

DELL

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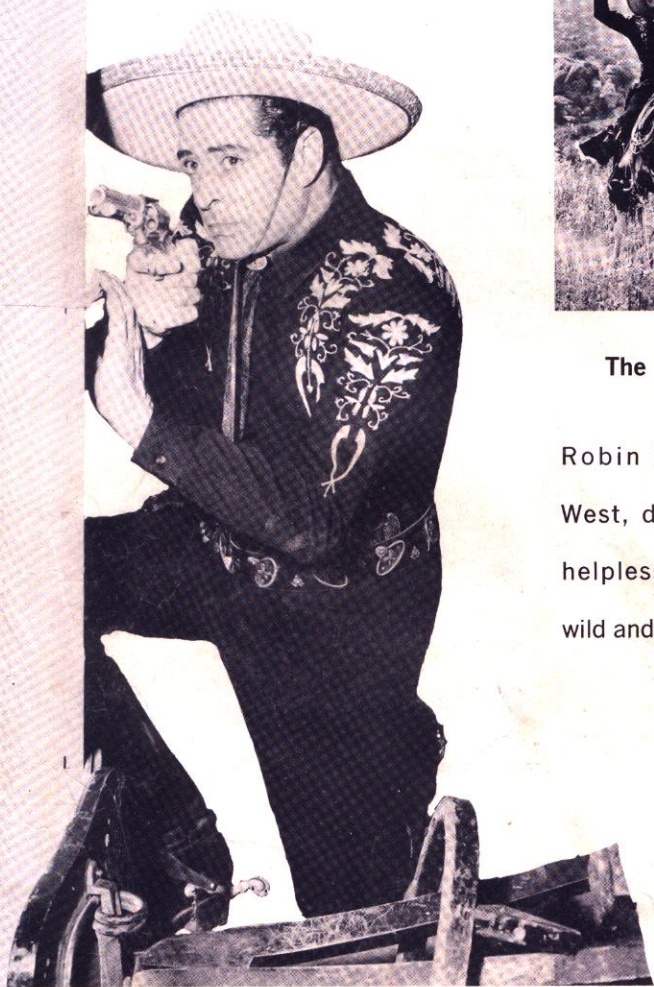
10¢

Robin Hood of the West

THE CISCO KID

**He had to hunt
"The
Gold
Grabbers"!**





The Cisco Kid

Robin Hood of the
West, defending the
helpless against the
wild and lawless breed.

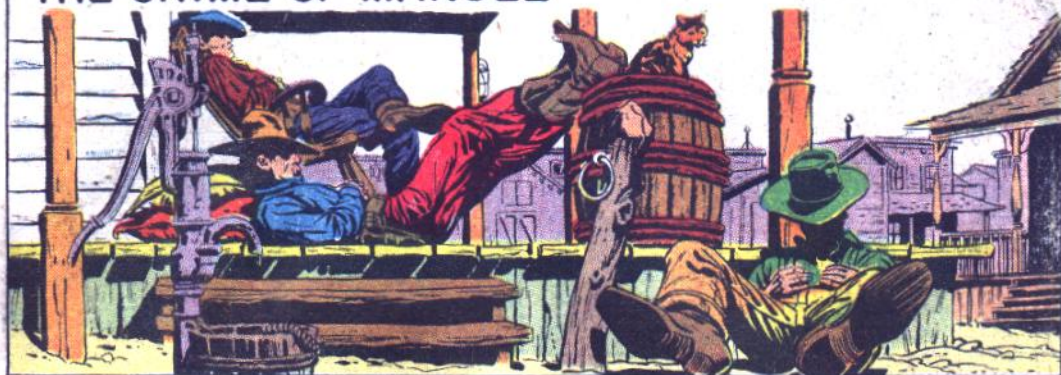
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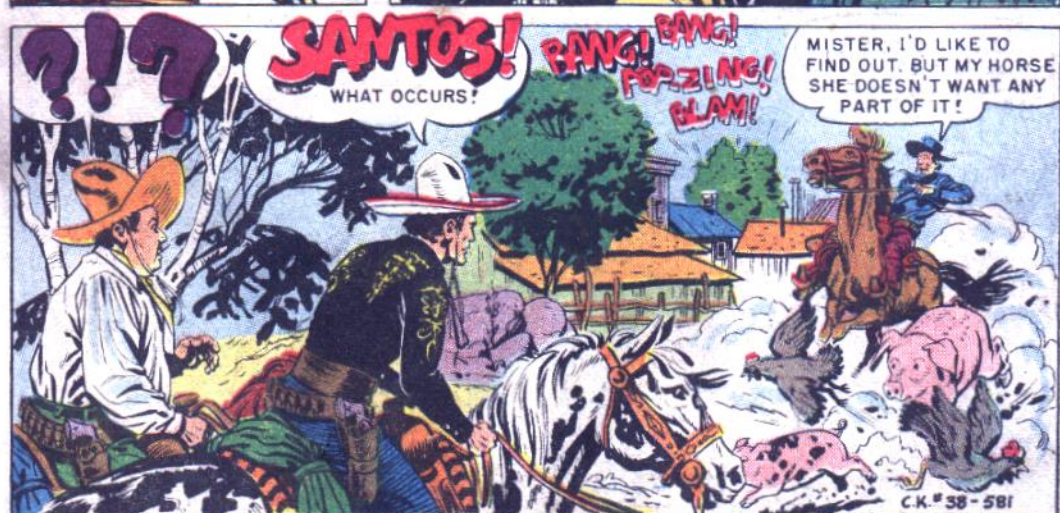
THE CISCO KID

THE CRIME OF MANUEL

BLAZING HIGH NOON IN THE FRONTIER TOWN OF PISTOL CREEK. IT'S PEACEFUL-- EVERYONE'S ENJOYING A SIESTA.

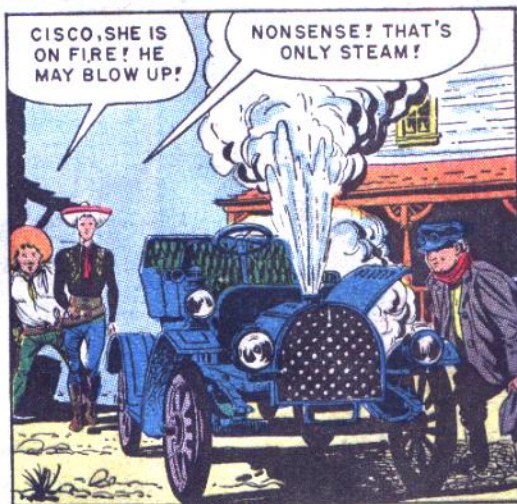
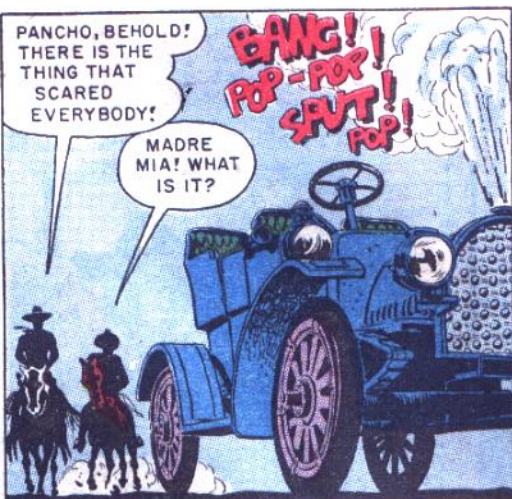


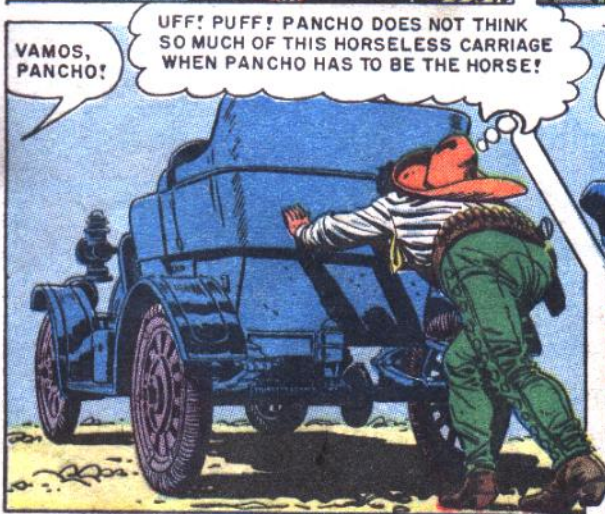
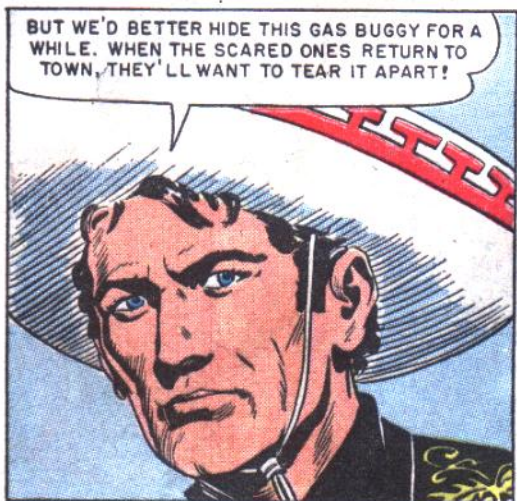
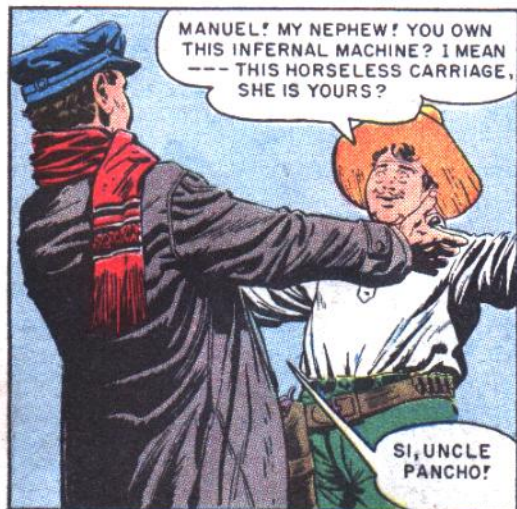
SUDDENLY...



C.K. #38-581

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





AT THIS MOMENT, SEVERAL MILES OUT OF TOWN.

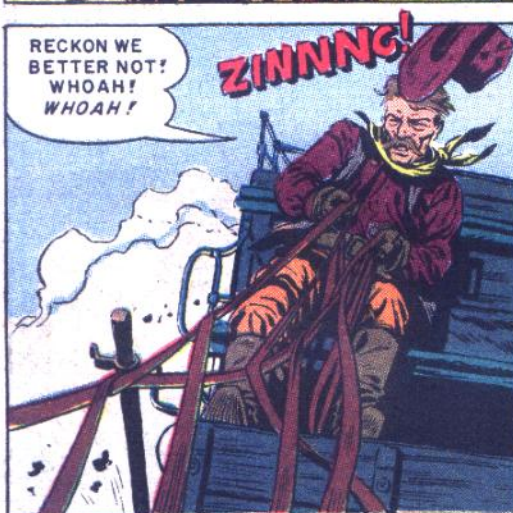


GIDDAP, YOU
JUGHEADS! WE'LL
TRY TO OUTFRIN 'EM!



RECKON WE
BETTER NOT!
WHOA!
WHOA!

ZINNING!



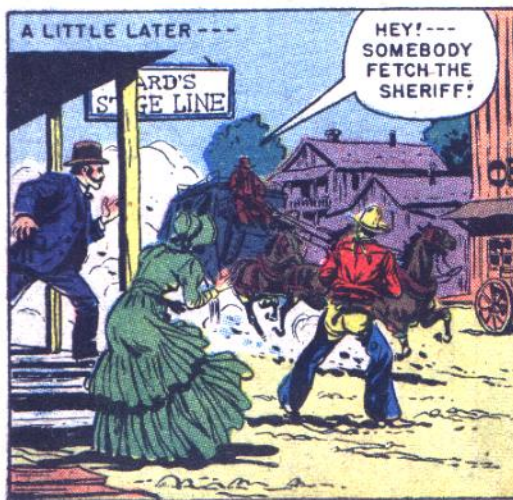
HAND DOWN THAT
BOX--- AND
NO TRICKS!



A LITTLE LATER ---

SHERIFF'S
STAGE LINE

HEY! ---
SOMEBODY
FETCH THE
SHERIFF!



WHAT
HAPPENED?

HOLDUP!
THEY GOT THE
GOLD!





NIGHT---

HERE'S THE GOLD, NICK. LET'S DIVVY IT UP SO I CAN PAY OFF THE BOYS AT THE HIDEOUT.

SURE, SNAKY. SET IT ON THE DESK!

THIS IS A GREAT SETUP! YOU OWN THE STAGE LINE... YOU TELL US WHEN THE GOLD IS SHIPPED... WE SWIPE IT AND SPLIT WITH YOU. PERFECT!

BUT WE MAY HAVE TO LAY OFF FOR A WHILE. I HAD TO HIRE A NEW DRIVER!

SO WHAT?

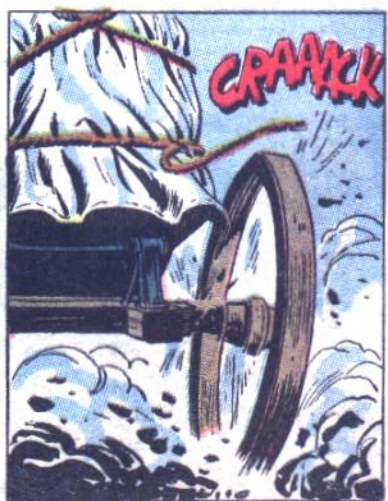
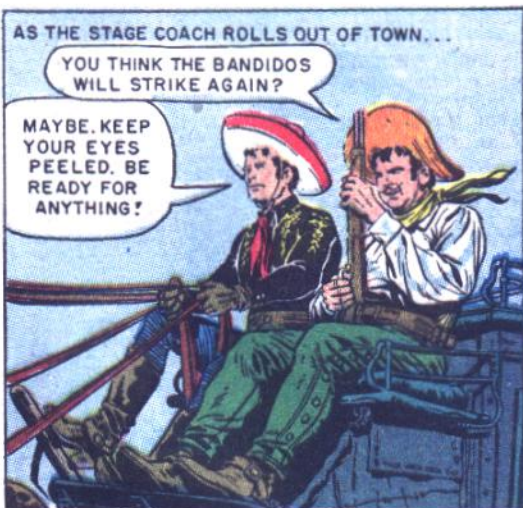
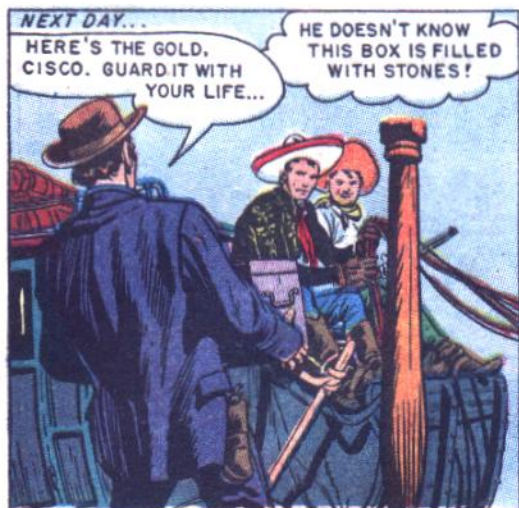
THE NEW DRIVER IS CALLED THE CISCO KID!

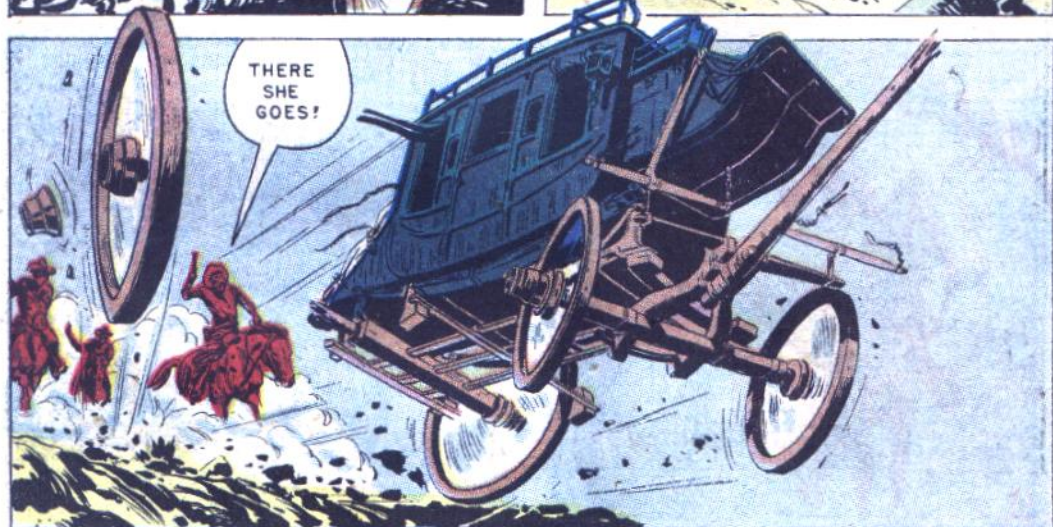
WHAT? HE'S DYNAMITE! WHY'D YOU HIRE HIM? ARE YOU LOCO?

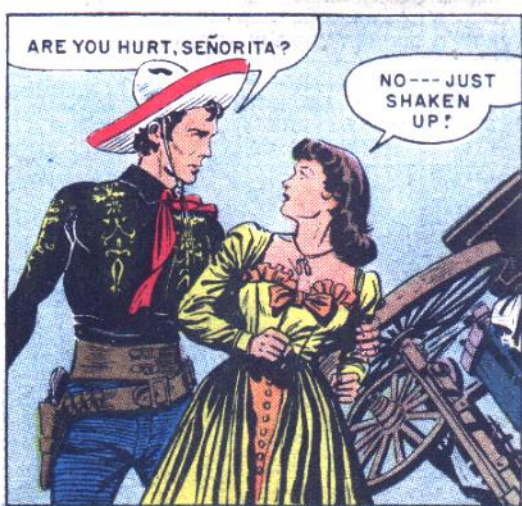
HAD TO HIRE HIM. SHERIFF FORCED MY HAND BY RECOMMENDING CISCO. IF I TURNED HIM DOWN IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED SUSPICIOUS... BUT DON'T WORRY--- CISCO WILL HAVE AN ACCIDENT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

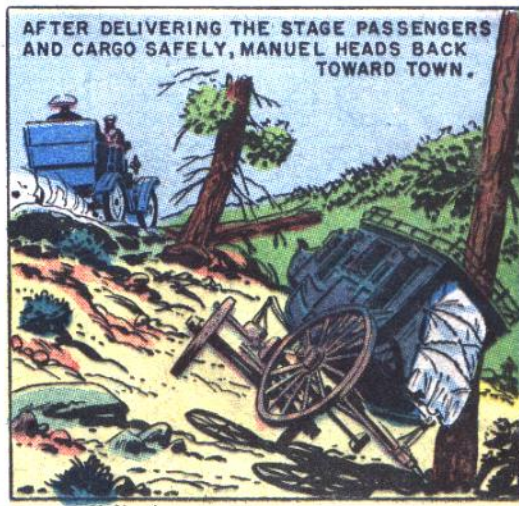
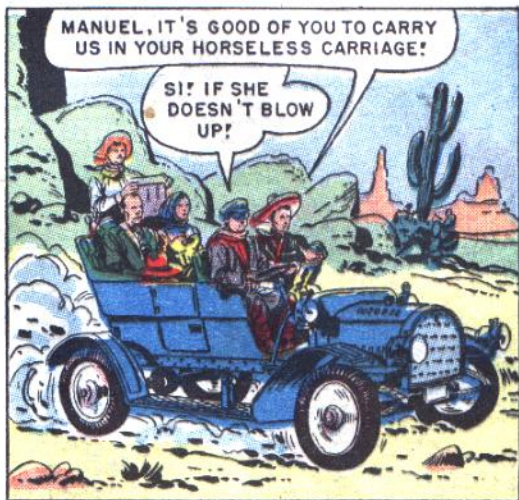
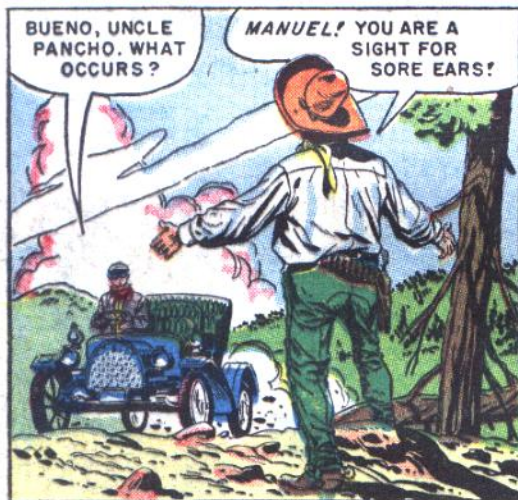
A LITTLE LATER ---

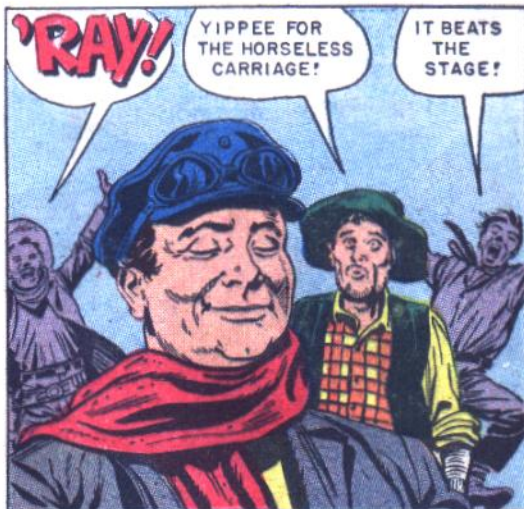
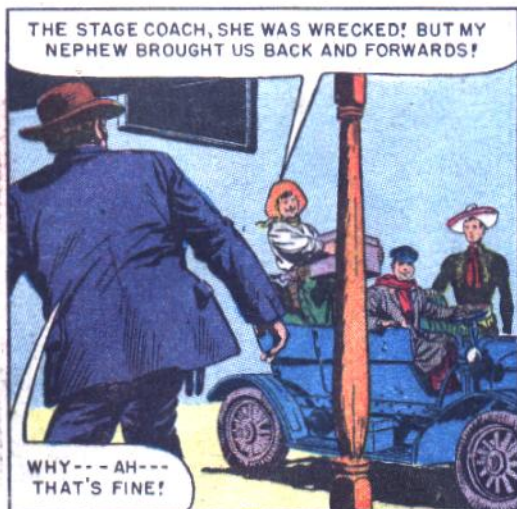
THAT WHEEL OUGHT TO COME OFF JUST ABOVE DEAD MAN'S CANYON!

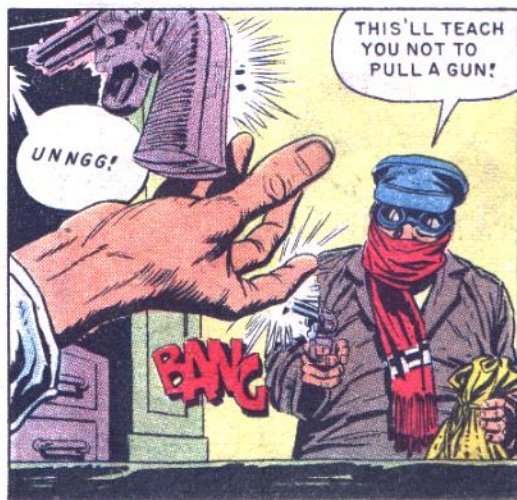
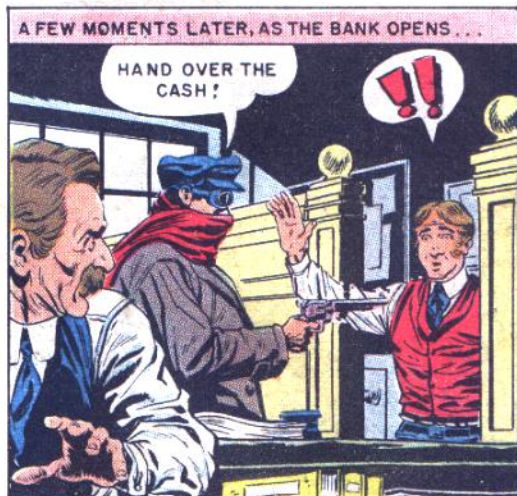
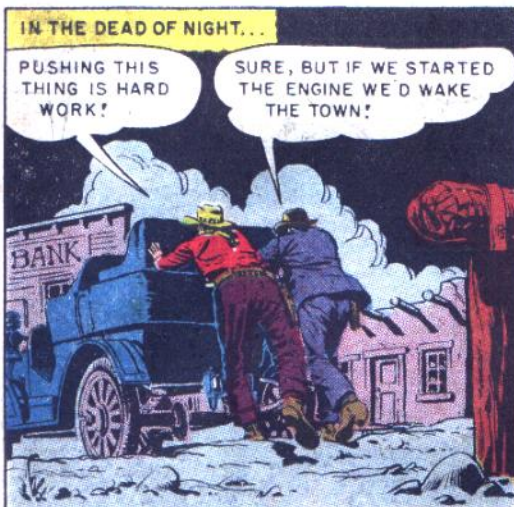


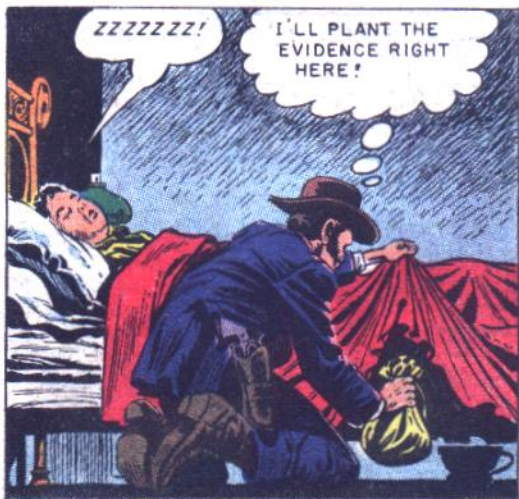
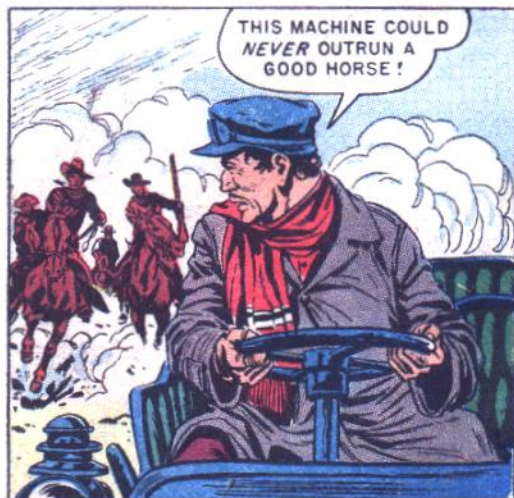
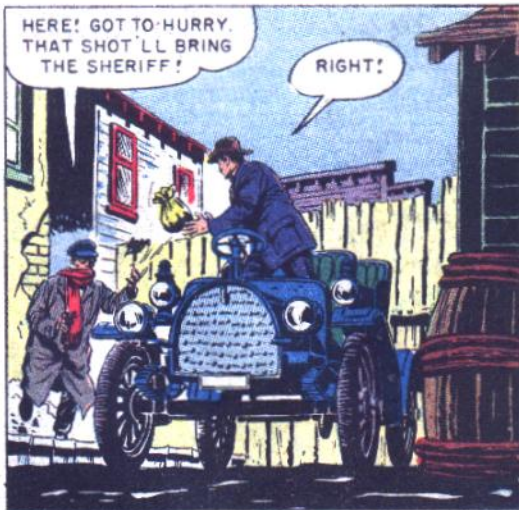












CISCO AND PANTHO EAT BREAKFAST IN THEIR CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

MANUEL COULD GET MORE GAS BUGGIES AND OPEN A STAGE LINE!

SI! HE IS ONE SMART HOMBRE. TAKES AFTER HIS UNCLE!



BUT MEANWHILE WE'VE GOT A JOB DRIVING OLD-FASHIONED STAGE COACHES. VAMOS, AMIGO!



AS CISCO AND PANTHO RIDE INTO TOWN...

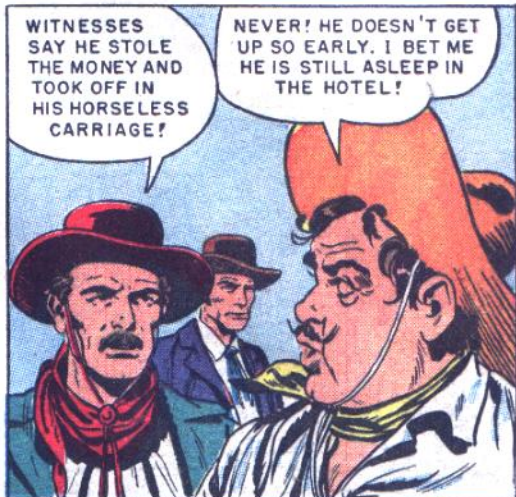
BAD NEWS, PANTHO! YOUR NEPHEW ROBBED THE BANK!

WHAT? --- IMPOSSIBLE! MANUEL IS NOT A BANDIDO!



WITNESSES SAY HE STOLE THE MONEY AND TOOK OFF IN HIS HORSELESS CARRIAGE!

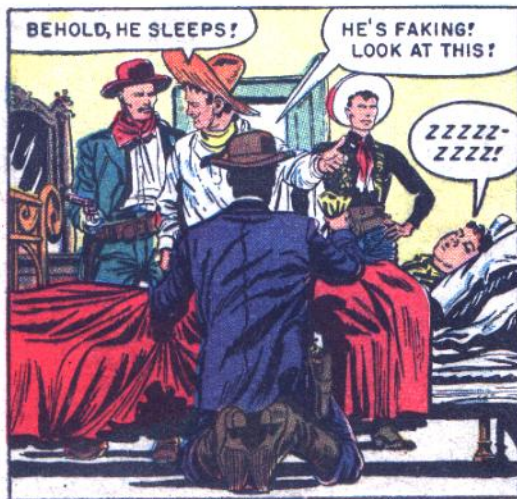
NEVER! HE DOESN'T GET UP SO EARLY. I BET HE IS STILL ASLEEP IN THE HOTEL!



BEHOLD, HE SLEEPS!

HE'S FAKING! LOOK AT THIS!

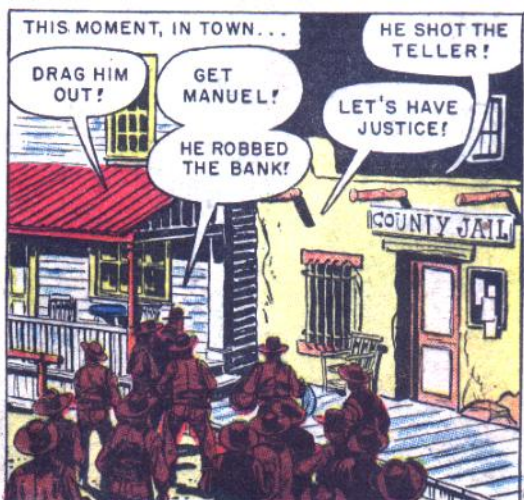
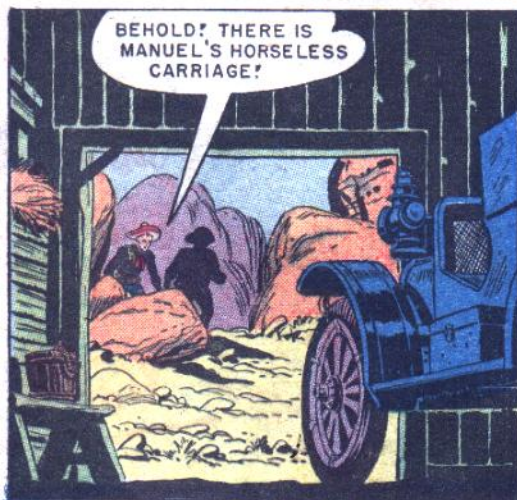
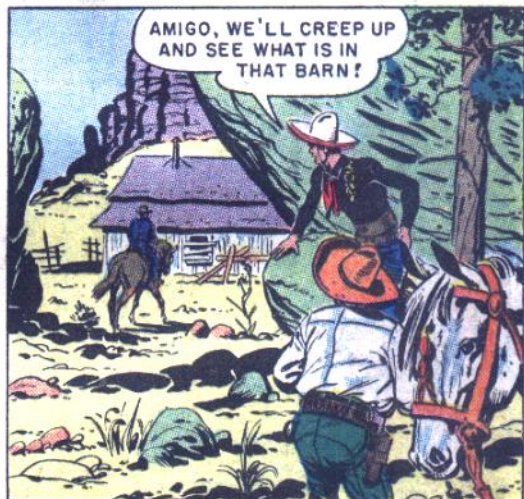
ZZZZZ-
ZZZZ!



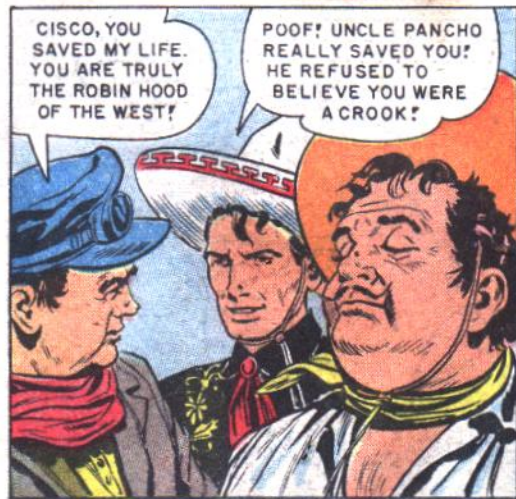
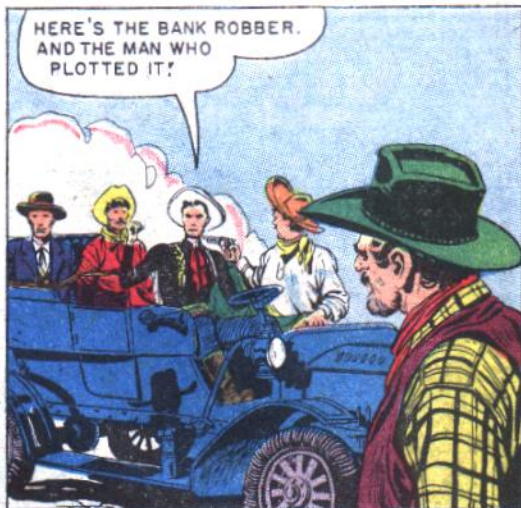
LATER...

SOMEBODY STEALS MY HORSELESS CARRIAGE, AND LOOK WHO IN JAIL --- ME!





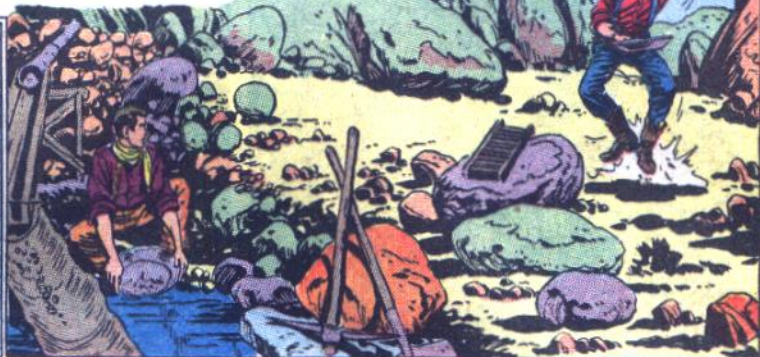
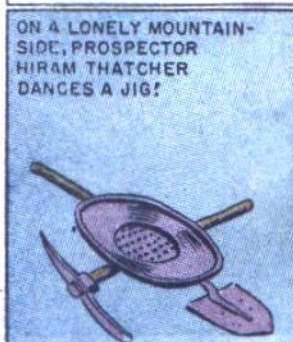




THE CISCO KID

THE GOLD GRABBERS

ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN-SIDE, PROSPECTOR HIRAM THATCHER DANCES A JIG!

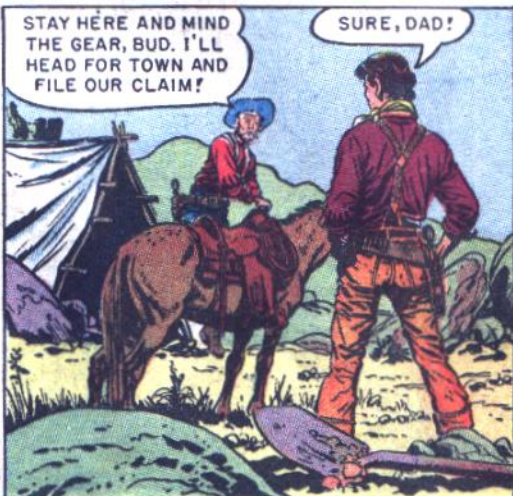


LOOK AT THAT, SON!
WE'VE STRUCK A
REAL RICH VEIN!



STAY HERE AND MIND
THE GEAR, BUD. I'LL
HEAD FOR TOWN AND
FILE OUR CLAIM!

SURE, DAD!

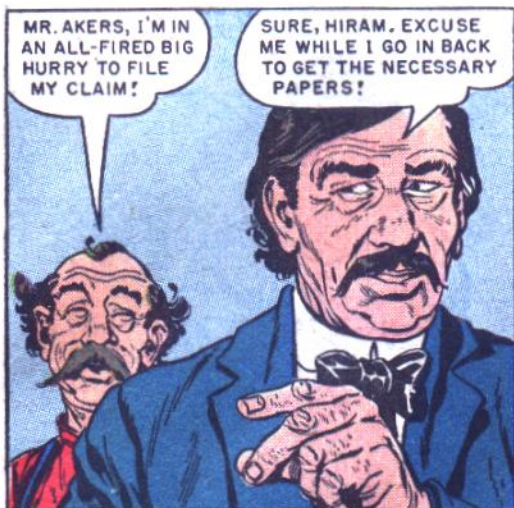


LATER, HIRAM REACHES THE ASSAY AND CLAIMS
OFFICE...

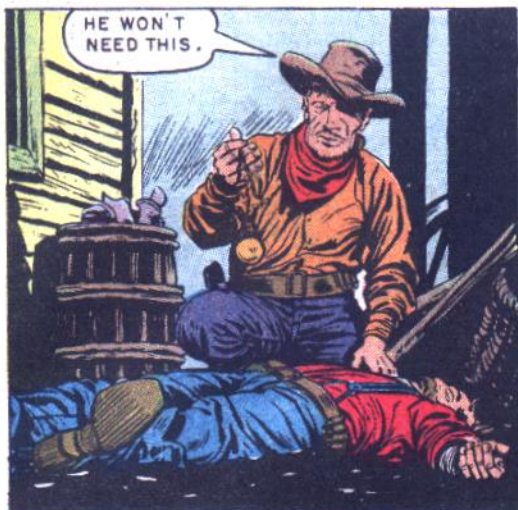


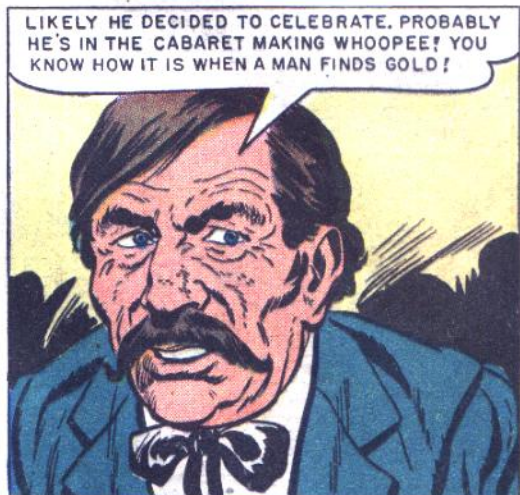
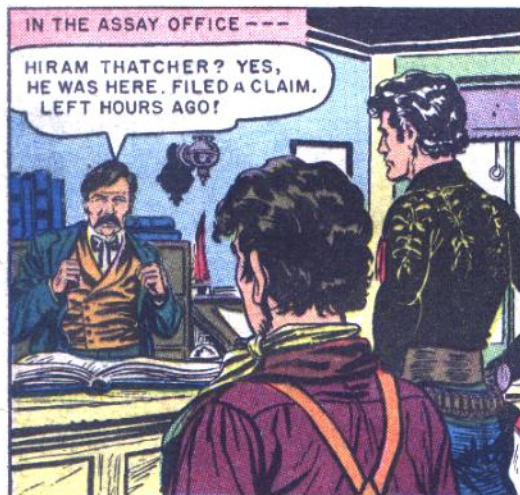
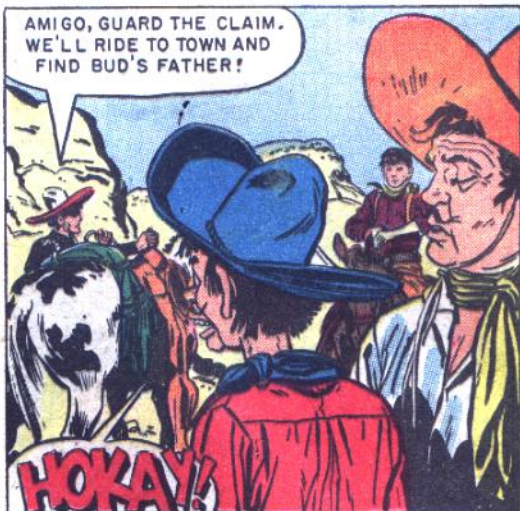
THIS OLD GEEZER'S SMART ABOUT ORE. HE
WOULDN'T BE FOOLED BY FOOL'S GOLD.

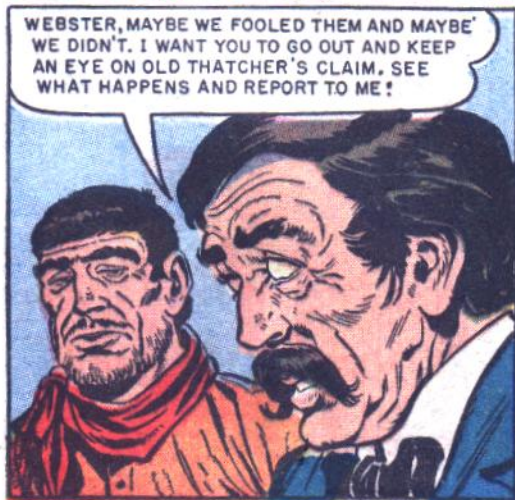












IF A CLAIM IS NOT WORKED WITHIN TEN DAYS AFTER FILING, IT IS NO LONGER VALID. THEY PLAN TO KEEP SENOR HIRAM AWAY FROM HERE FOR TEN DAYS --- THEN JUMP HIS CLAIM!



MADRE MIA! DO YOU KNOW WHO THESE VILLAINS ARE?

WE THINK SO, BUT WE HAVE NO PROOF. RIGHT NOW, BUD AND I ARE GOING TO SEARCH FOR HIS DAD. YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED!



I'VE GOT A HUNCH EITHER AKERS OR WEBSTER WILL COME SNOOPING AROUND!



THE HUNCH IS CORRECT!

JUST READING...

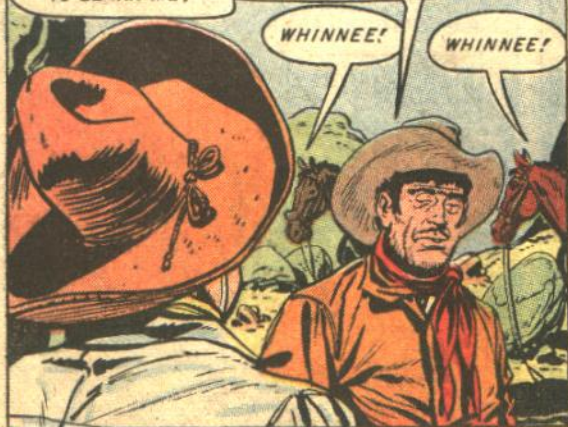
THIS MUST BE THE ONE CALLED WEBSTER!



WISH I COULD READ. SOON AS I GET RICH FROM THE GOLD, I'M GONNA HIRE A TEACHER TO LEARN ME!

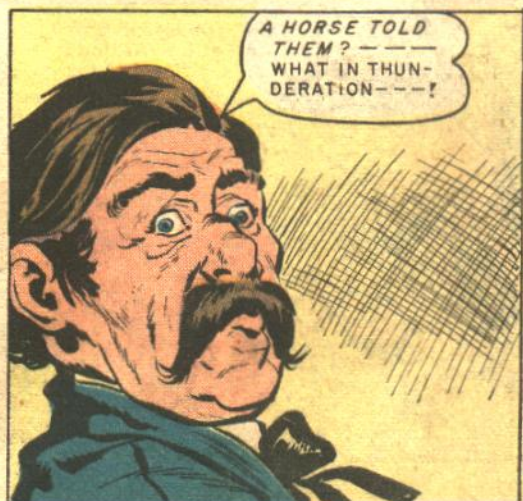
WHINNEE!

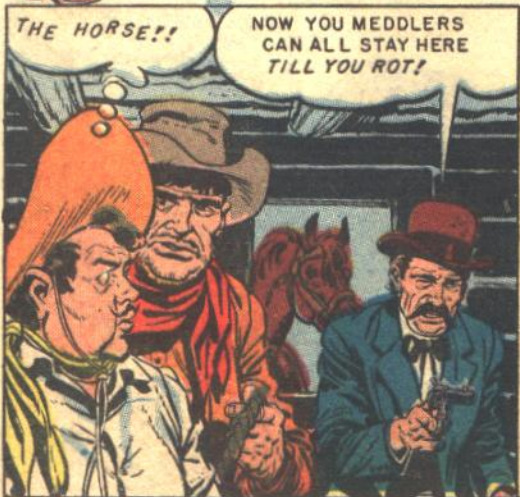
WHINNEE!



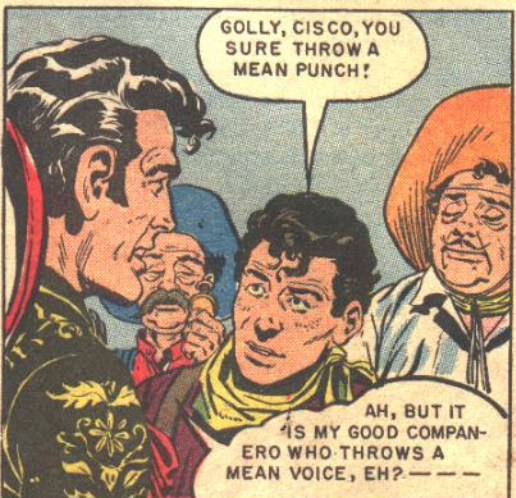
I GOT A HALF-OWNERSHIP IN THIS HERE STRIKE. FELLA THAT FOUND IT HAS DISAPPEARED!







THE DIVERSION GIVES CISCO HIS CHANCE!



DUDE



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At the Sierra Ranch, the evening quiet was broken by a howl—a human howl. One of the cowhands crawled painfully away from the sharp cactus spines into which he had been thrown.

"Next time step out of my way," roared Bull Martin, who had done the throwing.

Martin's nickname should have been "Bully." Big, powerful, and fast on the draw, he took pleasure in shoving other men around. Rancher Tom Rawson didn't fire him because, bully or not, Martin was a top hand worth twice his pay.

The next morning, cowhands gaped at the figure that rode up in fancy Mex-style chaps and sporting a rainbow-colored bandanna, shiny spurs and a brand-new gun at his hip. He was slender with a boyish face.

"Hello," he said in an eastern twang, dismounting awkwardly. "I'm Randolph Wright, the new bookkeeper Mr. Rawson hired." Bull Martin swaggered forward.

"A dude, fresh out of college, eh?" Martin rumbled. "I'm Bull Martin. Now instead of Randolph, we'll call you 'Wrong.' Wrong Wright! Get it?" Bull Martin laughed loudly at his own joke.

"Please don't call me that," returned the newcomer mildly, "or you'll be sorry, I'm afraid."

"Sorry?" scoffed Martin, towering over the dude. "Why I could knock you from here to the middle of Mexico."

"Try it," invited Randolph Wright, un-

flinchingly.

Grinning, Bull Martin swung his huge ham. It landed on nothing as the dude ducked spryly. Then Martin saw nothing but fists all over, drumming into his face. Finally, something like the kick of a mule cracked on his chin. Martin sprawled in the dirt, dazed.

"I was welterweight boxing champ at college," informed the dude, smiling. "Now—what is my name?"

"It's still 'Wrong' Wright," bellowed Martin, scrambling to his feet. "You're handy with your fists, but you won't dare wrestle me, I'll bet."

"Why not?" returned the little man with a shrug.

"I've picked that cactus for you to land on," hissed Martin as he charged. But the dude suddenly gripped Martin by a leg and an arm, swinging low and rolling backwards.

It was the giant westerner who flew through the air, landing precisely on the cactus, screeching in pain.

"I won a blue-ribbon for jujitsu in college," said Randolph Wright.

"Eastern tricks," Martin sneered as he untangled himself from the cactus. "Let's try something western. You're wearing a gun. Draw when I count three. One . . . two . . ."

"Bull's got him," whispered one cowhand to another. "They don't teach *that* in college."

At the count of three, the dude brought his knee up sharply, flipping the gun from his holster into his hand and firing, all in one smooth swift motion. Half-way out of its holster, Martin's gun spun away from the impact of the dude's bullet.

"Took up trick shooting at the gun academy," smiled the dude. "Now, what is my name, Mr. Martin?"

Bull was beaten. "Uh . . . Wright . . . Randolph Wright."

"Right," nodded the dude. "Perhaps I should insist on nicknaming you Bully . . . but I think that name would be wrong now."

Even the cowhands stopped laughing in pity, as Bull Martin slunk away like a coyote with his tail between his legs.

PEDRO

SAVES THE FORT



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WELL I'VE STIRRED UP THE MUDDY FOOT INJUNS. THEY ARE GOING TO ATTACK THE FORT O' JULY.

GOOD WORK, OLD BUDDY!



BUT FOR ONCE, PEDRO WAS NOT ASLEEP ! ...

SANTOS!

I MUST WARN THE FORT!



AFTER THEY TAKE THE FORT, THEY'LL SWAP US ALL THAT ARMY EQUIPMENT FOR FIREWATER. WE'LL START THE BIGGEST OUTLAW GANG IN THE WHOLE WEST ! — — —



VAMOS, MIGUELITO! WE MUST FLY LIKE THE WIND!

LIKE THE WIND, HEY? WELL THE WIND DOES NOT HAVE TO CARRY A LANKY LUNK LIKE YOU!



THIS IS FORT O'JULY... ISOLATED, ALONE, IN
WILD, SAVAGE COUNTRY...



TODAY THE FORT IS UNDERSTAFFED AND
UNDEREQUIPPED.



MEANWHILE, PEDRO IS RUSHING TO WARN THE
FORT OF THE DANGER...



THIS IS THE LATE GENERAL PAT MIKE O'JULY,
WHO BUILT THE PLACE IN 1814. HIS SUPERIOR
HAD ASKED, "WHO'LL MAKE A FORT AT BRIDGE?"

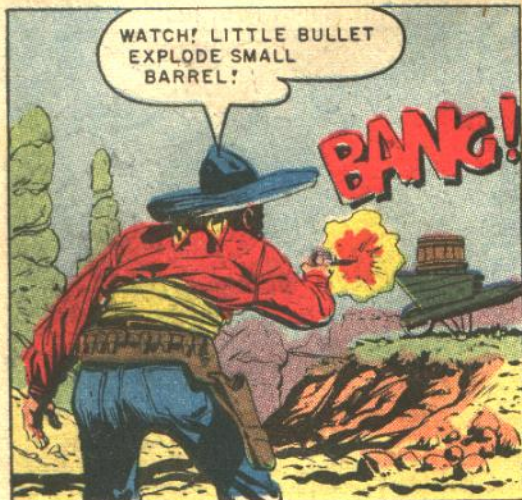
BUT THE LIES AND PROMISES OF A PAIR OF EVIL
WHITE MEN HAVE MADE THE INDIANS VERY, VERY
UN-FRIENDLY!



'LATER---

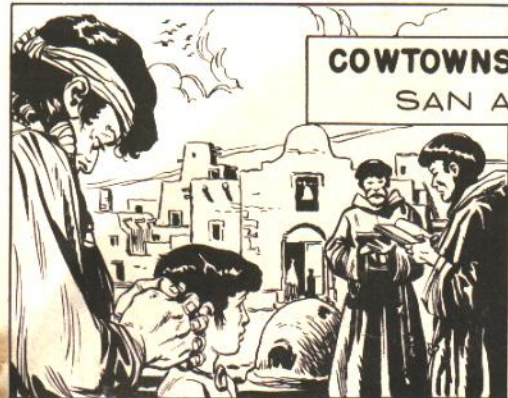






FOILED IN THEIR PLAN TO STIR UP THE INDIANS, THOSE TWO EVIL PALE-FACES LATER WERE FOUND LOITERING WITHOUT VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT AND WERE JAILED FOR VAGRANCY! JUSTICE TRIUMPHS!

COWTOWNS OF THE WEST SAN ANTONIO



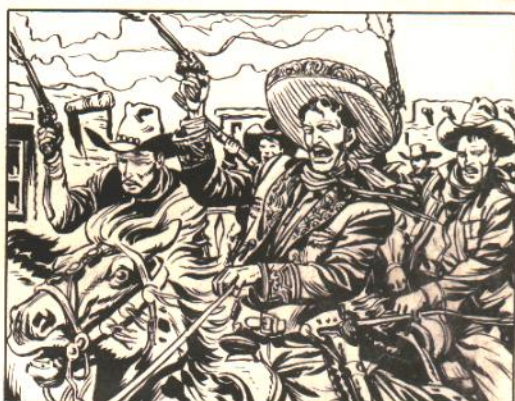
YANAGUANA WAS AN OLD INDIAN VILLAGE IN 1718 WHEN THE MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO DE VALERO WAS ESTABLISHED THERE ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT ALAMO.



THE MISSION LATER BECAME A FORT, CALLED THE ALAMO. IT WAS HERE THAT THE FAMOUS BATTLE WAS FOUGHT DURING THE WAR FOR TEXAS INDEPENDENCE IN 1836. . .



AFTER THE CIVIL WAR THE TOWN BECAME A CENTER FOR THE BOOMING CATTLE TRADE AND A HAVEN FOR SUCH DESPERADOS AS DOC HOLLIDAY, SAM BASS AND THE DALTONS. . .



AMONG THE MOST COLORFUL BADMEN TO VISIT SAN ANTONIO WAS THE FLAMBOYANT "KING" FISHER, WHO LIKED TO DRESS IN A MEXICAN CHARRO COSTUME. . .



THE TOWN'S HISTORY WAS CLIMAXED IN 1884 WHEN KING FISHER AND THE NOTORIOUS GUN-HAWK BEN THOMPSON WERE SHOT DOWN IN A SALOON AMBUSH.



TODAY SAN ANTONIO IS A HUGE MODERN CITY BUT IT IS STILL A GREAT STOCK RAISING CENTER AND HAS NEVER LOST ITS COWTOWN ORIGIN OR HISTORIC TRADITION.

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