



## Up Front

*Shades of Marco Rubio.*

By C.J. Hadley

**M**y former boss at *Car & Driver* and *Sports Illustrated* magazines in New York City, Bob Brown (a normally kind and decent chap), watched my acceptance speech on video at the Nevada Press Association's induction lunch in beautiful downtown Ely, Nev. The video was taken by Marjorie Haun, *RANGE's* social media editor, during the handing-over-the-plaque ceremony. (I decided not to fire her.) Brown was supposed to introduce me but couldn't make it, so he zapped me an email:

"I took a look at your acceptance speech for NPA's Nevada Newspaper Hall of Fame. Very decorous.... Did they threaten you?"

I thought he was fantasizing about Martha Stewart and had to look up "decorous" in Webster's Dictionary. Brown was right. I have no clue who that person is and she sure looks old and pretty much proves she was born for radio.

I admit that I was choked, sleepless ever since I was warned to show up for the honor, and obviously trying to clone Sen. Marco Rubio (not that an old white broad can equal a young handsome Hispanic). Chugging water. Cotton in mouth. Gasping for breath. Tottering about and looking like a deer in the headlights, I could barely frame a sentence. I missed the high points in my notes.

Do you know why? Because I am not seeking notoriety, usually work alone in a dark back room surrounded by enormous sleeping Great Danes, and have been in Nevada for more than 40 years. Not too noisily. This was a huge surprise, a serious but lovely shock to the system, and what my Brit rellies would call "a bloody treat!" And also because I am the first non-newspaper person to be so honored, with a few real newspaper journalists not too happy I am included.

One noted afterwards: "For the life of me I don't see how [NPA] could honor *RANGE* magazine with a press award. The rag routinely publishes anti-government nonsense. Anti-science garbage. Anti-environmental baloney. It's [sic] Facebook page regularly posts violent

comments towards government agents. All in all the so-called magazine is filled with blatant BS designed to instill division and hate. Freedom of speech is a right. But no need to honor hateful junk journalism."

Sorry, mate, you are too late. I have the beautiful plaque (see p. 10), thanks to nominators Warren Lerude, Myram Borders and A.D. Hopkins (all *super-worthy* Hall of Famers), with strong-arm "encouragement" by our *RANGE* news/press lady in Las Vegas, Ann Henderson.

Right about the same time, I got a letter from Bob de Braga, who used to run the 1.4-million-acre ZX Ranch in southern Oregon. Bob ran a buckaroo crew of 12 (three groups of four with 120 horses in the cavvy) to take care of 12,000 mother cows and their calves on Bureau of Land Management and U.S. Forest Service permits and a lot of deeded ground. I visited the ZX in the early days of



*RANGE senior writer, Todd Macfarlane, brought a couple of Utah cowboys to the NPA lunch. Nice arm candy and the only white hats in the room. From left: 16-year-old Nathan Pratt, Todd, and Jon Pratt. Mighty fine company.*

*RANGE* for the Fall 1993 issue and remember every bit of it. His note included:

"Waynette and I really enjoyed the time you came to the ranch and stayed with us in the Big House when you did the story of the ZX in *RANGE*. I'll never forget that you told me, 'Bob, you might know something about a cow but you don't know squat (or something like that) about journalism!' But I've done my bloody best."

He sent me a book that Waynette encouraged him to write for his family, "On the Other Side of the Mountain." I cherish it. Married more than 62 years, he lost his sweet Waynette last December, but finished the book for her. And he added: "I really, really enjoy your *RANGE*. For us livestock people you are a gift from heaven fighting our battles so we can stay home and take care of the cows. Keep up the good work. I tell people that CJ is a little one-gal Army."

I like Bob's letter better. ■