

**SUN AND
SADDLE LEATHER**

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Sun and saddle leather by Charles Badger Clark & L. A. Huffman

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CHARLES BADGER CLARK & L. A. HUFFMAN

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SADDLE LEATHER**



*"When the last free trail is a prim, fenced lane
And our graves grow weeds through forgetful
Mays,
Richer and statelier then you'll reign,
Mother of men whom the world will praise.
And your sons will love you and sigh for you,
Labor and battle and die for you,
But never the fondest will understand
The way we have loved you, young, young land."*

SUN AND SADDLE LEATHER

BY
CHARLES BADGER CLARK, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY
L. A. HUFFMAN



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CHARLES ELLIOTT PERKINS
MEMORIAL COLLECTION

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TO MY FATHER,

*who, in his long life, has seldom been
conscious of a man's rough exterior,
or unconscious of his obscurest virtue.*

A FEW WORDS FROM THE PUBLISHER
ABOUT MR. L. A. HUFFMAN, THE
"WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE"

Early last fall we were fortunate enough to discover Mr. L. A. Huffman of Miles City, Montana, the illustrator who in 1878 began to take photographs with crude cameras which he made himself. These same photographs were the first of the now famous Huffman Pictures comprising nearly six thousand historic subjects, beginning with the Indians and buffaloes round about Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone, where he was post photographer in General Miles' army in the stirring territorial days.

Mr. Huffman wrote us a letter, a very breezy one for a man sixty-five or one hundred years young. He had come across this little book of verse and tried to buy it. He wanted only two hundred copies at once. Later when we asked him if he would be interested in our new edition, he promptly replied:

"Sure! I am interested to the extent of about five hundred copies. If I had a down-town book store instead of this old studio in sagebrush out-

skirts of the old cow and horse town, I'd easily make it a thousand copies, and with the order I'd say something very pointedly respecting your selection of a sales manager for the short grass country where there is,—thanks be!—still room to back away and call a man a liar. I have read some western verse these last forty years. Here and there you will find a 'twelver,' then, dilution a-plenty!

"Only yesterday I read aloud 'The Old Cow Man' to an old cow man, and when I had finished the stanza:

'When my old soul hunts range and rest
Beyond the last divide,
Just plant me in some stretch of West
That's sunny, lone, and wide.
Let cattle rub my tombstone down
And coyotes mourn their kin,
Let hawses paw and tromp the moun'
But don't you fence it in.'

"He said in a choky voice and with more than a hint of moisture in his eyes, 'Who in H—— is this kid Clark, anyway?' and he coughed up three bones for copies of the book. Later by phone he ordered three more copies and added, 'You can break me if there's a dead poem in it. I read the hull twenty-two. I don't know how Clark knowed, but he *knows!*'"

Mr. Huffman is handling the sale of *Sun and Saddle Leather* in Montana and the adjacent states.