

DELL

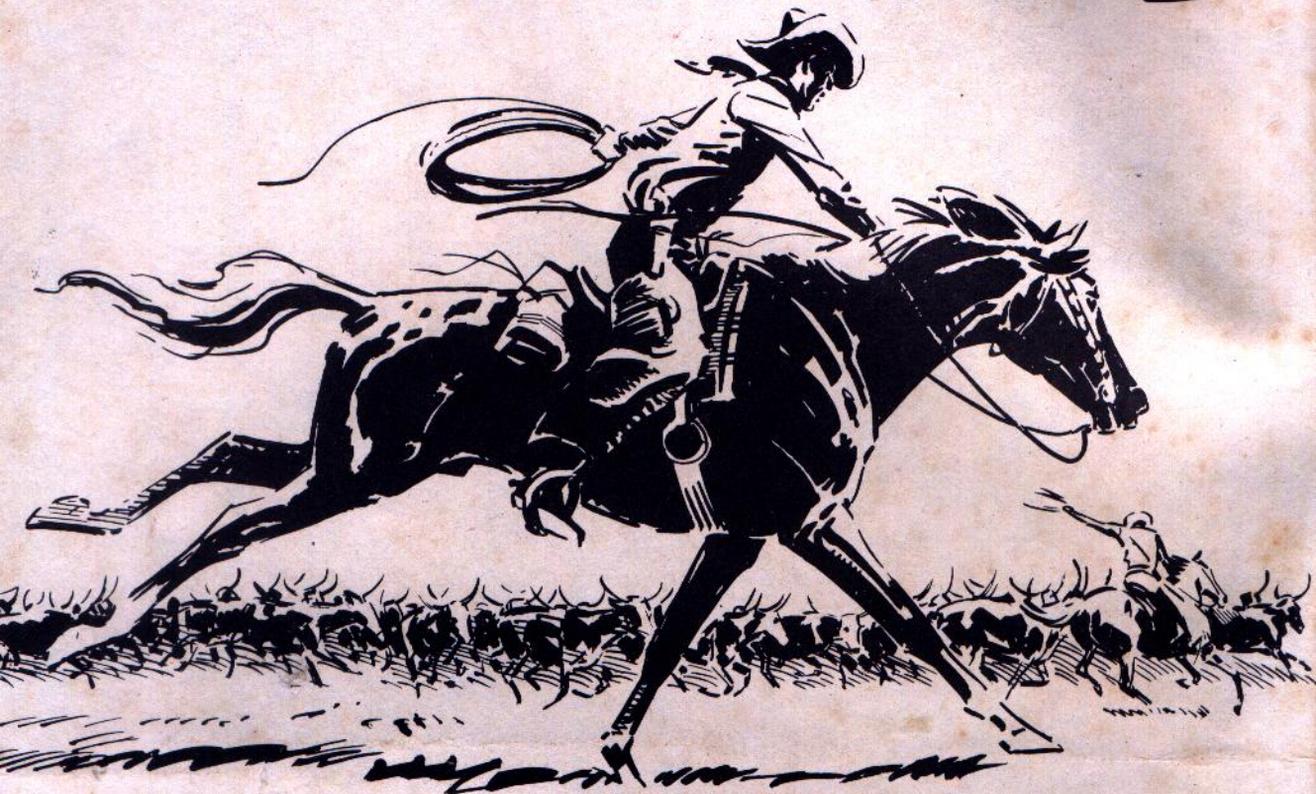
JANUARY - MARCH

10¢

THE CISCO KID



STAMPEDE



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Herds of cattle are skittish and troublesome at certain times, particularly just before a big storm when thunder is rolling in the distance and occasionally a flash of lightning can be seen. But sometimes they stampede for no apparent reason. When that happens, it's the cowboy's most dangerous time. If he's caught in front of a big herd when it stampedes, his only hope is to outdistance them and then turn suddenly to one side out of their path. Sometimes this is hard to do on a tired horse or when the ground is rough.

Many people have remarked that cowboy songs often are sad and mournful. "Home on the Range" and others are slow songs and sometimes they almost wail with sadness. This is because cowboys know that a sad, slow song seems to calm cattle. A human voice, on a dark night, settles them into their bedding ground and helps to prevent them from going into a panic. The cowboy rides his horse slowly round the herd, singing his song and, now and then, calling out to the animals in a low, soothing voice. This is one reason why so

many cowboy songs have the rhythm of a walking horse. Listen for it next time you hear a western song.

But once the stampede starts, how can it be stopped? On flat ground, the only way is to turn the herd. The cowboys ride at the "corner" of the running herd, shooting and shouting. They try to force the animals to turn into a circle which gradually mills around until the animals become exhausted or else get so crowded and confused that they can no longer run. In hilly country, another way is to ride on both sides of the herd and force them up a sloping hill until they slow down from sheer exhaustion. Some punchers favor the cold bath method. If there is a river nearby, they deliberately chase the herd into it. The water and mud prevent too much running and the cold water seems to calm the animals. Most western rivers are shallow, so few animals are lost through drowning. In any way, stopping a stampede is the most dangerous thing a cowboy is called upon to do. One slip, or a fall often means death.

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THE CISCO KID

IN
REVENGE
OF THE
REDMEN



HERDED INTO A DEAD END, THE BEASTS ARE EASY PREY FOR THE GREEDY HUNTERS.

WHEN THE LAST OF THE CORNERED BISON HAS BEEN SLAUGHTERED...

HOT ZING! WE'VE GOT A SMALL FORTUNE HERE, BOYS!



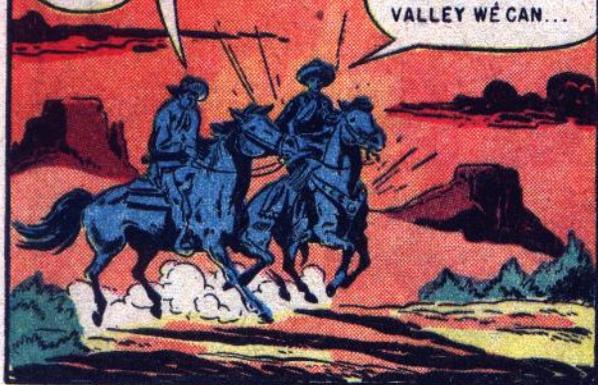
ALL RIGHT, YOU SKINNERS. HOP TO IT! LIVELY! IT WON'T BE HEALTHY IF THE INDIANS CATCH US HERE!



LATER...

CISCO, PLEASE LET US MAKE CAMP. PANCHO IS SO SLEEPY HE CANNOT KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

SI, AMIGO! WE HAVE BEEN IN THE SADDLE MUCHO LONG. PERHAPS IN THE VALLEY WE CAN...

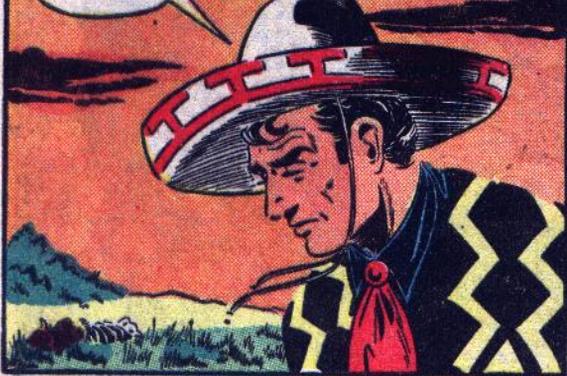


LOOK AT THAT, PANCHO! ISN'T THAT A SHAME?

SANTOS! PANCHO IS SO HUNGRY AND ALL THAT MEAT LEFT FOR THE WOLVES!



GREEDY HOMBRES! THEY HAVE SLAUGHTERED THESE BUFFALO, SKINNED OFF THE HIDES, AND LET THE REST GO TO WASTE! THE INDIANS WILL BE MIGHTY ANGRY!

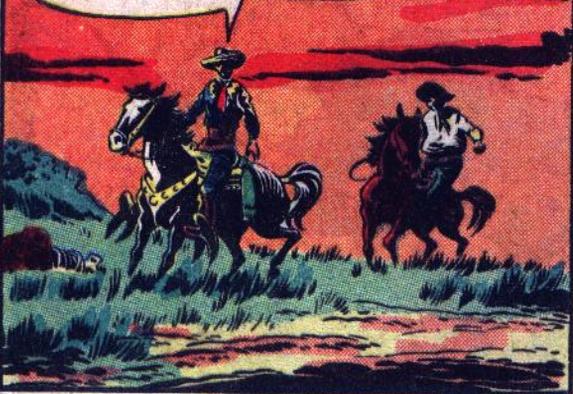


DO THESE BUFFALO BELONG TO THE INDIANS, AMIGO?

SI, IN A WAY. THE GOVERNOR SIGNED A TREATY WITH CHIEF BIG TREE, FORBIDDING WHITE MEN TO HUNT BUFFALO IN THIS TERRITORY!



THE REDMEN RELY ON THE BUFFALO FOR FOOD AND CLOTHING. MANY OF THEM BELIEVE THE GREAT SPIRIT CREATED BISON 'SPECIALLY FOR THEM. AND IF THIS SLAUGHTER' KEEPS UP, INDIANS WILL STARVE DURING THE WINTER!



I'M RIDING UP ON THE RIDGE TO SEE IF I CAN GET A GLIMPSE OF THE SKINNERS!

PANCHO...(YAWN!) WILL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I (YAWN!) CATCH ON FORTY WINKERS!



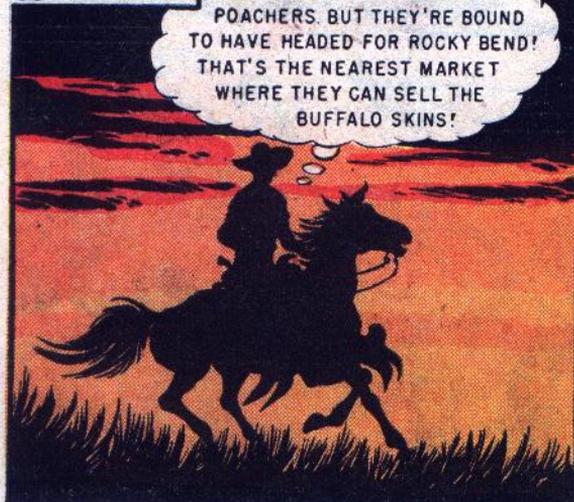
PANCHO FALLS ASLEEP AT ONCE...

AND THEN...



MEANWHILE...

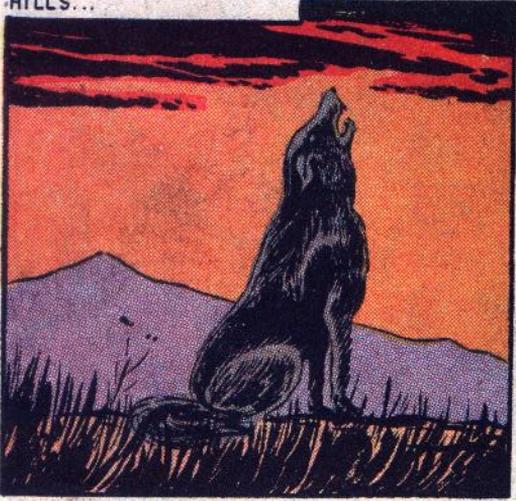
NO SIGN OF THE BUFFALO POACHERS. BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO HAVE HEADED FOR ROCKY BEND! THAT'S THE NEAREST MARKET WHERE THEY CAN SELL THE BUFFALO SKINS!



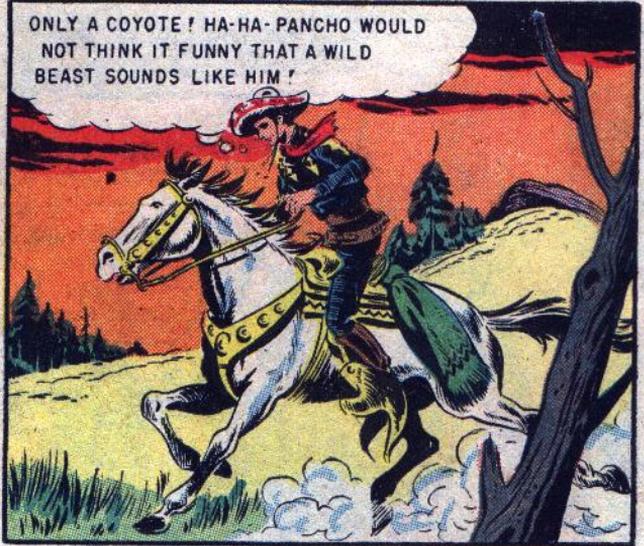
I'LL GO DOWN TO THE ROAD AND SEE IF... WHAT'S THAT?... DID PANCHO CRY OUT?



AT THAT MOMENT, A COYOTE HOWLS FROM THE HILLS...



ONLY A COYOTE! HA-HA- PANCHO WOULD NOT THINK IT FUNNY THAT A WILD BEAST SOUNDS LIKE HIM!



POOR PANCHO! HE DID CALL FOR HELP... BUT IN VAIN...

YOU BE SILENT, FAT PALE-FACE, OR WE NOT WAIT FOR CHIEF TO JUDGE YOU!



SEE! PALEFACE PRISONER!

HIM LOOK LIKE VILLAIN!

MURDERER, MAYBE!





MIGHTY CHIEF, IT IS I, RED EAGLE, MAKING REPORT. WE HAVE CAPTURED A BUFFALO SKINNER, POACHING ON OUR HUNTING GROUNDS!



BRING HIM TO ME!

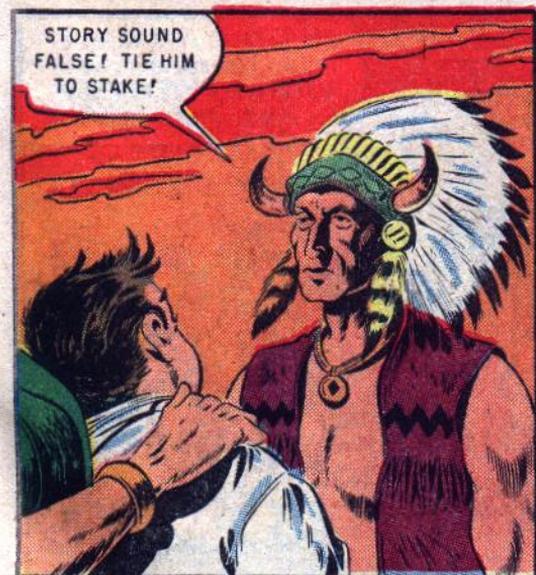


YOU MASSACRE MANY BUFFALO! CAUSE INDIANS TO STARVE. THAT SAME AS MURDER!

SEÑOR CHIEF, PANCHO DID NOT DID IT! I AM INNOCENT!



I SWEAR, PANCHO WAS SO SLEEPY I ONLY STOPPED THERE FOR A SMALL SIESTA. THE DEAD BUFFALO JUST HAPPENED TO BE NEARBY...



STORY SOUND FALSE! TIE HIM TO STAKE!



ALL BRAVES MAKE READY! PUT ON WAR PAINT! WE'LL KILL PALEFACE ENEMIES WHO DESTROY OUR FOOD!

THE OMINOUS BOOM-BOOM OF A WAR DRUM BEGINS
ECHOING FROM THE HILLS...



MEANWHILE...

HO, AMIGO! WAKE UP! WE'VE
GOT PLACES TO GO!



STRANGE... LOCO'S MISSING...
PANCHE GONE... AND HE DID
NOT EVEN LEAVE A MESSAGE!



SHOELESS HOOFPRINTS! THAT
MEANS INDIAN PONIES... THE REDMEN
HAVE TAKEN PANCHE!



BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM



OH-OH!
WAR DRUMS!

DIG, DIABLO! DIG! THERE'S
INDIAN TROUBLE AND I'VE
GOT A HUNCH OUR PANCHE IS
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!





OOOP! I AM TIED SO TIGHT I CAN HARDLY BREATHE. AND IF I DO NOT ESCAPE, THEY WILL KILL PANCHO AND THEN I CANNOT EAT SUPPER!



GREAT SPIRIT, CHIEF OF ALL INDIANS, WE KNOW YOU WILL BE PLEASED WHEN WE GET RID OF PALEFACE MEN WHO SLAUGHTER BUFFALO!

THE WAR DANCE GOES ON WITH FEVERED FRENZY AS PANCHO GIVES UP ALL HOPE OF SURVIVING...

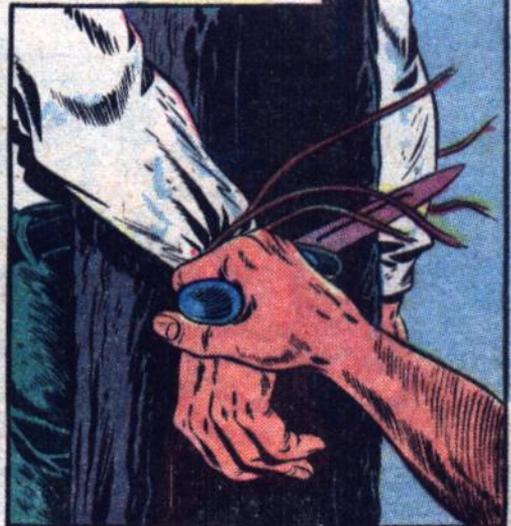


SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE DANCERS SWERVES TOWARD THE CAPTIVE...



WHEN I COME AROUND NEXT TIME, BE READY TO RUN FOR IT!

A MOMENT LATER...





FOLLOW ME... RUN!



THIS WAY... I'VE GOT THE HORSES!

FOR SECONDS THE INDIANS ARE TOO SURPRISED TO ACT. THEN...



THE PRISONER... ESCAPED!

GONE!

AFTER HIM!



MOUNT QUICKLY, AMIGO! WE'RE NOT OUT OF THIS YET!

SI!



ARROWS?

SI! BUT IF WE KEEP MOVING WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF RANGE!



CAPTIVE GET AWAY! TOO FAST, TOO DARK!

NO MATTER! SOON WE TAKE CARE OF ALL PALEFACES! ON WITH WAR DANCE!

DIABLO AND LOGO CAN OUTRUN ANY HORSES IN THE WEST. SOON THE INDIANS GIVE UP THE CHASE...



BOOM BOOM BOOMA BOOM

THEY'VE STOPPED CHASING US, AMIGO! WE ARE ESCAPED!

SÍ, BUT THE DRUM CONTINUES TO BEAT! THEY'RE GOING ON THE WARPATH!



THE WAR DANCE WILL CONTINUE FOR MANY HOURS UNTIL ALL THE TRIBESMEN ARE GATHERED. THEN THEY WILL SEEK REVENGE ON THE WHITE MEN --- INNOCENT AS WELL, AS GUILTY!



THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE WE CAN STOP THE MASSACRE. WE'LL HEAD FOR ROCKY BEND!

WHAT CAN WE DO THERE?



CHIEF BIG TREE IS A REASONABLE MAN! IF WE CAN CATCH THE REAL BUFFALO SLAUGHTERERS AND BRING THEM TO JUSTICE, HE MAY CALL OFF THE WAR!



MEANWHILE, IN ROCKY BEND...

DEAL ME IN, BOYS! I GOT PLENTY OF GOLD AND --- HOT ZING --- I FEEL LUCKY!



YOU BEEN STEALING BUFFALO SKINS AGAIN, RAWBONES?

WHY, YOU ---



NOBODY ACCUSES ME OF STEALING, MISTER!

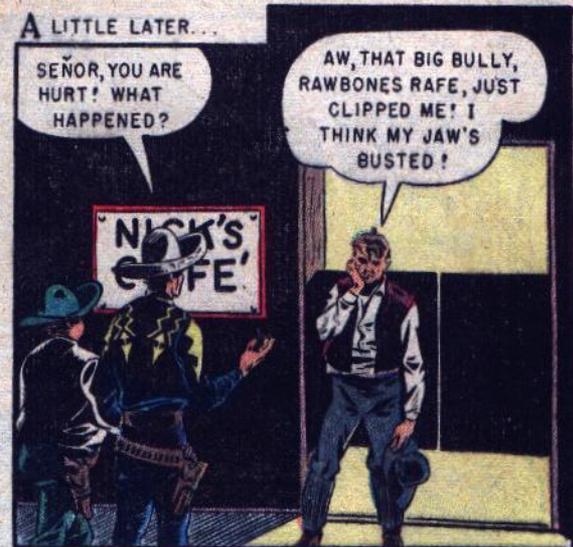
AW, RAWBONES, NO OFFENSE MEANT--- I WAS ONLY FOOLING!



WELL, FOOL WITH THIS!



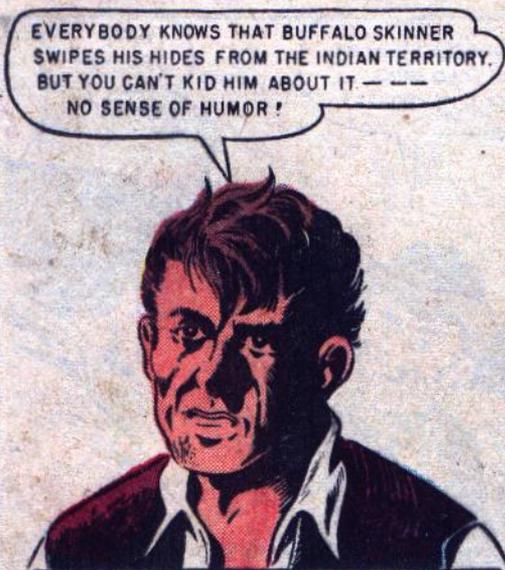
NOW, BOYS, I'LL JUST TAKE HIS PLACE IF THERE'S NO OBJECTIONS! DEAL ME IN!



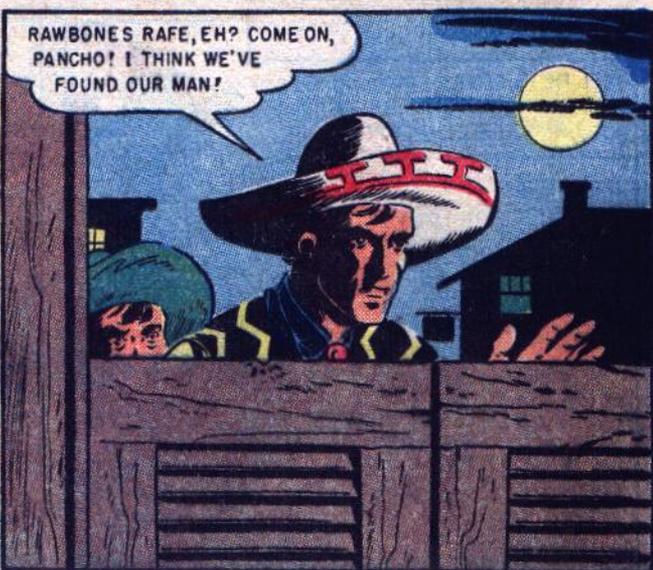
A LITTLE LATER...

SEÑOR, YOU ARE HURT! WHAT HAPPENED?

AW, THAT BIG BULLY, RAWBONES RAFE, JUST CLIPPED ME! I THINK MY JAW'S BUSTED!



EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT BUFFALO SKINNER SWIPES HIS HIDES FROM THE INDIAN TERRITORY. BUT YOU CAN'T KID HIM ABOUT IT. --- NO SENSE OF HUMOR!



RAWBONES RAFE, EH? COME ON, PANTHO! I THINK WE'VE FOUND OUR MAN!



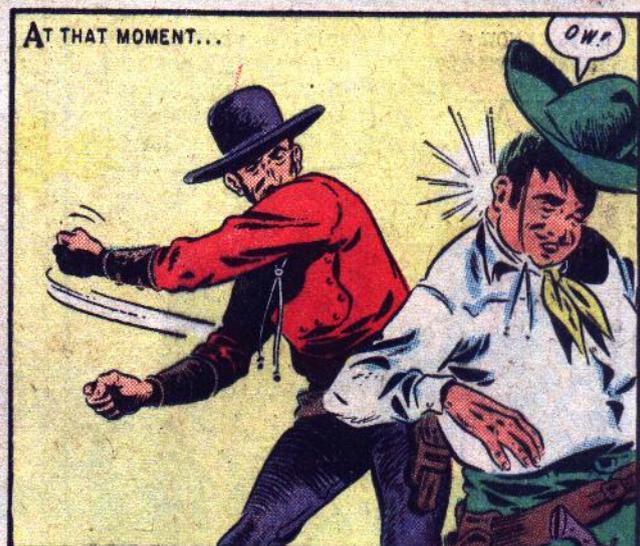
BUT YOUR LUCK HAS JUST CHANGED, SEÑOR!



HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



RECKON YOU GOT ME!
I CAN'T ARGUE WITH
A SIX-GUN!



AT THAT MOMENT...

OW!



AMIGO!
WHAT...?



A GOOD WHILE LATER...

WELL, PANCHO, WE SURE MESSED THAT UP!

IT IS ALL PANCHO'S FAULT BUT... OOOO...WHAT A HEADACHE!



SEÑOR, I SUPPOSE THE HOMBRE CALLED RAWBONES HAS VAMOOSSED LONG AGO?

THAT'S RIGHT!



DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE WENT?

MISTER, I DON'T ASK QUESTIONS... I DON'T INTERFERE IN FIGHTS! WHAT THE CUSTOMERS DO IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS!



SEÑOR, THIS IS YOUR BUSINESS... IF YOU VALUE YOUR OWN SCALP... IF YOU LOVE YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN!



UNLESS I CAN CATCH THAT BUFFALO SKINNER, THE INDIANS WILL GO ON THE WARPATH--- THERE'LL BE A MASSACRE! NOW WHERE DID HE GO?

HONEST TO HEAVEN, I DON'T KNOW!



THEN THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! WE MUST ROUND UP THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN... GET THEM INTO THE FORT... THE SOLDIERS CAN PROTECT THEM... MAYBE!



NEXT DAY, IN THE ARMY FORT...

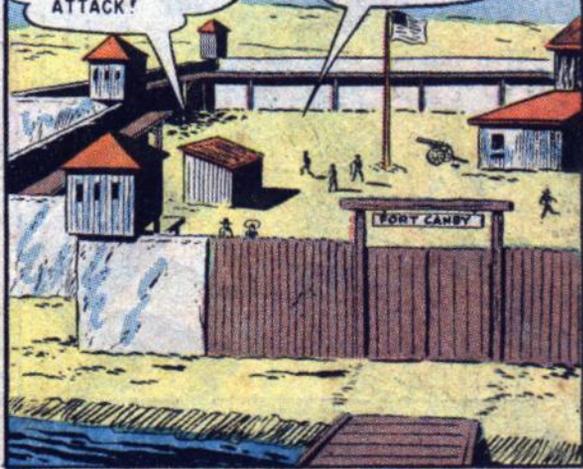
THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE ALL HERE, EH, CAPTAIN?

YES, CISCO, BUT I'M WORRIED! WE'VE ONLY A HANDFUL OF MEN HERE. THE MAIN BODY OF TROOPS ARE OUT ON MANEUVERS!



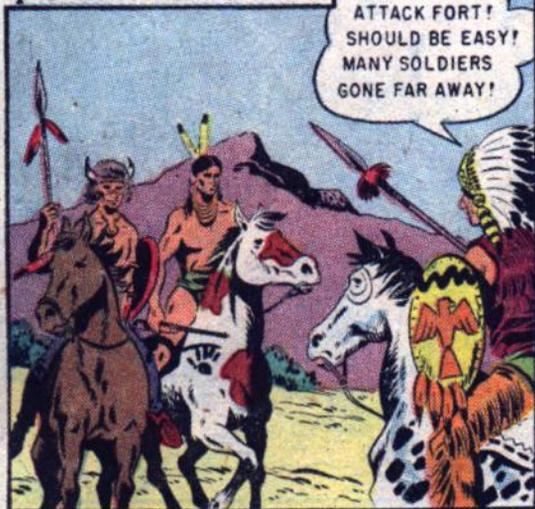
I DOUBT THAT WE CAN STAND OFF A FULL-SCALE INDIAN ATTACK!

WELL, SEÑOR CAPTAIN, WE CAN GO DOWN FIGHTING!

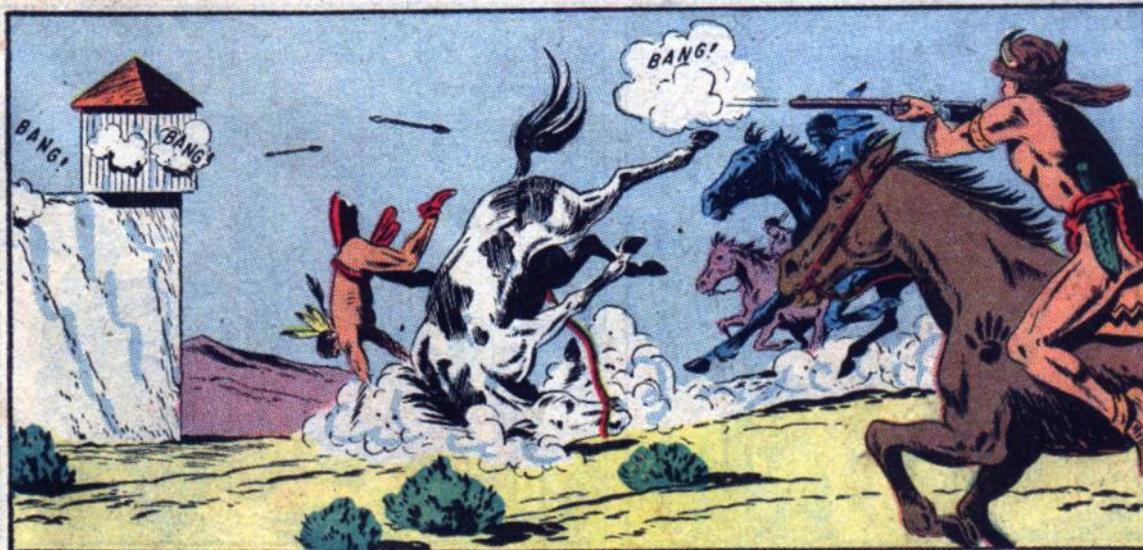


THE INDIANS PREPARE...

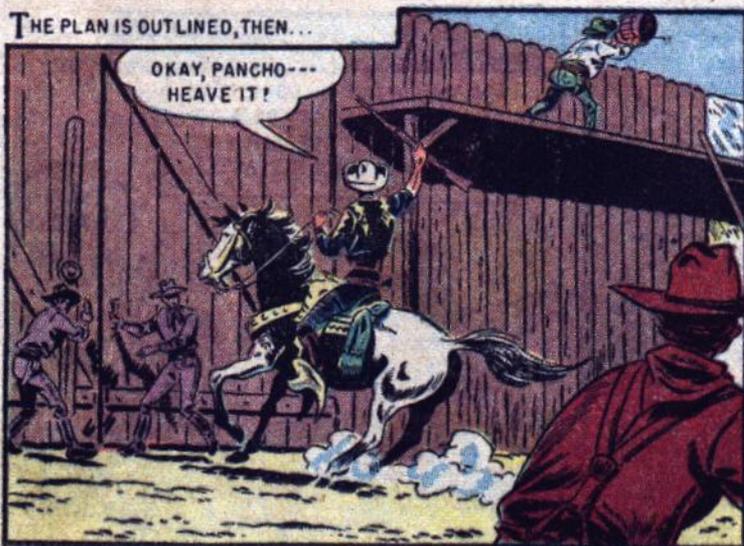
FIRST WE ATTACK FORT! SHOULD BE EASY! MANY SOLDIERS GONE FAR AWAY!



WITH BLOODCURDLING WARWHOOPS THE ATTACK BEGINS.









AS THE BLACK SMOKE SPREADS, A LONE RIDER DASHES FROM THE STOCKADE GATE...



SECONDS LATER...



AS THE SHOOTING DIES AWAY, CISCO SPEAKS EARNESTLY...

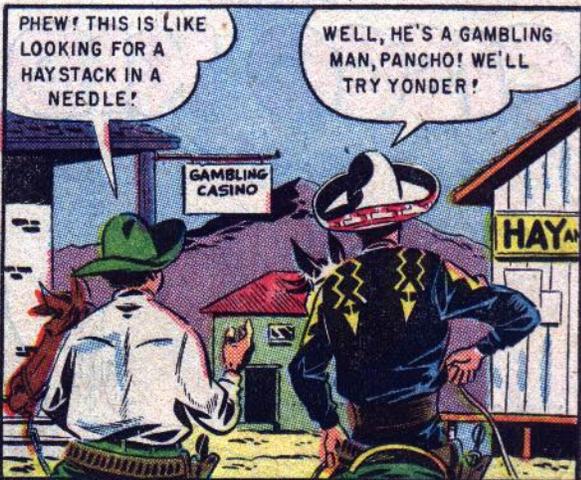




WE HAVE TRUCE. BUT MY PEOPLE VERY ANGRY! IF BUFFALO KILLERS NOT CAUGHT, WE MAKE WAR AGAIN! CAN YOU CATCHUM IN SEVEN SUNDOWNS?

A WEEK? WHEW! WELL, I'LL TRY!

FOR SIX DAYS, THE SEARCH GOES ON, HIGH AND LOW, FAR AND WIDE — — — WITHOUT A SIGN OF RAWBONES RAFF.



PHEW! THIS IS LIKE LOOKING FOR A HAYSTACK IN A NEEDLE!

WELL, HE'S A GAMBLING MAN, PANCHE! WE'LL TRY YONDER!



LUCK AT LAST...

YOU GOT NOTHING ON ME!

I'VE GOT THIS, SEÑOR! I GIVE YOU A CHOICE! EITHER YOU CONFESS TO THE SHERIFF OR I TURN YOU OVER TO THE INDIANS!



NOT THAT! I'LL GO TO JAIL, I'LL TELL WHO WAS WITH ME, I ADMIT EVERYTHING!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

CHIEF, THE BUFFALO SKINNERS ARE IN THE CALABOZO? THEY WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN!

CISCO, YOU GOOD FRIEND!



THOSE TWO SURE WOULD MAKE FINE SOLDIERS!

BETTER YET — — — THEY WOULD MAKE FINE BRAVES!

THE CISCO KID

AND ONE-SHOT CRAIG

"ONE-SHOT" CRAIG IS A MAN WITH A MISSION!

I'LL GET THE CISCO KID IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

MEANWHILE, CISCO IS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE THREAT...

POR FAVOR, MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE, SEÑORITA?

OH, CISCO... I'D BE DELIGHTED!

SWING YOUR PARTNERS... DOH... SEE... DOH!

HUG YOUR GIRLIE, DON'T BE SQUIRRELY!

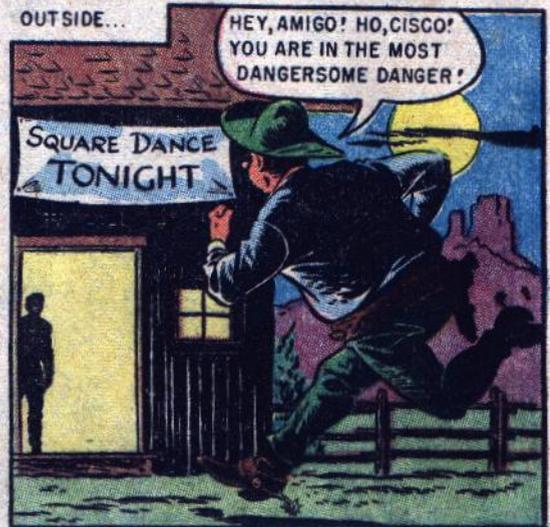
OH, CISCO!

AHHH, CHIQUITA!

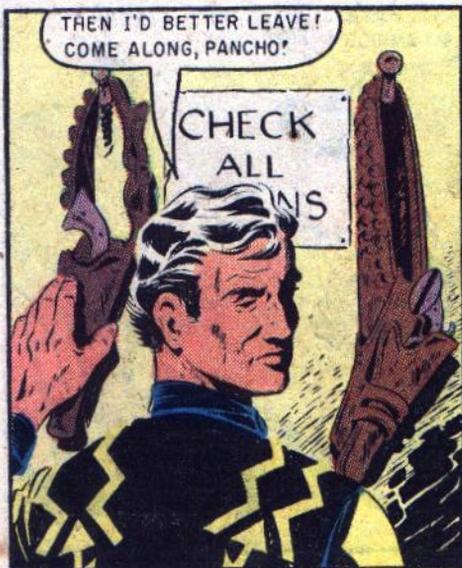
OUTSIDE...

HEY, AMIGO! HO, CISCO! YOU ARE IN THE MOST DANGERSOME DANGER!

SQUARE DANCE TONIGHT

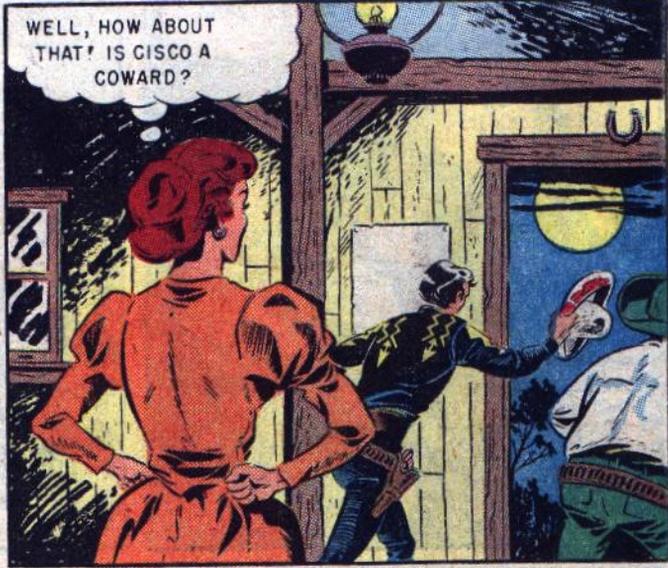






THEN I'D BETTER LEAVE!
COME ALONG, PANCHO!

CHECK
ALL
GUNS



WELL, HOW ABOUT
THAT! IS CISCO
A
COWARD?



IMAGINE! THE
CISCO KID
RUNNING AWAY!

AND HE'S
SUPPOSED TO
BE SO BRAVE!
PHOOEY!

I DON'T BLAME HIM!
I HEARD OF "ONE-
SHOT" CRAIG!

SO
DID I! CRAIG'S
PLUMB POISON!

YOU SAID IT! THE
FASTEST DRAW AND
BEST SHOT IN THE
WHOLE WEST!

COMING NEXT
RODEO
CATTLEMAN'S
ASSOCIATION



YOU KNOW, AMIGO, THAT CROWDED
DANCE HALL WAS NO PLACE FOR
A GUN FIGHT! SOME OF THE
SEÑORITAS MIGHT GET HURT!

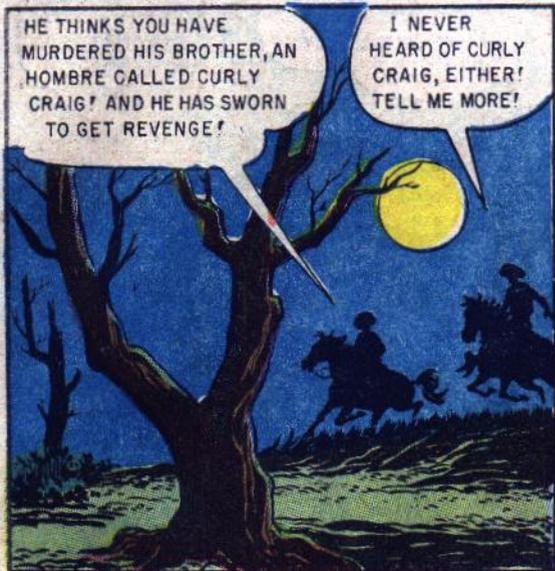
I KNOW!



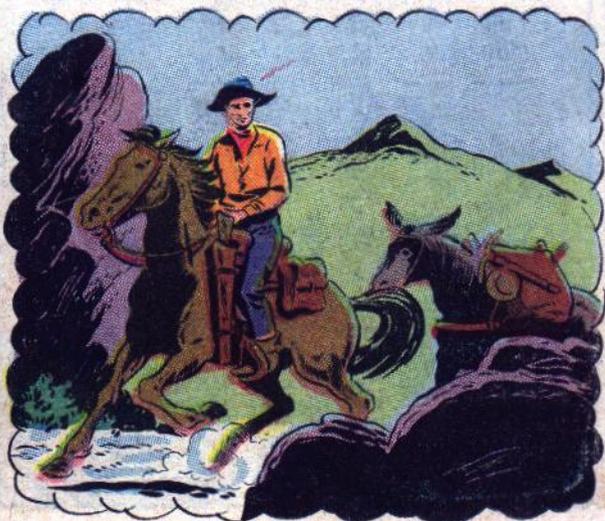
BUT WHY IS THIS HOMBRE,
"ONE-SHOT" CRAIG, GUNNING
FOR ME? I DO NOT EVEN
KNOW HIM!

HE THINKS YOU HAVE MURDERED HIS BROTHER, AN HOMBRE CALLED CURLY CRAIG! AND HE HAS SWORN TO GET REVENGE!

I NEVER HEARD OF CURLY CRAIG, EITHER! TELL ME MORE!



PANCHO TELLS WHAT HE HAS LEARNED IN TOWN: "SEÑOR CURLY WAS A PROSPECTOR."

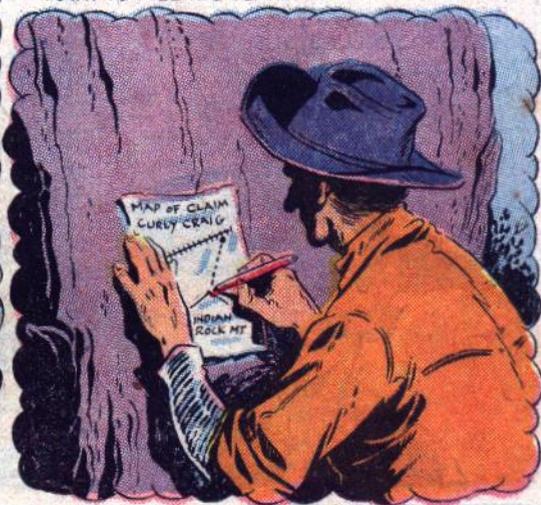


"HE HAD LUCK."

YOWEE!
I'VE STRUCK IT RICH!



"HE MADE HIMSELF A MAP! THEN HE HURRIED TO TOWN TO FILE HIS CLAIM."



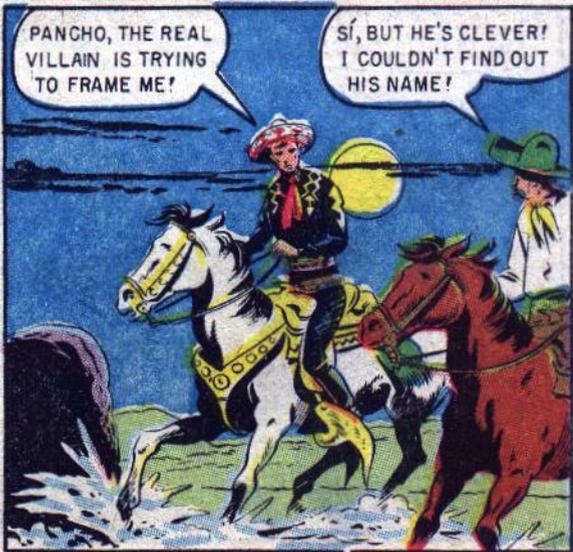
BUT HE NEVER GOT TO TOWN! THEY SAY SOMEBODY KILLED HIM AND STOLE THE MAP!

I SAVVY! AND HIS BROTHER THINKS I'M THE MURDERER!



PANCHO, THE REAL VILLAIN IS TRYING TO FRAME ME!

SÍ, BUT HE'S CLEVER! I COULDN'T FIND OUT HIS NAME!



ELSEWHERE, MORNING...

I WENT TO THE DANCE HALL
LAST NIGHT, BUT CISCO
HAD LEFT!

OF COURSE! HE'S
SCARED OF YOU!



YOU'RE SURE HE'S THE
MAN WHO KILLED MY
BROTHER?

YES! I WAS AN
EYEWITNESS!
AND HE STOLE
THE MAP!



AFTER "ONE-SHOT" KILLS CISCO
HE'LL BE SATISFIED! HE'LL
NEVER KNOW THAT I'M THE
ONE WHO REALLY STOLE
THE MAP!

AND IF CISCO SHOULD HAPPEN
TO KILL "ONE-SHOT", THAT
WILL BE EVEN BETTER!



THIS IS THE WAY I'LL
PLUG THAT CISCO KID!



MEANWHILE...

THAT HOMBRE LOOKS LIKE A PROSPECTOR! PERHAPS HE WILL KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT CURLY CRAIG!



CISCO ASKS...

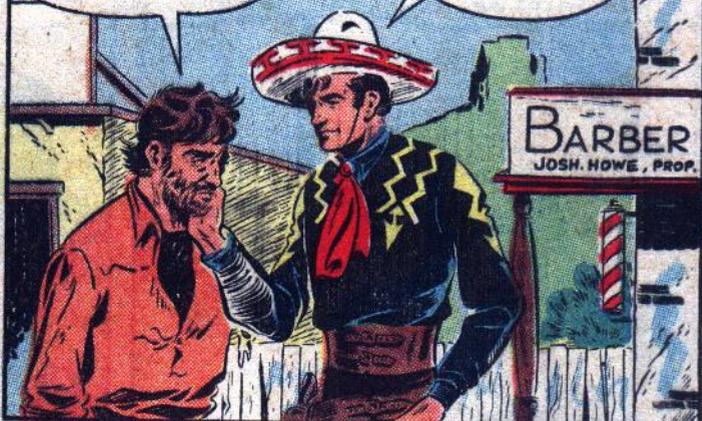
NO, I DON'T REMEMBER ANY CURLY CRAIG! IN FACT, I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER MY OWN NAME!



DAYS AND DAYS AGO I WOKE UP WITH A GOOSE EGG ON MY HEAD! MUST'VE HAD A FALL! AND MY MIND WAS BLANK! BEEN WANDERING AROUND LOST IN THE HILLS EVER SINCE!

MUST'VE LOST MY WALLET SOMEWHERE IF I HAD ONE! HAVEN'T EVEN GOT THE PRICE OF A SHAVE!

SEÑOR, I WILL GRUB-STAKE YOU TO A SHAVE! THEN WE'LL TAKE YOU TO A DOCTOR!

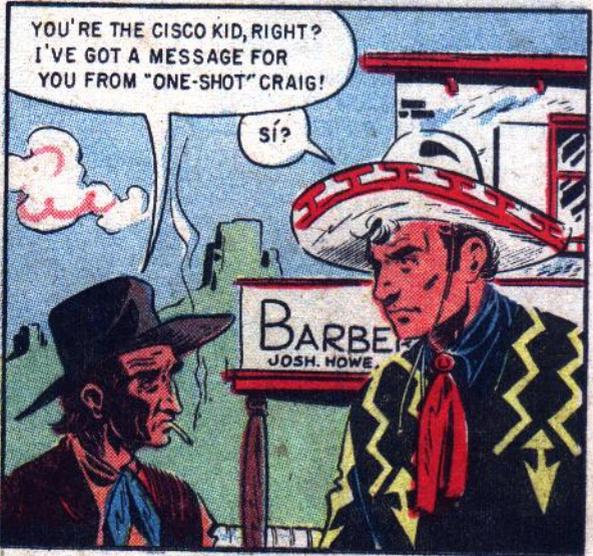


THANKS A HEAP, STRANGER! I'LL SURE PAY YOU BACK... SOMETIME!



YOU'RE THE CISCO KID, RIGHT? I'VE GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM "ONE-SHOT" CRAIG!

¿sí?

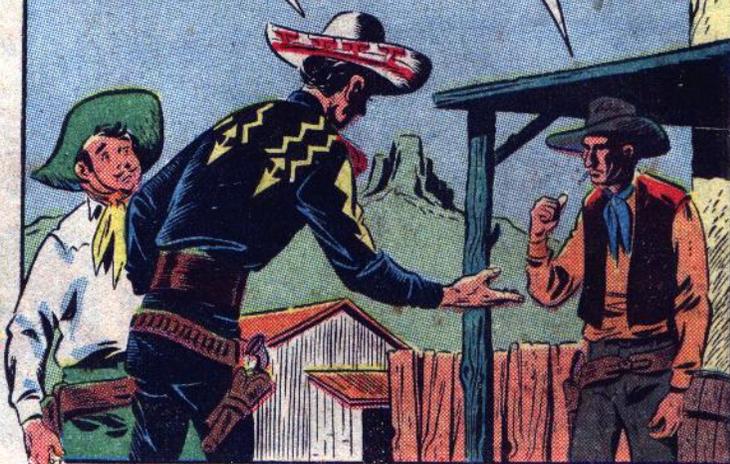


IN EXACTLY HALF AN HOUR, "ONE-SHOT" IS COMING DOWN MAIN STREET! WHEN HE SEES YOU, HE'LL GO FOR HIS GUN! HE WANTED ME TO TELL YOU THIS SO YOU'LL HAVE A FAIR CHANCE!



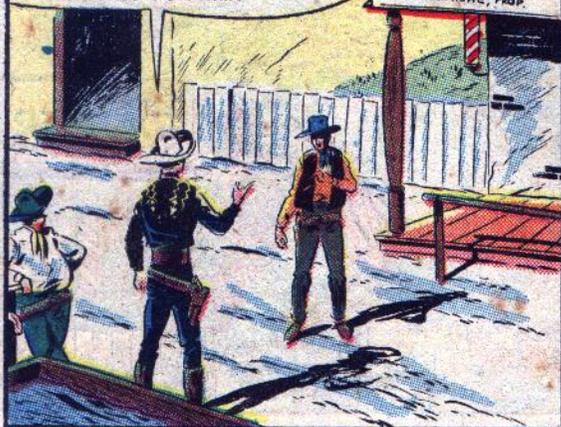
GRACIAS, SEÑOR! AND WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

THEY CALL ME SNEAKY PETE!



VERY WELL, SNEAKY PETE! YOU MAY TELL "ONE-SHOT" HE'S MAKING A BIG MISTAKE... BUT I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!

BARBER
JOSH. HOWE, PROP.



AMIGO, THIS IS MUCHO FOOLISHMENT! LET US MAKE SWIFT HASTE AND VAMOOSE! PLEASE!

NO, PANCHO! I CAN'T KEEP RUNNING AROUND FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

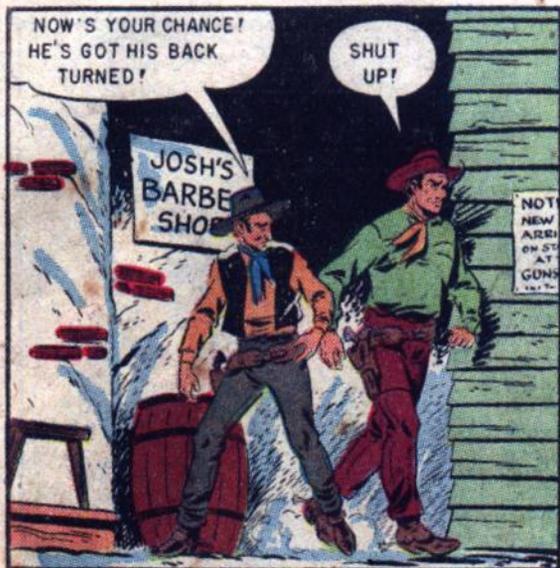


I'LL FIGHT IT OUT WITH "ONE-SHOT" CRAIG! AND, AMIGO, YOUR JOB IS TO SHOO ALL INNOCENT BYSTANDERS OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE!



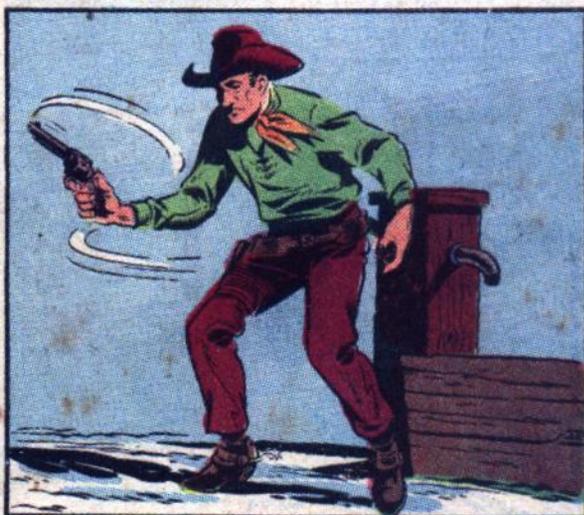
TWENTY-NINE MINUTES LATER...

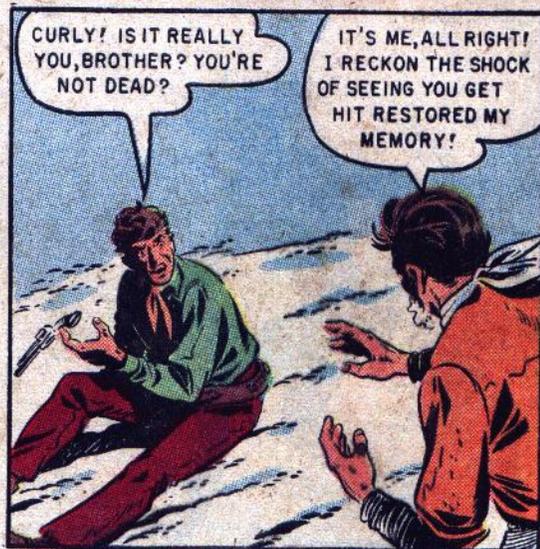




CISCO WHIRLS...

"ONE-SHOT" CRAIG DRAWS LIKE LIGHTNING...



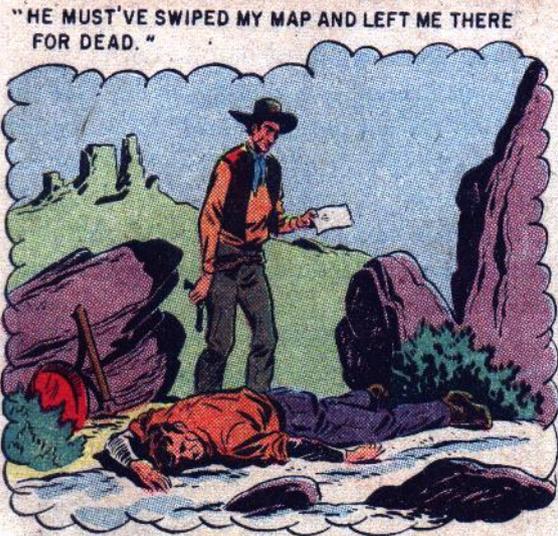




IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME
REAL CLEAR! I WAS
TELLING SNEAKY PETE
ABOUT FINDING GOLD!



"OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE I SAW HIM READY
TO CLUB ME... BUT I COULDN'T DUCK
FAST ENOUGH.



"HE MUST'VE SWIPED MY MAP AND LEFT ME THERE
FOR DEAD."



YOU ORNERY SIDEWINDER! YOU
TOLD ME CISCO KILLED MY BROTHER!
YOU ALMOST MADE ME KILL AN
INNOCENT MAN!



CAN YOU FORGIVE
ME, CISCO?

SEÑOR, OF COURSE! BUT
NEXT TIME, DO NOT TRY TO
TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR
OWN HANDS!



LATER...

WHEW! PANTO NEARLY GOT
HEART-FAILURES FROM FEAR
YOU'D BE KILLED, AMIGO! I
HOPE OUR NEXT ADVENTURE
IS NOT SO DANGEROUS!

POOF, PANTO!
DANGER IS OUR
BUSINESS!

THE PEANUT



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"Get lost, small fry!"

"Vamoose!"

"Go play with the chiquitas!"

The older boys rode away, heading for Don Esteban's rancho where they would ride with the vaqueros and maybe even help with the roping and branding. Little Jorge Lopez was left behind. Even for twelve years old, he was small and light. The bigger boys always made fun of him. They said he was a peanut.

"I am as strong as any of you and twice as brave!" cried little Jorge, shaking his small fist. The others only laughed at the way his voice squeaked and cracked in his anger.

Jorge shuffled along toward the settlement, head bowed, fighting back tears. A warm voice broke in, "What is the matter, my son? Surely on such a beautiful day a young man should not be gloomy."

The little boy looked up to face the kindly old padre. "I have tried to have faith as you told me," responded Jorge, gloomily, "and I have prayed many times that I should become big and strong, but look—I am still a peanut!"

"Cheer up, little one. You are young; you still have much time for growing. Besides, the race is not always to the swift, the battle is not always to the strong." *

The clatter of hoofs and an urgent cry broke in. A horseman galloped up shouting, "Padre! Padre! You are needed at the old mine shaft! Manuel is trapped!"

Some of the shoring had collapsed, the entrance was blocked by giant boulders and inside somewhere Manuel was pinned under fallen rock.

"We'll have to blast these rocks from the entrance," someone said.

"Don't be a fool!" exclaimed another. "That would bring everything down on top of Manuel."

"But we can't get to him otherwise," said a third. "Even a gopher would find it hard to squeeze through that hole."

"Poor Manuel, he is a goner," said one of the men. "Make way for the padre to give him the last rites."

Jorge Lopez knew the old mine. He, too, had explored it. An idea hit him like a flash.

"Wait!" he urged. "I can squeeze through that hole and help Manuel. I will take the rocks off his legs."

"But even then how can he get out? He is three times as big as you, chico."

"There's another opening—in the side of the cliff. He can get out there!" Jorge's voice squeaked high. "I will need a long, strong rope. Hurry!"

"No, we mustn't let you do it," said one of the old men. "The whole shaft may collapse any second."

Jorge turned pleading eyes to the padre who looked grave and troubled.

"You'll be risking death. Do you want to try anyway?"

"Si."

"Then do it. And the saints be with you!"

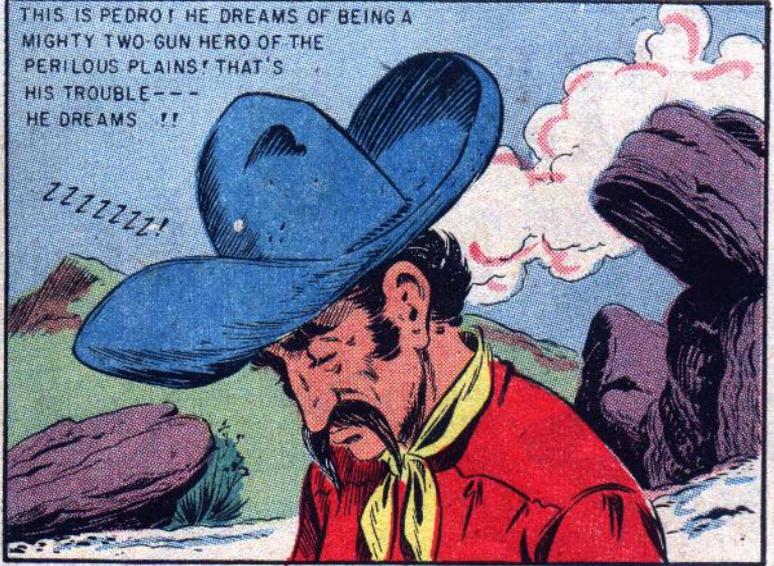
Jorge wriggled slowly, cautiously through the hole. Jagged rock cut and scraped his skin, but he moved steadily forward into the darkness. Above, the old timbers creaked ominously. Moving the rocks from Manuel's legs in the cramped space was hard work, but Jorge was strong. Somehow, with the boy leading, Manuel was able to drag himself to the cliffside opening. The rope got both rescued and rescuer to the shelf below, where everyone cheered and said that Jorge was the biggest hero the settlement had ever known.

The padre patted the boy on the head and chuckled. "You are a big hero, my son! But it's a blessing for Manuel that you were not too big!"

Pedro

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THIS IS PEDRO! HE DREAMS OF BEING A
MIGHTY TWO-GUN HERO OF THE
PERILOUS PLAINS! THAT'S
HIS TROUBLE---
HE DREAMS !!



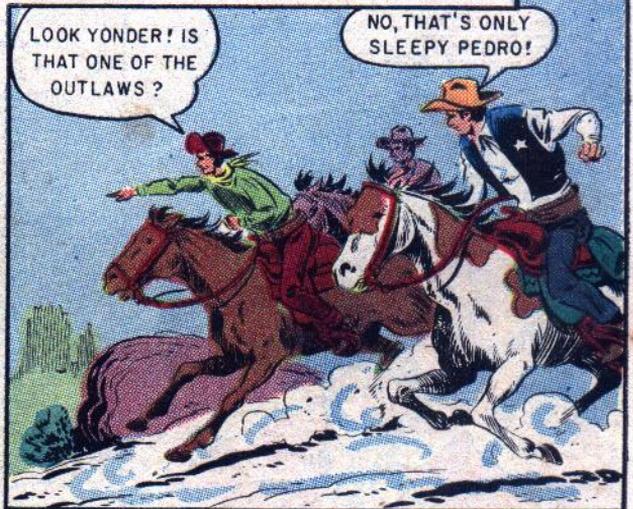
THIS IS PEDRO'S FAITHFUL BURRO, MIGUELITO!
HE IS VERY FAST --- AT EATING A BAG
OF OATS!



A POSSE RACES OUT FROM TOWN ...

LOOK YONDER! IS
THAT ONE OF THE
OUTLAWS?

NO, THAT'S ONLY
SLEEPY PEDRO!



SOME BURROS HAVE HORSE SENSE! MIGUELITO HAS
IDEAS OF HIS OWN ...

THESE FELLOWS
ARE IN AN
AWFUL HURRY!
THEY MUST BE
HEADING FOR
THE FEED BARN!



I'LL FOLLOW
THEM!

HEY!!
WHAT...?





WHO WOKE ME?
WHAT'S GOING ON?

WE'RE CHASING
LIGHTNING LOU!

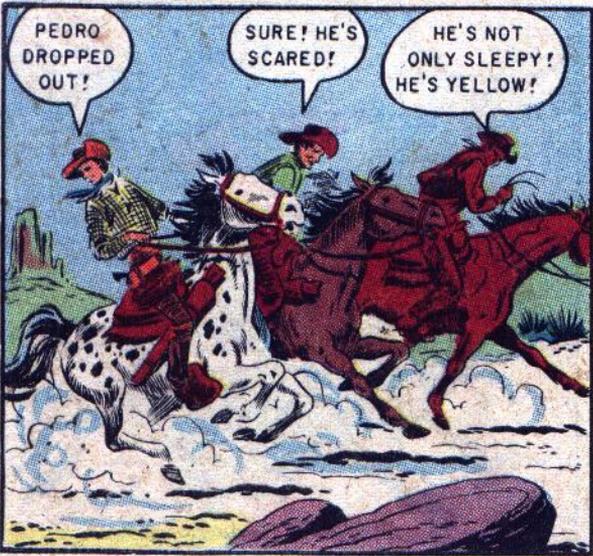
HE ROBBED
THE BANK!

BE CAREFUL---
HE'S QUICK ON
THE TRIGGER!

LIGHTNING LOU! THE
MEANEST HOMBRE IN
THESE PARTS! HE
COULD *KILL* SOMEBODY!



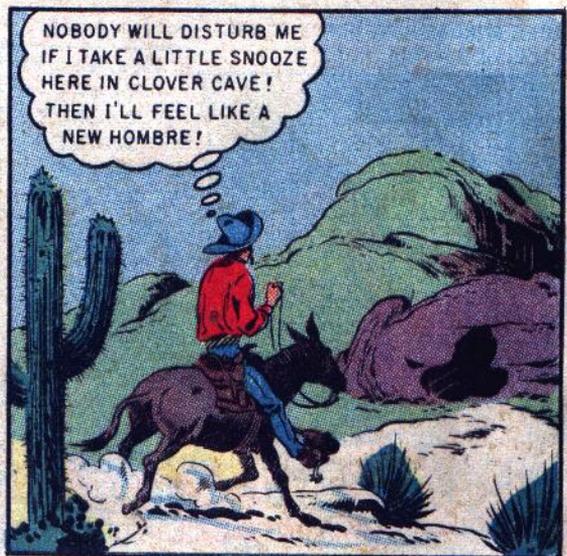
WHOA, MIGUELITO! I'M NOT
READY TO TANGLE WITH
LIGHTNING LOU! I'M NOT
HALF WOKE UP!



PEDRO
DROPPED
OUT!

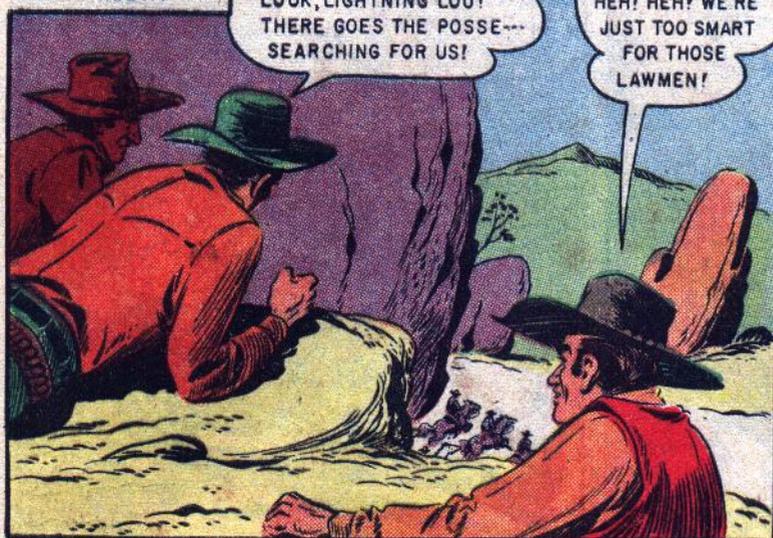
SURE! HE'S
SCARED!

HE'S NOT
ONLY SLEEPY!
HE'S YELLOW!



NOBODY WILL DISTURB ME
IF I TAKE A LITTLE SNOOZE
HERE IN CLOVER CAVE!
THEN I'LL FEEL LIKE A
NEW HOMBRE!

MEANWHILE...



LOOK, LIGHTNING LOU!
THERE GOES THE POSSE---
SEARCHING FOR US!

HEH! HEH! WE'RE
JUST TOO SMART
FOR THOSE
LAWMEN!

WHILE THAT POSSE'S ON A WILD-
GOOSE CHASE THROUGH THE
BADLANDS, WE'LL DOUBLE
BACK AND DIVVY OUR LOOT
IN CLOVER CAVE!



IN THE FRONT PART OF THE CAVE, THE OUTLAWS
SPLIT THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS ---



FARTHER BACK, HIDDEN BY THE
SHADOWS, PEDRO SLEEPS ---



...AND SNORES!



WHAT'S
THAT?

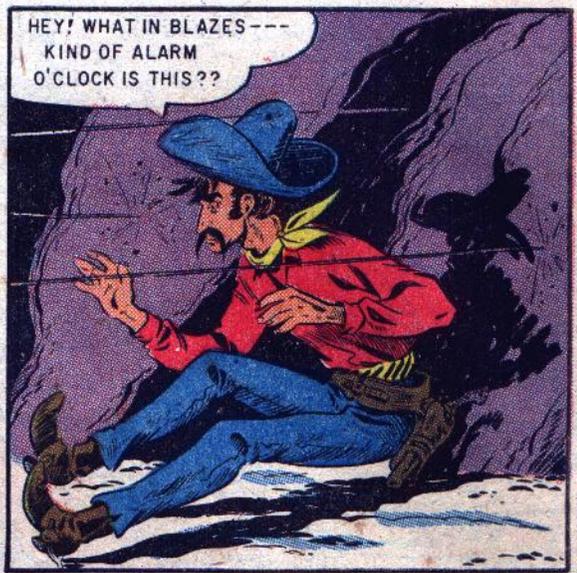
MUST BE A
MOUNTAIN LION!

SHOOT
HIM!





I CAN'T SEE THE VARMINT, BUT I'M AIMING WHERE THE GROWL CAME FROM!

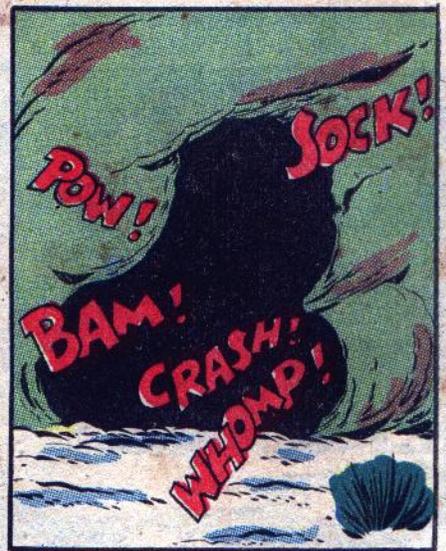


HEY! WHAT IN BLAZES--- KIND OF ALARM O'CLOCK IS THIS??



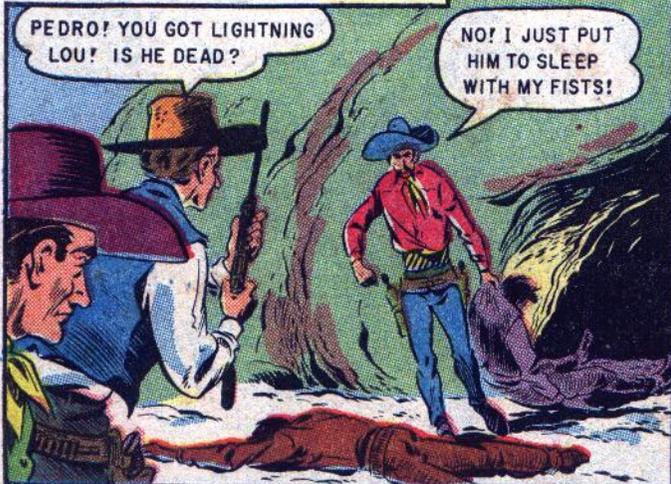
T'AIN'T A CAT--- IT'S A MAN!

RIGHT! AND I HATE HOMBRES WHO INTERRUPT MY SLEEP!



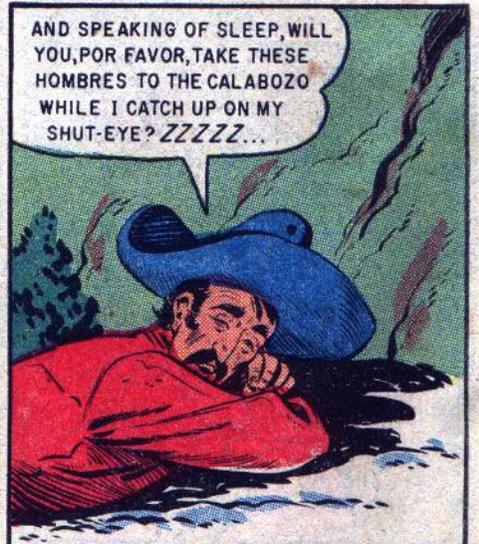
POW!
SOCK!
BAM!
CRASH!
WHOMP!

THE BATTLE SOUNDS BRING THE POSSE ON THE RUN ...

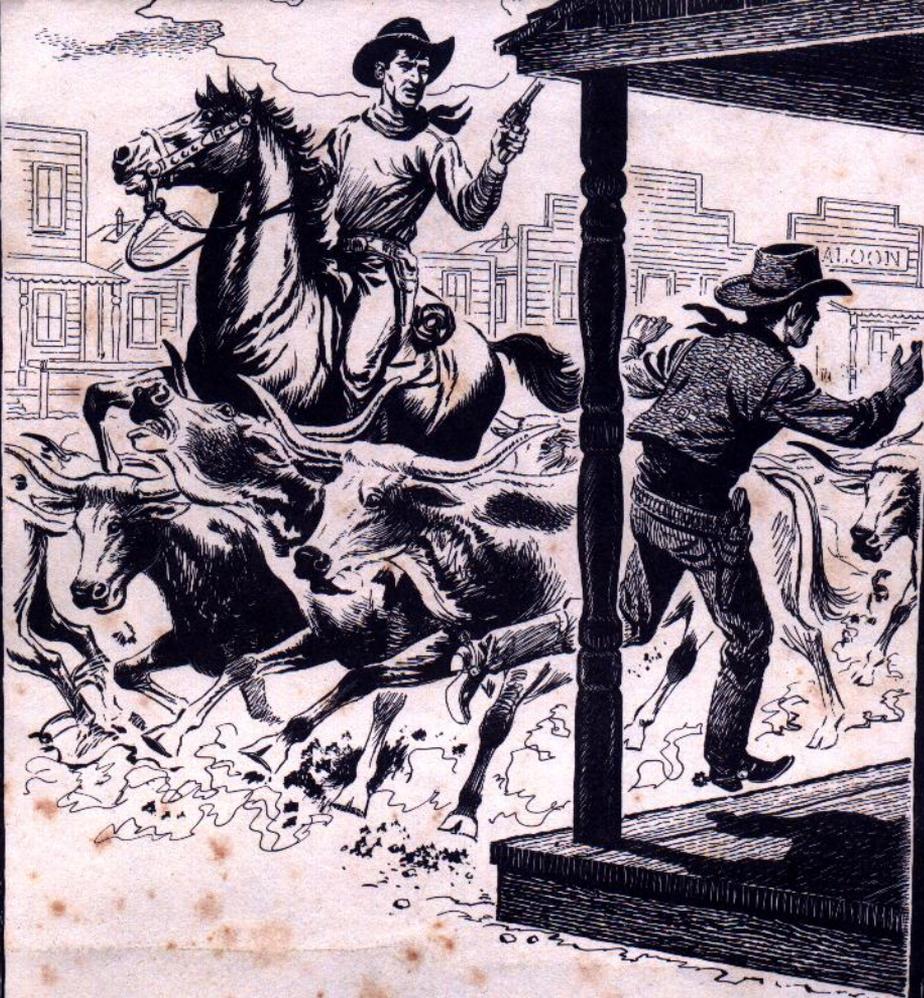


PEDRO! YOU GOT LIGHTNING LOU! IS HE DEAD?

NO! I JUST PUT HIM TO SLEEP WITH MY FISTS!



AND SPEAKING OF SLEEP, WILL YOU, POR FAVOR, TAKE THESE HOMBRES TO THE CALABOZO WHILE I CATCH UP ON MY SHUT-EYE? ZZZZZ...



COWTOWNS OF THE OLD WEST

ABILENE

"Too wild to be curried, and too tough to be tamed," was what local citizens boasted about Abilene, in the 1800's. The town had started as a hamlet of a few log huts along the Kansas Pacific Railroad. But, by 1867, Abilene was a sprawling collection of raw lumber shacks, hotels, saloons and gambling houses—the floodgate of a river of cattle that was pouring up the Chisolm trail from Texas toward the east. Cowboys, moving in after long months of hardship on the trail, would head for the nearest places of amusement to spend the months of wages in their pockets. And, in Abilene's shipping yards and cattle-chutes, beef cattle were selling for millions of dollars.

Bad men from the border flocked in, drawn by the river of gold flowing through Abilene.

The galaxy of gunfighters and badmen that headed north into Kansas included such hombres as Ben Thompson, Clay Allison, John Wesley Hardin, and Johnny Ringo. With men such as these walking the streets, death came swiftly in Abilene.

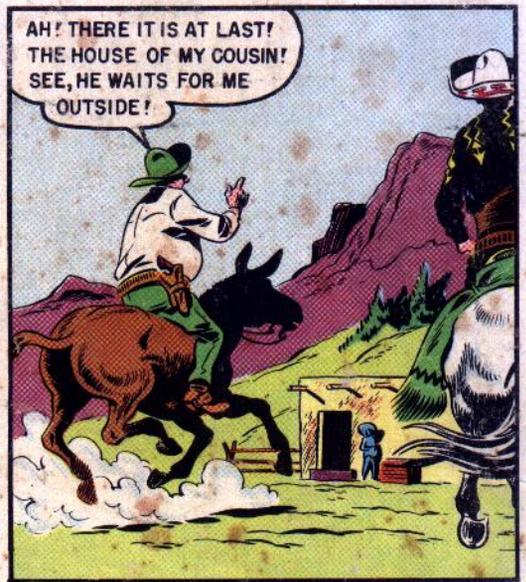
"Bear River" Tom was the first sheriff of Abilene, but when he was shot from ambush, Wild Bill Hickok was hired to take his place. With iron nerve and a lightning draw, Wild Bill held at bay all the evil, recklessness and crime of a town that prided itself on being the wildest on the frontier. But, within a short time, the railroad moved westward. Dodge City and Ellsworth became the cattle-shipping centers and Abilene settled down to become the peaceful farm community it is today.

THE CISCO KID
PANCHO'S PROMISE



WHAT IS IT, PANCHO? WHY DO YOU SPUR YOUR BURRO?

I JUST REMEMBER, CISCO! IT IS ABOUT MY COUSIN MIGUEL! WE MUST HURRY TO HIS HOUSE AT ONCE!

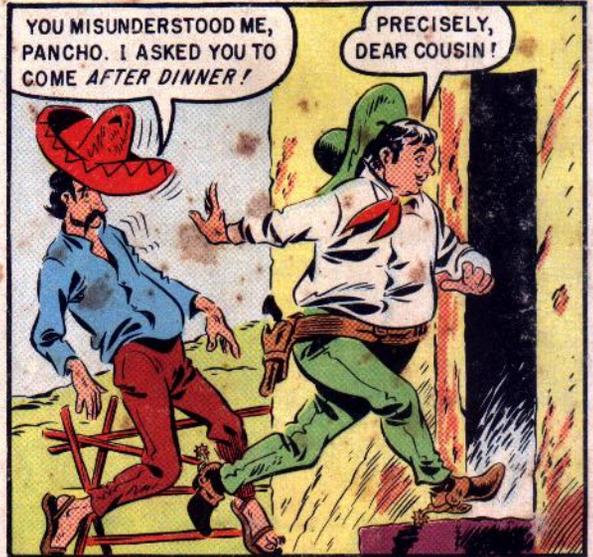


AH! THERE IT IS AT LAST! THE HOUSE OF MY COUSIN! SEE, HE WAITS FOR ME OUTSIDE!



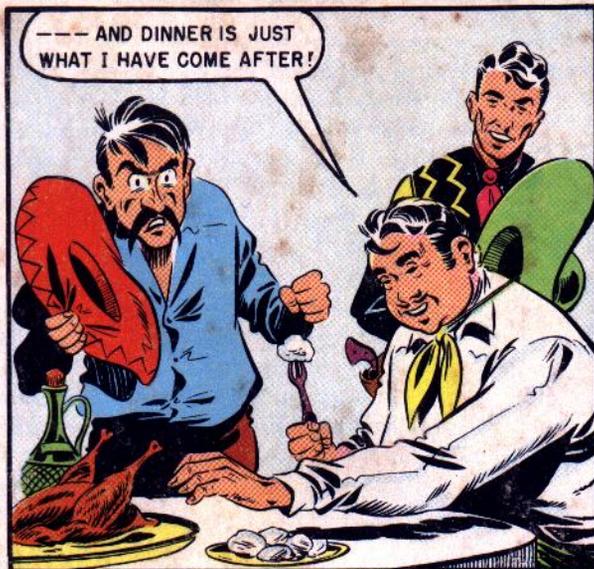
COUSIN MIGUEL! I CAME AS FAST AS I COULD! I GALLOPED ALL THE WAY! I HOPE I AM NOT TOO LATE!

LATE? BUT OF COURSE NOT! YOU MADE A MISTAKE, PANCHO---



YOU MISUNDERSTOOD ME, PANCHO. I ASKED YOU TO COME AFTER DINNER!

PRECISELY, DEAR COUSIN!



--- AND DINNER IS JUST WHAT I HAVE COME AFTER!



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