

DELL
COMIC

JANUARY-FEBRUARY

THE

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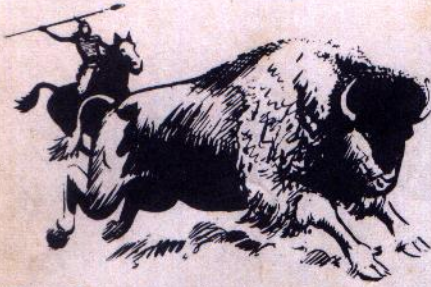
CISCO KID



RANGE CATTLE

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The great American prairies, with their annual coat of luxuriant grass, are ideal for grazing animals. Even in winter, good fodder is available. The prairie grass dries in the late summer sun and makes fine hay. Hardy range animals can feed themselves by pawing away the snow to reach the dried grass.



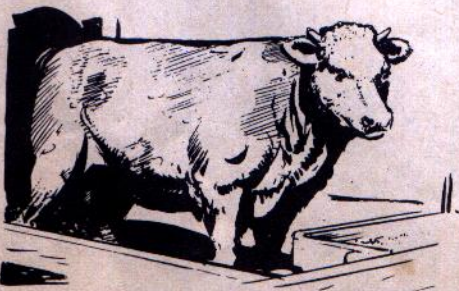
The original prairie animal was the buffalo. Plains Indians such as the Sioux and the Cheyenne lived almost entirely on a diet of buffalo meat. They dried strips of its flesh in the hot summer sun and ate it throughout the winter.

The first European cattle on the scene were the Spanish longhorns brought here by Spanish colonists. These animals were big, rangy and very determined. Early American cattlemen handled almost nothing but longhorns. They were very hard to handle and gave unlimited trouble because they were excitable—"spooked" by flashes of lightning and claps of thunder.



Along about 1890, the era of the shorthorn began. The Hereford was the most popular. They have white faces and dark body colors and are often called "whitefaces." Soon they replaced the Spanish longhorn.

However, one trouble plagued the cattleman. He lost too many steers on the great trail drives to markets in Kansas and Missouri. Charles Goodnight, owner of the great J. A. ranch in Texas, tried crossing the buffalo with the cow to produce a meat-bearing animal that would be hardy enough to withstand the hardships of trail driving and still be tender enough to eat. He named the result of his experiment the "Cattalo," but it was a failure—too tough to eat.

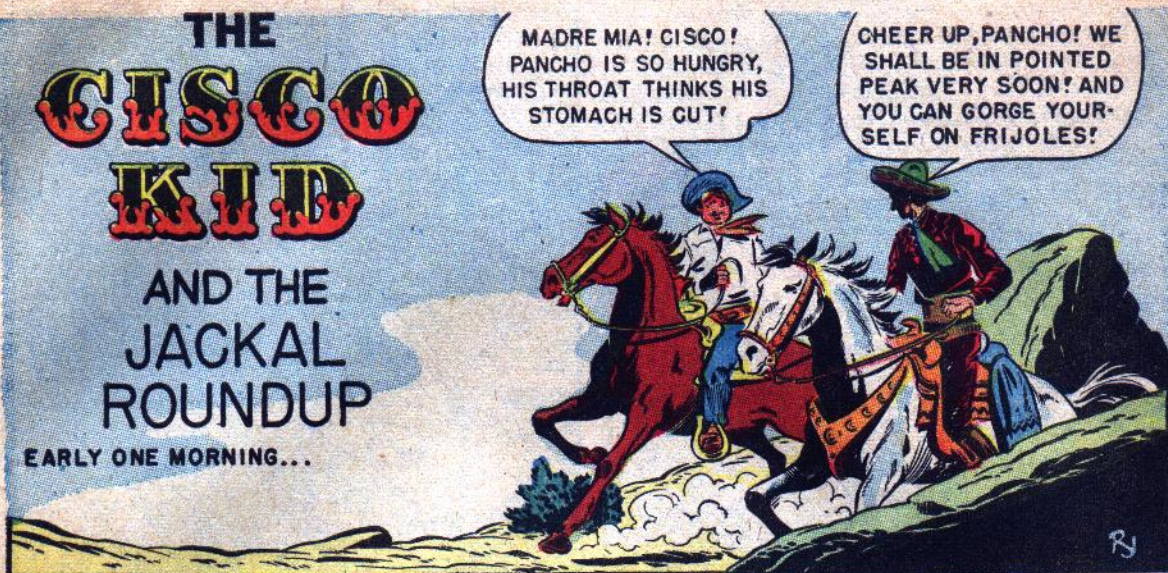


Today, a good percentage of American prime beef is raised on farms. The animals are of many thoroughbred types—the Angus is perhaps the most popular. They are hand fed and pampered and never have to walk more than a few feet under their own power. They are taken to market by truck and railroad. But most large ranches still rely on shorthorns and the cowboy's work remains the same.

THE CISCO KID

AND THE JACKAL ROUNDUP

EARLY ONE MORNING...



MADRE MIA! CISCO!
PANCHO IS SO HUNGRY,
HIS THROAT THINKS HIS
STOMACH IS CUT!

CHEER UP, PANCHO! WE
SHALL BE IN POINTED
PEAK VERY SOON! AND
YOU CAN GORGE YOUR-
SELF ON FRIJOLES!

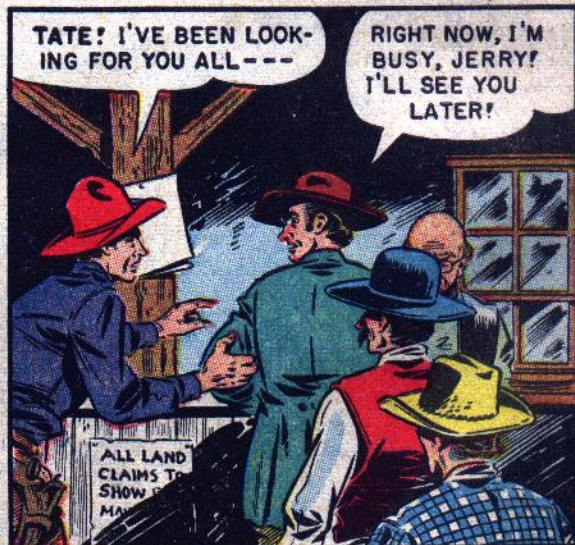
MEANWHILE, IN POINTED PEAK .



NEXT!

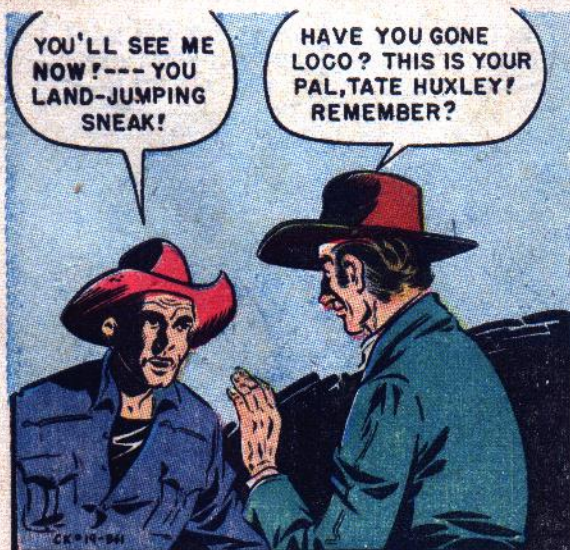
RECKON
THAT'S ME!

FILE
LAND
CLAIMS
HERE



TATE! I'VE BEEN LOOK-
ING FOR YOU ALL ---

RIGHT NOW, I'M
BUSY, JERRY!
I'LL SEE YOU
LATER!



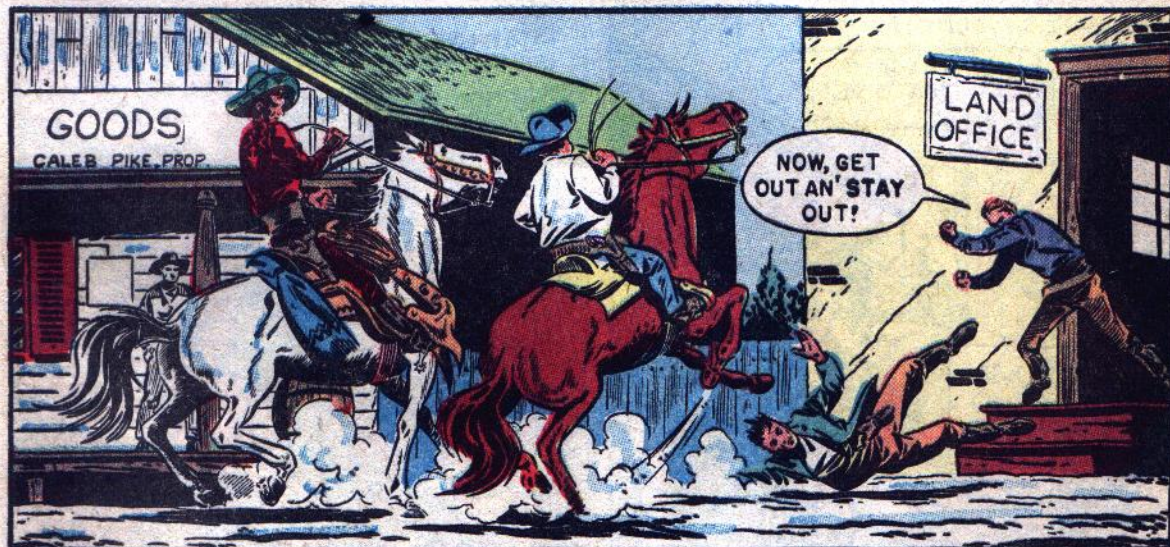
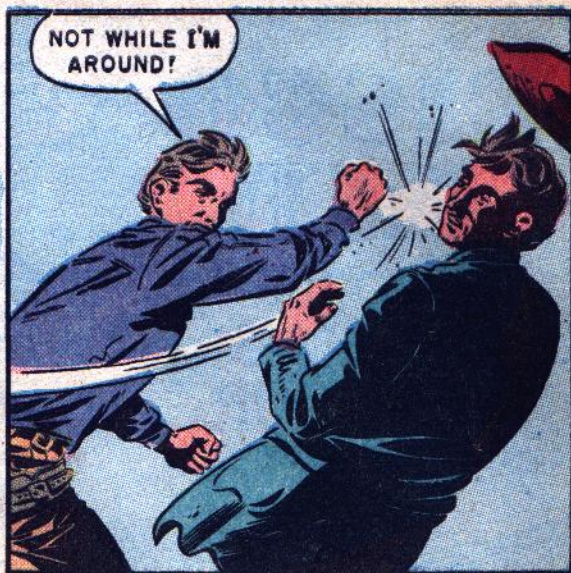
YOU'LL SEE ME
NOW! --- YOU
LAND-JUMPING
SNEAK!

HAVE YOU GONE
LOGO? THIS IS YOUR
PAL, TATE HUXLEY!
REMEMBER?



PAL, MY FOOT! YOU ONLY
PRETENDED TO BE ONE TILL
I FOUND A LIKELY-LOOKING
CLAIM! NOW YOU'RE TRYING
TO BEAT ME TO FILING ON IT!

U.S. GOV
LAND GRA
ON MAR
ALL L
TO R
BY
CH
IT





AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY

SANTO! WHY THE SAM HILL BLAZES DO WE ALWAYS HAVE TO RIDE SO EARLY IN THE MORNING?

WE DON'T! BUT TODAY I WANT TO BE ON HAND WHEN JERRY STARTS WORK ON THE MINE SHAFT..



JUST IN CASE THAT SEÑOR TATE WAS NOT MAKING AN IDLE THREAT!

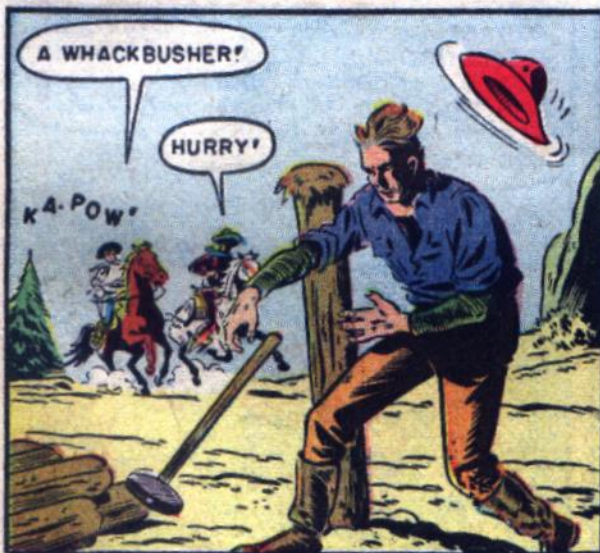
LOOK, CISCO! THERE IS JERRY! THE WORK HAS BEGUN TO START!



A WHACKBUSER?

HURRY!

K-4-POW!



JERRY! YOU ARE ALL RIGHT?

EXCEPT FOR A HOLE IN MY HAT!

YOU ARE LUCKY IT IS NOT A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD!



COME, CISCO! WE WILL GO AFTER THE ---

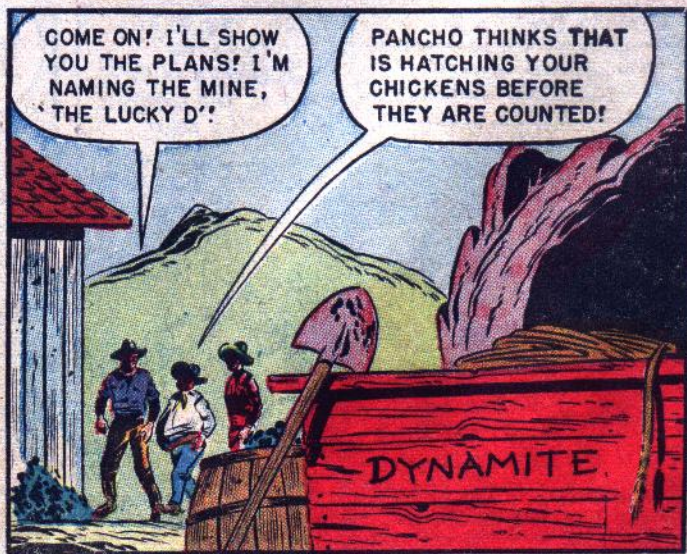
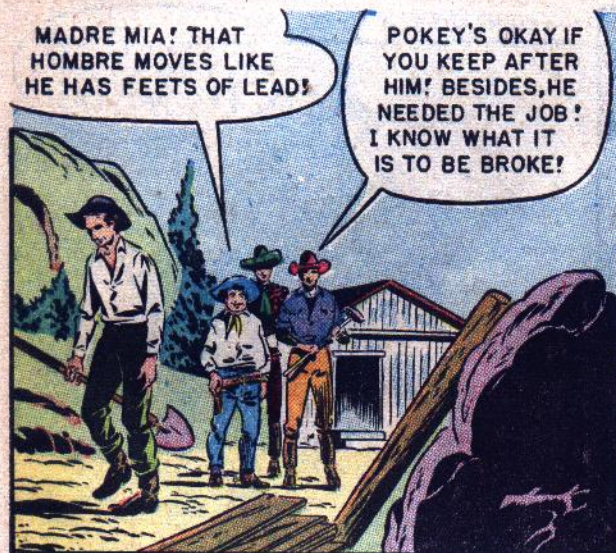
NO, PANTHO! HE DID NOT WANT TO KILL JERRY! ONLY SCARE HIM!

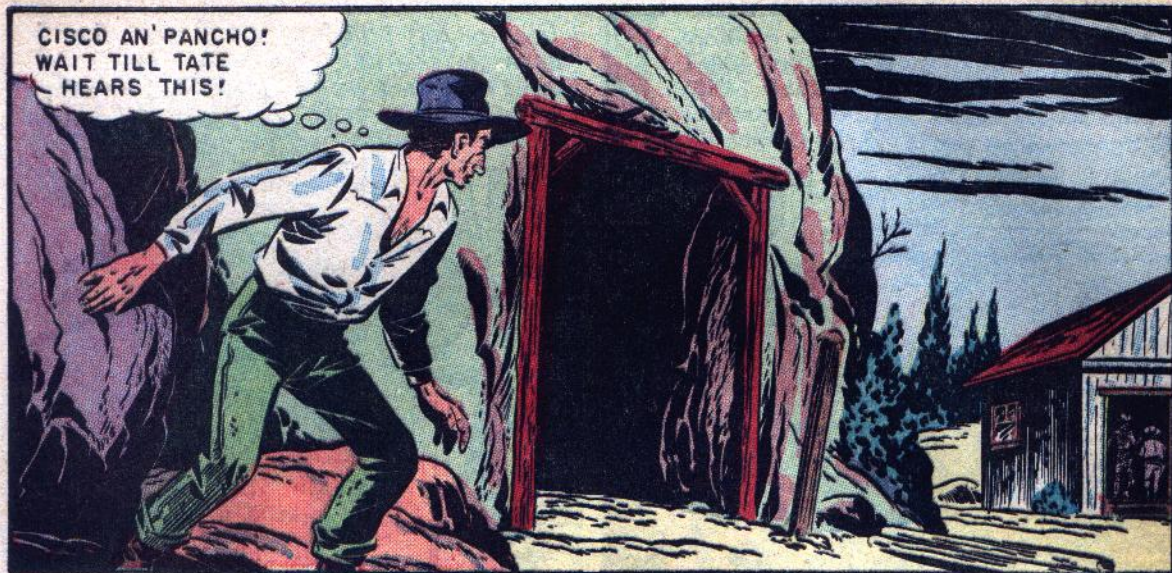


RIGHT, CISCO! I FIGURE IT'S TATE'S WAY OF WARNING ME!

NEXT TIME MAYBE HE WILL SHOOT TO KILL --- NO?

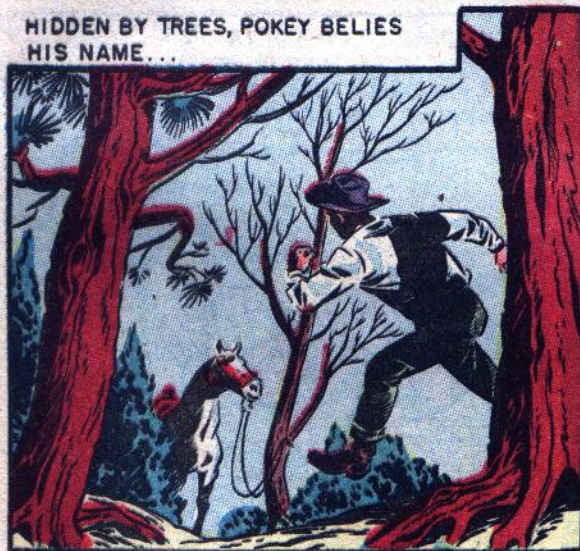






CISCO AN' PANCHO!
WAIT TILL TATE
HEARS THIS!

HIDDEN BY TREES, POKEY BELIES
HIS NAME...

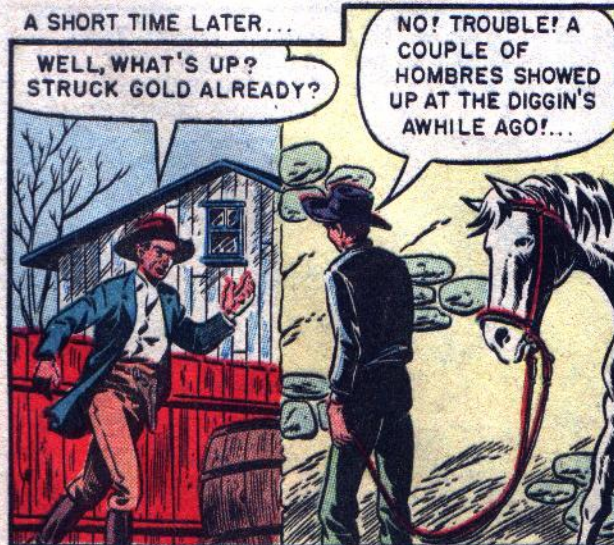


AND HEADS FOR TOWN...



TATE SAID HE'D BE
IN TOWN IN CASE
I HAD ANY NEWS!

A SHORT TIME LATER...



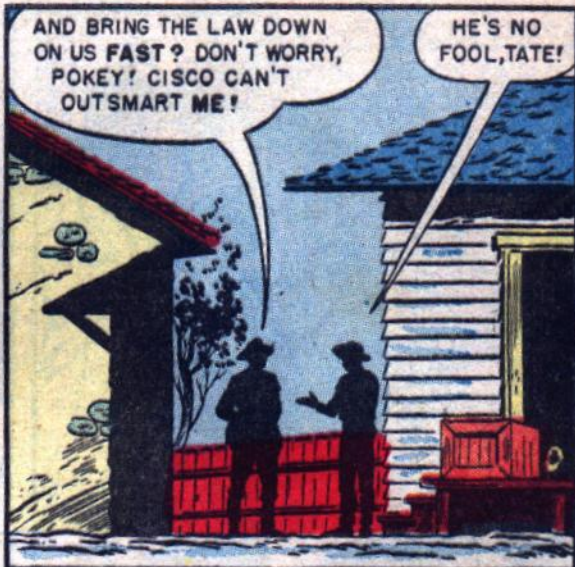
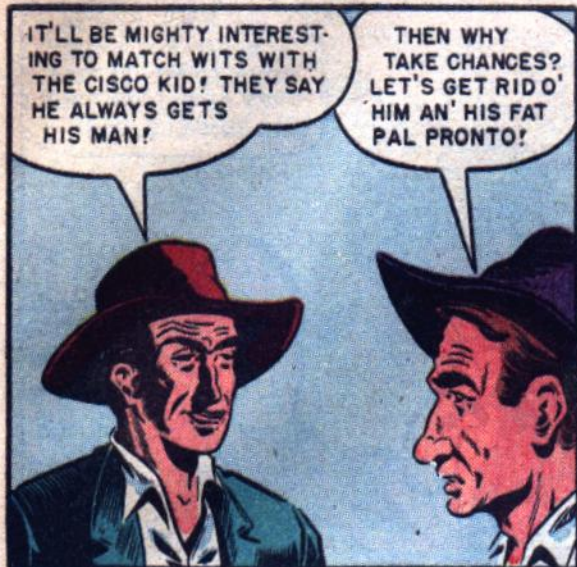
WELL, WHAT'S UP?
STRUCK GOLD ALREADY?

NO! TROUBLE! A
COUPLE OF
HOMBRES SHOWED
UP AT THE DIGGIN'S
AWHILE AGO!...



AN' JERRY CALLED
'EM "PANCHO" AN'
"CISCO"!

CISCO! WELL,
I'LL BE HANGED!



A FEW DAYS LATER...



CISCO! PANCHO!
LOOK!



IT'S GOLD, ALL RIGHT!
BUT NOT FROM A
RICH VEIN!

I KNOW, CISCO! I'VE
ALREADY TOLD THE
BOYS TO GO DEEPER!
THEY'RE DIGGING SOME
SIDE TUNNELS, TOO!



JERRY! WE'VE
STRUCK WATER!
WE'LL HAVE TO
PUT IN A DRAIN!

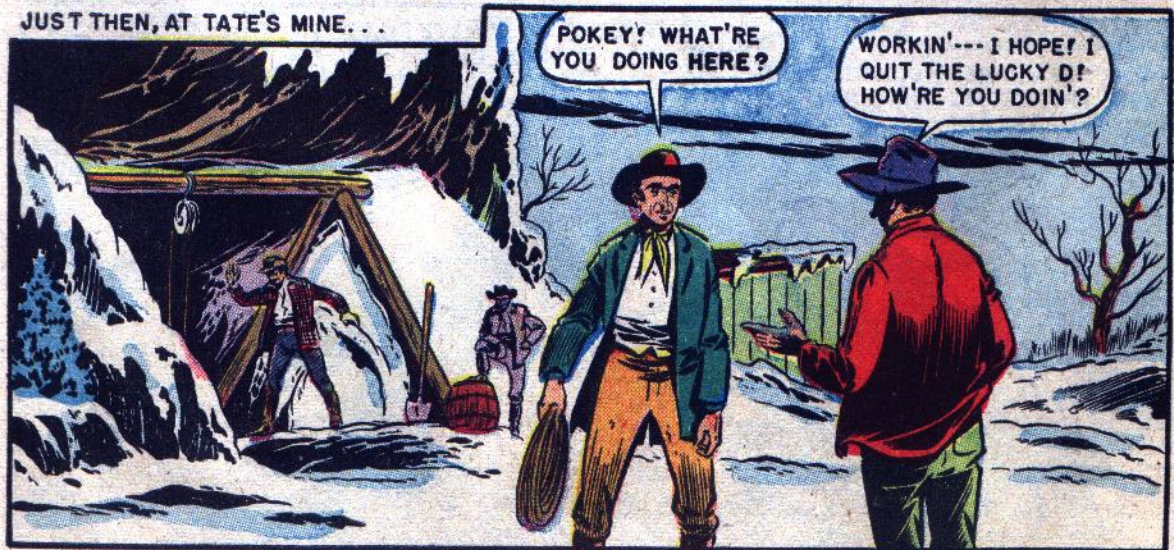
THAT'S WHY I
BOUGHT ALL THAT
PIPE! GET A ROPE!
WE'LL GET IT DOWN
IN A JIFFY!



PANCHO! WE CAN
HANDLE THIS!
SUPPOSE YOU
DO A LITTLE
SCOUTING---
NEXT DOOR!

AHA! FOR ONCE
PANCHO GETS
AN EASY JOB!

JUST THEN, AT TATE'S MINE...



POKEY! WHAT'RE
YOU DOING HERE?

WORKIN'--- I HOPE! I
QUIT THE LUCKY D!
HOW'RE YOU DOIN'?

OKAY! WE'VE SUNK A SHORT VERTICAL SHAFT! THEN BUILT A SLANTING TUNNEL THAT ENDS DIRECTLY UNDER JERRY'S SHAFT! NOW WE'RE DIGGING STRAIGHT DOWN!



YOU MEAN, YOU'RE HOPIN' TO HIT THE BIG VEIN FIRST? AND STEAL THE GOLD BEFORE JERRY FINDS IT?

RIGHT! WE'LL BRING IT UP THE SLANTING TUNNEL INTO MY SHAFT AND---



BOSS! THE EARTH'S GETTIN' MIGHTY DAMP! I'D SAY WE WERE MIGHTY NEAR WATER!

THAT'S A BREAK I HADN'T COUNTED ON! A GOOD ONE, TOO!



A MINUTE LATER...

BE QUICK WITH THAT PIPE! THEN BOTH OF YOU COME DOWN AND HELP!



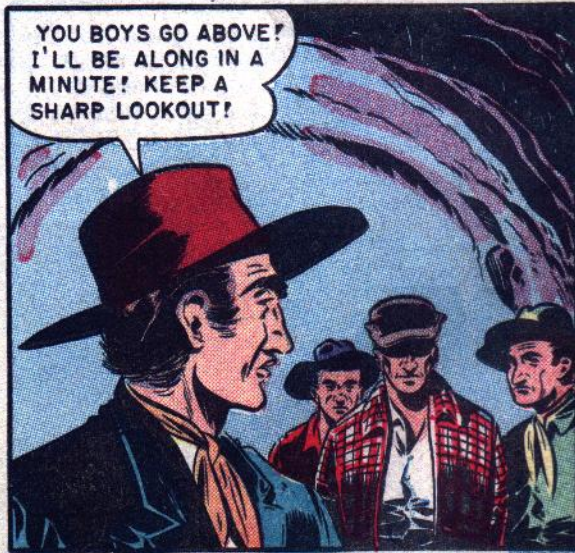
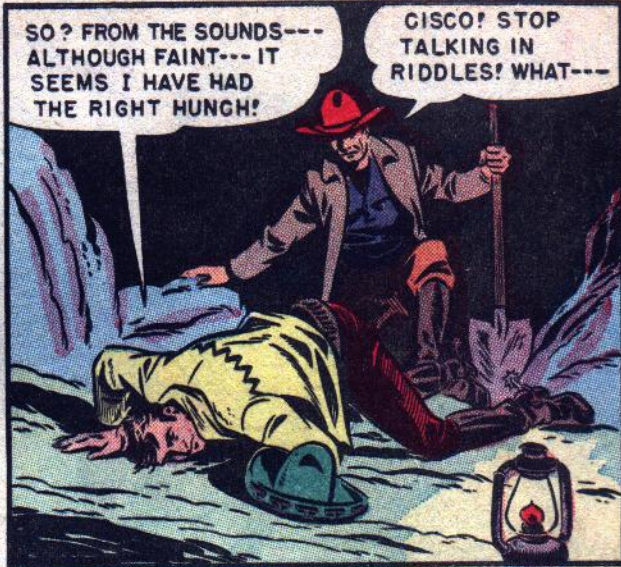
MADRE MIA! SEÑOR TATE IS PLEASED AT STRIKING WATER! PANCHO DOES NOT SABB THAT!...

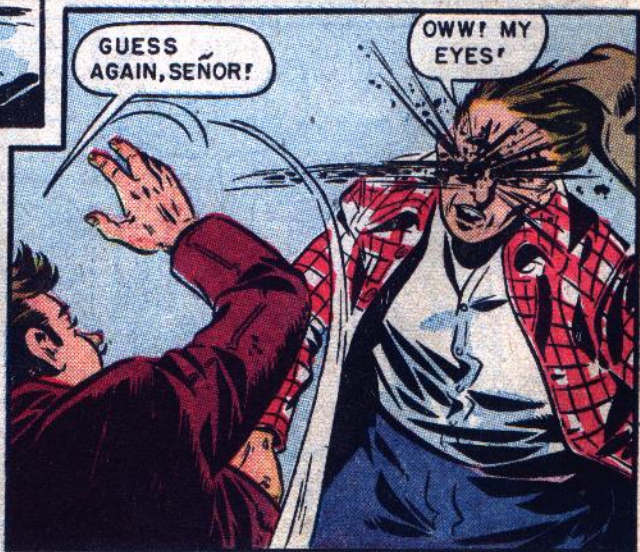
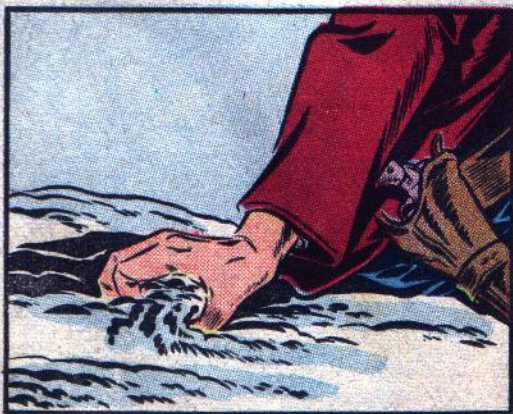


BUT GISCO WILL!



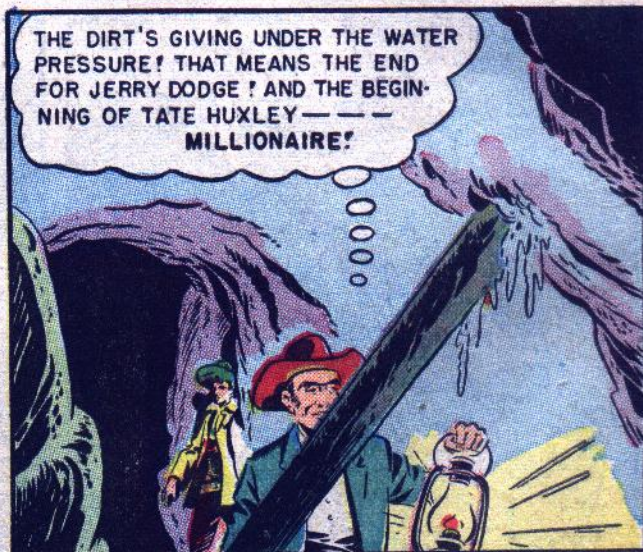








MEANWHILE...



CISCO LEAPS...



TRY THIS ON
FOR SIZE!



SORRY, SEÑOR!
IT DID NOT FIT!

OWWW!

SPLAT!



YOU'RE NOT
TAKING
ME IN!

WE SHALL SEE
ABOUT THAT!...

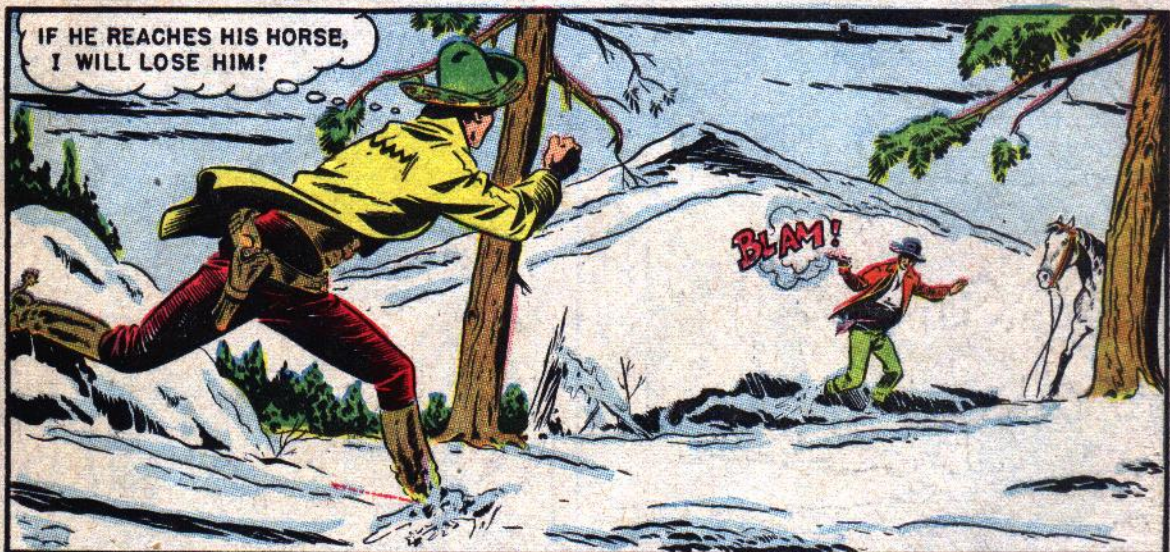


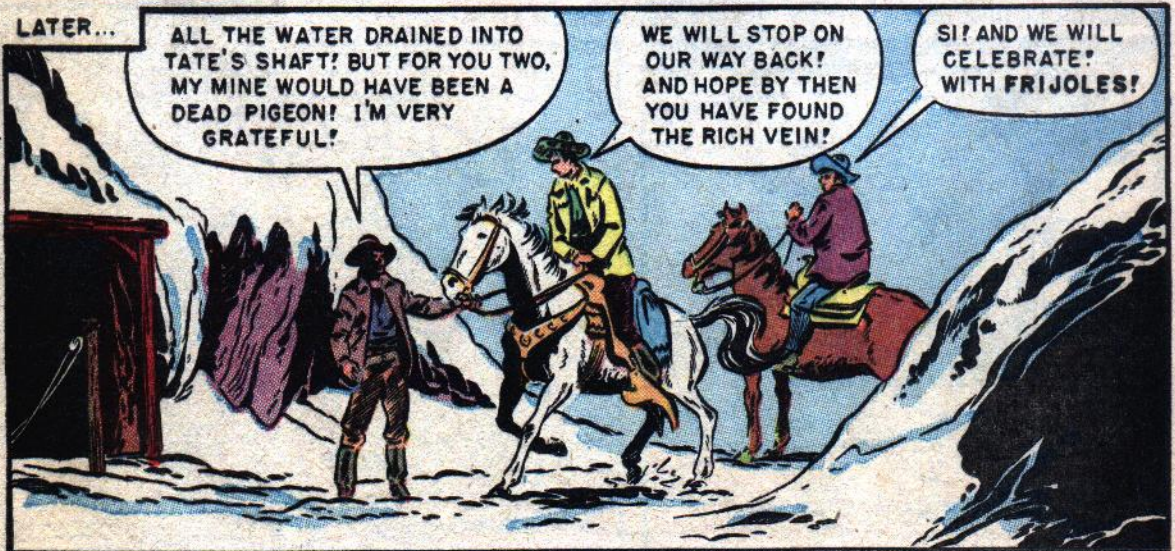
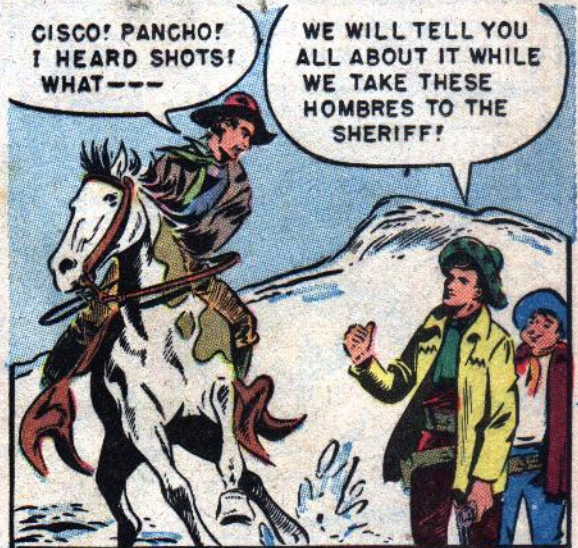
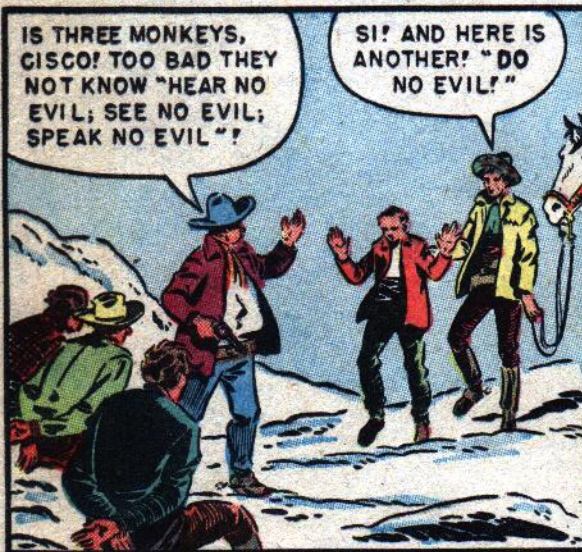
BUT FIRST I WILL
USE YOUR GUN TO...





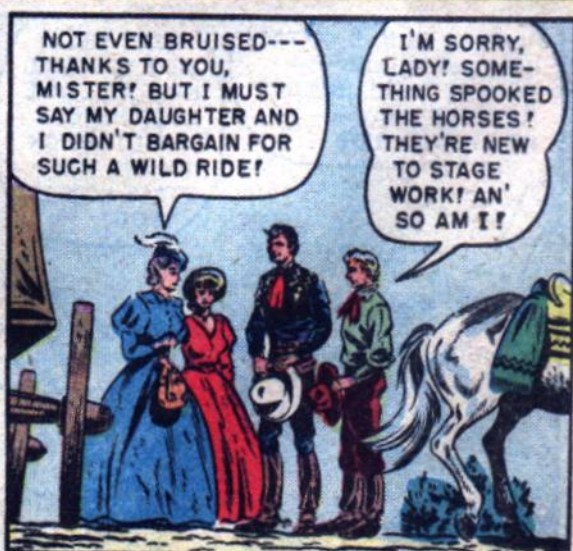
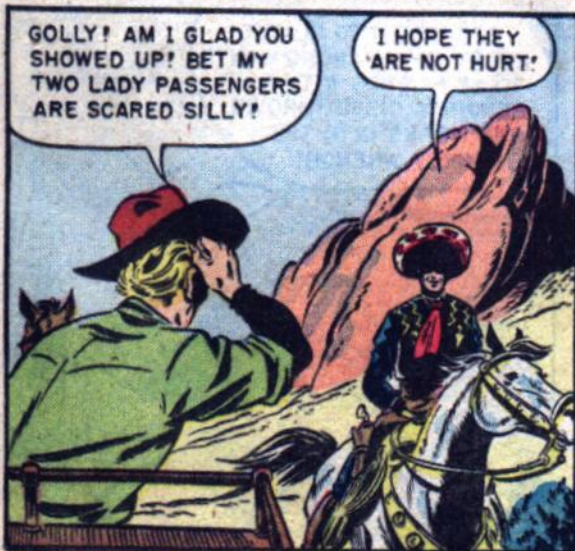
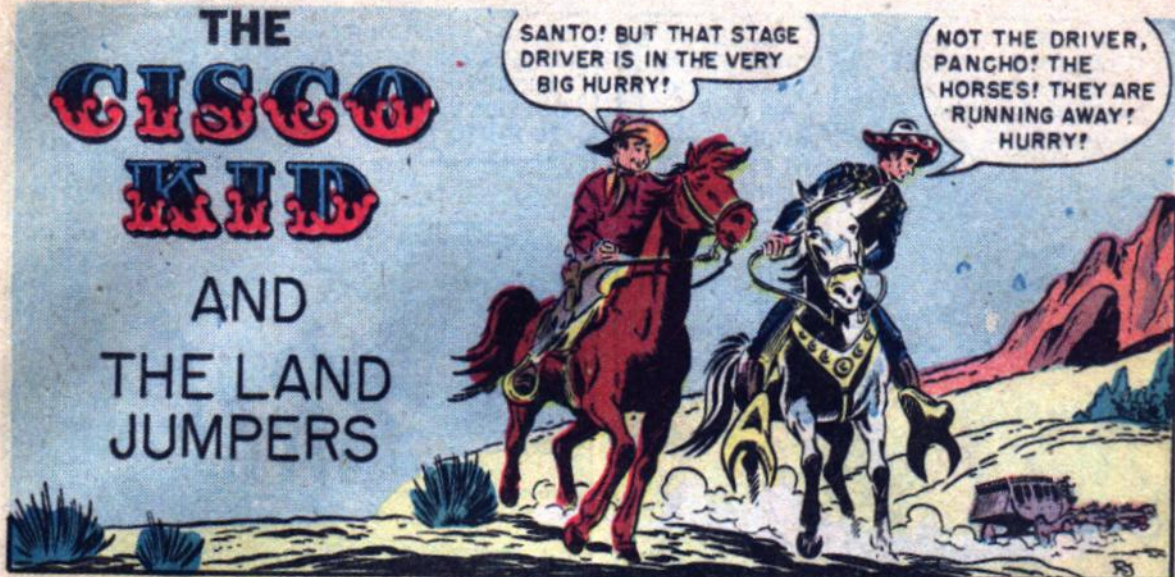


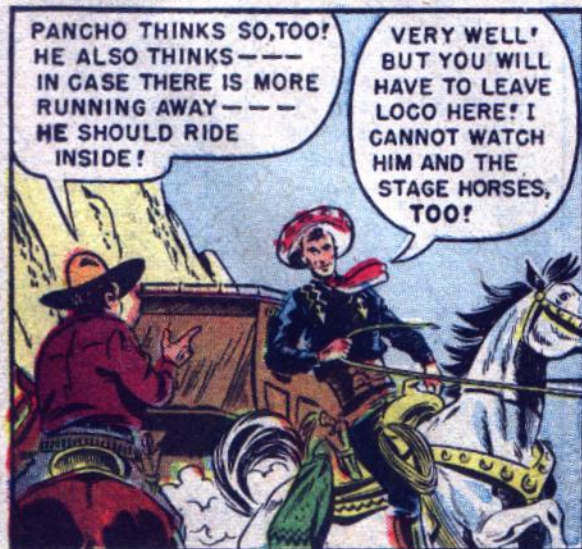
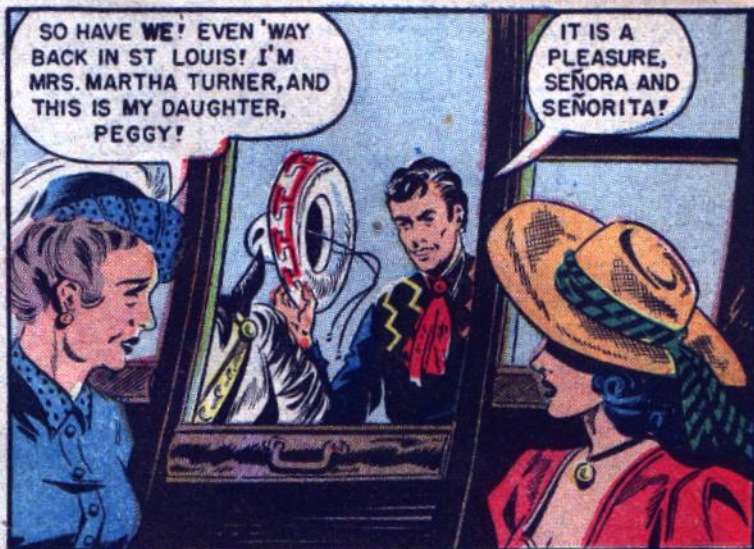




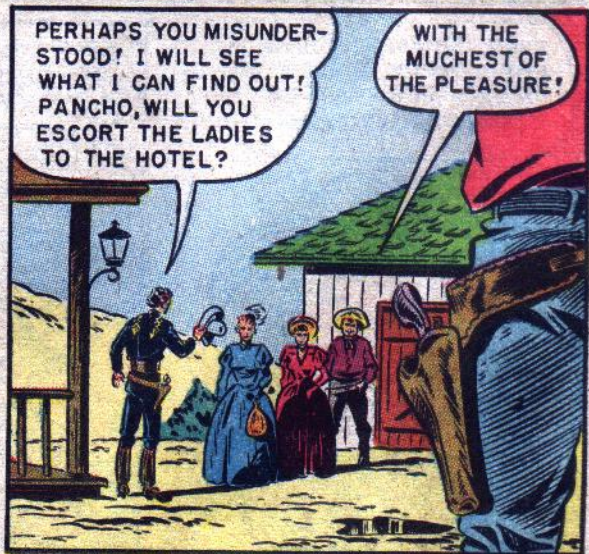
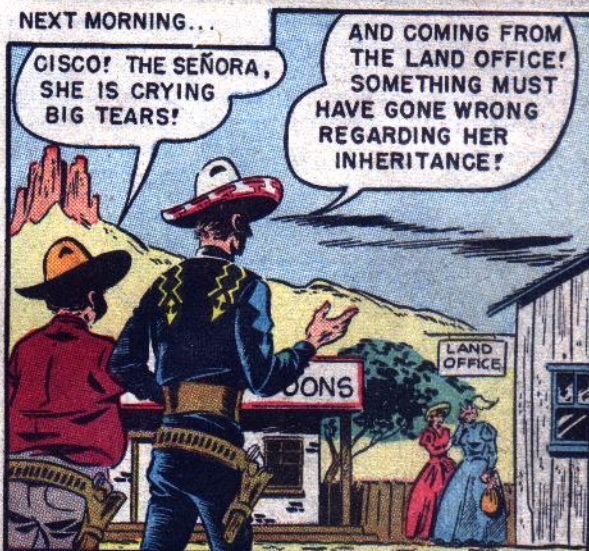
THE CISCO KID

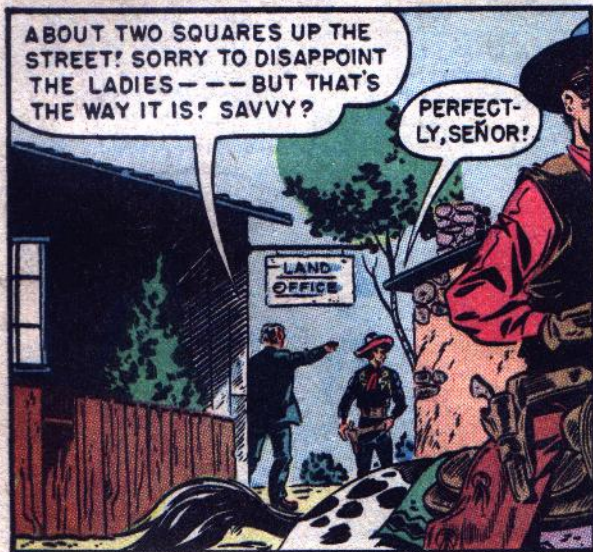
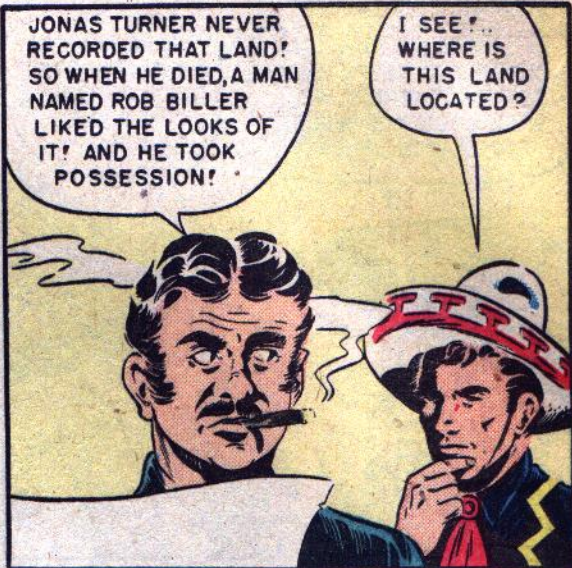
AND THE LAND JUMPERS





LATER, IN PINTO HILLS





A LITTLE LATER...

HMMM... NO WONDER BILLER LIKED THE LOOKS OF THIS LAND! THERE IS SOMETHING HERE WHICH IS VERY VALUABLE...



SO? BILLER HAS SEEN ME! AND LOOSED HIS WATCHDOG! BUT I CAN HANDLE HIM!



FOR A MOMENT CISCO STANDS MOTIONLESS...



--- AND THEN...

AHA! NOW WE ARE FRIENDS! BUENO!



CAN'T YOU READ SIGNS? IT SAYS NO TRESPASSIN'! GET OFF MY LAND! PRONTO!

I WISH ONLY TO TALK TO YOU!



IF YOU AREN'T OFF MY LAND BY THE COUNT O' THREE, I'LL BLAST YOU! ONE --- TWO ---

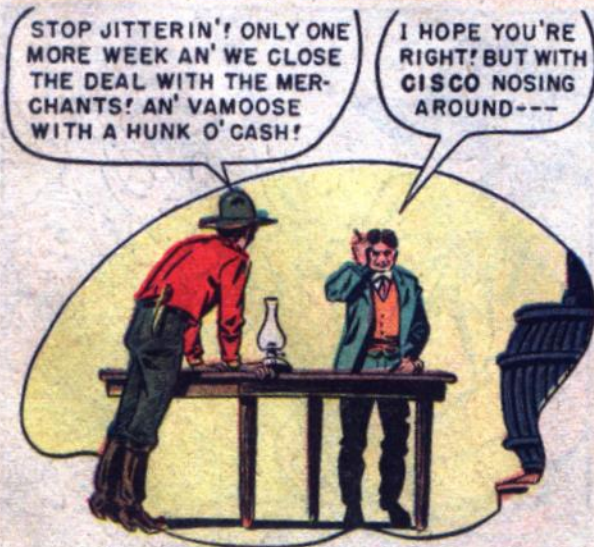
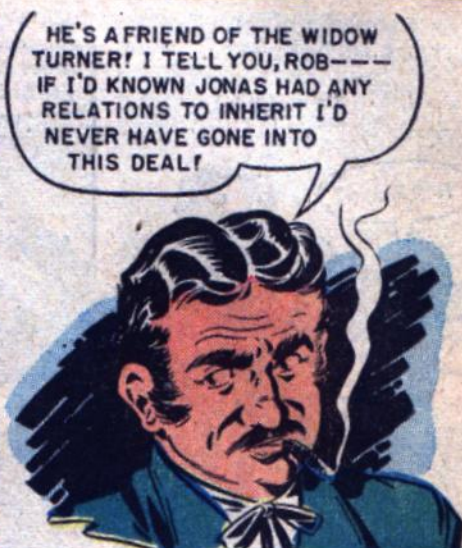
I WILL LEAVE! BUT FIRST---



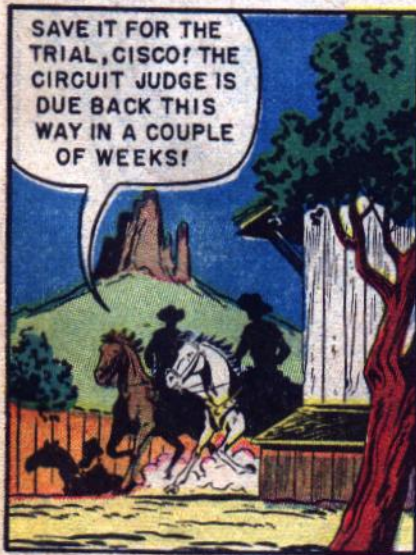
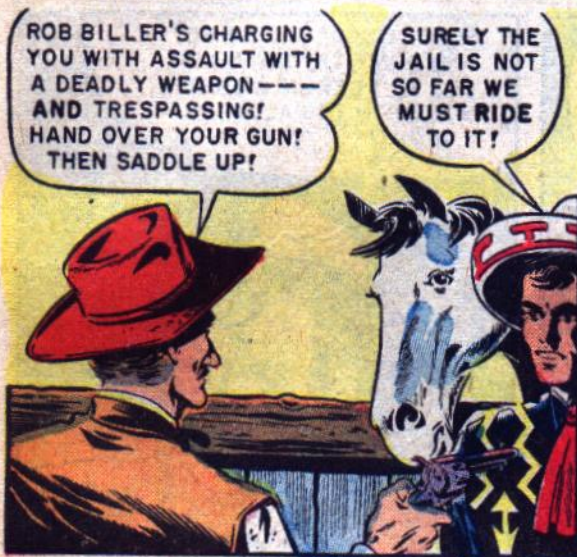
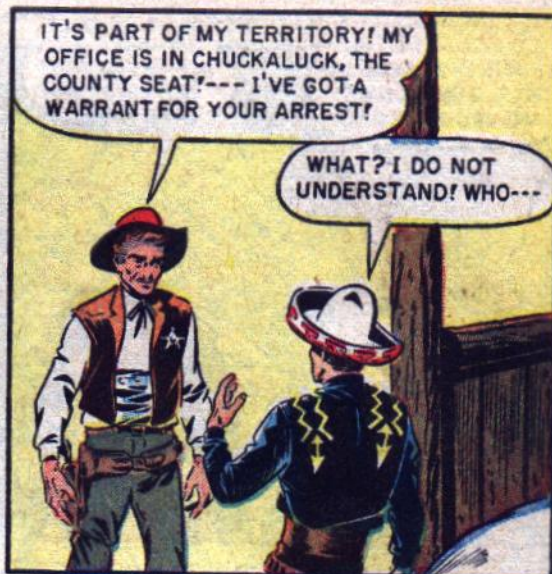
THAT WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO WAVE GUNS AT CALLERS!



AS CISCO HEADS AWAY, HE GLANCES BACK...



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



...AND THE GREAT HORSE RESPONDS QUICKLY...

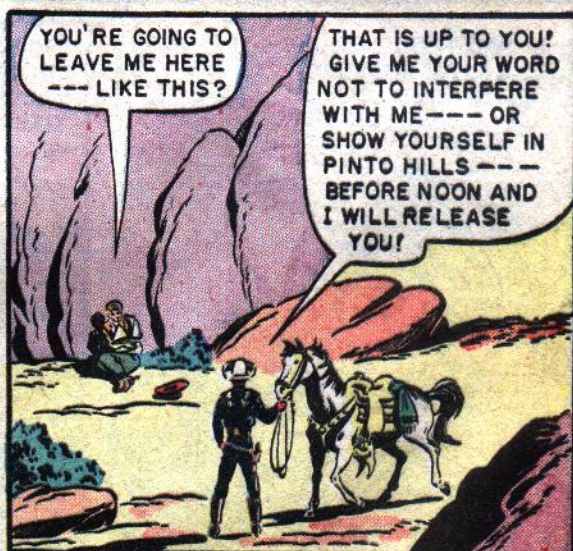


BUT TOWARD DAWN THE SHERIFF DOZES ...



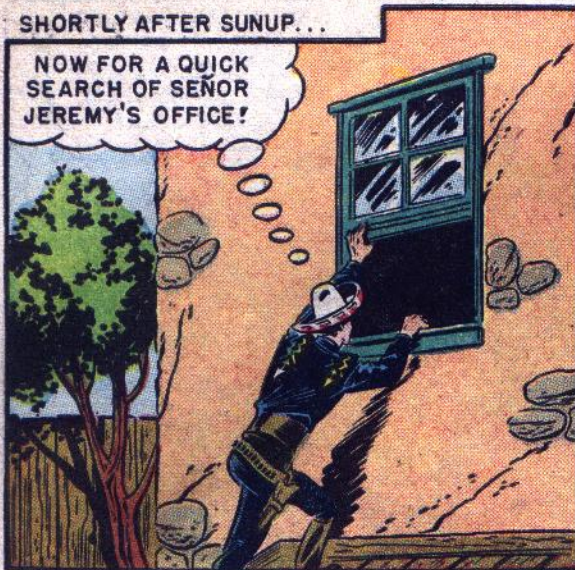
CISCO MOVES AS SILENTLY AS A SHADOW...





SHORTLY AFTER SUNUP...

NOW FOR A QUICK
SEARCH OF SEÑOR
JEREMY'S OFFICE!



THERE MUST BE **SOME** RECORD
OF THAT LAND HERE!



AND THERE IS! I---
SANTO! SOMEONE
IS COMING!



STOP ARGUING, ROB!
I'M NOT GOING TO BE
CAUGHT, WITH A PHONY
TITLE IN MY RECORDS!

BUT YOU CAN'T
DESTROY IT! I'VE
GOT TO HAVE IT
WHEN I CLOSE
THE DEAL WITH---



ROB! IT'S GONE!
DO YOU SUPPOSE
CISCO SWIPED
IT?

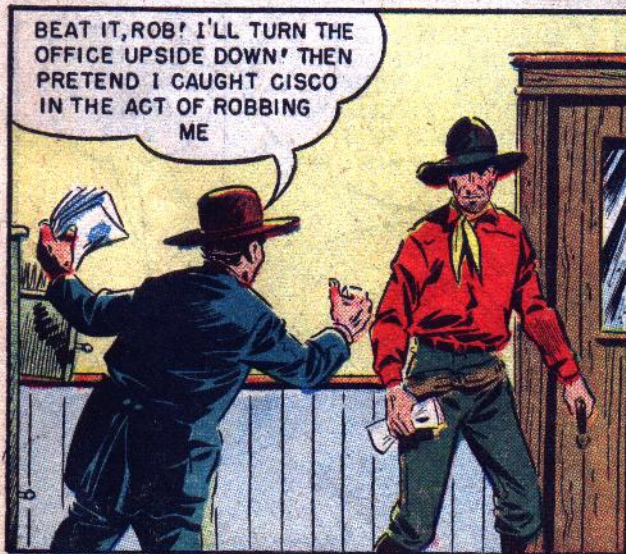
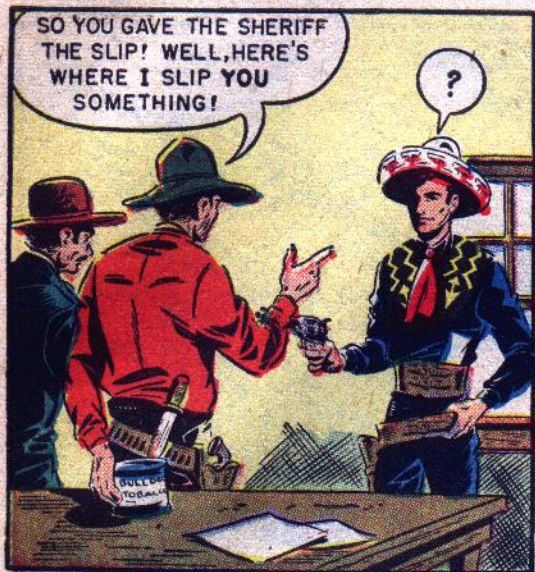
OF COURSE NOT!
DIDN'T WE SEE
SHERIFF HART
TAKIN' HIM OUT O'
TOWN LAST NIGHT?
BY NOW, HE'S
LOCKED UP TIGHT!



WRONG, SENOR! UP WITH
YOUR HANDS! AND DO
NOT WORRY ABOUT THE
TITLE PAPER! I HAVE IT!

CISCO!







IF ONLY HE DOES NOT TURN TOO SOON!

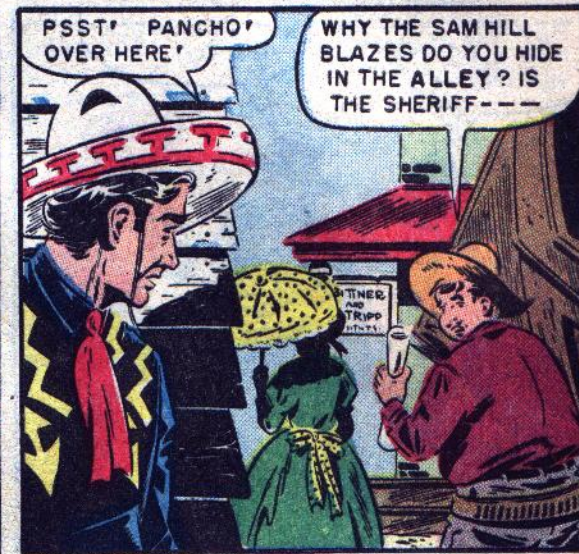
STAY HOME, ROB! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER!



WHAT THE --- OOOOH!



THAT WILL KEEP HIM QUIET FOR A WHILE! AND AFTER PANCHO GETS HERE, WE SHALL SEE WHO IS THE REAL ROBBER!



PSST! PANCHO! OVER HERE!

WHY THE SAM HILL BLAZES DO YOU HIDE IN THE ALLEY? IS THE SHERIFF---



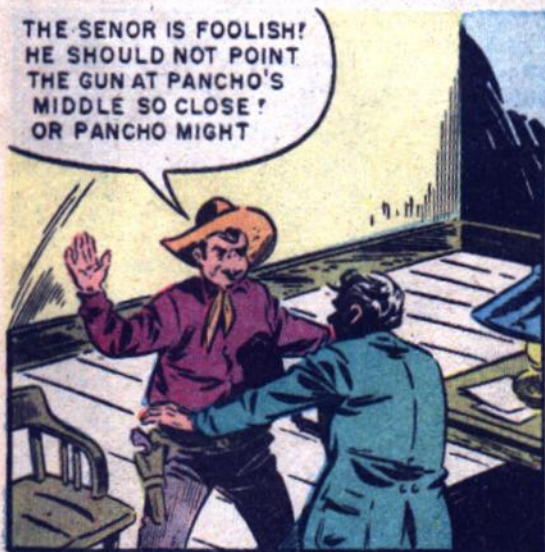
THERE IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT?

LIKE ALWAYS, YOU WERE RIGHT! SENOR TURNER RECORDED THE LAND TITLE IN THE CAPITAL! HERE IS A COPY OF THE PAPER!



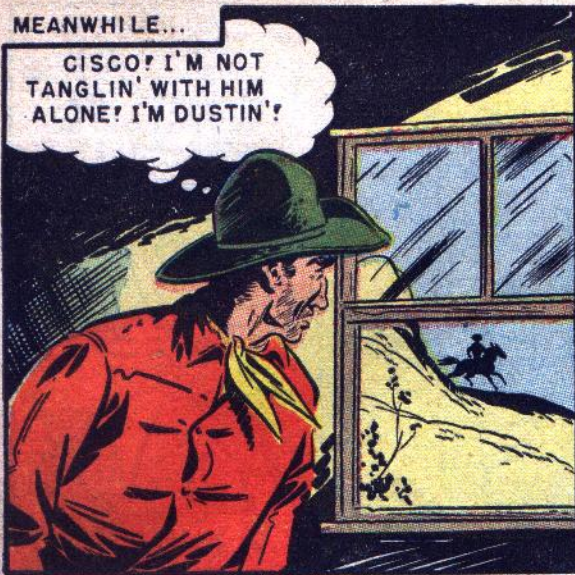
BUENO! NOW WE CAN LEGALLY MOVE AGAINST THOSE TWO CROOKS! I'LL GO AFTER BILLER! YOU GET JEREMY! HE'S PROBABLY IN HIS OFFICE!

OKAY! BUT THEN WHAT DOES PANCHO DID?



MEANWHILE...

CISCO! I'M NOT
TANGLIN' WITH HIM
ALONE! I'M DUSTIN'!



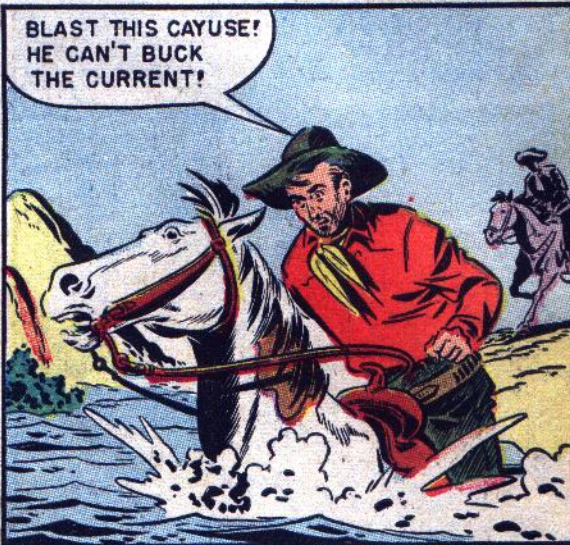
SO! HE IS GOING TO RUN FOR
IT! BUT HE WILL NOT GET
FAR---EH, DIABLO?



I'LL RIDE UPSTREAM!
THAT'LL THROW HIM
OFF MY TRAIL!



BLAST THIS CAYUSE!
HE CAN'T BUCK
THE CURRENT!

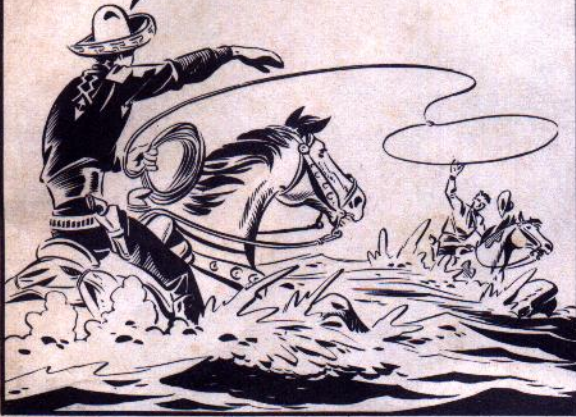


HELP! WE'RE
HEADIN' FOR
THE RAPIDS!

HANG ON! WE
WILL SAVE
YOU!



TIE TO YOUR SADDLE HORN... QUICKLY, SEÑOR!



AT CISCO'S BIDDING, DIABLO HEADS FOR SHORE.



AH, DIABLO! YOU NOT ONLY HAVE GREAT STRENGTH, BUT A GREAT HEART!



GET BACK IN THAT SADDLE! WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT IN PINTO HILLS FOR WHICH I DO NOT WISH TO BE LATE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

... SO WHEN I STARTED TO INVESTIGATE FOR SEÑORA TURNER, BILLER AND JEREMY TRUMPED UP A CHARGE TO KEEP ME IN JAIL TILL THEY COULD SELL THE TONS OF BUFFALO BONES ON THE LAND AS FERTILIZER AND SKIP WITH THE MONEY!



HERE IS THE OTHER LANDLEAPER, CISCO! PANTO FINDS HIM UNDER A ROCK AND --- MADRE MIA! A SHERIFF! ---



