

CHARLIE MILLER DIES; WILD WEST FIGURE

Charles (Bronco Charlie) Miller, who was the incarnation of the Old West for thousands of delighted youngsters — and some folks not so young — died yesterday in Bellevue Hospital. He reckoned his age as 105.

For a good many years, Charlie seldom failed to take part in a New York City parade. A horse, wearing a ten-gallon hat on his flowing white locks, he was the very personification of "the last of the pony express riders."

Charlie loved youngsters and was happiest telling them about the old frontier days—how he was born in a covered wagon on the Sierra Nevadas (sometimes he said it was a dugout cabin in Hat Creek), how he began as a pony express rider at the age of 9 (or sometimes it was 11).

He could tell, and did, about meeting Abraham Lincoln in the St. Joseph, Mo., railway station, about fighting with the James brothers and about the many, many times the Injun arrows whistled past his ears.

Charlie became ill of pneumonia last December while working on wooden models of Indians, stage coaches and covered wagons for a hobby show and was taken to Bellevue Hospital. He rallied enough for a birthday interview on New Year's Day.

A son, Harold Dewey Miller, and a daughter, Mrs. Maurice Spector, both of Glens Falls, N. Y., survive.