

WES SLADE

DEPUTY US MARSHAL

BY GEORGE STOKES

SCANNED FROM THE ORIGINAL ARTWORK
HELD IN THE ARCHIVES OF

EXPRESS 

Frontier Marshal

NEWTON, AN END-OF-THE-LINE CATTLE TOWN IN KANSAS. MARSHAL LINNAKER AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW SEASON'S HERDS AND THE BRAWLING TEXAN TRAIL-DRIVERS.



MARSHAL SURE LOOKS EDGY TODAY!

WHO WOULDN'T BE? FIRST SEASON'S HERD JEST CROSSED THE RED RIVER. THEM WILD TEXANS'LL BE HERE SOON.

LINNAKER KIN HOLD 'EM. PROVED THAT IN THE BIG GUNFIGHT LAST SEASON



BOY, THAT WAS A DINGER! BIG KARL WALKED AWAY WITH THREE SLUGS IN HIM— BUT HE LICKED THE TEXANS.

KARL, YOU HAVEN'T EATEN ALL DAY. YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS.



I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, RUTH. JEST LAY OFF ME, THAT'S ALL.

I KNOW WHAT'S HIS TROUBLE. HE GOT HURT BAD LAST YEAR AND A MAN CAN ONLY TAKE SO MUCH. BUT HE'S STUBBORN— NEEDS A MAN TO TALK TO HIM...



WES SLADE IN SILVER CITY! THEY WERE TOGETHER THROUGH THE CIVIL WAR. IF I COULD GET HIM TO COME OVER AN' SEE KARL...



FM 1 - 4-10-'64 - 193

HE'S TOWN MARSHAL IN NEWTON, KANSAS. HIS WIFE'S WORRIED SICK ABOUT HIM.



SHE'S GOT REASON, WES. ANY COW-CAMP MARSHAL'S LIVING ON BORROWED TIME.

ANYWAY, SHE WANTS ME OVER THERE QUICK. I'VE GOT TO GO, FRANK.

SURE, THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR. I'LL MAKE OUT TILL YOU GIT BACK.



SLADE ARRIVES IN NEWTON.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH KARL, RUTH?

WES, I'M FRIGHTENED. HE'S NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE THE TEXANS SHOT HIM UP LAST YEAR. HIS NERVE'S GONE—AND HE WON'T ADMIT IT!



the Wastelands

SILVER CITY. A VETERAN PROSPECTOR PULLS IN AFTER THREE WEEKS ON THE DESERT...



HERE COMES CHARLIE MACE AGIN. BEATS ME HOW THEM SAND-RATS STAY ALIVE OUT THAR ON THAT DEVIL'S GRID-IRON

THEY GOT THE KNACK, FRANK



HI, CHARLIE. ANY LUCK?

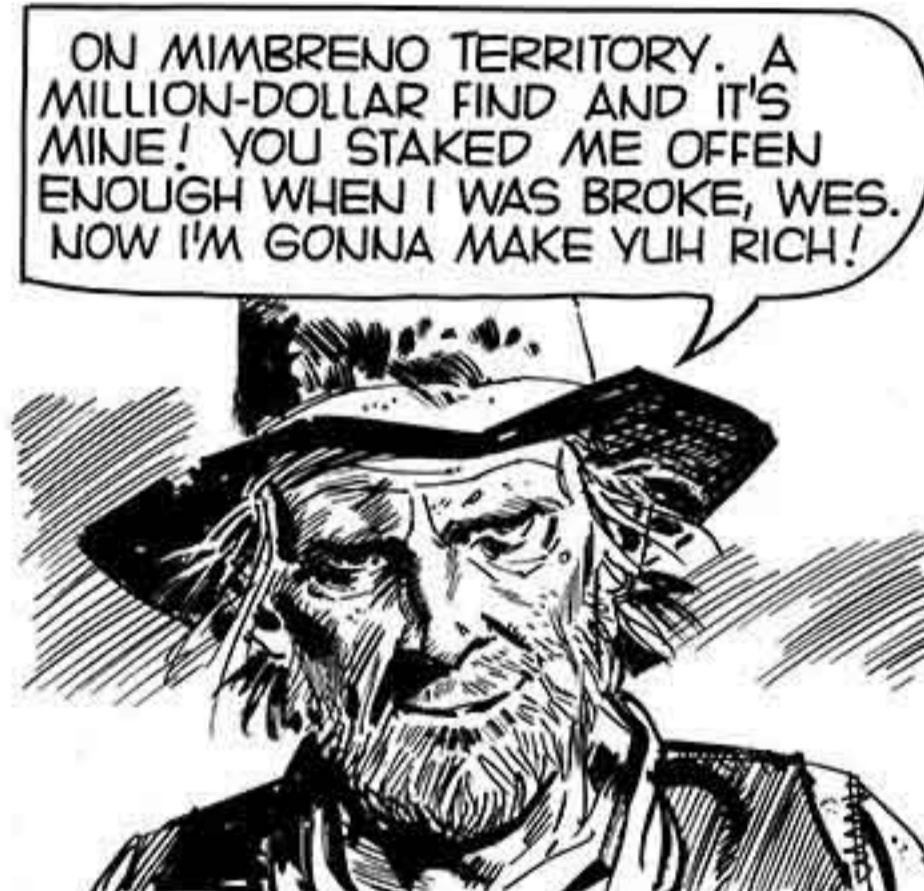
LUCK! BOY, I'M RICH! I GOT SUMP'N TO SHOW YUH WILL SWIVEL YER EYE-BALLS!

WI - 293

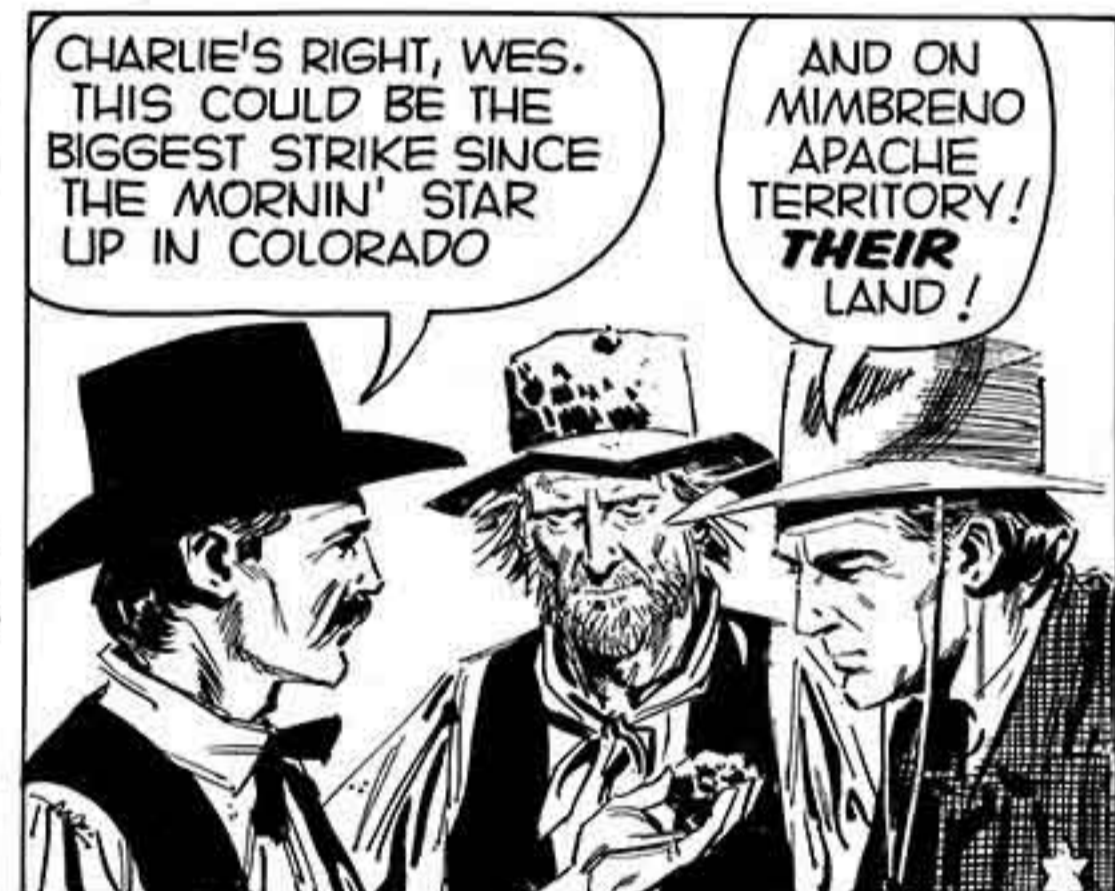


TAKE A LOOK, BOYS. SILVER ORE! THEY'LL RUN A HUNDRED OUNCES TO THE TON — AN' THAR'S A MOUNTAIN OF IT OUT THAR!

WHAR'D YOU FIND IT, CHARLIE?

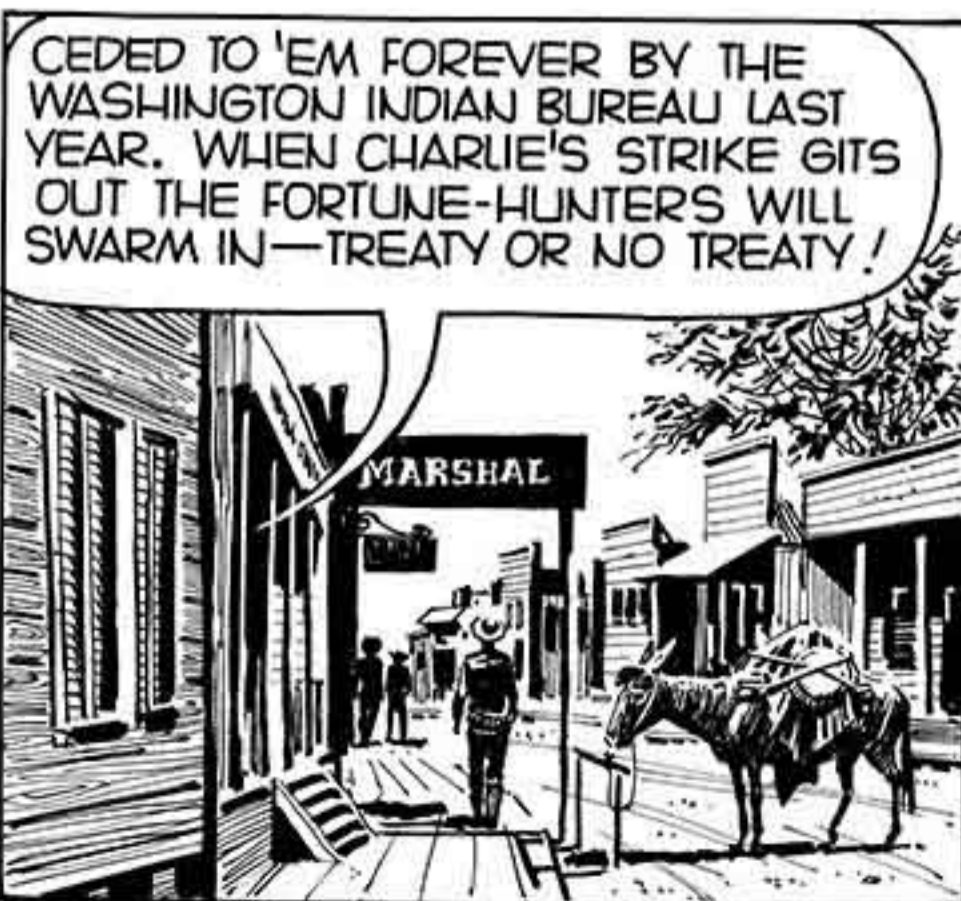


ON MIMBRENO TERRITORY. A MILLION-DOLLAR FIND AND IT'S MINE! YOU STAKED ME OFFEN ENOUGH WHEN I WAS BROKE, WES. NOW I'M GONNA MAKE YUH RICH!

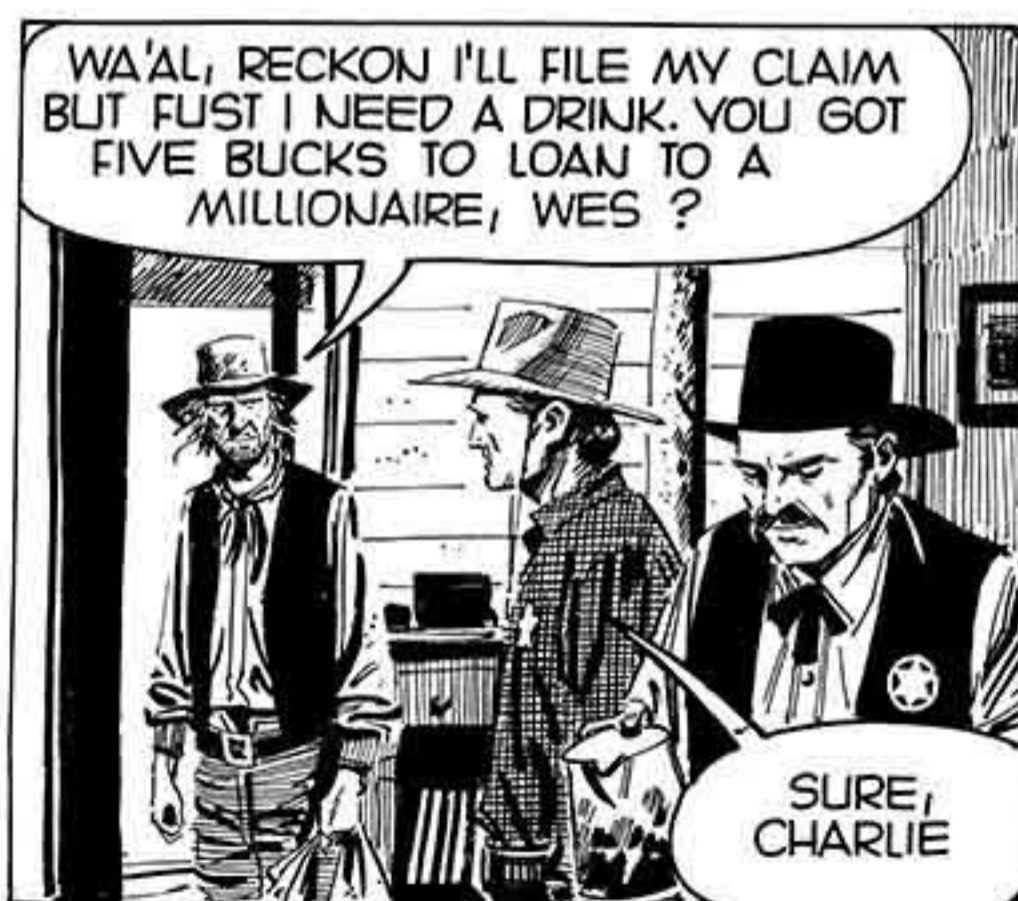


CHARLIE'S RIGHT, WES. THIS COULD BE THE BIGGEST STRIKE SINCE THE MORNIN' STAR UP IN COLORADO

AND ON MIMBRENO APACHE TERRITORY! **THEIR** LAND!

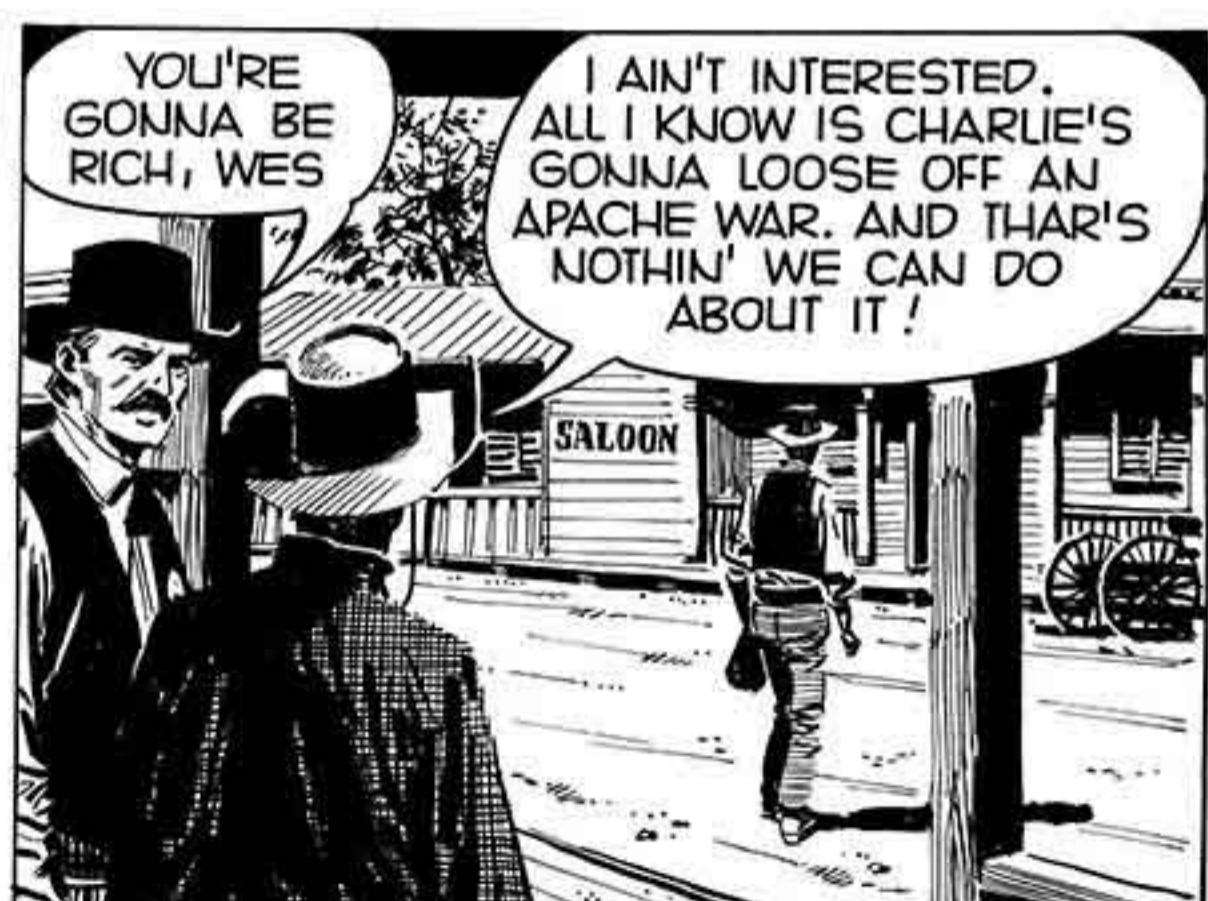


CEDED TO 'EM FOREVER BY THE WASHINGTON INDIAN BUREAU LAST YEAR. WHEN CHARLIE'S STRIKE GITS OUT THE FORTUNE-HUNTERS WILL SWARM IN—TREATY OR NO TREATY!



WA'AL, RECKON I'LL FILE MY CLAIM BUT FUST I NEED A DRINK. YOU GOT FIVE BUCKS TO LOAN TO A MILLIONAIRE, WES?

SURE, CHARLIE



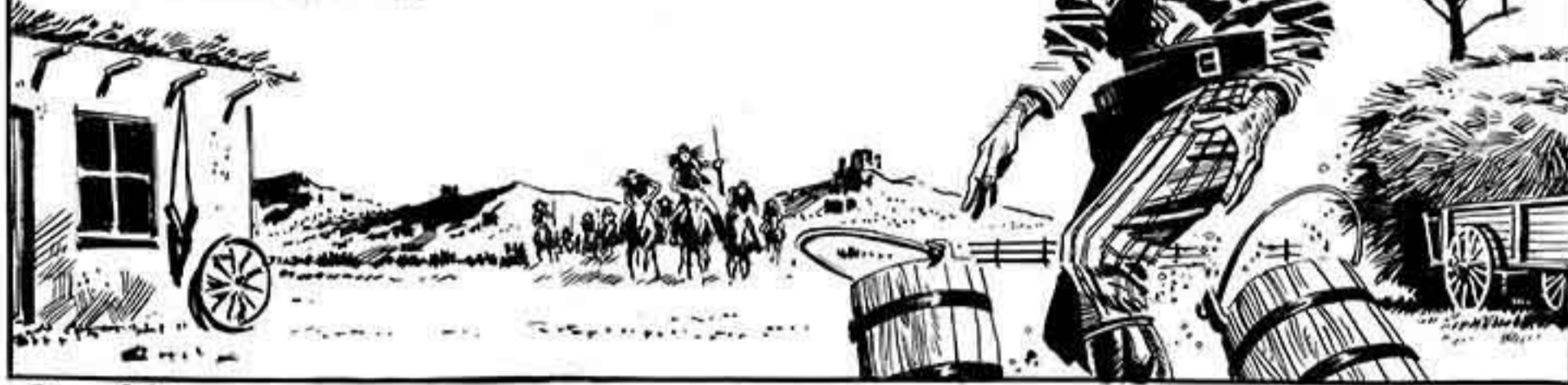
YOU'RE GONNA BE RICH, WES

I AIN'T INTERESTED. ALL I KNOW IS CHARLIE'S GONNA LOOSE OFF AN APACHE WAR. AND THAR'S NOTHIN' WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!

**the
RENEGADE**

A FARMSTEAD IN
ARIZONA IN THE
HEART OF HOSTILE
APACHE COUNTRY

APACHES!
HESTER —
GET THE KIDS
INSIDE!



**THE AFTERMATH
OF HATE**

THEY ARE ALL DEAD,
MANDRAVINO

THEN SLAUGHTER
THEIR STOCK AND
PUT FIRE TO
THE HOUSE



RI · 265

THE ONLY
SURVIVOR

DEVILS! I
HATE YOU!



ANOTHER
OF THEIR BREED!
KILL!!!



LET THE BOY
LIVE. HE HAS SPIRIT.
I LIKE HIM!



HEED THY CHIEF —
MANDRAVINO. A MAN
WITHOUT SONS IS A MAN
WITHOUT HOPE. NOW I
HAVE A SON — THE YELLOW-
HAIR ONE HERE...



... HIS NAME SHALL
BE WASHUBAKOTLI!

THOU ART A MAN
NOW, MY SON.
AND WHAT HAVE I
TAUGHT THEE?



I AM APACHE, MY
FATHER. I MUST BE BRAVE
AND STRONG AND HATE
THE WHITES — HATE
AND KILL!

WHILE BACK IN SILVER CITY...

'MEMBER ME TO
SHERIFF SCHUSTER AT
YUMA, WES. THEY DON'T
COME BETTER THAN
OLD CHARLIE

SURE WILL,
FRANK. BE
BACK IN
A WEEK'S
TIME



THE NESTERS

MOVED IN FOUR DAYS AGO, SIR. WIRIN' UP THEIR LAND TOO. THAT MEANS WE HAVE TO DETOUR FOR WATER

MY HERDS TURN ASIDE FOR NO MAN, CAMERON. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO

IT WON'T WORK, TOM. THOSE LITTLE PEOPLE HAVE GOT SOMETHING BEHIND 'EM BIGGER THAN YOU. THEY'VE GOT THE LAW. EVEN YOU CAN'T BUCK THAT!

I'M THE LAW HERE, SEDDON. AND I'VE GOT FIFTY HIRED MEN TO BACK ME UP!

AND SO IT WAS IN ARIZONA IN 1873...

TOM GISBURN, OWNER OF THE VAST EAGLE-G RANCH HOLDING, SEES HIS EMPIRE THREATENED BY THE ARRIVAL OF HOMESTEADERS ON HIS BOUNDARY-LINE . . .

Glory STOKES

N1-12-8-'62-81

THE SAME DAY, SLADE REACHES THE EAGLE-G TERRITORY...

RAN OUT OF CAWFFEE AWHILE BACK, MISTER. YOU GOT SOME TO TRADE?

RECKON NOT, STRANGER, BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO SHARE WHAT WE HAVE. SET DOWN FROM YOUR HORSE AN' JINE US

SEE YOU'VE BEEN WIRIN' UP. ANY TROUBLE WITH THE EAGLE-G OUTFIT YET?

WHY NO, SIR. AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR IT EITHER. WE JEST WANT TO BE GOOD NEIGHBOURS

THREE FELLERS RIDIN' THIS WAY, PAW

HOWDY, FELLERS. ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

YEH-GIT OUT! RAFF-LENNIE-HITCH YOUR HORSES TO THESE POSTS 'AN GRUB 'EM OUT!

NOW, HOLD ON, MISTERS. YOU GOT NO RIGHT..!

LINCUPLE THEM HORSES, STRANGER. A MAN'S GOT A RIGHT TO FENCE OFF HIS OWN LAND

WE GOT A TROUBLEMAKER, RAFF. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM

SLADE ACTS

YOU NESTERS DONIT B'LONG HERE. THIS IS A TASTE OF WHAT YOU'LL GIT IF YOU DONIT MOVE OUT!

I'VE HAD A TOUGH DAY, BOY, ALL IT NEEDED WAS A FLAP-MOUTHED NESTER TO ROUND IT OFF. I'M GOIN' TO BEAT THE JUICE OUTTA YUH!

FLECKNER'S TERRITORY

ARIZONA. A U.S. ARMY SUPPLYWAGON LADEN WITH GUNS AND AMMUNITION LUMBERS TOWARDS DISTANT FORT DONALDSON...



FOUR OF 'EM PLUS THE SWADDY ON THE WAGON-BENCH, OKAY, LET'S COVER UP AN' TAKE 'EM!



FT 1 • 679



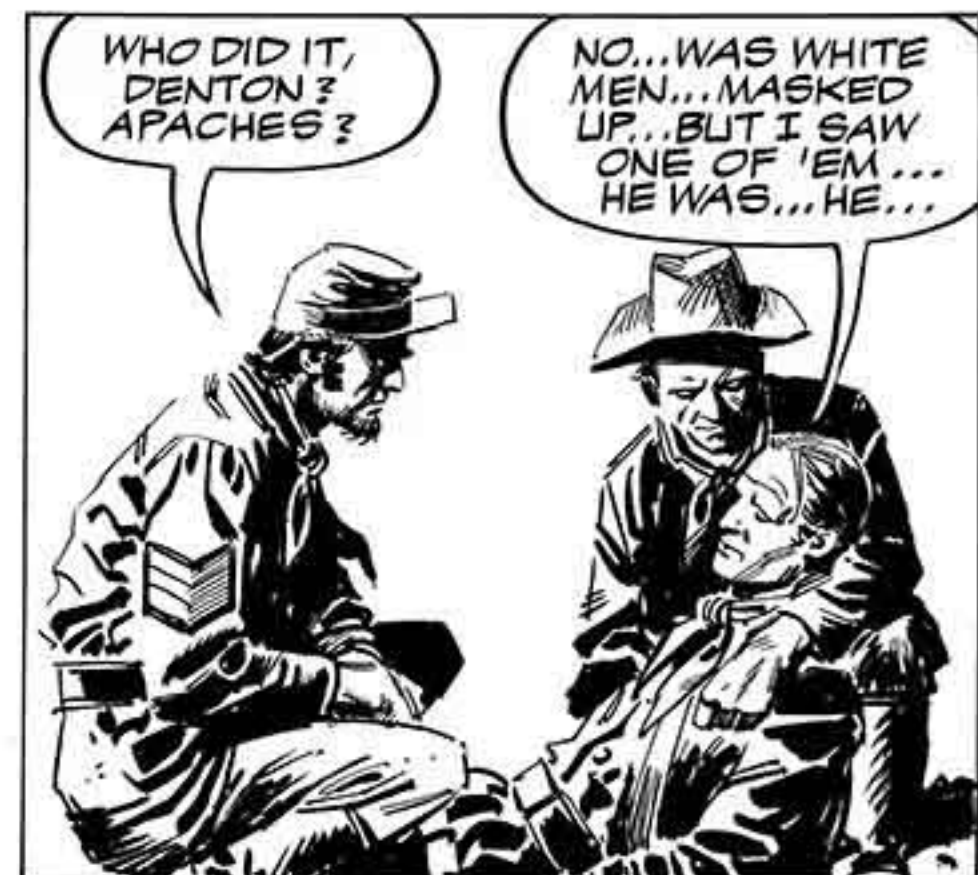
ALL DEAD, TURK, THAR'LL BE NO WITNESSES.

GOOD, NOW LET'S GET THIS STUFF OFF-LOADED. THE BOSS WANTS IT DELIVERED TO THE 'PACHES TONIGHT.



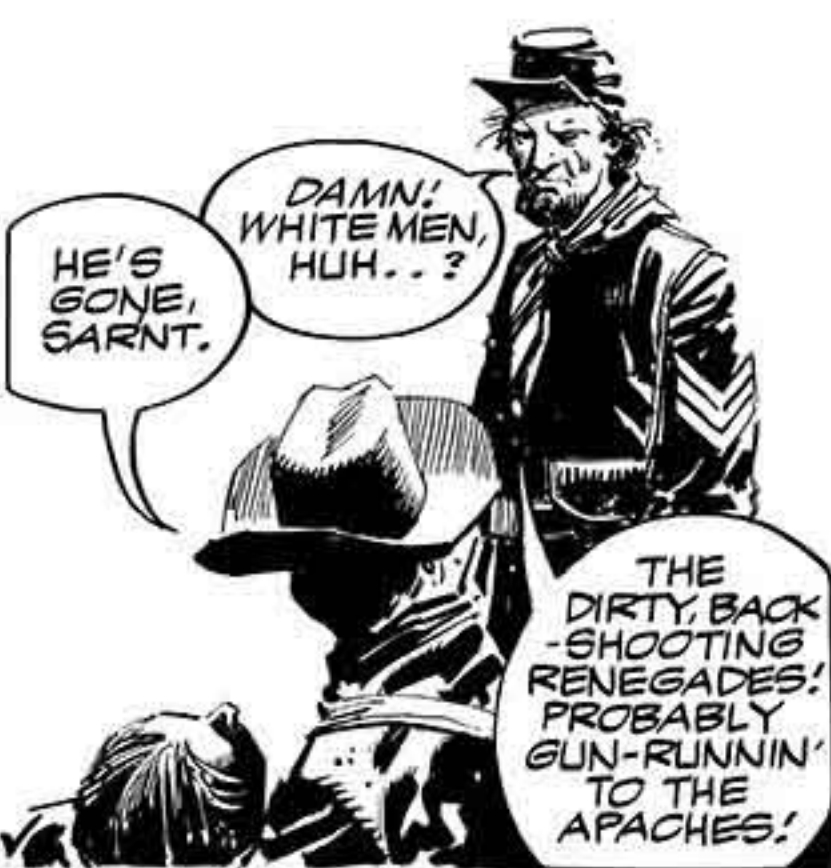
LATE AFTERNOON. A PATROL REACHES THE SCENE...

TROOPER DENTON'S STILL ALIVE, SAR'NT. RECKON HE'S TRYIN' TO TALK.



WHO DID IT, DENTON? APACHES?

NO... WAS WHITE MEN... MASKED UP... BUT I SAW ONE OF 'EM... HE WAS... HE...



HE'S GONE, SAR'NT.

DAMN! WHITE MEN, HUH...?

THE DIRTY, BACK-SHOOTING RENEGADES! PROBABLY GUN-RUNNIN' TO THE APACHES!



A WEEK LATER, AN ARMY COLUMN BEATS OFF AN APACHE ATTACK...

LOOKS LIKE THEY TOOK ENOUGH, SIR.

TALLY THEIR DEAD AND CHECK THEIR GUNS, SERGEANT.



BRAND-NOO WINCHESTER AN' A PACK O' SHELLS - ALL ARMY ISSUE!

PROBABLY TAKEN FROM THE SUPPLY-WAGON LAST WEEK. AND WHITE MEN DID IT!