

DELL

OCT. - DEC.

Robin Hood of the West

10¢

THE CISCO KID

BEWARE...

**"Cass
Rankin's
Revenge!"**



Hey, pardners!

Wear the jeans of cowboy champions—

BLUE BELL WRANGLERS

says JIM SHOULDERS, the New World's Champion All-Around Cowboy

IT TAKES REAL SKILL AND COURAGE TO BECOME A RODEO CHAMPION! JIM SHOULDERS' SPECIALTY... RIDING WILD BULLS!

RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!

COME ON, JIM!

CONGRATULATIONS, JIM! THAT WAS A MIGHTY ROUGH RIDE!

IT SURE WAS. AND SPEAKING OF ROUGH RIDING, THESE WRANGLERS SURE CAN TAKE IT! THEY'RE TOUGH. FIT GOOD, TOO.

SURE DO! EVERYBODY IN OUR FAMILY WEARS WRANGLERS. THEY COME IN SO MANY SIZES.

YEP... JUST LIKE COWBOYS!

MOM LIKES 'EM 'CAUSE THEY'RE SANFORIZED. SAYS THEY'RE SO EASY TO WASH.

...AND THEY'RE FULLY GUARANTEED, TOO!

6 out of 7 World's Champion All-Around cowboys prefer Blue Bell Wrangler jeans, jackets and shirts



BUCK RUTHERFORD
1954



HARRY TOMPKINS
1952



BILL LINDERMAN
1953



TODD WHATLEY
1947



GERALD ROBERTS
1948

Ask your mom to get you Wrangler jeans at her favorite store! Boys' sizes in regular or faded blue denim: 4-12, \$2.98; 13-16, \$3.49; Girls' Wrangler Jeans or Frontier Pants, sizes 7-14, \$2.98

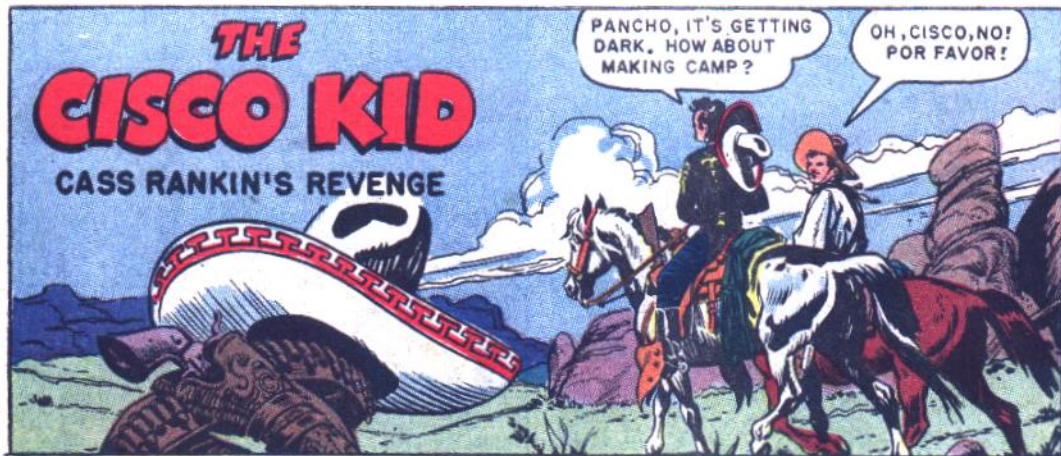
All Blue Bell Wranglers carry our famous Qualitag--your unconditional guarantee of satisfaction.

BLUE BELL

®

THE CISCO KID

CASS RANKIN'S REVENGE



PANCHO, IT'S GETTING DARK. HOW ABOUT MAKING CAMP?

OH, CISCO, NO! POR FAVOR!



WE HAVE FEW FOODS AND PANCHO IS SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT TWO DOZEN STRANGLER EGGS!

HOKAY, AMIGO. WE'LL PUSH ON!



BEHOLD, AMIGO! A VILLAGE --- FOOD!

WAIT!



OH, NO! I AM SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A HOUSE! WHY SHOULD PANCHO WAIT?



BECAUSE THAT IS A GHOST TOWN!

C.K.#37-5710

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

GHOST TOWN? YOU MEAN THAT PLACE IS FULL OF SPOOKERS?

NO, CHICO. I ONLY MEAN THAT...

A MID THE NEGLECTED, TUMBLE-DOWN BUILDINGS, A COYOTE HOWLS.

0000-AH-EFFO

AND PERCHED ON A DEAD TREE IN COURTHOUSE SQUARE, AN OWL MAKES A MOURNFUL SOUND.

HOOOOOOOO!
HOOOOO!

0000 AH EOOOO!

CISCO!
VAMOS! THE SPOOKERS ARE AFTER US!

HOOOO
HOOOO

AMIGO! WAIT! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS --- ONLY AN OWL AND A COYOTE! WAIT!

HEH, HEH! LUCKY THEY TURNED ASIDE OR THERE'D BE TWO MORE TO ADD TO THIS DEAD TOWN! HEH-HEH!



THANKS. YEP, I'M DOIN' THIS MYSELF. 'COURSE, I'VE GOT SIX HELPERS HERE IN THE SHOP DAY-TIMES. NOT A BIG BUSINESS, BUT WE ALL MAKE A LIVIN'.



YEARS AGO A WILD BRONC THREW ME AND CRUSHED MY LEG. I KNEW MY COWPUNCHING DAYS WERE OVER.

THAT WAS BAD LUCK, SEÑOR FRED.



COULD BE WORSE. MIGHT'VE KILT ME! ANYWAY I LEARNED MYSELF HOW TO MAKE THINGS OUT OF RAWHIDE AND LEATHER AND IF BUSINESS KEEPS GOOD FOR ANOTHER MONTH I'LL HAVE ALL MY DEBTS PAID UP, FREE AND CLEAR!



UNSEEN BY CISCO AND FRED, A FACE APPEARS AT THE WINDOW.



HOW ABOUT IT, CASS? DO WE MOVE IN?

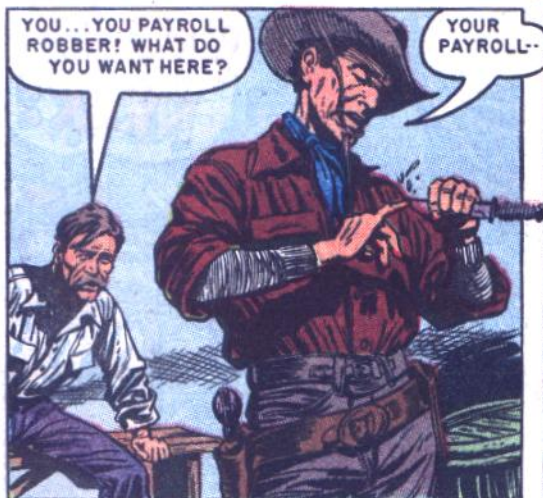


THERE'S A COUPLE OF GENTS IN THERE WITH HIM. WE'LL WAIT 'TILL THEY LEAVE!

ONLY TWO? WE CAN HANDLE THEM!









OH-O-O-O! PANCHO DREAMS THAT I AM ONE OF SEÑOR FRED'S SADDLES, AND SOME HOMBRE STICKS ME WITH A KNIFE!

PANCHO, PANCHO! WILL YOU NEVER LEARN THAT EATING TOO MUCH CAUSES NIGHTMARES?

MADRE MIA! I HAVE TOLD MY DREAM BEFORE BREAKFAST. THAT MEANS SHE WILL COME TRUE!

HO, PANCHO! ANY SADDLE YOU TURNED INTO WOULD HAVE TO BE BIG ENOUGH FOR AN ELEPHANT!

SUNRISE ----

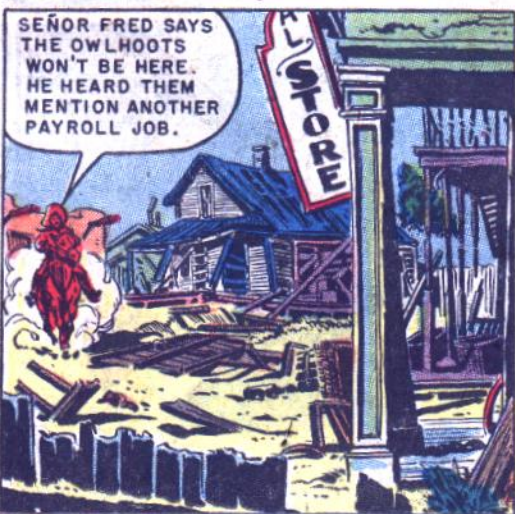
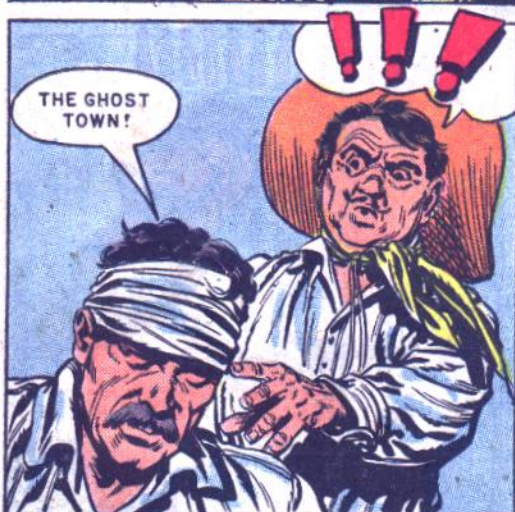
PANCHO'S GONE
--- AND HERE'S
A NOTE!

Cisco
I cannot sleep I am
too worried about
my dream. I will
go to Señor Fred's
and find out if
all is well. Meet
you for breakfast.
Pancho

POOR PANCHO! HE IS TOO SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT HIS NIGHTMARES!

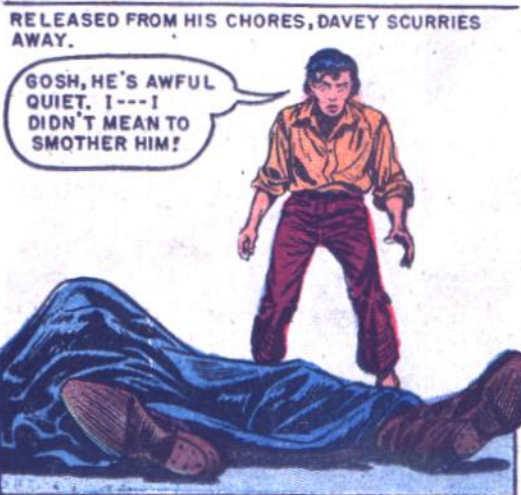
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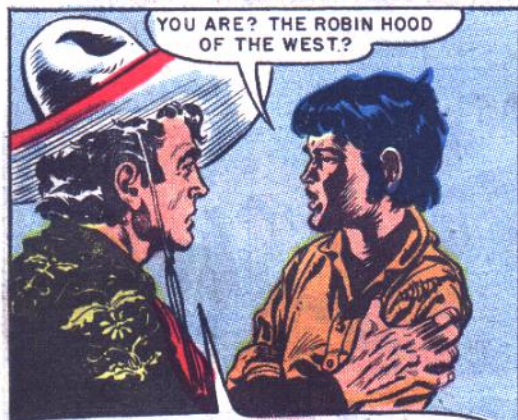
SANTOS!



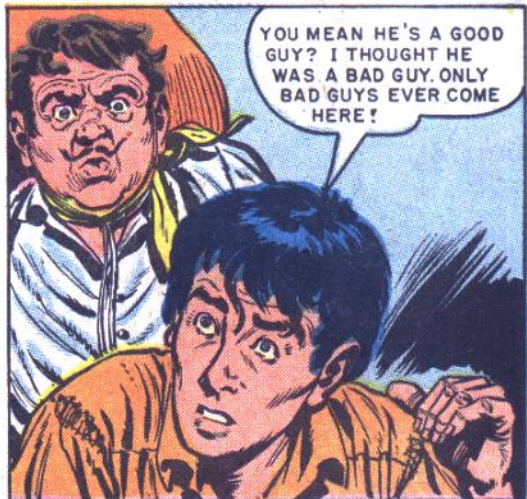


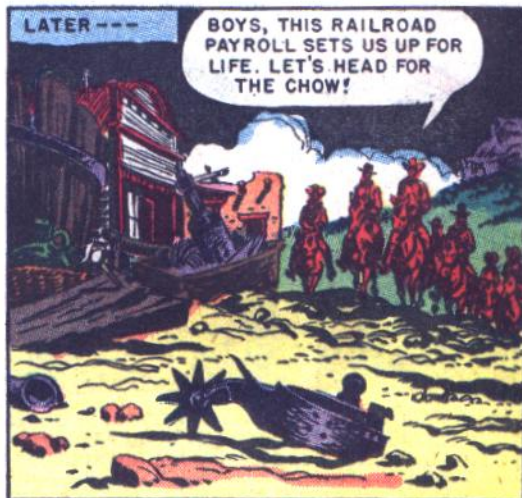




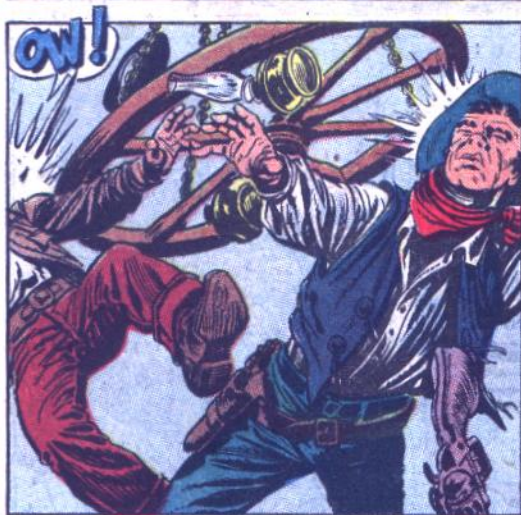


SOME CALL ME THAT. AND WHO ARE YOU? AND WHY DO YOU PLAY TRICKS ON MY GOOD PANCHO? I FOLLOWED HIM HERE AND FOUND HIM TIED UP!











The Last Bullet



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Pete Calhoun stumbled through the sticky heat of the scrub land near the border desert. Everything had gone wrong during this prospecting trip. He had lost his horse to a rattler back in the hills. On the trek back, a mountain cat had sneaked away his last supply of jerked beef one night. The next night he had used up all his bullets, except one, to drive away a pack of hungry coyotes that were stalking him.

On top of it all, Pete had found no gold. He would be lucky to get back to Mesquite Junction alive . . . if he didn't starve first. The few berries he found barely sustained life.

"One bullet left," thought Pete bitterly. "Only thing between me and starvation. Got to bag some game to eat."

But for three days he had found nothing within range, not even an iguana. Hunger pains gnawed within, growing hourly. Suddenly, Pete's heart leaped as he heard the whinny of a horse coming around a boulder. Had he stumbled on a rider, who could feed him and ride him to town?

Pete's heart sank, as he saw the unsaddled horse that came limping into sight, whinnying in terror. A shaggy coyote was slinking behind it, waiting for the kill. A stray horse, lost from some ranch. And limping too badly to ever carry a rider.

Pete groaned. Bad luck again.

Suddenly the coyote leaped for the exhausted horse. Pete whipped out his gun

but hesitated, thoughts whirling. Why waste his single bullet? The wounded horse was useless to him. Let the coyote finish him off, what did it matter?

But Pete had always been a lover of horses. His pity aroused, he fired at the coyote, missing but kicking sand in its eyes. Howling, the varmint scuttled away.

The horse sank exhausted. Pete checked his leg. A bad sprain. It would never bear a man's weight for days. Pete shared the last of his canteen water with the animal, then built a fire for the night to ward off varmint attacks.

"I waste my last bullet to save him," muttered Pete in disgust at his soft-heartedness. "Then I split my last water with him—just to make sure I'll die—of thirst or starvation!"

Waking at dawn, weak with hunger and thirst, Pete wondered if he would last the day. Suddenly, he squinted at the horse's hooves as it lay on its side. Bright yellow flecks were embedded in the bottom of one hoof.

Gold! Somewhere, the pinto had walked through a stream loaded with gold dust and just waiting to be panned! And that meant water too!

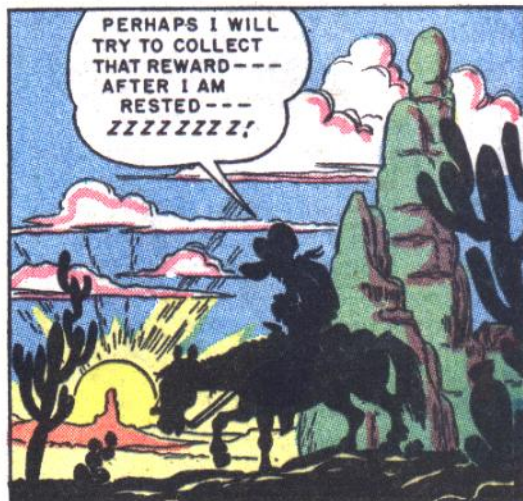
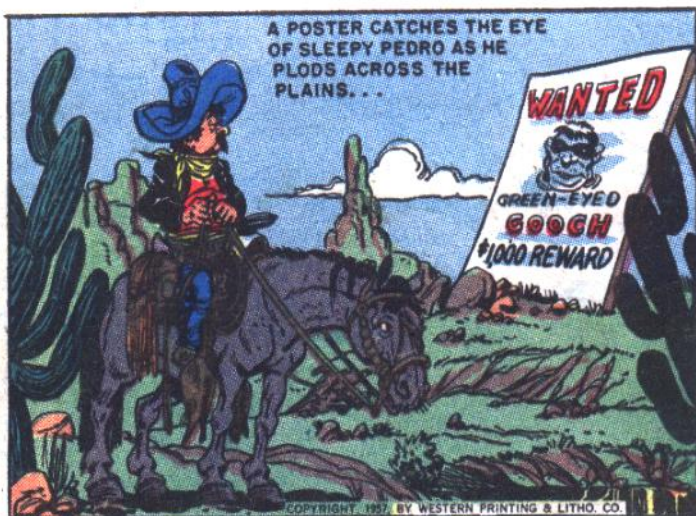
Excitedly, Pete back-tracked the trail made by the horse yesterday. The animal got up and limped along, as Pete followed the trail through an arroyo, and finally to a shallow stream. As Pete flung himself down to drink greedily, he saw the gold dust gleaming in the river bed.

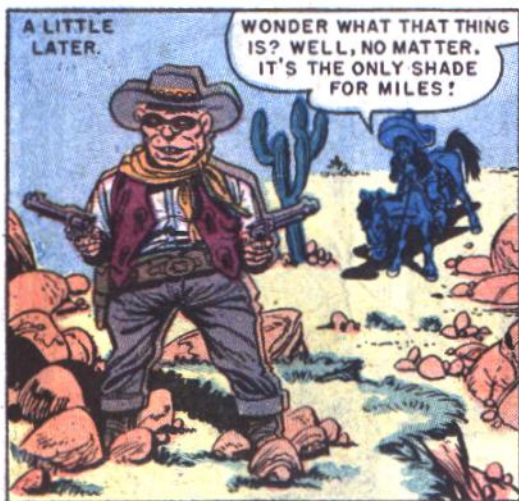
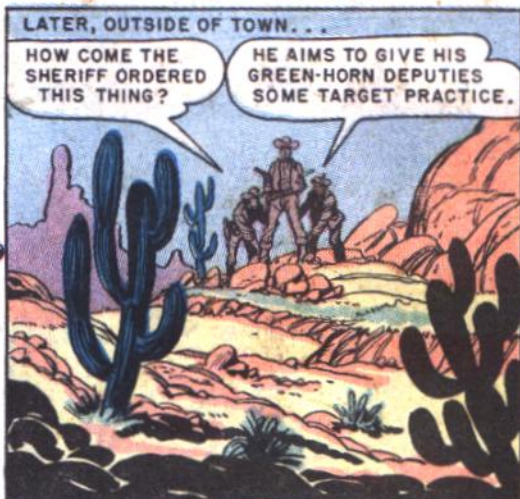
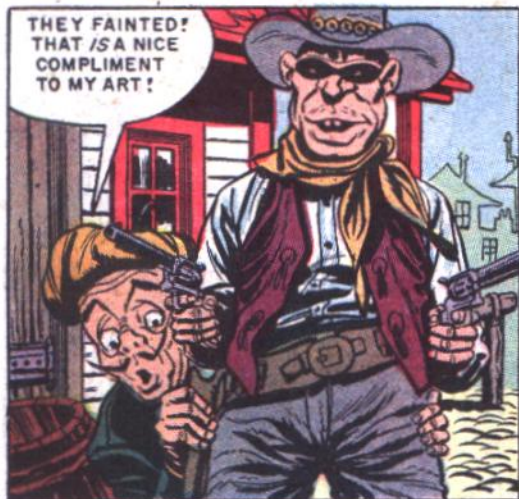
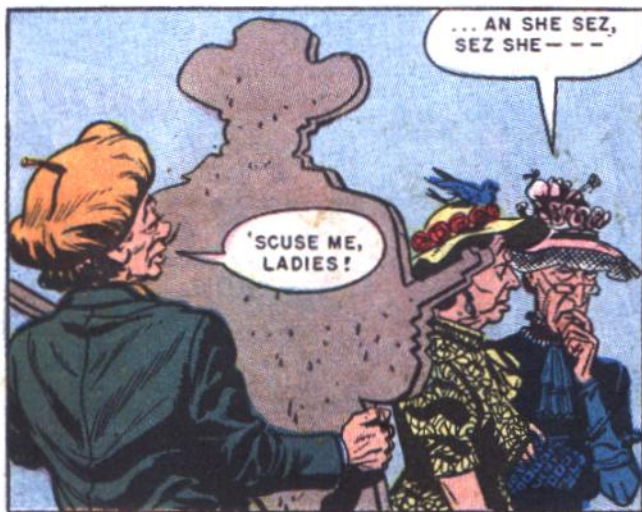
A gold strike! But then Pete groaned. Unable to ride the limping horse, he'd never reach town to stake his claim. It was the most ironic bad luck a man could have.

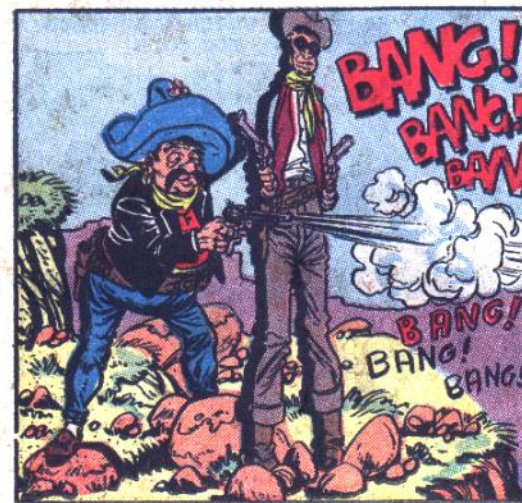
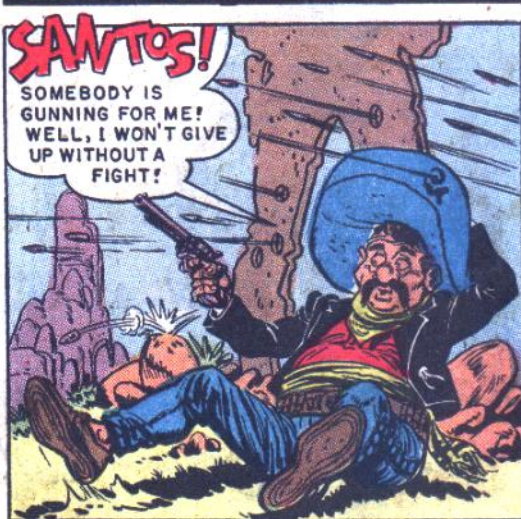
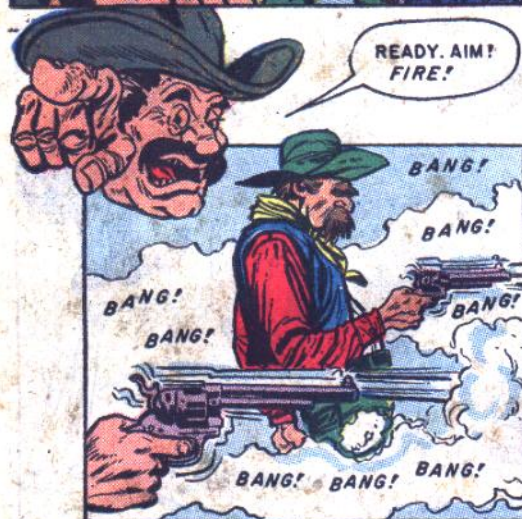
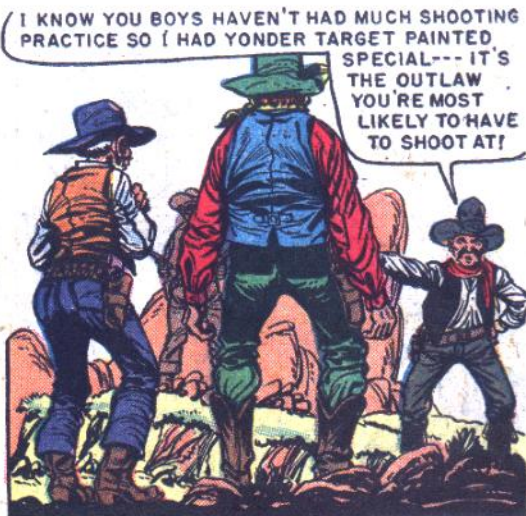
Suddenly, the pinto raised its head, listening, then whinnied eagerly. In the distance, Pete heard drumbeat galloping. Two men came riding up. "Look, there's Star, the prize horse of our ranch. Been trailing him for days. Who are you, stranger?"

"Just a . . . uh . . . friend of the horse," mumbled Pete thankfully. "And glad of it. He brought me rescue and a gold strike, all for the price of one lead bullet . . . and some kindness."

PEDRO









THE CISCO KID

THE TELL-TALE TEETH

IN TERRITORY PRISON...

COME ON, BLACKIE DAWSON.
IT'S YOUR TURN WITH THE
DENTIST.

WELL, YOUNG MAN...
GOTA TOOTHACHE?

NOT
EXACTLY,
DOC. COUPLE
OF LOOSE
FILLINGS
OR
SOMETHING.

THIS AIN'T MUCH OF A
WEAPON BUT AT LEAST
IT'S SMALL ENOUGH FOR
ME TO HIDE!

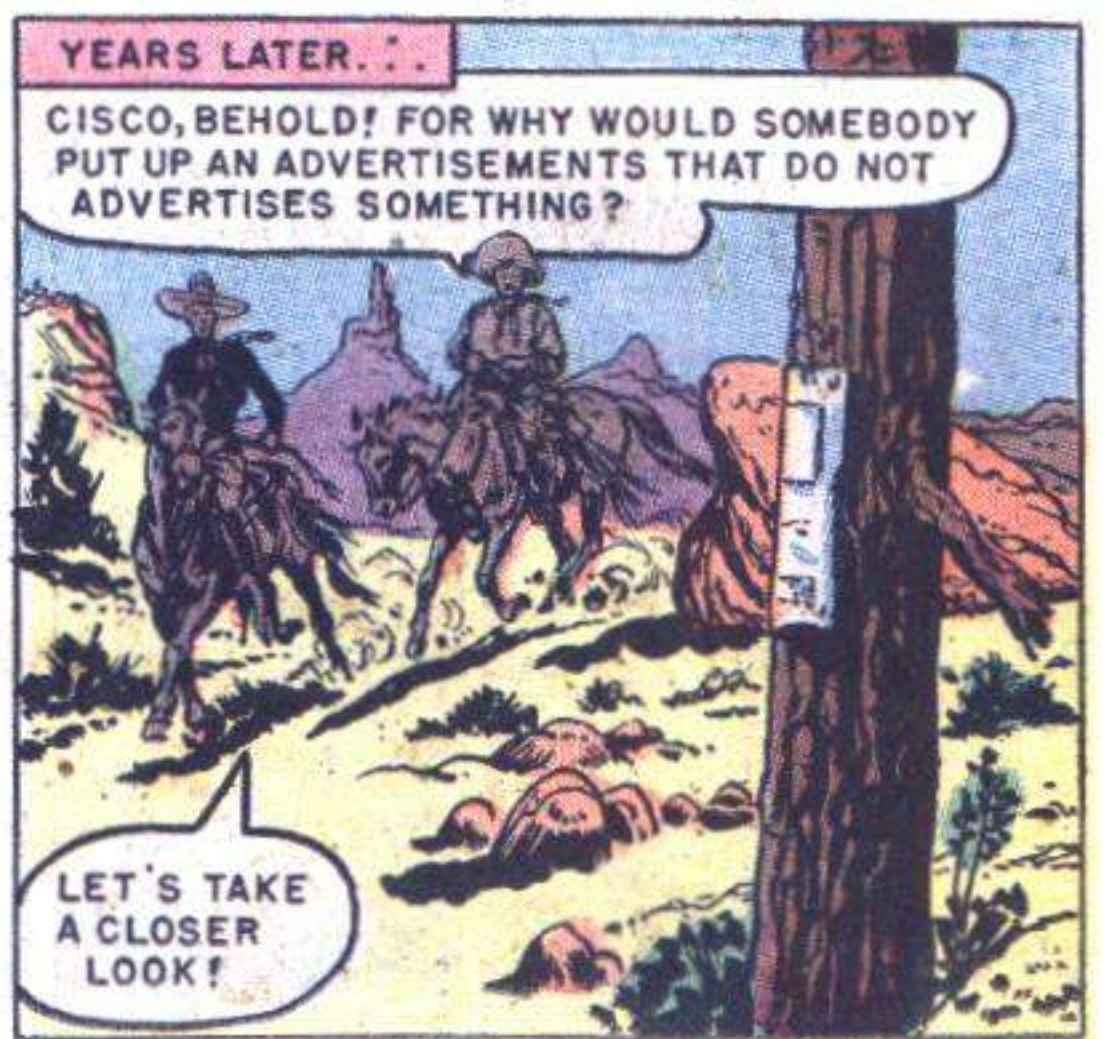
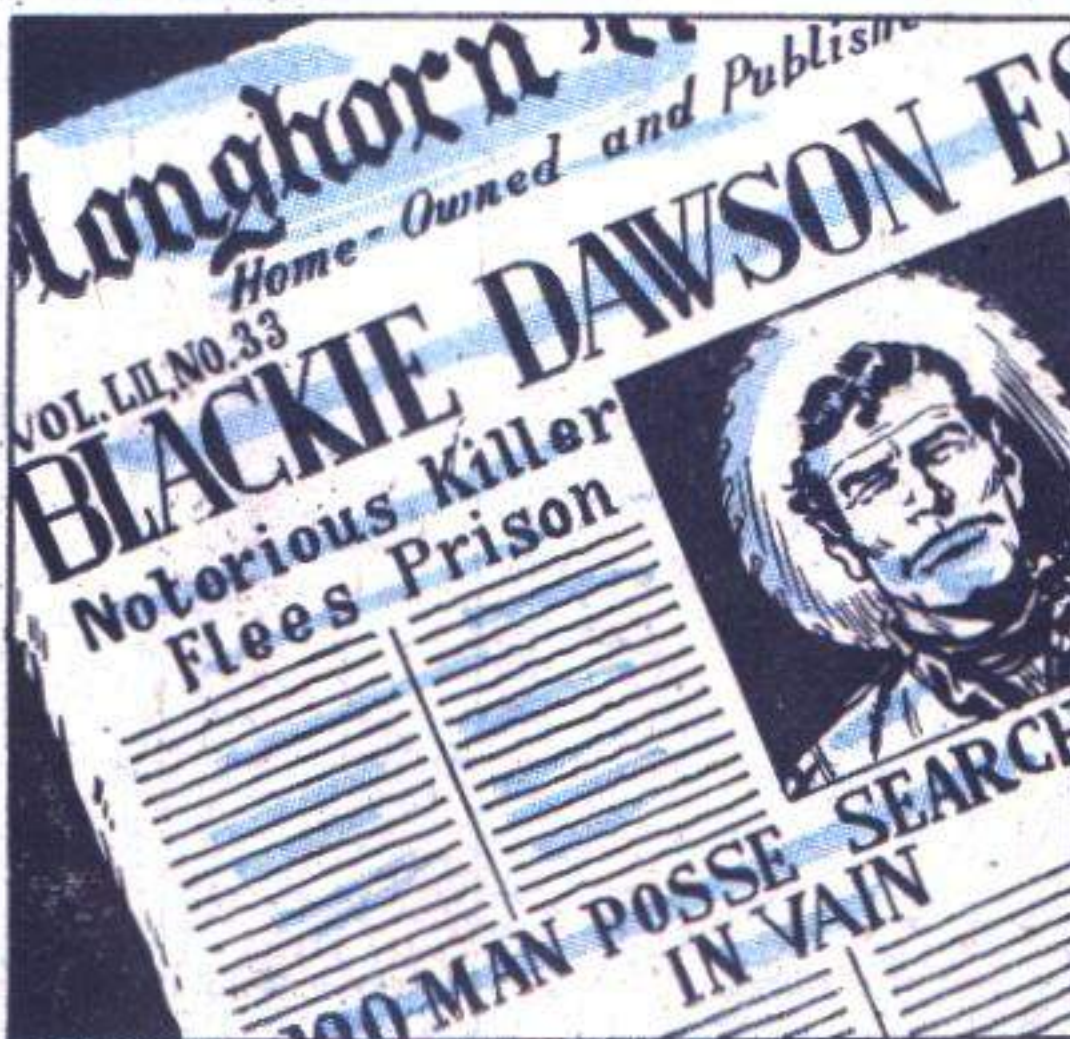
HMMMM!
HMMMM!

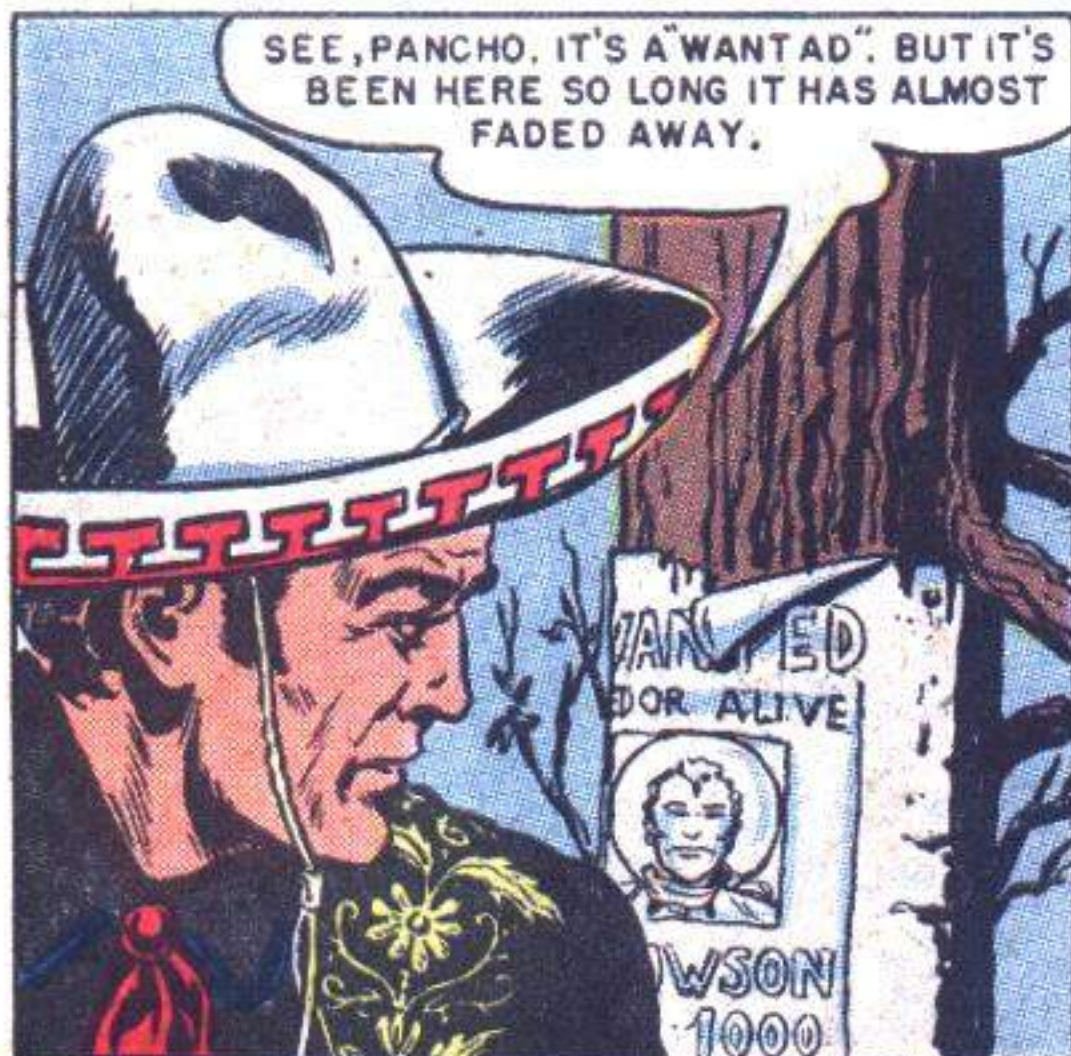
THAT NIGHT ---

GUARD!
GUARD!

I'M BLEEDING TO DEATH
--- WHERE THAT
TOOTH GOT PULLED?

LET'S SEE.



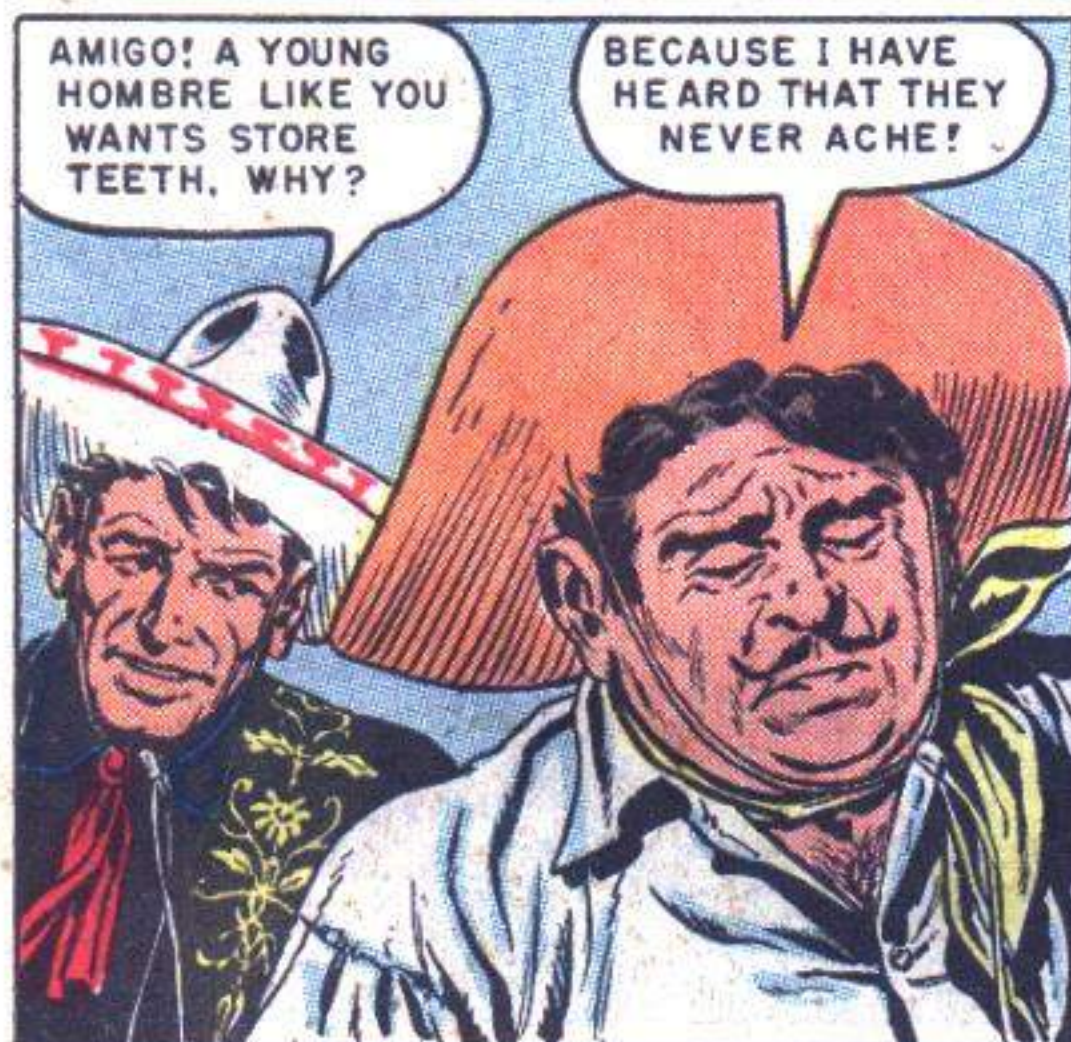


SEE, PANCHO. IT'S A "WANTED". BUT IT'S BEEN HERE SO LONG IT HAS ALMOST FADED AWAY.



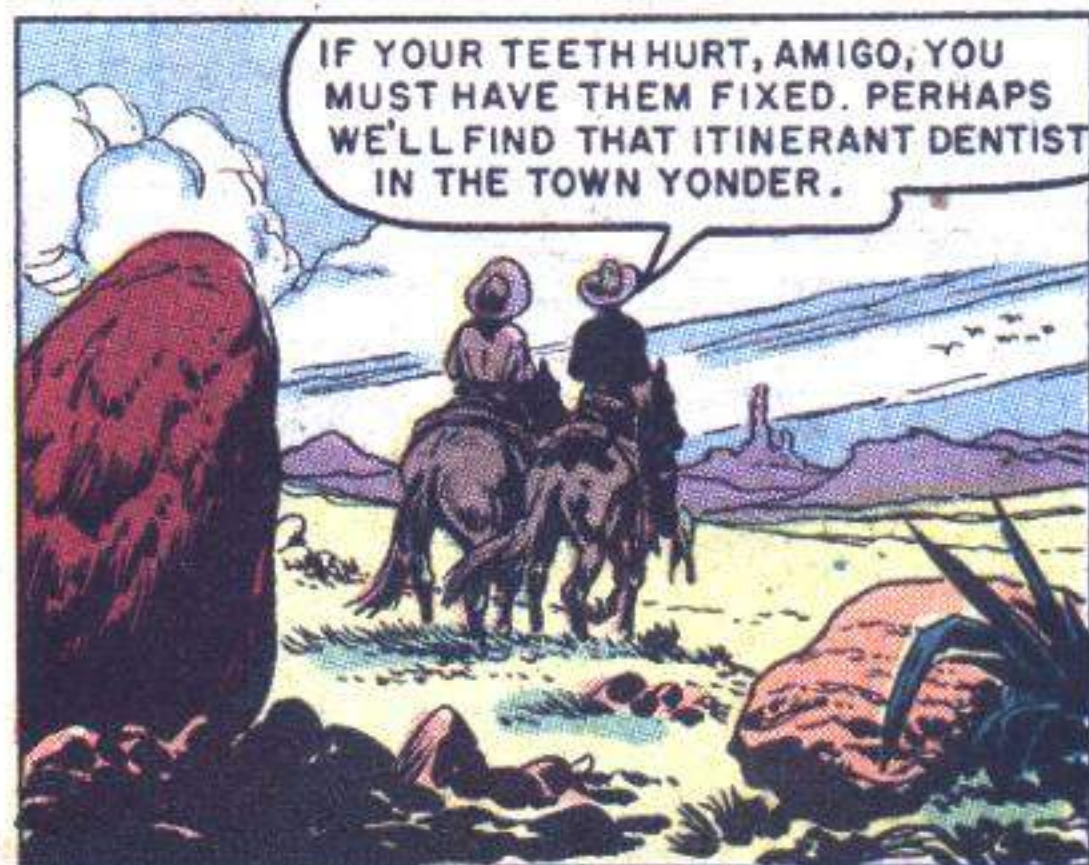
AND BLACKIE DAWSON FADED AWAY, TOO. NOBODY EVER COLLECTED THAT REWARD.

IF PANCHO HAD THAT REWARD I WOULD BUY ME A WHOLE SET OF TEETH!



AMIGO! A YOUNG HOMBRE LIKE YOU WANTS STORE TEETH. WHY?

BECAUSE I HAVE HEARD THAT THEY NEVER ACHES!



IF YOUR TEETH HURT, AMIGO, YOU MUST HAVE THEM FIXED. PERHAPS WE'LL FIND THAT ITINERANT DENTIST IN THE TOWN YONDER.



CISCO'S GUESS IS GOOD...

RECKON 'TIS NOBODY'S SQUAWKED YET!

IS THAT SO ABOUT "NO PAIN"?

THAT DOC KNOWS HIS BUSINESS!

AN' HE DON'T CHARGE TOO MUCH, EITHER!

NO PAIN NORTON DENTIST



THERE YOU ARE, SONNY. THAT SHOULDN'T HURT AGAIN?

GOSH, YOU ARE A SWELL TOOTH-DOC!



DOCTOR, YOU'VE TREATED ALL MY CHILDREN. HOW MUCH DO I OWE?

TUT!



THERE'S NO CHARGE. I ALWAYS DO KIDS FOR FREE!



DON'T SEE HOW YOU MAKE A LIVING, DOC? IF YOU TREAT ALL KIDS FREE!

I DON'T REALLY!

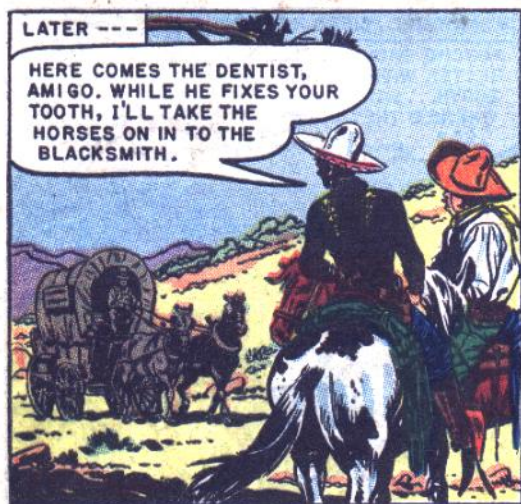
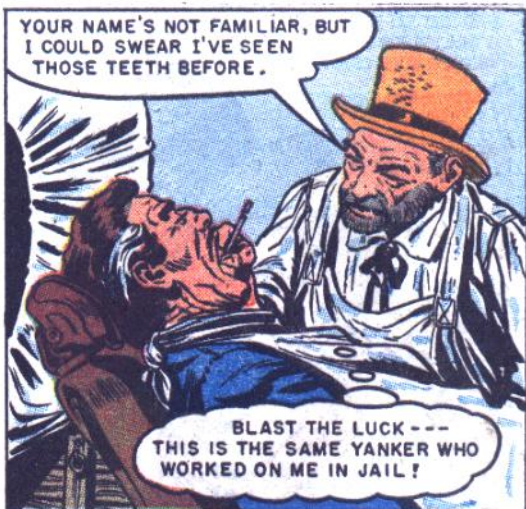


I JUST TOLD HER THAT SO SHE WOULDN'T BE EMBARRASSED. SHE'S A ROOR WIDOW. IT'S ALL SHE CAN DO TO FEED AND CLOTHE THOSE YOUNGSTERS!



WHAT SEEMS TO BE YOUR TROUBLE, MISTER---UH--?

MY NAME'S STEVE POTTER. BUSTED OFF A FILLING OR SOMETHING BACK THERE!



GAG 'EM SO THEY CAN'T
YELL. THEN HIDE 'EM
UNDER THE CANVAS.

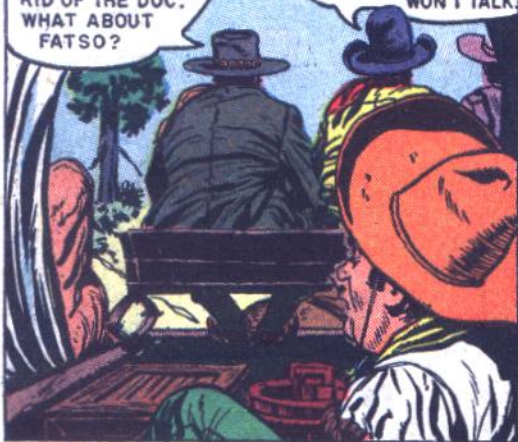


IF WE RUN THIS WAGON OFF THE ROAD
INTO DEAD MAN'S GORGE, EVERYBODY 'LL
THINK IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.



THE BOSS IS ONLY
PAYING US TO GET
RID OF THE DOC.
WHAT ABOUT
FATSO?

WE THROW HIM IN
FREE ---SO HE
WON'T TALK.

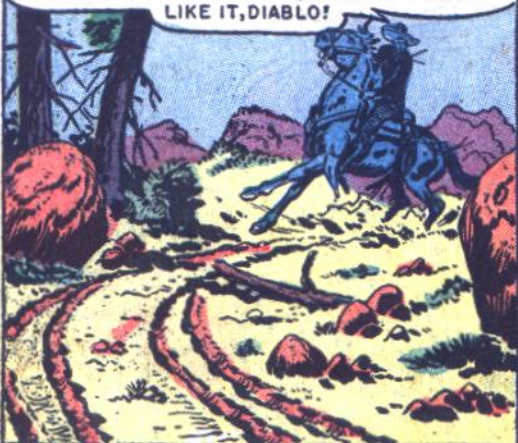


MEANWHILE, CISCO RETURNS---

PANCHO SHOULD FEEL
BETTER WITHOUT THAT
TOOTH... SANTOS!
WHERE'D THEY
GO?



HOOFPRINTS... THREE RIDERS STOPPED HERE..
THEN THEY RODE OFF IN THE WAGON. I DON'T
LIKE IT, DIABLO!



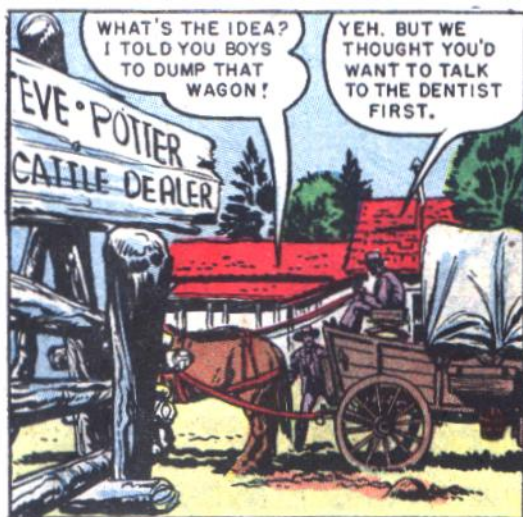
DIG, DIABLO! WE'VE GOT TO FIND PANCHO
AND THE DENTIST--- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!











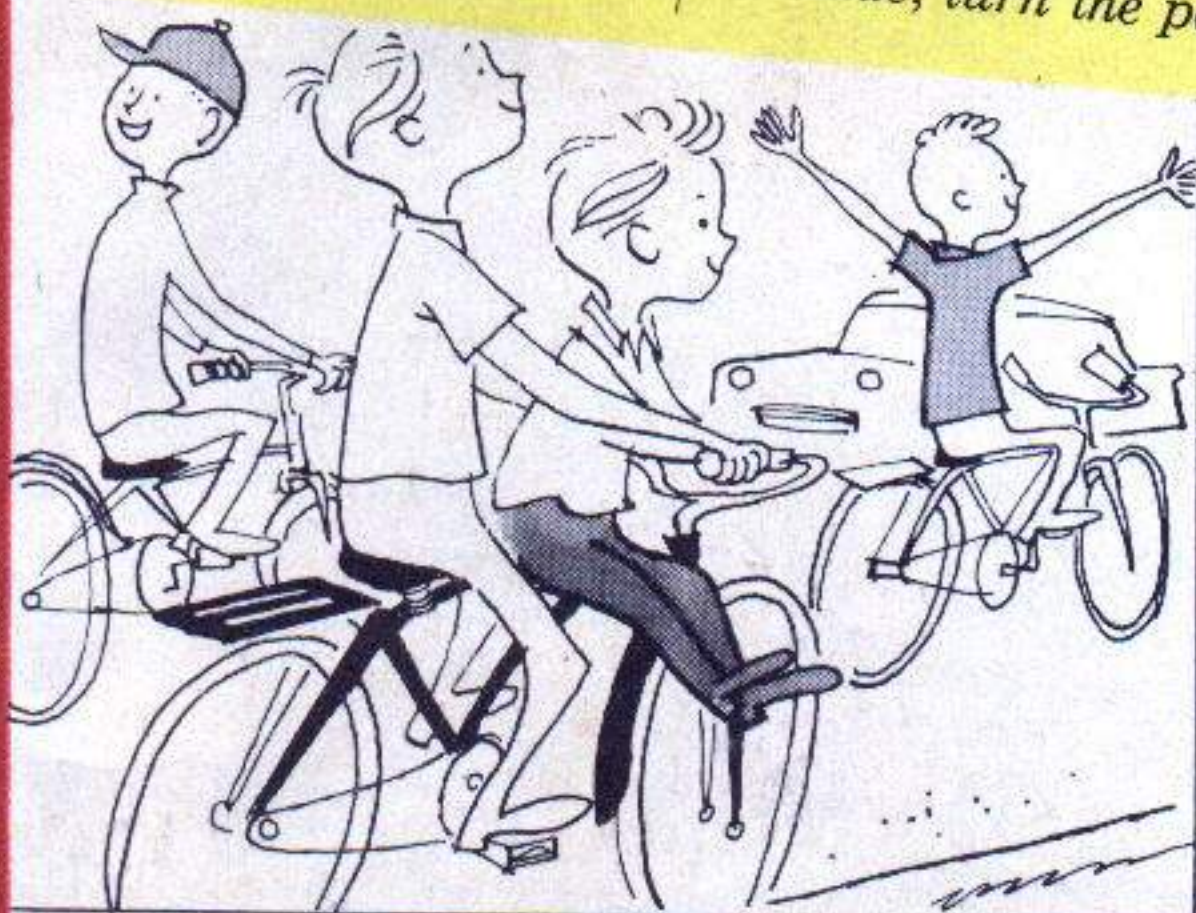
JUICY FRUIT GUM *Safety Quiz*

Have Some Fun!

See if you can tell
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE PICTURES

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 "twelve-star safety expert".

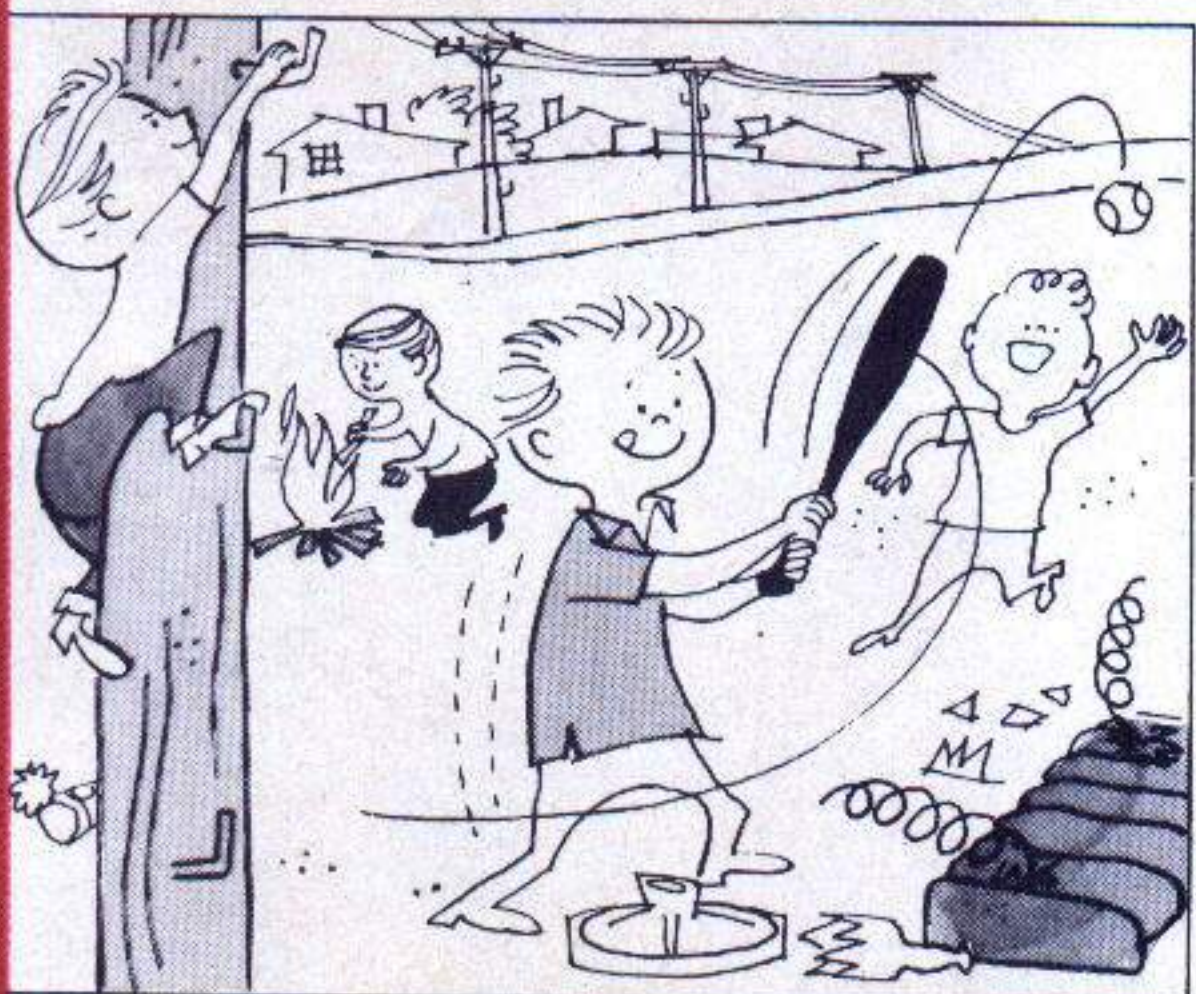
(To find out what score you made, turn the page upside down.)



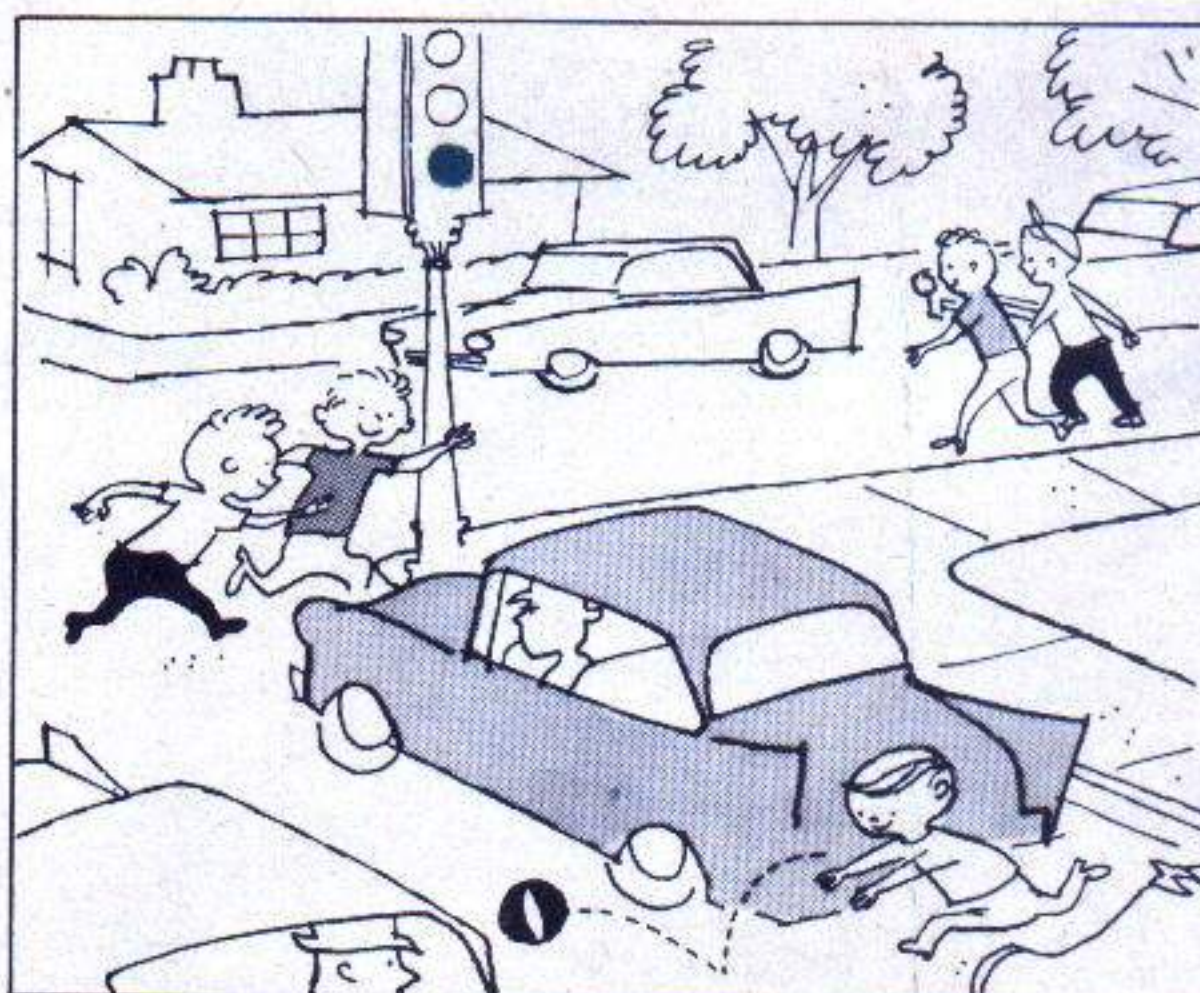
ANSWER: Boys riding double • Boy riding bike, not looking where he is going • Boy riding bike in street without using hands



ANSWER: "Ducking" another boy • Diving in shallow water near rocks • Fake calling for help



ANSWER: Dangerous telephone pole climbing • Youngster playing with fire • Playing where there is broken glass, rocks, etc.



ANSWER: Boys crossing between intersections • Boy chasing ball into street • Boys crossing against light

HERE'S ANOTHER RIGHT ANSWER!

Chew swell-tasting JUICY FRUIT GUM after every meal! The good, natural chewing helps keep teeth clean. Remind your Mom to bring some home.





PARD'NER...
...HERE'S A REAL BIKE!

Schwinn

Corvette

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Middleweight Bike!**



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- Hand Brakes, Front & Rear
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