

**DELL**

OCTOBER-DECEMBER

10¢

# THE CISCO KID



**IMPORTANT**

SEE

**DELL'S PLEDGE  
TO PARENTS**

ON INSIDE  
FRONT COVER







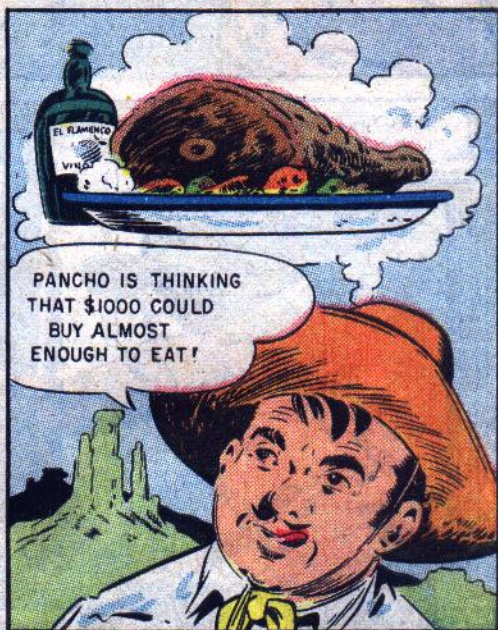
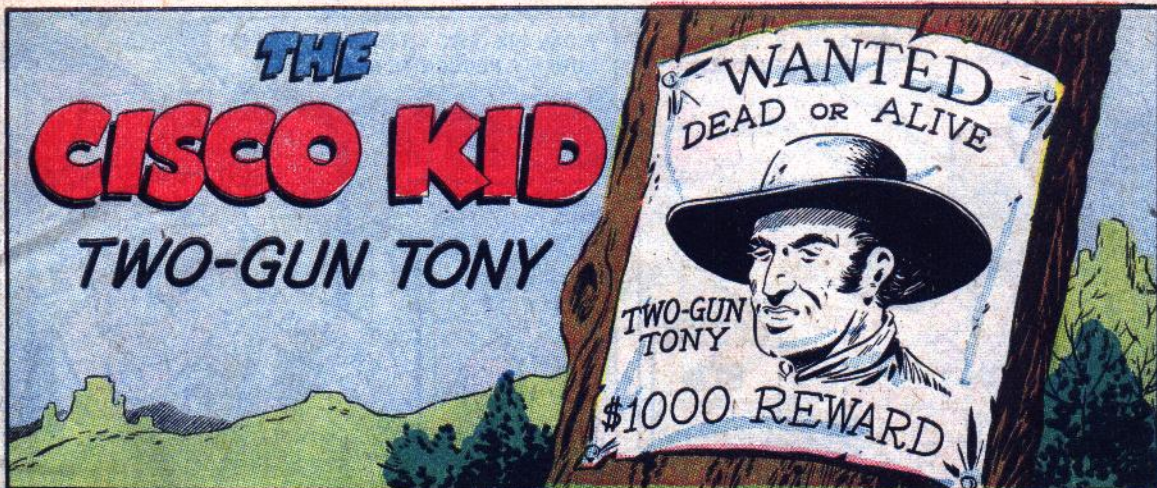
## *A Pledge to Parents*

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome juvenile 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.



# THE CISCO KID

## TWO-GUN TONY

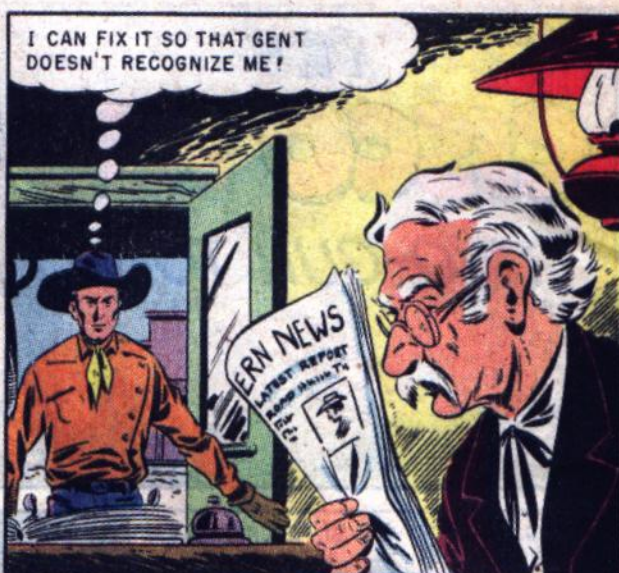




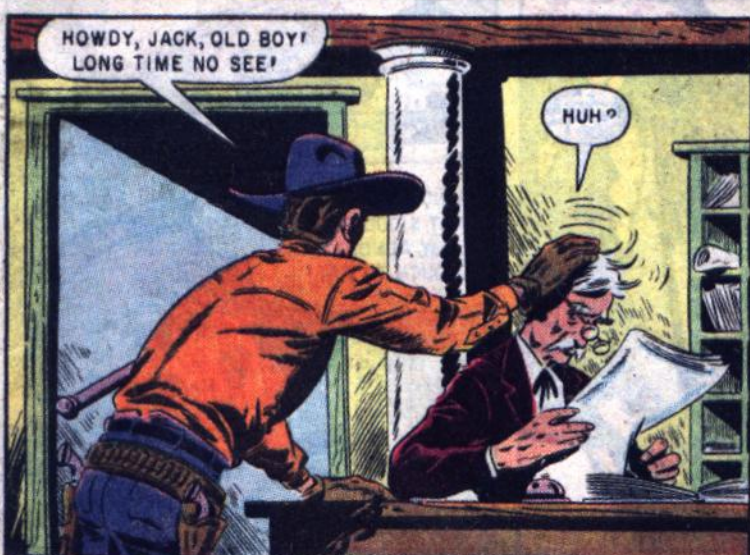


WELL, MY FAME IS SPREADING!

MEANWHILE, IN TOWN



I CAN FIX IT SO THAT GENT DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME!



HOWDY, JACK, OLD BOY! LONG TIME NO SEE!

HUH?

THE CLERK'S GLASSES FALL TO THE FLOOR AND SHATTER.



YOU CLUMSY OX! YOU'VE BROKEN MY GLASSES AND I'M BLIND AS A BAT WITHOUT 'EM! AND MY NAME'S NOT JACK!

I'M DOWNRIGHT SORRY, MISTER! FROM THE BACK YOU LOOK LIKE JACK!

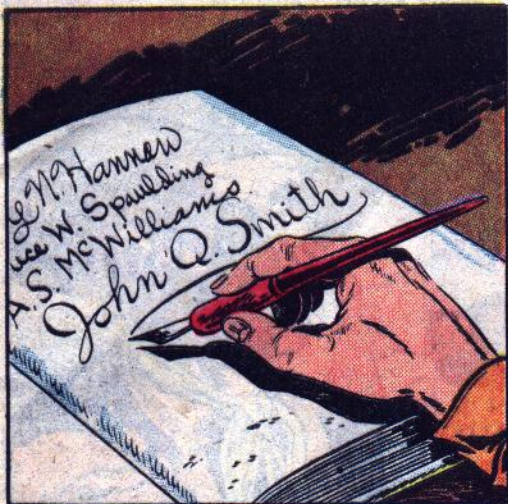


BUT DON'T WORRY! I'LL PAY UP DOUBLE FOR THE GLASSES SO YOU CAN GET TWO PAIR! MEANWHILE, I WANT A ROOM!

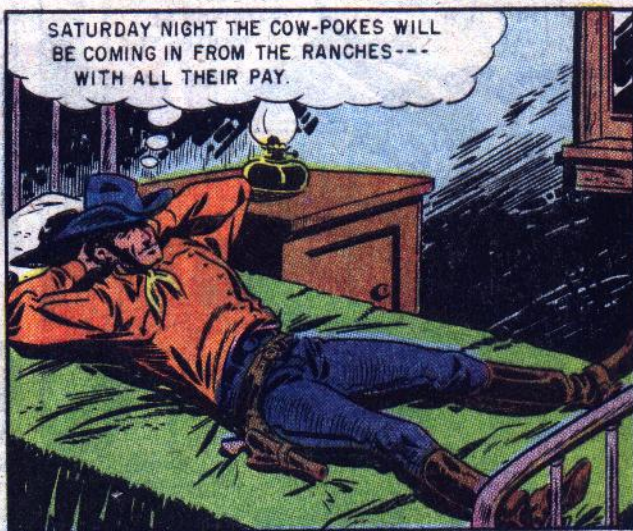
YES, SIR!



WITH A FLOURISH, TWO-GUN TONY SIGNS THE HOTEL REGISTER...



... AND A MOMENT LATER HE LOLLS IN HIS ROOM.



MEANWHILE, A POSSE SEARCHES THE HILLS FOR TWO-GUN TONY...



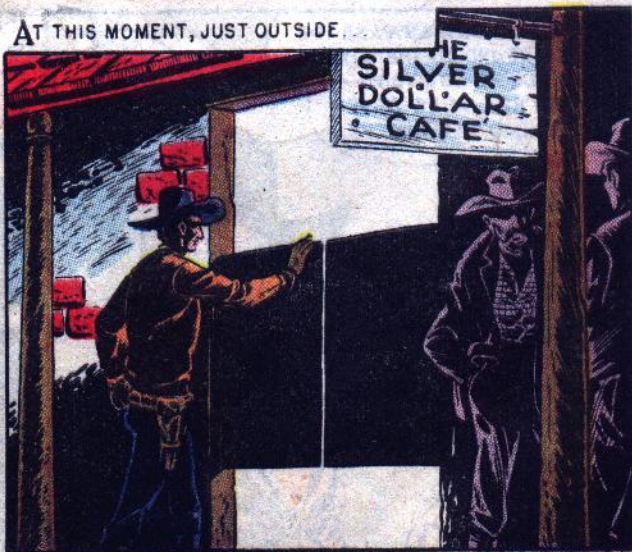
SATURDAY EVENING ARRIVES, CISCO AND PANCHE ARE HAVING SUPPER IN A CORNER OF THE SILVER DOLLAR CAFE'.



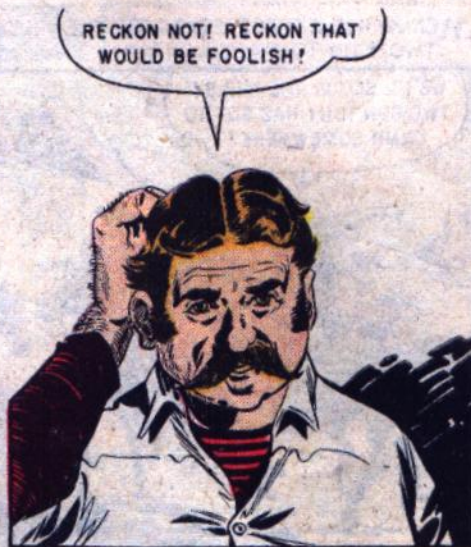
YOU MUST BELIEVE ME, AMIGO! I HAVE GOOD REASON TO STAY FAR AWAY FROM SEÑOR TWO-GUN TONY!



AT THIS MOMENT, JUST OUTSIDE...







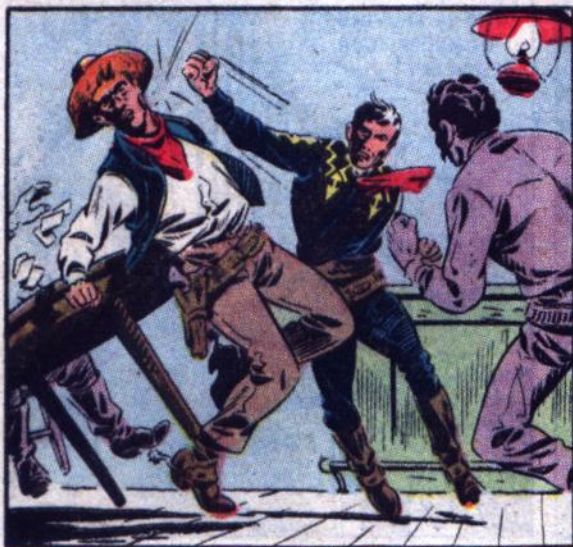
UNAWARE OF THE BYPLAY AT THE BAR, CISCO AND PANTCHO CONCENTRATE ON EATING.















SEÑOR, IF YOU PREFER GUNS TO FISTS, THAT SUITS ME!

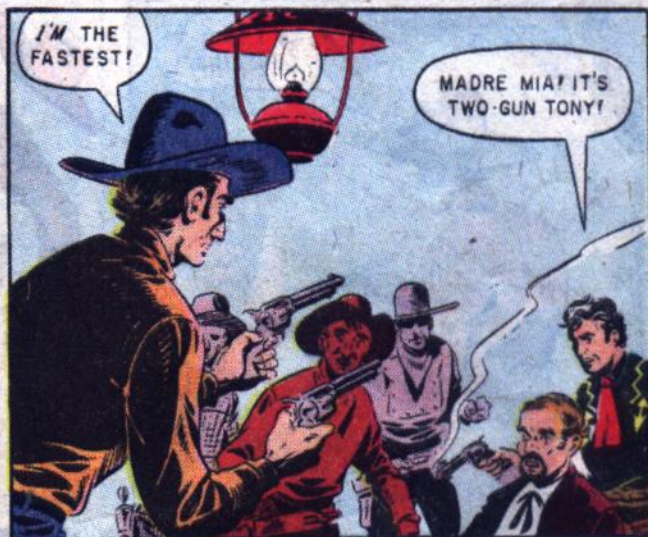
LOOK AT THAT! CISCO SHOT FROM THE HIP!

CISCO'S THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE WORLD!

OW!



WRONG, GENTS! HE'S ONLY THE *SECOND* FASTEST!



I'M THE FASTEST!

MADRE MIA! IT'S TWO-GUN TONY!



RIGHT! AND NOW, CISCO, I ASK YOU POLITELY TO DROP YOUR HARDWARE SO NOBODY GETS HURT!

SI'!



NOW MARCH RIGHT OUT THAT DOOR, MOUNT YOUR HORSE, AND GET LOST!

SI', I HAVE NO CHOICE!



NOW, GENTS, AS YOU KNOW, THIS IS 'PAYDAY---  
AND I MEAN *PAYDAY FOR ME*. LINE UP AND COME  
FORWARD PUT YOUR WAMPUM HERE ON THE  
STAGE AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS,  
OR IT'S CURTAINS!



HE CAN'T GET  
AWAY WITH THIS!

I'M KEEPING  
MY PAY!



AS I SAID,  
"CURTAINS"!



UNNGH!

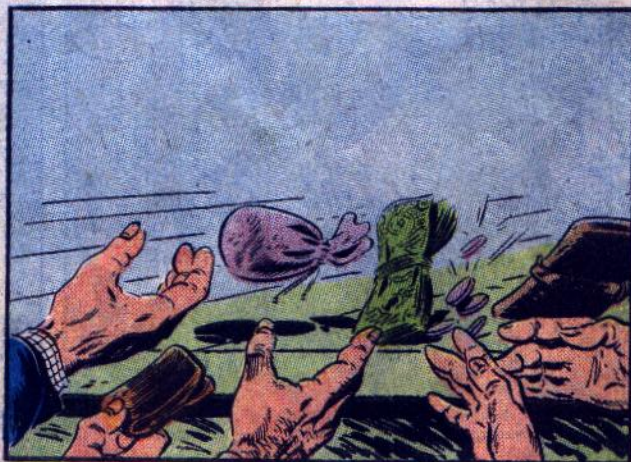
AAAAHHH!



ANYONE ELSE OBJECT  
TO MY PAYDAY?



WITH THIS DEMONSTRATION OF MARKSMANSHIP, TWO-GUN  
TONY IS IN COMMAND. THE CAFÉ'S CUSTOMERS DECIDE  
THEY'D RATHER GIVE UP THEIR MONEY THAN BE SHOT





NEXT MORNING

OOOH! PANCHO'S HEAD IS FULL OF EGG-GOOSSES... BESIDES, THEY ARE SAYING THAT CISCO IS A COWARD!

POOF! I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY, AMIGO, AS LONG AS YOU ARE WITH ME!

BUT THE LITTLE MUCHACHOS ARE SAYING IT, TOO! THE KIDS ARE MAKING TWO-GUN TONY THEIR HERO!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



BEHOLD!

I'M TWO-GUN TONY! BANG! BANG! YOU'RE DEAD!

I'M THE CISCO KID--- OWROOOOOO!  
IT'S MY TURN NEXT TO BE TWO-GUN TONY!



PANCHO, THIS IS TERRIBLE. THOSE MUCHACHOS THINK THE BANDIDO, TWO-GUN TONY, IS A HERO! WE MUST PUT A STOP TO THAT!

I'M WITH YOU, AMIGO!



CISCO HEADS FOR A CERTAIN SMALL RANCH, THEN...

CISCO!

THERESA!

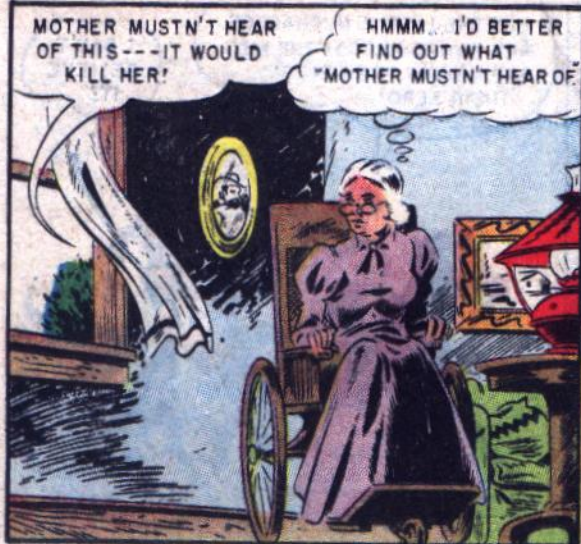


THERESA, YOU MUST RELEASE ME FROM MY PROMISE! TWO-GUN TONY MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE HE TURNS ALL THE KIDS INTO BANDIDOS!

SHHH, CISCO! LET'S WALK OVER BY THE BARN!

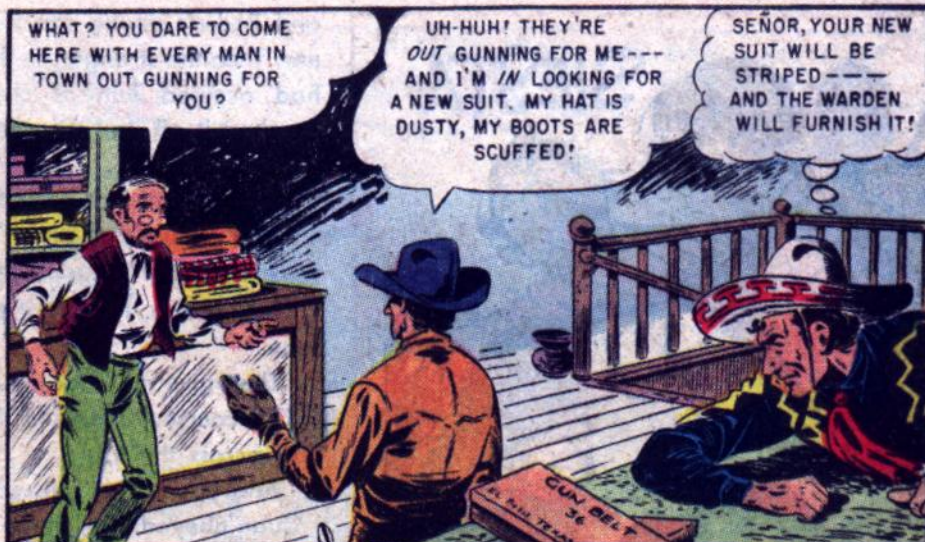




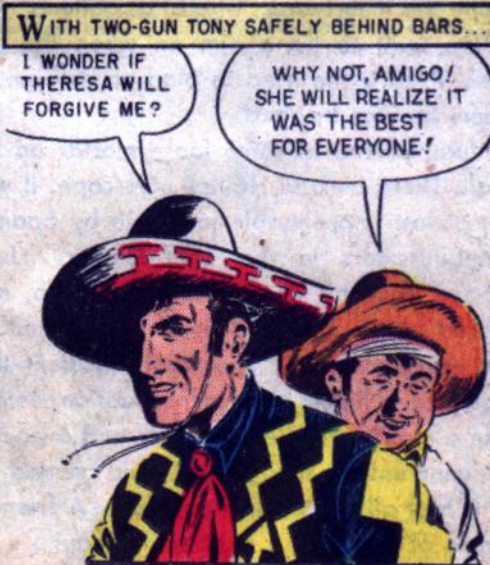
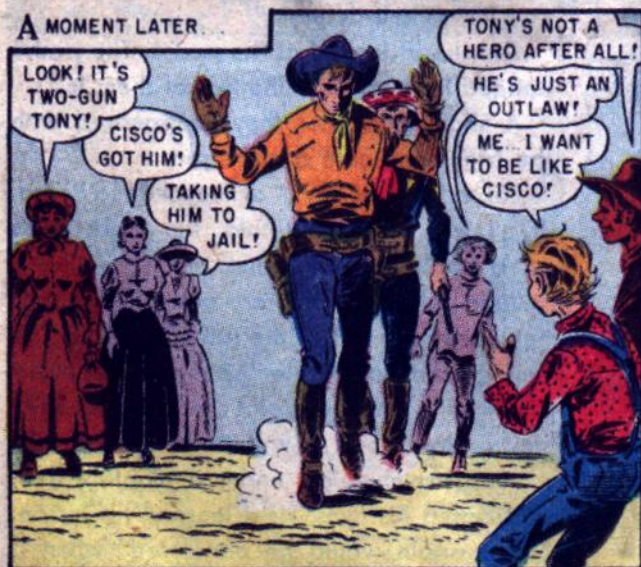




A SHORT TIME LATER, TWO-GUN TONY ARRIVES AT THE GENERAL STORE JUST AS CISCO PREDICTED HE WOULD!



A MOMENT LATER...





# SIESTA



The heat, in Toluca, Mexico, in July, has to be felt to be believed. The wells dry up, the adobe huts crack and turn mahogany brown, the armadillos bury themselves in the dry river beds, and the grass turns a withered yellow.

The heat reaches its zenith at midday when all living creatures are forced to suspend their daily activities and seek the shade. Listlessly, they take their afternoon naps, or siestas.

But Sombrero Juan was not thinking about the heat as he paced beside his hard pallet one sizzling morning. He had a cool, steel cell to protect him from the heat. Instead, his mind was on the hammering he could hear from the courtyard, where a gallows was being built to hang him on when the sun rose. Even as he tried to plan an escape, he knew he was trapped.

Juan picked at some loose mortar on the wall. There was no chance of escape. It was an almost impregnable jail, built by Spanish Conquistadors in the 16th Century. Juan tipped back his ever-present sombrero, and stared at the small patch of sky framed by his barred window. The whole incident that had placed him in his present situation seemed like a nightmare. He went over and over it in his mind until he thought he would go mad.

It had all started so peacefully. A friendly game of cards . . . a bottle of tequila . . . a cactus leaf fan lazily waving overhead . . .

and Pedro's young son sleeping in the corner. Then the stranger, in the black waistcoat, had accused him of cheating. Juan had laughed it off, but the stranger drew a deringer.

"Señor, I am not armed," protested Juan.

"You should'a thought o' that when you were cheating!" snarled the stranger.

"But, amigo, I was not cheating," avowed Juan.

"Then give me back my money."

"Of course." Juan slid the stranger's gold dust across the table.

"And yours, too," hissed the stranger.

Juan obeyed, but, at the same time, tipped the table against the stranger's gun hand. A struggle followed—the gun was fired once—and the stranger lay very still on the floor.

Now the sky was getting light outside. Soon he'd hear the sheriff's footsteps scraping on the rough cobblestones. If only they would give him a new trial! Somebody might be found who had seen the shooting. But everybody had been taking siesta. Even Pedro's little son. *Pedro's son!* Of course. The struggle must have awakened him!

At the first flush of dawn, the sheriff, and a padre, appeared outside Juan's cell.

"Let's go," said the law officer.

"Wait!" said Juan. "You must question Pedro's son. He was in the café. He will tell you it was self-defense."

The sheriff looked at the padre. The padre nodded his head and the two of them left.

A short time later they reappeared with the frightened café owner's son.

"Sí, eet is as he says," acknowledged Pedro, Jr. "I was afraid if I told, the black one's ghost would return to haunt me."

Juan pulled his sombrero over one eye and happily strode out of the jail compound. The sun was climbing high in the sky, and in every doorway a peon was slouched for his daily siesta. How good it was to be free again!

Juan stretched out under a plantain tree, and closed his eyes. He'd learned his lesson. Never again would he play cards when it was time for siesta.



# THE CISCO KID

## BURRO TRAP

CISCO! PANCHO'S BACK-  
BONE IS SHAKING HANDS  
WITH HIS STOMACH!

WHICH IS *ONE* WAY OF  
SAYING YOU ARE HUNGRY?  
BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT  
UNTIL WE REACH TOWN!

THE CISCO KID AND PANCHO ARE  
HEADING FOR SKEETER CREEK.

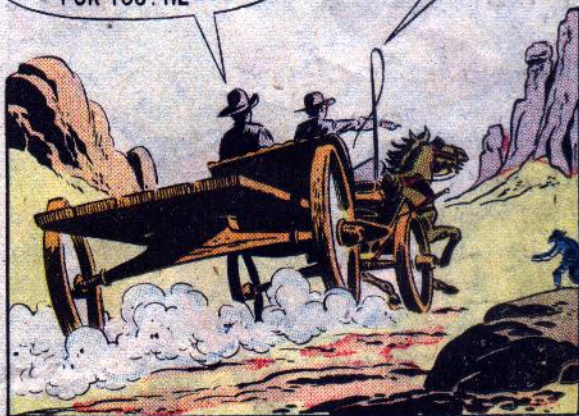
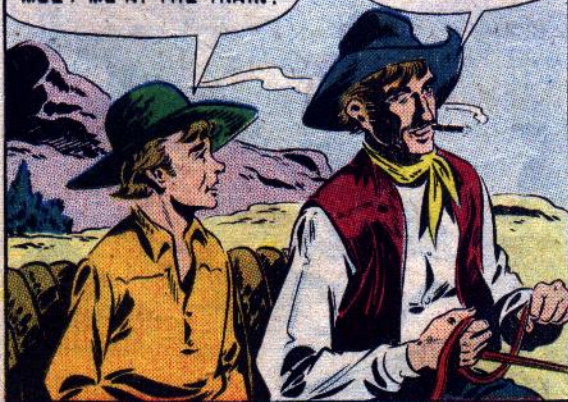
WHILE NOT FAR AWAY...

GOSH, CHUCK! I CAN'T  
WAIT TO SEE GRANDPA!  
HOW COME *HE* DIDN'T  
MEET ME AT THE TRAIN?

'CAUSE HE'S FIXING  
UP SOME REAL  
FANCY GRUB TO  
CELEBRATE YOUR  
COMING!

GAFFER'S PLEASED AS  
PUNCH ABOUT SOMETHING  
ELSE, TOO, TIMMY! HE'S  
GOT A BIG SURPRISE  
FOR YOU! HE---

CHUCK! LOOK!  
A MAN!

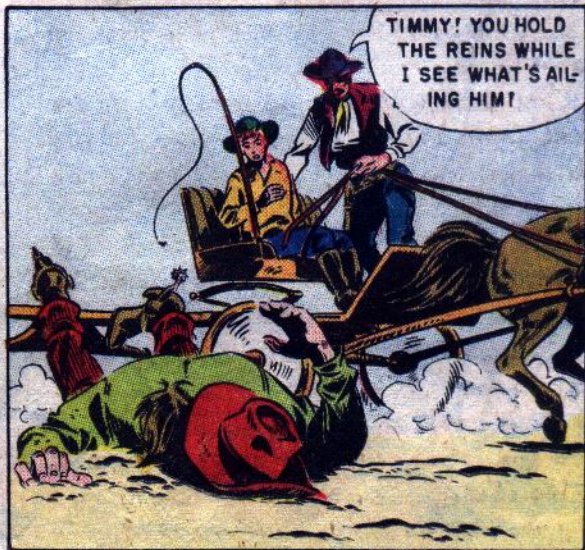


HOLY SMOKE!  
THAT HOMBRE'S  
IN A BAD WAY!

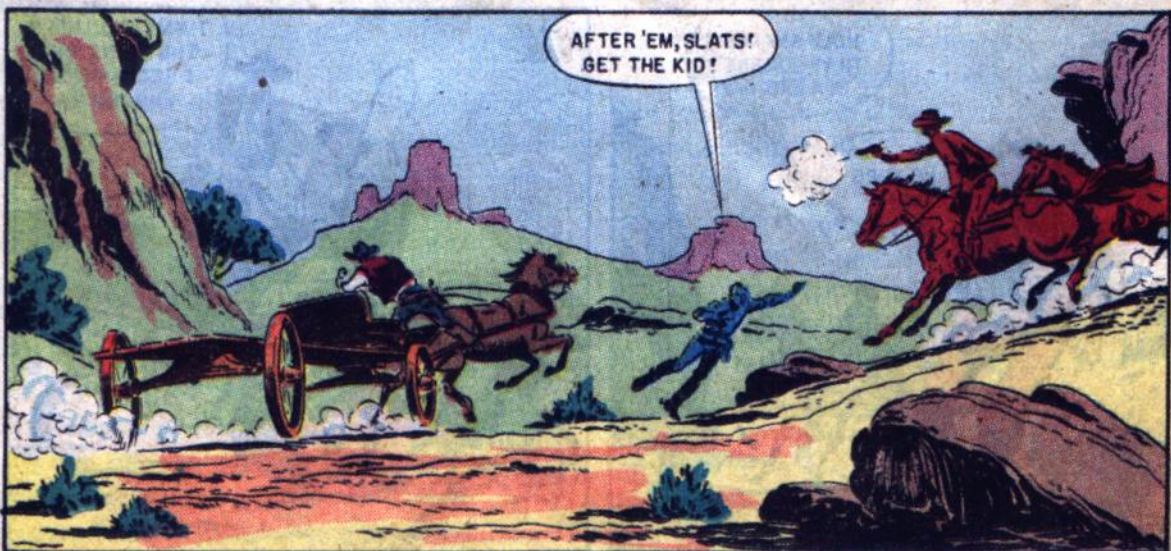
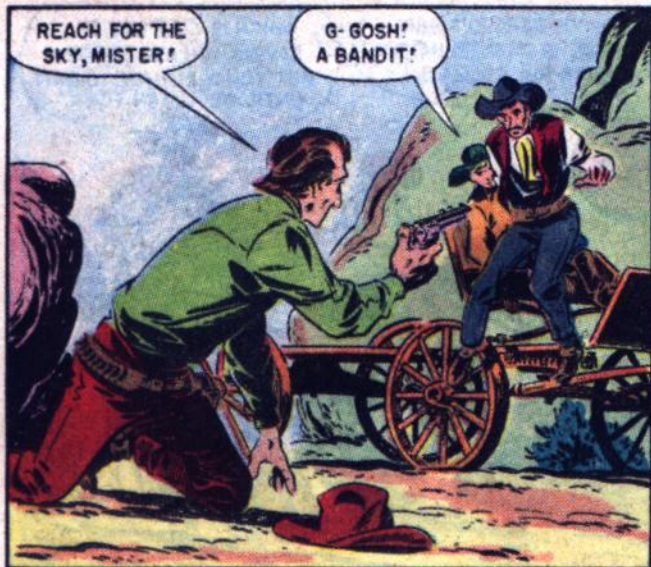
HE SURE  
IS!



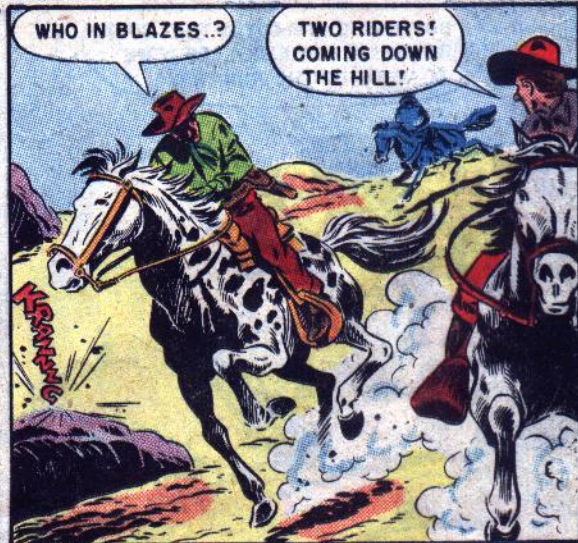
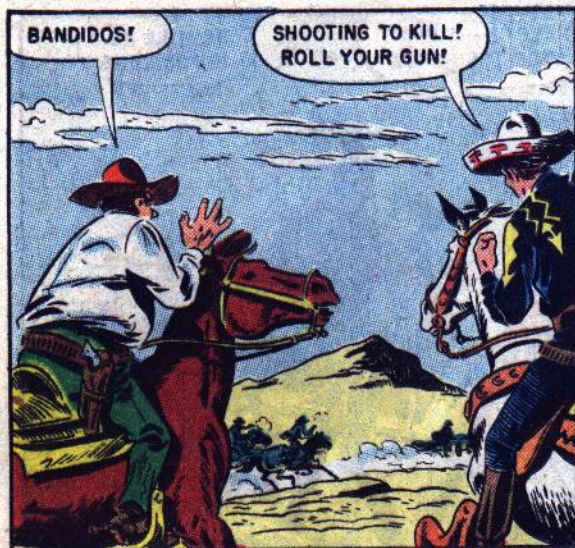
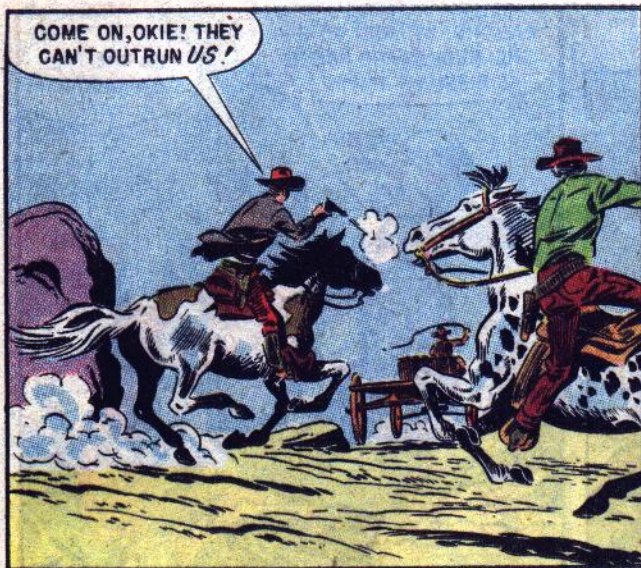
TIMMY! YOU HOLD  
THE REINS WHILE  
I SEE WHAT'S AIL-  
ING HIM!









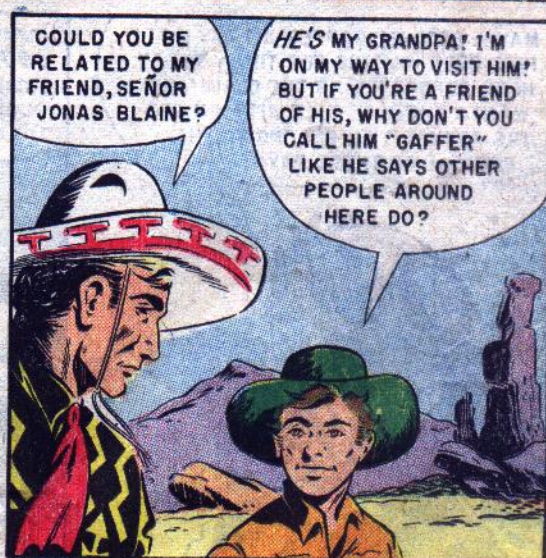
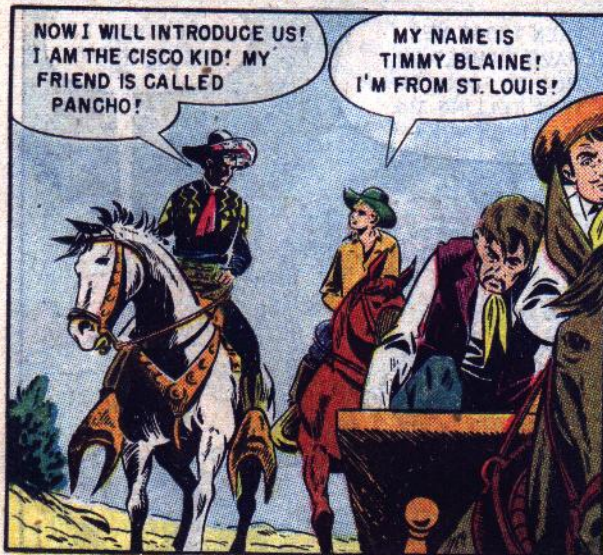




GRABBING THE FALLEN REINS, TIMMY TRIES TO CONTROL THE PANICKED HORSE...











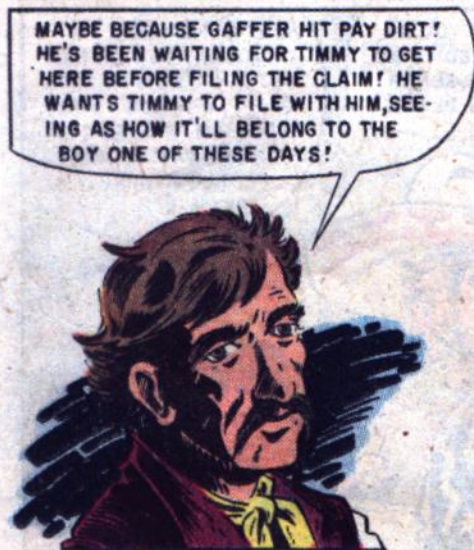
OOOH! MY SHOULDER!---  
CISCO! AND PANCHO!  
YOU DROVE OFF  
THOSE GUNNIES!

YES! TOO LATE TO  
KEEP YOU FROM BEING  
HURT! BUT IN TIME TO  
KEEP THEM FROM  
ROBBING YOU!



THOSE HOMBRES WEREN'T AFTER  
MONEY, CISCO! THEY WERE AFTER  
YOUNG TIMMY! I HEARD ONE  
OF 'EM SAY SO!

BUT  
WHY?



MAYBE BECAUSE GAFFER HIT PAY DIRT!  
HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR TIMMY TO GET  
HERE BEFORE FILING THE CLAIM! HE  
WANTS TIMMY TO FILE WITH HIM, SEE-  
ING AS HOW IT'LL BELONG TO THE  
BOY ONE OF THESE DAYS!



HMMM...THEN THOSE MEN  
*COULD* HAVE FIGURED ON,  
USING TIMMY TO FORCE SEÑOR  
BLAINE INTO TELLING THE  
LOCATION OF HIS STRIKE?

THAT'S HOW I  
SEE IT, CISCO!



CISCO! THE DOCTOR'S  
OFFICE IS JUST AHEAD!

GOOD! PULL INTO  
THE HITCHRACK! I'LL  
HELP SEÑOR FRASER  
INSIDE! YOU KEEP  
WATCH OF TIMMY!



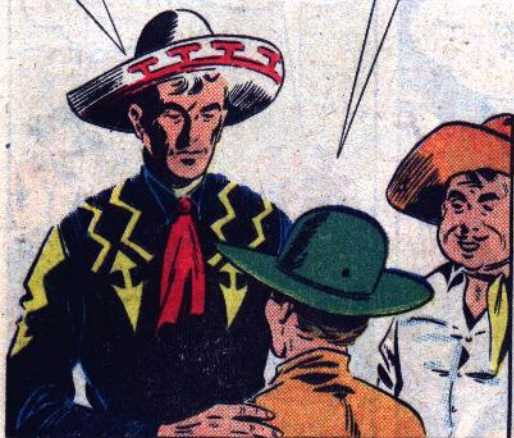
A LITTLE LATER...

SEÑOR FRASER WILL BE ALL RIGHT!  
BUT HE MUST REST AWHILE! WE WILL  
TAKE THE WAGON TO THE LIVERY  
STABLE FOR HIM!...



AND PICK UP A MOUNT  
THERE FOR TIMMY!  
THEN ESCORT HIM TO  
HIS GRANDFATHER'S!

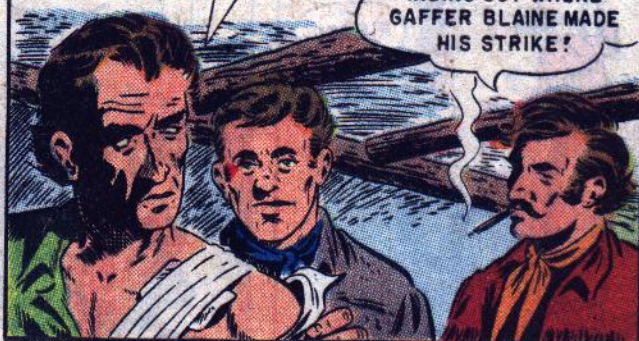
GEE! YOU  
TWO ARE  
REALLY  
TOPS!



AT THAT MOMENT IN A RANCH HOUSE NOT TOO  
FAR AWAY...

I DIDN'T GET TOO GOOD A  
LOOK AT 'EM, LELAND! BUT  
I'D STAKE MY PAY THEY  
WERE THE CISCO KID AN'  
HIS FAT PAL, PANGHO!

THAT'S A  
TOUGH BREAK!  
THEY'RE BAD  
MEDICINE! BUT  
THEY WON'T  
STOP ME FROM  
FINDING OUT WHERE  
GAFFER BLAINE MADE  
HIS STRIKE!



NOW, LET'S SEE... CISCO AND PANGHO  
WILL PROBABLY HEAD OUT TO GAFFER'S  
WITH THE BOY! IF THEY REACH THERE  
AND FIND GAFFER GONE, WE'LL  
BE IN REAL TROUBLE!



GAFFER'S GONE?  
WHERE?

NOT FAR, OKIE!  
BANDY HAS HIM UP AT  
THE SHACK---TRYING TO  
GET INFORMATION  
FROM HIM!



OKIE! YOU'RE OUT OF ACTION WITH  
THAT SHOULDER! GO UP AND RELIEVE  
BANDY! SLATS AND I WILL KEEP  
CISCO FROM GETTING TO GAFFER'S!  
AND JUST IN CASE ANYTHING  
GOES WRONG...



A LITTLE LATER.

WE JUST MADE IT,  
BOSS! THERE  
THEY COME!

HURRY! HELP ME  
BLOCK THE TRAIL!

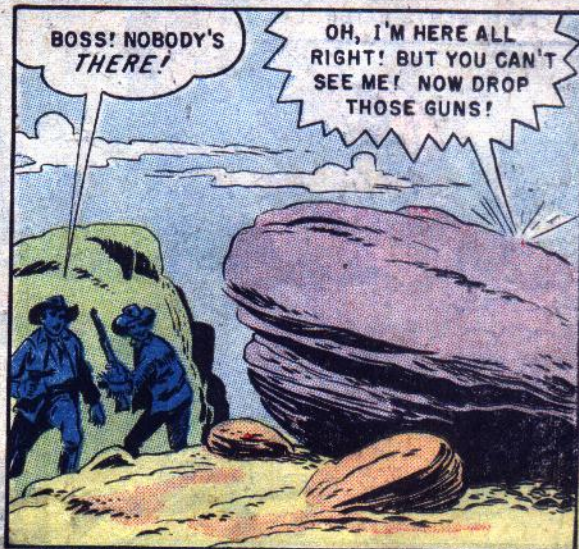
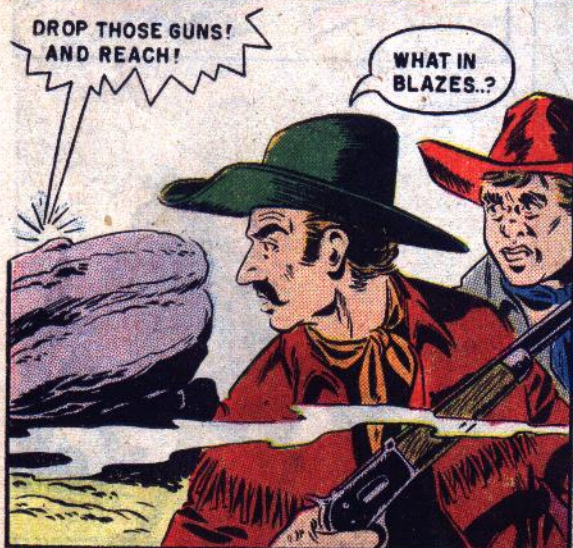
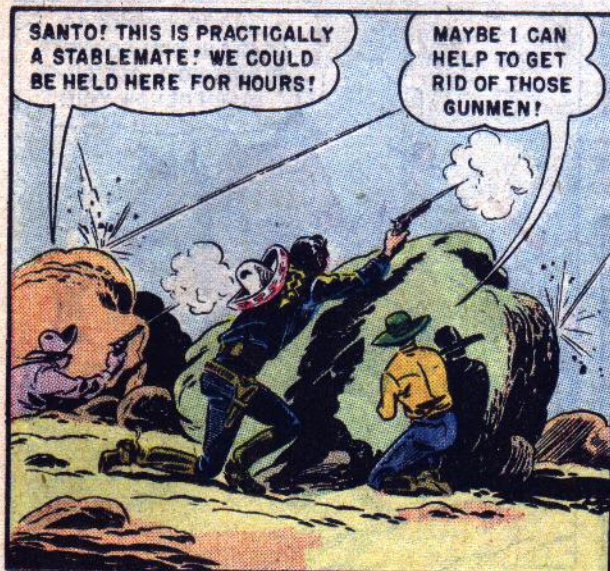




A FEW MINUTES LATER...







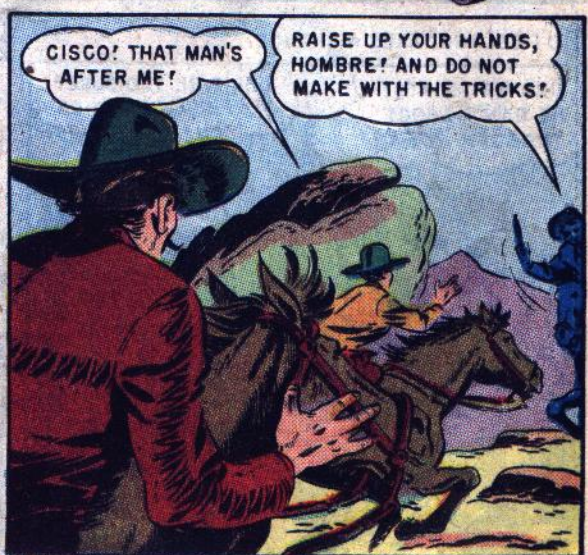
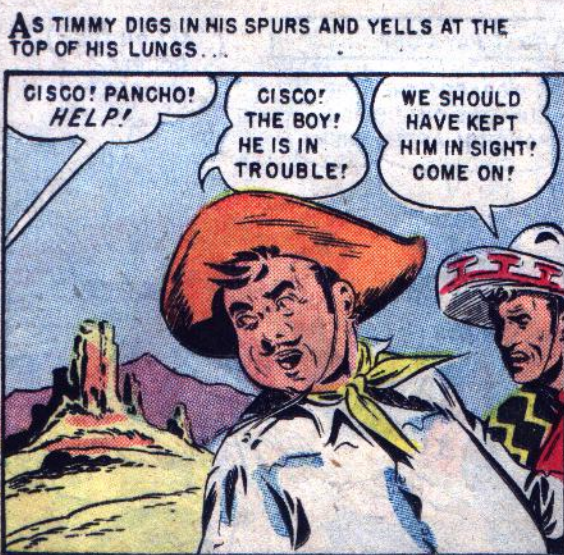
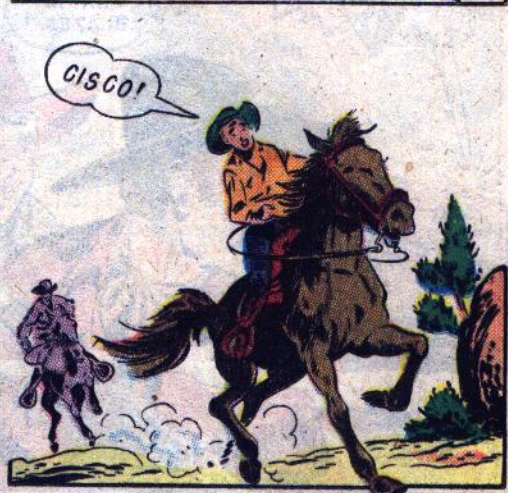
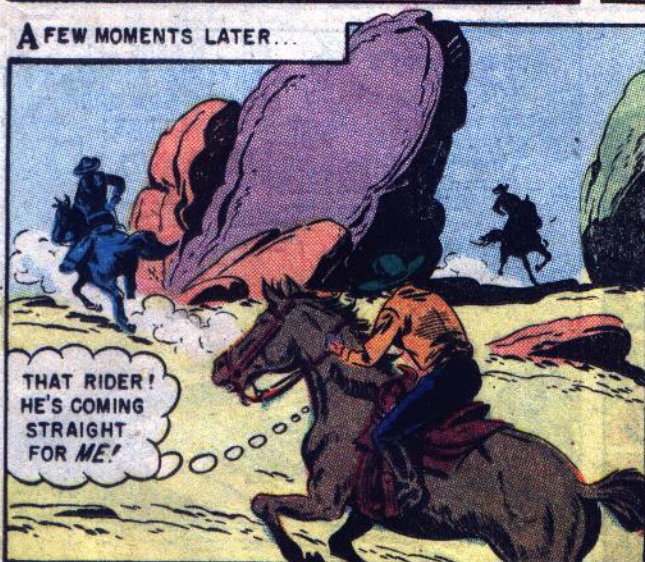
BUT LELAND TAKES A CHANCE...



AND IT PAYS OFF...









I'M NO CROOK! I'M RUFUS LELAND, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE-L RANCH! THE BOY MISUNDERSTOOD! AT FIRST, I THOUGHT HE WAS LOST AND PERHAPS I COULD HELP HIM!

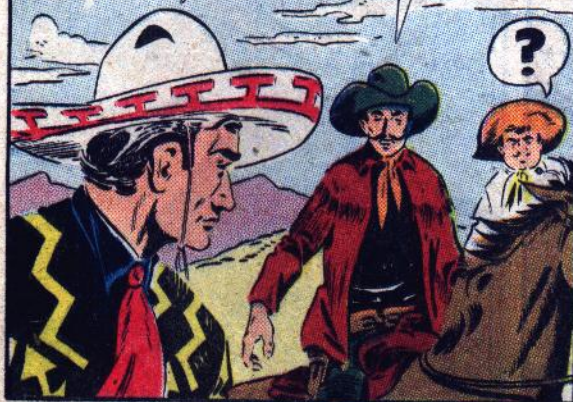


BUT WHEN I HAILED HIM AND HE LIT OUT, I FIGURED HE WAS UP TO SOMETHING! SO I FOLLOWED HIM TO FIND OUT WHAT!



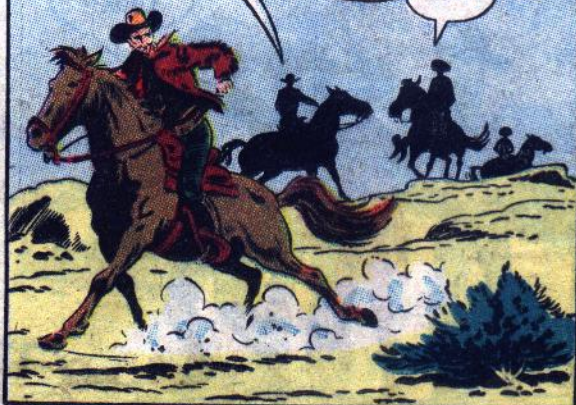
PANCHO! PUT AWAY YOUR GUN! YOU ARE FREE TO GO, SEÑOR LELAND!

THANKS! SORRY FOR CAUSING SUCH A RUCKUS!



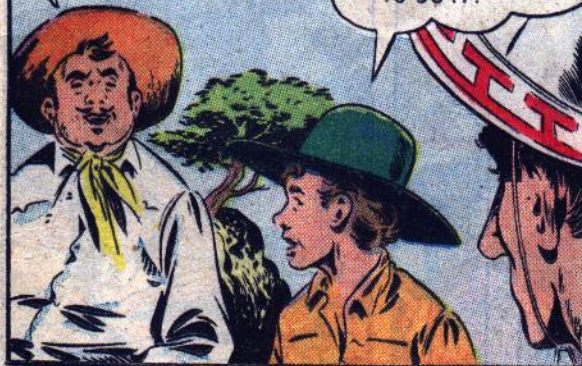
GISCO! HE *WAS* CHASING ME! HE LIED TO YOU!

I THINK SO, TOO! BUT WE CANNOT PROVE IT --- AT THE MOMENT! COME! LET US RIDE ON!



HO! HO! PANCHO WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SEEN THE BUSHGULCHERS WHEN TIMMY USED HIS VENTR---VEN---THREW HIS VOICE!

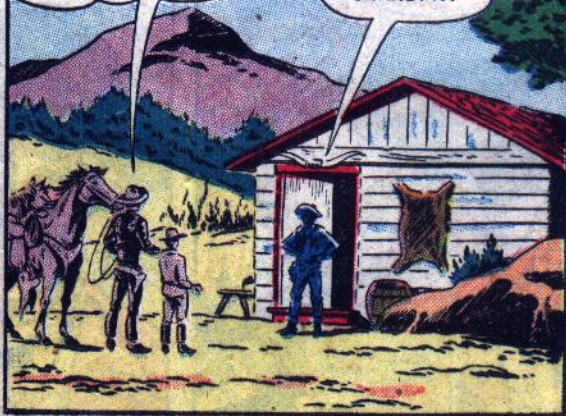
IT'S CALLED "VENTRILOQUISM", PANCHO! I'LL BET GRANDPA'LL BE PROUD OF ME FOR REMEMBERING HOW TO DO IT!



A LITTLE LATER...

WELL, TIMMY! THIS IS YOUR GRANDFATHER'S HOME!

CORRECTION, STRANGER! THIS IS MY HOME! I'M BANDY HILL! AND I'M *NOBODY'S* GRANDPA!



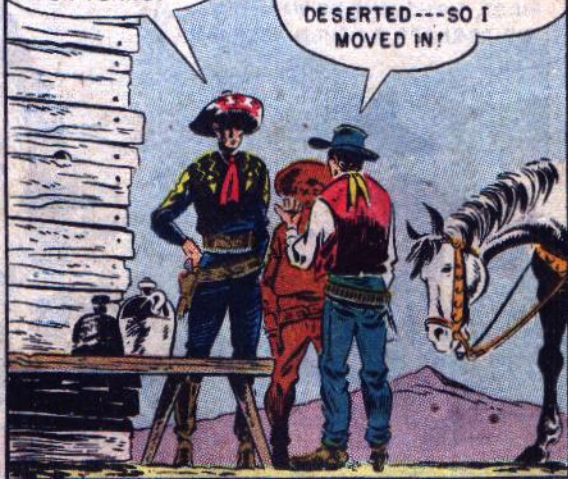


OBVIOUSLY! BUT SEÑOR BLAINE IS! AND HE OWNS THIS CABIN!



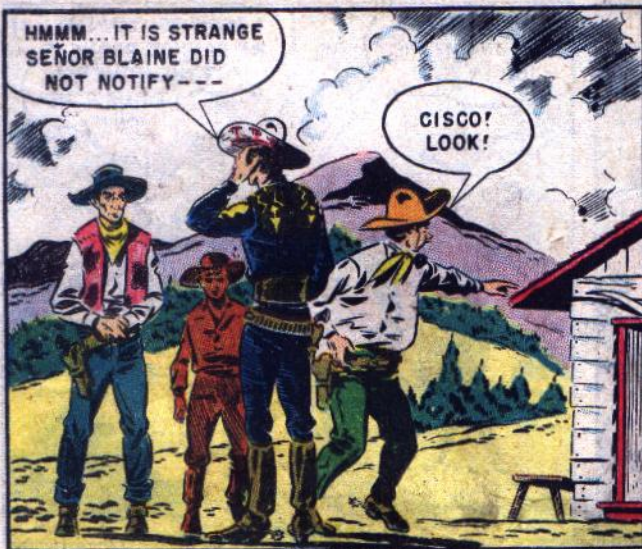
MAYBE SO, BUT I'M LIVING HERE NOW! AN' I NEVER HEARD OF BLAINE!

BUT SEÑOR BLAINE HAS LIVED HERE FOR YEARS!



COULD BE! BUT NOT FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS! I FOUND THE PLACE DESERTED---SO I MOVED IN!

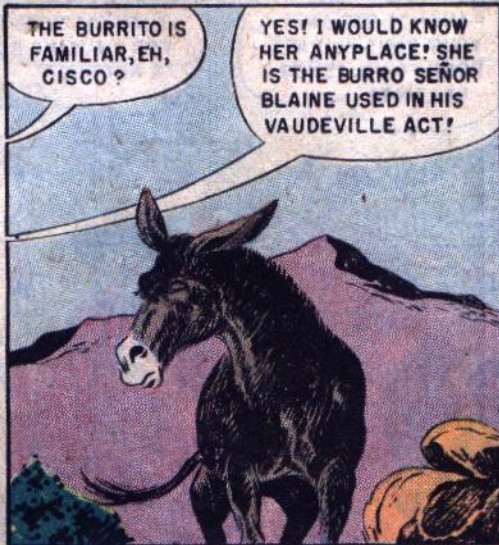
HMMM... IT IS STRANGE SEÑOR BLAINE DID NOT NOTIFY---



CISCO! LOOK!

THE BURRITO IS FAMILIAR, EH, CISCO?

YES! I WOULD KNOW HER ANYPLACE! SHE IS THE BURRO SEÑOR BLAINE USED IN HIS VAUDEVILLE ACT!



NONSENSE! JESSIE BELONGS TO ME! HAD HER FOR YEARS!

THEN CALL HER OVER HERE!



HERE, JESSIE! HERE!

SHE WILL NOT ANSWER TO THAT NAME! BUT IF I CALL HER.

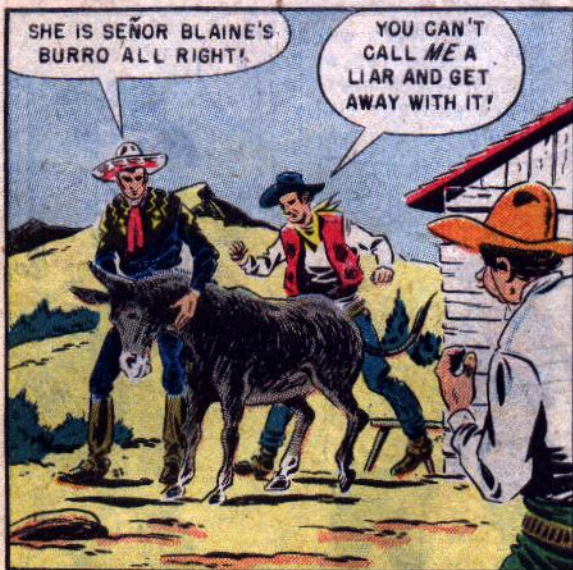


EVALINA! COME HERE!

EEE-HAWW!







WHICH CISCO DUCKS AND COUNTERS WITH A JOLTING RIGHT TO THE JAW...



BANDY SWINGS A SAVAGE RIGHT



NOW! WHERE IS SEÑOR BLAINE?

I DUNNO... HONEST! I JUST DRIFTED IN HERE! AND UNTIL TODAY I NEVER SAW THE BURRO!



WELL, YOU ARE LEAVING HERE PRONTO! AND DO NOT COME BACK!

OKAY, OKAY! YOU NEEDN'T GET SO ALL-FIRED HET UP ABOUT IT!

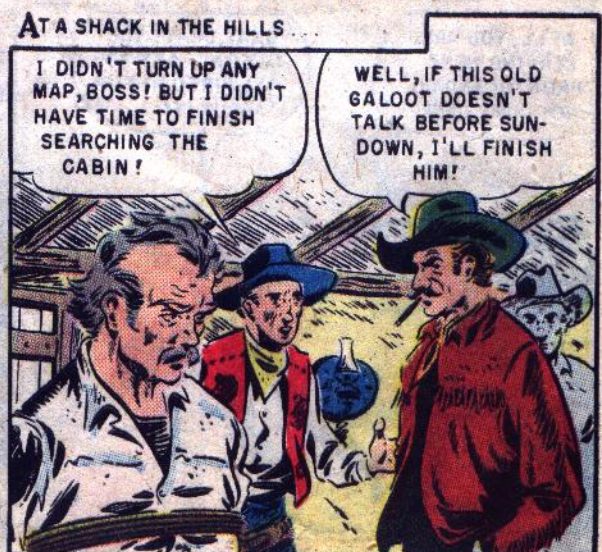
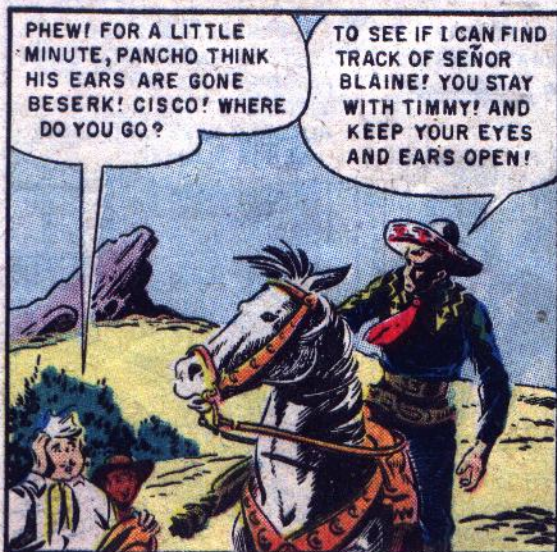
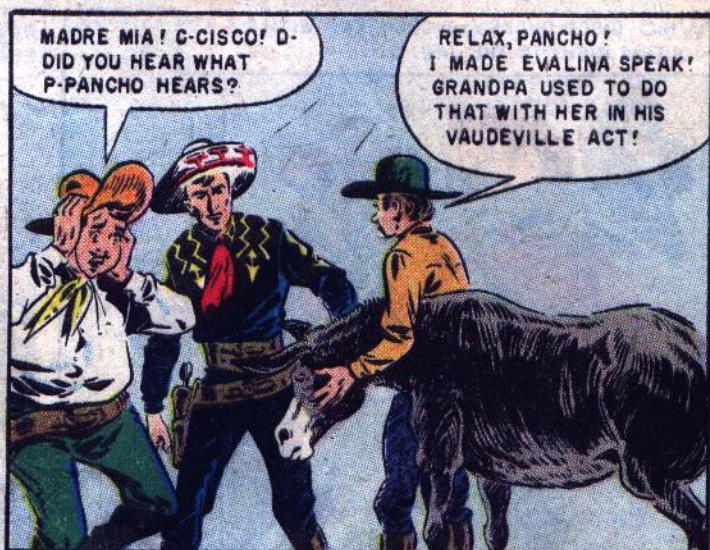


MADRE MIA! WHAT A MESS!

PERHAPS I WAS TOO HASTY IN SENDING THAT BANDY PERSON ON HIS WAY! HE LIED ABOUT THE BURRO! HE COULD HAVE LIED ABOUT SEÑOR BLAINE!









BANDY! GO BACK TO THE CABIN AND KEEP WATCH! CISCO JUST MIGHT GET ONTO SOMETHING! IF HE DOES, I WANT TO KNOW PRONTO!

OKAY!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

I FOUND NO TRACE OF SEÑOR BLAINE!

CISCO! I JUST SAW THAT BANDY HOMBRE! UP IN THE ROCKS!

OH-OH! THEN HE HAS PROBABLY COME BACK TO SPY ON US! I THINK I WILL TRY A TRICK! IF IT WORKS, IT MAY FORCE A SHOWDOWN! LISTEN CLOSELY...

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

EVALINA! PANCHO HAS THE BIG FAVOR TO ASK! WILL YOU LEAD HIM TO SEÑOR BLAINE'S GOLD STRIKE?

I SURE WILL!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THAT BURRO'S TALKING!

THEN COME, BURRITO! AND BE QUIET LIKE THE MIGES! PANCHO DOES NOT WANT CISCO TO KNOW HE IS LEAVING!

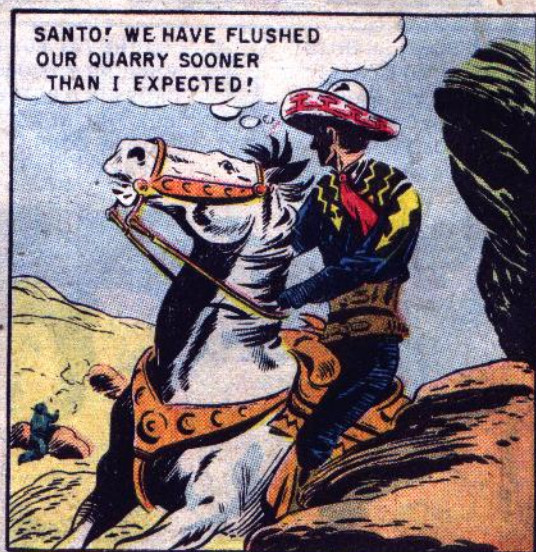
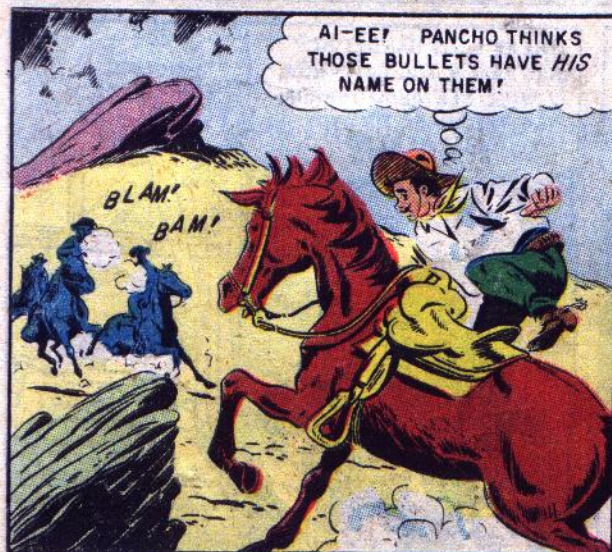
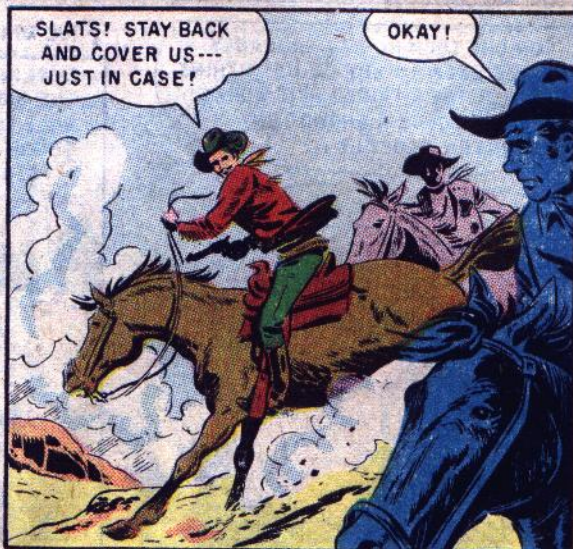
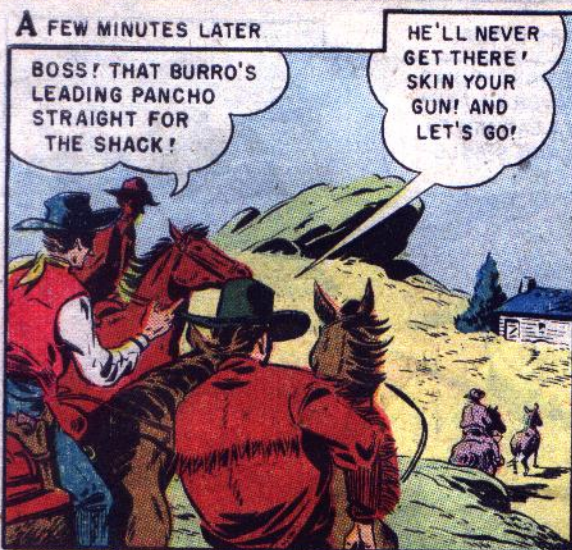
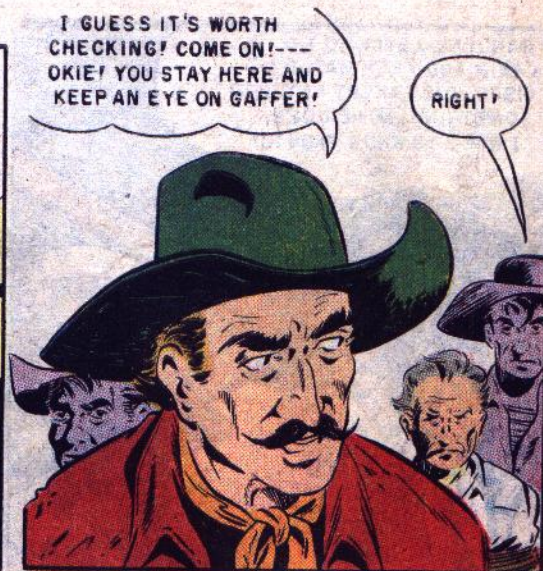
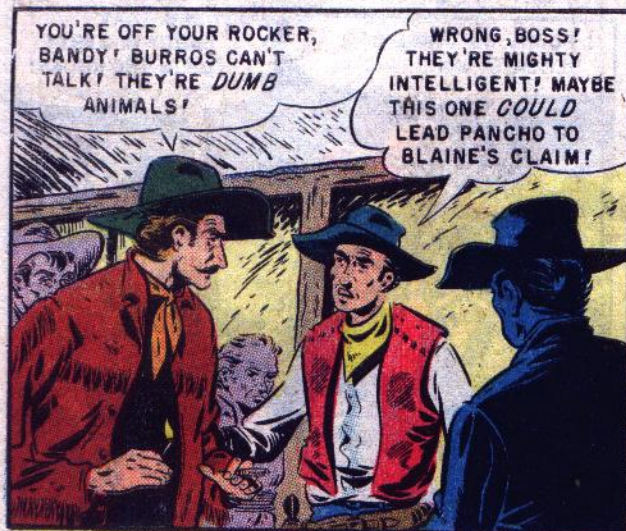
SO THE FAT BOY'S PULLING A DOUBLE-CROSS! I'D BETTER GET THIS NEWS TO THE BOSS FAST!

THERE GOES BANDY! HE HAS TAKEN THE BAIT! NOW, I WILL SEE ABOUT SPRINGING THE TRAP! TIMMY, YOU WAIT HERE!

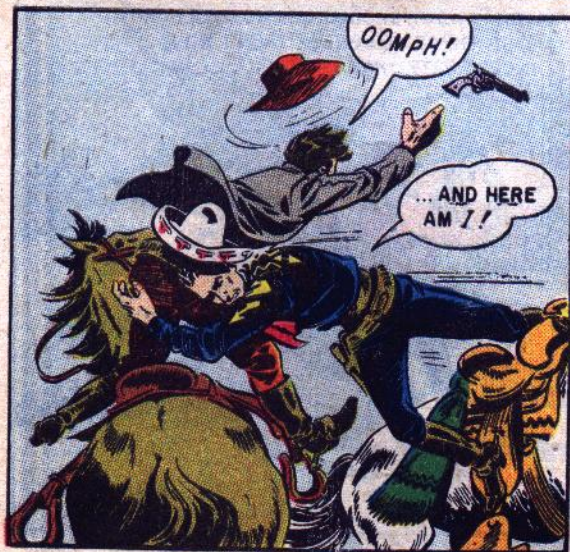
OKAY! IF THINGS GO RIGHT, SEND EVALINA BACK FOR ME!



# BANDY HIGH-TAILS IT TO THE SHACK







KEEPING UNDER COVER, LELAND SNEAKS TO A VANTAGE POINT...

