

“A Man Needs a Horse to Ride”

By Ethel McLean Johnston

C1920

*A man needs a horse to ride,
So he can see the sky;
He wants to hear the river
And watch the butterfly.
He wants time to dream a bit,
And drink in the atmosphere,
Be part of the life around him,
To forget about speed and fear.*

*There's something about a pony,
Alive between his knees,
That slows his mind from tension,
So he can feel the breeze.
The clouds in the sky look different
Than when he's in a car;
He has more time for enjoyin'
If he doesn't get so far.*

*It isn't just being a cowboy,
That makes a man want to ride,
Its the sittin' there a dreamin'
Not even havin' to guide;
Its the smell of sweat and leather,
The sound of a tumblin' stream
Makin' him think of his boyhood –
Its the givin' him back his dream.*

MESSAGE of the WIND



Ethel McLean Johnston

MESSAGE of the WIND

by

Ethel McLean Johnston

This little book to Lorna
with more love than I can say
From great-grandmother
Ethel M. Johnston

Illustrations by

Marie Sanderson McLean

1958

Notes On The Author

Ethel McLean Johnston, fourth of the seven McLean children was born in a log cabin on the banks of the Clearwater River in Idaho when that state was very new. She was four years old before she was taken on horseback over the old Indian trail 18 miles to the recently founded town of Kooskia.

Her father was a bonny Scotchman, full of songs and Bobby Burns poetry; her mother, a versatile and capable woman, the daughter of Boston-born "Gram" who had brought her stern New England principles and her cultural standards with her across the plains in a covered wagon in the 1860's.

Ethel's childhood was spent in Idaho, much of it either on horseback or poling a boat on the river. As a girl in her teens she did most of the out-door work on the ranch: milking and caring for the cows, and making hay and garden; she also drove stage, and carried mail and freight with her pack string farther up into the mountains.

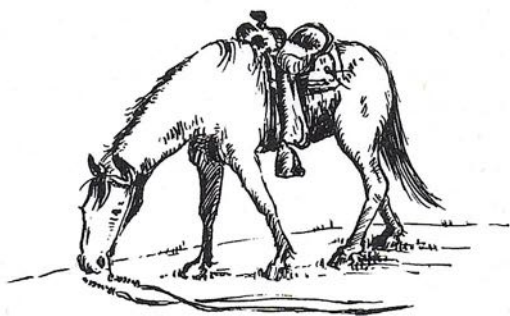
Married during the first World War she had two daughters, but lost one of them in infancy; the other has two girls of her own, one happily married, the other still in school.

Left a widow early in life Ethel sold her own homestead and struck out to support herself and her child. During those years she worked all over the north-west, and also owned and managed several other ranches; one, "Grenstone", is especially remembered by all the nieces and nephews as she worked it mainly with their help in the depression years.

In the second World War she became a W.A.C. and saw most of the 48 states while in uniform; since then she has traveled from Oregon to Florida and on up to the Arctic Circle. At the present moment she is cooking at a lonely airport out on the tip of the Alaska peninsula.

Ethel's main interest is in people, she is warmly friendly and stirred emotionally by the joys and sorrows of humanity, but always in her heart is a deep love of the great outdoors and she is ever listening to the Message of the Wind.

The illustrations are by Marie Sanderson McLean. Forty years ago "Sandy" came from New England with a college classmate to camp on the Clearwater River near Ethel's homestead, and the three girls became close friends. After the war Sandy married Ethel's only brother, Stuart, and remained in the west. She now makes her home on beautiful Lake Pend d'Oreille in northern Idaho.



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