



Up Front

A peculiar choice.
By C.J. Hadley

Every few years my life's pot gets stirred, and I look back because of what I see ahead. Please forgive the repetition.

It was 1957 when my headmistress wrote to my parents: "Caroline is uneducable. Please remove her from school." Almost 16, I was destined for factory work. We lived in the absolutely polluted coal and steel city of Birmingham, England, home to two million people—most of them coughing. My father worked in a steel mill; my mother, a glass factory. They didn't want the same for me, so I was sent to typing school and, when I was 17, they bought me a one-way ticket to Canada "to seek opportunity."

I didn't stay long in Canada because the United States beckoned. I got to New York City, where no one cared that I had failed English language and English literature in school—and math, geography, history, scripture, biology, chemistry, physics, German, Latin, French and gym. I did pass domestic science and art—even though I am a marginal cook and worse painter (except for houses and barns). I was placed in an advanced class for trigonometry and calculus, but couldn't pass the final test. The headmistress thought I was retarded; I think I was bored.

In these United States, I found more than opportunity. I discovered a royal flush, a perfect hand, and have never been denied the chance to work harder, do better, and earn more. There were numerous opportunities to succeed. After decades of inspiring and educational labor, I earned enough to buy my own private property—a few acres of dirt at 5,000 feet, offering seven inches of annual precip and a mean wind in Washoe County, Nev. My ranchette consists of sagebrush, rabbit brush, desert peach, baby's breath, wild purple lupine, and lots of bare ground. It's home to two old horses, three Great Danes and a blue point Himalayan. And it's mine.

As just one of millions who wanted to get to this place, I know I'm home. I escaped groupthink, mediocrity, constant damp, perpetual bronchitis, lack of sunshine and opportunity, not enough coal and, without even knowing it, pretty bad food. (Have you

ever eaten bubble and squeak or haggis or ever requested an English dinner?)

Amazing people hired me for jobs I didn't know how to do. The most difficult (and, after 18 years, no easier and not well paid) is publishing, editing and managing *RANGE*, as an advocate for resource providers. I have learned a lot, covered serious issues, sold my precious '57 Chevy to carry on, shed some tears, cussed too much, and experienced intense elation. This is because of America's productive cowboys and sheepherders, some of whom are having a hard time due to government regulations and environmental pressures.

Our next issue will be out after the election so I'd like to share a few quotes from my choice for president.

"I see the current danger in environmentalism and especially in its strongest version, climate alarmism. My deep frustration has been exponentially growing in recent years by witnessing the fact that almost everything has already been said, that all rational arguments have been used, and that global-warming alarmism is still marching on."

After so many years with *RANGE*, this makes sense, too: *"The largest threat to freedom, democracy, the market economy, and prosperity at the end of the 20th and at the beginning of the 21st century is no longer socialism,"* he writes. *"It is, instead, the ambitious, arrogant, unscrupulous ideology of environmentalism."*

And: *"In the past 150 years (at least since Marx), the socialists have been very effectively destroying human freedom under humane and compassionate slogans, such as caring for man, ensuring social equality, and fostering social welfare. The environmentalists are doing the same under equally noble-minded slogans, expressing concern about nature more than about people. In both cases, the slogans have been (and still are) just a smokescreen. In both cases, the movements were (and are) completely about power, about the hegemony of the 'chosen ones' (as they see themselves) over the rest of us, about the imposition of the only correct worldview (their own), about the remodeling of the world."*

Opportunity is diminishing. Human freedom is dissipating. Why do members of the national media ignore it? Maybe they disagree with the point of view and prefer to continue their own advocacy journalism. Maybe they are intimidated by courage.

After surviving communism and the Soviet Union, Vaclav Klaus is now president of the Czech Republic. In November, I'd like to write his name in when I vote. ■