

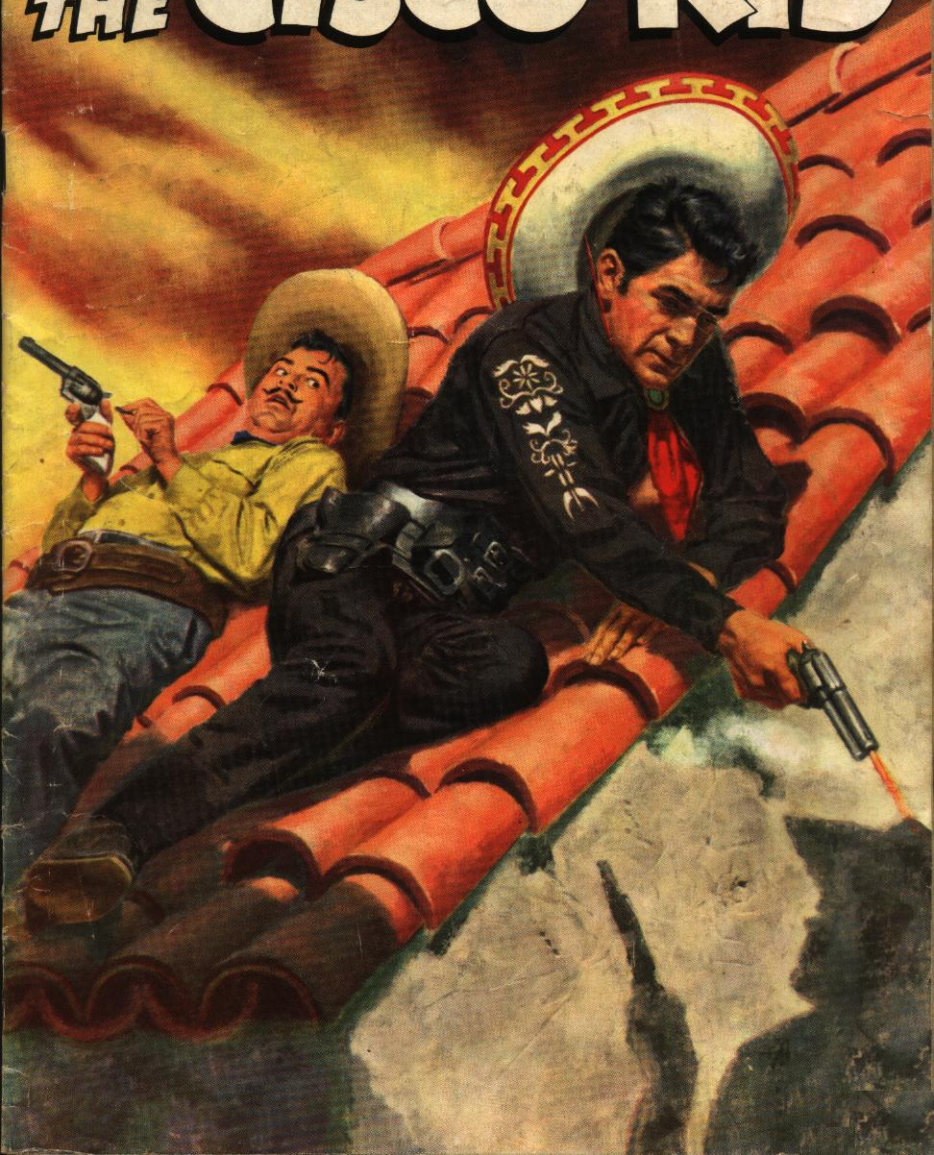
DELL

JAN.-MARCH

Robin Hood of the West

10¢

THE CISCO KID





"Rounding up Razorbacks"

In the early days of the Southwest, razorback hogs ran wild like the longhorns and the broncos. These wild pigs were not the native javelina, but descendants of breeds brought in by the earliest Spanish and French explorers. They were a tough and prolific breed. They could thrive in the woods, in swamps, and even in the dry brush country — often many miles from water. When other food failed, they could live well on a diet of prickly pear and rattlesnakes.

A man had a claim to the hogs that ranged on his land — but this claim wasn't easy to enforce. Ranchers generally paid little attention to razorbacks, except in the winter,

when they were fat on acorns. Then, with dogs and guns, the settlers would head into the brush for the year's supply of lard and bacon.

Hunting the wild pigs was a risky amusement. Many old boars were extremely savage and their tusks grew to enormous length. A cornered razorback was the most savage animal of the open range. He would charge a horse and rider without hesitation. An exciting sport was to hunt razorbacks without dogs, roping them before they could take cover, but a man had to be sure to stay in the saddle, for the razorback was dangerous game indeed.

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THE CISCO KID

YOGI THE DOGIE

A SUNNY DAY ON THE GREAT PLAINS SUDDENLY TURNS OMINOUS AS LIGHTNING STREAKS ACROSS THE SKY.

DISTANT THUNDER, LIKE FARAWAY DRUMS, MAKES THE CATTLE RESTLESS AND SPOOKY.

OH, OH! THESE POOR LONGHORNS ARE SCARED OF THE STORM!

BA-BROO-POM-POM

SOMETIMES THE VAQUEROS SING TO THE CATTLE TO SOOTHE THEM AND PREVENT A STAMPEDE. PANTO WILL DO THE SAME!



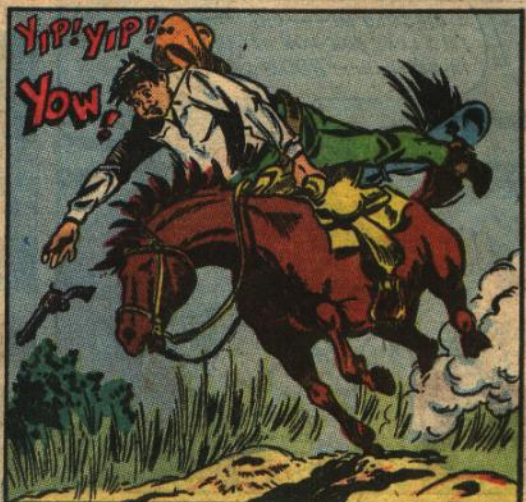
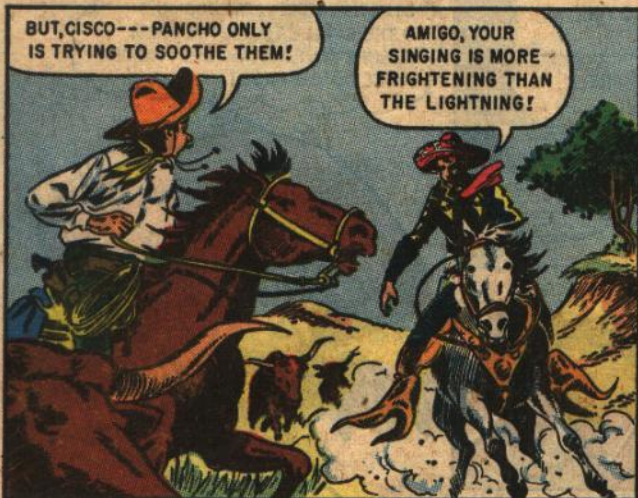
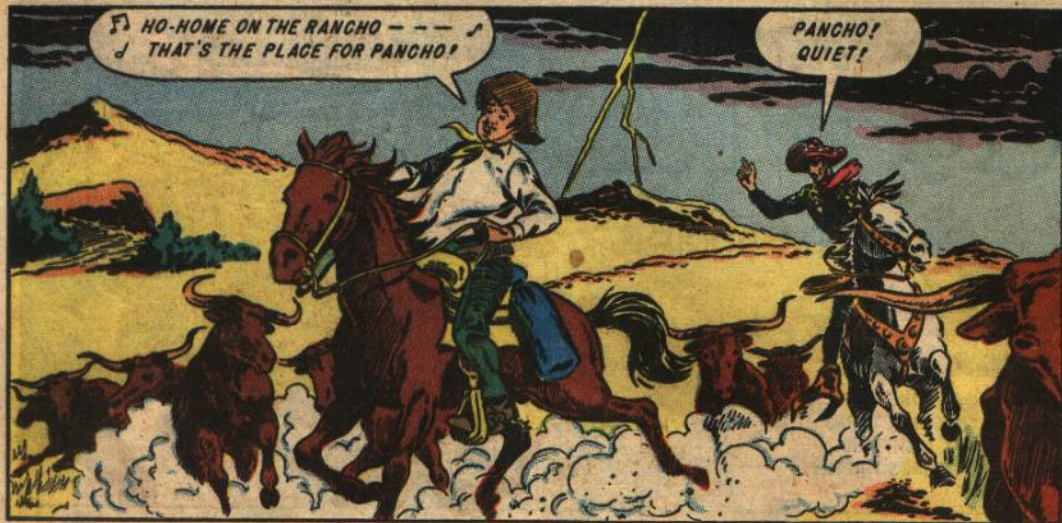
OH, SOLO ME---OH!
I'M A LONE COW-HOW HAAAND
TA-RAH-RAH---BOOM-DE-AY!

BUT PANTO'S SINGING DOESN'T SOOTHE!

MOOO-AAH SNORT
BAAWW

C.K. 34-571

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS







DIG, DIABLO! HEAD FOR THE CLIFF, IT'S ONLY YOUR SPEED THAT CAN SAVE US!



WHOA, BOY! END OF THE LINE!



ALL ANIMALS ARE AFRAID OF FIRE---THIS SHOULD WORK
---IF I'M IN TIME!



LUCKY THERE'S BEEN NO RAIN FOR A SPELL!



THE DRY GRASS BURNS LIKE TINDER.



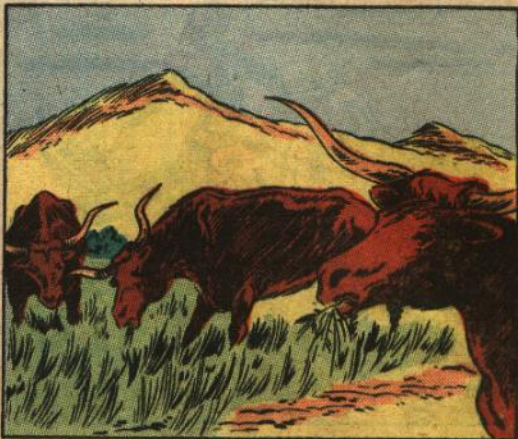
LEADERS OF THE STAMPEDE REAR AND TURN, AFRAID OF THE LEAPING FLAMES!



THE FRENZIED CATTLE START MILLING IN A CIRCLE, AWAY FROM THE FIRE.



THE STORM BLOWS AWAY. AND THE LONGHORNS GRAZE PEACEFULLY AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED.



CISCO! CISCO!
ARE YOU OKAY?



SI! I'M
OKAY!

BOY, YOU SAVED MY
WHOLE HERD!



IF YOU HADN'T THOUGHT AND
ACTED QUICK, CISCO, THEY'D
HAVE STAMPEDED OVER
THE CLIFF!

BUT I COULD HAVE
PREVENTED THE
STAMPEDE!



WHEN PANCHO SINGS TO CATTLES,
THEY ARE LIKE BABIES WITH
THEIR MAMA'S LULLA-BYE-BYE!



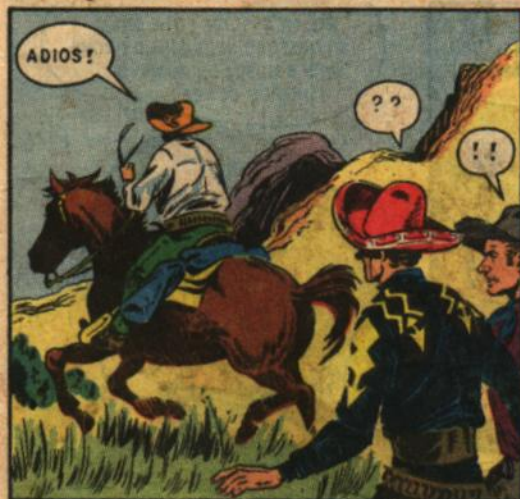
PANCHO, OLD PARD, I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT IT WAS YOUR "SINGING" THAT CAUSED THE STAMPEDE!



PANCHO IS INSULTED! I WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE SOMETIME, CISCO! THEN I WILL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!



ADIOS!



WHAT IN THE WORLD IS WRONG WITH PANCHO?

I HURT HIS FEELINGS, BUT DON'T WORRY. HE'LL BE WITH US WHEN THERE'S ANY KIND OF TROUBLE!



MEANWHILE, SEÑOR CHICK, WE STILL HAVE TO GET YOUR BEEF TO MARKET --- AND WE STILL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE SAWTOOTH GANG!



AND IN THE HILLS ABOVE ---

THEY STOPPED THE STAMPEDE... AND SAVED ALL THAT BEEF --- FOR US!

WE'LL TAKE 'EM AFTER THEY CROSS THE RIVER, HEY, SAWTOOTH?



SURE, WE LET THEM DO ALL THE
HARD WORK... GET THE CATTLE
ALMOST TO MARKET... THEN
WE MOVE IN!



THEY GOT THE CISCO KID
WITH 'EM! HE COULD
BE TROUBLESOME!

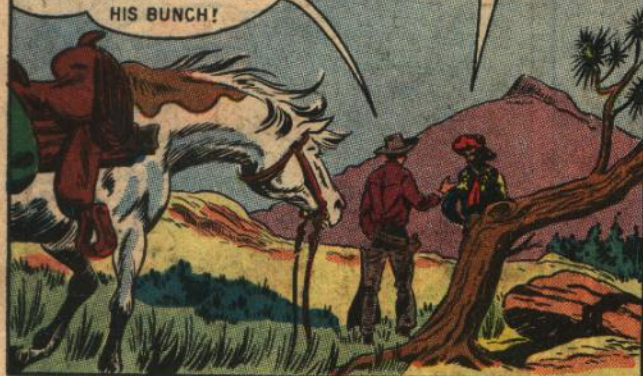
ANYBODY GETS TOO
TROUBLESOME, WE
KNOW HOW TO STOP HIM!



MEANWHILE...

CISCO, WITHOUT YOUR HELP
I COULD NEVER HOPE TO
GET PAST SAWTOOTH AND
HIS BUNCH!

CANNOT THE
LAWMEN NAB
THIS DESPERADO?



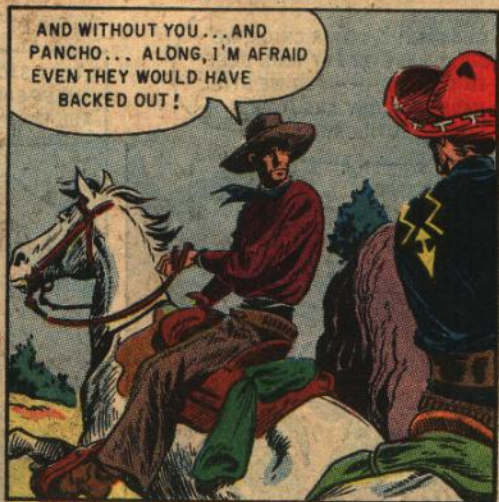
NO, HE'S SLICK! THE ONLY
WITNESSES WHO COULD PROVE
HE'S A RUSTLER ALWAYS
TURN UP DEAD!

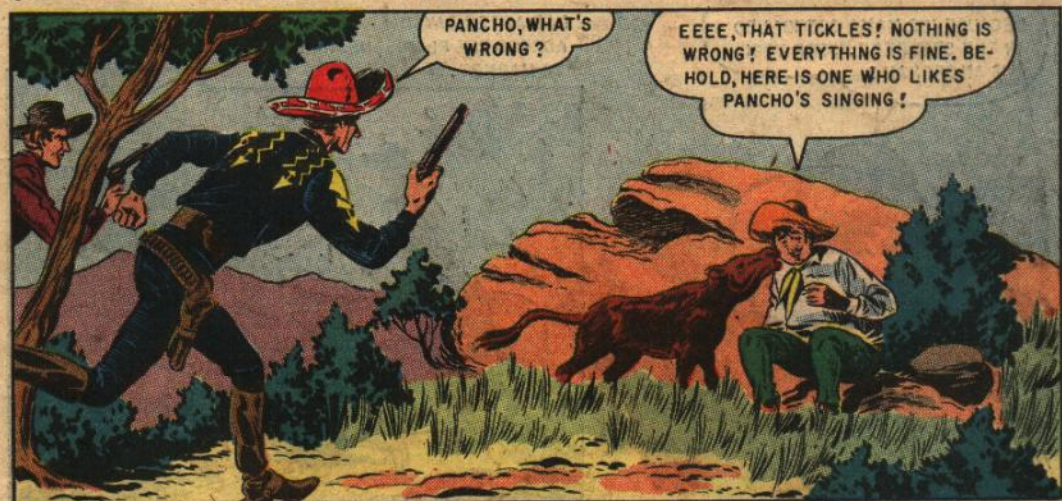


THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT ONLY A
HANDFUL OF LOYAL MEN TO
MAKE THIS DRIVE WITH ME!



AND WITHOUT YOU... AND
PANCHO... ALONG, I'M AFRAID
EVEN THEY WOULD HAVE
BACKED OUT!







OBSERVE! HE FOLLOWS ME
LIKE A DOG PUPPY!



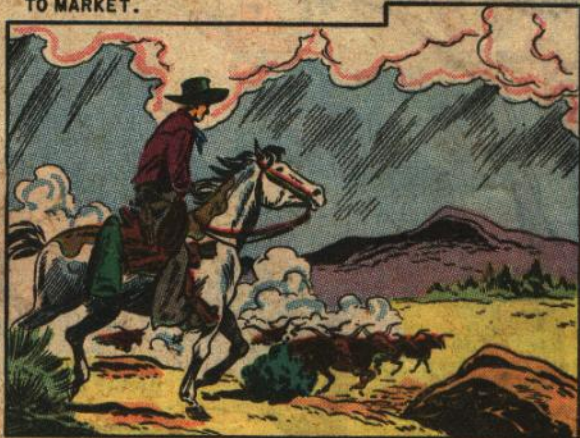
NOW I MUST
FEED HIM!

WHY NOT LET HIS
MOTHER TAKE
CARE OF THAT?



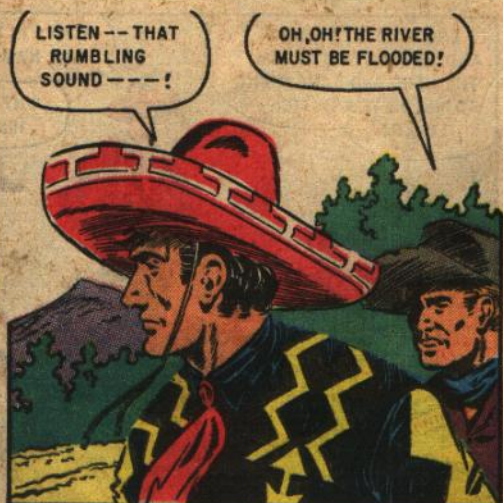
BECAUSE HIS MAMA GOT KILLED
IN THE STAMPEDE. POOR YOGI
IS AN ORPHAN!

DAY AFTER DAY, THE HERD OF CATTLE MOVES PONDEROUSLY
ACROSS THE PLAINS, NEARER AND NEARER
TO MARKET.



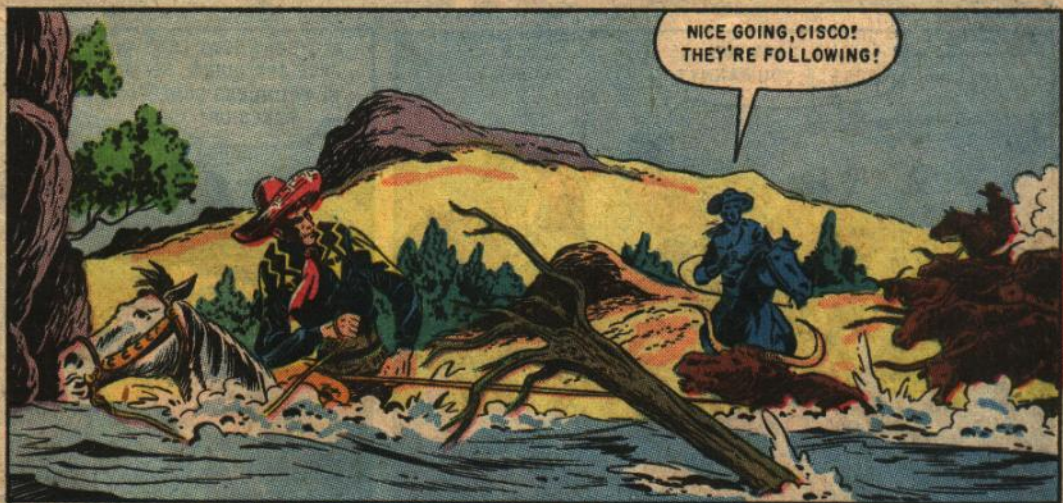
CISCO, ONLY ONE
MORE RIVER
TO CROSS!

GOOD THING! YOUR
MEN ARE DOG-TIRED.
WON'T BE ABLE TO
STAND MUCH MORE!



LISTEN -- THAT
RUMBLING
SOUND ----!

OH, OH! THE RIVER
MUST BE FLOODED!



WORKING FURIOUSLY, THE MEN KEEP THE CATTLE IN LINE AS THEY SWIM THE PERILOUSLY SWOLLEN STREAM!

--- AND FINALLY EVEN THE SMALLEST CALF IS SAFELY ACROSS.



NIGHTFALL... THE MEN ARE SO EXHAUSTED THEY FALL INTO DEEP SLEEP...



EVEN THE LONE RIDER DOZES IN HIS SADDLE.



THIS'LL KEEP YOU ASLEEP, YOU RANNY!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LET'S WORK FAST AND QUIET. NO GUN-PLAY UNLESS SOMEBODY WAKES UP!



WE'LL CUT OUT ABOUT HALF THE HERD. IT MAY TAKE QUITE AWHILE BEFORE THEY GET WISE THAT THEY ARE MISSING!



DAWN...

DAYLIGHT? HUH! I WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE THE MIDNIGHT WATCH — — — WHY DIDN'T THEY WAKEN ME?







LOOK YONDER, SAWTOOTH!
COUPLE OF HORSEMEN---
COMING LIKE THE WIND!

ONLY TWO --- BUT
MAYBE THERE'S
MORE FOLLOWING!

IT'S THE CISCO KID AND PANCHO!
WE SHOULD'VE FINISHED OFF
THOSE RANNIES WHILE THEY
WERE ASLEEP!



SHOOT 'EM
DOWN, BOYS!

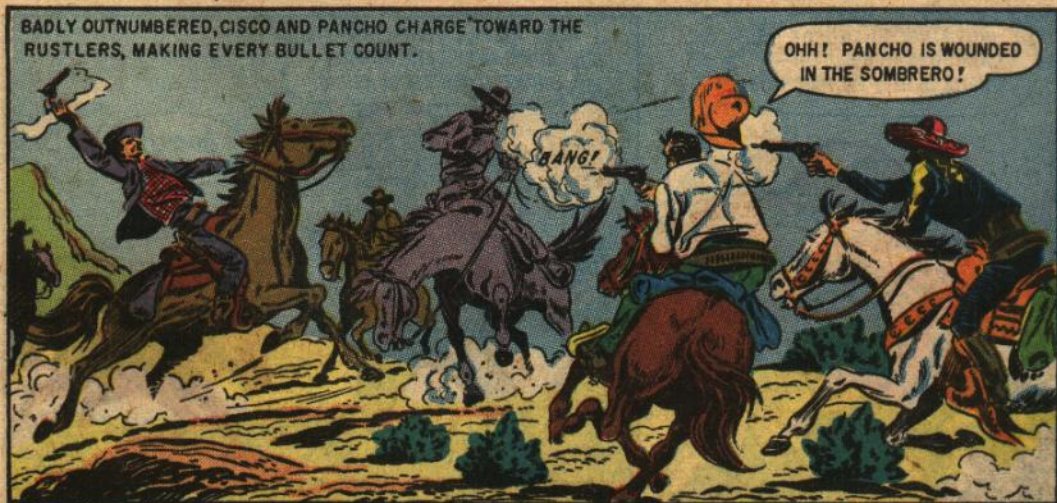


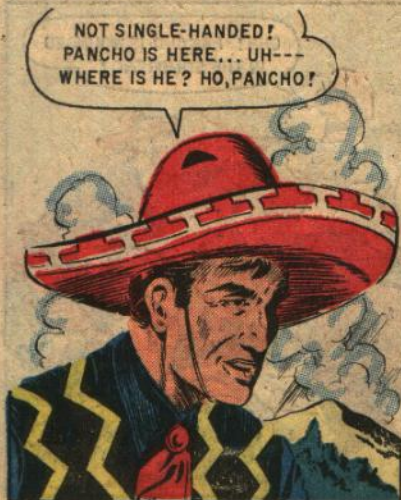
IF YOU WANT TROUBLE,
HOMBRES, YOU'LL GET IT!

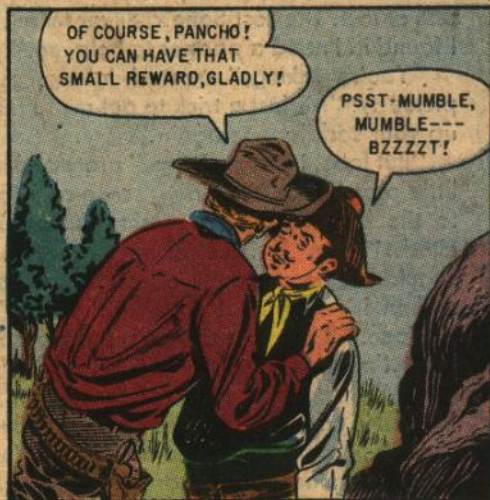
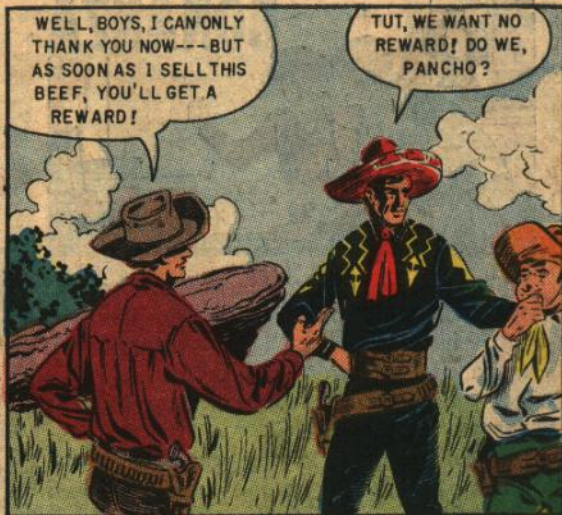
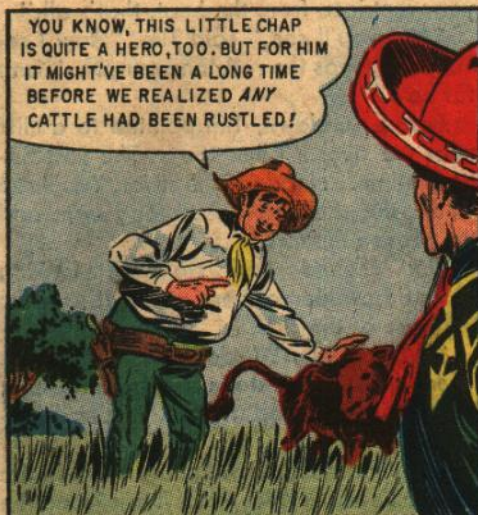


BADLY OUTNUMBERED, CISCO AND PANCHO CHARGE TOWARD THE
RUSTLERS, MAKING EVERY BULLET COUNT.

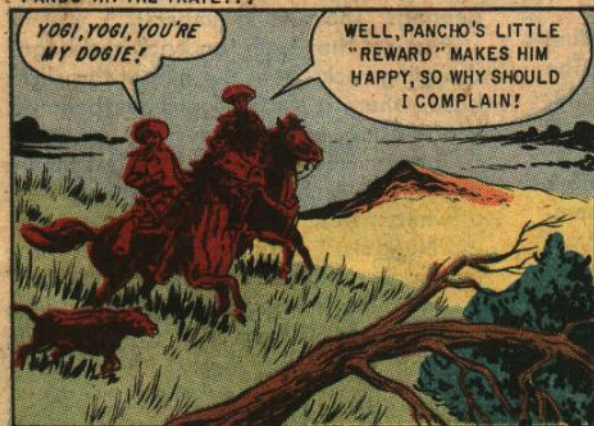
OH! PANCHO IS WOUNDED
IN THE SOMBRERO!







DAYS LATER... THE HERD HAS BEEN MARKETED, THE RUSTLERS JAILED... AND ONCE AGAIN THE TWO PARDS HIT THE TRAIL...



BONANZA



"No more credit, Tim Kelly," roared Andy Johnson, proprietor of the General Store in Gila Gulch. "I won't listen to any more of your worthless promises. You'll never find a bonanza. No more grubstakes for you . . ."

"But I'm going to pay you off this time for sure," spoke up the leather-skinned desert rat in his squeaky voice. "I struck it rich at last. The Lost Sonora Silver Mine . . . I found it! I need a partner to help me."

"You're faking," snorted Johnson suspiciously. "It's just a trick to get me to load up your saddlebags again."

"But look, I made a map," protested the little prospector, handing a scrap of paper to the big storekeeper. Johnson got excited. "Hmm . . . just about the place it should be, according to the stories. Well, I reckon it's worth taking a chance you're not loco. I'll hire somebody to run the store while I'm gone."

"We'll split fifty-fifty," promised Tim.

"But in case you lead me on a wild goose chase, sign this!" Johnson wrote: "If we don't find the Lost Sonora, I, Tim Kelly, promise to work five years for Andy Johnson to pay my debts."

"A hard bargain," muttered Tim but he signed.

They started the next morning, leading a pack-horse, riding south for a week. The longest stretch lay across the border among twisting canyons. Several times Tim puzzled over his crude map. Finally he seemed stumped. "Gosh, forgot to mark those forked canyons and I can't remember which one now!"

"I knew it," groaned Johnson. "Twice before you came to town, yelling about a bonanza. Once it was fool's gold. The other time a mirage." He wiped his face, scorched from the broiling sun. "This time

you went loco from the heat, that's all."

"No, you'll see," said Tim. "Now I remember it was the redstone canyon. It isn't far now."

Before sundown, Tim pointed to a cliff near the river. "Over there. The Lost Sonora Mine . . . loaded with silver. You'll see where the shaft collapsed long ago, and the broken timbers . . ."

Tim choked and stopped, looking around bewildered, near a pile of stone at the base of the cliff.

"What timber?" demanded Johnson. "That's just loose stone from a landslide. Not a stick of wood around. You had sunstroke!"

Tim winced at the withering scorn in the big man's harsh voice. Was it true? Had the long years of searching for a find without luck finally cracked him? Had he only imagined those timbers before?

"Well, back we go," grated Johnson ominously, "and you're going to work when we get back. Harder than those beavers down by the river."

"That's it!" screeched Tim, dashing for the river on foot, waving his arms wildly like a madman.

Johnson blanched, chasing him. "Went plumb loco," he thought. "Got to save him from jumping in the river."

But Tim was only standing on the bank, pointing at the huge beaver dam that stretched across the narrowest point.

"Look, Andy! The beavers used them since I was last here. Those gnawed beams and broken sticks among the twigs . . . see?"

"Axe hewn beams," gasped Johnson, peering. "The missing timbers!"

Panting, they both ran back and began dragging rocks from the pile at the cliff's base, where a shaft might have been cut into the side, now obscured.

Johnson uncovered a rusty pick, then a battered bucket in which lay shiny chunks of white metal.

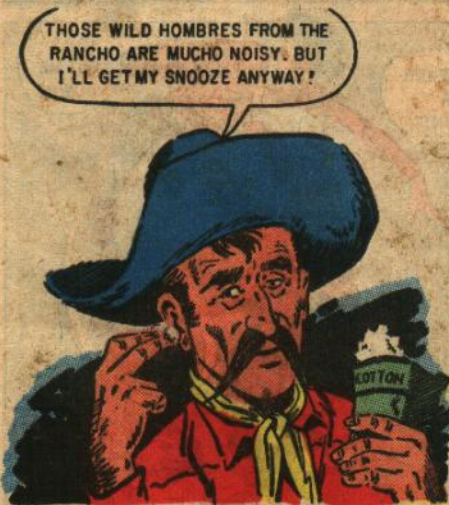
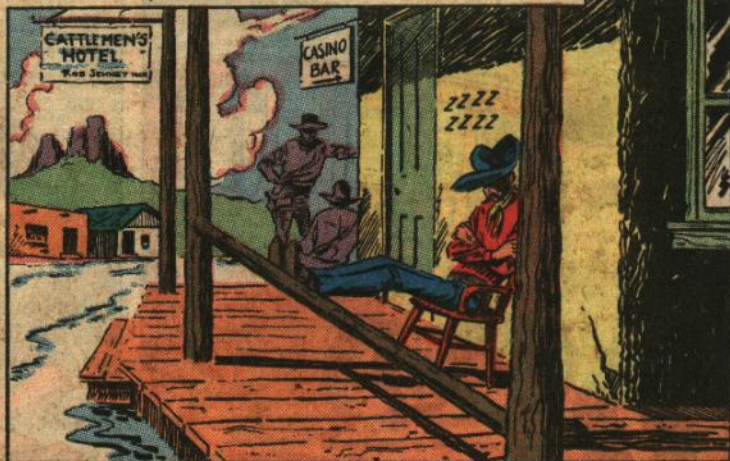
"Nuggets!" breathed Johnson. "The Lost Sonora. You were right . . . partner!"

Tim glowed happily. "I'll be working like a beaver all right . . . and so will you, partner . . . digging silver."

IF ANYBODY IN TOWN IS ASLEEP AT HIGH NOON, IT'S BOUND TO
BE OUR FRIEND, PEDRO.

Pedro

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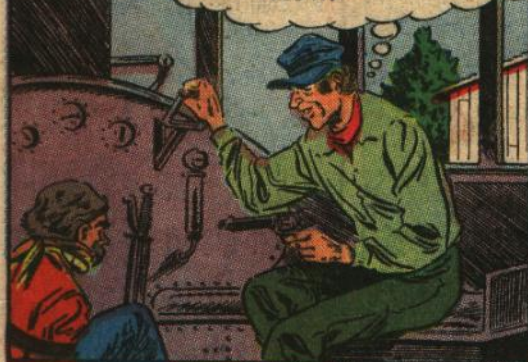


VARIN
ROD REED H



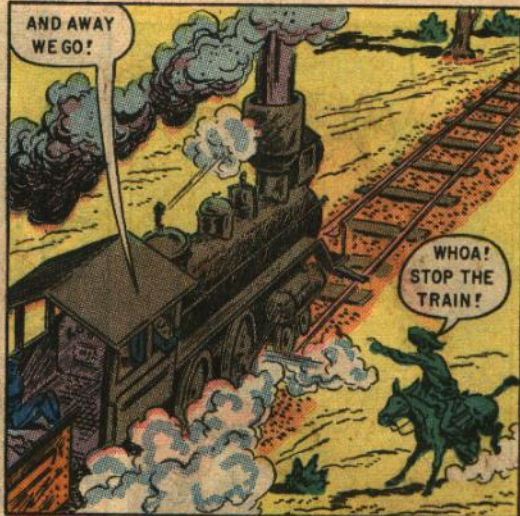
AT THAT MOMENT...

HEH-HEH! NOBODY'LL EVER SUSPECT I'M NOT THE REAL ENGINEER! SOON AS THE GOLD'S ABOARD, I'LL DRIVE THIS TRAIN OUT INTO THE COUNTRY AND ROB IT!



AND AWAY WE GO!

WHOA! STOP THE TRAIN!



BEAT IT, BUDDY--- OR EAT LEAD!



HOMBRE, STOP THE TRAIN OR I STOP YOU!

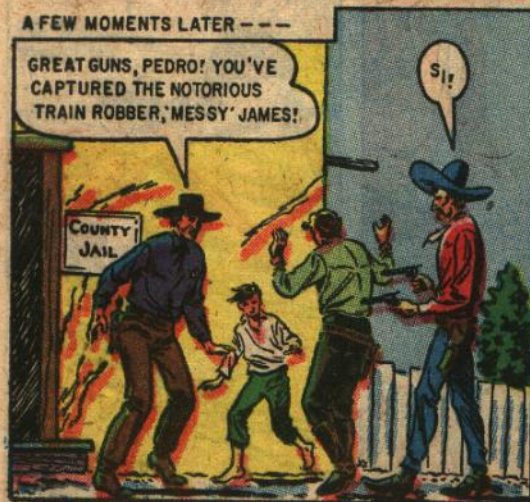
OW! DON'T SHOOT! --- I'LL STOP!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER ---

GREAT GUNS, PEDRO! YOU'VE CAPTURED THE NOTORIOUS TRAIN ROBBER, 'MESSY' JAMES!

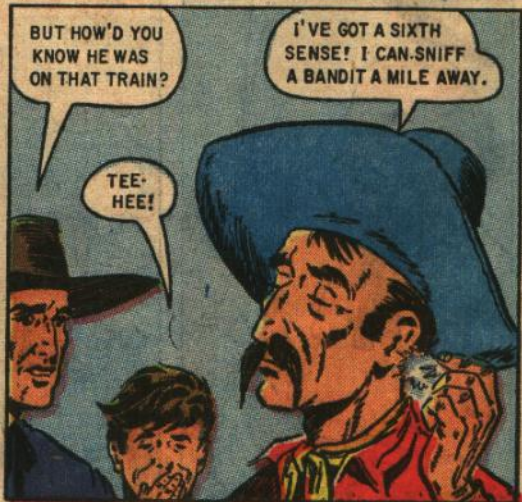
Si!



BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW HE WAS ON THAT TRAIN?

I'VE GOT A SIXTH SENSE! I CAN SNIFF A BANDIT A MILE AWAY.

TEE-HEE!

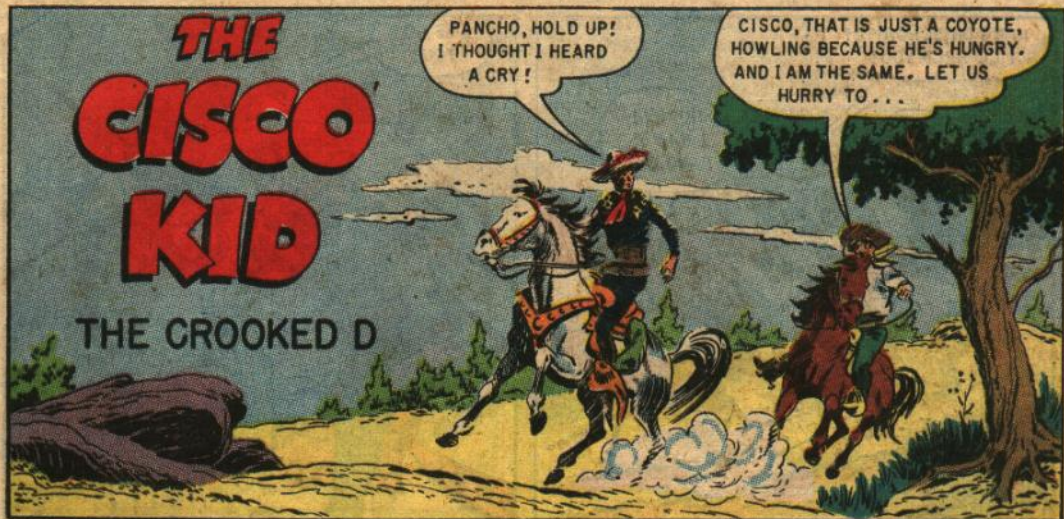


THE CISCO KID

THE CROOKED D

PANCHO, HOLD UP!
I THOUGHT I HEARD
A CRY!

CISCO, THAT IS JUST A COYOTE,
HOWLING BECAUSE HE'S HUNGRY.
AND I AM THE SAME. LET US
HURRY TO...



HELP!

THAT WAS NO COYOTE!
COME ON, PANCHO!



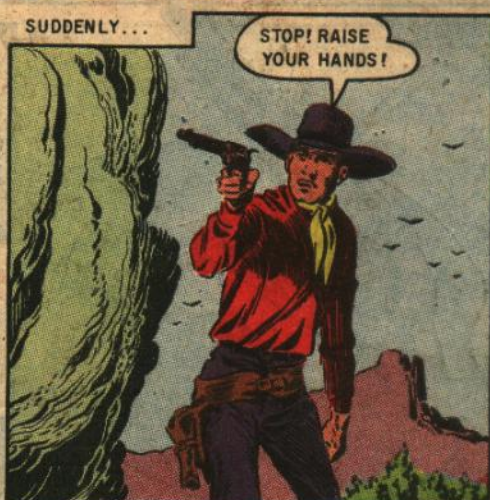
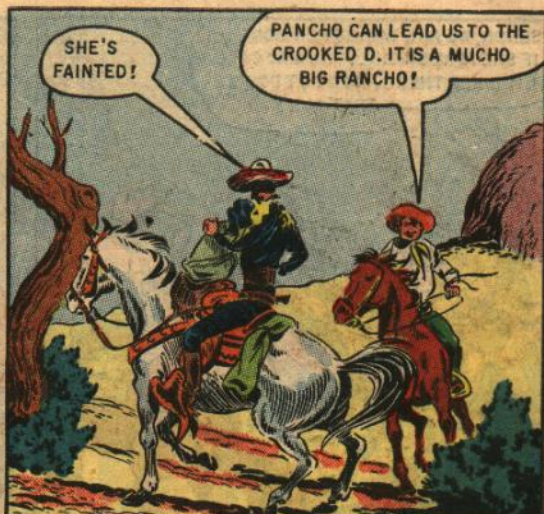
HELP! OH,
HELP!

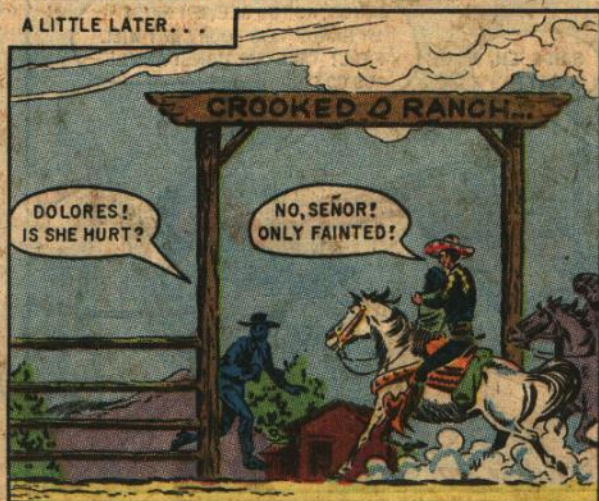
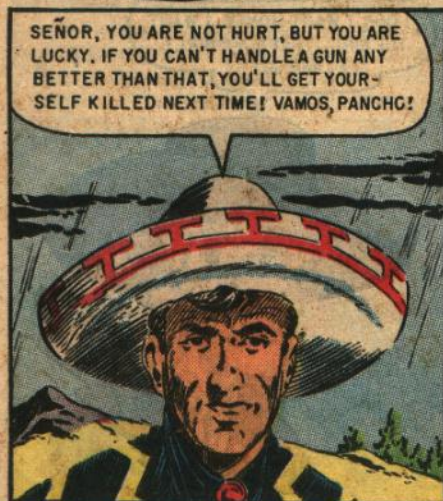
DIG, DIABLO,
DIG!

LOCO, LOCO,
GO, GO, GO!











TAKE HER IN THE HOUSE!
REVIVE HER! SEND FOR
THE DOCTOR! PRONTO!



MY NAME'S DEPINNA.
I OWN THIS SPREAD AND
DOLORES IS MY WARD.
WHO ARE
YOU AND WHAT
HAPPENED?

I'M THE CISCO
KID AND THIS IS
PANCHO. WE
HEARD A CRY
FOR HELP...



THE FRIGHTENED GIRL WAS ON A
RUNAWAY HORSE. WE GRABBED
HER, THE HORSE PLUNGED OVER
A CLIFF AND SHE FAINTED!



GENTLEMEN, DOLORES
MEANS EVERYTHING IN
THE WORLD TO ME. WHAT
CAN I DO TO SHOW MY
THANKS!?

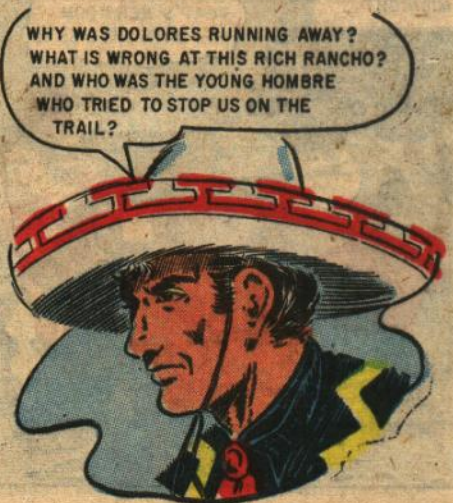
PERHAPS YOU'D
HIRE US. PANCHO
AND I ARE HANDY
AROUND A RANCHO.

BUT...



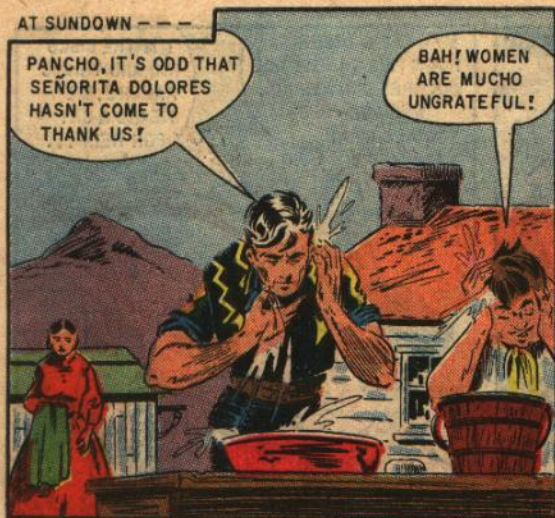
CISCO, WHY DO WE TAKE THIS JOB?
PANCHO DOES NOT LIKE TO BE A
BABY SITTER FOR CALF COWS!

I'M CURIOUS
ABOUT A
MYSTERY,
AMIGO!



WHY WAS DOLORES RUNNING AWAY?
WHAT IS WRONG AT THIS RICH RANCHO?
AND WHO WAS THE YOUNG HOMBRE
WHO TRIED TO STOP US ON THE
TRAIL?

AT SUNDOWN — —



MIDNIGHT







THAT MUST'VE BEEN GREG!
MY GUARDIAN HATES HIM. THINKS
HE WANTS TO MARRY FOR MY MONEY!

YOU ARE RICH,
SEÑORITA?



I'M THE SOLE HEIR TO THIS
RANCH! BUT GREG DOESN'T CARE
ABOUT THAT! HE LOVES ME! YOU
MUST HELP ME GET AWAY SO I CAN
GO TO HIM!

AT THAT MOMENT — — —



DOLORES! WHO'S IN
THERE WITH YOU?
OPEN UP OR I'LL
BREAK THE DOOR
DOWN!



QUICK!
GET OUT!

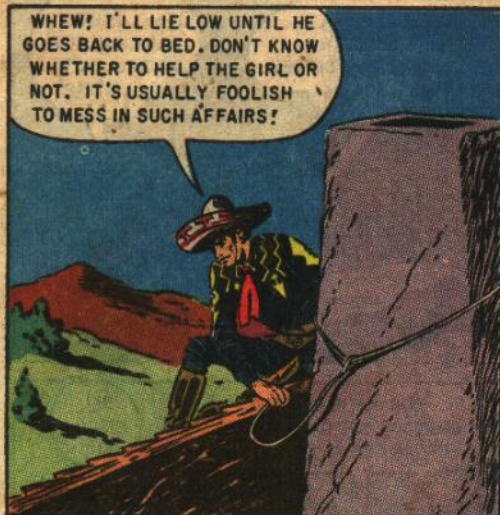


WHERE IS HE? WHO
WAS IN HERE? WAS IT
THAT FORTUNE HUNTER,
GREG? WHO WERE
YOU TALKING TO?

NOBODY'S HERE!
I MUST'VE BEEN
TALKING IN MY
SLEEP!



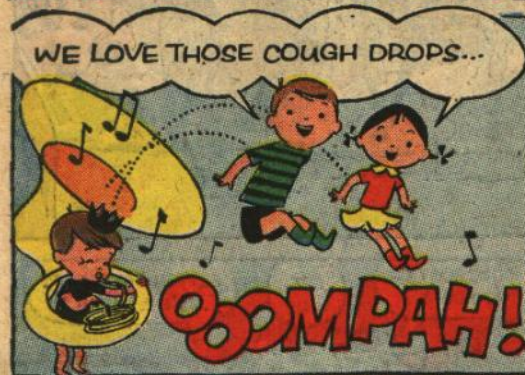
NOBODY IN ROOM! NO
LADDER OR ANYTHING!
MAYBE SHE WAS TALKING
IN HER SLEEP!



WHEN THE BANDITS HAVE BEEN DRIVEN OFF — — —



NEXT DAY...



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() RR () LR
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() LT () CK

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
MARK GIFT CARD FROM _____

() RR () LR
() TJ () T
() NF () LL
() LT () CK

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
MARK GIFT CARD FROM _____

() RR () LR
() TJ () T
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NAME _____ AGE _____
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Kids! Monsanto doesn't make toys. We supply toy manufacturers with plastics from which many nifty new toys are made—materials like Lustrex styrene, Monsanto Polyethylene, and Opalon vinyl. So if you want to know more about these toys, go see them in your favorite toy store.

