



Up Front

Nothin' beats John and dogs.

By C.J. Hadley

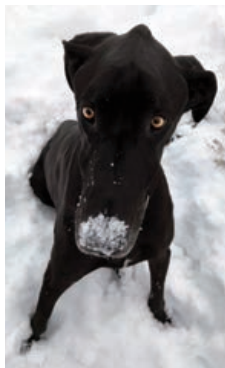
In February I wandered off to Fort Worth, Texas, to help celebrate the Will Rogers Medallion Awards for 2020. (The event was delayed from October due to COVID-19.) Our recent book, “Tales From Out There,” was a contender, thanks to amazing writers and photographers who were willing to share their splendid work. (Call 1-800-RANGE-4-U for a copy.)

Outback Wyoming subscriber John Hoak calls *RANGE* “a hero magnet.” We won two golds—one for content, the other for quality—which pretty much proves that our contributors *are* heroes.

The awards banquet was late in the day, so I joined Kathy Smith, of Loving Liberty Radio Network in Ogden, Utah, and Charles Williams, ramrod for WRMA, to visit the new John Wayne Museum in the Fort Worth Stockyards.

What a treat to spend time in an unadulterated, red-white-and-blue world of positivity! After a deluge of relentless and depressing political incoming emails for weeks, it made me smile and thank God I am blessed with American citizenship. If you are a John Wayne fan, this show seems to offer hope for the future of this country.

I’ve also been blessed to share my world with 16 Great Danes, the ultimate pacifiers—and perhaps the sole reason for the longevity of *RANGE*. But Danes don’t last



long and, with death, there is always pain. In March, shortly after our only good storm in the Sierra Nevada last winter, my gorgeous black and bright-eyed Strider King of Gondor succumbed to a serious ailment. The merle Sir Brodie, his massive sidekick, remains to save my sanity, but the ache is huge and will linger long.

Strider and his ruptured lung will not be forgotten and I will always miss John Wayne. But let’s not lose America and its liberties due to a ruptured heart. ■

THE UMBRELLA: A Touching Story

On a rainy afternoon in New York City, a group of protesters were gathered outside the grocery store handing out pamphlets on the “evils” of America. I politely declined to take one.

There was an elderly woman behind me and a young (20-ish) female protester offered her a pamphlet, which she politely declined.

The young protester gently put her hand on the old woman’s shoulder and in a patron-



izing voice said, “Don’t you care about the children of Iraq or our black children in America?”

The old woman looked up at her and said: “Honey, my father died in France during World War II, I lost my husband in Korea, and a son in Vietnam. All three died so a naïve, privileged, ignorant, self-centered white bimbo like you would have the right to stand here and badmouth our country. If you touch me again, I’ll shove this umbrella up your ass and open it.”—*Anonymous, via Internet*