

DELL

APRIL-JUNE

10¢

Robin Hood of the West

# THE CISCO KID

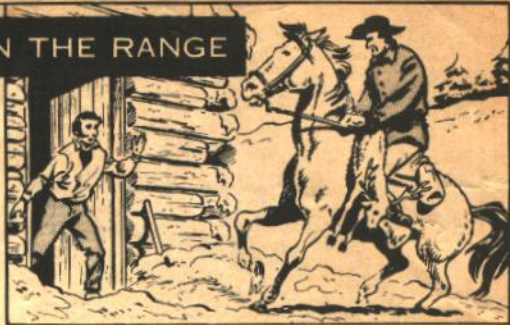




## NEIGHBORS ON THE RANGE



Hospitality was the cardinal virtue in the West. A man could travel for days, stopping at various houses along the way and never be asked to pay for lodging.



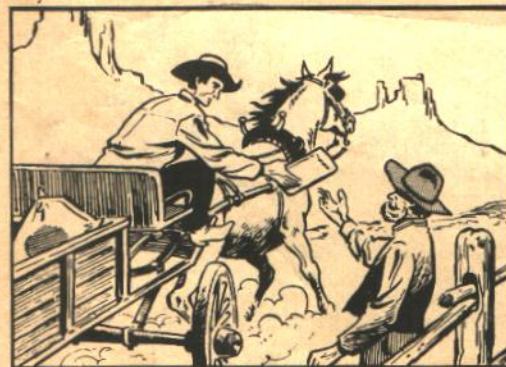
When a hunter killed a deer or buffalo it was considered only good manners to share the meat with a neighbor.



Cattle herders on the trail could not care for a new-born calf. Such calves were given away to nearby settlers. Many a ranch was started this way.



On the plains a traveler would always offer a ride to someone on foot. And even if it meant he had to walk, a mounted man would offer a ride to a woman on foot.



On the prairie, anyone going to town did errands for all his neighbors. This included buying supplies and picking up the mail.



Sometimes isolation made people timid. When approaching a lone cabin it was considered good taste to shout some greeting to announce one's arrival.

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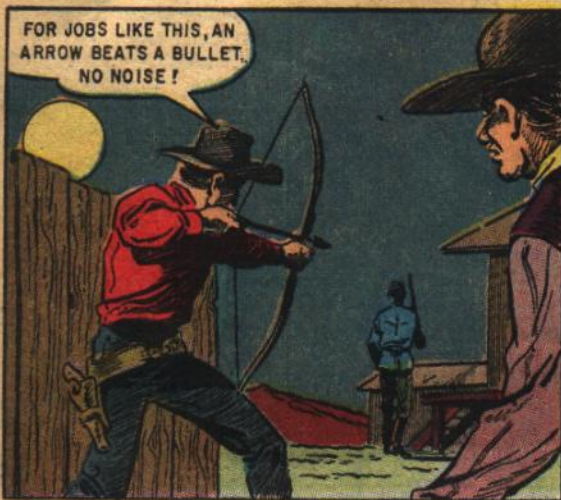
# THE CISCO KID

## THE CRIMSON RAID

MIDNIGHT. A SENTRY PATROLS HIS LONELY POST.



FOR JOBS LIKE THIS, AN  
ARROW BEATS A BULLET.  
NO NOISE!



AAAHH!



WITH THAT SENTRY OUT OF  
THE WAY, THIS JOB SHOULD  
BE EASY!





MORNING, IN A VALLEY WEST OF TOWN.

BEHOLD! MORE SOLDIERS!  
WONDER WHAT'S UP?

VAMOS, LET'S  
FIND OUT.



BUENOS DIOS,  
CAPTAIN JANNEY!

THE CISCO KID!  
AND PANCHO!

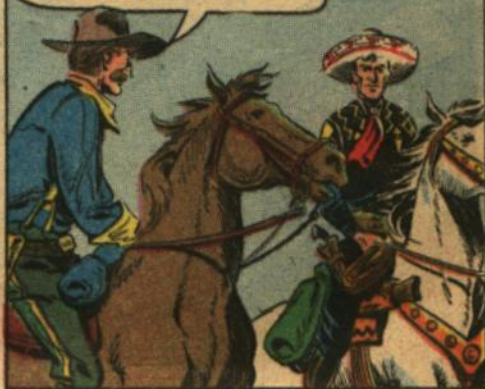


IS THERE TROUBLE?  
CAN WE HELP?!

THERE IS AND  
YOU CAN!

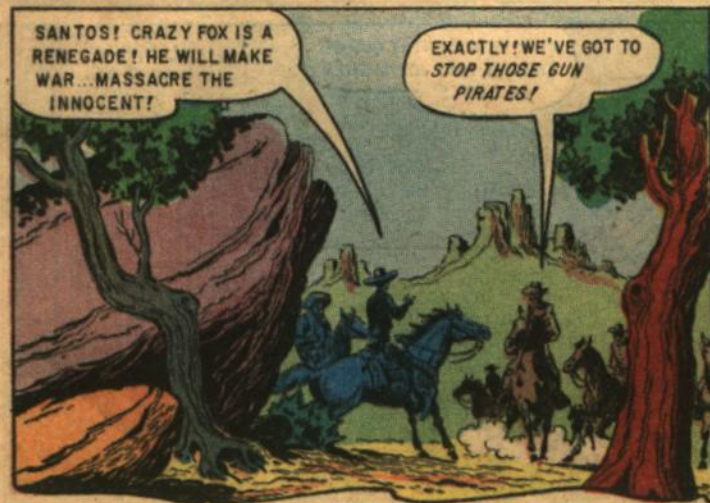


SOMEBODY STOLE A LOAD OF ARMY  
RIFLES AND AMMO LAST NIGHT. AND  
WE THINK THEY MEAN TO SMUGGLE  
THEM TO CHIEF CRAZY FOX.



SANTOS! CRAZY FOX IS A  
RENEGADE! HE WILL MAKE  
WAR... MASSACRE THE  
INNOCENT!

EXACTLY! WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP THOSE GUN  
PIRATES!



I'VE ORDERED PATROLS TO  
GUARD ALL THE PASSES TO THE  
WEST... BUT MY MEN ARE GREEN  
IN THIS TERRITORY AND SOME-  
BODY MIGHT SLIP THROUGH.



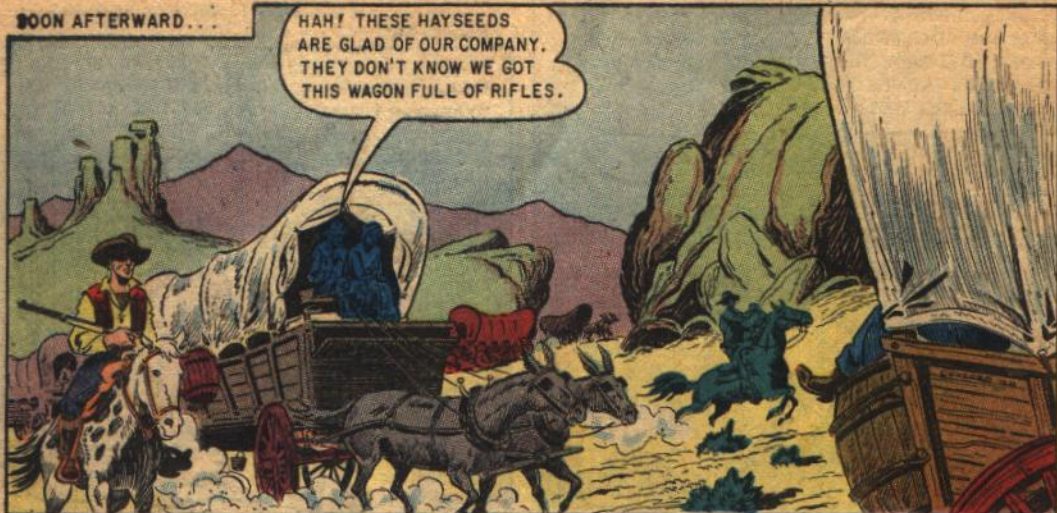






SOON AFTERWARD...

HAH! THESE HAYSEEDS  
ARE GLAD OF OUR COMPANY.  
THEY DON'T KNOW WE GOT  
THIS WAGON FULL OF RIFLES.



HEY! WHY ARE  
WE STOPPING?

OH, OH! IT'S TROOPERS!  
THEY'RE CHECKING  
EVERYBODY!



HIDE QUICK! AND  
KEEP MUM. I'LL  
HANDLE THIS!



WHILE UP AHEAD...

WHY, SURE, CORPORAL!  
YOU CAN SEARCH US.  
WE'VE ONLY GOT OUR  
HOUSEHOLD GOODS  
AND SUCH!

FINE! WE'LL  
TRY NOT TO  
HOLD YOU  
UP LONG!



ALL RIGHT,  
MEN. CHECK  
EVERY WAGON--  
ON THE  
DOUBLE--



MISTER, I'VE GOT  
TO SEARCH THAT  
WAGON!

WHY SURE, ONLY  
WILL YOU TRY NOT  
TO DISTURB MY WIFE!  
SHE'S SLEEPING IN  
THERE AND SHE'S SICK!





YEP, SHE'S FEELING POORLY AND SHE'S BROKE OUT WITH RED SPOTS.

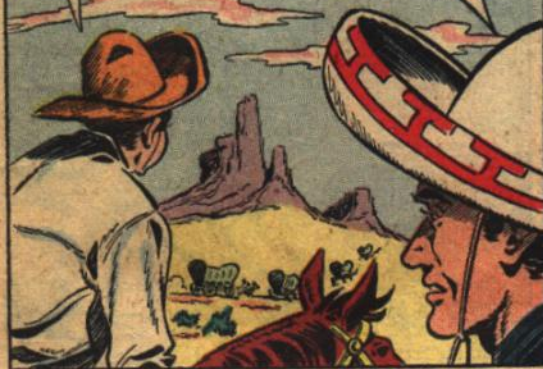
GOOD GRIEF SMALLPOX!

UH--WELL, THEN I WON'T DISTURB HER G'BYE!



THOSE GUN PIRATES CAN'T GET A WAGON PAST THOSE SOLDIERS.

THEN THEY MAY TRY TO SNEAK PACK HORSES OVER THE MOUNTAINS!



ON A NEARBY RIDGE---

ALLA'... A WAGON TRAIN!

SI. THE TROOPERS HAVE SEARCHED IT SO I GUESS IT'S HOKAY.



A HORSEMAN APPROACHES!

THAT'S "OLD SCOUTER". HE'LL GUIDE THOSE PIONEERS THROUGH THE INDIAN COUNTRY!



WELL, "OLD SCOUTER", WHAT'S THE WORD?

SO FAR SO GOOD. NO SIGN OF REDSKINS FOR MILES AHEAD!

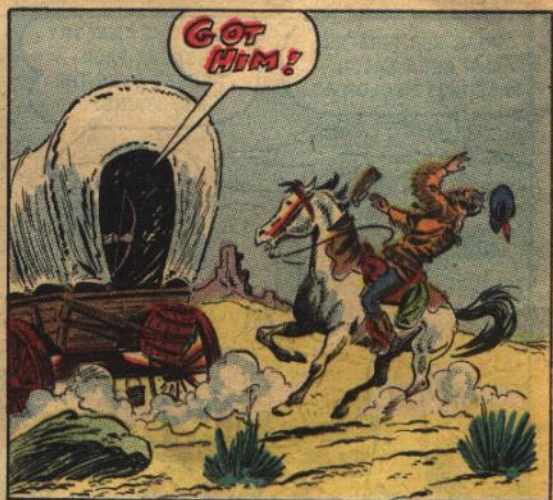


BAD NEWS! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT GUIDE WHO JUST JOINED THIS CARAVAN!

OH, OH --- THAT'S "OLD SCOUTER" --- AND HE CAN RECOGNIZE US!









IN THE HILLS ABOVE---

BEHOLD, CISCO! THE  
WAGONS RUN  
LIKE A RACE!

SI! TOO FAST! WHAT CAN  
THE TROUBLE BE?

VAMOS, PANCHO! WE MUST STOP  
THEM BEFORE THEY REACH  
SLEEPY CREEK!



SLEEPY CREEK IS  
ONLY A TRICKLE.  
THEY CAN FORD  
IT ANYWHERE!

SI, EXCEPT IN A STORM  
LIKE THIS. THEN IT  
BECOMES A RAGING  
FLOOD!



HO! STOP  
THE WAGONS!



THUNDER, AMIGO!  
THEY CANNOT  
HEAR YOU!

CAN'T OR WON'T! BUT  
THEY WILL BE  
DROWNED, UNLESS...



THE FIRST WAGON MAKES IT SAFELY ACROSS  
SLEEPY CREEK.

GIDDAP, YOU  
HORSES!

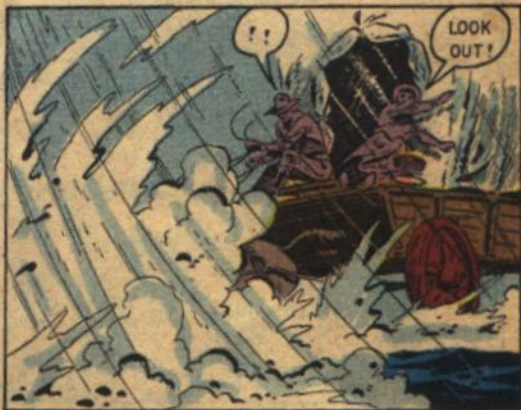




AFEW OTHERS MAKE IT THROUGH THE SHALLOW  
WATER WITHOUT TROUBLE.



BUT SLICK WILLIS AND PORKY ARE NOT SO LUCKY!  
A WALL OF ANGRY WATER PLOWS AT THEM FROM  
THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS!





CISCO'S THROW IS  
STRAIGHT AND TRUE...



HOLD IT TIGHT, MEN? TAKE  
A TURN AROUND A TREE!



COME ON, DIABLO. MAYBE WE CAN  
KEEP THAT WAGON FROM  
TIPPING OVER!



I'LL CUT THESE MULES LOOSE.  
THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF  
THEMSELVES!



WE'D BETTER JUMP  
--- AND SWIM!

SWIM? IN THIS  
GETUP? I'M  
STAYING HERE!



DO NOT WORRY,  
SEÑORA. WE'LL  
SAVE YOU!





TUGGING, STRAINING, HAULING... THE MEN FINALLY PULL THE WAGON FROM THE FLOOD'S GRIP...



PORKY AND THE WAGON ARE SAFE — — —  
BUT SLICK IS BEING SWEEPED  
DOWNSTREAM!



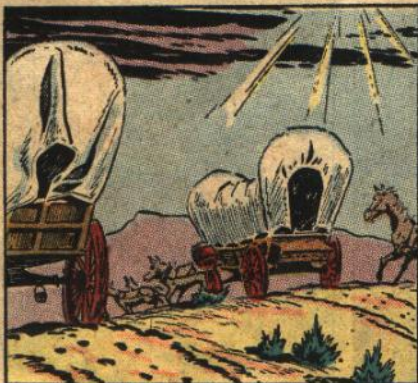






THE STORM PASSES AND SLEEPY CREEK SOON RECEDES TO NORMAL. AFTER A BRIEF DELAY, THE WAGONS FORD IT EASILY AND ROLL ON.

WHAT A SOUR JOKE FATE HAS PLAYED ON CISCO! HE'S OUT TO STOP THE GUN-SMUGGLERS.. BUT WITHOUT KNOWING IT, HE HAS SAVED THEIR WAGON, THEIR GUNS AND THEIR LIVES!



CISCO, I THINK THERE IS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT HOMBRE YOU SAVED FROM DROWNINGS

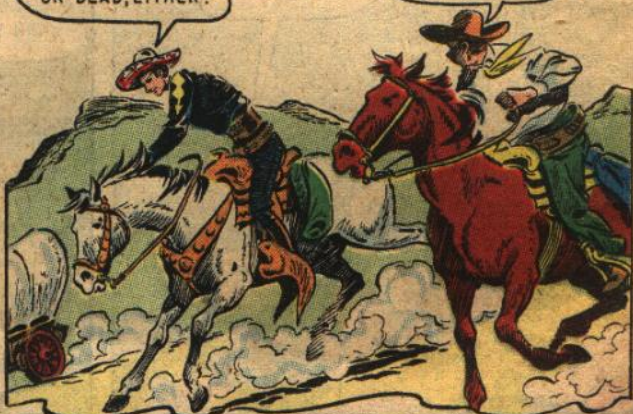
ME, TOO, AMIGO! LET US COMPARE OUR REASONS.



WHEN HE GAINS HIS SENSES HE DOES NOT SAY, "HAVE YOU SAVED MY WIFE?"...HE SAYS, "HAVE YOU SAVED MY WAGON!"

I NOTICED THIS, TOO. AND HIS WIFE DID NOT COME AROUND TO ASK IF HE WAS ALIVE OR DEAD, EITHER!

SI! SOMETHING IS HOW YOU SAY, FISHY IN DENMARK!

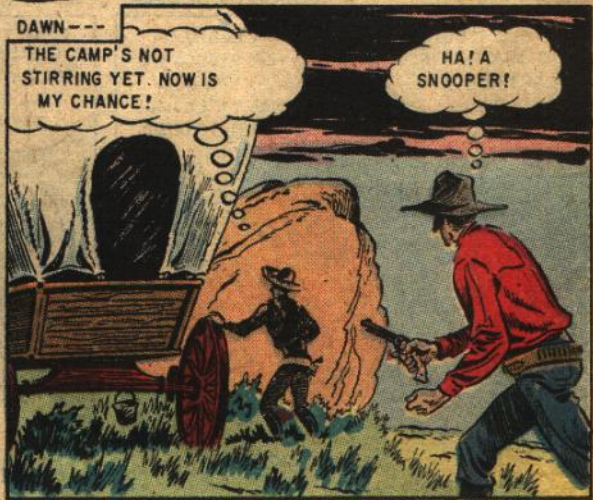


FIRST CHANCE I GET, I WILL LOOK INSIDE THAT WAGON AND SEE WHAT THAT HOMBRE HAS THAT'S SO VALUABLE!

DAWN ---

THE CAMP'S NOT STIRRING YET. NOW IS MY CHANCE!

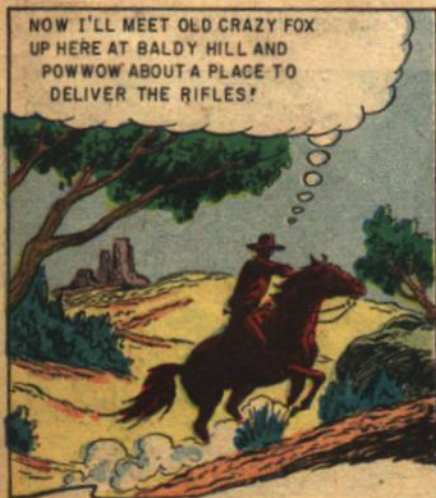
HA! A SNOOPER!







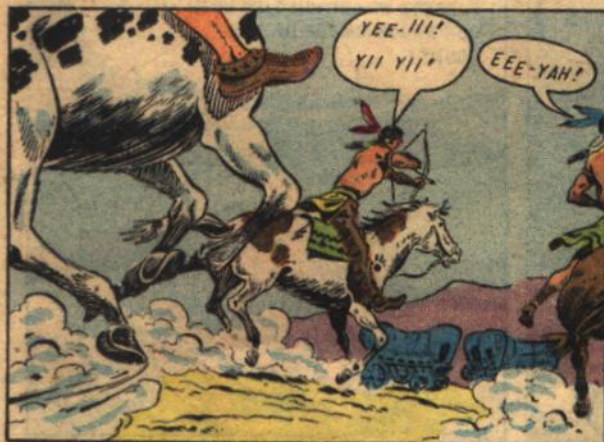
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



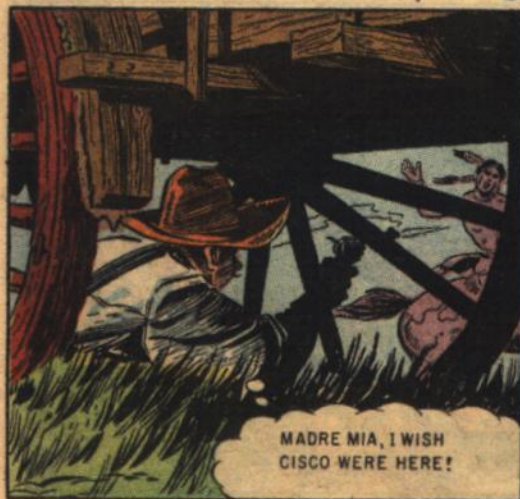




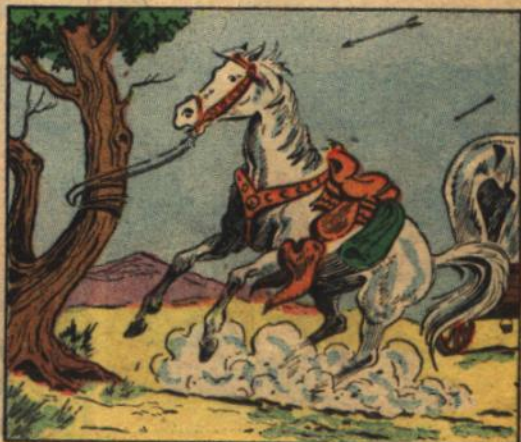
SUNSET. THE PIONEERS ARE JUST ABOUT TO MAKE CAMP WHEN THE RENEGADES STRIKE



--- AND INSIDE THE GUN-SMUGGLERS' WAGON, CISCO LIES --- TIED, GAGGED AND HELPLESS!

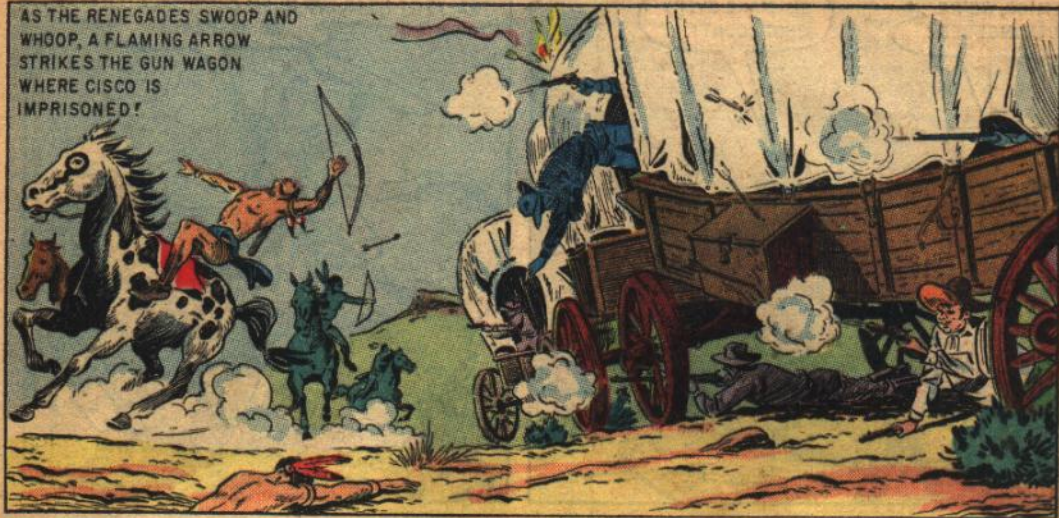


DIABLO WANTS CISCO, TOO! HE TUGS AND STRUGGLES TO BREAK LOOSE!

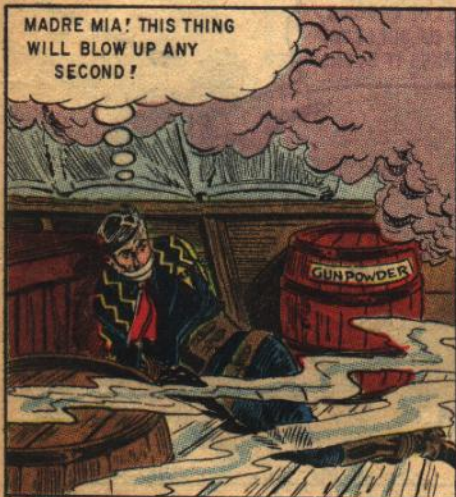




AS THE RENEGADES SWOOP AND WHOOP, A FLAMING ARROW STRIKES THE GUN WAGON WHERE CISCO IS IMPRISONED!

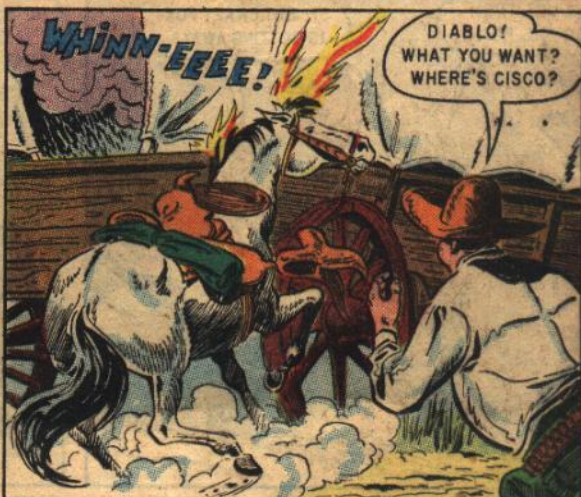


MADRE MIA! THIS THING WILL BLOW UP ANY SECOND!



WHINN-EEE!

DIABLO! WHAT YOU WANT? WHERE'S CISCO?



AMIGO! PANCHÓ DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE HERE TILL DIABLO SHOWED ME!



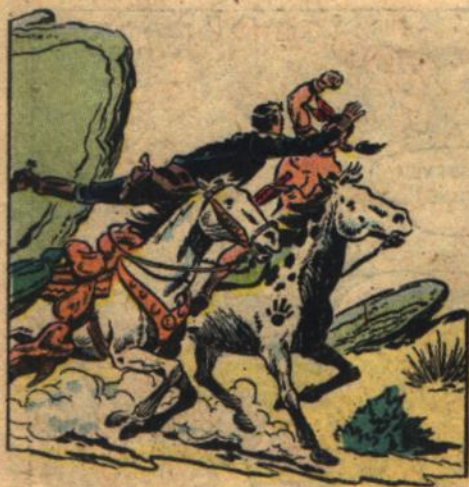
BOOOOM!

WHAM! POP-POP

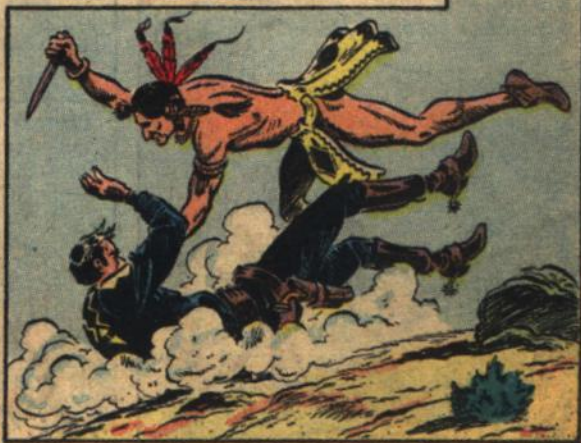
SANTOS! I GOT YOU OUT IN THE TIME OF NICK!



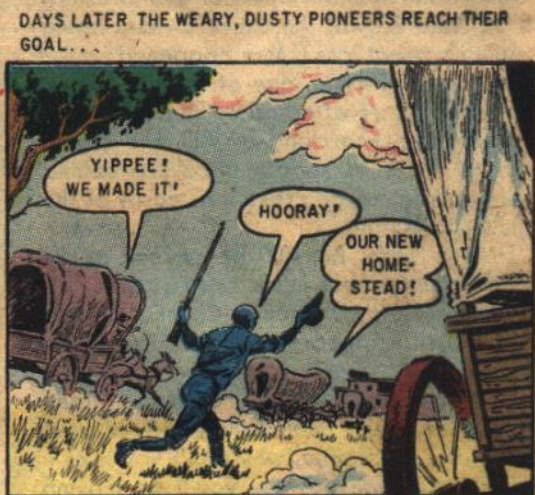




BUT A HUNTING KNIFE TIPS THE ODDS  
IN FAVOR OF CRAZY FOX...









# LAYOFF



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Half the hands of the Rio Grande Ranch were out hunting for the strays. If they weren't found in time, they might starve or die of thirst under the hot southwestern sun. Jake Brown, the ranch owner, would suffer a great loss if that happened.

Old Jim Thorne, one of the cowhands, felt a bit stiff after riding the range for three days, searching up hill and down. Thirty years of saddle life were behind him and he couldn't take it as easily as the young cowhands.

"Any luck, boys?" he called, as he passed two others in the search crew.

"No," returned young Chuck. "Reckon they just disappeared off the face of the earth."

"Hard work looking," chimed in Tom, the other rider. "Especially for an old timer like you, Jim. Listen, why don't you take it easy? After next week, you'll be leaving anyway . . ."

"That's enough, Tom!" broke in Chuck, hurriedly. "You know Mr. Brown told us not to say anything about that." He smiled uneasily at Jim. "Just forget what you heard, huh?"

Jim Thorne slumped in his saddle as the two other cowhands rode off. How could he forget the slip, when it meant he would be fired next week? So, he was to be turned out to pasture after thirty years of faithful service! And Jake Brown hadn't even given him a hint, while all the other hands knew.

Bitter thoughts rode with Jim Thorne. At first, he hardly heard the lowing and bleating carried on the wind. Then he snapped up, listening and following. Looking down

into the next arroyo, he saw the missing strays huddled helplessly at the bottom. They had been following a narrow trail down and when a sudden landslide wiped out part of the return path, they had been trapped. Days before, they had finished eating the sparse fodder in the arroyo, and now they were half-starved.

Jim Thorne's face showed the bitter and vindictive feelings he was experiencing. Why should he report finding the cattle? Jake Brown wasn't hesitating to fire him after thirty long years of service.

Yet, try as he did to nurse his injured feelings, the pitiful bleating of the cattle tugged at his heart. All thought of revenge gone, Jim rode back to the ranch for help. The cattle would be saved. He was doing a good turn for the man who was about to do him a bad one.

A week later, Jim strode into Jake Brown's office.

"I hear I'm fired," he said shortly. At least he had the satisfaction of seeing the shocked surprise spreading over the ranch owner's face.

"Gosh, how did you find out, Jim? Sure you're fired from *this* job." With a broad smile, Jim continued, "starting tomorrow, you're taking over as boss of that new dude ranch I'm opening up for Easterners on vacation. Who told you? Shucks, I wanted to surprise you!"

"You did, Jake . . . you sure did," gasped Old Jim happily.

As he walked from Jake Brown's office, the thought of the revenge he had *not* taken warmed his heart.



# Pedro

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MIGUELITO IS PEDRO'S BURRO. HE IS SMARTER THAN HE LOOKS!

I'M *NOT* STARVING AS LONG AS THERE'S GRASS TO NIBBLE---BUT I RECKON PEDRO NEEDS CASH FOR SOMETHING!



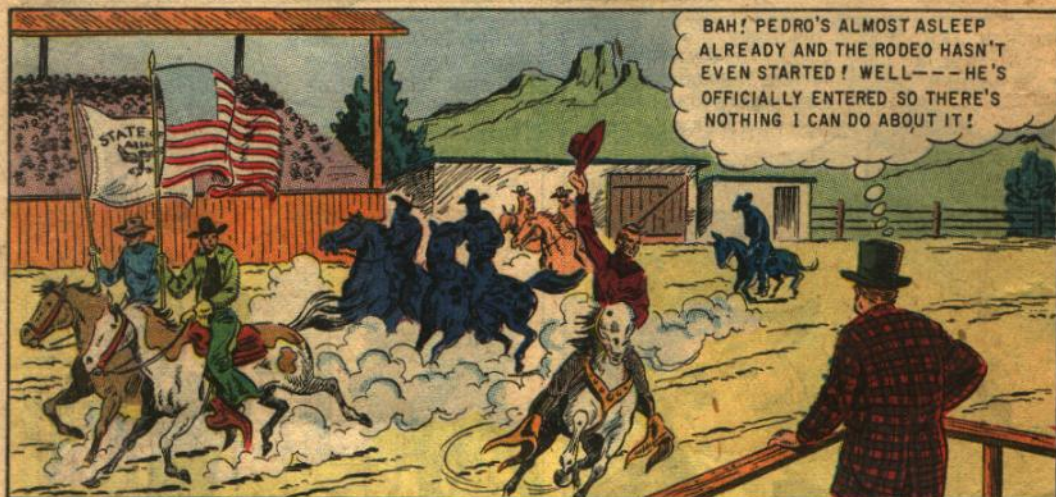
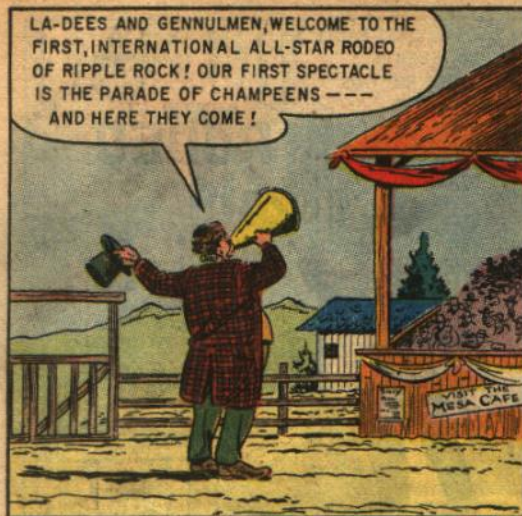
WELL, HE'S THE BOSS! SO I MAY AS WELL HAM IT UP! HERE WE GO!



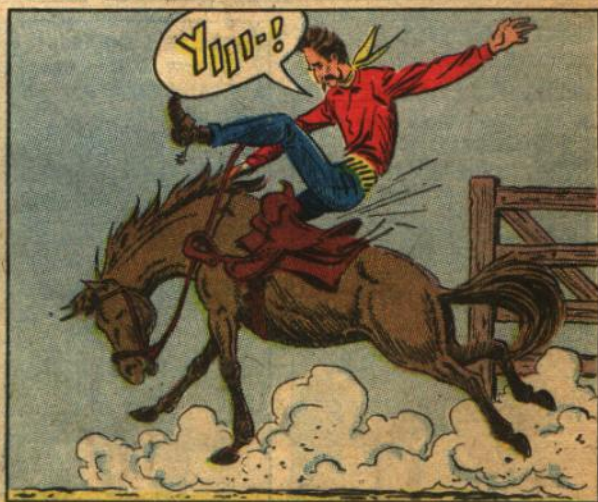
THAT POOR BURRO! HE'S WEeping! I CAN'T STAND TO SEE AN ANIMAL SUFFER! OKAY, PEDRO, YOU CAN ENTER THE RODEO!







AND THE RODEO GETS UNDER WAY . . .









A LITTLE LATER ---

LAST CALL! EVERYBODY  
OUT FOR BRONG-BUSTING  
CONTEST!

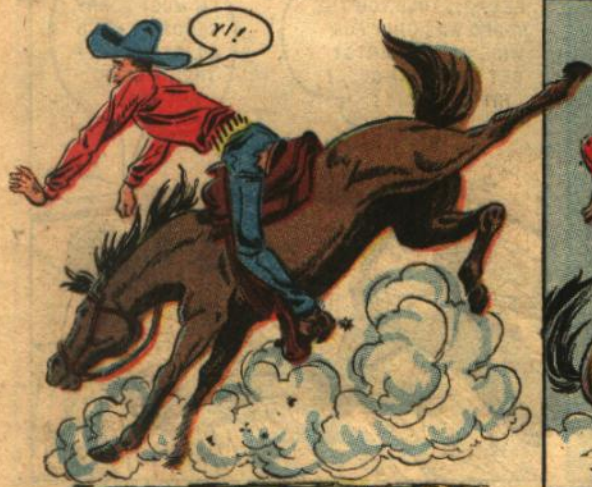
THAT'S FOR  
ME!



... AND HERE'S NUMBER  
THIRTEEN--- THE PEERLESS  
PEDRO--- ON A BRONG NAMED  
• CRUSHEM AND KILLEM!



WHUPS!



Y!!

NEW RECORD! PEDRO STAYED  
ON THAT BRONG FOR 37  
SECONDS! HE'S THE CHAMP!



THE CHAMP RISES TO THE OCCASION!



PEDRO, I'VE GOT TO  
HAND IT TO YOU. YOU  
STUCK TO YOUR JOB!

GRACIAS, SEÑOR! AS  
YOU SAY, ONE MUST  
BE WIDE AWAKE  
TO SUCCEED!





# THE CISCO KID

SHERIFF CISCO

IT'S THEM, BOSS!  
HERE THEY COME!

ARMED MEN WAIT IN THE  
ROCKY HILLSIDE ABOVE  
THE TRAIL LEADING INTO  
THE TOWN OF GOLDEN CHANCE.

"HERE THEY COME!"

YOU WANT A LOOK,  
BLACKJACK?

YEAH! . . . JUST TO  
MAKE SURE!

IT'S THEM ALL RIGHT!  
CISCO AND PANCHE! GET  
READY, BOYS! PUT ON  
YOUR MASKS!

HOW COME WE NEED MASKS?  
WE'RE GOING TO FINISH  
THEM OFF, AIN'T WE?



SURE! SURE! CISCO AND PANCHO  
ARE DEAD PIGEONS! BUT IF  
ANYBODY HAPPENS TO BE  
WATCHING... WELL...!



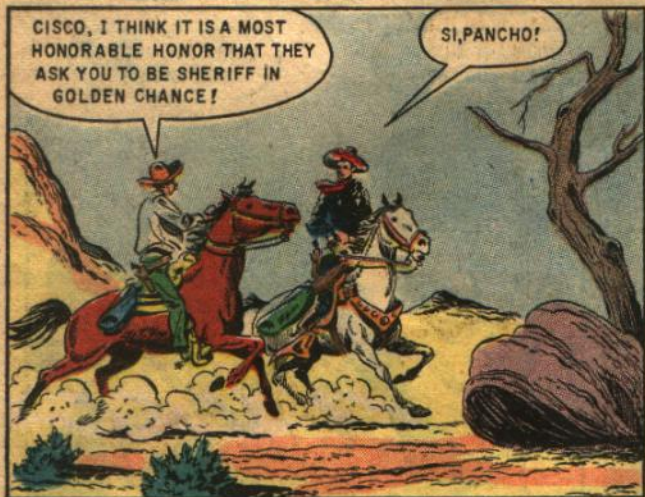
THEY'RE COMING CLOSER!  
WE COULD GET 'EM NOW!

NO, WAIT! WE GOT  
TO MAKE SURE!



CISCO, I THINK IT IS A MOST  
HONORABLE HONOR THAT THEY  
ASK YOU TO BE SHERIFF IN  
GOLDEN CHANCE!

SI, PANCHO!



BUT I WOULD NEVER ACCEPT!  
I WOULD NOT WANT TO BE  
TIED DOWN TO A JOB  
LIKE THAT!



THEN FOR WHY DO WE GO  
TO GOLDEN CHANCE?

OUR GOOD  
AMIGO IS IN  
TROUBLE! HE  
HAS ASKED  
FOR HELP!

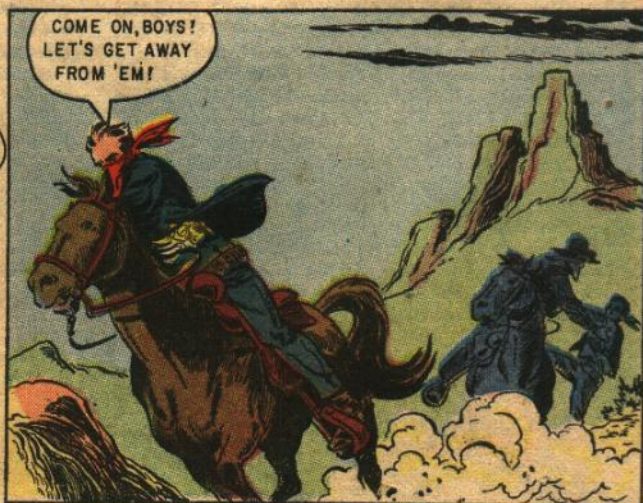
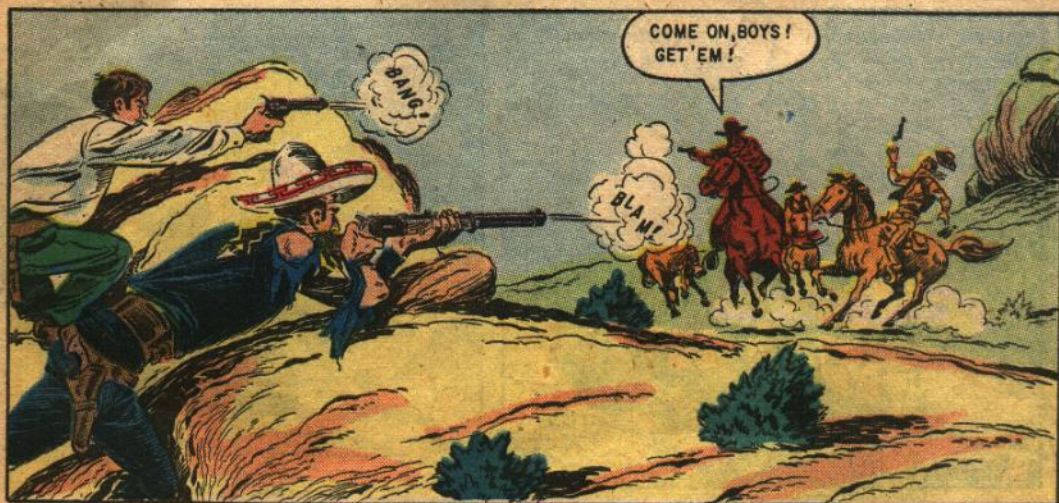


I AM MUCHO WORRIED!  
SOMETHING TELLS ME  
WE SHOULD NEVER GO  
THERE!

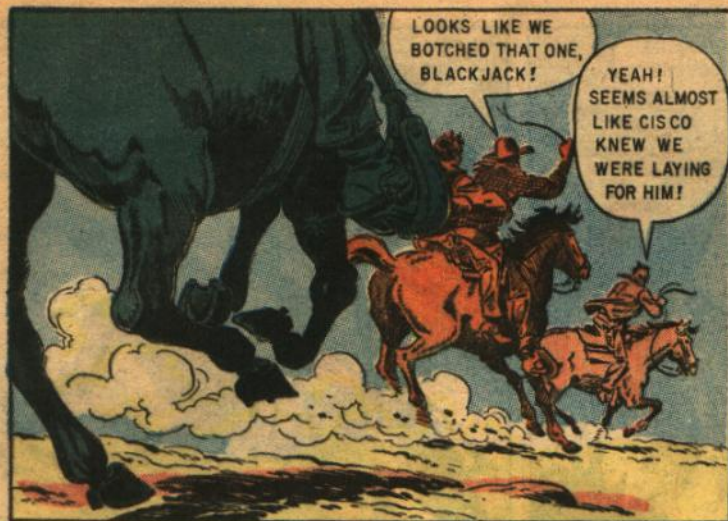
HA, PANCHO! YOU ARE  
--- HOW DO THEY  
SAY? --- A WORRY  
WART!







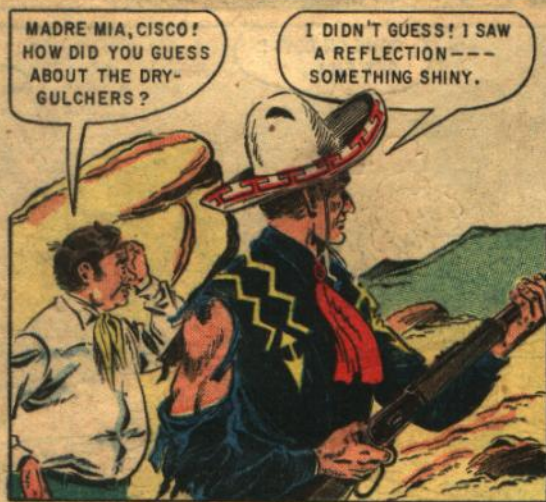




LOOKS LIKE WE  
BOTCHED THAT ONE,  
BLACKJACK!

YEAH!  
SEEMS ALMOST  
LIKE CISCO  
KNEW WE  
WERE LAYING  
FOR HIM!

...AND IF I FIND THE  
DOUBLE-CROSSING  
COYOTE WHO TIPPED  
HIM OFF---



MADRE MIA, CISCO!  
HOW DID YOU GUESS  
ABOUT THE DRY-  
GULCHERS?

I DIDN'T GUESS! I SAW  
A REFLECTION---  
SOMETHING SHINY.



SOMEBODY WAS WATCHING US  
THROUGH THESE GLASSES!

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF The Cisco Kid published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1956.

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2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and

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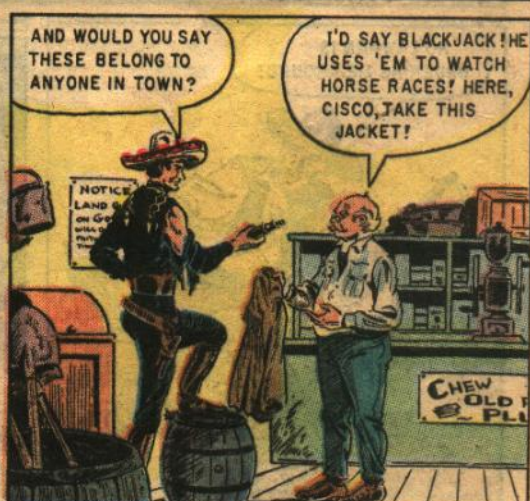
(Signed) HELEN MEYER  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1956.

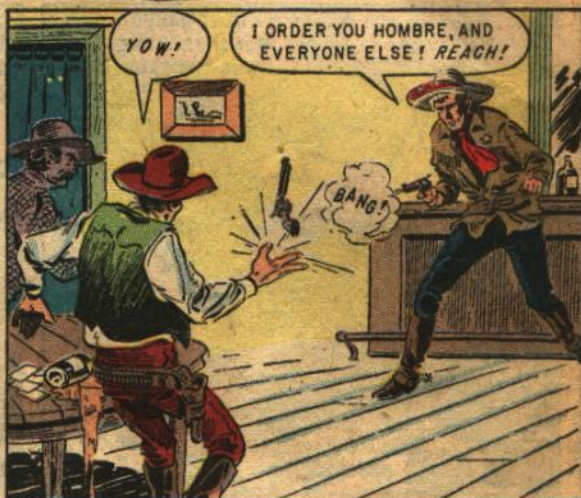
JOHN C. WEBER  
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1958)



ON ARRIVAL IN GOLDEN CHANCE, CISCO AND PANTO ARE INTRODUCED TO THE "GOOD CITIZENS' COMMITTEE" BY THEIR FRIEND, LEN SMILEY.







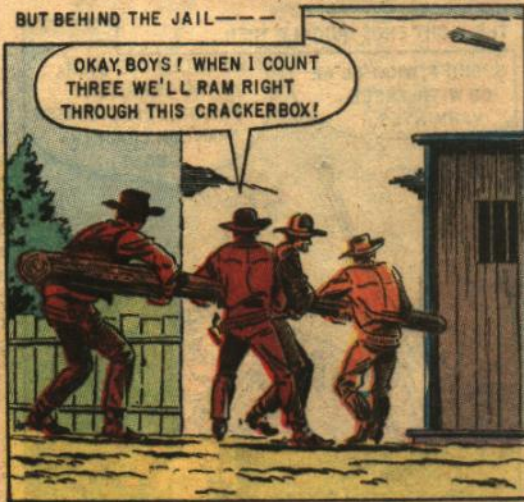




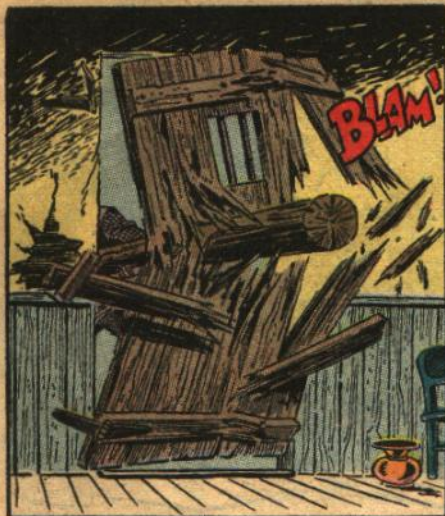












BUT AS THE JAILBREAKERS START TO ESCAPE, HARD-RIDING COWBOYS HEM THEM IN ON ALL SIDES!



THE FIGHT ENDS QUICKLY, THEN .

SHERIFF, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THESE VARMINTS?

WE WILL HERD THEM TO THE TERRITORY PRISON. IT IS STRONGER THAN OUR CRACKER-BOX!



BUT CISCO, FOR WHY DO WE SNEAK OUT AND RUN AWAY?

SO THEY CAN'T CATCH US, PANCHE. THEY WANT TO MAKE ME THE MAYOR!





# WICHITA KANSAS

When Wichita took over the cattle shipping trade in 1872, every cardsharp, and gun slinger within a radius of a thousand miles headed for the new El Dorado. Trouble came swiftly and often in Wichita. Consequently, the town hung a large iron triangle in front of Judge Jewett's office, to be rung whenever the Wichita citizens were needed in a finish fight with the cowmen.

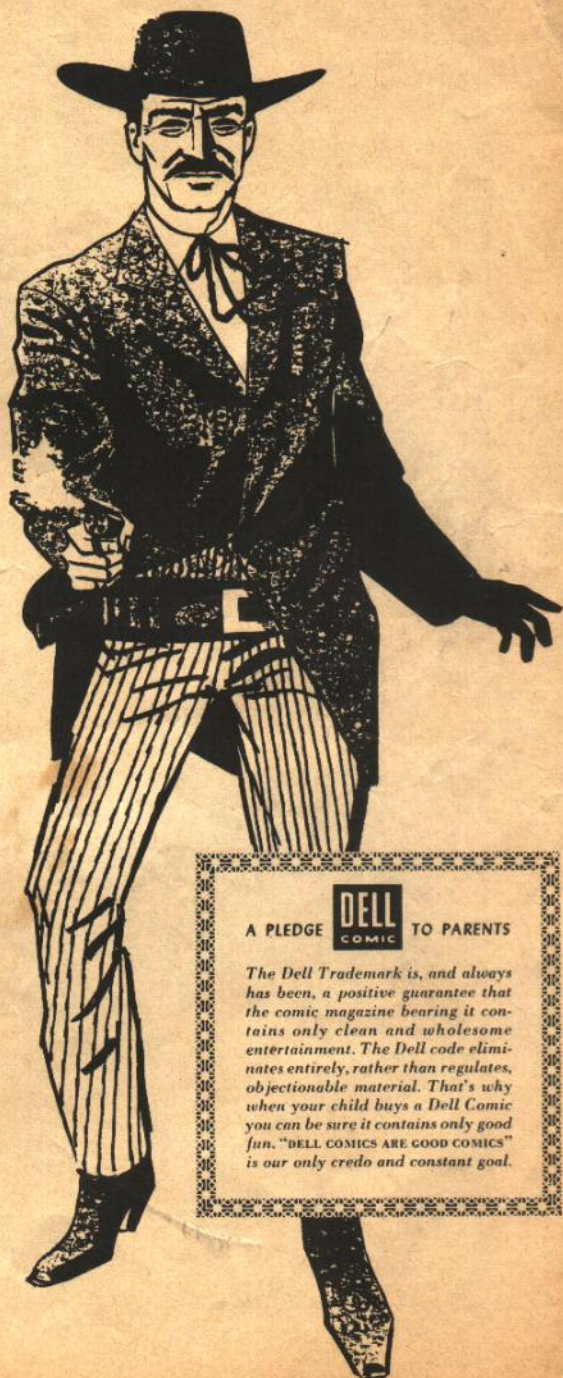
It took a brave lawman to keep Wichita in line — but Wyatt Earp was equal to the task. By himself, he tackled an unruly mob of cowboys led by the colorful Shanghai Pierce, a Texas cattle baron. Armed only with a shotgun, Earp disarmed the rioters and arrested twenty-one of them.

The trail-drivers had a special grudge against Earp. Several of them had run into the lawman back in Ellsworth, Kansas. At that time, Earp had forced them to back down. One of these men was George Peshaur who decided one day to avenge himself for an old insult in Ellsworth. Peshaur challenged Earp to a fight. Earp, on duty, was reluctant. Finally, Peshaur's taunts proved too much. A fierce bare knuckle scrap followed and Peshaur was beaten.

But Peshaur was far from finished. He allied himself with a crew of troublemakers. One morning, he led a crowd of fifty horsemen into Wichita to settle accounts with Earp. But, the lawman was waiting. With a small posse of ten men behind him, Earp marched up to the armed invaders. Then followed one of the strangest scenes in the history of the West. Deadly serious, Earp warned the trail-drivers to put up their guns and leave town. Without another word, they obeyed.

Wyatt Earp's fame brought many a deadly killer into Wichita in the hope of besting him in a gun duel. But Earp out-bluffed them all, including the notorious Sergeant King, an Indian fighter.

But things were already changing in Wichita. The rich valleys nearby were filling up with homesteaders and farmers whose fences were cutting off the free range which the trail-drivers needed to feed their cattle while waiting for shipment. Business was growing, and merchants preferred the trade of farmers to that of cowboys. By the end of 1876, the cattlemen had left Wichita to the farmers and homesteaders.



## A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

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



# THE CISCO KID

EXCUSE ME, MY FRIENDS, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME HOW YOU WOULD GO TO MEXICALI?

ASSUREDLY, SEÑOR! FIRST YOU GO DOWN THE ROAD FOR TWO MILES ---



THEN YOU TAKE THE LEFT FORK TILL YOU COME TO THE HOUSE OF MANUEL---HIS WIFE MAKES THE BEST TORTILLAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

I SEE!



THEN YOU TURN RIGHT AND FOLLOW THE BASE OF THE MESA TILL YOU FIND THE HOUSE OF CONCHITA MORALES. SHE IS A VERY GOOD COOK. HER ENCHILADAS ARE THE BEST ON THIS SIDE OF THE BORDER.

HMMM...



THREE MILES FURTHER ON YOU WILL COME TO THE RANCHO OF THE WIDOW LOPEZ. HER CHILI-CON-CARNE IS THE BEST IN THE TERRITORY. PAST THIS RANCHO IS THE ROAD THAT WILL LEAD YOU INTO MEXICALI!

I THANK YOU, MY FRIEND!



BUT PANTHO, YOU DID NOT GIVE THE STRANGER THE RIGHT DIRECTIONS. IT WILL TAKE HIM TWICE AS LONG TO GET TO MEXICALI!

SI, CISCO, BUT HE DID NOT ASK ME FOR THE QUICKEST WAY TO MEXICALI. HE ASKED ME TO TELL HIM HOW I WOULD GO!



MAYBE MY ROAD WILL TAKE HIM LONGER --- BUT HE WILL HAVE PLENTY OF GOOD FOOD ON THE WAY, NO?

YOU WIN, PANTHO!

