

# ROD CAMERON

APR. NO. 20 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

WESTERN

10¢



**THE GREAT ARMY HOAX!**

MORE  
PAGES OF  
STORIES!



# THUNDER McGUIRE

By Fibewell Jackson



**T**HUNDER McGuire was a big, strapping man with whiskers as strong as railroad spikes and eyebrows bushy enough to hide a covey of sage hens. His shoulders were wider than a longhorn's long horns and the muscles of his arms looked as if he'd accidentally gotten a couple of basketballs under his skin. Luckily, he was a real good-natured feller except when he got angry.

When he wanted to be, Thunder McGuire was the best cowhand that was ever born south of the North Pole. The wildest mustang couldn't throw him. He was a dead shot if any rustlers happened to be foolish enough to nose around any spread where he was working. And he once stopped a stampede of two-thousand head of cattle by just merely standing out in front of them and frowning at them. Those steers were plumb scared to pass by good old Thunder when he was a-frowning!

As I said, he was a good cowhand when he wanted to be, but mostly he liked to be in town where there was excitement. And whenever he was in town, there was bound to be excitement. He only took ranch jobs when he ran out of money, which was frequently, because he was a generous-hearted feller and whenever he happened to bust anything he wanted to pay up the expenses for having it fixed.

Yes sir, he was broke quite a lot of the time. Like one time he was broke he went into the Silver Dollar Casino. He was mighty thirsty from just having wrestled thirty men all at once out on the courthouse lawn. He licked them all, of course, but a job like that would work up a thirst for 'most anybody.

So he went into the Casino and wanted to get a drink of soddy pop on credit. He says to Old Slick Pompadour, the proprietor, "Slick, how far would you trust me?"

"I would trust you just about as far as you could throw a piano!" said Slick, who was in a mean mood on account of his ulcers jumping around again.

"Well, let's just see how far that is!" said Thunder, and before Slick could even gasp, Thunder picked up the piano off the dance floor and marched outside with it. Then he heaved that piano clean over the blacksmith shop and over the Grain and Feed store and down past the jail and plumb into the middle of the gorge.

Slick was so hopping mad he got hold of the sheriff and swore out a complaint against Thunder McGuire. The sheriff wasn't scared of anybody so he says, "Thunder, you've got to go to the jail house and if you don't go peaceable, I'll get me a cannon and put a cannonball through your ornery hide!"

Thunder chuckled, and his chuckle sounded like four bowling alleys all going at once. He said, "I'll go peaceable, Sheriff. 'Cause if you were to shoot that cannonball at me, it would just bounce off and hit some innocent person. I don't want anybody to get hurt."

The sheriff took Thunder off to the jail and locked him in a cell where the walls were solid stone, four feet thick. Thunder sat there peaceable for about a minute, then he thought, "There isn't too much excitement in here. Think I'll take me a stroll uptown and see what's going on."

He didn't want to bother the sheriff about unlocking the door and all that, so he just up with his fist and knocked out the side wall of the cell.

When Slick saw him walking around free as a bird, he was fit to have apple plexy. He stormed into the sheriff's office and yelled, "You've got to arrest him again!"

"No sirree!" said the sheriff. "I'm not going to have the jail busted down all the time. Jails don't grow on trees. Besides, Thunder has promised to buy you a new piano as soon as he gets the money. That'll have to satisfy you!"

This matter I have told you about was just  
(Continued on inside back cover)

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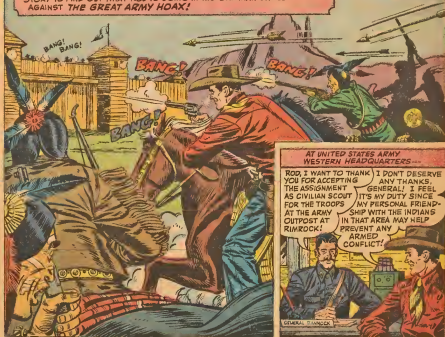
W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President



# Rod CAMERON

## in The GREAT ARMY HOAX

CAN THIS BE TRUE? ROD CAMERON, THE STALWART DEFENDER OF JUSTICE IN THE WEST, LEADING AN ATTACK ON THE UNITED STATES ARMY OUTPOST? THE SHRILL YELL OF THE RAIDING INDIANS GIVES PROOF THAT ROD CAMERON IS FIGHTING AGAINST HIS FLAG! READ THIS ACTION-PACKED STORY TO FIND OUT WHAT ROD IS DOING IN HIS ONE-MAN BATTLE AGAINST THE GREAT ARMY HOAX!



AT UNITED STATES ARMY WESTERN HEADQUARTERS...

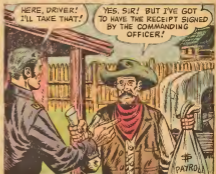
ROD, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR ACCEPTING THE ASSIGNMENT AS CIVILIAN SCOUT FOR THE TROOPS AT RIMROCK!

I DON'T DESERVE ANY THANKS, GENERAL! I FEEL AS IF IT'S MY DUTY SINCE MY PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP WITH THE INDIANS IN THAT AREA MAY HELP PREVENT ANY ARMED CONFLICT!

GENERAL STANWICK











LET'S SHOOT IT OUT WITH HIM AND VANCOUSE!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! REMEMBER I'M THE COMMANDING OFFICER HERE AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW EASY IT IS TO GET RID OF THIS MEDDLING COWPOKE! **GUARD!**



LOCK THIS MAN IN THE GUARDHOUSE AND SEE THAT HE HAS NO FOOD UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS!

YES, SIR!

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, MEN! THIS MAN IS A PHONY! HE'S NOT A REAL ARMY OFFICER!



I TELL YOU HE'S NOT A COLONEL! HE MURDERED MAJOR HAKE AND TOOK HIS PLACE!

GET MOVING, MISTER! WE'VE GOT A NICE QUIET CELL FOR YOU!



THAT COLONEL IS NOT REALLY AN OFFICER! LET ME OUT AND I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU!

THIS IS THE ARMY AND WHAT THE COLONEL SAYS GOES! YOU STAY IN JAIL!



IT'S NO USE! I RECKON THE SOLDIERS WILL OBEY THE MAN IN THE OFFICER'S UNIFORM AND NOTHING I SAY WILL CONVINCE THEM THAT HE IS AN IMPOSTER! I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE SOME WAY TO GET ALL THE SOLDIERS OUT OF CAMP SO I CAN BE ALONE WITH THESE CRITTERS!



BUT FIRST I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! OOF! NO USE! I CAN'T REACH THAT CROSSBAR!

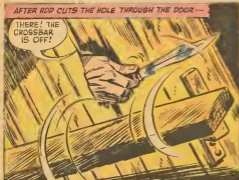


THEY DIDN'T TAKE MY KNIFE! THIS KNIFE IS GOING TO GET ME OUT OF THIS CAGE!



THAT CROSSBAR WOULD BE RIGHT ABOUT HERE! IT'S A THICK DOOR, BUT THIS KNIFE IS SHARP! I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO MAKE IT!



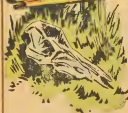






**HOWDY PARTNERS,**

THIS MONTH I'D LIKE TO PALAVER WITH YOU, GOOD FRIENDS, ABOUT SOMETHING MIGHTY SERIOUS! THIS RIFLE I'M CARRYING IS AN AIR RIFLE! BILL JENKINS TOOK IT FROM HIS YOUNGESTER WHEN HE CAUGHT THE BOY POINTING IT AT ANOTHER BOY! SURE, YOUNG BILL WAS JUST FOOLING, BUT BEFORE HE GETS HIS AIR RIFLE BACK HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO MEMORIZE AND PROMISE TO OBEY ALL THE RULES OF SAFE RIFLE HANDLING.



AN AIR RIFLE IS FUN TO OWN AND SHOOT, BELIEVE YOU ME, AND LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE, IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS WHEN HANDLED PROPERLY! FOR ONE THING, PARTNERS, NEVER --- NEVER GO AROUND WITH YOUR RIFLE COCKED READY TO FIRE! YOU MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY PRESS THE TRIGGER OR STUMBLE AND HAVE IT GO OFF! WHEN

CLIMBING FENCES WITH A RIFLE, YOU EITHER REST IT ON THE GROUND AND RETRIEVE IT AFTER CLIMBING! OR SLIP IT, MUZZLE FIRST THROUGH THE FENCE BEFORE YOU START CLIMBING!

AN AIR RIFLE IS FOR FUN --- TARGET SHOOTING, NOT FOR FIRING AT SONG BIRDS, CATS, DOGS, OR OTHER ANIMALS! NOR IS IT FOR SHOOTING UP OTHER FOLKS' PROPERTY OR TREES! AND A GOOD RIFLEMAN ALWAYS MAKES CERTAIN NO ONE IS WITHIN RANGE BEHIND HIS TARGET IN CASE HIS SHOT MISSES AND GOES ON!

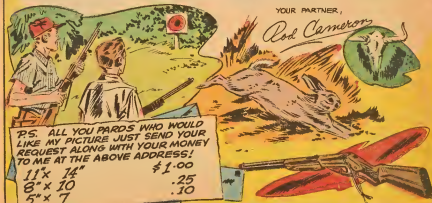
ANOTHER SAFETY RULE IS NEVER STAND BEFORE ANYONE LOADING A RIFLE, OR POINT YOUR OWN RIFLE TOWARD ANYONE OR YOURSELF WHEN LOADING!

OF COURSE, PARTNERS, YOU CAN HAVE FUN WITH YOUR AIR RIFLE AND NOT ENDANGER LIFE OR PROPERTY! FOR REAL FUN AND SAFE RIFLE TECHNIQUES, JOIN THE JUNIOR PROGRAM OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION, OPEN TO ALL OWNERS OF SPRING-TYPE AIR RIFLES. AS A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE MEMBER OF THE NRA YOU'LL LEARN PLENTY ABOUT SAFE SHOOTING, SAFE HANDLING, AND GOOD CLEAN FUN! FOR FULL DETAILS, WRITE JUNIOR SAFETY INSTITUTE, SUITE 1900 --- 230 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

REMEMBER, PARTNERS, THAT THE MARK OF AN HONEST-TO-GOSH REAL COWBOY IS HIS ABILITY TO HANDLE HIS RIFLE SAFELY AND SENSIBLY!

YOUR PARTNER,

*Rod Cameron*

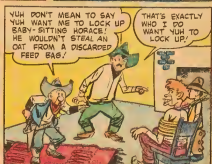
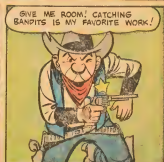
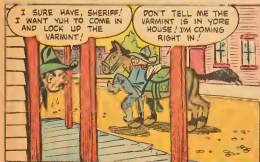
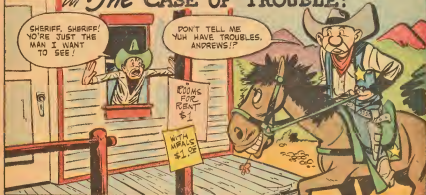


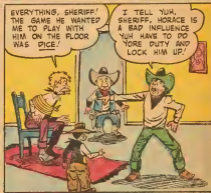
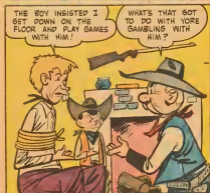
P.S. ALL YOU PARDS WHO WOULD LIKE MY PICTURE JUST SEND YOUR REQUEST ALONG WITH YOUR MONEY TO ME AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS!

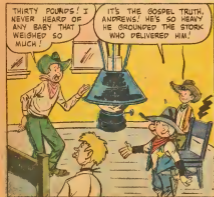
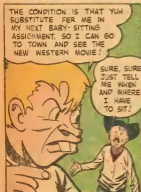
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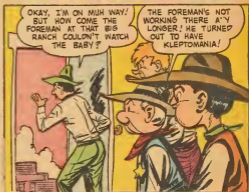
# SAM THE SHERIFF

## in The CASE OF TROUBLE!









# Rod Cameron <sup>in</sup> THE GOLD DUST MURDER



ROD CAMERON, YOU'RE A MURDERER!

YOU'RE ALSO A GOLD STEALING BANDIT!

THIS IS STILL MIGHTY LAWLESS COUNTRY! I'M HEADING FOR BARYVILLE MYSELF SO IF YOU WANT, I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YOU AND LET THESE GUNS PROTECT YOU!

WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR OFFER, ROD, BUT NO ONE KNOWS WHAT WE'RE CARRYING SO WE'RE NOT WORRYING ABOUT BEING ATTACKED!

ONE NIGHT, OUT IN THE OPEN COUNTRY...

MMM! THAT COFFEE SMELLS GOOD! I SURE COULD USE A CUP!

ROD CAMERON! I RECKON WE SHORE CAN OFFER YOU A CUP! COME ON, SET NEAR THE FIRE!

WHERE ARE YOU MEN HEADED?

WE'RE GOING TO BARYVILLE, BUT WE RECKON WE'LL CAMP HYAR TONIGHT!

SHUCKS, FELLERS, WE ALL KNOW ROD CAMERON'S REPUTATION! WE CAN TELL HIM! WE'RE CARRYING GOLD DUST! THE RESULT OF A YEAR'S PROSPECTING AND WE'RE TOTING IT TO THE BANK IN TOWN!







THOSE ARE RIGHT FINE LOOKING GUNS, ROD! LET'S HAVE A CLOSE LOOK AT THEM!

SURE, HERE! I HAD THE HANDLES CARVED SPECIALLY FOR ME! THERE ARE NO OTHER GUNS LIKE THEM!



MIGHTY FINE BIT OF HARDWARE, I MUST SAY!

AND FROM THE STORIES I HEAR THEY DO A POWERFUL LOT OF GOOD ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER!



**S**HORTLY AFTER...

I RECKON I'LL BE ON MY WAY TO TOWN! REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU! THIS IS DANGEROUS COUNTRY SO KEEP A SHARP WATCH!

DON'T WORRY, ROD! NO ONE WOULD EXPECT TO GET ANYTHING FROM THREE OLD SQUADROUGHS LIKE US!



**R**OD RIDES THROUGH THE HILLS...

YIPES!

SWISH!



I... UNGH!

CLUNK!

**R**OD'S ASSAILANT COMES OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND GOES THROUGH HIS POKETS!

HUH! HE DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR ME TO STEAL! THESE ARE HANDSOME LOOKING GUNS, THOUGH! I RECKON I'LL TAKE THEM FOR MY TROUBLE!



**L**ATER, WHEN ROD REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

SOME SNEAKING COYOTE KNOCKED ME OUT AND STOLE MY GUNS! IT'S TOO DARK TO TRACK HIM DOWN, SO I RECKON I'LL HEAD FOR TOWN AND WAIT FOR SOME OWLHOOD TO SHOW UP WEARING MY HARDWARE!



**B**UT STONY BOREN, THE JASPER WHO ATTACKED ROD, CONTINUES ON IN THE OTHER DIRECTION!

KEEP RIDING TILL I FIND SOMEONE TO ROB! WAIT! THAT LOOKS LIKE A CAMPFIRE UP AHEAD!

I'LL JUST





**S**OOON...

I'LL JUST SNEAK UP ON THEM  
QUIET LIKE AND SEE IF THEY'RE  
WORTH ROBBING!

I RECKON IT'S TIME WE  
GOT SOME SHUTEYE!

OKAY. BUT LET'S  
CHECK TO MAKE  
SURE THAT THE  
GOLD DUST  
IS SAFE  
FIRST!

GOLD DUST, EH! I  
RECKON I'VE FOUND ME  
SOME PROSPEROUS VICTIMS  
AFTER ALL! I'LL JUST COVER  
MY FACE AND STEP OUT  
AND SURPRISE THEM!



GENTS, I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF HOGLEGS  
HYAR THAT SPIT MEAN BULLETS, SO SUPPOSE  
YOU TOSS THAT GOLD DUST OVER TO ME BEFORE  
I PULL THE  
TRIGGER!

I CAN'T  
SEE WHO  
IT IS!

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY  
DIFFERENCE WHO IT IS!  
HE'S GOT THE DROP ON  
US! TOSS HIM THE GOLD,  
SLIM!



HYAR'S OUR GOLD YOU SNEAKING  
POLECAT! IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE  
THOSE GUNS...

THOSE GUNS WON'T  
STOP ME! I'LL FILL  
YOU FULL...



**B**UT STONY'S GUN IS QUICK!

THIS WILL  
STOP YOU!

GET HIM,  
SLIM!

THAT'S  
WHAT I AIM  
TO DO!



HUH! THEY SHOT ONE GUN AWAY!  
I RECKON I'LL JUST GRAB THAT  
SACK OF GOLD DUST AND MAKE  
TRACKS!



KEEP FIRING, YOU OLD  
GEEZERS! I'VE GOT THE  
GOLD DUST AND YOU'LL  
NEVER GET ME!





THE OWLHOOT KILLED GUS, GOT AWAY WITH OUR MONEY AND... **HANK!** LOOK AT THAT **GUN** HE DROPPED!

WHY, THAT'S ROD CAMERON'S GUN!



I RECKON WE TALKED TOO MUCH WHEN WE TOLD ROD CAMERON ABOUT THE GOLD DUST!

YEAH! AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED ROD CAMERON IS A MURDERING POLEGAT!



**T**HE NEXT DAY, IN BARYVILLE...

SLIM! HYAR GDMES ROD CAMERON NOW! WALKING AS IF HE HAD NOTHING ON HIS CONSCIENCE!

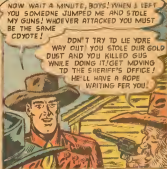
HAVE YDRE HARDWARE READY AND WAIT TILL HE GETS UP CLDSE!



HOWDY, BOYS! I SEE YOU MADE IT—HEY! WHAT IS THIS?

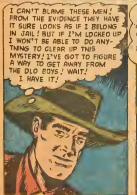
THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD FER YOU, YOU ORNERY SIDEWINDER!

WE'RE TAKING YOU IN FER ROBBERY AND MURDER--AND WE'VE GOT YORE GUN YOU DROPPED LAST NIGHT TO PRO... YOU'RE GUILTY!



NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS! WHEN I LEFT YOU SOMEONE JUMPED ME AND STOLE MY GUNS! WHOEVER ATTACKED YOU MUST BE THE SAME CODYTE!

DDN'T TRY TO LIE YDRE WAY OUT! YOU STOLE OUR GOLD DUST AND YOU KILLED GUS WANKLE! DOING IT! GET MOVING TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE! HE'LL HAVE A ROPE WAITING FER YOU!



I CAN'T BLAME THESE MEN! FROM THE EVIDENCE THEY HAVE IT SURE LOOKS AS IF I BELONGS IN JAIL! BUT IF I'M LOCKED UP I WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHINGS TO CLEAR UP THIS MYSTERY! I'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY TO GET AWAY FROM THE DLO BOYS! WAIT! I HAVE IT!

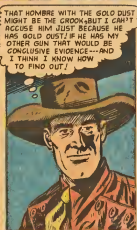
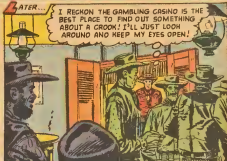


ALL RIGHT, MEN, I MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT I'M GUILTY AND YOU'VE GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS! I'VE GOT THE GOLD OUST IN MY ROOM AT THE MOTEL SO SUPPOSE WE GET IT BEFORE WE VISIT THE SHERIFF!

THAT'S A RIGHT GODD IDEA! AT LEAST WE'LL GET THE GOLD BACK!



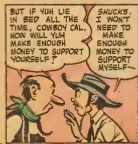
GET MOVING AND REMEMBER, ND TRICKS! I'VE GOT MY GUN AIMED RIGHT AT YORE BACK!





# SADDLE-HEAD

SHOULD BE BELTED!



# Rod CAMERON

# and THE CLUELESS CRIMES

There were no gunshots and no robbers, but town after town was looted--picked clean, and not a clue as to who was responsible for the crime! Rod Cameron, valiant fighter for law and order, sets out to solve this strange puzzle and finds himself up against a gang of ruthless killers who are as cunning as they are cruel!

LOOK OUT, JUMBO! I'LL GET THAT CAMERON JASPER WITH MY SIX-GUN!



ONE DAY, AS ROD CAMERON VISITS HIS FRIEND, THE SHERIFF OF RED ROCK ---

SO YOU SAY THERE WAS TROUBLE OVER IN BLAYSVILLE, ROD?

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF! IT HAPPENED JUST BEFORE I GOT THERE LAST WEEK! THERE WERE A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS ROBBERIES IN ONE NIGHT THAT JUST ABOUT CLEANED OUT THE TOWN!

SHERIFF RED ROCK

CIRCUS COMING NEXT WEEK

WELL, I SHORE HOPE WE DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE IN THIS TOWN! FOLKS ARE GETTING READY TO ENJOY THE CIRCUS NEXT WEEK AND I WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO SPOIL THEIR FUN!

MEANWHILE, UP THE STREET ---

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, DOES ANYONE WANT TO TRY TO STAND UP TO JUMBO, THE CIRCUS STRONG MAN? IF YOU'RE STILL STANDING AFTER ONE MINUTE, YOU'LL GET FIFTY DOLLARS PRIZE MONEY!





FOLKS, WE MAKE YOU THIS OFFER AS ADVANCE PUSBICITY FOR THE CIRCUS SCHEDULED TO ARRIVE HERE NEXT WEEK!

HEY, WASEL, LOOK! THAT'S THE LOCAL LAW COMING UP AND UP AND WITH HIM IS A JASPER I SAW IN BLAYSVILLE!



IF HE'S COMING WITH THE SHERIFF, IT MUST MEAN TROUBLE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

WE'LL STOP HIM FROM TALKING BY GETTING HIM INTO A FIGHT! YOU WORK HIM OVER TO THE WINDOW AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME! I'LL SEE THAT THE BIG GALOOT DOESN'T TALK!



NO GOOD CAN COME OF THIS SORT OF FIGHTING! I'M GOING TO BREAK THIS UP!

I SAW THESE PEOPLE DO THEIR ACT IN BLAYSVILLE, SHERIFF! IT'S HARMLESS ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE TOWNSPEOPLE! WHY DON'T YOU LET THEM HAVE THEIR FUN?



BUT ROD DOESN'T REALIZE THAT HE IS GOING TO BE PART OF THE "FUN"!

HERE'S A LIKELY LOOKING CANDIDATE. COME ON, COWBOY, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN WIN THE FIFTY DOLLARS!

HOLD ON, MISTER! I'M NOT HANKERING FOR ANY FIGHTING RIGHT NOW!



A BIG GUY LIKE YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO PUT ON A GOOD SHOW! HERE! THIS WILL START YOU OFF!



PUT YOUR GUN AWAY, SHERIFF! I'M GOING TO TEACH THIS HOMBRE A LESSON IN MANNERS -- IN THE LANGUAGE HE UNDERSTANDS -- FISTS!



HE'S MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR! I'D BETTER WORK HIM OVER TO THAT WINDOW FAST!



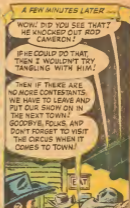


THERE, HE'S IN POSITION!  
I HOPE WEASEL  
IS READY!



AND WEASEL IS READY WITH  
HIS COWARDLY BLOW!

THAT OUGHT TO KEEP  
HIM QUIET FOR QUITE  
A SPELL, I RECKON!

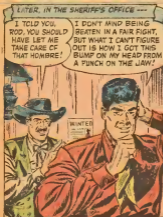


A FEW MINUTES LATER

WOW! DID YOU SEE THAT?  
HE KNOCKED OUT ROD  
CAMERON!

IF HE COULD DO THAT,  
THEN I WOULDN'T TRY  
TANGLING WITH HIM!

THEN IF THERE ARE  
NO MORE CONTESTANTS  
WE HAVE TO LEAVE AND  
PUT OUR SHOW ON IN  
THE NEXT TOWN!  
GOODBYE, FOLKS, AND  
DON'T FORGET TO VISIT  
THE CIRCUS WHEN IT  
COMES TO TOWN!



LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ---

I TOLD YOU,  
ROD, YOU SHOULD  
HAVE LET ME  
TAKE CARE OF  
THAT HOMBRE!

I DON'T MIND BEING  
BEATEN IN A FAIR FIGHT,  
BUT WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE  
OUT IS HOW I GOT THIS  
BUMP ON MY HEAD FROM  
A PUNCH ON THE JAW!



AT THAT MOMENT ---

SHERIFF! COME  
QUICK! MY HOUSE HAS  
BEEN LOOTED!

MINE, TOO!  
WHILE I WAS WATCHING  
THE FIGHT SOME ORNERY  
SKUNK WENT THROUGH  
MY PLACE AND STOLE ALL  
MY VALUABLES!

WE'VE GOT TO  
DO SOMETHING!  
ALL MY  
MONEY'S GONE!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! ROD CAMERON  
AND I WILL GO OUT AN'  
INVESTIGATE!



LATER ---

THE SAME THING HAPPENED AT  
EACH PLACE! ALL VALUABLES GONE  
AND NOT A CLUE  
AS TO WHO  
TOOK THEM!

THIS LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE  
THE JOB THAT WAS DONE  
AT BLAYSVILLE!



MEANWHILE ---

WE WERE  
SUPPOSED  
TO MEET THE OTHERS HERE!  
I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING  
THEM?

HOLD ON!  
HERE THEY  
COME NOW!



WHAT A HAUL WE MADE IN THAT TOWN!

YEAH, WE JUST CLEANED THE PLACE OUT!

IT'S A RIGHT GOOD RACKET WE HAVE, WEASEL! YOU AND JUMBO DISTRACTING EVERYONE'S ATTENTION WITH THE FIGHTING WHILE WE GO THROUGH THE HOMES AND TAKE EVERYTHING!



WE'D BETTER BE MOVING NOW! COME ON, WE'LL RIDE OFF AND LAY LOW SOMEWHERE UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO TO THE NEXT TOWN!



A FEW DAYS LATER, ROD VISITS THE NEWLY ARRIVED CIRCUS IN RED ROCK!

BUSINESS IS VERY BAD! I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE PLACE WAS ALMOST EMPTY LAST NIGHT!

THAT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE THE PEOPLE LOST ALL THEIR MONEY IN THE ROBBERIES THAT HAPPENED WHILE YOUR ADVANCE PUBLICITY MEN WERE PUTTING ON THEIR SHOW!



PUBLICITY MEN? I DIDN'T SEND OUT ANY ADVANCE PUBLICITY SHOW!

ARE YOU SURE? THERE WAS A LITTLE HOMBRE NAMED WEASEL AND A BIG JASPER THEY CALLED JUMBO!



THOSE TWO! I FIRED THEM BOTH OVER A MONTH AGO WHEN I CAUGHT THEM STEALING!



YOU FIRED THEM, HUH! THE WHOLE PATTERN IS BECOMING RIGHT CLEAR NOW! WHAT TOWN ARE YOU SCHEDULED TO PLAY NEXT?

WE GO TO HAMPTON CREEK NEXT WEEK!



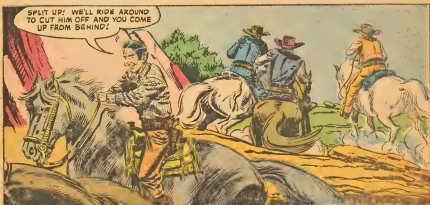
COME ON, WAR PAINT! WE'RE HEADING FOR HAMPTON CREEK! THOSE VARMINTS MUST BE BUSY THERE ALREADY!



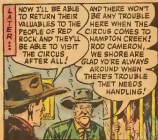
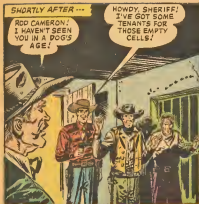
SOME TIME LATER, IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE OF HAMPTON CREEK --

HEY, LOOK! THERE'S THAT BIG HOMBRE FROM RED ROCK!

HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO HAMPTON CREEK TO WARN THEM ABOUT THE ROBBERIES! WE'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM!

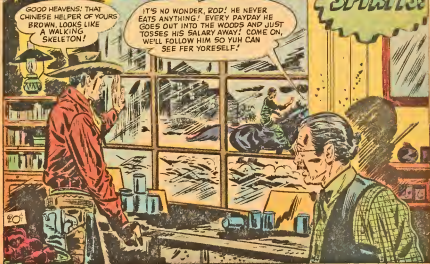






# Rod CAMERON

in  
**THE  
EVIL  
SPIRITS!**



GOOD HEAVENS! THAT CHINESE HELPER OF YOURS BROWN, LOOKS LIKE A WALKING SKELETON!

IT'S NO WONDER, ROD! HE NEVER EATS ANYTHING! EVERY PAYDAY HE GOES OUT INTO THE WOODS AND JUST TOSSES HIS SALARY AWAY! COME ON, WE'LL FOLLOW HIM SO YUH CAN SEE FER YORESELF!

I LIKE HIM, ROD, AND I'M CONCERNED, BUT HE WON'T TELL ME WHY HE TOSSES HIS MONEY AWAY! THAT'S WHY I SENT FER YUH! I THOUGHT MAYBE YUH COULD FIGURE IT ALL OUT!

MEANWHILE, AT THE LOCAL SALOON---

HEY, SPORTY, HOW ABOUT SETTING US UP FER ANOTHER DRINK BEFORE YUH LEAVE?

I'M SORRY BUT I'M ALL OUT OF MONEY! BUT DON'T WORRY---

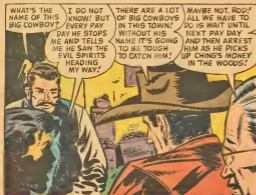
--- I'LL BE BACK SOON WITH A FRESH SUPPLY!

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE WOODS---

IT'S JUST AS YOU SAID, BROWN! HE JUST TAKES HIS MONEY AND TOSSES IT AWAY! I CAN'T MAKE HEADS NOR TAILS OF IT EITHER! WHEN CHING RIDES BACK PAST US, I'M GOING TO TALK TO HIM!











## Thunder McGuire

(Continued from inside front cover)

a for-instance. Good Old Thunder was all the time doing interesting things like that, and naturally he became quite a hero around town. He was especially a hero to the small fry. Why there was 'most always a whole platoon of little boys following along after Thunder, trying to walk like him and talk like him and be just as much like him as possible.

Everybody thought that was pretty cute except one man. He was James J. Duncan, the new school teacher. Now it was common generally in those parts to have a school marm, but under the influence of Thunder McGuire, the students had become too rough for any lady to handle. So they brought in a man for the job. And I've got to admit that James J. Duncan was every inch a man. Trouble was, there weren't enough inches. He was only about average height and kind of slender.

Some of those little kids in his classroom—the boys of eighteen and nineteen—were even bigger than the teacher. 'Course, he could've licked some of the smaller ones, but he had some queer notions and one of 'em was that he didn't believe in spankings.

Yessir, James J. Duncan no spankee and even the little kids soon found out about it. Every two or three days, the whole class would be missing except for the girls. And they all got so brazen, they wouldn't lie about where they'd been. They say, "We all went to watch Old Thunder lick his weight in wildcats!" Or, "We were watching Old Thunder bust an anvil in two with his bare hands."

Whenever he could get a quorum into his classroom, one of the things this teacher kept drilling into the pupils was this: "If you don't know the answer, at least know where you can *find* the answer!" To me that seemed like a dumb thing to harp on because any blame fool knows you can always find the answer in the back of the book.

But that's neither here nor there. The students got to be absentee and absentee and once, when they didn't show up for a whole week because they were all on a roundup with

Thunder McGuire, the teacher couldn't stand it any more. He marched right up to that giant of a man and he said, "Thunder, you are a bad influence on the children. You'd better get out of town."

Old Thunder looked down on James J. Duncan like as if he was a catty piller. He said, "Teacher, that's good advice for you. If you ain't out of town by sundown, I'm going to bust you in two with my bare fists."

Well, sir, nobody was much surprised when the teacher packed up and caught the four o'clock stage for Frisco. And nobody blamed him, either. That is, none of the men. Some of the womenfolk said it was a shame that such a good teacher turned out to be a coward. We were a mite surprised a few weeks later to hear that James J. Duncan had got on board of a ship and sailed plumb out of the country. Seemed no call for him to go *that* far. 'Tweren't likely that Thunder McGuire would chase him!

Well it was some weeks later. I was snoozing when somebody shakes my shoulder and hollers, "Hey, wake up. Who do you think is back in town? The school teacher! And if you hurry you can see him and Thunder have their showdown on the courthouse lawn!"

Believe me, I slid into my breeches faster than a fireman. There was a big circle of folks on the lawn, watching, as Thunder and Duncan squared off facing each other, but I managed to squeeze up front.

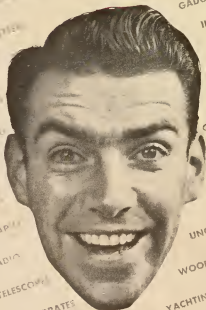
Thunder let out a roar and lunged at the little man. The teacher sort of backed away, then he made a quick grab at Thunder. It was amazing. Thunder flew up in the air, turned a somersault, and landed on his back with an earth-shaking thud. The teacher jumped on him and pressed a finger on Thunder's neck. That giant of a man lay still, licked for the first time in his life. It was astonishing!

**W**ELL, sir, that's about the end of the story. That teacher never ran away at all. He just simply went over to Japan and took some jujitsu lessons. Then he came back and used what he had learned on Big Old Thunder. Believe me, interest in his classes really perked up after that, and who do you think became one of his star pupils? — Thunder McGuire!

THE END

THE MAGAZINE THAT HAS...

# Everything from **A**h-h! to **Z**owie!



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ELECTRONICS

GADGETS

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ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

# THE TEEN TITANS

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# COWBOY CAL



THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW!



HEY, COWBOY CAL, DID YUH HEAR ABOUT THE BIG NEWS IN TOWN?

WHAT NEWS?



A GAL LAWYER JUST OPENED UP AN OFFICE IN TOWN!

A GAL LAWYER?



YUP! I NEVER HEARD OF A GAL LAWYER BEFORE. DID YUH?

SHORE I DID! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I USED TO GO OUT WITH A GAL LAWYER!



HUH? YUH USED TO GO OUT WITH A GAL LAWYER?

YUR! AND I HAD QUITE A CASE ON HER BUT IT DIDNT LAST LONG---



--- IT WAS A BRIEF CASE! HA, HA!

(GASP)!!

# QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:  
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—  
3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

1. SNOW FALLS ON THE EQUATOR.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



2. THE CHICAGO FIRE OF 1871 AND THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE OF 1906 WERE THE COSTLIEST DISASTERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



3. WHEN IT IS NOON IN NEW YORK, IT IS 10 A.M. IN DENVER.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



4. BENJAMIN HARRISON WAS A GENERAL BEFORE HE BECAME PRESIDENT.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



5. THE CONTINENT OF ASIA HAS THE MOST PEOPLE FOR ITS SIZE.

TRUE..... FALSE.....



# ANSWERS:

1. TRUE. 2. TRUE. 3. FALSE. 4. TRUE. 5. TRUE.