

DELL

APRIL-JUNE 10¢

THE CISCO KID



Another Outstanding Award for Dell Comics



FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO YOUTH



CITATION

AWARDED TO

MR. GEORGE T. DELACORTE, JR.
PRESIDENT OF DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.
PUBLISHERS OF DELL COMICS

FOR HIS SUPPORT OF THE CIVIL AIR PATROL
AND FOR HIS CONTINUING EFFORTS IN BEHALF
OF THE BETTERMENT OF AMERICAN YOUTH.

Lucas V. Beau

MAJOR GENERAL LUCAS V. BEAU, USAF
NATIONAL COMMANDER, CIVIL AIR PATROL
AUXILIARY OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

Mr. George T. Delacorte, Jr., publisher of Dell Comics, receiving the Civil Air Patrol citation for Outstanding Service to Youth from Major General Lucas V. Beau, USAF. The award was presented in recognition of Mr. Delacorte's maintenance of the Dell Comic line as clean and wholesome children's entertainment. Left to right: Col. Draper F. Henry, USAF, Deputy Commander CAP; Major General Lucas V. Beau, USAF, Commander CAP; George T. Delacorte, Jr.; Hon. John I. Lerom, Asst. Sec. USAF, and Col. C. Short, USAF.



We are particularly proud of this recognition of Dell Comics by the Civil Air Patrol, official auxiliary of the United States Air Force. The CAP, by stimulating interest in aviation among the youth of America, is a vital force in our national defense. At the same time, by promoting this healthy interest in aviation and flying, the CAP serves as an effective deterrent to juvenile delinquency throughout the United States. We suggest that boys and girls, aged 15 years and older, investigate the possibilities of joining the CAP unit in your locality. For information about the Civil Air Patrol, what it is, what it does, and how you may join, contact your nearest Air Force Recruiting office.

A PLEDGE **DELL** COMIC TO PARENTS

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

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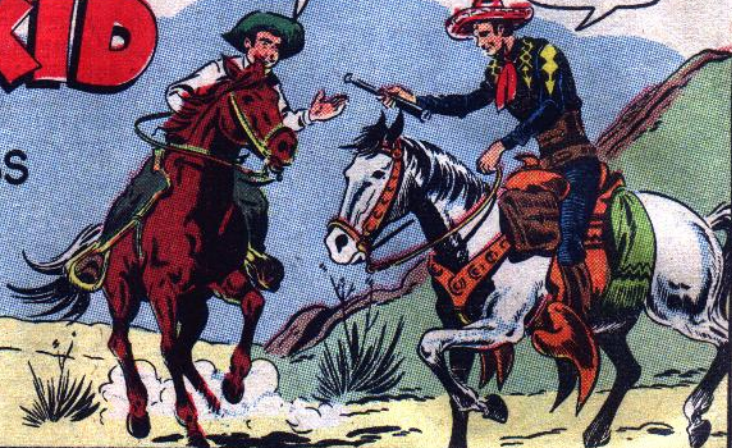
THE CISCO KID

RAILS ACROSS THE RANGE

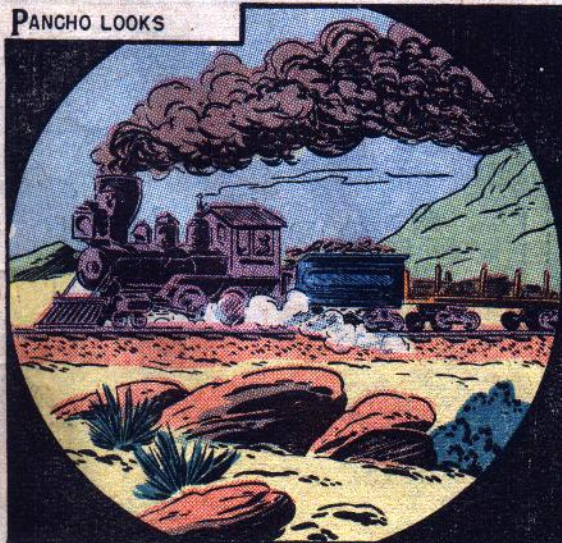
THE CISCO KID AND HIS PAL, PANCHO, ARE RIDING THE RIDGE ABOVE GUNPLAY GORGE

WHAT DO YOU SEE, CISCO?

IT'S AN IRON HORSE, PANCHO! HAVE A LOOK!



PANCHO LOOKS



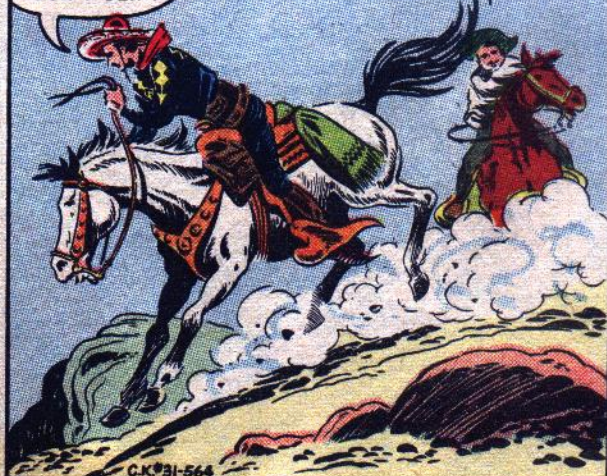
AMIGO, LOOK! THE IRON HORSE, SHE IS BLOWN UP!

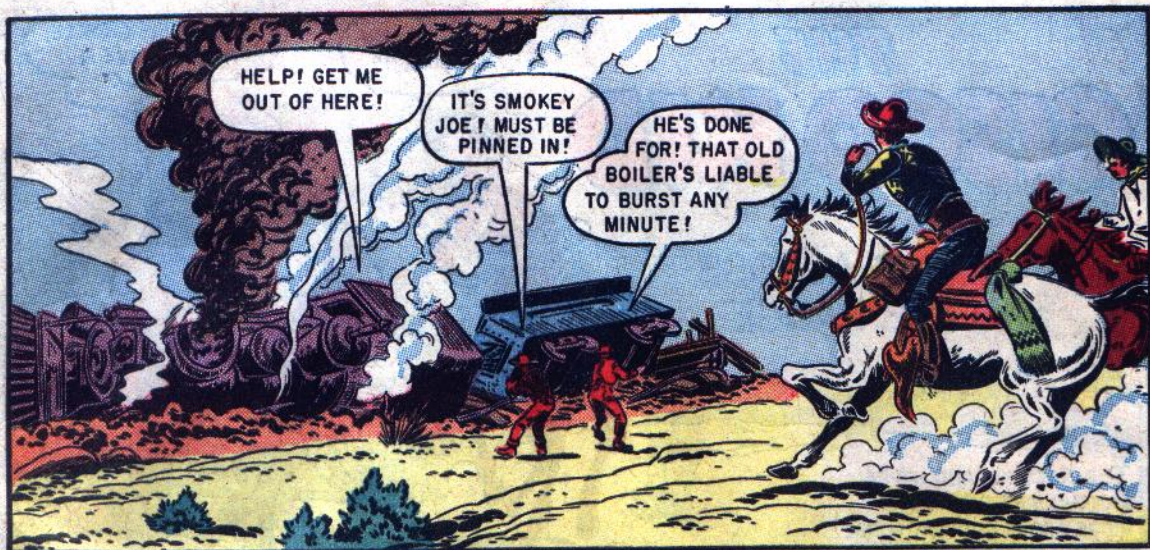
NO TIME TO LOOK! LET'S GET DOWN THERE, PRONTO, PANCHO!



DIG, DIABLO! CAREFUL, BOY, DON'T SLIP!

GO, GO, LOCO!

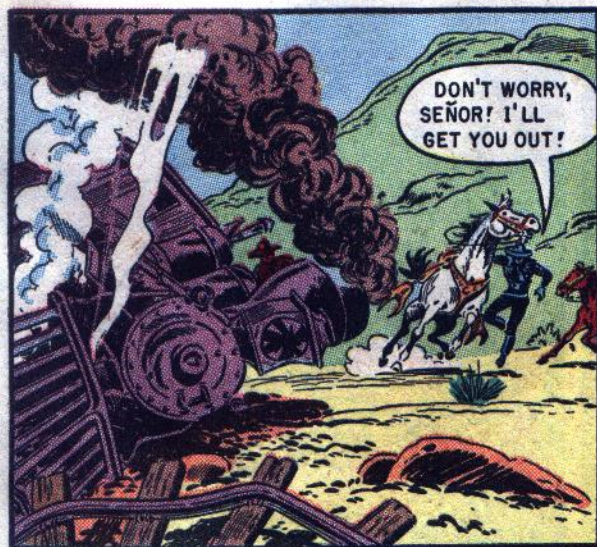




HELP! GET ME
OUT OF HERE!

IT'S SMOKEY
JOE! MUST BE
PINNED IN!

HE'S DONE
FOR! THAT OLD
BOILER'S LIABLE
TO BURST ANY
MINUTE!



DON'T WORRY,
SEÑOR! I'LL
GET YOU OUT!



MY LEG'S
CAUGHT! HURRY!

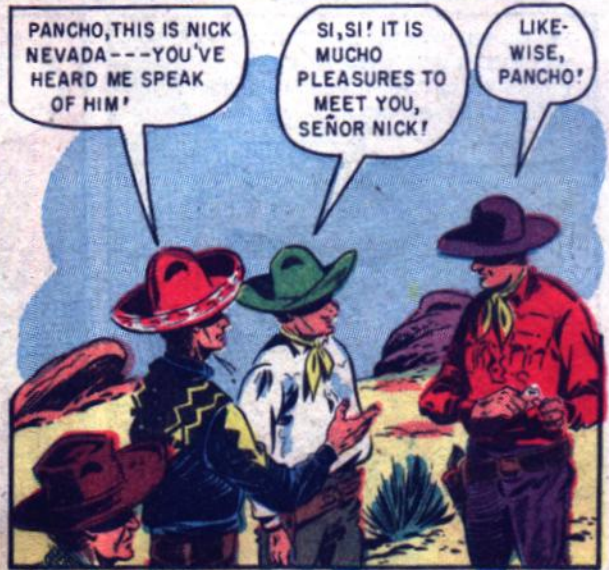
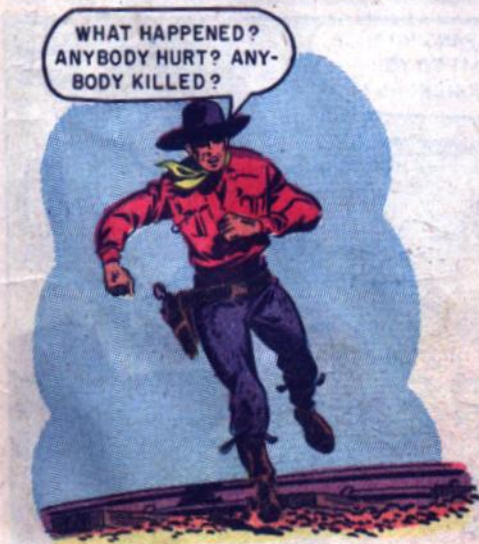
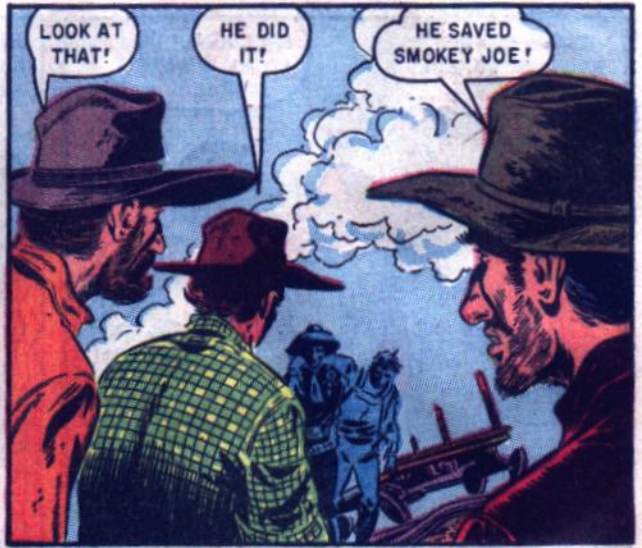


I MUST HELP
MY AMIGO!

HOLD ON, YUH FOOL!
WHEN THAT STEAM LET'S
GO, THEY'LL BE DONE
FOR!



A LITTLE MORE! THAT'S IT!
MY LEG'S COMING LOOSE!





YOU'VE GOT A
NASTY CUT THERE,
SEÑOR JOE!

IT'LL HEAL! I'M
LUCKY IT WASN'T
WORSE!

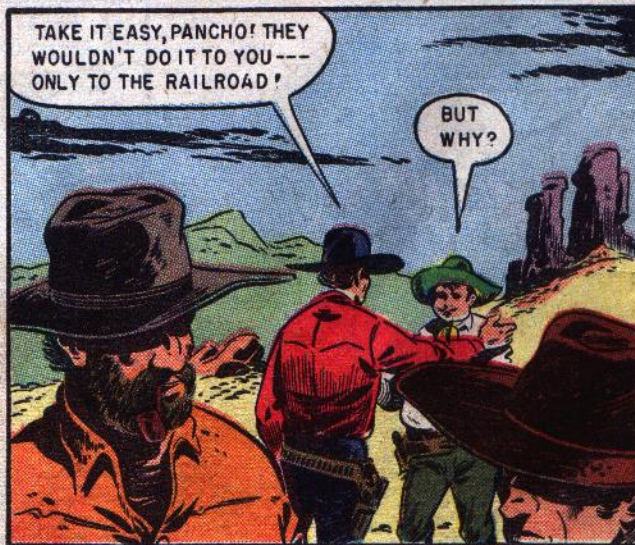


PANCHO THINKS THE IRON
HORSE IS MOST DANGEROUS!
SHE BUCKS WORSE THAN A
MAD MUSTANG!

YOU'D BUCK, TOO,
PANCHO, IF SOME-
BODY SET OFF
DYNAMITE UNDER
YOU!

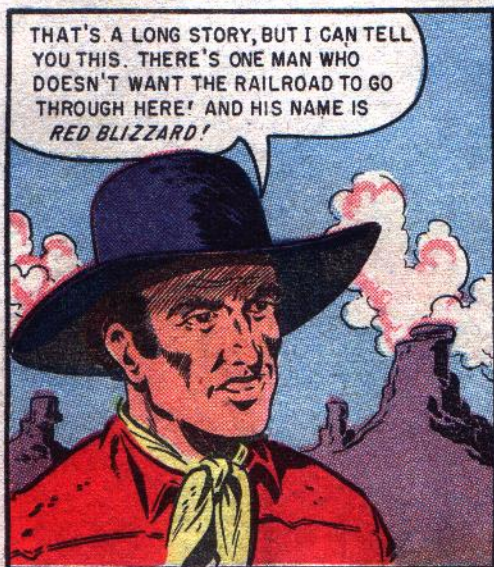


DYNAMITE? WHO WOULD
DO THAT TO PANCHO?



TAKE IT EASY, PANCHO! THEY
WOULDN'T DO IT TO YOU---
ONLY TO THE RAILROAD!

BUT
WHY?

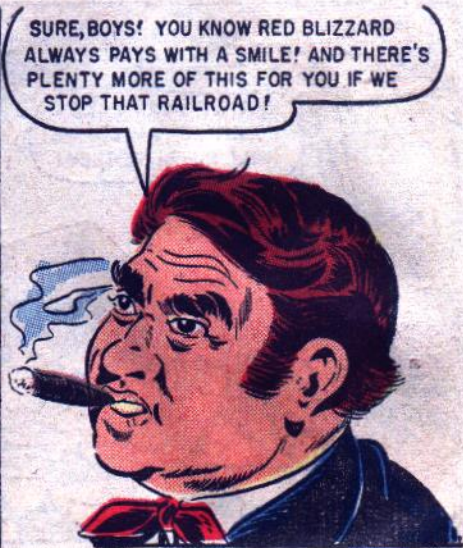


THAT'S A LONG STORY, BUT I CAN TELL
YOU THIS. THERE'S ONE MAN WHO
DOESN'T WANT THE RAILROAD TO GO
THROUGH HERE! AND HIS NAME IS
RED BLIZZARD!



AND AT RED BLIZZARD'S RANCH

YOU LOOK RIGHT HAPPY, BOYS!
HAVE YOU DONE YOUR GOOD
DEED FOR TODAY?





IF THE AMBUSHERS
COME FROM THE WOODS,
PANCHO CANNOT SEE THEM!

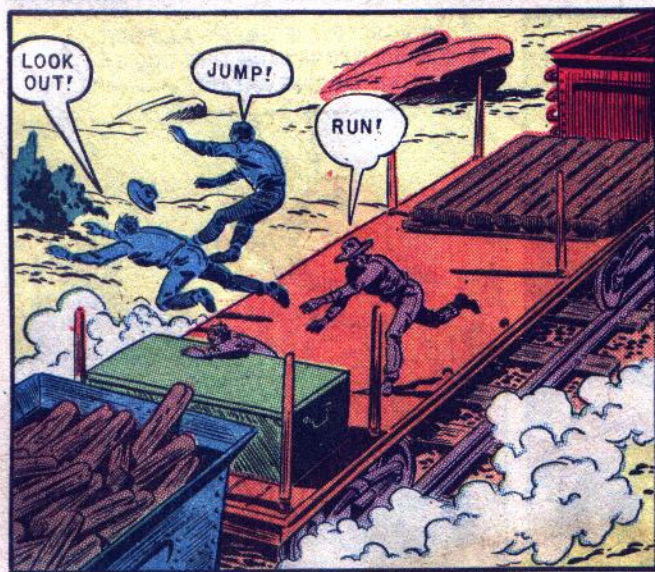
BUT THEY CAN'T SEE
US, EITHER, AMIGO! WE
WILL SURPRISE THEM!

AND IN THE WOODS

HERE SHE COMES! DON'T
LOOK LIKE THERE'S AN
ARMED MAN ON THE
WHOLE TRAIN!

WOULDN'T
MATTER IF
THERE WAS!
THOSE GANDY
DANCERS COULDN'T
HIT THE SIDE OF
A BARN!

LET'S GO! WE'LL SCARE THE
BLUE BLAZES OUT OF THOSE
WORKMEN!



LOOK
OUT!

JUMP!

RUN!

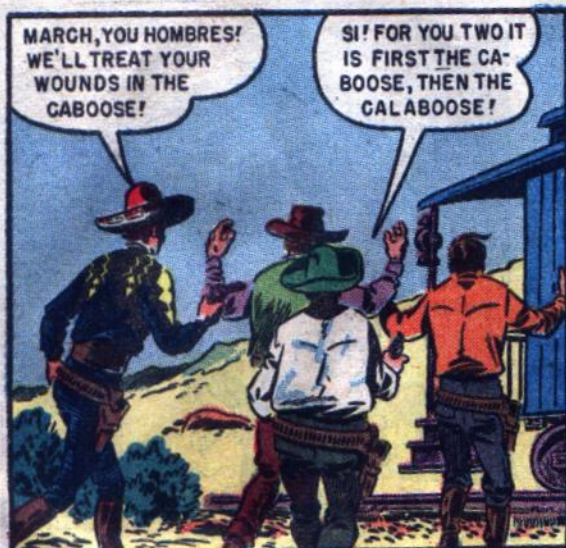
IN THE LOCOMOTIVE CAB, SMOKEY JOE DUCKS
THE FLYING LEAD.



SPAT!

WOW, THAT WAS
CLOSE!





MARCH, YOU HOMBRES!
WE'LL TREAT YOUR
WOUNDS IN THE
CABOOSE!

SI! FOR YOU TWO IT
IS FIRST THE CA-
BOOSE, THEN THE
CALABOOSE!



A LITTLE LATER, THE GUNMEN ARE
BANDAGED AND BOUND.

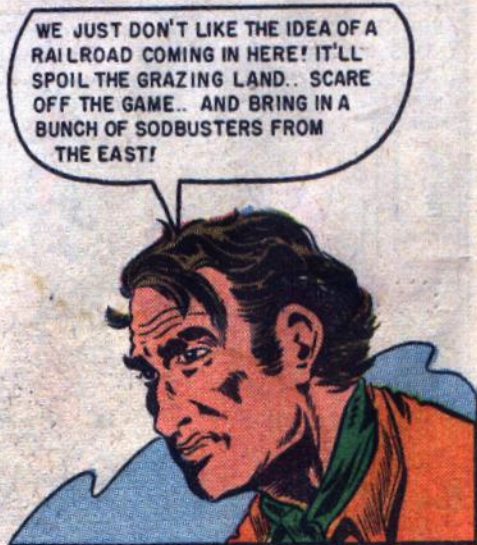
ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! EXPLAIN
WHY YOU CAME SHOOTING UP
THE RAILROAD?



WHO HIRED YOU?
WHO'S YOUR BOSS?

WE'RE OUR
OWN BOSS!

BESIDES,
WE DIDN'T
HURT ANY-
BODY!



WE JUST DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF A
RAILROAD COMING IN HERE! IT'LL
SPOIL THE GRAZING LAND.. SCARE
OFF THE GAME.. AND BRING IN A
BUNCH OF SODBUSTERS FROM
THE EAST!



DON'T GIVE ME THAT!
I'LL GET THE TRUTH OUT
OF YOU IF I HAVE TO ...

NICK, AMIGO!
PLEASE LET
US STEP
OUTSIDE!



OUTSIDE

I'D LIKE TO BEAT THE STUFFING
OUT OF THOSE LYING GUNSLICKS
I *KNOW* RED BLIZZARD HIRED
THEM TO SCARE OFF MY CREW!

SI! BUT BEATING
THEM WILL DO NO
GOOD LISTEN TO
ME!

THOSE TWO HOMBRES ARE SMALL FRY! EVEN IF YOU FORCED THEM TO ADMIT THEY WERE HIRED BY RED BLIZZARD, HE WOULD DENY IT! AND YOU HAVE NO PROOF!



THE FELLOW WE MUST GET IS SEÑOR BLIZZARD, HIMSELF!

SURE, BUT HOW? HE'S FOXY! NEVER DOES ANYTHING ILLEGAL THAT CAN BE PROVED!



FOXY, EH? THEN WE'LL OUTFOX HIM AND HE'LL FEEL SILLY AS A GOOSE! THEN HE'LL GET SO ANGRY, HE'LL LOSE HIS HEAD---AND WE'LL HAVE HIM!



NICK NEVADA'S EYES POP AS CISCO OUTLINES HIS PLAN. BUT THE RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION BOSS GIVES IMMEDIATE AND ENTHUSIASTIC APPROVAL

PANCHO IS CALLED INTO THE DEAL.

AMIGO, WE'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU! YOU ARE TO TAKE THOSE GUNSLINGERS, WALT AND SAMMY, TO THE JAILHOUSE!



TRUST PANCHO! PANCHO WILL GUARD THEM LIKE GLUE!

BUT YOU MUST LET THEM ESCAPE!



ESCAPE??



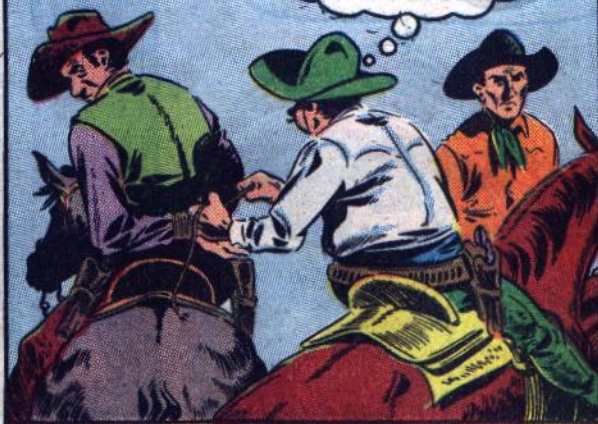


ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE PANCHO INTO A LAUGHING STOCKING?

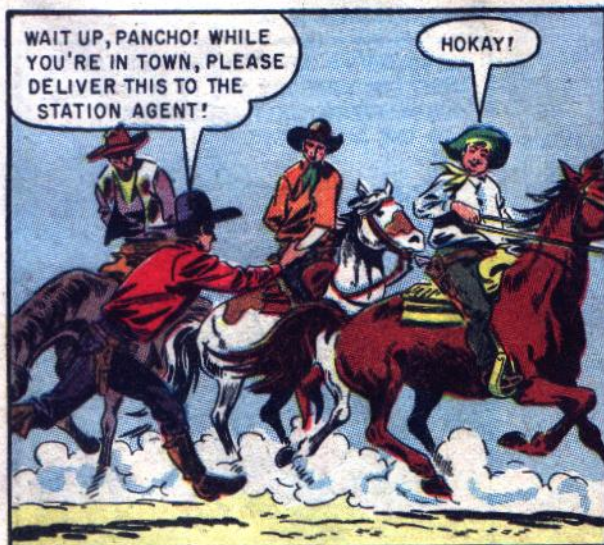
NO, INDEED, AMIGO! I'M VERY SERIOUS!

IT'S A PLAN CISCO THOUGHT UP TO TRAP RED BLIZZARD!

A LITTLE LATER



CISCO SAYS I MUST TIE THE ROPES LOOSE SO THEY'LL BE ABLE TO WORK THEIR HANDS FREE!



WAIT UP, PANCHO! WHILE YOU'RE IN TOWN, PLEASE DELIVER THIS TO THE STATION AGENT!

HOKAY!



AND *GUARD* IT WITH YOUR LIFE! THIS COULD RUIN THE RAILROAD IF IT FELL INTO THE WRONG HANDS!

LATER, AS PANCHO HERDS HIS PRISONERS ALONG A LONELY TRAIL TOWARD TOWN...

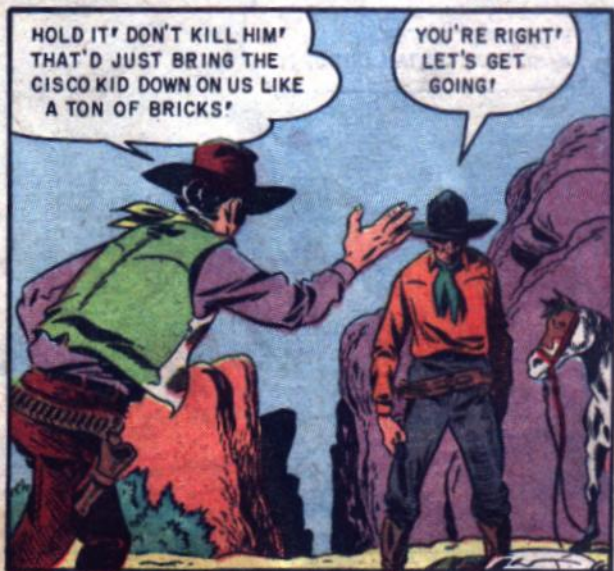
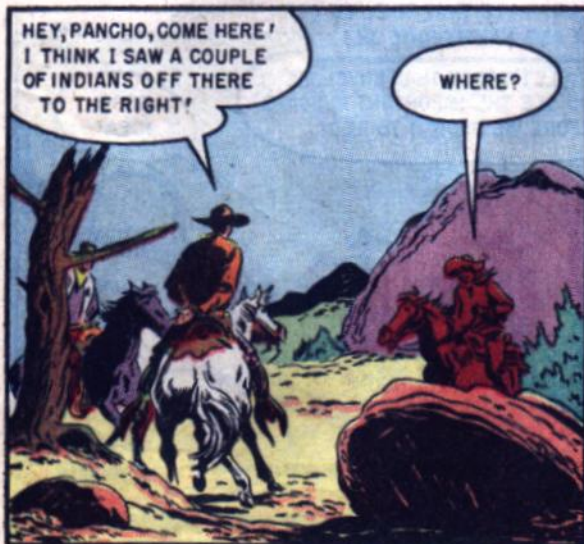


PANCHO IS SUPPOSED TO ACT DUMB! THAT IS VERY HARD!



SSST, I GOT MY HANDS JUST ABOUT LOOSE!

ME TOO! LET'S JUMP THIS DUMB BUNNY!



WHEN THE TWO GUNSLICKS HAVE RIDDEN OUT OF SIGHT, PANTHO STANDS UP!

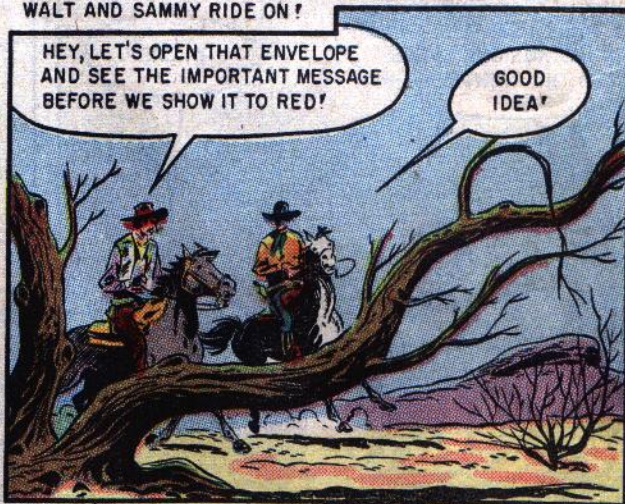
WHEW! THIS PADDING SAVED PANTHO FROM HAVING HIS BRAINS SCRAMBLED!



AND, UNAWARE THAT THEY'VE BEEN TRICKED, WALT AND SAMMY RIDE ON!

HEY, LET'S OPEN THAT ENVELOPE AND SEE THE IMPORTANT MESSAGE BEFORE WE SHOW IT TO RED!

GOOD IDEA!

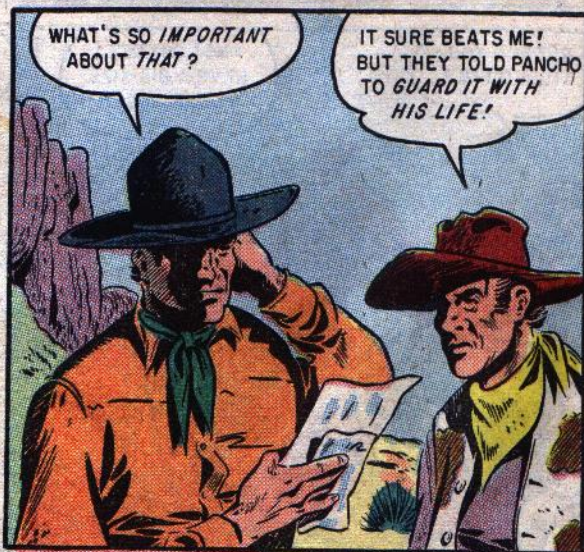


WALT OPENS THE ENVELOPE, AND READS...

Please arrange your report on lost luggage. Three in reticules are in Newton. Forward reply immediately.

WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THAT?

IT SURE BEATS ME! BUT THEY TOLD PANTHO TO GUARD IT WITH HIS LIFE!



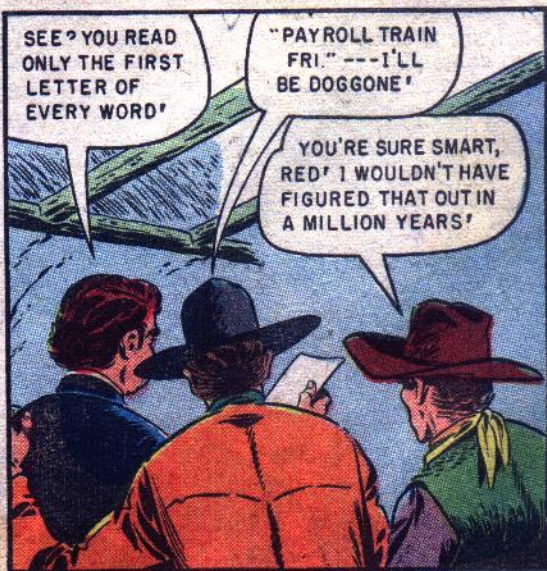
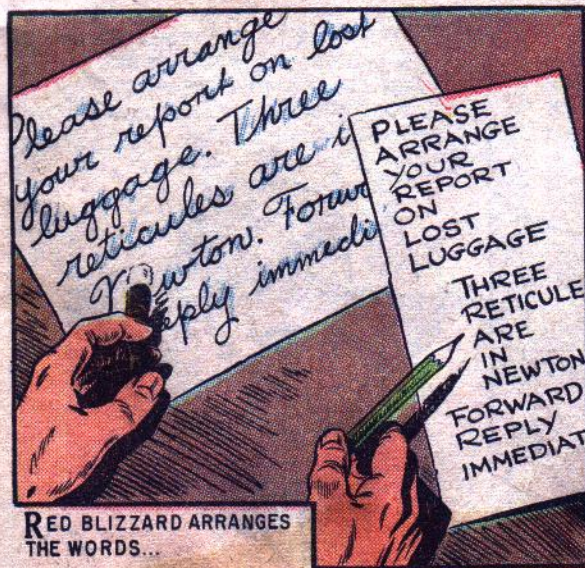
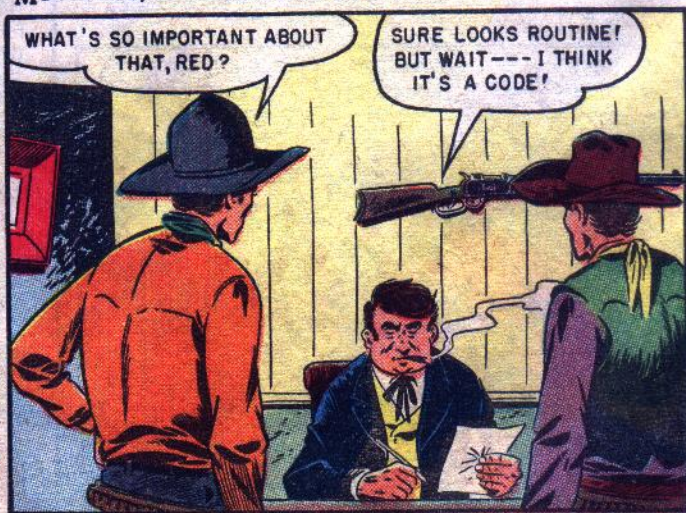
WELL, WE'LL TAKE IT TO RED BLIZZARD! MAYBE HE CAN MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OUT OF IT!



MEANWHILE, PANCHO GETS A SURPRISE



MEANWHILE, AT THE BLIZZARD'S RANCH



PAYROLL TRAIN, EH? IF I KNOCK THAT OFF I WIN TWO WAYS--- I GET PLENTY OF MONEY AND REALLY PUT THE KIBOSH ON NICK NEVADA'S PROJECT---THOSE SECTION HANDS SURE WON'T WORK IF THEY DON'T GET PAID!



YOU WANT US TO STICK UP THAT TRAIN, RED?



YES! AND I'LL BE WITH YOU! I WANT TO MAKE SURE I GET MY FAIR SHARE OF THAT PAYROLL!

MEANWHILE, THE RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION PROGRESSES --- BUT SLOWLY...



HEY, BOYS, SNAP IT UP!

WE'RE LOOKOUTS!

SURE, WE'RE SCARED OF GETTING SHOT!

HANG IT, I CAN'T BLAME THE MEN FOR NOT FEELING SAFE! THEY'VE BEEN SHOT AT, DYNAMITED, EVERYTHING! THERE WAS EVEN AN INDIAN RAID ON THE CAMP ONE NIGHT ALL STAGED BY RED BLIZZARD!



BUT WHY IS SEÑOR BLIZZARD SO ANXIOUS TO STOP YOU, NICK?

IT'S LIKE THIS. IF I CAN'T BUILD THIS SPUR THROUGH THE GORGE, THE RAILROAD WILL HAVE TO USE A MORE ROUNDABOUT ROUTE! THEY'LL BUY A RIGHT-OF-WAY OVER BLIZZARD'S LAND AND PAY HIM PLENTY FOR IT!



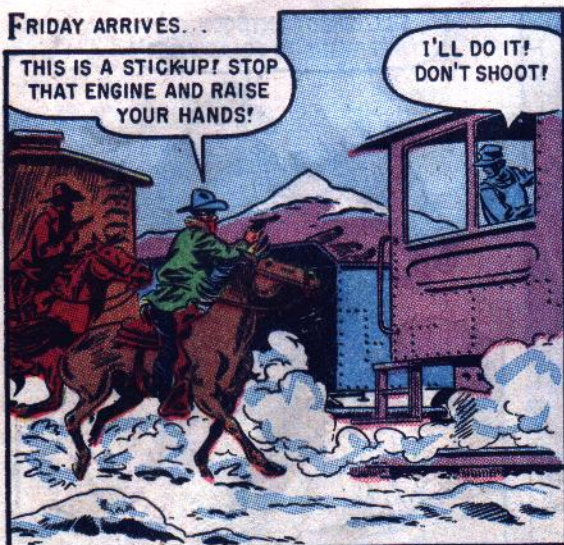
AND IF I CAN'T STOP HIS MEDDLING, I'M LICKED! THE WORKMEN ARE JUST ABOUT AT THE BREAKING POINT RIGHT NOW!



FRIDAY ARRIVES...

THIS IS A STICKUP! STOP
THAT ENGINE AND RAISE
YOUR HANDS!

I'LL DO IT!
DON'T SHOOT!

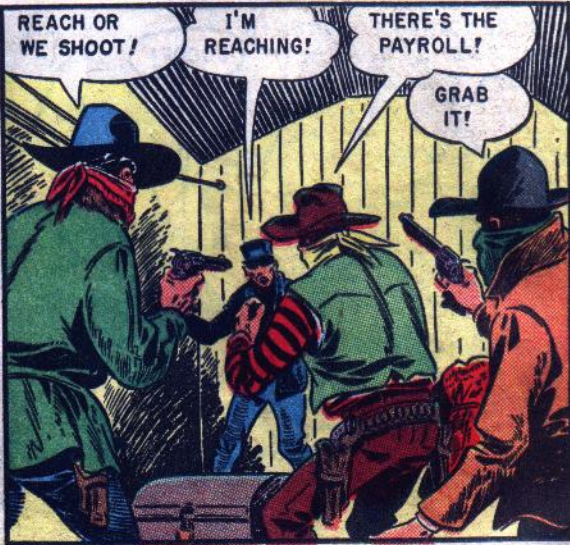


REACH OR
WE SHOOT!

I'M
REACHING!

THERE'S THE
PAYROLL!

GRAB
IT!



UNNG! THIS SURE
IS HEAVY!

MUST BE PLUMB
LOADED WITH GOLD!



THE MASKED MEN CARRY THE CHEST DEEP
INTO THE WOODS. THEN:

I'LL BLAST
THAT LOCK!



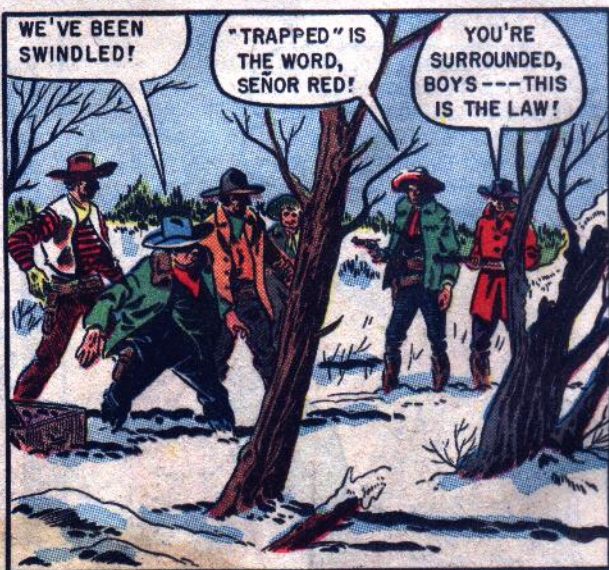
TARNATION! IT'S
FULL OF ROCKS!



WE'VE BEEN
SWINDLED!

"TRAPPED" IS
THE WORD,
SEÑOR RED!

YOU'RE
SURROUNDED,
BOYS --- THIS
IS THE LAW!





CISCO FOLLOWS... AND RED SHOTS!



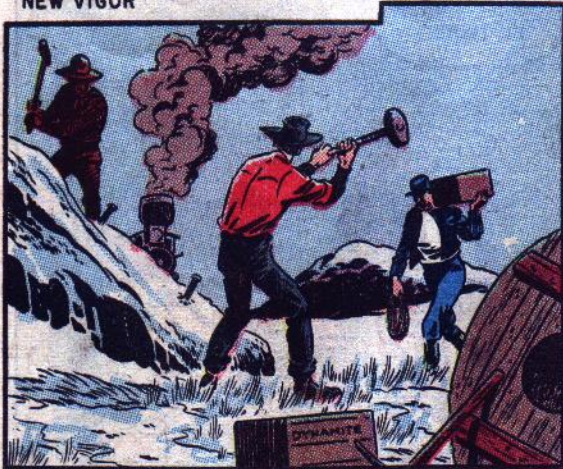
SHORTLY AFTERWARD



AND LATER



WITH RED BLIZZARD BEHIND BARS, THE RAILROAD WORKMEN ATTACK THEIR JOB WITH NEW VIGOR



SANTOS, NOW THEY SING WHILE THEY WORK! THE JOB WILL BE FINISHED IN TIME NOW, NO?

YOU BET IT WILL! THANKS TO YOU, CISCO, THE BOYS FEEL SAFE!



THEN ONE EARLY SPRING DAY THE LAST SPIKE IS DRIVEN AND THE FIRST TRAIN MOVES OVER THE RAILS OF NICK NEVADA'S SPUR LINE THROUGH GUNPLAY GORGE



AND, FOLKS, HERE IS THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING THIS GREAT EVENT TO OUR TERRITORY—— MR. NICK NEVADA!

THANKS, GOVERNOR, BUT THE FELLOW WHO REALLY MADE IT POSSIBLE IS HERE BESIDE ME— THE CISCO KID!



AFTER THE CEREMONIES ARE CONCLUDED

WISH YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND AND WORK WITH ME! YOU COULD BE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILROAD!

THANKS, BUT PANCHE AND I MUST PUSH ON TO NEW ADVENTURES, EH, AMIGO?

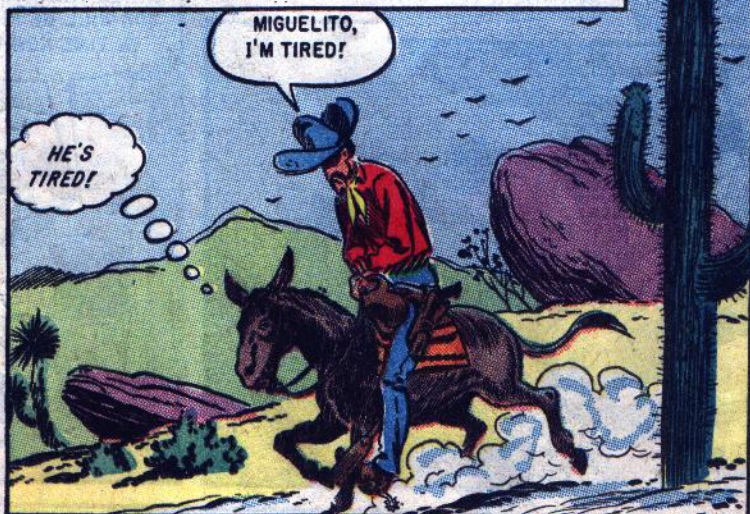
SI! PANCHE WOULD RATHER RIDE LOCO THAN A LOCOMOTIVE!



Pedro

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HERE'S PEDRO, WHO THINKS EIGHT HOURS SLEEP IS
PLENTY --- FOR A CATNAP!

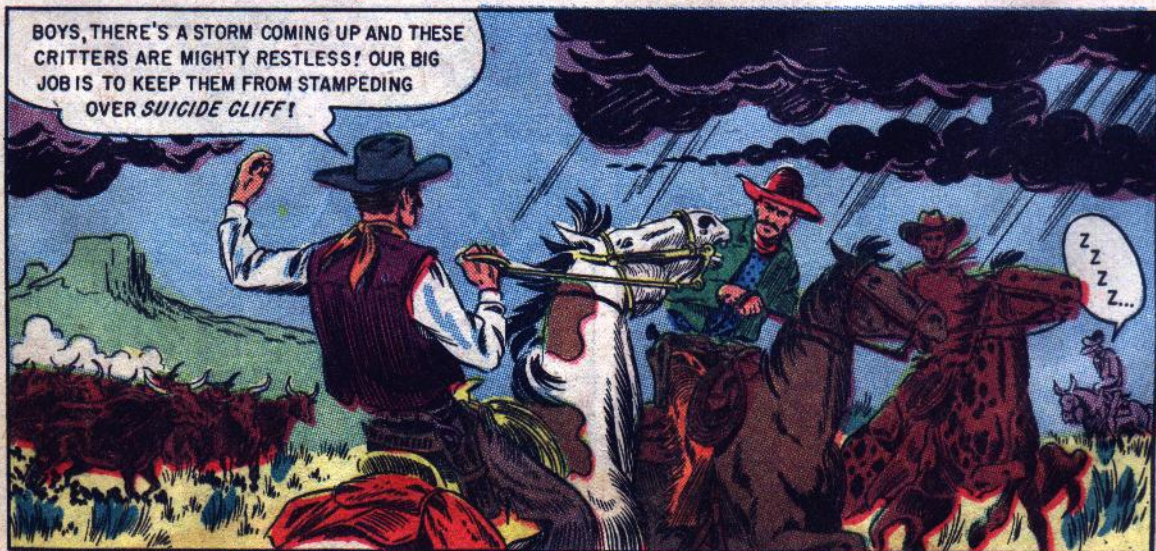
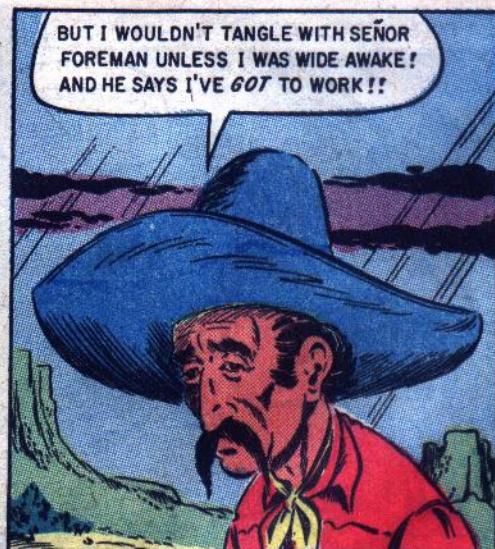


MEANWHILE, AT EL RANCHO...



LATER...





LIGHTNING FLASHES! THE CATTLE
ARE FRIGHTENED!



THE COWBOYS WORK DESPERATELY TO KEEP THE SURGING
STEERS FROM STAMPEDING!



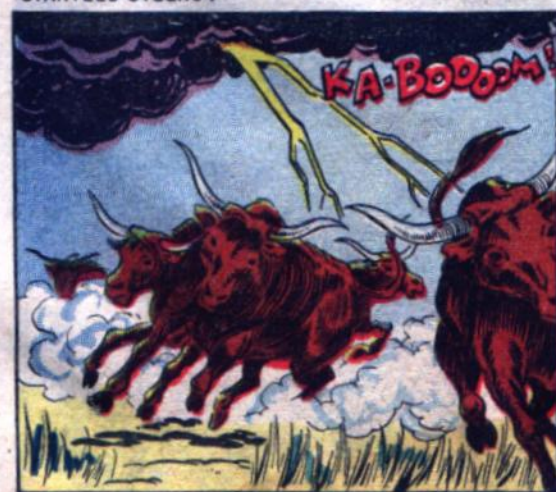
AND FAR BEHIND... PEDRO!



GOOD WORK, BOYS! WE'VE GOT
THEM STARTED IN THE RIGHT
DIRECTION!



BUT A SUDDEN CRASH OF THUNDER TURNS THE
STARTLED STEERS!



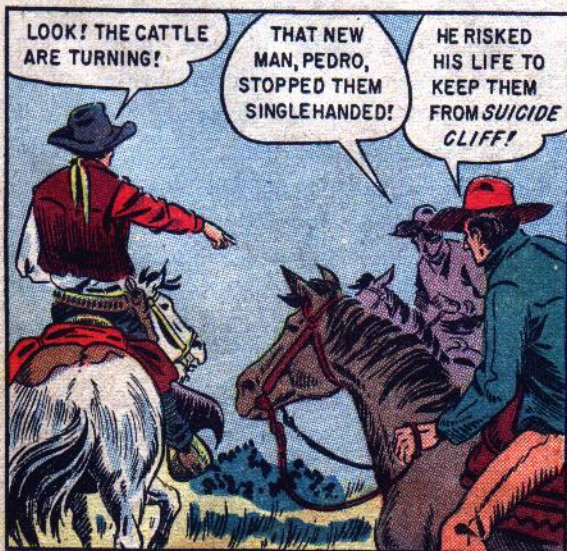
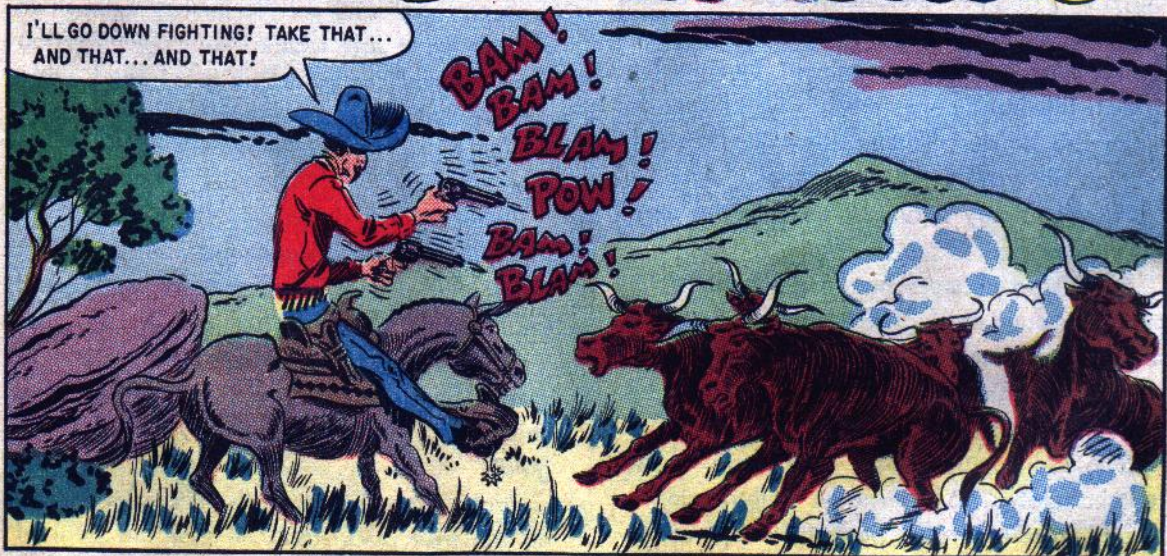
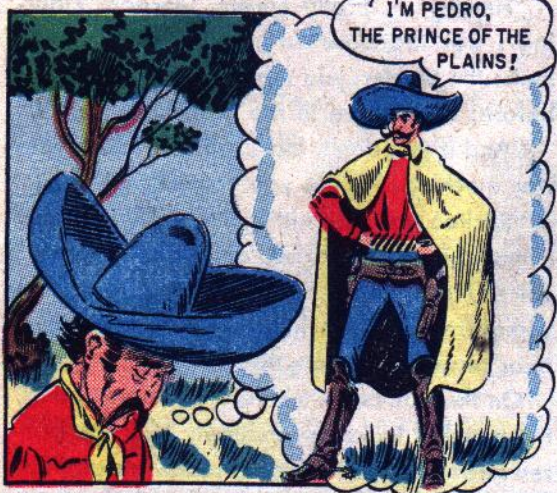
LOOK
OUT!

IT'S A
STAMPEDE!

THEY'RE HEADED
FOR SUICIDE CLIFF!



BETWEEN THE ROARING HERD AND CERTAIN DESTRUCTION
IS ONE MAN --- AND HE'S DREAMING!



DESERT CACHE

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Marshal Cal Porter checked his canteen, pulled his hat lower, then rode on into the hot desert ahead. Both he and his horse were dead tired, but he had to overtake Gila Gordon before he got across the border with his stagecoach loot.

Porter expected a long ride under the burning sun before sighting his quarry. Surprisingly, only an hour later, he saw Gordon cooking at a campfire in the distance.

Porter squinted in amazement. By stopping to eat, the bandit was missing his chance to make the border! Yet he knew the lawman was on his trail!

"That's mighty strange," thought the marshal, puzzled.

Taking no chances on an ambush, Porter circled around through a clump of cactus of all shapes. Some towered like trees. Porter winced as one long sharp spine nipped his neck as he rode by.

Gila Gordon made no false move as the marshal closed in, gun ready. With a grin, he turned from his frying pan and swept off his sombrero mockingly.

"Why, fancy meeting you here, Marshall! What's up?"

"No remarks," snapped Porter. "Toss your gun and knife at my feet."

The bandit complied unconcernedly, as if inviting capture. Baffled, Porter stared at the weapons. "Are you wounded? Is that why you stopped?"

"Me? Not a scratch," laughed Gordon. "I stopped because only *criminals* run!"

"And you're innocent," snorted Porter. He went on formally. "I'm bringing you in for robbery of the Pecos Stage's gold."

"What gold? My saddlebags are empty. Look for yourself."

Porter looked and gasped. Empty! Then he caught on.

"Hmm . . . pretty clever, Gordon. Figuring I was too close on your trail for you to make the border, you stopped to hide the loot before, somewhere in the desert. I'll find it."

"And if you don't, Marshal?" Gordon's grin was mocking. "Could you convict me?"

"Reckon not," admitted Porter. "You wore a mask. The stage driver only identified your voice. Not enough evidence to jail a man—without the loot on him. But the desert is a poor place to hide anything."

On the ride back, with Gordon handcuffed, the marshal looked searchingly over the barren scrubland. Not a hiding place in sight, not even one rock or tree! No bushes were thick enough for a safe cache. Nor could Gordon bury it anywhere offtrail in loose sand, without leaving some plain marker to find it again. Yet no stick or marker marred the sandy flats!

Porter winced inwardly. He would never live it down if he brought Gordon in without the loot—the only real evidence that could jail him.

What clever hiding place had the bandit used? Suddenly, Porter remembered the knife. . . . "Now I know where you hid the gold!"

Porter stopped at each clump of cactus on the trail back, until he saw the pool of plant juices around one cactus. It was the *Golden Barrel Cactus*, big and round, fitting its name. Porter saw the slit in its side, out of which the plant sap had drained.

Reaching gingerly past sharp spines into the slash, the marshal groped through watery pulp. Then he triumphantly drew out a sack of heavy coins. More were inside.

"You'll have time in jail," grinned Porter at the sick-faced bandit, "to reproach yourself for not wiping away one tiny clue. It tipped me off that you had been pricked by a cactus spine, when you slashed open a cactus to hide the loot."

Porter held up the bandit's knife. "See? A thin line of dried blood on the handle."

THE CISCO KID

MISTER CAT-EYE



THOSE GAY CABALLEROS,
THE CISCO KID AND PANCHO, RIDE
THE PLAINS IN CONSTANT SEARCH OF DANGER AND ADVENTURE.
THEY GET A WHOPPING SHARE OF BOTH WHEN THEY MEET UP
WITH "MISTER CAT-EYE"!



HERE'S THE SPOT, PIERRE!
GET TO WORK!

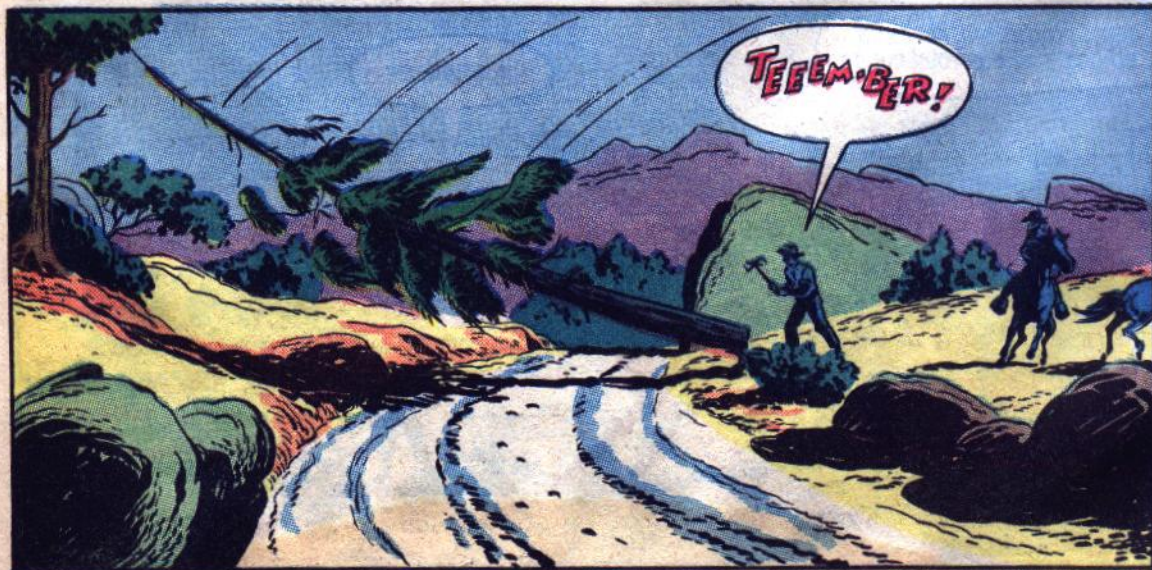


ZIS TREE,
OUI?

YES! AND BE
SURE IT FALLS
RIGHT!



NO FEAR, M'SIEUR! I CAN MAKE
ANY TREE FALL ON A JITNEY!

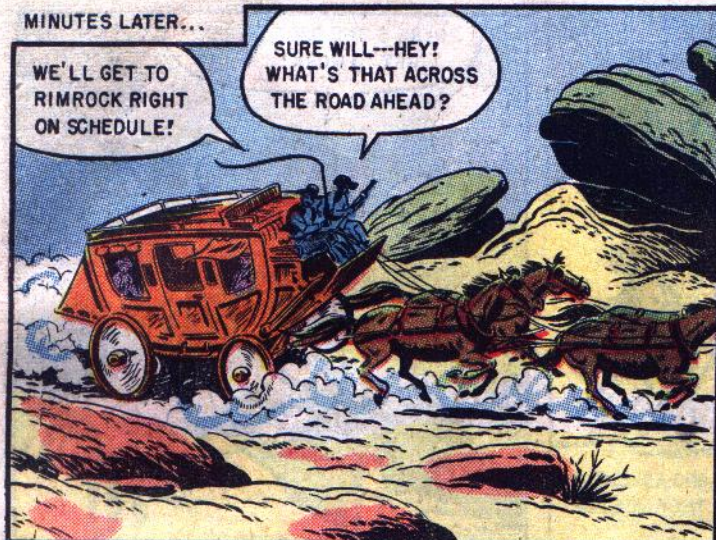


TEEM-BER!

MINUTES LATER...

WE'LL GET TO
RIMROCK RIGHT
ON SCHEDULE!

SURE WILL---HEY!
WHAT'S THAT ACROSS
THE ROAD AHEAD?



WHOAH! WHOAH,
YOU CAYUSES!



LOOKS LIKE LIGHTNING
HIT HER FROM HERE!

BLASTED LUCK! IF WE
CAN'T MOVE THAT
TREE, WE'LL HAVE TO
GO BACK THIRTY
MILES!



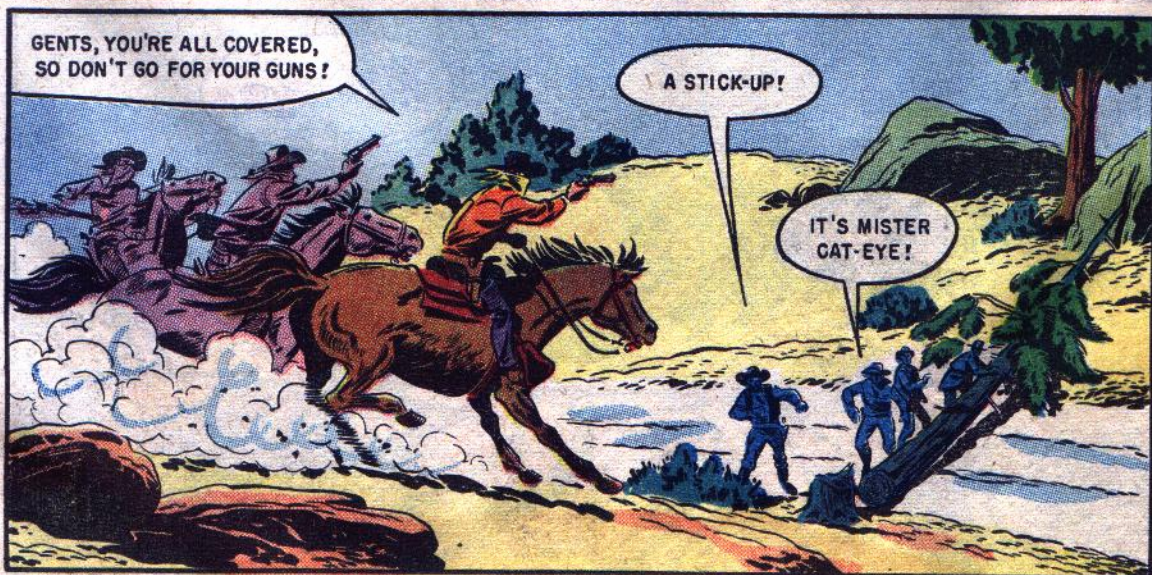
WE NEED HELP, FOLKS! LET'S
HAVE EVERY ABLE-BODIED
MAN OUT HERE!

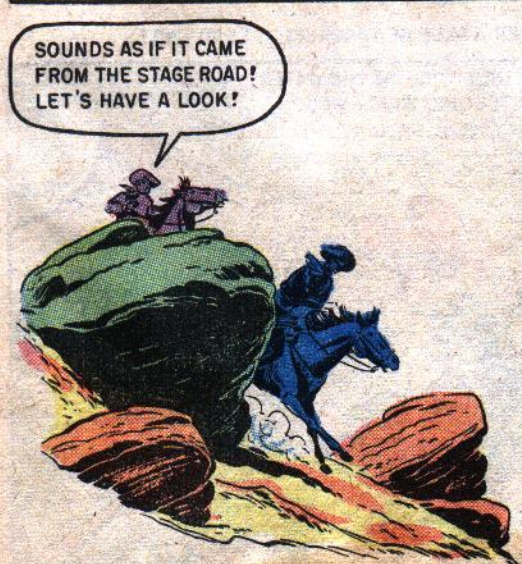
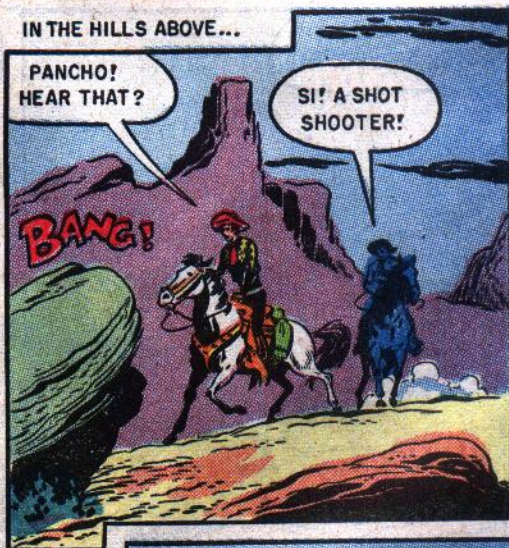
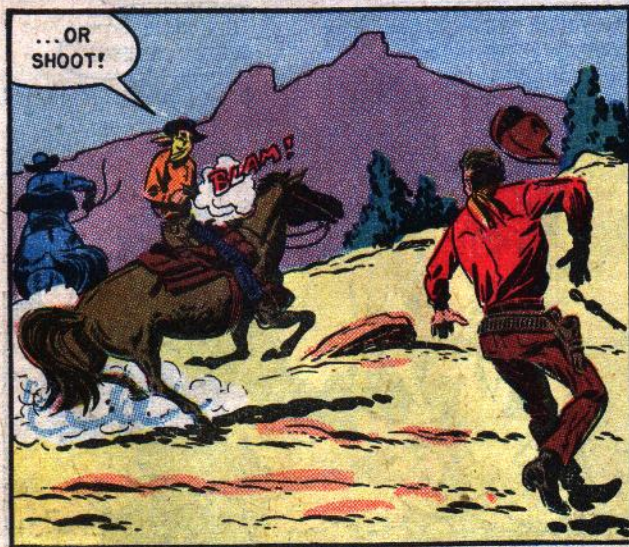


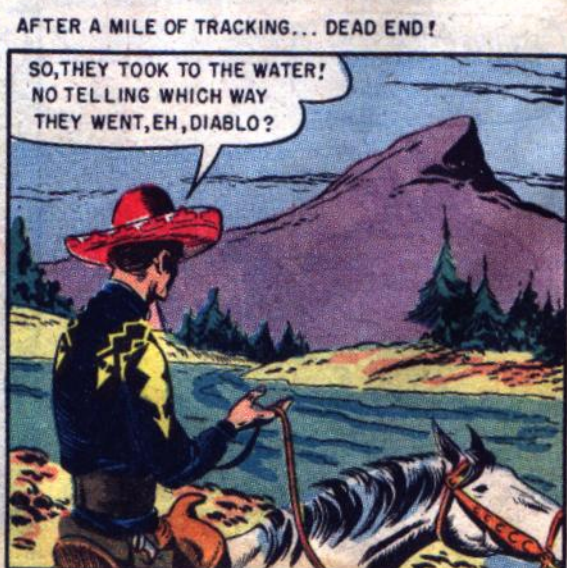
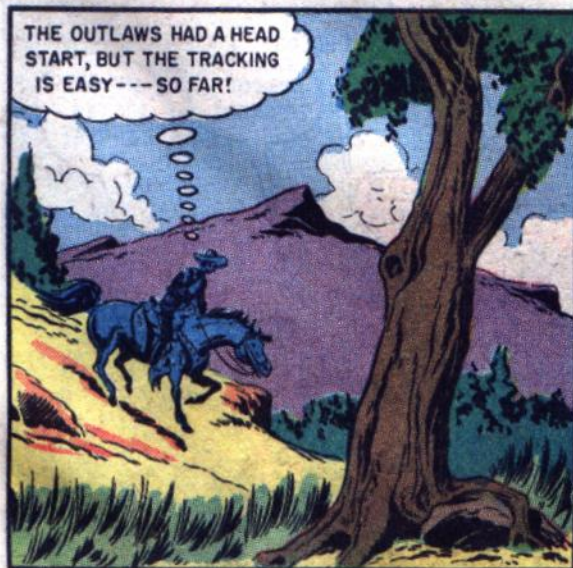
GENTS, YOU'RE ALL COVERED,
SO DON'T GO FOR YOUR GUNS!

A STICK-UP!

IT'S MISTER
CAT-EYE!







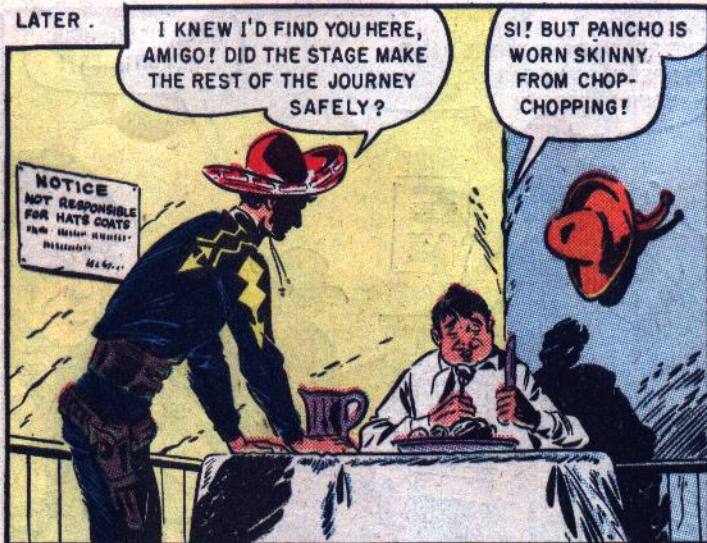
LATER .

I KNEW I'D FIND YOU HERE, AMIGO! DID THE STAGE MAKE THE REST OF THE JOURNEY SAFELY?

SI! BUT PANTO IS WORN SKINNY FROM CHOP-CHOPPING!

BEIN! EAT HEARTY, AMIGO! WHEN YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF FAT AGAIN, MEET ME AT THE STAGE OFFICE!

NOTICE
NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR HATS GOATS
PANTO'S STAGE OFFICE
PANTO'S STAGE OFFICE



BUENAS TARDES, SENOR JOHN!

CISCO! HOWDY! COME ON IN!

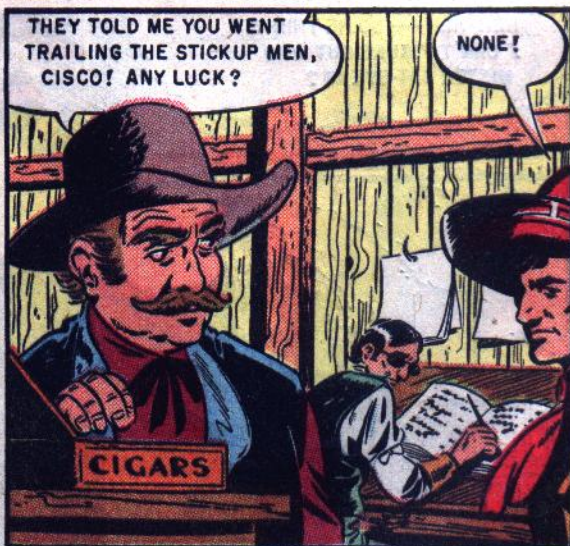
OVERLAND
STAGE
J. GANDY



THEY TOLD ME YOU WENT TRAILING THE STICKUP MEN, CISCO! ANY LUCK?

NONE!

CIGARS



I'M NOT SURPRISED! MISTER CAT-EYE IS ONE SMART COOKIE, ISN'T HE, BERT?

IT SEEMS SO, MR. GANDY!



CISCO, THIS HERE IS BERT MEEK, MY NEW BOOKKEEPER! BERT, MEET THE CISCO KID!



BERT IS A WHIZ AT FIGURES! BUT
EVEN HE CAN'T FIGURE OUT
WHO MISTER CAT-EYE IS!

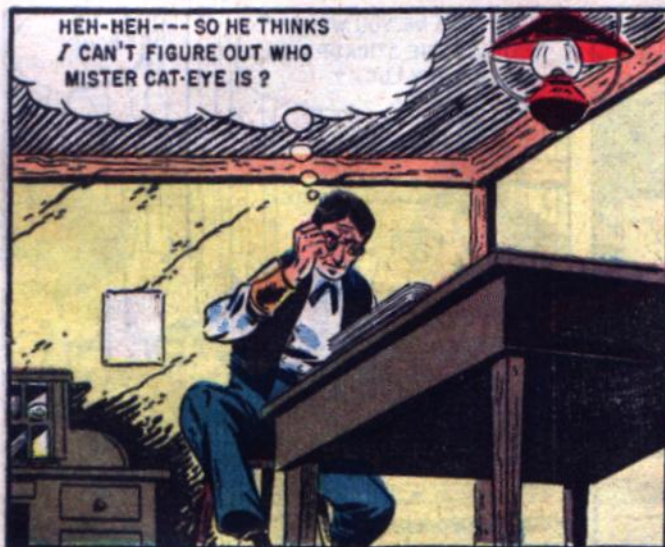


FOR FAVOR, PLEASE COME TO
THE RESTAURANT WHERE PANCHO
IS! PERHAPS HE CAN HELP SOLVE
YOUR MYSTERY!

OKAY, CISCO! HOLD
THE FORT, BERT!



HEH-HEH--- SO HE THINKS
I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHO
MISTER CAT-EYE IS?



NOBODY SUSPECTS A HUMBLE
BOOKKEEPER OF BEING A
GUNSLICK!



MEANWHILE...

WELL, IT BEGAN ABOUT A
MONTH AGO WHEN WE HAD A
SHIPMENT OF GOLD HEADED
FOR BLACK ROCK...



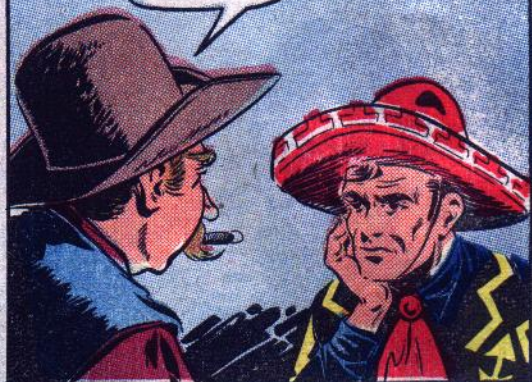
" SOMEBODY BLEW UP THE BRIDGE AT
LONESOME GORGE.



"AND WHEN THE STAGE PULLED UP, MISTER CAT-EYE
POPPED OUT OF THE WOODS!"



EVERY TIME, HE'S GOT SOME NEW TRICK
FOR STOPPING THE STAGE! AND HE'S
ALWAYS BEEN LUCKY ENOUGH TO PULL
A JOB WHEN THERE'S GOLD OR SILVER
ABOARD!



SEÑOR JOHN, PANTO AND I WILL DRIVE
THE STAGE, NEXT TIME A CASH SHIPMENT
GOES OUT! I HAVE A PLAN TO OUT-TRICK
SEÑOR CAT-EYE! BUT YOU MUST TELL
NO ONE ABOUT IT!



A FEW DAYS LATER.

SAY, BERT, GO FILL THIS BAG WITH
SMALL STONES, WILL YOU?

STONES?
BUT WHY?



THERE'S A GOLD SHIPMENT DUE TO GO
OUT ON THE TEN O'CLOCK STAGE! CISCO
THINKS MISTER CAT-EYE MAY HAVE BEEN
TIPPED OFF!



BUT IF HE PULLS A HOLDUP
THIS TIME, ALL HE GETS IS
A BAG OF ROCKS! GOOD JOKE
ON HIM, EH, BERT?

YES, INDEED!
A VERY GOOD
JOKE!



A GOOD JOKE, BUT *NOT* ON MISTER CAT-EYE! I'LL SEE THAT THE *REAL* GOLD IS ABOARD THAT STAGE!



THE STAGE SETS OUT



NO PASSENGERS, CISCO?

NO! THEY'D BE IN DANGER!

IF WE'RE GOING TO CATCH THE HOLDUPPERS, WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHETHER THIS IS GOLD OR ROCKS?

THERE'S THE CHANCE THEY MIGHT GET AWAY!



EVEN IF THEY KILL US, THEY'LL GET ONLY A BAG OF ROCKS!

OH, THAT'S GOOD... THAT'S GOOD ???



UP AHEAD...

I SEE DUST! STAGE IS A-COMING!

OKAY, BOYS! START THE ROCKSLIDE!





LISTEN !
THUNDER!

NOT THUNDER! SOMETHING
WORSE! QUICK!
MOUNT UP!



THE STAGE GOES
STRAIGHT, PANCHO!
BUT WE
DETOUR!



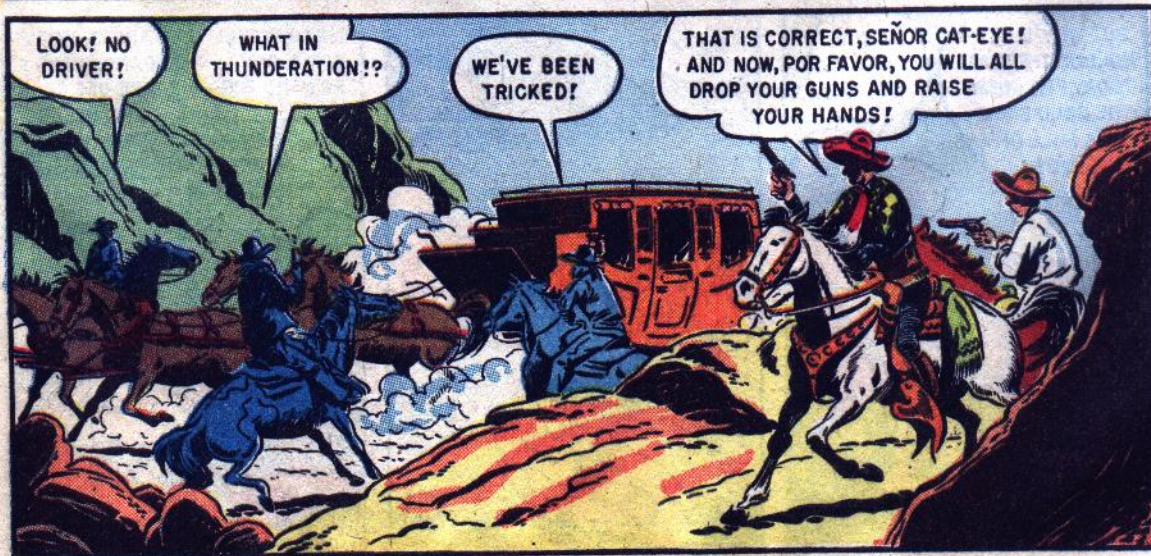
DIG,
DIABLO!

LOCO, LOCO,
GO, GO, GO, GO, ?



HERE SHE
COMES!

READY WITH YOUR
GUNS, MEN!

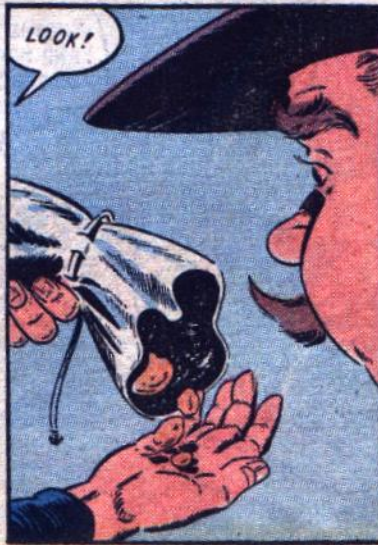
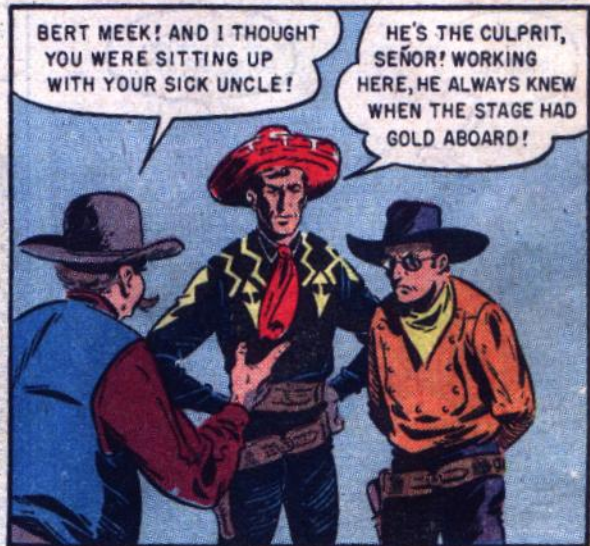


LOOK! NO
DRIVER!

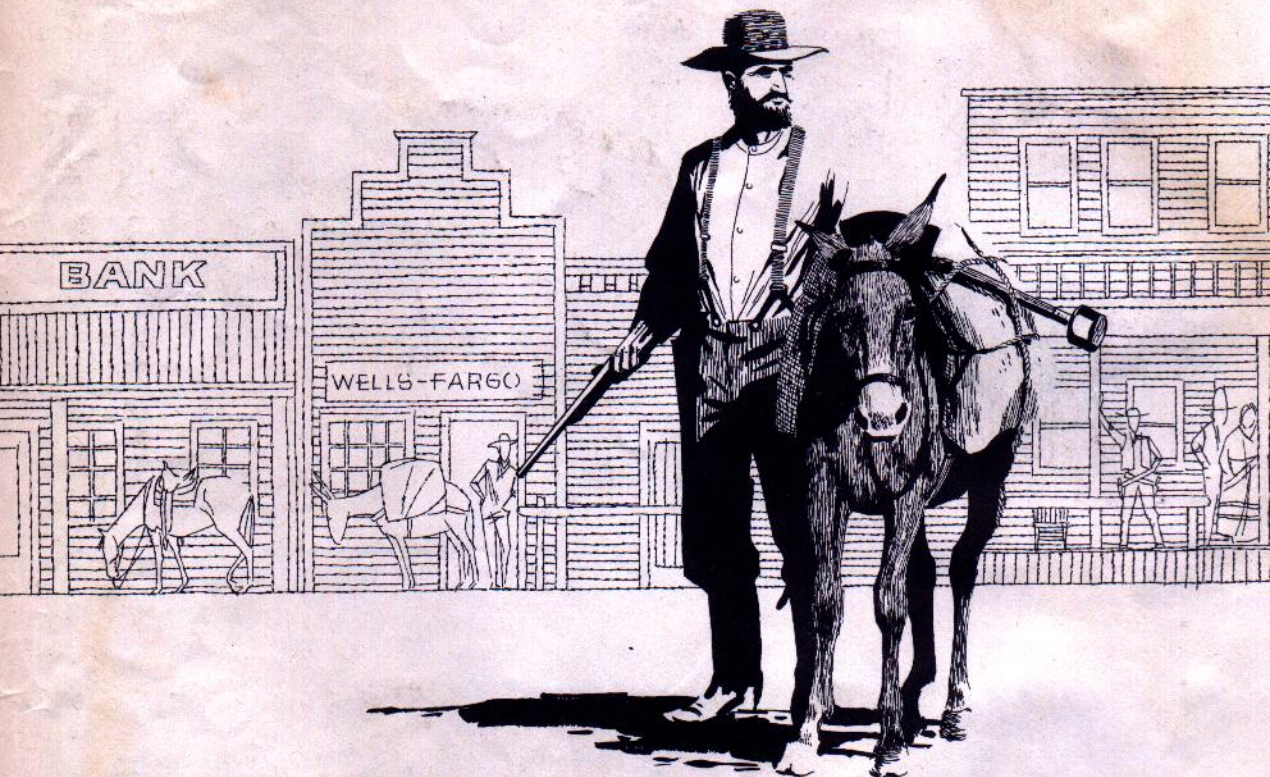
WHAT IN
THUNDERATION!?

WE'VE BEEN
TRICKED!

THAT IS CORRECT, SEÑOR CAT-EYE!
AND NOW, POR FAVOR, YOU WILL ALL
DROP YOUR GUNS AND RAISE
YOUR HANDS!



MINING TOWNS OF THE OLD WEST



TOMBSTONE

When prospector Ed Schieffelin ventured into the foothills of the Apache-infested Dragoon mountains, he was warned that all he would find there would be his tombstone. But instead, Schieffelin found a fabulous vein of silver ore. With grim humor, he called his mine the 'Tombstone.' News of the strike swept like flame through the West. Hordes of adventurers and gold hunters swarmed into the Arizona hills.

A mining town in the heart of a half-wild cattle country, Tombstone soon acquired a sinister reputation. Outlaws, cattle thieves, mine owners and highwaymen rubbed elbows in Tombstone's streets and cafes. Stages were robbed so often that the mines began to cast their bullion into two and three-hundred-pound bars so the highwaymen would have difficulty in carrying them off, but the robbers retaliated by bringing wagons along to the hold-ups.

In the beginning, Tombstone was ruled by a clique of gunmen and outlaws headed by Curley Bill Brocius, Arizona's most infamous highwayman, in

alliance with the Clanton family, killers trained in the wars of the cattle barons. Then, in December 1879, Wyatt Earp rode into camp. Earp was the redoubtable lawman who had cleaned up such notorious towns as Dodge City and Ellsworth. Appointed Marshal in Tombstone, Earp proceeded to clean up the town. The Clanton family became his deadly enemies in a feud which climaxed in the famous battle of the O. K. corral, when Wyatt Earp, his brothers Virgil and Morgan, and the six-gun artist, Doc Holliday, broke the Clanton-Curley Bill McLowery gang.

The mines were at the high tide of prosperity when an underground stream erupted and flooded the shafts. Pumps were useless and in 1886, the mines were forced to shut down forever. Overnight, the silver boom collapsed. Miners, gamblers, fortune hunters headed for the next boom town. Tombstone's history was far from over, but as the wildest, toughest little city of Arizona, Tombstone was through.

THE CISCO KID

WHAT? YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN TO TEXAS? MY FRIEND, TEXAS IS THE FINEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD! IT HAS THE FASTEST HORSES, THE LARGEST CATTLE! IN TEXAS, EVERYTHING IS THE BIGGEST AND THE BEST!



FOR INSTANCE, I HAD A GARDEN IN TEXAS --- THE MELONS I RAISED WERE AS BIG AS A BARREL!

THOSE WERE LARGE MELONS, PANCHO!



AND THE CORN! BUT THE CORN WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE CABBAGE! IT TOOK A WAGON AND SIX HORSES TO CARRY AWAY ONE HEAD!

PANCHO, THIS I FIND VERY HARD TO BELIEVE!



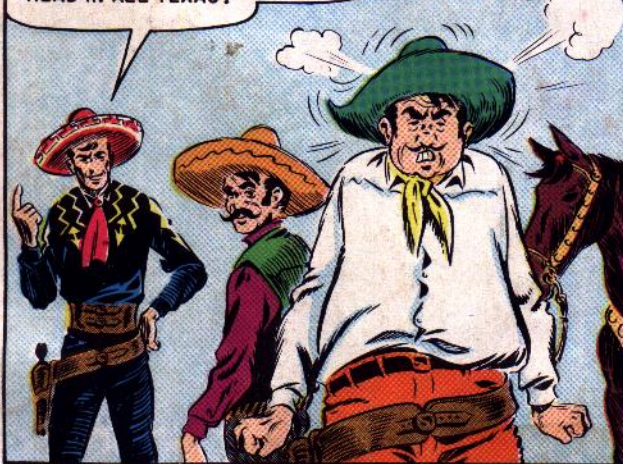
YOU DOUBT ME, EH? WELL, I WILL PROVE IT WITH MY FRIEND, CISCO --- HE'LL VERIFY WHAT I SAID ABOUT THE CABBAGE!

WELL, LET US PUT IT THIS WAY, PANCHO! YOU MAY HAVE EXAGGERATED JUST A LITTLE ABOUT THE MELON AND THE CORN...



---BUT THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT PANCHO HAD THE BIGGEST CABBAGE-HEAD IN ALL TEXAS!

GRRRR!



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