



Out Back

Loitering on the fringes of good and real.

By C.J. Hadley

homes and furniture and paper to print magazines and newspapers. We need these precious producers and always will.

I still have some time and I'm pondering my options. My last three Brit aunts died at 101, 100 and 96 and I know it's a whole lot easier to live in the beautiful American West than in what used to be the most polluted city in Europe. And I will write for *RANGE* occasionally and try to stay upright for our new publisher, Rachel Dahl. I hope you will continue to support her, too.

It has been one heck of a ride and, as I sign off from my 35 years with all of you, I

I have been loitering on the fringes of cowboys, sheepherders, loggers and miners for a great many decades. I will hit 100 in 15 years and in times like these it might be a short trip.

I started life with coal, a black and sooty product that smelled good and warmed people and nations. Our world was polluted. As some of you know, during WWII most Brits in my hometown of Birmingham, England, died coughing. Coal, horse manure and rats the size of Wyoming lambs were my entry into the world of ag and real producers. But for a great many decades since, and with pure pleasure, I have been sharing the inspiring and refreshing world of cowboys, sheepherders, loggers and miners.

I enjoy work, like they do. I was born to labor. I relished their company and have been blessed to share their toils, inspiration and passion. And since 1991, I have found great writers and photographers to tell their stories in *RANGE*.

I have watched these good people produce for America and the world—often through pain, drought, storm, hardship and relentless outside pressures—with energy, commitment, talent and love for family and country. With every move, they feed, clothe, heal, ease and improve the lives of the rest of us.

They supply food, fiber, oil, pharmaceuticals, gas and forestry products that make



PHOTO © JEFF ROSS

Not so good with cows and sheep but okay with big dogs. This is my long-dead Gen. George C. Patton, one of the 15 Great Danes I've shared time with and been calmed by for many decades.

*AT TOP: Visiting the John Wayne Museum in Fort Worth when it opened in 2015. I was attending a Will Rogers Medallion Award ceremony, thanks to Charles Williams and his judges, to pick up another gold medal for a *RANGE* cowboy and sheepherder book.*

send my deepest respect, appreciation and affection and thank you for letting me into your homes, lives and hearts.

Signing off now as CJ, also known as Caroline Joy Hadley, "The Relic with a Rolodex." I hope to see you "out there" again...hopefully on a dirt road.

God bless you all. ■