

# UNSUNG HEROES of the WEST

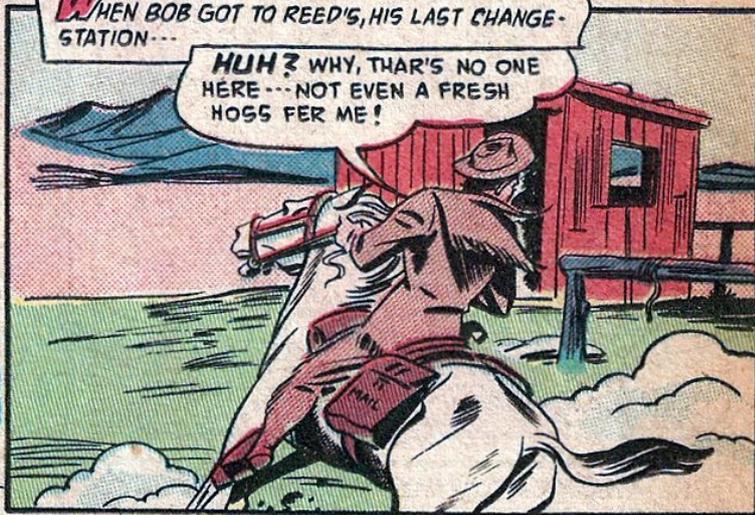
## PONY BOB HASLAM

ONE OF THE GREATEST EXPLOITS IN ALL THE ANNALS OF THE WILD WEST WAS PERFORMED IN MAY, 1860, BY 20-YEAR-OLD **PONY BOB HASLAM**... THE PONY EXPRESS SERVICE'S DRACK RIDER! BECAUSE OF HIS TOUGHNESS, PONY BOB WAS GIVEN THE TOUGHEST RUN, FROM THE RUGGED HEIGHTS OF THE SIERRA NEVADAS TO THE PARCHED DESERTS OF DEATH VALLEY... BUT WHEN BOB STARTED HIS RIDE THAT MAY DAY, HE HAD NO IDEA **HOW TOUGH** IT WAS GOING TO BE!



WHEN BOB GOT TO REED'S, HIS LAST CHANGE-STATION...

HUH? WHY, THAR'S NO ONE HERE... NOT EVEN A FRESH HOGS FER ME!



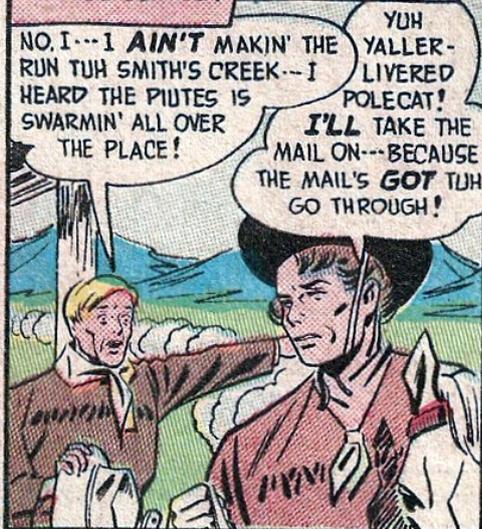
NOT KNOWING THAT THE STATION-MASTER HAD FLED WITH ALL THE HORSES BECAUSE THE PIUTES HAD GONE ON THE WARPATH IN THE VICINITY, PONY BOB CONTINUED ACROSS THE SALT-WHITE DESERT TO THE END OF HIS RUN, BUCKLANDS!



BUT AT BUCKLANDS, PONY BOB LEARNED THAT HIS RELIEF WAS JOHN HUDSON... THE ONLY COWARD IN THE HISTORY OF THE PONY EXPRESS SERVICE!

NO, I... I **AIN'T** MAKIN' THE RUN TUH SMITH'S CREEK... I HEARD THE PIUTES IS SWARMIN' ALL OVER THE PLACE!

YUH YALLER-LIVERED POLECAT! I'LL TAKE THE MAIL ON... BECAUSE THE MAIL'S GOT TUH GO THROUGH!

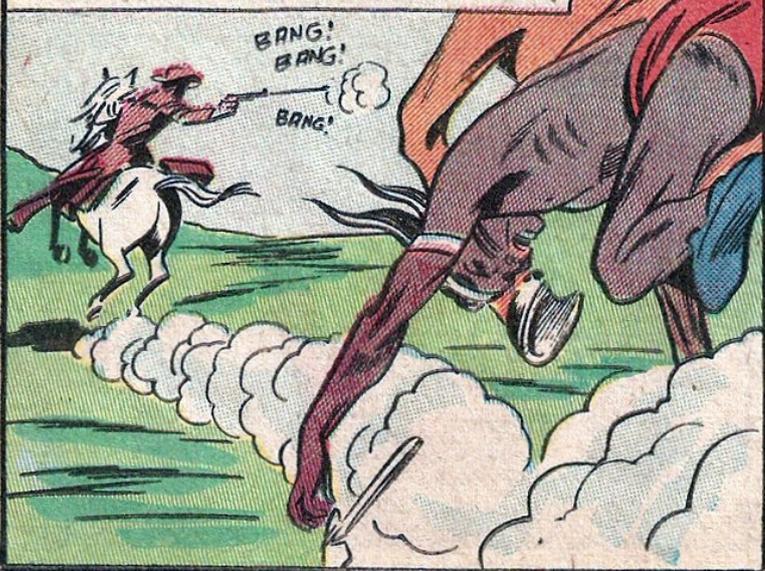


BUT BEFORE BOB HAD GONE A FEW MILES...

OH, OH... THEY'RE SHORE RAISIN' THE DUST AFTER ME... BUT I'LL SOON MAKE 'EM EAT IT!



ALL THE WAY TO SMITH'S CREEK, BOB HAD TO FIGHT OFF THE PURSUING INDIANS, KILLING 19 OF THEM!



BY THE TIME PONY BOB GOT TO SMITH'S CREEK, HE HAD RIDDEN 185 MILES IN 16 HOURS, USING NINE DIFFERENT HORSES... BUT HE WASN'T THROUGH YET!

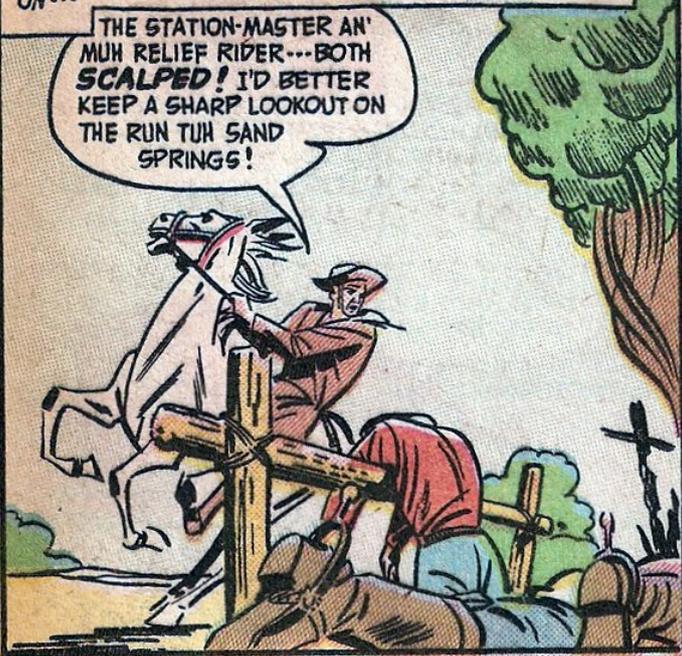
THE WEST-BOUND RIDER WAS KILLED BY PIUTES, BOB... AN' THAR'S NO ONE BUT YUH TUH CARRY THE MAIL! YUH'VE GOT TUH GO BACK TUH BUCKLANDS WITH THIS POUCH!

LET'S HAVE IT... I'M ON MUH WAY!

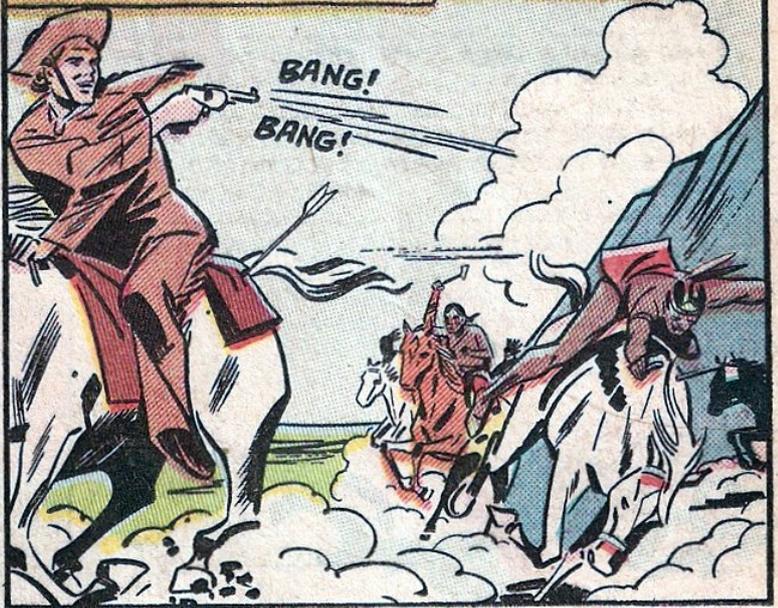


**B**UT AT COLD SPRINGS STATION, 35 MILES FURTHER ON...

THE STATION-MASTER AN' MUH RELIEF RIDER... BOTH **SCALPED!** I'D BETTER KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT ON THE RUN TUH SAND SPRINGS!

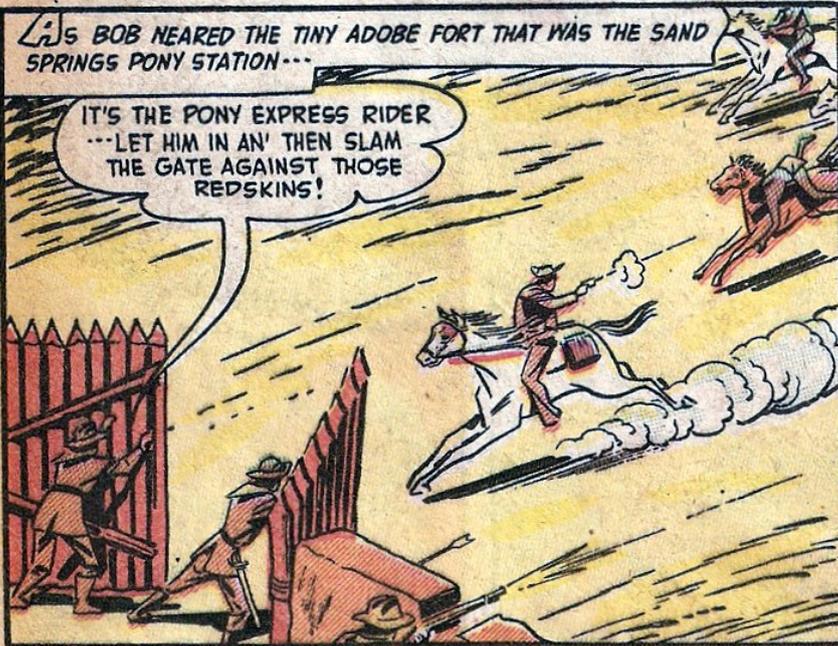


**B**OB'S WARINESS STOOD HIM IN GOOD STEAD, FOR HE ESCAPED FROM A PIUTE AMBUSH AND FOUGHT THE INDIANS OFF THROUGH 37 GALLOPING MILES!



**A**S BOB NEARED THE TINY ADOBE FORT THAT WAS THE SAND SPRINGS PONY STATION...

IT'S THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER... LET HIM IN AN' THEN SLAM THE GATE AGAINST THOSE REDSKINS!



**O**NCE INSIDE, BOB HELPED FIGHT OFF THE SIEGE OF 50 PIUTES... BUT STAYED ONLY UNTIL ENOUGH INDIANS HAD BEEN KILLED TO ASSURE THE SAFETY OF THE FORT!

THERE'RE ONLY 18 LEFT... I RECKON YUH MEN KIN HOLD 'EM OFF BY YORE-SELVES! KEEP FIRIN' AT 'EM... WHILE I MAKE A BREAK FER BUCKLANDS WITH THE MAIL!



**P**ONY BOB MADE IT TO BUCKLANDS, BUT THERE...

DON'T STOP, BOB! HUDSON STILL WON'T TAKE THE MAIL... YUH'VE GOTTA GO ALL THE WAY TUH FRIDAY STATION!

WHO'S STOPPIN'?



**A**T FRIDAY STATION, PONY BOB HAGLAM WAS GIVEN A HERO'S WELCOME! HE HAD RIDDEN 380 MILES THROUGH THE MOST RUGGED MOUNTAINS AND DESERTS IN AN ELAPSED TIME OF TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS, SPENDING ONLY 11 HOURS OUT OF THE SADDLE, AND BRINGING IN THE MAIL ONLY 3 1/2 HOURS BEHIND SCHEDULE... TRULY AN EPOCHAL FEAT THAT WILL STAND FOREVER IN THE HISTORY OF THE BLAZING WEST!

