

DELL
COMIC

JANUARY-FEBRUARY

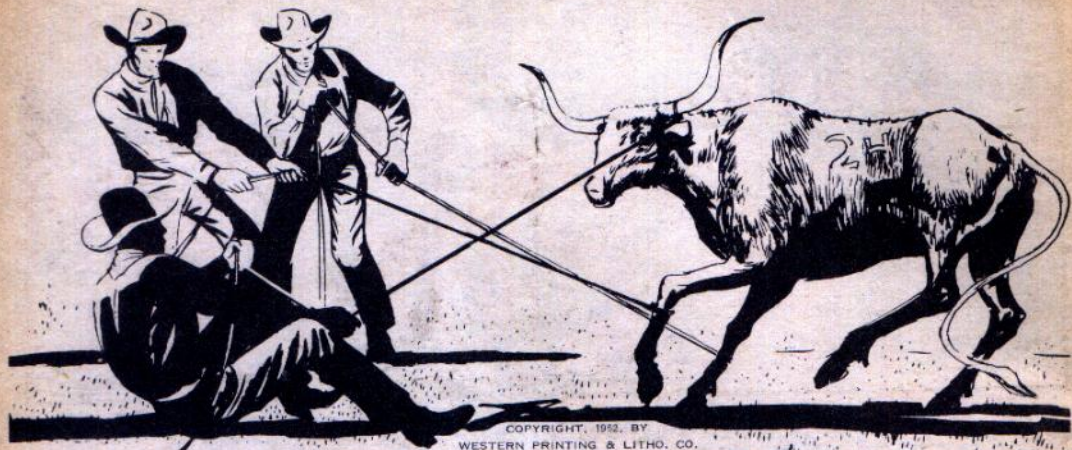
THE

10¢

CISCO KID



TAMING A LONGHORN



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NOT MANY COWPUNCHERS ALIVE TODAY REMEMBER THE DIFFICULTIES OF ROPING AND BRANDING A REALLY WILD TEXAS LONGHORN STEER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS KICKING, REBELLIOUS LIFE. IT OFTEN TOOK FOUR OR FIVE MEN TO ROPE AND THROW THE OLD MOSSYHORNS. TODAY, CATTLE ARE ALMOST SURELY BRANDED WHILE THEY ARE STILL CALVES. VERY FEW MAVERICKS RUN THE RANGES AND THE ART OF HANDLING WILD CATTLE IS ALMOST FORGOTTEN. ONE EFFICIENT METHOD OF BRINGING A LONGHORN BACK TO THE CORRAL OR BRANDING CAMP WAS TO ROPE HIM, NECK AND

NECK, WITH A TAME OX, TRAINED TO LEAD THE RANGE CRITTER. THE OX STRUGGLED WITH THE LONGHORN, SLOWLY WEARING DOWN HIS STRENGTH UNTIL HE COULD LEAD THE BIG ANIMAL WHEREVER THE BRANDING CREW WAITED. THIS SAVED WEAR AND TEAR ON HARD-WORKING COWPOKES WHO HAD NO TIME TO WASTE LEADING A SINGLE STEER ON THE END OF A ROPE.



THE CISCO KID

AND THE APACHE RIDGE BANDITS

ONE MORNING IN THE
ARIZONA HILLS...

CISCO! THERE WAS
MAIL IN TOWN? A
LETTER FOR PANCHO
FROM HIS MAMA, MAYBE?

NO, PANCHO! ONLY
A LETTER FOR ME
FROM JASON
HARKER! REMEMBER
HIM?



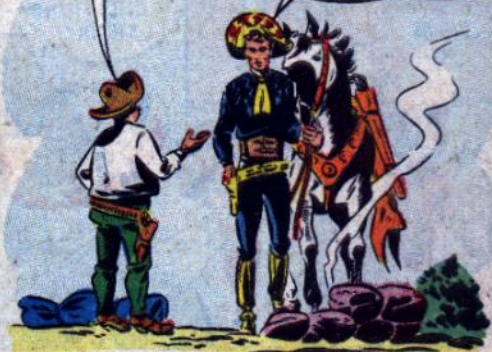
SI! THE NEWSPAPER
SEÑOR IN ROLLING
DICE! A NICE HOMBRE!
PANCHO WOULD LIKE
TO SEE HIM AGAIN!

YOU WILL! BUT
HE WILL NOT
SEE YOU! HE
WAS BLINDED
SEVERAL MONTHS
AGO BY A STRAY
BULLET FIRED
DURING A STREET
FIGHT!

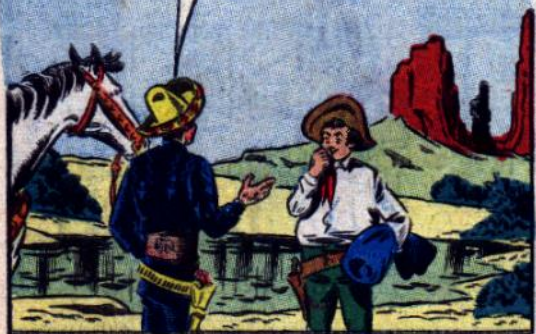


MADRE MIA! THEN
HOW DOES HE WRITE
CISCO THE LETTER?

A FRIEND WROTE
IT FOR HIM! HE
WANTS US TO
COME UP TO ROLL-
ING DICE PRONTO!

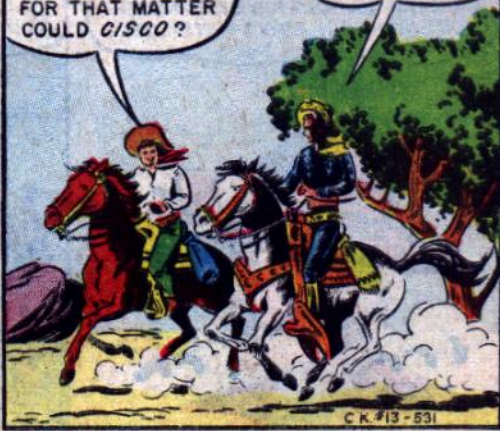


THE MINE OWNERS ARE BEING PLAGUED
BY PAYROLL BANDITS AND FACE BANK-
RUPTCY! THE SHERIFF IS LAID UP WITH
A BROKEN LEG! HIS DEPUTY IS TO
QUOTE JASON--- "SO IGNORANT HE
COULD NOT TEACH A COW TO MOO!"

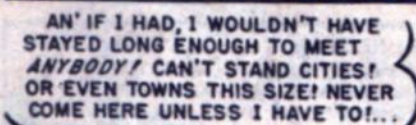


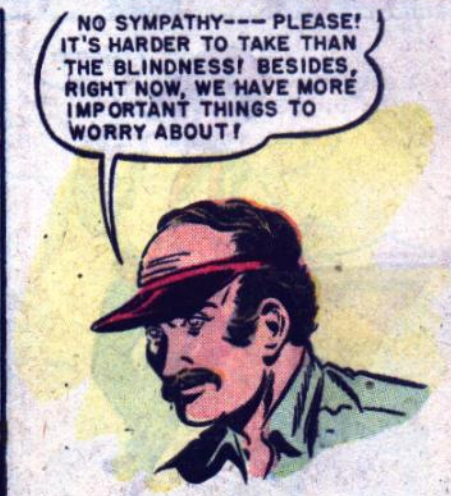
HUMPH! NEITHER
COULD PANCHO! AS
FOR THAT MATTER
COULD CISCO?

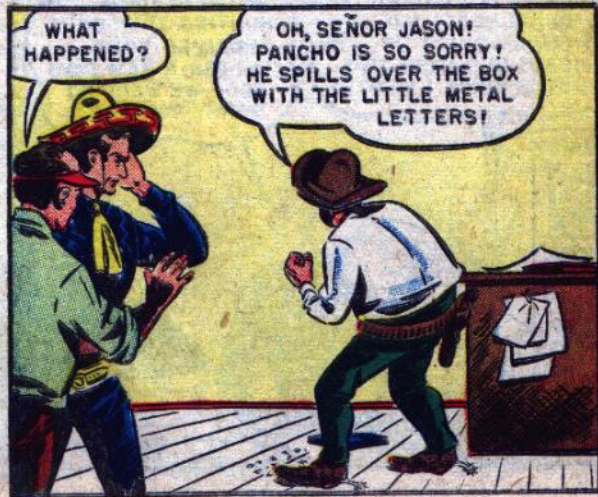
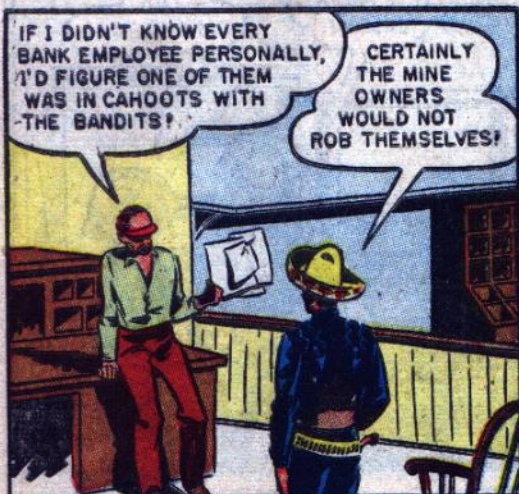
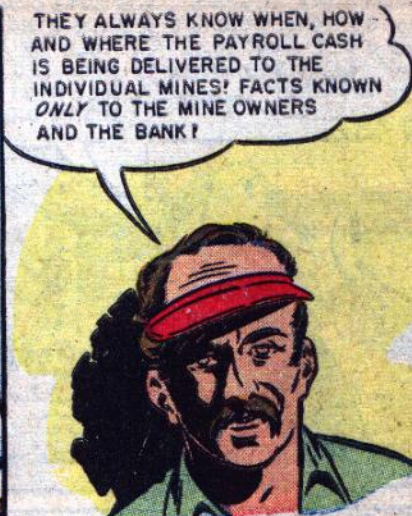
I HAVE
NEVER TRIED!

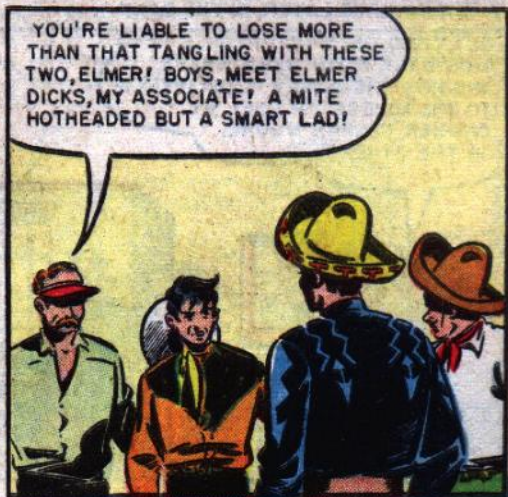
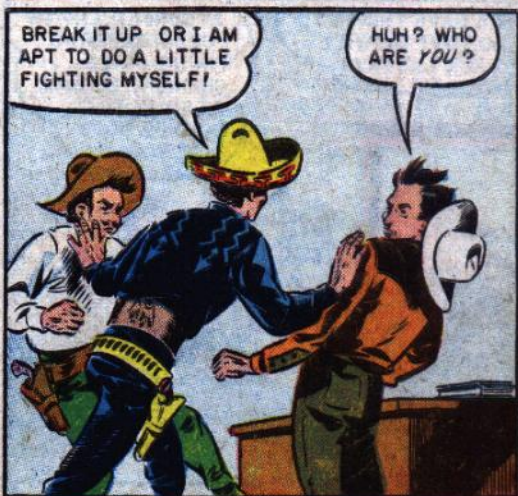


MID-AFTERNOON, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...







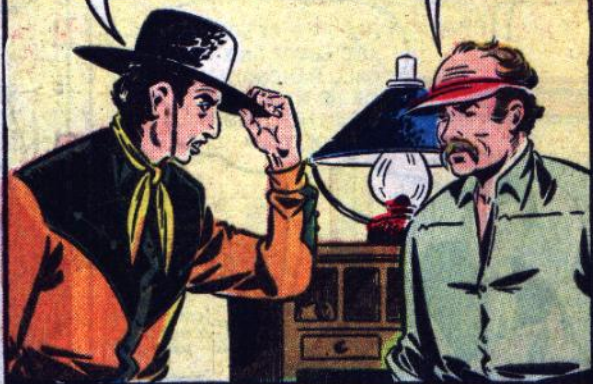


DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT HIM! HE WRITES HALF THE PAPER, GETS THE ADS, SETS TYPE, DOES THE PRINTING AND EVEN DELIVERS THE PAPERS THREE TIMES A WEEK!



IF I'M GOIN' TO DO ANY DELIVERIN' TOMORROW, WE'D BETTER GET TO WORK!

I SUPPOSE SO! BUT I DID WANT TO TALK TO CISCO AND PANCHO SOME MORE! I HAVE---



WE HAVE THINGS TO DO, TOO! WE WILL TALK LATER!

AT SUPPER, EH? MY HOUSEKEEPER IS FIXING FRIED CHICKEN! BE BACK AT SIX IF THAT SOUNDS GOOD TO YOU!



GOOD? SEÑOR, TO PANCHO, IT SOUNDS LIKE THE MUSIC OF THE SPEARS! OR IS IT STEERS?

IT IS SPHERES! WE ACCEPT WITH THANKS, JASON! ADIOS!

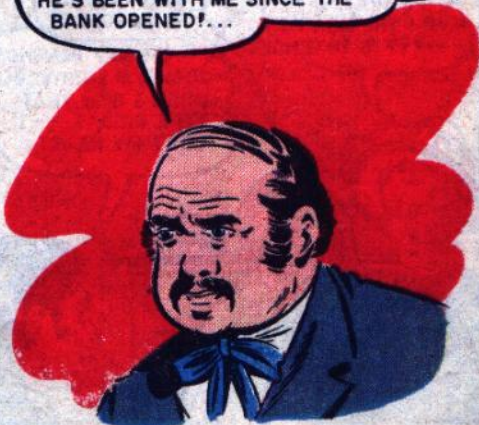


A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE BANK...

BUT, CISCO, ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN THIS BANK KNOW WHEN, WHERE AND HOW THE MONEY IS DELIVERED TO THE MINES! I'M ONE! MY CASHIER, CASPAR MOORE, IS THE OTHER!



I WOULD HARDLY STOOP TO BANDITRY! AND TO SUSPECT CASPAR IS RIDICULOUS! HE'S BEEN WITH ME SINCE THE BANK OPENED!...

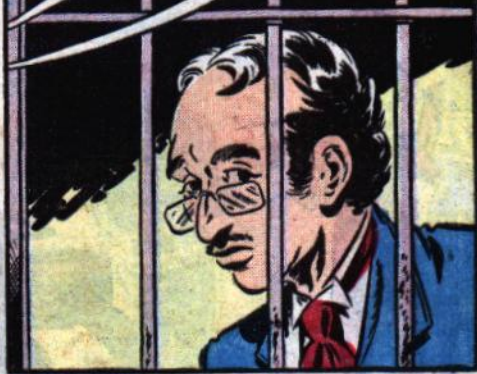


BESIDES, IF CASPAR CAME FACE-TO-FACE WITH A BADMAN--- EVEN ON A FRIENDLY BASIS--- I THINK HE'D FAINT! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT FIRST WINDOW! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN!



DOES HE LOOK LIKE A CROOK, CISCO?

NO! BUT NEITHER DID BILLY THE KID!



SEÑOR, WHICH OF YOU TAKES THE PAYROLLS TO THE MINES?

I USED TO! LATELY, THE MINE OWNERS HAVE COME THEMSELVES OR SENT SOMEONE! CASPAR HAS NEVER TAKEN ANY!



WHEN IS THE NEXT ONE DUE TO GO OUT?

TOMORROW! TO THE RED GOOSE MINE! LUKE JONES, THE OWNER, WILL BE HERE WHEN THE BANK OPENS!



SO WILL I! AND IF HE IS WILLING, PERHAPS HIS PAYROLL WILL REACH THE MEN FOR WHOM IT IS INTENDED!

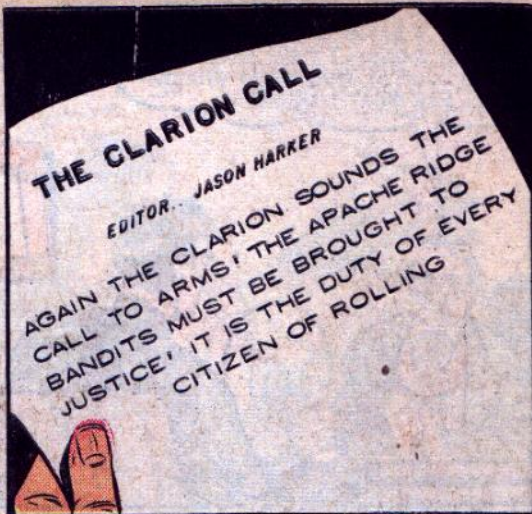
I HOPE SO! YOU CAN COUNT ON MY COOPERATION! AND LUKE'S, TOO!

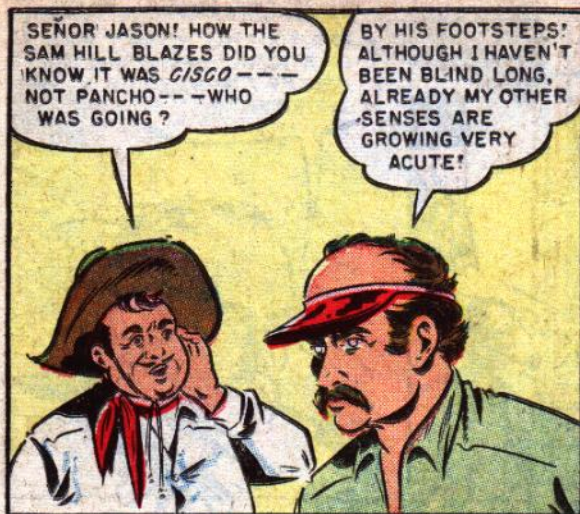


WELL, ELMER, HOW DOES IT LOOK IN PRINT?

SWELL! IT'S ONE OF YOUR BEST! I... OH! HERE COME CISCO AND PANCHE!







CISCO KEEPS HIS OWN COUNSEL UNTIL
MUCH LATER...

ON THE SURFACE, THE INCIDENT SEEMS
UNIMPORTANT, JASON! BUT ADDED TO
CASPAR'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE PAYROLL
DELIVERIES--- AND ELMER'S
NERVOUSNESS WHEN HE LEARNED
WHY WE WERE HERE---



AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T MUCH
OF A TOTAL! BESIDES, ELMER
COULDN'T BE MIXED UP IN
THE ROBBERIES!...

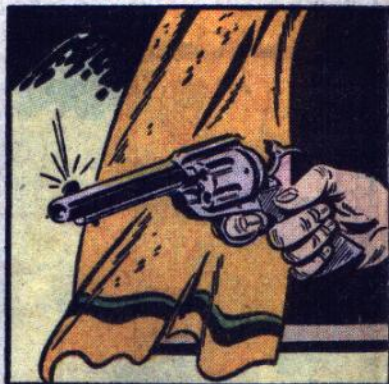


HE'S BEEN WITH ME EVERY
TIME THERE'S BEEN ONE!
AND IF THAT DOESN'T
ALIBI HIM---

IT SEEMS TO! BUT
SUPPOSE HE GOT THE
PAYROLL INFORMAT-
ION FROM CASPAR
AND---



LAMPLIGHT GLINTING
ON BLUE STEEL...

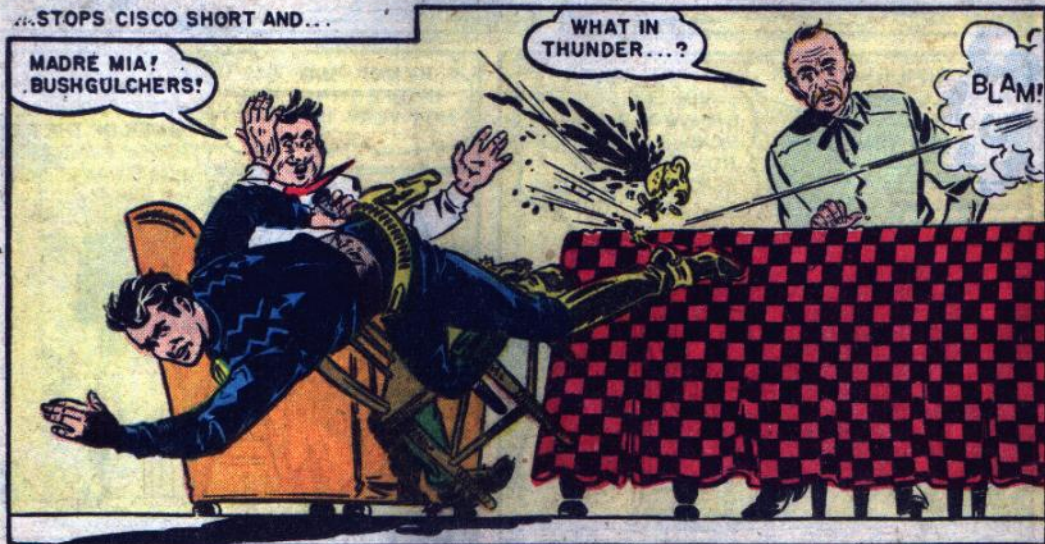


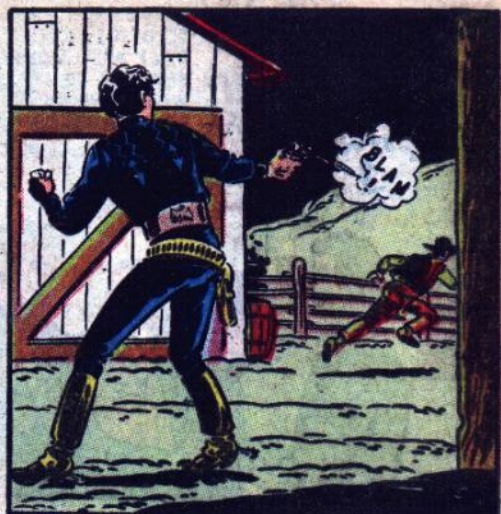
...STOPS CISCO SHORT AND...

MADRE MIA!
BUSHGULCHERS!

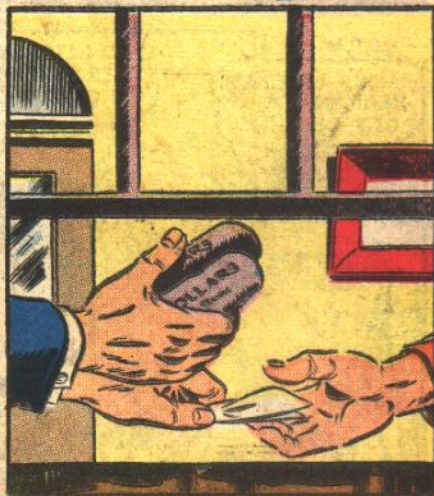
WHAT IN
THUNDER...?

BLAM!





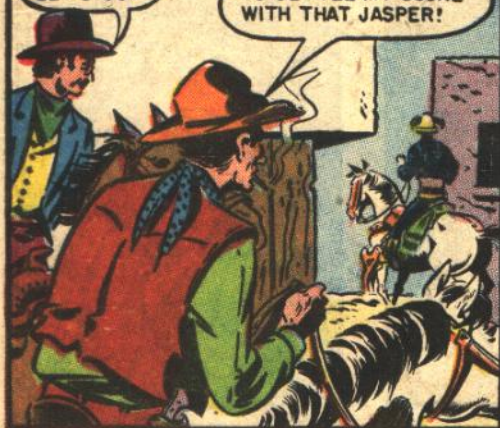




4:10 P.M.

OKAY, BUD!
LET'S GO!

SUITS ME! I'VE BEEN
WAITIN' A LONG TIME
TO SETTLE MY SCORE
WITH THAT JASPER!



4:15 P.M.

PANCHO! LUKE AN'
THE DEPUTY'RE JUST
PULLIN' OUT!

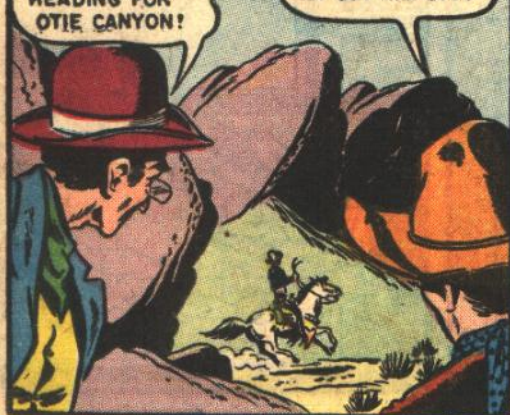
BUENO! IN FIVE
MINUTES, WE DO
THE SAME! BUT NOT
BY THE ROAD! WE
RIDE ALONGSIDE
AND LISTEN FOR
THE GUNSHOTS!



4:40 P.M.

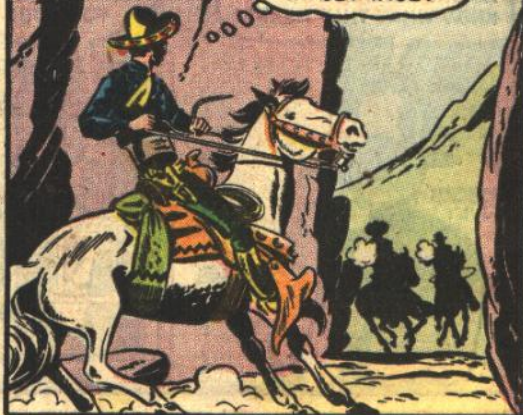
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
HEADING FOR
OTIE CANYON!

SO LET'S HEAD
OVER THAT RISE
AN' CUT HIM OFF!

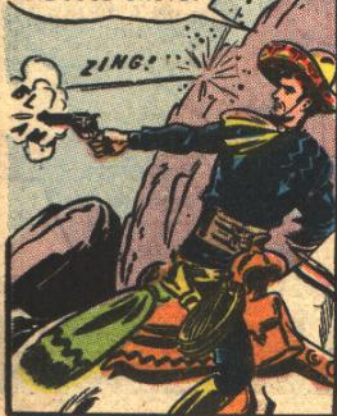


4:55 P.M.

SANTO! THE BANDITS!
BUT HOW DID THEY
GET WISE?



MOVE, DIABLO!
THOSE HOMBRES
ARE GOOD SHOTS!



GUNSHOTS! COMIN'
FROM THE ROUTE
CISCO'S TAKIN'!
WE'D BETTER GET
OVER THERE FAST!



HURRY, HOMBRES!
SEÑOR JONES AND THE
DEPUTY ARE IN BIG
TROUBLE---I THINK!





AI-EEE! IT IS NOT SEÑOR JONES WHO HAS THE TROUBLE! IT IS *GISCO!*

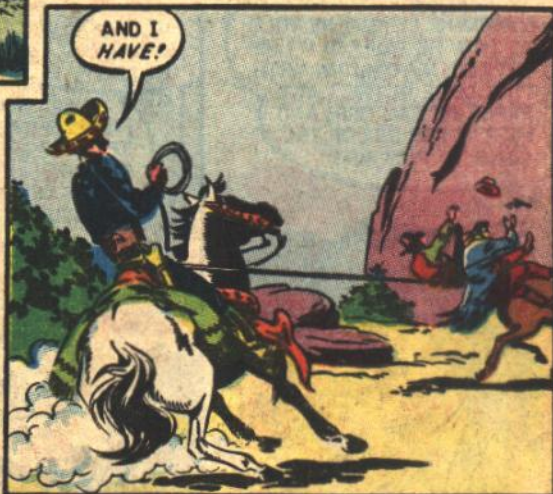


A POSSE! WE'RE DONE FOR!

LIKE BLAZES! SHOVE IN THE STEEL AND HEAD BACK UP THE CANYON!



FASTER, DIABLO! I WANT TO TAKE THAT PAIR ALIVE!



AND I HAVE!



COVER THEM, PANCHO! MY GUN IS EMPTY!

MADRE MIA! PANCHO GETS HERE IN THE NICKNACK OF TIME, EH?



CASPAR MOORE! AND THE CITY-HATING--- SANTO! NOW I REMEMBER! BUD SHRINER--- THE BORDER SMUGGLER!

WHO'D STILL BE IN BUSINESS IF YOU HADN'T BUTTED IN!

LATER...



JASON!
WHO---?

ELMER! I DISCOVERED HE WAS
GETTING THE INFORMATION FROM
CASPER AND TIPPING OFF THE
BANDITS! LOOK AT THE PROOF
ON THE DESK! AND READ EVERY
OTHER LETTER!

"MEET 'G' BACK OF
JAIL 3 TODAY!"
VERY CLEVER!

AMBECEDT ECF EGANCIK
JOKF LJMANIOL P3Q
TROSDTAUYV....

BEFORE HE LIT OUT, HE TOLD
ME HOW HE WORKED IT! HE
TOPPED MY COLUMN WITH
THAT CODE IN THE LAST
PAPER. HE RAN OFF! AND
LEFT IT FOR ONE OF THE
GANG TO PICK UP!

BUT, SEÑOR JASON,
HOW COULD YOU
READ ---

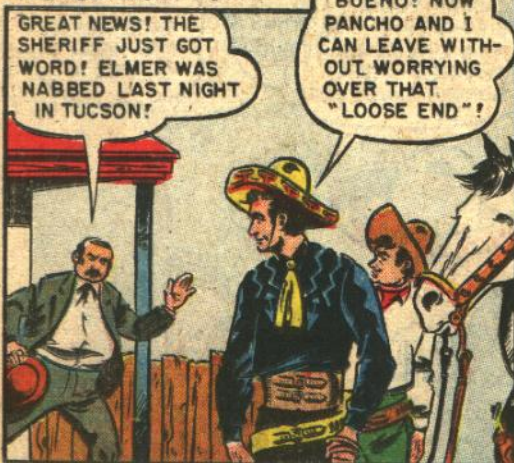
I WAS RUNNING MY
FINGERS OVER THE TYPE,
TRYING TO 'READ IT' BY
TOUCH! ELMER CAUGHT ME!
HE PULLED THAT PROOF!
DID YOU GET THE GANG?

THERE WAS NO GANG!
ONLY CASPAR MOORE
AND BUD SHRINER! BUD
WAS THE HOMBRE ELMER
SET THIS UP FOR!

AND THEY ARE BOTH IN
JAIL, SEÑOR JASON!
TALKING SO MUCH, THE
POSSE HAS GONE TO
LOOK FOR ELMER!



THE NEXT MORNING...



GREAT NEWS! THE
SHERIFF JUST GOT
WORD! ELMER WAS
NABBED LAST NIGHT
IN TUCSON!

BUENO! NOW
PANCHO AND I
CAN LEAVE WITH-
OUT WORRYING
OVER THAT
"LOOSE END"!

PANCHO NOT WORRY!
BUT HE IS PUZZLED! HE
SPILL THE LITTLE METAL
LETTERS! AND ELMER
SAYS HE SPILL *PIE*!
WHAT DID HE MEAN,
CISCO?

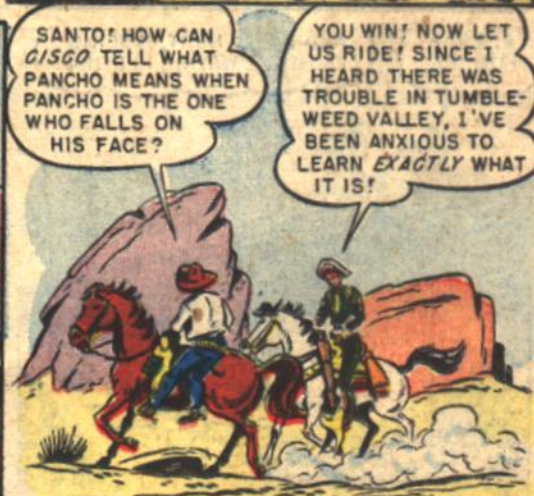
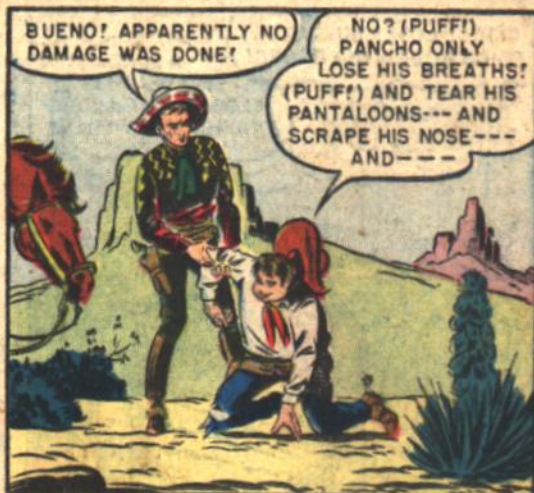
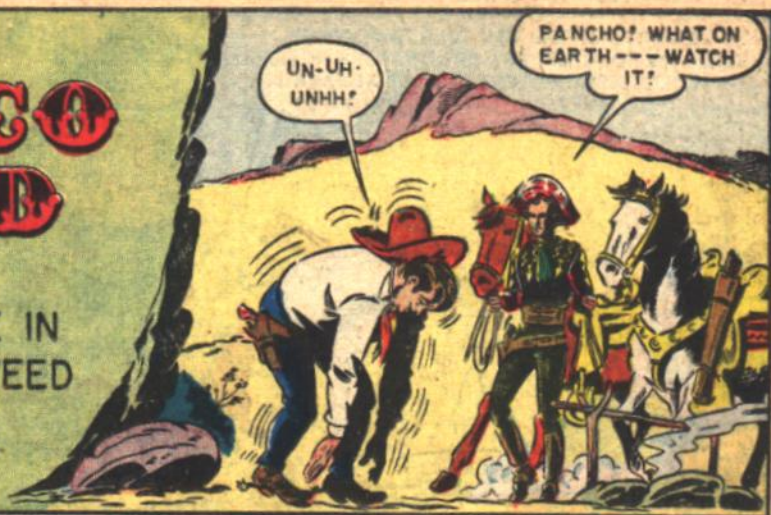
PANCHO, BY THE
TIME I COULD
EXPLAIN THAT
TO YOU, YOU
WOULD BE TOO
OLD TO CARE!



THE CISCO KID

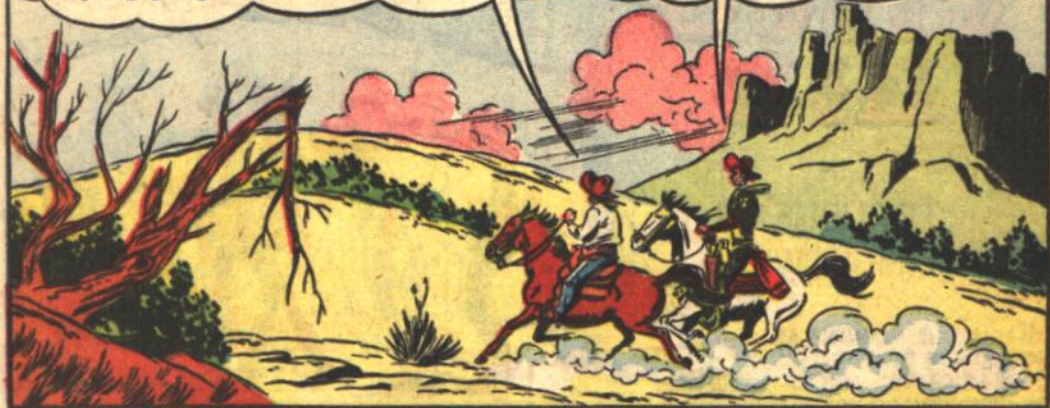
IN TROUBLE IN TUMBLEWEED

EARLY ONE MORNING AS
CISCO AND PANCHO
BREAK CAMP...



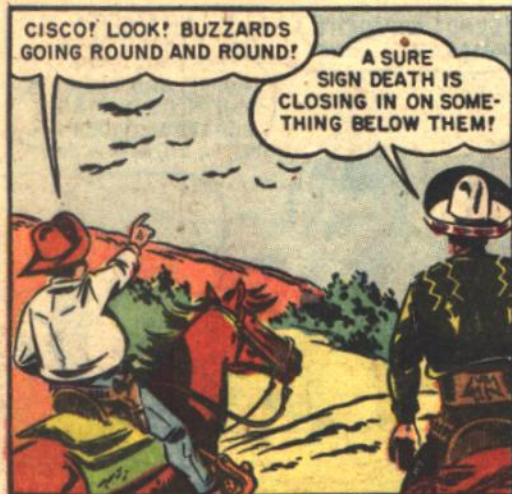
HUMPH! PANCHO CAN TELL *THAT* FROM HERE---IN FOUR WORDS! CROOKS! DULSKUGGERY! BUSHGULCHINGS! POTSHOOTINGS! ALWAYS IT IS THE SAME!

AND IT *WILL* BE--- UNTIL LAW IS ESTABLISHED IN EVERY CORNER OF THIS NEW, WILD LAND! BUT---

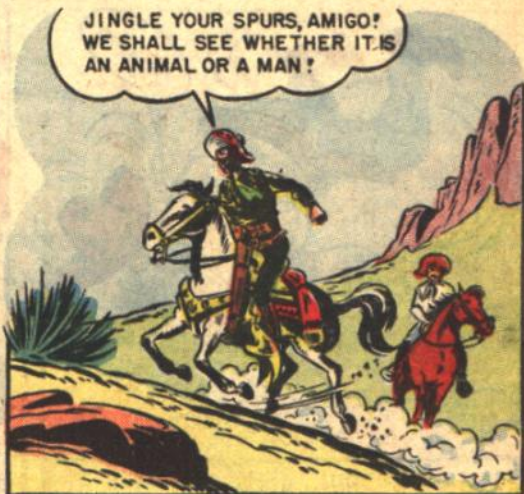


CISCO! LOOK! BUZZARDS GOING ROUND AND ROUND!

A SURE
SIGN DEATH IS
CLOSING IN ON SOME-
THING BELOW THEM!



JINGLE YOUR SPURS, AMIGO!
WE SHALL SEE WHETHER IT IS
AN ANIMAL OR A MAN!



AI-EE! A
HOMBRE!

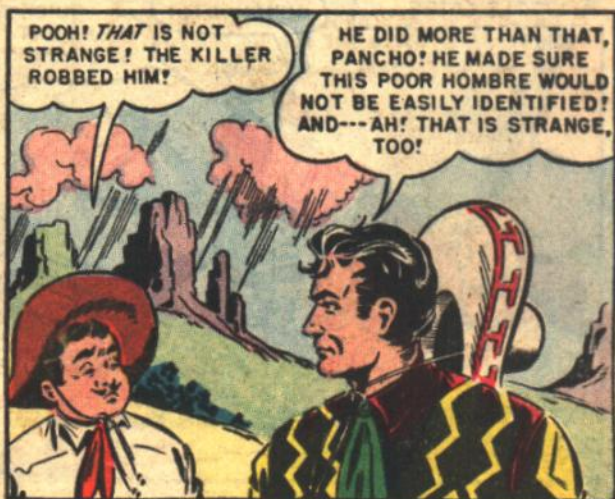
AND BADLY HURT, JUDGING
FROM THE WAY HE IS LYING!

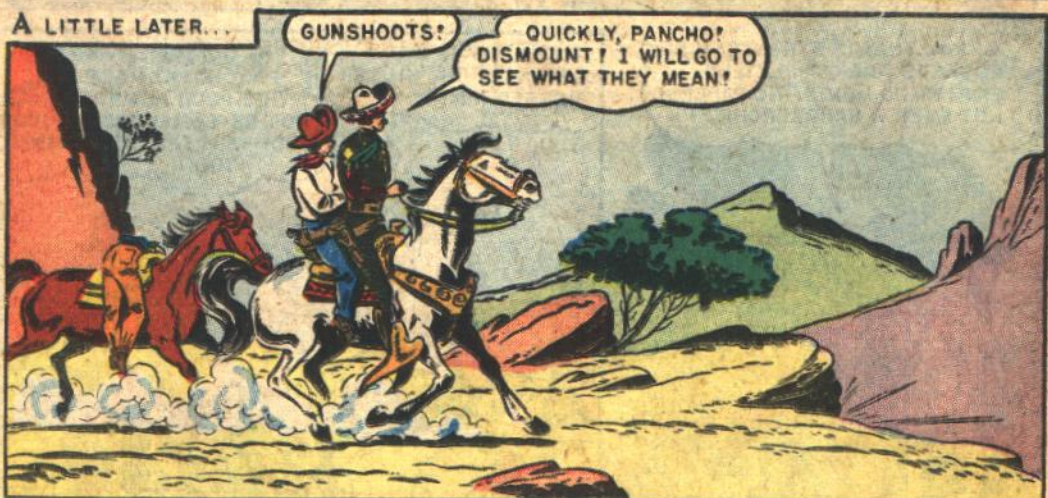
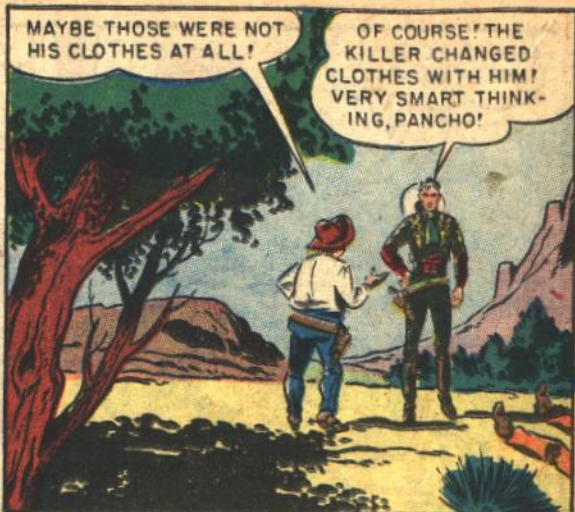


ODD HE WOULD BE OUT
HERE---WITHOUT A
HORSE---OR EVEN
A HAT!

MAYBE HE LOSE
BOTH OF THEM!
AND HIMSELF,
TOO!

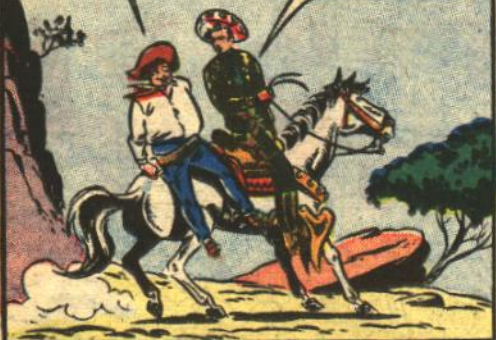






BUT WHY THE
SAM HILL BLAZES
CANNOT PANCHO
SEE, TOO?

BECAUSE DIABLO
CAN MAKE BETTER
TIME WITH ONLY ONE
RIDER! WAIT HERE! I
WILL BE BACK AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE!



HUMPH! IF *SOMEBODY* STAYS BEHIND,
ALWAYS IT IS PANCHO! JUST LIKE THE
TAIL OF THE COW!



SANTO! THOSE HOMBRES ARE
SHOOTING *SHEEP*! I WILL
PUT A STOP TO THAT PRONTO!



WHAT ---
WHO --- ?

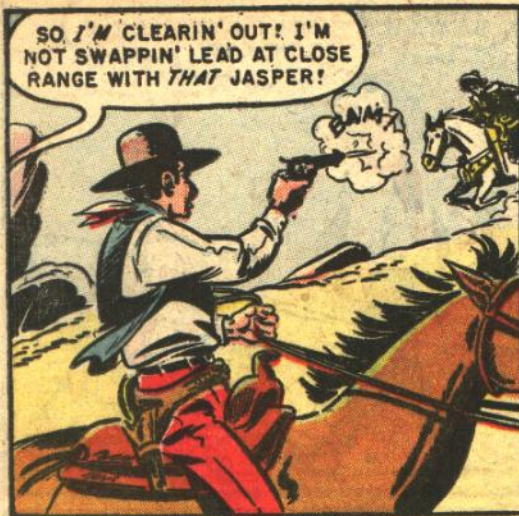
OVER THERE, SLATS!
COMIN' DOWN FROM THE
MESA! A COWPOKE!



TEX! I KNOW THAT HORSE!
HE'S DIABLO! AN' HIS
RIDER'S THE CISCO KID!



SO I'M CLEARIN' OUT! I'M NOT SWAPPIN' LEAD AT CLOSE RANGE WITH THAT JASPER!



OWW! MY LEG!
TEX! WAIT!



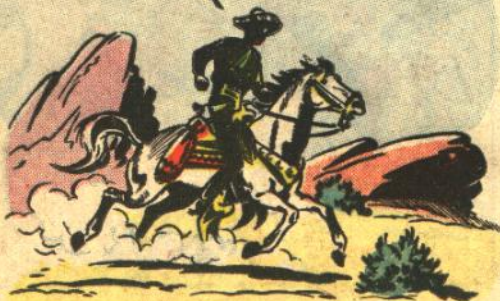
KEEP GOIN', SLATS! I'LL COVER YOU! BUT HURRY! IF CISCO KEEPS COMIN', I'M MOVIN' ON FAST! HE'S TOO SMART WITH THAT SIX-GUN!...



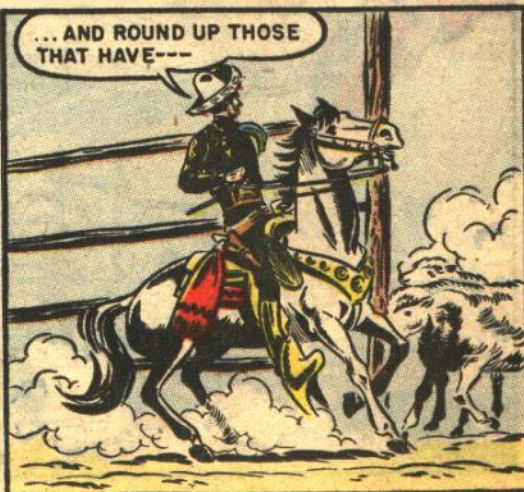
LIKELIKE HE'S TOO SMART TO RISK GETTIN' AMBUSHED! RECKON I'LL HANG AROUND AWHILE! --- JUST IN CASE HE TURNS HIS BACK!

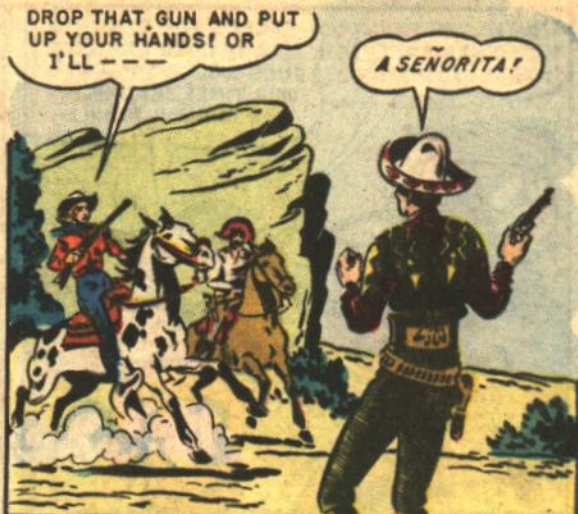


WE WILL SETTLE WITH THOSE HOMBRES LATER, DIABLO! RIGHT NOW, WE MUST TRY TO KEEP THE REST OF THE SHEEP BEHIND THE FENCE...



... AND ROUND UP THOSE THAT HAVE---









HOLY HAT! I CLEAN FORGOT ABOUT PANCHO! WHERE IS HE ANYWAY?

UP ON THE MESA! AND I MUST GET BACK TO HIM BEFORE HE CONVINCES HIMSELF I AM DEAD!



CISCO! WHEN WILL WE SEE YOU AGAIN?

AS SOON AS WE TAKE CARE OF A MATTER IN TOWN, PANCHO AND I WILL RIDE OUT TO DEEP SPRING!



CISCO! PANCHO HEAR SO MANY GUNSHOTS, HE--- YOU ARE NOT HURT?

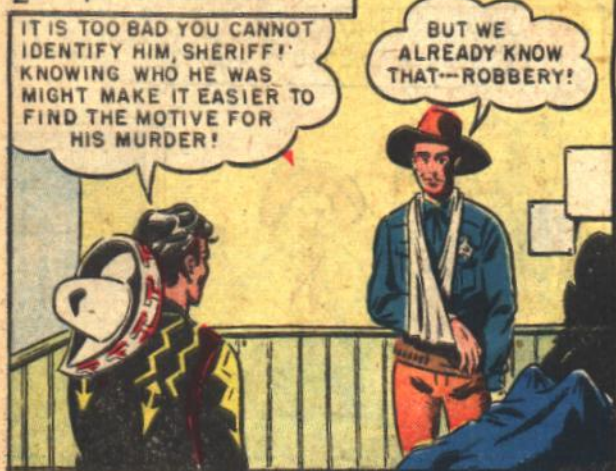
NOT EVEN SCRATCHED!



PANCHO THINK THE OTHER HOMBRES NOT BE SO LUCKY!

ONE OF THEM WASN'T! I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT IT ON THE WAY TO TOWN!

LATER, IN TUMBLEWEED...

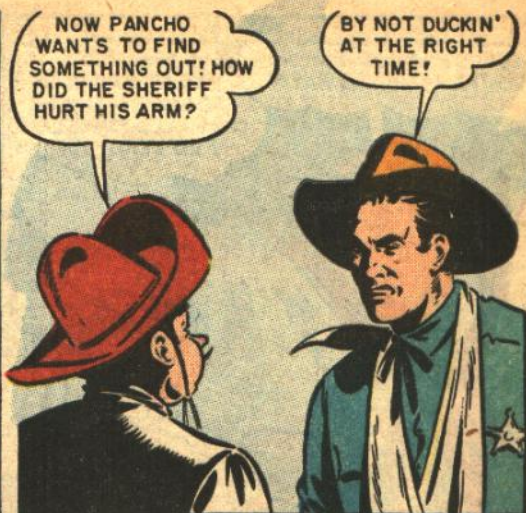


IT IS TOO BAD YOU CANNOT IDENTIFY HIM, SHERIFF! KNOWING WHO HE WAS MIGHT MAKE IT EASIER TO FIND THE MOTIVE FOR HIS MURDER!

BUT WE ALREADY KNOW THAT--ROBBERY!



I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE THIEF STOLE! MONEY?.. A HORSE?.. OR--- SANTO! PERHAPS HE STOLE THE DEAD MAN'S IDENTITY!



MEANWHILE AT THE G-SLASH-J...

BELIEVE ME, BOSS, WHEN I SAW THAT BODY ON THE FAT BOY'S HORSE, I WAS FLABBERGASTED! SO I HIGHTAILED IT BACK HERE AN'—

INSTEAD OF TRAILING CISCO AND PANCHO AND MAKING SURE THEY— AND THE BODY— DIDN'T REACH TOWN!



BUT, BOSS, NOBODY AROUND HERE CAN IDENTIFY THAT JASPER! EVEN THE GAL'S NEVER LAID EYES ON HIM AN'---

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE CISCO! HE'LL NOT ONLY TACKLE THE IMPOSSIBLE, HE'LL DO IT!



THEN I'D BETTER LINE UP A COUPLE OF THE BOYS AN' SEE ABOUT REMOVIN' HIM FROM THE PICTURE!

RIGHT! AND NO SLIP-UPS!



SOMETIME LATER...

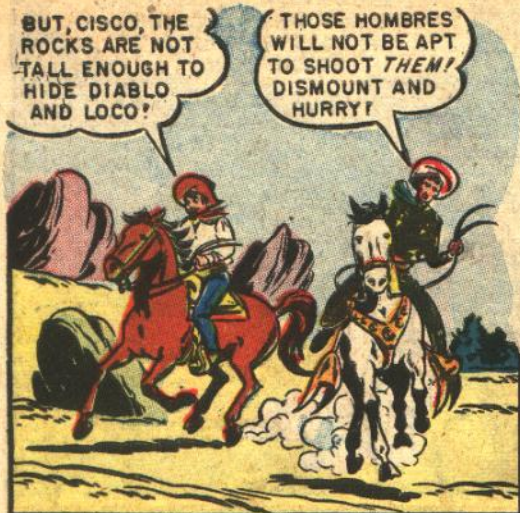
HERE THEY COME, BOYS! GET SET!



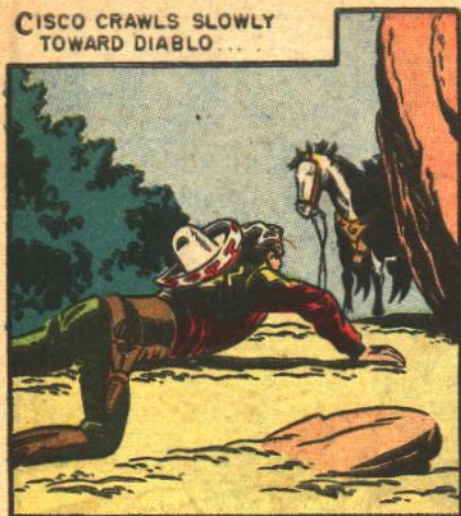
MADRE MIA! BUSHGULCHERS! AND NO PLACES TO HIDE!

MAKE FOR THOSE ROCKS!





CISCO CRAWLS SLOWLY
TOWARD DIABLO...

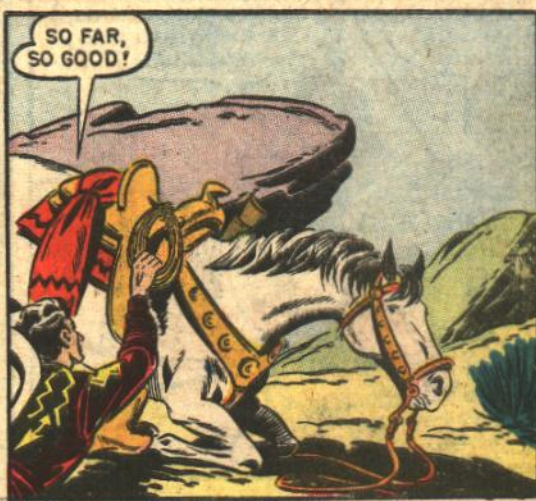


TEX! WE'RE WASTIN'
LEAD AN' TIME! THAT
BLASTED SUN...

WE'LL KEEP 'EM
PINNED DOWN THERE
TILL SUNDOWN IF WE
HAVE TO! THE BOSS
SAID *GET 'EM!*



KNEEL,
BOY!



SO FAR,
SO GOOD!

AT SNAIL'S PACE, CISCO HEADS FOR
HIGHER ROCKS...

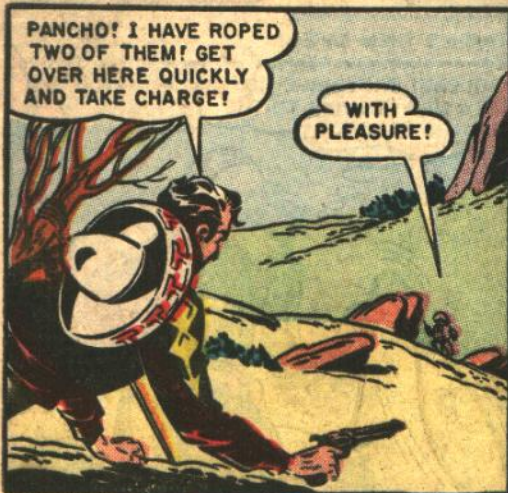


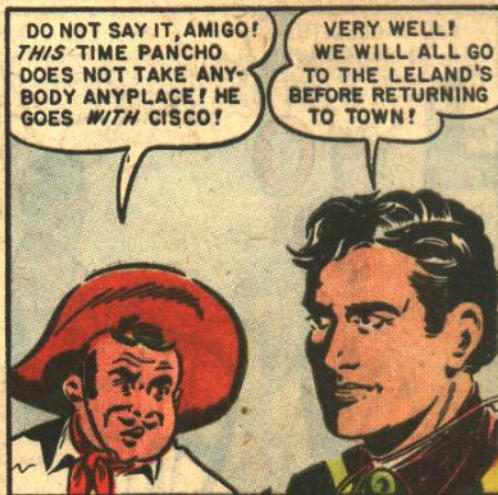
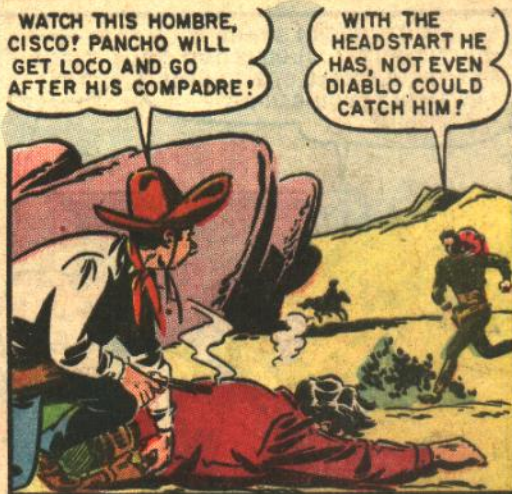
REACHES THEM SAFELY

BUENO! THEY HAVE NOT
SEEN ME--- THANKS TO THE
SUN AND PANCHO!



AND, WITH UNERRING SKILL...





A LITTLE LATER...

AND THAT IS THE STORY, JERRY! I HOPED THIS HOMBRE YOU CALL BEN MORRIS WOULD TALK BUT---

MAYBE IF THE BOYS WORKED HIM OVER, IT WOULD LOOSEN HIS TONGUE!



NO! THAT WOULD MAKE US GUILTY OF ASSAULT! LOCK HIM UP! I WILL FIND SEÑORITA RUTH AND---

SHE'S IN THE FRONT ROOM---AN' THE DOOR'S OPEN!



SUCH A STUBBORN STAND IS IDIOTIC, RUTH! JUDD IS TOO POWERFUL! SELL OUT TO HIM! CERTAINLY, YOU CANNOT BEAT HIM!

I CAN TRY!



YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO HELP YOU, SEÑORITA!

AND COUNT PANCHE, TOO!

HARRUMPH! WHO ARE YOU?



I AM CALLED THE CISCO KID, SEÑOR! AND YOU?

ROB LELAND, RUTH'S UNCLE---BACK FROM AUSTRALIA AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!



AUSTRALIA! OF COURSE! THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!



I MUST SAY--- HAD I KNOWN WHAT WAS TAKING PLACE HERE, I WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO QUICK TO SELL MY SHEEP RANCH!

YOU WERE A STATION OWNER DOWN UNDER?



ARE YOU CRAZY? I DISTINCTLY SAID I OWNED A SHEEP RANCH IN AUSTRALIA! HOWEVER, WHEN I LEARNED MY BROTHER HAD BEQUEATHED ME A HALF-INTEREST IN DEEP SPRING---

A FAIR DINKUM DEAL, EH?



FAIR DINKUM? WHAT KIND OF GIBBERISH IS THAT?

IN AUSTRALIAN SLANG, IT MEANS OKAY... AND STATION OWNER MEANS SHEEPMAN... AND DOWN UNDER---

MEANS AUSTRALIA! CISCO? HE'S AN IMPOSTER!

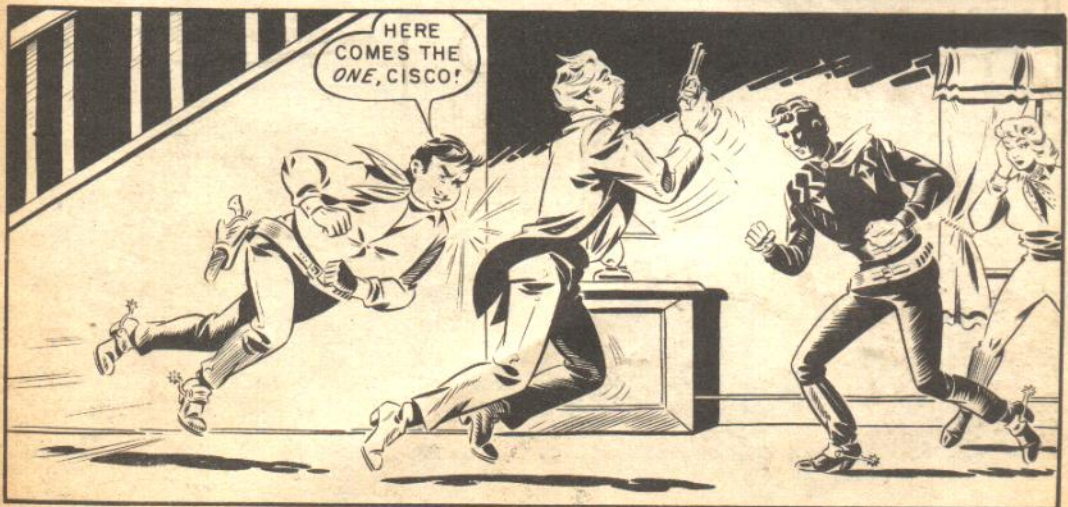


MIGHTY SMART FIGURIN'! TOO BAD NONE O' YOU'LL EVER---

LET US GIVE HIM THE ONE-TWO, PANCHO!



HERE COMES THE ONE, CISCO!



AND THERE IS
THE TWO, PANCHO!

HO!
HO!

LATER...

CISCO! AND SHERIFF
OLSON! THIS IS A
SURPRISE!

NOT HALF AS BIG A
ONE AS GALEN JUDD
HANDS ME BY
CONFESSIN' TO THE
SHEEPKILLIN' AN'
THE MURDERS OF
YOUR UNCLE AN' DAD!

SO THE DEAD MAN
YOU FOUND WAS
MY UNCLE, CISCO?

SI! THE BOGUS ONE
WAS SAM JUDD,
GALEN'S BROTHER! HE
MET YOUR UNCLE AT THE
BOAT! SAID HE WAS THE
FOREMAN HERE, AND HAD
COME TO MEET HIM!...

THEY RODE SOUTH
TOGETHER AND---
WELL, THE REST
YOU KNOW!

PANCHO DOES NOT
KNOW SOMETHING!
WHERE IS THE JACK-
AROO? AND WHO
WAS NOT DIGGING?

A JACKAROO IS A TENDERFOOT
ON A SHEEP RANCH! AND
DIGGER MEANS AUSTRALIAN!
LELAND WAS TRYING TO TELL
US SAM JUDD WAS AN
IMPOSTER!

AND NOW HE IS THE
JAILBIRD... ALONG
WITH THE OTHER
BAD HOMBRES!

WHICH MEANS PEACE WILL
COME TO TUMBLEWEED
VALLEY SOON--- THANKS
TO CISCO AND PANCHO!