

DELL

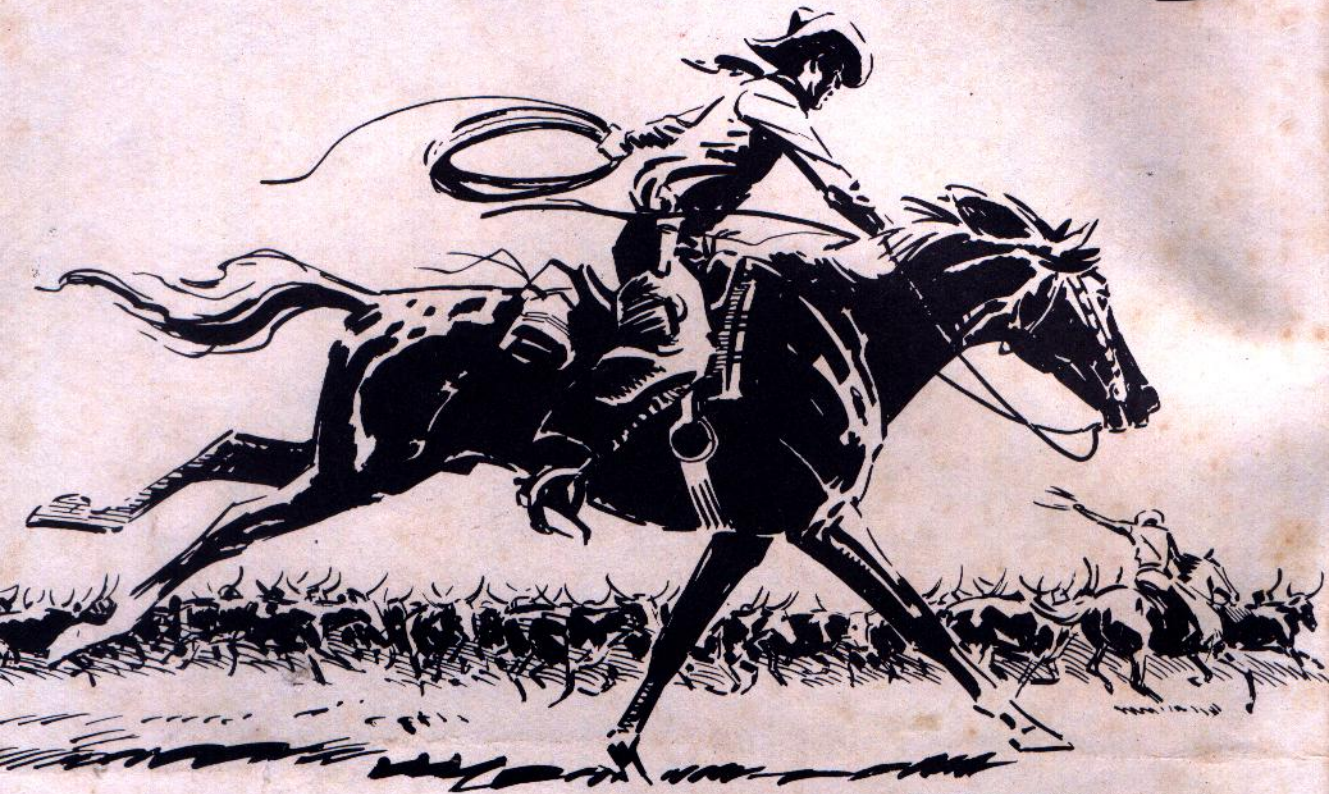
JANUARY-MARCH

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...



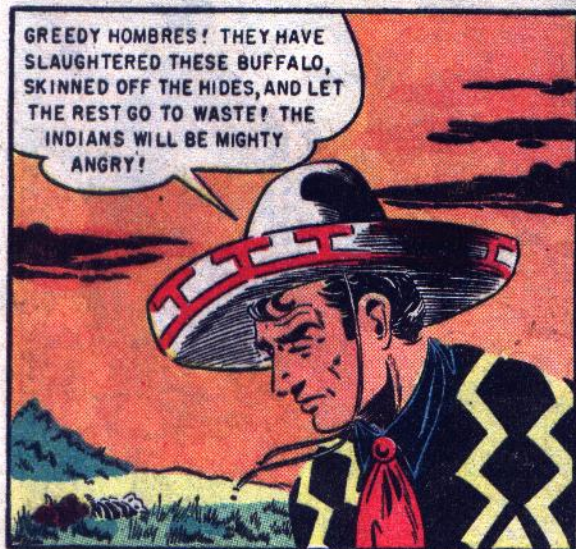
CISCO, PLEASE LET US MAKE CAMP. PANCHO IS SO SLEEPY HE CANNOT KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

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

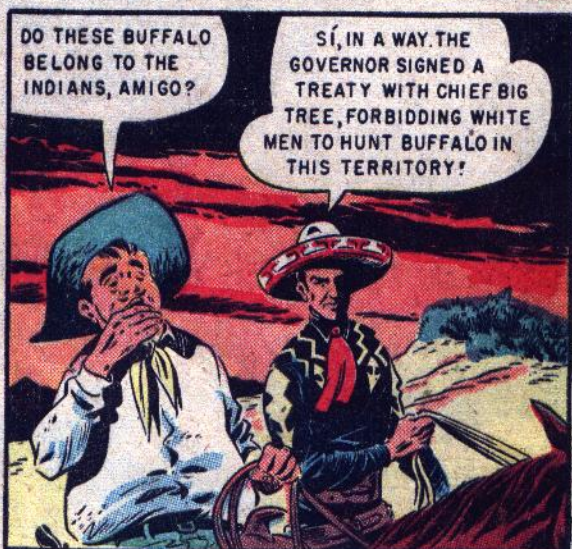


LOOK AT THAT, PANCHO! ISN'T THAT A SHAME?

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

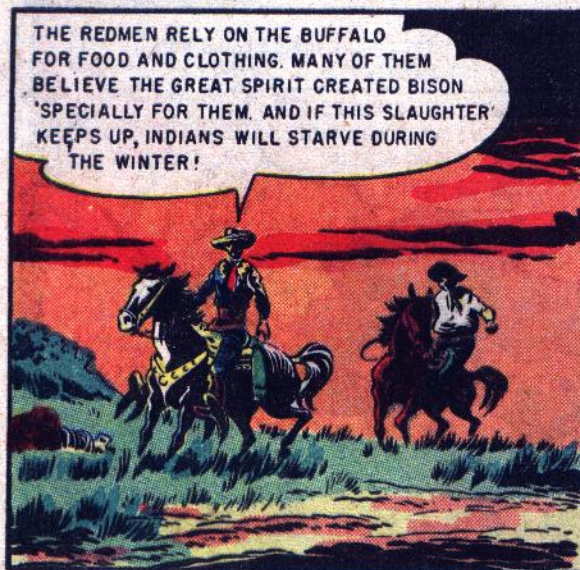


GREEDY HOMBRES! THEY HAVE SLAUGHTERED THESE BUFFALO, SKINNED OFF THE HIDES, AND LET THE REST GO TO WASTE! THE INDIANS WILL BE MIGHTY ANGRY!

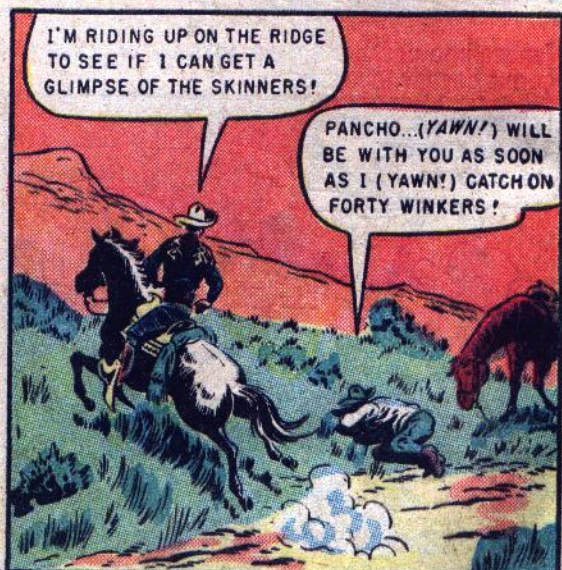


DO THESE BUFFALO BELONG TO THE INDIANS, AMIGO?

SÍ, 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...

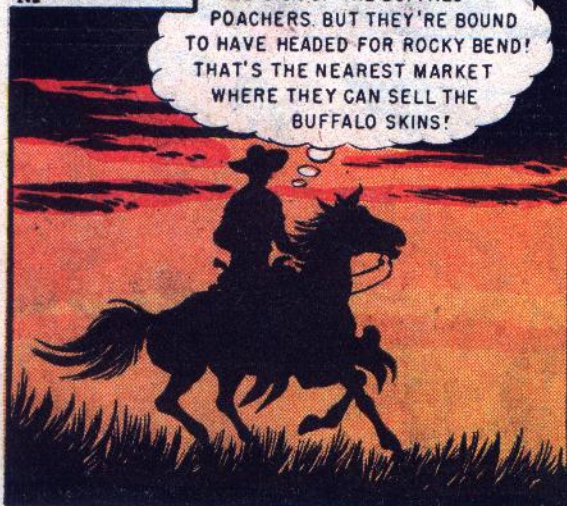


AND THEN...



MEANWHILE...

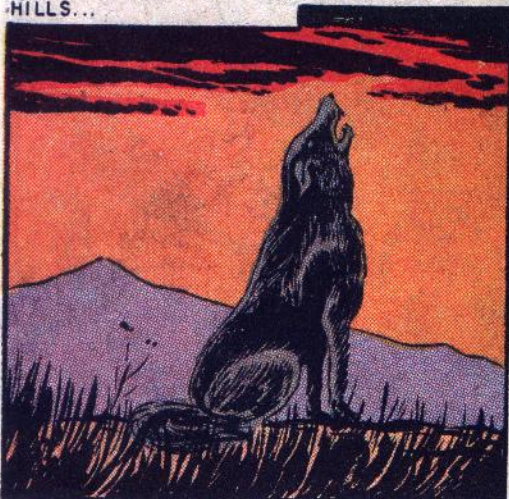
NO SIGN OF THE BUFFALO
POACHERS. BUT THEY'RE BOUND
TO HAVE HEADED FOR ROCKY BEND!
THAT'S THE NEAREST MARKET
WHERE THEY CAN SELL THE
BUFFALO SKINS!



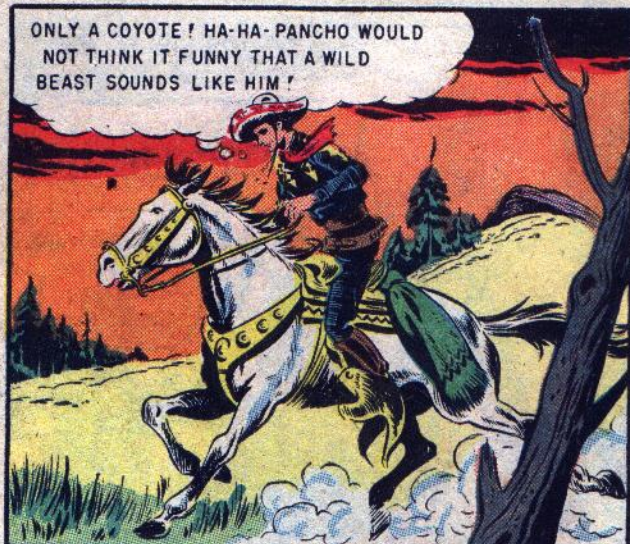
I'LL GO DOWN TO THE ROAD AND
SEE IF... WHAT'S THAT?... DID
PANCHO CRY OUT?



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!





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

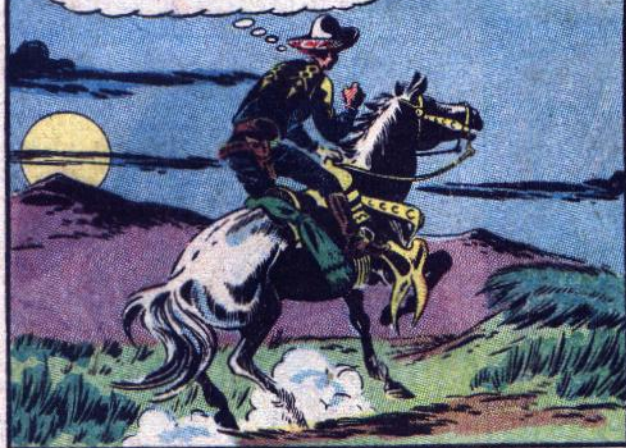


MEANWHILE...

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



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



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



BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM



OH-OH!
WAR DRUMS!

DIG, DIABLO! DIG! THERE'S
INDIAN TROUBLE AND I'VE
GOT A HUNCH OUR PANCHO 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...

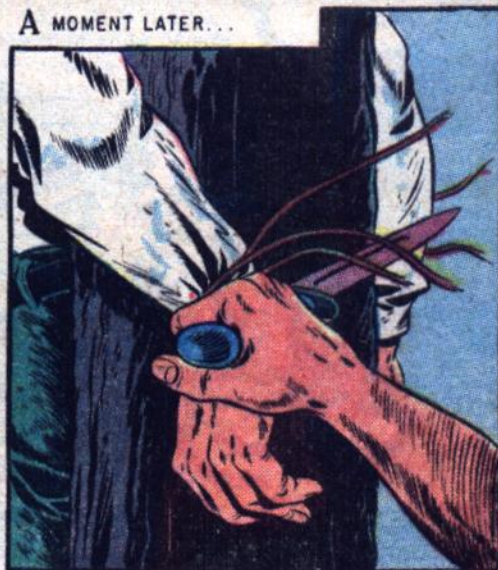


SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE DANCERS SWERVES TOWARD
THE CAPTIVE...



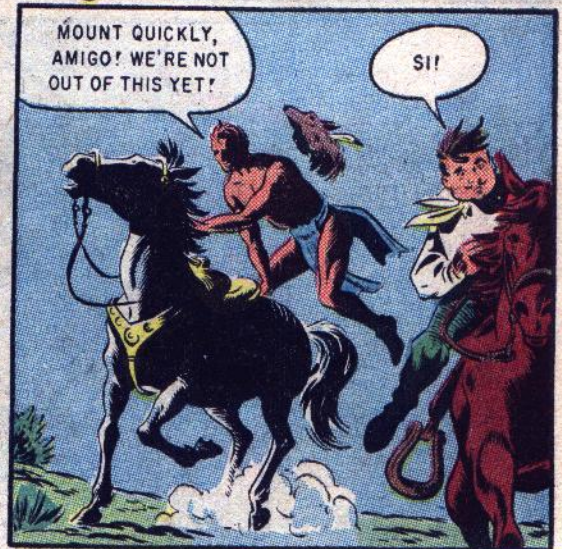
WHEN I COME AROUND NEXT
TIME, BE READY TO RUN
FOR IT!

A MOMENT LATER...



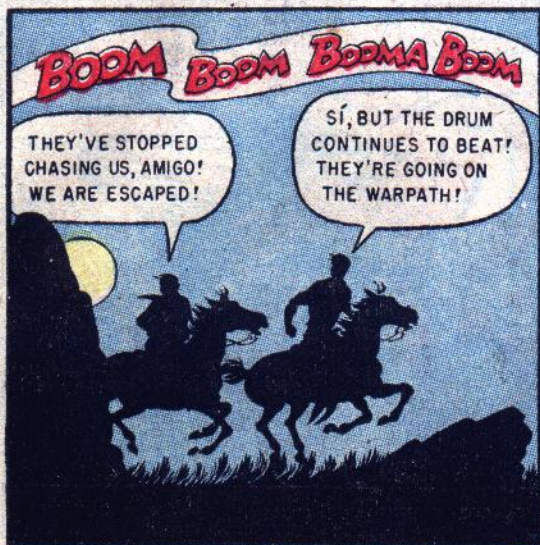


FOR SECONDS THE INDIANS ARE TOO SURPRISED TO ACT. THEN...



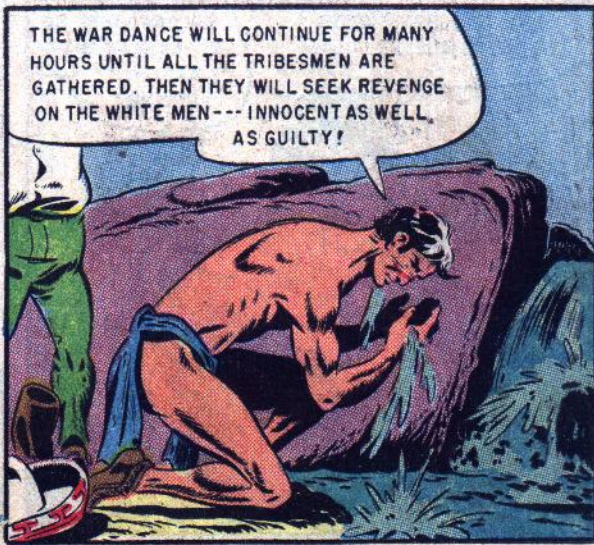
DIABLO AND LOCO CAN OUTRUN ANY HORSES IN THE WEST. SOON THE INDIANS GIVE UP THE CHASE...





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?

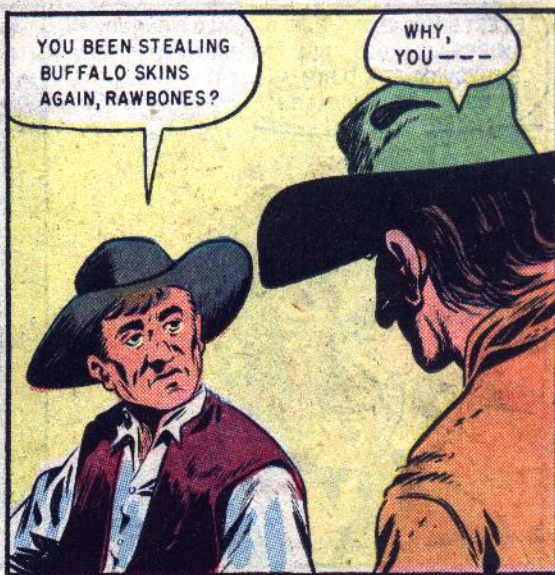


CHIEF BIG TREE IS A REASONABLE
MAN! IF WE CAN CATCH THE REAL
BUFFALO SLAUGHTERERS AND
BRING THEM TO JUSTICE, HE
MAY CALL OFF THE WAR!

MEANWHILE, IN ROCKY BEND...

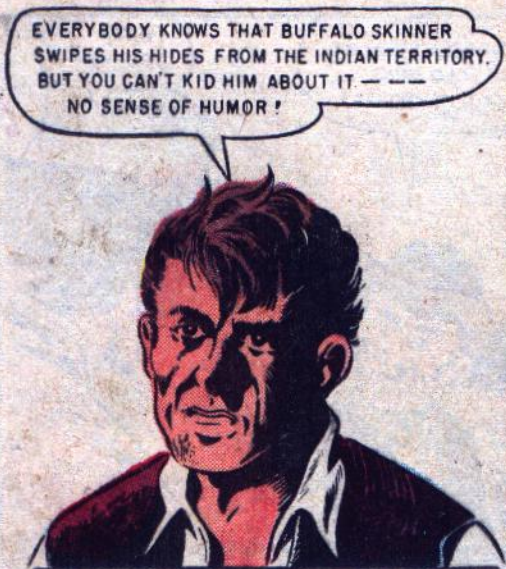
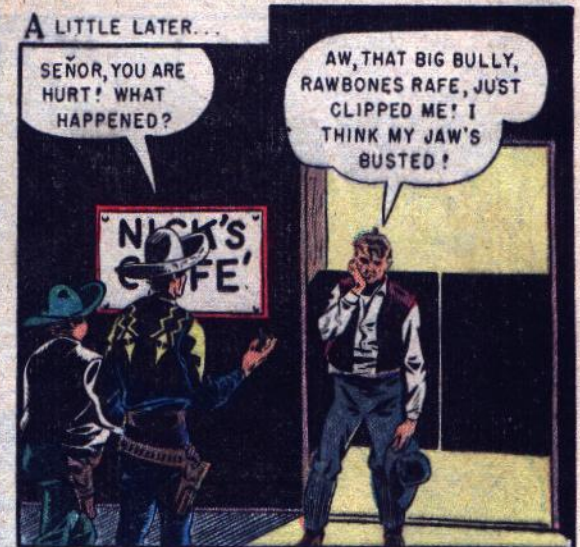


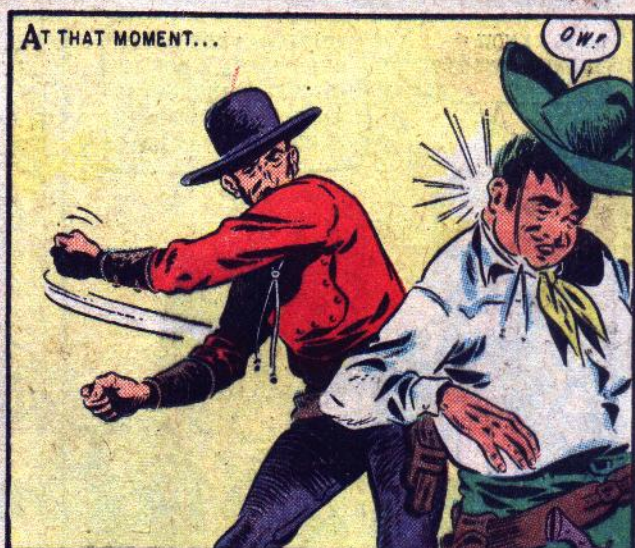
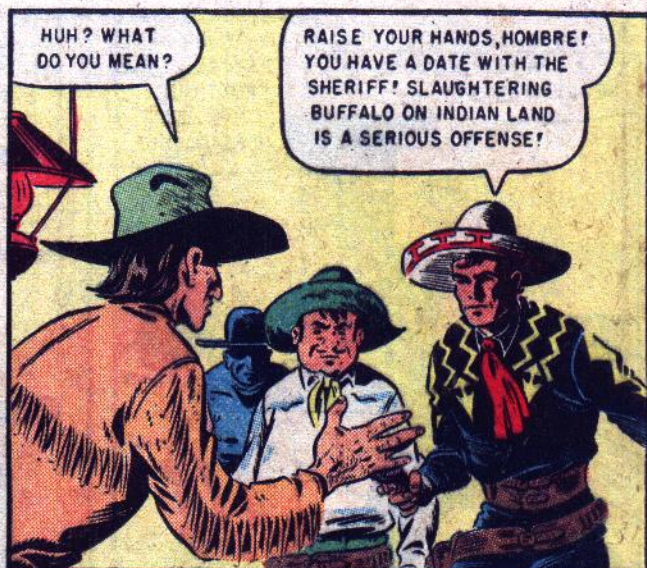
DEAL ME IN, BOYS! I GOT
PLENTY OF GOLD AND---
HOT ZING--- I FEEL LUCKY!



YOU BEEN STEALING
BUFFALO SKINS
AGAIN, RAWBONES?

WHY,
YOU---





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!

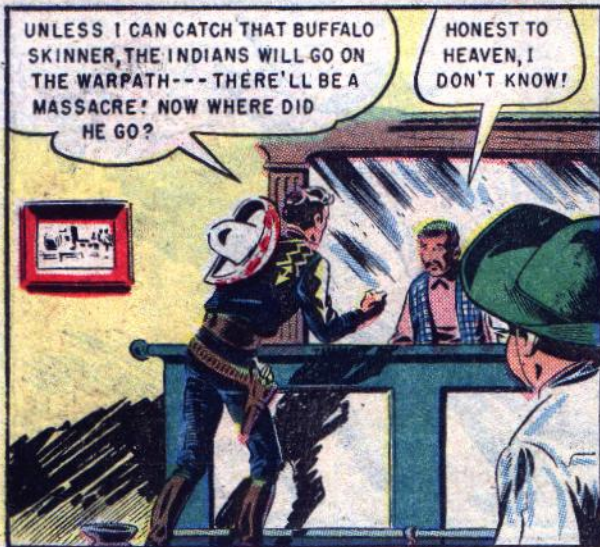


SEÑOR, THIS IS YOUR BUSINESS... IF YOU VALUE YOUR OWN SCALP... IF YOU LOVE YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN!



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!



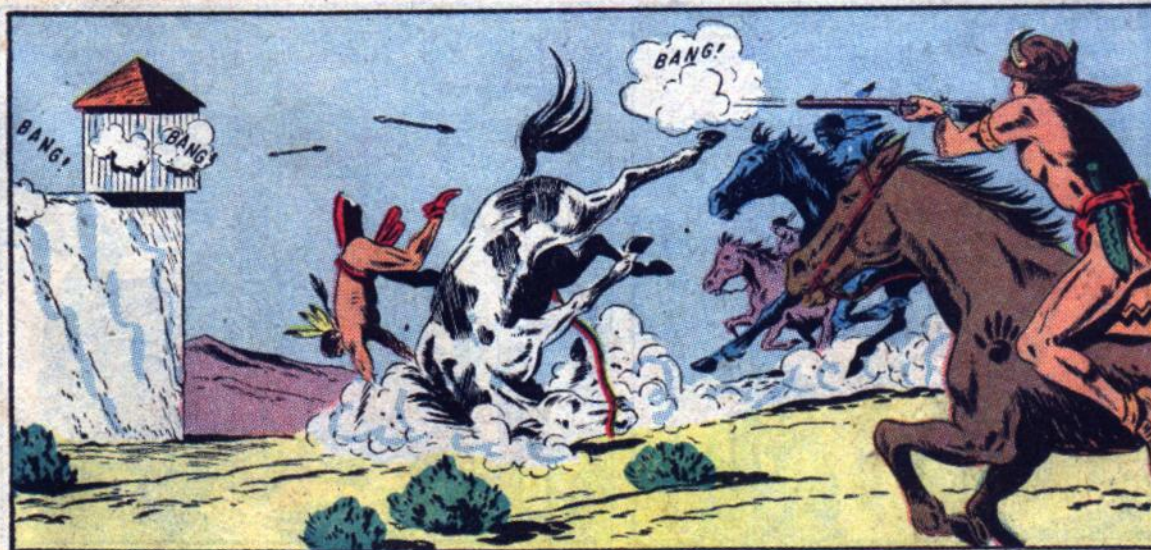
NEXT DAY, IN THE ARMY FORT...

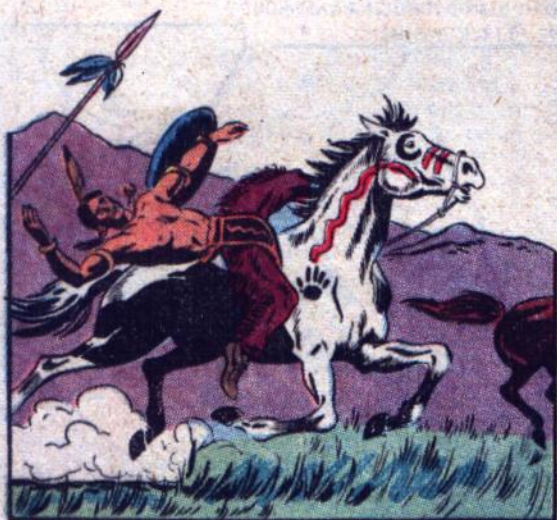


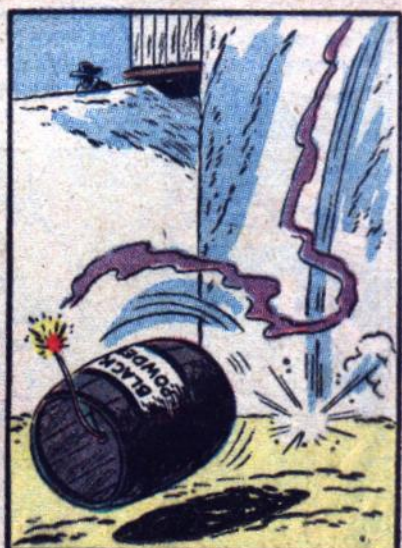
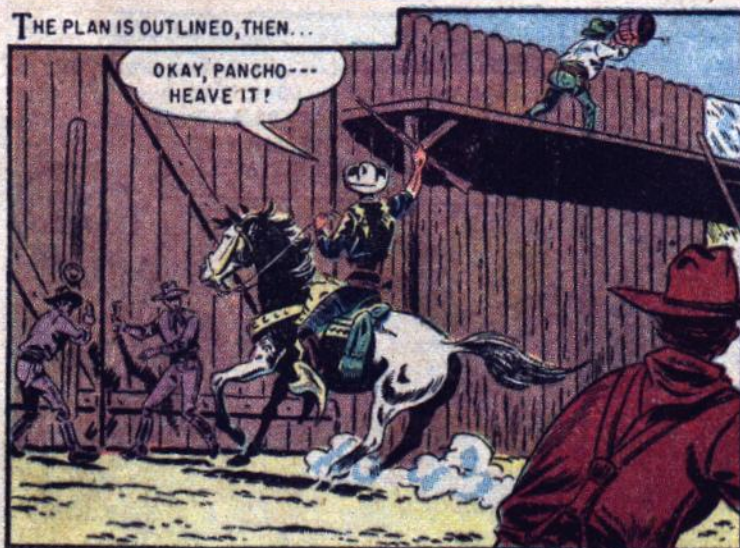
THE INDIANS PREPARE...



WITH BLOODCURDLING WARWHOOPS THE ATTACK BEGINS.









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



DIG, DIABLO!

SECONDS LATER...

CHIEF BIG TREE,
CALL OFF YOUR
BRAVES!

UMMM! YOU GOT
THUNDERSTICK? GO
AHEAD, SHOOT! ME NOT
AFRAID TO GO TO HAPPY
HUNTING GROUND!



BEHOLD! I THROW AWAY THE
THUNDERSTICK. I AM A
FRIEND! I WANT TO
TALK PEACE!

WHAT YOUR
NAME?



I AM CALLED THE
CISCO KID!

ME HEAR OF YOU! YOU
FRIEND OF INDIANS!
ME CALL TRUCE! ME
LISTEN TO YOU!



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

... AND THE CAPTAIN WILL GIVE YOUR
TRIBE A SUPPLY OF ARMY BEEF TO
REPLACE THE LOST BUFFALO MEAT
SO YOUR PEOPLE WON'T STARVE!

THAT
GOOD!

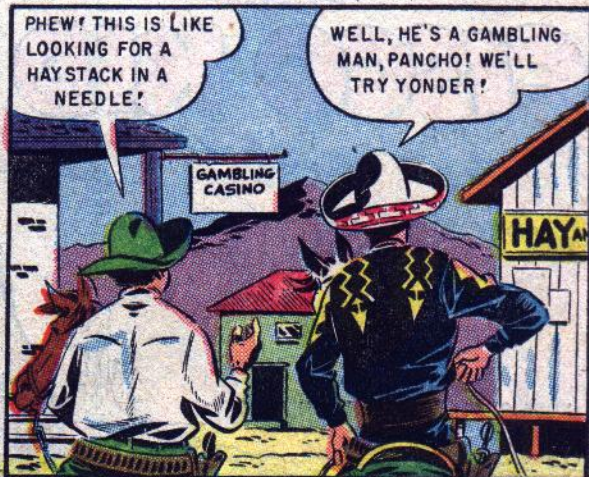




WE HAVE TRUCE. BUT MY PEOPLE VERY ANGRY! IF BUFFALO KILLERS NOT CAUGHT, WE MAKE WAR AGAIN! CAN YOU CATCHUM IN SEVEN SUNDOWNS?

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 RAPE.



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
UNWARE 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!

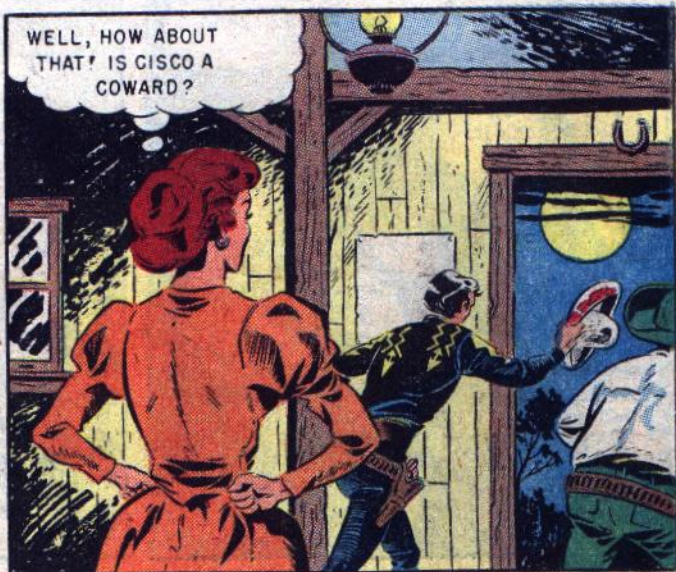
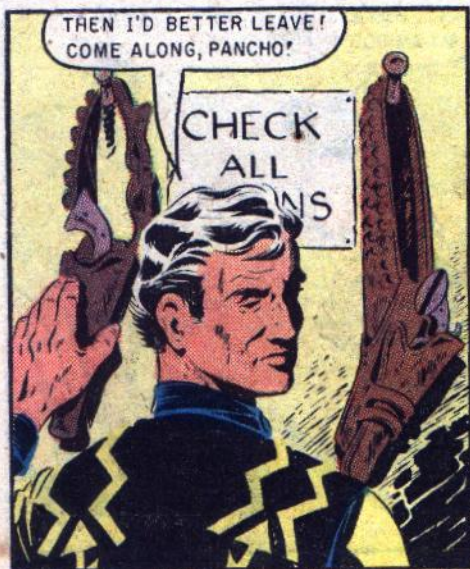
AHHH,
CHIKUITA!

OUTSIDE...

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

SQUARE DANCE
TONIGHT



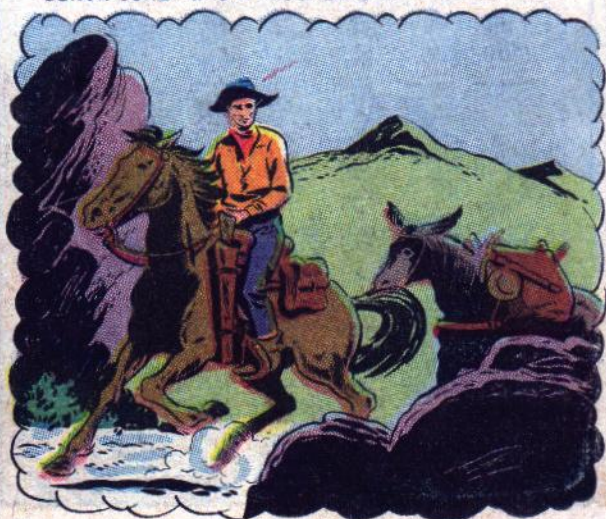


HE THINKS YOU HAVE
MURDERED HIS BROTHER, AN
HOMBRE CALLED CURLY
CRAIG! AND HE HAS SWORN
TO GET REVENGE!

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...

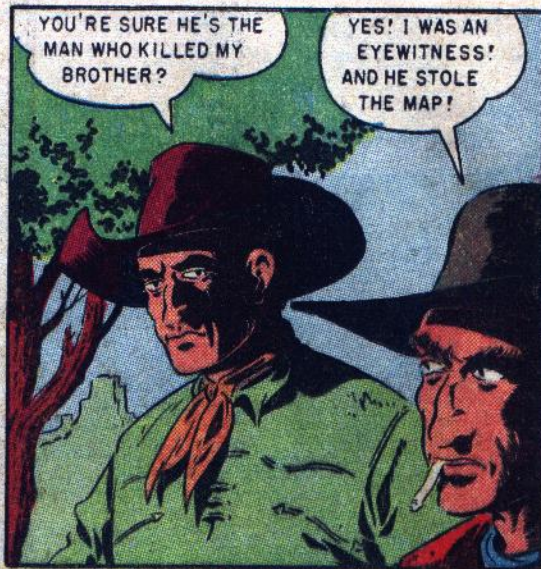
I WENT TO THE DANCE HALL
LAST NIGHT, BUT CISCO
HAD LEFT!

OF COURSE! HE'S
SCARED OF YOU!



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

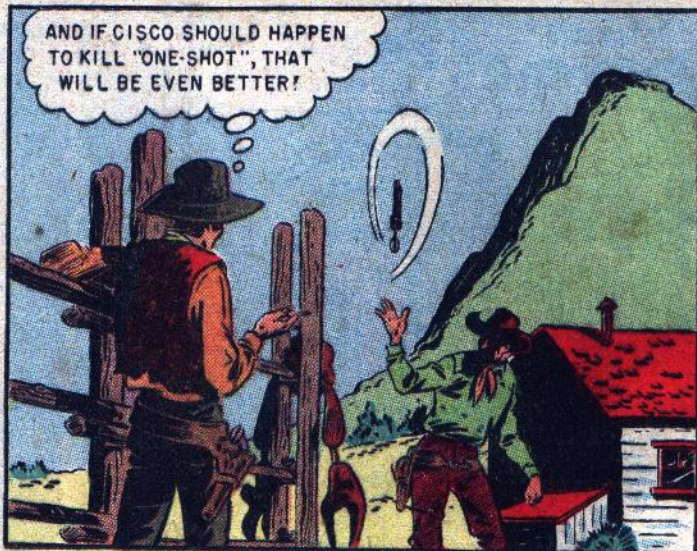
YES! I WAS AN
EYEWITNESS!
AND HE STOLE
THE MAP!



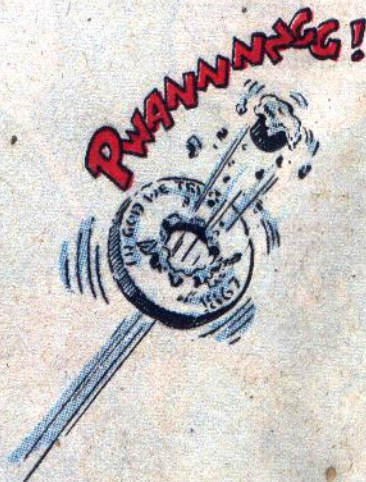
AFTER "ONE-SHOT" KILLS CISCO
HE'LL BE SATISFIED! HE'LL
NEVER KNOW THAT I'M THE
ONE WHO REALLY STOLE
THE MAP!



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!

BARBER
JOSH. HOWE, PROP.

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?

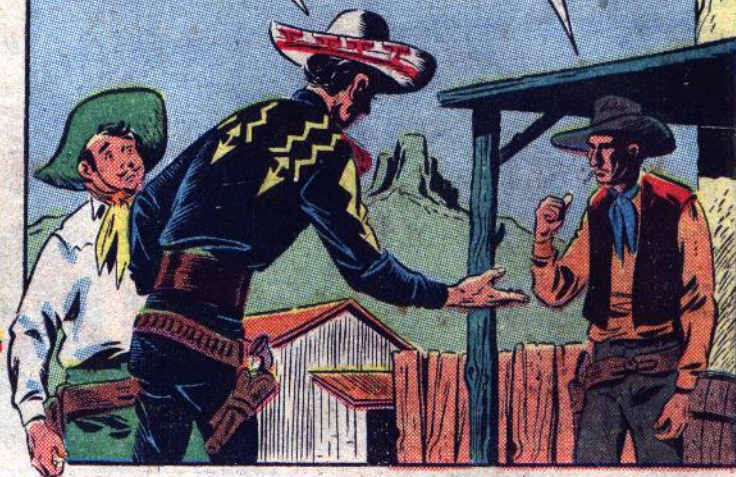
BARBER
JOSH. HOWE.

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!



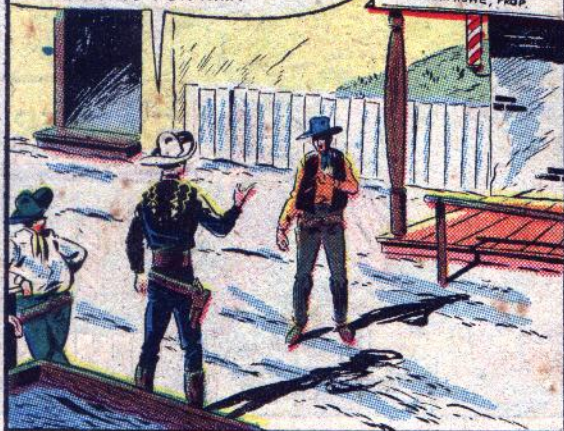
GRACIAS, SEÑOR! AND WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

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 FOOLISHNESS! LET US MAKE SWIFT HASTE AND VAMOOSE! PLEASE!

NO, PANCHO! I CAN'T KEEP RUNNING AWAY 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!



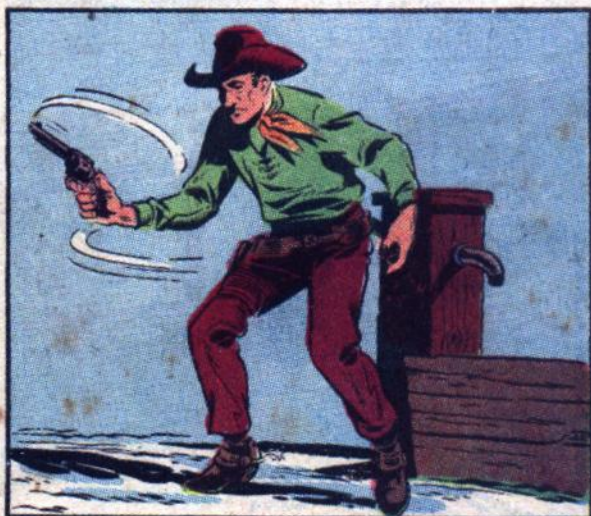
TWENTY-NINE MINUTES LATER...

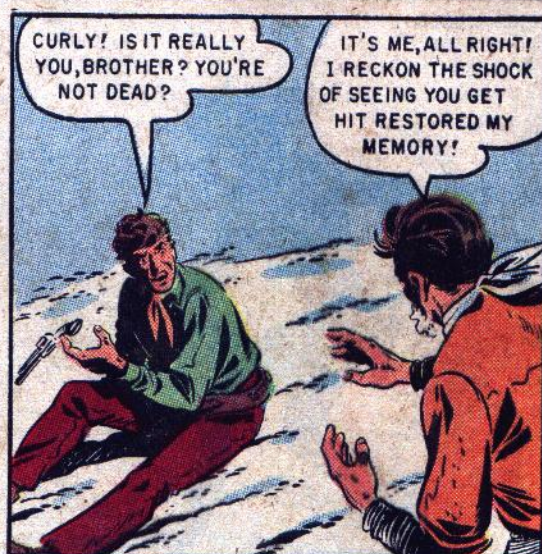


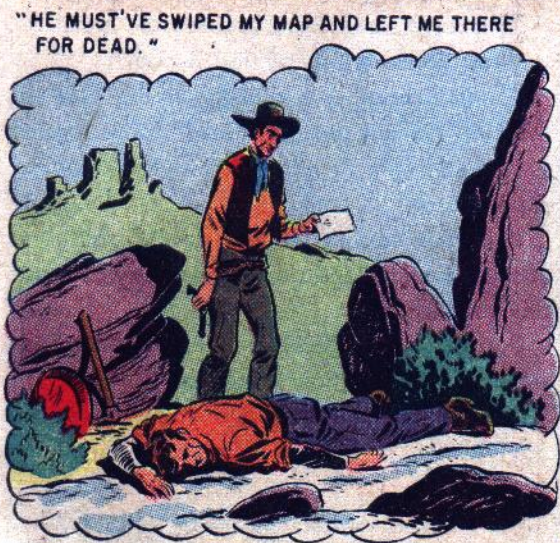


CISCO WHIRLS...

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







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 ...

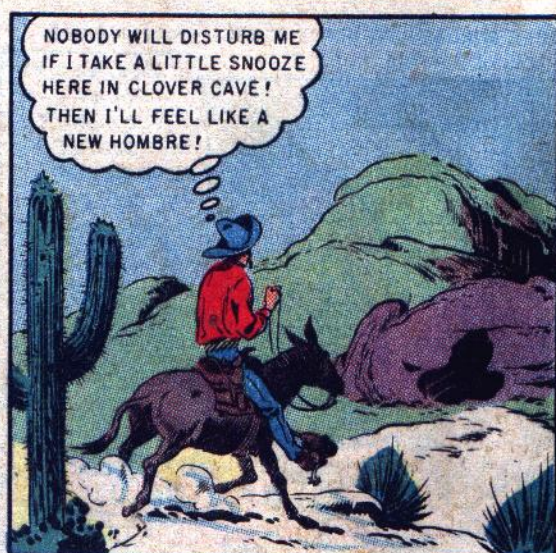
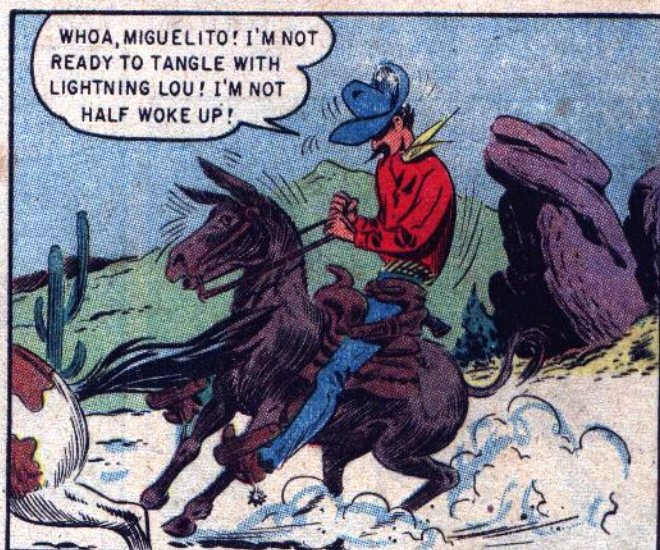
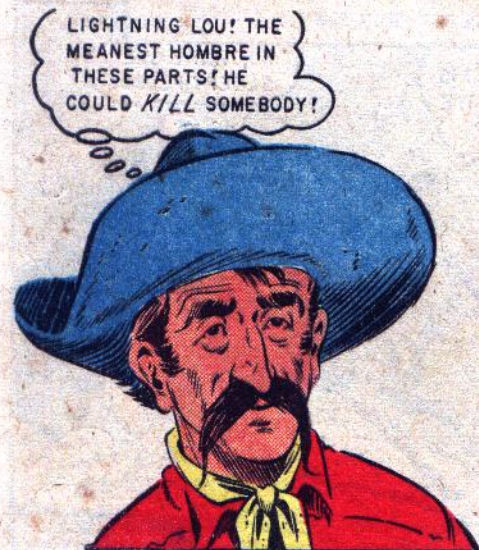
THESE FELLOWS
ARE IN AN
AWFUL HURRY!
THEY MUST BE
HEADING FOR
THE FEED BARN!



I'LL FOLLOW
THEM!

HEY!!
WHAT...?





MEANWHILE...



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

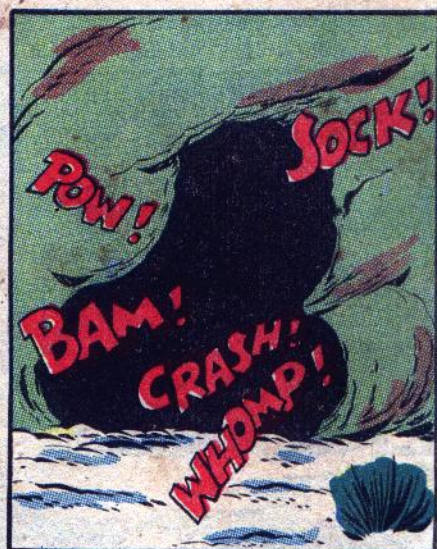
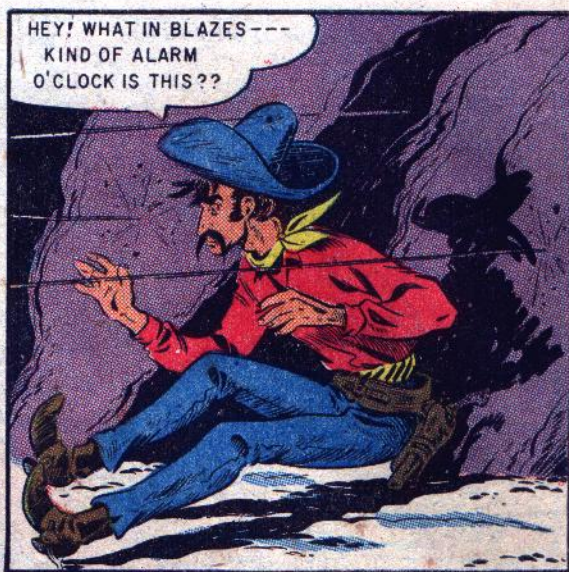


FARTHER BACK, HIDDEN BY THE
SHADOWS, PEDRO SLEEPS---

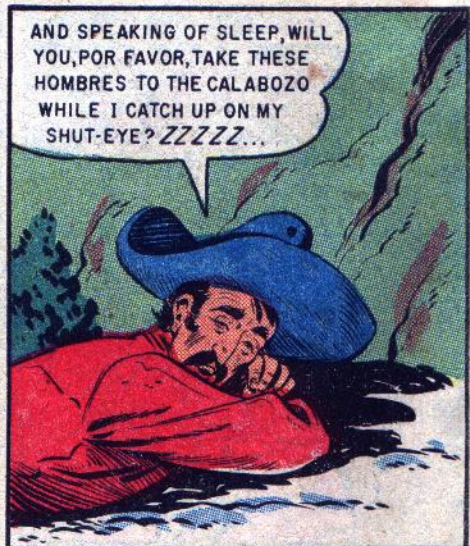
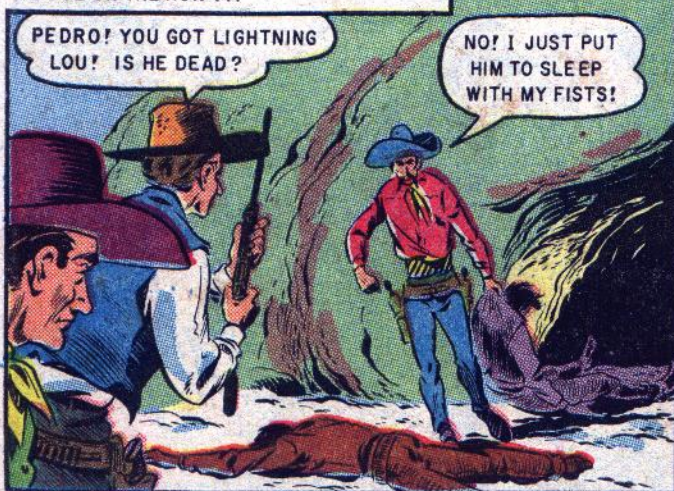


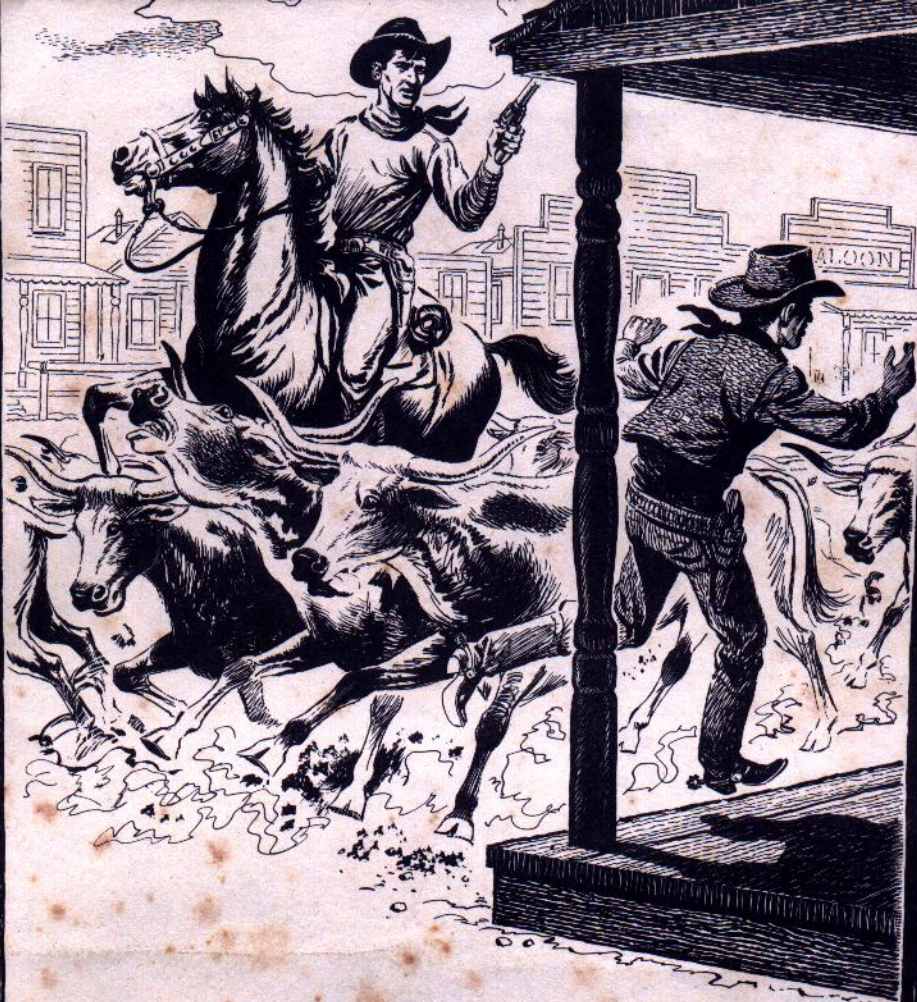
...AND SNORES!





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





COWTOWNS OF THE OLD WEST

ABILENE

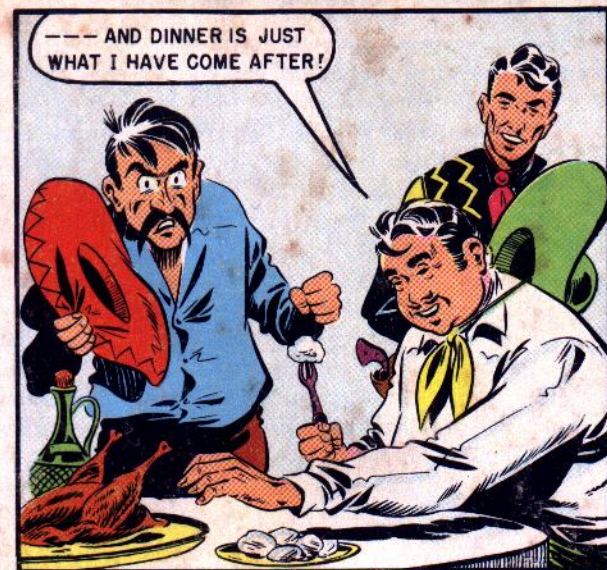
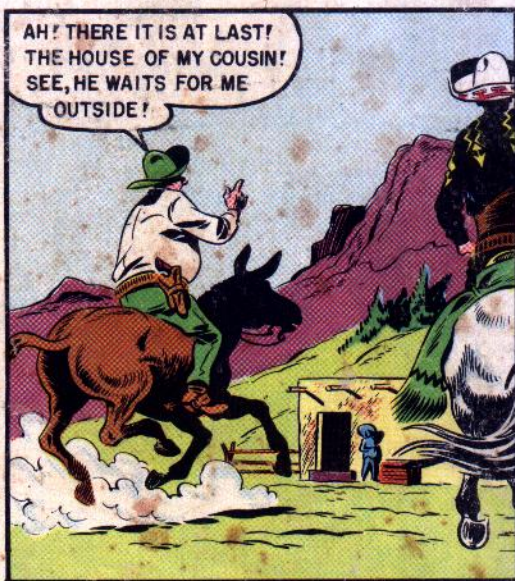
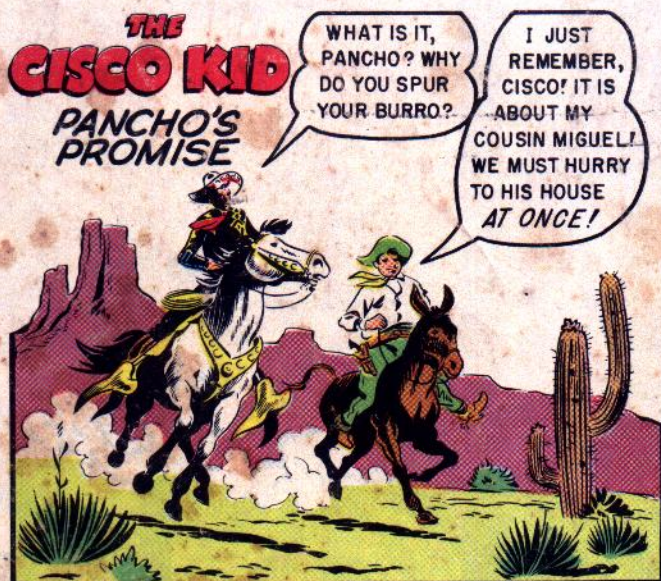
"Too wild to be curried, and too tough to be tamed," was what local citizens boasted about Abilene, in the 1800's. The town had started as a hamlet of a few log huts along the Kansas Pacific Railroad. But, by 1867, Abilene was a sprawling collection of raw lumber shacks, hotels, saloons and gambling 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



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