

# Opinion

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## GUEST EDITORIAL

# Who not to vote for on Nov. 6

### Editorial from The (Bend) Bulletin:

You may never have heard of Mark Roberts. The White City man is running as the Independent Party candidate for Greg Walden's 2nd Congressional District seat in the U.S. House of Representatives. While his chances of winning may be nonexistent, he's already drawn considerable attention to himself with his disparaging remarks on Twitter about Melania Trump.

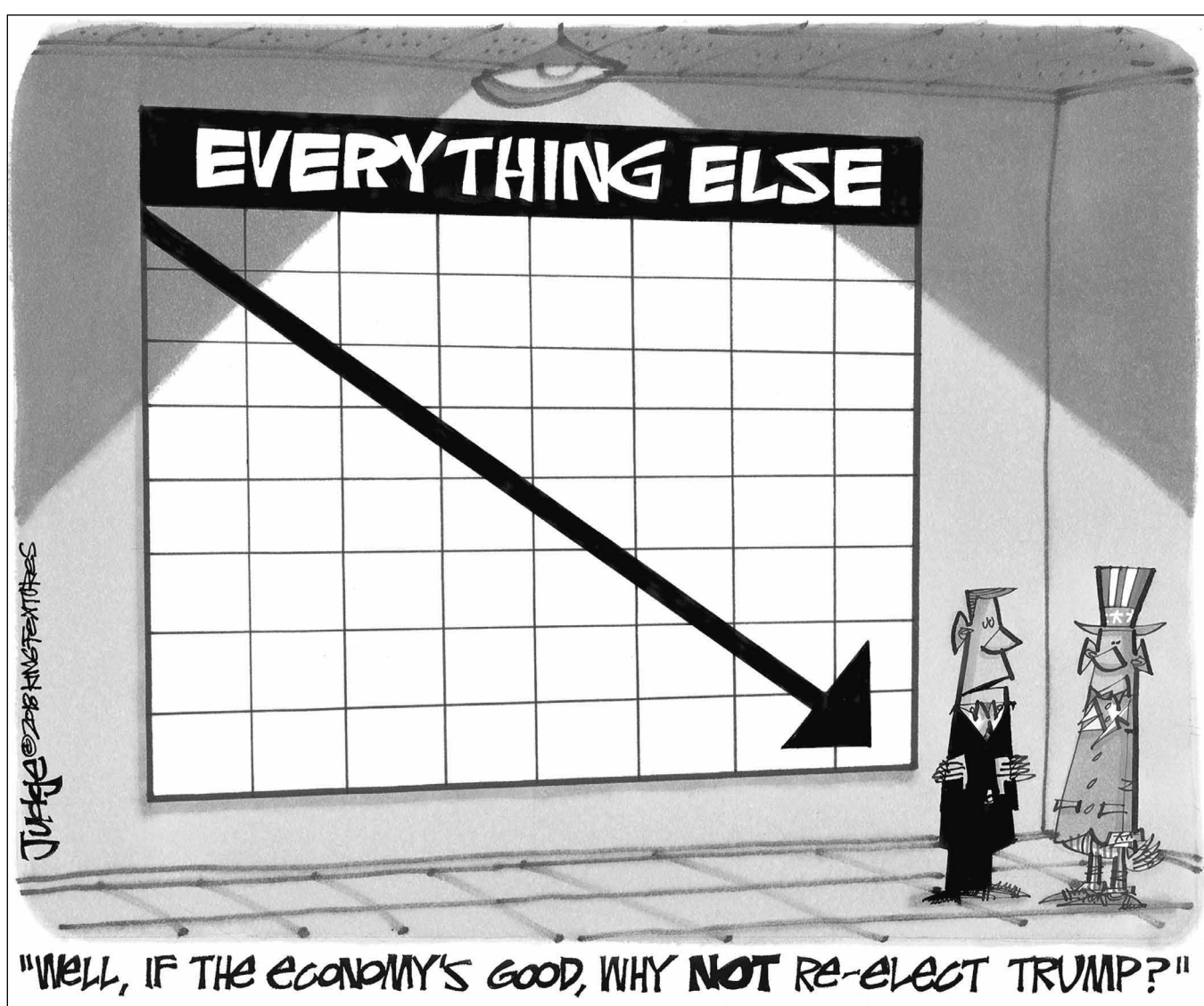
Roberts appears to be a man who doesn't understand the value of saying nothing from time to time.

His Monday night tweet about the first lady, suggesting she's a prostitute, was disparaging, to put it kindly. Someone should tell this overgrown child that his tweets evaluating women solely on their appearance are wrong. The reaction to Roberts' comments has been negative, at best.

In fact, a quick look at his website makes it clear that Roberts, who is clearly no fan of President Donald Trump, has taken a page from the president's playbook, setting aside the good manners filter that most adults try to live by, and not letting a little thing like common sense stand in the way of a zippy statement. Thus, among other ideas for boosting the state's economy, he wonders why no one has put up a "mini-Rodeo'esque Drive Boutique" on the Oregon-California border to sell luxury items to overtaxed Californians. That would fix the state's economy, for sure.

It's no wonder that by Tuesday night the Independent Party of Oregon had come up with a tweet of its own, distancing itself from Roberts: "IPO has the following statement regarding recent defamatory comments about the first lady by Mark Roberts: Roberts won the IPO nomination for congress because he ran unopposed. His eligibility and ballot access is subject to Oregon law, not party rule."

Fortunately, Roberts is likely to come in dead last in 2nd District election in November. While The Bulletin has yet to make an endorsement in the election, each of the two major-party candidates, Democrat Jamie McLeod-Skinner and Republican incumbent Greg Walden, is preferable to Roberts. Don't waste your vote on him.



## Your views

### Voters should replace Walden with McLeod-Skinner

We dearly need a new member of Congress to represent us in District 2.

Greg Walden has lost touch with our district. With the exception of photo opportunities and private meetings Walden has been unavailable to the people he was elected to serve. Requests for town halls across our district have been ignored.

Who is Walden representing — us or the corporations that fund his campaign? According to the latest FEC filings Walden accepted more money from pharmaceutical and healthcare companies than anyone else in Congress. Result — Walden's key healthcare votes all favor industry over people.

Recently Walden held a fundraiser in the Portland area for wealthy donors

along with Representatives Paul Ryan and Kevin McCarthy. The three of them led the charge to dismantle the ACA despite the fact that 1 out of 5 people in our district would have lost their healthcare coverage.

Walden also leads the House as the top recipient of donations from telecommunications giants. Result — he votes to end net neutrality.

Rep Walden voted for tax cuts to further enrich billionaires, corporate CEOs, and stockholders. His solution to Baker County poverty is to give more to those at the top. This is the same discredited "trickle-down" economic theory that caused Reagan to triple the national debt and George Bush to double the national debt. Walden's voting record favors Big Business over working people. Walden's billboards say he is "working for us." Is he? Or is he

working for the multi-national companies that paid for the billboards?

It's time for a leader who works for us — not wealthy campaign donors. It's time for Jamie McLeod-Skinner. She supports people over politics. She says, "When it comes down to people versus money, folks in our district know where they stand and it's about having an independent minded representative."

McLeod-Skinner has visited every county in our district to meet and listen to as many constituents as possible. Her campaign emphasizes jobs, healthcare, environment, education and veterans — all vital concerns for our district. McLeod-Skinner knows who she is responsible to — the voters of District 2. She will be the kind of public servant we need.

**Cynthia Roberts**  
Baker City

### Letters to the editor

- We welcome letters on any issue of public interest. Customer complaints about specific businesses will not be printed.
- The Baker City Herald will not knowingly print false or misleading claims. However, we cannot verify the

accuracy of all statements in letters to the editor.

- Letters are limited to 350 words; longer letters will be edited for length. Writers are limited to one letter every 15 days.
- The writer must sign the letter and include an address and phone number (for verification only). Letters that do

not include this information cannot be published.

- Letters will be edited for brevity, grammar, taste and legal reasons.

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# Celebrating Shriners — and detesting the heat

I struggle sometimes, as I suspect most people do, to watch without chuckling as grown men drive around downtown Baker City in motorized bathtubs.

Amusing spectacles aside, there is nothing funny about the Shriners' purpose.

Although it's a purpose which, like a fit of unbridled laughter, can also make your eyes water.

I have been fortunate indeed that none of my children has needed treatment at a Shriners Hospital. And because I've been fortunate I don't know that I can truly understand, much less appreciate, what an incredible gift it is that those hospitals exist.

I have seen the smiling faces of kids whose lives have been so immeasurably improved by the generosity of the Shriners.

I have read their stories — stories both terrible and incredibly inspirational.

Yet when I see the word "Shriner" I tend to think first of parades and football games and steaks grilling in Geiser-Pollman Park.

I mean no disrespect.

Nor do I think the Shriners would be offended.

There is a certain silliness in their approach that seems to me wholly appropriate for an endeavor



**JAYSON JACOBY**

whose sole purpose is to help children deal with painful and frightening situations.

There are tears, I suspect, behind every story about a child who stayed at a Shriners Hospital.

But the Shriners, though they clearly recognize that it takes money to help ailing children, also seem to understand that laughter has great value. And they know that provoking laughter requires nothing more than a willingness to do something slightly ludicrous in a public setting.

Driving a bathtub, for instance.

When I watch them roll past in their fanciful miniature vehicles during Saturday morning's parade I will laugh, as always.

But I'll think too about why they're out there in the sweltering August sunshine, and about how laughter can sometimes prevent tears that have yet to fall.

fancy weather station right out the window in hopes I could get it all the way to the street, where a truck would come along and crush it into plastic shrapnel.

And I'm a man who has a greater affinity for, and collection of, weather instruments than any healthy or sane person ought to have.

But at that instant, with the sun having long since dipped behind the Elkhorns, I was not so much dismayed as outright incensed at what I saw on the station's LCD screen.

85 degrees it was outside.

85 degrees at 9:12 p.m.

This was not merely unfortunate. It was obscene.

Moreover it was becoming commonplace.

I like extreme weather — or at least extreme weather that doesn't involve the government recommending that I take shelter immediately.

I don't mind a spell of days when the temperature hovers around 100.

It's just that I define "a spell" as maybe two or three days.

I don't define it as "July."

It was an awfully hot month around here, as you no doubt noticed regardless of how much time you spend in air-conditioned quarters.

Not quite a record-breaking

month, but close enough — a few tenths of one degree is all that separated this July from the hottest one, in 1985 — that it was impossible to tell the difference.

The heatwave had effects that were for me predictable ones.

After several days I came to detest the combined hum of the window air-conditioner and the network of fans we use to try to disburse the artificially chilled air around our home.

I opened exterior doors with great reluctance, anticipating the dog's breath of air rushing in as I stepped outside.

I pondered the difference between second- and third-degree burns when I grabbed the black steering wheel.

The deleterious effects of heatwaves tend to be cumulative as the torpid days pile one atop another.

On several mornings I awoke with a minor but annoying headache.

By midafternoon the ache was gone but it was replaced by a sense of lassitude that made my limbs feel heavier than usual, as though the heat had somehow affected not only the atmosphere but gravity itself.

My mouth felt continually dry no matter how much water I drank,

and my contact lenses seemed to have shrink-wrapped around my corneas.

The phrase "cold front" began to take on a sort of talismanic power.

And though I came to dread the sight, I seemed incapable of resisting the urge to glance at the weather station — and indeed at any of the array of thermometers littered about my place.

(My interest in weather, as I mentioned, doesn't border on obsessive but squats right on top of it, like Humpty Dumpty on his wall.)

They are innocent, of course, these instruments, dutifully reporting their data with the objectivity exclusive to machines.

Yet in my heat-addled mind I saw them as members of the grand conspiracy, intent on making the summer uncomfortably stifling rather than pleasantly warm.

That digital screen, still showing 85 as the late July dusk deepened to full dark, wasn't merely informing me.

It was mocking. And insubordination, whether from buck privates or battery-powered weather stations, simply must not be tolerated.

Jayson Jacoby is editor of the Baker City Herald.