



Up Front

The curmudgeon, or the great one?

By C.J. Hadley

Tim Findley is a *RANGE* star, but he's not looking for glory. He's one of those rare investigative reporters whose thrill is in getting the story right, and getting it first. He's chagrined by *RANGE*'s impossible and ridiculous frequency. He likes dailies; he thinks we miss 361 opportunities by publishing four times a year.

Even so, his stories and special reports in

to find, layouts to be made, facts to check, stories to tweak, and everything to proofread, two, three, four or five times.

Findley used to work at *Rolling Stone* and was one of a handful of writers for that publication. I asked him how many people were in the background at *Stone*, involved in circulation, distribution, design, advertising, publicity, promotion, accounting and other things necessary to produce a magazine. He thought a minute and said, "Well, maybe 30 or 40."

I explain to Findley that I am most of the 30 or 40 but it doesn't work. It's too dull for a brain like his. Too exasperating for a man who Western Ranchers Beef honored as the "Voice of the West" last summer. The flat-assed fact is that our frequency really pisses him off. And he tells you why with a personal profile starting on page 50. (Which



Two former marines who both served in Viet Nam, J. Zane Walley, left, and Tim Findley. Jay and Tim have both brought significant features to *RANGE*, and made us better. During "The Ribbon" expedition, Jay traveled with Tim for a few days. *Semper fi.*

this publication have scooped *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *The Wall Street Journal* and all other major media. The only one who's beaten him is William LaJeunesse of Fox News with his television reports on the water takings of Klamath Basin.

"Isn't that issue out yet?" Findley sputters, as the news changes and I struggle with the critical, imperative, annoying chores and minutia of publishing this rag. "Why do you give me deadlines and I follow them but I don't see the story in print for three more months? The story's old and irrelevant by the time you get it done!"

With a national magazine and no one full-time on the editorial staff at *RANGE*, it takes a while to get all the pieces to fit together. There are freelancers to encourage, photos

he also didn't want me to print.)

Findley's major piece in this issue is "The Ribbon," a story about our southern border. The problems down there won't be solved any time soon but he thought our readers would appreciate an update from *RANGE*. He was way ahead of all the national media as usual, but it was last winter when he took the 4,000-mile trip from northern Nevada to California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. As I write this final page, he's still mumbling indecipherable words, huffing and puffing, infuriated by the enormous delay. "I'm sick from watching the story go stale," he fumes.

Is he right? Hell, yes.

Is he a typical high-maintenance male? Hell, yes.

Is he worth it? Hell, yes. ■