

**MY FRIEND WILL:
INCLUDING "THE
LITTLE BOY THAT
WAS". SECOND EDITION**

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My Friend Will: Including "The Little Boy That Was". Second Edition by Charles F. Lummis

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CHARLES F. LUMMIS

**MY FRIEND WILL:
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My Friend Will

INCLUDING

"The Little Boy That Was"

By

CHARLES F. LUMMIS

*Author of "The Spanish Pioneers," "The Gold Fish
of Gran Chimú," etc.*

SECOND EDITION



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A. C. McCLURG & CO.

1912

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To the Codicils of My Friend Will—
His Children :

BERTHA (Titanan), the First-Born

TURBESÉ, the Sanburst

JORDAN (Qybra), the Little White Lion

KEITH, the Baby Troubadour, and

AMADO, "The Little Boy That Was"

" ONE THAT WAS PARALYZED "

(1888-1892)

*Pent in a prison of myself,
My soul steps thrice and turns about;
Or climbs upon its narrow shelf,
From bloodshot windows to glare out.*

*It beats upon the sullen clay —
The clay that breathes and still is dead.
It butts against the walls alway,
And stamps around within my head.*

*The knotted arm that fought so well,
Is numb and knows to strike no more;
The legs that trudged the width of hell,
No longer lift me from the floor.*

*My very tongue is touched of death —
A dog is not so dumb as I
Who love, and cannot give it breath;
Who hate, and must unspoken lie.*

*And Will, the Captain left alone,
Sits dazed within his room to-day
And sees his adjutants disown
The orders once they sprang to obey.*

*But no! This mummy be my shell,
But not my fate! Betrayed, bereft
Of followers, in the citadel
The Master lives — the I am left!*

FOREWORD

THIS true leaf out of my life was turned* in hope that it might help some one else. No man could so much open his own covers for less.

Some say it was not wasted. From all over the world have come letters alleging that this story really did help.

The trouble is, so many people want not Help, but an Elevator; and I have never qualified to run one. All I can do is to stand at the head of the stairs and call down: "I climbed 'em—so can you." But no self-pitying person will ever crawl up. It needs a backbone—generally at the top end. No mollusks need apply.

There have been scores that climbed. But what particularly led me to go further, and to make this separate booklet, was the case of Edward Marshall, that deathless-plucky war correspondent, whose spine was paralyzed by a bullet at Las Guasimas in the Cuban War. While he was obeying the doctors and dying, as they advised, some one gave him My Friend Will, "just meantime." But then he said: "Lord,

*As the last chapter in "The King of the Broncos," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, who have generously consented to this reprint.

Foreword

if that duffer out there in New Mexico could do it—so can I!" And he did.

He wrote me later: "That story saved my life"—but that is a generous mistake. Marshall saved it. Any one else could not for him. And for these dozen years, against odds that would have killed a common man, he has been a useful citizen. If I was able to loan him my jack-knife when he wanted just one little edge in a man's hand, I am glad I had the knife,—and glad to loan it now to any one else that can use it to Whittle His Way Out.

There is no being "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease"—no more than there was in the time of the amiable Dr. Watts. There are not even automatic crutches. You have got to sweat over them yourself.

This story of what one man did is just a little saw for any one in the prisons of Fate; and it will cut the bars only IF he can use it. And the only way to use it is—to USE it, feeling that you are at least as much a man as Our Friend Will.

C. F. L.

Los Angeles
February, 1911

