



## Up Front

*East Coast? Me?  
Not often.*

*By C.J. Hadley*

**Y**ears ago, a hotshot publishing guy called me in Gardnerville, Nev., asking, “What will it take to get you back to New York?”

“You can’t get me to New York,” I said.

“What about Boston?” he challenged.

“Nope. Nada. Hell, no.”

When he said, “Name your price and we’ll double it,” I replied, “You have piqued my interest,” then gave a monster cost per day “plus first-class plane tickets, a nonsmoking hotel room, a fast black rental car, and a fat expense account.”

He hesitated. “You are more expensive than we thought.” He paid what I asked (but didn’t double it) for work as managing editor of a new computing magazine. Budget for its inaugural issue—five million bucks. Why ask a dudette in the high desert?

Because I had worked for the same publisher as managing editor of *Car & Driver* 15 years prior. I was good at it and their current M/E in Boston was getting frighteningly close to the snake pit due to staggering pressures.

No one else on either coast would take the job with dozens of editors and writers, all using different computers, very few of which were talking to each other.

It was a tough job. One day I worked from 6 a.m. to 5:45 a.m., and still got back to work by 9:30 the same morning. After that marathon, I got my assistant managing editor a 100 percent raise and she soon added a fancy new kitchen and bathroom to her Boston home. As that first issue was going to press, I was offered a job that would put me in the class to loiter with fat cats, legislators and lobbyists in any restaurant in Washington, D.C. I could have been famous and would want for nothing, but didn’t fancy the company.

I chose to return to Nevada and continue my freelance work as an international travel writer. More fun hanging out in Fiji, Siberia, Zimbabwe, Argentina, and the Australian out-

back with real and adventurous locals. That didn’t last long because a group of cowboys asked me to produce a brochure to send to all members of Congress (as many of you know) to show that ranchers are not the bad guys. I knew nothing, thinking that Angus bulls had horns and female ovines were “yews”—like the tree with medicinal qualities. They gambled anyway and I like a challenge so I took them up on it, and that one shot became what you have in your hands today, our 110th issue of a national, award-winning quarterly (thanks to our contributors) about the West’s cowboys, sheepherders, horses and dogs.

I rarely travel these days. Too much to do and too skinny a budget, but I did take a few days last November to accept an invitation by Col. Karen Lloyd and Kerry Ward to learn about their Veterans History Project at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. Two



*CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT:*

*A visit with Abe Lincoln at the Gettysburg Museum.*

*From left: Bill Jones (war poet), Jerry Brooks (miner poet), Patrick Sullivan, Vess Quinlan (cowboy poet), and C.J. ▶ A Union Army soldier helps his Confederate brother off the battlefield. ▶ A tiny slice of the gorgeous Library of Congress.*



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RANGE writers, Vess Quinlan and Bill Jones, with a miner poet we have written about, Jerry Brooks, were to recite occupational poetry there. And I could only pull it off because my brilliant travel agent, Jose, found me a first-class ticket

for \$11.80 from Reno to Reagan Airport and back. (Bill sent a check later to cover that.)

A friend from Virginia, retired Boeing rocket scientist Patrick Sullivan, took us on a day trip to share the passion, pain and glory on the Pennsylvania farmlands at Gettysburg, a place I have always wanted to visit. It was a gut-wrenching extraordinary day.

On the morning of the recitations, Kerry gave us a private tour of the magnificent, exquisite and remarkable library. For a moment I was struck dumb and forgave the government for most of its transgressions, then I hoped those legislators would treat our lovely West with the same respect.

I think I’ll go again...but only if I can find another really cheap first-class ticket. ■