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# VIEWS LETTER

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## Is Obama Smart?

*A case study in stupid is as stupid does.*

*~Bret Stephens/from WSJ*

About Bret Stephens: Mr. Stephens writes the Journal's "Global View" column on foreign affairs, which runs every Tuesday in the U.S. and is also published in the European and Asian editions of the paper. He is a deputy editorial page editor, responsible for the editorial pages of the Asian and European editions of the paper, the columnists on foreign affairs, and the Far Eastern Economic Review. He previously worked for the paper as an op-ed editor in New York and as an editorial writer in Brussels for The Wall Street Journal Europe.

From March 2002 to October 2004, Mr. Stephens was editor-in-chief of The Jerusalem Post, a position he assumed at age 28. At the Post, he was responsible for the paper's news and editorial divisions. He also wrote a weekly column.

In 2004, Mr. Stephens was named a Young Global Leader by the World Economic Forum, where he is also a media fellow.

Raised in Mexico City and educated at The University of Chicago and the London School of Economics, Mr. Stephens is married and has three children.

The aircraft was large, modern and considered among the world's safest. But, that night it was flying straight into a huge thunderstorm. Turbulence was extreme, and airspeed indicators may not have been functioning properly. Worse, the pilots were incompetent. As the plane threatened to stall, they panicked by pointing the nose up, losing speed when they ought to have done the opposite. It was all over in minutes.

Was this the fate of Flight 447, the Air France jet that plunged mysteriously into the Atlantic a couple of years ago? Could be. What I'm talking about here is the Obama presidency.

When it comes to piloting, Barack Obama seems to think he's the political equivalent of Charles Lindbergh, Chuck Yeager and—in a "Fly Me to the Moon" sort of way—Nat King Cole rolled into one. "I think I'm a better speech writer than my speech writers," he reportedly told an aide in 2008. "I know more about policies on any particular issue than my policy directors. And I'll tell you right now that I'm . . . a better political director than my political director."

On another occasion—at the 2004 Democratic convention—Mr. Obama explained to a Chicago Tribune reporter that "I'm LeBron, baby. I can play at this level. I got game."

Of course, it's tempting to be immodest when your admirers are so immodest about you. How many times have we heard it said that Mr. Obama is the smartest president ever? Even when he's criticized, his failures are usually chalked up to his supposed brilliance. Liberals say he's too cerebral for the Beltway rough-and-tumble; conservatives often seem to think his blunders, foreign and domestic, are all part of a cunning scheme to turn the U.S. into a combination of Finland, Cuba and Saudi Arabia.

I don't buy it. I just think the president isn't very bright.

Socrates taught that wisdom begins in the recognition of how little we know. Mr. Obama is perpetually intent on telling us how much he knows. Aristotle wrote that the type of intelligence most needed in politics is prudence which in turn requires experience. Mr. Obama came to office with no experience. Plutarch warned that flattery "makes itself an obstacle and pestilence to great houses and great affairs." Today's White House, more so than any in memory, is stuffed with flatterers.

Much is made of the president's rhetorical gifts. This is the sort of thing that can be credited only by people who think that a command of English syntax is a mark of great intellectual distinction. Can anyone recall a memorable phrase from one of Mr. Obama's big speeches that didn't amount to cliché? As for the small speeches, such as the one we were kept waiting 50 minutes for yesterday, we get Triple-A bromides about America remaining a "Triple-A country." Which, when it comes to long-term sovereign debt, is precisely what we no longer are under Mr. Obama.

Then there is Mr. Obama as political tactician. He makes predictions that prove false. He makes promises he cannot honor. He raises expectations he cannot meet. He reneges on commitments made in private. He surrenders positions staked in public. He is absent from issues in which he has a duty to be involved. He is overbearing when he ought to be absent. At the height of the financial panic of 1907, Teddy Roosevelt, who had done much to bring the panic about by inveighing against big business, at least had the good sense to stick to his bear hunt and let J.P. Morgan sort things out. Not so this president, who puts a new twist on an old put-down: Every time he opens his mouth, he subtracts from the sum total of financial capital.

Then there's his habit of never trimming his sails, much less tacking to the prevailing wind. When Bill Clinton got hammered on health care, he reverted to centrist course and passed welfare reform. When it looked like the Iraq war was going to be lost, George Bush fired Don Rumsfeld and ordered the surge.

Mr. Obama, by contrast, appears to consider himself immune from error. Perhaps this explains why he has now doubled down on Heckuva Job Geithner. It also explains his insulting and politically inept habit of suggesting—whether the issue is health care or Arab-Israeli peace or change we can believe in at some point in God's good time—that the fault always lies in the failure of his audiences to listen attentively. It doesn't. In politics, a failure of communication is always the fault of the communicator.

Much of the media has spent the past decade obsessing about the malapropisms of George W. Bush, the ignorance of Sarah Palin, and perhaps soon, the stupidity of Rick Perry. Nothing is so typical of middling minds than to harp on the intellectual deficiencies of the slightly less smart and considerably more successful.

But it takes actual smarts to understand that glibness and self-belief are not sufficient proof of genuine intelligence. Stupid is as stupid does, said the great philosopher Forrest Gump. The presidency of Barack Obama is a case study in stupid does.

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## Discipline Determines Destiny

*~Dr. Charles Stanley*

### A Close Call . . .

*~ By the late Captain Dick Young,  
Western Airlines Retired*

I think all pilots from the day they solo until forevermore have an ego problem, it just comes naturally. After all, they have achieved something that most people never experience. This ego is more prevalent at times, if the situation and company he happens to be in brings it out. If it gets too prevalent the 'Supreme Chief Pilot,' (who is over all pilots) calls him in for a droning down or we will call it an ego adjustment.

Older pilots do not struggle with it as much as the younger ones. The following story is about one such instance, and it is about myself.

The year was 1941, and I was working as a flight instructor for Boeing School of Aeronautics, then a subsidiary of United Air Lines. The school was located in Oakland, California. They had a special division for future airline pilots located in Tracy, California. Nothing but future pilots for the line were enrolled there, and they all including instructors where required to wear an airline uniform.

I had an airplane of my own, a very attractive low wing, a good eye catcher around airports. I kept it in a hanger at the Modesto, California airport not too far from Tracy where I worked. I was at Modesto working on my airplane and flying it some on December 7, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was bombed. I heard the news on my car radio on my way home that Sunday afternoon.

We all showed up for work on Monday morning with Pearl Harbor in our minds. Soon after that, news came, that all civilian flying on the west coast up to 110 miles inland was to cease. The airplanes were disabled, such as removing the propellers or magnetos, for national security reasons.

This caused the Boeing School to pack up lock, stock and barrel and move inland to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Every instructor took an airplane along with a student, and headed for Cheyenne. I spent Christmas Eve in Elko, Nevada on my way to Cheyenne with my student. We started up Flight operations in Cheyenne on the 2nd of January, 1942.

My wife and our belongings drove to Cheyenne later in January. We found a small basement apartment. We had been married about a year and a half.

The next thing was to get my airplane out to Cheyenne. To do this, I would have to get out to the coast and over to Modesto. I needed to get the propeller and magnetos installed, and then obtain the special permit to fly it out of the "Defiance Area."

I could ride the airline to Oakland area as a crewmember which would require me to wear my uniform, the same as the airline pilots wore. I carried a leather flight jacket that I would wear when not traveling on the airline. In addition, I would travel light, just carry my jacket and a shaving kit. I got to Oakland late in the day, put on my jacket, and caught a Greyhound bus to Modesto arriving late that night.

I got up early the next morning, rounded up the propeller and magnetos, got the engine running and made a little test hop around the field. First, I had to go to the defense department and get a permit to fly out of the area.

In checking the weather en-route to Cheyenne, I found it had deteriorated over Reno and Salt Lake City, so that caused me to change my flight path. I had to take the long way around the bad weather. So, I would be traveling though Bakersfield, Kingman, and Albuquerque to Pueblo, Colorado. Then I would fly into Cheyenne from the south. I left Modesto and made it into Kingman, Arizona. Here I stayed overnight and left the next morning. I had a late start, around 10:00 AM because I had a little work to do on my plane before I could leave. I arrived in Pueblo late evening and debated about going on to Cheyenne after dark or staying over and leaving early in the morning. I decided to stay overnight as I was getting tired, and had a long day already.

The airline agent at the airport sort of ran things around there. They had a small office for their operations and a waiting room for passengers. In those days, the airlines operated Lockheed 12's, a full passenger load was just six people. The agent told me I could leave my airplane parked right in front of their gate as long as I was going to leave early in the morning before their first flight of the day arrived. I assured him I would be gone before that time. "Do you have a place I can hang my uniform coat?" I asked.

"Sure," he responded "hang it right there in the closet with ours," which I did.

I got a room in town and a good nights rest. I awoke early and had an early breakfast, and felt just fine. It was a nice, clear morning, pretty chilly, and January 25th, 1942. I could feel the egoism coming on. The morning was just right for it.

I got out to the airport in plenty of time to leave before the airline came through. There were a few people gathering maybe a dozen or so. Just right for a little ego to start showing. I walked a little taller in making my preflight——gassing up, checking the oil, kicking the tires, etc. My feet didn't even touch the ground, I was walking on about a half inch of air, and "ground effect" under my feet. Everyone was watching me while waiting on the other plane to arrive. I started up the engine to let it warm up. I'm ready to go, I'm going to "take off" and split the ozone, heading for Cheyenne.

The last thing to do was to go in and get my coat from the closet, which I did. I was very careful to carry it thrown over my arm so that all the observers could see my wings, and the stripes on my sleeves. After all, I was an instructor, and I was teaching those airline dummies what it was all about. Everyone is watching now, I step up on the wing, open the cockpit door and toss my coat in behind the seat, and as I do, I notice one of those saddle bag pockets had something in it. I never carry anything in them , after all they don't look good all puffed up. Oh well, I thought, I will check them when I get home. But, then I had a second thought, and had better look now.

So I reached in behind the seat, again very careful, to hang it over my left arm, so everyone can see my wings and stripes on my sleeve. Standing tall and straight, I reached in the pocket with my right hand, and pulled out the object——holding it out about arms length. I am dazed and in complete shock. I look up and down the ramp fence, and sure enough, EVERYONE was still watching me, on this clear, crisp morning.

There I am holding in my right hand one of those old fashioned "Girdles" that women used to wear to make them look slim and trim and hold those nylon stockings up, garters and all! Suddenly, all ego is gone, vanished completely. I stepped down off the wing and started back to the airline office. This time I did not even open the gate, I just walked under it.

I ran into the airline agent coming out, and I said "If this is someone's idea of a joke or a prank, I am not entering into the spirit of this thing. I came very, very close to going home with that 'Thing' in my pocket!"

He asked, "Where did you get that?"

I replied, "Out of my pocket, I could have walked right into my kitchen at home and pulled that 'Thing' our of my pocket."

He reflected for a second and said. "Do you know what happened? The city just hired a guard to watch the airport at night, and his wife comes out here and stays with him at night. She must have gone in the closet in the dark and put it in your pocket by mistake, thinking it was his."

I just went out without another word, got in my plane, no ego showing at all, slightly red face, and a few inches shorter. Leaving for Cheyenne as quickly as possible with as little fan fare as possible.

When I arrived at Cheyenne, my wife of only a year and a half was there to meet me. I immediately told her about my trip and the events of the morning in Pueblo.

I don't know for sure if she ever really believed me. One thing, I am sure of, if I had gone home and pulled that "Thing" out of my pocket, in front of her. The only thing left for me to do would have been to leave the country, and maybe join The French Foreign Legion.

A close

Call for sure!



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**The Bible is a supernatural book and can be understood only  
by supernatural aid.**

*~A.W. Tozer*

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## Treason and Insurrection

What do these words mean? According to the Merriam-Webster Dictionary:

**treason** is; 1: the betrayal of a trust : treachery. 2: the offense of attempting by overt acts to overthrow the government of the state to which the offender owes allegiance or to kill or personally injure the sovereign or the sovereign's family.

**insurrection** is; an act or instance of revolting against civil authority or an established government.

At the start of each new U.S. Congress, in January of every odd-numbered year, newly elected or re-elected Members of Congress – the entire House of Representatives and one-third of the Senate – must recite an oath:

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God.

Each and every member of our Government including the House of Representatives, the Senate, the Executive branch including both the President and the Vice President and all the Secretaries, and last but not least the Judicial branch which includes all judges both state and federal are required by law to take an oath similar to the above oath which Congress takes.

Judges: Each justice or judge of the United States shall take the following oath or affirmation before performing the duties of his office:

"I, \_\_\_\_\_, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will administer justice without respect to persons, and do equal right to the poor and to the rich, and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent upon me as \_\_\_\_\_ under the Constitution and laws of the United States. So help me God."

I doubt that it takes much more than five or six years of formal education to read and to understand these words. So, if any one person or a group of persons, many within our government, fail to fulfill the obligations that they have each sworn to—or at least affirmed to, they have committed treason and insurrection. They have become of their own choosing enemies of the United States of America.

Is what I have just stated difficult to understand? The Constitution of the United States of America is the only thing that separates us from all other countries and their forms of government. In America, per the Constitution the individual is a very important person, so important that it guarantees the individual rights.

How long will we the people of these United States of America allow these progressives, these socialist, these fascist, and these communist to tread all over us? They are ignoring the very document that represents our lifeblood. The Constitution is a powerful tool in the hands of a moral and honest people.

*~Adverse Yaw ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ +*

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**The natural man must know in order to believe; the spiritual man must believe in order to know. The faith that saves is not a conclusion drawn from evidence; it is a moral thing, a thing of the spirit, a supernatural infusion of confidence in Jesus Christ, a very gift of God.** ~A.W. Tozer

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### 545 vs. 300,000,000 People

*-By Charlie Reese*

Politicians are the only people in the world who create problems and then campaign against them.

Have you ever wondered, if both the Democrats and the Republicans are against deficits, WHY do we have deficits?

Have you ever wondered, if all the politicians are against inflation and high taxes, WHY do we have inflation and high taxes?

You and I don't propose a federal budget. The President does.

You and I don't have the Constitutional authority to vote on appropriations. The House of Representatives does.

You and I don't write the tax code, Congress does.

You and I don't set fiscal policy, Congress does.

You and I don't control monetary policy, the Federal Reserve Bank does.

One hundred senators, 435 congressmen, one President, and nine Supreme Court justices equates to 545 human beings out of the 300 million that are directly, legally, morally, and individually responsible for the domestic problems that plague this country.

I excluded the members of the Federal Reserve Board because that problem was created by the Congress. In 1913, Congress delegated its Constitutional duty to provide a sound currency to a federally chartered, but private, central bank.

I excluded all the special interests and lobbyists for a sound reason. They have no legal authority. They have no ability to coerce a senator, a congressman, or a President to do one cotton-picking thing. I don't care if they offer a politician one million dollars in cash. The politician has the power to accept or reject it. No matter what the lobbyist promises, it is the legislator's responsibility to determine how he votes.

Those 545 human beings spend much of their energy convincing you that what they did is not their fault. They cooperate in this common con regardless of party.

What separates a politician from a normal human being is an excessive amount of gall. No normal human being would have the gall of a Speaker, who stood up and criticized the President for creating deficits. The President can only propose a budget. He cannot force the Congress to accept it.

The Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land, gives sole responsibility to the House of Representatives for originating and approving appropriations and taxes. Who is the Speaker of the House? John Boehner. He is the leader of the majority party. He and fellow House members, not the President, can approve any budget they want. If the President vetoes it, they can pass it over his veto if they agree to.

It seems inconceivable to me that a nation of 300 million cannot replace 545 people who stand convicted -- by present facts -- of incompetence and irresponsibility. I can't think of a single domestic problem that is not traceable directly to those 545 people. When you fully grasp the plain truth that 545 people exercise the power of the federal government, then it must follow that what exists is what they want to exist.

If the tax code is unfair, it's because they want it unfair.

If the budget is in the red, it's because they want it in the red.

If the Army & Marines are in Iraq and Afghanistan it's because they want them in Iraq and Afghanistan ...

If they do not receive social security but are on an elite retirement plan not available to the people, it's because they want it that way.

There are no insoluble government problems.

Do not let these 545 people shift the blame to bureaucrats, whom they hire and whose jobs they can abolish; to lobbyists, whose gifts and advice they can reject; to regulators, to whom they give the power to regulate and from whom they can take this power. Above all, do not let them con you into the belief that there exists disembodied mystical forces like "the economy," "inflation," or "politics" that prevent them from doing what they take an oath to do.

Those 545 people, and they alone, are responsible.

They, and they alone, have the power.

They, and they alone, should be held accountable by the people who are their bosses.

Provided the voters have the gumption to manage their own employees...  
We should vote all of them out of office and clean up their mess!  
*Charlie Reese is a former columnist of the Orlando Sentinel Newspaper.*  
*Charley Reese's final column for the Orlando Sentinel... He has been a journalist for 49 years.*  
*He is retiring and this is HIS LAST COLUMN.*

*This is about as clear and easy to understand as it can be. The article above is completely neutral, neither anti-republican or democrat. Charlie Reese, a retired reporter for the Orlando Sentinel, has hit the nail directly on the head, defining clearly who it is that in the final analysis must assume responsibility for the judgments made that impact each one of us every day. It's a short but good read. Worth the time. Worth remembering!*

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## **It is truly impossible to know what you don't know.**

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### **Book Report on, “One Second After”**

*By William R. Forstchen*

A very well written book, A novel and most depressing because the scenario is most possible and just might be very probable for the USA and the world. While our government officials are busy getting re-elected and spending the majority of their energy politicking, evil forces in the world are planning our destruction.

This novel is very scary! During the novel only 25 percent of the people in the USA survive and the horror of death goes on and on.

Newt Gingrich gives the novel's credibility as he wrote the FOREWORD, below is a transcript of just a few of his words;

“There has been much attention given, since 9/11, to a wide variety of threats to our nation . . . . additional attacks by the hijacking of commercial airliners, biological and chemical attacks, even the potential of a so-called ‘dirty bomb’ or even an actual nuclear detonation in the center of one of our major cities.

But few have talked about, let alone heard about, the terrible, in fact overwhelming, threat of EMP, which is short hand for *electromagnetic pulse weapon.*”

Just think what would happen to you if all things electrical in the entire country and other places failed completely and failed all at the same time. No drivable cars, no computers, no air-conditioning, no life-support machines for the elderly, no communication, and no refrigeration. NOTHING ELECTRICAL!

In some cities, 90% of the population would die within a year. It would be total chaos. Before the first month passed, Americans would be killing each other for food and survival. All diabetics would die, and all requiring dialysis would die. Death of friends and loved ones would become a common daily occurrence. Starvation and horrible diseases are the main causes of death, although many suffer violent deaths. This is a depressing and frightening read, but one that should be read by everyone that can read.

The prevention of such a disaster is the responsibility of governments. Chances are that a majority of our Representatives and Senators don't know an EMP from a PLF (Parachute Landing Fall), and don't care. Most of them see truth through the obscurity and murkiness of themselves which is always the opposite of truth, and self is always the opposite of love. A very depressing book!

*~Adverse Yaw*

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**In all kinds of hatred there is a separation by which each misjudges the other. In all kinds of love there is a mystic union by which each knows the other.** ~James Allen

## Around the Farm

~by Twister Doudney Quarter Horse

Hello everyone, I'm stuck down here in Northeast Texas with two donkeys, a mule, a mare, two cows, and a few calves. My friend, Al, the bull and all but two cows are gone, most probably headed for the slaughterhouse. And, I really don't think they cared. After all a slaughterhouse looks better than having no sweet grass to eat at all. The Boss tells me he is going to sell the rest of them as soon as he can catch em'. . This is going to be a lonely place. Al used to trumpet ever evening and sometimes in the morning with that high tenor voice of his. Now, the only sound is Nipper the singing Jackass. He will sing a love-song to anyone and anything. The other day I caught him singing to the burn-barrel which hasn't been used in three months. What a crazy romantic that Nipper is.

It is so dry here that both ponds are lower than I have ever seen them. The Boss may have to hook us up an automatic watering tub if we don't get some rain. A neighbor was by earlier today and told the Boss that it would take a minimum of an eighteen inch rain to fill our ponds. This is the worst year ever, and a bad cattle year for the Boss. Oh well, he will have them all sold off pretty soon. I think next time he will buy 'em in the spring and sell 'em in the fall. No more winter feedings and expensive hay. If there is no grass there won't be any calves. Enough said of the problems around here.

Blackie is already pregnant again. Like I said, Nipper is a Romantic. We'll have another mule around here next year. Maybe the Boss will teach them to pull a wagon. That would be cool to have a team of mules pulling a wagon. I've heard about that, but I've never seen it.

Whitie the Jenny, gave birth to another Jenny but she must have died or was born dead. We don't really know. Before the Boss found her, the scaven-gers had already cleaned up her remains. Nothing but bones left. Well that's all I have this time.

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## Around the House

~Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog.

Not really a lot going on around the here. That little French dog, Jocque, is finally learning his new position around here. I'm still the boss dog but this Frenchman is so nervous he will never amount to anything. I've been trying to teach him to hunt ever since he arrived, but he just can't settle down long enough to grasp the concept. It has been months since I have tasted V-tail Grackle. About the time I get my ambush all set up and have been perfectly still not even blinking a eye lid for an hour or more, patiently waiting for a bird, here he comes and spoils my hunt. The word aggravation isn't word enough to express just how exasperating this can be. I just can't seem to make myself forget all the pain and mental anguish he has caused me.

I have to admit that I am a little jealous, too. Sometimes when Linda is eating popcorn and offers him a kernel, I don't mind telling you I have snapped at his little gray butt more than once because of it. Linda gets all upset and reads me the right-act. She tells me to knock-it-off. I do and then patiently wait on her to send another kernel my way.

Well, I can't think of anything to say except the Boss spent an unusual amount of time here in September, and I thought Linda was going to lose-it and we would have to have her committed, but just in the nick of time the Boss headed to the farm and all was well once again.

Gotta go. Keep your nose pointed into the wind and watch your back side. Merry Christmas to all!  
~Barkley.

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One day, shortly after joining the PGA tour in 1965, Lee Trevino, a professional golfer and married man, was at his home in Dallas, Texas mowing his front lawn, as he always did. A lady driving by in a big, shiny Cadillac stopped in front of his house, lowered the window and asked, "Excuse me, do you speak English?" Lee responded, "Yes Ma'am, I do."

The lady then asked, "What do you charge to do yard work?"

Lee said, "Well, the lady in this house lets me sleep with her."

The woman hurriedly put the car into gear and sped off.

Funny true story, author unknown

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**Money wasted can be restored; Health wasted can be restored;  
But, Time wasted can never be restored.**

~James Allen

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BELOW: My first grandson, Cash Vaughn Wetzel. I just call him VonWetzel.



That's All Folks!

LEFT; This is a photograph of my nephew Clark Davis and his newly born daughter, ILANAH GRACE DAVIS. She arrived on Monday, Oct. 24th at 1450 MDT. Ant she cute? She is my second great niece.

BELLOW; This is a photograph of my nephew Clark, my niece-in-law, Misty. Left to Right my great nephew Caleb , My great niece Genesis, my great nephew Zeph, and my great nephew Jethro. Ilanah Grace hasn't arrived yet when this photo was taken.



ABOVE: VonWetzel's mom and my daughter Ashley.