

“On & Off The Radar” and “Paging Eric Holder”

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“If I Were Emperor” and “A

Bush League Candidate”

For several years, Barack Obama insisted that he didn't have the constitutional authority to change our immigration laws. No matter how Hispanics put the question to him, his answer was always the same. He kept pointing out he was the president, not the emperor. Then one morning he woke up, discovered an ermine robe hanging in his closet, and decided that he was either the star attraction in a gay musical revue or he was the emperor, and decided that either way he had the authority.

Well, I don't have anything better than a flannel bathrobe in my closet, but I would certainly like to be able to make or remake the laws to my liking. And to start with, I would pass a law ensuring that no congressional bill would ever run more than two pages or deal with more than a single issue.

It is simply too easy to shove everything including the kitchen sink into one of those 1,500 page monstrosities, knowing that nobody in Congress is about to spend a month reading the damn thing, meaning that, in the immortal words of Nancy Pelosi, people will simply have to pass it to find out what's in it.

We all know that these gargantuan pieces of legislation are merely Trojan horses used by both parties to conceal pork and to play politics. How many times have we heard that the Democrats will tie, say, military allocations into bills dealing with things they need Republican support to pass? And, let me add, vice versa. I say let each and every bill stand alone. If either party can't muster the votes to pass its pet legislation, we can probably live without it.

For the longest time, I was aware that certain high-profile people have only a passing acquaintance with the English language. I mean, it's downright embarrassing listening to

most Hollywood celebrities, professional athletes, members of the Black Congressional Caucus and pinheads like Patty Murray, Barbara Boxer and Debbie Wasserman-Schultz, attempt to express a single coherent thought.

Recently, I had occasion to add to the list Bill Cosby, who chose to refer to the two dozen accusations of rape as "innuendo," and Jonathan Gruber, who dismissed the numerous occasions when he called Americans stupid for believing the lies about ObamaCare as his attempt at "glibness." As any dictionary would have been only too happy to explain, being glib is to be facile and linguistically fluent. I, Herr Gruber, am glib; you, on the other hand, are a lying piece of egotistical chicken poop.

Speaking of liars, Obama strove to put the best possible face on partisan hack Sen. Feinstein's CIA-flaying report by declaring, "When we do something wrong, we acknowledge it." Come again? This putz hasn't even come clean about his travel visa or his college application from 35 years ago, let alone Benghazi, the IRS targeting of the Tea Party or his unconstitutional reversal on amnesty.

While the widow and the daughter of Eric Garner have gone out of their way to state that in their opinion, the unfortunate death of their husband and father at the hands of white police officers had nothing to do with racism, we had Obama and his lackey Eric Holder leading a crusade against so-called racial profiling. The irony is that if such profiling is a sin, it's one the president and his attorney general never tire of committing, so long as those being profiled are white men wearing blue uniforms.

Instead of attacking racial profiling, how about suggesting to those allegedly being profiled that Muslims stop waging war against all us Jewish and Christian infidels; that Hispanics stop sneaking across our border and making themselves wards of the American taxpayer; and that urban blacks stop committing

violent crimes at a rate far exceeding their percentage of the population?

Something else that I would like to see changed is the kid glove approach that the media adopts with our presidents. I didn't like it when the press pretended that FDR wasn't an invalid. I also didn't approve of the media's concealing the fact that JFK, who not only suffered from back problems that had him addicted to pain pills, still managed to carry on like an over-sexed fraternity boy. It didn't help that in addition to winking at his sexual shenanigans, they propagandized on his behalf by showing him posing for Hallmark cards at the Kennedy compound, pretending there was nothing he enjoyed more than playing touch football with his dysfunctional clan.

The media also provided cover for Clinton, who was not only a sexual predator, but had a foul mouth and a hair-trigger temper. But the media conspired to portray him as a good old boy who was all "shucks" and "golly gee whiz," and could have stepped right out of a Norman Rockwell painting.

The only reason I now know that Barack Obama behind closed doors is even more appalling than the one I'd come to despise over the years is because news reporter Ann Compton is retiring after 40 years of underreporting the news for ABC, and finally let on that Obama hurls obscenities at members of the media who even dare refer to his numerous scandals as scandals.

For reasons that elude me, my wife and I continue to receive requests, seemingly on a daily basis, to donate to Ben Carson's bid for the presidency. As I've written in the past, I have nothing against the man. He has a pleasant voice, we agree about ObamaCare, and he seems like a nice guy. But, heck, the very same things can be said about me, and I know I'm not qualified for the job.

I'm sure Dr. Carson would advise people who haven't attended

medical school not to perform surgery, but he thinks someone who has never even been a mayor is just what we need in the Oval Office. Isn't it enough that we've gone down this amateur road before with Herman Cain and Barack Obama?

Finally, every time I see Arabs and Muslims firing their guns into the air, I'm reminded once again that these schmucks are so backward, they've never even heard of gravity.

A Bush League Candidate

I must confess I wasn't surprised that Jeb Bush announced that he is considering making a run for the GOP nomination in 2016. When properly translated from politician-speak that means that nothing short of a nuclear bomb will derail his ambition. But when all is said and done, I can't help being fascinated by his apparent strategy.

Inasmuch as he has essentially rubberstamped Obama's granting clemency to illegal aliens and endorsed Common Core, his plan, I take it, calls for him to receive the nomination after losing every single Republican primary and then going on to win the general election when a lot more idiots are allowed to vote.

I imagine the Democrats are as anxious for Jeb to head up our ticket in 2016 as we are to have Hillary Clinton carrying the banner for the pinheads. If both sides get their wish, it could be the first time in history that "None of the Above" receives more votes in a presidential election than either of the candidates.

Speaking of wretches named Clinton, someone should remind Bill that Eric Garner isn't dead because he sold untaxed cigarettes, any more than Hillary's husband was impeached and

disbarred for having sex with a White House intern. In Garner's case, he wound up on a slab because he resisted arrest. In Clinton's case, it was because he committed perjury while testifying before a grand jury.

But I guess when you've spent your entire adult life spinning the truth and sucking up to minority voters, those are tough habits to break.

It seems a court affiliated with the European Union has concluded that Hamas, whose charter calls for the extinction of Israel, is not a terrorist organization, as we've all been led to believe...mainly by their terrorist activities. But, then, most of the European nations have had a warm place in their hearts for any group, no matter how odious, that hated Jews as much they did.

In related news, the member states of the EU have determined that Adolph Hitler wasn't really evil, but merely misunderstood.

A reader, Brian Harmon, sent me a report that measured the business ethics in four nations, Mongolia, Japan, Korea and the United States. The respondents were business leaders who were asked to compare the rise or decline of ethics over a 10 year period. In the case of Mongolia, they were comparing 2010 to 2000; the Japanese were comparing 2004 to 1994; the Koreans, 2005 to 1995; and the Americans, 2000 to 1990.

The Mongolians were split 50-50 between those who felt things had improved or remained the same and those who saw a decline. In Japan, the good outweighed the bad 84% to 16%. In Korea, a mere 0.8% thought ethics were getting worse, while a resounding 99.2% thought things were getting better or at least staying the same. In the U.S., however, a scant 14.3% saw improvement, 50.3% thought things were getting worse.

Keep in mind that the polling of our business leaders took place in 2000. One can only imagine how awful the numbers

would be today, with the schools, the media and a great many parents having had an additional 14 years in which to undermine traditional values, compounded by six years of Obama's cynical, self-serving lies and immoral scandals.

Consider that in New York City, Mayor Bill De Blasio (born Warren Wilhelm, Jr.), who, like Obama, is a former community organizer, has accused the NYPD of being a gang of racists, even though, in the words of the old American Express slogan, he never leaves home without them. But it just goes to prove that once a community organizer, always a putz.

Black thugs and white morons clog up New York's streets, chanting "What do we want? Dead cops! When do we want it? Now!" And the best that the city's mayor can muster is a resounding "Yeah, me, too!" It's no surprise that a great many New York police officers are now signing documents in which they state that if they should die in the line of duty, De Blasio is forbidden from attending their funeral services.

But none of this should come as a surprise to the voters in New York, who knew that this schmuck was a communist lamebrain when they gave him 73% of their votes, and would no doubt do the same today. Some of us assumed that New Yorkers couldn't do much worse after electing Michael Bloomberg to three terms, but it just goes to show that one should never be too quick to overestimate the intelligence of the New York electorate.

Speaking of morons, even though I try to avoid watching football and basketball games on TV, there has been no way to avoid seeing LeBron James of the Cleveland Cavaliers and a bunch of Cleveland Browns players wearing their "I Can't Breathe" t-shirts. Clearly they can all breathe. Therefore, a more appropriate sentiment would have been "I Can't Think."

The world of technology has now come up with the Luce X2 Touch TV vending machine. Apparently it has the ability to identify customers and remember their snacking patterns. That enables

the machine to deny would-be customers certain items it deems unhealthy for them. It sounds as if the folks at Luce have somehow managed to turn nanny Bloomberg into a annoying little vending machine.

It's reassuring to know that some research scientists have retained their sense of priorities and aren't wasting all their time seeking a cure for cancer.

Finally, I am happy to report that I have received hundreds of holiday greetings from my readers, some of whom take pains to wish me a Happy Chanukah instead of a Merry Christmas. For the record, I actually prefer Christmas, which has been a national holiday for as long as I've lived and will continue to be one, no matter what the ACLU claims to the contrary.

What's not to love? The music, both sacred and popular, is great. The decorations are beautiful. The classic Christmas movies are among the best films ever made. Plus, the sense of universal brotherhood is quite moving, even for those of us who actually had older brothers and should know better.

Let's face it – you Christians know how to throw a holiday!

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“The Out-Box” and “Ah, Sweet Mysteries of Life”

Because simply keeping track of all the absurdities that make

our lives so troubling makes my in-box expand to its breaking point, I occasionally have to clear it out. So consider this a spring cleaning.

For openers, I would suggest that in the wake of the spineless administrators at Rutgers uninviting Condoleezza Rice to deliver this year's commencement address, it's time for conservatives to quit behaving like Charlie Brown, who never seems to catch on that Lucy Van Pelt is going to snatch away the football just before he kicks it. In the future, conservatives should insist on a \$50,000 cashier's check when they agree to speak at a college. If they get to say their piece, the check is returned to the college. Otherwise, it gets cashed.

It's high time that the academic cowards face actual consequences when they cave in to the demands of CAIR, the NAACP or some campus group representing left-wing albinos, and pull the welcome mat out from under their guest speakers.

Moving on, too many people are dying because the FDA not only takes too many years to green light new drugs, but refuses to allow the terminally ill to at least try experimental cures. It seems to me that if you only have a few months to live, so long as you sign a release guaranteeing that no ambulance-chasing shyster is going to come after the manufacturer or the FDA if the drug fails to save you, a person should be free to try anything, however unlikely it is to prevent his demise.

Speaking of death, in 2009, Barack Obama swore to cut through the red tape and get our military veterans the health care they deserve. Considering his track record, it should come as no surprise that the backlog at the V.A. hospitals has only gotten worse over the past five years. But, then, has the troll in the Oval Office ever delivered on a promise, aside from his vow to destroy the coal industry?

Whether it's involved lowering the cost of healthcare;

capturing and punishing those who murdered four Americans in Benghazi; letting us keep our doctors and our health insurance; or removing Syria's vile despot if he crossed a red line; one must assume the schmuck goes through life with his fingers crossed.

Moreover, the Liar-in-Chief claims that the GOP's refusal to raise the hourly minimum wage from \$7.25 to \$10.10 is one more example of Republicans waging war on the middle class. This twerp has spent so much time in the company of millionaires and billionaires that he actually confuses the middle with the bottom. While it is true that, thanks to his economic policies, a lot of people have seen the American Dream morph into the American Nightmare, even Obama should understand that the middle is not defined by those making between \$15,000 and \$20,000-a-year.

As repulsive as Obama is, his acolytes are no better. When discussing the recent disclosures regarding Benghazi on the Fox panel show "The Five," Bob Beckel, channeling his inner Hillary Clinton, started hollering and banging his pudgy fists on the table, insisting that nobody cares what happened there.

Because it drew attention to the show, I assume Beckel's boss, Roger Ailes, immediately gave Beckel a raise and extended his contract. For my part, the embarrassing performance left me wondering if Beckel, the ex-alcoholic, had perhaps tripped over his tongue and fallen off the wagon.

Someone sent me a takeoff on an old advertising campaign, but instead of American Express, it was for something called the Race Card, and instead of Karl Malden, it was none other than Barack Obama endorsing it: "I sure love my Race Card. It comes in handy whenever I find myself in a mess I've made. I just whip it out and, voila, the mess is ignored. Plus there's no limit on how many times I can use the Race Card. So don't leave home without it."

The campaign has been so successful that Al Sharpton, Jesse Jackson, Elijah Cummings and Eric Holder, would never dream of leaving home without theirs.

Speaking of which, Jeri Wright, daughter of Reverend Jeremiah Wright, was recently found guilty on 11 counts, including money laundering, embezzling from charities and lying to federal agents. I'd love it if someone asked Reverend Wright how it feels to have a few of his own damn chickens coming home to roost.

I would be remiss if I didn't thank the two men who have sponsored my weekly webcast for over a year. At a time when liberals can pressure colleges into uninviting anyone they disagree with; homosexuals can use the courts to put bakers, florists and photographers, out of business; and people like Jesse Jackson can extort money from companies by threatening them with boycotts; I think it behooves conservatives to reward those with the courage to sponsor a conservative loudmouth like myself.

Therefore, I would like to voice my appreciation to Mike Carmolinga, owner of Lulu's, a wonderful, moderately-priced, restaurant here in the San Fernando Valley, and 82 year old Tom Tinney, who specializes in buying and selling precious metals. He has three stores in Phoenix and two in Connecticut, but he also conducts business online at Goodoletom.com.

They're my sponsors, but they're also my friends, and I just happen to think that their loyalty and their good sense should be rewarded by like-minded people.

Finally, I saw a photo of Jay ("I'm not really Pinocchio, we just talk alike") Carney. He was standing in front of a sign that read "WHITE HOUSE" on the top line, with "WASHINGTON, D.C." just below it. But because his head was blocking the right side of the sign, it read "WHITE" on top, "WASHING" below.

I contend that never before, at least under the current administration, has a job description been spelled out as clearly as that.

Ah, Sweet Mysteries Of Life

It's a very weird world when the degenerates who populate the Muslim world can condemn our society as degenerate, and be right. After all, you don't have to be a prude to consider our movies; our rap music; our insistence in turning teenage icons into false idols; our pretense that same-sex marriages are the same, if not better, than the traditional variety; our dependence on illegal, as well as prescription, drugs; our corrupt politicians; and our pathological fascination with pornography, to conclude that America is experiencing a moral decline that rivals that of ancient Rome.

It certainly helps explain why we elected Barack Obama and then, in spite of a stagnant economy, a decline in American power and prestige, an unrivaled series of scandals and a life style financed by our tax dollars that reminded some people of 18th century French royalty, we re-elected him.

As if all the changes wrought by the Affordable Care Act weren't bad enough, I had already been aware of what I refer to as the Sleep Apnea Racket. It so happens that I suffered from the condition in which one stops breathing periodically during the night and begins kicking one's feet. When my wife first called it to my attention, I found it hard to believe that I could carry on like a Radio City Rockette and not wake myself up. Still, I had noticed that I was getting very sleepy by mid-afternoon, so I decided to visit a doctor.

He sent me to be tested at a local sleep clinic, where I discovered that I was unable to fall asleep with all those electrodes attached to me. So I got off the cot at 4 a.m. and drove home. But not before the technician insisted that I had in fact fallen asleep and, sure enough, I had sleep apnea.

When I went back to see the doc, I gave him the full report, but added that I was willing to assume that my wife wasn't making it up, and therefore I wanted to know my options. He said that I had three choices. I could either have surgery performed on my nasal passage, making it easier for me to breathe; I could try sleeping with an oxygen mask on my face; or I could try losing some weight.

So I lost some weight and my wife assured me I was cured. There was no more kicking, no more struggling to breathe.

However, when it came time to buy a new life insurance policy, it seems I was expected to pay a premium because sleep apnea was on my medical record. But in order to prove I was cured, I had to be tested. So I went to a different sleep clinic, figuring that perhaps I would be able to fall asleep under different conditions.

Apparently, the conditions weren't different enough because once again I failed to sleep. This technician, however, also insisted that I had dropped off and, what's more, announced that I was still suffering from the dreaded apnea.

It is therefore my belief that no sleep clinic ever tells anyone the truth. And why would they? Without an endless supply of the walking dead, they'd be out of business. No vampires, no future in being vampire hunters. I mean, it's not as if the insurance companies, which make a bundle off sleep apnea, whether real or alleged, are going to blow the whistle on the con artists in white smocks.

You may have seen the female members of the Congressional Black Caucus calling for military action and even the use of drones to kill the Muslim thugs who abducted the black school girls in Nigeria, something they've never done when the victims were merely Christians or Jews. By the way, it's worth noting that while she was still Secretary of State, Hillary Clinton refused to identify Boko Haram, the Islamic gang

responsible for the crime, as a terrorist group. But, then, again, I'm sure her response today would be, "What difference, at this point, does it make?"

And considering that the overwhelming majority of America's 1.4 million gang members, who commit 50% of the violent crime in our country, reside in the districts the women of the Black Caucus and their male counterparts represent, you would think they'd at least call for appropriate federal action to wage war on those vermin who victimize the decent law-abiding, members of the black community.

The U.S. State Department, which rivals the IRS and the EPA when it comes to shaming itself, is listed as a "cultural partner" of the 24th Abu Dhabi International Book Fair. Among the best sellers on display, both in English and Arabic, are such page-turners as "Mein Kampf," "The International Jew" and the ever-popular favorite of anti-Semites everywhere, including, I'm sure, those entrenched at the State Department, "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion."

Finally, I have long pondered why American parents continue to believe that their children all belong in college. It was pathetic enough when there were actually jobs awaiting those who had majored in liberal arts. But today, when the likeliest doors such a degree is likely to open is the one leading to a career flipping burgers or the one to their parent's basement, you'd think everyone would acknowledge that it makes far more sense to learn a trade than to waste four years majoring in Black, Hispanic or Lesbian Studies, or listening to liberal professors prattle on about the evils of the free market, religion and America.

Along those lines, I'd like to share a joke that's gone viral on the Internet. It seems Bubba went to a state university on a football scholarship. He was a great running back, but a terrible student.

Come Graduation Day, Bubba didn't have enough credits to warrant a sheepskin, but his fellow students, who had no doubt recently staged a demonstration demanding that Condoleezza Rice, Ayaan Hirsi Ali or Clarence Thomas, be uninvited to give the commencement address, staged yet another, demanding that Bubba's gridiron exploits be rewarded with a diploma.

Predictably, the dean, who lacked the spine to stand up to an organized pout, announced that Bubba would first have to answer a single question.

Come Graduation Day, the auditorium was packed to the rafters when the dean called Bubba to the stage. "Answer this one question correctly," he said, "and you graduate. Are you ready?"

"Is that the question?"

"No, Bubba. The question is: How much is three times seven?"

Bubba gazed up at the ceiling, then down at his shoes. Finally, when the tension was as thick as Bubba's head, he said, "I think the answer is...twenty-one."

A hush fell upon the auditorium...and then, after emitting a collective groan, the students shouted: "Give him another chance."

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“The United States of Obama” & “Abortions & Other Abominations”

I know a guy who makes a fortune designing bottles, jars and cans, thus making them more appealing to consumers. But it's still the contents that matter if the consumer is going to purchase a second bottle, jar or can, of the stuff.

In the same way, there are those who make fortunes designing the packages known as politicians. If you recall, they sold us Obama as if he were a fine old wine in a new transparent bottle, but he turned out to be the same old bootleg gin Chicago has been peddling since the days of Al Capone.

When people, even now, go on TV and defend Obama by trying to spin “If you like your health care plan, you can keep your health care plan. Period! If you like your doctor, you can keep your doctor. Period!” into statements full of ellipses and qualifiers, they remind me in an odd way of the devoutly religious. As those folks see it, if something good happens, it's because of God. But when something terrible – such as the Holocaust or childhood leukemia – occurs, they explain that God moves in mysterious ways, and we mere mortals can't hope to divine His motives.

Well, okay, He's God, and if He created the heavens, the stars, the earth and all of its inhabitants, including dogs, elephants and giraffes, it might be expedient to cut Him some slack. But when we're talking about an arrogant narcissist whose major achievement was being a shill for ACORN, which is a lot like being a union organizer but without the requisite muscle, why would anyone fawn over this lying jackass?

Obama looked into a TV camera at least 40 times and told us lies that he knew to be lies because, as his advisors told

him, if he told the truth, not even Harry Reid and Nancy Pelosi could have gotten their trained fleas to pass the Affordable Care Act.

One of the more amusing explanations for the disastrous rollout of ObamaCare is that everything would have run smoothly were it not for Republican obstructionism. So, even though the Democrats passed it without even considering any of the 85 amendments offered up by Republican House members, it turns out they're the problem.

I'm reminded that when O.J. Simpson was on trial for murdering Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman, his lawyers dug up a friend of Nicole's who was willing to testify that the murders might have been committed by a Libyan hit team. I bring that up because until I heard Pelosi, Boxer, Waxman, Carney and Juan Williams, continuing to wax lyrical about Obama Care, I assumed I would never again hear such unmitigated bilge in my lifetime.

One of the more putrid defenses of this whole business is hearing Obama and his puppets dismiss the inevitable cancellation of 15 million policies. Because 15 million sounds like a lot of people, they prefer referring to a mere five percent of the population. But something they and others overlook is that these policies generally cover entire families. Once you factor in spouses and children, you're no longer talking about 15 million people being affected; you're talking about 40 or 50 million, a number, by the way, greater than those 30 million uninsured people (mainly healthy youngsters and illegal aliens) who were allegedly the reason for Obama's having to take control of yet another major industry and one-sixth of the nation's economy.

Yet another area in which Obama and his supplicants are destroying America is in the schools. In Common Core's lesson plan for possessive nouns, the tots are taught that "He (the president) makes sure the laws of the country are fair" reads

better if changed to “He makes sure the country’s laws are fair.” It may read better, but the president doesn’t make laws, Congress does. And if by “fair,” they mean Constitutional, that’s the job of the Supreme Court. What’s more, if a Republican resided in the White House, I suspect Common Core would have referred to community organizers, not the President.

Lest you think, that was merely an unintentional oversight in the lesson plan, two of Common Core’s other examples are “The commands of government officials must be obeyed” and “The wants of the individual are less important than the well-being of the nation.” And, yet, a great many of you conservative parents don’t even think twice about handing your kids over to people who clearly use old Soviet textbooks as their model.

Finally, I know that some people have taken to ridiculing the voters of Washington State because they recently elected two politicians who had passed away last summer. Even I can see where that might be embarrassing. But inasmuch as Washingtonians make a habit of re-electing the likes of Sen. Patty Murray and Rep. Jim McDermott, I’d have to say this is definitely a step in the right direction.

Abortions & Other Abominations

There are any number of females who can be found on the membership rolls of NOW or in the audience at Sandra Fluke speeches or raising funds for Hillary Clinton’s 2016 campaign, who make my skin crawl. They are the creatures whose major concern isn’t equality in education, equality of opportunity in the work place, or protection of children from sexual predators. Instead, the issue that motivates them to get out of bed in the morning is abortion on demand.

To me, they have less in common with actual women than they do with those zombies who populate horror movies, and spend all their time lurching across the countryside seeking food in the

form of human brains.

They are the ogres who insist that an embryo is no more than a part of the body that women should be free to do with as they please. Pushed to the wall, they will liken it to a wart. Women don't need anyone's approval to have a wart removed, they say, so why should it be any different when it comes to what they regard as just another bodily blemish?

This is the sort of vile pabulum that's been spoon-fed to young women for the past forty years by the likes of Gloria Steinem, Nancy Pelosi, Susan Sarandon and Mrs. Clinton. Even if you get past the notion that after all the advances in contraception and all the school hours devoted to sex education, anyone who is still dumb enough to get pregnant by accident should be turned into mulch, the fact remains that an embryo no more resembles a wart than a baby resembles a battleship.

For one thing, nobody ever threw a party to celebrate a wart. Nobody ever painted a room blue or pink because a wart was expected. And nobody ever named a wart after a beloved parent or grandparent.

If anyone deserves to be compared to a wart, it's the men and women who spew this garbage.

In my heart, I approve of term limits. But in my head, I know that they do not solve the problem that compels people to call for them. Here in California, the only result of term limits is that it forces career politicians to keep swapping jobs. As a result, state assemblymen become state senators, state senators become congressmen or lieutenant governors or mayors, but in the end, it's the same crew of parasites with their snouts in the public trough.

When it comes to Congress, term limits would make even less difference because the biggest problem isn't with the politicians, but with the electorate. Does anyone actually

believe that if the likes of Maxine Waters, Henry Waxman and Charley Rangel, were forced to retire, they'd be replaced by better people? No chance. The dummies in their districts would simply elect younger versions of the louts they've been electing for the past 30 or 40 years.

A reader, George Schiele, sent me an email pointing out that when Ariel Castro was arrested for keeping three women captive for 10 years, the media covered it non-stop for weeks on end. But when the Castro brothers hold millions of people captive for 50 years, the media not only doesn't mention it, but the members of the Congressional Black Caucus return from a junket singing Cuba's praises.

A recent study of the industrialized nations found that young American adults score near the bottom when it comes to math, science and literacy. That came as no big surprise to the folks doing the study and even less of a surprise to me. What did throw them, however, was that middle-aged Americans only did slightly better. That's because they actually regarded them as "the best-educated generation ever."

To my way of thinking, they aren't even close. But, cynic that I am, I expect the folks who did the study are themselves middle-aged Americans. Hardly anybody who has gone through the public education system since 1960 is part of a well-educated generation. As proof, you only need to take a look at Obama. He is a prime example of the shoddy product we've been turning out – a know-nothing with a colossal amount of ego.

Obama is a product of an education system that was primarily concerned with overinflating children with the gas known as self-esteem. The end result is not brilliance, but narcissism. That is why even when announcing that Osama bin Laden had been killed, he used "I" and "me" so often, you'd have thought he had personally led the Navy Seals out of the helicopters and into the villa.

He even had thechutzpah to base our nation's foreign policy not on military might, but on his magnetic personality and his personal powers of persuasion.

When King Canute ordered the ocean tide to stop, legend has it that he meant to demonstrate to one and all that he was only a mortal, and not God. When Obama vowed to lower the level of the oceans, his intention was the opposite.

Finally, Obama, who can't keep his nose out of any controversy, so long as he thinks it will play well with his infantile base, let it be known that he thinks the Washington football franchise should no longer call itself the Redskins because, I suppose, there are three or four Indians who claim to be personally offended.

If I owned the Redskins, I would tell the schmuck in the Oval Office that I'll change the team's name when he changes his because I am personally offended that the President of the United States is named Barack Hussein Obama.

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