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Rod Cameron

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NO. 14



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

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

ROD Cameron and THE VANISHING GIANT

chapter I
WHEEL of DESTRUCTION

THE SHOWBOAT CAME --AND THE CROWD SWARMED ON BOARD TO HOWL WITH GLEE AS A STRANGE BAND OF "MINSTRELS" CAVORTED ABOUT! BUT LITTLE DID THEY KNOW OF THE REAL LIFE DRAMA BEING ENACTED ON STAGE --A DRAMA THAT HAD ROD CAMERON, TWO-FISTED KNIGHT OF THE PRAIRIE, IN THE STARRING PART! IT WAS TO BE A PART THAT PAID OFF IN SUDDEN DEATH-- UNLESS HE DID HIS ACT FOR -- THE VANISHING GIANT!

BANG!

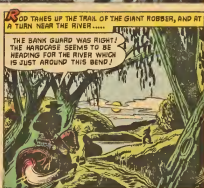
DUSK IS SETTLING OVER RIVER GAP WHEN ROD CAMERON AND HIS FRIEND, JONAS BLAINE, COME TO THE END OF THE ROUNDUP TRAIL!

WELL, JONAS, I RECKON YOUR STEERS ARE MIGHTY GLAD THE LONG TRAIL IS OVER WITH!

THE TRAIL WOULD'VE BEEN MUCH LONGER, ROD, IF WE HAD DRIVEN THEM TO THE RAILROAD IN GREASEWOOD! YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP, SON, AND I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL! I'LL BE ABLE TO SAVE A LOT OF TIME SHIPPING THESE OOGIES TO MARKET BY BOAT!

SUDDENLY... SOUNDS LIKE A GUNPLAY RUCKUS! IT'S COMING FROM TOWN!

BANG! BANG! BANG!





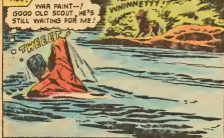
COMMANDING HIS LAST VESTIGE OF STRENGTH, ROD SWIMS AGAINST THE CURRENT TO A SANDBAR!



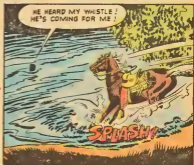
MADE IT! GOT TO REST! MY LUNGS FEEL AS IF THEY'LL BURST, I'VE SWALLOWED SO MUCH WATER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, STILL IN A WEAKENED CONDITION, ROD ATTEMPTS TO FIGHT HIS WAY BACK AGAINST THE TIDE!



HE HEARD MY WHISTLE! HE'S COMING FOR ME!



THE GREAT STALLION SWIMS TO HIS MASTER'S SIDE!



A LITTLE FURTHER, PARD, AND WE'LL BE THERE!



WE MADE IT!





THANKS, PRL! YOU CAME THROUGH AGAIN!



THAT LONG JOHN WHO CLIPPED ME MANAGED TO GET AWAY! WHY DID HE MAKE TRACKS FOR THE RIVER, UNLESS---



LET'S HIT THE ROAD BACK TO TOWN! I NEED A CHANGE OF CLOTHES AND I WANT TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH THE SHERIFF!



LATER, IN RIVER GAP.....

THERE COULD BE ONLY ONE ANSWER AS TO WHY THE VARMINT HEADED FOR THE RIVER, SHERIFF... THAT SHOWBOAT! I'M GOING TO RIDE DOWNSTREAM TO THE NEXT TOWN AND BOARD IT THERE! AN HOMBAAE HIS SIZE SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO SPOT!

I RECKON YOU'VE FIGGERED IT RIGHT, ROD! GOOD LUCK!



THAT EVENING, AS ROD ARRIVES AT THE NEIGHBORING TOWN.....

LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE SOMETHING'S RILED UP THE TOWNFOLKS!

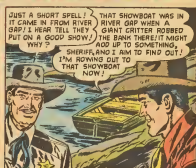
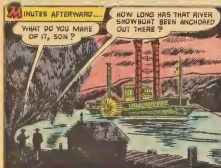


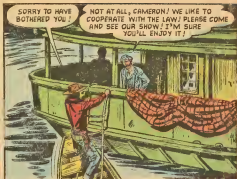
GLAD TO SEE YOU, ROD! GOT MY HANDS FULL, SOME CRITTER TAIED TO ROB THE BANK VAULT, BUT THE BOYS MANAGED TO GET THEIR HARDWARE GOING IN TIME! HE DIDN'T GET A THING!

SEEMS THAT BANKS ARE THE NATURAL TARGETS FOR TOWNS ALONG THIS RIVER! DID ANYBODY GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE OWLHOOT? WAS HE A TALL HOMBAAE?



STRANGE THAT YOU SHOULD ASK THAT QUESTION! HE WAS MIGHTY TALL! A REGULAR GIANT! COME INSIDE THE BANK! LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT'S SURE PUZZLING ME!





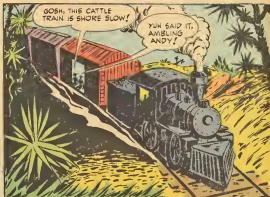
ALMOST BLIND WITH PAIN FROM THE FRESH BLOW, ROD STRUGGLES TO THE SURFACE ONLY TO BE FACED WITH A NEW PERIL!



AS THE HUGE WHEEL BEARS DOWN ON THE HELPLESS COWBOY HERO, HE SEEMS POWERLESS TO AVOID ITS CRUSHING IMPACT! IS IT THE RANGE RIDER'S DESTINY TO GET A WATERY GRAVE? READ CHAPTER II OF THE VANISHING GIANT!

AMBLING ANDY

SLOW TRAIN!



GOSH, THIS CATTLE TRAIN IS SHORE SLOW!

YUH SAID IT, AMBLING ANDY!



BY THE TIME THIS TRAIN GETS US TO THE STOCKYARDS, WE'LL BE ELIGIBLE FOR OLD AGE PENSIONS!

AND HOW! WE'LL BE TRIPPING OVER OUR BEARDS!



SPEAKING 'BOUT OLD AGE, ANDY, WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE LIVE THE LONGEST?

SHUCKS, THAT'S EASY TO ANSWER... ---CENTENARIANS LIVE THE LONGEST! HA, HA!



WELL, THAT'S WHAT WE'LL BE BEFORE THIS TRIP IS OVER! THIS TRAIN IS SO SLOW, IT'S DRIVING ME LOCO!

ME, TOO!



YOU'RE A SMART HOMERE, ANDY, ISN'T THAR SOME WAY WE CAN GO FASTER THAN THIS?

SHORE...



... BUT I'D RATHER STAY ON THE TRAIN AND RIDE INSTEAD OF WALKING!



YOU CAN'T BEAT FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE FOR FLAVOR THAT LASTS!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BLOWS THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

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JUSTICE TRIUMPHS

By Walter Farmer



TOM GOODHUE and P. J. Tighe were conversing earnestly in the hot sunshine just outside the gun shop. Although both kept their voices low, it would have been evident at once that they were arguing. Tighe, a well-fed grey haired man in his late fifties, was red-faced and perspiring freely. Goodhue, about the same age, was tall and wiry and at the moment he seemed pale—pale with deep-seated anger perhaps.

It seemed that the pair might have come to blows had not the stranger interrupted. The stranger was an unshaven, ill-kempt young man, whose clothes were ragged and who appeared half-starved.

"Excuse me, gents, but would either of you stake me to some grub?" he asked. "I'm plumb starved and too weak to take a job if I could find one."

P. J. Tighe, one of the richest cattle barons in those parts, snapped, "Beat it, you saddle tramp, or I'll have the law on you. Vamoose!"

"Wait up a minute, son," said Tom Goodhue, while fishing in his pocket. "Here's a cart-wheel. Go feed yourself." He handed a silver dollar to the stranger, who thanked him and shuffled off toward the lunch room. Tighe snorted in disgust.

"That's why you haven't got enough money to make your mortgage payment, Tom. Giving away your silver to a shiftless varmint like that."

"The man's hungry," responded Tom, quietly.

"And you'll be hungry, too, after I take your ranch over," growled Tighe. "Remember, I'll be out there with the sheriff at high noon tomorrow. I either get the money or I get the ranch."

Tom opened his mouth to protest, then clamped his lips tight without uttering a word as Tighe hurried away on short, mincing steps toward the sheriff's office. Tom could guess his mission. He was going to arrange with Sheriff Gridley to accompany him tomorrow at noon on his foreclosure mission. With bowed

head, Tom turned toward the hitchrail and mounted. He set out toward his little ranch, three miles south on Bear Creek. As he passed the lunchroom he glanced inside. The stranger saw him and raised his hand in a salute of thanks. Tom managed a grin and waved back. No matter how bad his own troubles were, it gave him a lift to know that he had given food to a hungry man.

Meanwhile, in the sheriff's office, P. J. Tighe was impatiently making arrangements for the lawman to take charge of serving the foreclosure papers on Tom Goodhue at noon the next day. Tighe was impatient because the sheriff was trying to argue him out of it. "Why don't you give Tom a little more time?" asked the lawman. "He's had a run of bad luck and kind of a poor season, but if you give him a break he'll pay you back everything and with interest. I've known Tom since he was a boy. Honest as the day is long."

"I'm honest, too!" snapped P. J. "But I'm not soft in the head. I believe in law and order. I pay my debts on time and I expect to be paid on time. And it's your duty, Gridley, to go with me and see that there's no trouble about it."

"I know my duty," growled the sheriff.

The cattle baron rose and started to leave when he stopped suddenly to gaze at a "wanted" poster on the wall. The poster said,

WANTED

For Robbery

\$1000 Reward

The Wyoming Kid

"Hey!" exclaimed Tighe. "I just saw this fellow. He's in town. I demand the reward!"

The sheriff was on his feet at once. Both men hastened to the lunchroom. But the stranger—The Wyoming Kid—was gone. He seemed to have disappeared into thin air. The sheriff's search was fruitless. "Reckon you'll just have to wait for your reward till you

catch him, P. J.," he drawled.

"All right! But sheriff, I demand that you do your duty and arrest Tom Goodhue at once on the charge of aiding and abetting a criminal. He gave that Wyoming Kid a dollar right before my eyes."

"Don't be loco," said the sheriff. "Neither one of you even knew he was a criminal then. Get some of the bitterness out of your system and you'll live longer, P. J."

"Law's law and justice is justice," whined P. J. "People that help criminals ought to be in jail."

Sheriff Gridley was still pretty weary when he met Tighe at eleven o'clock the next morning to start the ride out to Tom Goodhue's place. The lawman had been busy most of the night. Someone had cracked the safe in the Cattlemen's Trust and made off with a bundle of greenbacks. The burglar had left no clue, but with The Wyoming Kid reported around, it was pretty easy to assume he had pulled the job. However, an all night search had unearthed no trace of the kid.

When Gridley met P. J. he asked, "Haven't changed your mind, have you?"

"Of course not. I plan to foreclose on schedule," retorted the cattleman. Many of the townspeople looked on sadly as they saw the pair heading out of town. All of them knew and liked Tom, all were aware of the fix he was in, but none had enough money to help him out.

At Tom's place, P. J. looked at his big, gold watch and said, "Well, Tom, in three minutes this will all be mine."

"Oh, no it won't," said Tom.

"You aim to put up a fight?" asked P. J., belligerently. "I've got the sheriff with me to see that you abide by the law."

"I aim to abide by the law and I aim to pay up the mortgage," asserted Tom. "By a miracle, I've got the money for you. Here! Count it!"

He passed a stack of bills over to the surprised baron, who counted the money greedily and stuffed it in his pocket. Sheriff Gridley looked on, astonished and a little troubled. "Where'd you get this money?" asked Tighe.

"A friend gave it to me!" asserted Tom,

mysteriously.

"Ah ha!" exclaimed P. J. "Well, sheriff, do your duty. Arrest Tom Goodhue as a thief and a burglar. I recognize these here greenbacks. They're the loot that was stolen from the bank last night!"

"Stolen from the bank?" exclaimed Tom. "Why I had no idea. . . ."

"I'll have to take you into custody, Tom," said the lawman. "Maybe you can explain it later. Anyway, I'm witness to the fact that you paid off your mortgage before noon, so this property is still yours. But right now it's my duty to put you in a cell. You can share it with Mr. P. J. Tighe."

"With me?" wailed Tighe. "What's the charge against me?"

"Receiving stolen property," responded the lawman. "Come along." And the sheriff handcuffed both men, despite P. J. Tighe's loud protests. "As you told me yourself, P. J., law's law and justice is justice. I'm merely doing my duty."

Riding into town, Tom explained to the sheriff that someone had left the package of money at his doorstep during the night. "There was a note. It said, 'This is from a fellow you helped.' Well, I've helped many a hombre so I didn't know who it was from. But of course I was glad to get it."

"It happens I believe you, Tom," said the sheriff. "But you may have trouble convincing a judge and jury."

However, at the jail, another surprise was in store. The Wyoming Kid had given himself up. "I just got tired of running," he said. "But after this hombre—" he nodded toward Tom—"was good enough to stake me to some grub, and then after I heard what a jam he was in, I decided to pull one more job and help him out. By the way, I want him to get that thousand dollars reward for catching me."

P. J. Tighe sizzled like a wet fuse, but Tom Goodhue smiled happily and said, "Well, Wyoming Kid, after you get done serving time, look me up. There'll always be a job for you on my ranch."

Rod CAMERON *and* THE VANISHING GIANT

chapter II
**MASQUERADE
for
DEATH**

I'M A GONER EITHER
WAY, SO I'LL TAKE THE
ONLY CHANCE I KNOW
OF!



WITH DEATH STARRING HIM IN THE
FACE, ROD'S KEEN MIND SEES A
GLIMMERING CHANCE OF ESCAPE!
HE LUNGES FOR THE PADDLE WHEEL!

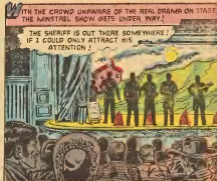


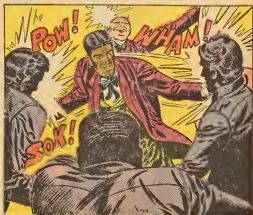
IF I DON'T MAKE MY JUMP TO THE
DECK ON THIS FIRST TRY, I'LL NEVER
SEE THE DAWN OF A
NEW DAY!

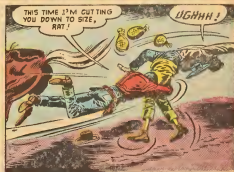






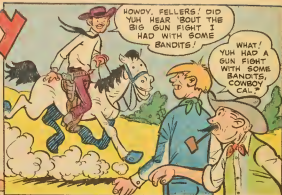






COWBOY CAL

HEARTENING WORDS



HOWDY, FELLERS! DID YUH HEAR 'BOUT THE BIG GUN FIGHT I HAD WITH SOME BANDITS!

WHAT! YUH HAD A GUN FIGHT WITH SOME BANDITS, COWBOY CAL?



THAT'S RIGHT! I SHORE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE!

NARROW ESCAPE?



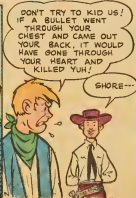
AND HOW! ONE OF THOSE SIDEWINDER'S BULLETS WENT IN MY CHEST AND CAME OUT MY BACK!

WHAT! (GASP) JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT!



G'WAN, YUH DONT EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT, DO YUH?

WHY NOT? IT'S THE TRUTH!



DON'T TRY TO KID US! IF A BULLET WENT THROUGH YOUR CHEST AND CAME OUT YOUR BACK, IT WOULD HAVE GONE THROUGH YOUR HEART AND KILLED YUH!

SHORE---

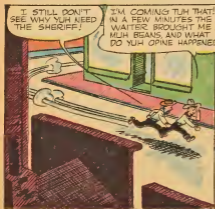


--- BUT MY HEART WAS IN MY MOUTH AT THE TIME!

!!!

HOGHEAD HARRY

"IS OFF HIS BEAN!"

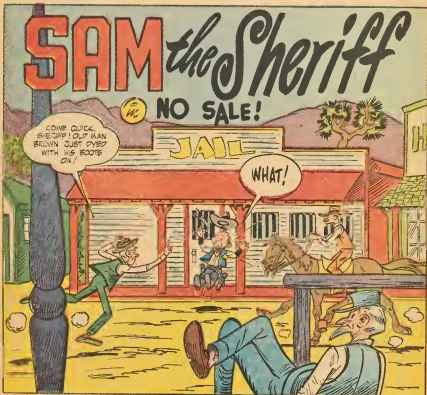


SAM the Sheriff

NO SALE!

COME QUICK, SHERIFF! OLD MAN BROWN JUST DYED WITH HIS BOOTS ON!

WHAT!



WHERE'S THE BODY?

JUST FOLLON ME!



YOU'LL FIND OLD MAN BROWN RIGHT IN HYAR!





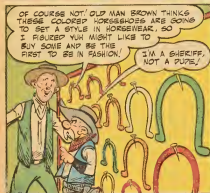
HI THERE, SHERIFF!
WHAT CAN I DO
FOR YUH?

OLD MAN BROWN!
BUT BLINKY JUST SAID
YUH DIED WITH YOUR
BOOTS ON!



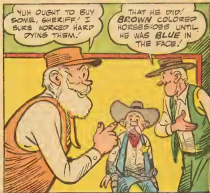
THAT'S RIGHT! HE
DYED WITH HIS BOOTS
ON! HE DYED ALL
THOSE HORSESHOES
DIFFERENT COLORS.

DO YUH MEAN
TO SAY YUH MADE
HIM RUN ALL THE
WAY OVER HYAK
ON A FOOL'S
BRAND?



OF COURSE NOT! OLD MAN BROWN THINKS
THESE COLORED HORSESHOES ARE GOING
TO SET A STYLE IN HORSEWEAR, SO
I FIGURED YUH MIGHT LIKE TO
BUY SOME AND BE THE
FIRST TO BE IN FASHION!

I'M A SHERIFF,
NOT A DUPE!



YUH OUGHT TO BUY
SOME, SHERIFF! I
SURE WORKED HARD
DYING THEM!

THAT HE DID!
BROWN COLORED
HORSESHOES UNTIL
HE WAS BLUE
IN THE FACE!



AND YUH'LL
MAKE EVERYBODY
GREEN WITH
ENVY IF YUH
BUY A SET!

IF I WASTED
MONEY ON
SUCH
NONSENSE,
I'D SOON
BE IN
THE RED!



IF YUH ASK
ME, YUH SHOULD
DRESS UP A
BIT MORE!
FOR A
SHERIFF YORE
CLOTHES ARE A
DISGRACE TO
THE TOWN!

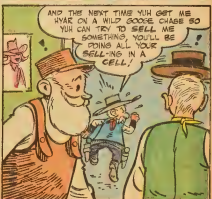
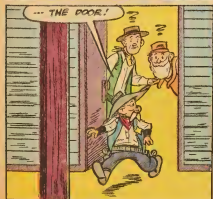
THE WAY
YUH TALK,
SOMEONE
WOULD THINK
YUH SOLD
CLOTHES!

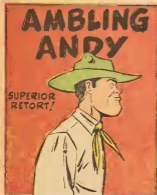


I DO! COME IN
AND I'LL SHOW
YUH THE
LATEST DUDS!

I RECKON
I DON'T
HAVE ANY
CHOICE!







Rod Cameron *and* The Concha Kid



LOOK AT THE BUYERS FROM OUT OF TOWN, ROD! ENNVILLE SHORE HAS GROWN INTO A BUSY MARKET TOWN!

IT SURE HAS, SHERIFF! I JUST BOUGHT A LOAD OF SADDLES, BRIDLES AND BLANKETS FOR JIM THORNER'S SPREAD! BUT NOW I'D LIKE TO GET A NICELY DECORATED BRIDLE FOR WAR PAINT!

ROD TAKES STOCK OF THE MERCHANDISE DISPLAYED, BUT



YO'RE HOSS SHORE RATES SOME PURTY TRAPPINGS! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE CONCHA KID'S SHOP? HE MAKES FANCY SADDLES AND GEAR DECORATED WITH SILVER CONCHAS!

THANKS, SHERIFF COLE! I THINK I'LL DROP OVER TO HIS SHOP!



SHORTLY AFTER...

I'M LOOKING FOR THE CONCHA KID! I'D LIKE A NICELY DECORATED BRIDLE FOR MY HORSE!

THE BOSS ISN'T IN RIGHT NOW, BUT WHY DON'T YOU LOOK AROUND AND SEE IF THERE'S SOMETHING YOU LIKE?

NOTHING HERE THAT APPEALS TO ME!



I'LL LOOK IN THE BACK OF THE SHOP TO SEE IF WE HAVE ANYTHING ELSE!







I'LL HAVE TO GET RAMBLING ON AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AFTER THE SEARCH, SO I RECKON I'LL LEAVE WAR PAINT'S NEW GEAR ON TO SAVE TIME IN THE MORNING!



AT A VERY LATE HOUR THAT NIGHT...

THAT'S WAR PAINT! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

NEIGH!
NEIGH!



THAT HOMBRE IS UP TO SOMETHING OR WAR PAINT WOULD NEVER ACT THAT WAY!

NEIGH!
WHINNEY!



HE VAMOOSED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY? SEEMS SOMETHING REALLY RILED YOU!

NEIGH!



THE VARMINT MUST HAVE---

...UGH!

CONK!



DON'T WORRY, HOSS --- I'M NOT FIXING TO KILL YOUR MASTER! HA! HA! HE MAY NOT KNOW IT, BUT NOW HE'S WORKING FOR ME!



THE NEXT DAY...

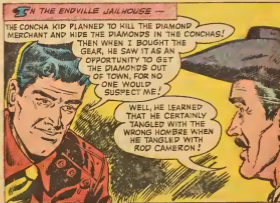
IT'S NO USE, ROD --- WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY HOUSE, EVERY CORNER, AND EVERY PERSON --- AND WE COULDN'T FIND THE DIAMONDS!

THE COYOTE WHO SAPPED ME LAST NIGHT MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT --- BUT I DIDN'T EVEN GET A LOOK AT HIM!

\$500.00







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



HI, FRIENDS!

MAYBE YOU'VE NEVER GIVEN MUCH THOUGHT TO WHAT MAKES A SUCCESSFUL HOMBRE. YOU MIGHT HAVE JUST CHARGED HIS SUCCESS TO PURE LUCK. WELL, THEN LET ME TELL YOU A LITTLE SUCCESS STORY THAT APPLIES TO ALL THE FOLKS WHO HAVE MADE THEIR GOAL.

NED POWERS IS AN HOMBRE WHO MANY YEARS AGO TRIED TO CONVINCE THE RAILROAD PEOPLE AND THE BANKS THAT HE COULD HAUL HEAVY FREIGHT IN HIS WAGONS THROUGH THE ROUGH, DANGEROUS TERRAIN INTO THE HILLS. WELL, NED DIDN'T GET MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT, MUCH LESS FINANCING. INSTEAD OF GIVING UP, NED DROVE THE WAGONS HIMSELF FOR MANY YEARS, WORKING DAY AND NIGHT. WHEN HE WASN'T HAULING FREIGHT, HE WOULD HACK A NEW TRAIL OUT OF THE RUGGED COUNTRYSIDE.

IT WAS A MIGHTY TOUGH GOAL TO REACH, BUT TODAY, NED HAS SIX OR MORE DRIVERS AND OPERATES ONE OF THE FINEST HAULAGE OUTFITS THIS SIDE OF CALIFORNIA. ON THE DAY HE FINALLY SIGNED THE LONG-TERM HAULING CONTRACT, I WAS THERE AND I ASKED NED HOW OFTEN HE HAD BEEN READY TO GIVE UP HIS DREAM. "NEVER," NED REPLIED. "IF SOMETHING'S WORTH HAVING, IT'S WORTH WORKING FOR!"

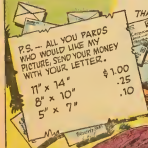
AND YOU KNOW, PARDS, WE SOMETIMES FORGET THAT. WE SHOULDN'T, BECAUSE THOSE ARE MIGHTY TRUE WORDS-- ANYTHING WORTH HAVING IS WORTH WORKING FOR!

WELL, GUESS I'LL LOPE HOME, SO, KEEP DIGGING AT THAT GOAL. THE SILVER LINING IS JUST AHEAD IF YOU'LL KEEP ON PLUGGING. YOUR PAL,

Rod Cameron

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

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