

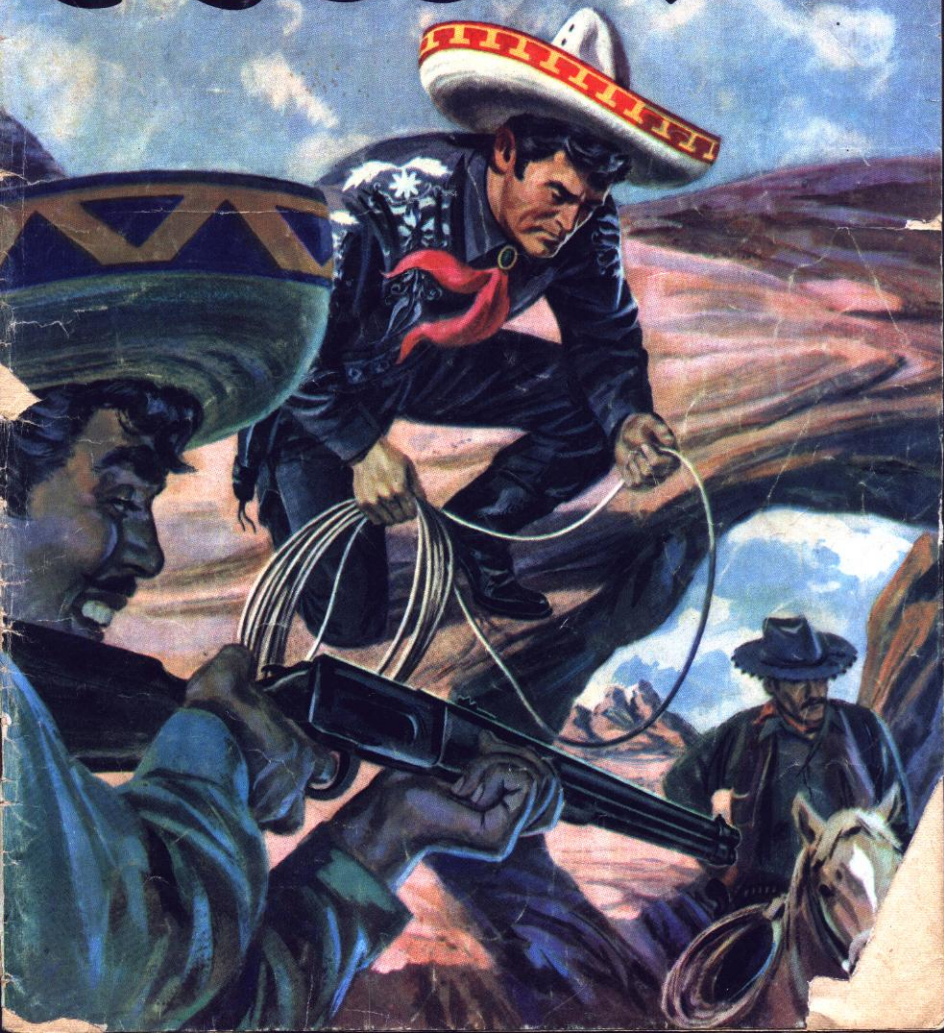
**DELL**  
COMIC

MARCH - APRIL

10¢

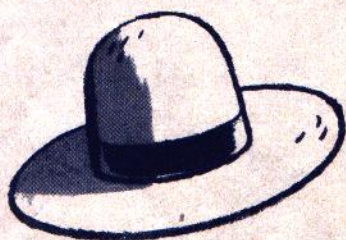
**THE**

# CISCO KID

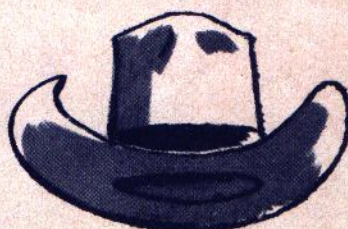




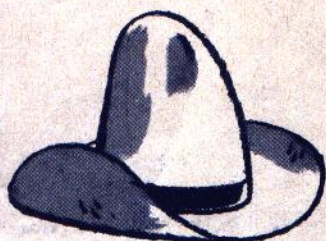
# COWBOY HATS



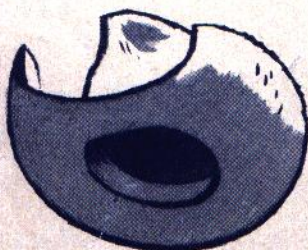
*stetson hat*



*southwest hat*



*silent films hat*



*northwest hat*

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The gradual unfolding of the cowboy's hat from the first 10-gallon one made by J. B. Stetson is a vastly interesting one. Stetson made the first one for his own use as a protection against the elements. The hot sun, strong winds and heavy rains called for a hat sturdy enough to stand up against their onslaughts. Before long, others wanted to buy it and Stetson found himself in the hat business. This first hat, which was worn from 1870 to the 1890's, had a smooth round crown and stiff brim.

The cowboy's hat has been of several different styles since that day, but probably one of the most interesting is that of the years from about 1915 to 1935. That model, worn by Tom Mix, William S. Hart and other western stars of that era, had a higher brim and crown than any western hat.

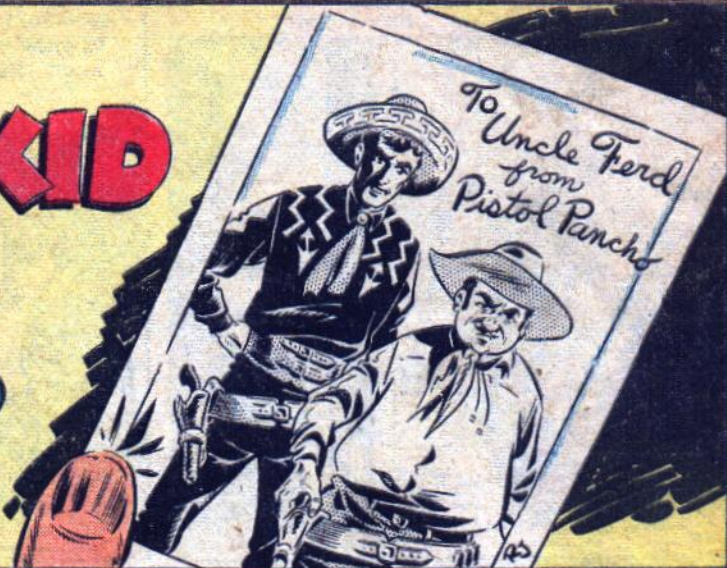
Of course, personal taste determines just how a cowboy is going to crease his hat and whether he will wear it forward or further back on his head. Yet, climate in certain parts of the country, accounts for the way a cowboy wears his hat, making it fairly easy to tell from which part of the country he comes. In the Southwest, for instance, because of the hot sun, the cowboy wears his hat forward, well down over his eyes. On the other hand, a cowboy in the Northwest wears his hat with the sides very much turned up, because the wind there is his problem.



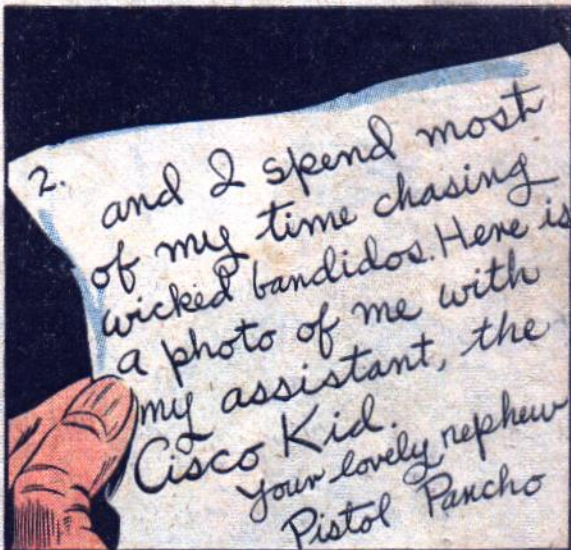
# THE CISCO KID

and  
**PISTOL  
PANCHO**

IN THE TOWN OF WILD RIVER, A MAN  
STUDIES A FADED PHOTO OF PANCHO  
AND THE CISCO KID...



MY NEPHEW MUST BE A WHIZ-  
BANG SHOT IF THEY GAVE  
THAT NICKNAME TO HIM ---  
"PISTOL PANCHO." AND THIS  
LETTER BEARS IT OUT.



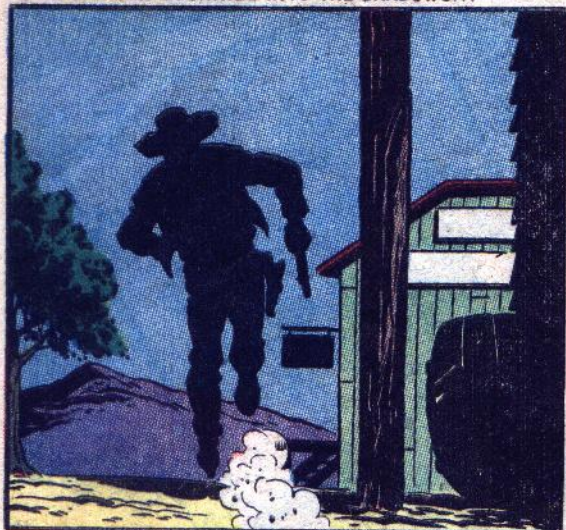
OUTSIDE, A MAN CREEPS  
FORWARD, FURTIVELY...



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



THE GUNMAN SCURRIES INTO THE SHADOWS...



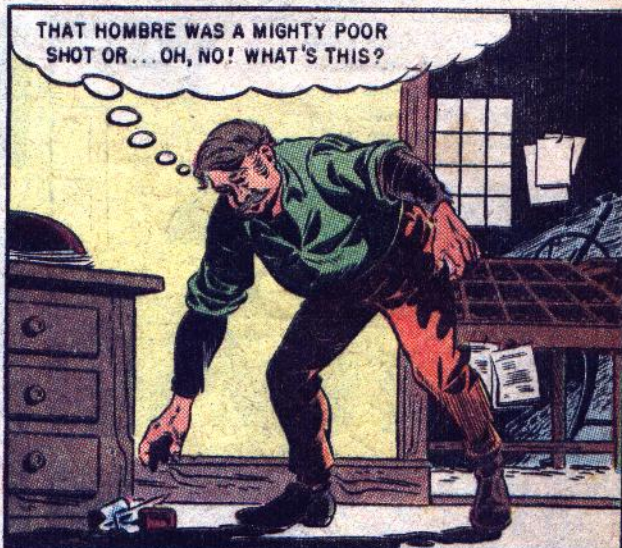
COWARDLY COYOTE! I DARE YOU  
TO SHOW YOUR FACE AND  
FIGHT IT OUT LIKE A  
MAN!



NO USE CHASING THAT BUSHWHACKER  
IN THE DARK! LUCKY I GOT  
A SPARE LAMP!



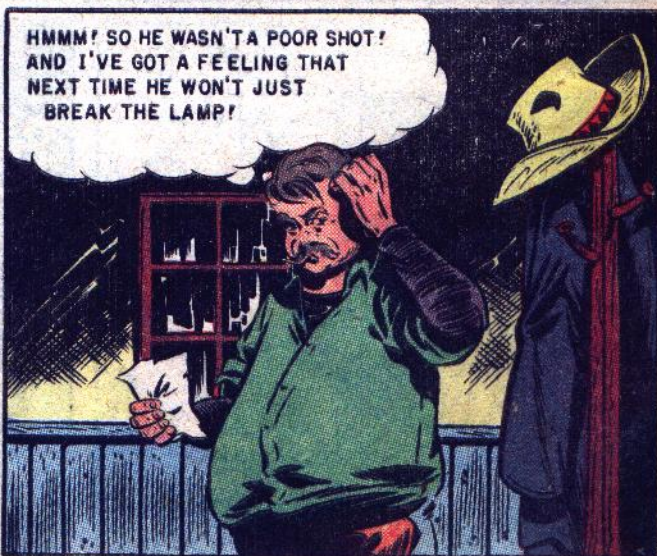
THAT HOMBRE WAS A MIGHTY POOR  
SHOT OR... OH, NO! WHAT'S THIS?



GET OUT OF  
TOWN. YOU MAKE  
AN EASY TARGET.  
THIS IS THE  
FINAL WARNING!



HMMM! SO HE WASN'T A POOR SHOT!  
AND I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT  
NEXT TIME HE WON'T JUST  
BREAK THE LAMP!



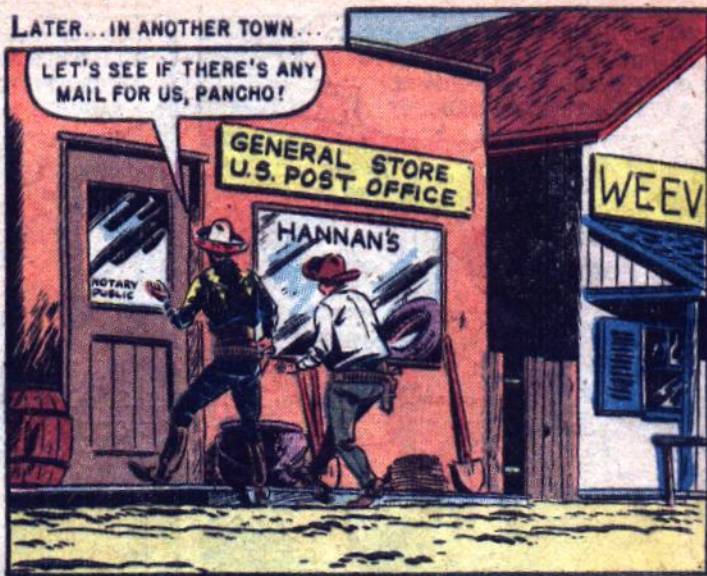


BUT I DON'T AIM TO RUN AND HIDE  
LIKE A LILY-LIVERED PRAIRIE DOG.  
I'LL STAY HERE AND FIGHT. AND  
I'LL GET ME SOME HELP FROM  
MY DEAD-EYE NEPHEW,  
PISTOL PANCHO!



LATER... IN ANOTHER TOWN...

LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANY  
MAIL FOR US, PANCHO!



NOTHING FOR YOU, CISCO? BUT  
THERE'S A LETTER HERE FOR  
SOMEBODY CALLED PISTOL  
PANCHO!



THAT'S ME! I'LL TAKE IT!  
GRACIAS, SEÑOR!



SO YOU ARE NOW  
CALLED PISTOL  
PANCHO, EH, AMIGO?

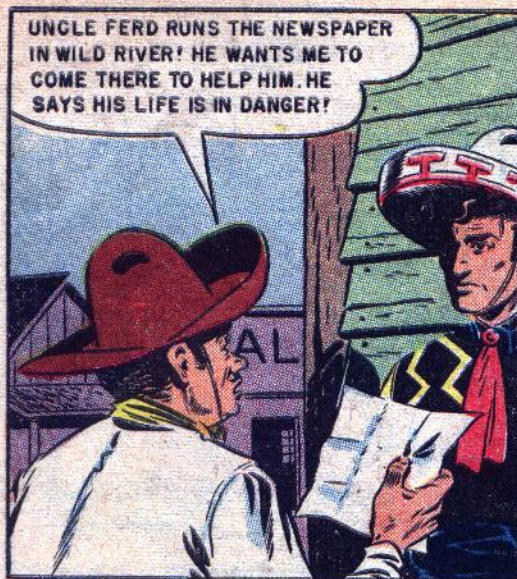
AW, CISCO, DO NOT MAKE  
FUN! I ONLY TOLD UNCLE  
FERD THAT IS MY NAME—  
TO MAKE HIM THINK I'M  
A GREAT BANDIDO-  
CHASER!



AND NOW HE WANTS ME  
TO CHASE BANDIDOS!







A MOMENT LATER, CISCO AND PANCHO ARE GALLOPING FURIOUSLY TOWARD WILD RIVER ...





MEANWHILE... IN WILD RIVER...

SEÑOR FERD, IF YOU TRY TO  
PRINT THIS, BOSS WEEVIL  
WILL KILL YOU!

NO, HE WON'T, ESTRALITA!  
I'VE GOT HELP COMING.

...MY NEPHEW, PISTOL PANCHO,  
WILL SOON BE HERE. HE MUST BE  
A TERROR WITH A SHOOTING  
IRON---



THAT IS GOOD! BUT CAN  
ONE MAN BATTLE BOSS  
WEEVIL'S GANG?

SANTOS! PANCHO  
COULD FIGHT AN ARMY,  
BESIDES, HE'LL HAVE  
HIS ASSISTANT  
WITH HIM--THE  
CISCO KID!

AND NOW, CHIQUITA,  
YOU'RE FIRED!

FIRED? HAVE I DONE  
SOMETHING...  
WRONG?



NO, NO! BUT YOU'RE  
TOO PRETTY AND  
TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

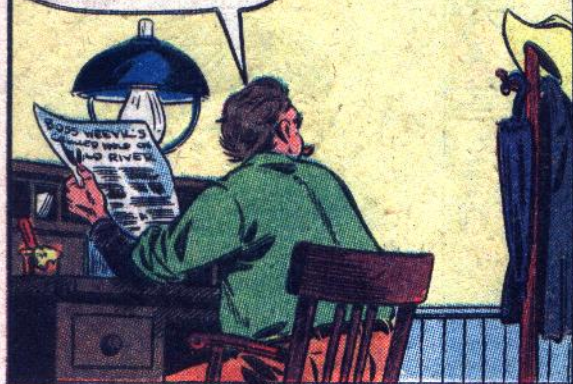
A-ALL RIGHT...  
I'LL G-GO!





AFTER THE GIRL DEPARTS...

THIS STORY WILL BLOW THE LID OFF BOSS WEEVIL AND HIS DIRTY DEALINGS. NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND A PLACE TO HIDE IT TILL I GO TO PRESS!



FACTS AND EVIDENCE---ALL HERE---AND NOBODY WILL THINK OF LOOKING FOR THEM INSIDE THIS BUMBERSHOOT!



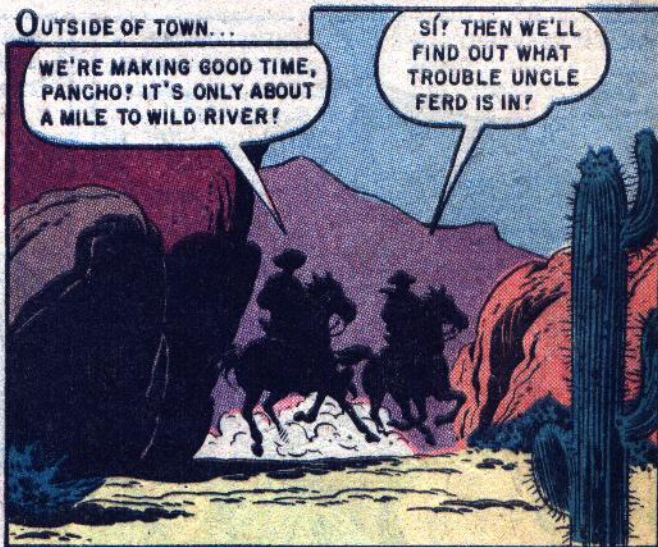
I'LL LET PISTOL PANCHO KNOW ABOUT THIS IN CASE I GET KILLED AND HE HAS TO CARRY ON!



OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

WE'RE MAKING GOOD TIME, PANCHO! IT'S ONLY ABOUT A MILE TO WILD RIVER!

SI! THEN WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT TROUBLE UNCLE FERD IS IN!



MEANWHILE...

FERD, I HEARD YOU WERE GOING ON A TRIP!

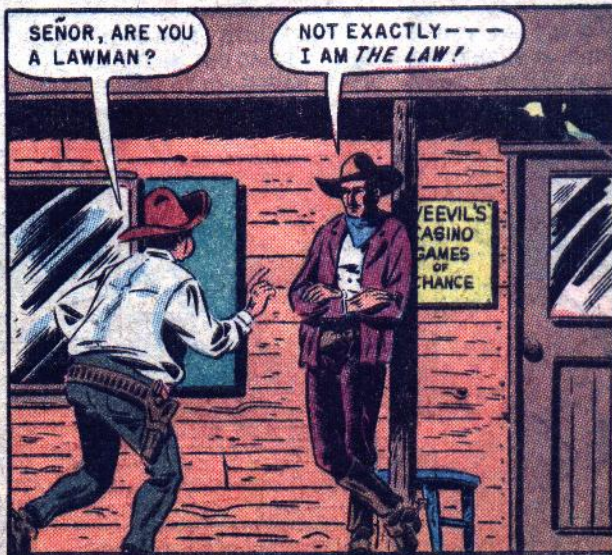
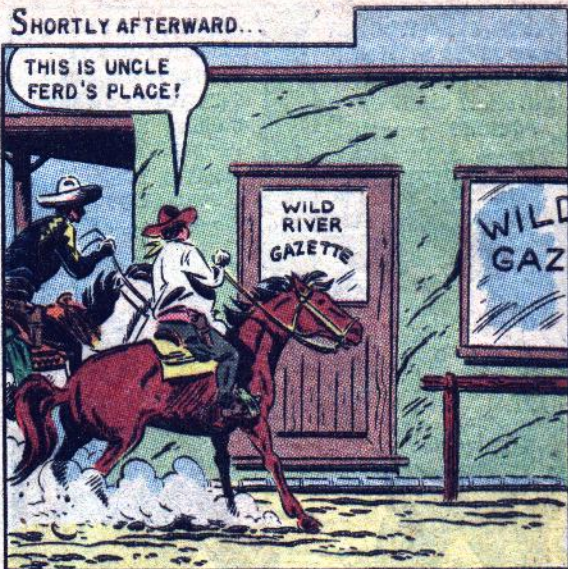
WHY, NO, SEÑOR WEEVIL! I LIKE IT HERE!



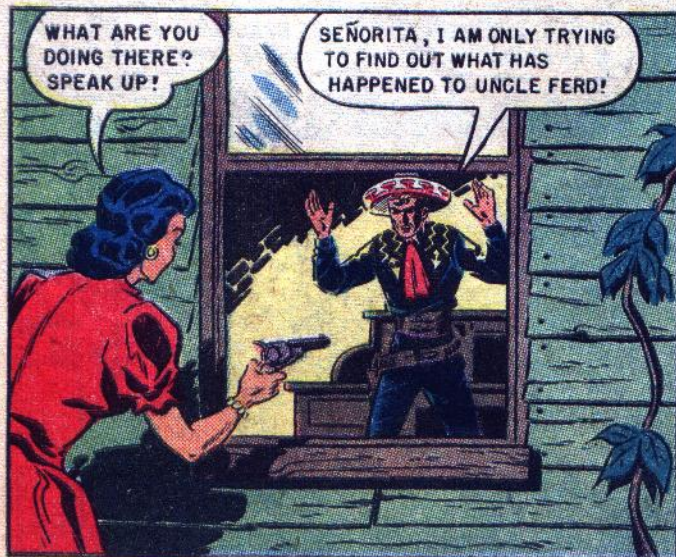
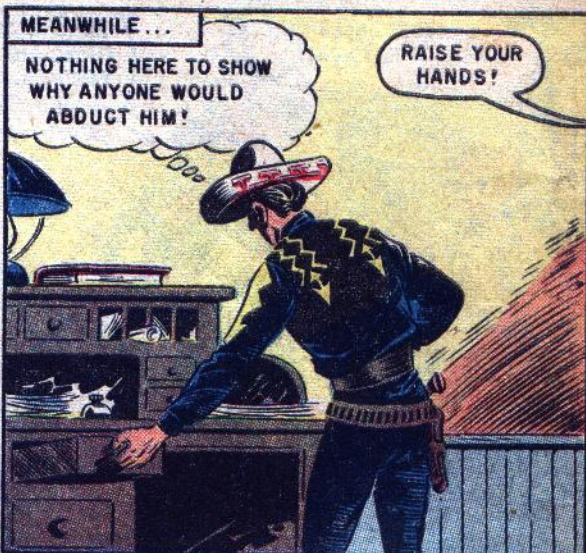
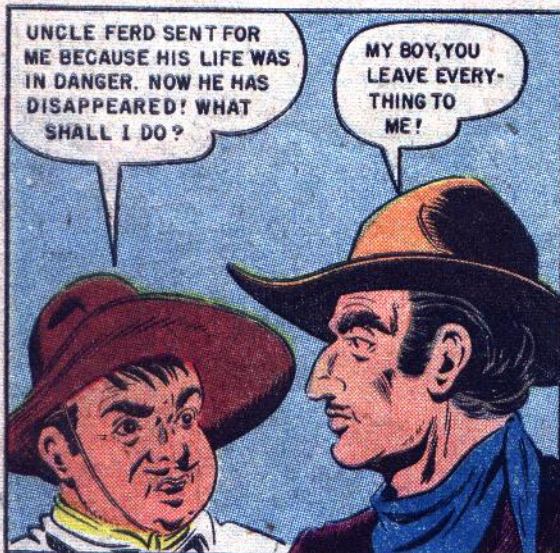
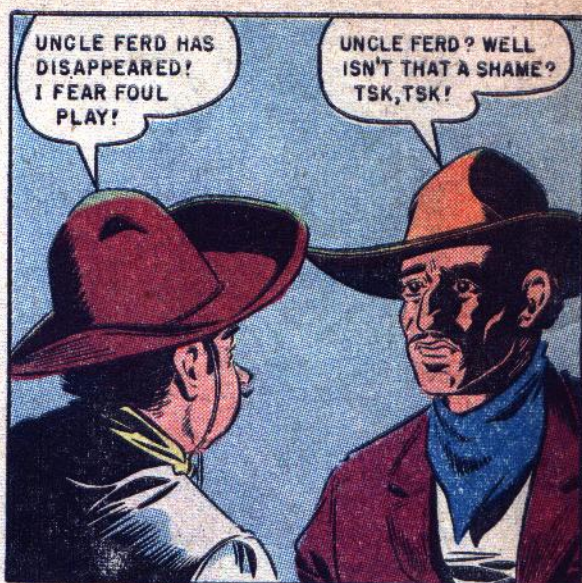
I SAID YOU'RE GOING ON A TRIP! GRAB HIM, BOYS!















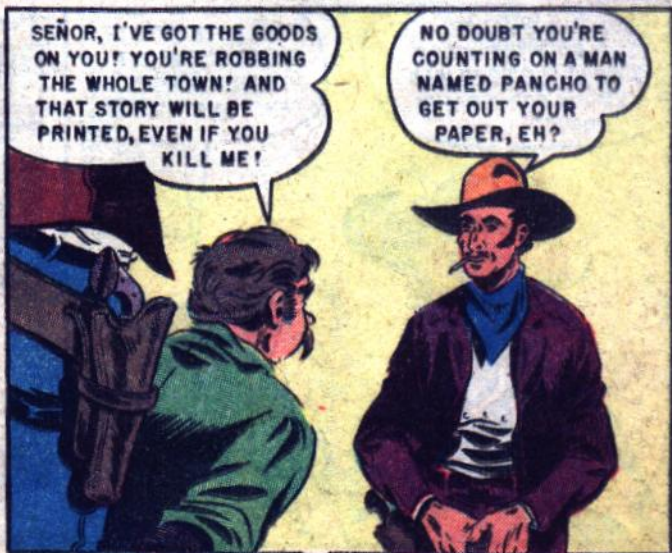
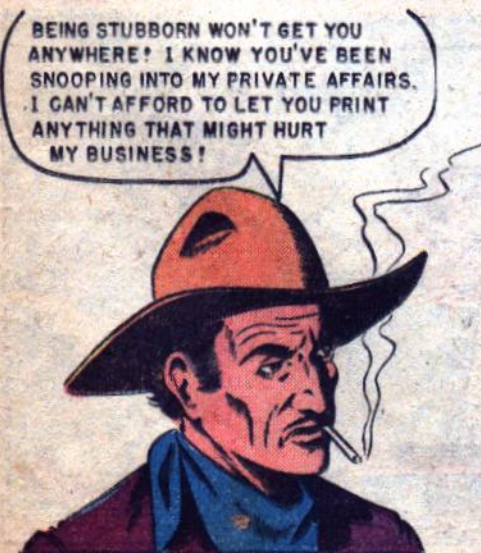
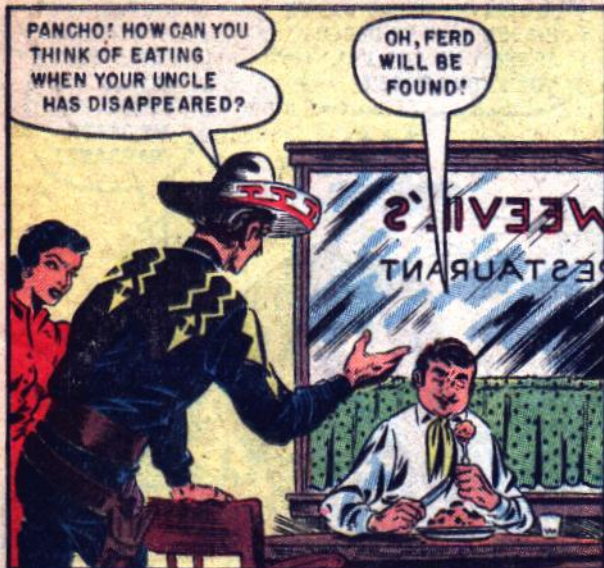




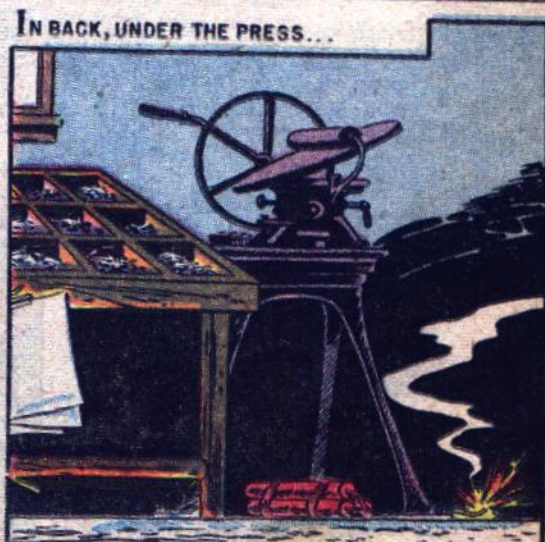
BOSS WEEVIL RUNS THIS TOWN! HE HAS BAMBOOZLED A LOT OF HONEST PEOPLE INTO THINKING HE'S A GOOD HOMBRE--- BUT HE'S REALLY AS CROOKED AS A DOG'S HIND LEG!













WE KNOW FERD HAD SOMETHING TO  
PRINT--- AND WEEVIL WANTS TO  
STOP IT FROM BEING PRINTED!  
SO... (SNIFF, SNIFF)... WHAT'S  
BURNING?

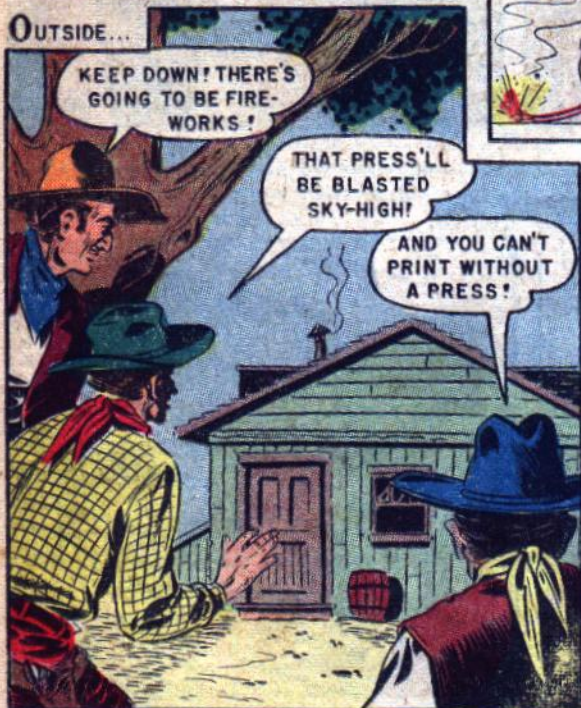


OUTSIDE...

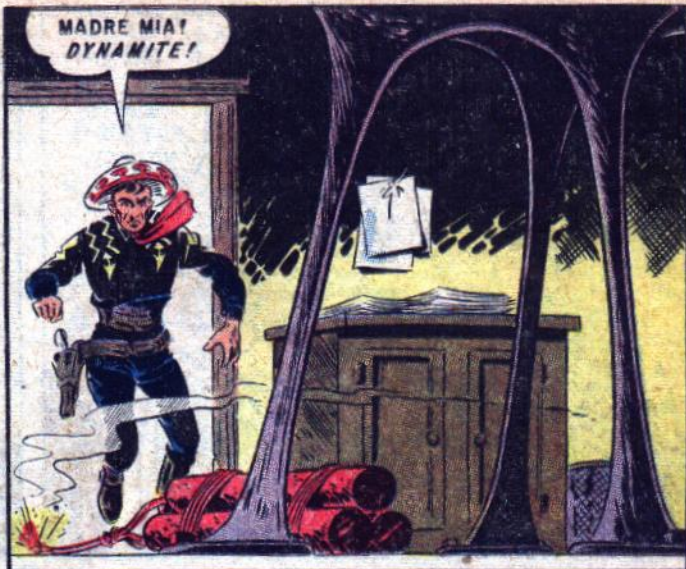
KEEP DOWN! THERE'S  
GOING TO BE FIRE-  
WORKS!

THAT PRESS'LL  
BE BLASTED  
SKY-HIGH!

AND YOU CAN'T  
PRINT WITHOUT  
A PRESS!



MADRE MIA!  
DYNAMITE!



AMIGO! DROP IT! RUN!  
YOU'LL BE BLOWN TO  
COMEDOME KING!



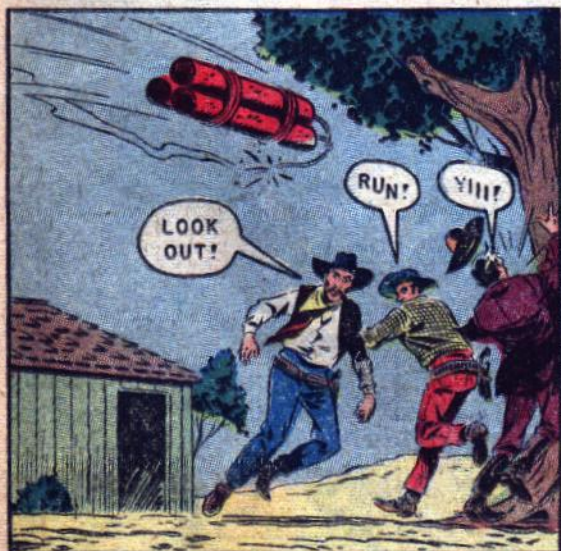
BOOM!



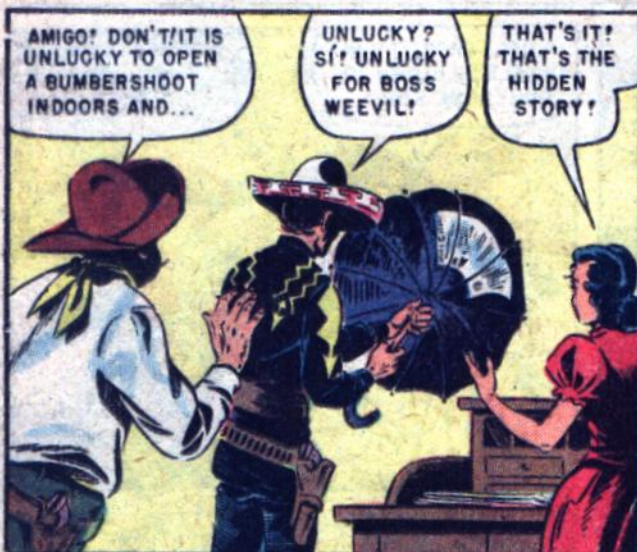
LOOK  
OUT!

RUN!

YIII!



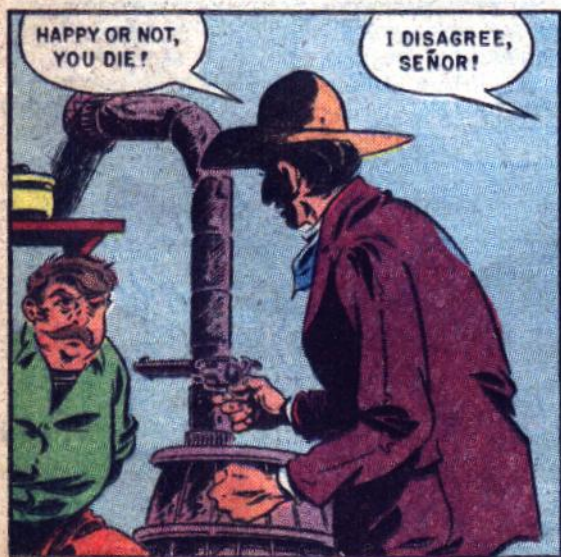




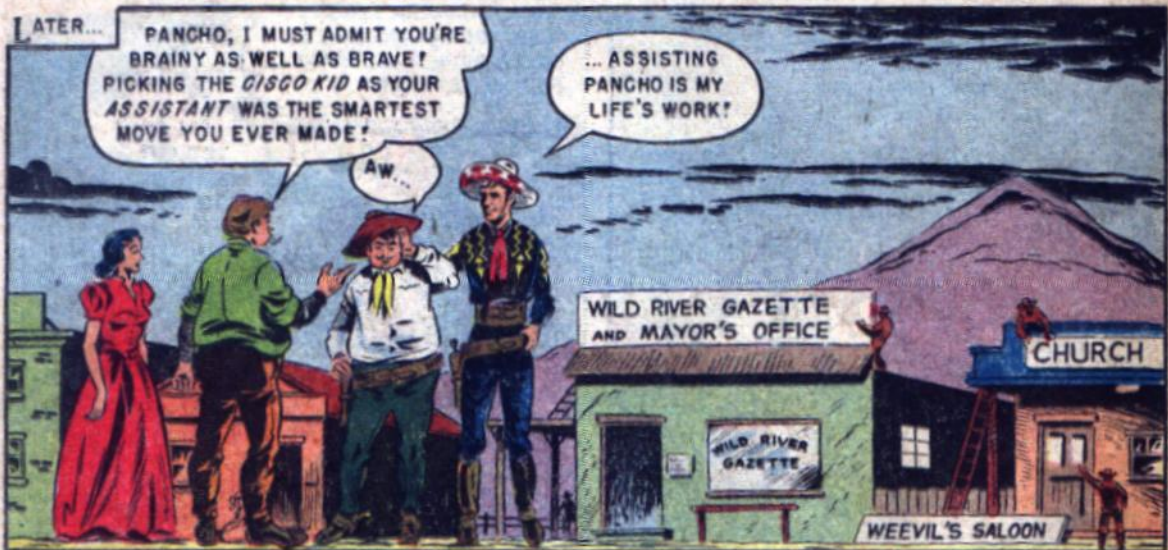
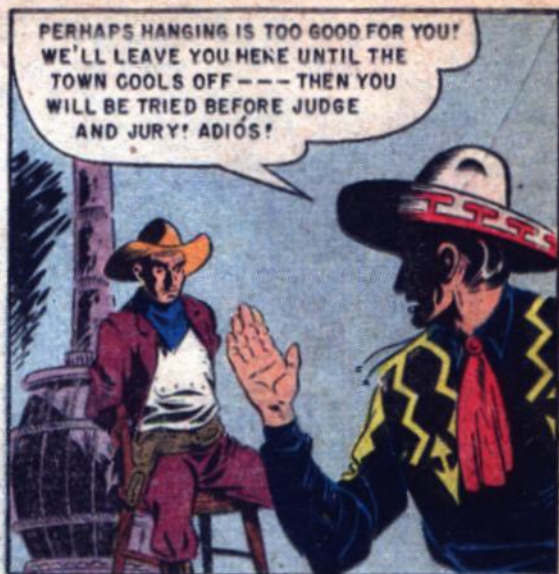
WITH HELP AND INSTRUCTIONS FROM ESTRALITA,  
CISCO AND PANGHO SET TYPE, GET THE PRESS  
GOING...







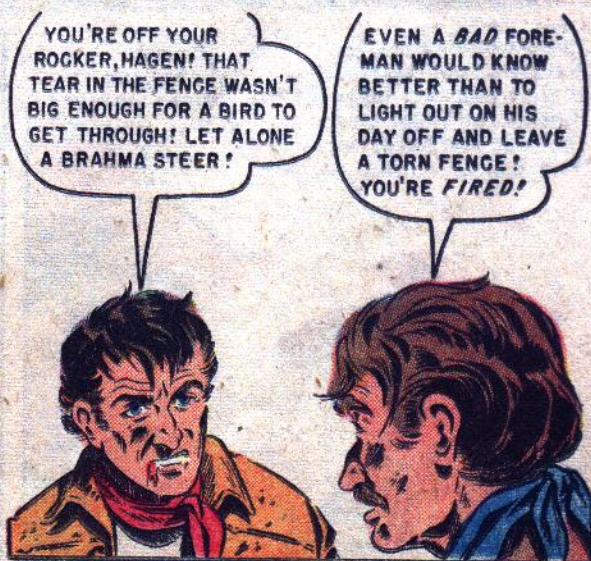
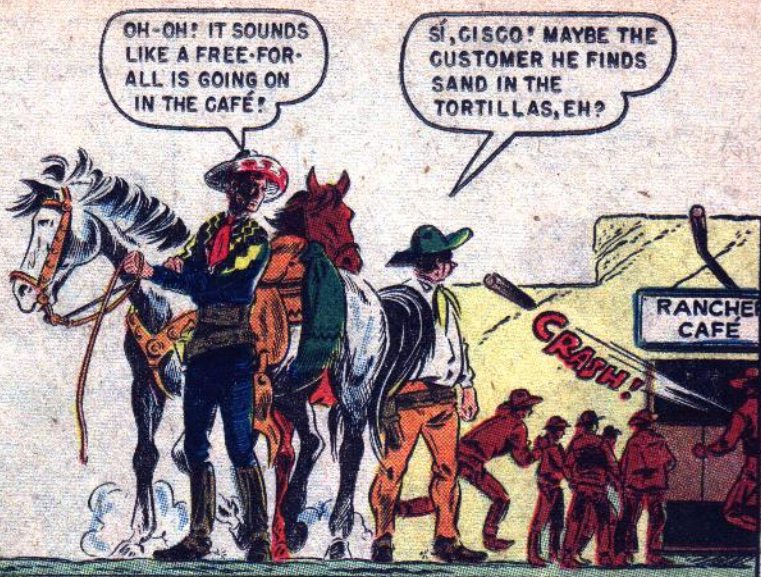






# THE CISCO KID

and  
THE PERSISTENT  
RUSTLERS





AND IF YOU EVER SHOW YOUR  
FACE ON MY SPREAD AGAIN,  
BALLARD, I'LL BLAST YOU  
TO KINGDOM COME! DON'T  
YOU FORGET IT!

AND I WON'T  
FORGET WHAT  
JUST HAPPENED,  
EITHER!



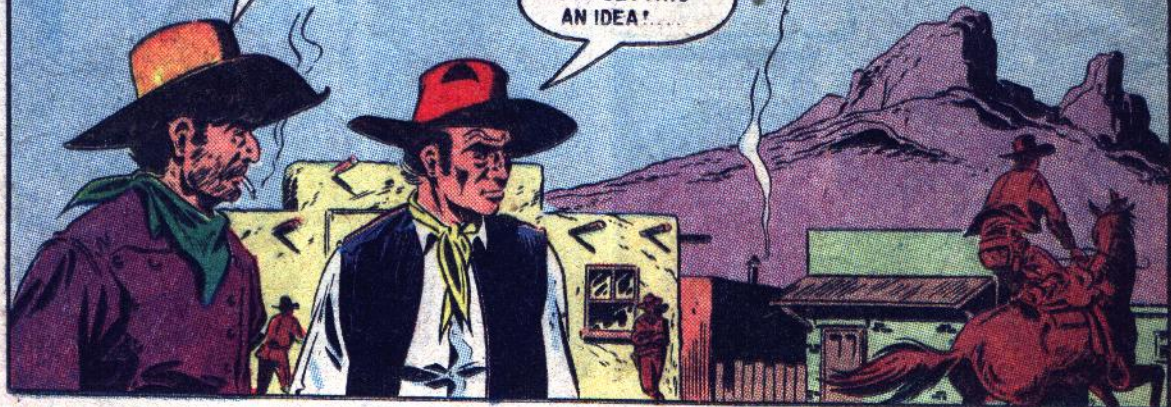
WELL, CISCO! THE  
FIREWORKS SHE  
IS OVER!

FOR THE MOMENT, PANGHO!  
BUT I HAVE A HUNCH SEÑOR  
HAGEN HAS NOT HEARD  
THE LAST OF HIS  
EX-FOREMAN!



Y'KNOW, GUS, HAGEN'LL HAVE A HARD  
TIME REPLACING BALLARD! HE'S AN  
AGE CATTLEMAN! BUT DAN'LL NEVER  
GO BACK! HE'S TOO ALL-FIRED MAD!

HE SURE IS! AND  
I'M GETTING  
AN IDEA!



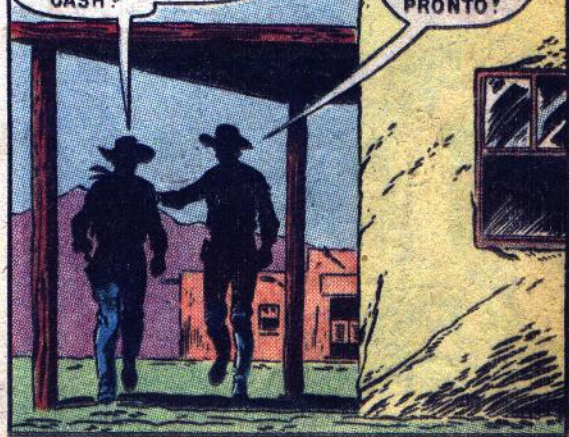
THOSE BRAHMAS ARE MIGHTY  
VALUABLE CATTLE, LUKE!  
IF THEY SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED,  
WHO DO YOU THINK WOULD BE  
BLAMED FOR STEALING THEM?

DAN  
BALLARD  
MOST LIKELY!



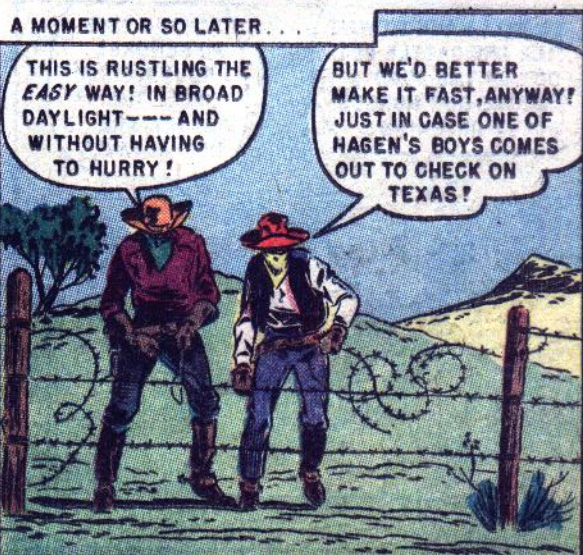
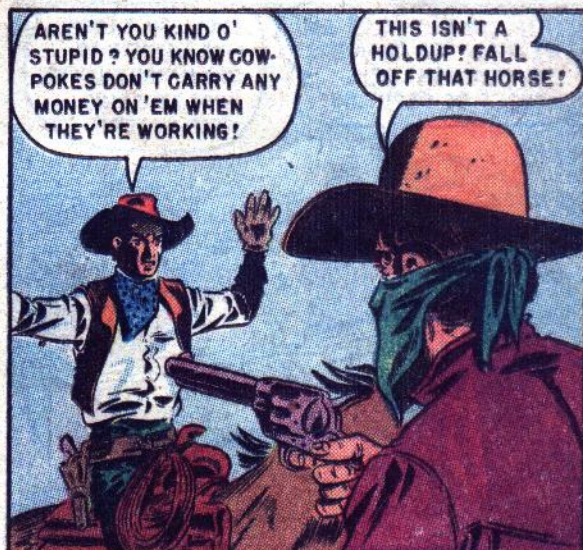
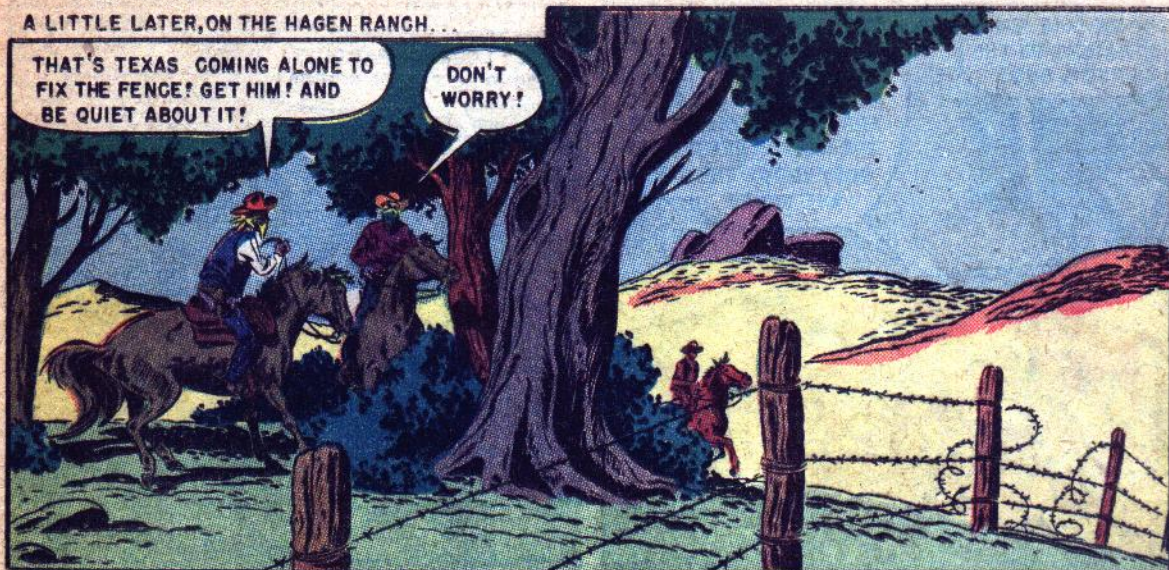
CAN YOU THINK OF A  
BETTER SETUP FOR US  
TO MAKE SOME QUICK  
CASH?

NO! LET'S  
GET TO WORK  
ON IT  
PRONTO!





A LITTLE LATER, ON THE HAGEN RANCH...







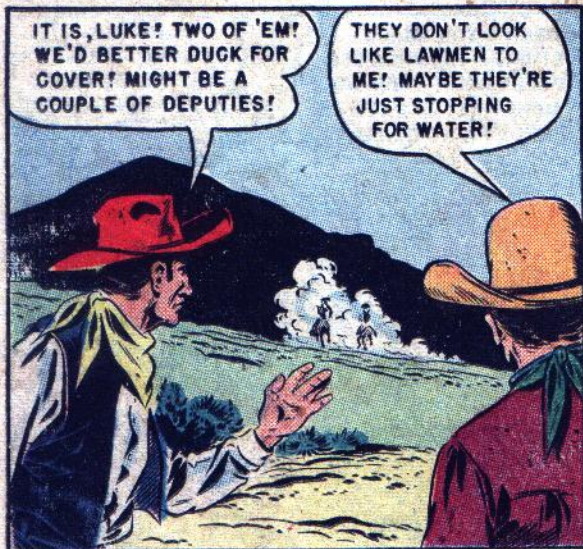
DO WE TAKE 'EM STRAIGHT TO THE CANYON, GUS?

NO! GO 'ROUND BY THE WATERHOLE! IT'S MIGHTY HOT! OUR HORSES'LL NEED A DRINK AFTER ALL THIS! AND WE'LL *STILL* REACH THE CANYON BEFORE ANYBODY KNOWS THE STEERS ARE GONE!

A LITTLE LATER...



GUS! LOOK AT THAT DUST! COULD BE RIDERS COMING!

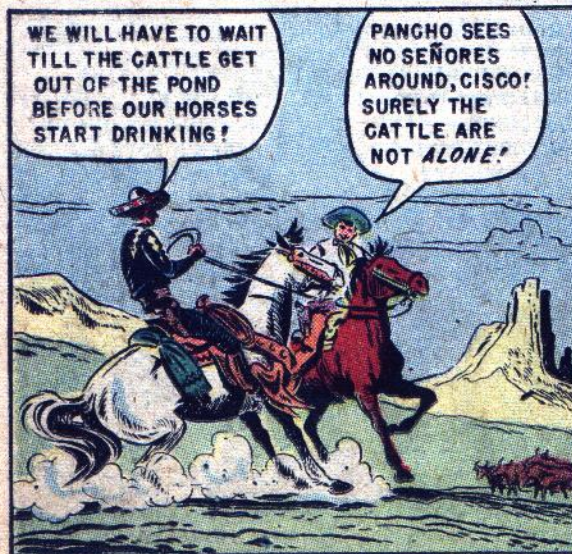


IT IS, LUKE! TWO OF 'EM! WE'D BETTER DUCK FOR COVER! MIGHT BE A COUPLE OF DEPUTIES!

THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE LAWMEN TO ME! MAYBE THEY'RE JUST STOPPING FOR WATER!



MAYBE SO! BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! COME ON!



WE WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE CATTLE GET OUT OF THE POND BEFORE OUR HORSES START DRINKING!

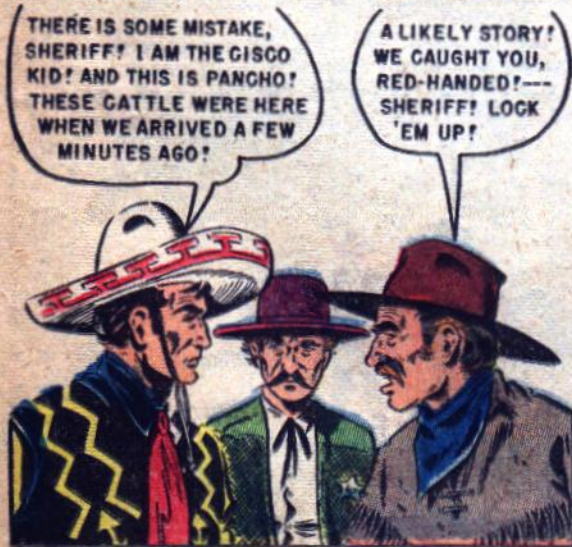
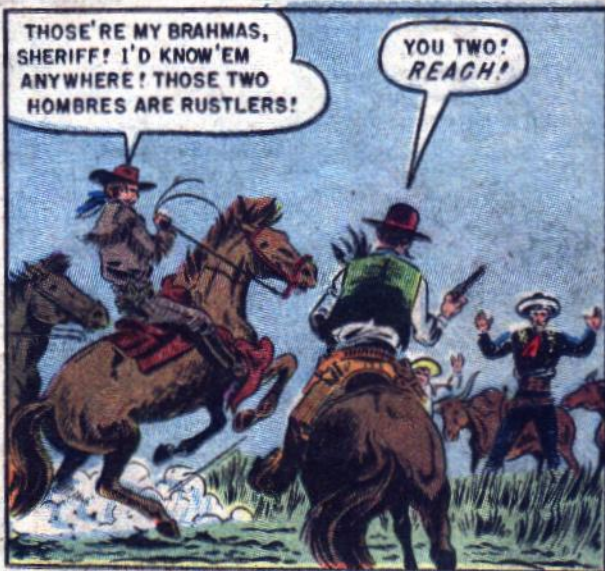
PANCHO SEES NO SEÑORES AROUND, CISCO! SURELY THE CATTLE ARE NOT ALONE!



HARDLY! THERE ARE TWO SADDLED HORSES WITH THEM! PROBABLY THEIR RIDERS ARE RESTING IN THE SHADE SOME PLACE! THE SUN IS VERY HOT HERE!

SÍ! PANCHO FEELS LIKE A BOILED LOBSTER LOOKS!





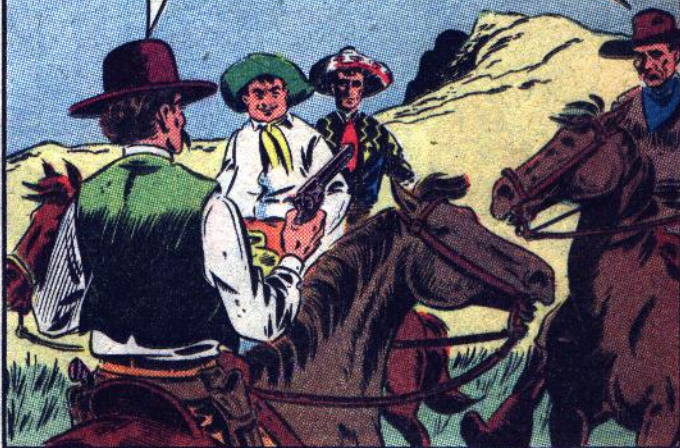


MORE LIKELY THEY'RE YOUR SPARE MOUNTS! PLANTED THERE WHEN YOU HEARD US COMING AND REALIZED THE JIG WAS UP! NOW, CLIMB ABOARD! WE'RE GOING TO THE JAILHOUSE!



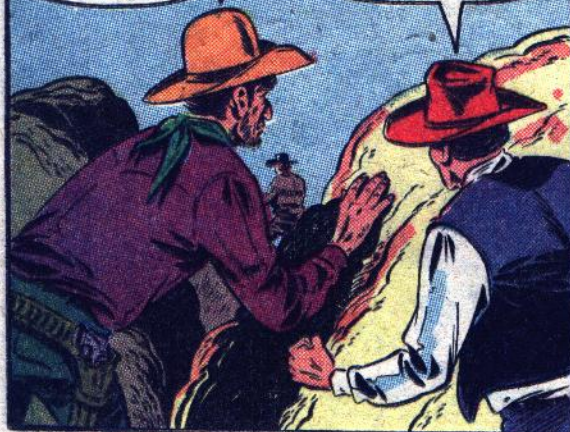
TODD! THE BOYS'LL HELP YOU GET YOUR GRITTERS HOME! LOU AND I WILL PUT THESE TWO BEHIND BARS!

THANKS, SHERIFF!



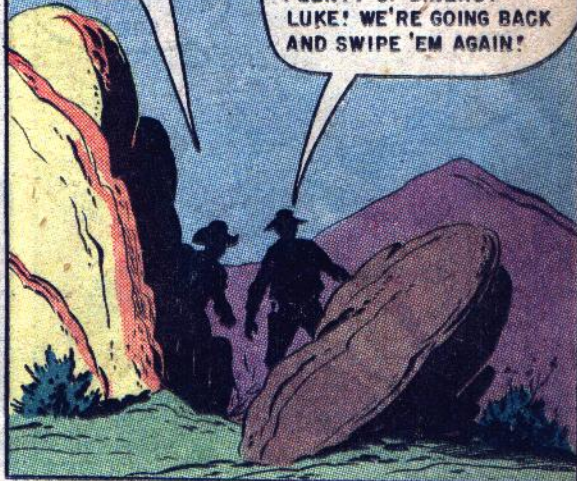
PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! WE SURE WERE LUCKY THOSE TWO BIRDS SHOWED UP!

YEAH! BUT ——— WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED! ——— NO CATTLE!



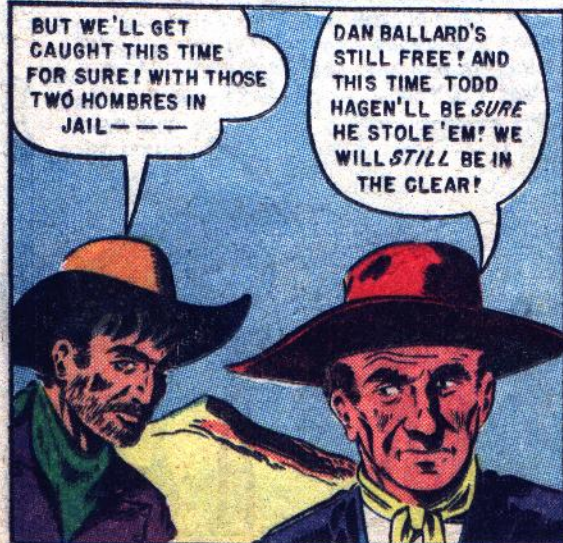
BUT WE'RE NOT IN JAIL, EITHER!

I'M THINKING OF THOSE BRAHMAS! THEY'D BRING PLENTY OF DINERO! ——— LUKE! WE'RE GOING BACK AND SWIPE 'EM AGAIN!



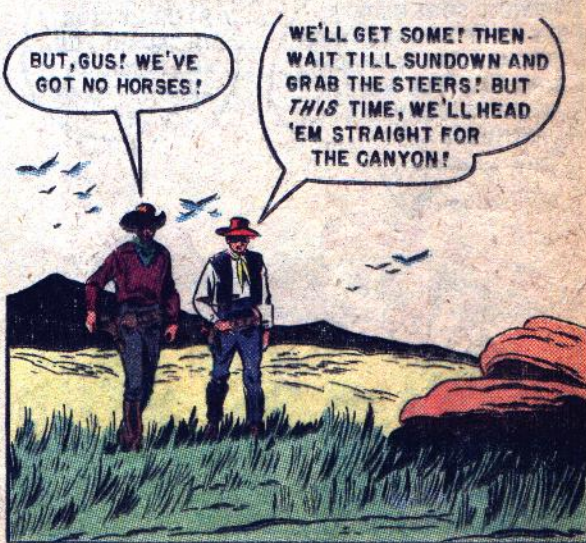
BUT WE'LL GET CAUGHT THIS TIME FOR SURE! WITH THOSE TWO HOMBRES IN JAIL ———

DAN BALLARD'S STILL FREE! AND THIS TIME TODD HAGEN'LL BE SURE HE STOLE 'EM! WE WILL STILL BE IN THE CLEAR!



BUT, GUS! WE'VE GOT NO HORSES!

WE'LL GET SOME! THEN WAIT TILL SUNDOWN AND GRAB THE STEERS! BUT THIS TIME, WE'LL HEAD 'EM STRAIGHT FOR THE CANYON!





VERY EARLY NEXT MORNING...

WE CANNOT FIND OUT WHO THE REAL RUSTLERS ARE WHILE WE ARE COOPED UP IN THIS CELL!

PANGHO THINKS WE ARE DOOMED TO SPEND MUCH TIME INSIDE LOOKING OUT!

NOT IF ONE OF THESE BARS IS LOOSE!

OH-OH! CISCO IS GOING TO BREAK OUT OF THE CALABOOSE---HE HOPES!

I'M GOING TO TRY! YOU KEEP WATCH AND LET ME KNOW IF ANYONE COMES!

AH! THIS BAR IS LOOSE!

THERE! I THINK I CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH THE WINDOW NOW!

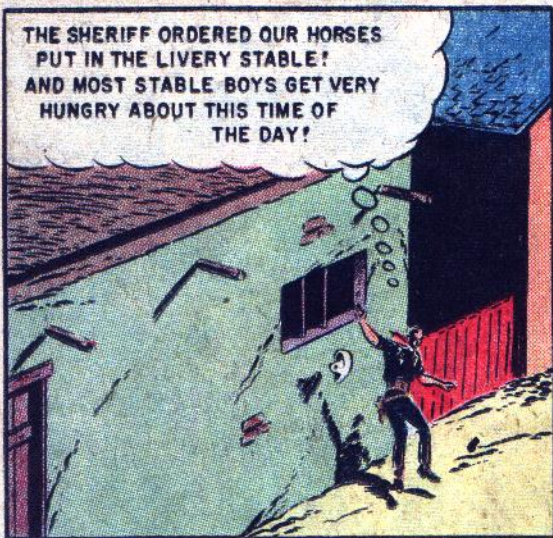
BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO PANGHO? HE CANNOT EVEN GET HIS HEAD THROUGH THERE!

DO NOT WORRY, AMIGO! I WILL RETURN FOR YOU PRONTO! AFTER I GET OUR HORSES!



CISCO DROPS LIGHTLY TO THE GROUND...

THE SHERIFF ORDERED OUR HORSES  
PUT IN THE LIVERY STABLE!  
AND MOST STABLE BOYS GET VERY  
HUNGRY ABOUT THIS TIME OF  
THE DAY!



BUENO! HE ~~IS~~ LEAVING! IF  
I WORK QUICKLY, I CAN GET  
DIABLO AND LOGO BEFORE  
HE RETURNS!



HURRY, CISCO! PANTO  
HEARS HOOFBEATS  
COMING THIS WAY!



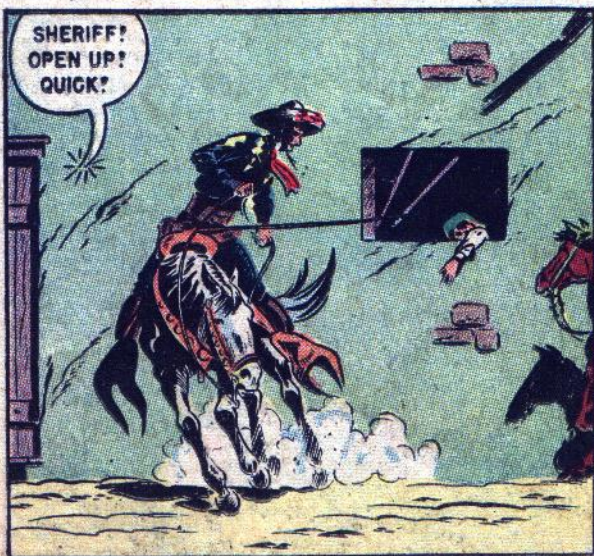
CISCO SADDLES UP QUICKLY...

CISCO! PANTO  
WANTS OUT!

YOU WILL GET  
YOUR WISH IN  
JUST ONE MOMENT!



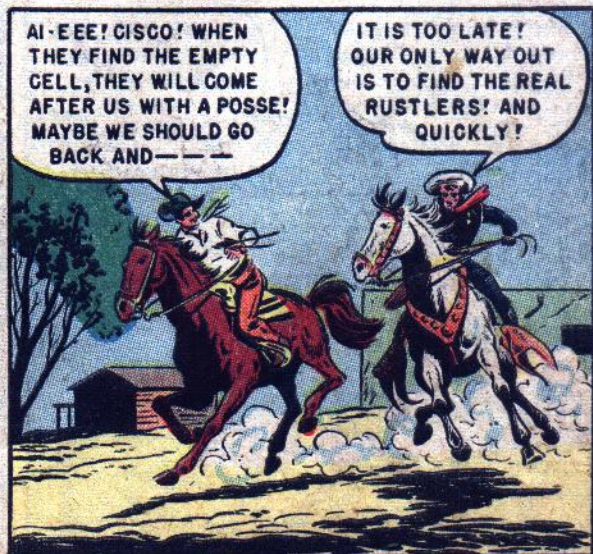
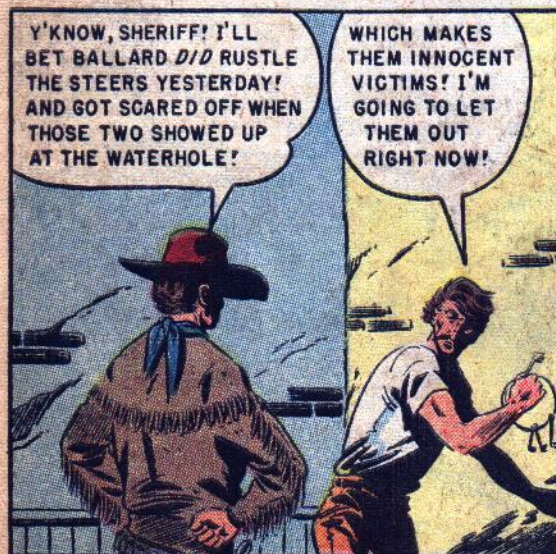
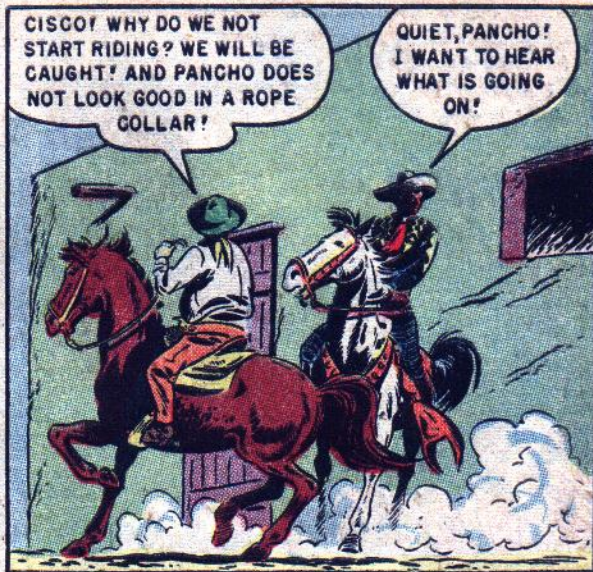
SHERIFF!  
OPEN UP!  
QUICK!



CISCO! THAT WAS THE VOICE  
OF SEÑOR HABEN! HE IS  
WAKING UP THE SHERIFF!

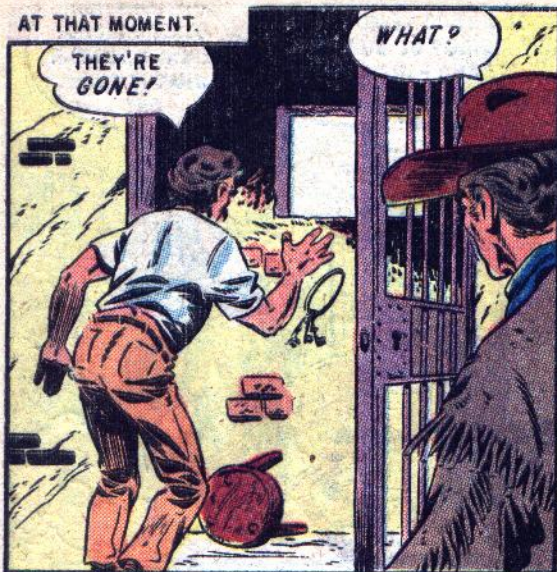








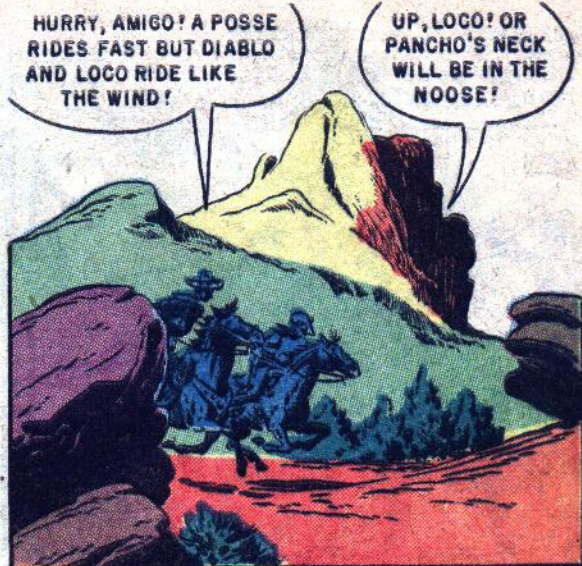
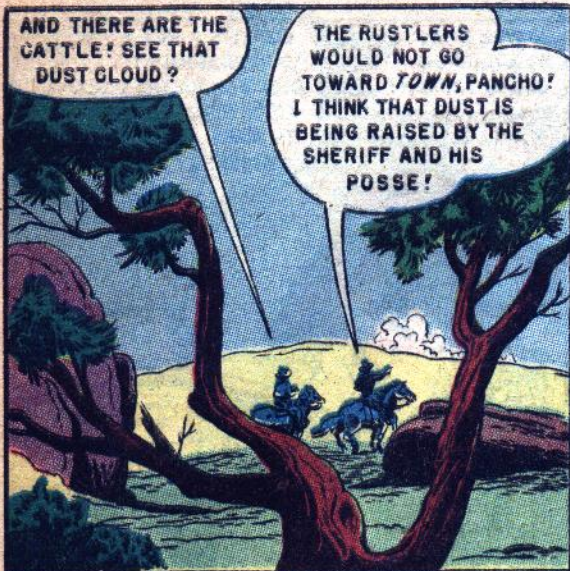
AT THAT MOMENT.



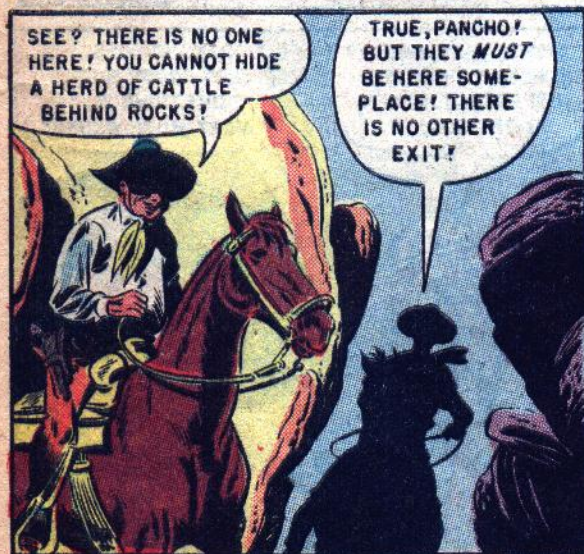
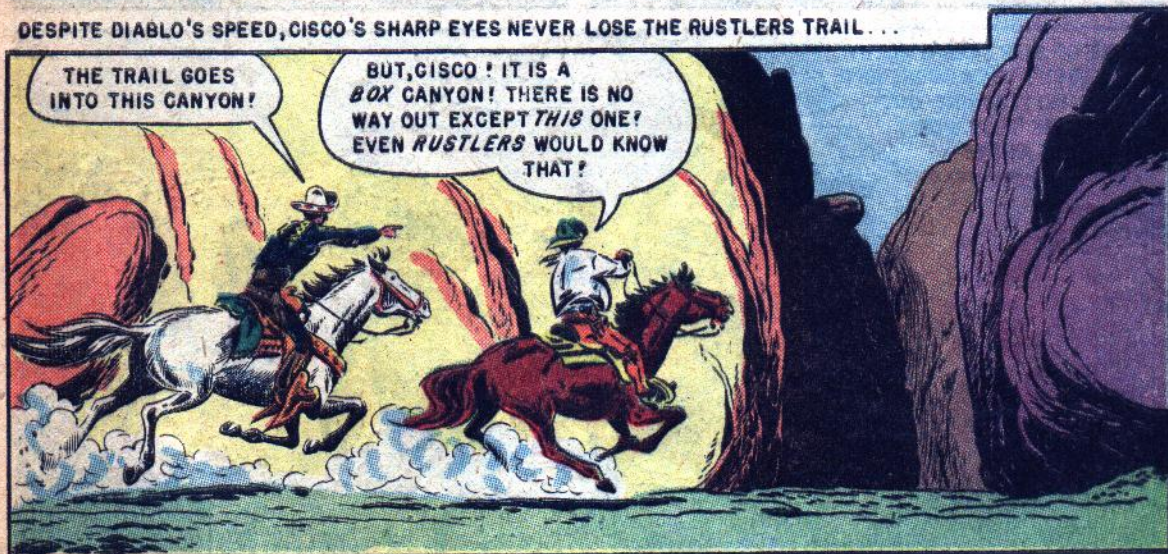
CISCO AND PANTO HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE HAGEN RANCH...





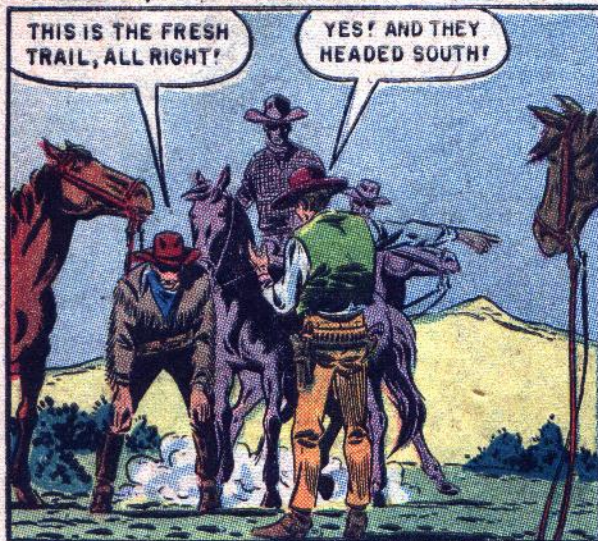


DESPITE DIABLO'S SPEED, CISCO'S SHARP EYES NEVER LOSE THE RUSTLERS TRAIL...





MEANWHILE, AT THE HAGEN RANCH...

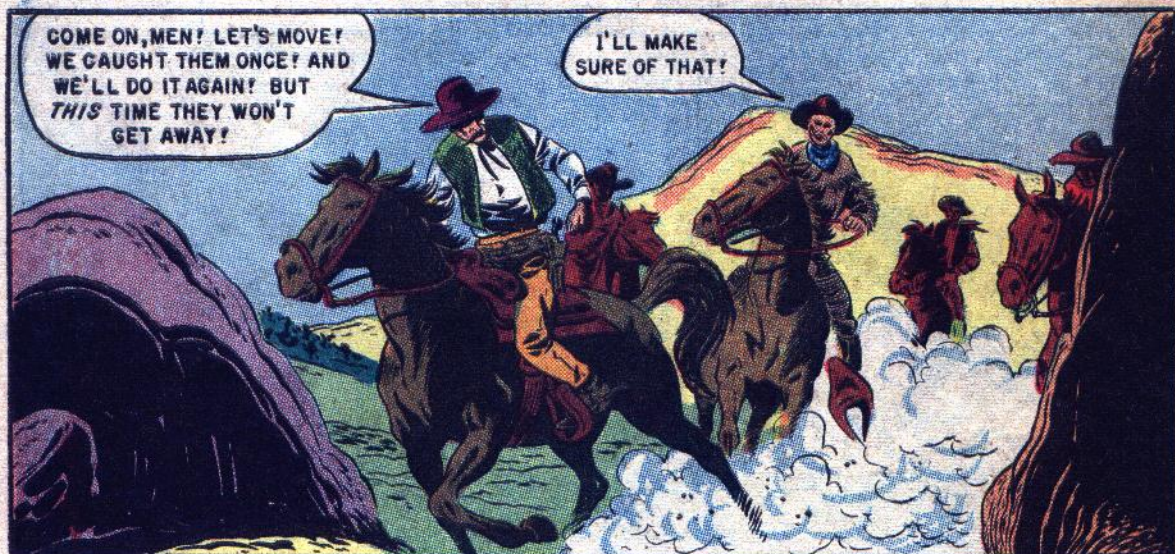


THIS IS THE FRESH TRAIL, ALL RIGHT!

YES! AND THEY HEADED SOUTH!

MAYBE THEY HEADED FOR CEDAR CANYON!

BUT IT'S A *BOX* CANYON, TODD! I DON'T THINK THE CISCO KID'S DUMB ENOUGH TO MAKE *THAT* MISTAKE!



COME ON, MEN! LET'S MOVE! WE CAUGHT THEM ONCE! AND WE'LL DO IT AGAIN! BUT *THIS* TIME THEY WON'T GET AWAY!

I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

AND IN THE CANYON...



KEEP WATCHING FOR HOLES IN THE WALLS, PANCHO! LARGE HOLES --- BIG ENOUGH FOR CATTLE TO GO THROUGH!

PANCHO CAN WATCH FOR NOTHING! HIS EYES HAVE GONE LOCO!

WHY IS THAT, AMIGO? SURELY YOUR EYES ARE ACCUSTOMED TO BRIGHT SUN!

PANCHO DOES NOT KNOW! BUT SOMETHING IS VERY MUCH WRONG!





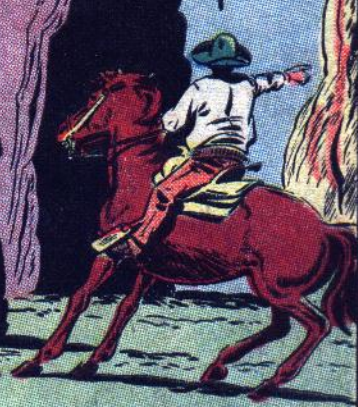
THE WALL THERE AHEAD? IT  
LOOKED AS IF IT MOVED  
WITH THE WIND!



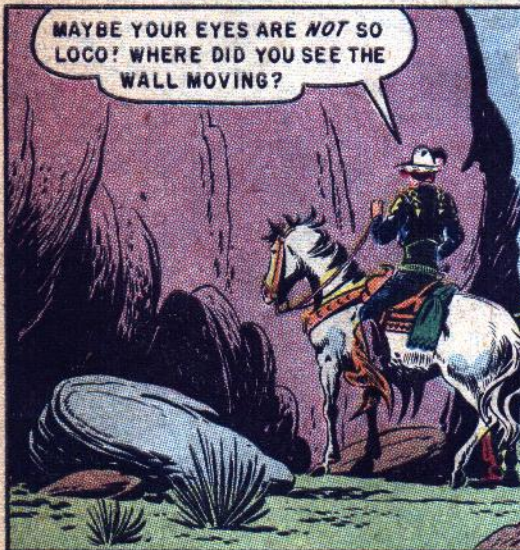
YOUR EYES *MUST* BE PLAYING  
TRICKS! CLOSE THEM A MOMENT!  
THE GLARE OF THE SUN ON  
THIS STONE IS BAD!



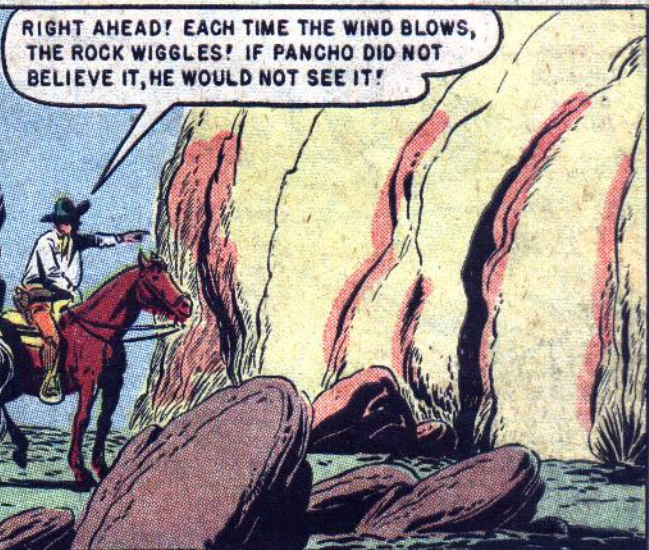
CISCO! THE WALL!  
IT MOVED AGAIN!



MAYBE YOUR EYES ARE *NOT* SO  
LOCO? WHERE DID YOU SEE THE  
WALL MOVING?



RIGHT AHEAD! EACH TIME THE WIND BLOWS,  
THE ROCK WIGGLES! IF PANCHO DID NOT  
BELIEVE IT, HE WOULD NOT SEE IT!



OH, PANCHO! YOU *DO* MIX UP  
YOUR WORDS! BUT I  
UNDERSTAND! I ALSO SEE  
THE WALL MOVING! PULL UP!  
WE WILL GO ON FOOT  
FROM HERE!



BUT, CISCO! THE WIND IS  
NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO  
BLOW *ROCKS* AROUND!



IT IS PROBABLY A  
PIECE OF CLOTH!  
PUT THERE TO  
HIDE AN  
ENTRANCE!

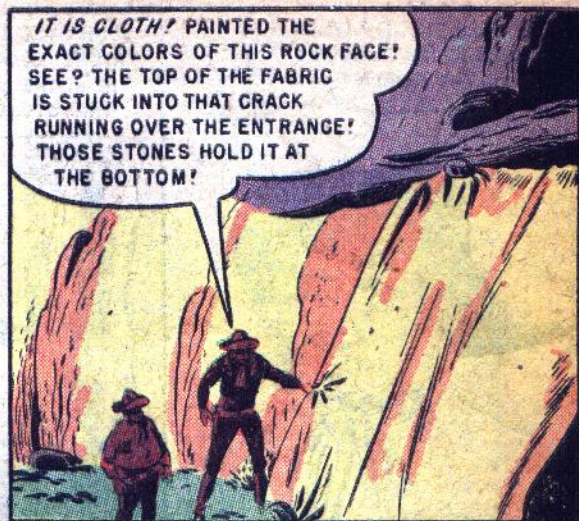






MAYBE THAT IS WHERE  
SEÑOR HAGEN'S  
CATTLE ARE?

IT WOULD MAKE  
A FINE HIDING  
PLACE! NOW---  
BE VERY QUIET!

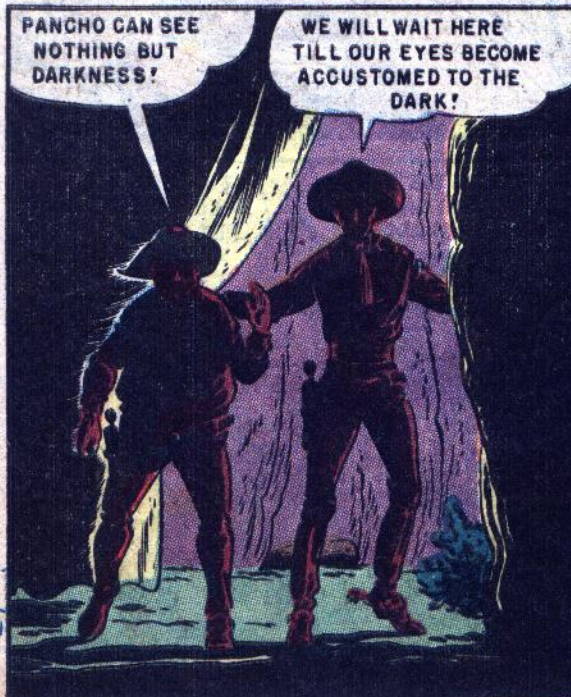


IT IS CLOTH! PAINTED THE  
EXACT COLORS OF THIS ROCK FACE!  
SEE? THE TOP OF THE FABRIC  
IS STUCK INTO THAT CRACK  
RUNNING OVER THE ENTRANCE!  
THOSE STONES HOLD IT AT  
THE BOTTOM!



SANTO! CISCO, YOU  
ARE A GENIUS!

BE CAREFUL TO MAKE NO  
NOISE! WE WILL SEE  
WHAT IS BEHIND  
THIS CLOTH!



PANCHO CAN SEE  
NOTHING BUT  
DARKNESS!

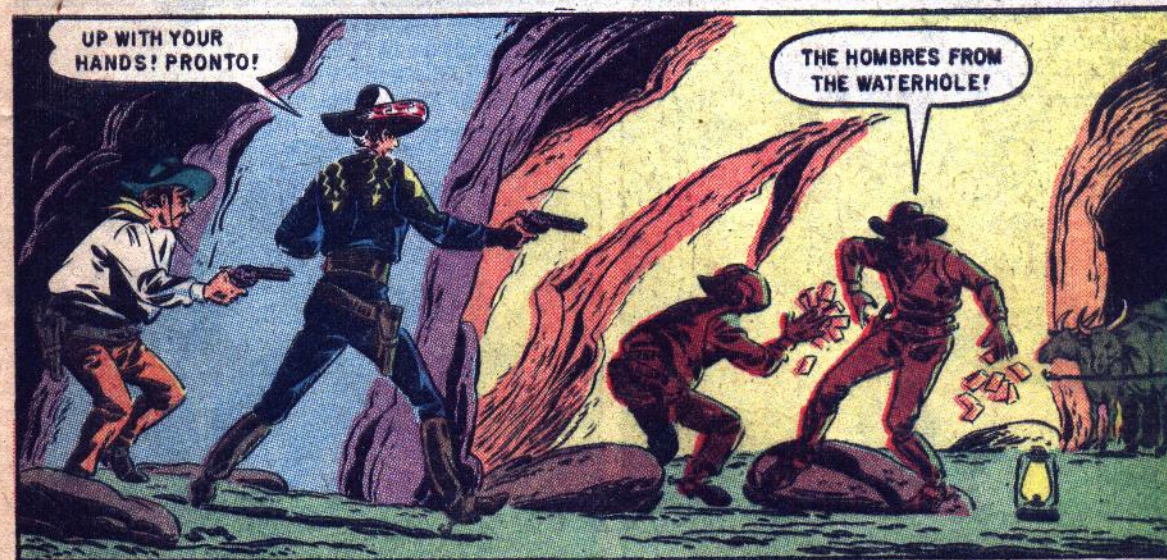
WE WILL WAIT HERE  
TILL OUR EYES BECOME  
ACCUSTOMED TO THE  
DARK!



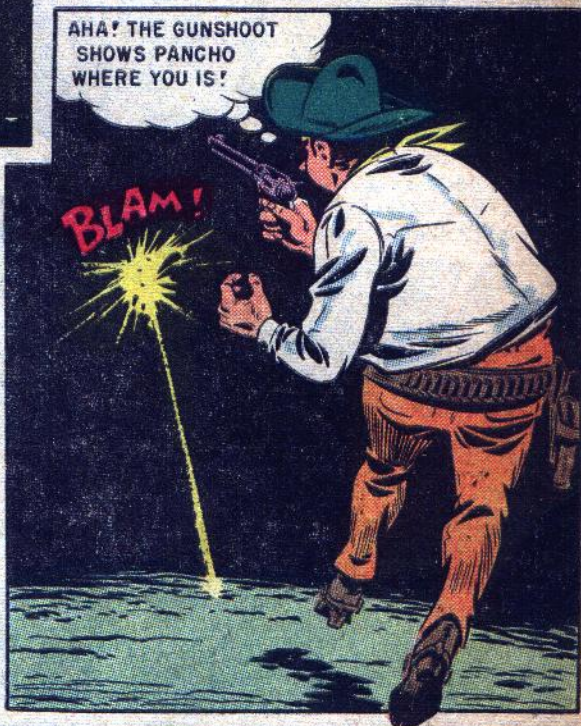
PANCHO!  
LISTEN!

MOO-OOO!









DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



...AND THAT'LL  
BE RIGHT NOW!



CISCO'S STEEL GRIP DEFLECTS THE SHOT...



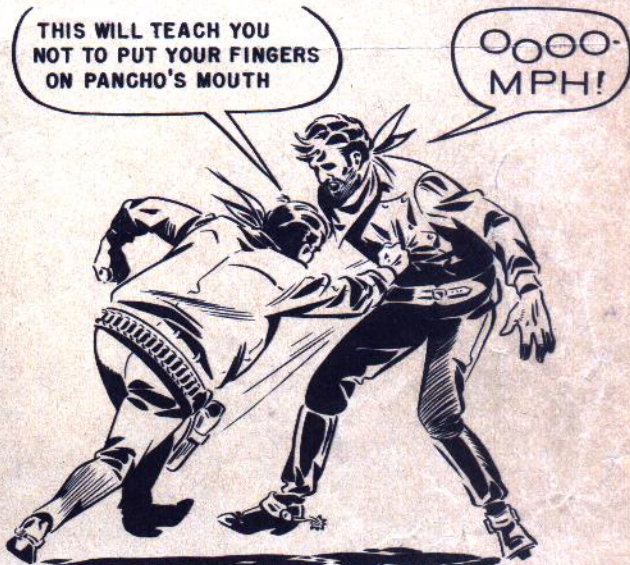
MEANTIME, PANCHO IS VERY BUSY...

OOWW!  
MY FINGERS!

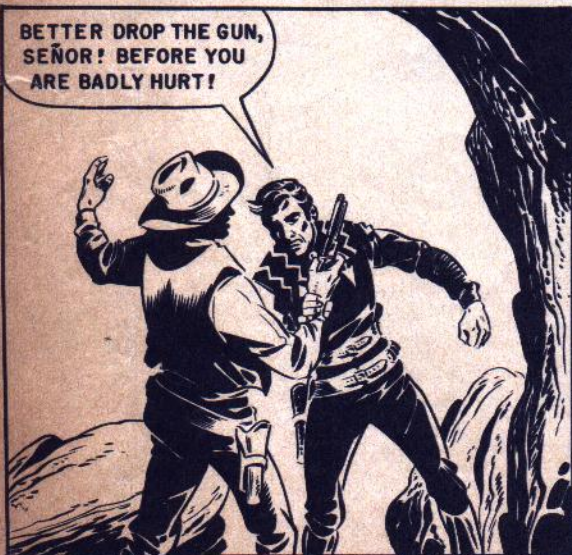


THIS WILL TEACH YOU  
NOT TO PUT YOUR FINGERS  
ON PANCHO'S MOUTH

Oooo-  
MPH!



BETTER DROP THE GUN,  
SEÑOR! BEFORE YOU  
ARE BADLY HURT!



O-O-KAY!  
NOW  
LEGGO!

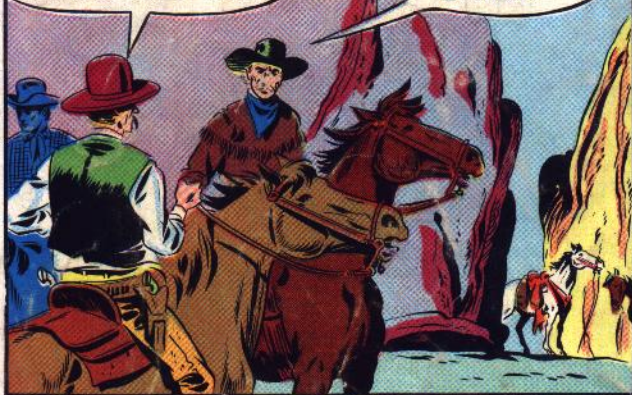




AT THAT MOMENT...

I'D KNOW THAT BIG WHITE HORSE OF CISCO'S ANY-PLACE! IT'S A CINCH CISCO AND HIS PAL ARE AROUND SOMEPLACE!

BUT WE'VE COMBED THE CANYON, SHERIFF! THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF THEM--- OR THE STEERS, EITHER!



TODD! LOOK OVER THERE! THE WALL'S MOVING!

JUMPING CATFISH!



THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE WALL!

AH, SEÑORES! YOU ARE JUST IN TIME!



THIS IS ONE OF THE RUSTLERS! PANTO IS BRINGING THE OTHER! AND THE STEERS ARE SAFE --- INSIDE THE CAVE!

I-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, CISCO! I'M SORRY I JUMPED AT CONCLUSIONS!



JUMP THIS WAY INSTEAD, SEÑOR HAGEN! THIS HOMBRE HE IS HEAVY LIKE ANYTHING!



LATER...

SEÑOR HAGEN! IS THAT NOT SEÑOR BALLARD MENDING THE FENCE?

YES, CISCO! DAN ACCEPTED MY APOLOGY AND HIRED ON AGAIN!

WHICH MAKES THE FINISH HAPPY FOR EVERYONE BUT THE "PERSISTENT" RUSTLERS!

