LETTERS

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Fifty-three percent of the voters in CD5 are new. All of us in this new CD5 have a fresh chance to make a change in the May 17 Democratic primary — we can choose a candidate who shares our values regarding water and other natural resources instead of one who will vote for the interests of his donors.

Mary Chaffin

Another secret socialist

To the Editor:

In response to Kris Calvin's letter to the Editor published in the February 9 edition, I would like to express my desire to join the Sisters Socialist Society and commune with fellow socialists and RINOs on a weekly basis.

I find, as a recent transplant to Central Oregon, that I am unsure how to interact with people in the community because so much of who I am is a person concerned about her neighbors and affairs of our states and country. I am worried about the evil street we are heading down.

Now we have our European allies threatened by a force that we have not seen since World War II. Are we so far away from that history that we cannot remember the tales from our relatives who fought to save the world from tyranny? Are we so blind to the hatred that grew from that awful time? Why are there groups of citizens that want to remove this history from our children's textbooks and not pass it forward to the future generations? I pray for what is happening in Ukraine; I support our country's decision not to engage in a third world war, but I am not insensitive to how easily we could find ourselves repeating what our past generations fought so hard to prevent.

So, yes, include me in your meetings and I will bring the cookies.

Laura Smith

Insurance coverage woes

To the Editor:

The standards used by insurance companies to judge your home's worthiness for coverage are flawed, and apparently not as precise as Bill Bartlett's article (*"Fires imperil homeowner's insurance in Sisters Country," The Nugget, February 23, page 1*) would suggest.

After receiving a notice praising me for my attention to a phantom letter — no such letter was ever received — purporting to outline the fire-hazard issues with our homeowner's coverage, our insurance company followed up by telling me they would be sending an "inspector" to our property. I suggested that making an appointment was an appropriate way to do that, but the insurance company is under the impression I work for them and so negotiations failed.

Several weeks later a 19-year-old raver with ruined credentials showed up at my front door — unannounced.

What followed from that unfortunate collision of interests was a letter declaring that it was likely our coverage would not be renewed. I asked repeatedly for a copy of the "inspection" report, and to this day have never seen one. What I did receive was a series of photographs taken by the hapless Pinkerton who, admittedly, was probably not on his A game after the long drive over from Mumbles, Oregon. These photos were a master-class lesson in intense myopathy: the fall wreath on our front door, two chickens staring at a bug, and a very odd collage of the upper third of several ponderosa trees. Each of the photos was captioned "brush," and indicated a cardinal direction. Apparently the Pinkerton is firm in his belief that south is north, east is west, and the bovine intellects at the underwriter's office agree - which probably shouldn't surprise anybody.

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Prairie Carrie Cletas Emrich sent a shot from the Camp Polk Preserve taken while out "historybounding" last week at the Camp Polk Cemetery and the meadow preserve. Those engaged in historybounding incorporate elements of historical dress into their everyday attire. Emrich is a living-history reenactor from Sisters.



