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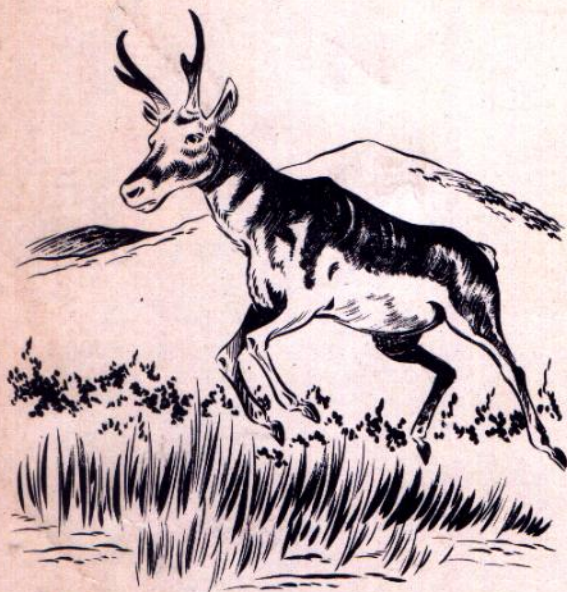
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CISCO KID



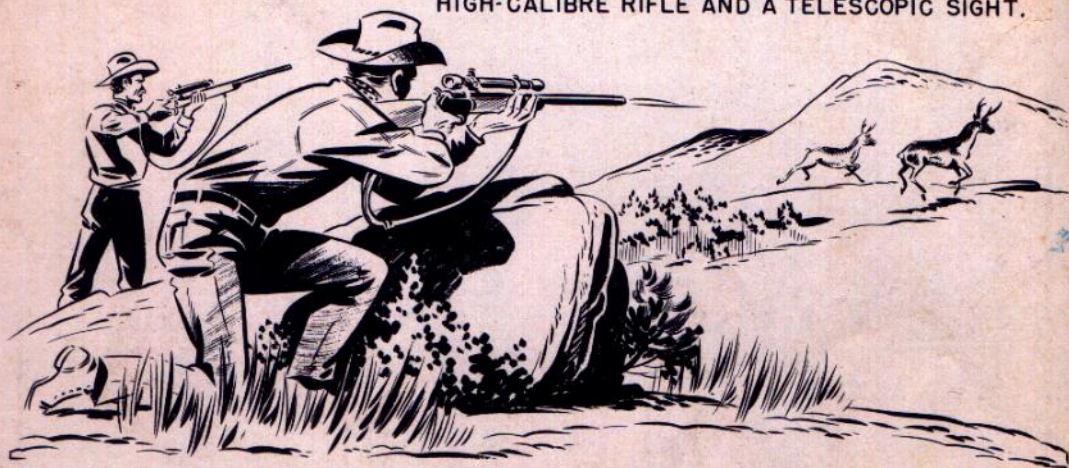
GHOST OF THE DESERT

PRONGHORN ANTELOPE



THE PRONGHORN ANTELOPE SPENDS HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN OPEN, TREELESS COUNTRY. IN SPITE OF THIS, HE IS ONE OF THE HARDEST ANIMALS TO HUNT. NATURE, BY GIVING HIM A FORTY MILE AN HOUR SPEED WHEN RUNNING, SEEMS TO BE COMPENSATING FOR THE EXPOSED WAY IN WHICH HE LIVES. THE EXTRAORDINARY EYESIGHT OF THE ANTELOPE MAY ALSO BE EXPLAINED AS A COMPENSATION. ONE OF THE HERD, ACTING AS GUARD WHEN THE FLOCK IS GRAZING, IS CONSTANTLY ALERT AND CAN SEE MAN OR COYOTE MILES AWAY. ONCE DANGER IS SIGHTED, THE WHITE HAIRS ON THE ANIMAL'S RUMP SUDDENLY STAND ON END AND HIS MUSK GLANDS GIVE OFF A POWERFUL ODOR WHICH INSTANTLY SETS THE WHOLE FLOCK RACING AWAY.

YEARS AGO, HUNTERS TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE PRONGHORN'S STRANGE CURIOSITY INSTINCT. A FLUTTERING RAG ON A STICK WAS ENOUGH TO BRING HIM WITHIN RIFLE RANGE! BUT TODAY, ANTELOPE SEEM TO HAVE LEARNED THE TRICKS AND THE BEST WAY TO MAKE A KILL IS A LONG, CAREFUL STALKING AND A VERY LONG SHOT WITH A HIGH-CALIBRE RIFLE AND A TELESCOPIC SIGHT.

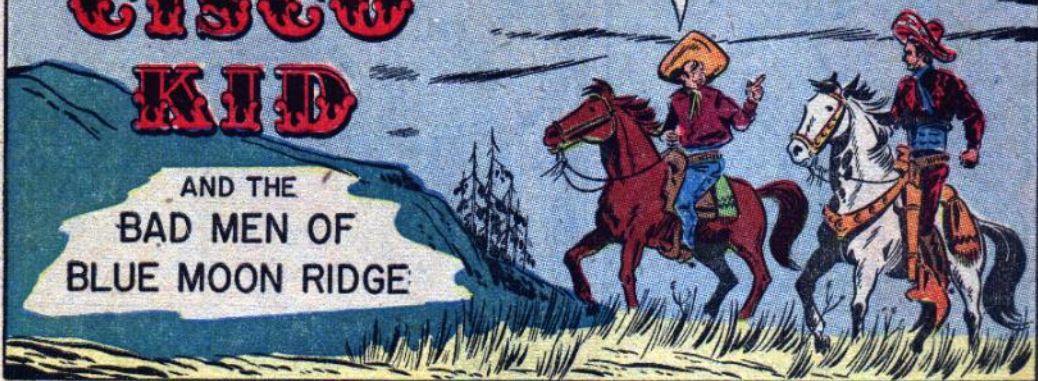


THE CISCO KID

AND THE BAD MEN OF BLUE MOON RIDGE

WHAT YOU KNOW, CISCO!
THE SUN IS INSIDE THE CLOUDS---
AND PANCHO HAVE NOT ANY
WATCH--- BUT HE CAN TELL
THE TIME IT IS!

VERY WELL!
WHAT TIME
IS IT?



TIME TO EAT!
HO! HO! PANTO
MAKES THE JOKE!

YOUR APPETITE IS
NO JOKE! ASK LOCO!
HE IS GROWING
SWAY-BACKED FROM
CARRYING YOU AROUND!



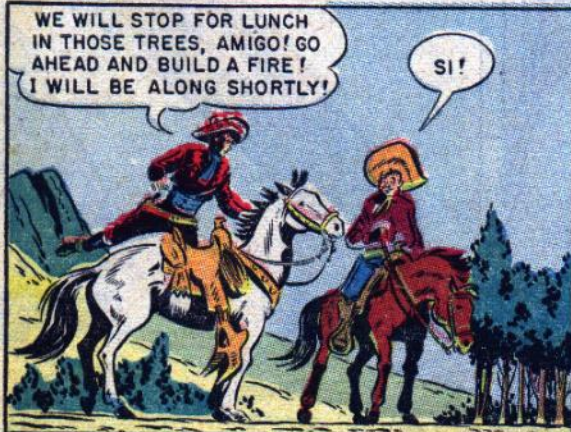
AHA! THE KETTLE HE
CALLS THE POT BLACK!
LOOK AT DIABLO! HE
IS HAVING TROUBLE---

BUT NOT WITH ME!
HE HAS PICKED UP
A STONE!



WE WILL STOP FOR LUNCH
IN THOSE TREES, AMIGO! GO
AHEAD AND BUILD A FIRE!
I WILL BE ALONG SHORTLY!

SI!



EASY, BOY!
I WILL HAVE IT
OUT PRONTO!

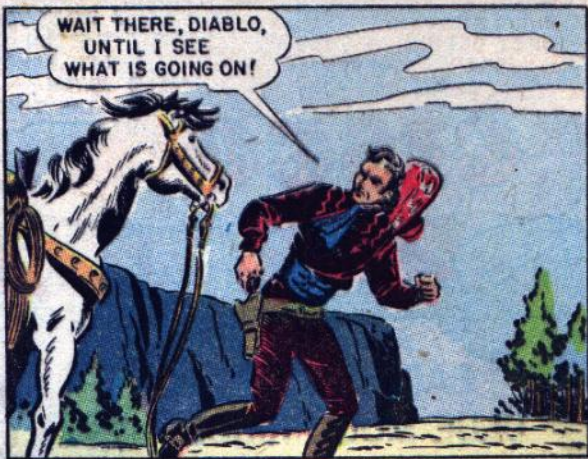


AS CISCO STRAIGHTENS...



SANTO! A
RIFLE SHOT!

WAIT THERE, DIABLO,
UNTIL I SEE
WHAT IS GOING ON!



BUT, SEÑOR,
PÁNCHO ONLY COME
HERE TO---

SHUT UP!
I'M THINKIN'!



MADRE MIA! THAT IS
A VERY SMALL VOICE
FOR A BANDIT!



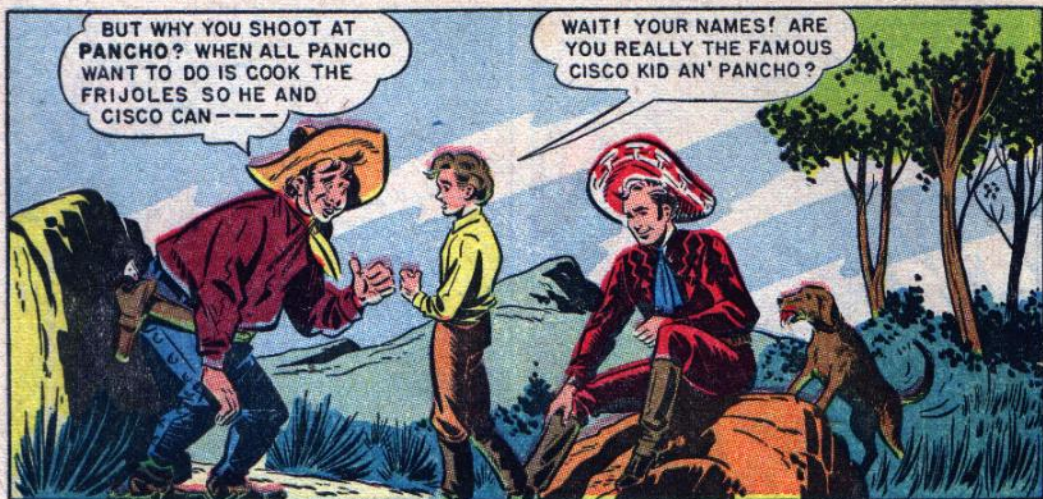
SANTO! IT IS
ONLY A BOY!



AS CISCO STEALS FORWARD...









“IKE TOOK TO RUNNIN' WITH A WILD BUNCH! AN'STAYIN' OUT TILL ALL HOURS! I HAD A GOOD IDEA WHAT WAS UP—”



“I HAD A WILD NOTION I MIGHT BE ABLE TO STOP 'EM... SO I TRAILED 'EM.

“ONE NIGHT, I FOUND OUT FOR SURE.”

“OKAY, LET'S GO! AN' REMEMBER --- IF ANYBODY GETS IN OUR WAY, DOWN 'EM!”



“THEY HID THEIR HORSES IN AN ALLEY.”

“I SURE HOPE THE MOON STAYS BACK O' THOSE CLOUDS FOR ANOTHER TEN MINUTES!”

“SAME HERE!”



“AN' HEADED FOR THE ELDORADO CAFÉ...”

“THEY WERE PULLIN' UP THEIR WIPES FOR MASKS WHEN THE MOON POPPED OUT.”



"BEFORE I COULD DUCK, IKE TURNED AN' SPOTTED ME."

"WHAT IN BLAZES?
THE KID!"



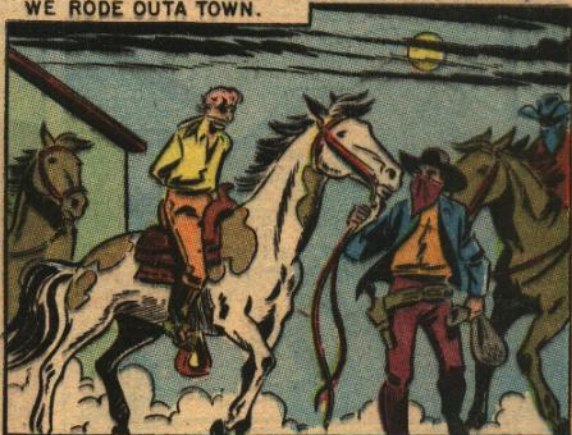
"I LIT OUT PRONTO, BUT
IT WASN'T ANY USE."

"YOU BLASTED LITTLE
SNEAK! I'LL TEACH YOU
TO SPY ON ME!"



"HE GAVE ME THE WHIPPIN' OF MY LIFE."

"THEY LEFT ME FOR A WHILE, GAGGED AN' TIED
ONTO A HORSE--- AN' WHEN THEY CAME BACK,
WE RODE OUTA TOWN."



"IKE AN' LIE WERE RIDIN' AHEAD, I RODE
DOUBLE-UP WITH SLATS ..."

"HEY, IKE! THE KID KEEPS
SLIPPIN' OFF! WANT ME TO UNTIE
HIM, SO HE CAN HOLD ON?"

"YEAH! BUT KEEP A CLOSE
WATCH ON HIM! CAN'T TAKE CHANCES ON
HIS MAKIN' A BREAK FOR IT!"



"THEY HOLED UP IN A MOUNTAIN SHACK FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS. THEN ONE MORNIN'..."



"WE PUT UP IN A DESERTED SHACK ON BLUE MOON RIDGE."



"AN' WHEN THE CASH FROM THE ELDORADO HOLDUP WAS GONE, THEY STARTED NIGHT RIDIN' AGAIN."



"NIGHT BEFORE LAST, THEY CRACKED OPEN THE LOST CREEK BANK, AN' WERE SITTIN' AROUND THE TABLE COUNTIN' THE MONEY."



"THEN IKE GOT PLENTY NASTY AN' CAME AT ME WITH A GUN."

WE GOT A PERFECT SETUP HERE! AN' TO MAKE SURE IT STAYS THAT WAY---



"SLATS STOPPED HIM."



"I DUCKED OUT BACK AN' HID IN THE WELL. I COULD HEAR IKE HUNTIN' FOR ME."

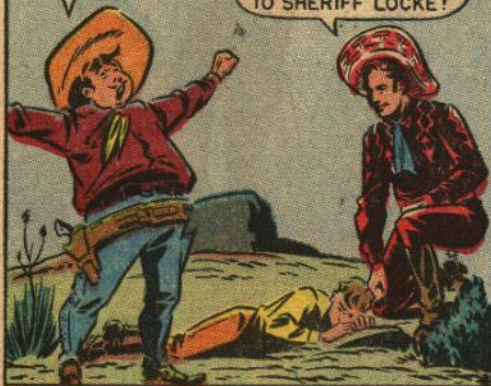


"WHEN THEY WERE ALL DEAD ASLEEP, I TOOK MY RIFLE AND RISKY AN' SOME GRUB --- AN' HEADED UP THE RIDGE."



AHA! HE TAKES THE SIESTA! PANCHO, TOO! AND YOU, CISCO?

NO! I AM STARTING FOR LOST CREEK TO TELL TAD'S STORY TO SHERIFF LOCKE!



BUT I AM NOT LEAVING TAD HERE FOR THAT HOMBRE SLADE TO FIND!

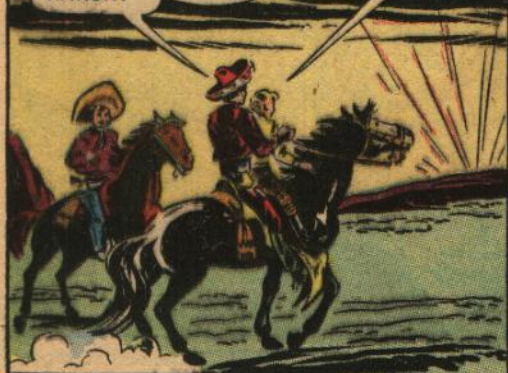
YOU ARE NOT LEAVING PANCHO, EITHER! NOT BY A LONG SHOTS!



LATER...

WE CANNOT MAKE LOST CREEK BEFORE DARK, SO I THINK WE WILL STOP AT SEÑOR MACDONALD'S RANCH!

AFTER THAT LONG NAP, I COULD KEEP GOIN' ALL NIGHT!



(YAWN!) NOT PANCHO! HE IS SO TIRED, HE HEARS STRANGE NOISES--- LIKE HORNS AND FIDDLES AND ---

I HEAR THEM, TOO! COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS RISE!



LOOK! A FIESTA! NOW PANCHO NOT TIRED ANY MORE! BUT HE IS HUNGRY AGAIN!

AGAIN?--- YET!







SO WITH DANCING, LAUGHTER AND MUSIC, THE NIGHT PASSES... AND AT DAWN...



NO! TWO OR THREE RIDERS
WILL NOT AROUSE SUSPICION!
BUT A POSSE WILL SCATTER
THE BANDITS LIKE LEAVES
IN A STRONG WIND!



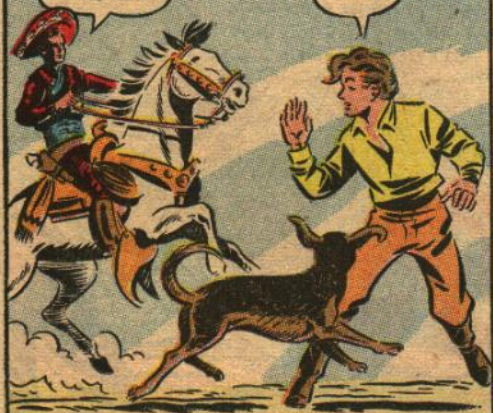
HOWEVER, WE WILL
TAKE YOU ALONG, TAD---
IF SEÑOR MAC WILL
LEND YOU A HORSE!



'COURSE I WILL!
C' MON, SON! YOU
CAN PICK YOUR
OWN MOUNT!

TIE RISKY UP, TAD!
WE CANNOT TAKE
HIM, TOO!

OKAY!



NEXT AFTERNOON ...

TAD! WHY DO
YOU STOP?

'CAUSE WE'RE
GETTIN' CLOSE! WE
CAN SEE THE SHACK
FROM THAT CANYON
RIM YONDER!



THEN WE WILL LEAVE
THE HORSES HERE AND--
SANTO! LOOK AT
PANCHO!

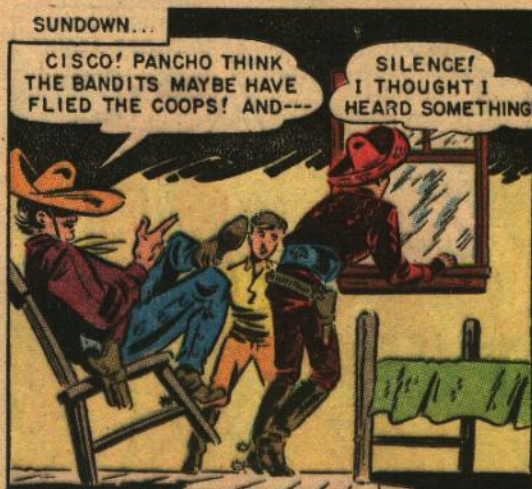
GOSH! HE'S GONE
TO SLEEP AGAIN!



PANCHO!
WAKE UP!

HUH? WHERE? WHO?
WHAT? IT IS THE
MORNING, NO?---

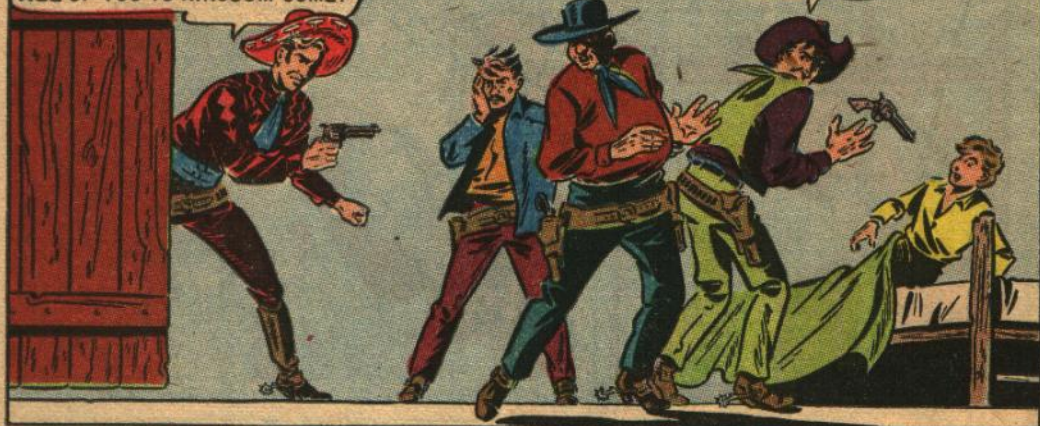






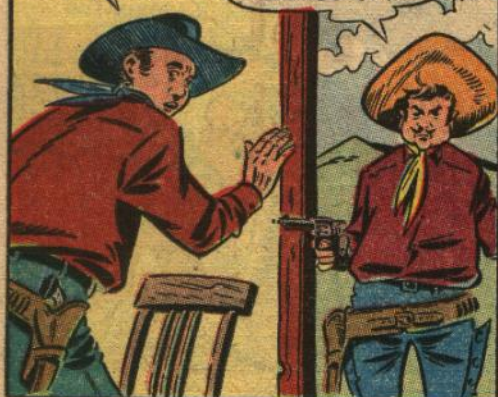
UP WITH YOUR HANDS,
HOMBRES! OR I WILL BLOW
ALL OF YOU TO KINGDOM COME!

THE LAW! DON'T
SHOOT! I GIVE UP!



NOT ME!
I'M DUSTIN'!

YOU BITE THE DUST,
SEÑOR, IF YOU DO
NOT THROW THE
HANDS UP!



YOU DONE THIS!
YOU BROUGHT 'EM
HERE! I'LL---

TAKE ONE MORE
STEP, HOMBRE----
AND YOU'LL NEVER
EVEN BREATHE AGAIN!



NOW, WE'LL TURN THEM
OVER TO SHERIFF LOCKE
AND THEN HAVE A REAL
CELEBRATION!



THE NEXT NIGHT ...

OH, BOY! THIS
IS THE BEST
STEAK I EVER
ATE, CISCO!

IT IS
GOOD,
EH,
PANCHO?



NOW I KNOW
PANCHO IS TIRED!
I WILL BET IT IS
THE FIRST TIME
IN HIS LIFE HE
CHOSE SLEEPING
TO EATING!



THE CISCO KID

AND THE TREASURE MAP TO TROUBLE

NIGHTFALL FINDS CISCO AND PANCHO CAMPED
UNDER THE STARS...

AH, PANCHO! WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL NIGHT--- THE MOON,
THE STARS! WHAT MORE
COULD ANYONE ASK?

WHAT MORE,
AMIGO? MORE
FOOD! PANCHO
IS STILL HUNGRY!

FOOD, PANCHO, *FOOD!*
IS THAT ALL YOU
EVER THINK ABOUT?

SI! WHAT ELSE IS
THERE FOR PANCHO
TO THINK OF?

MANY THINGS, PANCHO! THE
FREEDOM OF THE OPEN SPACES!
ROMANCE--- LOVE! THE BEAUTIFUL
SEÑORITA MAKING HER WAY TO A MAN'S
HEART--- THAT IS WHAT MAKES THE
WORLD GO 'ROUND! DO YOU NOT HAVE
ANY OF THESE FEELINGS, AMIGO?

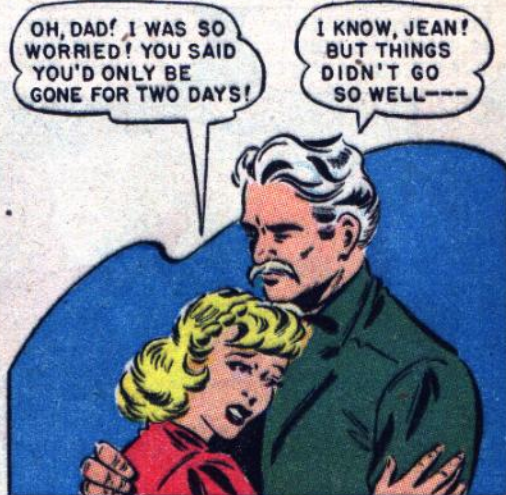
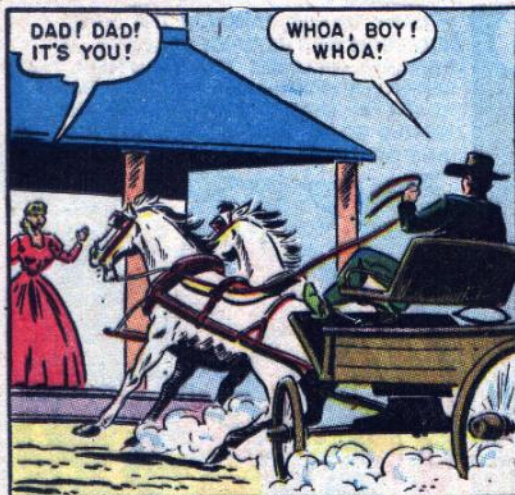
SI! PANCHO FEELS THESE THINGS!
HE KNOWS THAT THE WAY TO A
MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH THE
STOMACH AND IF THE SEÑORITA
DO NOT DO THIS, PANCHO IS
HUNGRY AND GETS DIZZY AND
EVERYTHING GOES 'ROUND
AND 'ROUND!

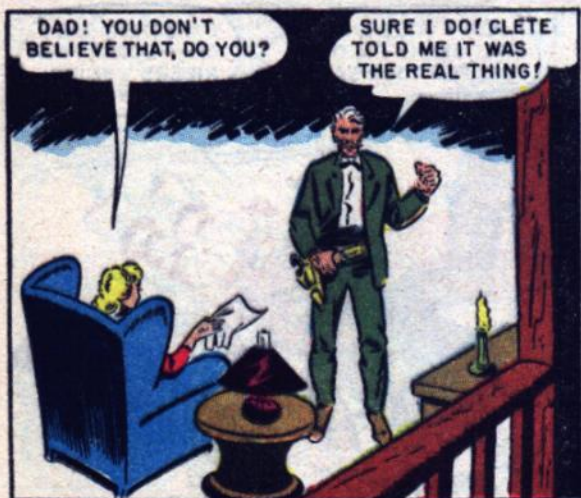
I GIVE
UP, AMIGO---

---LET US GO
TO SLEEP!
GOOD NIGHT,
PANCHO!

GOOD NIGHT,
CISCO!

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE LAZY-T RANCH, JEAN TIME AWAITS THE RETURN OF HER FATHER —





OH, DAD! I KNOW HE WAS YOUR BROTHER AND THAT HE'S DEAD NOW, BUT HE NEVER WAS ANY GOOD! HE LIED, STOLE--- AND HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU GOTTEN HIM OUT JAIL? FORGET ABOUT IT, PLEASE!



NEXT MORNING,
JEAN AND HER
DAD ARE WELL
ON THE ROAD
TO BALD ROCK...

I NEVER HEARD OF
BALD ROCK, DAD! HOW
FAR IS IT?

ACCORDIN' TO CLETE, HE SAID IT WAS
ABOUT FIFTY MILES FROM OUR RANCH!
WE MUST BE NEARIN' IT NOW---

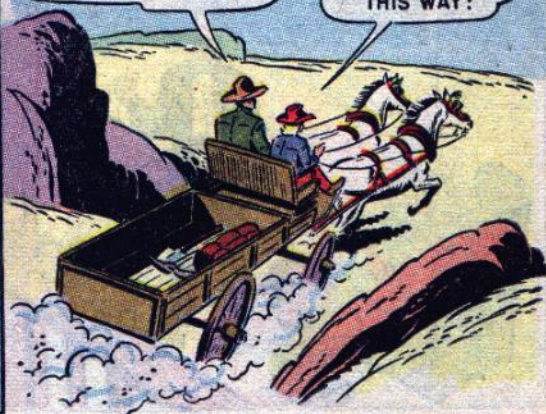


---BUT DURNED IF I
CAN SEE ANYTHING
THAT LOOKS LIKE
A "BALD ROCK"
TO ME!

MAYBE WHEN WE
GET THERE, ALL
THE OTHER ROCKS
WILL HAVE GRASS
GROWING ON THEM AND
THE ONE THAT DOESN'T
IS "BALD ROCK"!

DON'T FOOL LIKE
THAT, JEAN! I'M DOIN'
THIS FOR YOUR SAKE---

I'M SORRY, DAD!
OH---LOOK! FOUR
RIDERS COMING
THIS WAY!

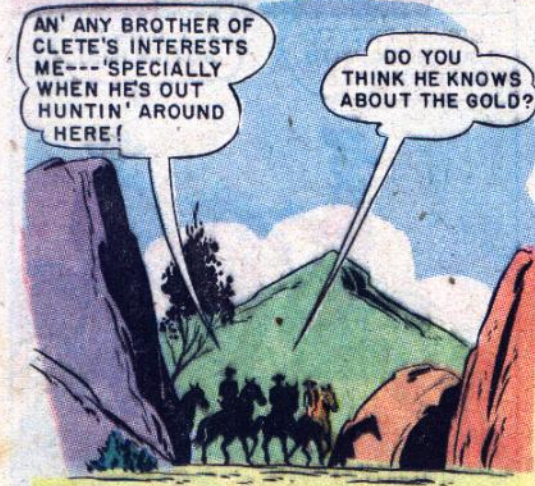


MAYBE THEY KNOW
WHERE BALD ROCK IS!
I'LL ASK THEM---

... AND DON'T SAY
ANYTHING ABOUT
THE MAP!







FROM ATOP A SMALL RISE, AND CONCEALED BY LOW GROWING SHRUBS, CISCO AND PANCHO WATCH WITH INTEREST, BLACK BIMTON AND HIS GANG...

CISCO! WHY YOU WANT TO SIT HERE AND WATCH WHERE THE SEÑORITA AND SEÑOR IN THE BUCKBOARD GO?

BECAUSE THOSE HOMBRES ON HORSEBACK DOWN IN THE VALLEY ARE INTERESTED, TOO! LOOK HOW THEY WATCH THEM!



THOSE SEÑORS SEEMED TO BE IN A HURRY WHEN THEY MET THOSE TWO! NOW THEY SEEM TO BE IN NO HURRY AT ALL!

AND YOU THINK THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG, AMIGO?



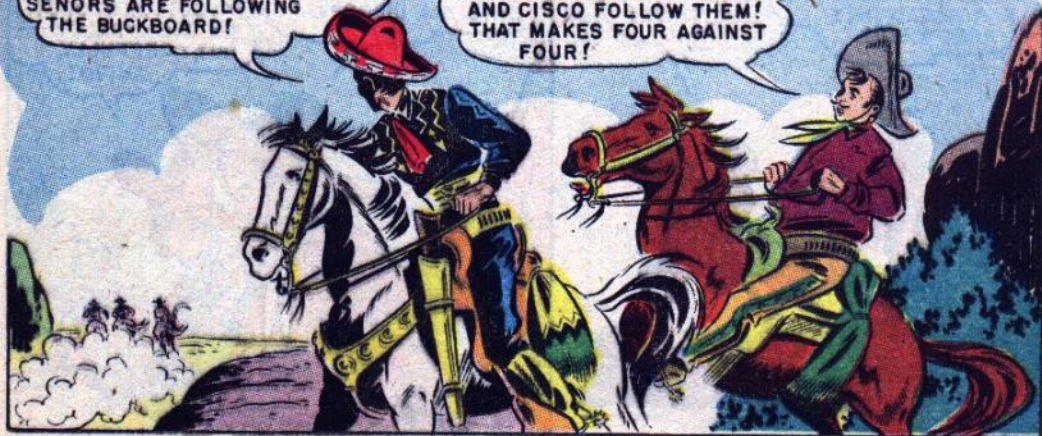
SI! AND I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THOSE SEÑORS, TOO

PANCHO THINKS CISCO WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE PRETTY SEÑORITA, THAN HE DOES ABOUT THOSE HOMBRES!



PANCHO! SOMETIMES YOU MAKE ME--- LOOK, AMIGO! THOSE SEÑORS ARE FOLLOWING THE BUCKBOARD!

SI! PANCHO PUTS TWO AND TWO TOGETHER--- PANCHO AND CISCO FOLLOW THEM! THAT MAKES FOUR AGAINST FOUR!



WE WILL NOT GET TOO CLOSE TO THEM, THEN THEY WILL NOT GET SUSPICIOUS! UP, DIABLO!

UP, LOCO, UP!



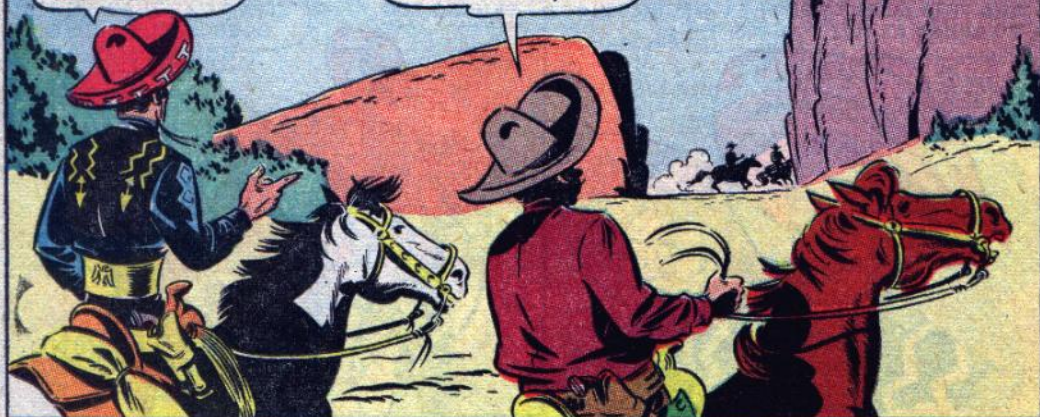
PANCHO THINKS WE SHOULD SLOW DOWN! OUR HORSES ARE TOO FAST, AND WE ARE CATCHING UP TO THEM!

YOU ARE RIGHT, AMIGO--- LOOK!



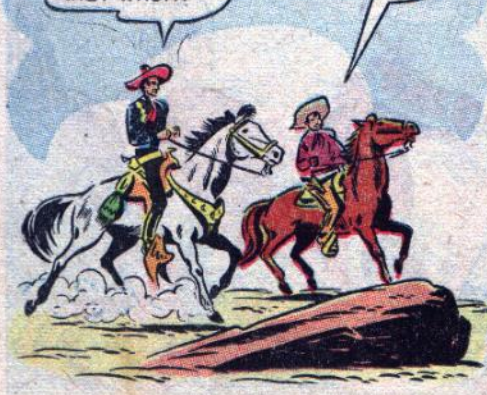
THEY ARE TURNING OFF AT THE BASE OF THAT HIGH CLIFF---

THAT MEANS THE SEÑORITA AND THE SEÑOR MAKE THAT TURN, TOO!



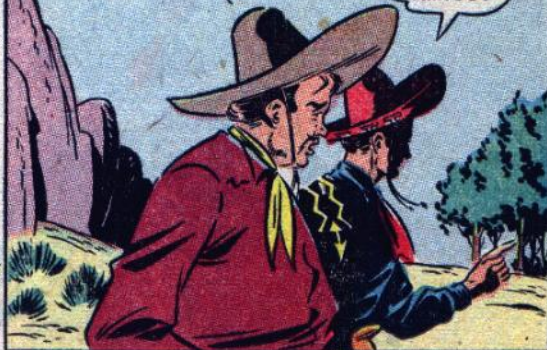
SLOW DOWN, PANCHO! WE DO NOT KNOW HOW FAR AHEAD THEY ARE! WHOA!

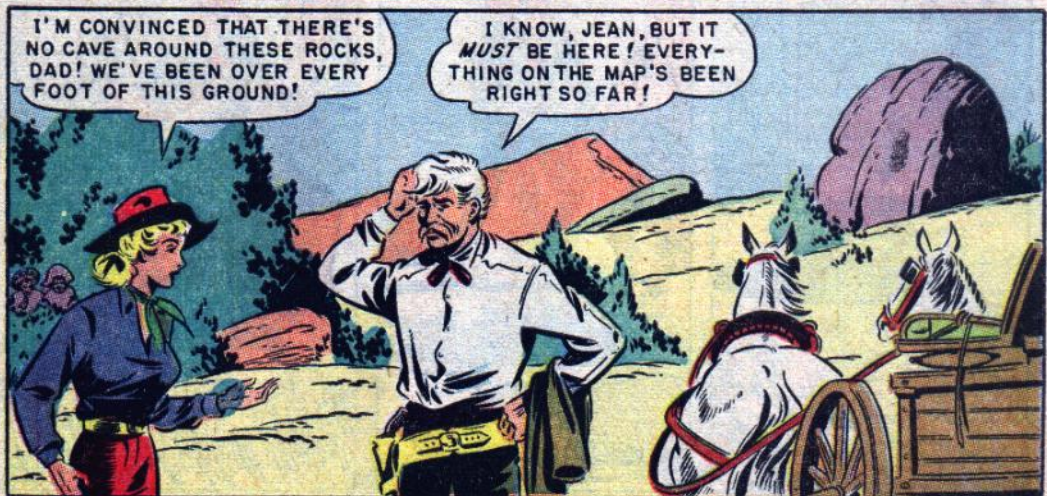
WHOA, LOCO!

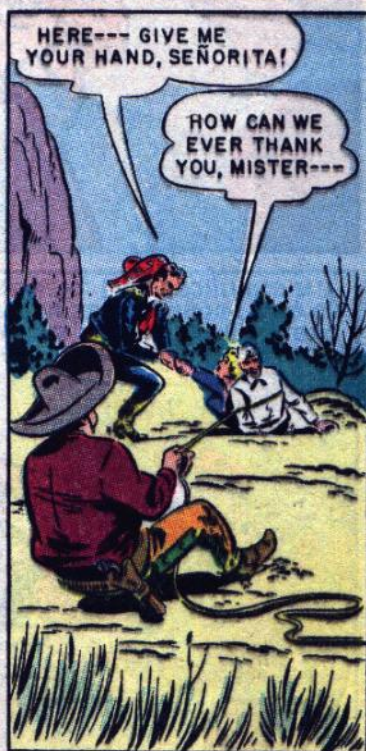
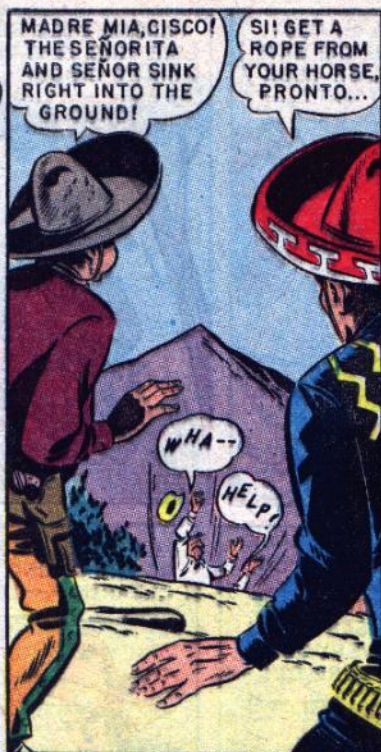


CISCO! NO BUCKBOARD--- NO HOMBRES! THEY HAVE ALL DISAPPEAR!

THEY HAVE GONE INTO THOSE COTTONWOODS! WE WILL FOLLOW--- BUT, CAREFULLY, AMIGO!



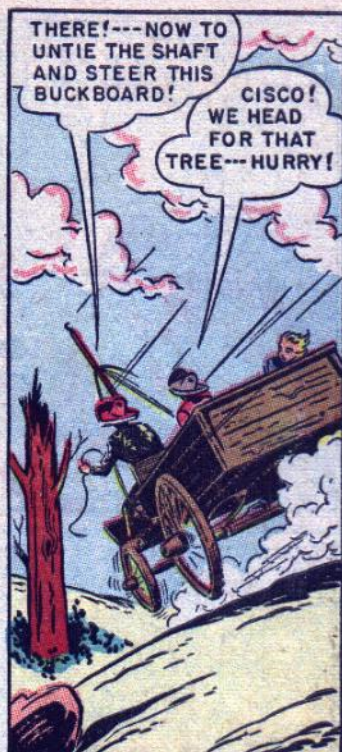




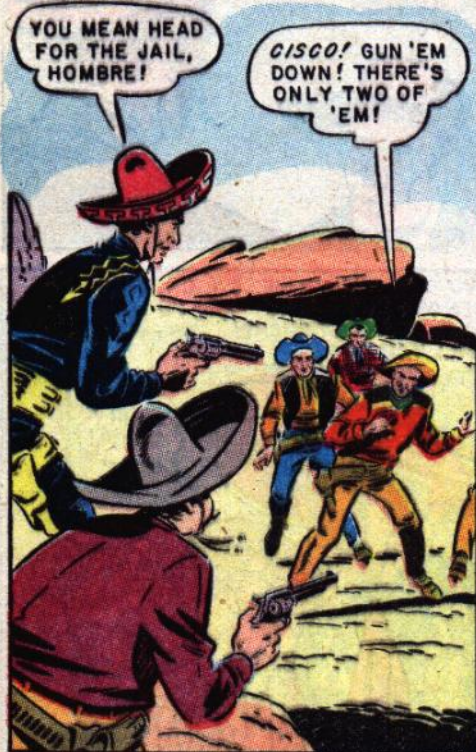


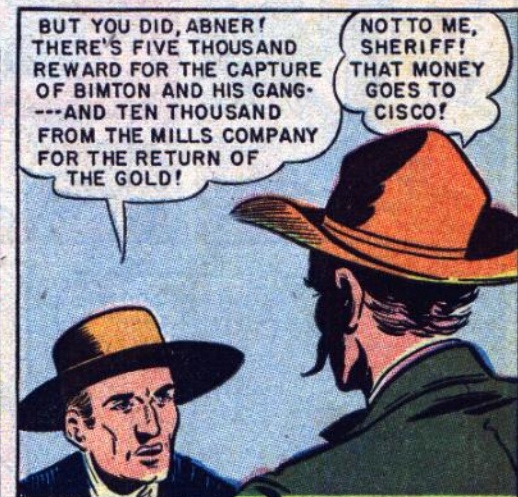
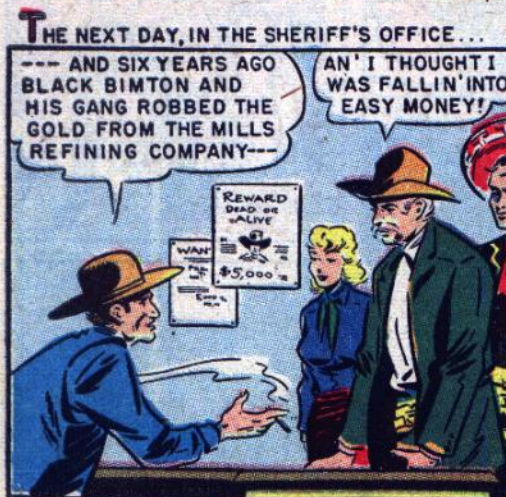
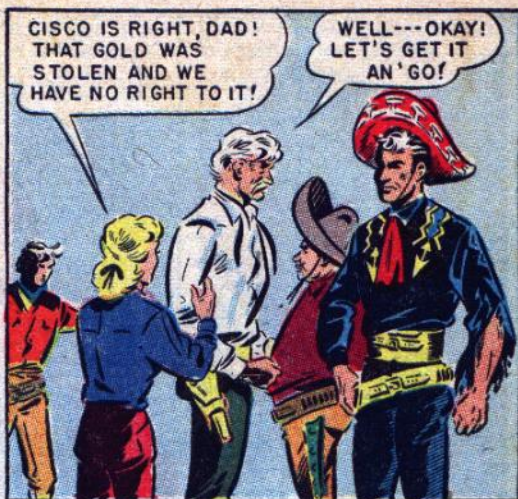


AND AS THE BUCKBOARD
PLUMMETS DOWN THE
MOUNTAIN SIDE...









HUNTING BIGHORN SHEEP

BIGHORN
SHEEP



THE AVERAGE BIGHORN SHEEP WEIGHS 150 TO 200 POUNDS. LIKE ALL ANIMALS WHO LIVE IN TREELESS COUNTRY, THE BIGHORN DEPENDS ON PHENOMENAL EYE-SIGHT TO PROTECT HIM. HIS HOOF'S ARE HOLLOWED OUT ON THE BOTTOM AND THE FRONT EDGE IS VERY HARD AND SHARP. HE LIVES IN SUCH DIFFICULT TERRITORY THAT HE HAS NO ENEMY OTHER THAN MAN, AND NO NEIGHBOR EXCEPT THE MOUNTAIN GOAT. WHEN A HUNTER SEES ONE OF THESE ANIMALS LEAP DOWN A VERTICAL ROCK WALL AND LAND ON A NARROW PINNACLE OF ROCK, HE OFTEN FEELS THAT HE HAS SEEN AN OPTICAL ILLUSION. THE BIGHORN'S ABILITY TO CLIMB, JUMP AND DODGE ON BARE ROCKS MAKE HIM THE HARDEST ANIMAL TO KILL IN NORTH AMERICA. WHEN YOU HAVE A BIGHORN TROPHY, YOU ARE REALLY A HUNTER.

THE HUNTER WHO PURSUES THE BIGHORN SHEEP AND THE MOUNTAIN GOAT IS HUNTING THE MOST DANGEROUS KIND OF GAME. THE STEEP MOUNTAIN RANGES PROTECT THE SHEEP AND MANY HUNTERS TAKE HARD FALLS, RISKING THEIR LIVES WITH EVERY STEP. A HUNTER MUST VERY CAREFULLY CONSIDER WHERE THE SHEEP FALLS AFTER THE BULLET HITS! HE MIGHT FALL A THOUSAND YARDS INTO AN INACCESSIBLE PLACE. WITH THE BIGHORN, ONLY THE BEST RIFLE, TELESCOPE AND HUNTER ARE GOOD ENOUGH.



This black bear is looking trouble right in the face. The cottonmouth moccasin is one of the most poisonous snakes

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

in the south. The black bear is the most familiar of American bears being far more numerous than the brown bear.

