

Higher (Cost) Education

Mark Twain observed that everyone complains about the weather, but nobody does anything about it. He was of course making a typically wry comment, but leave it to liberals to take it to heart. First to jump on the let's-try-to-monkey-with-the-weather bandwagon was Al Gore, who has since made millions off the hoax known as "global warming," but which sometimes goes by the alias of "climate change." More recently, we had the Con Man-in-Chief mention it in his State of the Union address, promising to domesticate Mother Nature with the same ease with which he has cowed the media.

The real problem isn't that corrupt politicians lie to their own advantage, which is a given, but that most liberal voters are so gullible that fooling them is the equivalent of shooting fish in a barrel.

Next, let us consider the rising cost of what is jokingly referred to as higher education. Obama is constantly fretting about the burden of college loans and the ensuing debt that graduates must bear. But, oddly enough, the debt he feels free to ignore is the \$16.5 trillion currently crushing America's economy.

However, the bottom line is that there is no good reason why anyone should ever have to take out a student loan. If the federal government would simply remove itself from the business of education, and if the self-serving system didn't insist on people wasting four years taking unnecessary classes; overpaying administrators, coaches and professors; and squandering a fortune on fancy landscaping, college would cost about the same as high school.

In the midst of all the hyperbole surrounding guns, it is worth noting that in 1999, Illinois State Senator Barack Obama voted "present" on a piece of legislation that would require

adult prosecution for anyone 15 years of age or older who discharged a gun in or near a school. The bill, which was proposed in response to the murders at Columbine High School, was enacted by a vote of 52-1. Even the Chicago Tribune pilloried Obama and four of his colleagues who joined him in voting "present," calling them "gutless sheep."

Considering how gung-ho Obama is these days to have the Second Amendment declared null and void, one can only assume that, as with same-sex marriages and women in frontline combat, his position has, as Jay Carney likes to say, evolved. Isn't it a shame that his positions never evolve in the right direction?

Speaking of corrupt Democrats, the ex-mayor of San Diego, Maureen O'Connor, has recently been indicted for stealing over two million bucks from her late husband's charitable foundation. That's on top of the \$50 million or so that she inherited when Robert Peterson, founder of the Jack-in-the-Box fast food chain, passed away. Apparently her game of choice was video poker, so she can't even blame card cheaters nicknamed "Doc," "Slick" and "Fingers." Instead, she pissed it all away to a machine. How embarrassing is that!

On the other hand, I can fully sympathize with Jesse Jackson Jr. and his wife, Mrs. Jr. After all, why would the ex-congressman and the missus ever imagine the feds would get so doggone persnickety over the misuse of a measly \$750,000 in campaign funds when his dad raised corporate extortion to the level of an art form and was never even indicted for jay-walking?

Speaking of embarrassing offspring, when I see the spoiled likes of Robert Kennedy Jr. being arrested outside the White House, I get one of those huge headaches one generally only comes across in Excedrin commercials. I mean here's a wealthy doofus who has made a career out of condemning the oil industry for polluting the world while flying all over the world on private jets and riding around in gas-guzzling limos.

Naturally, his amen chorus of environmental zealots hold him in high esteem, and never once question his sincerity. The fact that he allows himself to be arrested, along with high-profile bimbo Daryl Hannah, while demonstrating on Pennsylvania Avenue is enough to establish his bona fides among the pinheads on the Left, even if he bails himself out 10 minutes later so he can fly off to Timbuktu and deliver a bromide-laden monologue on the evils of fossil fuels.

Remember the good old days when rich men's sons spent all their time gambling, boozing and frolicking with chorus cuties, and poor people could at least use them as object lessons when lecturing their own offspring on the perils of a debauched life style that would inevitably lead to a life-shattering comeuppance?

Back then, the worst thing you could say about these ne'er-do-wells was that they were wastrels and incorrigible rascals, but never, it should be acknowledged, that they were a passel of self-righteous bores and hypocrites.

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