

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

**YET ANOTHER  
INSTALLMENT OF  
PRIMARY  
PHENOMENA**  
NOTES FROM THE ROAD  
TO EXHAUSTION

**MIXED SIGNALS**  
HILLARY IS A STRONG CANDIDATE  
WHO CAN EASILY BEAT TRUMP--  
--IF SHE HASN'T BEEN  
IRREVOCABLY DAMAGED  
BY BERNIE SANDERS!

**A SIMPLE PLAN**  
WE JUST HAVE TO HIGHLIGHT TRUMP'S  
MANY INTEMPERATE REMARKS--  
AND WE'LL WIN IN A LANDSLIDE!  
BRILLIANT!  
VOTERS PROBABLY  
HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT  
THAT SIDE OF  
HIM YET!

**LIFE DURING WARTIME**  
THAT THING THAT JUST HAPPENED  
DISCREDITS YOUR CANDIDATE'S  
ENTIRE CAMPAIGN!  
THE THING THAT HAPPENED  
AFTER THAT PROVES YOUR  
CANDIDATE IS THE WORST  
HUMAN WHO EVER LIVED!

**BLISS OF THE PUNDITOCRACY**  
WHO'S UP? WHO'S DOWN? WHAT'S NEXT?  
WE'LL BE CHITTER-  
CHATTERING AUTHOR-  
ITATIVELY FOR THE  
NEXT SIX MONTHS!  
BEATS THE  
HELL OUT  
OF WORK-  
ING!

**THE NUMBERS GAME**  
THE DATA IS UTTERLY CONCLUSIVE--  
TRUMP CANNOT POSSIBLY WIN!  
BROAD SWATHS OF THE  
ELECTORATE WOULD HAVE  
TO BE SEETHING WITH  
RACISM AND MISOGYNY!  
BUT WHAT  
ARE THE  
ODDS OF  
THAT?

**HOPE BURNS ETERNAL**  
IF WE BUILD A TIME MACHINE  
AND KEEP THE SUPERDELEGATES  
FROM EVER BEING BORN--  
--THEN BERNIE STILL HAS  
A PATH TO VICTORY!

**THE QUEST FOR UNITY**  
OKAY, SURE, WE SAID BERNIE VOTERS  
WERE SCUM-SUCKING VERMIN  
BENT ON THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL  
THAT IS GOOD AND DECENT--  
--BUT WE  
MEANT IT  
IN THE  
NICEST  
POSSIBLE  
WAY!

**NEXT: THE DEATH OF SATIRE**  
STUPID CARTOONISTS! YOU THINK  
YOU CAN COME UP WITH JOKES  
THAT ARE MORE ABSURD THAN  
MY ACTUAL BEHAVIOR?  
HA HA!  
SAD!

Moving beyond fossil fuels is not about electric cars, but relocalizing food production, since solar panels cannot power long-distance food shipments. That limitation is physical and logistical, not political.

Breeding plant varieties will probably be the most important adaptation to changing climates.

Mark Robinowitz  
Eugene

OFFENDED BY BEST OF

I am making a trip to Eugene in July and was reading EW's "Best of Eugene" to get an idea of the culture and the city. I enjoyed the article until I came to the "Extras" section, "Best Places to Take Your Kids." For a paper that lists cultural diversity and tolerance in its mission statement, I was deeply disappointed at the flippant attitude of hate toward children. If the threat of being "rounded up and 'cremated'" had been directed toward any other group or minority, regardless of race, religion, gender, orientation or age, it would most certainly warrant and receive a public outcry.

Treating the murder and imprisonment of children with off-hand humor is irresponsible, using that particular imagery is egregious, and I can't understand why you would give those ideas any validation by printing them. Hate speech is hate speech, no matter at whom it is directed, especially children.

Heather Bair  
Los Angeles, California

EDITOR'S NOTE: The suggestion to round up and "cremate" children came from a reader's Best of ballot.

DEADLY PRODUCTS

Last year, children playing with their parents' guns shot 265 and killed 83. There were no arrests, and they called them "tragic accidents."

Last year, 22,000 toddlers were poisoned by candy-colored laundry

detergent pods they were able to access. There were no arrests, and they called them "tragic accidents."

Last year, several children were hospitalized after getting into their parents marijuana edibles. No one died, and the parents were arrested and jailed for child neglect. They called it child abuse.

Now, thanks to the useless FDA allowing candy-flavored vaping nicotine to be legally sold, we can add nicotine poisoning to the list of "tragic accidents" facing our children.

It's time to face reality and hold the parents and manufacturers of these deadly products responsible for these real "accidents."

Michael T. Hinojosa  
Drain

DIRTY UNDERGRADS

Why the big fuss about the University of Oregon's Greek culture trashing Shasta Lake? If you live near the university (as we do), every year — long about this time — dozens of rental houses vomit forth dilapidated couches, mattresses, busted IKEA furniture and bags of random crap over the parking strips and street, often to sit there for weeks before somebody comes along and cleans it up.

No news here.

Lea Jones  
Eugene

RUDE BIKER

To the jerk (rude bicyclist) at 6th and Peal, 4 pm May 17:

You don't really advance your "cause" by trying to pick a fight with someone just because he is driving a car. I didn't rise to your bait because I'm a nice person.

And, since you pretended to be unable to hear my friendly response to your silly remarks, perhaps you can read this: Fuck you.

Robert C. Laney  
Pleasant Hill

Nourishing the Soul

FIRST CHRISTIAN CELEBRATES 150 YEARS

On April 10, Eugene First Christian Church celebrated its 150th anniversary. You've probably seen the church building — white columns under a massive dome, bronze-capped bell tower, stained glass windows everywhere you look.

And maybe you've even heard about some of the work this congregation does: the Helping Hands Room, the Interfaith Shelter and Egan Warming Center (side by side with other outstanding local congregations) and, most recently, its sponsorship of Opportunity Village.

I had the privilege of delivering the sermon at this fine church's sesquicentennial service — not because I'm some big shot on the preaching circuit, but because I am a product of First Christian Church. This is the congregation that welcomed me as a baby, baptized me as a child, helped pay for my college textbooks, married me and ordained me. I think it's fair to say I owed them one.

So I told my church a story about the Great Depression. I talked about how hobos (those lone rangers of our nation's railways, highways and byways) relied on information passed along by their fellow travelers — information that could save a man's life, or at least save him from a month in jail.

They developed a code, a series of images that conveyed useful knowledge, that could be chalked onto fences and gateposts: A drawing of a cat told travelers that a kind woman lived in the house, while a stick figure of a lady followed by a few triangles (an approximation of tears) meant that you'd need to tell a pitiful story to curry her favor. Two rails meeting in a T meant that there was work here — a wonderful thing to find in a time of scarcity — but you had to read carefully: Two plain lines meeting in a crooked T meant that a beating awaited you.



There were codes for mean dogs and good roads, easy marks and dishonest men. There was even a sign to let you know you were passing by the house of the local judge. Walk briskly.

Then I wondered what kinds of markings we might have found on the pillars, steps and railings of First Christian. Since we're a church, one might have expected a cross to be etched outside our doors. But in hobo code, a Christian cross on the fence didn't mean that the residents were kind or merciful or just. It just meant "talk religion and they'll give you food." That doesn't really reflect how First Christian does ministry. We love Jesus a whole lot, but it's not our style to push religion on anybody.

Another popular hobo symbol was a loaf — it meant, well, bread. And anyone who's spent time at First Christian knows that we're crazy about that wheaty goodness. We ask for it every time we say the Lord's Prayer, eat it every time we worship and try to share it with everyone we meet. We pride ourselves on being good neighbors, and we think that entails making sure the people around us don't starve (or freeze or suffer injustice).

So maybe one would have found little pictures of loaves on our front steps, chalked where only a trained eye could spot them.

Then again, First Christian isn't just about bread. We follow a man who brought bread to the people and also something he called "the bread of life." The first kind fills the belly, the second kind fills the soul. So when we pray for our daily bread, we're asking for food — not just for ourselves but for the world. And we're also asking for nourishment that can strengthen us against despair and hopelessness, against myopia and hard-heartedness.

We are asking for God.

There was no hobo symbol, at least not one that I could find, for bread like that. But anywhere that bread is found is special, and there was a symbol for that. And it is my prayer for this downtown church that it might be that sort of place in the heart of Eugene for another 150 years.

The Rev. Liv Gibbons is an ordained minister at Northwest United Protestant Church in Richland, Washington.