

NO. 2

*the*  
**CISCO KID**  
COMICS



52 pages —  
ALL COMICS!



# CISCO KID



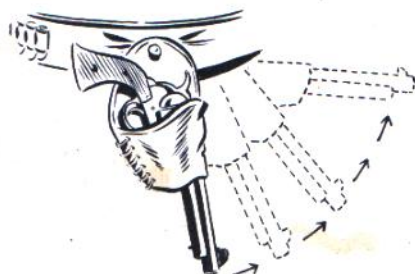
## GUN FANNING.

GUN FANNING WAS ORIGINATED BY TEXAS COWBOYS TO SHOOT A SINGLE-ACTION REVOLVER WITH THE MOST POSSIBLE SPEED. THE PISTOL IS DRAWN WITH THE RIGHT HAND (BY A RIGHT-HANDED PERSON) AND STEADIED IN PLACE WITH THE TRIGGER HELD DOWN WHILE THE LEFT HAND FANS ACROSS THE TOP OF THE GUN, CAUSING THE HAMMER TO RISE AND FALL.

## THE FAST "GUN DRAW."

FAMOUS GUNMEN ALWAYS DEVELOPED THEIR OWN STYLE, EACH DRAWING THE WAY WHICH SEEMED TO HAVE THE GREATEST EASE AND SPEED FOR HIM. THE FAST, "LIGHTNING," GUN DRAW SHOWN, IS FOR A SINGLE-ACTION COLT REVOLVER, AND IS EXECUTED THUS:

1. GUN IS DRAWN FROM HOLSTER BY INDEX FINGER.
  2. A QUICK TWIST THROWS GUN IN CIRCULAR MOTION FORWARD.
  3. AS GUN BARREL COMES OVER, THUMB CLOSES OVER HAMMER —
  4. —COCKING IT AS GUN LEVELS AND IS FIRMLY GRIPPED READY TO FIRE.
- THIS DRAW CAN BE DONE IN ONE CONTINUOUS MOVEMENT FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW.



## THE HALF-BREED HOLSTER.

THE HALF-BREED HOLSTER IS A CARRYING CASE FOR A REVOLVER OR PISTOL WHICH ONLY PARTLY ENCASES THE GUN, ALLOWING THE BARREL TO PROTRUDE.

THE HOLSTER IS FASTENED TO THE CARTRIDGE BELT BY A PIVOT ACTING AS A SWIVEL, THUS ALLOWING THE GUN TO BE FIRED BY TILTING THE BARREL UP WITHOUT DRAWING IT FROM THE HOLSTER.



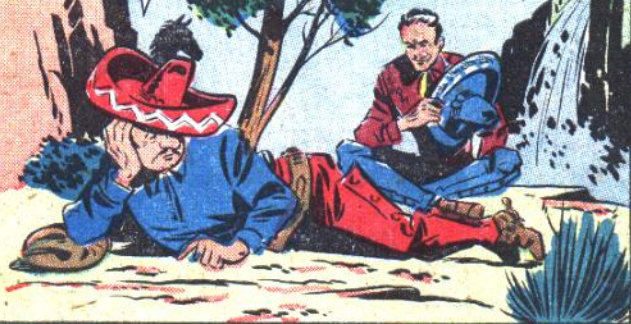
# THE CISCO KID

## IN THE GUNWISE COWPOKE

ONE NOON IN SOUTHWEST TEXAS...

AH! PANCHO IS FULL OF GOOD FOOD! NOW, HE WILL TAKE THE SIESTA!

A GOOD IDEA! I AM SLEEPY, TOO! THE WARM SUN---



CISCO! SOMEBODY SHOOT AT US!

NONSENSE! THAT SHOT WAS UP THERE-- ON THE TRAIL! AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED YARDS FROM WHERE WE ARE!



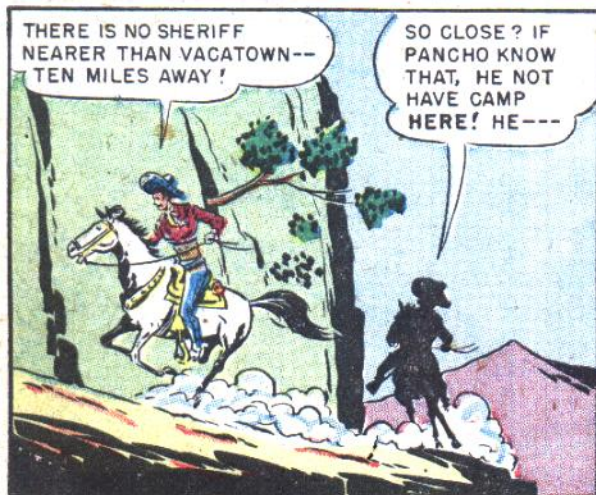
ANOTHER SHOT! COME, PANCHO! SOMEONE IS IN TROUBLE!

IT BE US-- IF THAT IS A SHERIFF WHO SHOOTS!

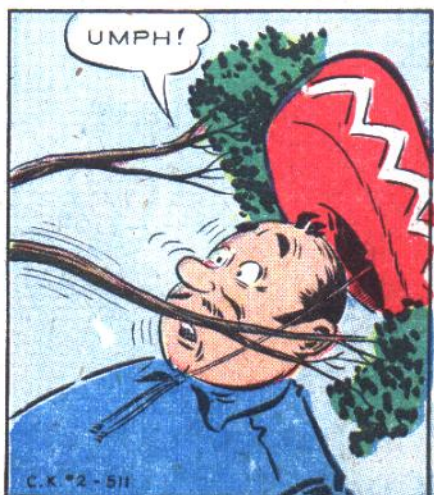


THERE IS NO SHERIFF NEARER THAN VACATOWN-- TEN MILES AWAY!

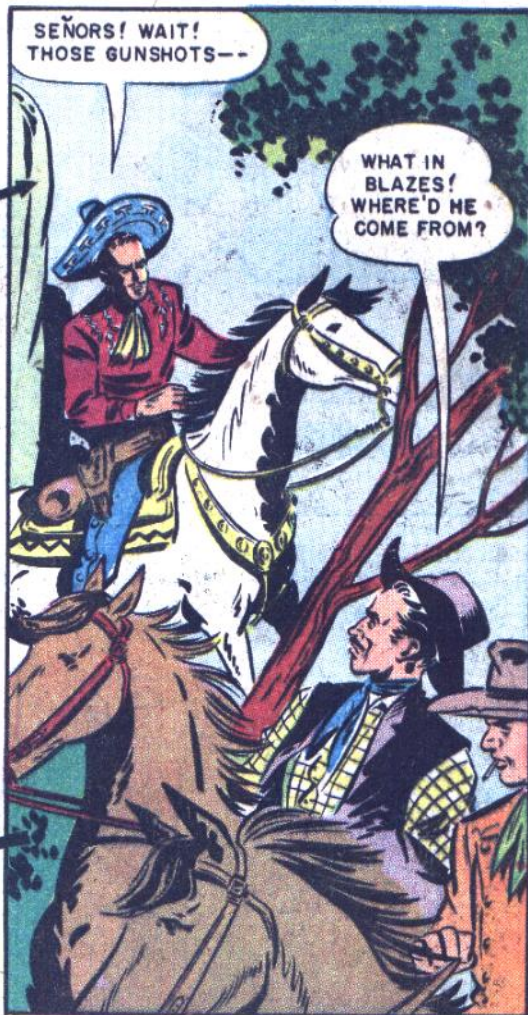
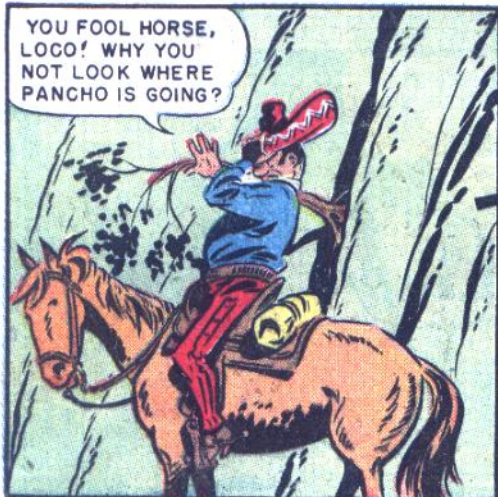
SO CLOSE? IF PANCHO KNOW THAT, HE NOT HAVE CAMP HERE! HE---



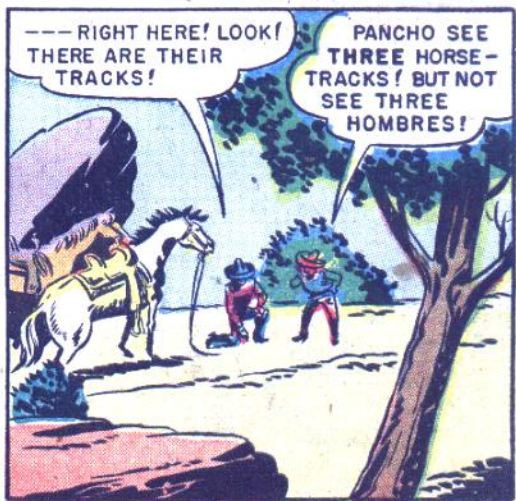
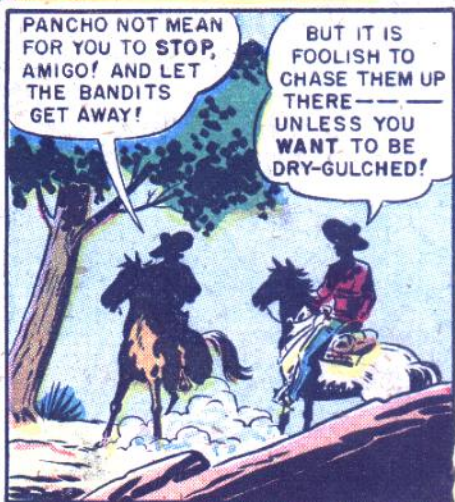
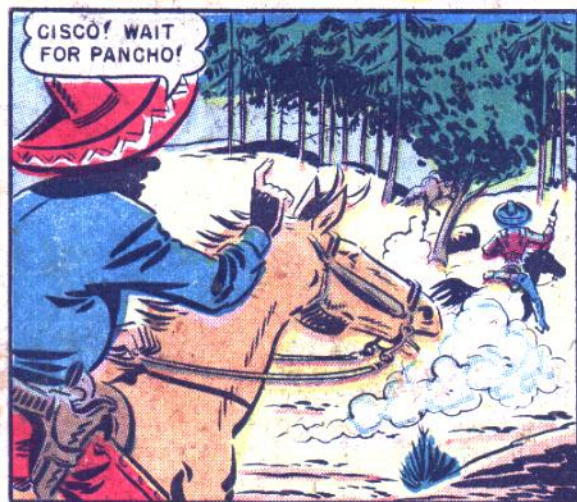
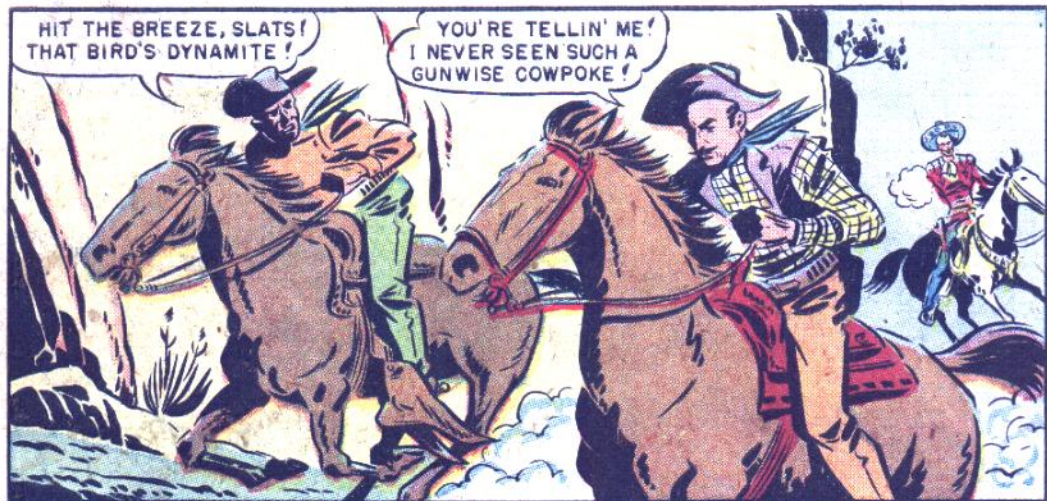
UMPH!



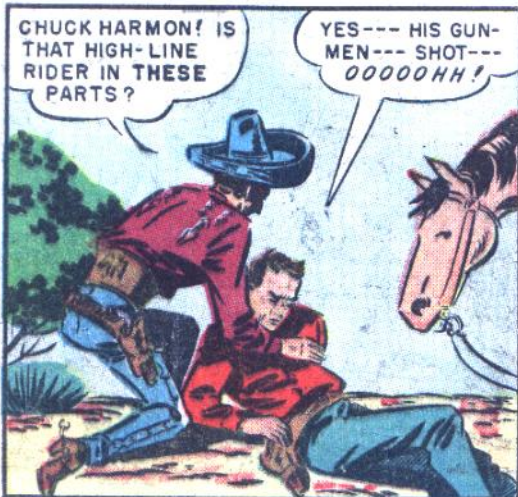




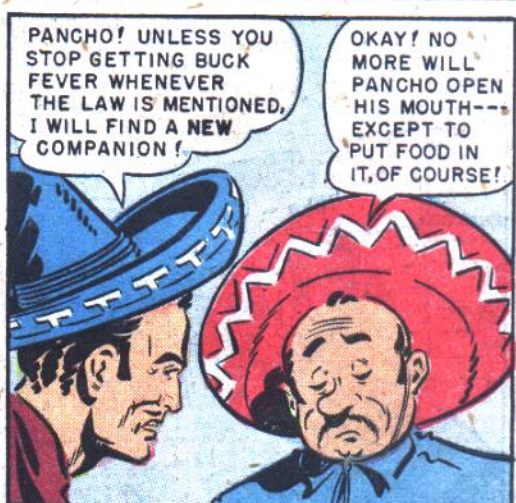
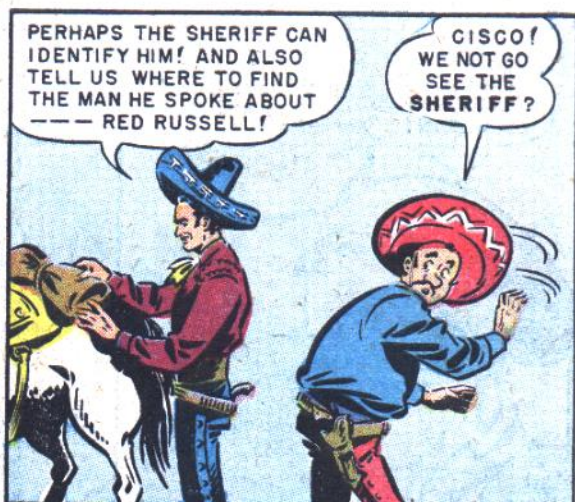












LATER, IN VACATOWN...



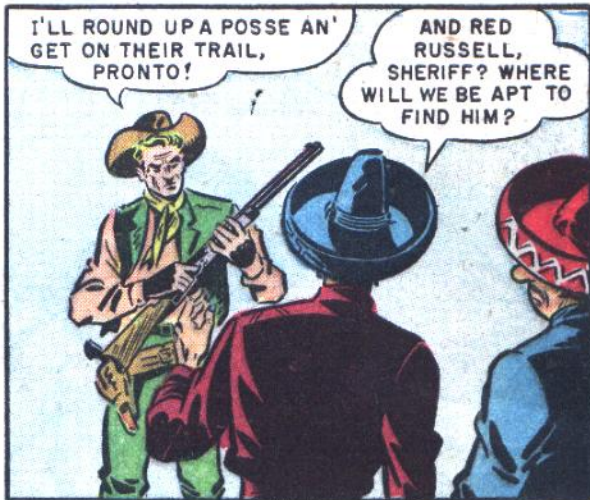


YOUR DESCRIPTION O' THE BIRDS  
WHO SHOT HIM FITS HARMON'S  
ACE GUNNIES--- SLATS  
MALLOY AN' WOODY  
WOODSON!



I'LL ROUND UP A POSSE AN'  
GET ON THEIR TRAIL,  
PRONTO!

AND RED  
RUSSELL,  
SHERIFF? WHERE  
WILL WE BE APT TO  
FIND HIM?



IF HE AIN'T UP IN THE RIMROCK  
HUNTIN' WILD HORSES, HE'LL BE  
ONE O' THREE PLACES--- ALL  
O' THEM EAST O' HERE---



AT HIS SPREAD--- ON  
THE WAY IN WITH A  
HERD--- OR AT THE  
PUBLIC CORRAL!



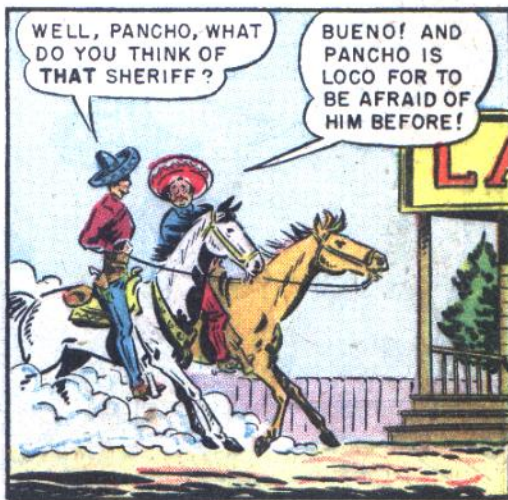
SOON AS I GET THE  
POSSE TOGETHER,  
I'LL HEAD OVER  
THAT WAY, JUST IN  
CASE YOU RUN  
INTO TROUBLE!

THANKS, SHERIFF!  
I HAVE AN IDEA  
SOME EXTRA  
GUNS MAY COME  
IN HANDY!



WELL, PANCHE, WHAT  
DO YOU THINK OF  
THAT SHERIFF?

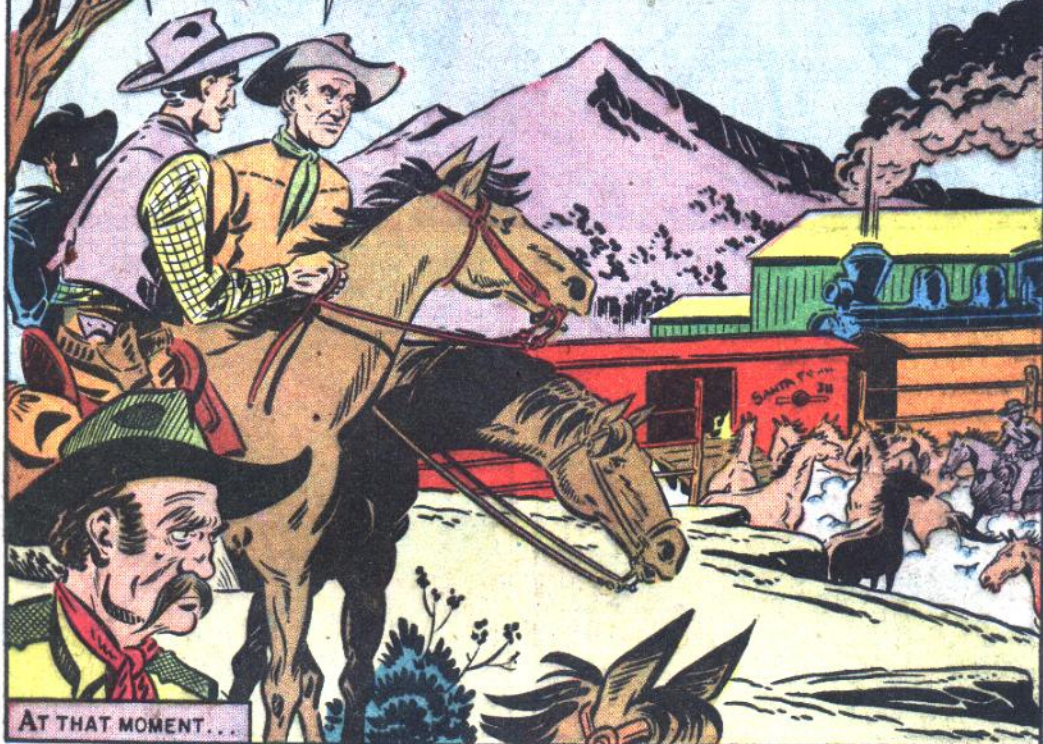
BUENO! AND  
PANCHE IS  
LOCO FOR TO  
BE AFRAID OF  
HIM BEFORE!





NICE O' RUSSELL TO ROUND  
UP THEM BROOMTAILS FOR  
US, BOSS!

YEAH, SLATS! THEY'LL  
BRING A MIGHTY GOOD  
PRICE BELOW THE  
BORDER!

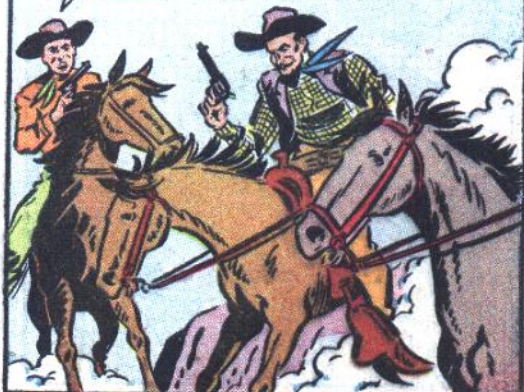


BOSS! THEY'RE  
CLOSIN' THE GATE!

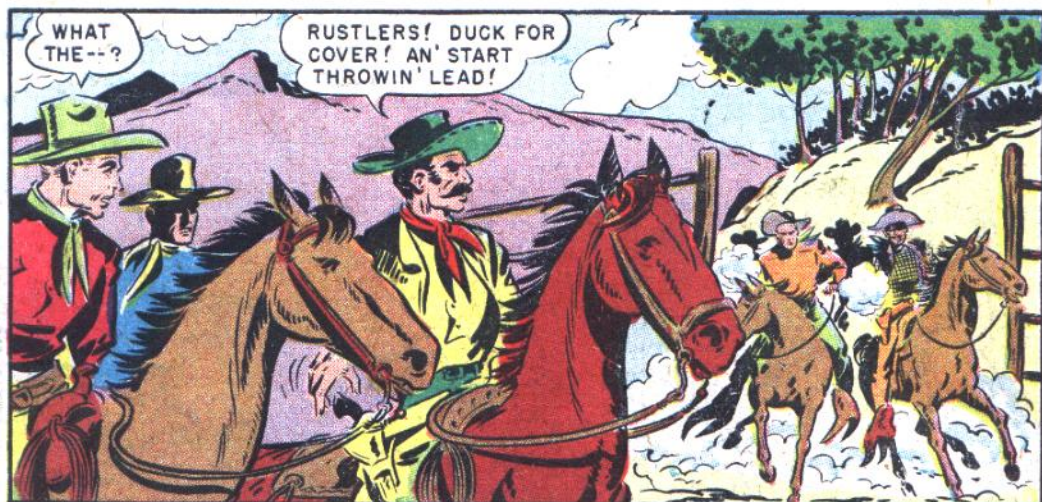
THEN LET'S GO!  
REMEMBER! WORK  
FAST! OUR GUNSHOTS  
ARE LIABLE TO  
BRING ALL O' VACA-  
TOWN OUT HERE ON  
THE DOUBLE!



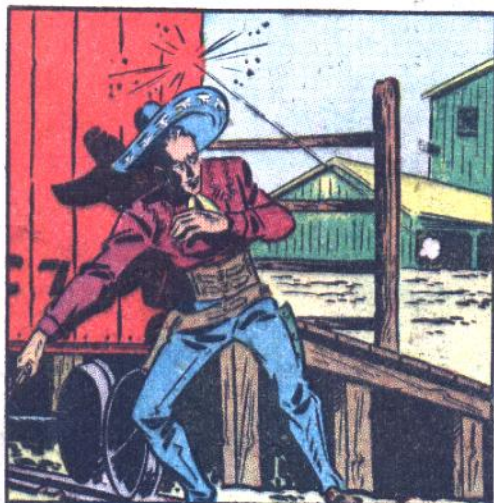
ROLL YORE GUNS,  
MEN! AN' SHOOT  
TO KILL!









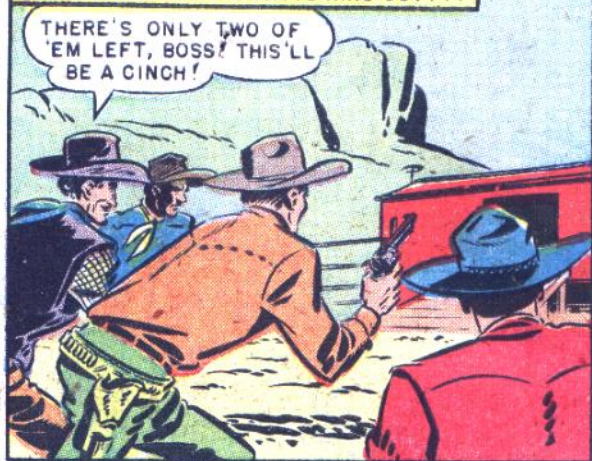




WHILE CISCO UNFOLDS HIS DARING  
SCHEME...



AS THE TWO SIGNAL SHOTS RING OUT...

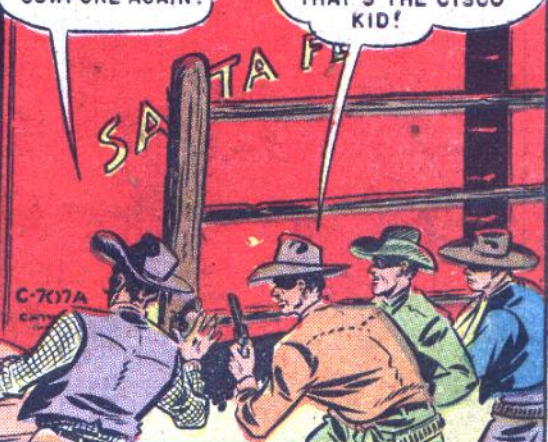


'GUESS AGAIN, HOMBRES!  
DROP THOSE GUNS AND REACH!



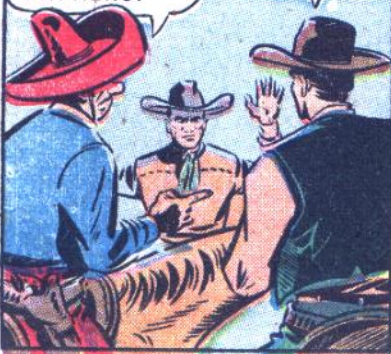
THE GUNWISE  
COWPOKE AGAIN!

COWPOKE? YOU FOOL!  
THAT'S THE CISCO  
KID!



AND PANTO—AND  
THE SHERIFF! WE  
MEET ON THE  
ROAD! COME  
FAST LIKE  
ANYTHING!

AND AM I  
GLAD TO  
GET MY  
HANDS ON  
THESE BIRDS!



LATER...

THANKS FOR  
EVERYTHING,  
CISCO!

YOU ARE  
WELCOME,  
BUT DON'T  
FORGET—  
NOW, WHERE  
HAS PANTO  
GONE?



SHH, CISCO! PANTO  
TAKE THE SIESTA HE  
NOT GET AFTER HE  
EAT SO MUCH  
LUNCH!

OH,  
PANTO!



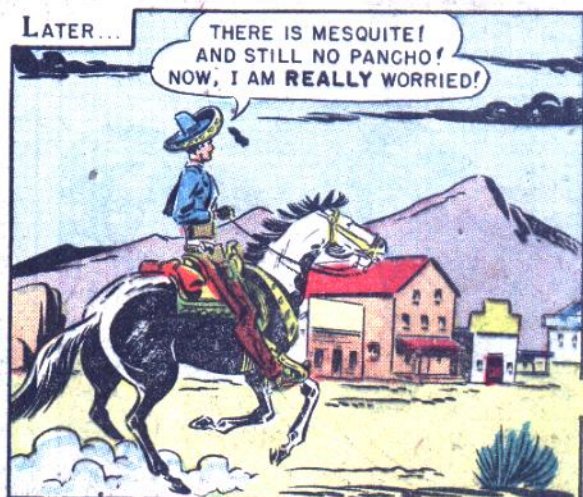
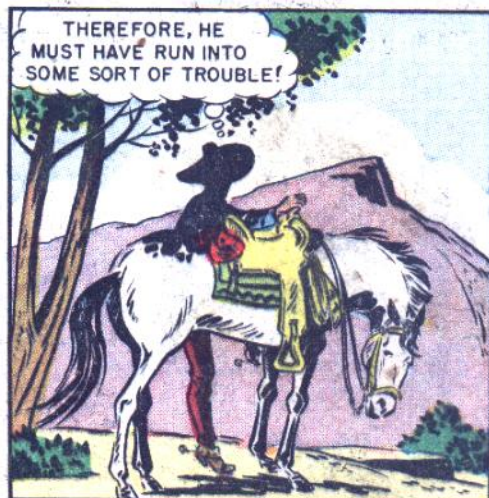


# THE CISCO KID

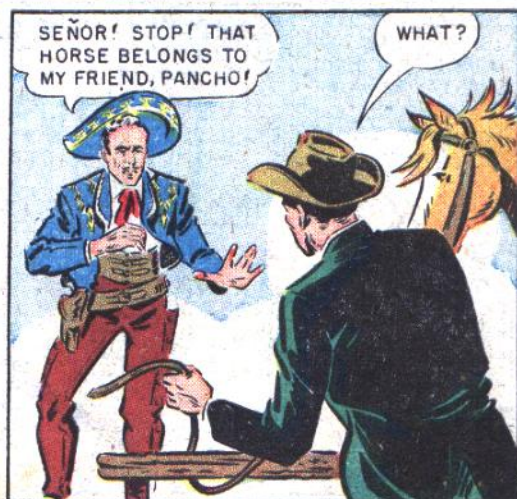
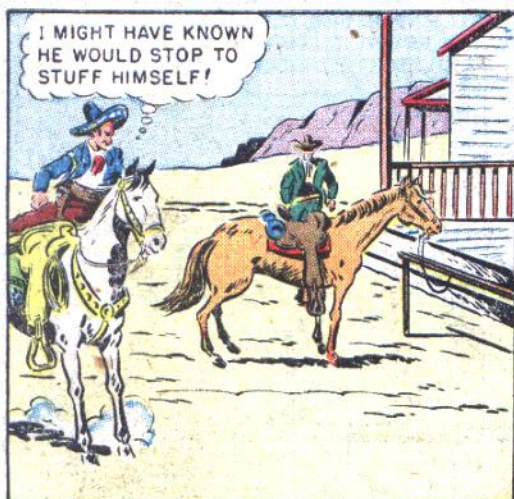
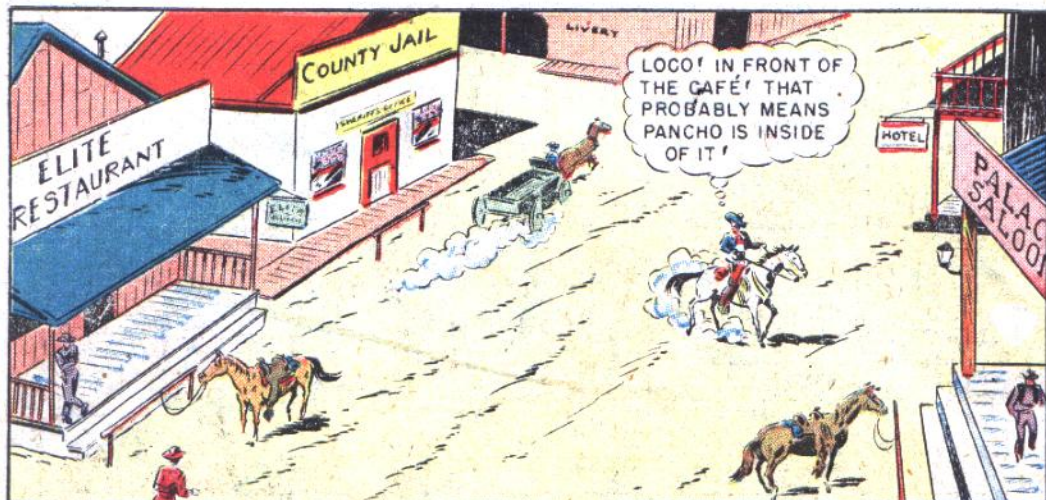
IN

FRAME-UP IN  
MESQUITE

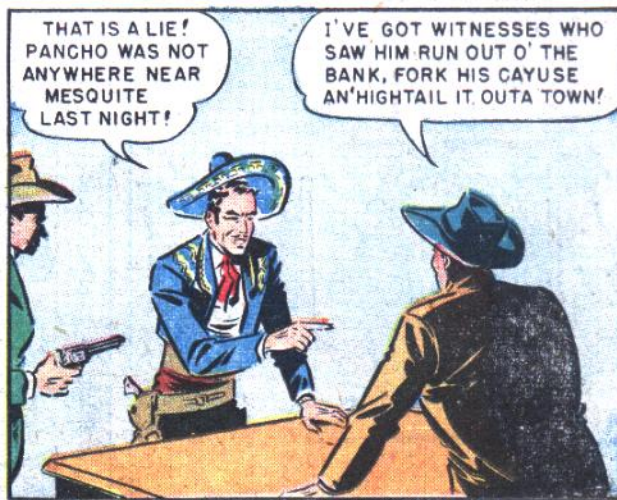
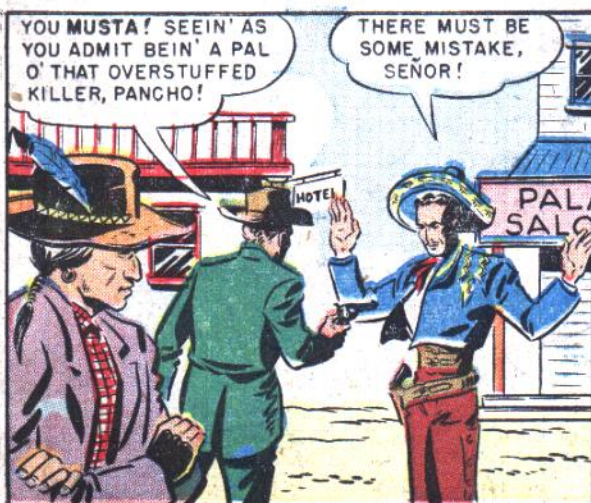
NO SIGN OF PANCHELO YET!  
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK  
WITH THOSE SUPPLIES AN  
HOUR OR MORE AGO!



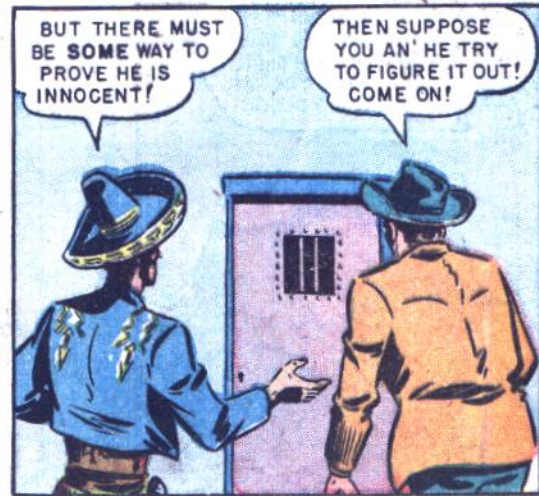
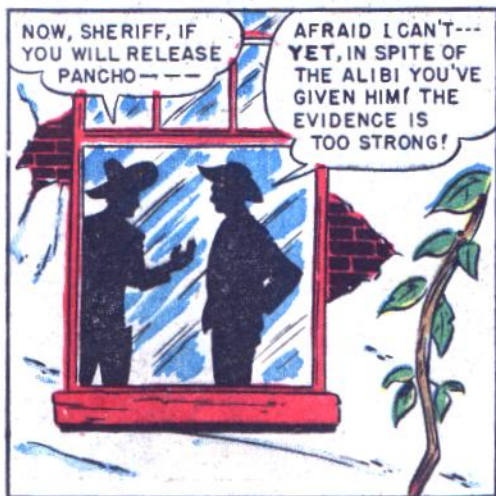




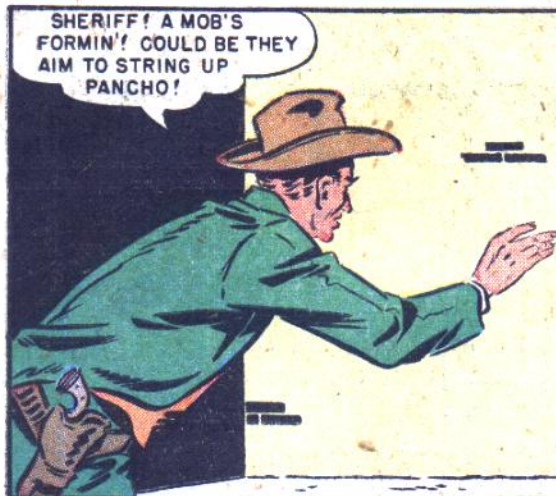




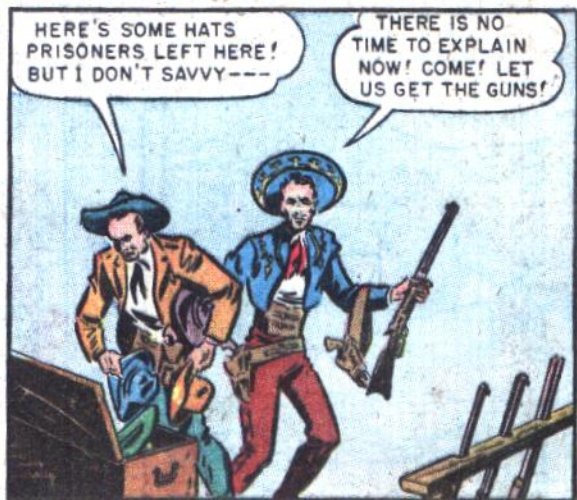




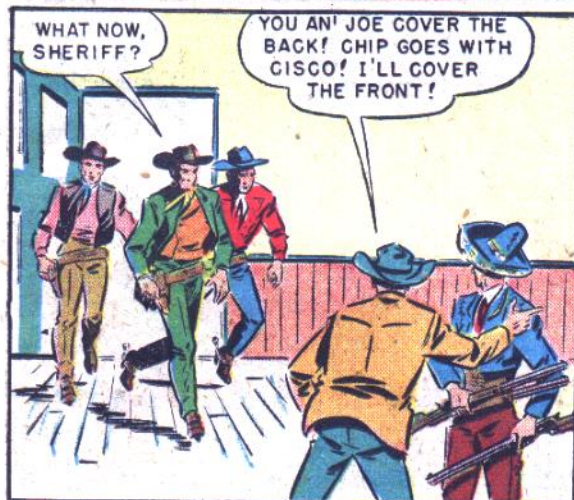




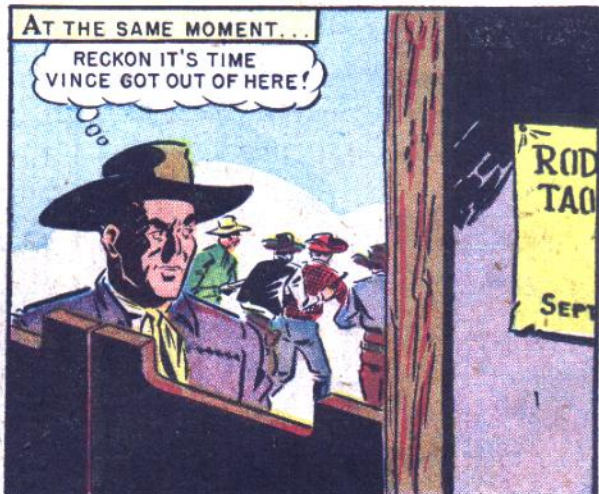




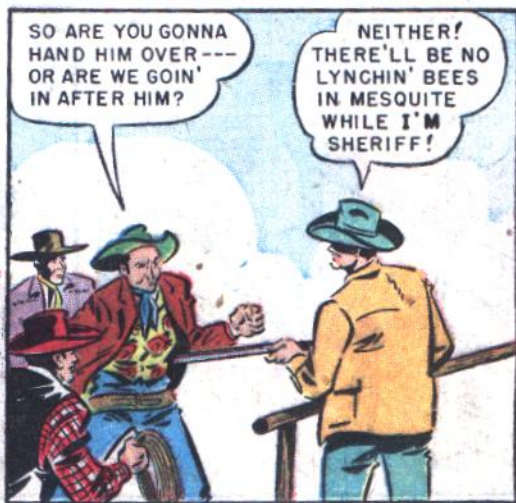
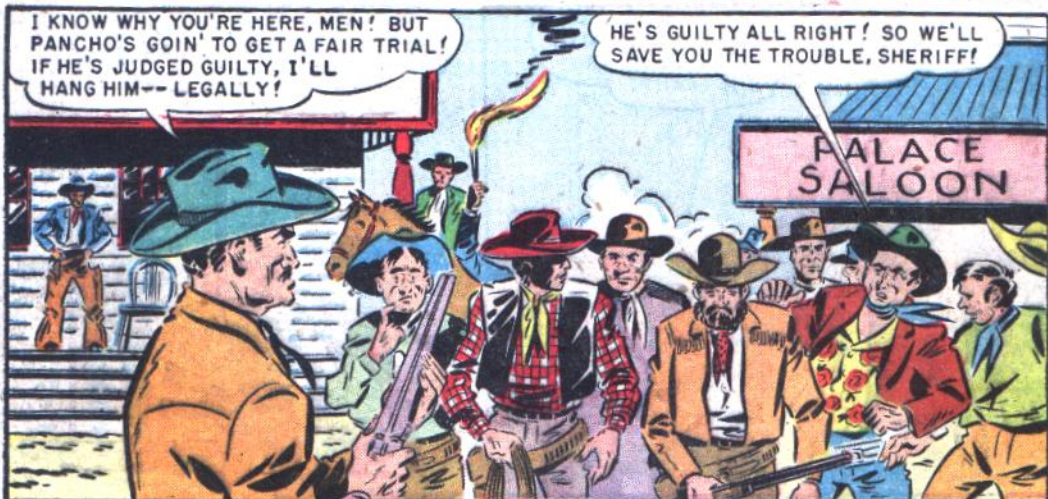




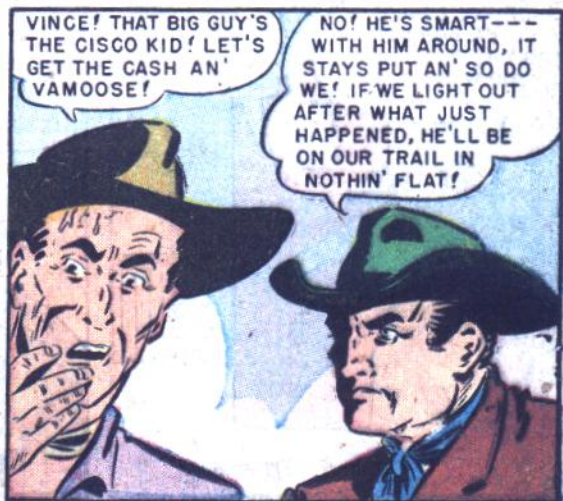
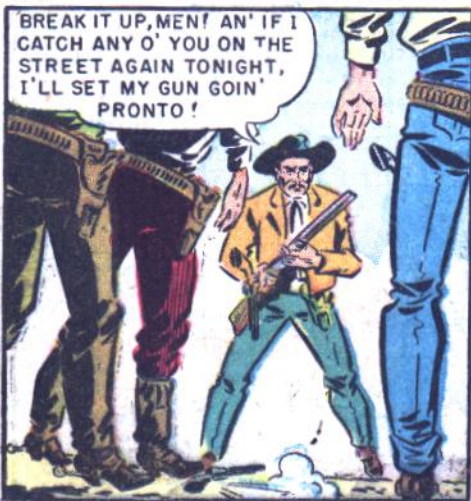
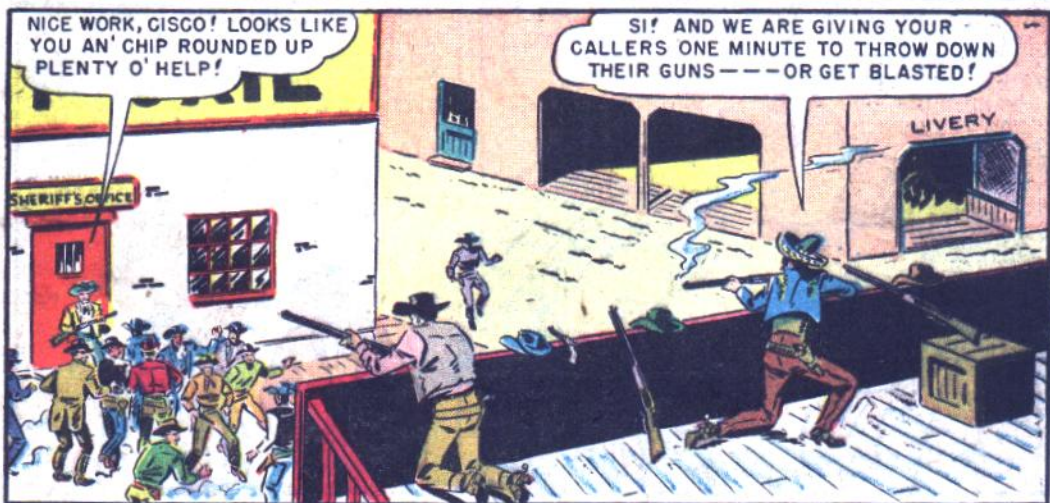
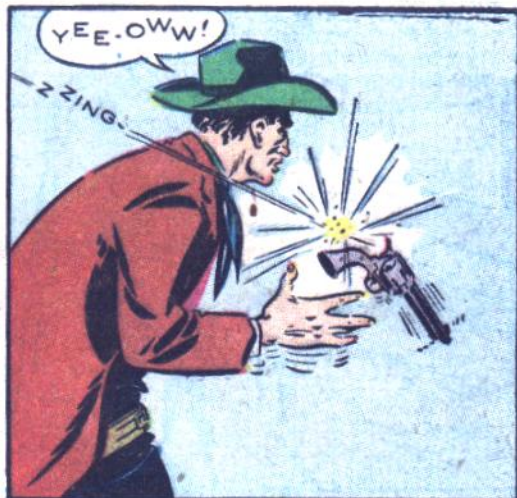
HURRYING THROUGH THE DUSK, CISCO OUTLINES HIS PLAN...



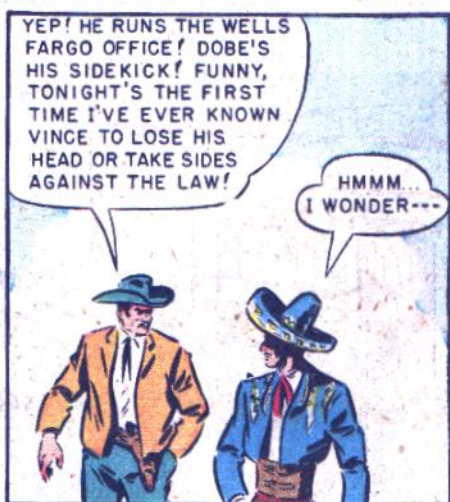














IF YOUR SCHEME  
DOESN'T WORK,  
YOU SWEAR TO  
BRING HIM BACK  
TO STAND TRIAL!

SEÑOR SHERIFF,  
IT IS A DEAL!  
HERE IS WHAT  
WE WILL DO--

LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

PANGHO, ARE YOU SURE  
YOU HAVE EVERYTHING  
STRAIGHT?

NO! BUT WHAT  
CISCO SAY,  
PANGHO DO--  
EVEN IF HE LAND IN  
THE FRYING PAN  
FROM THE FIRE!

COME, PANGHO! HERE'S  
THE SHERIFF! IT IS  
TIME TO GO!

MADRE MIA,  
CISCO! PANGHO  
WISH HE HAD  
ALREADY WENT!

YOU WILL AIM  
VERY, VERY HIGH,  
SEÑOR?

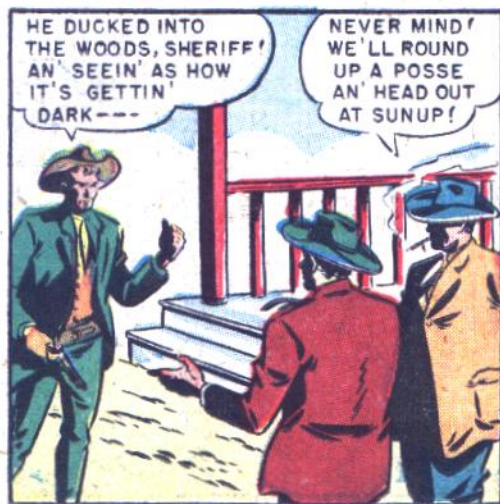
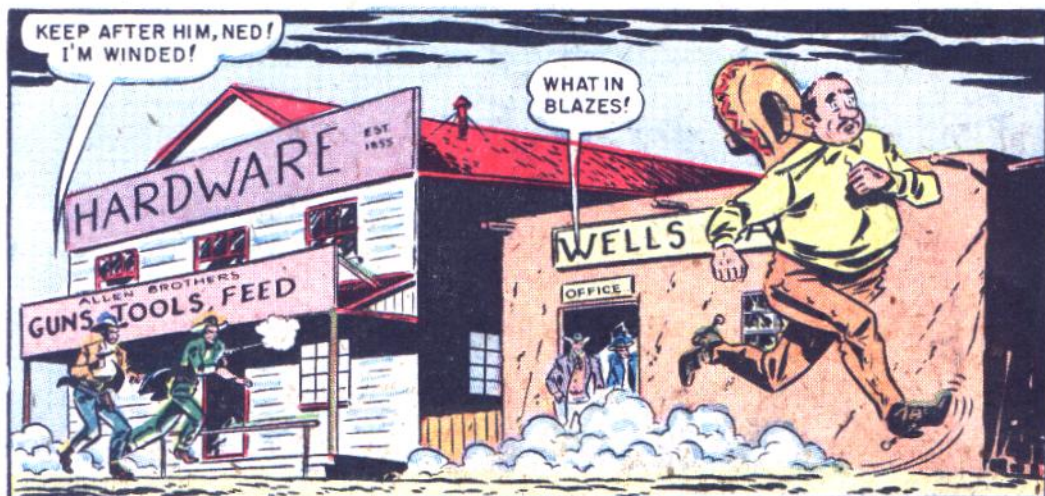
SO HIGH THE BULLETS  
WON'T COME DOWN TILL  
DAY AFTER TOMORROW!  
AN' DON'T WORRY ABOUT  
ANYBODY ELSE SHOOTIN'  
AT YOU! WE'VE STILL  
GOT THEIR GUNS!

HEAD SOUTH, PANGHO!  
I WILL MEET YOU  
JUST OUTSIDE OF  
TOWN!

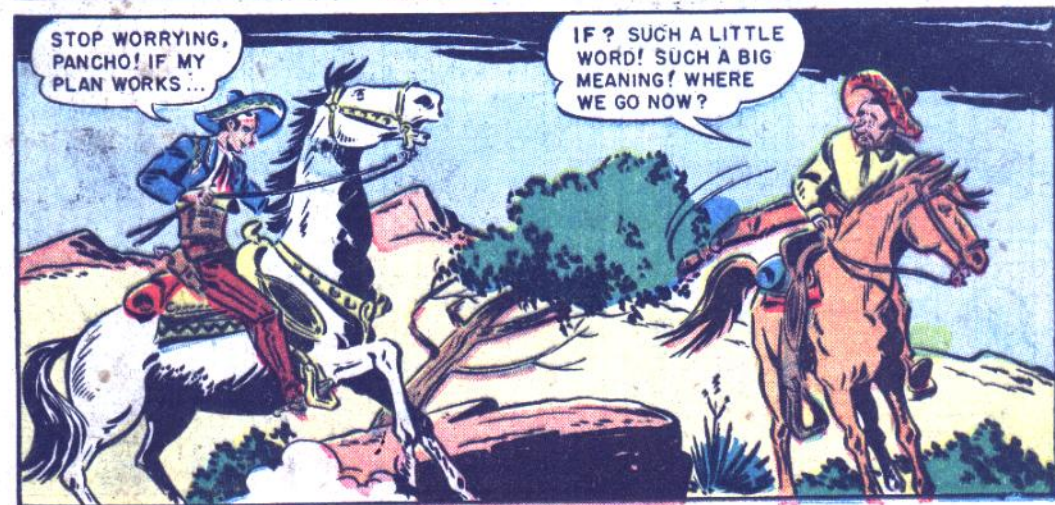
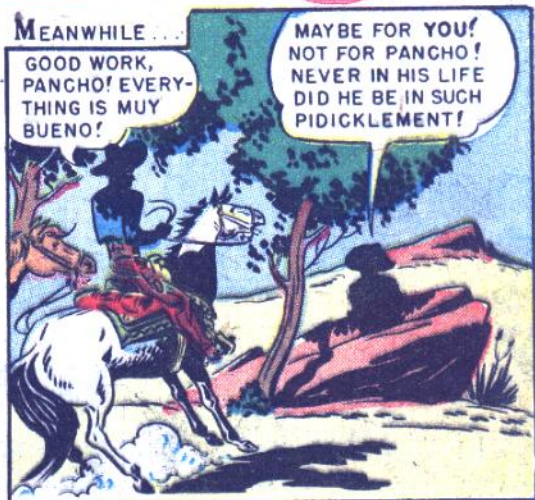
PANGHO WILL BE  
THERE--- BUT MAYBE  
HE BE THERE DEAD!

OKAY, NED! LET'S  
GO! AN' BE SURE TO  
MAKE IT CONVINCIN'!

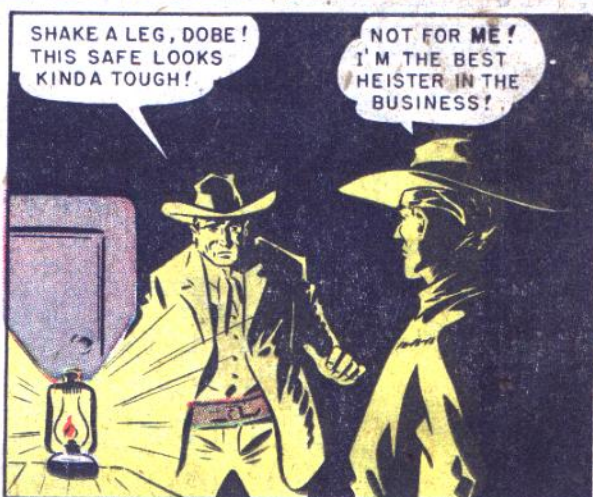
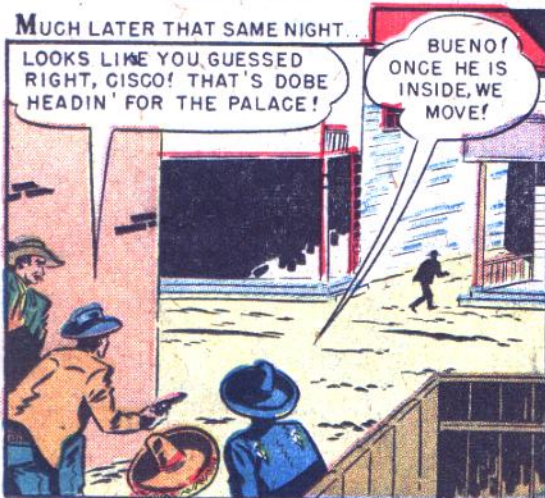
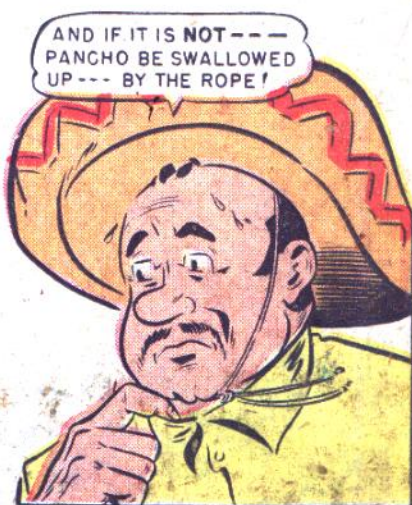
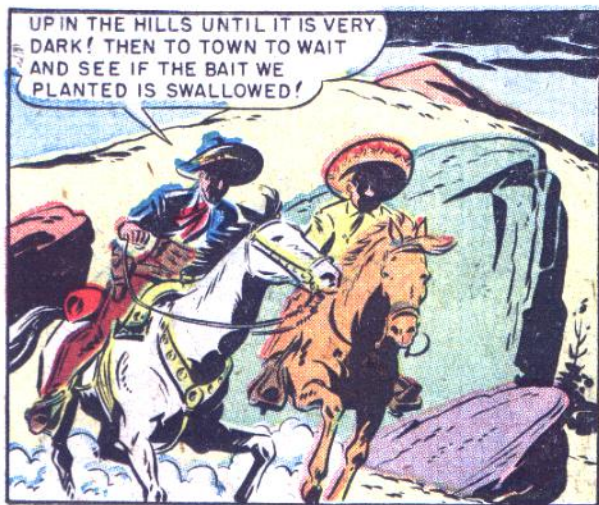


















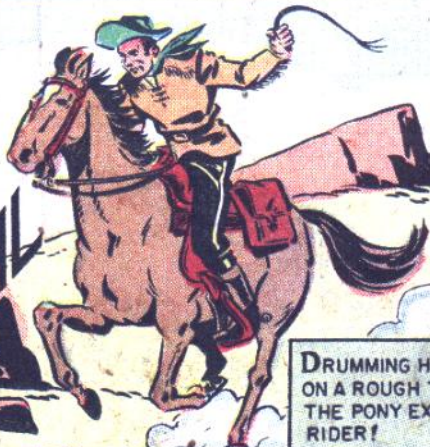




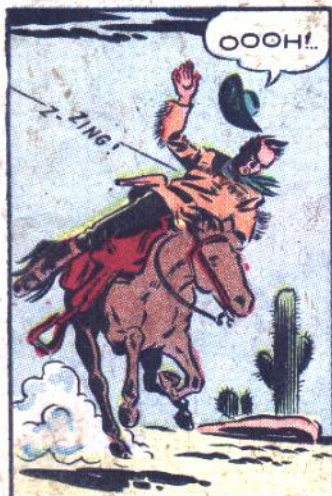
# THE CISCO KID

IN THE  
GUNMEN'S

TRAIL



DRUMMING HOOF  
ON A ROUGH TRAIL...  
THE PONY EXPRESS  
RIDER!



I RECKON HE'S  
DONE, FOR, FRED!

LOOKS THAT WAY!  
BUT-KEEP AN EYE ON  
HIM IN CASE HE'S  
PLAYIN' POSSUM!  
I'LL GET THE MAIL  
POUCH!



AT THAT MOMENT

BUT, CISCO, WHY  
ANYBODY DO GUN-  
SHOOTING OUT  
HERE?

THAT IS WHAT  
WE ARE GOING  
TO FIND OUT,  
PRONTO!



AI! BANDITS!

AND IF I'M NOT  
MISTAKEN, PANCHO,  
THEIR VICTIM IS THE  
PONY EXPRESS RIDER!  
SEE THAT MAIL POUCH?







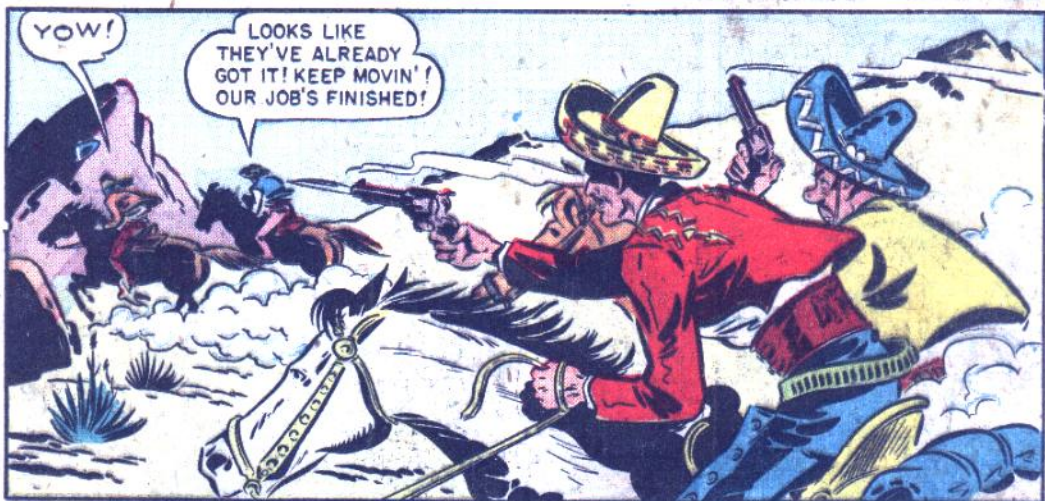
I'LL SLASH THIS  
OPEN AN'----

NO TIME  
FOR THAT,  
FRED! LOOK!



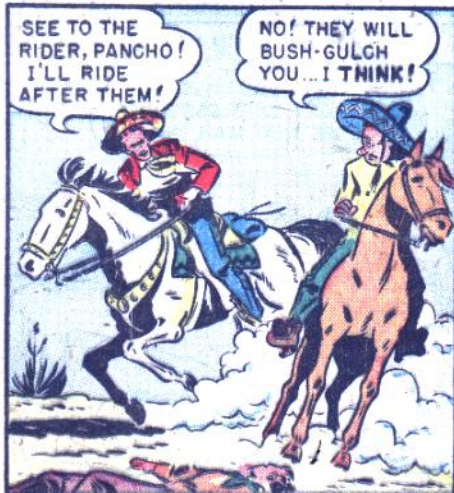
WHERE'D THEY  
COME FROM?

WHO CARES? I'M  
CLEARIN' OUT BEFORE  
THEY GET MY RANGE!



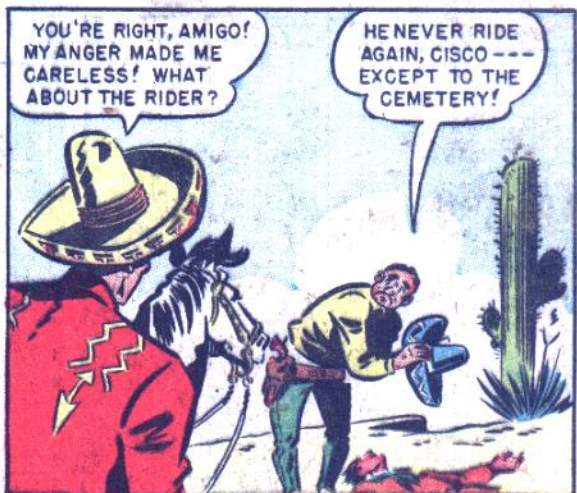
YOW!

LOOKS LIKE  
THEY'VE ALREADY  
GOT IT! KEEP MOVIN'!  
OUR JOB'S FINISHED!



SEE TO THE  
RIDER, PANCHO!  
I'LL RIDE  
AFTER THEM!

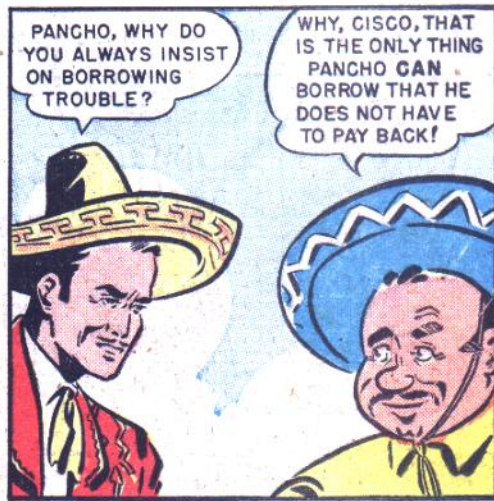
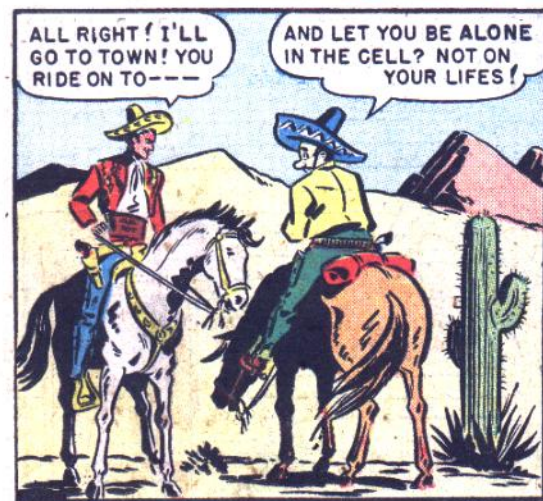
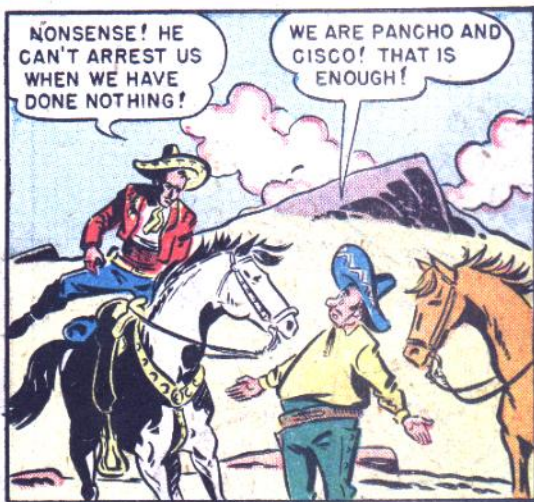
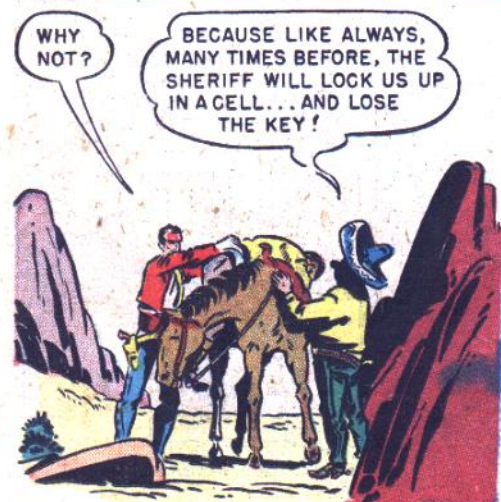
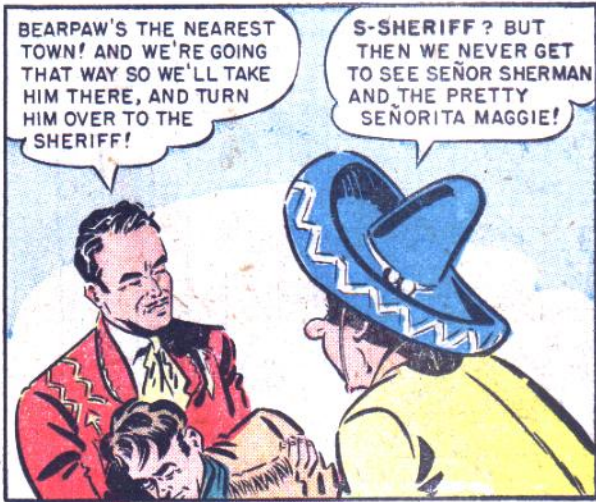
NO! THEY WILL  
BUSH-GULCH  
YOU... I THINK!



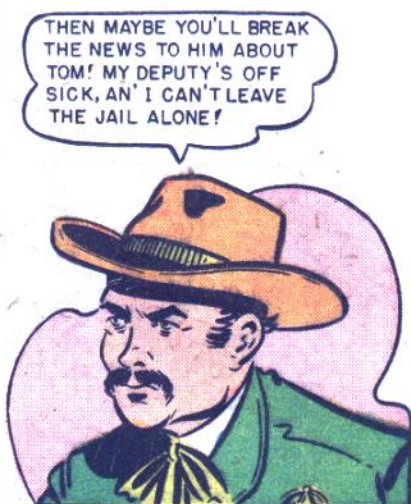
YOU'RE RIGHT, AMIGO!  
MY ANGER MADE ME  
CARELESS! WHAT  
ABOUT THE RIDER?

HENEVER RIDE  
AGAIN, CISCO ---  
EXCEPT TO THE  
CEMETERY!

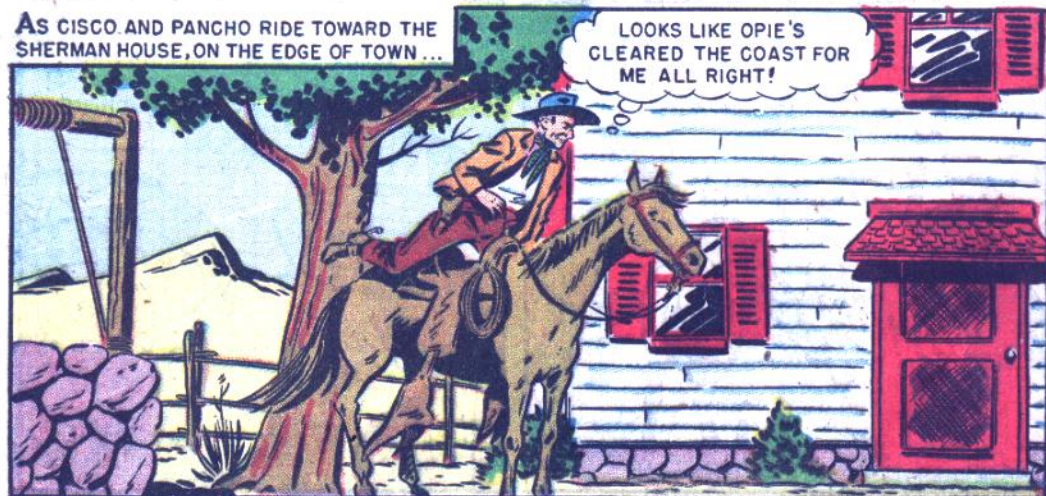




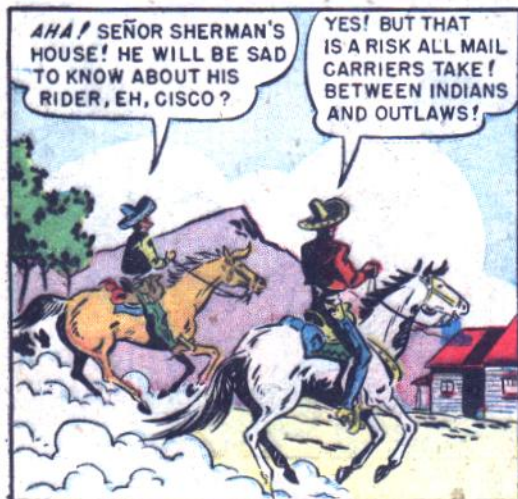




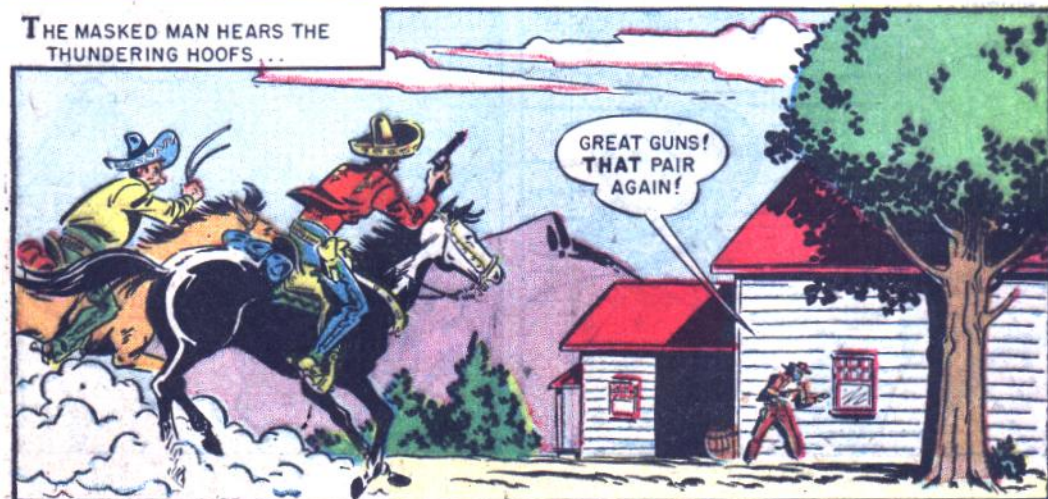
AS CISCO AND PANCHITO RIDE TOWARD THE  
SHERMAN HOUSE, ON THE EDGE OF TOWN ...



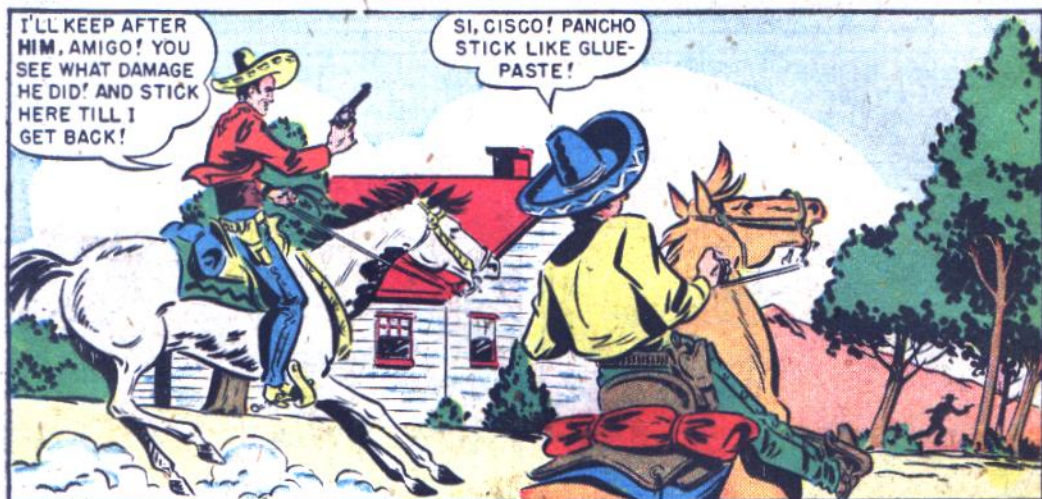
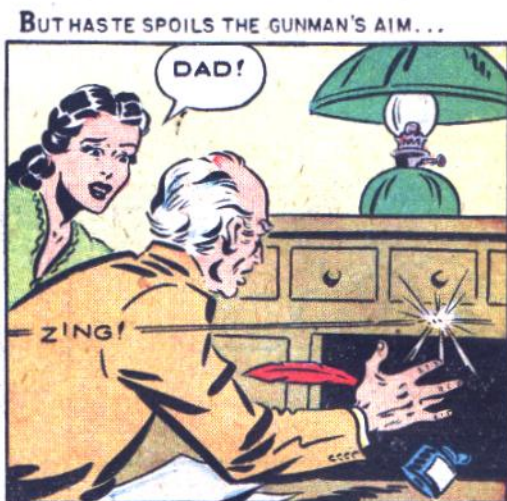




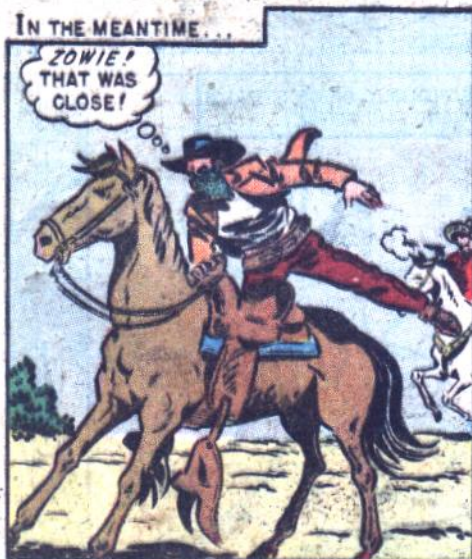
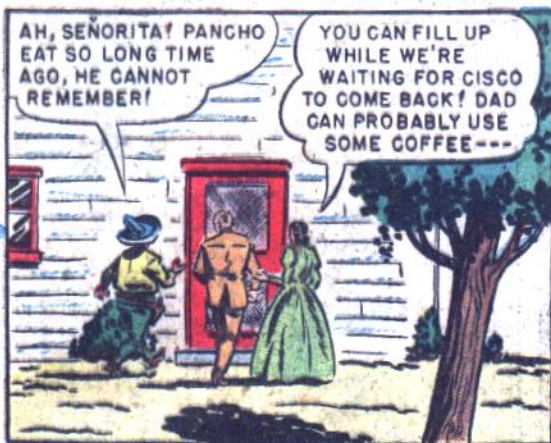
THE MASKED MAN HEARS THE  
THUNDERING HOOFS...



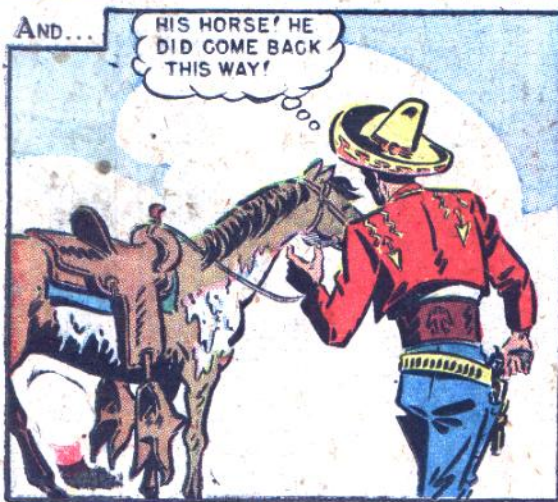
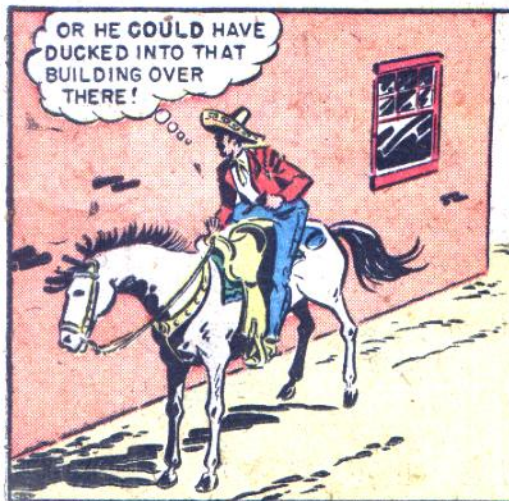
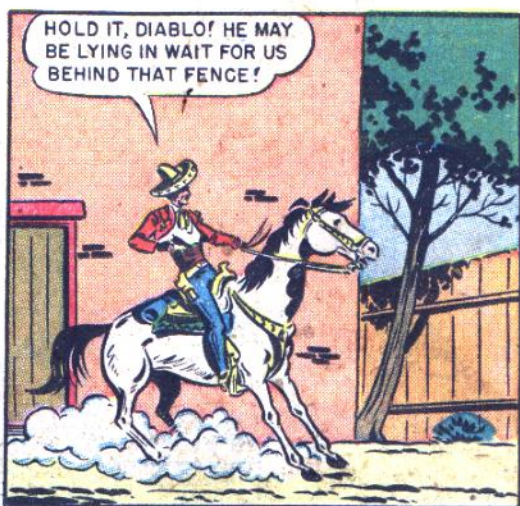
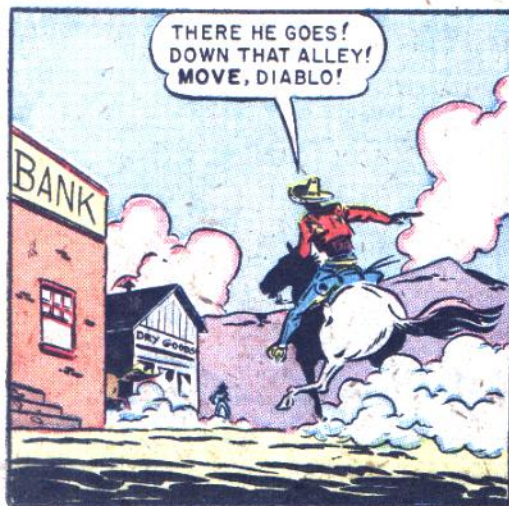




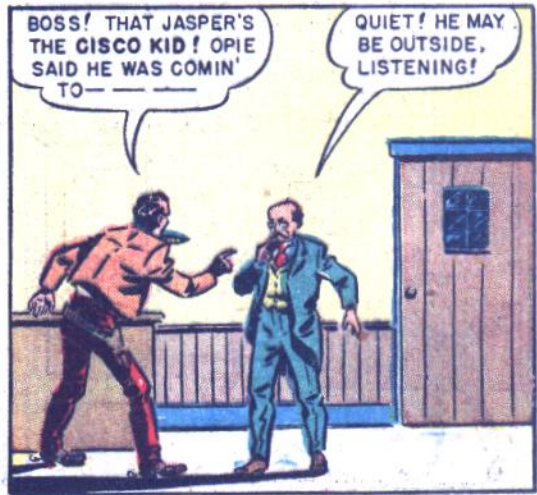
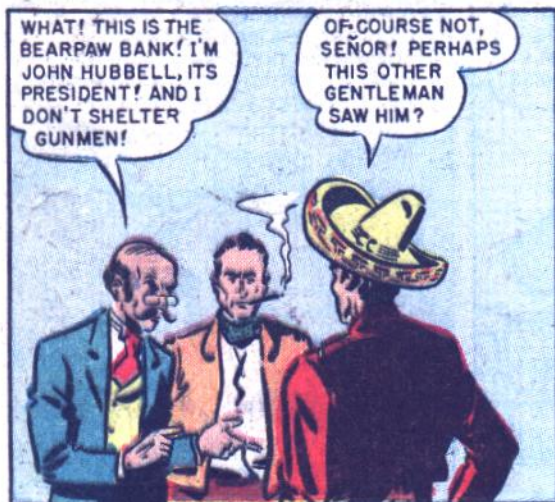




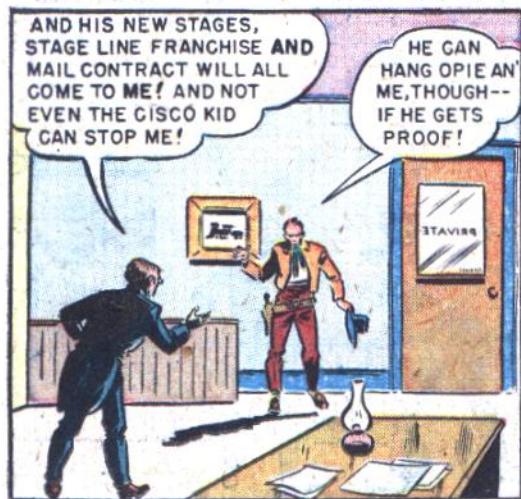
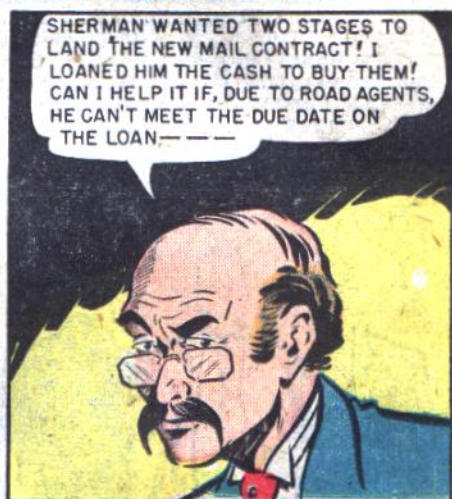
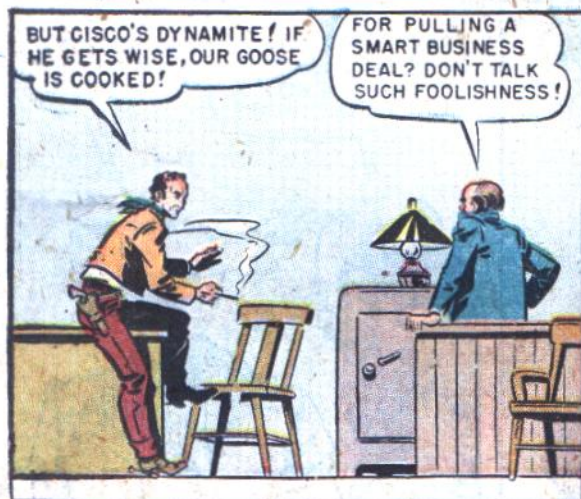
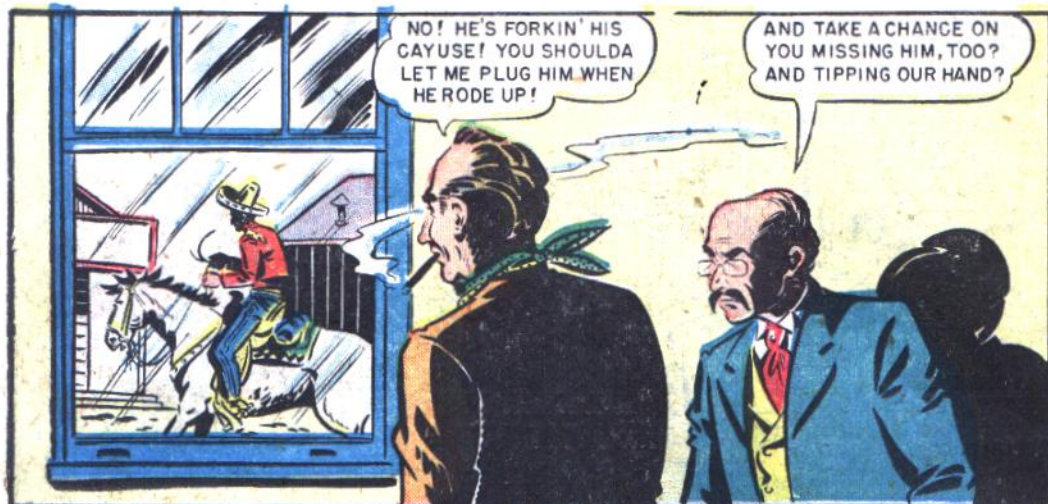






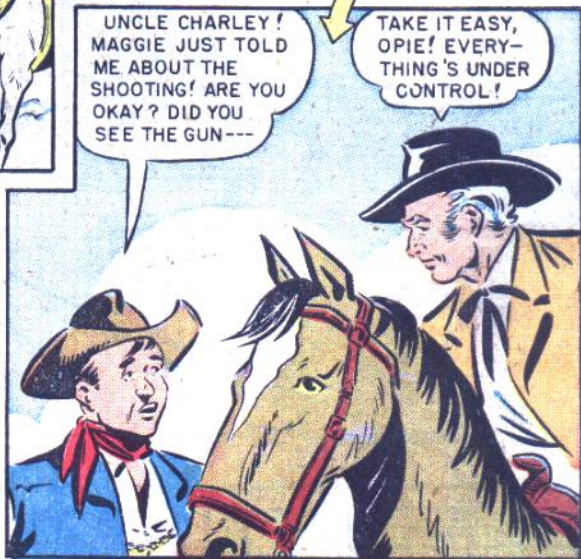




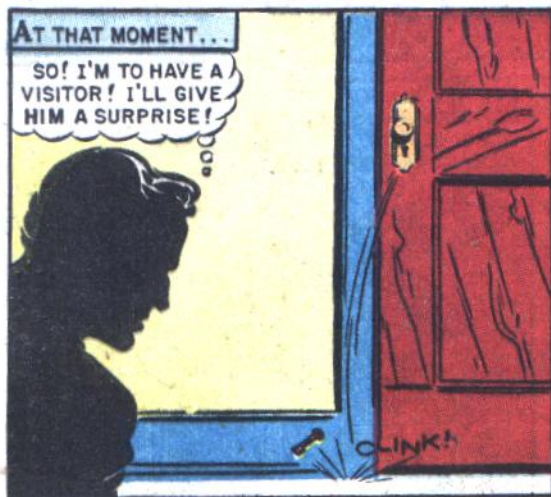
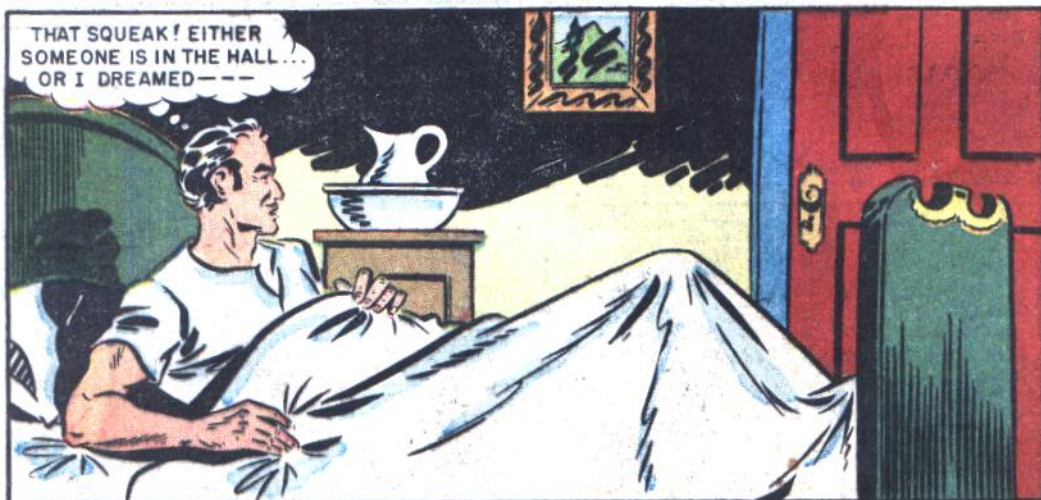




MEANWHILE, CHARLEY HAS FOUND CISCO AND HEARD THE SAD NEWS...









A KILLER MOVES NOISELESSLY  
TOWARD THE BED...



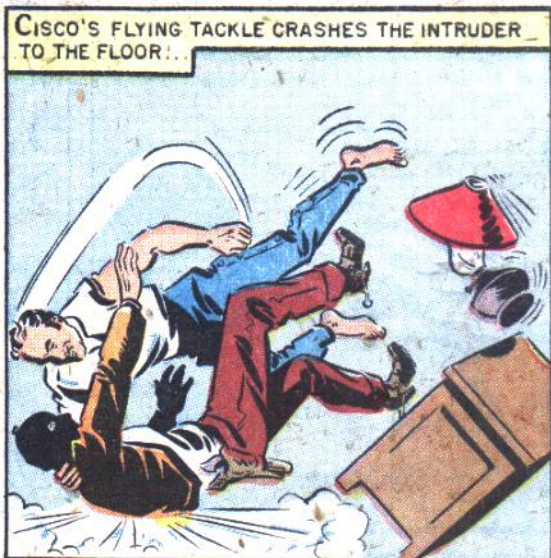
AND A KNIFE FLASHES IN THE  
MOONLIGHT...



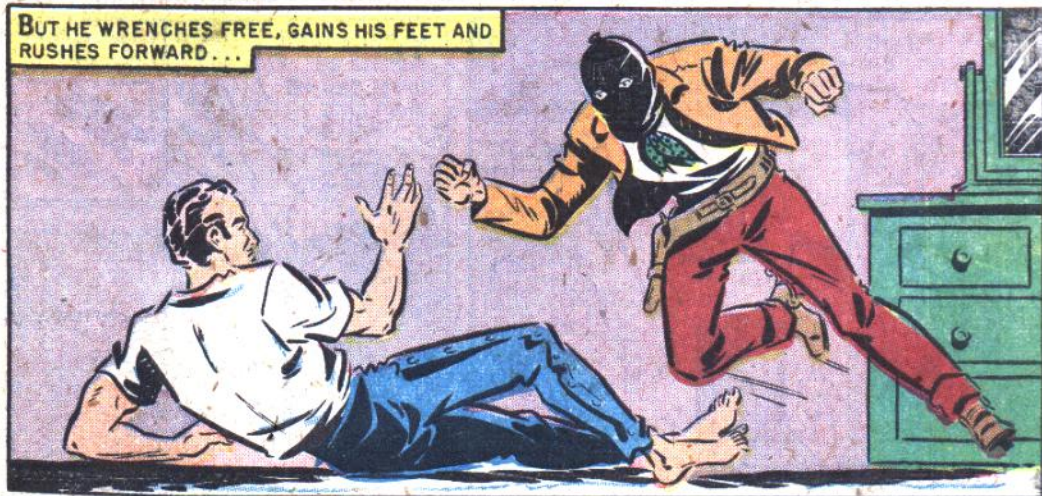
LOOKING FOR  
ME, SEÑOR?



CISCO'S FLYING TACKLE CRASHES THE INTRUDER  
TO THE FLOOR...



BUT HE WRENCHES FREE, GAINS HIS FEET AND  
RUSHES FORWARD...





ONLY TO BE  
FLUNG BACK...



TRY THAT FOR  
SIZE, CISCO!



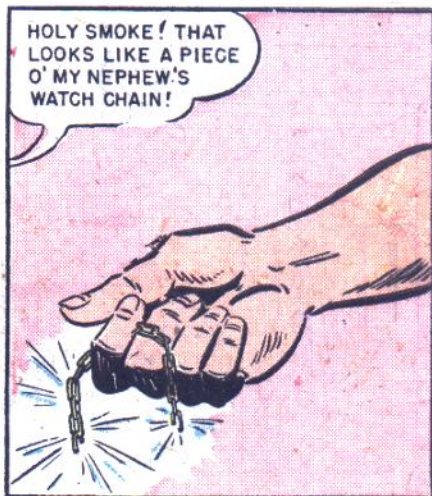
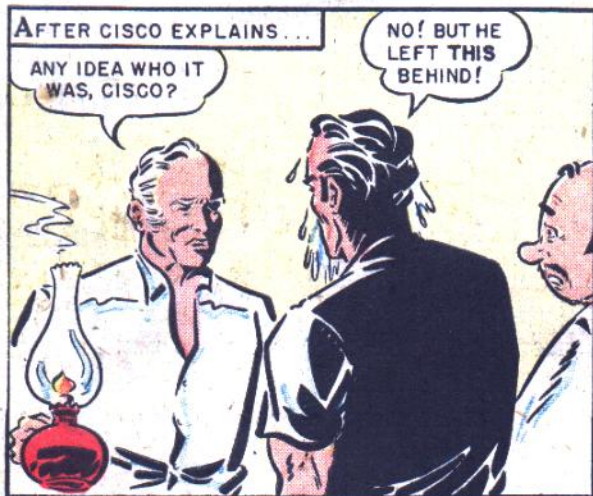
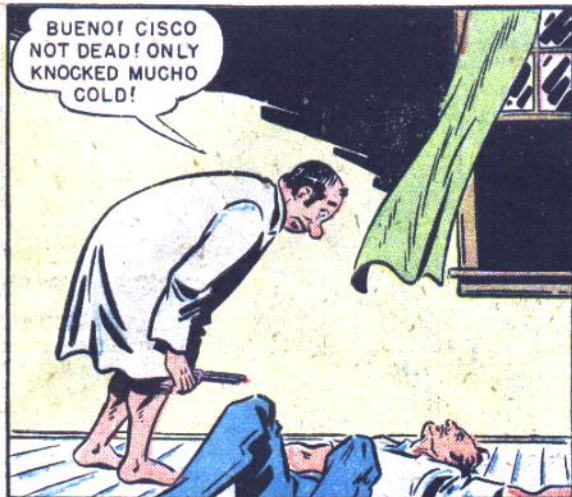
SANTO! A BANDIT!  
HE HAS KILLED  
CISCO!



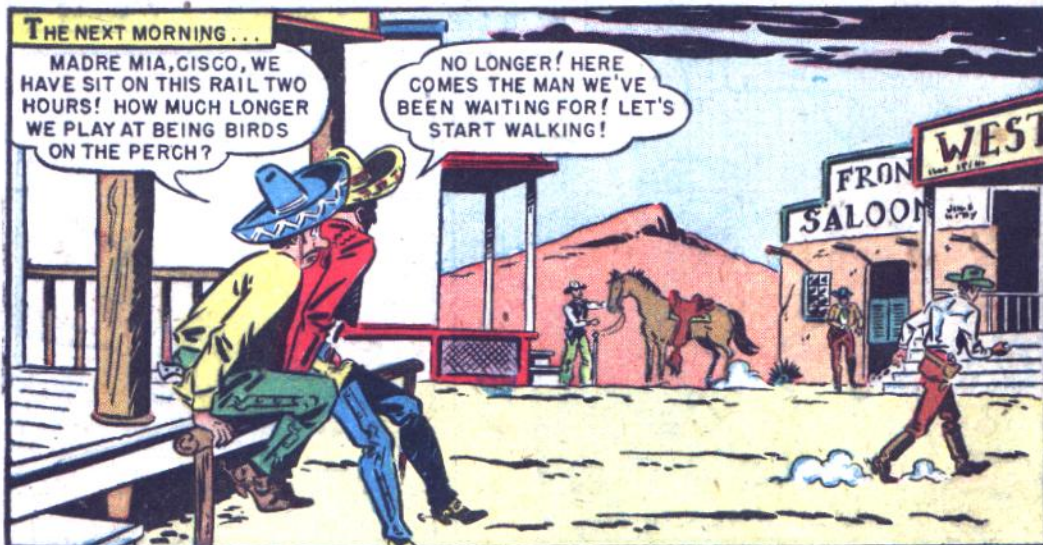
MADRE MIA!  
PANTO SO  
UPSETTID -HE  
MISS LIKE  
TENDERFOOTS!



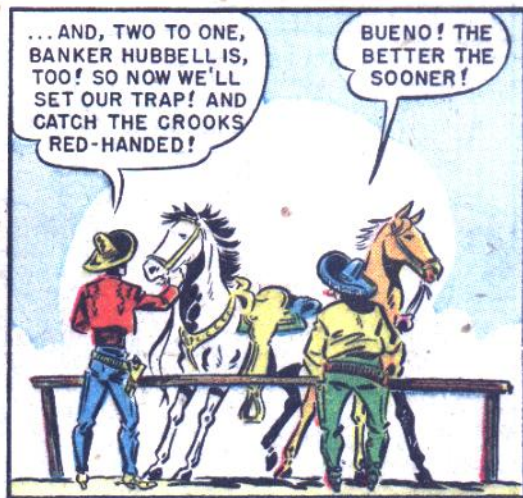
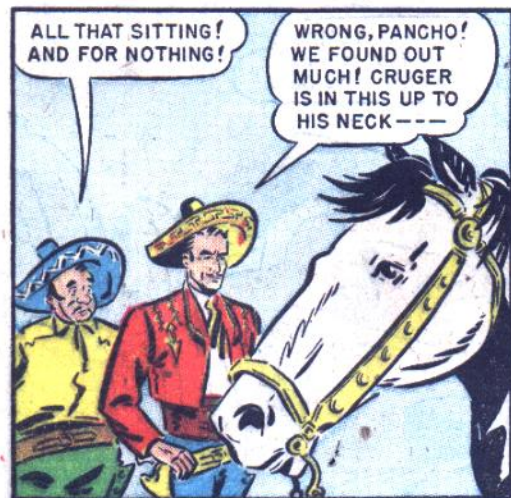
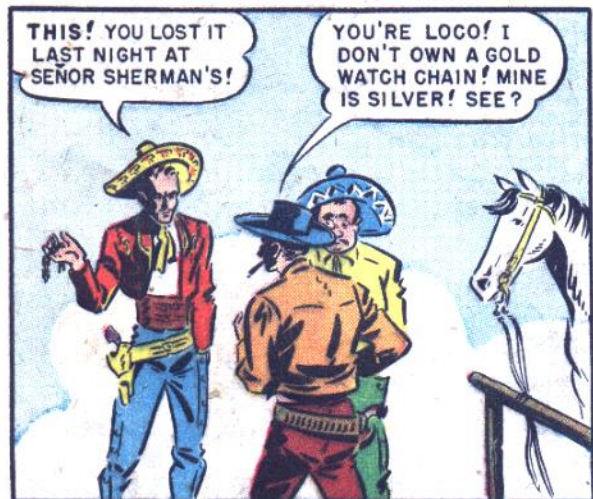




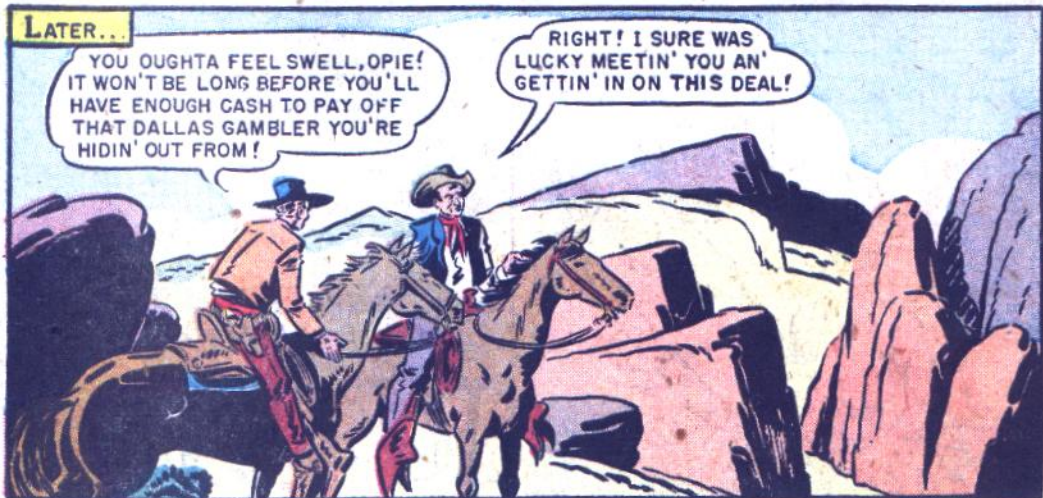
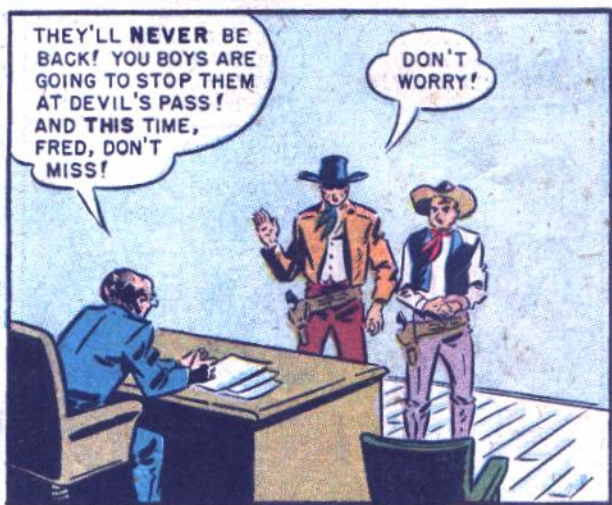
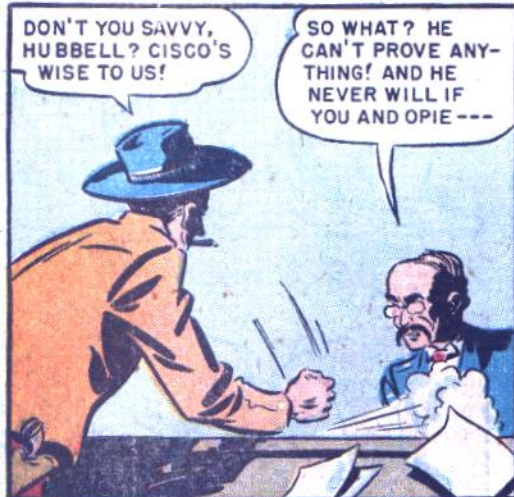




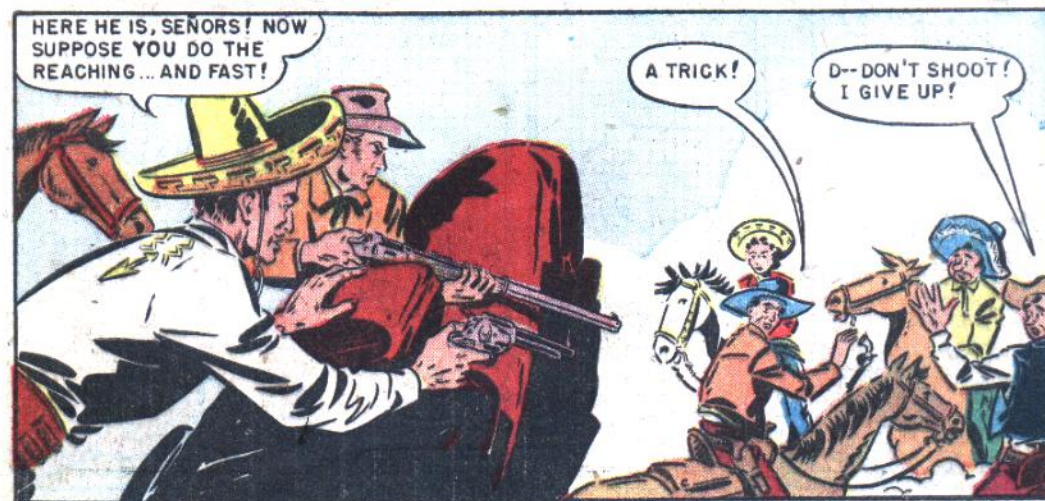
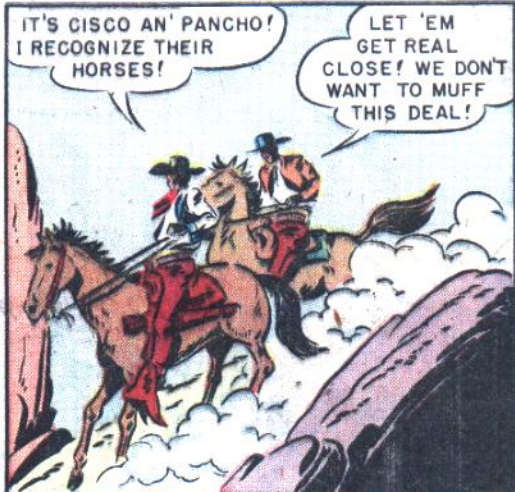




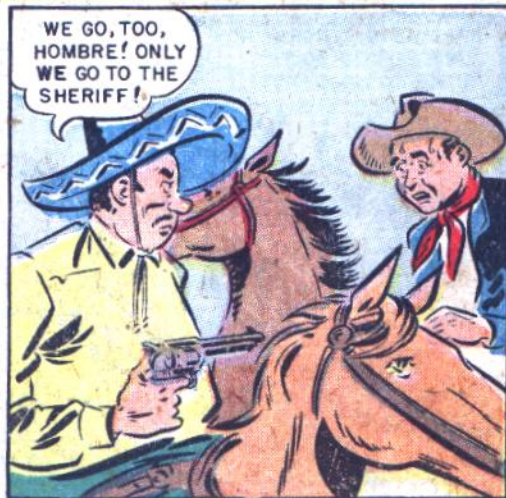
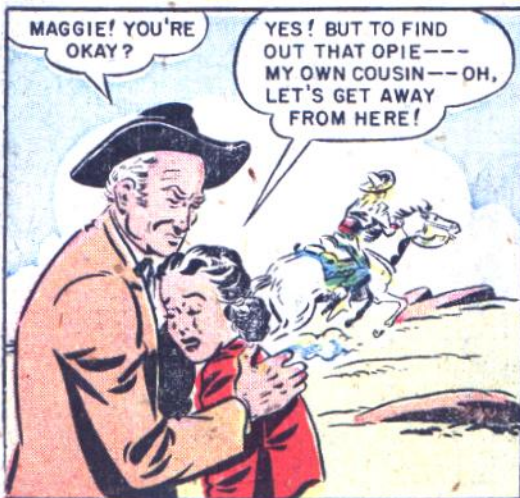
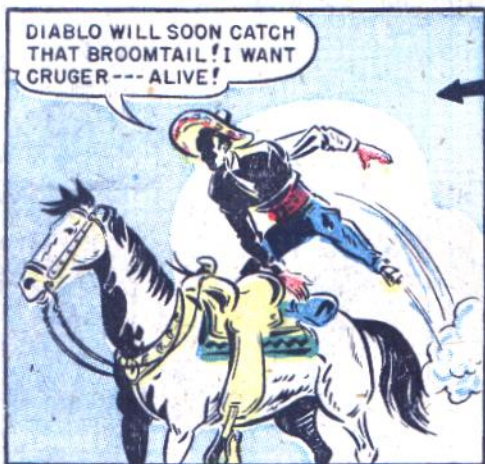




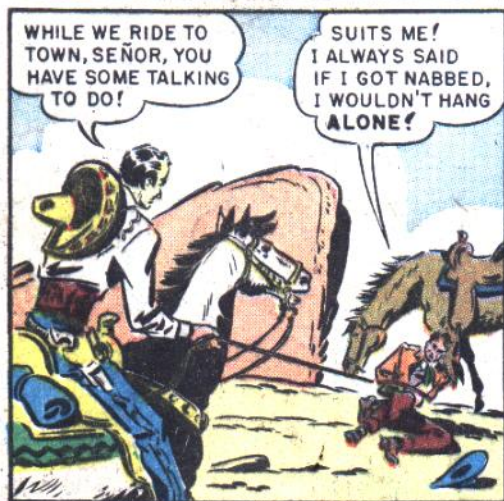
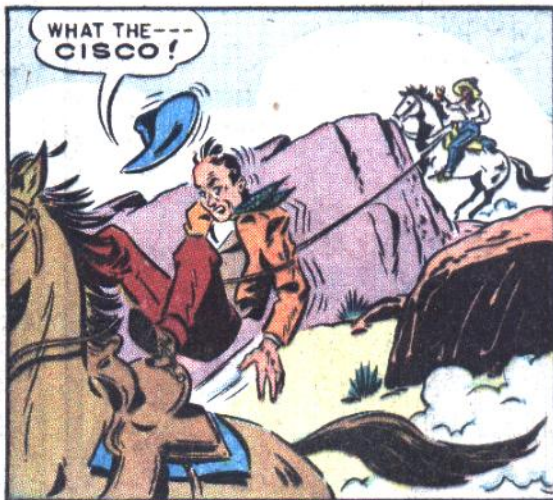
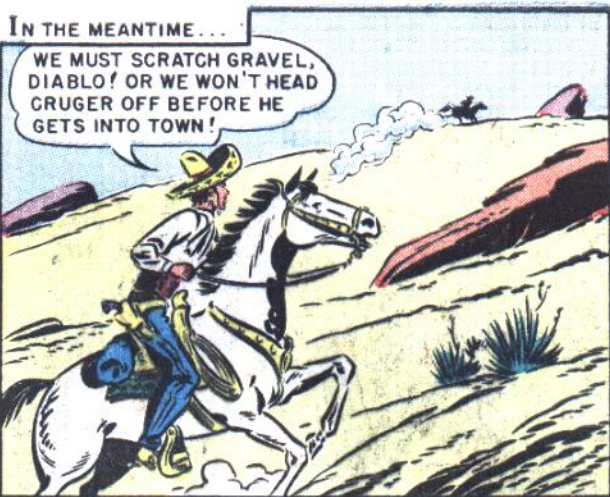
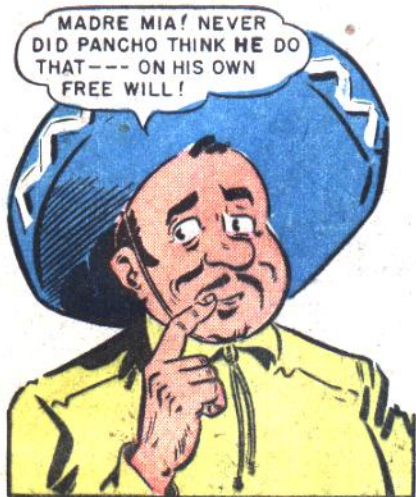




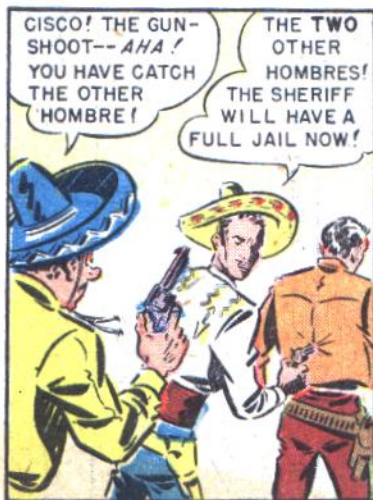
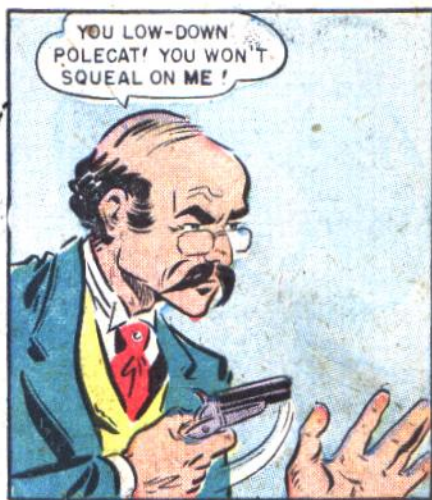






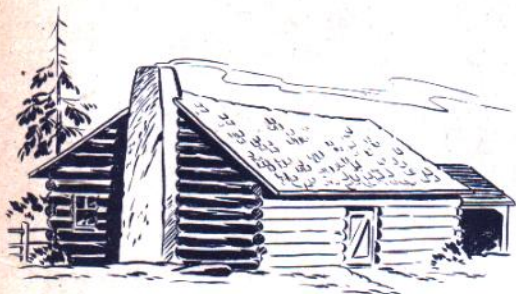








# HOMES ON THE RANGE



## THE BUNKHOUSE.

ON LARGE AND SMALL WESTERN RANCHES, BUNKHOUSES ARE BUILT TO HOUSE THE COWHANDS.

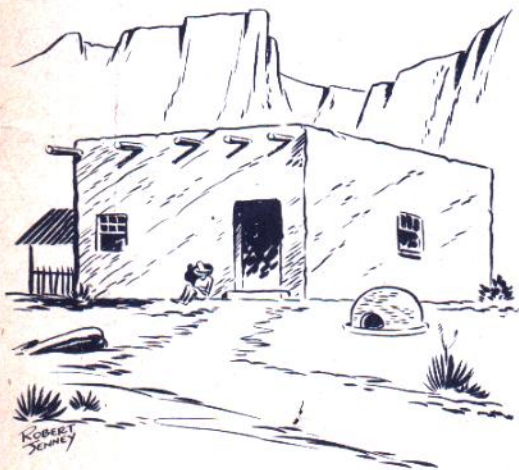
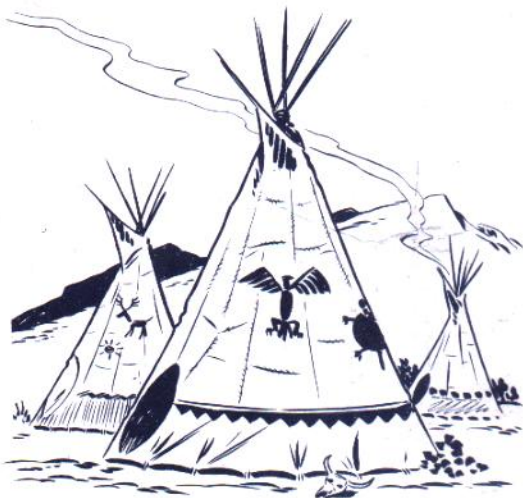
THERE IS NO DISTINCT TYPE OF BUNKHOUSE. ANY PARTICULAR DWELLING IS BUILT FROM MATERIAL WHICH IS PRACTICAL IN THE COUNTRY IN WHICH IT IS ERECTED. THESE DWELLINGS ARE SIMPLE, AND OF LOG, FRAME OR ADOBE, BUILT IN ANY DESIRED SIZE FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF THE COWBOYS.

## THE TIPI.

A TIPI, COMMONLY CALLED TEPEE, IS AN INDIAN HOME USED AMONG THE PLAINS INDIANS. IT CONSISTS OF A CIRCULAR FRAMEWORK OF POLES BROUGHT TOGETHER AT THE TOP AND COVERED WITH SKINS SEWN TO FORM ONE PIECE. THE DIAMETER OF THE AVERAGE TIPI AT THE BOTTOM IS FIFTEEN FEET.

THE FIRE FOR WARMTH AND COOKING IS BUILT IN THE CENTER OF THE FLOOR. THE SMOKE ESCAPING THROUGH AN OPENING AT THE TOP, REGULATED BY MOVABLE FLAPS.

A TIPI IS NOT A WIGWAM. WIGWAMS ARE MADE OF POLES AND BRUSH IN HUT FASHION.



## ADOBE HOUSE.

ADOBE HOUSES ARE MADE OF SUN-DRIED BRICKS AND ARE USUALLY FOUND IN THE VAST ARID PARTS OF THE SOUTHWESTERN STATES, WHERE TIMBER IS SCARCE. THIS TYPE OF HOME GIVES COMFORT TO THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES, PARTICULARLY THE MEXICANS OF THE UNITED STATES. THE COOL, EARTHEN WALLS OFFER PROTECTION FROM THE BLISTERING SUMMER SUN AND WINTER STORMS.

MEXICANS AND SOME TRIBES OF INDIANS ARE EXPERTS IN THE MAKING OF ADOBE BRICKS FROM EARTH FOUND ONLY IN SOME PARTS OF THE SOUTHWEST.



## THE TEXAS COWBOY

Oh, I'm a Texas cowboy,  
Far away from home,  
If I ever get back to Texas,  
I never more will roam.

Montana is too cold for me,  
The winters are too long,  
Before the roundups do begin,  
Your money is all gone.

Come all you Texas cowboys,  
And warning take from me,  
And do not go to Montana,  
To spend your money free.

But stay at home in Texas,  
Where work lasts the year around,  
And you'll never get consumption,  
By sleeping on the ground.

