DELL
OCT.-DEC.
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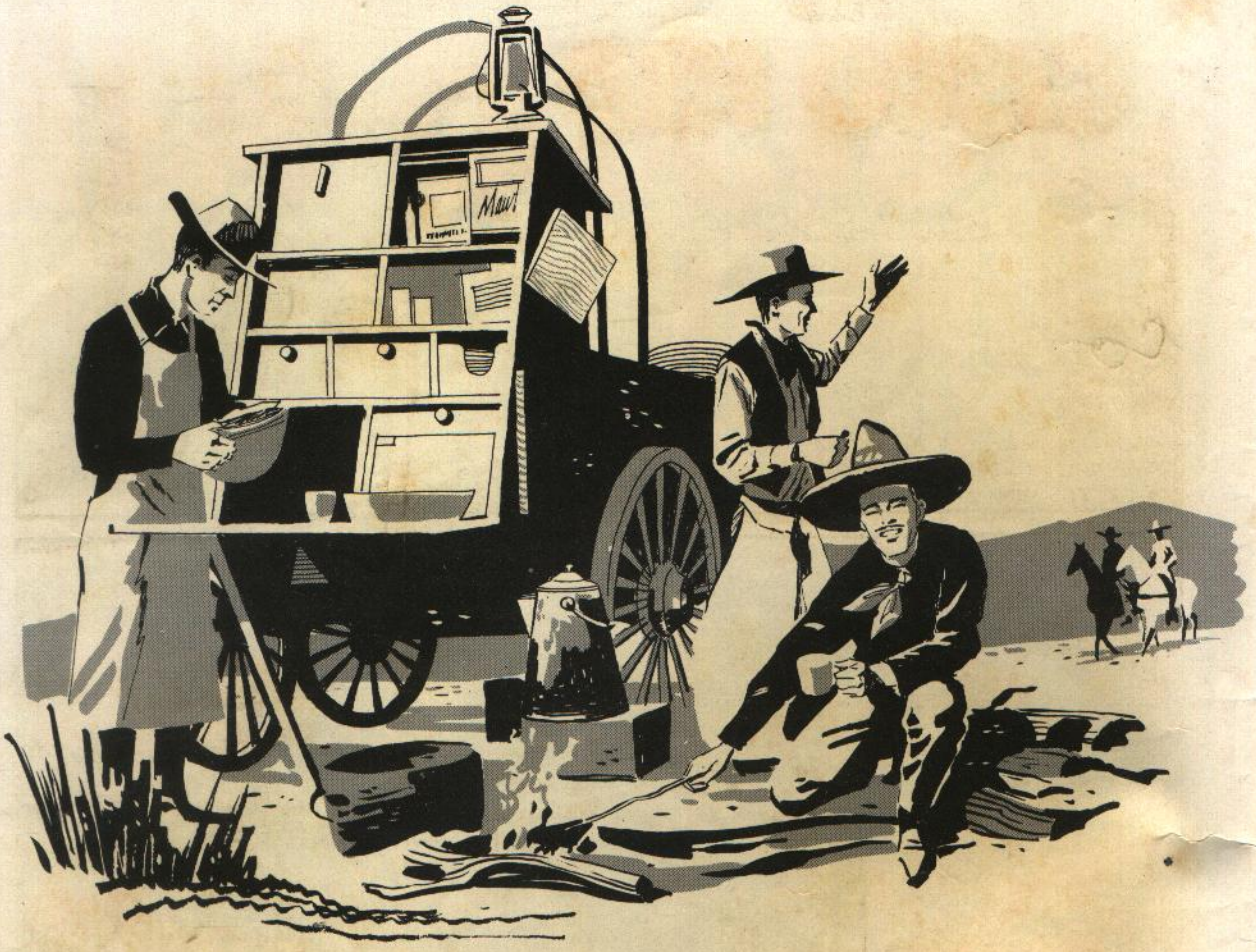
The Robin Hood of the West

THE CISCO KID



HOSPITALITY ON THE FRONTIER

Hospitality, amigos, was the frontier's finest tradition. The homesteader's sod shanty, the hunter's log cabin, the patron's hacienda—all had their latch-strings open for the stranger. The food was good and usually plentiful; the menu depended on the locality. On the plains, beef steak was usually supplemented with game and wild fowl. In the mountains, the table might be spread with venison or a haunch of mountain sheep. Isolated stock tenders, however, would not be able to offer more than a meal of fried salt pork and beans. But that they would share willingly.

On a round-up, a ranch that sent out a chuck wagon fed all riders free, just as their riders were fed by other chuck wagons. A stray man or drifter who went visiting and eating from ranch to ranch was called a 'Grub-line rider.' But even the laziest saddle tramp was obliged to repay hospitality by helping the cook to clean up the dishes or fill up the kitchen wood box. Ranch cook shacks often displayed crudely-lettered signs reading:—IF YOU CAN'T WASH DISHES DON'T EAT!

A BUSY COOK LOVES A FULL WOOD BOX

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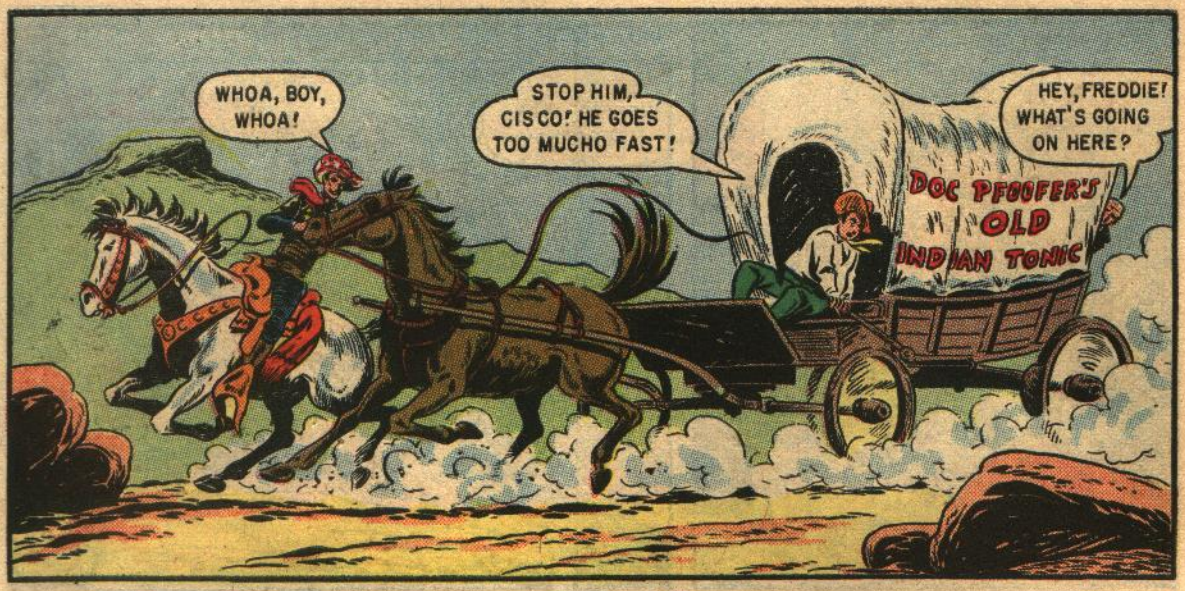
THE CISCO KID

BAD MEDICINE

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

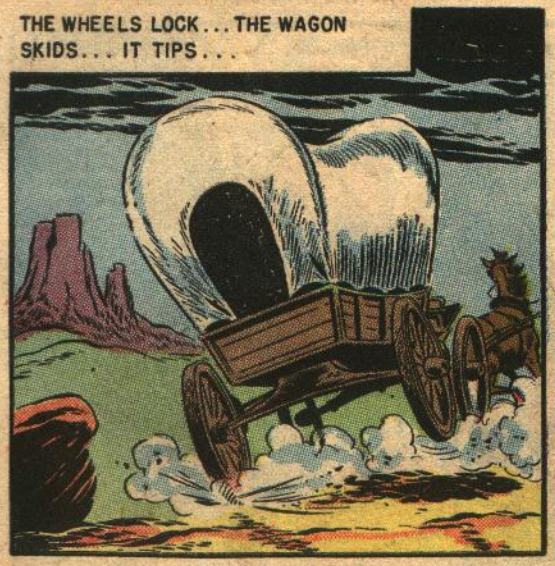
GREAT GUNS! I DIDN'T KNOW THIS HILL WAS SO STEEP!
WHOA! STOP! WHOAH!
CISCO RACES INTO ACTION
IT'S A RUNAWAY! MAYBE WE CAN STOP HIM!
DIG, DIABLO!
LOCO, LOCO GO! GO! GO!
I CAN'T SLOW HIM DOWN --- I'D BETTER JUMP!
AND IN THE WAGON, ASLEEP
AVAST, LUBBERS! YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT!

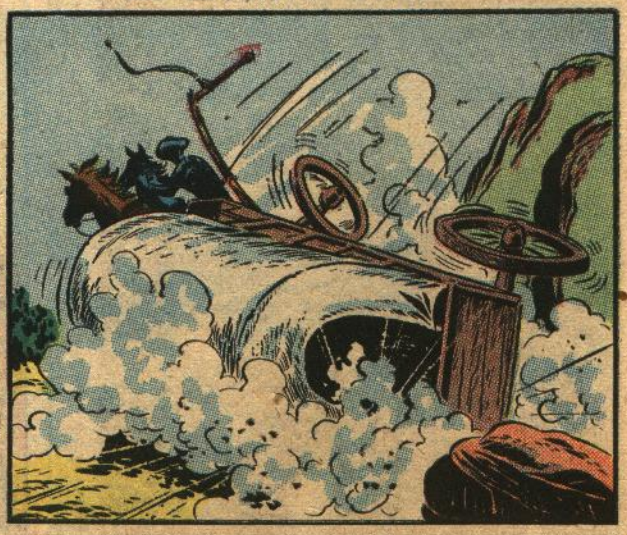
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON? FREDDIE, SLOW DOWN! STOP!
BUT FREDDIE THINKS ONLY OF SAVING HIMSELF...
HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF!
OOOF!
DIG, DIABLO! WE'RE GAINING!
PANCHO, I'LL TRY TO STOP THE HORSE! YOU JUMP ON THE WAGON AND BRAKE IT!
I'LL TRY, AMIGO! IF PANCHO DOESN'T BRAKE THE WAGON, THE WAGON WILL BREAK PANCHO!


WHOA, BOY, WHOA!
STOP HIM, CISCO! HE GOES TOO MUCHO FAST!
HEY, FREDDIE! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
DOC PFOOFER'S OLD INDIAN TONIC

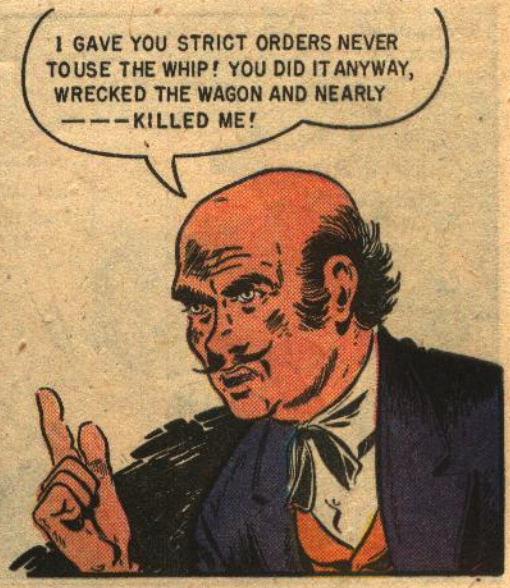
WHOA, BOY! EASY... GOT THAT BRAKE, PANCHO?

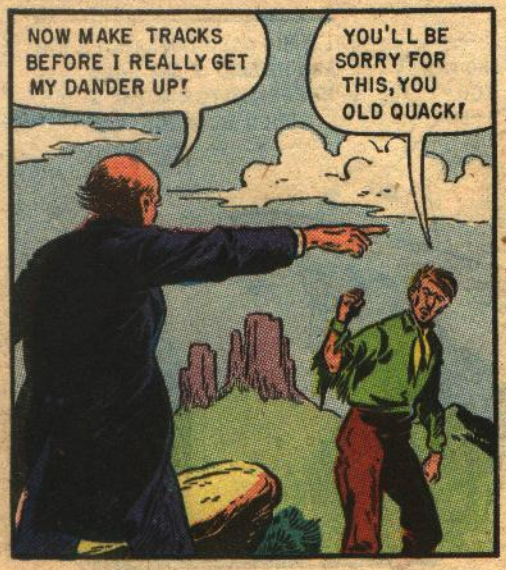
I GOT HIM, AMIGO!


THE WHEELS LOCK... THE WAGON SKIDS... IT TIPS...


——— AND FLOPS OVER WITH A CRASH!

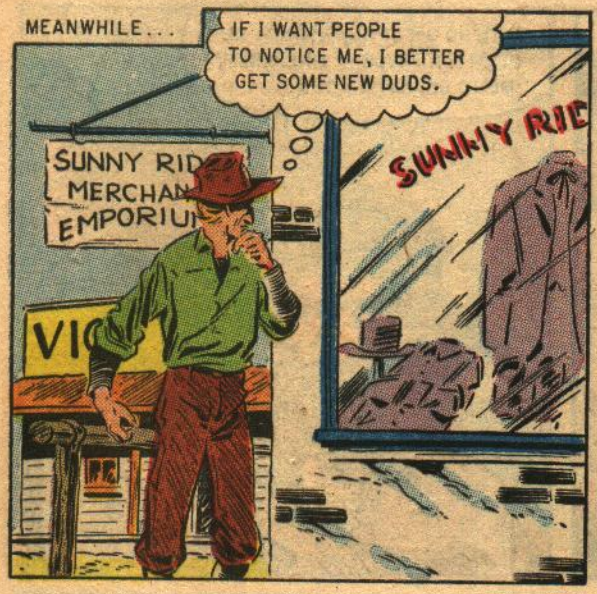
PANCHO! ARE YOU HURT?
NO, AMIGO! I AM ONLY DEAD!
BUT HERE IS AN HOMBRE WHO IS WORSE OFF! I THINK HE'S DONE FOR!
ARE YOU SURE, AMIGO?
HEY, IF OLD DOC'S DEAD, THAT HORSE AND RIG BELONG TO ME!
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M HIS ASSISTANT, THAT'S WHO! AND HE SAID IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HIM, THE STUFF WOULD BE MINE!
I DID SAY THAT, BUT I TAKE IT ALL BACK!
YOU'RE NOT DEAD?
NO---BUT IF I EVER LET YOU DRIVE AGAIN, I WILL BE! YOU'RE FIRED!





CISCO AND PANCHO HELP TO REPAIR THE WAGON, AND SET IT UPRIGHT...

———AND DOC PFOOFER DRIVES ON ALONE TOWARD THE TOWN OF SUNNY RIDGE..


MEANWHILE...
IF I WANT PEOPLE TO NOTICE ME, I BETTER GET SOME NEW DUDS.
SUNNY RID
MERCHAN
EMPORIU
SUNNY RID

I WANT A NEW SUIT!
OKAY, MISTER, WE CAN FIT YOU--- IF YOU LAY YOUR CASH ON THE BARREL!

BLAST IT! THIS'LL TAKE ALL THE SALARY DOC PAID ME--- BUT I'VE GOT NO CHOICE!---

A LITTLE LATER
HMMM, NOT BAD!
SONNY, YOU WILL KNOCK 'EM DEAD!

WELL, I'M BROKE AND HUNGRY--- BUT I OUGHT TO LOOK LIKE A GOOD CREDIT RISK!
HOME COOKED MEALS

MA'AM, I WONDER IF I COULD HAVE A MEAL ON CREDIT? I WAS HELD UP AND MY WALLET GOT STOLEN. BUT I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY SOON AS I WRITE TO MY BANK!
Menu

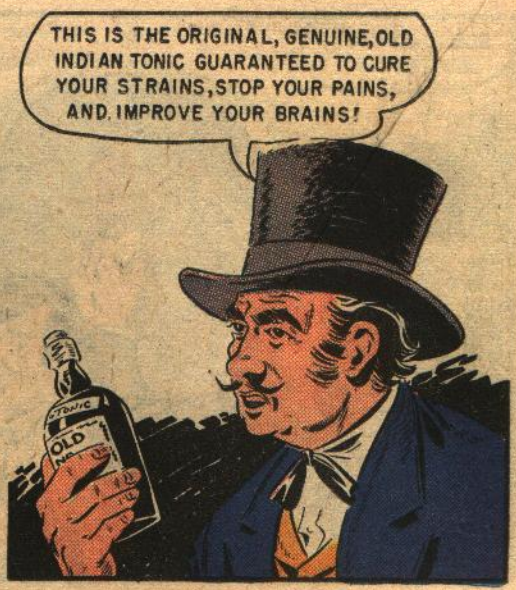
MY FRIEND, I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING WHAT YOU JUST SAID!
WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
TAKE NO OFFENSE, FRIEND! I'LL DEEM IT A FAVOR IF YOU PERMIT ME TO GRUBSTAKE YOU!
WHAT'S THE CATCH?
NO CATCH! EAT HEARTY AND BE HAPPY! SO LONG!
SAY, WHO WAS THAT?
THAT'S MR. GIVNEY. MOST FOLKS CALL HIM "GIVE-AWAY" GIVNEY! KINDEST MAN IN THE WORLD!
TRY OUR HOME MA PIES
FRESH BAKED
DOESN'T LOOK RICH! WHERE'D HE GET ALL THE MONEY?
PROSPECTING! HE WORKED HARD, STRUCK IT RICH, NOW HE'S RETIRED!
BUT HE NEVER FORGOT THE TIME SOMEBODY GRUBSTAKED HIM! SO NOW HE GIVES AWAY HIS MONEY TO ANYBODY HAVING A STREAK OF HARD LUCK!

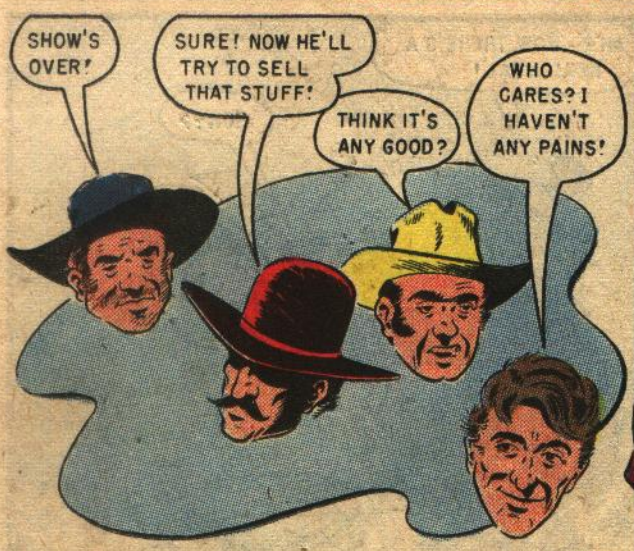
SOMEBODY'S LIKELY TO ROB HIM!
MISTER, IF ANYBODY TRIED, EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THIS TOWN WOULD BE ON THE SIDEWINDER LIKE A TON OF BRICKS. MR. GIVNEY'S GOT FRIENDS!
Menu
AND OUTSIDE - - -
LISTEN!
DRUMS! MUST BE A PARADE!
BOOM!
BOOOM!
BOOM-
DIDDY-BOOM!
COME ONE, COME ALL! BIG FREE SHOW!
BOOM!
BOOM-DIDDY-BOOM!
HOWDY, FOLKS! GLAD YOU'RE HERE! WE'LL OPEN OUR SHOW WITH A BIT OF MUSIC. ANY REQUESTS?
WE DON'T WANT MUSIC!
GIVE US MAGIC!
DO SOME TRICKS!
WHAT'LL HE DO NOW, CISCO?
LET'S WATCH AND SEE!

FOLKS, IF YOU WANT MAGIC, YOU SHALL HAVE IT! BUT I'LL NEED A HELPER! YOU THERE--- WILL YOU HELP?
ME? PANCHO?
BUT PANCHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT MAGICS!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! BUT TELL ME, ARE YOU HUNGRY?
PANCHO IS *ALWAYS* HUNGRY!
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU EAT THAT EGG YOU CARRY IN YOUR HAT?
HUH? PANCHO HAS NO EGG IN THE HAT?
LET ME SEE!
YOU TOLD THE TRUTH, SIR! THERE IS NO EGG IN YOUR HAT!
WOW! WHAT A TRICK!
HE DID HAVE AN EGG IN HIS HAT!
IT'S ON HIS HEAD!

BLESS MY SOUL, SO IT IS!
???
WELL, SIR, ONE LITTLE EGG ISN'T MUCH OF A MEAL FOR A BIG HUNGRY LAD LIKE YOU! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!
PRESTO-CHANGE-O!
AH--- NOW THERE'S A REAL MEAL!
HUH??
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOOOOOO!
LOOK AT THAT!
IT'S REAL MAGIC!
WHERE'D HE COME FROM?
HO-HO! HAW-HAW-HAW!
THAT FELLOW DOG IS MIGHTY CLEVER!

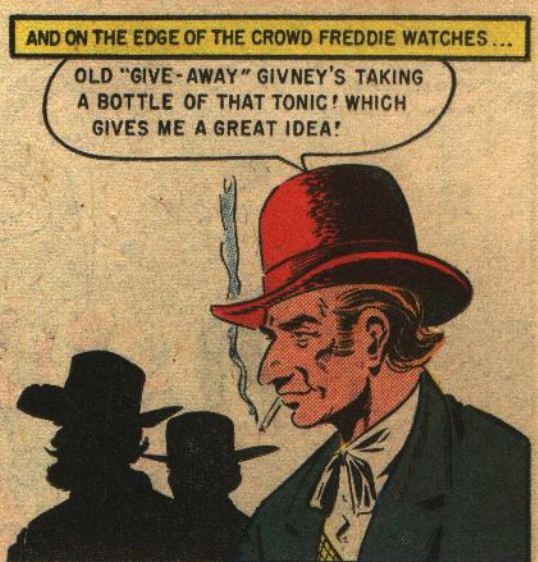
NOW DON'T GO 'WAY, FOLKS! I'VE GOT PLENTY MORE TRICKS THAT WILL ASTOUND YOU! BUT FIRST LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT'S REAL MAGIC!


THIS IS THE ORIGINAL, GENUINE, OLD INDIAN TONIC GUARANTEED TO CURE YOUR STRAINS, STOP YOUR PAINS, AND IMPROVE YOUR BRAINS!
TONIC
OLD


SHOW'S OVER!
SURE! NOW HE'LL TRY TO SELL THAT STUFF!
THINK IT'S ANY GOOD?
WHO CARES? I HAVEN'T ANY PAINS!

WAIT, FOLKS! DOC HAS GIVEN US A FINE SHOW AND I THINK WE SHOULD SHOW OUR APPRECIATION BY BUYING SOME OF HIS STUFF!

GIVE EVERYBODY A BOTTLE! I'LL PAY FOR IT! IT'S ON ME!
SIR, YOU ARE INDEED A BENEFACTOR OF HUMANITY!


AND ON THE EDGE OF THE CROWD FREDDIE WATCHES ...
OLD "GIVE-AWAY" GIVNEY'S TAKING A BOTTLE OF THAT TONIC! WHICH GIVES ME A GREAT IDEA!

LATER....
I MUST REPLENISH MY POKE!
SO THAT'S WHERE HE LIVES!
HA! MUST BE WHERE HE KEEPS HIS GOLD!
THWACK!
OUT LIKE A LIGHT!
THIS SHOULD CAUSE PLENTY OF TROUBLE FOR OLD DOC!
NOW I'LL TAKE THE LOOT AND GIT! NOBODY'LL EVER SUSPECT ME!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
HEY, GIVNEY! ARE YOU HOME?
GOOD GRIEF! HE'S D-DEAD!
GIVNEY!..HE'S DEAD!... DRANK THAT INDIAN TONIC... IT KILLED HIM!———
THE TOWNSFOLK REACT WITH A SURGE OF FRENZIED ANGER...
DOC DID IT!
GET HIM!
STRING HIM UP!
ANYBODY THAT'D HURT GIVE-AWAY GIVNEY DESERVES NO MERCY!
DOC DESERVES A TRIAL!
SI! BUT NO USE ARGUING WITH A LYNCH MOB! YOU START A FIGHT, PANCHO, TO DISTRACT THEM!

YAHOO! LOOK OUT FOR PANCHO'S PUNCH!
UGH!
WHA...? HEY!
TAKE THAT, FATSO!
HERE WE GO, DOC!
CISCO!...IN THE NICK OF TIME!
CANT
CISCO, AGAIN YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
NOT YET! DIABLO CAN'T OUT-RUN THEM CARRYING THIS DOUBLE LOAD!
WE'RE GAINING!
GUN 'EM BOTH!

CISCO, I'M INNOCENT! THAT TONIC'S HARMLESS!
I BELIEVE YOU!
BUT I'VE GOT TO FIGHT THOSE HOMBRES OFF 'TILL I CAN MAKE *THEM* BELIEVE IT!
K'RAAANNG
STAY BACK! I WANT TO PARLEY!
NOTHING TO PARLEY ABOUT!
YOU'RE SURROUNDED! WE GOT MORE MEN COMING! GIVE UP THAT MURDERER OR YOU DIE, TOO!
WHAT MURDERER? WHO GOT MURDERED?
GIVNEY! YOU'RE NOT DEAD?
Y-YOU---YOU WEREN'T POISONED?
POISONED? NO! I GOT KNOCKED OUT, THAT'S ALL! SEEMS LIKE SOMEBODY TRIED TO FRAME OUR GOOD FRIEND DOC!

DOC, WE'RE SORRY!
YOU NEARLY HANGED AN INNOCENT MAN!
I'LL NEVER JOIN A LYNCH PARTY AGAIN!
DIDN'T WANT TO TELL *THEM*... IT'D ONLY RILE 'EM UP.. BUT I DID GET ROBBED!
HMMM! AND DOC WAS FRAMED... I THINK I KNOW THE HOMBRE TO LOOK FOR!
A LITTLE LATER..
HOMBRE, THE GAME'S OVER!
??
AND IN A SHORT TIME..
HERE HE IS, SEÑOR GIVNEY! THE THIEF AND YOUR MONEY!
!!!
FREDDIE!
BUT HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU KNOW IT WAS HIM?
EASY! HE HAD THREATENED DOC! HE WAS THE ONLY PERSON LIKELY TO FRAME HIM!
AFTERWARD, THE COMPANIONS HIT THE TRAIL...
BUT WHAT MADE FREDDIE CONFESS? YOU HAD NO EVIDENCE!
I SIMPLY GAVE HIM A CHOICE--- JAIL OR MOB! HE DIDN'T WANT TO RISK THEIR ANGER!

THE CHASE

Bob Moore glanced back anxiously now and then, across the desert flats. Would he make the border ahead of Sheriff Stone? Bob spurred his tired horse faster at the grim thought.

Bitterness churned in the young cowpoke's mind. He was innocent of the Cactus Mine silver robbery. Yet he had been jailed for it without a chance to protest that he had no "partner" who had skipped with the loot to parts unknown. The sheriff had promised him a fair trial.

"Fair trial . . . bah!" muttered Bob aloud. "Sheriff Stone would remind the court how I once robbed a drunken rancher of pocket money, and served 30 days for that. Once a criminal, always a criminal, they'd think. I wouldn't have a chance. Any sheriff like Stone is only out to convict someone—anyone—innocent or guilty."

The theft of the rancher had been Bob's one and only minor crime, the impulsive act of a young fool on a dare. After jail, Bob had promised himself to be strictly an honest man. What was a little mistake like that?

But now Bob saw how prejudiced lawmen were, the polecats! The moment the silver job was done, with no one else handy to accuse, Sheriff Stone had grabbed an "ex-criminal" as the logical suspect.

Bob squinted backward a moment, while reviewing the previous events leading to this desert flight.

For three days he had languished behind bars, seething at the injustice. Then he had noticed the loose bars at the window. At night, he had worked them loose and escaped. Finding his horse at the sheriff's stable, Bob had ridden out of town—a free man.

But he wouldn't remain free long. Not unless he got across the border, to join the notorious Border Gang. Then he'd become a *real* bandit for life. That's what Sheriff Stone expected, wasn't it? Why disappoint him?

Bob laughed harshly at the grim joke.

Looking back again, he stiffened in the saddle. That tiny horseman in a cloud of dust . . . the sheriff! Bob grinned, urging his sweaty horse into a last gallop. He would make the border ahead of the lawman, and vanish in the Sonora Mesa, where he would recruit with the Border Gang for life . . .

Bob winced. That would be ruining his life, voluntarily. Wouldn't it be more sensible to go back and stand trial, hoping to be cleared? Maybe they would nab the real robber.

Torn by his conflicting thoughts, Bob reached the Sonora River, marking the border. Beyond lay the beckoning Mesa—and freedom from the law. Should he cross the stream? . . .

Bob dismounted slowly. He let his horse drink. He turned and waited.

Waited for the sheriff.

"Put on the bracelets, Sheriff Stone," grated Bob, holding out his wrists to the weary, dust-caked man who dismounted. "I'm a fool but I'll stand trial for the silver job."

"Put down your hands," croaked the sheriff. A smile spread across his sun-cracked lips. "You're not standing trial. Jud Mason is. Caught him last night, loot and all."

Bob Moore was stunned with joy, but also bewildered. "But if I'm cleared, why did you chase me all day like a hunted man?"

"Reckon I owed it to you," said the lawman laconically. "We can make a mistake at times, like anyone else, jailing the wrong hombre at first. After I tracked down Jud Mason, I found you'd escaped jail. I feared you might have some fool notion of joining the Border Gang. I didn't want you to ruin your life, son."

"Sheriff," stammered Bob, "I had some mighty unkind thoughts about you, but now I see I was wrong, too. A lawman doesn't just grab the guilty. He also protects the innocent."

Bob shuddered, looking back at the Mesa. How close he had been to *losing* his freedom, for life.

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Pedro

THE MISSING MUSTACHE

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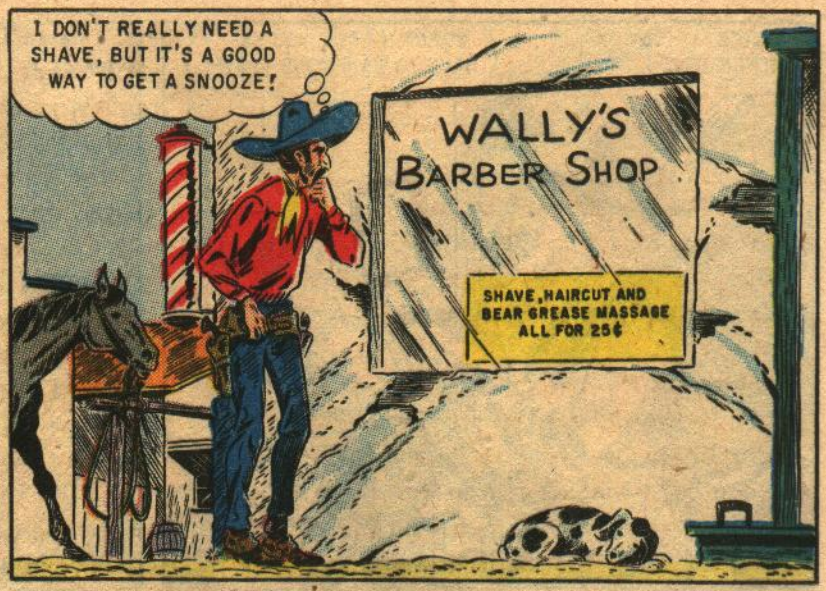
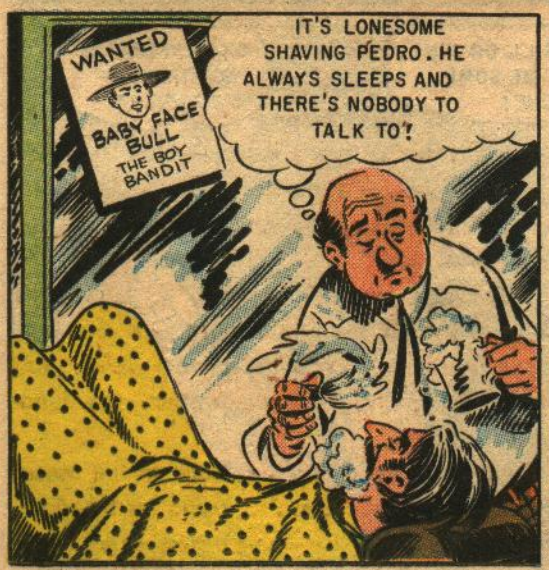




QUICK! LATHER ME!
SORRY, MISTER, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN!
I SAID, QUICK!
YIPE!
WANTED
BABY-FACE BULL, THE BOY BANDIT
IF YOU GIVE ME AWAY, YOU'LL REGRET IT! --- UNDERSTAND?
Y-YES, S-SIR!
WE'RE AFTER BABYFACE BULL, THE BOY BANDIT! SOMEBODY SAID HE CAME IN HERE!
N-NO HE DIDN'T. ONLY ME AND MY CUSTOMERS ARE H-HERE!
AFTER THE LAWMEN LEAVE . . .
YOU PLAYED IT SMART, BARBER. NOW I NEED A DISGUISE AND . . . AH-HAH!
THIS'LL DO FINE. GET ME SOME GLUE!
OH, NO! PLEASE! NOT THAT--- OOOOOOH!
SPLIP!

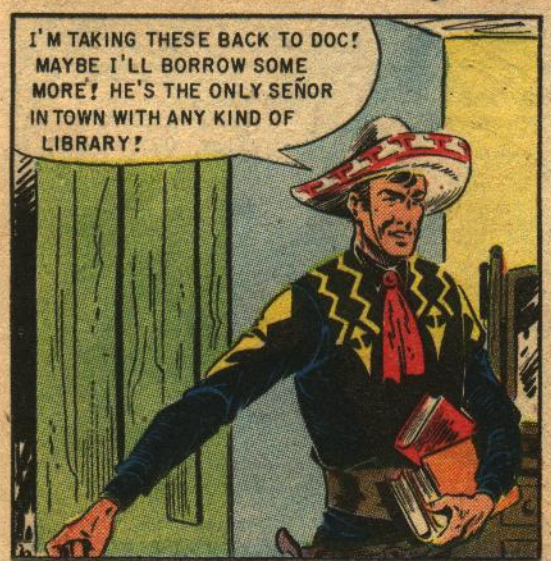
HEH-HEH! NOBODY WOULD EVER SUSPECT "BABYFACE" OF HAVING A MUSTACHE!
BABY
BU
THE BO
BAND
GLUE
AFTER BABYFACE, THE BOY BANDIT, HAS LEFT...
PEDRO! PEDRO! WAKE UP! YOU'VE BEEN ROBBED!
HUH???
MADRE MIA!
BARBER! I WARNED YOU!
WANTED
NO! NO, PEDRO! I DIDN'T DO IT--- HE DID!
I'LL NAB THIS MUSTACHE-STEALING VARMINT OR MY NAME ISN'T PEDRO, THE PEPPERPOT OF THE PLAINS!
YO-HO, MIGUELITO! WE MUST FLY!
CANT
"FLY!" HE SAYS! THAT'S STRIOTLY FOR THE BIRDS!

SEÑOR, HAVE YOU SEEN THIS HOMBRE?
NOPE! CAN'T SAY I HAVE!
WAIT! I HAVE THE IDEA!
WANTED
FACE
BOY
SEEN HIM?
WHY SHORE! HE'S IN THAT BARN YONDER!
BABYFACE! YOU--- MUSTACHIO BANDIDO! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
I'LL WAIT TILL HE GETS A MITE CLOSER, THEN I'LL PLUG HIM.
OOOH---THIS MUSTACHE TICKLES..
AH---A-AH---
AH-CHOOOO
AH HAH!
A LITTLE LATER IN THE TOWN JAILHOUSE.
BABYFACE MUST FEEL AWFUL!
NO INDEED, SEÑOR SHERIFF! HE'S JUST TICKLED!
AH-CHOOO

THE CISCO KID

THE ALARM

AFTER A HARD DAY ON THE TRAIL, THE CISCO KID AND PANCHO RELAX IN A HOTEL ROOM.

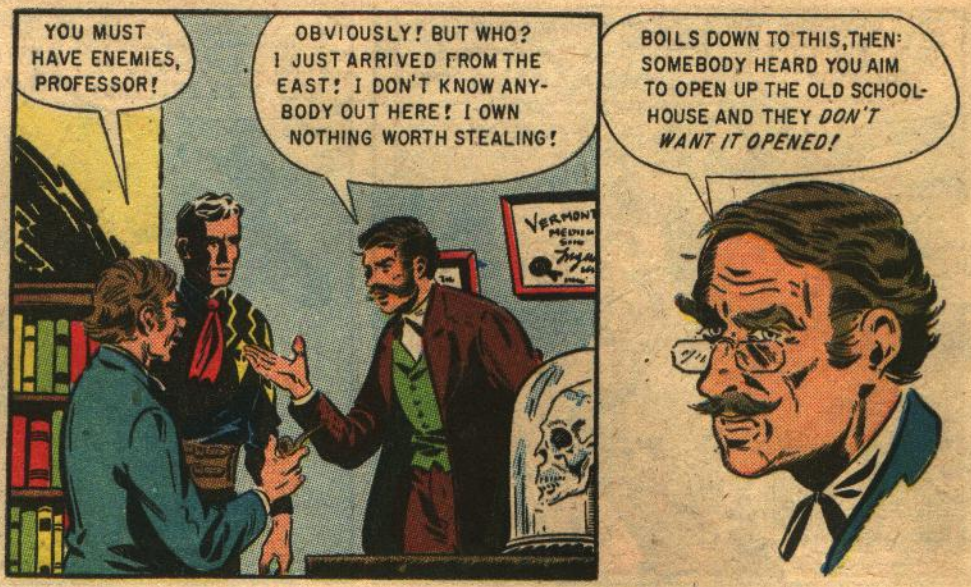


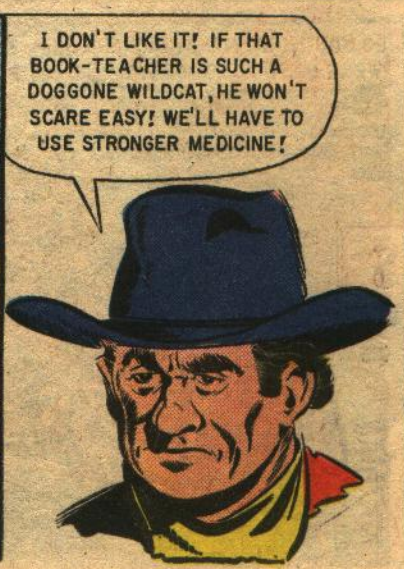
OUTSIDE, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS...

LOOK! SOMEBODY COMING! TOO DARK TO SEE HIM GOOD BUT HE IS CARRYING A BUNCH OF BOOKS!
THIS TOWN'S UNHEALTHY FOR YOU, MISTER PROFESSOR!
LOOK OUT! OWWW!

HE'S A WILD CAT! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
SPLAT!
I THOUGHT PROFESSORS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE MILD, MEEK FELLERS!
WELL, THAT ONE'S NOT! HIS PUNCH IS PURE DYNAMITE!
I HEARD SOUNDS OF FIGHTING! IS ANYONE HURT?
POSSIBLY, SEÑOR! I JUST HOPE THESE BOOKS ARE NOT DAMAGED!
HERE LET ME HELP!
GRACIAS, SEÑOR!
DO YOU THINK THE ATTACKERS WERE BENT ON ROBBERY?
I DON'T KNOW! I THINK THEY MISTOOK ME FOR SOME OTHER HOMBRE! THEY CALLED ME "PROFESSOR"!
DRY
"PROFESSOR?" WHY I AM PROFESSOR WELLS!

PROF. WELLS GOES ALONG TO DOC'S OFFICE WHERE CISCO RETURNS HIS BORROWED BOOKS. THEY TELL DOC ABOUT THE SNEAK ATTACK!

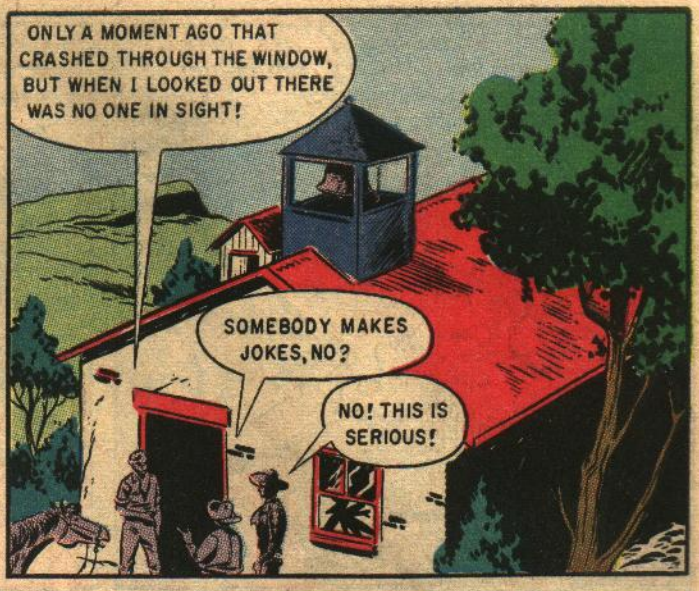




BOSS, WHY DO WE HAVE TO GET RID OF THE PROFESSOR?
SO SCHOOL WON'T OPEN! IF THAT CLASSROOM IS FULL OF A BUNCH OF KIDS, THEY'RE LIABLE TO FIND THE LOOT BEFORE WE DO!
WELL, WHY DON'T WE JUST GO OUT THERE IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT AND TEAR THAT SCHOOL-HOUSE APART?
'CAUSE WE'D HAVE TO HAVE LIGHTS, YOU MUTTONHEAD! SOME SNOOPER'D SEE 'EM AND BRING THE LAW DOWN ON US!
WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYPLACE IN THAT OLD SCHOOLHOUSE WITHOUT TEARING UP THE FLOOR! YOU SURE THE CASH IS HID THERE?
SURE I'M SURE!
" I WAS WITH BLACKLEG WHEN THE POSSE GOT HIM."
PARD, I'M A GONER! MY SHARE FROM THE BANK JOB --- IT'S HID IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE... IT'S IN...
... AND THAT'S IT! IF HE'D LIVED ONE SECOND LONGER, I'D KNOW *EXACTLY* WHERE HE CACHED IT!

MORNING...
WHEW! THIS DUST IS AN INCH DEEP!
YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT SKINNY VARMINT DID A JOB ON YOU TWO WITH HIS BARE FISTS?
WELL, IT WAS TOO DARK TO SEE HIM! BUT HE DID SEEM BIGGER AND STRONGER!
LET'S NOT TAKE CHANCES! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM NOW!
NO, STAND BACK! WE DON'T WANT TO RISK HANGING --- IF WE DON'T HAVE TO!
MEANWHILE...
LET'S RIDE OUT TO THE SCHOOL-HOUSE, PANCHO, AND SEE HOW PROFESSOR WELLS IS GETTING ALONG!
HOKAY, CISCO!
OUSE
CISCO! I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU! LOOK AT THIS!
SCHOOL HOUS

FINAL WARNING!
GET OUT OF TOWN!


ONLY A MOMENT AGO THAT CRASHED THROUGH THE WINDOW, BUT WHEN I LOOKED OUT THERE WAS NO ONE IN SIGHT!
SOMEBODY MAKES JOKES, NO?
NO! THIS IS SERIOUS!

WHOEVER DID IT PROBABLY RODE AWAY! I'LL SCOUT AROUND AND SEE IF I CAN PICK UP THE TRAIL!

PANCHO, YOU STAY WITH SEÑOR PROFESSOR! AND IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, RING THE SCHOOL BELL!
SI!

THAT RANNY ON THE HORSE LOOKS KIND OF FAMILIAR!
HE SHOULD, YOU MUTTON HEAD! THAT'S THE CISCO KID!

CISCO'S PLUMB PIZEN! COME ON ---WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST WHILE HE'S AWAY!

THIS IS A MUCHO PECULIAR BOOK, SEÑOR PROFESSOR! SHE CONTAINS MORE NUMEROS THAN WORDS!
YES, THAT'S ARITHMETIC!
RAISE YOUR HANDS, FATSO! YOU, TOO, PROFESSOR!
TIE 'EM AND GAG 'EM!
WE ONLY BROUGHT ONE ROPE!
THAT'S OKAY! I'LL USE THIS!
MADRE MIA! CISCO WILL BE MUCHO MAD AT PANCHO FOR BEING A SLEEPER AT THE SWITCHER!
9
BONG! BONG! BONNNG!

THAT LOOT'S GOT TO BE UNDER THE FLOOR! WE HAVE LOOKED EVERY-WHERE ELSE!
LISTEN! A HORSE!
CISCO'S COMING! CLEAR OUT FAST!
GET HIM, BOYS!
OW! MY HAND! HE GOT ME!
DON'T SHOOT! I GIVE UP!
HALT, SEÑOR, OR THE NEXT BULLET WILL BE LOWER!
NO, NO! I QUIT!

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

BROWNSVILLE

When General Zachary Taylor built Fort Brown near the mouth of the Rio Grande, the border already had a long history of skirmishes. The town of Brownsville which sprang up around the Fort was born into a tradition of vendettas, gun-feuds and border wars. In 1849, came the climax to all the border trouble, the "Cortinas Rebellion," when Juan Cortinas, a professional horse-thief and bandido, proclaimed himself the "liberator" of Texas. He invaded Brownsville and captured the fort. By the time he was driven across the border, the entire Rio country was laid waste and stripped of cattle.

During the Civil War, Brownsville was occupied at different times by Confederate and Union troops. The war's end found Brownsville a gathering point for gunmen and soldiers of fortune who slipped across the river to join the forces of Maximilian, still clinging to his dying Mexican empire. Meanwhile, the war had left Texas bankrupt. There was no money to pay lawmen. The border country ran wild. Mexican and American outlaws raided the borderland with impunity. Juan Cortinas, now a Mexican Brigadier-General, stocked half a dozen ranches with stolen cattle and was even exporting them to Cuba. In retaliation, ranchers formed troops of "Regulators" and "Vigilantes" who organized harsh counter-raids south of the Rio.

But, in 1875, the famous Captain McNelly appeared on the scene with his company of Rangers. Courageously, they began to enforce the law. In June of that year, they trapped a gang of cattle thieves outside of Brownsville. Gradually, the balance was turned against the rustlers and they realized that their reign of terror was over.

A PLEDGE DELL COMIC TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" *is our only credo and constant goal.*

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mexican clothing

The Mexican man of today wears modern shirt and trousers. On his feet, he wears sandals made of thongs woven in such a way that this type of footwear is particularly comfortable and practical for working. His sombrero, or hat, though, is peculiarly his own, as is the gaily-colored serape which he wears somewhat casually thrown over his shoulders. The serape, however, is no mere adornment. During the heat of the day, it keeps the sun off his back. In the cool Mexican mornings and evenings, it is a warm and welcome cloak for his shoulders.

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