

HOPALONG CASSIDY

By
DAN
SPIEGLE



IT'S MORNING!
WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
THE LAST I REMEMBER, THOSE
WOLVES HAD ME BACKED UP
TO THE CLIFF EDGETHE
LEDGE OF SNOW GAVE WAY,
AND NEXT I KNEW, MELODY
AND I WERE FALLING....

MELODY!
UNLESS HE ESCAPED,
THE LAST OF THE CARVER
BROTHERS LIES BURIED
UNDER THIS SLIDE!



ALL I CAN DO
NOW IS LOCATE
MESQUITE AND SERGEANT
MACKENZIE SOMEWHERE
TO THE EAST....



HOURS LATER....

NOTHING BUT
SNOW.... WHEREVER
I LOOK, THE GLARE
SURE HURTS MY EYES!
.... GOT TO STOP
AND REST....



SOMETHING'S
WRONG! I...I CAN'T
SEE! I'VE GONE
SNOW-BLIND!



CAN'T STAY HERE
AND FREEZE.... GOT
TO KEEP MOVING 'TIL
I FIND HELP....OR
HELP FINDS ME...



A BEDDING!
I MUST HAVE
STUMBLERD ONTO
SOME BACKWOODS
SETTLER'S CABN!



FINDIN' THIS MOUNTIE
POST EMPTY WAS A STROKE
O' PURE LUCK! THERE'S FRESH
SADDLE HORSES IN TH' SHED
AN' ENOUGH GUNS AN' GRUB
T' GIT ME OUT O' THIS SNOW
COUNTRY 'FORE ANYBODY
SHOWS UP!



HELLO...
ANYONE
HOME?



DON'T BE SAD MISTER!

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