

DELL

APRIL - JUNE

Robin Hood of the West!

10¢

# THE CISCO KID



One gun to meet "Double Trouble!"



They say Cisco's  
a bad hombre...

until Pancho  
discovers that it's...



a case of  
"DOUBLE  
TROUBLE"

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 76 Ninth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.  
THE CISCO KID, No. 39, Apr.-June, 1958. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-Pres.-Advertising Director; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. Second-class mail privileges authorized at New York, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A., 40 cents per year; foreign subscriptions 70 cents per year; Canadian subscriptions 40c per year. Dell Subscription Service: 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y. © 1958, by The Cisco Kid Products, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

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# THE CISCO KID

## OUTLAW GORILLA



WHY ARE YOU SO GLOOMY, CHICOS?

WE WANT TO GO TO THE CARNIVAL!

WORKED ALL DAY FOR IT, BUT WE'VE GOT NO MONEY!

BIG BEN, THE BLACKSMITH, PROMISED TO PAY US FOR CLEANING OUT HIS SHOP AND LIVERY STABLE ---BUT WHEN WE GOT THROUGH HE JUST LAUGHED AT US!



THAT SOUNDS MUCHO MEAN. COME ON, AMIGOS. WE WILL VISIT BIG BEN!



SEÑOR, IS IT TRUE THAT YOU REFUSED TO PAY THESE BOYS FOR THEIR WORK?

I DON'T SEE IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS, MISTER!



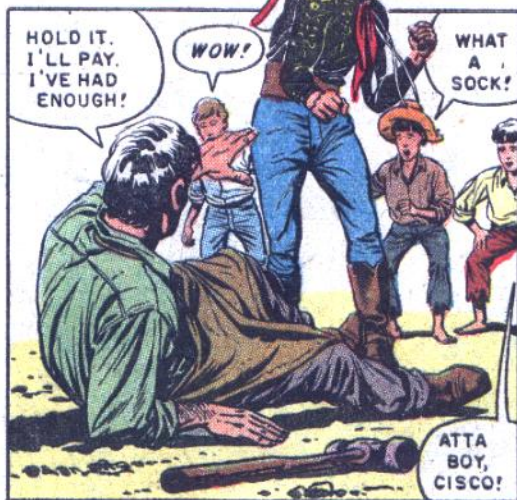
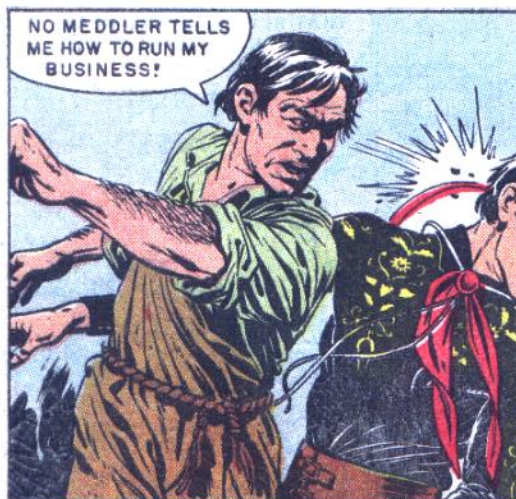
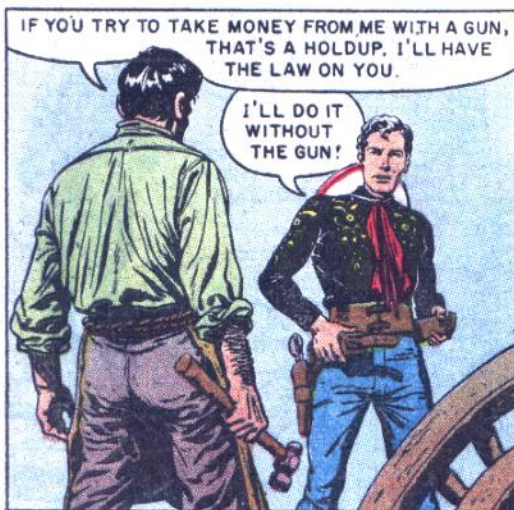
C.K. # 39-584

BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE BUTTING YOUR NOSE IN, I'LL TELL YOU. WORK'S GOOD FOR 'EM--- MONEY AIN'T!

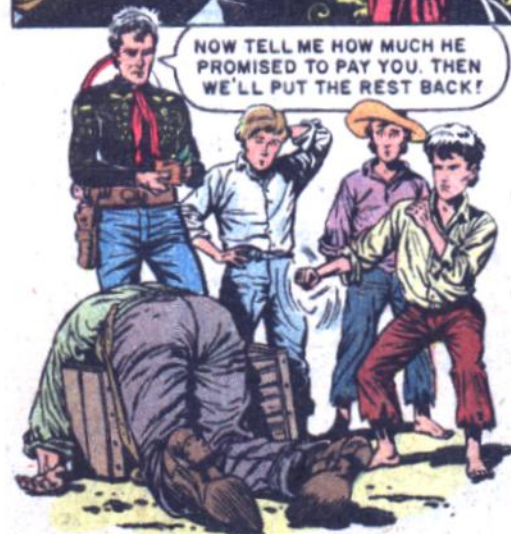
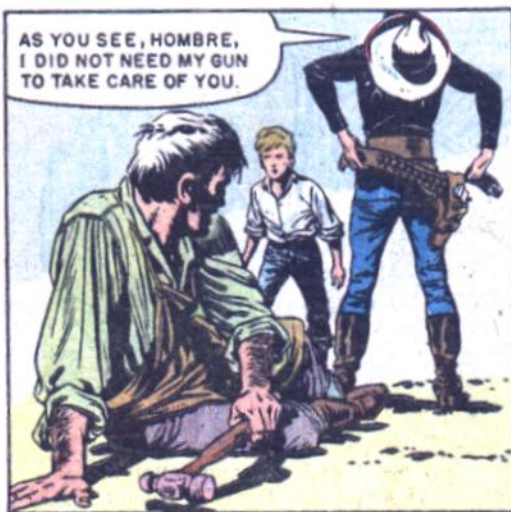


THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE. YOU WILL PAY THEM AS YOU PROMISED. NOW!













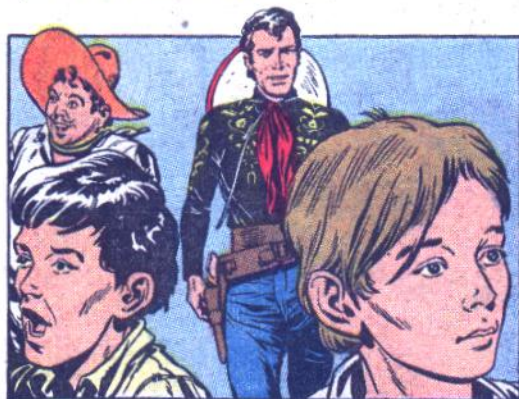
THE BOYS ARE DELIGHTED WITH EVERYTHING ABOUT THE CARNIVAL!

BUT ELSEWHERE, BIG BEN THE BLACKSMITH IS FAR FROM HAPPY...





NEITHER KNOWING --- NOR CARING --- THAT BIG BEN IS PLOTTING AGAINST HIM, CISCO CONTINUES TO ESCORT THE HAPPY YOUNGSTERS THROUGH THE SHOW...

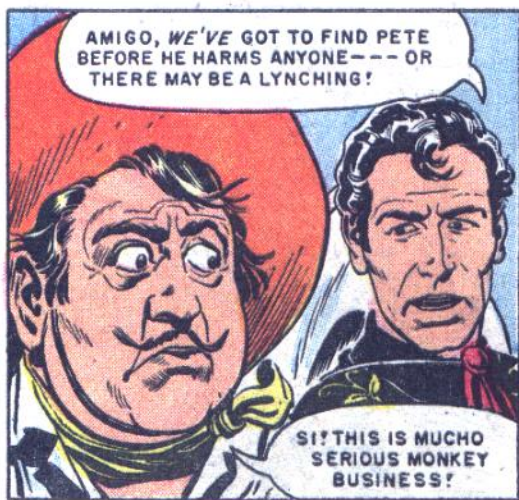




PANIC SPREADS OVER THE CARNIVAL LOT.

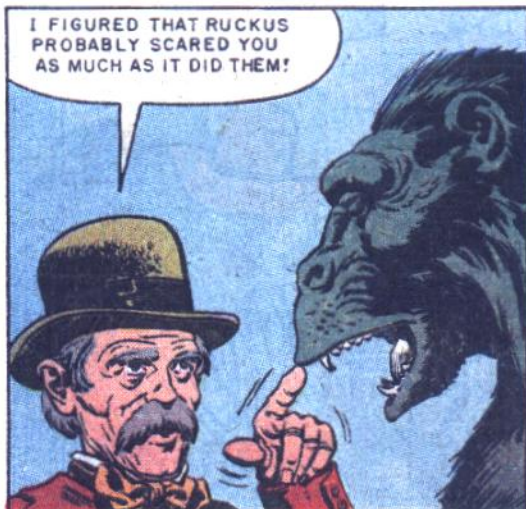


THE GORILLA POSSE IS READY TO RIDE---





THE MEN FAN OUT, SEARCHING THE FLAT LAND AND THE HILLS. BUT THEY WON'T FIND THE GORILLA, BECAUSE...



NEXT DAY---





LATER...

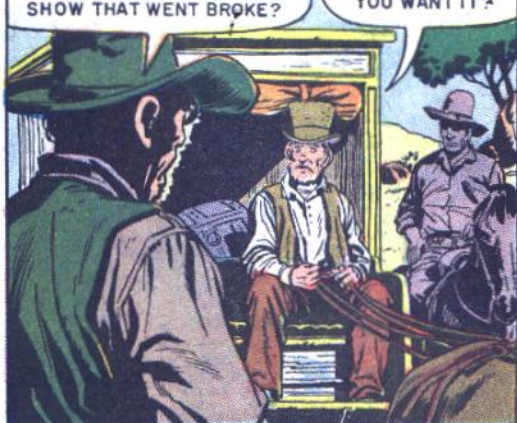
THINK HE'S STILL  
GOT IT?

SURE, BEN, WHO'D  
EVER BUY IT?



HI, PEDDLER. YOU STILL  
GOT THAT MONKEY SUIT  
YOU BOUGHT FROM THE  
SHOW THAT WENT BROKE?

SURE! IT'S IN  
THE WAGON  
SOMEWHERE.  
YOU WANT IT?

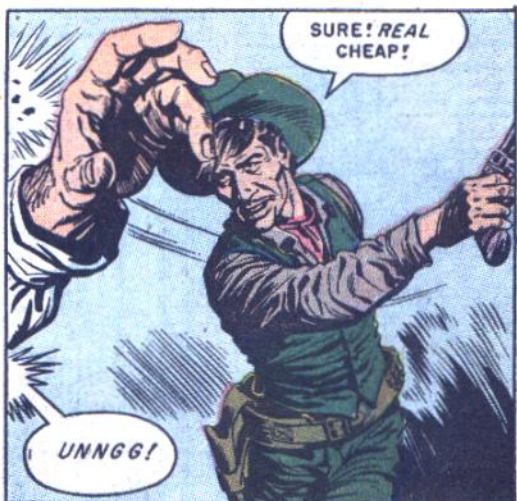


I CAN LET YOU  
HAVE IT REAL  
CHEAP!



SURE! REAL  
CHEAP!

UNNGG!



I BETTER MAKE SURE  
HE DOESN'T TELL  
ON US!



NOT SOMEBODY'S  
COMING. WE HAVE TO  
GET AWAY FROM HERE!

MOMENTS LATER..

WE HAVE LOOKED  
EVERYWHERE  
WITHOUT FINDING  
THAT GORILLERO!

SI! IT'S STRANGE  
THAT NOBODY SAW  
A SIGN OF HIM!







SANTOS!  
LOOK!

MADRE MIA! MAYBE THE  
GORILLERO GOT HIM!



NO ANIMAL DID THIS. A  
SO-CALLED HUMAN  
SLUGGED THIS  
POOR HOMBRE!



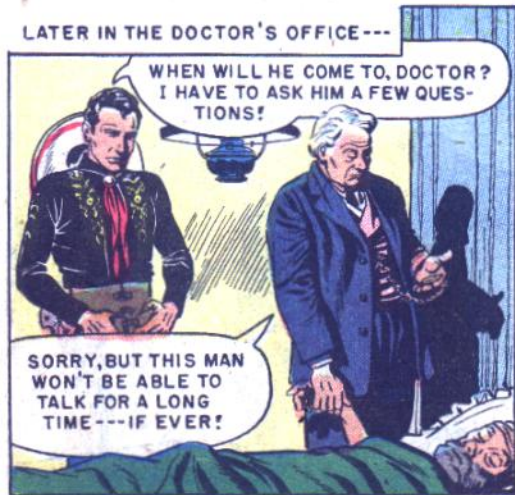
HE HAS A  
CHANCE IF WE  
CAN GET HIM TO  
THE DOCTOR IN  
TIME!

PANCHO WONDERS  
WHY FOR ANY-  
BODY WOULD DO  
THIS TO HIM!



THEY WANTED TO STEAL SOME-  
THING, MOST LIKELY. THE QUESTION  
IS --- "WHAT?" --- HIS MONEY IS  
STILL IN HIS POCKET!

LATER IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE---



WHEN WILL HE COME TO, DOCTOR?  
I HAVE TO ASK HIM A FEW QUES-  
TIONS!

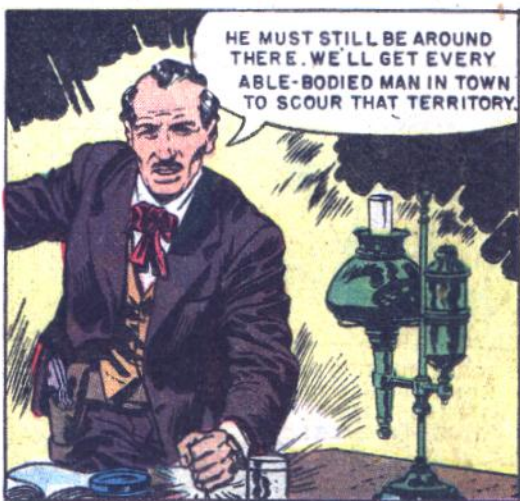
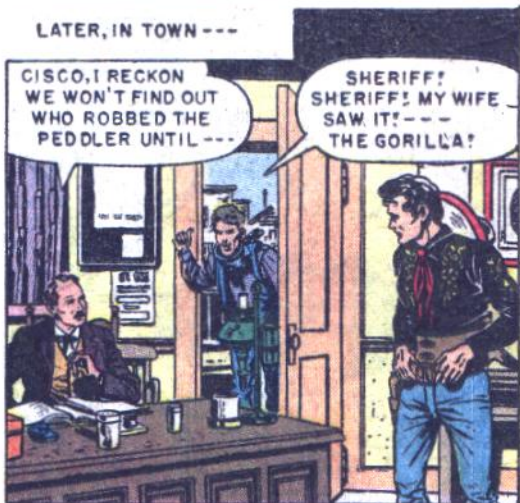
SORRY, BUT THIS MAN  
WON'T BE ABLE TO  
TALK FOR A LONG  
TIME --- IF EVER!

MEANWHILE AT A SMALL RANCH A FEW MILES  
FROM TOWN...



GOT TO PUT THE WATER ON  
TO BOIL, IT'S ALMOST SUPPER  
TIME!



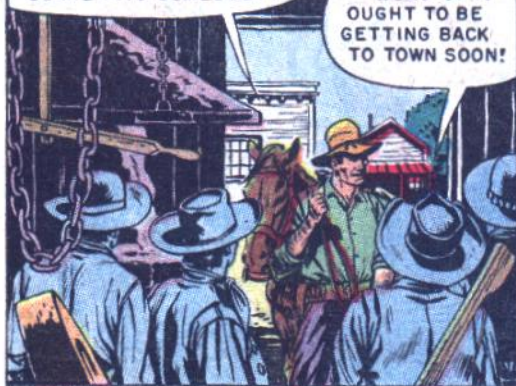




UP THE STREET...

WHEW! THAT MONKEY SUIT IS HOT! BUT I SURE THREW A SCARE INTO SOMEBODY!

GOOD! WORD OF IT OUGHT TO BE GETTING BACK TO TOWN SOON!



NOW HERE'S THE DEAL. ME AND THE BOYS WILL HIDE IN THE LOFT! WHEN THE LAW COMES LOOKING FOR A POSSE, YOU RIDE WITH HIM!



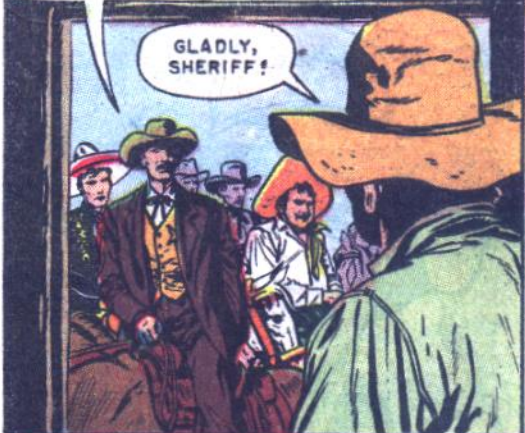
YOU MEAN I GOT TO PRETEND TO GO LOOKING FOR MYSELF?

SURE! THAT WAY NOBODY'LL SUSPECT YOU!



COME ON, BEN! WE NEED EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN FOR THIS GORILLA HUNT!

GLADLY, SHERIFF!



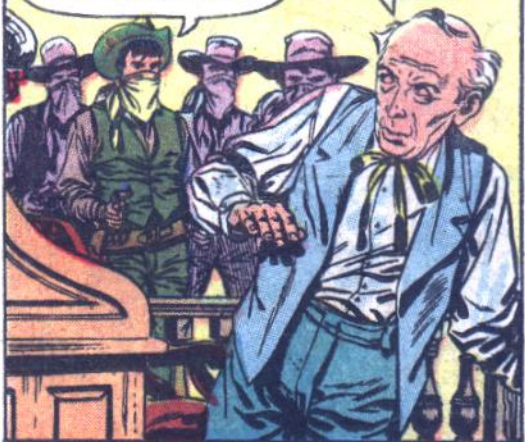
HALF AN HOUR LATER...

O.K., BOYS! THE SHERIFF, BY NOW, IS TOO FAR AWAY TO INTERFERE! ---



THIS IS A STICKUP! WE WANT ALL THE CASH!

Y-YES, SIR!



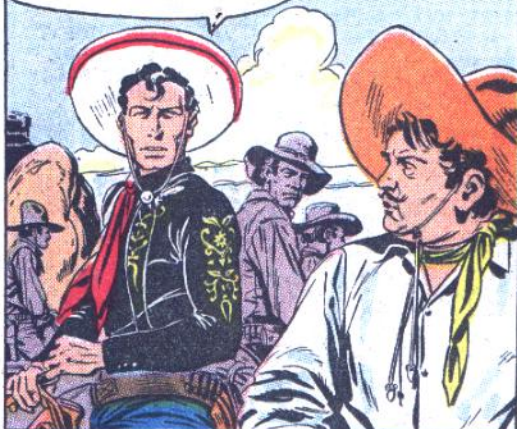


MEANWHILE...

THEY SAY THE GORILLA WENT  
THAT WAY. SPREAD OUT, MEN,  
AND WE'LL FIND THE CRITTER!



WE'LL WORK OUR WAY UP TOWARD DEAD  
MAN'S CAVE, PANCHO! THE BEAST  
MAY BE HIDING THERE!



HA! I'LL BEAT THEM TO THE CAVE. THEN  
I'LL THROTTLE CISCO AND LET THAT  
APE TAKE THE BLAME!



LUCKY I HID THE  
MONKEY SUIT  
IN HERE!



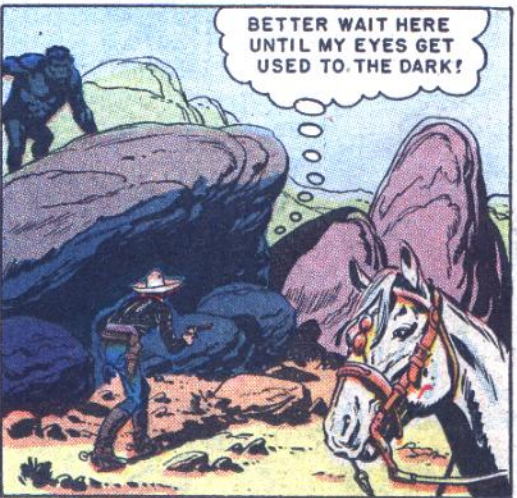
A LITTLE LATER...

HAVE A LOOK IN THE  
ROCKS YONDER,  
AMIGO, WHILE I  
SEARCH THE CAVE!

HOKAY!



BETTER WAIT HERE  
UNTIL MY EYES GET  
USED TO THE DARK!











NEARBY, A PEACEFUL BERRY-PICKER...





LATER...



EVENING...



OUTSIDE LATER...



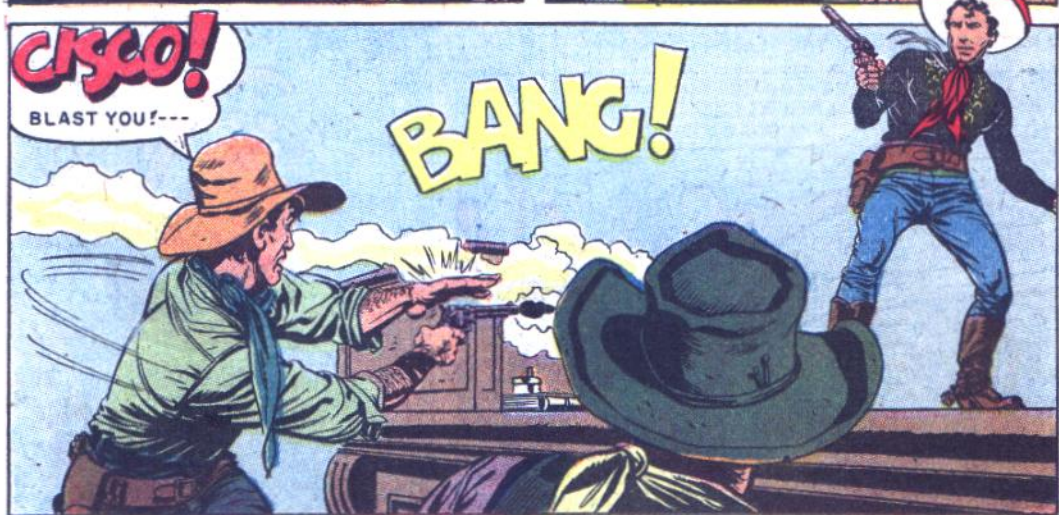
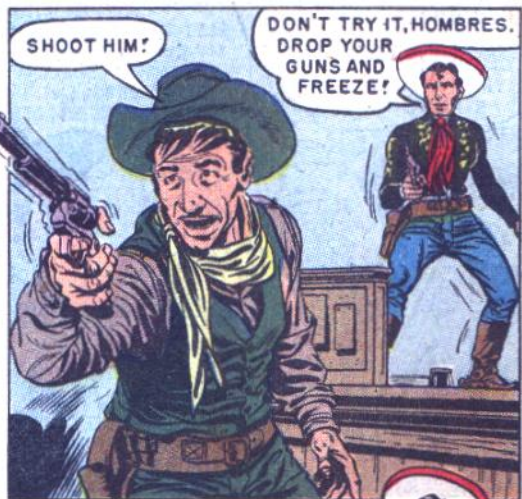
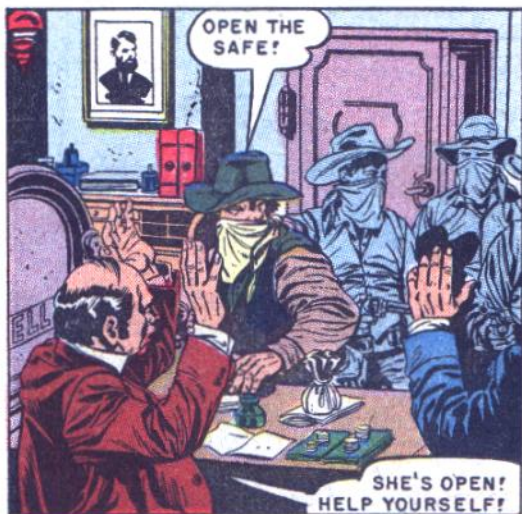
AFTERWARD, BEHIND THE BLACKSMITH SHOP...



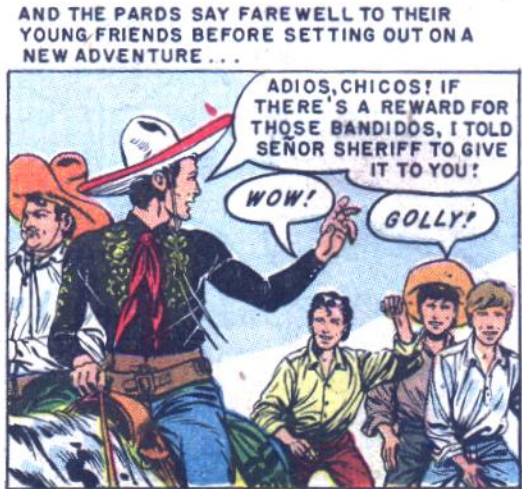
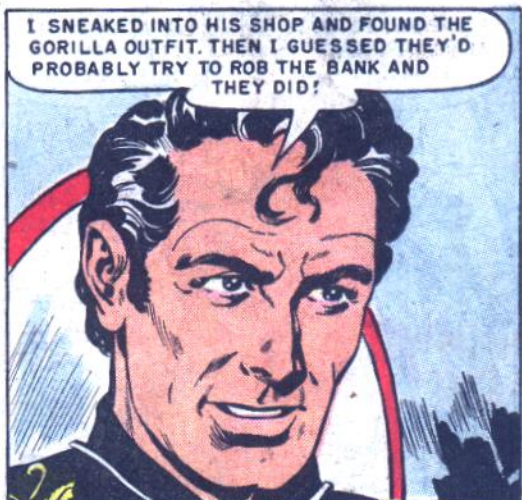
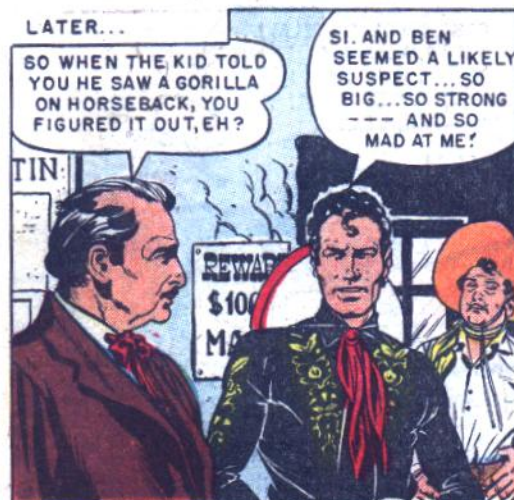


MORNING...

TOWN'S DESERTED, BOYS! WE CAN TAKE THE BANK EASY! AND I'M GOING ALONG JUST TO SEE YOU DON'T HOLD OUT ON ME!









# PEDRO

## EASY BUCKS

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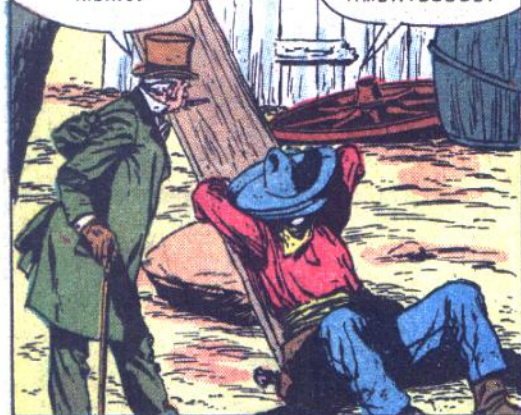
HOPE I EARN A  
FEW PESOS SO I  
CAN AFFORD A SOFT  
PLACE TO SLEEP!

PEDRO'S  
RIDING SCHOOL  
EASY LESSONS  
NO DANGER



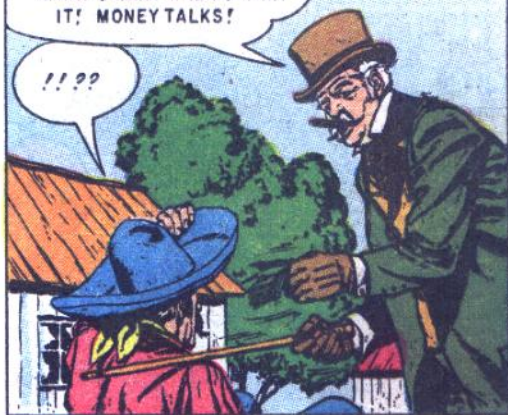
HEY, THERE! I WANT TO  
LEARN HORSEBACK  
RIDING!

LATER, SEÑOR. SHE  
IS NOW SIESTA  
TIME... ZZZZZ!



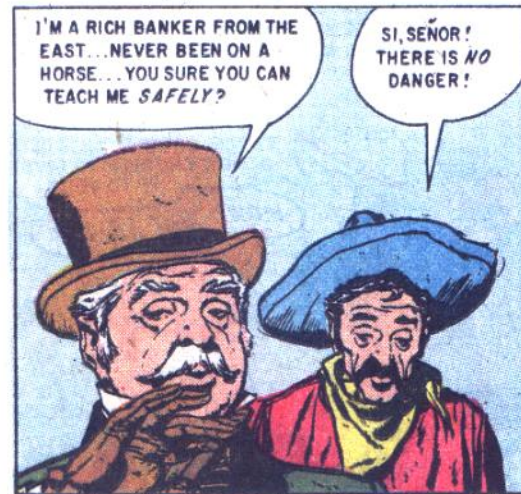
COME, COME!... NO DELAY!...  
I'M J.P. MILLIONS!... I WANT  
WHAT I WANT WHEN I WANT  
IT! MONEY TALKS!

!!??

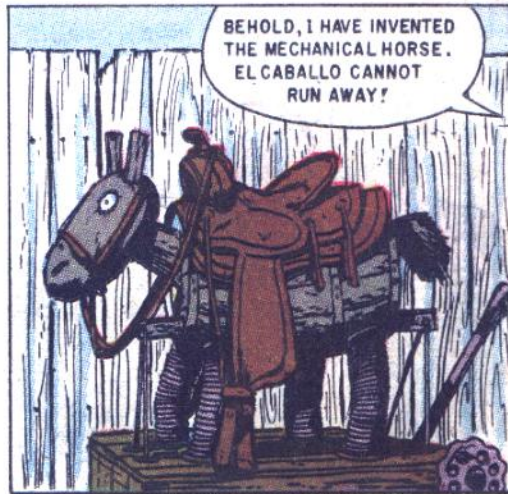


I'M A RICH BANKER FROM THE  
EAST... NEVER BEEN ON A  
HORSE... YOU SURE YOU CAN  
TEACH ME SAFELY?

SI, SEÑOR!  
THERE IS NO  
DANGER!

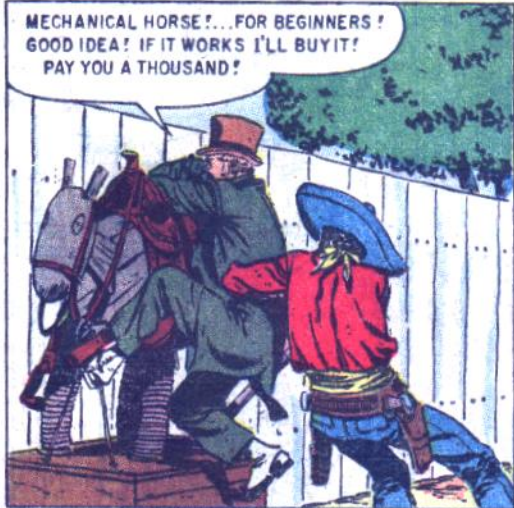


BEHOLD, I HAVE INVENTED  
THE MECHANICAL HORSE.  
EL CABALLO CANNOT  
RUN AWAY!





MECHANICAL HORSE?...FOR BEGINNERS?  
GOOD IDEA! IF IT WORKS I'LL BUYIT!  
PAY YOU A THOUSAND!



CLUTCH THE REINS WITH  
FIRMNESS, SENOR. EL  
CABALLO STARTS OFF  
WITH A GENTLE ROCK-  
ING MOTION!



VI! HELP!

MADRE MIA!  
EL CABALLO  
IS LOCO!



SHE NEEDS A SLIGHT ADJUSTMENT. THEN  
YOU WILL BUY HIM, NO?

NO!

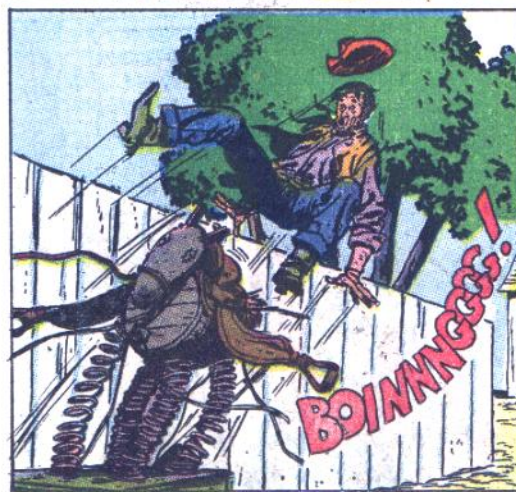


OH, WELL, I WILL MAKE THE ADJUSTMENT  
AFTER SIESTA. PERHAPS THEN ANOTHER  
RICH TENDERPANTS WILL COME ALONG!

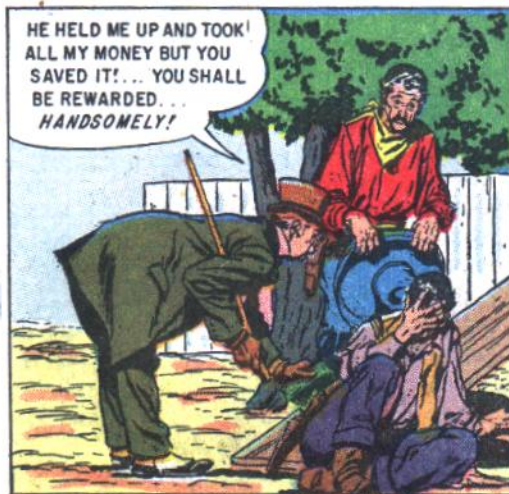




AS PEDRO FALLS ASLEEP...

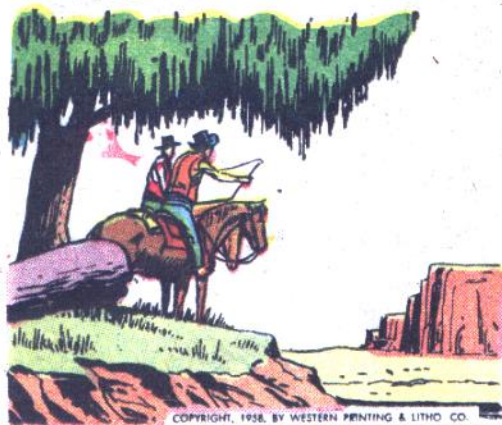








# TREASURE TRAIL



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"Now no lectures, Jed," sneered Tim Cooke as he sat down to eat with his older brother and his wife Molly. "I won't settle down to a job like you. A ticket agent for the railroad. Pahl I'm after bigger stakes."

Bigger stakes such as robbing a bank, thought Jed grimly. He was worried about his younger brother's future aims. From ceaseless riding, Tim knew the territory like a book. Jed knew that Tim would do anything to escape taking a humdrum job. Sooner or later, Tim would fall into bad company and go for big stakes . . . outside the law.

"If you're not interested in a job," spoke up Jed, "how about treasure?"

"Treasure?" echoed Tim, sitting up.

Jed pulled a creased old parchment from his pocket. "Found this old map in a storage room at the railroad station, forgotten for years. Leads to some bonanza. Take a look."

It was a map showing a twisted route through the nearby Pecos Mountains, but the directions puzzled Tim. "It's in Spanish. How come?"

"Spanish explorers," informed Jed, "first settled this Southwest Territory centuries ago. Reckon I know enough of the lingo to follow the directions. I took a leave from my job. Want to go treasure hunting?"

"Do I?" cried Tim eagerly. "Maybe we'll find a lost gold strike or a silver mine. If it's a big bonanza, I'll never have to take a job. We'll start tomorrow."

Early morning found the two brothers jogging away from town to the Pecos Mountains.

"First landmark is Smoky Peak," said Jed, studying the map. "From there we go due north a day's ride. Trouble is, Devil's Canyon lies that way."

"Wait . . ." Tim was shading his eyes, studying the layout of the hills. "My guess is the canyon narrows to the east. Follow me."

Not an hour's ride east, the canyon narrowed. Further on the gap was almost closed. "Only five feet," grinned Tim. "We can jump our horses across."

Eager to reach the unknown bonanza, Tim used his canny hill sense to find more shortcuts, as they followed the old map. He discovered a safe pathway through boggy swamps . . . a shallow crossing for a wide boiling river . . . an easy pass between towering peaks.

A week later, Jed read the last instruction—"Turn due south across the foothills and past the salt flats."

Tim gasped. "Why, that's right back to town! There's no hidden bonanza there. This is just a wild-goose chase!"

"Maybe not," said Jed softly. At town, he dismounted at the railroad station where he worked. Cyrus Calhoun, owner of the Southwest Railroad, came running out, surprised. "You're back already? But I was sure it would take a month."

"I told you my brother Tim could cut it down to a week," said Jed, "with his eagle eye for a way through. He laid out the route for your new spur through the mountains."

Jed turned to his baffled brother. "I made this fake map myself," he confessed. "I tricked you into following a route the railroad surveyors had abandoned as hopeless."

"But you proved it could be done, young man," said Calhoun. "Take a job with me as scout surveyor. You'll get a \$5000 bonus for each new route you work out . . . including this first one."

As Calhoun opened a wallet and counted out the money, Tim grinned at Jed. "Who said your map was a fake? I did hit treasure."



# THE CISCO KID

## DOUBLE TROUBLE

A CELL IN THE TERRITORY PRISON...

BRADY, DO YOU EVER THINK OF WHAT YOU AIM TO DO FIRST WHEN YOU GET OUT?

ALL THE TIME! I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I AIM TO DO!

IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF HOW I'LL DO IT!

**BANK!**

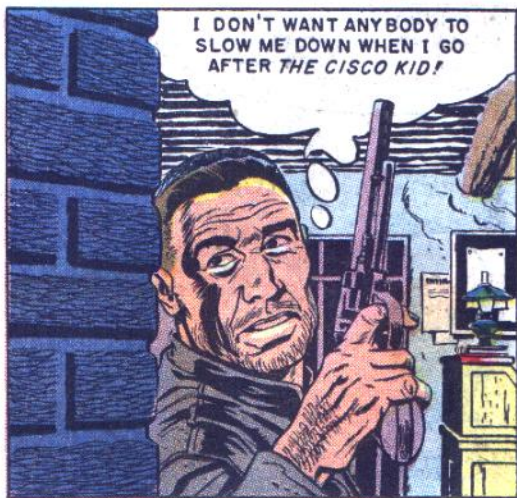
BUT *SOME* WAY I'M GOING TO GET HUNK WITH THE RANNY WHO PUT ME IN HERE---  
*THE CISCO KID!*

AND WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE TONIGHT, OLD PAL. THAT NEW SUBSTITUTE GUARD IS PRETTY DUMB, SO WE CAN WORK ON HIM. LAY DOWN THERE AND START TO MOAN--- LEAVE THE REST TO ME!





THE GREENHORN GUARD UNLOCKS AND ENTERS  
THE CELL...

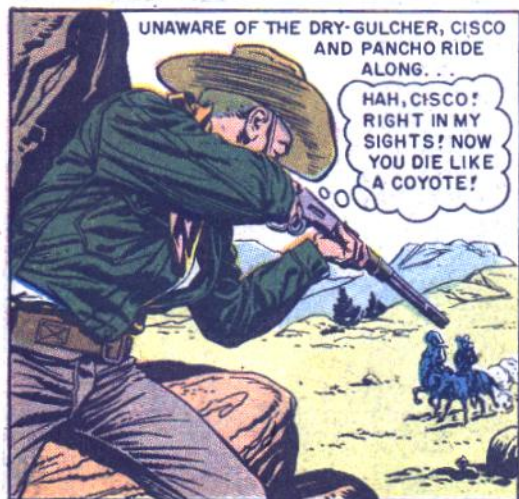
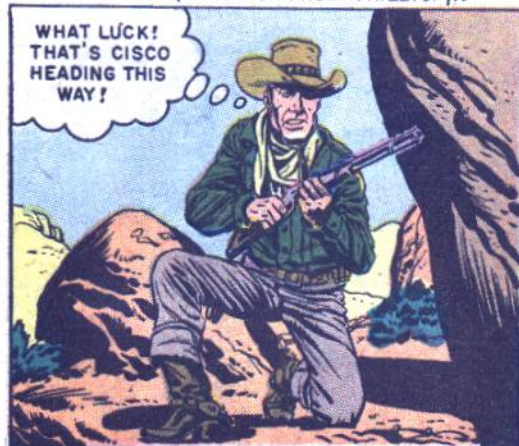




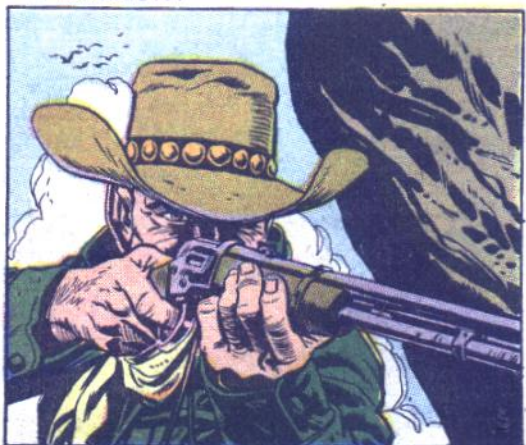
NEXT DAY ON THE VALLEY ROAD, A FEW MILES FROM TOWN...



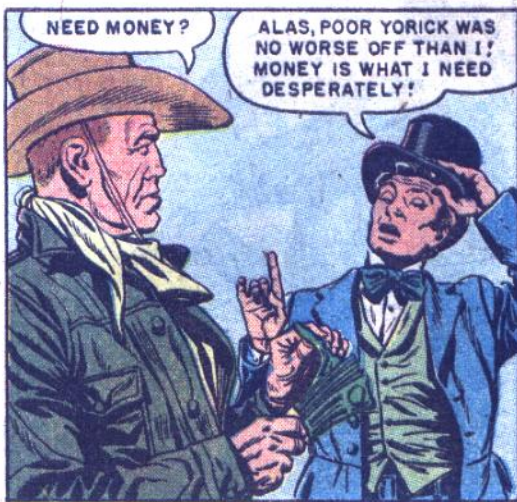
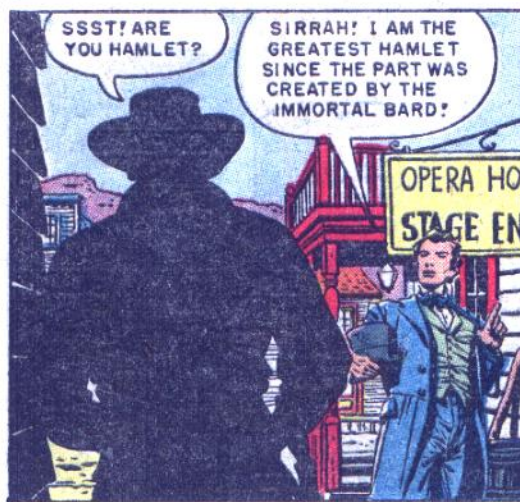
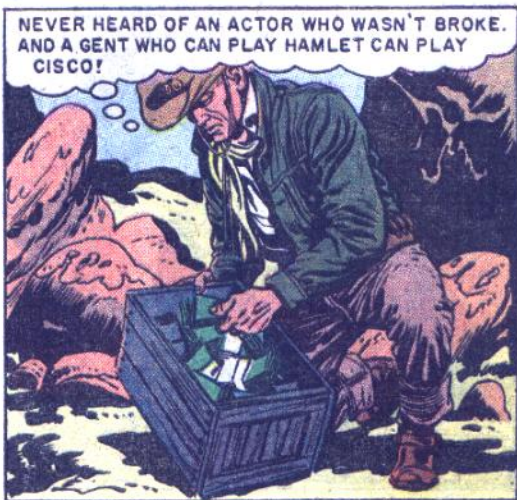
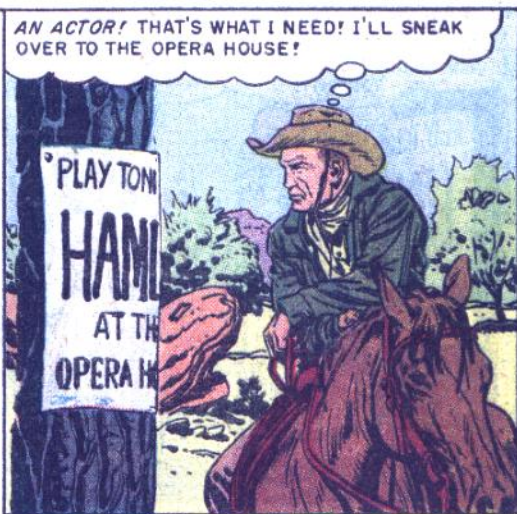
BRADY, WHO HAS SHED HIS PRISON GARB AND STOLEN A RIFLE, LOOKS ON FROM A HILLTOP...



BRADY'S TRIGGER FINGER IS READY TO SQUEEZE...









SEE? THIS IS MY GOOD LUCK RING. I MISLAID IT  
THE OTHER NIGHT AND FOOLISHLY ENTERED A  
POKER GAME WITHOUT IT. I LOST... I OWE...  
AND THE WINNERS  
ARE ACTING NASTY.



WELL, MAYBE THAT RING HAS  
BROUGHT YOU GOOD LUCK RIGHT  
NOW! CAN YOU TALK WITH A  
SPANISH ACCENT?

SI, SEÑOR!



MEANWHILE...

WHY ARE YOU  
CRYING,  
CHIKUITA?

MY KITTY---  
SHE CAN'T  
GET DOWN!

HUSH,  
CHILD. DON'T  
BOTTER THE  
MAN!



IT IS NO BOTHER TO HELP A LITTLE GIRL  
EH, PANCHO? DON'T WEEP, SEÑORITA. WE  
WILL RESCUE YOUR KITTY.



PANCHO, IF I STAND ON YOUR SHOULDERS,  
I CAN JUST ABOUT REACH.

HOKAY,  
CISCO!



COME ON, KITTY!  
YOU MUST NOT  
CLIMB TREES  
TILL YOU  
GET  
BIGGER!

MEOW!







I HEARD YOUR FRIEND CALL YOUR NAME. ARE YOU REALLY THE CISCO KID?

SI!

GEE, THANKS, MR. CISCO. YOU ARE THE ROBIN HOOD OF THE WEST!

BUT A PLOT IS HATCHING TO SMEAR CISCO'S GOOD NAME...

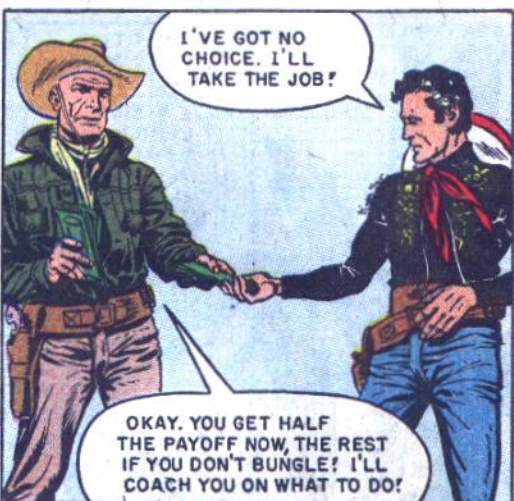


ACTOR, IN THAT GETUP YOU'RE THE LIVING IMAGE OF CISCO!

BUT I DON'T LIKE THE JOB!

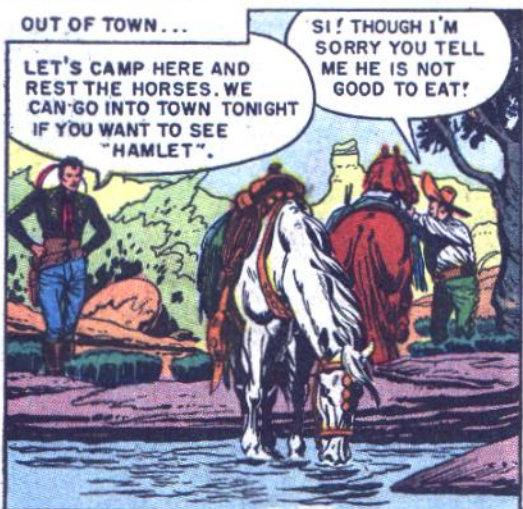


YOU BETTER LIKE IT OR YOU GET NO DOUGH AND THOSE GAMBLERS WILL ROUGH UP A WELSHER!



I'VE GOT NO CHOICE. I'LL TAKE THE JOB!

OKAY. YOU GET HALF THE PAYOFF NOW, THE REST IF YOU DON'T BUNGLE! I'LL COACH YOU ON WHAT TO DO!



OUT OF TOWN...

LET'S CAMP HERE AND REST THE HORSES. WE CAN GO INTO TOWN TONIGHT IF YOU WANT TO SEE "HAMLET".

SI! THOUGH I'M SORRY YOU TELL ME HE IS NOT GOOD TO EAT!



IN TOWN...

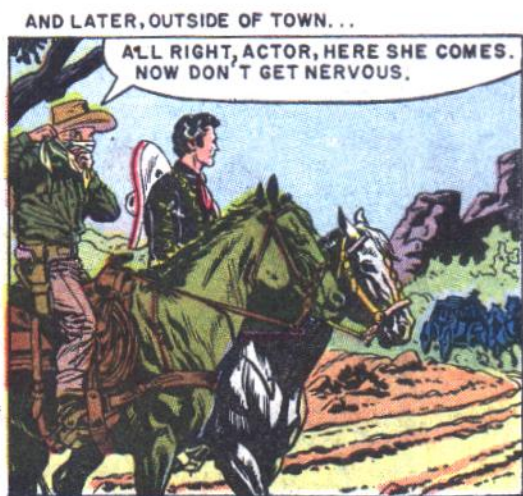
HEY, CISCO!

GIVE US YOUR AUTOGRAPH, HUH?

HI, CISCO!

GET AWAY, RUNTS! DON'T BOTHER ME!









AFTER THE HOLDUP, THE PAIR RETURNS TO THE OPERA HOUSE...



THAT NIGHT, THE REAL CISCO COMES TO TOWN...



A MOMENT AFTER PANCHO HAS ENTERED THE OPERA HOUSE...





UNAWARE OF HIS FRIEND'S PLIGHT, PANTO IS  
ENGROSSED BY THE PLAY...



AFTER THE SHOW...

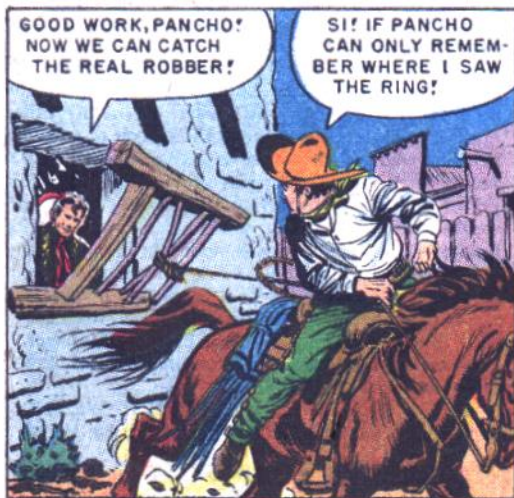
HEY, PANTO,  
DID YOU KNOW  
THEY CAUGHT  
CISCO?

HE'S IN  
JAIL!

FOR HOLDING  
UP THE  
STAGE!

NO! NOT CISCO!  
HE'S NO HOLDUPPER!

QUIETLY, PANTO SLIPS BEHIND THE JAIL...







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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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

other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER  
Business Manager

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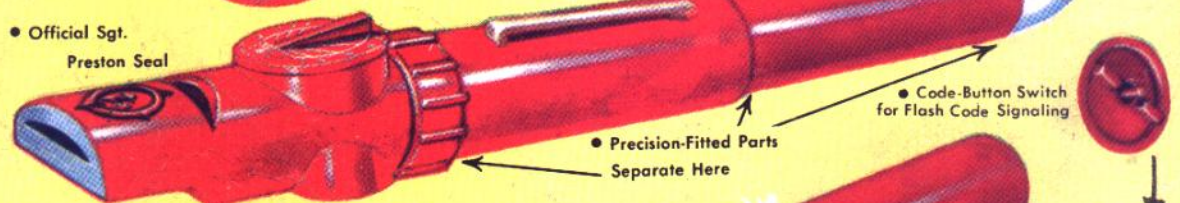
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