

DELL

OCT.-DEC.

Robin Hood of the West!

Still 10¢

THE CISCO KID

**Cisco has a date...
with an ambush
by moonlight!**





great guns

BY MATTEL!

ALL NEW... AND AS WESTERN AS YOU CAN GET!



BULLET-LOADING FANNER* 50

Fan it! This authentic fanning pistol rapid-fans 50 perforated roll caps. Fan it or trigger single shots. Loads all metal play bullets! Cylinder revolves, barrel smokes! Bullet-Pak of 8 bullets included. \$3.00



SWIVEL-SHOT^{T.M.} TRICK HOLSTER

Beat the fastest draw! Push gun butt down... holster swivels and fires pistol in the holster! Includes bullet-loading Fanner* 50 cap pistol. \$4.00



WINCHESTER** SADDLE GUN By Mattel

Loads and ejects 8 all-metal play bullets just like the real Winchester! Fires 50 perforated roll caps. Front and rear sights. A lever-action repeating rifle that smokes like the real thing! Comes with 8 bullets in Bullet-Pak. \$5.00

**T.M. Winchester by Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.

See your nearest toy dealer, or order direct from: Mattel, Inc., 5432 West 102 St., Los Angeles 45, Calif.

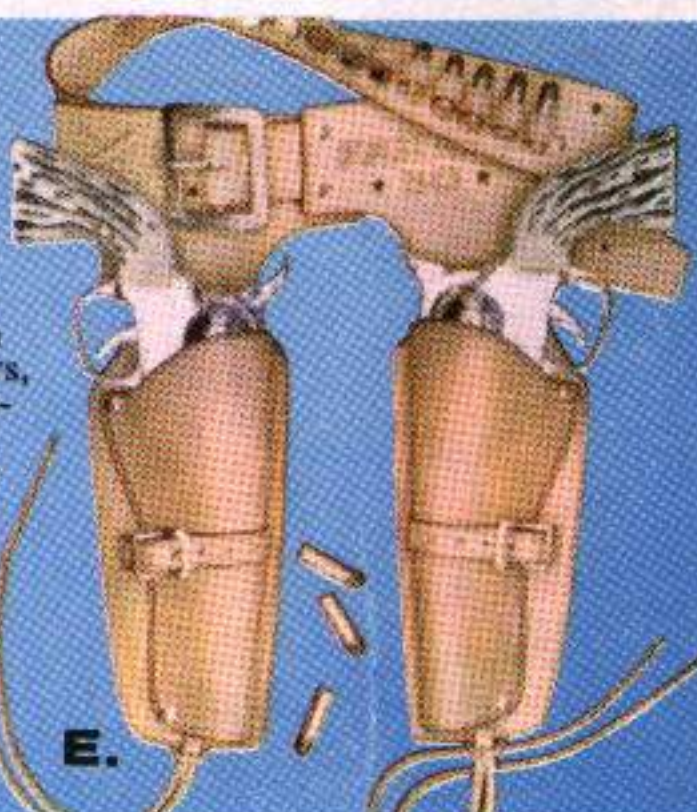
MARSHAL HOLSTER SET

Be fastest on the draw with the Fanner* 50 bullet-loading cap pistol, tucked in this fast-draw holster of top grain cowhide leather. 18 all-metal bullets. Adjustable, saddle-stitched, buckled, hip-slung... sharp! \$7.00



DOUBLE HOLSTER SET

Draw two at a time! Two bullet-loading Fanner* 50 pistols in two fast-draw holsters, hip-slung with adjustable belt holding 10 all-metal play bullets to load in pistols. \$10.00



DEPUTY HOLSTER SET

Fast on the draw! A genuine leather holster with Bullet-Loading Fanner* 50 Pistol. Adjustable belt has 4 all metal play bullets. Holster is saddle-stitched. \$5.00



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In California add state sales tax.

BULLET BANDOLIER

Wear it over your shoulder... holds 32 all-metal play bullets which fit all Mattel guns. Companion for Winchester** Saddle Gun, Bullet Loading Fanner* 50, all Mattel holster sets. \$3.00

*T.M. Reg.



BULLET- PAK

8 all-metal play bullets that fit all Mattel guns shown here. 50¢



THE CISCO KID

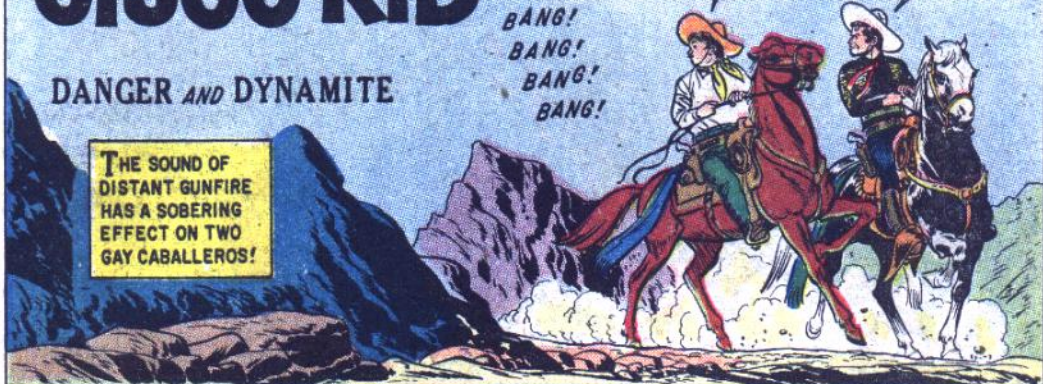
DANGER AND DYNAMITE

THE SOUND OF
DISTANT GUNFIRE
HAS A SOBERING
EFFECT ON TWO
GAY CABALLEROS!

LISTEN, CISCO! SOMEBODY
IS SHOOTING SOMEBODY
ELSE AND VERSE VICA!

VAMOS, PANCHO!
WE'LL SEE
WHAT'S WHAT!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



I THINK THOSE
SHOTS CAME
FROM VULTURE
PASS!

SI! AND THE STAGE ROAD
RUNS THROUGH THERE!



WHILE UP AHEAD...

WE'RE OUTNUMBERED---
AND THEY'RE GAINING!

WE'LL GO
DOWN
FIGHTING!



THE BLAME FOOLS
WANT TO SHOOT
IT OUT!

I'LL CURE 'EM
OF THAT NOTION!



AHHHHH! THEY
GOT ME!



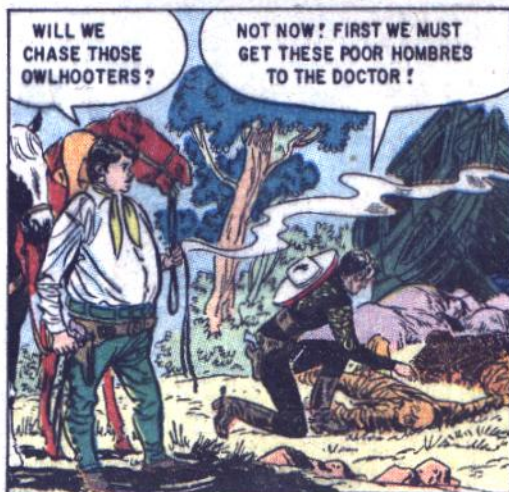
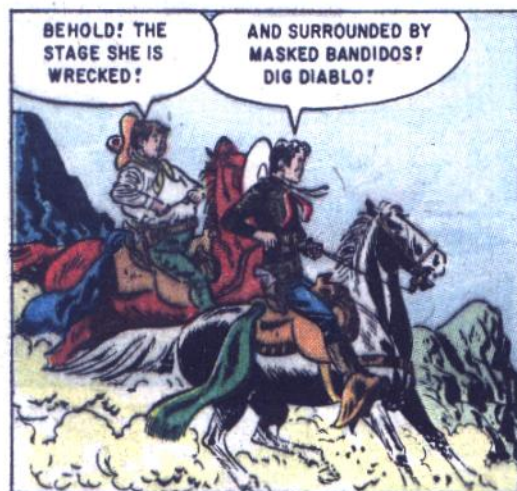
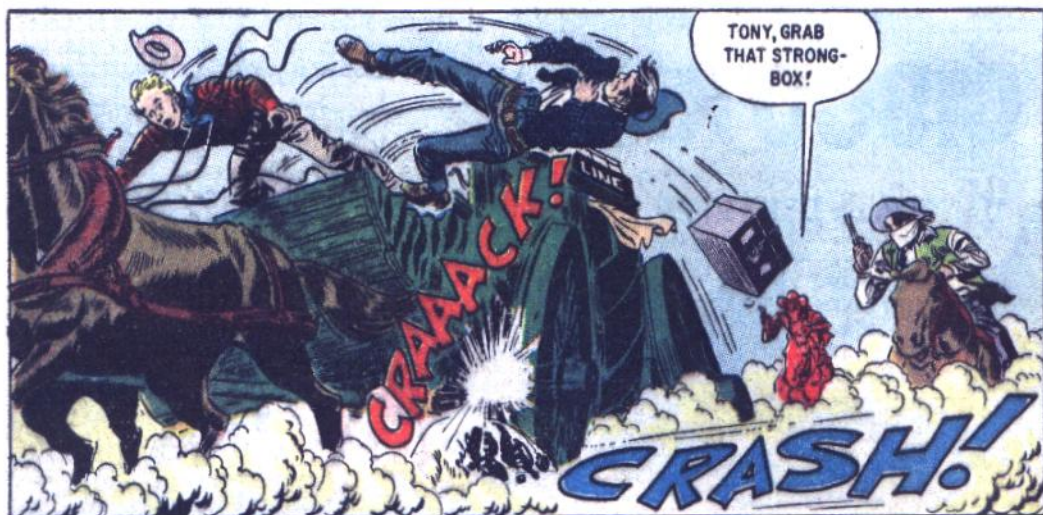
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



IN TOWN...

SUSIE, AS SOON AS THAT GOLD SHIPMENT ARRIVES, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO GET MARRIED!

OH, BILL!

BILL
GREEN
STAGE
WRECK

BILL! BILL! BAD NEWS! THE STAGE IS WRECKED... DRIVER AND GUARD BOTH SHOT---AND THE GOLD BOX STOLEN!

HOW DO YOU KNOW? ARE YOU SURE?

SURE, I'M SURE! COUPLE OF FELLERS JUST RODE INTO TOWN BRINGING THE WOUNDED MEN TO THE DOC. IN FACT, HERE THEY COME, NOW!

I AM CALLED THE CISCO KID! THIS IS MY COMPANERO, PANCHO! WE CAME UPON THE WRECKED STAGE AND BROUGHT THE WOUNDED MEN TO TOWN! THE DOCTOR SAYS THEY'LL RECOVER!

I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL, MISTER! I'M BILL GREEN--- THIS IS MY FIANCEE, SUSIE!

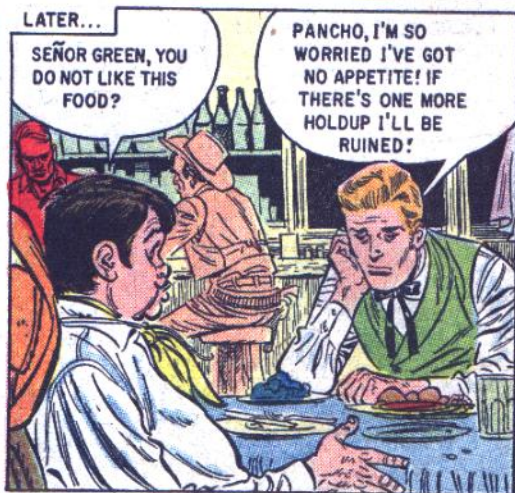
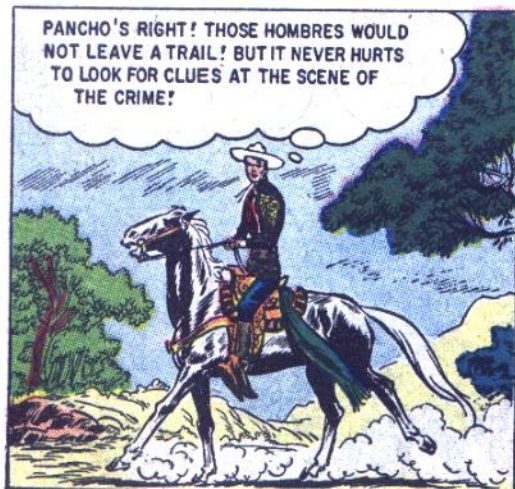
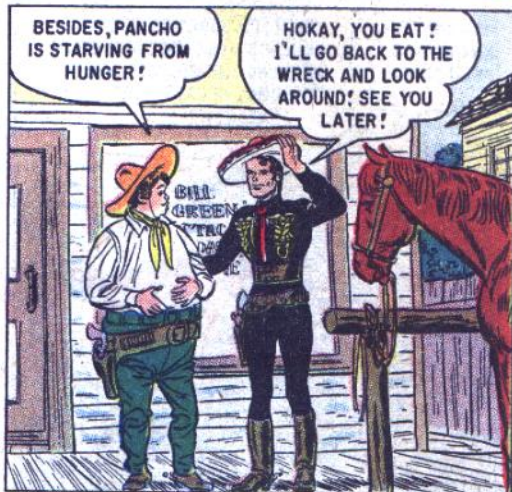
I'VE HEARD MUCH ABOUT YOU! YOU'RE KNOWN AS 'THE ROBIN HOOD OF THE WEST.' YOU'LL HELP MY BILL, WON'T YOU?

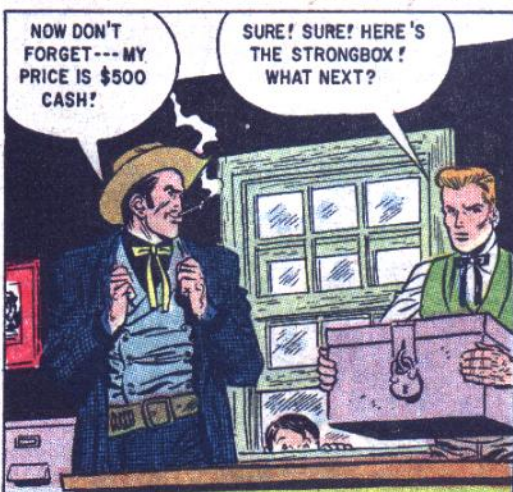
SI, SEÑORITA! IF I CAN!

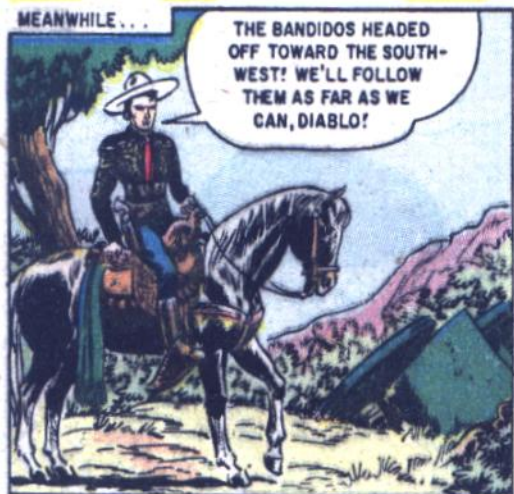
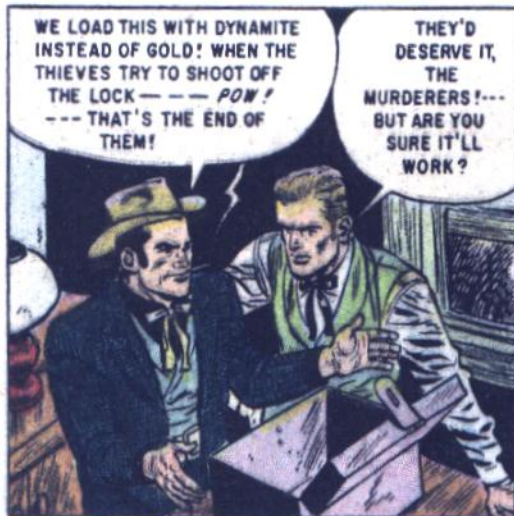
UP THE STREET AT THE BLACKSMITH SHOP...

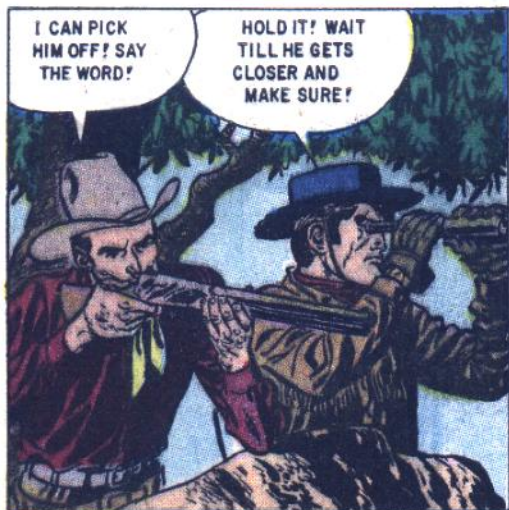
WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT AROUND TOWN?

THE STAGE HAS BEEN HELD UP AGAIN. IT'S A REGULAR EPIDEMIC!









I CAN PICK HIM OFF! SAY THE WORD!

HOLD IT! WAIT TILL HE GETS CLOSER AND MAKE SURE!

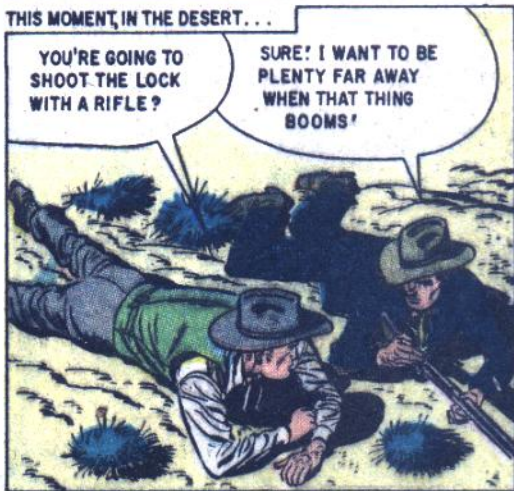


NO MORE HOOFPRIINTS, DIABLO--- THE GROUND'S TOO HARD! THEY COULD'VE GONE A DOZEN WAYS FROM HERE!



HE'S TURNING BACK!

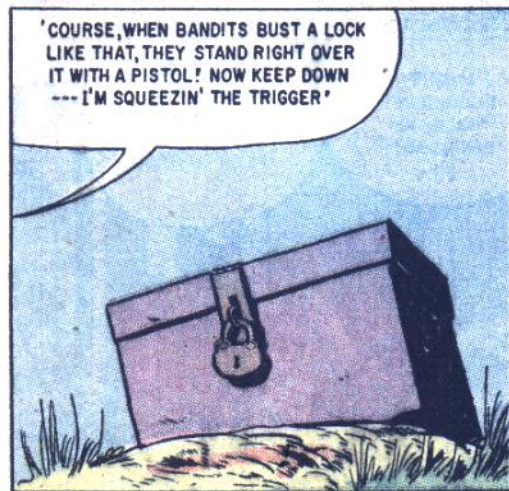
LUCKY FOR HIM--- WHOEVER HE IS!



THIS MOMENT, IN THE DESERT...

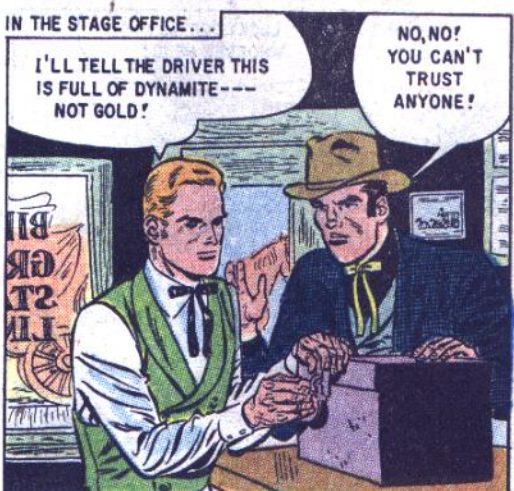
YOU'RE GOING TO SHOOT THE LOCK WITH A RIFLE?

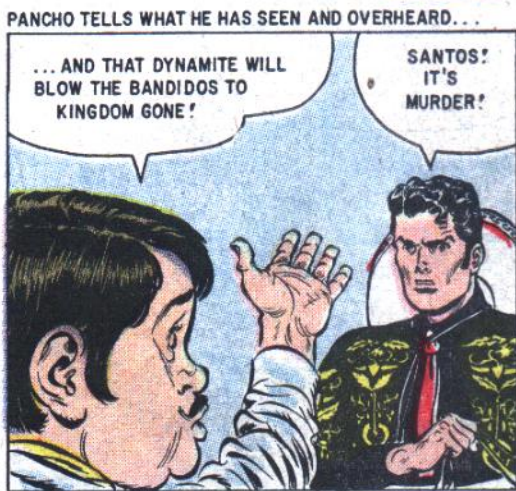
SURE! I WANT TO BE PLENTY FAR AWAY WHEN THAT THING BOOMS!



'COURSE, WHEN BANDITS BUST A LOCK LIKE THAT, THEY STAND RIGHT OVER IT WITH A PISTOL! NOW KEEP DOWN --- I'M SQUEEZIN' THE TRIGGER!



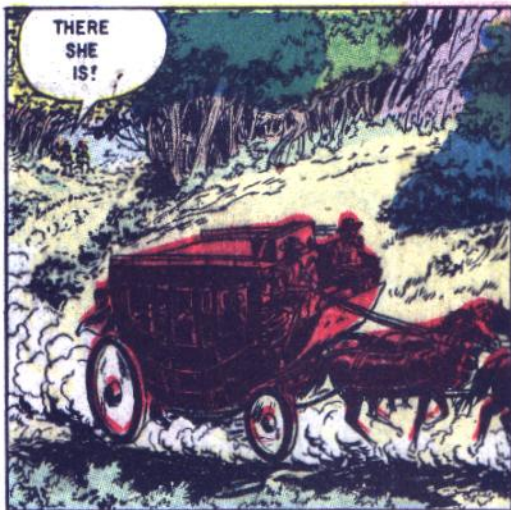




VAMOS! WE MUST STOP THAT STAGE
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THERE
SHE
IS!



HEY! SLOW DOWN! STOP!
THAT'S AN ORDER! THIS
IS THE BOSS!



RIDERS COMING! AFTER US!
CAN'T MAKE 'EM OUT FOR
THE DUST!

BLASTED
ROBBERS!
I BET!---
GIDDAP!

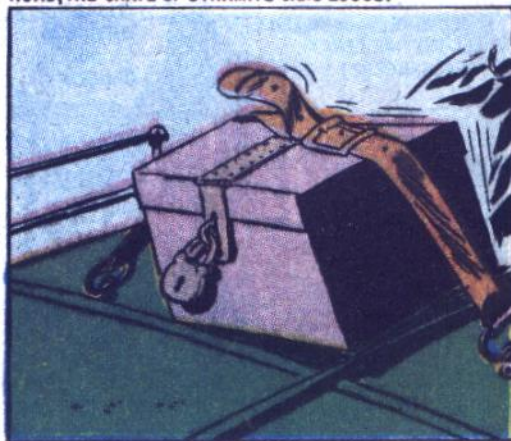


STOP, I
SAY!

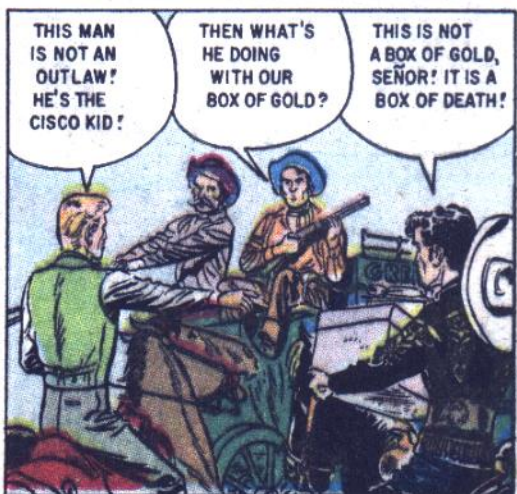
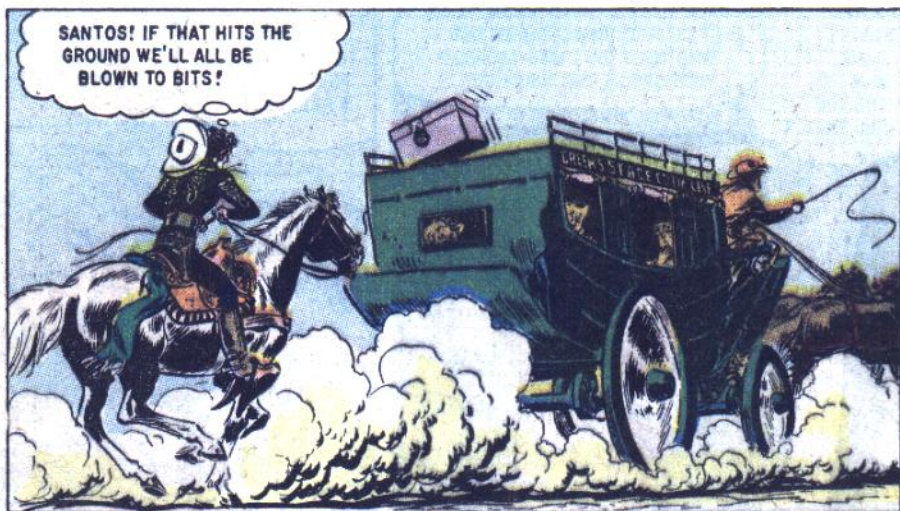
THEY CAN'T HEAR YOU! WE
HAVE GOT TO OVERTAKE
THEM!

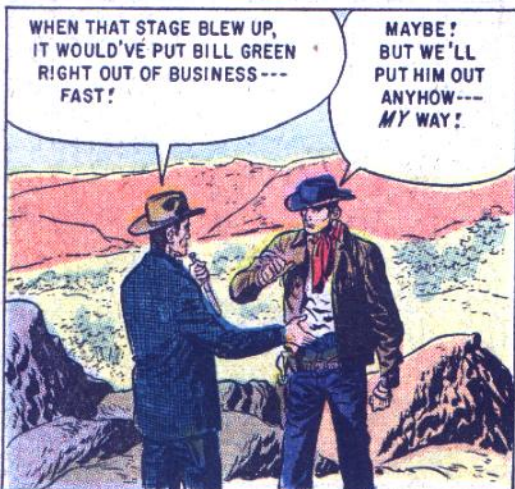
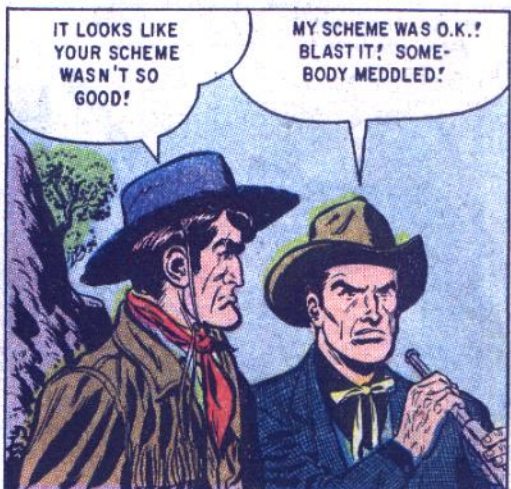


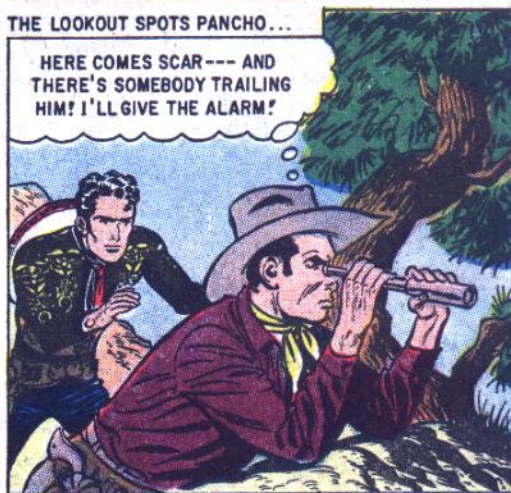
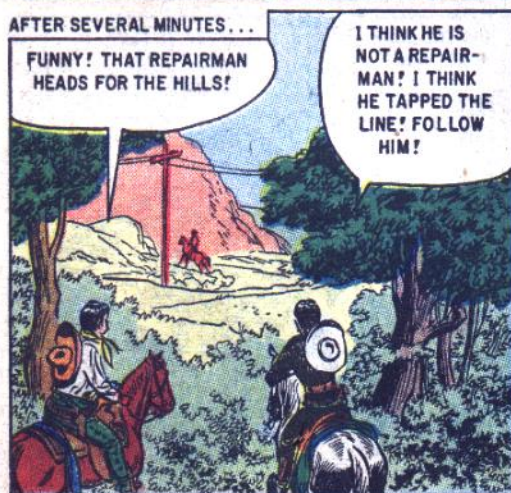
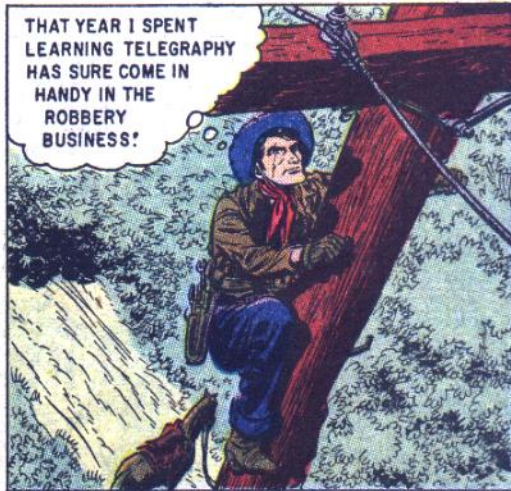
AS THE STAGE ROCKS AND BOUNCES OVER THE ROUGH
ROAD, THE CRATE OF DYNAMITE JARS LOOSE!



WITH MIGHTY DIABLO RACING LIKE THE WIND, CISCO CATCHES UP WITH THE LURCHING STAGE JUST AS THE DYNAMITE-LADEN STRONG-BOX STARTS TO FALL!

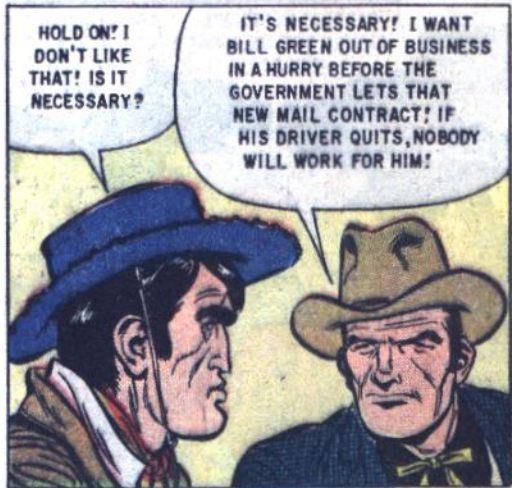


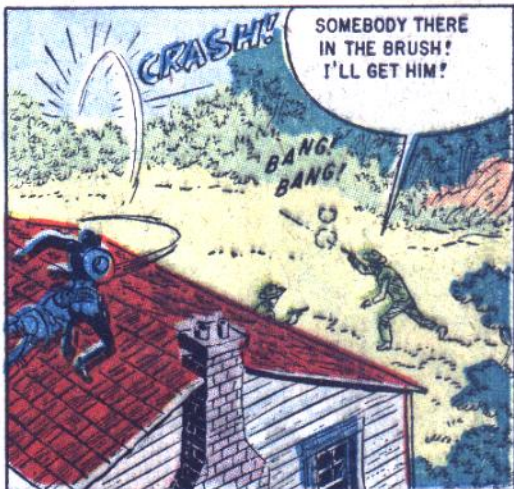
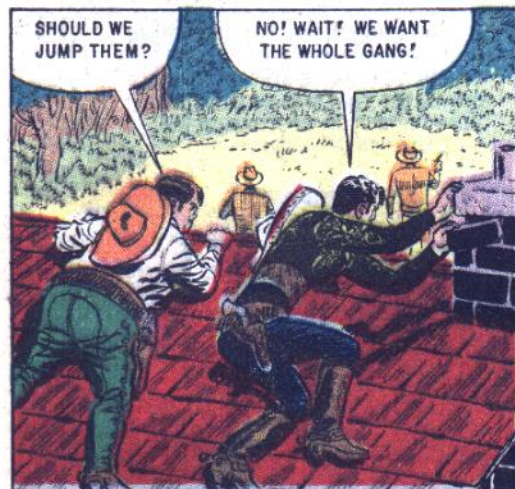
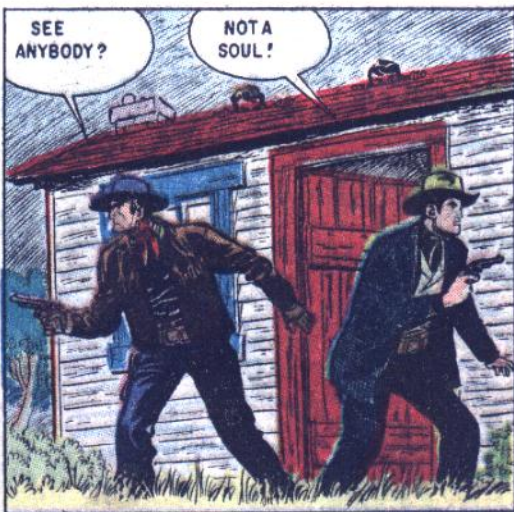






PANCHO FOLLOWS SCAR TO A HIDDEN CABIN...

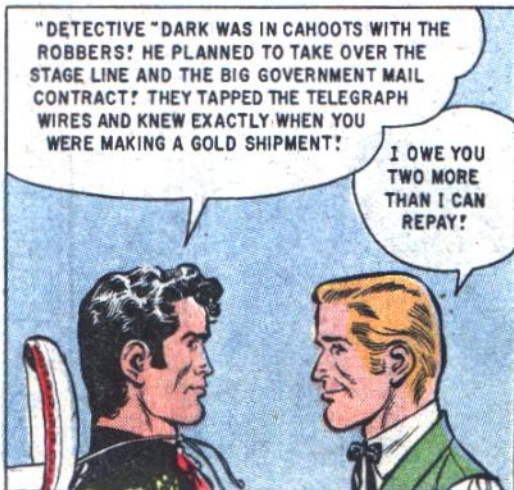
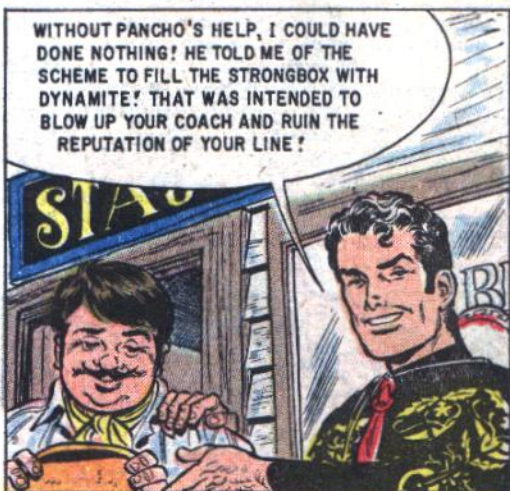




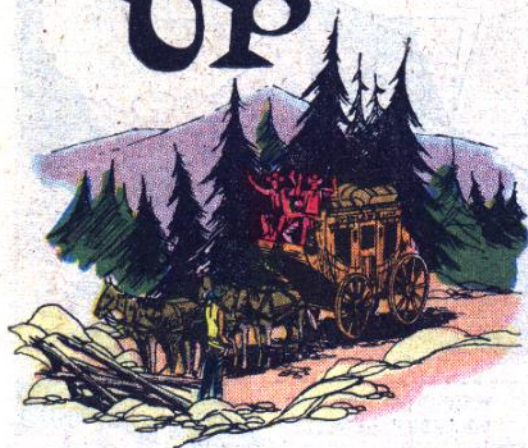
NEARBY, OTHER OUTLAWS HEAR THE SHOOTING!



LATER, IN TOWN...



Hold Up



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When the prison gates opened to let young Hob Brennon out, his brother Sandy was there to meet him. Hob's eyes were bleak, his mouth a tight slash across his prison-pale face.

"I'll make 'em pay for those two years," were the bitter words he greeted his brother with.

"You've got to forget it," returned Sandy, figuring his bitterness would pass away in time.

But two weeks later, at Sandy's bob-tailed ranch in Pinos Valley, Hob was outlining exactly how he would "make 'em pay." He flung it in his brother's face, angrily. "The stage tonight carries the gold shipment from Los Demos mines. I'm holding in at Dead Man's Creek to lift that gold. If you want to help me, I'll cut you in, even money."

"If you stay here and help me build up my Circle-bar spread," countered Sandy desperately, "I'll cut you in on that, even money."

Hob sneered. "I'll make more dinero tonight than you will in a year from that bunch of flea-bitten cattle."

"But you haven't got a chance," pleaded Sandy. "Sheriff Drago has been watching you, just waiting to see if you turned into a real bad penny."

Hob slapped his gun in his holster. "Save the sermon, Sandy. And if you tell on me . . . well, I don't think you've got the nerve."

As Hob stepped out into the night, Sheriff Drago detached himself from the shadow of a tree and followed him. When Hob hid alongside the stagecoach trail at Dead Man's Creek, the sheriff silently took cover behind him, knowing he would have to wait until Hob committed the actual crime.

Hob tensed as he heard the stage coming in the distance. But what happened then was stark surprise for both waiting men. Sounds came slashing from around the bend . . . angry shouts . . . screech of brakes . . . whinny of horses. . . . And shots!

The stage was being robbed!

The sheriff sprang out into the road, forgetting Hob Brennon. With a stunned look on his face, Hob holstered his gun and crept away. Seeing the sheriff was a double shock. By the narrowest of squeaks, he had been saved from swift return to prison. Somebody else up-trail had saved Hob by robbing the stage first! It was like fate giving him a second chance, telling him to reconsider what he had planned.

When Hob got back to the ranch and stepped in the house, he got a bigger shock.

Sandy was sitting there, calmly cleaning his six-gun. A bandana mask still hung loosely around his neck.

"You robbed the gold?" gasped Hob. "Got in ahead of me, eh? Wanted it all to yourself. After all your pious preaching about me going straight . . ." He paused, looking around. "Where's the gold?"

"At the sheriff's office," drawled Sandy. "Nobody was hurt. I wrote a note, explaining to the sheriff why I pulled a fake holdup. You see, Hob, how could you rob it, if I beat you to it?"

Hob stood silent for a long minute, thoughts whirling.

"You win, Sandy," he said at last, grinning. "The sheriff's going to fine you, if nothing worse. But we'll make it up soon, building this ranch into the best in the valley."

PEDRO

THE MONEY MACHINE

PEDRO AND MIGUELITO TAKE A COFFEE BREAK WITHOUT COFFEE...

OH, MIGUELITO, IT IS VERY SAD THAT AN HOMBRE HAS TO WORK TO MAKE MONEY!

IT IS EVEN SADDER THAT A BURRO HAS TO WORK FOR NOTHING!

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NEARBY...

IF THIS THING MAKES MONEY, WHY DON'T WE JUST KEEP IT FOR OURSELVES?

EL GOOFO, HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO EXPLAIN? IT DOESN'T *REALLY* MAKE MONEY!

YOU PUT GEN-YEW-WINE DOLLARS IN HERE, SEE?

SI!

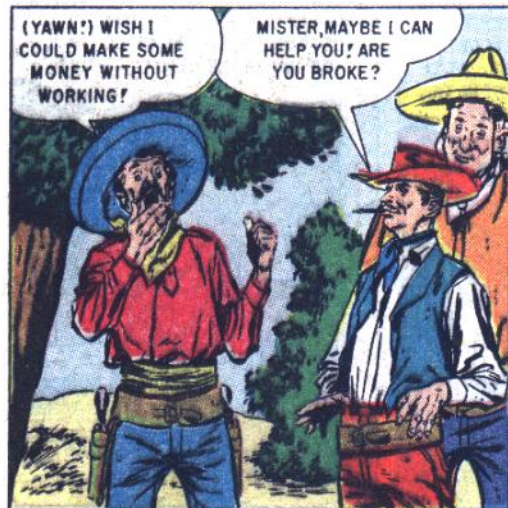
THEN YOU TURN THE CRANK AND THE SUCKER THINKS YOU'RE MAKING MONEY? SEE?

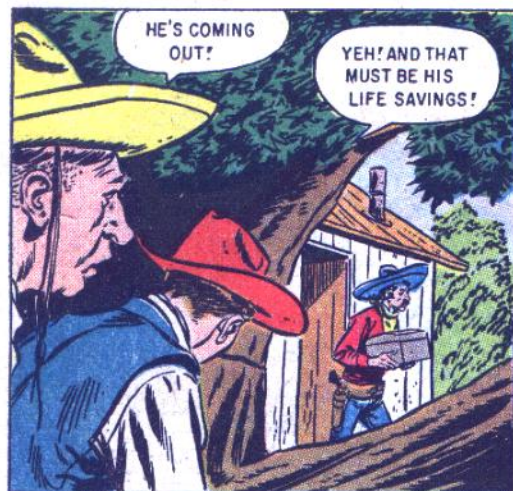
SI!

CLANK
CLANK
CLANK

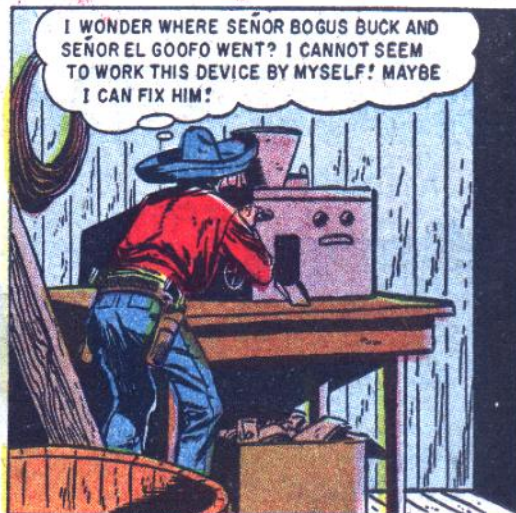
NOW WE'VE GOT TO SELL THE INVENTION TO SOMEBODY WHO ISN'T TOO BRAINY! THERE'S A LIKELY CUSTOMER!



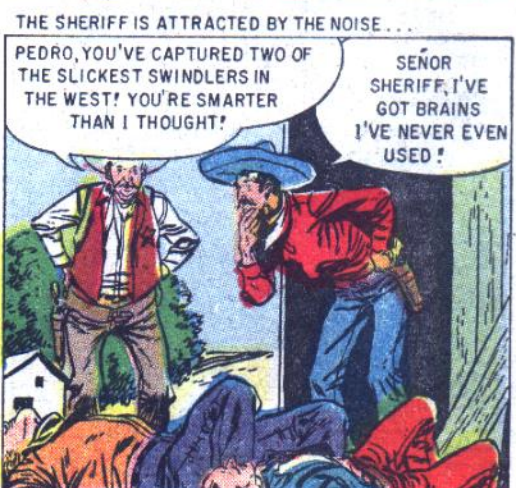
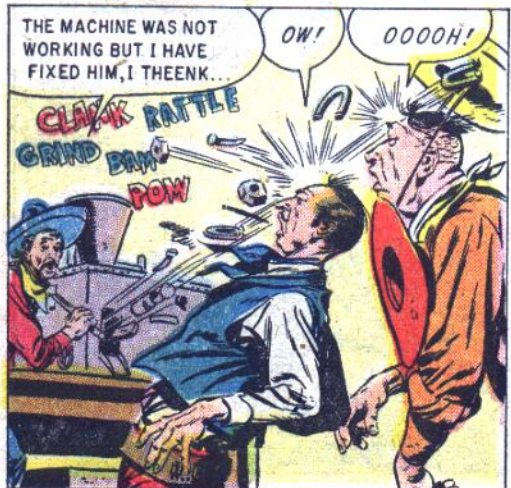




LATER, WHEN PEDRO AWAKENS...



IN THE HILLS, A DISMAYING DISCOVERY...

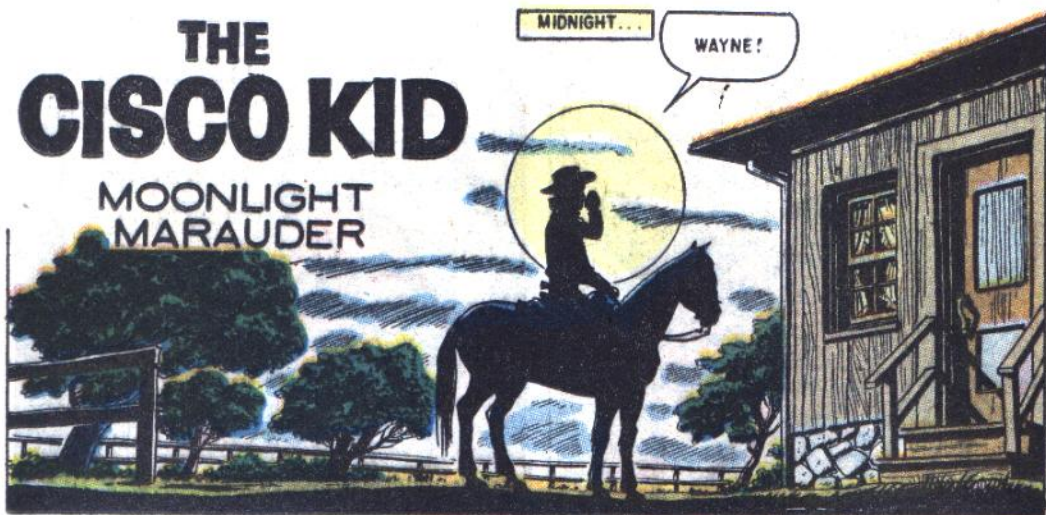


THE CISCO KID

MOONLIGHT MARAUDER

MIDNIGHT...

WAYNE!



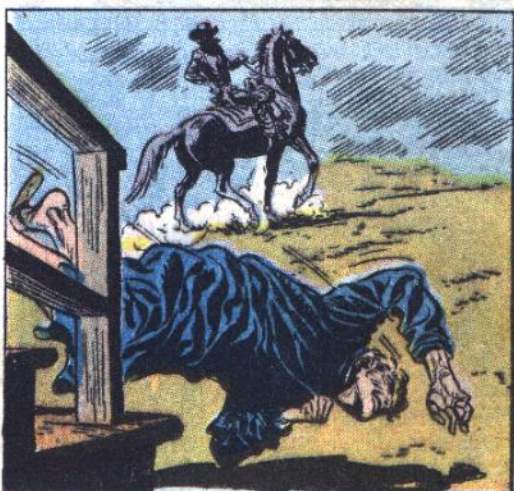
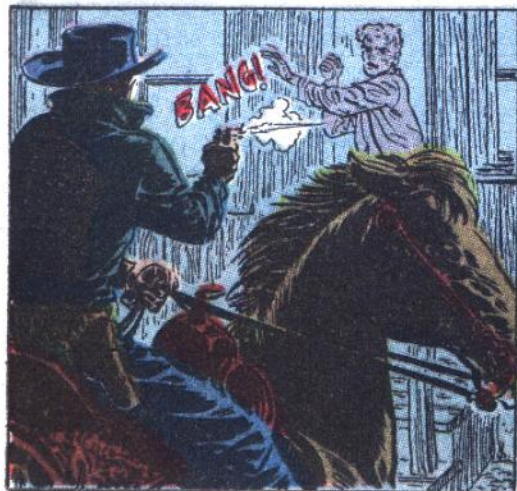
AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME, WAYNE BARBOUR SLEEPILY OPENS HIS EYES.

MAYBE THAT'S CISCO---THOUGH I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO GET HERE SO SOON!



YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

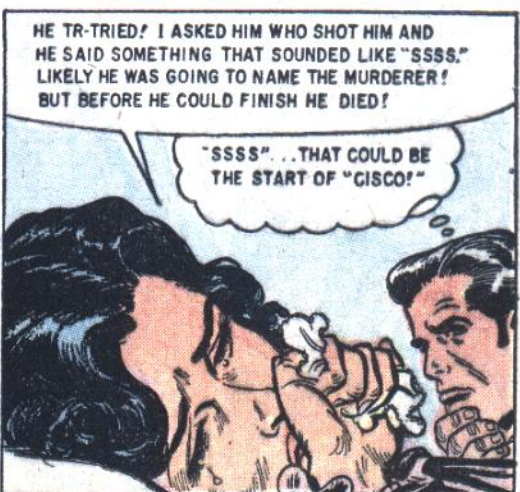
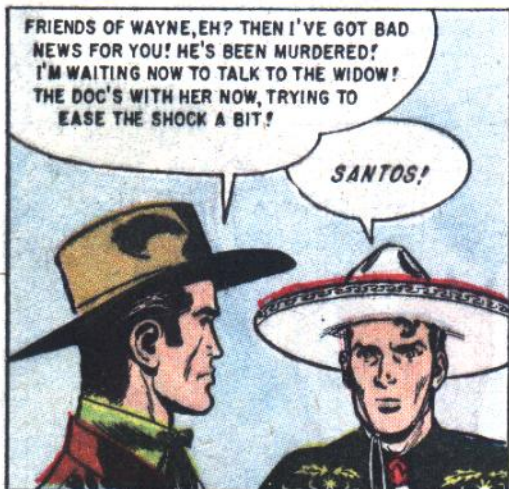
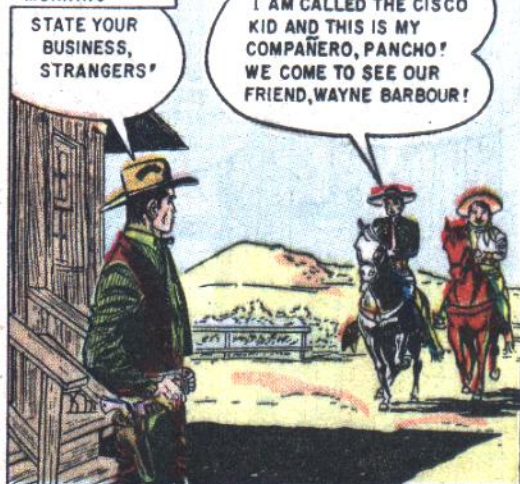
TARGET PRACTICE, WAYNE! TARGET PRACTICE!

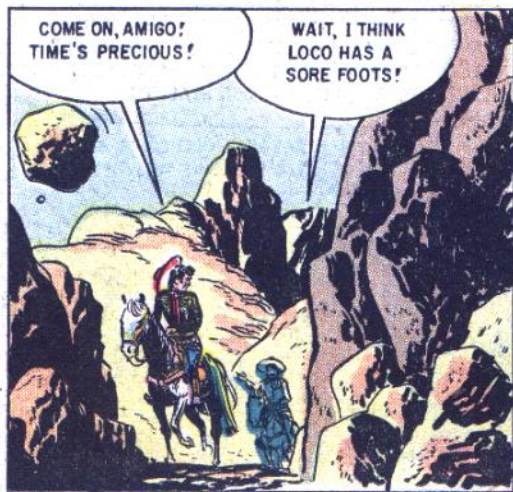
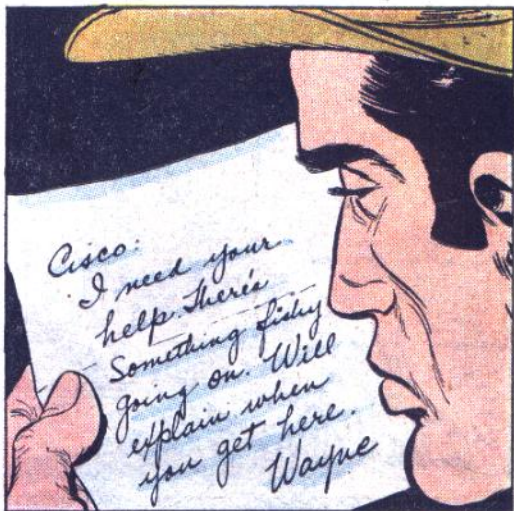


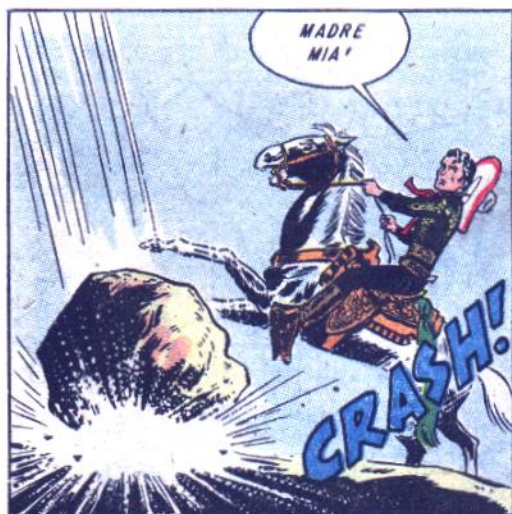
ROUSED BY THE SHOT, SUE BARBOUR RUSHES OUT.

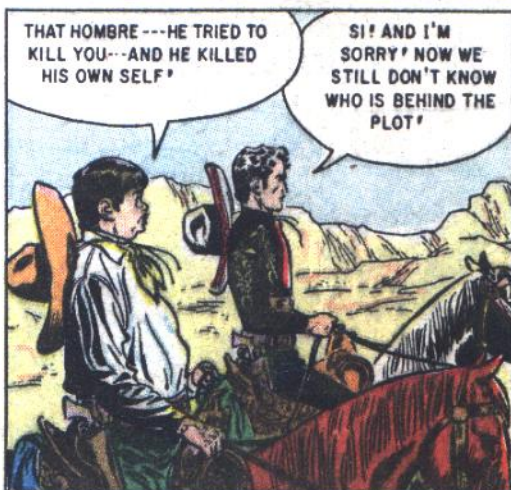
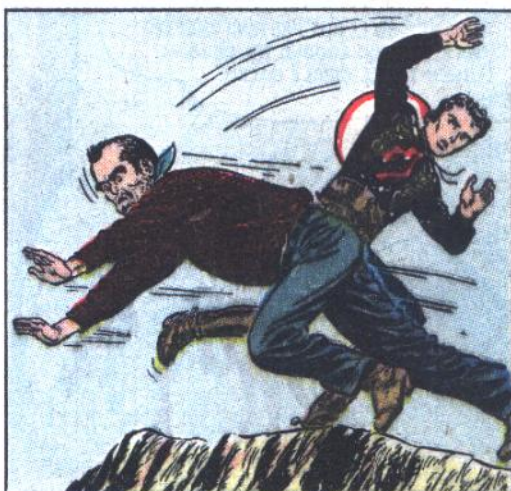
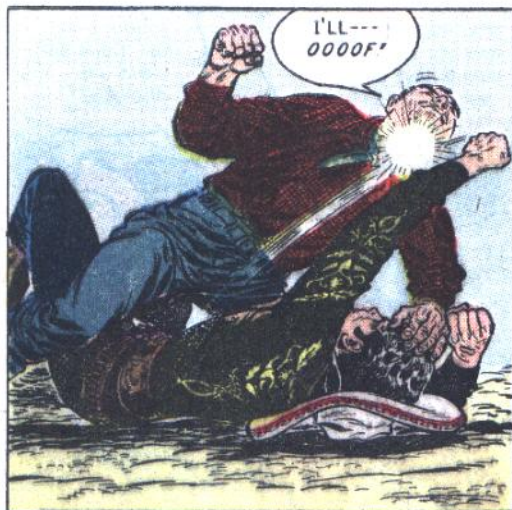


MORNING









IN TOWN, CISCO AND PANTHO QUESTION MANY PERSONS WITHOUT FINDING A CLUE TO THE MURDER. THEY LEARN ONLY THAT WAYNE WAS A QUIET MAN, WELL-liked, WITH NO KNOWN ENEMIES. NEXT DAY WAYNE'S WIDOW IS WELL ENOUGH TO BE QUESTIONED.

WAYNE NEVER BOTHERED ME WITH HIS BUSINESS AFFAIRS! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE HAD SENT FOR YOU, CISCO!



BUT YOU MUST HAVE NOTICED THAT HE WAS WORRIED, SEÑORA! DID HE PERHAPS GO INTO TOWN TO SEE ANYONE---RECENTLY?

NOBODY BUT MR. LENNOX! HE WENT TO SEE HIM ABOUT SOME KIND OF LAND DEAL OR SOMETHING! MR LENNOX IS A RESPECTED BUSINESSMAN!

HMMM, I TALKED TO LENNOX YESTERDAY! HE CLAIMED HE HADN'T SEEN WAYNE SINCE A MONTH AGO!

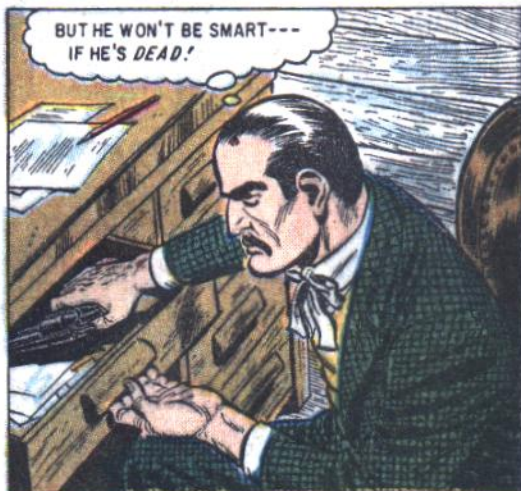


IN HIS OFFICE, MR. LENNOX SEEMS WORRIED.

BLAST THE LUCK! IT'S NOT SAFE HAVING THAT CISCO KID AROUND! HE'S TOO SMART!



BUT HE WON'T BE SMART---IF HE'S DEAD!



MEANWHILE...

CISCO, I'VE TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW! NOW EXCUSE ME, PLEASE! I HAVE TO PACK! I'M GOING BACK EAST WHERE PEOPLE ARE CIVILIZED!

PLEASE, SEÑORA! DON'T BE HASTY! I SWEAR I WILL BRING THE KILLER TO JUSTICE!



NO USE TO ARGUE, CISCO! I'M LEAVING HERE ON THE MORNING STAGE!



PANCHO, I WANT TO GO TALK TO THAT SURVEYOR WE SAW YESTERDAY! YOU GO INTO TOWN AND KEEP AN EYE ON MR. LENNOX! HIS OFFICE IS ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE RESTAURANT, SO YOU CAN EAT WHILE YOU WATCH!

HO-BOY!
HO-KLAY!

BUENO, SEÑOR! SURVEYING
MUST BE INTERESTING
WORK, NO?

I THINK SO! AND
IT HELPS MAN-
KIND, TOO!

I'M MAKING PLANS FOR A
DAM ACROSS HERE! IT WILL
DIVERT THE RIVER AND TURN
ACRES OF DESERT INTO LUSH
GRAZING LAND!

INDEED?
WHO
ORDERED
THIS?

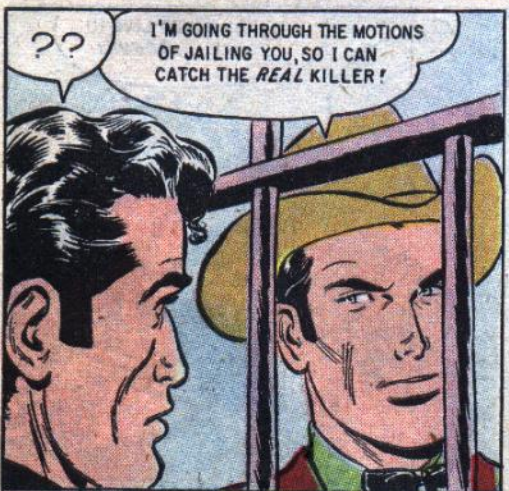
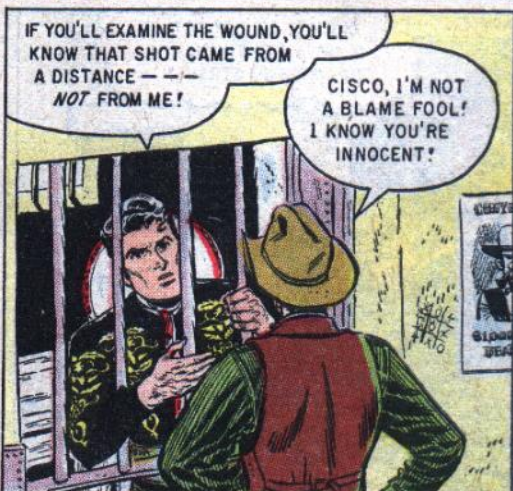
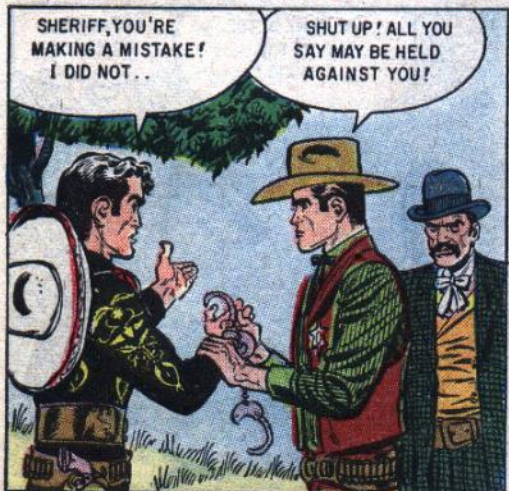
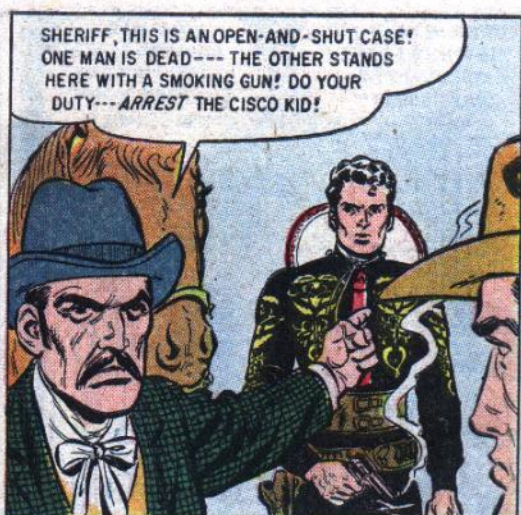
I WAS HIRED
BY SSSSS...

BANG!

SANTOS! AN
ASSASSIN!
BANG! BANG!

I HEARD
SHOTS!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

SOMEONE BUSHWHACKED THIS
POOR SURVEYOR! I THINK IT
WAS TO KEEP HIM FROM TALKING
TO ME!



MAYBE HE WANTED TO
LISTEN TO A NOISE!
MAYBE THAT WAS
ONLY "SSHHH!"

NO! IT WAS
GOING TO BE A
NAME! I THINK HE
WAS GOING TO SAY,
"SLIM LENNOX!"

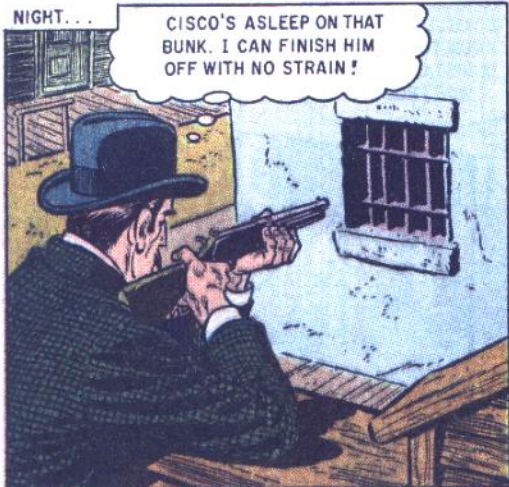


SLIM LENNOX IS A MIGHTY RESPECTED BUSINESS-
MAN! IF I ACCUSED HIM---WITHOUT EVIDENCE---
IT WOULD COST ME MY BADGE! I JUST CAN'T
ARREST HIM, UNLESS I GOT DEAD-SURE PROOF!



NIGHT...

CISCO'S ASLEEP ON THAT
BUNK. I CAN FINISH HIM
OFF WITH NO STRAIN!



AND THAT'S THE
END OF THE
CISCO KID!

NOT QUITE,
HOMBRE!



YOU!!...BUT
WHO'S THAT
IN JAIL?

YOU'VE "KILLED" A DUMMY!
BUT THE CHARGE IS
ATTEMPTED MURDER,
JUST THE SAME!



YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO
PROVE... OOOOH!





NEXT MORNING...

SEÑORA, PLEASE WAIT! WE HAVE MUCH TO TELL YOU!

CISCO CAUGHT THE ORNERY VARMINT WHO SHOT WAYNE!



SEÑORA, YOU MUST STAY! YOU CAN PICK UP THAT OPTION AND PROTECT ALL THE SMALL RANCHERS! IT'S WHAT WAYNE WOULD HAVE WANTED!



A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

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THE CISCO KID

IF I COULD CAPTURE HIM,
HOW I COULD USE
THE MONEY!

\$500
REWARD
ENCHILADA
THE BANDIT

SO, YOU WOULD CAPTURE ME,
EH, PANCHO? YOUR MONEY
OR YOUR LIFE!

ENCHILADA!

YOU WASTE YOUR TIME, MY FRIEND. THINGS
ARE BAD WITH ME. I HAVE NOT SO MUCH AS
A PENNY.

SO YOU THINK THINGS
ARE TOUGH WITH YOU, EH?

FOR ME THINGS ARE SO BAD
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO
BUY BULLETS FOR MY GUN
FOR TWO WEEKS!

AH, NO
BULLETS, EH?
THAT IS A
PITY!

DO NOT BE SO ANGRY, MY FRIEND, AT LEAST YOU
WILL GET YOUR MEALS FREE IN
THE CALABOOSE!

SOMETIMES I THINK I
TALK TOO MUCH!

Subscribe
to your
favorite
Dell Comic

...and get
this
Ball Point
Pen FREE!



A PLEDGE **DELL COMIC** TO PARENTS

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----- CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE -----

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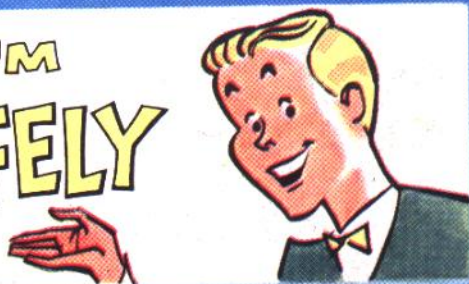
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JUICY FRUIT GUM
PRESENTS
HAVE FUN SAFELY

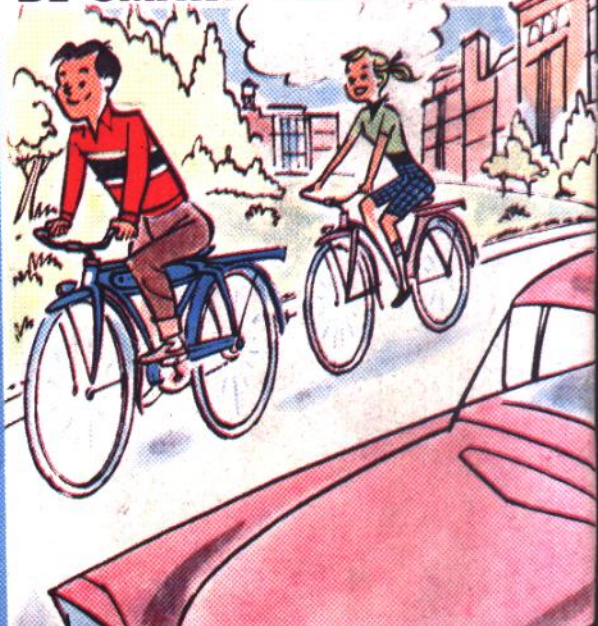


DON'T GET HURT



NEVER zigzag from side to side.
NEVER ride "without hands."
NEVER hitch behind cars or trucks.
NEVER carry "passengers" on your bike.
NEVER ride so fast you may lose your balance or be unable to stop quickly.
NEVER ride with bad brakes or tires.

BE SMART-PLAY SAFE



ALWAYS ride on right side of roadway.
ALWAYS look carefully when approaching an intersection.
ALWAYS signal before turning but keep both hands on handle-bars when you turn.
ALWAYS know and obey the traffic laws.
ALWAYS wear white when it gets dark, and use bright headlight and red, rear reflector.

HERE'S ANOTHER SMART IDEA...

Remind your Mom that swell-tasting Juicy Fruit Gum is a healthful treat that won't spoil your appetite. Ask her to get some and keep plenty on hand!

