

DELL
COMIC

JULY - AUGUST

THE

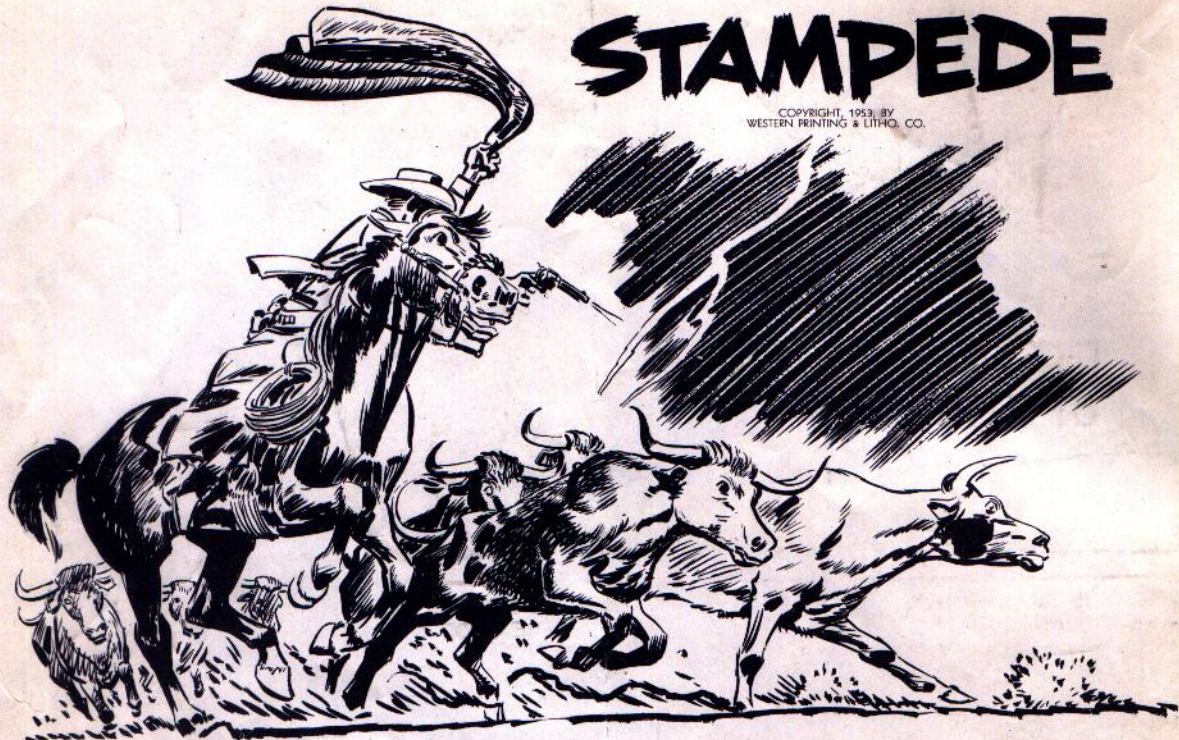
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CISCO KID



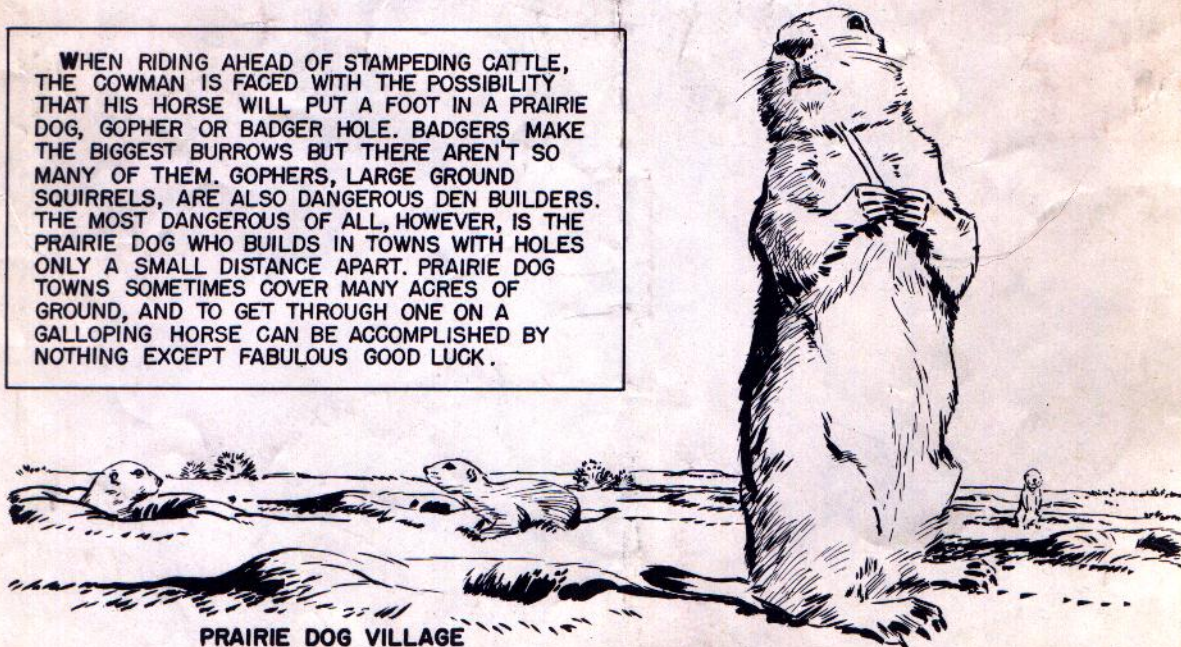
STAMPEDE

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THE MOST DISASTROUS THING THAT COULD HAPPEN TO A HERD OF CATTLE ON THE PRAIRIE WAS A STAMPEDE. ALMOST ANYTHING COULD "SPOOK" A GROUP OF STEERS---A SUDDEN BURST OF HEAT LIGHTNING, COYOTES APPEARING IN THE HERD OR EVEN THE SUDDEN WHINNY OF A NERVOUS HORSE. THE LEAST THAT COULD RESULT WAS HOURS OF WORK ROUNDING UP THE SCATTERED HERD AND THE MOST TERRIBLE WAS THE DEATH OF A COWBOY UNDER THE POUNDING HOOF OF THE STEERS. STAMPEDES USUALLY HAPPENED AT NIGHT WHEN THE NATURAL AND ORDERLY HERD INSTINCT OF BEEF CATTLE SEEMS WEAKER THAN IN REASSURING DAYLIGHT.

WHEN RIDING AHEAD OF STAMPEDING CATTLE, THE COWMAN IS FACED WITH THE POSSIBILITY THAT HIS HORSE WILL PUT A FOOT IN A PRAIRIE DOG, GOPHER OR BADGER HOLE. BADGERS MAKE THE BIGGEST BURROWS BUT THERE AREN'T SO MANY OF THEM. GOPHERS, LARGE GROUND SQUIRRELS, ARE ALSO DANGEROUS DEN BUILDERS. THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL, HOWEVER, IS THE PRAIRIE DOG WHO BUILDS IN TOWNS WITH HOLES ONLY A SMALL DISTANCE APART. PRAIRIE DOG TOWNS SOMETIMES COVER MANY ACRES OF GROUND, AND TO GET THROUGH ONE ON A GALLOPING HORSE CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED BY NOTHING EXCEPT FABULOUS GOOD LUCK.



PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGE

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THE CISCO KID

AND THE STOCKMEN OF LONGHORN

ONE SUMMER'S DAY ON THE ROAD
TO LONGHORN...

CISCO! MY THROAT SHE
THINKS MY STOMACH IS CUT!
BETTER IT SHOULD BE, TOO,
THAN PANCHO GO MUCH LONGER
WITHOUT TORTILLAS!

CHEER UP,
AMIGO! WE WILL
BE IN LONGHORN
BEFORE NIGHT!
THEN YOU SHALL
HAVE A MOUN-
TAIN OF TOR-
TILLAS IF YOU
WISH!



SO IT IS TO LONGHORN
WE GO! WHY, CISCO?

TO SEE A
MAN NAMED
OLIVER TUBBS!
HE WROTE ME
ASKING FOR
HELP!



HE SAID HE HAD HEARD
WE WERE GOOD AT
HANDLING 'SITUATIONS'!
I AM CURIOUS TO FIND
OUT WHAT HIS 'SITUATION' IS!

AI-EEE!
ALWAYS IT IS
SITUATIONS!
CISCO, WHEN
ARE WE GOING
TO RETIRE?
(SNIFF! SNIFF!)



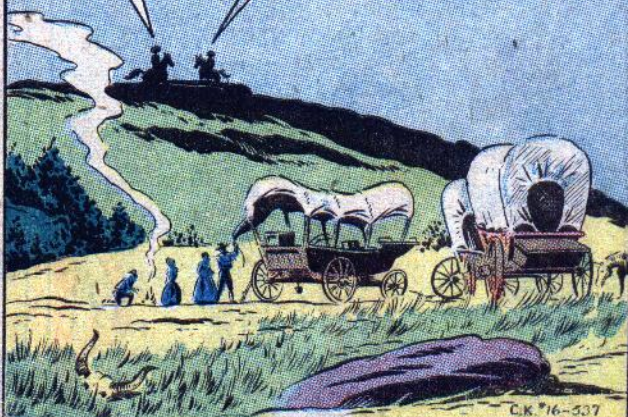
NEVER! I---WHAT
ARE YOU SNIFFING
ABOUT?

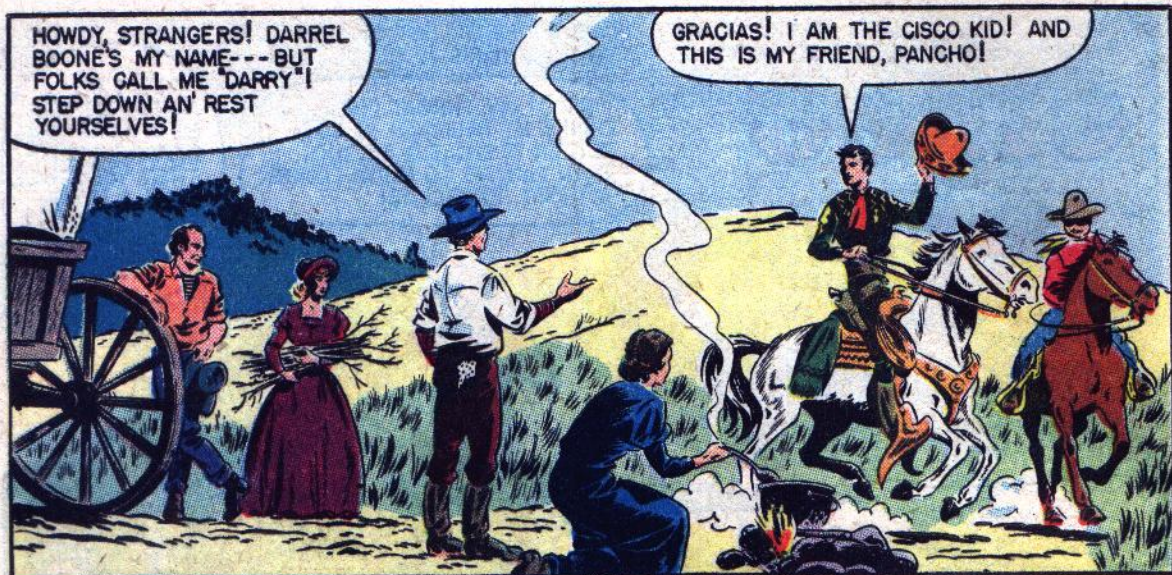
(SNIFF!) PANCHO
IMAGINES THE
BREEZE SHE
BRINGS THE
PERFUME OF FOOD!



YOU DO NOT
IMAGINE IT,
AMIGO! LOOK!

AHA! PANCHO HOPES THEY
HAVE ENOUGH FOR TWO
MORE HUNGRY HOMBRES!





HOWDY, STRANGERS! DARREL BOONE'S MY NAME--- BUT FOLKS CALL ME 'DARRY'! STEP DOWN AN' REST YOURSELVES!

GRACIAS! I AM THE CISCO KID! AND THIS IS MY FRIEND, PANCHO!

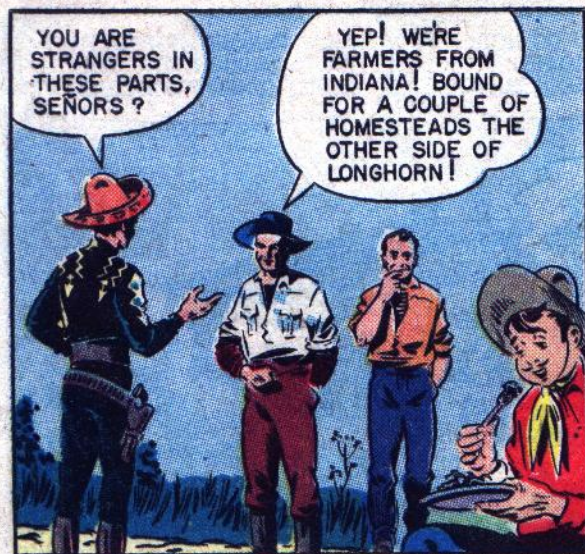


GLAD TO KNOW YOU! THIS IS MY WIFE, FAYE! AN MY BROTHER MILT...

AN' MY WIFE, ANNIE! HOW ABOUT JOININ' US FOR CHOW?



THERE IS NOTHING PANCHO WOULD RATHER DO, SEÑOR! AND ALREADY HE CAN TELL THE STEW SHE IS TERRIFIC!



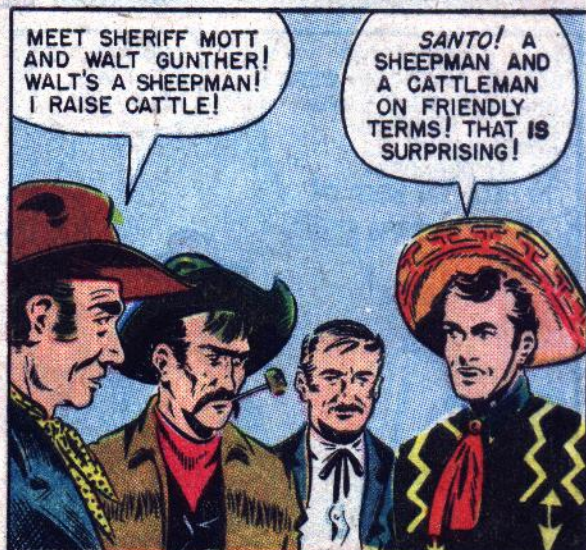
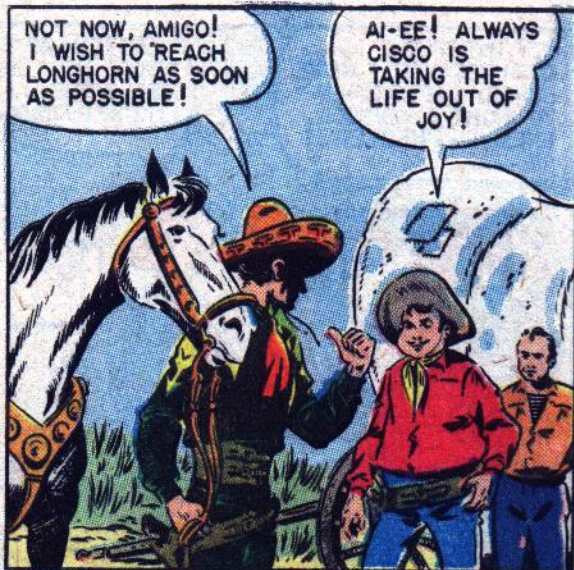
YOU ARE STRANGERS IN THESE PARTS, SEÑORS?

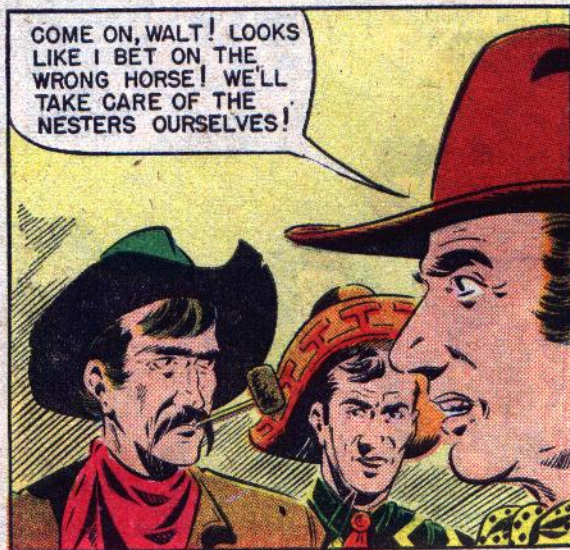
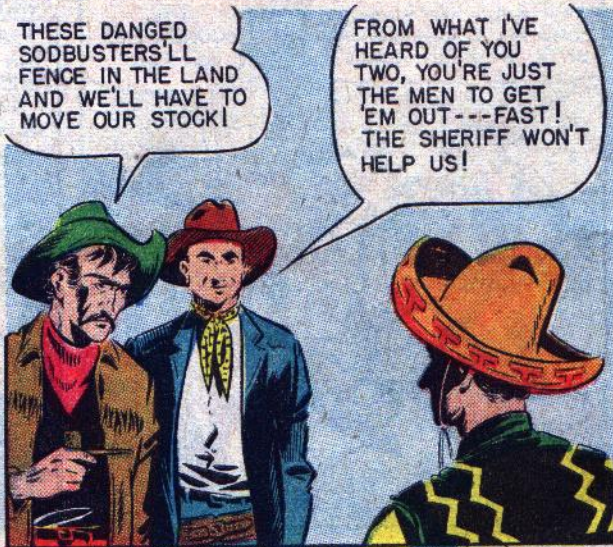
YEP! WE'RE FARMERS FROM INDIANA! BOUND FOR A COUPLE OF HOMESTEADS THE OTHER SIDE OF LONGHORN!

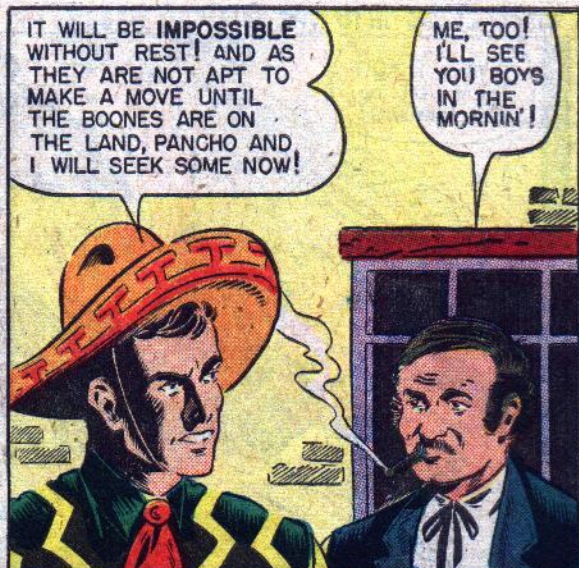
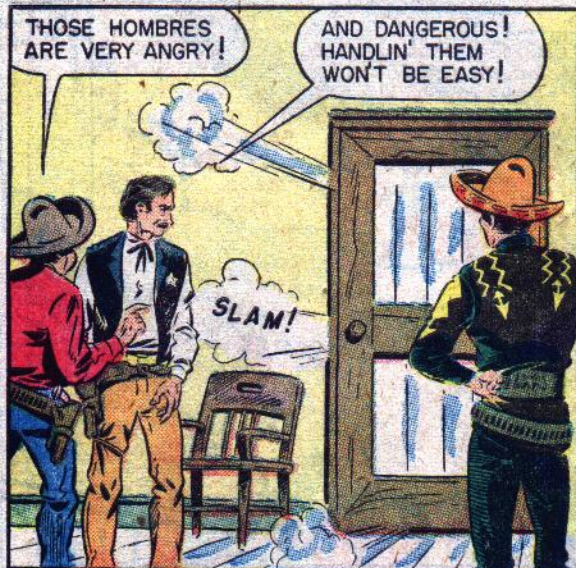


YOU HAD BETTER BE PREPARED FOR TROUBLE! THIS IS STOCK RAISING COUNTRY! AND, AS A RULE, STOCKMEN DO NOT WELCOME FARMERS!

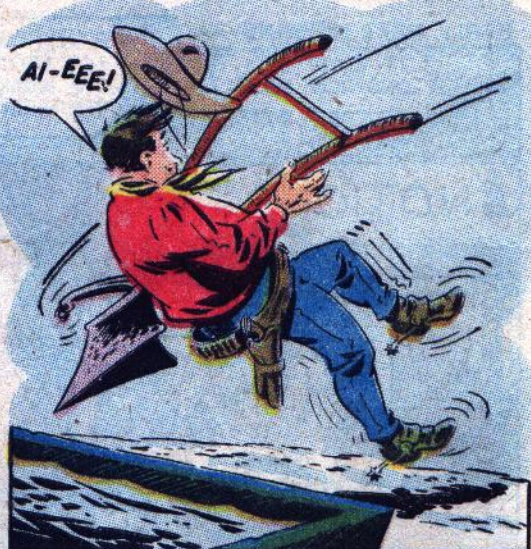
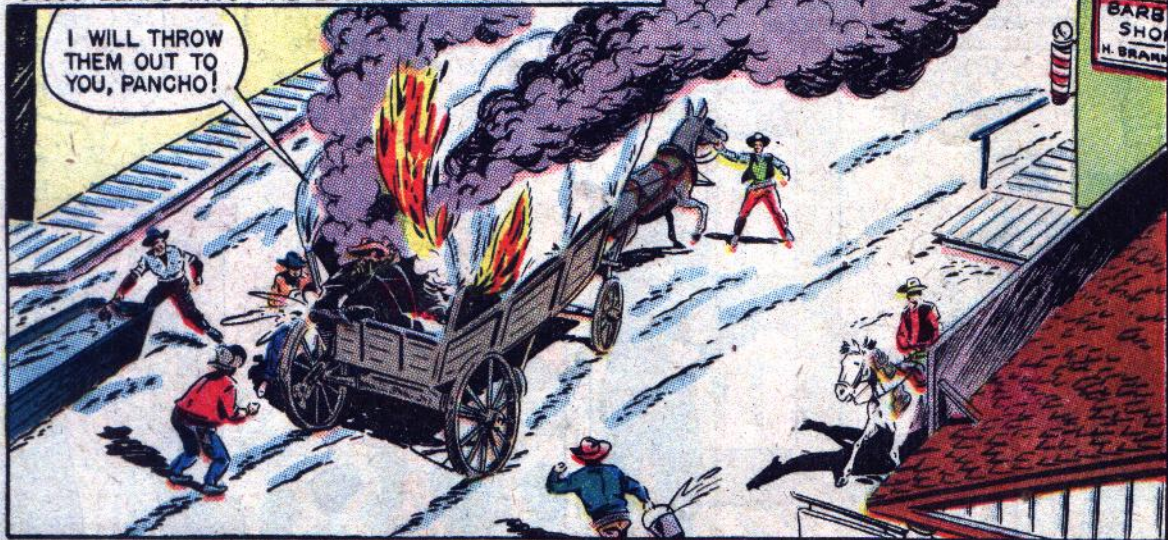
SO WE HEARD! BUT WE'RE NOT SCARED! WE GOT THE LAND LEGALLY!







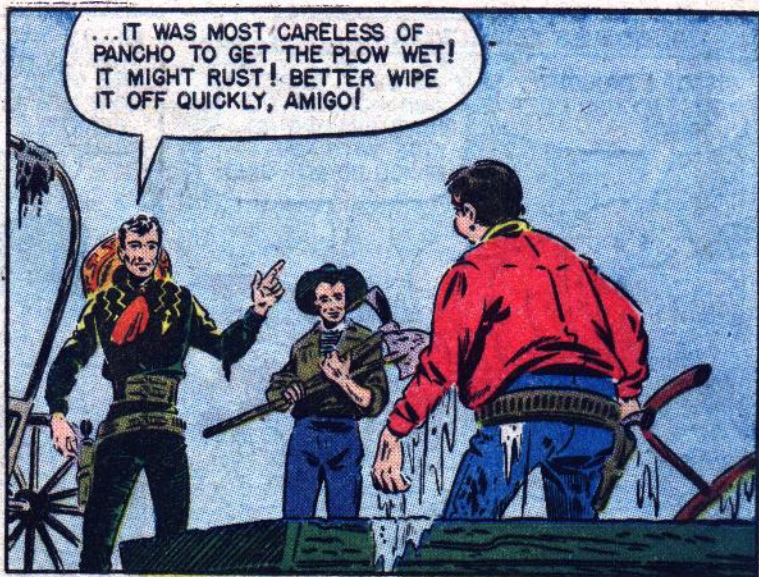
CISCO LEAPS INTO THE BURNING WAGON---



INSTEAD OF WHICH, YOU
ARE VERY LUCKY! EXCEPT
FOR THE WAGON, NOTHING
ELSE IS DAMAGED MUCH!
BUT---



...IT WAS MOST CARELESS OF
PANCHO TO GET THE PLOW WET!
IT MIGHT RUST! BETTER WIPE
IT OFF QUICKLY, AMIGO!



MADRE MIA! IT IS PANCHO WHO NEEDS
THE WIPING OFF! HE WILL NOT RUST!---
BUT IF HE GETS THE PUH-NOO...
PUH-NOO...

IF YOU MEAN PNEUMONIA, PANCHO,
DO NOT WORRY! THE HEAT OF THE
SUN WILL DRY YOU IN NO TIME!
COME, WE MUST GO NOW!



BLAST IT, WALT!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR CISCO, THOSE
WAGONS'D BE
ASHES BY NOW!

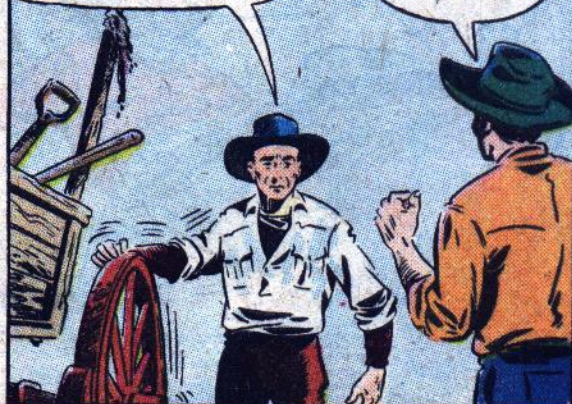
DON'T GROWL AT
ME! I DIDN'T SEND
FOR HIM! COME ON!
LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE HE
SPOTS US AN'
STARTS ASKIN'
QUESTIONS!



A SHORT TIME LATER ---

I HOPE THE WAGON
HOLDS TOGETHER
TILL WE GET THERE!

RIGHT! COME
ON! LET'S
GET FAYE AN'
ANNIE, AN'
GET MOVIN'!



AS THE BOONES LEAVE TOWN---



CISCO! I THOUGHT YOU TWO HAD LEFT TOWN!

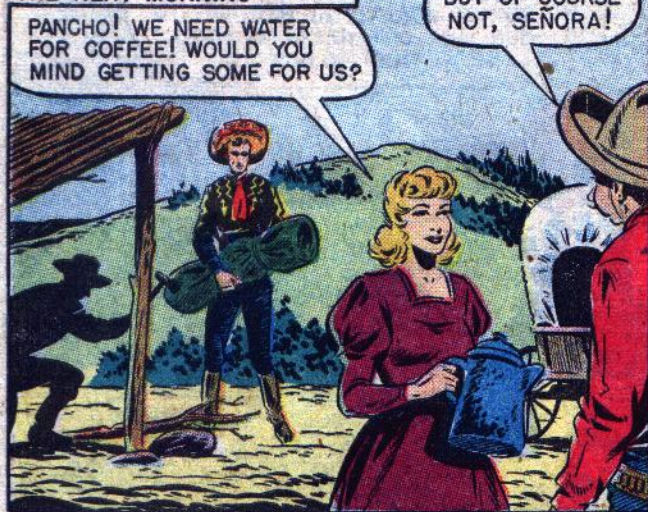
WE WENT TO GET OUR HORSES! WE HAVE DECIDED TO RIDE WITH YOU--- IF YOU DO NOT MIND!

MIND? WE'LL BE TICKLED PINK! THE GIRLS ARE MORE'N A LITTLE FEARFUL!

PANCHO IS FULL, TOO--- BUT NOT WITH THE FEAR! TERESA AT THE CAFE---AH!--- SHE MAKES THE FINE TORTILLAS JUST LIKE PANCHO'S MAMA!



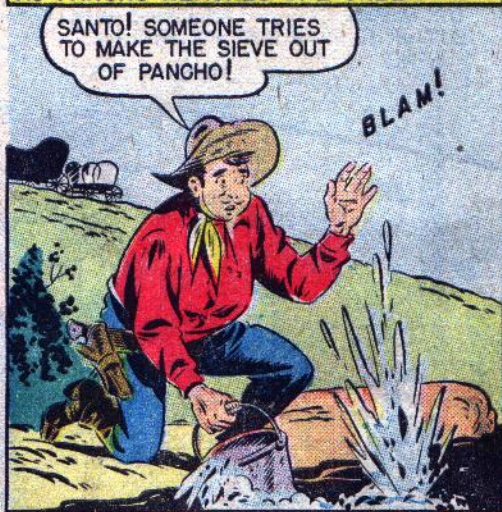
THE NEXT MORNING---



PANCHO! WE NEED WATER FOR COFFEE! WOULD YOU MIND GETTING SOME FOR US?

BUT OF COURSE NOT, SEÑORA!

AS PANCHO REACHES THE CREEK---



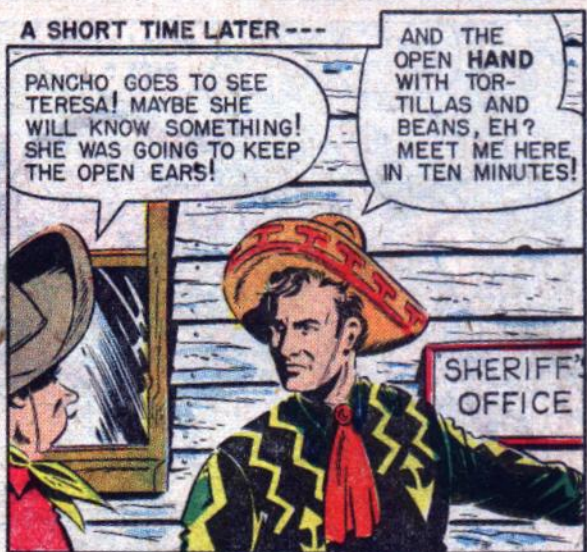
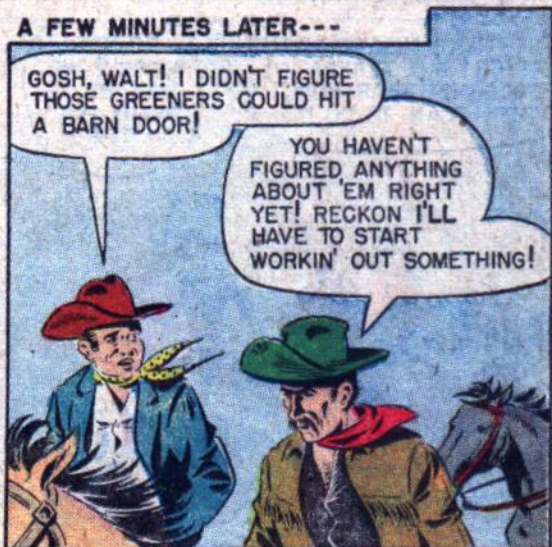
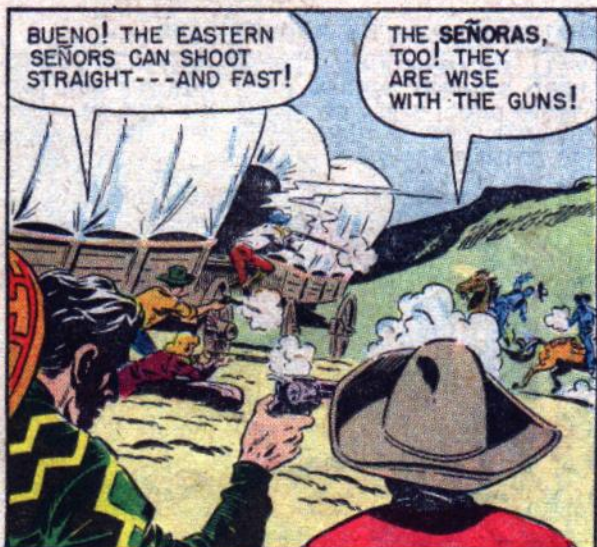
SANTO! SOMEONE TRIES TO MAKE THE SIEVE OUT OF PANCHO!

BLAM!



CISCO! (PUFF!) A BUSHGULCHER! (PUFF!) IS POTSHOOTING AT PANCHO!

SO I SEE! AND HEAR!



--SO IF YOU WILL
BRING SOME MEN TO
THE CAMP AFTER
DARK, TUBBS AND
GUNTHER WILL
NOT KNOW---

I SAVVY, GISCO!
I'LL BE THERE!
WITH FOUR O'
THE BEST SHOTS
IN TOWN!



AND TEN MINUTES AFTER THAT---

AND TERESA EAVESDROPS
WHILE SENORS GUNTHER AND
TUBBS EAT! SHE HEAR THEM
SAY THEY MAKE THE NESTERS
GO BACK ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE MISSISSIPPI!

YOU MEAN
MISSISSIPPI!



SI, GISCO! MISSIPP---THE
RIVER! BUT TERESA
DOES NOT HEAR HOW
THEY PLAN TO DO IT!

DO NOT
WORRY! WE
WILL BE
READY FOR
ANYTHING!



THAT NIGHT NEAR THE BOONE'S LAND---

WE'LL STAMPEDE THIS
HERD STRAIGHT ACROSS
THEIR CAMP! WON'T BE
ENOUGH LEFT OF THEM
TO BOTHER ABOUT!

OKAY! LET'S
CUT THE GAB
AN' GET ON
WITH IT!



THAT
DID IT!

YEAH! LET'S
RIDE!

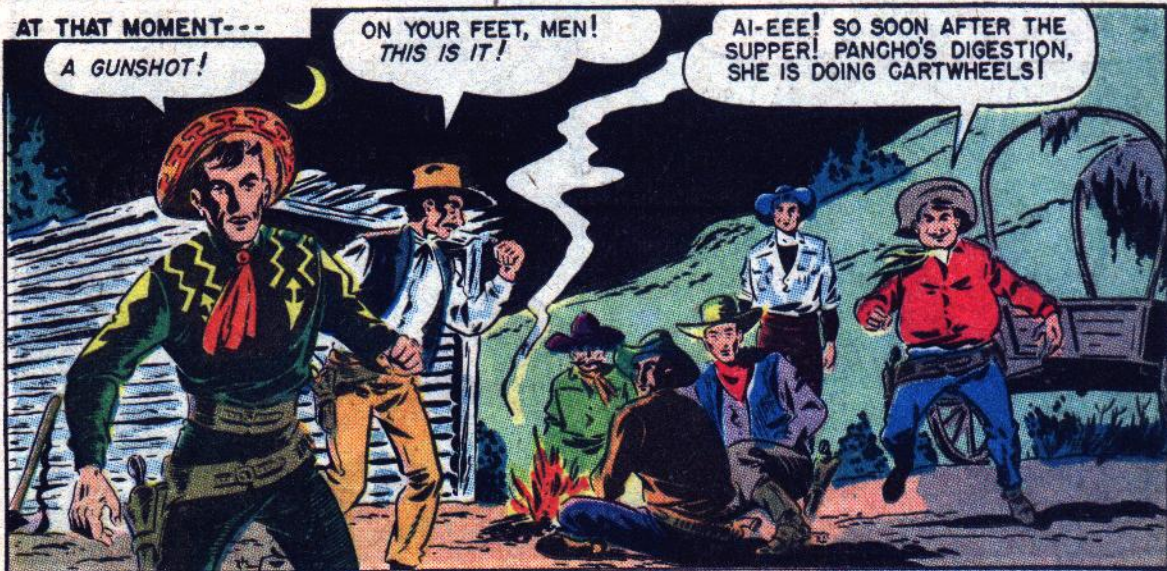


AT THAT MOMENT---

A GUNSHOT!

ON YOUR FEET, MEN!
THIS IS IT!

AI-EEE! SO SOON AFTER THE
SUPPER! PANCHO'S DIGESTION,
SHE IS DOING GARTHWHEELS!

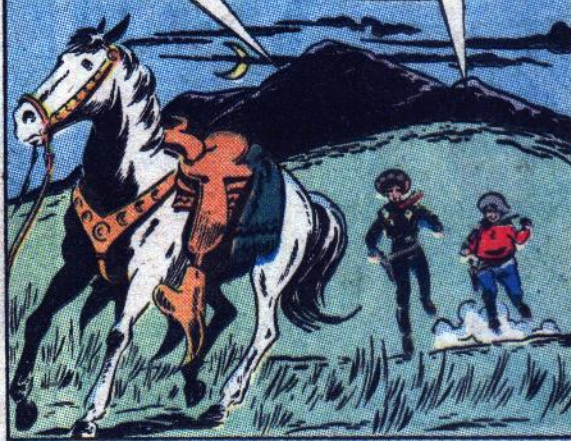


A STAMPEDE!

SI, DARRY! SOMEONE
TAKE THE SEÑORAS TO
THE HILLTOP! QUICKLY!

COME, PANCHO!
PERHAPS WE
CAN TURN THEM!

AND PERHAPS
NOT! THEY COME
LIKE BLAZES!

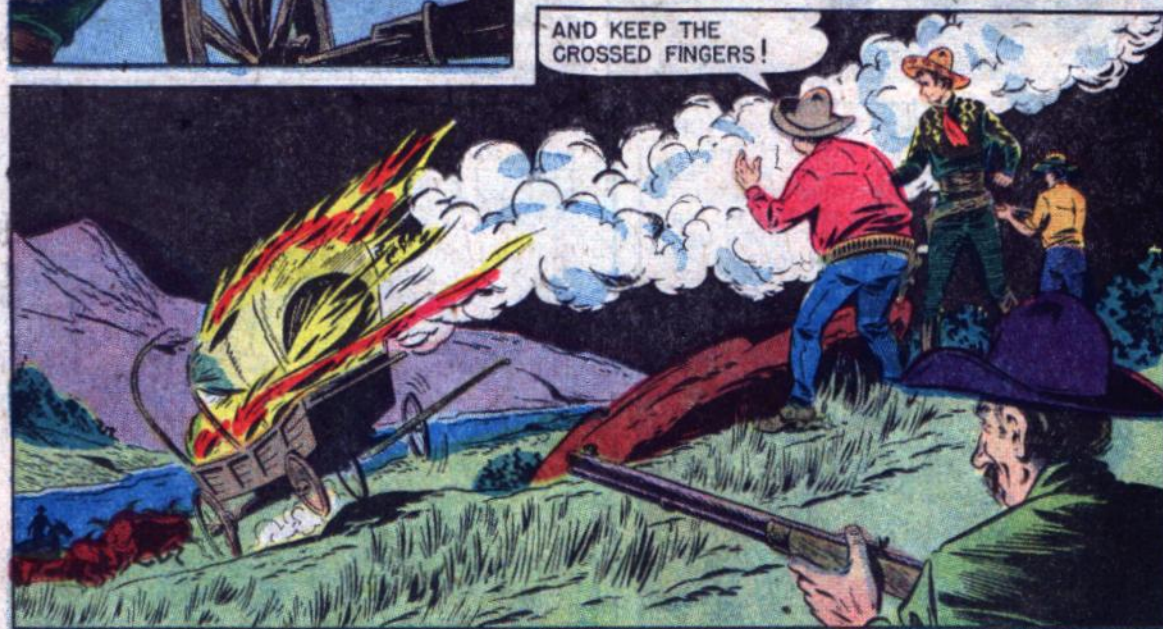
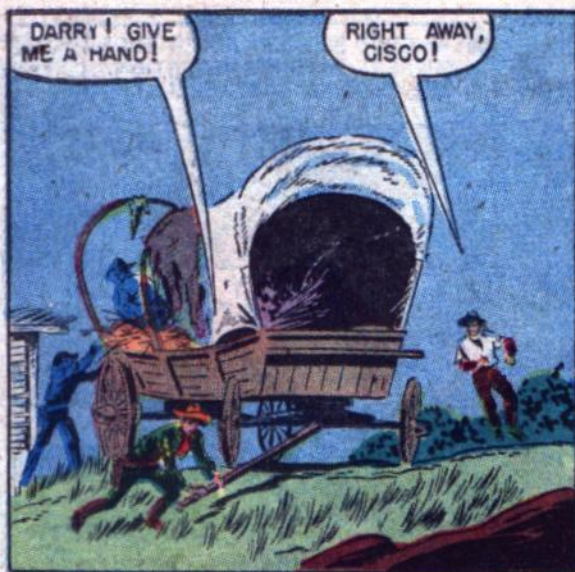


PANCHO'S RIGHT!
WE CAN'T STOP THEM!

DO NOT GIVE UP,
SHERIFF! THE
CREEK WILL SLOW
THEM SOMEWHAT!
AND PANCHO HAS
JUST GIVEN ME
AN IDEA!

HURRY! FILL THAT
WAGON WITH DRY BRUSH!





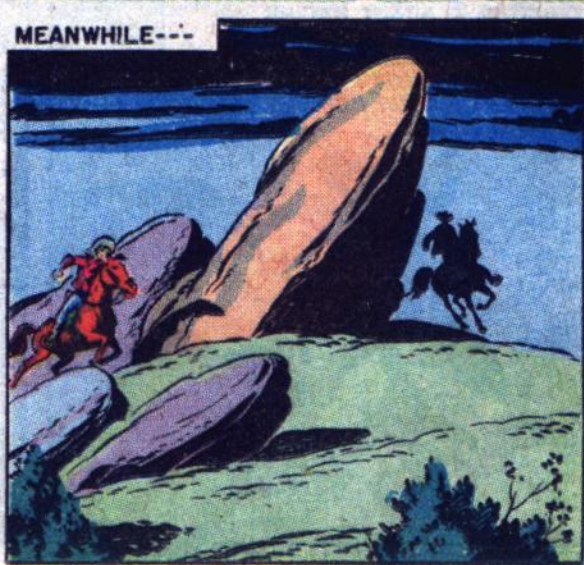
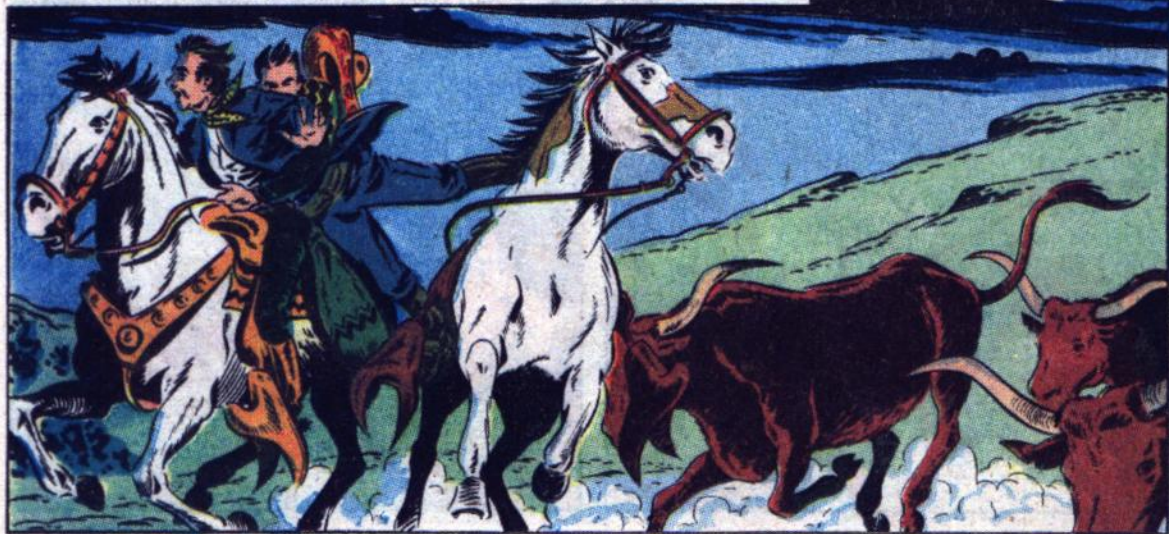


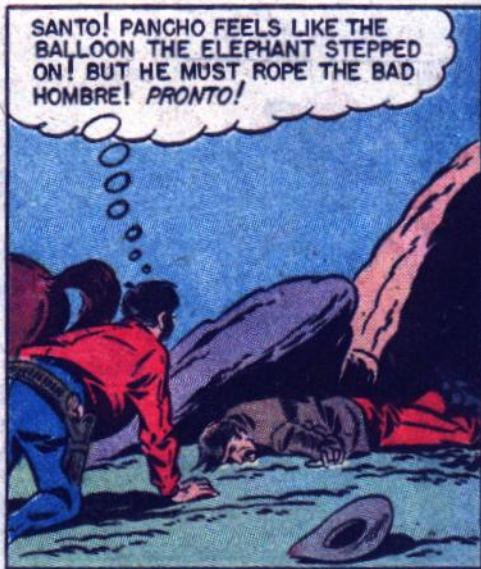
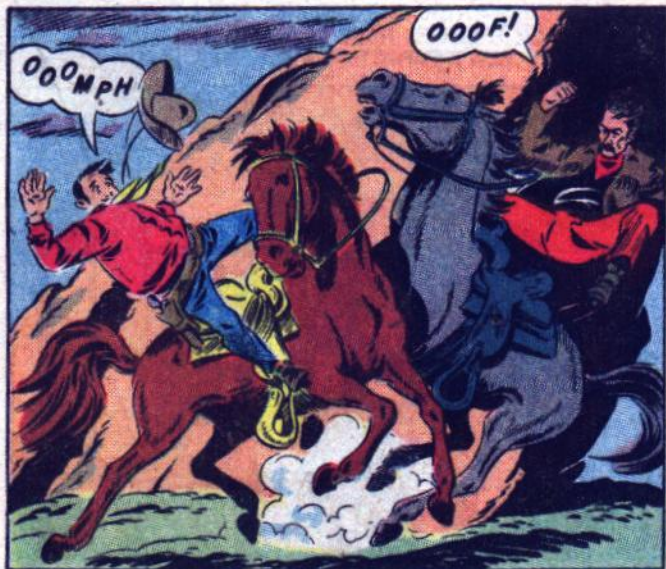
CISCO IS ALREADY RACING
ALONG THE RANGE---

FASTER, DIABLO! PUT
WINGS ON YOUR HOOFES!

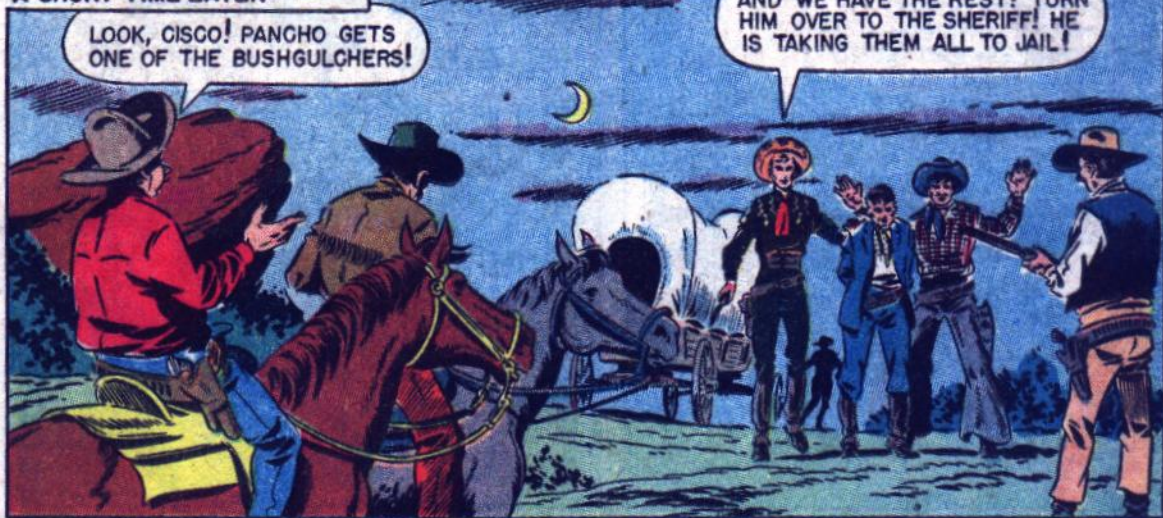


IN A DARING MANEUVER, CISCO SWINGS TUBBS TO SAFETY...



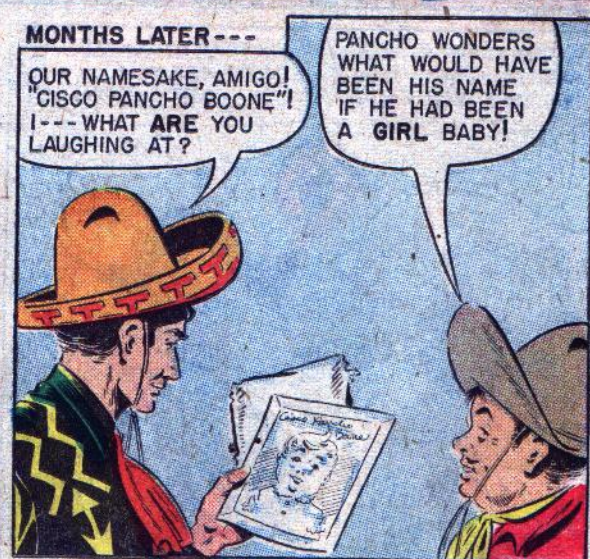
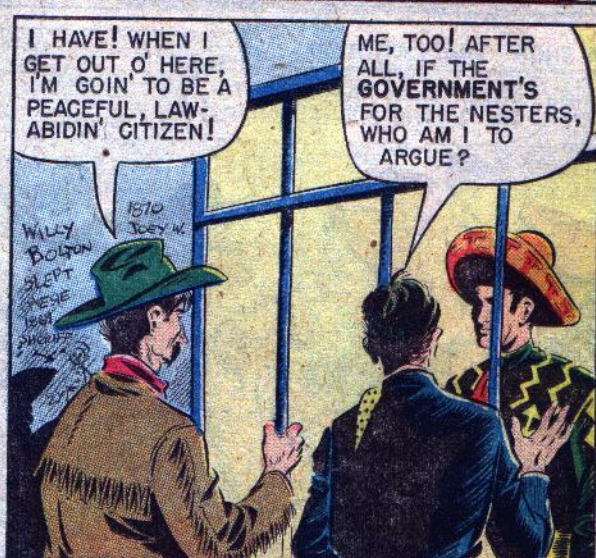
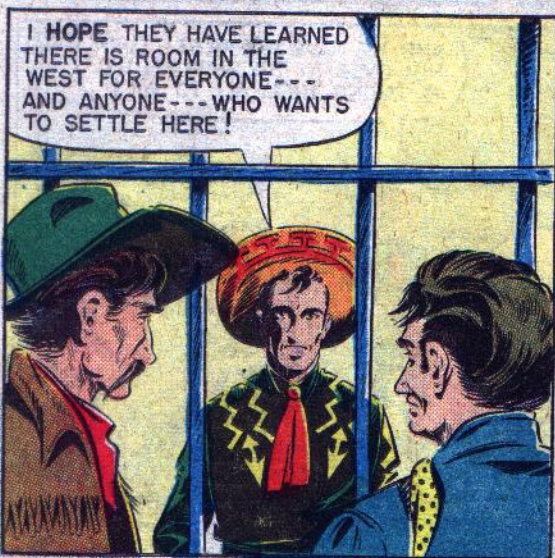
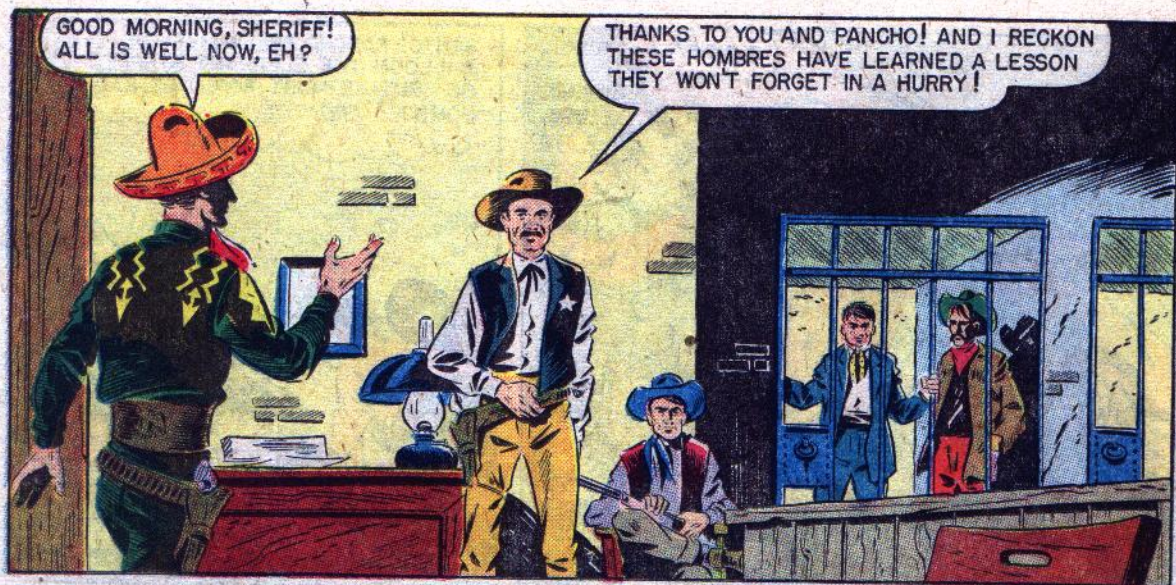


A SHORT TIME LATER---



NEXT MORNING---





THE CISCO KID

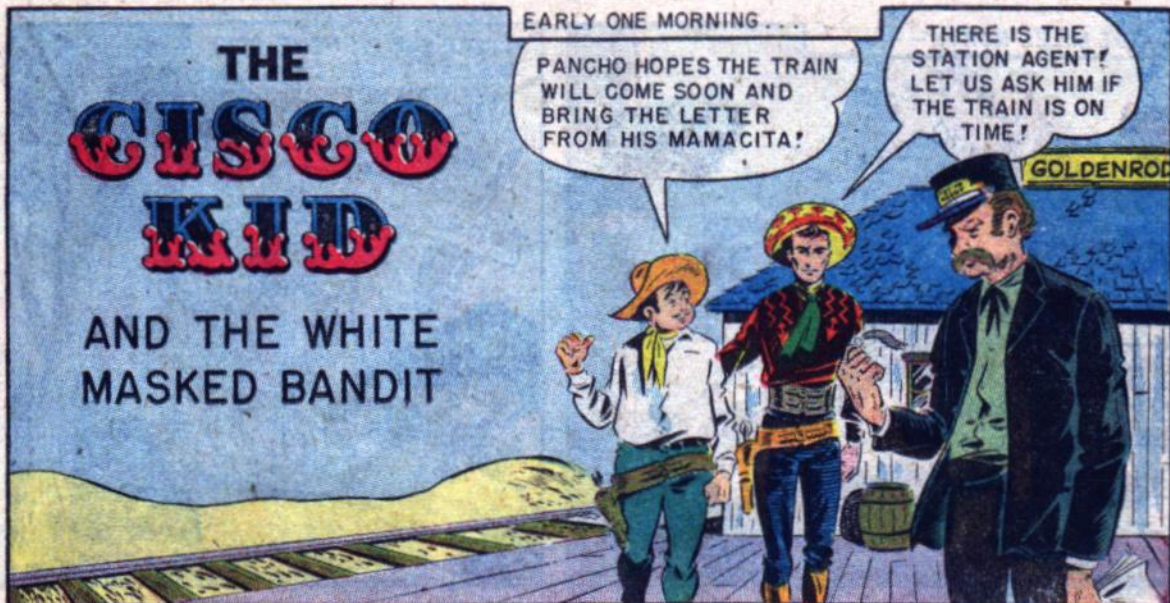
AND THE WHITE MASKED BANDIT

EARLY ONE MORNING...

PANCHO HOPES THE TRAIN WILL COME SOON AND BRING THE LETTER FROM HIS MAMACITA!

THERE IS THE STATION AGENT! LET US ASK HIM IF THE TRAIN IS ON TIME!

GOLDENROD



YOUR PARDON, SEÑOR! HAVE YOU WORD OF THE ARRIVAL TIME OF THE TRAIN?

LAST I HEARD SHE WAS RUNNING ON TIME, MISTER! BE HERE IN ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES!

BUENO! THAT GIVES US TIME FOR BREAKFAST!

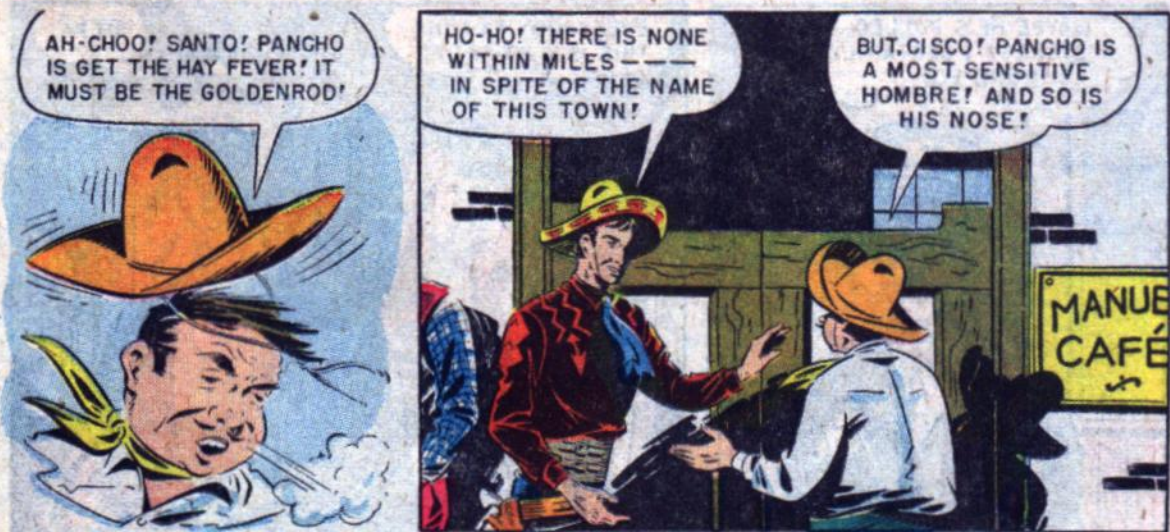
PANCHO CANNOT THINK OF THE BETTER WAY TO SPEND TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES!



AH-CHOO! SANTO! PANCHO IS GET THE HAY FEVER! IT MUST BE THE GOLDENROD!

HO-HO! THERE IS NONE WITHIN MILES ——— IN SPITE OF THE NAME OF THIS TOWN!

BUT, CISCO! PANCHO IS A MOST SENSITIVE HOMBRE! AND SO IS HIS NOSE!



SOME MILES NORTH---



THERE SHE IS! MOVE, BOY!
WE CAN'T KEEP LAFE
WAITIN'!

WOOO-EEEE



LESS THAN TEN MINUTES TO
GOLDENROD--- AND NO SIGN
OF THAT BANDIT YET!



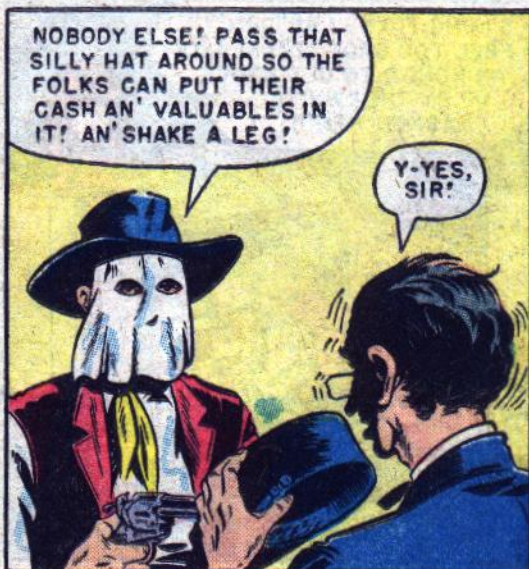
MAYBE HE'S PULLED
STAKES! I CERTAINLY
HOPE SO!



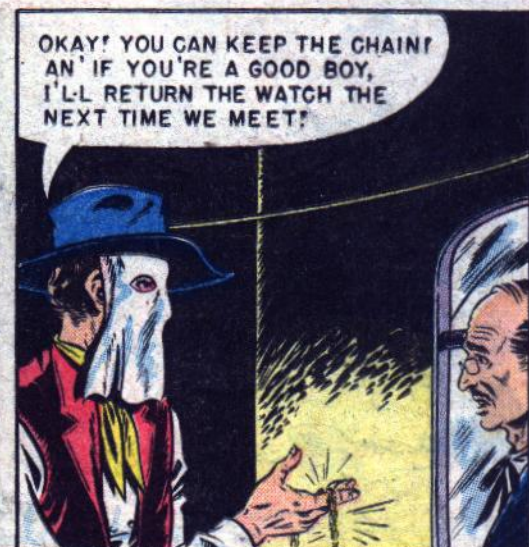
EVERYBODY REACH!
THIS IS A STICK-UP!

ULP!





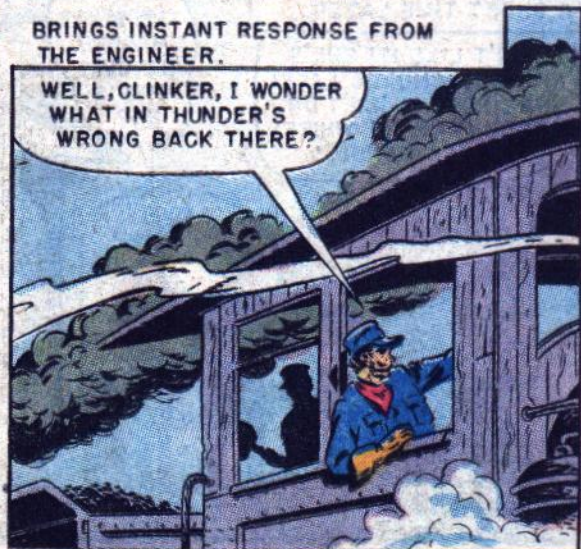
FIVE MINUTES LATER...

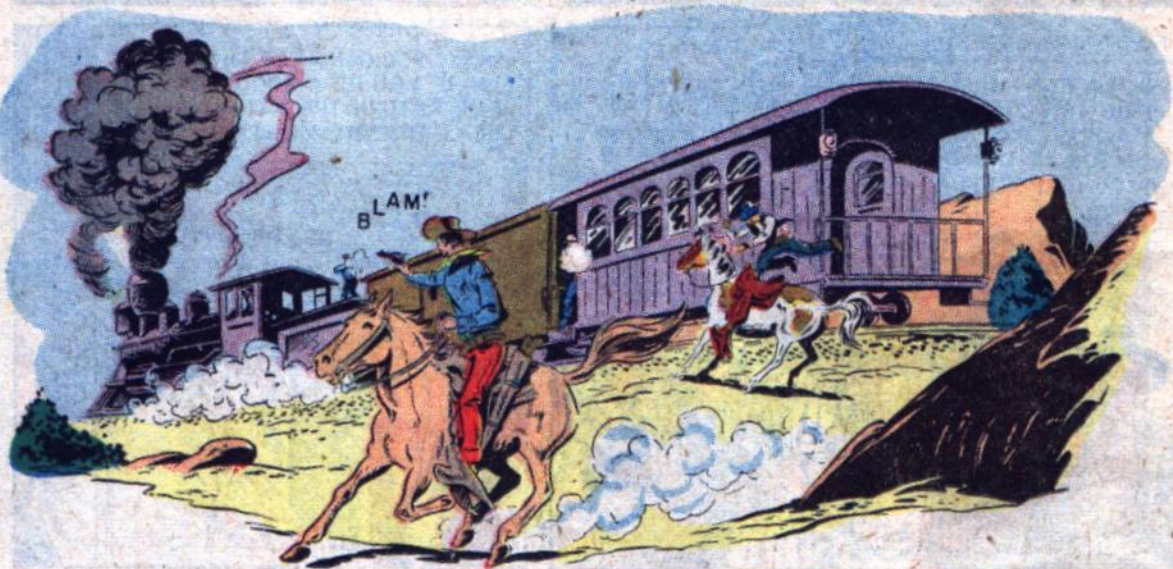


THE BANDIT'S QUICK YANK ON THE TRAIN CORD...



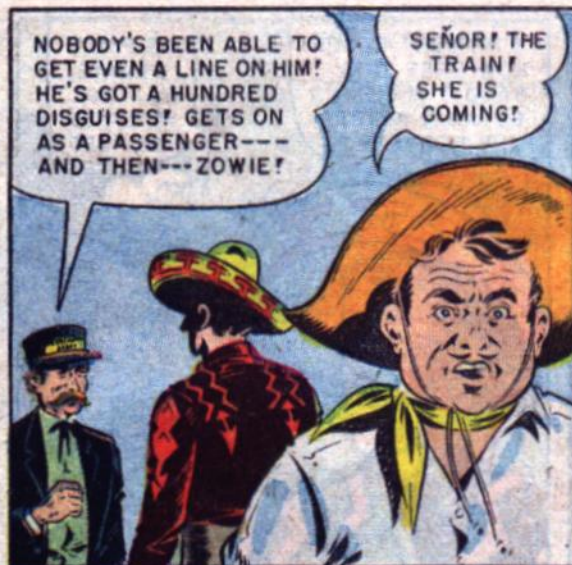
BRINGS INSTANT RESPONSE FROM THE ENGINEER.

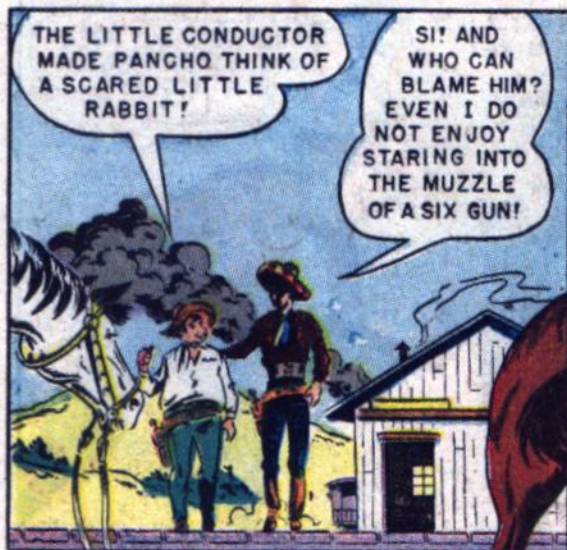




A SHORT TIME LATER..







WHEN CISCO REACHES THE SOUTHERN END
OF COYOTE PASS.

NO CHANCE OF
FINDING TRACKS
IN THIS ROCKY
GROUND!



BUT UP IN THOSE TREES, WHO
KNOWS? WE MAY BE LUCKY,
EH, DIABLO?



MEANWHILE---

HA! HA! YOU SHOULD
SEEN THAT LITTLE
CONDUCTOR'S FACE, BEN, WHEN
I TOLD HIM I'D RETURN HIS
WATCH NEXT TIME WE MET!
HE LIKE TO BUSTED A BLOOD
VESSEL!



BET HE FAINTED
WHEN HE FOUND MY
CARD! WAIT TILL HE
SEES ME ON THE
RETURN RUN THIS
AFTERNOON!

I DON'T LIKE
ALL THIS
GRANDSTANDIN',
LAFE! IT'S
TOO EASY TO
MAKE A BAD
SLIP AND GET
NABBED!



THEY'LL NEVER NAB
ME, BEN! I'M THE
SMARTEST HOMBRE
WHO EVER HELD UP
A TRAIN! AN' EVERY-
BODY KNOWS IT!

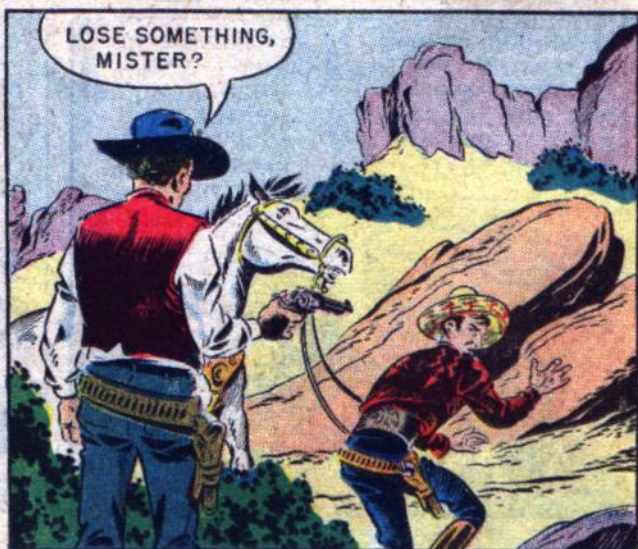
ADVERTISIN' IS
OKAY--- SOME-
TIMES! BUT IF
YOU GET TOO
COCKY, SURE AS
SHOOTIN', YOU'LL
LAND IN THE
GALABOOSE!



CUT THE CREPE-
HANGIN'! WE'RE
DOIN' OKAY---
THANKS TO MY
BRAINS!

OKAY! DON'T GET
TOUCHY! WHAT
OUTFIT'RE YOU
GOIN' TO USE THIS
AFTERNOON?

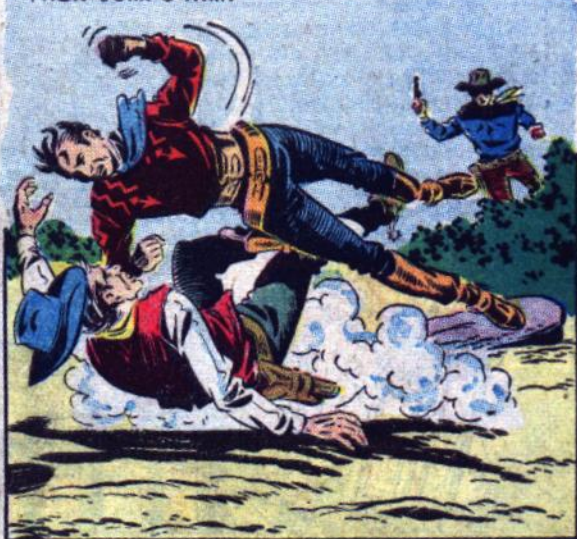




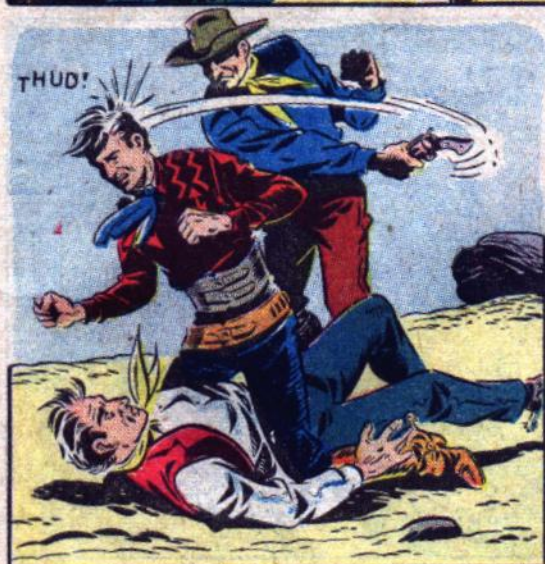
WHIRLING, CISCO TAKES THE OUTLAW
BY SURPRISE...



THEN JUMPS HIM.



THUD!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



SHUT UP! OR
I'LL GIVE YOU
SOMETHING TO
REALLY GROAN ABOUT!

MAYBE WE OUGHTA
LIE LOW FOR A
COUPLA DAYS, LAFE,
INSTEAD O' PULLIN'
ANOTHER JOB
TODAY!

DON'T BE A FOOL!
HOLDIN' UP THE
AFTERNOON RUN
AT THE SAME
PLACE WE DID THIS
MORNIN' IS THE
LAST THING
ANYBODY'LL BE
EXPECTIN'!



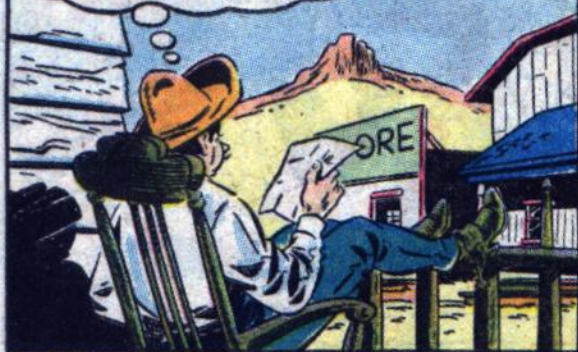
GOIN' TO
LEAVE HIM
HERE?

FOR NOW! ONCE WE'RE
ACROSS THE BORDER, I'LL
SEND THE SHERIFF A
WIRE WHERE TO FIND
HIM! HE'LL BE OKAY
TILL THEN!

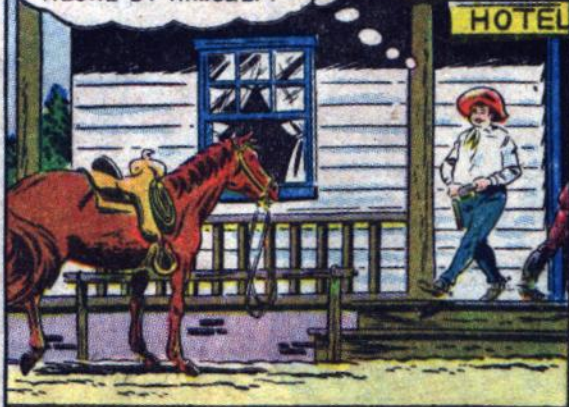


LATER---BACK IN TOWN...

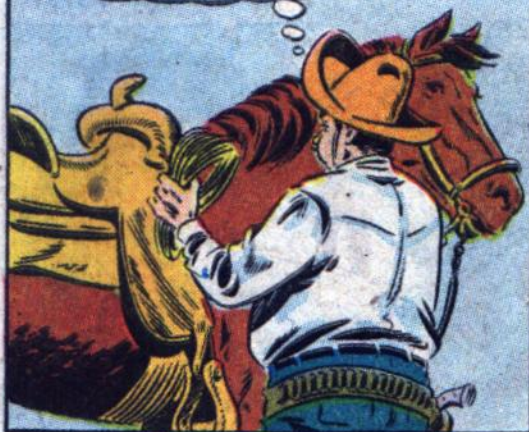
LIKE ALWAYS, PANCHO IS HAPPY TO READ A LETTER FROM HIS MAMACITA! ESPECIALLY THIS ONE! FOR SHE THINKS HE IS VERY CLEVER! EVEN MORE CLEVER THAN CISCO!



BUT, OF COURSE, THAT IS FOOLISHMENTS! OR IS IT? MAYBE PANCHO SHOULD SHOW EVERYBODY HE CAN BE CLEVER---ALL ALONE BY HIMSELF!



PANCHO WILL NEED THE ROPE TO TIE UP THE BANDIT WHEN HE CATCHES HIM!



OOPS! PANCHO IS SORRY, SEÑOR!

THINK NOTHING OF IT!



PANCHO WISHES A TICKET FOR AS FAR AS THE TRAIN GOES, SEÑOR!

THAT'LL BE RIO CALIENTE!



PANCHO HOPES HE WILL GET A SEAT ON THE TRAIN!

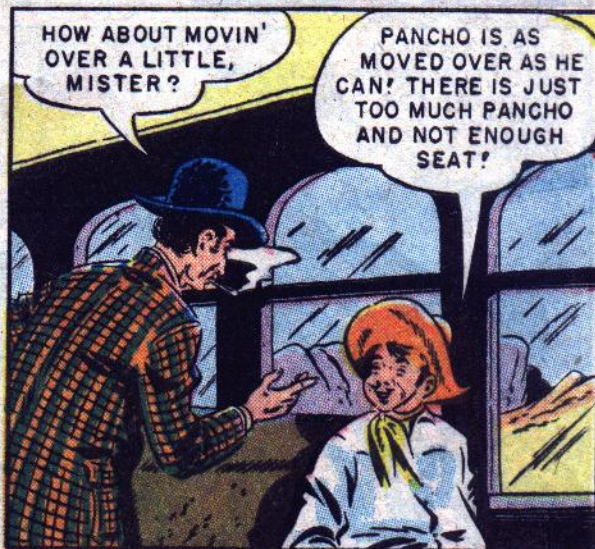
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! I'VE ONLY SOLD TWO TICKETS FOR THIS RUN! RECKON FOLKS'RE AFRAID OF BEING HELD UP AGAIN!



BUT EVEN THE WHITE MASKED BANDIT WOULDN'T STAGE TWO HOLDUPS IN ONE DAY!

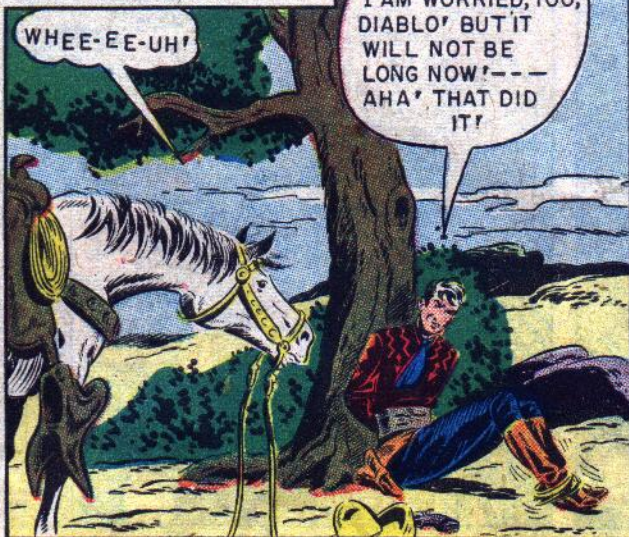
AI-EE! MAYBE PANCHO GOES ON THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE! BUT IT IS TOO LATE NOW! THE TRAIN COMES!





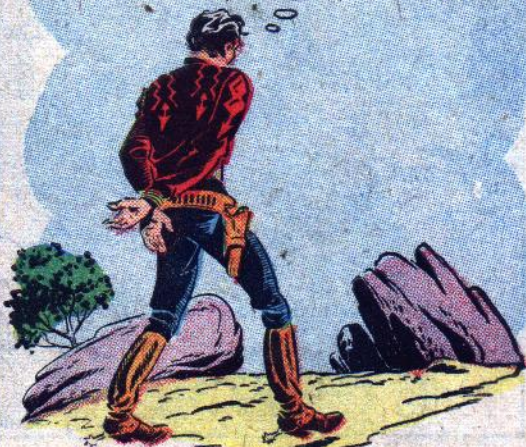


IN THE MEANTIME...



I AM WORRIED, TOO, DIABLO! BUT IT WILL NOT BE LONG NOW! --- AHA! THAT DID IT!

NOW, TO FIND A SHARP EDGE ON ONE OF THOSE BOULDERS ... THERE IS ONE!



BUENO! IT IS GIVING!



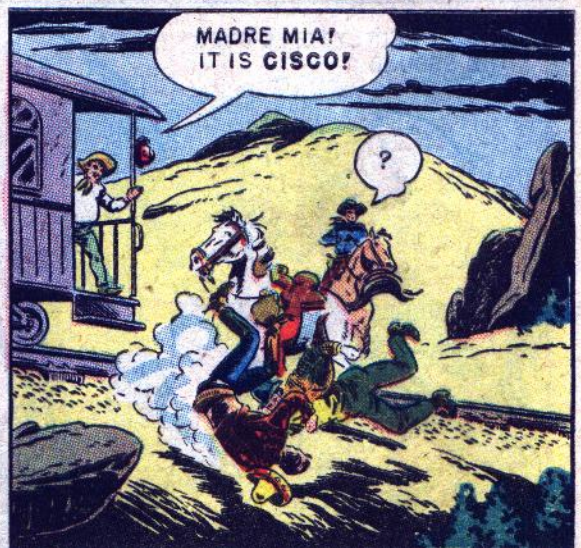
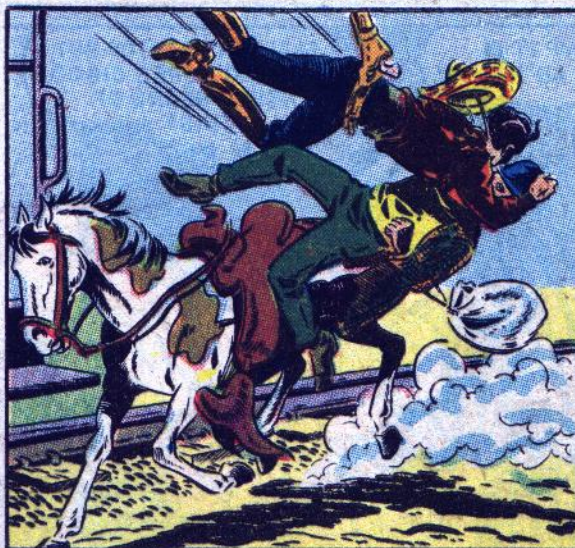
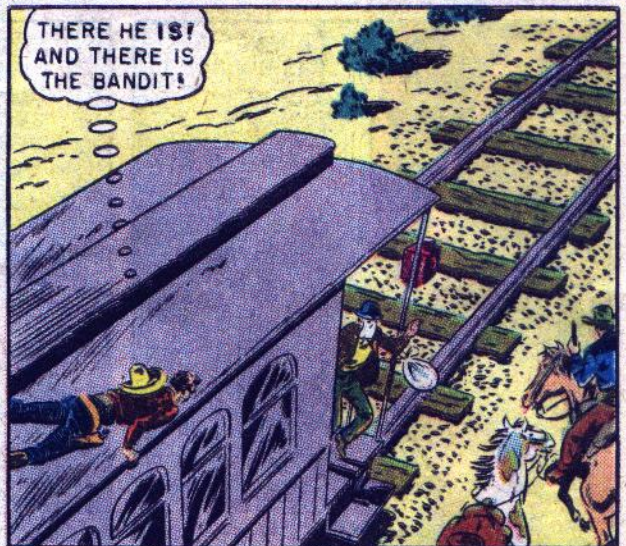
WE SHALL HAVE TO TRAVEL LIKE THE WIND, DIABLO, TO REACH THE TRAIN IN TIME! THANK GOODNESS WE ARE NOT VERY FAR FROM COYOTE PASS!

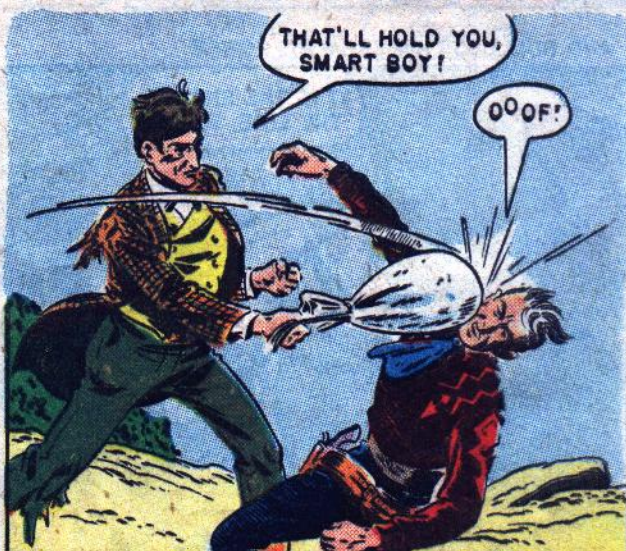
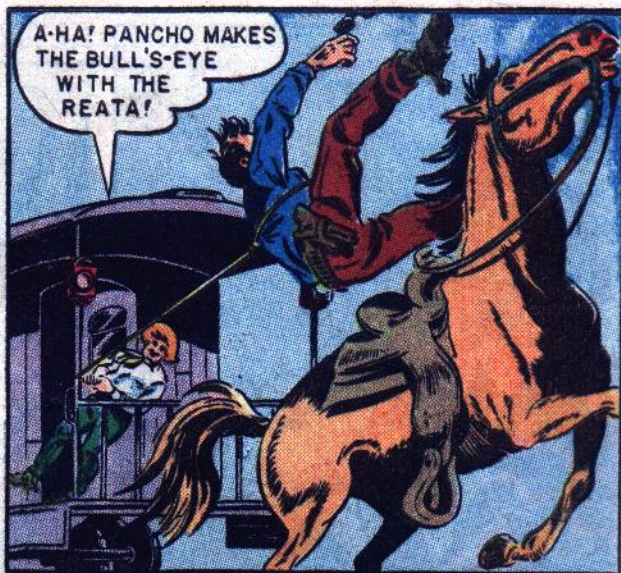
AS DIABLO FAIRLY FLIES OVER THE GROUND.



DUMP IT IN HERE! AN' HURRY!

SI, SEÑOR! SANTO! BUT PANCHO HOPES CISCO NEVER HEARS OF THIS!





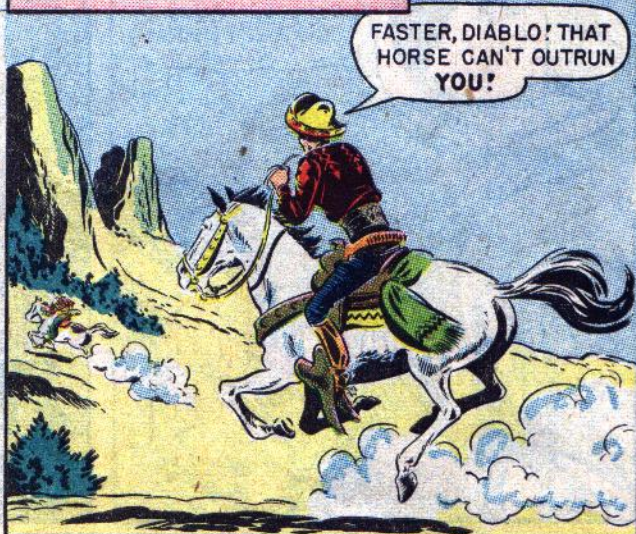
CISCO IS STUNNED.



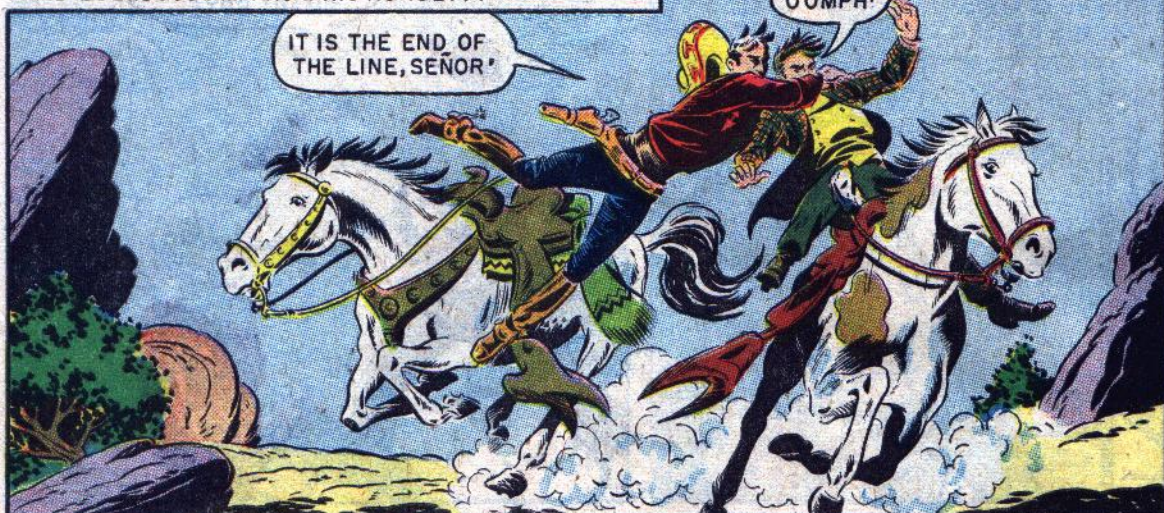
BUT ONLY FOR A FEW SECONDS...



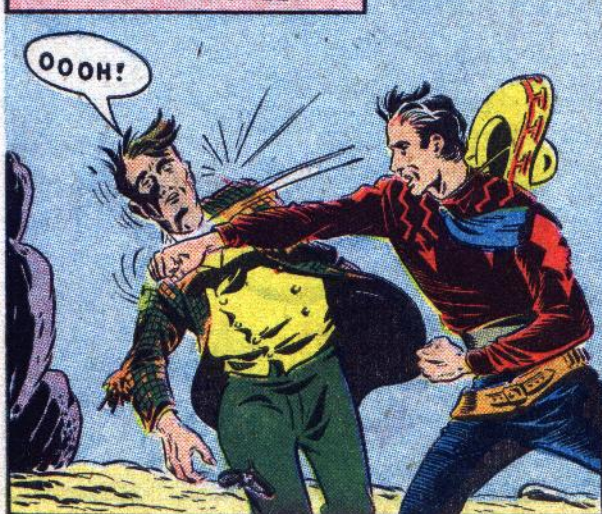
HE RACES AFTER THE BANDIT.



AND BULLDOGS HIM FROM HIS HORSE...



AS LAFE GAINS HIS FEET





CISCO? PANCHO? OHO-HO-HO!
TO THINK THAT THE BANDIT
MADE THE CISCO KID'S
PARTNER PASS THE
HAT FOR HIM!

