

Capital Journal

SALEM, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1954

HOPALONG CASSIDY

HOPALONG CASSIDY AND SUNDOWN ARE TRAPPED SOMEWHERE IN THAT JUNGLE, OR WE'D HAVE HEARD FROM 'EM BEFORE THIS! THAT'S WHAT BROUGHT US DOWN HERE, WITH ALL OF US HELPIN' IN TH' SEARCH--

AREN'T YOU FORGETTIN' SOMETHIN', MISTER? YOU DROPPED AN ASSAY REPORT IN TH' STREET THAT PROVES TH' LOST "NEBLINA LOMA" MINE IS SOMEWHERE IN THAT SWAMP. THIS CROWD AIMS T'GET ITS SHARE OF IT!



WELL, OF ALL TH' GREEDY GRUBBIN' MONGRELS! NOW WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

FORGET 'EM. WE GOTTA LOCATE HOPPY AN' SUNDOWN ON OUR OWN!



DISMOUNTING AT THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE, THE HORDE OF GOLD-SEEKERS PLUNGES INTO THE DENSE THICKETS....



S-SEÑOR SANDERSON!! W-WHERE DEED YOU COME FROM? EVERYONE THEENK YOU ARE DEAD!

NEVER MIND THAT! WHY IS THAT MOB HERE? WHAT ARE THEY AFTER?



GOLD! THEY SAY THE LOST SPANISH MINE EES HERE EEN THE JUNGLE!

YES, AND YOU TOLD THEM!



THAT DRY BRUSH FIRE WILL SOON SPREAD, COVERING THE WHOLE JUNGLE! I'VE GOTTA GET OUT O' HERE..... FAST!

