



Up Front

My tolerance is waning.

By C.J. Hadley

SEVEN TO ONE AGAINST

Christmas Eve 2008, a tableful of smiling folk. Not much in common but ready to eat.

"I walked for Obama," one accountant bragged. She lives in California but knocked on doors in Las Vegas, Nev.—my swing state.

"That's disappointing," I said.

"You don't like Sarah Palin?" she asked, incredulous, eyes wide.

"Sure do. Love Sarah."

"Why?" she gasped.

"Because she's got experience, tells the truth, and can kick butt. She's what we need."

There was silence at the table, bloodthirsty looks aimed at your humble servant.

"After four years, you are going to be voting for Barack," the accountant said. "After eight years, you will try to change the law so that he can get eight more years!"

It was seven to one against, and I felt sick. I'm a registered Democrat but can't remember why—have been since I became a citizen in '72—but my group doesn't think very far ahead. Facts don't interest them. They have been sucked into their own propaganda, believe the down-spiraling, unbalanced media, and can't seem to break free. They love the two million more acres of wilderness our nemesis Harry Reid rolled through the Senate in an Omnibus bill in January, and would agree to a bailout for The New York Times.

What are they thinking?

I figured an argument was inappropriate and pointless. At least they paid for the meal.

A VERY BAD DAY

Tuesday, January 13. *RANGE* is ready to ship to our printer in Denver. With 88 pages (64 color, 24 black and white), it's a lot of work to prepare for the press and then to print, bind and mail to subscribers, or ship UPS or FedEx Ground to retailers and newsstands in every state of the Union. I'm looking pretty gray after a couple of 80-hour weeks and I need a chiropractor. If I drank, a sip of Benedictine would probably help. But at least I'm ready to roll—until the phone rings.

"CJ, don't send the issue," Dale Reiman says. "We are closing our doors tomorrow."

My printer was founded in 1907 by Abe Hirschfeld. I met his son, A.B., in '75. Old Abe's grandson Barry's first sale was *Nevada Magazine*—which I ran from 1975 to '85. In 33 years, I have only had two inside printing reps: Tony Procopio (who died of cancer) and Dale, Tony's protégé. Those boys spoiled me, through *Nevada's* 10 years, and *RANGE's* close to 20. I will miss them mightily.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

I never thought the United States of America was a house of cards. I came from what I believed was a fragile place—a cold, dark steel and coal town with few choices. As a teen, I was only offered, "Factory worker or typist?"

This place was a shining light of hope, a place of opportunity. Americans displayed courage, tenacity, audacity; they had hopes and dreams I had never imagined. People here used to take care of themselves, and help others. Most worked harder than they needed to—not because they had to but because the satisfaction derived by doing more than expected was a gift back that had nothing to do with money or time.

There was national pride, a sense of purpose, enormous production. Now my former buddies on the left are saying that we are just a bunch of squatters who deserve nothing—bad people who should give everything back, but after we self-flagellate for our sins.

I disagree, and want our sense of pride and purpose back. After England, this country seemed bright and loud. Within minutes, I opened my arms and willingly melted into the American pot. Most of my Brit and Aussie kin don't think much of what I do, maybe because they don't think much of America. I think they would have gladly voted for Barack Obama, because he seems to like the capitalist system as little as they do. They applauded the fact that he's going to "share the wealth," thinking, possibly, that he might include them.

When I got here, American loggers were cutting, miners were digging, and farmers and ranchers were outproducing everyone in the world. The U.S.A. was wealthy, self-sufficient, and generous to any place or person in need. Now, paper to print this publication comes from Asian or Canadian trees—and it costs me a lot more.

We know that resource providers are the future of this country. But as our forests burned or rotted and mills closed, we became a food-importing country. Why don't our leaders in government and the Dems realize that's serious? What are they thinking? ■