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Rod Cameron

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10¢ JUNE NO. 15



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Rod CAMERON in INCIDENT AT SILVER CREEK

ROD CAMERON RIDES INTO A GHOST TOWN ONCE KNOWN AS SILVER CREEK.

THIS GHOST TOWN WAS ONCE A BOOM TOWN, WAR POINT. THERE'S BEEN MANY A STORY ABOUT SILVER CREEK AND THE JASPER, BILLY BUCK, WHO DISCOVERED THE SILVER. CLAIM THAT BUILT THE TOWN, BUT NOW, LOOK AT IT! NOT A SOUL AROUND, NOT A THING STIRRING!

WELCOME TO SILVER CREEK

GENERAL'S

SUDDENLY, A BULLET SPLITS THE AIR AND.....

SOMEONE IS USING MY SOMBRERO AS A TARGET!

BANG!

WHINNEY!

THERE'S A GHOST AROUND HERE THAT'S PRETTY MUCH ALIVE, AND I AIM TO HUNT HIM DOWN!





THIS WAS ONCE A BIG, FLOURISHING TOWN WHEN BILLY BECK MADE HIS SILVER STRIKE, AND NOW SILVER CREEK IS GOING TO BOOM AGAIN!

DO YOU REMEMBER THOSE DAYS, OLD TIMER?



DO I? THEM WERE THE DAYS, SON! SILVER CREEK WAS WIDE OPEN! EVERYBODY HAD MONEY! THINGS WERE SURE GOOD IN THOSE DAYS!



THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO!

YEP---A LONG TIME, (SIGH) BUT WHEN THE VEIN PETERED OUT FOLKS DRIFTED AWAY. SILVER CREEK BECAME WHAT YOU SEE NOW!



BUT IT'S GOING TO BE ROARING AGAIN. WANT'LL FOLKS HEAR ABOUT ME FINDING THE MOTHER VEIN.

I'M GLAD FOR YOUR SAKE, OLD TIMER! I RECKON I'LL HANG AROUND HERE. A BOOMING TOWN SPELLS A HEAP OF TROUBLE MOST TIMES!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AS THE WORD OF THE RICH STRIKE SPREADS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTY--



SOON AS I HEARD IT, I SOLD OUT AND CAME HERE!

BUT WITH THE CROWD CAME LUSTFUL MEN SUCH AS LUKE MARKEY AND HIS GANG.

... AND, FOLKS, I'M GOING TO USE MY MONEY TO BUILD US A SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL IN SILVER CREEK. THIS IS GOING TO BE A REAL TOWN!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT OLD DESERT RAT STUMBLING ON A FORTUNE LIKE RILEY BUCK'S OLD CLAIM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I WANT TO DO SOME TALL THINKING.



'RAY FOR OLD TIMER!



A WHILE LATER....

WHO EVER FIGURED THERE WAS ANY MORE SILVER AROUND HERE ? WHEN BILLY BUCK'S CLAIM WENT DRY, THAT WAS THE END OF THIS PLACE. SAY, LUKE, YOU'VE BEEN DOING A HEAP OF RIMMINATING IN THAT HEAD OF YOURN. YOU'VE GOT IDEAS ?

BIG IDEAS!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, LUKE ?

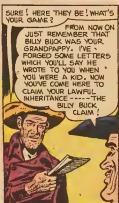
REMEMBER THAT GUN-TOTER, JOHNNY BUCK, WE RAN INTO IN DURANGO ? I WANT YOU TWO TO HIT THE TRAIL AND BRING HIM HERE. AND DON'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS NOW. I'LL STICK AROUND AND MAKE THE PLANS, NOW GET GOING !



A WEEK LATER...

SURE MY HANDLE IS JOHNNY BUCK, BUT BILLY BUCK WAS NO KIN OF MINE!

HE'S GOING TO BE! HE'S GOING TO BE YOUR GRAND-PAPPY! HAVE YOU GOT PAPERS PROVING YOU'RE JOHNNY BUCK ?



SURE ! HERE THEY BE ! WHAT'S YOUR GAME ?

FROM NOW ON JUST REMEMBER THAT BILLY BUCK WAS YOUR GRANDPAPPY. I'VE FORGED SOME LETTERS WHICH YOU'LL SAY HE WROTE TO YOU WHEN YOU WERE A KID. NOW YOU'VE COME HERE TO CLAIM YOUR LAWFUL INHERITANCE ---- THE BILLY BUCK CLAIM !



WHAT SAME DAY, AT THE OLD TIMER'S CABIN....

YOU HEARD ME, OLD TIMER! SEEING AS HOW I'M BILLY BUCK'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE, I'VE COME TO TAKE HIS CLAIM.

YOU BILLY BUCK'S KIN ?



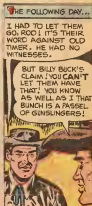
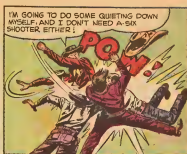
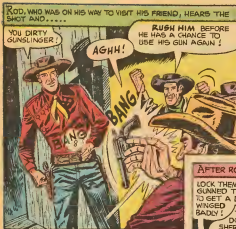
WHY, YOU DIRTY, BELLY-CRAWLING, ORNERY POLECAT ! YOU AIN'T NO KIN OF BILLY'S. YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF THEVING COXOTES ! CLEAR OUT OF HERE !



I RECKON YOU NEED A LITTLE QUIETTING DOWN ! YOU'RE TOO MUCH LIKE A YELPING BEAR TO COTTON TO !

AGHHH!

BANG!





SHORT TIME LATER....
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT. BILLY BUCK'S CLAIM IS STILL GOOD AND SINCE HE WAS THE GRANDPAPPY TO THIS GUN-TOTER JOHNNY, YOUR CLAIM WILL BE VOID.

WHY, THEY'RE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF BUSHWHACKING LIARS AND CROOKS! BILLY BUCK NEVER HAD NO KIN!



EASY, PARD! IT'S NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU TO SAY THAT! HOW COULD YOU PROVE IT?

I'D KNOW BETTER THAN ANYBODY ELSE! I'M BILLY BUCK!



YOU! BILLY BUCK?

YEP! AND I AIN'T LOCO EITHER! I GOT MY PAPERS IN THAT OLD SADDLE BAG TO PROVE IT---AND YOU'LL FIND A DUPLICATE RECORD OF THE OLD MINE I STAKED! GO ON, SEE FOR YOURSELF!



IT'S TRUE! YOU ARE BILLY BUCK. BUT WHY DID YOU KEEP YOUR IDENTITY A SECRET?

I LOVED THIS HERE TOWN, SON! WHEN IT DIED--I KIND OF FELT RESPONSIBLE. ALL THEM FOLKS COMING TO SILVER CREEK--LOSING MONEY--AND--AND-- ANYWAY, I SWORE THAT SOME DAY I'D MAKE IT UP TO THEM, AND UNTIL THEN, I DIDN'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW THAT I WAS BILLY BUCK!



I KNEW THERE WAS A MOTHER VEN SOME PLACE, BUT IT TOOK ME ALL THESE YEARS TO FIND IT. NOW I AIN'T LETTING NO LOWDOWN OWLHOOTS CHEAT ME AND THE GOOD CITIZENS OUT OF IT.

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! DON'T YOU WORRY, OLD TIMER, I'LL END THEIR GAME! I'M SONG AFTER THEM!



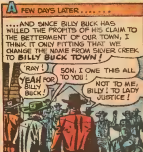
MINUTES LATER...

HA, HA, HA! THAT POOR OLD RAT WENT THROUGH ALL THAT TROUBLE FOR NOTHING!

YOU SAID IT, LUKE! HE SHORE SAVED ME A HEAP OF WORK!

YOUR TROUBLES ARE JUST BEGINNING, RATS. I'M TAKING ALL OF YOU IN FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER AND ROBBERY!

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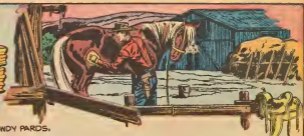
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HOWDY PARDS.

WAR PAINT SURE NEEDS A GOOD RUBDOWN! WE TOOK THE LONG TRAIL OVER PINE RIDGE INSTEAD OF THROUGH RAWLIN'S GULCH. IT'S TAKING A MIGHTY BIG CHANCE TO CUT THROUGH THE GULCH THESE DAYS. WHY? WELL, WE HAD AN EARTH SHOCK HERE ABOUTS LATELY. THAT'S SORT OF A MILD EARTHQUAKE AND IT LOOSENED BOULDERS ATOP THE GULCH.

EVEN NED HAWKINS WON'T RIDE THAT WAY NOW. BUT I REMEMBER WHEN HE WOULD HAVE. NED WAS ONCE ONE OF THOSE CRITTERS WHO THOUGHT IT WAS SMART TO TAKE CHANCES. IF SOMETHING WAS DANGEROUS, IF IT MEANT TAKING A CHANCE, NED WAS ALL FOR IT. HE THOUGHT TAKING CHANCES MADE HIM A BIG SHOT IN THE EYES OF OTHER FOLKS. TRUTH WAS, FOLKS ONLY THOUGHT HIM A BIG FOOL.

THEN ONE DAY, DRIVING A NEW WAGON FOR THE OUTFIT HE WORKED FOR, HE TOOK A CHANCE CROSSING THE TREACHEROUS CURRENTS OF BLACK RIVER WHEN HE COULD HAVE TAKEN THE SAFE WAY UP THE OLD TRAIL. WELL, THE WAGON WAS SMASHED AGAINST A SHARP ROCK WHEN THE CURRENTS TOOK IT OUT OF NED'S CONTROL. HE WAS TOSSED INTO THE RIVER AND AGAINST THE JAGGED ROCKS. ONLY FATE SAVED HIS LIFE, BUT HE WAS BADLY HURT. TO TOP IT ALL, THE COST OF THE NEW WAGON WAS TAKEN FROM HIS PAY! IT TOOK HIM TWO YEARS TO PAY FOR IT, BUT IT TAUGHT NED THE FOLLY OF TAKING CHANCES, AND THAT'S SOMETHING WE MIGHT ALL TAKE TO HEART AND NEVER FORGET!

WELL, IT LOOKS AS IF I'LL HAVE TO BE RIDING ON NOW! HOWEVER, I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES WHEN I SAY THAT I'LL BE MEETING YOU ALL HERE AGAIN REAL SOON AND LOCKING FORWARD TO IT! TILL I REIN UP IN YOUR RANGE AGAIN, SADDLE MATES, REMEMBER, DON'T TAKE FOOLISH CHANCES OR YOU'LL END UP REAL UNHAPPY.

YOUR PAL,

Rod Cameron



CRASH!



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

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ROD CAMERON WESTERN

THE TRAP

By Eando Binder



"IS IT m-much f-f-further, Grabby?" asked Sly Cy Ames through chattering teeth. "Brrrrr! It's cold. I reckon we'll freeze to death afore we get there."

"Ah, shaddap, y-yuh-s-s-sissy," growled back Grabby Gunderson, but his teeth rattled like castanets too, and frost hung from his unshaven chin. He beat his gloved hands together to warm them. "Trapper Joe's cabin is only another mile. Then we nab us a good haul o' valuable furs. Mebbe this isn't as easy as looting a stagecoach but it's a lot safer! Come on."

The two men plodded on in the white snow wastes, their snowshoes making a loud crunching sound through the crystal clear air. Things had gotten too hot for Grabby Gunderson and Sly Cy Ames down in the south country, so they had come north to cold Montana. And they had quickly picked their first job.

"It'll be plumb easy robbing Trapper Joe," chortled Grabby. "He lives alone in his cabin way out here. He only goes to town twice a year for victuals, and to cash in his furs. They say he's the best trapper and always comes in with a big payload of mink fox and ermine. Furs like that are worth their weight in gold. There's his cabin now!"

Sorting his furs in his warm cabin, Trapper Joe heard the knock at the door and reached for his rifle. A man could take no chances out here in the frozen wilds. Gun ready, he kicked open the door, but no one was there. Had he been hearing things?

Puzzled, he stepped out for a look. That was his undoing. The two badmen were flattened on either side of the door, and a gun-butt knocked the trapper cold. When he came to, inside the cabin, he was at gunpoint, with Grabby Gunderson grinning at him, warming his hands at the fire.

"Yeh, we're bandits," Grabby drawled. "We're gonna take all your furs. We'll also take your dog-team and sled to haul them away. Mighty nice of you to treat us so good, pard. And just to show we ain't such bad guys, we won't kill you. Why should we? We'll

have the dog-team, so how can you catch us? And by the time you tramp to town to report us, we'll be gone to parts unknown. Start taking out the pelts, Sly Cy."

But Sly Cy shook his head, pointing out the window. "It's snowing, Grabby. Real hard. Reckon we'll be holed up here a day or two till it lets up."

Grabby shrugged. "What's the difference? Nobody will disturb us. So we'll enjoy the fire and hot food. Don't mind having company, do you, Joe?"

Grabby laughed raucously, but there was a strange eager look in Trapper Joe's face. "Gosh, fellers, I'm glad you came," he said.

"Glad?" said Grabby, his laugh dying in surprise. "Are you loco? Glad we came to rob you?"

"No," returned Joe, "glad you came to help me fight off the Fur Monster!"

"Fur monster?" echoed Sly Cy, puzzled. "What in tarnation is that?"

"You mean you never heard the legend about this country?" the trapper explained. "There's a big ugly monster loose in these parts. Some say he was a prehistoric beast, frozen in ice for ages. He came alive when a couple of trappers built a fire and melted the ice." Joe shook his head with a shudder. "Those two poor fellers were gobbled up by the monster right on the spot."

Sly Cy's eyes were bulging with fear now. "And—and that critter is still a-a-around?"

Joe nodded his head solemnly, his face grim. "The varmint is after me! Just yesterday he came snooping around my cabin and tried to rip the door down to get me. He'll be back! So please, men. Help me drive him away. You can have all my furs, just save me from the monster!"

"A pack o' lies!" snarled Grabby. "Don't listen to him, Sly Cy. He's just trying to scare us away."

"Trouble is," moaned Sly Cy, "we can't leave now even if we wanted. We're snowed in. If there's a monster, he'll be after us!"

"Bah, I tell you he made it all up," Grabby

shouted angrily. "We're not babies, believing in silly fairy tales."

"It's no fairy tale," whispered Trapper Joe. "I saw the critter yesterday, plain as day. He's ten feet high with fur all over like a giant bear, but his head has big horns or antlers on it like a moose. I'm telling you it's a nightmare. Listen! You can hear him roaring now, off in the distance!"

"That's just the wind, you faker," Grabby snapped. "And I'll fix you. You ain't gonna gabble on all day and night about that phony monster. Get out!"

"But I'll die out there!" gasped the trapper. "I'll get lost in the snow, and freeze!"

"That's exactly the idea, pard," grunted Grabby heartlessly, pointing his gun. "Now get out of sight. That's what you get for pulling that loco monster story on us."

The trapper stumbled off into the snow. But he turned once and yelled back, ominously, "The monster will get me. Then he'll come to get you, too!" With that final warning, he vanished in the swirling white flakes.

Back in the cabin, Sly Cy was trembling all over, but not with cold. "Wh-what if there is a monster, G-Grabby?" He moaned.

"Shaddap!" roared Grabby. "It's a lie, I tell you! Prehistoric monster—pah! If the snow lets up tomorrow we'll pack up the furs and go. Let's get a good night's sleep."

But neither of the two badmen slept very well that night. Several times a screeching roar was heard over the howling winds. The next day, nerves unstrung, they paced the cabin like two caged animals, as the snow kept falling. But at dark it stopped and the moon came out clear and bright.

"Pack up the dog-sled with the furs," said Grabby nervously. "We won't spend another night here. We can travel by moonlight."

It was while they were outside stacking up the stolen furs that a shrill bellow froze them in fright. In the moonlight, a vague form loomed hugely out of the shadows and lumbered toward them.

"The monster!" shrieked Sly Cy.

The two men stared in paralyzed panic. It was a nightmare out of the past, ten feet high. Its furred body was an ugly misshapen bulging mass of hairiness of all shades and hues. And on top, most ghastly of all, reposed a moose-like head with great horns curving out.

"Fire!" yelled Grabby, finally breaking out of his trance. Both badmen fired again and again, emptying their guns. How could they miss the huge shape? And yet the beast kept coming as if the shots had only been the annoying stings of a hornet.

Flinging away their empty guns, the two badmen tried to make off with the dog-sled, but the monster was already there, blocking the way. The yelping dogs, also frightened, swerved and the sled overturned, spilling the two badmen helplessly in the snow at the feet of the nameless horror. Grabby Gunderson and Sly Cy Ames waited for clawing death.

But amazingly, a laugh now sounded from the monster—a human laugh. A slit in the furry bulk opened up and Trapper Joe stepped out, grinning. He held a gun at the overwhelmed, bewildered badmen.

"A fake all the time!" groaned Grabby.

"SURE," said Joe. "Long ago I figured out this system of preventing the robbery of my furs. I sewed together a bunch of patchwork furs and cached it in a cave nearby. A moose's head was easy to get. A framework of wood inside, on my shoulders, propped the whole thing up ten feet high. When you guys showed up, I harped away at the monster story till your nerves got raw. I took a chance on being shot dead instead of being kicked out, but my gamble paid off. Instead of freezing, I was plenty warm all night in those furs. The rest was easy."

"But those bullets!" gasped Grabby, still dazed. "We fired point-blank at you, inside the fake monster. And you haven't got a scratch! How did you work that?"

"Simple enough," drawled the trapper. "You know how sandbags can slow down and stop bullets, even though a sand bag is soft? It's the same with furs. I sewed layers of a dozen furs in the front of the monster suit, for protection. No bullet can work through that many furs."

"We were tricked like babies," groaned Grabby.

"Trapped is the word," said Joe. "After all, that's my business—trapping."

THE END

Rod CAMERON

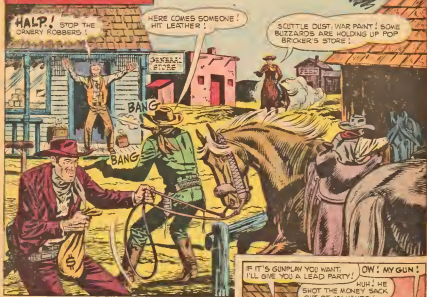
IN **THE HUMAN SHIELD**

ONE DAY, AS ROD CAMERON RIDES INTO THE TOWN OF GRAY ROCK ---

HALP! STOP THE CANNY ROBBERS!

HERE COMES SOMEONE! HIT LEATHER!

SCUTTLE DUST, WAR PAINT! SOME BUZZARDS ARE HOLDING UP POP BROKER'S STORE!



IT'S ROD CAMERON! FEED HIM LEAD, I'LL GET THE OLD MAN!

OW!



IF IT'S GUNPLAY YOU WANT, I'LL GIVE YOU A LEAD PARTY!

OW! MY GUN!

HUH! HE SHOT THE MONEY BAG OUT OF MY HANDS!





SPLIT UP; RIDE IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET US.

GROAN!



I'LL HAVE TO LET THOSE VARMINTS GET AWAY, POP. YOU'VE CAUGHT A GOOD SIZED PIECE OF LEAD WHICH NEEDS TO BE TENDED TO BY A DOCTOR.



THAT EVENING AT THE WIDE-OUT OF BAT BURTON AND HIS MEN...

BUT, BAT, THAT GENERAL STORE JOB PROVED IT, AS LONG AS THAT LIGHTNING TRIGGERED ROD CAMERON IS AROUND, WE MIGHT AS WELL CLEAR OUT OF THIS TOWN!

MIKE, YOU'RE WRONG! THIS TOWN IS RICH AND RIPE FOR LOOTING! NO HOMBRE IS GOING TO STAND IN MY WAY!



WE'LL GET RID OF ROD CAMERON! I HAVE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN DO IT! GET UP AND FOLLOW ME! WE'RE HITTING THE TRAIL!



REIN YORE HORSES INTO THE VALLEY! WE'RE HEADING FOR BANKER TURNBULL'S HOUSE!



WATER, IN THE VALLEY HOME OF THE BANKER...

TURNBULL, YOU'RE RIDING WITH US TO GRAY ROCK---AND NO PALAVER, IF YOU DON'T HANKER TO KICK YORE TOES UP!



YOU CRITTERS WON'T GET AWAY WITH WHATEVER YOU HAVE IN MIND!



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF GRAY ROCK--- TURNBULL, I'M WARNING YOU TO DO EXACTLY AS WE TOLD YOU!

FROM THE ALLEY FIGING THE BANK! ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU'LL BE BUZZARD BAIT!

I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY!



HERE COMES ROD CAMERON NOW! GO INTO YORE ACT!



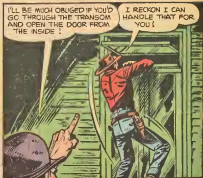
HOWDY, MR. TURNBULL!

HOWDY, ROD! I'M GLAD YOU CAME BY! WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR?



I'D BE GLAD TO HELP IF I CAN!

I CAME ALL THE WAY BACK INTO TOWN TO GET SOME PAPERS FROM THE BANK AND NOW I FIND I FORGOT TO BRING THE KEYS!



I'LL BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU'D GO THROUGH THE TRANSOM AND OPEN THE DOOR FROM THE INSIDE!

I RECKON I CAN HANDLE THAT FOR YOU!



HELP! HELP!

THE BANK IS BEING ROBBED!



WHAT'S ALL THE HOLLERING ABOUT, TURNBULL?

MY BANK IS BEING ROBBED! THERE'S SOMEONE IN THERE, I TELL YOU!



THERE'S THE MAN, SHERIFF! ARREST HIM FOR BREAKING INTO THE BANK!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MR. TURNBULL? YOU JUST ASKED ME TO CLIMB THROUGH THE TRANSOM AND OPEN THE DOOR FOR YOU!

BUT THAT'S ROD CAMERON!



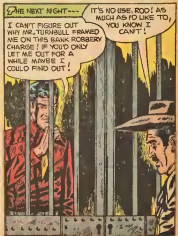
A LIKELY STORY! SHERIFF, I DEMAND THAT YOU ARREST THIS MAN!

I RECKON THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO, ROD! YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME!



SOON--- YOU DID A GREAT JOB, TURNBULL, AND NOW, JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T TELL THE SHERIFF ABOUT THE FRAME-UP, YOU'RE GOING TO STAY AT OUR HIDE-OUT FOR A SPELL!

(SIGH) I HAD TO DO IT! I HAD TO! AFTER SHOOTING ME THESE WARMINTS WOULD HAVE TURNED ON MY FAMILY!



THE NEXT NIGHT---

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY MR. TURNBULL FRAMED ME ON THIS BANK ROBBERY CHARGE! IF YOU'D ONLY LET ME OUT FOR A WHILE MAMBE I COULD FIND OUT!

IT'S NO USE, ROD! AS MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO, YOU KNOW I CAN'T!



AT THAT MOMENT ---

THAT'S GUNFIRE, SHERIFF!

I'D BETTER GET OUT TO THE STREET AND SEE WHAT'S CAUSING THE RUCKUS!

BANG
BANG



WHEN THE SHERIFF RETURNS TO THE JAILHOUSE ---

THREE VAMPIRES JUST HELD UP THE STAGE OFFICE AND MADE OFF WITH ALL THE MONEY!

A TRO, EH? IT MIGHT BE THE SAME ONE I STOPPED AT THE GENERAL STORE!



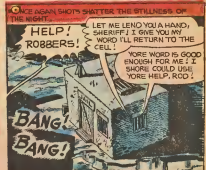
THE NEXT EVENING --

MAYBE IF YOU TALK TO MR. TURNBULL YOU CAN GET HIM TO WITHDRAW THE CHARGE AGAINST ME.

THAT'S A FUNNY THING! MR. TURNBULL HASN'T SHOWN UP AT THE BANK TODAY AND HE ISN'T HOME. NOBODY KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM.



I'M MIGHTY SURE OF THE SET-UP NOW, SHERIFF! SOMEONE MUST HAVE FORCED MR. TURNBULL TO FRAME ME TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY!



ONCE AGAIN SHOTS SHATTER THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT.

HELP!
ROBBERS!

LET ME LEND YOU A HAND, SHERIFF! I GIVE YOU MY WORD I'LL RETURN TO THE CELL!

YORE WORD IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! I SHORE COULD USE YORE HELP, ROD!

BANG!
BANG!



THERE THEY GO! THEY'RE HIGHTAILING IT OUT OF TOWN! THE MURDERING RATS HAVE SHOT TWO MEN!

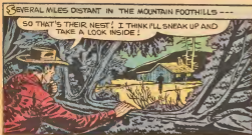


YOU TAKE CARE OF THE WOUNDED MEN, SHERIFF! I'LL GO AFTER THOSE JASPERS!

GOOD LUCK, ROD!



I WON'T TRY TO CATCH UP WITH THEM! I'LL HANG BACK AND TRAIL THEM TO THEIR HIDE-OUT!



BUT THERE'S STILL ONE WAY OUT IF I CAN GET TO STEP BACKWARD!



THERE! BY THROWING MY WEIGHT WITH FORCE AGAINST THE WALL, I'VE SMASHED THE CHAIR AND LOOSENED THE ROPES!



NOW TO PICK UP WAR PAINT AND HEAD FOR TOWN!



SCUTTLE DUST, WAR PAINT; THOSE VARMINTS WORK FAST --- BUT WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM!



SOON-- THERE'S ONE OF THE OUT-LAWS POSTED AS A LOOK-OUT OUTSIDE THE BANK! THAT MEANS THE OTHERS ARE INSIDE!



THOSE VARMINTS WILL KILL MR. TURNBULL IF ANYONE TRIES TO STOP THEM, BUT I THINK I'VE GOT A WAY TO DO IT!



I'LL CLIMB UP TO THE ROOF OF THE BANK BUILDING!



HERE THEY COME!





BUT THIS IS AS FAR AS THEY GO!



GET THE SADDLE TRAMP IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SHINE AT THE END OF A NOOSE!



YOU KILLERS HAVE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE! I'M NOT GIVING YOU THE CHANCE TO DO ANY MORE!

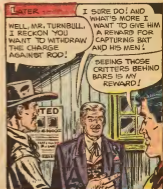
OOF!



THIS PUNCH SENDS YOU ALL UP!

OW!

UGH!



LATER...
WELL, MR. TURNBULL, I RECKON YOU WANT TO WITHDRAW THE CHARGE AGAINST ROD!

I SURE DO! AND WHAT'S MORE I WANT TO GIVE HIM A REWARD FOR CAPTURING BAT AND HIS MEN!

SEEING THOSE CRITTERS BEHIND BARS IS MY REWARD!

ANNOYED ANDREWS



GOSH, ANDREWS SHORE LOOKS HOT UNDER THE COLLAR!

GRRR!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, ANDREWS?

I'M PLUMB DISGUSTED! EVERYWHAR I GO, FOLKS KREP POKING THEIR NOSES IN MY BUSINESS!



IS THAT SO?

YEP! BUT I'M GOING TO FIX THEM!



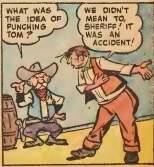
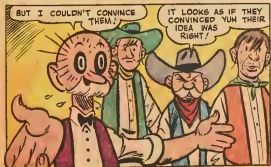
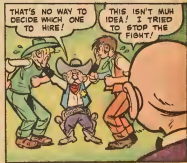
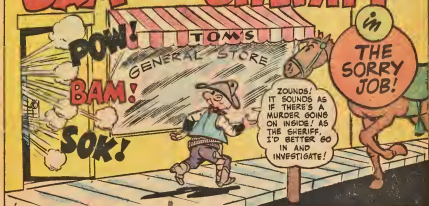
YOU'RE GOING TO FIX THEM? HOW?

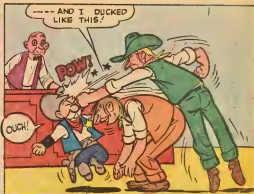
I'M GOING TO OPEN A SKUNK FARM....



...THEN LET THEM GET NOSEY!

SAM *the* SHERIFF







MOSTLY
SELLING!

WHICH ONE
OF YOU CAN
SELL?



I CAN!

HE SHOULD BE
ABLE TO SELL
--- HE'S SPENT
MOST OF HIS
LIFE IN ONE!



YUH MEAN
ZACK'S BEEN
IN JAIL?

I SURE
DO!



THAT'S A
LIE! I'VE
NEVER BEEN
IN JAIL IN
MUH LIFE! HE'S
STIR
CRAZY!

YUH MEAN
BIFF'S BEEN
IN JAIL, TOO?



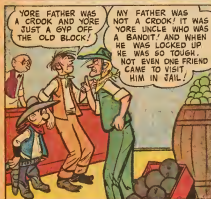
I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT THAT.
BUT HIS BRAIN
SURE HASN'T
STIRRED IN
YEARS!

I'LL HAVE
YUH KNOW I'M
A SELF MADE
MAN! YUH'VE
GOT TO HAND
IT TO ME
FER THAT!



YUH MIGHT AS
WELL HAND IT
TO HIM---HE'LL
TAKE IT
ANYWAY!

THERE HE
GOES AGAIN
CALLING ME
A CROOK!
I OBJECT TO
THAT, SHERIFF!



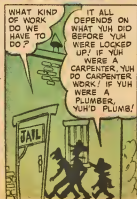
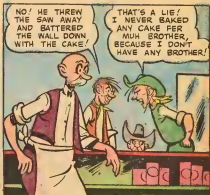
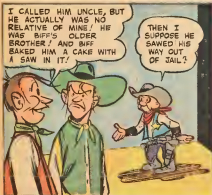
YORE FATHER WAS
A CROOK AND YORE
JUST A GYP OFF
THE OLD BLOCK!

MY FATHER WAS
NOT A CROOK! IT WAS
YORE UNCLE WHO WAS
A BANDIT! AND WHEN
HE WAS LOCKED UP
HE WAS SO TOUGH.
NOT EVEN ONE FRIEND
CAME TO VISIT
HIM IN JAIL!



THEY DIDN'T
HAVE TO COME!
THEY WERE ALL IN
JAIL WITH HIM!

OH, THEN YOU
ADMIT YORE UNCLE
WAS A BANDIT?



Rod CAMERON

and



ROD, THESE MEN ARE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS FROM WASHINGTON. THEY CAME OUT HERE LOOKING FOR A MAN TO DO A SPECIAL JOB FOR THEM—A DANGEROUS JOB! I RECKON YOU'RE THE MAN FOR IT!

THE SHERIFF IS RIGHT, CAMERON! YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD CARRY IT OFF. THAT'S WHY I HAD HIM SEND FOR YOU!

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

Farming a gun against overwhelming odds or using his mighty strength, generally is the right combination for the *Knight of the Saddle*—Rod Cameron! But this time it takes much more to keep Rod one step ahead of Boot Hill!



THIS TERRITORY HAS BEEN FLOODED WITH COUNTERFEIT TEN DOLLAR BILLS! THEY'RE SO GOOD THAT JIM DILLON, WHO RUNS THE BANK HERE IN TOWN, SAYS HIS OWN MEN CAN HARDLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE!

WE'VE CASHED PLENTY OF THEM!

HMMM... IT DOES LOOK MIGHTY GOOD!



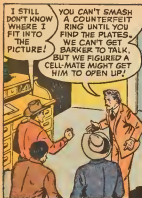
WANTED
REWARD
\$1,000

ARE THERE ANY LEADS?

JUST ONE—CAT BARKER, AND HE'S SITTING IN JAIL RIGHT NOW. WE PICKED HIM UP WHEN HE TRIED TO PASS A BUNDLE OF THE STUFF! HE'S PART OF THE GANG, ALL RIGHT!

BUT THAT MONEY IS STILL CIRCULATING!





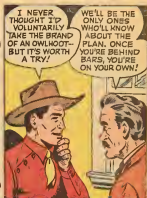
I STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE I FIT INTO THE PICTURE!

YOU CAN'T SMASH A COUNTERFEIT RING UNTIL YOU FIND THE PLATES. WE CAN'T GET BARKER TO TALK, BUT WE FIGURED A CELL-MATE MIGHT GET HIM TO OPEN UP!



YOU MEAN I'M TO BE LOCKED UP WITH THIS BARKER HOMBRE?

YES! IF YOU CAN PASS YOURSELF OFF AS AN OWL-HOOT, MAYBE HE'LL TALK!



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D VOLUNTARILY TAKE THE BRAND OF AN OWLHOOT-- BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY!

WE'LL BE THE ONLY ONES WHO'LL KNOW ABOUT THE PLAN. ONCE YOU'RE BEHIND BARS, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!



LATER THAT DAY...

IN YOU GO, YOU ORNERY POLECAT, YOU'LL BE STRETCHING A ROPE AFTER YOUR TRIAL IS OVER!

YOU VARMINTS WOULDN'T BE PUSHING ME AROUND IF I HAD MY SHOOTING IRONS!



AND THEY DIDN'T MAKE THE JAIL YET THAT CAN HOLD JOHNNY HART! YOU WON'T HOLD ME FOR TRIAL!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU? I DON'T RECALL ANYBODY TELLING ME YOUR HANDLE!

THE MONICKER IS CAT BARKER! AND I'M TELLING YOU AGAIN THAT THIS IS ONE CELL YOU AIN'T BUSTING OUT OF!



CAT BARKER! SAY, I HEARD TALK ABOUT YOU! BUT WHEN I SAY I'M GETTING OUT, I'M NOT JUST SOUNDING OFF! MAYBE I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME.

WHY SHOULD YOU? YOU DON'T OWE ME NOTHING!



SENSING CAT BARKER'S SUSPICION, ROD QUICKLY CHANGES HIS TACTICS

THEN YOU CAN STAY HERE AND ROT FOR ALL I CARE! BUT SEE THIS-- A LITTLE DERRINGER THEY OVERLOOKED WHEN THEY FRISKED ME! THAT'S GOING TO BE MY KEY OUT OF HERE!



I HAVE TO CHANCE THAT HE'LL TAKE THE BAIT ONCE HE SEES THE ROAD TO FREEDOM! IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE TO WIN HIS CONFIDENCE!

HEY, GUARD! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE WATER?

COMING!



EASY NOW-- DON'T SHOUT! YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN UP THIS CAGE, OR I'LL PUT A BULLET INTO YOU!

ALL RIGHT! D-DON'T SHOOT!



GET IN THERE-- PRONTO! YOU CAN KEEP BARKER COMPANY!

WAIT--! TAKE ME WITH YOU!



WHY SHOULD I? YOU SAID I COULDN'T DO IT-- AND YOU DIDN'T SEEM SO ALL-FIRED ANXIOUS TO LEAVE!

I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU, HART! YOU WON'T BE SORRY!



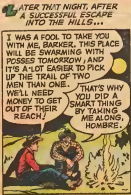
WELL-- ALL RIGHT. LET'S GO! I SPOTTED A COUPLE OF HORSES BACK OF THE JAIL!



THEY LEFT WAR PAINT RIGHT WHERE I TOLD THEM TO!

DIG DIRT, BARKER! WE'LL HAVE A POSSE ON OUR TAIL SOON!

BANG! BANG!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AFTER A SUCCESSFUL ESCAPE INTO THE HILLS...

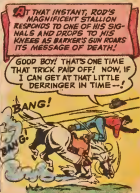
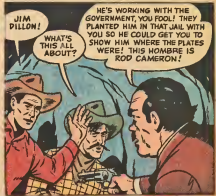
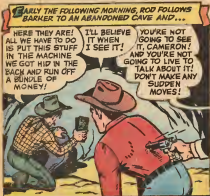
I WAS A FOOL TO TAKE YOU WITH ME, BARKER. THIS PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH POSSES TOMORROW, AND IT'S A LOT EASIER TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF TWO MEN THAN ONE. WE'LL NEED MONEY TO GET OUT OF THEIR REACH!

THAT'S WHY YOU DID A SMART THING BY TAKING ME ALONG, HOMBRE.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

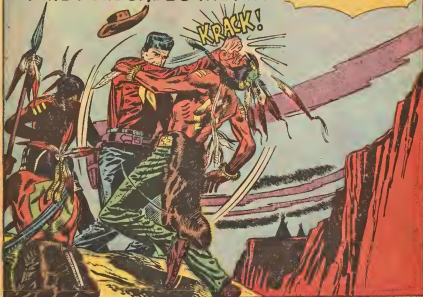
I LEFT A COUPLE OF PERFECT COUNTERFEIT PLATES WITH MY PARTNER WHO HID THEM IN A HIDE-OUT. AS SOON AS THE SUN COMES UP, WE'RE RIDING FOR THEM!



Rod CAMERON

and *THE RENEGADE'S WRATH!*

ONE DAY AS ROD CAMERON IS RIDING THROUGH THE RED HILLS ON HIS WAY TO FORT JENNING, HE IS SUDDENLY CONFRONTED AND ATTACKED BY A BAND OF INDIAN RENEGADES!



BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT FOR EVEN THE HARD-HITTING TRAIL RIDER, AND HE IS LEAD TO THE CAMP OF BLACK ELK, THE RENEGADES' LEADER, WHERE

HIT PALEFACE AGAIN! DO NOT KILL! SAVE HIM FOR FIRE DEVIL PIT!



HOLD, MY WARRIORS! UNTIE PALEFACE FROM STAKE AND TAKE HIM TO DEVIL PIT!





SUDDENLY, A FURY BREAKS THROUGH THE CIRCLE OF THE REDMEN AND...

LOOK OUT! LOCO PALEFACE HORSE!

WAR PAINT! IF EVER I NEEDED YOU, NOW'S THE TIME!



SCUTTLE DUST, OLD BOY! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY RECOVER FROM THEIR SURPRISE!



FASTER, WAR PAINT! IF THEY OVERTAKE US WE'RE DONE FOR!



ROD OUTFRIDES THE RENEGADES AND FINALLY, WEAK FROM THE MERCILESS BEATINGS, HE ARRIVES AT FORT JENNING!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN THE FORT'S HOSPITAL WARD....

FRIEND ROD, SHOSHONE TRIBE YOUR FRIENDS! HEAR RENEGADE BLACK ELK ATTACKED YOU! HE IS BAD MAN WHO RUN WILD AND ATTACK BOTH WHITE MAN AND INDIAN VILLAGE!

HOW COME YOU AND YOUR WARRIORS HAVEN'T STOPPED HIM, CHIEF WHITE EAGLE?



WAR WITH BLACK ELK'S BAND WOULD COST MANY LIVES! BLACK ELK HIDE IN RED HILLS AND NO ONE CAN BRING HIM OUT!

THE DOC SAID I COULD TRAVEL IN ANOTHER DAY! THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO TO BREAK UP BLACK ELK'S RAIDERS!



CAPTURING BLACK ELK AND IMPRISONING HIM WILL ONLY SERVE TO MAKE HIM A HERO IN THE EYES OF ALL RENEGADES! BUT IF BLACK ELK WERE TO LOSE A FAIR FIGHT WITH ANOTHER MAN, IT WOULD DEGRADE HIM FOREVER!

YOU SPEAK WISE WORDS! REST NOW AND WHEN YOU READY WE GO BEEK BLACK ELK!

TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE RED HILLS....

HERE COME MY BRAVES WITH MULES CARRYING FURS, AS YOU PLANNED IT, FRIEND... ROD!

NOW WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TO SEE IF BLACK ELK'S MEN TAKE THE BAIT AND RIDE DOWN TO STEAL THEM!

HERE THEY COME! RIDE AWAY, CHIEF, AS IF YOU DON'T WANT TO FIGHT THEM. I'LL KEEP UNDER-COVER AND TRACK THEM TO THEIR CAMP. I'LL LEAVE TRAIL SIGNS FOR YOU AS I RIDE AFTER THEM!

WE RETURN TO VILLAGE AND GET MY MEN! ONLY HOPE YOUR PLAN TO FIGHT BLACK ELK MAN-TO-MAN MEETS WITH NO TREACHERY!

BLACK ELK TO SAVE HIS FACE WILL HAVE TO ACCEPT MY CHALLENGE! REMEMBER, DON'T GIVE YOUR WARRIORS THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK WHILE THE FIGHT IS ON! BLACK ELK'S DEFEAT IN COMBAT BY A WHITE MAN WILL DO MORE TO CRUSH THE MORALE OF ALL RENEGADES THAN A WAR OF BULLETS!

WILL DO AS FRIEND COMMAND!

ROD CAREFULLY THREADS HIS WAY BEHIND THE BAND OF MARAUDERS FOR SEVERAL MILES.

THEY'VE BUILT A ROPE BRIDGE OVER SPUT PASS! THAT MEANS THEIR NEW HIDE-OUT IS IN DEVIL'S HOLLOW!

A WHILE LATER, IN DEVIL'S HOLLOW...

EASY, PARD! WE'LL WAIT HERE FOR A SPELL TO GIVE CHIEF WHITE EAGLE ENOUGH TIME TO FOLLOW US HERE!

SHORTLY AFTER...

IT PALEFACE WHO GOT AWAY!

WHERE IS THIS BLACK ELK, THE MAN WHO IS SUPPOSED TO FEAR NO ONE?







JET PROPELLED ADVENTURE



in

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