



Up Front

Never give up.
By C.J. Hadley

I have traveled a lot, every continent except Antarctica, and a few ridiculous friends asked me to write a memoir. I wrote the title—“Relic with a Rolodex”—but that’s the only page that will last.

I have been encouraged to modernize, which is obviously overdue. “You need an online magazine. New products that ship on demand. A video as well as the written word to share by RANGE writers. A newsletter and a weekly ‘Publisher’s Chat’ on-screen with subscribers.”

I pondered for a while, wondered how I’d find time to feed my Great Danes and realized that for a print magazine and hardback book lover, reading online is anathema. Digital is fast, clean and cheap, but for people without computers or cell phones, and an aversion to pop-up ads showing rotten toenails and excess blubber, it doesn’t work while reading a print piece on border collies, lambs or healthy ranchers out on western ranges.

Digital seems cold. With print you can feel the energy, smell the ink and be cuddled by love-letter-writing subscribers. When the power goes out (which will happen more as we move further from fossil fuels) you can wander about—off the grid, inside or out—and slowly roll through pages that can stimulate, educate, exasperate, infuriate, make you laugh or cry and occasionally warm your heart. And then you can torch it to light a fire for heat or put it in the outhouse because the electrical grid is nonfunctioning due to broken windmills and shaded solar panels.

I have been seriously encouraged to go digital, but that should be your choice. I have found that the overwhelming and often inaccurate Internet is not kind to the gentle, the old, or the innocent. Brilliant, definitely, but also effective in manipulating thought, debauching youth, and causing mayhem.

One young man, Douglass Mackey, has suffered mightily due to the Internet and social media police. He put out a not-quite-complimentary Hillary meme about voting by text in 2016 that looked similar to her campaign ads and was arrested and tried in 2023 for something akin to hate speech. He

was found guilty by a jury of his peers in Brooklyn and is scheduled to be sentenced in August. He faces up to 10 years in prison.

The kind, sweet and highly visible Jacob Chansley, aka the QAnon Shaman, the bare-chested Trump supporter wearing a fur hat and horns at the Jan. 6, 2021, rally at the Capitol in D.C., was led around the building by five or more Capitol police. In the Senate chamber he prayed for the cops, thanked them for their kindness, and shortly thereafter was arrested for insurrection along with several hundred grannies, moms, kids, dads and rurals. Jacob and too many hundred others, tracked by their own cell phone pings and credit card receipts by the FBI, were imprisoned in “The D.C. Gulag” for close to two years without due process and little contact with families or lawyers. Jacob was not the only one in solitary for 23 hours a day for at least 11 months, and, eventually, at his lawyer’s push to plead guilty to get better treatment—for *nothing* that he did—he was given 41 more months in a less sadistic federal lockup. According to NPR, about \$2.6 billion was allocated to U.S. attorneys, in part to support the January 6 *prosecutions*.

Meanwhile, the carefully coiffed and well-dressed members of the January 6 Committee spent millions of your tax dollars to put on a flashy play in Congress during prime time while reading scripts from teleprompters and written and choreographed by an award-winning NBC producer. This was all to prove that peaceful protesters were worse than the deadly and destructive anarchists of the 2020 riots led by Antifa and Black Lives Matter. Portland, Seattle, Minneapolis and D.C. will never be the same. Too many families and businesses were shattered and destroyed. Almost no charges. Bail paid by Kamala Harris and friends who don’t seem to think crime is a crime—unless something simple is done by a Christian, a parent, or a conservative.

A subscriber has encouraged this Relic with a Rolodex to admit my age. Apparently, I am several years past my off-sale date but my regrets are few. Thin Brit hair, an undeveloped palate, fragile skin, definitely not meant for show like Lady Di or Melania and a softie when trouble comes to oldies, innocents, resource providers and dogs. I have spent the last 34 years laboring on tilt while advocating for ranchers, fighting for what America used to be. Now I’m considering digital so please let me know if you want print, digital or both. Then we should mimic Rush Limbaugh and promise, “We will never give up on America.” Then pray that this country will last. ■