

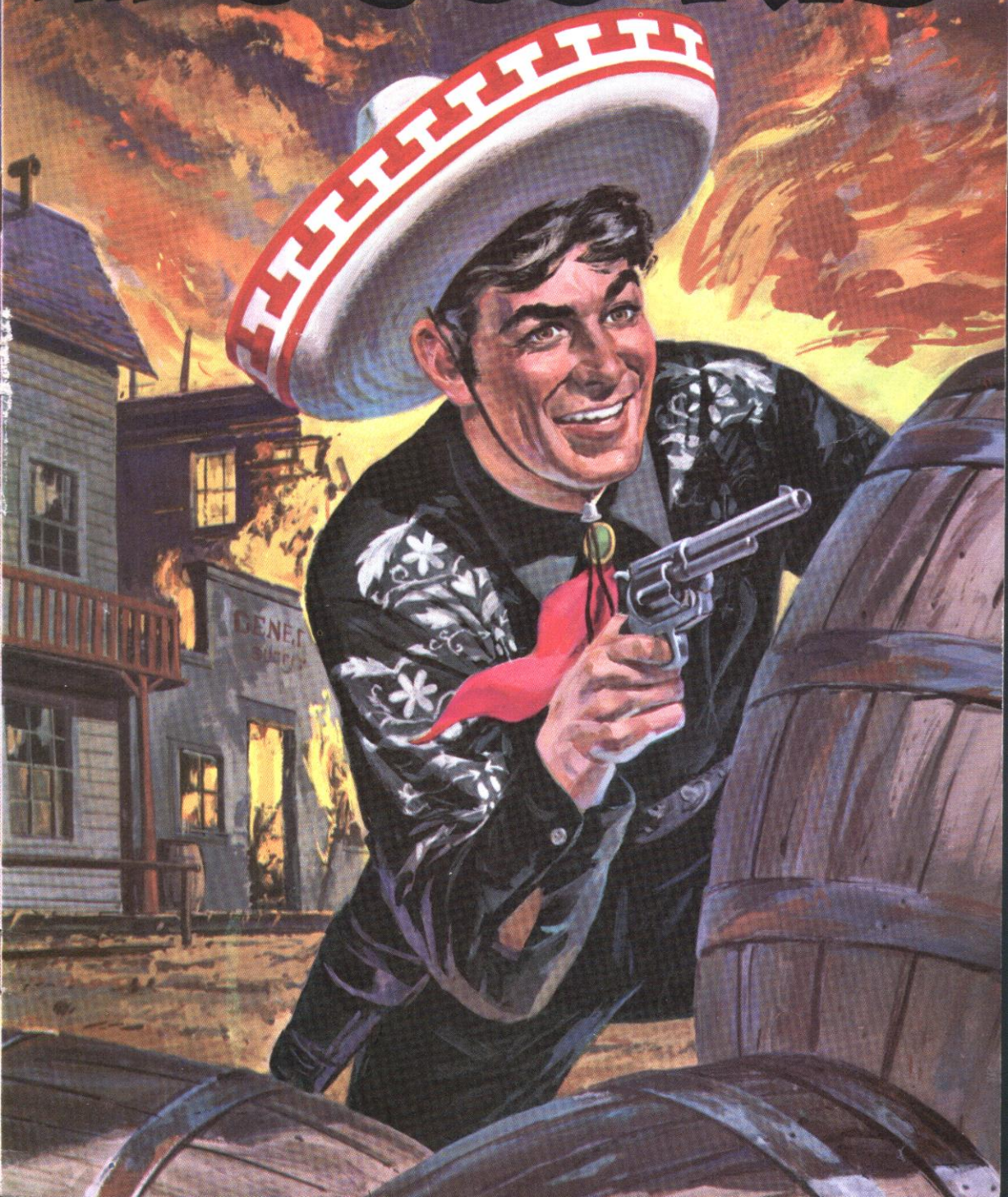
DELL

JULY-SEPT.

Robin Hood of the West

10¢

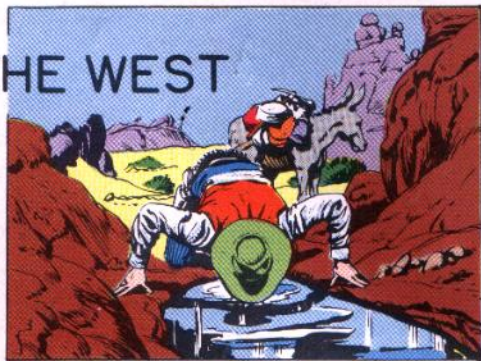
THE CISCO KID



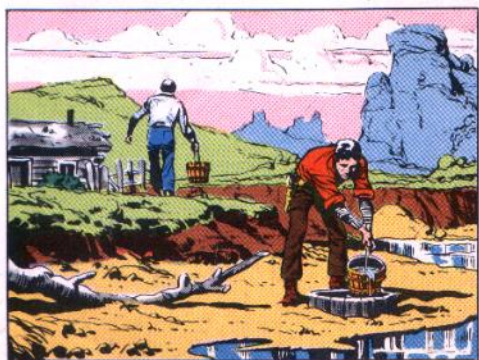


WAYS OF THE WEST

WATER WAS A PRECIOUS COMMODITY IN THE WEST. THE OWNERS OF A CHOICE SPRING CONTROLLED THE RANGE FOR MILES AROUND BUT IT WAS OFTEN "JUDGE COLT" WHO DECIDED OWNERSHIP.



IN THE ARID BADLANDS A THIRSTY WANDERER WOULD COUNT HIMSELF LUCKY TO STUMBLE UPON A POT HOLE, A NATURAL BOWL WORN INTO THE TOP OF A LEDGE OR BOULDER FILLED WITH RAIN WATER.



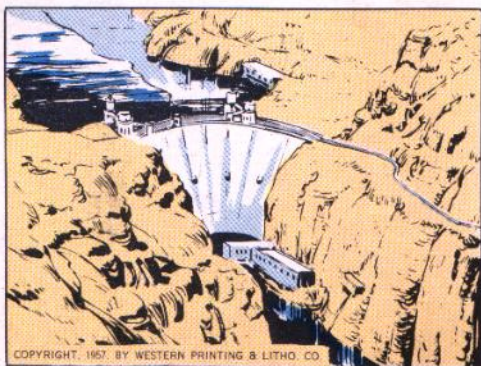
PIONEERS WHO LIVED NEAR MUDDY STREAMS WOULD SINK A BARREL INTO THE EARTH, BELOW WATER LEVEL. THE MOISTURE SEEPED IN AND PROVIDED A REASONABLY CLEAN WATER SUPPLY.



ON THE PRAIRIE A THIRSTY COWPOKE WHO FOUND A MUDDY WATERHOLE WOULD LAY HIS BANDANNA ON THE SURFACE AND SIP THE WATER THAT FILTERED THROUGH. . .



SOMETIMES WATER LAY FAR BELOW THE SURFACE, BUT DIGGERS WOULD RISK THEIR LIVES TO DIG WELLS HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW THE GROUND USING NOTHING BUT PICK AND SHOVEL.



TODAY, THE WATER PROBLEM IS SOLVED FOR HUGE AREAS OF THE ONCE WATER STARVED WEST. GIANT DAMS STORE THE WATER AND DISTRIBUTE IT OVER VAST AREAS. . .

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THE CISCO KID

WHEELS OF FORTUNE



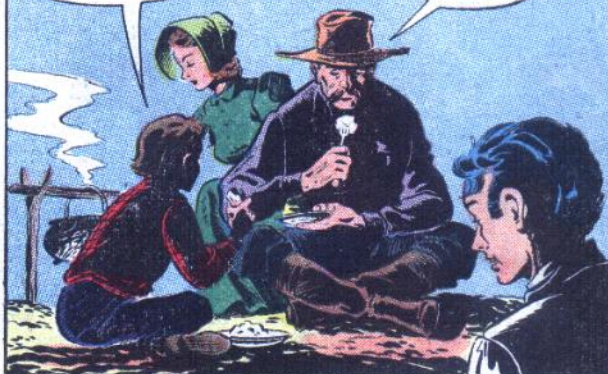
IN A PLEASANT VALLEY, A FAMILY OF NEW SETTLERS PREPARES TO CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.

WE'LL GET AN EARLY START TOMORROW. SHOULD REACH THE STATE LINE BEFORE NOON!

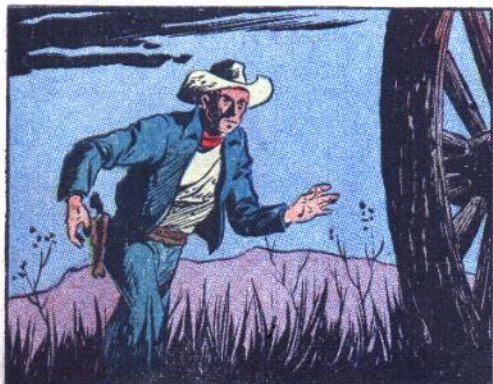


GEE, DAD, IS THE GOVERNMENT REALLY GOING TO GIVE US FREE LAND?

BET YOUR BOOTS! GOOD LAND, TOO, I HEAR!



UNSEEN BY THE CAMPERS, A STEALTHY FIGURE CREEPS FROM THE SHADOWS TOWARD THEIR WAGON.

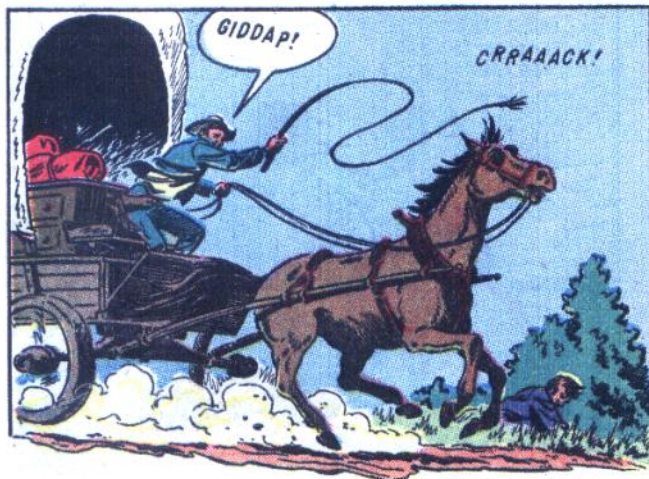
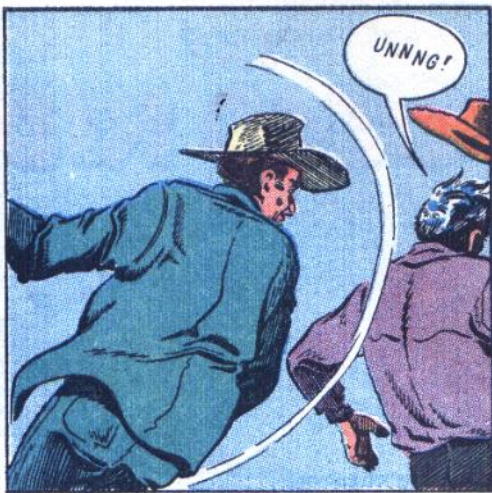


HEY! WHAT'S OUR OLD MARE WHINNYING ABOUT?

I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

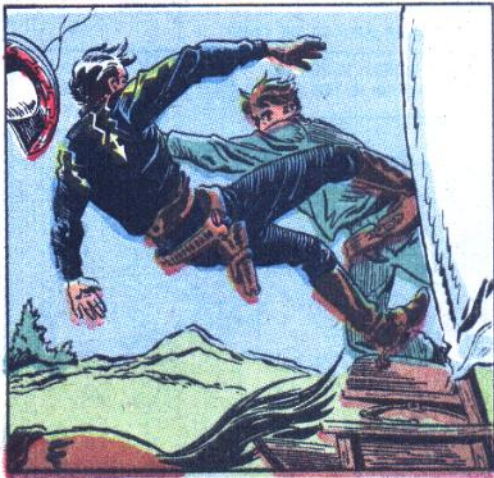
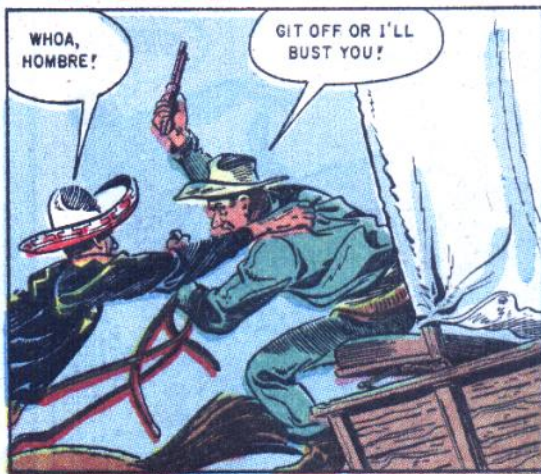
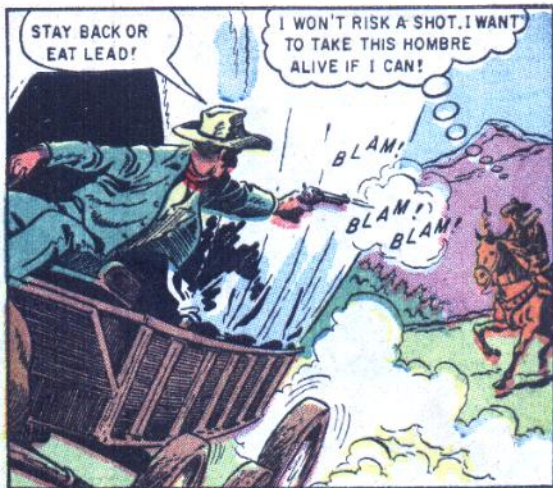


DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



SECONDS LATER. . .

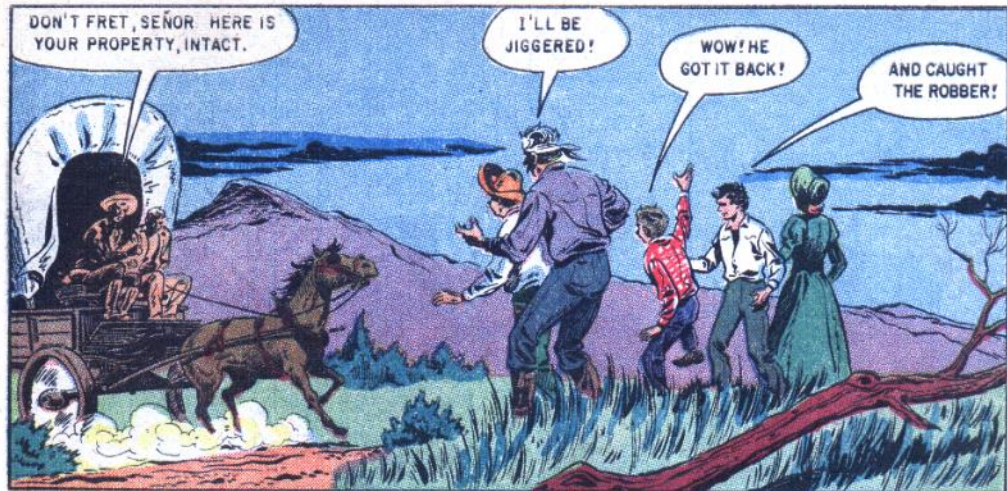






MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CAMP









SORRY, SEÑOR SHERIFF,
NO SIGN OF THE ASSASSIN!

IT FIGURES. I'D HAVE
HELPED YOU LOOK,
CISCO, BUT I WANTED
TO SEE IF JUD HAD
ANY DYING WORDS.

OF COURSE, WE'LL CATCH UP WITH HIS
KILLER. IT HAS TO BE THE MAN WHO'S
PLOTING TO GRAB THE BEST OF THE
NEW LAND--- WITHOUT LETTING
MURDER STAND IN HIS WAY!



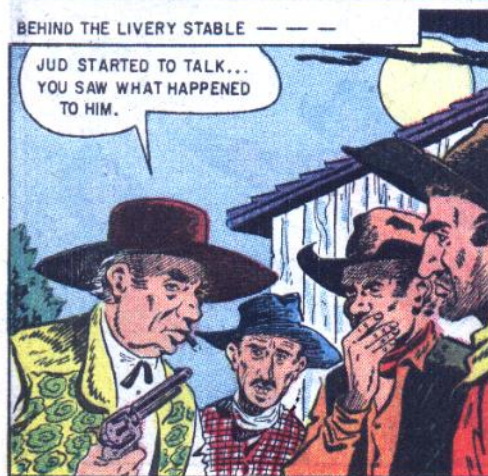
ONE MAN? TRYING TO GRAB THE BEST?
BUT THE GOVERNMENT IS THROWING
THE NEW TERRITORY OPEN TO ALL
SETTLERS---ONE CLAIM EACH!



THE GOVERNMENT'S TRYING TO RUN THIS
LAND RACE FAIR AND SQUARE, BUT PLENTY
OF CROOKS WANT MORE THAN A SHARE. THE
TOWN'S RUNNING OVER WITH SIDE-
WINDERS!



BEHIND THE LIVERY STABLE ---



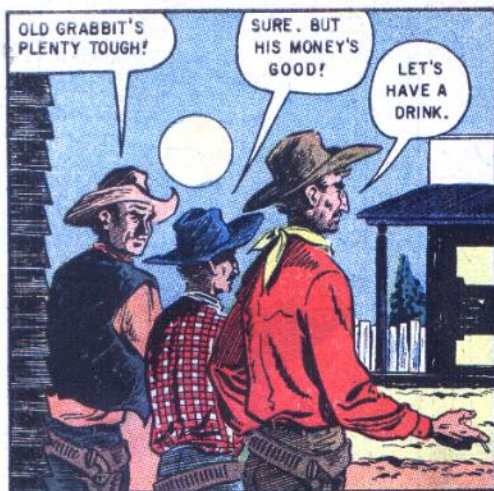
JUD STARTED TO TALK...
YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIM.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
US, MR GRABBIT.

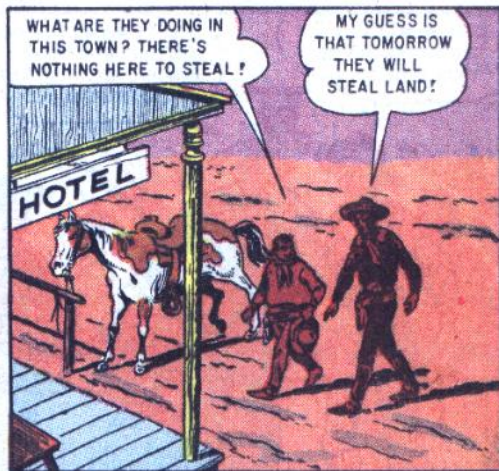
GOOD. AND TRY
TO STAY OUT OF
TROUBLE. BE
READY FOR
TOMORROW.

WE WON'T
TALK!



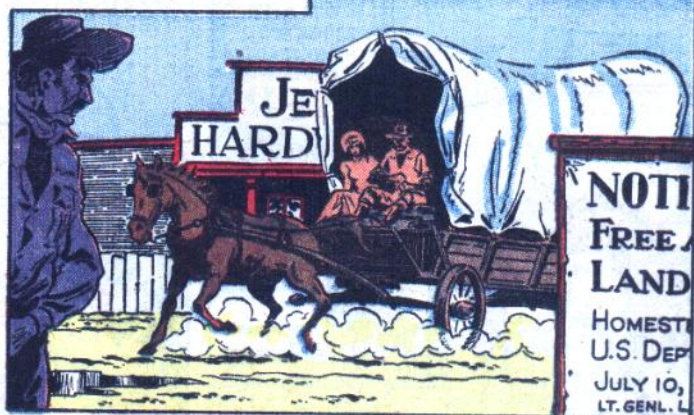




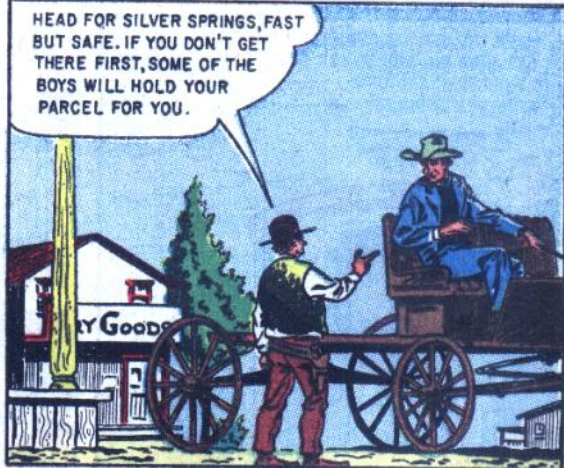


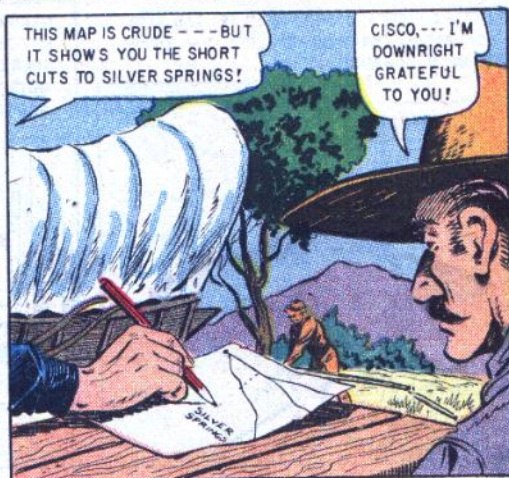
MOST OF THE RACERS WILL BE HONEST FOLK TRYING FOR A NEW START
IN LIFE LIKE DAD SIMMONS AND HIS CHILDREN.

DAWN BREAKS - AND THE
LITTLE STATE-LINE TOWN
SPRINGS TO LIFE WITH A
BUSTLE OF EXCITEMENT
AT HIGH NOON THE NEW
TERRITORY WILL BE THROWN
OPEN FOR SETTLERS
WHIPS WILL CRACK
WHEELS WILL ROLL ---
THE GREAT LAND RACE--
FOR FORTUNE OR
FAILURE --- WILL
BE UNDER WAY!

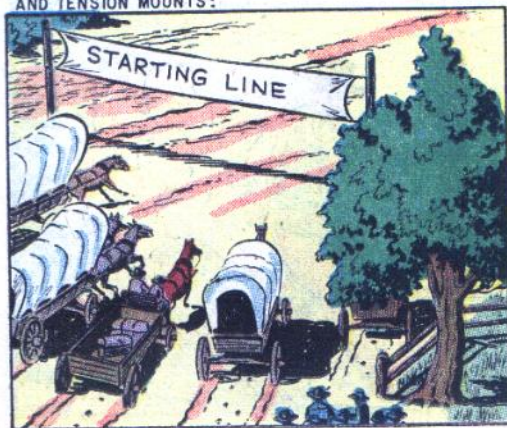


A FEW ARE CHEATS WHO AIM TO GET THE BEST
ACREAGE BY CRAFT OR VIOLENCE --- SUCH
AS MR. B. J. GRABBIT.





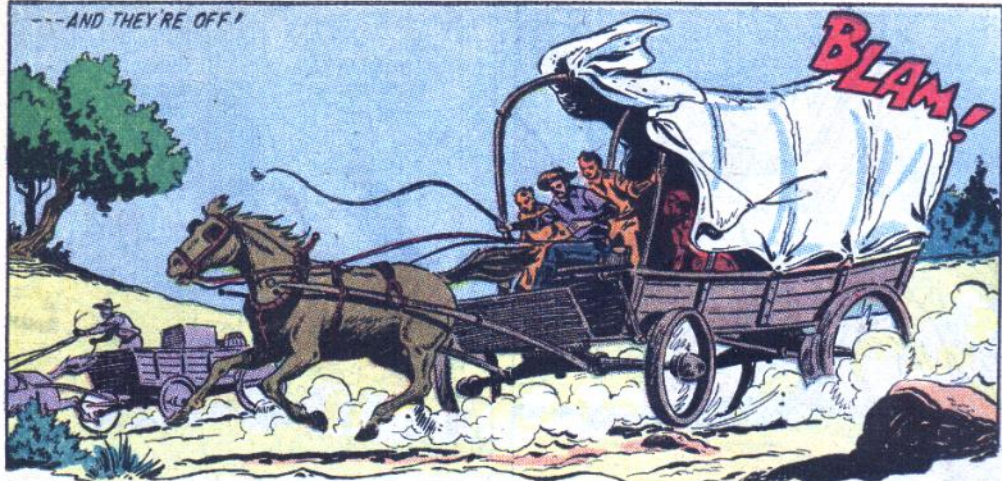
AS NOON APPROACHES, THE WAGONS LINE UP --- AND TENSION MOUNTS!



FOLKS, YOU KNOW THE RULES. ANYBODY THAT STAKES A CLAIM HAS TO HAVE A WAGON AND ENOUGH STUFF TO SET UP HOUSEKEEPING. --- NO "SOONER" WITH A HORSE AND A TOOTHBRUSH CAN RACE OUT AHEAD OF YOU!



---AND THEY'RE OFF!

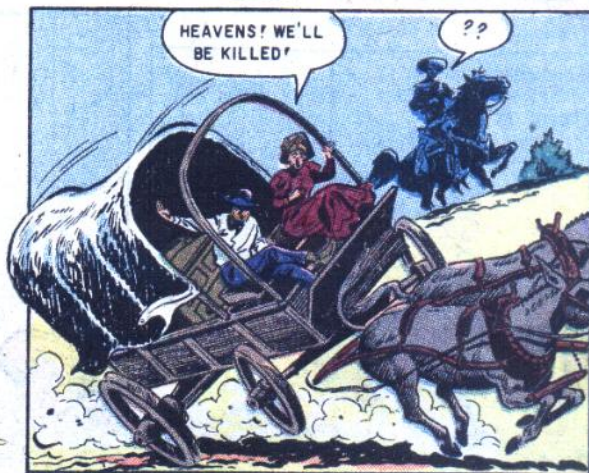


DAD SIMMONS IS A GOOD DRIVER.
THEY SHOULD MAKE IT OKAY. BUT
I'LL FOLLOW, JUST IN CASE!



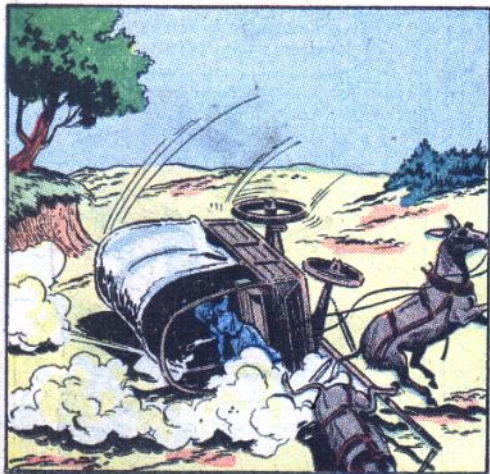
HEAVENS! WE'LL
BE KILLED!

??



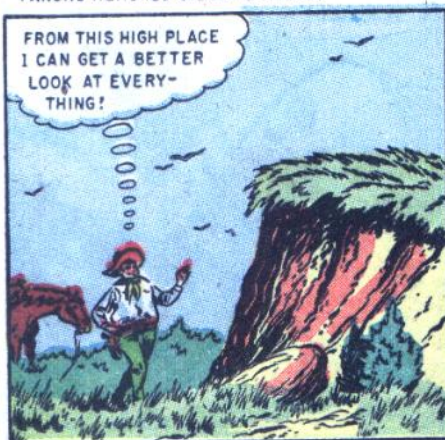
MY MAN! MY
HUSBAND!
HE'S TRAPPED!

I'LL FREE HIM,
SEÑORA!

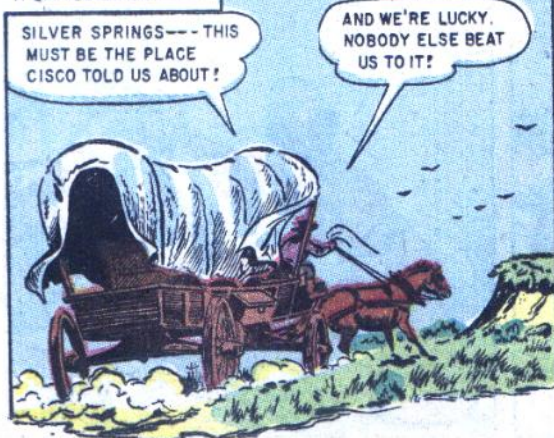


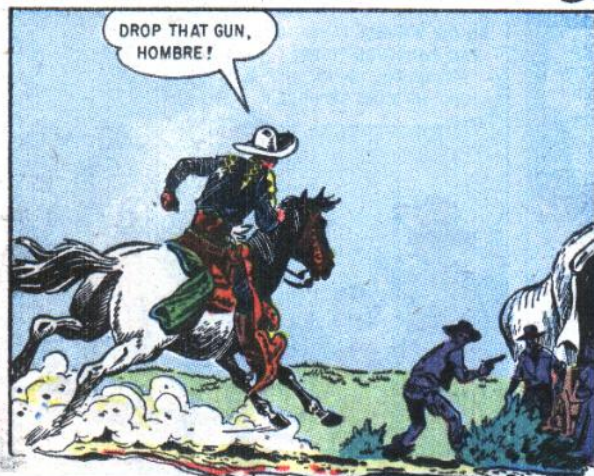


PANCHO REACHES SILVER SPRINGS.



A LITTLE LATER----







The Haunted Fort



"It's true," insisted Tim Blake, the most shiftless man in town, rubbing his unshaven chin. He spoke solemnly to the kids at the street corner. "In the moonlight last night, I plainly saw Don Parros in his shining armor."

"Aw, who believes in ghosts?" scoffed Bobby Shaw. Being the sheriff's son, he felt it his duty to keep the other kids from believing in superstitious tales. "The Spanish Conquistadors were here in the Southwest long ago, in the 16th century. It's only a silly legend that the Don's spirit still haunts the ruins of the old fort."

"Then go see for yourself tonight," challenged Blake, adding slyly, "if you dare."

"Why should I waste my time?" shrugged Bobby.

"Scared?" sneered Blake. "Like your father? The sheriff usually ambushes and captures outlaws, instead of facing 'em in a draw, like a man. Folks say he's a cow—"

"It's a lie!" burst in Bobby angrily. "Dad says only story-book heroes foolishly risk their lives, gunning down badmen. Dad's job is to enforce the law, using common sense, without looking for cheap glory."

"Or to save his own neck?" leered Blake. "Like father like son, they say. You're full of the same excuses. You haven't got the nerve to spend the night at the haunted fort, that's what."

Bobby squared his shoulders. He couldn't back down before the other kids. "All right, I'll show you. Tonight I'll stay at the fort, till dawn."

At supper, when Bobby told his father, the sheriff's jaw tightened. "You have to

to do it, son, to prove you're not yellow. But the ruins are treacherous. Walls crumble unexpectedly. I'll go with you."

As the sun sank, father and son tied their horses and strode into the ruins, spreading weirdly under the rising moon. "It'll be a dull night, son, without any ghosts entertaining us. But we have to stick it out till dawn to prove we're not . . . er . . . cowards."

Hours passed slowly. An eerie howl suddenly froze their blood.

"Only a coyote, Dad," breathed Bobby, settling back.

But was his father's face pale . . . in fear? Or was it just the wan moonlight on his skin?

Later, Bobby dozed. He awoke with a start, at the sound of hoofbeats leaving. "Dad!" yelled Bobby. "Why are you leaving?"

But the sheriff kept galloping, vanishing in the dark. Bobby groaned. His father had been scared away, riding home in panic, leaving his son alone! The stories about his father . . . all true!

Sobbing in shame, Bobby himself stuck it out till dawn. At home, he faced his father. "Oh Dad, why did you run off like a . . . a . . ."

"Coward?" finished the sheriff for him. "Reckon I should turn in my badge, eh? Well, let's go."

Shaw led the way to the jail. There was a prisoner behind bars. "Tim Blake!" gasped Bobby. "But—but why is he in jail?"

"For pulling a slick scheme, son. He told you that ghost story . . . and the rumors about me . . . for a secret reason. I didn't have time to wake you in the ruins, when I remembered about the mine payroll coming in last night. I was so furious at Blake's accusations I plumb forgot about meeting the rider at the fork."

"Gosh, I see," said Bobby. "Blake wanted no interference while he robbed the payroll. But he sure proved one 'legend' entirely false."

Bobby grinned at the man in the cell.

"Why were you so anxious to get my father out of the way . . . if he's a coward?"

Pedro

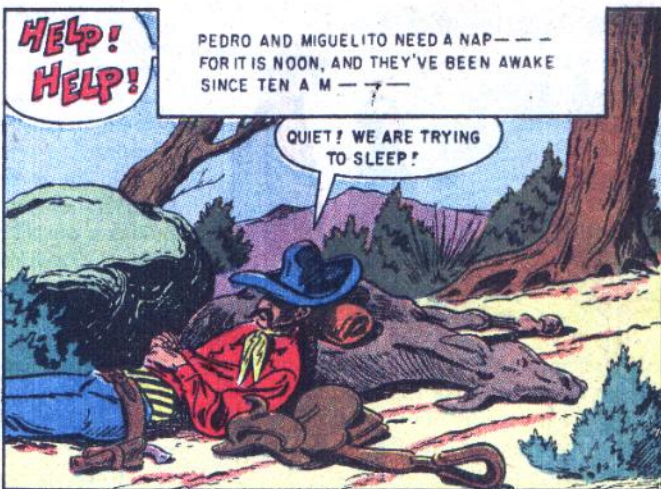
A HAIR-RAISING
ADVENTURE

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**HELP!
HELP!**

PEDRO AND MIGUELITO NEED A NAP — — —
FOR IT IS NOON, AND THEY'VE BEEN AWAKE
SINCE TEN A M — — —

QUIET! WE ARE TRYING
TO SLEEP!



HELP! SAVE
ME! HELP!



**HELP!
HELP! HELP!**

SANTOS! THAT RACKET
WOULD WAKE THE DEAD! I'D
BETTER SAVE HIM OR I'LL
NEVER GET TO SLEEP!

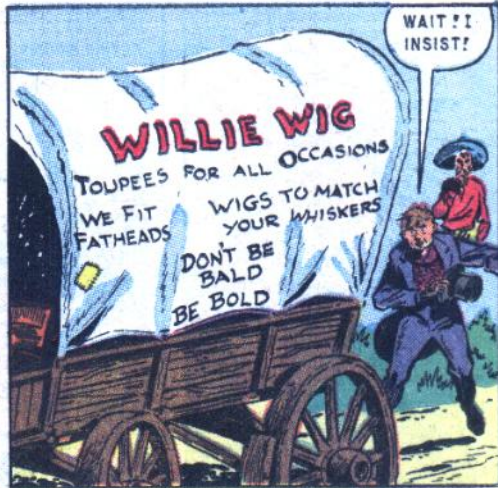
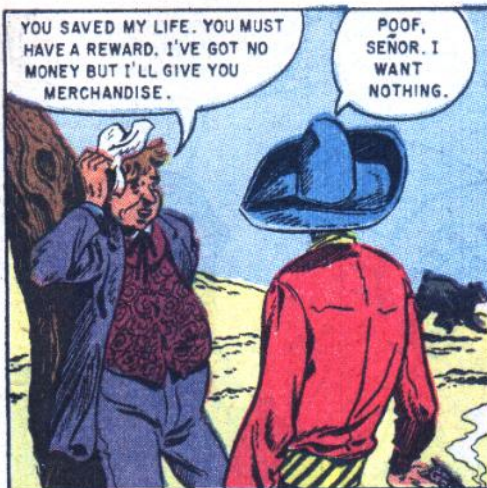


WHAT SEEMS TO BE
THE TROUBLE,
SEÑOR?



OH, I SEE. EL OSO WOULD
DEVOUR YOUR PANTS. IT
IS MOST NAUGHTY OF HIM!
SHOO, BEAR! VAMOOSE!







STOP-UM!

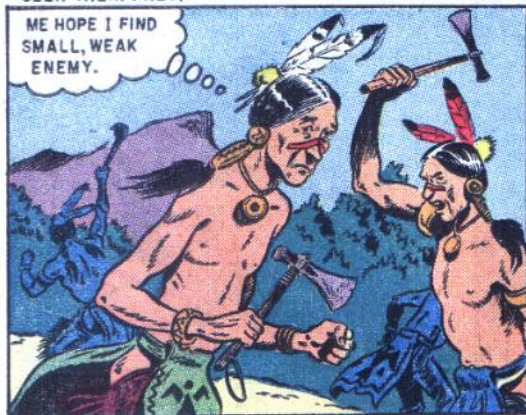


ME CHIEF MANY WINTERS ME
RETIRE SOON!



ME WILL APPOINT NEW CHIEF
HIM BE FIRST BRAVE WHO
BRING BACK SCALP OF ENEMY

WITH WILD SAVAGE HOWLS, THE BRAVES RACE AWAY TO
SEEK THEIR PREY.



ME HOPE I FIND
SMALL, WEAK
ENEMY.

WHILE OTHER BRAVES ARE CHASING DODGERS,
YOUNG YELLOW BIRD HAS A STROKE
OF LUCK.



HIM SLEEP, MAY-
BE ME GET-UM
SCALP WITHOUT
FIGHT!



UGH--- NEVER DO THIS
BEFORE

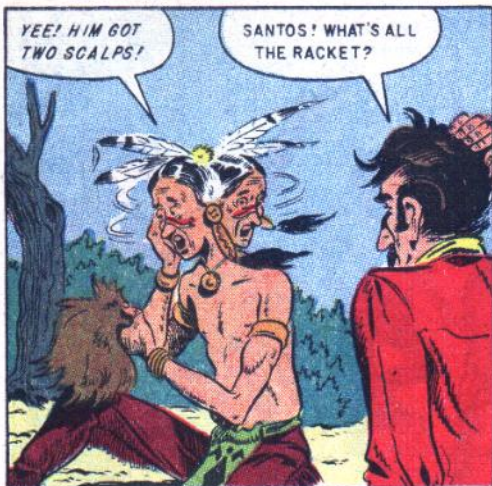
zzzzzzzzzz!



SUDDENLY, A ROARING SNORE! — — —

KAAA-
ZOOOOP!

Yiii!

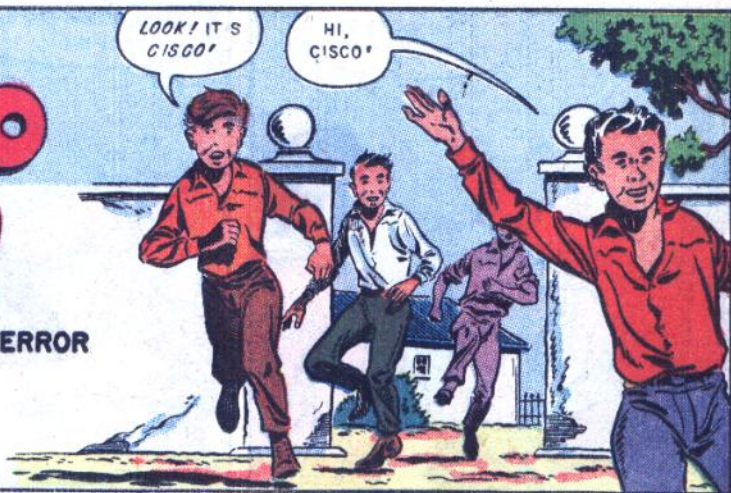


THE CISCO KID

THE TUNNEL OF TERROR

LOOK! IT'S CISCO!

HI, CISCO!

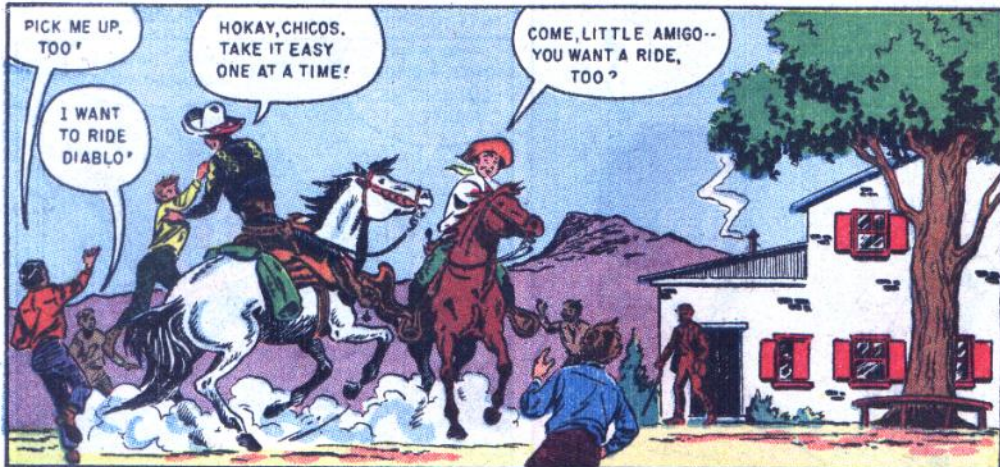


PICK ME UP, TOO!

HOKAY, CHICOS. TAKE IT EASY ONE AT A TIME!

COME, LITTLE AMIGO-- YOU WANT A RIDE, TOO?

I WANT TO RIDE DIABLO!



BUENO, SEÑOR OLDS YOUR CHILDREN ALL SEEM HAPPY AND WELL-FED!

HOWDY, CISCO? YUP, THEY'RE OKAY BUT--- WELL, COULD I PALAVER WITH YOU PRIVATE IN THE OFFICE?

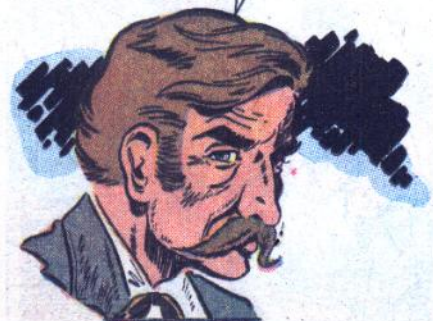


EXCUSE ME, CHICOS PANCHO WILL SHOW YOU A FINE TRICK WHILE I AM GONE!





AS YOU KNOW, MY OLD FRIEND LUCKY LUKE WILLED HIS MINE TO THE ORPHANS. IT WAS TO KEEP THE HOME OPERATING FOR YEARS---BUT THE ORE SEEMS TO BE PETERING OUT.



HIGH-GRADING? STEALING FROM ORPHANS? MADRE MIA, WHOEVER DOES THAT MUST BE THE MEANEST HOMBRE ON EARTH!

UH-HUH! MEAN---BUT CLEVER!



LATER---

WHERE TO, CISCO?

WE VISIT THE LUCKY LUKE MINE AND SEE THE SUPERINTENDENT, AN HOMBRE CALLED BIG T.



SEÑOR BIG T? I AM THE CISCO KID AND THIS IS MY COMPAÑERO, PANCHO!

HOWDY! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



CISCO EXPLAINS ...

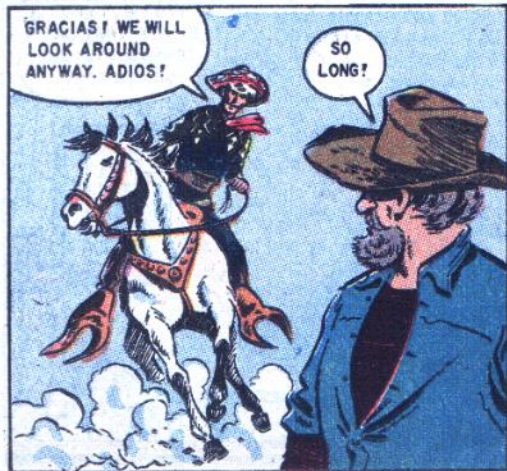
AND SEÑOR OLDS THINKS SOMEBODY MAY BE STEALING THE GOOD ORE!

'TAIN'T POSSIBLE! WE GOT A WATCHMAN ON DUTY AT ALL TIMES.



GRACIAS! WE WILL LOOK AROUND ANYWAY. ADIOS!

SO LONG!



THAT'S NOT GOOD. THEIR SNOOPING COULD RUIN OUR SETUP!

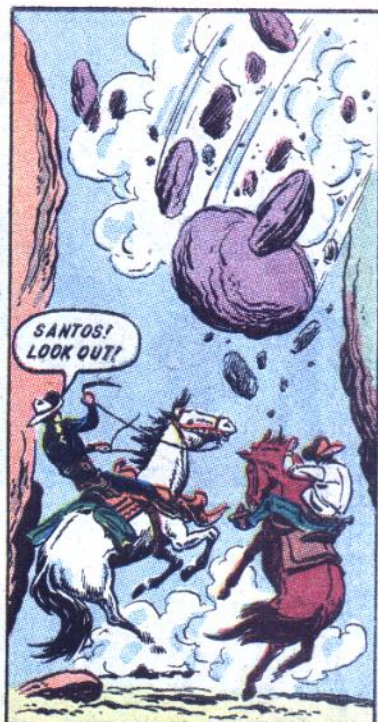
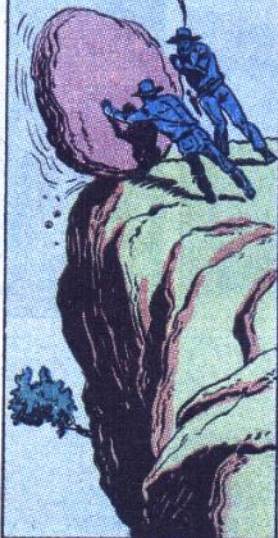
DON'T WORRY, LEFTY. THEY WON'T SNOOP LONG!





ABOVE..

THERE THEY ARE!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!



SANTOS!
LOOK OUT!

MADRE MIA!
WE ARE ALMOST
KILLED BY AN
ACCIDENTAL
ACCIDENT!

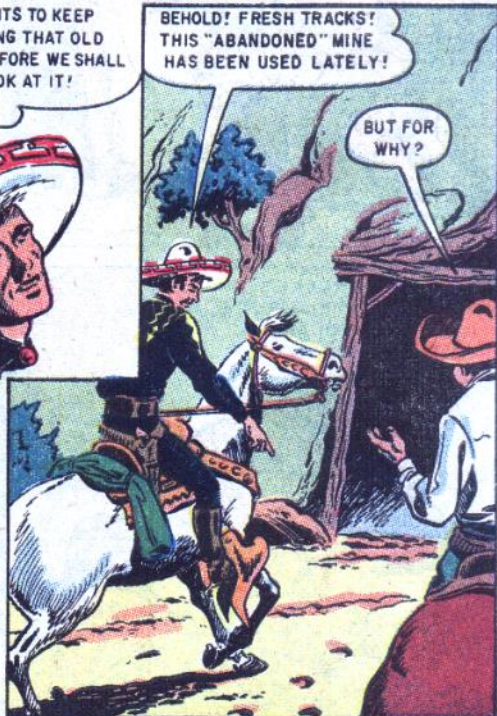
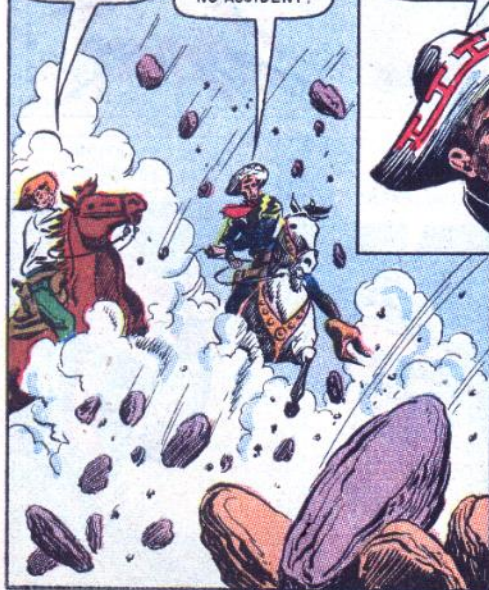
THAT WAS
NO ACCIDENT!

SOMEBODY WANTS TO KEEP
US FROM SEEING THAT OLD
SHAFT. THEREFORE WE SHALL
CERTAINLY LOOK AT IT!
COME ON!



BEHOLD! FRESH TRACKS!
THIS "ABANDONED" MINE
HAS BEEN USED LATELY!

BUT FOR
WHY?





I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE ROBBERS TUNNELED FROM THIS OLD SHAFT INTO THE LUCKY LUKE MINE!

OH, OH! AND THEN THEY TAKE THE GOLD AWAY FROM HERE ON PACK MULES, NO?

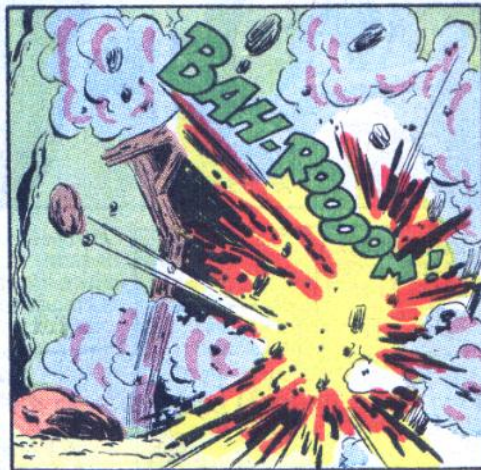


HERE'S A LANTERN!
LET'S EXPLORE!



THEY'VE GOT IN
THEY'LL LEARN OUR
SECRET!

BUT THEY WON'T
LIVE TO TELL IT!



THAT'S BLOCKED UP GOOD! NOW
WE'LL CLOSE THE HOLE IN THE
LUCKY LUKE AND THEY'LL
ROT AFORE THEY GET OUT!

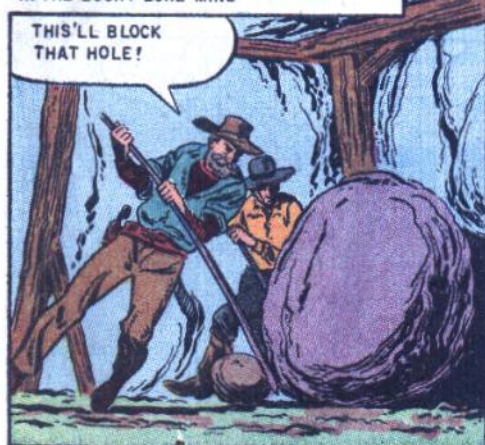


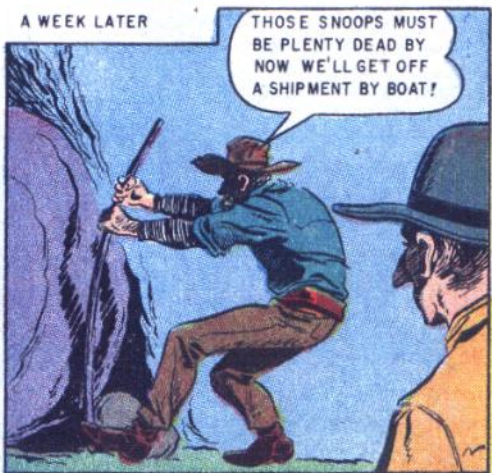
SANTOS, WAS
THAT AN
EARTHQUAKER?

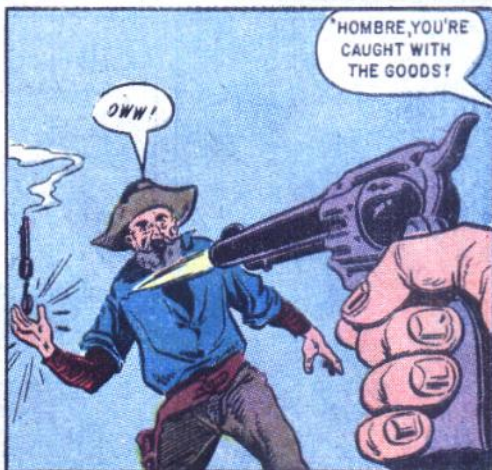
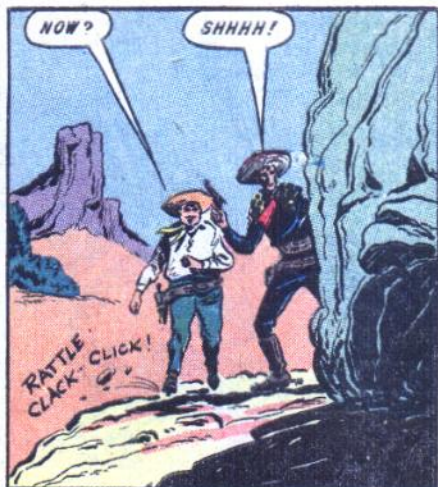
NO. BUT SOMETHING
JUST AS BAD FOR US!



IN THE LUCKY LUKE MINE — — —



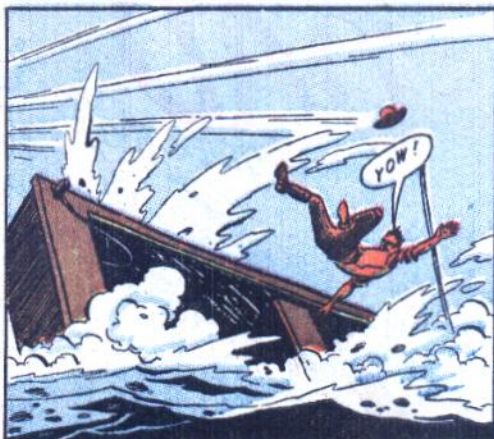




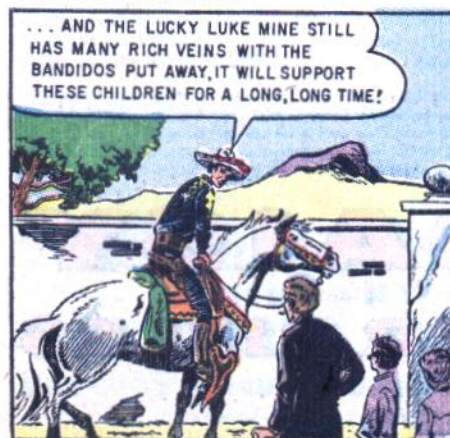




A BLAST OF AIR FROM THE EXPLOSION SWAMPS THE BOAT!



AND SHORTLY AFTERWARD



DAD

(MOTHER, TOO)



National Rifle Association Medal



Boy Scouts of America Merit Badge

Free 32-PAGE GUN BOOK • 20-PAGE CLUB BROCHURE • CATALOG



MAIL COUPON NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Safety Training Dept. P-637
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Send Gun Book, Club Brochure, Catalog postpaid.
My ☐ son or ☐ daughter asked me to read this ad.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Man ☐ Woman. Write group name below
(if for any organization)

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It's easy and fun to train juniors with a famous Daisy because: (1) the official NRA spring-type range is only 15 feet—shorter than your auto; a garage or 20' room will do; (2) store cartons filled up with old magazines make a safe backdrop; (3) a Daisy costs as little as \$5.95; (4) ammunition costs only 5¢ for about 125 shots.

GUN BOOK: Gun Section pictures America's most famous historical rifles and pistols each described by gun collector authority. Also explains how a Daisy works. Lists NRA Qualification Course for BB guns, shows NRA BB gun medals!

CLUB BROCHURE: Big 20-page Book tells how to organize, conduct a junior air rifle club; explains how parents, children, communities benefit from this popular new 15 foot spring-type air rifle marksmanship program. Write now!

IMPORTANT! Because Daisys are often confused with other type air rifles, we emphasize: Daisy is **NOT** a high-power pneumatic, gas, pellet or compressed air gun. It cannot be "pumped up" to increase power. It has always been a spring-action, short range, low power, low-priced BB gun—best for training boys and girls seven through fourteen.

DAISY

TRAINING AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

DEPT. P-637, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

SINCE 1888—HEADQUARTERS FOR JUVENILE GUNS, EQUIPMENT



Summer FUN

Summertime is *Daisytime*. Get a Daisy — get in on the fun! Ask Dad to teach you proper gun handling and marksmanship *this summer* with the safer Daisy spring-type BB Rifle!

HOW TO GET YOUR DAISY FASTER

See Daisy ad at left? Tear it out now, hand it to your Dad after supper; ask him to please read it!



FREE!

Complete Daisy Catalog!



MAIL NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. A-637, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

Please send Complete Daisy Catalog postpaid.

My Dad ☐ or Mom ☐ Did ☐ or Did Not ☐

Read the Other Daisy Ad on Opposite Page

Name

Street and No.

City Zone State

NO. 94: If you like western guns, you'll pick Daisy's Red Ryder* Cowboy Carbine, 1000-shot style; carbine ring, leather butt boot. **\$895**

NO. 25: This gleaming, gold-filled "engraved" Daisy Pump Gun will thrill you! Famous force-feed 50-shot repeater. Comes with special new screw-driver for taking gun apart in 2 pieces for vacation travel! Full oval stock. **\$995**

NO. 98: You'll be the proudest person in town with the Daisy Eagle! Looks like Dad's hunting rifle with real 2X Scope mounted and heavy top grain leather sling. 1000-shot style. **\$1395**

NO. 1094: Or choose this Cowboy Shootin' Set; canteen, belt, holster, 1000-shot style air rifle. **\$995**

SHOOTERS: You get more BBs for your money in Daisy BB Pack!

PRICES HIGHER CANADA. PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITH-
OUT NOTICE. NO DIRECT ORDERS ACCEPTED FROM CANADA.

WHERE TO BUY DAISYS: At hardware, sports goods or department stores. If your dealer is out of stock, send number of model you want (with remittance, name, address); we'll ship postpaid.

* & C LICENSED BY RED RYDER ENTERPRISES, INC., N.Y.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. A-637, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

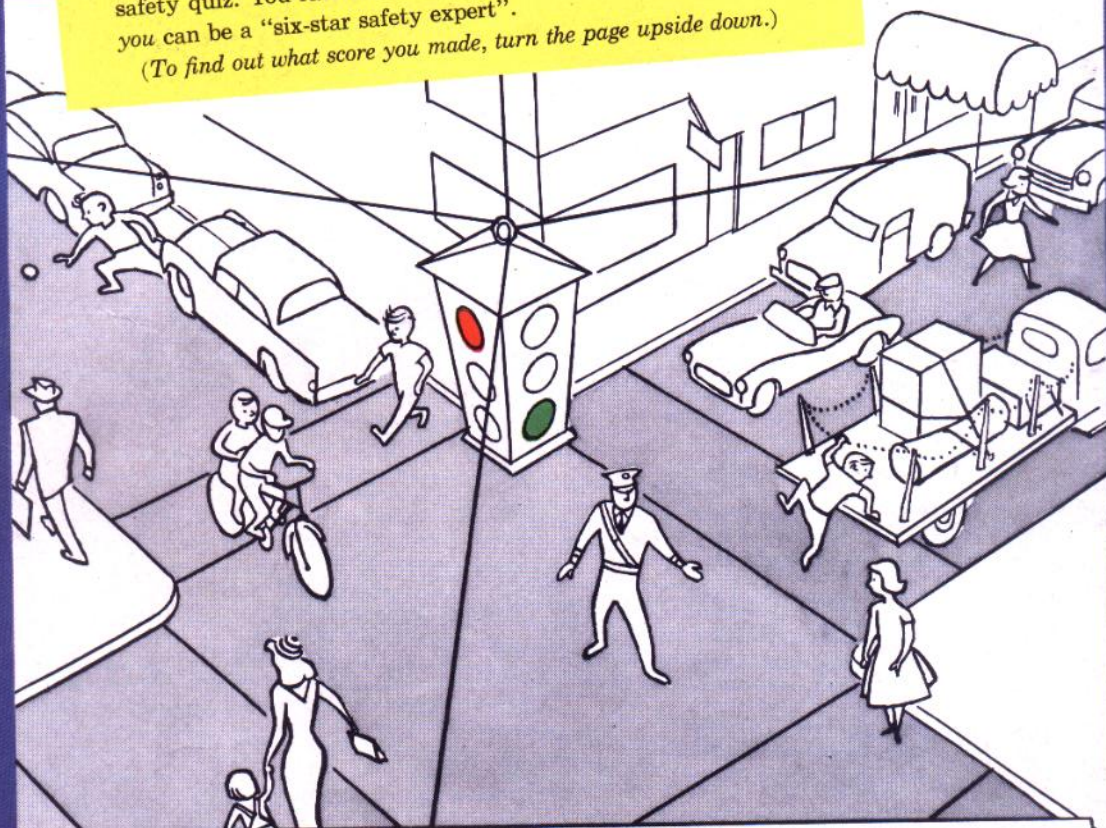
JUICY FRUIT GUM *Safety Quiz*

Have Some Fun!

See if you can tell
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE

Pick out the mistakes and see how many stars you rate in the safety quiz. You rate one star for each mistake you find. See if you can be a "six-star safety expert".

(To find out what score you made, turn the page upside down.)



Chew swell-tasting JUICY FRUIT GUM after every meal! Tell Mom how the good, natural chewing helps keep your teeth clean. Ask her to get a few packages so you can always have a pack handy.

HERE'S A SMART, SAFE IDEA!

ANSWERS: Boy crossing against light • Boys riding double on bike • Boy hitching ride on back of truck • Girl jaywalk- ing • Boy chasing ball into street • Girl waiting off curb for light to change.

