

**SUN AND SADDLE
LEATHER: INCLUDING
"GRASS GROWN
TRAILS" AND NEW POEMS**

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Sun and saddle leather: including "Grass grown trails" and new poems by Badger Clark

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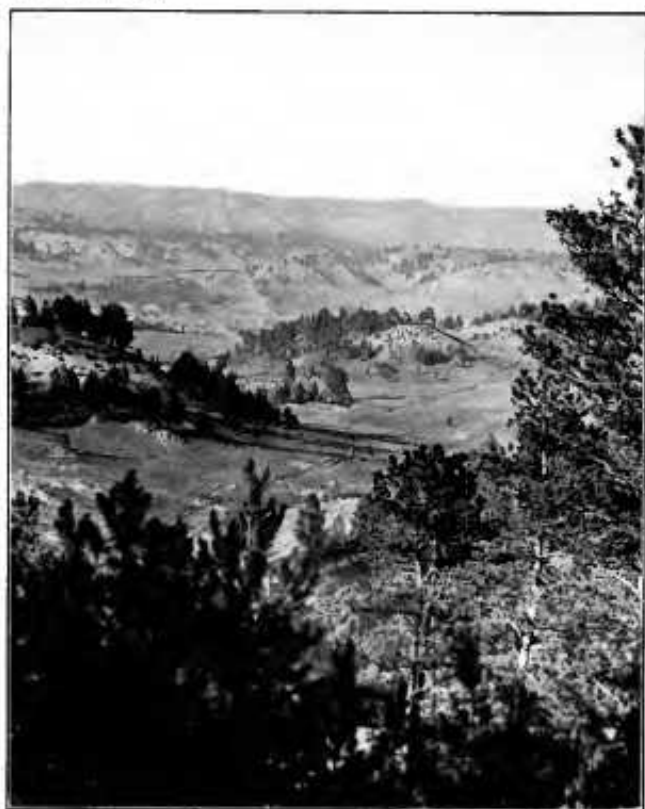
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BADGER CLARK

**SUN AND SADDLE
LEATHER: INCLUDING
"GRASS GROWN
TRAILS" AND NEW POEMS**

THE MOUNTAINS
OF
CALIFORNIA



*"When the last free trail is a prim, fenced lane
And our graves grow weeds through forgetful Mays,
Richer and stouter than 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."*

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177.22.
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LEATHER**

INCLUDING "GRASS GROWN TRAILS" AND
NEW POEMS

BY
BADGER CLARK

Illustrations from Photographs by
L. A. HUFFMAN

FIFTH EDITION



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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.*



PREFACE

Cowboys are the sternest critics of those who would represent the West. No hypocrisy, no bluff, no pose can evade them.

Yet cowboys have made Badger Clark's songs their own. So readily have they circulated that often the man who sings the song could not tell you where it started. Many of the poems have become folk songs of the West, we may say of America, for they speak of freedom and the open.

Generous has been the praise given *Sun and Saddle Leather*, but perhaps no criticism has summed up the work so satisfactorily as the comment of the old cow man who said, "You can break me if there's a dead poem in the book, I read the hull of it. Who in H— is this kid Clark, anyway? I don't know how he knowed, but he *knows*."

That is what proves Badger Clark the real

Preface

poet. He knows. Beyond his wonderful presentation of the West is the quality of universal appeal that makes his work real art. He has tied the West to the universe.

The old cow man is not the only one who has wondered who Badger Clark was. Charles Wharton Stork speaking of *Sun and Saddle Leather*, said, "It has splendid flavor and fine artistic handling as well. I should like to know more of the author, whether he was a cow puncher or merely got inside his psychology by imagination."

Badger Clark was brought up in the West. As a boy he lived in Deadwood, South Dakota. The town at that time was trying to live down the reputation for exuberant indecorum which she had acquired during the gold rush; but her five churches operating two hours a week could make little headway against the competition of two