

DELL

MAR—JULY
10c

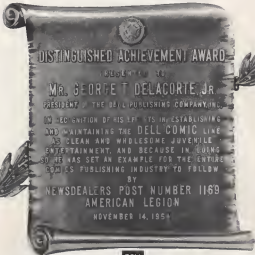
Gene Autrey's

Champion

He found Lost Canyon—
full of wolves!



Dell is proud to present one of its many awards . . .



DISTINGUISHED ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

PRESENTED TO

MR. GEORGE T. DELACORTE, JR.

PRESIDENT OF THE DELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

FOR RECOGNITION OF HIS EFFORTS IN ESTABLISHING
AND MAINTAINING THE DELL COMIC LINE
AS CLEAN AND WHOLESOME JUVENILE
ENTERTAINMENT, AND BECAUSE IN DOING
SO HE HAS SET AN EXAMPLE FOR THE ENTIRE
COMICS PUBLISHING INDUSTRY TO FOLLOW

BY

**NEWSDEALERS POST NUMBER 1169
AMERICAN LEGION**

NOVEMBER 14, 1954

A PLEDGE  TO PARENTS

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

Champion and the YOUNG RUSTLERS



LEFT IN CHARGE OF TEN FURBRED QUARTER-HORSE MARES AND SEVERAL COLTS, CHAMPION KEEPS WATCHFUL GUARD OVER HIGH VALLEY— HIS WILD, SUMMER PASTURE

ALERT TO SPOT THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT, THE GREAT STALLION'S BAZE WINKLED OUT



— A COYTE FAMILY, STALKING AN UNBAPT BOPPER

— AN OLD BRIZZLY BEAR, DIGGING ON THE FAR HILLSIDE FOR WARMTHS— NO DANGER TO THE LITTLE COLTS AT THIS SEASON!



BUT A SWIFT IN THE MORNING BREEZE BRINGS CHAMPION ANOTHER SCENT— A HATED ENEMY'S!

FOR JUST A MOMENT, SUNLIGHT BLINYS WARMLY ON THE BIG CAT'S COAT --- SO BEAR IN COLOR TO THE REDDISH ROCKS ACROSS THE VALLEY



--- BUT FOR CHAMP IT IS ENOUGH! WITH A SQUEAL OF ANGER, HE WAKES FOR THE BROKEN CLIFFS.



--- WHICH RISE ABOVE A BROAD, GREEN BELT OF ASPEN TREES



BEYOND THE TREES, THE SCENT HAS VANISHED --- BUT ITS WARNING IS STAMPED DEEP IN CHAMPION'S MEMORY --- OF A DEAD COLT AND A SMILING KILLER! THAT COULDN'T RIDE WITH HIS LIFE



MEANTIME, IN CHAMPION'S ABSENCE
A PURSUED BUNCH!
WORTH MONEY,
BUT!

YEAH! WE COULD
SELL SOME OF THAT
HERD FOR A GOOD-
SIZED BUBBLIN'!

WE'LL GO AFTER THE COLTS' EASY TO TAKE---EASY TO HOLD--- HARD TO IDENTIFY! THEY'RE NOT BRANDED! AND WE PASSED A PLACE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE

--- WHERE WE COULD KEEP 'EM TILL WE'VE MADE A CONTACT!



PLENTY OF TIME! WE'LL MAKE THE CONTACTS FIRST! I KNOW A BENT WHO'LL BUY 'EM... WE'LL COME BACK HERE IN A WEEK...

SURE MR. BENT!



ANOTHER MORNING, ONE WEEK LATER--- RICKY WEST APPROACHED ---

THE RIDGE TRAIL---SP HERE, REBEL! IT LEADS DOWN INTO HORN VALLEY, BUT YOU SEE THE WHOLE VALLEY FIRST!



THERE'S CHAMPION'S BUNCH! THEY'LL BE GLAD OF THE SALT I BROUGHT--- SALT WAS ARE THOSE TWO RIDERS CODING UP ON THEM---



WHEE-AUGH!

THEY'RE MUSTERS---AND CHAMPION KNOWS IT! WOODS, CHAMP! DON'T LET 'EM CATCH THOSE COLTS!



5 SEIZING CHAMPION TOOK LITTLE HORN, CHAMPION JUMPS THEM INTO A RUA, WITH SHOULDERS AND RIPS --- BEFORE THE SWIRLING LOOPS CAN FALL.



BUT THE LITTLE COLTS CANNOT MATCH THE SPEED OF BROWN HORSES! CHAMPION'S LITTLE BUNCH IS OUTFLEKED —



— — — AND HAZED INTO A LITTLE, ROCK-WALLED, BLIND CANYON



HELP ME WORK HIM OVER INTO THE TREES ---
OUT OF SIGHT! NO TELLING WHEN SOME COW POKE
MIGHT TURN UP AND SEE HIM IN THE OPEN, AND
INVESTIGATE!



IF HE FIGHTS
THOSE ROPES,
NOW HE'LL CHOKE
HIMSELF, BAY!



IT'S BETTER THAN RISKING A
SHOT THAT SOMEBODY MIGHT HEAR!
WE'LL PICK UP THOSE COLTS NOW,
AND GET OUT OF HERE!

SOOTS
HU, BAY!



WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN
THERE, REBEL! --- THE
QUICKEST WAY! THE WAY
THEY'VE BORED CHAMPION,
HE MAY BE CRACKING
TO DEATH!



EEEEEE-
AAAAH!

IT'S TIGHT RIGHT HERE, REBEL!
I'LL GET DOWN THERE AND
CATCH YOU WHEN YOU JUMP---



TARPEE!

OO!





WHINING ANXIOUSLY, REBEL PEERS DOWN OVER THE DROP TO THE NARROW RIDGE WHERE RICKY LIES...



STILL WHINING, HE FINDS ANOTHER WAY DOWN.



RICKY LIES UNCONSCIOUS, NEAR WHERE THE SHELF PINNED OUT—HIS FACE BRUISED AND SCRATCHED. REBEL'S ANXIOUS WHINING BECOMES ———



... AN ABRUPT BARKING...



WHEE-HEE-HEE! HOH-HOHO!

— BUNCH BURNS AN UNEXPECTED REPLY



INSTANTLY REBEL IS OFF, AND DOWN THE REST OF THE CLIFF IN BREAKNECK SPEED.



SENDING SOMETHING WRONG THE INSTANT HE SEES CHAMP'S LOW-HUNG HEAD, REBEL VOICES AN ARRISSED QUENY.



THE SCENT OF STRANGERS' HANDS ON THE ROPES TELLS REBEL ALL HE NEEDS TO KNOW! WITH HIS TEETH HE TACKLES THE STRANGLER.



IT TAKES TIME, BUT THE ROPE FINALLY PARTS.



WITH PLENTY OF SLACK NOW, THE SECOND ROPE OPENS UP.



QUITE CLEARLY, REBEL HAS MADE CHAMPION UNDERSTAND --- THAT RIGHT NEEDS HIM, BADLY!



BUT NOW BADLY, EVEN REBEL HAS NO IDEA --- AS YET! FOR THE SCENT OF BLOOD FROM RIBBY'S SCRATCHES HAS REACHED THE TANNY HUNTER OF THE CLIFFS!



DRIVEN BY HUNGER AND CURIOSITY, THE BIG CAT OVERCAME HIS NATURAL FEAR OF THE HUMAN SMELL, AND RICKY LIES UNMOVING, STUNNED BY HIS FALL.



BUT REBEL'S SHARP BARK AND THE CLATTER OF CHAMPION'S STEEL SHOES ON THE LUMBER CLIFF BRING A WARNING THAT CANNOT BE IGNORED.



ONLY A CAT OR A BOAT COULD TURN ON THAT NARROW SHELF--- BUT THE OLD LION HAS NO INTENTION OF BEING TRAPPED WITH NO PLACE TO GO!



TO THE COBBAR'S SURPRISE, HIS ONLY WAY OFF THE SHELF IS SUDDENLY BLOCKED-- FRENZIED BY TWO CREATURES WHO OUGHT TO BE FLEEING, INSTEAD OF CHASING HIM!



THE HORSE'S NEXT MOVE STARTLES THE COBBAR STILL MORE! CROWDING PAST REBEL, CHAMPION MOVED TO ATTACK!





AFTER LONG MINUTES, BICKY COMES TO



WHERE---? OH! *THERE THEY ARE, CHAMP!*
THEY'VE ROUGHED UP *ALL THE LITTLE*
COLLS--- AND THEY'RE DRIVING THEM
OVER THE FAR RIDGE...



WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THEM, CHAMP!---
EVEN THOUGH I HAVEN'T A COP, OR ANYTHING!
AND I WON'T HAVE TIME TO GO BACK FOR MY
SADDLE HORSE ON THE RIDGE ABOVE
THE CLIFFS.



THINKING FAST, RICKY GETS A SPOON OF BARK
FROM THE SMOOTH TRUNK OF A YOUNG ASPEN.

--- BUT I'LL WRITE A NOTE TO UNCLE
SMOXY. TELL HIM WHERE THE RUSTLERS
ARE HEADED--- AND THAT CHAMP AND
I WILL BE ON THEIR TRAIL---



YOU'LL CARRY THE NOTE--- TIED
TO YOUR COLLAR --- REMEMBER!
TAKE IT TO UNCLE
SMOXY! YOU HEARD?



TAKE IT HOME, REBEL!
HOME TO UNCLE SMOXY!
HURRY!



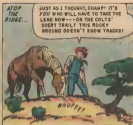
THESE RAIDERS ARE OUT
OF SIGHT, CHAMP! OVER
THE RIDGE! LET'S GO!



WHEE-
WHEE-
WHEE-
WHEE!



THERE'S A SORT OF A TRAIL
HERE---MADE BY DEER, I
GUESS! BUT UP ABOVE WE
MAY HAVE SOME TIGHT
TRACKING TO DO!



STOP
THE
HORSE...

JUST AS I THOUGHT, CHAMP! IT'S
FOUR WHO WILL HAVE TO TAKE THE
LEAD NOW---ON THE COLTS!
SOMET TRAILS THIS ROCKY
GROUND DOESN'T SHOW TRACKS!



TAKE IT EASY, CHAMP! WE
DON'T WANT TO CATON
UP WITH THOSE RUSTLERS,
YET!

DOWN THE OTHER
SIDE, CHAMP SETS A
PACE THAT HAS RICKY
WEARIED FOR THREE
MILES THERE IS NO SIGHT
OF THE HORSE THIEVES



AND
TIGHT...

OWN, BOFF! YOU'VE SPOTTED THEM,
CHAMP---DOWN BY THAT OLD ROOF-
LESS CABIN IN THE BEAVER MEADOW!
THEY'VE PUT THE COLTS INSIDE THE
CABIN, BUT WE CAN LOOK DOWN ON
THEM FROM HERE!

WHUFF!



I KNOW ABOUT THAT PLACE---
FROM UNCLE SMOKEY! SOMEONE
TRIED TO HOMESTEAD THE BEAVER
MEADOW YEARS AGO---AND FAILED---
THERE'S AN OLD TRAIL DOWN
TO THE HIGHWAY.



OUTSIDE THE RUINED CABIN, THE RUSTLERS
COOK AND EAT A MEAL---UNAWARE THAT
HUMAN EYES HAVE OBSERVED THEM



THEIR MEAL FINISHED, THE TWO YOUTHS FOX THE SURRY
SIDE OF THE GAMB FOR A BAR...



CHAMP, I'M GOING
TO TRY SOMETHING—
YOU WAIT HERE TELL
I CALL YOU—
SAVVY?



MAYBE I'LL BE TAKING A
POOL NEXT I RECKON,
UNLESS SMOKEY WOULD
TALK ME FOR EVER
TALKING OF IT,
CHAMP



--- BUT THOSE
MUSTERS GOING TO
SLEEP GIVES ME A GOOD
CHANCE TO RESCUE THE
GOLTS IF SOMETHING
GOES WRONG!



SAVVY THERE'S A BETTER HOPE THAN I'VE GOT
AND A WINCHESTER IN THE SADDLE—BOOTH I CAN
REACH 'EM WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

AT THE SIGHT OF A STRANGER — AND A YOUNGSTER —
THE BANDIT'S HORSE MOVED NERVOUSLY!



— — — UNTIL RICKY REMEMBERS
SOMETHING!





STARTLED BY THE SOUND OF A SHOT IN THE DIRECTION WHERE RICKY WENT...



CHAMPION FLEWED THROUGH THE BRUSH TOWARD THE SOUND OF HIS YOUNG FRIEND'S VOICE.



WITH A STEALTHY MOVEMENT, THE OTHER RODESLER REACHED HIS KNIFE...





MUCH HIGHER UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE, CHAMPION HEARS THE SOUND OF HOOPS---- AND TRUMPETS & WARRING TO RICKY



PULLING UP BESIDE THE OLD CARRIAGE, THE RIDERS BRING A NEW DANGER TO RICKY!



HASTILY RICKY WANTS COVER, IN THE BRUSH.



--- AND THE TWO RUSTLERS TAKE PROMPT ADVANTAGE OF THE BREAK!



FOR A MOMENT, CHAMPION HESITATES, READY TO RETURN THEM, AT THE SOUND OF SUNFIRE, RIDES CROCK'S FAMILIAR SHOOT!



EE-OWW-
EE-OWW!

TURNING TO HIS INFANT CHARGER, CHAMP
HEARS THEM ONCE MORE FOR SOME
DROSH PER HIM TO KNOW THAT UNCLE
SMOKE IS ON THE JOB DOWN BELOW!



JUST AT DUSK THEY REACH THE DEEP GREEN BRASS
OF HIGH VALLEY---THE HUNGRY COLTS WHISTLING FOR
THEIR MOTHERS



NEE-
NEE-
OWW!

WHEE-
WHEE!



WHEE-
NEE-
OWW!

WHEE-
WHEE!

AND THEN, SUDDENLY, CHAMP IS THERE, HIS
MIGHTY BICEP OPEN A PASSAGE FOR THE MARES.



NEXT MORNING

LOOK, UNCLE SMOKE!
THEY'RE ALL HERE!



UNCLE SMOKE GOT MY MESSAGE,
ALL RIGHT, CHAMP--- BUT IT WAS
POO WHO SAVED ME--- AND
THE COLTS? YOU BET?

WHEE, WHEE!
NO, NO!

Champion

FINDS THE LOBOS
OF LOST CANYON

WEIGHT AND IMPACT FORGOT HIM—HEAVY
LOBS, A FREIGHT TRAIN RUMBLLED TOWARD
LAS VEGAS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

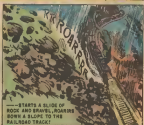
IN ONE OF THE BOX CARS,
IN A SPECIALLY PADDED STALL,
CHAMPION DROSE—
A SEASONED TRAVELER—
NOW ON HIS WAY TO OPEN A PIANO-
BASED CAMPAIGN FOR VICTIMS
OF THE CHILDREN'S ENEMY,
"FOLIO"



IN THE GARBAGE, CHAMPION'S CLOSE FRIENDS SLEEP
THROUGH THE BRAYING, GLASSING, ROARING HOWLS, UNTIL...



A DECOMBUST OVER THE
DESERT HILLS AND CANYONS—



—STARTS A SLIDE OF
ROCK AND GRAVEL, ROARING
DOWN A SLOPE TO THE
RAILROAD TRACK!



THE HEADLIGHT OF THE FREIGHT PIERCES OUT THE FIRST OF THE BOARDING ROCKS...



... AND INSTANTLY THE "HOGGER" APPLIES HIS AIR BRAKES...



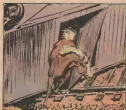
... BUT MOMENTUM CARRIES THE LEADING CARS ON INTO THE PATH OF THE SLIDE



A WRENCHING SHOCK HURLS THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CABOOSE TO THE FLOOR ...



THEN COMES A TERRIBLE SILENCE— BROKEN SOON BY A HORSE'S LOSE RIGHT



FROM THE BROKEN DOOR OF HIS UPSIDE-DOWN CAR, CHAMPION FORCES HIS WAY ———
URGENT



WHEE
HEE-HEE
HEE-HOO

FOR A LONG MOMENT HE PAUSES IN THE DARKNESS,
LISTENING FOR AN ANSWER TO HIS CALL ——— ON
ANSWER THAT DOES NOT COME



GRIPPED BY A NAMELESS HORROR, HE
PLUNGES AWAY DOWN THE SLOPE ———
A BURST OF STEAM ESCAPING FROM THE
WRECKED ENGINE SPURS HIM ON



AND, BEHOLD THE
CARD-BOX

WICKY!
ARE YOU
HURT?

I --- I HEARD
NOT --- MUCH ---
UNCLE SMOKY!
JUST A TIC EGG ---
ON MY HEAD!



BUT --- SAY!
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOUR LEG,
UNCLE SMOKY?

egg-egg

TWISTED MY KNEE! IT
WON'T HOLD WEIGHT ---
BUT NO MATTER IF
YOU'RE DEAT, WICKY!



IT BOUNDED LIKE A LANDSLIDE
WIT THE TRAIN! AND I THOUGHT
I HEARD CHAMPION'S CALL A WHUTTY
OR TWO AGO! BETTER GO AND
LOOK, WICKY



WELL---- I'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR THE REST OF THE CREW!
AFRAID THEY'RE BADLY HURT----OR DEAD.
YOU'D BETTER NOT COME, BOB!



SAY! IF HARRY DOESN'T WANT ME WITH
HIM RIGHT NOW, THERE'S ONE THING
I CAN DO! IT'S GETTING DELIGHT!



I CAN FOLLOW CHAMPION'S
TRACKS, AND CATCH HIM BEFORE
HE'S SORE FAR! THEN I CAN
RIDE FOR HELP!



CHAMP'S TRAIL HAS FACED OUT, HERE.
BUT YOU CAN FOLLOW HIS SCENT, RECK!
SO ON---- FIND CHAMP!



BUT, AN HOUR AFTER SOBUP ----

WHEREY CHAMP MUST REALLY
HAVE BEEN TRAVELING!



OF COURSE, CHAMP HAD NO WAY OF
KNOWING THAT HE WERE IN THE
CABOOSE! SO HE PROBABLY HEADED
IN A BEELINE FOR HOME ---- BY
INSTINCT? HORSES CAN DO THAT!



--- BUT HE'S GOT TO STOP
SOMETIME, TO EAT OR DRINK!
MAYBE I'LL SURE HOPE HIS TRAIL
LEADS US TO PATCH SOON!



AS THE SUN SHINES HIGH,
THIRST BLOWS RICKY'S FACE.

AT LAST, TOWARD NOON ---



OH, CHAMP! I DECIDED I'D NEVER FIND
YOU --- OR EVER GET BACK TO
UNCLE SMOKEY ---!



I'LL REST HERE (GULP!)
--- AND SOAK UP SOME WATER
(GULP!) --- AND THEN WE'LL
START BACK!



IN A COUPLE OF HOURS
WE'LL BE BACK AT
THE WOODS.





DARKNESS AND EXHAUSTION MADE SLEEP COME QUICKLY FOR THE BOY AND DOG AND WITH GRABFIN ON GUARD



--- EVEN THE HOWL OF A WILDEST LOBO FAILS TO DISTURB THEIR REST

NEXT MORNING

IF WE KEEP HEADING EAST, WE ARE GOING TO STRIKE THE RAILROAD SOMEWHERE---AND THEN OUR TROUBLES WILL BE OVER!



BUT EASTWARD A MOUNTAIN RIDGE BARS THE WAY, SLOWING PROGRESS TO A CRAWL.

GOOD BRIEF!



---AND FROM THE RIDGE TOP A TORTURED, BROKEN, WATERLESS COUNTRY STRETCHES ON AND ON!

CHAMP, WE'VE GOT TO FIND WATER, OR WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT---*ANYWHERE!* I'M STUMPED---SO I'M GOING TO LET YOU PICK OUR WAY!

UH-HUH-
HUH!



HOW, YOU ACT LIKE YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE HEADED, CHAMP!



NO WATER---HERE---CHAMP!

UH-HUH-
HUFF!



A THOUSAND FEET DOWN, CHAMP HALTS AT THE RIM OF A DEEP GORGE---AND FEARFULLY BUT SURELY TO HIS NOSTRILS COMES THE SMELL OF WATER!



SA-SY! WATCH YOUR STEP, CHAMP! IT'S A LONG WAY---TO FALL!



RECKON IT'S BETTER KEEP MY EYES SHUT---AND JUST HEAD ON!

WITHOUT HESITATION, HE PICKS A PATH THAT FEW WILD HORSES WOULD DARE...



WATER! CHAMP, CHAMP! YOU'VE SAVED US ALL!

WHEEE???



BUT THE TRAIL ENDS RIGHT HERE! CHAMP! HOW ARE WE GOING TO---



WHEE!

TANGO



YARROW!

SOME---(GRRR)--- SOME CR, REBEL!







HE'S NOT WILD---
"BO HIS RIDER CAN'T
BE VERY FAR OFF!

---IN THIS CANYON! BUT WHO
BESIDES A POSSIBLEMAN WOULD
COME TO LOST CANYON?



I AIM TO HAVE A CLOSE LOOK AT
HIM! MIGHTY HANDSOME HORSE,
BUT I CAN'T SEE ANY BRAND!



THINKING THE STRANGER MEANS TO ROPE
ONE OF THE OTHER HORSES, CHAMP DOES
NOT WINK!



--- UNTIL THE LOOP FALLS OVER HIS HEAD! THEN, IN
SUDDEN AWE AT THE STRANGER'S ACT



--- HE MAKES A REAL "BOGGER PLAY"!



--- AND WHOLE ABOUT!



THE STRANGER'S ROPE AROUND HIS NECK IS AN INSULT TO CHAMP! GARBLE TO SHAKE IT OFF..





"A ROPE? AND WHO ---? ONLY A HORSE THIEF WOULD HAVE DROPPED THIS LOOP OVER YOUR HEAD, CHART?"



"IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH FIGURING TO SEE THAT HE'LL BE COMING AFTER *IT*, TOO! AND I HAVEN'T EVEN A CAP GUN."



"ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO, NEBEL --- HIDE AND BLUFF IT OUT!"



"THEY'RE COMING, NEBEL --- *THREE* OF THEM! AND LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! TWO-LEGGED *LEGGS* --- IF I EVER SAW ANY!"



"THERE'S THE HORSE --- BUT HE'S SHED YOUR ROPE, BAGGER!"



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





AND, BEYOND THE BRIDGE WALL--

HI, SHERIFF! LOOK WHAT'S DRIFTING OUT OF THAT HOLE IN THE ROCK---!

IT'S CHARL FORD AND HIS GANG!



WHO'S THAT?

HI-- IF THAT'S A LAW RIDER, CHAMP---!



MOMENTS LATER...

IT WAS CHAMPION WHO FOUND THOSE LEGS, SHERIFF--- AND CHASED 'EM OUT TO YOU! THEIR CAMP IS JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL... AND ---

THEIR CAMP?



HOLD 'EM HERE, BOYS--- I'M GOING BACK INSIDE! FOR THE BARK MONEY---

AND HE' 'Z DOWN, TOO --- REBEL AND I --- FOR THAT FISH I CAUGHT! WE'VE STARVED! COME ON, CHAMP---!

A PLEDGE  TO PARENTS

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