



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 Unpublished items are not acknowledged or returned.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 10 a.m. Monday.

To the Editor:

I'm a "Pandemic" 2020 Graduate of Sisters

More than a week ago I drove up to my house and not only did I smile at the grad sign that someone mysteriously put in my yard a while back, BUT there was also a card now taped to that sign.

I hopped out of my car and excitedly opened the card: "From a Neighbor" and a \$25 gift card to a book store! How thoughtful was that?

In addition, another 2020 graduate that lives about three miles from me in a different neighborhood asked my own mom yesterday if she put a card on her sister's sign. Nope. "From a Neighbor" struck their house, too!

I'm not sure who this kind and generous neighbor is so this is the only way I know to properly thank them. While I'm at it — aren't we all neighbors in the end?

Love your neighbor. I know I do! Thank you, neighbor! Josie Aylor

To the Editor:

Police reform, parental reform or both?

God gave us both emotions and a brain to reason. Like road rage, emotions come before reasoning. Ideas about raising children have changed a lot! If I refused to obey my parents my father would remove his belt and strike me on my backside.

What did I learn from this? Well, it taught me about authority and what the word no meant.

When it comes to authority such as the police, I would never think of running or using violence against them. So many people today seem to think "Stop!" and "No!" are

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Sisters Weather Forecast Courtesy of the National Weather Service, Pendleton, Oregon













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For what it's worth

By Jim Cornelius

Editor in Chief

The unlaid ghosts of Vietnam have risen in recent weeks, asserting their undying influence over a cultural moment that lies 45 years beyond the fall of Saigon.

Over the past weeks, we have seen scenes unfold on our streets that hearken back to Days of Rage in 1968.

The ghosts are stirring.

The Vietnam War era broke open cultural fissures that have never really closed. As history podcaster Dan Carlin points out, if you were to take a snapshot of America in 1963 and a snapshot of America in 1973 — at the end of the decade of America's intense direct involvement in Vietnam - you would see two very different countries. We can't reach back to pre-'63 America; it's not there anymore, and no amount of yearning for a more united, stable, and wholesome America can conjure it back out of the mists of time.

The 1950s, of course, weren't anywhere near as stable and content as nostalgia would have us believe. The fault lines of American culture were already drawn taut, tectonic plates of tension and conflict grinding beneath the placid surface. The Civil Rights Movement that would gain unstoppable momentum in the early 1960s was already aborning, and the frustrations that would explode in the Free Speech movement in 1964 were stirring long before they burst forth on the Berkeley campus and spread across the nation.

Still, many Americans white, middle class Americans, at any rate really did lead quietly satisfying lives in safe, wholesome communities, with real reason to believe in the American Dream. Then the Vietnam War really got rolling and cultural and social ferment swiftly built to a boiling pitch, overflowing onto the streets and into American living rooms, forever transforming the nation's perception of itself and the way we relate to one another.

Young, rebellious protesters challenged every norm and article of faith of American society, from the legitimacy

and righteousness of the nation's Cold War against Communism to race relations and traditional sexual mores. They called out lies and hypocrisy that had long gone unrecognized and unchallenged, and demanded near-absolute personal freedom in the pursuit of happiness. They were right about many things. They were also too often arrogant, self-righteous and destructive.

Traditional Americans looked upon this iconoclasm with horror and disgust, seeing in rebellion an attack on a way of life that was rich and good and true. And they were right about many things. They were also too often heedless, angry and reflexively authoritarian.

The culture war that launched in the 1960s was a profound clash of different understandings of liberty and honor and duty, and what it means to be an American. It was, in part, generational, but only in part — which is why the conflict continues, a couple of generations on.

We see it in different visceral reactions to protests that exploded nationwide after the killing of George Floyd by a Minneapolis police officer. Some focus on peaceful mass action and see a spontaneous upsurge in support of long-overdue change; some focus on violence and looting and see a tragedy being manipulated to attack police, indulge in opportunistic crime, and destroy the social order.

Some look at defense of property and police as tacit acceptance of a racist order; some see any form of protest, no matter how peaceful and orderly, as an affront or a threat (which creates surreal scenes like a driver on Cascade Avenue giving an angry thumbs-down reaction to a sign that read simply "Love One Another").

The fissures that the era opened still exist, indeed have widened - wedged further and further apart by individuals, businesses and organizations whose agendas and livelihoods are built on division.

If our cultural chasms are ever to be bridged, it will require a real understanding of how and why they came to be, an honest assessment of what they mean — and a wary eye cast upon those who profit from them.

Opinions expressed in this column are solely those of the writer and are not necessarily shared by the Editor or The Nugget Newspaper.