

O P I N I O N



Jonah Goldberg
American Voices

Letters to the Editor...

The Nugget welcomes contributions from its readers, which must include the writer's name, address and phone number. Letters to the Editor is an open forum for the community and contains unsolicited opinions not necessarily shared by the Editor. The Nugget reserves the right to edit, omit, respond or ask for a response to letters submitted to the Editor. Letters should be no longer than 300 words. Unpublished items are not acknowledged or returned. The deadline for all letters is noon Monday.

To the Editor:

In response to your July 26, article, "Mayor under scrutiny over rant": It's concerning that Sisters Mayor Chuck Ryan reached his "boiling point" over a petite, 50-something woman who happened to be walking past his home as she was reviewing her daily mail.

Then to continue his bullying behavior he threatens another female resident who contacted him in an attempt to better understand his behavior.

Although Ryan acknowledges his behavior was unacceptable, do his actions reflect the desirable character we should expect and demand from our mayor?

Kathy Liverman

To the Editor:

To live a long life is to be slowly born. With age we come to a place where we can see the beauty in almost everything. That said some days are better than others.

I was cruising along in my '63 VW, sunroof back, windows open, crossing the Whychus Creek bridge, headed into town. Suddenly the purring of my air-cooled engine was interrupted by a sputter, then another sputter, and then the dreaded silence of a mechanical failure.

It was mid-afternoon as I coasted along Highway 20, took a slow right turn onto Locust and rolled to a stop in the elementary school right-turn lane. My slowly born-fully awake self let out a four-letter word borrowed directly from my early teens. I had things to

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Sisters Weather Forecast

Courtesy of the National Weather Service, Pendleton, Oregon

Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	Monday
Sunny 96/59	Sunny and Hot 100/61	Sunny and Hot 98/59	Slt. chance T-storms 95/58	Slt. chance T-storms 94/56	Slt. chance T-storms 91/na

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A friend of mine who attended the Conservative Political Action Conference earlier this year reported to me that the Young Republican men were "wearing their ties down past their [crotches]."

I cleaned up the quote a bit for the benefit of a family newspaper. Though I'm not sure why I should bother when a White House communications director has helped so many staid institutions expand their horizons.

As my National Review colleague Kyle Smith noted, the *New York Times* has a long history of insisting that vulgarities do not meet the definition of news fit to print. For instance, it is the *Times'* standard practice to render a colloquialism for speaking gross untruths that combines the male of the bovine species with the fully processed product of what it consumes as a "barnyard epithet."

But in the wake of recently hired and recently fired White House communications director Anthony Scaramucci's profanity-laced, on-the-record tirade with a *New Yorker* reporter, the Gray Lady went blue. It printed, sans bowdlerization, words and phrases that surely would have been just as relevant to its coverage of President Lyndon Johnson, to say nothing of Bill Clinton.

My point here is not to criticize the *Times'* double standards. (There will be plenty of opportunities down the road for that.) It's to note that politics—or, more accurately, power—has a funny way of changing standards.

Which brings me back to those ties. I've been around young conservatives since I was one myself, and it's always interesting to see how fashion changes. When the first President Bush was in office, blue blazers were a kind of unofficial uniform for young men eager to mimic what then-Bush aide Torie Clarke called "the C-SPAN and galoshes" crowd surrounding the president.

When the second Bush was in office, the cowboy boot retailers near Young America's Foundation chapters must have seen a huge

increase in sales.

And now, because the president of the United States wears abnormally long power ties (presumably to hide his girth), one sees more and more twentysomething men sporting the new cravat codpiece.

So about those barnyard epithets. It's hard to miss how so many rank-and-file Republicans relish the president's crude taunts and insults. Nor is it easy to overlook the fact that the president seemed perfectly comfortable with Scaramucci speaking like a "Sopranos" character.

Not long ago, it fell to conservatives such as Bill Bennett, Ralph Reed, Tony Perkins and Mike Huckabee to denounce vulgarity wherever they saw it. And while these men don't publicly condone Trump's language, they essentially roll their eyes at anyone who makes much of a fuss. And among the rank and file on Twitter, Facebook, etc., there's fierce competition to be as vulgar as possible, or to be as vigorous as possible in defending presidential vulgarity.

Of course, the president is not only changing standards—he's the product of them. Over the last decade or so, a whole cottage industry of young anti-left sensationalists has embraced the romantic slogan Epater la bourgeoisie! Their crudeness isn't a bug, it's a feature.

The rising vulgar tide is typically justified either by the need to seem authentic or as genuflection to the sacred right to fight political correctness. Never mind that not everything that is politically incorrect is therefore correct. (William F. Buckley was not P.C., but he had the best manners of anyone I ever met.)

And the competition to seem verbally authentic has spilled over the ideological retaining wall. The Democratic National Committee sells a T-shirt that reads "Democrats Give a S*** About People." Several leading Democrats have started dropping F-bombs and other phrases, seemingly as a way to prove their populist street cred.

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