODAY -- THINGS OTHER FOLKS CALLED IMPOSSIBLE.

SO DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO FOLKS WHO LAUGH AND SNEER AT YOU AND SAY YOU'RE "BARKING AT A KNOT." IF YOU REALLY WANT TO DO SOMETHING AND YOU'VE GOT FAITH IN IT, KEEP TRYING AND YOU'LL FIND THE IMPOSSIBLE CAN BECOME REALITY!

WELL, PARTNERS, I'LL BE MOSEYING ALONG NOW, BUT KEEP A PLACE OPEN FOR ME AT YOUR HITCHING POST.

YOUR PARTNER,

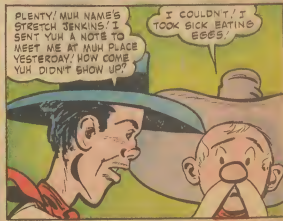
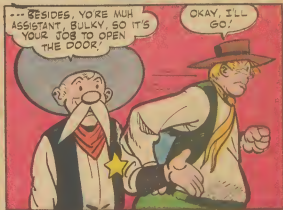
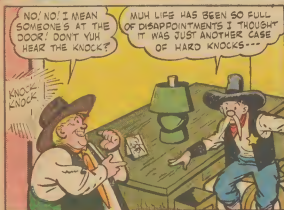
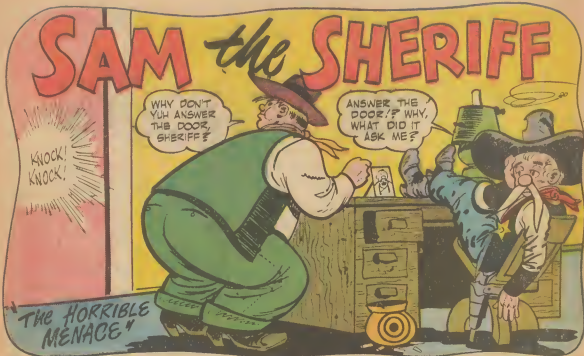
*Rod Cameron*



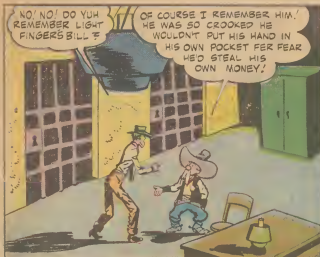
P. S. — ALL YOU PARDS WHO WOULD LIKE MY PICTURE, JUST SEND YOUR REQUEST AND MONEY ALONG TO ME.

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

# SAM the SHERIFF

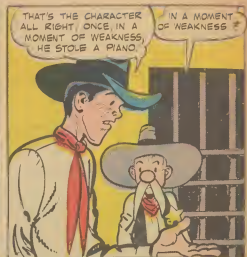






NO! NO! DO YUH REMEMBER LIGHT FINGERS BILL?

OF COURSE I REMEMBER HIM! HE WAS SO CROOKED HE WOULDN'T PUT HIS HAND IN HIS OWN POCKET FER FEAR HE'D STEAL HIS OWN MONEY!



THAT'S THE CHARACTER ALL RIGHT, ONCE, IN A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS, HE STOLE A PIANO.

IN A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS?



YES! IF HE HAD FELT STRONGER HE'D HAVE PROBABLY SWIPED THE ENTIRE POST OFFICE!

WELL, WHAT ABOUT HIM? THE LAST I HEARD HE WAS IN JAIL!



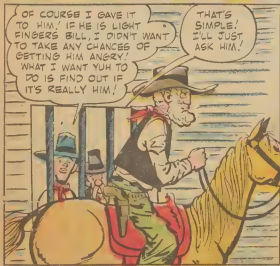
THEN YORE HEARING'S NOT SO HOT. I THINK THAT'S HIM OUTSIDE.

WHERE?



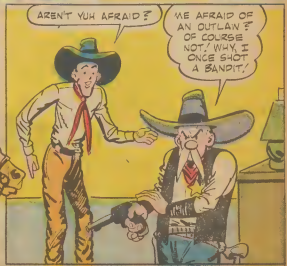
RIGHT THERE! HE CAME TO MUH RANCH ASKING FER A JOB!

YUH DIDNT GIVE HIM ONE, DID YUH?



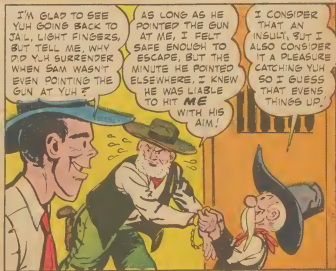
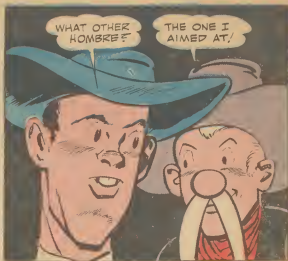
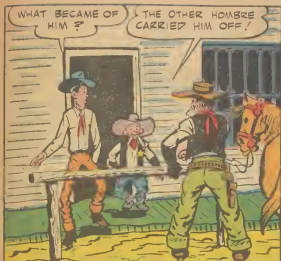
OF COURSE I GAVE IT TO HIM! IF HE IS LIGHT FINGERS BILL, I DIDNT WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES OF GETTING HIM ANGRY! WHAT I WANT YUH TO DO IS FIND OUT IF IT'S REALLY HIM!

THAT'S SIMPLE! I'LL JUST ASK HIM!



AREN'T YUH AFRAID?

YE AFRAID OF AN OUTLAW? OF COURSE NOT! WHY, I ONCE SHOT A BANDIT!





# DUDLEY, THE DUDE

By Walter Farmer



THE usual group of idlers was lounging in front of the harness shop when the stage pulled in. Each was wearing his broad hat on the back of his neck and a straw between his teeth. They were, of course, interested in the stage, for it was the daily "event" in Three Mile City. They were, however, not interested enough to move from their slack positions when a drummer, an old rancher, and a middle-aged lady emerged from the coach.

But when the apparition got out, "it" really held their attention. It was dressed in flat shoes, peg-topped pants and a tight fitting coat. It wore a necktie with a high, white, celluloid collar, and an iron hat—that is to say, a derby.

All the idlers sat up and one of them even stood up.

"Whoops!" bellowed flannel-mouth.

"Dudley the Dude!" exclaimed Pinky.

"Where did you get that hat?" yelled Big Sandy.

"It" got a little pink in the cheeks, but otherwise gave no notice to the scoffers. Instead, it said to the middle-aged lady, "Here, allow me to carry that heavy valise for you."

The lady was pleased and grateful and surrendered the heavy bag. But Pinky had moseyed up. He tripped the character in the peg pants and the iron hat; the bag fell in the mud and burst open, spilling clothing into the oozing black muck.

A fist shot out and sent Pinky sprawling into the same black ooze.

From that moment on the loafers ceased referring to the strange-looking character as "it" and called it "him." They respected that punch, no matter how the owner was dressed.

Pinky was violently angry. He raised himself off the ground, made a swipe or two knocking the mud from his pants, then said, "All right, Mister. Nobody knocks me down. I'm counting ten, then we draw. One . . . two . . . three . . ."

The stranger with the punch paid no attention. He was helping the middle-aged lady gather up the spilled contents of her bag. When Pinky finally said "ten" and whipped

his Colt from its holster, another gun barked, and Pinky's weapon flopped from his hand. No one was certain who had fired that shot. All eyes had been focused on Pinky and the stranger. And they knew the stranger hadn't fired; he was bending over to pick up the last of the spilled things from the valise.

The stranger placed his hat on a nail in the wall of the narrow hotel bedroom. Then he sat on the edge of the hard mattress and, chin in hand, began wondering if it had all been a mistake—his coming here to Three Mile City. He had not missed the jeers of the loafers, the hostility that their ridicule implied. He felt very alone and unwanted.

A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts.

"Come in," he said, without enthusiasm.

A tall, broad-shouldered, sandy haired man entered. "Howdy, Dudley," he said. "My name's Larkin. Everybody calls me Sandy."

"How do you do," said the stranger, stiffly. "I recognize your voice. You made a comment on my hat when the stage arrived today."

Sandy chuckled. "You've got sharp ears, Dudley, and that's a fact."

" . . . and I suppose you're calling me Dudley because I was referred to as Dudley the Dude."

Sandy chuckled again. "Nope. I looked at the hotel register and according to that, your name is George Dudley. And nobody, seeing how you used your fists today, is likely to be calling you a dude."

"I'm sorry about that," said George Dudley. "I lost my temper."

"You did no more than what was right," said Sandy.

"Then you haven't come here to play some kind of joke on me?"

"Nope, I come here as a friend. I admit I was struck kind of funny by your getup. I reckon maybe that's the way people dress in the east, but it looked kind of peecoolar out here. But no mind. It ain't how a man dresses; it's what he's got under his skin that counts. I'm for you. You're the new school teacher?"

"I was going to be."

"What do you mean, was?"

George Dudley stared at the floor. It was a moment or two before he spoke, then he said, "I guess I'm sort of an idealist. I heard there was a great need for school teachers in this frontier territory. I decided to come out. I thought I could do a lot of good by helping the youngsters in a wild country. I see I was all wrong."

"All wrong?"

"Surely! A teacher has to command the respect of his pupils. But I'm a laughing stock to the adult population of Three Mile City. Children ape their elders. If the grownups laugh at me, the boys and girls will have no confidence in what I have to say. I've decided to take the morning stage back east."

Sandy strode up and down, his great brown hand stroking his hard chin. "Of course," he said, "if you're a quitter — if you're scared of Pinky — why I guess . . ."

"I'm not a quitter!" blazed the teacher. "I'm not afraid! But I want to do my job right. I . . ."

Sandy cut in, with his amazingly mellow drawl, "No, you're not afraid. And I size you up as a right good teacher. We need you here. But, listen. Even a teacher can learn some thing and there's something I want you to know. Now I'm not much for books, myself, because I can't read so good, but I heard a saying, 'When you're in Rome you've got to carry on the same as the Romans do.' In a manner of speaking, you're in Rome. Now the first thing I'd recommend is that you trade in that iron hat — somebody could use it for a wash basin — and get yourself a sombrero. Then . . ."

George Dudley listened intently to the suggestions, decided that Sandy was truly sincere and that his ideas would be helpful. At one point he broke in with, "Why are you so interested in a stranger — a dude school teacher?"

"My kids," chuckled Sandy. "I've got two boys and a girl. They've got to have an education. What I know is good enough for me, but when they're grown-up, they'll have to know a heap more than their old man if

they're to get along right and proper. This country is getting . . . why it's getting *civilized!*"

The new teacher was convinced of Sandy's sincerity. He let himself be newly outfitted with a broad-brimmed hat, a plaid shirt, levis and chaps, high-heeled half-boots, with spurs. "You look purty good," said Sandy at last. "Except you're practically naked without a six-gun."

"Oh, I don't need a gun!" exclaimed Dudley.

"It was a gun that saved you from getting drilled by Pinky," responded Sandy Larkin, dryly.

"You?"

"The same!"

"But a gun! I don't believe in violence! I could never kill a man. I . . ."

Sandy talked earnestly and briskly to the teacher, who finally nodded.

In the Purple Dog saloon, Pinky was blowing off steam. He said the dude had hit him while he wasn't looking. He said somebody had meddled by shooting the gun out of his hand. He said he would take care of the dude the next time they met.

"We're meeting now!" said a voice from the swing doors.

Pinky whirled.

He saw the Dude, now dressed completely in western regalia. He saw the dude flip a six-gun from the holster at his side, spin it in the air, and catch it deftly. Pinky bolted out the back door, leaving a half-finished drink on the bar. He was last seen heading out of town as fast as his palomino could gallop.

**L**ATER, in the hotel room. "Dude" George Dudley handed the six-gun back to the chuckling Sandy as he said, "It worked."

"You're all set," laughed Sandy. "You will now be the most respected school teacher in all the west. The kids will learn a heap."

"Well, thanks to you for keeping my secret."

"That the gun was empty?"

"Yes, that. And that I'm so near-sighted I couldn't hit the side of a barn!" responded the new teacher.

THE END

# Rod CAMERON

## IN THE WHITE BUFFALO TRAIL

chapter III  
BUFFALO STAMPEDE

DIE, ROD CAMERON...  
DIE!



THE UNERRING HAND OF HIS ONCE FAITHFUL FRIEND, CHIEF RED EAGLE, DESCENDS FOR THE INEVITABLE DEATH-BLOW!

IN THAT DREAD MOMENT, THE INDOMITABLE ROD CAMERON ACTS! WITH A DEFT THRUST OF HIS HEAD, THE MURDEROUS BLADE IS CAUGHT ON THE GAG USED TO SILENCE HIM---DEFLECT-IT AS IT SLASHES THE GAG IN TWO!



THAT WAS MIGHTY CLOSE! NOW TO GET MY WRISTS IN FRONT OF ME---

THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT TRICK ME, DOG!



...AND CATCH THE BLADE OF THE KNIFE BETWEEN MY WRISTS!

HE'S FREE! KILL HIM! THE TRAITOR MUST PAY THE PRICE FOR HIS TREACHERY!



WITH LIGHTNING PRECISION, THE GRANITE-HARD, POWER-PACKED FISTS OF ROD CAMERON FLASH AMONG THE WARRIORS WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT!

I COULD USE MY SIX-GUNS ON THESE RANNIES, BUT I AIM TO POUND A MITE OF SENSE INTO THEM... NOT KILL THEM!



THIS ARROW WILL FIND YOUR HEART, ROD CAMERON!

MY TOMAHAWK WILL SPILL YOUR BRAINS OUT!



I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO PLAY ONE END AGAINST THE OTHER!



WITH INIMITABLE SPEED, ROD CAMERON'S HAND BLURS TOWARD HIS HOLSTER AND HIS SIX-GUN BUCKS AND ROARS IN HIS HAND!

NOW, IF YOU HARDHEADS WILL OBLIGE, WHAT'S ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT?



YOU ASK THAT! YOU TRIED TO KILL US AT THE CAVERN OF THE GREAT SPIRIT FLAME!

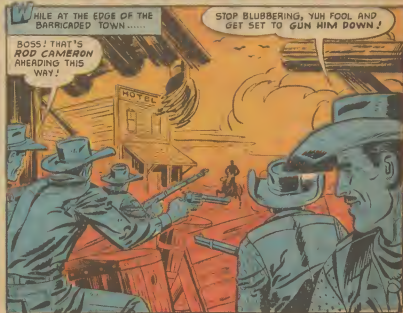
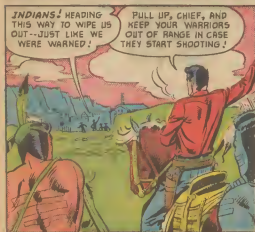
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE BUFFALO DANCE, CHIEF! SOME TINHORN BUSHWHACKED ME AND I DIDN'T ESCAPE UNTIL A WHILE AGO!



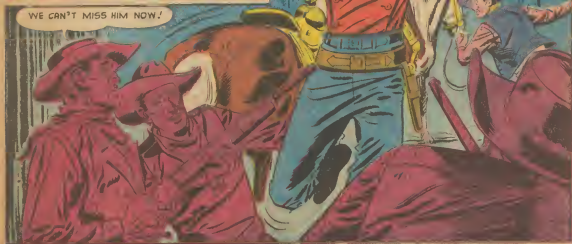
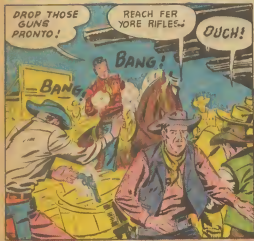
YOU SPEAK LIKE ONE WHO TELLS THE TRUTH!

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE WHOLE FOUL PLOT! TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY, CHIEF!









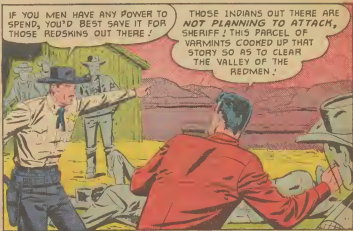


I CAN'T GET A BEAD ON HIM!  
HE'S GREASED LIGHTNING!

WATCH IT! HE'S  
COMING FER US!



YOU HARDCASES KNOW ONLY ONE  
LANGUAGE -- ROUGH PLAY! WELL, I'M  
GOING TO ROUGH YOU UP A BIT!



IF YOU MEN HAVE ANY POWER TO  
SPEND, YOU'D BEST SAVE IT FOR  
THOSE REDSKINS OUT THERE!

THOSE INDIANS OUT THERE ARE  
**NOT PLANNING TO ATTACK,**  
SHERIFF! THIS PARCEL OF  
VARMINTS COOKED UP THAT  
STORY SO AS TO CLEAR  
THE VALLEY OF THE  
REDMEN!



WHO ARE YOU,  
STRANGER? THOSE  
ARE MIGHTY  
SERIOUS  
CHARGES!

ROD CAMERON IS MY  
HANDLE, SHERIFF, AND  
I AIM TO MAKE  
THOSE CHARGES  
STICK!



NOW I'M HEADING TO ROUND  
UP THE HEAD TINHORN THEY  
TAKE ORDERS FROM, BEFORE  
HE GETS  
AWAY!

**ROD CAMERON!**  
THE BEST SADDLE-  
SLAPPING HOMBRE  
IN THE WEST!

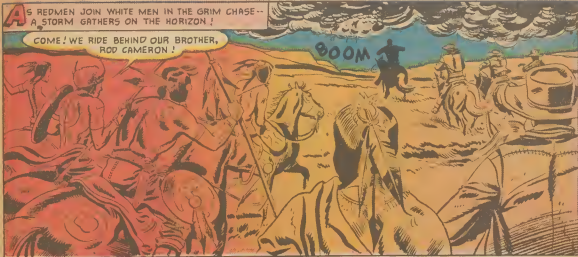


DIG, WAR PAINT! WE'VE GOT  
A HEAP OF TRAIL TO  
BLISTER!

COME ON, YUH  
MEN! WE'RE RIDING  
WITH ROD  
CAMERON!

**A**S REDMEN JOIN WHITE MEN IN THE GRIM CHASE--  
A STORM GATHERS ON THE HORIZON!

COME! WE RIDE BEHIND OUR BROTHER,  
ROD CAMERON!



BLAST ROD CAMERON! HE'S  
GAINING ON ME! I'VE GOT TO  
GET AWAY FROM HIM SOMEHOW,  
BEFORE THIS CANYON I'M ON  
FOLDS UP UNDER ME!



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL HOLE UP  
IN THE HIDDEN CAVE OF THE  
GREAT SPIRIT FLAME!



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE IS JUST UP  
THE GULLY A BIT! HA, HA! YOU HAVEN'T  
WON YET, ROD CAMERON!



HA, HA!  
MADE IT!

FASTER, WAR PAINT!  
WE'VE GOT THE VARMINT  
HOLED UP TIGHT!

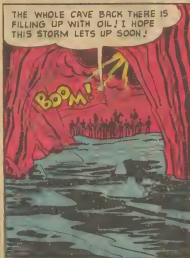


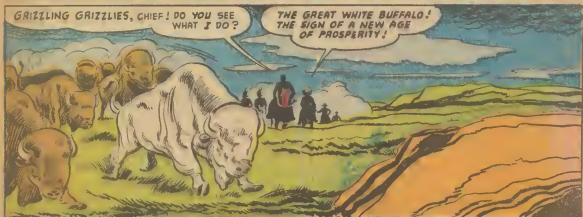
OOOPH!



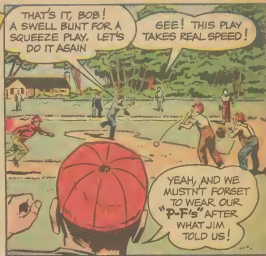
LOCKED IN VISE-LIKE GRIPS,  
THE  
TWO MEN ROLL ACROSS THE  
FLOOR OF THE CAVERN-- EACH  
DETERMINED TO WIN THE BATTLE!











JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

THE BIG GAME!

WOW! TIE SCORE AND TOM ON THIRD! NOW FOR THE SQUEEZE PLAY!

REMEMBER THE SESSION ON BUNTING? BOB, DO YOUR STUFF!

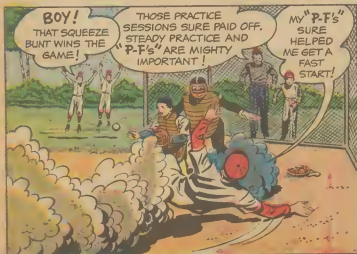
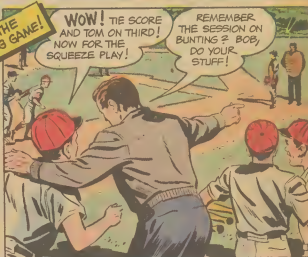
1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE 3 MAIN SUPPORTING BONES OF THE NORMAL FOOT IN PROPER POSITION.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION



TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION



GOOD ADVICE FROM JIM WISE:

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE



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**SAVE up to 35%**

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**H9. 1 set of H6 plus D. Commando Bag, C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt, N. 12 Oz. Con Lemon Powder.** } \$4.30 VALUE  
Only \$3.00 PDST PAID

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ONLY \$2.00 PDST PAID

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D. with adjustable strap, Grand lunch bag, tomato case, etc. New.

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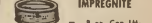


**P. PISTOL BELT**

adjustable from 23" to 42" 65c

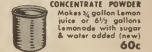
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Illustration by [unreadable]

Character designs by [unreadable]



Four Teen Titans by [unreadable]