

RANGE

VOLUME XXI, NUMBER 2, SUMMER 2013

PUBLISHER/EDITOR: *Caroline Joy "CJ" Hadley*

DESIGN CONSULTANT: *John Bardwell*

SCIENCE EDITOR: *Chance Gowan*

CUSTOMER SERVICE & ADVERTISING: *Ann Galli*

SPECIAL PROMOTIONS: *Joani Haws*

OFFICE MANAGER: *Joyce Smith*

PROOFREADER: *Denyse Pellettieri White*

WEBMASTER: *Larry Angier*

INSPIRATION: *Ann Henderson*

ENVIRONMENTAL EDITORS: *Carolyn Dufurrena (NV), Barney Nelson (TX)*; SOUTHWEST CONNECTION: *Al Topping (AZ)*; PHOTOGRAPHERS: *Linda Dufurrena (NV/OR); Larry Turner, (OR/TX); NOT FORGOTTEN: Tim Findley (NV), Chet Mercer (WY), J. Zane Walley (NM)*; WEBLOOKERS: *Gail Brooks (AZ), Carrie Depaoli (NV), Paul Etzler (UT)*; COWBOY ADVISORS: *Don Coops (CA) and Ed Depaoli (NV) plus Carolyn Carey (CA & HI), Terry Sullivan (NV) and Tom Wahlen (CA)*.

RANGE (ISSN #1093-3670), published quarterly for \$19.95 per year U.S. (\$25/yr Canada, \$45/yr all other countries, U.S. funds only) by Purple Coyote Corp., 106 East Adams St., Ste. 201, Carson City, NV 89706. Periodicals postage rate paid at Carson City, NV, and at additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Address changes to: RANGE, P.O. Box 639, Carson City, NV 89702

775-884-2200

FAX: 775-884-2213

1-800-RANGE-4-U (credit card orders)

Publisher/Editor: cj@rangemagazine.com

Freelancers: edit@rangemagazine.com

Customer Svc: info@rangemagazine.com

Business: admin@rangemagazine.com

Website: www.rangemagazine.com

Advertising: ads@rangemagazine.com

Photos: www.cowboyswest.com

Like us on Facebook

RANGE is an award-winning quarterly devoted to the issues that threaten the West, its people, lifestyles, lands and wildlife. No stranger to controversy, RANGE is a leading forum for opposing viewpoints in the search for solutions that will halt the depletion of a national resource—the American cowboy.

RANGE CONSERVATION FOUNDATION Grants to the nonprofit 501(c)(3) RCF to assist with RANGE's mission are appreciated. Mail to RCF, Attn.: Ed Depaoli, P.O. Box 1595, Carson City, NV 89702.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Reproduction in whole or part without written permission is strictly prohibited. Publisher not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photographs or for the opinions of the contributors. Subscription fulfillment by Integrated Fulfillment Services, Concord, Calif. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed by Warner International, Los Angeles, Calif.

COPYRIGHT © 2013

© JEFF ROSS



Up Front

Precious & impending walkabout.

By C.J. Hadley

Back in the '60s and early '70s, when cars had class, style, muscle and plenty of American steel, I was managing editor of *Car & Driver* magazine in New York City. Thanks to that job, I got my hands on strange and powerful vehicles including Italian, British and German exotics, the first snowmobiles, stacks of Detroit iron, and the Lunar Rover before it went to the moon.

I've loved cars ever since I saw a yellow Ford Fairlane convertible from the deck of Cunard's *R.M.S. Carinthia* in a parking lot in Montreal, Quebec, on Oct. 15, 1958. I was traveling steerage, almost below the water line. It was my first time on deck since Liver-



pool and after close to eight days cutting through a hurricane on the Atlantic.

No one in my family owned a car—except for brother Bob who had a 1938 black, hand-cranked Morris Eight that usually had to be pushed. When I finally got to Toronto to start my labors in the new world, I spotted the butterfly butt of a red '59 Chevrolet Impala on a showroom floor and became totally smitten by American cars.

Fast forward to Nevada. In the '70s, I owned a 1972 Dodge van (named Son of Moon Trash and which I traded for a horse that immediately bucked me off), and I cuddled a '57 Chevy Bel Air Hardtop Sedan named Rafael. That old Chevy—original and black (like all Brit cars)—cost \$5,000.

In 1996, when RANGE was on the brink of disaster, I had to sell that car, my major—

and favorite—asset. That caused heavy trauma and I have missed that car as much as I miss all my dead Great Danes. But last year I got lucky. Once in a while I travel 320 miles east on what *LIFE* magazine calls "The Loneliest Road in America." I cross the high desert and 13 mountain ranges to spend time with my old French Basque friend Mary Jean Paris in Ely. A teenager in German-occupied France during World War II, she emigrated to America in 1949 to join her brother. War memories were hard to erase but Mary Jean met and married sheepman Pete Paris, and has loved her life in this country ever since. I wrote "Escape From Fear" about her in Summer 2009.

Last fall, Mary Jean introduced me to her nephew Roy. He barbecued big steaks for dinner and showed me his barn full of toys. There were countless treasures, including an old Caddy, a boat, a motorhome...and way back in the corner, seafoam green, covered in dust, one dent, a tiny patch of rust, plastic still on the seats, and 84,000 original miles, a



four-door 1957 Chevrolet Bel Air! Roy is a contractor but was also the Chevy's mechanic, which had only one owner—a woman who kept records of every gallon of gas and every quart of oil put into that auto's guts.

Precious (my name for the car) hadn't been driven since 1991. That girl needed help so I claimed her for cash, and Dennis Galli (the husband of my only full-time staffer Ann) rolled her onto a flatbed and returned to Dayton for her resurrection.

I will be driving that big, fat, beautiful chunk of chrome and steel before the summer solstice. And, when I can escape from RANGE for a few days, probably with a Great Dane, a saddle, a fly-fishing rod and a five-string bluegrass banjo in the back seat.

Now that's what I call precious. ■