

# Bailing the Ship of State

Even though I write at least three articles a week, I find it impossible to stay abreast of the madcap antics of Barack Obama and his multitude of stooges. At times, I feel like Mickey Mouse portraying the Sorcerer's Apprentice in Walt Disney's "Fantasia," frantically trying to deal with all those deranged brooms.

For instance, consider the fact that Obama has increased our national debt from roughly 10 trillion dollars to 16 trillion in just three years, and is now trying to convince us that he's the biggest penny pincher since Dwight Eisenhower.

Sillier yet, he has chosen to run against Romney's record at Bain Capital. According to objective sources, Bain's success rate during Romney's years was 78%. In other words, about four out of the five companies in which Bain invested became successful. What percentage of green energy companies in which Obama has invested our tax dollars have succeeded? Does "zero percent" ring any bells?

There are times when I actually find myself feeling sorry for Jay Carney. After all, when he accepted Obama's offer to replace Robert Gibbs, I'm sure Mr. Carney had visions of fame and fortune awaiting him. What he failed to take into consideration was that day after day, he was going to have to march to the podium and try to put the best face on a very ugly administration. He was going to have to spend his professional life lying and spinning like a top.

At least over at Fox, Juan Williams gets to sit down while he's spinning. Watching Williams trying to explain and excuse every miserable thing Obama does reminds me of the character, Spicer Lovejoy, in "Titanic." In case you don't recall, he was portrayed by David Warner, and he was Cal Hockley's bodyguard.

Although Lovejoy was a villain, I couldn't help thinking that

nobody could ever have a more loyal and dedicated employee. Even after the ship hit the iceberg and was starting to keel over, Lovejoy was still earning his salary, even as his knees were getting soaked.

That's the kind of dedication I see in Juan Williams. Even Lovejoy didn't carry as much water as Williams does. No matter how dumb he sounds, no matter that Steve Hayes, Bret Baier and Charles Krauthammer, are all staring at him as if he's begun speaking in tongues, nothing can dissuade Mr. Williams from defending his guy. Sometimes, I find myself wondering if Obama sits in the Oval Office, dreaming up nonsense just to see if Williams will back him up.

Although I delight in ridiculing the Left, I'm afraid there are times when I have to take conservatives out behind the woodshed. For instance, when did you all decide that it was necessary to pretend that your kids were all scholars whose huge brains would atrophy if you didn't send them off to college, where nutty professors could shovel left-wing crapola into their craniums? And just how did you figure that their lives would be enriched by majoring in studies devoted to black, Hispanic, lesbian and Communist, propaganda?

Furthermore, the fact that your offspring are so susceptible to these lies proves that you haven't bothered explaining to them what makes America exceptional. You wouldn't fail to inoculate them against mumps and measles, but you cavalierly leave them free to catch the left-wing virus that floats around just about every schoolhouse in the nation.

Even in nursery school, members of the despicable teachers unions have them chanting "Barack Obama, mmm mmm mmm" and you're just fine with it. Is it any wonder that later on, when they're told that they should admire psychopaths like Che Guevara, Mao Tse-tung and Fidel Castro, while despising Washington, Jefferson and Adams, they swallow the bilge as historical fact?

In closing, I'd like to call attention to Mayor Michael Bloomberg. Nanny Bloomberg, who has declared sugar, salt, tobacco and trans-fats, verboten in New York City, is a scofflaw who has broken the law at least 16 times in the last six months, thanks to using a helicopter to transport his self-righteous butt to and from his mansion in the Hamptons.

As one of his constituents put it, "Bloomberg's being a little hypocritical. If you're so concerned about the quality of life of the citizens in this city – like don't smoke a cigarette in Central Park – don't land a 2,000-pound helicopter in front of my apartment with the choking exhaust and intolerable noise, especially when the heliport is supposed to be closed."

It seems that the Manhattan heliport is only supposed to be open for business from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. on weekdays, and shut down entirely on weekends. Bloomberg defended himself by saying he was unaware of the curfew. If anyone believes that, he has a bridge over in Brooklyn that he's willing to sell cheap.

On the other hand, at least Bloomberg felt compelled to present a defense, as cheesy as it was. When Ted Kennedy was still in the Senate and promoting wind power as a way to replace fossil fuels, a green energy outfit proposed erecting windmills in Nantucket Sound to take advantage of those Atlantic Ocean breezes. Once Kennedy realized those windmills would be visible from his home, the plans were scuttled.

Being a Kennedy, he didn't even have to come up with a lame, Bloomberg-like excuse. Nobody would have disputed him if he'd pointed out that all by himself he could easily generate all the wind power Nantucket could possibly use.