NON-FICTION

July, 1967 35¢ FT K

Frontier Times

TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST — PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

WALT COBURN'S TALLY BOOK

WILL ROGERS and CHARLIE RUSSELL

MOUNT FRANKLIN'S LOST TREASURE

"GOD and the APACHES" | THE MASON-HENRY GANG

I HELPED CAPTURE CHEROKEE BILL! | SWIFT "JUSTICE" ON CHILKOOT PASS

DOCTOR GRANDMA FRENCH

WILL and CHARLIE

By ARNOLD MARQUIS

Photos Courtesy Author

Will Rogers

Charlie Russell

If they were sitting across the room making sign talk today, would it go something like this—"Who'd ever thought we'd both wind up drawin' four aces!"

MILLIONS of people paid to hear Will Rogers talk—but when Charlie Russell talked, especially when he talked about the Old West, Will Rogers sat silent and listened.

"No matter at what party or who was present," Will said, "no one would dare take up a minute of the time with any of *their* stories. Everyone always wanted to hear Charlie."

Charlie and Will were frequent guests at Charlie Lummis' famous "Saturday Nights" at El Alisal, the stone house that Lummis had built with his own hands in a grove of sycamores along the Arroyo Seco near Pasadena, California. Celebrities of all kinds gathered at these affairs. Writers, painters, actors, editors and opera singers, scientists, cowboys, dancers, foreign dignitaries, Indians, big people and little people, came to visit, exchange thoughts and often to entertain.

Late Saturday afternoons they gathered in the shade of the giant sycamore on the patio, people like Schumann-Heink, Nicholas Murray Butler, Leo Carrillo, David Starr Jordan, Mary Garden, William Allen White, Harry Carey, William S. Hart—and Charlie Russell and Will Rogers.

It was natural that Charlie Russell should gravitate to these affairs, for Charlie Lummis' background was like his own. Both had come from the "East"—Charlie Russell from St. Louis and Charlie Lummis from Massachusetts. Charlie Lummis had walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles, almost three thousand miles, every step of the way. He was a writer, editor, poet and bibliophile and, like Charlie Russell, was dedicated to the Old West. He was stirring California and leading the movement to save and restore the old Spanish missions.

The guests chatted easily as they lounged around the patio and an Indian woman prepared the barbecue. At twilight a Mexican *trovador* served the food and sang as he served. Will Rogers loved to sing and, in a lyric tenor that was almost falsetto, often joined the *trovador;* and so did Leo Carrillo, especially when he sang the Spanish songs of old California.

The conversation grew animated as night fell, but when the talk simmered down, usually everyone was listening to Charlie Russell—especially Will Rogers.

One Saturday night, when conversation had dropped to a murmur, Charlie Russell was sitting in one corner, silent. Cater-corner from him, in the opposite corner, sat Will Rogers. Charlie was making Indian signs to Will. Neither was paying attention to the conversation. Will's face reflected his amusement as he "read" what Charlie was "saying." Unknown to both, Maude Allan, the dancer, was watching them from a vantage point between. Charlie "said" something in the sign language and Will smiled broadly and shook his head.

"Careful what you say, Charlie," said Maude Allan. "You know I can read Indian sign language, too!"

WILL AND CHARLIE were friends about twenty years. They drifted and gravitated to each other like two of a kind which, in many ways, they were. But how they met is a little blurred.

Will's wife, Betty, said they met when Will played Great Falls in vaudeville. Will started in vaudeville in 1905 at the old Hammerstein Roof Garden in New York. He played the circuits all over the country after that.

But another account says they met on a train. Charlie and his wife, Nancy, were bound for New York to try their luck, and so was Will. Being what they were—and Charlie, with his bright sash, tight pants, boots and that low-crowned Western hat—they could very

easily have become acquainted on that train.

But Will said they met in the East when he was in New York "to try to sell a few jokes" and Charlie was there "to try to sell a few paintings." Will said that neither had much money. Both put up in cheap lodging houses, and when they could, patronized the free-lunch counters.

Whatever year they met, Charlie was already farther along on the road to fame than Will was. From their first meeting, they "hit it off" as only men can do when they understand and respect each other. Henceforth they were to be together in New York, London, Montana, Southern California, St. Louis and a hundred other places.

It was not a Damon and Pythias kind of friendship but rather a casual, easy-going companionship. Both had been cowboys, both had ridden the range, both knew the West and loved it, and both made common cause for the Old West that was passing. They were, in fact, part of a group whose kinship was rooted in the West: Ed Borein, Charles F. Lummis, Leo Carrillo, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Joe De Yong, and others.

Yet the relationship between Will Rogers and Charlie Russell was different. Charlie was gregarious. He often spoke of himself as a good mixer. "I had friends when I had nothing else," he said. Although Will was enormously popular, he was close to few. It was true that you could count his close friends on one hand.

Will had been a loner ever since he was a little boy. He talked to himself as he rode his pony to school in Indian Territory, and he talked to himself when he grew up, became a cowboy and worked for outfits all over the Southwest. His solitude stayed with him.

"I've always been a lone wolf," he said. "I never ran with the pack."

He joined little in the social life of the theatre. He often slipped away to eat by himself when almost everyone would have been pleased to eat with him. One of his favorite haunts in New York was a beat-up lunch counter where he could sit on a stool and eat chili, alone.

While he was in New York, he had horses out on Long Island, and while he sometimes rode with others, he often chose to ride alone.

This was his pattern. More often than not he preferred to be alone. He traveled over most of the world alone.

"I got one little old red grip that if I just tell it when I'm leaving, it will pack itself."

He usually wore the same blue serge suit with the shiny seat and the baggy knees, and he packed just what he needed, a shirt, a couple pairs of sox and a few handkerchiefs. He bought shirts and sox and discarded them as he went along.

Alone, Will traveled to the remote reaches of the world, Mongolia, Afghanistan and such places, and one time or another visited all the continents. Alone, he was received by kings and princes and heads of state and was honored wherever he went.

One Christmas in California in the latter years of his life, Betty gave him a yellow slicker. He liked that raincoat. He'd put it on, and wearing an old slouch hat, saddle up and go riding alone in the rain. He rode through the canyons and gullies of the Santa Monica Mountains around his ranch, up the narrow trails, along the steep ridges, ignoring the downpour. He would ride for hours, come back, saddle up a different horse, and ride out into the rain again. Sometimes he did not return until after dark.

About 4 o'clock one morning, Will Rogers, Jr., returned to the ranch in

Picnic at the Harry Carey Ranch near Saugus, California, spring, 1923. Front row, left to right: Dobie Carey (little boy held by unidentified cowboy), Charlie Russell, Harry Carey, Fred Stone, and unidentified man. Second row: unidentified girl, Jimmy, Will, Jr., and Mary Rogers (children of Will). Directly behind Will, Jr. is Betty Rogers; on her left is Ollie Carey and Nancy Russell. Will Rogers was at the picnic but was not present for this photograph.

Left, Charlie Russell's fine sculpture of Will Rogers. Below, Will shows his riding skill on a movie lot in Hollywood.

Santa Monica in a pouring rain. As he approached the turnoff from Sunset Boulevard into the Rogers ranch, he saw a flickering light ahead. A silhoutte of a figure was swinging a lantern back and forth, a warning. A torrent was washing across the road. Will, Jr., drew up to a stop, rolled down the window and stuck out his head.

"Looks like the road's washed out here," the man with the lantern called. It was Will Rogers, Sr., swinging the lantern. Will, Jr., said that "the old man" had been out there in the rain, warning motorists all night.

Just then a car drove up and stopped beside Will, Jr's. car.

"Don't think you can get through there," Will, Sr., told the driver. "Looks like the road's washed out under that water."

But the motorist, not recognizing Will, drove slowly into the water. He crept into the torrent as Will and his son looked on. The water hit the side of the car like a stream from a firehose against a wall, and sprayed high into the darkness. But the car kept creeping ahead, and at last made the other side, and disappeared into the dark.

Will stood there shaking his head.

It was characteristic of Will to withdraw into himself, but to think of others. He passed up opportunities to socialize, but he never passed up an opportunity to be with Charlie Russell.

"I never met a man I didn't like," summed up Will's philosophy. Charlie's philosophy was virtually the same. Charlie was slow to judge any man. He said if he could be St. Peter, he'd let in all his friends, good and bad. And as for Will, no one knows, nor will ever know, the extent of his charities and philanthropies.

WILL AND CHARLIE were basically the same kind of man, humble, straightforward with an abiding regard for life in all its expressions. They loved people, all people, good and bad. They understood the dignity, the worth and the tragedy of Indians and to their last day, both championed the Indian.

Charlie lived with them, learned to see life as they saw it.

"The red man is Nature's offspring and, like his Mother, tells few secrets to strangers," he said. "For every bad Indian, I can show you ten worse white men."

Will Rogers always referred to himself as "this Indian." He was five-sixteenths Cherokee. Both his parents had Indian blood.

"My forefathers did not come over on the Mayflower," he said. "They met the boat."

Aside from their talents, they both were true Westerners. Both had been cowboys. Both had grown up with horses, both had been in spots where their very life depended on them.

Charlie rode the range for ten years or more. Will spent the first twenty years of his life on the range and worked in Indian Territory, Texas, Kansas, Missouri and New Mexico. Both loved animals. Will could not stand to see a bullfight, particularly because of what happens to the horses. Charlie, like Will, loved horses and exulted in the nature of buffalo, bears, wolves, even porcupines and skunks.

A thousand or more miles apart, they had night-herded, bedded down on the prairie under the stars, gone hungry, frozen, sweltered and been broke. They had worked in roundups and cattle drives, wrangled horses and branded calves.

Although Will left the range in his early twenties, he kept buying and riding horses all his life. At one time he had more than sixty. Charlie's horses, those he rode and those he created in sculpture, were as much a part of him as the way he walked.

Both Charlie and Will were humble about their talents.

"Talent, like birthmarks, are gifts and no credit nor fault to those who wear 'em," Charlie said. "To have talent is no credit to its owner."

Will called his own success a fluke, and always said that "one of these days they'll get onto me, and run me off."

The similarity extended even to the way they talked. Both spoke the lingo of the Old West and clung to it all their lives. Neither paid much attention to spelling, punctuation or grammar.

"Mr. Rogers," somebody once said to Will, "the way you talk and write, you sometimes show a broadminded disregard for the laws of syntax."

"What's syntax?" asked Will. "Sounds like more bad news from Hollywood. If I'm a sin-tax-dodger, I didn't know it."

"What I mean is, you sometimes use bad grammar."

"I didn't know grammar was what they are buying now."

Charlie often spelled the same word several ways in the same line, rarely capitalized words, but put together pungent sentences of unforgettable power.

ABOUT THE TURN of the century, tales of the great cow country in the Argentine, and the opportunities there, were reaching the cowboys on the old Dog Iron, the Rogers ranch near Oologah in Indian Territory. The more Will heard about it, the itchier his feet got. Early one morning he and Dick Parris saddled up and headed southeast across the prairie in the general direction of New Orleans. They hoped to catch a boat there for Buenos Aires, but they found that no ships went from there to Buenos Aires. They had to go to New York, but found the same thing there—no ships to Buenos Aires. They had to go to Liverpool. There they got a boat to Africa and from there, to Buenos Aires.

Will worked in the Argentine for some months. Dick Parris went home, but alone; Will caught a cattle boat to South Africa and got a job breaking horses for the British in the Boer War. When the war ended, Texas Jack hired him as a wrangler for his Wild West Circus, and this is where Will started performing. Texas Jack billed him as "The Cherokee Kid, Trick Rider and Fancy Roper."

Will was in show business and was to be in it the rest of his life. His cowpunching days were over. Coincidentally, so were Charlie Russell's, thousands of miles away in Montana. At this point, neither knew the other existed, but their meeting was nearing, and their paths would cross many times.

From South Africa, Will caught a boat to Australia where he performed in

Wirth's Brothers Circus as "The Mexican Rope Artist."

Meantime, Nancy was building Charlie's studio in Montana and preparing to take Charlie and some of his paintings to New York for the first time. It was 1903 and Will was on his way home from New Zealand.

But Oologah and the old Dog Iron were not the same. Will knew they never would be again. Just the same, he flirted with the idea of giving up show business and settling down on the ranch. But he couldn't stay or settle down, and he knew it. He drifted to St. Louis and here his trail and Charlie's ran together. Will performed in his red velvet Mexican suit in the "Cummings and Mulhall Wild West Show on the Pike." And almost within a stone's throw, Charlie's paintings were on exhibit in the Palace of Fine Arts.

Everybody in the Wild West show heard about them, and Will went to see them.

Will was fascinated. He had never seen anything like them, anything so true to the life he knew. He studied each one, moved slowly from one to another and stood a long time before one that Charlie had titled, "A Bad Hoss." Will went back again and again.

"He's the only painter that a cowboy can't criticize," Will said. "Every little piece of leather or rope is just where it should be."

And Charlie, being there at the fair and sensitive to everything that was western, could hardly have failed to see the Wild West Show on the Pike, and see Will Rogers twirling that rope.

At this point, neither Charlie nor Will had yet won recognition but this was Charlie's second exhibit in his hometown and, at least here in St. Louis, the town of his birth, he was important while Will was only an obscure cowboy performer.

AT THE CLOSE of the St. Louis Fair, Will again was at loose ends. He drifted up to Chicago, looking for a booking. Charlie and Nancy headed for New York, and by the time Will got there, they had been back to Montana. When they returned to New York with more paintings, Will was playing in Madison Square Garden with the Zack Mulhall Riders and Ropers—and making headlines. Every New York paper carried stories on how "Willie Rogers, an Indian boy" roped a steer that had leapt the barrier and charged up into the audience. There were pictures of Will, interviews, and descriptions of his courageous act.

At some point during this time, Will and Charlie became acquainted, and they were to keep track of each other from there on. Will got into vaudeville and the next year toured Europe. And while he was playing the Winter Garden in Berlin and the Palace in London, Charlie was establishing himself in New York. Charlie had his studio near 40th and Broadway, and that same year bought the ranch on Kicking Horse Creek and spent some time in Mexico.

There was a growing group of Westerners in New York at that time. Charlie and Nancy came there every year. Will was based there. Leo Carrillo was there on the stage. Ed Borein was there doing western illustrations for magazines. All were climbing toward success. They understood each other, talked each other's language, and shared each other's feelings about being in the "big camp," far from the country they loved.

They often met at Will's flat, and sometimes at Charlie's studio. Will was still single, but when he and Betty were married in 1908, one of the first places he took her was to Tiffany's in New York to see an exhibit of Charlie's works. Will was twenty-nine now, and Charlie forty-four. Will was just beginning to get somewhere with his humor. Charlie was already an accomplished story-teller and conversationalist.

Their circle of friends in New York was widening. Fred Stone, then a star of the first magnitude on Broadway, was rehearsing for a new show, "The Old Town," in which he would do a cowboy who twirled a rope as he danced. Black Chambers, a young Indian from Indian Territory, had taught Fred to spin the rope. Will, having known Black in Oklahoma, went to see him at the theatre. Black had fallen ill, and had gone back home. Will became acquainted with Fred and helped him with his rope-spinning. Fred became one of the group of Westerners.

That was the year of the roundup of the last big herd of buffalo near Coeur d'Alene, and Will heard that story firsthand from Charlie. Will was touring in vaudeville, and he looked forward to getting back to New York to chin with Charlie. He was still in vaudeville the next year, 1911, the year that Nancy and Charlie sold the ranch up on Kicking Horse Creek, and staged their spectacular exhibit, titled "The West That Has Passed," in the Folsom Galleries in New York. This was the turning point in Charlie's career. He had won worldwide recognition.

Will saw that exhibit, and no one was happier than he. And the next year, he got into his first Broadway show, "The Wall Street Girl," with Blanche Ring, the brilliant Broadway star.

Now Will was on his way. His big break was still to come. In 1914 Charlie and Will were to be together again, this time in London.

Charlie and Nancy exhibited a collection at the Dore Galleries. And Will was appearing in "The Merry-Go-Round" with Nora Bayes at the Empire Theatre.

When Charlie's exhibit at the Dore Galleries closed, he went back to Montana, up to Lake MacDonald. And when Will's show closed in London, he came back to New York and got the part of Cowboy Will in the show "Hands Up."

Ed Borein, Russell's protege and close friend

His biggest break was just a whisker away and it came before the end of the year. Florenz Ziegfeld put him in his "Midnight Frolics" on the Ziegfeld Roof.

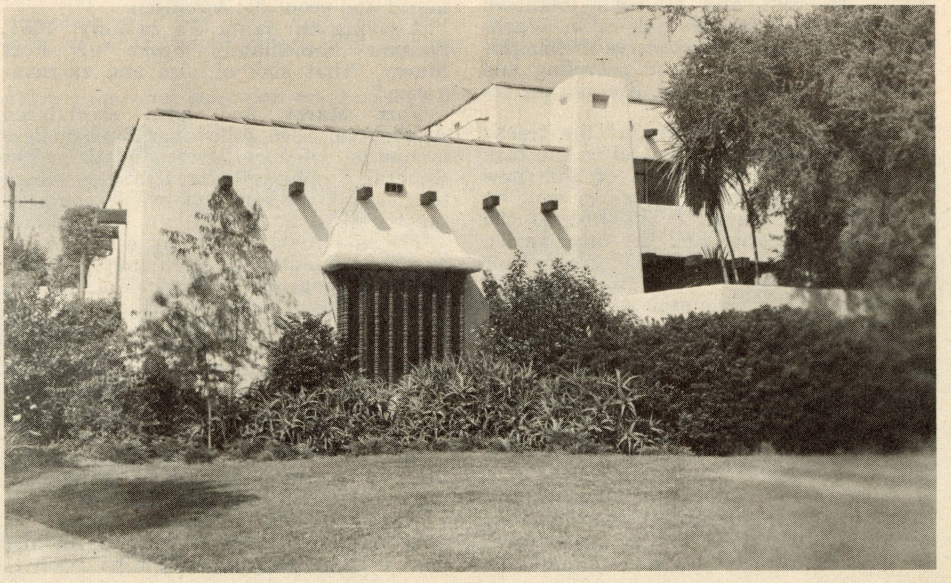
"THE MIDNIGHT FROLICS" marked the turning point in Will's career. The Ziegfeld Roof was a restaurant, a gathering place for the late supper crowd, and the Frolics started on the stroke of twelve. It was a new idea and it drew an exclusive clientele. Many came back night after night. Will knew he could not keep telling the same jokes to the same people so he started commenting on the news and changing his material for every show. The innovation caught on and people flocked to see him.

Charlie and Will had come a long way from the lonely ranges of Montana and Indian Territory. Both had come to "the big camp" in search of success. Now both were in the big time and on their way to fame.

Charlie followed Will's progress in "Town Topics" at the Winter Garden, in "The Passing Show" of 1917 at the New Amsterdam, and in the "Ziegfeld Fol-

(Continued on page 47)

Charlie Russell's "Trail's End" house in Pasadena, California



deputy, George Lawson, came down to the depot and I took them in the back room telling them what I had done and how it looked to me. They agreed.

They then set up the thing about Maggie Glass meeting Cherokee Bill at the Rogers home and the whole world knows the result of that also.

After sitting up all night playing cards, while watching for a chance to capture Cherokee Bill, Ike Rogers after daylight sent his little boy outside to play, with the intention, of course, of getting him out of harm's range. And he sent Maggie Glass with a silver dollar over to a neighbor's to buy some frying chickens to cook for breakfast. He meant to make a try of some kind to get Cherokee for the reward offered.

The chance came finally when Cherokee stooped over to get a coal of fire from the fireplace to light his pipe. Rogers grabbed a stick of firewood and struck Cherokee with all his might across the back of the head. Cherokee fell, but came up fighting.

Clint Scales and Rogers both were trying to subdue the desperate man and get a pair of handcuffs on him. He fought like a wildcat and several times Clint said they thought he was going to get away from them.

After the handcuffs were on, Ike Rogers harnessed a team to a wagon and drove up to the door. Clint was at all times standing over the handcuffed man, holding his Winchester ready for action. It was a desperate and trying time getting the outlaw into the wagon while he struggled and cursed and spit directly into the face of the traitor, Ike Rogers, who perhaps was as bad as Bill himself, but lacked the courage of the killer.

At last it was over and Cherokee Bill was loaded into the back of the wagon for the trip to Nowata. Clint Scales drove the wagon while Ike Rogers rode horseback behind.

Just after the wagon came up out of the old ford at Coody's Bluff, Cherokee broke his handcuffs and made a lunge for Scales' Winchester. Rogers yelled at Scales who threw himself out of the wagon, carrying his Winchester with him. So close was Cherokee Bill that the butt of the Winchester slipped through his grasping fingers as Scales fell.

Rogers had a double-barreled twelve-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot and, with both hammers eared back and the barrel only a few feet from his body, Cherokee Bill was forced to give up. From there on to Nowata, a distance of about three miles, the desperado cursed and reviled Ike Rogers for the thief and traitor he was.

In Nowata, Cherokee was turned over to George Lawson and Deputy U. S. Marshal Smith who lost no time in getting the dangerous outlaw in leg irons and strong handcuffs.

A small round hole in a $20 bill set the wheels in motion which swung Cherokee Bill from the scaffold at Fort Smith at 2:30 p.m. on March 17, 1896.

Will and Charlie

(Continued from page 9)

lies." Will was in the "Follies" for six of the next ten years.

Now Charlie, like Will, was trying to keep up with the demands on him. He worked in Montana and, when Nancy brought him and his oil paintings, water colors, sketches and sculptures to New York, he worked there. But the only thing Charlie liked about New York was getting together with Will, Ed Borein

and those others who knew and understood the West.

When he went back to Montana, he wrote to Ed Borein, ". . . is Rogers still heeling fillyes at the follies—does he still leap up to your camp quirting himself down the hind leg with a paper if he keeps that up hel get to be a ring tail."

And he also wrote to Will in New York:

"Friend Bill:

I am sending you the long promised sketch. It represents an old time cow dog mounted on a bronk.

In this day of fancy roaping the trick hes turning aint so much. but I remember when a hand that could do this from the top of a stiff necked bronk was not classed with punkin rollers.

My wife got a letter from your best half asking us to come and camp with you all we both thank you verry much but we wont worke your range this year wev got a six months old boy at our camp and we think hes a little young for trail work so we are going to close herd him for a while The stork dident bring him he had been on earth about three moons when he was thrown in my cut but hes waring my Iron now and I hope nobody ever vents it

now Bill if you ore your folks ever drift this way dont forgit my camp theres grub and blankets for you and yors aney time with best wishes to you all from us both

your friend
C M Russell"

WILL had his hands full in New York. Now that he was a star in the "Follies," publishers were pursuing him to write books; newspapers were after him for features, charities, for benefits. Political and society bigwigs clamored for his services as a banquet speaker, and Sam Goldwyn was romancing him for motion pictures.

Yet Will remained unchanged, and often yearned for some of the solitude he had known in the West.

"I am just an old country boy in a big town, trying to get along. I have been eating purty regular and the reason I have is that I have stayed an old country boy."

Whenever he could, he slipped away to look up old friends. He liked to mosey in on Jimmy Swinnerton's studio up near Times Square.

Jimmy, a cartoonist for a newspaper syndicate, was an admirer of both Will Rogers and Charlie Russell, and was one of that widening circle of western buffs who understood and loved the Old West. Jimmy knew Will Rogers well and when Will showed up, required no explanation on why he had come. He had a couch there in his studio, and he did little more than greet Will before Will lay down and snoozed.

The pressure was on Will and, while still playing in the "Follies," he made his first motion picture, "Laughing Bill Hyde," in the studios at Fort Lee, New Jersey. The picture was another turning point in his life. Will was off in a new direction. At the close of that Broadway season, Will moved to Hollywood, bag and baggage. He made pictures, one after another, silent films, when ironically he had won his fame by talking.

With Will and his family in Hollywood, Charlie and Nancy started coming to Southern California for their winters. Charlie wrote to Ed Borein, "I have seen Bill Rogers quite often met Dug Fairbanks, Neal Hart, Buck Connors and several other moovie folks."

Many of their mutual friends were in California; Fred Stone and his family, William S. Hart, Harry Carey, Joe De Yong, Irvin S. Cobb, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Charlie Lummis and others.

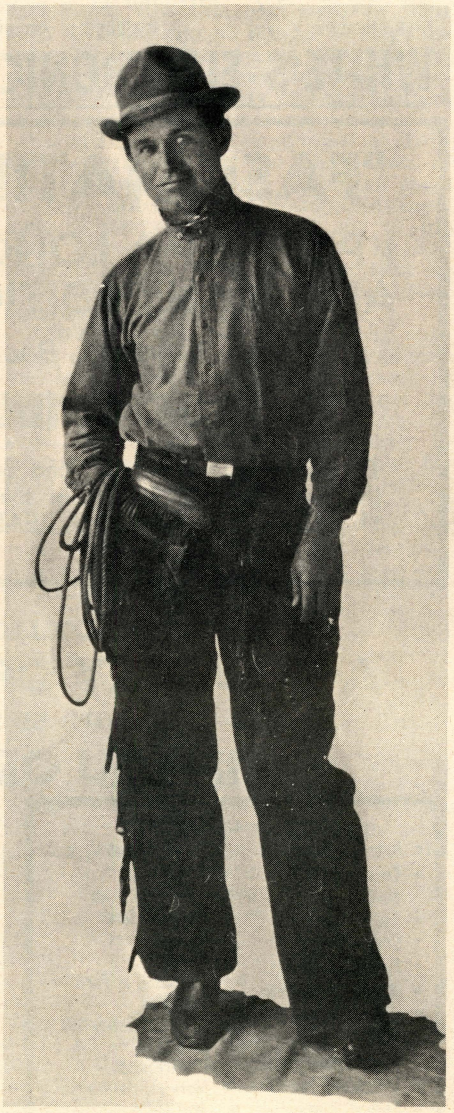
When Charlie went back to Montana, he kept in touch. He wrote to Charlie Lummis, "I suppose by this time Chewing Gum Rodgers is back among the moovies."

Will was, indeed, but he said, "I'm not a real movie star. I still got the wife I started with."

Will and Betty bought a house in Beverly Hills, the first they had ever owned. Will liked to have his friends around. Charlie and Nancy were often there. Will always had ropes lying about, and often he got up and did fancy rope tricks or roped the stuffed calf that was always there, mounted on casters. But when Charlie was talking, Will sat quiet.

Wherever they were together, whether it was at Charlie Lummis' Saturday Nights, or out at William S. Hart's ranch at Newhall, the important thing to Will was that Charlie Russell was there. And once a month, Charlie and Will got together at the University Club in Los Angeles with a couple of their mutual friends.

Will Rogers, as he appeared when in the Ziegfeld Follies



ONE BEAUTIFUL spring day in 1923, Charlie and Nancy and the whole Rogers family and Fred Stone and his family spent the day with Harry and Ollie Carey at the 3,700-acre Carey ranch near Saugus, California. Charlie Aldrich was there, and so was Theda Blake, Betty's sister, who was called Aunt Dick.

Will wore Levis, a rough shirt and that old crushed hat; Charlie, as always, was dressed with his rings, tight pants, bright sash and that broad, flat-rimmed, low-crowned hat; but Fred Stone wore a suit, a tweed city suit. He took off his coat but, wearing collar, tie, vest and a bloke cap, spun a rope as he had in the Broadway show. That started Will, and they both stood there spinning ropes and shooting the breeze with Charlie.

Will suggested they go for a ride. Nancy was not sure Charlie was up to it. He had been under the weather. But they went up to the stable and Harry Carey saddled some of his ponies. Will mounted, but Charlie could not quite make it. It would be a while yet. Dorothy Stone, Fred's talented daughter who had already made a name for herself on Broadway, wanted to go.

So they rode out, and those left behind gathered around to listen to Charlie. He held them enchanted—Betty Rogers, the three Rogers children (Will, Jr., Jimmy and Mary), little Dobie Carey and all the others.

When Will and Dorothy got back, the barbecue was ready and everyone was hungry. Laughing and eating, they listened to Charlie Russell's stories of Montana and the time he went to Canada and lived with the Bloods. And when all had settled into that mood of satisfaction and well-being that comes of good food and good company, Charlie gave them an experience they never forgot. He "told" them a story in Indian sign language.

Charlie's deft and beautiful hands played out the story and Nancy related it. Charlie's face was impassive.

Will sat there watching, completely absorbed, a faint expression of joy on his face. That picnic was to remain a delight to Will to his last day.

In the next couple of years Will was to be swallowed up again in the "Follies," in traveling the world over, writing books and newspaper features, in speaking tours. Yet Will always kept in touch with Charlie.

Of Charlie, Will said, "I never met a person yet that ever heard him that didn't say he was the greatest story teller they ever listened to. If he could have just sat on the stage and told his stories, most of his own experiences up in Montana in the days gone by, he would have been as big a success as he was an artist. Charlie would have been a great man if he couldn't paint a fence post."

Will's last year in the "Follies" was 1925. The next year he went to Europe to write a series of magazine articles, "Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President" for the *Saturday Evening Post.*

It was 1926—Charlie's twilight year. Charlie said, "The old pump's about to quit." That October, it did.

Many say that Will's foreword to Charlie's book, *Trails Plowed Under,* is the finest writing Will ever did. But this much is sure, it reflected the love of one man for another that can scarcely be expressed in any words.
